

Pesky Peeping Tom to Dolled-Up Date

Dennis Barkley Junior was a freshman doing his best to make it through high-school in one piece. Small, skinny, and shy, he generally kept to his own devices...literally, in the case of his camera! His one passion in life was photography, and he'd put all his hard-earned lawn-mowing money toward purchasing an ultra high-tech DSL camera with all the fixings. Some of his recent shots had even been featured in a local magazine, though it hadn't exactly granted him instant fame, fortune, and girls throwing themselves at his feet.

He was strolling the neighborhood one Sunday afternoon, camera in hand, when something very unexpected happened: Moe Manning, popular twelfth-grade jock and ladies' man, pulled up beside him in his dad's sports car and complimented his camera. Dennis was suspicious at first – like most popular kids, Moe had never acknowledged Dennis's existence before.

But Moe didn't take long to get to the point: he happened to know that Sally Davids, the hottest girl in their entire school, had just gotten a bunch of lingerie delivered from Amazon, and he happened to know the perfect vantage point to see into her bedroom. All he needed was a camera with a powerful zoom...which Dennis just so happened to have.

Dennis's reservations were overpowered by Moe's smooth patter, and by the fact that Dennis had had a crush on Sally since grade school. One quick car-ride and a short climb later, Dennis was in Sally's neighbor's backyard, perched high in the oak tree, watching through his camera lens as his dream girl tried on a lacy plunge bra in the mirror.

Sure, it was a little immoral, but Moe had pointed out that Sally posted racy pics on her Instagram all the time, and promised they wouldn't share the photos with a soul besides them. What could go wrong?

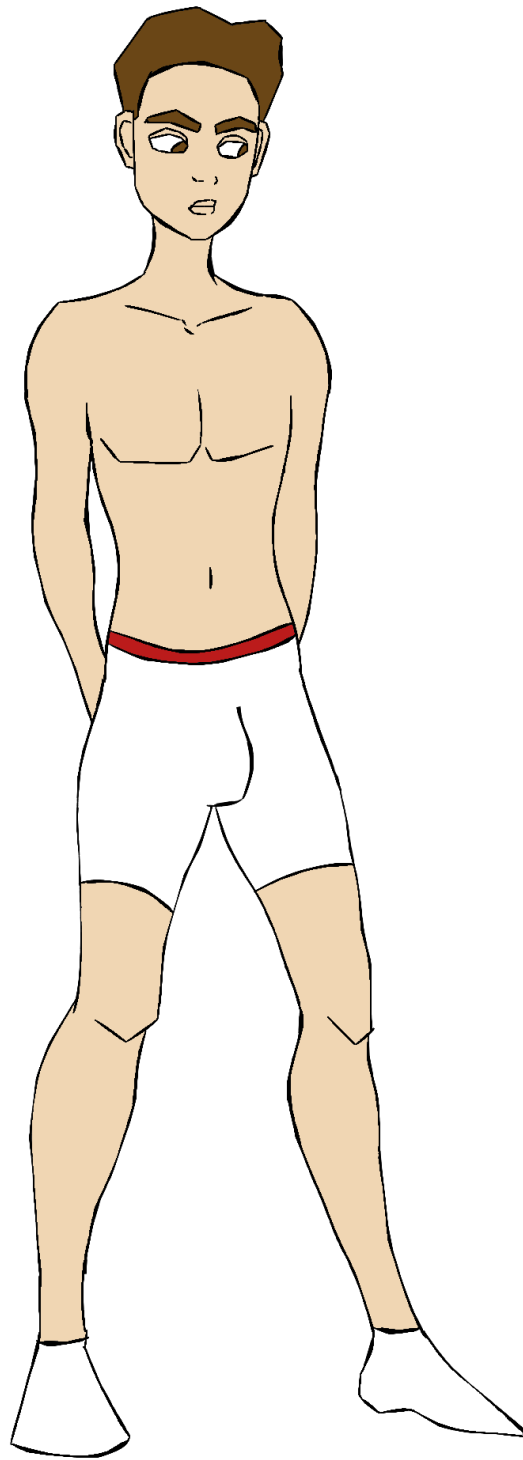


Naturally, within a week, the photos were all over school – and not just the ones of Sally in her new lingerie, but the ones of her completely topless, too. It turned out Moe had wanted revenge on Sally for turning him down at a party in front of his buddies, and he'd used Dennis and his camera to get it! Dennis felt awful, but not nearly awful enough to confess. He would go from being totally ignored to being totally despised, probably for the rest of high school and beyond, and the prospect was terrifying.

So when he got to his locker after the final bell on Friday, only to find Sally and her best friend Trish waiting for him, his knees started practically knocking together. It was his worst fear: they'd deduced his involvement from the high quality of the photos, and now were threatening to turn him over to the principal, or even the police...unless he came over to Sally's house at four o'clock, sharp, to make things right.

Dennis had no idea what they had in mind, but Trish's cold glare, and Sally's tearful gaze, made it impossible for him to say no. When he arrived sheepishly on Sally's doorstep an hour later, she wasted no time ushering him inside and up the stairs to the bedroom he'd so recently invaded with his camera lense. Trish was waiting on the bed with an evil smile, as well as a home waxing kit, nail polish, cosmetics, several pairs of shoes, various outfits, and a long brown wig that matched Dennis's hair color almost perfectly.

The girls' plan was immediately obvious: he'd helped humiliate Sally by taking the photos, and now they wanted to humiliate him right back. But Dennis was in no position to bargain, so when Trish told him to strip down to his underwear, he followed orders.



“Oh my God, we hardly even needed that waxing kit,” Trish crowed. “And look how tiny his waist is! I *told* you this could work.”

“Maybe,” Sally said, still frowning. “I mean, it’ll be hard to tell until we see the final result.”

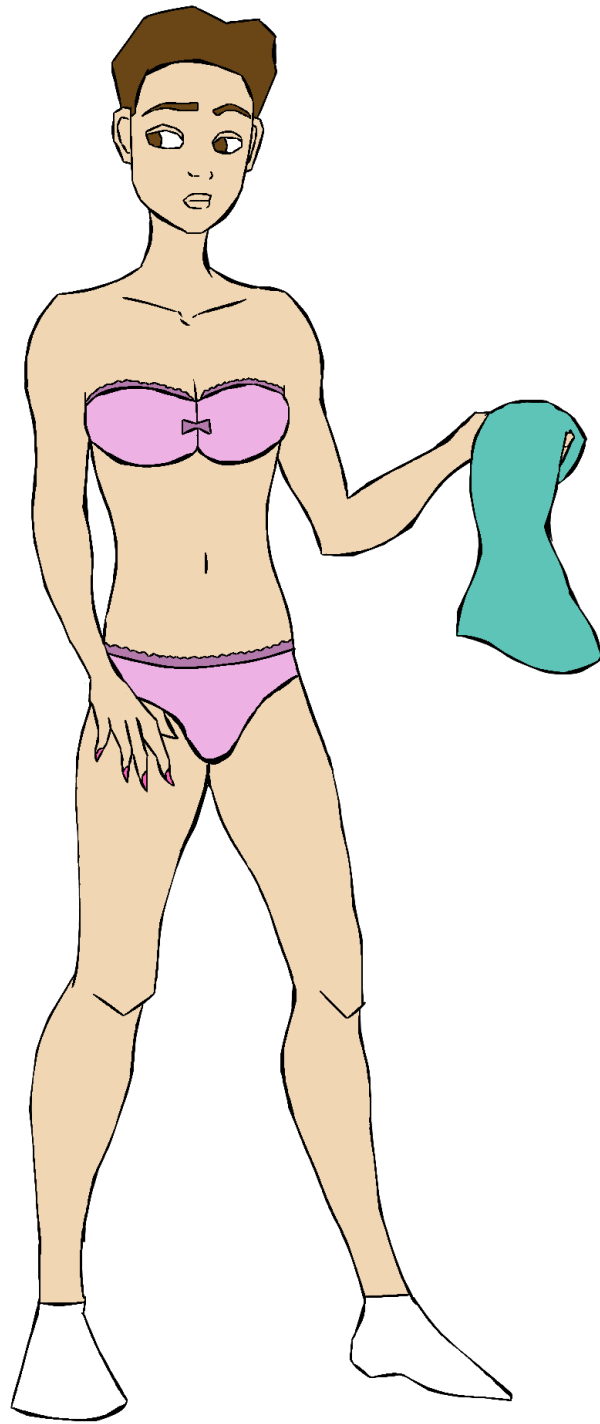
Dennis was far too distracted to wonder what they were talking about. He was down to his tighty-whities in front of his biggest crush, and was trying desperately to not get turned on. The painful experience of leg waxing had helped in that regard, as did the vicious eyebrow plucking that followed. They told him to be a man and suck it up, but it was hard to feel like much of a man when they next ordered him into a pair of panties and a matching bra!

The slippery nylon felt utterly bizarre against his waxed-smooth legs as he pulled the panties into place, blushing furiously. As if that wasn’t bad enough, both girls insisted he “tuck,” and use a roll of adhesive tape to keep his willy crammed up between his butt-cheeks, rendering it totally invisible. Sally then helped him do up the strapless bra, which managed to both feel uncomfortably tight and strangely baggy, thanks to the empty cups.

“Come on, isn’t this enough?” Dennis asked weakly. “Just take your photos, post them all over the school, and ruin my life already. You don’t have to waste your whole afternoon, right?”

“Oh, this is time well-spent, you little perv,” Trish said meanly. “Nails next!”

Each girl took a hand each, applying long, bright pink gel nails to his fingers. Dennis could only stare glumly down at his transformed hands, perturbed by how instantly feminine they appeared. But he didn’t have long to contemplate his fate: Sally had settled on an outfit, a sea-green skirt with matching shoes and top, and it was time for him to finally get dressed again...



“Come on, I can barely walk in these things!” Dennis wailed, teetering precariously on the stilt-like six-inch heels the girls had forced onto his feet.

“Good thing you won’t be walking anywhere, then,” Sally said primly. “Now hold still and let me stuff your bra...”

Flushing beet red, Dennis did as instructed, staring embarrassedly at the floor while she filled out his empty bra cups with balled-up pantyhose. She helped him into his top next, and he was dejected to discover it was much skimpier than he’d realized, clinging tightly to his faux-boobs and leaving his midriff totally exposed. The short skirt certainly didn’t help matters, swirling playfully around his waxed-smooth thighs with every motion.

He was sure he looked utterly ridiculous, but the girls weren’t laughing or snapping photos to share with the school. On the contrary, they seemed dead serious, and very focused, as they ushered him over to the vanity where Trish had laid out his makeup.

“He has a great complexion, and honestly, great bone structure, so we don’t need much concealer or contouring,” she announced, speaking to Sally over his head. “But we want him to look as sexy as possible, so we’ll go really dramatic with the eyes, and really poppy for the lips.”

“I’m going to look like a freaking clown,” Dennis muttered, and Sally frowned.

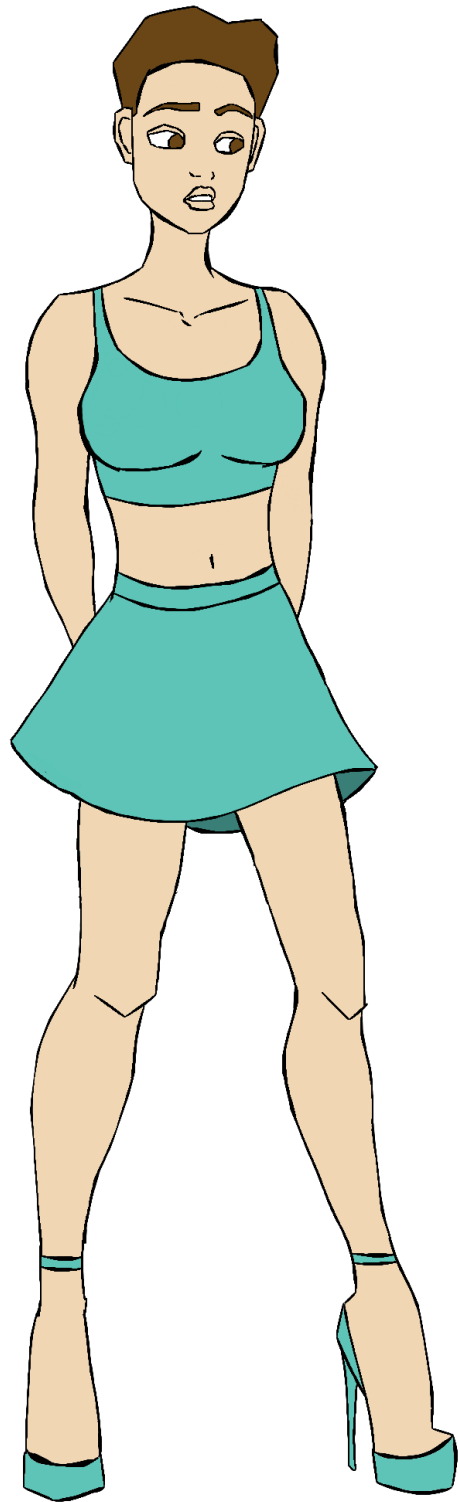
“You need to talk higher,” she said. “Use your head, not your chest, and try to raise your pitch.”

Dennis blanched. “Why?” he demanded. “Are you going to be recording me, too?”

“Not if you do what we say,” Sally said sternly. “Repeat after me: Hi, I’m Jennifer! What movie are we seeing?”

Dennis was utterly perplexed, but he did as instructed. “Hi, I’m Jennifer,” he squeaked, doing his best to raise his already unimpressive pitch to an even more girlish register. “What movie are we seeing?”

“Oh my God, that’s perfect,” Trish said smugly. “Now sit down, Jennifer. It’s time to get you all prettied up...”



By the time the girls finished his makeup nearly forty minutes later, Dennis felt dazed. Despite what they'd said about his complexion and bone structure, it still felt like they'd caked every cosmetic in existence onto his face. He couldn't decide which was worse: the huge, fluttery black false eyelashes clinging to his lids and brushing his cheeks every time he blinked, or his collagen-pricked lips being slathered in waxy, bright pink matte lipstick. They'd used eyeliner and shadow to further accentuate his eyes, and pencilled his plucked brows darker to match.

But it wasn't the endless assault of brushes, pencils, and powders that had left Dennis so shell-shocked – it was the final result. He could hardly recognize himself! He had never been the manliest-looking specimen, but now, after the girls' handiwork, he looked one-hundred percent female. With the addition of makeup, everything about his face, from his pert little nose to his high cheekbones, suddenly screamed "girl!" And not just any girl, either...

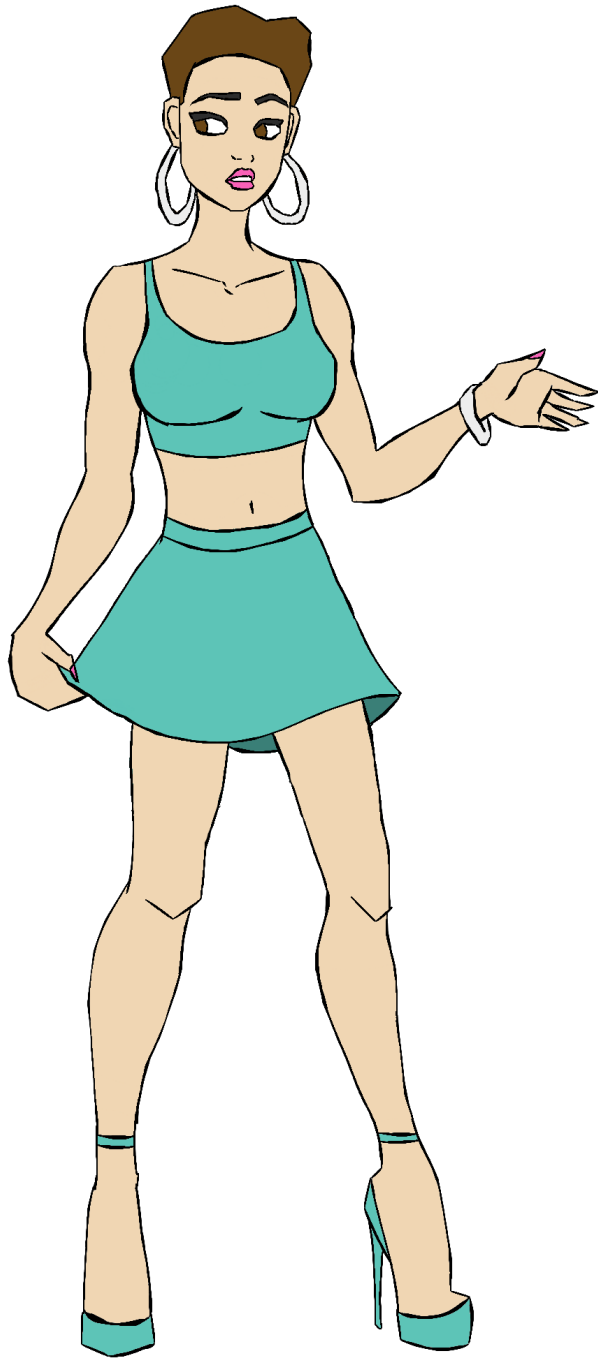
"Like I said," Trish said smugly, bringing him back to reality with a sharp pinch as she clipped large silver hoops to his earlobes. "Sexy."

Dennis flushed beneath his makeup, but he couldn't argue. The girl in the mirror, even with her short, masculine haircut, was stunning...the kind of girl who dated handsome jocks, not dweebs like him. Humiliation flooded him at the realization: the only way he could ever get into the panties of a girl that gorgeous was because he was already wearing them!

"You can wear this bracelet, too," Sally said, slipping the accessory onto his wrist. "But it's expensive, so don't you dare lose it."

Dennis blinked. "Lose it?" he asked, in the breathy soprano the girls had been drilling him on. "Um, where would I lose it?"

The girls looked at each other, and grinned.



As the girls explained their plan, Dennis felt himself starting to hyperventilate with panic. He'd been utterly wrong: they knew about Moe's involvement, so they weren't just out to humiliate Dennis, but his partner-in-crime, as well. In order to put Moe at ease, Sally had spent all week sobbing about the photos, and how horrible it was to have absolutely no way of finding out who had done it.

Trish, meanwhile, had been doing something even more devious: talking up the fact that her younger cousin was visiting town, and that she'd gone from flat-as-a-board tomboy to high-maintenance hottie in the space of one summer. The news had immediately piqued Moe's interest, and Trish had been all too happy to arrange a Friday night date for him and "Jennifer!"

"I can't do it," Dennis squeaked, his voice now high-pitched as much from terror as from his own efforts. He shook his head, bouncing the long brunette tresses of his newly applied wig. "It'll never work! He'll recognize me straight away!"

"As if," Trish said, rolling her eyes. "Your own mother wouldn't recognize you looking like this, and Moe is dumb as a load of rocks, besides."

"You said I didn't have to walk anywhere!" Dennis blustered. "I'll trip up, and give the game away completely!"

"You only have to make it to his car," Sally said casually. "He's taking you straight to a drive-in movie. We told him you saw his picture, thought he was super hot, and spent all day deciding what lingerie to wear for him...so it could be a night to remember."

Dennis's pretty pink mouth fell open.

"As far as he knows, 'Jennifer' is totally boy-crazy, and loves it when a guy takes charge, but still likes to do the shy good-girl act at first," Trish added. "That way you don't have to worry about him making a move. Just giggle and smile, and he'll do the rest."

"We'll be all set up to capture the action," Sally said, holding up an expensive DSLR camera that was, Dennis realized bitterly, probably even better than his. "And once we have a few good shots of you two making out, we'll call you and give you an excuse to leave."

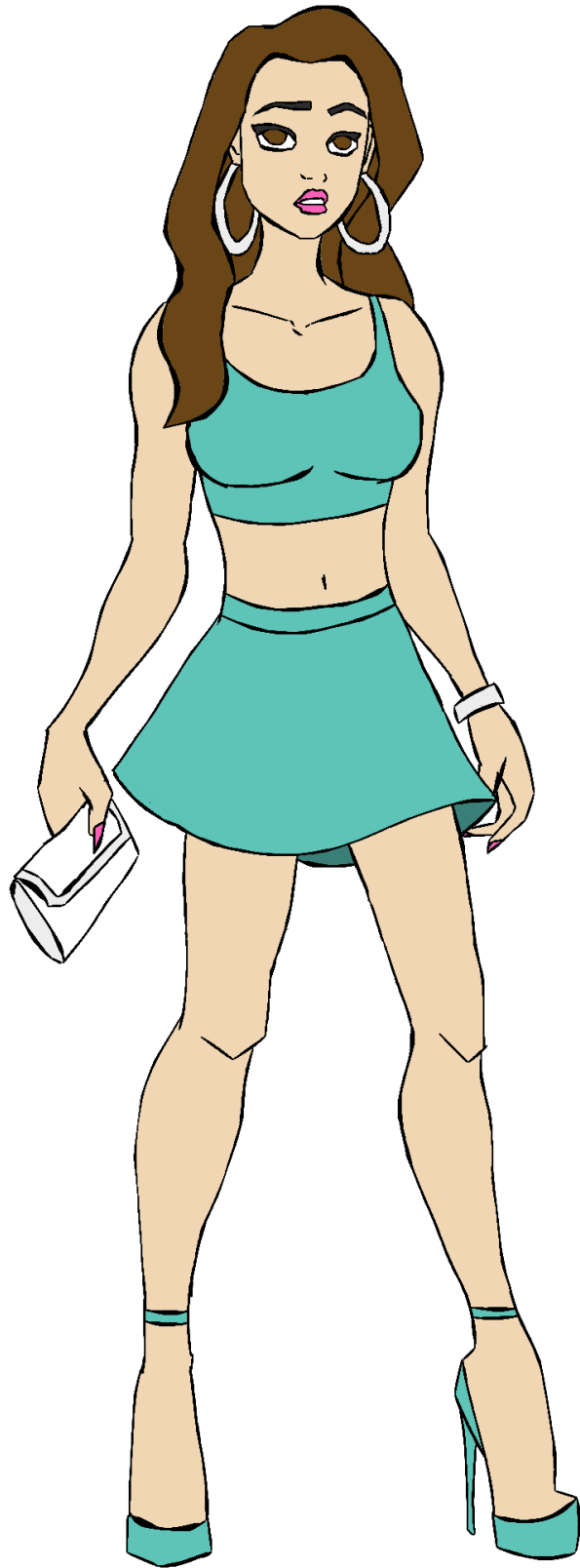
"Better than you deserve," Trish sniffed, handing him a white clutch purse. "If it was up to me, we'd wait until you were on your knees giving that bastard road-head."

DING-DONG!

At the sound of the doorbell, Dennis looked up like a deer caught in the headlights. As surreal as it seemed, this was well and truly happening: he had gone from Moe's accomplice to his hot date for a Friday night, and with everything the girls had told him, not to mention his provocative

makeup and outfit, he knew the twelfth-grade jock was going to be very, very pleased to meet “Jennifer” for the first time.

“That must be him,” Sally said, grinning. “Okay, Jennifer. It’s show-time...”



By the time Dennis made it to the stairs, Trish had already let Moe inside, and was chatting casually with him. The jock was clad in his usual tight T-shirt and designer jeans, and Dennis knew, with some bitterness, that it had probably taken Moe all of ten minutes to get ready for this “date”...while he himself had been primped, plucked, and prettified for the better part of two whole hours!

But Dennis’s resentment was replaced by total fear when Moe, drawn to the sound of tinkling jewelry and clicking stiletto heels, turned his head. The jock’s manly jaw dropped open, and a look of sheer lust appeared in his eyes. Flushing furiously, Dennis focused on navigating the staircase, clinging to the banister and shuffling down one awkward step at a time. Moe watched with a bemused grin, clearly torn between disdain for “Jennifer’s” totally impractical shoes, and pleasure at the fact they’d been worn just for him.

“She’s still getting used to six-inch heels, poor thing,” Trish clucked sympathetically, as a blushing Dennis finally arrived at the bottom of the stairs. “But she just *loves* how they make her butt swish back and forth, right, Jennifer?”

Dennis’s blush deepened even further.

“I don’t mind it either,” Moe chuckled. “You look amazing, Jennifer. Here, this is for you.” He pulled a pink, single-stem rose from behind his back and held it out. “A beautiful flower for a beautiful girl.”

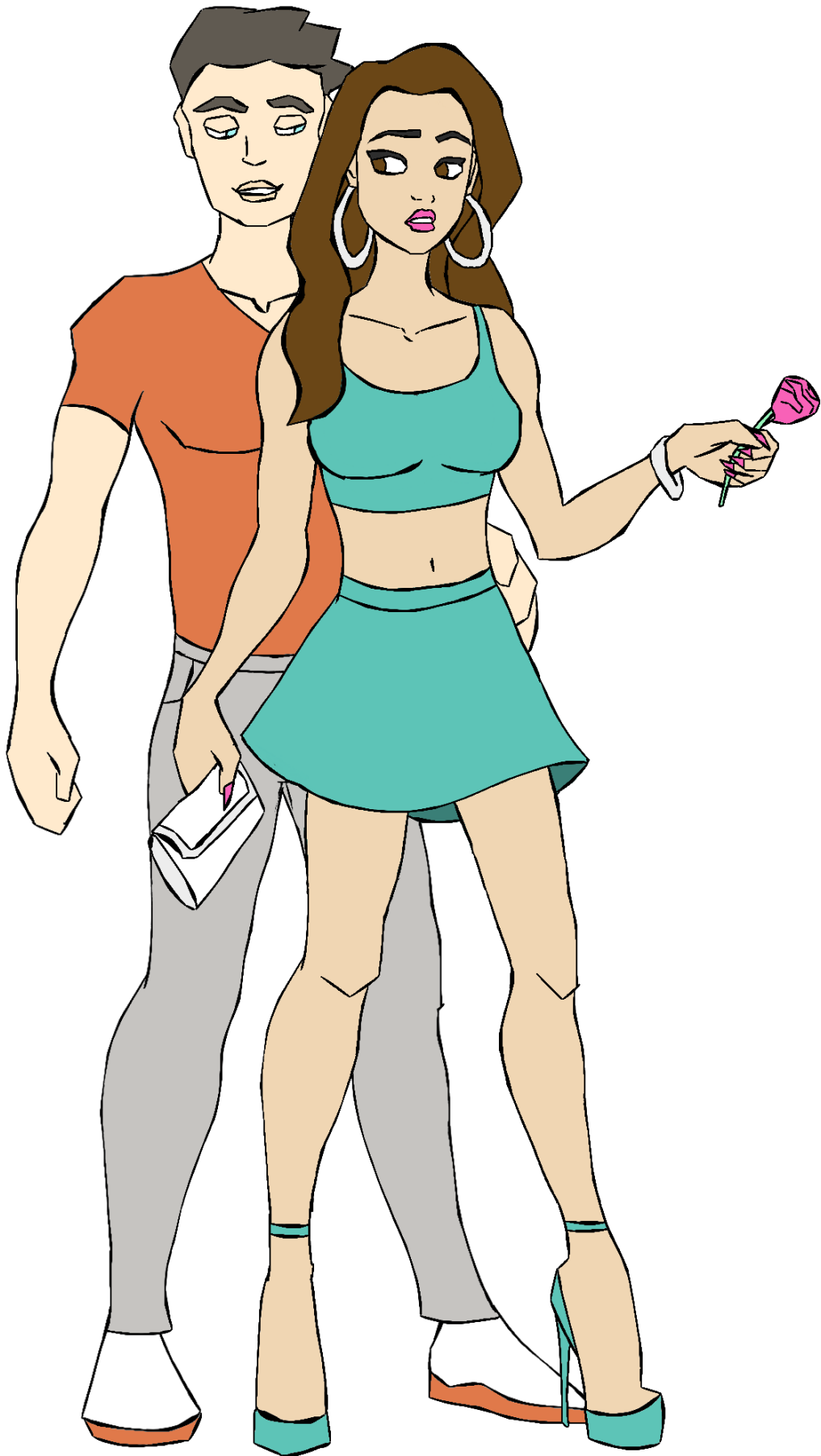
“Oh, how sweet!” Trish exclaimed. “I guess you *can* be a charmer when you want to be!” She shot Dennis a warning glance. “What do you think, Jennifer?”

Dennis gulped, accepting the rose with one trembling hand. “Th-thank you,” he said, in his breathiest, girliest voice. “Um, it’s so pretty?”

“Not as pretty as you, babe,” Moe said, wrapping his arm casually around Dennis’s dainty waist. “Ready to go?”

Dennis flushed, looking desperately at Trish, hoping against hope that she might bail him out...but she only gave him a cold nod. Sick with anxiety, Dennis turned to his date and flashed him a nervous smile.

“Ready,” he squeaked. “Um, what movie are we seeing?”



Nearly a year later, as Dennis stared dejectedly into the mirror, he couldn't help but think back to that fateful evening at the drive-in theater. The dolled-up freshman had been totally terrified, especially as Moe's hands began to roam, but something unexpected threw a wrench into the girls' diabolical plan: despite having been told that "Jennifer" was hot to trot, Moe, upon sensing Denny's nervousness, backed off entirely.

"We can just watch the movie, then get an ice cream sundae and get to know each other better," the high-school senior had said. "What's the rush, right?"

As they did just that, with Moe acting a perfect gentleman, Dennis's dread only increased: he was sure that at any moment Trish and Sally would text him a reminder of their plan, and he would be forced to start flirting and simpering to ensure Moe made his move. But the evening wore on, and no text arrived, and eventually Moe dropped him off back at Trish's house with a single peck on the cheek, claiming a girl like him was worth the wait!

Dennis had staggered inside on his six-inch heels, feet and calves aching, shaken from the experience of going out in public as another guy's sexy date with not a single bystander seeing through his disguise. But his ordeal was to get even worse, because Sally and Trish were waiting for him with a gleam in their eyes.

"I've never seen Moe like that," Sally said, hefting the camera she'd been using to spy on their date. "He was looking at you like an adoring little puppy! Whatever you did to him, he fell for you...hard."

"Moe wasn't always such a jerk," Trish added thoughtfully. "Maybe all he needs is the right girl to bring him around."

Dennis had gaped in disbelief as the girls outlined their new plan: in order to keep Moe on the hook, and off the prowl, he would be expected to keep playing the role of "Jennifer" – sending the twelfth-grade jock gushy texts and cute selfies whenever possible. The girls assured him he could still be Dennis at school, and that they wouldn't expose him as the peeping tom, but in exchange, he was about to become Moe's long-distance girlfriend!

Living a double life had been intensely stressful. Since the girls insisted he get used to doing his own hair and makeup in order to send Moe flirty selfies, his room quickly filled up with feminine accoutrements, and his photography was forgotten in favor of learning to blend his eyeshadow and accessorize his outfits! It wasn't long before things came to a head, and his mom discovered all the girly stuff stashed in his closet.

He'd come agonizingly close to telling her the truth about the whole thing, including his own fault in it, but instead he'd blurted out the only excuse he could think of: that he was secretly trans, but not yet ready to come out of the closet. Rather than shock or disappointment, his mom had been utterly delighted. She'd always wanted a daughter, and assured him that she would help

him through his “transition” however she could. Before long, Dennis only got to be himself at school, while “Jennifer” was around for practically every other waking hour!

There was only one light at the end of the tunnel: the fact that Moe was graduating at the end of the year, and heading off to Spring State on a football scholarship. That meant he would be out of the girls’ hair, and Dennis would finally be allowed to drop the act...or so he thought. But Sally and Trish had grown attached to having their very own personal dress-up doll, and decided that even after Moe moved away, “Jennifer” would be here to stay.

Though he’d begged and pleaded, his complaints had fallen on deaf ears – the girls were determined to make “Jenny” a hottie worthy of rounding out their popular girl trio. That summer, with his mother’s eager blessing, Dennis been put on female hormones to help round out his hips and butt, and made to follow a strict diet to shrink his already-tiny waist to truly doll-like proportions. Finally, in order to finish the job the estrogen had started, he’d been carted off to an expensive plastic surgeon upstate, where he’d been forced to act thrilled at the prospect of getting his very own C-cups!

Now, as he forlornly adjusted his cleavage in the mirror, he realized he had a nicer rack than Sally or Trish ever did. But his hourglass curves weren’t the only thing different from a year ago: wigs were now a thing of the past, since his own hair had been grown out, given extensions, and bleached to a shade more befitting a girly-girl like “Jennifer.” The cascade of blonde hair reached the small of his back, and required constant brushing to maintain.

While he’d barely been able to hobble to Moe’s car in his six-inch heels, now he handled stilettos like a pro, mincing gracefully around his redecorated bedroom as he packed his purse for the evening. Life had had one final surprise in store for the hapless freshman, soon to be sexy sophomore: when Dennis’s “coming out” made the rounds on social media, Moe, off on vacation overseas, had finally put two and two together...but instead of being furious at being tricked, he’d called Dennis up and humbly asked for a date when he came home on the last day of summer.

So now, nearly a year after their first date, Dennis was once again primping and preening to look hot for Moe...only this time, he was doing it all on his own. His knowledge of makeup had increased exponentially under Trish and Sally’s tutelage, meaning his eyeliner was on point and his sparkly layered pink eyeshadow was perfect. He’d even added a little beauty mark to off-set his pouty, poppy lips. As he stared miserably at his gorgeous reflection, he realized he was now the kind of girl he once would have killed to date...or photograph in her underwear.

Trish and Sally had already been talking his ear off about all the cute guys they could set him up with when school started in the fall, which meant that Moe’s invitation, against all odds, was a life-line. If “Jennifer” was going steady, albeit by long distance, with Spring State’s quarterback, it meant that the other horny guys would back off, and the girls wouldn’t pressure him into dating anybody at school. But in order to keep Moe’s affections for the entire year, Dennis was going to have to make this evening one to remember...

Blushing furiously, Dennis slipped the condoms inside his little clutch purse and snapped it shut just as the doorbell rang. It was show-time again, and this time, he couldn't afford to keep a PG rating! Nervously biting his collagen-plumped lip, Dennis made a few final adjustments, tossing his long blonde hair, freeing his dangling hoop earrings, and fluffing up his out-thrust cleavage. Then, pasting a pretty smile onto his face, he swished his way to the front door.

Moe was waiting on the front step, looking manlier than ever thanks to the small beard he'd started growing out, and his lustful expression as he drank in the sight of his date, lingering on Dennis's silicone-stuffed boobs, made the feminized freshman flush.

"Hi-hi, Moe," he squeaked. "Sorry I took so long getting ready, I couldn't find my earrings..."

"No worries, gorgeous," Moe said suavely, pulling a pink rose from behind his back. "Like I said, you're worth the wait."

It was the same color of rose he'd brought on their first so-called-date, clearly meant as a reminder of that evening, and Dennis accepted it with a nervous smile. As he waved goodbye to his mom and gracefully descended the front steps, heels clicking on the cement, he felt Moe's hand wrap possessively around his waist.

"So, you still taking photos?" the jock asked casually.

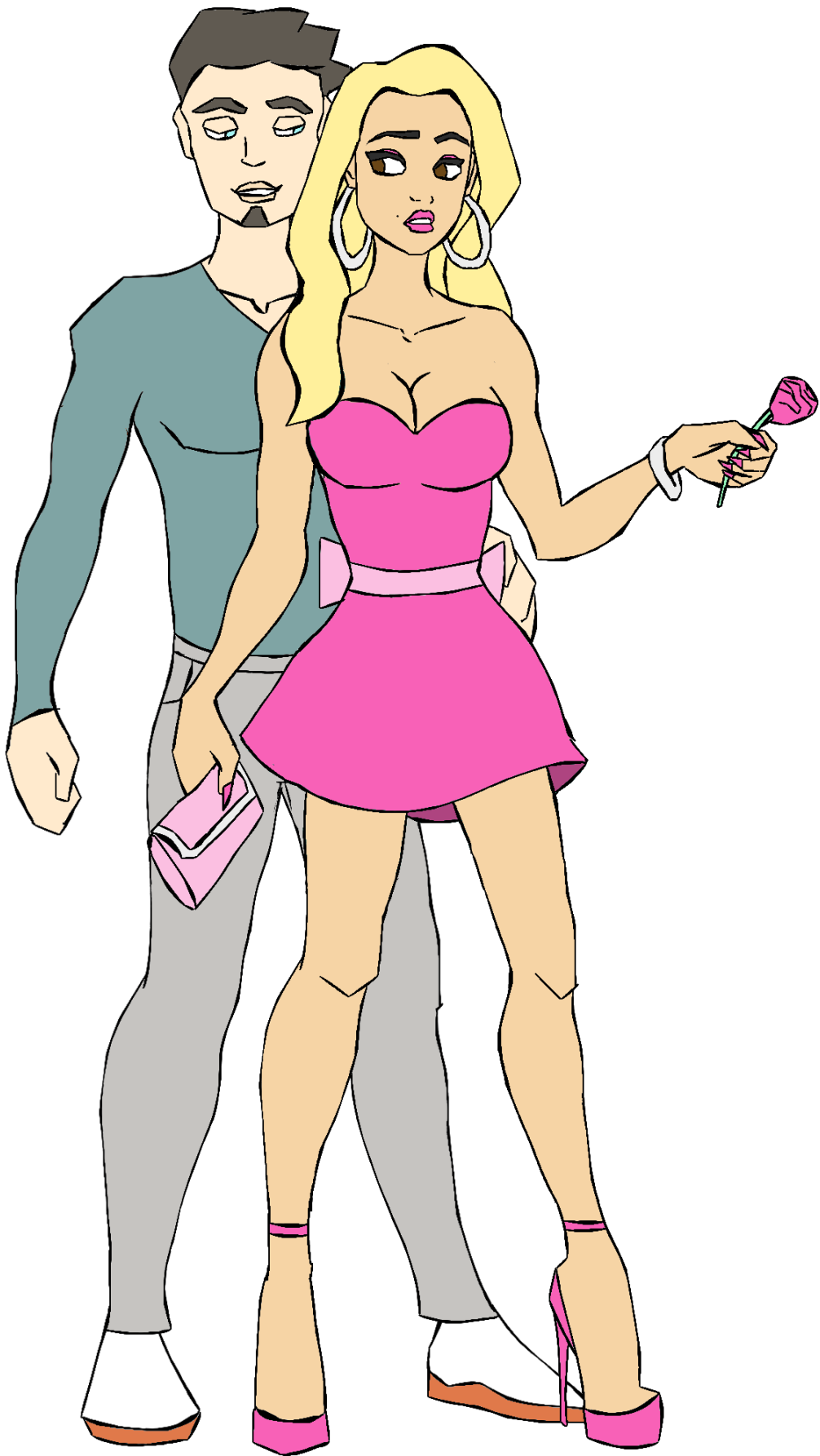
Dennis swallowed, thinking of his camera lying forgotten in the back of his closet. "Um, mostly selfies," he admitted, embarrassed beyond belief to sound like such an airhead. "I just, like, don't have time anymore."

"Makes sense," Moe said. "A girl who looks as good as you deserves to be on the other end of the camera." He paused thoughtfully. "But I guess it's a good thing you were into that artsy-fartsy shit, or we might have never met, you know? You ever think about that?"

Dennis flashed back to that fateful afternoon, ambling along in comfortable sneakers, jeans, and a T-shirt, eager to get a glimpse of Sally in her underwear, and compared it to the present: stuffed into a flirty pink dress that showed off his boobs and legs, off on a date with the Spring State quarterback!

"All the time," he murmured sadly to himself, then, remembering his goal for the evening, flashed Moe his prettiest smile and batted his eyelashes flirtatiously. "I guess I'm a pretty lucky girl, huh?"

Moe grinned, sliding his hand downward to caress Dennis's butt. "I have a feeling both of us are getting lucky tonight," he said. "Let's go, beautiful."



The End