

TV FICTION CLASSICS

"PINK SLIPS I"



**NO MAN WANTS TO GET A PINK SLIP FROM
HIS BOSS...AND NOT ONE WITH LACE!**

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Volume 85

Pink Slips I

Book #1

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QUOTE BOARD

**“It's a lot easier to handle women when you
deprive them of clothing...”**

PINK SLIPS I

Book 1 of 2

By Alice Trail & Kristi Love

Melvin Baxter

“What the hell is *this?*” Melvin Baxter growled as he pulled a silky pink nylon slip from his pay envelope. It was decorated with intricate lace at the bodice and hem. He held it up for a closer view. “What is that conniving bitch up to now?”

Melvin Baxter was Executive Vice President and General Manager of a thriving company for the past three years. During that time, he assembled what he considered to be a top management team, along with a hard working and efficient staff. According to his edict, the department heads were all career-motivated men, and the section leaders were men with a keen eye on advancement opportunities.

Dress codes for the men were not stringent. Executives and department heads wore coats and ties, but the male employees not in management were allowed to wear slacks and sport shirts with open collars. Their hair length and style was not important as long as it was kept neat.

By Baxter’s expressed wishes, the secretaries, typists, and clerks were female, along with many of the assistants, researchers, and technicians. In contrast to the men, these women were discouraged from wearing pants, slacks, or shorts of any type. Instead, they were expected to wear stylish dresses or skirts with chic blouses, nylons, and heels. Attractive, but not overdone makeup was required, along with neat modern hairstyles and the appropriate jewelry.

Skirt lengths weren’t specified, and Baxter took no official position on the subject. Still, the female staff knew promotions were more frequently bestowed upon those who wore low-cut blouses and skirts on the short side. If anyone dared complain

that some undeserving bimbo was promoted over her, she would find herself in Baxter's office for a performance review. After a critical evaluation, she would receive a reprimand and be told to improve her attitude and to dress more *professionally*.

Reading between the lines, the complainer was quick to understand that meant that she should wear more provocative clothing and be flirtatious with the management personnel. Because of a tight job market and a loss of benefits if they resigned, the women's only choices were to endure this sexist atmosphere or join the unemployment line.

Baxter was happy with his little empire, but it began to crumble when a well-organized cartel launched a successful hostile takeover. At first not much changed, but an observer, Victoria Fitch, a no nonsense woman of about forty, was sent to evaluate the financial records, personnel, policies, and operations of what she referred to as the Baxter Dynasty. After listening to a flattering overview of the current system from management, her first official action was to demand a private office to use during her inquiry.

Most of the employees were quite apprehensive about the possibility of losing their jobs under reorganization. As a result, they moved about the observer as if they were walking on eggshells, the men referring to her as "that Fitch bitch".

Melvin Baxter was the exception. Instead of being intimidated like his underlings, he was totally enraged about what he saw as a judicious intrusion into his little dynasty and an affront to his authority. Thus, he treated her with open scorn and derision, unwilling to patronize the haughty observer like his employees. Disregarding her constant requests to be addressed as Ms.. Fitch or Victoria, he persisted in calling her Vickie as if she were a giggling bimbo receptionist in his employ. Victoria was infuriated by Baxter's pompous attitude toward her, but other than to voice her displeasure; she remained calm and maintained her composure.



“What the hell?” Melvin growled after withdrawing a silky pink slip from his pay envelope.

“I don’t understand,” Steve and Brad chimed, but the women in the background understood, and giggled at what was going to happen to these hapless guys.

Melvin, Brad, and Steve

Storming into Victoria's office, Melvin was brought up short to see two others in her office holding up similar silky pink slips. One was Steve Miller, a young associate manager, and the other was his son, Brad.

"What's the meaning of this!" he roared, holding up his silky garment.

"Why, Melvin, I would think an experienced man such as yourself would recognize a pink ladies slip when he sees one," she mocked.

"I know what it is!" he growled. "Why did you send one to me...and my son, and...Steve here?"

"I have been named president of the company, and I have reorganized things a bit," she chirped with a sinister smile as she sat back in her chair. "Your position has become redundant, as has that of your son and young Steve here. You should be ashamed of such nepotism, hiring such an incompetent child. Anyway, that's in the past. The pink slip is intended to get your attention and to provide you with two choices. Either you accept it, and everything that goes with it, or you will be given another pink slip...without a recommend."

"You can't fire me!" Melvin roared. "I'm a Vice President!"

"Not only can I, but I will!" Victoria stared him down with steely eyes. "And getting another job will be extremely difficult, if not impossible, without a re-hire recommendation."

"What did you mean by 'everything that goes with' this pink slip?" Melvin remorsefully asked as he held out his soft garment.

"You will not be fired if you accept that pink slip and agree to a change in status."

"Meaning?" Steve apprehensively asked.



"You can't do this!" Melvin roared. "I'm a man of influence."

"You're a man without a job if you don't wear them," Victoria countered.

But why us?" Steve whined.

"Why not?" Victoria responded.

"You will henceforth wear those silky slips and others to work, along with all the clothes your antiquated policies demanded of the women in your former employ. What was good enough for the goose is good enough..."

Before she could finish, Melvin gasped, "Dress as women? You want us to dress as women at work?"

"Precisely!" Victoria grinned. "In time the three of you can make quite presentable women."

"I won't do it!" Melvin growled, "It's against the law!"

"Hardly, dear boy," she cooed, "especially if you wear dresses of your own free will."

"Free will!" Melvin roared. "You are trying to force us to wear women's clothes!"

"I'm not forcing you to wear anything," she sternly replied. "This is merely the dress code under my administration. You have a choice of following that code or leaving. It's not much different than the code you imposed, Melvin."

"That dress code is for women, not men!" Melvin gasped.

"Semantics, dear boy," she grinned. "Merely semantics. What is your decision?"

"Why me, Ms. Fitch?" Steve asked before Melvin could respond. "What did I do to deserve such an awful punishment?"

"Nothing in particular, Steffie," she smiled.

"My name is Steve, not Steffie!"

"The way you walk with slightly limp wrists, sit with your knees together, and express yourself using your hands tells a different story," Victoria said while ignoring his correction of his name. "Everything about you including your delicate facial features suggests that you belong in dresses."

"Why does everybody always say that?" Steve fumed, showing emotion for the first time. He had always done his best to present a macho facade and had failed miserably. To

make matters worse, now his new boss wanted him to wear dresses! Was there no end to this humiliation?

Seeing his confusion, Victoria asked, "Will you wear dresses to work, or do I fire you?"

"I need my job to support my ailing mother," Steve moaned. "Can I try it and let you know later?"

"Of course," Victoria replied. "This is Friday. Go with Gloria Hansen, put on the clothes she gives you, and you are free to go. If you want to continue working here, show up wearing them Monday morning. If not, we'll mail your last check along with two weeks severance. Gloria has been promoted to Office Manager, and her new office is right next door."

"That's my office!" Melvin shouted angrily as Steve walked dejectedly toward the door with his head hung low and the pink slip in his hand. "You can't give it to my secretary!"

"I can, and I have," Victoria countered. "As Office Manager, and number two in command, she deserves prestigious digs."

"What about me?" Melvin demanded. "Where is my office?"

"I'm afraid you'll have to check with Ms. Hansen on that. She's the Office Manager."

"Ms.. Hansen? You mean Gloria?"

"No, I mean Ms. Hansen," Victoria affirmed. "She is now your superior, and you will address her with the respect that goes with her job title. Otherwise, you can resign or be terminated, the same as if you refuse to dress appropriately."

"You know I can't quit," Melvin groaned. "I have too many years with the company to pull up roots and start over. Besides, I would lose all my accrued benefits."

Brad didn't comment. He didn't want to wear dresses, but he knew he would do whatever his father did. As a high school dropout, he was useless in the workplace without his father's assistance.

"I take it that you choose the nylon slip over the paper one," Victoria smugly trumpeted.

"Can I let you know later like Steve?" Melvin sighed while hanging his head low.

"Yes, if you will agree to sign a document the next time we meet," Victoria stated firmly. "Either a form agreeing for you and Brad to dress as I require or one of resignation. I'll have both documents ready, and you can choose the one you wish to sign. Agreed?"

"Agreed."

"Go with Ms. Hansen and do everything she says for the remainder of the day. She will dress you and your incompetent son appropriately and take you to 'Le Femme' beauty salon. If either of you give her the slightest problem, you're both history here!"

"You want me to put on a dress and go to a beauty parlor?" Melvin boomed as the real meaning of Victoria's proposition fully dawned on him. "I won't do it, and neither will my son!"

"Suit yourselves, but unless you comply, you will lose all of your accumulated benefits and dividends," Victoria gleamed. "All that will disappear with a wave of my hand if either of you give her trouble."

"This can't be happening!" Melvin lamented in disbelief and anger.

"Your appointments at Le Femme are not for a couple of hours, so you have plenty of time to get ready," Victoria smiled at his outburst. "In the meantime, I secured the ladies restroom in the executive lounge on the sixth floor for you to change into your new clothes and apply your makeup before going to the hairdresser. I'm sure Gloria already has Steve well on his way."

"We have to wear women's clothes to this beauty parlor?" Melvin gasped. "You mean we have to leave this building in women's clothes and makeup?"

"Of course," Victoria gave a simpering smile. "The pink slip is active immediately."

"But everyone will see us!" Brad whined. "We'll be the laughing stock of the building!"

"Perhaps," Victoria smiled, "but why should you worry? You'll be wearing the very same types of clothing to work every day. Everyone will know your new identity then, so why not allow them a peek to get used to the idea now. Then, your coming out, so to speak, won't be so traumatic."

The blood drained from father and son's faces at the thought that all the women they had lorded over would see them wearing the very clothes they had been forced to wear. And the other men! The shame! What would they think when they saw their former boss and his son leaving the building in dresses?

"Go to the woman's lounge on the 6th floor where Gloria is waiting for you," Victoria instructed.

"Yes, Ms. Fitch," both quietly slinked out of her office with heads hung low.

Father and son didn't speak to each other as they obediently made their way to the sixth floor women's lounge. Neither looked to the right or left, but both heard snickers from various women and a few men as they passed by. Obviously, the word was already out, and these former subordinates knew what was in store.

Gloria greeted them as they entered the luxurious women's restroom. Neither had ever been in this holy of holies, but both were afraid that they would be spending lots of time in similar facilities in the future.

"Okay, Melvin, Brad, remove your clothes and throw them in that trash barrel," ordered Gloria pointing to a receptacle in the corner. Obviously their clothing was destined for the furnace or a charitable organization.

Melvin steamed at receiving orders from his former secretary who just this morning was at his beck and call. Swallowing his pride, he timidly did as directed, and Brad reluctantly followed along. "When this humiliation is over, I'll get my revenge on those two bitches!" Melvin inwardly fumed.

Completely naked, father and son followed Gloria into the main part of the lounge where they found Steve already wearing his pink slip, nylons and heels.

"Your skin is so baby smooth, Brad," Gloria brushed the back of her hand over his cheeks. "Haven't you started shaving at your age? Maybe you were meant to wear dresses like Steffie here."

"I'm no sissy like him!" Brad growled with more bravado than he felt, although he had wondered more than once why his whiskers hadn't started growing.

"I wouldn't be so sure," Gloria giggled. "I see lots of potential in both of you. Don't worry about your hairy legs and underarms. The salon will take care of that. Put on these panties, bra, and stockings, and then slip into the silky pink slips you were given this morning."

As they stepped into the panties and sat to roll the stockings up their hairy legs, Gloria instructed Steve how to walk in 3" heels. "Place one foot in front of the other and swing your hips. Very nicely done. Are you sure you've never worn heels before?"

Steve blanched at her question. "No! I don't wear girl's clothes!"

"No matter," Gloria smiled as she led him to a well-lighted makeup area. "Okay, let's try some makeup before you leave. You'll be doing this yourself, so pay attention while I do your makeup."

While Steve was applying makeup, Melvin and Brad were dressing in the selected lingerie, finishing by dropping their silky pink slips over their heads. As the silky fabric slithered down their bodies, they were dismayed to learn that the feminine garments fit their bodies perfectly.



Melvin was royally pissed as he dutifully removed his mustache. He would get his revenge when upper management returned him to his rightful position.

Meanwhile, Steve and Brad did as ordered to prepare themselves for their first foray into the outside world while wearing women's clothes.

"Melvin, I suggest that you shave off your mustache," Gloria said. "You won't want to look like the bearded woman when I escort you through the building."

Melvin blanched at the thought of traipsing behind his former secretary in a dress, still sporting his mustache. Trembling at the idea of shaving his pride and joy, he nodded in agreement. There were things worse than losing ones mustache. Surely upper management would see the errors of their ways and return him to his former position in a few days. At any rate, he could grow a new one once this fiasco was over.

Melvin felt like a fool standing before the mirror while wearing his pretty pink slip, bra, and thigh high nylon stockings. He applied shaving cream to his face, and carefully removed all signs of hair with the pink razor Gloria handed him. A shiver raced down his spine as he rinsed the remains of his mustache down the drain. It was like watching his manhood wash away. He shook himself to his senses. This wasn't the end of the world! Whiskers grew. He could replace his mustache within a couple of weeks after this awful humiliation ended.

"Are you sure that you've never worn makeup before?" Gloria asked Steve as he finished applying his makeup. "You do it so naturally."

A bright blush came to Steve's face. "No...no, I've never worn makeup!"

"I'm not sure I believe you, but never mind. You'll be wearing it in the future, and your talent will serve you well."

"Okay, girls," Gloria said as she finished helping Steve into a very attractive women's business suit. "I'm going to escort Steffie to his car so he can go home to tend his sickly mother. By the time I return, I want both of you dressed and ready to leave. Understand?"

Melvin and Brad's stomachs did flip-flops as they watched Gloria escort Steve from the lounge. The suit Steve wore was very attractive, even sexy, when worn by a woman. Steve's

tight fitting gray skirt fell to a few inches above his knees and tightly confined his legs in a silken prison. Unable to step much more than a foot without his skirt hampering his stride, he was forced to swing his hips girlishly to move forward.

Steve wore a nice pink blouse sheer enough to show the lace trim of his slip beneath. The blouse had long sleeves to hide his slightly hairy arms, which he would have to shave before wearing shorter sleeves. The outfit was set off with a trim gray jacket that matched his skirt, yet attractively framed his lovely blouse.

All in all, if it weren't for his short hair, which Gloria made no effort to feminize; he could pass as an attractive young woman. Lose a few pounds, grow his hair longer, and work on his voice, and he might be able to pass as a woman.

It was like watching their doom as Melvin and Brad watched Steve timidly follow Gloria from the lounge. How great would Steve's humiliation be if his fellow workers saw him dressed like that? Everyone would know who was wearing those exclusively feminine clothes. Melvin and Brad could only guess at his humiliation, but were sure they would find out very soon.

Steve Miller

Twenty-one year-old Steve Miller lived at home where he and his brother, Pete, younger by a year and a half, cared for their ailing mother. When their father died, she went into a deep depression and had never recovered. After arising in the morning, she took care of her personal hygiene and ate the food set before her. Being totally unconcerned with the world, she spent her days watching soap operas and game shows in her room, leaving the housework and other chores to her sons.

Pete returned home from work that fateful Friday and found Steve curled up in an easy chair in the dark. He flipped on the light and asked, "What's wrong? Has something happened to Mom?"

"No, she's okay."

"Why are you dressed like a chick?" Pete asked as he scanned his brother in his gray-skirted business suit and silky pink blouse. "I haven't seen you dressed that way in years."

"I got a pink slip in my paycheck," Steve sniffed, obviously near tears as he adjusted his short skirt over his hairy nylon sheathed thighs.

"Okay, you got fired, but that doesn't explain why you're wearing a *dress!*"

"I didn't get fired. I got a pink slip, a woman's nylon slip! If I don't agree to wear dresses and other feminine clothing to work, *then* I get fired. I just tried this stuff on to see if I could do it."

"Why do they want you to wear dresses?"

"No idea, but I can't do it. Wearing these clothes brings back too many embarrassing memories from when we were growing up, when Mom made me wear dresses and pretend to be her daughter. That was too weird."

"Weird maybe, but you made a cute chick," Pete thoughtfully replied.

"Don't start that again!" Steve snapped. "Mom let you strut around in pants as proud as a peacock and be 'Daddy's little man'! *I'm* the one who had to wear dresses and pretend to be 'Mommy's helper', and I'm the oldest. I don't know why she picked me to be the girl, and you never let me forget it either!"

"That's what little brothers are for," Pete grinned.

"Dad was against Mom dressing me as a girl, but she kept a secret supply of dresses and things for when he was away. As soon as he was out the door, she'd have me in a dress and silky girl's panties doing housework right alongside her! She'd call me Stephanie and make me set the table, wash dishes, make beds, dust, iron, vacuum, and all sorts of girly things."

"Yeah!" Pete chuckled. "I would come home from playing ball or hanging with the guys, and there you would be

wearing a dress and playing with your dolls or helping Mom with the housework.”

“I’ll never forget that! How many ten-year-old boys have doll collections and play with them regularly? I was so embarrassed! I never got to play ball or roughhouse with the guys. While you were out with your friends, I had to stay home in a dress and do housework or go shopping with Mom!”

“I don’t know how many times I came in and found you in the den watching television with Mom when we were teens,” Pete grinned. “Usually you were wearing a silky babydoll nightie with your hair in curlers and some icky gunk smeared all over your face while she polished your fingers and toes some pretty color. You looked cute all dolled up like a girl at a slumber party with your legs shaved and shiny.”

“Mom made me cream my face, legs, and body as part of my nightly beauty ritual,” Steve blushed. “The worst part was going to school with curly hair and polished nails. Getting teased about my nylon panties and smooth girlish legs when I dressed for gym was almost unbearable. Mom threatened to make me wear lipstick and eyeliner if I complained.”

“Was it all that bad spending time with Mom and being really close to her, even if you did have to wear a few dresses?” Pete asked. “Especially with the state of her health now!”

“Yes! And it all returns with me wearing these feminine clothes and makeup now!”

“Those were just childhood games, Steve! Mom missed not having a daughter, so she pretended to have one. Nobody remembers that childhood stuff!” Pete grinned.

“I remember, especially when Mom convinced Dad that I liked dressing as a girl. I don’t know how she did it, but he started calling me Stephanie like her and treating me like a girl. I tried telling him I didn’t like wearing girl’s clothes, but he would just tell me to be a good daughter and help Mom. He acted as if I was a real girl. So did you, as a matter of fact!”

Steve had no idea how his mother convinced his father to give her a free hand to dress him as a girl, but Pete sure knew! He heard his parents arguing and crept to their door to listen. "You've been screwing around with that bimbo secretary of yours, and these photographs prove it!" he heard his mother shout.

"That just happened, and it didn't mean a thing!" his father declared. "You are the one I love. It will never happen again."

"With these photos, I could get a huge divorce settlement and custody of the boys in a heartbeat. With you out of the picture, I would be free to raise them *both* as girls!"

"No please! My secretary means nothing to me! Please don't take my family away for one mistake. I'll do anything to make amends!" his father declared.

"*Anything?* Then stop pestering me for the way I choose to dress Steve, and stop berating him for being sweet and obedient enough to wear them! Treat him as your daughter and call him Stephanie in the future. Otherwise, I'm off to the best divorce lawyer in town with these photographs, and both your sons are in skirts! Understand?"

At his mother's second threat to make him dress as a girl like she did Steve, Pete jumped up to run away. However, in his haste, he bumped into the door, making a loud thud. Hearing the noise in the hallway, Mrs. Miller opened the door and saw him running away. "Get in here, young man!" she demanded. When Pete was inside, she stared at him and asked, "Did you hear what I told your father about treating Stephanie as a girl?"

"Yes, Mom, but..."

"No buts! That goes for you as well! You will treat her as your sister and refer to her with feminine pronouns, as if she has always been a girl. Furthermore, if one word of what was said in this room gets back to her, your father and I will be divorced and you will find yourself in skirts alongside Stephanie! Do I make myself clear?" The consequences of

refusal were too horrible to contemplate, so the two males submissively nodded their understanding and acceptance of her resolute decree. Thus, the die was cast.

Her agenda now securely in place, Steve's mother set out to feminize him with a vengeance! She got rid of his boyish clothes, all if them, including his pants and shirts! Taking him shopping, she replaced them with girl's jeans, slacks, shorts, shirts, blouses, and crop tops. He bitterly complained that boys didn't wear pink jeans or navel baring crop tops, but she offhandedly shrugged off his objections saying pants were pants and shirts were shirts.

When he learned that he would have to wear slight touches of base makeup, blush, eyeliner, pale pink lipstick, and matching nail polish, he ran to his father for support. Never has a boy been so disappointed as he was when his father told him to run along and be a good girl for his mother!

Mrs. Miller decided that Easter was the ideal time for her thirteen-year-old daughter's debut. For the occasion, she took Steve to the hairdresser for a chic girlish style and shopping for the perfect dress.

After he tried on many different styles and colors, she chose a white chiffon dress decorated with pink, green, and lavender flowers that featured a straight mid-thigh length skirt. To his chagrin, she purchased matching white nylon panties, slightly padded bra, lace-adorned slip, sheer thigh high nylons, and white pumps with slender three-inch heels.

For church that fateful morning, Steve's makeup included foundation, blush, eyeliner, mascara, pink lipstick, and nail polish. With his dress, nylons, heels, girlish blonde hairstyle, earrings, necklace, and bracelets, he projected the undeniable image of a girl in her early teens. Looking in the mirror, he saw his feminine look, including the way his slip and bra straps were obvious through his thin dress, and he burst into tears of shame and ran to his father for help.

Despite tearful pleas and displaying the ultra feminine ensemble his mother insisted upon, he received no help from his father, who didn't want to risk losing his family. Thus, he

was destined to go to church, out in public, dressed as an attractive teenage girl!

After that, Steve was seldom out of dresses or skirts except for school. Even then, he wore girl's jeans, slacks, or shorts, and carried a purse. When he complained that boys didn't wear pink jeans, his mother merely shrugged off his objections saying that jeans were jeans. To his sorrow, his girlishly styled golden blonde hair, light makeup, pink lipstick, and nail polish led most people to think he was a girl! Yes, Pete remembered that time well, but even then, he was reluctant to tell his brother.

"I put on these clothes to see if I could go through with Ms. Fitch's crazy order, but I can't!" Steve sighed. "The silky undies, the dress, the makeup, and the heels bring back painful memories of being teased and called a sissy."

"All the guys who teased you are off to college, working out of town, or busy with their own jobs and families. There's no one around to tease you now."

"You are here, and you were one of the worst hecklers! You told everyone about me wearing panties under my jeans and sleeping in silky babydoll nighties. Even though you knew I had no choice but to wear that girlie stuff, you brought your friends over after school and on weekends to see me in a dress or skirt with full feminine makeup!"

"Okay, I teased you a lot, but that was all in fun."

"It wasn't fun for me, and it wasn't just a once or twice thing, Pete! I wore dresses and skirts more often than pants as a teenager, and I was never without panties and a silky camisole."

"It wasn't that bad..."

"Was too! Remember when you and all the guys got one ear pierced? When Mom took me to the hairdresser for my next weekly appointment, she had both of mine pierced. After

that, I had to wear hoops or pendants in both ears like a girl instead of studs in just one like you and the other guys.”

“You’re exaggerating. You wore jeans to school and most other places.”

“Girl’s jeans! How would you have liked to wear tight low riding pink jeans with a crop top blouse that bared your navel? I was constantly on edge with my earrings, long curly blonde hair, subtle makeup, and the perfume Mom made me wear every day. Life was one humiliation after another, and I can’t go through that again. No way!”

“You made a cute girl,” Pete smiled.”

“Stop that! All you’ve ever done is tease me about my dresses. You have no idea how exasperating my life was.”

“Give me an example.”

“Mom even wanted me to wear a black dress with her diamond necklace and pendant earrings to Dad’s funeral three years ago. To complete my ensemble, she insisted that I wear black panties, bra, slip, garter belt, nylons and heels! Besides that, I was to get a feminine makeover, manicure with long red nail extensions, and have my legs waxed.”

“You would have been something all dolled up like that,” Pete reflected. Mom was totally wiped out when you refused and wore Dad’s dark blue suit instead. It was way too big for you, but you refused to wear anything else.”

“Mom went into her funk after Dad’s funeral, and I stopped wearing dresses altogether. I can’t...I won’t go through that kind of mental stress again. I’m going to my room and change out of this embarrassing stuff right now. Don’t throw out the want ads. I have to look for a new job Monday, and I want to see what’s out there.”

“You got it, Steph!” Pete grinned.

“Don’t start that again!” Steve declared as he walked away with his skirt swirling saucily about his nylon clad thighs.

As fate would have it, disaster struck when his mother heard the unusual sound of high heels clicking on the hardwood floor in the hall. Jumping out of bed to have a look, she saw her son walking toward her in his feminine business suit and heels. Breaking into a bright smile for the first time in three years, she rushed forward to throw her arms around him and give him an affectionate kiss.

"*Stephanie!*" she excitedly squealed. "Oh, my beautiful Stephanie! After all this time, you've come back to me! Step into my room. I want to look at you. My darling, I've missed you so!"

"But, Mom!" Steve whined. "I just..."

"Don't talk while I look at my daughter," she interrupted while guiding him into her room. After making him turn this way and that, she sighed, "Sit here and let's talk."

Even though this was the first time in three years his mother wanted to talk with him, Steve was desperate to think of an excuse to get away, at least until he could change clothes. "I...I would like nothing better than to talk, Mom, but I'm very tired. Would you mind if we postpone our talk until morning?"

"Okay, sweetheart," she sighed in a disappointed tone. "Get your rest. We'll have a long talk over breakfast."

Thus ended Steve's first day...

Melvin and Brad

Melvin and Brad muttered about the inequity of their situation as they dutifully slipped into the feminine clothes laid out for them. Like Steve, Melvin was given a woman's business suit, but Brad's clothes were quite different. He had to wear a short gray pleated skirt and a t-top with "Princess" printed across the chest.

They finished dressing just as Gloria returned. "How is Steve?" Brad quaked as he asked.

"Oh, he is fine," she snickered.

"Then nobody saw him leave?" Melvin asked.

"Quite a few saw him actually, but he passed before their shock wore off," she answered. "I bet they are ready when the two of you appear in your pretties, now that they know what to expect."

"I hope you are going to sneak us out the back," Brad suggested.

"You can hope, but I wouldn't put money on it," Gloria laughed.

"You wouldn't dare!" Melvin roared in defiance.

"Oh, wouldn't I?" she glared. "There's a new sheriff in town, and I'm working for her. You just get your pantied ass over to that vanity so I can do your makeup!"

"And if I don't?" Melvin dared.

"Then you start earning my former wages, which means you move out of that fancy house you recently bought!" she stared him down. "Either that, or clear out your office and get out of here! Go ahead if you want to sacrifice all those benefits you accumulated over the years!"

Ever so slowly, Melvin did as she ordered, and as she applied foundation to his face to hide his beard shadow, Brad asked, "Why is my outfit so different from Steve and Dad's?"

"Your outfit is appropriate for your age group," Gloria smiled without revealing more.

"But it's so...valley girl..." Brad whined. "They look like the clothes teenyboppers wear. The girls I date wore them when they were younger."

"Never you mind," answered Gloria with a mysterious smile as she finished applying Melvin's lipstick. "Now sit here while I apply your makeup."

Brad watched with a chill as his father rose from the chair. He looked like a man wearing makeup and a dress, yet potential could be seen beneath his masculine façade. He

knew his dad could make a presentable woman given time and effort, and he feared he had inherited a like trait.

Half an hour later, both father and son were ready to be escorted to Le Femme salon. Their knees visibly quaked beneath their skirts, although one couldn't tell if it was because of their heels or fear of their unveiling in skirts.

Gloria beckoned them to follow her, and both feminized males were soon in the main office area. They looked about to see if anyone was peeking from behind the cubicles, but seeing no one, they made their way to the elevator, unseen in their feminine regalia. When the elevator doors closed, they both emitted audible sighs of relief and hoped that they would be able to exit the building with the same measure of success.

When the elevator stopped at the first floor, Gloria gave them a slight nudge. Once outside, they headed for the main entrance, still seeing no one. Then, from out of nowhere it seemed, employees filled the hallway, pointing, laughing, and jeering. The women gushed and yelled catcalls, while the men whistled and shouted derogatory remarks about their clothes and supposed sexual preferences.

They both turned beet red at this sudden exposure to the entire office staff. Melvin tried to cover his head with his arms, while Brad covered his mouth with both hands.

"Don't be shy, girls," Gloria smiled as she gently, yet forcefully, pulled Melvin's arms to his side. "You will be working here full time in a few weeks, and everyone will see you dressed like this eight hours a day. On the other hand, this should motivate you to do your best to improve your feminine image. We don't want to look like ducks out of water in our lovely skirts and blouses, now do we?"

Cameras flashed and laughter filled the air as the skirt clad males hastily made their way into the street. To their chagrin, the jeering crowd merrily followed them out to the car, creating a circus atmosphere.

"Yoo-hoo, dearie, I can't wait for your return to the office," one secretary squealed.

"I bet the guys won't be able to keep their hands to themselves when you return," another called out as the car pulled away from the curb.

"Work on your makeup skills and feminine deportment, girls," laughed another. "No one wants to work with obvious sissies."

The ride to the salon was a respite after the awful ridicule and exposure they had just weathered. Both males sat in the back of the car quaking in their skirts as Gloria drove. Neither spoke, afraid to express his utter mortification at what was happening to them.

Upon arrival at Le Femme Salon, Gloria pulled up in front and told them to go into the salon where a Ms. Whitehall was waiting for them.

They opened the car doors and looked up and down the street. A few people were passing by, but as Gloria wouldn't allow lingering, they quickly hopped out and made a beeline for the salon entrance. They weren't quick enough to go unnoticed by a woman with a small child and an older man. "Momma, why are those men wearing dresses?" the child asked.

"Oh, my!" the woman gasped, holding her hands over her child's eyes. "Well, I've never!" she huffed as they rapidly moved on.

"Urump!" the man growled. "What's the world coming to? People have no scruples or decency these days!"

Melvin and Brad determined at that time to do whatever was necessary to pass as women in the future. They didn't want to endure this humiliation every day from now on, and the only way not too was to look as much like females as possible.

An older woman greeted them once they were safely within the confines of the beauty salon. "Hello, darlings, I'm Ms. Whitehall, your beauty consultant."

Melvin never thought he would be relieved to be in such a feminine environment, but he found it far better than anything he had recently encountered. "My name is Melvin Baxter and this is my son, Brad," he introduced.

Seeing Gloria enter the shop, Melvin and Brad meekly followed Ms. Whitehall to the back of her establishment. "Both of you have wonderful potential, but we must do a lot to bring it out," she gushed. "Expect to spend most of today here. Then, I expect both of you here every day for the next few weeks. During that time, we will make every attempt to remove your masculinity, and replace it with sweet feminine beauty."

"Every day?" Melvin gasped.

"Of course, dear," she replied, "Considerable time is needed to soften your features and allow your feminine side to emerge. "We'll be working on that along with your other masculine features. Sit over here, and let's have a look at your pretty face."

Another woman led Brad to an upright chair. "Relax while I freshen your face, honey," she smiled as she lowered a pink sheet to protect his new clothes. She started by using tweezers on his eyebrows, a new painful experience for this young man.

Ms. Whitehall hovered over Melvin's face for half an hour, muttering to herself, "Hum, potential here. A little shave of the chin, better cheeks..."

Finally she allowed Melvin to rise, and she led him to a chair next to Brad, and started plucking his brows. "You will look much better without those bushy brows," she gushed.

"I don't want women's eyebrows," Melvin whined.

"What you want is not the point," Gloria chimed. "You promised to look as feminine as possible, and that is what you will do."

"I didn't promise any such thing..." Melvin retorted.

"But you did," Gloria smiled. "You told Victoria that you would follow her instructions, and she wants you to look as feminine as possible."

Two hours passed as each of the Baxter males were treated to a makeover any woman would die for. Neither fully appreciated what was being done to him until toward the end of the session, when their ears were pierced, not once, but twice in each lobe.

"Hey! Pierced earrings aren't needed. I can do fine with clip-on styles," Melvin whined as the first hole was formed.

"Very few women wear clip-on earrings," Gloria smugly asked. "You would certainly look out of place without a collection of lovely pierced earrings."

The girls went one step further with Brad by piercing his bellybutton and inserting a keeper. "Now you will fit in with other girls your age," Ms. Whitehall beamed.

"Other girls my age? I'm 18 years old," Brad growled. "The only girls who have pierced navels are 14 and 15 year old, not girls my age!"

"Time will tell, dearie," Ms. Whitehall chimed in. "I think you have wonderful potential to become a teenage girl."

"Stranger things have happened," Gloria giggled. "For instance, your father becoming your mother."

"Mother?" Melvin shouted. "You're out of your mind, Gloria! I wasn't wrong to pay you a low salary. You don't have the brains for higher pay!"

"Oh, really?" Gloria steamed. "Well Victoria thinks otherwise, and she's in charge now. I may tell her your comment. She might take offense and lower your salary, since you are not showing proper respect or participation."

"No, please don't do that!" Melvin gasped. "I...I didn't mean what I said. You're the brightest girl I ever met."

"That's better," Gloria grinned teasingly as Melvin lowered his head in submission.

"You are done for today, ladies," Ms. Whitehall finally stated. "We will see you tomorrow at noon. Be sure not to shave, Melvin. You know what will happen if you do not comply."

Sullenly, both guys followed Gloria to her car. As they passed a mirror, Melvin emitted a loud gasp and ran as fast as his high heels would take him for a close-up. "What did you bitches do to me?" he cried, fingering his nearly nonexistent eyebrows.

Brad was not far behind to look at his face. He couldn't believe his reflection. He looked quite pretty with large doe-like eyes and femininely trimmed and shaped hairdo. A shiver ran up his spine at his image. Maybe they *could* make him look like a girl. Look what they were able to accomplish after only one session at this salon!

"Hurry, ladies," Gloria smirked. "It's like a woman to not be able to pass a mirror without examining herself, but we must go. There will be lots of time to admire your precious femininity later."

As Gloria drove away from the Le Femme Salon, Melvin observed, "This is the way home. We need to return to the office to get our cars."

"You won't need your cars for a while, darlings," Gloria responded. "You will get yours, Melvin, once you are ready to drive again. Anyway, what would you do if you were pulled over by the police? You aren't presentable as females yet, so what would you say? That you are off to a Halloween party in June? I don't think so, sweeties."

Both guys grumbled at her comments, but neither had a good comeback, and shortly, she pulled up to the house Melvin and Brad shared. Home at last. They could finally get out of their ridiculous feminine clothes and into something comfortable, until tomorrow that is. What they did in the confines of their own house was their business. It was none of Victoria's business what they wore during non-business hours. At least, that's what they thought!

When they exited Gloria's car and entered the house, a gruff looking man and woman in their mid-forties met them. "Hello, Ms. Hansen, Ms. and Miss Baxter," they greeted in unison.

"Who are you? What the hell are you doing in my house?" Melvin demanded, near a rage.

"They are Greta and Ivan," Gloria introduced the huge muscular man and hefty woman with a smile. "They are your new housekeeper and chauffeur."

"I already have a maid, and I drive myself!" Melvin raged.

"Your previous maid has been discharged, and you will need a chauffeur for the coming weeks. Besides, Greta is more than just a housekeeper, and Ivan is more than a chauffeur," Gloria explained. "She is a nurse, and she will double as Brandi's governess. Ivan will keep you two in line, if you get my drift."

"Keep us in line?" Melvin's voice shook.

"Yes, Melissa," Gloria chimed. "He has complete authority to discipline Brandi and any way he sees fit, and that includes taking you over his knee. An occasional sound spanking on your silky panties when you are naughty will teach you the error of your ways?"

"Spanking? Nobody is spanking me!" Melvin roared. "And, what's this Melissa crap?"

"Melissa is your new name."

"That does it! I've had it with this feminine crap! I'm going to change into some decent clothes and go tell that Fitch Bitch to go to hell. You can go with her Gloria because you are fired. I'll blackball you with every company in town. You'll end up slinging hash for a living! See how you like that!"

"You need to be taught a lesson in manners, and the sooner the better!" Ivan declared. Grabbing Melvin by his arm, he dragged his struggling victim into the next room. With Melvin's tight skirt and high heels hindering his

movements, Ivan handled him with ease, not that the huge former wrestler couldn't have done so anyway.

"What are you doing?" Melvin yelled as he was manhandled through the door. Since Ivan deliberately left it open, Brad could hear a good portion of what was happening between Ivan and his father.

"While Ivan teaches Melissa the error of her ways," Greta smiled at Brad, "Let's you and I get better acquainted, Brandi dear."

"Uh, my name is Brad..."

"Don't be silly!" she again interrupted. "A lovely girl like you can't be named Brad. What would everyone think if you introduced yourself as 'Brad', while wearing frilly girl's clothes? No, you are definitely a Brandi, and from this moment on, and you are fourteen years old."

"Fourteen! I can't be a fourteen year old girl!" Brad roared.

You can, and you will!" Greta harshly declared. "If you give me any flak about it, you'll be in for a spanking like your father is getting, and possibly other punishments!"

"I'll never pass as a fourteen-year-old girl! I'm a man!" Brad moaned as he listened to the sound of screams and slapping against nylon encased flesh from the next room.

"You can't do this to me!" Melvin screeched. When the slapping continued, his screams turned into cries of pain, and then to begging, "Stop spanking me! Oh please stop!"

"Will you behave and do as you are told?" the big man demanded in a firm booming voice.

"Yes...yes, but please stop," Melvin sobbed. "I promise to behave, I promise!"

"Brandi, will you be a sweet obedient young lady, or will you require a dose of what your father is getting in the other room?" Greta asked in an overly sweet voice.

"Uh...yes, I guess..." Brad finally answered, becoming truly afraid of crossing this woman.

"Wonderful!" Greta beamed. "Ivan will only be a minute more with your new mother. When he is finished, the three of us will become better acquainted over tea."

"There is plenty more where that came from if you forget your promise," Ivan growled as he followed Melvin back into the room with the others while threading his wide leather belt around his waist.

Melvin's makeup was streaked from tears, his face was flushed from his painful ordeal, and he was desperately trying to smooth his skirt about his legs as he made his tearful entrance. His short hair was bedraggled about his face, his blouse was wrinkled, he was without the smart jacket that matched his skirt, his nylons were torn, and he limped along on only one high heel. On top of that, he was totally humiliated at being so mistreated in front of his son.

"Okay, I believe you folks have been properly introduced," Gloria concluded. "Have them at the salon at noon sharp for their appointments."

"Count on it, Ms. Hansen," Ivan replied. "Rest assured, everything is under control here."

"Good!" she beamed as she turned toward the door. "Have fun, girls."

"Come, come," Greta urged the two completely stunned femininely dressed males. "We have so much to do before you are ready for bed." Melvin and Brad stumbled behind her, as Ivan lingered behind to urge them on if they faltered. "I've prepared a small salad for dinner. You will watch your calories from now on."

"I'm starved," Brad moaned at seeing the paltry salad that was to be their fare. "I can't live on three bites of lettuce."

"You will eat what is laid out for you and nothing else," Greta growled. "You can't acquire a girlish figure if you eat like a teenage boy, so get used to your new diet, young lady."

"Surely you realize that we are really men!" Melvin gasped.

"A mere inconvenience, my dear, and you can be assured that it is temporary," Greta soothed. "Hurry and finish eating. You simply must remove your smeared makeup, and you have two lessons each to learn before you will be allowed to sleep."

Grudgingly they munched on the sparse salads and unsweetened tea. It seemed that they were just getting started when they finished. "Okay, it's off for a soothing bath for you," Greta chimed. "Be sure to shave your legs and underarms. Do a thorough job, as I will inspect you. You will earn demerits if I find even a single hair."

"Demerits?" Melvin questioned.

"I will explain later," she said as she whisked them from the dining room.

Sullenly, Melvin and Brad went to their bedrooms. To Melvin's surprise, a completely rearranged room greeted him. His masculine bed and dresser were replaced with a completely feminine 4-poster bed and lighted vanity. "We will have the walls papered and a new carpet when you are away at girlie school next weekend," Ivan informed him.

"Girlie school?" Melvin gasped, still stunned by the changes to his bedroom.

"You will find out soon enough," Greta smiled as she led him to his vanity where bottles and tubes lined the top.

Greta pointed out a tube of makeup removing cream and instructed him to smooth it over his entire face and remove it with the tissues present. Ivan watched Melvin while Greta went to supervise Brad's introduction to his new bedroom. As she left, she told Melvin to remove his clothes when he finished removing his makeup.

Melvin needed help unbuttoning his blouse, since the buttons were down his back. Greta had not returned, so Melvin was completely mortified to ask Ivan, who had only recently humiliated him with a spanking, to unbutton his

blouse. "You are some sissy," Ivan chuckled when Melvin's silky slip and bra were exposed.

Blushing brightly, Melvin lowered his head as he kicked off his high heels and stepped out of his skirt and slip to reveal his thin pink panties and his still red stinging posterior. He flushed with embarrassment at being so exposed, and ran into the bathroom with his backside still bearing the imprints of this imposing man's belt.

The bath was so soothing after the stress he had endured that Melvin merely laid back and allowed the problems of the day to melt away. Only after Greta returned and asked what was keeping him did he attend to removing his body hair.

When he finished, Melvin was mortified to stand completely naked before this man and woman while she examined his body for residual hair. "You didn't try very hard, did you?" she growled. "Get back in there and do a proper job of removing your body hair before you find yourself over Ivan's lap again. That lackadaisical effort will cost you five demerits!"

Afraid to ask what the demerits meant, Melvin sheepishly did as instructed, becoming afraid of bucking this couple that had completely taken over his home and life.

Fifteen minutes later when Greta inspected him, she reluctantly said, "That's better, but in the future, remember that you will pay a severe penalty for each and every assignment done without enthusiasm and diligence."

Suddenly Ivan took him from behind, draped him naked over his knee, and with a resounding slap, brightened his posterior once again with his belt. "What was that for?" Melvin cried as he felt a needle plunge into his buttock.

"Ivan merely prepared your rear end to receive your injection," Greta replied.

"Injection? Injection of *what*?" Melvin demanded.

"Hormones, dearie, female hormones," Greta answered as she disposed of the needle.

"I don't want female hormones!" Melvin asserted.

"Well you have them, and you will continue to get them until Ms. Fitch decides you've had enough," Greta emphatically stated.

"But...I didn't agree to hormones..."

"You agreed to do whatever was necessary to become a passable woman. I'm afraid that would be quite impossible without female hormones," Greta observed. "It will be difficult enough *with* them."

Before releasing Melvin, Ivan pulled him across his lap and laid five additional heavy swats to his bare backside. When he stopped, Melvin was screaming and tears were streaming down his face. "Why did you do that?" he cried while rubbing his stinging buttocks.

"Five demerits equals five spanks," Greta smiled. "Maybe you will be more careful carrying out my instructions in the future."

Melvin quickly stepped into the completely feminine garments lying on his new bed. The silky coolness of the panties felt good against his stinging rear end, and his long nylon nightgown was soft and silky against his skin. To his sorrow, Greta made him wear a padded bra to give his gown the proper feminine figure while he slept.

"Wait here while I fetch your new daughter," Greta announced.

Five minutes later, a completely embarrassed Brad slowly followed Greta into his father's bedroom. He was wearing the frilliest pink babydoll nightie, including heeled pink slippers with pink fluffs on the insteps.

"Give your new mother a nice goodnight kiss like I taught you, Brandi," Greta instructed.

Completely cowed, Brad walked to his dad, and standing on his toes, delicately gave him a peck on his cheek. "What do you say, Brandi?" Greta asked.

"Goodnight, M...mother dear," Brad gasped. He nearly burst into tears at the words he was forced to speak.

Melvin stood statue stiff while this happened, and was shocked to hear Greta growl, "What should you say in return, Melissa?"

"Uh...uh...Goodnight...uh...Brandi," he finally whispered.

"Wasn't that too sweet?" Greta cooed, as Ivan grinned to the side. "Now to bed. You have a big day tomorrow."

Brad returned to his bedroom, while Melvin climbed under his new pink satin sheets. Greta and Ivan turned off the light as they exited.

Thus ended Melvin and Brad's first day.

Day Two and Beyond

Steve

The next morning, Pete inhaled the pleasant odor of coffee brewing and bacon frying before he reached the kitchen. He was about to praise his brother for being so domestic when he saw his mother at the stove. "Mom?" he gasped in disbelief as he noticed her tasteful dress, neat hairstyle, and makeup, instead of her normal slovenly unkempt appearance.

"Good morning, Peter," she gushed with a bright smile as though nothing was out of the ordinary. "How would you like your eggs this morning?"

"Over easy, I guess, but why are you up so early?" he managed to stammer.

"I've neglected you for far too long, but that's about to change now that your sister is home." Just then, Steve walked into the room wearing his normal tee shirt and jeans. When his mother saw him, a look of utter disappointment clouded her face, and she gasped, "Where's Stephanie?"

Caught off-guard by his mother's happy alert demeanor and neat manner of dress, as much as her question, he sputtered, "She...ah...had to leave."

At hearing Steve's reply, a blank expression crossed her face, and she walked silently toward her room without a word, leaving the bacon to burn in the skillet. Seeing what was happening, Pete rushed over, lifted the pan off the stove, and thoughtfully observed, "We might have accidentally hit on something here."

"What's that?" Steve curiously inquired.

"I think the solution to get Mom out of her funk is for Stephanie to return for a while." When Steve gave him a skeptic look, he insisted, "At least it's worth a try. Change into that dress you wore last night, and take Mom something to eat. If she snaps out of her funk again, we're on to something, and if she doesn't, no harm, no foul. We can forget the idea and move on. Do it for Mom, okay? Come on, do it for Mom."

Steve almost corrected his brother by saying he had worn a skirted business suit and blouse, not a dress, but he caught himself just in time. He realized that Pete, like most men, neither knew nor cared about the differences in dresses, skirts, or other feminine apparel.

After a long moment of agonized deliberation, he sighed, "Okay, but I'm only doing this for Mom. No teasing, none! I'll be back in pants before you can blink if I hear one word of ridicule, one quip about me being a sissy, or one snicker about my sexual preferences!"

"Agreed. Now change. I'm anxious to see if Mom becomes cheery and alert like she was before you came down in pants."

In his room, Steve dejectedly undressed and changed into the panties, bra, slip, pantyhose, blouse, skirt, jacket, and heels Ms. Fitch provided. After applying foundation, blush, eyeliner, mascara, eyeshadow, and lipstick using skills developed years before, he slowly sauntered to the kitchen. Before preparing his mother's breakfast, he found an apron

with lace edging hanging in the pantry and slipped it over his skirt and blouse.

As he tied a neat bow behind him, he cringed at memories of doing housework in the feminine garments his mother insisted on him wearing. Life as a teen was traumatic enough without that kind of conflict in his life, and now, at Pete's insistence, it was starting all over again!

When Steve walked into his mother's room wearing his feminine ensemble and with food and juice on a tray, she cried out in surprise, "Stephanie, you're still here! Pete said you had gone away again. I'm so happy you decided to stay!"

"I brought you something to eat, Mom," he sighed without trying to explain that he was the one who told her Stephanie had gone away, and that he was Steve.

"Wonderful, but first, let me look at you." When he turned to let her look him over, she sighed, "Good thing you wore your apron. That's a nice suit. You have really let yourself go. Your figure definitely needs attention, and I see hair on your legs through your nylons. When did you shave them last?"

"I don't know, Mom, a while, I guess."

"We can tend to them post haste! Take a hot soaking bath while I eat. Shave those pretty legs, and put on a nice casual dress, dear. This is your home, not a formal office setting where you have to wear a suit."

"I don't have anything else to wear," he sighed, hoping she would get the message that he was Steve, not Stephanie, who would have plenty of casual dresses and skirts in different colors and styles.

"Okay, off to your bath. While you soak, I'll find something that will do for now and bring it to your room. We simply must go shopping for some clothes you can wear outside the office. No pretty girl should be without several casual dresses and lots of pretty underthings!"

Pete waited in the hallway while Steve was in their mother's room. When he saw his brother, he rushed over and asked, "How'd it go?"

"Awful!" I have to shave my legs, and she's talking about taking me shopping for dresses and other feminine things."

"That's not what I meant! You've shaved your legs before, and the hair grew back, didn't it? I want to know if she is smiling, cheerful, and alert like she was at breakfast."

"She seems aware of everything except the fact that I'm her son," Steve sighed.

"Then shave those sexy legs, stud!" Pete exclaimed with a smile as he playfully swatted his skirted brother on the buttocks. "Your public anxiously awaits your return to miniskirts!"

"No kidding! And remember that this is only until Mom recovers from her depression, then I return to pants!"

"I'm sorry," Pete apologized, unable to suppress a grin. "I'll watch the wisecracks in the future, but you have to keep Mom happy and alert. If that means wearing dresses, you wear dresses, deal?"

When Steve left the bathroom with his legs, chest, and underarms smoothly shaved, he saw the feminine clothes his mother delivered alongside the panties, slip, bra, and jelled breast forms Ms. Fitch provided. As he dressed in the items, he felt as though the three years had never passed, as if he had worn girl's clothes the entire time. When he carefully kneaded silky nylons over his freshly shaved legs, the old feeling of complete vulnerability swept over him.

The sensation increased in intensity when he slipped into his mother's pink nylon blouse with long billowing sleeves, a straight pink and white plaid mid-thigh length skirt he had worn as a teen, and a pair of his old pink slippers with medium heels. As if programmed, he applied foundation, blush, eyeliner, eyeshadow, mascara, lipstick, and brushed his short hair into the most feminine style he could manage.

"I don't like dressing as a girl, but I'll give it a try if it helps Mom," Steve mused deep in thought.

When he greeted his mother, he was surprised to see her neatly dressed, as she was before the fiasco in the kitchen. "Hello, darling," she smiled while looking him over with a critical eye. After a careful inspection, a disappointed expression covered her face, and she sighed, "Your hair was so beautiful. I don't understand why you cut it so short and let it return to that dull mousy color. Sit here and let me have a go at it."

Steve obediently sat on the bench before her lighted vanity while she brushed his hair to the sides, creating a part in the middle and bangs across his forehead. Before he could protest, she snipped the bangs even.

When she started plucking his brows, he tried to pull away, but she reprimanded, "You allowed your brows to grow out, so sit still while I tidy them up a bit! Oh why have I allowed you to let yourself go like this? Your figure, your complexion, your hair, everything about you shows gross neglect. Oh well, it's nothing that can't be corrected with the right clothes, cosmetics, hairstyle, and proper diet. We'll start with a shopping trip after lunch, young lady, and I won't abide any complaints!"

When Steve went downstairs with his new *look*, Pete took one glance at him and gasped, "Steph! Now, I see what Mom sees! Except for your hair, you look the same as when you wore dresses before. It's as though you never went away. Really!"

"I know, and she's taking me shopping for more dresses. I hope she gets well fast, because I don't know how much of this femininity I can take."

"Mom slipped into her depression right after she saw you in your suit and tie at Dad's wake instead of the black dress she wanted you to wear. The loss of Dad and Stephanie at the same time could have been more than her fragile mind could bear, and her grief pushed her over the edge. Go along with her through the weekend, and let's see if she snaps out of it."

Pete's assertiveness and forthright logic made Steve feel as though he would be remiss if he didn't help their mother. Lowering his gaze and blushing brightly, he sighed just above a whisper, "Okay, but I sure hope Mom gets well soon."

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Steve's head was spinning when he walked into Stella's Style Shoppe with his skirt swirling about his thighs and his heels clicking on the tiles. He had worn dresses in this exclusively feminine emporium when he was a teen, but more than three years had passed since then. He had forgotten the stress brought on by such an experience, but he remembered very quickly as the old feelings of helpless vulnerability returned. All he could do was blush in humiliation.

"Hello, Stella," Mrs. Miller greeted. "Thank you for taking us on such short notice. As you see, my daughter, Stephanie, is in dire need of your services. While she was away, she cut her hair and neglected her figure something terrible. Can you do anything with that short mop on her head?"

Knowledge of *Stephanie's* true identity was the reason Stella agreed to take *her* on a busy Saturday. "Of course, Midge," Stella stated. "I'm sure a little color and lightening will do her wonders."

"Wonderful," Mrs. Miller clapped her hands. "She will be able to wear her hair in the most flattering styles after it grows out, but until then, please style it as feminine as possible, given its short length."

"Do a little window shopping until I finish," Midge suggested. "She will be done in an hour."

Steve dreaded her words, but could not stop Stella's ministrations without upsetting his mother, so helplessly he sat back as she waxed, plucked, primped, polished, and colored to her heart's content. He was not allowed to observe any of the changes, but he feared for the worst.



Steve was caught in a whirlwind as he moved from helping his sickly mother while wearing girl's clothes to shopping for his own feminine clothes, all in a single day. How quickly everything changed.

True to her word, an hour later, his mother appeared just as Stella was piercing his left ear. His right ear sported two gold keepers, and his left ear was soon to contain a matching pair.

Mrs. Miller was delighted with the results. She took Steve's hand and led him to a full-length mirror. His knees buckled at his reflection. He no longer looked like a young man in a dress. Nobody would mistake him for anything but a young woman now. His eyebrows were mere thin lines that framed large doe-like eyes. Twin gold keepers kept his pierced ears open. And most damning of all, his hair was now golden blonde, a color a man would never wear. He would never be mistaken for a male looking like this, and wearing these clothes.

Without missing a beat, Mrs. Miller descended on the lingerie department at the boutique. Treating him as though he was really her daughter, she didn't hesitate to ask his opinion about the style, color, and fabric of panties, bras, slips, camisoles, and nightgowns.

Trying to avoid calling attention to himself, Steve would turn bright red and sigh, "Yes, Mom. It's very beautiful."

His caution only served to spur her on, and before he could stop her, he owned more than a dozen pairs of panties along with a generous supply of bras, camisoles, full and half-slips, nylon stockings, pantyhose, and nighties in a variety of styles, colors and lengths.

Steve was unable to avoid trying on a number of casual, sporty, and dressy dresses, skirts, blouses, and sweaters. Only when he stood before her in a red minidress that revealed a generous expanse of his freshly shaved legs was she satisfied with their purchases.

Steve remembered that he had to wear dresses to work if he wanted to keep his job. "Uh, Mom," he stammered, not believing he was saying this, "I need some suits and dresses suitable for the office. Do you mind if we look over the selection they have here?"

"Now, you're getting into the spirit of looking nice and feminine, darling!" she gushed. "I'm so happy that you warmed up to the idea of looking feminine pretty. Let's see if they have anything appropriate for you to wear to the office."

To Steve's chagrin, she insisted on buying him three skirted suits and two dresses, one red and one navy blue, and all with skirts no longer than mid-thigh. They also bought a dozen blouses in different styles, fabrics, and colors that could be worn with his suits or dressy skirts.

In the shoe department, Steve's mother again went too far, as she bought him a large variety of feminine footwear. In the end, she purchased more than a dozen pairs in different styles, colors, and heel heights from flats to four-inch spikes. Besides dressy pumps for work and church, there were white boots with stilt heels for casual wear, open toed sandals for the beach, and even a pair of pink sneakers for running, aerobics, and other exercises.

That was traumatic enough, but he felt she really went overboard at the cosmetic counter. She insisted that he try numerous shades of makeup, lipstick, and eyeshadow before making her purchases. In the end, Steve owned more lotions, creams, and assorted beauty aids than he could imagine. She even made him choose his own perfume! He became exasperated with all the femininity surrounding him, and sighed, "Surely, I have enough makeup now, Mom. Please, let's go."

Despite his plea, she took one look at his short stubby fingernails and rough hands, and scolded, "You should take better care of your nails! Boys like pretty girls with soft hands and attractive nails." That said, she bought hand cream, nail polish in several colors, polish remover, and a manicure kit.

Steve had used these things as a teen when his mother made him wear dresses, and he recoiled at the thought of having to do so again. He wondered why she seemed to sense that he needed a complete supply of clothes and cosmetics, but refused to admit, even to herself, that he was her son.

Steve was relieved to leave the ultra feminine surroundings, even though he now owned a considerable supply of silky lingerie, stylish dresses, skirts, blouses, shoes, and makeup. He was so distressed on his way home.

"You won't believe what happened, Pete!" Steve sighed when he and his brother were alone. "Mom knew that I needed a complete wardrobe of feminine clothes, shoes, jewelry, and makeup, but she doesn't grasp that I'm not her daughter. Look, she even made me wear one of my new dresses home!"

"Looks cute on you, but I think she did more than just buy clothes," Pete observed with a mischievous grin while giving his feminized brother the once over.

"A lot more! She took me by the hairdresser's to have my hair styled and dyed back to this golden blonde shade she made me wear as a teenager. She got me a total makeover, had the old holes in my ears opened up, and had them pierced again! Now, I've got two sets of holes. Look!" he insisted, pulling his short hair back to show Pete the gold keepers in his ears.

"Was Mom like her old self like she is now?" Pete asked.

"She was intent on buying me every item of feminine clothing in the store like she did when we were teens, if that's what you mean. She seemed to be aware of everything except that I was her son, and nothing I said would convince her otherwise. We have to put an end to this craziness, and fast! I'm going upstairs to wash off this makeup and change into some pants!"

"Oh no, you don't!" Pete adamantly declared. "This is our chance to bring Mom back to reality. You have to pretend to be Stephanie until she snaps out of it!"

"I told you that I couldn't wear this girly stuff again!"

"Don't you see? We couldn't have found out about this at a more opportune time, since Ms. Fitch wants you to wear

dresses at work! You can wear dresses at home and work and Mom will have her daughter until she returns to reality. This is the key to her getting well!"

"Come on, Pete! I can't do it, not again! You don't know how traumatic...how humiliating it is for a boy or a man to wear dresses!"

"No matter, you're going to wear them to help Mom, and that's that!"

"I'm the older brother!" Steve snapped. "Where do you get off telling me what to do?"

Hearing his brother's irate reply, Pete stared him directly in the eye, and declared, "As the only male here, I'm making myself head of this household! If you don't do as I say and wear dresses for Mom, I'll turn you across my lap, flip up your skirt, and give you a spanking on your panties like she did when you were a disobedient teenager!"

Steve did his best to match Pete's glare while memories of those painful and embarrassing sessions across his mother's lap flooded his mind. Even in his three-inch heels, he had to look slightly upward to meet his brother's intense gaze, but not being willing to give in and agree to wear dresses, he snapped, "If you dare try spanking me, I'll..."

Before Steve could finish his threat, Pete grabbed him and easily pulled him across his lap. The years of playing boyish games, tussling with his friends, and lifting weights while his brother minced about in dresses engaging in girlish pursuits paid dividends. Without hesitation, he flipped up Steve's skirt and delivered three sharp swats to his posterior. As his hand bounced off his older brother's silky nylon panties, Pete felt an erotic sense of power. While feeling an unexpected stirring in his jockey briefs, he demanded, "Will you do this for Mom, or do you want more?"

When Steve remained silent, three more stinging blows landed on his already stinging tush. This time, in an effort to stop the humiliating and painful assault, he squealed,

"Yes...yes! I'll wear dresses until Mom gets well! Just stop spanking me!"

As Steve brushed his skirt back into place, Pete concealed the bulge in his pants with his hand and diverted attention away by saying, "Go fix your makeup. I don't want to hear any complaints from you about wearing dresses! If I do, you'll find yourself across my knee again! Do you understand?"

"Yes," Steve sniffed as he hung his head in defeat and headed toward the bathroom. So intent was he on his own troubles, he failed to notice Pete's "excitement". His only concern was knowledge that despite his wishes, he had to wear dresses at home and work and be subservient to his younger brother!

As Pete watched his feminized older brother obediently walk away to carry out his orders, he felt a surge of power as never before. This was better than he could have imagined! Seeing Steve's skirt swaying saucily about his nylon clad thighs, he slid his hand into his pocket to massage his pulsating member.

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Melvin and Brad

"Rise and shine," Greta greeted Melvin. "Time to start your first full day as a woman."

"Huh..." Melvin groaned. "It wasn't just a terrible nightmare?"

"Hardly, dear," Greta gushed. "Up and at it, or I'll ask Ivan to assist you."

Melvin sprang from the bed double quick, fearing Ivan's persuasive methods. "Take a nice shower, and be sure not to shave...or you will regret it. Your clothes for today will be on your bed when you finish. Only apply a light lipstick. We don't want your face covered with makeup." She then left to wake Brad.

Looking down, Melvin realized that he was wearing a long silky nightgown that swayed about his lower legs. He

struggled to remove this shimmering garment only to hear a slight rip as he pulled the thin straps over his shoulders. "Damn!" he moaned. "Maybe that Greta bitch won't see the tear. It's pretty small."

Half-hour later, he re-entered his bedroom to find the aforementioned clothes at the foot of his bed. He groaned when he realized that they did not include anything remotely masculine, not even a pair of pants. "Your first lesson tomorrow morning will be on properly removing your nightie, Melissa," Greta greeted, holding up his silky nightgown. "Ten demerits! Five for tearing the garment, and five for trying to hide it."

Melvin visibly groaned. He could already feel Ivan's belt against his sore rear end. "No, dearie, the punishment isn't Ivan's belt," she announced. "It's something much more threatening to your manhood than a few swats to your rear."

When it was obvious that she wasn't going to say anything further, he pleaded, "What will it be? Don't keep me in suspense!"

"Never you mind, darling. You will know when it happens," she grinned.

Half an hour later, Melvin was just dabbing on his lipstick when Greta returned with Brad trailing slowly behind. Melvin gasped when he saw his son wearing a tight fitting tan miniskirt with a matching jacket, sheer nylons with strappy open toe shoes, and a frilly stripped blouse that exposed his what looked like small breasts.

"Brad? What are you wearing, son?" Melvin gasped.

"She made me wear this girly stuff, Dad," Brad cried, lowering his head in shame.

"Five demerits each," Greta growled, "for referring to each other as 'son' and 'dad'. You will always refer to each other as 'daughter' and 'mother', even when you are alone unless you want painful reminders. That includes feminine pronouns. You never know when someone is listening, and the punishment increases with each new infraction."

Both males blanched at the thought of the punishment this wretched woman would force on them. Nonetheless, Melvin was aghast at how feminine his former macho son was dressed...and looked. With his semi short hair femininely styled, his legs and arms freshly shaved, and tasteful makeup, Brad actually looked a charming virginal teenage girl. He still retained some masculine roughness in his facial features and body, so he hardly looked the young man.

Gloria arrived to escort the two femininely dressed men to their beauty appointment. Brad delicately slipped into the back and smoothly swept his hands under his skirt before taking his seat, whereas, Melvin climbed into the front passenger seat like a boxer into a ring, and paid the price with a bunched up skirt that exposed his frilly slip beneath. "Five more demerits, Melissa," Greta said as she closed his door. "You should learn from your new daughter. Notice how daintily she entered the car and smoothed her skirt before sitting. You will learn like she has or you will pay the consequences."

Melvin looked at Greta, then in the back seat at Brad sitting demurely with his legs close together. "She taught me this morning," Brad whimpered, "and threatened me if I didn't perform correctly."

"Remember that both of you are under constant supervision, and even the slightest infraction will be noticed," Greta sneered as Gloria started the car.

"My, but my former brutish boss and his obnoxious son have become quite the clotheshorses," Gloria giggled, as she glanced at Melvin. "Such dramatic changes in only one day. Think what changes are possible during the weeks before you return to work."

Neither Melvin nor Brad responded to her comments, both lost in his thoughts, each wondering how he could get out of his terrible situation.

"Brandi, you will go with Susie. Nora has been assigned to you, Melissa," Ms. Whitehall announced when they entered "Le Femme" salon. "Nora is our best electrologist."



She's not going to zap my mustache, is she?" Melvin whined.

"Especially that silly mustache," Gloria giggled before she left Melvin in Nora's capable hands

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"Electrologist?" Melvin exclaimed in alarm. "She's not going to zap my beard, is she?"

"She certainly is, dear!" Ms. Whitehall answered. "A lovely woman and working mother like yourself can't be seen with a five o'clock shadow, now can she?"

"Not my mustache!" he cried.

"Especially your silly mustache," Gloria chimed in. "I'm so glad that I'll never have to see that stupid mustache again. It does my heart good to see your 'pride and joy' gone forever!"

"I won't do it!" Melvin shouted. "I don't care if I'm on the streets without a job! I won't allow you to permanently remove my mustache!"

Fifteen minutes later, a most distraught Melvin was securely tied to a reclining beautician's chair with the dreaded electrolysis machine hovering above. Tears streamed down his cheeks as Ivan lurked in the background ready to renew his assault if called upon. Melvin hadn't seen him enter the shop, but he definitely felt it when Ivan blindsided him with his heavy hand.

"Now that you have finished your little snit, let us start," Nora sneered. "Wait till I get to shaping your bikini line. You'll have something to really cry about." Melvin groaned in pain and frustration as the menacing needle descended.

Meanwhile, Brad sat quietly in a chair with a cape covering his feminine clothes as Susie applied extensions to his fingers. "You will simply love how your hands look with long tapered nails, Brandi."

Brad didn't respond as he sullenly watched as she soaked his hands in soapy water, and then filed each fingernail to remove ragged edges. "These acrylic nails will last a long time, and they are nearly impossible to chip or break," Susie informed.

"You realize that I'm really a guy, and I don't want long feminine nails?" Brad finally asked the ditzy blond working on his fingers.

"Of course, silly," she giggled. "I was once like you, but my wife...uh...former wife felt differently."

"You are a guy?" Brad gasped, looking at the bleach blond bimbo working on his hands. "But you have boobs...uh breasts, and..."

"It's a stretch to consider myself a man now," Susie sighed, "but yes, I was once a married man with a small son. Now I'm just a beautician assistant and part time governess to my

daughter. My former wife, Ms Whitehall, keeps me on a rather short leash."

"Ms Whitehall was your wife?" Brad was astonished at this revelation. "What happened? Why did you let her do this to you?"

"Let her? I hardly let her, dearie," Susie responded, "just as you aren't letting Gloria do this to you. I'm afraid I was in too deep before I realized what was happening. Shit happens if you aren't constantly vigilant."

Brad continued to silently exam this apparent ditzy blonde working on his fingers. She had to be at least a 38D, and her waist couldn't be larger than 24". She spoke in a high lilting voice while constantly chewing on a large wad of bubblegum. How could a man be transformed into someone so completely feminine...who acts as dumb as a post? Could this happen to him?

"Ouch!" Melvin cried out for the umpteenth time. "Isn't there something to deaden the pain?"

"Well, yes there is, dearie," Nora answered, "but it has certain side effects."

"Like what?" Melvin groaned.

"Well...I have this gargle that you flush around your mouth and it deadens your lips, cheeks, and throat areas."

"Yes..." Melvin waited for the ax to fall.

"Well, it has an effect on your voice too. It raises it in timbre."

"What? Something like breathing helium? It makes you squeak when you talk?"

"Uh...yeah, something like helium," Nora smiled.

"Hell, the temporary inconvenience of a squeaking voice is better than this constant pain," Melvin reasoned, then asked her to administer the treatment.

Nora agreed with a slight grin. The gargle was easy to take and relief from the pain was rapid. Soon Melvin was laying back in the recliner, and Nora returned to her work. True to her word, the pain was noticeably reduced, much to Melvin's relief.

"Don't your hands look much nicer, dear?" Susie asked once she finished shaping his acrylic nails with a file. "Now for a nice pink polish to give you that sweet innocent look."

Dread fell over Brad as she smoothly applied the pink polish to one nail after another. Dread because she was not wrong. Nobody would suspect those smooth soft hands belonged to a male, let alone a man. If these women were as successful hiding his other masculine features, he was afraid for his manhood. If they could do this to his hands, what could they do elsewhere, like say his chest...or worse between his legs?

"Now hold your fingers out straight until the polish dries, dear. I will start on your toes," Susie instructed.

Brad did as he was told, afraid of what would happen if he resisted, while Susie smoothly transitioned to his toes, first buffing them to a nice shine, shaping them to show the cuticles, placing cotton between each toe, and then finally applying a matching pink polish to each nail.

"Wave your hands slightly, dear, but keep your toes still until the polish is completely dry," Susie said as she put away her utensils.

Brad did as she instructed, as Susie came up behind him and gently took one ear in her hand. Suddenly there was a popping sound and pain in his earlobe. "What did you do?" he cried.

"Oh, don't be such a sissy," Susie mocked. "All teenage girls have at least three holes in each ear. The ones you had from yesterday were wholly inadequate."

"But I'm an eighteen year old guy, not a fourteen year old girl!" Brad whined nearly in tears. "It's not right to make me..."

Three hours later, a thoroughly exhausted Melvin sullenly sat near the front of the store waiting for his son to join him and for Gloria to arrive to take them home. He was again wearing his dress, nylons and heels, and his short hair was styled as well as possible. Still, he looked wretched. His face and neck were red from three hours of electrolysis, and they seemed to hurt from every pore. No makeup, not even lipstick, was allowed to give his skin time to heal. He looked like a man in a dress, and there was no getting around it.

A back door opened and Susie entered, closely followed by a cute young girl. "Brad...is that you?" Melvin gasped, his voice still high and squeaky.

Brad was wearing the same ultra feminine outfit he arrived in, but everything else about him seemed much more feminine than when he arrived three hours earlier. His hands were completely feminine, as were his colorful toes peeking through his open toe sandals. His hair was even more girlishly styled and had a pink ribbon attached to the side. His makeup was immaculate, although subdued as appropriate for a young girl.

Aside from the feminine clothes though, was how Brad carried himself as he followed Susie to his father. He held his arms straight down with his hands bent out to fully display his tapered fingers and long nails, and he walked with a wiggle that made his skirt sway from side to side with each step.

"Her name isn't Brad, Melissa," Gloria growled as she entered the front door. "That's another 5 demerits."

"Now tell us your name, dearie," Ms Whitehall beamed.

"Uh...my name is...Brandi Marie Baxter, ma'am," Brad whispered with his head lowered from shame. His voice seemed lighter and airier than earlier in the morning.

"What is your gender and age, Brandi?" Gloria asked.

Hesitating before answering, Brad finally squeaked, "I...I'm a girl, ma'am, and I'm four...fourteen years old." Tears trickled down Brad's smooth cheeks as he said that.

"And this 'woman' waiting for you?" Gloria continued.

"M...my mother?" Brad choked when he said it.

"Very good!" Gloria announced. "No demerits for you, Brandi, unlike your forgetful mother. Now let's go. You both have lessons waiting you back at your home."

The two femininely dressed men sat in the back as Gloria drove them home. "What happened to you?" Melvin whispered to his son. "You look...and act so...so girlish."

"Susie put me through hours of lessons on how to walk and carry myself. Whenever I made a mistake, she spanked my hands with a thick ruler and made me start over. She warned me that I had to walk this way from now on, or I'd be severely punished."

"As you will, if you don't obey," Gloria interrupted. Obviously she heard everything.

"What happened to you? Your face, your voice?" Brad asked.

"I've never hurt so much in my life," Melvin answered. "Three hours of those women permanently removing my beard left my face feeling like a piece of raw meat."

"It will get better from here on," Gloria offered encouragement.

"Your voice?" Brad asked.

"Oh, that is temporary," answered Melvin. "I took a gargle to kill the pain. It has a side effect of raising my voice, like helium."

"How long does this side effect last?"

"Not long. I expect to have my voice back by bed time," Melvin answered.

The rest of the day was spent under Greta's watchful eye as both father and son were taught how to sit, stand, walk, and carry himself in a completely feminine manner. Greta was relentless, and Ivan hovered nearby to enforce any punishment she specified. Both males were thankful when this day ended, and they could finally don their frilly nighties for the comfort of a warm bed. And yes, Melvin did have his voice back by the time he went to bed...barely.

Hopefully tomorrow would be a better day.

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Steve

Monday dawned bright and clear, but fear wretched at Steve's belly. Today he had to return to work...only this time wearing a woman's business suit.

"Rise and shine, Stephanie darling," his mother greeted. "I'll arrange your work clothes while you take your shower. Be sure to use that beauty cream instead of soap."

"It's still dark outside, Mom," he croaked while rubbing his eyes. "What time is it?"

"Six o'clock and time is wasting," she gushed. "You have only an hour and a half before you leave for work, and that's barely enough time to make yourself presentable."

"Mom, I can get ready in half an hour," he moaned.

"You have become slovenly, haven't you? A young woman needs time to make herself presentable. I'll make sure you never slide back into your tomboy ways. Now off to your shower."

A half hour later, after padding dry from his shower, Steve wrapped a towel about his body and another about his head as his mother instructed and reentered his bedroom.

"We must do something about your figure. Somehow your tomboy behavior has retarded your body development. You should have nice breasts and a girlish figure by now. Why your body is more like a boy's than a girl's. We must do

something to correct that," she stated as she started styling his hair into the feminine style he wore the past two days. "Sometimes Mother Nature needs a little help."

"My development is just fine, mother," Steve moaned. "It doesn't need correcting."

"We will see," she merely responded. "That's as good as I can do until your hair grows out again. Get dressed. Your clothes are on your bed."

As Steve rolled his pantyhose up his smooth, hairless legs, he felt hopeless at being able to extract himself from the girlish direction his life has suddenly taken. He snuggled the top of his pantyhose about his hips and smoothed out the wrinkles. The smooth, silky feeling of these luscious hose brought back feelings from his youth.

"Smooth your blouse into the waistband of your skirt, Stephanie dear," his mother smiled. "Don't just jam it in like a tomboy. You don't want to look rumped at work."

"Yes, Mother," he sighed as he followed her instructions and stepped into his stylish three inch pumps to complete his preparations. His makeup was conservative, but nicely done to highlight his better features while downplaying his flaws.

"My, what a lovely girl you are when you try, darling," his mother cooed. "You'll have the guys simply falling over one another to attract your attention."

"Mother! I don't want any guy wooing me or asking for my attention. I'm not that way," Steve moaned.

"You will change your mind once your hormones click in. I wonder why they haven't done so yet. You are way too old to have not gone through puberty. Girls much younger than you have developed their feminine figures. I must check into this."

Steve knew it was hopeless to reason with his mother while she was in this confused state of mind. He merely murmured that he was as ready as he could get and slowly left his room to face work dressed as a female.

"Wow, Steph, what a babe!" Pete whistled when he saw his brother. "Like old times, huh?"

Steve wanted to bash Pete's face in, but his mother was right behind, and he didn't want her to become distraught at seeing him revert to such masculine manners. The main reason he restrained himself; however was because he was afraid he might get another humiliating spanking!

Smiling, Pete said, "Steph, give your car keys to Mom in case she needs to go somewhere. I'll take you to and from work."

Taken aback by what sounded more like an order than a request, Steve huffed indignantly, "I'll do no such thing! Give her yours if you want her to have transportation!"

Maintaining the smile on his face, Pete stepped over beside Steve. From behind where their mother couldn't see, he delivered a hard slap to his brother's skirted rear and whispered, "Do as I say and give her your keys unless you want Mom to see you spanked!"

Tears filled his eyes and threatened his eyeliner and mascara as Steve reached into his purse and gave his keys to his mother as ordered. Kissing her on the cheek, he turned and walked haughtily away with his tight skirt and stilt heels restricting his stride.

Seeing her *daughter's* long masculine strides, his mother gasped, "Oh, Stephanie, you walk like a truck driver. We'll have to work on that in the coming weeks."

Steve remembered his walking lessons from his teen years, and he cringed at the thought. All those grueling hours walking a chalk line in a long tight skirt and stilt heels with a book on his head came crashing back like a nightmare. No matter how much he complained that he wasn't a girl and shouldn't walk like one, his mother was insistent on him practicing until gliding with short steps and each foot landing on the line became his normal gait.

When he reached the car, he was surprised to see Pete holding the door for him as a gentleman would for a lady.

Instead of risking a confrontation, he gently lowered himself onto the seat, and with his knees together, swung his legs inside.

"You showed a lot more than when you wore skirts before!" Pete scowled while glaring at his brother. "You *will* be practicing, won't you, Stephanie?"

Recognizing Pete's statement as more of an order than a question; Steve lowered his eyes and sighed, "Yes, Pete, I'll practice."

"I'll be taking you to work from now on, so you won't need a car. That's why I decided to let Mom keep the car that used to be yours."

"Used to be mine?" Steve gasped as he adjusted his skirt over his nylon-clad thighs and noticed his long oval brilliant red nails. "I bought that car, and it's mine! And, what do you mean I won't need a car?"

"I'll drive you wherever you need to go, or you can go with Mom in *her* car," Pete stated calmly. "Give me your driver's license. With your feminine clothes, makeup, and blonde hairstyle, you no longer look like that photo, and you won't need to drive anyway."

"That's not fair, Pete!" Steve protested as he removed the feminine style wallet from his purse, extracted his driver's license, and handed it to his brother.

"Fair or not, when we get home, you will box up all your male clothes and we will give them to charity," Pete said as he placed the license in his shirt pocket. "With nothing to wear, except dresses and skirts and with no car, you won't be tempted to run out on Mom. That would send her back into her depression. I decided to remove the temptation."

Steve was devastated! His clothes and masculine life were taken away, and now his car! He felt so controlled, so helpless to influence his destiny, like when his mother made him wear dresses by as a teen. Now his younger brother was the villain!

When they reached the office, Pete parked in Steve's space. While his brother checked his makeup in the visor mirror, Pete walked around and opened the passenger door. Seeing his brother walking with him toward the building, Steve asked, "Where are you going?"

"I'm escorting you in," Pete announced. "I want to have a conversation with this woman who required you to wear dresses to work. Take me to her office."

As they made their way to the entrance of the building, Steve's stride was severely restricted by his tight skirt and heels as they clicked rhythmically on the concrete. He found himself taking two rapid steps to Pete's one.

When they entered the elevator, Steve looked left and right to see if anyone was lingering to mark his arrival. Seeing none, he hit the button for the eighth floor where Ms. Fitch's office was located. As the doors closed, he felt his entire life closing with it, but he could do nothing to stop it.

Steve knocked at Ms. Fitch's door, and when invited in, he and Pete stepped into her office. She looked them over curiously and asked, "Stephanie? Is that you?"

"Yes, Ms. Fitch. This is my...."

"Oh, Stephanie, turn around and let's have a look!" Ms. Fitch cut him off and twirled her finger in a circular motion. After he slowly turned to show off his skirted business suit, she mused, "I knew you would be attractive in skirts, but nothing like this, and certainly not so quickly!"

"Ms. Fitch, I shouldn't be dressed like this. Can't we...?"

"Oh shush!" she cut him off. "Of course you should be dressed this way. Gloria was certainly right about you being perfect for what we have in mind. Who is this handsome young man?"

"What do you have in mind?"

"You'll no longer be in charge of Operations. We have a much more important job for you. Stop interrupting and answer the question. Who is this with you?"

"My brother, Pete." While they shook hands, Steve asked, "What is my new position?"

"You just run along to your old office while I chat with your brother, Steffie," she waved him away. "Ms. Hansen is briefing your old staff about their new director and a few reassignments. You'll find out from her."

"Meet me at the curb after work," Pete said to his feminized brother as Steve minced in his heels toward the door. "Getting in and out of traffic at that time of day is almost impossible."

Steve blushed at the thought of having to wait at the curb in public wearing his skirt, heels, and makeup, but he timidly made his way to the elevator without argument. When he stepped off at the third floor where Operations was located, his heel caught in the crack between the elevator and the floor, and he almost fell on his face.

"Oops, we girls forgot to warn you about that crack, Steffie," a secretary named Vera giggled. "We have all caught our heels there at one time or another. I don't have to wear those stilts anymore, but you be careful in the future, okay."

When Steve entered the "bull pen", as the operations work area was called, his former subordinates were awaiting him with broad smiles. He hesitantly clicked into the room atop his heels to a chorus of scorn, ridicule, and mockery. Not since his teen years had he been so thoroughly humiliated. At least he would no longer be working here!

Gloria stepped forward and clapped her hands for quiet after the men had ample fun. "C'mon people, don't gawk! Welcome Stephanie. I'm sure she will be most appreciated in her new assignment. Since she is leaving, I will now announce a new Director of Operations from among you."

That got the attention of the men. They quickly focused their attention away from Steve as each hoped he would be named director. Noticing this with satisfaction, Gloria hesitated a long moment before saying, "The new director is Elizabeth Wright."

"Dizzy Lizzy?" echoed about the room. "She's just a secretary!"

"She is no longer a secretary!" Gloria resolutely declared. "She is the Director of Operations! She has a degree in Business Administration, but the only job she could get under the former regime was as a secretary. That has all changed as of now. If you can't accept that and pay her the respect commensurate with her new position, you can pick up your checks in accounting. Ms. Fitch is looking for ways to cut 15% from the work force. Voluntary resignations would make that much easier." When no one made a move toward the door, she asked, "Elizabeth, do you have anything to add?"

"Yes," Elizabeth declared with a confident flair. As the men noticed for the first time that she was wearing a stylish business suit instead of her usual flirty dress and low cut blouse. "Effective immediately, you will refer to me as Ms. Wright, not Dizzy Lizzy. All off-color jokes and lewd comments about the color of my panties will end. Violation is cause for dismissal for insubordination."

The four men looked down with guilty expressions, nervously shuffled their feet, and mumbled in unison, "Yes Ms. Wright."

"Good," she smiled. "Now, concerning panties, here is a bag of eight pairs of pretty nylon panties in different colors and styles for each of you. You will go to the restroom, change into a pair, and throw your current underwear in the trash."

"Look, Lizzie!" Joe, the youngest at 24 years of age, and by far the most handsome firmly declared. "If you are still angry about what happened between us, we can work something out, but you can't expect me to wear women's panties!"

"Oh, but I can, and I do," Elizabeth replied in a calm tone, trying to hide her hostility for being used and abandoned. "Look at Steffie. She's wearing a lot more than panties to retain her job. You have only three choices; wear panties, submit your resignation, or be terminated for refusal to adhere to the departmental dress code. Either change into your panties or clean out your desk. If you decide to stay, you

will be reprimanded for failure to address me with the proper title of respect.”

Lowering his head in defeat, Joe walked away with his bag of panties meekly followed by the other three. “And Josey,” Elizabeth called out. When he turned around, she instructed, “For that little act of rebellion, wear the pink ones. As for the rest of you, wear different colors from one another, and sweeties, let’s have no white for your first day in panties.”

“Looks like you have things under control, Elizabeth,” Gloria smiled. “Come along, Steffie. Let’s get you settled into your new position.”

In the restroom, the men found pink, white, baby blue, yellow, lavender, mint green, peach, fuchsia, red, and of course, black panties in their bags. “Why did I have to open my mouth?” Joe seethed as he replaced his boxer shorts with pink panties, the first he had ever worn. After the others discussed which color panties each would wear, they changed into them, replaced their pants, and tossed their former underwear into the trash.

When the four blushing men returned, Elizabeth handed them a fist-sized octagon with colors matching the panties in the bag on each of the eight sides and said, “Put these on your desks with your panty color on top. Every morning when you come in, rotate your octagon to reflect the color of your panties for the day. Any questions?”

“You want us to wear panties to work every day?” Joe gasped in astonishment. He blushed as he turned the pink side of his octagon upward and placed it on his desk.

“Not only that, Josey,” she grinned deviously. “I expect all of you to throw out your male underwear and wear panties exclusively. You’ll be severely reprimanded if I find out from your significant other that you don’t wear panties full time, if you aren’t wearing the color panties indicated by your octagon, or if you aren’t wearing panties at all, you will be terminated for insubordination.”



Steve saw Vera polishing Joe's fingernails as Gloria led him to his new job as company receptionist.

"Don't make them look too obvious," Joe whined.

"You are such a baby," Vera smiled. "Look at Steve. Not only are his nails nicely polished, but also he is wearing girl's clothes. Maybe you will be as lucky soon."

Joe looked at the young woman who had been the object of harassment, off color jokes, and ill concealed lust from him and his fellow workers and angrily declared, "You can't tell us what to wear away from the office!" When he heard rumblings of agreement from his co-workers, he added, "It's not right to require us to wear feminine panties at work either!"

Looking about with a slight smirk and noticing pink, baby blue, yellow, and fuchsia displayed on their octagons, Elizabeth said, "I can, and I just did. As for your reprimand, Josie, you will go to Vera and ask her to polish your nails pretty pink to match your panties."

"What?!!!" he demanded. "Polish my nails? I'll do no such thing! Making me wear panties is bad enough, but..."

"Want to go for matching lipstick?" she snapped, cutting him off. When he lowered his head and blushed, she added, "And Josie, be sure to use these exact words when you ask for Vera's help. 'Will you please polish my nails pink to match my panties?' Fail to ask properly, and you'll be sporting that lipstick I mentioned. Now, go!"

When Joe returned more than an hour later, he looked dejected and was carrying his wrists in a passive limp manner. His nails were polished a pretty pink shade and shaped in feminine ovals as much as could be accomplished as short as they were. Looking at Elizabeth, he scowled, "How long do I have to wear this pink crap on my fingers?"

"For as long as you work here, of course," she replied as though his wearing nail polish was completely natural. "Wear a different color every day until you learn how to properly apply it. By then, your nails should be grown out and filed into neat feminine ovals, with Vera's help, of course. Don't hesitate to go to her for help or to ask questions."

"Look Liz...uh...Ms. Wright," he stammered. "I know you were hurt when we broke up, and I'm sorry for the way I treated you. I promise to make it up to you, only don't humiliate me this way. Please!"

"Since you bring that up, ask Vera to apply a pretty shade of lipstick to match your panties and nails. In the future I want to see you with matching lipstick and nail polish." When he hesitated, she snapped, "Get moving, or pick up your check!"

Decent jobs were almost impossible to find, so Joe swallowed his masculine pride, lowered his head, and dejectedly left the room. When he returned with bright pink lipstick adorning his lips, he noticed the other men rearranging their desks and asked, "What's going on?"

"The staff is rearranging their desks so they are not sitting beside nor facing one of the others," Elizabeth answered. "No longer will the guys be able to glance up and tell jokes, discuss the latest ball game, or laugh at some female employee who happens by. While they do that, you can move your personal things into my former desk."

"In the cubicle outside Steve's...uh...your office?" Joe stammered. "But why? There's room in my current desk."

"Because, you are replacing me as the department secretary. That's why, and stop questioning my orders unless you want to be tottering around in pantyhose and stilt heels like Stephanie is wearing."

"I can't be a secretary! I'm not a..."

"Woman?" Elizabeth angrily finished his sentence. "You think only women can be secretaries? Well, you're wearing panties, lipstick, and nail polish, so what's the big deal?" Having gone as far as he had, Joe went a step farther and sadly began moving his things to the secretarial desk. With a satisfied smirk, she added, "This will be no longer be called the 'Bull Pen'. In the future, it will be known as the 'Panty Parlor'. I'll have a pink sign painted to establish that name and hang it over the door." The four men cringed at realizing that their *secret* would be revealed, even advertised, to their fellow employees as well as any visitors who entered.

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"Uh, Ms. Hansen," Steve stammered as the two walked along, their heels clicking on the tiles. "Exactly what is my new assignment? Ms. Fitch didn't tell me."

"Oh, how careless of me," she smiled, "I must be losing my mind." Steve was sure that was not true. "You are to be our new receptionist, dearie." She reached into her pocket and retrieved a nametag, which she deftly pinned to his lapel. The tag said, 'Miss Stephanie Marie Miller'.

"Receptionist? But...I was a section head before...before this happened..."

"Yes, and a most ineffective one too. I'm sure you will perform much better in your new position. Besides, you are much too pretty to hide inside some office cubicle. Your place is in the front office greeting our clients when they arrive and serving coffee to our executives. Make note of how each likes her coffee and when she wants it served. I know you will make a wonderful first impression as our official greeter and serving girl."

As she talked, she gently guided Steve to the front office to an open desk with a phone and computer as its sole features. Gone were desk drawers and cabinets, since as the receptionist, he didn't have a need for such hardware. What did he have of importance to file away? He was expected to sit pretty and pleasantly greet each client as he or she entered. And since most of the clients were men, the open desk would give them a clear view of his smooth pretty legs.

"Remove your jacket and loosen the top few buttons of your blouse to give the customers a peek of your assets."

"I don't have any of those kind of assets," Steve dejectedly brooded.

"Not right now, but that won't last long. I understand that your mother is puzzled about why you are so underdeveloped."

"What are you implying?" Steve questioned as he removed his jacket and loosened the top two buttons of his soft silky blouse as instructed.

"Nothing, dear. That's a lovely business suit, but leave it at home in the future. A nice miniskirt and sexy see-through blouse or low-cut top is more appropriate for your new position. We want to impress our clients, and you are the first person they'll meet when they enter our humble establishment." With that she sauntered away saying, "Bye, bye, Stephanie. Call me if you have difficulty learning your new duties."

Melvin and Brad

The following four days were torture and humiliating for Melvin and Brad. Melvin endured days of electrolysis, the end of each day seeing much less facial hair than when he arrived. He became best friends with the gargle, but it did make the pain durable. The only drawback being that it seemed to take longer each time for his natural voice to return. By the end of the week, it hadn't completely returned to its normal timbre by the time he took the tonic the next day.

Although Brad didn't take the gargle, not needing electrolysis, Nora and Greta constantly forced him to pitch his voice higher when speaking. They constantly harped on raising its timbre and using the proper phrases in his sentences. Since he still hadn't completely gone through puberty based on his lack of beard, his voice hadn't settled into a masculine pitch yet, so it wasn't too difficult for him to raise the pitch. What he had to learn was to use the higher pitch constantly, and to not sound falsetto. The voice lessons were constant and incessant, and without even realizing it, Brad was soon speaking with a lilting alto.

Each day, Susie would meticulously examine Brad's face for stray sprouts. "My, my, Brandi, aren't you the lucky girl. Not a hair to be found. Isn't it nice that you don't have to endure what your mother is undergoing?"

"You do realize that he...isn't my mother, don't you?" Brad corrected one day.

"Of course she is, and that's 5 demerits for that slip of pronouns. You must always refer to your mother as a woman. She would be distraught if she heard you refer to her using masculine pronouns."

'In a pig's eye he would,' Brad thought. 'But I'd better do as these conniving women want...at least until I can think of a way out of this nightmare.' "Uh...okay, you are right. Thanks for correcting me, Susie. I wouldn't want my 'mother' to get upset because I referred to her as a man."

"That's better, dear. Your eyebrows simply must be trimmed again. You don't want to be bothered with them all the time, so let me use the portable electrolysis wand to permanently make them more feminine."

"Zap my eyebrows? Don't do that, Susie! I don't want feminine eyebrows."

"Don't be such a baby, Brandi. Sit back and relax. This won't hurt a bit," Susie ignored his plea and began trimming his bushy brows into trim feminine arches.

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By the end of two weeks, both father and son were completely traumatized with the turn their lives had taken. When not at the parlor, Greta was constantly teaching them how to comport themselves as ladies to the point that it was becoming difficult to move and act as the men they were.

On the way to the parlor, Friday morning, Gloria announced, "You two are making marvelous progress. Why Brandi, you are looking more and more like the teenage girl you really are inside."

Brad only blushed at her remark because he knew she wasn't far from right. The constant lessons were taking their toll on his masculinity. He could feel it inside. He felt his rebellion subsiding to resignation. Mirrors don't lie, and each time he was told to preen before one, he saw more of a girl emerge.



Each day, Melvin and Brad entered La Femme salon for beauty treatments and femininity lessons. At first people would give them derisive looks and comments. Each day they became more feminine looking, until passersby no longer recognized them as men wearing girl's clothes.

"Melissa, your beard is a thing of the past. Nora tells us that you only need occasional touchup to keep it under control. By the time you return to work, you won't have to worry about a five o'clock shadow."

Melvin also kept quiet because he too knew she was right. He hadn't shaved since this ordeal began, and his face was smooth as a baby's bottom. It still stung and was pink from the abuse, but that would soon pass.

"Neither of you are very talkative today. Never mind. Tomorrow one of you goes to girlie school for immersion training. But both of you need one last problem taken care of at the salon."

Neither guy picked up on the 'one last problem' statement, since both focused on the 'girlie school' stuff. "W...what's girlie school?" Melvin questioned.

"A course to learn how to pass as a girl, of course," Gloria answered.

"But Greta and the salon have constantly barraged us with lessons on how to act as women..." Melvin moaned.

"Those were just the preliminaries."

"At least we'll be together," Brad finally piped in.

"No, Brandi, you are in different classes and will attend at different times. Melissa will learn how to be a single working mother; whereas, you must learn how to be a teenage girl. Those are two completely different classes."

"But I don't want to learn to act like..." Brad started to complain.

"Be a big girl, Brandi," Gloria interrupted. "You don't want to start high school 10th grade in the fall still acting like some macho guy. What would the other girls think? What would the guys think...or do?"

"School? What school? I graduated from high school last year."

"You may have graduated, but you hardly deserved it," Gloria answered. "Yours was a social graduation, like the school system used to give to flush out their undesirables."

Brad's cheeks turned bright red at her comment, but he didn't protest, because he knew she was right. He never was much of a scholar through high school. That's why he needed his father's help getting and keeping a job.

It was only when they arrived at the salon that Melvin picked up on the other part of her original sentence. "What is the problem you mentioned earlier?"

"I was wondering when or if you would pick up on that," Gloria beamed. "Neither of you is quite ready to enter the world of women and girls. There is one last thing that needs taken care of. Come, and we can begin."

Ms Whitehall met them at the entrance and ushered both into a side room containing two side-by-side recliners. "Come, come, ladies. Today is a big day. Please take off your lovely clothes and put on these robes."

Puzzled by all the activity, both guys did as instructed, and in a few minutes were standing before the assembled women wearing only the robes. "Take a recliner please," Ms. Whitehall instructed. "Today we take care of your bikini line."

"Bikini line? What's a bikini line?" Melvin asked.

"No self respecting woman would be caught with an untrimmed bush...if you get my drift," Gloria giggled. "Today you get your 'bushes' feminized."

The entrance door opened and Nora and Susie entered, each towing an electrolysis machine. "W...what are you going to do?" Melvin squeaked, his voice still quite high pitched.

"Don't be such a sissy!" Ms Whitehall snickered. "We are merely going to rid you of some unruly hairs between your legs so you will be able to wear your bikini's without looking like a hairy ape."

"Bikini's? Where would I wear a bikini?" Brad gasped.

"One never knows, but you get your first bikini tomorrow at girlie school, and you don't want unsightly hairs peeking out, do you?"

"Unsightly hair would be the least of my problems if I wore a bikini, if you get my drift," Melvin snickered.

"Yes...well, we must deal with one issue at a time. Lay back while the girls prepare you. Your gargle won't help down there, so I suggest you allow us to put you to sleep for a while. Electrolysis down there can be quite painful," Ms Whitehall stated.

Realizing that there was no possible escape from this new humiliation, and knowing first hand the pain of electrolysis, Melvin was the first to agree to being knocked out. Brad followed after seeing his father so quickly agree.

"Now relax, ladies," Nora suggested. "And start counting backwards from 100." Neither guy got beyond 97 before he was in blissful oblivion.

Four hours later, first Melvin, and then Brad slowly recovered from his sleep. "Are you finished?" Melvin asked.

"Oh, yes, you both look absolutely femme down there now," Ms Whitehall gushed.

Melvin tried to look between his legs, but his robe hid the results from his sight. Soon both father and son were wide-awake and lying back in the recliner to collect his thoughts and clear his head.

"Can I see what you did?" Melvin finally was clear headed enough to ask.

"Of course, Melissa," Ms Whitehall exclaimed. "Girls, please open their robes so these ladies can admire their new bikini lines."

Nora and Susie giggled as they each took a robe, ready to fold it back. "Ta da!" Ms Whitehall trilled as the robes were opened to reveal to each guy his new bikini line.

"W...WHAT!" Melvin cried, his high-pitched voice cracking. "What did you do to me?"

Brad was right behind in screeching, "Where is my...!"

"Aren't your bikini lines absolutely perfect?" Nora gushed.

"Bikini lines? To hell with the bikini lines! Where is my...!" Melvin yelled.

"Temper, temper!" Gloria cautioned. "You wouldn't want Ms Fitch to learn that you aren't being 100% cooperative, would you?"

"But..." Brad started crying. "Where is my...my Willy?"

"We hid it," Susie cooed. "It was quite unsightly, and completely out of character for the lovely young lady you are becoming."

"Hid it! How can you hide it? Mine was quite substantial," Melvin gasped.

"I've seen larger," Nora giggled, "Although I must admit that it was quite a job to hide."

"Hide? Hide where?" Melvin looked between his legs only to see what looked like the smooth slope of a womanly curve.

"Inside," Ms Whitehall matter-of-factly stated. "We pushed what we could into your body cavity, and hid the rest behind a very clever g-string that I developed for Susie here." Susie blushed beet red at this revelation.

This was the first that Melvin learned of Susie's past, and he wide-eyed looked at this lovely blond woman standing next to his son. "Raise your skirt, Susie, and show these ladies what yours looks like," Ms Whitehall commanded.

Still blushing bright red, Susie slowly raised the hem of her dress and lowered her panties to reveal what looked like a completely feminine bush between her legs. "Susie hasn't had hers off since I first applied it. How long ago was that, Susie?" Ms. Whitehall asked.

"Uh...two years, ma'am," Susie whispered.

"Ah, yes, I remember now. It seems like just yesterday," Ms Whitehall continued. "How does it feel after all that time?"

"I don't remember what it is like to have my manhood down there, ma'am," Susie was now nearly in tears.

"But...how can we...you know what?" Brad croaked.

"Why just like any other woman does, dear," Ms Whitehall laughed. "Of course, you need to sit or else it will splash every which way."

"H...how?" was all Melvin could mutter, his heart finally returning to a semi normal range.

"Like I said, we pushed most of it into your body cavity, but we put your snake into a special sack hidden behind your vaginal lips so you can take care of bodily functions. Then we merely molded the gaffe to your body with a permanent bond."

"Permanent?" Melvin moaned.

"Well permanent until I remove it," Ms Whitehall answered, "And Ms Fitch and I are the only ones with the solvent."

Both men were now openly crying at the apparent loss of their most prized possessions. Although not actually gone, out of sight was the same as gone. "Now back to your bikini lines," Ms Whitehall continued, "What do you think of them?"

Both men looked between their legs and past their lost masculinity to the furry bush hiding what replaced their manhood. Their hairy bushes were now trimmed and shaped. "It's not permanent, is it?" Brad gasped at his petite heart shaped bush.

"Most certainly it is, dearie," Ms Whitehall answered. "You won't have any problem undressing in front of your classmates at school during gym."

"What about when we return to being..." Melvin asked.

"What are you talking about, girl?" Ms Whitehall asked.

Knowing better than to answer her directly, Melvin stammered a bit and didn't respond. "You both have had a

trying day. Get dressed and I'll take you home," Gloria said. "I'll tell Greta and Ivan to give you the afternoon off to rest up. You will need your strength when you start girlie school."

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Steve

After work, Steve waited at the curb as Pete instructed. Feelings from his teen years swept over him when he saw men casting admiring lustful look his way. "They think I'm a sexy woman?" he grimaced. "Yes, I'm wearing a skirted business suit, heels, and makeup, but I haven't worn dresses in three years! Why can't they tell that I'm a man?"

When Pete pulled up to the curb fifteen minutes later, Steve's first inclination was to enter the car as he did when he dressed as a man. Just as he was about to do so, he remembered his brother's rebuke in the morning. Not wanting to give the leering men a show, he sat and turned into the car while keeping his knees together and making sure his skirt stayed in place.

"Much better," Pete praised. "How quickly you have gotten accustomed to wearing skirts. It's almost as though you've worn them all your life. With Mom's help, you'll be as natural in dresses and skirts as any girl or woman, like you were as a teenager. Remember how Mom made you practice?"

"How could I forget, and she's taking up where she left off!" Steve grimaced.

"How about that time she made you practice getting in and out of the car for over an hour out on the driveway where all the neighbors could see?"

"You made it worse by inviting your friends over to watch. I was wearing a tight black miniskirt that was only slightly longer than my white slip. If Mom saw even a hint of white lace, she made me start over. I was never more embarrassed with those guys and you laughing and jeering! Doing it correctly for a dozen times in succession was the only way I could get her to let me stop."

"I remember, but why was it such a big deal? The guys had seen you in dresses before. Because of your unladylike display this morning, you'll be practicing again when we get home," Pete declared as he again felt a stirring in his jockeys from forcing his older brother to become ever more feminine. Shifting positions to hide the bulge in his pants, he added, "Of course, you'll have to change into a shorter skirt, and don't forget the slip. Mom has great ideas."

Nervously slightly rising and trying in vain to pull his skirt lower over his nylon sheathed thighs, Steve pleaded, "I bet she has that chalk line down the hall for me to practice my feminine walk when we get home. Isn't that enough?"

"Not nearly enough! Mom will come up with all sorts of refresher drills to sharpen your feminine skills. Enough chit chat, how did your day go?"

"Awful! They made me the company receptionist. I have to answer the phones, greet visitors, and serve coffee to Ms Fitch until she hires a secretary and to Gloria...uh... Ms. Hansen for who knows how long. You met Ms. Fitch, so you know how she is. Well, Ms. Hansen is as bad or worse. You've got to get me out of there, Pete!"

"No can do, Steph. Mom needs you in dresses at home until she gets well; so working for Ms. Fitch and Hansen while dressed as a woman won't be that much different. I decided that working there is the perfect place for you. Tough if you have to wear dresses for a while like you did growing up!"

"But Pete, I'm the older brother!" Steve declared. "I should be calling the shots here, not you!"

"Enough!" Pete demanded as he pulled the car over to the curb. "I am the head of our household, and you will agree to do as I say in the future without complaint or I'll turn you across my knee here and now and warm your pretty panties until you do. What's it to be?"

Seeing he was clearly defeated, Steve lowered his eyes, blushed brightly, and sighed, "Okay. I'll do as you say, but I hope Mom gets well soon."

Pete was so totally aroused by his victory over his feminized older brother that he couldn't resist sneaking his free hand down to caress his throbbing member. When he quickly exploded in his jockeys, he shifted to hide the wet spot forming in his crotch. Fortunately, Steve was too absorbed with his own problems to notice.

As soon as the brothers arrived home, their mother descended on Steve. Pete had no trouble going to his room without being noticed. After cleaning himself from the *accident* in his jockeys and changing into casual attire, he joined his mother and brother. Sure enough, as Steve predicted, he was walking a chalk line in his heels with a book on his head while his mother looked on with a disapproving glare, criticizing him at virtually every turn.

When Pete asked if he could speak to her in private, she scowled at Steve, "Keep practicing while I have a chat with your brother. I declare, you seem to have forgotten everything I taught you as a teen. I'll rid you of that tomboyish demeanor you have developed, and if I hear that book fall again, I'll have Peter give you the spanking you deserve!"

'Now that Steve is in skirts again, it's up to me to make sure he stays in them,' Pete happily mused as he watched his brother mince with dainty feminine steps while balancing a book on his head. As each foot landed precisely on the string, Steve held his elbows tight against his body, forearms parallel to the floor, and wrists limp. Exasperation covered Steve's face as he struggled to recall the feminine stride that was once second nature. Knowing Steve was now securely in skirts and under his control, Pete felt another stirring in his jockeys.

"It's so nice to have a strong man of the family to take care of us giddy females," Ms. Miller smiled at Pete when they were alone in the kitchen and out of Steve's earshot. "What do you want to talk about?"

"You're right about Stephanie," Pete lied. "I don't think she wore a skirt the whole time she was away. You should have seen how her skirt rode up when she got in the car this morning. The sexy display she put on for the male gawkers

when I picked her up at the curb this afternoon was almost scandalous. I shudder to think what she showed at work with her desk having no front panel considering the way she sat with her knees apart in the car."

"Oh dear, this is worse than I thought," Ms. Miller sighed. "After she practices her dainty walk for a while, I'll have her change into a shorter skirt and work on the correct manner to enter and exit a car. Then she can rest while holding a dime between her knees like she did as a teen, and we'll have a nice mother - daughter talk. She can practice her makeup application before going to bed. I declare, I've had to fight this girl's tomboy tendencies all her life!"

"Oh, and one more thing, Mom," Pete said. "I mentioned to Ms. Fitch that you were putting Steph on a diet, and she gave me these vitamins. They are the latest and greatest from a company called UCI. Give her one tablet morning and evening to replace the minerals she is losing. I'll get some more when these run out." In truth, the instructions were to take one per day, but he figured if one were good, two would be twice as good. Anyway, he had the UCI catalog and would be ordering lots of other products designed to accelerate his brother's feminization.

Steve's traumatic day at work in skirts and several hours of exhausting lessons in walking, sitting, entering a car in a feminine manner, and makeup application exhausted him. While he removed his makeup and creamed his face and body with scented lotions, his mother asked about his day. "They made me the receptionist, Mom," he sighed in exasperation.

"How wonderful, dear!" she gushed. "The first day you fix yourself up a bit, and you get promoted to receptionist. That's a really important position because you'll be the first company representative that visitors see, and you get to impress them with your beauty, charm, and grace. Of course, I'll be working on that in the days to come, and when I'm through, your employers will see the wisdom in giving you this prestigious position."



"One foot in front of the other, Stephanie," Pete laughed. "Don't be afraid of wiggling your hips. It's only natural for a woman to walk that way."

"But I'm not a woman and my hips shouldn't wiggle," Steve protested.

Steve wanted to protest that in his new job he was just eye candy for the other employees and clients to ridicule. All he did was greet visitors, answer the phone occasionally, and serve coffee to Ms. Fitch and Ms. Hansen. But he was too tired and too subdued to pursue the subject, especially since he knew his objections would fall on deaf ears. When his mother left, he collapsed into bed in his silky babydoll nightie and immediately fell asleep.

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The fraternity needed a mascot and they all thought it would be cute to have a "cheerleader". None of the coeds would do it, so two of the brothers were drafted to become cheerleaders. Cheerleader Mascot takes you behind the scenes for an intimate look at their transformation into lovely young girls.

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(Previously titled, MISS-ING PASS-PORT) Shelley loses his passport. The replacement has a small mistake. It says he's "female". All of their reservations for a summer in Europe were made for two girls, not a husband and wife. Something would have to change.

Like Mother, Like Son #8

"His mother had plans for his hair. With its new length, she had several options: fancy french braiding, or perhaps and elegant upsweep." All because he wanted to let his hair grow a little longer. A daughter and son, all in one child.

Just Like a Woman #9

In search of a big story, an investigative reporter goes "undercover" and enrolls at the Chrissy Institute. (Where they train boys to live as girls.) Would he ever be the same? This is a tale of a reporter's search for a sensational story.

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His boss forced him to join a women's social club hoping they would discriminate against men. Thompson heard the rules: "We expect you to maintain a high level of hygiene. Included are legs smoothly shaven, bras and nylons worn...." Could he face this challenge?

Not Enough Girls #11

Chris has to find two boys who are willing to be girls for their fraternity.

All Doffed Up #12

Bill's sister Lilly needed a model for her beauty school training. Kelly, a neighbor boy, was willing to help. A few pictures later all their lives would be changed. Could Bill resist this "dream girl"?

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Ken was accepted into a Shakespearean drama college. He quickly learned that during Shakespeare's time, boys played the girl's parts!

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John's wife has a few ideas to make him help around the house. He's soon a dapper domestic.

Flight of Fancy #15

Some men think they have complete control over women. This is the story of one such man. After a plane crash, women take control over him. Alex will never be the same.

Dressed to Dance #16

Due to an accident, Dave has to "fill in" for Jessica at a dance contest.

Going a Brood #17

A father goes abroad to visit a long lost son. His son is now modeling bikinis. What will Shelley's father do when he finds out about his son modeling bikinis? What any father would do.

Near Miss #18

In a small town, everyone knows everyone's business. How could Jan possibly change her son into her daughter without everyone knowing? And why would she want to?

Tit for Tat #19

Two young wives make a bet: After dressing their husbands as women, the first one "read" is the loser. Jerry's dream marriage turns into a nightmare when he realizes what he and his buddy are being turned into—WOMEN!

That a Girl #20

A young boy spends the summer in Malibu as a girl. His father hopes that this will cure his unusual "hobby".

Woman's Work #21

Larry hated working on his father's farm. He found out that heavy labor wasn't the only work that never ends.

My Son, the Bridesmaid #22

Robin gets "into" his new job at the bridal shop.

Paul: Girl Model #23

Glamour or hard work? Paul tells all about his life as a girl model!

Husband to Housewife #24

After helping his working wife with the housework, Gene decides to make it a permanent change.

One of the Girls #25

A mother and son decide that he shouldn't grow up to be like his abusive father...or any other man.

Woman-Hood #26

Marlon and Darwin are delinquent twins who have a choice...Jail or womanhood!

Woman-Hood Completed #27

The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

Holiday in Heels and Hawaii in Heels#28

Dale's experience wearing dresses for a school play and more

Like a Daughter #29

Mother & son check into a "fat farm" only to find it accepts only females!

My Son, The Debutante #30

Julian is invited to a fancy party where all the boys dress like girls...and the girls like boys!

My Son, The Bride #31

The lives of several boys are changed after attending a crossdressing party...One is going to be a bride!

Pretty As You Please #32

A young man goes to work at his in-law's beauty salon...As a girl!

Feminine Appeal #33

We all know women can do men's jobs. . .how about men doing a woman's job—like strippers?

Hair Today, Gown Tomorrow #34

A day in a beauty parlor turns into a new job, a new girlfriend and a new life!

Daughters Only #35

A young man is faced with a decision—will it be the Army or take his mother's place as a stewardess?

Slink Or Swim #36

David borrows his Aunt's swimsuit for a quick dip in the lake. . .No one will see him right? Wrong! How far will he go to hide his gender?

Camping in Curls #37

A family send their son to camp. . .to learn everything about being a girl! His father assumes that will end his interest in dresses! DOUBLE ISSUE

Blonde & Blonder #38

Three feminists force their sons to enter a beauty contest. Each boy has his own way of handling the trauma of being sissified and beautified. Could one of these boys win?

With Mother's Help #39

Nick finds that he likes helping his mother do "girl things" and she helps him learn everything he needs to know about being a girl full time! DOUBLE ISSUE!

Girl By Choice #40

After getting in trouble, the only way Pat's mother will let him out of the house is in a dress!

Letting His Hair Down #41

Jan's mother buys him some girlish things to keep his hair out of his eyes... his grandmother buys him the dress! Naughty Grandma! DOUBLE ISSUE!

Coed Created #42

Carl's scholarship has a few strings attached... I should say bra straps! This very long (120 pages) has it all: the lady doctor, a man hating girlfriend, and the supportive room-mate. DOUBLE ISSUE!

More Than A Woman #43

Andy finds out that a friend cross-dresses and to his surprise, his wife suggest he does it too! A tale of two wives and their husbands.

Dressing Up & D.U. Completed #44 & 45

A sickly young man goes to spend some time with his aunt. Their little dress-up games get carried away and he becomes too feminine to return to masculinity. Illustrated!! GREAT!

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION**Can't Cut It #1**

Medical science solves one man's problem without an operation. The hormone therapy changes his outlook on life not to mention his appearance.

Schooling in Skirts #2

Danny didn't know what Halloween costume to wear. His sister had an idea.

Going to the Ball #3

One man's journey exploring the feminine side of his life.

Unique Concept/From Flood to Skirts #4

Two wonderful stories of men experiencing the other side of life.

Skirt for a Flirt #5

Brian didn't realize what a harmless day of flirting at the mall would cost.

Exchanging Vows #6

Randy finds that being a "wife" for a weekend is harder than he thought. Especially when his own wife is living as the wife of another man. By giving up his male role, does Randy also have to give up his wife?

Changing Vows Too #7

Randy and his wife move to live as girlfriends. While his wife works as a model, Randi tries to find work...and himself.

Virgin Vows #8

Randy and his twin sister, Rose, have a yearly picture taken when they're dressed alike. This year it's in prom gowns! A yearly tradition for the twins turns to terror when Randy is asked to wear a prom gown.

Vow of Femininity #9

Randy is faced with decisions. Will he stay married to Mindy as a girl?

French Dressing #10

Something had to change and Emile was it. A fully illustrated stor

The New Girl #11

A job is a job... unless it requires too much. Can Stephan be a good secretary?

The Girl's Part #12

From a part in a play to a new role in life. Andy's feminization.

The Boy Who Blossomed #13

A young man takes a job in his aunt's flower shop. Everyone mistakes him for a girl...the flower girl.

My Sister's Shadow #14

He simply had to fill in for his twin sister. A simple task but... it was for her wedding.

His First Dress #15

A tomboy helps Elliot dress in clothes she'd never wear. They teach each other new things!

Girlies #16

Two couples find that they have a lot in common. Both husbands like dressing like women! They make plans for spending the summer as mothers and daughters!

Husband to Hostess #17

A young man finds out his wife would rather have him helping with her catering business than being a bum at home. DOUBLE ISSUE

My Bosom Buddy #18

Two long time friend's relationship is strained when one gets a job modeling girl's clothes.

Head Over Heels #19

Glen's mother knew all about raising girls from bows to the perfect hairdo. What a waste of talent since she only had Glen, right?

I Dress, Therefore I AM #20

After getting caught in his mother's clothes, his mother buys him his own. He finds acceptance and find a new life. DOUBLE ISSUE

Redtoes #21

Two young couples make a bet... Which wife can turn their husband into the most realistic looking girl? How far will they go to win?

Too Many Skirts #22

A young man joins an all girl band. The only problem is the uniform... they all want to wear skirts! But he looks like a girl in them??... DOUBLE ISSUE

Flirting with Fashion #23

A man gets help with this cross-dressing from another cross-dresser. But is it really help?

Jeff's Humiliation #24

This is a fully illustrated story of a young man who is forced to attend the carnival in frilly petticoats. The drawings in this story are some of the best I have ever seen!

The Pampered Sissy #25

What would you do for millions? Steven's rich aunt leaves him her fortune... with one catch. He must become a girl!

Dear Sir or Madam #26

A wonderful fiction book exploring the intimate lives of males facing their femininity. Many different stories with many different motivations. Great!

Giving him the Slip #27

Women wearing the pants and men wearing the skirts?? It just isn't done, is it? Would men ever be the ones to wear make-up and be submissive to their wives? Read this and find out!

A Living Doll #28

A mother decides to show her son how to take care of his hair and gets carried away!! When his girlfriend finds out.

Feminine Metamorphosis #29

The story of a young man's transformation into a social and sexy young woman. A new writer with wonderful insight!

Case of the Missing Panties #30

Bill Cates goes to work at a lingerie company and things start to disappear. What will happen to the person who took them??

Cleavage #31

After helping his seamstress mother with some swimsuit modeling, Shawn finds a hidden interest in girls things. His father has a secret and the fun BUSTS out!

TRANVESTIA FICTION**Fated for Femininity #1**

"...Why not let Lennie compete anyway, of course, he would have to dress as a girl from now on. We could spread the word that Lennie is not a boy, and never was. It might work..."

It's All in the Family #2

John dresses in skirts to show the girl's at school how they should dress. His mother and father suggest he try it for the summer. Thus "Jane" is born. Many surprises!

Tales From a Pink Mirror #3

Gerald is removed from his all boy school and is enrolled in a school of his step-mother's choice. He is enrolled to learn how to be dainty and feminine.

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