

TV FICTION CLASSICS

"PINK SLIPS II"



**AFTER GETTING PINK SLIPS FROM THEIR BOSS...
THE GUYS GET USED TO WEARING DRESSES!**

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TV FICTION CLASSICS

Volume 86

Pink Slips II

Book #2

By Kristi Love and Alice Trail

Illustrations by Puyal

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Sandy Thomas Advertising

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2 - TV FICTION CLASSICS

PINK SLIPS II

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“Pink Slips II”

Book 2



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QUOTE BOARD

**“Time may be a great healer, but it's a lousy
beautician.”**

PINK SLIPS II

Book 2 of 2

By Kristi Love and Alice Trail

Steve

The next morning, Steve came to breakfast wearing a low cut silky yellow blouse, and a tight black skirt a couple of inches shorter than the one he had worn the day before. His makeup was applied with more skill, and he walked almost naturally in his stilt heels.

When he approached the table, he saw half of a grapefruit, a small portion of cottage cheese, a vitamin like he had taken the night before, a glass of water, and a dime awaiting him. His training paying dividends, he placed the dime between his knees before brushing his skirt beneath him and gently lowering himself into his chair.

Having not been allowed much dinner the night before, he voraciously attacked his meager fare only to be assailed by his mother, "Don't gobble your food like a field hand, Stephanie! I declare you need etiquette lessons in eating like a lady as well. I don't see how you could have forgotten so much about being a lady so quickly."

"If I was practicing, at least I would be getting to eat something!" he scowled. "I'm starving to death trying to survive on the meager portions you serve me."

"Listen here, young lady!" Mrs. Miller screeched. "You alone lost your figure by wolfing down huge amounts of fatty high calorie food, and you alone will pay the price to get it back! I'm sorry if you get a little hungry in the process, but that's the price for a lovely figure."

Steve hated it when his mother referred to him as 'young lady'. He looked to Pete in search of support, but his brother was staring at him with an angry scowl. Realizing he would

get no help there, he lowered his head and finished eating in the dainty manner that was forced upon him as a teen.

As Pete held the car door for Steve to enter, he said, "Much better. You practiced like you promised."

"You know I did!" Steve snapped as he turned his nylon-clad legs into the car feminine style. "You told Mom I put on a shameful display entering the car in my skirt and heels yesterday. That's why she made me practice more than an hour on the driveway where all the neighbors could see. She still wasn't satisfied and said I would need more lessons in the days to come. Oh, Pete, why don't you stand up for me? She would listen to you."

"Oh, come on, Steph!" Pete said as he slid behind the wheel. Reaching over with a dime between his thumb and forefinger, he added, "We've been all through this. Mom is only her old self when she's treating you like her daughter and working to make you more feminine. I know having to wear dresses is tough on you, but that's the way things are right now. Did you box up your clothes like I told you?"

"No," Steve sighed as he grasped the coin between his nylon-encased knees and held it tightly. "Mom kept me busy right up until bedtime, and I was too tired. Anyway, I don't think you should make me give my clothes to charity. I'll need them when Mom gets well. Why can't we store them in the attic or somewhere?"

Seeing a chance to further intimidate and control his hapless brother, Pete growled, "If Mom finds male clothes that don't fit me, she might think her beloved Stephanie was planning to leave again and she could lapse back into her depression. With nothing to wear except dresses and skirts, you won't be tempted to run out on her. If your things aren't in boxes outside your door before you go to bed tonight, I'll come in, give you a sound spanking, and sit and watch you box them up!" When Pete finished, his member was throbbing excitedly in his jockeys.

"Okay, but it's still not fair!" Steve insisted as he looked up and took notice. "Hey, this is not the way to the office!"

"I know," Pete replied as he discretely dropped his free hand into his lap. "You have an appointment at Le Femme Beauty Salon from 8 until 10 o'clock this morning."

"I don't need a hairdo!" Steve insisted. "Mom just took me Saturday. Besides, I have to go to work!"

"Not for a hairdo," Pete replied in a casual tone as if nothing was out of the ordinary. "They are going to start removing your beard by electrolysis."

"Wait a minute, Pete! This is taking things too far! What about when Mom gets well and I return to pants?"

"Look at the bright side," Pete insisted as his member throbbed in its confinement. If he had his way, his older brother would never return to masculine clothes. "You won't have to shave before applying your makeup every morning, and after you return to pants, you'll be spared that chore forever. As for work, your absence is approved. Ms. Hansen will meet you here and take you to the office."

"What if I want to grow a beard?"

"That's the downside," Pete admitted as he parked the car, got out, walked around, and opened the door for Steve. "The upside is that you'll never have to shave."

"I won't let you do this!" Steve insisted as he folded his arms in a gesture of defiance and refused to exit the car. "You've done too much to me already!"

"Get out of the car this minute, or I'll pull you out and spank you here on the street!" Pete fumed. "You agreed to follow my orders, so hop to it or pay the penalty!"

Knowing he had agreed to follow Pete's orders only to avoid physical punishment, Steve rebelliously looked up at Pete, but seeing the determined glare in his brother's eyes, Steve's resolve quickly melted, and he femininely swung his legs out of the car. He dropped the dime from between his knees when his heels hit the pavement.

"Pick that dime up. You dropped it!" Pete scowled. When he saw Steve lower himself from his knees to retrieve the coin,

he added, "That's another feminine gesture you need to practice. I can see the tops of your nylons and your panties!"

"You don't know how difficult it is to bend like a lady in a short tight skirt and heels!"

"It's not important for me to know, but you'll be proficient after Mom finds out. Come along, you don't want to be late for your appointment." Placing his hand on his hapless brother's back, Pete forcefully guided him into the salon.

A smiling woman promptly greeted them when they entered the salon. "I'm Ms. Whitehall, and you must be Stephanie," she gushed. "Welcome to Le Femme! You are the most promising material I have seen lately. Come this way, and we'll get started."

Feeling an urgent need for release, Pete stammered, "Do you...uh...have a men's room?"

"You can use the ladies room if you flip down the sign that reads 'Man Inside'," Ms. Whitehall glanced at the bulge in his trousers. "You'll have privacy until you...*finish*. Stephanie and I can get acquainted in the meantime." Pete blushed when he realized that she was aware of his *need*, but he quickly made his way to the restroom.

When Pete returned, Ms. Whitehall said, "Steve wants to keep his beard, and he refuses to get in the chair for his electrolysis. Please remain while we perform the procedure."

"I'd like nothing better, but I'm late to work," Pete sighed.

"I'm afraid he'll run or refuse to allow us to do our work if you leave," Ms. Whitehall declared. "May we restrain him?"

The thought of immobilizing his older brother to permanently remove this symbol of his masculinity caused another stirring in Pete's jockey shorts. Sternly looking at Steve, he ordered, "Okay, Steph, into the chair!"

"Please don't let them do this horrible thing to me, Pete," Steve pleaded as his arms and legs were strapped to the chair.

"This procedure may be extremely uncomfortable," Ms. Whitehall admitted as she fastened a strap across Steve's

forehead. "If only he could concentrate on something other than the needle."

Pete smiled as he dug into his pocket, pulled out a dime, and held it for Steve to clasp between his nylon-encased knees. "Keep a count of how many times he drops this. I'll give him a swat on his panties for each."

"I have to come back tomorrow?" Steve gasped.

"Every day for the next two weeks," Ms. Whitehall smiled. "By then your beard will be history."

"Ms. Hansen will take you to your office after your appointment," Pete stated. "Meet me at the curb after work."

Just as Steve was about to protest, he felt the first sting of the needle on his face, and he dropped the dime from between his knees. This would require his full concentration. When he completed his session, Ms. Whitehall sent him to the powder room with instructions to re-do his makeup.

When he returned, he heard a male voice loudly protest, "My mustache is my pride and joy! I won't be able to grow it back when that crazy bitch lets me return to pants!" No sooner were the words spoken then Steve heard a series of swats, followed by urgent promises, "Okay, okay! I'll do as you say! Just stop spanking me!"

"Mr. Baxter?" Steve gasped as he opened the door a crack and peeked inside. Sure enough, there was his former boss with tears streaking his face and wearing a silky pink slip. He was being strapped into the same chair while a large man stood by to assure his cooperation.

Before Steve could see more of this scene, he heard Gloria's voice, "Oh, there you are, Stephanie! Don't you look pretty today! I love that shade of lipstick! It goes so well with your blonde hair, and it perfectly matches your nail polish."

Remembering the polite girlish manners his mother insisted he use, Steve lowered his eyes, blushed, and sighed, "Thank you, Ms. Hansen. You look much more professional in

your suit than you did in the short secretarial skirts and stilt heels Mr. Baxter insisted on you wearing.”

“Thank you for noticing, Stephanie,” Gloria beamed as she looked over his low cut translucent blouse, short skirt, and nylon encased thighs accentuated by his heels. “You look very attractive in your receptionist clothes, and you handle yourself much more confidently than you did yesterday. Ms. Fitch made the right decision to present you with a pink slip and require you to wear them full time. Let’s get to work.”

Steve meekly lowered his gaze and blushed. Unlike Pete, Gloria didn’t open the car door for him, so he had to enter on his own. “You did that like a real lady,” Gloria praised as she observed his feminine actions. “Are you sure that you never wore dresses before?”

Blushing brightly, he sighed, “Mom made me wear girl’s clothes and help her around the house when I was growing up. I had to wear panties to school and was drilled to exhaustion on every girlish movement and gesture imaginable. The kids knew because Pete brought his buddies to watch. I think he charged admission.”

“How did you feel?”

“Totally embarrassed, but Mom insisted that I wear a frilly apron over my dress and serve snacks to our *guests*. She would tell them I made the sandwiches and baked the cookies. She made me model a new dress or skirt and blouse while she told them about other pretty clothes she bought for me. Her descriptions always included bras, panties, slips, teddies, camisoles, and nighties!”

“Why didn’t you refuse to wear them?”

“I tried, but failed every time and ended up across her lap for a sound spanking on my panties. Dad supported me until she convinced him that I belonged in skirts. After that he treated me like a girl and enforced Mom’s dress code. When he died three years ago, I bought some male clothes, cut my hair, and started working for Mr. Baxter.”

"No wonder Ms. Fitch chose you to be our pretty receptionist."

"Please, don't say that," Steve blushed while trying to tug the hem of his skirt a bit lower on his nylon clad thighs. "Now that I have to wear dresses to work, Mom is starting in on me as if I were a girl. Can't you ask Ms. Fitch to let things return to the way they were with me in pants?"

"Get serious! Why would I want to be demoted from office manager to secretary and return to my old meager salary? No, I'm afraid you're stuck with the status Quo unless you resign."

"I can't quit. Pete won't let me."

"In that case, you had best forget about wearing pants, put a happy smile on that pretty face, and become the most efficient receptionist possible."

"Why are people always making me wear dresses?" Steve sighed in despair. "I'm a guy, for Gawd's sake!"

"But you're a guy with a pretty face and long sexy legs most girls would kill for," Gloria smiled as she pulled into the space in the executive lot that had formerly been assigned to her passenger. "Ms. Fitch says that you were born to wear dresses, and I agree with her."

"That's what Mom always said whenever I complained about her making me dress as a girl when I was growing up," Steve lamented with a blush as he exited the car in the ladylike manner that was rapidly becoming habit.

"So we have all come to the same conclusion," Gloria declared. "The other employees agree now that they've seen how attractive you are with makeup and how gracefully you comport yourself in skirts."

"I always hated wearing dresses, skirts, soft silky lingerie, and makeup, but I learned long ago that I don't get teased if people think I'm a real female," Steve sighed. Placing his heels on the pavement, slipping the strap of his purse over his shoulder, and tugging his short skirt into place, he was ready for another traumatic day at the office in his feminine guise.

Watching him walk easily and naturally in his heels, Gloria encouraged, "Good idea, but you should go a step farther. Forget your aversion to wearing skirts and accept that you're doing so to help your mother and to keep your job."

"Not my job! You gave it to that bimbo Dizzy Liz... uh ... Ms. Wright!"

"She only dressed and behaved like that way because it was mandatory to keep her meager job under Baxter. We both know that she is imminently more qualified to head that department than you. You were a failure as an executive, but if you adopt a positive attitude and apply yourself, you can become a very efficient and attractive receptionist."

"Here it goes again!" Steve commiserated as he sat at his desk, put his feminine purse away, pressed his nylon-clad thighs together for the sake of modesty, and assumed his receptionist duties. "I'm back in skirts, and I can't simply walk away from them and return to pants like I did when Dad died! With Pete forcing the issue at home and Ms. Fitch at work, my only way out is for Mom to get well. I sure hope that happens soon because my beard will soon be gone. Even worse, the feminine habits and gestures Mom drilled into me when I was growing up are coming back fast ... too fast!"

Melvin and Brad

Saturday morning arrived after the longest two weeks in Melvin and Brad's life. Every morning was torture at the Le Femme salon followed by interminable lessons on acting and reacting as females.

"Rise and shine, Melissa," Greta pulled Melvin's covers from his nylon nightgown covered body. "Hurry or I'll have Ivan help you."

Melvin quickly rolled out of bed, remembering the two instances in the past week when Ivan helped him out of bed. Melvin still felt the sting from two mornings ago when he was draped across the big man's lap with his nightgown pulled up and scrunched under his belly to reveal his silken panties to

the big man's hand. He wasn't going to give Greta another excuse to demonstrate who really was 'master' of the house.

"Take a quick shower, dearie," Greta instructed.

"Not another day at that damn torture chamber you call a beauty parlor?" Melvin moaned. "My face and neck are as silky as a baby's. A hair will never grow on my face again."

"Oh, no, darling," Greta grinned. "Your days at the parlor are over for now, although I'm sure you will willingly return again in the future."

"I doubt that!" Melvin growled. "So what's the rush?"

"Today you start a new phase in your transition to womanhood," Greta exclaimed.

"Not that 'girlie school' stuff?" Melvin moaned.

"Get a move on or you will have more to worry about than 'girlie school'."

Melvin quickly entered the shower. He felt so weird as the water flowed over his hairless body. The spray tingled his suddenly sensitive nipples, and he was lost without his manhood hanging between his legs. He inserted a finger in the vertical slit that simulated a vaginal opening below his heart shaped bush. His finger penetrated about half an inch before touching the tip of his manhood located at the bottom of the slit. His touch instantly sent a tingle up his spine, but his manhood didn't harden. It was impossible to grow while hidden beneath its sheath. It didn't even start to harden. He was sure that was a side effect of those damnable hormones Greta had given him. Yet its obvious sensitivity was heartening. At least it was alive and well beneath its covering.

When Melvin reentered his bedroom, he was surprised to find Brad primly sitting on the settee with his knees femininely held together as he had been painfully taught over the past two weeks. Melvin couldn't get over how feminine his son appeared in his tight fitting top and micro miniskirt. The top barely covered his 'breasts', while his skirt hung low on

his hips. The result was a wide swath of bare waist that exposed his pierced bellybutton.

Brad delicately held his hands on his lap to reveal his now long tapered fingers and colorful nails. His dark hair was femininely layered to curl about his ears and down the back of his neck. His makeup was subdued, consisting of only a little blush and light lipstick. Even so, his face appeared soft, delicate, almost translucent, probably because he had never had to shave.

"Brad? You are ready already?" Melvin asked.

"Please call me Brandi, mother," Brad furtively looked about the room to see if Greta or Ivan were present. "They punish both of us when one of us refers to the other by our former male names or pronouns."

Melvin noticed that neither Greta nor Ivan were present. "Former? Those are still our names, son. They may have us over a barrel right now, but we will return to being the men we are, and we shouldn't forget that."

"I...I'm not so sure, mother," Brad whined. "Everything they are doing and teaching seems so...so permanent."

"Don't lose hope, son," Melvin whispered just as Greta entered the room.

"Hurry and get dressed, Melissa," Greta growled, "You're slower than most real women. That's one feminine trait you don't have to emulate."

An hour later, Greta pulled out of the driveway with Ivan in the passenger's seat. Melvin and Brad silently sat in the backseat with their knees primly closed and legs tilted to the side to hide their delicate lace panties beneath their skirts.

Greta drove to the country to a large estate hidden behind a walled gated entrance. After announcing their presence, the gate opened and she drove over a curved driveway to a large columned entrance. All four exited the car and walked to the opened doorway where an attractive woman in her early forties greeted them.

"This must be Brandi," she sweetly smiled. "Welcome to Girlie School. I am Ms Thomas." The woman extended her hand to Melvin, "You must be Brandi's mother."

Confused, Melvin merely took her hand in his, barely closing his fingers. It was a very womanly greeting. "Uh...yes," he stammered, looking at Ivan as he answered.

"Nice to meet you, Ms. Baxter," the woman smiled. "Be assured that your sweet daughter will be in the best of hands during her stay here."

"Ah...I...I thought we both were..." Brad stammered.

"Oh, no, silly," Ms Thomas laughed. "This is a school for girls, not grown women." She invited them into her office. "You will be with us for 3 weeks, Brandi," she said. "That's not much time to make you presentable as the 14-year-old girl you are to become, but we will do our best. I understand that you have two months before starting school. Maybe we can talk your mother into allowing you to attend the final month before school. A girl can't get too much feminine training."

Brad looked helplessly at his father, who sat speechless at this exchange. "You mean that I'll be here without my f...uh...mother?" he cried.

"Don't be such a baby, young lady," Ms Thomas stated. "You will be much too busy here to worry about your mother. I understand that she has her own lessons to learn." Ms Thomas gave a knowing glance at Greta, who nodded.

"I'm not attending this school?" Melvin suddenly came to life, realizing that his immediate future was not at 'girlie school'. "Where am I going?"

"Never you mind," Greta warned. "You will learn in time."

Ms Thomas rang a buzzer, and a cute blonde teenage girl entered the room. "Alice, this is Brandi. She will be your roommate for the next 3 weeks. Please make her welcome. Her luggage is being taken to your room."



"I won't be attending girlie school with my son...uh...daughter?" Melvin gasped.

"Oh, no, Ms. Baxter," Ms. Thomas said. "This class will teach Brandi to be a teenage girl. You need a class to learn to be a single mother."

"Yes, Ms Thomas," Alice greeted. "Hello, Brandi, My name is Alice."

Confused, and a little scared, Brad took her soft hand in his. "Go with Alice, Brandi. She will take good care of you."

Brad slowly followed this girl while looking over his shoulder at his equally confused father who wanted to rebel and take his son from this awful building, yet was unable to with Ivan hovering in the background.

As the door shut on his son, Ms Thomas said, "Don't worry, Ms. Baxter, your daughter is in the best of hands. Alice and your daughter have a lot in common. Brandi will be much more confident in her new life when you pick her up."

"But..." Melvin could only stammer.

"Let us be going, Melissa," Greta suddenly interrupted. "You have a busy 3 weeks ahead too, and it's time to start."

Standing up in his now familiar high heels, Melvin's knees almost buckled at the thought of what this school might do to his son. Helpless to change anything, he meekly followed Greta from the building after saying goodbye to Ms Thomas. Ivan followed close behind.

Steve

At work, Steve was becoming much more at ease in his feminine guise. The other workers sensed that and teased him less. Were they beginning to accept him as a female because he adapted so quickly and easily to skirts and heels, or had Ms. Fitch ordered them to lay off him?

Steve waited for Pete and his ride home, he knew he was being watched, ogled, and mentally undressed by the men who passed, but he was less distressed with each passing day. He smiled at them when unavoidable and ignored them as much as possible.

When Pete pulled to the curb, he felt a stirring in his groin. Knowing he wore jockey briefs while his older brother

wore panties and skirts at his insistence was really stimulating. Watching Steve enter the car, he shifted positions to hide the bulge in his pants and observed, "You did that in a very ladylike manner, but you still need practice. Thank Mom for helping you discard your tomboy ways, and ask her to repeat your lessons."

"Give me a break, Pete!" Steve objected. "I've pranced around in heels all day, and my feet are killing me! You don't know how difficult it is to walk in these stilts with a book on your head."

"You're wearing dresses to help Mom. The more feminine you look and act, the happier she is!" Pete snapped. "How many times did you drop your dime at the salon today?"

"That needle stung like a bee," Steve wailed, rubbing his face. "Don't make me go back to that awful place!"

"Of course, you're going back!" Pete insisted with a scowl. "Besides, you are almost finished. Do you want Mom to see a five o'clock shadow or beard stubble showing through your makeup? Stop changing the subject. How many times did you drop the dime from between your knees at the salon?"

"Six times, but only when the needle stung especially bad," Steve blushed, trying to come up with a valid excuse.

"Not too bad," Pete mused as the bulge in his pants increased to the maximum. "After Mom goes to bed, come to my room and tell me you are ready for your punishment. I promise you only one swat on your panties for each time you dropped your dime."

"Please, no, Pete! I tried really hard to hold that dime! I dropped it only when that needle stung really bad!"

"You will obey me or face the consequences!" Pete declared as he erupted into his jockeys. "Don't make me come looking for you...*Stephanie!*"

Steve lowered his head and sighed in resignation, "Yes, Pete."

When they arrived home, Steve approached his mother as ordered, thanked her for helping rid him of his tomboyish ways, and asked her to continue his lessons. Needless to say she was elated to learn that her daughter wanted to continue her compartment drills.

With only a short break for a light dinner, Steve's lessons continued until time for his nightly beauty ritual. At long last, with his makeup removed, his smooth hairless legs creamed, a beauty masque on his face, his hair in curlers, and wearing a translucent negligee over his silky babydoll nightie, he timidly knocked on Pete's door.

Once inside, he lowered his eyes and said, "Please don't spank me, Pete. I tried really hard to concentrate and hold that dime, but that awful needle stung so badly. Look, my body is covered with creams and lotions, my legs are shaved, and my face is covered with goop! Wearing these clothes, losing my beard, and pretending to be Mom's daughter until she gets well is very humiliating. Coming to my younger brother for spankings is especially humiliating!"

"What's the big deal?" Pete innocently asked while looking over his feminized brother. Feeling the familiar stirring in his shorts, he nonchalantly placed his hand over his lap to hide his raging excitement and added, "None of this is new except for having your beard removed and submitting to me for discipline. You've worn dresses, silky undies, makeup, and slept in pretty nighties most of your life."

"How would you like wearing these clothes, and lying across my lap for a spanking on your panties when you complained about having to be a girl?" Steve countered.

"Go for it if you think you can pull it off!" Pete scowled. "Otherwise, get across my lap, and let's get on with your spanking. We agreed that you will be a girl for Mom's sake, and I have to punish you from time to time to keep you focused. What's the big deal?"



"Please don't spank me, Pete," Steve cried. "I'm your older brother."

"Lay over my lap like the little girl you have become," Pete growled, "Or I'll spank you so hard that you will beg me to let you wear girl's clothes."

"You said that, but I didn't agree!" Steve asserted. "I'm the oldest. Why am I the one who has to be a girl?"

"Since you were very young, people have said that you should have been a girl!"

"Because Mom grew my hair long and dressed me as a girl from the time I was little!"

"Mom is sick now, and she needs our help."

"Yes, *our* help! Why don't *you* do something to help her?"

"I am doing something," Pete insisted. "I've taken over as head of the household. I'm taking care of Mom by making sure you dress and behave properly as the daughter she wants."

Anxious for release, Pete placed a pillow over his lap to pad his hardness. Patting the pillow, he asked, "Are you going to accept your punishment or do we do this the hard way?" Knowing he couldn't defeat his younger brother in a fight, Steve lowered his gaze, and with a sigh of resignation, he obediently lay across the pillow to endure his dreaded spanking.

Pete's excitement was almost more than he could bear when his open palm landed on Steve's soft nylon panties. After the sixth blow, he couldn't resist taking Steve's humiliation a step farther. "You get six more for arguing with me," he insisted. "And a dozen more for not packing your old things away like you were told."

After the next six painful swats, Steve pleaded, "No more, please! I'll do as you say!"

Pete really enjoyed disciplining his feminine clad older brother and stopping was the last thing on his mind. But wanting to do this in the future, he paused and said, "Okay, we can save the rest for tomorrow." As Steve jumped to his feet and vigorously massaged his stinging nylon-covered buttocks, Pete asked, "Have you finished boxing up your masculine things?"

"Almost," Steve lied as he shifted from foot to foot and tried to wipe the tears from his eyes in hopes that his brother wouldn't check.

"You have thirty minutes to finish!" Pete asserted, grateful for a chance to relieve his sexual tension.

Steve, in a quest to avoid additional punishment, rushed to his room and began boxing his masculine clothes. Suits, ties, jeans, shirts, cotton underwear, socks, and shoes were hurriedly packed away with no consideration for neatness. When he finished, Pete still had not returned, so he sat on his bed and began polishing his toenails cherry red.

Shortly, Pete knocked on Steve's door and entered without being invited. Seeing his brother in his silky nightie applying red polish to his toes, he grinned, picked up one of the boxes, and made his exit without a word. Box after box was taken away, and when he returned for the last box, he looked at Steve and asked, "Is this all of it?" Steve only looked down and blushed. Pete snarled, "There are more, aren't there?"

"No, Pete," Steve insisted. "That's all of my male clothes."

"Just to make sure, I'll ask Mom to look around in here for *tomboy* clothes. If she finds any, I'll pull you across my lap, flip up your skirt, and warm your panties while she watches!"

"Wait!" Steve pleaded as Pete neared the door with the last box. He had finished polishing his toenails, but the polish wasn't dry. Leaping off his bed, he walked on his heels toward his dresser to keep from smearing the wet polish. Opening a drawer, he removed a stack of clothes and handed them to his smiling brother.

Pete observed, "Jeans, shirt, and shoes, but no underwear. Were you planning to wear panties when you ran away?"

"Run away? What gave you that idea?"

"I've known you were planning to run away since you started wearing skirts again. That's why I took your car away and why I'm removing your clothes. For this act of defiance, you've earned a dozen smacks for each item you tried to hide.

That's 4 items times 12, so I now owe you 48 additional spanks. You had best get with the program or sitting will become very difficult! Now, finish your beauty ritual and get to bed. You need your beauty sleep."

"I'll show him!" Steve fumed as he sat at his vanity and began polishing his fingernails to match his toes. "When I get paid Friday, I'll cash my check, buy men's clothes, and run away from this life in skirts!"

Steve came to breakfast the next morning wearing a mid-thigh length red dress and four inch pumps with open toes that showed his red toenails through his nylons. His matching lipstick, expertly applied makeup, and flowing blonde tresses combined to give him a very attractive feminine appearance. He blushed when his mother and brother admired him as he brushed his skirt beneath him and joined them at the table.

"The ladylike manners I drilled into you as a teenager are returning much faster than I dared hope," Mrs. Miller smiled as she watched Steve down the two pills on his plate with grapefruit juice. "I'm sure we'll rid you of those nasty tomboy habits in a couple of months. Regaining your trim figure will take a bit longer."

'A couple of months, my Aunt Lucy!' Steve thought as he consumed his trifling fare. 'I'm out of here when I get paid Friday!'

Kissing his mother goodbye, Steve went to the car where Pete held the door for him. Pete watched him enter the car, admired his nylon-clad legs. When the pair arrived at the salon, Pete handed him a dime and warned, "Each time you drop it today will cost you two swats on your panties."

Remembering that he would be free on Friday gave him the willpower to lower his head, blush, and sigh, "Yes, Pete. I'll try very hard to please both Mom and you."

"Good girl," Pete smiled as he sped away.

"Girl!" Steve seethed as he walked into the salon, his heels and tight skirt restricting his stride and forcing him to assume a feminine gait. "I may have to dress as a bimbo

receptionist today, endure Mom's girlish training later, and submit to a spanking from Pete before bedtime, but I'll be gone after I get paid tomorrow and free to be a man. If Pete wants Mom to have a daughter, *he* can wear the dresses, skirts, silky undies, high heels, and makeup!"

(((((0))))))

Melvin

Melvin was a little apprehensive when Ivan climbed into the backseat with him instead of in the front passenger seat. Melvin looked out the rear window as the gates closed on the estate, effectively locking his son inside, to what end?

Almost automatically, Melvin assumed his feminine posture on one side of the car while Ivan occupied almost the entire other side. Greta drove for an hour before entering the entrance to a small hospital. "This isn't a beauty salon," Melvin observed. "What are we doing at a hospital?"

Neither Greta nor Ivan answered. Greta led the way as Ivan escorted an upset and concerned Melvin. What were they at a hospital for? Ms Fitch promised that nothing would be done that could not be undone. Maybe they were to pick up another bottle of those damnable hormones. Yes, that's it. It had to be it.

Greta went to the receptionist. "Ms. Baxter is here for her appointment."

Glancing at Melvin, the woman said, "Please follow me." She opened a door for the three to enter.

Melvin's knees nearly buckled as he followed the two women into a room. "Please remove your dress, Ms. Baxter." The woman offered a white hospital gown.

"What's going on?" Melvin fiercely asked Greta after the woman left. "Surely she knows that I'm not a woman."

Although he was dressed most femininely, and not a stray hair covered his body, it was obvious to anyone who saw his face that he was a man. Makeup cannot hide a masculine jaw line, hooked nose, and sharp, angular facial features.

"Of course she knows," Greta answered. "Get undressed. The sooner you comply, the sooner we can leave." Melvin did as instructed, and fifteen minutes later stood bare-ass naked except for the cloth hospital robe wrapped about his body.

Another woman, older and obviously in charge, entered. "Welcome to 'Woman's Hospital', Ms. Baxter. Sit on the table so I can examine you. My name is Doctor James."

Frightened now, Melvin did as instructed. Doctor James gave him a thorough examination ending up at his crotch. "They did a marvelous job down here," she marveled. "A casual exam would not reveal that it is fake. Are you sensitive down there, Melissa?"

Blushing deep pink at her penetrating question, Melvin merely nodded. "Marvelous!" she continued. "I'm sure you will find many opportunities to find pleasure down there."

"Let's proceed," the doctor approached with a needle. 'It's as I thought,' Melvin inwardly sighed, realizing that he was only getting a booster shot.

After administering the shot, the doctor turned to Greta and Ivan. "She will be under for a few days. She can be visited by the middle of next week."

"Uh...what...?" Melvin tried to ask, suddenly groggy.

"Lie down, Melissa," the doctor helped him to recline.

"We will take our leave," Greta said. "Obey the doctor, Melissa. This clears your record of the many, many demerits you've accumulated over the past week, including those from this morning for referring to your sweet new daughter as your slovenly son."

'She heard!' Melvin could barely keep his eyes open. What was going on? Why were they leaving without him?

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Brad

Brad followed Alice down the hallway and up a flight of stairs. He briefly contemplated running now that he was free

of Greta and that brute, Ivan, but where would he go? High walls surrounded this estate, and he did agree to do whatever that Fitch bitch asked in order to keep his job. But how was he going to work as a 14-year-old girl, and what was this talk about school in the fall? But then, it was silly to think that he would ever pass as a young teenage girl. After all, he really was an eighteen-year-old man, not a young girl. He would let these bitches try to remake him into a girl, but it was like beating against a brick wall. He was a man, and when all was over and done with, that is what he would be.

"You realize that I'm a guy, don't you?" he asked as he followed Alice into her room.

"Of course, silly," she giggled. "So was I before I came to Ms Thomas' school 6 months ago."

"You're a guy too?" Brad gasped, looking at the blonde beauty standing before him in her cute top and very tight short shorts. "I don't believe it!"

"It's true," giggled Alice, "although it's becoming hard to remember what it was like. I was leader of a local gang, got caught, and the law gave my parents two choices. They chose this option. It may have been better to go to jail. At least I'd see an end to my sentence. I saw a gleam in my mother's eyes when she last visited that indicated that she liked what she saw. She may not let me return to being a guy after my 3-year sentence is over. She pretty well rules the roost, and Daddy will do whatever she says."

Marveling at this feminine piece of fluff standing before him, Brad asked, "What's this school about? How can they change a determined guy into a girl? I assume you didn't become a girl without a struggle."

"I struggled all right," Alice said, "but don't let Ms Thomas' sweet looks deceive you. She and her assistants can be hard as nails when they want to."

"I'm here for only 3 weeks, and they aren't going to make a girl out of me!" Brad announced.

"Only 3 weeks? You must be on the accelerated program. I can see why someone wants you to become a girl though. Your skin is practically translucent, and your features are quite androgynous. Your voice sounds almost natural. Did you go through puberty?" Alice questioned.

Turning red, Brad sputtered, "W...what do you mean? Of course I went through puberty! I'm 18 years old!"

"Eighteen? Why you don't look a day older than 15. What will your new age be?" Alice asked.

Blushing at her penetrating observations, Brad quietly answered, "Fourteen..."

"Jeez, they are going to transform you into a girl barely out of adolescence? Obviously someone thinks that you missed male puberty, so they are taking you through female puberty. Welcome to girlhood, Brandi! I don't think you will ever see masculinity again, except maybe from your boyfriend."

"Boyfriend? I don't want any stinking boyfriend!" Brad gasped, almost ready to attack this girl for her impudence. "I'm a guy and guys don't date guys!"

"Really? Where have you been? In your case, it will be a girl dating a guy, and you will be the girl!"

"Posh!" Brad growled, and plopped down on the unused bed. "They can huff and puff, but they will never turn me into a piece of feminine fluff like they did you."

Alice wanted to beat the shit out of this arrogant brat, but instead extended her hand. "We are living together for the next 3 weeks, so let's call a truce. Okay?"

Brad's temper subsided. It wouldn't do to make enemies on his first day, especially with his roommate. He accepted the offered hand, noting how small and soft it felt. Alice was further along towards girlhood than even she realized.

Melvin

Melvin groggily woke and opened his eyes to darkness, his face wracked in pain and a dull throbbing and tightness about his chest. "What happened? Why do I hurt so?" he thought. "Help!" he tried to cry out, but only a squeak emerged.

A few minutes later, which seemed like hours, a nurse entered. "Ah, our patient has finally awakened," she stated. "How do you feel, Ms Baxter?"

"I...I...hurt. Where am I? Why can't I see?" Melvin barely whispered.

"The pain will subside over the next few days. You are in the recovery ward, and your eyes are covered with bandages," the nurse answered.

"But...why?" he asked.

"You had some facial surgery, ma'am," the nurse answered. "The bandages are to protect your skin while you heal. The doctor did a marvelous job. You are going to be quite pretty."

"I don't..." Melvin started to protest, but sleep overcame him again.

Two days later, Melvin was sitting up in bed sipping his meal through a straw when Gloria and Ms. Fitch merrily tripped into his hospital room. "Our little Miss Homemaker has finally recovered," Ms Fitch laughed. "Although you can't fully appreciate the wonderful gift given to you until the doctor removes your bandages."

"Gift? The nurse said that they did surgery on my face. I have tits now too," Melvin squeaked.

"So you do, Melissa, darling," she agreed, "a lovely set of B-cups. You will have all the horny men at the office lusting after you when you return."

"I didn't agree to those surgeries," he tried hard to growl, but his deep voice continually failed him.

"Agree? The surgeries are payment for all those nasty penalty points you accumulated over the past two weeks. But yes, they are also a gift. You will be able to pass yourself off as a woman and single mother once you heal. The doctor said that you would be quite lovely."

"But I don't want to be 'lovely,'" Melvin nearly whined. "How will I ever be able to return to being a man if I look like a woman...with a woman's bosom?"

"Why would you want to return to being that man?" Gloria giggled, "When you can be an attractive woman?"

"The doctor is due soon to remove your bandages. We want to be the first to see the new you."

The doctor entered and greeted the two women. "How is our patient today?"

"I'm afraid she is a little grumpy, doctor," Ms. Fitch smiled, "but her attitude will brighten once she sees the results of your wonderful work."

Melvin wanted to disagree, but it wouldn't help, and may even result in new penalty points. If his past penalties resulted in these surgeries, what would these women think of to work off any new demerits?

"Let me remove those facial bandages, and we'll see how you turned out," the doctor approached Melvin with scissors and a scalpel.

The doctor carefully removed the bandages. "Wow, girl!" Gloria gushed, "You will be gorgeous when the swelling goes away and the bruises fade."

The doctor handed Melvin a mirror so he could examine the changes to his face. "We shaved your chin a little, raised your eyebrows, lowered your hairline, redid your nose, and enhanced your cheeks," the doctor explained. "Everything turned out fine. You will be a lovely looking woman in a few weeks."

Melvin sucked in his breath when he saw his face in the mirror. He had two black eyes, and a swollen nose. His cheeks seemed huge, but he had fewer wrinkles.

"We took the opportunity to remove those ugly wrinkles," Ms. Fitch smiled. "The doctor shaved your Adam's apple and permanently raised the timbre of your voice."

"Ahhhh!" was all Melvin could say as he lost conscience and passed out.

"I'm afraid she is too overcome with joy, doctor," Ms. Fitch said. "She will be fine once she gets used to her new beauty."

"I'll come back later to remove the bandages from her new breasts," the doctor said, not realizing that Melvin hadn't asked for and didn't want what was done.

Melvin woke after the doctor left. "What did you do to me?" he gasped. "I never agreed to this."

"Don't be such a grump," Ms. Fitch lectured. "You don't want to look like a truck driver wearing a dress do you? Now you will never be mistaken for a man. You should thank us."

Melvin knew that it was useless to argue with this woman who had his entire life in her hands. "We will pick you up tomorrow, Melissa dear," Ms. Fitch announced. "We brought you some lovely clothes to wear. You will want to dress nicely for your first day at girlie school."

"I'm going to girlie school?" Melvin asked. "I thought that Brad...uh...Brandi was the only one..."

"Don't be silly, dear," Ms Fitch laughed. "Brandi is doing marvelously in her classes. She is becoming such a cute teenager. You will be able to visit her in a week or so when your bruises heal. But you need lessons too, only your lessons will be on living as a woman and a single mother."

Steve

Steve couldn't wait until Friday arrived so he could cash his paycheck and 'get the hell out of Dodge', so to speak. He

was as nervous as a cat as he ate his skimpy breakfast. "Something wrong, dear," his mother asked. "You don't seem your normal self today."

'Hell, I haven't been my 'normal self' for months now,' Steve thought. "No, mother," he shyly answered. "I'm fine. I'm must a little nervous about going back to the beauty shop."

"Pete says that they are doing wonders with you at that wonderful shop," he mother trilled. "You must thank those women for helping my little girl get rid of your awful tomboyish behavior."

"Uh...okay, mother," said Steve as he stood up to follow Pete to his car.

"Ms. Whitehall told me that your beard will be gone after today's session," Pete smiled. "Then you will only need to go on Saturday's for your normal beauty appointment. You do want to look nice for mom and work, don't you?"

Steve knew that if he answered truthfully, he would end up over Pete's knee for another spanking session, so he meekly replied, "Yes, Pete, I want to always appear feminine."

"Good girl," Pete smiled as Steve stepped out of the car at the salon. "I'll be back in two hours to take you to work."

The session seemed to last forever! Steve wanted to get to work, get his paycheck, and be gone! Finally Ms. Whitehall declared, "That's it, Stephanie. I can't find anything else to zap. You are as free of nasty hair as any woman."

Steve feigned appreciation, realizing that everything he said or did was reported back to Ms. Fitch or Pete. "Thank you, ma'am. I'll be back tomorrow for my normal beauty treatment."

"We will see you then," she smiled. Pete pulled up out front, and Steve daintily traipsed out the door, his sexy pleated skirt swishing about his smooth nylon covered thighs.

"I'll pick you up at the normal time, Stephanie," Pete said as Steven slipped out the passenger door at work. "Don't be late."

"I won't be late, Pete," Steve said, while relishing the look that will be on Pete's face when he arrives and Steve is long gone.

Steve took his normal seat at his desk and checked a few items before leaving to pick up his check. "Hello, Stephanie," the cashier greeted, "How may I help you?"

"My paycheck, please," Steve answered.

"Your paycheck isn't here, dear," the woman said. "It was signed over to your mother, per your instructions."

"What? I never gave any such instructions," Steve gasped.

"This is your signature, isn't it, dear?" the woman showed him a notification of check transference. He remembered signing something a week or so ago, but hadn't given it much thought.

"But...I..." Steve stammered, not thinking clearly. "How do I change it back?"

"That will take a month or so, but why would you do that since you just changed it to go to your mother?"

"I...I...never mind," Steve was confused and not thinking straight. His plans to break free of his brother and this awful job were wrecked. What was he to do? He had no male clothes, and no way of buying new ones. He had to stay as his mother's daughter, brother's sister, and the company's sexy receptionist until he could think of a new way to break free.

Melvin and Brad

"Are you ready to meet your new daughter?" Greta greeted Melvin as he entered the girlie school main office. "Your bruises are almost gone, and soon you will be back at work."

"Is Bra...uh...Brandi okay?" Melvin asked.

"You almost made a boo-boo, Melissa dear," Greta smiled, "but you caught yourself in time, so no demerits will be given."

As for your question, yes, she is fine. She has really blossomed these past few weeks under Ms. Thomas' tutelage."

"I can't wait to see hi...her," Melvin carefully climbed into the back seat of his car. Ivan was driving, and painful memories of his big hands on his sore butt helped him catch himself again.

Smiling to show that she knew of his near misstep, Greta asked, "Did you learn how to be a woman and mother?"

Melvin remembered the past two weeks, as the women in this insidious school pounded femininity into his fragile psychic. He didn't want to learn to act like a woman. It was bad enough to have to look and dress as one without being forced to act as one too. But slowly, he felt his maleness slip away as those women drilled and drilled and drilled. Finally he couldn't hold out and he felt himself responding to their promptings and lessons, until these past few days, he seemed eager to learn, eager to absorb as much as he could.

"Yes, Greta, I learned so much at the school," he answered, not letting on as to how much he had changed deep down. He didn't want to give them the satisfaction.

Ivan drove while Greta quizzed. "I'm sure you will be impressed at how much Brandi has changed over the past month."

"It will be so lovely to see my child again," Melvin sincerely responded. Feminine words and phrases came naturally to him now. It seemed like the right thing to say.

"Still having problems thinking of Brandi as a girl?" Greta asked. "I'm sure you won't have that problem once you see and talk with her."

They pulled into the gate of the girlie school that he visited what seemed so long ago. Melvin automatically smoothed his skirt as he exited the car. "You did that so nicely, Melissa," Greta said. "The school did you a world of good."

They entered the building, Melvin following Greta, and Ivan bringing up the rear. "Have a seat," Ms. Thomas offered. "Brandi will be right down. She is finishing her packing."

"Packing?" Melvin asked. "H...She didn't have any clothes but those she wore when she arrived."

"You know young girls. Take them shopping, and they buy out the entire store," Ms. Thomas explained.

"Brad...Brandi was never that way before...before..." Melvin stammered, wondering what these insidious women had done to his son.

"She has changed since joining us at girlie school," Ms. Thomas chose to ignore his mistake. "You have a vivacious young lady on your hands now."

Melvin was truly worried about Brad and what they had done to him in this awful place. Suddenly a side door opened and a young girl appeared. "Mother! Oh, it's so wonderful to see you again!" the girl ran over and wrapped her arms about Melvin's waist.

"Brad?" Melvin couldn't help asking.

"It's Brandi now, mother," the girl gushed.

Nothing about Brad suggested that he was anything but the young teenage girl he appeared to be. He wore a short checked skirt that displayed lots of girlish legs to his reasonable heeled slippers, and a stylish sensible short sleeve blouse that hinted of budding girlhood beneath the buttoned lace covered front. His hair was femininely styled with small red ribbons on each side, and he wore minimum makeup so as not to hide his soft translucent skin. He had lost at least 15 lbs., and could not weigh more than 120 lbs.

"B...Brandi?" Melvin coughed, having a hard time absorbing the changes in his son. "What happened to you?"

"What do you mean, mother?" Brad innocently asked. "They just showed me how to act my new age...and my new gender. Do you like?"

Clearing his throat, Melvin couldn't find the words. "Uh, you look lovely, Brandi..." he stammered.

"You don't like me?" Brad cried, moving away from him. "Is it my skirt? Is it too short?"

Greta was about to enter the fray, when Melvin recovered. "No, no, nothing like that. You are just so...so pretty. I was just caught by surprise at how...how lovely you turned out."

"Really, mother?" Brad squealed. "Do I really look nice?"

Not wanting to cause a scene, and certainly not wanting Greta or Ivan to become involved, Melvin softly said, "Yes, Brandi, you are absolutely lovely. Are you happy as a girl?"

"Oh, yes, I love being a girl, mother. I can't wait to attend my sophomore year at school. I hope the boys like me."

"Really?" Melvin gasped.

"She flirted with the boys at the mall all week," Ms Thomas injected now that the crisis had passed.

Brad blushed deep pink. "But, Ms Thomas, the boys were flirting with me. What else was I to do?"

"Nothing at all, pumpkin," she responded, giving Brad a hug and a peck on his cheek. "Be careful at your new school. You aren't used to boys yet. You don't want to get into trouble."

"I'll be careful, Ms. Thomas," Brad cried as he gave her a return peck on her cheek. "I'll miss you and all the other girls here at school."

"We will miss you too, Brandi. Please come back and tell us about being a girl outside these walls. The other girls will love to hear about it since they will soon move onto similar girlish lives."

"I will, Ms. Thomas, I promise!" Brad sincerely said as Greta led him from the room to the waiting car.

Melvin was in a quandary the entire trip home, but he didn't dare question Brad about his apparent sincerity in embracing his enforced girlishness. That would only get him a

session with Ivan. But once they were home, and had moved all Brad's new clothes to his closets, and Greta and Ivan had left them alone to become reacquainted, Melvin asked, "What's with this girlie girl act, Brad?"

"Please don't call me Brad, mother," Brad sniffed. "My name is Brandi, and it's not an act. I'm a girl now. Please accept that."

"What happened?" Melvin was flabbergasted.

"I entered the school determined not to give in to their 'brain washing', no matter what. Then I met Alice, and she said that if I wanted to not be punished that I should pretend to listen and learn, so I listened and learned. It was insidious, but I was soon mimicking the other girls. Soon it was no longer an act. I was just like them."

"But now that you are away from that awful place, you can return to being Brad," Melvin said.

"Don't be silly, mother," Brandi laughed. "I can't return anymore than you can reverse the changes you've had over the past month. Don't think I haven't noticed your feminine face, plus your actions are so feminine and natural. Are those real breasts beneath your blouse?"

Melvin couldn't deny Brad's accusations. He too had entered the school determined to not respond to their teachings, but he left speaking and acting like the women he had lorded over at work all those years. He was like them now...well almost. Bowing his head, he admitted, "Yes, I'm a 38 B-cup. They almost feel natural."

"I'm afraid they are succeeding in transforming us into girls, mother. I know I cannot...do not want to return to being Brad. I'm Brandi, a teenage girl, and I love wearing my lovely clothes. I can't wait to attend school and meet cute boys."

"You return to work tomorrow," Greta announced as Melvin was eating his skimpy breakfast. There were times

when he wished he were back at school and away from this awful woman and her burly husband.

"Like this? What should I wear? What will be my job?" Melvin stammered. He knew that he eventually would return to work. Ms. Fitch had stated as much, plus he had to preserve his pension. But it was always sometime in the future. Suddenly the future was now.

"Never you mind," Greta said. "Ms Fitch will pick you up tomorrow morning. After that, you will have to find your own way to work."

"But...I haven't my driver's license..." Melvin stammered, wondering what it would be like to drive while wearing high heels.

"Ms Fitch will take care of that tomorrow," Greta finished, "but today you must refine your lessons on acting like a lady. She doesn't want a tomboy working for her." Melvin groaned, but knew he would be walking the chalk line before the morning was out.

Ms Fitch arrived exactly when she said. With butterflies twirling about his tummy, Melvin left his house and walked down the driveway to her car. His pleated tan skirt played about his knees as he opened the passenger door and slid in with a ladylike swish.

"You look lovely, Melissa dear," Ms Fitch complimented. "You will truly be an asset at your new job."

"What will I be doing, Ms. Fitch?" he anxiously asked.

"You will see when we get there," she responded. "You still have a little facial puffiness, but your skills with makeup are being put to good use."

"Thank you, Ms. Fitch," Melvin submissively responded. Gone were all masculine haughtiness and bravado. Ms. Fitch had succeeded in transforming him from the master of his domain into a submissive, feminine woman, willing to do whatever she demanded.

Melvin's knees quaked as Ms Fitch led him through the various corridors to her office. Every so often, he saw someone peeking from his or her office as they passed by. He cringed when they smiled or laughed as they recognized him in his swishy skirt, frilly blouse, and high heels.

"Here we are, Melissa," Ms Fitch finally reached her destination.

"B...but that's my old office," Melvin said. "Am I getting my old job back?"

"Don't be such a silly girl, Melissa," Ms Fitch laughed. "That's my office. Your work station is this desk." She pointed to a small desk located just outside the office. "You are going to be my new secretary. Congratulations!" She held out her hand to shake his.

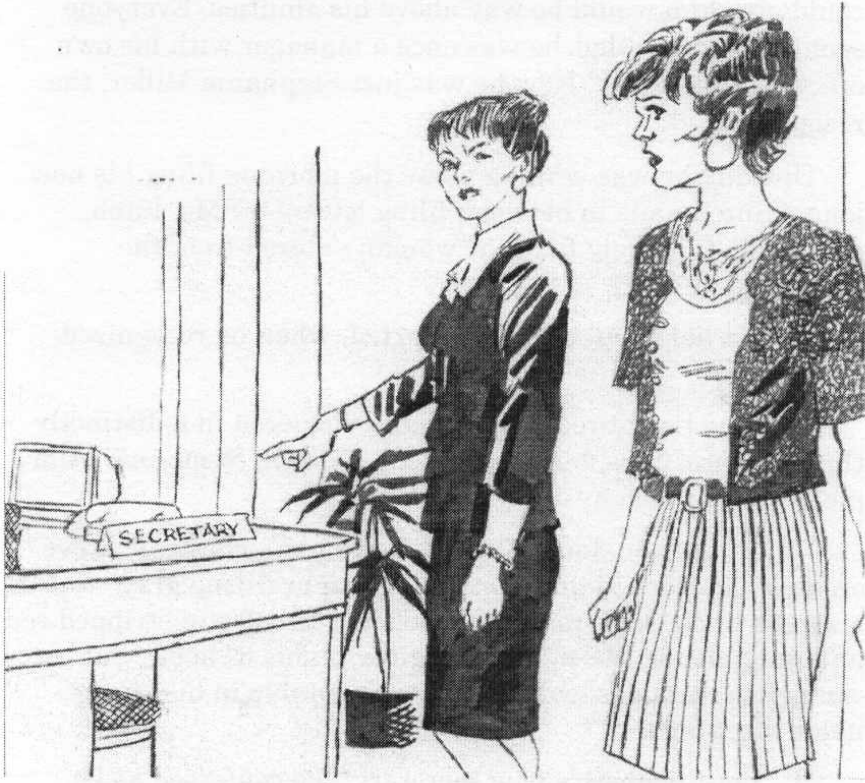
"Uh...I'm your secretary?" he whined, shocked at this revelation. "B...but everyone who comes to see you will have to pass by me..." He weakly took her offered hand.

"Of course, that's what secretary's are for," she said. "You will screen my calls, take dictation, do filing, and the myriad of other details that need doing. Of course, I expect you to dress nicely every day. There are no casual Friday's for my secretary. I have an image to maintain."

"Uh...yes, Ms. Fitch," Melvin weakly responded, as he took his seat at his new desk. "Everyone can see my legs as they enter the suite."

"Certainly, Melissa dear," she answered. "We wouldn't want to hide those lovely legs behind a heavy desk. Part of your job is to provide our male customers a glimpse of lacy slip beneath your flirty skirts or a bit of cleavage from you newly enhanced assets before they meet with me. It's a distraction that gives me a slight advantage in negotiations. As you know, a slight advantage is all I need to get what I want."

"Yes, Ms. Fitch," Melvin cringed as he realized that his real job was to be eye candy for prospective male clients.



"This is your new desk, Melissa," Ms Fitch said. "You must always dress nicely as my new secretary."

"Yes, Ms. Fitch," Melvin meekly replied, realizing that this scheming woman held all the cards now.

Steve and Joe

Steve was becoming used to being the company's sexy receptionist. All he had to do each day was dress sexily and sit until a visitor arrived. They were usually men, and Ms. Fitch was right, he always made a good first impression. Steve could almost see the lust ooze from their eyes as they scanned his long curvaceous legs and cleavage above his lacy, silky blouses or dresses.

He tried to help others in his spare time, which he seemed to have lots of, but everybody treated him like anything they

could give him would be way above his abilities. Everyone seemed to forget that he was once a manager with his own office and secretary. Now he was just Stephanie Miller, the receptionist.

One day he was whiling away the morning filing his now long painted nails in between filing letters for Ms. Fitch, when a disturbingly familiar woman entered from the elevator.

"May I help you...?" Steve started, when he recognized this woman. "Joe...is that you, Joe?"

Turning bright red, the woman whispered in a distinctly throaty voice, "Yes, but please keep it down, Stephanie. And please refer to me as Josey."

"What are you doing dressed in women's clothes?" Steve croaked. Joe looked quite fetching in tight fitting gray straight-lined skirt, matching jacket, and colorful stripped red and gray blouse. He wobbled slightly on his 3" heels, but his cleanly shaven legs looked quite presentable in his smoky nylon stockings.

"I...I'm Elizabeth's new secretary," he confessed as he continued to blush.

"But I thought she just made you wear nail polish and panties. This is a long ways from panties," Steve waved his hand over the woman standing before him.

"At first it was just the polish and panties. Then she would find some reason to make me wear some other feminine article. She even made me discard my masculine glasses for these feminine frames. Finally, a week ago, she threw up her hands and said that it was impossible for her to keep track of all the 'punishments' she had dictated, and that I should just come to work wearing only women's clothes.

"I'm making you my new secretary, and you must be presentable as a woman, not a hodgepodge of contradictions. We don't want to confuse our customers, do we?" Elizabeth finally demanded.



"Joe...Joe, is that you?" Steve greeted his friend.

"Yes, I'm Elizabeth's new secretary," Joe whined as he tried to push his tight skirt a little lower. "I bet I look as ugly as sin."

"Not at all," Steve replied. "Are those new glasses?"

I protested, of course, but it was either her way or the highway, and my debts decided that it was her way. "You will move in with me, so I can supervise your transition," she decided. "I'll give you a week off, so you can become comfortable in your new clothes before making your grand entrance as Josey, my new secretary."

"It happened so fast. Before I could think, I changed from Joe, the fast rising attorney to Josey, the lowly secretary. I moved into her house two weekends ago, and she has been on my case ever since. She threw out all my male clothes, bought me new feminine clothes, on my credit cards, of course. This past week was a whirlwind of changes."

"Nice hairdo, Josey," Steve decided.

"You can thank that bitch at La Femme boutique for it," Josey quaked. "The women at that boutique are witches. I'm losing my beard, and this tight curl hair style is impossible to style in anything remotely masculine."

A shiver ran up Steve's spine when Joe mentioned the infamous La Femme boutique. "Is this your first day back to work?" Steve asked.

"This is my first day as Elizabeth's secretary. She supervised my dressing this morning, but she came to work early so that I could make my 'grand entrance' on my own," Joe moaned. "You are the first person at the company to see me dressed like this. I just know that I'll be the laughing stock of the company before the end of the day." Steve couldn't deny Joe's concern.

Melvin

"Hello, Ms. Fitch's office," Melvin answered her phone as were his duties as her secretary. "Yes, I am Melissa, her secretary. May I help you?"

He listened for a few seconds taking shorthand notes. "I will make sure she gets your request, sir," he finished.

Victoria Fitch purposely entered her suite just as Melvin hung up. "Ms. Fitch, Mr. Edwards just called. He asked that you return his call," Melvin passed on the message in his clear lilting voice.

"Thank you, Melissa," she smiled. "I'm very pleased with your performance as my secretary. You are much more competent as a secretary than you were in your previous position." She used every opportunity to rub in that she was responsible for transforming him from a macho male with an executive position into a frilly female working as a secretary.

"Ma'am, may I ask a personal question?" Melvin shyly approached a subject prying on his mind.

"Of course, Melissa," Victoria cooed. "There are no secrets between us women."

"It's about Greta and Ivan," Melvin almost choked at bring up this galling subject.

"Yes, what about them?"

"Can I...I get rid of them? Although Ivan has stopped spanking me for every infraction, it is so humiliating to have the servants ordering me around in my own house. Also, I worry about Brandi. She is almost treating them as her parents. I'm losing contact with her as a parent."

"The reason you are no longer being spanked is because you have perfected your image as a single mother of a teenage daughter. Greta says that you now look, act, and respond completely feminine."

"She may be right," Melvin whined. "I don't remember how I used to look or act. My responses seem so natural now, and when I look in a mirror, my image seems so...so right."

"It is, Melissa," Victoria smiled. "You are a woman, and your response to looking as a woman is only natural. But getting back to Greta and Ivan, I understand the stress you have been under as a single working mother. I'm sure we can work out an accommodation agreeable to both of us."

"Really? Oh, I do hope so, Ms. Fitch," Melvin gushed.

"Come into my office in half an hour. I have some dictation I want you to take first, after which we'll discuss it further."

Half an hour later, as requested, Melvin tapped on Victoria's office door. It was not lost on him that this very office was once his, and his secretary, wearing clothes very much like the short black skirt, frilly white blouse, and 3" heels he now wore, would knock before entering.

"Come in, Melissa," Victoria said. "Let me finish this call before we start."

"Yes, Ms. Fitch," Melvin sat in the straight back chair he normally used when taking dictation. He smoothed the back of his skirt before sitting, and primly kept his knees together with his legs slightly tucked to the side. His nylon stockings shimmered in the office lighting.

"Okay, Jake, if you agree, I'll approach her with this idea. I'll get back to you," Ms. Fitch finished up her phone conversation.

"Please take the following memo, Melissa," Ms. Fitch instructed. Melvin confidently wrote her statement in shorthand, while Steve entered with a cup of coffee for Ms. Fitch.

"You look absolutely lovely, Melissa dear. I understand your concerns as a workingwoman with losing contact with your daughter. How is Brandi doing?"

"She's fitting in better at school. Everyone accepts her as a 14-year-old girl. She has made some girlfriends, and is talking about trying out for cheerleader. It's not her schooling that bothers me as much as whom she turns to at home."

"I understand, dear. I'm concerned about her too. She is at that fragile age when girls start feeling their hormones, those rebellious teens. You weren't much of a father figure for Brad. Why would you be a better disciplinarian as Brandi's mother?"



“Please take this memo, Ms. Baxter,” Ms Fitch ordered. Melvin dutifully took her dictation as Steve entered with a cup of coffee as required in his job as the receptionist.

"But she's my child...I'm her parent. How much I discipline her or not should be my decision."

"I'd agree with you under normal circumstances, but you must agree that the two of you are unusual in that neither of you have much experience in your new genders. Believe me, Melissa you will need help with Brandi as she grows into a young lady. Why you are still learning about being a woman yourself. You may fall back on old habits and let her grow up without proper supervision. Brandi needs a father figure, a man who will help her as only a father can."

"But...I can..."

"Hardly, Melissa," Victoria giggled. "You weren't much of a father when you were a man. You certainly won't function as one now that you are a woman."

"What can I do?" Melvin was near panic. "I don't want to lose my child to these strangers."

"I understand, and I have a possible solution," Victoria said. "You know Jake Edwards, our shipping manager?"

"Yes, we met, although it wasn't very cordial."

"That's what he said. Something about you lording it over him and telling him how to perform his job."

"Uh...well, something like that," Melvin cringed as he thought of their confrontation. Jake wasn't someone to take bull from anyone. He is a big man, about 40 years old, brusque, and all muscle. Melvin felt lucky to have survived intact that one encounter.

"He's a bachelor, but a good man," Victoria continued. "I will get rid of Greta and Ivan on one condition. You have to convince Jake to move in with you to provide Brandi with a the 'father figure'."

Melvin sat board stiff with his mouth hanging open as he absorbed her offer. "I...I'm not gay..." he finally coughed.

"Neither is Jake," Victoria said. "You don't have to sleep with him. You have three bedrooms in your house."

"Why should I trade two bullies for another bully?" Melvin still hadn't regained his senses.

"Jake isn't a bully, Melissa dear. He comes across gruff and tough, but he is a teddy bear at heart. You trade two people you definitely don't want around for one that will help you with your daughter, plus Jake is willing to pay \$1000 per month rent, which would help with your new bills, plus he will take care of all the outdoors work around the house."

"Brandi has become such a clotheshorse since she became a girl, and there are the beauty appointments for the two of us, but..."

"Remember 'father figure', Melissa," Victoria interrupted.

Melvin's nylon covered dimpled knees shook as he left Victoria's office. Ask a man to move in with him? It would be plutonic, but even so, what would people think? What would Brandi think? Would Brandi accept someone like Jake as a father figure? How could he ask such a brute to move in with him? Why would such a macho man move in with someone he knows is really a man...and a sissy? Then, there is Greta and Ivan. He really needed to get them out of his home!

Melvin and Jake

Melvin sat at his vanity on Saturday morning, applying gray shadow to his upper eyelids. As he expertly performed this most feminine task, he thought about his upcoming meeting with Jake Edwards.

After thinking over Victoria's offer, he had called Jake. "Let's meet this weekend and talk about it," Jake suggested. "We may come to a mutually agreeable arrangement."

"I'm not interested in any romantic inclinations you may have, Jake," Melvin said.

"Why would I be interested in you, Melissa?" Jake countered. "I'm not inclined that way. I'm just looking to get away from apartment living."

Melvin was taken back by Jake's statement. He didn't want a romantic encounter with a man, yet Jake's statement suggested that there was still something masculine about him. After all these months of feminine training, was there something about how he acted or dressed that wasn't completely feminine? And why did Jake's casual remark offend him?

While applying ruby red lipstick, Melvin fumed, 'I'll show him that I'm as feminine as any woman he has ever been with! The very idea that I'm different from other women!'

Suddenly Melvin's eyes widened and he gasped, "What am I thinking? Why do I want others to think of me as a woman? I should be flattered that after all this time, Jake still thinks there is a man under all this feminine finery."

"I don't care!" Melvin huffed. "I'll show him who is a woman and not!" He searched his closet for the perfect outfit. "He thinks I'm a man! We'll see how much man he sees when I arrive at our meeting wearing this tight fitting black skirt and low cut blouse."

A half hour later, Melvin inspected himself in his full-length mirror, looking for anything remotely masculine. The women had really done a number on him. His growing raven hair was femininely styled to flatter his face. Sparking diamond earrings graced his earlobes, and his sheer pale blue patterned blouse slightly revealed his bra beneath and lots of cleavage in the scooped neckline. His long, shapely legs shimmered in his sheer nylon stockings on top of 3" high heels.

"We'll see who is feminine and who is not!" he huffed as he smiled at his image. "I may not be a real woman, but by gawd, he will have to look long and hard to find one as feminine!"

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The meeting was scheduled in the park at noon, so Melvin arrived fifteen minutes early, and smoothing his skirt beneath him, he took a seat on a bench. Crossing his nylon-covered legs at his knee, he casually watched children playing.

"Uh hum," he heard a man clear his throat next to him. "Mel...uh...Melissa Baxter?"

Startled, Melvin looked at the man and recognized his old nemesis, Jake Edwards. "Uh...yes, I am she."

Jake had not seen Melvin since being demoted and being forced to dress and act as a woman, but he had, as had everyone in the company, heard what had happened. He had relished that the pig headed executive was forced to wear women's clothes. He had imagined what Melvin would look like wearing a dress, a man with broad shoulders, 4'oclock shadow, and a mustache tramping about the head office working as a secretary. He was not prepared for what he saw!

"*Jeez*, are you sure? You weren't Melvin Baxter, were you?" Jake gasped.

"Yes, Jake," Melvin smiled, pleased that he had thrown Jake off his game. "Is something wrong?" he innocently asked.

"Uh...no...I...I just wasn't prepared..." Jake stuttered.

"No prepared for what?" Melvin innocently asked. "Don't I look like a Melvin?" he re-crossed his legs to expose a hint of lacy half-slip and an expanse of smooth shapely legs.

"Gawd no!" Jake gasped. "What did they do to you?"

"I thought everyone in the company knew, Jake," Melvin continued to play the innocent. "I now wear women's clothes and work as Ms. Fitch's secretary."

"Yes, but..." Jake stammered, "It's a long stretch from Melvin Baxter wearing a dress to...to you..."

"Well I *am* Melvin Baxter!" Melvin didn't find it funny that he had changed so much that he was unrecognizable. "Here's the deal! You pay me \$1000 per month, you take care of the yard, and you stay out of our way."

"Wait a damn minute!" Jake growled. "I wouldn't take your shit when you were Vice President and a man, and I certainly won't take it now that you are a secretary and a woman!"

Melvin was taken back by Jake's comeback. "It's my house..."

"And you have two unwelcome houseguests that you desperately want to get rid of," Jake interrupted.

"How do you know...? Ms. Fitch!"

"I'm not leaving a perfectly good apartment and paying you \$1000 a month to become your field hand, so un-bunch your panties, Missy, or I'm out of here, and you will have Greta and Ivan permanently!"

Melvin's face turned ashen at the thought. "I'm sorry if we got off on the wrong foot, Jake. Please sit and let's work something out," he patted the bench next to him.

"I don't know, Melvin," Jake hesitated. "We never hit it off in the past. What makes you think we can live under the same roof now?"

"I was Melvin Baxter the last time you saw me; I'm Melissa Baxter now. Please call me Melissa. I don't want those children to hear you referring to me by a man's name."

"Sure, Melissa," Jake agreed as he took the offered seat. "So what's your alternative offer?"

"Ms. Fitch thinks Brandi needs a father, and she insists that I can no longer fill those shoes." Melvin re-crossed his smooth, feminine legs and adjusted the hem of his skirt, which only confirmed Ms. Fitch's insistence. "So before she will pull Greta and Ivan out of my house, I must replace them with a 'masculine presence', a man that can be a father to Brandi."

"Father? I never married, so I have no kids. I don't know what kind of 'father' I'd make. Do you need a 'father figure' too?" he asked with a twinkle in his eyes.

"Certainly not, Jake!" Melvin huffed, "but Brandi does need fatherly guidance. She is so enamored with the boys in her school. I can't believe how girlie girl she has become."



"Then it's a deal," Melvin accepted Jake's hand, grateful to finally be rid of Greta and Ivan.

"A deal," Jake smiled, "Now let me take you to lunch."

"I believe that you couldn't offer fatherly advice, but I bet you make a great mother," Jake smiled.

"It is so difficult to be a working mother to a teenage girl," Melvin sighed. "It's taking all my energy just learning how to act and react as a mother."

They talked for 20 minutes before agreeing. "Of course, you will sleep in the spare bedroom," Melvin said. "It is quite large, but it has a small closet."

"Fine by me," Jake agreed, "I don't have many clothes."

"Sounds like a typical man. Brandi's and my closets are chock full of clothes of every description."

"Sounds like a typical woman. Let's seal our agreement over lunch," Jake suggested. "My treat."

Jiggling his breasts a little and emitting a tinkling giggle, Melvin said, "I should hope so. A gentleman always treats a lady."

"Have you become a lady, Melissa?" Jake laughed. "I know of a small restaurant just a few blocks from here." He took Melvin's left hand in his right.

"Remember that our agreement is strictly plutonic, Jake," Melvin reminded as he allowed Jake to lead while holding his hand. "I'm not into men."

"Of course, Melissa. What else could it be?" Jake heartily laughed. "We are both straight shooting guys."

Melvin, Brad and Jake

Melvin and Brad watched with a deep sense of satisfaction as Greta and Ivan carried their clothes to the waiting van. With the last load, Greta turned to the two and said, "You be good girls now, or Ivan and I will be back."

"Oh, yes, Greta, Brandi and I will continue practicing our femininity lessons," Melvin replied, as Brad nodded in agreement.

No sooner was the van out of sight and Melvin and Brad were enjoying having their house to themselves for the first time in a long time, then Jake pulled up outside. "Where is my room? My first load of clothes is in the backseat," he said.

Brad knew about Jake, but nothing prepared him for Jake in real life. "Mom, he is so big. Look at his muscles," Brad stared in awe.

"You must be Brandi," Jake greeted by taking Brad's small feminine hand in his large paw. "I don't remember you from before, but the new you is an absolute doll." he sincerely said.

Brad was a taken back by this handsome, masculine man, so different than the boys in his school. "Uh...thank you, Jake," he giggled while flushing pink.

"It would be better if you referred to me as 'father' or 'daddy'," he smiled. "Part of the reason I'm here is to act as a 'father figure' and provide 'fatherly advise' when needed."

"Daddy!" Brad flared, then suddenly became calmer as he felt his silky panties slide against his soft skin, and tasted his strawberry flavored lipstick. Brad looked at his real father standing to his side wearing an absolutely lovely flowered housedress and standing atop 2" heels. Melvin gave a weak nod of approval.

"You are a 14 year old girl, and too young to refer to adults by their first names," Jake said. "But I promise not to punish you like Ivan did."

"Uh...okay, uh Daddy..." Brad weakly replied. He bowed his head and dipped a slight curtsy, delicately grasping the ends of his pleated pink miniskirt in his thin feminine fingers.

It hurt Melvin to hear his only child refer to another man as 'daddy', but Ms. Fitch required it, and it was a small price to pay for getting rid of Greta and Ivan. Still...if Jake was to be Brandi's father, then what was he? Her mother?

Melvin and Brad showed Jake about the house, ending at the bedroom he was to use. Both felt weak and helpless next

to this masculine man. How else could they feel, each wearing the most feminine clothing?

"Once I get moved in, let me I take you two lovely ladies out to dinner so we can become better acquainted?" Jake suggested as he lowered the first load on his new bed.

"Uh...okay," Melvin squeaked, a flush rushing to his face.

Brad squealed, "Can we go to this new restaurant called, 'Dregs'? My girlfriends say that they have the dreamiest waiters."

"Is the food any good?" Jake asked.

"I don't know," Brad was puzzled, "but their waiters are to die for."

Jake laughed at Brad's response, which was infectious, and soon Melvin joined in. "Brandi and I will freshen up while you move in. Your bathroom is fully functional. We will meet you in the livingroom in say two hours?" Melvin suggested.

"Done! Although I don't know what either of you can do to look lovelier than you are right now," Jake flattered.

Brad giggled while Melvin's cheeks turned slightly pink. "You have a honey tongue, Jake Edwards," Melvin laughed as they left him to his devices.

Two hours later, Jake sat in the livingroom waiting for Melvin and Brad to make their appearances. 'Obviously they have picked up more feminine traits than just how they dress,' he thought looking for the second time at his wristwatch.

A few minutes later, Brad made his appearance. "Hello...uh...daddy," he giggled while making a slight dip. "Mother will be down shortly. She's still working on her hair."

"Aren't you as lovely as a pixy?" Jake admired.

Brad wore a fetching light green dress that hugged his body to a hem that hung 3" above his dimpled knees. The dress displayed his young body, which showed potential of developing into quite the voluptuous young lady. His shapely

nylon covered legs ended in 2" heel, open toe slippers. His hair, still too short for most girlish styles, was fetching in twin angle wings tied with colorful matching green ribbons. He wore just a little lipstick, yet his translucent skin shined.

"Are you really going to be my father?" Brad sat in the sofa next to Jake.

"Not really, but I hope we become close enough friends that you will listen to me as if I were your father," Jake calmly answered.

"And what about my real father?"

"You mean..." Jake asked.

"It's becoming hard to relate to her as my father. She seems much more like the mother I never knew," Brad responded. "She is just too feminine to think of as a father."

"I agree," Jake agreed. "I was completely floored when we first met. I expected to see a guy in a dress. Imagine my surprise when this lovely woman announced that she was in fact Melvin Baxter."

"It's impossible to wear girl's clothes, act like a girl, and be treated as such all the time without thinking and acting as a one," Brad said. "Sometimes it's hard to remember what I looked like and how I acted before I became Brandi."

"You don't have to worry about that. I doubt if you could ever return to being a male. Nobody will ever mistake your mother or you for guys," Jake laughed.

"Mistake us for what?" Melvin glided into the livingroom, a vision of loveliness on 3" heels. His white dress hugged his feminine curves to his hips showing his thin waistline, expanding hips, and B-cup breasts to great advantage, and then flared out to 2" above his smooth curvaceous legs. "You're the only guy I see in this room."

Jake laughed, "I agree! I am one lucky guy to be escorting two such lovely ladies to dinner."

"Thank you, kind sir," Melvin giggled as he twirled to make the lacy hem of his skirt swirl about his shimmering

nylon clad legs. "And we are the luckiest girls to be escorted by such a handsome man."

Brad took a double take at the obvious flirting between his father who was now his mother, and the man who was to be his surrogate father.

Melissa and Brandi

A month later, Melvin and Brandi were still adjusting to Jake's presence. He wasn't difficult to live with; actually he was very helpful around the house. But they were skittish about being constantly exposed wearing their skirts and dresses to a man who knew that they were males too. They were constantly embarrassed when he saw them preparing for work or school, putting on their dresses and makeup, styling their hair, and sounding completely like the females they appeared to be. Jake, on the other hand, took it all in stride, complimenting them on their looks, holding doors for them, doing all the heavy work, and never being brusque or derisive.

Melvin was trying hard to fit in at work. The ribbing was dying off, as people became used to seeing him in his sexy dresses and skirts, high heels, and tasteful makeup. He was soon considered just another of the company's pert and pretty secretaries.

He would wistfully watch clients enter Ms. Fitch's office to cater to her whims and to barter deals. He remembered when these same clients anxiously catered to his whims. Now nobody asked for his opinion on matters of importance. He was just a secretary, paid to look pretty and bring coffee when needed.

In the meantime, Brad was adjusting to being a 14-year-old sophomore high school coed. He was becoming quite the princess, acquiring lots of new girlfriends, enjoying his lessons, and innocently flirting with the occasional boy.



“Mother, meet Jimmy,” Brandi gushed. “He offered to help me with my homework.” Melvin was shocked that his former son was now flirting with boys.

One late afternoon, just after Melvin returned home from another day as Ms. Fitch's secretary, Brad called out upon entering the house, "Are you here, mom?"

"Yes, dear," Melvin chimed.

"Mom! I'd like you to meet Jimmy," Brandi gushed, leading a teenage boy into the livingroom. "He's a junior, and he agreed to help me with my homework." A big smile played over Brandi's face.

"Pleased to meet you, Mrs. Baxter," Jimmy grinned.

Shock registered on Melvin's face. "Uh...honey, can we speak a moment?"

"Sure, mom," Brandi giggled. "Please take a seat, Jimmy. I'll be right back."

Melvin led Brandi into the kitchen and closed the door. "Why did you bring this boy home?" Melvin quietly asked.

"Like I said, to help with my homework," Brandi answered, innocently batting his eyelashes. "Isn't he so cute?"

"B...but you don't need help with your homework. You are top in your class."

"I know that and you know that, but Jimmy doesn't," Brandi giggled.

Melvin was completely at a loss to explain to his new daughter the possible implications of bringing a boy home. It may be just innocent fun, or the boy may have other ideas. Brandi seemed completely oblivious to other possibilities other than having some one-on-one time with this handsome teenage boy.

With no other options, Melvin allowed Jimmy to stay and study schoolwork with Brandi, even offering them sandwiches, as a way to discretely monitor their actions.

Later that night, Jake noticed that Melvin was preoccupied. "What's the problem, Melissa?" he asked.

Melvin was hesitant to discuss family problems with this virtual stranger, yet he needed to talk to someone, so he

opened up and dumped his concerns on Jake's broad shoulders. "I don't know what to do...or say," Melvin stammered. "I see potential problems, but how does one explain such to a girl completely infatuated with her emerging girlhood?"

"I see your problem," Jake answered. "Let me take a stab at it? I'm supposed to be some kind of 'father figure' to Brandi. Maybe she will listen to me, where she might not listen to her mother." Grateful for any help, Melvin accepted.

The next evening, Jake asked Brandi if they could talk. "Sure, daddy," Brandi gushed, happy that this manly man would want to talk to a mere girl.

He closed the door behind them as they went into the TV room to talk. A half hour later, they emerged, smiling, and Brandi gushed, "Thanks, daddy. I understand and will be more careful. In the future, I'll ask you or mother for permission before bringing a boy home to study."

Melvin was completely flabbergasted and so grateful, as Jake and Brandi hugged in what looked like a father - daughter embrace. "What did you say to her?" he asked Jake once they were alone.

"Nothing special," Jake grinned. "I just gave her some fatherly advice, explaining that sometimes teenage boys will read into a situation something that was not intended, and that young girls should be careful not to inadvertently lead on a boy."

"Oh, Jake, I am so grateful for your help. I was completely at a loss as to what to say. She needs a strong masculine presence, now that she has become completely a girl."

"Remember that I'm here for you too, Melissa," Jake smiled. "Sometimes a woman needs a shoulder to cry on as she becomes completely a woman."

Blushing at his offer, Melvin nodded agreement. "I'll take you up on that offer, Big Jake," he cooed, giving him a tender hug. They looked at each other intently, then just as quickly the moment passed, and Melvin offered to make dinner.

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Three Months Later

Melissa carefully checked herself in her full-length mirror. She twisted and turned to make sure her figure hugging dress contoured to her hourglass shape, favorably displaying the deep cleavage from her B-cup breasts, her 25" waist, and her expanded hips. The dress hem ended 3" above her dimpled knees with a short slit that flashed open to display her lovely legs. Her shapely legs shimmered from her nylon stockings to end in 3" open toe slipper that exposed her colorful toenails.

She checked her hair and makeup. "Darn, but I wish my hair would grow faster. It is still too short for the styles I want to wear," she thought as she finished applying a final coat of red lipstick.

"Welcome, girlfriends," Melissa chimed as she opened her front door for Stephanie and Josey. "My, but how you have blossomed since I left, Josey," she gushed. The three greeted each other with pecks on their cheeks.

Josey was radiant in a low-cut pale green silk blouse that showed her expanding breasts, a tight fitting dark green skirt with a high side slit, and matching 3" green silk high heel slippers. Her honey color hair was stylishly curled to display her lovely face. A pearl necklace and hoop earrings completed her ensemble.

"Elizabeth is unrelenting with making me as feminine as possible," Josey groaned in her lilting alto. "Now that we are living together, I get badgered 24/7 to improve my looks."

"You are living with Elizabeth, your former girlfriend?" Melissa asked as she closed her front door behind them.

"Yeah! She was always pressuring me to get married when we were dating back when I was a guy. When I became her secretary, she constantly forced me to improve my femininity. She said that she wanted the most feminine secretary in the company. She was always telling me that I needed to improve if I were to best you, Melissa."



“Stephanie, Josey, it is so nice to see you again. You remember my daughter, Brandi,” Melissa greeted her friends. “My but what lovely young ladies you two have become.”

"Best me?" Melissa gasped, and held her hand over her mouth.

"Come on, girl!" Josey chided. "Everyone knows that you were the most feminine secretary in the building. "You oozed girlishness."

"But I never tried..." Melissa gasped.

"Oh, stop it, girl!" Stephanie chimed. "Once Jake moved in, you seemed to work extra hard to polish your feminine image. Simply everyone saw it. You look so hot, girl! Your skin is absolutely flawless, and you lost weight."

Blushing pink, Melissa answered, "I lost 15 lbs since leaving work. I'm down to 130 lbs."

"Something good has happened to you, Melissa. You are so radiant, and your legs are to die for," Josey gushed.

Melissa blushed deeply at their sincere compliments and she thanked them before returning to the original conversation, "So are Elizabeth and you married?"

It was Josey's turn to blush. "Yes..."

"Congratulations, girlfriend!" Melissa chimed. "Why didn't I hear about it?"

"Elizabeth didn't want anyone to know, since I was her secretary. Something about conflict of interest and being too close to the help."

"So...why are you telling me now?" Melissa asked.

"I'm no longer Elizabeth's secretary," Josey beamed, "So I can tell everyone about Elizabeth and me."

"Who do you work for now?" Melissa asked.

"I have your old job as Ms. Fitch's secretary," Josey answered.

"You got my job?" Melissa gasped. "How did Ms Fitch know that I wasn't returning?"

"Ms. Fitch seems to know everything," Stephanie said, remembering how Ms. Fitch had conspired with Pete and her mother to keep her permanently in dresses.

"You remember my daughter, Brandi?" Melissa cooed as Brandi entered the livingroom with the three women. "Brandi is joining us for dinner."

Brandi looked completely girlish in her cute below the knee, strapless dress covered with a light blue pattern, and tied off with a navy blue sash. She wore open toe slippers to display her pink toenails. Her hair was tied high on her head in a ponytail, and a small pearl necklace showed off her swanlike neck.

"Of course," Stephanie smiled. "How is school, Brandi?"

"Fine, Miss Stephanie," Brandi trilled. "School is so much better the second time around."

"How so?" Josey asked. "The material different?"

"I get to wear my pretty clothes, and the boys notice me this time around..." Brandi's voice shyly giggled.

"Boys?" Stephanie gasped.

"My little Brandi is quite infatuated with the boys in her school, especially a boy named Jimmy," Melissa said. "Thank gawd for Jake. He has been like a father, helping Brandi to understand what is acceptable behavior around boys."

"Daddy is wonderful!" Brandi gushed, "for an older man."

"Daddy?" Josey asked.

"Jake has stepped in as a surrogate father, now that it's impossible for me to fill those shoes," Melissa explained. "He has been such a godsend for both Brandi and me."

"Do tell, Melissa," Josey said.

"Later, girls," Melissa answered. "We must go or we'll be late for dinner."

As the four prepared to leave, Stephanie asked, "Isn't Jake joining us?"

"Daddy is at a silly football game with some of his buddies," Brandi chimed.

"Isn't football the silliest game?" Melissa said. "A bunch of guys trying to beat each other up."

"But they look so manly in their uniforms," Brandi sighed. "I'm trying out for cheerleader next year. Those girls always get the hunkiest boys."

"It's not easy being a single mother of a teenage girl," Melissa sighed.

"You won't have to worry about that much longer, mother," Brandi giggled.

"Is there something we should know?" Josey asked as they walked to her car.

"Later over dinner, dearie," Melissa said as she climbed in the back with her daughter. Both smoothed the back of her skirt before sitting down. Melissa sat with her left leg draped over her right knee while Brandi kept her knees together and crossed her ankles.

"Don't you just love the feeling when your silky panties slide over your slip?" Melissa whispered in Brandi's ear.

"Uh huh, and the hiss of my nylons when they touch as I walk is delicious," Brandi giggled.

Josey gave Stephanie a quizzical glance and asked to the two in the backseat, "Who are you and what did you do with our former boss?" Melissa and Brandi shyly laughed at the question, but neither provided an answer.

Melissa had made reservations at the fanciest restaurant in town where the four could share a private booth and catch up on the gossip. After settling in and ordering drinks (a Shirley Temple for Brandi), Melissa began. "So how is married life, Josey?"

Stephanie piped in, "Why don't you and I go to the little girl's room, Brandi? We can freshen our makeup while Josey

and your mother talk." Not understanding why this particular time was right for refreshing makeup, Brandi agreed, and the two traipsed off to the restroom.

"It's not all its cracked up to be, at least being married to Elizabeth," Josey sighed. "She insists that I always look and act the complete lady. I must wear a dress and heels even when we are alone and she is lounging about in shorts and a top."

"But the sex..." Melissa asked.

"I...I can't get it hard like I used to because of those damn hormones, so she has me accommodate her in other ways."

"Like?"

"We are more like lesbians than man and wife," Josey deeply blushed.

"Does she pleasure you? Or is it just one way?"

"She's not into oral sex, so it is mostly one way," Josey sadly admitted. "Although my breasts have become extremely sensitive, and she will lick my nipples if I plead enough."

"The oral sex is enough for her?" Melissa pressed.

Blushing deeper and looking down, Josey admitted, "I'm not sure. She has hinted that she needs a 'real man'."

"She cheats on you?" Melissa was aghast.

"I don't think so, at least not yet. She likes to set us up with double dates with clients. She tells them that I'm her girlfriend, and that we share an apartment. A few times she has gone on a single date with a client. She claims it is just business."

"She brings her date home with her?"

"No, but there is a lot of heavy petting in his car or on the front steps before she finally bids them good night. I have asked her if she has gone all the way with any of her dates, and she tells me no. But then she says that even if she were to have sex with a date that it wouldn't be any different than

what I did to her when I two-timed her while we dated back when I was a man.”

“I’d say it would be a lot different! You two weren’t married back then, and you are now,” Melissa responded.

“I think Elizabeth married me because she loved the power she could exercise to make me more and more feminine. She may be losing interest now that she has successfully transformed me into a woman for all practical purposes. She may be looking for new horizons to conquer,” Josey wistfully sighed.

“Do you enjoy your dates when you double with Elizabeth?”

“A few times. It is really nice to be wined and dined. Most are gentlemen and don’t ask for dessert. A few have been persistent, but I’ve been able to put them off.”

“Have you kissed any of the guys?”

“A couple. There was one really nice guy, Chuck, who treated me like a lady. I liked him a lot,” Josey sighed.

“Have you thought of returning to being a man?” Melissa asked. “Or leaving Elizabeth?”

“Yes, but Elizabeth wouldn’t allow that. Besides, it may be too late. My breasts are C-cup and I don’t relate with being a guy any longer. As for leaving Elizabeth, where would I go? What would I do?”

“You may need to make that decision sooner than later if Elizabeth moves on to new challenges or decides to become serious with one of her dates,” Melissa said. “Let’s talk again soon, Josey. You seem like a lovely young woman who deserves better than what she has been dealt.”

“Okay, Melissa, it’s nice to have a sympathetic ear,” Josey agreed.

“Oh! Here they are, back from freshening their faces.” Stephanie and Brandi entered the booth after delicately smoothing their skirts.

Brandi gushed, "Stephanie and I had the loveliest talk in the ladies room. Did you know that she is going to cosmetology school? She graduates in a year."

"Does this mean you are going to leave the company?" Melissa asked.

"I must get out from under Ms. Fitch and my brother's control," Stephanie explained.

"Why cosmetology?" Melissa asked.

"I can take it without Ms. Fitch or my brother becoming suspicious of my real intent. Mother didn't question it because it's a natural vocation choice for her daughter."

"Will you return to being a man?"

"Cosmetology school is a start in that direction," Stephanie said. "Once I'm on my own, I could start to gather some male clothes. Lots of guys work in the cosmetology field. It would break my mother's heart if she lost her daughter, so I would still dress as Stephanie whenever I visited her, but most of the time I could be Steven."

"Do you really think you can get rid of your breasts, short of surgery?" Melissa asked.

"That is a problem. I have no beard, this is my permanent voice, and with all the practice under mother's watchful eyes, I naturally act and carry myself as a woman. I'd be very effeminate if I returned to being a guy. Sometimes I think that it is better to be a normal looking woman than an effeminate looking man."

"Stephanie asked if I'd be her model in some of her cosmetology school competitions, mother," Brandi gushed. "Can I, mom? That would be so cool!"

Melissa looked at Stephanie who smiled in agreement. "That is wonderful, Brandi. You would make a lovely model."

"Stephanie wants to know if she can come over every so often to work with me. Is that okay, mom?" Brandi asked.

"Maybe she wouldn't mind working on an adult woman too," Melissa suggested. Stephanie eagerly nodded, and the deal was done.

The dinner arrived, and the four continued their conversation over an excellent meal. "How is school, Brandi? Do you miss being an adult?"

"The homework can be a drag, but my girlfriends and I have lots of fun between classes checking out the boys," Brandi giggled. "And I'm too young to be an adult."

"Have you thought of returning to being a guy?" Josey asked.

"A guy? Ewwwww! Perish the thought!" Brandi wrinkled her nose. "Do I look like I could ever be a guy?" She posed before the two girls. "Besides, mother and daddy would never allow it, would you mother?"

"No, you are our little girl now," Melissa smiled. "And the apple of your father's eye."

Stephanie and Josey looked at each other. "You mean that neither of you would consider returning to being guys if given a chance?" Josey asked.

"I'm afraid we are too feminine to return to being guys again," Melissa answered.

"Why would anyone want to give up these light and airy feminine clothes, soft skin, makeup, and being catered to by boys to return to heavy men's clothes, rough skin, and the stress of making your way up the corporate ladder?" Brandi sighed. "I'd much rather be a girl, emerging on becoming a woman. I'll let my future husband enjoy the 'advantages' of being the man of the family."

"Future husband?" Stephanie asked.

"Of course!" Brandi giggled. "What else? Women marry men...and I'll definitely be a woman!"

"You don't mind that Brandi is interested in boys, Melissa?" Stephanie asked.

"No..." Melissa quietly sighed. "She's a girl now, and girls like boys."

"Besides, mother could hardly object, considering..." Brandi started, but was cut-off.

"Shush," Melissa quieted her daughter. "Maybe I should tell you why I took a leave of absence."

"We have all wondered," Josey chimed.

"Jake moved in so we could get rid of Greta and Ivan. It took a few weeks to adjust, but soon Brandi and I were comfortable with him in the house. He never forced himself on us like Greta and Ivan did. In fact, when not at work, Jake usually was working in the yard. He was always a gentleman. I went out of my way to avoid him, while Brandi went out of her way to interact with him. She would take his dinner to him, offer to wash and iron his clothes, and pick up his room when he was at work."

"He is a nice man," Brandi injected. "I wanted him to feel at home."

"Jake started to interact with Brandi on a father/daughter level. Brandi would ask him questions about boys and how to interact with them and he would provide good guidance. At first I was jealous, but then I realized that Jake was asked to live with us to provide 'fatherly guidance', and he was doing just that. My jealousy was because I was her real father, and had failed as such when we were both males. I certainly cannot perform that function now that we are both females. A stranger was a better father to my child than I ever was. That is when I resolved to learn to be a good mother."

"You were never a bad father, mom," Brandi soothed. "You were busy climbing the corporate ladder when you were my father, and you needed training to become a my mother."

"I determined that I needed extensive training to make a good mother, but my job gave me little free time to take the classes. Then there was the other problem..."

"Other problem?" Stephanie asked.

"I was developing feelings for Jake..." Melissa barely whispered, "I didn't know why and what to do about them. I was as straight as a guy could be when I was a man. How could I suddenly develop feelings for another man?"

"Oh!" both Josey and Stephanie gasped. "Did you ask Jake to leave?"

"No," Melissa answered. "Brandi and Jake were hitting it off so well, and he never said or did anything to suggest he felt the same for me. It was my problem, and I needed to resolve it without taking Brandi's new father away from her."

"So, what did you do?" both asked together.

"I explained my problems to Ms. Fitch and asked for a 3 month leave of absence so I could take mothering classes at 'girlie school' and work out my feelings for Jake. I could hardly afford the time without pay, but I desperately needed the free time. To my complete surprise, Ms. Fitch agreed to the leave, and she offered to continue my pay while I was away. Not only that, but she said that if I decided not to return for some reason, I would receive a very nice severance package, including all the benefits and pension that I'd accrued when I worked there as a man. It was a godsend."

"The 'Fitch Bitch' agreed to give you full pay while you were on leave!" Josey gasped. "And your pension?"

"Yes!" Melissa giggled. "So I started 'girlie school' classes learning how to be a single woman and mother. You wouldn't believe the things I learned! There is a lot more to being a woman than wearing pretty clothes, although the clothes are a definite plus." All four nodded in agreement about the clothes.

At the same time, I started interacting with Jake on a daily basis, trying to work off whatever it was about him that

was attracting me. Instead of working off my feelings, they just grew. He always treated me as a lady, held doors for me, paid for our meals when the three of us went out to dinner together, gave sage advice to Brandi, and did more than his share of work around the house.

One night when Brandi was attending a slumber party with some of her girlfriends, I came home late from my 'girlie school' classes tired and hungry. Jake was in the livingroom watching a ballgame, and he asked how I was doing, and I told him.

"Change into comfortable clothes while I fix you something to eat?" he offered. Slipping out of my heels and stretching my tired toes, I went to my bedroom, removed my dress, and slipped into comfortable shorts and t-shirt.

I got my first inclination that something was different when I entered the livingroom where Jake had set out a sandwich, salad, and a glass of wine. He was again stretched out on the sofa with his feet on the coffee table, but he immediately came to attention when I entered.

"Please don't move," I innocently said. "I'll sit on the sofa next to you to eat."

His eyes never left me...or should I say my breasts and legs as I sat next to him. His staring made me a little uncomfortable, but I didn't ask him to stop. I was flattered that I could draw the attention of a masculine man like Jake.

I ate my fill, while Jake and I carried on a conversation about my classes, Brandi, and his work. I noticed that he had to clear his throat a few times, and he squirmed in his seat as if he were uncomfortable.

Finally I finished and I asked what he was watching. "Oh, a football game," he answered, and quickly flicked the channel to a movie he heard I was interested in seeing.

"You don't have to leave your ballgame for me," I said as I removed the leftovers from the coffee table.

"It was boring," he said as I returned. "I wanted to see this movie too."

"Let's watch it together then," I said, again taking my seat in the middle of the sofa. I honestly didn't think about how close I was sitting next to him. We got engrossed in the movie, and being a little tired, I leaned over and before I knew it, my head was resting on his shoulder.

He squirmed a little, and I asked, "Are you uncomfortable?"

"Just my arm," he coughed. "Do you mind if I put it over your shoulders?"

"Of course not, Jake," I said, not realizing what that entailed. Before I realized it, his arm was wrapped about my shoulders, and I was snuggling into his body with his arm holding me close and my head resting on his broad chest.

"Mmmmm," that feels so nice," I cooed, still innocent of the affect I was having on him. But he still seemed uncomfortable, squirming about.

Suddenly I looked into his lap and saw his manhood straining against his pants. "Oh!" I gasped, realizing why he was squirming so much. Then I realized that I was the cause of his discomfort.

I sat up straight and looked him in his eyes. "You got that hard-on because of me?"

"Have you looked at yourself, Melissa?" he coughed. "You are any virile man's best wet dream!"

"What?" I gasped, completely caught off-guard. "Why?"

"Your legs, tiny waist, breasts, hips, all displayed in those tight shorts and tiny shirt. And that perfume. Gawd, woman, don't you realize what affect you have on a man?"

"But...but I never tried...thought..." I stammered, turning three shades of red.

"Don't get me wrong, Melissa," he never removed his arm from around my shoulders, "I love what I see and don't want

you to change, but you shouldn't be surprised by the reaction you get from any man worth his salt."

I didn't know what to do. Should I run and hide? Or stand my ground and be offended. I did neither. I snuggled back into his chest, and whispered, "If you like what you see, then make yourself comfortable and lets watch the movie."

He squirmed a little, but his manhood continued to press against his pants. On the other hand, he didn't move or ask me to move. A few minutes further into the movie, I looked up at his face to find him staring intently down at me rather than at the movie. "Jake..." I mewed.

"Melissa..." he coughed before bringing his lips into contact with mine. At first the touch was soft and tentative, but then his kiss became more forceful. I stifled my initial surprise and returned his ardent kiss.

All my buried desires and attractions for this man surfaced, and I didn't care or question the right or wrong of it. He was whom I wanted, and obviously he wanted me. That was enough for me.

I didn't have a bra on under my t-shirt, and I suddenly felt his hand caressing my stomach and slowly ascending under my shirt to my right breast. I could have stopped him, I could have sat up and straightened him out on what was acceptable behavior, but I didn't. I merely mewed again and pressed my lips into his, opening my mouth slightly to allow his tongue to penetrate.

"Mmmmmm!" I mewed as his fingers found my rock hard nipple. I broke off the kiss and growled, "Gawd, Jake, that feels so...so wonderful. Please continue..." and he did.

I was so turned on, so excited, so...and I moved his hand to my left breast as I returned to his kiss. I changed position on the couch so I was kneeling next to him with both arms wrapped about his neck, hungering to take his kiss deeper, all while he continued to caress and kneed my B-cup breasts.

As we kissed and caressed, my right hand dropped from his left shoulder to his lap, and I tentatively touched the cause

of Jake's tension...the cause of his squirming. As soon as my fingers touched his Jeans, it came to life again, only more so and larger.

"Mmmmm, baby," I cooed, breaking our kiss. "Let me set that bad boy loose."

"You would do that?" Jake coughed again. "Like, touch it?"

"Better than that, honey," I growled, zipping down the zipper and tentatively reaching inside. "If you pleasure me, I will pleasure you."

He attacked my distended left nipple as I eagerly grasped his throbbing manhood between my long slender fingers and gently withdrew his monster from its cage. I ran my fingers down its length, wondering if I was ever going to reach its base. His manhood had to be at least twice as long as mine used to be, and I wasn't a shrimp back then.

We tossed and tumbled, rocked and rolled, and did almost everything one did in the backseat of a Dodge. I was without my t-shirt, he was without his sweatshirt, I was without my shorts, and he was free of his pants. The coffee table slid across the floor as we rolled off the couch onto the floor, all interest in the movie long forgotten.

That night I came to a decision about my interest in Jake, and found that he was equally interested in me. We slept that night in our separate bedrooms, but our thoughts were with each other.

Later that week, Jake asked me out dancing. I'd never danced in heels, and dancing backwards was completely foreign. It took patience on Jake's part while I became accustomed to being led.

I didn't make a fool of myself, but I wanted to improve, so Jake suggested that we take ballroom dance classes together. I could learn the basics of dancing as a woman, and we would gain confidence dancing together.

I remember our first lesson. I was as nervous as a cat. Jake and I had practiced a little at home, but that didn't

alleviate my butterflies as he led me for the first time onto the dance floor with the rest of the class watching from the sidelines. He whispered, "Relax and follow my lead. We aren't expected to be experts, or we wouldn't be taking this class." That helped settle my nerves, but I was still afraid that I'd twist an ankle or step on his feet.

To my complete surprise, we did a respectable waltz around the floor. I was surprised that I was able to follow his strong lead. I felt my dress dance about my knees, and heard the slight hiss of my nylons as Jake swirled and twirled me. It was an exhilarating experience! I was addicted.

I became quite adept at following his lead. Dancing backwards while wearing heels became natural, so much so that I doubt if I could dance without a strong male lead.

Not once did he try to take advantage of me, and we never slept together. We knew that if we had, we would be setting a bad example for Brandi.

"Really, mother," Brandi interrupted, "they didn't wash my mind at girly school. I still remember from before I became a girl. I wouldn't be offended if daddy and you did the 'dirty deed'."

"Maybe so, dear," Melissa smiled, "but you are a 14-year-old girl, and Jake and I will treat you as such at all times, including not setting bad examples. Besides, I may be a woman now, but I still carry one small part of my past, and Jake and I need to figure out how to deal with that."

Stephanie and Josey remembered their own well-hidden remaining masculine features, and wondered if they were too small to function if they returned to being men. Being guys again, yet unable to function as such would be worse than their present situations.

"Which brings us to the present. A month ago, Jake asked me to marry him...and I accepted!" Melissa screeched, pulling a large diamond engagement ring from her clutch bag. "And I want the two of you to be my bride's maids."

"Eeeek!" Josey and Stephanie gasped as Melissa placed the ring on her left hand ring finger. "Really? When is the wedding? How can you get married since you are still legally a male? What style and color are our dresses? Where will you have the wedding?" the questions streamed from the completely floored duo. Melissa and Brandi sat back with huge grins and chuckled at their friend's animated gushing.

"I have a question," Melissa innocently asked. "Although I was married once, can I get married this time in a white wedding gown? After all, this will be my first time as a bride."

Stephanie and Josey giggled. "You can wear whatever you want, Melissa," Stephanie answered.

"You are right, Stephanie, I can wear whatever I want," Melissa wistfully sighed. "That's a lovely dress you are wearing tonight, Stephanie. There is nothing like a little black dress to make a woman feel special."

"Thanks," Stephanie grinned. "Mother bought it for me."

Melissa sighed. "I remember when I went to a particular cocktail party back when I was a man. An attractive woman entered the room wearing a little black dress like yours. She was draped on the arm of her husband. I lusted for her from afar, as did most of the men at the party. We were spectators on the sidelines, and she was the center of attention. A few men jockeyed for her attention, but she was selective as to whom she favored with a smile or a gesture of recognition. She was in complete control. She certainly wasn't a spectator."

"Before Jake asked me to marry him, he took me to a cocktail party. It was the first time we went to a social gathering as a couple. He said that I was gorgeous in my off the shoulder, above the knee length little black dress and matching black velvet heels. I wore modest, but lovely jewelry, and a blue fox stole Jake bought me for my birthday. I felt like a princess as I tightly clung to his manly arm as he escorted me into the party. Everyone seemed to freeze and look at us as we made our entrance, and I thought that someone had revealed my past. But just as quickly everyone smiled at us, and a few came up to greet and welcome us. I realized that

their reaction wasn't because of my past, but because of my present."

Jake kissed me on my cheek and whispered that I was stunning in my figure hugging dress. I smiled and whispered back that he was the only person I cared to impress."

"We mingled, and I saw the men admiring me from afar, and I recognized myself from my previous life. They were still spectators on the sidelines, while I was now the main attraction. I was in control, and I felt absolutely fabulous! At that moment, I knew that I would never return to being a man. I love being a woman!"

She received nods of understanding from the other three sitting in the booth. "How can you get married legally?" Stephanie asked. "You are legally still a man."

Melissa smiled, "When I accepted Jake's proposal for marriage, he asked Ms. Fitch if the company could change my legal status. She had the company lawyers change all Brandi's and my papers, including birth certificates, my driver's license and social security, Brandi's school records, everything to show us as females. It's as if Melvin and Brad Baxter never existed. We couldn't return to being males, even if we wanted to."

Josey and Stephanie's eyes grew as large as saucers. "Ms Fitch wouldn't...couldn't do that to us, could she?" Stephanie asked. "I mean my mother already thinks I'm her daughter, so she wouldn't consider asking for legal changes."

"Don't be so sure, Stephanie," Melissa suggested, "Your brother knows Ms. Fitch and..."

"PETE!" Stephanie gasped.

"ELIZABETH!" Josey followed.

Was there a wedding? Did Stephanie return to being Steve? Did Josey resolve his problems with his wife?

That, my friends, is left for your imagination...

The End

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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.

Passport to Femininity #7

(Previously titled, MISS-ING PASSPORT) 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.

Skirting the Issue #10

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 Dolled 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?"

Acting Like a Girl #13

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

Maid Up #14

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 Broad #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's 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

Marion 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!

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.

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

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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, Randy 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 story

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

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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!

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TRANSVESTIA 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..."

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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!

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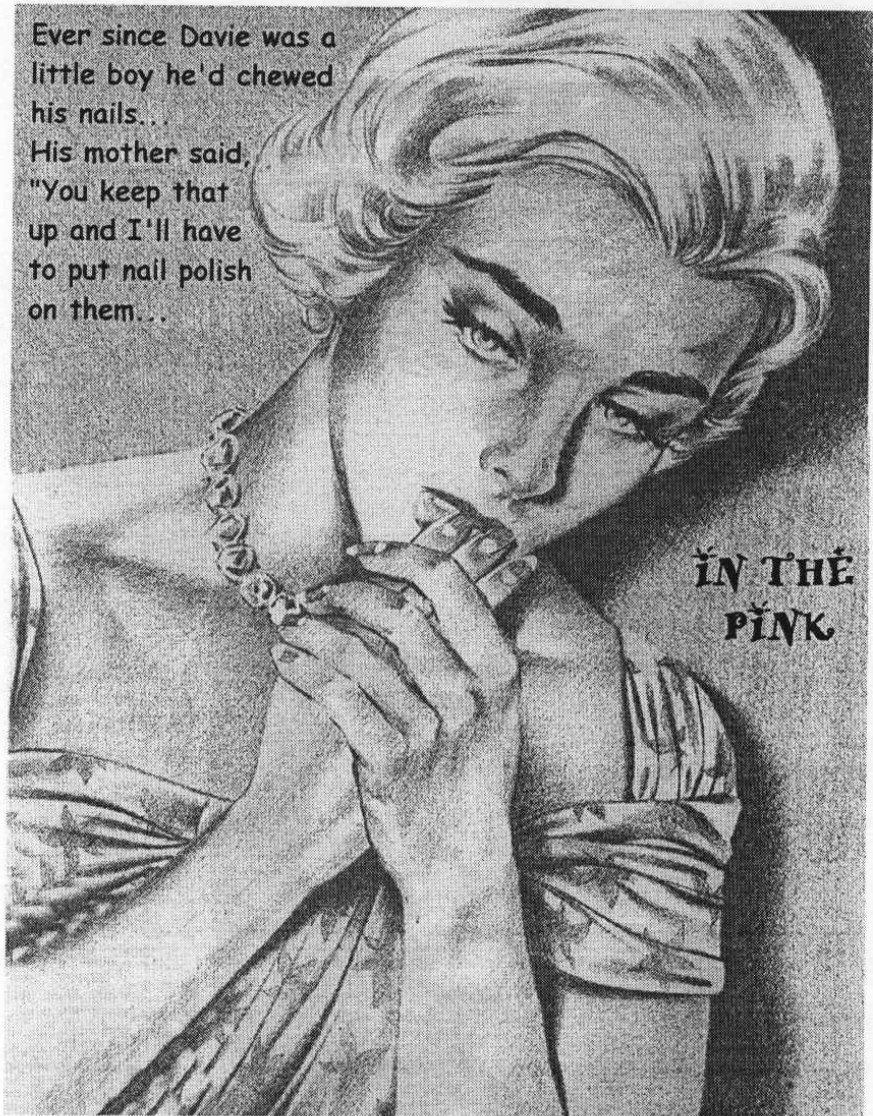
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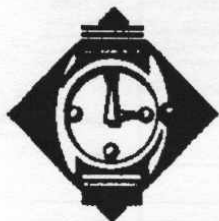
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