

PINUP GIRL

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Illustrations by Mignon

Chapter One

Max wasn't taking school as seriously as he should. Like most freshmen, he had spent most of his first year partying and drinking and partying some more with his new friends and dorm-mates. Almost everyone single one of them had flunked out before the end of the first year. Max knew why. He had blown so much of his student loan that by the time his sophomore year came around things were looking financially bleak. Even with his having worked all summer (at one job or another) it was looking more and more like he would not be able to afford to pay the rent of his dorm room, at least the half that had been his.





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Max's roommate suggested that he consider finding a cheaper place in the city...or as he had put it "stick it to the oppressive authoritative school administration that strives to forever enslave us to the banks of the world by charging outrageous rent on a room built by the taxpayers". Regardless of the rhetoric, Max understood his point. He could likely find a cheaper place to live off campus.

By the second week of September however, Max's search for affordable housing seemed to be taking a back seat to his old ways. Though he knew he shouldn't be, he was once again spending his money rather irresponsibly. Max had had to find himself a new crew to 'hang' with, and as almost all of the guys he had hung with had either dropped out or smartened up, he had taken it upon himself to be something of a 'mentor' to a new crop of Freshman slackers. And that could only mean one thing...boys' night out.

And plenty of them. There were guys nights out at the pub, boys nights out at the club, boys night out at the frat-house keg parties...even a boys night out at the strippers (that one really cost him). And on top of that there was this girl. Not just any girl, but (in his opinion) the prettiest girl in his finance class. A pretty girl name Jessica. He tried in vain on several occasions to make small talk with her. Asking her stupid questions about class...about the weather...even sports (which he knew pitifully little about). His classmates, even his posse of first year students...told him to forget her, that she was bad news...out of his league, etc., etc.

And if not for that one Monday morning in mid-September, he likely would have forgotten all about her and moved on to better 'kill'. But that wasn't how it happened at all. That cool autumn morning as they were filing out of the finance lecture Max heard a voice from behind him, "Are you going to the Omni-Beta-Gamma-Yamma-Nano party on Friday?"

It was Jessica. He'd recognize that voice anywhere. He sputtered once or twice before regaining his composure and turning around...cool as cool can be...to respond to her query.



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“I dunno...maybe”

Is that the best you could do?? He silently scolded himself for such a lame line.

“Ah, come on. You should go...it’ll be fun.”

She handed him an admittance ticket and winked before turning and walking off.

The party at the OBGYN sorority would be packed with girls, it was a veritable bachelor buffet...but Max was only interested in one of them...Jessica. He watched her walking slowly away from him in her snug fitting Capri pants and heeled sandals and smiled. She was totally hot – and she didn’t even know it. He looked forward to seeing her on Friday.



The rest of the week flew by, and Max soon found himself at the front door of the OBGYN sorority house on the far side of the campus. After handing his ticket to the campus security guard he started scanning the room to find Jessica. But it wasn’t an easy task at all. The house was packed. He would catch the occasional glimpse of her here and there, but by the time he made his way through the crowd to where he thought she was – she was gone. The entire night was beginning to look like a waste of time.

He grabbed a beer and flopped down on one of the sorority’s house’s sofas next to another guy who looked equally frustrated.

“Girl Trouble?” the stranger asked.

“Yeah,” Max replied before pausing to sip his beer, “Among other things,”

“Oh?” The other guy chuckled as he took a swig from his own brown bottle, “Like what?”

Max had already finished about four beers before the one in his hand, which caused the filter that screens out what is appropriate to tell someone you’ve just met at a keg party, to become temporarily disabled. So after taking a short pause to gulp down several more mouthfuls from his bottle, he began to unload his life story...the abbreviated version...on the stranger...who listened carefully and intently.

“So you need a place to stay?” The stranger summarized Max’s story.





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Max looked at him strangely, wondering how much exactly he told the young man.

“Uh, yeah”

The stranger put a business card in Max's hand with a smile, "Give me a call tomorrow and we'll talk. My roommate just left so..." he paused to shrug his shoulders, "I'm kind of looking for a new one."

Max couldn't believe his good fortune.

"Yeah...." He smiled as he put the card into his pocket, "Okay...I will."

He took another drink, looking down at his bottle, then was about to ask the other guy more about his life, but when he looked over, discovered that he was already gone.

Max shrugged his shoulders and emptied the last few ounces of suds into his mouth.

Things were certainly looking up.

The next day he called the number on the card. Apparently the stranger's name was Eric, and he was a 'freelance' photographer. He must get all the chicks, Max thought as the phone rang.

"Hello?"

"Hi is this Eric?"

"It is."

"This is Max. Uh, Max from the party last night."

"Oh hello Max. How are you feeling this morning?"

Max chuckled, "A little hung over actually."

"I guess so. You chugged that beer pretty quickly as far as I could tell."

"Yeah...uh...I guess." Max struggled to remember the details of their conversation, the five beers that he had consumed afterwards was preventing much of that from happening.

“Anyhow, you had said that I could call you about...that you um...you needed a roommate?”

“I did, yes.”

“So...do you still need one? A roommate?”

“I do, yes.”

“Cool.”

“It is, yes”

“So um, can I come down at see the place?”

“You can, yes”

Max was feeling that the conversation was a little weird, but continued none-the-less.

“Can I come today?” He asked.

“You can, yes”

“Is it the address on your card?”

“It is, yes”

“Well okay...how about an hour so...” Max inquired, “Would that be okay?”

“It would be, yes”

Max thanked Eric for meeting with him then hung up the phone, thinking all-the-while...what a strange dude.

Later that day when Max came downtown to see what the accommodations would look like, he avoided striking up too much conversation with his potential roommate. He didn't need to be friends with the guy; they were just going to share a common living space.

And what a space it was. The loft-style apartment that Eric lived in was huge. It contained two bedrooms, a kitchen/common room and a very large studio for Eric's photography business.

Max also learned that Eric wasn't quite as creepy in real-life as he had been earlier on the phone. Especially when Eric told him what his rent would be. At that rate, Max figured that no matter how weird Eric was...it was an offer that was too good to pass up. So he accepted Eric's offer and moved in the following day.

The days and weeks continued to pass, and although he was paying less than half of his previous rent, Max's financial situation had not drastically improved. Sure, he would now have enough money to last the remainder of the school year (hopefully) but it wouldn't leave him with much in the way of 'fun money'. How was he ever going to get the attention of Jessica, if all he could afford to do is stay in his room and watch TV (Eric's TV) and surf the net (Eric's internet). Max was bemoaning that very fact to his roommate as the two of them shared a couple of beers (Eric's beer) one day. He was complaining to Eric how he had been invited by a hot girl he liked from his class to attend a really upscale club...she had even gotten him onto the VIP list...but he really needed a nice new outfit to wear. He couldn't, after all, be seen at the club in his everyday school clothes.

Eric agreed that Max was indeed in a bad situation, "So is Jessica pretty hot?"

Max nodded as he took another swig of his beer. Did I tell him her name? He wondered to himself, Must have. "Yeah...real hot. Hottest girl in the class...easily."

Eric took a gulp of his beer and nodded, "So you really want to impress her then."

"Yeah, but I'm seriously broke"

"Well," Eric began as he took another swig, "I might be able to help you."

Max's eyes lit up, "You could? Seriously? You'd loan me the money? That'd be awesome! I'd pay you back right away I..."

Eric interrupted Max's monologue, "Hold one there. I said I might be able to help you, not loan you money."

"Oh." Max's smile dissolved.

“You see...I have this client looking for some pictures, but I don't have a model, and...”

“I could do it! I could do it!”

“That's kind of what I was thinking, and I could front you the money until I get paid, then just keep your cut for myself.”

“You'd do that? For me? Seriously?”

Eric chuckled, “Well mostly it's for me, see, if I don't get some pictures done soon, the client's going to start looking elsewhere. I would have done them sooner but...”

“I'll do it!”

“Are you sure? I mean it's a lot more work than it looks...”

“No problem, I'll do it. I'll do anything.”

Eric raised an eyebrow, “Anything?”

Max detected an ominous tone in Eric's voice, “Well not anything, but close. I'll do almost anything.”

“Then it's a deal. Go take a shower and meet me in the dressing room”

“Awesome! Okay...” Max chugged down the last of the contents of his beer bottle, then turned towards his room before turning back towards Eric, “Uh...which one is the dressing room again?”

Eric pointed at the small room off of his studio.

“Right” Max nodded and headed off.

A few minutes later Max was checking out the outfits that Eric had laid out for him. All of them were pretty cool looking. He could easily wear any one of them to the club. Eric told him that as payment he could keep the clothes he wore. Max figured it sounded like a pretty good deal to him.

Eric helped him dress, did his hair, did his makeup (strictly for the camera...Eric promised that no-one would be able to tell) and then showed him how to pose. It took about half an hour per outfit plus a few minutes in between for set changes and whatnot, but when it was all done, Eric had his pictures and Max had three new outfits.





At week's end Max made his way to the club, and as he had predicted, it was packed. The lineup of people waiting hopefully to be admitted snaked around the corner of the building. Of course Max didn't have to wait in the line, which proved to be a bit of a thrill, as he bypassed the 'suckers' in line and headed directly into the club. As the bouncer let him past, he couldn't help but turn to see the jealous expressions on the faces of the people waiting behind him. It could hours before they got in.

Suckers.

Inside, the club was even more amazing than he could have ever imagined. At three stories tall, it was one of the biggest in the city. It had five bars, go-go dancers,

lasers, great music...and girls everywhere. Lots of girls. But he was here for only one girl.

He finally spotted her on the rooftop patio chatting with her girlfriends, and without wasting a second, he shuffled over to her.

She smiled sweetly and thanked him for coming, "I love your clothes!" she continued.

"Oh these?" he tried to be nonchalant; "I've had them for a while."

She chuckled at him, seeing through his front, "You wanna dance?"





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“Sure!” he beamed, as she led him to the dance floor. Max had never fancied himself as much of a dancer, but he managed to hold his own with Jess as the two of them ‘cut-a-rug’ for two or three songs. He was smiling at her the whole time...and more importantly – she was smiling back. Everything was going well...until her girlfriends called her away to powder their noses. She told him that she’d be right back, with a flirtatious smile, and then disappeared into the crowd.

Max waited and waited. He knew that the bathrooms were on the ground floor, so it would take her while to return. But after an hour or so, he started to think she wasn’t coming back. He didn’t let it bother him. It was a big club. There were people everywhere. She had been drinking. She probably forgot where she had left

him. He shrugged it off and enjoyed the night, as best he could, before calling it a night.

The following Monday Jessica sat directly beside Max in class.

“So, you have a good time on Saturday?” she smiled.

“Oh yeah,” he grinned, “That club is awesome!”

“I’m sorry I left you hanging,” She said, “We just kept bumping into people we knew...I must have met a ton of guys that night...”she paused, “I, er...mean people”

Max shrugged it off.

“You going to go again this weekend?” She asked.

Max hadn’t planned on going, but if she was suggesting it...which she was...then he would have to consider it, “Oh I’m going for sure!” he blurted out.

Jessica smiled widely, “Great. I hope I see you there.”



Eric chuckled when Max told him his new dilemma. He still had the new outfits to wear, but his beer money was pretty much gone. Not to mention the cover charge. He needed a few bucks to be able to buy Jessica a drink...or two. Actually, he needed to be able to buy a round for her and all her friends too. That would impress her for sure.

Eric agreed.

“So...you need any more photos taken?” Max asked, a hopeful tone to his voice.

“Not really, I’m pretty done with the photo shoots for a while I think. Until my clients need something done.”

“Oh.” Max’s face lost its glow.

“But there’s always stock photos.”

“Stock photos?”

“Yeah. It’s basically taking pictures just for the hell of it. Then I post them on this big website and see if anyone buys them.”

Max looked dejected, “So no one gets paid unless the pictures get purchased.”

“Pretty much.”

Max sighed, “How long does it take, usually...for them to sell?”

Eric chuckled, “It depends. Sometimes it can take months...even years.”

“Years??”

“Yeah, but sometimes they can sell in hours. Like I said, it depends.”

“On what?”

“On what kind of picture it is”

“What do you mean what kind of picture it is?”

“Well say a picture like we took last week. It might end up on a website as a photo representing what a company thinks their employees might look like. So it might sell in a few months.”

“Or...?” Max prodded his roommate, wanting to know if he could do any better.

“Or a picture of a cute girl that can be used just about anywhere could sell in hours. Usually the sexier the picture, the faster it sells.”

“So what you’re saying is sex sells.”

“Oh...I see you were awake in your marketing class” Eric grinned.

“Barely. But that doesn’t help me any. I mean, how do I get paid if you take a picture of a girl?”

Eric just smiled at him, until Max’s face fell. “What?”

Eric just kept smiling.

“You want me to find a girl to pose and then take a cut of the pay?”

“Not exactly,” Eric said.

Chapter Two

Max clearly didn’t understand what Eric was saying. He knew his photographer roommate wanted him to pose for photographs, just as he had done before...and in exchange, Max expected to be paid.

Max needed the money quite desperately. Aside from rent and food and books and tuition...there was this girl. Not just any girl...but the hottest girl in his program. Jessica.

And Max was determined to ‘get with her’. All he needed was a little money, which had led him to pose for Eric once already...for a paltry sum. He was hoping to make a little more this time...but confused by Eric’s reference to posing with a girl.

“So how do I make money posing if you want to take pictures of a girl?” Max queried, “Do I get a commission or something if I find a girl to pose for you?”

“What if you had already found her, and all it took were a little makeup and a wig to bring her out?”

“A wig?” Max blinked, “I don’t get it.”

Eric just smiled at him, then motioned at Max's own head with his eyes.

"What??" Max chided...then it hit him what Eric meant, "You're not suggesting that I...?"

"Why not?"

"You want me to...?"

"Sure...you're kind of slim...and you've got a cute baby face...I think I can make you look very..."

"There's no way! I not going to dress up like a..."

"I'll give you fifty bucks"

Max paused..."A hundred"

"Seventy-five"

"What would I have to wear?"

"Just some jeans and stuff. Nothing too exciting"

Max paused again, "And no-one will know?"

"I promise"

Max paused to consider Eric's offer. It was really quite simple. Don't pose and make no money. Trust that Eric hadn't lost his mind...dress up in girly jeans and a wig...and make some money.

Max sighed, "Okay...this is crazy but I guess I don't have a choice...I'll do it."

Eric smiled and led Max to the shower, "Now there is one thing that I'll tell you to do that might seem a little weird..."

Oh great, Max thought, here we go.

"While you're showering...jerk off."

“What?!?” Max shouted.

“You heard me...jerk off. You know... masturbate.”

“Are you serious??” He couldn’t believe what his roommate was telling him to do.

“I can’t have you getting aroused at your reflection and ruining the shot. Trust me, I know what I’m talking about.”

Max was wondering if this was such a good idea. Maybe he could just call his parents and ask them for money. No, he thought back to the last time he had talked to them, they had made it pretty clear that they didn’t want to hear from him until he had graduated. Then he wondered about Eric. Was it normal for a guy to want to make a guy look like a girl...and take pictures...and have him beat his meat in the shower? Was Eric gay maybe?

Max sighed again, turned on the shower...and moments later quietly obliged his roommate’s request.

When Max came into the dressing room, his fears of Eric’s sexual orientation was further called into question as Max was fitted into a tight corset and skimpy panties for the first time. It was an experience that Eric seemed to take excessive glee in watching. Watching Max’s face when he told him he had to wear it. Watching Max’s face when he first slipped it on. Watching Max’s face as Eric laced it tighter and tighter. And further, watching Max’s face as Eric inserted the breast forms and padding in his chest and rump to give him the subtle feminine curves he would need to be a convincing girl.

“Is all this really necessary?” Max whined.

“You said that you didn’t want anyone to know it was you, so this is how we accomplish that” Eric said as he began to work on Max’s makeup, a surprising amount of makeup in Max’s opinion. Especially considering that when Eric was all done...he looked rather plain...for a girl that is. His complexion was smooth and even and just a tad bit paler than his usual skin tone. His lips were nearly the same color as before, just much shinier. Max had watched Eric skillfully apply blush, but it was hard to see where it all went. The makeup around his eyes was a little easier to spot...the dark brown eyeliner and mascara and eyebrow pencil seemed

noticeable, but the skin toned shadows and highlights seemed to have vanished altogether.

A shortish blonde wig was affixed after Max's own brown mop was firmly secured under some kind of hair-net type thing. Then Eric had him slip into some rather ordinary looking girl's jeans, the low riding kind with tight tops and slightly flared bottoms, and subtle embroidering that millions of teenaged girls across America wore. A high neck snug fitting pink sweater was next (Eric said that the high neck would serve to hide his Adam's apple) ...and finally a pair of ballet flats in sparkly blue.

"There. See..."Eric smiled as Max checked out his reflection.

Max thought he still looked like him...only...girly. But he could see that others might not realize he was a girl. The person in the reflection was a little bit attractive. Max felt a stirring in his groin, and realized that Eric might have been right about 'relieving' himself in the shower.

Eric's studio was the largest part of the apartment. It had likely been designed as a big living and dining room, but had been modified to house Eric's cameras, lights and props. The set had been made to look like a school library. Eric showed Max how to pose as an average girl doing average things, which was basically sitting and smiling. It was nothing too extreme, though a few of the poses had Max looking at the camera with a rather flirtatious expression. But that was to be expected...right?



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When it was all done, Max washed the makeup off his face, and fixed his hair before hitting his pillow. Being a model was tiring. Being a girl model was exhausting. Max was sound asleep in minutes.

The next few days, Max would hurry home from class to check up on his photo. It was already Wednesday and there were no buyers. Then late Thursday, Eric burst into Max's room to tell him the good news. Someone had bought the photos. Eric was proudly holding a fifty-dollar bill before him.

“That’s it? What happened to seventy-five? I made more money posing as a guy!”

“Yes but I had already sold the rights to that photo shoot, even before I hired you to model. This time we had to wait until someone offered us something for them. And after I take off my fees and expenses...that is your cut.”

Max was disappointed. All that work for a lousy \$50!

“Now if we had put the girl in a skirt...maybe showed off some cleavage...maybe played up her hair...gone a little more dramatic on the makeup...”

“Then what?”

“Remember what I said Max...sex sells. And the more sexy the more money.”

Max just grabbed the money out of his roommate's hand and rolled over, “Whatever.”



That Saturday Max once again ventured out to the club. He went directly to the rook-top patio, but could not find Jessica anywhere. He spent the entire night searching the club, floor by floor, but to no avail. Feeling quite dejected, he used most of his new found cash to get drunk and pay for the cab ride home.

On Monday a very concerned looking Jessica asked him where had been on Friday night.

“Friday?” he said, realizing that he hadn’t asked Jess specifically what day she would be attending. Not wanting her realize how stupid he was, he lied.

“Oh...” he began, “I was uh, with this friend of mine. We went to this other club; it was a random kind of thing. I was pretty drunk” he chuckled nervously.

An unfamiliar expression crossed Jessica’s face, “Oh.” Was all she said.

Max felt quite stupid, and let the conversation end at that.

Later in the week, Eric had some news, “I’ve had some inquiries about ‘Maxine’ doing any more shoots”

“Huh? What?” Max mumbled, “Who the fuck is Maxine?”

“Why...you are. I had to think of something to call you. You don’t think anyone wants to buy pictures of a girl named ‘Max’ do you?”

“I guess.” He munched on his dry toast, “So I guess you want me to pose again?”

“It’s up to you”

“Well the answer is No. Not for a lousy \$50 bucks”

“How about a seventy-five?”

“That’s what you said last time and then...”

Eric interjected, “Okay...how about a hundred even”

Max had to admit...he was at least a little interested.

“But you have to shave your arms and legs...and armpits”

Max hung his head. He was dead broke...again. A hundred bucks was a fair amount of change. “How about two hundred?”

“For two hundred, you need to wear a skirt.”

Max scratched his head, “So...a hundred it is.”

Minutes later Max headed to the bathroom where Eric had put together a ladies razor, some kind of ladies shave gel, a bottle of ladies bottle wash, and a bottle of moisturizer.

“It’s just like shaving your face...only it’s not your face.” Eric joked as Max stripped down to his boxers.

“Uh...dude,” Max tried to drop a subtle hint, but Eric wasn’t getting it, “A little privacy?”

“Oh right...of course. Just shave your legs and arms and armpits, then use the body wash, then when you get out use the moisturizer, then put on the robe and go to the dressing room. Okay?”

Max nodded. I must be nuts! He thought to himself.

“Oh...and remember...while you’re in the shower...jerk off”

What? Max looked stunned...I’m not nuts...he is.

“Seriously” Eric’s face was dead-pan, “I don’t need any bumps or lumps in your pants for the shoot”.

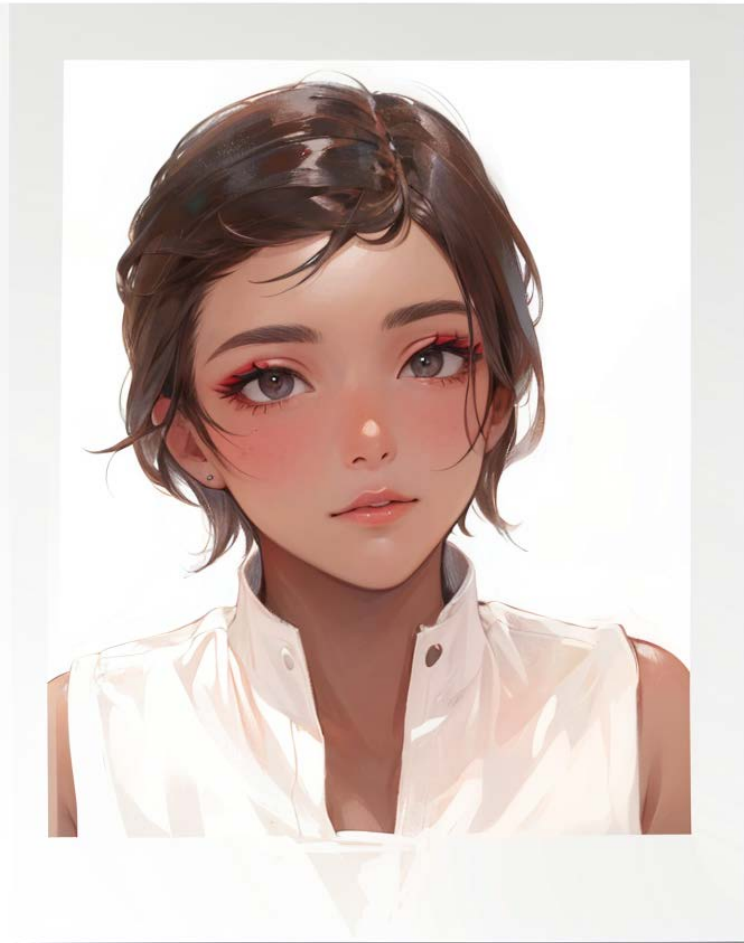
Max just shook his head and turned the shower on.

It turned out not to be as easy as shaving your face, and in fact took longer than any shower he had ever taken. But the results were pretty convincing. Once the hair had been removed from them...even Max had to admit that he had pretty nice legs.

Eric agreed wholeheartedly. When Max came into the studio, wearing his stretchy black Capri pants (over a skimpy pair of panties that were surprisingly difficult to figure out how to put on) and a beige sleeveless tunic top decorated with delicate butterflies. A fat fake leather belt was added around his stomach. Who wears a belt around their stomach? Max wondered, I’ll never figure girls out.

Once seated in the salon chair, Eric once again began to work on his makeup, followed by his hair. Max had been expecting another wig, but Eric had a better idea, “I think I can use your real hair now...it’s just barely long enough, but it’ll look better than a wig.”

“But what about my hairstyle??” Max complained, “I don’t want to look like a girl!”



“Oh quit your whining,” Eric said in a mock-scold, “Your hair will be fine – maybe even better than before!”

Max sighed and let Eric go to work, and before he knew it – it was all done. Eric was clipping on a pair of dangling pendant earrings and helping Max into a pair of low-heeled black sandals.

“Whoah...you never said anything about shoes!” Max complained as he took a few tentative stumbling steps in the two and half inch heeled shoes.

“That’s what girls wear” Eric said, matter-of-factly, “Besides look how great you look in them. He

turned Max towards a full length mirror. Max’s eyes looked the reflection of himself over for the first time.

Wow.

He looked good. Real good. The shoes could stay.

He looked so good...so convincing. So girly. It was hard...make that impossible... for Max not to feel just a little aroused at the sight of his new feminine self. She... was even better looking than the first session he and Eric had done. No wonder Eric wanted to take his picture like this. He was a hotty!

“You didn’t follow my advice.” Eric broke Max’s train of thought.

“Huh?”

Eric pointed at Max’s groin, “You didn’t follow my advice. You didn’t jerk off in the shower”

Max looked down to discover that while he had been admiring himself, his little soldier had erected a tent in his girly stretch pants.

“Now you’re going to have to go back and do it in your bedroom or something” He handed Max a box of tissues and directed him towards the door.

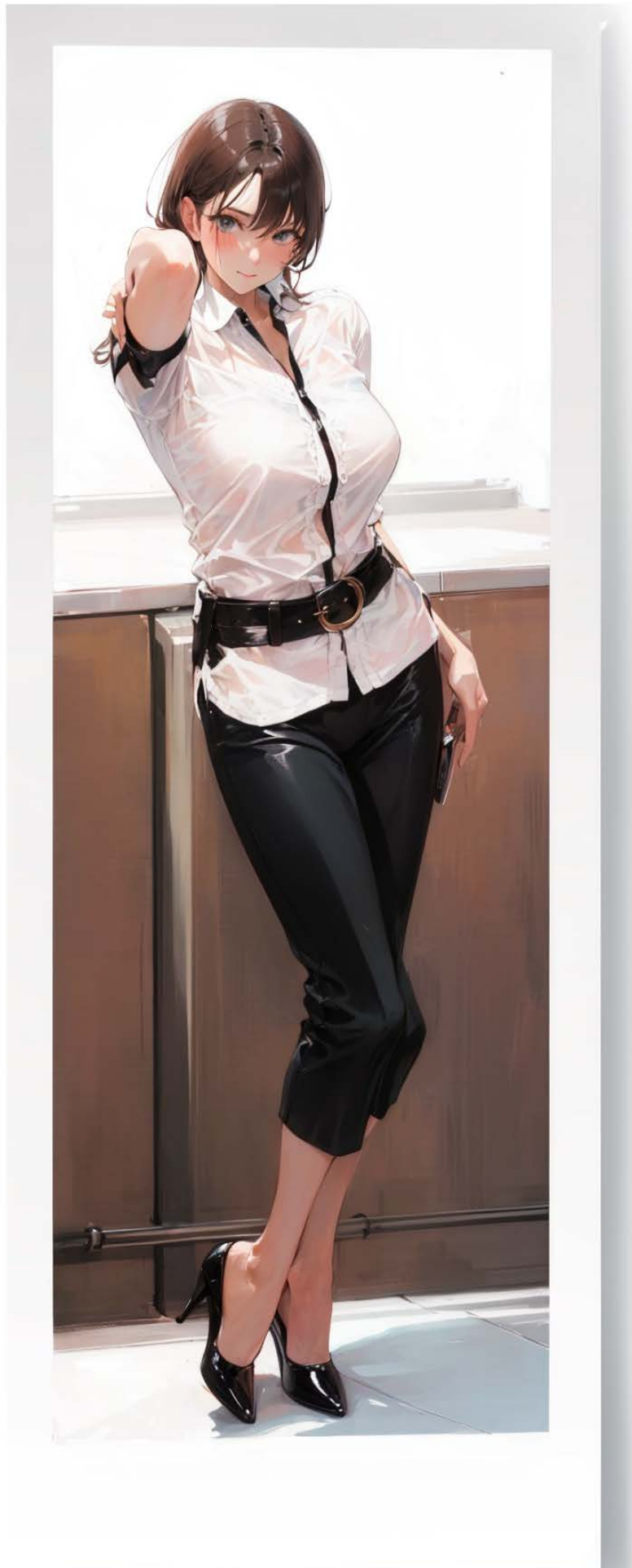
“You can’t be ser...”

Eric didn’t even let him finish, “Go. Now. Or the deal’s off”

Max took the box of tissue and headed for the door. He couldn’t believe this was happening.

An hour or so later, after a few flirty poses, the shoot was all done and Max was again headed for the bathroom to get changed and wash his face. Eric cut him off in the hall with a beer.

“Congratulations!” he smiled, “I’ve got a tentative offer already.”



“Already?” Max took the beer bottle from his roommate and took a swig, “No way.”

“I’m serious. Maxine is pretty popular”

The two of them then went back into the studio and sat before Eric’s computer to watch the bids coming in. When it was all over...Max’s cut was a hundred and sixty five dollars. He would have very strange dreams that night. Dreams of him dressed as a girl, smiling at an audience of men while they bid on him.

Weird.

“Are going to the big Halloween bash?” Jessica asked out of the blue one day after class. She and Max hadn’t spoken much in the last few days.

Without even thinking, he replied, “Of course I am. I’m going as Dracula.”

Jessica’s eyes lit up, “Ooo. Well I better be careful that you don’t try to kiss my neck then.”

“What are you going as?” he asked.

“Haven’t figured it out yet,” she bit her lip, “Probably something slutty though.”

Max’s smile quickly grew from ear to ear – he had to go to that party.

He reaffirmed the same to his roommate that night when he burst into Eric’s studio, “I want to be vampire!”

Eric was working at his laptop in the studio. “Really? That’s nice.” He said without looking up from his work.

“Eric!” he shouted, “I’m fucking serious man! I need your help man!”

“You need my help to become a vampire?” Eric still didn’t look up from his computer screen.

“I need to pose again...anything you want. I’ll do it, I just need some money”.

“Oh?” Eric replied, still not looking up from his work.

“Yeah...there’s this Halloween party...and that girl’s going to be there...and I said I was going, which at first I wasn’t, but now that she is...I just have to. So I need a good costume...a great costume. I need a great Dracula costume. I need some money.”

Eric finally looked up at Max, “How much money do you need?”

“I...I don’t know. How much does a good costume cost?”

Eric chuckled, looking back at his monitor as he answered, “Well considering the time of year...I think you’re going to be looking at least two-hundred and fifty dollars”

Max choked, “What?!”

“You said you wanted a good one right. Or was that a great one? I forget, but no matter...if that too much I’m sure you can get at ‘Tar-Mart’ for cheap”

Max rolled his eyes. He could wear something from Tar-Mart. Anyone and everyone could get a costume from Tar-Mart.

“No, seriously...I need a good one.”

“Well I might know someone that can get you one...but it’s awfully last minute. A lot of these costumes are reserved months in advance you know...”

“Just try will you...I told her I was going as Dracula...so I need to get a Dracula costume.”

“Well okay...because you asked so nicely,” Eric joked, “But this is going to cost you big-time.”

Max sighed. This girl was costing him more than money; she was costing him his pride. But for sure she was worth it. “I don’t care; just help me out will you?”

Eric looked up and smiled, “Okay. Anything you want Maxine.”



By the time Halloween arrived, Eric had procured Max the fanciest vampire costume in the city. It was just like something from the movies, and even came with two little clip on fangs. Max thought he was lucky to have found such a good friend in Eric. He even offered to call Max a cab to take him to the party!

But the cabbie was a total idiot, and took Max an hour out of his way to the wrong address. Hoping he hadn’t lost his chance to impress Jess, he finally arrived at the party and began to search for her.

It didn’t him long to find Jessica, dressed as a naughty French maid...but the problem was the other Dracula that she was already with. And to make matters worse...he was kissing her neck!

That’s my neck! He thought to himself as he stormed out of the party.



That's my neck!

Chapter Three

Max woke up the next day, still feeling devastated. The Halloween party the night before was supposed to have been his chance to finally kiss Jessica. He had gone to so much trouble to get the perfect costume, but somehow – it had all gone terribly wrong.

All that work. All that money.
All that time spent... and Jessica had ended up with the wrong Dracula. And to make matters worse, he now had to repay Eric with another stupid photo shoot. And from Eric had said this was going to be the hardest one yet.

The next day Max found Eric reading the paper in the kitchen with a cup of Stardunk coffee on hand. When he saw Max he smiled and pointed at the Stardunk cup on the counter, “I got you one too”

Max lifted the cup to his mouth, then, after taking a mouthful, nearly spit it into the sink.

“What the hell’s this??”

“Cappuccino” Eric said without looking up from his paper.

“Who said I liked cappuccino?”

“No-one. I just thought you might like to try it”

Max rolled his eyes. God must really hate me.

“There’s instant coffee in the cupboard if you like.”



Instant. Yech. Max would rather try and stomach the cappuccino than drink that axle grease.

“So how did your party go last night...?”

“She got the wrong guy.”

“Excuse me?”

Max took a big gulp of his Stardunks before he repeated himself, “She got the wrong guy. I told her I was going as Dracula. When I got there, she had already hooked with some other guy...dressed as Dracula.”

“Well maybe she wasn’t all that interested in you after all” Eric offered, an odd expression now across his face.

“Besides,” he continued, “It’s probably for the best anyway. There’s no telling what might have been in her blood, eh Drac?”

Eric was still not amused, “Whatever.” He took another big gulp of cappuccino. The stuff actually wasn’t too bad. “So what do you have planned for me...or do I even want to know.”

“Well I was going to do a whole ‘pretty woman’ street walker thing with you...” Eric paused to see Max’s reaction to his joke, “But since you’re feeling so low... maybe I’ll tone it down a bit.”

“What’s a bit?” Max whined.

“So have you ever worn tights?” Eric asked.

Max stared at him – dumfounded – what kind of question was that?? What self respecting college-aged man had ever worn tights?

Eric chuckled at his roommate’s reaction. Max had showered and shaved and been laced into his corset was now waiting for Eric to finish up his brief tutorial on the many different types of hosiery that girls wear. It occurred to him that Max was likely drowning out most of what he saying. It was obvious that he didn’t really care much about learning why and how to wear the damn things. He just wanted to slap them on and get it over with .

The duo started the shoot, but it quickly became apparent that Max should have paid more attention. All of the shots that Eric was doing were of legs. Legs in tights. Many-many different tights. And when Eric told him to go and change into ‘such and such’ a pair, he actually thought that Max might know what he was talking about.

“Weren’t you listening??” A frustrated Eric came storming into the dressing room after the third ‘What do they look like again?’ call from Max.

“Sorry...I...I just don’t seem to be with it today.”

“What’s your problem?!” Eric was visibly angered, “This is like...the easiest fucking shoot. Its all legs! All you have to do is show your legs. No skirts, no hair, no makeup...just legs!”





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“I know...it’s just...”

“Listen, I know you really had it bad for this girl... but obviously she’s not interested. So will you get with the program?? I need you to be here,” Eric pointed at the floor of the dressing room. “I need you out there...” he pointed out to the studio, “Come on man...I really need you. I can’t do this without you. We’re like a team.”

The change in the tone of Eric’s voice struck a cord with Max. He suddenly felt terrible for letting his roommate down. He felt guilty. Here was Eric...trying his best to make both

of them some money...and after everything Eric had done for him...all of the money, all of the support, the help...the friendship. Max took a deep breath. I have to get control here.

He sighed, "I'm sorry...I..."

Before Max could finish the sentence, Eric leaned forward, put his arms around him and gave him a gently soothing hug. At first Max didn't know what to do. He had never really hugged...or for that matter, been hugged by another guy. Not even his Dad had shown him that kind of affection. But after a second or two, some kind of natural instinct must have kicked in, because he felt his own arms starting to move around Eric as he buried his face in his roommate's chest and let out a faint sob.

With one arm on Eric's chest and the other over his shoulder, Max continued to embrace Eric – whose hands were now gently running over Max's shoulder...and bare ass!

This is gay, he thought after another moment in Eric's arm.

Max regained his composure and straightened himself out. This was far and away the most confusing thing that had ever happened to him. Twenty-four hours ago he pining for the attention of a cute female classmate, and now, such a short time later, was finding comfort in the arms of his very male roommate.

"Lets go over this again now," Eric broke Max's train of thought, "We've done the stirrups and the opaque tights, now we need to do the semi-opaque," he pointed to the tights on the dressing room counter, "then the translucent, then the sheers, then the fishnet then the mesh..." he made sure the Max nodded after he pointed to each of the remaining pairs of hosiery. "And then we'll call it even."

Max looked up at Eric, "Are you sure?"

"Yeah...I'm probably not going to make anything on it, but..."

Max responded by throwing his arms around him and embracing him in another hug. But this one was different...at least that's what Max told himself. This one was to say 'thanks' not to be...you know...gay.

Eric smiled, “You know, maybe you should give up on that Jessica girl and just be my girlfriend.”

Max’s face dropped.

Eric broke into a fit of laughter.

“You’re such a sucker.” He chuckled, “There’s no way I would date you!”

Max broke into laughter himself, relieved that his earlier thoughts were unfounded...and in fact downright foolish, “No?” he said.

“No way...” Eric echoed his earlier sentiment, “...your boobs are way too small!”

Both men broke into laughter again, but something inside Max compelled him to glance discreetly at the mirror on the wall to check his bust-line out. I really need to shave my chest again, he thought to himself.





In the weeks that followed, Max put thoughts of Jessica behind him and focused on his school...possibly the first time such an occurrence had happened. One Saturday morning, a very groggy Eric came into the kitchen to find Max busily fixing lunch. It wasn't anything fancy...Mac & Cheese from a box with a small pre-made side salad from a bag...but it still struck Eric as being rather funny. He had figured Max to be a bit of a slacker, and yet...lately...he had been acting anything but. Between studying hard every night and working as model and now fixing his own... somewhat healthy lunch, the appeared to be more to Max then he had originally figured.

“You want some?” Max asked without turning around.

“Uh...sure.” Eric chuckled, “Is it safe?”

Max didn't reply. Instead he set his own plate aside and fixed another one for his roommate.

“Long night?” Max asked as he set the plate before Eric and then sat across the table from him to being eating his own lunch.

“Its not the nights being long that hurts...it's the short mornings” Eric replied rubbing his head. He had partied just a little too hard last night.

Max just chuckled, “And I thought I was supposed to be the irresponsible one.”

Eric shoved a fork-load of lettuce into his mouth, “You are.”

The two young men chatted about a few things before Eric asked Max what he was doing that afternoon.

“Studying”

“You want to make some money?”

“What do you have in mind?”

“Nothing fancy.”

“Do I have to dress up as a girl?”

“Well...yeah. I guess it’s a little bit fancy” Eric measured between his finger and thumb.

Max rolled his eyes, “How much?”

“I’m not sure yet,” Eric chuckled, “It’s a bit of gamble...I’m bidding on a little project for someone...so it could be very little, or it could be quite a lot.”

He looked across the table at his roommate as he shoveled another fork of pasta into his mouth, “You game?”

Max paused and looked down at his plate, deep in thought. He surely could use the money, as he still owed Eric a bit for the Dracula costume (it had cost double of what he had originally planned) and his spending money was quickly dwindling. He just wasn’t sure if he wanted to go through the ordeal of getting dressed up in drag again if it wasn’t going to pay much.

“If it’s any consolation, I could get a really big contract with this shoot and have some good paying work set up for you for the whole school year,” Eric added.

“In drag?”

Eric scrunched up his face, “No...not in drag...” he relaxed his facial expression, “I prefer to call it ‘impersonation’”

Max burst into laughter as he collected their plates and took them over to the sink.

“Well,” he began, “Since you put it that way.”



The following day Max was on his way to his finance lecture when a familiar voice stopped him in the hall, “Hey! Where were you on Halloween?”

Max’s mind was filled with rage. Was she fucking serious??

It had been weeks since that night and he hadn’t spoken to Jessica since. He spun around to see her, dressed in a very nice denim skirt and a snug fitting long sleeved golden-yellow top, with black tights and black knee high boots, standing before him with an uncertain smile. He admired her outfit...partially because it suited her, and partially because he had posed for Eric in similar outfit only two days previous.

“What do you mean?” He began, “I was there...and I saw you making out with...”

“It was a mistake!” Jessica cut him off, “I screwed up okay. I was drunk and I hadn’t seen you and this guy just came up to me and...” She looked like she was going to cry.

“I really wanted to kiss you,” she whispered in his ear.

“Yeah well...” He paused, “I ended up with somebody too...so we’re even” he lied.

“Really?” Jessica asked.

“Yeah...but hey...its no big deal right?”

Jessica scrunched up her face, “I guess not”

“Hey I love that skirt by-the-way” Max blurted out.

“Thanks” she looked at him strangely unsure of how to respond, “I like what you’ve done with your hair.”

Max ran his fingers through his mane. He had let it grow down to his ears so that Eric could use it instead of wig, but it was impossible to do much with it when he wasn’t ‘dressed up’.

“Thanks,” he shrugged.

“Do you want to skip class and go downtown, get a bite to eat or something?” Jessica asked.

“Sure!”, he smiled. Maybe things between them were going to be okay after all.

And so the two of them went off to get a light lunch (Jessica scolded Max when he ordered a double-bacon-half-pound-cheeseburger, and convinced him to eat chicken salad instead) followed by window shopping, chatting and making comments about the way the people around them were dressed. All in all it was a surprisingly fantastic day.





When Max got home that afternoon, with a few bags of clothes under his arms, Eric was waiting.

“Wow!” he remarked at all the bags, “What happened to class?”

Max blushed, then chuckled. His chuckle turned into a half-giggle, “Well...you remember that girl?”

Eric nodded,

“Well we got to talking and...”

“You didn’t!”

“Didn’t what?”

“You didn’t sleep with her...did you?”

“No. Why would you say that?”

“Did you kiss her?”

Max just stared at him, “No...why?”

“Because she...well...never mind...go on...”

“Well anyhow...we got talking, and she apologized for Halloween, and then we went for lunch and one thing led to another...and before I knew it we were shopping.”

“I can see that” Eric surveyed the retail carnage.

“Well I hadn’t bought any new clothes in forever...and some of my old stuff just isn’t ...” Max’s voice trailed off, “Well anyhow I just bought a few things.”

“You spent all your money...didn’t you?”

Max looked down at the floor, “Yeah.”

Eric chuckled.

“Shut up,” Max mumbled.

“Well it just so happens that you might be in luck.”

“Oh?”

“Remember the shoot we did on the weekend?”

How could Max forget. It had been Eric’s most convincing work yet, and Max’s most humiliating. He had been completely transformed into a sexy teenaged girl including long pink fingernails to match his pink lips, tight pink miniskirt, pink boots and white sweater and tights. It had been hard...for Max to not get aroused looking at himself in one of the many mirrors in Eric’s studio. So instead he looked at Eric...only to find his arousal wasn’t waning. And the way that Eric had interacted with him...he was sure it had been flirting.

It hadn’t been a very pleasurable event.





You spent all of your money, didn't you?

Not that it had been entirely un-pleasurable either.

“The client loved it and wants Maxine for some Christmas themed shots. And there could be a few hundred dollars in it for you...that is...if you're interested.”

“A few hundred?”

“Sure, somewhere between four and five I think. It depends.”

Classic Eric-speak...it depends. Had Max not just blown his money on a shopping spree he would have refused, but he could use the money and was still feeling a little buoyant by his time with Jessica, so he shrugged his shoulders, “Sure, why not?”

Eric beamed, “Great, we’ll do it this weekend then.”

“What about my money from the last shoot?” Max asked.

“Remember Dracula?” Eric smiled.

Max sighed and went off to his room to unpack his new duds and crack open his text books.

That Friday Max came home to find Eric waiting eagerly for him.

“What?” he asked his smiling roomy.

“We’ve got to get you ready.”

“Now?”

“Yeah, why not...aren’t you excited?”

“Uh...not really,” Max grumbled, “I was hoping to go out tonight.”

weekend.”

Max sighed. He had said yes to this after all. As he sat in the salon chair being primped and prepped a million questions started to race through his head...like what the hell am I doing? and why don’t I hate this ? and why is this taking so long?

It was true that the prep-work for this particular shoot was taking twice as any of the other shoots that Max had done. A lot of time had been spent just getting shaved and showered. Eric had to inspect every inch of his exposed skin for stray body hairs...a strange enough procedure to begin with...not counting the three

times Max was sent back to the shower to ‘touch up’ an area or two. By the time that was all done, Max was devoid of all hair below his ears, save but for the little patch he had neatly trimmed around his ‘unmentionables’. Speaking of which, Max learned two new things that day. One being that his male genitalia could be hidden away quite cleverly and with almost no pain...and two being that Eric knew exactly how to do it. Both tidbits of information were equally disturbing, but the results...and smooth feminine crotch under his skimpy black panties...were quite impressive.

The next item to take longer was the corset. It seemed to take forever to lace into it...but Max’s body was somehow getting used to being compressed down four or five dress sizes...not to mention the lack of oxygen caused by his inability to breathe. Max swore that his hips were bigger.

Ditto for his chest. The breast forms were the same ones he had worn before, yet the end result looked positively huge. He felt like a porn star. It suddenly occurred to him that maybe that was the point.

“Hmmm” Eric murmured, “Maybe you could be my girlfriend.” His eyes were squarely locked on Max’s chest.

“Shut-up!” Max had rebuffed as he stepped into the rest of his outfit.

Back in the salon chair Eric was working his cosmetic magic. This too seemed to take extraordinarily long. But Max knew that these pictures were important to get right. So he simply sat back and relaxed while Eric worked.

“All done!” Eric smiled and took a step back from Max, admiring his work before he helped his ‘model’ from his chair. He had to admit...he had really outdone himself this time. This might just be the very best pose he had ever done. If this didn’t earn him top dollar...then he didn’t know what would. I might even have a bidding war he thought to himself.

Max’s thoughts were completely different, as he looked at the mirror. The girl in the reflection would make more than Rudolph’s nose turn red. The elfin sexpot in the mirror was hot and ready to be unwrapped. From her short brown hair, with a cute red velour chapeau, lined with white marabou, to her high thin eyebrows, feathery black lashes and eyes lined out past the outer corners with thick black (as

coal) liner...to her rosy cheeks, and rosier lips...liquid fire engine red to be precise...so slick they appeared to made of shiny vinyl. A black choker lined her neck, but her red velour, mini dress (also lined or 'piped' with white marabou) had a deep open-neck that showed off her chest-bone and gave view of her ample cleavage.

Oh my god...I've got cleavage!

Crisp white tights ending in knee high snug fitting patent boots, with thick four-and-a-half inch heels completed the look, together with a pair of red and white plastic bracelets on each wrist, a pair of white teardrop earrings and another one of those silly black belts around her stomach.

I can't do this, Max thought, this is too much! Thank god I masturbated in the shower!!





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“I don’t know if I can do this Eric”

Eric sighed, “What’s different about this from all the other shoots we’ve done?”

“Look at me man. I look like a freak’n North Pole Whore!”

“That’s kind of the point”

“But the last shoot was so...you know...innocent. This is way different.”

“Hey man, I don’t choose the shoots. I just take the pictures. This is what the client was looking for.”

“But what if...”

“No one’s gong to recognize you”

“But...”

Eric sighed and set his camera down. He walked out of the studio, leaving Max standing, looking completely uncomfortable, in his skimpy elfin getup. Moments later Eric returned, with what looked like a cigarette dangling from his lips. A cigarette with no filter and an odd smell, which he handed to Max, “Here, this will help.”

“Pot?”

Eric nodded and motioned with his hand for Max to take the joint.

“Oh man...I don’t know”

“You’ve never done pot before? Just take a puff...it’ll all seem better in a minute.”

Max paused for a minute. He had smoked a joint before... plenty of them in fact...but this time something seemed different. Maybe it was the fact that to anyone looking he appeared to be more of a cute girl than a slacker boy. And cute girls don't do pot...do they?

"Come on...I don't have all day" Eric motioned at the smoldering cylinder of dried marijuana.

Max paused, then took the joint from his roommate's hand and placed it delicately between his painted lips. He paused again then inhaled, the sweet smoke filling his lungs. All the while a voice in his head kept saying "This isn't what cute girls do".

Almost instantly the THC hit him. He giggled.

Or should that be she giggled. Max resolved that if he was going to do this...he had to change his point of view. He couldn't think of himself as 'Max' the boy dressed up as 'Maxine', pretending to be a cute girl posing for the



camera. No. He had to be Maxine. He had to be the cute girl posing for the camera.

It shouldn't be too hard. He knew what he liked about women, about what would turn him on. He just had to somehow channel that in a different way. In a girly, feminine way.

He took another hit, turning his eyes to Eric and smiling sweetly. He could see Eric's eyes light up. He knew that look. He had had that look in his eyes many a times before. Especially when Jessica was around. It the look a boy gives a girl when she does something unexpected...something a little naughty...something out of character.

It was a look of growing arousal.

Max took a few more long drags from the marijuana cigarette and held his breath, breathing in Maxine...breathing out Max.

Max closed his eyes and focused.

Maxine's eyes fluttered open and she turned to Eric with a quirky smile. She was ready.

The first few shots were standard fare...a cute smile here, and naughty wink there...just as a warm up. But as time progressed...and joint was smoked... Maxine, began to get her groove. With each flash of the camera, the poses got sexier and sexier and she fell deeper and deeper into her character.

At one point, in the middle of pose in which Maxine was slightly bent over to expose a hint of her nylon-covered butt cheeks from under her too-short skirt...she stopped posing altogether and burst into a playful giggle, pointing at Eric.

“What?” he asked, half annoyed at her stopping his shoot.

Maxine replied in her sweetest, softest voice...a voice that only made the preceding situation worse, “Did you remember to jerk off in the shower before the shoot Eric dear?”

Eric looked down, then back up at his model, his face turning beet red. For the first time in his career, he had let his arousal get the better of him.

The two roommates burst into laughter as Eric lit another joint, taking a very large puff of it before handing it to Maxine. Maxine took it and mimicked a nineteen-forties pin-up girl as she sweetly smoked the joint for Eric's pleasure.

The night was just beginning.



The end would come the next morning when Max awoke with a start after a terrifying dream. He sat straight up in his bed and looked around. He was still wearing his corset, stockings, panties and wig, though his dress and boots had been removed. He could still taste and feel makeup on his face. His head was sore.

He had been in the middle of dreaming about Eric...specifically Eric's lips. In his dream, Max, dressed as Maxine, was Eric's girlfriend. The thought made he break out into a sweat.

What the hell did I do last night? He scratched his head. He remembered the joints, he remembered the shoot. He could remember Eric giving him a beer afterwards...then another...and another. And he could remember Eric opening a bottle of...something or other. But after that, Max couldn't remember a thing.

It wouldn't matter, as the elfin Christmas shot would be Maxine's breakthrough performance. The combination of cannabis, mental projection and a tiny bit of sexual...something or other between him and his roommate had allowed him to transcend his inhibitions and essentially become Maxine. Eric had noticed, and when the photo shoot sold quickly the next morning online, for twice the original asking price, he was eager to keep Max's momentum going.

"Guess what?" Eric met Max in the kitchen and sat across from him as he sipped his coffee.

Max looked puzzled. He didn't like not knowing what had happened the other night. He had thought long and hard about it when he was in the shower washing away Maxine and bringing back his regular masculine self.

"Oh I don't know...I've got no eyebrows and I have to go to school Monday looking like a..." he shrugged as he took another sip of his coffee.

"The pictures turned out so nice that we got bonus."

"A bonus? What kind of bonus?"

"They paid more then I quoted them...and they would like to meet Maxine in person and have her do a live show"

Max's face began to light up, "You're serious?"

"As cancer."

"Holy shit!" he exclaimed. Then his face sunk, "A live show?"

“Yeah, just be on stage when they unveil their Christmas campaign this week”

“Wha-wha-what? Live? On stage? As Maxine??”

Eric smiled and nodded his head, “It’s no sweat. I already said you’d do it.”

“But you didn’t ask me if I wanted to do it.”

“I didn’t need to...Maxine already said yes.”

“What??” Max was starting to get angry, “What the fuck are you talking about?”

“Last night I asked if you would go on stage if they asked, and you said...yes”.

“But I was....drunk. I was high, dude. You can’t expect me to...”

“Listen,” Eric’s voice became deep and serious, “You told me yes, and I got this job based on you saying yes. I will pay more then anything we’ve done yet. And if we back out they’ll cancel the whole thing and we get...nothing.”

Max just stared.

“So are you going to work with me and make some good money...” he paused, “Or are you going to fuck me over?”

Max sighed. He couldn’t go back on his word now. He would ruin everything and have to move out. He was just a little bit trapped. “Fine.”

Eric smiled, “Good girl Maxie” he laughed. Now we better get you wearing a corset...like every day. You need to be ready for the week’s end. Oh and you better practice wearing heels too...you need to be natural in them on stage too. In fact, lets do a couple of shoots and then you just keep everything on...okay?”

“Well...okay...I guess.”

Max got up and followed Eric to the studio.

He turned back towards Max with a frown, “I don’t know if we can do this?”

“What do you mean?” Max asked. He had just committed to doing it a moment ago, why the change of direction?

“I mean you really have to be totally committed to doing this...I mean like t-o-t-a-l-l-y and I just don't know if you're willing...to do things my way”

“Eric, I said I would do it...so I'll do it...okay?? I'm committed.”

“Totally?”

“Fucking totally!”

“You are totally committed to this...and you'll do whatever I tell you...without question?”

“Yes!”

“Say it”

“Say what?”

“Say you'll do whatever I say.”

“I'll fucking do whatever you say!”

Eric smiled, “Okay...good, then we'll work on it...together. Okay?”

“Sure fine, whatever. What do you need me to do?”

“Well, you were good yesterday, but you could be better. You need some work, some practice on your mannerisms. You know, walking, talking...your posture...the way you compose yourself...everything. It all needs a little work.”

“Why do I need to work on my talking?”

“You have to be prepared for everything! You are going to be there live okay? You have to be ready if someone talks to you!”

“Oh,” Max looked a little bit unsure again, but tried to hide it, “Okay...so what should I do?”

“Well, like I said...you'll have to wear the corset...and heels every day, and also a skirt...and probably makeup. In fact you need to be Maxine like every day. Not just when we're doing shoots, like...all the time”

Max raised his eyebrows.

“From the moment you come home from school, until you go to sleep at night you need to be in the zone. You know? Be her, not you.”

Max nodded, he understood what Eric was getting at. At least he thought he did.

“Whatever you did yesterday to channel her is what you have to start doing every day, okay?”

“You want me to be high every day?”

Eric just chuckled, “Well if that’s what it takes.”

Max suddenly felt worried. This was more serious than he had thought. Maybe it was more than he could handle. Maybe he wasn’t as ready as he thought.

He took a deep breath.

But...Eric needed him to do this. It was important to him. And he had been there for Max when he needed him...so now it was Max’s turn to be there for him. Besides, he would be getting paid...so who cared.

“Okay...I’ll do it”

Chapter Five

Over the next week, Max followed Eric’s instructions to the letter. His hair had been growing steadily longer, but required a trip to the salon down the street to get it styled in way that would look feminine enough for his live ‘performance’ but masculine enough to remain in school. While at the salon Eric suggested...or rather demanded...that Max have his eyebrows touched up. Eric had plucked them, but the girls at the salon did a much better job. By the time that he left they had waxed and plucked, and shaped them into dainty arches, in addition to his new hair style... and newly lengthened and manicured finger nails. Max found that it took a little

extra work in the morning to make his brows look bushier before he left for school, but he knew it would all be worth it.

Every day, as soon as Max got home from school, he would immediately change into 'Maxine's' clothes, usually some of the outfits he wore in his earlier shoots... plus some new clothes that Eric had purchased for him. Then it was time for a little makeup and 'presto' Max was gone...Maxine was in.



Then the hard stuff began. Learning how to walk, stand and even talk like a girl – in addition to his regular school studies - was much more difficult than he could have ever imagined. He would pace his room, wearing a skirt, tights and heels, then crash on his bed to read a textbook for a quarter-hour before returning to his 'feminine training'.

This continued to for what seemed like endless days...but the results were noticeable quickly. Eric was very pleased with the progress that he was making. Max's hard work was starting to pay off.

Before too long it was time for Eric to prepare Maxine for her live appearance as Santa's sexy elf. The two took a cab downtown to the unveiling of the client's Christmas catalogue with Eric dressed in casual khakis and Maxine in her revealing get-up. He, or rather she was terrified, but held her own just fine, thanks to Eric's training.

In the cab, Maxine's eye was drawn up to the rear-view mirror, where...every time she looked...the cab driver's eyes were leering back at her. She whispered in Eric's ear, "I think the cab driver knows I'm not a girl."

Eric just laughed, and shook his head, "There's no way. Trust me." He smiled at the cabbie, causing him to look away, then turned back to his feminized roommate, "There is no way."

At the catalogue launch, Eric's client was ecstatic. Maxine hit every mark, and was a huge hit with the crowd. He was so thrilled, in fact, that he invited Eric and Maxine to join him for drinks afterwards.

Eric naturally accepted.

Maxine took Eric aside, "Are you nuts? I can't go out in public looking like this??" she motioned at her outfit.

"Don't worry...I've got something for you to change into," he smiled.

The smile made Maxine quite a bit worried. It turns out her worry was warranted, as Eric had convinced Blair to let Maxine wear one of the lovely outfits from his catalogue, a very fancy gold-trimmed wine-red skirt and shoulder-less top set. Patterned white hosiery, red sling-back heels and a lovely pearl necklace completed the ensemble.

Maxine blushed as Blaire peppered her with compliments. She had to admit that she liked the attention, but wasn't pleased that it was coming from another man. When the night was over... Max and Eric would have words.

But for now, the two roommates were on their way to a posh nightclub where they would enjoy a few drinks...and then a few more. Maxine was being hit on steadily for the duration of the night, especially by Eric's client Blair. Blair asked questions like, "How is Eric for a roommate?" and made comments like "You're lucky to have

Eric”’. Maxine wasn’t sure how to take it. Especially since she knew that by this time tomorrow, she would again be gone and Max would be back.

She decided not to let it bother her, and after a few drinks, found herself sitting very close between both Blair and Eric, letting them pepper her with flirtatious compliments.

When in Rome...or something like that.





Womaim vñns !j Covtrea:..

The next morning, Max woke up with pounding head. He blamed vodka martinis he had thrown back all last night.

He tried to slip into some of his old clothes, but they were not fitting so well any more. Too tight in one spot, too loose in another. He rationed that it was due to all the physical work he had been doing in training to be Maxine. Not to mention his body-shaping corset. Thank goodness he had some girly jeans that would stretch over his hips and still feel snug around his waist; though they did require that he wear much different under-things. He chuckled to himself that the skimpy panties felt nicer beneath his jeans and didn't show through his tighter pants.

Out in the kitchen Eric was seated at the counter drinking his coffee when Max walked in. He cleared his throat as Max reached for the coffee decanter.

“What?” Max asked as he turned his head towards his roommate.

Eric pointed his finger up and down as if outlining Max's body.

“What?” Max whined again.

“Remember the rules?”

“What rules?”

“No pants while at home...you've got to be Maxine all the time, remember?” Eric looked back at his newspaper.

“But I thought...” Max began to whine.

“Uh-uh!” Eric cut him off, “Those are the rules...now go get changed.”

“But”

“Nothing has changed...the rules are the rules, now go get changed Maxine.” Eric's mind was made up and Max was too tired to argue. He slumped back to his room to begin the long process of changing into Maxine.

When did I become such a chump? he wondered.

Time continued to pass and very soon it was the last day of classes before the Christmas break. Jessica surprised Max by asking him if he was going to go to the New Year's Eve dance. Max wasn't sure...and he knew he had a shoot the following day with Eric...but in the end he relented and agreed to join her.

Christmas was very strange, as neither Eric nor Max spent it with their parents, opting instead to hang out together. For Christmas, Max bought his roommate a remote flash he had been complaining he needed whenever they shot a pose.

Eric bought Max new clothes...and cosmetics...and feminine accessories. Essentially, Eric bought Max nothing and instead opted to buy gifts only for Maxine. A week later on New Year's Eve, Eric warned his friend not to get too drunk...since he didn't want a hung over model on the set the next day.

Max simply replied with, "Yes dear"

At the party, Max met up with Jessica, but wasn't enjoying himself. He didn't drink much, as he kept hearing Eric's warning in his head...and he was distracted by the fact that his clothes seem so very uncomfortable...he wished that Eric had purchased some for him instead of his alter ego... I wish I had worn my new stretchy flared jeans! He thought to himself...realizing that it was Maxine's wardrobe he was wishing he had worn. On the other front, Jessica had been making eyes with him all night, but he just could get excited about her. What's wrong with me?? All he could think about was his uncomfortable clothes...and his photo shoot the next day. He apologized to her, then left the club early...way early...like ten o'clock early...to rest up for the big shoot tomorrow.



"Familiar partner!!"

The next morning Max woke up at an extremely early hour, showered, shaved his body...made sure he jerked off, then proceeded to dress himself as Maxine...as best he could. By the time he was finished it was close to eleven o'clock, and he was starting to wonder where his roommate was. Not a moment later, Eric came rushing through the door. He turned and looked at Max...as Maxine...posing sweetly on the floor next the sofa, wearing a very short pink mini-dress with a low neckline and cute spaghetti straps over smooth white tights. His padded chest had been contained perfectly in the top, creating the illusion of nice sized breasts. His makeup and hair were nearly perfect and strappy open-topped heels, earrings and an ornate necklace nicely completed the look

He...she...stretched out seductively and smiled, "Where have you been?" she cooed, "I've been worried." She gave a sexy wink to punctuate the sentence.

Max expected Eric to burst into laughter. He figured he had done a pretty poor job of transforming himself into Maxine. He also figured that Eric would get the joke of his over-the-top feminine voice and mannerisms.

But Eric did not.

Instead, he just stared, mouth agape...a strange look in his eye...and a stranger still...bulge in his pants.

Both young men both knew instantly what the other was thinking. Eric how attractive Maxine looked, and Max how weird it felt to be admired...even lusted for...by his friend. Both blushed and looked away.

"Well," Eric said finally, "I guess we better just get to work, huh?"

"Uh...yeah. Let's do that." Max spoke in the lowest, most masculine tone he could muster.

He still sounded a lot like a girl.

A week after that very uncomfortable situation, Blair, now Eric's biggest client, ordered enough new photo shoots to fill every weekend until the end of February. Eric caught Max by surprise at the first shot by suggesting that he start taking a mild female hormone.

“What??”

“It’ll help you soften up your edges...you know. Look more femme.”

“I thought you said I was looking more femme every day already?”

“Well yeah, but you don’t see all the post work I’m doing to touch up your pics.”

“Post work?”

Eric sighed, “Yeah, you know...post...like after. I have to do a lot of airbrushing and photoshopping to really make you look amazing.”

“So what are you saying,” Max said, pausing in the middle of applying a fake eyelash. He was becoming quite proficient at applying his own makeup. And in fact, was having thoughts that he was looking better every day as Maxine.

“Don’t get me wrong,” Eric back-peddled, “You’re hot. I mean really hot. You’re totally passable...as a chic. But there are things that the camera sees that the eye doesn’t. It’s just the way it works. And I got these pills that will help to...you know...complete the picture. Not to mention it will save me a bunch of time after the fact.”

“Aren’t you supposed to have a subscription for stuff like that?”

Eric laughed, “You mean a prescription? Sure, I guess...but I got them anyway. I know someone who owes me a favor.”

Max sighed. Subscription? What the hell was wrong with him??

“I guess I could take a couple”

“Oh-no. This is serious. This is big time. If you start...you can’t just stop. You have to take them every-single-day. Twice a day.”

Eric’s voice turned deadly serious, “Listen...you’ve already been kind of taking them...for a couple of months now...I’ve been putting it in your food and stuff...and its helped a little bit but...”

Max’s jaw fell open, his face flush with anger, “What??”

“It was for the good of the shoot and you didn’t even notice...but I need it to work faster, you know?”

“You’ve been feeding me girl hormones??”

“Max listen I...”

But Max did not listen. He stomped a marabou muled foot and walked out of the kitchen.

Eric sighed. This was going to be a little harder then he thought.

Harder...but not impossible, as later that afternoon Max was sighing after finally giving in about taking the pills, “Okay. But its just until the shoot is over. I don’t want to be a chic full time.”

He wasn’t sure why he relented to easily. He wasn’t sure if he really wanted to take the pills. But he was increasingly sure that he didn’t want to let Eric down. After all, Eric had done so much for him. So he took the little caplet in his hand and swallowed it with a mouthful of beer.

Eric smiled widely, “Good girl Maxie!”

Maxie smiled as he returned to doing his fake eyelashes.

By the end of January, Max had given up on going out to the club altogether, which essentially meant that he had given up on Jessica altogether. By February, he had given up on wearing any of his old clothes altogether. Maxine’s comfy hip hugging flared jeans, camisole tee-shirt and knitted shawl were much more comfortable.

One night Eric engaged Max in a very serious conversation about Maxine. The client wanted to do more shots showing more cleavage, and even some visible nipple lines. In fact he had indicated that a major topless shot would pay big bucks.

“Just what kind of place is this??” Max asked.

“Blair’s is a mail-order shop for housewives that want to look sexy for their husbands. Sometimes they want to look really sexy. Hence the topless shot.”

“Why not hire a topless model then?”

“They don’t want a topless model Max...” Eric paused then smiled, “They want you. Or at least...they want Maxine”

Max couldn’t help but feel a little pride. His whole life he had been amounting to nothing. And now he was suddenly a valuable commodity. Or rather...Maxine was.

“The problem is Max...that you don’t have tits”

Max shrugged his shoulders, “That’s why we have the breast forms, right?”

“Ah, well...not quite. They won’t work for a lot of what they want to do”

“Then I guess we can’t do then can we”

“Well...” Eric paused, “I actually know a way that we could”



Some time later, Max awoke from a deep sleep. It was the first day of spring break. He had undergone some minor surgery two days before, and although his chest now hurt like hell, he was pleased to see...or at least he thought he was pleased to see...his splendid new B-Cup breasts now pertly protruding from his chest. His breasts, on his chest.

How was he going to explain this to his family?

Though his chest was sore, Max prepared to do the first of a week of risqué photo-shoots with Eric while his peers partied it up in warmer climates. Eric promised this one would pay big. Max hoped it would, as he hadn’t seen a penny from Eric in months, just the promise of more...and soon. It was true that Eric wasn’t charging him rent...and had fronted the money for the boobs, and for the extra long acrylic nails and trips to the salon. Not to mention the closet full of clothes for Maxine. But what did he expect? Max was to wear nothing but skirts and heels

everyday after school, and over the break twenty-four hours a day. Max was committed to doing it.

On the last day of the shoot, they went out to celebrate. Max was still in his Maxine clothes, but didn't care. He knew that no-one would suspect that he was anything other than a beautiful girl. At the club later...the same club he used to frequent with Jessica, he found himself on the dance floor with ...Eric, and they were slow dancing. The two of them, looking into each others eyes, arms around each other... those warm caring eyes.

The next morning, Max woke up ...in Eric's bed. At first he was mortified but as he gazed down at Eric's sleeping form...he felt something...different. He looked down at his roommate for several long minutes until Eric suddenly turned. Frightened that he had been seen, Max jumped out of the bed and ran to his own room, hoping that Eric wouldn't remember. Eric just smiled at him later that morning when he came out for breakfast.





Time was flying by. Max was studying harder than ever for school during the week, and posing for Eric every minute of the weekend. He barely noticed Jessica anymore. He tried to wear baggy tops to hide his breasts, but his feminine jeans were nearly impossible to hide. He was getting tired of slipping into his Maxine gear the moment he got home, even if just to lounge around and study more. He wished he could wear Maxine's clothes all the time...or not. Eric said it was too important to not, and since Max wasn't ready to wear anything overtly 'Maxine' to school, the status quo remained.

When school was finally done, Eric offered Max the opportunity to stay and pose for him over the summer. The client was hungry for more of Maxine. Max wasn't sure. On one hand he could go back to his step dad's and work at the quarry in town, or...he could stay in the city and hang out with Eric and wear these cute costumes all summer...and get paid for it. Then there was the whole boob thing. The pills Eric had given him had done wonders to soften his skin...and were certainly the cause of his bras not fitting properly. He was now wearing a small C-cup. How would he explain that to his family? Worse... how would he afford to have them removed?

Max reluctantly agreed, but Eric had conditions. Max must agree to undergo a little more surgery to and be Maxine all day, everyday, all summer.

Max sighed, "Okay...I'll do it."





Chapter Six

As it turned out, the “little” surgery turned out to be anything but.

He was so bandaged that he couldn't pose at all for several weeks. Unable to earn his keep in the studio, Eric had him help out more around the apartment...cooking cleaning, doing laundry, running errands until he was able to be back in front of the camera.

Eventually the bandages would be removed, but when the scars healed, Max quickly noticed how much smaller his nose was, and how much less pronounced his brow bone was, and how his adam's apple was gone! Not to mention his fuller lips and his larger breasts. Larger – again!





This suit shiver! mag chui yei.

“This wasn’t what I agreed to!” Max cried when he saw his new reflection.

“What the hell are you talking about?” Eric asked.

“This...this,” Max motioned around his face and body with his hands, “I didn’t agree this ...this”

“Uh...hello...you did so agree...as I recall you’re exact words were Sure Eric, whatever it takes”

“Yeah but I didn’t know that this would be what it takes!!”

“Well guess what,” Eric raised his voice, “It is!”

“Well I change my mind then...I want to go back to the way I was”

“The way you were??” Eric said angrily, “Which part Max? The failing student? The homeless student? The fucking poor student??”

“Fuck you Eric,” Max whined, “You wouldn’t understand...you’re not the one that looks like a fucking chick, man. I am. And I don’t want to do it anymore. I don’t care about the fucking money. Besides...you haven’t paid me a penny in like... months.”

“What? Who bought you all your clothes...and the trips to the salon? And the hormone pills? And the boob job? You think all that stuff is cheap? You think money just grows on trees?”

“I did all this stuff because you said it would pay off...and I’m tired of waiting. I just want things back to normal.”

“You have to spend money to make money Max,” Eric sighed, “Well fine then. Go ahead. Ask them to turn you back. Ask them to undo what you’ve spent almost two weeks recovering from,” Eric turned his back and started to walk towards the door, “Oh and by the way, you should find out how much it’s going to cost, because this procedure we just did...just ate up all of the money that we had made up to this point”

“We made?” Max spat, “We?? There’s no we? It’s me Eric. I’m the one doing all the posing. I’m the one doing all the dressing up like a chick. It’s not we man, it’s me”

Tears were welling up in Max's eyes. He sniffled to try and fight them back, but his emotions were starting to get the better of him. He realized that he was acting way out of character for himself. For himself, but maybe not for Maxine.

“Is this about the money? Do you need money? For what Max...for clothes?”

“No...I...” Max shouted, his voice cracking into the higher register.

“Is it clothes that you need? Is that what this is about?? Clothes?” Eric's face was turning red, “have you even checked your closet since you got home??”

Max realized he hadn't. So he got up and stomped into his room, throwing open the door to his closet. Then he stopped and starred, then buried his head in his hands and began to weep.

The closet had been completely re-stocked with all new outfits...for Maxine.

Eric came into the room quietly, feeling bad for yelling at his friend. He went over to him and put his arm around him, letting him cry on his shoulder. Max sobbed uncontrollably...but couldn't help but think that whatever cologne Eric was wearing smelled very nice...he moved his nose in closer for a better whiff, but ending up brushing his swollen lips across his friend's neck instead. Eric shuddered. Max brushed his nose and mouth across Eric's skin a second time. Eric responded by holding him tighter and turning his head. A small, low...almost inaudible moan escaped his lips. Almost inaudible, but to those close enough to hear.

Max was close enough to hear.

Both roommates felt stirrings in their groins, but dared not act upon them. Instead, Eric broke the awkward silence by suggesting Max(ine) try one of the new outfits that had been placed in the closet.

Max agreed.

There was little he could do. He had after all...consented to the surgery and to live as Maxine all summer.

Max's head was swimming. He felt like his life was spiraling out of control. He had allowed his roommate to convince him to not only dress like a girl, but to be surgically altered to look like one.

And then on top of it all – he had gotten angry with him. And for what? Max thought to himself.

Eric hadn't put a gun to his head, all the decisions he had made were his alone. There was clearly no reason to be mad at Eric. Over the days that passed, he started to feel bad about how he had treated Eric earlier. Maybe he shouldn't have been so hard on him. After all, Max's 'improvements' were supposed to help him to earn some big money. At least that's what Eric told him. He really had no idea what the shoots were bringing it. He just had to take Eric's word for it. As sat as his vanity brushing his hair, he realized how much he trusted Eric...how much he even... cared for Eric, and how lucky he was to have Eric.

He was becoming increasingly dependent on his roommate...for just about everything. So much so in fact that Max considered forgetting about being his plain old self, and contemplated focusing on being a new and improved Maxine.

For his sake...and Eric's.

"I'm sorry," Max blurted out as he stood in the doorway of Eric's room.

Eric looked up from his laptop with a surprised, but pleased...expression, "For what?"

"For being such a..." Max struggled to find the appropriate word, "...a Bitch."

"It's okay," Eric chuckled, "I know this must a lot for you to handle. You really are doing fine...at being a girl that is. And we are making quite a chunk of money. And remember, come September, you can always go back to being just plain old Max again...that is, if you want to"

Somehow Max wasn't sure about that.

Later that night Maxine was posing in her corset, garter and stockings, worn under a black and white checkered mini and transparent blouse, with strappy sling-back platform heels.

Thank goodness Eric had gotten all those new clothes. Though Max remained unaware that they were samples that had been given by Blair, so that they could be modeled and photographed, and that Eric hadn't had much to do with it...but still. Maxine was none the wiser...and Eric knew that.

There were a lot of clothes. It would take them all summer long to model them all. And every day the outfits would be just a little racier than the last. Short skirts would become miniskirts. Then miniskirts would become super short miniskirts. Then super short miniskirts would become super short micro miniskirts.

Four inch heels would become four-and-a-half inch heels. Then five inch, then six inch. Transparent tops would become transparent tops with no bra and a special corset with the breasts cut out. Then those tops would become simply no tops at all. Just Maxine folding her arms over her chest. Then with nothing covering them at all.

It was a little weird at first to get used to posing topless...but Eric made Max feel so comfortable that it quickly became no trouble at all. And apparently Eric's client, Blaire, loved them all, and was sending the duo wads of money, though Max never saw any of it. Eric was keeping it all for him. He would take it to the bank on Tuesday evenings, sometimes Thursday evenings and other times Friday evenings. And sometimes, the Friday evenings would turn into not returning until Saturday or even Sunday. When Max asked him about it, Eric would change the topic.

Quickly June became July, then July became August, and before they knew it, the summer had ended. With the beginning of September looming before him, Max was becoming uneasy with the idea of returning to school. After being Maxine for so long, he had his doubts that he could even pretend to act like a guy anymore. It was difficult to even remember how to act like himself...that is, the 'himself' that he used to be.

On top of that, Max lamented that he didn't have any boy clothes left, and besides, posing for Eric was making him a ton of money, supposedly, so why would he want

to jeopardize that? He mentioned his worries to Eric that night as the two were taking a walk after dinner, arm in arm.

“Why not just go to school as Maxine?”

“What do you mean?” Max gasped.

“Max is short for Maxine, right?” Eric smiled.

“Sure I guess” Max racked his brain. Was Max short for Maxine, or was Maxine the girly version of his masculine name? Which came first...the chicken or the egg. He couldn't remember. Since he had been taking those pills from Eric... whatever they were...his head was often much more cloudy than usual. He decided that his roommate was right and began to attend class in some of the more 'appropriate' outfits that he had acquired.

Days later, dressed in one of the more casual 'Maxine' outfits he could find, Max sat down in his first lecture. It didn't take long for him to realize that everyone saw him, but no-one recognized him as a him at all, including one particular girl who smiled as she sat quietly next to him.

“Hi, I'm Maxine” Max extended a graceful hand to the girl he knew well as he re-introduced himself.

The girl smiled and accepted his hand in a gently shake as she introduced herself to the girl that had never seen before, “Hi, I'm Jessica,” she smiled, “Nice to meet you Maxine”



Kli ʻm Mowme!.

Weeks passed. Max was finding it harder to study and his grades were slipping. He was more and more interested in posing in his sexy outfits every night, and hated having to leave sexy Maxine at home in order to be boring Maxine at school. He was also having trouble remembering what it was like to be a guy. His relationship with Eric was...strange...to say the least. He was no longer shy about letting his roommate watch him dress or choose what to dress for him, nor with holding his hand in public when they went out for dinner, or to a movie, or even to the occasional nightclub. And when the urge came for Max to kiss Eric on the cheek...he did not resist. And from the cheek he moved to just beside the mouth. Then finally to full on the lips.

One night after an romantic evening that began with Max posing in a cute velvety black bustier with seemed stockings, garter belt and ridiculously high patent black heels, as a nineteen-forties pinup girl, and ended with drinks and dinner at a bar and dancing at a nightclub...Maxine leaving the pinup getup, makeup and hair on... adding only her sexy black cocktail mini-dress...the kiss on the lips lead to French kissing on the sofa, which lead to kissing on the neck and ears...and chest. And as Maxine slowly slipped down to her knees, to take Eric's aching cock in to her wet mouth, she realized that she was changing into something that she might never be able to stop.





(heh, yeen-neu) / thaa-huch xakubvied ineg thrad!
den 'fussy' tom p'it'ee' ha!, s'akal, rom sobee.

Eric would later joke that he should have programmed his camera to take pictures of the affair, as they would have likely netted the pair a hefty sum. But in the heat of the moment, as Eric recovered from a mind-blowing orgasm, his mind was obviously elsewhere.

Maxine was quite candid with Jessica the next school day in the lecture hall. The two had become quite close. Jessica commented that she felt like they had been friends for years, even though it was just a few weeks.

Maxine spared no detail as she told Jessica about going down on her boyfriend for the first time. Jessica listened intently, then suggested Maxine come out one night with her and her boyfriend. Maxine's eyes lit up when she suggested that her 'boyfriend' come too, "Like a double date!" she smiled.

The two girls giggled and planned the evening with much exuberance, but when Max told Eric about his conversation with Jessica, he was less than excited.

"You called me your boyfriend?" he sighed.

Max was confused by the comment. She had, after all, given Eric the hummer of a lifetime. Aside from intercourse – which was out of the question – it seemed to be a pretty good indicator of the level that the relationship had reached. Eric didn't seem so sure. He came up with several reasons why it was a bad idea, including the fact that Max's grades were slipping and he would be better served by spending the time studying.

But Max was too excited by the idea to care, and after whining to Eric incessantly, he eventually capitulated, and agreed to the date. The expression on Eric's face suggested he had more he wanted to say, but not another word was spoken.

Later that week, Max met up with Jessica at her apartment before heading out. Jess's beau was meeting them there, while Eric would be arriving later.

Maxine was sipping white wine in the living room when the doorbell rang.

"Can you get that? It's probably my man." Jessica called from the bathroom. She was finishing up her makeup, with one set of fake lashes on...one off. She looked rather like a character from a 'Clockwork Orange'.

Max shuffled in his stocking feet to the door and threw it open. It was Eric.

Max could only stand there, dumbfounded, his glossy pink-lipped mouth slightly agape.

"Eric?"

"Max?"

"Do you guys know each other?." Jessica asked as she came to the door.

Maxine moved to the one side to allow his roommate enter to the apartment, “Uh... yeah, he’s my ...”

“Photographer!” Eric blurted out, “Maxine does some modeling for me.”

Max shot him another odd look before turning to Jessica, “Uh...no...we’re...”

“Working on a big shoot together!” Eric interrupted.

Max’s eyes got big as Jessica snuggled up to Eric and planted a big kiss on his cheek, “Cool!” she cooed, “What a small world huh? I still need a sec to get ready hun, why don’t you get a beer and...” turning to Max, “a beer? Or some coolers or something? Whatever you like Maxie”

Eric tried to break the awkward situation by loudly proclaiming, “Jessica and I met at club back at Halloween” Eric smiled, “I was dressed up as Dracula and she was a slutty nurse.”

Jess called out from her room, “I have to admit...at first I thought he was someone else...’cause I was supposed to meet this guy there...but as it turned out...” she snuggled in close to Eric while Max’s mouth hung open.

”And then there was new years eve...”She continued, “My date bailed on me early...so I called Eric up...and the rest...”

Max just stared. He felt so violated. So humiliated.

Max simply remained silent. He had been betrayed. Used. Cheated.

Without saying a word he excused himself from the apartment, and ran to the elevator.

Eric called after him, “Max! Max! Wait...let me explain!”

Max thumbed the elevator’s down button impatiently as Eric approached, “Max... it’s not what it seems!”

Tears were starting to stream down Max’s face as the elevator doors opened.

“Max wait!”

Max pressed to button to make the doors close, then began to sob uncontrollably as the elevator began its silent descent.





VROMEN EF | O11Y:

Days went past but the hurt would not subside. Max couldn't believe that Eric had been so dishonest, so cunning...so cruel. He began to doubt if their friendship had been a friendship at all. He wondered if Eric had planned to turn him into Maxine

as a way to get Jessica all for himself. He wondered what he had thought he felt for Eric in the tender moments that they had shared.

It ate him up.

He had moved into a hotel room to avoid Eric's presence, but it wasn't enough. The pain was always with him. So...faced with plummeting grades, Max requested a leave of absence from his studies and left town. He straightened his hair, bandaged his breasts and tried to dress as manly as he could – but even as she stepped off the bus in the small valley town where he grew up – he understood the futility of it all.

No-one would know who he was anymore. Hell – he didn't even know who he was anymore. He had spent the bus ride trying to work up the courage to go home...but as he sat in the local coffee shop staring out onto the main street of town, the popular refrain 'you can never go home' rang through his head.

Max sighed and looked around at the patrons of the small shop. Even with no makeup and grungy clothes he was still catching the eyes of most of the men around him. How could he confront his Dad looking like this? What would his Mother say? What would their friends and neighbors think? Why had he come back here?

This wasn't the big city. There was no place for 'person' like him in a place like this. All his presence would do is create more pain and hurt for more people.

Maybe that was the point.

Maybe there just wasn't a place anywhere for a person like him.

Max could feel the dark clouds of depression starting to circle around him. Tears were welling up in his eyes...and then...his phone vibrated.

Max wiped away the water from his eyes and looked at the phone's screen. It was a text...from Jessica. It said, simply..."Are you okay? Where are you? Can we talk?" He smiled a little smile. Maybe someone in the world still did care. He paused for a moment and stared at the phone's screen, then began to text her back....

Chapter Seven

A few days later Eric returned to his darkened apartment after a meeting with potential clients who were looking for some photography of their new housing developments in the suburbs. It was boring, bland work, but it would have to do. He still had bills to pay. Since Max left, actually stormed out was a better word, things hadn't been the same. He had lost his muse, his inspiration...not to mention his friend. Even his relationship with Jessica had suddenly seemed to become strained. Blair, his biggest client, had cancelled his contract...pending Maxine's return and the landlord was hinting at an increase in the rent within a month.

Things weren't looking so hot.

He unlocked the door and hung his coat on the hanger before stopping dead in his tracks. He heard a noise coming from bedroom.

Someone was in his apartment.

He heard a rustling sound followed by a playful giggle. A big smile crept across his face he slowly tiptoed to the bedroom doorway, loosening his necktie and unbuckling his belt as he went.

He looked into the darkened room and heard another giggle coming from his bed. He looked over to see the outline of a curvy body under the covers. "Mmmm," he moaned as he undid his shirt buttons and slipped out of his pants, "Have I mentioned that you are the best girlfriend ever?" he chuckled as he slipped out of his socks and headed across the bedroom to the figure in the bed.



The figure giggled again and rolled over, now facing away from him as he slipped under the covers and pressed himself against her.

“I have to admit,” he whispered in her ear, breathing in Jessica’s familiar perfume, “This is a great surprise.” He stroked her hair and ran a hand down her naked back, down over her bum cheeks, finding the G-string of her thong panties as the only material covering her smooth soft body. He leaned forward and kissed the back of her neck, then the side, then nibbled on her ears.

Jessica moaned, she rolled over to kiss Eric passionately on the mouth.

Suddenly the room erupted in brilliant flash of white light. Eric heard the familiar sound of camera lens taking a picture, and jumped around to see where it was coming from. As his eyes refocused in the dark room, he could make out the silhouettes of his camera, mounted on a tripod, with his different flashes set up around the room.

She had set it all up to record their little tryst. What a naughty little girl.

He turned back to her and kissed her again, “Mmmm, I see someone is feeling a little voyeuristic.”

Jessica remained silent, nodding and kissing him back as her hands lowered his boxer shorts and ran over his lower body.

Eric was so aroused he could barely speak, “I...it’s...I’m...I didn’t think...” he stammered, “I didn’t think you were into that kind....of stuff.”

Jessica giggled again, slowly tracing around the shaft of Eric’s growing manliness with her half-inch nails. Eric bent forward and began to hungrily nibble on her nipples, causing her to arch her back and moan loudly.

‘Flash’

Eric was amazed at how aroused he was. Even though he and Jessica had been intimate together on more than one occasion, there was something inexplicably new and exciting about her this evening.

‘Flash’

Maybe it was her new adventurous side, wanting to photograph them as they made love.

‘Flash’

Maybe it was her slowly lowering herself under the soft covers, kissing the head of his unit while gently stroking it with her hands.

‘Flash’

Maybe it was when the kissing turned to licking.

‘Flash’

Or when the licking turned back to kissing as the tip slipped between her lips.

‘Flash’

Eric gasped aloud. All his fantasies were coming true at once. He had wanted to photograph a sex scene for a long-long time. And now to finally have it come true was mind blowing. He lifted the covers from his girlfriend so that the camera could record all of it.

‘Flash’

Jessica slowly worked his rock-hardness into her warm wet mouth. Bobbing slowly up and down as the shaft began to disappear deeper and deeper into her mouth.

‘Flash’

This continued for several minutes, with Jessica pausing for a second to stroke him fiercely with her gently hands before taking it back into her mouth. She then bobbed her head with equal intensity until the tip began to press against her tonsils.

‘Flash’

‘Flash’

‘Flash’

She stroked and sucked and thrust the long rod in and out of her talented mouth as Eric became paralyzed in a near-orgasmic state.

‘Flash’

As his pressure continued to build, Eric thought of only one thing...how lucky was he?

‘Flash’

But before he could release, something unexpected happened. Eric’s throbbing member was released from Jessica’s wanton mouth. He looked at her, groaning and moaning, as if to say, Why do you tease me so??

‘Flash’

All would revealed shortly as she slowly rose up and turned around, pressing her perfect pert ass against him. Eric’s eyes grew wide. Just when he thought this night couldn’t get any better, she was offering to be taken ‘doggie style’

‘Flash’

He gently caressed her bum cheeks, her skin feeling so soft and smooth against him. She responded with a low moan. Then he lowered her panties and gently pressed the tip of his swollen cock under her, but couldn't find her hole. He felt her slender fingers gently guide him until he was pressed against her opening. He could feel the coolness of an application of lubricant. He moaned again, she was well prepared, yet...something about his position against her felt...different. They had doggie styled before, and it was amazing, but this time the set up felt all wrong.

'Flash'

But Eric was too damn turned on to care. If she wanted it a certain way then he was more than happy to give it to her. So without any further thought he let out a low moan and slowly, delicately committed to fulfilling her desires.

'Flash'

He pressed against her, feeling his manhood entering in. My god is she tight tonight! He thought to himself as he withdrew before pressing inward again.

'Flash'

Jessica moaned loudly. Eric started to work a gentle rhythm as he plunged deeper and deeper into her.

'Flash'

'Flash'

Before too long, he was unable to contain himself any longer, and with a final carnal thrust, he released his seed into her perfectly fitting pussy.

'Flash'

Only this time the flash didn't go away. It was light. Pure light. From the ceiling. As he heard the camera click again he tried to turn and see, but he was still in the throws of his orgasm, and thus, partially frozen in place. He could only catch a glimpse of the tripod, and could plainly see in the rooms new-found light, someone standing behind it, pressing the camera's shutter button, over and over and over.

It was Jessica.

“What the...” Eric recoiled as he looked down at the sexy slender body before him. He jumped back when he realized that his cock was plunged deeply between the butt-cheeks of same. He cried out.

The shutter of the camera clicked again as he jumped out of bed, “Wha...what? How...?” he stuttered.

The girl in bed whom he had thought to be Jessica rolled over.





It was Max, or rather Maxine to be more specific. She pulled her skimpy thong panties back up over her tiny package and smiled at him seductively while she clasped a sexy push-up bra around her lovely breasts, then slid off the bed into dangerously high six-inch platform sandals.

She stood up, her smooth long legs wrapped around one another in a classic pose, her hair tasseled in a sexy up-do, with wisps of gold hair framing her face. Her

makeup was perfect...and was designed for only one thing...arousal. And by the way the night had gone, it had worked.

“But...I...” Eric’s face was turning white as the realization of what was happening washed over him, “I...I...”

“You...you...” Maxine mocked him, “Its all about you now isn’t it Eric.”

He just stared.

“But not now...not anymore,” she sauntered across the room and wrapped her arms around Jessica, planting a kiss on the girl’s lips. Jess eagerly returned the favor, plunging her tongue into Max’s mouth.

Then she turned to Eric and spoke with a stern tone of voice, “Maxine told me everything...we’ve put it all together Eric. The Halloween party, the new years eve party.”

Eric just shook his head.

“The Hormones you gave me,” Maxine continued, “You said they were to make me curvy, but it was really just to make me impotent, weren’t they?”

Eric just shook his head.

“Well that’s okay...because now I think I like the ‘new’ me better then the old me anyway. And I think a lot of other people do to...” Maxine smiled menacingly as she wrapped her arms around Jessica in passionate embrace.

Eric’s eyes fluttered as the room began to spin. Moments later he fell unconsciously to the floor.



It was several weeks after that night, and Maxine had just rested the phone on the cradle. Business had been brisk since she and Jessica had snuck into Eric’s

apartment and set up their special little photo shoot. Blaire had just re-signed a contract for his newest catalog...but not with Max and Eric...but rather...with Jessica and Maxine.

Jessica as it turns out, was quite a skilled photographer, and with Maxine as both a model and business manager...the duo made an effective pitch to Blaire as to why he should drop Eric and hire them.

Of course the fact that Eric was effectively 'barred' from submitting a proposal of his own lest the pictures of him with Maxine be released...might have helped the situation.

The phone ringing again broke Maxine's little day-dream as she thought about how upset Eric had been when he lost Blaire as an account. She picked up the receiver, -speka of the devil-it was Blaire. He wanted to change the next shoot to a different theme.

"Sure we can do that," she smiled as she chatted with him, "I'll let Jess know as soon as she gets in."

"Okay, nice talking to you too"

She gracefully hung up the phone, her shocking inch-long metallic lavender nails in stark contrast to the black handset. Pausing for a moment to think of what this latest shoot would mean for their bank account, Maxine let her mind wander.

She chuckled, then stood up from her chair, straightening her miniskirt...a super short band of material that matched the metallic coloration of her fingernails...and walked over to the filing cabinet. She gracefully half bent...half knelt...so as not to give anyone passing by a view of anything special. Even though her opaque white tights would effectively hide any and everything from view...she knew that she didn't wear tights every day.

She stood up after pulling out file folder, tugging at her brief skirt, then walked back to her desk. The six-inch stiletto heels of her white PVC knee-high platform boots click-clacked with each step. From the waist up she looked somewhat professional in her white button down blouse and grayish vest top. Maxine wished

she could dress more professional from top to bottom...being a slut was becoming such a bore...but Blaire insisted that she only wear the clothes that he sold.

It was called professional courtesy.

Maxine carefully smoothed her skirt and sat down. She had been practicing her gestures, to be more ladylike, though, she reasoned, not many ladies have something hanging between their legs. She chuckled aloud at the thought.

“What’s so funny?” a familiar voice said.

Maxine spun on one heel to see Jessica at the door, “Oh hi” she smiled, “Blair just called, he wants to change the shoot, back to what we had discussed earlier. Why don’t you go get things ready?”

Jessica nodded, “Okay...by the way I love that skirt”, she said as she began towards the studio.

“If you’re real nice, maybe I’ll let you borrow it!” Maxine replied with a wink.

“It’s okay. I like my skirts a little shorter...” Jessica half-smiled, “You know...’cause I don’t have to hide anything”

Maxine laughed out loud.

The girl’s conversation was interrupted by the door opening and the sound of another person entering the small office. Maxine giggled. There was a certain amount of satisfaction watching Eric carry a pile of boxes from Jessica’s car to the studio. The two girls hired Eric to do odd jobs for them around the studio and in the new apartment they had rented. Maxine loved the control she felt when she ordered him around.

He stopped when he realized that both Jessica and Maxine were gazing at him, “Oh what now?” he sighed.

“Nothing, my little errand-boy,” Maxine remarked, “We’ve just got another task for you when you’re done that one.”

Eric groaned under his breath and headed off to the studio. He was starting to learn that the phrase ‘payback’s a bitch’ was dramatically true, especially when

It was the final shoot and Maxine was dressed in some very revealing lingerie. She had straightened her wavy hair for the shoot - something that Blaire loved. Her shoes were towering high spiked stilettos – something else that Blaire enjoyed – and she had made up her eyelashes with extra-long extensions – yet again, a thing that Blaire fancied.

Maxine knew who the audience was.

Blaire stood and watched as Maxine posed for Jessica’s camera. Eric too was watching...from behind a broom across the room. Maxine figured it would be tortuous for him to watch ‘her’ posing for Jessica...for Blaire’s catalogue...in her studio...while he performed janitorial duties...knowing that it had all once been his.

She was right.

Eric grumbled quietly under his breath as he returned to sweeping the floors of the studio. He didn’t think the girls were on the right path, but was strictly forbidden from speaking out about it.

As the shoot drew to the end...Maxine could tell that Blaire was restless. He kept grimacing and scratching his bald head or stroking his light beard. He only did this when he wasn’t one-hundred-percent satisfied with the shoot. On this particular afternoon, his antics were at an all-time high.

What’s the matter Blaire?” Maxine asked, “I can tell when something’s bothering you. What’s up?”

Blaire paused, scrunched his face, the cleared his throat, “There’s just something not-quite-right about the shoot Maxie,” he said. (He often called her Maxie) “I just can’t quite put my finger on it...but” He sighed, “There’s just something missing. This is the last shot and I can’t help but think that it just needs a little something...extra”



He looked over at Jessica...then back at Maxine. Then he smiled. Maxine could automatically tell what he was thinking...but Jessica did not.

“You think?” Max grinned.

“Let’s try it,” Blaire smiled back.

An hour later, Blaire stood behind the camera as Maxine helped a scantily clad Jessica onto the set. Max’s one-time love interest wore a transparent black garment with spaghetti straps and stiletto heels as she stood behind the one-time boy in a sexy pose.

Blaire looked through the lens and frowned, “Not quite there.”

Now it was Max’s turn to frown. He looked over at Eric, than scampered over to Blaire’s side to whisper in the man’s ear.

Blair burst into an excited smile, “Okay...lets do that too”

Moments later, a shirtless Eric was posing behind the two ‘girls’ while they pretended to ignore him. Blaire took several shots before proclaiming that “This was the *best* catalogue shoot I’ve ever had.”

Max and Jess smiled.

“And if the response is as good as I believe it will be...” Blaire continued, “You guys are going to be very busy”

“That’s great news Blaire,” Maxine chimed, “We’re thrilled that we could be a part of it”

Blaire gasped a final time to steady his breathing before continuing, “You have no idea. And really...I owe it all to you Max darling.”

Maxine did a double take, “Me?”

“Yes,” he smiled, “You’ve helped me grow my customer base with both men and women...and everyone in between...” he paused and let his words float away, “If only we had another transgendered model.”

The three of them smiled instantaneously as they turned their heads to where Eric was putting his shirt back on.

“What?” he asked, having not heard the conversation.

“Oh Nothing,” Jessica giggled.

“Not yet anyway,” Blaire joined in.

“But maybe soon,” Maxine smiled widely as she closed the camera case.

*

Later that afternoon a very unhappy-looking Eric was shaking his head vigorously.

“They’re only boots Eric,” Maxine said, “It’s not like its lingerie or something.”

“Just boots?” Eric scoffed, “Have you actually *seen* them??”

He turned the catalogue around so that everyone could see the footwear. Jessica, having never actually viewed them before covered her mouth in surprise, then turned the book back to Eric, “Oh my,” she giggled, “Well...the good news is...I think I have a skirt that will look great with those boots dear.”

“Are you f-ing kidding me??” Eric blurted, rubbing his head as his anxiety level shot through the roof.

Maxine wasn’t so nice in her response, “Oh don’t be such a baby Eric,” she growled, “in case you haven’t noticed, Blaire has been pretty good to us.”

“Besides,” Jessica chimed, “You already know what happened with Maxie here... you might be the next big thing! It won’t be so bad.”

Eric rolled his eyes, and looked down at the box that Blaire had dropped off earlier. It had been suggested that he try them on and walk around to get used to them.

“I’m not dressing up like a girl and that’s the end of it,” he crossed his arms defiantly, “I don’t care *how* big a client he is.”

“No?” Maxine replied, “You really don’t care?”

“No.” Eric huffed.

“Well then I’m sure you wouldn’t care if he released the photos of you and I…” she began but Eric cut her off.

“You wouldn’t dare!”

Maxine pointed down at the boot-box with an angry glare, “After what you did to me?” she narrowed her eyes and bore into him, “Try me.”

Over the next three days a very distraught Eric spent his time wearing body-hugging stretch jeans and an androgynous top with the long black, knee-high, high heeled boots that Blair had chosen for him to wear.

The heels on the boots were at least four inches high, and the boots themselves were in a size that he could (just barely) squeeze in to. He had tripped and slipped and fallen most of the first day, but with Jessica and Maxine coaching him on how to sway his hips and take short mincing steps, within the next two days he had mastered the proper way to walk and balance in such footwear, while he did his usual chores around the studio and at their apartment.

On the fourth day, Blaire had invited himself over to see what Jessica and Maxine had come up with in the way of another new model for his business.

“Well…we’ve looked within our own organization,” Maxine chuckled, “and I think you’re going to be pleasantly surprised.”

“Eric!” Jess called to the stock room.

The sound of clicking heels filled the room. Blaire's eyes lit up like a Christmas tree as he watched Eric enter the room. Both Jessica and Maxine recognized the look as a man who was quite impressed by what he saw.

Unfortunately for Eric...he recognized the gaze too.

Eric blushed heavily as Blaire approached him and looked him over with a wide smile on his face, "Very nice..." he said.

Eric stood still for inspection in his black nylons and form fitting black mini-dress. A corset and breast forms furthered the illusion of a curvy feminine body. The outfit was designed to hang off one shoulder, and the hem of the skirt on the corresponding side was cut higher on the thigh than the other side...making his legs look excessively long and shapely. His boots -now a staple in his wardrobe- were the same knee-high four-inch heeled pair he had been practicing in for the past three days, and he thrust one hip to the side in a feminine pose, just as Maxine had trained him to do.

Eric's hair had been styled into a sexy short feminine do, and thin dangling earrings hung from each ear, matching a black choker which clung tightly to his neck. His face had been made up with thick black eyeliner and mascara and his eyebrows had been shaped into gently rising arches. His lips were surprisingly plump and pouty, once they had been lined and colored with muted earth tone, and just a hint of gloss in the middle for depth.

In short, he looked feminine for a guy, and hot for a girl.

"This," Blaire exclaimed, "is even *better* than I could have hoped for"

Both Jessica and Maxine beamed proudly. Not only because of the work they had done in such a short time, turning Eric into Erica. But also because there was a certain amount of satisfaction in knowing that the guy who had underhandedly turned Max into Maxine, in order to make a few dollars...*and* steal his girlfriend... had finally gotten what was coming to him.

And they knew that this was only the beginning.

“I think,” Blaire began, “You’re hired.”

Jessica and Maxine smiled, “Thank you Blaire! We’re excited to do more for you...isn’t that right Erica?”

Eric blushed and quietly nodded; knowing that any resistance to their plan would result in the pictures of him giving it to Max being released. And he couldn’t allow that to happen.





Pinup Girl (Page - 107)

“And...” Blaire smiled, “I won’t lie to you Maxine. I was so fascinated to watch you grow progressively more feminine as time passed by. And this time I think that my customers will be *equally* fascinated to watch as dear Eric goes through the exact same thing.”

Eric gasped aloud but said nothing, as Maxine and Jessica’s smiles grew larger.

“And how do propose that we do that?” Jessica asked.

“I’m certain between the three of us, that we can develop a good plan,” Blaire grinned, “And pretty soon our pretty boy Eric here, will be our new Pin-up Girl....” he paused for a moment.

“Erica”

THE END...











Sex with Max