

RELUCTANT BRA MODEL



A College student in need of a summer job is convinced to work at a lingerie store as a male bra model.

**KYLIE GABLE &
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Reluctant Bra Model Part 2
By Kylie Gable and Mindi Harris

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The Reluctant Bra Model 2

Kylie Gable and Mindi Harris

Garret was thrilled as the woman on the other end of the line explained the job to Garret. He had been having a hard time all summer finding suitable employment, but this sounded great. He'd be working at a small hut on the beach renting out boats, paddle boards, and other gear.

It was easy work, there was no food involved, and best of all there would be girls in their bikinis coming in there frequently. The pay was a mediocre \$12 an hour, but that was more than he was making unemployed and the fringe benefits—especially the scantily-clad girls—sounded great.

Garret went out to enjoy a day at the beach himself. He didn't have much money and he felt like celebrating one of his last days of freedom before he started working full time. A text came in from Amber. He barely glanced at it.

She had been texting and calling him constantly over the previous few weeks, ever since she got him to model a new bra for her lingerie shop for \$100 and some crazy promise about more money if the ad campaign was successful. The last thing he wanted to do now was model any more outfits for her. He had a new job and he dreaded being recognized by any of the girls he met on the beach as a crossdressed model who did a strip tease for a video shown in a women's lingerie store.

Inside Vixens, Amber was getting very anxious. She'd been doing everything that she could in order to get in touch with Garret. His modeling session had been a huge hit. Even Amber couldn't believe it. They could barely keep the bras he was advertising in stock.

This could be a huge deal for the shop and for Garret too. His cut of the bra sales was already \$156 from the week and it was only Thursday. If only Garret would call her, she could make him understand just what a great opportunity it was.

“No luck?” asked Monica.

“No, he's obviously avoiding me. How do I reason with somebody who won't even talk with me?”

“We don’t need him. We’re doing amazing numbers just on the strength of the video we took of him.”

“Think how much better we could do with the real thing here.”

“Couldn’t we get another guy to take his place?” interjected a young saleswoman who Amber had just hired this week as she started seeing the huge sales increase from Garret’s video. Rosa was a young Latina woman who was bubbly, perky, and very cute. She was exactly the type of salesgirl that Vixens was known for back in their glory days.

“Look again, Rosa,” said Amber. “Have you ever seen a guy that looked that good or that natural in women’s lingerie before? I haven’t.”

“No,” agreed Rosa. “He definitely has the body for this.”

“It’s not just his body. It’s his movements, his smile, and even his eyes. I’ve watched that video literally hundreds of times and I still can’t stop looking at it,” added Monica.

“Exactly! We need Garret or Brielle as we called her for the video,” said Amber.

“If you have his phone number, can’t you find his address?” asked Rosa.

“No, everything is under his college address and he’s just home for summer. We need him as soon as possible. If he just knew how much money he stood to make, I think even he’d jump at the chance,” explained Amber.

Things might have ended there, except that on the following Monday Rosa walked into the hut on the beach with her friends Sylvia and Sandra. Rosa had a day off from the lingerie shop so she spent it with her two best friends at the beach. They were all giggling as they went through the front door of the shop.

They had decided to rent boogie boards for the afternoon and they were checking out the hut. Garret was working along with Joey and Doug. Doug was kind of the manager because his mom was the one who owned the place.

Naturally, when three attractive women entered the shop, the three guys were happy to show them around. The guys split up with Doug talking to

Sylvia, Joey helping Sandra, and Garret with Rosa.

“Have you ever gone boogie boarding before?” asked Garret.

“Yeah, we’ve all done it, but we’ve never been into it enough to buy our own boards or anything. The waves look great today though so we thought it’d be a good day for it,” said Rosa.

“It’ll be a great day for it. We don’t have a ton of selection, but what we have is—” said Garret stopping in his tracks as he noticed Rosa staring at him. “What?” he asked, wondering about her odd look, “do I have something on my face?”

“Don’t I know you?” asked Rosa.

“I think I’d remember a beautiful girl like you,” said Garret.

“You just look really familiar, sorry,” said Rosa going back to the boogie board.

The three girls had a great afternoon before leaving the beach. They stopped back at the hut and naturally the guys were all over them again, but they struck out when it came to getting phone numbers.

“Oh my God!” exclaimed Rosa the next morning as she looked up at the giant video screen in the back of the shop. “I know where she is!”

Amber, who was helping a customer and barely paying attention to Rosa, turned at the excited girl screaming. Ordinarily, this was not something that would be acceptable behavior around customers, but once she understood what Rosa was saying, Amber shared in her excitement.

“What? How did you find him?” asked Amber.

“He just rented me a boogie board yesterday.”

“Are you sure it’s him?” asked Amber.

“Yeah, I think so,” said Rosa. “I didn’t realize it at the time.”

Amber spent the rest of the morning arranging to get coverage for her and Rosa so that Rosa could take her to the hut. At 1:15, they arrived but to their disappointment Doug and Joey were the only ones working, and they didn’t see Garret.

“Hey, back again?” called out Doug when he saw Rosa.

“Yeah, where’s the guy I was talking to yesterday?” she replied.

“Garret just went out to grab lunch for us. He really made an impression on you, huh?” asked Joey.

Amber’s eyes lit up when she heard that the guy’s name was indeed Garret. Rosa was right. This had to be her reluctant bra model.

“Too bad,” said Rosa. “I really wanted to see him again.”

“Oh, he’ll be right back. Have a seat,” said Joey.

“Yeah, he just went to the hot dog stand,” said Doug.

Sure enough, a few minutes later Garret returned with lunch. He dropped the bag he was holding when he saw Amber there, but at least held onto the cardboard cup holder full of sodas that he was carrying.

“Hey Garret, look who came back to see you,” said Joey

“You know her?” asked Garret.

“We waited on her and her friends yesterday, duh,” teased Doug.

“Oh, yeah of course,” replied Garret realizing that they were talking about Rosa and not Amber.

“If you want to talk with her, take your lunch. We can keep her friend company,” suggested Joey.

“I’m sorry,” said Amber, “but I need to talk to Garret too.”

“Wow, must be Garret’s lucky day,” joked Doug.

“Something like that,” said Amber.

Garret reluctantly followed the girls outside. It was a small sacrifice to make to get Amber away from his coworkers.

“What do you want?” asked Garret once they were safely out of earshot.

“Wow! That’s some attitude,” said Rosa.

“Look, I don’t know you, but she made me film a video wearing lingerie from her shop—” began Garret.

“Yes, I know! I watch it everyday. I work at Vixens now,” said Rosa, “you’re a stunning model.”

“Figures,” replied Garret.

“Hey, I actually hired Rosa with some of the extra money I’m making from your strip tease video,” explained Amber.

“I’m happy for you,” mocked Garret.

“You’ve made about \$200 yourself,” said Amber. “You’ll get your share next Friday.”

“Wait? In a week? That’s like what I’ve made working here,” replied Garret.

“I told you that you could move the merchandise,” said Amber.

“Yeah, well I’m done with that,” said Garret. “I’m not going to lie though, I can use the money.”

“There’s a lot more to be made,” said Amber. “For all of us.”

“Maybe, but I’m done. You’ve got one video of me. Maybe you could get some other guys and then you could show how your bra makes us all look great,” suggested Garret.

“No other guy looks like you when they’re dolled up,” said Rosa. “We need you.”

“I’m sorry, but I have a job. I need to eat my lunch and get back to it,” replied Garret.

“Garret, why do you always do everything the hard way?” asked Amber. “I’m going to put you right over my knee right now and we’ll see if that will convince you.”

Garret slowly pulled away from Amber, but Rosa blocked his path. She wasn’t a huge girl, but she slowed him just enough for Amber to grab his wrist. Sure enough, she soon had him over her lap and, despite Garret’s intense pleading, she began to spank his behind.

He was wearing board shorts and they didn’t provide him much protection against Amber’s repeated swats on his butt cheeks. Her cruel

spanking was turning his ass tender and sore. Amber's arm was getting tired.

"Are you going to go back to the shop with us?" asked Amber.

"No," said Garret, but she could tell that he was trying to hold back tears.

"Rosa, can I borrow your sandal?" asked Amber.

"Sure, I guess," said Rosa confused.

Even before the sole of her sandal made contact with Garret's ass, Rosa understood just what Amber was doing. Garret finally broke and tears streamed out of his eyes.

"Are you going to do it?" asked Amber.

"Yes, I'll go with you," said Garret.

"Good," said Amber as she and Rosa helped him up off her lap. "Dry your tears so you can go in there with your head up. I know you wanted to work there, but I promise you'll make more money with us by a lot."

Once Garret composed himself, he went in and gave Doug and Joey his regrets. The guys didn't know why he was quitting, but they were aware that Rosa and Amber were still outside so they assumed it had something to do with them.

Their lurid chattering was so much wilder and more erotic than the reality Garret faced. Soon, he was in the back seat of Amber's car sadly rubbing his burning butt as they sped back to Vixens.

"You know, you're going to love the next concept I have for you," said Amber, "it's gonna be a real show stopper!"

"Yeah, I bet," Garret deadpanned. His imagination ran wild.

"Oh stop denying it, Brielle! I felt your 'little Bri' stirring in your pretty little panties when I was spanking you!"

"She didn't?" Rosa laughed, "Our little super model is into spankings? OMG, what a dirty kinky girl she is!"

Garret felt more embarrassed than ever at this. Yes, he did get hard as Amber slapped his ass through the silky panties he'd been wearing, even

though he told himself it was because of the intimate contact with a sexy woman he lusted after, nothing to do with being feminized.

To distract himself from these thoughts, he wondered, “What could be more ‘eye-catching’ than that humiliating strip tease they made me do?” He moaned both eager and afraid to find out as Rosa and Amber giggled in reply.

“So this is what I have in mind. Women wear bras and panties for comfort not style most of the time,” Amber explained. “We all have every day underwear that’s plain and basic. Then, we have our ‘date night’ panties and bras, and even sexier lingerie for special occasions, like prom, formals, and most special of all, weddings!”

Nervous about her obvious enthusiasm, Garret reluctantly asked, “So what does that have to do with me?” He glanced around the back room at *Vixens*, the very place he’d been more or less willingly transformed into his feminine persona, Brielle.

“Listen, it’s very simple! You’re our special girl model and so you’ll be modeling our most alluring special occasion lingerie! We’ll keep using the same strip-tease motif as last time that our customers loved so much!”

“Um, I don’t think I like where this is going—” he began.

Amber waved away his objections, cutting him off saying, “Don’t be silly! You’re going to love it! I have four special occasions in mind for your modeling session! First, precious little prom girl! Next, sexy sorority formal. Then we’ll show you off as a bawdy bridesmaid, and finally for our grand finale, you’ll be a beautiful blushing bride!”

Garret’s jaw dropped and he sputtered, “You- you- you’ve got to be kidding! I won’t do it!”

“You absolutely will! And if you’re a bad girl we’ll spank you like the spoiled brat you’re acting like, and then we’ll add another video shoot with you all dolled up as a sweet sixteen princess!” Amber threatened.

“Oh that’d be soooooo adorable! Brielle in a fancy frock!” Rosa giggled, “Maybe Brielle could even do a turn as a coquettish *Quinceañera* queen

too?” Glancing at him, she added, “I bet she’d even fit in my gorgeous pink pouffy gown I wore for mine!”

“We’ll keep that in mind,” said Amber. “I bet we could even put a video of our little model being spanked on video screen.”

Garret was absolutely fuming by this point. He’d endured taunts and spankings at the hand of Amber, and he hated to admit it, but he found part of the experience arousing. Amber was by far the sexiest and most beautiful woman he’d ever seen in person. Still, this was going way too far, and he told them so, “Look, I don’t know what you two think I am, but I am not a sissy or crossdresser, not that there’s anything wrong with it—” he trailed off, eyes blinking.

He’d been expecting Amber to cut him off, she’d had him so conditioned at that point. With a grim expression, he looked from Rosa to Amber and back again, even as the two young women shared looks of incomprehension at his resistance. They clearly couldn’t understand him not agreeing to model immediately.

“I don’t know why you’re being such a baby about this!” Amber snapped angrily.

“I know, right?” Rose added, “So many girls would kill for the chance to model professionally.”

“Totally!” Amber agreed, “Being a bra model is a responsible prestigious job! It will look great on your ridiculously skimpy resume. Besides, where else will you find a summer job that pays like this?”

“B- b- bra model??” gasped Garret, unable to believe his ears.

“Yes bra model! Panties model as well, and probably teddies, baby dolls, and—who knows?” Amber said, shaking her head as if she were talking to a very naive child.

“Yes! And you’re so lucky to get to wear top quality clothes with professional makeup!” Rose sighed, enviously.

Garret was stunned, he was struck speechless hearing these beautiful young women lecturing him about his lack of eagerness to put himself on display in excruciatingly emasculating bras and panties. He tried to sputter something in defiance, only to fall silent as they went on and on, each time adding more humiliating details.

“Exactly! And not just for the video shoots either!” Amber said, “Since you’ll be modeling so many different looks after the videos, you need to get comfortable in skirts!”

Rosa, feeling a bit mischievous added gas to Amber’s plans to feminize Garret saying, “Also, I see him helping out in store before the demonstration. Let’s show him off so the customers see him as somebody working on the promotion, not as a male model!”

“OMG! That’s a great idea!” Amber exclaimed, “but that means you’ll be living as a girl more or less full time, like 24/7!”

Overwhelmed with humiliation, Garret yelled, “Oh no way am I wearing any more girls’ clothes! This is my life you’re talking about! Maybe I could deny being a lingerie model in one video, saying it wasn’t me. Or at worst I could pass it off as a one-time thing! But there’s no way—”

Amber folded her arms and regarded him through narrowed eyes, and interrupted him, “OK, calm down! You—”

“I will NOT calm down,” he shouted even louder, “There’s no way I could explain wearing all of those feminine outfits much less living as a girl full time! What would I tell my parents? My sister would tease me mercilessly! I won’t do it! I’m out of here!”

Amber was tapping her foot as she waited for him to wind down. She quickly tired of his tirade however and nodded to Rose whose job depended on the higher than expected sales brought in by Brielle’s modeling.

Without a word, the lovely young Latina slipped behind the reluctant bra model and grabbed him by his thin, willowy arms. She held him and shook him a little as Amber grabbed a pair of pantyhose and panties from a nearby table.

“Stop! Let me go!” Garret cried as the domineering lingerie shop manager advanced on him. He struggled in Rosa’s grasp, but he was too weak to resist. Within moments, the two *Vixen* huntresses had their prey helplessly bound to a chair with the hose, gagged with the frilly pink panties, and totally at their mercy.

Garret grunted into his gag, shaking his head furiously as the girls laughed. “You should be nodding your head ‘yes’ at this opportunity,

Brielle!” Amber said. She wasn’t the most patient person at the best of times, and she was becoming increasingly frustrated at Garret’s defiance.

Rosa, a sly look on her face, whispered something into her boss’s ear. Amber’s face lit up and she began laughing. “Oh you’re devilish!” she said, “Yes! Let’s do it! Go get the people we need!”

Once again, Garret was terrified by Amber’s euphoric response. Her anger was frightening enough, but when she got this excited, he knew she was planning something particularly humiliating. He suspected she was enjoying his emasculation way too much for this to just be business, and that thought made him squirm.

He didn’t know what to think about her erotic reaction to his subjugation, or his own reactions. He pictured himself over Amber’s knee, getting spanked while dressed as a prom queen, and trembled with mixed emotions.

“Why am I picturing myself this way?” Garret demanded of himself, his mind reeling with the mortifying implications. Garret found Amber attractive beyond words. Nearly anyone would. That wasn’t the problem. The prospects of submitting to this gorgeous girl once more—and much more perilously on a regular basis, all Summer long—made his blood run cold.

The girls systematically untied, dressed, and retied one wrist or ankle after another as they forced him into a skimpy black satin bra and thong set. They paired those with a matching garter belt and fishnet stockings, all adorned lavishly in fine lace. Not satisfied with that, they made him up with smoky eyes, contoured cheeks, and bright red, glossy wet lips.

Garret was appalled at how easily they’d dressed him up and used makeup to transform him. Even with his short, male haircut, they’d turned him into a scandalous looking slutty wet dream. He felt sick, even as his tiny cock throbbed with forbidden electric stimulation.

He had no explanation for these intoxicating, contradictory, and addictive reactions. He only knew that if he didn’t put an end to this and soon, he’d be ensnared in a web of femininity, possibly unable to escape. He wondered if the secret scheme Rosa suggested would be the tipping point for his flagging resistance. He trembled both trying and trying not to picture the next humiliating feminization he’d soon have to endure at the hands of his Vixen captors.

Within 20 minutes, he got the first answers as Rosa returned with a goth-looking girl he remembered from high school. Her name was Katie, and they'd played *Labyrinths and Perils*—a role playing game—as freshmen before he discarded her friendship when he became a sophomore.

“Well what have we here?” She laughed, her eyes bright with mischief and darkly drawn with black liner and thick mascara, “Garret, it’s been a long time, and my have you changed!”

Amber smirked and asked, “Did you bring it?”

“Of course! How many are we looking for?”

“Three in each ear, plus one in the belly. So seven all together.” Amber said, her voice taking on a wild, ecstatic tone, “oh and she goes by Brielle now!”

Still stifled by a mouthful of panties, Garret shook his head wildly and moaned into his gag.

“Wow! Brielle is it, now? You sure seem excited to be getting some new piercings! Now hold still, and we’ll get you all fixed up nice and sexy!” Katie said brandishing a pink piercing gun.

Amber picked out shiny gold earrings, each featuring a brilliant sparkling pink heart-shaped sapphire gemstone for her model’s new jewelry. The elegant pieces were eye-catchingly iridescent, and fabulously feminine, much to Garret’s horror.

As he struggled frantically within his bindings, Katie warned, “Hey now! You better stay still or I may poke an eye or something by accident!”

Visibly unhappy, but frightened and intimidated by his old friend’s admonition, he forced himself to remain as motionless as possible as Katie disinfected his ears with alcohol swabs. Then, she carefully, methodically moved the gun from place to place, pausing for a moment each time as she targeted a different spot.

Within just a few minutes, she’d pulled the trigger six times, causing six loud clicks with six corresponding sharp pains, making Garret wince and yelp, and marking him with very six stylish, very feminine piercings—two in each earlobe, and one in each upper ear. He thought the worst was over, but he was sadly mistaken.

The entrapped emasculated boy couldn't keep from wriggling around as Katie approached him holding a dangly little golden chain that held of three more matching pink sapphire hearts. He struggled to escape, but it was no use.

Holding the pretty little chain in one hand, and a huge piercing needle that Garret thought was big enough to be a prop from Game of Thrones, Katie motioned to Rosa. Smiling, the perky young Latina nodded and rubbed a wipe soaked with alcohol in and all around his naval.

Katie smiled back, then hummed a happy melody to herself as she pulled out a pinch of Garret's belly flesh and used "Excalibur" to poke a hole right through him. Next, she slid a golden hook into place, and clamped it shut, sealing the bra model's last little feminine piercing into place. Finally, She held some sterile gauze over the spot, and taped it in place.

"There! All done and oh so beautiful!" Katie said, patting Garret on the cheek. "I hear you're a bra model now? So exciting, girl friend!"

He moped sadly in response, not even trying to speak through the soggy silk thongs stuffed in his mouth.

"Those look amazing!" Amber gushed, showing Garret his new look in a hand held mirror, "so fitting for a blossoming fashionista and glamor girl!"

"So sexy! And Katie says she used genuine pink sapphires? I'm so jealous, Briellita!" said Rosa, with no indication that she was joking.

"Yep! The finest stones I have, 3 carats each!" Katie confirmed.

"Nothing but the best for our bra model!" Amber said.

"On some girls, stones that size might be a bit gaudy," Rosa said, "but you're the type of *chica* who needs to command attention!"

"Oh, and Briella? I agreed to do the piercing for free and sell the pieces at cost," Katie added, "for old time's sake! Come to think of it, it's on the house!"

These three young women were all incredibly sexy, and he'd love to interact with them under any other circumstances—but not like this! Never in his wildest imagination could he have dreamed they'd be outdoing each other emasculating him with words and deeds.

He wasn't sure which was worse: getting eight erotic piercings adorning his ears and tummy with girly pink gemstones, or having a former close friend eagerly marking him as a girly girl. He decided that both of these things were equally painfully emasculating, and both were done deals—it didn't really matter which one was worse.

After the shock of his most recent forced feminization, the multiple piercings, and the merciless teasing from the beautiful women, Garret was in a trance-like state. Amber noticed that he was compliant enough for them to untie him and pull him to his feet. Dressed and made up as a sexy girl in nothing but skimpy lingerie, it's not like he was going to run off at that point anyway.

“Well ladies, it was a pleasure doing business with you!” Katie said, “I've got to get back to my kiosk now. Remember to keep all of your new jewelry clean and use the disinfectant three times a day to prevent infections! Let me know if you want a nose piercing or anything else?” She added, giving him air kisses on both cheeks before saying, “see you soon, Briella,” laughing, and heading back to her business on the other side of the mall.

Garret gaped in overwhelmed unreasoning silence, more like a mannequin than a man. He barely responded at all when Rosa and Amber guided his feet into three inch sparkling silver “fuck me” pumps. He stood wobbling on the heels, docile and obedient as they wrapped a sheer negligee around him. He jolted back into awareness, however, when they each took an arm and began guiding him out of the back room, through the *Vixens* store, and out into the mall.

Garret balked at walking through the front doors, but Rosa and Amber held him fast. Together, the two girls forced him to walk between them past a few other stores, and into the *Flirtatious Femme* salon. The women inside, nail techs and clients alike, turned to look at the trio as they approached the reception area.

It was highly unusual to see someone frog marched into the salon. Equally noticeable was an androgynous-looking figure wearing nothing but alluring lingerie! A young girl with red hair and freckles pointed at Garret and asked, “Mommy, why is that lady in her undies?” The thirty-something brunette shushed her daughter in response, but they both kept staring at the sexy spectacle, as everyone in the entire place was doing.

Ignoring if not relishing the attention, Amber turned to the lanky green-haired young woman at the front station, whose name tag read “Verda.” The receptionist said, “How can we help you ladies today?”

Amber nodded toward Garret and said, “This is Brielle, she’s here for her full hair extensions with ombre color, and a blow out, plus micro-blading, and a mani-pedi with a full set of gels or acrylics. We have an appointment?” Verda checked the computer, smiled and nodded.

Garret didn’t even understand half of those terms, but he realized that none of them were anything a traditional cis-het male would have done. Clueless as he might be, he knew that these were all very feminine treatments that equated to even more emasculation for him!

Seeing the predatory smiles on Amber’s and Rosa’s faces, he nervously trailed his fingers along the new piercings in his left ear. His anxiety was increasing rapidly even before Verda said, “I see we also have her down for semi-permanent lip tint and eyeliner?”

Amber’s eyes went wide and she shook her head, putting a finger to her lips, but it was too late. Upon hearing the word “permanent” Garret panicked! He spun out of Rosa’s and Amber’s grasp and threw a tantrum.

“Did she just say ‘permanent?’ Isn’t it bad enough you’ve gotten me pierced all over my damn body and paraded me around like some sex kitten?” Garret yelled, “I am not staying here another second! I am—”

“Now listen here, young lady!” Amber snapped, wrenching his arm painfully behind his back, “I’ve paid a lot of money to make you the best bra model in the state, we’ve booked the video studio for tonight, and that’s not cheap either! I’m not letting your diva attitude mess up my guerrilla marketing plan!”

“Ouch! Ouch! Let go of me!” Garret wailed as everyone in the salon dropped what they were doing to watch the unfolding scene. They were already perplexed, and now they all stared at the two apparent feisty females.

If the beauticians and patrons wanted drama, they weren’t disappointed as Amber shoved Garret toward a salon chair, pivoted, and sat down quickly in a way that made him flop face first over her lap. His

diaphanous negligé fluttered daintily as she grabbed a hair brush from the nearby counter and began raining blows down on his exposed butt.

Amber counted the strong strikes, “ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR!” in rapid succession as the brush smacked loudly on Garret’s rear end, alternating between the left and right. He shrieked loudly four times in response. All of the women there gasped in shock and oooed and ahhhed in sympathy, but none of them did anything to intervene. Some of them even videoed the spectacle on their phones.

The helpless, humiliated reluctant bra model kicked his legs in a futile reaction and desperately tried to squirm away, but it was no use. He had already started sobbing softly as tears flowed freely down his crimson cheeks—almost as red as his enflamed ass.

“Are you going to be a good girl for Verda and everyone here?” Amber demanded, “I want to hear you promise!”

Feeling a strange, submissive sensation take over, Garret quickly complied, “Yes, I promise! I’ll be a good...a good...girl...”

“Very good!” Amber said, standing up and pulling her captive back to his unsteady feet in the high heels. She looked down at his crotch, but couldn’t make out his tiny cock in his silky panties, so she reached out to check.

As she suspected, it was as hard as it could get, and her fingers felt a dampness soaking through the thin fabric. She looked her little toy in the eyes, smiled and nodded to let him know that she knew this treatment excited him. Garret looked away ashamed, realizing that he couldn’t deny her clear message that she understood his kinky capitulation to her domination.

The various beauty treatments took hours, but when they were complete Garret knew he’d have no trouble passing as a girl. In fact, he’d be hard pressed to present as anything else! His hair was now long, flowing well past his shoulders in cascading curls down his back.

They’d colored it in a very trendy ombre style: chocolate brown at the roots and lightened gradually through the mid-shaft, then ending in a stunning honey blonde shade about three inches from the ends.

They achieved this striking and unmistakably feminine look through carefully gluing about twenty long extensions—wafts of human hair—in place until they became inextricably woven into his own hair. Then, they applied more foils and potions than he could keep track of, deftly transforming his hair into elaborate, enticing tresses that any girl would die for through a series of arcane processes that baffled him.

While these intricate procedures feminizing his hair were underway, a sexy blonde tech named Nicole redesigned his brows. She used a technique much like tattooing to create permanent full, precisely shaped eyebrows, expertly deploying a precision device equipped with many tiny needles in the shape of a small blade in a procedure called “micro-blading.”

The skilled esthetician then lined his eyes with a dark, almost black shade of brown using another specialized tool. Finally, she then tinted his lips and cheeks a rose-petal pink hue, matching his long finger nails and toe nails. The dye wasn’t permanent, but it would last several days and Garret knew there would be repercussions.

Nicole was pleased with the results, even if Garret wasn’t. “I think I may have outdone myself, Dear!” She said, “I bet you’re happy you won’t have to spend an hour or more on your eyes, brows, lips, and cheeks every morning anymore!”

Garret couldn’t believe the beautiful female face in the mirror was really his! Not even as he lightly traced his feminized features with his stylish, sexy acrylic nails! His brows were delicately arched, and his eyes were carefully lined in darkest brown opening his face and making his pretty eyes pop. He shook his head, seeing his six pink earrings sparkling.

“How can I face my mom and dad like this!” Garret whined. With an exaggerate sigh of relief, he remembered that his parents were on vacation for a few weeks. Still he wondered if and how he could ever undo all of these feminizing treatments before they returned! Then, there was his bratty older sister Jana. She was house sitting for his parents for the Summer. He couldn’t let her see him this way! He’d never hear the end of it!

“OK Princess!” Amber said, “enough admiring yourself in the mirror! We have a video shoot to get to! Do we have to drag you, or are you going to keep your promise to be a good girl?”

“I’ll be a good girl,” he said, blushing deeply. The women in the salon cheered and giggled as Rosa and Amber guided him out the door toward his appointment with Monica at the in mall photography studio.

When they arrived without any further incident, the college student qua videographer was visibly stunned. “Brielle! Is that really you?” She gaped, gently touching the long, lush hairdo and the pretty pink nose piercing that now adorned the blushing bra model.

“I’m amazed at the incredible transformation tbh. If I didn’t know she wasn’t born a girl I never would have guess! In fact, are you sure this isn’t the original bra model’s sister? If she is, I promise I won’t tell anyone about the switch?”

Garret’s face flushed with abject humiliation at this latest insult to the last vestiges of his manhood, even as that vestige throbbed inside his sexy little panties. His brain buzzed with excitement and embarrassment as Monica did a lighting check and began posing him for the first video.

“OK Brielle, for this one we need you to look into the camera seductively, lick your lips, then take off your negligee in a teasing, tantalizing manner. Then, give us a big smile and unhook your bra, revealing that you’re actually a guy (sort of) turned into seductive Vixen by the Magic Bra!”

Garret tried to follow the directions to the best of his ability, but no matter what he did, his smile looked forced and fake.

“Cut!” Monica cried, “I’m sorry but this just isn’t working!”

Amber got ready to threaten to beat the crap out of him, but Rosa tapped her shoulder and whispered softly into her ear, making her change her mind.

“OK we’ll try that,” Amber said nodding at her employee. “Brielle, here’s your choice. An offer a deal you can’t refuse. Either you bring back that Magic Bra modeling magic and get a 10% commission on every bra we sell, plus a two month contract with a year option at \$1,000 per month—”

“Or?” He asked.

“Or, I tie you up, beat your ass, and we rebrand with an S and M theme.”

While Garret liked the sound of two thousand dollars for a Summer's work, he hated the idea of being tied up and beaten. "What do I have to do for the money?" he asked, skeptically.

"Not too much," said Amber, "just do some occasional photo and video shoots, and a few personal appearances."

Seeing no alternative, Garret nodded his head, feeling his curly extensions bouncing all around it in an incredibly seductive movement. He signed the documents Amber presented, Rosa witnessed his signature, and the deal was done.

With newly felt willingness, Garret performed exactly as the girls directed. He preened, pouted, pursed his lips, smiled, winked, and basically seduced the camera.

"This is great!" Monica said excitedly, "I have enough for a few hot videos!"

"Terrific!" Amber said, "time for a wardrobe change! Brielle, put on this set of sexy baby pink and white lace lingerie and slip into this hot pink prom dress! It'll go perfectly with your new jewelry! I call this campaign 'A girl never forgets her first time—so make it magical with Magic Bra!'"

Garret knew he'd agreed to model for the next two months, in large part to avoid getting his ass kicked by Amber, but also for the money. Although he was reluctant to admit it, there were parts of his feminization and even being man-handled by Amber intoxicatingly erotic.

That said, when he saw the lingerie and dress they'd chosen for him, he felt as if he'd been sucker punched in the stomach. It was a delectable creation crafted from two swaths of powder pink velvet, resplendent with a shimmering cascade of crystal sequins.

The maxi dress featured slim, sexy pink spaghetti straps, a provocative halter top that would leave the wearer's entire back exposed, and a sexy front leg slit to show off her shapely legs. Most darlingly, the gown had strategically placed cutouts that would leave her midriff bare.

By the time he'd recovered enough to breathe again, he bolted for the exit of the mall's photography studio. It was much too late to escape his

fate, however. Within fifteen minutes, the three women had tackled Garret and subdued him sufficiently to get him into the ravishing dress, and he looked like innocent angel crossed with a precocious nymphet.

“For this video, we need you to channel your inner teen queen, Brielle!” Amber explained, “When Monica gives you the signal, we want to see wide, guileless eyes, pouty lips, and flirtatious glances. Bat your pretty eyelashes. Play with your pretty ombre hair!”

“You can do it, princess! Here we go, Bri!” Monica said reassuringly, and although Garret certainly looked like a princess and even felt like one in the stunning prom ensemble, he definitely didn’t want any of that.

Still, he knew what was expected of him. So he struck the seductive poses and made the flirty gestures as the girls directed. He sort of got into it, gyrating like a stripper and pirouetting like a ballerina as he let his slinky dress spill into a pink puddle at his feet. Then, he teasingly, tantalizingly, unclasped his bra and pretended to try to catch it, making a bimboish “oopsy! face as he let it tumble away, exposing his flat, boyish chest.

“OMG this is the best video yet!” Monica squealed, and Amber looked elated as she nodded enthusiastically. “Just a few more—”

Just then they heard a shrill voice from just outside the doorway, “Holy Crap! I told you girls, it IS Brielle!”

It was a small mob of college girls, the youngest about nineteen, and they were all jumping up and down chanting “Brielle! Brielle!” as if she were Taylor Swift or some other world wide mega pop star.

Startled, Garret bolted and dashed into a dressing room in the back of the photography studio to hide. “I hope they don’t recognize me!” He whined, picturing himself exposed as the guy who modeled a sexy prom princess gown and exposed even sexier lingerie in a strip tease act!

Shrugging at his diva-like behavior, Rosa asked the growing crowd of young girls, “How do you know about Brielle?”

“From the net!” a tall, lanky girl said, turning her phone toward Rosa, “everyone knows about Brielle! Can we meet her? We all looooooove herrrrrrrrrrr!!!”

“Let me see that!” said Rosa, taking the pink phone from the fan girl and looking at the screen that showed a social media page.

Eyes wide and brows raised, Rosa turned to Amber, “Did you post anything about Brielle to the net?”

Amber said, “Yes! Why do you ask? I posted the video to PageGram, so what? Only old people go on there.”

Rosa shook her head, laughing, “Yeah well? Someone reposted it to ClickClock and now it has like millions and millions of—”

“Likes?”

“No, reclicks!” another crazed young girl shouted.

“But how many likes?” Amber asked.

“Let me check...*Dios Mio!*” Rosa shouted, slapping her forehead.

“What is it?” Amber asked, taking out her own phone to see what was happening.

“Brielle’s video has 25 million shares and won ‘meme of the moment’ for...like a week!”

Impatient, Amber snapped “I asked how many likes?”

Shaking her head, Rosa said, “Off the charts. Going too fast to keep track of. Maybe like...infinity? She’s a sensation! Everyone knows about her! Should we tell her?”

“What? And spoil the photo shoot and video? She’ll find out soon enough.”

TO BE CONTINUED