

ADULTS ONLY

19 pages 8 illustrations

SANTA'S NEW STOCKINGS

Story by KK
Art by Fraylim



TRANSGENDER
TALES OF

Transformation



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A Tales of Transformation story



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SANTA'S NEW STOCKINGS

Nick Whitling tore open his latest electricity bill and groaned at what he saw inside. Maybe it was time to start investing in a few candles. With rent coming due and a busted sink that needed fixing, getting through the holidays was going to be a close shave even with his usual gig at the mall.

The life of a struggling part-time actor wasn't nearly as glamorous as he'd envisioned it when he made his move to the big city to pursue his dream. Sure, he'd gotten a few call backs and even one bit part in a commercial that ended up never actually airing, but he wasn't exactly "cut out" for the better roles. Nick wasn't obese, or anything, but he was definitely over his ideal weight. He'd always been pudgy with a little baby fat that seemed none too keen on leaving, but he had boyish features and was usually typecast as a goofy friend, or awe-struck nerd, or something of the like. Usually around this time of year, though, he was packing a few more pounds than normal. What with Hallowe'en candy and Thanksgiving turkey, he was always up a few sizes by the time December rolled around.

Fortunately though, he was perfect for one particular role, which he'd managed to secure on an exclusive basis, two years running, at one of the city's biggest shopping centers: mall Santa. Nick could do a great belly laugh, had his "warmly paternal" voice practiced to perfection, and only needed a bit of padding to fit the profile of the supplied Santa suit.

If he could just make it through another two weeks, soon he would have steady income all through December. This was one part he had all wrapped up.

He'd been preparing since September, growing out his beard and coloring his



mousey hair a silver grey. He was the perfect Santa Claus, right down to his name, and nobody could take that away from him.

There was no one better equipped to play the part of jolly old Santa than Nick Whitling.



“A new direction?” Nick exclaimed. “What do you mean, a *new* direction?”

It was two days later, and he was sitting in a coffee shop with a sales director who obviously had a million other things she thought were more important. She sighed, adjusting her horn-rimmed glasses.

“Look, Nick, it’s like I said. People don’t want to see a fat Santa anymore.” She showed him several brightly-colored pie charts on her smart phone that Nick couldn’t make hide nor hair of. “Polls have shown that parents want a positive role model for their kids. This year, we’re going with a slim Santa. Everyone’s doing it. Santa should be trim and attractive in the modern day and age.”

“This is a travesty!” Nick muttered. “Slim Santa? You’re... You’re...”

“Updating a traditional figure,” the sales director said dryly. “It happens all the time. I’m not saying you’re out of the running, I’m just saying you might have to drop a few pounds.”

Nick’s face went white. If there was anything he was bad at, it was dropping pounds. Part of it was his sweet tooth, sure, but most of it was just plain old genetics. No matter what he did, he was rarely able to keep the weight off. But for this gig, just for a month, maybe he could do it. His rent money depended on it, after all.

“How many pounds?” he asked.

The sales director pursed her lips, tapped a number into her smart phone, and pushed it across the table at him.

“I think you put a zero on the end by accident,” Nick said.

The sales director shook her head.

“Did you forget a decimal, maybe?” Nick asked hopefully.

The sales director shook her head again.

Nick rubbed his temples. “Well,” he said. “I’m screwed.”

There was only one thing to do after a let-down like that, so Nick went straight to the dive bar around the corner and proceeded to get drunk. He called up every single drinking buddy he could think of, but everyone was busy or else out of town. That was until he finally reached a name near the bottom of his contacts list, which was Wes Daniels. Wes wasn't exactly his first choice — he was a bit of a shady character and they hadn't seen much of each other since high-school — but Nick, at this point, was too inebriated to much care.



To his surprise, Wes happened to not only be in the city, but also staying only a few blocks away. Even more surprising, he seemed genuinely interested in hearing about Nick's plight. About ten minutes later, Wes was sliding onto the stool beside him, undoing his scarf. Obviously the past few years had treated him well, because he was wearing a sharp-looking suit and immediately ordered a round of good scotch. He still had the same pointed, slightly weasel-like features that had been the source of his nickname (Wes the Weasel) in school, but now also had a goatee to match.

"Forty pounds," Nick said glumly, reiterating the number he had been given. "Can you believe that? You're not a lawyer, now, are you? Can I sue them for discrimination or something?"

"I'm into something a little more lucrative, now, Nicky boy," Wes said, leaning forward with a somewhat sly smile. "I'm in the pharmaceutical business. In fact, I'm setting up trials for a drug that might just be the solution to all your problems."

"Does it turn my craps into gold?" Nick asked miserably. "Because short of that, there's no way I can afford rent without that Santa gig."

"You said you've got twelve days until they sign the contract, right?" Wes inquired, raising one eyebrow.

"Yeah, twelve measly days," Nick said. "That's..." He tried to do the math. "Too many pounds per day," he sighed.

"Maybe it used to be," Wes said, with an air of triumph. "But I just so happen to have the future of weight loss right here in my pocket." He pulled out a small bottle of pills and set it down on the bar. Nick peered closely at it.

"*Fatenslimmer?*" he read aloud, questioning the ridiculous name.

“It’s Swedish,” Wes said. “They’re just now trying to bring it over. You know how the FDA is — scared of being put out of business. They claim we need more human trials, even though it’s been a huge success story in Europe. Check it out.” He pulled out a brochure, also in Swedish, that showed several glossy photographs of rather large women becoming svelte blonde beauties in only ten days’ time. Nick stared drunkenly at one of the “after” pictures, depicting a gorgeous busty blonde with a tiny waist and taut, toned stomach. It was definitely bullshit, but maybe he would ask Wes if he could keep the brochure.

“Fake,” Nick said. “Are you trying to con me, or something? Come on, I know how these things work. They pay skinny models to gain weight, then Photoshop the crap out of both pictures.”

“It’s no con,” Wes said, looking slightly hurt. “Look, I’m going to give you the ten-day supply. I guarantee you lose those forty pounds, and maybe even more. And I’m going to pay you, too, for being part of the clinical trial. If you turn this down, you’re an idiot.”

“Pay me?” Nick asked, his interest piqued. “How much?”

“A couple hundred is all we can offer,” Wes admitted. “But it should at least tide you over until you get that slim Santa gig.”

“Are there side effects?” Nick demanded, though his mind was more or less made up. He needed cash, no matter where it came from.

“Well, there was this one...” Wes caught himself. “That was a couple versions ago, though. Nope. No side effects. I think you’ll be very happy with the results, Nicky boy.”

Nick looked at the bottle. Take some bogus weight loss pills for ten days, get two hundred bucks. It wasn’t an offer he was in any position to turn down.

“Alright,” he said. “I’ll do it.”

“Great,” Wes said, tucking the bottle into his pocket. “Drinks are on me. I’ll send you the paperwork tonight. Merry Christmas, Santa.”

“Ho, ho, ho,” Nick said, then set his head on the bar and promptly passed out.

DAY 1

When Nick woke up on the couch of his apartment the next morning with a raging migraine, the first thing he saw on the coffee table was a mysterious bottle of pills. The second thing he saw was a neat stack of fresh twenty-dollar bills. Nick reached for it automatically and counted out 220 dollars, and in his momentary excitement he nearly forgot why he had received the money. Then his gaze fell on the pill bottle again, and the previous day's events came back to him.

Nick picked it up suspiciously. Wes had included a little note — basically, one pill per day for twelve days, and he was expected to take a full body photo and weigh himself each morning. Nick opened the bottle and shook one pill out into his palm. It didn't look particularly dangerous.

"Well, here goes nothing," he muttered. "Day one..." He popped the pill, then stumbled over to his full length mirror to snap a photo of himself. His gut wobbled over the elastic of his boxer briefs. A perfect Santa belly, developed over the years with chocolates and donuts, now all for naught, he thought sadly.

Of course, it wasn't as if he'd never wished he could slim down. He'd been pudgy all his life, and occasionally wondered what things were like on the other side, but he knew Fatenslimmer wasn't going to do a thing.

"Bleeeech!"

Nick clutched the edge of his toilet with both hands, shaking and pale in the face. Once he was sure there wasn't any more on the way, he grabbed his phone and tried to call Wes for the umpteenth time in the past few hours. This time, however, the call actually went through.

"Hello?" Wes asked innocently.

"You bastard," Nick croaked. "What is this stuff, poison? I took that pill in the morning and I've been throwing up all day. I can't afford to go to the hospital!"

"Calm down, calm down," Wes said soothingly. "Look, a little nausea is normal..."

"A little?" Nick snapped. "I've thrown up everything but my stomach lining!"

“That’s just the process getting kick-started,” Wes explained. “Believe me, you’ll feel a lot better in the morning. Why don’t you just, uh, sleep by the toilet tonight. I’m getting another call. Keep taking the pictures! Don’t forget!”

“Don’t you dare hang up on me you — ” Nick started to rage, only to be met by the dial tone. He barely had time to cuss Wes out before he had to stick his head in the toilet again.

DAY 2

Despite his fears, when Nick woke up the next morning (on the couch, with a bucket beside him, not in the bathroom) he felt better. *Much* better, in fact. Heck, he felt terrific. Nick all but bounced off the couch and automatically made his way to the fridge to find some breakfast, even though, strangely, he didn't feel that hungry. Inside, he found nothing but condiments and a half-carton of orange juice — it had been a while since he had money for groceries. Still, he took a long swig of the orange juice before he replaced the carton and closed the fridge.

Catching sight of his reflection in the metal surface of the fridge, he frowned. Was it just his imagination? Or was his gut looking a little smaller? Well, it only made sense after a day of puking. Good for a pound or two, at least, he thought to himself. But there was no way he was taking another of those pills, that was for sure.

Nick walked back towards his room to get dressed, but stopped as he caught sight of himself in the mirror. He frowned, then started to grin incredulously. This wasn't his imagination. His beer belly was noticeably smaller, and the elastic of his briefs was definitely a little looser. He hurried to the bathroom and his old nemesis, the scale. With his fingers crossed, he stepped on.

He had lost over ten pounds. Blinking in disbelief, Nick stepped off and stepped on again, but the change from yesterday was real. Eleven, nearly twelve pounds, gone just like that.

“Holy crap,” Nick muttered. The memory of his day spent projectile vomiting was already fading. And besides, Wes had said that was just the “kick-start,” right? It could only get easier from here, and if it meant losing more weight...

“Okay, Fatenslimmer, I'm a believer,” Nick said, popping open the pill bottle. “Skinny Santa, here I come.”

DAY 4

For the next couple days, Nick didn't leave his apartment or even pick up the phone, too consumed with his new favorite activity: losing weight with zero effort required. The vomiting had mostly stopped after the first day, but the weight loss didn't. He could practically see it happening before his eyes, and even if he could believe it was some kind of weird hallucination, the photo evidence he was dutifully compiling showed otherwise. He spent a lot more time than he would admit to staring at those, and at his reflection in the mirror.

He had noticed one side effect though. Probably the very thing that Wes had been being so cagey about when he'd asked. His beard, usually pretty thick and full, had become patchy and wispy — and he started to find a lot of it left on the pillow when he woke up. *What the hell*, he thought. *It's a small price to pay for this kind of no-hassle weight loss.* Maybe it was time to try a different, hipper style of facial hair, he mused. If they wanted a 'fresh new Santa', maybe they'll like a more groomed beard as well. If not, he reasoned, they can always give him a fake one when he's signed up as 'Sexy St. Nick.'

It was amazing, he thought, as he used a small pair of nail scissors to trim his remaining beard. No other word for it. His flabby arms were finally slimming down, his triple chin was now a double, and heading for single, and his gut was slowly but surely disappearing. According to the scale, after three days and three pills, he'd lost around 34 pounds. Talk about your Christmas miracles. He even called up Wes to apologize for his lack of faith.

"This is incredible," he gushed. "I haven't weighed this little since I was, you know, little. I really owe you one,



man. In a few more days I'll be ready for the mall gig. I already called to let them know."

"Great to hear," Wes said on the other end. "And... eh, no side effects, right?"

"I knew you knew more than you were letting on," Nick said, turning sideways in the mirror to admire himself. "Look, I can deal with a softer beard. You should have told me though."

"Yeah... Yeah, the beard thing... Sorry. I should have said... Nothing else though?"

"Well, uh... There is one thing."

"What's that?" Wes asked, after a moment's hesitation.

"There's the beard thing, and weight is just dropping off me. I'm losing the paunch, and my arms and legs and face are all slimming down just fine, and... but I noticed the weight on my chest kind of..." Nick trailed off, looking at his flabby pectorals. "*Isn't*," he finished.

"Well, you can't control where you lose weight from," Wes said. "It'll all even out eventually. Just make sure you take the full course of pills, that's all. I'm sure your moobs are on the way out."

"*Moobs?*" Nick demanded.

"Man boobs," Wes clarified. "Look, I gotta go. Keep taking the pictures and recording your weight, okay? Good luck, man."

"Thanks," Nick said. "Later."

He hung up the phone and looked at his reflection again. Man boobs. Yeah, right.

DAY 6

By the sixth day, Nick was down 58 pounds, and though the weight loss was tapering off, it showed no signs of stopping. Needless to say, he was ecstatic. None of his old clothes fit him anymore — his old pants felt like a circus tent, and his T-shirts were more like ponchos. Day six was also remarkable for two reasons; it was the day he shaved the last remaining peach fuzz from his face and marveled at the smooth young visage that looked back at him from the mirror... *And* it was the day his appetite came back! So that evening he decided to order in a pizza. Staying at home and not eating had been great for his budget, and he figured he could get a large... But then, looking at his little bottle of pills, he decided to make it a small, just in case. No need to jeopardize what he had worked so hard for.

When he buzzed the pizza delivery guy in about a half-hour later, the smell wafting out of the cardboard box had him practically salivating.

“Keep the change,” he said, handing over a twenty, then cleared his throat in embarrassment as the words came out a lot squeakier than expected. He had spent the day watching TV and texting rather than talking.

“Thanks, miss,” the delivery guy said. “Have a nice night!”

Nick’s mouth dropped open, but he was already out the door. *What a smart-ass!* As if Nick, a trained actor — A professional performer who had been this close to getting the gig as the voice of the Wesley Insurance Weasel — could have his voice betray him. Okay, maybe it had lost a little of its old timbre and pitch, but the voice was like any instrument: if you neglected it, it just needed a little attention to keep it robust. So as he walked into the kitchen and set the pizza down, he did a few vocal exercises, sliding down through his range. But he couldn’t help but feel a bit of unease. His range wasn’t what he remembered. Then there was the fact that the pizza guy hadn’t been sniggering when he said ‘Miss.’ It wasn’t meant as a joke. In fact, he’d sounded quite friendly.

Ignoring the tempting smell of the pizza for just a minute longer, Nick walked to the full length mirror. He was clad in a now-baggy sweater and a pair of old sweatpants from his college days. But even though his arms and waist had slimmed down dramatically, there were still those two damn lumps tenting out the front of his sweater, and his hips and

butt were still carrying quite a bit of weight. Standing there, with his now shaggy silver hair, along with the poor lighting in his apartment and squeaking voice, maybe the pizza guy really had mistaken him for a chick. Hadn't he noticed the beard, though? At least, what there was left of it?

"Whatever," Nick said to himself. "You're only halfway through the pills. It'll all even out in the end."

Satisfied with the thought, he retrieved his pizza from the counter and settled in for a well-deserved supper.

DAY 8

“Wes, something is not right!” Nick blurted into the phone. “Call me back as soon as you get this, you hear me? It’s urgent!”

It was day nine, and he was standing in front of the full length mirror clad in only a Christmas t-shirt and a pair of workout leggings he had never been brave enough to wear before. The weight loss was still rolling along, to the tune of a staggering 72 pounds, and Nick now barely recognized himself from head to toe. His face had definitely changed shape, losing the chubby cheeks and the multiple chins, and even if he still didn’t have the big blocky jaw of a leading man, he definitely had some nice cheekbones. His neck and shoulders were slender, and his arms were pretty much pipe stems. He supposed he shouldn’t have been expecting to magically grow muscles, too, but it was a little disappointing how paltry they were.

Unfortunately, “paltry” was not a word that could describe the twin globes of flesh sticking proudly off his chest. These were no moobs. They were too high, too round, too firm, and entirely too perky. No, these were honest-to-god breasts, and at least a C-cup, if his knowledge of lingerie catalogues was anything to go on. Instead of slimming down like the rest of him, it seemed like they’d actually gotten larger! He was equally disconcerted by how they stretched and distorted the design of his shirt.

It was true, he had the trim waist and flat, toned stomach he’d dreamed of...not a six-pack, but definitely no extra fat on it, either. The only problem was, his now-tiny waist flared into a set of very womanly hips and full, firm booty which the work out pants seemed to enhance. Nick gulped. He looked like a total freak. How was he going to go out in public,



much less get the Santa gig, with a rack like this?

His phone rang, distracting him from his thoughts, and he picked it up instantly. “Wes?” he demanded.

“Hey, what’s the emergency, Nicky boy?” came Wes’s voice. “Still losing weight, aren’t you?”

“Yeah, I am,” Nick said through gritted teeth. “But there’s... I...” He trailed off, unable to bring himself to say that he had tits that would put most women to shame. “Something’s going on with the pills,” he finished lamely.

“Something life-threatening?” Wes asked. “I’m real busy here, Nick.”

“Not life-threatening, exactly,” Nick muttered. “But...”

“I’m going to be back in town in three days,” Wes said. “We’ll talk then, okay? We can meet at the same bar as last time. Just finish off the course...you signed the contract, remember? And I’m sure I can dispel whatever worries you might have when we meet.”

Wes hung up again before Nick could respond, and when he called him back immediately it went straight to messenger. Nick groaned, staring at his reflection in the mirror, thinking back to the big glossy brochure Wes had shown him in the bar. Every single one of the photos had been of a woman. Coincidence?

“No freaking way,” Nick muttered.

DAY 10

Nick considered flushing the last few pills down the toilet several times over the next few hours, but in the end he relented, still holding out one desperate shred of hope that the last pounds he lost would be the ones from his chest and rear. He was to have no such luck. As he stared grimly at the mirror on the morning of the last day, Wes's words about "not being able to pick where you lose the weight from" came back to him.

While it looked like his breasts were as large as ever, his waist had shrunk another inch or so and his buttocks had shed a pound or two, but only in the service of giving him the firm, taut, apple-shaped bottom that guys lusted over. The "after" photos he'd seen weren't photoshopped, he realized — he now had a butt that didn't need any photo manipulation to be drool-worthy.

Grimacing, Nick wrapped an old bandage around his chest, hoping to keep his new rack at least partially in check. The bouncing drove him crazy, and that was without anyone else to see it — going out in public was going to be nerve-wracking. Then he hitched up his sweatpants, shrugged into the big baggy hoodie, and stepped into his trainers. A pair of sunglasses, perfect for avoiding eye contact and hopefully enough to disguise his face should he run into anyone he knew, completed Nick's look.

On the way to the bar where he was meeting Wes, he felt like every single person on the street was staring at him. He'd showered and combed his hair that morning, wanting to look presentable, but his longish silver hair, which had seemed to grow fuller and shinier over the



last week did nothing to help people's obvious confusion as to whether he was a butch-dressing woman or a very strangely-proportioned man.

By the time he slid into the corner booth where Wes was waiting, Nick was all but shaking from nerves. He removed his sunglasses, and Wes's expression of confusion turned to one of shock. His eyes travelled to the mounds under Nick's sweater, then back up to his face.

"Not *again*," he sighed.

Nick nearly exploded on the spot. "Not *again*?" he snapped. "Not *again*? Are you freaking *kidding* me? You *knew* about this?"

"Hey, they told me they had the problem fixed," Wes said defensively, raising his hands. "And you did lose a hell of a lot of weight, right?"

"I. Have. *Tits*," Nick said, slowly, through his gritted teeth.

"Well, Fatenslimmer is designed to work with the estrogen already inside your body," Wes said. "Hormone interaction is the key to throwing the metabolism into overdrive. And guys have estrogen in their body, too — unfortunately, Fatenslimmer still seems to be go a little crazy with it. Ergo, tits. And a rocking bod in general."

"You gave me this knowing it could turn me into a chick?" Nick snapped.

"Hey, you're still a dude where it counts," Wes argued. "And like I said, I thought this version was safe for men. We're still tweaking it. Why appeal to 50 percent of the market when you can take the whole thing, right?"

"What am I supposed to do *now*?" Nick demanded. "I can't get the Santa gig with a rack like this! I can't get any kind of gig! I look like a freak!"

"Hmm." Wes gave him another up-and-down look. "You know, if you don't mind my saying, with some hair and makeup attention, you'd look pretty good. My suggestion? Roll with it."

"Roll with it," Nick echoed. "Wow. I am two seconds from ripping your head off."

"I'm serious," Wes said. "You're an actor, aren't you? This opens up a ton of roles for you. Especially those geared towards T&A. I bet you can pass as a pretty hot chick."

"I am not a *chick*," Nick growled. "How do I get rid of... This?" He gestured up and down his body.

“Gain all the weight back, I guess,” Wes said. “That’ll be enough to disguise it. But I have to warn you, it’ll be a lot harder than you’d think. In its current form, Fatenslimmer permanently alters the metabolism. Something else we’re working on. We need repeat customers, after all.”

Nick buried his head in his hands. He felt like the world was spinning all around him. This was permanent. He was skinny, yes, but at the cost of his masculinity. He had tits and ass, now. Him. And there was no way to get rid of them. “Oh, god,” he moaned. “I’m so screwed.”

“You signed off on it, remember?” Wes said. “And I was serious about rolling with it. Here, there’s an upscale salon I always send my girlfriend to when she’s upset. She loves it, says they do amazing work. I’ll give you the card...” He rummaged in his wallet and picked out a business card before dropping it on the table. “I have to get going,” he said. “Guess I’ll write this trial off as a failure. Thanks for your participation. You’re helping people everywhere who want to lose weight, after all.” He paused. “One last thing, you might want to buy yourself some nice bras for Christmas. Those puppies are bouncing around like crazy when you walk.”

With that, he was gone. Nick stared miserably at the business card he’d left behind, for a place called Mon Cheri Salon. He was supposed to meet the sales rep that evening to show off his weight loss and get the skinny Santa gig, but he couldn’t show up like this. Although...

Nick gulped. Santa wasn’t the only holiday gig at the mall.



DAY 12

“I can’t believe I’m doing this,” Nick muttered through his teeth, staring at his reflection in the backstage mirror of Santa’s Winter Wonderland Workshop. “I look like a total ho, ho, ho.”

“I know what you mean,” said the girl beside him, adjusting her cleavage. “These costumes are ridiculous. But the money’s good, and between you and me, the guy they got to play Santa is kind of a hunk. Just wait.”

“Glad to hear it,” Nick said weakly, using his newly-rehearsed feminine contralto. It was woman enough to pass, though the big round boobs he was currently stuffing into a tiny Christmas elf costume helped quite a bit as well.

For all of Wes’s lies, he’d been telling the truth about Mon Cheri Salon doing amazing work. Nick had stumbled in as a hapless young man with killer curves, and he’d left as the bombshell he now saw before him in the mirror. He had been plucked, painted, primped, and generally prettified beyond all recognition: once he’d explained to the beauticians that he was about to get a job as a woman, and that he was doing it all on Wes’s tab, they had wasted no time springing into action.

First, a full-body waxing that had left him bright red from both the sting and the embarrassment, then a thorough skin treatment, manicure, pedicure, and facial. After that, a full makeup session. Then, attention turned to his hair, which had been washed, dried, and styled in a very feminine bob — he’d put his foot down at extensions. During the full-on cosmetic assault, he’d also had an in-house stylist take his measurements and embark on a little shopping trip that had left him in panties, a 36 C-cup bra (having guessed his own size correctly did little to soothe his ego), a pair of ladies’ flats, and a simple summer dress with a neckline clearly designed to call attention to his assets.

With a bit of jewelry and a purse to accessorize, Nick had been forced to admit that he didn’t just make a passable woman — he was an extremely foxy one, too. At least nobody would ever be able to recognize him. Not only had he lost 70 pounds, he’d swapped genders, to boot. The mall sales rep certainly hadn’t pegged him for a guy, never mind the chubby one she’d turned away not even two weeks prior, and getting the slightly different gig he’d had in mind had been a cinch, particularly

since one of the girls under consideration had gained a little holiday weight early.

Nick couldn't help but give a bitter smile at the irony of it all as he looked at himself in the mirror, observing the limpid black eyelashes and sultry red lipstick. Photos with Santa might have been for the kids, but the elves' "look" had definitely been designed with harried — and horny — dads in mind. He was stuck in a tiny strapless dress with a tight-fitting glittery green bodice designed to hug his tiny waist and cup his boobs into a mouth-watering valley of cleavage, and a flouncy, indecently short hem adorned with bells that jingled with every high-heeled step. He was just now getting the hang of said heels, shiny green pumps with a three-inch spike that helped his legs, encased in stripy stockings, to look even longer and sexier.

Shimmering gold bracelets and a glittery green elf hat, perched jauntily on his perfectly-coiffed silver hair, completed the pretty picture.

"Okay, Mandy, Nicole, you're up," the sales rep said, coming backstage with a clipboard. "Looking hot, you two. So, big smiles, lead the kids to Santa, take pictures with whoever asks, and it never hurts to flirt a little. Got it?"

"Got it," Mandy, the redhead, chirped.



“Got it,” Nick sighed.

Sure, he wasn't going to make quite as much as he would have as Santa, but his new pal Mandy had already clued him into an auto show happening soon that needed models willing to wear tight, skimpy dresses and drape themselves all over cars — and the money she'd shown him on her phone for that particular gig had had Nick wondering if the decimal was in the right place. Maybe Wes was right, and he could make the best of a bad situation. Once he had his bills paid, there were all sorts of auditions coming up.

He definitely still wasn't leading man material, but with a face like this and an even better body, he couldn't help but think leading *lady* might not be out of the realm of possibility...

Nick fluffed his boobs, faked up his biggest, brightest smile, and sashayed out onto the stage, ready to giggle, hand out candy-canes, and maybe impart a little advice on the kiddies, too.

For instance: never, ever, under any circumstances, accepting early Christmas presents from shady pharmaceutical companies.

The End

...and Merry Christmas!

It should also be mentioned that Nicole did have to begrudgingly admit that the buff, manlier and younger Santa Claus was a big hit. Customers loved him, especially the mothers. Eventually, even she came to prefer the handsome and virile Santa herself — and she was his favorite elf.

Needless to say, she was particularly impressed with Santa's oversized package delivery service. She received *several* presents under her tree that holiday season.





...And little Nicole never went hungry for Christmas ever again.

Titles from Sick Puppy Press

Sick Puppy Comics

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Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Asked to look after a supermodel's pet for a while, James finds himself thrust out of his own apartment and into hers. Day by day, it seems like circumstances adapt James to become the resident of a supermodel's lifestyle. Full Color Comic Book / 29 pages

A Curious Curse

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. When teen goth Brandyn gets his drivers' license, he thinks it's a ticket to adulthood. Unfortunately, he's already cashed a ticket in the opposite direction. Full Color Comic Book / 27 pages

Boys Will Be Girls

Story & Art by Fraylim, Script by KK, Ink & Color by Joe Six-Pack. The "Summer Blossom" camp welcomes anew group of young men. But although it may be an all-boys camp when they arrive, it's girls-only when they leave. Full Color Comic Book / 100 pages

The Step-Witch

Story by Joe Six-Pack. Dillon has a new step-mother. Problem is that she and Dillon don't get along. More of a problem for Dillon is that she's a witch — and wants a daughter. Full Color Comic Book / 17 pages

Double-Crossed

Story & Art by Joe-Six Pack. Jesse is on the run from justice. When he finds an old friend who can help him, that old friend seems more interested in helping Jesse become a woman. Comic / 24 pages

Candlewick Court Series

Welcome to Candlewick

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Book 1 in a series. Candlewick Court is looking for new residents. Residents who will find new lives and new genders in a suburban paradise with a mysterious purpose. Book / 149 pages / 30 illustrations

Surrender to Candlewick

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Book 2 in a series. Candlewick Court has found it's first homeowners, and the kids need a school to attend. What kind of bizarre transformations await them? Book / 152 pages / 38 illustrations

Brides of Candlewick

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Book 3 in a series. The story of Colin and Elliot concludes as we welcome Candlewick Court's next homeowners. Book / 159 pages / 39 illustrations

Teens Transformed

She Made Me Into My Sister

"A Little Too Clever" by Joe Six-Pack. Wyatt wanted to help his girlfriend get revenge, but at what cost? As it turns out, a cost greater than any boy could have imagined. Book / 88 pages / 20 illustrations

Gone Girly for Good

"Big in Japan" by James J Craft. Mike and Ken were one-hit-wonder rock stars. Then they discovered they had fans in Japan, so they left to become famous. Then they discovered that the Japanese didn't know they were guys. Book / 77 pages / 26 illustrations

One Year in Tokyo

By James J Craft, illustrations by Kwon Lee Tran. Mickey is forced to spend a year with his father in Japan. However things often get confused when words get translated from English to Japanese, as Mickey soon finds out... Book / 87 pages / 20 illustrations

Students, Exchanged

"French Dupe" by Joe Six-Pack. Kelley Sue's convinced a French exchange student to disguise himself as a girl. What happens when she realizes he has no intention of returning back home? Book / 57 pages / 15 illustrations

He's a Valley Girl, Fer Sure

From the files of TGStories.com: "Corey Taylor's Big Bodacious Adventure" by Joe Six-Pack. For Corey, the only way he can get into college is to pretend to be a girl. But when does it stop being pretend? When he's cheerleader? A girlfriend? A beauty queen? Book / 78 pages / 17 illustrations

From Boys to Bridesmaids

"Always a Bridesmaid, Never a Groom" by James J Craft. Two spoiled and privileged boys are about to be put in their place by their new step-mother. And their place is by her side as her bridesmaids and daughters. Book / 77 Pages / 16 illustrations

Little Mis-ter Popular

"My Two Moms" by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Thanks to his aunt's "Confidence Club," Leon will find a way to become popular, and to get over all his hang-ups... Including his masculinity. Book / 77 Pages / 17 illustrations

Bride to Be

By Joe Six-Pack. Derek and Cole grew up together as kids. One year, though, Cole has to start pitching in at the family wedding business. His life will never be the same. Book / 63 pages / 25 illustrations

Winning is Everything

"Costume drama" by Joe Six-Pack. Seth made a funny little bet for Halloween. He needed to pull off the impersonation of a Cheerleader for a party. What's at stake? 100 million dollars and his manhood. Book / 215 pages / 37 illustrations

Creating Samantha

Story by Cheryl Lynn, illustrations by The Might Fenek. Samuel was under the tutelage of his legal guardian, only his guardian had no intentions of letting him grow up male. Book / 70 pages / 16 illustrations

Convicts to Co-Eds

Story by Courtney Captisa & Claire Bear, illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Three teen boys are sent to a reform school. What they can't know is that they are about to be "reformed" all the way into skirts... And beyond. Book / 154 pages / 31 illustrations

Mall Makeover Madness

"A Day at the Mall" by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Four boys are going to have one weird day at the mall. By the time the day is over, it's four girls who leave the mall to begin their new lives. Book / 109 pages / 25 illustrations

Tales of Transformation

He's the Wrong Girl

"Office Chemistry" by Joe Six-Pack. James had to fill in at the reception desk. Problem is, the business is a bio-genetics company. And all of the sudden the coffee tastes funny. Book / 53 pages / 14 illustrations

City Boy, Country Girl

By Joe Six-Pack. Richard's long-forgotten aunt is sick, and he goes to care for her. His calls back home leave his wife Janice confused and unsure about his return. So she goes to find him. But is there much left to be found? Book / 64 pages / 25 illustrations

Thames Greene

By James J Craft. Ira wanted something better for his family. A new start. But in Thames Greene, everyone's getting a new start, whether they want it or not. Book / 77 pages / 26 illustrations

Hiding in High Heels

"How Not to be a Sissy" By Joe Six-Pack. Vince was on the run from people who wanted their millions back. Howard was a friend with a funny little idea and a knack for making subliminal CDs. Mini-Pix / 48 pages / 15 illustrations

A Blessing in Disguise

By KK, illustrations by Kannel. Jay was a witness to a murder, and now he's the target of a vicious criminal. Resorting to a female disguise, he becomes trapped with no way out. Book / 84 pages / 16 illustrations

I'm Your Dolly

"Barbie-in-a-Box" By Joe Six-Pack. Tyler wasn't much of a boyfriend anymore. Jessica wanted to throw him out, but then a better idea came to her, in the form of the Barbie-in-a-Box service. Tyler better get used to pink. Book / 103 pages / 20 illustrations

His Life as a Trophy Wife

"The Puppy Mill" by Joe Six-Pack. Nick had a great life, but then it evaporated. Now he's down on his luck. In steps a wealthy executive willing to pay him handsomely to pretend to be his wife. What can it hurt? Book / 210 pages / 16 illustrations

Male Monday, Girl Friday

"Hey, Cutie!" by James J Craft. Daniel is going to be promoted from his average life to an exciting executive position. At least, that's what his bosses are telling him. They may not be telling him everything. Book / 58 pages / 20 illustrations

The Happiest Place on Earth

From the files of TGStories.com: "The Fairest One of All" By Joe Six-Pack. Will is a kid looking for a job. He gets one, performing as Snow White at a theme park. For Will, he doesn't suspect that playing the role and wearing the costume is slowly changing him, day by day. Book / 51 pages / 21 illustrations

Hello, Nurse

From the files of TGStories.com: "Quality Health Care". Dane is filling in as a nurse for his pal Jimmy at his new office. Although both are doctors, Dane begins to take to his new role as a nurse. Soon, he feels compelled to be the ideal nurse. Book / 44 pages / 15 illustrations

My Boss, The Bimbo

"If I Were a Betting (Wo)Man" By James J Craft, illustrations by blackshirtboy. CEO Lucas has a superiority complex. When his long-suffering secretary is able to feed into Lucas' competitive nature, he'll make any bet to prove his dominance over women. Book / 38 pages / 10 illustrations

He's the Girl They Want

"Rallies" by Joe Six-Pack. Spencer has a great new executive job in the food service industry, but first he's got to learn the ropes of the business by waiting on tables. He just doesn't quite fit in with the cheerleader theme. Yet. Book / 63 pages / 22 illustrations

Demoted and Degraded

"Trixie the Secretary" by Angela J. Cindy didn't much like Tom Jones attitude and his advances, so when she has the opportunity to help take the wind out of his sails, she takes it. But she had no idea that it was all designed to make Tom into Trixie the secretary. Book / 87 pages / 17 illustrations

I, Candy

"Sissy Sweets" by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Inheriting his family's bakery requires this young man to become the new face of the business. A female face. Book / 45 pages / 15 illustrations

Boyz II Girlz

"The Making of the Ballroom Brats" by Joe Six-Pack. The Ballroom Brats become the newest worldwide celebrity sensation. How did four unsuspecting guys at a fast food joint become the hottest girl group in music? Book / 113 pages / 34 illustrations

His Strangest Desire

"Employee of the Month" by Joe Six-Pack. Mick is declared Employee of the Month, and he's going to find himself hurtling head-long into facing his weirdest inner desire.

Book / 59 pages / 19 illustrations

Hard Time or High Heels

"I'm Turning into My Mother" by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Colby got deep into debt to a local gangster. Before long, he's on the arm of that very same gangster as his reluctant girlfriend. Book / 75 pages / 20 illustrations

Seriously Skirted

"The Show Piece" by KK. Illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Mel finds work at a clinic as a secretary. He slowly begins to fit to role.

Book / 75 pages / 19 illustrations

From Mister to Sister

Story by Melissa N., illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Dan just wanted to help guide his girlfriend's sister out of her depression. Instead, he's being guided out of his manhood. Book / 84 pages / 24 illustrations

Stories of the Supernatural

A Change for the Better

"Do-Overs" by Joe Six-Pack. Evan wants a chance to do over his biggest mistake. He gets the chance, but he keeps wanting his new life to be a little bit better than the last. Book / 59 pages / 18 color illustrations

Changed and Rearranged

"Wrongs Make Wright" By Joe Six-Pack. Chris and Matt were rivals. Then, Matt decided to show everyone how smart he truly was by impersonating a teacher. But the disguise becomes more and more real, much to Chris' dismay. Book / 74 pages / 19 illustrations

From Pals to Gals

From the files of TGStories.com: "Mandate of the People" By Joe Six-Pack. Teens Jeremy and Stewart are good friends, but a bit thick in the noggin. When they jokingly nominate each other for Prom Queen, they slowly become the perfect candidates, thanks to some magic. Book / 45 pages / 16 illustrations

Crossed Fiction If the Shoes Fit

"Hand Me Downs" By KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Sydney is a teen who is just trying to make it through the summer with no money. He finds himself wearing hand-me-downs from his sister, and that takes his life in a whole new direction. Book / 98 pages / 30 illustrations

Sisters for the Summer

"Camp Counseling" By Joe Six-Pack. Brock McCade always thought of himself as a real man, or at least he would be one, someday. After summer camp, he's no longer so sure. Book / 76 pages / 17 illustrations

They're the Girls for the Job

"Peace and Harmony" By James J Craft. Illustrations by blackshirtboy. Pete and Harmon need jobs bad. How far would they have to go to get them? Book / 64 pages / 19 illustrations

Blondie's Lost Summer

By KK. Illustrations by Fraylim. Carl's dream summer was about to become three months of dresses, heels and makeup.

Book / 159 pages / 48 illustrations

Blondie's Lost Year

By KK. Illustrations by Fraylim. Book Two in the Blondie Series. Carl's trip to Florida has been horrible enough, trapped in dresses and makeup. Now, high school has presented a whole new level of humiliation for him. Book / 221 pages / 52 illustrations

Blondie He's Not

Story by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Mark got a job at a salon, and fell in love with one of the customers. Problem was that customer was Candi "Blondie" Wethers, and what happened to Candi was about to happen to Mark. Book / 151 pages / 40 illustrations

I Never Wanted to be a Woman

"Politically Corrected" By Cheryl Lynn. Illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Michael's politically active mother has decided she's going to make her hippie son over into the daughter she always wanted. Book / 64 pages / 19 illustrations

The Boy's Guide to Girlhood

Story by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Dweeb Kenny and cool Rex find themselves trapped in a Principal's twisted scheme, and only one of them is going to get out in tact. Book / 109 pages / 32 illustrations

Fashion Victims

Story by Lauren Bliss, illustrations by Fraylim. Teenage boy Jamie just needed clothes for school. Oh, he's going to get clothes for school. Just not male ones. Will he ever need male clothes again? Book / 67 pages / 26 illustrations

Seriously Sissified

A Family Femmed

"The Femmed Family Robinson" by James J. Craft & Cheryl Lynn, illustrations by Sortimid. The Robinson boys all had dreams of their own, once. Now they have new ones, thanks to their stepmother. Book / 96 pages / 29 color illustrations

Forever Femmed

Story by James J. Craft & Cheryl Lynn, illustrations by Sortimid. "A Family Femmed's" Deborah is still hard at work, flipping men into sissies and selling them to the highest bidder. But this time, there's a new wrinkle. Book / 108 pages / 28 illustrations

Auntie's Girl Time

By Cheryl Lynn. David was just a young teenage boy who wanted all the things in life a man could look forward to. His aunt, though, is going to make sure he never gets them. Book / 79 pages / 20 illustrations

Revenge of the Cheerleaders

"Pansy Cheers" By Angela J. Patrick Sears was a football player trying to sleep with every cheerleader at his small college. He'd have to pay for his conquests. Book / 116 pages / 19 illustrations

He's Got His Mind Made Up

By James J. Craft. Illustrations by kinky-rocket. Corey has just a sliver of a chance to get into college, but that chance involves becoming his stepmother's maid. And she wants him to fit both the role and the dress. Book / 68 pages / 16 illustrations

Fated for Femininity

Story by KK, illustrations by RocketXpert. When a web page shows Evan having sex with another boy, the poor kid is chased out of town — right into the arms of a gender therapist who has her own agenda. Book / 70 pages / 15 illustrations

Web Classics Revisited

Two Forms of ID

By Joe Six-Pack. Harvey had the unusual ability to convincingly imitate a teenage girl. In desperation, he has to use that talent to make some money. But when is enough enough? Paperback / 194 pages / text only



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