

ADULTS ONLY

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I'M YOUR DOLLY

"Barbie-in-a-Box" by Joe Si Pack



TRANSGENDER
TALES OF

Transformation

Make Your Own™

Barbie
Everyone's favorite girl!



J O E S I X P A C K

***I'M YOUR
DOLLY***

**“Barbie in a Box” by Joe Six-Pack
A Tales of Transformation Story**



2015 eBook Edition

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BARBIE-IN-A-BOX

BOX #1

There it was – discarded, torn-apart and miserable. No more than a few minutes in the house, and it was already forgotten. A small, brown cardboard mailer. Jessica knew it was due to be delivered to her place today. The trap had sprung, all while she was probably eating her sopping wet microwaved lunch at work.

When the mail arrived, no doubt her boyfriend received that package, and wondered why it was addressed to him. He hadn't sent for anything. He rarely got any mail addressed to his name, whatsoever. Jessica could easily imagine that quizzed look on his face, puzzled like a dog. That wouldn't stop him from tearing right into it, where he would have found the CD.

As Jessica entered their apartment, she followed the tossed-aside packaging like a trail of bread crumbs. The box was at the door. The bubble-wrap was a few feet away, towards the living room. The plastic wrap of the CD was just ten feet from that. By the time she found the CD case at her feet, she was in the living room, seeing her boyfriend, passed out on the couch, the headphones from the player still on his head.

Of course he couldn't resist. He had just gotten a free CD in the mail. He *had* to listen to it. Besides, it looked like a heavy metal record of some sort. That was his favorite type of music. Ear-splintering, brain-jellifying, tooth-crumbing heavy metal music. So he popped it into the stereo and cranked it up to 11.

Jessica set down her things from the office without waking him. She sat down on a nearby chair and watched his chest move up and down as he slept. That used to make her swoon, watching him sleep. She had thought he was an angel back then, way back when they had first met.

In a lot of ways, Tyler seemed almost heaven-sent. He was kind, thoughtful and warm. He also had that edgy nature to him that got him into a fight every so often. Somehow, she had found that machismo endearing. She had always fallen for dangerous men, but Tyler Ericsson was the first one she had met that had any sort of depth. His body wasn't much to get excited about, and his face was plain – but he was passionate. When he was focused and into Jessica, he was one-hundred-percent totally into her. When Tyler looked into her eyes, Jessica knew that she was the most important thing in the world to him.

That was years ago. Back when Tyler had a real job and future. Back when he was chasing Jessica. Now that he had her, now that he had her place to stay in, now that he had her money to spend, the passion was gone. Long gone.

At some point, that couch started to become Tyler's whole universe. He only got up to get food, to work at his 4-hour-a-week part-time job, and to go to the bathroom. He'd always come back to that couch, though, like a calf to a sow. Then he had started to sleep on it overnight. More and more, Jessica was by herself in her bed at night. Totally alone. With that lump of wasted potential on the couch, she couldn't even invite someone over or pursue another relationship. Tyler was



always in the way. Tyler was always home. On the couch.

For months it seemed, Jessica had been trying to work up the willpower to kick him out. She had first thought that he'd eventually get the hint, and take off. He never seemed to catch on. Now, she just kept him around for a little bit of sex every so often. He wasn't that into her anymore, so it wasn't exactly fireworks, but it was enough to keep her from going crazy.

She had even started to rationalize a life where she kept her boyfriend out on the couch and just needed him from time to time. That was worth a few bucks in rent and food, wasn't it? Wouldn't any girl kill to have a live-in gigolo? Sure.

Jessica knew she was just lying to herself. As Tyler just stopped doing much more than going through the motions of a relationship, she started to hate him. Deeply. Profoundly. Why should he get to live off of her hard work? Once, he had a job like her, but he quit it. He said he needed time to "find himself." Apparently, finding himself involved getting up at noon, watching hours of ESPN and getting drunk by four.

Day after day it was the same thing. Tyler would barely even speak a word to her anymore, just content to leech off of her. Jessica had reached her limit. Not only did she want him out, she wanted payback. She even wondered if hiring someone to take him out was really so terrible. No, not like she'd actually do it, but she was certainly willing to entrain the idea. It was kinda fun.

Then, one day at work, she found a piece of paper someone had discarded near her desk. It was a post-it with a website address and the words "To deal with him" written on it. A little scribble of a man's head with horns was drawn next to it. When lunch rolled around, she had to see what the site was all about. "Barbie-in-a-Box" was the address, as well as the name of the site.

Jessica wasn't sure at all if the site was serious or not. After all, what they advertised was the most insane thing she'd ever seen anyone claim. Whoever these people were, they said that they had a "fail-proof method" of making anyone over into a clone of the plastic toy. "Designed for women or men," the site said, "and they will never know," it also promised. "By the time you get Barbie-in-a-Box #10, your worries will be over!" It said in big, red letters.

Then came the guarantee: "Your first Barbie-in-a-Box is free! If we don't have them in pink panties in 48 hours, you pay nothing!"

She thought about it for a while. Of course it was a scam, but it did sound harmless enough to try. Then, realizing she had little to lose, she decided to take advantage of the no-risk money-back-guarantee, and fed in the information they needed. At least it would be good for a giggle.

So, just as they promised, the small package with the "introductory" CD had indeed arrived, and Tyler had listened to it. Now she was going to see either how a man could be changed into a woman – or if she was going to prove to herself just how gullible she was when it came to internet shopping.



One day later, Jessica woke to find no one in the living room. Which was odd, as her sedentary boyfriend had been there for a couple of days straight. Odder still, the shades of the room had been opened, letting in the bright morning sunlight into the room. Upstairs, she heard the shower start to run. That must have been where Tyler was.

She checked the time. It was seven in the morning. Maybe this was the one day a week he showed up at his part-time job? Even then, he wouldn't be up *this* early.

"No sense in sitting around all day," was the only explanation she got from Tyler as he towed himself off. She wanted to ask more questions, but she was already late for work. She lost track of what he was up to, as she was too busy herself to take notice, except that even before she was ready to jump in the car and go to work, Tyler was headed out.

What was he up to? "Need to get some stuff for dinner," he said, as he ran out the door. Usually, dinner was Domino's and a six-pack of Lowenbrau. This certainly was odd, Jessica thought to herself. Maybe he was having an affair?

Later that day, after she had come back from lunch, she found four voice messages from her own home number. She panicked, thinking the only reason Tyler was calling must be due to some disaster at home.

"What... What's going on? What happened, Tyler?" She said, breathlessly into the phone.

"Nothin," Tyler responded, laconically, "just wanted to know what you're thinkin'."

Jessica was dumbfounded. Later that night, when she came home, she noticed that all the crap that had piled up around Tyler's couch had been cleaned up. In fact, the carpet showed tell-tale tracks of a vacuum. There was also this strange smell coming from the kitchen. It smelled like food.

Dinner, as it turned out, was nothing more than macaroni and cheese, but it was more effort than Tyler had put into a meal in ages. "Did you put onion in this?" Jessica asked as she ate.

Tyler smiled and nodded. "And some extra butter. It makes it *so* much creamier."

As Jessica ate her food, she let Tyler talk on about his day. She wasn't really listening, as her head was awash in questions. Maybe Tyler was being nice so he'd break up with her. No, that was too hopeful. Maybe he was going to ask for money? Maybe he had been tested for STDs and was going to tell her bad news. Maybe...

Then a new thought struck her – ask him. "So what's behind all this?" She inquired.

"Behind..." Tyler had to think about what she was talking about. "Oh, the dinner? I just wanted you to know I appreciate you, Jess."

That pretty well convinced her that this was some sort of set-up.

"I'll do the dishes," Tyler said, without even hesitating.

Before she could even say otherwise, Tyler had gotten the plates and tableware gathered up, and was scrubbing them in the kitchen sink. Eventually, she snapped herself out of her dazed state of disbelief and went to go ask more questions. What she found was that he was already drying off the plates with a towel.

“Isn’t that your Pittsburgh Steelers terrible towel?” She asked, seeing what he was drying with.

Tyler shrugged. “Yeah, time to put it to good use. That’s what a towel is for, right?” She had never even been allowed to touch it. He kept it in a glass case in the living room. “That’s the vintage 1970’s one that one you spent three hundred dollars on ebay for?” Jessica clarified.

“For that kind of money, you’d figure it’d do a better job.”

Jessica had to sit down.



It was the next morning when Jessica finally figured out what was going on. She was in bed, letting Tyler use her as an entertainment system.

At least, that’s how she’d describe sex with Tyler. He played her body like the controls on his Xbox. He’d constantly mash her breasts as if he were repeatedly trying some impossible 2-button combo attack.

But today, he stroked and soothed her like she was a woodwind instrument. Jessica was in bliss, having her skin caressed as Tyler used the slightest touch of his fingertips skimming all over her body. Somewhere, he had also figured how to use his tongue in the most peculiar way. She wasn’t even sure what he was doing down there, as she was too busy gripping the sheets and hanging on for dear life.

It was when she was coming down from one of these assaults on her senses that the funniest thought occurred to her. All this strange and wonderful behavior from her boyfriend started almost on the same day the “Barbie-in-a-Box” CD arrived.

Pinning it down more precisely, it began the very next day after the CD arrived. As she turned in her bed, she saw that same CD sitting in a player on Tyler’s night stand. He had listened to it that first time, she assumed. But, had he had *kept* listening to it? *Wait a minute...*

Then she sat up in bed, shocked at what this must mean. She had just assumed that the whole “Barbie-in-a-Box” thing was a scam. Because it just wasn’t possible to make a normal man into a woman. It was totally unbelievable.

“Tyler?” She said.

“Uh-huh?” He replied. He was lying next to her, his eyes staring up into the ceiling. She had expected him to be asleep, like men always are after sex.

Jessica squirmed under the sheets to find what she was looking for. “Would you put these on?” She asked, holding her discarded pink panties in her hand.

“Sure!” Tyler replied, enthusiastically. He sprang out of bed and started to slide them up his legs. “Wow, those are *smooth*, aren’t they?”

“They look nice on you,” Jessica said, barely able to say much at all. Her mind was locked up in shock.

Tyler checked himself out in the mirror. The little pair of panties strained on his bigger frame, especially with his still swollen member. But that didn’t seem to bother Tyler. He turned left and right to see every angle. “They feel weird,” he

remarked, “weird, cool and thin.” He then began to put his pants on, still wearing the panties. “Mind if I try them out for the day? I’m kinda curious to know what it would feel like.”

“No, go ahead...” Jessica’s voice trailed off as a mixture of excitement and amazement gripped control of her. She looked at the clock. It had been just 42 hours. They had him in pink panties with six hours to burn. Barbie-in-a-Box had a new customer.



Jessica didn’t wait long. She purchased the whole “Barbie-in-a-Box” plan just minutes after Tyler had first put the panties on. Her finger trembled with excitement as she clicked on the “Barbie-in-a-Box MtF Total Barbie Plus Plan.” She had to type her credit card numbers in four times into the website, she was so nervous. There was no hesitation to do it, she was just worried that they might reject her request or disqualify her in some way. Whatever it took, however much money she needed to spend, she was going to do this.

Maybe she’d need to ask her boss, Martin Comstock, for a raise. Or do some commission work. Or a second job. Still, she was all in. That night, as Tyler had dinner waiting for her after work, she thought about the possibilities. Jessica watched in quiet awe as Tyler came from the kitchen, wearing that goofy frilled apron that her mother had given her as a Christmas gift some years ago. She forgot she even had it. Tyler had even taken his messy mop of hair and tied it back into a stubby pony tail. One or two strands had broken free and he tucked them behind his ears as he welcomed her home.

He was already taking on girlish traits, and seemed to be totally unaware. How far could this go? Could he actually go all the way? Yes. Jessica was starting to think it wasn’t impossible.

With a sheepish smile, he pecked Jessica on the cheek with a quick kiss. “Kinda thought I’d try to make dinner again,” he said. “It’s been a long time since I made my famous chili, though. It isn’t coming out like I wanted. It’s now kinda turned into burritos. If that’s okay.”

Those were two things Tyler hadn’t done in forever. He apologized and asked for her permission. Whatever this “Barbie-in-a-Box” thing was, it was amazing.

“I’m sure it’ll be fine,” Jessica reassured him. Even if it wasn’t fine, she wasn’t about to say so. If Moses parting the Red Sea was a miracle, this was a miracle plus one. As he turned away to go back to the kitchen, Jessica noticed that besides the apron, he was wearing jeans and a t-shirt. He had rolled up the sleeves of the shirt to make it kind of a tank top.

The site had said that the plan would take ten shipments of Barbie-in-a-Box boxes, and maybe six to nine months for it to finish. At this pace, Jessica seriously believed that it might be done in a week.

Tyler watched carefully as Jessica ate her first bite of the burrito he had prepared. When she caught Tyler staring at her as she ate, she didn’t know quite why he was

so fixated on her. But then she realized that he was waiting for her approval.

Waiting!

“It’s good,” she said. It wasn’t bad at all.

Like a wash of cool air over Tyler’s face, he immediately smiled. “I’m glad,” he said.

Honestly enjoying her meal, Jessica watched as Tyler took small, awkward bites of his food.

“Don’t you like it?” She asked him.

“I’m feeling fat,” Tyler responded. “I’ve been wearing your panties all day, and it feels like I weigh a ton. I’m gonna put myself on a diet for a while.”

“If you say so, honey,” Jessica said, grinning with delight.

“Oh, don’t try to make me feel good. I know everyone thinks I’m chubby. Anyway, I’ve always wanted to drop about five pounds. I think a little bit of exercise would be good for me too. Do we still have that Ab-Kkwon-Do DVD around here?”

“I’m sure I can find it,” Jessica said, trying not to choke on her food from laughter. “So you wore the panties all day, huh?”

“Was I not supposed to?” Tyler looked shocked and embarrassed. He then started to get up. “I can go take them off...”

“No!” Jessica blurted. She then calmed herself down. “No, it’s alright. You can keep wearing them.”

Tyler sat back down. “Great! I’ve really got to kind of liking them,” he said. Realizing he had just veered into very strange territory, Tyler quickly changed the subject. “Nice day at work?” He asked, with his eyes averting hers. Was he blushing?

Jessica didn’t have to lift a finger for the rest of the night, as Tyler once again went about doing the dishes and cleaning the cookware. While he was doing that, she slipped onto the computer to check out the Barbie-in-a-Box site.

This was going to be truly expensive, but Jessica was now wholly persuaded it was going to be worth every cent. Turning miserable little Tyler into a sissy she-male was going to be a blast. One of the things that had captured her imagination was the “fully customizable options” she could select. There was a long list of personalities she could choose from, like “little fairy,” “pouty princess,” “bubblehead,” and “sexy secretary,” Jessica had decided to stay with the original “Barbie-in-a-Box” package. She did splurge on a “happy homemaker” add-on, and judging by the way Tyler was cleaning, it was already working. Of course she also got the “Elite Barbie” option, although she didn’t quite understand what that was, exactly. It was on sale, so it seemed like a smart buy. Plus, she could afford another option or two later, if she wanted.

Satisfied, she got up to grab a cookie from the kitchen. Tyler was there, drying the dishes with his old yellow towel, and dancing. He had his headphones on, and was dancing to the music, singing softly. In falsetto.

This was just Box #1. She had nine more to go.

BOX #2

A few days later, making it almost a week, another plain brown box arrived. It was simply labeled “Box #2” and contained nothing more than a CD and a few bottles of pills. Without even really giving it a lot of thought, Tyler had ripped right into it, and popped the new disc in his player. He then proceeded to toss his old disc in the trash.

Allison watched in fascination. She figured it was some sort of message ingrained into Tyler’s brain, to dump the old disc. No sooner had he done that than he popped a couple of the pills down and swallowed them down with some water. Checking the bottle, she saw they were labeled “Crazy Slim 1000 Diet Supplement.” She thought about trying one herself, but the site had said that under no circumstances should anyone but the subject use anything inside the box, and that all pills should “be kept from being handled by pregnant women.” That scared her enough to leave them alone – who knows what they were really doing.

Although she was perfectly happy to let her little guinea pig keep taking them.

That night, Jessica was curious to try out a few new things. The site had told her that after Box #2, sex with “the subject” was going to be a radically changed experience, so she was very curious to see exactly what that meant.

When Tyler was finally ready to come to bed – his bed-time routine had been growing longer day by day – he was wearing her favorite pair of red panties.

Over the previous days, Jessica had come up with some very flimsy reasons for Tyler to continue to wear her underwear. She’d claim it was to “remember” her or that it made the laundry easier to sort. It didn’t take much convincing at all for Tyler to slip into a new pair every day.

Jessica used the bedsheets to unveil herself, as she had decided to wear her sexiest negligee to bed that night, to tempt her increasingly sissified boyfriend. Sure enough, when Tyler saw Jessica’s curvaceous body, dressed in frilly, flimsy, delicate ruffles and lace, he stopped in his tracks.

“I love that outfit, Jess. You look so cute in that,” Tyler said before bounding into bed.

That was it? Jessica rolled over and wrapped her arm around to massage Tyler’s rock-hard shaft. Only what she found wasn’t hard at all. It was soft and limp, although it didn’t take long for her to work Tyler rigid. Still, she was shocked she had to do anything at all. Usually when sex even crossed his mind, he went from zero to boner in nothing flat.

As Jessica could feel Tyler start to buck a little bit, he rolled onto his back and laid there, ready for whatever was about to happen.

It suddenly occurred to Jessica that she was doing all the work. Tyler was simply waiting for her to take him.

Just like a *woman* would.

She wasn’t about to pass this opportunity by, and hopped up on her knees to straddle him. As she hovered over him, she could hear Tyler’s shortened breath, as

he made quick little gasps for air. Going with the flow, Jessica leaned over and licked one of his nipples.

Tyler moaned.

This was more than a “radically changed experience,” Jessica realized. This was almost total role reversal in bed. The truth be told, she hadn’t been this turned on since she was a teenager. This sort of power over another person was intoxicating.

She worked up to his neck and nibbled on it, just like men did to her. Tyler responded with a mix of giggles and heavy breathing. She then pinched the other nipple on his chest, which resulted in another moan.

“You like that, don’t you?” She said, teasing him. She took his hands and placed them on his chest. “Why don’t you try it for yourself?” Jessica helped him rub his aureole with the tips of his fingers, which started him writhing in ecstasy.

“Oh, that’s so nice...” Tyler said, languidly. “Sooo nice...”

“There you go, baby,” Jessica considered her next move. She decided that since she was the man in this exchange, that she would do what Tyler always did. Interrupt his partner so he could get off. “Here I come, babe!” She said, abruptly.

Tyler jerked, bracing for something, and even tried to retreat from under Jessica’s body. But quickly, she had set over him, and impaled herself on Tyler. She began rocking up and down, pushing herself onto him deeper and deeper. “C’mon, baby! C’mon!” She growled.

Tyler held his eyes tightly shut, until they sprang wide open. He was starting to come. “Uh uh uh uh uh uh oo oo oo oo...” He was saying in a tiny little voice. He gripped the sheets with his hands and started to pull them loose.

“Here I come!” Jessica said, loudly. She had always wanted to say that. With those words, Tyler finally released. It was like she was controlling him, telling him what to do and when to do it.

This was one crazy fuck, she said to herself. She rolled off from atop her boyfriend and laid on her back, pleasantly drifting in the afterglow. She looked over to Tyler, who had some strange combination of horror and bliss in his expression. He suddenly got to his feet.

“I have to go clean up,” he explained. He grabbed something off the floor, put it on, and walked to the bathroom.

He didn’t even seem to care it was Jessica’s peignoir he put on.



Some days later, Jessica had found herself more in love with Tyler than ever. It was amazing. Sure, manly men were still her first love, and there was no substitute for that. But if she had nothing more than this sissified boy for the rest of her life, she could be very happy.

Every morning, she watched in restrained excitement as Tyler picked out a pair of her panties and got dressed for the day. They were just part of his life, now. He wore the panties just as casually as he wore his old wrinkled boxers.

It even crossed her mind that she should just stop the process right now and live with Tyler as he was. But every day, something new came up in Tyler's evolving personality, and she just couldn't wait to see what was going to happen tomorrow.

Just as he had said he was going to do, Tyler had begun working out to the "Ab-Kwon-Do" exercise DVD she had found buried under some stuff in the closet. He had done it for a few days before he complained of feeling "clumsy" in his workout sweats and T-shirt. When Jessica suggested he should wear a leotard, he showed little hesitation. He looked darling in pastel blue tights and white tennis shoes. He even added white sweatbands and a headband on his own. She took pictures to keep on her phone, to remind her all day at work of the darling little sissy she had at home.

The diet was starting to work, too. He reported that he had lost seven pounds, and just in less than three weeks. He was absolutely committed to it, too. Tyler hardly ever ate a meal that he couldn't finish in ten bites. Jessica was seriously worried that he might be hurting himself, but the website assured her that he was well within the guidelines for staying healthy.



One day when she was working on "employee interaction" with her manager Martin Comstock – in an office closet – Jessica had neglected to check her phone, as she usually did for the stream of messages Tyler always left. So on this day, after not finding any messages, she got worried. At about eleven thirty, she began to get a little anxious and decided to give him a call.

"Uh, hi," Tyler said, sheepishly.

"Everything okay, sweet cheeks?" Allison said. "I haven't heard from you all morning."

There was a pause on Tyler's end. "I'm just a little busy, I guess."

"What's all that echo? Are you in the bathroom, Tyler?"

"Y... Yeah."

"You're not on the toilet while you're talking me, are you?"

"Oh, no!" Tyler replied, aghast at the suggestion.

"Then what are you doing? I hear water running."

"Just the bath." Tyler had grown attached to baths, only taking showers when he was short on time. "Oh, shoot!" He suddenly blurted. "Ow ow owie!" He added.

"What in the world are you up to?" Jessica finally asked.

"Oh, I just got so sick of having all my hair caught up in those tights. But this is so much harder than it looks!"

"Are you... Are you *shaving your legs*?" Jessica said, trying not to sound shocked.

"Kinda?" Tyler replied.

"Don't you shave another hair!" Jessica commanded.

"I'm sorry! I'm sorry!" Tyler immediately apologized.



“No, don’t apologize, darling! I love that you want to do this, but I want to help you. I’m going to take an early lunch, and I’ll be there in twenty minutes! Stay right there! Okay?”

“Okay, Jess.”

Jessica hung up, and quickly manufactured an excuse to tell her supervisor why she needed to leave immediately. On the way home, she swung by the drug store to pick up a multi-pack of pink razors with little daisies on the handle, and some perfumed shaving cream. She then picked a brand-new epilator shaver, the type that plucked hair out by the root in the most painful way possible. She also grabbed a hot waxing set, and then some stinging alcohol to swab onto his legs. This was going to be fun.

Indeed, she enjoyed that afternoon more than any sane person should.



On one of Tyler’s now regular shopping trips, he had picked up a Wii gaming console. Jessica’s alarm at this seeming step backwards in his female development was assuaged when he explained why he got it. It came complete with the Wii Fit pad, so he could exercise with the help of the Wii Fit software. There, he could compare his workouts with other users across the world.

Of course, subscribing to that service cost them a little money, so Jessica graciously allowed Tyler to subscribe if he just didn’t mind canceling the ESPN sports package on the cable. Tyler agreed to it cheerfully. “Why I subscribed to that sports junk I’ll never know,” was his comment.

Setting up the Wii proved to be a task that stymied Tyler. This was same person, who, no less than a month ago had installed a digital video recorder and linked the HDMI and optical SPDIF through to the plasma to get true 1080p output in room-calibrated 5.1 surround sound. Today, he sat center in a bundle of tangled cables and started to cry.

“Don’t worry, sweetie,” Jessica comforted him, “we can get Oliver from down the street. He’s a whiz with home electronics. I’m sure he’d be happy to give you some tips.”

Tyler sniffled. “I’m sorry, Jess. I really thought...”

“I’m sure you’re doing your very best,” she said, sympathetically.

Oliver came around in a few minutes. He was a gangly young man of nineteen, who clearly had little interest in the world outside of gaming, computers and games you could play on computers. He wore lint-covered brown cords, a blue windbreaker and a thick pair of glasses. He abruptly took over the entire cable operation from Tyler who surrendered easily. “Show me what you’re doing,” Tyler asked. “I tried to plug that in to the TV, but it didn’t fit.” The frustrated boy took a seat so he could watch what Oliver was doing.

“That’s because it’s the power cable,” Oliver replied. After a few more exchanges that left Tyler feeling dumb and out of his depth, he quickly lost interest.

“Is it done yet?” Tyler asked eight times before being told it was. Oliver was giving Tyler some sideways glances now and then, wondering what exactly the story was with him. He remembered Tyler as an average guy, who was mostly unremarkable. He was usually unshaven, he wore cargo shorts and flannel shirts, and hung out with the other guys in the area who looked just like him.

But this person was at least fifteen pounds thinner, had hairless legs and little trace of a beard. The swagger and confidence that a man like Tyler used to display was gone, and he was now looking nervous and unsure. He was also virtually sure that Tyler was not the sort of guy to be dressed in a tight shirt with a picture of Tinkerbell on it.

When the system was up and running, and Tyler was starting to play with it, Oliver turned to Jessica. “So... What’s the deal with him?”

“Oh, he’s just figuring things out,” Jessica said, cryptically. “He’s awakening to new truths about who he is.”

“Oooookay,” Oliver replied. He adjusted his glasses and took another look at Tyler. “So, does that mean he’s gay?”



Gnawing on a breakfast bar that looked to be made of particle board, Tyler smiled brightly when Jessica entered the room. Over the past few days, she had noticed the puppy-like behavior of Tyler, who seemed to always brighten up in her presence. He’d follow her around from room to room, and hover as she ate.

For now, she found it cute, but she also knew that after a while, it was going to get on her nerves. Hopefully the Barbie-in-a-Box people had thought of that.

“Can I get you something to eat, Jess?” Tyler asked, eagerly.

It was only six thirty in the morning, and Tyler was already wide awake. Jessica dreaded the possibility that the Barbie-fied Tyler was going to be a morning person. Oh well, she could probably live with it if the rest of his transformation was as exciting as the first few weeks.

Jessica’s stomach growled. “Um, the French toast you made yesterday would be...”

“Comin’ right up!” Tyler said with a smile. He practically leapt into his frilly apron, which he looked for any excuse to wear. *Maybe that was even why he had started to learn to cook*, Jessica thought to herself, *just to wear a big girly apron.*

“Hey, Jess?” Tyler said, as he cracked open a few eggs and whisked them up.

“Yes, sweetie?” Jessica replied. She peered in his direction, noticing he looked a little pensive and nervous.

“Um, I was wondering... Is it okay for me to be using your clothes so much?”

Jessica gasped. Things had been working so well. Now, he was showing hesitation. Thought. Awareness. She *knew* it was too good to last.

“What do you mean, Ty? Don’t you want to?”

“It’s not that, I just wanted to make sure that it was okay to be borrowing all your stuff all the time.”

Jessica exhaled. This wasn't self-awareness. He was just being considerate. "We share everything, you know that."

"No, it's okay? Really?"

"Yes, of course."

"Really really *reeeally*?" Tyler said, squeaking out the word in a childish voice.

"Yes."

"Reaallly *reeeeallly*?"

"Yes!" She snapped. Wow, he was getting wimpy. "I said it was okay, honey pie."

"Okay," Tyler said, and went back to beating the eggs. He then looked back at Jessica. "Are you sure?"

"Again, yes!"

"Cool!" Tyler said, dropping the bowl on the table unfinished. He ran off, dropping the apron on a chair as he left the room. "Because I was really thinking that I wanted to wear..." Jessica could no longer hear him as he went off down the hall.

Jessica wondered if he even really noticed that no one could pick up on what he was saying right now. He seemed to be talking only so he could explain his behavior to himself.

Two minutes later, Jessica heard the voice come back, still talking. "...that's with these workouts, I've just gotten so used to freedom of movement in the leotard, and everything I have is so thick and itchy and..." Realizing he was back in view of his girlfriend, he presented himself. "Is this okay?" He asked, biting his lip anxiously.

Although she was shouting a primeval scream of triumph inside, Jessica restrained herself, and as casually as was possible, glanced at Tyler and give a quick approval. "I said it was fine." Dressed in an old nightshirt-length t-shirt, Tyler didn't look drastically different, except that the shirt was so long that it nearly covered up the cargo shorts he wore, making it look like a dress. He had also exchanged his tired jogging shoes for a pair of yellow flip-flops.

"Kay," Tyler said, as he went back to the eggs.

Jessica still couldn't believe it. He really *was* changing. He really *was* going to be a sissy. It was *actually* going to happen.

BOX #3

On the third month, another box arrived. This one was pink, simply marked “Box #3,” and just as it happened last time, Tyler automatically opened it up and took possession of the contents without comment.

This box was much larger, and contained another supply of vitamins, a selection of new CDs, a DVD and a month’s supply of freeze-dried food. Tyler stocked it all away as a very curious Jessica watched, trying to not look too interested.

True to her nature, Jessica just couldn’t help herself. “So, what’s with all the food?” She asked.

Tyler answered like it was the most obvious thing in the world. “My Diet? Remember?”

“Right,” she said.

“I’m going to try and drop those last five pounds once and for all,” Tyler added.

“Good for you, honey.” She patted him on the head for approval. “By the way, speaking of food, I could definitely go for something to eat.” Tyler instinctively reached for his apron, but Jessica stopped him. “Not this time. We’re going out for lunch.”

“Out?” Tyler said, startled. He bit his lower lip in anxious hesitation.

“Is that okay, babe?” Jessica said. “You don’t mind going out, do you?”

“No...” Tyler said. “I just don’t think I have anything to wear.”

“That’s so cute,” Jessica said.

“What?”

“Never mind. We’ll go somewhere casual.”

Casual, as it turned out, was a small café with an outside seating area, right on the sidewalk. They were led to a table by a slightly scruffy waiter, who took several confused glances at Tyler, trying to figure him out. Tyler, for his part, was too busy to notice, as he was straightening his shirt and jeans nervously. He wasn’t expecting to be on display like this.

Jessica checked herself in her compact, making sure she had survived the brief trip from home in tact, and found herself satisfactory. “Let me borrow that for a second,” Tyler asked, and took the compact, checking his own face and hair as well. He played with a few strands on the sides of his head before he handed it back. “Thanks much.”

Although Tyler was dressed in jeans and a t-shirt, he was not carrying off masculinity very well. His jeans were ironed neat, and he had rolled up the cuffs a bit to show off his bare ankles. He had tucked in his bright yellow t-shirt into his pants, showing off his trimmer figure. His teased, blow-dried and gelled hair wafted gently in the breeze.

If that weren’t enough, Tyler also sat primly with his legs crossed knee-over-knee, like a proper lady. “Is the food here good? I’ve never been to this place before.”

“Never?” Jessica said, mocking astonishment. “That’s hard to believe.” She knew Tyler only went to restaurants he could watch TV at.

Tyler didn't even blink when Jessica ordered for the both of them. He sipped on a glass of white wine like he had been doing so for years, extending his pinky as he held the glass. They talked about small things, like the weather. Jessica tried to get Tyler to talk about his job, or sports, or politics, but he had no interest in any of those subjects. Then, when Jessica off-handedly mentioned a celebrity starlet scandal in the news, Tyler came alive.

"Oh my God! Can you believe her? That's *so* outrageous!" Tyler said, "The first time I heard that, I said to myself, that's just so impossible! I couldn't believe it!" He gestured with his hands and leaned forward, perched on his elbows. Jessica could have just mistaken him for one of his gossiping girlfriends at that point.

"And then did you hear what she said yesterday?" Tyler added.

Someone had been watching the daytime celebrity shows, Jessica thought to herself. That became more and more obvious as Tyler went on and on with celebrity gossip. Then the food arrived, and Tyler was immediately more interested in Jessica's grilled chicken than in the garden salad in front of him. "Just a bite," he pestered, "I just want a tiny bite. One bite. Just one little bite."

Jessica had heard that kind of irritating begging before, but couldn't place it. Then it came to her: that's what she had always done to her male companions in a restaurant. Was she really that annoying?

Now that he was talking, Jessica also noted her boyfriend's nervous manner had evaporated. He looked to be perfectly comfortable chatting about the weight of female celebrities as he ever was talking with his guy friends in a sports bar.

After lunch, Jessica decided she should show her little sissified beau off to the town. Tyler had no realization of his condition, swishing around town like a fairy. Most people stared, some laughed and some made cutting comments just on the edge of hearing, but Tyler didn't seem to notice any of it.

If one were to guess without knowing, people would have just assumed he was flamboyantly gay. He gushed and giggled effeminately like any garden variety homosexual man. But Jessica didn't mind. She knew that the crucial difference was that Tyler was wearing a silky pair of panties under his clothes.

They went to do a little window shopping, taking her boyfriend to all the places he hated to go: antique shops, dress shops, art galleries and they even stopped for tea. He loved every minute of it – and he said so. He commented on a dress in a window as being "adorable," and that a set of throw pillows in another was "to die for." On the way home in the car he even made Jessica promise that they'd do it again sometime.

Which, of course, she enthusiastically did promise to do.



A couple of nights later, on a Friday, Jessica decided to have a little fun. After all, it was a Friday night, and looking after her sissy meant that she really couldn't go out and enjoy herself like she wanted to. So she waited until Tyler was done with the dishes and invited him over to the couch to watch some rented movies.

She handed the plastic sack full of DVD titles to Tyler, who pushed it away. "Oh, I can't decide, you pick Jess."

Jessica pushed the sack back into his reluctant hands. "No, no. You always moan and groan when I pick. You choose." Truth was, this was a test. She had gotten an assortment of movies to pick from: explosion-ridden action/adventures, fart-joke comedies and hardcore chick-flicks. She watched as Tyler dumped the contents out onto the couch, where he sifted through them.

He tossed away *Rambo* and considered *Batman Returns* for a moment. He discarded that as well, and then looked at *Thelma and Louise* for a long contemplative moment before he put that aside as well. Jessica was disappointed, as she was really hoping he'd go for the obvious chick flick. But then he picked up a film and started to get excited. "Oo! Oo! This one!"

Jessica took the DVD of "Legally Blond" from him and gave Tyler a skeptical look. "Are you sure?"

"I've been wanting to see this forever!" Tyler declared. "She is such an inspiration and role model!" He seemed to catch himself, and then added, in a more serious tone, "An inspiration to women of her type, that is."

They watched it all the way through, with Jessica fighting off boredom for most of the film, but Tyler was on the edge of his seat, totally engrossed. He laughed at most of the jokes, but on a couple, Jessica noticed that he seemed to miss the humor. In fact, he asked Jessica to explain one to him, and once explained, he then laughed at it. At the finale, Tyler was hopping up and down in glee. Jessica was half expecting to belt out a "you go girl" any second.

They popped in a second film, "The 40 Year Old Virgin," and ten minutes into it, Tyler was out cold on the couch. Jessica let it play out, as she actually thought it was a pretty good film. She even considered buying it. Once the credits played out, she checked the time, and it was well past midnight. She stretched and turned to check on Tyler, who was still sleeping.

He was adorable. He had curled up into a fetal position, and was hugging a cushion like a teddy bear. Tyler was once prone to sleeping with his mouth open and drooling, but now he slept with his lips closed and slightly pursed. In fact, it almost looked like he was puckering up for a kiss.

Jessica imagined those same lips smothered in glossy cherry red lipstick, scrunched up to lay a kiss on some ruggedly handsome man's stubbly cheek. It would happen soon, she promised herself.

Curious, she approached Tyler. His shorts had rolled up, revealing most of his smoothly waxed legs. He was using moisturizer now on his skin, and it was really starting to look smooth and soft like her own legs, as if they had never seen a single hair on them. She couldn't help but run her fingers along the shin.

Still asleep, Tyler recoiled slightly, giggling.

"Tickle tickle," Jessica whispered. "You really are turning into a girly little fluff ball, aren't you?" She said into his ear. "Soon you'll be living in your pretty little panties forever, Tyler. Soon, you'll be skittering around in a skimpy little dresses, letting men ogle you. You'll be such a sweet, darling little sissy for men. They'll just love you. And you'll love them, too. In so many ways."

She placed her finger on Tyler's lips, and to her surprise, his lips formed around the finger, and he licked it gently. "Oh my God," she said quietly to herself, "what a little fairy you're becoming, Tyler. Your poor, stupid, fool."



The next day, when Jessica awoke, she was surprised to find Tyler curled up next to her. She had left him downstairs, so she figured he must have woken and come upstairs at some point during the night – and oddly, was considerate enough not to wake her.

Jessica checked the clock, and saw it was almost eight. A good time to get up on Saturday morning.

She jostled Tyler's shoulder. "Wakey wakey, sleeping beauty." Tyler, in another change to his usual habits, woke without complaint and sat up. He stretched his arms out in the air and yawned. His eyes then sprang open, and in a matter of seconds, he realized it was morning and it was time to get moving. He leapt from the bed and sped to the bathroom.

"Dibs!" He called out and slammed the door behind him.

Jessica was not pleased. She was quite used to getting the bathroom first thing in the morning, and her routine depended on a leisurely amount of time to do her stuff.

A half hour later, she was banging on the door. "Tyler! It's been, like two hours in there! Hurry up!"

"Just a sec!" Tyler promised, "I'll be out in just a sec!" Another half hour later, he finally emerged. "It's all yours, Jess!"

With eyes full of loathing, Jessica passed by Tyler, well beyond ready for her turn. "You need to do laundry today," she said, trying to inject his life with misery.

"I just did it yesterday!" Tyler complained.

"You need to either do it every day or get your own stuff. We don't have enough to share."

"You mean get my own panties?" Tyler said, aloud.

Jessica stood still, lowered her eyes and muttered a curse at herself for being so stupid. She had just forced Tyler to think about what he was doing, with his panty habit. Sure, he had been wearing the panties on some sort of flimsy pretense of being romantic, but now she had forced him to consider it, passing it through his conscious mind.

Tyler p'shaved the suggestion with a dismissive wave. "I still have plenty of my own boxers. Maybe this is time for me to stop, Jess."

Jessica panicked, realizing she had just blown it. Big time. Now, she had to pull out the big guns. With a sorrowful tone, she said, "don't you love me anymore, Tyler?"

"Of course I do, Jess! I love you so much!" He grabbed her and hugged her tightly. "I just think..."



“Do it for me, Tyler. Please? I love to think that a little part of my femininity is always with you.”

“Yes, yes! Of course I will, baby!” Tyler said, hugging even harder, “I’d do anything for you, you know that! I’ll wear panties with pride!”

Jessica kissed him on the cheek. “Thanks, honey. Why don’t you go down and listen to your CD and then we’ll order some stuff for you online?”

“That’d be awesome!” Tyler replied with excitement. “I really do love you, you know.”

“I know you do, sweetie.” She sighed out a cubic mile of air when she was out of sight.

After rushing to the Barbie-in-a-Box website, she found some help in the forums. They had many stories from other “BIAB” customers who did something similar. The solution was the same in all cases: just don’t make it worse.

The programming, the forums said, would eventually correct any minor moments of “self-realization,” just as long as the mistake wasn’t repeated or a new one magnified the first.

Satisfied, Jessica went about her morning routine, and joined Tyler back in the living room. She found him seated on the beanbag, his eyes kind of spaced out, listening to his CD player. “Not going to use the couch?” She asked, curious.

“Ugh,” Tyler answered, scrunching up his nose. “It smells! Next time I fall asleep on it, promise me you’ll wake me up and not let me stay there all night. It took me a half hour just to scrub that stench off of me in the shower.”

Of course it smells, Jessica thought to herself, *it smells because you used to be such a slob!* “I promise,” Jessica said. She then had a flash of inspiration. “In fact, why don’t we just get rid of it?”

Tyler agreed. “It’s so old, and doesn’t go with anything in this room. We should. We really should.”

“No, I mean right now! Let’s get it out on the sidewalk.”

“Right now?”

“Right now!” Jessica declared. “Let’s do it!”

Tyler got up, and walked around the couch a couple of times, a little uncertain of what to do or how to do it. Jessica pointed at one end of the couch, and said, “Go, lift that end, I’ll lift the other and we’ll take it out the front door.”

Timidly, Tyler approached the end of the couch, awkwardly bent over and tried to put his hands under it to lift. He immediately abandoned the attempt, not budging the couch a millimeter. “It’s too big, Jess!” He whined.

“What do you mean, big?” Jessica said. “You move this thing around all the time.”

Tyler looked at the couch, reconsidering. “Well...”

Jessica bent over to lift her end. “Like this, watch me.” She bent at the knees, placed her hands under the edge and lifted it easily.

Watching his girlfriend, but still unsure, Tyler repeated her motions at his end. He managed to lift it only about a foot, causing it to heavily tilt towards him. They

made it half way to the door, before Tyler urgently called out, “Wait! Wait! I have to rest a second!”

Jessica sighed and set down her side with his, and watched as Tyler flopped over the arm of the couch, exhausted. She was pissed. Her boyfriend was acting like such a... Such a *girl*.

The realization suddenly brightened her mood. He was acting like a weak, helpless girl. She knew he was well able to lift this couch – heck, he used to drag it a foot or two towards the TV every single day, it seemed. She always had to scold him to put it “back where it was supposed to be.”

“Maybe we should call that Oliver guy and have him do this instead of us,” Tyler suggested,

“I think we can manage this. It’s just a little bit further.”

“I’m gonna call him,” Tyler said. He made it look like standing up was the mightiest struggle he’d ever waged, and walked over to the phone. After a quick conversation, he hung up. “He’s busy,” Tyler said with a pout.

A pout!

“Oh, I’m sorry Tyler,” Jessica said, “but just a few more feet and it’ll be out of here. Maybe this time, leave off the flip-flops.”

Tyler kicked off the shoes, and then lifted his end again. As they made it out into the hall, Jessica was under the definite impression that Tyler’s very last bit of manly strength were being spent on this task. It was amazing what those CDs had done. It wasn’t as if Tyler was truly this weak, but he believed he was. He had been convinced, subconsciously, that he was fragile and useless, and he was unable to fight it.

When they got to the curb, Jessica dropped her half, and Tyler followed suit. That was followed by a sharp shriek, that threatened to shatter glass with a piercing yell.

Tyler quickly started to jump and hop around. “I dropped it on my toes!” He cried. “I dropped it on my toes!” Then, Tyler fell onto the sofa and started to rub his toes, whining and moaning.

“Oh, honey, are you gonna be okay?” Jessica said, instead of laughing. She came to his side and tried to look as concerned as she could.

Tyler looked like he was starting to fight back tears.

“Calm down, now. It can’t be that bad.” Jessica told him.

He was inconsolable. “It dropped right on my big toenail! It’s gonna get all black and die, and fall off! It’s gonna be so gross!”

“It wasn’t that heavy, Tyler.” She looked at the toe in question, and it wasn’t even red. “You’ll be fine.”

“It really hurts!” Tyler whimpered. “I don’t want black toenails!”

Inspiration struck Jessica. “Tell you what, I know a way we can keep that from happening.”

Thirty minutes later, with cotton balls in between his toes, Tyler was examining his freshly painted pink toenails. Without his shorts on, sitting in a pair of red bikini

panties, he held his slender and hairless legs aloft in the light, turning the polished nails this way and that.

"They look kinda girly," he observed.

"Well, pink will hide the black if it happens. And I can't paint them any closer to your natural skin color. I told you it was the closest I had."

"I know," he said, holding his other leg up for examination. "And doing both feet evens it out, but I just think they look kinda... Effeminate."

"They're very appealing," Jessica assured. She kissed him on the lips and Tyler responded with little interest, keeping the view of his toes in his sights.

"Can I take the cotton out yet?" he asked.

Jessica stopped trying to be gentle with him, and backed away. "In a few minutes, babe." She then pushed him down and started to smother him with her mouth.

"Oh, Jess..." Tyler responded. He closed his eyes and threw his head back, letting Jessica do what she wanted.

She drove her hands under his T-shirt and started to pinch Tyler's nipples, which caused his to arch his back and twist around. *He really enjoyed that*, Jessica told herself. *Think how much he'll enjoy that when he has breasts...*

"I think Oliver likes you..." Jessica said, into Tyler's ear. "He asked me about you..."

Tyler didn't answer, he just kept greedily enjoying the touch of his girlfriend.

"Do you like Oliver, Tyler?" She asked.

Tyler bit his lip and nodded vigorously.

"That's good. I think he's adorable. Do you think he's adorable?"

Tyler started to nod again, but then he fluttered his eyes open and looked at Jessica with a quizzed expression. "What do you mean? What are you trying to say, Jess?"

"I just thought that..."

"You think I've turned gay? Is that it?" He scooted away from Jessica, and got to his feet. He had a look of indignation on his face. "I'm not gay! I'm not!" He said, resting his arms akimbo on his hips.

"I didn't mean it that way, Tyler!" Jessica said, trying to patch over things. "I just thought that he was adorable in a... Kinda... Kid brother sort of way."

"I *know* what you meant, Jess!" Tyler declared. "I thought we knew each other better than that!" He pulled on his cargo shorts, took the cotton out from in-between his toes, balled it up and flung it lamely at Jessica. "I'm going out! Fix your own dinner!" He said, grabbing his flip-flops and leaving.

Jessica looked down at the floor, and stamped her foot. "Fuck!" She yelled. "I blew it again!" She did exactly what she shouldn't have done. She followed up her first mistake with another one. Now she was in real trouble.

She got on the phone with the BIAB people, and they said that these sort of things were serious, but not unusual. Of course, they had just the thing to fix the problem. For only \$499.95.

Jessica whipped out her credit card.



The next day, another box arrived at the apartment, this one addressed to Jessica, and the box had “Emergency Care Kit” printed on it. She opened it, hurriedly. She had come too far with Tyler to let it slip away from her now. She had grown quite accustomed to having a slightly sissified man around the house.

Tyler was nicer, more considerate, and fun to be with. He looked thinner, took some care with his clothes, and was becoming one great cook. No, whatever she needed to do to keep Tyler on the BIAB program, she was going to do.

Inside the box, was a small blister pack of two pills, a new CD, and a note.

The note simply assured her that even though the Barbie-in-a-Box program accounted for occasional setbacks, the CD and pills in the box would re-enforce key messages and repair any damage done to the subject’s psyche.

She waited until that night to spike Tyler’s drink with the contents of the pills, and slipped headphones around his head when he passed out in bed. She then tried to fall asleep and hoped for the best.



Jessica was rewarded in the morning with the smell of coffee, bacon and eggs wafting in from the kitchen. She was motivated to get out of bed and follow the smell, as her stomach rumbled in anticipation.

She had thrown on a robe and was looking as one does in the morning – like hell – when she saw that she and Tyler weren’t alone.

Dressed in his beloved apron and oversized T-shirt, (Jessica didn’t see any trace of shorts) Tyler had a bright smile on his face. His headphones were resting around his neck. “Good morning sleepyhead!” Tyler sang. “Look who dropped in!”

At the table was Oliver, in his usual golf shirt and glasses, hunched over a plate of food. If he was feeling any discomfort being in the same room with a man who was proudly displaying pink painted toenails on his exposed feet, it wasn’t obvious, as he earnestly scarfed down the mound of steaming hot food on his plate.

“Do you like it?” Tyler asked Oliver.

Oliver replied with a muffled but enthusiastic “Mm-hmm!”

Tyler then quickly whipped up a plate and set it down for Jessica, who had spent some time trying to pat down her hair, but much like Oliver, the smell of the food was far more important than any other concerns, so she sat down to eat.

“Thanks for inviting me, Tyler. It’s been forever since I had a real breakfast,” Oliver said, after finishing his mouthful.

“No biggie,” Tyler said, flushed like a teenaged girl. He bent an arm idly over head and cocked his hips saucily. “I’m just glad I could fill your tummy this

morning.” As Tyler put his headphones on his ears, he asked, “Let me know when anyone wants seconds!”

In between mouthfuls of wonderfully delicious food, Jessica idly thought what those CDs were doing to Tyler’s pea brain. What kind of messages could make Tyler accept – and even delight in – being as swishy as he was becoming. The power in the BIAB program was truly amazing to behold. Just a couple of months ago, he was like any man, living in fear of showing even the slightest trait of non-macho behavior. Now he was unconsciously flirting with a young man by making him breakfast, and dancing gently to music.

How far was this going to go, Jessica wondered. Should she be taking pictures? Selling tickets to the public?



Whatever had been in that emergency kit had done its work well. Jessica even thought to herself that maybe it was too good at “fixing” Tyler.

Because two weeks later, when she looked at her boyfriend, she was unable to reconcile him with the person who she had once met in a bar just a couple of years ago.

Gone was the roguish, distant attitude and slightly unkempt looks that had captivated her. Now, Tyler had a guileless look on his face, his emotions as easy to read as a supermarket novel. He kept himself immaculate, shaving twice a day to make sure there was never any trace of stubble on his face – or anywhere else on his body, for that matter.

The big baggy clothes and dark colors he used to wear were a memory. Tyler now tottered around the house in bright colors. He had grown especially fond of yellows, reds and even pink lately. The giant shirt he had been wearing was gone, and now he was sporting tight t-shirts that ended just above his navel. His big olive green cargo shorts had been discarded in favor of denim cut-offs, which he had cut himself, rather expertly. These cut-offs also seemed to be getting cut shorter and shorter every day.

Tyler’s all-terrain mountain-hiking-style sneakers had vaporized long ago, lost in the back of a closet or under a bed somewhere. Tyler was still wearing flip-flops, but rather than the plastic ones he had stolen from his girlfriend, he had now claimed Jessica’s second-favorite pair of leather-lined flip-flops, complete with sparkling jeweled straps.

He repeatedly claimed that he only felt comfortable in these particular shoes, and wearing his old sneakers hurt his “bruised” toes. These were the same toes that he had learned to paint, remove and re-paint. “To keep them clean,” Tyler explained. That didn’t explain why he had started to use reds and purples in addition to pink.

Other things had changed, too. Jessica remembered that the first BIAB CD was this heavy, *heavy* metal that shook the floor and rattled windows. It occurred to her that she hadn’t heard Tyler play that sort of music for a while.

She did remember that he had then gone through a brief period of metal-style ballads from bands like Heart, but even that hadn't been played in weeks. Curious, Jessica stole a CD from her boyfriend to hear what it was, and found it to be Celine Dion.

Also, there was the matter of the DVD that had arrived in the last box. Tyler had pretty much ignored it for a week, but all of the sudden, he picked it up and started to use it. It turned out to be an exercise disc, with an impossibly bubbly petite blond jumping and dancing on screen, egging the viewer on to "shake your tooshie."

The funny thing was, that not only did Tyler strive to exactly follow the instructor move-for-move, but he'd also developed the habit of repeating what the instructor said, word-for-word. He was also imitating the same bubbly, sing-songy tone of her voice as he repeated her words.

With all this odd – and delightfully entertaining – behavior, it was starting to pay off. The exercise, combined with the crash dieting and whatever other medications they had laced with special food with, Tyler had dropped incredible amounts of weight. He dipped down to under one hundred and forty pounds. By Jessica's count, he had lost over forty-five pounds since the BIAB program began. She was sorely tempted to try the food herself, even knowing the hazards. She had never heard of a more successful diet plan.

Jessica would ask Tyler from time to time about this diet, and he'd simply reply that he still wanted to "drop that last five pounds." He'd keep saying that, even after he had dropped twenty, thirty pounds. At this rate, he was going to be a walking skeleton, but the Barbie-in-a-Box forum was quite assuring that everything would be okay.

As she watched Tyler putter around the house, vacuuming and cleaning, she noticed that his occasionally exposed navel was smooth & taught and his belly was flat. She almost felt jealous of how easy it was for him to look that good. *Almost*.



It wasn't much later that, during the middle of a dinner of salmon, that Tyler suddenly opened a door for Jessica to push him right through.

"My eyebrows itch," he said. "And I think I need to do something about my hair," Tyler then added, brining a long strand of hair into his view.

Jessica considered the statement on its' surface at first. She looked at Tyler's brown hair — hair that now extended over his ears and past the nape of his neck. He had been taking good care of it, and had been using Jessica's own shampoo, conditioner and even her hair dryer to keep it neat. It was always combed in place, shiny and smelled slightly sweet. But she knew Tyler had a point, it was now too long to just take care of it himself. He needed a trim, and he needed some professional assistance.

It then hit her as to what Tyler's comment actually *meant*. It was an opportunity to do what she had been wanting to do for weeks. "I could get you an appointment at

my salon,” she said. “We could get those wild eyebrows of yours under control, too.”

Tyler rolled his eyes, “they’re driving me nuts!” He said. “Sometimes I just want to pluck them right out with my fingers!”

Jessica kept eating, but she was shaking her head. He was just making this far too easy. “I’ll get you an appointment for the works.”

“Oh, thanks, honey!” Tyler burred. “Are you sure they won’t mind having a... Well, having me there?”

“They aren’t just for women, Ty. They do work on everyone.” *Everyone who wanted to look like a woman*, Jessica added, to herself. “Besides, I know the people who work there. Shannon is my old friend from Junior College. I roomed Fiona, the owner, for a couple of years. They’re the best.”

She quickly set up an appointment. Of course, she had already been telling stories of what she was doing to her poor boyfriend, and all the girls were begging to get a look at Tyler. This was all going to work out perfectly. She was going to show off her pride and joy to her friends, and at the same time take him on giant step towards his ultimate femmed fate.



Tyler was all ready and eager to go to his appointment when it came around a few days later. He hoped in the car like a happy puppy being taken to the park. When they arrived, Tyler took no notice that he was the only man in the entire place, and that all eyes were tracking his every movement.

Shannon, the girl who was Jessica’s usual stylist, was the first to greet them, and led Tyler to her chair. Soon enough, his hair had been decorated with little foil wraps to highlight his brown hair. He put his headphones on and Tyler smiled merrily as he listened to his music, not even saying a word when they took his shoes off and started to file his toenails.

Janice turned to Shannon. “He wants to have his eyebrows done, too.”

“You’ve got to be kidding me, Jess!” She said, free to talk with Tyler listening to his music. “How did you do it?”

“Women have always owned their man’s toys. He’s been bad, so now I’m taking his toys away from him,” she said, with a cruel turn in the corners of her smile. It exposed the tip a single tooth, one that used to be a fang in a more primitive existence.

“You’re just awful!” Shannon scolded. “What are you going to do next? Tell me!”

“Well, that’s up to you. I think he’d look even better with a full body waxing. What do you think?”

“He’d never stand for it!” Shannon gasped. “No man would let it happen to them!”

“He’s already let me do his legs,” Jessica countered. “He cried like a little girl for a few minutes, but he got over it. Now he barely even flinches when he does it.”

“You’re lying! It can’t be true!”

Jessica popped the earphones off of Tyler’s head, and he took a moment to re-focus his eyes. “Hi, Jess!” He said.

“Tyler,” she said, with a deliberate projecting tone to make sure Shannon was getting all this, “we think you’d be a lot more comfortable getting rid of all your body hair. What do you think?”

“I guess.” He answered. “Like doing my legs?”

“But on your arms, butt, back and chest.”

Tyler’s eyes lit up. “Oh, if you think it’s be good for me, Jess.”

Jessica turned to Shannon with a smug look. “We’ll do it after your nails dry, cutie,” she said to Tyler.



Tyler put his headphones back on and was back in his world of subliminal whispers and music. Shannon's jaw was agape. Her mind had just been blown clear away.

"This is a set-up, isn't it?" She asked Jessica.

"Nope. It's all real!"

"Naw, this can't be true. I don't believe it!" Shannon grabbed the sides of her head to keep things in place. "You always said he was such a macho jerk!"

"Now he cooks me my food, cleans the house and does the laundry. He even squeals like a teenage virgin when I fuck him."

"My God!" Shannon exclaimed, "you've turned him into a sissy, Jess!"

"Oh, I'm not through with him yet, Shan. I'm going to turn him into a giggling, simple-minded, over-sexed little sissy slave."

"You wouldn't! You *couldn't!*"

"Just look at him, Shan. He's going to be wearing a skirt in a matter of weeks. I'm not sure I could stop it even if I wanted to, and believe me – I don't want to!"

"Wow!" Shannon said.

"Is that your boyfriend, Jessica?" Another woman asked. It was Fiona, the redhead who owned the salon, to whom Jessica had also told her wild tales of feminizing Tyler. "If I didn't see it, I wouldn't believe it."

"That's my ex-boyfriend!" Jessica said.

"I'd say he was an ex-boy, too," Fiona said, in a confidential tone.

"Not yet, but it's just a matter of time."

"Have you told him about you and Martin yet?"

"Shush, Fiona. I want to tell him when I'm ready."

The small bell affixed the front door of the shop tinkled, and everybody looked to see who had arrived. In came the tall, burly figure of Nat McCain, smiling at all the ladies. He was Shannon's brother, and well known to the girls. "Hey, there," he said, ambling past the reception area and up to Shannon.

"Hi, bro!" Shannon said. Her hands were tied up, working on her client, so she stuck her cheek out for a kiss, which she got. Nat pecked Shannon in a brotherly way, his bristly dark beard stubble scraping her skin.

"Hey, sis," Nat replied. He looked around. "Hey, Fiona. Hey, Jessica."

"Hi Nat!" Tyler said, eagerly waving at him from the chair. He had removed his headphones upon seeing someone he recognized. They had been out for beers a few times, and was a regular at the same sports bar Tyler used to frequent.

Nat paused, squinting with one eye, trying to recognize who was waving at him. He then squinted with the other eye. "Uh, hey." He tried to place the face. "Hey."

Although the Barbie-in-a-Box site said that by this time, Tyler should be able to endure this, Jessica was very hesitant in introducing – well, re-introducing – Tyler to Nat. "That's Tyler, Nat. It's hard to recognize him when he's got his hair being worked on."

You could practically hear the crack in Nat's neck as his head quickly snapped back to take a closer look. "Tyler?" He asked.

"Hi," Tyler replied, sheepishly.

Nat's process of thinking was visible on his face. His left eye twitched when he verified that this was the Tyler he knew. The Tyler who he had beers with on Sundays, watching football. The same Tyler who once pancaked a guy with a single punch in that fight they got into down at O'Tooligan's last year. It was the same guy who covered for him when he was cheating on his ex.

Jessica inserted herself into the conversation. "Tyler wanted to come down and have a day of pampering," she explained.

Nat's cleft chin trembled slightly when he examined Tyler. The man had his hair wet and wrapped up in curlers, his limp wrists were holding up freshly painted nails, and his toes were stuffed with cotton balls to keep his polished toes clear while they dried. Nat's brow furrowed when he noticed the highly arched and thinned eyebrows on Tyler's face.

"What the hell?" Nat said, never one to hold back what he was thinking. "What's with all the faggy stuff? Lose a bet?"

"I'm having the works!" Tyler replied, with a smile.

"Yeah, I can see that." He turned to Jessica. "The fuck are you doing to him?"

"Tyler has a whole new outlook on life, and he decided he wanted a new look to go with it," Jessica explained.

Nat looked at Tyler again, not only noting the beauty work being done on him, but bare hairless legs he sported. "So, what are you? Some kinda buttfuckin' tranny?"

Tyler just smiled back, not even batting an eye. It was like he hadn't even heard what Nat was calling him. "Do you like the color, Nat?" He asked, showing his fingernails.

Nat just sneered at Tyler, breaking into a demeaning laugh. "Pantywaist... Sissy... Ffffaggot." Nat turned away and walked out of the salon.

There was silence in the room, as no one dared speak. Jessica looked at Fiona, who looked at Shannon. They all had an uncomfortable look on their faces.

"It was nice to see Nat again," Tyler said, still smiling. "I'm glad he thinks I'm such a pantywaist."

Jessica tried to make sense of that statement. "You don't mind that he called you a sissy?"

Tyler picked up his headphones, ready to listen to his CD again. "I think he was being very polite. I've been working so hard, and it was nice of him to say so." He popped the headphones on his ears again.

Fiona and Shannon looked at each other in shock, and then at Jessica. "What was the name of that website?" Shannon asked.

"Write it down for me, too," Fiona said, handing Jessica a pen.



As soon as Tyler got through the door, he flopped onto the new plush chaise lounge Jessica had replaced the sofa with. “Thank God that’s over. I have to get some housework done.” He looked down at his toes, which were painted lavender. He casually looked at his fingers which were done the same.

“Do you like your nails, sweetie?” Jessica asked as she dropped the car keys on the table.

Tyler, wriggling his toes and fingers, took his time to reply. “Why did you let me do this, Jess? You shouldn’t have let me do it.”

“Oh, don’t worry yourself about it.”

“But it looks so...” He said. “So... *Odd.*”

That statement sounded quite strange from the person reclined on the lounge, as that person had hairless legs, hairless arms and no trace of a beard. The skin was smooth and clear, probably due to drugs in that ‘diet plan’ food. This person also sported a freshly-styled head of long feathery hair, with pronounced bangs wafting above the eyes. His eyebrows also arched in a fine line that opened up his expression and made his face unmistakably delicate. Tyler’s fingernails were the least of his worries.

“You look great. I think you make a fine sissy,” Jessica said.

“Thanks, Jess,” he replied, glowing in the compliment.

Jessica put her purse away. “Besides, I wish my nails looked half as good as yours.” Which was true, actually.

“You should book a nail appointment when we go back next time,” Tyler said.

“I’ll do that.” Jessica smiled at the ease at which Tyler suggested his next appointment at a women’s salon, as if it were a given he was going back. “When we go do it together.”



Over the next several days, Tyler learned to take good care of his hair. He was easily able to keep it styled almost exactly like they had at the salon. His meager male groomsman skills had flowered into a feminine beauty routine. No doubt, Jessica realized, thanks to his subliminal learning.

He moisturized his skin, he plucked his stray eyebrow hair, epilated his legs and the rest of his body smooth, and applied his girlfriend’s spring-fresh deodorant to his clean-shaven armpits... With a little behind each ear. “Because Ollie liked the scent,” Tyler explained.

He had even taken to using a curling iron to shape his hair when it went flat. Jessica was more than happy to share it with him.

In addition to her tools of hair care, Jessica also found she was sharing something else with Tyler. She discovered it one day when she was rearranging her things by her bedside table.

“Tyler, have you seen my... Uh, well, my vibrator?” She said, somewhat sheepishly.

“No, what’s it look like?” Tyler replied.

“It looks like a vibrator.”

“I haven’t seen it. Did you look under the bed?”

“So you haven’t seen it?”

“Well, if it turns up, I’ll let you know.”

Jessica regarded that whole conversation as odd, but she didn’t think too much of it, until a day later when that missing vibrator turned up under the bed. Where she had already checked. Twice.

It took a while for her to put things together, but then she came to an obvious conclusion. The vibrator was never missing. Someone had planted it under the bed. Tyler.

“Honeybuns,” she said, as they went to bed, a night later, “I found my vibrator.”

“That’s great. Was it under the bed? I told you it was under the bed.”

“It *was* under the bed, Ty. Right where you left it.”

“Me? I’ve never seen it before! Me?” Tyler said defensively and over-dramatically. “I never!”

Jessica took it in her hands and turned it on. The buzzing sound it made captured Tyler’s attention immediately. His eyes focused on it with laser intensity. Jessica knew the truth when she saw the effect it had on him.

“You’ve been... Using it, haven’t you?” She said, with a lascivious wink.

“No...” Tyler replied, with his answer fading off quickly.

She brought it closer to him, and Tyler inched backwards until he ran out of bed. “It seems to know you, honey.” She placed it on his stomach, and almost at the instant it touched his skin, Tyler’s eyes closed as he gasped.

“Never seen it before, huh?” Jessica teased. She worked it lower and lower until Tyler spastically pushed her hand down farther, towards his crotch.

Her boyfriend started to shake and tremble, as he bit hard into his lower lip. Obviously, he liked the feeling. As she worked it over his slowly erecting penis, she asked, “is this the way you like it, Ty? Is this the way you want it?”

Tyler then suddenly flipped himself over on his front, and stuck his ass in the air, parting his legs as he rested on bent knees.

“Tyler!” Jessica said, astonished. “Aren’t you full of surprises!”

BOX #4

Five months into the program, a new box arrived. “Box #4” contained another large supply of food for Tyler, his special CDs and some vitamins & supplements. But it also contained one item Tyler didn’t let Jessica see, packed in a long pink box. He quickly took it away and hid it, which was fine with Jessica. She would just find it later.

This batch of CDs were quite interesting. They were a selection of pop music, with an old eighties Madonna disc, some Bananarama and even something by someone named “Katy Perry,” whoever that was. Nothing the old Tyler would have ever tolerated listening to for a second just five months ago.

Jessica didn’t have to wait long for the effects of the new CDs to take effect. As she was searching around the house for the mystery box Tyler had hidden, she found in her room something she didn’t expect. Her boyfriend in a pair of her high heels and a dress.

“Jess!” He blurted, “W... W... What’re you doing here?”

As an excuse to search without looking suspicious, Jess had told Tyler that she was going out. He had said he was going grocery shopping. She drove around the block and headed right back, and Tyler obviously hadn’t left at all. Those lies didn’t matter right now, though. As Jessica looked at the scene, she saw a few of her dresses laid out on the bed, and three or four pairs of her shoes resting nearby. The little dear had been giving himself a fashion show in her clothes. She wanted to jump for joy, seeing her sissy in a dress. It was everything she had been waiting so long for.

Thinking quickly, she decided the best tactic in this situation was to act like she didn’t know anything, as if this wasn’t the very point of her grand plan. “What’s going on here?” She asked.

Tyler, his posture frozen with his knees knocked and his hands trying to block being seen, had no explanation. “It’s... It’s... I was... Thinking that...” He took a step forward and fell right off his shoes onto the bed. “I wanted to see if... I mean, I was putting the laundry away and...”

He had been avoiding his girlfriend’s gaze, but all of the sudden, he looked Jessica right in the eyes. He was silently pleading for her to explain this to him, because he was scared and lost. Tyler obviously had no idea why he was doing this. Then, Tyler’s energy waned, and he slumped his shoulders and stared down at the floor.

Looking at her pantied, perfumed and prissy boyfriend pout as he sat on the end of the bed, she noted his red lips. “Are you wearing my lipstick, too, Tyler?”

He gave away the answer when Tyler immediately sucked in his lips, trying to hide them.

“Don’t be ashamed, sweets,” Jessica said, as sympathetically as she could. “I don’t know of any man who wasn’t curious about the things women wear. Just about everyone experiments.”

“I don’t know why I was doing it, Jess. I don’t know why.” Tyler spoke with a tremor of fear in his voice.



"It's okay, Ty. It's really okay. It's not worth getting all dramatic about." Jessica was trying to diffuse this carefully. She wished she had read the damn instructions about how to deal with this. The BIAB people had given her a PDF all about what to do when she found her sissy in his first dress, and she had been putting off reading it for weeks. Now she really regretted it.

"It's not okay!" Tyler spat. "It's *not* okay!"

Jess sat down beside Tyler and took her tone of voice down to a soft, soothing tone. "I know this is confusing, Tyler. I know this doesn't make sense."

"I don't know why I even did this. I'm so stupid." Tyler's voice was getting small and quiet. "You probably never want to wear these clothes ever again, because of me."

"Nonsense, honey-pie," she said, smiling sweetly. "You look very nice in these clothes."

Tyler snapped his head up at Jessica, to see if she was really being sincere. As far as he could tell, she was. He turned his head to look in the mirror. The person in the mirror couldn't have been much more than 130 pounds, with long, lean, shaven legs, red lips, a light & bouncy hairdo, and painted pink nails.

Even if Jessica was being insincere, it was obvious that the reflection in the mirror was of a not-entirely-unattractive woman. She was perhaps a little androgynous, but in an intriguing way. Tyler's red eyes and puffy red cheeks also lent the appearance of a high-fashion model in the middle of some artsy shoot, looking despondent and sad.

"You don't think I look a little weird, do you?" Tyler asked.

"Look at you. You're adorable. Have you ever felt so beautiful before in your life?" Jessica asked.

"I guess not."

"How does it make you feel?"

"Weird."

"Good weird or bad weird?"

Tyler put some thought into the answer and paused. "I don't feel... Bad."

"Wow," Jessica said. "You've discovered something very important about yourself, baby."

"What?"

"That you like this."

"No, no. I..."

"Shh." Jessica stopped him from going back into a tizzy. "I think you've really found something that makes you feel alive and whole."

Tyler turned back to Jessica. "I didn't mean to... I just... I really do like this. Does that make me sound sick?"

"You need to embrace this. I always knew there was something special about you, Ty. Now we both know what it is, and I want to help you."

"How?"

“What do you mean?”

Jessica playfully pushed Tyler in the shoulder. “Well, first thing is that you’re right when you said I don’t want to wear those clothes anymore. They’re yours. I’ll never be able to see them again without thinking... Uh... Of how wonderful you look in them.”

“I can *keep* them?” Tyler said, lighting up with joy.

“Yes. But that’s all you get of mine. We need to get you some stuff of your very own.”

A look of shock came to Tyler’s eyes. “What do you mean... My own dresses?”

“Of course, silly,” she said, innocently and plainly. “I want you to feel just as nice as you do today, every day. But you shouldn’t have to steal from me. Getting your own things is just common sense.”

“That’s true,” Tyler said, breaking into a smile. “I really would like to choose things for my own. I’ve been reading some magazines...”

“Then it’s settled. We’ll pick you up all the things you need.” Jessica couldn’t quite hold in her excitement any more. “I’m really looking forward to this, actually.”

“So am I!” Tyler said, and he sprang up from the bed and onto his feet. He turned one way and the next in the mirror, letting the skirt twirl around his legs. “This feels so fun!” He then quickly looked over his shoulder at Jessica. “You’re not going to tell anyone, are you?”

“I don’t see why anyone needs to know. It’ll just be between you and me.”

“You’re the best, Jess,” Tyler gushed. “You rock.” Then, just to put the cherry on the cake, Tyler giggled.



Later that night, before Jessica made her daily check in with the BIAB bulletin board, she gave her boss a call.

“This is Martin Comstock,” he replied on his phone.

“Hey, baby,” Jessica purred into the phone. “I was thinking about you.”

“Nothing bad, I hope.”

“Oh, it was *all* bad, babe.”

“I’ve got the reservation for tomorrow night. You sure you don’t want to invite Tyler?” Martin’s deep, comforting voice was such a wonderful thing to listen to after hours of Tyler’s increasingly high-pitched whine. “I’m sure your sissy boyfriend would love a night on the town.”

“Wait until you hear this! He tried on his first dress today.”

“Really? Amazing. I can’t believe the pictures I’ve seen so far. You’ve got to send me some of him in skirts and heels.”

“You already have enough pictures! You might be more into this than I am.”

“That’s hard to believe. Just a few more pics.”

“I’m sure I can convince him to pose. He’s got a little streak of diva in him.” She walked by the kitchen to see Tyler dancing like a maniac to his headphones. “You’ve got to come by and see him. It’s mind-blowing.”

“I’ll come, if you don’t think he’ll get suspicious of us.”

“Martin, he’s so far gone, he could watch us fuck on the kitchen table and he wouldn’t suspect anything.”

“Ha!” Martin laughed loudly. “Don’t give me ideas.”



Sitting nervously on the couch, in a costume of vague Medieval origin, Oliver fought with a portable game player as he expectantly glanced up from time to time to check for Tyler. He’d also flash a smile at Jessica, who was puttering around, just waiting for something to happen.

Oliver wasn’t that bad looking for a geek, even if he was wearing green wool tights and fake pointed ears today. He was more than a few years younger than Tyler, probably eighteen, maybe nineteen, and looked younger. He possessed a kind of naive intelligence that Jessica found interesting. If she was a high school teenybopper, maybe she would have even held a tiny pity-crush on him.

As it was, she wasn’t too sure that Tyler didn’t have some interest in Oliver. Tyler had been hanging around him for a couple of weeks, inviting Oliver over to fix mysterious technical problems that would crop up from time to time around the house.

“So, uh...” Jessica decided to initiate a conversation rather than just watch Oliver twiddle away on his game. “The costume?”

“I’m going to the comic con today,” Oliver explained without looking up. “Tyler’s coming with.”

“You and Ty have been hanging out a lot lately.”

Oliver quickly and neatly closed the game and tucked it in a satchel. “Yeah. He’s got a pretty bad grasp of technical stuff. He wants to learn to do some of this stuff himself, he says.”

“So what are you two up to today?” Jessica asked. Why did this feel like she was interviewing him?

Oliver gave a slight shrug of his shoulders. “I was just going to go to the con at the fairgrounds, like I do every year. But Tyler said he wanted to come, too.”

“I wondered what the little dickens was up to,” Jessica mused. Tyler had been holed up in the guest bedroom working on a “project” for a couple of days. Jessica had promised to stay out of it. “Listen, Oliver, I need to talk to you about Ty.”

“Uh-huh.”

Jessica was slightly put off by his attitude. “He’s a very special person, Oliver. He’s really been through a lot lately, and he’s just becoming a different person.”

“Yeah. I noticed, it’s like he’s not even Tyler anymore.” Oliver agreed. “Just like yesterday. I was trying to show him how to fire up the web cam so he could do internet video, but every time he tried to do it, he just started to cry.”

Jessica nodded. “He’s been very emotional lately. What’s been your reaction, when he cries?”

Oliver tossed his head around looking for an answer. “I dunno. I just told him it wasn’t that big a deal, and he’d pick it up sooner or later.”

“Maybe next time – and this is just a suggestion – you should try and be more sensitive.” Jessica offered. “Try holding his hand or make a joke to put a smile on his lips.”

“What’s up with him, anyway? He’s so moody.”

“I don’t know if he’s even really aware of it. He’s just been going through so many changes and his whole outlook on life has kind of...” Jessica searched for the right word. “Flip-flopped.”

“Sometimes I get the feeling he’s kind of lost.”

“Well, that’s why I’m glad you’re helping him out, Oliver. He needs a little support right now.” Jessica crossed her legs. “Do you have a girlfriend, Oliver?”

“My parents say I can’t have a girlfriend until I move out of the basement.” Oliver adjusted his glasses.

Jessica smiled at that remark. That one sentence explained a whole lot. “Well, I know that Tyler really likes you. I think he definitely considers himself a friend of yours.”

“Which is okay, I guess,” Oliver opined. “At least he listens to me, unlike my other so-called friends. I can get kinda lonely.”

Well, she had pushed this far enough without getting to the point. Besides, who knew when Tyler was going to show and keep her from finishing.

“I know that Ty isn’t really himself anymore, he’s just going through...”

“This is about how he’s kind of becoming a girl, right?” Oliver said, without any hint of concern.

Jessica couldn’t find her voice for a moment. “Yes, it is.”

“I’m actually kind of fascinated. I mean, I’m kind of freaked out, but at the same time, it’s a fascinating look into the malleability of the mind.”

“You have no problem hanging around with him, then?”

“Like I said, I don’t have a lot of friends. My parents won’t let me date. I just don’t know that many people. Tyler is kind of like having a friend and a pretend girlfriend in one.”

“I suppose.”

Then, suddenly, Oliver looked alarmed. “I mean, you and him... This isn’t about...”

“No, no. We’ve been done for a long, long time.”

“Oh, good. I mean, it’s not like I’m gonna do anything, I mean, I’m really not attracted to him. I’m not *that* way.”

“No, of course. I never thought that you were. But I do warn you, there’s more to come.”

“So, he’s going all the way with it?”

“I’m not even sure he realizes where this is going, Oliver. But I think it’s far from finished.” Jessica knew damn well it was far from finished. She was just trying not to scare the kid. “Can I trust you, Oliver? I mean, like I said, I don’t think he even knows that he’s ultimately going to become a girl. I think he’s still figuring it out, and I’d hate for him to freak out before he’s ready to accept it.”

“You’re saying I shouldn’t talk to him about it?”

“That’s probably for the best. I mean, be nice to him, treat him like you might treat a girlfriend, but don’t push him to really admit it.”

“I can do that. I mean, when I do get a real girlfriend some day, this would make good practice.”

Rationalize it all you like, geek. Jessica knew he was just justifying that he was hanging out with a sissy boy. “There you go! Practice.”

“But still, I just want it clear that I’m not into guys, even if they aren’t really guys.”

“Understood.”

It was exactly then, in a demonstration of cosmic timing, that Tyler appeared in the kitchen. The former two-sport letterman athlete and runner-up prom king stood there in a padded leather bra top. His skin was bronzed and toned – obviously Jessica was going to have to buy more tan-in-a-bottle. A gold ring snaked around his upper left arm, and in that arm he held a staff. His exposed midriff, surprisingly lean and thin, ended at a loin cloth that hid the essentials. (Although for Tyler, less essential than for other guys.) Long, tanned legs went into big frayed leather boots with a raised heel. He wore a teased wig of wild brown hair.

Oliver’s frightfully stunned expression broke. “She-Za! Queen of the Amazons!”

“Hi-Keeba!” Tyler responded, posing in a fighting stance. “I am She-Za! I will defend my sisters of the jungle!”

“That costume rocks!” Oliver declared, “I love that comic! You’ll be the hit of the con!”

The words escaped Jessica. She wasn’t prepared for this. Not only was it a full blown female costume, but it was a *racy* costume, exposing almost everything below the breasts. Oh, and he had ‘breasts,’ too! Jessica was ecstatic. “I have to take pictures!” She said, grabbing for her cell phone.

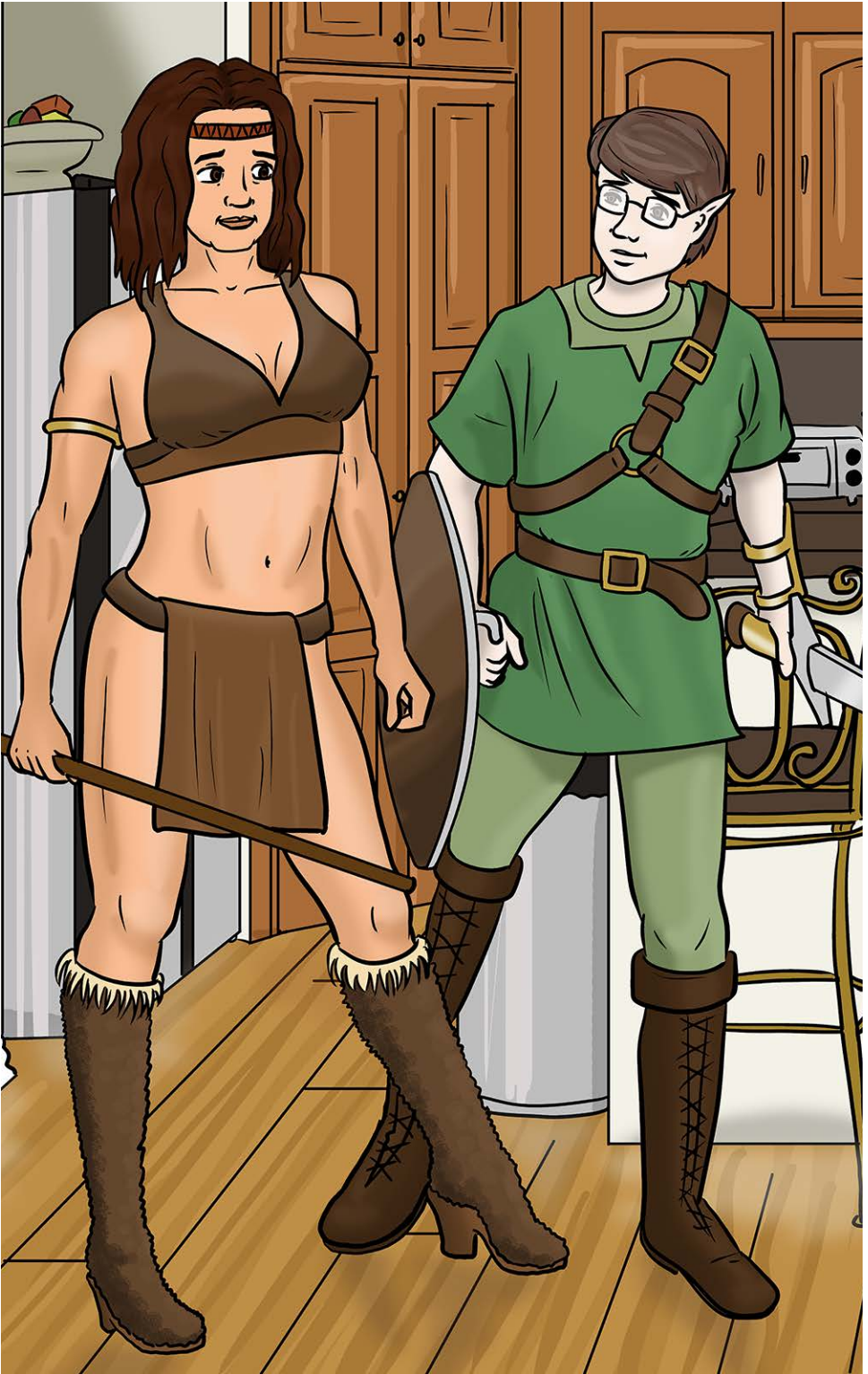
“Is this what you’ve been working on?” Oliver asked.

“Duh!” Tyler replied. He twisted around, saucily showing off his legs and body. He was beaming with pride. “Like it?”

Good God, Jessica thought, *if he moves towards being a sissy any faster, he’s going to leave a sonic boom.* She desperately clicked through about eight pictures as Tyler vamped for the photos.

Oliver was effusive and clumsy in his praise. “You make a really convincing Queen!”

“...of the Amazons!” Jessica quickly inserted.



All of the sudden, Tyler got shy and bashful. “Um, it’s not too weird that I picked a girl’s costume, is it?”

Oliver snorted a laugh. “Nah. Half the guys dress up in drag. I went as Sailor Moon a few years ago.”

Tyler beamed with delight. “Oh, good.”

Oliver was getting a little choked up. “You did a great job, Ty. You really look...”

“We’re going to be late,” Tyler said to a still-fazed Oliver.

“Hey, why don’t we go by the computer store so I can show you, I mean your costume, to all the guys there!” Oliver said.

Jessica quickly stepped in to defend Tyler. “Oh, no, I don’t think...”

“Sure, Ollie,” Tyler responded, by taking Oliver’s hand and leading him out. He quickly turned around to smile back at Jessica, an exhilarated, gleeful smile between two girls, as he went out the door.

That was a total rush, Jessica thought to herself. Now, she had some photos to email Martin. He was going to love these.



A few days later, things were a little more under control. Tyler had come home from the show with a “Best Costume Runner Up” ribbon. However, since then, Tyler had returned to his usual behavior.

With a taste of what was coming, Jessica couldn’t help but want more. She cleared her calendar and hastily arranged for Tyler to go on a day-long shopping trip with her. This wasn’t going to be a lame day at the mall – no. She was going to take Tyler downtown to the big stores and specialty shops.

Tyler was atwitter at the prospect of getting his own clothes, and had been devouring fashion magazines by the stack. He had even made some notes about what he was looking for.

As they set out, Tyler was in a quandary as to what to wear for the trip. He couldn’t get away with his cut-offs and casual clothes in downtown stores. What he came up with was a surprisingly sophisticated solution: he wore men’s clothes. He had a pair of his old black dress slacks he had left over from a tux he had purchased for a wedding, and the legs were now large enough on him that they wafted as he walked. Adding to this, he had borrowed a pair of Jessica’s cowboy boots. For the top, he had a dress shirt that he left un-tucked with rolled-up sleeves and a black vest left over from that same wedding tux. After adding a few bracelets and a pair of large-eyed sunglasses, there was no trace of his true gender to help anyone figure if he was male or female.

The trip went a little off plan for Jessica. She was trying to find androgynous stuff for Tyler, things that could be worn by either an effeminate man or a butch woman. Nonetheless, when she’d suggest a nice safe pair of tan slacks or a sensibly modest beige blouse, Tyler would immediately find something that was shorter, smaller or tighter. Also, he’d always look for it in pink.

Everything he wanted was in pink. Pastel pink, hot pink, neon pink and regular pink pink. “What about your fashion magazines?” Jessica asked. “Isn’t pink a little out of style?”

“Maybe,” Tyler replied. “But I think it goes so well with my light skin and blond hair.”

“You have brown hair, dearest.”

“Oh,” Tyler paused. “It goes well with brown, too.”

“Ugh! I feel so awkward,” Tyler said, as he carried his bags along the street. They were headed to the next store, just a half block away.

“Awkward?” Jessica replied. Awkward, as in a man dressed up like a woman shopping for female clothing?

Tyler continued. “I just feel... Like an ape.”

“How do you mean?”

“I mean, I’m just so crude about how I walk, how I move... I feel like I’m such a klutz.”

Jessica had noticed that compared to women, Tyler was still moving around like a guy. He took big, broad steps, and it caused his shoulders and torso to slowly bob from side to side like a tree in the wind. “Well, try and... Try to...” Jessica couldn’t put it into words.

She then nodded towards an elegantly dressed woman who was walking down the street with a small dog in her purse, her nose in the air and giving the general impression that she was better than everyone on Earth. “Do what she does.”

“Huh?” Tyler replied. His big eyes looked empty and confused.

“Well, she’s a pretty well-coordinated person, right? She walks like she’s practiced it for years.”

“Okay, yeah!” Tyler answered, suddenly seeing it.

“Walk like she does. Short steps, one foot in front of the other, swivel the hips, like you’re on a catwalk.”

As they continued to walk, Tyler easily mimicked the very same walk. He also imitated the very same snooty manner as well. “Well, that’s close. Just don’t do that with your face.”

“What should I do with my face?” Tyler wanted to know. He looked like he needed an immediate answer.

Scanning the sidewalk, Jessica spotted another example. “Like her.” She motioned to another woman, this one wearing a short red dress. She was a busty blond who was smiling blankly, motoring along the way like she didn’t have a thought in her head.

“Like this?” Tyler said, immediately adapting the same manner, smiling and mincing, as he turned his wrists out and shook his little fanny.

“That’s a lot more polished and graceful, don’t you think?”

“Yeah, okay. I think you’re right, Jess!” Tyler smiled even wider and skittered on the pavement just like a good sissy should. He could have towed a banner behind

him that said ‘sissy’ on it and it wouldn’t have been more obvious. “Oh, I’m gonna have to practice this!” He said, a look of concentration in his eyes.

The next stop was a lingerie store. Jessica had been waiting all day for this one. After the whole day of watching Tyler grab the shortest, tightest, skimpiest stuff he could find, she couldn’t wait for him to go after all the risqué stuff that he would find in a women’s underwear store.

She was sorely disappointed to see that the very first thing he had picked out was a pair of plain, white, cotton briefs. Yes, they were bikini cut, but they still didn’t exactly get the blood flowing.

“Hey, how about some of these?” Jessica suggested, holding up some red, lacy, teeny-weenie panties.

“I think you’d look great in those, Jess!” Tyler replied.

“No, for you.”

“Me?” Tyler blushed. “Not for me.” He laughed. A light, slightly tinkling laugh. “Really not me.”

Jessica had reason to think about that. Fact was, he had already been wearing pair after pair of panties not unlike these. In fact, as she recalled, he had on a pair now that was almost identical to these, except they were black.

“Well, the ones you picked out aren’t quite your style, either, are they?” Jessica asked.

“No. I guess not. I don’t really see a lot in here that I like.”

After about ten minutes of not doing much of anything, they left without a purchase. Jessica was worried. She thought that maybe some wires had been crossed. As she stopped to look at fantastically expensive purse in a window, she was hoping something hadn’t gone horribly wrong with the programming. She was already writing a letter to the support people at Barbie-in-a-Box in her head. “Why won’t my sissy buy panties?” Was going to be the title.

Then, when she turned around, she couldn’t find him. He had disappeared. “Ty?” she called out. “Where did you go? Ty!”

Upon further inspection, she spotted him walking into a store not far away, and went to follow. It was a trendy store that catered to teens and juniors. Quickly finding him in the underwear section, Tyler was rapidly moving along, accumulating a pile of undies. He saw Jessica approach, and held up a pair for her to look at. “Aren’t these adorable, Jess?”

Jessica examined the bra and panty set he handed her. It was plain white, but brandished a half-dozen little pink ribbons.

“Oo! I have to get these!” Tyler continued, handing another pair to Jessica. These sported a picture of “Hello Kitty.”

As she looked at the panties Tyler was picking, Jessica saw that they all seemed to be cotton, with an occasional simple silky one thrown in. She tried to understand this change in attitude. Then, she started to picture her sissy in the girlish undies, and saw him as a slutty schoolgirl. Maybe that’s what that was all about. Maybe he’s going to like dressing as a little tarty teenybopper. She saw him in a short tartan skirt, knee socks and mary-janes, and a dress shirt tied short to let the midriff show.

His hair done in pigtails and sucking on his pinky, coquettishly. “I reeeally need that A, professor. I’ll do aaaanything...” *Yes.*

She let Tyler buy all the teenager panties he wanted.

Tyler didn’t stop there. He had bought tights, skirts, boots, shoes, a jacket and even more. It happened so fast that Jessica didn’t even get a clear look at what he was buying. Still, just that he was buying so many girl clothes was enough satisfaction for Jessica. As they headed out, with a huge bags weighing them down, she wanted one more shot at getting Tyler in some sexy lingerie.

“I saw a teddy over in the back that would be perfect for you, Ty,” she said.

Tyler’s eyes perked up. “Really? A teddy? That would be... Perfect!”

Bingo! Jessica thought. Delighted, she waited as Tyler sprinted off to go get it.

As they left the store, Jessica hoisting all the bags, Tyler was already snuggling up to his brand new teddy bear.

“*Not* what I had in mind,” Jessica grumbled.



It was when Jessica was trying to clear out some closet space for the new clothes horse in the family that she discovered the little pink box. The one Tyler had hidden from her when it arrived.

She opened it, very curious to know what kind of mysterious and exotic item it held, and how it was going to further sissify her boyfriend. She was a little put off to find that it contained just a doll. Well, a Barbie doll to be exact. Maybe it was some sort of gift or a freebie they threw in. Maybe they did it because it was the name of the company. Whatever the reason, she put it back without further thought.

Jessica went downstairs, where she found Tyler still doing his housekeeping. Paying for the “happy homemaker” option was certainly well worth the money. There was just something sexy about watching someone do household chores – when you knew you had forced them to do it. As Tyler vacuumed, Jessica couldn’t

have been more satisfied. Of course, maybe it was expecting a lot for him to do the dishes, wash the clothes, vacuum, dust, make the bed, buy the groceries, cook the meals, pay the bills, take out the trash, wash the windows, scrub the toilets, water the plants and mow the lawn, but he didn't complain.

She decided to treat herself to some sex. "Tyler, put down the vacuum for a minute, would you?"

"What?" Tyler replied, over the noise.

Jessica yanked the cord from the wall. "Get up on the dinner table, baby. I'm gonna screw you until you scream."

Tyler didn't really move much. He didn't jump up on the table, certainly.

Jessica was put off. She was used to Tyler doing pretty much whatever she wanted him to do. "Is something wrong, baby?" She asked.

Tyler shifted his weight back and forth from one lean, hairless leg to the other. "It's not that I don't love you Jess, but... I have an awful lot of work to do."

"Are you saying you don't want to do it?"

"Oh, no! No, Jess! I want to do it... Always! ...Just not right now."

Jess thought about it. She then walked over to Tyler, and pushed him down onto the floor. "Well, tough. *I want it now.*"

Tyler sighed and sullenly slipped out of his stretch pants and turned over. He stuck his increasingly skinny butt in the air, ready for use.

"No, no, baby," Jessica said. "You're not going to just lie there. I need you to do some stuff for me." She pulled off her sweats and stuck her crotch in Tyler's shy face. "I know you know how to use your mouth, sweetie."

"But Jess..." Tyler whined.

Jessica angrily grabbed Tyler by the hair and forced him to face her vagina. "I'm not taking 'no' for an answer!" She commanded. She really was angry, too. Was this some sort of 'hard to get' or 'bashful virgin' routine? She was turning Tyler into a sissy slut, and she wanted more action and less talking.

"Are you angry with me, Jess?"

"Tongue me, you stupid bitch."

"Yes, Jessica," Tyler said. As he began to explore with his marvelously talented tongue, Jessica could see the tears in her boyfriend's eyes. Was she pushing him too far? Well, she didn't much care at this point.



It was five hours later when Jessica realized they were done. In her hand was her little vibrator, the batteries worn out. She laid on the floor of the living room next to a sleeping Tyler, his head nestled on her shoulder. His soft but slender body was curled up into a cuddle, and Jessica thought he looked adorable with his eyes closed.

She wondered if this was what it felt like to be a man. Reliving the amazing last few hours, it was kind of how she imagined a guy had sex. She did virtually nothing, letting Tyler do the hard work this time, flying solo, and it was not a decision she regretted.

When a man made love to her, Jessica had to spend a lot of time trying to get excited about her tits as much as her male partner was. Men were so *fascinated* by breasts. It's not that she didn't get turned on by a little gentle caressing and some nibbling, but obviously, men believed that women were in rapture with a little bit of fondling. She'd always half-faked it, because that's what men wanted to see.

Tyler had practically ignored her chest in this marathon of sex, and Jessica didn't miss it at all. Instead, he had focused his attention between her legs. Right where he should be. It was if Tyler knew exactly what was going to send her into flashes of ecstasy, with each and every touch. Where had he learned this? Those CDs? It didn't matter. Just as long as he never forgot.

Then, she remembered what had really turned her on. An hour or two into this madness and Tyler was slowing down. It figured, after all. It had been the longest time either of them had made love, so his endurance was failing. That was when Jessica had decided to do a little bit of reciprocation by running her hand along Tyler's body. She loved the feel of his new skin, hairless and velvety to the touch.

As she explored his body, and heard Tyler whimpering in response, she felt something new. Right under each nipple, there was a little firm spot. She massaged it with her fingers for a little while, trying to understand what it was. Then she realized the glorious truth. Tyler was starting to sprout breasts of his very own.

They very thought drove Jessica to even higher peaks of orgasmic joy and desire. She locked her ex-boyfriend's head in between her thighs and forced him to tongue service her for the next hour. Tyler was going to have breasts. The thought of seeing his body change so drastically and become feminine was enthralling. She couldn't wait to buy him his first wonderbra and pinch his big pink nipples until they bruised.

As she came back to the present, Jessica watched in awe as her little sissy slept quietly by her side. That the man's man who had existed just months ago could have changed into this submissive, fragile china doll of a person was overwhelming to comprehend. She had pretty much decided to stop asking how the CDs, pills and food were changing him, but just enjoy the process.

"Barbie," Jessica whispered. "Can you hear me, Barbie?"

Tyler twitched like a sleeping puppy dreaming of chasing a squirrel.

"I'm turning you into a dolly, Tyler," she said into his ear. "A pretty dolly in pretty clothes."

As she watched, Jessica was slightly surprised to see a smile form on Tyler's lips. She blew into his ear, like she would do to tease a pet, which caused him to shake his head.

BOX #5

Fiona checked her cell phone for the time. Shannon, nervously tapping a comb against the counter top craned her neck to take a look through the window. Both women, waiting in Fiona's salon, were very impatient.

Finally, at three minutes past their appointment, Jessica and Tyler came in. Both Fiona and Shannon, ready to show some righteous anger at being made to wait, were knocked speechless when they saw Tyler.

Jessica had made a lot of promises about how far she had taken Tyler in his femininity, but neither Fiona nor Shannon really took her that seriously. Sure, she got the poor guy to have some little things done, but surely that was as far as it was possible to push any man.

Seeing him arrive put that notion to rest. Tyler was dressed in a tight tangerine t-shirt with a navy blue cardigan sweater pulled loosely over his shoulders. He also wore a pair of navy blue capri pants that flared slightly at the knee. Jessica had told him that the pants were "clam diggers" to assure him she wasn't taking him in public in women's clothes. On his feet were a pair of cheap flip-flops. Matched, as the girls noted, to his shirt.

Although he was definitely wearing women's clothes from his head to his little painted toes, this wasn't what had shocked the women in the salon. Nor did the little purse he toted with him shock them, nor the silver bracelets on his wrists. No man would ever mistake those items for what they really were.

No, what shocked them was his body. He was no more than 125 pounds, and didn't look anorexic. In fact, the angular nature of his face had somehow softened and there was a definite hint of curves.

"My God, Shannon!" Fiona whispered. "He's got *breasts!*"

Shannon momentarily lost the ability to string a coherent sentence together. "He's padding, right? Tell me he's padding. He's padding. Has to be. I say he's padding. Why is he padding?"

"Hi guys!" Tyler said, excitedly. He walked right over, smiling brightly, ready to join in on the girl talk, apparently unaware that the two women he was speaking to were staring directly at his chest.

"I hope you didn't take anyone ahead of us," Jessica said, grinning. She beamed with pride as her friend's jaws slackened and went agape. She reveled in the moment, before she reluctantly had to break the spell. "Tyler," she said to her pantied partner, "you'll be on the chair for a while, so why don't make a visit to the little princess's room, 'kay?"

"Good thinking, Jess," Tyler said, still smiling. He walked off towards the back, his stride shortened and unsure, but definitely swishy. "I'll be back!"

The millisecond they all heard the door shut, Fiona and Shannon exploded with questions. After some confusing and awkward talking over each other, they calmed down to ask some cohesive questions.

"He's padding," Shannon stated.



Jessica shook her head in the negative. "It's all real. He's got a sports bra on right now. A 38 A-cup, if you must know."

"How?" Shannon asked, pointedly. "How?"

"It's whatever's in those pills he keeps taking." Jessica answered. "I told you about the pills, right? Well, these Barbie-in-a-Box people keep sending them, and he keeps taking them. There's got to be some estrogen or something in there."

"Doesn't that mean he's... Impotent?" Fiona questioned.

"Yeah, he's not really able to get it up anymore. I don't know if he's sterile or what, but I really don't even think he's aware of it."

"Any man I know would be near suicidal if that happened to them!" Fiona said.

Jessica harrumphed. "I mean, can you even see a bulge in his pants? He practically shoves his whole package back up into his body, and he doesn't feel a thing."

Fiona clicked her tongue. "Wow."

Shannon was still having trouble comprehending it all. "It's got to be a joke, right? You're pulling some kind of elaborate joke on us and..."

Her words were interrupted when they heard the latch on the bathroom door. The girls then tried to look busy and distracted, but Tyler definitely had the feeling something odd had happened by the time he came back to the chair.

"Uh, hey," he said, sheepishly. "Were you guys talking about..."

"All set for a day of pampering, sweetie?" Shannon interrupted, still staring at the lumps on Tyler's chest.

"Am I!" Tyler replied, quickly forgetting about the awkwardness. He girlishly hopped up in excitement, and both Fiona and Shannon noted the slight bosomy bounce on Tyler. "I've been looking forward to this all month!"

Shannon looked past Tyler to Jessica. "Anything you want, Jess?" She asked. "Anything special?"

"Oh, I think Tyler can handle himself. He's got some ideas."

"Yeah!" Tyler said, his reply almost bubbly. "I have notes!" He checked his pocketless pants for a moment, looking for them.

"Check your bag, dear," Jessica suggested. Tyler then went to the little black purse he had brought and fished out some folded sheets of paper. Shannon noticed the paper had a logo for "Barbie-in-a-Box" on it.

"Well, first. Do you guys do electrolysis?" Tyler asked, hopefully.

"Yes," Shannon replied.

"You do?" Jessica said.

"I'll hire someone if I need to!" Shannon declared.

"Goodie!" Tyler said, clapping his hands childishly. He turned to Jessica. "We have to set up an appointment schedule!"

"Yes. Yes we do." Jessica couldn't wipe the smirk from her face. "I think two times a week. Isn't that what you'd recommend, Shannon?"

Shannon was inclined to agree. "Oh, yes. Ab. So. Lutely. Yes, yes, yes."

"I was thinking three, actually," Tyler said, looking bashful.

"Three it is," Jessica answered quickly.

"We've got a lot of work to do," Tyler said, his excitement coming to the surface.

"I'll just give you the list." He handed it over to Shannon.

She only had to read a few lines before she had to give Jessica a disbelieving look. "Really?" She questioned.

Shannon gave her consent. "I don't even know what's on it, but all I know is that I told him if he was a good sissy this last month, I'd let him do it."

"I've been a *very* good sissy," Tyler said to Shannon.

Shannon just burst out with a quick laugh she just couldn't hold back. "I'm sure you have. Take a seat, Ty."

Tyler jumped into the chair and held his chin high, ready for the smock to be tied around his neck.

After Jessica watched to make sure those suggestive little headphones were nestled inside Tyler's ears, she took a seat next to Fiona, who seemed to have nothing better to do but talk. For a salon owner, she certainly didn't trouble herself with the actual running of her business much.

"This is wild, Jess. This is freaking me out," she whispered.

"Oh, he can't hear you," Jessica said, gesturing to her ears to indicate Tyler's headphones would block their conversation. "You know, it's a new surprise every day. Just yesterday, he started to wear lip gloss out of the house."

"I thought his lips looked different."

"I never know what's next, but I'm always surprised."

"Have you told him about you and Martin?"

"I don't need to. Martin phoned up the other day, and Ty answered the phone, they chatted a little bit, and then handed it to me and said, 'Your boyfriend is on the phone.'"

"*Seriously?*"

"Seriously."

"No reaction?"

"Well, Ty winked at me."

Fiona couldn't help but loudly chortle. "I don't believe it. I honestly can't believe it! What do they do to him with those little boxes they send him?"

"Well, I'll show you. I brought one with me." Jessica fished out a small, flat box from her purse. "This one is box number five." She opened it up and displayed its contents. "It just came this morning, and that's where Ty's list came from. Also, we've got..." She thumbed through the box. "Ah. This is one of his CDs. He'll be listening to this one starting next week."

"Number 16," Fiona read the label. "What's it going to do?"

"Well, according to the website, he's going to have to accept the fact that he's got to think of himself as done with having boy-and-girl relationships, and he's going to have... Um, well, *new* relationships."

“Oh my goodness,” Fiona said, almost short of breath. “It’s going to make him gay.”

“I don’t even think like that anymore. I really haven’t thought of him as a man for a long, long time.” Jessica slipped the CD back. “Oh, here’s a little blister pack of his pills.”

Fiona closely examined them. They appeared to be little more than cold pills in size and shape. “What do they do?”

“God knows. I think they have some muscle relaxants in them, I think they make him suggestive, and I know they’re packed with hormones.”

“All that?”

“Well, they may have some diet stuff in them too. He’s been really energetic lately.”

“I noticed. He’s bouncing around like a teenager.”

“The rest of it is some general care and feeding stuff...”

“Ooh! Let me see that.” She was handed a booklet titled “Your Barbie and You.” She quickly thumbed through it. “Doesn’t he know what’s in these boxes?”

“Ty knows, but it’s odd, it’s like he has these blind spots where he doesn’t quite comprehend certain things. He gets these boxes, opens them up, and takes what he needs, and then leaves them. He doesn’t even seem curious about them.”

“That’s incredible. Just incredible.” Fiona handed the booklet back to Jessica.

“These CDs are amazing. I swear, they have completely re-wired his mind. And it’s almost instant. Just one listen and he’s been brainwashed.”

“My God, if they just had a diet plan, I’d be able to drop weight like crazy! I mean, the power they have is incredible.”

“Have you checked out their site yet?”

“I will *now*. I wonder if they have anything for exercise or keeping the pounds off.” Fiona scribbled down the website address on a scrap of paper. “I’m going to check it out right now,” she said, and headed off to her office.

“Time for a pill!” Tyler said, turned around as much as he could in his chair to talk to his girlfriend. “Jess, could you...?”

“Of course.” Jessica furnished him with one of the pills from the blister pack and a small cup of water from the water cooler. He quickly downed both with a smile.

“So what were you guys talking about?” He asked, innocently. He put his headphones aside.

“Boys,” Jessica explained. Previously, that was enough to put a halt to Tyler’s interest, but now days that made him even more intrigued. She decided that there was no point in trying to be clever about it anymore. “I was talking about Martin.”

“He’s such a nice guy,” Tyler said, rolling his eyes in approval. “How come I never meet nice people like that?”

Jessica smiled, knowing ‘meet’ was really his way of saying ‘fall in love.’ “What about Oliver?”

“Oliver?” Tyler considered this, as if for the first time. “I mean, he’s awfully sweet, but I don’t think…”

“Are we talking about Oliver Moody?” Fiona asked, inserting herself into the conversation. “Julia Moody’s boy? The geek who lives in the basement?”

“He is not a geek!” Tyler objected. “He just needs to be understood.”

“Awww,” Jessica said.

Fiona returned from her office, eager to join in on the conversation. “You’re talking about the Moody boy?”

“I’m serious, Jess! He’s a complicated guy! Don’t make fun of him. He’s just got some issues.”

“Sounds like you really care about him. Am I right?”

“So what if I do? We have a lot in common! What’s wrong with that?”

Jessica recognized her cue to help Tyler along with his blossoming sissy emotions. “There’s nothing wrong with that, Tyler. I like Oliver. All of us like Oliver, right?”

The other two ladies shrugged nonchalantly.

“See? Oliver’s a great guy. You two are so good together.”

“Really?” Tyler said, in a meek tone of voice.

“Really,” Jessica replied with as warm and honest a smile as she could fake.

“I’d do him,” Fiona said, mischievously.

“Oh yeah, I’m hot, just thinking about that greasy hair of his,” Shannon said, joining in.

Fiona continued. “Oh, and that clammy translucent skin of his is gorgeous.”

“Knock it off, guys,” Jessica said, turning so she could direct a fierce scowl at the both of them.

Shannon laughed, and Fiona snickered along. They were dabbing away the tears of laughter from the corners of their eyes.

“They’re just kidding, Ty. Don’t pay attention to them,” Jessica comforted.

But it was a little late, and the little sparkle in Ty’s eyes had faded, and he was looking dejectedly at the floor. Picking up on his mood, Fiona tried to reverse course a little.

“We’re just old, bitter women, Tyler, don’t pay any attention to us. Honestly, he seems nice enough. He’s very polite and I know he’s got a lot of… Growth potential.”

“Yeah, he’s got nowhere to go but up,” Shannon added.

“Thanks, guys,” grumbled Jessica.

“Oh, and he’s going to love your new look,” Shannon offered by way of appeasement to her friend. “This is going to look very stylish.”

That did brighten Tyler’s mood a bit. At least he looked up from the floor. “Is my hair long enough?”

Shannon played with it a little. It was in the borderland between too long for a man and too short for a woman. “We can work with it. It’ll look fine. It’ll look spunky.”

“You’ll look way too good for Oliver, that’s for sure,” Fiona remarked. She probably intended it to be a compliment, but being inexperienced in complimenting sissified men, it didn’t seem to work.

“I gotta take a quick trip to the bathroom,” Tyler said, quickly scuttling off.

They girls watched him scamper away to the back, foil still in his hair and his smock fluttering behind him. “Great,” Jessica said. “Just great.” She put her things aside and went after him. “Ty? Ty, honey?” She said softly, trying to sound compassionate.

Jessica found Tyler seated on a closed toilet, his knees clenched together, shoulders slumped, gently sobbing. “Why do they have to make fun of him, Jessica? Don’t they know that he’s...”

“Like I said, Ty, don’t get so worked up. They’re just teasing you.”

“But it’s *not* funny!” Tyler shouted.

Jessica placed her hand on his knee to calm him. “Ty, you were the one who wanted to join in on our ‘girl talk.’ This is just the way girls talk.”

“It’s horrible,” Tyler said, wiping his dripping nose with some tissues. “Do you always talk that way about guys?”

“I hate to tell you this, but that was pretty tame stuff.”

“Do you talk that way about me behind my back?”

Jessica paused, as she realized how tricky this next answer was. Was it a question based on Tyler assuming he was still ‘the boyfriend?’ This was not so easy a response to figure out. Jessica forged ahead with her best guess. “Of course not, Ty,” she said. “We’re much more vicious when it comes to our friends.”

“What?” Tyler replied, not yet following her meaning.

“I mean, let me tell you about Shannon. I mean, is that hair straight from the eighties or what? What’s that streak for? Honestly!” She smiled as she spoke, making sure he understood she wasn’t completely serious. “She’s like a refugee from an 80’s video, I swear to God. And Fiona! Doesn’t she have a life? Does she do any work here? Because if she does, she’s the worst salon owner ever, let me tell you!”

Tyler finally caught on, and broke through his teary eyes with a repressed snicker. “You’re awful,” Tyler said, cleaning off the last of his tears daintily with a tissue. “But yeah, does Fiona have a life or something? Every time I’ve been here, she’s sitting in that same seat.”

“That chair is molded with a dent in the cushions in the shape of her butt,” Jessica said.

Tyler thought for a moment. “That must be a pretty big dent.”

Jessica laughed. “There you go! Now you’re getting it!”

“I feel evil,” Tyler said. “Just a little.”

“That’s what it’s like to be one of the girls,” Jessica replied. She regretted saying it just as soon as the words left her lips, realizing how awful it sounded. “I mean, what’s funnier than other people’s problems?”

Tyler sighed and stood up. “Wow.” He walked past Jessica back towards the front. “That sounds like a horrible way to live.”

BOX #6

Jessica was on the Barbie-in-a-Box message boards the second she got home. She was quite sure she'd just screwed up with Tyler, and she wanted help.

She wrote her question in the forum: "HELP! I just heard my sissy say that he thought women were evil and he didn't think it would be fun to be a woman!"

She walked away to tend to Tyler, knowing it would be a while for any responses to get posted. She turned the computer off with a sense of real anxiety. She didn't want to wait for a reply. Meanwhile, to make sure Tyler was still staying on course, she headed back downstairs, where she found Tyler leafing through a small booklet.

"What's that, sweetie?" Jessica asked.

"It's a little book," Tyler replied.

"Well, I can see that. What's it about?"

"All sorts of facts n' stuff."

Jessica sat down beside Tyler to get a better look at it. "Where'd it come from?"

Tyler pointed to a box, about one foot square, sitting on the table next to him. Sure enough, it was a new shipment from Barbie-in-a-Box. It was labeled "Box #6." It must have arrived while they were out, Jessica had to assume.

Jessica tried to get a better look, but it was awkward. "What's the booklet say?"

"If a Barbie doll was real, she'd be seven feet tall and weigh a hundred and one pounds," Tyler read aloud. "Her waist would be so small that her intestines would be twenty-five feet shorter than normal humans and she'd die of malnourishment."

"Well, that's delightful. What else did you get?"

"I got a diary!" Tyler said, excited. He picked up a pink leather-bound book with a purple daisy on the front. "See?"

"Very nice," Jessica said. It looked to her like the sort of thing a nine year old girl would get. It even had a lock on it. "What else?"

Tyler poked his nose in the box. "Pills, some CDs, the usual." He then picked something out. "Oh and this is for you."

Jessica took the envelope Tyler handed to her and opened it up. Inside was a small note, made on Barbie-in-a-Box stationery. "It's a number to contact a doctor."

"Are you sick?" Tyler asked lazily, as he was still fascinated by the small book he was reading.

Jessica quickly realized the reason the note was in an envelope was because the BIAB people didn't want Tyler to read it, and since they didn't want him to know what was on it, she should probably shut up now.

"No. No. It's an ad. Just an ad." She pocketed the note. "Nothing important." *Hell yes*, it was important. It the contact information for a doctor that performed plastic surgery, and it said that he was 'fully certified and trained' in Barbie-in-a-Box medical procedures. It even had a date and time to show up for the appointment,

which had already been made ‘as a courtesy.’ Fortunately, he was just a short drive away.

Surgery? Sure, Jessica had thought that something might need to be done to smooth out some of Tyler’s rough edges. Though she had seen that sort of thing as something that she might do in a few years when she got bored with her sissy and needed to push Tyler a little farther along in his development.

The note did say that the costs were covered, and already a part of the (exorbitant) fees she was paying for the service. So, she figured, *why not?* She was already paying for it.

“If Barbie was real, her neck would be eight inches tall, and so thin that she couldn’t support her head,” Tyler said.

Taking the initiative, Jessica flipped up the cover of the little booklet. The title was “Being realistic about being beautiful.” She smiled to herself. It was obviously prepping him for his further adventures into makeup and hair.

Suddenly, Tyler put the book down. “Does everybody think that Oliver is a geek?” He asked, out of nowhere.

It took a second for Jessica to catch up with the subject of conversation.

“Uh, Well, I’m not saying that he’s a geek. I think he’s a very nice boy.” *For a Geek.* “But I think if you asked most people who knew him...”

“I know,” Tyler said, slumping back on the lounge. “He’s a geek.” He sighed. “Did you ever date a geek, Jess?”

“Not really. I mean, I’ve dated some kinda science-ey types, but...” Wait a second there, Jess, she said to herself. Did Tyler just insinuate that he was ‘dating’ Oliver? She quickly changed her tack. “Well, yeah. I maybe I did see a few guys who were kinda geeky. I always found them kind and polite, and very sweet.” She had completely invented that piece of fiction, but she felt she had to. She dearly wanted her sissy to feel okay about ‘dating’ Oliver.

“He *is* a really sweet guy,” Tyler said, his eyes fading off into the distance for a moment. “But I’m just not into all the stuff he’s into. Comic books, science fiction, weird TV shows, and all that.” Tyler picked out the small stack of CDs included in the Box and started to leaf through it. They were mostly by Britney Spears and Miley Cyrus.

“Well, just because you’re into different things doesn’t mean that you can’t just enjoy...” Was she really about to say this to her ex-boyfriend? “Just being together with a nice guy.”

“I know,” Tyler said, dejectedly. “But sometimes I just get the feeling that it’s kinda doomed, him and me.”

‘Him and me,’ what a fantastic phrase. It sounded like he was trying so hard to avoid having to say he was the girlfriend in the relationship. Jessica snickered.

“Huh,” Tyler said, picking out a CD from the stack, and examining it.

“What?” Jessica asked.

“This one has Oliver’s name on it.”

Jessica took the CD. Sure enough, it did have Oliver's name on it. It was a CD of old TV show themes. Why would they send a CD for Oliver? Did they want to work on his mind, too? Did they want to make him into a better boyfriend for Tyler? *Oh, yes.* Maybe that was it. "Well, you better give it to him, then," Jessica said, handing it back. "Don't forget."

Wait a minute, Jessica thought – *how did they know about Oliver?* How did they know his name? Maybe she had filled out a form, or written it on the forums and forgotten about it. She was pretty sure she hadn't, but... Well, she'd worry about that later tonight when she checked the site again.

"What kind of guy is Martin like?" Tyler asked.

"Martin? My boss?" Jessica replied, trying to keep cool.

Tyler nudged her in the ribs. "C'mon. You know what I mean. I know you're seeing each other. What's he like? Is he nice?"

Jessica had to take a moment to adjust her mental state. She had not quite gotten used to Tyler knowing about her seeing Martin, and now she was being asked intimate detail of their relationship by the man she had slept with for the past several years. What should she do? Did 'Dear Abby' ever get a letter like that?

"I think he's nice..." Jessica managed to say.

"He seems to be the type that would be... Assertive."

"He is a corporate executive. He can be pretty certain of himself."

"Does he tell you what do do? Does he tell you... How he likes it?"

"Ty!" Jessica exclaimed. "That's... None of your business."

Tyler grinned. "Yeah, he does, doesn't he?"

"Will you stop? Martin is very romantic. He treats me very nicely." She looked at Tyler's expression, which she didn't like. He looked more than a little skeptical. "Okay, so take last night. I met him for dinner, for sushi, and we talked about how his job was going for a while, and talked about mine, and then we started talking about which movies we liked. So he suggested we go see something, just suggesting it, and I told him I didn't want to see a movie, I just wanted to, you know, go to bed. He didn't object, and he didn't tell me what to do. When we got home, he was very polite as he waited for me to get ready, he told me I looked beautiful in my new negligee, and he very politely asked if he could kiss me."

Her rote retelling of her night was now starting to slow down as the memories of the evening came back to her and her emotions started to color the story. "Then, he slid the negligee off me, and started to tickle my breasts, which I always love, and then started tickle his balls, which is one of his favorite things, and then I started to kiss him from his face down his chin, down his neck, down his chest and his bellybutton, all the way down to his cock, and..."

Jessica stopped cold, realizing that she had gotten quite carried away with her tale. She saw that Tyler's eyes were wide as saucers, expectantly awaiting what was to come next.

"And the rest is private," Jessica said, getting up from her seat. "So the point is, Martin is very polite and considerate and isn't bossy *all* the time."

As she walked away, she could hear Tyler burst into a fit of giggles, sounding more girlish than anything she'd heard him do yet.



That night, Jessica checked for replies to her message for help – she had four. The first one said: “Wow I hear you. Tell us how it goes.” Real helpful. The second said: “Posted in the wrong forum! Moderator, please move.” The third said it was the right forum and the previous poster should shut up and let the moderator do her job.

Finally, the fourth said, “Don’t worry, it’s not that big a deal. Mine said the same thing, even after eight months! Sooner or later, they stop thinking of themselves as men. Give it time. Until then, don’t be surprised if he says the wrong thing from time to time The program always works.”

Jessica put the computer to sleep and checked the date. It had been four months on the Barbie-in-a-Box program. According to the site, Tyler had a few more months to go.

She called up Martin.

“Where are you?” She asked.

“On my way. I’ll be at your place in about five minutes,” he replied. “Is the uh...”

“Sissy.”

“Is he...”

“He’s asleep. Don’t worry about him. Where do you want to go tonight?”

“I know a new sushi spot.”

Jessica cringed. “Not sushi. Anything but sushi tonight.”

“Whatever you say, babe,” Martin said. “So tell me, is the...”

“Sissy,” Jessica said for him.

“Sorry. I hate that word. So is he all tucked into bed, curled up in a nightgown?”

Jessica walked over to Tyler’s room and cracked it open. “He’s sleeping like an angel. He’s tied up his hair in a pony tail, to keep it neat while he’s sleeping, and he’s tucked up so snugly in his pink sheets and his Barbie pillow. He’s hugging his little teddy bear and making a cute little whistling sound from his nose.”

“Adorable,” Martin replied. “I’ll see you in a minute. I’m pulling down your street.”

“I can’t wait.”



The morning came and the bright yellow sun burst in through the cracks into Jessica’s bedroom. She turned to see her Martin dozing away. He snored slightly, and the vibration of the noise was unusually pleasant to Jessica. It was like sleeping next to an idling car. Even when asleep, she could feel the power in his body.

Carefully, she got out of bed, put on a robe, and walked down the hallway. She stopped at what had formerly been the guest room, but was now essentially Tyler's room. Knocking on the door, she assumed the sissy would be up by now. Sure enough, he was, but the earphones over his ears had prevented him from hearing the knock. She caught Tyler in full "American Idol" mode, dancing and lip-syncing in front of his full-length mirror.

He wore a flimsy pink silk camisole top, just short enough to expose a pair of polka-dot bikini panties perched on his ever-expanding derriere. His whole look was convincingly female. From the slim, hairless legs to the bouncy hair, he looked like any young girl would dancing in front of her mirror.

Jessica took a little pleasure out of tapping him on the shoulder and watching him freak out for a moment, realizing he was being watched.

"Hi." It was all Tyler could say, as he moved some stray hair out of his face.

"Martin and I would like some breakfast," Jessica instructed. "In about twenty minutes."

"Oh, yeah. Sure," Tyler responded. "You want me to make it?"

"That was the idea," Jessica replied, humorlessly.

"Okay," Tyler replied, grabbing a robe and slinging around his shoulders.

As Jessica made her way back to her room, she could hear Tyler humming a poppy little tune to himself as he headed down to the kitchen. She then slipped back into bed, making sure not to rile her snoring little motorboat. It occurred to her, as she started to run her hands over Martin's back, that this would be the very first time he'd actually 'met' Tyler. Although he certainly had enough pictures to feel like he knew him.

For that matter, it would be the first time Tyler had seen her intimate with another guy.

As the two lovers came downstairs, Jessica was fighting her nerves. This was yet another make-or-break moment. Soon enough, her senses were soothed by the smell of bacon. "Morning, sleepyheads!" Tyler said with a sing-songy chirpiness. He didn't seem to really take much notice that Jessica had someone beside her.

"It smells great," Martin said.

"Thanks!" Tyler replied. He bounded right up to Martin before he could sit down. "I'm Barbie!"

Jessica was expecting a look of shock on Martin's face, but he played it cool. He took Tyler's hand and lifted it up to kiss it. "Charmed. I'm Martin. Have we met?" He asked.

Tyler dissolved into a fit of giggles. "We've never met before, sir."

Jessica not only had *that* bit of excitement, but if she wasn't mistaken, her sissy had just called himself "Barbie." He had truly done it. Jessica was expecting it at some point, because all the materials told her it was going to happen, but to actually hear the words from Tyler's mouth was thrilling.

"I've been looking forward to meeting you, Barbie. I've heard quite a bit about you." Martin took his seat at the breakfast table.



“Oh, is that so?” Tyler said, his arms akimbo in a display of mock outrage. “I hope it’s been nice things.” He then turned his attention to the stove, where he started to cook some eggs.

Martin’s attention was distracted, as his eyes were on Tyler’s swishing little butt. “Very nice things,” he said.

“Did you have a nice sleep... Barbie?” Jessica asked.

“Like a baby!” Tyler responded.

Jessica rubbed Martin on the hand, while she rubbed her foot along his leg under the table. “I hope we didn’t keep you up last night.”

“Not at all! I was off in dreamland!” Tyler responded.

Jessica was becoming even more sure that Tyler was becoming a morning person, and even more sure she hated that. “You look like hell,” she said to Martin.

“What?” He replied.

“You need a shave.”

He rubbed his bristly chin. “I was thinking of growing a beard, actually.”

“Oh no you won’t. Not while I’m around.”

“Well, I’ll have to wait while you’re not around I guess.”

“That’s not going to happen.”

Tyler sashayed from the stove carrying two plates, with bacon, toast and eggs. He placed them carefully in front of Jessica and Martin.

“Looks great, Barbie,” Martin said, rubbing his hands together, ready to dig in.

“How did you know Martin likes his eggs poached?” Jessica asked.

Tyler froze in mid-step. He quickly turned around with a dazzling smile. “He just looks like a poached egg kinda guy.” He then turned back and headed for the door. “Gotta go grab the shower while it’s free! I have an early appointment at the Salon!” He sprinted off as fast as his rabbit slippers would take him.

“Did he know that you like poached eggs?” Jessica asked Martin.

“Must have it written on my face. Did he just call himself Barbie?” Martin replied.

“Yes! Yes, yes, yes!” Jessica said with glee. “He’s come so far! Soon, he’ll be totally changed! I can’t wait!”

“Neither can I. It’ll be fascinating to watch,” Martin said, before tucking into his eggs.



Jessica arrived late to the salon, and found Tyler already in the chair, with his eyes closed and listening to his headphones. His hair was under a towel turban, and his nails were freshly painted. A hispanic girl named Maria was doing electrolysis on Tyler’s face.

“Hey, Jess!” Fiona said, seated on her chair. “You’ve been a stranger lately.”

Jessica shrugged playfully. “Well, you know, me and Martin. We spend a lot of time together doing consults these days.” She sat by Fiona. “A lot of *personal* consults.”

“Yeah, like I didn’t catch you the first time you said it. So it’s getting serious?”

“Way past serious,” Jessica said. “I’m going to have my ring finger sized today.”

“Really?” Fiona said with envy.

“If I have anything to say about it. And I do. She glanced at her friend, and noted a newly slender figure. “You look great, by the way.”

“It’s the program!” Fiona said, excitedly. “I’ve been on it for a month! It’s incredible! Have you tried it?”

“What program?” Jess asked.

“Hi, Jess!” Shannon said, coming from the back with some supplies. “Barbie’s almost done with his electrolysis.”

“Hi Shan! Yeah, that’s why I came! The last bits of his hairy past are going away today. I was going to treat him to a day at the mall.”

Shannon laughed. “Good thing he has his headphones on, or he’d jump to his feet and as eager as a terrier to go walkies.”

“That perky attitude of his is driving me nuts. I have got to find a way to get him down to Earth.” Jessica paused to take a longer look at Shannon. She seemed to



have dropped some weight, and like she had lost a few years' worth of wrinkles in her face. "Shannon, you're looking amazing! Although I miss your bob hair."

"Thanks, Jess!" Shannon relied with a bubblyness that was a little out of character for her. "That women's program is a miracle worker! Fiona and I have both been using it for just a few weeks, and the results are shocking!"

"What's this women's program you're talking about?" Jessica asked again. Just then her phone went off. "I gotta take this," she said, looking at the number, and walking away.

"She doesn't know about the program?" Fiona asked Shannon, as Jessica chatted away.

Shannon tossed her head in her direction. "Look at her. She's so wrapped up in her own universe, she could be run over by a bus and not be aware of it."

"Her loss, I guess," Fiona said with a smirk. "If she doesn't want to look five years younger, then..."

"Five years? Try ten. *Fifteen.*"

"She really should check out that website more thoroughly."

"So is 'Barbie' ready to go?" Jessica said, as soon she hung up.

"Just a few minutes," Shannon replied.

"I hope he's not causing trouble for you."

"I love working on him. He's up for anything," Shannon said, putting her supplies away. "But he always has an idea in mind. He's specific, but flexible. I wish I had more customers like him."

"Well, you do have Ollie," Fiona said with a giggle.

Shannon snapped her fingers, indicating there was something she had just remembered. "That's right. Oliver's been coming in. He's such a sweetie. Ask Tyler if he has any more friends who need my talents."

"You want nerds and sissy boys in here?" Jessica said.

"Hush, now. Barbie isn't a sissy. Calling him that is an insult – like he's some sort of half-man, half-sweetie pie. He's an honorary girl. That's what Fiona and I decided."

"We're going to get him a plaque. 'Official Honorary Member of the International Association of Sisterhood,'" Fiona added.

"Well, he's mine, and he's a sissy. That's my decision," Jessica replied. "Go get your own if you want to. Barbie is taken."

"You know, he does remind me of Barbie. The real Barbie," Shannon said, sounding a little bit cerebral.

"There's no such thing as the real Barbie."

"You know what I mean. He's got that same sort of expression on his face, he's got amazing skin, thick hair, a slim body, he loves pink... But even more than that, I think he's really becoming a lot like Barbie."

Jessica smirked. "Well, that was the whole idea of the program, girl. That's why they call it 'Barbie-in-a-Box.' Duh."

“No, I know that. What I mean is that there’s something about him that just cuts to the essence of Barbie. Y’know, when we were all little girls and we all had Barbie dolls, it was because she represented something. Some sort of hope that we’d all be as pretty and popular, with a world of possibilities in front of us.”

“You’ve been thinking too hard about this,” Jessica interjected.

“Shannon’s right,” Fiona said. “Barbie was all pink and impossibly beautiful, but I always loved her because I wanted my life be like hers – she kept things simple, did stuff she loved to do, had a great boyfriend who didn’t make things hard for her, great stuff to play with... It just seemed like a great life. Where did things go wrong?”

Shannon picked it up. “And call me crazy, but your ex there in the chair reminds me so much of that. I can’t say exactly why, but he’s really becoming a lot like that fantasy girl in my mind, who was Barbie.”

Jessica shook her head. “Well, he’s just a sissy she-male who’s going to spend the rest of his life on his knees sucking cock or scrubbing floors. Don’t get excited.”

“Oh, and Barbie had really massive boobs,” Fiona added. “I wanted those too.”

“No fooling,” Shannon agreed.

“Are you really going to go through with it?” Fiona asked Jessica. “Does he really have to become a sissy slave of yours?”

Jessica looked back at her incredulously. “Of course. That’s what I’ve spent all this money for.” She got up and poked Tyler in the shoulder. “Wake up sissy boy.”

Tyler saw who it was and smiled brightly, while popping his headphones off. “Hi Jess!”

“Hi Barbie!” Jessica replied, mocking Tyler’s peppy tone. “I see the electrolysis is all done.”

Tyler felt his cheek where Maria had just finished her work. “Oh, it’s so smooooth!” His effusively wide grin was in danger of exposing all 32 of his teeth. “I’m excited!”

“I bet you are.” Jessica turned to her friends, while still talking to Tyler. “Did you finish your chores?”

Tyler was happy to answer. “I did the laundry and dropped off the dry cleaning, and I vacuumed the carpet and dusted the shelves and...”

“Good, good,” Jessica said, stopping him. “Did you move all your stuff out of the bedroom for Martin?”

“I boxed it all up and dropped it off at Goodwill.” Tyler got a little pouty. “Those boxes were heavy!”

“Oh, I hope you didn’t strain yourself.”

“It’s okay, I got some cute guys to help!” Tyler’s sunny mood returned quickly. His pink-lined lips beamed an unsinkable grin.

“Are you done here?” Jessica asked, to both Tyler and Shannon.

“He just needs to have his hair dried.”

“Oh, and look at my nails!” Tyler said, holding out his hands and wiggling his fingers.

“They’re very... Sparkly.” Jessica observed.

Tyler gleefully squealed as he took another look at his pink polish with glitter. “So pretty!” He said.

“Let’s let Shannon finish up, and then to celebrate your new hairless face, I want to take you shopping.”

“Shopping!” Tyler blurted. “I love shopping!”

“I wanted to get you some new clothes,” Jessica said.

Tyler tipped his head and grinned. “Will we ever have enough clothes?”

It was clear Jessica had grown bored with the conversation, because she had already walked away. “Just sit tight and let Shannon finish with you.”



An hour later, cruising the local mall, Tyler walked along, dressed in a simple pink ribbed tank top t-shirt and black capri stretch pants, his freshly styled mane of bouncy brunette curls dancing around his head, and his flip-flops plip-popping along loudly. His face was a picture of wonder as his expression went from astonished to blissful, looking at the displays in the store windows.

As his head turned one way and another, the jangly metal earrings and bracelets he wore stirred and flashed in the lights, and his slender fingers and nails pointed at all the things he wanted to try on. Jessica felt like she should have put a leash on Tyler to keep him from running away with himself.

The most fun for Jessica was to watch the eyes of the young men walking along, as they followed Tyler like lions stalking their next meal. How they would have been mortified to know what secret Tyler held in his panties. She couldn’t wait until that last mental barrier was broken and Tyler started to enjoy leading them on and dressing to make them rock hard and cross-eyed with desire. Watching his flirty, flighty nature as he walked, Jessica wasn’t so sure that maybe Tyler was already there.

Tyler dashed inside a store and Jessica had to grudgingly follow him in. By the time she had maneuvered her load of bags inside, Tyler had already grabbed a pile of clothes and was running off to the changing room. “Look after my bags!” Tyler called back.

Jessica dumped her six bags alongside the five Tyler had left behind, and took a deep breath. She looked around to see exactly what kind of store they had settled in, and found it to be a loud, trendy boutique she had little taste for. But for the new Barbie-fied Tyler, he hadn’t yet learned that the brightest and sparkliest clothes were best left for the younger crowd. Tyler needed to be wearing more mature fashions, like latex bodysuits, thigh-high boots and spiked collars. That was his future. Oh well, it would come soon.

“What do you think?” Tyler said, striking a pose with his arms dramatically in the air. He was striking in a silver lamé mini dress, belted at the waist, and a halter top. He had added a magenta bolero blazer with sequined lapels, matched it with pink and purple striped leggings and black cuffed velvet booties. To finish it, a large



oversized pink bow with white polka-dots was on the top of his head.

“You look like a cartoon character from ‘Jem.’” Jessica wisecracked. “I’m not buying that. Let’s get moving.”

“Oh, you don’t like it?” Tyler replied, a little crestfallen. He immediately returned to cheerful. “Well I love it, and I’m getting it.”

“With what?”

“With my card.” Tyler fished out a credit card from his bags and walked over to a check-out counter.

Wanting to get a better look, Jessica decided her bags were safe enough and left them, so she could follow Tyler to the counter. Sure enough, he produced a pink “Barbie” logo credit card. As soon as the clerk had swiped it (and scanned in all the tags still attached to Tyler) Jessica grabbed it.

It was made out to “Barbara Roberts.” Tyler took it back from Jessica’s fingers.

“Where did you get that?” She asked.

“It was in the last box I got,” he explained, fluttering his long black lashes innocently. “Was that wrong?”

“No, it’s just that...” Jessica wanted to take it away from him, not liking the independence it gave him, but decided not to, so she didn’t create a scene or cause Tyler to have a break-down of some sort. After all, the BIAB people knew what they were doing, right? “What’s the limit on the card?”

“No limit,” Tyler replied.

“Thank you, Barbie,” the clerk said, and handed over the receipt to Tyler.

“Oh, thank you!” he replied, sweetly. “It’s okay for me to wear this out, right?”

The clerk was almost as high-energy as Tyler. “Sure! I love that on you! You look incredible!”

“I know, it’s so awesome, right?” Barbie gave one last cheerful smile and turned away.

“Who’s paying for that card?” Jessica asked, quietly. “Because I’m not.”

“They said it was taken care of.”

“Who said that?”

“The card people. I called the number on the card to activate it, and they said everything was covered, there was no bill, and there was no limit.”

“Really?”

“I’d never lie to you, Jess!” He returned to where the bags were and lifted his up carefully. “How do you think I could afford all this stuff?”

“It’s just strange, that’s all. Someone has to pay for all this.”

“I guess,” Tyler replied with a shrug. “But it’s not us!”



A few weeks had passed and Tyler's magical credit card was smoking. His room had been made over dramatically in an aggressively feminine manner. A white bed with a gauzy canopy was center, with pink sheets and a Barbie comforter and Barbie pillowcases.

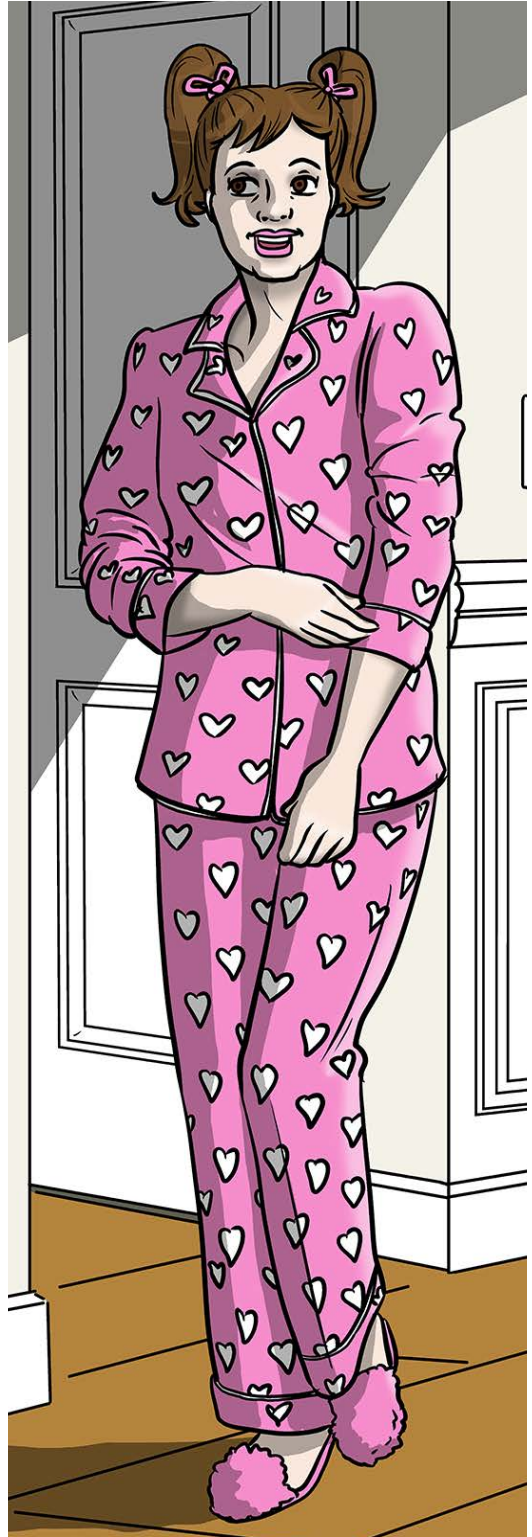
The white vanity with a light bulb-rimmed mirror sat to one side, with a white stool and plush velvet pink cushion. To the other side was a closet bursting with clothes, with pairs and pairs of shoes and boots neatly arranged nearby. On the shelves, on top of the vanity, on top of the dresser, and spilled out on the bed were a wide variety of stuffed bears, bunnies, unicorns and kittens.

Entering the room was Tyler, dressed in pink cotton jammies with tiny white hearts on them. His hair was up in two pony tails, tied up with pink ribbons, and on his feet were fluffy pink slippers that skidded along the floor as he walked.

He yawned and stretched his arms as he pulled the covers up. He then rearranged his stuffed animals, "Time for beddy-bye Mr. Floppy," he said. "You too, Mr. Mittens. You can sleep over here, Misses Bear." Tyler carefully slithered into place, so as not to disturb the others perched nearby.

"Nighty-night, everybody," he said, as he reached for the bedside lamp.

"Not so fast," Jessica said walking in. Dressed elegantly, she was in a formal gown. Martin and her had plans for the opening night of a play downtown. She tossed the stuffed animals to the floor and whipped the bed sheets off of Tyler.



“I told you that I wanted you to wear a plug tonight, Barbie.”

“Jessica! That’s horrible! You can’t really mean that!”

Jessica grabbed Tyler by the wrist and pulled, forcing him to get up. “You are going to be a perfect sissy for some man, honey. And a perfect sissy is all ready to take her lover in the ass.”

She got a full look at what Tyler was wearing and put her hands on her hips, disapprovingly. “I told you to wear your silk teddy tonight, Barbie. Where did you get those awful things, anyway?”

“I bought them...”

“I don’t care, and I don’t have time to fight with you about it. Tomorrow night, you’ll wear what I tell you to wear and that’s that.”

Martin walked in the door, dressed in a tuxedo, fiddling with a black rubber plug. “I got the batteries in. Does it have an off switch?”

“No, it just vibrates until you take the batteries out. Or until they wear out.” Jessica explained. “Turn around and pull those ridiculous bottoms of yours down, Barbie.”

“Why don’t you do the honors, Martin? I have a feeling it’s going to take a little bit of effort to get it in there the first time.”

“Uh... Are you sure?” Martin asked.

“Sure I am. I need to go downstairs and get my purse together. They lubrication is in the top drawer over there. Come down when you’re finished. The play begins in a half hour.”

Martin turned to Tyler. “I guess you better bend over,” he said.

A loud set of moans and screams came from upstairs as Jessica put her keys and tissues in her tiny purse. She smiled to herself over the pain Tyler was experiencing. That little twerp deserved every bit of agony.

Not only was he fighting his sissy training, but Jessica had the distinct feeling he was trying to fool her by *enjoying* being a girl. But she couldn’t be fooled. That facade of smiles and giggles hid his real pain. The pain he must be experiencing from losing his manhood, imprisoned in girlish femininity for the rest of life. He thought he could be clever by making her believe he liked all this. Like he was trying to prove he was smarter than her. Like he was outwitting her.

Well, that wasn’t going to happen. She was going to make sure that Tyler was a sissy boy through and through, and felt humiliated for every single second of it.

The yelling and screaming stopped, and Martin trudged down the stairs. He got to the bottom and looked at Jessica with a frown.

“I think I broke it,” he said. He held what remained in two pieces.

Jessica snorted a blast of air through her nose in displeasure. She checked her watch. “Do you *know* what I had to go through to get that? That was the dirtiest store I’ve ever been in! I’m not going back there!”

“I can go get a new one...”

“Bon’t bother!” Jessica barked, slapping it out of Martin’s hands. She then took a deep breath. “I’m sorry, darling. I’m just so... I really don’t like the way it’s working out with Tyler.”

Martin flinched at the statement. “Are you kidding? She’s practically...”

“He,” Jessica corrected.

“He’s virtually a different person! That program has turned him physically and mentally a hundred and eighty degrees around from the person he used to be.”

“That very well may be, but he’s not becoming the sissy I paid for. I think I’m just going to cancel that Barbie-in-a-Box program, and do it myself.”

“What? Are you sure that’s a good idea?”

“I wanted a frilly, silly, sissy cock-crazy maid, Martin. Not a Barbie-obsessed princess.” She checked her watch again. “We’re late. Let’s get to the car.”

They walked to Martin’s Jaguar and he helped her into the passenger seat. Martin fired up the engine and they were off.

It was a lingering, dead, cold silence between them before Martin decided to speak. “I just think that these BIAB people have worked a minor miracle. Stopping now when it seems so close to...”

“Stopping it now is good enough. I can do the rest. In fact, I’d love to do the rest. I can train that little wimp to be the sissy he was meant to be. I’ll make sure he gets what he deserves.” Jessica looked over at Martin. “Once he’s out of the way, we can finally get on with our lives.”

“Of course we can, darling,” Martin said, patting Jessica on the leg. “The sooner we can get this resolved, the better.”

After the play, which neither of them much liked, Jessica and Martin went out for some drinks.

Once she had downed a couple of cocktails, Jessica had worked up the strength to do something she really wasn’t that certain about. Yes, she made sure that she appeared perfectly confident, but inside, she definitely wasn’t feeling sure of herself.

She stepped outside the noisy bar and opened her cell phone. She dialed in a number and held the phone to her ear.

“Barbie-in-a-Box, how may I direct your call,” said the woman on the other end of the line.

“Yes, I need to cancel my account,” Jessica said.

“Let me have to talk to an account specialist.”

After a moment of waiting, in which Jessica very nearly flipped the phone shut, a man got on the other end of the line. The male voice mildly surprised her. She figured that a company in the business of transforming men would largely be made of women.

She was asked for her name and some identifying information, which she gave. “So I understand you wish to cancel your account, Ms Pedalsky.”

She affirmed her decision. When asked what the cause of the cancellation was, she answered that she wasn't satisfied with how her sissy was developing. Of course, the account specialist tried to talk her into staying, but she was resolute.

"If you terminate now, we will not be able to refund any portion of your payments or deposits and there will be a cancellation fee of \$1,000," the man explained.

"A cancellation fee?" She objected. "No one told me that!"

"It was covered by our disclosure in the forms you signed, Ms Pedalsky. Our sales staff also briefed you on the terms of the agreement."

"That's highway robbery!"

"Also, I see you haven't yet had the subject in for his doctor's appointment." The man continued. "If you cancel now, your scheduled visit with the doctor will be cancelled, and any plastic surgery costs will not be covered by Barbie-in-a-Box."

Now that stopped her cold. This was something to think about. Jessica had been looking forward to seeing what a surgeon could do to further transform Tyler's body and face. "Cancelled?" She replied.

"As of right now, the costs of the surgery would be covered under the health plan."

"Health plan?"

"Yes, every Barbie candidate is covered by our health plan. It covers general health needs and any costs of surgery necessary to complete the Barbie-in-a-Box program."

Jessica really wanted the surgery now. It was practically free. "Okay, what if I cancel the plan after the surgery?"

"The surgery would still be covered, yes, but..."

"Fine. That's what I'll do." Jessica resolved. "Just don't send any more of those boxes."

"The shipments are essential to..."

"No more of them. They're what's screwing things up."

"The boxes do contain vital training messages and medications that..."

"I'll take care of that, thank you very much. He's my sissy. I'll train him."



Jessica sat herself down and made sure her sissy was on display to the others in the waiting room. It was finally the day for Tyler's appointment with the doctor. Doctor Chandra was his name, and Jessica assumed that mean he was Indian.

Tyler was resplendent in pair of pink hot pants and rainbow striped leggings that ended just above his knees. He had a white angora jacket on, zipped up tight, and wore some oversized thick white sneakers on his feet.

He was chewing some bubblegum which he occasionally snapped loudly. Jessica handed him a copy of *Male Modern Miss* from the table in front of them. It

seemed that this doctor was quite used to working with people like Tyler. That would certainly make it easier to talk to him.

Looking around at the chairs, there were five others in the waiting room. One woman was with a very obvious man in a little girl's pink party dress, who appeared very confused and bewildered as he sat fiddling with the hem of his skirt.

Another couple sat a few seats away, a man who was reading a newspaper casually, and what may have been a man next to him. It was hard to tell, as this person had everything from the waist on up wrapped in a cast, and the arms held out by splints. The head cast had a little bow stuck on the side. From the waist down, it wore a skirt, sneakers and socks. Jessica wasn't sure, but the eyes peeking out from behind the holes in the cast sure looked scared to her.

She then turned her attention to a thin, pale girl in the corner who was blocking her face with a magazine. She had long, straight blond hair and was wearing a pink vest over a white t-shirt and a knee-length denim skirt. She appeared to have a couple of barrettes in her hair and was wearing mary-janes and white socks. She was dressed like a tween girl, maybe about twelve to fourteen, but the body was way too big for that. Annoyingly, there was something that was screaming at Jessica's subconscious about her. Something she was having trouble figuring out.

Then it hit her. She got up and sat next to the blond. "Oliver?" Jessica whispered. "Is that you?"

"Yes," Oliver replied, in the quietest, softest voice possible.

"What in the *fuck* are you *doing*?" Jessica asked, a little louder than she should have.

"I'm just here to see the doctor," Oliver replied trying to avoid any questions.

"Ollie!" Tyler burred upon spotting his good friend. He skipped across the room and bear-hugged his friend. "You should have told me when your appointment was!"

"I... I was kind of embarrassed," Oliver replied.

"You're... You..." Jessica was having trouble digesting this. It was one thing to have Tyler dressing up, but Oliver? He was supposed to be Tyler's first boyfriend! She had worked so hard to get them together – now what?

"Ollie's taking the Barbie-in-a-Box program, too," Tyler explained.

"What? *Why*?" Jessica demanded to know.

"I... I..." Ollie was nervous and stammering. "I... I'm kinda mixed up, I guess."

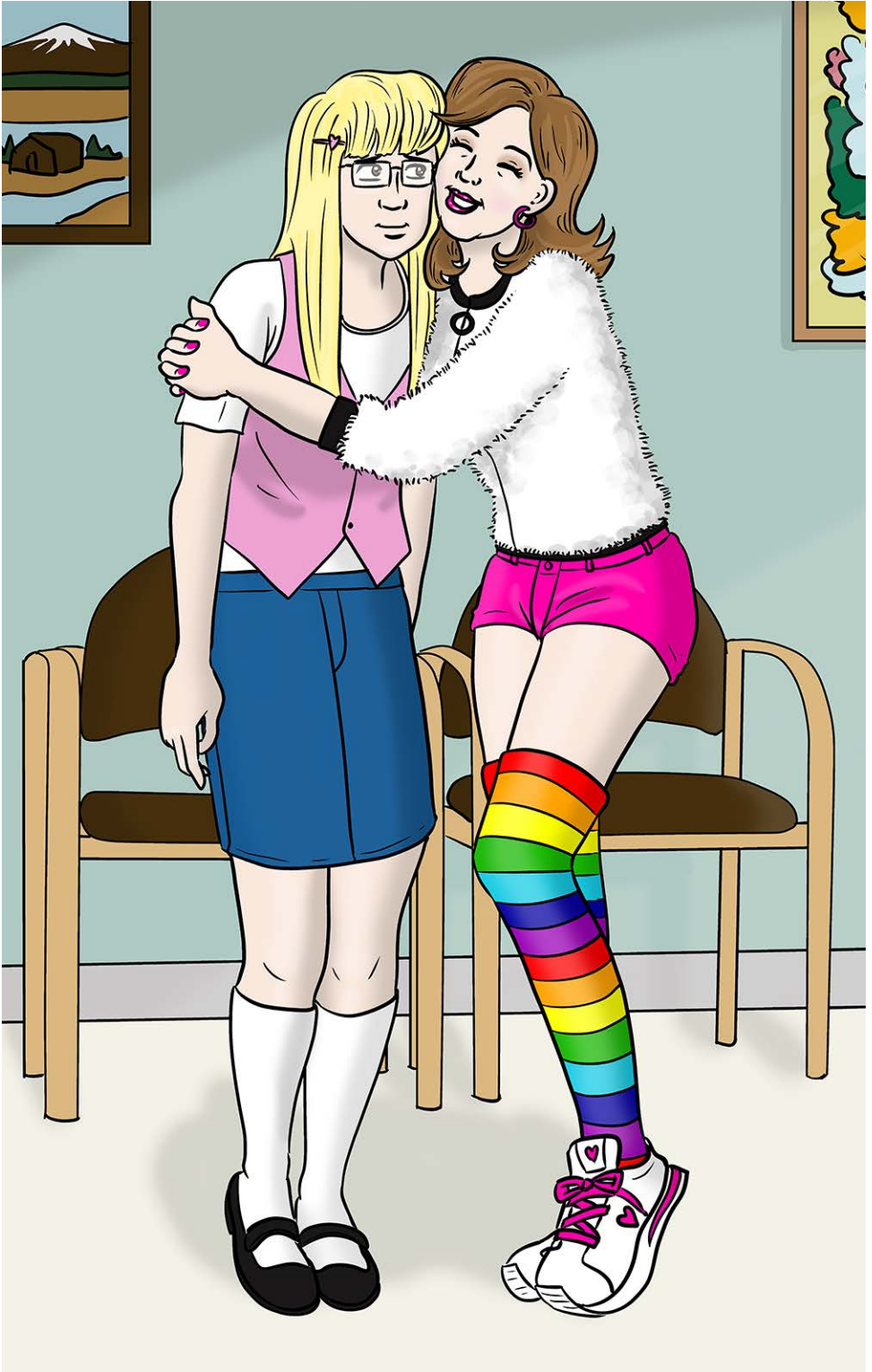
Jessica sneered. "Yeah, I guess."

"I told you that Ollie and I had a lot in common," Tyler explained. "It just came pouring out of him a few weeks ago. He just felt like a different person inside than he was on the outside."

A few weeks ago... That sounded familiar to Jessica. She had to think. Wasn't that about the time that the CD labeled for Oliver arrived? Could that have anything to do with Oliver's sudden new outlook on life?

"This is nuts," she said, mostly to herself.

"So how do you feel?" Tyler asked Oliver.



“Nervous.”

“Don’t be,” he hugged his young friend again. “I mean, it’s okay to be nervous, but... You know it’s what you really want inside, right?”

“I... I’ve never wanted anything more.”

Jessica decided she didn’t want to be in the middle of this, so she returned to her original seat and started pretend to read an issue of Popular Mechanics. As she did, she just couldn’t believe it. Sure, when Oliver dressed up in that outfit for the Comic Con, that pretty much telegraphed he was a fruit, but now he was going to follow in Tyler’s footsteps? That was just blowing Jessica’s mind. *Poor bastard*, she thought to herself.

Tyler was effusive. “Oh, Ollie, you look so cute! You look better every time I see you!”

How long had Tyler been keeping this secret? Jessica wondered.

Tyler hopped up on his toes a little bit with excitement. “Come over and sit with us!”

So Tyler led Oliver by the hand back to where Jessica was sitting, much to Jessica’s displeasure. She tried to stare at her magazine hard enough not to hear the two go at it. Still, she couldn’t help herself but to ask questions.

“You’re on the, uh, program too, Oliver?” She asked.

Oliver nodded. “I guess the whole reason I was hanging out with Barbie was because I wanted to be like him. I was kinda envious,” Oliver admitted. “So one night I just told him.”

“I’ve been helping him since then. Giving him some clothes, some tips...” Tyler hugged Oliver again. “Now it’s like having a sister!”

“What do your parents say about it?” Jessica asked.

Oliver smiled uneasily. “They gave me two months to move out.” He played with a pink plastic earring, in what must have been freshly pierced ears. “They still love me and all, but they said that they didn’t want to have to explain it to their friends.” He shrugged. “I can’t blame them. They aren’t writing me out of the will or anything, just helping me set up in a new place.”

“Huh,” Jessica said. “Why anyone would want to willingly be a sissy, I’ll never know.”

“What? I don’t want to be a sissy,” Oliver replied.

“A little late for that now,” Jessica replied, turning her attention back to the magazine. *How could this have happened?* She thought to herself. *And who am I going to get to be my sissy’s first boyfriend?*

“I love your leggings,” Oliver said, nervously.

“I have to try that wig when we get home. Okay?”

Oliver looked around, still visibly uneasy. “You can try my wig if I get to borrow the leggings for a day.”

“Deal!”

Unable to hold back his new girlish instincts, Oliver hugged Tyler. "You're the best, Barbie!" Oliver gasped when he saw Tyler's nails. "Is that the Zoya Twist Collection Barbie nail polish?"

"It is!" Tyler replied, showing off his fingers.

"Please tell me where you got it!" Oliver said, breathlessly. "I've been looking everywhere!"

Tyler let Oliver take his hands so he could closely examine them. "I found it on the internet!"

"Internet? I'd have never thought of that!"

That reply caused Jessica's brow to knit in confusion. Oliver didn't think of using the internet? He was a computer geek. He practically lived, breathed and ate the internet 24 hours a day. Was the Barbie-in-a-Box so powerful it would make a nerd forget all about his favorite thing in the world? She glanced at Tyler and decided that it was absolutely possible.

"Ms Pedalsky?" The nurse called from the front desk. "The doctor is ready for you and Barbie."

Grateful to get away from the two chattering sissies, Jessica stood quickly. "That's us, sweetie. Time to see the doctor."

"Bye, Ollie!" Tyler said, hugging Oliver once more.

"Call me!" Oliver replied.

The nurse led Jessica and the outlandishly girlish man called Barbie into an exam room, as if she did it a dozen times a day. Jessica wondered how many people were on the program in this area. Enough to do nothing but sissy work? That was an overwhelming thought.

A fun thought, but an overwhelming one.

The room was nothing special. There was that too-high bench with the slick butcher paper on top, a jar of tongue depressors, some alcohol. Nothing unusual. Although Jessica was amused to see the metal stirrups standing nearby. "I bet you never thought you'd have to use those, did you?" She asked Tyler, gesturing to the stirrups.

"I guess," was Tyler's naive reply.

"Sweet revenge," she said.

"For what?"

"For being a man," Jessica replied with a snarl.

The nurse ignored Jessica's comments and spoke directly to Tyler. "Now undress down to your pretty little panties and the doctor will be with you shortly," she said.

"Okay!" Tyler said with his now characteristic smile and positive attitude.

After another nurse took Tyler's Blood pressure, weight and height, it was time for the doctor. Doctor Chandra was indeed Indian, and in his mid thirties. He was tall and wore glasses, and was charming.

"Ladies," he said when entering the room. He turned his attention to Tyler, seated pensively on the bench. "You must be Barbie." He glanced at the information from

the tests he had just been given, did a quick reflex check with the old rubber mallet, looked in the ear with the otoscope.

When it came around to putting the cold stethoscope on Tyler's little breasts, Tyler giggled from the chill. "Don't flirt with your doctor, Barbie," Doctor Chandra said with a smile. Tyler giggled again, kicking his legs like a schoolgirl.

He did a standard set of examinations, pressing and tapping on Tyler's body from every angle, shining lights in his ears and eyes and looking down his throat.

One last test was for the doctor to lightly tickle Tyler's tiny penis, where his balls had shrunken down to near microscopic size. "No stimulation," the doctor observed, "nicely shrunken phallus, and near total testicular atrophy. Very nice." He then felt Tyler's breasts for irregularities. "Developing well," was his observation.

"I just started wearing real bras," Tyler said with a smile.

"Congratulations," Doctor Chandra replied.

"Thanks!" Tyler and Jessica said simultaneously.

Finally, he was done with the tests and backed away to talk to both Jessica and Tyler. "Barbie seems in fine health. She's probably going to lose another seven pounds before it levels off, leaving him at a nice 110. You should be able to maintain that weight easily, thanks to the program, Barbie."

"Awesome," Tyler replied.

"The hormones have distributed her fat to her chest and bottom very nicely, and left her stomach and hips lean." He held up a diagram of the human body. "The next step is to finish off the things that hormones can't do, which involves surgery." He used a sharpie to circle the waist on his diagram. "What I'd recommend is some work here at the waist..."

"Barbie can you go wait outside while we talk?" Jessica said, interrupting the doctor.

"Uh. Okay." Tyler slipped back into his shorts and a shirt and left barefoot.

Once the door was closed, Jessica turned to the doctor with a stern face. "Why were we talking about that in front of the sissy? Why does he need to know that?"

"It's your decision, of course," Doctor Chandra said, poorly disguising his contempt. "What I was about to say was that I'd recommend some work on the waist..."

"The Barbie-in-a-Box people are paying for this, right?"

"The BIAB United One Health Care plan is, yes."

"Then do whatever you need to do. Give him the works. I want everything done to him that has to be done."

"That would mean that..."

"Whatever needs to be done. If this is paid for, I want it done."

"The gender change alone will..."

"A sex change? God no! What kind of sissy would he be, then?" Jessica was impatient. "You know the deal – you obviously do this often enough. So just tell me where he needs to be and when, and we'll do it."

The doctor scribbled a note in the paperwork, writing “Spousal I.D. 10-T Issue” in large letters. “We’ll do our best, of course.” He went to the door and invited a knock-kneed, embarrassed and chilly Tyler back into the exam room.

“I need to draw some blood from you, Barbie, and then we’ll have you back in for your first round of procedures.” The doctor walked over to a drawer and removed a syringe and some supplies.

“A shot?” Tyler whined.

The doctor gave him a comforting smile. “Be a big girl, Barbie. You can do it.” Tyler took a seat and held out his arm as he childishly covered his eyes. He let out a little chipmunk squeak when the needle went in.

“See there? We’re done,” the doctor said with a warm smile. “Now, I’ll contact you in a few days and we’ll schedule the procedures.” He put a Barbie band-aid on the puncture. “You’re going to make a wonderful Barbie, dear.”

“Really?”

“I see a lot of them come through here. I handle all the Barbies west of the Mississippi. You’re not only beautiful, but radiant. You’ll break a lot of hearts, missy.” The doctor headed for the exit. “I’ll see you in few days, okay?”

“Bye!” Tyler replied, with a wiggle of his fingers. Tyler’s face was red with embarrassment as he put his clothes back on.

Jessica chased the doctor out into the hall. “I have a few more questions, Doctor Chandra.”

The doctor made it very clear he was trying hard to be polite. “*What* can I answer for you?”

“There’s a kid out in the waiting room by the name of Oliver...”

“I can’t discuss my patients, Ms Pedalsky.”

“Fine. Just know that he should be watched carefully. He’s very strange. Nuts. Whatever he says is probably a lie.”

“I’ll note It.”

“About the Barbie-in-a-Box program,” Jessica asked. “Who’s behind it? I think they’re ripping me off. Have they been sued before?”

“What seems to be the issue?”

“My sissy isn’t sissy enough! He’s more teenage girl than sissy! I think...”

“Let me stop you there, Ms. Pedalsky. I don’t know what they promised you, but The Barbie-in-a-Box program is not focused around making so-called *sissies*. It’s about making adjustments in lifestyle to ensure happiness.”

“That’s just it! *I’m* not happy!” Jessica quipped.

“Ma’am, I don’t work for them. I’m not in regular contact with them. Given what they do, they try to make sure there’s as little interaction as possible with the outside world.”

“Fine,” Jessica said, curtly. “I’m going to cancel the whole thing anyway.” She then returned to the exam room. The doctor sighed and went on with his day, dropping the clipboard off at the nurses’ desk. The nurse picked it up and read the “I.D. 10-T” mark, which was the doctor’s usual code for “IDIOT.”

Back in the exam room, Jessica scrunched her face up in displeasure. “Who is he to talk to me like that? He didn’t even use the stirrups!” He looked at Tyler, who was carefully fixing his makeup in a pink compact. A pink *Barbie* compact.

“Tyler!” She snapped. “Where did you get that?”

“Here,” Tyler said, producing a small pink box, from his purse. This one was labeled “Box #7.”

“I told them to stop delivering those! Where did you find that?” Jessica was even angrier now.

Defensively, Tyler put the box back in his purse. “I got it at home.”

“When?”

“I just found it, okay?”

Jessica was fuming. “I will *not* have this! Tell me where you got that!”

“Not if you’re going to yell at me!” Tyler screeched back, loudly.

“That’s it!” Jessica walked over to Tyler, held her hand up, as if she were about to slap him with the back of her hand, and then backed down when Tyler cowered in fear. Jessica then swiped Tyler’s credit card from his purse, along with Box #7, and then grabbed the doorknob. “If this is the attitude you give me after all I’ve done for you, you can find your own way home!” She then left, slamming the door behind her.

BOX #7

Hours later, safe at her house, Jessica was enjoying a little special attention. Martin had been home for only about ten minutes after another late night for him at work, but was already showering Jessica with affection. She was just starting to get into it when they both heard the front door open.

“Barbie?” Jessica called. She checked the clock. It was almost midnight. He must have had a rough time getting a ride back out here. The buses stopped running at eleven.

Jessica confidently strode out of the living room to greet Tyler, and blocked his path with her arms crossed and smug look of satisfaction on her face. “Rough night?”

“Uh huh,” Tyler replied, his face unemotional.

“I hope you didn’t have to suck off a cabbie to get home, sissy boy.” Jessica teased.

“Yeah. Uh huh,” was all Tyler said.

“So what did you do while you were stuck downtown?”

“Went to the movies.”

“Without your precious card?”

“I had enough in cash,” Tyler said, now appearing to be a little evasive.

“What did you see?”

“I don’t remember.”

“You don’t remember? The only time you go to a movie and don’t remember what you saw is when...” Jessica gasped. “Did you meet someone?”

Tyler blushed, giving the game away

“You did! Was it a guy?”

Tyler didn’t respond.

Jessica pushed her nose into Tyler’s neck. “I smell cologne!”

Tyler tried to get around Jessica, but she stopped him.

“Barbie! Tell me what happened!”

He swung his torso back and forth coyly. “We necked in the back row.”

Necked. How quaint. “Did you do anything else?” Jessica probed.

“I mean... Yeah... A few things...”

“Tell me!” Jessica insisted with delight. “Did he take you in the...”

“Jessica!” Tyler sniped. “We didn’t do that!”

Jessica was visibly disappointed. “Did you at least get his name?”

“Oh, it was Kennn...rr...fff...” Tyler’s voice trailed off.

“Pardon? Did you say Ken?”

“Ke...vin. He said his name was Kevin,” Tyler said, unconvincingly.

Suddenly, Martin threw back his head and laughed. “Ha!” He said.

“Kevin.” Jessica wanted to confirm.

Tyler avoided eye contact. "I think. I think he said his name was Kevin."

"All right then, so what did you and 'Kevin' do, exactly?"

"I told you – we kissed."

"I think you did more than kiss, Barbie," Jessica said, then unzipping Tyler's coat. It exposed a shirt that was inside-out and only half-way tucked in.

"It was dark," Tyler explained.

Jessica wanted more. "Do you even have your panties on?" She grabbed for Tyler's waistband.

"It wasn't like that at all!" Tyler moved away.

"Did he stick it up your boy pussy?"

"Jess! Please stop it!" Tyler shouted. "He's not like that!"

"Oh, he's not? *All* men are like that!"

"Not him!"

Jessica stopped to think. "You care for Kevin, whoever he is." She thought further. "Enough to cover for him. And this wasn't the first time you've met him."

"I don't want to talk about it."

"Jess!" Martin called from the hallway. "What's going on?"

She had to choose between further interrogation with a stubborn sissy or being attentive to Martin. "Fine. Go to bed. I'll talk to you in the morning."

She watched Tyler walk up the stairs and then turned to face her lover. "He's getting worse by the day. I can't wait until the surgery so I can cancel that program."

"Forget about it for tonight. I just want it to be you and me."

Jessica sighed, "I'm sorry, baby. I'm just so close to having him finally where I want him."

"That's not important right now. Let's just relax."

"Fine. For now. But first thing tomorrow I'm going to..."

Martin shut her up with a kiss.



When Jessica came down for breakfast the next morning, she found Tyler cooking with a smile. She felt like swiping it clean off his face.

"Barbie. Good morning," she said curtly as she sat at the table.

"Morning!" Tyler sang. "Where's Martin?"

"He had an early meeting, if you must know," Jessica replied. "It's not any of your business. Are you going to take all day with my breakfast?"

"Uh. Sorry," Tyler said, meekly. "It'll be just a minute."

"I have somewhere to be, you now. Some of us work for a living."

Tyler apologized. "I'm sorry!"

In just less than 90 seconds, Jessica was presented with a bacon, egg and pancake breakfast. She poured some syrup over it as Tyler sat across the table with half a grapefruit.

“Tell me about last night,” Jessica said. It was more of a command than curiosity.

“Last night.”

“I told, you, I don’t have time. Get to it!”

Tyler’s eyes wandered for a moment as he tried to think. Then it started to click.

“Well, You were kinda steamed, so I didn’t want to come home right away... I decided to go see the new Anne Hathaway movie...”

“How did you get the money?”

“I had about twelve dollars and change in my purse. Enough for a movie and bus fare.”

Jessica made a note to herself that her sissy was not going to be allowed to handle any money. Ever.

“Anyway, since it was kinda cold out, I didn’t want to wander outside, and I didn’t want to go back to the mall, because I didn’t have any money to spend anyway. Have you seen the prices on food there? You can’t spend less than ten dollars to get something to eat.”

“Movies aren’t cheap either.”

“But you can kinda hang around in a theater for a while until someone tells you to leave. Besides, I really like Anne Hathaway.”

“Where did this ‘Kevin’ come into play?”

“Well, he, uh... Saw me asking for water at the snack bar, and he asked if I was out of money. I said I was, and so he offered to buy me a coke and some popcorn.”

“This was the very first time you met him?”

“Mmm mm...” Tyler said, looking down at his grapefruit.

“I don’t think I quite heard you, but go on with your little story.”

“So, when we went back to the theater, he asked if he could sit next to me, and I guess I never said he couldn’t, so he did.” Tyler fidgeted in his chair a little. “Well, we didn’t do much at all, and we didn’t even talk. But then this really sad part came on, and I guess I started to cry a little.” Tyler looked up for a moment. “It’s a really sad movie! She dies in the end!”

“So then the movie ended, and that was that.”

“Well... Not exactly. The movie ended, and the lights went up, and he was drying my eyes with his napkin... I guess it really got to me, because I was crying on his shoulder...” Tyler sat up straighter in his chair. “By the time I was done crying, we realized the theater was filling up again and the film started over!”

“Go on.”

“Well, since we had seen it, we took some seats in the back and we got to talking about stuff.”

“That’s when you two went at it like wild animals in heat.”

“Jess! It wasn’t like that at all...”

“Well, what *was* it like?”

Tyler, despite himself, made a sound that was something in between a sigh and a baby orgasm. “He looked into my eyes and told me I was beautiful. He gently felt my face with his hand and then held my head still as he came closer. All the sudden, he was moving his mouth over my lips and then...”

“Please tell me something interesting happened.”

“His other hand unhooked my bra.” Tyler continued. “He pushed it up and out of the way so he could rub his thumb on my nipple.”

“Well, did you do anything or did you just sit there and make him do all the work?”

“I did get my hands under his jacket,” Tyler countered, “but he really didn’t need for me to do much. By the time I realized my shirt was off, I could feel how hard he was down in his jeans.”

“So what did you do about it?”

“I wasn’t about to do anything! It wasn’t the right time for that.”

“Sheesh,” Jessica said. “You’re going to learn some hard lessons when you go full sissy.”

Tyler ignored that comment. “Before I knew it, the house lights were up and the movie was over. I had to find my bra and shirt and get them all on before someone found us.”

“What about ‘Kevin?’”

An involuntary smile crossed Tyler’s lips. “He offered to give a ride back home.”

“Did you do it in the car?”

“We just talked. He’s really nice. He likes a lot of the same movies and music as I do, and... Well... Do you believe in love at first sight?”

“Fuck no,” Jessica answered. “You have no *idea* what love is. Love is hard work. Love is a struggle. Love is a refuge for the weak-minded.” She put down her utensils and got up from the table. “That was a waste of time. I have to go to work.”



Jessica was busy stabbing at her chicken salad when Martin sat down. They were at a pleasant outdoor café for lunch, a needed break in the day for the two corporate employees. It had been a morning of frustrating meetings for Jessica, and had been fighting with her overloaded email inbox over the past hour.

“Hey there, Jess,” Martin said, when Jessica barely seemed to acknowledge his presence.

She looked up with a forced smile. “Hi, baby.” She put her fork down. “This chicken is nothing but dark meat.”

“I heard that dark meat’s the new white meat,” Martin replied.

“Yeah.” Jessica took a sip of her water. “I finally got the story out of Barbie this morning. I think he’s lying to me.”

“What’d she tell you?”

“He,” she corrected. “That he met this guy at the movies, and they felt each other up, basically. It sounded as dull as an Amish orgy.”

“Well, just being in love doesn’t mean you have to have crazy sex.”

“Love? Why do you think he’s in love with this Kevin character?”

“Just an impression.”

“I don’t like it at all. If I could take some time off work, I’d train him to be the sissy he ought to be. But I can’t leave right now. I have too many projects up in the air. If I could just finish one or two of them, I’d take a vacation and shape that stupid...”

Jessica’s blackberry went off. She quickly picked it up in a flash, like an old west gunslinger. “Hello?” Immediately a bright smile came to her lips? “Oh yes. That’d be fine. Absolutely. We’ll be there.” She hung up, and drew her stylus and started to tap on the screen. “Finally!” she said, merrily.

“Who was that?”

“The doctor’s office. They finally game me a date for Barbie’s surgery.” She finished tapping in the appointment on her phone and put it away. “In two days.” She sipped her water again. “Two days until my sweet little sissy goes under the knife.”

“That’s good.”

“Hey, I guess he’ll be laid up for a few days after the surgery. You want to come over and play doctor and nurse?”

Martin smirked at the prospect. “I can’t. I’ve got a seminar in Atlanta. I’ll be gone for a couple of weeks, actually.”

Jessica ditched her pumps and rubbed her stocking foot up and down Martin’s leg under the table. “I’ll let you do a full examination. Test my reflexes. I’ll have you turn and cough.”

“Sorry, baby. If I don’t go to Atlanta, I’ll be behind the eight-ball with my sales team.”

“Come on, honey bear. Mommy bear needs some of your sweet sticky stuff.”

Martin looked around to see if anyone was listening. “Not in public, Jessica.”

“You’re as bad as Barbie,” Jessica grumbled sarcastically. “Hope you have a great time in Atlanta.”

“Don’t be like that, Jess.”

She got up from her seat and grabbed her bottled water. “I have to get on a conference call,” she said, as she walked away, her heels clicking briskly on the cement.



Jessica returned home that evening with a spring in her step. “Barbie!” she called out.

“Hi Jessie!” Tyler’s chipper voice called out from somewhere in the house.

“Come here!” Jessica yelled.

A moment or two later, Tyler appeared from the hallway, holding some bedsheets he was neatly folding, having just washed them. “Hi!” he said again. “How was work?”

Tyler was dressed in one of his old football jerseys, but he had tied the front in a knot so it didn’t reach to his waist, and was tight over his chest. He had selected a pair of denim shorts, cut in a daisy duke style, that accentuated the wonderfully swappable little butt he had grown. He also wore old-fashioned striped athletic socks that stretched over his knees, and a pair of pink tennis shoes. His very long hair was covered by a red bandana.

“First of all, it’s not ‘Jessie,’ it’s note even ‘Jess’ to you. As far as you are concerned, my name is Jessica.”

“Sorry,” Tyler said looking genuinely regretful.

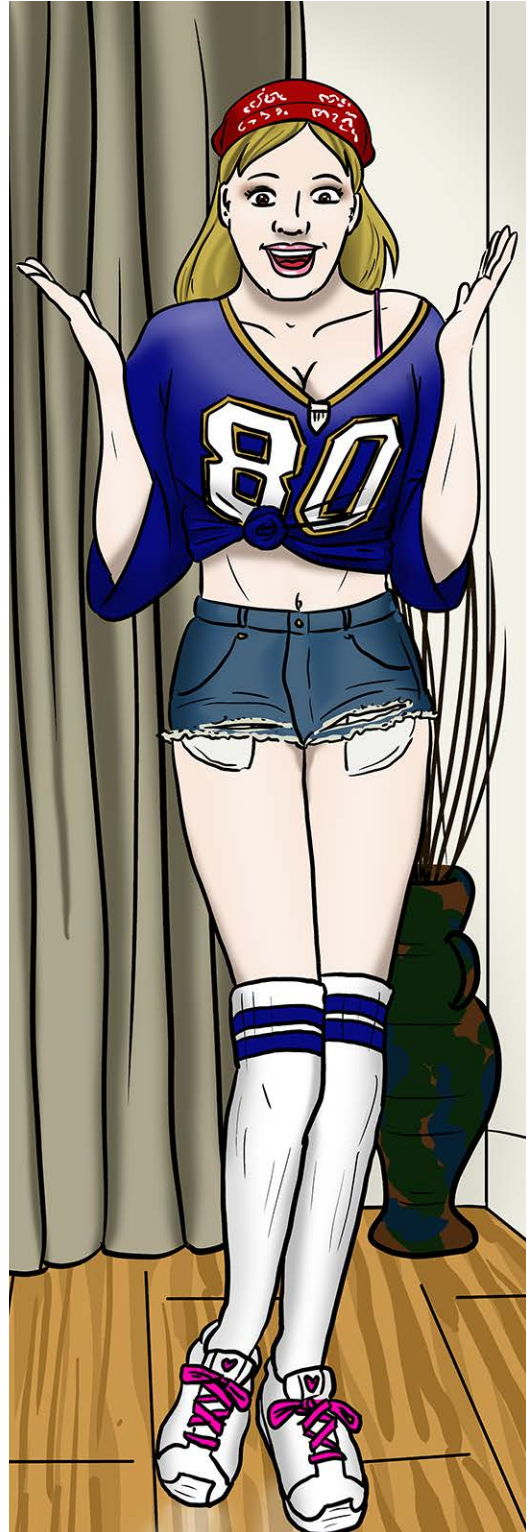
“Or you can call me Mistress. You might as well, you’ll be using that soon enough.” She held out her coat, which Tyler took and hung it on a hook. “I got word from the doctor’s office today.”

“Doctor Chandra called?” Tyler said, expectantly.

“Well, his office did. We’ve got you scheduled for your procedures on Thursday.”

“Reeeeeeallly?” Tyler squeaked in delight. “Really really really?”

“Yes, *really really really*,” Jessica derisively mimicked. “They’ll take their knives and hack you up like a Thanksgiving turkey.”



“Oh, yeah. I’m trying not to think of it like that.” Tyler said. He nervously scratched his neck.

“It won’t hurt much. They have very sharp knives.” She made a slicing gesture. “Ffft! Ffft! Ffft! Then they’ll suck up the blood so neatly you’d never know.”

Tyler cringed at the thought. “I need to go finish the folding.” He said before turning away.

“Hold it right there!” Jessica barked. “You ask me before you can leave.”

Tyler’s obvious discomfort caused him to hesitate.

“Ask me!”

“May I go finish folding the sheets?” He asked.

“And?”

“May I go finish folding the sheets, mistress?”

“Pour me a drink,” Jessica said, satisfied. “Then you can finish with the sheets.”



Jessica was busy talking on her phone. “I can’t have the slides done until the figures are ready. If the figures aren’t ready, there’s no point in having the slides sent to the client!”

“Ma’am?” a nurse said, tapping Jessica on the shoulder.

Jessica turned away, and held up a finger to say, ‘hold on one minute,’ then she got even fiercer with the phone. “I’m not prepared to have to wait for the figures! I told you that I needed them by this afternoon! If you can’t do your job, you should have told me so I could find someone who could! Yes, I’m *very* serious! Those slides have to be ready for the client by the end of the day! I made promises!”

“Ma’am?” The nurse asked again.

Angrily, Jessica got up from her chair and walked away from the nurse with her hand clasped over her ear so she could shut the rest of the world out. She took several steps away, cursing and shouting to whomever it was on the end of the line, before finishing the conversation with a loud “You’re not being paid to think!” Only then did she put the phone away.

Frustrated, she straightened herself and stood tall before identifying the nurse who had been interrupting her, and fiercely strode towards her. “Are we done yet?” She asked.

“Barbie’s resting in the recovery room,” the nurse replied with a smile. “Would you like to see her?”

“Him.”

“Yes. Of course. This way.” The nurse led her back to a small room where a well-packaged and bandaged figure rested in bed.

“Barbie? Barbie? We’re ready to leave!” Jessica called. “Can he hear me?” She asked the nurse.

“He will be drifting in and out of consciousness for a little while.”

"I see." Jessica looked him over, as he was covered with clean white wraps that were holding gauze crusted with blood to his skin. She noted he had bandages from head to his waist, with even his arms wrapped.

"Everything went very smoothly," the doctor said, entering the room. "Barbie is a very good patient."

"Great. Fine," Jessica said curtly. While the doctor was quite handsome, she didn't like his attitude and had little she wanted to say to him.

"We made an incision in his abdomen and removed all the fat we could, which should leave her with a very lean and slim midriff." The doctor explained. "She'll look very good in a bikini. We also put in implants that should have her settling out at a double-D size when the swelling goes down."

"We removed the 11th and 12th ribs, as well as narrowed her shoulders a little bit. We removed all the fat from the underside of her chin and neck, and shaved the trachea, which will give her a nice, swan-like shape. Then we..."

"And his face?" Jessica asked.

"We did our standard Barbie procedures, contoured the jaw line, with work on the lips, eyes, cheeks, nose, and brow. Plus a forehead contour. She's going to be delighted with the results, I think."

"Forget him. Am *I* going to be satisfied with the results?" Jessica questioned.

"I hope you will be," the doctor replied, being as careful as he could with his reply.

"Can someone help me get him in the car?"

Doctor Chandra took a deep breath. "Barbie will need to stay for a few days. If you'd like I can give you a call..."

"Wait!" Jessica interrupted. She pointed to his bedside table. "What is *that* doing there?" On the table was a pink box, labeled "Box #8."

"I don't know," The doctor replied. "Nurse?"

The nurse stepped forward. "I didn't put it there." She looked at Jessica. "I assumed you brought it."

Jessica grabbed the box and angrily heaved it in the trash. "No! She looked at the doctor and nurse with anger in her eyes. "He's not to get any more of these godforsaken boxes! If anyone here thinks I'm kidding, you'll be sorely mistaken!"

"It wasn't anyone here, Ms Pedalsky, I assure you," Doctor Chandra stated.

"I'll be at work," Jessica said. "But I'll be checking! If there's any more boxes by his bed, I'm suing you both!" She then left, the smell of ozone trailing behind her.

She grabbed her phone and dialed. "Hello? Barbie-in-a-Box? Yes, now that the surgery is over, I'm canceling my account. And don't transfer me to a fucking account manager!"

BOX #8

Three weeks later, it was an overcast Saturday, and Jessica was putting the finishing touches on her next weeks' schedule. After working long hours, she had managed to get the bulk of her projects complete, and hoped that by Wednesday or Thursday, she was going to be able to take some time off. Her job was flexible in that regard, and she didn't need to give more than 24 hours notice when she wanted to take a break.

She also figured that by the middle of the week Tyler would have healed up sufficiently. He was still covered in bandages, but the awful bruising that covered nearly all of his top half was finally fading.

Tyler's duties as a de-facto maid had been lifted for the time being, as he wasn't able to get around for very long or to stand up for more than a few minutes. He didn't even come out of his room until about noon, and when he did, he didn't last for very long. He wore just an old flannel shirt which covered him down to his knees, and a pair of pink sweatpants that were long enough that they covered most of his feet. All of his face was obscured by bandages wrapped around his forehead and cheeks, and even around his chin. Sunglasses covered his eyes, as apparently whatever they had done to him involved his eyes as well, although Jessica had no idea what that could be. He also had a compression garment under his jersey, and one on his forehead.

But, Jessica did have to admit, he did look like he was going to be unbearably cute when he healed up. Just the silhouette of his face under the bandages was impressive.

Tyler walked over to the fridge and poured himself a glass of water, and added a bendy straw so he could insert it into his mouth. "Ow," he mumbled when he did that. His lips were still swollen, although they were pink with lip gloss.

Jessica took pleasure in watching him slowly shuffle from one place to another, knowing he was riddled with pain. Jessica had deliberately been shorting him on the pain killers he was prescribed, ensuring the sissy wouldn't have any fun over the past several days or the days to come.

"Oh, poor Barbie," Jessica said, sarcastically. "Does it still hurt?"

"Uh huh," Tyler responded in his girlish little voice.

"Aw. Too bad. I'm sure you'll feel better in a few weeks. Maybe a month."

Tyler hung his head.

Jessica smirked as she enjoyed her lukewarm coffee. "Did you take your arm bandages off?" She asked, noticing that her sissy's arms didn't show the tell-tale bulkiness under Tyler's shirt.

"Yeah," Tyler replied. "Doctor C said it was okie-dokie."

"I didn't give you permission to talk to him."

Tyler sighed. "He sent me a text. I didn't reply."

"You're supposed to tell me these things," Jessica said, "Let's see them. Show me your arm. I wanna see what they did."

She was quite curious, as in her head, she couldn't quite figure out what they could have done to Tyler's arms. She had never heard of cosmetic arm surgery before.

Tyler rolled up the sleeve on his left arm and presented it. "Here," he said.

Jessica flinched for a moment, seeing Tyler's arm. It wasn't that it looked particularly different in shape, it was different in texture. His skin was as smooth as one could imagine. It was tanner than she remembered it, and evenly tanned. There were no blemishes, no sign of hair, no deformations of any kind. It was perfect.

"It's so smooth," she said, almost unaware that she was speaking aloud. She was mesmerized by the look and feel. She ran her fingers lightly along the limb, still finding no flaws. Impulsively, she used a fingernail to scratch the skin, wondering what it would look like. It showed no signs of stress. She scratched harder, trying to leave a mark.

Then she suddenly remembered that this wasn't a piece of furniture, it was someone's arm. But Tyler had made no sign he was in any discomfort. She scratched again, but kept her eyes trained on Tyler's expression. Even hidden as it was behind the bandages, it didn't change.

"Don't you feel that?" She asked.



“Feel what?” Tyler replied.

“This.” She scratched once more.

“No. I guess the medication kills the pain.”

Knowing that she had shortchanged him on the painkillers, and that it couldn't possibly be the reason he had no feeling, she was forced to go along with that explanation to keep from scaring him. “Must be.”

The doorbell rang, and Barbie was in such a sulky mood that Jessica had to go answer it herself.

It was Oliver at the door, but he was dressed in a lavender cap-sleeve t-shirt and girls' jeans gathered up at the knee. He also had his blond wig on, and wore lavender lipstick.

Jessica didn't feel like dealing with this right now. She turned away without even saying a word. “Barbie, your little friend Oliver is here.”

“Ollie?” Tyler said as loudly and energetically as he could. Slowly, Tyler shuffled from the kitchen, picking up the pace when he saw his friend. “Thanks for coming!”

“Barbie!” Oliver replied, rushing to embrace Tyler.

“No hugs! No hugs!” Tyler quickly cautioned.

“Oh yeah. Hey, you look great!” Oliver said.

“Really?”

“No, not really. But you look better than you did when you came home. I saw you walk up the driveway when you got back from the doctor's.”

“I must have looked pretty weird,” Tyler said with a trickle of a giggle.

“Like a mummy!” Oliver said, laughing. “Mmmurrr!” He said, imitating a mummy by walking around stiffly.

“Don't make me laugh!” Tyler said.

“Oliver can only stay for half an hour. You need to go to bed,” Jessica instructed before taking a seat. She had little tolerance for this sort of silliness, but she didn't want these two out of her sight. Martin's absence in Atlanta for these three weeks was bad enough, but now he was “held over” for another couple of weeks, and not getting sex was driving her up the wall.

The only thing she really had to look forward to was that it was only a few more days until she put Tyler into her personal sissy boot camp, and she was already daydreaming about the horrors she was about to put her sissy through. She turned on the TV and started to watch something.

“Where have you been?” Tyler asked. “You're not even texting.”

Oliver used his hands to talk, and they fluttered around as he spoke. “I moved out. Remember? So I got my own apartment a couple of miles away, and I don't have a cell phone!”

“Oh. Well, you at least have your own apartment. That's great!” Tyler enthused.

"It's a disaster! I have to pay rent, pay for electricity, pay for gas, pay for water, pay for trash, pay for TV, buy my own food... Oh, it's miserable! So much work! I wish someone would just take care of all that."

"Soon enough!" Barbie added with a giggle. "You look really good, though! You lost weight!"

"Yeah!" Oliver said with a beaming grin, almost *exactly* like the ones Tyler flashed so easily these days. "I lost thirty pounds and I'm almost to 110!"

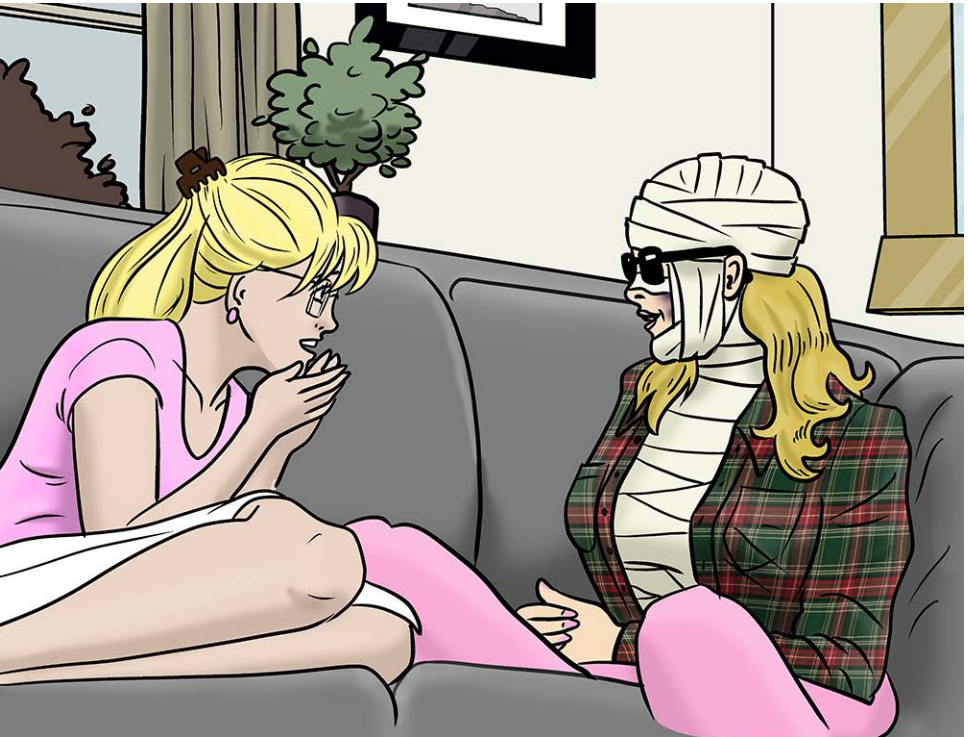
"Congratulations!" Tyler declared. Whatever pain he had been feeling seemed to have vanished, and he was able to be his usual perky self. "I'm so proud of you!"

"I'm going to be ready for surgery any day now!" He said with a smile. "And look what I just got!" He pulled out a pink plastic credit card, with the Barbie logo on it.

"Wow! Now you can get all the clothes and stuff you want!"

"I just wish my landlord took plastic!"

The discussion piqued Jessica's interest. Not only was Oliver behaving a lot like Barbie in terms of energy and body language, but he had adopted the same melodious voice. Where he was just a geeky, gawky guy not long ago, Oliver was now as attractive as any girl his age, just with glasses. He was just missing some of the details, like high cheekbones, plump lips and breasts. He was hairless though, and his extra-fair, extra-pimpley skin had cleared up and gotten some color in it. He looked like he had been tanning, and his skin was nearly as perfect as Barbie's was before the surgery.



For someone who had undergone such a quick change, he was amazingly convincing as a girl. The Barbie-in-a-Box people really had some magical secrets in their process. They knew exactly what it took to turn someone into a young woman. Was “woman” the right word? More like a girl than a woman, really. If anything, he looked even younger than Barbie.

“So you’re really going to go through with it? All the way?” Tyler asked.

“I... I feel whole and right for the first time in my life. I want to be the best girl I can be. I have to be a girl. I have to.”

“I know how you feel.”

“I couldn’t have done this without you, Barbie. You’re my role model.” Oliver opened up his arms for a girl hug.

“Just keep track of your hugs for later. I’ll give them to you after I’ve gotten all better.”

“Awww! Deal.” He got his phone out. “Note to self. Barbie owes me two hugs.”

“Oh, you *have* to get a new phone,” Tyler insisted. “That one is so *not* cute.”

“Now that I have a Barbie card, I’m going to get one later today! I don’t know what I was thinking with this one. It’s all ugly and junk. I want a pink one.”

“Awesome!” Tyler said, with every ounce of energy he could. He dabbed the corner of an eye. He was teary all of the sudden. “I didn’t realize that I missed you so much!”

“Me too!” Oliver replied, sniffing. “We gotta stick together. We’re practically sisters, after all!”

“Yeah,” Tyler said, sighing pleasantly.

The conversation got irritating enough that Jessica tuned it out, but she did catch some scraps of it over the noise of the TV. Oliver and Tyler argued about if The Jonas Brothers were “too cerebral” and if the Twilight movies were merely awesome or “freaky sick.” Oliver bargained for more clothes to borrow and Tyler held out for help in braiding his hair. They then started to play cat’s cradle with some leftover strips from Tyler’s bandages when Jessica finally had enough and left the room.

She checked her phone, and saw a text from Martin. “Sorry babe,” it read, “Gotta be in Houston through the weekend. Have to take a raincheck.” She growled in anger at that. How many weeks was she supposed to wait? She was only human! Jessica hoped she had fresh batteries for her vibrator somewhere around here.

She then read the next message and yelled out loud, “Fuck!” Her final project just got delayed for revisions. It meant that Wednesday was out for a vacation, and now she was going to have to work the week through. She would have phoned somebody up and yelled at them, but the email was from a senior VP, so there was no point in trying that. Besides, she never *really* believed she was going to get the time off anyway. “Nothing ever works out for me,” she said to herself. She put the phone back and returned to the living room to break up Tyler and his little friend.

“What is that?” She barked, upon seeing the two of them. Tyler had a pink box in his lap. It was labeled “Box #8.”

She looked at Oliver. “Did you bring that in?” She accused. Of course, she distinctly remembered that Oliver wasn’t carrying anything when he arrived, but where else would it have come from? She grabbed the box off of Tyler’s lap and carried it away, dumping it in the garbage compactor and turning it on.

She then returned to the two sissies, and ordered Oliver to leave. “Out!” She commanded.

“He didn’t bring the box!” Tyler said. “And he’s *my* friend, so you can’t tell him to leave!”

“I’ve had enough of your independence, Barbie! You shut your yap and go to your room!”

“Why are you still here?” She yelled at Oliver.

“You better go, Ollie,” Tyler said, “I’m sorry.”

“Bye... Barbie.”

“Go!” Jessica said, pointing at the door. Once he was gone, she spun around to face Tyler. “I told you, you’re not getting any more boxes! No more! Now, where did that box come from? The door never opened! It wasn’t delivered!”

“I already had it! It came yesterday when you were at work!” Tyler tried to yell. His sore throat was keeping him from getting louder than a strained wheeze. “I’m going to bed.”

“Pardon me?”

“May I go to bed, Mistress?” Tyler said, feeling defeated.

“Get the fuck out of my face!” Jessica told him. Tyler shuffled off and trudged up the stairs slowly. Jessica didn’t bother exhaling until she heard his bedroom door shut. She quickly got to the trash compactor and stopped it. Wiping some gunk off the half-mangled box, she tried to read what was on the shipping label. That way, he’d know when it was sent, and if it was Oliver’s or Tyler’s.

But there wasn’t a shipping label on it.



Jessica stirred in bed for hours, stuck in a sleepless purgatory. Her mind would just not switch off. Over and over again, she couldn’t understand how this whole Barbie-in-a-Box thing had gotten away from her.

Maybe, just maybe, she had made some false assumption about the program. She had just thought that nay service that turned men into skirt-wearing, breast-growing, swishing pantywaists, was going to make them into sissies. With every day that passed, it looked more and more like they were just going to make Tyler into a living Barbie doll.

So she had made a mistake. It was understandable, as those crooks at BIAB clearly were trying to scam people into signing up for the program. *It wasn’t like this was my fault*, she told herself.

Anyway, she had a new plan now, and by taking control of Tyler's transformation herself, she'd get what she wanted. Screw those snake oil salesmen, she could do this for a fraction of the cost and get the sissy she deserved.

Still, why would they keep sending those boxes? even when Tyler was in the hospital, they still came. She had cancelled the program, and they still kept coming. Now they had somehow singled out Oliver and hooked him on it as well. It was like they were stalking Tyler. Like they weren't going to let him go.

That was *crazy*, though.

Jessica flipped over in bed and fluffed her pillow.

Crazy.



Cutting out of work an hour early, Jessica went to Shannon's salon to pick Tyler up. It had been a while since she had seen Shannon, and if Fiona was there, she was looking forward to that as well. This was Tyler's big first day out after he had the bandages removed, and of course, he insisted on a salon trip.

She entered the door, the little bell tinkling to signal the presence of a customer. Fiona was in her seat, thumbing through a magazine.

"Hey, Jessie!" Fiona said, excitedly when she saw her. Jessica waved back. As she got closer she noticed Fiona had lost a considerable amount of weight. Jessica was immediately jealous. She was also letting her hair grow a little longer, which Jessica had always told her was a stupid idea. It just took more time to take care of.

"Hi, Fiona. Where's Shannon? Tyler?" Jessica looked around. The salon was even more vacant than usual. It was just her and Fiona in the front.

"They're in back. Barbie's getting dressed."

"Yes, *Barbie*." Shannon clicked her tongue. Why did everyone insist on going along with Tyler's insistence on being called Barbie?

Jessica noted a kind of odd expression on Fiona's face, like her features were plastered in place. She couldn't stop smiling and her eyes looked a little spaced out, staring off into the distance at something only she could see.

Fiona was gushing. "Oh my God, Jessica! I'd never believe it! Barbie looks..."

"I *know* how he looks, Fiona!"

"She looks incredible, Jessica! I mean, totes jelly!"

"*He* is just a creation of plastic surgery, Fiona." Jessica's stomach turned. She had to see him every day, after all. "He's a Frankenstein. They cut him up and sewed him back together like a rag doll."

"Whatever they did, I mean, sign me up!" Fiona giggled. "I mean, I guess I already am signed up. That Barbie-in-a-Box this is legit!"

"What do you know about Barbie-in-a-Box?"

"Well Shan and me figured that, you know, like, what's there to lose? Why not try it? Why haven't *you* tired it?"

“Are you fucking *insane?*” Jessica snapped back. “How could you even think about doing such a thing to yourself?”

“How could I *not?* Barbie is the most gorgeous thing! Even if she used to be... You know... That *guy*... She’s so beautiful now! I’d do anything to look like her!”

Jessica had been trying to deny it, telling herself that Tyler wasn’t as pretty as he looked, that she was just comparing him to how he used to look, but she had a sinking feeling that it was true. The surgeries had made Tyler a stunning knockout. Hearing it from a friend really made it sting.

She remembered back to the night where they finally got the okay for Tyler to take his bandages off. When he removed his sunglasses, it was the first time Jessica had seen his eyes. His sparkling new eyes. They were big and bright, as blue as a prairie sky and as deep as tropical ocean. The second she saw them, Jessica’s heart began to drain dry. She had the horrible, mounting fear that Tyler was going to look great after his surgeries, and the eyes were the first sign that her dread was proving justified. She watched as layer after layer of medical tape and gauze was removed, revealing the picture perfect body of a supermodel.

When the bandages had finally been cut away, Jessica was almost apoplectic with envy. It was all she could do to contain herself.



“He’s not a woman, Fiona. He’s just a sissy boy. Remember that,” Jessica said, eager to belittle him.

“You have to be kidding! I don’t care what’s he’s packing in those panties, he’s so amazing that it doesn’t even matter!” Fiona said, now utterly gushing. “You should really consider doing it too! I love this program!”

Before Jessica could follow up, Shannon came from the back room. “Hey hey Jessie girl!” Shannon said in a happy, buoyant tone. “Long time no see!”

“Hi...” Jessica said, before pausing to get a good look at Shannon. If Fiona looked different, Shannon was a total change from the person she remembered. Her bob-cut hair that had been heavily dyed black with streaks of color was gone, replaced by a lustrous chestnut brown hair that shined like it was lacquered. It had a small blue bow to the side, with a long, trailing ribbon. What was also remarkable was her outfit – a bright blue tank top covered with a black off-the-shoulder mini dress. She was also wearing ice blue fishnet stockings and a pair of black pumps.

“What *happened to you?*” She asked Shannon, her jaw almost dropping of its hinges.

“It’s great huh? It’s all thanks to Barbie!” Shannon said, her smile big and proud. “She got us listening to those great CDs!”

Jessica looked back at Fiona, and realized what was different about her, too. Her already-long hair wasn’t very different, but it was made up expertly. Honestly, such hair was well beyond anything Shannon was capable of. It was a super-curly fire red, spilling out all over her face, tied together with a big green ribbon at the back. She wore a bright green tee partially covered with a baby-doll camisole with green trim, and a stretchy miniskirt. She had thigh-high matching green stockings and was wearing a pair of pumps like Shannon was. Oddly, it was like the two had dressed from the same designers, but just chosen different colors. Blue for Shannon, green for Fiona.

She then looked back at Shannon. “You’ve both gone full Barbie!” She said, shocked.

“Those CDs have me down to my college weight! They’re amazing!” Fiona said, smiling.

Jessica was puzzled at best. Terrified witless at most. “You’re actually listening to the Barbie-in-a-Box CDs?” She asked again.

Shannon pulled out an iPod from her pocket. “I got mine all on my iPod, right here!” She said. “I’ve never felt better in my life!”

“Don’t you know what they *do?*” Jessica said with alarm.

“Of course we know! Barbie told us all about it!” Shannon replied. “Haven’t you seen how radiant and beautiful she’s has become? I mean, if they can do that for a boy, think what they can do for girls!”

Fiona was smiling from ear to ear. “My skin’s cleared up, my hair has never been thicker, I’m full of energy, and I’m as frisky as a teenager!”

“I swear I look ten years younger!” Shannon offered.

Jessica was incredulous. “You want to become a Barbie doll, too? You really *are* on the Barbie-in-a-Box plan?”



“No!” Fiona said, dismissively. “That’d be stupid. The Barbie-in-a-Box people have a whole program for women who don’t want to become Barbie.”

“We’re on *that* plan!” Shannon added.

“What about the CDs? They’re brainwashing you!”

“You bet they do!” Shannon said. “I feel great! They have my eating under control, I’ve quit smoking, and I’m actually exercising for the first time in years. I don’t care what else they do to me, I’ve never been healthier and felt better – ever!”

“They could make me think I’m a chicken and I’d use them!” Fiona said.

Jessica was in shock. “You’re not serious!”

“Look, Jess...” Fiona said, getting a serious tone in her voice. “I haven’t had a boyfriend in years, I spend most of my spare time just sitting here in this salon, bored out of my mind and I hate having to pay all the dumb bills.”

Shannon interrupted. “I have to operate this dumb shop! It’s *so* not fun! Customers whining at you, I’m always overbooked, everyone wants money... I hate it!”

Fiona continued. “I’m gonna sell the shop. I decided that it’s way too much for me n’ stuff... I hate being so old.”

“You’re thirty-four!” Jessica interrupted.

“Doesn’t it suck?” Shannon said. “It sucks to be old!”

“You’re not old,” Jessica reminded her, “You’re an adult!”

“Thirty-four, is like, a *million* years old.” Shannon explained. “You know, I told this guy the other day I was twenty-one and he believed me.”

“You *look* twenty-one!” Fiona said.

Shannon turned to Fiona. “Y’know? I think I could say I was nineteen and people would believe it.”

“Same here.”

“You should try it.”

Jessica inserted herself back in. “Don’t you two understand? Those CDs are erasing your old selves! Listen to you guys! You’re already thinking like schoolgirls!”

“Will you get off our backs?” Fiona said, testily.

“Yeah, you’re, like, all freaking out,” Shannon observed. “Chill.”

Jessica stepped back for a moment to gather herself. “Look, you guys have to understand that those CDs are going to turn you into Barbie dolls. Living, breathing, stupid, vapid Barbie dolls. That’s why I took them away from Tyler!” She took a breath. “You’re already talking like teenyboppers, you’re dressing ten years too young for yourselves, and you’re whining like kids! You’re turning into plastic, stereotypical, airhead Barbies!”

Fiona and Shannon exchanged glances. “You’re jealous,” Shannon said.

“Totes jelly,” Fiona agreed.

“*Stop saying that!*” Jessica screamed.

Shannon turned her head to ignore Jessica and talk to Fiona. "So once you sell the shop, I think, like, let's not get another job."

"Oh my God! That is so awesome!" Fiona said, excitedly. "You're so smart! A job is for losers! We should never have a job and buy some cute dresses and be like, total princesses."

"I'd be so psyched for that!" Shannon agreed. "Oh! Barbie should be ready by now!" She turned to the back room. "Hey, Barbie! Jessie's here!"

"Okay!" came a chillingly effeminate voice. Ever since he had gotten his voice back after the surgery, Jessica had heard it climb steadily up, higher and higher, softer and softer, until it was melodious and gentle, a soothing salve to the ear. Everyone's ear but Jessica's, that is.

Barbie came back from the bathroom, and Jessica forgot all about how strange her friends had been acting. Seeing Tyler was deeply unsettling and almost traumatic for her.

He now sported bright, glossy flaxen blond hair down beyond his shoulders. He wore a hot pink top, with spaghetti straps that tied at his shoulders. He had flippy black miniskirt with a big star-shaped rhinestone studded buckle, and pink thigh-high stockings. He, too, wore black pumps like Fiona and Shannon.

As he walked out of the back, his hips swiveling in a graceful motion, his newly wide, blue eyes brightened. His outrageously thick eyelashes fluttered and his hot pink painted lips smiled warmly.

It was the first time Jessica had seen the full package. It all came together for her now, slamming into her mind like a freight train. Combined with the surgery, the mannerisms and the perky attitude, it finally stuck Jessica what had actually happened to Tyler. It wasn't a euphemism. The BIAB people weren't turning him into someone who was just female in appearance and in mind, they weren't just vaguely styling him after the toy of the same name. They were turning him into an honest-to-God living incarnation of an actual Barbie doll.

He just wasn't becoming a "Barbie."

He was becoming *Barbie*. The real thing.

"Hi, Jess." He said, posing for her by spinning like a prima ballerina. "What do you think?"

"My God," Jessica said. "You really are. You're *really* going to be Barbie."

"Everybody keeps saying that!" Tyler said with a good-natured whine. "That's so *weird* how everyone says that!"

Jessica's nerves were about to fray into a millions strands if she didn't leave immediately. "I have to go check on..." The need to explain herself was left unfulfilled as she flew out of the salon. She ran a half block before she got to her car. She hit the ignition and sped off.

Jessica was beyond just worried. She was about to have a clinical breakdown. She could just barely contain the sense of hysteria she could feel building up inside of her. This Barbie-in-a-Box thing was out of control. This was not what she wanted. She was watching her listless old boyfriend turn into a happy young woman. She was supposed to be her Sissy maid! Tyler had been useless, ignorant and slothful.



He *deserved* to be sissy maid! He didn't deserve to feel happy about *anything*!

She could deal with that prissy Oliver becoming a girl, but now it was her friends that were falling prey to it. She made a call that she knew she didn't want to make, but she had no other choice at this point.

Even as she was driving in her car, whipping along the freeway, she opened up her cell phone. She didn't care if she got a ticket for using her phone while driving. This was urgent. "Hello, Barbie-in-a-Box!" The chirpy female answering the phone said. "How can I direct your call?"

Jessica cleared her dry throat. She was a little scared of these people. "Yes, I need to talk to somebody in charge. Whoever's in charge. I need to talk to them."

In short order, Jessica was connected with someone who was called a "Tier I program manager."

"What do you *do* to these people?" She covered her mouth in pure fear and had to take a moment to steady herself. "What you're doing is beyond the pale."

The manager had a calm and reasoned tone. "Well, Ms Pedalsky – and it is Jessica Pedalsky, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"In regards to Tyler Anthony Ericsson?"

"Yes."

"I don't have you down as the account holder." The man said. "I can't talk to you about his case."

"What? But I was the one who paid you all that money!"

"Let me look up your records..." The man could be heard tapping on a keyboard. "Could you give me the last four of your social security number again?"

"6102."

"Yeah. I can confirm that you initially subscribed for your Barbie, and that you cancelled your account six weeks ago."

"Then how is he getting your products? My sissy keeps getting your shipments, even though I discontinued the service. I want you people to stop sending him boxes!"

"We've been very pleased with Tyler's progress. The account has been put under house administration for further development." The manager explained.

"House...? Development...? What is *that* supposed to mean?"

"That's something I can't share with you. We observe strict privacy controls here."

"You need to tell me! Please."

"Tyler is not in any danger."

"Now my friends and others are taking the program as well! He's spreading this madness!"

"Word of mouth is our best advertisement, Ma'am."

"This has to stop!"

"Ma'am, that's not something under my control. Is there anything else I can help you with today?"

“You can stop doing this!”

“We do appreciate your business. I can refund you your deposit from your cancelled account, if that will help.”

“Fuck you!” Jessica yelled, before throwing the phone into the back seat.

BOX #9

Jessica felt cold all night. The house was warm enough, but she had never felt more alone in her life. Why did Martin have to go on that trip? She wished he'd kissed it off. She kept feeling that side of the bed for warmth, for companionship, and it wasn't there.

Her sleep was hard to come by, and her anxiety wouldn't let her drift away completely. She kept thinking about what Tyler was going through. There was a vague sense of guilt on her mind. Not that she was guilty about turning him into a sissified man who would do her bidding – no. He needed that kind of discipline and purpose. She felt like that would have at least given him some direction in his life.

She felt bad about what he was becoming. He was losing himself to everything she hated about womanhood. He would need a man to live. To verify his beauty. To feel validated. To buy things. Tyler would have no real worth in this world except as a decoration. He was becoming the symbol of everything a woman shouldn't be. He was becoming a Barbie doll.

Plus, there was all that goddamned pink.

Worst of all, she felt powerless. If there was one thing she needed in this world, it was control, and she had little over Tyler anymore. She'd never been able to completely control Martin. All this sex should have wrapped him around her finger long ago. But she couldn't even convince Martin to come home from his never-ending business trip. Jessica felt like everything and everyone around her was against her.

She got up from her bed, threw on a large t-shirt and went down the hall. She peeked inside Tyler's room to watch him sleep.

Even as he lay there, unconscious, he looked incredible. His face was angelic and adorable. His new shimmery blond hair was splayed out on the pillow framing his head like a halo. His generous chest heaved up and down slowly as he breathed, an almost erotic scene if they weren't attached to such pure, innocent beauty.

Jessica had to ask herself. Was it too late? Was there no way back? No. There had to be a way. She had seen him miraculously transform from a man with a declining physique and permanent five o' lock shadow to this divine vision of female perfection. If that was possible, she could make him into the servant sissy she wanted.

Barbie's leather-bound diary was lying, open, at Tyler's side. Jessica picked it up to read what had been written.

Today's entry read: "Ken and I met again today. I know I should be honest with Jessica, but I also know she'd never understand. If only I could make..."

There was no more. That must have been when he fell asleep.

Jessica wanted to know more. Ken? Maybe that was a codeword. Since he was a Barbie, it figured that he'd call a boyfriend Ken. Maybe she was talking about that Kevin person from the movies. If that was even his real name.

Like some lovesick teenager, “Mrs. Ken Carson” was written the margin, ten times over.

She fed the name into her phone to check it. “Ken Carson” was just the full name for a Ken doll. “Little shit,” she growled quietly at Tyler.

Jessica flipped back in the diary to see when this “Ken” entered the picture. She hunted back a few pages, but was surprised to find how far back this relationship went. It had been going on for at least three months, well before Tyler even started referring to himself as Barbie. It was practically one of the first entries.

Dear Diary:

I met someone today down at the grocery store. He’s kinda old, but really cute, and he was doing some shopping. Well, we had kinda the same sort of stuff on our lists I guess, so we kept bumping into each other. So he starts trying to make jokes about it, and he’s totally hitting on me. It was kinda creepy, but it turns out he was a really nice guy. He wants to buy me lunch, and I was hungry, so I said yes, which I know, is, like, totally stupid and dangerous, but I did it anyway.

Long story short, he was cool. He told me a few funny stories about his job and how much he hates it, and I told him all about my life and my plans to go to school and find a career, and... Well, I game him my number. What can I say? He was totally in to me. His name was Ken, he said. I’m not sure I totally believed that, but that’s what he said.

Between you and me, Diary? I hope he calls. I can’t stop thinking about him.

Just then, Tyler stirred under the covers. Jessica quickly set the book back on the bed, in case she got caught. But Tyler didn’t bat an eyelash, and just continued to snooze.

Then, as she just barely kicked it with her foot, she spotted another pink box at the foot of the bed. It was labeled “Box #9” but had no address. No return address either.

It was either a demonstration of restraint or just sheer exhaustion that kept Jessica from ramming it through the bedroom window. Oh, how Tyler would regret this. He thought he was being clever, sneaking them in like this, but she was going to show him a thing or two. Yes, oh *yes*, she would.

She would find a way. She would find a way to wrestle control from those low-life Barbie shitbags and would break Tyler like a mule. She would show them how you brainwash a person. How you control a person. She was going to make Tyler regret every moment of the remainder of his life.

Angrily, she kicked the box and it spray it’s contents across the floor. *Where* were these boxes coming from? How did they get here? She bent over and picked up it’s items. It had just one CD. It was a copy of Aqua’s “Barbie Girl” single from years

ago. Maybe that was some kind of joke or something. There was also a small jar of pills, much smaller than the ones he used to take when this all started. Jessica guessed that since all the hard work had been done, he didn't need a lot of medication anymore. Also in the box was a series of retail blister packs containing small dresses and clothes. They were for Barbie dolls, naturally. She then found one package already opened.

Looking around, she spotted Tyler's Barbie doll seated on a shelf. Jessica's heart stopped for a moment when she saw it was wearing the outfit from the blister pack, an almost exact duplicate of the outfit Tyler had worn at the Salon yesterday. It was a tiny version of Tyler, every stitch and every strand of hair just the same, like some kind of voodoo doll.

Jessica steadied herself, and put the doll back, eager to get it out of her hands. She then continued to check the floor for more items. There was a small booklet titled "How to Decide About Having Sexual Reassignment Surgery." That was the last step, she figured. The final part of this process. They were trying to push Tyler into having that operation, and make him a Barbie for good. She took the booklet, tore it in two and tossed it in the trash.

The last thing she saw, on Tyler's bedside table, was a Barbie key fob. Nothing special about it. It had just a single key on it, but otherwise it looked like a plain, simple key ring. She left it, and returned the box to where she found it on the floor. Yes, she wanted to take the whole box and get rid of it, but unfortunately, she had learned that there didn't seem to be any way to keep Tyler from getting them.

She walked out of the room quietly and began to sob to herself in the hallway, as she slumped down to the floor. Everything she had worked so hard for was farther away than ever.



He slowly undid the locks on his apartment door and opened it a crack. "Ms Pedalsky?" Oliver said in a





creaky, dry voice. "What are you doing here?"

"Oh! Oliver. I had to come by. There's something wrong with Barbie," she said, looking very nervous. "I can trust you, can't I?"

"Sure. Sure you can, Ms Pedalsky. Um, let me get the door open." He closed it a little so he could undo the sliding latch and then opened it up wide. He was bandaged all over his body, and seated in a wheelchair. "Come on in," he said.

"You're in a wheelchair," Jessica keenly observed. "Did something happen?"

"No, Ms Pedalsky. This was part of the Barbie procedures I had done."

"But your legs? What would they do to your legs?"

"The doctor said I had some unneeded growth in my legs, Ms. Pedalsky."

What's with this 'Ms Pedalsky'? she thought to herself. *Never mind. I can't get into it! I don't have time!* She looked around outside, quickly turning her head left and then right. "I only have a minute!"

“What’s going on?”

“It’s Barbie! Something’s gone wrong with the program! The Barbie-in-a-Box CDs have done something to him!”

“Oh my goodness! What have they done?” Oliver said, becoming concerned.

“He’s out of his mind! He wants to hurt people! He wants to hurt himself! It’s terrible!”

“Oh no!” Oliver said, suddenly very concerned. “What can I do?”

“That’s not the worst part! Those CDs are broken or something! Defective! Whatever you do, don’t listen to them!”

“Oh, my gosh! Oh, poor Barbie!” Oliver said, his hands now trembling with fear. “What should we do?”

“I’m taking him to see a psychiatrist right now. I only hope I can help him regain his senses!” Jessica held Oliver’s hand. “If he calls or texts, or tries to communicate with you in any way, please don’t answer! He needs to be isolated and helped out by professionals!”

“Okay! Yes! Oh, I’ll do anything to help Barbie!” He replied, sounding as frightened as a child.

“Thank you so much, Oliver! I knew you’d understand.” She then turned to leave, but stopped just before the door shut. “One last thing Oliver, promise me you’ll stop listening to those Barbie-in-a-Box CDs! I beg you!”

“The CDs? Okay, I guess so.”

“You don’t want to wind up like Barbie, do you?”

“No! I’ll stop listening!”

“Promise?”

“Cross my heart and hope to die! Stick a needle in my eye!” Oliver sang.

Jessica took a closer look at Oliver. Yes, he was heavily bandaged, and seated, but he looked scrawny and small compared to what she was used to. She also assumed this loopy, childish behavior a product of his pain medication. Whatever the case, she had wasted enough time here. “I have to go,” Jessica said, before briskly trotting away.

She returned to her car, which was idling in the parking lot outside Oliver’s dank little apartment building. She mentally checked Oliver off her list. Now that she had visited Shannon, Fiona and Oliver, and told them the “bad news,” it would isolate Tyler completely. He’d have no friends coming over, calling or interrupting. Most importantly, none of those damned boxes could sneak in to the house.

Maybe she’d even get her friends Fiona and Shannon back. If they stopped listening to those perverted discs, maybe they’d come back to reality.

Best of all, she was free to start her own course of training.



Jessica heard the shower running, and decided this was as good a time as any to check in on Tyler. It was important to know exactly what he was up to before she sprung the trap on her little sissy. She knew she had a battle ahead of her for Tyler's mind, and knowing his innermost thought was going to be key. She let herself into his room and headed right for the diary.

The book's latest entry was nearly indecipherable, as Tyler had opted for purple ink and was wiring in huge loopy letters and dotting his 'i's' with hearts.

Dear Diary,

It won't be too long now, Diary. Ken says we'll be moving in in just a few days. My dream house! I can't believe it!

Jessica grumbled to herself. Moving out? It was some kind of conspiracy. He was plotting against her. That sissy sure had a lot of nerve. No, Tyler wasn't going anywhere. He was going to be too busy licking her feet to be thinking about leaving.

I'm SO ready for this! I wish it could happen NOW! I don't know if I'll be able to keep myself from exploding with anticipation! I'm gonna have a canopy bed, and a pool and a stable with ponies! I hope they'll let us have other pets too...

Just then, Jessica heard footsteps down the hall. She had paying so much attention to the diary she had missed that the shower had shut off. Now it was too late. She was about to get caught. With no other choice, Jessica dove into the closet, and hid at the back, behind Tyler's dresses.

No sooner had she caught her breath than she could her Tyler humming a happy tune to himself, like some sort of damned Disney princess. From where she was, Jessica could only catch glimpses of Tyler as he closed the door behind him.

The first thing he did was walk to the full length mirror in the corner of the room. "Hi, I'm Barbie!" He said to his reflection, dressed in a long towel, smiling a winsome smile. "Nice to meet you, I'm Barbie!" He struck several casual poses and with each one, uttered another phrase. "My name is Barbie!" "I love to shop!" "Barbie's the name!" "How nice for you to say so, you look great, too! I'm Barbie!" "Math is hard!" "My name is Barbara, but everyone calls me Barbie!"

Jessica was pretty sure Tyler couldn't hear her stomach turn from where she was. Tyler then grew bored with posing, and grabbed the diary. "I didn't leave you open, did I, Mrs. Diary?" Tyler said, then looked around, stuck his head out the door and then closed it again with a shrug. "Jessica wouldn't invade my privacy. She's my friend!" Tyler closed the book and put it aside.

Hoping that Tyler would just get dressed and leave, letting Jessica escape, the trapped woman sighed in despair as she watched Tyler grab a phone from under

his pillow. Aside from the fact he wasn't supposed to have a phone, Jessica knew she was going to be trapped here for a while longer.

"Hey, girlfriend!" Tyler sang in to his phone. "It's me, Barbie!"

Tyler sure was in love with saying his new name, Jessica thought to herself. That was the first things he'd take from him. His name. His sense of self.

"Did you hear? It's almost the big day! Yes! Ken told me all about it! Doesn't it sound amaze craze?"

The second thing she'd take from Tyler was his insipid teen slang.

"We all get our own rooms! No, Ken has to have his own place, you know, cuz he's a boy, so they won't allow it."

Who was 'they?' Jessica noted.

"I know, right?" Tyler chirped. "It's *so* unfair! But you get a room, my sis gets one, Summer gets one..."

Summer? Unless Tyler was saying a season of the calendar was getting a room at whatever place this was, Jessica had never heard of this summer person – and who was "sis?" *Was Tyler just spouting nonsense into a dead phone?* Jessica theorized. This babble he was saying made no sense to Jessica.

"Of course they will, Teresa! Shops and everything we need! They even have a sewing room so you can make your own chic fashions!"

Jessica felt like she should be writing this all down somewhere and fumbled for her blackberry. *Teresa?* She thought. *So far you've claimed you have a sister, then there's a Summer and a Teresa. Who were these people?* Was Tyler living some kind of life behind her back with different friends? They even seemed to know who this "Ken" was. Jessica was sure that was a code name for "Kevin," the boy she met in the movie theater.

"Teresa, how do you know when you've met the one?" Tyler said, quietly and contemplatively. "Of course I mean him. Who else am I seeing?" Tyler then made a shocked face. "Theresa Rivera! Do you kiss your mom with that mouth? Shame on you!"

While Tyler was babbling on, Jessica opened up her phone and typed in the names. 'Summer' and then 'Teresa Rivera.' She was hoping to get any information she could, although they were pretty generic names. The search app churned up a ton of answers, surprising Jessica. She read the blurb on the first result. "Barbara "Barbie" Roberts, Skipper Roberts, Ken Carson, Summer Gordon, Teresa Rivera, and Nicole "Nikki" O'Neil are the main fashion dolls of the Barbie line of dolls sold by..."

Barbie dolls. She should have guessed. They were all probably using this code word system. Even in private, too, which was pretty impressive. She tapped the page open and was shocked to see the images for each one of the dolls. Tyler was a nearly perfect substitute for a real Barbie doll. "Summer" was a dead ringer for Fiona and her red hair. That was the answer. It was Shannon and Fiona all the time. She always suspected they were betraying her with Barbie. Always whispering in his ear, turning him against her. Now she was sure. From now on, the only way she'd ever go back to that salon would be to set it on fire.

As Tyler chatted on, Jessica tried to figure out who else was who. “Summer” was code for Fiona. “Ken” was Kevin. “Teresa” had to be Shannon. They almost looked alike, but not quite. Teresa had shiny chestnut brown hair. And then “Sis?” Maybe that was Oliver. Yes. Of course it was. Had to be. So she had it all figured out. she had broken their silly little code.

“...That’s just a myth, Teresa. Frogs can’t give you warts.” Tyler said, continuing on in his scatterbrained line of conversation. “Hold on, I just got a text.”

Tyler flipped his phone away from his ear and read whatever had just come in. He gave out an excited gasp of excitement. “Teresa! Teresa! You’ll never guess what Ken just texted me!” Tyler was as excited as Jessica had ever seen him. He had begun to bounce on his bed. “They decided to go with Nikki instead of Raquelle!”

What could that *possibly* mean? Jessica fed those terms into the search engine.

“Nikki O’Neil is an African-American fashion doll, introduced in 2005 and made part of the Barbie line...” Jessica skipped to the next one. “Raquelle is Barbie’s best frenemy who loves to create chaos for Barbie and her friends. She believes herself superior to Barbie and isn’t afraid to show her posh lifestyle. Introduced in 2007...”

See, I can sympathize with that, Jessica told herself. She even kinda looks like me. She has me written all over her.

“That’s why I’m so excited!” Tyler continued. “They said they had found one last candidate for the house, and I was so hoping it would be a Nikki instead of a Raquelle! I begged them to make it Nikki! I’m so happy!”

After some more bouncing and celebrating, Tyler ended the call. “I’ll see you soon, okay? Bye Teresa! Kiss kiss!” She then pressed the hang-up button and hid the phone back under his pillow. “Now to get dressed! My favorite part of the day!”

Tyler approached to closet and started to look around. Terrified, Jessica was frozen in place and didn’t even breathe for fear of stirring something that would give her away.

“I’m so lucky to have so many great clothes! I wish I could try them all on!” Tyler gushed. “I know! We should put on a fashion show! I can invite Ollie and Jessie can help out and... No... I guess not. Maybe later.”

“Dresses, tights... Miniskirts!” Tyler was practically fit to be tied. He was in rapture over the items in the closet. “So many years wasted on pants and flannels!” He dove in, hugging the hanging clothes on the rack, his arms within millimeters of touching Jessica as she pressed herself as flat as possible against the back wall of the closet. “Crop tops, skinny T’s, camisoles and blouses! It’s all so yummy!”

He backed off, releasing the clothes and skipped around in a tiny little circle. “I love, love, love my new body! I can wear anything! I can do my hair in any style! I’m the girl every girl wishes they could be! It’s so awesome to be Barbie!” He then stopped and scolded himself. “Oh, Barbie! Don’t get too cocky!” She giggled. “Cocky!” He repeated, and patted his towel-covered abdomen. “As if!” He declared, then giggled some more. “I’ve been blessed with everything a girl could wish for! I want to be a role model for all the girls around the world! I want to be the best Barbie I can be!”

To Jessica, the conviction and earnestness in the way Tyler was speaking was more than a little bit disquieting. He looked like he really, truly believed it. He believed

he was Barbie. He had gone over the deep end. Turning him into her sissy slave was saving him from himself at this point, Jessica told herself.

“Oh! I just want to wear all these great shoes!” He bent down and started to pick up various shoes from his carefully arranged rack. “Kitten heels! Go-go boots! Strappy sandals! Cowboy boots! Oh, my knee-high glitter boots!” Tyler hugged the pair. “I love my clothes! I wish I could wear you all! I love my girly girl clothes!”

Jessica, in her frame of mind, half expected the clothes to answer back: “We love you too, Barbie!”

Jessica watched as Tyler took the longest possible time to dress. “I feel like something pink today,” he said, and chose a pink mini-dress, pink tights and his favorite white trainers. He took forever to put it all on, and Jessica was sure she could be heard moaning as he took his time. She hid deeper and closed her eyes. Since he hadn’t taken any notice of her, Jessica was able to resume watching as he had already put on his panties and was cupping his breasts in his bra, adjusting the straps meticulously.

What a bizarre thing. Tyler had breasts. The very symbol of femininity, the physical incarnation of what made women *women*, what made them beautiful and nurturing, what made them warm and a comfort to all — and the best pair Jessica had ever seen were jiggling on the chest of her ex-boyfriend. Jessica visually checked to verify the bulge in Tyler’s panties, making sure he was still a he. It was still there. She needed a reminder because nothing else about what was in front of her would ever indicate this was a man today yesterday or at any time in their life.

Tyler squoze his shoulders together to press his large, buoyant and lustful mounds together and turned to the mirror. “Oh, Ken. Would you like to go out stargazing with me?” He batted his lashes and spoke in the irresistibly gentle and pleading voice of a child. Tyler giggled and went back to dressing.

He drew the leggings up his legs slowly, and appeared to thoroughly enjoy the feeling of the light, tight fabric as it began to caress his hairless legs. He leapt into his dress with the enthusiasm of a showgirl popping out of a giant birthday cake and tied his shoes on while again humming his happy tune.

Once he *finally* skipped on out of the room, to go do his hair and face in the bathroom, Jessica jumped out of the closet and took a deep breath. She checked the phone under the pillow, only to find it password-locked. She stuck it in her pocket.

She was going to have to act faster than she planned if she was going to crush her sissy’s hopes of a future and make him realize that his place was at her feet, begging for her mercy. Jessica had a new, clear purpose in her life: Revenge. *They’re all against me, and they’ll live to regret it!*



After days of silently fuming at her so-called friends, reading self-help books and resolving to take charge and move forward, Jessica had come up with a plan. Much to her surprise, she found exactly what she was looking for on the internet. A site called “sissyifyanyone.com” that promised subliminal messages that said it would

“force feminize” any man into a sissy slut. They’d be slaves under hypnotic control. They’d do anything they were commanded to do. They’d obey completely, and lose all free will. All she had to do was download the subliminal messages off their site and get Tyler to listen to them. Plus, it wouldn’t take weeks or months or use any *fucking* boxes. “Results in one listen,” the site claimed, “Guaranteed.”

It was everything Jessica could have hoped for, and best of all? These were even free! She had them all downloaded and ready to go. It would be easy to change out Martin’s BIAB disc for this new MP3 player. All she had to do was play it cool.

She had already picked out the very first task she was going to give Tyler... No... His new name would be Slave. Yes. *Slave*. She liked the sound of that.

“Everything run smoothly?” Martin asked when Jessica returned home.

Jessica’s look of satisfaction on her face made it clear that it had gone smoothly. She put her coat away and slithered up to Martin, who was seated on the couch. “It couldn’t have gone better. Tyler is all ours.” Jessica saw a second glass of wine had been poured and took it, sipping the drink slowly. “He’ll never know what we did to him.”

Martin sipped his wine and leaned in closer to Jessica. “I just hope you never get angry at me, sweets.”

“Now how could I get angry with you?” Jessica said, kissing Martin on the lips. “How was your trip?”

“Just glad to be back,” he replied. “Miss me?”

“You, yes. Not this.” She ran her hands along his face. “You are going to shave though, aren’t you?”

“I wanted to keep the beard.” Martin had returned from his five-week business trip though the southern sales region looking like he had spent it in the Yukon. He had a thick beard that obscured most of his face, and Jessica made no attempt to disguise her hatred of it.

“You’re shaving it,” she said.

“You really don’t like it, do you? If I had known, I’d have never have grown it. What can I do to make it up to you?”

Jessica turned so her back was to him. “A massage will help me get over it.” Martin put down his drink and worked his fingers into Jessica’s shoulders.

“Mmmm,” she said. “Just a little lower.”

“When do you want to get started on Tyler?” Martin asked as he rubbed deeper.

Jessica put her wine glass aside and bent over backwards to look Martin in the eyes. “No time like the present.” She grazed her hand along Martin’s bearded face, tenderly. “I love you,” she said.

“I love you too, darling,” Martin said, snuggling his face next to hers. “Now let’s get this sissy training underway. I can’t wait to have my very own sissy maid.”

“I thought you hated the word ‘sissy.’”

“It’s grown on me.” Martin replied, kissing Jessica on the cheek.

They walked up the stairs, hand in hand, and invited themselves into Tyler's room. He was sitting, cross-legged on his bed, dressing a Barbie doll. He was also listening to his headphones.

"Excuse me?" Tyler said, "Knock much?"

"Never mind that," Jessica said. She grabbed the portable CD player Tyler was listening to and took it away.

"Hey!" Tyler said. "That's mine."

"I have something new for you. Look! An MP3 player!" She tossed a small metal stick with an LCD screen on the bed and plugged Tyler's headphones into them. "This is much better. You'll see." She then pressed play.

It took a moment, but eventually Tyler's head started to bob to the music. "It's okay. It's kinda grungy, but it's okay."

"Good. Feel free to listen to it when you go to sleep tonight," Jessica said. She smirked at Martin, who smiled back. "Sleep tight." As she left, she noticed the Barbie key fob still resting on Tyler's bedside table. She wanted to take it, but it wasn't important for now, and didn't want to start an argument. For the moment, she just wanted the new messages to seep into Tyler's mind.



The next morning, Jessica was up at six o'clock, eager to see how Tyler had been affected overnight. She grabbed a robe and flew on down the hall.

As she opened Tyler's door, Tyler was still sitting cross-legged on the bed, his eyes glazed over and the Barbie doll he was dressing laid forgotten on the floor. Jessica squealed with delight. She picked up the doll and tossed it in the trash.

She then stopped the music. "Can you hear me, Tyler?"

There was no response.

"Can you hear me, Barbie?"

Still no response.

She tried again. "Can you hear me, *Slave*?"

"Yes... Mistress..." Tyler said, slowly.

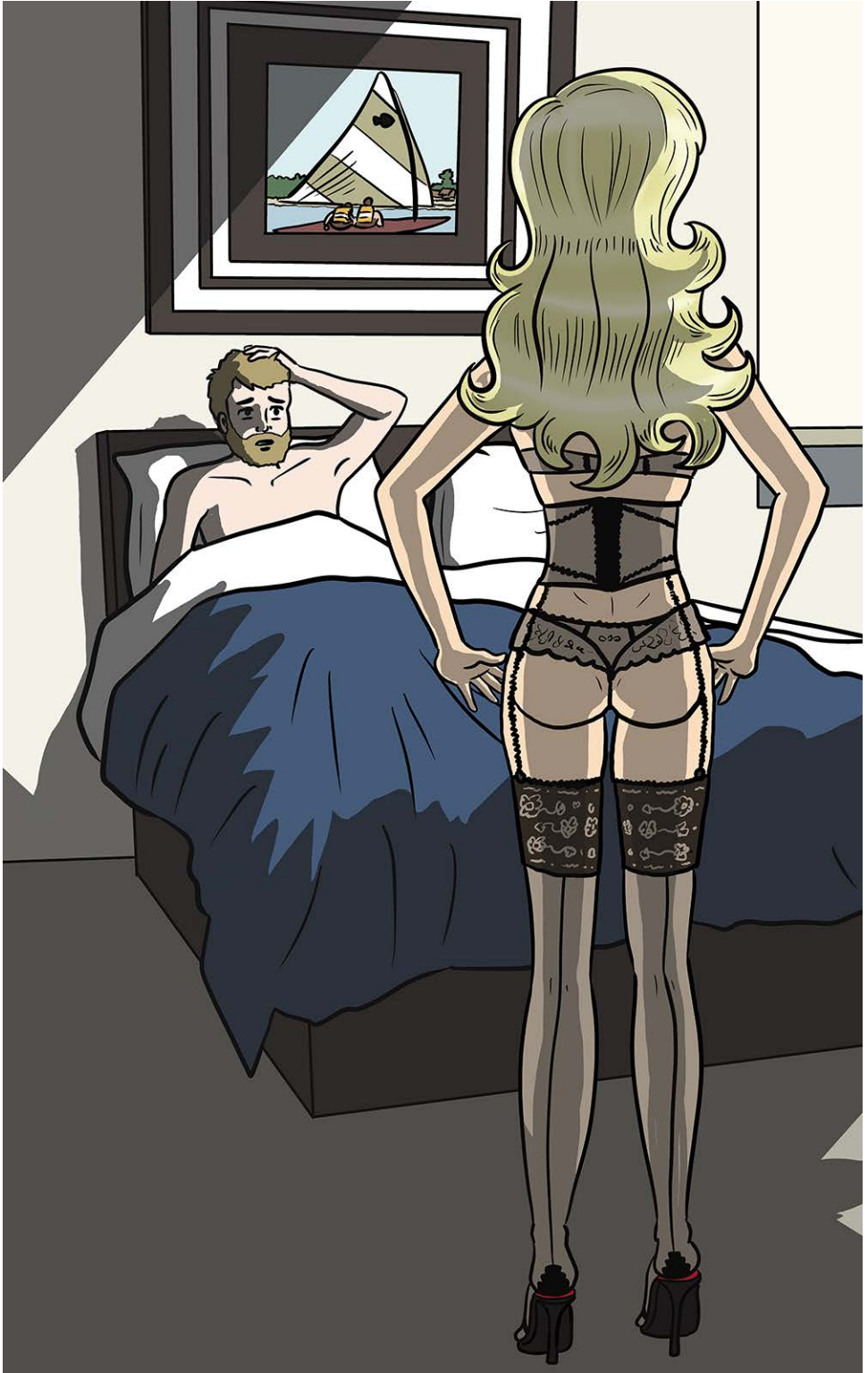
Jessica did a little dance of joy and squealed with delight. "Good. How do you feel, *Slave*?"

"How do you want *Slave* to feel, *Mistress*?"

"Thank you website!" Jessica praised to the sky. "This is amazing!" She collected herself. "I want you to get out of those clothes and dress in a black garter, bra, panties, stockings and pumps. Then your very first task: I want you to wake up Martin by sucking his cock." Martin deserved a little reward for his support, Jessica had decided. Besides, if she got him hooked, he's have even more control over him.

"Yes, *Mistress*," Tyler responded, getting up on his feet. "Forgive *Slave*, but I don't have any of those clothes."

"You'll find them in the hall closet, *Slave*."



“Yes, Mistress.”

“Now get going!” Jessica barked, and slapped Tyler on the butt.

“Right away, Mistress.”

Once she had watched Tyler dress, Jessica practically bounded down the hallway and back into her bedroom. She jumped on the bed, the bounce causing Martin to wake with a start. He looked through the haze of his bleary eyes at an ebullient Jessica. “You’re in a good mood,” he said with a creaky morning voice.

“I have a surprise for you,” she said impishly.

“I take it the MP3 player worked?” Martin asked.

“Mmmmaybe,” Jessica said.

Martin started to get up. “I have to see this.”

“No, stay there. That’s part of the surprise.”

“Mistress?” Tyler said, appearing in the doorway. He was an erotic sledgehammer, with his bare, giant breasts pushed up by the tight bra. His long, slender legs were encased in dark black stockings held up by garters. The five-inch heels forced him to hobble forward, almost on his tip-toes.

“Incredible...” Martin said, his voice trailing off.

“He’s all yours,” Jessica said to her new lover.

Tyler hobbled forward and stopped at the foot of the bed. He cocked his expressionless head to the side, causing his hair to fall on one shoulder. “Do I call you... Master?” He asked in a little-girl voice that would cause every droop of a man’s blood to rush to his groin.

“You may call him Master, Slave,” Jessica said. “I need to take a shower, so I’ll leave you two alone.” She headed for the bathroom.

Tyler crawled onto the mattress and pulled the bedsheets off of Martin’s body. “Mistress instructed me to service your cock, Master.” He bent over, causing his heavy boobs to drop. He looked up at Martin, her mouth already forming in an ‘O’ shape. “Do you want me to swallow, Master?” She asked.



Jessica took her time showering, and pleasuring herself in the process. Visions of the helpless little sissy bobbing up and down on Martin’s dick thrilled her beyond orgasm. Maybe she should have stayed to watch, but she would have plenty of opportunities for that in the future.

She imagined that the part of Tyler’s mind that must have still been inside him was wallowing in humiliation. Behind that vapid, expressionless face, she knew he was there, watching with eyes he could no longer control.

Plus, this was just the first day! She had many more messages ready to go. She especially liked the ones that would actually remove a certain level of obedience from Tyler’s mind and let him fight the crushing need to obey before submitting to her whims. Oh, it was delicious.

Jessica combed her wet hair back and wrapped a terrycloth robe around her body, and returned to the bedroom. Martin was alone, laying on his back. “How did he do?” She asked.

Martin gave a thumbs up without raising his head. “His mother must have been a Hoover.” He propped himself up on his elbows. “He’s making breakfast. Go down when you’re ready.”

“Go down?”

“Ha ha,” Martin retorted. “Go eat your breakfast.”

“You promised to shave,” she reminded him.

“I will. I just need to get some razors. Promise.”

Jessica truly believed that the food she was eating this morning was the most wonderful tasting ambrosia she’d ever had. Why? Because it was made by Slave. *Her* slave. When Martin showered and joined her, Jessica laid out the plans for the day.

“So I found this great fetish wear place in a mini mall on the other side of town. They have this great selection of rubber wear and PVC that would look fantastic on Slave,” she said.

“Is that what we’re going to call him? ‘Slave?’” Martin asked.

“Yes. Why waste an actual name on it?”

“Fine. I have an appointment downtown in an hour, but I’ll be back by lunch time.”

“Great. I’ll have Slave make us some sandwiches.”

Martin nodded agreement. “Sounds good.” He got up, having finished and walked past Slave, pinching its’ butt as he walked by. Slave gasped and flinched, but otherwise remained dedicated to its’ task of cleaning dishes.



The morning went quickly for Jessica as she trained Slave on the “proper” way to do his chores. It was to scrub the kitchen floor with a toothbrush, and get it clean enough to eat on. “Because you never know when I’m going to make you eat like a dog,” she explained.

Jessica taught Slave how to vacuum the carpet, and that it must wear high heels and nothing else. She showed how the sheets needed to be changed every day, because she was getting screwed every night by Martin – a *real* man – and there were always going to be stains left behind.

She instructed Slave on how the mail arrived out at the mailbox each day at a little past eleven, and that it must not have anything more than a bra and panties on when fetching it. No shoes, even. Be careful of those pebbles in the cement!

Finally, noon came and it was time for Slave to make lunch, which it did efficiently, making a variety of different sandwiches with the crusts removed and cut into neat triangles. It arranged them on a platter, and provided a bowl of potato

chips beside it. As it did, the sound of Martin's car pulling into the driveway could just be heard outside.

"May Slave be excused to use the facilities?" Slave asked.

Jessica motioned a 'shoo' gesture with the back of her hand, and Slave departed, it's flaxen golden hair bouncing against it's perky round ass.

With Jessica admiring Slave's handiwork in the kitchen, she heard the front door open and shut. "Martin, honey? Is that you?"

"Is lunch ready?" He asked from the front room.

"You should see it. It's like living in a country club."

"Actually, I wanted to show you something myself," Martin replied. He walked into the kitchen, grinning like an idiot. "Ta Da!" He sang.

"You colored your hair?" Jessica said, confused. "Blond? What the hell, Martin?"

"Kind of a sun-kissed blond," Martin said, running his hands through his new hair.

"You look like a Ken doll," Jessica flippantly remarked. A chill then ran through her, as she realized what she had just said. *Ken*. So many things flew through her mind as puzzle pieces started to come together for her.

"I think Slave made too many," Martin said. "There's no way the two of us can eat all that."

Jessica was frozen still, paralyzed with icy fear.

"Well I did let Slave know I was bringing friends," Martin said, as Fiona and Shannon entered into the room. "They'll eat some."

"Fiona? Shannon?" Jessica exclaimed. "Why... Why are you here?"

"To help, Jess," Shannon said. She stepped forward and grabbed Jessica by the arm. Fiona also came forward and grabbed Jess by the other arm.

Before she could even think to fight back, she looked at her two old friends, who had become even more beautiful than last time she had seen them. The oddity of it caused her to hesitate, and then she started to twist her arms to try and get out of the hold. "Slave! Where are you!" She yelled, hoping for help.

"Right behind you," Slave said, before a foul-smelling cloth covered Jessica's nose and mouth. Then she started to black out, the world becoming hazy and unfocused.

Jessica struggled, but had no way to stop what was happening to her. She felt like she was about to fall unconscious, but not before she saw Martin peel off his thick beard, revealing it to be just a costume disguise to conceal his face. Jessica realized his business trip was some sort of lie. Because he, too, had had surgery, and he looked... The woozy feeling in her head made it feel like a dream, it had to be a dream. Martin looked like... She knew that Martin wouldn't have done that to himself... It all had to be a dream.

It was getting hard to keep her wits, and as Jessica lost her battle to stay awake, the last thing she remembered seeing was Slave holding that big pink Barbie key fob and smiling her broad, trademark smile.

"Can I take the sock out of my panties now?" Slave asked.

"Sure, Barbie. We don't need to fool anyone anymore."

“Great!” She pulled a wadded up sock from the front of her panties and tossed it aside, showing a flat front. It had been that way ever since the big surgery, but she had concealed the truth from Jessica. “Now I’m anatomically correct!”



The next thing Jessica remembered was seeing Martin insert that same Barbie key into a doorknob, opening the door. She couldn’t feel much, but she knew she was being carried inside a house somewhere. How long had she been unconscious? It felt like hours. She was set down on a chair in the middle of a large, opulent room with pink drapes, magenta walls and mauve furniture.

“It’s beautiful!” Fiona exclaimed spinning slowly around, enraptured with the place.

“It’s just like I dreamed!” Shannon said.

Barbie walked in between the two of them. She bubbled with even more enthusiasm. “That’s why they call it the dream house, I guess!” She no longer wore the degrading ensemble that Jessica had put her into. Now, it was just a simple pink outfit with silver lame at the ruffled hem of her skirt. The life and emotion had returned to her face and she beamed like a beacon of virtue. It was as if this morning had never happened.

“Wwhrr...” Jessica managed to say from her unresponsive lips.

Barbie – and it was fair to call this person by that name, and well beyond reason to refer to Barbie as a ‘he’ – looked in Jessica’s direction and a frown came to her face. Not a frown of anger, nor as a sign of resentment. It was a frown a mother might have for a child, one of internal uncertainty, not knowing if she had an answer for the problem before her.

“Jessie,” Barbie said, crouching down to get eye level with Jessica. “I’m so sorry, Jessie. I don’t know what I could have ever done... To make you hate me like that.”

Barbie leaned in closer. “Jessie? I mean – I’m sorry – *Jessica*? Do you understand me?”

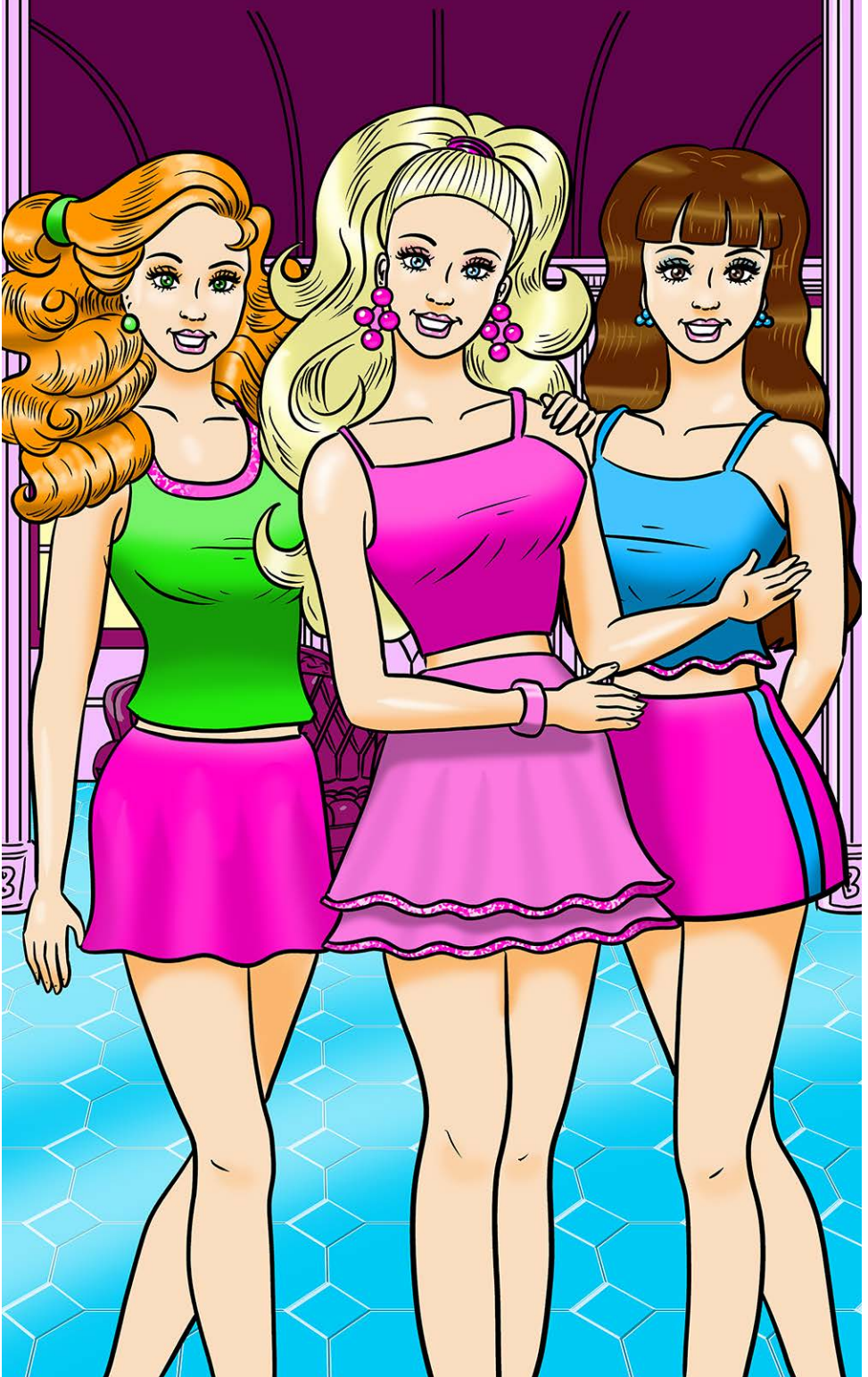
“No,” Jessica said, fairly clearly. “I don’t unnersand annythin.”

Barbie became a little misty-eyed. “I wanted to give you a chance, Jessica. I know you’re not bad. I know it!” Her tone of voice lost it’s soothing touch and became anguished. “When Ken told me that you were trying to make me into a... a... *sissy*! I almost didn’t believe him!”

“I wanted to give you another chance, so Ken and I... We played a little trick... We kinda fooled you into thinking you had made me into a slave. We pretended. But I honestly didn’t think you could go through with it, Jessica!” Barbie’s mood turned sour. “Then you did. You tried to make me a sissy slave.”

“That was a horrible thing to do!” yelled Fiona.

“And then you wanted more. You wanted to make me into... Oh, I can’t even say it!” Barbie turned away, covering her face with her hands in shame. She then looked up, and cried “Ken!” as she ran into his arms.



Jessica followed with her eyes, and saw that Barbie had gone to Martin for comfort. Or, as was clear to Jessica now, he was Ken. He hugged Barbie close, and she looked up into his eyes for comfort. "It's okay, Barbie," he said, softly.

"Martin?" Jessica said. "You're..."

Martin must have undergone the very same surgery that everyone else had, only his made him look like the classic Ken doll, with a blend of features that were both handsome and soft. He no longer resembled Martin much at all. Jessica was shocked that his fake beard had been so effective in disguising him.

"You have to understand, Jessica," He said. "She's so beautiful. So pure. So much more than I ever thought a girl could be." He turned to face Jessica, and Barbie stood behind him, holding his hand. "We've been seeing each other for a few months now, and if you haven't figured it out, I was 'Kevin.' Once I knew I was falling in love, I had to do everything I could to be with Barbie. If that meant becoming Ken, then... It was something I was going to do."

He struggled with the words as he paused. "What was between you and me was comfort and companionship. We shared a lot, but it was mostly about work. It was about not being alone. It's not like that for me anymore."



Shannon came forward. "It's not like that for *any* of us anymore!" She said, bubbly and peppy. "It's just a whole big world of possibilities! Now that we're a part of this, every day is better than the last, because every day is different!"

"Barbie!" A voice called from the doorway. In a flash, Barbie was bear-hugged by a flurry of blond and lavender. "I love this house! Is it ours?"

"Yes, Skipper, it is. It's our new home," Barbie said with delight.

"Wow!" Skipper said.

Jessica saw the thirteen year old girl called Skipper clearly. There was little doubt in her mind that it was Oliver. It was nearly impossible to tell, as whatever surgery he had undergone had not only turned back the years to make him appear to be Barbie's little sister, but it made him look exactly like a younger, shorter version of Barbie herself. How they had made him shorter, she didn't know, but understood that accounted for the wheelchair. Oliver was now Barbie's little sister in every way.

Skipper saw Jessica in the chair. "Oh, Ms Pedalsky's here." Skipper



whispered to Barbie.

"I know," Barbie whispered back. "It's okay. She won't hurt anybody."

"Oh." Then, Skipper's emotions turned bubbly and cheery again. "What do you think of my new outfit, Barbie?" Skipper posed to show off her skirt and shirt ensemble.

Barbie was gushing with praise. "You look great, Skipper!"

"I'm going to be as pretty as you someday, Barbie!"

"You're already pretty, little sister!" Barbie said, with a proud smile. "Why don't you go upstairs and take a look at your room!"

Skipper started bouncing up and down with excitement. "Which one is it?"

"Second floor, first door on the left," Barbie said. "Your name is already on it." Skipper was off like a shot.

As confused as she was, Jessica's attention returned to Barbie. "How did you break from my slave programming...?"

Barbie just covered her mouth with the tippy tips of her fingers as she giggled.

"The MP3 files you downloaded were garbage," Ken said. "They didn't do anything. It was all an act. Barbie and I decided to pretend to see what would happen if you thought you'd controlled her. That way we'd know your true intentions. You really let us down, Jessie."

Jessica had so many questions. "Barbie-in-a-Box...?"

"They're amazing. We're all so happy now, thanks to them," Ken continued. "Best decision I ever made! I delivered the last few boxes myself."

So that's how it was happening, Jessica realized. *Martin was in on it, this whole time?* "You became... Living dolls...!" Jessica slurred.

"We're perfect now!" Ken answered. "Being Ken is so... Awesome!"

"Why?" Jessica asked. "How could you? You mutilated yourselves to become like a toy!"

Barbie stepped forward, alongside Ken. "*Like a toy? We are toys!*"

"That's what's so wonderful!" Ken added. "Being a toy is throwing all your worries away! We live a carefree life, no job, no need for money..."

"There's *always* a need for money!" Jessica interrupted.

Barbie laughed. "No, see, the people who run this place pay for everything! We just live here and play with our guests!" Barbie squeeze her boyfriend harder, like an oversized stuffed animal. "Very wealthy people pay to have their kids hang out with us here in the dream house! We also have fans come through on a tour and watch us! That pays for everything!"

"They get to live inside the world of Barbie! For real!" Fiona added.

"You're like zoo animals! This is a prison!" Jessica said.

"We can go out!" Barbie said. "We can go anywhere we want, just as long as it's inside the fence."

Jessica was finding that ire and anger that she fueled so much of her life on. “You agreed to this? You’re insane! This is slavery! They’ll turn us all into toys for their amusement!”

Ken laughed. “No! See, the Barbie-in-a-Box people don’t want a city crawling with Barbies, so they offer different roles. We already had a Barbie, and I was a natural for Ken. Oliver actually begged to be Skipper, and Fiona...”

Fiona interrupted. “No one calls me that anymore. I’m Summer. Barbie’s active, extreme sports friend, Summer.”

“And I’m Teresa. Barbie’s chic, stylin’ friend, Teresa,” Shannon added. They hugged each other, and it was clear that not only were Barbie, Teresa and Summer all built the same way, but they all wore similar outfits, just in different colors and slightly different styles. “I love being Barbie’s friend!” She declared with a perfect smile.

“Me too!” Summer said, with the same grin.

“Come on, Jessica. I have a nice, comfy bed for you to rest in,” Barbie said, grabbing her by the arm. Jessica was too numb to fight it. She led her to an open elevator, and they slowly rose up floor by floor.

Skipper waved as they passed by. “Hi Barbie!” She said, still jumping up and down. “My room is so awesome!”

“It’s *super* awesome!” Barbie called back. “Everything is super awesome!”

“You’re all going to live here?” Jessica asked.

“It’s all taken care of. We girls will live here in the dream house.”

Jessica couldn’t believe what she was seeing. The house was a virtual duplicate of the Barbie playhouses she had as a child. The furniture was all plastic, the walls were plastic, and even this pink elevator was plastic. It was even as if they were all shrunk and put inside a dollhouse.

On the next floor, the elevator stopped and Barbie opened the hinged door, leading Jessica to a room. It was decorated in bright colors, and it had already been furnished. “Have a seat on the bed,” Barbie said, patting the mattress.

“Now that it’s just you and me, Jessica, I wanted to tell you something.” She walked over to a desk and picked something up. “Everyone really, really hates you for what you did. No one likes being lied to. No one wants to be a slave. You were pretty mean to all of us.”

“But I know you’re not bad, Jessica. You’re just a little lost.” Barbie put a pink box on the bed. It was marked ‘Box #10.’ She then took a pair of earphones and a CD player from inside and placed them on the bed. “If you ever believed anything I ever said, gosh, I hope you believe me now.”

“You’re not real. You’re just a mindless toy.”

“Join us, Jessica. It’s so wonderful. You can’t believe how it feels. Every moment is better than before. The colors are brighter, the world is more vibrant, sound is crisper, you’ve never been more alive!”

“You’ve all given your souls away,” Jessica said. “Are you even human anymore?”

“I’m Barbie!”

“What does that mean?”

“We’re young, happy and we’ll never get old!”

“What have you *become*?” Jessica looked at Barbie closely, examining her. Her body, face and skin was flawless. Eerily flawless. “Your skin. Your hair. It’s plastic, isn’t it?”

“I’ll always look like this. I’ll always be beautiful.”

Jessica impulsively slapped Barbie across the face with an open palm, sending a loud crack through the air. Barbie’s head turned with the force of the blow, but slowly returned, Barbie’s smiling expression never faltering.

“Can you feel it?”

Jessica slapped again.

“Can you feel anything?”

Jessica slapped again.

“You’re not real!”

Barbie intercepted Jessica’s next attempt to hit her. “We’re never lonely, we’re never sad, we’re pretty and we love each other.” She blinked, and Jessica noted that it was the first time she could remember her blinking from the very moment they arrived here. “We have to do what we need to do to be happy, Jessica.”

“You do remember who you used to be, right?”

“Why do you have so many questions? You need to chill out and relax, Barbie-style! Soon, I won’t even know what it was like to worry about anything. I’ve forgotten *so much!*”

“Forgotten?”

“It’s all slipping away, Jessie. All the pain, all the hurt. It’s going to all be gone, soon.” Barbie put her hand on Jessica’s. “Now I’m surrounded by friends and family. Life is so, you know, *fun!*”

“You can’t make me.”

“No one is making you.”

Jessica looked at the headphones with a dead expression. She then looked at Barbie’s smiling, happy face. She looked down at her hands in her lap. “Will I be your friend, Barbie?”

“Yes, Jessica. Forever.”

“Can I live here with you?”

“This is your room.”

“Will I remember who I used to be?”

“If you want to, I don’t think you *will* want to, though.”

“Can I...”

“Shh,” Barbie said. She put the headphones on Jessica’s head for her. “This will make all your questions go away, Jessica. It makes everything so simple. Just press the play button.”

“No,” Jessica said, tearing them off her head.



“Take your time. There’s no rush.” With that, Barbie got up and left the room, only looking back to see Jessica sitting silently and motionlessly.

“By the time you get Barbie-in-a-Box #10, your worries will be over!” Jessica remembered it said on the website, the very first time she visited it.

BOX #10

The days were warm and perfect, as it always was at the Barbie dream house. It could be summer or winter. It didn't really matter, it was always the same. Any time of year, one could see the beautiful girls who lived there, prancing along the poolside, giggling and cavorting in bikinis.

The girls all lived happily in a tall house right next to the beach. It was like a miniature mansion, with a tennis court and pool. It even had a jacuzzi, horse stables and a spa. The bottom floor had a living room, family room, kitchen, and a grand ballroom for formal dances the girls were fond of throwing. Although, sometimes they would use it to perform a small concert and *totally* rock out. The second floor had rooms for all the girls, each so similar, but in different themes to match their unique personalities. The very top floor had the pink penthouse for the blond-haired sweetheart all the girls looked up to.

Days passed at a breezy pace. The girls always went to bed with memories of the day they had just had, and dreams of what would come tomorrow. Every day would be a new adventure. They fell in love over and over again, played games, danced, exercised and laughed endlessly with each other. They believed it was real, the emotions they felt, as was the friendship between them, even if it didn't appear to be all that deep.

They did many things with their days, from working at the animal shelter, to serving in an archeology dig, to being a nursing assistant, to horse trainer, to even running as a race car driver. There were so many things to do, and so many things to explore. But it was almost as if whatever the first outfit they found in the closet each morning defined what they would do for the day, more so than a conscious decision, and what a closet they had. Stuffed with hundreds of outfits, the girls were never at a loss for what to wear. It seemed that every day a new outfit would magically appear in their closets, and it was always their new favorite. Clothes were a happy constant obsession with the girls, loving to shop the empty automated stores for more, and never ran out of space.

The stores, the shops, the restaurants and everywhere they went were all automated. Sometimes a maintenance worker would be spotted fixing something, but otherwise there weren't any others around. That is, except for their guests who stayed with them and those that took the tram tour. The girls rarely, if ever, thought anything about it.

On another beautiful day, a young man with sun-kissed blond hair, wearing shorts and a sporty athletic shirt pulled up to the house in his pearlescent blue Miata convertible. He perched his sunglasses in his hair.

"Hiya Barbie!" Ken said.

"Hi Ken!" The young lady standing there replied.

"You wanna go for a ride?"

"Sure Ken!"

"Well, jump in!" Ken said.

Barbie giggled as she bounced into the passenger seat, ready to go wherever Ken wanted to go. Her plastic hair and silicone skin shone in the sunlight, and her rayon clothes glimmered. She put on a pair of plastic sunglasses and turned the radio to the lite rock station.

As the car sped along the road at 55 miles per hour, Barbie smiled at Ken. He smiled back. They couldn't help but smile. It was almost impossible not to. They never tried to do anything else but smile.

The car pulled up at Barbie's house again, after a short drive that took them around the edges of the Barbie Dream House theme park and right back home again in less than five minutes.

"That was fun, Barbie!" Ken said enthusiastically. "Let's go party!"

"Let's have a pizza party!" Barbie replied, getting out of the car.

Ken got out, too. "Great idea, Barbie!"

They opened the white plastic door of the house, where Barbie's friends were waiting inside. Her little sister Skipper was there. With her was Summer, her sporty friend, Teresa her hip, chic friend, and new friend Nikki, her sassy black friend.

"Great to see you, Nikki!" Barbie said.

"I love being here with my friends!" Nikki replied. "I love your hair, Barbie! Totes jelly!"

"Thanks, Nikki!"

"Hi Barbie!" the rest said said.

"Let's have a pizza party!" Barbie replied.

"Great idea, Barbie!" the friends said.

"You go, girl!" Nikki added.

A big pepperoni pizza was brought out from the kitchen, already prepared, and they all grabbed a slice.

"I'm having so much fun!" Barbie said.

"Well, Barbie, we're just getting started," Ken replied.

Barbie giggled. "I love you, Ken!"

The End



Titles by Sick Puppy Press

Sick Puppy Comics

Making Friends

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Three college students sign up for a six-month isolation experiment. Things start to get a little strange, and they begin to lose their masculinity day by day. Yet, they don't seem to even notice... Full Color Comic Book / 38 pages

The Pet Sitter

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

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

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 headlong 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

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

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

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

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 kinkyrocket.
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

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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