

TG Valentine's Day STORY BUNDLE



COURTNEY CAPTISA & CLAIRE BEAR

Contents

[Title Page](#)

[Copyright](#)

[Hand Me a Valentine](#)

[Sissy Secret Admirer](#)

[Channeling](#)

[A Valentine Favor](#)

[Thank You!](#)

TG Valentine's Day Story Bundle

Written by Courtney Captisa & Claire Bear

Edited by Sally Bend

—

In Your Dreams Publishing

© 2019 C. Captisa, In Your Dreams Publishing

All photos used were purchased via a stock image site such as Shutterstock.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in or introduced into a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means (electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise), without the prior written permission of the copyright owner. All characters and situations are fictional. For fans of gender transformation fiction only.



Andy rummaged through the pile of clothes his mother, Jess, had left on his bed. All of it secondhand, with some even having a little damage. Money had been tight the past few weeks, with his Mom barely just making enough to pay the bills as a single parent with two young children.

Andy and Aimee were a typical brother and sister dynamic, with both hating each other's guts. It hadn't always been that way. They actually used to be inseparable, playing together from morning till night. Eventually, however, Andy realized the girly games they played weren't right for him, not to mention his resentment at her for being bigger than him.

At thirteen years old he was the smallest in his year, still waiting on his growth spurt, though each month that passed made it seem more and more impossible. His younger sister, however, seemed to have hers early, shooting up past him, despite being a few years younger, something she endlessly teased him about.

*****ebook converter DEMO Watermarks*****

Throwing a pair of jeans to the side, Andy just sighed. He'd hoped to be getting new clothes like his sister, but he realized he'd have to make do. "It all seems fine Mom!" He called out, opening his bedroom door.

"Have you tried it all on yet?" She responded, standing at the foot of the stairs.

"Ugh, I have to try it all on as well!?"

"Of course you do. We have to make sure it fits, Hun," she said before waving her hand and getting back to making dinner.

"What's up, need a hand little bro?" Came a familiar, and mischievous, voice.

"No, and don't call me little!" Andy snapped back at his sister, his buttons easily pushed.

Puberty had not been Andy's best friend, and the teasing from his sister was a constant reminder.

"Haha, don't worry. The stuff looks good on you," Aimee said going back to her room. "I'll see if I can find more things for you."

"What?" he asked.

Aimee laughed as she went back to her bedroom, loudly speculating on what he would look like in a dress or that tutu she got with a princess costume last Halloween.

Nightmare thoughts ran through his head as he went to his mom.

"Mom, where did this stuff come from?"

"Oh... just some extra stuff."

*****ebook converter DEMO Watermarks*****

“Yeah, but from where,” he said.

“Andy, times are rough right now, and we have to save every penny we have. That means reusing some things.”

“Are these Aimee’s jeans?!”

“Yes... but they are unisex,” said his Mom.

“Mom! I’m not wearing my little sister’s clothes! Why couldn’t you just go to that poor person shop down the street?!” he asked angrily, taking off the jeans, despite being in boxers in front of his mom.

“Andy... this isn’t what I want to hear right now!”

“Screw this!”

“You need new clothes. Why are you being selfish?”

“NEW clothes. Not Aimee’s. That’s sick. No guy my age wants to wear his little sister’s clothes!”

“I read the recommendation online,” she said.

"I don't care what some weirdo says online, there's no way I'm wearing this stuff!" Andy said, kicking the jeans across the room.

"Andrew! Don't you dare act up. You know how hard money has been recently. Wearing a pair of jeans is really not that hard."

"Girls’ jeans!" Andy said, with his arms crossed defiantly.

"Jeans are jeans, there's hardly a difference. You can't walk around in just your boxers, and barely any of your old clothes fit." She explained bluntly, not letting him get away with his little tantrum.

*****ebook converter DEMO Watermarks*****

"This is unfair. How come Aimee got new clothes!?"

"Because if I had gotten you clothes, she wouldn't have any. This way she gets clothes and you get her old ones. No more complaints young man!" Jess said, raising her voice a little now with a pointed finger down at her son.

"You can't make me dress up like some stupid girl! I'm a guy, dammit!" Andrew retorted, not backing down, even if the chill up his spine warned him he should have.

Thankfully there was no outburst from his mother, as she just calmly nodded before walking past him, "Then I guess I'll just have to take away your games..."

Eyes wide open, Andrew realized she was serious, the worst thing that could happen, even worse than girls' jeans. He spent almost every hour at home playing his console online. He'd have nothing to do.

"Wait, mom, no. Not that. Please! Fine, I'll wear the stupid jeans!" Grabbing them off the floor, he stepped one foot hastily into them.

Pausing at the stairs, she looked back at her son before frowning, "And after that little outburst you expect to go unpunished? No chance, Mister. Aimee, get down here!"

Obviously listening to the whole exchange from upstairs, his younger sister was eager to almost jump down the whole flight of stairs, looking over at her brother, tongue poked out.

"For tonight you can pick what hand me downs he gets and wears while I make dinner. Andy, you do everything your sister says, or so help me I'll sell your T.V!"

Aimee got there just in time to hear the conversation. "Yes!" she yelled. "You mean everything?!"

*****ebook converter DEMO Watermarks*****

Their mom smiled, but then realized how much of a little devil her daughter could be. “Just with dressing. Maybe wearing something else of your sister’s will make you appreciate women more and rid yourself of this toxic masculinity!”

“Mom!” Andy begged once more.

“Just do it...” she said, walking away. Andy was left with no choice. Give up video games or be tormented by his little sister for the next hour? Surely she couldn’t be that mean.

“Are you sure you weren’t born a girl?” Aimee teased at the sight of Andy wearing a pink girly shirt with Tinkerbell on it, along with denim shorts. The fact that her older brother could fit into these clothes was surprising, but not the fact that he was completely flat in front, thanks to a small penis.

“That’s enough,” he said, looking at his sissy self in the mirror.

“Oh, MAKEUP!” she yelled, jumping off her bed and rushing towards her small makeup kit on her dresser.

“NO!” he yelled, leaving the room wearing her stuff.

Their mom heard the commotion and stopped him at the door. “Don’t you look pretty,” she said.

The next day at school, Andy was expecting jeers and whispers the moment he stepped foot off the bus. However, he soon realized that no one even looked his way. Far too preoccupied with themselves as they all rushed into the building like ants into a hill.

Thankful, for once, to be completely anonymous, Andy slipped into the
*****ebook converter DEMO Watermarks*****

crowd wearing his sister's old jeans and hoody, thankful neither was feminine. Both blue and fairly unisex, he made his way to class, chucking his bag under the desk before collapsing in his seat.

The day continued much like this for a little while before he tried to catch up on some sleep during class and felt an arm tugging his sleeve. Jerking around, suspecting one of his buddies of pranking him, he was surprised to see Natasha, one of the more popular girls in his year, smiling down at him.

"Hey, Andi, right?" She asked, though knew full well, since they'd been in the same class for a year.

"Y...Yeah? Do you need a pen or something?" The shy boy responded.

"No, nothing like that. I just noticed your hoody and jeans. I've got the exact same pair at home!" Her smile remained, but something in her eyes made Andy swallow hard.

"Ummm, Okay?"

"And they're both from the girls' section, so I was just wondering. You're a sissy right?" She asked bluntly, her voice drowned out by the rest of the class, thankfully.

"No way! I just have to wear my sister's hand-me-downs for a few weeks, nothing major..." Andy protested, jumping upright in his seat, looking over at the clock on the wall for the end of class. Just two minutes.

"Oh, that's a good one. I think I read a story like that once, haha. So, are you wearing panties as well? And a bra!?" She pushed, sliding over in her seat.

She kept barraging him with questions till eventually he just tried to ignore her as best he could. Her giggling behind him made Andy shiver until, finally, he was saved by the bell. Grabbing his bag, he sprinted out of the room.

*****ebook converter DEMO Watermarks*****

Meanwhile, across the town at the middle school...

“He is the cutest!” giggled Courtney, placing her hand over her mouthful of braces, and then biting into a square slice of pizza.

“I almost forced him to wear my panties!” said Aimee.

“EWWWW!!!!” the entire lunch table of girls erupted.

Once Megan stopped hyperventilating from laughter, she opened her cell phone screen. “Please send me those pictures... I’ve got to send them to my sister.”

Andy walked by a group of varsity cheerleaders in the hallway who were, for once, looking at him.

“Hey, I think that’s him.”

“Is your name Andi or something?” asked one girl with a resting bitch face.

“Yeah...” he said nervously.

“You should come to try-outs for JV later.”

“What does that mean?”

“It means you may like cheerleading!” said one of the four girls.

“No, I meant what does JV mean....” He said, knowing the team had male cheerleaders as well.

In the next class, Andy noticed a few other girls looking at their phones and giggling. One of them came up to him right before class began. "Don't worry, we aren't laughing at you, just with you."

"What are you talking about?"

"You agreeing to play dress-up with your little sister last night!" she said, pulling out her phone. The picture of him wearing Aimee's white communion dress caused his penis, which was already small enough, to shrivel to about the size of an enlarged female part.

All the girls giggled at his reaction, almost circling their prey in the hallway before Andy felt a hand grab his upper arm and easily pull him away. Unable to stop the mysterious arm, and keen to get away from the pack of teenage girls, Andy followed it into the guys' toilets.

"T...Thanks?"

"No worries. Can't stand bullies. Especially those girls." The taller boy responded. Andy didn't know his name but had seen him play for the year above's basketball team.

"Yeah, they were...relentless..." Andy admitted, a little embarrassed to be bullied by girls.

"Bullying is one thing, but bullying a trans kid is even worse," the boy said, shaking his head. "I'm Mark, by the way." He extended his hand to shake Andy's.

"Ummm, I'm Andy, but you know, I'm not..." The older boy cut him off before he could finish.

"I've got a cousin who is trans, so it really gets to me. You looked cute in your pics, though. You should wear a dress more often!" He said smiling, not cruelly, but with sincerity.

Andy was just about ready to burn a hole in the ground from the amount of blushing his cheeks were doing. "Thanks..." Was all he could mutter out in the end.

"Well, here's my number. Tell me if you need a hand or anything. Oh, and there's this Valentine's dance thing coming up, we should go!" Andy took the small slip of paper, blinking stupidly as Mark left, leaving him alone and reeling.

Did he just get asked out by a boy?

Who thinks he's trans?

And he didn't say no!

Explaining the whole story to his Mother and Sister over dinner that evening was almost as bad as the actual event. Jess scolded Aimee for showing her friends the pictures and took her phone away for the night, but it was a small victory.

A victory short-lived, however, as he was now her only form of entertainment, "You know...I have a cute party dress you can borrow for your date!"

Andy almost spat out his drink as he shook his head, "Are you crazy!? I'm not going!"

"Andy, lower your voice. Besides, this boy seems nice." His mom said with a soft smile.

"Not you too!?"

One month later...

Mark's mom stood next to him at the front door. Next to them stood Andy's mom and Aimee, who was taking video with her cellphone as Andi

*****ebook converter DEMO Watermarks*****

came down the stairs in HER Valentine's dance dress. The short dress showed off her shaved legs and the sleeveless bodice showcased her delicate arms. Puberty was being delayed once again thanks to the hormone subscription.

Her short hair had been styled in a short bob with a flower on the side of it, and her newly pierced ears had small studs in them. After practicing dressing in female clothes, she wasn't nervous about wearing a dress like this, but more nervous that she was going to the dance with a boy. Not that it would be a surprise. Word had blown up around school that "Andi" was going to make her major debut and was going with Mark.

"You look like a princess!" said Mark's mom, who was open about her son wanting to go to the dance with a sissy.

Andi blushed, being more comfortable now with wearing his sister's hand me downs... and even starting to like it.

The End



*****ebook converter DEMO Watermarks*****

Day 1

The elevator stopped on the seventh floor of the Skillful Angel Marketing firm as Bruce took another sip of coffee. Entering the level, he walked past the various cubicles of two people he generally viewed as lowly employees, neither of whom turned their attention to him or bothered to say hello or good morning. At 38-years-old, he had worked his way up to a mid-level manager position with dreams of taking a senior management role once Mr. Santos retired or one of the higher-ups left. The public relations firm had many high-end clients in the city. Bruce's job primarily revolved around managing marketing and consulting plans, which were passed onto employees on the same floor of him.

He had to give credit to Human Resources for their recent hiring of hot, young females, many of whom probably had previous career ambitions of being models. Overhearing some of their conversations in the past, he assumed some had belonged to sororities in college before graduating in recent months or years. These were the ladies who worked under his supervision. He viewed them mostly as nothing more than assistants, even though most were forward thinking and ambitious in the workplace.

"Good morning, Bruce," said Shelia as she caught up to Bruce's walking pace. Although it was his first greeting of the day, Bruce did not think of it as sincere. Shelia was another manager in the division, although still below him. The last few weeks had been extremely busy because of a long-time client, The Hossberry Group, revamping the websites of their hotel properties and working on a new marketing plan for product packages. "Here is the itinerary for the day. McKenzie said she should have the survey numbers ready for the one-o'clock today. How is the team coming on the website descriptions?" she asked.

Bruce kept his attention on walking towards his office as Shelia continued walking with him on his left side. She was the naturally pretty type, but not the kind that Bruce preferred. Bruce's ex-wife was nearly trophy wife material; the pretty blonde ex-cheerleader with perfect breasts. Shelia had

*****ebook converter DEMO Watermarks*****

chestnut hair with dark undertones. Her smaller breasts looked great on her slim body, but she lacked the type of curves that Bruce's ex, Hannah, possessed, especially in the butt department. Shelia had never been the type to dress sexy around the office, not that it was the appropriate place for such fashion to begin with.

They bantered as Bruce opened the door to his office, unhappy that he was being bombarded with questions as soon as he walked into the office. The office was nothing fancy, but a major step up from the cubicles that graced the main section of the office level. Old school filing cabinets and a few awards on the walls were about the only decorations, unless you count the office chair, desk, and two chairs for people to sit down when meeting with him. The only personal thing in the room was a tri-fold picture frame that had pictures of Bruce's truck and a few fishing photos. The photo of his ex-wife was long been gone. One thing in the room that stood out this morning was the giant gift basket on his desk.

He ignored Shelia's rambling about work and fixated on the white wicker basket. He interrupted her with a surprised, but somewhat concerned voice. "What is this?"

Shelia paused, and smiled, "Oh! The courier delivered it here about twenty minutes ago."

Bruce walked around the desk and put his hand on the side of the basket to turn it around. It seemed to be a gift basket full of goodies. There were chocolate bars, peanuts, fresh fruit, gum, candy, and even a package of energy drinks. "This is certainly a surprise," he said with a happier tone.

"At least one of us is getting gifts around here!" said Shelia, slightly jealous of Bruce's present.

He eyed her with a smirk, then turned his attention to the small card attached to the handle of the basket.

"Who is it from?" asked Shelia, who was curious about the basket of gifts
*****ebook converter DEMO Watermarks*****

herself.

The small card had hardly anything written on it, to Bruce's disappointment, but he read it out loud:

"Enjoy! From: Your Secret Admirer"

Shelia gave a slight frown. Someone actually had the hots for this douche bag? "You have a secret admirer?"

Bruce's dating life had been somewhat awkward, yet fun, after the divorce was finalized last year. Bachelor life had proven to be fun, but annoying at the same time. Bruce had dreams of fucking some girls in their 20s but found it difficult to attract the interest of any despite his efforts in person and on some dating apps. The best he had managed was dating a few women in their late-20s and early-30s in the last few months. However, most of them seemed to either get annoyed with his lifestyle choices and demeaning manner or had issues themselves involving career choices. He also did not want to play the role of stepdad to the women who had two to three children. He wondered who could have sent this? The person would have to know where he worked. Had it been an old flame? Someone he dated who had regained interest? Maybe someone new?

"I'm not sure who sent this... but it's much appreciated!" he said as he took a seat behind his desk. "Care for some chocolate?" he said in a surprisingly nice gesture to Shelia.

"No thanks. I'm on a diet!" she said.

"What the hell is this pack of energy drinks here? I've never heard of it. Valentine's Love Soda?"

"Just in time for the holiday!" said Shelia, looking at the case with various hearts on the packaging.

"This is an odd drink," Bruce said, turning the can around in his hand.
*****ebook converter DEMO Watermarks*****

“That’s all it says. It doesn’t even have any ingredients on it. Just has a thing that says only drink one a day.”

“Whoever sent this must know you love energy drinks,” said Shelia.

“Yes, Shelia, but why wouldn’t they just send the ones I usually drink?”

“Perhaps it is a generous kindness? It is a secret admirer after all,” said Shelia with a fake smile.

“Exactly,” Bruce replied before opening the can and taking a sip.

Day 2

The next morning, Bruce woke up to the annoying sound of his alarm clock. He turned it off and checked a few things on social media sites on his phone before getting out of bed and heading to the bathroom for his morning ritual. He turned on the shower faucet to warm it up before taking a piss. After the shower, he looked in the mirror for a slight surprise.

For some reason, his stubble had not growth at its usual rate. Every day since he was about twenty-one-years-old, he had to shave every one to two days. This time, it was like he had freshly shaved. The last time he shaved was yesterday, but he at least expected something. The rest of the hair on his body looked normal, so he brushed it off before brushing his teeth.

Arriving at the office, Bruce again wasn’t greeted as he walked through the aisle. It didn’t surprise him at this point. These minions were supposed to follow his commands as a manager anyway, but there was a certain person he needed to speak with.

Before getting to his office, he stopped at Angela Patten’s station. She was concentrating on her computer, working on some websites before Bruce broke her concentration. He first admired the tight dress shirt she had on, and how her legs looked in black stockings. Angela was a knockout with her

*****ebook converter DEMO Watermarks*****

athletic figure and long blonde hair. He did not know much about her, but he knew she had been friends with a few other young women before they all got jobs at Skillful Angel.

“Angela, why haven’t I received feedback from Hawthorne about the engagement they are receiving on their FacePage?”

She looked at him with a somewhat evil look. Generally, she was happy with her job and excited to start a career in public relations. The only person she did not like around the office was Bruce. He seemed overbearing and out of touch with everything she learned in college after graduating last year.

“We need more time!” she cried. “You can’t expect me to have this stuff in less than a week.”

“I’ve been waiting on this and need it by Friday!” said Bruce.

“Are you insane? We just launched that campaign and need some time on the engagement. You may think this stuff happens overnight, but we need to analyze how the current plan is working compared to the last one that was in place.”

Bruce shook his head. “This isn’t rocket science.”

“Can you please just give me a bit?” she snapped back.

Bruce just walked away, hoping he put a little fear into her life. As he made his distance, he could tell Angela was complaining about him to the girls sitting next to her in the other cubicles, but it did not bother him at all. He was confident that the plan would work, and he would receive his bonus after the plan was complete.

He entered his office and was again surprised with a gift. This time, it was a small white box with a red ribbon on it that had another small card on top. He smiled, knowing he had received another present, and was not only curious as to the contents of the box, but also who in the hell was crushing on
*****ebook converter DEMO Watermarks*****

him.

Picking up the box, he took the ribbon off and opened it. It was a simple gift card to some site he had never heard of called Films de Poussins. Must be some foreign film site he thought. The idea of a foreign film never caught his interest, since he was more of an action and buddy comedy type of guy, but he thought it was unique that this person thought of different gifts. Examining the card, Bruce saw that it was labeled as being from his secret admirer again, but this time contained a longer message:

Bruce, enjoy this video subscription to the streaming site. You can learn a lot about love and will get to learn about me...

He was slightly confused by the message but thought that it meant that he would learn who this person is soon. Trying to pinpoint who this person was could be considered a random guessing game. The only other person who had knowledge of the one from yesterday would be Shelia. He immediately picked up his office phone and dialed her extension:

“Shelia, I just received another package from my sexy secret admirer. Do you know who sent this?”

“You received another one?” she said over the phone, surprised.

“Yes, it’s some gift card.”

“That was thoughtful,” she responded.

“I’m trying to get to the bottom of this. Do you know who could have sent this?”

“Bruce... I literally could not guess anyone in this world who would like you that much to send you presents like this.”

He paused for a moment, knowing that some females were not a fan of his personality, but deep down he had plenty of confidence. “Did the same
*****ebook converter DEMO Watermarks*****

courier deliver it?”

Shelia responded, “We have the same delivery service every day, so I imagine so.”

“Okay, thanks,” he said before hanging up. Immediately, he dialed the number of the courier service the company used.

“It’s always a great day at All Is Fair Delivery. How may I help you?” said the lovely sounding female voice on the line.

“Hello, this is Bruce Hitchens at Skillful Angel. I have received two packages over the past two days and am wondering who the sender is.”

“Oh, it’s not on the label?” she asked.

Bruce responded, “No, all it says is secret admirer on the card.”

“Oh, lucky you!” the girl said. “Are you sure you don’t want it to be a surprise?”

“That’s why I’m calling...” he responded, losing patience even at her light-hearted friendliness.

She paused before saying, “Okay, let me look it up and see who would have sent packages to your office.”

After a few moments of looking through her records, she said. “You had two deliveries from the Hossberry Group yesterday afternoon. When did these other two arrive?”

He responded, “They were both in the morning. They must have come on the first shipment since they arrived before I arrive here at 9 am. Those other two delivers were not the same, as they have to do with a presentation right now.”

*****ebook converter DEMO Watermarks*****

“Hmm, that’s weird.”

“What is?” he asked.

“There are no records of those other two deliveries happening in the morning.”

Bruce put the information together, “Okay... thank you.”

He hung up the phone and said out loud, “That bitch Shelia. Why did she lie to me?” He walked down to her office with the gift in his hand. Luckily, he saw she was on her computer without a client in the room.

“Yes, Bruce?”

“These gifts didn’t come from the courier, I just checked.”

Shelia smiled, “Bruce... I saw one of the people in uniform deliver that basket yesterday.”

“And this morning?”

“Like I said, I was surprised you received another one. I didn’t see the one today.”

Bruce moved his arms a bit, “I would really like to know who is behind this... Is there something you aren’t telling me, Shelia?”

She gave a half-hearted laugh, “Oh haha. In your dreams Bruce. You are not my type at all.”

“What makes you say that?” he asked out of curiosity, even though he wasn’t completely into her either.

“Bruce... really... I’ve been happily married for five years to a man who is perfect for me in persona and interests. Me and you could never date.”

*****ebook converter DEMO Watermarks*****

He tried to regain his position in the conversation. “Then how do you explain the fact that these gifts are not coming from the courier?”

“I saw it with my own two eyes yesterday! So, unless that person is a model wearing the exact same uniform, someone is lying to you. Unless of course, it’s internal, or the person is requesting to not give you any information about their identity.”

Later that night, Bruce relaxed in his living room after making a small dinner. The day had been taxing on him. Not only the curiosity over finding the identity of his secret admirer, but also the work stress involved with the major project happening under his supervision. He was mostly angry at his subordinates and wondering how they were hired in the first place. After swiping through Minder and receiving only one match with some fat girl, he gave up and turned his attention back to his gift. He synced his laptop with his TV and typed the information on the card into the account. It seemed to be a site similar to Hola and Netmovies.

Browsing through the options, he noticed hardly any of the films or shows were anything he would be into. They had titles like *If Wishes Were Dreams* and *How Hearts Should Say I Do*. These seemed like those inane films his ex-wife would watch on the Hallmark Channel that bored him to tears. After searching for a bit, he did find one that piqued his interest slightly. The plot was about a mechanic who was hoping to open his own shop while some former stripper comes to town in need of some maintenance.

While the plot seemed like something he would watch on a porn site, thirty minutes into the film, he realized while the female was extremely hot, she had a caring side and needed the mechanic to not only work on her car, but also her body. It was aimed at a female audience, but Bruce was dragged into the plot. So much to the point of causing him to become a little teary-eyed.

Day 3

“Please be sure to take out the trash,” said Bruce to Belladonna, the young Mexican office cleaning lady as she finished dusting in his office. It was only 12:42 p.m. And Bruce was already stressed, not only from the workload and client demands that day, but also the fact that he had lost a total of ten pounds overnight. His pants were baggy, and the shirt seemed like it was a size too large even though he had owned it for a few months.

She nodded as he threw the empty energy drink can to top off the trash, the third of the original package from his secret admirer.

“Anything else, Mr. Hitckens?” she asked.

“It’s Hitchens!” he said abruptly. “No, that is all...”

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door. It was Melody, one of the girls working down the hall with Angela.

“Excuse me Bruce, are you free right now?”

Bruce nodded, “There’s a lot happening today, but how can I help you?”

Beth shared similar qualities with Angela. She was blonde as well, although with a few darker shades, and was the same age. However, she was about thirty pounds heavier than her peer. Bruce admitted in his head multiple times that she was hot, even for having a thick ass and some rolls around her hips.

“Mr. Colann at Hossberry has stated that multiple guests at the Orkan resort are complaining about the lack of amenities despite the fact that they are offering the top-notch products available, which we have described so in the marketing materials.”

“Dear God, not again,” said Bruce.

“He seemed pretty mad about it,” said Beth with a disappointed tone in her voice.

“This is the last thing I need today! Tell him we are working on it.”

“I said that already and he is demanding answers...” said Beth.

Bruce was confused at the situation. While usually an expert at such situations, he was dumbfounded. “Is it how you are wording it?”

“How many different ways can we describe a spa, high-resolution televisions, and fast Wi-Fi?” asked Beth.

“Figure it out!” said Bruce.

Beth nodded her head and left the room. Belladonna ignored the conversation and left the room quietly. After being left for a brief moment of peace and quiet, Bruce checked his e-mail and saw that he had about a dozen messages from various clients, mostly from the Hossberry Group, probably demanding answers. Luckily, there was a nice interruption for a change.

“Mr. Hitchens... I have a package for you,” said a young gentleman in an All Is Fair Delivery uniform.

“Please come in...” said Bruce.

The package he saw in the courier’s hand was small, just like yesterday, but styled in the same fashion with a small box and red bow. “Who is this from?” asked Bruce.

“I’m not sure,” said the courier. “There was no name on the form other than your own, with specific instructions to not reveal the identity.

“Hmm... Maybe Shelia wasn’t lying after all. Were you the one who dropped these off yesterday and the day before that?” he asked.

“I came two days ago but I was off yesterday,” he responded.

Bruce interrogated him more. “Who was it from on the first day?”

“I have no idea, sir. All I know is it was given to me to drop off here in your office.”

“So, it was to me specifically?”

“You are Bruce Hitchens, correct?”

“Yes... I ... am...” Bruce responded in a sardonic tone. “However, I want to know who is sending these packages. I called someone at your service yesterday and they said there wasn’t any record of any packages coming to here.”

“Geez. I don’t know what to tell you, sir. I’m only trying to do my job.”

Finally, Bruce had a bit of sympathy for the lowly delivery guy, “I understand you are trying to do your job. But it is very strange that there would be NO record of any deliveries from this person coming to me,” he said, taking a drink from the heart-decorated energy can.

“That is... Unless they specifically requested that it remain a mystery.”

“I’m pretty sure that’s illegal,” said Bruce.

The young courier smiled, “With all due respect sir, it seems like someone is into you. Is that really something to complain about?”

Bruce paused, “I guess not... thank you...”

The courier left the room as Bruce started to open the package. This one was about the size of a sheet of computer paper. However, it only contained a gift card. The surprising part was it didn’t have a small card this time, but instead a longer message:

*****ebook converter DEMO Watermarks*****

Dear Bruce,

I am sure you are wondering who I am, but do not worry, you will find out soon! In the meantime, enjoy your gifts, which will continue to be delivered every day until Valentine's Day. You will need to dress to impress if you want to see breasts. Enjoy!

- Your secret admirer <3

Bruce smiled since it was a more detailed message and obviously the secret admirer had some sexual ideas in their mind. Looking at the gift card in the box, he saw it was for a shop called La Mince with the address of 115 Main Street in his city. He had never heard of the place but was curious about why his secret admirer was giving him a \$5,000 gift certificate to a random shop. They must really have the hots for him to give him that much money! He looked up the store online but saw that they had no website, social media page, or anything to claim their existence. Perhaps he could also talk them into joining as a new client. He made a note to visit there after work the next day, since he had plans to grab a few drinks with his guy friends after work that day.

“Wow, that’s a rare sight,” said Jessica at the door.

Bruce’s facial expression changed at the sound of Jessica’s voice. She was another one of the girls who worked near the elevators. Equally hot as the other girls in that group, Bruce had always been attracted to her. He could picture himself with her if he were fifteen years younger. She had dark brown hair, a ski slope nose, and dark eyes with a heavy amount of mascara around them at all times. Her body was slim, and he could tell she had firm breasts hidden under her work clothes.

“What is?” he asked.

“You are smiling!” she responded.

“Very funny. Seems like I have an admirer who wants to give me gifts every day.”

“Aww, that’s so sweet,” she said sarcastically, and without a care. “Bruce, we are in serious trouble.”

He suddenly turned very concerned. “What is the problem?”

Jessica was never one to feel intimidated by Bruce in the office. He knew she was highly intelligent and needed to be in a higher position than she was, although he would never admit it. He was filled in on the details of the troubles with the plan for the Hossberry Group and how efforts were failing.

“I thought Angela said things were okay,” said Bruce.

“Far from it. Where did you get that idea from?” she asked. “Bruce, something needs to change quickly, or we are going to lose this account.”

“Jessica, there is no way we are losing them. They have been a client for years.”

“That does not mean anything, Bruce. Clients today are looking for a fast reaction, and there are several variables in their workplace that are not producing results at the moment. Our best course of action is to have a meeting to revise the ideas presented and come up with an action plan that will best serve their goals,” she demanded.

“Those were my ideas,” said Bruce.

She snarled, “Exactly. Bruce, with all due respect, these are not working. We cannot hesitate and expect change to occur over time while they are losing business every day. Even if it takes staying here late today, we need to change things now if we want to keep this account.”

Bruce looked at his schedule. This was the last thing he wanted on his mind today. While he did not like the idea of losing business, he felt the job

*****ebook converter DEMO Watermarks*****

security was there for him and wanted to continue his plans with getting together with the guys since he had not had a nice night out in about two weeks. “I want you to get together with the group tonight and revise the tactic. Just make sure that my current outline is still present.”

“You mean you will not be there?” asked Angela.

“I have to be somewhere else, unfortunately, but please leave a memo on my desk for tomorrow.”

“Bruce... this isn’t a joke. I’m sorry, but you should really be there, especially since you are behind the entire current plan.”

He took a breath before saying, “Jessica, I am sure you will all find inspiration in the tactics I outlined while finding a common resolution to the problem. I have been doing this for many years and got to where I am in the common based on a track record.”

Jessica crossed her arms, knowing that Bruce’s cocky attitude would not solve anything. “Fine... I will present a memo on your desk first thing tomorrow.”

Bruce said, “Great! Thanks, Jessica.”

“Oh, and by the way...” said Angela as she was walking out from the edge of the door. “They said they want to cut the budget by \$100,000.”

“Are they insane?!” said Bruce.

Jessica shrugged, “I know it’s a lot, but it is about finding solutions. What do you think we should do?”

“Tell them they are crazy... We can probably find other resources that will provide third-party services for less money, but other than that our fee is going to remain the same.”

“As you wish...” said Jessica.

Later that day, Bruce ran into another mid-level manager who was stationed on the first floor. David was a slightly younger man, more popular with the ladies although, of course, he was working with some of the middle-aged women on the first-floor team.

“What a day...” Bruce complained, walking out of the building with his backpack briefcase and presents in the other hand.

“Yeah. That time of the year I guess,” said David. “Looks like someone is celebrating Valentine’s Day a few days early,” he replied.

Bruce gave a slight smile, still happy he was getting gifts, and someone had a secret crush on him. “You could say that. Someone has been sending me stuff for the last few days. It’s weird. I’m trying to figure out who it is.”

“Go for it, bro,” said David.

“The courier wasn’t any help. Any ideas?”

“You know they say the best things come to those who wait,” David said with an awkward wink of the eye.

Day 4

“Mr. Santos, I can assure you everything will go according to plan,” Bruce said nervously in the chair before his boss, squirming in his suddenly very baggy clothes.

His superior had little patience as his index finger graced his salt and pepper mustache in anticipation for Bruce’s answer. “It was brought to my attention that your team conducted a meeting yesterday in order to save the account, but you were not in attendance. Is that true?” asked Mr. Santos.

Bruce nervously replied, “Yes, however, the team has detailed notes on my implementation plans and I advised someone to provide detailed notes, which I did receive on my desk this morning,” responded Bruce as he combed back his growing hair. He did not mention the fact that along with the memo was also a gift from his secret admirer, which he had not had the chance to look at yet considering the stress involved with the account.

“Let me make myself very clear,” said Mr. Santos. “There is no excuse for an employee of this company to be absent from a vital meeting. Considering your amount of time involved with this company, you should know better. Please tell me what was so important that you would neglect your team.”

Knowing he was out of excuses, Bruce admitted, “Mr. Santos, I have been feeling the stress of this account. I am working my hardest to ensure the client is receiving the utmost care and consideration. However, they have become more and more objectionable to the material presented in the last few weeks.”

“Then what will it take to change that?” asked Mr. Santos.

“I have reviewed the notes and have come up with new ideas,” said Bruce.

“Enlighten me,” said Mr. Santos, knowing Bruce was lying slightly.

Although he did not want to admit it, Bruce was caught. “We need to bring in outside ideas from the team. My plan is the framework, however perhaps outside ideas would be beneficial.”

“I completely agree,” Mr. Santos said, smiling for the first time in their meeting. “Some of those young ladies expressed some valid points on the account.”

“You spoke with them?” asked Bruce.

“Absolutely. They are core team members who keep this section of the firm alive.”

“But they are newbies...”

“Bruce... You cannot look down at these young ladies. Sure, they may be on a lower pay scale, but they show determination. Something I have not seen from you in a long time.”

“I completely disagree with that,” said Bruce defensively. “There have been many accomplishments in the past few years. I did not get to where I am at now unless it was from the decisions I made which prompted success!”

“Your efforts have not gone unnoticed, but we have to keep looking forward if we want to stay in business,” said Mr. Santos.

Bruce felt terrible. Here he was dreaming for the position Mr. Santos held once he retired, yet felt looked down upon in favor of younger women. “I promise you things will change,” said Bruce.

“Be sure to keep those promises Bruce,” said Mr. Santos. “I think we are done here. If you can have an update to me by the end of the day, it would be much appreciated,” he said.

“You can count on me,” said Bruce as he got up out of his chair. He felt a little different standing up today than he had in the past few days. Unknown to him, he had shrunk about four inches in height. Some of the facial features on his body had changed, although he didn’t notice them in the mirror this morning because of other things on his mind.

“Oh, and Bruce... one more thing,” said Mr. Santos.

“Yes?” he asked.

“I understand you are going through a personal ordeal right now. Perhaps maybe dressing a little more appropriately when coming back? Your clothes,
*****ebook converter DEMO Watermarks*****

they are very baggy, and not exactly the professional appearance that is the standard.”

At first, Bruce thought Mr. Santos had the idea that he was still stressed about his divorce, but the clothing comments caught him off guard. “Absolutely Mr. Santos, in fact, I am going shopping for clothes after work today.”

Back in Bruce’s office, he finally opened the gift that had been waiting for him. It was nothing big, just an envelope. He opened the gift and saw it was a card with another gift certificate in it:

Bruce, in addition to your new clothes you should be treated to a proper grooming. Enjoy this gift at New Sensations Hair Studio.

-Your Secret Admirer

P.S. Be sure to have Valentine’s Day night open!

Bruce smiled, although he was still concerned. Although he did not notice the fact that he had slightly higher cheekbones than the day prior, and that his face was slimmer, he did see that his hair was longer and darker than before and perhaps it was time for a haircut.

Bruce pulled his car into the nearest parking space by the address of the clothing shop. Walking down the street, he looked up the exact coordinates on his cellphone, expecting to see a sign that indicated the location of La Mince. In between some Thai place and a shoe store, he saw that a place was under renovation and didn’t think much of it. He walked down a few shops but could not find the right address. Finally, he took his attention off his phone and paid attention to the numbers on the buildings and followed it down a few. Finally, he reached a place that had shops on a low-level and shops at street level. On the lower level was a place with a black awning but no sign. It had small numbers on the side indicating the right location. Rather

*****ebook converter DEMO Watermarks*****

than indicating the name of the store on the front, there was only a small note on the door.

We are closing early today. Sorry for the inconvenience. Reopening at 11 am.

“I guess I’ll come back tomorrow,” said Bruce out loud.

Day 5

“Are you sure there is no ability to get in any earlier?” asked Bruce.

The lady on the other side of the phone replied, “No, I’m sorry but Dr. Viental is completely booked up this week. Perhaps if this is a dire emergency, a visit to ER would be the best route?”

“I’ve never had any good experiences with them,” said Bruce in a squeaky voice, much higher in pitch than previously. “Please, I’m begging you...”

After a brief pause, the receptionist said, “... We can get you in on the 13th before regular hours at 7:00 a.m. Does that work for you?”

“YES!” said Bruce, pulling slightly on his long hair. Somehow, overnight, his hair had grown down past his shoulders.

“Great. See you then!”

Surely, they would think Bruce would be out of his mind visiting an emergency room looking like this, which is why he wanted to see his primary care physician. The longer, lighter hair was not the only difference in Bruce’s life. Miraculously overnight, he had dropped another fifty-pounds. Not having to shave his facial hair was the least of his worries, as most of the hair lower than his neck on his body had thinned or disappeared. His facial completion had changed and even shifted in shape slightly.

All searches online for such symptoms only had worst-case-scenario issues or extremely rare diseases leaving him helpless. Rough patches on his face and lines had gone away, and it made him look at least ten years younger.

None of his clothes fit at all due to his rapid weight loss and diminished height of 5'8".

He was well aware of his new voice and could not explain it. Times like these made Bruce wish he had more people who cared about him. Sure, he had a few guy pals, but he definitely could not ask them about something like this. He then dialed the number of the only other person he knew would care.

"Hey, Mom..."

"Oh, Bruce! I'm so happy to hear from you."

"I'm not so happy right now... There have been some massive changes lately..."

"Is it something to do with work?" asked his mom after a brief pause.

"Not at all. There have been many changes lately. My voice is cracking, I'm losing weight, my hair is growing quickly, hips are larger. It's difficult to explain!"

His mom hesitated again before saying, "Are you in pain? Have you visited a doctor?"

"No, I haven't, this all just started!"

"I'm sure you will be fine Bruce, just keep your head up."

"It's a little more serious than that, Mom..."

Their conversation continued over the next twenty minutes but drifted
*****ebook converter DEMO Watermarks*****

into other subjects as his Mom brushed the subject of his physical transformation off, just as if it were a common cold. Somehow, the talk with his mom did calm his nerves a bit. He promised himself if there were more drastic changes or mutations that he would take his chances with ER tomorrow. It was probably best to do something out of the apartment to take his mind off things.

Saturdays were a mixed bag for Bruce's lifestyle. Occasionally he traveled into the countryside for some relaxed activities, but other times spent time with his friends at sporting events. This day was a little different. The gifts had been piling up and he felt some slight guilt in not using them, especially since he expected to see his secret admirer soon.

Once arriving back in town to shop, pulled the door to La Mince open. It was like similar stores he had been in before with his ex-wife that had mostly female clothes and then maybe a small section for men in the dark back corner.

"Hello, Miss. Welcome to La Mince!" said a girl about 21-years-old smiling at Bruce.

"Hey, I'm actually a...."

"Just to let you know we have 30% off sale for bras and panties this week!"

Bruce thought that maybe she thought he was in there to shop for that special someone this Valentine's Day. "No thanks..." Bruce said.

"Would you like for me to at least check your size? What kind of bra are you wearing now?"

"What?!" Bruce said.

The girl came closer to him with a measuring tape. Moments later, he
*****ebook converter DEMO Watermarks*****

found himself being literally forced by the kindness of the girl to try on a few various bras, even helping him put his first one on. It was a simple beige colored one, though he was informed it would look good under many different clothing ideas. The bra seemed to support his developing B-cup breasts. The girl helped find a few panty sets that would match them, causing Bruce's small penis to shrivel at the thought of having to wear girl's underwear.

A few minutes later, the sales girl smiled as Bruce checked out his ass in a full-length mirror. It had grown wider in the last few days.

"Those look so much better than what you were wearing!" said the girl.

"Thanks..." Bruce said knowing he was wearing female jeans.

"I'm thinking some yoga pants and leggings next!" said the sales girl.
"Oh, and what kind of dresses do you want to try on?"

Bruce became extremely embarrassed at the situation. Especially since some women were walking into the store, though none of them thought it was odd that there was a grown man starting to dress like a 20-something woman. About an hour later, Bruce had put that gift card to work with a mountain of new clothes going into the bag as the girl rang him up. Though one more thought came to mind.

"Oh! Did you need shoes? And do you ever wear jewelry? I can pierce your ears right here in the store!"

The reflection in the visor mirror of his car proved his worst fears. He was turning into a woman. He held onto the parked car wheel, gripped as firmly as he could with his new feminine hands, and shook himself back in forth in anger. No matter what he did, it was uncontrollable. He felt forced into wearing bra and panties along with his new outfit. Looking down, he went into his new Coach handbag and dug around. There was still a gift certificate to the salon he hadn't used.

*****ebook converter DEMO Watermarks*****

“Hi, do you have an appointment, Ma’am?” asked the receptionist at the hair salon.

“No...” Bruce cleared his throat, knowing it had been going up in pitch throughout the day. “A friend gave me this gift certificate.”

“Oh cool! We can get you set up with Miranda in a few minutes. What were you looking to have done?”

“I’m sick of this look... I need something new...”

Unfortunately, the hair stylist had different ideas for what Bruce meant. He soon found himself having floral shampoo in his growing hair and some tin wraps doing auburn highlights against his now light brown hair. Rather than stopping there, his eyebrows were worked on and fingernails painted. By the end of the experience, Bruce felt humiliated and powerless for once in his life, yet he gave Miranda a healthy tip, knowing she was working miracles.

Bruce returned to his apartment building, hoping that none of his neighbors would see him wearing the floral skirt with a blouse that showed off his girly arms. He placed his manicured hand on his keys and opened the door to the shock of his life.

Was this his apartment? All his male stuff had vanished. In its place was another apartment with different furnishings. The black leather sofa was now replaced by a white sectional with no less than four different styles of pillows with different designs on them. Bruce did a double take, causing his long hair to spin on his shoulder to make sure he had the right apartment. Yup, this was it. He put down his bags and flipped his hair once again with his feminine hand. The sports memorabilia that he had on the walls was gone, replaced by some Impressionist era prints. The dining room table was the same except it now had some form of plant in the middle of it with plates and silverware already set. There were much more candles around the living room. At least

*****ebook converter DEMO Watermarks*****

six of them when he had zero before.

This apartment seemed like it was more appropriate for a woman rather than a man. He felt like his masculinity was being stripped from him in every aspect of life. Starting to become more confused and senile with every passing moment, Bruce hurried his cute little way into the bedroom, still getting used to the foreign feeling of wearing high heels. He gave a slight little scream, causing his voice to give its final somewhat masculine sound. His Adam's apple was completely gone, and throat was reshaped to sound like a woman. This can happen to most men if they notice that their bedroom looks like a woman's. Maybe it was the pink bedspread that gave it away, with the teddy bear sitting on it. Or perhaps the massive dresser with jewelry cases on top and some mannequin heads holding hats.

Curiosity got the best of him as he opened the closet to see blouses, dresses, and T-shirts meant for a girl much smaller than the male body he possessed just a few days ago. With this, and the new shopping trip, it was obvious he was turning into a spoiled princess, thanks to this secret admirer, who had left a bundle of flowers with a pink balloon on the kitchen table.

"Yes, I know many personal things about you, such as where you live. Hope you like the new look. You are going to be treated like a queen. - Your Secret Admirer."

Bruce placed the card to his heart, forgetting somehow that he had breasts on his chest. This was getting completely out of hand. No one seemed to believe he was a man when getting made over and out shopping.

Day 6

Bruce stood nervously in the elevator, wearing a woman's white blouse and a charcoal pencil skirt, with pantyhose and heels on. Someone at work had to have answers. Since all his male clothes had been removed, he was forced to dress like this. But would never admit that the pantyhose felt great against his skinny shaved legs. He managed to be able to do his makeup, thanks to some YouTube tutorials about a 'Chic Office Look'. Nobody had

*****ebook converter DEMO Watermarks*****

responded to any of his texts except with emoji replies. Maybe a face to face talk would do.

“Hey, Brucie!”

“Bructi! What’s up?!”

“Good morning Brittany!”

He was finally getting greetings at work in the morning. But these were not the kind he was expecting. Was the world thinking he had always been female?

“What are you doing in here?!” he asked, seeing Shelia in his office. His office was littered with various cardboard boxes.

“Oh, good morning, sunshine,” she said with a smile. “How are you feeling today?”

“Do you know who I am?” he asked.

“Of course, Brucie! Or are you going by a new name now?”

Bruce took another sip of his energy drink, needing a kick starter for the morning. “Seriously, what are you doing in my office.”

“Moving in!” she said.

“What?! Who approved this?”

“Mr. Santos of course. Did you think I was going to do it randomly?”

“Since when are we sharing an office? What’s wrong with yours?”

Shelia laughed. “You are too cute! Coming in here dressed all pretty and now acting like you don’t know!”

*****ebook converter DEMO Watermarks*****

“What are you talking about?” he asked, losing even more patience with his co-worker.

“This isn’t your office anymore Brucie! I’m moving in and you are going elsewhere.”

“Why?!” he said in his angry girly voice.

“Look at this view!” she said, extending her arms to showcase the cityscape of the window.

“So, I have to go to your office?”

“Oh no... no ... no....” She said waving her index finger. “Beth got promoted and is taking my office.”

“It’s because of your performance,” said Mr. Santos.

Bruce sat in his chair with his legs crossed, still pissed about the situation. “And after all these years you just up and fire me?!”

“You aren’t getting terminated,” said Mr. Santos leaning back in his chair. “Just reassigned to a new position.”

He couldn’t help noticing that Mr. Santos kept looking at his new breasts and had not said anything about the fact that he was dressed like a woman. “Mr. Santos, I don’t need this right now. I’ve been going through a lot this week. A lot of unexplained things. I can’t figure it out, but I have a feeling someone at this office is behind this.”

Mr. Santos waved his hands. “You know I don’t like office politics and drama. I won’t have any of it.”

“Then how do you explain the fact that I’m turning into a woman?!”
*****ebook converter DEMO Watermarks*****

Bruce blurted out.

His boss's expression made it clear he didn't understand the question. "Things happen... But this new place in the office will be better and more suitable for you."

"Oh my god!" said Angela, bending over and laughing in her chair.

"Don't start with me..." said Bruce as he placed his box of possessions on the desk cubicle next to hers.

Angela walked over. "Don't worry, it's not that bad here, and we like to have fun while trying to make the world a better place at the same time."

"I'm sure..." he said.

"Here is your list of things to do today, Brit!" said Jessica, handing him a memo.

Bruce glanced over the sheet and then questioned her. "Sending e-mails and calling people? That's it."

"Something within your skill set!" she joked.

After several hours of menial tasks, Bruce had something special happen.

"Special delivery!" said the courier. "Looking for a Miss Brittany Hitchens."

Bruce looked confused, but he heard some of the girls next to him say "Over there!"

"Here you go Miss!" the courier said.

"Wait!" Bruce shouted. "That's not me. My name is..."

*****ebook converter DEMO Watermarks*****

One of the tall office girls named Melody came over. “If you don’t want it I’ll take it!” she joked.

“Is something wrong?” asked the courier.

“A lot of things.... Who is sending these?”

The courier shrugged his shoulders and left as Melody, Jessica, and Angela came to his desk. “Ohhhh. What is it today?!” one of them said.

It was a simple white box. No labels at all. Not even from the company. Seemed to be one of those boxes department stores use for shirts. Bruce opened it up and saw the note card.

You are becoming a beautiful lady. Only one more day until Valentine’s Day. You are in for a pleasant surprise!

Inside the box was a red envelope. The girls looked at him eagerly as he opened it.

“That’s interesting,” said Melody noticing the strange gift in the envelope. “Your secret admirer got you a new driver’s license?”

“And it looks like some gift certificate to a spa...” said Bruce, feeling sick to his stomach. He ignored the sheet for the spa and studied the driver’s license. The photo appeared to be exactly how he looked right now, with his new hairstyle, narrow nose, high cheekbones, and kissable lips.

Brittany Ann Hitchens

Sex: Female

DOB: 08/13/1995

Height: 5’8”

Weight: 120lbs

Organ Donor: Yes

“I think I’m going to throw up...,” Bruce said as he got out of his chair and ran to the bathroom. The girls watched him, shocked, though there were smiles on their faces soon after.

Bruce slammed the door shut and bent down to the toilet. He was unable to vomit, but soon had sharp pains in his stomach. If he’d known it was thanks to the developing uterus inside of him, he probably would have felt even more sick. Getting back on his feet, he unzipped the zipper of the skirt in back and pulled it down. There was a bit of trouble getting his pantyhose and panties off, but he soon sat down on the toilet.

Looking down, he watched in horror as his penis, which was only about an inch long at this point, turned pink and slowly receded into his body. A labia formed along with all other necessary parts of a woman’s body. Nothing came out other than a little blood in the toilet.

BRITTANY wiped HER vagina with a little bit of toilet paper and opened the drawer below the sink. Luckily, in an office full of women, there was a healthy supply of feminine hygiene products available for her convenience. Somehow, Brittany knew in her mind how to insert a tampon as she placed the plastic applicator up to her new vagina.

Day 7: Valentine’s Day!

“Sorry I can’t be of more help,” said David to Brittany, who had visited him downstairs.

“I realize finding a cure for a random gender change is difficult. Trust me. I spent hours this week trying to Google a solution, but you seriously can’t have a talk with Mr. Santos for me?”

David shook his head, still appearing to not believe her story about once being a man. “You know he is firm on his decisions. Though I’m sure if you show great work performance he’ll reconsider.”

“And be stuck on the floor with all of those girls?”
*****ebook converter DEMO Watermarks*****

David joked, “Doesn’t seem like that bad of a thing!”

“Let’s see if you say the same thing once you turn into a girl!” Brittany said angrily. “We’ve been friends for a long time and I expected more.”

He still wasn’t having any of her story. “I can’t work miracles, Brittany.”

“Please don’t call me that!”

“But that’s your name…”

Brittany came back upstairs to her cubicle feeling unsuccessful.

“Look what came for you!” said Angela pointing to Brittany’s desk.

Her eyes drew attention to the bouquet of red roses with a small note card on the top.

“I wish my boyfriend would have sent me flowers today!” said Angela in a jealous tone.

The other girls smiled as Brittany picked up the note card.

“What does it say?” asked Jessica.

Brittany didn’t read the entire card to the group, but instead mentioned, “They want to meet me tonight!”

“That’s exciting!” said Melody. “Really into you, considering they sent you all these presents!”

She looked at the card again.

Happy Valentine’s Day Brittany! Meet me at the central fountain in Haven Park at 8:00 pm tonight. Wear that sexy short red dress of yours. -

*****ebook converter DEMO Watermarks*****

Your Secret Admirer.

Hours later, Brittany arrived at the park. Her black three-inch heels clicked on the concrete walkway. She felt very vulnerable now that she had a woman's body and was walking into a park by herself to meet a stranger. The tight red dress she had on showed plenty of cleavage and hugged her body in all the right places. A black cardigan covered her slender arms. For some reason, she felt the need to put on extra makeup tonight, especially around her eyes, and had on large hoop earrings. Perhaps meeting this person would somehow change her back into a man. Feminine desires had been controlling her life too much for the last few days and she missed the feeling of having a penis between her legs.

The sounds of water splashing from the fountain became louder as she came closer. The park wasn't busy, just a few people walking around, some homeless guy sleeping on a bench, and a few teens on their cell phones hanging out by a tree. At the fountain, she looked at her iPhone. 6:59 pm. One minute until the big reveal. She took a deep breath.

Turning around, she saw the figure of a tall, well-built man. Her changing sexuality made her flutter. Was she now attracted to guys? No, it's not him. He kept walking by. She looked another way and saw a lesbian couple. Was she about to get lucky? Wait... why would they have been attracted to her as a man? Hold up! Why would the secret admirer be attracted to her as a male but send gifts that feminized her? How did they have the power to do all of this? Could she just throw a coin in the water and make a wish in order to turn back into a male? All these thoughts made Brittany even more uneasy and she even thought about leaving for a split second as she stared at the water coming out of the fountain.

"Hey sexy!" said a familiar voice from behind her.

Brittany did a 180 in her heels and saw the group of girls from work standing there. All were in sexy dresses like they were about to go on a date.

“What are you all doing here?! My secret admirer is about to show up.”

They all laughed, causing a bit of humiliation. Beth spoke up, “You don’t get it, do you?”

“Wait, you mean you are my secret admirer?!”

“We all are!” shouted Beth.

Jessica said, “You seemed to enjoy your gifts.”

Brittany was confused. “What are you talking about and where is Angela?”

Melody said, “She is the only one with a boyfriend. They are going out tonight, obviously, but that’s not going to stop us from getting together. Oh, and Shelia helped as well. Glad we got the approval from Mr. Santos. He is so nice!”

“Aren’t you glad you are one of the girls now?” asked Beth.

Brittany responded, “This entire time... you all sent those gifts turning me into a woman...”

“Not just any woman,” said Jessica. “You are one of us now, thanks to those energy drinks you loved so much changing your DNA.”

“WHY would you do something like that?!” asked Brittany, still partially upset her secret admirer wasn’t some hot guy.

Beth’s eyes opened wide. She put her hand up and started moving her body a bit. “Oh, where do we start?! First off, you were a fucking dick manager to all of us. Next, no one liked you. Third, you don’t need to be working at Skillful Angel in the first place.”

“What the hell are you talking about? I’ve been there for nearly 15 years,”
*****ebook converter DEMO Watermarks*****

Brittany protested.

Jessica said, “Yeah, and you are completely out of touch with public relations. This is a female dominated field now and you don’t know what the hell you are doing. That’s why we decided to find a way to feminize you and turn you into one of us.”

“You are all basically out of college!” said Brittany.

“Exactly,” said Melody. “We know more than you do right now.”

Beth interrupted, “It was really for your own good.”

“How in the hell did you make the universe change then? My apartment, completely changed, family and friends remember me as a girl, yet I have a memory of being male and have no idea how I accepted this!”

“Unfortunately, we couldn’t find a way for the entire universe to change. That would have been too easy,” said Melody. “We were able to contact your family, though, and tell them how you were coming out as transgender. It was stated that you didn’t wish for them to mention anything about your male life and to just accept the way you were living. Surprisingly, everyone accepted that. For the apartment, we got your mom to grant us access to your savings account, which you gave her access to, and just hired a decorating company to put all that stuff in there when we knew you would be gone. Convenient right?”

“How in the hell were you able to do that?!”

Beth smiled, “We said we know more about public relations than you do!”

“Then you can change me back right?”

“Umm, maybe,” said Beth.

“What fun would that be?” asked Jessica.

“I don’t...like...”

“Bullshit,” said Melody, anticipating the answer which even Brittany couldn’t get out. “You enjoy being a woman now. You are one of us.”

“But my life...”

“What life?” said Beth. “You were an asshole manager no one liked and not dating anyone. Now you can be a young woman!”

“But if you hated me, why would you turn me into one of you?” she asked.

Beth said, “You seem to be happier this way, admit it.”

Still flabbergasted at the situation, Brittany pointed to her boobs, “And these?”

The girls giggled. Melody said, “Those energy drinks did all the work. Wow, that woman was right about the specific changes. Unfortunately, we couldn’t afford the one where you lose all memory of being male.”

Angela smiled. “Yes, how do you like having a vagina now? Now that you are broken as a man, we can build you up to act like a lady. It’s going to be great having you as one of the girls!”

The End



“14 views?! Are you friggin’ kidding me!” Madison yelled, slamming her fists on her bed as the laptop lay in front of her.

“Hey, look at the bright side, that’s twice what you got on that review of that eyeliner last week,” said her friend, Tasha, who was scrolling on her cellphone against the headboard. The 16-year-old girls had taken to making a YouTube channel as a hobby two months ago, with Madison being the host and Tasha being the director and extra camera person, but had not had much success.

“This doesn’t even make it worth it! It’s not like I have the money to do shopping hauls every week and be buying \$20 mascara! 5 subscribers?! And one is you!”

“You know I love you!” Tasha said in a joking fashion, tilting her head,

*****ebook converter DEMO Watermarks*****

causing her dark hair to move.

“How can we grow this?! How did that one girl school get 5,000 subscribers in a week? She’s not even that good looking or funny.”

“Maybe her dad paid for followers?”

“Wouldn’t surprise me,” said Madison. “But what are we going to do?”

Tasha thought for a moment and launched the YouTube app on her phone. “Perhaps being a makeup guru isn’t for you. We need to find a niche. I wonder what’s trending right now.” Tasha continued looking through her phone for ideas. “Can you play guitar and sing?”

“No,” she said.

“Cooking show?”

“My parents are going to freak out if we make a mess in the kitchen!”

“Aren’t people supposed to cook in there?”

“Exactly!”

Tasha continued brainstorming... aka... Looking at things people had already done. “Fortnite?”

“PLEASE!” said Madison, not wanting to have anything to do with it.

Suddenly, Tasha burst into laughter.

“What’s so funny?” asked her friend.

Tasha turned her cell phone around so Madison could see it.

“It’s not going to fit!” said some guy.

*****ebook converter DEMO Watermarks*****

“Suck it in!” said some girl.

“I’m trying!” said the guy.

Madison saw that the video was titled ‘My Brother and I Swap Clothes!!!’ and that some masculine guy was wearing black tights while trying to fit into his sister’s sparkly cocktail dress while trying to balance himself in heels.

“430,000 views?!” she said after watching the whole video.

“Hey... this other one called ‘Boy magically turns into a princess’ has 1.5 million!” exclaimed Tasha.

Madison asked, “What are you saying?”

“Do you think he’ll go for it?!....”

“Yeah right! Elliot is NOT going to want to wear his younger sister’s clothes!” Elliot was Madison’s senior in high school. Her 18-year-old brother had a small group of friends but was not very outgoing and kind of awkward. He would most likely have a better time fitting into her clothes, though, since she was only an inch shorter and he wasn’t very muscular.

“It may be fun to force him,” said Tasha.

The girls didn't really have much of a plan at all, really, as they stood by Elliott's room and gently knocked. "Hey bro, is it okay if we come in?"

After a short pause, he replied with a quick and sharp, “Yes,” being more focused on his video game. He eventually turned towards the two teen girls in his room. Sensing something was up, he muted his mic before shrugging. "So, what do you two want? A lift somewhere?"

"Maybe later, but... well, your sister has a favor to ask you!" Tasha
*****ebook converter DEMO Watermarks*****

blurted out, shoving her friend forwards and towards Elliott.

"Well, you know I started that YouTube channel, about make-up and clothing hauls?" She shyly asked.

"Yeah, sure, after you heard about me doing gaming ones," he replied, shaking his head, about to return his attention to the television again.

"And, sadly, mine is about as popular as yours...barely even a dozen views and even fewer subscribers!" She muttered under her breath, clearly frustrated about it.

"So, what, you want to do a joint video or something? Girls playing games do usually get more attention than guys." Elliott admitted, having subscribed in the past just purely because he thought the girl in the video was cute.

"Exactly that!" Tasha jumped in, sitting beside him on the bed before taking out her phone, "Though not gaming, instead something like...this!" Showing him the same video from before, she then pointed to the views.

"Damn that's a lot, haha, though seems a little goofy doesn't it? Besides, your clothes wouldn't fit." He said with an air of divisiveness.

"I wouldn't be so sure. We're really about the same size, and it would just be my leggings and hoodie!" Madison pleaded her case before smiling smugly. "If you do this video, I'll do some stupid gaming one with you!"

Elliott, for the first time, paid full attention to his sister, putting the controller down. "So, all I gotta do is put on your leggings and hoodie for five minutes, and you'll help my channel? Tempting, but I'd also want some cash for that, haha."

"Twenty percent of what we make on the video!" Tasha stated, holding out her hand.

"Thirty!" Elliott countered, feeling in control of the situation.

Tasha was not in the mood to haggle, however, as she shook her head. "One quarter, but you have to let us do your make up!"

"Fuck it, my game was over anyway..." Elliot laughed, shaking the hand of his sisters' best friend.

"Ugh, these things feel so weird! Like I'm wearing nothing at all!" Elliott complained, standing bowlegged in his sister's room while looking down at the black leggings he now wore over his boxers. Tasha smiled from behind the camera at the awkward boy.

"These jeans just feel the exact same as mine, but how deep are these pockets!" Madison exclaimed, putting nearly half her arm down one of them. "What the hell do boys keep in these!"

"Well, we don't carry purses, stupid..." He replied with a frown while slipping the Pink VS hoodie on, the glittery front lettering shining in the bedroom light. "Well, at least hoodies are the same...Sort of..."

"This is all great stuff!" said Tasha, filming with the Canon Rebel she got for Christmas. "Now, how do you feel about me braiding your hair?" she asked Elliot.

"What?! You said this was a clothing swap. Nothing about having to do things to my hair," he said as his emotions were caught on camera.

"It will be fun!"

"Yeah for you. This wasn't part of the deal," he said holding on to his shoulder-length hair.

His sister chimed in. "It will be something basic. I don't think we can give you a long side ponytail unless you wear one of my long Halloween
*****ebook converter DEMO Watermarks*****

wigs or something.”

Just a few minutes later, Madison had completed putting her brother’s hair into a short braid. The kind often worn by girls doing sports or during hot weather.

“What do you think, sissy?!” asked Madison, giving him a handheld mirror to see his reflection from the other mirror in front of him.

“Take it out!” he complained.

“Hey, you agreed, sissy,” said Tasha still filming and laughing.

“And don’t call me that.”

“You are right... You need a female name. Any ideas Madison?” Tasha asked her friend.

“Hmmm... If I ever had a sister, I would want her to be Hannah!”

“Easy enough!” said Tasha.

“Wait... this is dressing for one episode. Why do I need a girl’s name?” he complained.

“You are right... We can have more fun with this. I know the perfect way to make this fun and get you a nice girly name!”

The ‘*Which Disney Princess Are You? Quiz*’ headlining the laptop screen made Elliot’s small dick shrivel.

Of course, much to Elliott's humiliation, the whole thing was filmed as he was forced to read out each silly question before answering his favorite. Things like "What's your order at Starbucks" and "You go on a date, where does he take you."

After a dozen or so terrible questions, the results were in and Elliott's sissy name, Belle, was chosen. Blushing as the girls joked about cosplaying his new namesake, he didn't have much time to protest as soon they moved onto doing his makeup.

Sitting still while, for what seemed like an age, the brushes tickled his face was more boring than terrible. He smiled at the camera and Tasha every time she moved around to get the perfect angle shot, taking it all way too seriously.

"What shoe size are you?" Tasha asked eventually, holding the camera by her side.

"Umm 6, why?" Belle asked while Madison concentrated on highlighting his cheekbones.

Tasha just beamed happily as she slid a pair of Vans beside him, "Then these should fit fine!"

"Why the hell do I need to wear shoes?"

"Cause you're giving us a lift to the mall remember? Such an airhead Belle..." Tasha dropped with a huge grin, lifting up her camera to catch the dread on the sissy's face.

The short drive to the mall did little for Belle's nerves as he cursed himself and his sister for this whole mess, wondering if he wanted the video to succeed or fail. On one hand, money, on the other, complete and total humiliation.

To his surprise, though, it went smoothly as, thanks to his hair and makeup, he passed along as just another teen girl at the mall. Something he was both proud of and embarrassed about at the same time.

Tasha filmed most of their trip, just going from store to store, not buying anything, and occasionally getting a stranger's opinion on the feminized

*****ebook converter DEMO Watermarks*****

sissy, made to stand awkwardly while most laughed and even complimented him.

The highlight of their outing, for the girls at least, was getting Belle to try on and model a few dresses. Nothing fancy like a prom dress or anything, but still humiliating for the teenage boy as dress after dress was passed to him in the changing rooms before striking several poses for the camera.

On their way back to the car, sipping on his Cherry Blossom Frappuccino, Belle was about ready to die from all the blood rushing to his cheeks. "This is the last time I ever let you talk me into something..."

"We'll see. Who knows, if this is popular, we might have to make a sequel?" Madison suggested, gleefully enjoying having a sissy brother.

"Bigger and better of course!" Tasha added, with a cruel glint in her eye.

The next day at school, Elliot was sitting in AP science right before class started when one of the popular cheerleaders, Courtney, turned around to talk to him with her cellphone in hand. "Hey, Belle! We have try-outs on Monday. You should come!"

"What are you talking about?" he nervously asked.

"You look good as a girl! Holy shit, I never would have known if I saw you in public."

Her friend, Andrea, butted in. "And the way you walk... it's almost like you don't have a penis between your legs."

Elliot's face turned even more red as other students laughed and pulled out their phones, all of which seemed to have the video in their save history.

"It was just a joke..."

“Your sister is about to become VERY popular,” said Courtney.

Meanwhile, across the high school...

“75,000 views?!?!” screamed Madison with excitement. “200 new subscribers!!!!”

“A lot of people said they came because of some blog about sissies....” said Tasha. “Not sure what that is, but I think we are on to something.”

Madison could hardly believe the views and subscriber count she'd gotten over the previous month and a half. She'd gone from a dozen followers, who were mostly all friends, to thousands. Each of her sissy brother videos were getting hundreds of thousands of views.

She and Bianca had tried to make at least one each week with the reluctant Belle eventually agreeing after getting enough money for a new television. The most popular ones so far were fake cheerleading practice with Courtney, who insisted she help in a video with the class sissy.

Something Elliott was still being teased about.

She even joked about actually making him a member of the team. However, it was clear after just five minutes that he was hopeless and stiff. The next big hit was a simple home video with him dressed in a matching skirt and crop top outfit. After that was the Banana challenge, which Bianca had explained involved seeing how much he could swallow without biting into it. That was the last time he scrolled through the comments, equal parts angry and creeped out.

An Easter dress haul meant once again returning to the mall, all dressed up, though this time to Belle's surprise they actually bought him three dresses, which still hung in his closet, a constant reminder.

Seeking bigger and better ideas, and more views, the girls began to plan out entire days revolving around Belle going or doing something, the most recent of which was a trip to the beach in his very first bikini. Blushing as they filmed him sunbathing, he just hid eyes behind the sunglasses and dreamed of the brand-new car he'd be able to buy.

Elliott was almost ready to call it quits, however. He'd become something of a school mascot, with even teachers calling him Belle on occasion. Sure, the money was great, but by now he'd almost bought everything he really desired.

Still, that conversation with his sister would have to wait as he adjusted the sparkly diamond bodice on his prom dress, sighing in the mirror as he had to admit its beauty and his own. "Do you really have to film this..." He called out before a response came from behind the curtain.

"Duh, we can't make sissy brother goes prom dress shopping without, you know, the sissy!" Bianca yelled back, loud enough for the whole boutique.

Elliot came out of the dressing room, sporting the short prom dress, showing off his shaved legs. His hair had grown out considerably in the last few weeks, which made the salon visit videos even more exciting.

"Don't you look like a sweetheart," said the 40-year-old shop associate, who knew Elliot's true gender.

"Rock it, Belle!" said Tasha as she filmed him doing a mock strut as if the prom store was a runaway.

"You NEED to go to senior prom like this," said his sister.

"Nah..."

"Why not?! It would be so much fun wearing something like this and doing you up like a doll, rather than wearing some boring ass black suit."

Elliot didn't say anything back, and instead just looked at himself in the mirror doing a leg pop. He didn't want to admit to his sister and friend that, thanks to them, he was now feeling more like a girl every day, but it was the truth.

"I don't think this is the right one," said Elliot, putting his hands on his hips.

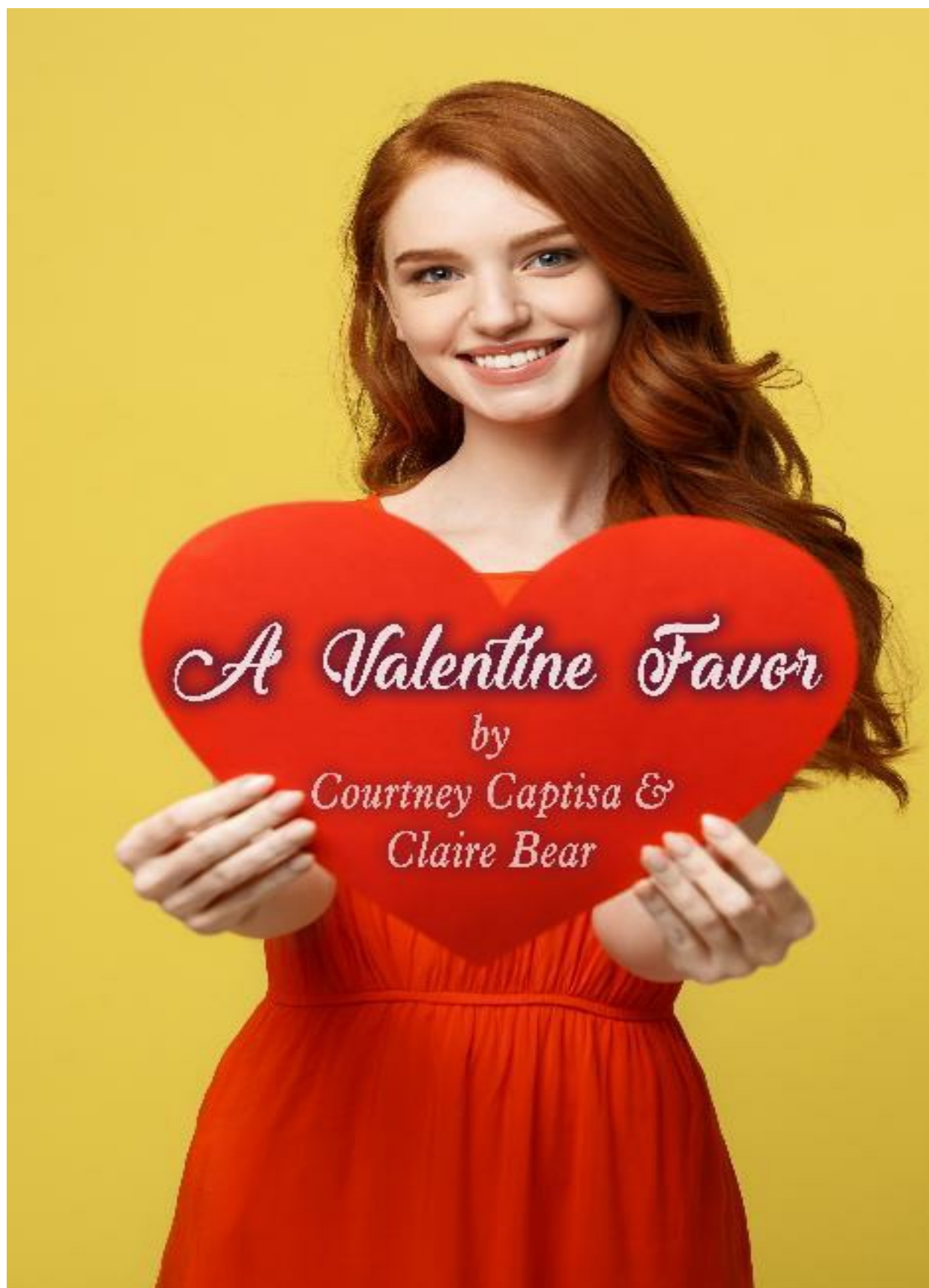
In the changing room, he took off the dress and put on a very frilly pink tulle ballgown. The bra cups of the dress held his falsies, which were the same size as his sister's.

Tasha filmed the door open as Elliot came out and the girls admired their sissy princess once again.

"Wow, this is even more sissy than the one before!" said Tasha. "Who picked this one out?"

Madison looked at her friend, each trying to guess which of them was responsible... and both coming to the realization that it was Elliot who picked the most feminine dress.

The End



*****ebook converter DEMO Watermarks*****

“Another fun day?!”

Darren looked back at the slender brunette woman in the high school hallway. He always had eyes for Miss Watkins ever since he first started teaching at the school in August. She was just a few years older and that didn't matter, but it was more of the fact that she had a serious boyfriend.

“Oh yeah!” he replied somewhat intentional, somewhat sarcastic.

“I just remembered!” she said turning around, stopping, and placing her hands on her hips. Something about her girly nature made her co-worker happy. “I have a small favor to ask....” she said as she started walking closer to him.

Darren stopped in his tracks but then started walking inches closer to her.

“Do you have any plans tomorrow night?”

Was this the moment? Had she broken up with her boyfriend? Was she now crushing on her fellow co-worker? The attractive, yet somewhat nerdy first year teacher that some girls at the high school had puppy fever for? His moment to go out with her?!

“I was just going to relax a bit, but no plans really,” Darren responded. Relax being his secret password for: drink beers around the apartment while playing video games.

Miss Watkins smiled and tilted her head. “You know, something came up and I was supposed to be on duty for the dance tomorrow.

Darren had heard a lot about the school dance. It was one of their major events of the year. Almost a mini-prom since the students dressed in formal wear, had a dance, games with giveaways, and more.

She continued, “Do you think you could cover for me? I know usually it's
*****ebook converter DEMO Watermarks*****

not first year teachers that have to deal with it but I've asked almost everyone I can think of and no one is available!"

Shit. Not his turn this time. Perhaps she did still have her boyfriend. The guy who works some high-level corporate job in the city. But maybe by doing this favor, he could at least earn bonus points with her. What harm could spending a few hours around the students at his very school do? Without hesitation, he replied, "Sure. Just let me know what I need to do."

Miss Watkins smiled big and bent down extended her manicured hand for a gesture of thanks. "Oh perfect! You are a life-saver! I'll message you all of the details, have to get going now!" she said as she started her way down the hallway at the end of the Friday afternoon.

It was an abrupt exit but Darren knew she was reliable and would let him know everything he needed to do. Then again, how hard could it be to stand on the sidelines and make sure teens don't twerk on each other?

Pushing open his apartment door with a good amount of force since it always got stuck on the frame, Darren threw his keys in a bowl and headed straight for his fridge, grabbing a beer before collapsing on his couch for a night of gaming with the boys online.

After a few hours, he received an e-mail alert from Miss Watkins with the details he needed, simple stuff like what time he'd arrive and leave as well as duties. Your usual chaperone stuff, make sure the students behave as well make sure they all leave safe and sound. Locking his phone he got up to grab another drink but stumbled over a little.

His vision slightly blurry as he wondered if one beer had done all this before scoffing at the notion and deciding he'd just simply gotten up too fast. Reaching out to grab a beer he noticed the first of many oddities to happen that evening. The beer can was much larger than usual, or rather his hand, was far smaller than before.

*****ebook converter DEMO Watermarks*****

Confused but again putting it down to imagination he soon returned to playing games, though had to stop playing with his friends cause his voice kept breaking, coming out in a high-pitched sing song tone that he hadn't heard from his own lips since before puberty.

Shaking his head and switching the television off for an early night he next spotted the baby blue nail polish his, now delicate, hands were sporting. Blinking a few times to make sure what he was seeing was real before jumping up and almost screaming.

Hands shooting to his chest as he felt an enormous pressure on growing, as well actual growth, expanding outwards as he looked down in horror at his new B-cup breasts. This couldn't be real right? That beer had to have gotten to him sooner than usual Darren justified.

Stumbling over and into the bathroom as he stared at the mirror, his facial completely gone along with his once short undercut hairstyle having grown down past his shoulders and having turned a red copper shade. Reaching for his phone he managed to dial the first two numbers of 9 and 1 before his eyes turned foggy, collapsing beside the sink as his body completed its final transformation.

“Bianca Marie Thompson! I asked you multiple times to stop that kind of screaming everyday your friends send you one of those memes!” said a 40-something-year-old adult female poking her head in the foreign bedroom door.

BIANCA, formally Darren, sat on the bed with one stand still over HER breasts and the other over top of **HER** VS Pink PJs that confirmed she now had a vagina where her once-prized possession called home.

“I mean it!” said the woman.

“HELP ME!!!” Bianca pleaded.

“It’s a big day young lady. Start getting ready and clean up in here a bit and then we can drive to the salon.”

“What are you talking about?!” Bianca asked concerned. “Who are you and why do I look like this?”

The woman gave a short laugh. “Bad dreams last night?”

“Yeah! I remember this happened right after I had a few beers and....”

“You were drinking last night?!” the woman said getting very serious and concerned.

"Hmm well okay, but no drinking tonight young lady, dance or not I'll not have my daughter getting drunk, the shower is ready!" And with that the door was once again shut leaving Bianca a quivering, confused mess.

Eyes darting around the foreign, pink bedroom. Posters of boy bands and kids cartoon films along with photographs of cheerleaders and groups of teenage girls. "What...The Fuck..." She muttered in her new voice, sitting up on the edge of her bed as she tried to run through what she knew.

Last night, she was drinking as normal when weird things started changing, then this, in the body of a teenage girl apparently called Bianca whose mother just woke her up. Her heart pounding in her chest she finally stood up, bare feet on the soft thick carpet grounding her as she took a deep breath.

"Okay Darren this all has a reasonable explanation...Your drink was spiked, a faulty can, this is all just some crazy acid trip! I need to see a doctor!" She realized it was his best option for whatever was happening, and hoping to god it wasn't permanent.

Checking once more around the room Bianca battled with the idea of
*****ebook converter DEMO Watermarks*****

taking a shower and getting dressed before deciding to just make a break for it, in case this Mom of hers was in on this crazy charade. Grabbing what she imagined must her phone, the case was bright pink with the words cheer princess plastered across it, she flung open the bedroom door and rushed down the stairs.

"Bianca just what are you doi..." Was all she could hear as the wind filled her ears, closing the distance to the front door before swinging it open and freedom.

At least that's what should have happened, instead Bianca looked around in horror at the women's salon she found herself in, looking over her shoulder and seeing the parking lot outside through the clear glass window she definitely didn't open.

"Can I help you young lady?" A young woman in her twenties asked, bubbly personality matching her looks.

"Wh...Where am I...?" Bianca asked hesitantly, her voice shaking almost as much as her as she next noticed her clothes. Gone were the pajamas of this morning and in their place was an outfit any teen girl shopping at the mall would wear.

Tight black leggings hugged her slim but well-toned legs, her cute bubble butt held up and firm for all to see. On top was a simple Pink hoodie with Ugg boots finished the basic look. She cringed as she could swear underneath it all was a thong that was just uncomfortable enough so she'd be constantly aware of it.

Giving the young woman a slightly odd look before answering, "You're at Kurls and Kuts of course, I assume you have an appointment? Let's see, Bianca?"

Bianca's head seemed to move on instinct as she just nodded in affirmation, the rest happened almost like a blur as she was lead to a chair and sat down, staring in the mirror for the first time seeing the horror she'd

*****ebook converter DEMO Watermarks*****

become.

She spent the next hour staying as silent as she could as she endured the horrors of having her long hair curled to death. Her stylist seemed to taunt her by saying she would be one of the prettiest girls there and how her boyfriend would think of her as a princess. Continuing her silence, she kept brainstorming a game plan. It was obvious she was going to the Valentine's Day dance with one of her students.... Her now boyfriend Jake who was a popular guy at school, not the jock type but more of the type with an outgoing personality and things going for him. She never got into student relationships on the job, but knew some couples due to seeing people hold hands in the hallways. But who was Bianca? There were a few moments where she was able to scroll through the phone and see photos of her fellow cheerleading friends. As a teacher, she knew these pretty popular girls but never once saw the girl that now reflected in the mirror.

"Awww, you look so pretty!" said Bianca's mom after the stylist was finished.

Bianca continued to not smile, but said "thanks" just to be polite. "Can we please go.... Now?" she asked.

Moments later, Bianca was in the passenger seat of the car. How was it 3pm already? Her "friends" kept texting her saying they would be over at 4:30pm to put dresses on and do each other's makeup.

"Please take me to the hospital...." said Bianca to her mom.

"Are you okay honey?" she asked concerned.

"No... they need to know...."

Bianca felt dizzy as she stumbled into the emergency room with her curly hair pulled over one shoulder and a hand grabbing it with her other hand over her uterus. "Please help me!"

A large African-American woman wearing navy blue scrubs got off her chair and ran to the girl. "It's okay honey. Everything is going to be fine... Let's get you into a gown...." She said putting her arms around Bianca and guiding her in a circle.

Bianca continued her slow twirl with her arms in the air and manicured finger nails bent carefully keeping her balance in her three-inch white heels that exposed her pedicured toes. The pink tulle skirt of her Valentine's Day dress went in the air as her breasts stayed in place thanks to the strapless pink bra she had underneath the ruby glittered bodice.

"Work it girl!" said Jen, a skinny blonde girl in a red skinny dress taking a cell phone video of Bianca acting like a sissy.

Another girl wearing a white strapless dress clapped and hollered. Bianca noticed that Elle, another girl on the cheerleading squad was there joined by a brunette named Sarah who came and gave her a hug as Jen continued snapping pictures.

Bianca was almost in a trance as the girls all rushed around her fussing with her and their own makeup and dresses. Getting ready seemed to take an age as she had to pose several times for selfies, unable to escape with the girls constant attention Bianca just relented and did her best to fit in.

She'd have been lying if she'd said she hadn't enjoyed, at least in some small part. The feeling of being center of attention, the sounds and feel of the dress swishing about her thighs as well as the close proximity to cute girls.

Before she knew it though it was dance time as they were shuffled into the back of Elle's dad's car, a huge jeep that had plenty enough room for all the girls. Bianca tried to talk her way out of it and even to run but she was soon ushered into the middle of the group and was taken away in a feminine stampede.

Approaching her familiar place of work, but like never before in a pink
*****ebook converter DEMO Watermarks*****

sissy dress and heels, Bianca clutched to her purse as if her life depended on it. Maybe there would be answers at this dance she thought to herself, hoping something out of this messed up day could at least help her out.

Walking into the large and decorated auditorium, she looked around for any sign of herself, wondering if maybe she'd switched bodies and would soon find herself, Darren looking around just as confused. Sadly no such luck, though Bianca did see someone she'd not suspected, Miss Watkins.

Stomping over in her heels she was sure of it, this was all her fault, her doing. Covering for this stupid dance only to find that she's here after all, it was way too coincidental to just be an accident as she called out, cheeks red from anger and embarrassment at how she's dresses.

Turning around and smiling Miss Watkins seemed totally oblivious to Bianca's mood, waving in greeting, "Hello Bianca! My, you look stunning. I'm sure Jake has told you so?"

"Forget him, what the hell is going on here?!" Bianca demanded as she finally closed the distance to just a few feet.

"Umm, the school dance? Are you feeling okay hun?" she asked, seemingly genuinely concerned which just meant she's just as crazy as everyone else. Bianca looked down at her sparkly heels, thoroughly defeated till she felt a hand slip around her waist.

"There you are Princess, can't believe the prettiest girl here is all mine haha." A familiar voice whispered confidently into her ear, turning slightly to see Jake her...Boyfriend. Looking at him was somehow different now though, instead of seeing the annoying, cocky student she saw...Well whatever she saw it was making her tummy flutter slightly.

Something that didn't relent as he escorted her to the dance floor and began guiding her through the steps. Far to broken to protest Bianca just followed his lead, the sounds of the music, people giggling and her heels on the hard wood filled her ears with distraction till she felt his lips meet hers.

*****ebook converter DEMO Watermarks*****

Bianca didn't know what to feel... until something in her heart, something around her nipples, and something in her vagina made her feel great. She put her hand on Jake's back and pulled herself close to him.

"Happy Valentine's Day..." he whispered into her ear where there was a dangling long earring.

Bianca smiled feeling like she was with the right guy even though there was some torment in the back of her mind to let her out of this panty-filled prison.

The teenage couple continued making out as groups of people gathered around them. She heard her friends start to cheer and take photos and suddenly felt Jake's erection through his pants touch the part of her butt where the tulle skirt.

"Break it up now..." said a male teacher voice.

"What?!" Bianca yelled. I didn't mean to do that! You have to... Yeah... She'll believe me!" said Bianca as she saw Miss Watkins... who had a very stern face.

Miss Watkins replied, "You are supposed to be a good little princess Bianca. Not some little slut."

"What?!" asked Bianca.

"You heard me... or are you going to keep being a little baby about being some lame man with the hots for me who turns into a sissy baby!"

The entire room within earshot even with the loud music started laughing. Bianca's heart sank as Miss Watkins just admitted that she knew. She started crying. "I can't believe you! Change me back!"

"No you baby!"

*****ebook converter DEMO Watermarks*****

Suddenly, Bianca felt wetness run down her leg. Pulling up the tulle pink shirt of her dress, there were wet stains over the Disney Princesses that graced the diaper she was wearing. Everyone laughed at her causing more humiliation to the girl.

“NOOOOO! Make it end!!!!” Darren shouted waking up in his own piss in the bed with multiple beer cans around him.

He stayed motionless as he heard his male voice for the first time in nearly twenty hours.

Darren looked at his black cell phone and saw that it was 8 am on Saturday morning.

“Holy shit... what a dream.....” He said as he panted. Looking down at his boxers, he noticed he had not only pissed himself from drinking too much but at one point, cum had made its way out of his penis thanks to living life as a teenage girl.

The dance had not happened yet. He had never turned into Bianca... whoever she was. Miss Watkins had never embarrassed him. Though what had caused the occurred dream with so many vivid details? He shrugged it off for a moment as he checked his phone and saw the e-mail from Miss Watkins reminded him of his duties that night.

There was one thing he knew for sure. Seeing Jake was going to be awkward...

Arriving at the ball room, Jake was dressed in slacks with a button down and blazer like some of the other male teachers. What was strange is that it looked exactly like it had in his dream. He smiled and greeted students as they arrived. Young teachers at the school were usually very popular as Darren exchanged high fives and dabs with some students. He nervously

*****ebook converter DEMO Watermarks*****

even accepted hugs from female students feeling parts of their dresses hitting him to remind him of what he was wearing just a short while ago.

Everything was going smoothly as Darren watched the students, helped with some tables, and chatted with fellow faculty. Still an awkward challenge but a favor for a friend. While some events and scenes looked familiar from his dream he noticed Miss Watkins was not there. He had taken her place... at least to some extent. The one person missing from his vision was Jake... until he spotted him on the dance floor... with a girl.... A girl wearing a pink tulle skirted red bodice dress and white heels... with curly red copper hair and heavy eye makeup... the girl he had turned into last night!

The girl was smiling and starting to back her ass up to twerk on Jake's dick. He felt the need to do his job and break it up... but it was exactly what happened last night. Something in his mind triggered knowing the girl wanted to make Jake happy, just what had come over him last night. Wanting to make others happy.

Other faculty broke up the potential twerk circle before Darren could do anything luckily and he tried to ignore Jake and Bianca. This girl who seemed to magically appear out of nowhere the entire night. Though he swore she gave him a wink once or twice.

The End

We hope you enjoyed reading this story as much as we did writing it! If you found pleasure in this story, please be sure to leave us a positive review!

Courtney can be reached at inyourdreamspublishing@gmail.com

Twitter: <https://twitter.com/CourtneyCaptisa>

Pinterest: <https://www.pinterest.com/courtneycaptisa/>

(We use Pinterest to gather ideas for characters, outfits, settings, and more. Look for the board dealing with the story and you'll see what ideas we had!)

Please join our mailing list so that we can notify you of our future releases! We have a LOT of great stories coming out soon!

<http://eepurl.com/bnNVfP>