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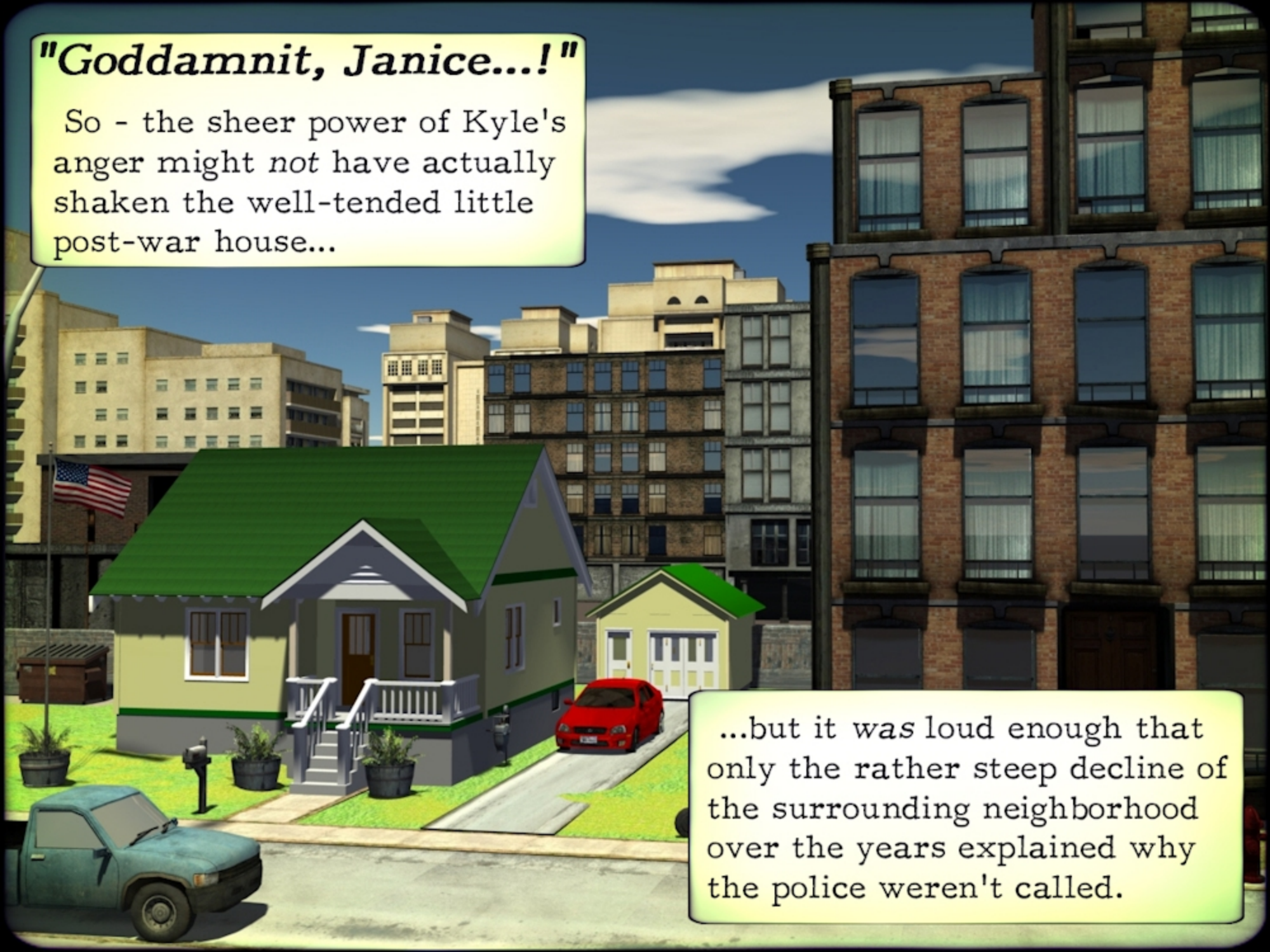
STRIDEBRIDGE

Scenario

Story & Illustrations by GUNSLINGER

"Goddamnit, Janice...!"

So - the sheer power of Kyle's anger might not have actually shaken the well-tended little post-war house...



...but it was loud enough that only the rather steep decline of the surrounding neighborhood over the years explained why the police weren't called.

Kyle Metzger wasn't exactly what you would call a 'restrained individual' - quite the opposite, in fact.

Kyle took pride in his 'spur of the moment, say and do what you really feel like' philosophy... which tended to put him at odds with a lot of people, really.

None more so than with Janice Gilead, his current roommate...



...and landlady.

For her part, Janice appeared to be, of all things, *amused* by what she called Kyle's 'Chauvanistic Blind-Spot'; she truly understood that he could not even see how his so-called 'philosophy' reduced everyone, but especially women, to nothing but 'things' to satisfy his own desires...



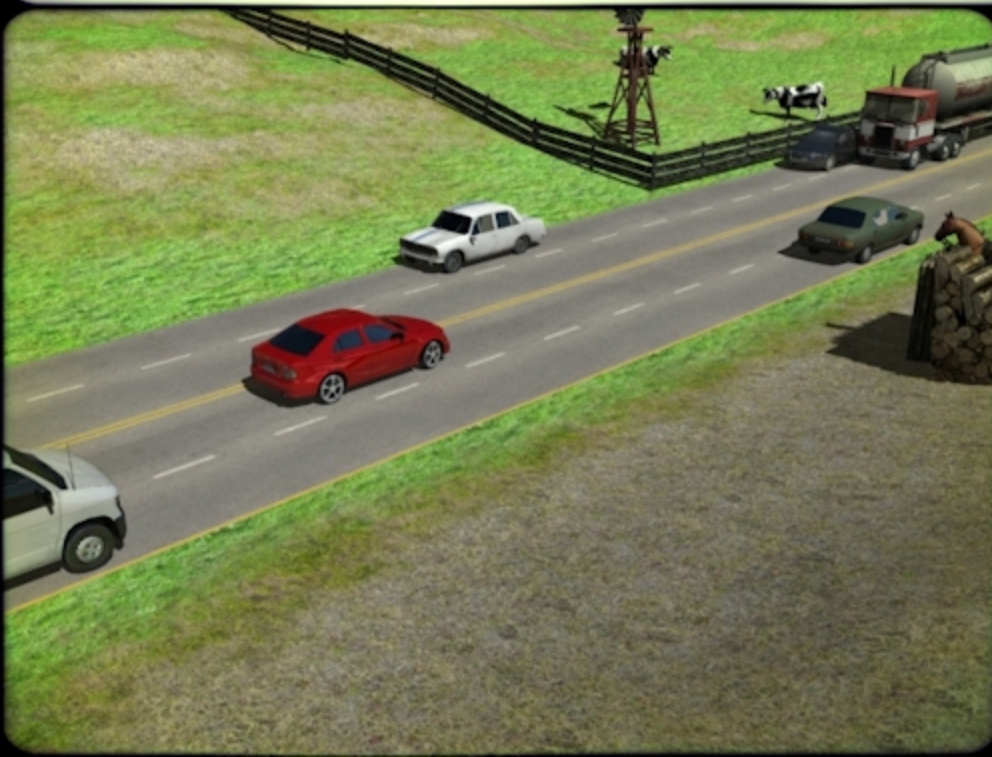
"Stupid bitch..." Kyle muttered to himself - completely oblivious to the irony of using that particular habitual curse; the very things that had prompted him to swear was how smart and cheerful Janice was when they were... 'discussing vigorously' such things as sex, gender, and the societal *Weltanschauung* that influenced the perceptions thereof...

....whatever the fuck *that* meant!

As furious as ever after losing an argument to Janice, (*although Kyle would rather die than admit that aloud*), he stormed out of the house and towards his beloved Fuck You Copper Red Lexus...

As he navigated out of city traffic and accelerated rapidly down the rural highway, Kyle continued to brood over his - *entirely rational, damnit!* - argument; after all, the ads on TV didn't market cooking and cleaning supplies to men, now did they? So, it should be equally clear that Janice should handle all the cooking and cleaning duties at the house, since that was unmistakably 'women's work'... right?

Focused on his own internal re-write of how the argument should have gone, Kyle's attention drifted away from the road for just a moment - which would have been fine, if that *particular* moment had not been the one in which a loose horse decided to wander out into traffic....



"...amazing reflexes - there is almost no physical damage...!"

"...still unconscious, doctor? Could it be... serious...?"

"...as a neurologist, I'd say the concussion is minor - no, this is..."

"...like 'asleep' - he's even probably aware of us, at some level..."

"...easy enough, technically speaking - there is a procedure. An expensive procedure..."

"...yes, but - who is going to pay for it...?"



"...pay for it..."

"...pay for it..."

"...pay for it..."

"...pay fo

For an unknowable time, (*for time did not exist therein*), Kyle's conscious intelligence floated in an empty white void, wherein only faint whispers of sound hinted at another form of being.

This consciousness - which still self-identified itself as 'Kyle', despite knowing itself to be but a part of a larger entity known by that name - realized that these fragments of sounds were words, and that they were being spoken in reference to him.

Being merely the intelligent part of Kyle's entire persona, this smaller part of Kyle could even piece together the underlying narrative, stringing the fragments together into a coherent whole - something 'Little Kyle' knew full well that 'Whole Kyle' could never have done, what, with being burdened with 'emotions' and 'motivations' and 'physical sensations' and whatnot.

It simply didn't really affect 'Little Kyle'.

Oh, he knew full well the implications of the situation; the likelihood of being trapped in this non-place for a subjective eternity...

...but with no emotions, intellect could find no concern in the prospect, considering intellect also realized a complete and utter lack of intellect's ability to *alter* the situation. Little Kyle had no method of communication with Whole Kyle, much less the outside universe in which Whole Kyle, the Voices, and all the messy, confusing, tarled, wonderful, familiar, boring, surprising vastness of Reality resided.

So, at first, there was no emotional response at all when Little Kyle realized that Whole Kyle was waking up.

Although 'Whole Kyle', (*who, of course, merely thought of himself as 'Kyle'*), fuzzily remembered being/knowing 'Little Kyle', Kyle also knew *all* about emotions....

"Where the **fuck** is all my *stuff*?!"

Kyle glared furiously around at the semi-familiar surroundings in which he found himself.

Oh, it was his bedroom, right enough - but it wasn't his *stuff*. The furniture certainly wasn't his, and as for the personal belongings - well, there weren't any 'personal belongings'!

No clothes, no shoes, nothing that would specifically identify any given interest, taste, or trait of the room's occupant.

Well....

Except for the book on the desk...



STUDENT HANDBOOK



The
Stridebridge Academy
for NuFemmes

My name is John Winthorpe.

I have been kidnapped and am now being held against my will by what appears to be an entire school staffed with madwomen!

I have a tiny nub of a pencil I stole when 'the Staff' wasn't looking... I am going to try and record everything I can, until I can find a way to smuggle this out.

If you have found this and are reading it - HELP!

I do not know where I am - I was drugged before being brought here.

I don't think... Gotta go, write more later if can. John W.



STUDENT HANDBOOK

*Rules, Regulations & Guidelines
for Students: Before, During &
After FemmeForm Transformation
& Training*

The
Stridebridge Academy
for NuFemmes

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FemmeForm Inc.

Kyle re-read the penciled... journal entry? ...plea for help? ...both? with growing disbelief - this *had* to be a joke of some kind, right?

Not just the crazy shit written in pencil - no, the whole damned thing, the book, and the very idea behind the book. The very *possibility* of this existing, having existed, or ever be in existence - that is what 'Whole Kyle's' brain insisted in disbelieving.

Janice had been right about his 'Blind Spot'....

IMPORTANT NOTICE

for
All New Students



We at Stridebridge Academy recognize that a male enrollee would, of course, desire to protect his masculinity. For this reason, the Staff has chosen to enact a 'One Free Run' policy; the first attempt made by any student to escape Academy grounds will **not** be punished.

1

IMPORTANT NOTICE

for
All New Students



Fig. 1

Please Note: The various apprehension techniques employed by Academy Security to ensure said escape attempt fails do not qualify as punishment.

As such, you may find yourself incapacitated via tranquilizer dart (fig. 1) or by a new hand-held ElectroConvulsive Gun (fig. 2).



Fig. 2

2

CHAPTER 1: THE FEMMEFORMING PROCESS



Oh God, Oh God, It's
real, they've started... A. Smith



THE FEMMEFORM SUITS & YOU

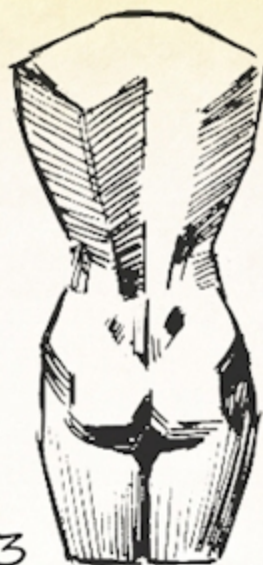


fig. 3

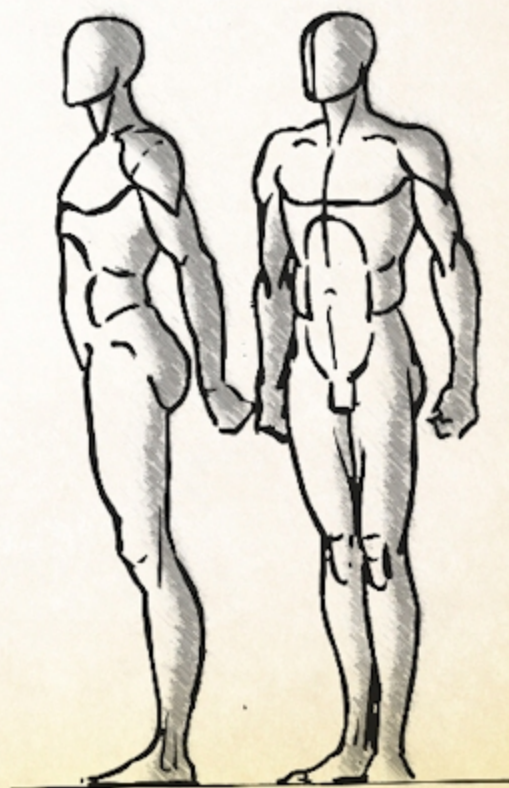


fig. 4

The FemmeForm suit comes in two standard configurations; the 'Core Body' (*fig. 3*) model, and a considerable more complete 'Full Body' (*fig. 4*) suit. Made of flexible new polypseudometallic composites, these suits will become extremely familiar to the new Stridebridge Student. The Full suit is generally to be worn during the day; the Core, at night. This is merely a general guideline, however; more detailed instructions will be issued by the Staff.

Of course, when first worn, the FemmeForm Suits will conform to the (currently) male form of the wearer. It is only over time, and in full conjunction with the other aspects of the Stridebridge Academy's FemmeForm process, that the suits will be able to return to the pre-programmed 'figure state' it is constantly trying to reach.

The average time for this process to reach completion is six months.





"Oh, but the process is so much more efficient these days..."

Startled, Kyle whirled - to find Janice standing in the doorway, a decidedly un-Janice-like expression on her face; although, upon reflection, Kyle had to admit that it might have, technically, qualified as a smile...

"What the hell is *that* supposed...". Kyle started- then drew himself up short, and asked a more relevant question: "What the fuck is going on here, Janice?"

"Oh, well," Janice chuckled, "I've paid your rather large medical bill to keep you from having a long, full life as an unresponsive vegetable. I rather think that means you owe me something... Don't you?"

Kyle's anger seemed to shrivel and evaporate - when put that way, there was really but one answer, wasn't there....?

"Uh, well - I guess I *do* owe you for that..." Kyle muttered, his eyes averted and his right hand uncomfortably rubbing at the back of his neck.

"You certainly do!" Janice agreed with near-malicious glee in her chipper voice. "I hope you've been keeping up with your reading, because you're going to need to know what's in that book, *Kyla* darling!"

At the feminine appellation, Kyle's eyes narrowed, and when he spoke, his voice was dangerously flat: "What, exactly, do you mean by that?"

"Why, merely that while you continue to live in my house, and are in my debt, you are going to take care of that nasty little 'women's work' stuff around the house."

"You're crazy," Kyle announced, in an air of wonderment.

"Oh, don't worry - I know how you feel about a man doing 'women's work', but thankfully I have a solution! My mother, you see, is quite important in Stridebridge Industries - we'll have you ready to work in no time! Come on - my special gift to you is in the closet..."

Almost numbly, Kyle let Janice lead him over to the closet, in which hung....

"That's right!" Janice announced...





"That's right, Kayla - it's a FemmeForm suit all of your own! Don't bother reading the 'Suit Care and Use' section of the Student Handbook - it's outdated.

Nothing but the latest and best for you! I do strongly suggest you read the rules and regulations - since, tomorrow, you'll have to start following them...!"


Kyle, having come to the conclusion that Janice was *completely* off her rocker, then naturally tried to leave - only to discover that the room was considerably more.... *secure* than he had first appreciated.

For example - Kyle had never noticed before just how stoutly constructed the hardwood doors were, much less the fact that the door could also be locked from the outside, if one had the key - as Janice obviously did.

Likewise, Kyle had been completely unaware that the 'glass' in the windows was, in fact, a complex, shatter-resistant polycarbonate often known as 'Bullet-proof Glass.'

The implications raised by the fact that both steel-cored door and shatter proof windows were all original installation were completely lost on Kyle...



A man with short brown hair, wearing a black t-shirt, is shown in profile from the chest up, looking towards a shiny, metallic, full-body suit. The suit is highly reflective and has a complex, segmented design. The background features floral wallpaper and a wooden cabinet with books and a skull on top.

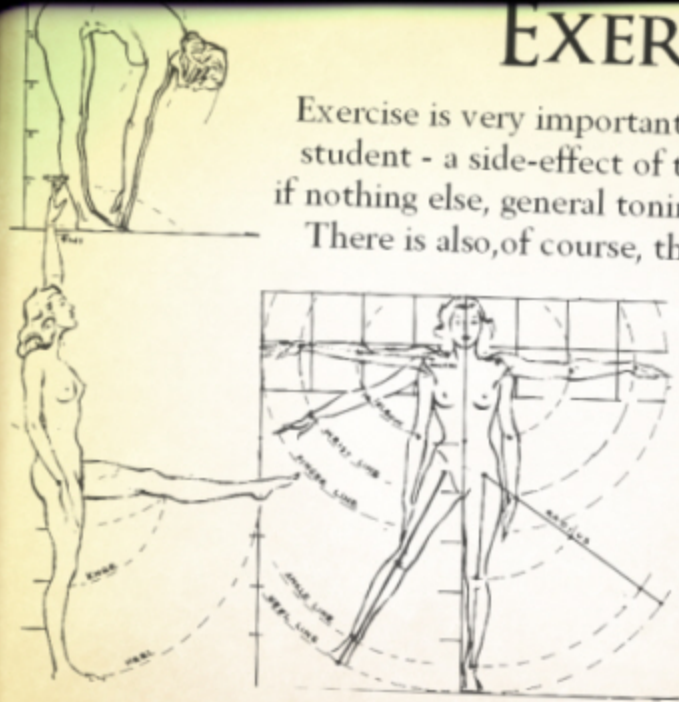
One thing Kyle was sure about, however, was this... this *suit* thing. There was a certainty about that!

Kyle was absolutely certain that there was no way in hell Janice was going to get him to wear it!

EXERCISE

Exercise is very important for the NuFemme student - a side-effect of the suit means that, if nothing else, general toning will be required.

There is also, of course, the matter of weight management, although that topic will be covered more in-depth in the later section on Nutrition and General Wellness.



POSTURE

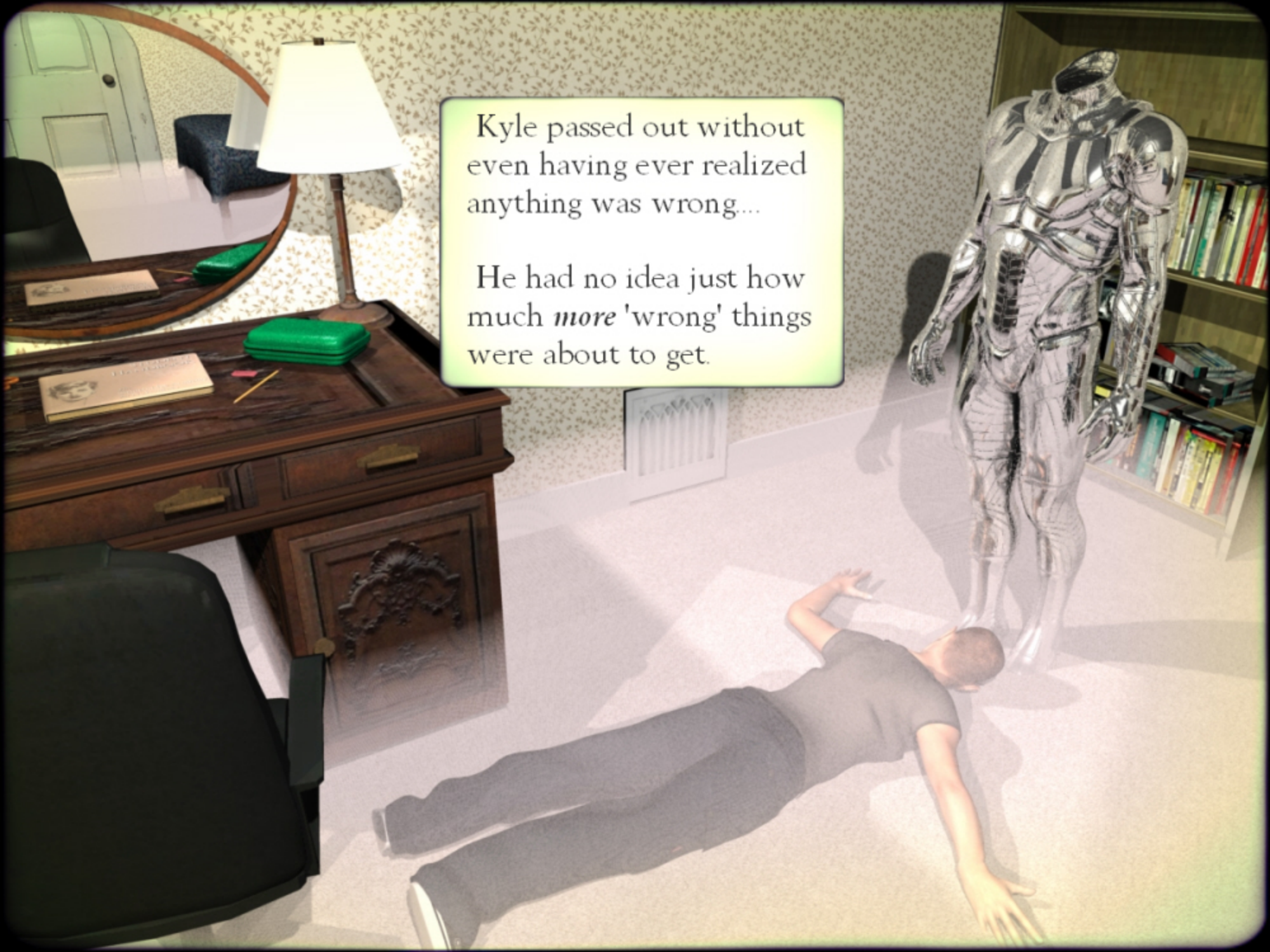
Even with the assistance the suit will give the Student, in the form of enhanced physical abilities, especially in regards to musculature, the Student will have to practice in order to maximize the effect of these physical advantages - and one of the key areas in which this practice is to be gained is in the matter of proper posture. The following pages will describe in detail the various correct postures.



With nothing better to do, Kyle found himself reading the Student Handbook - and became so engrossed in pure outrage that he failed to notice the fine pink mist hissing into the room...

STUDENT
HANDBOOK

Knowledge Academy
of Posture



Kyle passed out without even having ever realized anything was wrong...

He had no idea just how much *more* 'wrong' things were about to get.



When Kyle gradually began to regain consciousness, it was to a feeling of great confusion - and not only because Kyle did not actually remember falling unconscious.

There was also the physical sensations that told Kyle that something was very, very wrong - the sensation of being 'held in place' by some sort of flexible-yet-ultra-durable material that seemed to not only encase, but support him, from the neck down.

In other words, as Kyle soon unhappily verified for himself, he had been packed into the bizarre FemmeForm suit.

"GodDAMNIt, Janice...!" Kyle cursed, with great feeling. "You sick, crazy..."

"Ah, ah, ah - that's not very ladylike," Janice chided with a wicked smile.



"Look, Janice, I appreciate what you've done for me..." Kyle began, speaking so quickly that he was almost babbling; "...but please, please, think very, very carefully about what you're doing, and..."

"Oh, believe me - I have given this a *lot* of thought," Janice said with a chuckle. "In fact, I've been devoting a good amount of time recently thinking *very* long and hard about just how to best demonstrate the current model FemmeForm suit's various abilities..."

"Oh, God, Janice, please... please don't..." Kyle begged, ashamed by his own less-than-manly actions - and yet, given her stated desire to make him physically less manly, the only way he could see to maintain his current masculinity.

Well, slim chance of maintaining his masculinity was more accurate.



For some reason, neither Janice's words nor expression did anything to ease Kyle's anxiety - especially since, as Janice lovingly, teasingly informed him of just how much she was looking forward to demonstrating the suit's features, she kept calling him by the feminine name of Kayla... no matter how many times he begged her to stop.



That, however, was not the worst of it - that would, at that particular moment, be the fact that the FemmeForm suit held him completely and utterly immobile.

Helpless.

Trapped.

...and Janice had clearly not only anticipated that in the sense that she had planned for it, but also in the sense that she had been looking forward to seeing it happen.

Kyle had good reason for fear.





"The automatic adjustment feature is quite something, isn't it Kyla? The suit is so much more powerful than your merely human muscles - no matter how hard you try to fight it, you have no choice but to move with the suit."

Janice paused for a laugh - albeit one that had little to do with humor.

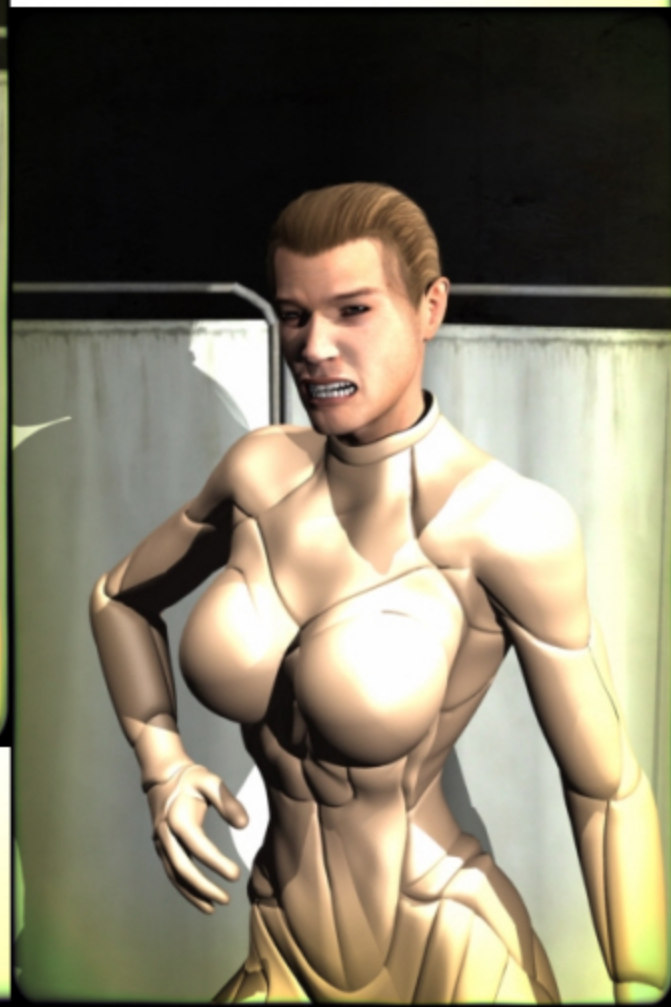
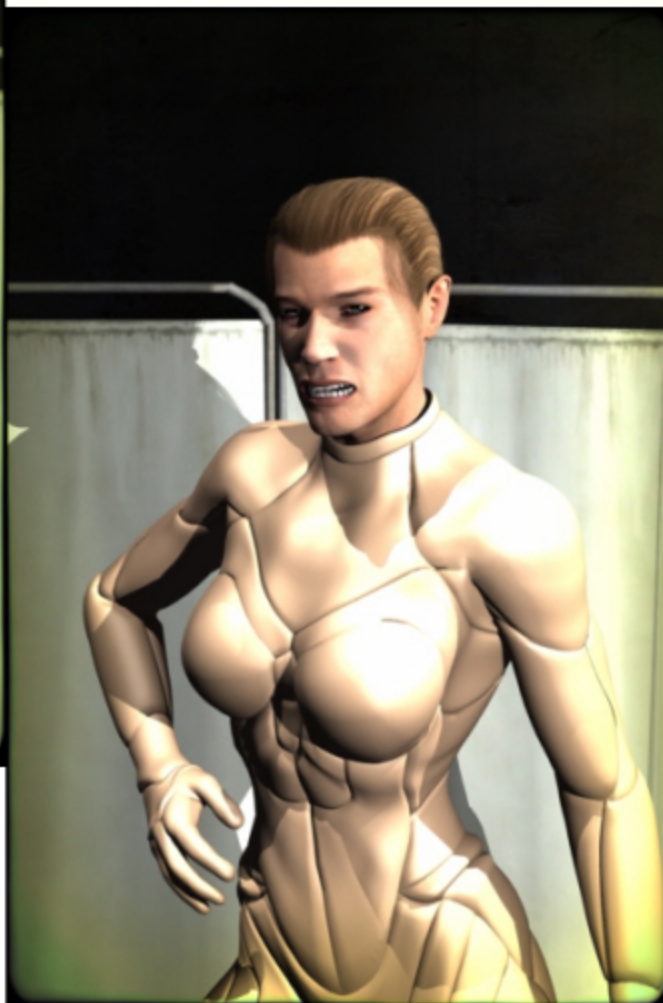
"Now, Kyla - that's just one of the very basic functions a FemmeForm suit can accomplish. Here, let me activate the SimuFlesh function..."

Still smiling evilly, Janice sent her fingers tap-tapping across the keyboard.



For 'Kyla', the transformations ranged from 'humiliating' to 'physically agonizing' - some of it was just the suit changing shape, but some of it was the suit forcing change upon the flesh that lay within the suit.

Kyle's flesh...



After a bit of time, all of Kyle's moans, groan, shouts, and urgent, heart-felt pleas for mercy apparently began to wear on Janice, and she clearly wasn't going to stand around having to listen to something like that...

After all, Kyla had to get used to the full FemmeForm suit, helmet, charging and replenishment cycle, and all...

Not that all of Janice's uses of the suit features were purely for the fun of it - no, she really did want the person she insisted on calling Kyla to truly understand how completely and utterly helpless the suit made anyone who might be in it.

Such as, in this case, a person no longer even to object to being called 'Kayla'.





So, it would be fair to say that Janice quite deliberately put the 'fun' in 'function' when deciding which modes to demonstrate to Kayla - and just how to demonstrate them.

The 'Blimp Mode' - rapid inflation via helium into a now rubber-like suit - made it obvious that even just 'walking away' wasn't an option, unless Janice wanted it to be.

Kyle had to learn that.



To be honest, however,
some if it Janice DID do,
simply because she
could...

...which, of course, was
part of Kyla's lesson.

STORE

HANDBOOK

with the assistance the suit will give the Student, in the enhanced physical abilities, especially in regards to the Student will have to practice in order to

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NOTICE

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All New Students

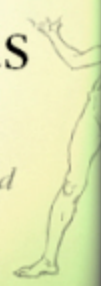
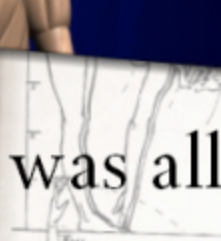
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find yourself incapacitated rt (fig. 1) or by a new 'onvulsive Gun (fig. 2).



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fig. 3

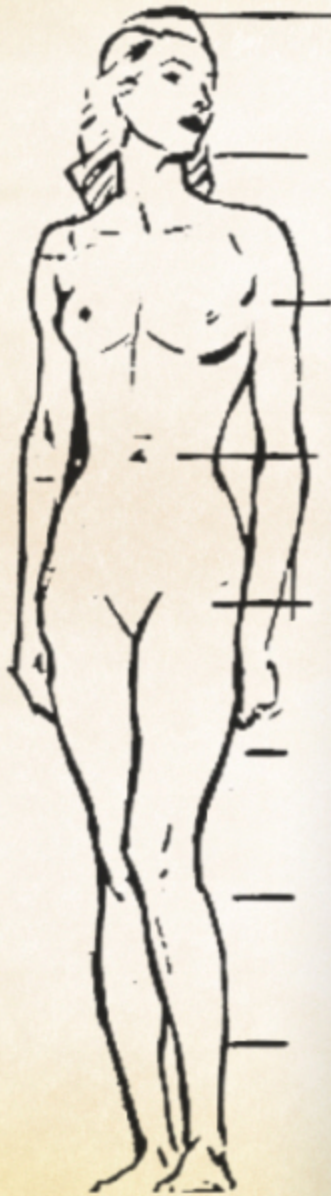
fig. 4

Of course, it was all really just 'filler', in a way, as far as Janice was concerned...

The really fun stuff didn't start until tomorrow...

comes in two standard re Body' (fig. 3) model and mplete 'Full Body' (fig. 4) ew polypseudometallic will become extremely ebridge Student. The Full suit is rring the day; the re, a reat guideline, however; more detailed d by the Staff.

PART II: POSTURE, POSE, & PRESENTATION



When first a woman is being presented to a man, she should, of course,

It must be noted that if one is to be yet graceful,

As illustrated (right), it should be and not, unless otherwise found to be attractive.

The next day marked the transition from educating Kyle to training Kyla.

Instead of the suit moving Kyla as if a puppet, reward and punishment soon got 'her' to 'voluntarily' start to cooperate.



The more Kyla willingly cooperated, the more Janice reduced the FemmeForm suit's 'profile', making it all the more physically comfortable for Kyla the more 'she' obeyed.

Day followed day
- but Kayla hardly
noticed...



Life for 'her'
became all
about learning
what it took to
become the
idealized
'Stridebridge
Girl'.



In fact, as Kyla continued to follow the training outlined in the Stridebridge Academy Student's Handbook, 'she' was uncomfortably aware of the suit actually becoming physically *pleasurable* to wear - even as it continued the base function of further feminizing him...

... which it was only doing, rather than painfully punishing 'her, due to her at least pseudo-willing submission to Janice and the 'Stridebridge Scenario'.



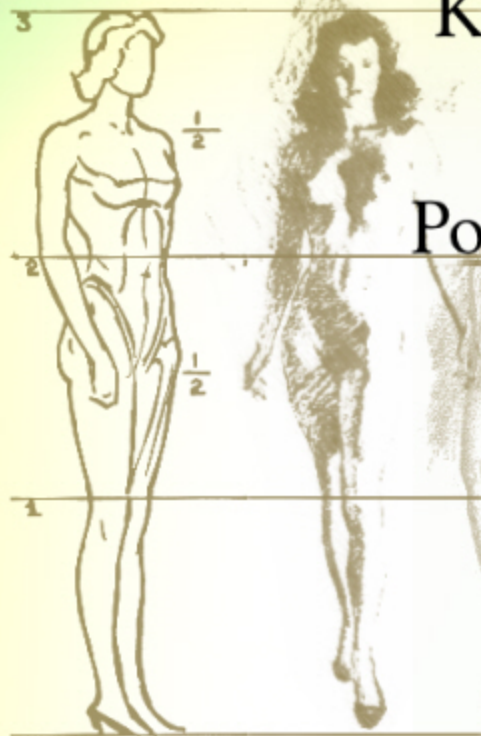
Kyla learned it all - 'voluntarily'.

Pose... and poise.

Fashion and
make-up,
Stridebridge Girl
Style...

Appropriate diet and exercise.

Walking and standing in heels...



All of which left
Kyla understandably
conflicted.





Especially since Janice insisted on continuing to make sure Kyla was at all times completely, utterly, inexcapably, and unmistakably aware of what, exactly, her goal for Kyla was.

She also never hid the fact that she was using the 'carrot-and-stick' method of training, rewarding Kyla when 'she' freely chose wisely...

...and Janice didn't even have to punish Kyla for choosing 'poorly'.

No - what really bothered the woman-becoming was the fact that '*she*' did not like the result when trying to push the FemmeForm suit into a more masculine configuration.

Which wasn't to say that Janice *never* stepped in...





...but, for the most part, Janice only overrode Kyla's suit configuration mostly to remind 'her of the various risks regarding 'poor choices' in Kyla's soon-to-be-adopted gender.

It was things Kyle had no reason to be raised to know about - but Kyla most assuridly did need to know; or would, very soon.

What was really worrisome, however, was how truly *natural* the 'Kyla' life-options were feeling to Kyle. Although some were more repulsive to either him *or* 'her', some of them were... not, in any technical sense, repulsive in the least to either Kyle or Kyla.

Not that Kyle wouldn't have gone back to his old life in a heart-beat, had it been possible - but Kyle was realizing that he had come to believe Janice when she told 'her' that ever being male again was off the table entirely, forever and for good.

It was as if, the more Kyle-That-Was accepted that fact, the more of him faded out in favor of the Kyla-That-Was-Yet-To_be.



Which was what finally prompted Kyle to, with great reluctance, set the suit to 'null out'; to reset itself to just the body underneath.

What used to be his body...

"Well, *girl*, are you finally ready to admit it...?" Janice finally demanded, a sort of amused, yet annoyed affection in her voice.





"Admit what...?" Kyla asked, startled - only to be even more startled by Janice's reply: "Why, that you want to be a girl, now."

"What...!" Kyla screeched. "That... That's not true...!"

"Yeah, right..." Janice snorted with a smirk. "You were all upset with how *masculine* I made you look as 'Pornstar' and 'Pregnant'."

"Well, I..." Kyla tried to argue - only to taper off into silence as Janice continued to smirk at 'her', waiting expectantly.





"Yeah, well, I'd *rather* be male, good-looking and socially adept, like I was before..." Kyla retorted, honestly outraged into blurting out the unvarnished truth: "Since you won't do that, I have to try and figure out what female 'life' I'll have to accept if I don't want to wind up old, lonely and celibate...!"

Janice asked, still smirking: "So, you're saying is that, on some level, you are wondering how best to get guys to have sex with you...?"



Kyle tried to wrap his mind around the conundrum... and then *he* realized that *he* couldn't. The concept *she* was trying to deal with was unarguable the problem that a *woman* faced, not a man.

A woman could decide what sort of life she was going to live... within the confines of various physical, social and economic limitations. These particular limitations may have been anywhere from academic to utterly unknown to Kyle, but Kyle-becoming-Kyla had, all unawares, been made aware of the differences between men and women, at least on a one-to-one basis with Janice.

Her question therefore served to throw into stark contrast the very simple fact that, being around Janice as 'Kyla', 'she' hadn't had any lesbian thoughts about Janice.

Kyle had sexual thoughts about her - but Kyla didn't.





"Whoa, whoa - hold on!" Kyle protested - aware as he/she did so, that it was more out of an ingrained 'habit' to hew to the masculine perspective than anything else. "I'm just stuck with that 'guy/girl' sexual idea! The thought of a 'really female' me having sex with a chick feels 'gay' because of that, that's all!"

Almost desperately, 'Kyla' tried to explain why he wanted to be a lesbian, but that his belief that only a cock could *really* satisfy a woman was getting in the way.

The admission that both Kyle and Kyla were so completely 'hung up' over homosexuality, despite it now applying directly to 'her' in a way Kyle had never even considered, only made Janice laugh.

"...aaaannndd *that's* why I've done this to you to begin with." Janice chuckled. "Well, it's just ONE of the 'opinions' that bothered me, but your unrelenting adherence to the opinions was the main reason - and yet you STILL can't break your own 'brainwashing'..."

She paused to chuckle before pointing out just how fitting this was - far more so than anything *she* might have come up with to actually 'punish' Kyle. Not that she had intended, nor intended now, to make him suffer, as such - well, no more than any woman would 'suffer' just from being female.

It was something Male Kyle hadn't understood; as Female Kyla she *understood*... but still couldn't bring herself to accept all that such an understanding implied, including the right to reject homophobia or the idea of the supreme centrality of male genitalia.

"So, you think a woman desperately needs something you no longer have," Janice chuckled, "and this **despite** the fact that you are soon going to have that very thing you think desperately needs to be filled by that thing you no longer have. Somehow, that makes sense to you?"

"No!" Kyla admitted, half angry and half amused - it emerged in a laughing shout. "I just can't help it! It's not about what I think, it's about what I feel!"

"So... what you're trying hard *not* to say is that you 'feel' like you should have sex with men?"

"No!" Kyla shouted in irritated frustration - and then, in the exact same tone of voice, added: "Yes!"

Janice laughed.





...which sent both Kyle and Kyla right over the edge.

The argu... 'spirited discussion' went on for some time. 'They' were in full-on 'Kyle' mode, and in more than just current suit-imposed physical form.

All of which was just fine with Janice - as it was the lingering 'Kyle' sense-of-self that was creating the mental block. It was HIS psyche's 'bedrock' - since Kyla couldn't form one of her own while Kyle was 'blocking out' any other possibilities. What she needed to make the Kyle aspect understand was that the Kyla aspect was coming to a different conclusion because SHE did not share Kyle's homophobia...

...or, more accurately, she had to convince the single person before her to consciously accept the truth his/her subconscious already had.

...which, in the end, Kyla did - with great, grudging reluctance.

Accepting that the loss of Kyle's manhood meant Kyla accepted that she would either have to break what she now knew to be a ridiculous mental pattern, or living within the confines of that mental pattern...

...and Kyla was forced to admit that it simply wasn't possible.

Janice had finally taught that lesson - except that Kyle, literally unable to accept defeat on that one point, had left Kyla to deal with it.

Oh, along with the rest of what had been his mind, to be sure - but forever holding that one point firm and unshakable.

Aside from the 'small matter' of sexuality, Janice had won.



The person who had finally accepted that (*again, aside from that 'small matter'*) she faced a new life as a woman of her own design certainly wasn't *happy* with having to truly concede to Janice.

Nevertheless, it was a true concession. It wasn't Kyle simply *saying* he agreed, it was Kyle actually changing his mind - something truly rare indeed.

Janice had simply needed to go to the extreme of giving him a whole new perspective on which to look at the world... and Kyle, accepting MOST of the truth, had to eliminate so much mental baggage that his mind felt as altered as his final form would be.

It was just much harder to program than the suit was - and so Kyla turned to Janice for advice.

Frankly, Janice was amazed when Kyla accepted every detail of the 'field trial' Janice suggested, right down to the 'look' she'd have.

Amazed... and delighted.



Once more, a genuine Stridebridge Girl walked the streets... or, at least, a genuine Stridebridge Girl-Becoming.

While the rest of the world might note the graceful posture and carriage of the 'retro' girl walking among them, she still managed to project awkwardness - and for good reason.

Kyla had accepted the, sooner or later, she would have to cope as woman - not just 'in public', but in social situations.

Janice - and the suit - had taught her the physical skills needed to do so... but it was up to her to decide if she was ever going to use them...





There was only one sure way to find out HOW she would feel, interacting socially in a society that, on the main, actually shared the Kyle-view of 'proper' sexuality. (*Albeit, rarely to such a degree...*)

'Perhaps even more importantly', Kyla mused as she dithered uncertainly outside the door to the relatively 'safe' bar that Janice had chosen for her, 'maybe I'll manage to figure out how I *want* to feel about about sexual relationships...'

Janice, as noted, had been right - and having been 'blind', Kyla was now really 'seeing' women and womanhood for the first time.

Which led back to the question...



...was what she was feeling, right now, horror - or excitement?

That tiny Kyle-remnant was insisting endlessly that, IF she was Kyle, it was horror, and if she was Kyla...

...well, Kyle insisted it didn't matter; she was 'just some chick'.

Given her situation, Kyla no longer agreed with the idea that a lack of a penis equated to a lack of true sentience... even if her emotions did.

No longer 'blind', she knew to follow her intellect rather than her emotions - but it didn't stop how she felt.

Which made it easy to reject the attention of 'jerks'; i.e., guys who her emotions agreed with.

So, when her emotions sneered at Tom's nervously friendly approach, she followed Janice's advice, queasiness notwithstanding.



She smiled at him.


Tom's reaction was predictable; he began to chat with her; at first, almost inanely.

She kept smiling.

Tom kept talking; only now in a much more natural way - and that included the oh-so-natural flirting... 'Tom Style', which was a far cry from Kyle-Style flirting.


It was less obvious, less insistent... and every aspect of Tom's person declared that his continued presence hinged, not on the continued possibility of sex... but on the continued presence of her smile.





So she smiled, and talked.

So she smiled, and danced.



She even smiled
when he said 'good
-night'.

Well...?!

Um... Let's go inside.
We can discuss it over
a couple of drinks...





"Well, at least you had a fairly nice crowd from which to, er... browse..." Janice chuckled, as Kyla led her back inside.

Kyla did her best to ignore it, as she grabbed a couple of beers from the bartender.

The settled themselves in an empty booth, and Janice waited with bated breath to hear all of what her star student had learned from tonight's 'final exam'.



"C'mon, girl - spill...!" Janice demanded, with a little giggle at the thought of having some 'Girl Talk' with what had been a very heterosexual, very sexist male. Apparently she wasn't the only one to find a sense of irony in the situation...

...which is how Janice discovered that Kyla blushed beautifully.

"Well, um...." Kyla stuttered, awkwardly. "See, you have to understand, that to me 'a girl' and a 'a guy' has always been so... so ingrained, that, even when I find myself 'the girl'" She tried, fumblingly, to explain how her brain now worked regarding sex.



Feeling the need to 'brace' herself, Kyla paused for a long pull on her beer.

Janice smirked...



...and took pity on Kyla.

"Try it this way - imagine you are standing on a beautiful beach, in a bikini..." she suggested.

Taking a deep breath, Kyla closed her eyes and tried to do as Janice had suggested.

Slowly but surely, an image began to form in her mind - the image of a lonely, lovely tropical beach...

...and, on that beach, hair tousled by salt-sprayed breeze, would be her.

Kyla.

A woman, on a beach, in a sexy little red bikini.



All at once, the image snapped into crystal focus - and, in the same instant, became something much more than merely an image.

All of the detail filled itself in perfectly - exotic bird calls, the sound of palm fronds blowing in the sea-breeze, the feel of the sun-warmed one her smooth, mostly bare skin; all of, feeling amazingly real.

"My God, I feel just like I'm really there!" Kyla breathed in amazement.

"No doubt," Janice's voice agreed, seemingly from thin air. "Now - try and imagine another woman is there with you. Another, sexy woman..."





"Got one in mind...?" Janice's voice asked.

"I sure do..." Kyla sighed, smiling. This caused a short pause, which Janice broke with: "Er... It, um, isn't *me*, is it...?"

Kyla assured her otherwise - with a giggle.

"Good. Now, imagine yourself approaching this woman," Janice instructed, and Kyla complied. "Imagine walking right up to her - and then imagine taking her in your arms...."

With another deep breath, Kyla tried to obey....



...and immediately snapped right out of the near-perfect illusion, and back into the 'real world'.

"What the...?" Kyla gasped, in confusion.

"Obviously, you simply don't feel comfortable fantasizing about women any more." Janice said, as if it were the most normal thing in the world. The really strange part was that Kyla agreed... sort of.

"Weird!" Kyla admitted. "I mean, I did find her sexy, which isn't surprising since I created her - but as soon as I tried to imagine 'female me' making out with her, I got a bit.... squicked."

The blushing confession made Janice chuckle.





"Well, then, let's try something different..." Janice suggested, still grinning. "Try and imagine yourself back on the beach, only this time, imagine a guy is..."

"Already ahead of you..." Kyla assured her in a dreamy voice.



"Er...." Janice blinked, then recovered. "Well, then, try to..."

"...imagine meeting a handsome, funny man in a beautiful, oh-so-romantic location..." Kyla said in a breathy voice.



Seemingly unaware of having interrupted, she continued: "...laughing with him, playing with him, finding it all so natural to fall into his arms..."

"Kyla...?!"

"I can feel his strong arms as they wrap around my body - my soft, smooth, supple body..." Kyla purred. "So strong, and yet - so gentle at the same time."

"Kyla!"

"Oh, it feels so good as his hands move up my smooth skin... Over my long legs... over the rounded swell of my womanly hips... His hands, strong yet tender as they - full of desire, not demand - rise all the way up to cup the firm, round, *tender* flesh of my..."





"Kyla, for GOD'S SAKE, snap out of it!" Janice snapped at her.

Unwillingly, Kyla felt the beach fading away from her, no matter how hard she tried to hold it. It wavered and darkened, and then it - and the man - were gone, leaving her back in the bar with Janice.

"...Huh?" Kyla grunted, as she looked around with the dazed expression of a person yanked unkindly out of a deep and peaceful sleep.
"...Janice? What....?"

"C'mon, come all the way back..." Janice demanded, staring at Kyla's still-befuddled eyes.

"What... Why did you do that...?" Kyla asked, shaking her head to help clear it as real irritation entered her tone.

"The suit, *stupid*," Janice retorted. "You know, the one that's not *quite* real, yet, but is working hard to become so?"

For a second, Kyla was honestly confused - in that instant, Kyla felt fully, completely, and comfortably female... and then she remembered that she wasn't, at least not quite yet.

"I don't understand..." She started to complain - and then some certain things began to register in her newfound nervousness, and Kyla had a sudden, sinking suspicion that she did, indeed, understand Janice's reactions after all.

In fact, perhaps entirely to well...

Janice's chuckles as Kyla recalled - far too late - not only what the suit was doing, but who was 'running' it tonight, didn't help.

"Well, you'll be turning some heads with that new body you've chosen..." Janice couldn't help but needle the new woman.



"Oh. My."

*The
End*