

# THAT'S A JOB FOR A MILE

**BOOK 1**

**Story and Art by Melissa N.**

# THAT'S A JOB FOR A MILF

The atmosphere was tense and full of expectation at the McFarland Inc.

Ronald McFarland, the founder and president of the company, had summoned the top executives for an extraordinary meeting. No one knew for sure when it had happened for the last time, but some claimed that Jimmy Carter was still the US president.

The executives were waiting at the anteroom of Mr. McFarland's office, knowing that they would be called at any time – the company president was a very punctual man. Among them, there was someone who hadn't exactly been called to that meeting, but was hoping to get into the office camouflaged among the others. His name was Patrick Donovan, and he was a twenty-three years old junior executive.

Patrick had gotten that job about six months before, shortly after he finished a business degree. He had been one of the best students in his class, and all the teachers agreed that he had a great future ahead. However, Patrick hadn't achieved that position so quickly just because of his resume – he was also the fiancé of McFarland's youngest daughter, a beautiful young woman called Julie.

They had met at college two years earlier, and the guy immediately became interested in her. After a few attempts, he finally managed to convince the girl to go out with him, and they soon became a couple. Later, Julie explained that her initial reluctance was due to the fact that Patrick was attending the business college, while she studied history, and she was a bit tired of business people because of her father's behavior. However, she had discovered that Patrick was a sweet and funny guy, unlike what she had expected.

Just out of curiosity, during that conversation, Patrick asked who Julie's father was, and he was stunned to learn that the man was the owner of McFarland Inc., a huge company that produced electronic components for all types of vehicle, from cars to airplanes. Even though that surname wasn't so common, Patrick had never imagined that his girlfriend could be a close relative of such a man.

Patrick had a manly and confident face. His hair was light brown and his eyes were green. He had the habit of studying compulsively, but still, he always found time to go to the gym. Thus, he had an athletic body, with well-defined muscles. As if that weren't enough, he had a captivating personality, being able to get along with almost everyone.

Julie had a pretty face, with big blue eyes and pouty lips. Her hair was dark blond and slightly curled.

Her body was slender, with long legs and C-cup breasts. In regular days, she used to wear simple and comfortable clothes, and little makeup, if any. It wasn't a problem, though – In fact, it seemed to highlight even more her natural and unpretentious beauty.



The young man already liked Julie even before knowing that she was one of the heirs of Mr. McFarland, but he'd be lying to himself if he said that this fact didn't make him take that relationship even more seriously. Julie was just perfect in every sense. It wasn't even about the money she would inherit, since he wanted to get rich by his own efforts. But just being close to someone like McFarland could help him to achieve his goals faster. All he needed was a chance to show what he was capable of.

That same year, through Julie's intermediary, Patrick got an internship at the company of his father-in-law. Mr. McFarland realized from the start that that young man had talent, but he was determined not to show any kind of favoritism. This way, Patrick was demanded to work harder than any of the other trainees, and he didn't disappoint.

The old man was also convinced that Patrick wasn't dating his daughter just because of money. He truly seemed to be a good guy who loved her. For this reason, he allowed them to get engaged in the following year, and he hired Patrick as a junior executive as soon as he graduated from college.

The only Patrick's defect, as Mr. McFarland always kept saying, was that he was too anxious. There was no problem in desiring to have a prominent position in the professional environment, but one shouldn't try to skip steps. It was something that Patrick, with all his vivacity and ambition, had yet to understand. He was always trying to prove to his father-in-law that he was ready to get a promotion, and also seeking to insert himself at the top management of the company.

It was exactly what he was doing at the anteroom of Mr. McFarland's office that day.

After a few more endless minutes of waiting, the phone of the Mr. McFarland's secretary rang, and everyone held their breath. The call lasted no more than three seconds. At the end, the secretary said that the crowd could come in. Beside the others, Patrick strode confidently toward Mr. McFarland's office. However, he was stopped at the very last moment.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Donovan, but you aren't allowed to attend this meeting" said Ruth Brown, McFarland's secretary.

"What?" Patrick exclaimed, pretending he was surprised. "You must be confusing me with someone else, Mrs. Brown" he stated, smiling broadly. His smile was a kind of secret weapon. It was so friendly and warm that he had already achieved many things through it. However, Mrs. Brown seemed to be immune to that trick.

"There is no confusion " she said gravely. "Mr. McFarland said your name specifically... letter by letter. He warned me that you would try to be part of this meeting, and that I should stop you."

Mrs. Brown was an old lady with short gray hair and a plump body. She always wore a pair of thick glasses, and worked as Mr. McFarland's secretary since forever. Patrick still tried to convince her that there should be happening a misunderstanding for some time, but then he realized that this was an impossible task. The woman was adamant. Then, he just shrugged and turned away, feeling defeated. He just couldn't understand why Mr. McFarland was still reluctant to include him in his "circle of trust".

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Three hours later, Patrick was in his office when he finally heard the footsteps of his immediate boss in the hallway. After so much time working together, he could recognize Christine Moss only by the clicks of her high heels. Since she was going back to her office, it meant that the special meeting had ended.

"Hey, Chris" he said, coming into the woman's office. Christine was in her early forties, and she was still in good shape. She had light brown hair at shoulder level, a round face and dark brown eyes. Her skin was very light, and she had a receptive smile, although she could also look intimidating, when she was angry. She always dressed professionally, with sober outfits, and high heels.

Despite the age difference between Patrick and Christine, and the fact that she was his boss, they had become good friends over time. Patrick worked for her from the time he was just a trainee. Thus, the young man even had the freedom to call her Chris when they were alone.

"Hello, Patrick" the woman said, without taking her eyes from the documents on her desk. "What do you want?"

"Oh, I just came to bring that report you asked for."

"I told you to give me this on Thursday. Do you realize that today is still Monday?"

"Yes, but you know how competent I am. In fact, it was already finished last week."

"Thank you, Patrick. I really appreciate your efforts. Now if you'll excuse me..."

"Sure! But... Is everything okay? You look worried."

"Well... After that meeting..."

"Was it so bad?"

"You have no idea! Can you believe that..." the woman stopped suddenly, and stared at Patrick, who – by then – was already sitting in front of her, hearing closely. "Oh, I see what you're trying to do here, young man! You're attempting to manipulate me to find out the subject of the meeting!"

"Do you really believe I would be capable of something so vile?" he said, with an exaggerated gesture, pretending he was offended.

"Oh, I'm pretty sure of that!" Christine said, trying to sound daunting, although she could hardly keep from laughing. "I know you tried to infiltrate the meeting, even knowing you weren't supposed to be there."

"I was just trying to help, Chris!"

"Yeah, whatever. But it has to stop now! I'm not allowed to discuss this issue with you."



"If you say so... But you're aware that no one needs to know what we talk about here, right? I know that Mr. McFarland didn't want me there, but maybe..."

"The answer is no!"

"All right, all right! You know where you can find me if you change your mind."

While Patrick was leaving her office, Christine thought about it for a moment. Sure, he was a little nosy sometimes, but he always had good ideas and, the most important, she trusted him entirely. The problem she had to solve was quite tricky, and perhaps a second opinion could be helpful.

"Wait" she said, regretting it almost immediately, seeing the conceited look of the young man...

Half an hour later, she had told everything, and Patrick was looking at her dumbfounded.

"So, Mr. McFarland thinks that Gregory Hill, the director of the company's main subsidiary, is selling secret information to competitors. That's crazy!"

"I know, but could you remember to keep your voice down? If anyone hears what we're talking about, I swear I'll kill you with my own hands!"

"Okay, I'm sorry. It's just that I got really surprised. I thought Gregory Hill was a trustworthy man of Mr. McFarland."

"Me too. This was something unexpected for all of us."

"Why Mr. McFarland began to get suspicious?"

"He didn't go into details, but he said that his suspicions are based on solid evidences. However, he can't prove it... yet."

"And that's why he called all of you."

"Yes. As I said, he wants us to think of some way to find out the truth, while keeping this subject in strict secrecy. I guess I just disobeyed the second order."

"Don't worry, Chris. You know I won't talk about it to anyone. But wouldn't it be easier if Mr. McFarland simply hired some kind of external audit or an investigator specialized in business issues to take care of this situation?"

"Someone suggested something like that. Mr. McFarland said it wouldn't work, though. Gregory Hill is a very cunning and clever man, with full knowledge of everything that happens in the subsidiary he commands. He would find out about an investigation of this nature promptly."

"Well, in this case, Mr. McFarland should just confront Mr. Hill."

"It would be even worse. Gregory Hill isn't someone easily impressed. He wouldn't reveal the truth simply by being pressured. Also, aware of such suspicions, he would have the chance to make any actual evidence against him disappear, and he could even tarnish the company's image revealing to the public that he had been wrongly accused. Mr. Hill is also a very influential man."

"I see... This is a really tough situation, isn't? Well... And what if Mr. McFarland hires someone to pretend to be a competitor interested in buying some secret information?"

"That was the best suggestion during the meeting. This could work, but wouldn't be so simple. Mr. Hill knows everybody in this business, and he might suspect something if some stranger approach him to discuss it."

"Then it might be better to recruit someone who works in the same subsidiary to spy him."

"According to my experience, he isn't the type of boss who has a very close relationship with his subordinates, so an ordinary employee wouldn't be able to spy him so easily. I know about it very well because I worked for him for some time."

"Oh, did you?"

"Yes, about five years ago. It wasn't a very pleasant experience, so to speak. As I said, he likes to control everything around him, and don't share a lot with others. I just had to fulfill specific orders, without being aware of the big picture. I think the only way for someone to effectively spy him would be disguised as his secretary" she laughed. "Obviously, this wouldn't be a task for a random girl. The person would have to be very alert and have a broad knowledge about this business to discover something. It would be really hard to find someone with such skills and willing to do that."

"Oh, sure" the young man said, with a strange expression on his face.

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That night, Patrick took his fiancée out to dinner. They went to one of her favorite places, a simple and intimate restaurant where they served seafood. She was wearing a long linen white dress and flats, with her hair tied in a bun. Patrick was wearing a navy blue dress shirt and jeans.

As usual, they talked excitedly as they savored the delicious food, but from time to time the young man seemed to be distant. He just couldn't stop thinking about the conversation he'd had with Christine. That whole story about Gregory Hill selling secret information of the company seemed so insane, but what if it were true?

Mr. McFarland wasn't a fool, as Patrick knew very well. The old man wouldn't summon the most important directors of the company to discuss this issue if he hadn't a good reason to distrust Hill.

And the most important, if Patrick could think of a way to find out the truth, this could be the chance he was waiting for to win the confidence of his father-in-law.

His mind then wandered to what Christine had said at the end of the conversation: *I think the only way for someone to effectively spy him would be disguised as his secretary.* Patrick observed his girlfriend as she spoke. Unconsciously, he began to pay attention to the way she talked, her gestures, how she was sitting... Could he be able to emulate all that?

*What the hell am I thinking?* He scolded himself, troubled. He wouldn't be willing to pretend to be a woman just to get a promotion, would him? That was the stupidest idea ever... Or wasn't? Well, even if he really wanted to try this, he could never look like a woman. He was too manly for that. Even so, his mind just couldn't let this idea go away...

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"Hey, Chris" he said the next morning, getting into his boss's office without knocking. "I've been thinking about Mr. Hill's issue, and I..."

"Shhh... Shut up, you idiot! You can't just walk in here this way, talking about it. You didn't even make sure I was alone!"

"Well, I can't see anyone else."

"Yeah, but just now you decided to look around. You know what, I regret telling you about all that. I know you'll screw it up!"

"Don't be dramatic, Chris! I just need to ask you something, okay? After that I won't bother you anymore."

"Fine! What do you want to know?"

"You said you believe that only a secretary would be able to spy on Mr. Hill, right? But what about some kind of *male assistant*? Perhaps a competent and dedicated young man could earn his trust."

"And who would be this person? *You*?"

"Well... I would be willing to sacrifice myself for the good of the company."

"Look, Patrick, I know you would like to intervene in this situation. You must be thinking that if you solve this problem, Mr. McFarland will give you a promotion right away. But you don't need to do that! You know your rise in the company is only a matter of time."

"Yeah, but if I could do something to speed things up... Why not? That's a win-win situation, after all."

"Yes, but the only problem is that it just won't work. Gregory Hill doesn't have male assistants. As I said, the only people who can get close enough to him to discover something are his secretaries. So, unless you are planning to become a woman, and a woman with very specific characteristics, you have no chance."

"What do you mean by *specific characteristics*?"

"Well, during the time I worked for him, I noticed that all his secretaries followed a certain pattern. They were all over forty, but were in good shape, and they were... How can I say... Flirty. I'm not saying that they were unqualified for the job or something, nor that they had some kind of *extra professional relationship* with Mr. Hill, but the fact is that they all had those traits in common, and none of them held the position for a long time."

"How old is Mr. Hill?"

"I don't know for sure, but I think he's over fifty, although he still looks good, I would say."

"Does his wife know about his liking for this kind of secretary?"

"From what I remember, he is divorced."

"Interesting! So, Mr. Hill is a free and uncommitted man who has a thing for MILF's."

"A thing for what?"

"You know... attractive middle-aged women..." realizing that Christine hadn't understood it very well yet, Patrick explained what that acronym stood for.

"You men are all pigs, you know" Christine said, disgusted.

"Oh, don't take a part for the whole. I just know this expression because... You know... It's a kind of common knowledge. Anyway, now I see your point. It's a shame that there is no way for me to look

like one of those women."

"You're just saying that because you know this is impossible, right? Not even you would be stupid enough to do something like that..."

"Who knows, Chris. Who knows..."

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It was about a week later when Simone Miller, another company director, entered Christine's office with a giggly expression. Patrick was also there, talking about some reports with his boss.

"Hello, Chris. Have you... Oh, you are here too, Patrick!" Simone said, as if only then she had seen the young man. "I wanted to talk to you, as well. Is that true that you want to become a hot middle-aged woman so you can seduce Gregory Hill?"



Patrick got so surprised by this question that he even choked on the coffee he was drinking. "I don't know what you're talking about, Mrs. Miller" he said.

"You don't need to lie, Patrick" Christine said, smirking. "I told Simone about our conversation a few days ago. I trust her."

"So, is that true?" Simone asked again. She was a thirty-odd years old woman, with short black hair, a petite body, and brown eyes.

"Fine! I've said something similar to that, without the *seduce part*, but this was just a silly idea. This can't be done, anyway."

"Not exactly... I know some people who could help you."

"Oh, really? Are they witches or something?"

"Better than that. They run a discrete and exclusive beauty clinic. I know from experience that they are able to do complex and comprehensive treatments like this one you need. You have no idea of the wonders they can do for you."

"I don't think you understood me very well, Mrs. Miller. I'm not willing to undergo plastic surgery or something to look like a woman. It's way too far."

"Don't worry about that. I'm sure they can think of some less invasive and temporary solution for your case."

Patrick just didn't know what to say. That idea was absurd. How could a beauty clinic make him look like a middle-aged woman? And even without any surgical procedure! The young man concluded that Simone was probably mocking him; or perhaps, with Christine's help, she was trying to scare him to teach him some sort of lesson. Realizing that, he decided to play along, just for fun.

"Okay" Patrick said, smiling. "If you're so sure, I think we could try it. Tell me more about this clinic."

"Are you serious?" Christine asked, astonished.

"Why not?" Patrick asked, casually. "Simone said they can do something to change my appearance temporarily, and I really want to help the company to solve this problem. This seems reasonable to me."

"That's great!" Simone exclaimed. "You know what? I'll call the owner of the clinic and ask her to receive us at the weekend, so she can explain everything to you. She and I became good friends after my stay there. The clinic is located on the outskirts of a small nearby town. Is that okay for you?"

"Let me know when you have an answer."

"I will, Patrick... Or maybe should I start calling you by a female name? Have you thought about how you want to be called once you become a woman?"

"I'll work on that, Mrs. Miller!" and saying that, Patrick left Christine's office. If these women were thinking that they would scare him, they couldn't be more wrong...

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"Wow, this is an impressive place!" Patrick exclaimed when he saw the façade of the mysterious beauty clinic for the first time. It was Saturday morning, and he was in Simone Miller's car, on the way to meet the owner of the clinic. Christine Moss, Patrick's boss, was also there.

The building before them was an imposing mansion which seemed to be over a century old. It looked more like the residence of an old aristocrat than a beauty clinic. There was a well-kept garden that led to a fountain in front of the main entrance. The building had white walls, which were as immaculate as if they had been painted the day before; the windows were wide and long, similar to the stained glass windows of a cathedral; it was possible to see at least four towers, which jutted into the sky making the mansion look even more majestic.

After they crossed the entrance gate, Simone parked the car in the front yard, where an employee was already waiting for them. The middle-aged man, dressed in white from head to toe, nodded to the group courteously.

"Good morning, Mrs. Miller" he said to Simone. "I hope you've had a pleasant trip."

"It was splendid, Vincent. I love this region this time of the year."

"I'm glad to hear that. Now, if you can come with me, Mr. Larsen is already waiting for you and your friends."

The interior of the building was even more striking. The entrance hall had white marble floor, a large

crystal chandelier, and a monumental curved staircase. Vincent led them to a corridor on the right side and, at the end, he knocked on a door softly.

"Come in" they heard a female voice saying. Shortly after, Simone, Christine and Patrick entered the office of Theresa Larsen. She was a woman in her fifties with short reddish wavy hair and green eyes. She had a curvy body, with D-cups breasts, and was wearing a red dress.

"Oh, it's a pleasure to see you again, Simone!" Theresa said, standing up and hugging the other woman. "You look wonderful."

"Thanks, dear. And if I really look that good, you know this is thanks to you and your amazing clinic."

"I'm flattered to know you liked our services so much. So, is this the young man you talked about?" she asked, looking at Patrick, who shuddered slightly. He was feeling increasingly uncomfortable with that situation.

"Yes! He's Patrick Donovan, and this is Christine Moss, his boss and my friend."

Theresa greeted the other two visitors and then she sat down again.

"So, Mr. Donovan" she started, "Simone told me that you need some help for a important project."

"That's true, Ma'am. And please, you can call me Patrick."

"Okay, Patrick. And from what I heard, for this project to be successful, you need a very special disguise."

"You're right. To make it work, I would need to look like a middle-aged woman" he said, trying to sound relaxed. "But this is obviously not possible, right?"

Theresa didn't answer anything immediately. Instead, she observed Patrick carefully, which made him feel uncomfortable. Her eyes were very piercing, and although she appears to be a friendly person, there was something odd about her. The young man couldn't explain it very well, but that woman seemed to be capable of dominating everything and everyone around her with just her presence.

"You know, Patrick" she finally said, slowly. "The business that I run here, modesty aside, is very unique. We are used to extravagant customer requests, and to this day none of them got dissatisfied

with our services. What you need is the kind of challenge that interests me. Yes, I assure you that we can make you look like an attractive middle-aged woman, and in fact it won't even be that hard."

"I'm sorry, but do you want me to believe that you can make a guy like me look like a pretty older woman? And it will be easy?! That's... crazy!" Patrick said, before he could control himself. "I apologize again, Ma'am, but it's just that..."

"It's okay, Patrick" she interrupted him, smiling serenely. "I can understand your disbelief. But as I said, this is entirely possible through some *simple* aesthetic interventions."

"And what interventions would those be exactly?"

"Our team needs to evaluate your case in detail before a verdict, but I'd say that, among other things, you would need some skin treatments, a new hairstyle, waxing, manicure, maybe some prosthetics, and a suitable makeup. Obviously, all procedures will be reversible and you will have full knowledge of everything that is happening. However, the most difficult part of this transformation won't be your appearance. You would also need to be ready to think, act and behave like a middle-aged woman, and this is the real challenge."

"I see."

"Fortunately, we are also able to assist you in this regard. Actually, this is one of my personal assignments. I am a psychologist, and I usually work on the emotional side of our clients. Many times, more than a beauty treatment, people need a little bit of self-confidence or a new posture, and that's where I help them. In your case, I'm sure this would be an interesting adventure. I would have to prepare you psychologically and emotionally not just to pretend, but *to be* a woman for the time needed. Now, Patrick, the real question is: are you really willing to do that?"



"Let's assume I am willing to do this..." Patrick started. "How much time will you need to... hmm... finish all the necessary procedures?"

"I would say that we'll need about two or three months until you're ready."

"All this time?"

"Well, the process can be accelerated depending on your effort and surrender to your new persona, so to speak. But I don't think it's..."

"Oh, that's great to hear, Mrs. Larsen" Patrick said, before the woman could finish the sentence. The term *accelerated* was simply irresistible to someone as anxious as him. "I am a very dedicated person. Effort isn't a problem to me. But what about your fees? I guess that the services offered by a clinic as

exclusive as yours aren't cheap, and I'm not making so much money right now..."

"You're right, Patrick, they aren't. However, I'm really interested in working on you. This project sounds so fascinating... You would be like my pet project. This way, I can make a deal with you. Simone told me that your goal is to get a promotion through this special project. So, you wouldn't need to pay me anything at first. If you really get your promotion with my help, we can discuss a value later. But don't worry. This won't be anything beyond your means."

"You look really confident, Ma'am. When Simone told me about your clinic, I thought she and Chris were just trying to play a trick on me. But now it seems that all this is serious."

"Oh yes, Patrick. This is very serious. And because of this, I assume you need a few days to think about it. This way..."

"I accept" the young man said, impulsively. He knew this was a thoughtless decision, but the prospect of getting the position he wanted so badly had blinded him. He couldn't let this opportunity – as crazy as it seemed – pass him by.

"Excuse me?" Theresa said, raising an eyebrow.

"I accept your offer" he said again. "I mean, I can stay for a week or so to see if there is any progress. Don't get me wrong, Ma'am, but I'm still not totally convinced that you can turn me into a middle-aged lady."

"You're the stupidest person I've ever met!" Christine exclaimed, openmouthed. "I can't believe you're really doing this!"

"C'mon, Chris, What can go wrong?" Patrick asked, with his best smile. "In the worst case scenario, I can become your BFF. Wouldn't that be great?"

## DAY 1

At the beginning of next week, Patrick went back to the clinic, this time to stay. The day before, he had met Mr. McFarland, and informed his father-in-law that he would need to be absent from work for some time, to solve some family issues. The old man didn't like it, but eventually gave in. Patrick had never missed a day's work, so he concluded that this problem should be really serious. Still, he stated that the young man would have to make up for those lost days in the future.

Patrick also saw Julie, his fiancée. The girl got very worried, and asked if there was something she could do to help him. The guy thanked her, but said that this was a problem he needed to solve on his own. He also assured her that he would explain everything at the appropriate time. Patrick felt bad for lying to Julie, but he knew he had no choice.

At night, he got a call from Christine, his boss. She tried to change his mind, but Patrick said to the woman that she was worrying for nothing.

"Everything will be fine, Chris!" he said. "Also, I don't understand why you're trying to convince me to give up. As far as I remember, it was you and Simone who had this idea."

"Yeah, but I didn't think you'd accept it. You were right. I was just trying to teach you a lesson. Also, I thought that Simone was joking when she said that this clinic could turn you into a middle-aged woman. Now I'm not so sure... And I don't know why, but the owner of that place causes me shivers..."

"Mrs. Larsen? I think she looks like such a *lovely person!*" Patrick said, laughing. "Now serious, Chris. If she tries something weird, I'll leave that place immediately. Trust me."

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Back to the clinic on Monday morning, Patrick was taken to Theresa Larsen's office again.

"Good morning, Patrick" she said. "It's good to see you again. Are you ready to start your *treatment?*"

"Of course, Ma'am! That's why I'm here!"

"Fantastic! First of all, I'm going to explain to you what will happen during the first days, okay?"

"That sounds perfectly fine."

"In order for you to get used to all the changes in your appearance, the procedures will be done gradually. This way, I hope you won't face any major distress, and your mind will have time to assimilate what is happening. I want everything to happen in the most natural and comfortable way possible."

"I see."

"And we will have daily meetings, so I can know how you are feeling, as well as help you in your *psychological adjustment*. I'll explain the details about it in a near future. Now, I would like to hear a bit more about you. I promise this won't take long."

She then took a camera, and positioned it in front of the young man. "I would like to record your answers, if you don't mind. I'm not sharing it with anyone, I promise" she explained, seeing Patrick's puzzled look. "This is just for me to be able to measure your progress over time. So, to start our interview, could you tell me a little bit about your childhood?"

For the next hour, Patrick answered countless questions. Theresa wanted to know everything about the young man, from the early years of his life to his plans for the future. Patrick realized she got very interested about his ambitions. She asked many questions that addressed this issue, questioning how he felt about his current position, where he thought he deserved to be, and how he intended to get there. Finally, she asked about Patrick and Julie's relationship.

Even though everything was being filmed, she also made several notes on a notepad. Patrick could only guess what she was writing, but he had a feeling that this was more than just his answers.

"I think it's enough for now" she finally said. "I really hope you enjoy your stay here, Patrick, and I'm sure you must be eager to see your accommodations."

Saying this, the woman picked up her phone. "Please, tell Samara to come in" she said.

Shortly after, another woman entered the office. She was young, had wavy red hair, slim body, high eyebrows, light brown eyes, and was wearing a white uniform.

"Samara" Theresa said. "This is Patrick Donovan, our new guest. Please show him some of the facilities of the clinic and then take him to his room."

"Certainly, Mrs. Miller" the woman said radiantly, as if nothing could be more pleasing to her. "Nice

to meet you, Mr. Donovan. Could you follow me, please?"

During the tour, Samara took Patrick to a lot of places, including a medical center, a beauty salon, a sauna, a swimming pool and a gym. The young man thought everything looked great. It was amazing the contrast of some areas of the clinic compared to the rest of the building. The medical center and the beauty salon, for example, were very modern environments while other rooms, as he had already seen, had Victorian style.

Another thing that caught Patrick's attention was the fact that he saw no client during the tour, with the exception of two or three women in the salon and another one in the pool. He mentioned this fact to Samara.

"Oh, that's okay, Mr. Donovan" she said. "Our clinic is very exclusive so we never have dozens of clients at once. This could turn the stay here less enjoyable. Also, Mrs. Larsen advised me beforehand not to take you to very crowded places for now. She wants to keep your contact with other people as little as possible during the beginning of your... *treatment*."

Patrick felt embarrassed to hear that. Did Samara know exactly what treatment he would be subjected to? Did she know he was there to be somehow turned into an older woman?

Finally, she took him to his bedroom. The place was nice and elegant, although it was too feminine for Patrick's taste. It had light yellow walls, hardwood floors, and a flowery carpet; there were also a very large bed, some chairs, a desk, a wardrobe, and a beauty vanity.

"So, Mr. Donovan, what do you think?"

"This is great. Thanks, Samara!"

"I'm glad to hear that, sir! Can I help you with anything else?"

"Just one thing. I left my suitcase in the lobby when I arrived. Will someone bring it here?"

"Oh, I'm sorry, sir. I thought you knew..."

"Knew what?"

"Your suitcase will be stored... Mrs. Larsen's orders... During your stay here, you won't need its contents. We will provide you with all necessary and appropriate clothing for your new... umm... *style*."

If you check your wardrobe, you will find some of your new outfits. Now, I'll let you settle in. I'll be back in an hour to take you to your first appointment. You can put on something comfortable."

Fearfully, Patrick approached the wardrobe, wondering what kind of clothes would be there...

When Patrick opened it, he saw it wasn't as bad as he had thought. Of course, that wasn't the kind of clothing he was used to wearing, and the pieces were quite androgynous to say the least, but at least there were no dresses and skirts.

*Well, if I really want to pretend to be a woman, I'll have to wear skirts, dresses and maybe even high heels sooner or later!* He thought, feeling uncomfortable.

For now, there were many shirts, shorts, pants, and some pairs of sneakers and a pair of flip-flops. He also found some pajamas, all in pastel shades. However, what most made him apprehensive was the underwear drawer. All he could find were panties! They weren't thongs or extremely lacy pieces – in fact, they were made of cotton and had neutral colors, but they definitely were panties.



Patrick couldn't understand that. He knew he would have to wear women's clothes, but why the hell he needed to wear panties? It wasn't like someone was going to see your underwear... right?

*If everything Christine said is true, Gregory Hill will probably want to see my underwear, and a lot more than that!*

He then tried to convince himself that his boss had exaggerated a bit. Also, as much as Mr. Hill liked to be surrounded by MILFs, Patrick didn't believe the man would be stupid enough to get involved with one of his secretaries. Hill was a methodical man, and he certainly knew that a sexual harassment lawsuit was something very serious nowadays...

About the panties, he concluded that Mr. Larsen wanted him to wear this kind of underwear just so

that he could immerse further in the character. After all that talk about the psychological transformation, the young man should have known that something like that was coming. He decided not to make a big deal about it. Those panties wouldn't kill him, after all.

He soon discovered that there was also a bathroom in his room, which was also very luxurious, having even a large bathtub. In the bathroom cabinet, he found a lot of creams he had never seen in his life, a deodorant with floral fragrance, a comb, besides a toothbrush and toothpaste. Curiously, there was no razor or shaving cream. Since the belongings he had taken to the clinic had been confiscated, the young man wondered how he would shave...

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When Samara returned, she saw that Patrick was already wearing some of his new clothes. Since the girl had said he should wear something comfortable, the guy had chosen a tight little brown t-shirt, a pair of short white shorts, and pink flip-flops.

The hardest part for Patrick, however, had been putting on the panties. He chose a white piece, which almost looked like one of his briefs, but he soon realized how tight the panties were. When he finally got to wear this, his dick and his balls were almost being crushed. Also, since the shorts were also very small and tight, it was possible to see his cock's through it.

Patrick knew he couldn't leave his room that way. Desperate, he thought of some solution to that problem. After a few minutes, he concluded that his best option would be to tuck his penis and his balls into the cavity between his legs.

The procedure wasn't as simple as Patrick had imagined, and it was also painful. However, at the end, he saw that it had at least worked – there was no sign of his penis anymore. It was very strange, though. Looking at his reflection, he saw that his groin was as flat as a girl's.

Moreover, he couldn't feel his penis when he touched his shorts, which made him feel emasculated. He needed to remember himself why he was doing all that to resist to the urge to give up that crazy plan and leave the clinic immediately...

"So, how do I look?" the guy asked, insecure, when he saw the girl.

"Perfect!" she said, looking at him and clapping. "And I'm glad to see that the clothes we selected

fitted you so well!"

"Well, not exactly" Patrick said, scratching the back of his head. "They are very tight."

"This is how those clothes are supposed to be, sir. You'll get used to it."

"Hmm... okay" Patrick said, not so happy with that answer. "And Samara, you don't need to call me sir. Patrick is enough."

"I'm not allowed to do that, sir. But if you insist... Well, I guess I can call you by your name when we're alone. It'll be our little secret" she said, winking mischievously. "Now, I have to take you to your first appointment, shall we?"

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On the way, walking alongside Samara, Patrick was still feeling weird because of his clothes. They were so tight that they were restricting his movements. Dressing that shirt, he was forced to keep his arms close to his body; and due to his shorts, he was unable to take large steps. He wondered if all that had been planned in advance... He was definitely being forced to walk in a more feminine way...

But the worst of all was his panties. It wasn't so bad at first, but now that he was walking, the underwear was sneaking more and more between the cheeks of his butt... a little deeper at every step. Did the women feel it all the time while they walked? If so, Patrick didn't know how they could stand it – he was almost going crazy in just five minutes.

He desperately wanted to take his hand down there and straighten his panties, but he couldn't do it in front of Samara. It would be so awkward. He then began to swing his hips exaggeratedly, hoping that it would help him out.

Unfortunately, this only made the problem worse – the panties penetrated even deeper into his butt, and now the issue seemed beyond any solution. Frustrated, the guy saw that Samara had an amused expression on her face.



"I see you're having a hard with your new clothes, Patrick" she said.

"Oh, is this so obvious?"

"Don't worry. As I said, I'm sure that soon you'll get used to it in no time."

"You seem very confident about that."

"Well, I wear clothes like yours all the time and I don't feel any discomfort" the girl laughed.

"Ha! Yeah, but that's because you're a woman!"

"True, but pretty soon you'll..." she stopped in the middle of the sentence, realizing she was talking too much.

"Go ahead, Samara. You know what I'm doing here, right?"

"Yes" she admitted. "I'm sorry if I made you feel embarrassed, Patrick."

"Oh no, that's totally fine. I hope we can be friends, you know... I really need a friend here or I think I can go mad. Anyway, what do you honestly think about this crazy plan?"

"Well, talking as a *friend*, I have to say that I think you're doing a very noble and brave thing."

"Really?"

"Sure! I don't know all the details, but I heard you need to disguise yourself as a woman to help your company, which is going through a difficult situation. I guess it's more than enough to make someone noble and brave, isn't? I'm sure your boss will be very impressed."

"Oh, I really hope so" Patrick said, thinking about the promotion he wanted so much.

Soon after, they reached their destination. Patrick saw that Samara had taken him to the beauty salon, and the young man looked worried.

"Don't worry" Samara said. "The girls at the salon are great. You're going to love them!"

"Don't worry, don't worry... Is this all you can say?"

"This is part of my job."

"As an employee of the clinic or my friend?"

"Both, I guess" she smiled. "Now let's go in."

The salon was a very feminine place, with lilac walls, many paintings and some plant pots. For Patrick's relief, the only people there were the clerks, who welcomed him warmly.

"Nice to meet you, Mr. Donovan" said the woman who appeared to be the boss. She was in her early thirties, had long, dark blonde hair, and a graceful body. Like all the other girls, she was wearing a pink uniform. "I'm Dana, one of the salon's hairdressers."

"Nice to meet you too, Dana" the guy said.

"Oh, we're so excited for the opportunity to work on you! This is the kind of unusual of thing that is very interesting for us. We'll do everything we can to make you comfortable, okay? Remember we're here to help you."

"I got it. Thanks!"

"Mrs. Larsen told us she wants your transformation to occur gradually, so you'll have time to get used to everything. Thus, you'll have almost daily appointments here. Isn't that great? Today, we're just going to take care of your body hair, besides other two or three little procedures. Now, if you can follow Brittany, she will start your treatment."

Brittany was a beautiful young woman. She was a little short, and had brown hair. First, she handed a fluffy pink robe to Patrick, showing him where he could get changed. Despite being pink, Patrick thought that the robe felt very nice. He had never worn anything so soft, and it was good to get rid of those tight clothes – well, almost all of them, since he was still wearing the panties.

Next, Brittany took him to another room where there was a spa bed. "Would you like something to drink before we start?" the woman asked. "Maybe water or tea..."

"How about a beer?"

"I'm sorry, sir" Brittany giggled. "We don't have beer here."

"How sad... In this case, I don't want anything. Thanks."

"Okay. Now, let me explain what will happen. You will be subjected to an electrolysis session, which will eliminate all your body hair."

"Electrolysis?" Patrick exclaimed. "But isn't this a permanent thing?"

"Only after a lot of sessions, and we won't go that far. You just need a few sessions so your skin will be smooth and hairless for a few months. After that, your body hair will grow back normally."

"Are you sure? Don't get me wrong, but I'm very concerned about that."

"Absolutely sure, sir. The other option would be waxing, but trust me, this is very painful and you would need regular sessions over the months."

Patrick definitely didn't want waxing. He had heard that it hurt like hell and the prospect of being subjected to it constantly wasn't very encouraging. He then accepted the electrolysis.

Brittany turned on a stereo, which started playing a calm and relaxing song, and asked the guy to take off his robe. At that point, Patrick got very embarrassed again, knowing that under the robe he was wearing just a pair of panties. But without choice, he did what the girl asked, fearing the worst. To his relief, the girl neither made a comment nor looked surprised. The people there really seemed to be very professional.

Brittany started by his legs. Patrick had to admit that this really wasn't so bad. Besides a few little bites from time to time, it was painless. However, the process was very slow. When she finally finished the legs, she went to his arms, then his chest, abdomen and armpits. Not even his face was spared! Now Patrick understood why there was no razor in his room.

"We're almost done" Brittany said. "Now, could you please take off your underwear?"

"My u-underwar?" Patrick stammered.

"Yes, sir."

"I don't think it's necessary."

"I'm just following Mrs. Larsen's instructions. She said the electrolysis session must be *truly* complete."

Patrick wasn't happy about that, at all. That Mrs. Larsen really was a perfectionist, wasn't she? Why the hell was that necessary? Still, after a few moments of intense reflection, he decided to give in this time – just this time. He had promised to Mrs. Larsen that he was willing to cooperate to make this plan work. Some body hair seemed to him like a very futile reason to give up so soon. But later, she would have to explain to him the reason for such an invasive procedure.

He then started taking off his panties reluctantly...

"That's okay, sir" Brittany said. "I'm used to doing this on male bodies. You don't need to be ashamed."

"You kidding me! Are there guys who like to do this?"

"You'd be surprised. They say it feels so much better after the procedure..."

Patrick wasn't truly convinced yet. However, he had more pressing issues to focus on at that time. When Brittany touched his dick, he desperately hoped he didn't have an erection. That would be a little... inappropriate?

He even tried to think of dead cats, his old grandmother and all this stuff to avoid getting hard. Fortunately – or maybe not – none of this was necessary. Since this region of his body was much more sensitive, the electrolysis was quite painful there. It was simply impossible to have an erection feeling so much pain. When the girl worked on his balls, it was even worse, and he had to bite his lip to keep from screaming.

"Now turn around, please" Brittany asked. Patrick was feeling so disoriented by the pain that he obeyed without even wondering the reason for that request. "Good. Now it'll be better if you stay on all fours, sir."

Only when Patrick was already positioned as the girl wanted he realized what was about to happen.

"Wait, don't do that!" he tried to stop her, but it was already too late. The girl began to get rid of the few hairs he had on his ass.



"Try to relax, sir" she said.

He had never felt so humiliated in his entire life. There he was, on all fours, while a woman he had never seen before was making his butt smooth.

"Ok, Mr. Donovan. All done" she finally said, after long minutes. "You can get dressed now."

Feeling outraged and violated, Patrick put on his panties and robe, while Brittany walked away. Shortly after, another saloon clerk appeared. She greeted Patrick, saying that her name was Amanda. She had black hair and a round face.

Amanda took Patrick to another room, where there was another bed. Luckily, this time Patrick – wearing panties – just received a massage. This was very relaxing, especially after the previous

traumatic experience. Amanda also spread a cream all over the guy's body and face, which felt refreshing since his skin was a little irritated.

At the end, she took him to a tanning bed. Before he lay down, she handed him the cream and told him to spread it on his private parts as well – then he should lie down naked.

"Is this sunscreen?" he asked.

"Not exactly... But I assure you that your skin will be safe" she said evasively.

She also gave him headphones and a MP3 player. "You'll thank me for that later" she said. "You'll have to stay in the tanning bed for a long time, so you'll appreciate something to distract yourself. Try not to move too much. I'll come back to let you know when it's time to turn around."

Patrick lay down and put on the headphones. All he had to listen to were songs similar to the ones played in the other room. That was okay for him, though – those songs were very, very relaxing...

After some time, the guy even fell asleep. After an eternity, Amanda returned to ask him to turn around, and then he lay on his stomach.

When he was finally allowed to stand up, he saw that he was very tanned. This wasn't the kind of cool tan that one can get in a beach, though. His skin was a little orange, and looked artificial. Amanda reassured him that this would look way better over time, after a few more tanning sessions.

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On leaving the salon, he saw Samara. "Oh, your legs look great now that they are no longer covered by hair" she said.

"C'mon, Samara..." Patrick grumbled.

"I'm serious! And I like your tan, too."

The girl took Patrick to an empty dining hall where he would have lunch. To the young man's surprise, the meal wasn't as tiny as he had expected. There was rice, roast beef, boiled potatoes and a small salad. Sure, he would eat a bigger portion if he had a choice, but it wasn't so bad. Since he was going to disguise himself as a woman, he had thought that he would be forced to eat only salad or something.

Samara explained to him that he wouldn't need to lose so much weight, but just distribute it better through his body. They would achieve it through appropriate physical activity and other *small procedures*.

After lunch, the girl told him that he could relax in his room for an hour before his next appointment. Once alone, the guy took the opportunity to check out the damage that had been done to his body.

He got undressed and then approached a full-length mirror located next to the vanity. He had never had a lot of body hair, but still the electrolysis had made a big difference. His skin seemed much softer, and it was very weird to see its new color...



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After the break, Samara took him to the gym. The guy was wearing a tight white tank top, short black shorts, white sneakers with pink details, and another pair of white panties. The white panties available weren't going to last forever, but Patrick wanted to postpone the moment he would have to try the other colors, especially the more feminine ones, as long as possible. Maybe he wouldn't even stay in the clinic long enough to be forced to use them.

Again, because of his short and tight shorts, he was forced to tuck his cock between his legs. However, since he was going to do physical activity, he wasn't sure if his dick was going to stay there the whole time.

The gym was located in the north wing of the mansion. Like the salon, it was a modern place and had countless gym equipments, such as weight training apparatus, treadmill and exercise bike. Patrick was greeted by a guy named Antonio, who said he would be his personal trainer.

Antonio was an Italian American guy in his late twenties. It was very clear he spent a long time working out since he had a very muscular body. He also had a manly, handsome face, with a straight nose, a square jaw and a five o'clock shadow. His hair was black, as were his eyes, and slightly wavy. He was also wearing a tank top and shorts – although his clothes weren't as tight and short as Patrick's – displaying his muscular arms and legs, and his naturally tanned skin.

Patrick also had an athletic body, it's true, but compared to that guy he looked like very thin, and he was also so much shorter. Did Antonio know that Patrick was in that clinic to be disguised as a woman? Probably, and this made the young man feel ashamed.

He really didn't expect to have to interact with other men in that place. How would he feel when he was forced to wear even more feminine clothes in front of that guy? That would certainly be terrible. Just the fact that he was wearing panties now, even though Antonio couldn't see it, was making him feel humiliated.

"Nice to meet you" Antonio said, shaking Patrick's hand and smiling. He had such a broad, bright smile – the kind of smile you can see in a toothpaste commercial. "You can call me Tony."

"Nice to meet you too, Tony" Patrick said in a squeaky voice because the other guy's handshake had been stronger than he'd expected.

"Oh, I'm sorry. Did I hurt you?" Antonio asked, now gently massaging Patrick's hand.

"I'm fine, thanks!" Patrick said, annoyed, pulling back his hand.

"Great! Now, how about we start working out? You'll have to work hard to get the body that you want, you know... But I'm here to help you!"

*He knows*, Patrick realized, blushing. He was already sure that he wouldn't like that guy...

They started with a session of stretching and warming. Patrick was used to do that, but still he had a hard time because he had never done physical exercise dressing such tight clothes. Thus, Antonio had to correct his position several times.

Next, Antonio took Patrick to a treadmill. "Today, I just want to assess your cardiovascular condition, okay? So you will just do a light jog."

"My cardiovascular capacity is perfectly fine!" Patrick stated. He wasn't sure why, but he was feeling the need to self-assert in the presence of Antonio. Perhaps it was because the personal trainer looked so much manlier than him, with his extremely muscular body. Also, Patrick could see that the guy had hairs on his arms, legs and chest, while Patrick's body was completely hairless after the electrolysis session.

"Fantastic!" Antonio said. "So, I'm sure you won't have trouble *passing the test*."

Patrick went on the treadmill. Antonio selected a moderate speed, but Patrick said he could run faster. The personal trainer then increased the speed a little.

"You're doing great!" he said.

*Yes, I am*, Patrick thought, pleased with himself. He wasn't a weak and fragile person as that guy was thinking – In truth, Antonio hadn't said anything like that, but Patrick was certain that this was what was going through his mind.

Patrick was feeling great, but then, something went very, very wrong...

He was running really fast, and all that movement started to make his shorts and panties to rise through his hips. Pretty soon, they were deeply buried in his ass. It wasn't like what had happened earlier, while he was walking alongside Samara. This time, it wasn't only uncomfortable, but also painful. And worst of all: his shorts were so raised that he was sure that part of his ass should be fully

exposed.

While Patrick was running on the treadmill, Antonio was walking around the device, watching the other guy closely. And just at that moment, he was exactly behind Patrick, with a privileged view of what was going on.

Fortunately, Antonio kept walking around, so a little later he was facing Patrick. Taking advantage of the opportunity, Patrick tried to take his hands to his ass to try to straighten his shorts, but he was reprimanded by the personal trainer before he could do anything.

“Keep your hands beside your body or you will lose your balance!”

"Fine!" Patrick said, gritting his teeth.



The situation soon became intolerable. Patrick was so distressed that he couldn't remember to breathe properly and was losing control of his legs. Suddenly, he took a false step and slipped, and his body was thrown back. Realizing what was about to happen, Antonio quickly approached, just in time to keep Patrick from falling to the ground.

"Are you okay?" he asked, holding the other guy with his muscular arms. Due to the scare, Patrick needed some time to understand what was happening. When he realized that Antonio was hugging him firmly from behind, he got wrathful.

"Of course I'm okay!" he stated. "Could you let me go now, please?"

"Oh, sure! I was just trying to help."

"Yeah, I know. Thank you for that" Patrick said, although he didn't sound grateful at all.

"You're welcome" Antonio said, apparently not noticing the other guy's anger. "But now I think it's safe to say that your physical fitness isn't as good as you had thought, right?"

"What?"

"Well, you got so tired running that you even fell."

Patrick opened his mouth to say that this wasn't true, but he changed his mind. What could he say? That he hadn't been able to run properly because he had a pair of panties deeply tucked into his ass?

"You're right" he was forced to lie. "I need to improve my fitness."

"And that's why I'm here!"

Oh, Patrick just couldn't believe that man was real...

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In the early evening, Patrick was once again in the company of Theresa Larsen, the owner of the clinic. They were in an adjacent room to the woman's main office. There was a divan where the guy was supposed to be lying on, so they could have a first talk as psychologist-patient. However, Patrick was too troubled for that. He was pacing back and forth, while the woman was seated at her desk, watching him patiently.

"So, tell me, Patrick" she said. "Why are you so nervous?"

"Umm... Let me see. Maybe it's because I'm wearing panties right now? Or perhaps due to the fact that earlier I was subjected to a complete electrolysis session?"

"But, Patrick, I told you before that some changes in your wardrobe and appearance would be necessary..."

"I know, Mrs. Larsen, but I'm not talking about *some changes*... When I said it was a complete electrolysis session, I wasn't kidding! It even included my private parts! Was it really necessary?"

"Of course, my dear. You are just going through experiences that are commonplace for us women. You need to understand exactly how we feel on such situations, then you will be able to act and think like one of us. This isn't a movie, Patrick. I already told you. For this plan to work, pretending to be one woman won't be enough. You'll need to *be a woman* for as long as necessary, and that means you need to experience as many of the delights and torments of womanhood as possible."

"I see your point, Ma'am. But after today, I'm not sure if this is really the right thing to do. Maybe this is a huge mistake. I do not know if and I really can – and more importantly – want to keep doing it."

"Calm down, young man. You can't make such an important decision this way. You're too stressed for that. Why don't you lie down for a moment and then we can talk about it?"

With a huge effort to control himself, Patrick did as requested. Shortly after, he heard the monotonous and repetitive sound of a metronome.

"Now" the woman continued, "focus on this sound, Patrick. Try to empty your mind and relax..."

After a few minutes, Mrs. Larsen spoke again, asking in detail all that had happened to Patrick during the day and how he felt.

"I understand now" she said at the end.

"Do you?"

"First, I know that everything you're facing can be very difficult. Do you see why I said we should do it gradually? If we had completely changed your appearance at once, it would have been much more stressful, and you would have run out of here at the first opportunity. But the most important issue is

not that. As I'm sure you know, the world is still a very patriarchal place, and no one is immune to social influences. Even someone like you, who isn't a sexist, can feel desperate and humiliated for being forced to give up your masculinity, even if *temporarily*. This is considered a demerit because there is still the idea that men are superior to women."

"I don't think something like this, Ma'am!"

"I know you don't, Patrick, but subconsciously... And it isn't your fault. Our society still has a long way to go. Everything you told me, especially the fact that you felt embarrassed because our staff knows that you are here to be helped to be a woman, indicates this."

"So it's true, isn't? They all know. Even Antonio..."

"Yes, Patrick, they know. Otherwise, they wouldn't be able to help you. But I can assure you that everybody here is very ethical and professional, so no one will disrespect you. About Antonio, I know that dealing with him will be the hardest part for you. Men, even unconsciously, like to compete with each other to see who is the manliest. But you need to remember that what you're doing doesn't make you inferior to anyone. In fact, it just proves that you're a very bold person. Most of men wouldn't have the courage to do something like that."

Patrick thought about everything he had heard for some time. Mrs. Larsen didn't try to rush him, letting him take all the time he needed.

"I kind of agree with everything you said, Ma'am, but even so, I don't know if I can keep this up. This may be just a silly issue related to my male ego, but I really don't know if I can overcome this. I... I think it's time to give up."

"I can understand you, my dear. As I already said, most of people wouldn't be able to do that. But from what I remember, you like to about yourself as someone with the ability to accomplish great deeds, isn't that right? And do you what all the people who did so have in common? They weren't afraid to make great sacrifices and do things that other people considered crazy."

As an experienced professional, Theresa Larsen knew very well what to say to influence her patients. Just that last statement had already made Patrick rethink his decision.

"Let's try something" she continued. "Sleep here tonight and think carefully about what you really

want. If tomorrow you're still determined to leave, I won't try to change your mind."

"Sounds like a fair deal" Patrick said, realizing that whatever he decided, he had nothing to lose.

"That's great, my dear. Oh, just one last thing. You'll find an MP3 player and a headphone in your room. I'd like you to listen to it to sleep."

"Why?"

"It'll help you to relax. This way, you'll be able to make your decision more consciously."

"Umm... Okay!" the young man said. He didn't believe it would have a great influence on him, but it wasn't a problem either...

## DAY 2

The next morning, Patrick woke up feeling much better. All the anger of the day before was almost completely gone. *Nothing like a good night's sleep*, he thought, and he had indeed slept very well. That bed was so fantastic! He thought that he would need to buy one like that when he returned home.

But would he leave the clinic that day?

Patrick wasn't so sure anymore. Now that he was calm, he thought that maybe he had overreacted before. Sure, everything he had faced so far hadn't been easy – and he knew there was more to come – but as Mrs. Larsen had said, people who performed great deeds needed to be willing to make sacrifices. After thinking a little more, he decided to stay in the clinic for another day or two before his final decision.

He had slept in a set of light blue silk pajamas. It was a feminine garment, but apart from the fact that it was a bit tight, it wasn't so different from what Patrick would normally use to go to the bed, since the set consisted of a long-sleeved shirt and pants.

He had also used the headphone and the MP3 player. Maybe those calming songs had helped him to sleep faster, but other than that Patrick didn't believe that it had had any effect on him – not even in relation to his decision to remain in the clinic for a few more days. It wasn't like some strange songs could change someone's mind, right?

A little later, Samara appeared bringing the guy's breakfast. "Good morning, Patrick" she said. "Oh, you look fresher this morning."

They talked a little while the Patrick ate, and the guy realized that he was no longer feeling so awkward discussing what he was doing in that clinic. After the meal, Samara let him change his clothes (like the day before, he wore panties, short shorts and a tight shirt), and then took him to the salon.

There, he once again underwent a full body electrolysis session. He obviously felt uncomfortable during that, but he struggled to face it without complaining. All the time he thought it was just one of the obstacles he had to overcome to reach his goal.

That day, Brittany also plucked the guy's eyebrows a little with electrolysis. When she started doing that, Patrick's determination almost faded away. However, the girl reassured him by saying that she wouldn't do anything extreme, and that his eyebrows would grow back after some time.

Next, he was taken to the nail station, and two girls started working on his fingernails and toenails. On that day, they explained, they would just clean and shape his nails, and paint them with a clear nail polish. They also asked him not to cut his nails from now on. They would take care of that when needed.

Finally, he had his body massaged by Amanda, who once again spread a cream all over his body. This time, she asked him to wait longer before he lay down on the tanning bed.

After the salon, still in the morning, Patrick went to the gym. Like the day before, Antonio welcomed him warmly, and Patrick did his best to feel at ease despite the outfit he was wearing. He kept telling himself that his discomfort was just nonsense of his male ego.

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In the afternoon, he was then taken to a very feminine room, where he would have his first etiquette class. The place had light walls and floor, delicate curtains, flowerpots, and furniture that seemed to belong to a life-sized doll house.

He was greeted by an elegant woman named Doninique Beaulieu who appeared to be over fifty. Her body was thin, her face had very beautiful features and was perfectly made up, and her blonde-gray hair was tied in a fashionable bun. As if her name wasn't enough, her accent made it clear that she was from France.

"Welcome, Mr. Donovan" she said. "It's a pleasure to meet you."

The guy noticed she had a majestic posture, and all her movements and gestures were smooth and exquisite. As she walked, it was almost as if she were floating around the place, such gracefulness.

"Nice to meet you too, Ma'am" the guy said, and then added that she could call him Patrick.

"Take a seat, please, so we can talk."

Patrick did as requested, and Dominique sat opposite him. Between them, there was a small round

table with some porcelain crockery. The woman then poured two cups of tea, and handed one to the guy. Patrick hated tea, but he just didn't know how to say that without sounding unkind. That woman had served the drink with such care, and was offering it to him so affably... He thought a little sip wouldn't kill him.

"So, *ma chérie*, Theresa told me that you need to spend some time as a woman. Is that correct?"

"Yes, Ma'am. I know this may sound unconventional, but it will be important for my professional career. I need to pass as a woman to find out if something wrong is happening at one of the branch offices of the company where I work."

"Oh, so this is a kind of secret mission. How exciting!" the woman said, smiling and clapping softly. "But instead of handsome a secret agent, you need to be a middle-aged lady."

"That's right. Do you think it's possible? I mean, do you think you can teach me to act like... Well... Like you?"

"I'm flattered to know that you think I could be a role model for you, Patrick. However, from what I heard, you need to be a little flirtier than me."

Once again, Patrick made a great effort to keep calm during that conversation.

"You know, back in the Old Continent, modesty aside, I managed to turn a lot of tomboys into refined ladies" the woman continued. "Some of them even looked more masculine than you before. No offense intended, of course, but the fact is that they really weren't exactly *ladylike* when I started with them. So yes, I assume you I can teach you to act and behave like a perfect lady... A perfect lady who knows how to tease when needed" she added playfully.

"Umm... That's good to know" Patrick could hardly believe he was saying it was good to know that this woman could teach him to behave in an extremely feminine – and flirty – way. After that, he really deserved a big promotion. Mr. McFarland wouldn't find a more dedicated employee anywhere.

"But I won't lie, young man. This will require a lot of effort, dedication and commitment on your part. Sometimes you may think I'm being too demanding, but that's the only way to make it work. Do you think you can handle that?"

"Of course I can, Ma'am. That's why I'm here."

"Good. This is what I wanted to hear. Now, what about we start our first lesson? First things first. Let's correct the way you are sitting. Can you tell me what you're doing wrong?"

Patrick looked at the lower part of his body, and then looked at the woman in front of him. "I think the problem is that my legs are open" he said.

"Yes, this is the most apparent problem, so let's fix this. From now on, I want you to remember: you can no longer sit with your legs apart, not even when you're alone. It needs to become something natural to you. You can simply keep your knees together or cross your legs. Let's try the first option today since it's simpler. Obviously, all this will be easier to remember when you start wearing skirts and dresses."

"I see" Patrick said, trying not to feel bothered by the remembrance that he would soon be wearing such feminine garments. He then closed his legs and felt strange in that position since he had never tried it before. But the worst of all was that it crushed his cock and balls even further since they were tucked between his legs.

"Good" Dominique said. "Now, move your knees to the right and your feet to the left. Yes, this way. Next, your back needs to be straight and your chest out. I'm sure a corset could be very useful in this regard..."

Patrick wasn't sure what a corset was, but what he knew was that this position was very uncomfortable. He didn't know how this could become something natural to him.

"Perfect, Patrick!" the woman said enthusiastically. "It seems that you have talent for that. As you can see, the proper body posture for a woman is a bit restrictive, except for the hands. Men are more restrained about gestures, but as a woman your hands should be free. In fact, your hand movements must be the complement of your speech. In order for you to understand that, I want all your speeches hereafter, not just during our lessons, to be accompanied by gestures."

"O-okay."

"Try to emulate my hand movements. Remember to be gentle and delicate. The graciousness is one of the key points of femininity."



Patrick tried it, but he felt stupid doing so. Rather than graceful, his gestures were being affected and caricatures.

"Don't worry if you're not doing so great right now" Dominique said. "You'll get better over time. You just need discipline and dedication..."

That night, Patrick met Mrs. Larsen again. He said he was feeling more comfortable and calm, and so he was willing to stay in the clinic for at least a few more days.

"Fabulous, my dear! You won't regret this decision."

They then talked about Patrick's day, and Mrs. Larsen reinforced the speech from the previous meeting. At the end, she reminded him to use the headphone to sleep.

In his bedroom, Patrick found some new things. There were some creams in his vanity, plus some women's books and magazines. There was no television or computer in the place, and his phone had been confiscated, so Patrick thought it was better than nothing. That certainly wasn't his favorite type of reading, but he would at least have something to distract himself.

He also found a note with instructions about the use of the creams. He should start spreading them on his body and face before going to the bed every night.

"Oh, that's so great!" he complained, but later he had to admit that he enjoyed the feeling of those cold creams on his body once again now that it was hairless and much more sensitive to touch...

### DAY 3

"Good morning, Patrick!" Samara said, entering the guy's room. "How are you today?"

"I'm great, thanks!" Patrick said, smiling. He really was feeling very well after another good night's sleep. Besides, he couldn't explain why, but he was quite happy to see Samara. Maybe he was truly starting to see her as a friend.

"Here's your breakfast. Also, I have something else for you."

Patrick noticed that there was a suitcase next to the girl. "What's this?" he asked.

"New clothes for you."

"Really? But there are many clothes in my wardrobe that I haven't used yet!"

"Oh, silly, you have so much to learn... A *woman* never has too many clothes. If you want to be one of us, you need to understand that!"

"I see..." Patrick said. He also wasn't feeling bothered to discuss this matter anymore. In fact, he was feeling a certain excitement, knowing that he was doing something that most people wouldn't even dare to think about. He was a bold, determined person... Almost a visionary. Another interesting thing was that the idea of leaving the clinic hadn't even crossed Patrick's mind that morning. It was as if he had never considered this possibility.

After the breakfast, he went to the bathroom while Samara arranged his new clothes in the wardrobe and selected an outfit for him to wear that morning: a light green chiffon blouse, with short sleeves and round neck; skinny black pants; white ballet flats; and light blue floral panties.

In the beauty salon, he once again underwent electrolysis, tanning, and nails care. Next, he met Mrs. Beaulieu, who continued to teach him feminine mannerisms, still focusing on how he sat and gesticulated.

In the afternoon, he went to the gym, and thanks to his positive attitude it wasn't as hard as in the previous days. Patrick acted naturally, and followed Antonio's instructions without complaining.

After the gym, he was taken to the doctor's office, where he met Dr. Edward Reid, a tall man in his late thirties, with short black hair and a serious face. He greeted Patrick, and asked him to sit down.

Being in the company of another man, Patrick thought of sitting as he had done all his life, but he then remembered Dominique's words. He should do that like a lady all the time, or it wouldn't become natural for him and his ability to pass as a woman would be compromised.

He then sat as graceful as he could, with his legs tightly together, and put his hands on his lap. Throughout the process, Patrick ignored the inner voice that insisted it was outrageous and that he was acting like a sissy in front of another guy. The good thing was that those "*sexist thoughts*" were getting weaker and weaker, having less influence on him.

"So, Mr. Donovan" the doctor started. "I was informed that you came to our clinic to get a temporary female appearance."

"Yes, doctor" Patrick said. "And Mrs. Larsen told me that she and her team could help me to achieve this."

"Well, I have been working in this clinic for a few years now and I can assure you that she wasn't lying. Anyway, she wanted you to come here so I can make sure that you are healthy and also introduce you to some... options."

"What do you mean, doctor?"

"Well, you can get the look you want through the conventional program, with exercises, visits to the salon and prosthetics, but if you wish, I can help you *speed it up*."

"Oh, I'm listening to you, doctor" Patrick said, excitedly, remembering to gesture as he spoke.

"To start with, we can use some drugs to suppress your muscle mass production."

"Hmm... But the effect would be temporary, right?"

"Of course, provided you don't take those drugs for a long period of time. Furthermore, we can also use something to soften your body a bit, and give you some feminine curves."

"What would it be?"

"Basically, female hormones, administered together with male hormone blockers."

Whatever Patrick was expecting to hear, it wasn't that. The term "female hormones" had a strong

impact on him and he almost freaked out. At first, he thought that it was too much. But after some time he calmed down and asked the doctor, just out of curiosity, to explain the procedure to him. Dr. Reid did so, detailing all the physical and emotional changes that could happen to Patrick.

"Well, I understood that the effects of those hormones would also disappear some time after I stop taking them, but I'm not so sure, doctor... What do you think I should do?"

"My strictly clinical view is that only transgender people and cisgender women with hormonal issues should take those hormones. However, I also think that liposuction, for example, should not be done indiscriminately, but I know it doesn't work this way in real life. I myself have already performed various aesthetic procedures on patients that I didn't consider exactly necessary. I learned that each person has their own motivations, and I'm not here to discourage them from getting what they want as long as I don't put their health at risk."

"Therefore" he continued, "if you really want to improve your disguise, I think this may be a valid option. I assure you that the risks are minimal if you follow my guidelines to the letter. Oh, and this is what Mrs. Larsen thinks you should do."

Patrick thought that hormones seemed to be a rather extreme solution, but Dr. Reid's arguments had been very solid, and Mrs. Larsen thought he should go for it... He trusted her more and more each day... She was helping and supporting him in that endeavor when everyone else would say he was crazy...

More importantly, the prospect of reaching his goal faster was almost irresistible to Patrick. An intoxicating excitement grew inside him and before he realized it he said, "Okay, doctor, let's do that."

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That routine continued on the following days. Patrick had daily appointments at the beauty salon, went to the gym, and met Dominique Beaulieu, the etiquette teacher. In that first appointment with Dr. Reid, after Patrick agreed to start hormone treatment, the doctor only performed some tests to make sure that the health of his patient was in good condition. The next day, however, Patrick got the first female hormones shot in his butt. Furthermore, the doctor gave him several bottles of pills, with detailed instructions on the correct use of all of them.

Perhaps it was only then that Patrick understood the seriousness of all that. Was he really doing the

right thing? His hesitations, however, completely disappeared during his next meetings with Mrs. Larsen. The woman pointed out all the time that it was the best for him, and that he was been very brave. Patrick was very happy to hear that. *Yes, it's obvious that she's right*, he thought. He was increasingly amazed by the fact that she understood him so well. He was even surer that he could trust her unreservedly.

He was also getting closer and closer to Samara. Since he wasn't yet authorized to interact with the other guests present at the clinic, the girl was the only person he had to talk to during his free time. She could spend hours in his room, even after the end of her shift. One day, when Patrick said that maybe she wanted to rest a little, she told him not to worry because she wasn't there out of obligation, but because she really liked his company.

Little by little, their conversations began to focus on women's issues, like fashion and skin care. She even started asking Patrick to put on the clothes in his wardrobe and parade for her. She would then explain to him how to match the clothes for the best look, and teach him how to hide the *imperfections* of his body.

The girl also started calling him Patty when they were alone. That upset him a little at first, but he soon realized it was silliness. If he wanted to pretend to be a woman, he had to get used to women's names, after all.

During his first weekend at the clinic, Patrick didn't have many commitments. So, he spent most of his time talking to Samara, or relaxing in his bedroom reading one of the women's books or magazines he had at his disposal. This sort of reading was still boring for him, but he was determined to use it to try to understand the female mind. Mrs. Larsen had told him that this would be essential, and that soon they would begin to discuss the characters of those books.

He already was in the clinic for a whole week, with no contact with the outside world. He wondered how things would be out there. He was missing his job and everyone at the office, and especially Julie, his fiancée. Mrs. Larsen had promised that he would be able to contact her soon. He just needed to be a little more patient.

## DAY 8

At the beginning of the second week, Patrick realized that the female hormones and the other drugs prescribed by Dr. Reid were already starting to take effect. Patrick's body had already lost some muscle mass, his skin was softer, and his face looked less angular. Whatever these drugs really were, they seemed to be quite powerful.

On Monday, at the salon, his eyebrows were plucked out again, and this time Brittany worked until they were slightly arched. Next, Dana, the hairdresser, approached the guy and told him she would start working on his hair that day. "It's about time for you to have a more elegant haircut, don't you think?"

Patrick sat in the hairdresser's chair, and the woman began to analyze his hair and face closely, with a hand on his chin. "Your hair is still very short but I think I know a haircut that will work for now..."

She then covered the mirror in front of Patrick, saying that he would need to wait until the end to see the result. When she started cutting his hair, other girls approached to work on his nails.

Dana took a considerable time. The work on his nails was finished long before, and he saw that they had been painted with light pink nail polish. He realized that with longer and shiny nails his hands looked quite different. Somehow, they seemed more delicate and feminine, and his fingers thinner.

"So, what do you think?" asked the manicurist.

"Hmm... They look great, thanks!" Patrick said, guessing that the girl would like to hear some compliments for her work.

"You're welcome! And I have to say that you have such lovely hands! Just wait until your nails grow longer... They'll look even better with a sexier nail polish, like blood red... You'll see!"

When Dana finally finished the haircut, she allowed the guy to look at the mirror.

"Wow" Patrick gasped, seeing his reflection. His hair was looking very different. He now had long and soft bangs partially covering his left eye; his sideburns had been reduced to thin feminine bands of hair; and the back had been meticulously trimmed.



"Do you like it?" Dana asked.

"Yeah, it's impressive! I don't know how you did that, but I kind of look like a different person now!"

His new haircut, together with his shaped eyebrows, really made a big difference on Patrick's face. He definitely looked more feminine, and for the first time he realized that that plan could actually work. That realization was scary and exciting at the same time...

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"Oh, look at your hair. It's just fabulous, my darling!" said Mrs. Larsen, when Patrick came into her office that night.

"Thank you, Ma'am."

"Aren't you already starting to feel more feminine?" she grinned, noticing that the young man's body was also changing rapidly. He didn't seem aware of that, though, which was excellent – everything was working according to her plans.

"Umm... I guess so" Patrick said, a little sheepishly.

"But I see you're still uncomfortable with your emerging femininity. It's not good, my dear. Sit down and let's talk... Relax, my dear... Just listen to my voice..."

## DAY 9

The next morning, when Patrick went to the gym after his daily visit to the salon, he was dressing a white sleeveless T-shirt, which was so short that it didn't cover his belly; very tight pink yoga pants; and pink runners.

That was definitely the most feminine outfit Patrick had worn to go to the gym until then, and this was even more evident when compared to the simple blue shirt and black shorts that Tony was wearing. For a moment, Patrick felt bad about that, but he quickly suppressed that feeling.

*There's nothing wrong about my clothes. I really love dressing girly and cute outfits,* he thought, not sure where that thought had come from.

"Hey, Tony!" He said, smiling and unconsciously waving as a girl, just like Dominique had taught him.

"Hello, Patty! You look cheerful this morning! That's good, because the training is going to be a bit tougher today."

"I'm sure I can handle it!" Patrick said gesturing at every word. Only then he noticed something. Had Tony just called him Patty? Only Samara had called him like that, and just when they were alone; or maybe it wasn't true... Now that Patrick was thinking about it, he remembered that all the women in the salon had called him this way that morning too.

*Wow, I didn't even notice it before,* he realized. It was as if this nickname, a female one, had already become natural to him. Patrick thought he would freak out at this realization, but in fact he felt kind of happy. *Well, I guess I like being called by this name,* he jokingly thought. *I'm Patty,* he told himself, and he felt a weird wave of pleasure running through his body.

Tony wasn't kidding when he said that the training would be tough that day. After running for fifteen minutes on the treadmill, Patrick started doing leg exercises. Probably because of his loss of muscle mass, he was having a hard time doing so.

"C'mon, Patty" Tony said, encouraging him. "I know you can do better than that! Lift your legs higher!"

"But they are burning!" Patrick complained.

"Of course they are. It means that the exercise is working. Remember that this is how you will get the killer legs that you want!"

Patrick once again thought he would be bothered by that statement, but the truth was that he felt some excitement. *Will I have killer legs? Legs good enough to wear skirts and dresses?* He wondered, not realizing how weird it was for a guy to think about that.

Next, it was time for butt exercises. All the positions of those exercises were new to him, so Tony had to guide him and correct his posture very often, with even a little physical contact.



"That's right" the personal trainer said at one point, with one of his big hands on Patrick's lower back, not so far from his ass, and the other hand on his belly. "Keep your chest out and lift your butt a little.

Good... Now, get down slowly, remembering to keep your back straight. Follow the movement of my hands..."

An hour later, they were done and Patrick was exhausted. He sat in a corner, breathing heavily. Tony then approached and handed him some water. "You did great today, Patty" he said, lightly stroking Patrick's shoulder.

"Hmm... Thanks" Patrick said, confused. He wasn't sure how he felt about all this attention he was receiving...

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"Can I come in?" Patrick heard Samara asking after knocking his bedroom door.

"Sure" he said, putting down the book he was reading. It was about nine in the evening, so the guy was already wearing his sleepwear – that night, it was a light green silk set consisting of a short-sleeved shirt and shorts. He had also taken his medications and spread the beauty creams on his body and face.

"Here, I brought something for you to eat before bed."

"Oh, Samara, I don't know if I should. I think that maybe I need to lose two or three pounds..." Patrick said, poking his belly.

"Oh my gosh! You really are starting to sound like a woman!"

"Isn't that the idea?" he smirked.

"I guess so... But don't worry about it now, Patti. I told you that you don't have to lose so much weight... Just distribute it better through your body. And I just brought some cookies, after all. You're not going to get fat because of that" she laughed.

"If you say so..."

She then served some cookies and filled a cup.

"Please eat with me" Patrick said, trying his drink. "Is this tea?"

"Yes. Don't you like it?"

"Hmm... I didn't before... But now I think I'm getting used after so many meetings with Mrs. Beaulieu."

Samara noted once again how much Patrick's mannerisms were changing. He was eating and drinking like a proper lady, with small bites and using a napkin very often. She thought he now only needed a tube of lipstick and a small mirror to redo his makeup after eating...

After the girl left, Patrick went back to his book. It was an old volume that told the story of a girl who fell in love with a very powerful man. Patrick hadn't liked it at first, but he really began to appreciate the reading over time. He had been instructed to read this under the woman's perspective, and that was exactly what he was doing. He felt proud of himself when he realized that he was making progress. In the passages in which the girl got dressed, and wondered what people would think of her appearance, he could fully understand what she was feeling.

When Patrick finally closed the book, it was almost midnight. He couldn't believe he had read for so long! He was really addicted to it. He then finally went to sleep, remembering to put on his headphones...

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The next few days followed without any major changes. However, the feminine routine continued to have a strong impact on Patrick. Being called Patty had already become something ordinary for him, as well as his visits to the beauty salon, gym, etiquette classes and meetings with Mrs. Larsen. Then, precisely during one of his meetings with the owner of the clinic, on Friday night, he received unexpected news.

"Christine Moss, your boss, and Simone Miller, will come here tomorrow to visit you" the woman announced.

"Oh really?"

"Yes. In fact, they had already requested permission to come here last week, but I told them at the time that it would be detrimental to your development."

"And do you think I'm ready now, Ma'am?"

"You still have a long way to go, my dear. However, now I know that you are fully committed to our

project, and I no longer think that this kind of contact with people from your *old life* will make you regress. Maybe this will even be a positive experience for you..."

## DAY 13

Patrick woke up feeling excited. He really was missing Christine so it would be great to see her again. After taking a shower, the guy opened his wardrobe to choose an outfit for the day. However, for some reason, he was having a hard time doing so.

"Hey, Patty" Samara said, entering the bedroom. "Is there something wrong? You look worried."

"Hmm... You know that some friends are coming to see me today, don't you?"

"Yes."

"So, I'm not sure about what to wear for the occasion. Could you... help me?"

"Of course I can help you, sweetie" the girl said, excited. "Do you already have some style in mind?"

"Well..." Patrick started, embarrassed.

"Go ahead, Patty. You know you can trust me."

"I would like to look very feminine. I mean, I've been here for two weeks now, so I want to show them that I've made a lot of progress."

"Oh, that's nice to hear, girl!" Samara said, clapping, and Patrick felt a strange thrill at being called girl. "Ok, let's choose something really girly for you, and show to your *girlfriends* how great you can look like a woman!"

Forty minutes later, after trying countless pieces of clothing and many combinations, Patrick was finally ready. He was wearing a pink tricot sweater, tight dark gray leggings and pink flats.

"So, how do I look?" he asked.

"Fabulous!" Samara said. "Your guests will surely be impressed!"

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Christine and Simone arrived about a half hour later.

"Oh, it's so great to see you two again!" Patrick said, walking towards them. He hugged the women

lightly, and kissed their faces, just like he did in his etiquette classes. Christine did her best to hide her shock. Patrick not only was looking very different, but he was also acting like a new person. He had never kissed or hugged her before.

"It's good to see you too, Patrick. How have you been?" she asked.

"I'm fine! But could you... Hmm... Don't call me Patrick, please? Now I prefer Patty."

"P-patty?" Christine exclaimed, while her mind tried to process everything that was happening.

"I think it's such a lovely nickname!" Simone said, giggling. "And it suits you very well!"

"Thank you! Why don't we sit down? I have a marvelous tea here that I'm sure you two are going to love!"

Patrick then began to tell them about his days at the clinic. He just omitted the fact that he had been taking female hormones as Mrs. Larsen had told him to do. According to her, that wasn't the right time to talk about it.

He was a bit disappointed because the women didn't seem so surprised by his appearance. They said he looked good, of course, but there hadn't happened an extravagant reaction as he was expecting.

He then understood that what he was doing was still not enough. If he really wanted to pass as a woman, he needed more drastic measures. He made a mental note to mention this to Mrs. Larsen later.

What the guy didn't know was that the women were indeed deeply astounded by new look. However, they had met the owner of the clinic before seeing Patrick, and Mrs. Larsen had asked them not to show so much astonishment in front of the young man because this could frighten him unnecessarily, and he could give up after so much effort.

Patrick then asked how things were going in the company. While Christine told him about the recent events, Patrick realized how much he was missing all that. *But I'll be back soon*, he thought. *And this time as one of the directors. That's why I need to be a woman – A perfect woman.*

Christine also said that everyone was worried about Patrick's disappearance, especially Mr. McFarland.

"And what about Gregory Hill's issue?" he asked, with interest. "Any news?"

"No" Christine admitted, frustrated. "We're still struggling to find a way to know the truth."

"Don't worry, Chris. That's why I'm here. Pretty soon I'll be able to do that!"

"Are you sure you're doing the right thing, Patrick... I mean... Patty?" Christine asked, observing the *young man* in front of her. He was gently sitting on the edge of his bed, with his legs crossed in an extremely feminine way, and gesticulating at every word he said. He was dressed like a woman and had lost a lot of weight. Was that just because of gym and diet or was he taking some dangerous drugs? He had changed so much in just two weeks... What could happen in the future?



"Of course I am, Chris! As you can see, I'm perfectly safe. People here are great and they are helping

me a lot. You don't need to worry about me!"

## DAY 15

"No, no, no, no!" Dominique Beaulieu shouted. "You need to follow my instructions, Patty!"

"I'm trying, Mrs. Beaulieu!" Patrick cried.

"But you need to try harder, *lady!* I'll explain one more time. Pay attention!"

It was Patrick's first day wearing skirts and high heels. The skirt, a black one, wasn't so tight, and the heels were just 2 inch black pumps. Still, he was having a very hard time.

At the beginning of the class, Dominique patiently explained to him how to walk those new garments, but after half an hour she began to lose her temper. "Now, remember" she started for the umpteenth time. "You need to put one foot in front of the other. Imagine that there's a straight line in front of you."



Patrick tried again, but his steps were still faltering, as if he were drunk or walking on stilts – which wasn't so far from the truth in his opinion. He really had no idea that it was so difficult. When he saw women in high heels they made it seem so simple... So natural...

*That's because they are real women, and I'm not,* he thought, and got sad at this realization. *If I really want to make it work, it needs to be genuine. I must think of myself as a woman... I need to believe it... and then I'll master walking in high heels!*

He then tried one more time, ignoring the pain in his feet and concentrating on Mrs. Beaulieu's instructions. *One foot in front of the other... One foot in front of the other...*

"Well, that's way better, *ma chérie*" The woman said, sketching a smile for the first time. "Now remember to walk heel to toe, and take small steps. You'll find that this is even more important when you start wearing tight pencil skirts. Good! Don't rush... While you're wearing high heels, imagine that you're parading on a catwalk, and not that you're late for an appointment. And don't forget to move your hips! This will make your walk more natural and confident... Plus, men will pay even more attention on your cute butt" she giggled.

That was a lot to take in at once, but Patrick was determined to learn fast. *Pretty soon I'll be doing it as if I had been born in high heels,* he told himself. He didn't even get bothered by Mrs. Beaulieu's insinuation that men would glance at his ass while he walked. According to women's books he had been reading, this was something that some women appreciated, especially the sassy ones. And Patty was definitely meant to be a sassy woman. This was a fundamental part of his character. Gregory Hill's secretaries were all like that.

In truth, Patrick even felt once again that strange excitement thinking about it. *Is my butt really cute?* He wondered. Well, he surely was working hard in the gym. *Does Tony look at my ass while I'm working out?* From a feminine perspective, Tony really was an attractive man. He had that muscular body and manly face... Patrick could easily see the protagonists of his books falling for him. *I wonder if he thinks I'm pretty...*

As it was becoming habitual, Patrick wasn't sure where this thought had come from, and he got stunned. It was too much. He definitely didn't want to have any involvement with Tony or any other man!

*Relax, honey...* An inner voice told him. *You just thought about it because you're starting to get*

*immersed in your female character, but you're totally in control of the situation... It's not like you're going to grab his strong arms and chest in the gym tomorrow...*

Patrick liked women, after all, and he had a fiancée. With Mrs. Larsen's permission, he had called Julie the day before. It was good to talk to her again, even though it also hurt a little. The girl was clearly worried about Patrick's disappearance, and a bit pissed because he hadn't told her what was going on for real. Patrick kept telling himself that all this would be worth it, and that one day she would understand why he had done so.

At the end of the etiquette class, Dominique told Patrick that he had improved, but he still needed to practice a lot.

"From now on, I want you to wear high heels all the time! Women usually have years to learn this, so you need to make up for the lost time. Also, remember what I taught you about how to sit, walk and lower yourself using a skirt. You don't want people to see your pretty panties... Well, you'll want it sometimes" she winked slyly. "But those are special occasions, and we'll work on that later... You're turning out to be a beautiful woman."

"Thank you, Mrs. Beaulieu" Patrick said, blushing. *A beautiful woman... I must be a beautiful woman...* He then stood up gracefully, and headed out of the room with his heels clicking on the wooden floor.

## DAY 18

"Hey, Patty!" Samara said, entering the guy's bedroom with a new suitcase.

"Oh, more clothes?" he asked.

"Yes, sweetie. This time I brought your new underwear. Weren't you already getting tired of your old dull panties? These new ones are much nicer. And I didn't bring just panties. There is much more... So, why don't you get undressed then I can help you to choose something pretty?"

"Sure! I'll go to the bathroom."

"Oh, you don't need to be so shy! You can do that right here."

"In front of you?"

"Why not? We're *all girls* here, aren't we? Also, you won't be able to put on all these pieces by yourself."

Despite Samara's encouragement, Patrick was still feeling uncomfortable when he started taking off his clothes. When he finally took off his panties, he covered his penis with one hand. Without even realizing that he was doing so, he covered his chest with his other hand, as a modest girl.

"It wasn't so hard, right?" Samara said. "Now put away your hands. Let me see your body."

"I... I don't know if I can..."

"Don't be silly, of course you can. Just trust me..."

Patrick finally obeyed, and then the girl looked at him closely.

"Oh, I see your body is already becoming to look very feminine!"

"Do you really think so?"

"Of course! Look at your growing breasts... How cute! Can I touch them?"

Without waiting for an answer, Samara began stroking Patrick's small boobs.

"They are soft, really soft" she said, and Patrick gasped. That caressing was beginning to make him

horny. "And I see they are very sensitive too" Samara giggled. "Doesn't it feel great?"

"Y-yeah" Patrick gasped, breathing heavily. He had never touched his growing breasts that way and he had to admit that it felt wonderful.

"And this is not all," Samara continued. "Your skin is very soft, your waist is smaller and your hips are slightly wider. Oh, Patty, you're going to be such a hottie!"

"Are you serious?"

"Oh, c'mon, girl! Have you checked your body lately? Come here!" Samara then dragged Patrick to the full-length mirror. "Now tell me what you see."

Patrick was aware that his body was changing, but for some reason he had no idea of the extent of this until then. All the changes the girl had mentioned were true, and there was something else... His dick, his old big dick that had been one of his greatest prides was now ridiculously small.

Patrick kept looking at his body feeling confused. He had boobs and his cock was as tiny as when he was just a child. Shouldn't he be angry? A part of him was. There was an insistent voice screaming in his mind that all that was wrong and that he should stop that madness right now. But Patrick simply kept focused on his goal.

*I have to be a woman... I am a woman.* Women were supposed to have breasts, right? And more importantly, women shouldn't have big dicks.

"You're right, Sam" he said. "I already have a beautiful body, and I can't wait to see how I'll look in the future!"

"Told you, girl. Now, it's time for you to get dressed! First, let's try a garment that was a special request from Mrs. Beaulieu, your etiquette teacher."

"What is this?" Patrick asked, looking at that strange piece with apprehension. It was pink, and had floral embroidery in the center.

"It's a shapewear, similar to a corset, but a bit less restrictive. It'll make your waist even thinner, and improve your posture. You'll love it! Well, maybe not at first..." she added thoughtfully. "But the benefic will outweigh the sacrifice. Turn around, please..."

"Samara, stop it! You're killing me!" Patrick cried out some minutes later, while the girl was tightening the straps of the shapewear.

"Oh, don't be such a drama queen, honey. I'm sure it isn't so bad, and I just need to tighten it a bit more..."

"More? I don't think it's even possible!"

"Do you see how hard it is to be a pretty girl?"

When Samara finished, Patrick felt as if his waist had been plastered. He could barely breathe! He begged her to loosen it a bit, but the girl was adamant.

"Don't be silly, Patty. You'll thank me for that later. Don't you see how much your body looks more elegant?" she said, rubbing his waist.

Next, the girl picked up a pair of white stockings. She carefully put the stocking on his right leg, telling him to pay close attention. Then, she told him to take care of the left leg by himself. Patrick couldn't bend his body because of the shapewear, so he had to put his leg on a bench, in a very feminine position.

It took a lot of time. That procedure was more complicated than he had expected, especially now that his nails were a little longer. At least Samara said in the end that he had done a good job. "It feels good, doesn't it?" she asked.

Patrick had to admit that she was right. The feeling of wearing stockings was wonderful. Next, Samara handed him a pair of white lace panties, which looked so delicate that the guy held it carefully, as if he feared that it could fall apart in his hands.

When he put the garment, he felt an intense shiver. It was as soft and silky as the stockings, and not even the fact that the back strap went deep into his ass bothered him. He had grown used to that feeling and, in fact, he was even enjoying it a little bit now. He then stuck his cock between his legs as usual, which was being a lot easier those days.

"Oh, so you learned how to tuck your *little cute thing* by yourself!" Samara smiled. "You really are a natural, Pat!"

The girl then helped him to put on the matching strapless bra. "You know what they say, right? Once a girl starts wearing a bra, she will be wearing one for the rest of her life!"

Patrick was sure that she was just joking, but the truth was that the fact he was wearing a bra changed something inside him. Somehow, he felt supported and secure, and he wondered if that was how the *other women* felt too.

Finally, Samara helped him put on a pair of 3-inch pink pumps. "So, what do you think?" she asked.

Patrick stood in front of the mirror again, and looked at his reflection. He unconsciously put a hand on his waist and slightly flexed one of his feet, as if his mind had decided that this feminine figure needed a girly pose for things to make sense.



*She* wasn't particularly pretty, especially with no makeup on her face, and *her* arms were still a bit too large. Even so, he was sure that a lot of people could already think that this person was a female without a doubt.

"I... I think I really am turning into a woman" he said, mesmerized by his appearance.

"Of course you are, honey" Samara whispered in his ear. "And before you realize it, there won't be any male trace on you anymore. Isn't that great?"

"I... I guess so" Patrick gasped, puzzled by the strange emotions he was feeling...

## DAY 20

"That's it, Patty, now lift your leg a little more! I know you can do that!" said Tony. It was Friday morning, and Patrick was once again in the gym.

The personal trainer was getting more demanding every day. Not that he was being rude or something – in fact, he seemed more *friendly* than ever – but at each training session he taught increasingly difficult exercises to Patrick, always focusing on his legs, hips, waist and butt. He wasn't doing any work out for his shoulders, arms and back, and this way those parts of his body seemed less muscular every day. Obviously, the mysterious hormones and other drugs he was taking were also helping in this regard.

In order to help Patrick to do all the exercises perfectly, Tony was now having a lot physical contact with him. Sometimes he touched Patrick's belly, back and even his legs. Patrick always told himself that this was a natural thing. He was convinced that the personal trainer should have this kind of contact with all his female clients.

*And that's exactly what I am now*, he firmly stated. *I'm a woman and I'm happy that I'm taking care of my body.*

However, something weird happened that day. Patrick was doing a hard exercise, in which he had to project his body forward, stretch his legs, lift his butt and place his hands behind his calves. As usual, Tony was there to support him. The guy placed his hands on Patrick's back, helping him to lower his torso further.

"You're doing great... You're doing really great..." and then, his hands slowly began to slide toward Patrick's hips, and he moved his body even closer. Pretty soon, Patrick felt something big touching his butt. Horrified, he realized that it was Tony's dick! It was too much for him...



"Get away from me, man!" he screamed, pissed off.

"Is there something wrong?" Tony asked, with a puzzled expression.

"Oh, c'mon, don't play the dumb now! You know damn well what's wrong! You were rubbing your dick in my ass! I may be dressing like a chick but it doesn't mean that I like it!"

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"I heard you had a problem at the gym today, Patty. Could you explain me what happened?" asked Mrs. Larsen. It was night, and Patrick was in her office for their daily meeting.

The feminized guy then told his version of the incident. At the end, the woman stared at him coldly.

"You know what, *Patrick*" she started, calling him by his real name for the first time in many days, as he noticed very well. "I think you should leave the clinic."

"W-what?" Patrick exclaimed. "I don't understand, Mrs. Larsen. As I told you, it was Tony's fault!"

"Don't say nonsense, young man!" she snapped, very angry. Patrick had never seen her like that. "Antonio was just following my orders."

"Your orders? But..."

"Unlike you" she interrupted him. "I am, or rather, I was completely committed to our project. I've been doing some research on Gregory Hill. I even managed to talk to a woman who worked for him for some time, which wasn't easy" she added, and Patrick suddenly felt very guilty.

"And what did she say?" he asked, with his eyes downcast.

"Well, she's confirmed that sometimes Mr. Hill really likes to have *some contact* with his secretaries – nothing so invasive, if you know what I mean, but those situations might happen. None of them ever complained because they are very well paid and he is very discreet. It would be hard to prove anything against him. In addition, he chooses the *right women* for the job; women he knows won't mind a bit of intimacy. Now, tell me what do you think would happen if you were Mr. Hill's secretary and made such a scene like today's just because he touched you *by accident*?"

"I... I..."

"You'd be fired right away! In fact, you probably wouldn't even be hired! That's why I asked Antonio to have this kind of physical contact with you. You need to be ready for that! But I think now it doesn't matter anymore. I'll call a taxi to take you home, Patrick."

Upon hearing this, Patrick felt an anguish he had never experienced before. He had betrayed Mrs. Larsen's trust... She was disappointed with him... Also, he would no longer have the chance to get a promotion... This was more than he could bear, and he then begged her for a second chance. The woman said nothing for a long time, and just kept listening to the guy's entreaties.

"I don't know, Patrick" she finally said. "Are you really willing to be a *good girl* this time?"

"Yes, Mr. Larsen! I'll be a good girl! Please, just give me a new chance!"

"And won't you complain when Antonio touches you?"

"No, I won't! I was silly earlier" he stated. At that moment, Patrick could say anything not to be expelled from the clinic.

"Fine, *Patty*. We'll try again, but be warned that this really is your last chance."

"Thank you, Mrs. Larsen! I won't disappoint you!"

## DAY 23

The next Monday, as soon as Patrick entered the beauty salon, he could see from Dana's malicious grin that something unusual was going to happen. "Good morning, Patty" she said. "I'm glad you're here. We've planned something special for you today!"

After the electrolysis and tanning sessions, the guy was taken back to the main part of the salon where Dana and a helper started working on his hair, while other girls took care of his nails.

The women then spread a sticky, smelly substance on his hair, and next they used a lot of large hair rollers. After spending some time under a large hair dryer, Patrick's hair was washed. Back to the hairdresser's chair, the real work began. While Dana was cutting his hair, a girl approached holding a case. She was in her twenties, and had red hair, with a modern bob hairstyle. The girl started to take a bunch of brushes and tubes out of the case.

"This is Deborah" Dana explained, seeing Patrick's confused expression. "She's a makeup artist."

"Is she going to put makeup on me?"

"Yes, darling" the hairdresser replied, smiling broadly. "It's about time to you start wearing makeup, don't you think? Oh, you'll feel so feminine with your face fully made up... I'm sure you'll never again want to be seen without makeup!"

Patrick shuddered slightly at that, knowing that this was another important step toward womanhood.

"And this is not all, Patty" Dana said in his ear, while she combed his hair. "I still have another surprise for you!"

This *special day* had been planned by Mrs. Larsen. After Patrick had shown some resistance about an important aspect of femininity, she was determined to get rid of all the remaining male traces on him. His mind needed to be completely feminine, and for that he needed the right look, besides, of course, some new subliminal messages...

Deborah, the makeup artist, studied Patrick's face for a long time, and then she finally began putting makeup on his face, slowly. The guy couldn't understand why, but he thought it was an almost erotic experience. The subtle way she brushed his face... The proximity between them... The feminine scents and textures of the products... All that was making him very horny and he had to struggle to keep still.

She explained everything she was doing in a soft, almost whispering voice. At the same time, his hair was being combed and cut, and his hands and feet massaged. Oh, he just wished this could last forever. It was all so relaxing and pleasurable... It was no wonder that women liked to go to the salon so much.

"Okay, Patty" Deborah said, some time later. "Now spread your lips, please. A little more... Yeah, this is perfect."

She was so close that for a moment Patrick thought she was going to kiss him. Her mouth was a little open too, and her full lips were looking simply irresistible with red lipstick and wet lip gloss. The guy even closed his eyes, in a very feminine and submissive way, as if he were getting ready for the kiss...

But instead of her lips, he felt something else that was soft and creamy. When he opened his eyes, he saw it was a lipstick. He wasn't disappointed, though. In fact, he thought that the feeling of putting lipstick was almost as good as a kiss. Deborah once again took her time, spreading the lipstick slowly and carefully. At the end, she told him to press his lips together.

"Tell me, Patty, do you like it?" she asked. "Do you like the feel of lipstick on your lips?"

"Hmm... Yeah, I think it's nice" he said. Then, he wondered if he really should admit it to a girl he had just met. Wasn't he acting like a sissy? After all, he... *I'm a woman!* He said to himself, interrupting those thoughts. *Thus, there's no reason for me to feel ashamed about liking lipstick.*

"I'm glad to hear that" Deborah said. "From now on, you are expected to wear lipstick all the time. Also, I'll give you some lessons so you can learn how to put makeup yourself."

When Dana finally finished her work on Patrick's hair, she told him to wait a little longer before looking at his reflection.

"Close your eyes, please" she asked. He obeyed, and then he was surprised by a pinch on his right ear, followed by a second one on his other ear. Patrick realized that his ears had been pierced.

"Oh..." it was all he was able to babble seeing his reflection. This time he had undeniably changed a lot. His hair had been dyed dark blond, and although this was still short, it looked much more feminine now that it had been curled and elegantly combed. His hands also looked great with his nails painted bright pink.

However, the most impressive thing was his face. He had no idea that makeup could change someone's face so much. His eyebrows had never been so arched and thin, and it made his green eyes seem even larger; the mascara made his eyelashes bigger and curled, and the blush made his cheekbones look higher; finally, his lips seemed fuller and kissable with the light pink lipstick he was using – all this without mentioning the small golden hoop earrings in his ears.

The overall effect was impressive, and Patrick was proud of his appearance. *I'm not just a woman, but I'm a beautiful one... Oh, I love to be pretty... I need to learn all about makeup and hair care...*



## DAY 24

"Are you sure this is a good idea?"

"It's perfect, Patty!" Samara replied. "Just trust me!"

It was the morning of the next day, and Patrick was getting ready for the gym. A little earlier, he had told Samara about his problem with Tony. After Patrick argued with the personal trainer the previous week, the guy was treating him very coldly. Patrick had already apologized, as Mrs. Larsen had told him to do, but apparently this hadn't been enough. Thus, the gym classes were being very uncomfortable. In addition, he was afraid that this could somehow make Mrs. Larsen angry again.

Upon hearing all that, Samara left the room and returned some time later carrying a new bag. "Here's the solution!" she said, with a broad smile.

When Patrick opened it, he found a shiny purple garment and some accessories. "What is this?" he asked.

"This is a leotard! You're going to wear this for your gym class today."

"What? How exactly is this going to help?"

"Oh, you're such an innocent girl, aren't you, Patty? Men are visual creatures. If you want to win back Tony's sympathy, the easiest way to start it is being pleasing to his eyes. You have no idea how well it works!"

Patrick tried to remember the time when he *used to be* a man. He realized that Samara was right. He had always been more likely to agree or do what a woman wanted when she looked attractive. Oh, he'd never thought of that before! Were men so easy to manipulate?

Still a little reluctant, he was convinced by the girl to at least try the leotard. It was absurdly tight and revealing, with a low cut neckline and only a tiny strip in the butt area. Patrick felt extremely exposed, but Samara reassured him.

"You look great!" she said, dragging him to the front of the mirror. "See for yourself! Oh, your body is getting so beautiful and feminine..."

Patrick saw that it was true. He was indeed looking very good. There was a glimpse of his small

breasts at the top, and his groin was looked completely smooth since his small dick was firmly tucked between his legs. Not to mention his round ass that was looking very tempting in that leotard.

"Tony will have no chance!" Samara continued, "You just need to do as I say. Pay close attention..."

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When Patrick arrived at the gym, he immediately noticed that his appearance made Tony very impressed. The personal trainer looked at the feminized man's body for a long time. It was almost like he was lusting after *her*...



Patrick wasn't sure how to feel about it. On the one hand, it was odd since Tony knew he *had been* a man. But on the other hand, it was exciting to see that he really could arouse men's attention like that.

"Hey, Tony" he said as soft as he could.

"Hmm... Morning, Patty... You look nice today!"

"Oh, really?" Patrick said, unconsciously making a girly pose. "Well, thank you! That's very kind of you!"

Everything was going well, but when the class actually started, Tony was once again acting distant and cold. However, now Patrick knew what to do to change his attitude...

"I'm having a lot of trouble doing this exercise, Tony" he complained, pouting. He then approached the personal trainer slowly, moving his hips sensually. "Could you help me, pretty please?"

"That's what I'm doing! First, you need to..."

"Oh no!" Patrick protested, and then started to rub Tony's arm gently. He really had big, muscular arms... "What I mean is if you can *guide* my body, so I can do it correctly" he added, in a flirty way.



"I... I don't know... Are you sure it would be *appropriate*?"

"Of course, Tony! I've already apologized for what happened last week. I told you I don't know what was wrong with me!"

"If you say so... I... I think we can try!"

Patrick then resumed doing the squats, this time being helped by Tony's hands placed around his waist. He knew the guy was having a free view of his fully exposed butt. Shouldn't he be bothered by that? Maybe... but he wasn't at all. He was actually enjoying the attention, especially after conquering it through his newly discovered feminine charm...

## DAY 26

After another intense day, Patrick was back to his room. That night, for the first time, he was wearing a white lace nightie. Samara had brought it to him a few days earlier, but just now he felt like using it.

The first thing he noticed when he put this on was how light the garment was. It was very different from the pajamas he used to wear, and he had to admit that this felt incredible. Just the thought that he would spend the whole night wearing it made the feminized guy feel a chill.

*I had no idea that being a woman involved such small pleasures, he thought, caressing his soft body covered by that silky nightie. Why can't men use this kind of clothing?*

He was also wearing a matching white thong. Now, he was fully accustomed to wearing this type of underwear, and he even loved how it felt against his hip, groin and butt...

*I'm a woman... I love being a woman...*

He then lay down on the bed, and opened the book he was reading. He now seemed to be addicted to those women's novels, and could finish two or three of them every week.

The books were getting more and more erotic, and since they were aimed at the female audience, Patrick had to read long descriptions about hot male bodies, and how the heroines felt when they saw them. Obviously, the stories evolved to the point where such women had sex with the owners of those sculptural bodies...

Patrick then had to read how these women felt during sex, and he always tried to think as one of them, as Mrs. Larsen had ordered. During the foreplay, they seemed to especially enjoy the caresses on their boobs. Patrick knew women liked that, of course, but he had no idea that this could be something as magical and special as described in those books.

Then, that evening, after reading a particularly hot scene, an idea occurred to him... He took a finger to his right nipple, and touched it gently, still thinking about the scene he had just read. Slowly, it started to feel good... Really good, actually! It was kind of similar to the way he felt in the past when he touched the tip of his cock, but not the same thing... The sensation wasn't so concentrated. It seemed to spread all over his body.

"Wow, I really like this" he whispered. His nipple got hard and he started rubbing his boobs a little

more intensity, with his breathing quickened.



Unconsciously, he took his other hand to his cock, but it was so small now that he had a hard time just trying to hold it. Moreover, it was unable to get hard. Dr. Reid had said that this was something expected, and that this problem would be fully healed once he stopped taking the hormones.

But at that moment it was very a frustrating issue. Patrick was so aroused... He really needed some relief, and however fantastic it was to play with his growing boobs, he didn't believe that he would be able to cum just doing that.

Then, once again remembering a scene from the book, he decided to try a different strategy. He began massaging his tiny dick with the tips of his fingers in circular motions, as a woman massaging her clit.

This worked better than he had imagined possible. The feminized guy felt an intense surge of pleasure. He then closed his eyes and began to moan louder, enjoying those wonderful sensations.

He thought of Julie, but for some reason it lessened his excitement a little. *You're a woman*, a voice told him. *You need to Remember you're a woman*. He realized that now, while he was massaging his *boobs* and *clit*, it just didn't make sense to think about his fiancée. His mind then wandered to the stories he had been reading, without focusing on anyone in specific.

Slowly, he started to fantasize about the hot male bodies described in the books. It happened so naturally that Patrick didn't even notice that he was getting aroused thinking about men...

*Oh, I love having boobs!* He thought. *I can't live without 'my girls' anymore... It's so wonderful being a woman!*

He knew he was almost there. His moans were so loud now that he was afraid to wake up the whole clinic. He then bit his lips trying to muffle it, and felt the cherry taste of his lipstick. Yes, Patrick was wearing makeup to bed. Deborah, the makeup artist, had told him to do this every other night.

He had always heard Julie say she didn't sleep with makeup because it would age her skin, but he was convinced that Deborah knew what she was doing. He didn't even consider the idea that perhaps what she wanted was indeed to age his skin...

"I'm coming... I'm coming..." Patrick shouted. Then, at the very last moment, his thoughts turned to Tony. *Patty* thought about the body of *her* personal trainer, and in the way he touched *her* much smaller body with his big hands.

It was too much for Patrick... He cried Tony's name and then had the best orgasm of his life, even with his dick unable to get hard. This was so intense that he almost fainted, and lasted so long that even after a minute he could still feel that *electricity* through his body.

*Oh, how I love being a woman*, he thought once again, just before falling asleep exhausted.

## DAY 27

*Oh my god!* Christine Moss thought as she entered the bedroom. *I... I can't believe it!*

It was Saturday, and Christine and Simone were once again at the clinic to see Patrick. It had been only two weeks since their last visit, and for that reason Christine got totally shocked by what she saw. In such a short time, Patrick had changed dramatically. In fact, if she didn't know better, it would be very difficult to say that the person was the young man who used to work for her.

He was wearing a white sleeveless blouse, a black skirt, stockings and even high heels! And worst of all: he actually had the proper body to wear such an outfit. Christine could see that his arms were much thinner now, as well as his waist, his hips were larger, and he had feminine legs. The woman was almost envious of his legs. They looked so amazing... Plus, now he apparently had breasts!



But they could only be breast forms, right? Those people at the clinic wouldn't be crazy enough to give Patrick breast implants, and even if that was the case, he wouldn't be stupid enough to accept that... At least she hoped so!

His hair was longer and lighter, and had a feminine hairstyle. His face was perfectly made up, and also looked very good. Was it just the makeup or had they done something else on his face?

But the most disturbing thing wasn't his looks, oh no! All of Patrick's mannerisms seemed to have been altered, and now he was walking, gesturing and acting like a woman. It was hard to believe he had learned all this in about a month.

Christine then acknowledged the obvious: Patrick would really be able to pass as a woman. But what would happen next? What if he really got the job as Mr. Hill's secretary, and then the man figured out later who Patrick really was? Mr. Hill was a very cunning man...

Christine liked Patrick as if he were a younger brother, or even a son. She definitely didn't want him to get in a big mess because of his stupid anxiety and ambition... What should she do now?

"Oh, girls, I'm so happy you are here!" Patrick said, smiling and clapping. Christine noticed that even his voice was sounding different, higher than before. "I really missed both of you!"

"Patrick?" Christine exclaimed. "Is this really you?"

"What do you mean, Chris? Of course this is me. Oh, but I told you before I prefer to be called Patty now! And is there something wrong? You seem exasperated."

"Well, have you looked in the mirror lately? You look like a new person!"

Like in the previous visit, Mrs. Larsen had asked the women not to show so much astonishment at seeing Patrick, but Christine simply couldn't do that – not this time.

"Do you really think so?" Patrick asked, looking surprised. "Well, I know I've changed a bit, but honestly..."

Christine thought Patrick would be worried to hear this, but she couldn't be more wrong. Slowly, a broad smile grew on his face. He was... happy!

"Thank you very much for saying that! It means a lot to me. I've been struggling so much... It's good to

know this is paying off."

A little later, he served tea for all of them, and then described what his last two weeks had been like (again omitting some topics as requested by Mrs. Larsen). In addition to his usual classes, he was now also learning about makeup, hair and skin care, and was even seeing a teacher who was teaching him to sound like a woman.

"It is clear that you are progressing very well" Simone said. "I told you this place is amazing!"

"And you were right, darling" Patrick said. "Mrs. Larsen and all the staff here are fabulous! Now, tell me how things are going at the company. Any news about Mr. Hill's issue?"

"Yes" Christine said. "Some emails have been intercepted and it's clear now that sensitive information of the company is really being sold. There is no doubt anymore. However, it hasn't yet been possible to link these operations to Mr. Hill or any other person."

"Wow, this is huge! How were those emails intercepted?"

"Mr. McFarland hired a company specializing in this type of service" Simone explained. "He was reluctant at first, since he wanted to keep this matter restricted to a small number of people and minimize the chances of Mr. Hill discovering something, but we were running out of options."

"But now we at least know for sure that something wrong is happening" Patrick said, excited.

"Yes, and this is not all" Christine said.

"What do you mean?"

"Some of these emails actually originated from the subsidiary headed by Mr. Hill. However, it seems to be a larger scheme. There are other emails from the server of the company headquarters, where we work. Someone there is involved in this too."

"Oh my goodness..." Patrick exclaimed, and once again Christine thought it was weird. In other times, he would have said something like *holy shit*. "So now it's more important than ever that I disguise myself as Mr. Hill's secretary. This problem is more serious than we thought!"

"About that..." Christine started. "I'm not so sure this is a good idea at all, Patrick... I mean, Patty."

"What? I've been here for almost a month, Chris. I'm not giving up now! Besides, you yourself said that I'm looking feminine."

"I know, but I think this can be dangerous. I hadn't thought of that before, but now it seems..."

She was interrupted by a knock on Patrick's bedroom door. When the feminized guy told the person to come in, Christine saw a handsome, muscular man.

"Tony?" Patrick said, surprised. "Should I have gone to the gym today? Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know. Anyway, these are Christine and Simone, my friends. Girls, this is Tony, my personal trainer."

"Nice to meet you" Tony said to the women. "And don't worry, Patty. I wasn't expecting you today."

"So...?"

"Well, you were very dedicated at the gym this week, so I thought you deserved a gift."

Just then Patrick and the women noticed that the man had his hands behind his body. When he finally brought them forward, they saw that he was holding a red rose and a heart-shaped box.

"Oh, Tony, thank you so much! You shouldn't have!"

Then, to Christine's total disbelief, Patrick stood up and hugged Tony tightly, and even kissed his face affectionately! "This is a beautiful flower" the feminized man continued.

"I'm glad you liked it. I picked it in the garden myself!"

"So lovely! And what's inside this box? Oh, chocolate! Tony, you're such a bad boy, aren't you? You know that *we girls looove* chocolate, but I shouldn't eat it. I still need to lose a pound or two..."

"You women are always saying that, but I think you already look great. Also, we can make up for this at the gym next week."

"Well, you are the expert *about my body*, so if you say so..."

Christine thought this could only be a nightmare. None of that made sense. Patrick was blatantly flirting with that guy! And it wasn't just that: the way Patrick looked at Tony was disturbing. No one could pretend so well. It was clear that Patrick was loving to appreciate the other man's muscular body.

Was he gay now? And what about Julie, his fiancée? But dammit, she was sure that nobody could just become gay overnight! That wasn't something changeable. There was something bigger going on there... Bigger and evil. Those people were messing up Patrick's mind. This realization made her frightened and – above all – furious. Without a word, she stood up and started to leave the room.

"Hey, where are you going?" Patrick asked.

"I need to do something" it was all she said.

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Christine walked into Mrs. Larsen's office without even knocking on the door.

"Can I help you, Mrs. Moss?" the owner of the clinic asked, surprised.

"Yes!" Christine shouted. "I want to know exactly what you've done to Patrick!"

"As you know very well, Mrs. Moss" Mrs. Larsen started, still sounding calm and relaxed. "We haven't done anything that Mr. Donovan hasn't asked for. We are only helping him fulfill his goal."

"Don't play the dumb here, Mrs. Larsen!" not even Christine could believe she was talking to that woman that way, but she had never been so angry. "There is something else going on!"

"Mrs. Moss, I know you have a lot of appreciation for Mr. Donovan, and for this reason you're worried about him, which is understandable. However, I can assure you that no procedures against his will have been done. Why don't you sit down and then we can discuss this issue rationally? I'll order some tea so you can calm down a little."

Twenty minutes later, Mrs. Larsen had finished telling the program to which Patrick had been subjected (conveniently "*forgetting*" to mention some things), but Christine wasn't convinced yet.

"Mrs. Moss, if you're so suspicious, why don't you stay in the clinic for a few days so you can follow Mr. Donovan's progress yourself?" Mrs. Larsen suggested.

"What? I cannot stay here. I have to work."

"Well, I'm sure you could get some days off, and in fact..."

"What?"

"Oh, I just had an idea... A great idea, I dare to say! Perhaps you can do more than just watch Mr. Donovan's development. Perhaps you can help him in his endeavor..."

"I don't understand."

"Well" Mrs. Larsen said with a strange smile. Christine really didn't like that. "Patrick needs to be a MILF, as men say, and you know that, technically, MILFs need to be mothers, right? So maybe..." she added, with her eyes glowing devilishly.

"You ... You're crazy! I'm out of here, and I'm going to take Patrick with me!" Christine stated. However, when she tried to stand up, she immediately felt very dizzy, and was forced to sit down again.

"Are you okay?"

"The tea! You drugged me, you bitch!"

"Now I really think you're not so well. You are behaving very aggressively and paranoid. I'm sure a few days of rest will do you good. I'll call someone to take you to your room, my darling."

In less than a minute, two male nurses appeared in the office, and held Christine by the arms.

"No, no! Leave me alone!" she shouted, but it was too late. She was feeling so groggy... It wasn't long before she finally lost consciousness...

## DAY 32

On the Wednesday night of the following week, Patrick was sitting at his vanity, practicing putting on makeup. It was undeniable that he was getting good at this... and even enjoying it. In truth, for some reason, Patrick now felt an intense discomfort whenever he saw his face without makeup.

The feminized man was wearing a set of white lingerie, a purple silk robe with some pink details, and a pair of 4-inch purple mules with fur on the toes. He was now wearing very high heels, and pretty much all the time! Mrs. Beaulieu, his etiquette teacher, was determined to make him walk on that kind of heels as if he had been born wearing them.



"This way your walk will be much more feminine" she explained him. "Remember, with their body

language, men try to emulate strength and power. *We women*, on the other hand, must emulate gracefulness. Perhaps this is no longer true for the new generations, but *we* are from the old times, aren't we? As more *mature women*, this is how we must behave."

All those insinuations were taking effect on Patrick. He was actually having a hard time thinking of himself as a twenty-something person, although he was still not sure about what his new age was.

Mrs. Beaulieu also finally started teaching him how to behave, walk and gesticulate in a sexy and seductive way, aiming to get men's attention; and in his meetings with the speech therapist, he was learning how to speak consistently with his new image. Patrick could test all those techniques at the gym, and seeing how Tony was lusting after him he believed he was doing everything correctly.

Maybe that was the cause for how the feminized guy was feeling horny these days. He now had long masturbation sessions every night, playing with his boobs and *clit* until he had two or three intense orgasms. Sometimes just that wasn't enough, though, and he took every opportunity throughout the day to sneak into his room and get some relief.

## DAY 33

Patrick went to Dr. Reid's office in the afternoon for a routine appointment. After some usual questions, the doctor asked the feminized man to get undressed, and then began to examine his body carefully.

"I see you're reacting very well to the treatment" he commented. "Your body is developing wonderfully well, and it includes your breasts."

And saying so, the doctor began to feel Patrick's boobs. Soon, the feminized man's nipples were pretty hard. "I see they are very sensitive too... Very good!"

Next, he moved his hands to Patrick's abdomen, and shortly after he was touching his dick and scrotum.

"Doctor, I know we've already talked about it, but I'd like to ask you again: Are you sure that my penis will return to normal?"

"Of course, *miss* Donovan! You don't have to worry about that. Today I have other important issues I want to discuss with you. As you are aware, since your arrival to the clinic you have been undergoing a treatment to age your skin temporarily through creams and some of the pills I prescribed for you..."

Now Patrick got very confused. He didn't remember that! Had anyone really mentioned it to him? He didn't think so... But then, he rationalized, why would Dr. Reid lie to him? Patrick had probably just forgotten that conversation. And even though that 'temporary aging' thing startled him, he knew it was inevitable. He was already able to look like a woman, but not an older woman... And he was in good hands, after all. Otherwise, Mrs. Larsen wouldn't have hired Dr. Reid.

"Yes, I... I remember that, doctor" he lied.

"Good" the other man smiled. "Today, we will begin the second phase of this treatment."

"What exactly is going to happen?"

"In general terms, I'll inject a substance in your skin that will gradually minimize the effect of collagen on your body. When you stop the treatment, everything will return to normal. So, if that's okay to you, we can make the first application right now."

"Fine, doctor" Patrick said, avoiding thinking too much.

Dr. Reid then took a syringe with a big needle and asked Patrick to lie down. Then, he applied the substance in several points of Patrick's face, including his forehead, under his eyes, cheeks, around his mouth, near to his nose, and his chin. The feminized man thought it was finished but the doctor didn't stop there! He also made applications on Patrick's neck, arms, chest, belly, legs and even on his butt! At the end, his whole body was sore, and he saw no difference in his skin.

"It will take a few days to start taking effect" Dr. Reid explained. "Now, let's talk about another Mrs. Larsen's suggestion..."

The doctor then handed Patrick a box. When the feminized man opened it, he got astonished. Inside, he saw something that looked disturbingly like a real pussy.

"What's this?" he asked, fighting the urge to throw the box away.

"This is the best prosthetic vagina that money can buy. Once attached to the body, it looks perfectly authentic. It's even possible to urinate and do all the personal hygiene while using it."

"And do you want to attach it to me?!"

"As I said, Mrs. Larsen thinks this is best for you. using this, you won't just look completely like a woman, but to some extent you'll also be able to feel even more like one... So, what do you think?"

After a long period of silence, Patrick finally said, "Okay, doctor. If Mrs. Larsen believes this is the best for me, I think I can at least try to see how it feels..."

The procedure was time consuming and a bit painful. Even though Patrick's dick was so small now, it needed to be accommodated in a very tiny space. Dr. Reid used a special glue, and explained that Patrick would only need to take it out once a month or so.

When Patrick saw the result with a small hand mirror, he couldn't believe in his eyes...

The prosthetic pussy indeed looked very realistic. He felt a shiver at the thought that now no one would be able to say that he *had been a man*, even if he were seen naked. When he got up and took a few steps, he thought it was a strange experience at first, since there was anything between his legs anymore.

Along the day, though, he was getting used to it. However, at night, he had a big problem... Alone in his bedroom, he was ready get some relief when he realized it wouldn't be possible. However real that prosthetic vagina looked, he felt nothing when he touched it, and there was no way to reach his *real clit*.

He then tried to have some fun just playing with his boobs, but this just frustrated him even more since he got very horny but was unable to cum. He knew that situation was unfeasible.

## DAY 34

The next day, back to the doctor's office, Patrick asked Dr. Reid if it would be possible for him to remove the prosthetic vagina every night, and then glue it again in the morning. He lied saying that he hadn't been able to sleep well using it. Dr. Reid explained that this wouldn't be advisable because the constant contact with the solvent would be bad for Patrick's health.

"And I am sure that in a few days you will be completely adapted to the prosthesis" he added.

But Patrick didn't think so. He was feeling aroused almost the whole time now, and he was sure he would go mad pretty soon if he wasn't able to come.

"Umm... In this case, I think I don't want to keep using this prosthetic vagina, doctor."

"I understand, miss. It's your call, of course. However, I'd like to ask you something. You have an appointment with Mrs. Larsen tonight, right? Why don't you discuss this issue with her? All this was her idea, after all. If tomorrow you still think that this prosthesis is not the best for you, I will remove it immediately."

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At night, Patrick reported the issue to the therapist, again lying about the cause of his discomfort.

"Well, didn't Dr. Reid explain to you that there is an adaptation period? After that, I'm sure you'll be fine."

Desperate, Patrick saw himself forced to tell her the truth. "Umm... The problem isn't just my sleep quality... I mean, this is being affected, but..."

"Go ahead, Patty" Mrs. Larsen said, noticing his reluctance. "I'm your therapist and you know you can trust me. Tell me what's distressing you *for real*."

Feeling extremely embarrassed, Patrick did as requested.

"Now I see" Mrs. Larsen said. "You do not need to feel ashamed about that, my dear. As a *healthy woman*, you have your *needs*, right? This is fully understandable."

"So, will you tell Dr. Reid to remove my prosthesis?"

"Not so fast. Let's not get ahead of ourselves, okay? I have an idea that I would like to try first."

"What idea, ma'am?"

"I will explain. But first, I need you to relax... Focus only on my voice, Patty... Breathe slowly and deeply..."

About an hour later, Patrick returned to his room after dinner. He couldn't remember everything that had happened at Mrs. Larsen's office, probably because he was feeling so aroused and frustrated that he was unable to think straight. He did remember though that she had said that he should keep the prosthesis for some more time, and that she had an idea for him to get some relief. But had she mentioned the idea? He couldn't remember.

Then, when he stepped into the bedroom, he saw a large box on his bed. There was a note beside it that said: *Have fun, Patty! Don't be afraid to be the naughty woman you know you are! Mrs. Larsen.*

"Oh gosh!" Patrick exclaimed when he opened the box. Inside, he saw at least fifteen vibrators and dildos of various types and sizes.

At first, he thought about closing that box and never looking at it again. However, little by little, a curiosity grew inside him. What if he just touched one of those things, only to see how it felt?

He then approached his manicured hand, which was shaking, and took one of the biggest dildos. Oh, it felt very good to the touch, and made Patrick even more aroused. *So this is how women feel when they touch a dick?* He wondered, hardly containing his excitement.

Once again, a part of him thought it was terribly wrong. Pretending to be a woman was one thing, but wondering how it felt to grab a cock was craziness. But at that moment, he was completely dominated by lust. It was impossible to control those weird urges...

Before he realized it, he took off all his clothes except his panties and climbed into bed. Then, he slowly took the dildo to his mouth as he began to play with one and his nipples.



Pretty soon, he was sucking the dildo eagerly, and it was getting deeper and deeper into his mouth, until finally reaching his throat. Patrick choked a little, but he did not give up.

*I'm a naughty woman. I have to know how to suck a dildo ... and even... who knows... a dick... like a pro!*

And then he continued *training*, until he was able to “swallow” almost the entire dildo without choking.

*Yes, I'm a good cocksucker... And I love it!*

All that was being amazing, but Patrick knew he wouldn't be able to cum just sucking the dildo and playing with his boobs. And then he realized... He desperately needed something inside him.

He thought about using that dildo he was sucking, but it was so big that this prospect scared him. He should to start with something smaller. Checking the box, he found exactly what he needed: A butt plug. He didn't even know where he had acquired all that knowledge about sex toys, but it didn't matter. He also found a lubricant, which would certainly be very useful.

Still with the big purple dildo in his mouth, he took off his panties and lay on his stomach. Next, he pulled his legs apart a little, and slipped a finger full of lubricant into his ass. "Ohhh", he groaned. It was so... *refreshing*. He then started a continuous movement and inserted a second finger. When he thought he was ready, he used the butt plug...

This hurt a lot at first, but he sucked the dildo a bit more to relax, and then he was able to shove that thing deep into his ass. Only then he realized that there were some small buttons on the back of the plug. When he pressed one of them, it began to vibrate inside him.

"Wow! I-it's fantastic!" He discovered that a second button could increase the intensity of the vibration, and he pressed it countless times. It was vibrating pretty hard now, massaging his prostate relentlessly.



"Oh... ohhh fuck!" It was way better than he had expected. In fact, he had never experienced anything so good. He began to thread the dildo even deeper into his mouth to stifle his groans, while he still rubbed his boobs. It didn't take long until he reached an unbelievable orgasm. This was very intense and seemed to encompass his whole body, from his toes to the top of his head.

He then tried to remove the butt plug, but it was vibrating so much that it was impossible. He fingered the buttons to reduce the vibration, but that wasn't working... And then he heard a click.

"Oh god, did I just break it?" That was true, and the vibration got even stronger. While he thought of what to do next, he suddenly felt a new surge of pleasure. "What? Am I coming again? Oh... Ohhh... It's *sooo*..."

Not long after, Patrick had a second, and then a third and a fourth orgasm! Was he having multiple orgasms? Was that even possible?! The pleasure was so intense that he almost lost his senses and believed that he could even die. But if so, he would die happy, with a sex toy on his ass and another one on his mouth.

However, his body finally relaxed, and he reached a state of fullness. The butt plug was still there, but he had no more energy to try to remove it. This wasn't bothering him, after all, and at some point the battery would have to run out. And more importantly: He was sure he would have nice dreams sleeping with it inside him...

## DAY 38

Over the next few days, Patrick began to notice an impressive change in his appearance. As Dr. Reid had predicted, he was aging pretty fast...

It all started one morning, when he sat at his vanity to put makeup on his face as he did every day. He noticed that his skin didn't look as jovial as before. He could also see some laugh lines next to his mouth, crow's feet around his eyes, wrinkles on his forehead, and the skin of his cheeks seemed a little more flabby. It wasn't like he looked thirty years older or something, but he definitely didn't look like a twenty-three years old person anymore.

It progressed every day. Whenever Patrick looked in the mirror, he thought he looked a few more months older.



Even though Patrick was fully committed to that project, he couldn't help but felt a bit scared by that transformation. His youth was disappearing right before his eyes. He knew it was silly, but he felt as if he would never regain those "*lost years*".

"This feeling is completely natural, my dear" Mrs. Larsen told him one night during a session, when the feminized man shared his afflictions. "All people, especially women, feel that way at the end of the 'so-called youth'."

"I see, Mrs. Larsen. But in my case this is a bit different, isn't it? I'm not getting older for real. I'm just..."

"Stop right now, darling! You need to accept the fact that you are an older person now. This is not an act; this is not a pretending – this is the *reality*. You aren't a twenty-something years old person anymore, and you have to believe that for all intents and purposes you won't be again. Do you understand me?"

"Y-yes, Mrs. Larsen" Patrick said, afraid. The woman was making this sound so real.

"That's good, Patricia."

"Umm... Who is Patricia?"

"This is you, silly. Let's say it's not appropriate for a woman of your age to be called Patty all the time."

"And how old am I?"

"You're a thirty-one years old woman... *for now*."

"So will I get older?"

"Everyone gets older, Patricia dear!" Mrs. Larsen smiled. "But yes, you're still going to age a few years faster than other people. But remember that I will help you at every step. You trust me, don't you?"

"Of course, Mr. Larsen!"

"And I know you're already enjoying your life as a woman. You've already confessed to me that you *love* to play with your toys every night. Isn't that true?"

"Y-yes, ma'am!" Patrick said, blushing.

"Good... Now relax, Patricia... Focus on my voice... You'll see that the life of a middle-aged woman isn't so bad..."

## DAY 43

After spending over an hour getting ready, *Patricia* stood in front of the mirror to check her appearance. *Oh yeah, I look so beautiful*, she thought, satisfied. She was wearing a pink long-sleeved blouse, white pants, white 4-inch high heels, besides earrings and a pearl necklace, and some rings. Her underwear consisted of a white lace thong and a matching padded bra so that her boobs looked a little bigger.

Her hair was elegantly combed, and her face immaculately made up, with just a bit of eye shadow, mascara, eyeliner, blush and dark pink lipstick, matching her nail polish. That day, she would start her new job, and she thought that was a perfect look for a secretary.



Mrs. Larsen said she should wear pants on her first day, since it would already be a day full of new experiences for Patricia, with a lot of things she needed to remember. Thus, wearing a skirt would be an unnecessary extra concern. Patricia thought that wouldn't make so much difference, though. These days, she could already wear skirts and dresses without having to remind herself to sit with her legs together or the right way to get down. After so much training, all those movements were already natural to her.

Still, she had to admit she was looking great wearing that pair of pants. It greatly highlighted her legs that were in great shape for a woman in her early thirties. She was already accepting her new age. For some reason, it seemed weird and wrong to think of herself as someone younger.

Another important change that had happened in Patricia's mind during the last few days was in relation to her gender. She truly had begun to think of herself as a woman all the time. Now, it wasn't just about how she presented herself to the world, but also about her own essence. Patrick just wasn't there anymore, as she always told herself. Even in her own thoughts, she referred to herself with feminine pronouns.

Patricia wasn't going to start working for Mr. Hill yet. Mrs. Larsen told her that she still needed some preparation before that. Thus, she would spend some time working in a company located in the same town of the clinic, whose owner was an old friend of the therapist.

Finally convinced that her appearance was flawless, Patricia got her new pink purse and left the bedroom. Inside the purse, in addition to some cosmetics, tampons and other feminine objects, there were also her new documents, including a driver's license. Somehow, Mrs. Larsen had managed to provide her with those new records, which didn't look fake at all.

Patricia wondered how far that woman's influence went, and felt grateful for all that help. Thanks to her, the "new woman" now had what appeared to be a real ID that indicated she was Patricia M. Cox, a thirty one years old woman.

Upon leaving the room, she saw Samara, who once again wished her good luck and said she was sure that Patricia would do very well. "Also, I have to praise you for your outfit! Oh, girl, you look so wonderful!"

"Thank you, Sam!" Patricia said, proud of herself.

"Do you remember the time when I needed to help you put together an outfit, and you were totally clueless about fashion? Oh, Patty, you have progressed so much!"

Patricia remembered that, and she was surprised to realize that this seemed to have happened a very, very long time ago – almost in another life.

"Well, you've helped me a lot, you know..."

"Just a little bit" Samara smiled. "As I've always suspected, you're a natural! Oh, and aren't those heels to die for? So precious! Look how you can walk on them like a pro, even though they are so high... I could only wish!"

"Ah! Don't be silly, Sam!" Patricia said trying to sound modest, but the truth was that all that talk was strongly impacting her. Was she that good being a woman?

Feeling even more confident, she said good-bye to Samara, and crossed the hall with her sky-high heels clicking stridently on the floor. Samara observed how the *other woman* moved her hips sensually at every step, with her cute butt raised because of the shoes.

"Well, I'm sure she'll be a hit in the office..."

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Mrs. Larsen had also lent Patricia a car so she could go to the work. It was a pearly white Honda Fit, just perfect for a woman like her.

Patricia soon discovered that driving while wearing high heels was a complete new experience, and she made some driving mistakes before she got the hang of it. Some drivers weren't so patient, though, and honked and cursed her along the way. One of them even stopped beside her at a traffic signal, and was about to curse her a little more. However, when the partially bald middle-aged man saw who was driving that car, he immediately changed his mind.

"Umm... I a-am sorry for what I said before" he stammered. "I'm a little stressed this morning and... and it was kind of my fault, anyway."

Patricia smiled at the man teasingly. "You're very kind, sir" she said. "But you don't have to lie to me. I know I'm a bad driver" she added, pouting.

"Not really" the man said. It was evident that he was lusting after her. His eyes full of desire left no doubt about that. "Everyone makes mistakes, right?" he smiled tensely. "You can call me Frank, anyway."

"Oh, you're a truly gentleman, Frank!" she said, amused by that situation. It was fantastic the power that women could have over men. If she *were* a guy, Frank certainly wouldn't be being so condescending. "I'm Patricia."

"Such a beautiful name! Just... you know... perfect for you" he blushed. "Umm... Patricia... maybe you could give me your phone number, and then..."

"I would *love* that, Frank! But the light just turned green, I don't want to cause more trouble! Maybe next time. Sorry!" and saying so, Patricia raised the window and started the car, while the other drivers honked at Frank...

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Ten minutes later, she finally reached her destination, a medium-sized publicity agency. Patricia didn't know anything about this branch, but she believed this wouldn't be a problem since she was going to be just a secretary. After talking to the receptionist, she was directed to the HR director's office.

"Come in, please" said a male voice. The room was small but well-organized, with steel file cabinets everywhere. The man behind the desk was about thirty years old, had straight brown hair, and a square face. He was wearing a gray blazer and pants, and white dress shirt.

"Hi, sir. I'm Patricia Cox."

"Oh, right! I was waiting for you. Take a sit please. I'm Michael Cole."

"Nice to meet you, Mr. Cole" Patricia said, sitting gracefully and crossing her legs.

"You can call me Michael, please."

"In this case, you can call me Patricia, sir... I mean... Michael!"

"Great, Patricia. That's better! You know, usually you would have to go through a selection process, but it won't be necessary this time. Mr. Phillips, our CEO, said that you were recommended by Mrs.

Larsen, an old friend who he trusts entirely. Also, I have to say that your resume is awesome!"

That was a fake resume, of course, in which it was stated that Patricia had years of experience working as secretary in several companies on the other side of the country. Mrs. Larsen had made up that resume too, and she assured Patricia that all those references were *real*. If someone called some of those companies asking for Patricia Cox, they would hear she was a fabulous and dedicated professional. Once again, Patricia wondered how Mrs. Larsen was able to do something like that.

"Thank you, Michael" she smiled. "I'm glad you think this is good enough."

The man then asked some questions about Patricia's former positions, before saying that the job was clearly hers. Next, he talked about the company policies, and Patricia's salary and benefits.

"Are you satisfied with those terms?"

"Naturally" Patricia said. This was much less money than she made as Patrick, but it wasn't like she was going to be a secretary forever, right?

"That's great! Therefore, I just need you to sign some papers, and then I'll introduce you to Mr. Tyler, who will be your immediate superior."

"This sounds perfect, Michael" she stated, as if nothing could please her more than that.

This was truly happening. As unbelievable as that was, she was really being accept as a woman.

*What did you expect, silly? Asked an inner voice. You 'are' a woman. So, it's only natural for you to be accepted as one.*

Also, she could see that her presence had impressed Michael too. He was way more discreet than that guy in the car, sure, but it was undeniable that sometimes he looked at her with interest – love interest...

*Am I that attractive?* She wondered, smiling...

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Mr.Tyler was a friendly fifty-something years old man. He was bald, a little overweight, and had a round face.

After explaining briefly what her assignments would be, he took Patricia to her station. She couldn't deny that this was a strange experience at first. She had never been in that position, after all.

Also, her work wasn't as simple as she had thought. It wasn't just about answering the phone and serving coffee. She was also expected to help Mr. Tyler organize his schedule, write some emails and memos to clients and other departments of the company, catalog important documents, among other things. In other words, she was Mr. Tyler's right-hand. Even so, in less than three hours Patricia was completely acclimated to her new position. As Patrick, she had always been a great professional, and it apparently hadn't changed as Patricia.



Another interesting thing that happened was that, over the hours, Patricia even forgot that this was the first time she was out in public as a woman. All of her previous concerns seemed silly now. There

was no way someone would suddenly point to her and say: *Hey, this is a dude dressed like a chick!* And this was because she not only looked, but also spoke, acted, and, more importantly, felt like a woman.

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Late in the morning, two women approached her station.

"Hi" said one of them. The woman was in her thirties. She was tall and thin, had red hair, and was wearing a green and black dress. "You're the new girl, aren't you?"

"That's right. I'm Patricia."

"Nice to meet you, Patricia. I'm Lisa, and this is Monica."

"We're secretaries here too" Monica said, who seemed to be a little younger than Lisa. She had black curly hair and a chubby body, and was wearing a white blouse and a black skirt. "We came to ask you if you would like to have lunch with us."

"Umm... Sure!" Patricia said, not knowing how to decline the invitation. "Let me just confirm with Mr. Tyler that it's okay if I leave now."

A little later, Patricia was in a restaurant near the office with the other two secretaries. Along the way, they had talked nonstop about the company and people there. But now Patricia suspected that it would be time for them to ask about the *new girl*. Despite all her confidence, she was apprehensive about that.

However, when she was finally asked about her life, she thought she did a really good job. Patricia explained that she had just moved into that state after her divorce. Following the story created by Mrs. Larsen, she said she had been married for three years, but it hadn't worked very well, and now she wanted to start over. She had always worked as a secretary, and had moved to that town at the invitation of a friend, who said she could help Patricia to get a new job.

"I'm sorry about your divorce" Lisa said. "But as you said, I think it was better this way. Some men simply are not worth it. And since you didn't have kids, it was easier."

"Yeah" Monica agreed. "Also, there are some good catches in the company, as you will find out!" she

giggled. "Including Michael Cole, you know, the HR Director. When he spoke about you, he seemed very excited..."

"Oh, he's handsome, isn't he?" Lisa said. "What do you think, Patricia?"

Patricia couldn't believe she was having that kind of conversation. There she was, in the company of two other women, talking about men. It was weird, but also nice to know that she was being accepted as one of the girls so well.

"Umm... I think it's too early to think about a new relationship. I want to focus on work right now" she stated, but the truth was that she was slowly getting aroused. Now that she was thinking about it, she had to admit that Michael was a hot guy. She could already feel her nipples getting hard... Her libido was crazy those days...

"I see" Monica said. "But who is talking about relationship? Sometimes we women just need a good company, you know... And also a good f..."

"Monica!" Lisa scolded her. "Do not scare Patricia. She doesn't need to know right now that you can be so slutty sometimes!" she said seriously, but soon *the three women* were laughing hard. Patricia then promised she would think about *Monica's advice*.

## DAY 52

As the days went by, Patricia was getting even even more at ease in her new position. She kept performing her duties as a secretary expertly, and having lunch with Lisa and Monica every day.

She also began to notice that more and more guys in the company were admiring her beauty as she walked around. She found it amusing that men believed they were being very discreet while looking at a woman, but now she knew that women were fully aware that it was happening. When crossing with a man, she now was even able to say who would take the opportunity to check her ass.

She couldn't help but thought it was very exciting to know that she was being so desired. She began thinking she always had to look at her best, because attracting guys made her feel very happy and feminine. She was checking her makeup every hour, and she could spend long periods of time thinking about the outfits she would wear, especially the high heels. Oh, she just loved heels! They made her feel so sexy...

Every night, in her room at the clinic, she rubbed her body remembering everything that had happened during the day. *Oh, being a woman is so nice*, she could think, sucking one of her dildos with a butt plug in her ass. She apparently didn't even realize how much her sexuality was changing. She had never thought about a woman again while she was masturbating, and she no longer missed *her dick*. It was as if she had forgotten that *she had had one*.

As Lisa and Monica had predicted, it soon became clear that Michael Cole, the HR Director, really had a crush on Patricia. He always went to her station with the excuse that he wanted to speak to Mr. Tyler, but *the woman* knew very well what his real intentions were.

Patricia then mentioned this to her new friends, and they – especially Monica – said it was great. "Oh, Patty, Michael definitely seems to be the right guy for you!" she started one day. "You should start flirting with him, girl!"

And so Patricia did, just for fun, she told herself...

"Oh, Mike, it's *soo* nice to see you again!" she said the next morning, when the man showed up, with a seductive voice.

"Umm... It's nice to see you too, Patricia" he said, a little bewildered, but clearly happy.

"You can call me Patty, okay?" she giggled. "Is your shirt new?"

"M-my shirt? Yeah, I just got it last week!"

"Fabulous! I have to say you look great in it."

"Oh really? Thank you very much, Patty! You look beautiful this morning too!"

They kept talking and flirting on the following days, and Patricia learned more about Michael. He had never been married, but had lived with a girlfriend for two years; and he had been working in that company for five years.

And then, on a Thursday, it finally happened...

"Hey, Patty!" Michael said. "I have been thinking... Would you like to go out with me sometime? You're new in the town and I, well, could show you some nice places. I know a marvelous restaurant..."



Patricia's first impulse was to accept the invitation right away. However, after an instant, part of her wondered why she should go out with Michael. It wouldn't be useful for her mission, at all. But at the same time, that invitation seemed very tempting...

Not knowing what to do, she asked for some time to think. She promised to give him an answer the next day.

At night, Patricia talked about it with Mrs. Larsen.

"Patricia, my darling, you obviously must accept this gentleman's invitation" the therapist said. "From what you told me, he's a very nice man."

"Yes, but..."

"Also, contrary to what you think, this will be very important for our project. As an older woman, you need more experience with men. When you finally are working for Mr. Hill, you need to be ready for *everything*. Moreover, remember that it's just natural for a woman to go out with a man. And you're a woman, aren't you, Patricia?"

"O-of course I am, Mrs. Larsen!"

"Good girl. Then you know what to do..."

## DAY 54

*I look so hot!* Patricia thought, looking at the mirror. What she saw was a sexy woman ready for a date. Yes, a date... She had accepted Michael's invitation the day before and it was really about to happen. Patricia would go out with a man.

She was wearing a beautiful purple dress that highlighted her new curves and ended well above her knees, showing her slender legs; four inch peep toe pumps; chandelier earrings, a silver bracelet and some rings.

Her hair was immaculately combed, and her makeup was dramatic, with purple and black eyeshadow, mascara, eyeliner, blush, and dark red lips, matching her nails and toenails.



After grabbing her black purse, she headed to the clinic lobby. She had told Michael that the owner of that place was the friend who had invited her to move to that town. Therefore, she was staying there until she could find a nice house or apartment to live.

She saw that the guy was already there waiting for her. He was wearing a blue dress shirt, and black pants and shoes. Patricia thought he looked very handsome. When he finally noticed the arrival of his date, his jaw dropped.

"Wow" he exclaimed. "You look so gorgeous!"

"Thank you, Mike" she smiled, satisfied with the man's reaction. Oh, she just loved being admired that way...

As a true gentleman, Michael opened the car door for Patricia, and she sat like a truly lady, keeping her legs together. Along the way, they talked about work and some amenities, and Patricia realized that from time to time Michael couldn't help it but looked at her naked legs. This made her feel even more intoxicated by her femininity. She was going to a date, and she was the person wearing a dress! It was crazy... but also somehow pleasurable.

Michael took her to a fancy restaurant. The place had white walls and red curtains, gypsum columns, large chandeliers and marble floor. They were then guided to the table reserved by the man.

"I have to say that this is a fabulous place" Patricia stated, looking around.

"I'm glad you liked it."

"Do you come here often?"

"Oh, no! Only on special occasions" he smiled charmingly.

"You really are a gallant man, aren't you, Mike? But you shouldn't say such things to an *innocent woman* like me... I can start believing you!" she said, and the two shared a laugh.

"Well, I hope you do, Patricia, because I'm being completely honest. I think I'm very lucky to have met someone like you... You're such a beautiful, smart and interesting woman."

"Now I'm sure I'm blushing."

"I'm sorry! I didn't mean to embarrass you. Maybe I'm being too fast."

"Don't worry, Mike" she said, lightly touching one of his hands with her long red nails. "I'm sure I'll be much more at ease after a glass or two of wine..."

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***Meanwhile back to the clinic...***

"Hello, my dear. How are you feeling tonight?" Mrs. Larsen asked the young woman who entered her office. The girl didn't answer. Instead, after checking her reflection in the window, she just sat down and folded her arms with a petulant expression, all the time chewing bubble gum.

*God, young people can be so unpleasant and rude, Mrs. Larsen thought. I just hate dealing with them. I almost regret turning her into such a "perfect teenager".*

"C'mon, Brianna" Mrs. Larsen insisted, sounding as friendly as possible. "You know you need to talk to me."

"Don't call me Brianna!" the girl said angrily. "That's not my name!"

"Don't be silly, young lady. Of course it is."

"No! It was you who came up with this! My real name is... It's... Like... I don't remember!" she admitted, frustrated. "But that's because you messed up my mind, you witch!"

"Now Brianna you know you shouldn't disrespect older people this way, and your mother won't like to know about that. Do you want to be punished?"

"She... I mean... he is not my mother! He's real name is... Well, I don't remember either, but he is a twenty-three years old guy who used to work for me!"

"My dear, you have such a great imagination! However, you need to stop talking such nonsense or people won't take you seriously. How can someone work for you if you are only seventeen years old?"

"This is a lie too!" the girl said, getting up and stomping her foot. "I'm a forty-two years old woman!"

That statement sounded so absurd that Mrs. Larsen had to struggle not to laugh. *Brianna* was wearing a pink crop top, which left her flat belly on display, and highlighted her firm, big boobs;

extremely short jean shorts, showing her healthy and slender legs; pink and blue sandals; and some earrings and bracelets.

Her hair was dark blond and slightly wavy; her nails and toenails were polished with bubblegum pink nail polish; and her cute face was made up. There were no wrinkles, crow's feet, or laugh lines on that pretty face with big eyes, button nose and pouty lips.

There was no way someone could believe that she was a forty-two years old woman, even if *technically* that was the truth.



Sometimes Mrs. Larsen herself got impressed by the ability of her staff. Dr. Reid's work on Brianna – or Christine, as she had been known before – had been brilliant. He had performed a treatment based on collagen, elastin, some acids and UV light to rejuvenate the woman's skin and also some specific parts of her body.

Such treatment (experimental and not approved by FDA) had been developed by Dr. Reid and some colleagues in Europe many years before. He performed it pretty often in the clinic, and that was one of the reasons for the success of the place.

However, Dr. Reid warned Mrs. Larsen that what she was asking for this time was something very extreme. It was easy for him to make someone look three or four years younger, but twenty five years was a completely different story. He had never tried this before, and wasn't sure about what could happen. Mrs. Larsen, however, told him to go ahead. "I fully trust you, Edward. And as an extra incentive, remember that we are being paid very well for this service."

A few weeks later, the doctor saw that the treatment was working, and then he supplemented it with some *minor surgeries*. After that, the woman was really looking like a teen girl. However, the doctor told Mrs. Larsen that he would still perform some other procedures before he was done with her, so she would look exactly as requested.

All of this was only part of the job, though. Mrs. Larsen knew that her task in this project would be even harder, but she liked a good challenge ...

During the first days, Christine was kept sedated the whole time. Then, she spent some time in a semi-consciousness state, when she began to listen to some hypnotic tapes and Mrs. Larsen started talking to her. The therapist induced her *patient* to open up about her life.

She discovered that Christine had always been a very responsible and focused person, committed to studying, and thinking about her future. Not even during her teenage years she'd had some *moments of craziness*.

This pattern followed in her adult life, and she prided herself on being an exemplary professional. She had been in some relationships, but nothing lasting, and she had never been married.

"Why do you think things were like this, my dear?" Mrs. Larsen asked the woman in trance during one of those first sessions.

"I... I don't know... I just had to work and..."

"Yes, professional life is very important, but wouldn't you like to feel realized in other aspects, too? Loving life... Starting a family...."

"I... I d-don't..." Christine stammered, in confusion.

"You're too tense, honey. Please, relax... I'm here to help you... Remember that you feel good talking to me..."

"I... I feel good talking to you..."

"Exactly. Now tell me, don't you miss something in your life? A child, perhaps?"

"I... I..."

"You're still reluctant to say it, but I think you do. I think that's the reason for the friendship between you and Patrick. It's unusual for a middle-aged woman and a young man to be friends. I think Patrick is like the son you never had. Isn't that true?"

"Hmm... Yes..." She finally admitted, and Mrs. Larsen got relieved – She had never met such a difficult patient before. "I like... I *love* him like a real son."

"This is something very beautiful, my dear. You should be proud of this feeling. And because of that, I'm sure you could do anything for Patrick..."

"Yes, of course!"

"Good... And what if I tell you that what he needs now is not a mother but rather a daughter?"

"I... I don't understand..."

"You'll, my dear... Sooner than you think. But now, I think you should rest a little. We'll continue later. Until our next meeting, I just wish you'd try something for me. Could you do that?"

"I... I don't..."

"Shhh... Relax, dear! Just listen to my voice. Being so responsible and focused is a good thing, but it's not healthy to be like that all the time. I'd like you to try, *just for now*, to be a carefree and playful

person.

"B-but..."

"Remember this is just an exercise. It's not like you're going to be like that for the rest of your life. Don't think so much about problems and complicated things... Just relax... Relax and be happy... Don't you want people to like you?"

"I guess so?"

"Everybody like happy people... People who smile and look pretty all the time... You want to have some fun, right? Say that to me, please."

"I... I want to have fun..."

"You want to look pretty all the time."

"I want to look pretty all the time."

"That's right, sweetie. You're going to love your new life..."

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When Christine fully regained consciousness, a few days later, she got shocked. She was looking at least ten years younger! She was in a large pink room, with girly stuff everywhere, and she was wearing a hospital gown. Desperate, she approached the wardrobe to find something else to put on and get out of that place.

"W-what?" she cried out, seeing the clothes available. That wasn't the kind of clothing a middle-aged woman would wear. There were many low-cut tops, shorts, miniskirts and frilly dresses. The lingerie was provocative, with many bows and ruffles, and there were also some panties with cute prints, like polka dots, little hearts, and emojis. In addition, she found in the room many accessories and make-up products that would only be appropriate for a teenage girl.

Christine knew very well that there was no way she could wear any of that stuff. *But you would look so beautiful!* Said a voice inside her head.

"Wow! What was that?" she wondered.

She didn't know, but she began to feel an uncontrollable urge to try on one of those panties. She had always been a very serious person. She had never worn panties like that. She didn't even know how that felt...

"No!" she told herself, firmly. "I can't do that! I am a grown woman, not a silly teenager!"

But it wasn't like she had choice. Her old clothes couldn't be seen anywhere, after all, and she needed to escape from that place. Her cell phone had disappeared too, so she couldn't ask someone for help.

She then put on one of the panties – a red one, with white polka dots and a bow in the front – and a matching bra.

*Oh, I look pretty!* She thought, before she could control herself. *I looove looking pretty! I must look this pretty all the time... I'm sure I could attract much more attention, especially from the boys!*

Again, Christine had no idea why she was thinking those things, and it wasn't all... Seeing herself wearing that lingerie made her feel so horny... Before long, she was completely soaked down there.

It was mind-blowing. She just couldn't understand what was going on. Christine had never had much libido, and she had always been a rational person. At that moment, though, she was being completely controlled by her emotional side...

She took her hands down to her panties and was about to start enjoying herself when she heard knocks on the door.

"W-who is it?" she asked, surprised.

"It's Mrs. Larsen, honey. Can I come in?"

"Just a minute, please!"

She got dressed hastily, picking up the most modest clothes she could find: a white sleeveless blouse, jeans, and white flats with pink polka dots. In the meantime, she calmed down a little, and was able to think rationally again. It was clear that there was something wrong with her, and she concluded that those people at that clinic weren't only changing her body but also her mind! She didn't know how, but this was the only logical explanation.

"What are you doing to me?" she shouted at the older woman when she finally opened the door.

"I don't understand, my dear" Mrs. Larsen said quietly, with a false puzzled expression.

"Oh, really? Just look at me! Do I look the same as before?"

"Of course not! And if I may say so, you look so much prettier!"

Christine didn't know why, but she felt so good upon hearing that...

"B-but I didn't authorize you to change my appearance!" she stated, trying to fight that feeling. "I even look a lot younger..."

"I guess you're a little tired and confused. Of course you agreed to the treatment. I wouldn't do anything without your permission!"

"This is not true!"

"Well, it's funny you say that, because I even have a consent form signed by you authorizing the treatment."

Christine then got even more distressed. Slowly, she began to remember she had actually signed the papers ... but had it really happened or had it been just a dream?

"W-why would I do that?" she asked.

"You said you were willing to do anything to help Patricia."

"Yeah, but... Wait a minute... Who is Patricia?!"

"Who else? This is Patrick, Brianna. But now you must call *her* Patricia. Or even better: mom."

"W-what?" that conversation was sounding so crazy that Christine wondered if she hadn't already lost her sanity, and all that was just a hallucination.

"Bree, listen to me" Mrs. Larsen said in a maternal voice, approaching *the girl*, and stroking her hair. The woman was pleased to realize that Christine hadn't gotten surprised by being called Brianna, or even Bree. Her subconscious was already starting to accept her new identity. "You know that Patricia has a very important mission ahead, and since you love her so much, you have volunteered to help out. She needs to be a middle-aged woman, and you'll be her daughter. This way, her disguise will be perfect. That's why you need to look younger... and your transformation is not finished yet."

"H-how can you do that?"

"Don't worry your pretty little head about those nasty details. Don't you remember you said you would like to be more carefree?"

"Did I say that? I... I guess so... but... How long will this last? And what about my work?"

"Bree, you're worrying again. These things do not matter to you anymore. For all intents and purposes, you don't have a job."

"B-but..."

"I'll tell you what, if you promise to relax and be a good girl, I can get you a bikini and then you can go to the clinic's pool. How does it sound?"

"A bikini? A pretty one? I...I mean..." Christine stammered, surprised by what she had said. What the hell was wrong with her mind? That situation was so stressful... *Just don't think so much*, said the voice in her mind. *Why don't you focus on just having fun?*

"Of course it'll be a pretty one, Bree. You love looking beautiful and sexy, don't you?"

-----

Over the next few days, *Brianna's treatment* continued. The woman sometimes still tried to fight what was happening, but this was getting harder and harder. She couldn't explain why, but she loved her new clothes and her increasingly rejuvenated appearance.

*My old stuff were, like, so boring. I used to dress like a grandma. I just love showing off my beautiful and hot body! My new clothes are so colorful, pretty and provocative. I just looove wearing them!*

Mrs. Larsen also gave her many magazines for teenage girls, and told her that she needed to read everything carefully because she would be questioned about the content later. Brianna hated that at first, but since her personality was changing dramatically, it soon became her favorite reading. It was so nice knowing about fashion trending, makeup for young ladies and dating tips...

She also got a new phone (a pink one, with a glitter case). The phone was blocked for calls and couldn't access most of the sites. This way, even if Brianna wanted to ask for help, it was impossible.

All she could access were some sites aimed at young women. Still, she started carrying the phone everywhere, which pleased Mrs. Larsen – her patient was really starting to act like a perfect teenager.

Brianna's transformation was being amazing, but her therapist knew that pretty soon it wouldn't be so pleasant to deal with her. Her mind was being shaped so that she could be an airhead, spoiled girl. Thus, she would obviously become a bit petulant. Besides, Mrs. Larsen expected her to have some of the common teenager rebellion – or a lot of that, since she had been such a straight-arrow person in her *first adolescence*.

That was exactly what happened...

"Brianna, are you listening to me?" Mrs. Larsen asked during a session, a few days later.

"Sure!" the girl said, without taking her eyes off her phone and chewing gum annoyingly.

"Well, why don't you put your phone down for a minute so we can talk better?"

"My phone?" she exclaimed, outraged, as if this were the most absurd thing she had ever heard.

"Don't worry, ma'am. I can do two things at once, like, perfectly fine" she said, popping the bubble gum.

*Of course you can*, Mrs. Larsen thought cynically. *As long as it's chewing gum and thinking about boys.*

"Even so, my dear, I would appreciate it if you could focus entirely on our conversation" the therapist insisted.

"Fine! If you want it so *badly*..." Brianna said, upset. "Let me just finish something."

Mrs. Larsen decided to wait for a while, but five minutes later there was still no hint that the girl would start paying attention to her.

"That's enough!" she said, pissed off. She then got up and took the phone from Brianna's hands.

"Hey! Who do you think you're to take my phone? Give me it back!"

"Don't talk to me like that, young lady! If you behave, I'll give your phone back at the end of the session. But if your attitude doesn't change, it'll stay with me for a few days. You need to grow up!"

"Oh really?" Brianna said, mockingly. "From what I remember, it was you who wanted me to be a young girl. Aren't you happy now, Mrs. Larsen?"

*This little brat is right*, Mrs. Larsen thought, sighing. It seemed like she had created a monster...

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Brianna spent her days trying new clothes, going to the clinic's beauty salon, relaxing by the pool, and listening to music – She discovered that her phone had an amazing selection of songs, including Justin Bieber, Ariana Grande, Selena Gomez, Miley Cyrus and Taylor Swift.

Everyone there was very nice to her, except Mrs. Larser. Well, actually Mrs. Larsen was nice to her most of the time too, but for some reason Brianna didn't like her so much. Maybe it was because the woman asked so many questions, which made the girl tired; or perhaps because she was so bossy (she's not even my mother! Why does she have to act like that?); or still because she had been responsible for Brianna's transformation.

By those days, Brianna rarely missed being Christine, an adult woman. But she still had a few moments of sobriety, especially in the company of the therapist. It was exactly what was happening on that Saturday night, when she was revolting against Mrs. Larsen.

The older woman knew that that was a very important night. Patricia was having her first date as a woman, which meant that the first part of *her formation* was almost finished. Thus, it was urgent that Brianna embraced her new identity once and for all – There could be no more resistance, and Mrs. Larsen had a plan.

"Now, you said you're a forty-two-year-old woman."

"That's right, and you know it's true!"

"Do you think you would enjoy living as a middle-aged woman, honey? Do you really want to have all the obligations and concerns of an adult person? Don't you think your life as a young woman is so much better? You don't have to worry about boring things... You just need to look pretty and be happy. Don't you like to look pretty?"

"I... I... Love looking pretty!" Brianna said, horny and embarrassed at the same time. "But that's not the point! This... This is not who I'm for real!"

"Are you sure? If I tell you now that you can be a middle-aged woman, would you go for it?"

"I... Well... Sure, of course I would!"

"Obviously this would mean that you would need to get rid of all the pretty clothes in your wardrobe..."

"*My* clothes? Why?"

"Look at you, sweetheart. Do you think a middle-aged woman could wear this outfit?"

"I... I guess not, but..."

"And also your hair."

"What's wrong with my hair?"

"Nothing, honey! Your haircut is just perfect for a beautiful teen girl like you! But if you want to be an older woman... Well, this isn't appropriate. Just like your makeup, nails, accessories..."

Brianna felt ill just thinking about losing all that. She couldn't understand. She didn't care about any of this before...

"This stuff is important to me now just because you've messed up my mind!"

"That's not true, my dear! When you said you wanted to help Patricia, you also claimed that you were tired of your old life. That person... It wasn't you for real... You would like to try something new... Don't you remember?"

"I... I..." Brianna wanted to say that this was a lie too, but now that Mrs. Larsen had mentioned it she could see the scene clearly. Had that really happened? The memory seemed truly real... But was she really unhappy before?

"It can't be true! It just can't! Now what? Are you going to tell me that Patricia... I mean... Ughh, you know who I'm talking about, is happy living as an older woman? Was this what she had always wished for too?"

"Well, she definitely is very happy... What if I tell you she's having a date tonight?"

"A date? With a man?"

"Of course, my dear. Your mother is a heterosexual woman."

"I... I don't believe you!"

"Well, in that case, I'll show you something later tonight. I'm sure you're going to *love* that!"

-----

After dinner, Michael took Patricia back to the clinic. They kept talking happily along the way, but the woman could feel a subtle tension growing between them. It wasn't something necessarily bad, though – it was more like an expectation. She knew something was about to happen...

"Here we are" Michael said, as he parked the car in front of the main entrance of the clinic. "So, did you have fun tonight?"

"Absolutely, Mike! I loved the dinner, and you were the best company I could wish for."

"I'm glad to hear that, Patty. I enjoyed the night a lot too."

They then looked at each other intensely for some time, none of the two daring to move.

"Well, it doesn't have to end now, you know..." Patricia whispered, feeling a chill. *I'm such a naughty woman*, she thought, proud of herself.

"Oh, really?" Michael said, smiling. "Are you sure you aren't tired of me yet?"

"Of course not! I don't think I can ever get tired of you."

"So, what do you suggest we do now?"

"This is a beautiful and warm night, and the clinic has a magnificent garden. If you want, we can walk there, and then... Well, we can see..."

"This sounds perfect!" without wasting time, the man got out of the car and opened Patricia's door.

They started walking toward the garden, and Michael put a hand on Patricia's waist. Their bodies were pretty close now. Patricia liked the feel of his huge hand touching her body, and her knees shook

a little – Fortunately, she had already mastered the art of walking in high heels, and she kept walking with confidence and grace.

That was a very bright night, lit by a beautiful full moon, and so they could see the garden in all its extension. The place was very well kept, and had flowers and plants of various colors and species. From there, they also had a good view of one of the most impressive wings of the clinic. It was already past midnight, but there was still a light on, not so far. Patricia thought it wasn't a big deal, though; probably just a guest with insomnia or someone working late. At that moment, she had more important things to focus on...

In truth, that walk in the garden had been an idea of Samara. During the day, she had teased Patricia saying that if she really enjoyed the date, she could invite Michael to walk over there at the end of the night.

"That place is perfect for a more *intimate conversation*. Or maybe, if you're feeling especially *cheeky*, you can invite him directly to your room" she added, winking.

"This isn't going to happen, Sam" Patricia stated, even though she was giggling. "We're going out for dinner and that's all."

"You never know, girl. You never know..."

Patricia couldn't help it but she smiled when she remembered it. She had followed Samara's tip, after all, and she couldn't be happier about it.

They kept walking and talking and suddenly a gust of wind crossed the place. Patricia felt the wind on her naked legs and arms, and shuddered a bit. Her nipples also got hard – The dress she was wearing was meant to be worn without a bra, so that thin layer of fabric was the only thing protecting her boobs.

"Are you okay?" Michael asked.

"Yes. I'm just a little cold right now. Who would have thought? The night was so hot..."

"Well, I don't have a coat with me, but maybe I can warm you in another way."

He then hugged Patricia with his strong arms, and she could feel his fantastic muscular body against

hers. Not long after, her nipples got even harder, and she was sure this time it wasn't due to the cold...

"Are you feeling better?" he asked.

"Yes, Mike. I'm feeling great now."

"I'm very happy to have met you, Patty. I really like to be with you, and you are so beautiful..."

He lifted her face, and they looked each other in the eyes again. Patricia knew what was about to happen. It wouldn't be long now. But then, exactly at that moment, her old self started struggling again.

*What the hell are you doing? Stop it now! You can't kiss a guy. This is insane!*

But her new persona wouldn't give up so easily...

*You know you want it, Patricia! Just let him kiss you. You are a woman. You spend every night sucking dildos and being fucked by butt plugs... You want more than anything to kiss him!*

Oh, Patricia was so confused...

Michael's face was dangerously close, and Patricia still didn't know what to do. The battle in her mind got even more intense, although her body seemed to know very well what it wanted. She was wildly horny, and Michael's touch just worsened it.

*No!* Her old self cried again. *You have to stop it! You don't like guys! You...*

The supplication was interrupted by something else before it could be finished. Unaware of Patricia's confusion, Michael pressed his lips to hers gently. Patricia still tried to resist for a moment, but it lasted no more than two seconds. She then opened her lips a little, accepting her fate.



Shortly after, Michael was kissing her deeply, while he rubbed her waist and butt. Patricia could feel his beard scratching her smooth face, his tongue invading her mouth, and his hands caressing her body... And she realized how much she loved all that.

It wasn't difficult to guess the winner of the fight in her mind...

What Patricia didn't know was that there were people watching everything that was going on in that garden. The lit room she had seen earlier was Mrs. Larsen's office, and the older woman was grinning at the sight of her patient having fun with that man.

"Well, my dear" she said to the person next to her. "What do you say? Are you finally convinced?"

"I... I can't believe it!" said *the girl*, with a terrified expression.

"Now you can see for yourself that *your mother* is completely adapted to her new life."

"No... It can't be!" Brianna said, still in denial. "She... *He* must be being forced to do this! We need to help him!"

"Well, I'm already an old lady, so maybe I don't remember very well how these things work, but I would say that for someone 'being forced' she seems to be having a great time!"

That was undeniable. The couple continued to kiss passionately, and Patricia put her hands around Michael's neck. Even from a distance, it was possible to see the way she writhed with pleasure.

"B-but..." Brianna whimpered, pouting. "H-he..."

"Stop saying 'he', silly girl!" Mrs. Larsen scolded her. "Can you say that she's a man now?"

"No, but..."

"That's because she's a woman... and your mother!"

As she spoke, Mrs. Larsen saw Michael kissing Patricia's neck. Then, slowly, he began to rub her boobs...

"I think you've seen enough" she said to Brianna. "Your mom deserves a little privacy."

Brianna had a lost look on her face. She seemed like someone on the edge of the abyss – And Mrs. Larsen was ready to push her.

"Why don't you just accept it, my dear?" she said, softly. "You can see that your mother is happy... Don't you like to see her this way?"

"I... I guess so..."

"And don't you want to be happy too? You just need to stop worrying... You're so pretty and young to be worried all the time... Don't you think it's fabulous to be young and pretty?"

"Yes, but..."

"Just let it go, Brianna. I'm sure your mom would be proud of you."

"Do... do you really think so?"

"Sure! And don't you love her more than anything in the world?"

"O-of course!"

"So, are you going to do that... for her?"

It was that. Brianna's mind was simply tired of fighting the inevitable. Something broke inside her and it seemed beyond repair.

"Surely I will!" she exclaimed, excitedly, sounding like a completely new person. "Oh, that's, like, amazing! Mom has a new boyfriend!" she giggled. "I hope he's good for her!"

"Well, I'm not sure that your mother will keep dating this man for too long, honey, but I know she has a lovely daughter that will support her whatever happens, isn't it right?"

"Like, duh! Why do you even need to ask me that?" Brianna rolled her eyes. "I'll always be there for mom!"

Mrs. Larsen smiled. Her work with that girl was done.

-----

Meanwhile, Patricia was still enjoying Michael's attention. She almost went crazy when he started rubbing her boobs. She had already caressed her own boobs many times, sure, but this was a completely new experience since someone else was doing it for her – and it was a man.



"Oh, Patty, you're so hot" Michael whispered in her ear. "Do you like it? Do you like when I touch you this way?"

"Y-yes, Mike!" she gasped. "Please, don't stop now!"

"I would never do that, babe!"

She could also feel his hard cock against her ass. Yes, he was enjoying it as much as her, and the woman felt proud of that.

Then, suddenly, she felt one of his hands coming down to her crotch. She knew her pussy wasn't exactly functional, but still she felt like it was getting wet. This was probably just a psychological reaction, of course, but even so it was so great...

She moaned, and her breathing became even faster. But then, she realized she couldn't let it go on. No, it wasn't because of her old self – It was completely powerless now. The problem was that, however realistic her prosthetic vagina might be, Michael could notice something odd if he touched it.

"Don't go there so fast, big boy" she said.

"Hmm... I thought you wanted it too."

"Of course I want it, but I also want to tease you first... Then, you have a reason to ask me out again."

"Hey, I'll ask you out again even if..."

"Shhh... Stop talking and kiss me again. I'm already missing your fantastic lips!"

They stayed in the garden for another twenty minutes or so, and then Patricia finally said she needed to go.

"I promise you that next time will be even better!" she said, before kissing him one last time.

Alone in her bedroom, she got undressed and grabbed her sex toys' box. She realized she had never been so horny before... Just the butt plug wouldn't be enough that night. After spreading a lot of lube in her ass, she took one of the biggest dildos she had and started fucking herself voraciously. She didn't stop until she had come many and many times...

## DAY 55

The next morning, Patricia woke up late. It was Sunday, after all, and she had had a busy Saturday night. Samara showed up at ten-thirty, saying she had gone there earlier, but Patricia was still sleeping.

"I guess you are exhausted after last night" she giggled, serving Patricia's breakfast. "So, did you have fun?"

"Kind of..." Patricia said sipping her tea.

"Oh, this dreamy expression..." Samara said, with a smile growing on her face. "I know you, girl! You're trying to pretend this wasn't a big deal, but I can see the truth. You seem like a woman in love!"

"W-what?" Patricia exclaimed. "I'm not in love!"

"I think you are!" Samara teased her.

"We're just getting to know each other, okay?"

"If you say so... But tell me, is he a good kisser?"

"Well, I have to say that..." Patricia stopped talking suddenly, and looked at Samara in surprise. "How do you know he kissed me?"

"I told you, Patty. I know you, and you just admitted it!"

"Fine! I see I have no choice, right? I'll tell you everything."

Pretty soon, the two women were giggling and squealing, excited. It was the first time Patricia had this kind of conversation as a female, and she realized that she enjoyed it a lot.

As a man, especially a young one, talking about a date was all related to the girl's body and what *goals* the guy had been able to accomplish. As a woman, however, it was deeper. Samara wanted to know every little detail. Patricia talked about how Michael treated her, the restaurant they went to, what they ate and talked about, and what happened next, back to the clinic. Of course they also talked about Michael's physical attributes, but only at the right time, at the apex of the story. Patricia then related how he touched and kissed her, and how she felt about it.

"Oh, Patty, I'm so happy for you!" Samara said. "I see you really had a great night, and Michael seems to be a gently and hot guy... Oh, before I forget Mrs. Larsen told me she wanted to see you when you woke up."

"Do you know why?"

"Not for sure, but she told me she has a surprise for you. I guess it's good thing."

After breakfast, Patricia got changed to see her therapist. She wore a gray romper, black pumps heels, besides earrings, a pearl bracelet and a few rings. While she doing her makeup, she thought that maybe she could have dressed more casually since that was a meeting on a Sunday in the clinic itself.

However, she had begun to feel sick whenever she wasn't dressed immaculately. She just needed to look stylish and chic... all the time. It included high heels, of course. She needed them to feel confident. Heels were part of her own essence now...

"Good morning, my dear" said the Mrs. Larsen when Patricia arrived at her office. "Oh, you look great, as always! So, would you like to tell me about your meeting last night? Was everything okay?"

"Absolutely, Mrs. Larsen!" Patricia said, and then she once again she narrated the events of night before, but more briefly this time. Still, at the end she was pressured to admit that she had kissed Michael.

"Splendid, my dear!" Mrs. Larsen said. "I told you that you would appreciate it, didn't I?"

"Yes, Mrs. Larsen. And... well... you were right" Patricia blushed.

"You've come a long way, Patricia, and I'm proud of you. You've turned out a lovely woman, fully adjusted to your new reality."

"Thank you, Ma'am."

"Now, I think it's time to start the last part of your transformation and training. But before we deal with this, there's something else I need to tell you."

"Samara said you had a surprise for me. Is that what you want to talk about now?"

"Yes, my darling! Do you remember that some time ago you asked me about Christine, your friend?"

"Of course! Is this the surprise? Did she come to visit me again?"

"Well, in fact she's been here for a few weeks now."

"What? I don't understand."

"Christine told me that she wanted to help you in your endeavor" Mrs. Larsen lied. "She really has a lot of affection for you, and was willing to do anything. Thus, I thought about a role for her..."

Before she could continue her explanation, they heard knocks on the door. "Excuse me" said a young woman, showing her head. "Mary told me that you wanted to see me when I left the pool, Mrs. Larsen."

"That's correct, Brianna, please come in."

Patricia thought that the girl was very pretty and sexy – The kind of girl who would have made *her* excited in the past, when she was still a guy. Now, however, without even realizing it, Patricia just analyzed the girl's outfit, hair and makeup, like any other woman.

The young woman was wearing a hot pink bikini, emphasizing her slim and sensual body, a floral short sarong, white wedge heels and pink heart shaped sunglasses. Her hair was a bit wet, but still it looked beautiful, and she had fresh makeup on her face.

She entered the office moving her hips provocatively. It wasn't like she was forcing herself to do this, though – this just seemed to be her natural way of walking. When she saw that Patricia was there, she squealed and smiled widely. As she approached, Patricia thought that her face seemed somehow familiar. But who would she be? Maybe Patricia had just seen her somewhere in the clinic before... But no, it wasn't that...

The girl was only five steps away when Patricia remembered who she looked like. At the same time, she remembered what Mrs. Larsen had just said.

*Christine told me that she would like to help you in your endeavor... and was willing to do anything...*

But it wasn't possible, right? This girl just couldn't be Christine, Patricia's old boss!

"Patricia" Mrs. Larsen said, "I'd like you to meet Brianna, 'your daughter'."

"My what?!" Patricia was standing now, facing the girl.



"It's *me*, mom!" Brianna said, giggling. " Oh, I missed you, like, *soo* much!" and saying so, Brianna hugged her *mother* tightly. Patricia was still stunned, not knowing what to do.

"As I told you" Mrs. Larsen continued, "Christine told me she was very eager to help you, and I thought about it for some time... Since you are going to be an '*experienced woman*', I concluded it would be appropriate for you to have a daughter. This way, your new role in life will be beyond any suspicion."

"C-chris?" Patricia stammered. "Is it really you?"

"I don't know any Chris, mom!" the girl said, while she chewed gum loudly and wrapped a lock of hair

around her finger. "I'm Brianna! But you shouldn't call me that unless you're mad at me" she giggled again. "Just call me Bree! Isn't it the cutest nickname ever?"

Patricia was getting more and more shocked. How could this girl be her old middle-aged friend? Not only her personality but also her body was completely different. But then she remembered her own transformation. If those people at the clinic had been able to turn a guy into a woman, they could easily make a female look like a younger and hotter version of herself, right?

"Chris... I mean, Bree, did you really volunteer to do this?"

"Of course, mom! Do you think I would let you have all the fun by yourself? I am, like, loving all this!"

"As you can see" Mrs. Larsen said, "Bree is very excited about being a young woman again. Not just because of the opportunity to support you, but also for the chance to live without so much worry, at least once. She had never been able to do that, you know, not even in her youth."

Patricia knew it was true. Christine was the most focused person she had even met, and because of that it was hard to believe the way she was acting now. If it weren't for the fact that Patricia now entirely trusted Mrs. Larsen, she might have suspected that something wrong was going on there. None of that went through her head, though, and it was her turn to hug, Christine – now Brianna, her daughter.

"Thank you, sweetie!" Patricia said. "It's so good to have you by my side again."

Patricia couldn't explain it very well, but she felt something new at that moment. Of course she had always liked her old boss, but it was different. The feeling was so intense and deep... She realized how much she loved Brianna. She knew that she could do anything to protect *the girl* and to make her happy.

*Wow, I think this is what people call motherly love,* she realized, gaping. She could no longer see Brianna as anyone else but her daughter. It was weird, but the feeling was also so real and wonderful...

A little later, Mrs. Larsen asked Brianna to leave for a moment because she needed to talk to Patricia alone.

"So, what do you think?"

"It's... unbelievable! But still, as I said, I'm happy she's here! How... how old is she now?"

"She's seventeen years old, soon to be eighteen."

"It means that I can't be thirty-one years old anymore."

"That's true, but you knew that you would need to be older all the way long."

"But what about the company I'm working on now? How will I explain my sudden aging?"

"Oh, you don't need to keep working there. I will inform your boss that unfortunately you had to leave the town because of some family problems, and that you don't know for sure when you'll be able to come back."

Patricia got sad to hear that. It meant she wouldn't be able to see Michael anymore. *Well, I guess I'll be too old for him, anyway*, she thought. *But maybe, after I get the evidence against Mr. Hill, I can ask Mrs. Larsen to be this age again, then Michael and I...*

She suddenly interrupted that thought, stunned. What the hell was she thinking? She had dated Michael just to improve her role as a woman. It wasn't like she wanted to date him regularly let alone be a female forever! *She* had a fiancée, after all. Julie! Even though the time she used to be the Julie's boyfriend seemed like a weird and distant dream now...

"Do you want me to give a special message to someone there?" Mrs. Larsen asked, almost as if she were reading Patricia's mind.

"Well, there are Lisa and Monica, the two secretaries who have become close to me, and also Michael... we went out together, after all."

"Don't worry, my dear. I'll personally tell them that you're very sorry for leaving so suddenly, but you had no choice, and that you expect to see them again someday. Now, as I said before, we need to discuss the final part of your training."

"O-okay."

"From now on, we'll *pretend* you've never been a man. You are just a middle-aged woman who came to our clinic accompanied by your daughter to relax and have some cosmetic treatments. You've no idea about who Patrick Donovan is. As far as you know, this person doesn't even exist. Believe me,

Patricia. This will be very important for your training. There can be no exceptions!"

"I... I understand, Mrs. Larsen" Patricia said, feeling afraid.

"We'll talk more about it later. For now, I just want you to read it."

"Another book?"

"Oh no, darling. This is a diary. *Your diary*. Everything that happened in your new life as a woman, the only life you've had for all purposes, is registered there. I want you to assimilate the entire content of this manuscript."

Patricia looked at the lilac cover of the diary with curiosity. She was about to open it when Mrs. Larsen stopped her.

"Not now, my dear. Wait until you're alone."

While Patricia was walking back to her room, she couldn't stop thinking about what Mrs. Larsen had said. She looked at the diary she was carrying again and felt a shiver. What would be written there? What was her "*real story*"? She was a mother now... Who would be Brianna's father? How old would she be after the last part of her training?

So many questions... And the only certainty was that Patrick Donovan was dead for now. She knew how serious Mrs. Larsen could be about her ideas. But how long would this last? When would she be able to leave behind that life of dresses, high heels, makeup, motherhood, and be a guy again?

And more importantly... Could it ever happen?

END OF BOOK 1

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