

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

THE PAMPERED SISSY

*Steven's excentric
aunt leaves him her
fortune. . .only if
he'll live as a girl!*

VOLUME 25



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THE PAMPERED SISSY-- 1

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The Pampered Sissy

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“The Pampered Sissy”



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QUOTE BOARD

Without lingerie, life is a journey through a desert.

The Pampered Sissy

By Debra Rose

Stephen got back to his studio apartment after a long day of classes. He put down his books and opened a Coke before noticing the light on his answering machine was blinking. He was surprised he'd gotten a message. He didn't really have any friends, since he had only recently moved to Pennsylvania to attend the small liberal arts college.

His father's calm but cool voice said "Hi, Steven. This is your father." Steven was a little shocked to hear his father's voice. He didn't hear from his father often, to put it mildly.

Steven's Aunt Joan had passed away. And he was sad to hear it too, since she was the only relative that he felt close to. Steven had visited her in the summers at her place in California, and had always had a good time there.

The message machine clicked off rather quickly. Since his mother had died and his father had re-married, Stephen had very little to do with his family. Even as an only child Stephen had never been too close with his parents—especially his father.

Steven didn't know what to make of the news he'd just heard. What should he do about his Aunt's death? He couldn't really send a card, since he wouldn't know who to send it to. Aunt Joan had no children—or husband. And Steven didn't know any of her art-world friends. Why send a card to a dead person's address?

He certainly wasn't going to her funeral. He simply couldn't afford to fly to California. In fact, he could barely afford to pay his meager rent.

THE NEXT AFTERNOON, Stephen again noticed his answering machine blinking upon his arrival home. Was he suddenly getting popular without even knowing it?

"This is Mr. Rasmussen in Los Angeles. My firm represents

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a relative of yours—a Miss Joanne Stephenson. We would appreciate your returning this call. Thank you.”

Steven thought about returning the call. But he didn't feel like talking about funerals. They could figure that stuff out without him. But reluctantly he played back the tape and copied down the phone number the guy had recited.

Steven went to bed early. He had an early class the next morning, and he wanted to start the day fresh. College was not easy for Steven. He wasn't stupid—it was just that he was often confused by technical subjects.

At noon he dropped back home to his studio apartment. Once again his answering machine had been busy.

“This is Mr. Rasmussen again. We need to speak with you as soon as convenient. Please return my call at your earliest convenience.”

“I guess I'd better call,” Steven thought.

He put down his books, settled in next to the phone. and dialed the number off the magazine cover he'd written it on last night.

“Smith and Rasmussen. How may I help you?” a polished voice said.

“I'd like to speak, ahhh . . . to . . . Mr. Rasmussen please,” Steven replied.

“Who may I say is calling?”

“I'm Steven Menehlan . . . Mr. Rasmussen called me last night?”

“Just a moment. I'll check if he's in,” the voice said.

“Steven Menehlan?” a man's voice boomed into the receiver.

“Yes?”

“This is Robert Rasmussen. Our firm represents the estate of Joanne Stephenson. Did your father contact you?”

“Yes, he did,” Steven answered.

“Well then, as you know . . . she unfortunately passed away Tuesday.”

“Yes, I know. But I don't know anything about what kind of funeral she wanted to have,” Steven replied.

“Oh, that's all taken care of. In fact, it's tomorrow. Will you be attending?”

“I really can't, Mr. Rasmussen. I'm in school right now and I have classes. But I would like to send a card or something,”

Steven said.

"Well Steven, there's another matter we need to discuss with you that isn't related to your Aunt's funeral. You see, you are mentioned in her Will. It's something we could technically take care of by certified mail. But my partner and I really feel it would be best if we could meet with you in person," the lawyer explained.

"Yes, Mr. Rasmussen—I understand. But I really can't leave right now with my classes and everything," Steven repeated.

"Well . . . there are quite a few issues to discuss. How about if we came to you?"

"You mean fly all the way here to see me? I'm not really sure you need to do that," Steven answered.

"We'll fly in next week, Steven. I'll call you next Wednesday and let you know where we'll be staying," Rasmussen announced.

"O.K., Mr. Rasmussen. I'll be here. I . . . would still like to know if there's anywhere I should send a card."

"How about if we order some flowers in your name, Steven."

"Unfortunately, I really don't have money for anything big, Mr. Rasmussen."

"We'll take care of it for your Steven. I'll be in touch."

"O.K. And thanks . . . for sending the flowers, I mean," Steven replied.

STEVEN WALKED INTO the small conference room; part of a suite in the best hotel in town. He was nervous, but also a little excited.

"Hello, Steven," Robert Rasmussen said, extending his hand. "Nice to meet you." Steven shook Rasmussen's hand. The lawyer was wearing a well-fitting dark grey suit, white shirt, and muted paisley silk tie. And he was not alone. An older man with greying hair sat in a padded chair by the window.

"This is Robert Smith," Rasmussen said, introducing his senior partner.

Steven shook Smith's hand as well, and then, taking a cue from Rasmussen, sat down.

"We're sorry about your Aunt, Steven. And we're sorry you

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couldn't make the funeral," Rasmussen began.

"As you know, our Firm represented your Aunt's interests. And we currently represent her estate, of course."

Did you know your Aunt well?" Rasmussen asked.

"Not really," Steven replied. "I visited her maybe six or seven times—during summers mostly. And she never came here, at least after my mother died."

"Well, she was a bit of an eccentric. But she was also quite nice. Her interests mostly revolved around art and artists, as you probably know. But she also had an interest in business and finance—an interest she kept more hidden," Rasmussen explained.

"Oh, I know she had quite a bit of money," Steven said.

"Well, yes. However, I'm talking about investments of considerable size—and of lengthy duration. The key to your Aunt's success was some luck combined with her unwavering perseverance. Anyway, to not beat around the bush, Steven—your Aunt's estate is worth close to fifty million dollars."

"Wow . . .! I had no idea. Really?" Steven asked.

Steven thought these two men looked to be on the up-and-up. But he'd seen too many TV shows to not have the idea of "scam" flash into his head.

"I don't have any money, Mr. Rasmussen," Steven said quickly.

"Well, not right now, perhaps. But you might have quite a bit in the near future, Steven. You see, you figure very prominently in your Aunt's Will."

She's leaving six million to set up a permanent endowment for fine art education at the University. And she is donating certain works she's collected over the years to her friend's gallery. But the bulk of her worth is being reserved for your use, Steven. It won't precisely be yours, per say—but it will be yours to use."

"You mean, it could be used to pay for my tuition?" Steven asked.

"Well, yes. If you decided to continue your education. But it's more than that, Steven. Your entire life would change—would have to change, actually," Rasmussen continued slowly.

"What do you mean, Mr. Rasmussen. Would I have to move or something?" Steven asked.

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"Yes, you'd be moving to California. But it's more than just that. As I said, your Aunt was rather eccentric. And she did seem to be taken with you," Rasmussen explained.

Mr. Smith got up and spoke privately for a second with Rasmussen. Steven watched them carefully, still not sure what was up.

"Nice meeting you, Steven," Smith said as he shook Steven's hand again. "I have a few phone calls to make, so I'm going to let Robert finish his explanation to you. He knows the details of this matter better than I do. I'll be back later, however."

With that the older attorney left the room and closed the door behind him.

"I've delayed telling you the details of your Aunt's Will and Trust, Steven. But I have an obligation to let know your options. What you decide to do, of course, is entirely up to you," Rasmussen slowly explained.

"Your Aunt contacted us a few years ago, Steven. She knew she might pass away in a few years. Although her first bout with cancer ended in remission, I think she knew it was only a matter of time."

Anyway, she came to me and she wanted to change her Will. You were mentioned in the previous version. But not in the way you figure into it now, Steven. There's no other way to get this out than to preface it by saying it's quite strange.

"Your Aunt wanted to help you, Steven. But she wants to do it in an unusual way. She set up a trust fund, through our Firm, to help you. You'd be quite wealthy."

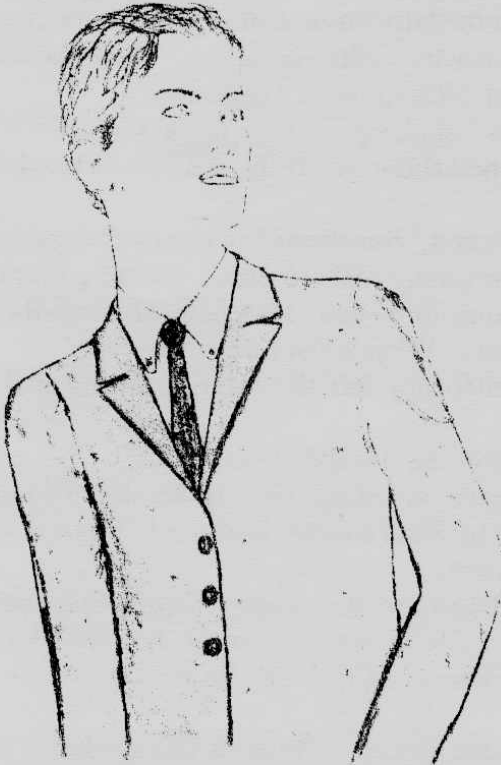
"O.K. But what's the catch. It sounds to me as if you're holding something back, Mr. Rasmussen," Steven said, excited but also slightly perturbed.

"Well, you're right. I am holding something back. Your Aunt's trust fund is well defined and locked securely to certain conditions and principals. If there were an easy way around this, we would have already . . ."

"Please get to the point, Mr. Rasmussen," Steven said.

"I will, Steven—I'm sorry," Rasmussen said, flustered.

"Your Aunt's Will and Trust can be fully used by you for whatever purpose you deem fit only if you live in California in her house. You must live at that residence to gain full allowance from the Trust," Rasmussen explained.



Steven Menehlam -- young, slight, fair, and about to be offered one of the most unusual "business" arrangements ever conceived.

"Well, that's not so strange," Steven said. "Maybe she wants me to take care of it and make sure her art collection isn't broken up or something."

"There's more, Steven. If you are to gain access to the full proceeds of the Trust . . . your Aunt, Joanne . . . states that you are to live as a . . . ah . . . as a female while in California,"

Rasmussen stammered, his face turning red.

"WHAT?" Steven shouted. "What do

you mean?"

"You'd have to dress as a female and live in the house as a female. You would have to look as feminine as possible and submit to treatments to help you in that regard. They'd be paid for, of course. And there is no mention of any kind of actual "sex change" operation or anything drastic like that," Rasmussen explained quickly.

"Well, that's nuts. I won't do it," Steven stated flatly.

"I expected that to be your first reaction, Steven. But please hear me out. Let me explain the "pros and cons", as it were."

Steven was silent, but looked determined.

Rasmussen launched into a lengthy and somewhat technical explanation of the confines of the Trust. Most of it was legal mumbo-jumbo. But there was a list of "rules" that was easy to understand. Rasmussen read them off in a polished and lawyerly voice:

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"Within 14 days of being informed of this Trust you must sign The Agreement. If you do not, you forfeit your rights to the Trust; exception being a simple tuition stipend.

Within eight months of moving into my (Joanne Stephenson's) residence, you must pass as a female in public. You will attend parties, be seen out shopping, go to certain functions that pertain to my art interests, etc. These activities will ensure you make a sincere effort to look, act, and sound as feminine as possible, in order to avoid embarrassment.

Birth records and documents proving your identity as Steven Menehlam will be retained in a safety deposit box. A new California driver's license will be issued to you with a new name upon it—"Stephanie Anne Stephenson." Your identity will be that of my niece. If you need to visit your father or other family, you will be allowed to go and allowed to dress and act as masculine as possible during those visits. Eventually however, these trips may become difficult, since you will become quite feminine in appearance.

Finally, if you have successfully fulfilled the above outlined duties for a period of five (5) years, (from Agreement date) you gain full and unfettered access to the Trust. At that time, you may live wherever and however you wish. Your identity can remain as 'Stephanie Stephenson' or revert to 'Steven Menehlam.' All future decisions as to State of Residence, lifestyle, and deposition of the Trust will be entirely yours."

"Well, Steven, what do you think?" Rasmussen asked.

"I still think the whole thing is crazy," Steven said, shaking his head.

"Well, yes, it is a bit crazy."

"Let me ask you, Mr. Rasmussen. Do you have any idea why my Aunt would be interested in having me try to turn myself into a girl?" Steven asked.

"I only have a vague idea. I believe it has something to do with her not having children of her own—especially a daughter. And it has to do with her thinking you were not treated all that well by your father after your mother died. And two other things might be of some account—the fact that she wanted someone to carry on her art work—and she was always interested in the challenge of creating something new and different out of what she termed "existing reality."

“Frankly, she liked to fool people, Steven. Or rather, fool society in general. And I think she came to believe that having you successfully masquerade in L.A. society as her “niece” would be the ultimate trick,” Rasmussen said, his face buried in his papers.

“Well, all this is very interesting. I had no idea my Aunt was crazy, Mr. Rasmussen . . . but “

“Don’t reject all of this so quickly, Steven. After five years you would gain the remaining Trust amount—a sum that would be worth, by our estimate, \$52 million at that time. And in the meantime, though you would be living as a girl, you’d be living as a very rich girl, indeed.”

“How would anyone know I was following the “rules”, Mr. Rasmussen? I’m not dishonest by nature, but what if I sign some piece of paper and then just live in the house and don’t go through all this “living as a girl” stuff?”

“There are safeguards against such action, Steven. One is Ingrid, your Aunt’s personal maid and confidant. She is staying on at the estate and will be in close daily contact with you. She is now working for the Trust, through our Firm. She reports to us, and you would not be empowered to fire her.

“Also, I promised your Aunt I would personally see that her wishes were fulfilled. I liked and respected her, and I will do my best to see that her Will is not negated.

“Of course, the final safeguard is that you would have to successfully “pass”. Unless you started down the path to that goal from the start, you would not be ready in time. So, even with Ingrid’s complicity and my help, the longest you could really get away with skirting the rules would be eight months. And you still wouldn’t receive ownership of the Trust in five years, which is the real goal.”

“What if I take the whole thing to court,” Mr. Rasmussen? Could I get the terms changed?”

“No, because I am sworn to deny such a condition even applies. Our Firm will easily make it appear as if you are just trying to get your Aunt’s money. If you go that route, the entire Trust would be turned over to a back-up endowment that would fund local art museums all across the country—which is also what will happen to the Trust if you decide to turn the Agreement down.”

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"I guess I'll think about it. But I gotta tell you—it's probably "no". I liked my Aunt, but all this is just a bit too weird for me." Steven said.

"I understand," Rasmussen said, handing Steven some of the papers he had pulled out.

Smith walked back into the room.

"Well, has he been informed of his options Robert?" Smith asked.

"Yes, I explained everything. And Steven just told me he'd consider it," Rasmussen said.

"But the answer is probably "no", I said," Steven interjected.

"Well, we've done what we came to do, Robert," Smith said. "No reason to push an arrangement this unusual. Whatever happens happens."

"Would you like to go to an early dinner with us Steven?" Smith asked.

"Are you paying?" Steven asked. He hated to be so blunt, but he couldn't afford to buy dinner in such a fancy place right now.

"Sure—we're paying," Smith said with a smile. "That's the least we can do after springing this strange plan on you!"

THE THREE MEN, Robert Smith, Robert Rasmussen, and Steven, sat down in the hotel's elegant restaurant. Once they ordered, Steven began to slowly ask a few questions

"Your Aunt had some ideas. Money can do lots of about "The Agreement."

"What does it mean that I have to 'live as a female'", he asked. "Do I have to, like, date guys or anything like that?"

"No. Nothing like that. However, once you're out in public "passing", you can't act completely flabbergasted that some guy comes up to you and treats you like a girl. "Because, if you're successful, he will really think you are a girl. But I guess you could use the fact of your money as an excuse. You could say something like—"I don't date because everyone's just interested in my money,"" Rasmussen explained.

"Well, I don't know how I could be turned into a girl, exactly," Steven commented between bites of a luscious lobster stew.

"You're what—maybe five-nine and about 140 pounds?"

Steven nodded.

"And you have blond hair and fair skin. It's not like you're six-two and 225 and have shoulders three feet wide, Steven. Your Aunt knew it would be possible, or I honestly don't think she would have expected you to do it," Rasmussen said.

"Plus you would have eight months to "transform" yourself," Smith added.

"And just what kinds of things would my "transformation" entail? I mean, if I decided to go along with this crazy scheme . . ." Steven mused.

"Your Aunt discussed some of the details with me. And Ingrid knows some of the details, too. There would be clothes, of course. And grooming things like shaving your legs and so forth. You'd also keep to a feminine exercise routine and lose a little weight. And perhaps light doses of hormones would be prescribed."

"That sounds pretty extensive," Steven said. Then he giggled and asked, "Couldn't I just slip into a skirt and leave it at that?"

Rasmussen smiled. "It's not that easy, of course. You'll have to pass as a female in public. A "girl" with the money and social position "Stephanie" will have to attend parties and charity functions."

"Could I date girls?" Steven asked, getting into a smart-alecky mood.

"I . . . I guess you could have a girlfriend. But in public you'd have to be discreet. You would be known in public as a girl, Steven. So you'd look like a lesbian . . . and that would bring a bit more attention on all th . . .

"I've always wanted to be a lesbian," Steven broke in, deadpan.

"Well, all jokes aside, Steven," Smith continued, steering the conversation back to a more serious vein, "we'll need to know your decision in two weeks. I know that's not much time, but it's all we can give you."

"Can I come out to California and see the house?" Steven asked. "I'd like to at least see what I'm missing."

"Yes, that would be fine. We can have our office arrange for a plane ticket to be delivered to your apartment. Come out next Thursday and stay for 4 or 5 days. At the end of your stay,

maybe you can give us an indication of which way you're leaning," Smith said as he motioned for the waiter and asked for the check.

The three finished their coffee in silence. Then Steven spoke up.

"Mr. Smith?"

"Yes?"

"What would you do. I mean, if someone had come to you when you were my age with such a strange "opportunity", what would you have done?" Steven asked.

"I'm not sure what I would have done then, Steven. But I know what I'd do now—in hindsight, as it were," Smith answered.

"I know five years seems like a significant amount of time to you now, Steven. But once you're older, five years is not really so long at all. And what would you be doing during those five years anyway? Going to this little college and working at some fast-food place? Even supposing you graduate with good grades, you could work the rest of your life and never amass even 7% of the proceeds already in your Aunt's Trust.

"So I'd take the opportunity, looking back on things. After the five years was up, I'd take the money and maybe go and marry some gorgeous fashion model. And when she says her feet hurt from high heels some night after a party, I'd be able to say real convincingly, 'I know, honey, I know'—right before I made love to her.

"That's what I'd do, Steven," Smith said, staring right at him. "But you'll have to decide for yourself."

"Just remember," Rasmussen injected, "that during the five years you will be living a nice life, anyway. It's not like we're asking you to go to jail—or work in a coal mine. You'll be living in Bel Air and have no financial worries whatsoever. You'll be living as a girl—but like I said upstairs, a very rich girl."

California

ON THE PLANE out to California, Steven thought about "The Agreement." It was all so overwhelming and strange.

He figured he'd say "no", of course. But a free trip to the coast and a visit to his Aunt's house was nothing to turn down

so quickly. His Aunt had moved, he knew. And he'd heard the house was more of a mansion than a house. Why not check it out?

He wondered why his Aunt he picked him for her extravagant "joke." Didn't she know anyone else?

But inside Steven had an idea why his Aunt might somehow think he could be turned into a girl. Steven had always been slightly built and fair. And he was so painfully shy with girls that, even though he was in college and 21, he was still, embarrassingly enough, a virgin. Steven was also a little effeminate. In grade school he had been teased and called a sissy by the other boys. While no one had called him that in years, he still remembered it like it was yesterday.

When he stepped through the gate at LAX there was a guy holding up a sign with "Menehlan" written on it in magic marker. Steven went up to the guy and told him he was who he was looking for.

"Right this way, Mr. Menehlan," the guy said. "Do you have any luggage coming in?"

"No. Just this right here," Steven said, holding up his carry-on bag.

The limo motored up the freeway—up the 405 to Wilshire. Then Wilshire over to Beverly Glen and way up Beverly Glen to all those twisty little streets shooting off of Brown Canyon.

Finally the limo slowed to a crawl and turned into a driveway. A wrought iron gate opened, and the limo driver jerked Steven back in his seat by accelerating rapidly.

The drive climbed and turned through landscaped areas and small open lawns. When the house came into view, it took Steven's breath away. Large and white and perfectly kept, it was the kind of place they'd film one of those TV evening soap operas at.

Robert Rasmussen was there, standing out front in one of his dark suits—his only concession to being back in L.A. was a pair of Ray Bans.

Steven shook the lawyer's hand, and then they stepped inside.

"When you said my Aunt had done quite well for herself, I really had no . . ."

"I know, Steven. We knew you'd have to see it to really

believe what we were saying. It's still your decision, of course. But at least take a look at what the offer really is," the lawyer said as they walked through the foyer.

"We'll go straight through the first floor. I want you to see the pool," Rasmussen said over his shoulder.

After walking through a wood-paneled room Steven guessed would be called the library, Rasmussen swung open a pair of French doors and said "here's your pool."

The first crack in Steven's firm resistance to the whole crazy scheme appeared at the moment he saw the pool. It was crystal clear and lined with tile. A Jacuzzi was bubbling off to the side. And after being amazed by the pool, Steven's eyes caught the view—through the haze he could see for miles across downtown L.A.

ON TUESDAY MORNING Steven met with Rasmussen and Smith in their offices in Century City. Over the weekend he'd found out a lot more about "the Agreement". He'd studied it, and also talked to an independent attorney he picked randomly from the L.A. County bar directory. It all looked O.K.—but it was also very strange.

Smith and Rasmussen, as a Firm, had Steven read and sign a Disclosure Document. It outlined the Firm's involvement in the deal, and made it clear the Firm stood to gain more from the estate if he took the deal than if he turned it down. This helped explain why Rasmussen and Smith both seemed to be for Steven signing The Agreement. With the estate broken up and distributed to various endowments, Smith and Rasmussen's involvement (and profits) would end prematurely.

As Steven signed the document, Rasmussen assured him, "Even though we stand to gain, it still has to be your decision, Steven."

"I know."

"And it would be nice to have an idea of your intent by tomorrow," the lawyer reminded him.

"I know that, too," Steven said.

It was a perfect Tuesday night in L.A. Steven looked out the window of his room at the Chateau Marmont over Sunset Boulevard and the lights of Hollywood. He felt disconnected somehow. He didn't feel like the kid struggling through some

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no-name college. But he sure didn't feel like some kind of "rich bitch" girl either.

ON WEDNESDAY MORNING Steven went to meet with the lawyers again before catching his plane back to Pennsylvania. "Well, Steven. I hate to hurry you in something like this. But we've really explained all the details as best we can at this point. And as you know, tomorrow is the deadline," Robert Smith said firmly. "What do you think your decision is going to be?"

"I'd like to maybe sign something to hold the "Agreement" open for one or two more days. Is that possible?"

Rasmussen and Smith conferred for a moment.

"Yes, I guess that's O.K. However, in signing such a document you must give us an idea of which way you are leaning. In other words, we'll draft something that says you "intend to" or "do not intend to" take up the Agreement, pending final signature within 48 hours."

Steven paused for a moment. He'd thought it over a lot. And it was hard to turn it all down. He could live on that kind of money for all the rest of his life. All for five years of what would admittedly be a rather strange existence. But not a dangerous existence or a painful existence.

With a nervous sigh Steven said, "Draft it with the words 'intend to.' "

THE NEXT FEW DAYS were a whirlwind of activity for Steven. They pressed him on the phone and Faxed a letter of intent for him to sign as the 48-hour "deadline" approached. It made him nervous to sign it. But in one very important way it was non-binding—if he ever wanted to walk away, all he had to do was just that—walk away. He wouldn't get the Trust, but he would be free.

With that simple thought (and with the thought of that house!) in mind, Steven signed "the Agreement."

And ten days after he had flown back to Harrisburg, he was on a jet back to the coast. The only difference was that this time it was a private jet—chartered and sent all the way from California by Smith and Rasmussen.

He'd boxed a few things up and sent them UPS the day

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before, using the Firm's Century City office address. But other than that, he only had a small suitcase. It made his stomach flutter when Robert Rasmussen had said over the phone, "Well . . . you won't really need any of your clothes out here."

The jet was small but nice. It was a little noisier on take-off than the commercial planes Steven had been on, and went up at a sharper angle.

He saw that Smith and Rasmussen had been at work again. On the seat next to his was a leather envelope. Inside was a copy of "The Agreement" as well as other papers.

Steven had read everything in the envelope by the time the plane reached the Rockies. It was mostly details that "fleshed out" the terms of "The Agreement."

Ingrid, his Aunt's maid, figured prominently. She had become close with Steven's Aunt at the end, it appeared. And she had promised, as Robert Rasmussen had, to take the whole idea seriously and try to make it work.

There was also mention of a future trip to someplace in Arizona. It seemed to be important, because many things were marked either "before Arizona" or "after Arizona". This mysterious trip was tentatively scheduled for early January, about ten weeks hence.

There was also mention of his "tutor"—someone named Cynthia. Whoever she was, she had already been engaged to help teach Steven things he would need to know for his "transformation."

Steven's New Life

THE FIRST TWO NIGHTS in California Steven stayed in Marina Del Ray. He wasn't supposed to move into the mansion until the day after tomorrow. And Rasmussen insisted on meeting with him before his move to the mansion.

The next day Steven met Rasmussen in the coffee shop of the hotel.

"Glad to see you, Steven," Rasmussen said. "I wanted to explain a few things to you before we take you out to Bel Air tomorrow morning."

"Is everything O.K., Robert?" Steven asked.

"Of course. But right at the beginning this arrangement is a little tricky. You see, right now you still look like a guy, of

course. And we can't let people who we want to view you as a girl in the future see you like this. If they do, it will be hard for them to be fooled later. Besides, if they get to know "Steven", they might well wonder where he went when "Stephanie" is suddenly there in his place.

"So you see the problem?" Rasmussen asked.

"I guess so. But I thought you had all this figured out."

"Well, we do, Steven. But it is going to take some cooperation from you. What we've done is gotten everyone out of the house in Bel Air except for Ingrid. We will hire additional staff later on, after your "transformation" is well along.

"So what do I have to do," Steven asked, sipping his coffee.

"Don't go up to the house today. And don't draw attention to yourself here, either. I had you stay here at the Marina so there would be little chance of anyone seeing us," Rasmussen explained.

"Is that it?"

"For now. But even after a few weeks you still won't be ready to engage anyone as a . . . well, as a girl, Steven. So you're going to have to be pretty reclusive until you go to Arizona in January. I'll be driving you to the few places you need to go -- like doctor's offices.

When you get back from Arizona, we'll work on getting you a driver's license with your new picture and name on it."

"What is all this stuff about "Arizona?" Steven asked. I read about it on the plane last night."

"Well, it's not really that big a deal. There is an exclusive spa in Arizona you'll be sent to in about six weeks. It's also a hospital. You'll be exercising there and having skin treatments and learning about cosmetics and so forth. But you may also have some cosmetic surgery performed. Let me assure you, however, that you will not have medical procedures performed you do not agree to, Steven."

"That sounds a little heavy, Rasmussen. I won't let them do anything weird."

"It's O.K., Steven. I'll fill you in on the details later, of course.

"Even after you come back from Arizona, you will have to remain a little reclusive. However, after some recovery time you will begin to appear feminine enough to fool people from a

distance—or for short periods of time.

Rasmussen left Steven at the hotel. Steven stayed in his room and watched cable TV. And in the morning, as promised, Rasmussen returned to pick him up.

THE DRIVE TO Bel Air was uneventful, but Steven was nervous nonetheless. His “new life” was beginning.

“Well, when do I begin my “transformation”, Robert?” he asked Rasmussen.

“Right away, Steven. There’s really no reason to wait. Ingrid will be assisting you. And we have hired a transsexual to tutor you as well.”

“You mean the ‘Cynthia’ mentioned in the papers is actually a . . .”

“Yes, she was male, Steven. But you’d never know it to look at her now. She’s excited about the project, and should be of great help to you. Any questions you have about all this Cynthia should be able to answer from personal experience.”

Soon Rasmussen’s Lexus was turning into the driveway in Bel Air. It was a cool, cloudy morning, and it had been raining on and off. But the grounds still looked wonderful.

Ingrid met them at the door. She was a tall and slightly stocky woman with a pretty face. And she was dressed in a fitted grey maid’s uniform with turned-back white cuffs, ruffled white collar, and perfectly white apron.

Robert introduced Steven to the maid. Ingrid silently bobbed a little curtsy.

The three of them went on a quick tour of the house. And then Robert looked at his watch and said he had to go.

“Ingrid will take good care of you, Steven. Please don’t hesitate to call me if you need anything or have any questions. Just use your first name on the phone—I’ll know who you are, of course.

“I’ll drop by tomorrow with Cynthia. As for now, Ingrid can get you started, O.K.?”

Steven shook Rasmussen’s hand and said goodbye. As the door closed, Ingrid said, “Well, Miss Stephanie, time to get you settled in your room.”

Steven blushed as he heard the maid use his new name. He wanted to tell her to call him Steven, but what was the use. It

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was going to be “Miss Stephanie” soon anyway, so he might as well get used to it.

Ingrid took him to the Master Suite on the second floor. A double door opened into a huge bedroom suite. There was a dressing/sitting room and a giant walk-in closet and a marble bathroom attached to the room. He could easily see himself living just in this suite for two weeks - let alone the whole house!

“Mr. Rasmussen probably mentioned that there will be some remodeling done. If you have any favorite colors or fabrics, just mention them to me and we’ll incorporate them.

“Cynthia and I have done some preliminary shopping, Miss. We bought some things for you. A robe—and a few things to lounge in. We also purchased some lingerie and things for you to sleep in,” the maid explained.

“Your first assignment, Miss Stephanie, is to take a nice bubble bath and spend some time with your grooming. You will need to shave your legs, of course. And your chest and arms and underarms, too. And you should groom your pubic region as well. There are razors and creme in the bath, Miss. And there is depilatory there too, if you prefer.”

“I’ve never shaved my legs before Ingrid,” Steven said, blushing.

“Well, it’s not difficult. Soak in your tub a bit first. Then get in the shower stall and do the shaving there and rinse off. There’s a seat in the shower.”

And when you’re done, I have to put some special lotion Cynthia gave me on your skin,” the maid said. “I’ll draw your bath while you get undressed.”

Steven sat on the bed and took off his clothes down to his underpants. He was embarrassed by his body, since he was skinny and pale. When Ingrid re-appeared, he had his arms tightly crossed at his chest and was looking at the floor.

“All set, Miss Stephanie,” Ingrid announced as she bent down and began picking up Steven’s discarded clothes. Steven walked into the luxurious bath in his underwear. The mirrors were partially steamed and the pink marble sunken tub was nearly overflowing with soft bubbles. He took off his underwear and stepped into the tub.

Steven shivered as he sunk into the warm, scented water.

He felt like a different person, somehow. But it sure felt nice—a person could get used to this kind of luxury very quickly!

He was startled to see Ingrid walk in. Even though he was covered in mounds of bubbles, Steven instinctively covered himself with his hands.

“I won’t bother you again, Miss,” Ingrid said. “But I wanted to bring in your robe—and something to wear underneath, for modesty when I put your lotion on later.”

The maid carefully laid the pink plush terry robe across a brass towel bar and then draped a small white satiny thing on a counter nearby. Then she bent down and picked up Steven’s underwear. It wasn’t lost on Steven that the maid unceremoniously dropped his boyish briefs straight into the trash can!

Steven took his bath and then got into the marble shower. He turned on the water and adjusted it hot. He also noticed a control for “steam”, and turned it on also. Soon he was enveloped in a warm, steamy mist.

He spread creme on his legs and carefully shaved all the hair off his calves and then his thighs. It felt weird to do, but his skin was surprisingly soft and smooth once he was done. He hesitated, and then shaved his underarms and his chest as well.

Finally, he took the pair of small scissors and carefully trimmed his public hair, as instructed.

After rinsing off, Steven dried himself with a big, thick, luxurious towel and stepped over to the counter. He picked up the delicate little white satin thing he’d seen Ingrid come in with. He held up the tiny garment. He blushed as he quickly realized it was a nice pair of girl’s panties.

As Steven was deciding whether or not he’d wear the panties, Ingrid’s voice startled him.

“Are you dressed yet, Miss? I need to apply the lotion I mentioned.”

Steven quickly answered, “not quite yet!” as he clumsily stepped into the panties and drew them up his now-hairless legs. To his surprise, the stretchy Lycra-enhanced, satiny fabric of his panties allowed them to fit him perfectly. He was immediately struck by the fact that the panties were quickly comfortable and were like wearing a second skin. Boy’s underwear was hopelessly clunky and stupid-looking in

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comparison to the sleek, high-cut appearance of his panties.

Steven then put on his robe and tied it closed with the sash.

He took a deep breath as he walked out of the bathroom.

“Ready, Ingrid,” he said quietly.

“Good. Please sit on your bed, Miss, and I’ll rub some of this lotion into your legs.

Steven sat on the bed and blushed as the maid knelt down and rubbed a thick, sweet-smelling lotion into his ankles and calves. Then she started up his thighs, brushing the loose robe away.

“Your panties seem to fit nicely, Miss,” the maid said, making Steven’s face flush.

Ingrid smoothed the lotion into Steven’s thighs, and he wiggled uncomfortably as she continued all the way up to his panties.

“Please take off your robe, Miss,” Ingrid said calmly.

“I . . . ahh I don’t know, Ingrid . . .”

“Please Miss. It’s O.K. And the sooner we feel comfortable with each other the better. As your personal maid, I’ll be seeing you in your panties and lingerie frequently of course.”

Steven got up and slowly slipped the robe off his shoulders. He was shy about his slight body. But it was more than that—it was embarrassing to be seen by a woman, even his maid, while wearing girl’s panties.

The maid smoothed the special lotion into his shoulders, arms, and chest. Then she told Steven to lay down on his bed so she could rub it into his back. When she was finished with Steven’s back, the maid gently lowered the waistband of his panties a bit and glided her lotioned hands over Steven’s soft buttocks.

Steven was nervous, but was enjoying the attention at the same time. Soon he felt the back of his panties being gently tugged back up into place over his bottom.

Ingrid said “O.K., Miss. I’m all done. This lotion should help to soften your skin—Cynthia says it really works wonders.”

THE REST OF THE DAY Steven spent relaxing and taking a tour of his new house. It was fabulous. There was a room for every purpose: a sitting room, a library, a plush room just for listening to music and watching the “home theater”, a formal

dining room, an informal dining room—even a special exercise room with lots of equipment and a wooden-floored area with mirrored walls especially for doing aerobics.

Ingrid fed him lunch and dinner. But Steven wasn't very hungry and didn't eat very much. The meals were different than he was used to—heavy on the salads and sparkling water and light on the “meat and potatoes”.

When he commented on this, Ingrid just smiled and said, “A sissy has to watch his figure.” Steven blushed like crazy, but didn't know how to respond beyond feeling embarrassed.

As for clothing, Steven just stayed in his new pink robe and satiny white panties, as well as a little pair of satin bedroom slippers. He didn't venture outside, since he wanted to follow Rasmussen instructions to keep a “low profile.”

By the end of the day, he was so comfortable in his robe and his panties that he almost forgot entirely that he was dressed in anything unusual for a boy. When he remembered from time to time that he was in unusual clothing, he'd blush. But he supposed such clothing was not all that unusual for a sissy, which was what he was quickly becoming.

STEVEN'S FIRST NIGHT in his new home was strange. Ingrid came to the Master Bedroom with him at about 10:00 to help him get ready for bed. Steven went into the bathroom and brushed his teeth and washed his face. When he came back out into the bedroom, he saw that Ingrid had turned down the bed. Luxurious champagne satin sheets and pillow cases glistened with the soft light from the night table lamp. Laid out on a padded chair nearby were a silky white top and matching panties.

“Let me help you get dressed for bed, Miss,” Ingrid said softly.

Steven resisted at first, but Ingrid quietly told him, “It's all right, Miss. I won't stare at you or anything. I know it's strange for you, but please let me help you. It's my job, after all, and I don't mind doing it in the least.”

Ingrid seemed so nice that Steven relented and let the maid help him take off his robe. He slipped out of the panties himself, however, and turned so she couldn't see his front. Ingrid handed him the white silk panties so he could pull them on

without turning around. Steven put one foot and then the other into the leg openings of the panties, and drew them up his smooth, hairless legs. He pulled the panties up tight and adjusted them slightly on his hips and bottom. They were cut full and fit a touch looser than the panties he'd been wearing all day.

"They're sleep panties, Miss. They're specially cut to be very comfy to sleep in, while still being pretty. I thought until you get your first gaff in a few days it would be better to have you in sleep panties. Girls wear them too sometimes, Miss—especially when they're having . . . ah . . . their time of the month.

"Once you're gaffed, however, you can sleep in nighties with matching panties, tap pants and camisole sets, or even a high-cut teddy, if you wish," Ingrid explained.

Steven turned around with his arms crossed tightly across his bare chest. It was just one of the somewhat girlish postures he naturally fell into for some reason—even before getting involved in this strange "Agreement" of his Aunt's.

"Put your arms up, please, Miss," Ingrid said as she held up the white satin top.

Steven did as he was told and the maid slipped the sleep top over his arms. As Steven put his arms down, the slick satin slipped down his torso, giving him a little chill. The top was cute, with a scoop neckline, loosely-fitted $\frac{3}{4}$ length sleeves and a gently curved hem with little side slits that hit his thighs just below his panties.

Steven smoothed the top down with his hands. The satin felt great on his body—especially so since his skin was all shaved and lotioned and smooth. Being a sissy was going to be weird. But he had to admit that this was a much more comfortable (and much cuter!) outfit to sleep in than what boys normally wore.

"In you go," Ingrid said, holding the covers up for her new boss to slip under.

Steven slipped into the big bed, his legs and panty-bottoms making a slightly whispering sound as he slid across the satin sheets. Once he was in, he reached down and tugged his top down over his panties again as Ingrid pulled the covers up to his chest.

"Shall I get you a glass of water for your nightstand, Miss?" the maid asked with a smile.

"Yes, Ingrid. That would be nice."

Steven laid there quietly as the servant went off to get the glass of water. He ran his hand across the perfect satin sheets. "What a way to live!" he thought.

Soon Ingrid was back with the water.

"Goodnight, Miss. I'll see you in the morning. You can ring for me anytime simply by pressing this button," she explained as she pointed out a white button on the side of the nightstand.

"Goodnight Ingrid. I hope this all isn't too strange for you . . . I'm sorry my Aunt and I have dragged you into something so odd."

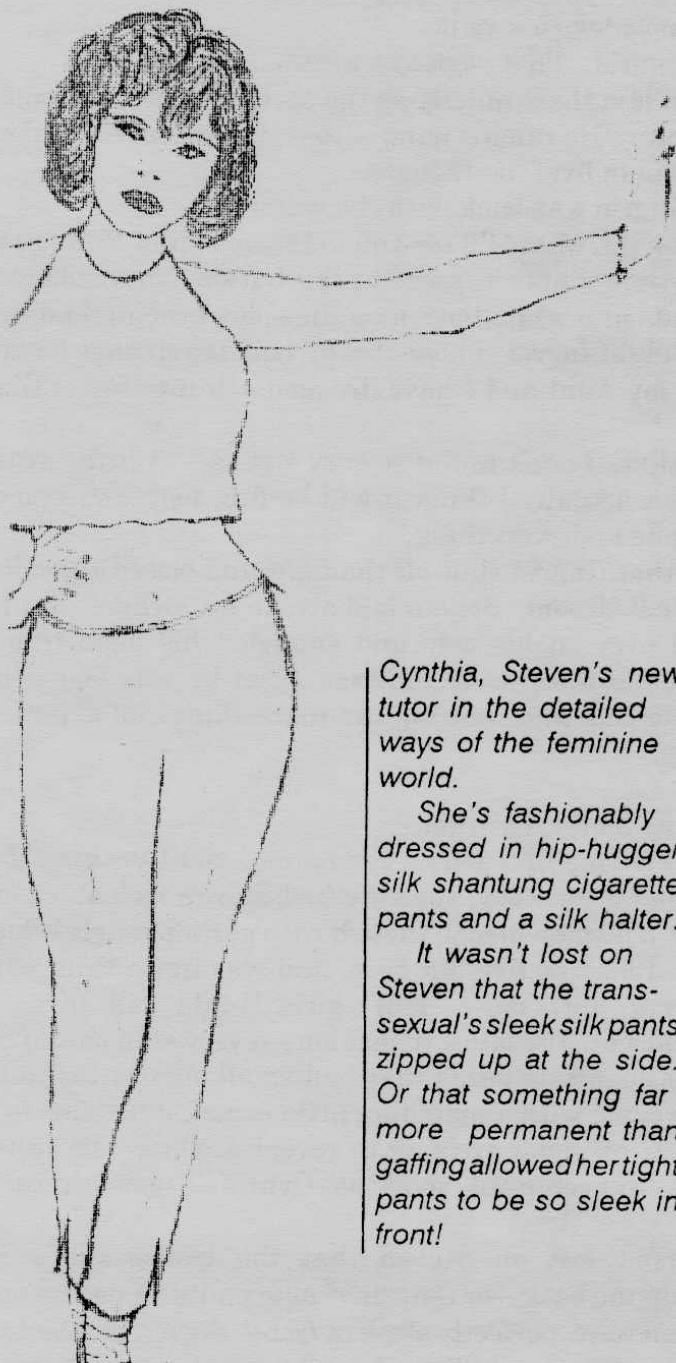
"No, Miss. I don't find it so very strange. A little strange, maybe. But actually I think it will be fun, too. You know, to fool everyone and everything."

With that, Ingrid shut off the light and closed the door to the Master Bedroom. Steven laid awake for awhile. But then he turned over on his side and snuggled his head into the smooth, comfortable satin pillows. Soon he was fast asleep, lying in the bed, and wearing the night things, of a very rich young lady.

Steven's Tutor, Cynthia

THE VERY NEXT DAY "Stephanie" met Cynthia. If this creature had been a boy, she sure had Steven fooled! Cynthia looked like a fashion model, though with perhaps slightly bigger shoulders. She was five-ten or so and was quite thin, with a small, curvy butt most "real" girls would kill for. The transsexual wore the latest in fashion—a very slim pair of lime-sorbet silk shantung pants that had small slits at the ankles. The pants came with a matching little jacket, but Cynthia had thrown that off upon arriving to reveal a white silk haltered shell that was cropped short so Cynthia's smooth tummy showed.

It wasn't lost on Steven that the transsexual's shell buttoned up the back—or that "her" slim pants zipped up on the left side and were perfectly sleek in front! Steven blushed as he realized Cynthia was hiding absolutely nothing in her pants, because there was absolutely nothing left there to hide!



Cynthia, Steven's new tutor in the detailed ways of the feminine world.

She's fashionably dressed in hip-hugger silk shantung cigarette pants and a silk halter.

It wasn't lost on Steven that the transsexual's sleek silk pants zipped up at the side. Or that something far more permanent than gaffing allowed her tight pants to be so sleek in front!

"I could fool everybody long before I had completed all my reassignment surgery, Stephanie . . . do you mind if I just call you "Stephanie" right from the start, Steven?"

"I guess it's O.K." Steven said, nervous.

"Well, Stephanie, as I was saying; I fooled everyone even before I became a "total girl" so to speak. And I think with my help and the help of the doctors in Arizona and with Ingrid and everything . . . well, I think you'll be able to fool everyone too!"

"I don't know, really," Steven said slowly.

"I think you'll do just fine, Stephanie. With the money and effort that are going into your "conversion", so

to speak, I think you'll be able to fool everybody. You'll have to work at it, Stephanie—don't get me wrong. The physical stuff really won't take as much work as you think. You're buying most of the physical changes, really. But you'll have to work on the movement and attitude and so forth with me."

Steven was dressed in glossy white nylon/Lycra leggings (which he preferred to think of as runner's tights) and a soft light blue sweater top. On his feet were cute white tennis shoes, worn without socks. And under his tights were the inevitable white nylon girl's panties.

"We'll have to begin getting you used to wearing a gaff very soon," Cynthia said as she glanced at front of Steven's tights. "You definitely can't go around looking like that." Steven just blushed. His tight panties and the Lycra leggings almost made his maleness disappear, but not quite. "I can see that you don't have all that much to hide, Stephanie, so a good gaff should easily make you as sleek as a girl," Cynthia noted plainly.

Steven had always been embarrassed by his rather small size there. But for the strange situation he found himself in now, he guessed it might become an advantage.

"Well . . . first we need to begin teaching you how to walk, Stephanie. I want you to put these on first, though," Cynthia explained as she dug into her big exercise bag and pulled out a shoe box.

In the shoe box, wrapped carefully in tissue paper, was a pair of shiny black patent leather shoes with chunky heels about 2 or 3 inches high. The shoes had rounded toes and thin leather soles, and there straps with gold buckles on them. The straps

were high enough that it appeared to Steven that they would go around your ankle.

Cynthia also pulled out a pair of little socks that were made of thin material and were only ankle high.

“Put on these anklets, Stephanie, and then slip your feet into this pair of Mary Janes. They will serve as your “training heels” for the next few weeks, so you should get used to them. They should fit—Mr. Rasmussen has provided me with all your sizes.”

Steven took off his shoes and slipped the thin little socks on his feet. They barely came up to his ankles and the elastic-ribbed tops were finished with a scalloped effect. This effect made it crystal clear they were girl’s socks. Next he put his feet in the shoes. They fit him nicely.

“Buckle the straps, Steph, and we’ll get started,” Cynthia said.

Steven buckled the little straps of his patent Mary Janes and stood up nervously. Even though the heels were chunky with fairly large bottoms and were not all that high, the shoes immediately changed Steven’s posture. His pelvis was thrust out to the front a little and his calf muscles stretched. The small of his back was curved in, and he could feel that the heels somehow made his butt stick out.

“Even though you’ll sometimes be in flats, Steph, it’s better to teach someone to walk like a girl with a little bit of a heel on. First thing I want you to do is stand straight and tall and put both feet together so your shoes touch. Then I want you to slowly walk toward me by placing one foot right in front of the other foot—not to the side or bowlegged like you’re probably used to, Steph. And don’t try to take too big a step. You can tell if you’re doing it right because your thighs will rub together as you move.”

Steven began to walk as Cynthia told him to, but with the very first unsteady step he almost fell over!

Cynthia giggled and said, “I thought that might happen—but it will help you learn. You have to shift your hips as you walk so the weight will be distributed right and you can keep your balance. Here, let me show you.”

The girlish transsexual got up and walked across the room smoothly in delicate, lady-like strap high-heels. The “girl’s”

rear, cutely dressed in the tight little pants, wiggled back and forth dramatically, making the "walk" more like a sashay. Cynthia turned like a model on a runway and wiggled back across the room.

"See?" she said to Steven. "You'll have to get used to the rhythm of it. It's quite different than how a boy walks."

Steven took a breath and tried to copy what Cynthia had done. He was still unsteady on his heels, but he didn't lose his balance this time.

"Feet in front of each other, Steph," Cynthia scolded, "I want to hear your thighs whisper together as you walk! And put your hand on your hip so you can feel the motion there."

Steven felt embarrassed as he walked back and forth across his luxurious new bedroom with Cynthia looking on and making comments to adjust his walking.

"You're doing O.K. for your first time, Steph. But you have to remember to try to walk like this all the time from now on. You have to have the movement so ingrained that even under stress you'll naturally walk this way."

Steven complained that he would "look like a sissy" if he walked like this.

"Well, Steph, if people think you are a boy you will certainly look like a sissy. But if they think you're a girl—like you are supposed to make them think you are, they'll just think you're feminine and sexy!"

THE REST OF THE DAY Steven and Cynthia worked on the preliminary stages of walking, standing, sitting, and gesturing like a girl would. It was all new to Steven, but "old hat" to Cynthia, who'd been mimicking feminine movements all "her" life—and now was really just as much a girl as anyone. They worked for hours, only breaking for awhile when Ingrid brought them light sandwiches and iced tea on a tray.

Steven learned quite a few things, and even received "homework" from his new tutor in the form of written exercises to practice.

"Until we get you gaffed and into some proper clothes, you should practice your walking and sitting, Steph. And be sure to wear your Mary Janes for your walking practice. You'll have to master those before we even consider having you move up to a

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real woman's shoes, like spike heeled pumps!"

During a rest period, Steven asked Cynthia about gaffs.

"What about gaffs, Cynthia. Do they hurt? And how do you get them on and off if they're so tight?"

"Well, they're a little painful at first, Steph. I'd say the first few weeks are the toughest, though. After that it really isn't any big deal. And as far as taking them on and

off, you only really have to take it all the way off when you're taking a bath or shower. Just to go to the lady's room I figured out a way to just roll it down slightly to go. And I just left everything tucked back and learned to pee like a girl. If you try to take your gaff off all the time and pull everything to the front, it's just a pain".

"When will I start to wear one?" Steven asked.

"Oh . . . almost immediately. I'm going to be bringing your first couple of gaffs later this week. You'll need to start wearing one when you begin dressing in girl's clothes—which is going to happen real soon!"

CYNTHIA LEFT AT MID-AFTERNOON and Steven took a break from his practicing and went downstairs to see Ingrid. The maid was in the kitchen, beginning to plan and prepare dinner.

"What do you think of your new tutor, Miss?" Ingrid asked with a smile.

"Oh, she's . . . ahhh I mean he's . . . fine, I guess. Sure knows a lot about acting like a girl, that's for sure!"

"I think it's O.K. if you refer to Cynthia as a "she", Miss. After all, since the hormones and surgery and everything, Cynthia's about as much a girl as anyone. She'll be able to help you quite a bit, I suspect."

"Well, I hope so. I'm not too sure about this whole deal," Steven answered.

THE NEXT FEW DAYS Steven spent practicing his new walk, his new way of standing, and his new way of sitting. The Lycra of his leggings at his thighs whispered together regularly as he walked, and his hips began to take on a sissyish swish. When he stood he put his weight on one foot or the other, rather than evenly distributing it like a boy would normally do. And,

to keep his weight centered, he kicked his hips out to one side or the other. It was really just the static version of the girl's walk he was learning, and this new posture made his lithe body take on a feminine "S" curve.

Sometimes Ingrid helped a little by giving him suggestions. But she always made it clear that Cynthia was his to be primary teacher.

By the end of the week, he could walk pretty much like a girl in his medium-height Mary Jane shoes. He was ready for another lesson, and Cynthia arrived to give him just that.

"Well, I can see you've practiced Stephanie," she said. "But it will be awhile until you can do it so smoothly and confidently that you'll be O.K. in high heels at a party with other things to think about."

Cynthia and Steven retired to his bedroom after a few minutes. Ingrid served tea and left to go do her housework, leaving the pupil and tutor alone.

"I have two gaffs for you Steph. Why don't you get undressed and we'll get you into one. I also have clothes for you. It was fun shopping for you with Mr. Rasmussen's credit cards!"

Steven stepped into the bathroom and got undressed. He didn't feel like getting undressed in front of Cynthia.

"I can hand your gaff into you, but it would be better if I could just show you how it goes on," Cynthia commented.

"I'll try it in here first if you don't mind," Steven said quickly as he slipped his panties off.

"Suit yourself," Cynthia said as she handed the flesh-toned rubbery little garment through the bathroom door.

Steven examined it a bit before trying to put it on. The gaff looked a little like a thong panty, except it was cut slightly different and was made of a powerful stretchy material. A silky little white tag sewn into the left side seam said "Pro-Gaff by SissyBoy - Size: M."

"Be sure to tuck yourself back tightly before you pull it up all the way," Cynthia yelled in.

Steven pulled the little garment up his legs. It was quite small, and had to be stretched to go over his knees and pulled forcefully up his thighs. When it was up to his bottom, he reached down and tucked himself back and tugged hard on the gaff until the small but powerful waistband was all the way up.

It was so tight it took his breath away!

Awkwardly he walked out of the bathroom, looking down at his newly smooth front as he went.

“Like this Cynthia?” he asked.

“Yes, that’s pretty close. But believe it or not it is supposed to be pulled up even a little more.”

Cynthia calmly walked over and grasped the waistband of the sissy’s new gaff and gave it a sharp tug upward, causing Steven to go up on his toes and gasp in response.

“There. That’s about right,” Cynthia said. “With your size and figure, we’re going to have you in size small gaffs in a few weeks. But this medium should help you get used to the feeling.”

“It’s awfully tight,” Steven said looking down.

“In order for you to look right in a tight skirt or little short-shorts, it has to be,” Cynthia explained.

Steven wiggled around uncomfortably in his new gaff. He was nearly nude, but for some reason he didn’t feel all that shy around Cynthia. After all, here was a “boy” who had been through it all before.

Cynthia laughed a bit and said, “Stop prancing around and put some clothes on!” as she handed Steven his panties.

Steven stopped wiggling and slipped into the white nylon bikini panties Cynthia handed him. He pulled them up higher than he had before, and smoothed them on his bottom. They fit great, which made Steven both happy and a little sad at the same time. As Cynthia went to the dresser to get him some more clothes, Steven glanced at his reflection in the full-length dressing area mirror. The front “V” of his silky white virginal panties plunged back between his thighs with nary a trace of a boyish bulge. He blushed deeply as he looked at himself. But he couldn’t help but go up on his toes and twist around to see his “rear view”. The panties clung to his rounded bottom like they were custom fitted. And with his slight build, soft skin and completely hairless legs and torso, he looked quite a bit like a girl.

Still, he knew he had a lot of work to do before he could truly “pass”. His face was still that of a boy. His waist needed to be whittled down, and his hips could be a little curvier. And of course he was completely flat-chested. But for some reason

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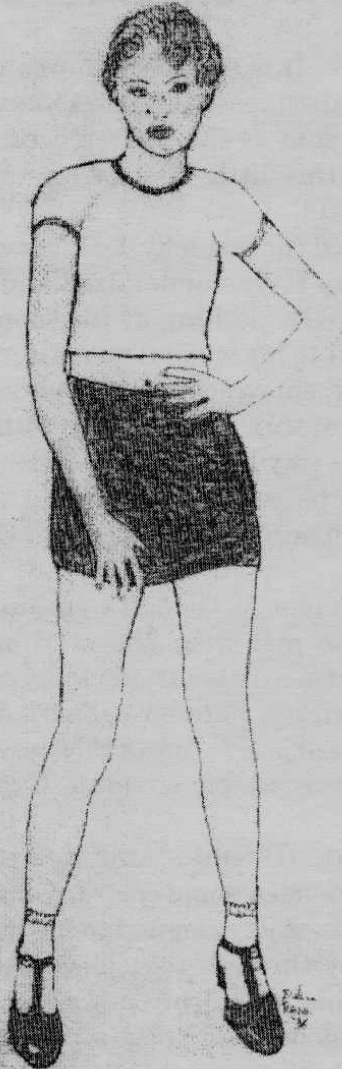
his bottom and his legs were already naturally like those of a girl. Was that the reason his Aunt had picked him for this weird assignment?

"Here, put this on," Cynthia said.

"But it's a . . . ahh . . . skirt."

Steven strikes an awkward pose in his first miniskirt, showing off his long, girlish (and hairless) legs. Under his little skirt he's tightly gaffed and is wearing a pretty pair of girl's panties. He's still flat-chested, so there is no need for a bra yet.

A tight, undersized girl's T-shirt, lace-trimmed white cotton anklets, and his patent Mary Jane "training heels" complete his ensemble.



"Of course it is, silly. And they're great fun to wear, as you'll soon find out. Especially with legs like yours. Slip it on while I go pick out a top for you."

Steven looked at the little skirt. It was a casual one, made

from smooth black cotton, with some Lycra to give it a little stretch and shape. It looked small—and short. Cynthia later told him it was a “standard 16-inch mini.”

Steven stepped into the little skirt and pulled and tugged it up his legs. He pulled it up to his waist, but then tugged it down a bit, since he couldn’t imagine showing that much bare thigh.

“Yes, Steph. It is supposed to be that short. Pull it up to your natural waistline—it’s not some kind of hip hugger ‘70’s thing,” Cynthia said as she walked over with more clothes.

“Here, put this little T-shirt on—and then this blouse,” Steven’s tutor said.

Steven pulled the stretchy T-shirt over his head and pulled it down his body. It was undersized and tight, in the fashion of girl’s clothing at the moment. The hem of the shirt barely went to his waist—no matter how hard he tugged it just sprang back, showing a little sliver of midriff. The little T-shirt was made of thin ribbed white cotton. And the neck was decorated with a tiny bit of lacy elastic.

“Soon you’ll be wearing a training bra. But for now we’ll just put you in little T-shirts like this,” Cynthia said, admiring Steven.

Next came a blouse, though Cynthia told Stephanie that it would be O.K. to just wear the mini and little “T” if it was warm.. The blouse was made of a silky fabric and had a “man-tailored” look with a pointed collar. And unfortunately for Steven, it was shell pink—one of the sissy-est colors imaginable!

“Does it have to be so pink Cynthia?” Steven asked disgustedly.

“Oh come on. It’s cute. And pink it so flattering to your face. Besides, we need some color to offset that black skirt.”

“O.K.” Steven said, resigned to his fate for the moment. he slipped his arms through the sleeves, suddenly enjoying the silky fabric on his lotion-softened skin. Then he tugged the blouse around his body and began to button it up.

“What the . . .”

“Oh, Steph. I guess you might not know not having that much experience with girls and everything,” Cynthia cut in. “Women’s clothes button up the other way—right over left instead of the left over right boys’ things have. At least quality

women's things do. Maybe something from K-Mart buttons like a boy, but not the things you'll be wearing—with all your money," Cynthia explained as she stepped in to help Steven button up his blouse.

"Skirts and dresses wrap right over left too—unless they just pull on like your cotton mini," Cynthia continued. "A lot of women's pants button that way too. Except for the ones that just zip up the back, or the left side."

"There, all set," Cynthia announced stepping back.

"Now, tuck it into your skirt, Steph."

Steven began to tuck the tail of his pink blouse into his stretchy little miniskirt.

"Just pull down your skirt and smooth your blouse down and pull your skirt back up over it carefully. That's the only way to get it all smooth," Cynthia instructed. "Usually you put on your top first anyway, Steph. That's the way we girls do it. And with wrap skirts or dresses it's easier than with a little pull-on like that."

Once Steven was dressing in his skirt and top, Cynthia had him slip on white cotton anklets with a bit of lace at the ankles before putting him into his little Mary Jane walking shoes.

"There, all set," Cynthia said, admiring her pupil's new and decidedly effeminate appearance.

Steven practiced his walking under the watchful and critical eye of his tutor. With no tights on Steven's smooth thighs brushed together nicely as he walked. And his tight little skirt hugged his bottom and somehow helped exaggerate the sissyish wiggle his new style of walking now generated. He also practiced his sitting, being carefully to gently lower himself down into the chair and then crossing his thighs tightly.

A new complication was watching his skirt and making sure it didn't ride up too much! Cynthia would clap her hands loudly every time she caught a glimpse of Steven's panties under his skirt as he sat. The first few times it nearly sounded like applause, Cynthia was clapping so much. But after awhile only an occasional clap sounded. It was a pain to always be mindful of the skirt and to always be struggling to pull it down. But it was just another aspect of his "new life" that Steven was going to have to get used to.

THE NEXT SEVERAL WEEKS proceeded with little change in the routine: "Miss Stephanie" would rise at about nine and ring for Ingrid, who would serve the "rich girl" breakfast in bed and prepare a nice morning bubble bath. After his bath, Ingrid always applied the special lotion to Stephanie's skin before assisting in dressing the new heiress.

Every other day Cynthia would arrive at 10:30 for a whole day of tutoring in the ways of girls: personal grooming, lingerie and clothing, basic fashion sense, walking, body movements, speaking, and feminine social graces.

Steven (who now even thought of himself as "Stephanie" half the time) absorbed the lessons slowly but steadily. While his sissyish walk didn't really change that much after the first two weeks, it became more ingrained and in subtle ways more smooth. Rather than "practice", it started to become just the way he walked now. Instead of consciously having to walk like a girl, he now found himself consciously having to think about walking like a boy!

Other than Ingrid and an occasional brief meeting with Mr. Rasmussen, Cynthia was Stephanie's only company. And while she was fun to be around, she was also quite strict and always watchful of her student's walk, movements, speech, and mannerisms. If Stephanie failed in any way at any time, Cynthia was perpetually there to correct the sissy sternly: "Cross you legs!" "Dip to pick up your cup—and for gosh sakes, use your saucer!" "Pull your panties up higher—ones cut like those are meant to creep up your butt a bit."

Since Ingrid often corrected him too, (albeit in a softer manner) it was all a constant education and indoctrination for Steven. And in only a few weeks significant parts of it were beginning to take hold.

Cynthia often arrived with some item of clothing or perhaps a small selection of cosmetics to add to the sissy's ever-growing collection. She would bring a loose pair of boxer shorts for lounging—cute ones that were designed with girls in mind, with a fake "fly" that was sewn up and obviously useless. Or another casual little miniskirt of a pair of brightly-colored socks. And maybe a bottle of one of the newest and trendiest girl's fragrances.

Cynthia purchased it all with a special credit card billed

directly to Smith & Rasmussen. All of the items, while of the best quality, were in the realm of “basics” and were useful and not terribly expensive.

“I’ll let you have the fun of picking out the expensive stuff yourself, Steph, once you know more about fashion and what you like and what looks good on you,” Cynthia told him once. “But I’ll never forgive you if you don’t let me go along and shop with you in those fancy shops on Rodeo!”

Steven spent his leisure time (of which there was an abundance, since he was now living the life of a “spoiled rich girl”) relaxing with books and fashion magazines, taking bubble baths, and engaging in light exercise and aerobic dance. For this last activity he even began to wear a leotard after he was gaffed. He would pull on thin girl’s nylon tights that ended with snug bands at his ankles right over his gaff. Then he would slip into a stretchy nylon/Lycra leotard which in design was really no more than a girl’s one-piece swimsuit with little short sleeves. Cute white aerobics shoes and a headband and he be all set for an hour of exercise and dancing. He liked to dance to pounding hip music, and instead of feeling weird about it he enjoyed it. Who would see him here anyway—Ingrid? What did it matter. She was just the maid, and she knew all about Steven’s inheritance deal anyway.

It was during these early exercise sessions that Steven wore his first thong. It was an exercise leotard—not a swimsuit. But the idea was the same, with a thin rear strap cutting up into his tights and bisecting his rear.

Steven (like most boys) had always thought girls wore thongs only to show off their butts to the guys. That may be true (along with getting a better tan) with swimsuits, but with exercise wear he discovered another reason. The thong-style leotard stayed in place longer and held his tights in place longer than the “full-back” style did. And there was never any bothersome adjusting the rear down with your fingers, since a thong by it’s very nature couldn’t really “ride up” any further than it already was from the moment you tugged it on!

As for meals, Stephanie now ate “lite”—mostly salads and pasta and veggies, and perhaps small portions of lean chicken or fish. His weight was now down to 135 -- slim and trim.

In addition to doing all the cooking and cleaning up, Ingrid

also always provided her new boss with copious quantities of ice-cold bottled spring water to drink. Steven had been told by Cynthia that drinking a lot of water, getting a little exercise, and regular “beauty sleep” were the secrets of a good complexion. He figured there was no harm in having good skin, boy or girl.

And so the first month was over almost before Steven knew it had begun. He now naturally dressed in his gaff nearly 24 hours a day, though he still took it off several nights a week. And he also dressed in what were essentially girl’s clothes. Not too many skirts and no dresses yet, but tights that were actually girl’s leggings, little high-waisted shorts, and soft knit sweater tops in pastel colors with both long and short sleeves. And under it all he usually wore panties and an undersized little T-shirt.

STEVEN WENT TO VISIT his father for Christmas. It was a short and uneventful trip, and he was glad to know that he could pretty much stay away for the entire next year without worrying about his so-called “family.” There were a few hinted comments about his effeminate appearance. But since Steven had never been very boyish and because no one really wanted to get into any kind of troublesome discussion, his father and his new wife pretty much left him alone.

When he arrived back in LA he was picked up at the airport in a limo and driven in the quiet late December darkness to his estate. He changed in the back seat of the car, arriving home properly gaffed and dressed in panties, girl’s jeans, a starched white cotton blouse and a nice pull-over Shetland sweater with a big snowflake design on his chest.

New Years was quiet for Steven. But he didn’t mind—it usually was for him anyway. Robert Rasmussen came over for a hour or two before dinner. Steven talked with him and found out the infamous “trip to Arizona” was now scheduled for the end of January.

“No sense in waiting any longer. You’re making good progress with Cynthia. The Arizona trip will really help you along, however,” the attorney explained. He wished “Stephanie” a Happy New Year and left for the Firm’s annual bash.

Ingrid made Steven a great dinner, splurging on the calories with lobster bisque' and even some Champagne. It was nice, but Steven was a bit lonely in the big house. It was a problem he would have to deal with eventually. But how do you make friends when you're being turned into a girl? He wondered if everyone he met would just make fun of him.

Fortunately Cynthia dropped by on her way to a West Hollywood party and cheered him up. She had on an outrageously tight dress and glamorous make-up.. She looked great, as always. And more feminine than most "real" girls Steven had known.

Cynthia had apparently been drinking a little wine and was giddy and giggly.

"Next year you can go with me, Steph. We'll have a blast shopping for just the right dress and getting you all decked out!" she said as she got ready to leave.

Twenty minutes after the New Year rang in—the new year that would see Steven fully become "Miss Stephanie"—Steven was in soft pink flannel girl's PJs and snuggling between the satin sheets of his big bed, glancing at the January issue of Vogue before turning out the light.

Getting Dressed

A WEEK LATER "STEPHANIE" WOKE up slowly. At first he just rolled over in the big bed and moaned a little. Then he slid his hand over the silk pillowcase and slid his bare legs through the silk sheets. Finally, he raised his head and looked at the clock by his bed.

"10:45!" he thought. "My goodness!"

He sat up in his bed and rubbed his eyes and looked around. It wasn't a dream—he was still in the huge bedroom he'd fallen asleep in. And he was still in the over-sized, silk-sheeted bed he'd had his breakfast in several hours earlier.

The bed tray was gone, he noticed. Ingrid must have quietly stepped in and whisked it away to the kitchen. This was one of his "off" days when Cynthia was not expected.

Stephanie got up and plodded slowly to the window. The deep white carpet felt good on his bare feet. And although it was still a little strange to have such things on, his satin tap pants and little chemise felt good sliding against his bare skin.

His damn gaff was another matter, however! It was tight and constricting and the thin rear strap was firmly wedged up in his bottom. But he had to endure it. Ingrid and Cynthia both agreed that the only way to get used to being gaffed was simply to wear one all the time. At least he could fall asleep pretty easily, now. When he first started wearing the damn things, he tossed and turned half the night. Now Stephanie wore a gaff almost every night, maybe going without one one night a week. Except for bedtime, of course, he was always gaffed now.

Stephanie stood at the window and looked out through the chiffon sheer between the heavy drapes. The lawn stretched out, green and well-manicured. He thought he could hear some sort of lawn equipment running somewhere, but couldn't tell whether it was a mower or something else.

He used to mow lawns in the summers between high school—but never in January! Of course, in southern California things were different. While gardening slowed down in the winter, it didn't stop entirely. Stephanie smiled a bit as he realized such things needn't bother him anymore—working with noisy, dirty machines was something hired gardeners did in Bel Air, not something a wealthy “young lady” like Stephanie would ever have to worry “her pretty head” over!

It looked warm outside, and Stephanie wanted to go out. Except for his brief trip home for the Holidays he'd been cooped up in the mansion for quite some time. Time for some air—and maybe a stroll of the grounds. After all, they were his grounds now!

The sissy pranced back over to his bed, the loose legs of his tap pants fluttering against his thighs in the breeze.

“This wearing girl's clothes thing isn't so bad,” Stephanie thought as he grasped the open legs of his tap pants and swished them side to side like a little skirt. At least it wasn't so bad in the privacy of a big, secluded mansion. But in six months “Miss Stephanie” would have to go out into the world. It made him shutter to even think about it.

Stephanie walked into the bathroom and flicked on the light. The wall of mirrors shown back at him as he padded across the marble floor up to the vanity counter. The marble floor was cold. No wonder rich girls wear slippers, he thought.

He brushed his teeth and then went into the little alcove

with the toilet and bidet. He lifted the seat and started to pull down his tap pants. But then he remembered he was gaffed. He sighed and put the seat back down and turned around. He slipped his fingers in the waistband of the tap pants and they slithered to the floor. Then he stood on his toes and stretched and hooked his thumbs in the tight band of his gaff. It was a struggle to roll it down to his thighs, but he managed. Then he sat down and relieved himself like any young lady (or any sissy) would. He didn't mind sitting, really. It was relaxing and there was no aiming to worry about or anything. So he peed like a girl. Who would know?

As he sat, he picked up the issue of ELLE Ingrid had delivered to his room yesterday. This fashion stuff was going to take some doing. It all seemed a little fake and shallow and almost stupid to him. But the girls in the pictures sure were pretty.

Stephanie stood up and reached back and flushed the john. Then he stood on his toes again and tucked himself carefully back between his legs. He worked the tight gaff back into position, wiggling his bottom as he did so.

He began to bend down to pick up the tap pants he'd slipped out of. They were shapeless and like a little pool of satin on the marble floor. He grabbed them, but then he dropped them again. Ingrid would get them, he thought.

"Rich girls don't worry about picking up their clothes from the bathroom floor—that's what servants are for!" he said out loud softly. He was startled to hear his own voice. But he had begun talking to himself more and more recently, since he was pretty isolated in the gilded cage of his mansion.

Stephanie grasped the bottom of his chemise and whipped it off over his head. He dropped it in a slippery pile on the bathroom floor as he hurried out to his room.

Dressed only in his gaff, the sissy went to his dresser. He opened drawer after drawer to see what he had to wear. He was tired to having Ingrid or Cynthia pick everything out for him and help him dress. He'd dress himself today. And he'd get into something he could wear outside, too!

Most of the dresser drawers were filled with lingerie and nightwear and stuff like that. Finally, in the lower drawers, he found some actual clothes. After some searching, he came up

with something he could wear. While not really boy's clothes, they weren't really girl's things, either.

First he found a pair of white denim shorts. They were pretty short—almost like short-shorts. But they were denim and they even had a “fly” in front! He tossed the shorts over on his bed. Next, he needed a top . . .

“I mean a shirt, dammit!” he stopped himself. Already he was beginning to adopt Ingrid's and Cynthia's and other girl's terms for clothing. They talked about “tops” and “bottoms” rather than “shirts” and “pants”. It was funny that girls used such general terms for clothing. But in one sense it was understandable. For boys “bottoms” were invariably pants, but for girls “bottoms” could be tight jeans, dressy pants, shorts, or even a little skirt. But in another sense such generic terms were really just a smoke-screen. Stephanie already knew that most women, after talking so generally about “tops” and “bottoms” would then immediately further define their clothing options with the more specific “blouse”, “skirt”, “shorts”, “tights”, “shell,” “capped-sleeve T-shirt” and all the rest.

Finally Stephanie found what he'd been looking for. It was a cotton pull-over polo with a three-button placket and roll-over collar. Unfortunately, unlike a real boy's polo shirt, this one was sleeveless. And it was also in a rich, deep pink color that was nearly jewel-like. But it was almost red—if one considered it might have been badly faded in the wash, that is.

Stephanie walked over to his bed with his find. He pulled the top over his head and smoothed it down his chest and shrugged his shoulders. It was a snug fit, so he left all three buttons of the placket un-done.

He began to put his feet into the shorts. But then he stopped. They were pretty short; he should probably wear underpants with them.

Soon he was back in his dresser drawers, rummaging around for underwear. Once he found a drawer that wasn't filled with silly little training bras or other strange items, he was disappointed, but not surprised, to see that all his “underpants” were girl's panties. The panties were white and ivory and lots of pretty pastels, and they were fashioned of satiny fabrics or stretchy nylon/Lycra. Most were cut as rather brief bikinis.

He knew he'd have to wear all this stuff soon. But today he didn't feel like wearing thin, stretchy nylon panties, like some little sissy! He dug into the drawer deeper, making a mess of the all-brand-new and perfectly folded panties as he went. At the bottom, he came across something that was different—something in cotton.

He pulled several of the cotton things out of the drawer. They were still girl's panties, of course—but at least they were cotton. Very soft cotton, perhaps with a touch Lycra to make them stretchy—but cotton nonetheless.

He tossed a white pair on his bed and then shoved the drawers back closed. Ingrid was going to be mad about the mess.

Stephanie walked to the bed in his gaff and picked up the cotton panties. Strangely, in all his time in his new home, this was the first time he dressed himself in the morning. And it was only because of his impromptu' morning nap that Ingrid wasn't here right now.

He pulled the little panties up his smooth legs, adjusting the waistband high on his hips and smoothing the soft cotton on his bottom with his hand. He walked over to one of the many mirrors in his bedroom and lifted his shirt a bit and twisted and turned.

The soft white panties fit him perfectly, which he wasn't quite so sure he was happy about. With his hairless, lotion-smoothed hips and legs, and his tight gaff, the mirror reflected an image of his hips and bottom that was much more "girl in her panties" than it was "guy in his briefs."

Although Stephanie hated to admit it, there were certain advantages to panties. He had already discovered, for instance, that girl's panties covered his bottom better than boy's briefs did. And panties seemed to stay up better, too. Maybe it was just Steven's build, but he thought briefs were too bulky in front, probably caused by the complication of having a fly. And they usually seemed to Steven to be too wide down between his legs. This combination had always made Steven's briefs bunch up and then inevitably slip down his hips. Girl's panties had much higher-cut legs and higher waistbands and fuller bottoms, while having sleek, small fronts that were little more than a flat, smooth little triangle.



"Stephanie" ready for a morning stroll in his white denim short-shorts and his deep pink sleeveless cotton knit polo shirt. A cute outfit for his first venture outside. And almost boyish if it wasn't for the decidedly girlish right-over-left closure of his short-shorts and top. Of course, the panties he's wearing underneath aren't exactly "boyish" either.

On Steven at least, girl's panties seemed to stay up—hour after hour, all day long.

Stephanie put his hands on his hips, holding up the tail of his polo shirt. He posed in his panties for another second in front of the mirror.

"What the hell," he thought, turning from the mirror. "No one's going to see them, anyway."

Besides, he actually liked the panties—and they were more comfortable than his old briefs. Sure, some panties would ride up your butt, Stephanie thought, but that's better than having the waist fall down in back. Panties tended to ride up as the hours went by, while boy's briefs tended to ride down. Given a choice, Stephanie would choose "up." At least you didn't have to reach down your pants and tug up the waistband all the time!

Stephanie walked back to his bed and pulled on his denim shorts. He had to wiggle into them a little. And when it came time to button the waist he had to suck in his breath. Well, they'd looked like boy's shorts, but now that they were on Stephanie could tell they were definitely cut for a girl. The crotch was so high and tight it was mashed against his gaff. The waist was tighter and a bit higher than he'd prefer. And they were awfully short.

Stephanie checked himself in the mirror once more, and then left his room and walked downstairs to the kitchen. "Miss Stephanie!" Ingrid said with a start as she saw the "girl" walk in the kitchen. "I thought you'd still be asleep—why didn't you ring for me?"

"Sorry, Ingrid. I really feel like I need to get outside. Just for a few minutes?"

"Well, I guess it would be O.K. Mr. Rasmussen will be here in an hour. You can walk around the grounds until then, I guess. But stay away from the corner down where the drive comes in—there's a workman down there. Everywhere else should be O.K.—but be careful!"

"I will, Ingrid. I won't get you in trouble," Stephanie said. Then he grabbed a piece of coffee cake off the counter and headed outside.

Stephanie enjoyed his little stroll in the sunshine. It was a beautiful morning—even nicer outside than it had looked through his window. It was one of those perfect mornings that southern California was famous for—so soft and sunny. As instructed he stayed away from the corner where the workman

was. The grounds . . . his grounds . . . were large enough that it was easy to take a secluded walk.

Although Stephanie somehow deluded himself into thinking he was dressed pretty much as a guy, he really wasn't. With the tight white denim short-shorts, fuschia sleeveless polo top, and little white tennis shoes Stephanie was dressed in a mode entirely appropriate for a young, leisurely rich girl going for a morning walk. And under his shorts, of course, he had on panties—just like a girl would wear. He didn't have a bra on, since he was still completely flat-chested. But his growing, silky hair had recently been cut in a short shag style that was easily as feminine as it was masculine. In all, he was outfitted in clothing that fit what he was letting himself be turned into—an effeminate, pretty little sissy.

The Ranch

THE BRIGHT ARIZONA SUN shown through the window as Stephanie sat waiting for the doctor. It had been a long drive in the limo from L.A., and even after a little rest, Stephanie still felt a little hum from the road.

Steph sat pretending to read an issue of *Vogue*, but he really wasn't paying much attention to it. He knew that what was going to be happening to him here south of Scottsdale in this little-known but well-regarded hospital would change his appearance, and his life, probably forever.

The nearly two months of tutoring and training in California had worked wonders. But it wasn't enough for the ultimate goal. Steph's hair was longer now, and slicked back with gel in the style of some of the "boyish" fashion models in the magazines. His ears were now pierced and little gold studs were in place so the piercing would heal correctly. And, perhaps the oddest feeling of all, there was not a bit of body hair left on Stephanie except for on his head. Even the remaining small patch of downy hair down there had been severely trimmed to a tiny, soft little tuft.

Not having body hair might have seemed like a little thing. But it made Stephanie's skin much more sensitive. He could feel subtle textures as his clothes slid on his skin. And he knew for the first time why girls could be as involved with their clothing as they were. Being hairless, like a girl, made clothes

an intimate, almost sensual, experience.

Steph's nails were manicured and polished with clear enamel. And in fact, he already looked more like a "boyish girl" than a "girlish boy"—at least to a casual observer. But even more needed to be done.

Steph squirmed in his seat waiting for the doctor. His squirming was both from his nervousness and from his tight gaff. He'd been wearing gaffs pretty much around the clock for a month now. But he still wasn't quite used to the feeling yet, especially when having to sit. There was definite feeling of "sitting on himself" which was disconcerting, though it didn't actually hurt anymore.

As he squirmed he looked down to see the tight crotch of his well-washed Lee Jeans for Girls tightly, smoothly, and girlishly plunge down between his legs. Underneath, pure white silk Dior panties caressed his lotion-smoothed bottom and gently hugged his tightly-gaffed crotch.

Girl's Reeboks, so white it was obvious they were never worn outside, were on his feet. And he wore a white ribbed "Tee" from The GAP that was a little skimpy. He kept having to tug the shirt gently down over his soft tummy.

THE DOCTOR WALKED IN suddenly, startling Stephanie. He sat down, put on glasses, and began reading from a folder he'd carried in with him.

"Well, Stephanie, let's see. . . . I want you to have a good idea of all we are going to do with you here. And I want you to know that we will not continue any procedure until you have signed off on it. Do you understand?"

Stephanie gulped and nodded "yes."

"O.K.—let's get started. Don't worry about not understanding every detail—all of this will be repeated to you before each procedure is in final planning, so you can ask more questions then. This discussion is just to give you an overall picture of our plans for you."

The doctor began his discussion as Stephanie listened intently.

"First we are going to do a combined procedure on your abdomen and on your, ahhh . . . shall we say "derriere". Anyway, what we have planned is a procedure which will take

some of the fat from your tummy and move it to help round out your bottom. We won't be moving much, you understand—just a little to make your tummy totally flat and sort of “plump” your bottom out a little. Some of the fat will also be put on you hips, high up on the sides, to give to a curvier figure.

“At this same time, we will also take a little “tuck” on each side of your waist—right where men get those “love handles”. This will trim your waist and give your hips a definite curve at that point.

“Do you understand so far?” the doctor asked.

Stephanie nodded.

“Good. After that procedure, you'll be in recovery for at least a week. The next thing we'll do is a little work on your face and neck. We are going to put a little “up-curve” at the outside of each eye to make them appear more feminine. And we will take a bit off your nose, since almost every rich girl you've ever seen has gotten a nose job anyway!

“Also, we'll plump up your lips with collagen or silicone. As yet, we haven't decided which we'll use. Finally, we are going to tighten your chin a bit and also do a new procedure to hide your Adam's Apple.

“Fortunately you already have nice features and high cheek bones. And your shoulders are thin and rounded too, which is good. And perhaps the best thing is that you have long, trim legs and a short trunk and delicate wrists and ankles. These are places that are difficult to change successfully with surgery—even a girl who has big shoulders and a long torso is stuck with them for life, no matter how much money she has! Anything needed on your legs can be accomplished with exercise. And a few months of lotions and professional pedicures should get your feet in shape, too.

“All O.K. so far, Stephanie?” the Doctor asked as he began to study the papers some more.

Stephanie nodded and said “Yes, Doctor” in a small voice. Frankly, his nervousness was turned to fear hearing about all the surgery. But it seemed like the doctor thought it was all routine, so that helped Stephanie deal with it.

“While you're here,” the Doctor continued, “you'll begin taking controlled doses of hormones. But during any surgery and recovery your dose will be reduced somewhat. Towards the

end of your stay, however, the dose will be increased and a hormone "blocker" will be administered to help deal with your other hormones. Your body can be a bit of a "battleground" if testosterone levels are too strong. The "blocker" will make sure the Estrogen side wins as you leave here. Once the proper balance is established, the maintenance of it will be relatively easy to achieve.

"We aren't planning on any type of breast augmentation, Stephanie. The hormones should help you in that department. Within a month of leaving here you'll have small breasts. But you can wear a padded bra, if you wish. And in a few months or so you should be about where you're going, in the chest department. I can't predict it exactly, since genetics determines a good part of breast size. But you should have a nice B-cup by late spring, I would think.

"Some electrolysis is also going to be required. But thankfully your beard and bodyhair are so fine and light it won't be a big problem. We also have a drug which works with your hormones to help reduce re-growth of bodyhair. Don't get me wrong—you'll still have to shave your legs, and go for a bikini wax now and then. But you shouldn't have much trouble with your face or chest or arms. And the few small places you do have trouble with we will take care of with the electrolysis.

"Also, you will be getting a lot of special exercises to do in between your surgeries. And a little "pampering" too, I guess. We have some new lotions and abrasive routines which are quite pleasant for the patients to have used on them. And they leave skin like your's as soft as a baby's.

"Your diet will also be strictly calibrated, Stephanie. We need to see you lose just a little more of your muscle mass above the waist. So low-protein foods and no weight-bearing exercises at all for your arms and shoulders and chest, young lady!. Meanwhile your tummy, waist, bottom, and thighs will be exercised and shaped up and firmed with stretching exercises and by using isolation machines.

"And that's about it, Stephanie. I mean, other than some cosmetics and hair styling and sort of "beauty salon" things like that. Any questions?"

Stephanie didn't really know that much about hospital things. So he just shook his head "no".

“Well, that’s it for now. Your first surgery will be in about ten days. Meanwhile the other non-surgical procedures will begin. I think you’ll like it here once you get settled. Most women . . . err , . . well . . . people . . . find it very calming and refreshing.

“Just see it sort of like being at a “fat farm”, Stephanie,” the Doctor said as he got up. “After all, that’s really all it is—we just help things a bit with a knife and a few chemicals! It’s all quite safe, however—especially when we’re working with someone as young as you are.”

STEPHANIE WAS ENJOYING THE MASSAGE even though he was also quite nervous. He’d been at “The Ranch” for a few days, and his first surgery was scheduled for early next week. Other than being born, he’d never been in a hospital his whole life, so it was strange for him.

Stephanie was laid out on a high padded massage table in a small sun room. He was completely naked save for two items of clothing: his tiny tight gaff and the high-cut, skimpy bottoms of the new pink Lycra bikini bathing suit Cynthia had packed off with him.

The girl massaging him was young and pretty, and it both embarrassed Stephanie and also quietly excited him to have her be so close and intimate with him. Though she deferentially called him “Miss”, Stephanie had little doubt that the girl knew his true gender. After all, he was so totally flat-chested and his voice was still not trained to stay in the high register Cynthia was teaching him.

But the girl didn’t seem to mind that he was a boy. His skin was lotioned and hairless and soft, just like a girl’s.

He finally became so relaxed by her attentions he just mumbled out, “You know I’m really a boy, don’t you?”

“Yes, Miss,” the pretty masseuse answered respectfully, without a trace of irony in her voice.

“Can I ask you what you think of me being here and everything?” Stephanie queried.

“Oh, it’s no big deal. The whole west wing is made up of “boys” like you—you know, here to be turned into girls. I massage the women and I massage sissies like you—it’s all the same, really. In fact, I prefer sissies, since the rich girls that

THE PAMPERED SISSY-- 51

come here are so spoiled that they can be pretty bitchy toward the staff. Sissies are generally much nicer.”

Stephanie blushed immediately upon hearing the word “sissy”. The girl was so casual about saying it, as if that was just what he was—no big deal. He wanted to blurt out about the money and his Aunt and everything, but he figured that she wouldn’t care what the reasons for him being here were. To her he was just another rich sissy getting his daily lotion massage, that’s all.



Stephanie relaxes by the spa's pool between massages and light exercise sessions. His first surgery is two days away, but already he looks pretty good in his new pink nylon/Lycra girl's bikini. Though he's still flat-chested, the bikini's special underwired and padded top gives the sissy a touch of shape on top.

Stephanie remained quiet through the rest of the massage. He was embarrassed and didn't really want to look the girl

working on him in the face.

“There, all finished Sis,” the masseuse said as she patted his bikinied rear as a signal she was done. It was a casual gesture—one she probably did interchangeably to the girls or the sissies she massaged. And definitely nothing sexual about it. But it still embarrassed Stephanie; maybe in part specifically because it wasn’t sexual. By the time a blushing Stephanie lifted off the table and turned his head to glance back, however, the girl was gone.

THE HORMONE PILLS were small, and had to be taken in cycles. For now he was to just take one every other morning for three weeks. With the upcoming surgical procedures there was no reason to get into the real cycle. But the doctors at The Ranch wanted Stephanie to begin taking the pills so his body would become used to them slowly.

Stephanie didn’t notice any difference in his body or skin or anything. The single slight change he noted was that he felt less sexual somehow. But even that small change could just be in his head, and not really a result of the small hormone doses.

Of course Stephanie was curious about the hormones and their eventual effect on his body. So he went to speak with one of the doctors about it.

“I’m glad you came to see me, Stephanie. It’s good you want to know the details about your treatment—and your medication,” the female doctor told him as he sat down in her office.

“Well I’d like to know what to expect in the future. I’m nervous about all this and I may not be as motivated as your other patients,” Stephanie said.

“Motivation won’t matter too much in the end, as far as hormones go. Their effect is, in time, unavoidable. First you’ll notice some skin softening and maybe a bit of water retention. You may also see some additional fat production in several areas of your body; the hips and upper thighs will be the primary areas for this.

As for other effects . . . well, they may change your voice a little bit over time. And of course your sex drive will be reduced and you may eventually become impotent—though that is a reversible effect. Anyway, for someone like you the sex drive

reduction isn't usually all that big a deal," the doctor explained.

Stephanie just sat there looking at the floor. It was embarrassing to have this woman speak so openly about what the hormones would do, especially to his sex drive. And the phrase "someone like you" was obviously just a euphemism for "a sissy like you." He was also a little worried about all the physical things happening just because of some little pills—not to mention his fast-approaching surgery.

HE WAS IN THE OPERATING ROOM for two hours. The doctors at The Ranch hospital were specialists and worked quickly. When Stephanie woke up, he was in a recovery room with the drapes drawn tight against the bright Arizona sun. He was startled and scared when he came to, since his last thoughts were fearful ones as he was put under in the operating room.

For a few minutes Stephanie didn't realize anyone was in the room with him. But he suddenly noticed a nurse sitting across the room quietly reading. As he moved his head and moaned slightly, the nurse looked up from her book.

"Oh, I see you're awake. How are you feeling, Miss?" the nurse said as she got up and walked over to the bed.

Stephanie just moaned and mumbled while the nurse looked up at the monitor and pushed a few buttons to check his blood pressure and pulse and other vital signs.

"You seem do be doing O.K.," she said as she studied the screen. Don't try to move too much. You have to stay on your side like that for a day or two at least."

Stephanie hurt all over --- kind of like having the body aches with the flu. But he especially hurt around his middle—his rear and stomach in particular.

It was painful for the first two days, but then it got better. After three days he moved back to his room, and after a week he was doing his exercises and eating regularly and had pretty much recovered except for the bruises.

Once the bandages were off and some medicated lotions had been applied, he examined himself in the mirror one morning wearing only his gaff and a brief pair of silk panties. Although there was still some swelling and redness, his waist now nipped in nicely just above his hips, which were plumper and curvier

somehow. And his bottom, which had always been curvy and almost like a girl's, was now even more so. Panties, which always fit him nicely, now fit even more perfectly since they were of course designed with the expectation of covering a girl's plump, firm, curvy bottom—the precise kind of bottom Stephanie now had.

He continued with his exercises and dieting and training. And he also continued to practice everything Cynthia had been teaching his in California.

The electrolysis sessions began, and they were tedious and painful—annoyingly painful rather than actual pain pain. But it had to be done. Fortunately as the doctor had explained Stephanie was lucky in this regard and didn't need to spend nearly as many hours in "the chair" as many of the other boys here.

HE DIDN'T SOCIALIZE much with the other patients at The Ranch. However at lunch and dinner it was unavoidable not to speak with them a little. The Ranch was segregated into female and male sections. Of course the "male" section wasn't very masculine, since all the boys there were busy trying to become girls for one reason or another.

The east wing was all women, and the west wing was where all the "sissies" were housed. The hospital, clinic, and support things like the kitchen were centrally located. Both genders used the hospital and clinics for cosmetic surgery, physical therapy, and complex beauty treatments.

In some ways Stephanie wanted to be with the women. But in other ways it was easier to be here with all the other sissies. It was less embarrassing since everybody was in the same boat.

Through casual conversations and observation he learned that some of the guys here were true transsexuals like Cynthia (only richer.) A few were obviously gay and were probably becoming "women" to please their present (or hoped for) boyfriends. And there were others Stephanie couldn't immediately place into a category. He himself fit into this third ambiguous group.

Although they fit into different categories, none of them was exactly John Wayne. Sadly Stephanie realized that if one of the pretty female staff members was looking for a virile young man

to date she certainly wouldn't be bothering to look in the west wing!

Pretty Face

STEPHANIE'S SECOND TRIP to the operating room lasted longer than the first—over three hours. But he was awake in the recovery room quickly and had pain only in well-defined areas. This final operating room visit had been focused on his eyes, nose, lips, and Adam's Apple, and was carefully planned to result in his having a pretty, totally girlish face.

The bandages had to stay on awhile, but Stephanie began taking regular daily doses of hormones only a few days later. The healing to his facial area would not be hindered by the medication—in fact one of the doctors thought the Estrogen might actually help a little.

He stayed in his room and once the bandages were off his eyes he sat in bed and read through the giant stack of fashion magazines Cynthia had sent with him to Arizona. Slowly he began to understand what was going on in women's fashion. And for perspective he even dove into the huge volume "MODERN STYLE - Fifty Years of Fashion: 1945-1995" which Cynthia had just sent him.

Surprisingly he found himself increasingly interested in fashion. Was it possible this new interest in the frivolities of clothes and shoes and lingerie and sleek swimwear was somehow brought about pharmaceutically by the hormones?

Or was the upcoming challenge of "passing" mixing with his natural male competitive urge? He didn't know. But he was becoming more and more intrigued with the feminine world of fashion. It was a world he'd scarcely even thought about in his previous life.

CYNTHIA CAME TO VISIT Stephanie two days after the final bandages came off. It was nice to see her. He had no real friends now, and talked only with her maid Ingrid, her lawyer Rasmussen, and Cynthia.

"How're you doing?" Cynthia said as she leaned over the bed and gave Stephanie a quick little kiss on the forehead.

"Oh, O.K. I guess," Stephanie said. "At least the surgery is over. And I'm not in too much pain anymore."

“Well, stand up and let me see the new you!” Cynthia said excitedly.

Stephanie got out from under the covers and stood up slowly. He then turned around in his pink cotton shorty nightie.

Without asking Cynthia quickly grasped the hem of his nightie and lifted it up revealing the matching pink cotton lace-trimmed panties underneath.

“Cute panties, Steph . . . and cute little butt, too!” Cynthia exclaimed as she noticed the sissy’s new rear.

Stephanie blushed and tried to pull his nightie down, but Cynthia paid him no mind and kept a firm hold on the hem.

“They did a good job on you. With some more healing time and some exercise and hormones and lotions, you’re going to have the body of a knockout girl from the waist down. And your gaff is working so well you look like a girl there already.”

Stephanie finally managed to pull his nightie down.

“Stop it, Cynthia,” he protested. “You’re embarrassing me.”

“Well, I’m just speaking the truth, girl,” she replied.

It was more difficult for Cynthia to give a firm judgment on the facial work, since Stephanie was still bruised and swollen there. But she said it looked O.K. too.

“So, what’s it like to live the life of a rich girl at an exclusive fat farm?” Cynthia asked as Stephanie sat on the bed and Cynthia strolled around the room looking at things.

“It’s fine, I guess. I just stay to myself and do my exercises and take my pills.”

“They have you on daily hormones, Steph?”

“Yeah. I was taking a light dose every other day, but now I’m doing one a day,” Stephanie replied.

“I think you’ll like taking them once you’re used to them. They make it easier to wear a gaff all the time, since you won’t feel excited nearly as often. And hormones help your skin too—though at first you’ll probably get a rash of blemishes ‘till your system gets used to them. And of course you’ll start to get breasts after awhile.

“You gotta watch your weight, though. After awhile it’s easy to gain fat on the butt and upper thighs if you don’t watch it!”

“Rasmussen wants me to go shopping as soon as I get back, Steph,” Cynthia explained, “so that you’ll have a good, basic

wardrobe of girl's clothes waiting for you when you get out of here. So, anyway, I'll have to take some measurements.

Cynthia had brought a tape measure so she could determine Steph's new measurements, since some of them had been recently altered.

As his visiting tutor was measuring his chest, Stephanie could feel some tenderness there. It surprised him, but he guessed that the hormones had to kick in sometime.

Oh, this reminds me," Cynthia noted as she finished measuring Steph's chest, "I brought you a few little training bras to try while you're here—and a nice bra-top and some other clothes for you to wear."

Cynthia and Stephanie had lunch together and spent the afternoon out by the pool. Stephanie loved the way Cynthia trashed all the other "girls" by the pool, and laughed as the pretty transsexual made fun of the way some of the sissies dressed.

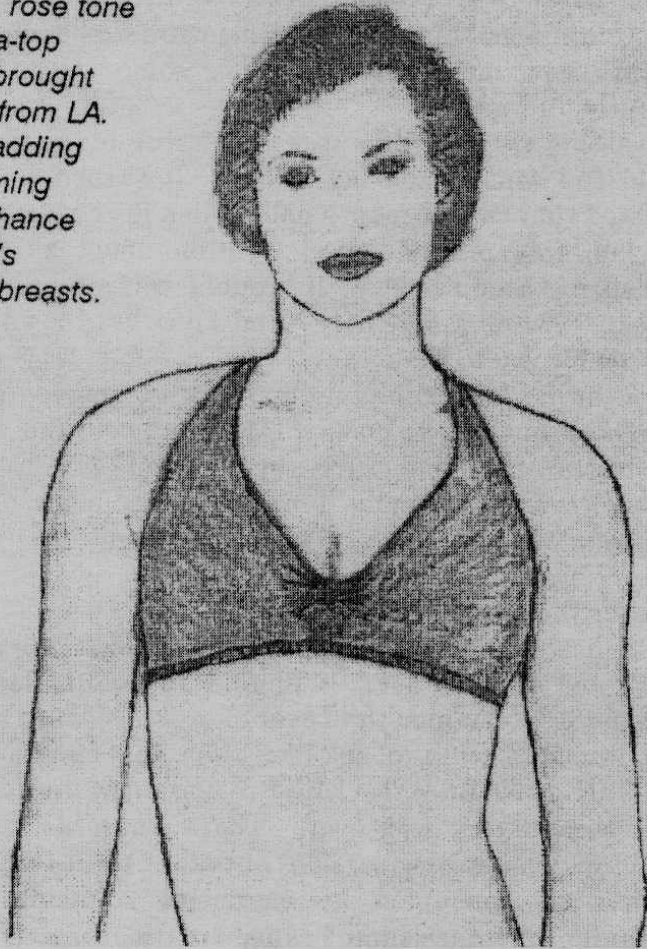
"His fashion sense is non-existent," she would say. "Hasn't he ever thought about a mirror?"

Since overnight guests were not allowed, Cynthia had to leave just after dinner. Stephanie was sad to see her go, but was more determined than ever to make the most of his time at The Ranch to begin to look like a passable female.

THE FINAL TWO WEEKS in Arizona were almost fun, now that the surgery was over. There was still the occasional annoying electrolysis session, but other than that Stephanie's days were consumed by exercising, dancing, swimming, sunning, massages, and beauty treatments and pampering. Since he was on the "deluxe plan", a maid made his bed, did his laundry, and cleaned up after him. And all the spa's services were his to pick and choose at no additional cost.

While at first he was shy, he made up for lost time the last two weeks, indulging in manicures and pedicures, hot-oil hair treatments and sometimes two or three massages or "body-wraps" a day.

*Stephanie poses in
the cute rose tone
halter bra-top
Cynthia brought
with her from LA.
Subtle padding
and seaming
helps enhance
the sissy's
budding breasts.*



Cynthia had brought him a suitcase full of new clothing. In addition to the bra-top and matching shorts and the white satin training bras, there was a pair of Lycra tights, a cute cropped sweater with a little knit skirt to match., and two new swimsuits—one a polka-dot bikini so skimpy it made Stephanie laugh. There were also several new (and smaller) gaffs, and a few luxurious panties, including a couple of thong panties with nothing more than a small strap for a back.

The last thing he pulled from the suitcase was a little pair of pink satin short-shorts. For fun, Stephanie decided to try them on. (Why was trying on clothes suddenly fun? Was it the

hormones? Or was he just a natural-born sissy?

The short-shorts looked small and hardly had any legs at all. In fact, they were so tiny they were practically like panties. Seeing how brief they were, Stephanie slipped on thong panties before trying on the shorts. He pulled the satin shorts up his legs and tried to adjust them on his hips and zip them up. But something was definitely wrong. The seat of the shorts was way too tight, while the front with the zipper down was sort of loose.

He struggled with the short-shorts for some time. Finally his cheeks turned as pink as the glossy shorts as a realization suddenly hit him: these were fashionable girl's short-shorts, and the zipper was supposed to go in back, so the front would be sleek and sexy!

He slid the shorts down his legs and turned them around and pulled them up again. They fit better this time, but they were still tight enough so he had to wiggle to get his curvy butt into them. He reached back and tried to zip them up, but they were still too tight. He sucked in his breath and tugged the shorts up even higher, pulling the crotch up real tight against his gaff and panties. This time when he tried the zipper it just whistled right into place, and his girlish bottom was suddenly encased in tight, glossy pink satin.

He twisted and turned in the full-length mirror, checking every angle as carefully and narcissistically as any girl would. The short-shorts were so brief the lower curves of his bottom cheeks peeked out a bit. Though it took some getting used to, he sort of liked the way they looked. The tight satin emphasized his flat tummy and curvy rear. And the front, unencumbered by a clumsy "fly" or belt loops (or anything else for that matter) looked clean and elegant.

But while he liked they way the short-shorts looked in the privacy of his room, he couldn't imagine ever actually wearing such things in public.

THE LAST THREE WEEKS in Arizona changed Stephanie's appearance greatly. His hair was getting longer and was made softer and more management with almost daily treatments and regular professional trimming. His skin was softer and the hormones had begun to melt away most of his sharp, boyish edges, causing his body to become rounded and

girlish. His nipples were tender and swollen.. And they protruded outward from barely perceptible mounds of soft flesh—the beginnings of breasts. Surprisingly, he was glad to have his new training bra to wear. The soft, flat satiny cups of his bra stopped whatever top he was in from rubbing against his newly-sensitive breasts.

His face had healed nicely, though there was still a hint of bruising and swelling. His lips were particularly different and feminine—plump and pouty like a pretty girl's.

And as much as the external changes there was the internal changes too. Stephanie now often thought of himself as a sort of "girl." Even in his thoughts he began to see things from a feminine (or at least effeminate) perspective. The change was very difficult to articulate. He could only explain it by relating the change to language, though it was deeper than that. Imagine a boy thinking about himself in his mind, but instead of the unspoken "he" connected to thoughts of his feelings and actions, an unspoken "she" swirled around these thoughts and feelings just as often.

This internal change bothered him more than the external appearance things. Heck, he actually sort of liked the new body—and secretly he thought the clothes were pretty and fun to wear, at least in the protected environment of The Ranch. But to begin to think as a girl was disconcerting. He realized that one's gender identity was a strong part of ones overall identity, so it was weird having that messed with.

He still practiced his walking and sitting and talking. He spoke to himself in the mirror in his room, trying hard to maintain a quiet, relatively high feminine tone. He wasn't there yet—but he was getting it. Speaking like a girl in a louder tone would be tougher, Cynthia had told him, and that would take longer to learn. But the hormones helped a little, and were beginning to push his voice gently upward.

Stephanie now wore a gaff 'round the clock now as a matter of course. While it had been uncomfortable at first, it wasn't so bad now. In fact he began to feel that wearing his gaff might be more comfortable than going without. It held everything up tight and back and out of the way. And it helped to make him feel comfortable wearing the kind of tight, clingy, crotch-hugging girl's clothes a boy would look ridiculous (or even a

little obscene) in without being gaffed.

BEFORE HIS FINAL NIGHT IN ARIZONA Stephanie was tutored in make-up and dressing by a professional make-up artist hired by The Ranch. Each west wing patient's last night was a kind of "trial run:" for their future new life as a girl on the outside. The departing student would dress up in something semi-formal and pretty and be in full make-up, with styled hair and even perfume. While he would only appear in front of other sissies and a few of the female staff, it still helped build confidence and gave the "graduating" patient an opportunity to show off his new (and often surgically-enhanced) feminine appearance.

On the afternoon of the big event, the make-up artist there to help Stephanie came to his room and gently ordered him to take a "nice, long, hot bubble bath." As the sissy relaxed in his bubble bath, the girl got her make-up and hairstyling things ready.

"Beth is my name—and beauty is my game!" the girl yelled into him, giggling. "I'll help you get ready for tonight, and I'll also be teaching you a few things for the future, so pay attention!"

After his bath Beth had Stephanie dress in the ice-blue satin tap pants and camisole set Cynthia had recently sent. He was of course gaffed under the loose-flowing tap pants, and was lotioned and powdered as well. As he sat down in the vanity chair Beth smiled at him sweetly.

"Isn't nice to be able to lounge around in the kinds of soft, pretty things girls wear?" Beth asked rhetorically.

Even though he didn't answer, Stephanie had to admit there was really no male equivalent to things like satin tap pants and a camisole—or for many other girl's clothes. Girls just had more options—especially when it came to indoor and lounge-wear types of things. Now, for better or for worse, Stephanie could enjoy those fashion options too.

"We're going to start by plucking your eyebrows. It ain't fun, so we'll get it over with first," Beth announced.

She was right—it wasn't fun. But Stephanie submitted to it. He'd had some preliminary "tweezer work" performed a week ago, but Beth was going to finish the job and shape and arch his

brows in an entirely feminine fashion. “What do you think?” Beth said, stepping back a bit.

Stephanie looked in the mirror. His brows were quite different—arched and trim and more elegant-looking. And, of course, much more like a girl’s.

The next hour or so Beth worked hard on Stephanie’s make-up. She did each operation slowly, showing Stephanie each step and giving him tips he would need to apply his own make-up later. She also providing him with pamphlets from cosmetics companies about foundation, blush, eye liner and mascara, and lipstick. He wouldn’t learn it all today, but it was a solid start. Cynthia and perhaps other more specialized tutors would complete his education about the art of make-up upon his return home.

By six he was completely made-up, and Beth was styling his hair. Fortunately Stephanie had had a professional manicure and pedicure just that morning, so he was all set to go in that department.

The fact of his transformation only really hit him as he looked in the mirror. He’d been practicing hard and his body had been altered and he’d been taking hormones—but it took a seemingly shallow thing like a professional make-up job to bring it all together. As Beth finished arranging his hair and putting a last-minute feminine flip into it, Stephanie was almost mesmerized by the reflection . . . his reflection . . . in the mirror. Sitting before him . . . or actually it was him . . . was a pretty girl getting ready for a party, the tiny straps of “her” silky camisole outlining soft, rounded shoulders. Amazing.

“What do you think, Stephanie?” Beth asked.

“Ahhhhh . . . like, Wow! It’s strange to see that looking back at me in a mirror,” he said pointing a well-manicured finger at his stunning image. “I mean, I’m a . . . well, at least I used to be a boy, you know?”

“Well, you certainly look like a pretty young lady now, regardless of what you might be inside,” Beth commented as she began to pack up all the assorted tubes and bottles and brushes of her trade.

FOR THE EXPECTED EVENT Cynthia had sent him a black leather sleeveless wrap dress with a plunging neckline. It was butter-soft and absolutely gorgeous. Beth offered to stay and help him get dressed, and Stephanie welcomed the offer, since he was still no expert when it came to all this hyper-femme stuff like designer dresses and high heels. "Here, wear these under," Beth said, handing him a pair of panties she'd found in Steph's dresser.

As Beth got busy with the dress and shoes and everything else, Stephanie slipped into the bathroom and slipped out of his tap pants and cammi. Then he stepped into the pretty, fine black silk panties Beth had selected.

"Those are real silk "night on the town" panties; Dior if I read the label correctly," Beth said. "They're the kind of panties a real woman would wear—not some cheap imitation undies," she added.

Stephanie dressed in his panties quickly, pulling them up high and tight and smoothing and adjusting them on his bottom with the same practiced movements a girl would use. They were nice; high-waisted and not too brief. But the panties' leggy cut and girlishly-narrow crotch made them sleek and sexy all the same.

"Do you think you can manage without a bra tonight Stephanie?" Beth asked as he came out of the bathroom with his arms covering his bare chest.

"I guess so," he stammered.

"I assume you're tender there. But this dress is low-cut and just meant to wrap around you and show off what a girl has, you know?"

"O.K. I'll take your advice. All I have is training bras anyway," Stephanie said, suddenly blushing from the strangeness of being in a room dressed in nothing but girl's panties discussing bras and clothes and make-up -- his bras and clothes and make-up—with this pretty girl.

"There's no pantyhose here at all," Beth complained, rummaging frantically through Steph's dresser drawers.

"I guess Cynthia forgot," he sheepishly commented.

"Well, I'll have to run and get you some. How tall are you—and how much do you weight; 125?"

"I'm five-nine and I'm down to 130 right now."

“O.K. You just relax—put on a robe or something. And don’t mess up your make-up!” Beth ordered as she left.

WHEN BETH RETURNED Stephanie was watching TV with his silk kimono wrapped around him haphazardly.

“There’s no time for TV!” Beth said with mock alarm.

She was already tearing into the pantyhose, the cardboard sleeve with its “DKNY” label fluttering to the floor.

“I bought two pairs just in case,” Beth said. “You owe me twenty bucks.”

“I’ve never worn . . .” Stephanie started.

“Well, it ain’t no big deal. They’re just real tight, real thin pants,” Beth said. “With feet!” she added, giggling.

Stephanie took off his robe, still crossing his arms over his bare chest.

“Sit down here,” Beth instructed. “And don’t worry about me looking at your new boobs so much. I’m a girl, after all—what do I care about looking at boobs?”

Stephanie laughed, some of the tension easing out of him. Beth was fun—like Cynthia but maybe even more theatrical and dramatic, with a touch of the country girl.

He let her show him how to put on pantyhose—one leg at a time up to the thigh, and then working a little of both legs up until the panty section was pulled into place over his own panties.

“And don’t be afraid to pull pantyhose up high and tight, Stephanie. They won’t break if they’re good ones. And they always ride down anyway, so the higher you start the longer you can go before you have to head to the ladies room to hike ‘em up again,” Beth explained, one girl to another.

Stephanie was pulling the tight panty part up over his hips, not having much success. Then Beth pantomimed the movements he should make, and watched as Stephanie wriggling his hips back and forth, stuffing his butt into the tight hose just like millions of girls do every morning.

The hose were silky sheer charcoal and pretty. If Stephanie had nice legs before—well, they were dynamite in his sleek new DKNY pantyhose! “Guys have great legs,” Beth commented as she whistled a wolf call at Stephanie. “Its just that they have all that hair on them, and they don’t wear nice stockings.”



Stephanie in his low-cut leather wrap dress. It was almost impossible to not feel like a woman wearing it -- especially with make-up and hair and nail polish and all the trimmings. With sheer pantyhose, high-heels, and long kid gloves Steph would knock 'em dead on his last night in Arizona.

"Let's get you in that killer dress," Beth said. "And then we'll put you in your heels so you can practice your walk. And don't let me forget your gloves!"

Stephanie stood in the middle of the room in his panties and hose as Beth took the dress off its hanger.

"This must have cost a fortune," Beth said, sneaking a peek at the label sewn into the leather dress' silk lining.

Beth unzipped the dress all the way and held it low.

"Step in, Miss Cinderella," she said with a smile.

Steph laughed and stepped into the dress. He'd never worn a dress before, though he'd been in quite a few skirts and girl's shorts lately.

Beth raised the dress up, easing it over Steph's hips and bottom and then up over the soft skin of his upper body.

Stephanie carefully put his arms through the arm holes and shrugged to help settle the dress' shoulders in place. The dress was sleeveless, of course, so it was fortunate his underarms were totally shaved and he had on one of the popular "invisible" girl's antiperspirants. He wondered if the hormones had changed his "ph", as the deodorant ads always spoke about, to that of a girl's.

"Ready, Steph? Suck in your tummy a bit."

Stephanie took a breathe and sucked in his tummy and put his hands on his hips. Even though the dress "wrapped" around the front, that was just non-functional styling. Like most dresses, it zipped up in back. Steph could feel the zipper being tugged up, the cool steel sometimes touching the sensitive skin of his back and causing him to shiver. He knew women got "zipped up" in their dresses. But since he was so inexperienced with women he had never witnessed this feminine ritual himself. How strange that the first time he was involved with the "zip up" ritual it was his dress, and not some girlfriend's!

"There, all set," Beth said as she fiddled with something at the back of his neck

"There's a little hook and eye thingy here at the very top, Stephanie," Beth reported. "You'll probably need help to get out of this dress later."

Stephanie wondered who would help him later. Then he wondered about a more immediate problem—he had to go to the bathroom!

"But what do I do . . . I mean, not later, but if I . . ."

"Ohhhh," Beth said, catching on, "you can just shimmy your hips and slide it up. Then pull down your hose and panties. I mean, you don't stand anymore, do you? 'Cause if you do . . . well, you just can't wearing a dress like this."

"I sit," Stephanie said as he scurried off to the bathroom. It was a pretty sissyish thing to admit, but there was little sense in hiding such a fact from the girl who had just helped him into his panties, pantyhose, and wrap dress!

When Stephanie came out of the bathroom Beth had his heels ready.

"Let's get you into your new shoes," she said quickly.

Stephanie sat down on the edge of the bed as Beth knelt and helped him stuff his stockinged feet into the black leather high-heeled pumps.

"These are classic heels—every girl has at least one pair of these in her closet, though maybe not as Italian or expensive as yours of course!" Beth said. "You know," Beth mused as she slipped on the second shoe, "most girls call shoes like these 'f - - - me pumps', for obvious reasons. At least these are only 3 1/2 inches—wait 'till you have to teeter around in really high heels—they're murder on your feet!

"O.K. Time to see how you do," Beth said as she stood up and extended her hand to Stephanie.

Stephanie took Beth's hand and stood up unsteadily. The heels were not only higher than his Mary Jane's, but they were considerably thinner also. But with a little practice he was soon able to navigate in them. He noticed they made his hips swish back and forth even more than his training heels did, causing the silk lining of the leather dress to slide nicely against his hips and the sides of his body.

"You're all set," Beth announced as she helped him pull on the final touch: the dramatic black leather opera-length gloves that had come with the dress.

"Best I've seen in quite awhile, Stephanie. Really; you look great. I can only tell you, better keep an eye on the guys, or you'll soon have a lot more to deal with than you've probably bargained for!"

THE RECEPTION WENT WELL that night. Stephanie was the “belle of the ball” so to speak. The other sissies loved the way he looked, imagining themselves in the elegant, feminine soft leather wrap dress he wore..

And the female staff were appreciative too, though a few of them couldn't help giggling now and then. They had seen sissies dressed up before, and while some of them (like Stephanie) were attractive as “girls”, they were still sissies—boys who wore panties and sat when they went to the bathroom and slept with curlers in their hair. It was hard for young women to not giggle at the . . . well, the sheer sissyness of it all.

Afterward in his room Stephanie struggled with the little hook-and-eye until he got totally frustrated and called the night desk for help. One of the girls who had been at the reception arrived several minutes later to help him out of his dress. Stephanie was tired and on the verge of tears. The hormones had changed more than his body—they had softened and weakened his emotional side too.

“There, there,” the girl comforted him as she carefully undid the tiny hook-and-eye and unzipped his dress. “I'll help you get ready for bed, sissy.”

The word didn't really hurt him. He was tired and almost crying over not getting his dress off, and wearing tight pantyhose and panties. He was a sissy; at least tonight. The girl was only being nice, and meant no harm in softly calling him simply what he was.

She hung up his dress while he pulled off his pantyhose and slipped out of his panties, leaving them both in a messy pile by the bed. The girl rummaged in his dresser and came up with a pink satin sleepshirt and matching pink satin panties with bits of lace trimming the legs and waistband. It was the absolute sissiest outfit Cynthia had sent, and Stephanie had refused to wear it so far. But he was exhausted and only had his gaff on, so he didn't protest the otherwise-helpful girl's selection.

The girl could see he was out of it, so she knelt down and slipped the panties on his feet and told him to pull them on. He stood up and pulled the full-cut panties up his legs and adjusted them high on his trim waist. The girl saw how sweet and totally effeminate the panties were, and barely suppressed a giggle,

only saying "cute panties", before helping the sissy into his sleepshirt and buttoning it up for him.

Soon he was tucked into bed. The girl cleaned up the room briefly, picking up his tangled pantyhose and panties and straightening them out before tossing them on a chair.

"I have to meet my boyfriend for a late date. Are you O.K. now?" the girl asked gently.

Stephanie sleepily said that he was, and the girl bent down and kissed him on the cheek.

"Sleep tight, sissy," she said softly as she turned out the light, closed the door, and hurried off to her date.

BY MID-AFTERNOON of the next day Stephanie was back in his mansion in Bel Air. Ingrid couldn't believe the change. Her boss, Stephanie, had left nearly seven weeks ago as an effeminate boy, and had returned as a total sissy so pretty and so girlish in appearance and manner that to address him as "Miss" was no longer just a trick.

Cynthia marveled at the change as well. It would be fun shopping for and with the "new" Stephanie. Maybe the voice was still a teensy bit off and a few minor details needed to be attended to. But her "pupil" was well on his way to becoming a very convincing and feminine girl.

Stephanie Relaxes at Home

STEPHANIE SPENT THE NEXT couple months busy with "advanced" tutoring from Cynthia, learning more about women's fashions, and simply relaxing. It was increasingly warm as the spring hit southern California, and Stephanie took advantage of the weather to work on getting a really good tan. Of course this "work" consisted of laying on a padded chaise lounge in a brief swimsuit and sunglasses reading fashion magazines and ringing for Ingrid every so often to bring another cold drink!

Stephanie used a good moisturizer and tanning lotions to slow down the tanning process. (After all, who wanted such a relaxing and fun process to go quickly? Steph didn't care if it took him a year of lounging by the pool to tan properly!)

Stephanie liked wearing girl's swimsuits, though he didn't quite know why. With his new body they fit him well and he had Cynthia buy him lots of bikinis and a dozen different one-piece styles. He changed suits frequently (sometimes several

times in one afternoon) so his tan lines would all even out. And he sometimes sunned himself with only the bottoms of his bikini on, too. Going topless seemed natural to him, since he'd sunned that way all his life as a boy. But now he had to be careful to not get too much sun on his newly-developed breasts, which were soft and tender.

While still not as big as some girls, Stephanie now almost had a B-cup. He watched in amazement as the soft mounds of flesh slowly grew and got increasingly heavy. He noticed his breasts would sometimes bounce if he walked too firmly. And the weight of them forced him to adopt a slightly different sense of balance, putting a haughty "strut" into his already swishy and feminine walk. With high heels (which he increasingly wore, even around the house) his walk almost made him laugh. Everything wiggled and swished and bounced. There was just so much movement. He never really considered what it would feel like to walk like (and be built like!) a girl.

He even adopted high-heels out by the pool, since they made him feel sexier in his high-cut, skimpy swimsuits. And they also kept his soft feet from getting bruised or hurt by any rough cement. A "girl" couldn't risk such roughhousing as walking barefoot where something might catch a painted toenail or abrade the soft soles of her feet, could she?

Sometimes Cynthia "sun worshipped" with Steph. She was quite a sight in her tiny bikinis too, her heavy silicone-enhanced breasts barely contained by the strings of her top.

Stephanie even went so far as to wear a thong-bottomed bikini when no one was around. Cynthia never bought him one, so he finally had to ask her to. It was embarrassing, but he sheepishly said he wanted to "tan my behind". Cynthia, of course, understood and got him several thongs and a specially-tiny gaff to wear under them. Stephanie hardly ever thought about being gaffed anymore, except if the tight little thing pinched him or something.

And when he went to the bathroom he turned his rear to the john and sat down with no thought of doing anything any other way. It didn't bother him to pee like a girl. He was dressed as a girl and looked pretty much like a girl, and even mostly thought as a girl—so why not pee like one?

The hormone doses continued, of course. And their effect

was considerable now. His skin was soft and smooth, and his body was curvier. Though he still shaved his legs and underarms and trimmed his pubic regain, bodyhair was no longer a particular problem. He dealt with it as a "little chore" pretty much like any other girl did.

And at night in his big bed, all alone, he still sometimes thought about vague sexual encounters and felt a stirring under his gaff. Sometimes he even gave in to temptation and pleased himself. But it happened less frequently as time went on. And it was more difficult to really do much since he was almost always pretty soft tucked back in his gaff.

In one way he thought himself lucky he had been a virgin when this "business deal" all began, since he couldn't know what he was missing. But his virginity sometimes made him feel sad, since in his present condition he didn't really see himself dating soon. Maybe he would be a virgin forever, but he hoped not. One thing was certain—he still liked girls, and liked them in a physical way. But as a sissy he didn't really see how he would ever get anywhere with a girl. They'd probably just laugh at him..

STEPHANIE LEARNED MORE AND MORE about make-up and hair and seemingly silly things like 'what-lingerie-goes-with-this-dress.' Silly as they seemed, these were all things pretty, pampered rich girls would know almost genetically. But he had to learn them from Cynthia.

Cynthia and Stephanie would be laying out by the pool sunning themselves as Cynthia would eject a sudden question into the still air.

"You're wearing a strapless column dress with a low-cut top to a summer evening party. The dress is white, and it's silk jersey; and it is not lined! What bra and other lingerie do you wear underneath?"

Stephanie would laugh and ponder the questions, some of which were tricky. For instance, with a white silk column dress you wouldn't wear a bra, but Cynthia posed the question to lead Steph into thinking the bra selection was the core of the matter.

(In fact, all you'd wear under such a dress was perfume, a tiny flesh-toned silk thong, and health dose of confidence. The rest would just be you on display!)

In time Stephanie began to get the answers right. And continued drilling made the answers “stick” so such feminine knowledge became ingrained in Stephanie’s mind.

Learning about make-up was more tedious than all the fashion and lingerie things. Make-up was a skill one had to practice to learn. While Stephanie was rich enough to have a make-up artist come in and “do her” (as it was termed for girls) he must know how to apply his own for day-to-day and when he was out and about in public. It wouldn’t do to have a girl as rich and sophisticated as Stephanie Anne going to the ladies room to “touch up” and have her come back with miss-applied mascara! Soon, of course, the people he would be meeting would have to see and know him as a girl, not as a sissy in girl’s clothes. So he had to be convincing in every regard.

With time he began to get better doing his make-up. He practiced under the watchful eye of Cynthia, and also had a session with a professional studio make-up girl who came over. In a way this professional make-up session was Stephanie’s first effort at “passing”, since he was introduced to the LA-based make-up artist as a girl. No problem, however, since there was little talking or walking involved. She seemed perfectly convinced in any case, though how could one ever be entirely sure about such things?

There were other things to learn now that the time for Stephanie’s “debut” was growing nearer. It was May now, and sometime in July he would have to begin passing in public regularly if The Agreement was to be kept in force.

One thing he learned was how to carry a purse. This was a seemingly small thing, but Stephanie, as a boy, had been used to pockets. Now most of his clothes didn’t have pockets, or at least functional ones. The cut and drape of most of the designer clothes he would be wearing would have been ruined by pockets. And evening gowns certainly didn’t have them! Besides, even when dressed in jeans and nice top most fashionable girls carry a small leather purse, since their jeans are fitted and they want them to hug their bodies without stupid-looking bulges from keys or a wallet or whatever ruining their curves.

So a purse or clutch or pocketbook was going to have to be Stephanie’s near-constant companion while he was out. While learning how to carry one was no big deal, learning not to leave

it somewhere and remember the damn thing took some effort! Cynthia made him carry one around the house most days, even when he was out sunning. And if he left it out of his sight when he went to the bathroom or went to change she scolded him when he got back. Finally he began to instinctively pick up his purse and sling it over his shoulder, even if he was only walking twenty feet. And yet another feminine hurdle had been crossed—he was thoroughly “purse broken”, according to Cynthia.

Out and About!

STEPHANIE'S FIRST TRUE public outing was to be a shopping trip for clothes. After all, a “girl” in Stephanie's social position needed lots of pretty clothes. He had seen some things in the latest issues of *Vogue* and *Elle* that looked interesting, and had even taken notes as to which designer boutiques to go to. He sort of thought the idea of clothes shopping was fun, even though he was worried about “passing” in the daytime in full, close-up public view.

What if someone saw through all the surgery, the training, the cosmetics, and all the clothes and saw him for what he really was—a sissy dressed as a girl?

Ingrid had brought his breakfast in at ten and, as she straightened up Stephanie's bedroom she shyly mentioned that today was the day the little shopping excursion was planned.

“I know, Ingrid,” Stephanie said as he sat in bed propped up against a mountain of silken pillows looking out the window at the bright late May sun.

“Would you prefer a bath this morning, Miss—or shall I run a shower for you?”

“I guess a bath, Ingrid. With lots and lots of bubbles. I want to feel as feminine as possible today.”

“Very well, Miss,” Ingrid said as she bobbed a little curtsey in Stephanie's direction.

Stephanie relaxed in bed eating his light breakfast as his maid ran his bath. Such incredible luxury seemed commonplace to him now. But it had come at a price.

“Wow. Out in public. Is Steph really ready for this?” he thought as his stomach did a little flip under his silky camisole

Ingrid came in to announce that his bath was ready and to take the bed tray away. Steph got out of bed and stood sleepily and stretched, his top riding up to reveal his cute panties. Ingrid knelt quickly and slipped fuzzy little slippers on his feet. Then the sissy lazily sauntered into the marble bath, his pantied rear peeking out beneath his camisole and swishing back and forth girlishly. Even on a sleepy morning with no thought devoted to it at all his walk was entirely that of a girl, all traces of boyishness absent.

Stephanie stood by the tub as Ingrid lifted his silk camisole off his small, rounded shoulders. The sissy’s chest was soft and smooth, and his breasts swelled like those of a teenaged girl. His nipples were enlarged and tender from the hormones, and Stephanie now almost needed the support of a bra. He also still appreciated the way the soft silken cups of his bra offered his tender breasts protection from the irritating abrasion of a sweater or tight top.

Stephanie crossed his arms tightly across his chest, feeling a little chilled. Somehow, since he had become so sissified, he got cold very easily.

The maid helped the sissy slip out of the little silk panties he’d slept in. Stephanie stood there with his arms crossed, dressed only in his tiny, tight flesh-toned latex gaff. The mirrored walls of the enormous marble bath reflected an image that was in no way masculine. It was the image of a meek but pretty young girl, with a delicate, almost prissy, body shape and soft, gently-tanned skin. His top had no definite tan lines. But his bottom was marked by a tiny triangle of pale skin in front, barely larger than the flesh-tone of his gaff. And his pale, girlish bottom showed lines that betrayed the sexy, revealing shapes of the skimpy little bikinis and very-high-cut maillots he now regularly wore.

Stephanie rolled down the tight waistband of his latex gaff and wiggled out of it. His soft penis, made ever smaller and softer from all the hormones he now took, stayed pressed up under his bottom where the tight gaff had held it all night. A tiny tuft of soft public hair was all that was visible between his legs as Ingrid assisted the sissy into his bath. Stephanie didn’t

quite know what he was, but a glance at his naked body would tell anyone that he was certainly no longer, by any reasonable measure, a male.

Though he had been shy at first, Stephanie no longer minded being nude in front of Ingrid. There was no embarrassment, in large part because there was no sexual tension at all. And Ingrid felt the same. Helping the effeminate sissy dress or bathe was, to her, no different than helping a rich young girl. Ingrid strongly suspected that the hormones had made Stephen impotent anyway, his little thing soft and entirely useless for anything other than sitting on the toilet and peeing like a girl.

But Ingrid also thought that even before the hormones, the surgery, and all the rest, she would have viewed a boy like Stephen as a sissy. The hormones just chemically enhanced and made physical what most girls had probably thought about Steven all his life. Though Ingrid was supportive of "Steph" and liked her job well enough, she really thought that only someone who was already a sissy inside would have made the choice Steven had made, \$50 million or not. A real man wouldn't be able to give up his sexuality so easily or completely, regardless of the money.

Stephanie relaxed in his big bubble bath. Ingrid helped him bathe, washing his back and his long legs with a big, soapy sponge. Stephanie's slim hands wandered over his silky-smooth skin and gently caressed his breasts, now so swollen and round that, braless, they bounced as he walked. As Stephanie reached down and stretched, sliding his hands down his soft tummy, he realized his little penis had yet to emerge from the place the tight gaff had so firmly pinned it. His hand only found his little tuft of soft, curled hair. No matter, though, since Stephanie would soon be in another gaff anyway, in preparation for dressing for his excursion to Rodeo Drive. In fact, his moments in the bath or shower were the only times he was ungaffed anymore, except for when he rolled it down a bit in the bathroom. Surprisingly, sleeping in his bed in little silk nightie panties or loose-flowing satin tap pants required wearing a gaff even more than most of his daytime outfits did., so he never failed to wear a tight gaff for bed.

Stephanie emerged from his bath and stood with pink,

slippery skin as Ingrid dried him with a large, fluffy towel. The maid dusted the sissy's soft, delicate skin with scented talcum, and handed him his tiny flesh-toned latex gaff. By the time Stephanie walked out of the bath, he was already tightly gaffed and ready to be dressed in his panties and bra, just like any other girl.

Now, with his gaff and surgically- and hormone-altered body it would have been as silly and out of place for the sissy to wear men's underwear as it would be for a man to wear girl's things.

As Ingrid drained the tub and picked up towels in the bath, Stephanie sat on the edge of his bed. His tummy felt funny. In a short while he would be having to respond to a salesgirl when she came up to him and said "May I help you, Miss?" He was nervous, because he truly wanted to be seen as a girl. In fact, because of his Aunt's weird Will, he had to be seen as a girl soon! And being seen as what he really was—a sissy dressed in girl's clothing—would be embarrassing.

What to wear . . . what to wear? This was the question that had plagued girl's minds for centuries, and still did today. And now it plagued Stephanie's mind, too. There were so many choices. A shapely little dress of flowered silk with sheer pantyhose and strappy, high-heeled sandals. Stylish walking shorts and suit jacket over a silk chiffon halter. A subtly-flared skirt with a lady-like cashmere twin-set in a soft pastel. Or perhaps a pair of flowing trousers and a tailored suit jacket -- the "menswear" look that would be just as "out-of-place cute" on Stephanie's soft, skinny sissified body as it would on a girl's.

Suddenly the decision was made. The whole ensemble, from shoes to hair, appearing like an apparition in the sissy's hormone-addled, fashion-obsessed mind.

"Ingrid, get my ivory washed-silk walking shorts and the matching Italian jacket. And that pretty silk chiffon halter from Escada. We'll have to change the undies you laid out for me, though. How about that new pink lace demi-cup bra—and pink lace panties to match, of course.

"And get my beige Manolo Blahnik sandals with the pink piping on them—you know, the ones with the 3" heels, the sissy announced, his mind suddenly going into full gear. Ingrid emerged from the Master Bath and stood silently, surprised the

sissey knew so much about the clothes in his closet and dressers. But she was glad he was decisive. Sissy or not, it was nicer working for a decisive boss than one who constantly changed her (or his) mind.

Soon Stephanie was dressed in the demi-cup pink lace bra and pretty pink "no-panty-lines" high-waisted lace panties. The bra was gently underwired to boost Stephanie's bust and produce a little eye-catching (at least it would catch men's eyes!) cleavage.

Stephanie perched on the padded stool at his vanity table, crossing his legs tightly. He no longer had to think about sitting in such a feminine fashion. Such effeminate gestures had just become part of who he was.

Ingrid busied herself brushing out his luxuriant tresses, the effects of a recent soft permanent making the sissy's hair fall in gorgeous waves, framing his pretty face.

Stephanie began to apply his make-up. He wasn't fast at it yet, but he was pretty good at it. He dusted his face with a sheer powder foundation, and brushed a bit of blush on his cheekbones, using quick, light strokes. He adjusted the shiny gold tube of Chanel Dewy Rose Pink lipstick and leaned forward, pursing his lips as he'd been taught in Arizona. After his lipstick was applied, he began to think about his eyes. It was day of course, so he didn't want to go too far. Something soft and not too smoky . . .

Ingrid finished with his hair and scurried off to the walk-in wardrobe to fetch the rest of Stephanie's chosen outfit. While she was gone Stephanie worked on his eyes, sitting at his ruffle-skirted vanity in his bra and panties with his legs crossed like any other girl at her toilette. He used a little liner, a touch of not-black mascara and a mere brush or two of shadow on his eyelids.

WHEN HE WAS DONE he stood up, adjusting his panties by hooking his fingers under them in back and pulling them down, the elastic of the high-cut legs snapping against his soft bottom. Like any girl, he knew when one sat for any length of time and then stood up, most panties would ride up a little in back. So he now smoothly performed such girlish panty adjustments instinctively and quickly.

Stephanie stepped away from the vanity and stood waiting for Ingrid. He was already quite used to being assisted in dressing. He was very wealthy, after all, so why not have someone help with all the little “details” of daily life? Ingrid draped the silky chiffon halter top over Stephanie’s womanly chest and began buttoning the nineteen mother-of-pearl buttons that held it closed in back. The buttons were pretty, and the great number of them allowed the halter to fit and drape perfectly in front. This was a rich girl’s top—only really practical if one had a maid to help one dress. Or perhaps a compliant, always-available lover with particularly nimble fingers!

Stephanie could she himself in the vanity mirror. The reflection was distinctly feminine—curvy hips clad in pink lace panties, a girl’s slender waist and soft, bare midriff, a silky pink halter top dramatically shaped in front by a swelling bust that jiggled just slightly.

The high-waisted washed silk walking shorts were next. Stephanie stepped into them as Ingrid helped him from behind, adjusting the fully-lined shorts up over Stephanie’s plump, pantied rear. The quiet sound of a quality zipper echoed off Stephanie’s bedroom walls as Ingrid slowly zipped him up in the shorts. The zipper, of course, was in the back. The girlish rear closure gave the fashionable shorts their smooth, clean line in front and allowed the flimsy fabric to drape properly.

Ingrid had Stephanie “suck in” a bit as she securely buttoned the tight waistband at the back of the shorts after the zipper was fully pulled up. The maid gave the sissy’s rounded bottom a quick little pat and said, “All set, Miss.”

Stephanie looked at himself in the mirror as Ingrid scurried to get his sandals and accessories. He jutted out his

hip and put his hand on the curve of his trim waist. It was a distinctly girlish gesture, but Stephanie came by it naturally now. Months of practice and tutoring had paid off. But the clothes themselves and the near-continuous doses of hormones had probably helped too.

And maybe it was something in Stephanie’s personality that was deeper than tutoring, wardrobe, or even hormones. Maybe it was something his Aunt had somehow seen in him long ago..

Stephanie had yet to don his softly-tailored suit jacket.



Stephanie in his elegant beige walking shorts and softly-tailored jacket. His shell-pink silk chiffon V-neck halter top peeks out prettily from beneath. Dainty hoop earrings and darling patent bag finish the sissy's look. Hopefully, rather than seeing him for what he is, the Rodeo Drive boutique salesgirls will fall all over themselves saying, "May I help you, Miss?"

He wondered if he would be bold enough to take the jacket off in the warm afternoon sun and walk down Rodeo Drive in just the brief halter and shorts. It was, after all, a sunny outfit—and one no briefer than many worn by attractive, leisurely young women on the streets of Beverly Hills. But it didn't exactly leave much to the imagination either. The shape of Stephanie's body, from the feminine curves of his *derriere*' to his girlish waistline and bouncing breasts would be displayed for all to see. He wasn't sure he was quite ready for that much exposure—or attention—yet!

Ingrid came out of the walk-in closet carrying the shoes Stephanie had requested. The maid automatically knelt down and eased Stephanie's pedicured feet into the delicate, strapped Manolo Blahnik heels. Stephanie glanced down at his pretty, strappy shoes. Just another fashionable pair of five-hundred dollar shoes—but what was that to a "girl" with as much money as Stephanie now had?

Stephanie went to his vanity to touch up his make-up and put on his delicate gold hoop earrings. Then he sat on his vanity stool and pulled up his shorts legs to his panties, telling Ingrid to smooth lotion on his legs to give them some shine, since he wasn't wearing stockings. He always wore such high-cut bikini bottoms and maillots out by the pool that his tan continued up his long, slender legs all the way to his lace panties.

Perfumed, accessorized and made-up, Stephanie was ready to go. He threw on the soft suit jacket, the perfect compliment to the rest of his ensemble, and picked up the cute little patent leather box purse Cynthia had (rightly) selected to go with the outfit. His purse carried lipstick, a gold compact, mascara, perfume, tissue, a house key, and a leather wallet with his new ("Stephanie Anne Stephenson") driver's license and "virgin" gold credit cards. He tucked his little list of boutiques into his purse and snapped it shut.

He was still nervous, of course. But the image shining back from his full-length mirror was one that was undeniably feminine and confident. And also quite pretty. Stephanie now looked for all the world just like a rich young woman, dressed for an afternoon's shopping. How could anyone tell?

"Ingrid, call for my limo," Stephanie ordered with finality as he touched his styled hair into place in the mirror.

"Yes, Miss," Ingrid obediently answered.

The problem wasn't going to be appearance. Stephanie was as pretty and feminine-looking as any "born girl". There were things to consider, however. Stephanie must remember to walk like a girl—and talk like a girl, too. But the hormones helped in these departments. And countless hours of practice hopefully wouldn't let him down.

Another problem was more mundane. Would Stephanie really be able to manipulate that tight little button at the top of the zipper on the rear of his shorts when he needed to visit the ladies room?

RODEO DRIVE WAS BUZZING with activity, the womanly blitz for summer fashion well under way. Steph's grey stretch limo pulled up to the curb. The chauffeur, a nice-looking young man about Stephanie's age, had been glancing often at the rich girl riding in the back seat, her shapely, bare legs crossed tightly at the thighs. Stephanie was not yet used to such attention, but he could tell from the look in the driver's eyes that maybe he better get used to it. Stephanie doubted that this guy would be the only one who found his new body and appearance so interesting to look at.

Stephanie got out of the limo, the car door held open deferentially by the chauffeur.

"I'll wait at the curb for you, Miss!" he said breathlessly. Steph didn't answer, preferring to strut directly into the boutique rather than converse with a servant.

Stephanie looked at the pretty clothes. After all the magazine research, it was nice to see the designs in person. And it didn't take long for an elegant (but still eager) salesgirl to come up to him and say, "May I help you, Miss?"

Stephanie had fun trying on the clothes. He bought whatever he wanted, charging it all and signing the slips with his new, long-practiced feminine signature. Everybody was very nice to him, of course. And his driver took care of all the packages, stacking them neatly in the limo's trunk.

On the way back to Bel Air, Stephanie relaxed in the back seat, touching up his make-up. He was pretty sure he had

passed. The only “close call” may have been when one hovering salesgirl kept coming into the dressing room and seeing him close up in his bra and panties.

But he ultimately wondered how he would know absolutely for sure. He suspected that even a sissy, if he was as rich as Stephanie, could try on and buy women’s clothes if he wished, as long as he looked presentable and was discreet. Money was money, and commissioned salesgirls could probably care less if some soft little thing was tucked way back in a good customer’s panties. They were just selling clothes, not trying to get a date - or get laid.

AFTER THE SHOPPING trip Stephanie relaxed by the pool in his new swimsuit—a tight, bright pink maillot so high-cut the leg openings ended halfway up his sides. Made of slick rubberized nylon, the suit made his curvy body look as sleek as a seal’s. Lying on his tummy, the bright sun warming the soft flesh of his partly-exposed bottom, he began to get the feeling, the “new” feeling he’d recently been getting. It was a little like feeling sexy, but somehow different—hazy and unfocused and more . . . sensuous. It wasn’t at all like being “horny”. And it came with a vague longing for . . . maybe companionship . . . but he couldn’t tell for sure.

The new feeling was nice and warm, but also oddly frustrating. Thoughts of pretty girls would sometimes swirl in his head, though he often caught himself thinking more about the pretty clothes his “dream girls” were wearing than the girls themselves! And he was afraid he couldn’t really do anything with a girl anymore anyway—at least like a man could. Soon he drifted off to sleep in his sexy new swimsuit, dreaming of pretty girls -- and pretty girl’s clothes!

FOR BETTER OR worse, Steven was now Stephanie—a beautiful but still somehow sexless creature. And while there was certainly no doubt that Stephanie was now very rich, it was just as certain that he was no longer really male. He was simply a pretty, pampered little sissy.

THE END

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RICHARD TRIED TO TELL EVERYONE THAT HE WORE THE UNIFORM BECAUSE THE TIPS WERE BETTER. . .FRANKLY HE FOOLED NO ONE!

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