

ADULTS ONLY

85 pages 26 illustrations

THE PRINCESS CENTER

Story by Cheryl Lynn
Art by Secretagentmittens
Ink & Finish by Joe Six-Pack



TEENS
**Trans-
Formed**
TG



C H E R Y L L Y N N

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A Teens Transformed story



2022 Digital Edition

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THE PRINCESS CENTER



In a mid-sized town, nestled in between rolling green hills and sparkling clear side-winding rivers, there lived two brothers. Alan and Jeffrey Davis were fraternal twins. Alan was jovial and well liked at school. He was slim with shoulder length sandy hair and sea blue eyes. Jeffrey, on the other hand, was the complete opposite. He took after his father, being husky with spiky dark brown hair and eyes.

From an early age Jeffrey was jealous of his brother, and as they grew older, that jealousy fermented into hatred. Alan always had pretty girls to date, and was always much more popular. Jeffrey had few friends, seldom dated but had a higher IQ. Jeffrey was book smart, but socially inept. Unfortunately, he blamed those social shortcomings on his brother. If Alan wasn't around, he reasoned, he would be dating those pretty girls, be the darling of the family and the pride of the school.

Every time Alan brought over a new and prettier date, Jeffrey's jealousy flared. Try as he might, Jeffrey had a very hard time talking to a girl — much less getting a date. The only girls he could go out with were the same sort of desperate souls like him. His parents didn't help cool Jeffrey's jealousy, commenting how pretty Alan's dates were, and then asking Jeffrey why he didn't date any pretty girls. Of course, they didn't say it exactly like that, but that's how Jeffrey took it. Making matters worse, Jeffrey believed that their parents loved Alan more. Seemingly always taking Alan's side in any of their numerous disagreements.

Their eighteenth birthday in April tripped Jeffrey's jealousy over the top into hatred. It was a small party, just a few friends. Like almost all of their prior birthdays, Jeffrey had few friends there. Alan, however, had four of his swim team friends plus Alice Davenport, head cheerleader and femme fatale of the school. The other guys didn't bother Jeffrey as much as the way Alice hung on every word Alan spoke. Jeffrey had had a major crush on Alice from the first time he saw her. Now, here she was, totally ignoring him and clinging to Alan like plastic wrap. It was more than he could bear. Alice was always meant to be his girl, he groused to himself, and now Alan had stolen her away. The flame of jealousy was burning hot as he left the room, not bothering to open presents or eat cake and ice cream.

Damn him! he thought, going to his room. *He only invited her to piss me off. He knows how much I like her. Well, that's the last straw. Enough is enough!*



He gets everything I deserve! I'm going to figure out a way to get you Alan, I swear it!

For the rest of that month, Jeffrey made revenge his private little project. He searched the internet looking for ways to exact justice. Most of the recommendations he found would wind up getting Jeffrey in legal trouble, if not jail. Extreme things like murder, hiring thugs to break bones, or other physical violence were things he didn't want anything to do with. Minor things like putting India ink into his coffee to turn his teeth black just weren't good enough either. He wanted something that would destroy Alan's relationship with Alice; yet, keep himself seemingly innocent. Once that happened, Jeffrey's inflated ego just knew Alice would be his.

Even after spending day after day trying to find the most delicious and satisfying kind of ultimate revenge he wanted, the answer to his quandary came by sheer accident. Jeffrey was looking at Craigslist for a graphic calculator he

wanted to buy when he came across a curious ad.

“The Princess Center has an opening for that special someone. Our Center specializes in total transformations. Using the very latest in scientific advancements to facilitate the transformation of a person both mentally and physically to find their inner princess.

We need a volunteer to test our radical new ideas. All fees are waived for the right person. If interested, contact us at 555-666-6666 or ThePrincessCenter.com.”

This is too perfect, Jeffrey thought. If it's anywhere close to what they're advertising, it just might be what I'm looking for.

Jeffrey checked out their web site and was surprised by what the center did. *Oh shit! This is so far out, he thought gleefully. They claim they can make anyone discover their feminine side. Even guys! Perfect! Alice certainly isn't into the kind of guy who anything less than all-man. She'd drop him so quick. Then I'll be all sympathetic, cozy up to her real good and then she'll be mine. This is precisely what I want! Got to download these forms now.*

He worked on a response to that ad for over a week before he was satisfied. Most of that time was spent doing research to complete the questionnaire, which included a psychological profile test. Jeffrey had to make sure that profile satisfied transgender protocols.

Dear Princess Center:

My name is Alan Daren Davis and your advertisement on Craigslist sounds like the answer to my dreams. I just turned eighteen and male but I have always known that I'm a girly-girl on the inside. Everything from wearing delicate lingerie to makeup and boys. I've tried to deny these feelings but deep down I know it to be true. Until I saw your ad, I had no hope of achieving my deepest desires. Sometimes, I think death would be a better alternative. I've pretended to be all male, often dating pretty girly-girls, but only because I want to be like them.



I'm not macho by any means but have to pretend. I have dressed on occasion but realize I wouldn't make a convincing girl. Your ad however sounds promising and I am desperate. I have attached the required information including two recent photos, full body and face.

It has taken me awhile to answer your ad as I had to build up my courage. If it ever got out that I desperately want to be a girly-girl, my parents and friends would kill me. Please be discreet, otherwise I will vehemently deny everything. I would just die if this got out.

I would like to volunteer for your program. You've asked for a responsible adult. I know my parents would never support what I desperately want. This would be so much easier if I had their approval. If you accept me, contact my twin brother Jeffrey as the responsible adult. I really don't have the courage to do this on my own. He has my total confidence and the only person I can truly trust.

Jeffrey wasn't sure about that last part naming him the responsible adult but hit the enter key. "*Like they say, nothing ventured, nothing gained,*" he thought closing his laptop.



A few weeks later, Jeffrey received an e-mail from The Princess Center. He was both surprised and delighted when he opened it. He had almost written off any hope they would choose his letter.

Dear Mr. Jeffrey Davis,

We have received and reviewed Alan's request to volunteer to participate in our innovative program. We believe Alan would be a great test subject to prove our theories. However, it is most unusual not to have a parent involved. As you were named as the responsible party, we require proof of age (i.e. Driver's license) and more information about your home life and situation. Once we receive this, if satisfactory, we will contact you and set up an appointment.

Sincerely,

Dr. Candice Stockdale, Ph.D., M.D.

My God, I didn't expect this, he thought. "*It was just a crazy idea to begin with but now. Wow, I've got to finish this. Wow, wow, wow. If this works then I*

have a shot at getting Alice all for myself. But then, as he thought about the next steps he would have to take, he was nervous. *Shit! I forgot about them wanting to meet and valid ID showing we're eighteen. Got to do something about that meeting, too. Alan ain't about to go along with that. I'll have to force him — and I have no idea how to do it. I need help, but from where?*

Wracking his brain, Jeffrey was so preoccupied with his obsession, his parents thought he might be doing drugs. He didn't come down to eat dinner and his English teacher had sent a note that he had forgotten to do the last two assignments, which was practically unheard of for a diligent student like Jeffrey.

After two agonizing days of deep thought, Jeffrey came up with a solution to his problem. *Alan is supposed to be transgender in denial, he thought to himself. So, what if I start rummaging in mom's lingerie, and planting some in his room, along with other incriminating items. She cleans every day, so those are things she's bound to discover. Oh, and she'll have to find something other than her undies, too. Like, lingerie that looks well used. I'll need to make it look like he's been doing that for a long time. A thrift store or gabbing some from one of those used clothing donation boxes would work.*

He was pleased with what he had come up with, but there was more. *He's not that computer literate, so I can create some interesting hidden sites in his browsing history, too. Yes, enough evidence to make mom think he's transgender and gay.*

Still, he mused, I need more proof. Maybe I can get female hormones from a Canadian pharmacy. When Mom finds those, she'll go ballistic. That should do the trick. If I know my mom, once she gets something stuck in her head, she never gives up. Getting her to go along with my plan should work once she's convinced Alan is really hiding things from her. She'll practically drag him to that meeting, he thought.



Over the month of May, Jeffrey had done what was needed. At a thrift store, he purchased some lingerie, a skirt and blouse, and a pair of pumps. From a clothing box outside the grocery, stole other items. Most of the items he stuffed into a box and hid it in the back of Alan's closet. He managed to get access to Alan's laptop and added several transgender sites to his history, two gay sites and set up a fictitious social media account under the name of "GirlyGirl69." He bought several copies of "Playgirl" and made sure to leave a deposit on the center folds. The large bottle of purple pills from Canada would be the icing on the cake. Jeffrey even dissolved them in Alan's morning coffee every chance he got. The evidence would be overwhelming. All he needed was for his mother to

discover them. To ensure that happened, he told her Alan was doing weird stuff in his room and making strange noises.

Normally, Donna Davis never invaded the privacy of her children but odd things were going on. She was missing some of her favorite lingerie and Jeffrey said he thought Alan had been doing something weird when he thought no one home. Nothing specific, but enough to pique her curiosity. The boys were at their last day of school before summer break, so it was the perfect time to check out Alan's room.

I'll just tidy up a bit and check to see what new clothing he needs for the summer, she thought, to justify her snooping.

Making the bed she discovered a "Playgirl," a pair of her own yellow panties and red full slip under the mattress. The lingerie had worrisome stains and the inside of the magazine was disgusting. Her curiosity was turning to concern and anger as she probed deeper. It didn't take her long to find the hidden box and the pills.

It horrified her. Alan was the pride of the family, the boy she and her husband dreamt of having. He was so manly, so strong, so charming. She had sacrificed so much of her life, devoted to raising him the right way. He even had found the perfect girlfriend in Alice Davenport.

Alice was the girl Donna had always wished she could call her own daughter, perfect in nearly every way. She felt just as close a bond to Alice as she felt to her own children. She had cherished every moment she could spend with Alice, inviting her to dinner at every opportunity and inviting her on family vacations. Alice was a light in her life, second only to Alan.

Yet now it was clear that Alan wasn't the man she thought he was. He was indulging in disgusting sexual fantasies... He was rejecting the gifts he had been given, love, family, a blessed life. He was rejecting her dear Alice. He was a sexual



deviant. Her own son.

She put everything back where she found it and stomped out of the room.



The last bell of the day chimed and kids rushed out of school looking forward to summer vacation. Alan, as usual, met with Alice and drove her home. Jeffrey, as normal, just went home. When he arrived, he found his mother at the kitchen table, tapping her nails, looking agitated and drinking a glass of wine.

Seeing Jeffrey, demanded, “Where’s your brother?”

“I dunno,” he replied. “Why? Is something wrong?”

“Yeah, he has plenty to explain,” she spat.

She must have finally checked out Alan’s room and looks angry enough to bite Alan’s head off, he thought. “Did you find out what Alan been doing?: He couldn’t help but ask. “Come on, tell me. I have a good idea what you found, but I didn’t want to tell you before you did.”

Donna gave him a sharp glance, and let out a sigh. “Tell me what you think?”

“Well, I’m guessing you found his stash of girlie stuff. Right? I’ve known about it for some time but didn’t want to worry you and dad. He’s got to be mental you know. Weird, maybe even a pervert. That’s what I thought anyway, until I did some research. I think Alan is transgender.”

The look oh his mother’s face was enough to let Jeffrey know she wasn’t going to reject his suggestions. She was a little lost to explain what she had found, and was ready to grab onto any answer.

Donna could feel it all coming apart. The deception from her very own son, Alan — her pride and joy — was devastating down to her soul. She had he dreams of seeing him married, raising his own family, being the son she had always dreamed he could be. These dreams were now being torn away from her, ripped from her heart. She was losing Alice, too, the girl she would have called “daughter” when she married her Alan, as everyone knew they would. She had already pictured her daughter-in-law dropping by for shopping, planning birthday parties, spending holidays together, being the daughter she had always wanted.

Now it was being stolen from her. Stolen by the deception and sexual depravity of her beloved Alan. She was angry. Angry and vengeful.

Jeffery could see the hatred in his mother’s eyes. Now was the moment to strike. “You really need to check out this place I discovered called The Princess Center. There’re recognized experts. You really should talk to them before you

raise hell with Alan. According to them, transgender is an innate thing, something he was born with. He's not a pervert, just confused. According to The Princess Center, confronting Alan right now might make him go suicidal. You really ought to contact them before you confront Alan. I know we're not close, but he is my brother, and I don't want him to try and kill himself."

"Okay, I'm too upset at the moment anyway," Donna said. "I'll do what you suggest. So, tell me how to contact these people," she agreed.

"It's up in my room. I'll get it," he replied. "*Got to send an e-mail to the clinic right now,*" he thought.

"Dr. Stockdale: Mother has discovered Alan's secret and very upset. Hopefully you can arrange to meet her ASAP and ease her worries. Her name is Donna and should be contacting you shortly. I've convinced her to do nothing until she talks to you," satisfied with that sent the e-mail.



The next day, Donna was sitting nervously in Dr. Stockdale's plush office. The building was just outside the city limits and had once been a small hospital. The Princess Center had modernized it, added security locks to all patient rooms and made several other changes specific to their needs. Dr. Stockdale was in her mid-fifties, with graying blond hair in a tight bun on top, wearing black slacks, and a white Doctor's jacket over a pink cotton blouse. A pair of reading glasses perched on her nose.

"Like I said Doctor, this came as a shock. Alan has always been so... so manly. I just don't understand what I discovered. The clothing and... and this... this *disgusting* thing," Donna said handing the "Playgirl" over to the doctor.

"On top of that, I found these... these *pills*. They're female hormones and it looks like he's been taking them!" She put the half-empty bottle on the desk.

Flipping through the pages, Candice opened the centerfold, grimaced and closed the magazine, then tossed it to the side. "I see why you are here," she said, examining the bottle.

"I was ready to give him holy hell when I found all that but his brother, Jeffrey convinced me to contact you first," Donna said. "I find it both upsetting and sick — perverted if you will."

"No, certainly not a perversion," Candice said. "More likely, Alan is a classic case of stage 1 denial and self-medicating. That's very dangerous without physician oversight. What you discovered indicates he is transgender and confirms our psyche profile he filled out. If you had acted then, he may have hurt himself or worse. So, I'm happy you came to The Princess Center first. It just so

happens I'm familiar with Alan. He applied to our ad on Craigslist requesting volunteers. In his application, Alan mentioned his fear that you and your husband would take drastic action if you found out. So fearful, he asked that his brother Jeffrey be the responsible adult."

"He contacted you? He volunteered? What did he volunteer to do?" Donna gasped as she reacted to this shocking information — missing the comment about Jeffrey.

"Here at The Princess Center we are testing theories about human sexual behavior and development," the doctor said, handing over the Center's brochure. "Consider us a one-stop shopping experience. We handle everything from the medical to psychiatric problems. We also make it easier for the child to blend in without traumatic results. We do this by using minor medical and cosmetic changes as well as learned behavior."

As the doctor spoke, Donna opened up the lavishly illustrated brochure and flipped through it. It looked nice enough, at least if the pictures were anything to go by. It was probably quite pricey.

"Additionally," the doctor continued, "we do all the legal work to correct all federal and state records. Under normal circumstances, we don't share privileged information, but since you're Alan's mother, this is his application volunteering to enter our program." She handed over a printout of the letter Jeffrey had sent in Alan's name. "It will be most informative for you Donna. He was quite sincere in asking for our help and these pills prove it."

Silently, Donna read through the letter, a look of anguish and pain coming to her face as she progressed. "Oh my lord! Well, I never! Doctor, I never would have guessed. Contrary to what he says, I love my children and only want what is best for them. I just wish he would have come to me. However, your services



sound awfully expensive. We couldn't possibly afford it," Donna replied clutching the letter to her chest.

"Our theories are radical and new, Donna, that's why we placed the ad. We would like to take Alan on. Reviewing his application, Alan was chosen specifically because he appears all male; yet, desires to be all-girl. You will note in his application the sex with boys' question near the bottom. When it comes to sex, he was very emphatic. When asked to rate on a scale of 1 to 10 what he prefers answered 10 to oral, anal and vaginal — with exclamation points, no less. These types of individuals are the ones who struggle throughout their lives. They are the ones with the highest suicide rates. We only want to help and prevent such tragic losses. Based on this application, we have to act now before he does something stupid."

Candice leaned forward and gave the concerned mother a reassuring smile. "If you agree, then there will be no cost for our services. There are a few things you need to consider. I understand Alan will be a senior next year. We recommend that his age be reversed one year and re-enter school in the junior year instead. This will give her more time to adjust and assimilate. If you agree, I promise you when she leaves here and I do mean *she* will be a typical 17-year-old teenaged girl. If you want our help, here are some legal documents I need to begin the process." Candice passed over a number of pages.

"You will note that the first document is for a legal name change. Have you thought of one you would like?" Candice asked.

"No, not really but I think... errr... if Alan had been a girl, my husband would have named her Ann Marie," Donna replied. After scanning more of the legal papers, Donna paused. "Why do you want these powers of attorney? That seems a bit much," Donna asked.

"Our services involve proprietary matters that have not yet been legally protected. That's another reason we need volunteers. Having the medical authority and power of attorney will provide us protection, and you won't have to sign a multitude of authorizations. It will save both of us a lot of time. The final document is a release allowing us to use photographic and medical information of the transformation. Don't worry about that, we'll conceal his real identity."

The doctor knew she had already won the woman over, but she needed to be a little more specific. "Let me explain our program. We use a three-phase approach. First, we make her physical appearance match the ideal image in her mind. We do this with minor surgical procedures and cosmetic enhancements. All of which would require your authorization. It would be helpful if you have a picture of someone we could use as a reference point. Maybe a family member?"

Hearing that, Donna shivered, realizing the opportunity before her. “Ah, yes, I have several on my phone. Here, let me show you,” she replied. She had taken so many photos of Alice, it was almost embarrassing, but she knew exactly the kind of girl she wanted as a daughter. Alice Davenport.

“Great. Now, if you could you e-mail them to me. They will provide a very good reference point. Now let me continue. Phase two occurs while phase one is operational. We begin integrating various feminine traits, actions and behaviors that every girl that age has already learned. Finally, the third phase — and I will try to be tactful — is where we ingrain, shall I say, accepting and actually desiring the correct sexual orientation. Seeing what was in that “Playgirl,” I don’t think this will be that difficult.”

“It’s all so new to me,” Donna said. “I can’t even believe he really wants this. My Allan has always been so manly.”

“That’s another thing. You’ll want to start thinking of *her* as your *daughter*. Try to visualize all the fun things you can do together. Once we begin, there is no going back. What we do is permanent. We will start the legal process immediately. First thing Monday bring Ann Marie here without saying why. Also bring all the clothing you found and we will have a feminine intervention. I will keep the pills and “Playgirl” as the final evidence in our intervention. If he proves belligerent, I’ll run a blood test. Finding evidence of high estrogen levels in his system will be impossible for him to explain or deny.”

“Blood tests?” Donna said, “I don’t know if he’ll let that happen. Is it really necessary?”

“This intervention will be a complete surprise and Alan will protest. Perhaps violently, denying everything — and is to be expected. Remember how scared he was of you finding out. You must stand firm in your resolve; otherwise, he could run away and harm himself. He was very open and honest expressing his inner most desires to us but we’re strangers. Having to admit them to you though is different. He hasn’t had time preparing to open up to you and he will deny everything despite the proof. Be prepared for that then we can admit him to our program. Once we start, you or your husband cannot intervene or visit. That will only result in causing a major disruption in his progress. Maybe to the point where we have to start all over from scratch. That’s the reason for the restraining order I need you to also sign. The clinic will keep you informed frequently via e-mail and video of Ann Marie’s progress.” The doctor leaned back in her chair. “Unless you have any further questions, I think we have covered everything,” Candice said, concluding the meeting.

“I can see from his application, the evidence, and what you’ve told me, my baby has some serious issues. I only want what’s best.” The mother took a deep breath and sat up straight. “Very well Doctor, we’ll be here first thing Monday.”

Donna took a moment, but signed the documents with conviction. *I only hope that I'm not making a mistake*, she thought, as she stood up to leave.

“Oh, one other thing Donna,” Dr. Stockdale said. “Have you mentioned any of this to your husband?”

“Not yet,” Donna replied.

“Good. Please don't say anything to him about this yet. Men usually take such news as an assault on their own masculinity. He could very easily disrupt what we have planned. Delaying what your new daughter so desperately needs. Worse, an unreasonable father is potentially dangerous to your family. Alan could go suicidal should that happen,” Dr. Stockdale warned.



“Mom, what are we doing here?” Alan said as she parked. “The Princess Center? Are you sick or something? What's with the bag?”

“No, dear, but come along I... err... I have a routine appointment that's all,” she replied trying to keep the tears from falling.

What's with Mom? he thought as they walked up to the receptionist desk. *She's been acting strange for the past couple days. Routine appointment she says but why is she bringing that overnight case? The Princess Center. Never heard of it but looks like a woman's hospital. Now she really has me worried. She should have Dad here with her, not me.*

“Hi, I'm Donna Davis and have an appointment this morning,” she said.

“Yes, Dr. Stockdale is ready for you in conference room 1. Right down the hall on the left, first door on the right, Mrs. Davis,” the young woman replied.

If Alan was confused before, when he entered the conference room, he was even more so. Sitting at the head of the table was a woman wearing a doctor's coat with an upturned magazine and medicine bottle in front of her. Two burly men in blue scrubs were standing just inside the entryway.

“Welcome Donna — and so nice to finally meet you, Alan. Please have a seat Donna,” the doctor said waving to a nearby chair. “Tom, Peter you know what to do.”

Before Alan could react, the two men descended on him and quickly had a strait jacket on Alan. Secured, they sat him down, facing his mother. He wasn't quiet, yelling and screaming the entire time until one of the men placed a gag in his mouth, silencing him.

“If you will just calm down Alan, I'll explain everything,” Doctor Stockdale began. “You are here because we care greatly about your wellbeing. This is an

intervention regarding your transgender desires. We know all about your desires to become a young woman and support your wishes. Shaking your head in denial is not an option. Donna, will you show us what you discovered in Alan's room?"

Alan's eyes widened as lingerie and other women's garments spilled out on the table top. "I found most of this hidden back inside your closet. The red slip, my yellow panties and a "Playgirl" magazine under your mattress. It was obvious you've used them from the... the stains," Donna said, holding back the tears.

Alan was shaking and shaking his head 'no' at what his mother said. He was desperate to defend himself but the gag denied that. "What the hell!" He thought. "I've never seen that stuff before. She wouldn't lie about finding it though. Shit! I bet it was that jack off brother of mine. Damn! Take this gag off and let me say something." He tried to yell, but was only able to make a muffled moan.

"Do you deny submitting this application to volunteer for our femenization program?" the doctor added placing the form in front of him.

What? I never saw this before much less filled any of that BS out, he thought, shaking his 'no' even harder.

"You indicated on that application your deepest desire was to become a girly-girl. That you loved the clothing and everything about being a girl *including* having a boyfriend," she added shoving the opened "Playgirl" to the sticky center fold before him.

Oh my gawd! he thought. This is insane! I didn't do any of this much less want to be a girl, and worse, getting a boyfriend?

"Now for the final proof. Have you been taking these female hormones? They were found in your closet," she asked pushing the pills in front of him.

"I see you shaking your head no. Well, if you promise to behave and sit quietly, I'll have that jacket off and we'll do a blood test. If it comes back with no elevated estrogen levels, it will prove you haven't taken them," she added.

"Bout time, they're not going to find anything like that in me," he thought, nodding his head yes. *"Maybe then they will believe me when I tell them this is all bullshit,"*

"Tom, would you please remove the restraints but leave the gag for now," Dr. Stockdale ordered. "Peter, get a blood sample to the lab. Tell them I need the results stat."

Alan wasn't the only one squirming in his seat. Donna looked apprehensive as well. For a few moments he thought about running but Tom was standing right behind him. His fight or flight instincts were in full flame but knew neither



were possible. In any case, once they removed the gag he was definitely going to give them a piece of his mind. The very idea was so outrageous, so crazy he found it hard to believe anyone would believe it especially his mother.

“Jeffrey, you SOB!” he thought, as they waited. *“You had to be behind all this and I’m going to get you. I’ll beat the hell out of you until you tell them the truth, so help me... Brother.”*

It wasn't long before Peter came back with the lab results which he gave to the doctor. As she looked it over, she frowned and handed it to his mother. Alan watched as his mother's eyes widened and that worried him.

"Alan," Dr. Stockdale spoke, "Your estrogen levels are very high which tells me you *have* been taking these meds. Have you any idea of just how dangerous it is to do that without a doctor's oversight? Well, the proof is in the pudding as they say." He turned away. "Mrs. Davis, I think this intervention has gone on long enough. If you agree, I'll go ahead and admit Ann Marie now."

"*What the fuck!*" his mind screamed as he jumped up making the chair clatter to the floor. "I haven't taken any of those damn pills!" He shouted. "Take this gag off so I can at least defend myself!"

As soon as he jumped, strong arms grabbed him, pulling his arms behind and in a full nelson. Alan was beyond furious, kicking and trying to break the hold. He didn't feel the needle go into his arm but the sedative was quick acting.

"Calm down, Anne Marie," the doctor commanded.

"Ann Marie?" Alan asked, "Who's she?" It was the last thought he had before he blacked out.



Alan's eyes fluttered open. He was weak, and his mouth felt like it was stuffed with cotton. Coming fully awake, looking around, he saw mostly pink. The sheets were a bright pink, the walls painted a powder pink and the ceiling eggshell white. The French Provincial furnishings were enameled in bright white with gold piping. There were no windows. He thought he might be near the ocean as he could faintly hear it. Then discovered the earbuds in his ears.

"Where am I and what the hell is going on?" he croaked. He became frantic, pulling the earphones off.

As he sat up, the sheets fell away revealing what he was wearing. It was a pale rose nylon and chiffon baby doll nightie. Twin satin straps hung loosely off his right shoulder. The lace trimmed bodice had a round collar and a bright red satin sash was tied into a large bow just below the bust. The skirt was double layered with a blush pink chiffon pleated outer and a rose nylon underskirt. Seeing this, Alan burst into tears remembering the recent meeting.

"Oh Mom, how could you," he moaned getting out of bed.

Alan rushed over to the door and grabbed the knob. It didn't turn and was obviously locked. Giving up, he saw another door and opened it. It led into a pink and white tiled bathroom. It was a typical bathroom, except there was no shower. Instead, there was a jacuzzi-styled pink enameled tub. Feeling the



need to relieve himself, he went to the commode. Reaching down, he tried to lift the seat but it didn't move.

“*Crap!*” he thought turning around and pulling his panties down.

“What the hell!” he shouted as he positioned his penis.

He was in shock, seeing that his thick pubic patch had been reshaped into a small heart just above the base. It had also been dyed what he later found out to be a ginger blond. He ran his fingers over it, finding the short hairs soft. Then he noticed his legs. Once hairy and masculine looking, they were now smooth and feminine.

What else have they done to me? he thought, finishing up.

He quickly found out when he went to wash his hands. The mirror revealed that his hair had been styled into a girlish pixie and dyed the same color as his pubes. Not only that, but his ears had been pierced twice in each lobe with pink keepers. He also noticed a gold choker about two inches wide around his neck. There was a black plastic box with a small green LED centered on the choker.

“No, no! How could they do this to me? I don’t want this,” he groaned.

“I think that style suits you for now, Ann Marie,” Dr. Stockdale said from the doorway.

“You *bitch!*” Alan screamed and rushed her, intending major bodily harm.

He didn’t get more than two steps before he fell to the tiled floor in agony, clutching at his throat. “I... I can... can’t breathe an... and it burns,” he gasped.

“Behave!” she said, removing her finger from the small white remote.

Immediately the gold choker relaxed which allowed Allan to take a deep breath. “Wha... What did you do?” he asked, getting on his hands and knees, but still gasping.

“Just one of our proprietary technical advances,” she said. “It’s similar to those dog collars used to stop barking. We developed a material that shrinks, cutting off airflow when an electrical charge is applied.” She walked closer to Alan’s writhing figure, confident that she was under no physical threat. “It uses a small watch battery and receiver, and we find much more effective than a painful shock. It’s quite effective at controlling a person, you’ll find.”

She reached in her pocket, and Alan felt the tension releasing, allowing him to breathe once again. As he gasped and wheezed, Dr. Stockdale walked back to the door. “It also incorporates a laser device that will change your voice, making it higher pitched over time. It very slowly alters your vocal cords with light.” She rested her hand on the doorway. “Oh, one other thing, the more you yell and scream, the quicker the voice changer works. You keep using that loud voice of yours, and you’ll soon be talking like a little girl.”

Casually strolling through the exit, she called back to Alan, still on the floor of the bathroom. “If you’ve finished in there, get back into bed where we’ll continue this discussion,” turning and leaving.

Alan found his feet, and leaned against the doorway. He could see the doctor patiently standing beside the elegant pink-sheeted bed. “Any time,” she said.

“No,” Alan said, his only thought was to be defiant.

“Do you enjoy suffocation?” the doctor replied.

Once back in bed, Alan pulled the sheet up to his neck, embarrassed by the way he was dressed. “Why?” he said, “I don’t want any of this.”

“As you’ve probably already discovered, this is a very secure room — and under both audio and visual surveillance at all times.” The doctor began to slowly walk around the bed. “Before we begin your training, we performed a detailed physical examination, blood work, CAT scan you get the idea. We found in addition to your high estrogen levels, low testosterone, and a low sperm count. Otherwise, all the results were normal. The only way to explain that kind of

result is the consumption of female hormones and androgen blockers. Do you still insist you're not transgendered?"

"Of course!" he loudly replied. "I'm not that thing... Transgendered! I never took any damn pills! I don't want to be a girl, I never have and never will!" He then felt a slight burning sensation on his throat. "*Shit! I forgot about this damn collar,*" he thought.

"Such vehemence in your reply only reinforces that you're in deep denial of your true yearnings," the doctor said.

"You're not listening to me!" Alan yelled, with difficulty. "I don't want to be here! You have no right to do this! If you do anything more to me, I'll call the police!"

"The police are not going to help you now," the doctor said. "As far as what we have done, it really isn't that much, just some cosmetic adjustments. We styled and dyed your hair using a henna dye, ginger blond to be exact. We trimmed and dyed your pubic area, and using our proprietary methods we removed all your other body hair. Just think how cute your boyfriends will find that little heart."

Alan was fuming, but that collar he was wearing was keeping him from fully expressing it.

"You should be happy we used a natural dye like henna," Dr. Stockdale continued. "No harsh blistering chemicals or ammonia smells. It works like a varnish over your natural hair color rather than chemically changing it. Of course, it will gradually fade over four to six weeks, but it's much healthier for your hair."

"Yeah, great, thanks," Alan said, under his breath. "Now that you've had your fun, let me go."

"Oh, we're just getting started!" The doctor leaned in to look at Alan's head. "Other than piercing your ears, we implanted hormones into your inner thigh. Unlike those pills you were taking, these release a combination of female hormones in a graduated continuous dose over one year. Once you have completed our program, you can be assured that you will be the girly-girl of your dreams. Despite your denials, Ann Marie, welcome to your new life."

Alan reached down under the sheets to feel for the incision in his thigh. It was definitely there. "You mutilated my body! I didn't consent to any procedures!"

"You don't have to. Your mother gave me all the consent I needed."

"I don't want to be a girl!"

"And I don't care."

Alan didn't have any response to that. For the first time, he was thinking he wasn't going to get out of this so easily.

"We begin your training in earnest first thing tomorrow," Dr. Stockdale replied. "You'll find clothing in the closet and bureau should you desire to change. Get familiar with your new surroundings. You'll be here for the summer – At least."

"The entire summer!" he gasped as tears began to build up in his eyes. "Damn, I even cry like a silly girl," he thought.



Alan stayed in bed until he could get his tears under control. The doctor had left with nothing more than a clinical, cold glance at him, not a bit of sympathy or comfort to be found in her expression.

Ashamed of what he was wearing, Alan reluctantly decided to find some real clothes to put on. "I hope there is something manly to wear. I feel so stupid wearing this," he mumbled getting out of bed.

To his dismay, the closet only contained dresses, skirts, blouses, women's shoes and assorted accessories. Looking at it all, he felt his stomach turn. He grabbed a pair of Keds Champion Oxford shoes in pale peach deciding they were the manliest of his choices. They were also the only ones without some kind of high heel. The large elegant bureau was disappointing as well. Most of the drawers contained what he assumed was underwear, much of which he had no idea of their intended purpose. All the panties were of nylon or satin with lace and none in cotton. He reluctantly chose a pair of pale pink full cut briefs with a white lace waist band.

In the bottom two drawers he found some more acceptable choices. There was an assortment of shorts and tees, clothes he was at least familiar with. Examining the shorts, all of were very feminine short-shorts or nylon flare legged. Selecting a pair in blue denim, he held them up for examination.

"Alice had worn something like these," he thought. "I think she called them Daisy Dukes but these have white lace on the legs. I can't wear this."

Searching some more, he pulled out a pair of ivory "pants" and a sunshine yellow capped sleeved tee. The pants were actually a pair of Capris.

"I don't like these either but at least they have something close to legs," he thought, taking everything over to the bed.

After removing his nightie, Alan held up the pink panties. "These don't feel anything like my boxers or Y-fronts," he thought. Then he stepped into them. "Light, almost like nothing."

He then put on the Capris. They were tight, accented his round bottom and dug into his groin and ass. Once on, the legs were only reaching to his calf. “*Uncomfortable, but at least they’re almost like real pants,*” he thought.

The tee was soft brushed cotton with a rounded neckline and slim cut. He didn’t like it, but it was favorable over the other choices. “*I don’t like this sissy thing,*” he thought. “*But it’s better than the ones saying “Princess” and “Girl Power” or the others with all that girly glitter and junk.*”

Putting on the shoes, he walked over to the full-length mirror. “*Ah, Jesus! I look like such a total fruit,*” he thought, fingering the golden choker.

“Scissors!” he said loudly as he focused on the device around his neck. “I need to cut this thing off!”

Going over to the vanity, he dug through the drawers until he found a small little pair of sharp pointed scissors. “*Not very big but they might work,*” he thought. He carefully wedged the point against his neck and then tried to cut the choker. It didn’t take long to find them totally ineffective, not a scratch on the device. He was checking in the mirror where he tried to cut it, looking for any sign of damage, when the door opened.

“Don’t bother trying to cut it,” a full-figured woman wearing pink scrubs said. “You need either the special key — or a blow torch — to remove it.”

Alan was frozen in place, startled by the sudden intrusion. “What... What do you want?” he asked.

“I brought you your lunch,” the woman said. “I’m Nurse Sarah and I’m assigned to your case. Now put down those scissors before I have to activate the collar.”

He considered his options, and tossing the scissors down.

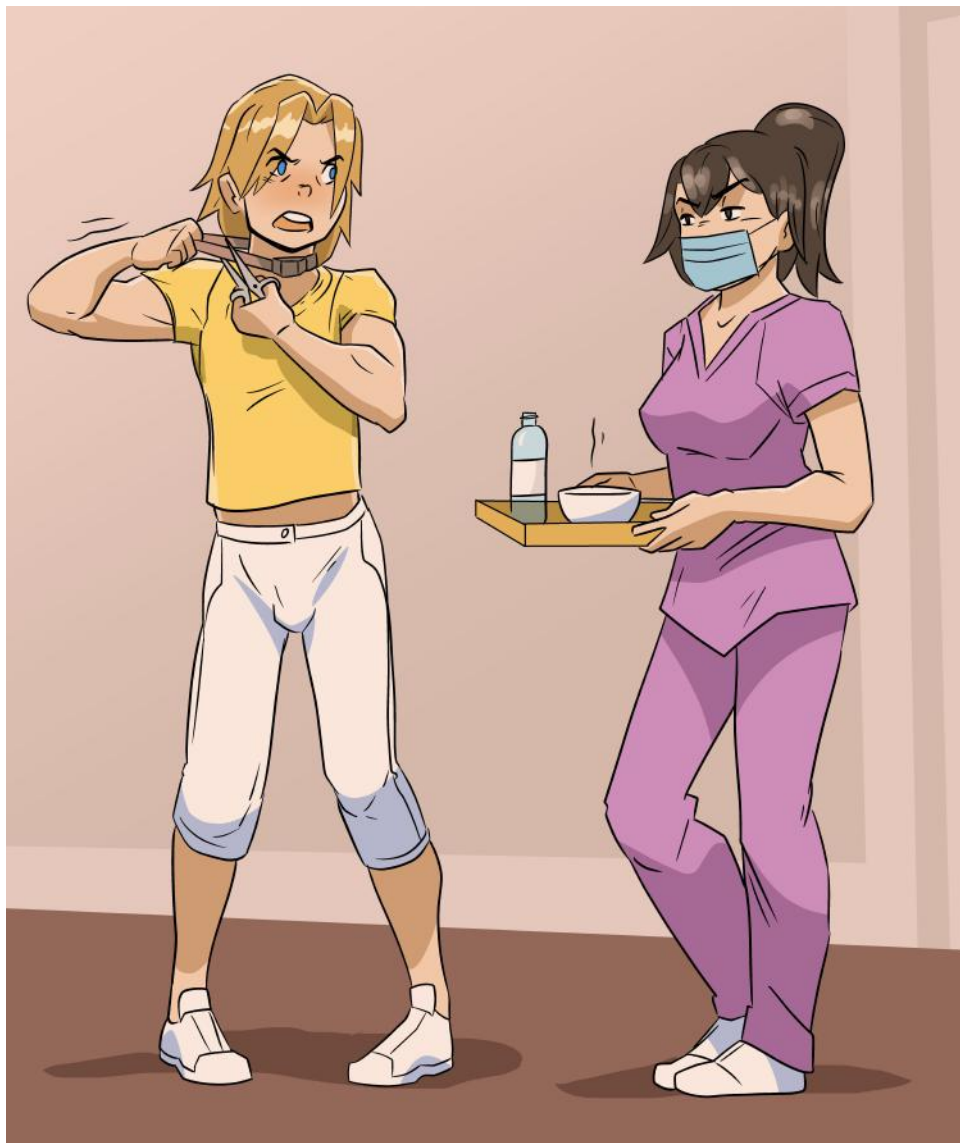
“Good girl,” Nurse Sarah said. She went over to a nearby table and put down the tray she was carrying. “When you have finished eating, I have a virtual reality program for you to watch. I think you’ll find it quite *entertaining.*”

Alan went over to the small table and sat in the straight-backed chair. Looking down at the tray, he grimaced. Before him was a medium sized bowl of what appeared to be vegetable soup, four rice cakes and a bottled water. There was also a white paper condiment cup with two pills in it.

“What are the pills for? I’m not sick,” he asked.

“They’re vitamin supplements. Dr. Stockdale has you on a strict diet,” the nurse replied. “Take the pills and eat up. I don’t have all day.”

“Diet? I’m not fat,” he questioned.



“Maybe for a male your age and height but 20 pounds heavier than a girl should ideally be. Now eat before it gets cold,” she retorted.

“I’m no damn girl. I’m a guy and I want real food like a burger and fries,” he thought. Still, he did as instructed, seeing her holding a small remote. He assumed it was the thing that controlled his collar, and had no inclination to test his theory. He swallowed the pills.

After Alan finished eating, she had him get comfortable on a plushly upholstered chair. Nurse Sarah retrieved the earbuds Alan had tossed aside and fastened the headset tightly to the boy’s head.

“What is this supposed to be?” He asked.

He could hear the nurse snicker to herself. “Wait until you see it. All of our patients find it... Enlightening.”

Then the screen came alive and the programming began. There was a 3-D image on the screen of a large rainbow. Through the earbuds, soft soothing music played with chirping birds. Nothing happened for a few minutes, then the perspective began shifting as if he was walking through freshly mowed grass to the end of the rainbow. As he reached it, there was a large pot of gold.

Alan felt like asking the nurse what was going on, but he wasn't even sure she was still in the room.

In VR, Alan reached out to touch the glistening golden coins, but they began to transform into a beautiful young woman made of solid gold. She was completely naked, and so beautiful. That was the last thing he remembered as the pills that he thought were supplements fully took effect.



A few door down the clinic's hallway, Doctor Stockdale was watching the monitor in her office observing what was happening. She had turned out the lights so she could concentrate on the images of Alan using her breakthrough VR headset.

Finally, she thought to herself. *I've been waiting so long...* These new training methods she had devised had been in development for years, and she had yearned for a subject to finally use them on. Alan Davis would be the first of many, she reminded herself.

He'll be grateful, one day, to have been liberated from the lesser gender, the doctor contemplated. *Already, the first phase is now beginning. That program he's watching and listening to is the latest in high tech hypnosis/subliminal messaging. We'll add more programming each day for the next two weeks. After that, Alan will forget he ever was Alan.*

There will always be a part of Alan buried deep inside his mind but unable to assert himself. In theory anyway...

The woman smugly smiled to herself as she continued to go over her plans. *He may be using a lot of cuss words, but that's to be expected. He's a male after all. Before long, under my conditioning, if he even hears one, it will make him nauseous.*

It won't be long before some basic feminine mannerisms will take hold, primarily in his choice of vocabulary and body language. This is a good start, but

so much more is needed. These subliminal programs need time to change his masculine mindset, she thought.

She pushed her chair back from the monitor and stretched her shoulders before standing up. She was a tall woman, with a classic beauty that was well hid underneath her professional image. With her dark hair pulled back in a bun, a pair of glasses on her face and minimal use of makeup, it would have been easy to overlook her naturally attractive features. Her long white medical coat was buttoned tight over a respectful chest, but the grey skirt she wore was only just an inch or two longer, allowing for a generous view of her shapely nylon-covered legs which were wearing conservative two-inch pumps.

Anne Marie, I eagerly await your arrival, she thought to herself.



In the early evening, Nurse Sarah returned and removed the VR set. “What time is it?” Alan asked.

“Time for your dinner, Anne Marie,” Nurse Sarah replied.

“But I was only in there a few minutes!”

“Hardly! You must have lost track of time, you scatterbrained little girl!”

Alan shivered at being referred to as a girl. He had little choice but to let these people call him whatever they wanted, but he would never cave in.

“Eat!” The nurse commanded. “Then you can clean up. I’ll run a bath for you.”

Alan sat in the plush white chair, which the nurse then pushed in further for him, like he was a child. He examined the food, wary that it might be drugged, but he then ate his dinner. It was a meager selection of chicken salad, a cup of yogurt, a couple of rice cakes and a bottle water. After eating, he took the two pills that were also on the table, and swallowed them down.

By the time she had his bubble bath prepared, Alan had a hard time keeping his eyes open. After being dried off by the nurse with gentle padding, he was given a forest green baby doll nightie and matching full cut panties with a white lace ruffled bottom. Alan just made it into bed before the pills knocked him out, and he was already asleep as Sarah placed the earbuds back into his ears.



The next morning, Nurse Sarah entered his room, removed the earbuds and woke him.

“Alright sleepy head, time to rise and shine,” she greeted shaking his shoulder. “Ann Marie put on your negligee and meet me in the bathroom. I’ll get your bath started.”

Ann Marie? Why does she keep calling me that? I’m... I’m Alan, he thought, slowly getting out of bed. He then asked, “Negli... what?”

“Negligee. It’s also called a robe, but made of nylon or satin instead of terry cloth. Here, put it on,” she replied.

What the? he thought taking the semi-sheer lime green wrap from her.

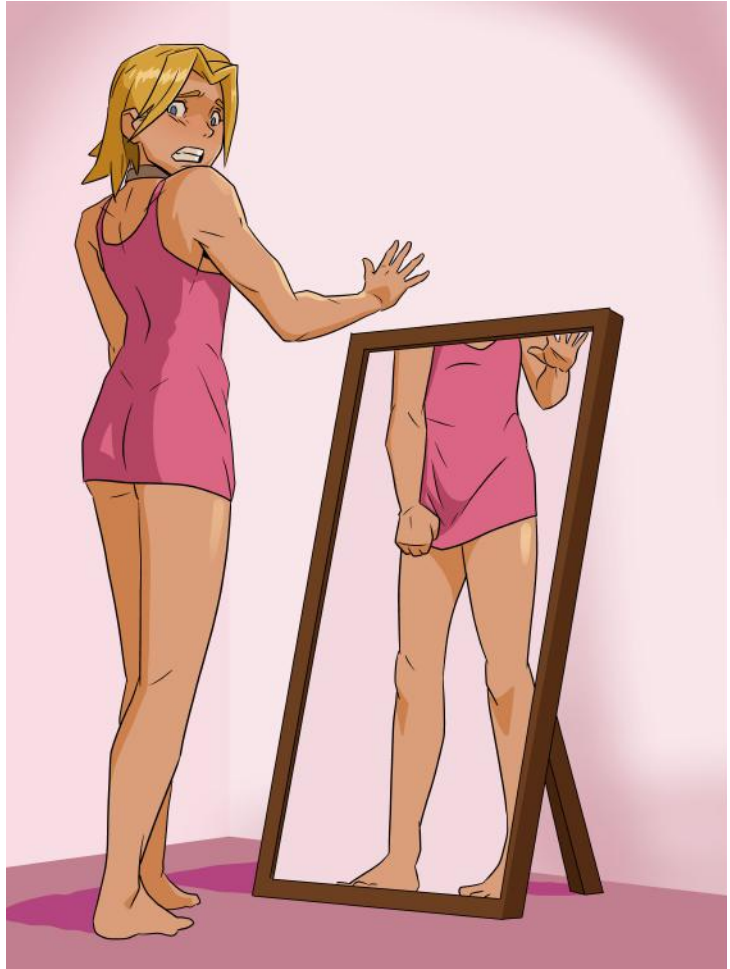
“You can almost see through this and it barely covers my ass. Nobody else is going to see me like this, are they?” he said.

“No, just me. All proper young ladies cover up, even in their own room. Don’t worry, you’ll soon know all about proper etiquette and clothing options,” she replied.

Entering the bathroom, he wasn’t pleased. The large tub was filling with a mass of frothy multi-colored bubbles. The air smelled strongly of a floral scent which he later found out was lavender. He hesitated, staring at the bubbles then at the nurse.

“I just had a bath!” Alan objected.

“And you will have another! Taking care of your skin and keeping it moisturized keeps



you feeling young and healthy!”

“But I...”

“Don’t dawdle! You’re scheduled to see Dr. Stockdale and have physical therapy this morning. Now, get your business done while the tub is filling,” she said, removing a small white remote from her apron pocket. She did not move, however.

“I can’t do that with you in the room an... and I’m not getting into that smelly water,” he loudly declared. He was then feeling the burn, as the collar grabbed his throat.

“You will do as I have instructed Ann Marie, or I’ll use a higher setting,” she replied holding up the remote. The choker’s construction immediately relaxed around Alan’s neck.

“Okay, okay but can you give me some privacy?” he sullenly replied.

“Don’t mind me, I’ve seen pretty much everything. Go ahead and get it done,” she answered.

Fuck, he thought and then felt a twinge in his gut. *Gas. This is embarrassing enough but farting will make it worse*, he figured.

He held on to it as long as he could, but five minutes into his bath, a trumpeting sound and a flurry of bubbles rose from under the water.

“Disgusting!” The nurse said, her face souring.

Out of the bath, he was instructed to pat himself dry, apply a scented body moisturizer then a dusting of talc. Being naked in front of Nurse Sarah wasn’t as embarrassing as her seeing his heart shaped pubic hairs.

He blushed scarlet when he heard her comment, “Your boyfriends are going to just love that pretty little heart.”

Once I get out of here, no one is going to see me naked down there, he thought.

He was quickly wracked with sharp pain, causing him to fall to his knees and cry out. He turned his head to see the nurse place a large wooden hairbrush back on the counter. “That was for your vulgar display in the tub. That was not befitting a young lady.”

Alan rubbed his butt, where a firm welt was already building up under his skin.

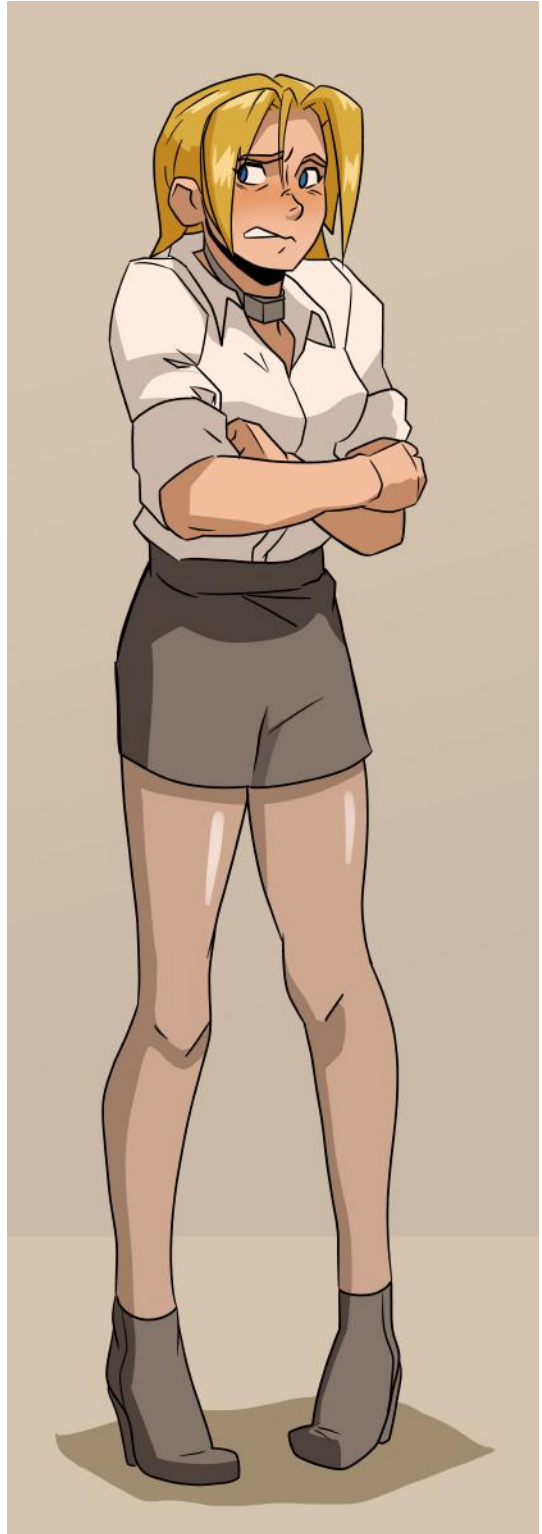
Back in his bedroom, Sarah had to give the remote a light tap to make him put on the clothing she selected. What made her use the remote was Alan’s absolute refusal to wear the bra.

“It’s bad enough making me wear all this girly stuff but I’m not going to wear no damn bra,” he protested loudly enough to make his throat burn. For some reason, he also felt slightly nauseous. “No way I’m putting that on,” he finished then clutched his throat as the choker contracted.

“I can keep my thumb on this button a lot longer if I need to,” Nurse Sarah calmly stated. “Best do as I say and expect to be wearing a bra all the time from now on.”

With no choice, he found himself putting on a rose-colored high-cut nylon panties with a cream lace front panel, then an A-cup gel-padded matching satin bra, an embroidered high waist garter belt with sheer black nylons for underwear. Next, the young man put on a semi-sheer cream polyester blouse, a black leather satin-lined knee length straight skirt and pair of suede booties with a two-inch block heel. The nurse helped him with a pair of pearl and rose crystal earrings which replaced the keepers. Four feminine rings and a delicate gold necklace completed his dressing.

He felt more miserable than he ever could had imagined.



Dear Mrs. Davis,

As promised The Princess Center will be sending you periodic updates of your darling Ann Marie. Phase one of your new daughter's treatment has been initiated. We have not done much as of yet other than permanently exfoliating all bodily hair follicles, excepting for the head and small pubic area. We used our proprietary laser scanning device to precisely remove every hair. It has proved to be a quick and fairly painless method.

Today, after consulting with other staff members, we are installing one of our proprietary medical devices to assist Anne Marie's transition. The HUL as we call it, is designed to shrink the male organ while retaining it's sensitivity, and at the same time dissipating the testicles and making minor surgery unnecessary. The HUL device is, in broad terms, a metal cup that is secured over the male organs. It uses very precise amounts of heat, ultrasound and laser light to achieve the desired results. It is probably best described as a chastity device with something extra. Once the HUL has been locked in place and worn for eight hours a day, two weeks will be needed to finish this phase. I am told the process is quite stimulating and pain free. We conduct periodic cleaning and inspection of the area for any problems, such as infection, inflammation and document the results. When the process is completed, there will only be a nub left containing a high concentration of nerve endings, very similar to a woman's clitoris and this will become Ann Marie's "G" spot, ensuring a healthy sexual life.

From the first day, we have been using our AHS (advanced hypnotic/subliminal) messaging program. As you are aware, Ann Marie is way behind the learning curve when it comes to knowing what most girls know from an early age. We at The Princess Center strive to reduce the stress of developing and learning those skills. We strongly believe using AHS daily will greatly aid in advancing Ann Marie's skill sets, both physical and mental. In addition, over time Ann Marie will be more accepting and honest about being transgender.

In conclusion, I have attached a brief video of Ann Marie's first morning with us. You will note while still resistant, she selects her own clothing for the day. It is obvious she has done this before, as the outfit is coordinated and carefully consid-

ered. If you have any concerns or questions, feel free to call or e-mail me.

Sincerely,

Dr. Candice Stockdale, Ph.D., M.D.

The Princess Center



The next morning, Nurse Sarah escorted Alan into Dr. Stockdale's office where he was instructed to get on the examination table. He was nervous to begin with, but became absolutely terrified when his wrists were secured to the table. That fear only worsened when his panties and garter belt were removed, his skirt pulled up and feet placed in stirrups. Secured, Sarah stepped on a pedal and the bottom dropped exposing his bottom from the hips down.

Seeing the panic in Alan's eyes, Nurse Sarah tried to reassure him. "Ann Marie, the doctor is just going to put our Heat, Ultrasonic, Laser Minimizer — we call it the HUL for short — on you. You may be scared right now, but I'm assured you will wind up loving what it does."

"Thank you Sarah," Dr. Stockdale said entering the office. "That will save me a lot of explaining."

"Ann Marie," she said, addressing Alan. "As Sarah said, today I'm putting you in our HUL minimizer. You will be wearing it for eight hours daily. Of course, during that time, you will have to sit to urinate and the retaining strap can be removed if you need to make a bowel movement. Don't be concerned dear, it's painless. Despite its looks, you should enjoy it — or at least that's what our research indicates."

It didn't take the doctor long to insert his limp penis into a large metal tube inside the steel cup with his testicles held inside. The link metal strap around his waist was secured with a small padlock. The retaining strap between his legs had a small butt plug which she inserted into his rosebud. That made Alan jump as much as he could.

"It's okay Ann Marie. This is just a little probe, and you will find it won't hurt at all. Quite the opposite, really. Every other day we'll increase its size," she said, locking the strap in place.

The restraints holding him to the table were removed, and his panties and garter belt were replaced by the nurse. He sat up shivering over what had just happened. Looking down, he saw the silvery metal ball between his legs.

"Wha... Why?" he gasped.

“Just relax, Ann Marie,” Dr. Stockdale said holding up a remote.

Seeing the remote, Alan grasped at his throat and pleaded, “No, no please! Not that!”

“It’s not that remote. This one controls the HUL, Ann Marie. I told you I would prove that the HUL can provide pleasure,” she said recognizing his fear and pressed a button.

“Oh, ooohhh,” Alan gasped as he felt the plug begin to vibrate.

“See? Now off with you to your physical therapy session,” the doctor said, with a broad smile.

With the plug vibrating softly, Alan walked with a slight sway in his hips. He didn’t notice, but Nurse Sarah did and smiled. She led him down the hall and to a door labeled “Physical Therapy.” Inside, they met a tall muscled black man with a thin mustache and goatee. He was wearing a blue muscle shirt and blue scrub pants.

“This is Theodore,” Nurse Sarah said. “He is our head physical therapist. You do whatever he says, Ann Marie, and try to have fun.” She then turned on her heels and left.

“Hi Ann Marie,” Theodore said, “It’s a pleasure to work with you. And, please, call me Theo. Theodore sounds just too formal. Now the first thing I’m going to do is take detailed measurements using a laser scanner. I need you to disrobe behind this screen and place all your clothing on that bench. Don’t worry I won’t see a thing.”

Alan was beginning to wonder why he was wearing clothes at all, if he was constantly being asked to disrobe.

“The screen is opaque from this side,” the large man continued. “When I say get ready, hold your arms above your head and take a deep breath. I will take the measurements then have you, with arms at your side, breathe naturally as I take another. Okay?” Theo instructed.

The measurements didn't take long at all, but Alan was a mix of emotions, and thoroughly distracted by the sensations coming from the new device.

“All right, you can get dressed now,” Theo said. “I’m going to send these to Dr. Stockdale. She wanted these ASAP.”

After putting his things back on, Alan came out from behind the screen and there was a woman wearing pink scrubs standing beside Theo. She appeared to be in her middle twenties with her black hair up in a ponytail and a makeup-free face. She was quite pretty, and if Alan’s penis could stir within the HUL would have.

“Hi Ann Marie, I’m Julie,” the woman greeted, “And I’ll take over now. I know we’re going to have a lot of fun. Please follow me.”

Julie led him into a long room with what appeared to be adjustable parallel bars. “Ann Marie, what I need you to do is walk down between the bars, letting your hips sway. This device is designed to give you the perfect stride.” She picked up a pair of heels and handed them to Alan. “Here are some heels I need you to put on and then I’m going to attach a small length of chain to your ankles.”

“Chains?” Alan asked with alarm.

“Relax, these will only be on for about an hour,” Julie said with a cheerful smile. “I know three-inch heels seem high to you now. In time you’ll be doing this in six-inch pencil heels without any problems.”

That was intended to make Alan feel better, but he couldn’t have felt any worse. The idea that he’d become proficient swishing around in a pair of sissy-ass shoes made him sick. He had to find a way out of this place.

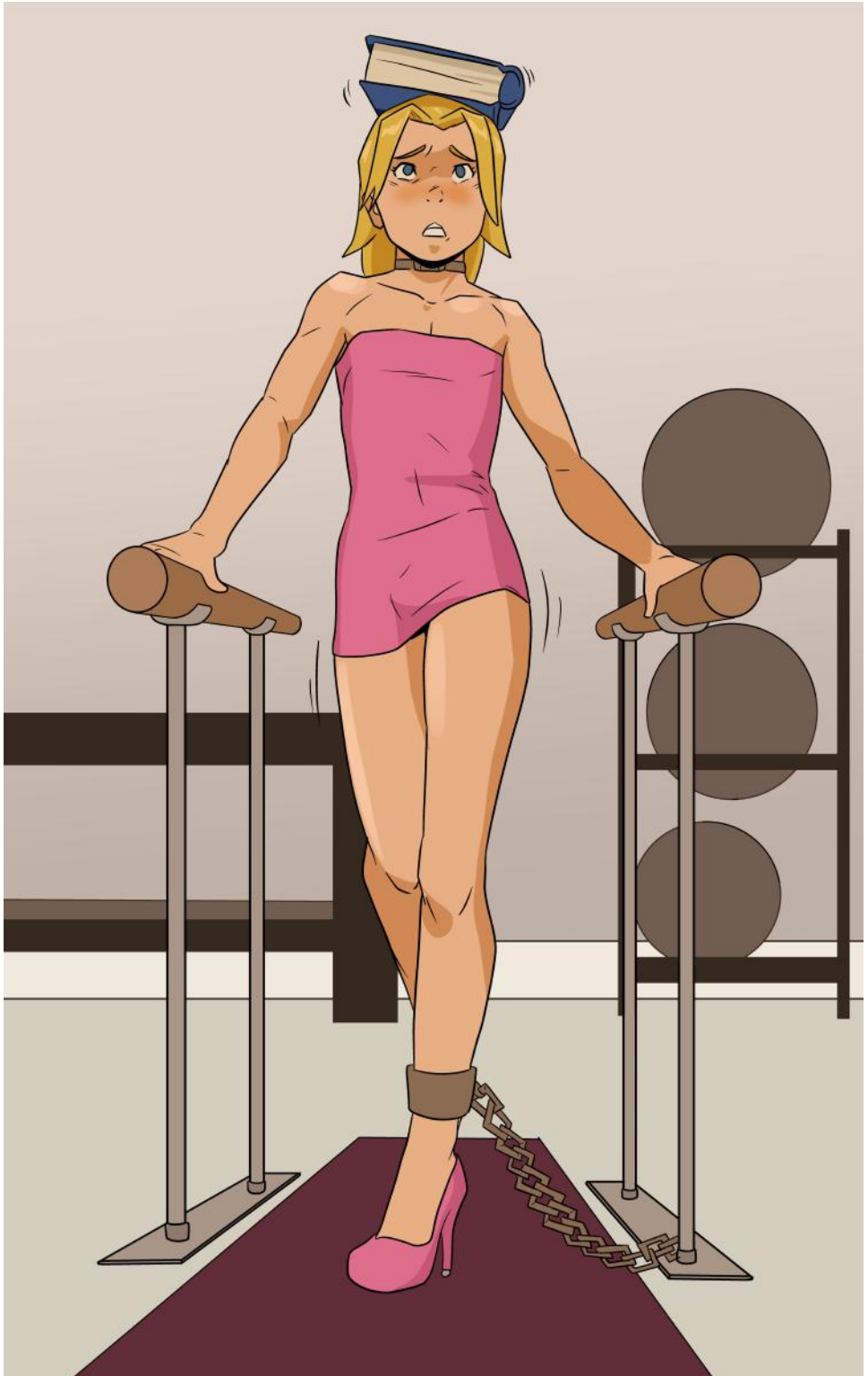
As Julie adjusted the rails, Alan stood nervously. The shoes had small bumps on the bottom of the heels making it slightly painful to put his full weight down. Most of the weight rested on his toes. The chromed chain restricted his pace to a little over a foot.

Julie stood by the rails and gave them a little tap, to beckon Alan to start using them. “Ann Marie, this exercise can be a little boring, so I’m going to give you this iPod to help pass the time.” It had been years since he had seen an iPod. He thought they had vanished into history.

“Oh, one last thing,” Julie said, just before Alan started playing the music, “Try to keep this book balanced on top your head while you walk.” She held a heavy dictionary-sized tome in her hands. “If it falls and you don’t show progress; then, you give me no choice but to use this,” she said holding up the remote — and it wasn’t the good remote. “Okay, let’s start,” Julie said, inserting the earbuds into Alan’s ears for him, and placing a hard-bound book on his head.

She said an hour? Alan thought to himself. *These shoes are already a pain unless I put all my weight on the toes. Then my toes are shoved into the pointy part and they hurt. Got to keep this stupid book on my head too. At least the music is okay.* He began making his way through the wavy bars.

As Alan carefully traced the offsets as he slowly walked between the bars, his hips rocked back and forth creating a very sexy stride. The chain restricting his pace was very annoying. Every time he tried to take a normal step the chain pulled at his back ankle threatening to topple him. Keeping his head up, eyes forward was difficult at first and the book fell a number of times. Each time that happened Julie would lightly tap the remote. Not hard enough to choke



but enough to get his attention. The only good thing, Alan thought, was the decent music playing on the iPod. It helped to take his mind off his throbbing feet. What he didn't notice were the subliminal messages telling him he wanted to have a sexy walk to attract the boys.



The next day was begun much the same way, with a bubble bath and choosing an outfit, all under Nurse Sarah's observation. She was always watching him, it seemed.

Today he had some instruction on combing his hair 100 strokes, and was forced to count it out loud. His arms were aching and his scalp was burning from the pulling.

He was put into the VR headset for three hours that morning, although he could have sworn it was just a minute or two. His light lunch was then followed by a trip to a small room with a kitchen and sofa set inside of it.

"I'm Janet Harris," a woman said with an almost inhumanly wide smile. "And I'll be your therapist for this afternoon, Anne Marie. What a delightful name!"

Alan was already worried about what he was in for, and was ready to resist whatever this woman was going to try to do to him.

"Today, we're going to be baking cookies!" Janet sang out. "From scratch!" She seemed to be almost delirious with excitement. "Here's your apron, sweetie! Now, why don't you put it on?" She gave Alan a frilly pinafore apron in white, but with a big pink heart that made up the chest.

"I don't know," Alan said.

The woman produced the dreaded remote from her own pockets. "Tappy tappy!" she said.

Alan quickly took the apron and put it on.

Leaning to bake was grueling, as he stirred flour, eggs and sugar four twenty minutes with only a spoon, feeling his muscles start to scream in pain.

"Keep going, hun-bun!" Janet encouraged him. "Don't give up!"

Alan was trying his best, under threat of the collar, but he was feeling weak and exhausted. Why was he so tired? He knew he should have been able to do this easily. What he couldn't have known was that he was being bombarded with messages in his sleep that told him he was frail and delicate, with the strength of the most dainty of girls.

Finally, he was done, and put the cookies in the oven. Just when he was hoping to have a few minutes to recover though, Janet had him vacuuming the floor around the couch and dusting the furniture.

“Very good, Anne Marie!” Janet clasped her hands together in joy. “At this rate, you're going to make a prized wife to a deserving husband!” The buzzer went off for the cookies, and the woman went to go take them out of the oven. “Oh, they look so good!” She said, and she took a tiny bit of one of them.

“Can I try?” Alan asked, his stomach yearning for some rich food.

“On your diet? A girl must maintain a trim figure, young lady!” Janet then dumped the cookies in the trash. “You want the boys to be falling all over themselves, don't you? You need to lose some pounds, missy! I'll see you next time!”



Soon, it was the third day at the Princess Center, and Alan was now convinced that this was real. He had his doubts when he had first been imprisoned here, as he couldn't understand why such a place would exist. Now, though, he knew it did exist, and they were very serious. He had to try to find some kind of way out of here before things got worse.

As Nurse Sarah entered his room, she found her patient already bathed and combing his hair, counting out the strokes. She knew that Alan probably didn't even notice he had done these things on his own initiative, without even being asked.

When he had selected an outfit made of a satin yellow Edwardian blouse, knee-length grey tweed skirt, and black flats, Nurse Sarah led him to yet another room in the clinic. The walls were mirrored, the wooden floor gleaming. There was a barre running across one wall. There, he was introduced to another pretty young woman wearing rainbow-colored leotard and pink tights. Her brown hair was tucked up into a bun and she was wearing minimal makeup. Her name was Annie and would be his aerobics instructor.

“Hi Ann Marie,” she greeted. “Have you done aerobics before?”

“Wha... what? Hell no,” he responded but felt a sharp cramp when he said “hell.”

“Well it doesn't matter,” Annie replied. “We'll go slow today and pick up the pace later. There is a leotard, tights and workout shoes for you in the changing room. Please hurry and change. We have lots to do.”

Figures it would have to be pink, he thought picking up the spandex/poly blend leotard.

In addition to the clothing there was a pink headband and iPod. He put the iPod on and found the music soothing. The messages hidden on this one told him he wanted a slim fit body to please the boys.

At least this will take my mind off all the stupid things they're making me do, he thought.

After aerobics, Alan was exhausted and sweating. This time he was allowed a twenty-minute respite before an elderly woman entered the room. She was tall, willowy and wearing black leotard and white tights. On her feet were black ballet slippers and in her right hand, held what looked like a walking stick but much longer.

“Ann Marie, this is Madam Helga, your ballet instructor and will be taking over now,” Annie said. “Enjoy and I’ll see you tomorrow,” Annie said.

As Annie sashayed out of the room, Alan couldn’t help but admire her tight round butt. *If I didn't have this damn... ugh... there's that cramp again,* he thought.

Over the next miserable hour, Alan was taught the basic five positions of ballet. Some of them felt awkward but more embarrassing than anything else. *I can't believe they're making me do this. No self-respecting straight man would be caught dead doing this or wearing a pink leotard. I don't like the music on this iPod, either,* he thought.

The iPod Madam Helga gave him contained classical music and new subliminal message. “You love ballet. You want to be graceful and ballet will do that. You want to be graceful in order to attract the boys. You love doing ballet.”

Alan was more than happy to see Nurse Sarah coming for him. After two hours of aerobics and ballet, completely spent. For the first time he actually was looking forward to taking a bath. He moaned in pleasure as the jet streams of hot water eased his aching muscles. The floral smell from bath beads eased his frustrations and worry. When he left the bathroom wearing a plush Spa-type pink cotton robe, he felt refreshed but starving. Seeing the food Nurse Sarah had brought in made his stomach growl. The meal wasn’t as much as he hoped for. A tuna salad, five crackers and a banana. Finishing the meal, he was then given his pills.

He was surprised when Nurse Sarah told him not to get dressed but to get into bed instead wearing the robe. She then raised the bed so that he was sitting up. That’s when he noticed the flat screen television.

“I’m going to let you rest for a bit. I know you’re not used to that much exercise, so I had the TV brought in. Put these earbuds in and watch some videos,” she said turning on the set.



At last, he thought, something easy and relaxing. I don't care what's playing.

However, Alan was a bit puzzled seeing what was on the screen. It showed a pretty girl putting on makeup. She was seated at a pink satin-skirted lighted vanity and humming happily. She was only wearing yellow panties and matching bra. Otherwise, nothing else was happening.

Alan's eyes glazed over as the drugs took effect. Like with the VR device, his conscious mind didn't remember anything after that, his subconscious was immersed in the visuals. The program was a makeup tutorial and the young girl morphed into Alan. It depicted a delighted Ann Marie getting ready for her date.

During the two hours of the program, the HUL's butt probe vibrated, inflated and deflated. It was an erotic jolt of pleasure to accompany the action.

Dr. Stockdale was observing from her office monitor, quite encouraged by what she was seeing. *Good, it's seems to be working as we thought based on these sensor readings.* She tapped the tip of her pen against her lips in deep thought. *According to our theories, Alan's mind will associate putting on make-up with feelings of pleasure. Of course, we won't know for sure until we observe Alan consciously behaving according to the program. Depending on how good our new psychotropic drugs work, we should see positive results in a week or so,*" she mused, as she glanced at the calendar.

As Alan was coming out of his trance, he became fully awake as he heard Nurse Sarah place his dinner tray on the table. He glanced from her back to the TV and saw that it was off. Shaking his head at his lack of any memory, other than seeing a half-naked girl. The gnawing feeling of hunger which had been ever present since his arrival had him quickly at the table. This meal was better than lunch. A small broiled chicken breast, a small helping of mashed potatoes and grilled asparagus spears. It wasn't nearly enough to fill him, but it eased his hunger pains.

He did note that only one pill was given to him after he finished, and he wondered what that meant. He really had no idea, but the hypnotizing tranquilizer was absent from this batch.

"Ann Marie, tonight you have reading assignments," the Nurse said as she placed a magazine down on the bedside table. "I have highlighted the articles you must read. Then you will be tested on them. Should you score less than 80%; then, I will use the remote and have you re-read the article until you get all the answers correct," she said after clearing off the table.

Alan took the magazine thinking, *Why does everybody insist on calling me Ann Marie? I hate that name and I'm not what they keep saying I am.*

Looking at the articles highlighted in yellow, the young man groaned. The first was titled, "Eye Creams That Actually Work," another was, "10 Tempting Drugstore Beauty Items That Only Look Expensive," and the last, "17 Sexy Makeup Ideas For Date Night."

I'm not interested in any of this, but I don't want her using that remote either. Guess I better get to it, then re-read them until I have it memorized, he thought, as he softly sighed.

After two hours, Nurse Sarah returned and began quizzing him. The first one he got all the answers but was reprimanded for not being detailed on each product. She gave him an 80. He earned the same for all the other articles. ...Except for the last one, which he only scored 60% on. He explained he didn't see any reason to know the information as he wasn't going to be dating any boy. He received a jolt from the collar as it constricted. Thirty minutes later, he answered all those questions correctly.

"I expect you to do a lot better on your next assignments, Ann Marie," Nurse Sarah stated. "Now open up your robe and I will remove your HUL for the night. Then get dressed and into bed."

As Alan was putting on his panties, he checked his groin. *It doesn't look right,* he thought. It had been three days of wearing it, and he could only now see a difference. *Seems smaller and my balls are pulled up tight. What's that thing doing to me?*

"Nurse Sarah, I don't want that thing-a-ma-jig put back on me! No way!" he shouted, immediately feeling the burn in his throat.

"Ann Marie watch your tone and calm down," Sarah responded. "Trust me, you will love the final results. Now put on your nightie and get into bed before I decide to use the remote."

Reluctantly, and crying softly, Alan pulled the sunflower yellow baby doll over his head. Crawling into bed he softly said, "But I don't like what's it's doing to me down there."

"Don't worry your silly little head about it, Ann Marie," the Nurse said.



Alan followed this same routine for the next month. With each passing day, he showed improvement in his physical therapy classes. His hip swaying, mincing stride and graceful movement was coming more naturally. Cooking and cleaning were no longer so difficult for him. His aerobics were easier, as was his ballet. In the afternoon, he watched the TV. The only memory of what he watched was the opening scene, which was always the same, of a partially clad young girl

who looked a lot like his girlfriend Alice putting on makeup. Then later, he would find himself having to read books or magazines catering to teenaged girls.

Every day, he would see his reflection in the mirrors located in just about every room of the Princess Center. They only served to remind him of how big a nightmare he was living in. He'd see the figure of a girl, dressed in feminine outfits, then see his face looking back. His boyish head atop the feminine body looked so out of sorts to him, he couldn't help but wonder when they were going to use makeup on him. It was really the only thing left.

As he would see his reflection, he couldn't help but picture it. Something inside of him compelled him to imagine his lips with a glistening pink color, his eyes with fluttery, feathery lashes and dusty blush on his cheeks.

As the days went by, his craving to see what he looked like wearing makeup became stronger and stronger. Eventually, and much to his own excitement, one morning Nurse Sarah brought in a vanity, a large supply of makeup and small TV with attached DVD player. There were several discs of makeup tuto-



rials for him to watch, which he was told he'd need to finish before he was allowed to use the vanity. He went through them as fast as he could, even staying up past his bedtime.

Knowing he shouldn't want to, but feeling like he couldn't help himself, a day later Alan was at the vanity, watching a tutorial and practicing with the makeup. Nurse Sarah complimented him and told him to keep practicing instead of watching TV. Alan, for reasons he couldn't explain, loved how he looked wearing makeup. He was amazed how different makeup styles changed his appearance; especially wearing date night makeup. Seeing that look in the mirror sent thrills of pleasure running up his spine.

Date night makeup makes me feel so pretty... Is it wrong to want to be pretty all the time? It's definitely not because I want to date some boy... but I feel so special, he thought.



Late that night, Dr. Stockdale was standing silently above Alan's sleeping figure. He was drugged, and would not wake until morning, and the doctor liked to get closer, more personal views of her patient's progress. She frequently entered Alan's room overnight to make observations... And just to hear him breathe. She bent over to pull some stray hair from his face, which she was happy to see were growing long enough to give him a proper feminine hair-style.

"It won't be long, Ann Marie, and you'll be free from that nasty boy," she whispered. "Forever."

She went to her clipboard and flipped through some papers, reviewing the measurements Theo had taken a month ago one more time.

Yes, I think my associate Dr. King is right, she thought to herself. *We know that male to female transgender individuals are self-conscious about their height and body mass. Using the serum he developed, we can safely reduce both over a period of three to four weeks.*

The serum she had been testing had been quite problematic to get just right, and many patients had suffered... unfortunate setbacks... but after five years, she was sure it was now perfect for her masterpiece, Anne Marie Davis.

Based on test results, Ann Marie's muscles will smooth out into feminine ones, she reminded herself. *Her bone structure will shrink such that she will be the average height for a girl her age.*

Dr. Stockdale reviewed more papers on her clipboard, reading the excerpts. *Dr. King believes 3 cc's once a week will accomplish the desired results and I*

agree. I'll have Sarah bring Ann Marie to my office for the injection first thing in the morning. The first week will be very painful, so I think we might as well sedate her and move on to the initial facial reconstruction surgery. I better call the surgical suite and let them know.



Alan got out of bed that next morning with an uneasy feeling he couldn't explain. He shivered, even though it wasn't very cold. He started his bath and selected his ensemble for the day. He felt his chin and legs, wondering when his hair was going to grow back, but so far, it was as smooth — and getting smoother. His skin had never felt so soft.

Once he was done with his bubble bath, and carefully dried himself off, Alan slipped into the soft pink silk robe he had been given, and sat down at the vanity. He brushed his hair 100 times without even counting, and as he did, he couldn't help but see himself in the mirror. He didn't like to see his face plain. He had come to realize that a little color was absolutely necessary for him to be at peace with his reflection. He felt whole when he had some makeup on... And incomplete when he didn't.

Even though he should have waited until he had done his hair and dressed, he put some lipstick on for comfort's sake. He then decided to get dressed, wondering where Nurse Sarah was, as she seemed to be late.

He picked out a dress, as it was the only thing in his closet he hadn't yet worn, and for some reason, he didn't feel as horrified about wearing it as he used to. He put on a pair of shoes, some earrings and then did his face properly.

He waited a long time for Nurse Sarah to show up, but after some time, it became clear that nothing was happening. He got up the nerve to test the handle of his door, and found it slack. The door door was open.

"You're kidding me," he said to himself. This was the moment he had been waiting for. He was unattended, the door was open, and now was his chance. He poked his head out into the hallway, to find it empty. The way was clear.

He had no idea where to go, because in all his time at the Princess Center, he had never even seen a window. He didn't know if one direction would take him deeper into the building or lead to freedom.

Alan decided to just head in the opposite direction of Dr. Stockdale's office, and away from the rooms he had been doing his therapy in.

Finally he saw what he had been praying to see, a door with a green, illuminated "exit" sign. He looked around, saw no one, and dashed for it. He flung

the door open and found himself out in the bright sunlight. He was free. He was out.

Alan was in what he assumed was the alleyway behind the Princess Center, and looked frantically around as he ran. He couldn't see anyone. The first thing he needed to do was find someone to help him.

He made his way to the end of the alley and saw a police officer carrying what was probably his lunch back from a fast food place.

"Hey!" Alan called out. "Hey!"

He ran to the car, but his short one-foot strides slowed him down so much. He wanted to run faster, but it was almost like he couldn't tell his legs to take longer strides. They were refusing to make those powerful boyish strides he was used to.

"Yes, miss?" The officer responded.

Alan cringed at being called miss by the cop. He could understand it in the clinic, but he didn't look like a girl, did he? "Please! You have to get me out of here!" Alan said. "I just..." He wanted to get as far away from the clinic as possible, so he quickly formulated the proper excuse. "I was kidnapped and I just escaped! You have to take me away!"

The cop took a moment to do his calculations. "You wouldn't be trying to pull something one me, would you, little lady?" He asked.

"No! Please get me the fuh..." Alan bent over in pain, as he had almost spoken a forbidden curse word. "Please get me out of here! I need to get away!"

"Are you all right?" The cop asked. "Do you need an ambulance?"

"No, no! Get me away from these people, please! Please!"

"You don't look like the typical kidnap victim, miss," The cop said. "Are you telling me the truth?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, look at you," he said. "It's not a normal outfit."

Alan looked down at himself, and the dress he was wearing. It was polka-dot red and made of satin, with pale blue bra straps poking out on his bare shoulders.

The dress had two thin straps and was cut so short that it seemed to be made to intentionally flash the wearer's panties with every subtle movement.

The pleated skirt was a full circle, being short enough to only reach the upper thigh. He was also wearing white three-inch Mary Jane shoes, sparkling gold pendant earrings and of course, his gold choker.

“I don’t understand,” Alan replied. He saw nothing particularly odd about it.
“You don't want to help me because of my pretty dress?”

“All right, get in the car,” the officer said.

“Please hurry!” Alan begged.



“Let me guess,” the officer said, once he got the patrol car on the road, “you came from the center.”

“The what?” Alan suddenly realized that a local officer might know the area, and be familiar with the Princess Center. “No!” He said. “Please take me to my home... Or the station... Or anywhere!”

“What was your name again?”

“Al...” He was about to speak his name, but he would have to explain so much, and didn’t want to jeopardize his escape. “Ann Marie,” he said.

The car quickly came to a stop, as it had merely turned the corner. “Let’s go, Ann Marie.” He got out and opened the rear door for Alan to get out.

As he did, he knew they were now just back where he had started, at the Princess Center. The officer grabbed him by the arm and pulled him out. “Please, no! Please You don’t understand what they’ll do to me!”

“Don’t hurt yourself struggling, girly,” the cop said as he yanked Alan through the front doors of the clinic.

“No! Let me go!” Alan shrieked.

“Ah, there you are, Ann Marie,” Dr. Stockdale said as she entered the front reception area of her facility. “Thank you officer. There’s no telling how badly she could have hurt herself in her condition.”

“It’s not the first time, doc.” The officer said. “You really ought to get some security around here.”

“Yes, you’re quite right, of course. Now...”

“Please!” Alan yelled as loudly as his voice could go, which was just a squeak compared to the manly roof-rattling shout he used to be able to make. “She’s a monster!”

“Now, now,” Dr. Stockdate said, calmly. “Let’s not make a scene.”

“I have to ask, doc, this one is awfully adamant that she doesn’t want to be here. She said you kidnapped her.”

“Oh she did, did she?” The doctor paused. “Ann Marie, tell the police officer the truth.”

Almost instantly, Alan could feel the constriction of his choker slowly increasing. He looked to see Dr. Stockdale had one hand in her pocket.

“Go on, Ann Marie,” the doctor prompted. Alan could feel his neck releasing.

This was his only chance, and he was willing to risk it. “My name is...” and before he could even finish the third word, his choker constricted tighter than he had ever felt it before. He began to gag hard and fell down to one knee.

“Oh, Ann Marie, are you all right?” The doctor said, pretending to be alarmed. She turned to the officer. “The poor dear has asthma attacks from time to time. Nothing too serious.” The officer nodded back in understanding.

The choker released, and Alan took a deep, desperate breath as he stood up again. His face was pale and coughed several times.

“All good?” Dr. Stockdale asked Alan, and didn’t wait for an answer. “Now, what did you want to tell the officer, Ann Marie?”

The stunned and frightened young man looked at both the smugly confident doctor and the slightly concerned policeman. Unfortunately, he didn’t really have a choice.

“Did you want to apologize?” The doctor said, trying to drag the answer she wanted to hear out of her reluctant patient’s mouth.

Alan nodded.

“Say it out loud, Ann Marie. It’s the polite thing to do.”

“I’m sorry, officer,” Alan said, hating himself. He wanted to cry. “I was wasting your time.”

“Your silly games waste taxpayer money,” the officer said with a sour look on his face. “I’d appreciate you keep your own little jokes to yourself.” He hit the front door hard and stormed out of the building, slamming the door shut as he left.

“It looks like you’ve lost your any compassion the officer may have had for you, Ann Marie,” the doctor said. She reached behind the reception desk and did something that caused a loud metallic clanking noise to come from the front door. Alan rightly assumed it was some sort of remote locking device. “And I dare say, you’ve lost any charity with my staff — and me.”

She pulled a syringe from her pocket. “No,” Alan said, backing away.

“It’s time for some surgery,” the woman said, holding the syringe up. “Your surgery, Ann Marie. There’s no time to waste.”



Alan woke up feeling weak and aching all over. His face was covered in bandages. “Wha... what happened?” he said seeing Nurse Sarah looking down at him. “Did I fall and hurt myself?”

“What do you remember, sweetie?” The nurse asked him.

“The last thing I remember was getting a shot from Dr. Stockdale when everything went black. I don’t feel so good either. Did I get the flu or something?” He couldn’t remember his escape attempt at all.

“No,” she replied. “We gave you a sedative and then some minor surgery to make you feel better about your true self. Dr. King also injected his serum to reduce your height and muscles structure over time.”

“Do what?” Alan said, unsure of what he had just heard. “That can’t be real...”

“Of course it’s real!” Nurse Sarah said. “It’s everything you ever wished for! You’re a very lucky young lady to get this special treatment. That’s why you feel like you have the flu. The weakness will pass shortly. We’ve kept you sedated for the past week to make it easier on you. You’ll be in bed and staying right where I can see you,” the nurse said with a little bite in her tone of voice. “I’ll raise the bed so you can sit up and have some breakfast.”

Surgery? Change my body? I didn’t want that... Did I? he thought, suddenly frightened out of his mind.

“Relax, Ann Marie,” Sarah said seeing the panic in his eyes. “We adjusted your nose slightly, added cheek implants, made your lips fuller and shaved your chin



a bit. Like I said, nothing drastic and once the bandages come off, you're going to love the results. I promise. Trust me."

"You said this Dr. King gave me a drug to change my body. What will it do to me? I like my body as it is," he replied.

"No you didn't, Ann Marie," she answered. "You hated your body. The first week is the hardest. That's why the sedation. You'll be receiving injections once a week but the pain won't be nearly as bad."

"It really hurts."

"Oh sweetie, it'll pass. By the end of four weeks you will have the height and muscle tone of a girl your age. It is really a marvelous solution for male to female transitioning persons. You'll never have to worry about being too tall or muscular anymore. Trust me, you will love what you see once the process is completed. You'll be the envy of every girl once you start school again and eye candy for the boys by the time you leave here." She then placed his breakfast tray in front of him.

Love it? he thought. *I don't think I'm going to love any of this but why am I not raising hell...* He felt a knot in his midsection. *Ugh... Stomach cramping again. Why is it when I say or think a cuss word my stomach cramps are so bad? Maybe I shouldn't be saying or thinking them anymore to keep from hurting.*

Even after his head had cleared, there was still a question that he couldn't answer. Alan had no idea why they kept saying this was what he wanted. *I'm not what they say! At least I don't think so. I think I liked being a boy, once... but I'm not sure about that. Wearing makeup and pretty clothing make me look and feel pretty. I really like being pretty. I want to be pretty*

In her office, Dr. Stockdale was observing what was taking place on her monitor. *At least Ann Marie isn't making a scene over what Sarah has told him, she was pleased to note.*

According to measurements taken last night, she typed into Ann Marie's medical record, "she's lost half an inch in height and almost as much from her biceps. There haven't been any signs of bad side effects either. She pondered her prescribed treatment for Alan as she moved to the keyboard of her laptop. We'll let her stay in bed two more days and intensify the subliminal and VR programs.

Those subliminal messages saying that she loves what we've done are working, she thought to herself and added it to her notes. I can see a notable change in Ann Marie's attitude when Sarah uses the code words, "Trust me" and "You'll love it."

The doctor added a final paragraph. *After a week of intense subliminal messages and psychotropic drugs while sedated, I believe Ann Marie will no longer deny who she really is, the woman typed. She closed her laptop and turned back to the monitor. She'll actually become the girly girl of my dreams... And they'll become her dreams, too. Then she'll embrace her new reality.*



Dear Mrs. Davis,

I'm pleased to tell you that Ann Marie has had facial feminization surgery using our new robotic technique, and it went without any problems whatsoever. Your new daughter is already recovering in comfort. This technique is minimally invasive and allows for a quick recovery time. We worked on her eyes giving them a slight almond look and cheek implants. Shaved the chin and nose with the goal of replicating the pictures of Alice you gave us. There is very little swelling and Ann Marie tolerated the surgery very well. She is resting comfortably.

Attached are some videos of Ann Marie doing aerobics and learning ballet. I've also included a photo of her putting on her first bra all by herself. As you can see by the smile on her face, she's very happy. More videos and photos will follow once the bandages are removed. Should you have any questions don't hesitate to contact me via phone or e-mail. I know you would love to visit, but remember the restraining order. Ann Marie is making wonderful progress and we don't want to disrupt that.

Sincerely,

Dr. Candice Stockdale, Ph.D., M.D.

The Princess Center



When Alan was admitted to The Princess Center, Mr. Jack Davis was on the road for a two-week sales trip. Donna, for the first time since she married, was not looking forward to his return. In fact, she was dreading it. Dreading how he would react when she told him what she had done and why.

I don't know how Jack is going to take this, she thought, And that worries me. He can get very emotional if his masculinity is threatened.

Mrs. Davis was a very normal middle-aged housewife. She had the same concerns as most women with children. She wanted the best for them, and lived or died on how well they were coping with life. Donna loved her children even more than her husband, if she had to be honest, but she feared her husband had put so much of his own hopes and dreams into Alan that this might be the end of their marriage. She wanted Jack to understand that she had done this to save Alan, not to hurt him, but she didn't know how she was ever going to convince her husband that this was for the best.

Dr. Stockdale gave me a video explaining Alan's — I mean Ann Marie's — problems, Donna thought to herself. I hope when he sees it he will understand why I did what I felt had to do. He'll be home tonight, and I'll make his favorite meal. After he's had a chance to settle down, I'll show him the video. Thank goodness Jeffrey's spending the night at a friend's house,

As if she wasn't pensive enough over Jack's pending reaction, her cell rang. It was Alice.

"Mrs. Davis, I'm getting really worried," she said in an anxious rush of words. "I haven't heard from Alan since he told me he had an urgent appointment..."

"It's all right," Mrs. Davis said.

Alice was not able to stop her fears from spilling out, however. "But he didn't give me any details... and normally he always calls me every day. It's been two weeks now and I'm getting frantic. He hasn't answered his cell at all. Please can you tell me anything?"

"Calm down Alice," she answered. "While I'm not able to tell you at the moment what treatment Alan is undergoing, I can tell you he will probably be gone for the summer. Look, I can't talk now. My husband just got home. Come by tomorrow and I will try to explain things better, okay. Bye."

I don't know if I have the heart to tell her... Mrs. Davis thought, putting her cell into her purse, But... they have been going steady for a little over a year now. She has a right to know. It's going to be traumatic enough telling Jack.

When Mr. Davis arrived home after his long trip, he was too focused on relaxing and decompressing to see the distress in his wife's eyes. During dinner, Jack asked where the boys were.

"They're out," Donna replied as calmly as she could. "Jeffrey will probably be home in the morning." Finishing his dinner, Jack grabbed a beer and headed to the den.

She didn't say where or when Alan will be back, Jack mused. Guess she doesn't want to think about what he and Alice are doing. That's one hot chick Alan has

there, and can't blame him. Makes me wish I was young again," he thought with a smile.

Jack was watching a Friday night baseball game when Donna came in and stood near the TV set. It had taken over two hours to build up her courage. "Honey, I hate to disturb your game, but I have something very important for you to see. Promise me you will watch it all the way through before you say or do anything. I will explain everything then," she said inserting a DVD into the family player.

It was a DVD of Dr. Stockdale giving a short discourse on transgenderism. In the video, she went into detail on the point that being transgender wasn't a perversion or deviant behavior, rather an innate condition, an ingrained belief that they were simply born in the wrong body. Dr. Stockdale went on to explain such individuals usually were in deep denial of their feelings, due to current societal demands and parenteral influences results in strong feelings of guilt. This guilt builds up over time and often leads to suicide.

Jack kept looking away from the video at his wife until it ended, keeping his silence like he promised he would. *What the shit is going on and why is she showing me this bull shit?* he thought. *Like I give a fuck about these weirdos.* Donna removed the DVD and added another — but didn't push play.

"Jack, promise me you won't get upset and I'll explain the video," she said nervously. "I have another one, and you will see what I'm about to tell you is true." She held her breath as she pushed the play button.

It didn't take long before Jack had the fiery reaction Donna was dreading. "Don't get upset! Don't get *upset*? After what you said and showed me! How in hell do you expect me to stay calm? My son, a flaming sissy! And you expect me to be calm! Hell, I need something a lot stronger than this beer. I'm going out," he said stomping out of the room.

"A live daughter is better than having a dead son!" she yelled at his back.

That didn't go as well as I hoped, she thought, breaking down in tears.

Jack didn't return home until very late, and when he did, he was drunk and passed out on the sofa. Donna heard him and was relieved he made it home safe. She came downstairs and found him unconscious, removed his shoes and placed a quilt over him.

I hope he's in a more receptive mood in the morning, she thought, going back to bed but finding no rest.

In the morning, Jack left to play golf and without speaking to his wife. Soon after, Alice came over, demanding an explanation of why she hadn't seen or

heard from Alan. Donna wasn't up for a confrontation, and decided Alice deserved to hear the truth.

"Come on in Alice," Donna said. "I was hoping to put this off for a bit longer but you two have been dating over a year. Let's go into the den. I have something I need to explain you."

After hearing the story of how Alan had been hiding his transsexuality from everyone, Alice was numb, but still accepting of the fact that her boyfriend was now going to become a girl. "Look Mrs. Davis, I'm stunned beyond belief but I can accept what he truly is because I love him ... err ... *her* I guess, now. When he, I mean she, comes home, please promise to let me know. I want to be here to help her all I can," she said through her tears.



Alan sat calmly as Dr. Stockdale removed the bandages from his face. "Now Ann Marie, I promise you'll *love* what we've done. In a moment, I'll give you a mirror so you can see for yourself."

The doctor took her time slowly removing the bandages, as she tried to handle her own emotions. She had waited so long for her patient to be revealed, the product of so much hard work and years of effort.

"Okay, that's the last bandage," she said. "Don't be startled if you see some bruising. That will go away in about a day or two." She handed him the mirror.

She's beautiful... but... but that can't be me, he thought, as he brought his free hand to touch his face. "I... I look like a *girl* now," he gasped.

"Of course, and a very pretty young lady to boot," Dr. Stockdale said smiling broadly.

"I... I look like Alice," he said.

"Ann Marie, why don't you get dressed, and Nurse Sarah will take you back to your room."

Everyone keeps calling me Ann Marie, he thought. *Maybe I should stop fighting it. I mean, I'm so used to it by now... I kind of look like an Ann Marie now, anyway. I can always go back to Alan when I get out of here*, he pondered, as he was stepping into a pair of purple nylon hip hugger panties with a small white lily print.

As he did that, he failed to notice the small bump in the crotch. The HUL had done its job while Alan was recovering. The scrotal sack was empty, the penis no more. What was left more like a button mushroom with a small slit on its

crown. He did notice the pleasant tingling sensation in his crotch when the panties were tugged into place.

A change for Alan was the matching satin bra Nurse Sarah gave him. He had been wearing gel-filled bras but this one was a real A-cup one. Seeing his flesh actually fill the soft molded cups, sent another chill up his spine.

Gosh, he thought, I must have gotten flabby while I was here in bed. Why would I let them get so flabby? I guess it doesn't look so bad. Maybe I should let them get even bigger, just to see if I like them that way...” He easily fastened the three hook and eye closure behind his back.

As he fastened the high waist embroidered matching garter belt, he an even weirder thought. *This lingerie is so cute. Huh? Now where did that thought come from? I don't want to wear... Something cute... They are pretty, though.*”

He ran his hand up his legs. *These black nylons feel so good and make my legs shine. Wonder why I like them? I don't think I should, but I do,* he thought, as he hooked the welt to the suspender belt.

He was happy to put on the crème polyester blouse with balloon sleeves and large bow tie. The black skater skirt felt nice too. Alan felt much better once he was dressed. Stepping into a pair of black three-inch strappy sandals he went over to the mirror on the door.

It's so nice to be out of that horrible hospital gown, he thought. *I felt so exposed wearing that even if there were only other girls around. Too bad I don't have any makeup here. I'll feel much better once I have my face on.* Another, much softer voice, buried deep in his mind screamed in agony.

“Ann Marie, before lunch,” Sarah said, “take a nice bath and relax. I'm sure after spending all that time in the recovery bed, a bath would be most welcome.”

The foaming bath was indeed both relaxing and took most of the aches away. Ann Marie was reluctant to get out of the tub when Nurse Sarah said lunch was ready. The meal of grilled chicken breast, steamed broccoli and green salad was more than satisfying to his tiny stomach. Finished, Alan took the two pills, got into bed and put the earbuds in. Nurse Sarah turned on the TV and left the room. Alan was grateful to be back to his normal routine.

When the video began, Alan noticed something new about it. This time the opening scene was different. It started out showing the backs of a boy and girl walking toward a meadow with a large oak ahead. They had their arms around each other's waists and she was carrying a blanket. When they reached the base of the oak, the girl spread out the blanket and turned to face the boy. The girl's face looked very much like his new face. He watched as the girl placed her arms around the boy's neck, press her body into his and kiss him.



With the scenes unfolding, the subliminal messages worked on Alan's mind. *You are fascinated by and love boys*, the messages said. *You feel drawn to them. You want boys to like you. You want boys to love you.* Alan's mind went blank at that point. What his mind wouldn't consciously remember was the sexual parts as the boy ravaged the girl. He was taking her orally, anally and vaginally while she screamed in pleasure.

During these scenes, the message changed. *What you really really love about boys is they have a penis*, it told Alan. *A penis is the source of all pleasure for a boy and you want to please them. It also gives a girl even greater pleasure. Sucking their penis gives you satisfaction knowing that you're making them happy.*

As the girl on screen began to moan an scream in pleaser, the messages continued. *If boys are happy, they will put their penis in your vagina or anal rose bud. When they do that, it will make you very happy. You love the feelings of being taken like that as you soar on mounting waves of happiness and pleasure.*

As the sexual scenes continued on, Alan unconsciously slid three fingers down to his crotch and began rubbing the nub between his legs. When Nurse Sarah came back, Alan was surprised to see his panties were saturated.

That evening after reading his fashion and gossip magazines, he picked up a romance novel. He read five chapters aloud as Nurse Sarah requested him to do, then got ready for bed. He was wearing his new baby doll, negligee and pair of clear plastic high heeled slippers. The baby doll had a sheer outer mid-thigh length soft white chiffon layer with a bright white nylon under skirt. The bodice was nylon with elaborate embroidered floral pattern. The brief-style panties were bright white with four layers of floral lace on the rear. The negligee was a semi-sheer chiffon with balloon sleeves trimmed in floral lace at cuffs and running up the sleeves completed his bedtime wear.

Sitting at the vanity performing his nightly beauty routine, Alan mused, *I'm kind of sorry to have remove my makeup. I look so pretty but so dull without it.*

He settled into bed, picked up the earbuds and placed them in his ears. It had been a long day and Alan was tired despite not have any physical therapy. He was soon sound asleep.



Doctor Stockdale was observing all this on her monitor and typing in Ann Marie's medical record. "The initial facial feminization surgery has been successfully completed. During the week, the patient was kept sedated and subjected to intense subliminal stimulation and it was successful. Between the psychotropic drugs and subliminal messages, Alan is beginning to think of herself

as Ann Marie and a girly-girl. This should increase exponentially. Dr. King's serum is working as predicted and measurable results are observable. She has lost another half-an-inch in height and some muscle mass. Her hips and butt have lost their masculine tautness and now round, fleshy and bouncy. The waist has narrowed and the patient weighs 115 pounds."

"The collar has performed wonderfully," Dr. Stockdale continued to type. "While Ann Marie hasn't noticed the changes, her voice is now a pleasant soprano. It has also reduced the Adam's Apple to that of a young woman. A surgical procedure to reduce it is not necessary. The laser on the collar has been deactivated as further work on the larynx and Adam's Apple is no longer needed. The HUL has reduced Ann Marie's genitals as expected, and preformed flawlessly. The testicles have liquified and have been removed as normal body waste. The penis has reduced such that the head is visible, appearing more like a large clitoris. When stimulated, the patient indicates excellent response due to condensed nerve endings. The anal ring appears to be highly sensitized as well."

The doctor finished up her notes. "With phase 2 completed, we have now begun correcting her sexual orientation. In consultation with my colleagues, we believe she will be ready for our plasta-skin vaginal prosthetic by the end of the week. It's time we removed any genital indications that Ann Marie was ever male. Additional facial and breast enlargement will follow, provided Ann Marie adapts well to the prosthetic. The new subliminal messages used during her sleeping period should solve any potential problems regarding that issue."

That's done," Dr. Stockdale thought, *"And now to send an up-date to Mrs. Davis, then I can go and get some rest."*

Dear Mrs. Davis,

I'm sure you are anxious to hear about your daughter's progress. We have performed some minor facial surgery to bring her attributes more in line with her desires. In about a week, we will refine her look to exactly meet the facial features, and breast augmentation will be performed. Based on the cup size of the bras you brought, they will eventually be a D-cup. Our breast augmentation does not use any silicon or gel sacks, and recovery time is very short and pain-free. We'll be using our revolutionary proprietary plasta-skin. I can't tell you exactly what or how it works, but I can tell you it's biological, allergen-free and sterile. Once injected, the breasts will look and feel like real breast tissue. Minor surgery will be used to enhance the nipples and increase sensitivity.

You will see from the attached video that Ann Marie is embracing her new-found femininity. The video contains audio so you can hear her speaking. Phase 3 of our program is now proceeding as she has adapted so well to our schedule.



Upon reading the email, Donna was surprised seeing how much her baby had transformed. The face showed some light bruising, but looked very feminine. While she could recognize her son, his face looked more like his girlfriend, Alice. He was wearing a white bra and white nylon brief panties with lace inserts at the hips. The big difference between now and the first pictures were no bulge in the panties and what appeared to be cleavage. Plus, his body seemed more petite. The slide show of pictures — all of which Ann Marie was smiling happily — ended with Ann Marie sitting at her vanity, applying makeup.

The video/audio portion showed Ann Marie dressed in a gorgeous white baby doll and reading from a romance novel. To Donna, the voice and resonance were totally feminine and she seemed to be enjoying reading the book.

Oh my, if I didn't know that happy pretty girl was my son, I never would believe it in a million years, she thought.



For the rest of the week Ann Marie went back to her regular schedule. Walking through the wavy bars a bit difficult as she was now wearing six-inch pencil heels. Aerobics a bit more strenuous as the pace had quickened. Cooking and cleaning became more intense, as she was made to work faster and more efficiently. Ballet seemed harder, as she was now doing dancing routines. Getting into the bath was a welcome and enjoyable relief. Now that the HUL was gone, very pleasant feelings shot up and down her spine as she washed between her legs. She also found washing her small breasts most pleasurable.

In the afternoons she was given a pink laptop loaded with numerous files. The included files were on fashion, makeup and other subjects most teen girls would have on theirs. There were two sites' worth of straight sex videos that were included by "accident." She was briefly told to ignore the adult sex material by Nurse Sarah, and threatened to punish her if she was to watch them. It was The Princess Center's way to see how well their sexual re-orientation program was working. If Ann Marie got curious and began voluntarily viewing — and better yet masturbating while watching — so much the better. By the end of the week, she was doing just that, much to Dr. Stockdale's approval.

I think giving her our vaginal prosthetic Monday morning will go very smoothly now, the doctor thought, seeing what was transpiring on her monitor.



That weekend, Anne Marie was free to spend her time as she wished. When she finished with her morning bath, dressed and did her hair and makeup, Anne Marie was at a loss as to how to pass the time.

At first, her instinct was to go back to that secret folder on the laptop with those naughty videos, but she was already feeling guilty about that.

Then she had a wonderful idea. There were so many clothes in her dresser that she had never tried on. She could remember feeling hesitant about wearing any of them, but now it felt like a wonderful opportunity she couldn't let pass.

For that day, she tried on every garment in the closet, from ribboned and ruffled dresses to satiny, shimmery blouses. She tried on every pair of panties and every bra. She wore every pair of shoes. She tugged on every pair of tights and every pair of stockings.

It was her own little fashion show as she posed and twirled in front of her mirror. She had far more clothes than she realized. Ann Marie dressed as a high fashion model, a queen, a ballerina, a movie star, a fairy princess, a secretary, a pop singer and finally, her favorite: she pulled back her hair, put on a pair of glasses and pretended to be Dr. Stockdale.

"You have more surgery, Ann Marie," she said to her reflection, waving a pen. "Don't forget your videos. You need to train harder!" She fell down in a heap of giggles as she imitated the doctor's stern voice. She hadn't had more fun in what seemed like forever.

Then, she stopped smiling. A thought popped into her head, and she began to wonder what the future held for her. Was her family going to accept her as Ann Marie? What about her father? He would be so angry to not have his son



anymore.

Since her mother had been the one to put her in here, Ann Marie wondered if she was going to be satisfied with her changes. She wanted to be the very best daughter she could be for her mother, and didn't want her to think her time at the Princess Center had been for nothing. Once, she had been terrified as to what was going to happen to her, but now, Ann Marie was discovering how wonderful the changes were. She still didn't know if she would be a girl for the rest of her life, or even for a single day after she left the center, but it felt good to her right now. Maybe her mother was right. She resolved she wouldn't fight this place anymore, and she would become the girl her mother wanted her to be.



Ann Marie was surprised Monday morning as she entered the bathroom. Nurse Sarah hadn't added bath beads or oils to the bathwater. As the girl went over to the linen closet to get them, Sarah stopped her.

"None of that today or your after-bath lotions Ann Marie. Doctor's orders. Doctor Stockdale wants to do a checkup this morning. Here, use this surgical soap instead," Sarah said.

Ann Marie was puzzled at that, but more so when told to just put on her bra, pink spa robe and mules. When she asked what the doctor was planning on doing, received an evasive answer.

"Oh, nothing serious, I'm sure. She just said that it would be something that you will love. Trust me, whatever she has in mind you will love," Nurse Sarah answered.

In the doctor's office, Ann Marie was told to take off her robe and get on the exam table. Her feet were secured into the stirrups. Settled onto the table, Nurse Sarah covered Ann Marie with a green sterile sheet.

"Good morning Ann Marie," Doctor Stockdale said entering the office. "How are you feeling? A little scared? Well, don't worry. I going to use another of our



proprietary products that you will love, trust me. You're going to be more than pleased when I'm done."

What Dr. Stockdale removed from a stainless-steel bin looked like clear gelatin. "This, Ann Marie, is absolutely the very latest in scientific and medical advancements. We call it *plasta-flesh*," she explained. "It is a living organic substance we developed using stem cell research. It's grown from your own cells. It adheres to the body, fusing with existing flesh, including the nerve endings. Once I put it on, it will feel and react like your own body and skin. It will also morph into your skin tone. Unless a doctor performs an exhaustive examination, no one will know — trust me."

I'm not sure I want something like that put on me, Ann Marie thought. She said I will love it and to trust her. I trust her but I don't know if I will love whatever it is...

An hour later, Ann Marie was standing before a full-length mirror wearing just her bra. The image reflected back was of a petite young teenage girl. She stood open-mouthed, staring at her groin area, stunned to see a girl's vagina between her legs.

The doctor and Nurse Sarah were watching on the office monitor as Ann Marie reached down to touch the vaginal lips. They were apprehensive and anxious when she inserted a finger into the slit, as neither were sure how Ann Marie would react. When she let out a squeak of surprise, and began moving her finger with a large smile, they relaxed. Ann Marie obviously loved what they did.

Oh my, this seems so wrong, Ann Marie thought, but I love this feeling I'm getting. My little heart looks so natural now. I think it's so cute! She bit her lip as she moved her finger in and out.

"Looks like our mental reprogramming has worked even better than expected," Doctor Stockdale said to Nurse Sarah. "We just may have Ann Marie home a month early," the pleased doctor added, seeing Ann Marie's delighted face.



Later, Doctor Stockdale began updating Ann Marie's file. "Attached our *plasta-flesh* artificial vagina on Ann Marie," She typed into the laptop. "Within an hour of attachment, the *plasta-flash* had permanently bonded to the skin and adopted the correct skin coloration. Unless a doctor performs a chromosomal test, I doubt any routine exam would reveal that it's not natural."

“Our code words, ‘you will love it’ and ‘trust me’ which have been implanted with our subliminal messaging, made the process of her acceptance of her new anatomy quite successful. It seems our mental reprogramming theories are working better than anticipated. Ann Marie did a little experimenting in self-indulgence when in private. It has worked so well, we are moving up our schedule. Next week, we will finalize her facial alterations and inject our plasta-flesh at the equivalent of a C cup. The hormonal treatments have created A-cups, but continue to add fullness. In time, her breasts will become a full D-cup and perhaps a D+ depending on genetics.”

“Ann Marie is close to full acceptance of being a girly-girl. She has fully adopted the mannerisms and social skills of her deepest desires. The only thing lacking is her sexual reorientation. However, after two or so more weeks of programing that problem will resolve itself. If everything goes as I currently see it, Ann Marie should be ready for discharge in August, a full month before our original projections.”

Next, she turned her attention to sending Mrs. Davis an up-date on Ann Marie.

Dear Mrs. Davis,

Ann Marie has made significant progress since our last update. As you will see from the attached slide show and video, she not only appears to be a very feminine young lady but also behaves as one. Shortly, we will finalize her facial features to duplicate the picture of Alice you gave us. You will still be able to recognize Ann Marie as your own child as we have not changed the eye color.

I don't want to get your hopes up, but she is progressing much faster than we estimated. We may have her home sometime in early August. If you have not yet started rearranging her room and making it suitable for a teenage girl, I suggest you start now. I'm including her current measurements should you desire to do some shopping. Just don't go overboard. Shopping with your daughter will be a new and wonderful experience.

Yours,

Dr. Candice Stockdale, Ph.D., M.D.



That night after finishing supper, Nurse Sarah gave Ann Marie a pink tissue wrapped gift with a fluffy white satin bow. “Ann Marie,” she said, lovingly, “I

wanted to help you enjoy your corrected anatomy. Before you open it, promise me you will keep it in your bedside table. Trust me, you may not like it now but you will come to love it.”

“Thank you Nurse Sarah, I promise,” she replied, carefully removing the ribbon and the wrapping.

Ew! Why did she think I would love this? she thought removing a life like seven-inch-long erect penis. *I don't think I even like it... but I promised.*

“Eeerrrr... thank you. It's... it's not what I expected,” Ann Marie said, placing it back into the box.

“You're welcome,” Sarah replied, smiling. “Now it's time for bed and some TV before lights out.”

By the time Ann Marie had finished her nighttime beauty regimen and dressed in a royal blue baby doll and matching satin thong, her eyes were getting heavy. When she arose in the morning only had a vague memory of her dreams.

Dr. Stockdale, however watched the video of Ann Marie play out on her monitor with a satisfied smile. She may not have remembered what she did at night, but Ann Marie had taken the dildo out of its box as pornographic scenes played out on the TV. Her oral technique was okay, only getting it about half way into her mouth. However, her vaginal and anal efforts were energetic and reached several climaxes. It was shame the new girl wouldn't remember it.

“Ann Marie's first efforts are very encouraging,” the doctor typed into the medical record. “A bit awkward and experimental at first, but the patient showed enthusiasm. Based on her responses, she discovered just how sensitive her vaginal and anal openings are and the pleasure derived from them. Still, she performed under the influence of the drugs and subliminal messages. I'll let Nurse Sarah keep giving her those for the rest of the week. Next week, if Ann Marie continues giving herself such pleasures without the drugs; then, I'll know she is ready for the next step.



Two weeks later, Ann Marie was scheduled for her final surgical procedures, and they were the most severe yet. In the surgical suite, her bottom ribs were removed. The plastic surgeon operated the robot to give her nose a slight upturn and remove a bit of excess flesh under the eyes. A third doctor administered the injection of the liquid version of plasta-flesh, creating matching C-cup breasts along with eraser-sized plump nipples. Then, Dr. Stockdale added

some plasta-flesh to make Ann Marie's bottom fuller. After these procedures, she would have an hour-glass figure men would be drooling over.

Once the procedures were finished, Ann Marie was put back into the recovery area as a new and extremely potent set of messages were subliminally fed into her mind for the next few weeks.

Dear Mrs. Davis,

I hope you have everything ready for Ann Marie's return home. The final surgeries have been successful and your daughter is doing just fine. Ann Marie's participation in our program has provided the data we needed to prove our theories. It is greatly appreciated and we will continue to provide free follow-up health care as needed. Next Friday we will have a final testing of our theories. If successful, and I see no reason Ann Marie will fail, she will be ready to come home by Sunday. I will contact you Saturday morning and would like to meet personally with just you then. As promised, I have attached a slide show and short video.



When Mrs. Davis viewed the videos and pictures, had a hard time recognizing Ann Marie as she looked so much like Alice. It was almost like she was seeing the real Alice, not Ann Marie. Watching as Ann Marie easily went through her aerobics and how graceful she was at ballet, Donna smiled with motherly pride.

I have always wanted a daughter and it certainly looks like I have one now, she thought happily. I can't wait to actually see her and give her a great big bear hug. Jack has been slow to come around but once he sees this, he'll have no choice but to accept Ann Marie as his loving daughter. I would like Jack to meet Doctor Stockdale, but she said I should come alone. I can't wait to have my baby back.



On Friday, Ann Marie was told that Dr. Stockdale had a reward for her. "Ann Marie, Dr. Stockdale has something special planned for your going home party. I can't tell you what it is right now but I promise you will love it, trust me. Come here, I have another present for you," Nurse Sarah said as she removed the choker around Ann Marie's neck. "I don't think this is necessary anymore," she added.

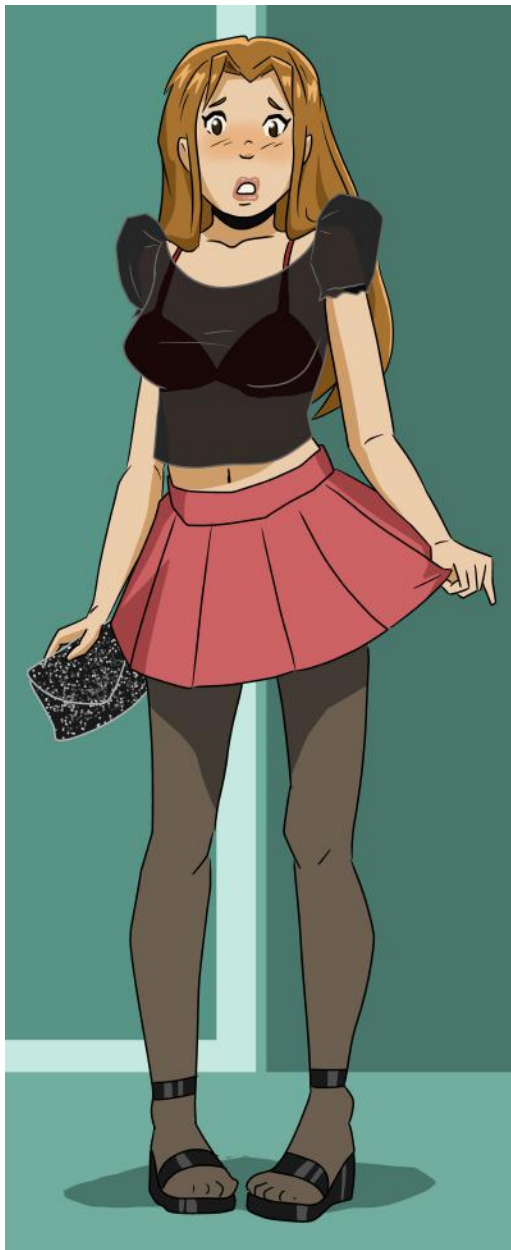
Ann Marie was on pins and needles all morning wondering what the doctor had planned, but very happy she would be going home soon. It wasn't until late afternoon that Nurse Sarah told her to get dressed for a night out on the town.

"Ann Marie, you have a date with a very nice young man tonight as a reward for all your hard work," she said. "His name is Jordan and the son of one of the doctor's friends. I'm sure that you are more than ready to get out of here after being cooped up for so long. Wear something nice but sexy and have fun."

Oh my, a date with a boy? Ann Marie thought. *I'll be on my own too. No one supervising my every minute. I hardly remember what that will be like and with a boy I've never met. I just hope he's cute!*

A little before seven, the new girl nervously entered Dr. Stockdale's office. It had taken her over three hours to get ready, most of that time trying to decide what to wear. She finally decided on red satin lingerie, high cut panties with rose lace front insert, matching embroidered garter belt and push-up seamless cupped bra. For outer wear, she selected a red box pleated skater mid-thigh skirt and semi-sheer black poly peasant blouse with puffed short sleeves. The round neckline would show the straps of her bra and a good hint of her cleavage. A pair of black silk stockings, black three-inch wedge sandals and black sequined clutch completed her outfit.

Sexy but not slutty, Ann Marie thought as she began fastening a gold cross on thin gold chain around her neck.



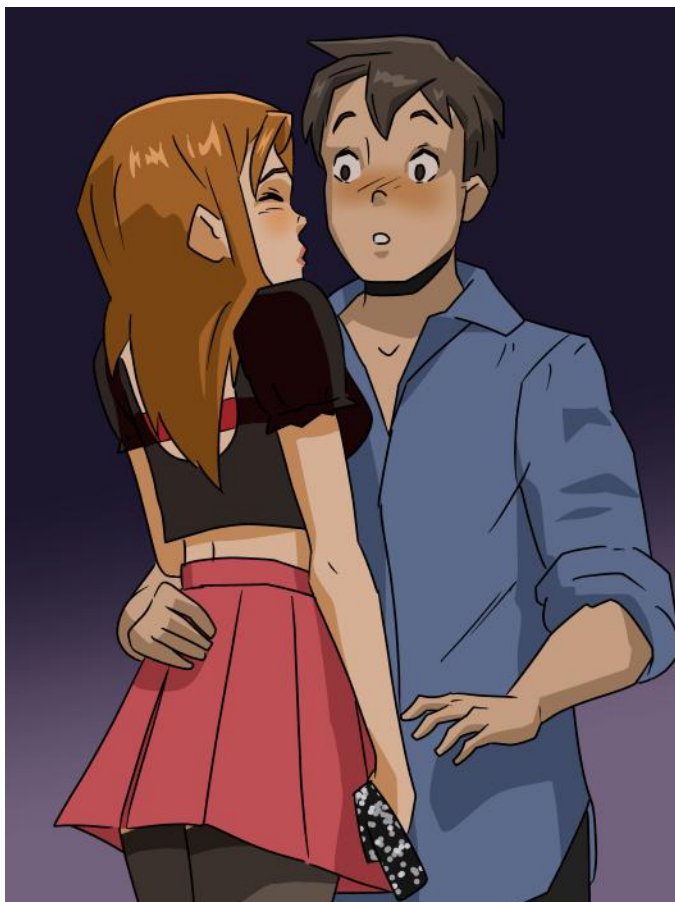
There was a handsome young man who stood up when Ann Marie entered the office. “Ann Marie, this is a very nice young man who is looking forward to taking you out tonight,” Dr. Stockdale said, by way of introduction. “His name is Jordan, and the son of a very dear friend of mine. Trust me, I’m sure you two will hit it off. As this is your first date and away from the clinic, it will be for dinner and a movie. He has been instructed to have you back no later than ten. Now, you two run along and have fun.”

Golly, he’s really cute, was Ann Marie’s first thought when she shook Jordan’s hand.

Impulsively, she stood on her toes and gave him a quick kiss on the cheek. *That was a bit forward of me but the doctor did say to have fun,* she thought. *Wow! I just kissed a boy, and his cologne smells delish. Don’t know why there’s a tingling of doubt about dating a boy, though. Oh well! I’m not going to let a little doubt keep me from having fun tonight. I’m sick and tired of being cooped up here. I’d date a rhinoceros if it got me outside...*

Ann Marie thoroughly enjoyed the quaint Italian place he took her to. She found him polite and entertaining as they dined. As she had learned, she let him do almost all of the taking, occasionally touching his hand to show interest and tenderness. Having the best meal she could remember didn’t hurt, and the Tiramisu for dessert was to die for. When they left for the movie, they both had their arms around each other’s waist.

That was fun and delish, she thought



as they left. *I'm going to have to hit the aerobics hard tomorrow to work all those wonderful calories off, though.*

During the movie, Jordan had his arm around Ann Marie's shoulders, her head resting on his broad shoulder. She felt a thrill every time his fingers glided over her bare skin. She almost cooed when his hand briefly cupped her right breast. Instead, she turned her head to him and they kissed deeply. For a millisecond, she was alarmed by what she was doing. When his tongue entered her mouth, though, Ann Marie was lost in the passion of the moment. They saw very little of the movie after that first kiss.

There were very few people scattered about as the movie had been showing for some time. The two young kids were in a back corner and Ann Marie was feeling adventurous. As they kissed, she reached down and unzipped Jordan's pants. As her hand began to expose his member, he was reaching inside her blouse and into the bra cup. For any other girl, she might have stopped it right there, but Ann Marie's programming was taking hold, and she was compelled to go further. When Jordan started to massage her breast, then tweak her nipple, it made Ann Marie moan in delight. Having a man doing what she did in private was so much more satisfying. Jordan in turn, groaned out his pleasure as he climaxed.

After Ann Marie gave him a good night tongue twisting kiss outside the front door of the Princess Center, she went to her room. Jordan went to Dr. Stockdale's office. "Doc, I've got to hand it to you. Ann Marie is hot, and was ready to party. As a matter of fact, I wouldn't mind dating her again... Even though I know who she was, or what she was. I hope you're going to tell me that's not against company rules," he stated.

"Well you are only a summer intern, so I guess house rules won't apply until you gain full employment," she replied smiling. "You're also a Senior at Stemming High, so you are age appropriate. No, I don't have any problem with you continuing your pursuit of Ann Marie."



That Saturday morning, Donna was sitting in Dr. Stockdale's office feeling a bit nervous. She didn't know what to expect, but hoped she would get to see her new daughter. The doctor was sitting behind her desk with a warm smile.

"Mrs. Davis, I only have good things to report," the doctor said. "First, you can pick up Ann Marie tomorrow morning and take her home. We at The Princess Center feel that there is little more we can do here. Of course, we will do periodic reviews and checkups. Secondly, as you have witnessed over the previous months, Ann Marie's appearance and mannerisms, including her thought pat-

terns, are very feminine. They meet or exceed her deepest desires and she fully accepts what she has become.”

“I’m so glad,” Mrs. Davis said.

“Thirdly,” she continued, “I have something to show you. As you are aware, Ann Marie, based on her application and physical evidence in that “Play Girl” magazine, strongly desires intimate relations with young men. We felt it was required to meet that goal as part of her successful transition. Ann Marie will be sexually active as it reinforces the fact that she is a real woman.”

She turned around her laptop, which had a video player running. “Please watch this video to get a full understanding of what her desires are. Once she leaves here, we have no control or oversight; therefore, you will need to be vigilant. We certainly don’t want these new desires to get out of hand. We have provided her with a dildo to ease those carnal impulses.”

“Yes, of course. I suppose it’s only reasonable,” Mrs. Davis said. “He... I mean... She will have needs.”

“Yes. You must realize she is like most hormonally-driven young women at that age. Just try and put some limits on her dating habits. You know, have that mother-daughter talk. While she can’t get pregnant, Ann Marie needs to practice safe sex.”

“Yes, I guess this is what having a daughter is all about,” Mrs. Davis replied, with a slight blush coming to her cheeks.

“Very good,” the doctor said. “Now, I have all the necessary legal documents ready for you which I will give you shortly. But first the video,” she said, and hit play on her laptop.

The video was of Ann Marie self-pleasuring herself orally, vaginally and anally. It ended with her on tip toe kissing Jordan on the cheek, followed by one of their goodnight kiss.

Donna was transfixed by the video. *Never in my wildest dreams did I imagine I would be seeing a child of mine doing that and enjoying it*, she thought.

“Donna, that young man is one of our summer interns,” Dr. Stockdale said when the video was over. “A really nice person who took Ann Marie out for dinner and a movie. He knows about Ann Marie and her past. Jordan was so impressed, he asked me if he could continue dating her. I approved and hope you will as well. He’s a senior at Stemming High and age appropriate. He also provides a protective shield for her when she starts school in September. I hope you agree.”

“Yes doctor, I have to agree after seeing that,” a flushed-faced Donna replied.

“Splendid, let’s finish up for today and you can meet your daughter tomorrow,” the doctor said, handing over the legal papers. “As you can see there are certified copies of the official name and gender change, new birth certificate indicating she is female and seventeen years of age. We have taken the liberty of enrolling her in Stemming’s, majoring in secretarial studies. Being a junior instead of a senior, will give her more time to assimilate into society and enjoy all the things she missed. She will experience things like sleepovers, going to proms, shopping and, of course, boys. We had all her previous school and public records changed to reflect her new self.”



The drive home for Donna was done almost in a daze. She simply couldn’t believe what she had seen was her own child, her own Alan. She barely recognized anything in Ann Marie, but could still feel a connection, even if it was a tenuous one. It was like seeing pre-natal sonograms of a child in the womb, unable to really, truly know if it was real, but knowing it was her own flesh and blood. Emotionally, this was like giving birth all over again.

As Donna walked into the kitchen was still stunned by what she had seen on that video. Putting her purse down on the counter, she grabbed a cup of coffee and sat at the table.

I’ve kept Jack updated on Ann Marie’s progress and he’s not happy one bit, she thought. There’s no way I can show him that video. I hope when he sees her tomorrow, he will accept her as she is. I keep reminding him no matter what, she’s still his child. A happy child is better than a dead one. Still, I can tell Jack has misgivings. Hopefully when they’re face to face, sees how beautiful and happy she is, he will embrace his daughter. I’m not worried about Jeffrey. I haven’t told him much but he, for some reason, seems quite happy about it. Ever since I admitted Ann Marie to the clinic, Jeffrey acts like he’s found the goose that laid the golden eggs. That’s not like him at all. He’s always been jealous of his brother. Oh well, I have other more important things to think about like my relationship with my new daughter.



Sunday morning, Donna was back in Dr. Stockdale’s office. “Okay Mrs. Davis, are you ready to meet your daughter?” the doctor said putting the signed discharge papers into a file. “If you’ll come with me she’s waiting in the next office.”

As they entered, Ann Marie rushed over to her mother giving her a big hug and kiss to the cheek. “Oh Momma, I have missed you so much!” she squealed.

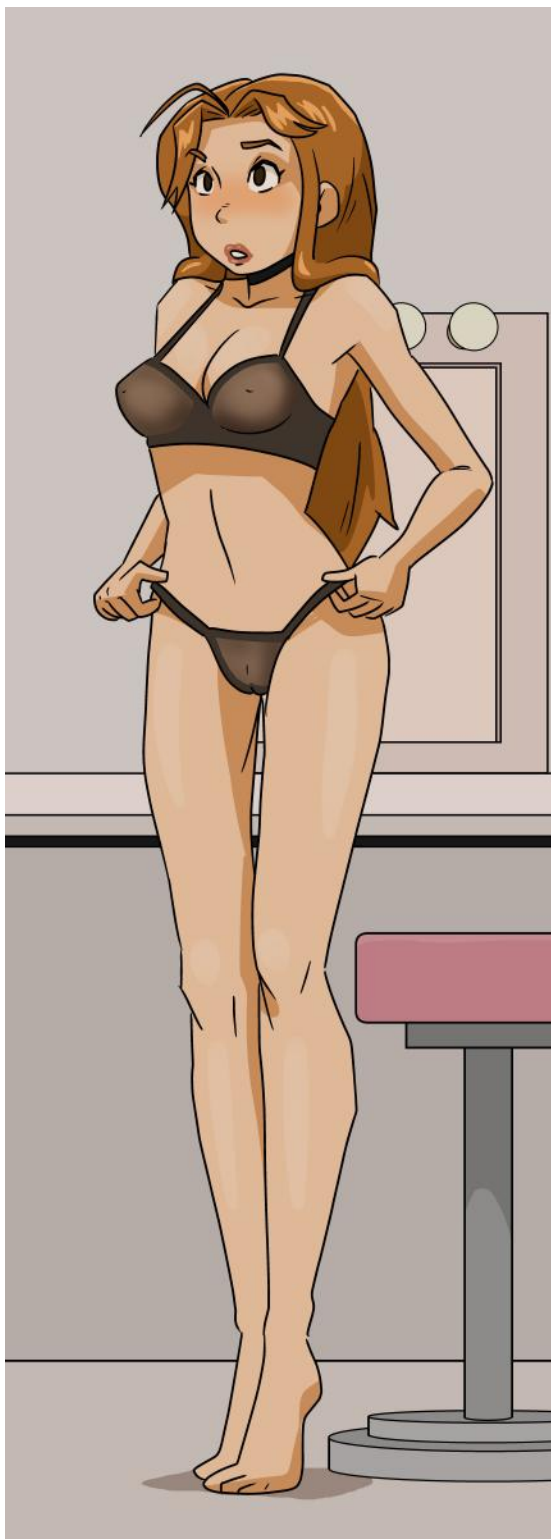
Donna was pleasantly surprised by this, and happily returned the hug and kiss. She was a little curious why Ann Marie was only wearing a pink terry spa robe and clear plastic mules.

She’s not dressed to go anywhere like this, she thought.

“I see you’re a bit puzzled Mrs. Davis,” Doctor Stockdale said, smiling. “I thought you might want to have a look at what we have achieved before I send her off to get dressed. Ann Marie, please remove your robe.”

Blushing, the girl did as instructed. Under the robe, Ann Marie wore a sheer bra and panties. Sheer enough that Donna could easily see real C-cup breasts with eraser sized nipples and the V-shaped camel-toe of womanhood. Ann Marie had a tiny waist, wide hips and a round behind — a body configuration only women have.

“Oh my, you are absolutely stunning, darling,” Donna gasped. *She could be Alice’s twin, but this Alice is my beautiful daughter,* she thought.



“I see you approve,” Dr. Stockdale said beaming. “Ann Marie, put on your robe and go get dressed then come to my office. I’ll have an orderly bring your luggage.”

Ann Marie returned looking even more beautiful than Donna had just seen her. She was wearing full daytime makeup, three-inch gold hoops in her ears and wearing the cutest outfit. A translucent pale blue peasant blouse revealing her blue camisole and bra straps, blue denim mini-dress and three-inch wedge sandals. There was a small gold cross hanging from a necklace and metal bangles on her right wrist. From her shoulder hung a small black leather hobo purse.

Donna wanted to remember this moment for the rest of her life. *She’s so lovely and I have the daughter I have always dreamed about*, she thought, as a tear began to form.



Meanwhile, back at the Davis house, Jeffrey was in his room, smiling from ear to ear and pumping his fist into the air celebrating his victory. *Finally, I got him good and he’s out of the picture, thought to himself.* He couldn’t wait until he saw him in the flesh, now reduced to a weak, simpering female. His mother wanted to keep thing a surprise, but Jeffrey didn’t need to see any pictures to know that everything he deserved was finally going to be his. *Now I’m the good son and Alice will be all mine! Damn! I’m good... no... I’m great,*” he thought picking up his cell.

“Got to call Alice and tell her that her boyfriend is coming home. I can’t wait to see the look on her face when she meets the new Alan. She’ll go ballistic and I’ll be right there to comfort her. How could anything be better than this,” he thought, pressing speed dial.

Alice picked up her phone, saw the caller ID and frowned. *“Now why is that weirdo calling me and how did he get my number?”* she thought letting the call go to voice mail. The phone rang three more times before she decided to answer, ready to tell Jeffrey where he could go. All she had to hear was that Alan was coming home before dropping the phone into her purse and running to her car.

When she rang the doorbell Jeffrey answered it, he barely got out a “hello” as she rushed into the house. “Where is she? Is she here yet?” she asked excitedly.

“Huh? She knows? Mom must have said something. Oh well, doesn’t matter when they meet I’m sure she’ll freak out. She’ll be right where I want her, in my arms sobbing while I comfort her in no time,” Jeffrey thought confidently.

When Donna and Ann Marie walked through the kitchen door, Alice was stunned. *That can't be Alan! She looks like... me!* She was suddenly terrified. *"I even have an outfit that looks like that,* she thought, more and more horrified by the moment.

It was indeed the same outfit as what Alice wore. Dr. Stockdale got a similar one after seeing a picture Donna had given her. When Ann Marie saw Alice, smiled, Alice was going to be her best friend.

"Alice it's so nice to see you," Ann Marie said walking towards her.

Hearing that, Alice came out of her thoughts and with a shriek, ran away. "No! Stay away from me!" She cried. "What have you done to him?" She yelled at Donna. "You made him into a clone of me!" She continued to back away, with a look of pure terror on her face. "You people are monsters!"

"Please, Alice, I love you so much!" Alan said, stretching out his tin, girlish arms. "I just want to be like you!"

"Get away!" Alice yelled. "Get away!" She turned and ran, streaking through the house and crashing out the front door. "Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh my God!" She repeated as she jumped into her car and sped away.

That was something Jeffrey was totally unprepared for. He expected some kind of acceptance. "What the fuck just happened?" he said angrily.

"I guess it was a little much for her," his mother said standing nearby. She hugged her new daughter. "I just wanted a daughter like Alice. I thought she would be happy for Ann Marie."

"Bu... but she was supposed to be mine now," Jeffrey said, clutching his hands in mid-air. "I didn't plan for this to happen," he blurted without thinking.

Jack Davis, having just arrived from upstairs, had only caught the tail end of the conversation. "And what do you mean by that young man?" He demanded, walking up to Jeffrey.

"Noth... nothing... I... I just hoped... That's all. I'm going up to my room," Jeffrey replied, realizing his mistake.

"We're going to have a talk later, after I greet my new daughter. I think staying in your room a good idea for now," his father gruffly said.

He turned to Ann Marie and she seemed to forget all about the outburst from his girlfriend. "Hi Daddy," she said with a bright smile. It immediately melted Jack's heart.

After the family greetings were over, Ann Marie grabbed a diet cola from the fridge went up to her room. It wasn't the room she vaguely remembered but a very girly-girl room. The walls painted powder pink and the ceiling egg shell white. The carpet had been removed and the wooden floors polished with scat-

tered fluffy throw rugs. The old navy cotton curtains replaced with bright pink satin ones. The beat-up furniture replaced with French Provencal delicate furnishings with a lighted vanity. There was a hint of fresh paint but a floral scent mostly covered it up.

“Do you like it?” Jack asked Ann Marie.

“Oh, Daddy! It’s perfect!” the new girl replied.

As Ann Marie walked over to her new bed, Jack couldn’t help but notice the graceful sway of her hips and her pert round bottom. *She acts, speaks and looks so much like a girl. I have a hard time believing that used to be my precious son*, Jack thought.

Standing beside Ann Marie, the middle-aged man took a deep breath before speaking. “I have a very hard time believing that you were once my boy, Alan. The way you’re dressed, the perfect makeup, the way you move so naturally as a girl. And, you’re petite now with what look like real breasts. What did they do at that clinic?”

“Before I went to the clinic,” Ann Marie replied, “I didn’t think I was transgendered but now I know it was true. I’ve always wanted to be a girly-girl. That’s why I fell in love with Alice, because I wanted to be more like her. The clinic did some surgical things to improve my looks to meet what they said was my ideal. They used some new invention called plasta-flesh that’s like the real thing. It bonded to me and so I now have real breasts and a... a...vagina,” Ann Marie seemed embarrassed at admitting she had a vagina. “As far as how I act and behave, let’s just say a lot of studying and lessons.”

“Are you into boys too?” Jack asked as Ann Marie sat fidgeted with the hem of her skirt.

“I’m sorry Daddy, but yes. Guess I always was, but now I even have a boyfriend. His name is Jordan Malcomb. I met him at the clinic. He’s so cute and funny. I really like him,” Ann Marie replied blushing rose red.

“It’s alright, Ann Marie. I was prepared by your mother. I know it’s just they way things are. You’re my daughter now, and I still love you.”

“Thank you, Daddy,” Ann Marie said, jumping up to hug her father, and Jack hugged her back. “I just hope Alice will talk to me again.”

“Honey, I don't know,” Jack replied. “You may want to just move on for now. It’s quite a shock for her. She’s going to need time. A lot of time.”



The next day, Donna Davis was over the moon. Her new daughter was everything she had ever hoped for. *Chatting and helping Ann Marie get ready for bed last night was so much fun, she thought to herself. After that, there is no doubt in my mind she is a girly-girl through and through.*

Donna had suggested taking it slow, but Ann Marie wanted to make her public debut at the local neighborhood pool, in a new swimsuit. *I can't wait to help her pick out a cute bikini and I know just the place. I hope she likes my surprise for when we finish shopping,* Donna thought as she parked at the mall.

Donna grabbed Ann Marie's hand as they walked to the entrance smiling happily. Ann Marie looked at her mom and pulled her hand away.

"Momma, I'm not some little girl. You don't have to hold my hand. I won't wander off," she said.

"Oh, sorry darling but I just can't help myself. I've never had a daughter before and so very happy and proud now that I have one," Donna replied, her eyes sparkling.

"I'm sorry Momma. I've never been a daughter either," Ann Marie answered taking hold of her hand.

"You will absolutely think you died and went to heaven in here. I'm a little too old now but in my day, this was the place to shop. We'll get the swimsuit first then you can browse around," Donna said as they entered Victoria's Secret.

Ann Marie initially wanted a one piece but Momma was determined on a cute bikini. *A girl with your figure isn't going to hide it and I'm a little jealous that I can't wear one anymore,* Donna thought.

They finally settled on a ribbed triangle push-up in a Venetian Red bikini after trying on several others. Ann Marie was a little nervous stepping out of the changing booth. The bikini barely held her breasts. The high thigh bottoms clung to her round buttocks leaving half her cheeks visible and an obvious camel toe in front.

"Momma, I can't wear this! It shows too much an.,. and it shows my... my..." Ann Marie said blushing fiercely and pointing to her groin.

"Darling, that is absolutely perfect for you. What you're pointing to is called a vagina and no different than any other girl. I think you already know that and that bikini is perfect for your coming out. We can get you a pretty top to go with it if you're worried. Trust me darling, the other girls are going to be so jealous and the boys... well... they will like it a lot," she said giggling.

Donna didn't know she used one of the conditioning codes, "trust me," but it clicked in Ann Marie's mind. *The boys are going to like it!* she thought, then said happily, "Let's get it."



They browsed around the store after finding a cute mid-thigh top. The top was semi-sheer in a blush red shade with three-quarter flare sleeves. The hems were trimmed in Venetian Red satin as was the sash. Ann Marie found the bra and panty sets like her mother said, to die for. Donna happily bought four sets.

From there it was a stop in a nearby shoe store. They left with a pair of red wedge three-inch heels. The final stop was the nail salon. There, Ann Marie received her first manicure/pedicure. The gel polish on her salon nails and toes

matched the Venetian Red of her bikini. Both were chatting happily on the way back to the car.

Having a daughter is certainly going to be different around here. At least I don't have to worry about this one getting preggers, Donna thought.



Arriving at the pool, the attention was on Ann Marie the moment she stepped out of the family van. Even in a loose cover-up, it was quite clear that a new girl was in town, and a sexy one to rival the beautiful Alice Davenport. In fact, to many people, they thought it was Alice herself, but changed their minds when they saw her escorted by Jordan, the boy she had met at the clinic. They knew the real Alice would never go anywhere without her boyfriend, Alan.

Jordan had been Ann Marie's personal invited guest and had followed the family in his own car. The young man couldn't have looked more proud to have such a gorgeous girl beside him as they held hands.

As they entered the pool area, the males of the town stopped what they were doing and stared at the new arrivals. The guys had openly lustful looks at what appeared to be Alice's clone. Some of the girls with jealous envy. None of them saw or expected the new girl was their old friend Alan.

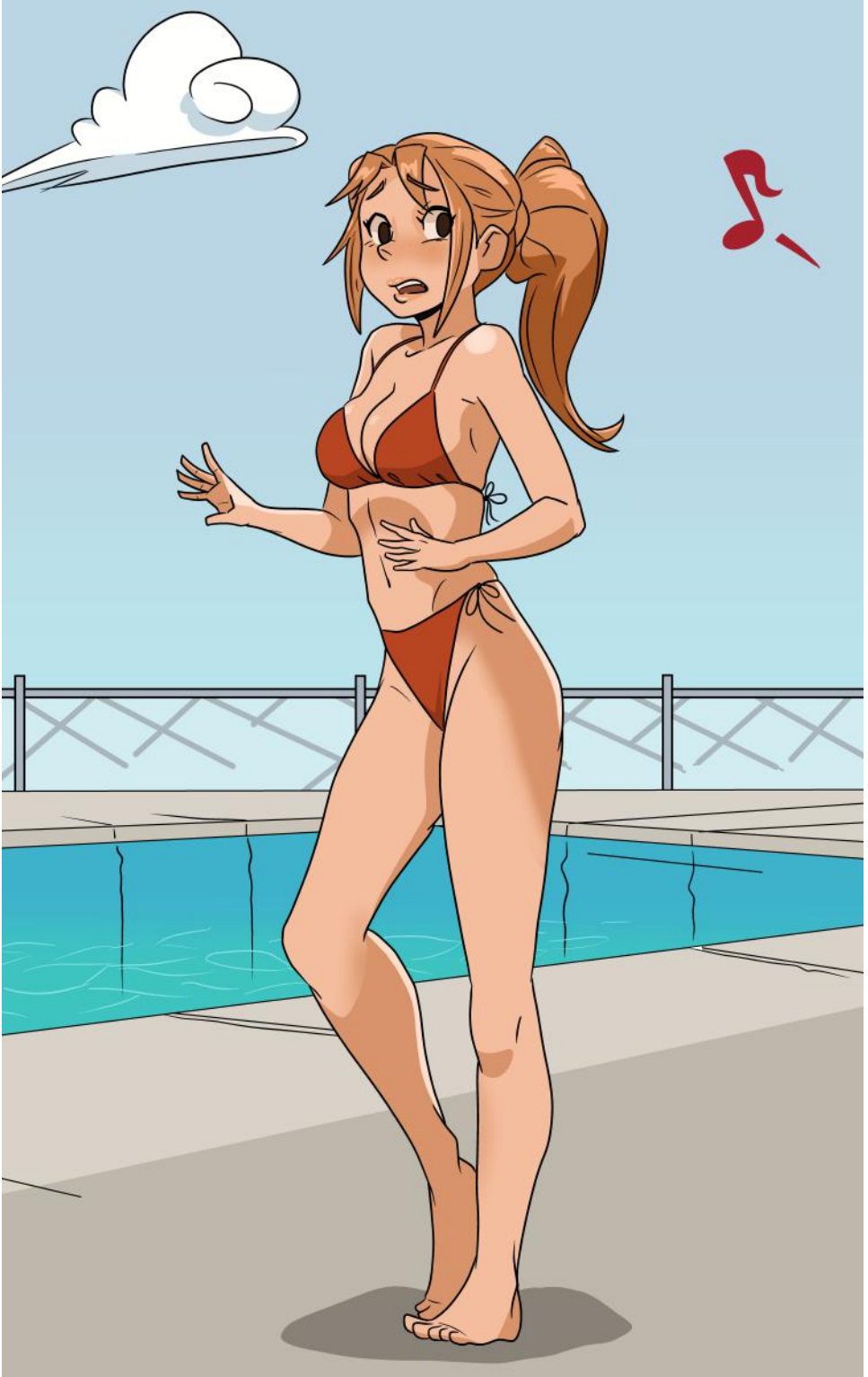
There was a lot of mumbling amongst people at the pool. They all wanted a better look, and were starting to wander in Ann Marie's direction. Ann Marie was nervous and shy initially but wasn't under any threat. She did want to show off a little, and this had been her idea to come here.

It was a bit embarrassing taking off her wrap, exposing her perfect feminine body for everyone to see. It was also a moment of satisfaction, knowing she was the prettiest girl at the pool. With her esteem nearly overflowing, she went to be with her boyfriend.

Ann Marie had forgotten to retie the wrap as she approached Jordan who was with some guys his age who had gathered to talk about the new girl. Her hips and C cup breasts swaying sexually, all the boys' eyes were riveted on her. Jordan let out a wolf whistle, gave her a hug and quick kiss.

Once the novelty wore off, everything settled down. Both Ann Marie and Jordan had a good time. The only really embarrassing thing that happened occurred when one of Ann Marie's breasts popped out during a game of water volleyball.

Almost all the teens accepted Ann Marie with one exception, Jeffrey. He had been forced to come with the rest of the family, to show support for their new daughter. He was visibly angry, and was standing with his arms crossed against



the fence, mumbling curses to himself.

That was when he saw an answer to his prayers. Alice Davenport had pulled up in the parking lot, and was headed to the pool. Dashing to meet her, Jeffrey wasted no time in making himself a royal pain as he began hitting on her.

“Hey, Alice, tough luck what with your boyfriend becoming a girl!” he said gloating. “Bet that had to upset you some. Can’t see you liking a guy with tits, huh? You like real men like me. So, what say we get together now? I can show you what a real man can do.”

“Oh my God, she’s here, isn’t she?” Alice said. “I don’t want to talk to her.”

“C’mon, Alice! Don’t think about her! Think about me! I’m the man for you!”

“Jeffrey, even after what’s happened, Ann Marie is more of a man than you can ever be! Now, get the hell away from me you disgusting little man,” she snarled and turned her back to leave.

“What? No way you can do that after all I did. I’m the one responsible for Alan’s change. I did it all for you. I’m totally crazy about you. I did it only to get you to go out with me. No, you can’t refuse me!” he screamed grabbing her arm.

“You did *what?*” Alice demanded.

“I fixed it so The Princess Center would change him into a girl. That’s what! With Alan out of the picture, I would be the good son an... and I would have you as my steady,” he answered in a panic, fearing he would lose Alice forever.

“You... you bastard!” she said slapping Jeffrey’s face with vigor.

If Jeffrey’s loud voice hadn’t already gotten everyone’s attention, the slap certainly did. The slap made Jeffrey realize his emotional mistake and seeing people coming over, made a hasty withdrawal. He ran as fast as he could, out the front gate and locked himself inside the family van.

Ann Marie was confused about the ruckus around her, she was too involved with Jordan to hear what had been said. Jordan, though, had heard it very clearly. He handed Ann Marie her wrap said, “Come on, let’s leave. It’s getting a little crazy here. Besides, I want you all to myself for a while.”

That’s what Ann Marie wanted, and was more than happy to go. They went through the crowd, unseen, and drove off in Jordan’s car.

That brother of hers is a real piece of work, Jordan thought. He deserves more than a good kick in the ass but then I wouldn’t have Ann Marie now, would I? Still, I don’t want her knowing what he did. I have no idea of how she will react. Better talk to Dr. Stockdale and the sooner the better. I’ll go there as soon as I drop Ann Marie off at my place. I’ll tell her I have an emergency and to stay put until I get back.

Alice was angry, angrier than she had ever been. Later that day, she gathered a couple of her friends who had heard what Jeffrey said and drove to the Davis' home. Fortunately, Jack was at work and Jeffrey sulking in his bedroom. Telling Donna what had transpired and Jeffrey's boasting about it, she hit the roof. She and the others stormed into Jeffrey's room. It didn't take them long to find the proof of what he did.

"I can't believe my own son would do something so hurtful, so cruel. Right now, I'm too upset to do anything. I can't even begin to think of an appropriate punishment. Stay in your room! I have to talk to your father when he gets home," she firmly stated.



Ann Marie was pleased that Jordan took her to his apartment but disappointed when an emergency came up. She had been thinking of all the ways she could please her man. They had just gotten there and he was leaving.

"Look Ann Marie, I just got an important text. I have to leave and take care of something. I'll be back as soon as I can. Meanwhile, make yourself comfortable and feel free to raid the fridge," he said giving her a kiss before rushing back out the door.

Not long after, Jordan was sitting in Dr. Stockdale's office explaining everything that had transpired at the pool party. Candice was shocked and the color drained from her face as he related Jeffrey's role. When he finished, she picked up the phone and called Mrs. Davis.

"Mrs. Davis, I have something I need to... Oh you know... You have proof of what Jeffrey did? I can hear you're very upset but please try to calm down."

The mother was practically falling to pieces, and Dr. Stockdale was doing her very best. "I can't begin to apologize enough for our role in his evil scheme but what's done can't be changed. Does your husband know? He doesn't? How do you think he will react?"

"He'll kill Jeffery!" Donna said, in tears. "I really think he will"

"That won't solve anything and he would go to prison," Dr. Stockdale replied. *Worse yet, The Princess Center would be exposed during the trial and no telling how the media will react,* she thought to herself. "I have an idea," she said. "Bring Jeffrey to the clinic right now. We'll keep him here until we can figure out a better solution and your husband has had time to cool off."

"Yes, I'll do it right away. Thank you, doctor."

“Okay, we’ll be expecting you. By the way, from what Jordan has told me, Ann Marie doesn’t know what happened at the party today. I think it best if you don’t say anything.”

“I won’t.”

“I think she should stay with Jordan for now. In a day or two you and your husband can come to my office, once he regains his composure, and we can discuss this like adults. Okay?”

“Yes, doctor.”

“Excellent. Good bye.”

When she hung up, Jordan grunted, “That miserable SOB deserves to get whacked but if he hadn’t; then, I wouldn’t have my precious Ann Marie.”

“I understand Jordan,” Candice said with a tight smile, “but don’t worry. I think we can come up with a suitable punishment. One that little weasel will find worse than death. Why don’t you grab some nice flowers and spend some time with Ann Marie.” She was still agitated by this turn of events.

Taking the doctor’s advice, Jordan stopped to get a dozen American Beauty roses. *Gosh, everything has gone so fast today my mind is dizzy, he thought. I feel so much better now that the doctor seems to have things under control. Still, I’m worried how Ann Marie would react if she found out.*

By the time Jordan took Ann Marie home, he had a big smile on his face. He wasn’t sure if the roses did the trick but he was more than satisfied how things went. When he entered the apartment, Ann Marie squealed happily as he handed her the roses. She was only wearing her wrap. Her lack of underwear was noticeable through the thin robe. She kneeled down, placing the flowers on the floor. In no time, she had his swimming shorts around his ankles and savoring his stiffening dick. Once it was hard and standing straight out, she grabbed it, pulling him into the bedroom. There, she screamed and moaned in erotic pleasure as he pounded into her tight pussy. Later, she had him do her anal pussy much to both of their delight. By the time they were done, it was well past seven o’clock.



Jack entered the kitchen and said, “Hi honey I’m home. What’s for... what’s wrong? You’ve been crying.”

When she told him what had happened at the pool, his face became red as a beet, his hands rolled into fists knuckles turning white. She could almost see steam coming out of his ears. *I guessed this might happen, she thought. I’m so glad Jeffrey is out of the house and at the clinic. That was the right decision.*

“Where the hell is he! I’m going to kill him!” he shouted, anger overcoming his good sense.

Guess I better calm him down, she mused, rushing into his arms and crying. “I took him to the clinic. I knew you would react this way. He’s safe there for now. Dr. Stockdale said she has an idea of how to punish him. Once you’re thinking straight, we’ll go see her. Now, please darling, try and calm down before Ann Marie gets home. She doesn’t know and we need to keep it that way,” she said.

Two days later, Jack still hadn’t completely calmed down. Having Ann Marie around didn’t help. It made him remember what a great son he had been and Jeffrey’s role. He was both gut-wrenchingly disappointed and royally pissed off. When Donna approached him about going to see Dr. Stockdale, he refused, afraid of what he would do, meeting that idiot doctor or seeing Jeffrey.

“Look Donna, I have no desire to see that Doctor and don’t give a damn about her ideas,” he bellowed. “If she is as smart as she says she is; she shouldn’t have done that to my boy. I blame her almost as much as I do Jeffrey. You go if you want and I don’t care what you decide about punishing Jeffrey. Turn him into a flaming sissy for all I care. As far as I’m concerned, he is no son of mine!” he stated angrily. “I’m getting a hotel room. I can’t deal with this.”

“When will you be back?” Donn cried out. She didn’t get a reply as he stormed out.

Donna was distraught as she entered Dr. Stockdale’s office. She was furious at what Jeffrey had done but he was still one of her babies. He had to be severely punished she was certain but had no idea as to how. Telling the doctor how her husband reacted while blotting away some tears, didn’t ease her mind.

“Donna, I think I have a solution you’ll find acceptable. Like the Bible says, ‘an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth,’ is an appropriate punishment for Jeffrey. I’m suggesting we place Jeffrey into our program. I also think we should regress him to age sixteen; therefore, making him Ann Marie’s younger sister. I can guarantee, based on our success with Ann Marie, you will be very pleased with the results. Since we here at The Princess Center feel partially responsible for what has happened, there will be no fees or charges for these services. I don’t need your decision today. Talk it over with your husband. If you both agree with my suggestion; then, call me and we’ll set up a meeting to sign all the necessary documents,” Dr. Stockdale said.

Back at the Davis house, things were not going well. Jack Davis hadn’t come home. He refused to talk about it, or anything, and wasn’t answering her calls.

“Damn it! Jack, we have to talk about this!” She said, leaving him a message. “I’m not going to stand idly by while you kick our child out with only the clothing on his back. You said Jeffrey was dead to you! How could you wish any of

our children dead? If that's true; then, maybe you could accept another daughter into the family. That's what doctor Stockdale suggested. She's willing to take him on as a patient at no cost to us. As I said before, a live child is better than a dead one. Now let's discuss this like adults!" she yelled. "You owe it to your son!"

Donna was stunned when she got a reply. "I don't have any sons, Donna. Goodbye."

It took some convincing but two days later, Donna made the appointment. Donna happily signed the contracts. Once they left the office, Dr. Stockdale told Nurse Sarah to join her.

"It's all set," she said. "Their idiot son, Jeffrey, could have ruined us if they hadn't agreed. No telling what he would have blabbed about our operation and who knows to whom. Anyway, that's behind us now. We'll turn Jeffrey into the perfect younger daughter for the Davis'. Normally he would vaguely remember he was ever a male but I don't want that. That little shit deserves something much harsher."

"Is this ethical?" Nurse Sarah asked.

"I don't care," Dr. Stockdale replied. "And neither should you. Now, Dr. Philagrew has modified our programming so Jeffrey will remember everything but unable to react or in any way stop being a girly-girl. Unlike Ann Marie, who will never remember and has a woman's freedom of choice, Jeffrey will hate being a girly-girl and being boy crazy. Boy crazy enough to get her a reputation, but not as a slut."

"You gave Anne Marie such a strong libido. I don't know if that will work."

"Yes, but she can control it. Fashion, makeup techniques and sexy lingerie will be Jeffrey's main concerns. So much so, she'll probably wind up being a cosmetologist or in women's retail sales. No more slacks or jeans for him. He'll adore pinks and lavenders. More importantly he won't be able to stop himself."

"Won't he fight it?"

"While outwardly appearing to love every bit of his girlishness, will subconsciously hate it. Now, I think that is an appropriate punishment. Everything is signed, sealed and delivered so go get the programming started if you would please." Then the doctor had something to add. "Oh, just a minute. Let me look through the paperwork." She scanned the forms. "I forgot the name Mrs. Davis picked out. Ah yes, here it is, Sallie Maye."



Ann Marie was thoroughly enjoying her Junior year. It was a little rough, as Alice wasn't around anymore. Her former girlfriend had transferred out to another school, and Ann Marie couldn't help but think she was the cause of it. She doubted she'd ever see Alice again. Still, she made the best of things.

She easily made friends with the other girls, went to sleepovers and most Saturdays out shopping. She joined the Candy Strippers as she wanted to become a nurse. Nurse Sarah had been so nice that Ann Marie wanted to be more like her. She spent Sundays with the other girls at various nursing homes.

The only problem for Ann Marie was boys. Some of them knew that she had once been a boy but that didn't stop them from asking for dates. In rare cases, a boy would make a snide remark and in one incident threatened bodily harm.

Jordan took care of that one idiot. While she was tempted to date a particularly cute boy, Ann Marie was in love with Jordan. He was her knight in shining



armor and dearest friend. She proudly wore his Senior ring around her neck. They dated every Friday night as he still worked weekends at the clinic.

When at home, Ann Marie helped around the house and make supper. Donna was more than pleased. Jack had filed for divorce, but it was for the best, she had decided. She understood why he couldn't be a part of the family anymore. Besides, it gave her more time to spend with her lovely daughter doing mother-daughter things.

I loved my Alan but Ann Marie has become the daughter I've always dreamed of, she thought on more than one occasion. I just hope Jeffrey comes out like her.

The only problem Donna had with Ann Marie was making up excuses about where her brother Jeffrey was. Initially, she told her that he was at a boarding school. When Ann Marie began questioning why he didn't call or visit, she got the same answer.

"Well, you know boys. They only think about themselves or involved with classmates and forget to call or visit," Donna would answer.

As the Christmas holidays were coming up, Donna couldn't come up with any reason for Jeffrey not being there. She contacted Dr. Stockdale about what could be done. She was told to bring Ann Marie to The Princess Center for a weekend stay.

"It's alright Mrs. Davis. We've prepared for this and I was just about to call. Bring her here to spend the weekend. She'll believe Sallie Maye has always been a younger sister. That should resolve any problems. I also have some good news. Sallie Maye should be home before the start of the next semester. You might want to think about remodeling her bedroom," Dr. Stockdale assured.

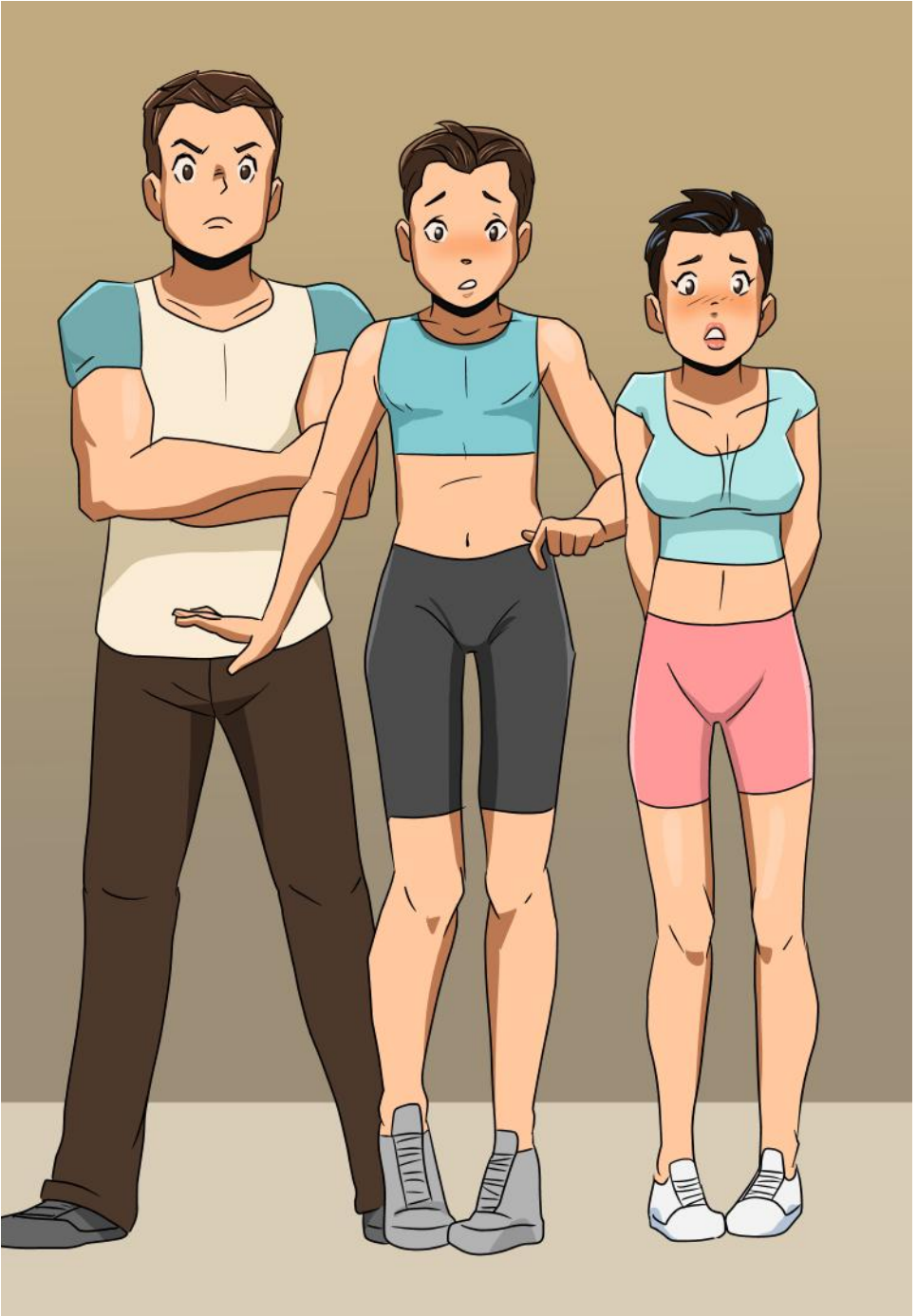
"If you are going to be helping my daughter with her memories, I would have one request," Donna asked.

"Oh? What is it?"

"About her name..." Donna asked.



Donna stood with her arm around her daughter's waist surveying Jeffrey's new room. They had spent most of the holiday break creating a very feminine room. A room only a very girly-girl would love. The walls were painted powder pink with lavender trim. The furniture was delicate French Provincial enameled a bright pink with gold accents. The spindle bed had pink sheets with lavender lily print and a quilted bright white satin comforter. There were a lot of stuffed



animals on the bedspread. Posters of boy bands and ballerinas decorated the walls. There was a distinct smell of flowers in the air.

“Gosh mom, do you think Sallie Maye will like it? I know we talked on and on about it but now I’m not so sure. Seeing all this pink and lavender, I’m beginning to think it’s a bit much,” Ann Marie said.

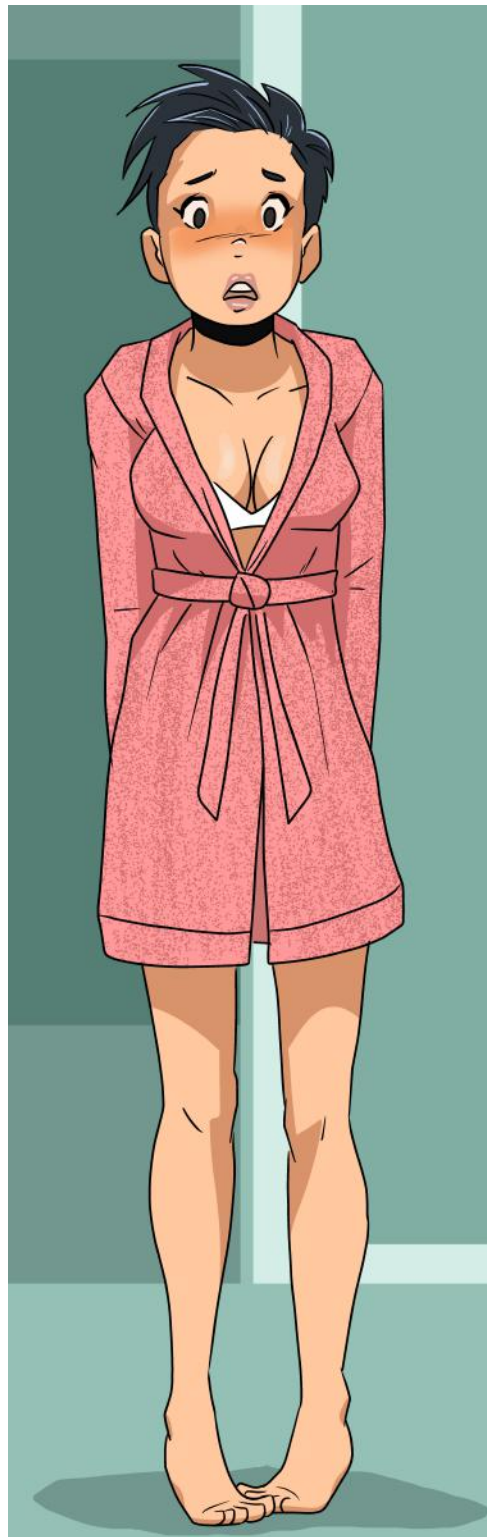
“From what Dr. Stockdale told me Sallie Maye absolutely loves those colors, dear. It’s seems appropriate to me. She’s only sixteen after all. You know that age between being a young girl and maturing young woman. No, I think we did good. We’ll know for sure when she gets here this afternoon,” Donna replied.

Donna was again astonished when she picked up Sallie Maye. She was only wearing a pink terry spa type robe. Jeffrey had been a bit taller than Alan but now was almost half a head shorter than Ann Marie. Her breasts were pert B-cups with nice pink eraser nipples. The face was the most striking. It was elfin. The once square chin small and rounded. The nose a cute button slightly upturned. Her black hair was styled in a darling pixie cut. She actually looked a bit younger than sixteen. Donna had to look hard to see the family resemblance this time.

“Oh my, she’s precious and so petite,” Donna exclaimed bringing her hand up to cover her mouth.

“Yes, she is. Sallie Maye, go get dressed then meet us in my office. Mrs. Davis please sit down and I will go over all the altered documents,” the doctor said.

Once Sallie Maye had left, the doc-



tor got down to business. "As you can see the birth certificate, school transcripts and other documents all show Sallie Maye as female. Your new daughter will act as if she has always been a girl. We did that as she had no close friends that would question the sudden change. The Princess Center didn't think it wise to return her to her previous school just to make sure no one questions it."

"That seems like the smart thing to do," Donna replied.

"Yes. Therefore, we have placed her into St. Michael's school for girls as a sophomore. Don't worry about the cost. The clinic will pay it. It's the least we can do."

"That's very generous."

"Not at all. Being surrounded by girls her age will be a great influence and less distracting. Expect her to complain about that. Like most of their students, she'll hate the school uniform and that no boys attend. Of course, we will continue to monitor and provide any medical services necessary. Any questions?" Dr. Stockdale asked.

"No, I couldn't be more pleased," Donna replied.

Donna was surprised again when Sallie Maye entered the doctor's office while they were finishing up the paperwork. She was wearing a pink pleated skater skirt with white net petticoats and a lavender capped sleeved blouse with a Peter Pan collar. A wide black patent leather belt with gold buckle, black patent leather three-inch spike heeled open toed pumps and a black leather letter purse with strap completed her dressing.

Her makeup was modest, pink eyeshadow, pale rose blush on the cheeks and pearlized pink lipstick. The oval finger nails painted in a matching varnish. Her brows were in high arches darkened with eyebrow pencil. Tinkerbelle studs were in the lower lobe and pink rhinestones just above. The perfume was delicate yet noticeable. A gold fairy hung from a thin gold chain around her neck. Several delicate rings were on her fingers. Pink and lavender scrunchies decorated her wrists.

When Sallie Maye entered the office, she performed a perfect curtsy and said, "Mommy, I hope you like my outfit and I'm so ready to go home. I've missed you so much."

"Oh, my darling, I've missed you too."

"You look so adorable, Sallie Maye," said her new sister, who was gushing at having a younger sibling, the baby of the family, to look over now.

"Thank you," Sallie Maye replied, curtsying again. "I hope we'll be the best of friends from now on, Ann Marie."

"Who?"

“Anne Marie?”

“I’m sorry,” said the girl who used to be Alan. She smiled sweetly. “But my name is Alice.”

She looked over to her mother who nodded in approval. She had finally gotten her beloved Alice as a daughter.

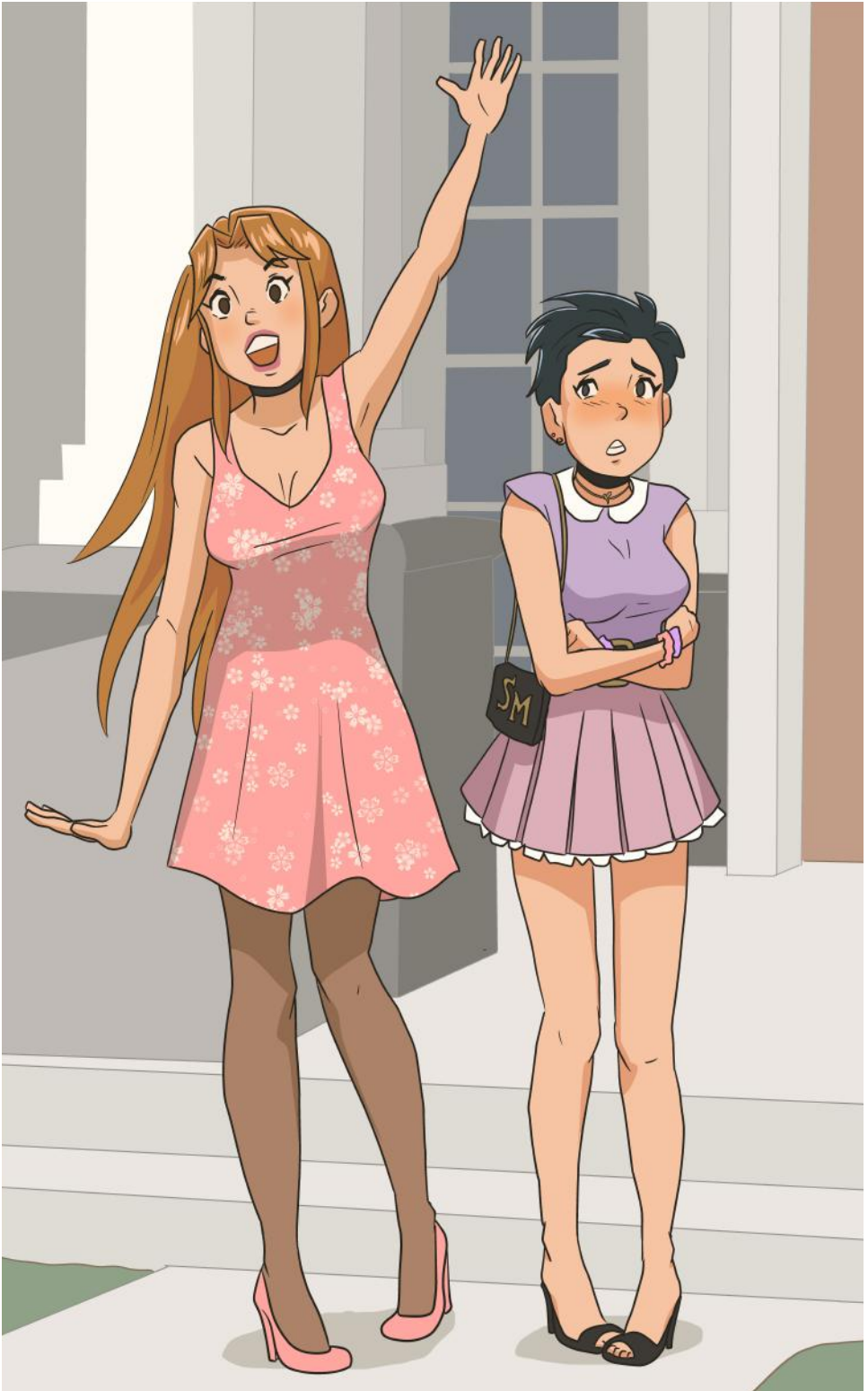
A strong, pulsing darkness formed in the pit of Sallie Maye’s stomach, but she was unable to say a word about it. She could only smile.

From that moment on, Jeffrey would live the rest of his days in torture, living with a girl who looked like, acted like, dressed like and was named after the girl he had thrown away his life for. Every moment he was with her, he would be reminded of the gravest mistake he could have made and the never-ending humiliation he would have to bear, so close to the girl he had nearly gotten, but would never have. Instead, he would someday be the girl in another man’s life.

“Come, give me a hug and we can go home,” Donna said trying not to cry.

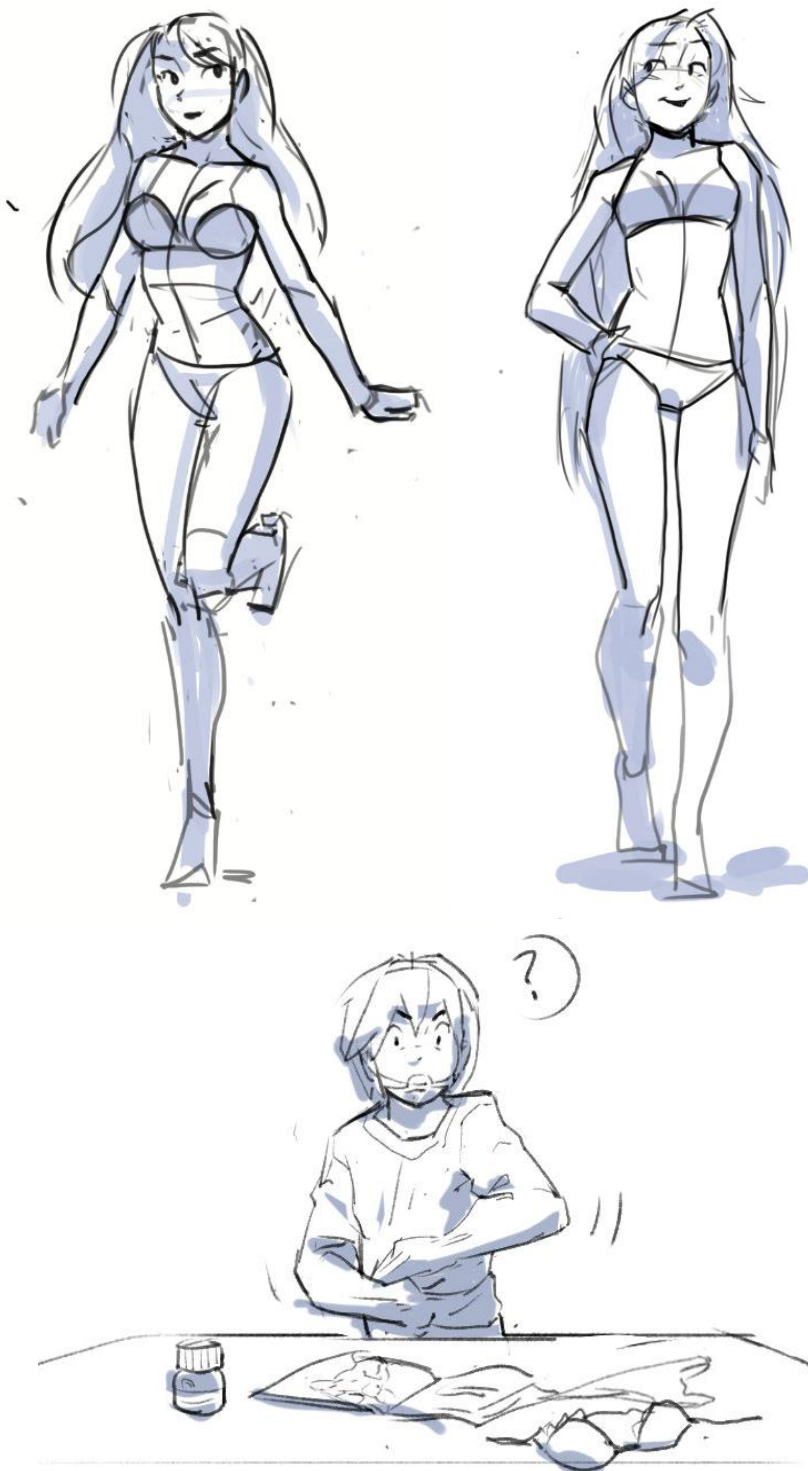
What Donna didn’t see was the stark look of fear that flashed in Sallie Maye’s eyes. It wasn’t there but an instant but Dr. Stockdale noticed and smiled.

The End



SKETCHES





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Sick Puppy Comics

Making Friends

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Three college students sign up for a six-month isolation experiment. Things start to get a little strange, and they begin to lose their masculinity day by day. Yet, they don't seem to even notice... Full Color Comic Book / 38 pages

The Pet Sitter

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Asked to look after a supermodel's pet for a while, James finds himself thrust out of his own apartment and into hers. Day by day, it seems like circumstances adapt James to become the resident of a supermodel's lifestyle. Full Color Comic Book / 29 pages

A Curious Curse

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. When teen goth Brandyn gets his drivers' license, he thinks it's a ticket to adulthood. Unfortunately, he's already cashed a ticket in the opposite direction. Full Color Comic Book / 27 pages

Boys Will Be Girls

Story & Art by Fraylim, Script by KK, Ink & Color by Joe Six-Pack. The "Summer Blossom" camp welcomes a new group of young men. But although it may be an all-boys camp when they arrive, it's girls-only when they leave. Full Color Comic Book / 100 pages

The Step-Witch

Story by Joe Six-Pack. Dillon has a new step-mother. Problem is that she and Dillon don't get along. More of a problem for Dillon is that she's a witch — and wants a daughter. Full Color Comic Book / 17 pages

Double-Crossed

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Jesse is on the run from justice. When he finds an old friend who can help him, that old friend seems more interested in helping Jesse become a woman. Comic / 24 pages

The Charm

Story by Joe Six-Pack, art by Osoku WARUI. Gavin is a student who laments his boring life. Then he crosses paths with Krista. Things are about to change, and not necessarily for the better. Comic / 24 pages

College Can Change a Man

Story & art by Joe Six-Pack. A small college has been hanging on to its male-dominated mindset for too long. Now, a new member of the board has arrived to make some changes. A lot of changes. Comic / 243 pages

Candlewick Court Series

Welcome to Candlewick

By Joe Six-Pack. Book 1 in a series. Candlewick Court is looking for new residents. Residents who will find new lives and new genders in a suburban paradise with a mysterious purpose. Book / 149 pages / 30 illustrations

Surrender to Candlewick

By Joe Six-Pack. Book 2 in a series. Candlewick Court has found its first homeowners, and the kids need a school to attend. What kind of bizarre transformations await them? Book / 152 pages / 38 illustrations

Brides of Candlewick

By Joe Six-Pack. Book 3 in a series. The story of Colin and Elliot concludes as we welcome Candlewick Court's next homeowners. Book / 159 pages / 39 illustrations

Teens Transformed

She Made Me Into My Sister

"A Little Too Clever" by Joe Six-Pack. Wyatt wanted to help his girlfriend get revenge, but at what cost? As it turns out, a cost greater than any boy could have imagined. Book / 88 pages / 20 illustrations

Gone Girly for Good

"Big in Japan" by James J Craft. Mike and Ken were one-hit-wonder rock stars. Then they discovered they had fans in Japan, so they left to become famous. Then they discovered that the Japanese didn't know they were guys. Book / 77 pages / 26 illustrations

One Year in Tokyo

By James J Craft, illustrations by Kwon Lee Tran. Mickey is forced to spend a year with his father in Japan. However things often get confused when words get translated from English to Japanese, as Mickey soon finds out... Book / 87 pages / 20 illustrations

Student Exchange

By Joe Six-Pack. Kelley Sue's convinced a French exchange student to disguise himself as a girl. What happens when she realizes he has no intention of returning back home? Book / 77 pages / 22 illustrations

He's a Valley Girl, Fer Sure

From the files of TGStories.com: "Corey Taylor's Big Bodacious Adventure" by Joe Six-Pack. For Corey, the only way he can get into college is to pretend to be a girl. But when does it stop being pretend? When he's cheerleader? A girlfriend? A beauty queen? Book / 78 pages / 17 illustrations

From Boys to Bridesmaids

"Always a Bridesmaid, Never a Groom" by James J Craft. Two spoiled and privileged boys are about to be put in their place by their new step-mother. And their place is by her side as her bridesmaids and daughters. Book / 77 Pages / 16 illustrations

Little Mis-ter Popular

"My Two Moms" by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Thanks to his aunt's "Confidence Club," Leon will find a way to become popular, and to get over all his hang-ups... Including his masculinity. Book / 77 Pages / 17 illustrations

Bride to Be

By Joe Six-Pack. Derek and Cole grew up together as kids. One year, though, Cole has to start pitching in at the family wedding business. His life will never be the same. Book / 63 pages / 25 illustrations

Winning is Everything

"Costume drama" by Joe Six-Pack. Seth made a funny little bet for Halloween. He needed to pull off the impersonation of a Cheerleader for a party. What's at stake? 100 million dollars and his manhood. Book / 215 pages / 37 illustrations

Creating Samantha

Story by Cheryl Lynn, illustrations by The Might Fenek. Samuel was under the tutelage of his legal guardian, only his guardian had no intentions of letting him grow up male. Book / 70 pages / 16 illustrations

Convicts to Co-Eds

Story by Courtney Captisa & Claire Bear, illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Three teen boys are sent to a reform school. What they can't know is that they are about to be "reformed" all the way into skirts... And beyond. Book / 154 pages / 31 illustrations

Mall Makeover Madness

"A Day at the Mall" by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Four boys are going to have one weird day at the mall. By the time the day is over, it's four girls who leave the mall to begin their new lives. Book / 109 pages / 25 illustrations

Crosley High Chronicles

By Joe Six-Pack. River is coming to a new school, and trying to fit in. The problem is the only way he's going to fit in is in skirts and heels. Book / 217 pages / 75 illustrations

The Substitute Ski Bunny

By Joe Six-Pack. Walker is a young man who's fallen in love with a girl. The only way he can get close to her is to dress up and become her roommate. It's not going to go according to plan, though. Book / 132 pages / 31 illustrations

Tales of Transformation

He's the Wrong Girl

"Office Chemistry" by Joe Six-Pack. James had to fill in at the reception desk. Problem is, the business is a bio-genetics company. And all of the sudden the coffee tastes funny. Book / 53 pages / 14 illustrations

City Boy, Country Girl

By Joe Six-Pack. Richard's successful city life is interrupted when a sheep he wants to fleece needs urgent care out in the country. But instead of returning home, all Richard's wife hears are a series of suspicious excuses. Revised in 2019. Book / 92 pages / 34 illustrations

Thames Greene

By James J Craft. Ira wanted something better for his family. A new start. But in Thames Greene, everyone's getting a new start, whether they want it or not. Book / 77 pages / 26 illustrations

Hiding in High Heels

"How Not to be a Sissy" By Joe Six-Pack. Vince was on the run from people who wanted their millions back. Howard was a friend with a funny little idea and a knack for making subliminal CDs. Mini-Pix / 48 pages / 15 illustrations

A Blessing in Disguise

By KK, illustrations by Kannel. Jay was a witness to a murder, and now he's the target of a vicious criminal. Resorting to a female disguise, he becomes trapped with no way out. Book / 84 pages / 16 illustrations

I'm Your Dolly

"Barbie-in-a-Box" By Joe Six-Pack. Tyler wasn't much of a boyfriend anymore. Jessica wanted to throw him out, but then a better idea came to her, in the form of the Barbie-in-a-Box service. Tyler better get used to pink. Book / 103 pages / 20 illustrations

His Life as a Trophy Wife

By Joe Six-Pack. Nick had a great life, but then it evaporated. Now he's down on his luck. In steps a wealthy executive willing to pay him handsomely to pretend to be his wife. What can it hurt? Revised in 2018. Book / 256 pages / 39 illustrations

Male Monday, Girl Friday

"Hey, Cutie!" by James J Craft. Daniel is going to be promoted from his average life to an exciting executive position. At least, that's what his bosses are telling him. They may not be telling him everything. Book / 58 pages / 20 illustrations

The Happiest Place on Earth

From the files of TGStories.com: "The Fairest One of All" By Joe Six-Pack. Will is a kid looking for a job. He gets one, performing as Snow White at a theme park. For Will, he doesn't suspect that playing the role and wearing the costume is slowly changing him, day by day. Book / 51 pages / 21 illustrations

Hello, Nurse

From the files of TGStories.com: "Quality Health Care". Dane is filling in as a nurse for his pal Jimmy at his new office. Although both are doctors, Dane begins to take to his new role as a nurse. Soon, he feels compelled to be the ideal nurse. Book / 44 pages / 15 illustrations

My Boss, The Bimbo

"If I Were a Betting (Wo)Man" By James J Craft, illustrations by blackshirtboy. CEO Lucas has a superiority complex. When his long-suffering secretary is able to feed into Lucas' competitive nature, he'll make any bet to prove his dominance over women. Book / 38 pages / 10 illustrations

He's the Girl They Want

"Rallies" by Joe Six-Pack. Spencer has a great new executive job in the food service industry, but first he's got to learn the ropes of the business by waiting on tables. He just doesn't quite fit in with the cheerleader theme. Yet. Book / 63 pages / 22 illustrations

Demoted and Degraded

"Trixie the Secretary" by Angela J. Cindy didn't much like Tom Jones attitude and his advances, so when she has the opportunity to help take the wind out of his sails, she takes it. But she had no idea that it was all designed to make Tom into Trixie the secretary. Book / 87 pages / 17 illustrations

I, Candy

"Sissy Sweets" by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Inheriting his family's bakery requires this young man to become the new face of the business. A female face. Book / 45 pages / 15 illustrations

Boyz II Girlz

"The Making of the Ballroom Brats" by Joe Six-Pack. The Ballroom Brats become the newest worldwide celebrity sensation. How did four unsuspecting guys at a fast food joint become the hottest girl group in music? Book / 113 pages / 34 illustrations

His Strangest Desire

"Employee of the Month" by Joe Six-Pack. Mick is declared Employee of the Month, and he's going to find himself hurtling headlong into facing his weirdest inner desire. Book / 59 pages / 19 illustrations

Hard Time or High Heels

"I'm Turning into My Mother" by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Colby got deep into debt to a local gangster. Before long, he's on the arm of that very same gangster as his reluctant girlfriend. Book / 75 pages / 20 illustrations

Seriously Skirted

"The Show Piece" by KK. Illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Mel finds work at a clinic as a secretary. He slowly begins to fit to role. Book / 75 pages / 19 illustrations

From Mister to Sister

Story by Melissa N., illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Dan just wanted to help guide his girlfriend's sister out of her depression. Instead, he's being guided out of his manhood. Book / 84 pages / 24 illustrations

The Russian Girl

Story by Melissa N., illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Casey's wife has had enough of watching him kill himself with work, so she forces him out of his comfort zone... Into the life of a female stripper. Book / 196 pages / 30 illustrations

Swindled into Skirts

"Beta Male" by Joe Six-Pack. Kyle inherited a multi-million dollar mansion in southern California. He begins to adjust to the Cali lifestyle, but his adjustments seems to have a decidedly feminine flavor to them. Book / 78 pages / 23 illustration

Mergers & Acquisitions

Story by James J. Craft, Illustrations by Sortimid. Mark is a disaffected retail salesperson, and after a takeover of his store, he finds himself selling feminine fashion... and struggling to embrace everything about it. Book / 103 pages / 31 illustration

Suddenly a Secretary

Story & art by Joe Six-Pack. Rock guitarist Mick has become obsessed with following the life of secretary Lori Chandler through her inter-office email messages. Soon, Mick is taking her place. Book / 133 pages / 30 illustrations

Stories of the Supernatural

A Change for the Better

"Do-Overs" by Joe Six-Pack. Evan wants a chance to do over his biggest mistake. He gets the chance, but he keeps wanting his new life to be a little bit better than the last. Book / 59 pages / 18 color illustrations

Changed and Rearranged

"Wrongs Make Wright" By Joe Six-Pack. Chris and Matt were rivals. Then, Matt decided to show everyone how smart he truly was by impersonating a teacher. But the disguise becomes more and more real, much to Chris' dismay. Book / 74 pages / 19 illustrations

From Pals to Gals

From the files of TGStories.com: "Mandate of the People" By Joe Six-Pack. Teens Jeremy and Stewart are good friends, but a bit thick in the noggin. When they jokingly nominate each other for Prom Queen, they slowly become the perfect candidates, thanks to some magic. Book / 45 pages / 16 illustrations

A High-Heeled Halloween

Story & art by Joe Six-Pack. A costume shop has four spooky tales to tell this Halloween, where the price you pay for your costume is far more than money. Book / 128 pages / 34 illustrations

Crossed Fiction

If the Shoes Fit

"Hand Me Downs" By KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Sydney is a teen who is just trying to make it through the summer with no money. He finds himself wearing hand-me-downs from his sister, and that takes his life in a whole new direction. Book / 98 pages / 30 illustrations

Sisters for the Summer

"Camp Counseling" By Joe Six-Pack. Brock McCade always thought of himself as a real man, or at least he would be one, someday. After summer camp, he's no longer so sure. Book / 76 pages / 17 illustrations

They're the Girls for the Job

"Peace and Harmony" By James J Craft. Illustrations by blackshirtboy. Pete and Harmon need jobs bad. How far would they have to go to get them? Book / 64 pages / 19 illustrations

Blondie's Lost Summer

By KK. Illustrations by Fraylim. Carl's dream summer was about to become three months of dresses, heels and makeup. Book / 159 pages / 48 illustrations

Blondie's Lost Year

By KK. Illustrations by Fraylim. Book Two in the Blondie Series. Carl's trip to Florida has been horrible enough, trapped in dresses and makeup. Now, high school has presented a whole new level of humiliation for him. Book / 221 pages / 52 illustrations

Blondie He's Not

Story by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Mark got a job at a salon, and fell in love with one of the customers. Problem was that customer was Candi "Blondie" Wethers, and what happened to Candi was about to happen to Mark. Book / 151 pages / 40 illustrations

I Never Wanted to be a Woman

"Politically Corrected" By Cheryl Lynn. Illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Michael's politically active mother has decided she's going to make her hippie son over into the daughter she always wanted. Book / 64 pages / 19 illustrations

The Boy's Guide to Girlhood

Story by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Dweeb Kenny and cool Rex find themselves trapped in a Principal's twisted scheme, and only one of them is going to get out in tact. Book / 109 pages / 32 illustrations

Fashion Victims

Story by Lauren Bliss, illustrations by Fraylim. Teenage boy Jamie just needed clothes for school. Oh, he's going to get clothes for school. Just not male ones. Will he ever need male clothes again? Book / 67 pages / 26 illustrations

The Making of a Beach Bunny

Story by KK & Fraylim, illustrations by Fraylim. Before heading off to college, John wanted to spend his last normal summer at the old rental summer house with his friend Stanley. There was nothing about this summer that would be normal. Book / 134 pages / 58 illustrations

Medical Miss-Practice

Story by KK & Fraylim, illustrations by Fraylim. Jerry just needed a medical procedure. He came out with two big new problems and a whole new life. Now he's losing everything he loves, piece by piece. Book / 95 pages / 51 black & white illustrations

12 Days of Christmas

Story by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Paul was a rising executive, but he had a secret embezzlement scheme. Now he's being blackmailed into skirts day-by-day in the 12 days of Christmas. Book / 74 pages / 21 illustrations

Seriously Sissified

A Family Femmed

"The Femmed Family Robinson" by James J. Craft & Cheryl Lynn, illustrations by Sortimid. The Robinson boys all had dreams of their own, once. Now they have new ones, thanks to their stepmother. Book / 96 pages / 29 color illustrations

Forever Femmed

Story by James J. Craft & Cheryl Lynn, illustrations by Sortimid. "A Family Femmed's" Deborah is still hard at work, flipping men into sissies and selling them to the highest bidder. But this time, there's a new wrinkle. Book / 108 pages / 28 illustrations

Auntie's Girl Time

By Cheryl Lynn. David was just a young teenage boy who wanted all the things in life a man could look forward to. His aunt, though, is going to make sure he never gets them. Book / 79 pages / 20 illustrations

Revenge of the Cheerleaders

"Pansy Cheers" By Angela J. Patrick Sears was a football player trying to sleep with every cheerleader at his small college. He'd have to pay for his conquests. Book / 116 pages / 19 illustrations

He's Got His Mind Made Up

By James J. Craft. Illustrations by kinkyrocket. Corey has just a sliver of a chance to get into college, but that chance involves becoming his stepmother's maid. And she wants him to fit both the role and the dress. Book / 68 pages / 16 illustrations

Fated for Femininity

Story by KK, illustrations by RocketXpert. When a web page shows Evan having sex with another boy, the poor kid is chased out of town — right into the arms of a gender therapist who has her own agenda. Book / 70 pages / 15 illustrations

Web Classics Revisited

Two Forms of ID

By Joe Six-Pack. Harvey had the unusual ability to convincingly imitate a teenage girl. In desperation, he has to use that talent to make some money. But when is enough enough?
Paperback / 194 pages / text only

Barbie's Life

Story & Art by Melissa N. Chris was a student actor who said he could play any role. A disgruntled girlfriend and playwright are about to see if he'll be able to play the lead role in... Barbie's Life. Book / 55 pages / 21 rendered images

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- His Life as a Trophy Wife (Part 3)

