

ADULTS ONLY

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A FAMILY FEMMED

THE STEPMOTHER SERIES: BOOK 6

"The Femmed Family Robinson"
by James J. Craft & Cheryl Lynn
Illustrations by Sortimid



SERIOUSLY
Sissified

J A M E S J C R A F T
C H E R Y L L Y N N

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“The Femmed Family Robinson”
Story by James J. Craft & Cheryl Lynn
Illustrations by Sortimid
A Seriously Sissified Story



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THE FEMMED FAMILY ROBINSON

George Robinson wasn't a humble man, but his luck made him feel truly blessed. After years of searching and dating with both disappointment and regret, he had found the woman of his dreams. He had endured so many years of anguish and heartache. So, when she had agreed to marry him, he was shocked that it felt like the easiest thing in the world. He had truly found the one woman in the world he could spend the rest of his life with. He had never believed in true love before now. Even though she was ten years his junior, had stunning looks, and had only known George for six months – he was convinced that she was 'the one.' In fact, he had been smitten at first sight, and never dreamed he could fall for someone as hard as he had fallen for Deborah.

George's eldest son, Jake, had talked him into trying an online dating service seven months ago. He was reluctant at first, as it had only been three years since his wife passed away. George was independent, and very wealthy after selling the chain of fast food restaurants he and his wife Marci had started. Since her death, he had lost the ambition to continue in business and sold out to his biggest competitor. With too much time on his hands, he had more or less become a recluse who seldom socialized, focusing his time and energy on raising his three sons instead.

The oldest of George's sons was Jake, who was twenty-two and in his first year of law school. Majoring in international law, he maintained a 3.8 GPA in order to get an offer from a major law firm. As a result, he had few friends and practically no social life – much like his dad.

Joel, the middle son, was also quite antisocial, but in a totally different manner. Since losing his mother, he had become a bit of a slacker and a misfit. His grades had suffered, which led him to being held back a year. He had fallen in with a bad crowd that wore a lot of black, and pierced much of their body. George had worried that he was going to end up in jail instead of college, but thankfully he managed to graduate. Nowadays however, he spent most of his time in his room. Whenever George or Jake tried to motivate him, he complained with a familiar adolescent refrain of "nobody understands me." George would just shrug it off, assuming he would eventually grow out of this depressed phase of his life.

George's youngest son, Justin, was completely different than his brothers. He was popular in school, had a lot of friends and participated on the school's swim and track teams. He was friendly and outgoing, and eager to please, and seemed ready to take on the world once he graduated from high school.

With his sons almost grown men, and with all of them concentrating on their own lives, George was beginning to feel increasingly lonely. He hadn't mixed socially in a *very* long time and his boys – especially Jake – had been pressuring him to get out and find someone new. At forty-six years old, the bar scene just didn't seem right, hence Jake's suggestion that he try dating online. George knew he would feel more at ease using his computer than he would have in some bar. So, with some reluctance he signed up and began perusing the on-line dating site. His first few attempts were disastrous, causing him to nearly give up. Then he received an email from a Deborah Jackson.

She intrigued him. Her photo was of a striking, 'together' woman with dark auburn shoulder-length hair and wearing a forest green business suit. The email said that she was a widow of three years, had a PhD in psychology and recently moved to the city. She, like him, was not into the bar scene and just wanted to find a friend. George was interested immediately and they began corresponding on a regular basis. After a month of chatting on the internet they decided to meet. As they say, the rest was history.

Jake had wanted his father to get out and meet people, but when he was introduced to Deborah he had misgivings. The more she was around, the more anxious he became. She came across to him as being strict and pretentious. Besides, he wasn't sure either he or his brothers were ready for a step-mother. When his father announced they were getting married, he objected, but not forcefully. Both his brothers actually welcomed the idea. Justin because he thought having a hot step-mom would be cool. Joel because Deborah seemed sympatric to his feelings of being different. Without his brothers' support, Jake's objections were ignored. They were going to be married on the first of June and the kids would have the whole summer to get to know their new mother.

On the morning of the wedding, Deborah and George called the three boys into the living room for a family portrait, something to remember the moment. It was a big day for all of them, and George and Deborah both insisted over the meek protestations of the boys. However, at the last minute, Deborah decided to only take a picture of the three brothers instead of the whole group, which made it even more awkward for the boys.

The wedding was held at the County Clerk's office with only the Robinson men, Deborah and a friend of hers in attendance. Jake thought it odd that his soon to be step-mother only had one friend with her, and that one friend was an older man. She introduced the man as 'an old associate,' Doctor Anthony Angel, who would act as her witness because he knew her 'better than anyone.'

There was no reception after the ceremony, as the couple was leaving right away for a week-long honeymoon. As the three brothers returned home to their empty house, Jake couldn't help but voice his concerns about his new stepmother.



“Did anyone else find it weird that Deborah didn’t have any girlfriends at the wedding?” he asked as they rode through town. “There’s something strange about a woman that brings another man to her wedding. I have a bad feeling about he.”

“Well, I think it’s way cool,” Justin replied.

“I think you’re just upset that the spotlight isn’t always going to be on *you* anymore Mr.-Lawyer-Wannabe,” Joel scoffed.

Jake narrowed his eyes. His middle brother was always so negative. It was quite tiring. “Oh screw off, Joel. You’ll be thankful if she gives half a crap about you and your mopey attitude!”

“Whatever,” Joel scoffed again, “I don’t care if she even notices that I’m alive. I’m just fine by myself – always have been.”

“Will you two knock it off!” Justin stepped in, “This is supposed to be Dad’s happy day and you’re ruining it!”

Jake sighed loudly. His youngest brother was right – *but* it didn’t change how he felt about Deborah. The three siblings rode the rest of the way home in silence, and over the next week they barely spoke a word to each other.



The day after George and Deborah got back from their honeymoon, the new wife called the boys together in the kitchen.

“What for?” Joel whined when he was told by his father.

“Because she’s your step-mother now, and she want to get to know you boys,” George explained.

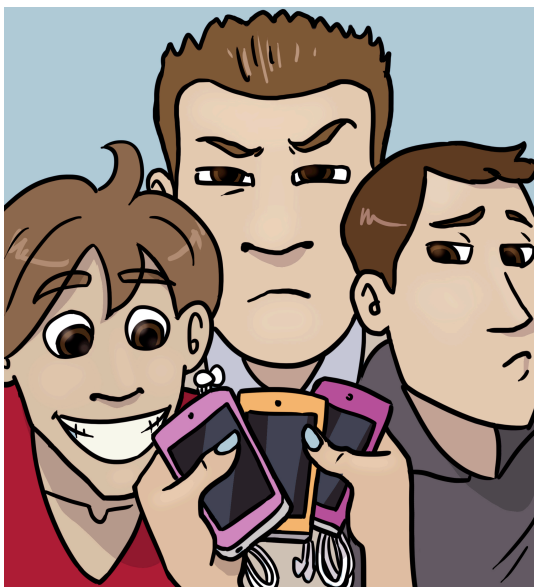
Joel sighed. “I hope she doesn’t expect me to call her ‘Mom.’

“You can call her whatever you like.”

“Whatever,” Joel mumbled.

A few minutes later, they were all assembled in the living room. “Boys, I can’t thank you enough for welcoming me into your family,” Deborah said, enthusiastically. “I know it’s not easy. I really do feel like a part of the family already, and it means so much to me. I wanted to show my thanks by getting you all something...” She fished around in a bag she had by her side, as both the boys all leaned forward, brought to attention by the prospect of getting a present. “As a token of my appreciation, I’ve gotten each of you mp3 players,” she said, pausing to show the tiny electronic devices off to the three brothers.

“Joel, I downloaded some of your favorite punk rock bands to your machine. Justin, I had the salesman download the music he said that you’d like, because frankly I’m not sure. And for you Jake, I downloaded some of the great classical sonnets and ballads I’ve heard you enjoying.”



She held the devices out to the siblings to take. All but Jake was wide-eyed with delight at her gifts.

The two younger brothers quickly placed the earbuds in and began listening to the music and fiddling with the buttons. Jake wasn't so quick to check his out. He seldom listened to music in the first place and then only while studying. Plus, there was something that just didn't seem right about his new step-mother, and gift-giving seemed like an obvious attempt to ingratiate herself. Unfortunately, whatever it was that was bothering him, he couldn't put a finger on exactly what it was quite yet. He did see her affection for the other boys and his father seemed as contrived, and her request to have them take a group photo later also left him feeling odd.

Justin and Joel were too busy to be bothered with such doubt. George, their father, had been steadfastly against the presence of music players, smart phones and other hi-tech devices in the house, saying they were distractions and time-wasters. Now they had something they had been wishing for for years, and they wouldn't give them up even if a circus strongman attempted to rip the tiny players from their hands.

So as the days passed, Jake noticed that his brothers were constantly listening to these new music players, never letting them get far from their person. The earbuds were practically physically attached to their ears. When he mentioned that it *'might be a little much'* to them, they both replied that the music selections were the best, and they just couldn't help it. Jake hadn't used his yet, but after conversing with his siblings, he decided to see if Deborah *really* knew the music he that liked. To his surprise, *she did*. The player was crammed full of everything that he loved, from Tchaikovsky to Schubert to Wagner.

Maybe she isn't so bad after all, he allowed himself to think. But that didn't mean that he trusted her... or even *liked* her.

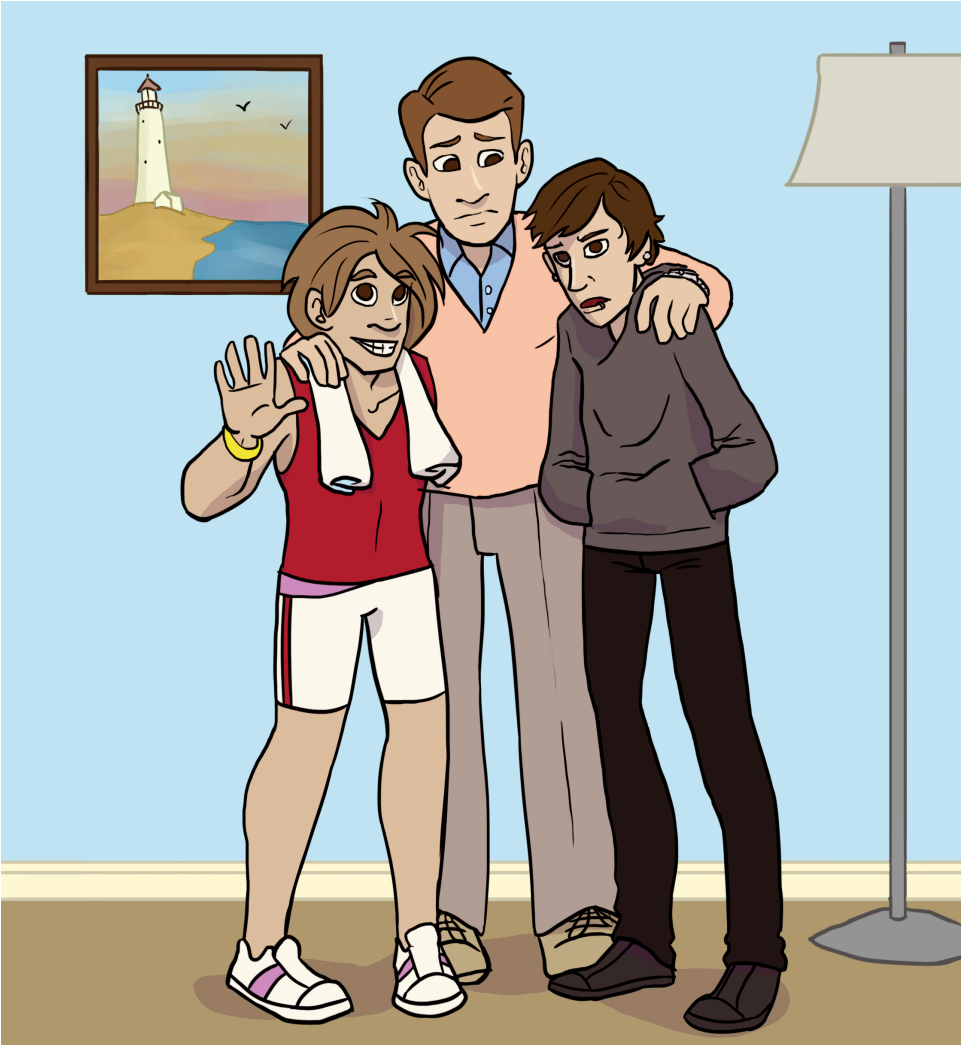
That was the way the oldest of the three Robinson boys felt, but not the way they all felt. Joel, for his part, was now apparently quite fond of Deborah. Since the wedding, it seemed to him that she had paid more attention to him than any the other boys. It was her influence with the George that had allowed Joel the freedom to grow his hair longer and to get his ears and lip pierced. These were things that he had wanted to do for a long time but his conservative father had vehemently opposed it. Older Jake thought Joel had lost his mind, and couldn't believe that his father had allowed it. Deborah wholeheartedly supported Joel and his father's very uncharacteristic agreement and it really worried Jake.

It's going too far, Jake thought. *How does Joel expect to ever get a job looking like that? Not that he's tried. He spends way too much time hanging out at the arcade and playing those video games. Dad needs to put his foot down and make him look for a job. Instead, he lets Joel do that? What's gotten into him? That woman's influence has addled Father's brain.*

Regardless of Jake's thoughts on the issue, Joel's lip and ears were pierced, and hair was left to grow shaggy and long, and it was immortalized by another one of Deborah's stupid group photos with the three of them.

This time however, the camera lens caught Jake's worried expression as he gazed disapprovingly at Joel. He was so concerned about the changes that Joel was showing, he had failed to notice how his other sibling was changing as well. Aside from slightly longer hair, Deborah had purchased Justin new shoes and undershirts with very bright pink stripes, something Jake would have expected that the macho sports nut would have rebuked.

Unbeknownst to all of them, the changes were just beginning.



A few days later, at the breakfast table, after serving eggs just the way George liked them, Deborah made a strange demand of her husband. "George," she began, "I'd like to build a salon in the basement."

George looked shocked. "A what?" he recoiled, nearly spitting out his coffee. He was very surprised at the request, as his new bride had always portrayed herself as more of an executive-type, not a beauty-obsessed tramp. He realized that he had never actually learned what Deborah's profession was, other than the fact that she had a degree and had called herself 'self-sufficient' in financial terms. With her new wish having been revealed, and being so totally out of character, he realized for a moment that he barely knew his new wife, and wondered for the first time if he had made a terrible mistake by marrying her so quickly.

"Darling, I worked as a beautician earning my way through college. I found it very relaxing and eased the tension of my studies. I miss it terribly," she came over to him, gently caressing his collar bone and kissed his cheek, "Please, just do this little thing for me."

"Are you planning on having some of your lady friends over and do their hair?" he responded suppressing a laugh. A picture of his wife wearing an elegant pants suit putting curlers in another woman's hair popped into his mind seemed ridiculous enough to be funny.

"Oh no, nothing like that darling. I'll use it to try out new hairstyles and makeup looks while down there. I'll also use it to give you and the children haircuts. Think of all the time it will save you and the boys from having to go to that barber shop. They do a lousy job by the way, darling," she replied.

How could he refuse, especially when she smothered him in kisses?

So without a further thought, George set about hiring a construction crew to begin constructing his bride her own private salon in what had previously been the workout room. He had briefly questioned her on where he and the boys would work out now that he had succumbed the space to her. She just smiled and said, "Oh Georgie, you don't need to be all manly and muscular for me. In fact... I'd rather wish you weren't." She ended the sentence with a suggestive wink.

Within a week, George's space had been converted into an professional-grade single seat salon with more supplies than one woman could use in a year. As a reward, George had his first sex in over a week. Deborah gave him a hand job using one of her silk scarfs. He slept peacefully with his earbuds in place that night while she sat in her new room in the basement, taking stock of all she now had.

Deborah nodded and smiled as she looked around her new space. It was exactly as she had planned it.



The following week began with another picture of the three siblings together. The boys were convinced that their new step-mother was a bit of a shutterbug.

Joel was sitting at the table poking his bowl of toasted ‘o’ cereal with a spoon, watching as the whole-grain rings were submerged beneath a layer of milk before floating back up to the surface. He hated toasted oats. In fact, he hated breakfast altogether. Breakfast just came too early in the morning for him. A cup of coffee was about all his stomach could stand so early. But Deborah had *insisted* that he eat, as breakfast was the ‘most important meal of the day.’

“Hmmp,” he had scoffed when she pointed at the box of crunchy oats with her trademark no-nonsense, don’t-you-dare-object expression. His dad had tried to get him to eat breakfast for years, but had given up. Joel wished that Deborah would just give up too.

But she didn’t.

And for some strange reason, Joel *did*. He didn’t know if it was her gruff demeanor, or stern look, but something about her had taken the fight right out of him. Plus he did owe her for letting his hair grow out and getting his piercings. All he could muster was an unhappy scoff, just before he compliantly poured himself a bowl of cereal.

“I know you’re unhappy Joel,” he heard his step-mother’s voice behind him as he munched another mouthful of toasted oats. He turned around to see her standing behind him, leaning against the doorway. “I know you think that you don’t fit in here,” she continued, as if he seemed interested in the conversation, “and I know you think you’re far more different than everyone else. Much more than they see you as being.”

Joel just stared at her blankly as he crunched his breakfast. *Was she right?* He wondered, *Am I unhappy? Do I not fit in?*

He took stock of his two siblings, one a straight-laced over-achiever, the other a likable athlete. He was clearly neither. Then he thought of his father, an unemotional intellectual. He wasn’t much like him either. In fact he wasn’t like anyone in his family at all.

I really am different, he thought to himself. *I’m nothing at all like them. I wonder if I’m adopted? Maybe that’s why they try so damn hard to make me just like them.*

“I know you are trying to break out of your shell, Joel,” Deborah continued, as if reading his thoughts, “To become your own person.” She had moved to the chair on the opposite side of the table where Joel was seated.

Joel continued to chew his food, letting Deborah’s words sink into his head. He wondered how she seemed to know his thoughts so deeply and totally. He really *didn’t* fit here, and he really *did* want to be his own person.

"Yes," he muttered, still crunching cereal in his mouth.

"I can help you with that, with *all* of that," she smiled warmly. It was the first time he had ever seen her smile. It was a caring and understanding expression that in return made Joel grin back.

"You can?" he asked, as he slipped his spoon into the now-empty bowl.

"Of course!" She replied. "All you have to do is ask. That's what step-mothers are for."

Joel paused. He recognized that this conversation had become very strange, very quickly. A few minutes ago, he had thought of his father's new wife as a cold and miserable woman whom he wanted nothing to do with. Now he was about to ask her to help him make some important changes in his life. Changes that would define who he would become as he grew from young-adult to adult. Changes that he now suddenly craved and felt compelled to accept, though he didn't even know what they would be.

He let a tiny smirk cross his face. "Okay," he said, "I'd kinda like that".

Deborah's smile grew wider. "I'd kinda like that too," she said as she stood up from her chair, looking down at her newly acquired step-son. "I'd kinda like that very much. Clean up your dishes then meet me in the salon."

Joel wasn't sure that he wanted to "really stand out," but he was sick and tired of being the family's wallflower. Being the second child, Joel always felt left out. Jake was his Dad's pride and joy and Justin the baby. As a result, he never received the attention other kids got from their mothers and fathers. Deborah had at least shown him some real, honest attention and he liked that.

No one has really listened to me or tried to understand me except Deborah, he thought, picking up his dishes. *I'm not going to be kept in the background anymore. No, Deborah is right! I need to stand out and make a statement then maybe my family will show me some respect.*

After putting the dishes into the sink, he went down to join her in the salon. She had him sit in the chair and leaned it back so his neck rested on the basin rim. Deborah shampooed it three times and conditioned it twice. It was something he hadn't done in a while, and it was filthy and oily. With his hair clean, she squared off the back and created sweeping bangs. Using a flat iron she smoothed it out and gave it texture. He protested when she took tweezers and began plucking his brows. Telling him it would enhance his punk rock look didn't ease the pain.

"Now, Joel darling, bear with me now," she said as she finished his eyebrows. "I want to show you something that I think will really make you stand out. So please don't say or do anything until I'm finished. Okay?" The pain was so intense that it caused tears to well up in his eyes. Deborah would occasionally have to stop to sop it up with a tissue.

Deborah set down the tweezers and applied a soothing cream to the area that she had just plucked, before moving on to her next target. The boy flinched when she began outlining his upper and lower eyelids with a deep black liquid liner. She extended the lines slightly past the edge making them more almond shaped. Then she returned to his hair, gently brushing it out before styling it into a very loose androgynous hairdo with long, full bangs that were swept to either side of his face.



A quick application of hairspray would hold them in place. Once the spray had dried, she returned to the boy's eyes, applying a thick, lengthening black mascara. He initially recoiled, blinking feverishly. He hated having anything so close to his eye. Holding his chin, she scolded him to hold still as she finished.

"Stop fidgeting and look up at the ceiling, darling," she instructed, "It's a trick that all girls learn when they're putting this on." Joel obliged and glanced upwards as his stepmother continued to apply the mascara to his lashes.

Once finished with the boy's eyes, she removed his lip ring before lining his lips with a pink liner, followed by a coating of shimmering pink plumping gloss that made his lips tingle. She then moved out of the way so that he could see his reflection in full. For a moment Joel didn't even realize that it was his face in the mirror. Instead, it appeared as if a girl



roughly his age was looking back at him.

“Wow,” he gasped. “But don’t I look a little...” his voice trailed off, leaving his newly-minted stepmother to interrupt.

“...A little off without your lip ring? Of course it does dear!” she reinserted the silver ring back into the hole, restoring some semblance of himself.

Joel smiled. With his piercing restored, he felt elated by his new look. *I wasn’t sure about what she was doing, but I like it. Besides, a lot of my favorite punk rock bands*

wear makeup, he thought to himself as if defending his new look to others. *I can’t believe I didn’t stand up to my father earlier. Everyone is going to notice me now – that’s for sure.*



After smiling broadly for the first time in ages, he turned to his stepmother. “Deborah, I can’t thank you enough. You’re the first person to ever try to understand me. I really love my new punk-rock look but...” his voice trailed off again as he paused for a moment. “But what about Father? He’s going to have a fit.”

“Don’t worry Joel. I’ve already had a long talk with your Father. I’ve gotten him to understand your need to stand out and be accepted for who you really are. He’ll not only approve but support you all the way,” she reassured him.

Joel smiled, feeling confident of his father’s acceptance.

His older brother’s acceptance however, what not so forthcoming. In fact, when Jake saw Joel for the first time at dinner, he practically exploded.

“Dad you have to do something!” Jake yelled at his dad. “He looks like a total fruitcake!”

“Jake, that’s enough!” George said loudly, slamming his hand down on the table top. “I will not tolerate such references. Your brother is just trying to find himself and I certainly do not have a problem with that. If it gives him the self-confidence necessary to face the world, both Deborah and I heartily approve.”

The only one more surprised than Jake at his father’s reprimand was Joel. It was the first time his father had ever shown any interest in him, much less such

strong support. He was so moved that tears of happiness and joy brimmed his eyes. He quickly grabbed a napkin to blot the tears away. It would be way too uncool to be seen crying.

Deborah was right, he thought to himself, *I don't know how she did it, but man I really owe her big time. She really understands the real me.*

Justin, for his part, looked on with disinterest, although his father's defense of Joel came as a total surprise, because George had never before berated Jake as far as he could remember.

Jake couldn't believe his own father would not only take Joel's side – but support him as well – as it was inconceivable. It was so unlike him. He looked over to Justin who seemed detached. He would get no support there. Then, glancing at his step-mother, he was surprised at her reaction. “Perhaps you two should finish this conversation in the next room,” she said, “and leave those of us who wish to continue eating to do so in peace.” She smiled wickedly. It was that kind of attitude that convinced Jake that Deborah was up to no good.

“Fine!” Jake shouted, as he and his father left the dining room together.

“Dad? Why am I the only one who thinks this isn't normal?” he continued in the next room, “I mean *look* at him! Is *that* normal?”



George appeared to be carefully considering his eldest son's argument, but kept making glances over to the corner of the room where a stern-looking Deborah stood, glaring at the oldest boy.

"Ugh!" Jake finally said, throwing his arms into the air. "I give up. If you think it's okay for him to look like *that* – then fine. How could I possibly be wrong in my judgment?" he said sarcastically as he turned and left the room.

I can understand why dad listens to her but Joel and Justin too? He muttered to himself as he marched up the stairs and into his room. He sat down in front of one of his his books of case law, putting his earbuds into his ears and pressing play. He wasn't even caring that it was that dumb player his step-mother had bought him, he just wanted to drown out the world right now.

Classical music always put him at ease and some Mozart would do the trick. As the track played, Jake thought he heard words – but that was impossible. This selection was strictly music, beautiful music.



Over the coming days, Deborah began spending more time with Justin. She was showering him with gifts, the kind of gifts he couldn't refuse. Workout clothes. At first, it had been simple things like new shirts and shoes. Justin usually wore cotton shirts that were either white or red, his school colors. His normal jeans were worn baggy and loose, when he wasn't wearing his customary track pants. The jeans and pants that Deborah had most recently purchased for him were much stretchier and figure hugging than anything he had worn before. Instead of his usual color of red, they were white, a very uncustomary color for him to wear. But Deborah had insisted that white was all the rage, and he wanted be at the beginning of the trend.

The new tops Deborah had given him also varied in color, from light pink to dark pink, and made of a much softer fabric than before. Even his shorts were different. These were white with a pink stripe down the outside seams, made of nylon with notched mid-thigh flare legs. The shoes were white with pink detailing. Justin wasn't so sure about wearing the new shirts much less the shoes until Deborah gave him a big hug. With his face buried into her ample bosom and the intoxicating aroma of her perfume filling his nose, he agreed.

"Darling, with your confidence and likability, you can easily add a little pink to your repertoire. Not many men can pull that off but you certainly can," was all she had to add to convince him.

"Guess I can give it a try, Deborah," he answered, with a slight blush. He knew that Pink was normally for girls. But having seen several guys his age wearing pink shirts, he figured that she was right. *She's right about me being*

confident, he thought to himself, so I guess I can give it a try if for no other reason than to make her happy.

“Great, darling. Here, go put these on for me so I can see how it looks on you,” she said handing him a dark pink tee and white shorts.

If I look like a damn fool, I’ll hide these somewhere in my closet, he thought as he pulled the shirt over his head.

The short cap sleeves somehow didn’t look quite right to him but was more concerned with the color and fit. Normally his tees were loose and airy but this one was almost form fitting. The skintight white pants ended just before his ankle, which seemed odd. Also he could feel his legs brush against each other through the thin stretchy material. It was disconcerting – but in a good way. The shoes fit and the pink seemed to work with his outfit. So after viewing himself in the mirror he decided that he liked the look, even as others would have thought that it looked a little feminine.

“Justin, you look so sophisticated wearing that darling outfit,” she gushed, giving him a big hug and kiss to the cheek.

“Huh? You don’t think all this pink is too much? It feels a little weird too,” he said as she broke the hug.

“Oh no darling. I think it gives you a very sophisticated look,” she replied bringing him in for another hug and kiss.

“Sophisticated?” he replied puzzled.

“Yes, sophisticated. It means that you look classy and stylish. The latest trend is to look as sophisticated as possible darling. I want you to wear your new clothing all the time, promise?” she affirmed giving him another hug and kiss.

It had been a long time since his mother had passed that Deborah’s attention was more than welcome. Her hugs felt so good and reassuring. Justin had no problems promising her that he would always wear his new clothing.

Sophisticated huh? Well, if wearing what she gets for me makes me ‘sophisticated’ and gets me more of those hugs, I’ll be happy to do it, he thought to himself.



A couple of days later Deborah approached Justin shortly after breakfast. “Justin darling, why don’t you come down to my salon? Your hair needs a trim.”

His hair was getting shaggy and hadn’t been cut in a long time. So with a smile, he followed her down to the salon. Once in the chair, she shampooed it – something his barber never did – and he loved it. He was so relaxed as she massaged his scalp that he really didn’t hear what she was talking about. All he

heard was something about a lighter shade. She left his hair damp, put on a pair of yellow gloves and picked up a mixing bowl. Deborah had already prepared a pasty mixture of powder bleach and peroxide. She used this mixture to coat his hair, working from the roots out, as the ends would take the bleach and lighten the quickest.

“Hey, what’s going on?” Justin asked as she began rinsing his hair.

“Just what I said earlier darling. I’m going to lighten up your hair to give it a more sophisticated look. You do want to look stylish and be a trend-setter don’t you?” she replied as she continued to section and coat his hair.

“Oh yeah, I remember,” he answered, not sure of what she was talking about. *I know she was saying something when she washed my hair but don’t remember anything about lightening my hair. She did say it would make me a trend setter though... and that sounds okay*, he thought.

She towel dried his hair, then brushed and dried it with a hand dryer, before pulling it back into a blonde ponytail. She then proceeded to take an emery board to shape his nails into nice ovals. She continued her work by buffing then applying a slightly pink varnish.

This was another first for Justin. He pulled his hand away when Deborah first began applying the varnish. “Hey, what are you doing?” he asked in surprise.

“Justin, *darling*, relax,” she scolded. “I’m just going to neaten up your nails and put a clear sealer on them. Sophisticated gentlemen don’t go around with jagged and dirty nails and often get a manicure. Now you just relax. Have I steered you wrong so far?”

It was over two hours later that Justin left the basement salon. His hair was honey blond, tied up in a high ponytail. His nails shined with a hint of pink color. His bushy brows had been neatenened but not overly plucked. Again, the unspoken word – sissy – didn’t enter his mind, and was happy with what Deborah had done for him.

He was so happy with his new stylish look he agreed to go with her to get pierced. Of course, he thought he misheard when she said “ears.” He wasn’t as happy when they returned with pink keepers in both lobes, but the technician and Deborah said it made him look, you guessed it, sophisticated. Plus, he knew guys with way more piercings. He could manage just two, so didn’t complain.

Upon their return to the house, Deborah called the other boys downstairs for another group picture. It was, after all, her and George’s one month anniversary. Something Jake thought was stupid and childish, but stood for a brotherly group picture anyway. His father was standing beside his wife acting like a love-sick school boy which further bothered Jake. He forced a smile, surrounded by his brothers, not noticing how much pink Justin was wearing or that he was

wearing his longish *blond* hair in a ponytail. He was too preoccupied with how Joel looked to divert his attention.

Besides the eye makeup and lip gloss that Joel now routinely wore, he was wearing tight black pants and black ramped ankle boots, with a purple and black striped shirt that sat long on his torso, covering his bottom like a shirt dress. His usual black hoodie now seemed somewhat out of place. The plain studs in his earlobes had been replaced with small hoops that matched his lip ring.

“Thank you my darlings,” Deborah gushed. “This picture will look great in our family album. You have been so wonderful this past month that I left each of you a present on your beds.”



It wasn't until he looked at the picture that Jake noticed his youngest brother had gotten his ears pierced, his brown hair had changed into blond and wearing a powder pink silky shirt. For a moment he was taken aback at the abrupt changes.

Why haven't I noticed that before? Jake thought, *What's gotten into him? Is everyone in this family going completely bonkers? I don't like it that they are spending so much time in Deborah's salon either. She's got to be behind all this. What and why is she doing this? It just doesn't compute.*

He was so upset he passed on eating the piece of wedding cake that she had saved for this occasion and went to his room. There was a box on his bed with a card. It read, "Jake, *darling*, please wear this for me. Hugs, Deborah."

Slowly, Jake lifted the box's cover off like a demolition man might handle a bomb. Contained inside the box were two items that were unfamiliar to Jake – a navy-blue corset and matching pair of thong panties. Once he realized exactly what they were, he dropped them on the floor, carefully scooping them back into the box with a boot so as not to actually touch them.

She's lost her bloody mind! He said to himself as he reached for the soothing sounds of his music player and continued to read from his case law books.

Meanwhile, downstairs, Jake's two siblings had had an entirely different reaction to their stepmother's gift.

"Darlings, how can you expect to learn how to lace up a corset if you don't practice," she scolded them.

The boys weren't enthusiastic, but her logic was flawless, so they agreed. She had Joel strip down first then positioned a black lace-frilled satin corset around his torso. With his pants off, he was embarrassed to be seen wearing his black boy-cut panties by his brother and blushed. He wasn't sure why he was still wearing panties Deborah had given him. He had plenty of boxers in his dresser but none of his were as pretty or felt as good. Just feeling the nylon sliding up his legs sent shivers up his spine.

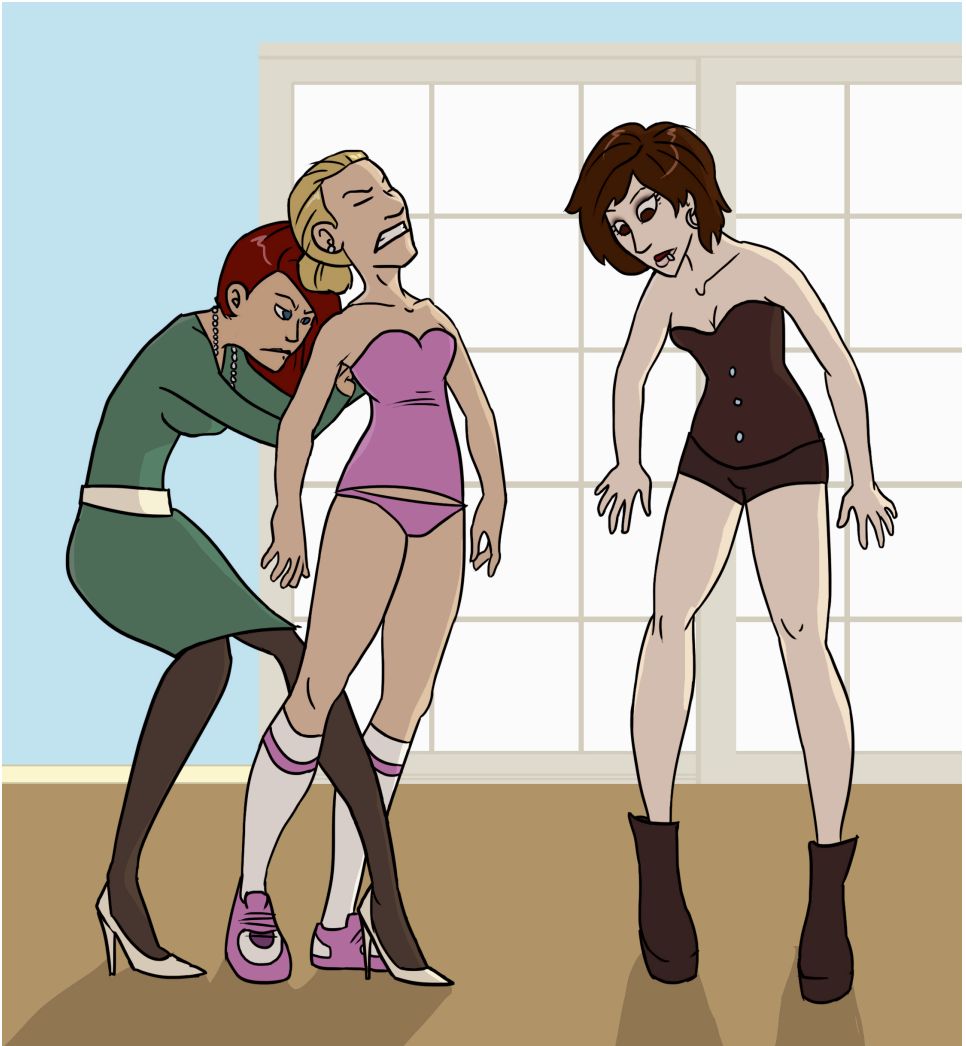
"Darling, there is no need to feel embarrassed," Deborah said, seeing his blush. "I'm *sure* Justin doesn't mind. Just hold still a moment while I get your corset on."

"Yeah Joel, I'm wearing the same kind of underwear too. Please don't feel bad," Justin piped up while undoing his pants to reveal his skimpy pink panties. Being the youngest and most impressionable of the boys, Justin had fallen under Deborah's sway the fastest. Deborah had told him that sophisticated people always wore comfortable, colorful underwear that didn't bunch when worn under clothing. So what if the material wasn't rough cotton, but soft sensual nylon? Underwear was just underwear. He couldn't argue with her statement. He certainly couldn't wear boxers under the new jeans she had given him. Besides he really liked the secure feeling the more confining underwear gave him.

Joel's corset had underwire demi-cups, with a boned torso and reached to mid-hip. When fully laced, it would draw a waist to twenty inches. With Joel, Deborah managed to get his waist from thirty-two down six inches. With that harsh restriction, Joel was having a hard time breathing, and in some pain.

"I know it's very uncomfortable now, *darling*," Deborah told him, "but it will get much better with time. Believe me when I tell you that you'll come to love and depend on having a corset's firm support all the time. If you take shallow breaths from your chest, it will make breathing easier."

Justin's corset was a bright bubblegum pink. As he was the youngest and a swimmer, she hoped to get his waist down to twenty-three inches from twenty-nine. By the time he was fully laced, Justin was groaning and having a hard time breathing, but she had gotten him to where she wanted. Justin was of two



minds once the corset was fully laced. First, he absolutely loved the hot pink color. The other part of his mind told him he shouldn't be wearing a corset. That part however was drowned out by how sophisticated he looked in it and the gorgeous color.

Neither, for any more than a second, did either of the two boys even question why they were now wearing corsets. If it made their step-mother happy, they didn't even question it. Their minds were now no longer making rational decisions or seeing reality for what it was, and they simply never noticed how differently their brains had begun to work.

"Oh my *darlings* you look positively fantastic in those corsets. So good, in fact, that I want you both to keep wearing them. Of course when wearing corsets, you must also wear stockings and that means you absolutely have to get that ugly hair off your legs. Joel since you've had the longest to adjust to your corset, you'll go first. Have a seat and I'll get the wax warmed," she instructed. "Justin, stop complaining. You're the athlete in the family and should be used to dealing with some pain. Take smaller breaths and do it from your upper chest."

Justin wasn't worried about having his leg hair removed. He had done that himself when he was competitively swimming. He had even shaved the sparse hair on his chest. All the guys on the swim team did that to get a split second more speed. His ex-steady girlfriend had even waxed him once before and he knew what to expect. But Joel wasn't so sure, having never done this, however he sat down anyway. Leg hair being ripped out by the roots was painful, then when she decided to do their underarms as well, it brought tears. Even Justin wasn't prepared for that, and joined Joel in tearing up.

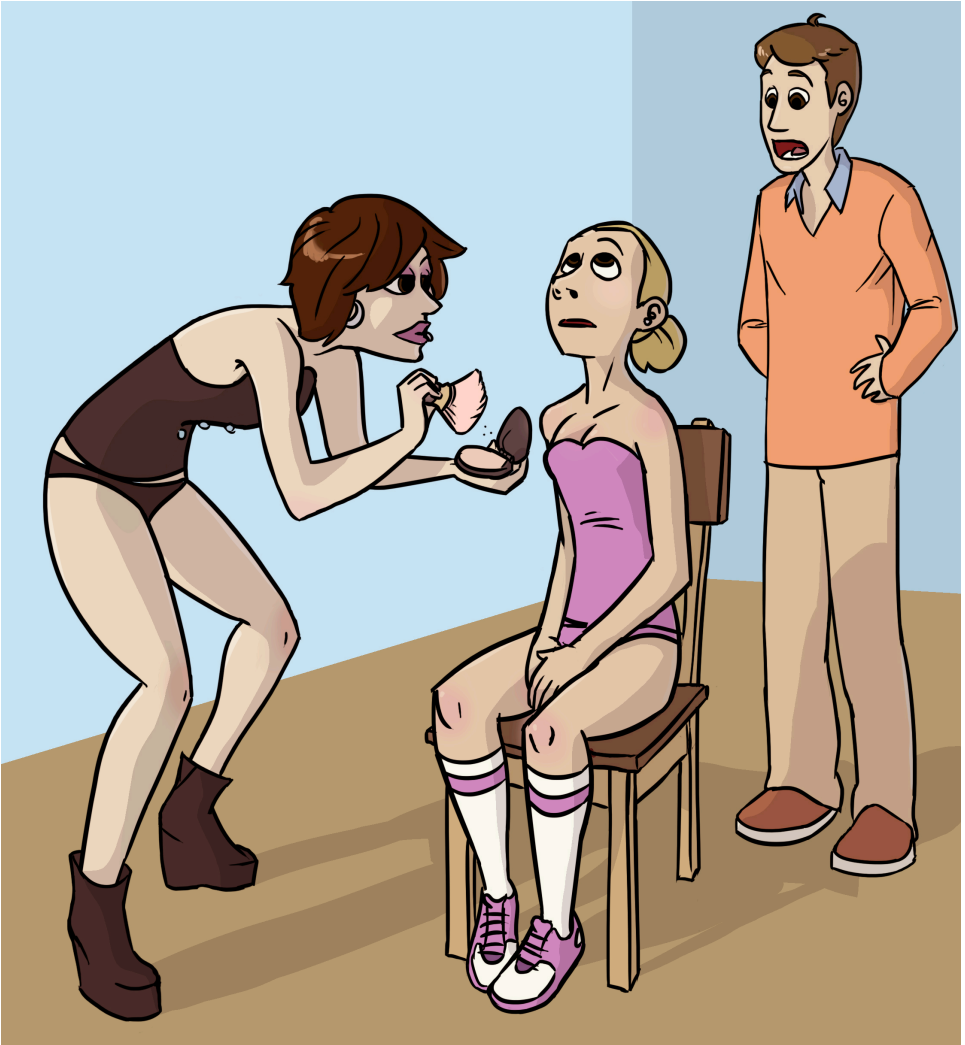
While Justin was getting his hair removed, Joel was busy repairing his tear-ruined makeup. Now, several days after his downstairs salon makeover, he had gotten into the habit of using concealer, foundation and blush daily. He spent at least three hours every day studying the cosmetic training manual his step-mother had provided for him, and was getting much better at it. He liked the purples, plums and dark reds the best which complimented his dark hair.

As he was working on his face, Joel happened to glance down and notice that his flabby chest seemed to fill the A-cups of his new corset. He should have normally been concerned, but instead he oddly seemed to be pleased. Having small breasts actually was a blessing, as it enhanced his image in his eyes. He was convinced that *finally* he would be noticed and no longer overlooked. He was sick and tired of everybody ignoring him. He wanted to be the center of attention for a change. His stepmother had reassured him that he'd never be neglected again.

Having finished with Justin's waxing, Deborah noticed that Joel had also finished fixing his makeup.

“Darling,” she said to him, “Your face always looks so professionally done. I know Justin would *love* to look as sophisticated as you do. Perhaps you can help him with that?”

Justin wasn’t sure what his stepmother had just suggested, as he had been obsessing over his hairless skin, but Joel was already all over it. He sat his brother down in the salon chair and then began to further pluck Justin’s already well-groomed brows. By the time he was finished, they had been shaped into thin, high feminine arches. Picking up a wipe, he cleansed his face before applying any more makeup. A light dusting of loose powder over his face with a hint of matte rose blusher on his cheeks was next.



By now, their eldest sibling had rejoined them. As he watched Joel dust his other brother's face with powder, Jake shouted loudly, "What the hell are you doing now?"

"Go away Jake," Justin spoke softly, still staring at the ceiling as his eyes were lined with a thin black liner and touch of mascara.

"Jake sounds jealous of your sophisticated look Justin," Deborah said, then turned her gaze to Jake, "Would you like to wear some makeup Jake?" Deborah asked, "I'm sure that Joel would be happy to help you with that, if you asked nicely."

"Oh no," Jake recoiled, "Don't even bother asking. I'm not going to be a part of this freak show."

Deborah glared at him disapprovingly.

Jake was not happy. "You've got to be shi... shi..." he tried to yell "shit" but the word just wouldn't form. He and his brothers' had previously used profanity like an everyday adjective, but now he couldn't do it – none of them could. Unable to get the word out, he moved on. "You're nuts! There's no way I'm going to wear makeup. Both you and Justin have totally lost it."

"Jake is that any way to talk to your family members?" Justin butted in. "Now you apologize this instant and do what he asked."

Jake stopped in mid tirade, suddenly stuck dumb. *What? Why do I have this urge to do exactly that? He's my youngest brother and I've always made him do what I wanted. Why do I feel so submissive?*

"I'm sorry for yelling at you Joel. I guess my studies have put me under a strain. Sure, I'll be glad to help you out," he meekly said.

Jake, to his astonishment, sat quietly in the salon chair as Joel gave him a complete makeover with both Deborah and Justin observing. His chestnut hair, while relatively short, had been done up in spikes. With his sideburns shaved into crisp "V's," it gave his hair a feminine look. Joel neatened up the brows and used only a tiny bit of brown liner and mascara on the eyes. A light coating of foundation to even out the complexion and a hint of pink blush followed.

More importantly however, was the fact that from that day forth, Jake was submissive to the other members of the family.

Back in his room a frustrated Jake stared at his reflection unable to comprehend what had happened to his resolve. *Why did I let them do this to me? More importantly, why do I comply with anything they ask of me? I look like a total fruitcake. I've got to get this stuff off and wash my hair,* he thought.

However, instead of stripping off his offending clothing and getting the makeup off, he sat down at his computer, put in the earbuds and turned on his music player.



Several days passed, bleeding into weeks. The two younger brothers were now firmly entrenched in corsets and cosmetics, while Jake maintained his opposition. He continued his studies, though he had given up on case law books to focus more on legal professional magazines. The magazines just seemed to be a tad bit easier to understand than his stuffy books. He surmised that he had been reading too much dry case law and needed a break from it.

On this particular day, after fetching a drink from the kitchen, he had returned to his room to find another mysterious box on his bed from his stepmother. The note atop it, again read “*Darling*, please wear this outfit for our next family portrait later today.”

Jake shook his head. She was persistent, he had to give her that.

He took the lid off the box, expecting another disgusting corset to be inside, but instead he found something different.

The first item was a dark, burnt orange long-sleeved sweater with a wide rounded neckline. Holding it out in front of him with both hands, he shivered. The material felt so luxurious and soft, like nothing he had felt before. At the same time, it felt alien. Like this garment was not made for a man to wear. Checking the label he saw that the material was cashmere. As if in a daze, he pulled off his old sweater, and replaced it with the new one. It felt better than anything he had worn before, but it felt too large on him. No matter how he tried to arrange it, the tight fitting sleeves reached to the first knuckles on his hands and it sat well passed his buttocks to the very top of his thighs.

He turned back to the box and removed the next item. It was a pair of sand colored pants with an elastic waist, no pockets or fly. Pinned to the pants was a pair of white cotton briefs and another note. The note said he would need to wear these if the pants were going to fit correctly. The material again didn't feel quite right, being soft and stretchy with a very narrow waist band. Another tiny chill of fear ran up his spine as he quickly stepped out of his khakis and boxers. The briefs were much softer and lighter than jockeys briefs and didn't have a fly. The new pants were a much tighter fit on the legs and crotch, feeling like they wanted to dig into his ass cheeks. The waistband was higher, just covering his navel and the legs ended just above the ankles.

The last item in the box was a pair of shoes. He looked at the brown leather shoes confused. *Why in the world would I even consider wearing something like this?* he wondered.

The shoes were a wedge style and had a three inch cork heel with a two inch cork sole. The toe was rounded and the top was squared and stopped at the beginning of the arch. The only leather support coming from the sides and heel. Inside the shoes was a pair of nylon footies. Shoes no boy would voluntarily wear

"What the... Why did she give me this?" he said aloud in his empty room. "It looks so... So weird. Who does she think I am? I'm not a fruitcake like my brothers are!"



A bit later, Justin was in his room examining the contents of his gift. Bright pink leotards and bright white opaque tights were first, followed by a dark purple long-sleeved hoodie and pair of white trainers with a wide pink Velcro fastening and raised inside heel. The final item was a dark purple scrunchy.

What's with the leotards and these crazy pants? he thought to himself, puzzled.

His note read, “*Darling,*” as soon as he read that on particular word, his eyes glazed over for a second before he continued reading. “I know you are man enough to get away with wearing this. If you don’t want to show any underwear lines, wear a thong. The new pants are leggings, and they are going to show off your athletic legs nicely. I hope you love it as much as I do you. Hugs, Deborah.”

“Gee, she is so right. I know I’m a man and better than most. I can do this!” he said aloud, picking up a thong from his underwear drawer. Deborah had added the thongs to the mix of garments in his underwear drawer only recently. It wasn’t until today that he fully understood their intended use.

It didn’t take Justin more than a few minutes to happily change into his new clothing. The thong pressing into his anus felt the like the oddest thing in the world – but not that uncomfortable. The front was wide enough to conceal his package, and the smooth satin front also made his penis pulse as it pressed firmly against it. The skin tight fit of the leggings would take some getting used to. The back seam dug deeply into his butt crack separating and pushing the cheeks up while pulling on his crotch almost painfully. The shoes weren’t that much different than his other pair, and the hoodie felt soft and comfortable. He was pleased when he examined his reflection and put the scrunchy on lifting his ponytail higher.

Deborah was so right about me wearing this. I look fabulous and I don’t give a damn what my friends say. They’ll be just so jealous, he said to himself fluffing out his ponytail.

He then set about touching up the shiny new lip-plumping gloss that Joel had given him, before attending to his cheeks and eyes. A new pair of pink hoop earrings were the last things he put on.



Joel had been the last to see his present. His note began with “*Darling,*” As with the other boys, Joel’s eyes glazed over momentarily before he continued reading. “I know you are just going to love this outfit. It really makes a statement and tells the world just how special you are. Hugs, Deborah.”

The first item was a pair of large six inch silver hoops. He quickly removed his studs, replacing them with the new hoops. A pair of black fishnet stockings followed next, with a pair of black knee high opaque hose with plum welts.

Guys don’t wear stockings, he thought to himself, *I know Deborah wants me to express my personality and style but...* He paused for a moment, then

changed his mind. *Oh what the heck. She did give me this, and I should at least try them on*, he thought.

He fumbled with the fishnets to get them up. The elasticized tops were a trick at first, but once he added the rest of the outfit, he felt reassured that it would all work out. Deborah wouldn't have suggested it unless it was a good idea. *Would she have?* Adding the black knee-high nylons with the purple welt was a lot easier. He really liked how the mesh hose and nylons made his legs look. Their overall effect reinforced his need to assert his own individuality. The clothing was a stark contrast to his gender, but the tightness just above his hips continued to reassure him. The next item was fairly tame by comparison, as he retrieved a pair of tiny black shorts from the box.

"I guess if I can wear stockings, I can wear these," he mumbled.

As he slid the shorts up his legs and settled them around his hips, a strong shiver of pleasure ran up his spine. The next item was again confusing. It was black with black/plum colored long sleeves and a sweetheart neckline.

"Why this? It is definitely made for a girl. This is getting weirder by the minute... But with what I have on now, I guess I might as well put it on too," he softly said. "No sense in only doing things half-way." The fit was tight, but perfect, as if custom-made just for him.

The final item was a pair of boots. The shoes were mid-calf, black leather stripper boots with a two-inch platform and five-inch spiked heel. He would have to practice a lot to master walking in those heels. Seeing his image, Joel was ecstatic – if for no other reason than the additional height the boots gave him.

I wasn't sure about all this before, but I most certainly will make a statement wearing this! The boots are tight and pinch my toes, but now I'm the tallest in the family. They won't be ignoring me now! he thought, as he began to add bold plum colored eye shadow to his lids.

Deborah had a huge smile as the boys came down wearing her gifts. All three were nervous and Jake seemed agitated. "Oh my darlings! You look wonderful," she gushed.

Wonderful? I feel like a complete dork... But what's gotten into my brothers? Justin's pants are something I've seen the girls wearing at school with the same type hoodie. Joel is totally out there somewhere in space, wearing something like that, and Dad is just standing there making goo-goo eyes at Deborah. This is all too confusing... And why am I just standing here like an idiot? Jake thought.

"Jake darling, why don't you fetch all of us some champagne. I think a celebration is called for," Deborah said breaking him out of his thoughts.

"Justin and Joel are too young to drink," he replied, trying to resist her command as best he could.

“Oh I think it’ll be okay, just this once. Don’t you agree George?” she said giving Jake a hard stare.

“Of course dear. Whatever you say is fine by me,” his father answered, giving Jake no choice but to comply.

When he returned with the drinks they toasted their family’s ‘success’ – whatever that meant – and took their positions for another photo. Deborah was about to click the shutter when she stopped suddenly with a loud groan. “Oh Jake, you didn’t finish with what was in your box!”

She angrily stomped off upstairs, instructing them all to stay where they were. Moments later, she returned holding a lipstick tube, which she opened and applied to her eldest stepson’s unaccepting mouth.



"If you ruin this for me, so help me god..." she growled in a low voice. "...*Darling*." She smiled wickedly.

Jake felt his mouth relax as if by reflex, then felt the smooth coolness of the pale coral lipgloss that she was applying. And a moment later, she snapped her photo of a smiling Justin, intense-looking Joel, and painfully unhappy Jake, all standing beside each other.



As it was still early afternoon, Justin decided to meet up with some of his friends at the mall arcade. He was in a dilemma as he gathered his wallet, cell and keys. His tights didn't have pockets. Deborah stepped up and loaned him one of her black leather purses.

"*Darling*, use this. I don't mind loaning it to you," she said.

"But this is a purse!" he exclaimed, as he took it.

"Of course it is. How else will you manage all your things? Besides, a person with all your charm can do it and you look so sophisticated, darling," she stated, giving him a hug.

"You're so smart, Deborah," he said. "A purse is exactly what I need. Besides, it's not like it has flowers or lace on it."

Justin put his stuff into the purse and headed out the door, smiling. He couldn't wait to see his friend's reaction to how great he looked. He was confident in his sophisticated new style, and starting a trend for his friends to try and emulate. Deborah had warned him that they might be jealous and give him some grief over his appearance.

"Jealous?" he chirped in a high lilting tone, "They better be! That's the whole point, right?"

His reception at the arcade didn't go anything like he had expected. He couldn't believe their reaction, and it really bothered him being called "gay," "faggot" and "queer." At first, he was scared by their vicious verbal accusations. His old friend Billy hit and shoved him hard. Then Ralph shoved him back over to Billy, who hit him again, called him a faggot and shoved him over to John. John punched him in the stomach and shoved him back, calling him a queer.

"You're the weird ones!" he screamed, "You're all just jealous of how sophisticated I look! If you're those kind of 'friends' then I don't want to have anything more to do with you," he shouted as he stomped his foot as he turned and left.

A couple of tears trickled down his cheeks as he got back into his car. *What do they know? I thought they were my friends. Deborah was so right about them. They just can't stand how fabulous I look*, he thought as he fixed his makeup and headed home.



At home, Jake went back to his room to do some additional studying. Pausing for a moment, he considered getting out of the clothing Deborah had given him, but decided it was too much trouble. He spent at least a couple of hours every day studying in preparation for going back to law school. The better his grades, the better the law firm would be that hired him. He settled in by the computer to read the online versions of the legal magazines he had been reading, and he put in the earbuds figuring some Beethoven would help his concentration. Again, he thought he heard words when there was supposed to be only music. Shaking his head, he turned on his computer and began his studies.

It didn't take long before Jake was just staring at the monitor wondering why he was looking at that dull legal news site. *Gosh, this stuff is just so boring*, he thought, *Why am I wasting my time studying International Maritime Law in the first place? What I really need to do is practice my typing skills, and it wouldn't hurt to learn shorthand. That would be a bigger help taking class notes than this stuff.* With that, he found a website online that would allow him to practice typing, and later, another one that would teach him shorthand.

He told himself that he would go back to his regular mags once he regained his focus. But sadly for the oldest of the Robinson boys, that would never happen.



Back up in his room his room, Joel was very pleased with his new clothing, but not so happy with his eye shadow. He wanted to experiment further with applying eye shadow. Deborah had recommended a web site that had lengthy videos of different looks and techniques. The cosmetics site offered over one hundred eye, lip and facial shades to choose from. Plus it offered a free "Professional Cosmetics Training Manual" that could be downloaded. Joel was almost overwhelmed by what he saw in that training manual.

Wow! I never guessed putting on makeup had all these complicated steps and all the color choices. I just wanted to work on my eye shadow but guess I better start at the beginning, he thought as he glanced through the download. He spent the rest of the afternoon learning what colors worked best with his skin tone, hair coloring and how to blend them into a more dramatic look. He liked dramatic looks.



When Justin came home, Deborah saw that he had been crying and rushed to comfort him. It was exactly what she had expected. After he told her of his experience at the arcade, she consoled him full of mock concern and affection. It didn't take her long to reaffirm that his so-called friends were obviously very jealous. She suggested that what he needed to do was work even harder at being as sophisticated as possible. It would be his best way to show them just how lame they were.

"Besides, darling, you can always make new friends who appreciate you," she said, giving him a hug then continuing, "Justin darling, look at how Joel has progressed and how happy he is. You know you need to make the same kind of statement."

"Exactly like him?" Justin asked.

"No darling, not a Goth look like his. I mean something more subtle and gentle. I think that if you polished up your look with some cosmetics and let your hair grow out some more you'd look fabulous. Why don't you join me and Joel in my salon in the morning and we'll see what we can do?"

As she sent Justin off to his room, Deborah was more than pleased. Justin's friends could have been a major problem interfering with her plans. Keeping him isolated from them would only work for so long. The other boys, Jake and Joel, not having any close friends were much easier to deal with. She didn't have a lot of time, but the progress of her plan was moving better than expected. Both Joel and Justin had readily adapted to her programming. Tomorrow she would see just how far she could push the two younger brothers. Jake could wait a bit longer, as he hadn't listened to his music as long as the others, and was showing more resistance.

He's just like his father, she thought, the stubborn old coot. But I broke him, and I'll do the same with Jake.



In the days that followed, Deborah began spending a lot more time working with both Joel and Justin. A lot of time was spent teaching them how to sit properly while using a toilet. Next was everything from how to prepare a bubble bath to performing a morning and nighttime facial. Even more time was spent teaching them makeup techniques and how to create different hair styles. Joel was especially impressive with what he already knew from his downloads, but it took hands-on teaching to obtain maximum effect. Of course, their wardrobes had to be changed, and a bit more time was spent buying new clothing and underthings.

"My darlings," she said the next morning, "I think it's time to expand your wardrobes. With the corsets your clothing just doesn't fit right and I'm sure

you're tired of washing the same underwear every night. Plus, you two have been cooped up in the house too long. Come on, let's do some serious shopping."

The boys were more than happy to go out and get some new clothing. Deborah was right, their restricted waists made most of what they had unwearable, and the recent gifts Deborah had given them were the only things that fit.

Even though both boys could consciously grasp that shopping was a chore they had always dreaded in the past, something inside of them was pushing them onward, making them feel excited and energized at the prospect of getting new clothes. That feeling lasted up until they actually arrived at the mall, and their first stop was the frilliest, laciest and raciest lingerie retailer.

Neither boy had ever gone into a store like that before, though in recent weeks both had inexplicably stopped to stare into the windows at the lovely displays. Before Deborah had joined them, such stores were taboo for any male, which they were, but imagining them on their girlfriend was okay. Now, even with their new outlook on life, both still harbored feelings of unease entering the store.

Deborah noticed their unease and put her arms around their narrowed waists as they neared the entrance. "My darlings, there's nothing to worry or be ashamed about going in here. You need underwear and this shop specializes in that. There is absolutely nothing wrong in wanting to wear colorful and silky underthings," she said.

They were still a bit nervous as she led them over to the racks of panties on display. Justin and Joel, dressed and wearing makeup, both appeared to the rest of the world as somewhat flat-chested girls. Joel because of his flamboyant look did receive more glances but no one questioned that they weren't probably female.

Justin loved seeing all the pink in the store as it was now his most favorite color and the variety and styles of thongs, his new preferred style of panty, even more. He wound up with an armful of thongs mostly in shades of pink, white and lavender. Some had lacy overlays and one pair had a translucent knife-pleated short skirt. Joel preferred hip-hugger styles in shades of purple and violet. In addition to the panties, Deborah insisted they get new 'undershirts.' Each boy soon had another armful of colorful lace-frilled camisoles.

Deborah was a bit concerned as they approached the checkout counter. This was the moment when she feared the clerk would discover who her customers actually were. If that happened, the best she could hope for was that the girl didn't make a scene. As they piled the large heap of lingerie onto the checkout counter, the sales girl smiled broadly. The size of the sale she was ringing up kept her from looking too closely at her customers. Deborah let out a sigh of relief as they exited. She knew the boys were very passable but there was al-

ways a tinge of doubt that they would either say or do something wrong. They passed this test admirably – but the next stop would be the final test. It was a dance wear shop.

“My darlings, listen carefully. I’ve decided since your bodies are still adjusting to your corsets that we should hold off purchasing too many new outfits. Instead, I think we should get something that can be worn all the time and will adjust to your changing bodies like the leotards you already have.”

Justin and Joel nodded silently, and followed their stepmom to the dance wear shop, which was in a side corridor and had very few customers. Again, Deborah tensed up as a sales clerk approached, but apparently the clerk took them at face value. The size of their purchase put away any doubts the clerk might have had. Justin had several leotards in shades of pink with an equal number of opalescent white tights and fuzzy powder-pink leg warmers. Joel’s leotards were in shades of purple.

A stop in a shoe store on the way out of the mall for Joel didn’t take long. Deborah purchased a pair of black thigh high five-inch spike heeled leather boots with a one-inch platform. She was tempted to have him wear them out of the store, but decided against it. They would take some time to get used too.

Watching her transformed stepson Justin, Deborah snickered quietly. Justin was looking at several different pairs of shoes, but nothing caught his eye. *A few more weeks and I’ll be trying to stop him from buying too much at once,* she chuckled to herself.

The final stop of the day was at the specialty shop where she had purchased the corsets. This time, she had them fitted with new corsets that could be trimmed down to eighteen inches. At this point in their figure training there was no way she could get them down to such a degree. However, at the rate they were going, it wouldn’t be that far into the future. As soon as she had gotten back from her honeymoon with George, she had insisted upon a new diet for her stepchildren, and they would soon be dramatically thinner. That, plus starting them on an aerobics program every morning would make her goal of eighteen inches achievable.

Both boys were feeling a little dubious about some of the clothing purchases that had been made that day. Especially the nylon panties and leotards. They both knew that boys didn’t wear panties, but then-again, some boys *did* wear leotards. Dancers for example. At least that’s what Deborah had convinced them when started to act resistant to her suggestions. She also explained that panties were much better than boxers, as the boy’s underwear tended to bunch up under their snug fitting clothes, were made of much coarser and more uncomfortable materials, and in general were so incredibly ‘drab.’

“Satin and nylon just feel so much better darlings. Please wear them for me,” she said as she drove back home. “You’ll realize soon enough just how precious

they feel. As for the leotards, Justin you love the color of pink darling, so what's wrong getting leotards in the colors you like. Joel the same goes for you. You're into purples. Plus wearing leotards around the house with some nice tights are easier to care for and less restricting. Think of how much easier it will be in our morning aerobics class? Won't it be fun?"

They both knew it was wrong, but it made them feel so confused and troubled. It was much easier just to agree with Deborah. The brothers sighed and smiled up at their Stepmother. "Yes Ma'am. You're right"

She always was.



Later, as the boys were putting away their new clothing, Deborah was sitting at the kitchen table with a cup of herbal tea. The shopping trip went exceedingly well and she was pleased they had passed some major hurdles. Justin and Joel were coming along wonderfully. Jake however, was a completely different story. She had figured from very early on that she was going to have a problem with the eldest boy, but never conceived it would be this difficult. He was fighting her every step of the way. Eventually, she would have to deal with Jake, but first she needed to talk to George.

As Justin and Joel pranced around the house wearing corsets under their leotards with full makeup, Jake was having fits. His outrage and complaints, however, did no good as everyone else simply ignored him. When he confronted his father once again about how absurd his brothers were acting and dressing, George told him to mind his own business.

"Look Jake, you need to loosen up," he demanded. "You've become very uptight lately and I'm getting tired of your constant complaining. I know lawyers are supposed to be straight-laced but you're carrying it to extremes. Your brothers are just experimenting with their personal styles and seem very happy. You could use them as an example believe it or not. Now mind your own business and stop complaining so much."

"Dad?" He replied, "What's gotten into you? It's like you've turned into a completely different person. Can't you see what that woman is doing to my brothers? It's not normal. It's perverted. How can you let them prance around the house, dressed and acting like a couple of sissy-fairies, without raising a single objection?"

"They are expressing themselves Jake..." George tried to interject, but was cut off by his angry son.

"Express themselves?" he cried, "Before Deborah came into our lives you never, ever, in a million years, would have tolerated that kind of 'expression.'"

It's like she's made you lose your mind Dad! Is it just me? Am *I* the crazy one? Have *I* lost my mind? Or has *everybody* else lost theirs?"

George just shrugged, causing Jake to simply sigh and walk away muttering. He returned back up to his room, slammed his door shut and went back to practicing his typing.



Over the ensuing week, Deborah decided to make Jake her focus. She purchased him tighter fitting pants that hugged his thighs and emphasized his butt, and made sure he knew he was expected to wear them.

Instead, all he did was complain.

New long-sleeved cashmere sweater tops in earth-toned colors and several pairs of ramped shoes followed next, but again, nothing but complaints. Deborah had also replaced all his boxers with ultra-soft cotton brief-cut panties. Most were plain white but some had small coral flower or dot patterns. She made sure he kept his nails clean, filed, shaped and polished with glossy varnish. He wasn't happy with what she was giving him, or showing him, but he complied. He particularly disliked having to file and paint his nails.

But as much as he complained about what she was making him do, he could not resist her commands. Occasionally, he would put on a pair of his old khakis just to seem defiant. But for some strange reason, they felt very uncomfortable. If forced him to admit the truth, that he preferred his new form-fitting slacks.

To ease his growing frustration, he began using his earbuds even more often to try and better his mood with music. By weeks end, his anger had subsided somewhat. As a peace offering, Deborah suggested a shopping trip. Jake scoffed at the idea at first, but eventually gave in.

"Fine!" he groaned, "But I won't let you get me anything stupid or girly like my brothers are wearing!"

Deborah chuckled, "Absolutely..." she replied, then turned to leave, muttering under her breath, "...not."

The two of them ventured out to get Jake some new pants. This time, they were even tighter than anything he had worn before. Most of the pairs he tried on rode low on his hips, hugged his ass, and separated and defined his ass cheeks. The new pants seemed to be painted on from the hips down, yet in sand and faded tangerine colors, still appeared masculine enough to satisfy Jake's need that they not be like anything his brothers would wear.

Upon their return, Deborah announced to the family that Jake would be serving the family at meal times from now on.

“Jake, *darling*, you need to get out of that room of yours and help around the house like your brothers do. So I want you to serve all the family meals then clean up afterwards. I don’t expect you to do any cooking but you will do everything else,” she stated as he went to his room to hang his new pants.

To make matters worse, Deborah had him don an apron to serve the family meals – and to wear pink rubber gloves when he did the dishes.

“An apron?” he boiled, “Are you f... fu...” He tried to curse at her, but the word wouldn’t form. “Isn’t being the family servant enough humiliation?” He turned and stormed back up to his room, placing his earbuds into his ears and logging onto his newest online magazine. *Why can’t I stop all this? It makes absolutely no sense. I’m a man, and men don’t do this stuff*, he complained to himself as he flipped through the latest gossip section of the fashion magazine he had just started reading. *I can’t wait to go back to school in the fall. I’ve had about enough this crazy family. I need to get back to being normal again.*

As he read all about the latest Hollywood drama, he grabbed an emery board and started to file and shape his nails.



While Jake was learning his new place in the hierarchy of the family, Joel hadn’t been forgotten. Deborah was encouraging him to express himself to any degree he wished, which now meant flouncy short skirts and bustier tops. The one she liked the best on Joel was made of spandex and low-cut. They were deep purple patchwork-patterned bustiers with black lace splicing on the torso and black floral lace at the bust. With a layered poof-net purple tutu-style skirt, the ensemble looked precious on him. She also insisted on mesh stockings, his new five-inch spike heeled boots and large hoop earrings.

Joel for his part was reluctant at first to embrace the multi-layered and intricate new fashions his stepmother had been encouraging him to wear. He enjoyed the simplicity of wearing his leotards and there was just something about putting on a skirt that didn’t sit right – at first. A skirt was something boys just didn’t wear.

Examining a mid-thigh black woolen flare skirt with box pleats and a lilac bustier with a sweetheart neckline, he was at odds with his instinct. *I’ve worn bustiers, corsets and even garter belts... But a skirt?* he thought, *I’ve never seen any boy wearing a skirt around here... sooooo... maybe Deborah does have a great idea here. Wearing a skirt would definitely make a statement and get me a lot of attention. So why not give it a shot?*

Once dressed, any misgivings he had evaporated. He loved how his legs looked wearing the skirt. Other than a feeling of being vulnerable, he thought he looked good.

“Gosh, my legs look fantastic in this but I’m going to have to be extra careful when I sit or bend. With this short of a skirt, if I’m not cautious, everyone is going to see my panties,” he said, looking at his reflection. “Oh, I’ve got to do something with my hair and fix my makeup,” he added, stepping away.

Joel was constantly styling his longer hair and working on his makeup. His preferred style was putting it up in elaborate braided ponytails falling from the crown of his head and held in place with stiff wide ribbons. It was an easy style to create and it kept his hair out of his face. His makeup had become more and more elaborate and dramatic as his techniques improved. His Professional Cosmetics Training Manual and Deborah’s assistance had really helped him develop a style of his own. It didn’t hurt that he actually enjoyed putting on makeup and how it changed his features. Cosmetics really made his face “pop” and facilitated his desire to stand out and be noticed.



He wasn't the only Robinson boy wearing makeup. Justin was wearing full makeup every day, though his style wasn't as dramatic as Joel's. Like Joel, he had begun to love styling his hair and applying cosmetics. When not wearing his leotard, Justin preferred to wear his leggings and hoodies. He also has developed a strong compulsion to read as many teen girl magazines as he can get his hands on. Articles on fashions and the latest Hollywood gossip he found to be fascinating. At Deborah's suggestion, he had decided to get his ears pierced again, as double piercings or more were all the rage, according to her.

At the mall, going to the Piercing Pagoda, he ran into his ex-girlfriend Muriel. Seeing the beautiful golden-haired cheerleader was a surprise, and made him stop in his tracks. He wasn't sure he wanted to meet her. It wasn't because of how he was dressed but rather for not seeing or contacting her since school let out. The question of “why” he hadn't contacted or gone out with her didn't enter his mind.

I haven't seen her since school let out. She is going to be really pis... err... mad at me, he thought as she approached.

“Justin! Is that really you? Ohmygoooo! What's happened to you? I heard what the guys were saying but didn't believe it,” she said in a rush, her eyes wide in surprise.

Justin blushed deeply under his rather thick makeup. “I just wanted to try and look more sophisticated that's all. I... I'm sorry for not calling bu... but things have been a bit complicated since my Dad's marriage,” he haltingly replied.

“Complicated! I'd say wearing makeup, leggings, that lavender hoodie... And are those Ugg boots? Ohmygod! Justin, I never want to see you again,” she

spat. "I've never been so humiliated in my life," Muriel added as she turned and stomped off.

Wow, I knew she would be mad, but jealous too? She's the hottest girl in school. So what does she have to be jealous of? Guess she just can't stand the competition, he thought, heading to the Pagoda.

At the Piercing Pagoda the sales girl greeted him with a big smile and asked what he wanted. "Oh I just love those big hoop styles and need my ears pierced. Could you show me those six inch gold ones," he inquired. He was still a little disturbed by Muriel's reaction, but taking in a deep breath, he relaxed. Two quick "snaps" and he had pink keepers inserted into his ears.

On the way out of the mall, he paused at a store display. The mannequin was wearing what he thought was a really cute mid-thigh length pink dress. It was his most favorite color in the world, pink, powder pink, and had a rounded neckline and fitted waist.

"Omigod!" Justin squealed, almost as girlishly as Muriel had just a few minutes ago. "That dress is the same one I saw in the magazine, and in my most favorite color. It's supposed to be one of the hottest styles for the Fall!" Justin has developed a strong preference for the colors of pink, purple and white usually in the form of white tights and pink leotard. Spending his leisure time reading girl's magazines, such as "Seventeen," still had an odd feel but the articles were captivating. The "In Style" magazine's article on "The Latest Fall Fashions," featured that dress he was looking at so closely but in a different color. Seeing it in pink, he just had to have it. Yes, he knew he was being impulsive, but that wasn't going to stop him.

Deborah was more than pleased when she heard her stepson's reaction. "A dress? Are you sure darling?" she asked.

"I've never wanted anything more in world than that gorgeous dress. Please, Deborah, I just have to have it! Say that you will get it for me, pleeeeaasssseeee," he begged.

"I don't know Justin. Getting a dress is a big step and something that requires skills to wear properly," she replied.

"Pleeeaaaseeee, I really want that dress," he pleaded.

"Okay but first you are going to have to learn skirt management. To be worn correctly you have to move gracefully, learn to keep you knees pressed together, how to sit... Oh, there is a lot to learn before you are ready to wear skirts or dresses, darling," she replied.

"Teach me! I really want that dress. I promise I'll do my bestest," he happily replied.



Deborah started her new lessons right after the two boys had finished their daily aerobics routines with her. She gave them each a black champagne satin-lined woolen straight skirt falling to mid-calf. With their highest-heeled shoes on, she began teaching them feminine deportment and manners. Justin and Joel were more than happy to learn, but Jake wasn't the least bit happy. He reluctantly stood at the side of the room in his skinny pants, watching as his step-mother began her instruction.

Seeing Jake not participating made Justin upset. "Darn it Jake! Get with the program. You're not even trying. If we don't learn this, then I won't get that dress I desperately want," Justin scolded his older brother.

"You're the one that wants to wear a stupid dress. So why do I have to learn this stuff?" Jake wanted to scream. To his astonishment instead found himself saying, "I'm sorry Justin. I'll try to do better."

To Jake's greater surprise, he began trying harder to do what Deborah was teaching them. Seeing his older brother actually trying harder thrilled Justin. It was tremendously empowering to the younger brother.



Jake was still confused as to why he so easily did what Justin told him too. Not only that, but all the family seemed to be telling him what and how to do things. Things he didn't ever want to do, but he complied every time. With each passing day, he became more and more submissive. Sometimes he didn't even think of arguing when told to do something. He tried his best to resist the more onerous tasks asked of him, like wearing a leotard once aerobics was over. However no matter how hard he struggled, couldn't stop wearing the corset and serving all the family meals wearing those hated aprons.

Though Deborah was pushing Jake as hard as she could, he still was refusing to do exactly as she wanted. *He is still resisting me and not listening to his music nearly as much as the other boys. I've got to find a way to make him listen to it for longer periods of time*, she mused as she watched him practicing his heel and toe mincing.

Finished with their practice session, she pulled Jake over beside her. "Jake darling, I haven't seen you listening to your music. I thought you loved the classics," she asked.

"I do," he replied, "but I only listen to it when I'm studying. It helps me concentrate."

"Darling Jake, I thought that maybe you didn't like my gift of the music player. I'm so relieved that you like those classics. Look, I know school is very impor-

tant to you, so I'll let you stop serving at breakfast and lunch so you can study. How's that sound?" she said suppressing her agitation.

"Okay, I guess. I really need to get back to practicing my typing speed and transcription and stuff," he replied trying hard not to show how relieved he felt.

"Look, I can see you're a bit stressed now. So why don't you go do some studying and I'll call you when lunch is ready, darling," Deborah said with a smile. A wicked, self-satisfied smile.



Justin was overjoyed when August rolled around and Deborah took him to buy that gorgeous pink dress. For the trip to the mall, he went all-out putting on full makeup and arranging his hair into a ponytail. He had Joel lace up his new violet satin corset with purple lace detailing extra-tight, taking his waist down to twenty inches. The entire family had been on a strict diet for a while and his weight loss made shrinking his waist not that difficult. He was down to one hundred fifteen pounds and lost a lot of muscle tone. He was uneasy about how big his butt was getting and the soft mounds forming on his chest, but didn't complain. Those changes, along with his thin waist, only made him look better – especially if he got that pink dress. For outer wear, he put on his hot pink leggings and a violet nylon peasant blouse.

"Darling, if you're insisting on getting the dress I don't think it's wise to call you Justin. What do you think about calling you Justine? I think it's a darling name for a darling child," Deborah said as they were getting into the car.

"Justine? Err... I guess it is okay. It does have a pretty ring to it," he replied.

Once he had the new pink mid-thigh-length dress on, Justin was more than pleased. It not only felt wonderful clinging tightly to his every curve but revealed some cleavage with its low, rounded neckline. Looking into the mirror he wished that he had larger breasts to make his figure really pop. He readily agreed when Deborah suggested he get some accessories. A pair of white opaque thigh high stay-up hose and leopard-print pumps with a two-inch platform and five-inch spiked heels were added to the purchase.

"What's the matter darling?" Deborah asked seeing a slight frown on his face as he came out of the dressing room.

"Oh, it's nothing really. I love how this dress looks but there's something lacking to make it perfect," he replied pulling at the bodice of his dress.

"Well, I think it looks beautiful on you Justine. Go change. We need to get back home," she replied with a broad grin. Then thought, *I was wondering when the desire to have nice breasts would kick in. He didn't say it but I know*

he was thinking it. Guess I can move on to the next step. Hopefully Joel is feeling the same. In any case, I'd better give Dr. Angel a call and set a date.

When they got home, Deborah called Joel to join her in her salon. Joel came in wearing his black leather bustier with broad shoulder straps and a ruffled tutu-like layered-net purple micro-mini shirt. The bustier bodice was cut in a deep "V" revealing small, round mounds. He had on his mesh hosiery and the garter tabs covered in purple satin bow were very visible. On his feet were black knee-high boots with a two-inch platform sole and six-inch stiletto heels. His face was done in an elaborate evening style, with the eyelids shaded in blended purples, black liquid eyeliner thickly applied and drawn out giving a distinct almond look, white foundation on his face and the lips blood red. His black hair was done up in a towering ponytail at the crown secured with a six-inch-wide etched gold band. He didn't just walk in. It seemed like he glided in with a distinct sway to the hips.

"Darling, you look superb and your stride in those heels is so much more graceful. It's a shame that your breasts aren't fuller. It would make that bustier's fit stand out so much better," she said in greeting.

"Thank you step-mother," he replied, smiling. "I've really been practicing hard. Sometimes I do wish I had large breasts, but I'm a guy and we don't have breasts, you know."

"We could always augment them darling. There are ways to improve on what Mother Nature fails to provide. Would you like that?" she asked.

"Oh I think that might be nice," he answered. *Some padding would really make me stand out and make my bustiers look better*, he thought to himself. He had no idea of what kind of "augmentation" she meant for him. He was thinking falsies and foam rubber.

"Great, I'll see what I can do. Why don't you go and see your brother Justine. He has a brand new dress and dying to show you darling."

"Justine?" he asked confused.

"Oh we both thought it better if your brother had a more fitting name and he thought of it. You know, I think you should have a brand new name too. How do you like the sound of Joelle? It sounds just as distinctive as you are, doesn't it *darling* Joelle?" she replied.

"Joelle? Why, yes, it does. I don't know anyone else with that name. Yes, I like it," he answered enthusiastically.

After he left to visit Justine, Deborah picked up her cell. "Doctor Angel, Deborah here. Look, how soon can you be ready to see two of my step-sons? Tomorrow morning? Great, see you first thing then. Bye."

That morning over breakfast, Deborah crushed two pills and put the powder into Justine and Joelle's milk. It was a mild sedative, not strong enough to

knock them out, but enough to calm and manage them. As the family was eating, she asked if Jake wanted to join them in a shopping excursion. His answer wasn't unexpected when he said he had some studying he had to do.

"Okay, so I guess it will be just the three of us girls. Justine and Joelle hurry up, finish your milk and get dressed," she remarked.

As his brothers and Deborah took off, Jake sat staring after them. *Girls? Justine? Joelle? Am I losing my mind? She not only has them looking and acting like girls but even given them girl's names. More importantly, why is Dad just sitting there like there is nothing unusual going on? Can't he see what Deborah is doing to them and me? Instead, he's eating breakfast with that idiotic smile on his face listening to music.* He got up and began clearing away the dirty dishes, as was his job.



The clinic was located on the fringes of a declining inner-city neighborhood. It was used by Dr. Angel as a means to generate tax-free cash. Many of the procedures done there would have been considered very unethical by other physicians. However, these patients paid cash and were very discrete. Of course, the doctor claimed it was a free clinic for the poor and homeless, but that was a false front. When they arrived Dr. Angel along with two assistants were ready for them. The assistants helped the boys onto gurneys and rolled them away to begin preparations.

The doctor greeted Deborah as the old friend she was. "You want the standard augmentation combining fat transfer and saline implants. Right?"

"You got it, Doc. Like the last time. I require as much fat from their stomachs and waists as possible. I really want their waists at eighteen inches. Go with a full C-cup on Joelle and nice B-cups for my Justine," she instructed, "We'll get them augmented again once they have healed up."

"As you know, augmentation mammoplasty requires at least twenty-four hours of bed rest and limited activity for a day or two. The liposuction shouldn't cause any issues. Now, before I go to surgery, do you have my fee?" Dr. Angel said, reaching out his hand.

Deborah smiled. "When have I never?" She said, as she passed him a thick envelope.

The Doctor returned the smile, remembering back to their first exchange many years ago. Since then, Deborah had been a very loyal, yet demanding client. While her motives might be questionable, her prompt and generous payment never had been.

He turned to the two half-asleep brothers. "Let's get started then," he said as Deborah smiled and left the room.



Joel was the first to awaken, and in his haze he had no idea how long he had been unconscious. He blinked his eyes repeatedly, feeling groggy and disoriented. His throat was parched and his body ached mildly all over, although he could tell specifically where it hurt the most. He attempted to get up, but someone pushed on his head holding him down. He looked up to see a nurse in a skimpy uniform smiling down at him.

"Don't move dear," she said through her mask, "Just lay still."

"Wha... What hap... happened?" Joel managed to ask.

"Nothing to worry about. Your stepmother will be here shortly and will tell you everything," she replied.

Justin regained consciousness moments later and had the nurse tell him the same thing. She gave them something for their pain, returning them to their peaceful sleep. Later in the day, they would finally awaken and be allowed to sit up. By then, Deborah had arrived and greeted the sleepy boys as they came to.

"Darlings," she began, "How do you feel?"

"Tired," Joel replied as he tried to sit up. Deborah pulled off their blankets and raised the beds into a sitting position, which gave the boys a new view of their newly modified bodies.

Justin looked down at his newly augmented chest with a slight look of concern and mumbled, "Ummmm," as he cupped his new breasts. He then glanced over at his brother who was pulling at his gown to gain a better view of what Doctor Angel had done, his eyes wide with concern, "We've got..." he started to say.

"Breasts" Justin concluded his brother's sentence, "and big ones!"

"Darlings," Deborah asked in a concerned tone, "Don't you like my gift? Remember that we discussed this. Remember how much better your dresses and blouses will fit now. Everybody is going to think that you're both very sophisticated and very-much a trend setter. Trust me darlings, once they are fully healed you're going to love them."

"But Deborah..." Joel tried to protest, "You never said they would be so..."

Deborah interrupted, having already moved on to her next topic. "I've gotten you both new music players!" She exclaimed, as she produced two new electronic devices from her purse, "They'll help you pass the time as you recuperate." She handed the players to each of her newly breasted stepsons. "You'll be



here for another day or so while the Doctor makes sure that you're healing up nicely, so lay back and relax, and let your music take control."

She chuckled to herself, knowing how true her statement actually was.

Hearing what Deborah said, Justin nodded and placed the earbuds of his player into his ears and hit play. The sound of teeny-bopper pop music filled his ears, as the picture of the hot pink mini-dress he had seen with his step-mother earlier filled his mind.

"With this new body in that new pink dress I'll be smoking hot," he said aloud, surprised by how soft and high his voice now sounded. Deborah had paid the Doctor a small bonus to modify the two boys' vocal cords slightly while they were under.

After the initial shock wore off, they wouldn't be able to remember what their voices had sounded like before.

But Jake would.



Jake hadn't seen his brothers since they left on that shopping trip. When he asked Deborah where they were, she informed him they came down with some kind of virus and confined to a clinic. Of course, he was concerned and wanted to see them, but she refused, not wanting him to catch the disease. To keep his mind off them, she took him to the mall. By now, he had listened to his music player long enough that the programming had started to take root. He was still trying to break Deborah's hold over him, but his resistance was confined to the back of his mind. He didn't like anything that was happening with his brothers, and to him, but helpless to stop it. He didn't want to go to the mall at all. He knew that her power seemed stronger wherever they shopped together. All he wanted to do is to know that his brothers were okay – but unable to say no to her request, he relented and went with her.

Darn that woman! I just know she has done something horrible to my brothers. I want to see if they're alright but no matter how hard I try, I can't defy her, he thought to himself. He was beginning to grow fearful that he would end up as 'bad' as they had.

"Come along darling, I want to get your ears pierced like your brothers. I think some nice pearl studs would look fantastic," she said, bringing him out of his thoughts.

When they got to the mall, Jake tried his best to drag his feet but Deborah had a firm grip on his elbow. Approaching the chair where the technician waited with piercing gun in hand, smiling, was like a death row walk to the electric chair. Everything seemed to zoom out of focus as he sat and heard the distinctive pops as his ears were pierced. Back at the house he was ushered down into the basement salon. Again, he tried to resist to no avail. She had him in her styling chair, draped, and started to work. It didn't take her long to fashion his hair into a cute pixie.

Stepping back, she smiled. "The only thing left to do is neaten up those brows and add a touch of color. Jake *darling*, you're just going to love this," she stated.

Jake wasn't thrilled with what Deborah had done. He didn't like his hair or the way she had used heavy eyeliner to draw out his eyes into a more almond shape.

"Man, I really don't like what she has done to me, especially my eyes. They look almost oriental and my hair – it's way too feminine. With these pearl studs, I even look like a girl," he mumbled, looking at his reflection.

As soon as they returned from the basement, Jake retreated to the solace of his bedroom. He wiped the makeup from his face, and removed his earrings, feeling unrealistically safe from his stepmother and her strange agenda as he did so. But in moments his safety would end with a knock at the door, “Jake? Can I come in?” Deborah asked.

She could hear a sigh, and the shuffling sound of the boy getting up from his desk and coming to the door. “What?” he asked as he opened it.

Deborah entered his room holding a few assorted garments. She smiled at him as she spoke, “Your brothers will be coming home soon, and I’d like to get a picture of my three beautiful boys together. But with Justine and Joelle looking as...” she paused to find the right word, “...advanced in their looks – I wanted to give you something to help you look your best. I don’t want you to feel inadequate next to them. Now, put your earrings back in so those holes don’t close back up, and reapply your lip gloss before you put these on,” she said as she handed him a pile of clothes.

Jake’s eyes glazed over and the urge to tell her *no* evaporated as he looked down at his stretchy sand-colored leggings (he still called them pants) and cowl-neck sweater. His feet were encased in wedge-heeled mid-rise platforms. His hair had been styled into an pixie-cut and his finger nails polished in an embarrassing shade of pink. Inadequate was the very *last* thing he felt.

However, after looking at the clothes Deborah had brought him, he scowled. “I’m not wearing that!” he gasped, tugging at his shirt. Deborah frowned. In her hand she held a pale orange tunic top, with a pair of navy blue tights, and matching navy miniskirt. She was feeling quite frustrated by all of this. She had never in her years encountered a boy as difficult to turn as Jake. She lost her patience quickly, “Young man – you will do as you are told and *nothing* more!” she shouted. “Am I understood?”

“No!” Jake shouted back. “There’s no way. I don’t care what you say to me, I’m not going to be turned into some kind of fruitcake like my brothers. I’m *not* wearing that!”

Deborah was about return his shouting with an equal amount of rage, but realized that the key to her problem lay in his response. *I don’t care what you say to me*, he had yelled. *That’s it!* She said to herself in an ‘eureka’ moment.

She took a deep breath and regained control, then forced a smile.

“*Darling*,” she began, remembering the keyword for her program. She watched Jake’s hostility disappear as his aggressive stance began to melt away. “What I meant to say was, please prepare yourself for your brother’s return in a way that you know I would find to be appropriate.”

Jake wanted to refuse, but he had suddenly become muddled. He stared back at her with a blank expression.



“Darling, I expect you to dress appropriately for your brother’s return,” she said again. With that, she turned and left the room, leaving the boy to process what he had just been told.



Later that day, George returned home from the clinic with his two ‘sons’ in tow. Deborah had earlier claimed that Jake felt alienated, and she wanted to spend some quality time with him. Unable to think anything other than what she told him to be true, he had driven to the shady-looking clinic and retrieved Justin and Joel. Both were wearing their usual casual uniform of leggings and leotards, but seemed somehow ‘different’ than when he had last seen them.

“Hi Daddy,” a bubbly Justin greeted his father as he popped into the back of his sedan. “Hi Dad,” a less-sullen-than-usual Joel chimed in upon fastening his seatbelt. George greeted them with an ambivalent “Hello boys,” and began driving home. He kept checking his rear-view mirror, glancing at his offspring a second and third time, racking his brain to figure out what it was about them that was so different.

Unfortunately for George, the programming in his earbuds had prepared him for the eventuality that his sons would have breasts. Thus, though his conscious mind was screaming that Joel and Justin’s augmented chests were somehow wrong, his reprogrammed subconscious was reassuring him that it was perfect normal.

The resulting internal conflict gave him a splitting headache, but little else.

“Welcome back boys!” Deborah gushed as her newly breasted step children returned home, “I’ve put your new outfits in your rooms. Hurry up and get changed. I want to get another family picture of you with your brother for my collection.”

Justin and Joel scurried excitedly upstairs as George looked on, his brow furrowed by the pain of trying to make sense of what was happened.

“Darling,” Deborah spoke to her husband in a soothing tone, “Why don’t you go put on some music and relax upstairs. You look completely stressed out.”

George nodded in agreement and left the room, withdrawing to the master bedroom to listen to the reassuring music on his MP3 player.



The sound of clicking heels an hour later alerted Deborah to the fact that her young protégés had finished dressing and were descending the staircase to present themselves.

Joel was first. He was wearing his familiar favorite black bustier which contained a built-in corset that crushed his waist down another inch, but displayed his newly acquired bosom perfectly. Beneath the bustier was his flared, layered, black and purple micro-mini with mesh stockings and his five inch spike heeled platform knee-high boots. He had taken extra time on his hair and makeup this time around, styling his lush and longer dark locks in a sexy do with large hoop earrings. His face was pale – near white in fact – with dramatic black and purple shadowed eyes lined with thick black liner and framed with longer feathery fake lashes. His cheeks were colored with bold strokes of purple blusher and his luscious lips were lined with black, then filled with rich purple before being glossed with a shiny mauve that made them look three-dimensional.

Justin followed next, wearing the sexy pink mini-dress that Deborah had bought for him a week ago. It fit him like a glove, hugging in at his corseted curves and flaring out at his rounded bottom and freshly plumped breasts, making them look much larger than their modest C-cup size. Opaque white stay-up stockings began several inches below the hem of his barely-decent skirt, then ended in the leopard skin platform heels that his stepmom had purchased for him. The shoes and body hugging skirt, made the boy walk like a supermodel on the catwalk, something that made Deborah smile widely. His golden main of blonde hair was swept to the side, cascading over his right shoulder, giving view of the large pink hoop earring that hung from his left ear. Like his brother, he had taken extra time on his makeup, though it was quite as 'gothic' as Joel's. Justin's foundation was neutral and even, giving him a perfect complexion. Simple pink shadow on his lids, crease and above highlighted his thin arching brows and delicately lined 'cats eyes', adorned with fluttering fake lashes. His lips were full and pink – unknowingly augmented by Dr. Angel at the clinic, and gave him a 'come-hither' look, permanently.

"Joelle, Justine, you look amazing!" Deborah cooed. The two effeminate boys blushed slightly, then posed for their stepmom. "Now just you wait," she continued, "Have I got a surprise for you!"

She turned and shouted into the kitchen, "Jake!"

A clicking sound was heard again as the eldest brother reluctantly emerged from the other room. His two younger siblings gasped in delight as they saw their brother for the first time since their visit to the clinic.

Jake continued to walk towards them, stopping in between Justine and Joelle, then turning back towards Deborah, who was now holding her phone in one hand, preparing to take a photo of her very-girly boys. "Doesn't Jake just look wonderful?" she gushed.

Jake blushed as he stood before her in his short navy miniskirt. His already-tall height was increased by his new brown leather ankle boots with a modest three-and-half inch heel – Modest by comparison to his two brother's heel height. Still fighting his programming, he had worn a blue button-down shirt under the top that Deborah had given him, but it did nothing to make the outfit look less girly. Especially with his new pearly earrings and professionally styled hair and makeup.

He stood quietly, with his hands in front of him, still trying to hide his elongated nails, while his two brothers struck sexy, girly poses for their stepmother.

"Say 'Sassy!'" Deborah exclaimed as she clicked the photo with a massive grin. Things were almost back on track, now that Jake had finally relented and begun to wear a skirt. She was confident that her plan for them would be ready on time.



Jake, however, was not about to go along with her plan quietly. While he had allowed her to pierce his ears and style his hair, and even worn a skirt and wedge heels, he still believed that she was up to something. He knew that he needed to stop her.

“Jake darling,” Deborah began after sending a quick email from her phone, “I’d like you to stay dressed as you are for the remainder of the day. You need to get used to outfits like that.”

Jake wanted to shout his refusal in her face. He wanted to change back into his stretchy sand-colored pants and wedges but he couldn’t muster the words or motions. “But stepmother,” he replied, “this outfit is so formal. I’d be much more comfortable in something casual.”

He couldn't believe those words had just come out of his mouth. He sounded like damn fool. His lack of control over his own self only made him fume on the inside even more! His brothers seemed to have given up, and seemed to be happy wearing more and more feminine clothing, but he was not! The only way he surmised that he could turn them back was to set a positive example. Unfortunately, it was the two of *them* that seemed to be the ones doing that now. It was a struggle having to comply with whatever they demanded of him and now to be wearing a dress, it made him even crazier. His once proud manhood and conservative nature were in total disarray.

He could feel his anger turning to humiliation. He was becoming so totally disgusted with his inability to man up, that he felt as if he had already lost.

What's the matter with me? I use to be so confident and assured but now all I feel is mortification. Maybe I should just give in and do what I'm told, he thought.

Wearing the dress and frilly tea apron while serving supper were sheer agony for Jake. It was bad enough serving his younger brothers, but his father was almost more than he could stand. What his father said drove a spike through his heart.

"You know Jake, I think you being a waitress might be your true calling. Why you ever thought you could be an international lawyer is beyond me," George had said with a chuckle. His siblings joined in with high pitched lilting giggles of their own.

"But Dad... *I am* going to be an international lawyer! It's what you and I have always talked about!" he whined. Then he turned his sights on his stepmother. "If it weren't for *her* none of this would have ever happened. I wish had never mentioned that dating web site to you," he said, holding back tears.

"You know, after seeing you wearing that skirt for the day I think I'll get you a few more like it," she grinned wickedly at the boy as she spoke, "Don't you agree George?"

"Yes my love," Jake's father replied, "Whatever you think is best."

"Bu... but I don't want more skirts," he blurted, "I don't want *any* skirts!"

"Well I can't just take it back after you've worn it for the day," she replied, "We'll have to come up with some kind of creative solution that you'll be able to live with."

"I... I don't want to wear skirts," he said trying but failing to sound authoritative.

"If that's the way you feel then, okay," she responded, "then perhaps we'll get you some more pretty leotards and leggings."

Jake remained silent. He figured that leotards and leggings would be an improvement over miniskirts and tights. He nodded quietly.

“Good, now clear the dishes and tidy up the kitchen,” Deborah commanded. Jake lowered his head and obeyed.



True to her word, in the days that followed Deborah never mentioned the word ‘skirt’ in relation to Jake. However, the words leotard, wedges, tights and leggings were used quite frequently as she ridded his wardrobe of his stretch pants and skinny jeans. To his dismay, Jake could do nothing but watch as his stepmother replaced all the clothes he had grown to love with new items that he had grown to loathe.

“Now darling,” she said, once finished purging his closet and dressers of anything even remotely masculine, “We did agree that you wouldn’t complain about your new outfits just so long as they didn’t have any skirts in them, am I right?”

Jake wanted to argue – the young lawyer in him was bursting at the seams with rebuttal after rebuttal. However, his jaw seemed to lock up whenever the words neared his mouth. It was like he had become physically prohibited from quarreling with her on any level. All that he seemed to be able to say was a sheepish, “Yes stepmother.”

“That-a-boy.” Deborah smiled. “And while we’re on the subject, you never raised an objection to wearing cosmetics during your little diatribe, so therefore I expect that you’ll wear at least a minimal amount at all times with your new attire. Some lip gloss and eyeliner perhaps. Is that understood?”

Jake felt his face go red with humiliation and frustration. He wanted to shout ‘no’ as loud as he could, but her argument was sound. He had only voiced his concern about wearing a skirt – everything else by omission was fair game. Even a first year law student would know that. With deep sigh, he replied again, “Yes stepmother”

“Now get ready to serve dinner,” she instructed, “I expect it to be on the table within the hour.”

She turned and walked away, leaving her stepson to wallow in his quiet inner anguish.



After the supper had been served and the table had been cleared, Jake found himself in the rare company of his father. Deborah had taken the other two boys down to her salon-lair after dinner, giving Jake the opportunity to confront his Dad one-on-one, man-to-man.

While he seemed to be unable to protest against Deborah to other people, his restrictions seemed not to apply to George.

“Dad!” he said, as he caught his father in the hall, “This has gotta stop! She’s destroying our family!” He spoke in a hushed tone, assuming that his step-mother would appear at any moment.

“What do you mean, Jake?” George replied, clearly tired of hearing the same objections over and over from his oldest son. “Deborah is the best thing that’s happened to us since your mother died. Look at how happy your brothers are. Look at how happy *I* am. I don’t know what’s stopping you from just accepting how much better we are with Deborah in our lives, son.”

Jake was stunned. He looked down at his blue tights with matching navy leotard. It was very similar to what his brothers had been wearing weeks ago. His burnt-orange pullover sweater had fit him back then, but now, it didn’t fit quite as well. In fact, it kept slipping off his right shoulder exposing the leotard body-suit’s strap. He had wondered if he was losing weight as a result of his step-mother’s meatless diet.

His new shoes were a pair of blue-gray wedge heeled ankle boots that he wore with matching leg warmers. *Dammit!* He thought to himself as he looked at his reflection in the mirror, *Am I already too late?*

He had intentionally removed his earrings, tussled his hair and tried to look as much like his previous self as he could, but with thin eye-liner and coral lip-gloss, that was nearly im-



possible to do.

Even his dad was looking lost and confused. He had recently shaved his beard into young and fashionable goatee, and had allowed Deborah to ‘spike ‘ his hair in a more youthful fashion as well. Like his middle son, George was becoming more and more found of the color purple, and often wore snug-fitting button-downs under his blazers.

“Dad!” Jake exclaimed, throwing his arms out to either side, “Look what she’s doing to us!”

George stared at him, trying to look concerned. He could see that his eldest son was clearly agitated, and he knew he should be thinking about how to help him – yet, he couldn’t fully make heads or tails of what Jake’s complaint was. The boy was ranting about something that Deborah was doing to them all, but without Deborah in his life, George had been lonely and empty. Having Deborah in his life was the best thing that could have happened to him – *and* to his boys.

“Dad?” Jake shook his father’s shoulders, “Are you even listening to me?”

George adjusted his glasses. “Of course I am son, please continue.”

Jake rolled his eyes and shook his head. He knew that his father was just paying him lip service. For the longest time now, he could see that George’s lights were on, but nobody was home. He shook his head again and stomped off to his room.

He searched and searched for his music player, but instead found a new device his diabolical stepmother had placed in his room when she had revamped his wardrobe. The screen still said ‘classics’. But his Jake’s surprise, instead of the usual classics he had been expecting, the playlist now composed of The Beatles, Elvis, The Rolling Stones and others. He was going to go yell at her for making the switch, but after a few minutes of listening to the ‘King of rock and roll,’ he decided that the new tunes weren’t all that bad, so instead returned to reading his new editions of the latest gossip and fashion magazines.

He fully intended to return to reading his regular legal journals by the end of the week.

Of course, that’s what he had said *last* week as well.



Justin had received a new playlist as well. His music player was now full of his favorite boy bands, which he was listening to on constant basis. The constant barrage of teeny-bopper bubblegum pop was making a huge difference in his temperament. His entire mindset was slowly changing, his head crowded with trends, hairstyles, clothes and relentlessly upbeat music. There wasn't room for

anything else anymore, and his behavior reflected that. Instead of his usual sports and fitness regime, he was now spending nearly all of his time listening to his tunes while reading Hollywood gossip rags, teen fashion magazines and romance novels.

The resulting mentality was more that of a female teen instead of his usual boyish, hard-charging and athletic persona. The more he listened to his music, the more he began thinking about boys, makeup, boys, fashion and boys. He no longer spent his mornings working out to look his best for the girls around him. Now, he would spend his mornings working on his makeup and styling his hair, followed by even more time spent on trying to decide on exactly the right outfit to wear for the day. For reasons he couldn't quite fathom, he wanted try and *attract* the boys instead of being one of the boys.

After reading an article about 'Hair he won't say no to,' he suggested to his stepmother that a trip to her salon might be needed to make his hair boy-ready. Naturally, Deborah was only more than willing to take him up on his suggestion. His hair was now down to just below his shoulders and had grown quite thick and luxurious.

"I'm going to give you a body wave Justine," she suggested, using his feminine name. "Your hair is long enough and the perm will give it a lot of volume. And I think that feathering your bangs will really highlight your face too," she said as she tied the protective cape around his neck.

"A perm? I... I don't know if I want all those kinky curls," he replied.

"Oh no darling, a body wave isn't like a tight perm," she answered. "A body wave is a loose curl that creates a wave pattern rather than a tight roll. I'm going to use larger rollers and insert them in varying but natural patterns. That way, you'll have a soft natural wave which will last a couple of months. Of course the waviness and volume you see during the first couple of weeks will be far different as the wave relaxes over the next few months. Trust me you'll just love it." With that, she lowered his head into the wash basin.

Still feeling a little unsure, as the last vestige of masculinity wrestled for control, Justin nervously bit his lip, then nodded his agreement, thus ensuring his emerging personality would be victorious, and the boy formerly known as 'Justin' would be one step closer to vanishing altogether.



Joel's new age music was just as compelling as Justin's on changing his mindset as well. The punk rock he had once favored has become harsh and loud to his sensibilities and he had grown to prefer the warm embrace of slower, more ambient music to soothe his mind. However, his strong compulsion to stand out and be noticed was just as powerful as his brothers, if not more so.

He now considered himself to be transgendered. Part-boy, and part-girl, though the girly side was quickly dominating. However, the main difference between him and Justin was that although he had accepted his transition towards femininity, he wasn't nearly as obsessed with his looks or as interested in fashion, unless it was unique and counter-cultured. In Deborah's mind, Joel was progressing nicely but his posture needed some more work. He still slumped his shoulders, like the slacker millennial he once had been, and didn't always keep his back at full attention.

To fix the problem, Deborah obtained a special corset. This one had stiff metal boning that created a wasp-thin waist and contained two metal rods that ran the length of the back. Once laced, the new cinching garment would force him to keep his back ramrod straight. In addition to the stiff corset, she insisted that he wear his boots with six-inch stiletto heels and two-inch platform soles at all times. The combination of the footwear with his new ridged corset forced a more prancing type of walk, and formal type of posture.

Joel wasn't sure why, but when not laced into his corset and boots, he felt better and more at ease, yet somehow incomplete – which was exactly what Deborah was going for.



That evening found Deborah in the master bedroom relaxing. She was wearing a stunning chiffon and nylon emerald green negligee and peignoir. The peignoir had long translucent billowing sleeves with three inch layered white floral lace cuffs. The negligee had a wide rounded neckline with twined satin straps and was gathered up onto her waist. George was busy down between her spread thighs, his tongue paying homage to her womanhood. He was doing his very best to make his wife happy. She promised him if he did good would let him have some relief. It had been over a month since she had last relieved him, using a pair of his nylon panties, and he was desperate.

As he worked away with some efficacy, Deborah mused how George hadn't been her primary target at all. The boys were. However, it would seem that he *did* have his uses. She glanced down at the man she had married for his three sons. She hadn't intended for him to listen to one of her very special music programs, but somehow he had started eavesdropping on one or more of the boy's devices, sneaking a listen here and there – to the point where she finally procured one for him as well.

Initially, the program was only intended to pacify him. To keep him at bay while she worked on his sons, but as she looked down on his smooth hairless body, attired in silky purple panties, she wondered if it was possible to do more. She wasn't sure exactly what that would entail, but with September approaching, she needed to finish up what she had set out to do.

The younger boys had made great progress, as they were now beginning to think of themselves in a more feminine tense. They were mastering makeup and hair styles, and their demeanor and behavior were increasingly girly. Justin/Justine was becoming more and more obsessed with boys and Joel/Joelle was turning into a transgendered narcissus who wanted more and more to be the center of attention.

Jake, on the other hand, was more of a work-in-progress. He was finally learning some humility and servitude as he became more and more submissive, and with a new music player in his ears, it wouldn't take long for him to catch up with his brothers.

Yes, everything is coming along just fine, she mused, Now all I have to do is figure out what I'm going to do with little Georgie here.



Deborah was relaxing with a cup of tea in her salon watching her stepson practicing his makeup. Joel was at the mirror, working on his eyes, trying to create a peacock feather's look with his eye shadow. She was there to help if necessary but was pleased to see that he was doing fine on his own. The silence in the room was broken when her cell phone rang.

"Hello Cornelius," she said glancing at the caller id. "How are we today?"

"I'm well, Deborah dear," the gravelly, aged voice on the other end replied, "but I need an update. My grandson will be turning twenty-one soon and I need to know that we're still on schedule"

Cornelius Corpus Jr., of Corpus Enterprises International, was the current head of the family and its financial empire. CEI was one of the largest privately held corporations in the world. If he called someone, and it didn't matter who, from Presidents of countries to Presidents of corporations, he was immediately answered. His son, Cornelius Corpus the third ran the day-to-day operations of the business, leaving the elder Corpus to deal with family matters – like his grandson, Cornelius Corpus the fourth.

The Last Will and Testament of Cornelius' father, the family empire's original founder, was iron clad. It had a stipulation contained within it, that in order for his sons, grandsons and great grandsons to take part and eventually control of the corporation and all of its assets, he had to be twenty-one and married. If not married by that time, the inheritance was forfeit.

What seriously concerned Cornelius Jr. was that his grandson was ten months away from being twenty-one and not even dating. This had led him to hire a private investigator check into his grandson's background. What the Investigator discovered didn't come as a great shock, but did make him sit down. Apparently, the younger Corpus had a thing for transsexuals and had been seeing a

known transgender prostitute for some time. His grandson had already lavished the 'girl' with very expensive gifts, which led Cornelius to worry about the T-girl's true intentions.

In their state, gay marriages were legal so that wouldn't violate the Estate provision. However, the last thing he wanted for either the family or company was for his family to be embarrassed by a gold digger, regardless of its gender or sexual orientation. This caused an intense amount of friction in the Corpus family. So much so, that the relationship unfurled, sending Cornelius' grandson into a spiral of depression.

As any grandfather would, Cornelius decided that would find a more acceptable substitute. One that could be controlled and shaped to his grandson's special needs. That, and any wife marrying into the family had to be passable as a female.

Cornelius had looked up from the report and stared at the Investigator, bringing his fingers to a point under his chin, stated, "I never should have allowed his dim-witted Mother to let him play with those stupid dolls. Oh well, that's water under the bridge."

Shortly after that conversation occurred, Junior was given Deborah's name and a file of references. Cornelius only asked a few pointed questions before he contacted her. She claimed that she could get him results, and soon.

"Cornelius darling," Deborah smiled as she watched her stepson perfect his makeup, "Everything is progressing as it should. Maybe even *better*. In fact I think that by this Friday it might be possible for you to meet her," Deborah replied.

"Excellent," the old man replied, "I'll be in touch"

"Talk soon Darling," she said, putting down her cell.

Looking over at Justin, she thought to herself, *One down and two to go.*



The days passed quickly, and Friday arrived. Justin was getting very nervous and jittery. He was going on an outing with a man he had not yet met. All he knew about his 'date' was that his name was Cornelius Corpus and that they were going to a nice club for dinner. Deborah had set the whole thing up and told him to be extra nice.

At his Step-mother's suggestion, Justin was wearing his new pink mini-dress, with white hosiery and five inch stiletto heeled platform pumps. Justin double checked his makeup and patted a stray hair back into place. He just loved how his hair had turned out. It had so much body now and the patterned waves looked fabulous.

He checked his reflection a final time before Deborah called him down to meet Mr. Corpus. Carefully making his way down the stairs, he entered the living room and was surprised to see an elderly, distinguished looking gentleman standing with his Step-mother. He was short, maybe five-seven, balding with snow white hair and a kindly but confident looking face. He was wearing an expensive gray suit, blue shirt and purple silk tie. An umbrella was slung over one arm.

Golly, he thought to himself, *I thought he might be older, but I never thought he would be that old!*

“Justine,” he called him by his girl-name, “I’d like you meet Mr. Cornelius Corpus Junior. He’s going to be your escort tonight *darling*. I expect you to be on your best behavior and show Mr. Corpus a good time,” Deborah said with a smile. Something inside the boy’s head ‘clicked’ upon hearing the word *darling*. Justin’s eyes glazed over slightly as he let out a giggle. Mr. Corpus reached out



and took the sissy's hand in his, giving it a gentle kiss before turning back to Deborah, "Outstanding work Deborah. If I didn't know any better, I'd have sworn that this one was a girl at birth!"

Deborah nodded and chuckled her reply, "Well thank you Cornelius. I'm glad you're pleased. But I can assure you that when I started with Justine here, there was very little about him that was girly. What you see before you is a lot of hard work."

The old man nodded. "Hard work indeed," he chortled, "It's nothing short of magic my dear." He looked down at his watch as Deborah chuckled at his comment. *If only he knew*, she thought to herself.

"Well then, we must be on our way," Cornelius continued, "We don't want to be late for our reservations, now do we my dear?"

Justin looked confused for a moment.

"Try calling her *darling* instead of dear," Deborah suggested, "You might find it more effective."

"Very well then." He turned back towards the former jock with a smile. "Darling, shall we be on our way?" He extended his arm as if to guide the gender-confused boy, as he placed his other arm around his... her hip.

Justine clapped her hands together, "Okay!" she giggled as she followed the older man off to his waiting limousine. In the background, Deborah looked on with a smile.



Justine was impressed with the large limousine in the driveway, and also with the tall muscled man wearing a chauffeur's uniform by the door. The limo looked like it stretched from the garage all the way down to the curb. The ride didn't take too long, and Mr. Corpus let her do most of the talking. Actually, it was mostly to answer his questions. The dinner club was located at the top of the tallest building in town, very elegant and exclusive. Their table was located near a window where they could look out over the city all the way to the lake. It was a clear beautiful night and Justine was impressed with the view. However, she was a bit uncomfortable seeing more fancy china and silverware (it was real silver) than she had ever seen before.

"Golly, Mr. Corpus just how many meals are we getting?" she asked innocently.

After laughing, he took her hand in his and said, "Justine, just whatever you want. Once you decide what you desire, the unnecessary items will be removed. Would you like to start off with a glass of wine?"

“Oh golly gee, Mr. Corpus, I’m not old enough to drink,” she replied wide eyed, “But I will be soon, I think.”

The two of them chuckled together for a moment before they began their meal, and as the dinner progressed Corpus Junior became more and more impressed with what he saw and heard. She actually came across exactly as he demanded. Easily passable, very pretty, innocent and not that smart. He had asked her a number of current event, sports and political questions and failed miserably. Exactly the kind of boy/girl he was looking for. Now, he just hoped his grandson would fall for her.

I like this girl, he thought to himself as he watched her eat. *Deborah has done some most impressive work here. Now, if she reacts as planned when a handsome young man asks her to dance, that will be the icing on the cake.*

He sat back and lit his cigar, which was the prearranged signal for the young man to come over and ask Justine for a dance. The band was playing a slow song by design. Corpus wanted to see if A) the young man discovered Justine’s secret and B) how Justine reacted to dancing so close to another male. He wasn’t disappointed. When the couple came back after a couple of dances, Corpus saw a significant bulge in the man’s pants and a blush on Justine’s cheeks, her lipstick slightly smeared.

I think I have found my future daughter-in-law, he thought, as they left the dinner club.

As they arrived back at the Robinson home, Corpus Junior held her hand and gave it a kiss. “Justine, I had a most pleasant evening. I hope being with an old fogey like me didn’t ruin it for you.”

“Oh, not at all Mr Corpus,” she replied with a giggle.

“Well thank you once more darling, but I won’t put you through that again. I’ve decided to be your Patron and introduce you to my grandson. He’ll be twenty-one soon, and I think the two of you will make a great couple. I’ll tell your Step-mother and make the arrangements,” he said, walking her to the door.

Deborah met them at the door with a wide smile. “Well?” she asked as she welcomed them in.

“A wonderful night, Deborah dear. Justine is delightful.” He kissed the former boy’s hand once again.

“Then I take it that Justine here has met all your expectations?” Deborah inquired.

“All but one, and only my grandson can confirm that, I think,” Cornelius winked as he gave Justine a playful slap on the bum. She giggled playfully, as if playing along with a joke that she didn’t get.

"Another week or so and she'll be all ready in *that* department too," Deborah grinned, "I've been working her towards your grandson's size since shortly after I started her on a corset. I'm confident that by next Friday my program will have had time to work its magic. He'll be able to gage the effectiveness of my programming then."

Corpus looked confused, "I'm not sure I follow you."

Deborah silently turned the sissy-boy around and pressed on 'her' back until she bent entirely over. "Stay still Darling," she whispered as she raised the boy-girl's skirt up over her tailbone, then lowered her skimpy panties, exposing her bare bottom to the room. At the center of the former boy's buttocks was a flesh colored nub, which Deborah gently pinched with two fingers and slowly worked out of Justine's anus.

Her stepson moaned and whimpered as she continued to remove what appeared to be a well-lubricated four-inch butt-plug. She showed the device to the old man, who nodded with a smile. Whatever it was she had done to turn this boy into such a perfect sissy-girl had worked. He had absolutely no reason to doubt the fact that Justine would be ready for his grandson now.

Deborah gently worked the plug back into its place, causing even more moaning and sighing to escape Justine's painted pink lips. Justine recalled the first time her stepmother had instructed her on how to properly cleanse her in-nards, then lubricate and insert the plug. At the time, as a boy, he couldn't understand *why* it was required. Though in the weeks that followed, as she became accustomed to the intensely erotic sensations that the cleansing and insertion of the plug would cause, she learned to accept, and even crave it.

"Perfect," Mr. Corpus chortled, "She's exactly as ordered Deborah. I can't wait to introduce her to her husband next week."

"Nor can I Cornelius," Deborah said, "Nor can I."



Denarius Zod was a strange man with an even stranger hobby. His wealth had afforded him every luxury imaginable, and some that weren't, all of which he took full advantage of. But that alone did not satisfy him. He needed to do what few others could do. Something that was reserved for the super-elite.

He was an imposing figure in person. Being over six foot tall, with a lean stature and glistening bald head. Deborah didn't know where he originally came from, but knew he had money, and in her mind that was all that mattered. He had been referred by one of her close confidants and a deal was reached. He was coming over Saturday to take Joel to see a special race at a secluded country estate about three hours away. She had been prepping Joel for the past several days to fall in love with what he would be seeing. Now he was ready.

When Saturday morning arrived, Joel was ready – yet for some reason, he felt slightly anxious about his day with Mr. Zod.

“Darling just think how much fun you’re going to have,” she had said that morning as he was preparing for his date. “It will be the first real chance for you to show off just how special you are. I can guarantee that going with Mr. Zod to that race will help make you shine. Trust me darling, this will be both an opportunity and eye opening experience.

Joel was going to be wearing his black corset with the tight black short-shorts. He added black fishnets with his mid-thigh black boots with five-inch stiletto heels and two-inch platform soles. He spent a lot of time working on getting his makeup just right. He started off with a pale foundation and a dark rose blush. He then used dark black eye liner and mascara combined with darker violet-



toned shadows to make his eyes stand out. After some thought, he decided to use a black lip liner then filled it in with a dark purple lipstick, coated with clear gloss.

His new five-inch silver hoop earrings adorned each ear, and a smaller silver hoop hung from a black leather choker adorned his neck.

He hadn't been finished long before Deborah called him to meet Mr. Zod. At first Joel wasn't impressed with the tall pale-looking older man dressed in a dark purple business suit. However when his Step-mother came over to him and gently caressed his shoulders, he started to loosen up.

"Darling," she said, "I'd like you to meet Mr. Zod. He's a really wonderful man and you two are going to have so much fun today."

Joel looked shy and hesitant as the old man extended his hand.

With a nudge from Deborah, he allowed Denarius to take his hand in his, and was led out to the driveway where he loosened up even more. Joel hadn't been out of the house in what seemed like ages, and seeing Mr. Zod's fire engine red Jaguar convertible made him giggle. "Wow! Now that's a car people will notice," he blurted out.

Denarius was a perfect gentleman, opening the car's oversized door for the girly-boy to get in, then closing it behind him/her. They chatted briefly along the way as they left the city and drove north into a wooded rural area. After about an hour, Zod turned the car onto a narrow paved road and stopped at a massive gate. "We're almost there, Joelle. This is the private estate I was telling you about on the way up," he said, reaching out and punching a few numbers into a keypad.

'Almost there' meant another fifteen minutes of driving past fenced-in pasture land down a tree lined road. They arrived at an impressive red-bricked Georgian styled mansion and pulled into a parking lot off to the side. The lot was almost filled, and Joelle noted that the cheapest car in the lot was a Cadillac SUV.

"This is some ritzy place Mr. Zod. I've never seen so many Silver Royce's and Ferraris before," Joel exclaimed in awe.

"Joelle, if I become your Patron, then soon enough these little toys will become a commonplace sight. Come along, everyone will be over there on the other side of the stables," Mr. Zod said taking Joel's elbow.

"Patron?" Joel asked.

"Yes *Darling*," he replied, using the keyword that Deborah had suggested. "Your patron. Or if you'd prefer, you could call me your Master," Mr. Zod said with a smile.

He watched as the boy's eyes glaze over and a dull smile crept across his face.

"Would you like that Joelle?" the old man asked.

Joelle nodded the affirmative as Mr. Zod produced a long leash, which he clipped to her choker, before leading her into the yard behind the manor.

There, Joelle's eyes grew wide as she took in the sights around her.

Zod had brought her to a pony-girl ranch.

Everywhere she looked, girls in equine-themed garb were being paraded around by their wealthy owners. Many were displaying tall ornate headdresses and elaborate leather bridles and harnesses. Nearly all of them had their arms bound behind them, and they wore the highest heels Joelle had ever seen. Some wore shoes that resembled hoofed horseshoes. Some were pulling carts, while others raced on a small oval track to the cheers of wealthy onlookers.

"Well my darling," Zod said, seeing Joelle's reaction, "What do you think? Would being my pony interest you?"

The realization that Mr. Zod intended for her to possibly become a girl like them washed over Joelle like rain. Her face was a combination of shock, surprise and excitement as she nodded again the affirmative to the man who would be her patron.

"Yes," she whispered softly, "Yes it would."



When Joelle returned home late that evening, she couldn't stop talking about all the wonderful things she had seen at the ranch. She was totally enchanted with how the pony girls had looked and performed.

"Oh, Deborah, you should have been there and seen it. They were beyond belief. Why, everyone – and I mean everyone – was so totally captivated by their ponies. They stood out from the crowd and received so much attention. It's what I've always wanted but never knew! If I were a pony girl nobody would ignore me ever again. Even my stupid *family* would have to take notice of me if I became Mr. Zod's." She practically shouting.

Just as she finished saying that, her mood suddenly shifted from thrilled to depressed. "But Father would never allow that. Mr. Zod said he would be more than happy to be my 'Patron' and own me. That is, if I really wanted to learn how to be a real pony girl... but... it will never happen. Deborah, I really want to do that but Dad... well... he... he'll never approve of it," she sullenly added.

"Darling. My darling Joelle. Didn't I get your father to agree to let you get those piercings, let your hair grow and support you expressing yourself when your brother complained? Didn't I support you wanting to wear makeup and wear high heels?" She asked., "Don't worry about a thing darling, I'll talk to your father. With his support your brother won't dare bitch about you getting your heart's desire," she said giving the boy-turning-girl a hug.

"I'm sorry Deborah... I was so caught up in the moment. I promise I won't forget all that you have done for me. I just feel so desperate right now," she replied.

Deborah sent Joelle off to her room to get ready for bed. Another big smile was plastered on her face. *Two down and one to go*, she thought as she headed to bed.



The following Friday saw the arrival of Cornelius Corpus Junior. He had come to pick up his grandson's future wife. This time, Cornelius Corpus the fourth accompanied him. The three of them intended to go to 'The Club' as it was known locally. It was a country club for the uber-wealthy located just outside the city. For the occasion, Justine was wearing a pinkish-peach satin and chiffon evening gown. The satin bodice was embroidered with crystal beadwork and the layered billowing chiffon full skirt had three pink net crinolines filling it out. The sweetheart neckline showed just enough cleavage. Cleavage enhanced by a pink gel push up bra. To complement the dress, she wore a pair of white satin closed-toe five-inch spike-heeled platform pumps. The three-strand pearl necklace with matching pearl chandelier earrings and a large pink pearl solitaire ring completed his accessories.

Corpus Junior was impressed. Examining the young boy/girl closely there was not an iota of evidence giving away his former gender. Corpus the Fourth however, wasn't as impressed. He wasn't into girls.

"Granddad," he whined, "you said I would meet a very attractive boy tonight. But all I see here is this!" He pointed at Justine.

"I know, Corny," the elder Corpus called his grandson by his nickname, "And I'll be the first to admit that I've never met a transgendered boy that didn't give some evidence of the underlying male, but the only evidence on this one is underneath his skirt."

'Corny' looked shocked. "No way! She's a...?" The young millionaire-to-be let his voice trail off as he took Justine's image in.

"Justine, I would like you to meet my grandson, Cornelius Corpus the fourth, or Corny for short. Your new Patron," Junior said, in greeting.

Upon hearing Corny's introduction, Justine's total attention riveted on the young man standing before her. "My Patron?" Justine gasped with a slight blush. She had heard her brother Joelle use the term the other day. He had hinted that it meant the man would have some kind of ownership over him. The thought caused a brief amount of panic in the girl-boy.

“Darling,” Deborah assured her, “you’ll be very well taken care of, and all you need to do is look your best and keep your patron happy. It’s exactly what you’ve been dreaming of.”

Justine nodded and smiled as her hesitation began to change to excitement. It was, after all, what she had always wanted, *wasn’t it?*

“Yes!” she proclaimed. “It *is* exactly what I’ve always dreamed of!”

With that, she leaned forward and planted a kiss on her new patron’s surprised lips.

“Just hold on a second,” Corny said as he broke away from the kiss. “Nobody is being any body’s patron until I know what the hell is going on here.”

“Justine darling,” Deborah interjected, “why don’t you take your new patron to your room so he can see your pretty sissy-clitty and boi-pussy?”

Justine clapped her hands excitedly before grabbing the junior corpus’s hands to lead him upstairs.

After a half hour of loud giggling, muffled moaning and the occasional orgasmic cry, Cornelius Corpus the fourth returned with an ear-to-ear smile, and Justine returned with worn-out lipstick and messy hair. Corny’s grandfather smiled widely as he handed Deborah the first installment of her payment.

Not only were his grandson and Justine hitting it off, but it was plain to see that the sissy had no intentions of doing anything other serving her new patron. And to make things even better, no one would ever have the faintest clue that the attractive young couple were not what they appeared to be. His family and offspring’s reputations would be maintained and the conditions of the family estate would be met.

“You’ve definitely earned this, Deb,” he said as he handed the envelope to her, “Though I want to have them date one more time before I make the deal permanent. I want to make sure my grandson will be the one to pop the question. If Justine is as good as you say that she is, it shouldn’t take long for him to propose.”

“That’s perfectly acceptable, Cornelius,” Deborah replied, “I know that this wedding can’t take place soon enough for you,”

“You got that right,” the old man said with a smile as he lit up one of his expensive cigars. “You got that right.”



Denarius had been very pleased with Joelle, but wanted to make certain Deborah’s bold claims were valid. *If Joelle lets me put him in full pony girl re-*

galia without complaint, then I'll be a very happy Patron, he thought to himself the following day, as he arrived to pick up the former loner named Joel up.

"Where are we going this time Mr. Zod?" Joelle asked as he settled into the red Jaguar.

"Joelle darling, since you enjoyed looking and admiring the pony girls at the ranch," he answered smiling broadly, "I thought that you might like to try being a pony girl yourself. I'm taking you to my house and dress you out in a full outfit. Does that sound like something you would like to do today?"

"Really? Wow. I haven't been able to get those pony girls out of my mind since I first saw them. I mean, who wouldn't want to be admired and stand out like they do. I've been dreaming about their outfits and the way they prance around ever since. You really have an outfit that I can try on? That would be, like, way cool," Joelle replied, barely able to contain his excitement.

"Trust me darling Joelle," Mr. Zod answered patting Joelle on the thigh. "I will make your dreams come true."

Mr. Zod's home was almost as impressive as the one Joelle saw on their last date although they didn't go inside. Mr. Zod led him over to the nearby stables and into a fairly large room. A room that was painted white, very clean with tack gear hanging from pegs on the wall. Off to the side was a salon station except the chair was more like a dentist chair. Most of the far wall was cabinets and shelving.

Mr. Zod, with his arm around Joelle's slim waist, took him over to a door as Joelle looked around in awe. "Joelle darling, this is the bathroom. Inside the medicine cabinet you will find an enema kit. I need you to cleanse out your system so I can insert your tail. While you do that, I'll get your harness. Just let me know when you have finished," he said.

If this goes as planned my darling, you'll be living here at the stables for a very long time, he thought as he left the room to retrieve the harness.

Joelle found the kit in the closet, and knew what to do. Deborah had trained him on how to 'cleanse' since she started training him for his new role weeks ago. Although he didn't know why at the time, he now understood the purpose of his training.

To prepare him for his tail.

Her tail.

The leather harness was similar to Joelle's wide-strapped bustier, except the black leather was ornately carved like a fine saddle and reached the hips. The D-cups were stiff and sharply pointed and an elastic gusset would pull Joelle's genitalia up into the body leaving a flat groin. Chromed rings were attached at the shoulder straps and sides. The rings at the shoulders would be used to se-

cure Joelle's wrists. The ones at the waist could be used to attach bungee cords to straps secured at mid-thigh forcing a prancing step.

"We'll start off slowly, with this one," he told the ponygirl-to-be. *I don't want to frighten her too much at this stage. Once I begin her real training, I'll put her into full chastity and stiff boning*, he thought, fingering a chromed rounded steel shield chastity device with an integrated tube which would confine the penis and testicles firmly. A padded steel belt would lock everything in place and had a special opening at the rear.

Moving on, he gathered a pair of purple opaque tights, dark purple leather opera-length gloves and mid-thigh length black leather six inch ballet boots with a wide one inch toe pad that spread out two inches from the toe.

"This should do for now," he said as he helped her dress, "I'll attach the harness and tail once you've got these on."

Joelle was only slightly discomforted with the horsehair tail when it was slowly worked into her boi pussy. It was larger than she thought it would be, but after it passed by her prostate it caused a shiver that made her whinny like a pony in heat.

The feathered bridle didn't bother her as Mr. Zod didn't attach the bit. Later she would discover just how painful a bit could be, as it had a plate that pressed down on the tongue preventing any talking. When the bungee cords were attached, Joelle had to exert some effort to keep her knees from rising to her groin. All in all, she loved how he looked. Prancing around the room as her Patron looked on applauding sent tingles of pleasure running up and down her spine. She was so thrilled that she didn't want to take off the outfit when Mr. Zod said it was time to go back home.

"With the proper training my darling Joelle, you will make a wonderful pony girl and the envy of all the others. I'll tell your Step-mother that I will accept you into my training school when we get you home. Since you like it so much, go ahead and wear it. Your family will so jealous when they see you in it," he said.

"Oh golly gee, Mr. Zod I can't thank you enough! I can't wait to start. Oh, when will my training start?" Joelle replied enthusiastically.

"Let's say in a week or so. I have some preparations to do before we can start," he replied smiling from ear to ear. He pulled out his phone and texted Deborah right away, *You have far exceeded my expectations. This young morsel is well worth the small fortune I'm paying you*, he typed.

When Deborah received the message, she smiled. *Two down, one more to go*. Though the last one wasn't going to be easy.



Deborah and George sat around the living room chatting with Deborah's guest. Well, at least Deborah chatted with him. George was completely spaced out, staring at the ceiling mindlessly as his wife conducted business with her client.

"I'm so sorry this is taking so long Ron," she apologized, "I truly thought he would be ready for today. All the signs were there. He's been a bit of a..." She let her voice trail off as she searched for the diplomatic way to say 'pain in the ass.' "...Challenge," she finally chose.

"It is of no concern Deborah," the man smiled, "I appreciate your efforts, and the fact that you have had to work so much harder on this project will make it all the more worthwhile."

"Again," she said as she stood up, "I appreciate your patience." She headed to the stairs where she called up to her eldest stepson. "Jake?"

There was no reply.

"Jake darling, please come down here," she asked sweetly, "There is someone here I'd very much like you to meet."

"I'm not going anywhere!" Jake shouted his reply, "I don't know what you're up to – but I'm not going to have any part of it!"

Normally, such an outburst would have infuriated Deborah, but in this case she couldn't have been more pleased with his violent eruption. It was still painfully evident that Jake's conversion was lagging well behind that of his siblings, but the only way that she could catch him up, was confine him to his room and force him to listen to the programming that was embedded in his music player. She knew that Jake sought solace from her in his studies, and further knew that he habitually used his array of music ballads to augment his studies – which in turn would hasten his transformation.

Hence, the angrier he became at her, the faster he would conform to her wishes.

True to form, Jake had retreated to his room once Deborah had made her initial request to come meet their guest, and buried himself in his magazines. He had placed the earbuds of the music player firmly into his ear canals to fully cancel out the sounds beyond his room, and immersed himself in the soothing sound of Elvis and The Beatles.

Deborah had remained downstairs, somewhat embarrassed by her miscalculation. She attempted to calculate how much more time she should let pass before she attempted to push Jake into femininity for good. After letting another hour pass, she had ascended to the second floor of the family's backsplitted home and knocked softly on her oldest stepson's door.

Nothing happened.

She knocked again, this time a little louder. She knew that he had heard her the second time when he shouted, “Go away!”

Deborah had glanced down at her watch. *He needs another hour*, she had thought to herself.

Now, with the hour having already passed, she wasn’t sure how much longer would be required to complete his change.

Jake checked his reflection in the full-length mirror that hung on his closet door. It hadn’t always been there, and he couldn’t recall when it had appeared, but he was glad it was there for him now. How else would he be able to see his entire reflection?

He didn’t know why he felt so nervous. Deborah had mentioned that a friend of hers would be dropping by, and that he should be dressed appropriately to meet him. He knew the ‘friend’ had arrived several hours ago, and that it was her wish that he come downstairs, but he just couldn’t bring himself to do it. He flicked his music player to the next song – another Elvis tune – as he looked himself over for the hundredth time. He was wearing a new v-neck orange tunic shirt with three-quarter length sleeves, along with navy blue leggings and matching calf-high blue boots.

Jake knew the outfit was a far cry from the more masculine sand colored skinny pants he had adored, but Deborah had taken them all away and tried to get him into something far more feminine. The navy-blue miniskirt that she had made him wear earlier when he and brothers had their pictures taken had been the most humiliating experience of his young life. He had promised himself that day that he would never let himself be put in a position like that again.

The compromise with Deborah had been the navy colored leotards and tights, with orange-toned sweaters that had been the new standards in his wardrobe – until at least, today.

He checked his reflection again.

This isn’t so bad, he thought to himself, *in fact it might be even better than the leotard and leg warmers she’s made me wear for the past few weeks. These tights are opaque enough that could pass for pants, and the sweater just looks like a tunic. Maybe I’m making a big deal over nothing?*

His eyes moved from his outfit to his head, as he made sure that his carefully coifed hair was all in place, and that his makeup was applied correctly. A light dusting of loose powder, thin arching eyebrows traced with brown pencil, a little mascara on his lashes and coral lip gloss had given him a ‘flawless’ look that his stepmother had commended him for. He checked his face from side to side, anxious to see if his makeup was still perfect. He didn’t fully understand *why* he was so worried about it, but knew it was important to look as flawless as possible.

“Jake darling?” he heard Deborah’s voice softly call from behind the door for the third time that day, “Won’t you please join us? There is someone here who is very anxious to meet you.”

Jake blushed and sighed as he looked away from his reflection, turning towards the door. He opened it slightly and looked down at the floor instead of at Deborah.

“Yes stepmother,” he whispered.

He followed her downstairs, where he was given a gold-plated tea set from the counter and carefully instructed to go the other room.

As he entered the room, he could instantly feel the intense gaze of Deborah’s guest on him. The young man was of some kind of Asian descent, and was looking him over like a predator gazes upon prey. Jake was confused by the interaction. Clearly there was something going on that he was not being told about, as was confirmed by the man’s next statement.

“She is beautiful Deborah,” the guest said in dreamy haze as he looked Jake over.

The former college student was shocked. Had he just called him a ‘she’? Was he actually talking about *him*? He slowly removed the teapot from the tray and tentatively placed it on the glass coffee table. He looked over to Deborah, and was about to verbalize his query when his stepmother pre-empted him.

“Jake,” Deborah began, “I’d like you to meet Mr. Hayakowa.” She turned to the visitor. “Mr. Hayakowa, meet my darling Jake.”

Jake instinctively extended a hand to Mister Hayakowa, expecting him to shake it. But instead the man took his dainty-looking hand in his own and looked deeply into the young man’s eyes, causing Jake to blush so heavily that he had to look away in embarrassment. Jake was shocked at his own reaction. Why was this man making at pass at him? And worse, why was Jake feeling so giddy about it?

Mr. Hayakowa leaned forward and softly kissed Jake’s hand, sending a shiver through his skin that reverberated into his spinal cord. He felt as if all the blood in his head had drained out, yet he was completely flush at the same time.

“Marvelous,” the strange man said as he released Jake’s hand and turned back to Jake’s stepmother, “and how much longer until she is complete?”

Deborah smiled approvingly, “As soon as you’d like her to be, Ron.”

Jake poured the tea he had brought from the kitchen into tiny gold cups and handed one each to both Deborah and Mr. Hayakowa.

“Excellent.” The man grinned and nodded politely at the confused boy as he took the teacup in his hand. “How about tomorrow, then?”



Deborah laughed out loud nearly spilling her tea. “Ha! I meant within reason Ron. She still needs a little...” She let her voice trail off as she sipped from the rim of the gold cup. “...Polishing up.”

Ron took the pause in the conversation to sip from his cup as well, nodding in agreement with Deborah, “Very well,” he said finally, “start your ‘polishing’ tomorrow and let me know when she is ready to depart.”

Jake was both confused and concerned. It sounded to him like he was somehow involved in their conversation, but he didn’t know how or why. He certainly didn’t know what it meant that they kept referring to a ‘her’ and a ‘she.’ He wondered for a moment if maybe he was wrong. Maybe it was someone else that needed to be ‘polished’ – whatever that meant.

He turned his head to look at his stepmother, and was just about ask her, when she preemptively answered. “Mr. Hayakowa is going to be your patron Jake,” Deborah said, “You’re going to accompany him to Japan. Isn’t that exciting?”

“Well... Japan, Europe or perhaps America,” Mr. Hayakowa corrected her, “depending on where I am required at the moment.”

Deborah chuckled. “Of course Ron,” she said returning her gaze to Jake, “And wherever *you* are, Jake will be, right Jake?”

Jake was shocked. He couldn’t believe what he was hearing. He had already seen what had happened with his two other brothers when they were given ‘patrons.’ He gasped aloud when he realized that a similar fate might be in store for him.

“But... I...” he stammered as he turned his eyes to his father who was seated at the end of the sofa staring into space. Jake wondered why he wasn’t saying anything.

“Dad?” Jake lamented, “Don’t you *realize* what Deborah is doing?”

George just shrugged, as if the thought of his eldest son going to live with another man in Japan was par-for-the-course. George was wearing a snug fitting button-down shirt in bright purple. His goatee had been completely shaven off, and with a regimen of creams and lotions, his skin was looking *years* younger than it ever had. He looked at Deborah, as if waiting for her to answer for him.

“George is entirely supportive of your new arrangement Jake.” Deborah smiled at her husband, using a much more stern tone of voice, “He knows that Mr. Hayakowa will be a good and respectful patron for you. And more importantly, that you will be a loyal and respectful charge for him.”

Jake slumped his shoulders and sighed, feeling defeated. He knew his father wouldn’t fight for him, and he knew he could no longer fight for himself – there was no point. Deborah always got her way.

He had seen her get her way with Joel, and he had seen her get her way with Justin. Jake looked over at his stepmother’s guest and sighed again, *and now she will get her way with me.*

“Tell me, flower,” the man spoke to him, looking deeply into Jake’s lightly made-up eyes, “Won’t you be excited to live out your days as my personal assistant?”

Jake turned his head away, staring at Deborah with another shocked expression.

Deborah just smiled. “Don’t look at me darling,” she chortled, “Your patron is in charge now.” She sipped her tea as she looked back at Mr. Hayakowa. “He’ll be perfect.”

The man grinned contentedly. “Oh Yes Deborah-chan. *She* will be perfect. As perfect as the jade flowers in my garden back at home. She will be just like them.”

“Jade?” Deborah repeated the name of the flower. “It’s the fitting name for your new flower Ron, don’t you think so?”

Mr. Hayakowa grinned even wider. “Yes, I absolutely do.”

“Excellent!” Deborah exclaimed. “We’ll set about to prepare your Jade for you beginning tomorrow. In the meantime, we’ll discuss the terms of payment.” She turned to Jake. “That will be all Jade,” she said, dismissing him.

Instinctively, Jake nodded his head and left the room. All the while wondering when he lost control of his life, and wondering what would come next.

“What of him?” Ron asked after Jake had left the room. He was pointing at Deborah’s husband of three months, sitting on the end of the sofa.

“I haven’t really figured on a plan for him yet,” Deborah sighed as she sipped her tea, “He wasn’t supposed to be part of this, the fathers never are. Somehow, I wasn’t as careful as usual and now I find myself with a bit of a quandary, Ron.” She shrugged her shoulders in defeat.

“Ha!” the man laughed. “Your fortune is better than you know my dear. In Japan, I know many who would pay top dollar for a Kawai otokonoko like him. Especially one with such an intriguing backstory.”

“Kawai... otokono?” Deborah tried to repeat the man’s Japanese phrase, but couldn’t.

“A pretty boy.” Hayakowa laughed. “And one who was once an influential and wealthy member of your American elitist class – *that* is where the real interest will come. It is one of the reasons I was so interested in procuring my flower Jade. To take a young man in his prime, on his way to becoming a mighty leader and change him into my personal geisha...” He closed his eyes and moaned as he breathed deeply. “It is incredibly stimulating. Any time that I can reduce your elitist ruling class by just one member is an opportunity for someone more worthy to replace him. Someone like me or another one of my people. Your ‘quandary’ is an example that far outpaces my own purchase. You will fetch well for him if you continue with his processing.”

Deborah wasn’t sure she fully understood what Mr. Hayakowa was saying, other than a crazy secret plan for the Japanese to somehow rule the world by feminizing our men, but the bottom line seemed to be an opportunity to find a new revenue stream where before she only had a liability.

“Perhaps you and I might work together to find our pretty boy a fitting place in your country,” she suggested.

“Perhaps indeed.” The man smiled as he glared over at Deborah’s unsuspecting groom. George had become bored with the conversation and had placed his

earplugs into his ears, thus making himself blissfully unaware as to what his wife was planning for him.

He turned and saw the two other adults in the room smiling at him, so he did the only thing he knew to do... *Smile back.*



After Ron Hayakowa departed, Deborah's eyes turned towards her husband.

"What?" he whined. "You've been staring at me all afternoon. Did I do something wrong?"

"Not at all dear," she replied. "In fact, you've done everything right without even trying – but I just couldn't help but wonder if we couldn't improve your 'look' just a tad."

"My look?" George recoiled. "What's wrong with my look?" He tried to remember back to the day he met his lovely bride, and how formal and masculine he had appeared with his suit jackets and bearded face. As he looked over his fitted purple shirt and slim-fitting pants, he wondered what else he could possibly do to improve his appearance.

"Try these on," she commanded, passing him a new pair of pants and shoes.

He stared at her a moment, then shrugged, taking the articles of clothing from her and heading downstairs to *his* room. She had moved him out of the master bedroom and into the spare room in the basement, next to her salon, only days before. She had claimed that it was only temporary, while she worked a few of her personal issues out. George, unable to argue with her, had reluctantly agreed, fully believing that he would soon again be



joining her in their matrimonial room.

If all went well with her partnership with Ron, that would never *ever* be the case. *But there was no need to let George know just yet.*

Deborah met him in the salon, when he emerged from ‘his’ room in the new attire. She shook her head in disappointment. “Oh dear,” she began. “Those aren’t meant to be tucked in to.” She pointed at the e leggings that had replaced his skinny pants. She covered her mouth to hide the chuckle as her embarrassed spouse pulled his purple shirttails out. “Now let me get a good look at you,” she said as he modeled for her.

“No shoes?” she inquired.

“I didn’t think I needed shoes inside the house,” he replied innocently.

Deborah chuckled again. “Come have a seat dear,” she pointed at her salon chair.

Once seated, she began to change his hairstyle into something entirely androgynous, sweeping his bangs to the side. “Much better,” she commented as she stood back and looked at her husband. After a few minutes of examining him, she clipped silver studs onto his ears, then stood back again with a smile. “There might be hope for you yet Georgie,” she said, “Now let’s get you into those shoes.”

Moments later, George was checking his reflection in the mirror after stepping into the new bone-gray wedge heeled platform ankle boots that Deborah had provided for him. He was hesitant to think that his appearance was acceptable. After all, at one point in his life, he had been a wealthy business owner and proud father of three virile sons, not to mention a husband.

Today however, his appearance was far softer. He convinced himself that while his once-manly offspring had ‘softened’ considerably in the past few months, it might reason that he would follow. Or had they followed



him?

George wondered if it had been his increasing propensity towards a more casual appearance that had led his sons to become who they were today. *Was this all my doing?* He wondered to himself. He glanced over at his wife who was grinning approvingly. *Was it hers?* He wondered again. He seemed to recall the protests of his eldest boy, sounding the alarm of some dubious plot of Deborah to make the family feminine. *Could it have been true? Could she have done this to them? Could Jake have been right?*

“You look adorable *darling*,” Deborah’s voice boomed through his thoughts, dispersing them like oil disperses water.

What was I thinking about? George wondered to himself.

“Don’t you agree?” she asked, as if to confirm his return to reality from whatever daydream he had entered.

George stared blankly at his reflection. A part of him said ‘no’ – but an even larger part of him said ‘yes’.

Which one would win?



Early the following day, Jake prepared himself as had become his routine for the past few weeks. He showered, shaved, shampooed and conditioned as he had been trained to do by his overbearing stepmother. He put on his form-fitting foundation garments before dressing in his navy colored leggings and tangerine-colored sweater. A dusting of loose powder, light coating of lipgloss and bit of dark mascara completed his morning ritual as he presented himself to Deborah for inspection.

She smiled approvingly then instructed the downtrodden boy to put on his boots, as they were headed out that morning to ‘get him ready.’

Whatever that meant.

“Can’t I just wear my flats?” Jake whined. He had been wearing wedge-heeled shoes or boots consistently around the house for weeks, but loathed the thought of wearing them off the property in public as Deborah had instructed.

“Now, darling,” his stepmother narrowed her eyes, “You and I both know that those flat shoes simply do not offer anywhere *near* the kind of support that you *know* you need to look your best. Right?”

Jake wanted to argue. He wanted to shout obscenities at her and run away from her disapproving glare. But his body would not respond the way that he wanted it to. Instead, he slumped his shoulders forwards and exhaled a deep sigh of defeat.

Moments later he was following her out to the car in his blue wedged ankle boots.

In the car, Jake remained silent as they drove through town, finally arriving at a most surprising destination.

“Why are we here?” Jake asked.

“Mr. Hayakowa has an added request that I have to fulfill” Deborah smiled as she held open the door for her anxious stepson. Nearly an hour later, an equally anxious Jake emerged from the shady-looking tattoo parlor with a gauze bandage over his lower back. Three Japanese characters had been permanently inked into his skin just above his buttocks. The symbols ‘ヒスイ’ meant ‘Hisui,’ the literal Japanese translation of the word ‘Jade.’ It was, in effect, a Japanese ‘tramp stamp.’

Naturally, Jake hadn’t been shown the results. Deborah had just told him that Mr. Hayakowa had requested that Jake’s name be tattooed on his back. He figured aloud that it wasn’t too bad a thing to have your own name on your back.

If only you knew, Deborah chuckled to herself.

After leaving the parlor, Deborah and Jake returned home. Jake was concerned at once when she led him down the stairs to her basement salon. She had seen the results of other sessions in the basement on his other brothers and was extremely anxious about what she might have in store for him – especially given the strange tattoo she had just instructed him to receive.

“Before we get started,” she said as she sat him down in front of her work station, “I think I’ll need some help from my assistant on this one.” She clapped her hands sharply to be heard. “Georgie!” she called.

Seconds later, the click-clomping sounds of George’s bone-gray wedge heeled boots filled the air as he descended into the basement. But as he approached, the sight of his most recent appearance made Jake gasp loudly. “Dad?”

Deborah had grown unsatisfied with her husband’s appearance over the course of the night, and had spent the morning ‘prepping’ him before taking Jake to be inked. His purple button-down shirt had been replaced by well-tailored purple top that fell to the tops of his thighs, which were now encased in skin-tight fitting semi-opaque tights. The new tights made his legs look longer and leaner, and the purple top gave the illusion of being a shirtdress.

His clip-on studs were now small clip-on hoop earrings. His hair had been restyled in another androgynous style that appeared less masculine than the style she had given him the previous day. Lightly tinted lip gloss, a hint of eyeliner and mascara, and half-inch pink nail extensions served to soften his features further. Especially when coupled with his new thin-framed feminine-looking glasses.

“Can you get Jake a cape, Georgie darling?” Deborah asked.

Her partially feminized husband nodded quietly, then produced a salon cape which he covered his eldest son with, clipping it around his neck. Deborah then turned the uncertain boy towards the mirror as she prepared her supplies.

Jake sat and gazed for a moment at his reflection, thinking about all that Deborah had done to him already. With his pixie-cut hair, pierced studded ears, glossed lips, dusted face and mascaraed lashes, it was quite the change from the look he had sported upon his return home from law school that spring. He wondered to himself how he would return there in the fall, now he had been committed to go with his 'Patron' to Japan.

Surely his university would grant him a leave of absence to embark on such a great cultural exchange. He was certain that he would benefit from being there. Japanese firms were always hiring American lawyers. Having spent time there with Mr. Hayakowa would most definitely benefit him in the long run. It would look great on his resume.

"All ready?" Deborah asked, donning her salon apron.

Jake just nodded in the affirmative. What else was he going to say?

Deborah began with his hair, leaning the chair back until Jake was staring at the ceiling. He felt her begin to snip here and there, but then something else took place. He could see George holding long clumps of hair in his hands before giving them to Deborah, who would then bring them close to his head, where he could feel the sensation of something cool and wet pressing against his scalp.

This continued for some time, until she indicated her task was complete with a cheerful, "Good, now while it dries I'll get the next step ready." She was talking as if expecting Jake to understand what it was she was doing.

He didn't.

All he knew for sure was that time seemed to stand still as Deborah milled around the room, preparing for whatever her 'next step' was. Eventually, she would return to his side, once again leaning him back as she wet his hair. A smelly fluid was applied next, and she worked it into his hair, then waited – yet again.

His hair would then be rinsed, washed and dried before he was returned to the upright position. As he was raised back up, he noticed dark strands of hair in his peripheral vision on either side, dark strands that



his step mother seemed to be trimming and styling as she went to work on the next *next* step. She would reveal her work to him moments later when she spun him around to view the mirror for the first time since she had attached his cape.

Jake was shocked.

His mousy, somewhat short brown hair was gone, replaced with a chin-length jet-black bob cut. “How?” he gasped as Deborah did a final trim on a stray hair on his left side.

“I’ve used hair extensions to fill out your hair until it grows it. By then, the adhesive will give out and you’ll never know what it wasn’t your real hair,” she explained. “It’s really quite impressive isn’t it? But we’re not quite done yet.”

She reached for her counter and went back to work, this time brushing powders onto his face. Several long minutes passed before she had finished. Jake wondered what she could possibly have done that would have taken all that time – but his wonderment would end abruptly once she turned him towards the mirror.

The boy gasped as he saw his newly painted face for the first time. Deborah had coated his skin with a pale powder that gave him a near-white complexion that was had a soft matte finish and was completely devoid of any blemishes or discolorations. She had boldly stroked a strong coloring of pink blush over his cheeks in an upward direction that seemed to help elongate his face. Full, glossy pink lips lined with a darker liner followed. The lip plumper she had used made his lips feel slightly numb and made them appear to have a slight pout, and the pale gloss gave them a three-dimensional look that made them ‘pop’ against his now-whitish skin.

It was Jake’s eyes that seemed to have changed the most though.

Deborah had thickly lined them with black liquid liner, and drawn the corners out of each side to extend his natural eye-line into a shape that resembled an elongated almond. Carefully glued false lashes and layers of blended eyeshadows and highlights gave the young man the carefully crafted appearance of having an Asian ancestry, though in actuality, he was Euro-American through-and-through.

“Well Hisui?” Deborah asked as Jake took his reflection in, “Do you think that Mr. Hayakowa will be pleased?”



Jake blinked his long feathery eye lashes a few times, processing what she had asked. He remembered Mr. Hayakowa's offer of working in his office in Japan, and how excited he had been for opportunity to further his business studies in Asia. But now, he was confused about what Deborah meant about his patron being 'pleased.' And why was she calling him 'Hisui?' Wasn't that a Japanese name? Didn't it mean Jade? Wasn't that the new tattoo that he had just had inked on his back?



Panic began to turn to acceptance as Jake began to realize that he may have passed the point of no return without even knowing it. What happened after this was no longer up to him.

His fate was now completely in Deborah's hands.



Another week had passed in the Robinson house, and Deborah was nervously pacing the floor of the lower level. The final days of her projects were always the most stressful, and even though she had been doing this for quite some time, it rarely got easier.

Not because she felt any remorse for what she had done – she didn't – but because she was always concerned that her buyers wouldn't be satisfied with their purchase, even though they *always* were.

She was, after all, the best at what she did.

She hadn't intended to become what she had become, but through circumstances beyond her control, she was thrust into the seedy world of fetish specialty gender manipulations.

She had studied to become a clinical psychiatrist, but quickly discovered that her true talent was in subliminal hypnotic behavioral modification. In simplistic terms, she became a top-notch brain washer. Her original interest in the field was to resolve her own ongoing mental issues without having to tell anyone about them. However, as she progressed through her degree levels, she discovered not only that her own psychological issues and anger towards males had been caused by her abusive father, but that she had a natural gift for manipulating and controlling others. In some cases, it seemed as if she had the use of

some kind of special ‘power’ outside of her training, though she never spoke of it aloud.

She had been recruited by a firm on contract to the government for top secret behavior modification programs upon graduating school. Their initial mandate was to convert terrorists that had been apprehended overseas into operatives for the CIA and NSA.

However, her tenure was cut somewhat short after her immediate supervisor made inappropriate advances towards her, verging on the type of abuse that she had suffered at the hand of her late father. Knowing her complaint would go largely unanswered, she sought her own form of justice by planting a subliminal program on the man’s phone, computer and MP3 player. The addition of mind-altering drugs and hormone manipulators that were not yet FDA approved, saw the demise of her assailant into a demure transgendered secretary, who was quietly discharged from the company.

But Deborah didn’t stop there. She, too, left the firm, and pursued her former boss, obtaining power of attorney over him/her, which allowed her to liquidate his/her assets before ‘selling’ him/her off to a wealthy connection she had made in the middle east.

With just one transformation, Deborah had made enough money to clean off the majority of her debt. But more importantly, she had rid the world of a disgusting man, who deserved to live subservient to others as punishment for his crimes.

Though she no longer served to punish men for being asses, she believed that her work was in some way altruistic, by eliminating potentially abusive young men from the world before they had an opportunity to commit their would-be crimes against women.

The Robinsons were no different.

Though she couldn’t be fully certain, all of George’s entitled, rich, bratty boys had the potential to be aggressors against her sex. So by converting them into trans-girls, she was ensuring that they would never have the opportunity to hurt a woman in their futures, whilst fulfilling the needs of other’s whom Deborah had already vetted to be ‘worthy’ of her services.

George, however, was the very example of a non-aggressive male, and in some cases, she believed that she was actually doing him a favor by saving him from a life of so-called ‘wimpdom.’ And as she gazed upon her husband’s changing form, she believed it to be true.

Now dressed in a body-hugging purple minidress, with a wide navy-blue leather belt around his torso, George’s image had become that of a young college grad, not that of a middle aged husband. Tights tights and gray knee-high boots with five-inch heels and platform soles adorned his legs and feet. His eyes were carefully lined with eyeliner, his lashes filled out with black mascara,

and his lips were painted with light pink gloss. His fingernails were now adorned with three-quarter inch tips and painted with purple varnish. He turned his head towards his wife, cocking it slightly with one hand resting on his cheek, the other on his now-defined hip. A week of corset training had already produced wonderful results, thinning his waist and helping to fill out his chest and hips. Large hoop earrings hung from his ears, having been pierced days before. He normally wore silver studs, but today was a special day.

“What is it?” He asked in a soft lilting voice, as he spotted Deborah’s gaze.

Deborah chuckled. “Oh dear,” she began, “Absolutely nothing with you, darling. But your sons...” she let her voice trail off in another chuckle. It seemed so completely ridiculous to refer to them all as father and sons, given their current condition. Yet, legally, that *was* the situation.

At least for now.

“Please go check on your so...” She paused. “Your *sisters*.” She grinned, seeing confusion creep across her soon-to-be ex-husbands face. She knew he wasn’t ready for that degree of change. The reference to his boys being his sisters had been intentionally done to confuse him. It was a cruel joke – it was *her* cruel joke.

“Never mind, dear,” she said, as she looked down at her watch. She huffed loudly. This was taking far too much time. Mr. Zod had explicitly indicated his need to have Joelle back for their long trip north for the ponygirl fair outside New Haven. He hadn’t had an entry in the fair for some time was extremely excited to introduce his newest acquisition.



Deborah entered the former Joel's room to check on his progress. She smiled as she saw the boy-turned-girl-turned-pony dressed in a seemingly seamless glossy black bodysuit that tucked in her waist and displayed her perfected formed and recently enhanced breasts in their shiny latex-coated splendor. Decorative straps and belts criss-crossed her slender body and created the image of a properly harnessed horse. The bodysuit's built-in sleeves were molded into small 'hooves' at the end where her hands should have been, which would make it impossible for her to perform anything but the most rudimentary of tasks with her limbs.

Purple tinted semi-transparent tights emerged from under the bodysuit, covering her smooth hips and thighs under disappearing below her high boots. Decorative tassels at the top of the boots, played to the equestrian theme of her outfit, as did their carefully constructed horseshoe bases. A proper silver-metal u-shaped 'shoe' attached beneath a three-quarter inch platform sole, gave rise to an angled 'heel,' or at least where a heel of nearly six inches *should* have been if the boots had been of conventional construction.

But these boots were *anything* but conventional, designed instead to complete the girl's appearance as something more equine than human. A proper horse-hair tail, rooted deeply into a butt plug was inserted into her rear. Her hair was pulled back into a near-identical ponytail that only added to the image, as did her elaborate feathered headdress and bridal that were securely affixed to her head. For safety reasons, her piercings had been removed, but her familiar pale and purple makeup scheme, with thinly arched brows, feathery lashes, boldly colored cheeks and plump violet lips remained.

The once-confident expression that the slacker boy-turned gothic girl had was gone, replaced instead with a worried look of a girl about to begin a new journey of which she knew nothing of, other than it was going to be unlike anything she could have dreamed in her most vivid sleep, or nightmare. She hadn't been able to talk for days, as she was training to wear her new bit. Little did Joelle know that she had already spoken her last words. From now on, she would never be allowed to use language again. It simply wasn't proper for a ponygirl.

Deborah, who had not yet been acknowledged by her former stepson, watched the clip-clopping of Joelle's nervous pacing – or better put, *prancing*. How delightful it was in her mind, to have transformed him from a once-spiteful and angry youth, into such an anxious creature. Joelle's current restless behavior wasn't too dissimilar from what Deborah imaged an angst-ridden young pony would be like as it waited to be shipped from stable to stable.

The stepmother looked at the time again and shook her head.

"It's time darling," she finally said, causing the ponygirl to jump with surprise.

Deborah helped the newly minted girl down the stairs to the main room in her tricky-to-manage shoes. Soon, though, she would be a thoroughbred in

them, never to take them off, as if they were a natural part of her. In a matter of days, Joelle would be incapable of walking without her special hooved boots and they would only be removed by the stable boys for cleaning.

Now it was Justine that they were waiting for. The former jock-turned-doll had fallen deeply into the role of brainless eye candy, and would spend quite literally hours making sure that her appearance was flawless in every way, shape and form. She had been upstairs in her former room, checking and rechecking her hair and makeup, to guarantee that her look would be perfect. While Deborah knew that the girl was exactly as she had wanted her to be, her impatient nature made it impossible for her fully accept Justine's tardiness.

"Justine!" Deborah called, "We need to wrap this up. Your patrons are expecting you shortly and you are causing a delay that is unacceptably long. Whatever it is that you are doing, needs to be finished up right away so that we can proceed with our photo and get you on your way!"

"I'll go check on her," George said. He swished his wrist as he spoke, mincing up the stairs in his tight fitting mini-dress and tights like the featherweight he was quickly becoming. Deborah rolled her eyes again. Partly at her stepdaughter's incessant need to look pretty, and partly at the overtly 'softened' tone that her husband had taken.

"She's ready!" George proclaimed as he took tiny steps down the stairs in knee-high boots, "She just needed a second to fix her hair!"

"Thank you Georgie," Deborah replied. "Now sit down so we can get this all done." She pointed at the sofa. "Justine? Let's go already!"

"Ohmigod! I'm coming!" The swish of a boy replied, as the clicking of his hot pink platform sandals was heard on the stairs. Moments later he emerged into the room, in his entire glorious bimbo splendor. "I'm here!"

Dressed in a body-hugging pink mini-dress, with cut-out strips up the sides, Justine was a sight to behold. Her body was perfectly proportioned, from long lean legs, to curvy hips, a slender waist and plentiful bosom. She looked as if she had been molded after a popular doll. Especially with her plump pouty lips, layered in wet-looking pink lipstick and gloss and wide innocent eyes, carefully lined and decorated with matching pink shadow and lustrous long black lashes.

Her look today was finished with large pink plastic hoop earrings, and smooth white stay-up stockings that ended just below her abbreviated skirt. Her expression was – as it always was now – bewildered and confused, with empty, vacant eyes and a wet welcoming mouth that seemed purposed for one thing. Pleasure.

That is exactly what her soon-to-be patron, the grandson of the wealthy Mr. Corpus, would use her for, once his birthday had passed. Pleasure beyond be-

lief, without any of the worries and usual monthly pitfalls and untimely emotional outbursts that a ‘real’ girl might bring with her.

Justine had been designed as the perfect version of sex object, and Mr. Corpus had paid Deborah handsomely for it.

“I’m so, like, not ready!” Justine complained. “I’m, like, totally a mess n’ junk.”

“You’re fine,” Deborah said, exasperated with the vanity of the former boy. “Just get over there,” she pointed to the wall where Joelle was anxiously waiting.

“Ohmigod! It’s a pony!” Justine squealed. “Can I pet her?”

“Just for a moment. Now, where is Jade?”

As the two younger former boys took their places for the photo, Jake emerged from his room and headed down the stairs with a reserved expression on his face. He didn’t see why another picture was required, but to voice his concern was unthinkable.

Deborah couldn’t help but crack a smile as she watched her eldest stepson, once a top prospect at law school, and an excessively competent orator, quietly enter the room with his eyes low and expressions vacant. He had probably been the most drastic transformation that she had ever attempted yet, but as always, she had done it and done it well.

Deborah glanced over Jake’s new appearance, dressed in a micro-short tangerine colored silk oriental dress with a thickly ribbed corseted waist to suck in ‘his’ still-shrinking waist, and thrust out his still-widening hips and rounding buttocks. He was looking evermore like the demure Asian servant girl that he was planned to be. The long-sleeved dress had a deep V-neck, edged in dark fabric that drew much attention to his newly enhanced bosom. Opaque navy tights – now a staple in his wardrobe – donned his shapely legs before ending in delicate brown high heeled platform wedges complete with ankle straps.

His face was an unblemished tone of porcelain, which gave a good foundation for his new china-doll appearance. His glossy, slightly puffy orange-tinted lips were a focal point on his pale face, along with his narrow-looking almond shaped eyes, lined in both thick black and orange liners and edged with carefully attached false, feathery lashes that fluttered out from under his sweeping bangs.

Jake saw his stepmother’s eyes and blushed, which was barely discernible under his thick makeup, but for the bold strokes of orange blusher on his cheeks. He knew it was impolite to be caught looking at anyone in the eyes, and quickly lowered his gaze to the floor. His reaction caused Deborah to smile, as she knew he was more than just physically ready for his future tasks as Mr. Hayakowa’s servant-girl. He was mentally ready as well.

“Jade, darling,” Deborah said, “Please take your place with your sisters now.”

‘Jade’ nodded politely, keeping her eyes low, then took her place between her brother-turned-pony Joel and her brother-turned-bimbo Justine.

“Smile darlings,” Deborah commanded. “You’ll be on your separate ways in just a few moments.”

Justine turned towards the camera, now in her stepmother’s hands, with a pouty expression. Indeed, the expressions on all three of the boys-turned sex objects were pouty and blank, the last vestige of their former selves having quietly washed away.

Deborah snapped a few pics on her SLR, then paused with a quaint smile. She had done it again. She had made the world a better place for women everywhere by turning a rough and tumble company of jocks, loners and lawyers-



to-be, into a collection of bimbos, fetish dolls and demure servants. Not to mention that she had made a decent profit along the way.

Sure, there was to be expected some outpouring at the loss of the three promising young men, but with their father well on his way to a similar fate as their own, such lamenting would be seriously in doubt. She had changed them, all of them, with very little trouble at all.

...And she knew she would do it all again, very soon.

“That’s all!” She said, as she placed her camera in her purse. “Your patrons will all be here shortly, so make sure that you have everything before you leave, as there will be no returning here for any of you.”

In the previous family transformations she had facilitated, her announcement that her newly-made girls would never gain come back to their childhood home was sometimes met with tears or anger – but not this time. Her transformation of the three young men was so complete that none of them even flinched. Their minds had nearly been wiped clean of their former selves, leaving only their new personas in place.

Joelle was first to leave, escorted by her new ‘owner,’ a beaming Mr. Zod who proudly led the newly minted ponygirl by her reigns into the back of a new one-pony horse trailer that was attached to his large vintage red jaguar. He carefully fastened the reigns to the trailer, and smiled lovingly at his new acquisition, before sealing the trailer up for their long trip north. Justine tried her best to balance her footing in her horse-shoed boots for what would no doubt be a long and tiring trip. Fortunately, Mr. Zod had fastened a bag of oats around her mouth so she would have something to eat along the way.

A long black limousine would arrive next, the spry Mr. Corpus inside, to collect Justine and prepare her to be presented to his Grandson later that day for his birthday celebration. The old man had hired a team of stylists to find the perfect look for his newly purchased living doll, and needed the afternoon for them to complete their work, before he could place the sexy boygirl inside a giant cake which would be presented to his grandson.

Justine smiled dutifully, as Mr. Corpus escorted her away, blissfully unaware that her life was about to take a sharp turn, as she became the property of twenty-one year old wealthy miscreant, who was likely to deflower her in every possible way by the end of the night.

Jade’s departure was last, as Mr. Hayakowa and Deborah needed to finalize the transaction while ‘she’ waited quietly outside the room.

“As I mentioned before,” Hayakowa began, “American men turned into subservient transsexuals are in very high demand in my country, especially ones like Hisui, who were at one-time on track to become the nation’s next leaders. Many of my peers believe that by removing the strong leaders from your society, that America will continue to lose its edge as a world leader. Having owner-

ship of a previously virile American male turned into a simpering sissy is viewed in high regard. I am pleased to see that you have continued to make efforts with your husband. I will circulate his profile with my friends back home. I am confident we shall find a suitable patron for him soon.”

Deborah smiled. “I look forward to it,” she said, “as soon as possible.”

She had already selected her next acquisition, one that wouldn’t work for what Hayakowa wanted, but there was nothing stopping her once *that* process had finished from doing business with him again.

“Come, come,” Hayakowa barked, snapping his fingers for Jade to follow. The former law student turned near-geisha nodded silently and followed her new patron. She didn’t know why she was so compelled to obey, just that she *was* compelled, and she obeyed.

As they left the house for the last time, Deborah sighed. Not because she was going to miss them – no that wasn’t part of the deal. Deborah sighed because of her exhaustion of changing three boys at once – *and* because she still had to deal with what she referred to as a ‘collateral’ transformation – her husband George.

She found her hubby in the den watching the real housewives of somewhere or another on tv, while his fingers absent-mindedly played with his hoop earrings.

“Georgie,” she cooed sweetly, “Be a doll and grab some trash bags, will you dear? We need to tidy up the girl’s rooms upstairs.”

“You mean my, er, rather the, um...” the once head of the household stammered, “the girls rooms?”

“Well certainly, dear,” she replied, “they won’t be needing them anymore, so we need to get them all cleaned up and ready to...” Her voice trailed off. She wasn’t sure if her timing was right to announce her intentions to liquidate all of his assets – since she wasn’t sure exactly what she was doing with the partially effeminate man in front of her. “We just need it cleaned up, okay?”

“Okay, honey,” he chimed as he swished off to find cleaning supplies.

Oh dear, Deborah thought to herself, *this is going to be such a chore.*

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The days passed, and with minimal assistance from George, Deborah emptied out the rooms of his three former sons, sold anything of value and disposed of everything else. She had hired a junk-removal service to perform the bulk of the work, telling them that she needed to downsize. The crew she hired would be none-the-wiser as to her real motivation behind the ‘purge’ – her need to

effectively erase the existence of her former stepsons. She needed to make sure that there would be nothing left to remind anyone that the boys had ever existed in the first place, and eliminating all of their worldly belongings would be a good start.

George did what he could to help, or rather, what he was asked to do. He had become so docile and compliant that he would barely move a muscle without being specifically told to do so. Deborah made him vacuum and sweep while wearing his knee high platform heeled boots. George quickly learned how to wiggle his hips ever so slightly and take smaller mincing steps. By the end of the week, he had finally started to mimic the movement with much greater efficiency. She believed that within a few more days, such graceful feminine habits would become second nature to him. And when his speech and mannerisms were finally softened to the point of believability, she would then be able to finally liquidate the Robinson family in its entirety.

With the former boys rooms emptied, Deborah decided to further isolate her husband by moving him from the spare room in the basement into one of the now-vacant rooms. She had him paint the room with soft purple and mauve tones, and purchased second-hand furniture that once belonged to a pre-teen girl; including a canopy four-post bed, vanity, and large dressers – all in gloss white. She installed violet-colored curtains over the windows and placed a matching bedspread over his mattress.

George had assisted her with the renovation, unknowing that he would soon be occupying the room. He obediently followed her direction, blissfully unaware of his impending move – until she directed him to begin moving his belongings out of his ‘temporary’ quarters and into the newly decorated room.

“What?” he said, with a confused expression when she gave her orders.

“You heard me,” Deborah said with a stern tone, “We need to make this house look lived-in again. We’re putting it on the market this week, and what better way to make it look lived-in than by having you upstairs in one of the childrens’ rooms?”

George was still confused. “But I don’t understand. Why are we selling the house?”

“Georgie dear,” Deborah chided, “With all these empty rooms, we don’t need such a big place. It’s just common sense for us to downsize. We’ve been talking about this for weeks.” She patted him on the head. “It was your idea,” she said, lying, but knowing he’d never figure it out.

Georgie tried to remember when that ‘talk’ had taken place, but was unable to recall the conversation. *No matter*, he thought, *if Deborah says we had it, than we must have had it.*

“But why can’t I move back into the master bedroom with you?” He asked, still wanting to challenge her decision.

“Darling,” Deborah replied, “We need to stage the home in order to sell it. We want to look like a happy, modern family. To do that, need to play different roles while we have the home on the market. If we play the roles of husband and wife, we narrow the market to childless couples. They don't need this big a house and will never buy it. But...” She smiled as she moved closer to her effeminate spouse, “If you play the role of my child, and I your parent, we open the sale up to a much larger market of families. Understand?”

George didn't, but he couldn't voice his reservations. His vocal cords seemed to be frozen. Instead, he simply nodded. “Yes Deborah.”

“Now,” she continued, “If we are going to play these roles with any level of believability we need to start immediately. So from now on, I expect you to refer to me as mother or ma'am, understood?”

George cocked his head in confusion. He knew that something drastically wrong had taken place, but couldn't pinpoint exactly what it was. But instead of exploring his feelings more deeply, he simply gave in.

“Yes, Deborah.”

“Yes, *Mother*.” She corrected.

“Mother,” George repeated.

“Excellent, Georgie. Now, there is just one final thing I need to decorate in order to make this work.”

“What is it?” Georgie asked, looking confused again, “We've redone all of the rooms”

Deborah chuckled. “It isn't a room that I need to decorate dear,” she said in a matter-of-fact tone, “It's *you*.”

George looked shocked, “Me?” he asked, “But I don't understand.”

Deborah shook her head at the confused former-forty-something man. “You don't need to understand, Georgie, you just need to do as your mother has asked.”



With the home now emptied of any evidence of the family that once lived there, Deborah hired a professional staging company and realtor to prepare the house for sale, and by the end of the month, it was on the market.

Shayne Dwyer had just moved to city with his two sons after taking a job with a large firm downtown. He was, however, concerned about the impact that condo living was having on his boys, who seemed to be hanging out with increasingly poorer influences in the city's inner core. His exploration of suburban properties had led him to a particularly nice home being sold by a single

mother in need of downsizing. Having already toured the house with his agent, Shayne had decided to make an impromptu visit to the property, with his sons in tow, on this sunny afternoon.

He knew that he should have at least called his agent to arrange the meeting, but part of him was hoping to catch the home's current owner at the property, so he might get a more un-filtered version of the house's background from her.

That, and the fact that he had briefly seen her while at the home with his agent and found her to be *quite* attractive.

He left his two sons in his SUV, their heads buried in their phones, as he went to the door and rang the bell. A short time later, the auburn-haired owner opened the door with a delighted expression on her face.

"Weren't you here the other day with your agent?" She asked with a coy smile. "Did you leave something behind?"

Shayne paused for a moment. She was even more attractive than he had remembered her.

"Um, no," he stammered, "I was actually hoping that you might give me another tour. A private tour." He flashed his trademark smile, knowing that few women alive could resist it.

"Without our agents present?" She asked. "Oh dear... I don't know. It sounds dangerous." She winked at him, giving a hint to her sarcasm.

Sensing victory, Shayne immediately extended his hand for her to shake. "Shayne" he said, watching as she took his hand in her own with a flirtatious smile.

"Deb," she replied. Yes – this time, she would call herself Deb, she decided.

The two of them began to tour the house together, passing flirtatious comments back and forth to each other as 'Deb' showed him the four bedrooms upstairs, plus the bathroom and ensuite adjacent to the master suite.

She told him how her husband had left her for a much younger woman, leaving her with such a large home and no one to share it with. He commented how it was such a shame for a woman like her to be alone in such a lovely house.

Once they returned to the ground level however, another person joined them.

Somewhere inside him, George was completely confused by his wife's behavior around this other man. She was unabashedly flirtatious, using body language and innuendo to respond to the man's charms.

And Shayne had a *lot* of charm.

But George was no longer able to really digest that kind of information anymore. As the pink bubblegum bubble he was blowing popped, he rolled his

eyes in that way teenagers do, and put his hand on his hip. “Mom? Like, what’s going on?” He finally asked in his new soft, lilting voice.

“Oh dear,” Deborah said, turning to him. “I’m so sorry dear. I had forgotten you were still here.”

She turned back to Shayne with a smile. “Shayne, this is my step-daughter, Georgia.”

Shayne immediately extended his hand to Deborah’s somewhat befuddled husband-turned-daughter. George recalled the trip to Doctor Angel’s clinic where different things had been injected into his face, and his skin had been chemically peeled to look years younger. Breasts had been added to his chest,



and a heavy dose of hormones injected into his body. He then recalled the lawyer who had given him a new name, and more importantly a new age and sex. He recalled the feeling of hopelessness when he was made his wife's dependent, shortly after their marriage was annulled. Somewhere along the line George had completely forgotten who he was or was supposed to be, and Georgia was now who he thought of himself as. But now, to be introduced to another man, who he could clearly tell Deborah was interested in. It proved to be somewhat challenging for Deborah's reprogramming of his mind to deal with.

"*Darling*," Deborah chimed, "Don't just stand there, be polite."

George's head grew heavy, like he was in a dream as he extended his hand to the other man to shake. He was dressed in a very short purple mini-dress with a flared skirt that barely covered his hairless legs. A thin belt around his midsection emphasized his corseted waist, while the sleeveless, low-cut top showed off his newly acquired bosom. Platform pumps with tall six-inch stiletto heels added some height to his smallish frame, while giving sexy definition to his long-looking legs.

George's hair had been swept into a sexy pixie style, with heavy makeup used to highlight his newly feminized face. His complexion had been made pale with a porcelain-toned foundation. His eyes were lined with thick black liner, with long feathery fake eyelashes densely coated in black mascara. Purple-toned eye shadow adorned his eyelids, matched to the color of his glossy lipstick and shiny nail polish.

George blushed as he took the man's hand in his own. He could see the blatant flirtation going on. This man was hitting on his wife, yet there was nothing he... or rather *she* could do about it. In fact, as the moments passed, the notion of Deborah being his wife started to vaporize into smoke.

"Sorry," Georgia whispered, as she shook Shayne's hand, "It's nice to meet you."

"My pleasure," Shayne replied.

"Georgia is studying cosmetology," Deborah offered, to keep the conversation from stalling. "We even built a little salon for her downstairs."

"I'm so into makeup and hair!" George suddenly spoke, excitement in his high-pitched voice. It was the exact phrase he had been brainwashed into saying.

"But she's off to live overseas soon. She'll be living with her... Uh... Daddy." Which was Deborah's euphemism for the fifty-year-old industrialist who had purchased him. "It's really *very* exciting. But it's going to leave me all alone in this big house. Isn't that right darling?" Deborah said to her former spouse.

Georgia nodded. "Yes, mother."

"It's really very exciting for her. A new country, a new way of living. She may never want to come back. I suspect it might be the last I see of her," Deborah paused to fight back fake tears, looking over to Shayne to gauge his reaction.

As the typical gentleman that she knew him to be, because she had already been deeply researching him and his boys for the past month, he extended his arm to her to console her. "Oh dear. I'm sure that she'll be back to visit," he offered, "And if not, I'm sure you'll make some new friends to keep you company." He winked and flashed a smile at her, signifying to Deborah that she had successfully roped him in.

"So you mentioned that you have children of your own?" Deborah asked, changing the subject.

"Yes," Shayne replied, "My Boys! Keyon and Trent. They're out in the car if you'd like to meet them!"



“Oh my,” Deborah replied, “Let’s not rush things *too* much darling. We’ve only just met.” Besides, she already felt like she knew them from the surveillance she had paid for.

She smiled warmly at him, knowing that it wouldn’t be long before he brought them back to tour the house a third time. When that happened, she would have her agent prepare the documents needed for the home to be sold. By then Shayne and her would have begun dating, and getting serious fast. Georgia would be on her way to Asia, as the bubble-headed, spoiled American princess she would become over the next couple of weeks. Her new “Daddy” was paying for Georgia to become just like the flighty Beverly Hills teenage girls he had seen in American movies.

It then wouldn’t be long before Shayne would introduce her to his sons, and even knowing how unimpressed and uninterested they would be, it would not



deter her from her goal of turning them – all *three* of them – into pretty girls for wealthy owners around the world. It would be a lot of work, but she always embraced it.

If you love what you do, she reminded herself, *you'll never feel like you've worked a day in your life*.

The End



Titles by Sick Puppy Press

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 anew 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

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

Students, Exchanged

"French Dupe" 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 / 57 pages / 15 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

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 long-forgotten aunt is sick, and he goes to care for her. His calls back home leave his wife Janice confused and unsure about his return. So she goes to find him. But is there much left to be found? Book / 64 pages / 25 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

"The Puppy Mill" 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? Book / 210 pages / 16 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

Stories of the Supernatural

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

Crossed Fiction

If the Shoes Fit

"Hand my 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

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

Seriously Sissified

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

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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

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



Reading is Fun de Mental!