

ADULTS ONLY

137 pages 34 illustrations

# BARBIE-IN-A-BOX

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack



TRANSGENDER  
TALES OF

**Transformation**

Make Your Own™

**Barbie**  
Everyone's favorite girl!



**J O E S I X P A C K**

# **BARBIE- IN-A-BOX**

**Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack**  
**A Tales of Transformation Story**



2021 Market Edition

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# BARBIE-IN-A-BOX

## BOX #1

There it was — discarded, torn-apart and miserable. No more than a few minutes in the house, and it was already forgotten. A small, brown cardboard mailer. Jessica knew it was due to be delivered to her place today. The trap had sprung, all while she was probably eating her sopping wet microwaved lunch at work.

When the mail arrived, no doubt her boyfriend received that package, and wondered why it was addressed to him. He hadn't sent for anything. He rarely got any mail addressed to his name, whatsoever. Jessica could easily imagine that quizzed look on his face, puzzled like a dog. That wouldn't stop him from tearing right into it, where he would have found the CD.

As Jessica entered their apartment, she followed the tossed-aside packaging like a trail of bread crumbs. The box was at the door. The bubble-wrap was a few feet away, towards the living room. The plastic wrap of the CD was just ten feet from that. By the time she found the CD case at her feet, she was in the living room, seeing her boyfriend, passed out on the couch, the headphones from the player still on his head.

Of course he couldn't resist. He had just gotten a free CD in the mail. He *had* to listen to it. Besides, it looked like a heavy metal record of some sort. That was his favorite type of music. Ear-splintering, brain-jellifying, tooth-crumbing heavy metal music. So he popped it into the stereo and cranked it up to 11.

Jessica set down her things from the office without waking him. She seated herself on a nearby chair and watched his chest move up and down as he slept. That used to make her swoon, watching him sleep. She had thought he was an angel back then, way back when they had first met.

In a lot of ways, Tyler seemed almost heaven-sent. He was kind, thoughtful and warm. He also had that edgy nature to him that got him into a fight every so often. Somehow, she had found that machismo endearing. She had always fallen for dangerous men, but Tyler Ericsson was the first one she had met that had any sort of depth. His body wasn't much to get excited about, and his face was plain — but he was passionate. When he was focused and into Jessica, he was one-hundred-percent totally into her. When Tyler looked into her eyes, Jessica knew that she was the most important thing in the world to him.

That was years ago. Back when Tyler had a real job and future. Back when he was chasing Jessica. Now that he had her, now that he had her place to stay in, now that he had her money to spend, the passion was gone. Long gone.

At some point, that couch started to become Tyler's whole universe. He only got up to get food, to work at his 4-hour-a-week part-time job, and to go to the



bathroom. He'd always come back to that couch, though, like a calf to a sow. Then he had started to sleep on it overnight. More and more, Jessica was by herself in her bed at night. Totally alone. With that lump of wasted potential on the couch, she couldn't even invite someone over or pursue another relationship. Tyler was always in the way. Tyler was always home. On the couch.

For months it seemed, Jessica had been trying to work up the willpower to kick him out. She had first thought that he'd eventually get the hint, and take off. He never seemed to catch on. Now, she just kept him around for a little bit of sex every so often. He wasn't that into her anymore, so it wasn't exactly fireworks, but it was enough to keep her from going crazy.

She had even started to rationalize a life where she kept her boyfriend out on the couch and just needed him from time to time. That was worth a few bucks in rent and food, wasn't it? Wouldn't any girl kill to have a live-in gigolo? Sure.

Jessica knew she was just lying to herself. As Tyler just stopped doing much more than going through the motions of a relationship, she started to hate him. Deeply. Profoundly. Why should he get to live off of her hard work? Once, he had a job like her, but he quit it. He said he needed time to "find himself." Apparently, finding himself involved getting up at noon, watching hours of ESPN and getting drunk by four.

Day after day it was the same thing. Tyler would barely even speak a word to her anymore, just content to leech off of her. Jessica had reached her limit. Not only did she want him out, she wanted payback. She even wondered if hiring someone to take him out was really so terrible. No, not like she'd actually do it, but she was certainly willing to entrain the idea.

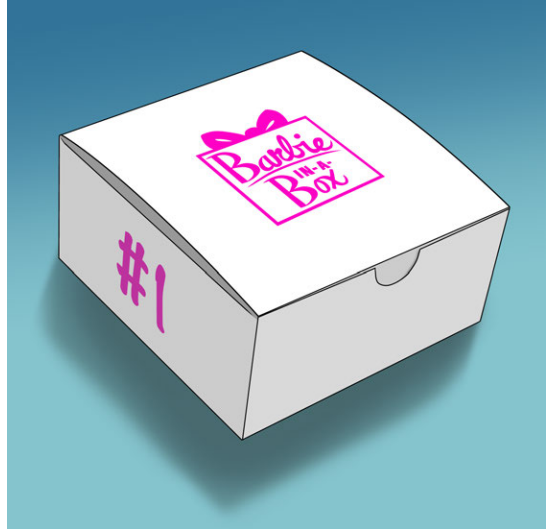
Then, one day at work, she found a piece of paper someone had discarded near her desk. It was a post-it with a website address and the words "To deal with him" written on it. A little scribble of a man's head with horns was drawn next to that. When lunch rolled around, she had to see what the site was all about. "Barbie-in-a-Box" was the business name, as well as the name of the site.

Jessica wasn't sure at all if the site was serious or not. After all, what they advertised was the most insane thing she'd ever seen anyone claim. Whoever these people were, they said that they had a "fail-proof method" of making anyone over into a clone of the plastic toy. "Designed for women or men," the site said, "and they will never know," it also promised. "By the time you get Barbie-in-a-Box #10, your worries will be over!" It said in big, red letters.

Then came the guarantee: "Your first Barbie-in-a-Box is free! If we don't have them in pink panties in 48 hours, you pay nothing!"

She thought about it for a while. Of course it was a scam, but it did sound harmless enough to try. Then, realizing she had little to lose, she decided to take advantage of the no-risk money-back-guarantee, and fed in the information they needed. At least it would be good for a giggle.

So, just as they promised, the small package with the “introductory” CD had indeed arrived, and Tyler had listened to it. Now she was going to see either how a man could be changed into a woman — or if she was going to prove to herself just how gullible she was when it came to internet shopping.



One day later, Jessica woke to find no one in the living room. Which was odd, as her sedentary boyfriend had been there for a couple of days straight. Odder still, the shades of the room had been opened, letting in the bright morning sunlight into the room. Upstairs, she heard the shower start to run. That must have been where Tyler was.

She checked the time. It was seven in the morning. Maybe this was the one day a week he showed up at his part-time job? Even then, he wouldn't be up this early.

“No sense in sitting around all day,” was the only explanation she got from Tyler as he towed himself off. She wanted to ask more questions, but she was already late for work. She lost track of what he was up to, as she was too busy herself to take notice, except that even before she was ready to jump in the car and go to work, Tyler was headed out.

What was he up to? “Need to get some stuff for dinner,” he said, as he ran out the door. Usually, dinner was Domino's and a six-pack of Lowenbrau. This certainly was odd, Jessica thought to herself. Maybe he was having an affair?

Later that day, after she had come back to her desk from lunch, she found four voice messages from her own home number. She panicked, thinking the only reason Tyler was calling must be due to some disaster at home.

“What... What's going on? What happened, Tyler?” She said, breathlessly into the phone.

“Nothin'” Tyler responded, laconically, “just wanted to know what you're thinkin'.”

Jessica was dumbfounded. Later that night, when she came home, she noticed that all the crap that had piled up around Tyler's couch had been cleaned up. In fact, the carpet showed tell-tale tracks of a vacuum. There was also this strange smell coming from the kitchen. It smelled like food.

Dinner, as it turned out, was nothing more than macaroni and cheese, but it was more effort than Tyler had put into a meal in ages. “Did you put onion in this?” Jessica asked as she ate.

Tyler smiled and nodded. “And some extra butter. It makes it *so* much creamier.”

As Jessica ate her food, she let Tyler talk on about his day. She wasn't really listening, as her head was awash in questions. Maybe Tyler was being nice so he'd break up with her. No, that was too hopeful. Maybe he was going to ask for money? Maybe he had been tested for STDs and was going to tell her bad news. Maybe...

Then a new thought struck her — ask him. “So what's behind all this?” She inquired.

“Behind...” Tyler had to think about what she was talking about. “Oh, the dinner? I just wanted you to know I appreciate you, Jess.”

That pretty well convinced her that this was some sort of set-up.

“I'll do the dishes,” Tyler said, without even hesitating.

Before she could even say otherwise, Tyler had gotten the plates and tableware gathered up, and was scrubbing them in the kitchen sink. Eventually, she snapped herself out of her dazed state of disbelief and went to go ask more questions. What she found was that he was already drying off the plates with a towel.

“Isn't that your Pittsburgh Steelers terrible towel?” She asked, seeing what he was drying with.

Tyler shrugged. “Yeah, time to put it to good use. That's what a towel is for, right?”

She had never even been allowed to touch it. He kept it in a glass case in the living room. “That's the vintage 1970's one that one you spent three hundred dollars on ebay for?” Jessica clarified.

“For that kind of money, you'd figure it'd do a better job.”

Jessica had to sit down.



It was the next morning when Jessica finally figured out what was going on. She was in bed, letting Tyler use her as an entertainment system.

At least, that's how she'd describe sex with Tyler. He played her body like the controls on his Xbox. He'd constantly mash her breasts as if he were repeatedly trying some impossible 2-button combo attack.

But today, he stroked and felt her like she was a woodwind instrument. Jessica was in bliss, having her skin caressed as Tyler used the slightest touch of his fingertips skimming all over her body. Somewhere, he had also figured how to use his tongue in the most peculiar way. She wasn't even sure what he was doing down there, as she was too busy gripping the sheets and hanging on for dear life.



It was when she was coming down from one of these assaults on her senses that the funniest thought occurred to her. All this strange and wonderful behavior from her boyfriend started almost on the same day the “Barbie-in-a-Box” CD arrived.

Pinning it down more precisely, it began the very next day after the CD arrived. As she turned in her bed, she saw that same CD sitting in a player on Tyler’s night stand. He had listened to it that first time, she assumed. But, had he had *kept* listening to it? *Wait a minute...*

Then she sat up in bed, shocked at what this must mean. She had just assumed that the whole “Barbie-in-a-Box” thing was a scam. Because it just wasn’t possible to make a normal man into a woman. It was totally unbelievable.

“Tyler?” She said.

“Uh-huh?” He replied. He was lying next to her, his eyes staring up into the ceiling. She had expected him to be asleep, like men always are after sex.

Jessica squirmed under the sheets to find what she was looking for. “Would you put these on?” She asked, holding her discarded pink panties in her hand.

“Sure!” Tyler replied, enthusiastically. He sprang out of bed and started to slide them up his legs. “Wow, those are smooth, aren’t they?”

“They look nice on you,” Jessica said, barely able to say much at all. Her mind was locked up in shock.

Tyler checked himself out in the mirror. The little pair of panties strained on his bigger frame, especially with his still swollen member. But that didn’t seem to bother Tyler. He turned left and right to see every angle. “They feel weird,” he remarked, “weird, cool and thin.” He then began to put his pants on, still wearing the panties. “Mind if I try them out for the day? I’m kinda curious to know what it would feel like.”

“No, go ahead...” Jessica’s voice trailed off as a mixture of excitement and amazement gripped control of her. She looked at the clock. It had been just 42 hours. They had him in pink panties with six hours to burn. Barbie-in-a-Box had a new customer.



Jessica didn’t wait long. She purchased the whole “Barbie-in-a-Box” plan just minutes after Tyler had first put the panties on. Her finger trembled with excitement as she clicked on the “Barbie-in-a-Box MtF Total Barbie Plus Plan.” She had to type her credit card numbers in four times into the website, she was so nervous. There was no hesitation to do it, she was just worried that they might reject her request or disqualify her in some way. Whatever it took, however much money she needed to spend, she was going to do this.

Maybe she’d need to ask her boss, Martin Comstock, for a raise. Or do some commission work. Or a second job. Still, she was all in. That night, as Tyler had

dinner waiting for her after work, she thought about the possibilities. Jessica watched in quiet awe as Tyler came from the kitchen, wearing that goofy frilled apron that her mother had given her as a Christmas gift some years ago. She forgot she even had it. Tyler had even taken his messy mop of hair and tied it back into a stubby pony tail. One or two strands had broken free and he tucked them behind his ears as he welcomed her home.

He was already taking on girlish traits, and seemed to be totally unaware. How far could this go? Could he actually go all the way? Yes. Jessica was starting to think it wasn't impossible.

With a sheepish smile, he pecked Jessica on the cheek with a quick kiss. "Kinda thought I'd try to make dinner again," he said. "It's been a long time since I made my famous chili, though. It isn't coming out like I wanted. It's now kinda turned into burritos. If that's okay."

Those were two things Tyler hadn't done in forever. He apologized and asked for her permission. Whatever this "Barbie-in-a-Box" thing was, it was amazing.

"I'm sure it'll be fine," Jessica reassured him. Even if it wasn't fine, she wasn't about to say so. This was incredible. Moses parting the Red Sea was a miracle. This was a miracle plus one. As he turned away to go back to the kitchen, Jessica noticed that besides the apron, he was wearing jeans and a t-shirt. He had rolled up the sleeves of the shirt to make it kind of a tank top.

The site had said that the plan would take ten shipments of Barbie-in-a-Box boxes, and maybe six to nine months for it to finish. At this pace, Jessica seriously believed that it might be done in a week.

Tyler watched carefully as Jessica ate her first bite of the burrito he had prepared. When she caught Tyler staring at her as she ate, she didn't know quite why he was so fixated on her. But then she realized that he was waiting for her approval. Waiting!

"It's good," she said. It wasn't bad at all.

Like a wash of cool air over Tyler's face, he immediately smiled. "I'm glad," he said.

Honestly enjoying her meal, Jessica watched as Tyler took small, awkward bites of his food.

"Don't you like it?" She asked him.

"I'm feeling fat," Tyler responded. "I've been wearing your panties all day, and it feels like I weigh a ton. I'm gonna put myself on a diet for a while."

"If you say so, honey," Jessica said, grinning with delight.

"Oh, don't try to make me feel good. I know everyone thinks I'm chubby. Anyway, I've always wanted to drop about five pounds. I think a little bit of exercise would be good for me too. Do we still have that Ab-Kkwon-Do DVD around here?"

"I'm sure I can find it," Jessica said, trying not to choke on her food from laughter. "So you wore the panties all day, huh?"

“Was I not supposed to?” Tyler looked shocked and embarrassed. He then started to get up. “I can go take them off...”

“No!” Jessica blurted. She then calmed herself down. “No, it’s alright. You can keep wearing them.”

Tyler sat back down. “Great! I’ve really got to kind of liking them,” he said. Realizing he had just veered into very strange territory, Tyler quickly changed the subject. “Nice day at work?” He asked, with his eyes averting hers. Was he blushing?

Jessica didn’t have to lift a finger for the rest of the night, as Tyler once again went about doing the dishes and cleaning the cookware. While he was doing that, she slipped onto the computer to check out the Barbie-in-a-Box site.

This was going to be truly expensive, but Jessica was now wholly persuaded it was going to be worth every cent. Turning miserable little Tyler into a sissy she-male was going to be a blast. One of the things that had captured her imagination was the “fully customizable options” she could select. There was a long list of personalities she could choose from, like “little fairy,” “pouty princess,” “bubbly bimbo,” and “slutty secretary.” Jessica had decided to stay with the original “Barbie-in-a-Box” package. She did splurge on a “happy home maker” add-on, and judging by the way Tyler was cleaning, it was already working. Plus, she could afford another option or two later, if she wanted.

Satisfied, she got up to grab a cookie from the kitchen. Tyler was there, drying the dishes with his old yellow towel, and dancing. He had his headphones on, and was dancing to the music, singing softly. In falsetto.

This was just Box #1. She had nine more to go.

## BOX #2

A few days later, making it almost a week, another plain brown box arrived. It was simply labeled “Box #2” and contained nothing more than a CD and a few bottles of pills. Without even really giving it a lot of thought, Tyler had ripped right into it, and popped the new disc in his player. He then proceeded to toss his old disc in the trash.

Allison watched in fascination. She figured it was some sort of message ingrained into Tyler’s brain, to dump the old disc. No sooner had he done that than he swallowed a couple of the pills and chased them down with some water. Checking the bottle, she saw they were labeled “Crazy Slim 1000 Diet Supplement.” She thought about trying one herself, but the site had said that under no circumstances should anyone but the subject use anything inside the box, and that all pills should “be kept from being handled by pregnant women.” That scared her enough to leave them alone — who knows what they were really doing.

Although she was perfectly happy to let her little guinea pig keep taking them.

That night, Jessica was curious to try out a few new things. The site had told her that sex with “the subject” was going to be a radically changed experience, so she was very curious to see exactly what that meant.

When Tyler was finally ready to come to bed — his bed-time routine had been growing longer day by day — he was wearing her favorite pair of red panties.

Over the previous days, Jessica had come up with some very flimsy reasons for Tyler to continue to wear her underwear. She’d claim it was to “remember” her or that it made the laundry easier. It didn’t take much convincing at all for Tyler to slip into a new pair every day.

Jessica used the bedsheets to unveil herself, as she had decided to wear her sexiest negligee to bed that night, to tempt her increasingly sissified boyfriend. Sure enough, when Tyler saw Jessica’s curvaceous body, dressed in frilly, flimsy, delicate ruffles and lace, he stopped in his tracks.

“I love that outfit, Jess. You look so cute in that,” Tyler said before bounding into bed.

That was it?

Jessica rolled over and wrapped her arm around to massage Tyler’s rock-hard shaft. Only what she found wasn’t hard at all. It was soft and limp, though it didn’t take long for her to work Tyler rigid. Still, she was shocked she had to do anything at all. Usually when sex even crossed his mind, he went from zero to boner in nothing flat.

As Jessica could feel Tyler start to buck a little bit, he rolled onto his back and laid there, ready for whatever was about to happen.

It suddenly occurred to Jessica that she was doing all the work. Tyler was simply waiting for her to take him.

Just like a *woman* would.

She wasn't about to pass this by, and hopped up on her knees to straddle him. As she hovered over him, she could hear Tyler's shortened breath, as he made quick little gasps for air. Going with the flow, Jessica leaned over and licked one of his nipples. Tyler moaned.

This was more than a "radically changed experience," Jessica realized. This was almost total role reversal in bed. The truth be told, she hadn't been this turned on since she was a teenager. This sort of power over another person was intoxicating.

She worked up to his neck and nibbled on it, just like men did to her. Tyler responded with a mix of giggles and heavy breathing. She then pinched the other nipple on his chest, which resulted in another moan.

"You like that, don't you?" She said, teasing him. She took his hands and placed them on his chest. "Why don't you try it for yourself?" Jessica helped him rub his aureole with the tips of his fingers, which started him writhing in ecstasy.

"Oh, that's so nice..." Tyler said, languidly. "Sooo nice..."

"There you go, baby," Jessica considered her next move. She decided that since she was the man in this exchange, that she would do what Tyler always did. Interrupt his partner so he could get off. "Here I come, babe!" She said, abruptly.

Tyler jerked, bracing for something, and even tried to retreat from under Jessica's body. But quickly, she had set over him, and impaled herself on Tyler. She began rocking up and down, pushing herself onto him deeper and deeper. "C'mon, baby! C'mon!" She growled.

Tyler held his eyes tightly shut, until they sprang wide open. He was starting to come. "Uh uh uh uh uh uh oo oo oo oo..." He was saying in a tiny little voice. He gripped the sheets with his hands and started to pull them loose.

"Here I come!" Jessica said, loudly. She had always wanted to say that. With those words, Tyler finally released. It was like she was controlling him, telling him what to do and when to do it.

*This was one crazy fuck*, she thought to herself. She rolled off from atop her boyfriend and laid on her back, pleasantly drifting in the afterglow. She looked over to Tyler, who had some strange combination of horror and bliss in his expression. He suddenly got to his feet.

"I have to go clean up," he explained. He grabbed something off the floor, put it on, and walked to the bathroom.

He didn't even seem to care it was Jessica's peignoir he put on.



Some days later, Jessica had found herself more in love with Tyler than ever. It was amazing. Sure, manly men were still her first love, and there was no substitute

for that. But if she had nothing more than this sissified boy for the rest of her life, she could be very happy.

Every morning, she watched in restrained excitement as Tyler picked out a pair of her panties and got dressed for the day. They were just part of his life, now. He wore the panties just as casually as he wore his old wrinkled boxers.

It even crossed her mind that she should just stop the process right now and live with Tyler as he was. But every day, something new came up in Tyler's evolving personality, and she just couldn't wait to see what was going to happen tomorrow.

Just as he had said he was going to do, Tyler had begun working out to the "Ab-Kwon-Do" DVD she had found buried under some stuff in the closet. He had done it for a few days before he complained of feeling "clumsy" in his workout sweats and T-shirt. When Jessica suggested he should wear a leotard, he showed little hesitation. He looked darling in pastel blue tights and white tennis shoes. He even added white sweatbands and a headband on his own. She took pictures to keep on her phone, to remind her all day at work of the darling little sissy she had at home.

The diet was starting to work, too. He reported that he had lost seven pounds, and just in less than three weeks. He was absolutely committed to it, too. Tyler hardly ever ate a meal that he couldn't finish in ten bites. Jessica was seriously worried that he might be hurting himself, but the website assured her that he was well within the guidelines for staying healthy.



One day when she working on "employee interaction" with her manager Martin Comstock — in an office closet — Jessica had neglected to check her phone, as she usually did for the stream of messages Tyler always left. So on this day, after not finding any messages, she got worried. At about eleven thirty, she began to get a little anxious and decided to give him a call.

"Uh, hi," Tyler said, sheepishly.

"Everything okay, sweet cheeks?" Allison said. "I haven't heard from you all morning."

There was a pause on Tyler's end. "I'm just a little busy, I guess."

"What's all that echo? Are you in the bathroom, Tyler?"

"Y... Yeah."

"You're not on the toilet while you're talking me, are you?"

"Oh, no!" Tyler replied, aghast at the suggestion.

"Then what are you doing? I hear water running."

"Just the bath." Tyler had taken to baths lately, only taking showers when he was short on time. "Oh, shoot!" He suddenly blurted. "Ow ow owie!" He added.

“What in the world are you up to?” Jessica finally asked.

“Oh, I just got so sick of having all my hair caught up in those tights. But this is so much harder than it looks!”

“Are you... Are you *shaving your legs*?” Jessica said, trying not to sound shocked.

“Kinda?” Tyler replied.

“Don’t you shave another hair!” Jessica commanded.

“I’m sorry! I’m sorry!” Tyler immediately apologized.

“No, don’t apologize, darling! I love that you want to do this, but I want to help you. I’m going to take an early lunch, and I’ll be there in twenty minutes! Stay right there! Okay?”

“Okay, Jess.”

Jessica hung up, and quickly manufactured an excuse to tell her supervisor why she needed to leave immediately. On the way home, she swung by the drug store to pick up a multi-pack of pink razors with little daisies on the handle, and some perfumed shaving cream. She then picked a brand-new epilator shaver, the type that plucked hair out by the root in the most painful way possible. She also grabbed a hot waxing set, and then some stinging alcohol to swab onto his legs. This was going to be fun.

Indeed, she enjoyed that afternoon more than any sane person should.



On one of Tyler's now regular shopping trips, he had picked up a Wii gaming console. Jessica's alarm at this seeming step backwards in his female development was assuaged when he explained why he got it. It came complete with the Wii Fit pad, so he could exercise with the help of the Wii Fit software. There, he could compare his workouts with other users across the world.

Of course, subscribing to that service cost them a little money, so Jessica graciously allowed Tyler to subscribe if he just didn't mind canceling the ESPN sports package on the cable. Tyler agreed to it cheerfully. "Why I subscribed to that sports junk I'll never know," was his comment.

Setting up the Wii proved to be a task that stymied Tyler. This was same person who, no less than a month ago, had installed a digital video recorder and linked the HDMI and optical SPDIF through to the plasma to get true 1080p output in room-calibrated 5.1 surround sound. Today, he sat center in a bundle of tangled cables and started to cry.

"Don't worry, sweetie," Jessica comforted him, "we can get Oliver from down the street. He's a whiz with home electronics. I'm sure he'd be happy to give you some tips."

Tyler sniffled. "I'm sorry, Jess. I really thought..."

"I'm sure you're doing your very best," she said, sympathetically.

Oliver came around in a few minutes. He was a gangly young man of nineteen, who clearly had little interest in the world outside of gaming, computers and games you could play on computers. He wore lint-covered brown cords, a blue windbreaker and a thick pair of glasses. He abruptly took over the entire cable operation from Tyler who surrendered easily. "Show me what you're doing," Tyler asked. "I tried to plug that in to the TV, but it didn't fit." The frustrated man took a seat so he could watch what Oliver was doing.

"That's because it's the power cable," Oliver replied. After a few more exchanges that left Tyler feeling dumb and out of his depth, he quickly lost interest.

"Is it done yet?" Tyler asked eight times before being told it was. Oliver was giving Tyler some sideways glances now and then, wondering what exactly the story was with him. He remembered Tyler as an average guy, who was mostly unremarkable. He was usually unshaven, he wore cargo shorts and flannel shirts, and hung out with the other guys in the area who looked just like him.

But this person was at least fifteen pounds thinner, had hairless legs and little trace of a beard. The swagger and confidence that a man like Tyler used to display was gone, and he was now looking nervous and unsure. He was also virtually positive that Tyler was not the sort of guy to be dressed in a tight shirt with a picture of Tinkerbell on it.

When the system was up and running, and Tyler was starting to play with it, Oliver turned to Jessica. "So... What's the deal with him?"



“Oh, he’s just figuring things out,” Jessica said, cryptically. “He’s awakening to new truths about who he is.”

“Oooookay,” Oliver replied. He adjusted his glasses and took another look at Tyler. “So, does that mean he’s gay?”



Gnawing on a breakfast bar that looked to be made of particle board, Tyler smiled brightly when Jessica entered the room. Over the past few days, she had noticed the puppy-like behavior of Tyler, who seemed to always brighten up in her presence. He’d follow her around from room to room, and hover as she ate.

For now, she found it cute, but she also knew that after a while, it was going to get on her nerves. Hopefully the Barbie-in-a-Box people had thought of that.

“Can I get you something to eat, Jess?” Tyler asked, eagerly.

It was only six thirty in the morning, and Tyler was already wide awake. Jessica dreaded the possibility that the Barbie-fied Tyler was going to be a morning person. Oh well, she could probably live with it if the rest of his transformation was as exciting as the first few weeks.

Jessica’s stomach growled. “Um, the French toast you made yesterday would be...”

“Comin’ right up!” Tyler said with a smile. He practically leapt into his frilly apron, which he looked for any excuse to wear. *Maybe that was even why he had started to learn to cook*, Jessica thought to herself, *just to wear a big girly apron.*

“Hey, Jess?” Tyler said, as he cracked open a few eggs and whisked them up.

“Yes, sweetie?” Jessica replied. She peered in his direction, noticing he looked a little pensive and nervous.

“Um, I was wondering... Is it okay for me to be using your clothes so much?”

Jessica gasped. Things had been working so well. Now, he was showing hesitation. Thought. Awareness. She knew it was too good to last.

“What do you mean, Ty? Don’t you want to?”

“It’s not that, I just wanted to make sure that it was okay to be borrowing all your stuff all the time.”

Jessica exhaled. This wasn’t self-awareness. He was just being considerate. “We share everything, you know that.”

“No, it’s okay? Really?”

“Yes, of course.”

“Really really *reeeally*?” Tyler said, squeaking out the word in a childish voice.

“Yes.”

“Reaally *reeeeallly*?”

“Yes!” She snapped. Wow, he was getting wimpy. “I said it was okay, honey pie.”

“Okay,” Tyler said, and went back to beating the eggs. He then looked back at Jessica. “Are you sure?”

“Again, yes!”

“Cool!” Tyler said, dropping the bowl on the table unfinished. He ran off, dropping the apron on a chair as he left the room. “Because I was really thinking that I wanted to wear...” Jessica could no longer hear him as he went off down the hall.

Jessica wondered if he even really noticed that no one able to discern what he was saying right now. He seemed to be talking only so he could explain his behavior to himself.

Two minutes later, Jessica heard the voice come back, still talking. “...that’s with these workouts, I’ve just gotten so used to freedom of movement in the leotard, and everything I have is so thick and itchy and...” Realizing he was back in view of his girlfriend, he presented himself. “Is this okay?” He asked, biting his lip anxiously.

Although she was shouting a primeval scream of triumph inside, Jessica restrained herself, and as casually as was possible, glanced at Tyler and give a quick approval. “I said it was fine.” Dressed in an old nightshirt-length t-shirt, Tyler didn’t look drastically different, except that the shirt was so long that it nearly covered up the cargo shorts he wore, making it look like a dress. He had also exchanged his tired jogging shoes for a pair of yellow flip-flops.

“Kay,” Tyler said, as he went back to the eggs.

Jessica still couldn’t believe it. He really *was* changing. He really *was* going to be a sissy. It was *actually* going to happen.

## BOX #3

On the third month, another box arrived. This one was pink, simply marked “Box #3,” and just as it happened last time, Tyler automatically opened it up and took possession of the contents without comment.

This box was much larger, and contained another supply of vitamins, a selection of new CDs, a DVD and a month’s supply of freeze-dried food. Tyler stocked it all away as a very curious Jessica watched, trying to not look too interested.

True to her nature, Jessica just couldn’t help herself. “So, what’s with all the food?” She asked.

Tyler answered like it was the most obvious thing in the world. “My Diet? Remember?”

“Right,” she said.

“I’m going to try and drop those last five pounds once and for all,” Tyler added.

“Good for you, honey.” She patted him on the head for approval. “By the way, speaking of food, I could definitely go for something to eat.” Tyler instinctively reached for his apron, but Jessica stopped him. “Not this time. We’re going out for lunch.”

“Out?” Tyler said, startled. He bit his lower lip in anxious hesitation.

“Is that okay, babe?” Jessica said. “You don’t mind going out, do you?”

“No...” Tyler said. “I just don’t think I have anything to wear.”

“That’s so cute,” Jessica said.

“What?”

“Never mind. We’ll go somewhere casual.”

Casual, as it turned out, was a small café with an outside seating area, right on the sidewalk. They were led to a table by a slightly scruffy waiter, who took several confused glances at Tyler, trying to figure him out. Tyler, for his part, was too busy to notice, as he was straightening his shirt and jeans nervously. He wasn’t expecting to be on display like this.

Jessica checked herself in her compact, making sure she had survived the brief trip from home intact, and found herself satisfactory. “Let me borrow that for a second,” Tyler asked, and took the compact, checking his own face and hair as well. He played with a few strands on the sides of his head before he handed it back. “Thanks much.”

Although Tyler was dressed in jeans and a t-shirt, he was not carrying off masculinity very well. His jeans were ironed neat, and he had rolled up the cuffs a bit to show off his bare ankles. He had tucked in his bright yellow t-shirt into his pants, showing off his trimmer figure. His teased, blow-dried and gelled hair wafted gently in the breeze.

If that weren't enough, Tyler also sat primly with his legs crossed knee-over-knee, like a proper lady. "Is the food here good? I've never been to this place before."

"Never?" Jessica said, mocking astonishment. "That's hard to believe." She well knew Tyler only went to restaurants he could drive through.

Tyler didn't even blink when Jessica ordered for the both of them. He sipped on a glass of white wine like he had been doing so for years, extending his pinky as he held the glass. They talked about small things, like the weather. Jessica tried to get Tyler to talk about his job, or sports, or politics, but he had no interest in any of those subjects. Then, when Jessica off-handedly mentioned a celebrity starlet scandal in the news, Tyler came alive.

"Oh my God! Can you believe her? That's so outrageous!" Tyler said, "The first time I heard that, I said to myself, that's just so impossible! I couldn't believe it!" He gestured with his hands and leaned forward, perched on his elbows. Jessica could have just mistaken him for one of his gossiping girlfriends at that point. "And then did you hear what she said yesterday?" Tyler added.

*Someone had been watching the daytime celebrity shows,* Jessica thought to herself. That became more and more obvious as Tyler went on and on with celebrity gossip. The food arrived and Tyler was immediately more interested in Jessica's grilled chicken than in the garden salad in front of him. "Just a bite," he pestered, "I just want a tiny bite. One bite. Just one little bite."



Jessica had heard that kind of irritating begging before, but couldn't place it. Then it came to her: that's what she had always done to her male companions in a restaurant. Was she really that annoying?

Now that he was talking, Jessica also noted her boyfriend's nervous manner had evaporated. He looked to be perfectly comfortable chatting about the weight of female celebrities as he ever was talking with his guy friends in a sports bar.

After lunch, Jessica decided she should show her little sissified beau off to the town. Tyler had no realization of his condition, swishing around town like a fairy. Most people stared, some laughed and some made cutting comments just on the edge of hearing, but Tyler didn't seem to notice any of it.

If one were to guess without knowing, people would have just assumed he was flamboyantly gay. He gushed and giggled effeminately like any garden variety homosexual man. But Jessica didn't mind. She knew that the crucial difference was that Tyler was wearing a silky pair of panties under his clothes.

They went to do a little window shopping, taking her boyfriend to all the places he hated to go: antique shops, dress shops, art galleries and they even stopped for tea. He loved every minute of it — and he said so. He commented on a dress in a window as being “adorable,” and that a set of throw pillows in another was “to die for.” On the way home in the car he even made Jessica promise that they'd do it again sometime.

Which, of course, she enthusiastically did promise to do.



A couple of nights later, on a Friday, Jessica decided to have a little fun. After all, it was a Friday night, and looking after her sissy meant that she really couldn't go out and enjoy herself like she wanted to. So she waited until Tyler was done with the dishes and invited him over to the couch to watch some rented movies.

She handed the plastic sack full of DVD titles to Tyler, who pushed it away. “Oh, I can't decide, you pick Jess.”

Jessica pushed the sack back into his reluctant hands. “No, no. You always moan and groan when I pick. You choose.” Truth was, this was a test. She had gotten an assortment of movies to pick from: explosion-ridden action/adventures, fart-joke comedies and hardcore chick-flicks. She watched as Tyler dumped the contents out onto the couch, where he sifted through them.

He tossed away *Rambo* and considered *Batman Returns* for a moment. He discarded that as well, and then looked at *Thelma and Louise* for a long contemplative moment before he put that aside as well. Jessica was disappointed, as she was really hoping he'd go for the obvious chick flick. But then he picked up a film and started to get excited. “Oo! Oo! This one!”

Jessica took the DVD of “Legally Blond” from him and gave Tyler a skeptical look. “Are you sure?”

“I’ve been wanting to see this forever!” Tyler declared. “She is such an inspiration and role model!” He seemed to catch himself, and then added, in a more serious tone, “An inspiration to women of her type, that is.”

They watched it all the way through, with Jessica fighting off boredom for most of the film, but Tyler was on the edge of his seat, totally engrossed. He laughed at most of the jokes, but on a couple, Jessica noticed that he seemed to miss the humor. In fact, he asked Jessica to explain one to him, and once explained, he then laughed at it. At the finale, Tyler was hopping up and down in glee. Jessica was half expecting to belt out a “you go girl” any second.

They popped in a second film, “The 40 Year Old Virgin,” and ten minutes into it, Tyler was out cold on the couch. Jessica let it play out, as she actually thought it was a pretty good film. She even considered buying it. Once the credits played out, she checked the time, and it was well past midnight. She stretched and turned to check on Tyler, who was still sleeping.

He was adorable. He had curled up into a fetal position, and was hugging a cushion like a teddy bear. Tyler was once prone to sleeping with his mouth open and drooling, but now he slept with his lips closed and slightly pursed. In fact, it almost looked like he was puckering up for a kiss.

Jessica imagined those same lips smothered in glossy cherry red lipstick, scrunched up to lay a kiss on some ruggedly handsome man’s stubbly cheek. It would happen soon, she promised herself.

Curious, she approached Tyler. His shorts had rolled up, revealing most of his smoothly waxed legs. He was using moisturizer now on his skin, and it was really starting to look smooth and soft like her own legs, as if they had never seen a single hair on them. She couldn’t help but run her fingers along the shin.

Still asleep, Tyler recoiled slightly, giggling.

“Tickle tickle,” Jessica whispered. “You really are turning into a girly little fluff ball, aren’t you?” She said into his ear. “Soon you’ll be living in your pretty little panties forever, Tyler. Soon, you’ll be skittering around in a skimpy little dresses, letting men ogle you. You’ll be such a sweet, darling little sissy for men. They’ll just love you. And you’ll love them, too. In *so many ways*.”

She placed her finger on Tyler’s lips, and to her surprise, his lips formed around the finger, and he licked it gently. “Oh my God,” she said quietly to herself, “what a little fairy you’re becoming, Tyler. You poor, stupid, fool.”



The next day, when Jessica awoke, she was surprised to find Tyler curled up next to her. She had left him downstairs, so she figured he must have woken and come

upstairs at some point during the night — and oddly, was considerate enough not to wake her.

Jessica checked the clock, and saw it was almost eight, a good time to get up on Saturday morning.

She jostled Tyler's shoulder. "Wakey wakey, sleeping beauty." Tyler, in another change to his usual habits, woke without complaint and sat up. He stretched his arms out in the air and yawned. His eyes then sprang open, and in a matter of seconds, he realized it was morning and it was time to get moving. He leapt from the bed and sped to the bathroom.

"Dibs!" He called out and slammed the door behind him.

Jessica was not pleased. She was quite used to getting the bathroom first thing in the morning, and her routine depended on a leisurely amount of time to do her stuff.

A half hour later, she was banging on the door. "Tyler! It's been, like two hours in there! Hurry up!"

"Just a sec!" Tyler promised, "I'll be out in just a sec!" Another half hour later, he finally emerged. "It's all yours, Jess!"

With eyes full of loathing, Jessica passed by Tyler, well beyond ready for her turn. "You need to do laundry today," she said, trying to inject his life with misery.

"I just did it yesterday!" Tyler complained.

"You need to either do it every day or get your own stuff. We don't have enough to share."

"You mean get my own panties?" Tyler said, aloud.

Jessica stood still, lowered her eyes and muttered a curse at herself for being so stupid. She had just forced Tyler to think about what he was doing, with his panty habit. Sure, he had been wearing the panties on some sort of flimsy pretense of being romantic, but now she had forced him to consider it, passing it through his conscious mind.

Tyler p'shaved the suggestion with a dismissive wave. "I still have plenty of my own boxers. Maybe this is time for me to stop, Jess."

Jessica panicked, realizing she had just blown it. Big time. Now, she had to pull out the big guns. With a sorrowful tone, she said, "don't you love me anymore, Tyler?"

"Of course I do, Jess! I love you so much!" He grabbed her and hugged her tightly. "I just think..."

"Do it for me, Tyler. Please? I love to think that a little part of my femininity is always with you."

"Yes, yes! Of course I will, baby!" Tyler said, hugging even harder, "I'd do anything for you, you know that! I'll wear panties with pride!"





Jessica kissed him on the cheek. “Thanks, honey. Why don’t you go down and listen to your CD and then we’ll order some stuff for you online?”

“That’d be awesome!” Tyler replied with excitement. “I really do love you, you know.”

“I know you do, sweetie.” She sighed out a cubic mile of air when she was out of sight.

After rushing to the Barbie-in-a-Box website, she found some help in the forums. They had many stories from other “BIAB” customers who did something similar. The solution was the same in all cases: just don’t make it worse.

The programming, the forums said, would eventually correct any minor moments of “self-realization,” just as long as the mistake wasn’t repeated or a new one magnified the first.

Satisfied, Jessica went about her morning routine, and joined Tyler back in the living room. She found him seated on the beanbag, his eyes kind of spaced out, listening to his CD player. “Not going to use the couch?” She asked, curious.

“Ugh.” Tyler answered, scrunching up his nose. “It smells! Next time I fall asleep on it, promise me you’ll wake me up and not let me stay there all night. It took me a half hour just to scrub that stench off of me in the shower.”

*Of course it smells,* Jessica thought to herself, *it smells because you used to be such a slob!* “I promise,” Jessica said. She then had a flash of inspiration. “In fact, why don’t we just get rid of it?”

Tyler agreed. “It’s so old, and doesn’t go with anything in this room. We should. We really should.”

“No, I mean right now! Let’s get it out on the sidewalk.”

“Right now?”

“Right now!” Jessica declared. “Let’s do it!”

Tyler got up, and walked around the couch a couple of times, a little uncertain of what to do or how to do it. Jessica pointed at one end of the couch, and said, “Go, lift that end, I’ll lift the other and we’ll take it out the front door.”

Timidly, Tyler approached the end of the couch, awkwardly bent over and tried to put his hands under it to lift. He immediately abandoned the attempt, not budging the couch a millimeter. “It’s too big, Jess!” He whined.

“What do you mean, big?” Jessica said. “You move this thing around all the time.”

Tyler looked at the couch, reconsidering. “Well...”

Jessica bent over to lift her end. “Like this, watch me.” She bent at the knees, placed her hands under the edge and lifted it easily.

Watching his girlfriend, but still unsure, Tyler repeated her motions at his end. He managed to lift it only about a foot, causing it to heavily tilt towards him. They made it half way to the door, before Tyler urgently called out, “Wait! Wait! I have to rest a second!”

Jessica sighed and set down her side with his, and watched as Tyler flopped over the arm of the couch, exhausted. She was pissed. Her boyfriend was acting like such a... Such a *girl*.

The realization suddenly brightened her mood. He was acting like a weak, helpless girl. She knew he was well able to lift this couch — heck, he used to drag it a foot or two towards the TV every single day, it seemed. She always had to scold him to put it “back where it was supposed to be.”

“Maybe we should call that Oliver guy and have him do this instead of us,” Tyler suggested,

“I think we can manage this. It’s just a little bit further.”

“I’m gonna call him,” Tyler said. He made it look like standing up was the mightiest struggle he’d ever waged, and walked over to the phone. After a quick conversation, he hung up. “He’s busy,” Tyler said with a pout.

*A pout!*

“Oh, I’m sorry Tyler,” Jessica said, “but just a few more feet and it’ll be out of here. Maybe this time, leave off the flip-flops.”

Tyler kicked off the shoes, and then lifted his end again. As they made it out into the hall, Jessica was under the definite impression that Tyler’s very last bit of manly strength were being spent on this task. It was amazing what those CDs had done. It wasn’t as if Tyler was truly this weak, but he believed he was. He had been convinced, subconsciously, that he was fragile and useless, and he was unable to fight it.

When they got to the curb, Jessica dropped her half, and Tyler followed suit. That was followed by a sharp shriek, that threatened to shatter glass with a piercing yell.

Tyler quickly started to jump and hop around. “I dropped it on my toes!” He cried. “I dropped it on my toes!” Then, Tyler fell onto the sofa and started to rub his toes, whining and moaning.

“Oh, honey, are you gonna be okay?” Jessica said, instead of laughing. She came to his side and tried to look as concerned as she could.

Tyler looked like he was starting to fight back tears.

“Calm down, now. It can’t be that bad.” Jessica told him.

He was inconsolable. “It dropped right on my big toenail! It’s gonna get all black and die, and fall off! It’s gonna be so gross!”

“It wasn’t that heavy, Tyler.” She looked at the toe in question, and it wasn’t even red. “You’ll be fine.”

“It really hurts!” Tyler whimpered. “I don’t want black toenails!”

Inspiration struck Jessica. “Tell you what, I know a way we can keep that from happening.”

Thirty minutes later, with cotton balls in between his toes, Tyler was examining his freshly painted pink toenails. Without his shorts on, sitting in a pair of red bikini

panties, he held his slender and hairless legs aloft in the light, turning the polished nails this way and that.

"They look kinda girly," he observed.

"Well, pink will hide the black if it happens. And I can't paint them any closer to your natural skin color. I told you it was the closest I had."

"I know," he said, holding his other leg up for examination. "And doing both feet evens it out, but I just think they look kinda... Effeminate."

"They're very appealing," Jessica assured. She kissed him on the lips and Tyler responded with little interest, keeping the view of his toes in his sights.

"Can I take the cotton out yet?" he asked.

Jessica stopped trying to be gentle with him, and backed away. "In a few minutes, babe." She then pushed him down and started to smother him with her mouth.

"Oh, Jess..." Tyler responded. He closed his eyes and threw his head back, letting Jessica do what she wanted.

She drove her hands under his T-shirt and started to pinch Tyler's nipples, which caused his to arch his back and twist around. *He really enjoyed that*, Jessica told herself. *Think how much he'll enjoy that when he has breasts...*

"I think Oliver likes you..." Jessica said, into Tyler's ear. "He asked me about you..."

Tyler didn't answer, he just kept greedily enjoying the touch of his girlfriend.

"Do you like Oliver, Tyler?" She asked.

Tyler bit his lip and nodded vigorously.

"That's good. I think he's adorable. Do you think he's adorable?"

Tyler started to nod again, but then he fluttered his eyes open and looked at Jessica with a quizzed expression. "What do you mean? What are you trying to say, Jess?"

"I just thought that..."

"You think I've turned gay? Is that it?" He scooted away from Jessica, and got to his feet. He had a look of indignation on his face. "I'm not gay! I'm not!" He said, resting his arms akimbo on his hips.

"I didn't mean it that way, Tyler!" Jessica said, trying to patch over things. "I just thought that he was adorable in a... Kinda... Kid brother sort of way."

"I *know* what you meant, Jess!" Tyler declared. "I thought we knew each other better than that!" He pulled on his cargo shorts, took the cotton out from in-between his toes, balled it up and flung it lamely at Jessica. "I'm going out! Fix your own dinner!" He said, grabbing his flip-flops and leaving.

Jessica looked down at the floor, and stamped her foot. "Fuck!" She yelled. "I blew it again!" She did exactly what she shouldn't have done. She followed up her first mistake with another one. Now she was in real trouble.

She got on the phone with the BIAB people, and they said that these sort of things were serious, but not unusual. Of course, they had just the thing to fix the problem. For only \$199.95.

Jessica whipped out her credit card.



The next day, another box arrived at the apartment, this one addressed to Jessica, and the box had “Emergency Care Kit” printed on it. She opened it, hurriedly. She had come too far with Tyler to let it slip away from her now. She had grown quite accustomed to having a slightly sissified man around the house.

Tyler was nicer, more considerate, and fun to be with. He looked thinner, took some care with his clothes, and was becoming one great cook. No, whatever she needed to do to keep Tyler on the BIAB program, she was going to do.

Inside the box, was a small blister pack of two pills, a new CD, and a note.

The note simply assured her that even though the Barbie-in-a-Box program accounted for occasional setbacks, the CD and pills in the box would re-enforce key messages and repair any damage done to the subject’s psyche.

She waited until that night to spike Tyler’s drink with the contents of the pills, and slipped headphones around his head when he passed out in bed. She then tried to fall asleep and hoped for the best.



Jessica was rewarded in the morning with the smell of coffee, bacon and eggs wafting in from the kitchen. She was motivated to get out of bed and follow the smell, as her stomach rumbled in anticipation.

She had thrown on a robe and was looking as one does in the morning — like hell — when she saw that she and Tyler weren’t alone.

Dressed in his beloved apron and oversized T-shirt, (Jessica didn’t see any trace of shorts) Tyler had a bright smile on his face. His headphones were resting around his neck. “Good morning sleepyhead!” Tyler sang. “Look who dropped in!”

At the table was Oliver, in his usual golf shirt and glasses, hunched over a plate of food. If he was feeling any discomfort being in the same room with a man who was proudly displaying pink painted toenails on his exposed feet, it wasn’t obvious, as he earnestly scarfed down the mound of steaming hot food on his plate.

“Do you like it?” Tyler asked Oliver.

Oliver replied with a muffled but enthusiastic “Mm-hmm!”

Tyler then quickly whipped up a plate and set it down for Jessica, who had spent some time trying to pat down her hair, but much like Oliver, the smell of the food

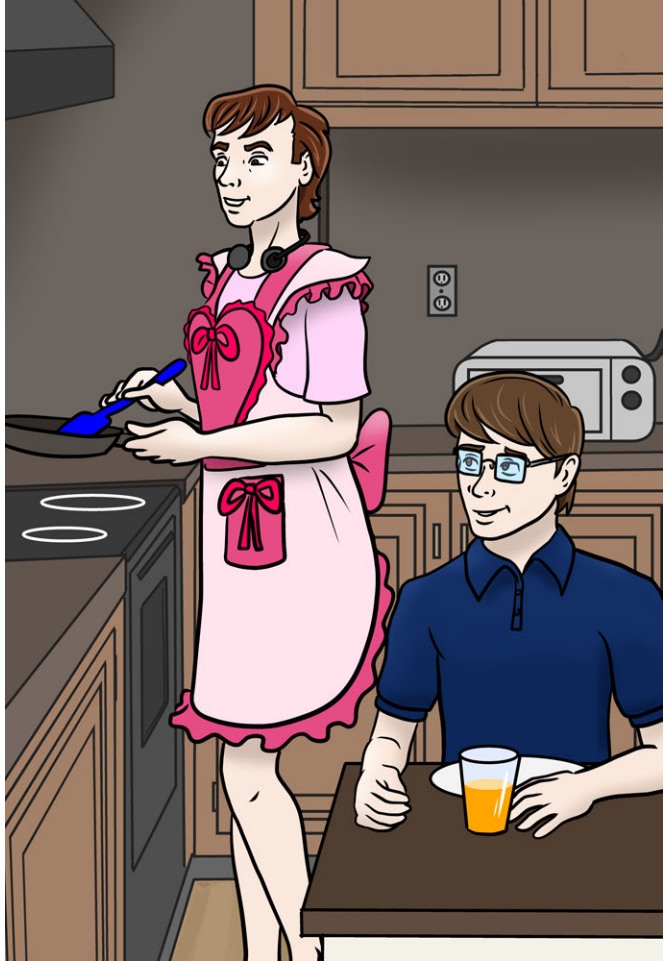
was far more important than any other concerns, so she sat down to eat.

“Thanks for inviting me, Tyler. It’s been forever since I had a real breakfast,” Oliver said, after finishing his mouthful.

“No biggie,” Tyler said, flushed like a teenaged girl. He bent an arm idly over head and cocked his hips saucily. “I’m just glad I could fill your tummy this morning.” As Tyler put his headphones on his ears, he asked “Let me know when anyone wants seconds!”

In between mouthfuls of wonderfully delicious food, Jessica idly thought what those CDs were doing to Tyler’s pea brain. What kind of messages could make Tyler accept — and even delight in — being as swishy as he was becoming. The power in the BIAB program was truly amazing to behold. Just a couple of months ago, he was like any man, living in fear of showing even the slightest trait of non-macho behavior. Now he was unconsciously flirting with a young man by making him breakfast, and dancing gently to music.

How far was this going to go, Jessica wondered. Should she be taking pictures? Selling tickets to the public?



Whatever had been in that emergency kit had done its work well. Jessica even thought to herself that maybe it was too good at “fixing” Tyler.

Because two weeks later, when she looked at her boyfriend, she was unable to reconcile him with the person who she had once met in a bar just a couple of years ago.

Gone was the roguish, distant attitude and slightly unkempt looks that had captivated her. Now, Tyler had a guileless look on his face, his emotions as easy to read as a supermarket novel. He kept himself immaculate, shaving twice a day to make sure there was never any trace of stubble on his face — or anywhere else on his body, for that matter.

The big baggy clothes and dark colors he used to wear were a memory. Tyler now tottered around the house in bright colors. He had grown especially fond of yellows, reds and even pink lately. The giant shirt he had been wearing was gone, and now he was sporting tight t-shirts that ended just above his navel. His big olive green cargo shorts had been discarded in favor of denim cut-offs, which he had cut himself, rather expertly. These cut-offs also seemed to be getting cut shorter and shorter every day.

Tyler's all-terrain mountain-hiking-style sneakers had vaporized long ago, lost in the back of a closet or under a bed somewhere. Tyler was still wearing flip-flops, but rather than the plastic ones he had stolen from his girlfriend, he had now claimed Jessica's second-favorite pair of leather-lined flip-flops, complete with sparkling jeweled straps.

He repeatedly claimed that he only felt comfortable in these particular shoes, and wearing his old sneakers hurt his "bruised" toes. These were the same toes that he had learned to paint, remove and re-paint. "To keep them clean," Tyler explained. That didn't explain why he had started to use reds and purples in addition to pink.

Other things had changed, too. Jessica remembered that the first BIAB CD was this heavy, heavy metal that shook the floor and rattled windows. It occurred to her that she hadn't heard Tyler play that sort of music for a while.

She did remember that he had then gone through a brief period of metal-style ballads from bands like Heart, but even that hadn't been played in weeks. Curious, Jessica stole a CD from her boyfriend to hear what it was, and found it to be Celine Dion.

Also, there was the matter of the DVD that had arrived in the last box. Tyler had pretty much ignored it for a week, but all of the sudden, he picked it up and started to use it. It turned out to be an exercise disc, with an impossibly bubbly petite blond jumping and dancing on screen, egging the viewer on to "shake your tooshie."

The funny thing was, that not only did Tyler strive to exactly follow the instructor move-for-move, but he'd also developed the habit of repeating what the instructor said, word-for-word. He was also imitating the same bubbly, sing-songy tone of her voice as he repeated her words, as well.

With all this odd — and delightfully entertaining — behavior, it was starting to pay off. The exercise, combined with the crash dieting and whatever other

medications they had laced with special food with, Tyler had dropped incredible amounts of weight. He dipped down to under one hundred and forty pounds. By Jessica's count, he had lost over forty-five pounds since the BIAB program began. She was sorely tempted to try the food herself, even knowing the hazards. She had never heard of a more successful diet plan.

Jessica would ask Tyler from time to time about this diet, and he'd simply reply that he still wanted to "drop that last five pounds." He'd kept saying that, even after he had dropped twenty, thirty pounds. At this rate, he was going to be a walking skeleton, but the Barbie-in-a-Box forum was quite assuring that everything would be okay.

As she watched Tyler putter around the house, vacuuming and cleaning, she noticed that his occasionally exposed navel was smooth & taut and his belly was flat. She almost felt jealous of how easy it was for him to look that good. *Almost.*



It wasn't much later that, during the middle of a dinner of salmon, that Tyler suddenly opened a door for Jessica to push him right through.

"My eyebrows itch," he said. "And I think I need to do something about my hair," Tyler then added, brining a long strand of hair into his view.

Jessica considered the statement on its' surface at first. She looked at Tyler's brown hair — hair that now extended over his ears and past the nape of his neck. He had been taking good care of it, and had been using Jessica's own shampoo, conditioner and even her hair dryer to keep it neat. It was always combed in place, shiny and smelled slightly sweet. But she knew Tyler had a point, it was now too long to just take care of it himself. He needed a trim, and he needed some assistance.

It then hit her as to what Tyler's comment actually *meant*. It was an opportunity to do what she had been wanting to do for weeks. "I could get you an appointment at my salon," she said. "We could get those wild eyebrows of yours under control, too."

Tyler rolled his eyes, "they're driving me nuts!" He said. "Sometimes I just want to pluck them right out with my fingers!"

Jessica kept eating, but she was shaking her head. He was just making this far too easy. "I'll get you an appointment for the works."

"Oh, thanks, honey!" Tyler burred. "Are you sure they won't mind having a... Well, having me there?"

"They aren't just for women, Ty. They do work on everyone." *Everyone who wanted to look like a woman*, Jessica added, to herself. "Besides, I know the people who work there. Shannon is my old friend from Junior College. I roomed Fiona, the owner, for a couple of years. They're the best."

She quickly set up an appointment. Of course, she had already been telling stories at the salon of what she was doing to her poor boyfriend, and all the girls were begging to get a look at Tyler. This was all going to work out perfectly. She was going to show off her pride and joy to her friends, and at the same time take him on giant step towards his ultimate femmed fate.



Tyler was all ready and eager to go to his appointment when it came around a few days later. He hopped in the car like a happy puppy being taken to the park. When they arrived, Tyler took no notice that he was the only man in the entire place, and that all eyes were tracking his every movement.

Shannon, the girl who was Jessica's usual stylist, was the first to greet them, and led Tyler to her chair. Soon enough, his hair had been decorated with little foil wraps to highlight his brown hair. He put his headphones on and Tyler smiled merrily as he listened to his music, not even saying a word when they took his shoes off and started to file his toenails.

Janice turned to Shannon. "He wants to have his eyebrows done, too."

"You've got to be kidding me, Jess!" She said, free to talk with Tyler listening to his music. "How did you do it?"

"Well, I have my ways. Women have always owned their man's toys. He's been bad, so now I'm taking his toys away from him," She said, with a cruel turn in the corners of her smile. It exposed the tip a single tooth, one that used to be a fang in a more primitive existence.

"You're just awful!" Shannon scolded. "What are you going to do next? Tell me!"

"Well, that's up to you. I think he'd look even better with a full body waxing. What do you think?"

"He'd never stand for it!" Shannon gasped. "No man would let it happen to them!"

"He's already let me do his legs," Jessica countered. "He cried like a little girl for a few minutes, but he got over it. Now he barely even flinches when he does it."

"You're lying! It can't be true!"

Jessica popped the earphones off of Tyler's head, and he took a moment to re-focus his eyes. "Hi, Jess!" He said.

"Tyler," she said, with a deliberate projecting tone to make sure Shannon was getting all this, "we think you'd be a lot more comfortable getting rid of all your body hair. What do you think?"

"I guess." He answered. "Like doing my legs?"

"But on your arms, butt, back and chest."

Tyler's eyes lit up. "Oh, if you think it's be good for me, Jess."





Jessica turned to Shannon with a smug look. “We’ll do it after your nails dry, cutie,” she said to Tyler.

Tyler put his headphones back on and was back in his world of subliminal whispers and music. Shannon’s jaw was agape. Her mind had just been blown clear away.

“This is a set-up, isn’t it?” She asked Jessica.

“Nope. It’s all real!”

“Naw, this can’t be true. I don’t believe it!” Shannon grabbed the sides of her head to keep things in place. “You always said he was such a macho jerk!”

“Now he cooks me my food, cleans the house and does the laundry. He even squeals like a teenage virgin when I fuck him.”

“My God!” Shannon exclaimed, “you’ve turned him into a sissy, Jess!”

“Oh, I’m not through with him yet, Shan. I’m going to turn him into a giggling, simple-minded, over-sexed little sissy slave.”

“You wouldn’t! You *couldn’t!*”

“Just look at him, Shan. He’s going to be wearing a skirt in a matter of weeks. I’m not sure I could stop it even if I wanted to, and believe me — I don’t want to!”

“Wow!” Shannon said.

“Is that your boyfriend, Jessica?” Another woman asked. It was Fiona, the redhead who owned the salon, to whom Jessica had also told her wild tales of feminizing Tyler. “If I didn’t see it, I wouldn’t believe it.”

“That’s my ex-boyfriend!” Jessica said.

“I’d say he was an ex-boy, too,” Fiona said, in a confidential tone.

“Not yet, but it’s going to happen.”

“Have you told him about you and Martin yet?”

“Shush, Fiona. I want to tell him when I’m ready.”

The small bell affixed the front door of the shop tinkled, and everybody looked to see who had arrived. In came the tall, burly figure of Nat McCain, smiling at all the ladies. He was Shannon’s brother, and well known to the girls. “Hey, there,” he said, ambling past the reception area and up to Shannon.

“Hi, bro!” Shannon said. Her hands were tied up, working on her client, so she stuck her cheek out for a kiss, which she got. Nat pecked Shannon in a brotherly way, his bristly dark beard stubble scraping her skin.

“Hey, sis,” Nat replied. He looked around. “Hey, Fiona. Hey, Jessica.”

“Hi Nat!” Tyler said, eagerly waving at him from the chair. He had removed his headphones upon seeing someone he recognized. They had been out for beers a few times, and was a regular at the same sports bar Tyler used to frequent.

Nat paused, squinting with one eye, trying to recognize who was waving at him. He then squinted with the other eye. “Uh, hey.” He tried to place the face. “Hey.”

Although the Barbie-in-a-Box site said that by this time, Tyler should be able to endure this, Jessica was very hesitant in introducing — well, re-introducing — Tyler to Nat. “That’s Tyler, Nat. It’s hard to recognize him when he’s got his hair being worked on.”

You could practically hear the crack in Nat’s neck as his head quickly snapped back to take a closer look. “Tyler?” He asked.

“Hi,” Tyler replied, sheepishly.

Nat’s process of thinking was visible on his face. His eye twitched when he verified that this was the Tyler he knew. The Tyler who he had beers with on Sundays, watching football. The same Tyler who once pancaked a guy with a single punch in that fight they got into down at O’Tooligan’s last year. It was the same guy who covered for him when he was cheating on his ex.

Jessica inserted herself into the conversation. “Tyler wanted to come down and have a day of pampering,” she explained.

Nat’s cleft chin trembled slightly when he examined Tyler. The man had his hair wet and wrapped up in curlers, his limp wrists were holding up freshly painted nails, and his toes were stuffed with cotton balls to keep his polished toes clear while they dried. Nat’s brow furrowed when he noticed the highly arched and thinned eyebrows on Tyler’s face.

“What the hell?” Nat said, never one to hold back what he was thinking. “What’s with all the faggy stuff? Lose a bet?”

“I’m having the works!” Tyler replied, with a smile.

“Yeah, I can see that.” He turned to Jessica. “The fuck are you doing to him?”

“Tyler has a whole new outlook on life, and he decided he wanted a new look to go with it,” Jessica explained.

Nat looked at Tyler again, not only noting the beauty work being done on him, but bare hairless legs he sported. “So, what are you? Some kinda buttfuckin’ tranny?”

Tyler just smiled back, not even batting an eye. It was like he hadn’t even heard what Nat was calling him. “Do you like the color, Nat?” He asked, showing his fingernails.

Nat just sneered at Tyler, breaking into a demeaning laugh. “Pantywaist... Sissy... Faggot.” Nat turned away and walked out of the salon.

There was silence in the room, as no one dared speak. Jessica looked at Fiona, who looked at Shannon. They all had an uncomfortable look on their faces.

“It was nice to see Nat again,” Tyler said, still smiling. “I’m glad he thinks I’m such a sissy.”

Jessica tried to make sense of that statement. “You don’t mind that he called you a sissy?”