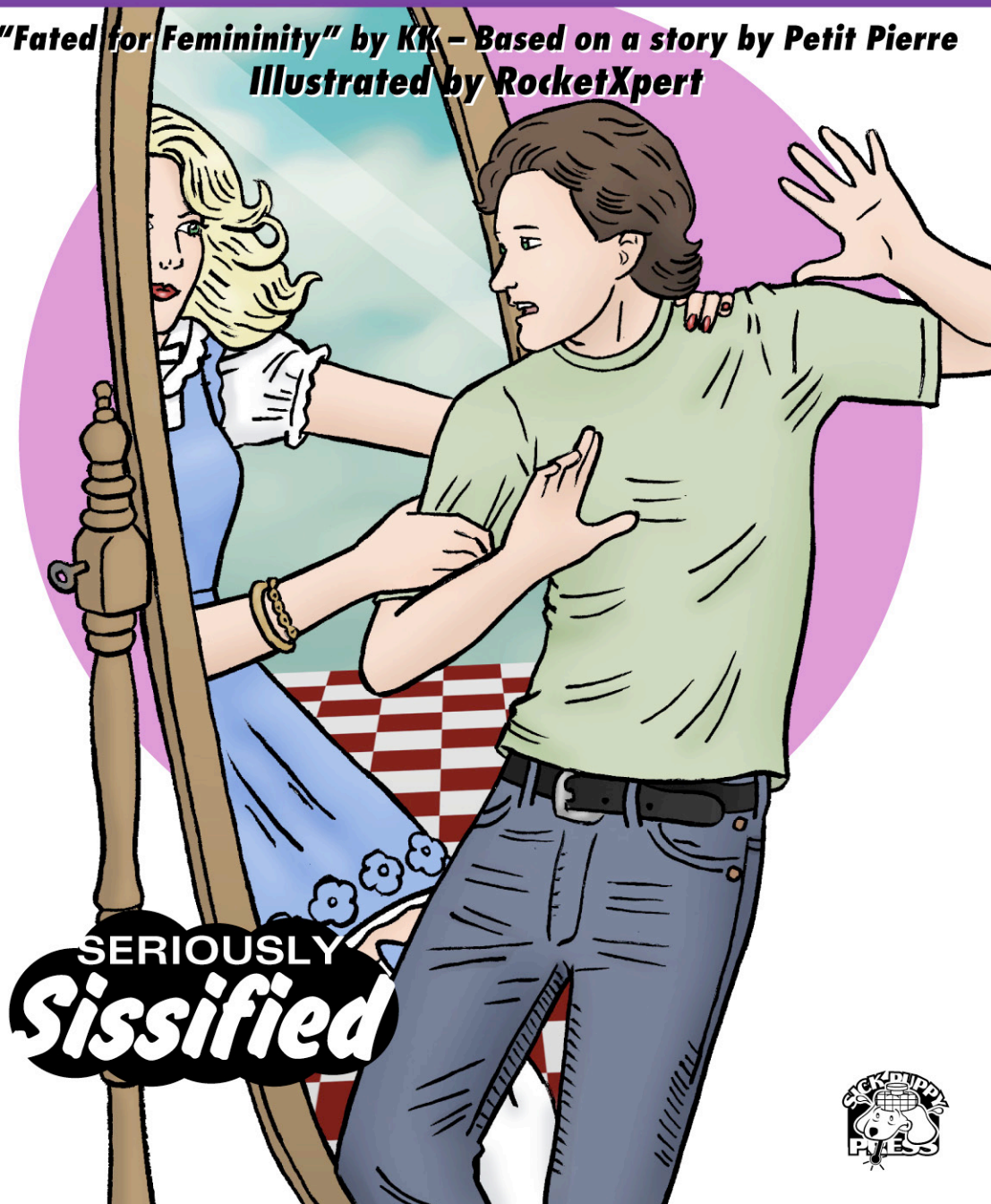


ADULTS ONLY

70 pages 15 illustrations

# SIGNED, SEALED AND SISSIED

*"Fated for Femininity" by KK – Based on a story by Petit Pierre  
Illustrated by RocketXpert*



**K K**

# ***SIGNED, SEALED AND SISSIED***

**“Fated for Femininity” by KK**

**Based on “Un Destin Bouleversé” by Petit Pierre**

**Illustrations by RocketXpert**

**A Seriously Sissified Story**



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# FATED FOR FEMININITY

*What happened to me? Even now, months after the start of this whole sordid story, I still don't understand. Once again, I find myself thinking back to the start of this hell, to try to understand. I remember the first time I had to tell my story. My mother had taken me to see a professional woman. A psychologist. Her name was Doria. It was the first time I had met her, and as I sat in her office, I told her how it all began...*



I saw the first signs during a weekend game of soccer. I'd noticed them staring strangely at me before the game, in the dressing room, and during warm-ups. Then, during the game, despite my efforts to get open and call for the ball, none of my teammates would pass it to me.

I was going to high school, graduating the very next year. On the weekends, I played soccer on a rec team. Ian, the coach, was practically a second father to me. Basically, everything was going great in my life, when, suddenly, everything changed.

About a half-hour into it, Ian pulled me off the field. He asked what was going on, why my teammates were angry with me. But I had no idea. So, after the game, I went up to Matthew, my best friend, to try to discuss it with him. He shoved me away.

"Get away from me, fag!" He said with, a repulsive, ugly hatred in his eyes.

Before I could respond, Ian intervened and took the two of us to his office. There, he ordered Matthew to explain himself, and Matthew said nobody on the team wanted to play with a pervert like me, and that all the explanation needed was on my Facebook page. I didn't understand — sure, I had a page on the social networking site, but I hardly used it, and only to put up photos of our games, or to chat with my girlfriend, Angie. I told them there wasn't anything on there to offend anyone.

Matthew insisted, furiously, and started going on about my "other page." Now I was even more confused. I told him I didn't have any other accounts, and I didn't know what he was talking about. Seeing Matthew getting madder and madder, Ian finally told him to leave. Then, the coach told me not to come to practice until things were cleared up.



I still lived with my parents. My big sister Molly had left home to go to college, so, being the only kid left in the house, my parents spoiled me. They even paid for my driver's education courses so I would be ready to get my license. At home, I felt like a king.

Of course I searched for this “other page,” but no one would respond to my messages and calls about what it was or where I could find it. I was totally in the dark about what it could possibly be. I didn’t see any point in telling my parents about it, because all they would do is overreact. I just had to keep looking for it.

In the following days, things at school where things really got out of hand. At first, nobody would sit beside me in class. Everybody seemed to be avoiding me. Then it got worse.

One morning, as I entered the bathroom, I ran into Jerome, a guy I vaguely knew. He shoved me back.

“Faggot! You follow me in here trying to get lucky or something?”

“Huh?”

I didn’t have time to say anything else before he decked me right in the face. Once I got over my shock, I put my hands up to defend myself. The sound of our tussle drew more students to the bathroom, and we were soon pulled apart. But when they recognized me, the crowd was instantly on Jerome’s side, and some of them started throwing their own punches. I fell to the floor under the attack, and they started hitting even harder. I got a hard kick to the chest, a couple to the back, and it was only the arrival of a supervisor that saved me from worse.

I found myself whisked away to the principal’s office with Jerome. After the school nurse gave us both a quick inspection, he informed us, in a stern voice, that he was going to launch an investigation to find out exactly what had triggered such a display of violence — and that the consequence could very well be expulsion! I tried to defend myself, but he interrupted me, saying that in the meantime, we were suspended from school.

My father came to pick me up. From the look on his face, I knew better than to say anything, even though I knew I’d done nothing wrong. My father was an easily angered man, and he didn’t like being troubled with my problems. He especially didn’t like having to take time off work to be summoned to his son’s school and suffer the embarrassment. It was an anguished silence on the way home, and even as we entered the house.



The next morning, it was hard to get up. I was sore and aching everywhere. My parents were both working, so I was alone in the house. As soon as I could boot up my computer, I checked my messages and found nothing but hate mail. All of them called me “faggot” or “pansy” or “queer.” Some were threatening to break my face the next time they saw it. On my Facebook page,

it was the same. I was utterly shocked, unable to understand what had caused all this.

I kept running searches and sending messages, trying to figure out what was happening to my life. I had to know what was going on, but no one would tell me. My friends, the guys I had grown up with were treating me like garbage. My best friend had turned on me and wouldn't tell me why. My own girlfriend acted like I didn't even exist. It was a living nightmare.

My nerves were buzzing. I couldn't stop shaking. I was sweating buckets and the world was spinning in front of my eyes. I must have thrown up three times that day.

It wasn't until the next day that I understood. Ian came to the house that evening to speak with my parents. We all stood around the computer, and then Ian showed us the website that Matthew had shown him. At first glance, it seemed like a normal Facebook page of a certain "Ella." As I kept looking, though, I recognized photos — *of me!* — from last Halloween.

As a joke, my friends had persuaded me to go dressed as a girl. We had gotten me a frilly blue pinafore dress and a long blond wig. I was "Sexy Alice in Wonderland" for the night. Angie made my face up and taught me how to walk in the shoes. Then we spent the whole night seeing who we could fool. We probably ruined a few relationships that night. We got some guys in real trouble with their girlfriends. Guys would come up and flirt with me and I remembered it being a fun evening. An awesome night, actually.

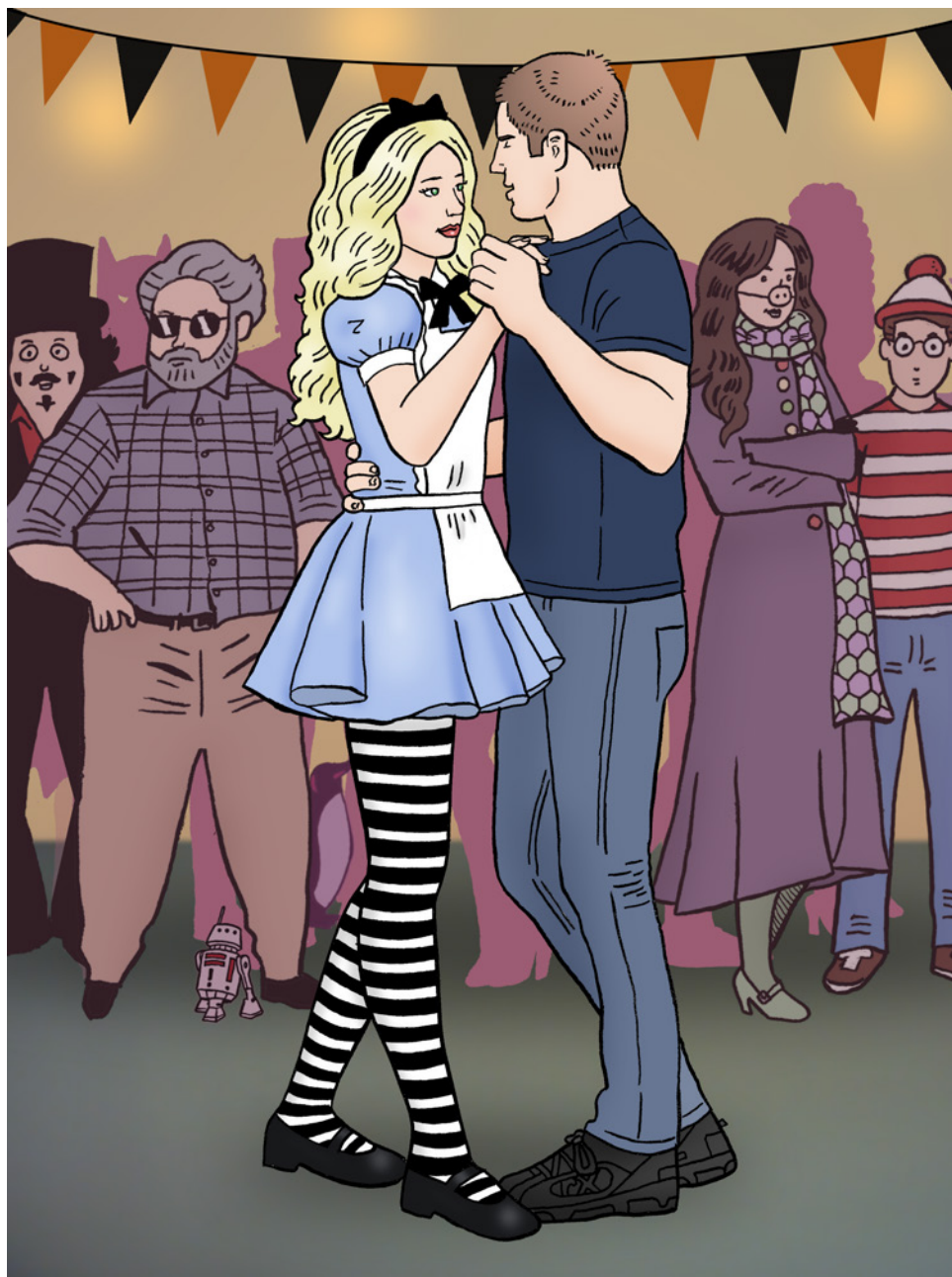
There was a photo of me laughing as I accepted a dance from a big, burly friend of a friend — I think his name was Regis. I don't really know, he wasn't from our school. There was another of us actually dancing. Then another when we revealed who I really was, and his face when he figured it out. Priceless. I remembered the whole thing, but it had only been a joke, and Matthew had been laughing right along with us. Heck, he even bought me the wig. How did it give him any reason to call *me* a fag?

But as we scrolled further down the page, I saw things I absolutely did not remember. The next photos showed me, or at least someone in the same outfit and same wig as me, kissing Regis on the mouth. The next showed Regis slyly feeling up the bottom of this person who looked like me, and the one after that showed Regis leading 'me' away by the hand, and if the sign in the background was anything to go on, the couple was heading towards the bathrooms. After that photo, there was a caption that read:

"That's where I discovered my true self! My sissy cock-loving self!"

I was baffled. On this Facebook page, someone had used real photos of me, then some kind of staged photography or digital fakery, to make it look like I was some kind of... *Something*.





I braced myself as Ian scrolled further down. What showed up next was even worse. The next photos were clearly taken in the very room we were sitting in — my room. They were ‘selfies’ taken in the mirror hanging over my desk, and while the flash of the camera obscured the face, they had all been taken by someone wearing the same wig as I had on at the party.



Instead of my Halloween costume, there was a variety of girl's clothing, all of it skimpy and suggestive, and the poses the mystery photographer struck were equally so. Mixed in with the selfies were close-ups showing a hand masturbating another guy's manhood, another of a tongue licking a pair of mirror-black high heels, and one of a dildo being inserted into a smooth, puckered rectum. The whole montage was clearly of the same person, or at least it had been arranged to look that way. In between the photos, there were links to tranny porn and BDSM sites. Ian was scrolling through as quickly as he could, seeing the shock and disgust on my parents' faces, but I caught glimpses of captions talking about transsexuality. When he paused, the one at the end jumped out crystal clear:

"I'm a girl who was born a boy, but I'm going to become my true sissy self now, so call me Ella!"

There were even worse ones, saying that 'Ella' had been fantasizing about making love to guys for years, and there was a top ten list of names — names that I recognized, names of my classmates and my teammates. There, near the top, was the name of my best friend, Matthew!

I was stunned, unable to speak. The Halloween gag had turned into a horrible nightmare.

Because of the first photos, where I was easily recognizable, nobody would ever doubt that the rest of the site was me, as well... And that I was expressing my actual sick, perverted wishes. I swore aloud that I hadn't made this page, that I'd never seen it in my life, but Ian and my father didn't seem to hear me. They were still looking at the screen, dazed and incredulous at what they'd just seen.

My mom was the first to move, and I realized, with a start, that she was searching my room. I wanted to tell her not to bother, because obviously none of that stuff was mine, but I was still too shocked by what had just happened. I wasn't even paying attention when she reached behind an old dusty shelf I never used, and pulled out a sports bag. She looked nearly as scared as I did as she threw it down on the bed and opened it. I had never seen the bag in my life, but I had seen its contents just a few seconds ago: there was lingerie, girl's clothes, mirror black high heels, the blonde wig... And a dildo!

I was trying to defend myself when suddenly my dad turned and slapped me across the face. I fell silent in disbelief — he had never hit me in my life! His face was red with anger and confusion, and he barely seemed able to speak.

"Until further notice, you're grounded," he said. "Don't you dare step foot outside this room, you hear me?" He stumbled out the door, and as he passed through I heard him mutter, in the same dazed voice, "My own kid is a fairy... When everyone at work finds out... Oh, God..."



Ian followed him, only pausing to say, without looking me in the eye, that it would be better not to come to soccer from now on.

After a moment that seemed an eternity, I turned to my mother. I went to open my mouth, but she shook her head, putting a finger to her lips, and turning away, seemingly too overwrought to speak. I could see tears in her eyes as she left without another word, taking the sports bag and its contents with her.

I couldn't help it. As soon as the door swung shut, I burst into sobs. Someone — some evil, horrible person — had just ruined my life. But who? And why?



I spent a long time sitting on my bed, staring, dazed, at the screen of my computer, exploring the foul webpage and wondering who could have done such a thing. When the door to my room swung open, I nearly jumped in surprise. It was my mom. She'd never come in without knocking before.

And beside her...

My girlfriend Angie. I felt a flood of relief, hoping that she, at least, would listen to me. That she would believe me. But before I could even open my mouth, she shouted:

"Your mom showed me everything! The site, the bag... The dildo! I can't believe I was in love with a... A pervert! It wasn't enough just to cheat on me, you had to cheat on me with *guys*? And even worse, you, you, you..." I had never seen her so upset, and I wanted to comfort her somehow, but I was frozen in her fierce glare. "You took *my* things to act out *your* sick fantasies,"

she hissed. “I found my p-p-panties in that bag, and my favorite skirt I thought I lost a few weeks ago. You *pig!*”

“Let me explain!” I begged, standing up from the bed, but she was already halfway through the door. She only paused long enough to add, in a heartbroken sob:

“I never want to see you again.”

I tried to go after her, but my mom shut the door on me. I heard the key turn in the lock, and then I was all alone, trapped in my room, more miserable than I had ever felt in my life.



The doctor, Doria, lowered her round-rimmed glasses and put down her note pad. “I’m sorry you had to go through that,” she said. “I think we should take a break. Why don’t you send in your mother and take some time to gather your energy. If you’re up to it, we’ll talk some more in a little while.”

I was up to it. I had been dying to tell someone what had happened to me for days. I got up from the chair and headed for the lobby. My mother was already waiting to talk to the doctor.



“Are you comfortable?” The doctor asked Martha.

Laying on the plush, soft padded chair, Evan’s mother nodded back. “Yes, very.”

“Good, good...” The doctor sat down in her office chair, close by. She crossed her black-stockinged legs and placed her hands, folded, on her lap. “Now let’s start from the beginning,” she said, her wine-colored lips smiling.

Martha was completely at ease. Doria, as the doctor insisted on being called, had that way about her. With a sigh, Evan’s mother relaxed her body and opened up to the attractive middle-aged psychologist as the doctor idly bobbed one of her black pumps in the air.

“Well, I was shocked to find out my son’s secret, and even more shocked at how it had all come out. I would have tried to be understanding if he’d talked to me about his homosexual longings, or even his desire to cross-dress, but this... This was all just too much, too hard to wrap my head around, too perverse and disgusting.”

Doria smiled warmly. “Tell me about what happened after your discovery.”

“For the next few days, Evan was grounded,” Martha said. “He only left his room to go to the bathroom and to eat. Yes, it was partly to punish him, but it was also to protect him. I was frightened by some of the hate mail and threats he’d already received.”

“Did you try talking to him?”

“Yes. Certainly. But every time I did, Evan denied the whole thing, claiming someone else had made the Facebook page. The day after the discovery, Gil, my husband, had gone into Evan’s room to confiscate the computer, but before he did, he ordered Evan to erase his page. Evan had kept lying, claiming he didn’t know the password. Gil was so angry he went to hit Evan again, and I had to intervene before things got out of control.”

“But that wasn’t the end of it, obviously,” Doris said.

“A few days later, I went through Evan’s bag of transvestite... stuff. I threw the disgusting dildo in the garbage, and the well-worn wig, too. Then I

automatically started sorting the clothes and underwear, as I always do, to wash them. At the bottom of the bag, I found a crumpled piece of paper with a few words written on it. I showed it to Gil, and he realized it was the password — Sissyellaluvsheels — for our son’s Facebook page. At least we could finally delete that horrible page!”

“What happened then?”

“Unfortunately, things didn’t get any better in the following days. In our little town, where everyone knows everyone else, I felt like I had a big target painted on my back. Some of my neighbors and friends stopped talking to me, while others, trying to be charitable, came over to say how they were “so sad for me,” that it must be so hard to have a “child like that.” It was painful for me. We had a very tough time of it. Evan, with that *repulsive* website, had put a huge strain on our whole family.”

“How would you describe your husband’s reaction?”

“I’ve never seen Gil so angry. He was unapproachable. He didn’t even come to bed for a week, drinking himself to sleep in front of the TV. I don’t think he said more than a handful of words to me for days.”

“You must have felt very alone,” Doria observed.

Martha sighed once more. “I telephoned Molly, our oldest daughter, as often as I could to update her on the situation. Once the initial shock had passed, she’d been very understanding and very tolerant about her brother. She reminded me that he was just a dumb kid, and doubtless hadn’t thought through the consequences of his actions. The long talks with Molly really helped. After a few more days, I was calm enough to start doing a little research, to try to understand what was going on in my son’s mind.”

“That’s certainly the very first thing I would have suggested,” Doria said. “It’s the first step towards understanding. What did your research tell you?”

“Well, I found numerous websites with serious discussions on transvestism, transsexuality, homosexuality — everything I was so ignorant about. There was much more than I ever thought on the subject. It was all a little overwhelming. I wanted to involve Gil, but every time I tried to share a new bit of helpful information with my husband, he refused to talk about it. He acted like Evan no longer existed. Fortunately, my talks with Molly gave me support. She suggested we start looking for a psychiatrist who could help Evan.”

“And that’s where you found me?” Doria said, with a knowing grin.

Martha nodded. “A few days later, Molly told me about someone she’d met at the university who knew a psychiatrist specializing in gender identity. She gave

me your name. Even though we live so far away, in a small town, I decided to do it. Also, I thought a few days away would do Evan and I some good.”

“Well, I do think we have some work ahead of us,” said Doria, “but I will do everything I can to help you and your son.”

“Thank you doctor,” Helen replied.

“Doria. It’s just Doria.” She uncrossed her legs and stood up. “Now, I’d like to talk to your son once again.”



By the time my mother returned, I was practically climbing the walls, ready to tell the doctor the rest of my story. I was so focused that I almost missed the look in my mother's eyes, a mix of pain and distance I had never seen before. I wanted to say something, but I had run out of words to try and console her with. None of them seemed to work anyway.

I continued telling my story to Doria.



After Angie had left, I had spent all day hiding away in my room, still racking my brains trying to think of who could have played such a horrible joke on me. First I considered the group of friends who'd been with me at Halloween all those months ago. It hurt to think that one of them could have betrayed me so badly, so it was almost a relief to realize none of them could have taken the 'selfies' in my room — they were all too big and tall to fit into the girl's clothes without looking ridiculous. The more I thought about it, the more confused I was.

All alone, sitting on the foot of my bed, I often cried. In such a tiny span of time, my life had totally fallen apart. My parents thought I was a pervert and a liar. My soccer team hated me. I would no doubt be run out of school, and worst of all, Angie now wanted nothing to do with me!

The nights were exhausting. I hardly slept. Nightmares usually woke me up.

When I was most tired and depressed, I even started doubting my own self. Was I crazy? Had I done those things and then forgotten about them?

I wondered if I had schizophrenia, or multiple personalities, or something. Little by little, I started to believe that I really was this pervert, that I'd somehow suppressed all these disgusting fantasies...

I thought about just ending it. Killing myself seemed the only way out.

When mom came to bring me my meal that day, she was smiling. It was the first time I'd seen her smile since the beginning of this whole nightmare. She told me she'd found a psychiatrist who could help me, and we were going to be leaving for a few days — if I was ready to talk to a professional.



Only a week ago, I'd thought I was 'normal' and level-headed. I would have laughed at the proposition of seeing a psychiatrist. But now, I would do anything to get out of this hell.



"And that brings up to now?" Doria asked, tapping the end of her pen against her lips.

I shrugged. "That's the whole story. Yesterday, we left town and after several hours on the train, my mom and I checked into a hotel a couple of blocks away. Then today, we came here."

"I suppose I should ask you how this makes you feel," Doria said.

"I don't know what to feel," I replied.

For the first time since it had all started, someone actually listened to me. She only interrupted a few times, for more specific details, but never gave me the impression she was judging me. When I talked about the most painful



moments, I felt tears in my eyes, but for some reason it felt safe to cry here. It felt good. With Doria listening to me, I finally felt hopeful again.

Doria gently halted our conversation and asked me to return the next day. We did, and had several more sessions after that, as well.

During one of these sessions, Doria focused a lot on the Halloween party. First she asked me how I felt when I was dressed as a girl. Then, she asked if I had drank anything, or taken any kind of drugs. I did drink quite a bit that night, as I recall, but I didn't take any drugs... Unless someone had dropped something in my glass.

Over the course of the conversation, I started struggling to remember how that night had ended. My memory of it wasn't as clear as I'd thought it was. I started to wonder if maybe, just maybe, someone had slipped me a drug, and then, under the influence, I had done what the photos showed. Had I really kissed that guy, Regis? Had I really followed him to the bathroom for... For what? To seduce him? Give him a blowjob? Have sex with him?

I couldn't be sure of anything anymore, especially not my own recollection. I didn't remember the end of the night. Had I slept with that guy? And worse, had I loved it so much I made that Facebook page while still out of my mind from the drug, or from some kind of multiple personality?

I was getting more and more agitated, but Doria assured me that whatever may have happened, I had done nothing wrong. She suggested I might have suppressed the memories because of my overly-conservative upbringing. Doria explained that many people were homosexual, or transsexual, and of those, many didn't know it yet. They felt miserable playing the traditional gender role, but without knowing why. She told me that we would work together to discover who I really was underneath, and, if I found what she already suspected, she would help me in my transition.

Without really knowing what she meant by "transition," I agreed to follow her treatment plan, even if I was frightened by what I might discover. After all, I had nothing left to lose.



“Well, come on in, I’m sure you’re tired,” Martha said, holding the front door to their home open wide. “It’s a long trip.”

“Like I said, I just came from visiting another patient a few miles away,” Doria said, walking inside the house. “The least I could do was to drop by and see how things were going before heading back to the city.”

“My husband is at work, but Evan is out back in the yard. I can go get him.”

“In a minute. Let’s catch up a little.”

“You can sit down here. Would you like some tea?”

“I’d love some.”

Martha retreated to the kitchen where she put on a kettle. She prepared everything for the tea, and then, after taking a deep breath, returned to the living room.

Doria was making herself comfortable on the main sofa. “So last I saw you was... Three weeks ago? Does that sound right?”

“It seems longer,” Martha said. “I think we left things unfinished. But after nearly a week in the city, we had to return home. I needed to get back to my job.”

“Well, as I explained to you before you left, I did need more time with Evan to determine the scope of his problem, but I was already certain what it was. A case of repressed transsexuality.”

“You still believe that Evan is ‘a girl trapped in the body of a boy?’ ”

“Now that I’ve seen the town, yes more than ever. Because of this small town, and a conservative upbringing, he refused to recognize it.”

The tea kettle started to whistle in the kitchen. “I wasn’t sure I understood everything you were saying, and I’m still not sure I do.” She brought the kettle in and started to pour the steaming water out into two tiny teacups. “I know you are an expert in your subject, and I trust your judgment. But when you talk about Evan’s upbringing causing him so much anguish, I feel awful. Have I done him wrong?”

Doria blew some steam off her cup without responding. “Is Evan following his treatment regimen?” She asked. Doria had prescribed Evan a course of anti-androgen pills. She had explained that such a treatment would reduce his

masculine personality traits, his libido, his aggressiveness. It would help him be more calm, and reflective. She had emphasized that the young man would also need a lot of time to reflect calmly on his future, and the life he would choose.

“The weeks following our return home were hard,” Martha explained. “We had to go to the high school to speak to the principal, who decided it would be best for the other students if Evan was permanently expelled. After that, things between Evan and his father were even more strained. Gil wanted our son to leave home.”

“But what about you, Martha? What do you want?”

“I want to help Evan. You’ve given me hope again. I’ve spent as much time as I could with my son. I was relieved to see the treatment seemed to be taking effect, making him more calm. Before all this started, he was nearly hyperactive if he couldn’t burn off his energy by playing sports.”

“That’s good to know.”

“Unfortunately, Gil and I argue nearly every day. He’s going to lose it with Evan. I fear for my boy’s safety. I know my husband will do something we’ll all regret. I never thought I’d have to worry about violence in my own household.”

“Well, I have a suggestion,” Doria said. “I’m not sure it’s what you want to hear, but I think it might be for the best.”

“What do you have in mind? Honestly, I’ll try just about anything.”

“One of my friends, a woman named Sarah, could take Evan in temporarily. I would be able to see him often, to stay on top of my diagnosis and adjust his treatment. Even better, Sarah owns a clothing store where Evan would be able to work a little bit to earn his keep.”

“We should talk it over with Evan. But I don’t think he’ll like the idea.”



Leave home? For how long? Forever?

The idea frightened me, even if I was miserable in my own house. I avoided my dad as much as possible, and I had for weeks — I was scared he might hit me again. But I was even more scared of leaving home all on my own.

I told Doria I didn't want to leave home. She kept the invitation open, but she also said she understood how I felt. Mom promised her we'd visit her in a month or so to continue my sessions, and headed back to the city.

Then, the very next weekend when my dad was in the house, I left for a walk. I wanted to avoid another fight. My feet brought me to the soccer field, where I could see my old friends warming up. When they saw me, most of them ignored me. Some of them shouted at me:

"Piss off, you queer!"

I was hurrying away when I ran into Matthew, showing up late to practice. He was with Angie, and the two of them were holding hands! A few weeks ago, I would have socked him in the nose for daring to touch my girlfriend, but now, to my shame, I only gave a surprised sob with tears appearing in my eyes. Angie snorted.

"I guess you really were a pussy all along," she said.

At those words, I walked toward her, furious, but I didn't have time to do whatever it was I was going to do. Matthew stepped between us and the last thing I remembered was his fist swinging towards me.

I woke up in a hospital bed with a broken nose and bruises all over. My mom, sitting beside me, explained that Ian had saved me after my former teammates had nearly beaten me to a pulp. Still fuzzy from the painkillers, I told my mom I wanted to leave. That I accepted Doria's offer.



Martha was relieved when Evan told her he was going to take the offer. Too many people hated him, and his own father could barely look at him. She called Doria immediately to ask if her friend was still open to the proposal. She said yes, but then hesitated.

In a tone Martha hadn't heard before, Doria asked if she would agree to try an experiment. Martha didn't know how to respond, but then Doria asked a different question: if Martha had ever wished to have another daughter. She started to cry. The beleaguered mother had to admit the truth, that yes, she would have loved to have another daughter. She had never been close enough with Molly, her oldest.

*Was this my fault?* Martha thought to herself. *Had I subconsciously made Evan feel as if I wanted him to be my daughter instead of my son?* Upset and worried, she listened to what Doria was proposing... And she gave her permission.

Two days later, Evan left the hospital. Martha brought him to the station so he could take his train to Doria, Sarah, and a new life, one she hoped he would be happy in. She held him in her arms, reluctantly let him go, and handed him his travel bag.

It was the same bag she had found in his room that terrible day. Martha had put his girl's clothes back inside, and added a few of his sister's old things, too.



When I got off the train and stepped onto the train platform, Doria was waiting for me with another woman beside her. I approached them, and Doria flinched when she saw me. With my bandaged nose and black eyes, I knew I looked hideous. Doria introduced me to her companion, whose name was Sarah. She was over fifty, I found out later, but didn't look a day over forty.

She also looked more or less how I'd imagined the owner of a high-class clothing boutique to look, wearing only designer labels and impeccably tailored. Everything she wore appeared to be expensive, from her outfit to her jewelry to the purse on her arm. I couldn't help but be impressed. Her tightly-tressed bun might have given her a severe air, but it was softened by a loose strand on the side of her face. When she moved to shake my hand, I was impressed again by how easily she moved in her excessively high heels.

I still had my eyes fixed on her slingback pumps, and her unending legs, when she took me gently by the chin to look at my face.

"God, they really made a mess of you. Does it hurt?"

"Just a little, ma'am."

"Has anyone explained to you how things will go from here?"

"Uh, sort of..."

"You have to understand that we want to help you, but you have to help us do that, understand?"

"Yeah, I..."

"Over the next few months, you'll be living at my place. I have a spare room for girls from the work experience program. You'll be working in the same capacity, in the back of the store, naturally. We can't have customers seeing you like this, can we?"

"I guess not."

"Good. You'll learn how to handle stock, and maintenance, and learn about our clothing lines. Then later on, if you prove yourself capable, and if you want to stay on with us, I'll train you in sales."

Doria stepped forward to take her turn examining my face.



“I’m going to contact a friend of mine, he’s a plastic surgeon. He’ll be able to fix your nose. Your job at the boutique should cover whatever insurance doesn’t.”

“Thanks, Doria.”

“So, we’re all on the same page, now, right? You’ve been taking the prescription I gave you?”



I nodded.

“Well, now I’m adding a new medication.”

She handed me a small bottle with a note attached that said, “two pills with each meal.” She continued:

“We’ll see each other in session twice a week. You have to be patient, but believe me, within two or three months, everything is going to be much, much better.”

“I hope so. I... I trust you, Doria.”

“I’m glad! The most important thing is that you take these regularly, and don’t worry over the eventual side effects that pop up. I’m going to be checking you in with a hormone specialist to make sure everything is progressing properly, in case we have to change treatments.”

“Side effects?”

“You trust me — you just said it yourself!”

“Of course! I mean... Thank you for everything, Doria.”

But I wasn’t feeling completely sure of that as she waved goodbye, leaving me alone with Sarah.



Sarah drove us to her place in a new Mercedes. The apartment was equally impressive: the bottom floor housed the clothing boutique, while Sarah and her house servants lived above it, taking up an entire floor. We entered through the back and took an elevator up. A very pretty brunette in a maid’s uniform welcomed us. Sarah left me in her care as she went to check up on the store.

The brunette beauty told me to call her Celia as she led me to my new room. It was twice the size of my old room at home, with a private bathroom, to boot. I was very impressed, even if the furniture, décor, and pastel colors of the walls were all very feminine. If the spare room was this luxurious, what would the master bedroom look like?

Celia took my bag and placed it on the bed, then led me toward the bathroom. I couldn’t help but admire her long, slender legs and swaying buttocks as I followed her. I thought she was going to show me where to find towels or something, so I was floored when she told me to take my clothes off! Seeing my hesitation, she reached forward and started casually unbuttoning my jeans, leaning forward to whisper in my ear:

“Let me get that for you, cutie.”

Totally under her spell, I let her undress me, only trying to stop her when she went to lower my briefs. She yanked them down anyways, leaving me naked as

the day I was born, and in front of a total stranger. I covered my crotch as well as I could with my hands — since starting the anti-androgens, I hadn't had a lot of erections, but right now, after being stripped naked by a sexy girl around my age, I felt like I was about to explode. Celia pointed me toward the bathtub, and, noticing my problem, giggled.

"If you're a good boy, we'll deal with that after."

It was all I could do not to come right then and there! I was too embarrassed and titillated to speak as she covered my body with a foul-smelling cream, telling me I would have to leave it on for ten minutes before rinsing. She left with my clothes, then came back a few minutes later to help me with the shower. I had the surprise of my life when all of my body hair disappeared under the jet of water, swirling down the drain and leaving me smooth from the neck down. Celia took my hand to help me out of the tub, leaving me in front of the mirror, faced with my hairless body. I suddenly felt twice as naked! Celia helped me dry off with a towel, as if I couldn't do it on my own, then rubbed a lotion into my skin — *that* I would never complain about. Every time I tried to say something, she put a finger to my lips and whispered:

"Shh, you promised to be good, remember?"

I could have sworn I was in love. This girl was something else. Every touch made me tremble, every word made me flush. After she was finally done applying the lotion, we stood face-to-face, with me trying to think of something to say. She just smiled.

"You *were* a good boy," she said, licking her lips.

She reached forward and grabbed my throbbing hard-on. I'd been getting more and more excited this whole time, and just her touch made me come, harder than I'd ever managed before on my own or with Angie!



After cleaning me up, Celia took me back into my bedroom and told me it was time to get dressed. When I opened my travel bag, though, I found nothing but lingerie and girl clothes!

"But I can't wear these!" I protested.

Celia picked a pair of skimpy panties out of the bag and approached me with a teasing grin.

"No way!" I said again. "I'm not wearing those."

"Come on, be a good boy," she said saucily, winking. "You've already seen what happens when you're good."

I gulped. Thinking this must all be some kind of foreplay for her, I let her pull the panties up my legs and settle them snugly against my bottom, hardly able to believe what was happening.

At that exact moment, Sarah walked in. She exchanged a knowing smile with Celia and asked if I'd packed enough clothes.

"These aren't mine," I said, blushing as she inspected the garments. "I'm not going to wear them, I..."

"Oh, calm down," Sarah said sternly. "You can, and you will. Doria made it perfectly clear you're to give your best effort. How else will we find out if you're meant to be a girl, or meant to be a boy? That's why you're here! You're going to try wearing girls' clothes for now, and if in a few weeks you don't feel better, Doria will adjust her diagnosis and we'll try something else."

"But..."

"You have to trust her judgment — I know I do. Unless you want to go back home?"

Overwhelmed by everything, by Celia's flirtations, and the girls' clothes I was meant to wear, and the way my whole life had been turned upside-down, I broke out into sobs. "No, I can't go back, my father hates me and I don't have any friends anymore..."

"Of course you do. You have friends right here in this very room. Right, Celia?"

Celia gave me a big smile and another wink, as if to say maybe 'friend' wasn't the right word. I swallowed. Then, giving in at last, I looked inside the bag. I couldn't find any pants, only three skirts and a dress.

"I can't wear a skirt," I pleaded. "I'll wear a pair of women's trousers, but a skirt?"

"I know this is all happening very fast, dear," Sarah said. "But sometimes it's better to jump right in and get the shock over with, isn't it? That reminds me, I suppose we should call you Ella from here on in. That's the name you've chosen, isn't it?"

"No, I... I don't know anymore."

My tears were starting to flow again — why did I cry so easily lately? Sure, my life was a mess, but I had never been one to weep at the drop of a hat like this.

I decided maybe weeping had its benefits, however, when Celia drew me into her arms. She smelled incredible, and the sensation of her soft body posed a serious danger of giving me another erection to deal with. But her touch was comforting, too, and I regained some control over myself.

"What about my old jeans?" I asked, embarrassed at having broken down in tears in front of two females. "Just for now."

“Okay, Ella,” Sarah said. “You can wear them. Just for now. Celia, dear, go find his jeans.”

This time it was Celia who seemed embarrassed. I didn’t know why until she hurried away and returned a few moments later with my jeans... Or what was left of them.

“I thought I could use them for cut-offs,” she said sheepishly. “I didn’t think he’d need them anymore! He’s really slim, so we’re about the same waist, and...” She had cut them into a pair of shorts — and extremely short ones at that, as I realized once I had them on. They were practically Daisy Dukes now! And with my newly-epilated legs, they looked every bit as girly as a skirt. At least they were mine, though. Celia helped me find a unisex-looking T-shirt and a pair of white socks to complete the outfit.

Sarah gave me a long look up and down. “Hmmm,” she said. “We have a lot of work to do, but it’s a start. Well, time for dinner! Let’s eat.”



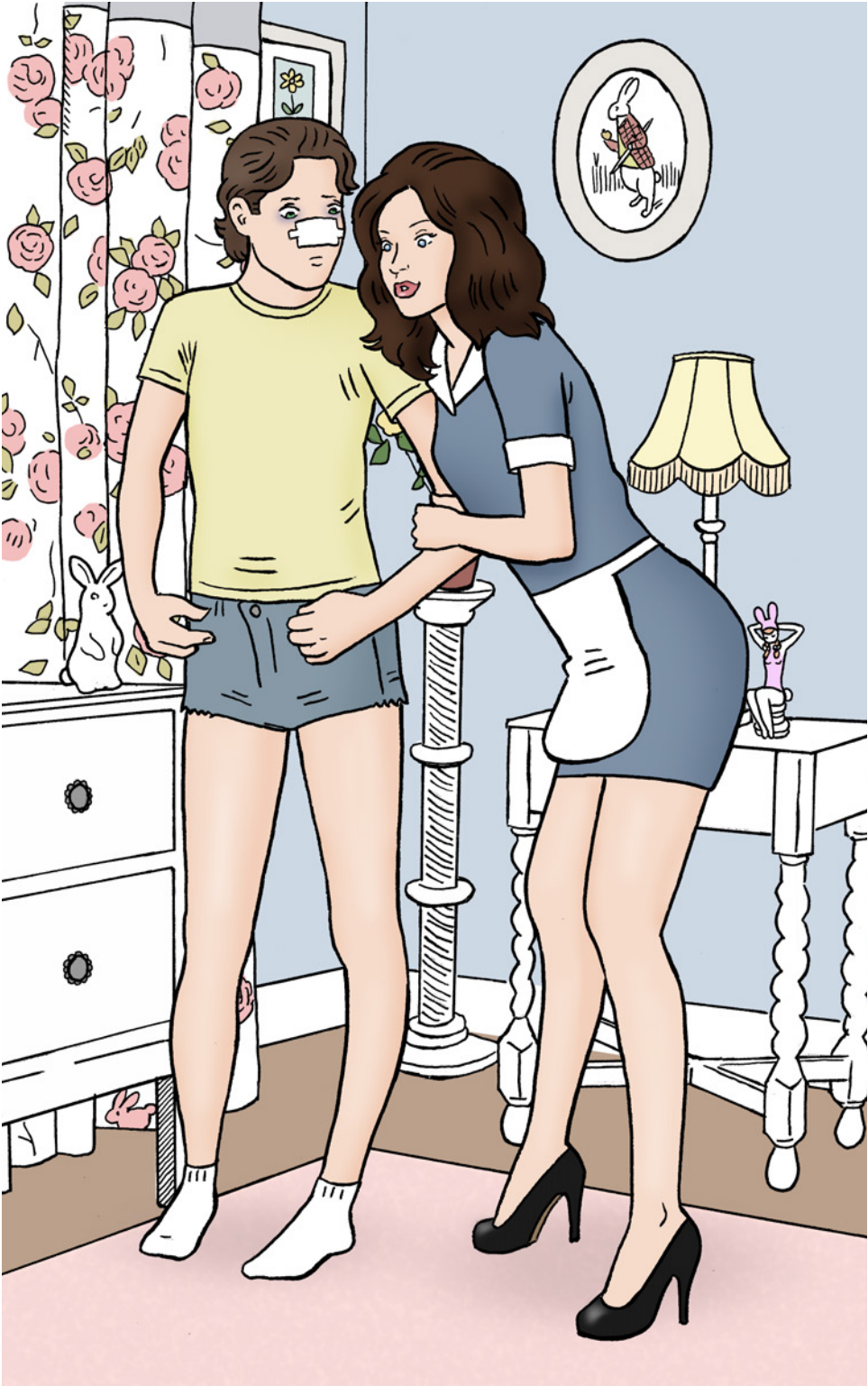
Over dinner, I met the other people who lived in this luxurious apartment. Celia was the maid, but there was an older woman named Genevieve who served as the cook. Sarah informed me that once I had settled in, I would be expected to pitch in and help both of them around the house. I also met Rose, Sarah’s daughter, who was twenty-three, blonde, and absolutely gorgeous. Apparently she worked in the boutique, too, and despite myself I was eager to start my new job just to see her there.

I was surrounded by women, and not a single one of them seemed annoyed to have me living with them for the foreseeable future. As soon as I was seated, Sarah gave me my pills, and, seeing the curious looks from around the table, decided to explain then and there.

“Ella is here with us because Doria is treating her for gender identity disorder. To help her find herself, and to find happiness, Ella is going to experience the life of a young woman for these next few months. That’s why I’m asking all of you, from this moment on, to treat her at all times like a normal young woman!”

It seemed like Sarah was explaining for everyone else’s benefit, but I could tell from her tone that the message was, above all, for me. I thought about protesting, telling everybody I was a man and that Doria’s theory was just that, a theory... But not a word came out of my mouth. What other choice did I have but to go along with it? Go back to my parents? Live in the street?

I thought back to my conversations with Doria. I did trust her, even though this seemed like an extreme measure. Sometimes I trusted her more than I



trusted myself. She had warned me this would be difficult, but that we would find our way through it as a team. And furthermore, everyone here had been kind to me. I hadn't experienced such kindness for weeks. I lowered my head, resigned.

Rose, sitting across from me, saw the traces of doubt that were still on my face.

"You know," she said, smiling. "You're not the first work experience student we've had. We're going to make you feel right at home."

"Thanks. I guess usually you have girls working in the boutique, right?"

"Yes, I employ women in my boutique," Sarah said. "Clients prefer that. But as a famous philosopher once said, one is not born a woman, one becomes one!"

I didn't respond, trying to figure out why she and Rose were giving each other conspiratorial smiles.

"You're the third boy to live here," Sarah said. "Following Doria's treatment plan."

"Four, if you count my ex!" Rose added.

"And what happened with all of them?" I asked, shocked.

Sarah gave me an enigmatic smile. "All three are blossoming into lovely young women," she said. "The first is currently working at a friend of mine's store. The second is... A domestic worker."

Rose added, "As for Thomas, my ex, he, or rather she, goes by Anna now, and married a very wealthy businessman!"

I looked from Rose to her mother, still unsure if they were pulling my leg, but in the end I only nodded and returned my attention to my plate.



After dinner, I spent the rest of the evening alone in my room. I was exploring what was to be my world for the next several weeks, if not months. Everything in the place was so... *Girly*. There was a makeup table across from the big bed, and a door leading to large walk-in closet full of female clothing, some of it with the tags still on. Later I would learn that most of them were from the boutique, items that had been returned or were no longer sold for whatever reason. There was also a shelf with dozens of pairs of ladies' shoes.

More directly, they were high heels. Ever since I learned that 'Ella's' password was 'sissyllaluvsheels,' the notion of women's heels had been on my mind. If I were to believe that 'Ella' was the real me, a personality and desire I was



repressing, then maybe I should explore what attraction there was to a pair of these things.

Sure, there's something undeniably alluring and compelling about heels, I guess. I decided that touching them wouldn't hurt, so I ran my fingers tentatively over a pair of red pumps. Before I knew it I was holding one of them to my cheek, feeling the slick surface against my skin and smelling the leather. Maybe 'Ella' was on to something.

I was lost in my exploration, and my thoughts, when Celia came back. I got the shoe back on the shelf just as I heard the door open.

"Ella, you need to get to sleep. Tomorrow you have to wake up early and get to work — you'll be helping Genevieve make breakfast for everyone in the morning."

She pointed me towards the bed, and I saw that she'd left a lacy nightgown there for me. I was reluctant, but only until Celia started stroking my chest and undressing me.

"Be good," she giggled.

Soon enough I was stark naked, and then Celia helped me pull the nightgown over my head. She pushed me down onto the bed, making the smooth satin of the nightgown slide against my freshly-epilated legs. She gave me a toe-curling kiss, then turned out the lights and left.

In the darkness, all of my doubts and fears came rushing back. Thinking about Angie, and everything else I had lost, made me start to cry again. It took several long hours before I could fall asleep.



Over the following days, though, I had very little time to feel sorry for myself. Celia and Genevieve made sure I was busy at all times. In the morning I helped in the kitchen preparing breakfast, and then after I was finished washing the dishes, I had to help Celia with her work. We made the beds, dusted the furniture, and did the laundry.

Celia made me wash all the delicates by hand. I was embarrassed to be handling everyone's underwear, but it didn't seem to bother them. Celia taught me how to iron, too.

Every time I thought I might get a break, a new job was waiting for me. When Celia let me go, Genevieve needed me back in the kitchen, and so on and so forth.

I continued taking my 'treatment' with every meal, still unsure exactly what it was. I did know it was having some kind of effect — I was nauseous almost every morning.