

ADULTS ONLY

108 pages 28 illustrations

# FOREVER FEMMED

"A FAMILY FEMMED" BOOK 2

"Dr. Angel's Clinic"

by James J. Craft & Cheryl Lynn

Illustrations by Sortimid



SERIOUSLY  
*Sissified*

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**“Dr. Angel’s Clinic”**  
**Story by James J. Craft & Cheryl Lynn**  
**Illustrations by Sortimid**  
**A Seriously Sissified Story**



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# DR. ANGEL'S CLINIC

For Aaron Winston, things had never come easy. Right from the very start, things for Aaron had been rough, born premature to a dirt-poor family in central California. From there, things only got worse for Aaron, when his parents were killed at a very young age in a tragic accident. The battered pickup truck carrying them into town blew a tire and crashed into a culvert. Aaron had been the only one wearing his safety belt in the truck and had walked away from the accident with only a cracked jaw and some minor cuts and bruises.

With no close family to care for him, he was placed in the temporary care of the County's Child Services Department. Without a caring adult to monitor his recovery, his injuries were never properly treated. Like the other cuts and bruises, his swollen jaw was just another bump. An ice pack shrunk the swelling, but nothing else was done. Within a week of the tragedy he was placed in the custody of his Godmother, Maria Elliana Hernandez. With no other immediate family members, the County had little they could do. It was either that or a foster home, and all agreed that such an arrangement would not be in the best interests of such an impressionable young boy such as Aaron.

Maria Elliana was in her mid-fifties, never married and lived just above the poverty line. She worked hard all her life and it showed. Maria was rotund, prematurely gray with a wrinkled prune-like face and squat nose. She was jovial and outgoing, but remained an adherent to her strict Catholic upbringing and old Spanish traditions.

Maria Elliana, from an early age, worked in one of the many pack-houses in the area, sorting and inspecting fruits and vegetables bound for northern cities. She had been Aaron's mother's dearest friend when they were growing up, Maria Elliana living just down the road. Upon becoming Aaron's guardian, Maria Elliana decided to move to the city to find employment. Taking Aaron in would strain her resources but it was an obligation she could not ignore. She owed it to her friend and her God child. So they moved into a two bedroom wood-framed house in the barrio.

Adapting to living in a barrio where Spanish was the primary language wasn't easy. Going to a barrio school even harder. The vast majority of Aaron's classmates were poor Latinos. His classmates were bigger, and some two years older. Being the runt of the class, having a gap between his front teeth and an Anglo made Aaron an easy target. Even some of the girls in his class gave him trouble. Throughout his schooling he was pushed, shoved, teased and often stuffed inside of lockers. In time Aaron learned how to avoid the worst of the

bullying. He submitted to his tormentors by pleading to do their homework or write their essays in exchange for a reprieve from their violence.

It didn't help that Maria Elliana had one of the tougher boys in the barrio constantly doing work at the house. Since Aaron wasn't much for hard labor, his Godmother had hired a kid named Marco to fix the roof, do yard work and any other heavy lifting. Marco gave Aaron a hard time whenever he saw him.

"Look out, it's trouble," Marco said to his best friend Emilio, as Aaron came home from school one day.

"Yeah, stand back, he's a baaaaad man," Emilio replied, pretending to be scared.

"C'mon, guys," Aaron said, his shoulders and back clenching up, in a defensive position.

Marco liked to push it. "What's a matter, Aaron? Bolillo? Afraid you'll hurt us with your super strength?"

"He's going to teach us a lesson, Marco. You can tell he's just saving up his strength for one big punch."

"Yeah, that's it. He's just resting before he starts kicking our asses." Marco went to the fridge in the kitchen and took two beers. He tossed one to his friend.

"You can't take those!" Aaron said, alarmed. "Those are Maria Elliana's! Put 'em back! She'll be home soon!"

Marco just smiled as he popped the top. "Oh don't worry, you can tell her we took them. I'm sure she'll believe you."

Aaron knew she wouldn't. She trusted Marco, and treated him like a lost son. No matter what he did, he was always a good boy. Aaron had never gotten that kind of trust from his Godmother.

"Or you can just tell her you know nothing about it," Marco said. He took a long sip of the cheap booze. "Maybe she won't blame you. You never know!"

"But you know she will," Emilio teased.

Marco splashed some beer on Aaron's clothes. "Whoops. Now you're gonna smell like beer. That's not gonna go well for you when she smells it."

All Aaron could do was run from the house before Marco made it worse on him. He waited until Maria Elliana came home from work about an hour later before he returned. He was scared out of his mind, but he was hungry and had nowhere else to go. By that time, the old woman had already discovered the missing beers and despite Aaron's attempt to wash it off his shirt with a hose, the smell was obvious.

“Ay, dios mio!” She screamed. “To your room! And remove your pants!” She grabbed an old leather strap hanging off the door knob and followed Aaron, slowly.

That was just one of many sad and harrowing events in Aaron’s young life. He could have recited dozens of episodes like it, but he had also learned to keep his mouth shut and keep his head down as a matter of survival. That was what his life had been like growing up.

His social life wasn’t much better. He worked part time wherever he could to help with the finances. Maria Elliana wouldn’t let him date until he turned eighteen. That didn’t bother him too much as most of the girls he knew wouldn’t date him anyway. Besides, with after school jobs and then homework to complete, it left him with little leisure time. That didn’t keep him from fantasizing about being with a girl though. A steady supply of porn magazines hidden under his mattress helped him through his teenaged years.

After Aaron turned eighteen, he dated rarely. The only girls available were like him, outcasts. There was one girl he did want to go out with. Her name was Yolanda. She was short, dumpy and wore thick glasses — however, she had a reputation of being ‘easy.’ His few male friends said she would ‘go down’ on her dates if asked. Being naïve, Aaron wasn’t sure what that meant but did manage to get a date for his senior prom. As the prom was coming to an end, Aaron discovered what “going down” really meant. Yolanda took him into a deserted hallway off the gym and into a storage closet. Aaron left that closet with the largest smile he ever had.

Maria Elliana made sure he studied hard while at school. She insisted that good grades would get him out of a life of poverty. By the time he graduated Aaron was in the top percentile of his class. With the help of scholarships and his high grade point average, he enrolled in the local Community College. Again he was one of the smallest male co-eds but thankfully was no longer subject to bullying. He applied himself and graduated with a degree in accounting. However, Aaron didn’t have the money to pay for his CPA examination. That would have to wait until he found employment, and to his misfortune, the country was in the midst of economic downturn and jobs were hard to come by.

Aaron spent his twenty-first birthday putting the finishing touches on a revised resume. Sitting off to the left was the newspaper with a large red circle around a job advert. It wasn’t what he was looking for but he needed that opening. He was desperate and being a part time bookkeeper was better than nothing. The job was at a Doctor’s Clinic. Aaron was so desperate to get the job, that he had fudged his resume to enhance his chances. Under his recent job history, he had added that he worked in a nursing home. Aaron didn’t mention that it was a janitorial job during the summer. He hoped the Clinic would assume it was a bookkeeping job.

By nine o'clock the next morning, Aaron was examining his reflection in the full length mirror. What was staring back at him wasn't all that impressive. He was five foot seven, fair-skinned with thick brownish hair done in a 1980's Tom Cruise style. He was wearing his best polyester suit and his shoes polished into a luster.

*I guess this will have to do*, he thought, turning from the mirror.



Aaron arrived a few minutes early for his interview. The bus had been uncharacteristically efficient that morning, giving him an opportunity to look his potential future employer over. The clinic itself was in a modern multi-storied building located in a fairly good part of the city's downtown. He made his way into the elevator and up to the second floor offices of Dr. Anthony Angel, Plastic Surgeon. He paused at the entrance for a moment.

*I don't know anything about medicine, much less how a doctor's office functions, but bookkeeping is bookkeeping. I can do this*, he thought, opening the door.

He turned his head to look around the room, noticing a pretty auburn-haired woman sitting between two young black men. The woman smiled at him in an oddly-approving way, while the two youths gazed at their iPhones.

It was the receptionist, however, that caught his attention. She was wearing a very short white flare-skirted nylon nurse's dress. The low cut V-neckline revealed a large amount of cleavage. Her hair was honey blonde in a big-hair style and she wore lots of makeup. To Aaron's thinking she was way over the top for being a doctor's receptionist, but that didn't stop him from having an immediate erection. He blushed heavily as he pulled his briefcase to cover his front. From behind him, he failed to hear the soft giggle coming from the auburn-haired woman. She had noticed the swelling in his groin, and thought it quite amusing.

"May I help you?" the sexy receptionist said, in a soft lilting voice.

"I... I'm here... here for the bookkeeping job," he managed to respond.

"One moment honey," she smiled, "I'll see if the Doctor is available." With that, she turned and stood, wiggling her way into the back of the office.

Doctor Angel had been watching from his office on his security monitor, looking Aaron over. *He doesn't look much older than a teenager — and that gap tooth grin. Geez, why do I get all the oddballs? Best to send him on his way*, he thought rising from his chair.

The Doctor emerged from the back with a smile, “Just leave your resume with Dora here. We’ll let you know,” he said, in passing, as he turned his attention to the auburn haired woman.

“Ah, Deborah good to see you again. Please come on in,” he said going over to give her a kiss to the cheek.

With that, he disappeared into the back of the office with the smiling auburn-haired beauty and the two young men trailing behind. Before she entered the treatment area, Deborah turned and looked Aaron over a second time.

Aaron was devastated to hear what Doctor Angel said. The doctor didn’t even offer to interview him. *He just blew me off*, he thought as he left the clinic. *Now what am I going to do? I really needed to get this job.*

Back inside the office, Deborah Jackson was finished with the introductions of her two new charges. “My boys are both concerned that they’ve been aging prematurely,” she explained. “As I’ve pointed out to them, their skin is wrinkling and sagging, far too early for two strong, young men who have a lot of life to live. Isn’t that right, boys?”

“Yes... Mother,” they both said, in a sleepy, half-awake kind of state.

“Mother?” The Doctor asked.

“Yes, Shayne and I just had the formalities taken care of.”

“Congratulations,” Doctor Angel remarked with a smirk. “I should have recognized that radiant glow of a recent bride.”

Deborah and the Doctor were long-time associates. She brought in the business, he did the surgery, and they both reaped the rewards from her clients. “Don’t get cute, Anthony.”

“I wouldn’t think of it.” The doctor turned to his two new clients. “Premature aging. Oh yes, In today’s harsher climate, with more UV rays, environmental factors and whatnot, it does break down





the skin so much faster. Such a shame. But nothing we can't take care of."

Neither Dr. Angel nor Deborah could even tell if the two drugged boys could even comprehend what they were saying, but putting up this kind of ruse was necessary to the whole process. "Did you hear that, boys? There's hope!"

The two boys did seem to put very slight smiles on their nearly emotionless faces. Perhaps they could hear what the two adults were talking about. "So what say we get started on a plan to fight those wrinkles and sagging skin, and give you the look you've always deserved." The doctor, waved them on through to his examining rooms. "A nurse will be with you shortly."

As the two boys shuffled their way past, Deborah grabbed Doctor Angel's arm and pulled him aside, "Boys," she said to the two youths, "you go on ahead, I need a word with the doctor."

The two young men shrugged and went into the exam room, still unaware of most of the world around them.

Once the door closed, Deborah spoke. "You're always so busy around here, Anthony. You really should get some help," she said, once alone with the doctor.

The doctor grinned. "I've tried several nurses, Deborah. But it's hard to find someone like Dora. She's one of a kind."

"Surely there's someone who can fill her shoes."

"Not that I've ever found. They just don't make them like Dora."

"Yes, it's a shame. If only you could just copy her. By the way, that young man in the waiting room, what job did he say he was he applying for?" she asked.

"I need a part time bookkeeper. The old one was getting too nosey about our side business. I was hoping for a pretty young lady I could work my magic on. Why do you ask?" he replied.

"I've... Just received an inquiry for something and I think that young man could help me complete the deal. How would you like to help me out?"

"Deborah, darling, you know I'm always open to your ideas," the Doctor replied smiling back. "What would be the arrangement?"

"Your usual cut, plus twenty percent if you let the boy work here," she said with a big grin.

Doctor Angel extended his hand to hers. "Deal," he replied with a large grin, then turned his head to shout at his receptionist. "Dora? Where is that young man's resume?"



Aaron was sitting in his tiny bedroom when Maria Elliana entered. "You have a phone call, mi dios hijo," she said with a smile as she handed him the phone.

"Hello?" Aaron asked.

"Mr. Winston? This is Doctor Angel," the voice on the other end said. "You dropped off a resume earlier today and I looked it over like I said I would. I have decided that I could use someone like you. Can you start first thing Monday morning at say... Eight o'clock? We'll go over your hours and such then. Sound good?"

Aaron's mouth opened wide with surprise, "Yes, of course it does," he readily agreed, "I'll see you then!"

He hung up the phone, letting out a yell of triumph. "Yes!" he exclaimed punching the air with his fist.

"Oh Aaron," Maria Elliana said, "I am so proud of you!"

Monday morning, Aaron wore the same clothes he had worn for the interview. It was the only one he owned. He was feeling good as he entered the clinic, better than he had for a long time. When he showed up in the reception area, he found Dr. Angel talking to Dora. It was obvious to Aaron exactly where the doctor was looking. Dora's cantaloupe-sized breasts were on exotic display. Aaron gulped loudly catching the Doctor's attention.

"Ahhh, my boy, right on time. Come on into my office and we'll get your employment paperwork done," he said pointing at the side door in the office.

Doctor Anthony Angel was in his mid-fifties with thick near-white hair. He was average in height and build for his age with brilliant cobalt blue eyes that stood out from his face and pulled you into his conversation. As he came in, Aaron looked around the Doctor's office, noting the impressive display of diplomas and awards hanging on the walls behind the desk. The office was plush with a large mahogany executive desk filling most of the space. The rest of the room covered by shelves filled with books. The beige carpet felt like walking on pillows it was so plush. There were two chairs in front of the desk with green leather padded seats. Aaron was directed to sit in one.

"Aaron is it?" Anthony asked, extending his hand to shake. "Say, isn't that the same outfit you were wearing the other day?"

Aaron nodded, looking down at his feet with an embarrassed glance.

"We'll have to look into that," Doctor Angel said. "Even though you'll be working in the back where no-one can see you, I have very strict standards for my employees. We can take care of that later. First, I need you to sign these forms before we discuss your hours and pay. One is a confidentiality agreement. Can't have you discussing any of my business or patients with anyone else now, can we?"

The question was rhetorical, as the Doctor left little time between his words for Aaron to reply, “The other things are pretty standard employment forms. Once signed, I need to give you a physical examination. My insurance company is very strict about pre-existing health concerns.”

Aaron was slightly concerned over the doctor’s comments about his clothes but he needed this job. He quickly signed all the forms then followed Dr. Angel to the exam room. The physical was a typical heart and lungs check-up. The only uncomfortable part was experiencing his first prostate exam.

“Other than having a slightly enlarged prostate and pending the lab results — you seem to be in good health. I’ll prescribe some pills to help with the prostate problem along with some supplements. There’s nothing to worry about your prostate. Your condition is common in men your age, easily corrected and the costs are covered under our health plan.”



Aaron nodded, feeling thankful that the Doctor had caught the issue. He was even more thankful that the costs would be covered by the clinic. He knew that healthcare insurance was seldom given to a part time employee. Having health insurance was a big plus, offsetting the low wage.

“Now, I know you are short on cash, but I demand that my staff always look their best. You need to get yourself a haircut and some better clothing. I’ll cover the initial costs as I really do need you to start right away. So I’ll have Dora make the arrangements.” The Doctor paused for a moment to let his words sink in, “Any questions?”

Aaron shook his head and smiled, “No Doctor.” *Gosh!* he thought. *I can't believe my luck. Not only do I get health insurance but he's going to pay for me to finally get a haircut and new clothes.*

“Then welcome to my staff and please, call me ‘Doc.’ Except when patients are present, of course. I run an informal office here,” the doctor stated.

Moments later, Dora was leading him down to the first floor and into a salon located there. “Hey Bev, I have a client for you. This is Aaron, our new bookkeeper. Doc said to get rid of his outdated hairstyle. I think something pixyish or modish would go nice with his facial features. Oh yeah, give him a manicure while you’re at it,” she turned to Aaron continued, “Now Aaron be a good boy and let Bev do what I said. Since the Doc is paying, don’t give her any trouble. When she’s finished call me. The boutique just down the hall will have some clothing you will need while at the office.”

Aaron nodded. *Does everyone in the office speak with a rapid-fire tongue?* He wondered as he was led to the back and Bev’s work station. He had never been in a salon before and definitely never had his hair shampooed before being styled. It was all a new experience for him including the manicure. The manicure bothered him a bit.

“Do men really get their nails filed and polished?” He asked Bev when the technician started her work. “I thought only women and girls did that Aaron wasn’t macho by any stretch but having grown up in a Latino household, held to certain customs — namely that boys didn’t get their nails done. The technician was only applying a clear coat, but to him, it was quite feminine.

“Next time you see Doc, just look at his nails, dearie,” Bev responded with a smile.

Aaron had really enjoyed the shampoo and scalp massage but wasn’t sure as Bev used a straight razor to style his hair. It seemed like she was removing way too much from the sides and back. He wanted to see what she was doing but was kept facing away from the mirror.

When he questioned what she was doing, Bev curtly replied, “Only what Dora requested.”

Aaron was shocked seeing the final result. His hair was parted high on the left side of his head. The sides had been cut short while the top left full. What got to him was the back. It had been cut into a sharp “V” as had been the sideburns.

“Wha... what have you done?” he gasped at what he considered a very feminine style.

“Nothing more, nor nothing less, than what Dora requested dearie,” she answered, smiling. “I think it came out beautifully and oh-so-mod. I have a lot of customers who just love this style. I think it’s very sophisticated and easy to care for. All you have to do is run a brush or comb through it and you’re good to go. Doc likes his staff looking great and this cut really fits your facial features.

Aaron wasn’t so sure about what she said. He didn’t know or see any men with their hair cut like this. He just hoped that no one would tease him about it. He had had his fill of bullies while at school and didn’t like the thought of more trouble over a stupid haircut. Accepting ‘what’s done is done,’ he called Dora.

When she arrived, Dora squealed in delight, gave him a big hug and kiss to the cheek. “Wow Bev! You outdid yourself,” she gushed as Aaron stood blushing brightly. “He looks fantastic. Doc certainly will be impressed when he sees him.”

The trip to the boutique was no less embarrassing. As he stood by idly and just watched, Dora picked out three pair of slacks and five shirts for him. The slacks were a spandex/cotton blend that fit tight across his backside and hugged the legs all the way down to his ankles. As his boxers bunched up under the new slacks he ‘had’ to have new underwear, according to his escort. Dora selected a dozen pair of nylon boy shorts in a variety of bright colors. Handed a pair of them to put on, Aaron protested. His objections were dismissed by the logic of not having his boxers making unsightly bulges in his slacks. The underwear had some stretch to them and pulled snugly against his groin, compressing his balls and penis. It was a weird feeling after having worn boxers for most of his life.

What bothered Aaron the most was that the slacks didn’t have any usable pockets. What pockets they had were too shallow to put anything in and were merely decoration. About the only good thing he could say about them was that they were in navy, black and gray. Most of what was on display was in various shades of pink, baby blue and lavender.

The shirts fit and looked different than those he was familiar with. The collar was cut in a deep V-shape and the material was soft and thin — almost translucent. While not tight, the shirts seemed to hug his frame. In addition to the slacks and shirts, Dora purchased a pair of shoes. The shoes were similar to loafers except the vamp had been cut away revealing most of the top of the foot. It all seemed quite bizarre, these clothes, but all his complaints went

unheeded. Dora insisted that it was what all modern males wore and Doc would like it. Plus, he wouldn't upset any patients if they saw him.

Aaron's machismo hated everything that had been done today. Between the haircut and clothing his male ego was severely threatened. A chill of fear ran up his spine just thinking how his Latino friends would react when they saw him. Seeing his image wearing the slacks with a bright soft cotton shirt didn't help. If he didn't need this job so badly, he would rip off the offending clothing and get a buzz cut.

*The guys in the barrio will have a field day with me if I get caught looking like this, he thought, turning from the mirror. I don't even want to think how my Godmother will react.*

When he arrived back at Maria Elliana's house wearing his blue suit, she gave him an odd look. The odd look changed to surprise when she saw all the bags he was carrying.

"What you got there Aaron? An... And what did you do to your hair?" she demanded to know.

"Mi madrina, it's just stuff I had to get for my new job, and I only got my hair cut. That's all," he replied, cringing. "I... I had to do it for my job, honest. My boss paid for it all even," he added, hoping that would satisfy her.

His old-fashioned legal guardian gave him a hard, stern glare. Then, sighing loudly, walked away. She was muttering something in Spanish that he didn't catch. *At least she didn't demand to see my new clothing, he thought. It's a good thing she goes to work before I leave and I get home before she does. I'd hate to think of what she would say seeing me in my new work clothes.*



That next morning, as he was leaving to catch the bus to work, Inez, the next door neighbor saw him. "Aaron? Is that *you*? By all the Saints why are you wearing? That... an... and your hair. Does Maria Elliana know that you're gay?"

Aaron froze in his tracks. Senora Inez was the biggest gossip in the neighborhood and she just asked him if he were gay.

"No Senora Inez! I'm most certainly not... *That way*," He said. "I have a new job an...and these clothes are what I have to wear to work. Please, please don't tell Maria Elliana anything. She'd have a fit and I *really* need this job." He spoke as firmly and as earnestly as he could.

That night, his fears came true when Maria arrived home from her job. "Aaron is what I heard true... are... are you one of *those* people?" she demanded with an edge to her voice that scared him. "Show me what was in those bags you brought home."

He did his best to explain everything that had happened, including Dora's role. Aaron showed her the slacks and shirts but was smart enough not to bring out his new underwear. He kept telling her over and over that he wasn't gay. She left his room scowling and muttering, but seemed to believe him.

Over the next two weeks, Aaron spent the majority of his time split between getting acquainted with the Doctor's financial system and his style of record-keeping, and when he wasn't doing that, he was getting used to his new clothing. The doctor's compliments about it certainly helped him feel better. However he was still uncomfortable around other people especially Maria Elliana. Their once close relationship had turned decidedly cool. Maria Elliana was too set in her ways and could be as stubborn as a mule. He found some relief in his work, especially when he started to uncover some strange irregularities with the financial records.

"Doc," he finally brought his concerns forward to his employer, "I believe that I have found some discrepancies with your free clinic operations that could amount to a significant sum. I can investigate them further if you want me to," he said.

"Aaron, I hired you as my bookkeeper — not my accountant," the doctor firmly stated. "That's his job, not yours, and I'll thank you to keep yourself focused on your own work. Best leave those little problems for the accountant to investigate."

Aaron wanted to point out that he had a degree in accounting. That the only reason he wasn't a CPA was because he couldn't afford to take the test. Instead, the Doctor's reprimand silenced him.

*He sure put me in my place, he said to himself as he went back to his desk. Hell, he isn't paying me enough to dig into the matter anyway.*

Even though he was grateful to have a job, Aaron had further objections about working for Doctor Angel besides the clothing. His hours and pay were not good. He was hired to work from eight until noon weekdays at just above minimum wage.

He was thankful, for one fringe benefit: the opportunity to see Dora. She was both a delight to see... And a dilemma. He couldn't understand why the Doctor kept her. She was pure eye candy with little intelligence. She was always asking his help in finding some file or other. However, Aaron didn't mind the interruptions, as she always gave him a reward. A quick peck to the cheek, or better yet, a hug. Those hugs always left him with a raging hard on and her perfume seemed to linger for hours after.

Then there was one final thing that was starting to cause Aaron some concern — the doctor's strange patients. Most seemed to be undergoing some kind of transition from one sex to the other. Some he had seen while helping Dora were just down right kinky. Some he thought looked anxious and appeared

unwilling, but he dismissed the possibility. The doctor was a stern man, but not some kind of monster. Knowing the kind of oddball patients the doctor saw eased his mind about his own apparel. Dora had been right when she said that wearing these styles and colors of clothes meant that he wouldn't upset the clients.

*Hell, I look like some of them, he thought. I'm not one to judge, but why on earth would someone do such a thing? The very idea sends shivers up my spine. I don't even want to think about how Maria would react knowing the kind of people Doc sees.*

One day he was having lunch in the clinic's small coffee nook when the Doctor walked in. As Aaron bit down, let out a groan. *I should have known better than to eat Maria Elliana's crispy tongue tacos. The meat is tender but the hard shells make my jaw ache,* he thought, putting it down.

"Are you alright Aaron?" Doctor Angel asked hearing the moan.

"Yeah, I'm okay. It's just this jaw of mine. Every time I bite down on something it aches. I broke it a long time ago and have had trouble chewing most of my life. I'm kinda used to it now, I guess," he answered.

*He has jaw problems...* The doctor thought to himself. *I had concerns with Deborah's plan, but not anymore. This would make it so much easier.* Dr. Angel didn't quite understand everything that Deborah had in mind for this hopeless little whelp, but she usually knew what she was doing. In this case, she emphasized how important it was for Aaron to become a client of Dr. Hector, the resident dentist of the building. "You know I've been thinking about you and that gap between your teeth," he said to Aaron. "I know an excellent dentist who can fix that and probably your jaw as well. If your jaw hurts that much, you really have to see about getting it fixed."

"Thanks Doc, but I can manage. Right now I can't afford it," Aaron replied.

"Tell you what, I know you've been working hard and even helping out Dora at times. I'm quite grateful. Let me get you set up with Doctor Hector. He





works in this same building, three floors up. I'll take care of the payments for you. If things work out and you continue working hard for me for a year, then you won't have to pay me back. How's that sound?"

"Doc, that would be great, but I can't ask you to do that," Aaron replied shocked at the generosity. After his recent reprimand over the accounting irregularities, the doctor's offer pleasantly surprised him.

"Never mind that, I'll set up an appointment. You just continue to concentrate on your bookkeeping," Doctor Angel said smiling as he walked out the door, leaving Aaron no choice but to accept.



"Deborah?" the Doctor spoke into his handset, "It's Anthony, I've got some great news. It seems that our Aaron has jaw problems. Getting him to agree to see the dentist proved easier than we thought."

"That is fortuitous," Deborah replied on the other end of the call. "And you were worried. When does he see him?"

"Aaron has an appointment with Hector tomorrow afternoon. He told me it'll take a good long time to get what's needed done. Hector said he'll have to break the jaw then wire it."

"Closed?" Deborah asked, "How would that work?"

"No, not closed," Doctor Angel continued, "He'll set the bones over time to achieve the desired outcome. Aaron will be able to move it without too much difficulty so we can do what's next."

"Good," Deborah said calmly, "How has he been on his pills?"

"He's been taking them for over two weeks. If you get Hector and me the MP3 files then we can start that by the beginning of next week."

"Excellent" Deborah said, "I'll email them over to you both. Let me know how things go."

"I will," The Doctor replied. "Talk to you soon," he said, disconnecting the call.

*I hope Hector knows what he's doing. I don't want to wait forever to cash in on this project. At least I won't have to participate personally in this one other than programming the MP3. Hector and Angel will do all the work and I can concentrate on getting Deborah's boys ready,* Deborah thought after Anthony ended the call.



Doctor Hector Carmine's dental office wasn't just like any other. His employees were prettier and the décor was richer looking than those found in other clinics. There were antiques, fine oil paintings and the receptionist was an extremely perky blond with very large breasts. The black assistant with close cropped hair could only be described as hot, even in her baggy greens. The X-ray technician was a gorgeous Latina with flowing raven black hair and almond doe-shaped eyes.

Doctor Carmine was a bit of a surprise considering all the beauty in the office space. Hector was six feet tall and weighed one hundred forty-five pounds with salt and pepper hair. What surprised Aaron was the doctor's surprisingly large hands.

*You'd think from all the fine furnishings and beautiful employees, he'd look more like a movie star, Aaron thought. Such big hands too. I just hope he doesn't have to stick one of them into my mouth. That's just got to hurt.*

"Aaron, Doctor Angel said some very nice things about you," Doctor Hector said, as he talked to Aaron, who was reclined in a dental examination chair. "Today, I'm going to give you a general exam, take some x-rays then make some recommendations." He turned to his assistant, "We need to get a full mouth x-ray along with the complete jaw. I understand from Doctor Angel that it was broken some time ago, so we want to get a clear idea of what we are working with here."

Then he turned back to Aaron, "Okay, now just sit back and relax Aaron and we'll get started," the dentist said once the introductions were made.

The exam took about an hour and Aaron's jaw was aching from having to keep it open so long. The pain was obvious, so Hector gave him a pill to ease it. "I'm sorry the exam took so long Aaron, but it couldn't be helped. This will make the pain go away. Now for the results. Your jaw is impacted and unaligned. That's why it hurts to chew, so I recommend we go ahead and break it then reset it. It will be a long healing process. However if you go through with it, you will have no more pain. Plus, as another benefit, I think that we can work on closing up that gap between your two front teeth. What do you think?"

He paused to see if the young man was still following along. Aaron nodded his acceptance of what he had just been asked.

"Excellent, then I just need you to sign off on these consent forms before we begin. I guarantee that you'll love the results."

The doctor stood up to leave, "Oh, I almost forgot, you are way overdue for a professional cleaning. So I'm going to have Dena my hygienist do that before you leave today. Now, unless you have any questions, I'll leave you in her hands."

“Doctor you said you have to break my jaw and realign it. Won't that mean you have to wire my mouth shut? I don't think I can do that,” Aaron said. Although he was happy to hear that the hated gap in his teeth would be corrected, the part about having his mouth wired shut bothered him.

“On the contrary dear boy,” Hector informed him. “I'll be using the latest technology. You will have use of your jaw but adjustments will be needed weekly. Of course there will be some side effects. Like a feeling of stiffness — but nothing serious. Think about it while Dena cleans your teeth. Just let me know before you leave today. The sooner we get started the better. My schedule is tight, but I'll make sure you get weekly appointments... however you must decide today.”

As the dentist left his field of vision, Dena the dental hygienist entered, and much to Aaron's pleasure, she was a feisty red head with a freckled face and large breasts. Aaron was aroused the whole time she cleaned his teeth. Working so closely to him, her breasts were constantly rubbing his cheek or shoulder. By the time she finished, his need to cum was near impossible to contain. He managed, but took great mental effort.

After he was done and in the outer office, Aaron was divided on what the dentist wanted him to do. *With all these beautiful women, I think coming here every week would be both heaven and hell,* he thought looking at the consent forms. *I've never had a woman rub her boobs on me like Dena did. My God, I almost creamed in my underwear. Maybe if the dentist can get rid of that damn gap in my teeth, I could have a decent chance to date a girl... Even one like Dena.* Finally, Aaron made his decision. *He did say he wasn't going to wire my mouth shut, so why not?*

Much later, Dr. Hector Carmine, DDS, was alone in the office. It was late evening, but he was studying Aaron's x-rays. *This will be a challenge but doable,* he thought. *Doable if I take my time and not rush it. Aaron is a perfect candidate. He's small, dainty even. Deborah's ideas at first seemed crazy, but now it made sense. Angel showed me some mock-ups of what he can do. I never would have guessed he could do all that,* he mused as he let his mind wander. He picked up his phone and sent a text to Deborah, “It's a deal” was all it said.



A few days later, Aaron was helping Dora find a file when some familiar faces entered the waiting room. It was that auburn-haired woman Aaron had seen the day he had dropped off his resume, with the two African-American boys he had seen before. The woman still looked beautiful but the boys seemed a bit different. The taller boy had let his short afro grow out slightly while the other one had left his sock-hat behind with his now-straightened hair combed close

to his head. Their clothing was also quite different than Aaron remembered. He could have sworn the last time he saw them they were wearing baggy cargo pants and muscle shirts. Today, both their pants and tops seemed much more snug than before.

*I really didn't get a good look at them that last time, he thought, shaking his head. I'm probably imagining things.*

He watched as Dora sashayed over to the woman, his eyes not leaving her swinging behind. "Good morning, Miss Deborah. The doctor said for you to go right in," he heard her say.

*Yeah, that was her name, Deborah, Aaron recalled. Really nice looking for an older woman. I wonder what she has to do with those two boys?*

After work that day, Aaron had an appointment with the dentist. He was greeted warmly by the receptionist, Wendy. He didn't have a long wait until he was called into one of the rooms. The black assistant introduced herself as Jaylen, seated him and draped a green cloth around his neck.

"The doctor will be with you shortly. Today he's going to sedate you and set your jaw. Do you have someone who can see you safely home today?" Jaylen asked.

"Errr... Yes, Dora said she could, after work today," he answered wide-eyed. Jaylen's scoop necked surgical greens had opened as she bent to talk. He had a clear view of her red satin bra and two glorious chocolate mounds.

"Fine, I'll tell Hector that you're here. Now don't be nervous and try to relax. Let me fasten these earbuds and you can listen to some music," she added before leaving.

Aaron found the music very soothing and was in the early stages of drifting off into sleep when the dentist entered the room. "Aaron! I see that Jaylen has taken good care of you. All relaxed now. Good. Let me explain things before we begin. Jaw fractures are the most common broken bones in the face, right behind nose and cheek fractures. When treated promptly are fairly simple to fix, and normally treatment takes a couple of months. But in your case it might take much longer. The first fracture was near the left-middle, and the second more severe at the condyle." The dentist paused to see if Aaron was following him. He clearly wasn't.

"So a condyle is the rounded end of the jaw nearest the ear." He pointed at the approximate placement of the bone on his own face. "These kind of fractures are common in small children. Normally they are dealt with when they occur, unfortunately yours wasn't. Which leads us back to where we are today. Now for the options. I *could* wire your mouth closed which I know you don't want. I only mention it as doing so would shorten the healing process some. But since I know that won't work for you, I'll tell you what I plan to do." He paused again to see if Aaron had caught up to him yet.

He still hadn't.

*And I thought Dr. Angel was a fast talker,* Aaron thought to himself, barely understanding what the dentist was telling him.

"So then," Hector continued, "I am going to use a series of metal plates, springs and small screws to align your jaw. This method will take longer and will require more frequent visits for me to make constant adjustments to your jaw. However, it will allow you to keep your mouth moving in the meantime. Understand?"

All Aaron knew was that he wouldn't have to have his mouth wired shut — and that's all he needed to know. He nodded his acceptance to the dentist.

"Okay then, I'm going to start by administering a general anesthetic. When you are under, I will break the jaw, then realign the bone and insert the plates. There will be some pain and swelling, but I'll give you a prescription to ease you through the worst parts. Ready?"

"Ho... how long will I be unable to go to work doctor?" Aaron asked. "I really can't afford to lose much time."

"Shouldn't be more than the weekend," Hector replied. "Today is Friday, so I don't see why you can't go back Monday. Just understand that your face will be bruised and swollen, but all that will go away in a couple of weeks."

With that, he watched as the dentist hooked him to an IV bag, then injected it with a clear fluid from a syringe. He then asked Aaron to count backwards from one-hundred.

By the time Aaron got to ninety-four he was starting to drift off, and by ninety he was completely out.

Aaron awoke, what seemed to be only moments later, but when he felt his face, he knew much more time had passed. Everything felt numb. He looked over to see a grinning Dora waiting for him. He was still a bit out of it as she helped him down to her car. It wasn't until she led him up the steps to his house that he became fully aware.

*Shit! Maria will be home by now. He realized. She'll actually see me in my work clothes. It was bad enough when she saw them hanging in my closet. Damn, how am I going to explain this? A sense of growing panic came over him as he thought about it. She gave me more than enough grief before. If she sees me now, she'll have a fit. She'll think I'm totally gay!*

Unfortunately, Aaron totally underestimated his strict Catholic guardian's reaction. Dora didn't even have a chance to introduce herself. Maria Elliana virtually blew a gasket.

"*Madre Dios!* Aaron, is this how you respect me?" Maria Elliana exploded, in a harangue using a loud mixture of Spanish and English. "This... This *entrano estilo vida* I cannot abide! It goes against everything I believe in! Malo, muy

*perfidio!* After all I have done for you! This is how you repay me! I always wondered why you never had a woman or got married. Now I know!”

If that wasn't enough, Aaron could see Marco and his friend Emillio were sitting in the kitchen, helping themselves to Maria Elliana's fridge as they watched the scene. Emillio pointed to Aaron's hands. “Hey lookit his fingernails! They're so pretty!”

“Muy bonita!” Marco mocked.

Maria Elliana then noticed the pale pink polish on Aaron's fingernails. Aaron had them done before going to see the dentist, with the intent of hiding them in his pockets when he got home. He had complained when Bev painted them, but she had said no one would notice as the color was not that dark. The sight sent his guardian over the top. “No! Don't say nada! Get out of my house! Now!”

Aaron had to step back to avoid her swinging arms and the spittle flying from her lips. “You should kick him out for good!” Marco egged on. “You can't trust him!”

When all was said and done, Aaron was cast out into the street. Two battered suitcases containing all his meager possessions were inside them. Dora was beside him trying to console him.

“Look Aaron, it's not all that bad. Doc has an apartment above the clinic he sometime uses for special clients. Given the circumstances, I don't think he would mind you moving in. Come on, dry those tears and let's go,” Dora said, giving him a reassuring hug.

“Are you... you sure he... he wouldn't mind?” he replied. *Gosh, I'm crying like a baby. What must she think of me?* He spotted the neighbor woman, the local gossip, leaning on her fence. *Oh great, and there's Senora Inez taking all this in. I'm sure if I have any male friends left in the barrio when they hear about this there won't be any left. What Latino male would want to have anything to do with a cry baby fag?* All he could think about was that he had disappointed everyone, as fresh tears began to fall.

Once in Dora's car, and they had driven for a while, Aaron had composed himself enough to talk. “I didn't know they had any apartments in Dr. Angel's building. I thought it was all business related,” he said with some difficulty as Dora drove back to the office. Not only was he still distraught at being thrown out of the only home he had, the anesthetic was wearing off and while he could speak, it hurt.

“Oh they don't really, but Doc rented space and had in made into one,” Dora said, happy to make small talk. “Occasionally he has patients, special patients that need a place to stay. It's a convenience but seldom used. So I don't think he will mind you staying there.”

The apartment was sparsely furnished but more than adequate for Aaron's needs. It had a small kitchenette so he could prepare his own meals. The bedroom had two twin beds, side table and bureau. The bathroom was small but would do. He had to admit that as small and plain as it was, it was much nicer than what he had in Maria Elliana's house. His attitude was turning around. In fact, sleeping in a bed that wasn't a bowed and flattened mattress with clean sheets was a luxury he had only dreamt of before.

After Dora left, he settled in. Strangely, Aaron felt happier than he had since he got the job. In a way, the pain and anguish of having to be constantly fearful of his loving but overbearing Godmother was like a weight being lifted off his shoulders. *I thought taking this job as a bookkeeper for the doctor was beneath me,* He thought. *Now it's one of the best things that ever happened to me. I'm sure going to miss Maria Elliana. I do love her, but I can't quit my job because of a silly dress code. I only hope that I can patch things up with her later.* He felt a slight stab of pain in his face. *Ow! My jaw is starting to throb. Where did I put those pain pills?*



Aaron had spent the rest of the weekend in bed. His jaw was painful, but the pills eased most of it away. Dora brought him some food, mostly soups so he didn't have to go anywhere. By Monday he felt much better and got ready to go back to work. His face was bruised and swollen, but not horribly so. His only concern was that his jaw and lips felt funny, like they were being pulled back. He could speak fairly well, but had to do so more slowly.

"Not as bad as I thought it would be," he whispered gazing into the full length mirror on the back of the bathroom door. He was wearing his black slacks and pewter colored shirt. The black and blue bruising more was of a yellowish-brown color now.

He let out a sigh as he stepped out of the apartment. *Well, I won't be taking the bus anymore. I guess that's another good thing. The less public exposure I get dressed like this the better,* Aaron thought.

Dora met him with a big hug, but was alarmed at his appearance. "Oh dear! Your face is a mess, Aaron! Come, sit in the chair and let me do something." Before he could react, she was dotting his face with foundation.

"Hey, hey, what are you doing?" he gasped, rearing back.

"Just covering up those bruises, Aaron. You can't be seen like this. Just imagine how our patients would feel seeing you like this? They might think twice about using Doc as their surgeon. We can't have that." She got Aaron to bring his face back forward, where she could work on it. "So sit still and let me



do this. Later, I'll teach you how to do this yourself. I'm only applying concealer and foundation to even out your complexion."

"Bu... but I don't *want* to learn to do this myself," he replied.

"I can't do this every day," she said. "You'll have to do it. I don't know why you're complaining. It's just until the bruises go away. Later I'll take you to the



makeup counter in the boutique. You need a more natural skin toned color than this one.”

As he headed to his desk, he failed to notice that his penis barely twitched. He always got an erection when Dora hugged him. He had just opened his spreadsheet program when the doctor walked in.

“Well *there* he is,” Dr. Angel began, “My little houseguest. Dora told me what happened. Such a tragedy for your own godmother to treat you so poorly. It’s really quite shameful. Are you settled into the apartment?” he asked, not even waiting for Aaron’s reply. “Good,” the Doctor continued, “Now don’t worry about paying rent. It’s a write-off in any case. And the jaw? Let me have a look,” he commanded.

Aaron lifted his chin as Anthony looked over the lower half of his mouth, “Good, good... Hector does fine work,” Dr. Angel said. “One would see a longer recuperation time by a less accomplished dentist. Good thing you covered up the bruising too. Without it you’d scare my patients half to death. By the way, Dora told me how little clothing you brought. She’ll look into helping you out there, and she mentioned that you could use a trim too. I’ll have her take you back to the salon as well. Consider it my treat.”

Aaron wanted to argue, but knowing it was hopeless, he simply nodded his head. He had soon learned that arguing with Anthony Angel was pointless. Once the man’s mind was made up, it was unchangeable.



“I’m looking for a Deborah Jackson,” said a man who had just snuck his head in the front door. “Is this the right place?” He was dressed neatly in a business suit and polo shirt, and he looked like he was supposed to be on TV.

“Yes!” Said Dora in her typically perky way. “Come right in.”

“This is the spot, boys,” the man said, as he pushed open the door. He stepped aside as two young teens shuffled in, looking unimpressed and sullen. Once they had found seats, the man approached the front desk. “My name is Bradford. Rick Bradford.” He let it hang there in the air, hoping for recognition. “Rick Bradford Chevrolet? At the Auto Mall?”

All Dora could do was blink and smile blankly, which she was very good at.

“But you have heard of Deborah Jackson?” He asked.

“Oh yes, she’s on of our best... Patients?” Dora wasn’t quite sure what to call her.

“There you are, Rick,” Deborah said, as she entered into the office. “You got here early.” She immediately walked up to Bradford, and nestled into his side, taking his arm.

“A rare event,” he said, kissing her temple.

Dora was sure that Deborah was married to someone, but maybe she was just mis-remembering things again. She did a lot of that kind of thing. Besides, Deborah and this Rick Bradford were definitely a couple. “The doctor will be with you in just a minute,” she said, as she began to check her appointments and message Dr. Angel.

“Hello boys,” Deborah said as she turned to the two teenagers Rick had brought with him. “Glad you could make it.”

“Whatever,” said one through a mop of dyed black hair.

“Of course, Ms. Jackson!” said the other as he adjusted his wire-rim glasses.

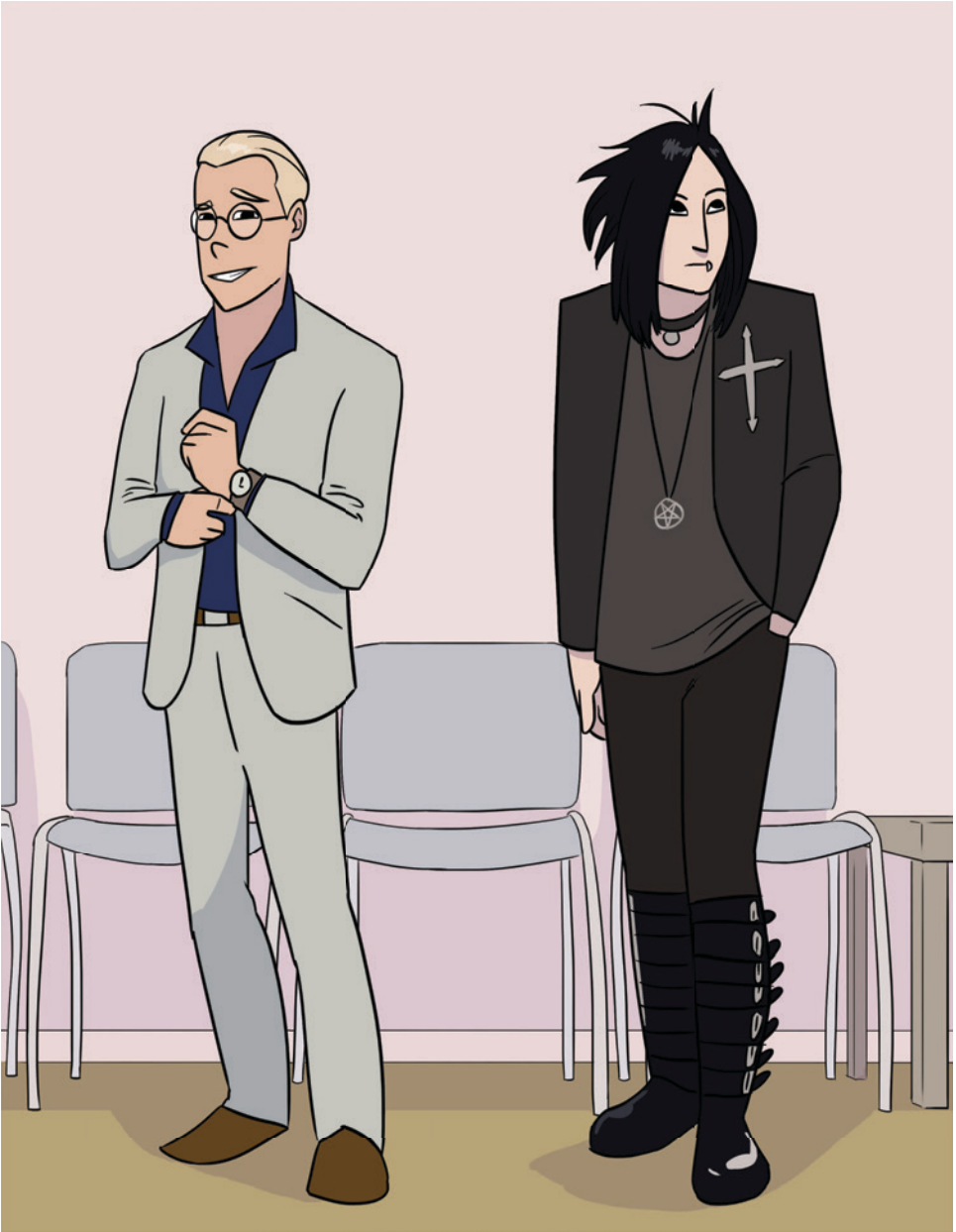
Mr. Bradford stood tall, and stuck out his chest. “Look alive, guys. This is for your benefit. Not a lot of interns get this kind of opportunity.”

The young man who had the scraggly mop of black hair made a disapproving snort with his breath. He was leaning back in the waiting room chair, kicking out a leg. His name was Mandrake Holcombe, a senior in high school and every inch a disaffected youth. At 19, he was into a goth lifestyle, even if he was one of the few kids in his grade to still be into such a thing. Most were cleaning up their acts before they went off to college. Not Mandrake. If anything, he had doubled down.

He wore a heavy black jacket that was way too much to have on for the nice temperatures outside, black baggy cargo pants, and clomped around in black rubber snow boots. Mandrake’s signature was his shoulder-length unkempt jet black hair, crudely dyed, which covered his eyes almost completely — but not quite — letting people see his black-lined eyes and brow piercing.

Mandrake wasn’t sure exactly why he had even signed up for the student work exchange program in the first place, and since he had no choice about where he was assigned, working at Rick Bradford Chevrolet had turned out to be nothing less than a disaster. He was comedically mismatched for the job, a mumbling, unfocused and unmotivated goth helping out slick car salesmen in their suits and ties.

That was in direct contrast to Lane Whitman, the other student exchange participant, who was seated at attention next to Mandrake. Lane was a thin, gangly young man who was wearing the classic “student business leader of the future” ensemble of a blue dress shirt, grey blazer and slacks, with brown loafers. His sandy blond hair was oiled down and clung tightly to his skull, as did his wire-rimmed glasses.



Lane regarded himself as a go-getter and a business-minded eager beaver out to make his opportunities the business world. He had jumped at the intern opening and was excited to be able to apply his grand Wall Street high-finance ideas to regional car sales. Naturally, not a single person in the dealership could stand him, his incessant chatter or know-it-all attitude, except for Rick Bradford himself who was never a particularly good judge of character to begin with.

Both had come to the attention of their new image consultant, one Deborah Jackson, when Rick Bradford had hired her on to give his dealership a newer, hipper feel. Bradford wanted a younger customer base, and his stodgy old dealership, which he had inherited from his grandfather, was in dire need of catching up by a few decades. Deborah made a convincing pitch to him about “upgrading” the salespeople’s image, and in her opinion, the best place to start was with the youngest two on the staff, the high school interns.

How exactly a medical professional was going to assist with their “image upgrades” was a little bit of a mystery to all three of the men, but Deborah just had a way of convincing men to do things that they probably hadn’t given enough thought to.

“You guys as excited as I am?” Rick Bradford asked his interns. “I hear this Dr. Angel is one the best!”

“Best at what?” Mandrake asked in his monotone sort of way.

“Best at...” Rick Bradford had to search in his mind for an answer and realized he had none. Deborah hadn’t exactly given him a lot of detail. “Tops in his field.”

“Which is...?” Mandrake pressed.

“Deborah,” Rick said to the woman on his arm. “I can’t thank you enough for all



your hard work. If this Dr. Angel is half the doctor you say he is..."

"Oh, he is," Deborah said, patting her escort's arm. "I've worked with him for years. I owe him more than I could ever pay him."

"I still don't get why we're in a doctor's office," Mandrake said. "Unless he can extract the bug up Lane's ass."

"Hey!" Lane objected. "I do not have a bug up my ass. That's inappropriate!"

"That's inappropriate," Mandrake repeated in a mocking tone. "What a tool."

Quickly, the trio was shuffled into the exam rooms. They underwent a cursory examination, stripped down to their undies, and then blood pressure and height and weight measurements taken. Before long, they were dressed and sat in Dr. Angel's office in overstuffed leather chairs. Deborah sat on the corner of the doctor's desk, showing off her legs, which all three patients were gawking at.

As doctors tend to do, Anthony Angel was taking his time, silently running over the pages in his hands several times, testing the composure of the three men. In fact, as Lane looked over, he could see that Rick Bradford's head had slumped to the side and he was likely asleep.

The light muzak in the office was making it hard for the young man to keep his attention on the matters at hand. His mind kept drifting off and his eyes were beginning to feel so tired. Maybe if he just closed them for a moment, he might...

As soon as Lane's head went slack, Deborah tapped Dr. Angel on the shoulder. The doctor looked up and spoke softly. "Are they asleep?"

"What?" Deborah replied.

"Asleep?" Dr. Angel said, louder.

"Hold on," Deborah said. She pulled the concealed earplugs out of her ears, the ones that kept her from hearing the muzak. It was laced with messages to lull people to sleep.

The doctor pulled out his plugs. "They're asleep, right?" He asked again, back to whispering, as he flipped a switch to turn the music off.

"Two are, for sure," She whispered back. She had to bush the stringy black hair out of Mandrake's face to see if his eyes were closed. They were. "And gothy makes three."

She produced a small spray can from her purse and gave the three sleeping men a generous dose of its medicinal mist. "That'll open up their minds," she said at normal volume.

"Do you always keep hypnotic gas in your purse?" Dr. Angel asked.

Deborah smiled. "In my line of work? Always." She fitted a pair of headphones over each of their ears and started playing their first set of messages for them to listen to.

Dr. Angel motioned to Bradford. "So tell me more about Mr. Slick here."

Deborah pointed to the man in the suit. "Rick Bradford owns three car dealerships in this town, but they're losing money. He inherited them from his family just a couple of years ago, and he's driving them into the ground, no pun intended."

"I've seen his TV ads."

"Aren't they the worst? Well, when he's not dreaming up the most hideous ads you can imagine, he's putting his dipstick into every gas tank in town."

"He sleeps around? Isn't he married?"

"Yes and yes."

"If we're going to do what you want to do to him, we'll need to start on the electrolysis early. He's quite hirsute. He'll need to drop about sixty pounds and I can give you some pills for that. Then you need to put him on skin softening lotions, hair and nail vitamins, hormones, the usual. You want him to go all the way?"

"No, just the tops. Not the bottoms."

"No SRS... for all... Three..." Dr. Angel said, making notes in his files. "I prefer the total changes."

"I know you do. But sissies make better money. I clear some serious profit on them when I don't have to pay for the surgery."

"What about Edward Scissorhands over here?"

"Mandrake Holcombe, 19, senior in high school. Parents divorced, lives with his aunt. Typical goth kid. Hates everyone and everything, can't keep a girlfriend and has no social life."

"No one will miss him?"

"Nope. And my client is only paying for Bradford. What we do with gothy and the other one is up to me. So I'm just looking for something I can sell for a high profit margin."

Dr. Angel reviewed his notes. "I don't see anything that unusual. Seems like a by-the-book job."

"Oh, he has his challenges. He needs to be perfect. Absolutely perfect. No blemishes, not a hair out of place."

The doctor scribbled down some further notes. "Understood. And what about Glasses?" He pointed to Lane.

“Lane Whitman, 17. Lives with his father, who can’t stand his presence. Most of the work on this kid is up to me. You just need to make sure you have the parts on hand for the big surgery.”

Dr. Angel checked the documents to see what Deborah was referring to. “I think they outlawed these things. They’ll be hard to get. I’ll have to check the Asian grey market. Now, back to Bradford. If we are going to carry this off, he really should have as much plastic surgery as we have time for.”

“My client wants him to be feminine, but recognizable as his old self. So I want him to look like a woman, but the eyes, nose, face have to be the same.”

“I’ll do the jawline, the cheeks, the brow. That should do the trick.”

“Sounds good, Anthony.” Deborah walked over to Rick Bradford and began to fool with his jacket. The hypnotized man stirred and made a quiet mumbling noise. Deborah patted him on the head. “Poor thing is about to become a daddy, too.”

“His wife, I hope.”

“She’s about three months pregnant.”

“You sleeping with him?”

“Yes. Me and half the women in this town, apparently.”

“I don’t think that’s going to be a problem much longer.”

“No!” Deborah said with a hearty laugh. “It certainly won’t!”



Later that afternoon, Aaron found himself relaxing as Bev finished trimming his hair. However, his serenity quickly ended when she stated what she had been instructed to do next, “Dora told me to give you a facial and neaten your brows a bit. So don’t give me any grief. I’m only doing my job and besides, I think you’ll enjoy the facial.”

Had he not taken a pain pill before coming to the salon, he might have made more of a fuss. But in the loopy, agreeable, pain-free place he was in, he couldn’t object, not even a little. Bev soon moved to the next phase of her treatment by applying a green facial mud mask to his face before beginning to wax and pluck his brows into thinned arched lines. His newly sculpted eyebrows would give him a permanently surprised look. When he saw them would make Aaron feel nearly faint — but Bev wouldn’t stop there. Soon, she was pulling out her piercing gun and approaching the unsuspecting young man. Aaron couldn’t see what she was doing as his eyes were covered with cooling cucumber eye pads. By the time he reacted, pink keepers had been inserted into each lobe.

"Ow!" he cried out, as she and her assistant pierced both of his ears at the same time, "What the hell was that?"

"Calm down, Aaron," Bev admonished him. "Most men have both ears pierced today. It was a little extra something from Dora. She thought it might cheer you up after all you have been through."

Aaron sighed, feeling slightly ashamed for his outburst, "Well you should have at least warned me first. And don't you have something other than pink?" he gasped looking into the hand mirror. Then he noticed the arched brows, "Holy crap! My eyebrows! I can't go anywhere looking like this. Put them back like they were," he demanded.

"I don't know why you're upset, I just neatened them up," Bev said. "Nothing extreme. If you don't like what I did, just let them grow back. And as for the keepers, they'll only be in until the holes heal," she replied, putting the mirror down. "Then you can pick whatever you like. Now sit still while we do your manicure." She and another salon technician began to file and clean his nails.

By the time Dora showed up about an hour later, Aaron was feeling much calmer. Bev had insisted that he listen to his earbuds while she worked on his nails. Dora's obvious delight in seeing what Bev had done took some of the sting out of Aaron's injured ego. The trip that followed the salon visit was to the nearby boutique, and it wasn't as traumatic as he had thought. Still, the trip was outside his comfort zone. The first stop was the





cosmetics counter where the clinician gave him the correct color-toned foundation and concealer for his skin and taught him how to apply it.

From cosmetics they went over to the clothing section. Like before, Dora made all the selections. The pants were similar to the others in blue and another in black. What made these different was the material. Dora said that the snug fitting materials and shorter pant leg would be nicer to wear in the warming weather. The tops were totally different in that they were off the shoulder with wide round necklines. They had half-length sleeves and were cut with hems reaching just below his groin. Aaron complained that the sleeves were too short as they barely reached his elbow.

“No Aaron, they’re perfect. You need something casual to wear when you go out. Sometimes I can’t believe how much you complain when all I’m trying to do is improve your image.” Dora has a frown on her face. “You look dashing in those blue stretch pants and sand-colored top. The least you could do is say thank you.” She check her watch, scowling. “I’ve got to get back to the office,” she angrily said. “Come on, you need another pair of shoes.”

The shoes were again something Aaron would never get for himself. They were called ballet flats and were certainly comfortable, but completely emasculating.

For the remainder of the week, Aaron worked only half days, as the pain pills made him quite loopy. The remainder of his time was spent resting, often with his music player playing the soothing songs that the dentist had produced for him.

On Friday, Aaron had his first follow-up appointment with Dr. Hector. As Jaylen prepped him, bending low, exposing her blue satin bra, she mentioned how much she liked his complexion.

“Aaron, that was a great idea of yours to use concealer and foundation to cover up those bruises. It makes your skin look so clean and smooth. It wouldn’t be a bad idea for you to continue using it after the bruising goes away,” she said into his ear, sending thrills up and down his spine.

When the adjustment to his jaw was done, he complained that it felt stretched out.

“Is it normal that it feels like it is being pulled apart?” he asked.

“Absolutely normal,” Hector replied, “There’s nothing to worry about, that’s exactly how it *should* feel. We are shaping it into a new form — your jaw just isn’t used to it. But don’t worry, it will. Pretty soon it will feel right-as-rain.”

Aaron sighed. He hoped this was all worth it. “I hope so,” he lamented, “It’s just really uncomfortable right now.”

“I can give you a little something extra for that if you wish,” the dentist said, as he reached into his drawer and rummaged to find a small pill bottle, “Once a

day — twice on the first day — and we'll see how you are feeling next Friday, okay?"

Aaron took the little pill bottle and tried to remember what the fast-talking doctor had just told him: *One pill, twice a day for the first few days?* he wondered.



The following Monday, Aaron was surprised not seeing Dora in the office when he arrived. He heard Doc call out from behind her desk. "Great! You're here. Dora had a family emergency and will be away for some time. I don't want to hire someone new to take her place but I need a receptionist. So I've decided I want you to take her post. You'll get a slight raise and full time employment this way," the doctor informed him.

Aaron stood staring blankly for a moment letting what Doc had said sink in. His new supplemental drug regime had left him feeling exceptionally dazed. He blinked his eyes several times before finally replying "Bu... but what about my bookkeeping?"

"Oh that. Don't worry, my accountant can handle it for a few weeks. Hell, I pay him more than enough. He could probably do it all from now on if I wanted him to. I guess we'll see after Dora returns."

Aaron shrugged. He wasn't sure what he had just agreed to, but it didn't sound like he had been given much of an option.

"So we're good?" the doctor asked.

"I guess," Aaron replied.

"Excellent. I'm glad we got this settled. We have patients coming in shortly and I need to check their medical records," Doc said getting up. "I know you won't have any problems as I've seen you helping out Dora."

"Bu... but..." Aaron sputtered, once he realized what he had agreed to.

"No 'buts' my boy. I know you can handle things. Put Dora's smock on and get to it. That is of course, unless you want to wear one of her nurses' dresses. I think she left one in her locker," Doc stated waving his hand toward the pink smock.

Aaron grudgingly picked up the smock. It was made of nylon, had round puff short sleeves and a low rounded neckline. *I can't believe he actually wants me to wear this*, he thought. *I'll look the damn fool — but I guess it's better than one of her uniforms.*

After the clinic closed for the day, Doc called Aaron into his office. "Aaron with your promotion, I need you to sign off on these new employment forms.

Pretty much the same as the others but they reflect your new status. Your new salary will include an allowance for uniform and associated expenses, things like the salon and such. As the receptionist, I require either a proper nurses' uniform or the smock." Aaron felt a kind of shiver go through him. He couldn't believe this was the choice he had. "Also," the doctor continued, "you will have to look your best and I expect you to continue using concealer and foundation. I contacted the uniform shop. They will be delivering some options to you tomorrow. Now I have a lot to do, so sign here and I don't want to hear any arguments." He placed a pen in the young man's hand and pointed at the paper on his desk.

Aaron was going to make the obvious point that he was a guy and shouldn't have to wear a stupid girly smock. However upon seeing his new salary — it was far more than a 'slight' raise — he quit thinking about his complaints and signed the paper without any further thought. *I don't like it, but what the heck. I could really use the money*, he thought.

The next day, shortly after the clinic opened, Lily's Uniforms, the people who were contracted to provide uniforms for the office, delivered several boxes. Opening one, Aaron found five scrub tops. Two pink ones, one in lavender, another in baby blue and a third in purple. The next box contained a white starched nurses' styled top with flare-legged pants. The double-breasted blouse had short winged sleeves, wide lapels and buttoned with two large white buttons. Two smaller boxes contained shoes. Both were white leather but one had a three inch block heel the other a three inch gum-wedged heel.

"Oh my God!" he gasped. "This has to be a mistake. All this is for girls!"

When he showed Doc what Lily's sent, he was left flabbergasted by Dr. Angel's response. "Aaron, get over it," Doctor Angel sternly told him. "They sent exactly what I ordered. You know the kind of patients I serve. I can't have my receptionist looking all macho. So you will wear what I have ordered and that's that."

Aaron knew that if he didn't cooperate and was fired as a result, he would be homeless and practically destitute. He had nowhere to go. There was very little 'fight' left in him. "Yes Doc," he said, reluctantly.

"Why don't you nip up to your apartment and get changed into one of the new items, okay?" the doctor suggested.

Aaron agreed, heading straight to his bedroom to start trying things on. The scrubs were fairly standard, but it was the white uniform that he found to be most disconcerting. The top was fitted to his torso, snug around the waist, and flared a bit at the hips. The pants were slightly elastic and clung to his butt and upper legs before flaring out. Looking into the bathroom mirror he saw the pants' back seam digging into and separating his ass cheeks.