

ADULTS ONLY

20 illustrations

HER FOR THE HOLIDAYS

HOLIDAY TREATS #3

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack



TRANSGENDER
TALES OF

Transformation



J O E S I X P A C K

HER FOR THE HOLIDAYS

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



2022 eBook Edition

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HER FOR THE HOLIDAYS



“You’re fired! Clear out your desk!” Damon Spencer shouted to his long-time head of operations. “I want you out of the place in fifteen minutes!” He then stormed out of the office, fuming.

Behind him, his secretary shook her head. She lingered for a moment, her big eyes behind her big glasses looking around to make sure she could say what she needed to say.

“You’re not fired,” she said in a whisper. “Don’t worry about it.”

“I know,” the sweating executive replied.

The secretary looked embarrassed and continued on her way, trailing her boss. That was half her job it seemed, telling people they weren’t actually fired after Mr. Spencer fired someone.

“Can’t even do his fucking job without fucking over the the whole fucking department!” Damon continued on yelling, not caring who could hear him in the crowded office full of cubicles.

Damon Spencer ran the advertising firm of Spencer Liszt Associates with anger, manifesting itself as a relentless scorched-Earth attitude that incinerated anyone and everyone who dared get in his way. As the fastest-rising advertising firm in Los Angeles, he was driven to make sure it became #1 with the energy of a wolf defending his last morsel of food.

“You tell the whole fucking operations department that I want every fucking one of them to email me five fucking reasons why they shouldn’t be fired! Every fucking one of them, you got it?” He yelled at his secretary as they continued on, heading to his palatial office. “By two!”

“Yes sir,” his beleaguered secretary replied. She was very good at her job, and faithfully executed her boss’s commands, even if she felt like the office was about to burst into flames at any given moment. Her immense proficiency and capacity to endure limitless, degrading insults ensured that she had lasted longer than anyone else at this job — three weeks.

They burst into Damon Spencer’s office with all the grace of an express train off the rails. The secretary checked her tablet. “You have messages from McMillan Staffing about the unpaid payroll, Hargrove Real Estate about the expired lease, and from Jankman, Dyre & Vaile about the lawsuits.”

“Which ones?” Damon demanded to know as he sat in a huge leather office chair behind his glass desk that were both comically oversized.

“All of them. All fifty three.”



“Fuck!” Damon yelled even louder than before. “Can’t they fucking do their own fucking job?”

He looked up at the secretary, who had clenched every part of her body together.

“Why are you still here? You want someone to change your fucking bloody panties for you? Get back to your fucking desk and do some work for once!”

“Your mom also called.”

“Jesus fucking christ on a fucking...”

He punched a button on his phone. “Hello sweetie,” an old woman replied.

“Hi Mom,” Damon answered with a soft, loving tone. “I’m sorry I missed your call. I hope everything’s okay.” He covered the receiver and pointed at the door. “Get the fuck out, you donkey-faced cunt!” He yelled at his secretary. She quickly turned and dashed out. As she did, he talked to the phone once more. “I hope Dad didn’t get his hand stuck in the dryer vent again.”

“Oh no,” his mother replied with a kind, frail tone to her aged voice. “Your father learned his lesson after that happened the third time. Did I tell you about Old Man Kramer getting trapped on the roof of his garage? He was up there for three days...”

“Oh, wow,” he interrupted. “Listen, things are kinda crazy here, Mom. Busy day. Is there something urgent? Not to rush you or anything.”

“Well, I don’t want to keep you, honey. I know how much everyone depends on you to keep your little business going. You work so hard. Are you sure you shouldn’t hire someone on to help out more?”

Damon resisted the urge to tell her that he had 550 employees to “help out.” He had never really felt the need to inform her of the real scope of what he was doing, with \$2.3B in contracts for advertising and promotional services done every month.

“I know the Petersons have a boy who could do some paint work,” she continued. “Do you need anyone to do some painting? He did a fine job with our fence this year.”

“Well, painting isn’t something we have a lot of call for, but I’ll keep it in mind,” Damon replied, wrapping the phone cord around his fist seven times. “Was there anything I could...”

“I was just calling about the holidays,” his mother said. “Since you said you were coming up here for a visit. You know it’s been so long since we’ve even seen you, honey. It’ll be nice to have you around the house. And I know your sisters miss you...”

Damon searched his memory and remembered that he had made a very vague commitment to visit his family for Christmas, but had only done so with the idea that he would cancel at some point. He glanced at his calendar, revealing it to be November 27th. He had waited a bit too long.

“You know Mom, this is kind of is our busy season... People want to have end-of-year ROI reports and then comes New Years advertising budgets...”

His mother was even more excited, missing the attempt to cut her expectations short. “I know, and that’s why I’m so grateful you made the time this year. I’ve told everyone in my sewing circle that my big, successful son is coming home. And of course, brining his girlfriend.”

His mother, now 68, had been on his case about finding a “girlfriend” for decades. There were several women he’d hooked up with over the years, but that was just his lifestyle. The idea that he’d need or want a “girlfriend” was as quaint at the quilts his mother sent him every year.

Besides, he was a driven man, with no time for relationships and no patience to nurture a romance. He needed results, quick and fast. He’d never found anyone like that. All the women he’d ever met were either one-timers or women that needed massive upkeep. Then, there was his personal issues with women...

So a few years ago, he’d just started to claim he was in a long-term relationship. That seemed to satisfy his mother and kept her nagging to a minimum.

Over the years his lies had become more and more elaborate, to the point where he had even given his fictional partner a backstory and a history, sending some pictures from some random woman's instagram feed to prove her existence. It had worked beautifully.

"Well, you're not boasting, I hope."

"You are everything a proud mother wants to boast about, honey. Now, Damon..."

"Listen Mom, I'm as optimistic about getting away from work as I was when I made that promise... I mean... It's very busy here. Very busy."

There was silence on the other end of the line. Damon scowled on his end, knowing his mother was going to make this difficult.

"I understand..." She said, her voice almost too quiet to be heard. "I don't know what I'll tell your father... Or the ladies at the hairdresser..."

Damon had to throw out the thinnest of ropes for her. "Listen Mom, I'll see what I can do, okay? I just don't want you to get your hopes up."

There was even more silence.

"Honest Mom, I'll try as hard as I can, but I just can't guarantee I can make it. You understand, don't you?"

More silence.

"Mom?"

"I'll let you get back to work, honey. I'll say hello to your father and your sisters for you. You make sure you have enough to eat and get 8 hours of sleep, all right?"

"I will, Mom. Merry Christmas."

A very long pause. "Merry Christmas."

Damon put the phone down gently.

"Fucking passive aggressive bitch," he said. He then looked around the desk. "Where are my fucking messages?" he yelled loud enough to be heard through the walls.



"It looks like another cold winter," said Carl Liszt, who was resting in a very comfortable, plush red velvet chair. "There's frost in the hills."

"I couldn't take off my jacket when I left the bungalow this morning," Damon said. "I had to turn on the heater in the car for a few minutes. It's going to be a killer, that's for sure."

The lounge at 231 Chase Street was upscale, but only for other people. For Damon Spencer and Carl List, it was kind of a guilty pleasure, a hideaway from

their normal more haughty haunts. The place was lit dimly, and the spaces in between tables was enough to have private conversations.

“So why did you ask me here, Carl?” Damon said, taking a sip of the whisky he had been nursing for the past hour. “I would rather be at the office. After all, someone has to run our business.”

As co-founders of the Spencer Liszt Associates advertising agency, Carl and Damon were well acquainted, and while Carl was no longer involved with day-to-day business operations, he did retain controlling ownership in the company. Carl sipped his whisky and contemplated the glass when he was finished. “Our business is exactly what I’m worried about, Damon.”

“Profits are up, stock price is up, expansion is up, everything is going fine. Has that greedy wife of yours been whispering in your ear about getting a piece?”

“No, no,” Carl replied. “And Tiffany is not the type.”

“Bullshit,” Damon said.

“You don’t have a very high opinion of women, do you?”

“They’ve earned it.”

“I see. Damon, I just spent the last two hours talking your secretary out of suing the shit out of us.”

“She went over my head? She’s fired.”

“She’s not coming back. I just paid for her to take two weeks in Tahiti on the company. When she comes back, maybe she’ll reconsider suing you — and us — for abuse, wage theft, sexual harassment...”

“I never touched her!” Damon objected. “Okay, that one time, but that little slut was begging for it!”

Carl sat up straight in his chair. “Damon, we’ve known each other for a long time, and I know you operate red hot. You go all-in and go hard. But that has a downside.”

“Yeah, people can’t keep up.”

“You’re going to get this whole business shut down unless you can rein it in, Damon. We’ve settled a dozen lawsuits from former employees and contractors dealing with your behavior, and I’m sick of it. At some point, whatever you make for us is not enough to justify what you’re costing us.”

“I’m not changing the way I work, Carl.”

“What I want you to do is to take some time off. Just decompress.”

“Never. Things are too important right now. I’ve got too many projects going. Unless I can...”

“You have to make the time!” Carl insisted. “You either make the time, or you’re out of time. It’s that simple. No more lawsuits!”

Damon sighed. “So it’s come to this.”

“Damon, just step away for a few weeks. A month. Take December off. Go somewhere and get some perspective.” Carl held his drink up to the bar to signal for a refill. “You can do the things you need to be here for, that’s why they invented business jets. But for now, I want you to take the the month off.”

“Fuck that.”

“Let me rephrase that. You take a month off, or I’ll kick you to the curb.”

“You can’t.”

“I’ll hire however many lawyers I need to break our contract and buy you out.”

The two men didn’t look at each other. They just sat for a few moments and didn’t say anything.

“You might as well just kill me dead. This company is my heart and soul.”

“I was there with you on day one, Damon. I know how much we owe you. I don’t want to lose your genius and your energy. But if it goes on like this, it’ll end. One way or another, it’ll come to a crashing halt.”

“What do I have to do?”

“Just go. I don’t care where. Hawaii or the gates of hell. We’ll call if you’re needed. In January, we’ll talk more.”

“This is bullshit, and you know it, Carl.”

“Take the time, Damon. Who knows? Maybe Christmas can do you some good.”



“You asked to see me, sir?” said a gangly young man who had entered into Damon’s office. He was visibly shaking, having been abruptly called to see the head man in the office. He hadn’t even spoken to him before, and now here he was one on one with his rich and powerful boss.

“Hmmm... Larson is it?” Damon said, tapping a pencil eraser to his lips. “You’re the new intern, am I right?”

“Yes, sir. Chip. Chip Larson.”

“Mmmm-hmmm...” Damon squinted his eyes as he evaluated the young man. “I bet you look good in a dress.”

“Uh, I uh... Is that...” The young man stumbled for words. “I... Don’t know why... Are you asking me?”

“You’ve never put one on? Not even for laughs?” Damon asked.

“I don’t know what this has to do with my job...”

“Internship,” Damon corrected. “You don’t have a job here, per se, and not really subject to the usual rules about inappropriate behavior.”

“Maybe I should go,” Chip said.

“And give up 200,000 dollars?”

“Excuse me?”

“Chip, I have a proposal for you. If you accept, I’ll give you 200,000 dollars — and I can get you on here full time. How does that sound to you?”

“Well,” Chip couldn’t help but smile. “Who do I have to kill?”

“Oh, no. Nothing like that. In fact, It’s a vacation. Literally. A month long vacation.”

This was the perfect solution for Damon. He’d satisfy his nagging mother and nosy family enough that he had a real girlfriend and was spending time with the family, all while staying out of the office like he had been forced to.

“Is this something that’s... Legal?”

“Essentially,” Damon said. “So if you agree, I need you to sign something.”

“Agree to what?”

“Well, I can’t tell you until you sign.”

“How do I know what I’m signing?”

“You don’t.” He pushed a sheet of paper across his desk to meet the unsure young man. “200,000 dollars might be worth the risk.”

After contemplating it for a few moments, Chip picked up the paper.

“Do you need a pen?” Damon asked.

“I have one,” Chip took a pen from his pocket and signed his name. “So what did I just sign?”

“Non-disclosure agreement. I can’t have you repeating what I’m about to tell you.” He took the paper back, carefully folded it in thirds and placed it in a desk drawer.

“Just an NDA?”

“And a few other things,” the imposing older man said. He stood up and walked around to the corner of his desk and sat on it. “Now, the first thing we need to do is to get you to a friend of mine for a fitting...”

“Could you tell me what the heck this is all about first?”

“Right,” Damon said, gathering himself for a moment. “Well, I’ve been asked to take some time off. I’ve decided that my best course of action is to head back home. I owe my family some time, and I’m very eager to get them to stop pestering me. If I give them a month, we’ll be so sick of each other, I won’t have to go back for years.”



“So you’re going home for Christmas?”

“Yes. However... I kind of... Put myself in the corner a bit. I claimed I had a girlfriend, and... I don’t. So I need one for the trip.”

Chip was waiting for the follow-up to that sentence, the part where his boss explained what he was going to do to come up with a girlfriend, when he came to a sudden realization.

“No,” he said. “You don’t think... That...”

“For 200,000 dollars, a paid vacation and a new job, it really isn’t that much to ask, if you think about it.”

“I mean... I don’t...” Chip looked around, as if there was going to be someone in the area he could appeal to, to verify how bizarre this request was. “I’m a man.”

“Exactly.” Damon took a breath and then slapped his leg. “Chip, I don’t deal with women very well. I have... Issues.”

“Issues?”

“Issues with self-control. I haven’t had a serious relationship for fifteen years. I don’t think... being in the company of a desirable, attractive woman... is healthy for me. Or her, for that matter.”

Chip was trying to calculate everything, but he wasn’t fast enough for Damon’s patience. “So...”

“So I need someone I won’t be tempted by. A man in the place of a woman. It’s really the only solution that makes any sense.”

“Dude, are you crazy? I’m not doing that!” Chip replied, finally in possession of the facts, and dismayed by every one of them. “I mean, come on!”

“I’d hate to have to write a letter to your college detailing all the things you’ve been doing wrong here, Chip. They might just cancel your internship and take disciplinary action.”

“But I... I’m not doing anything wrong...” Chip then caught on. “You wouldn’t. Would you?”

“I give you a choice, Chip. Pretend to be my girlfriend for the next month, or I’ll get you thrown out whatever crappy little college internship program you came from.”

“No,” Chip said, without hesitation. “You’re out of your mind. I don’t care what happens.”

“You’d turn down \$200,000 and a job? Just like that?”

“Just like that. And I’m calling the police.”

“How about \$500,000?”

Chip turned away, afraid of whatever emotion he was about to display would betray him completely. He didn't need his boss to know just how greedy he could get, and how much he desperately wanted this cash. He'd strip naked and run down the street for a hundred bucks, and had done just that several times in college. For half a million he'd do just about anything, and enthusiastically, but he had to play it cool.

"It's more than just the money," he said. "I have family and friends to think about. Places to go, you know, social obligations. I can't disappear for a month."

"A million is as high as I can go, buddy," Damon said. He had no intent of ever paying this money, even though he had more than enough to cover it.

That was as far as Chip could push it. A million dollars. He couldn't risk losing this amazing, once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.

"I'll consider it," Chip said.

"Yes or no. Right now."

"What proof do I have that..."

"Yes or no."

Chip was feeling like the room was spinning. He was going to be a millionaire. That's all his brain could process. The rest of it? He'd deal with that later. Million. Dollars. Money. Rich. Now.

"Yes," Chip said.

Damon stood up again and shook Chip's hand. "Good man," he said. "Now, let's get some boobs on you."



Chip leapt out of his shoes when the pleasant little chime above the door went off. This was the most nervous he'd ever been. He had arrived at the "2Femme4U Makeover Services" salon, a place that offered male-to-female makeovers. He'd found the name of the place in a sketchy forum online, but it seemed to be a pretty straightforward business. It was in a strip mall in San Bernardino, right out in the open.

Damon had left the details of Chip's transition up to him to do on his own. He was free to do whatever he needed to do to impersonate a woman, but he only had a few days to do it. Getting professional help seemed like the only thing the young man could do with so little time.

"How can I help you?" Said a woman at the counter. At least, she was *probably* a woman, Chip thought. Almost for sure. Then he noticed she was well over six feet tall.

“Hi, I’m... Here for... Uh, a makeover, I guess?” Chip said, sounding unsure. He knew that was exactly why he was here, but he still couldn’t believe he was actually asking for it. “Unless you’re busy, I can come back.”

“You’re Mr. Smith?”

“That’s me?” Chip Larson said.

“Of course it is!” The woman replied, nonplussed. “Follow me behind the curtain, if you would,” she instructed. “Excited?”

“Oh. Yeah. Sure. So excited.”

“Don’t worry, hun. We’ve all had our first time.” She held the mauve-colored curtain for Chip to walk through, and it felt like a metaphor of some sort.

Behind the curtain were no mysteries, just racks of dresses, a salon chair and a wall of wigs. It smelled like lavender and bleach.

“I’m Lexi, by the way. I’ll be supervising your makeover.” She stretched her tall body past another curtain and stuck her head through it. “Mikki! Customer!” She shouted. “Mikki is our stylist,” Lexi explained to Chip. She clasped her hands together. “Now, do you have a femme name?”

“Holly?” Chip said. He checked his notes on his phone. “Yeah. Holly.”

He had been sent a short biography of “Holly Garland” the name Damon had made up for his fake girlfriend and given to his family. She was in her late twenties, grew up in Los Angeles, and was head over heels in love with Damon. It wasn’t much to go on, but in a way, he was grateful for that.

“Cute!” Lexi said with a smile. “And it suspiciously fits with the holidays!”

“Yeah, I guess it does. Hey, I think I left something in the car? No! At home. I’ll be right back.”

The experienced TG makeover clerk, held onto Chip’s belt to keep him from escaping. “Mikki!” Lexi called out again, louder.

A slam of a metal door was heard. “What’s your damage? I was on a break!” Yelled a raspy voice. “I could hear your bleating from...”

Mikki walked through the curtain with a cigarette dangling from her lips, and looked at Chip in mild shock.

“Who’s this?” She asked Lexi.

“A customer,” Lexi replied in a muted, frustrated voice. “Your ten o’clock.”

“I have a ten o’clock?” Mikki replied. She checked a very blank calendar behind her. “Holy shit.”

“I’m going to leave you in Mikki’s capable hands...” Lexi said to Chip, giving her co-worker a very stern expression. “But I’ll be back soon to check in, okay?”

Now alone with the stylist, Chip was feeling even more nervous than when he arrived.

“So get your butt in the chair,” Mikki said, walking to her supplies. She had every possible beauty item on an overcrowded table, and began to rummage through them. “What name do you want me to use? Want me to use your girl name? Most usually do.”

“Holly,” Chip said. He definitely didn’t want to leave his real name, and he needed to get used to people calling him ‘Holly.’

“Yeah, figures,” Mikki said. “So what’re you looking for? Night on the town? Sissy adventures? S&M? Fifties housewife? What’cha into?”

“I should go,” Chip said, getting up.

Mikki pushed him back down in the seat. “Sit your ass down. You think you’re the first nervous client I’ve had? Besides, no refunds.”

“I really do need to...”

“You need to sit down and take it like a man, okay?” She blocked any further attempts to escape. “Now what’s the look you want?”

Chip fidgeted for a few moments before resigning himself to his situation. He went back to his phone. “I need to look like this.” He displayed one of the dozen or so photos Damon had sent to his family, which he must have copied from some poor girl’s instagram feed. She was a fresh-faced and blonde, with a nice smile and a great taste in clothes, looking simple yet elegant.

“Like, this, huh? That’s a new fetish.” Mikki took the phone to compare the photo with Chip’s face. “I mean, we can get close. She’s got an entirely different bone structure.”

“I need to look *just* like her.”

“Not sure that’s something we can do here, princess.”

“It’s really important. it doesn’t matter what it costs.”

“All right, I know what to do. I’m gonna have to call in some outside help on this one.” She gave Chip his phone back. “There’s a clinic down the way. I know one of the nurses there, and we call them in for the... *Extreme* stuff... If you know what I mean. Fillers and that kind of thing. But it’s not cheap.”

“I understand. I’ll pay whatever it costs.” For a million dollars, it was a relatively thrifty investment. “Wait a minute. Are you talking needles?”

Vikki saw it coming and rested her knee on Chip’s lap. “Stay,” she commanded. “You want to look like this girl or not?”

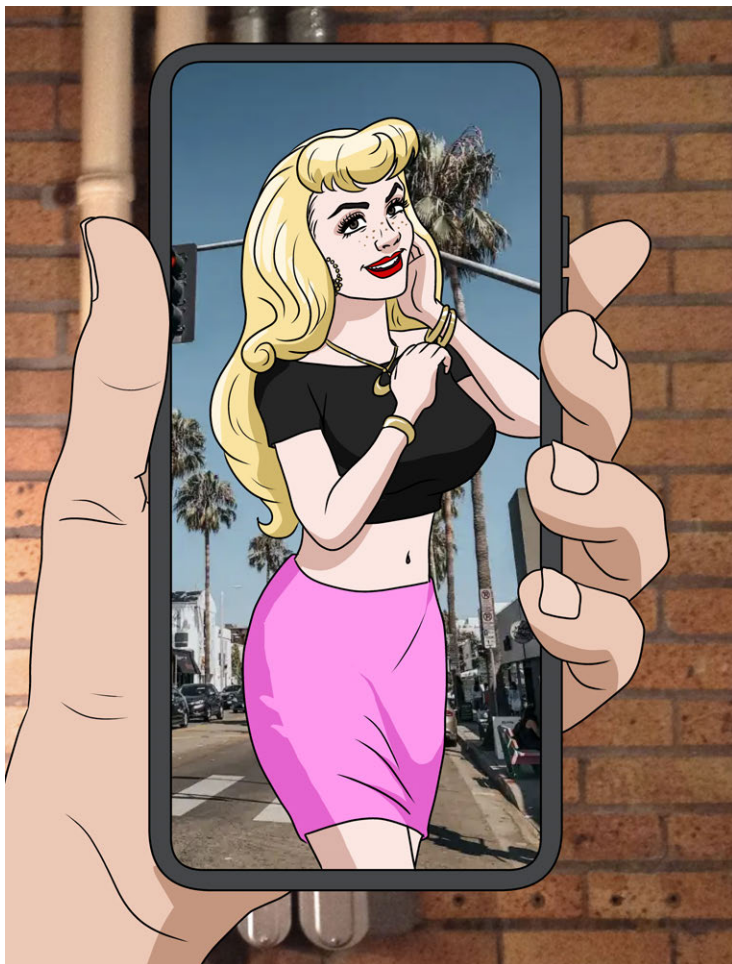
He didn’t like needles, and never had. Combined with the general creepiness of this entire escapade, he wanted out. He wanted out of this whole arrangement.

“You gonna be good? Or do I gotta tie you down? Because I’ve done that before. I’m very good with knots.”

“Fine,” Chip said, feeling a drip of sweat come down his brow.

“All righty then!” Mikki said. “Let me make a call. Meanwhile, take a look at what we got around here. Pick out some dresses and wigs you like.”

Chip gulped. This was the moment. He was actually going through with this. He was really going to dress up like a woman for the next month, and the full force of that reality — and the terror that came with it — was only hitting him just now.



As Mikki talked on her cell phone, Chip got up and walked over to the many, many racks of glitzy, shiny clothes that were meant for various kinks. He had to keep looking and looking, but eventually he found some items that were along the “simple and elegant” look he was going for.

He approached the wall of styrofoam heads with wigs on them, but as he did, Mikki waved him off. “Y’know what? Forget the wigs for now,” she said, as she covered the phone for a moment. She opened a drawer and picked out a black boned corset and tossed it at him. “Get started with this, okay?” She pointed to a changing booth, then returned to her call.

Chip held the corset, knowing perfectly well what it was, but unconvinced such a small thing could fit around his waist. He got his shirt off and gave it go, only just able to get it on at maximum expansion.

Finally, Mikki was done and came over to help. “It’s a bitch, ‘aint it?” She said, peering into the booth. “Hey Lexi!” She yelled. “Give us a hand in here!”

With the two of them pulling on the laces, Mikki and Lexi (mostly Lexi) got it tight around Chip's midsection, cutting him in half and killing him in the process. However, his condition quickly improved and he leaned against the wall, trying desperately to find some kind of air to fill his constricted lungs.

Lexi cracked her knuckles. "That's my favorite part," she said with a smile and then returned to the front of the small store.

"Keep tightening it, too. In a week or so, you can get it down another three or four inches."

"This is fine..." Chip said in a whisper.

"Okay, sports fans," said Mikki. "Next is the gaff, to flatten out that package you're smuggling in your pants. Now, I'm going to give you a page of instructions with helpful illustrations on how to do it, and that's all the help you're getting from me, you copy?" She was very serious. "I'm not helping you beyond that. I'm not paid enough."

She handed Chip a flesh-colored jockstrap-like garment with a sheet of steps. "Has this been washed?" He asked.

"At some point, sure," Mikki responded. "Get going, Tanya is going to be here in twenty to do your fillers on her lunch break." She pointed to the booth again.

The gaff was far less painful than the corset, but wearing it felt as awkward as a garment could make a man feel. He had to admit it did what it claimed to do, and with a pair of panties on, there was little to no trace of his manhood.

Oh, and he was also wearing a pair of panties. Not a particularly fancy pair, just ones that were meant for men, with padding to add curves to his angular butt.

Turning to the full-length mirror in the booth, he saw someone in between male and female. He had hips and a flat crotch, but no chest and hair all over. It was sort of like someone who had assembled a human in the dark.

"Ya done yet?" Mikki yelled.

Chip whimpered in dismay at his bizarre reflection.

"What was that?"

"Uh-huh," Chip replied.

"Well, come on out and share your beauty with the world," Mikki said, dryly.

Chip did just that, taking what were quite possibly the most timid steps he'd taken since he was learning to walk.

"Yeah, that's about what I was expecting," Mikki said. "God, you're so skinny. Girls like you can wear anything."

Chip looked down at himself again, curious to verify her comment. He was having trouble visualizing it.

“It’ll look better when we’re done,” the woman said, reading Chip’s mind. “Next step is to pick a good breast size for you. I think we’ll start with a DD-cup and work our way down from that.” She went over to a stack of plastic bins with “A,” “B,” “C,” “D,” “DD,” “E,” “EE” and “Grand Tetons” written on them.

The wigs caught Chip’s attention again. “Why didn’t you want me to pick a wig?”

“Well, if I’m not wrong, this isn’t a one-night thing, am I right?”

“I have to keep this up for a month,” Chip said, dejectedly.

“A month? Wow. Anyway, for sure you’re gonna need a long-term solution, and that’s going to be fusing extensions to your hair. It’ll look natural, it can be cared for like regular hair, and there’s no seam to cover up.” She grinned. “Plus you can wake up looking perfectly female, with no one the wiser, wink-wink, nudge-nudge.”

In short order, Mikki found a DD-cup bra and helped Chip try it on, slipping in some gel forms to fill it out. That was quickly rejected, due to it looking hilarious, and then they tried a D cup. But in true Goldilocks fashion, it was the smallest option, the C-cup, which both seemed pleased with.

“Lookin’ good, cupcake. Now try the dress.”

Chip had picked out a simple navy blue shirtwaist dress-type thing, but made of thicker flannel-like material.

“Good, I was wonderin’ if I’d ever get rid of that piece of crap shirtwaist...” Mikki corrected herself. “It looks great on you, though!”

A loud banging came from the metal door at the very back. “That’ll be Tanya. Get in the chair, all right?”

After introductions, Tanya, dressed in her clinic scrubs and wearing very thick glasses, examined the photos Chip provided of what he needed to look like.

“Is this gonna hurt?” He asked

“He’s a brave one, isn’t he?” Mikki commented to Tanya.

“It may pinch a little,” the nurse answered Chip.

The nurse then examined Chip’s face, using her practiced rubber-gloved hands. He much preferred Tanya’s clinical term of performing “face contouring” to Mikki’s “Shootin’ goop into yer face.”

The needle itself looked like it was designed to tranquilize a rhinoceros, with a needle bigger than a pencil. Chip whimpered again.

Inside of about fifteen minutes, the intern had a new, higher set of cheekbones, fuller lips and the bump in his nose had been smoothed out.

“I figger that’s as close as we’re gonna get,” Mikki said, comparing Chip’s face to the photos.



“It’s not perfect, but you’d have to really compare the two to notice,” Tanya agreed.

When Chip looked for himself, all he could see was redness and grossly swollen parts of his face.

“It’ll go down over the next few hours,” Tanya explained. “You can try an ice pack if it doesn’t go away fast enough.”

Chip paid the nurse out of pocket, sending \$1500 to her bank account. She reminded him that she was never there, and left quickly after fist-bumping Mikki.

“While we’re waiting on that,” Mikki said, “we need to get started on the hair extensions. That’ll take three or four hours.”

“That long?”

“Humans have a hundred thousand hairs on their head, and I’ve got to fuse at least five percent of those. So sit still and get comfortable.”

Two hours later, Mikki abruptly declared herself on a break and left, so Lexi came in and told Chip everything “looked like it was going great” and said that no one would even notice the horrible red swollen features of his face.

Explaining that Mikki was probably going to be about forty-five minutes on “break” she gave him a box of press-on nails to affix by himself to keep him busy.

Mikki returned, smelling of cigarettes and beer and got right back to work. “Hey, I forgot to ask, you wanted to be a blonde, right? Cuz I already did that.”

Chip couldn’t help but turn to look at his reflection and see his hair had been bleached and dyed a whole new color. “Oh God,” he said.

“I knew you’d like it. Matches that photo of yours perfectly. Kinda.”



Chip began to shiver uncontrollably, a natural reaction to having been changed into a different looking person for a crazy multi-millionaire boss to pass as his girlfriend for several weeks.

“Whoa there, hun,” Mikki said. “Can’t have you falling all to pieces on me. You want a beer?”

“N-n-n-n-no...” Chip replied.

“No one ever takes the beer,” Mikki said, dejectedly. “Just think of baseball or something, okay? That’ll take your mind off things. Remember it’s just a disguise and you’re gonna be okay.”

“I have to pee,” Chip said.

“Yeah, not in that gaff thing.”

“What?”

“It takes like ten minutes to undo and fifteen more to re-do. You gotta pick your moments. Besides, holding in your pee is just another part of the feminine experience.”

About an hour later, Mikki finally finished her work, and dropped herself down in a nearby chair. “That was one son of a bey-otch,” she said, going limp. “Hey Lexi!” She yelled.

“Are we all done in here?” Lexi said, returning from the front of the store. As soon as she saw Chip, she froze in her tracks. “Oh, Mikki, you’ve outdone yourself! I have to take pictures!”

“No pictures!” Chip said, alarmed.

“We’re very discreet,” Lexi replied. She got her phone out and started taking some snaps of the transformed man as he cringed. Then she stopped. “We haven’t even tried heels yet!” She said, appalled. Lexi marched over to a cabinet that was packed with heels of all kinds.

“We don’t really need to...” Chip said.

“Don’t need to? What self-respecting gender-bent woman doesn’t wear high heels at the very first opportunity?”

“But...”

“Don’t fight it, dude,” Mikki said, still limp in her chair.

“Size 7 mens, right?” Lexi asked. “And how high a heel are you comfortable in?”

“I really don’t know.”

“All right, we’ll start you off in a modest four-inch heel.” She carried a pair of basic black opera pumps back to Chip and lifted his feet for him as she put them on.

They sure didn’t look modest to the terrified young man in the dress, but soon enough, he was helped to his feet. He got the distinct feeling that Lexi was having way more fun with this than was healthy.

“Okay, now, short steps, heel-to-toe, and...” Before Lexi could even finish her sentence, Chip was falling over on his side and nearly taking a tumble.

“So let’s try three inches,” Lexi said as she helped a wobbly Chip back to the salon chair. A minute later, Chip was grabbing for the curtain to keep himself up as he tried to walk in the shorter heels.

He tried the two inch heels next, then one and a half inch heels, then 1-inch heels, then kitten heels and finally, he was back in the sneakers he came in. He tripped in those, too.

“I’ve never met anyone who couldn’t handle heels,” Lexi said, baffled by his inability to walk in anything.

“I’m kind of clumsy,” Chip explained.

Lexi looked almost angry with Chip, unable to enjoy the first steps of a transformed man in high heels, one of the true joys of her job. She looked him over from head to toe, and noted his hairy legs. “Mikki, give him a wax,” she said.

“Wax?” He asked as Lexi left, looking very displeased. Then he realized what she meant. “Wax?” He said to Mikki.

“It’ll only hurt for a moment,” Mikki said.

Chip was laid out on the fully-reclined salon chair as wax was slathered onto his legs, which at first he found relaxing and comforting. It seemed impossible to imagine that it might hurt all that much, but one swift yank from Mikki erased that notion completely, and made him regret being born. His high-pitch shriek was the most ladylike thing he had done all day.

Mikki picked up the bottles that had been knocked off her table from the sound waves coming from Chip’s scream, and then proceeded on with her task. After twenty or so rips of wax and twenty blood-curdling screams, she was half

done. So after another twenty yanks, Chip was rewarded with smooth, shiny, beet-red legs.

“You might get lucky and not have to re-do that until your month is up,” Mikki said. “Of course if you do, you can come right back here...”

“No!” Chip said. “I’ll be fine. Thank God that’s over.”

“Okay, well, that means we’re onto the last step of the big girly makeover, and that’s your face.” She added another cake of wax to the heated pot she had been using.

Chip looked at the new wax and then at Mikki, then back at the wax, then again at Mikki.

“Well, I can pluck the facial hairs out one by one, if you’d prefer that...”

By the time Mikki finally put the terrifying wax pot away, Chip had smooth legs, a pair of thin eyebrows, a very smooth chin, and trauma that would last a lifetime.

Mikki did his face up, at first a bit strong for Chip’s tastes. “I look like...”

“Yeah, sorry, I’m used to a certain type of client, not this simple and elegant look,” Mikki said to apologize. “Let’s start over, looking more like the little more girl next door instead of the RuPaul next door.”

On the second go, Mikki narrated what she was doing and did one side of his face, while she taught Chip how to do it for himself on the other side of his face. He was reluctantly thankful for the lessons, as he knew — much to his dread — that he’d need to know this in the days and weeks ahead.

When Lexi was called back in, she gushed at Chip’s appearance, even before he was able to see for himself. “It’s like you’re a whole new person!” Lexi said. She pulled him up from his chair and led him to a full-length mirror. “Finally, a woman at last!”

“At-at-at last...” Chip said, as he turned to see his full transformation laid out in front of him. What he saw was jarring. He didn’t see much of himself looking back at him. Even his own eyes seemed unfamiliar, behind the mascara and eyeliner.

His body looked, for the first time in his memory, normal. He wasn’t skinny and lanky as he had always seen himself. He was properly shaped and sized, but as a woman would be. What was skinny for a man was fit for a woman, and he was unprepared to see a normal looking person in his reflection.

That revelation was being twisted in his mind, as he looked normal, but at the same time, looked like a woman. A well-shaped, well-proportioned and feminine woman. It was like he was inside someone else’s body.

The long, blonde hair that was cascading from his scalp was so strange, he had to fight the urge to try and yank it off, like a parasite that had latched onto him. It was shiny, thick and almost glowed with light. The golden color changed the

entire complexion of his skin. Previously a bit pale, that same skin now looked healthier when framed by the lighter hair.

His face was no longer swollen and red, and with the makeup, looked pleasingly delicate and attractively presented. His lips were thick and luscious, his eyes dark and mysterious, his brows thin and curious.

He wasn't going to win any beauty contests, but at the same time, he looked nice enough to get asked for a phone number or a dance at the disco. Chip could easily see this woman walking down the street and catching the glances of every man around, and the occasional wolf-whistle.

"Welcome to the world, Holly!" Lexi said, bubbling over with enthusiasm, hugging him.

"Let them breathe, okay Lexi?" Mikki admonished her colleague. "Don't smother them."

"Sorry, I get so excited!" Lexi said, shaking her fists like maracas. She pulled out her phone to take more photos. "It's a dream come true, isn't it?" She asked as she snapped away.

"Sure, yeah..." Chip replied, trying to look happy with his transformation, instead of scared out of his sneakers. "Yaaay..." He added.

"Hey, I gotta bus to catch," Mikki told him as she put on a jacket. "We and some of our regulars have a get-together every Friday night to go club-hopping en femme. You know, for support and protection and stuff. You're welcome to come."

"You're a man?" Chip asked shocked.

Mikki shrugged. "If you wanna use that word, sure." She took a step back for one last look at her new work of art and gave an uncharacteristic smile. "You turned out well, girlie. See you around, okay?"

"Sure..." Chip answered, only now becoming aware of how deep this whole feminization escapade went. If Mikki could fool him all day, could he fool others as Holly?

Even if he didn't really want to?

"Yeah, I guess it's time to lock up for the night," Lexi said, retreating to the front counter. "I have the receipt when you're ready, hot stuff."

The faux woman who left the 2Femme4U shop had two bags with him, one filled with the padding, makeup and hair care products that would be used in the days ahead of him, and a bag full of his male clothes he had arrived in — a product of days gone by.

As he loaded his tiny little car, he resolved to be the very best driver there ever was for his trip home. There was no way he was going to get stopped looking like he did now.



“Merry Christmas, Holly Garland!” Lexi said to Chip as she locked the door of her shop.



“You fuckin’ shit stain! You need to get ready!” Damon yelled at Chip, who had just woken up.

Damon had appeared at the door of his meager apartment, unannounced and angry. It had only been a day since his makeover, but most of it had worn off on him, and even his perfect hair was now scraggly and unkempt. He just hadn’t had the courage to keep it looking nice, and in a way let it get out of sorts as away to convince himself that he was still himself.

Chip’s boss roughly pushed him aside to enter into his place, kicking aside the clutter Chip had let fall to his floor since last time he’d cleaned. “Well? Get dressed!”

“What?” Chip answered, fighting a yawn. “How did you know here I lived?”

“What, you think Spencer Liszt Associates doesn’t have your address?” He grabbed Chip by the shoulder to get him moving. “So get dressed up. Show what the fuck you look like as a woman.”

“Now?”

“Yeah, now! How much fucking time do you think I have? Get going!”

“This takes, like, an hour.”

“Already acting like a cunt,” Damon complained. “You have ten minutes. Go.” He then shoved Chip into the his bedroom.

“What the fuck, dude?”

“A million dollars isn’t just going to be just handed to you, you lazy fucking millennial!” Damon shouted. “You gotta earn it! And that’s only if I approve of what you look like. I’m gonna go get coffee and when I get back, I expect you to show me what you got, okay? Fuckin’ kid.” He then stormed out of the apartment, not even bothering to shut the door behind him.

When Damon returned, eight minutes later, he had a single coffee and was looking even more impatient. “Well?”

“I’m still working on it!” Chip replied as he let Damon in. “It takes more than ten minutes.”

“Jesus fucking christ,” Damon mumbled. “You look like a mess.”

“I just got started,” he said. He was dressed in the padded panty and had the gel-filled bra on, with his long hair covering half of his face. “It’s gonna take however long it takes.” He then returned to his bedroom and closed the door.

Damon looked around for a place to sit, appalled at how filthy everything looked. “I should pay my people more,” he said to himself. “Nah. Fuck ‘em.” He got his phone out and started replying to emails.

Twenty minutes later, Chip was ready. Actually, he had been ready for about five minutes, but he took a while to calm his nerves and tell himself this was all going to be worth it, in the end.

“Okay,” he said as he emerged from his bedroom in the same dress he had picked out at the makeover store. “Here’s what we came up with.”

“Why the fuck are you wearing sneakers?” Damon asked. “Forget that. You should have bigger tits.”

“What about my face?”

“What about it?”

“Is it okay?”

Damon looked in closer, like he was appraising the finish on a new car. He got his phone to compare Chip with the “Holly Garland” photos he had collected. He took his time before answering. “You don’t really look like her.”

“Well, I’m never going to look *exactly* like this woman...”

“Her teeth are whiter, she’s got freckles, her nose is smaller, and she’s got a slimmer jaw.”

“Is it going to work?”

“I don’t suppose I have much of a choice,” Damon replied. “You can wear a Covid mask. That’ll help.”

That was as much praise as he was going to get, Chip figured.

“So is it okay?”

“Yeah, this is what we got, so we’ll just have to fake it.” Damon headed for the door. He opened it, and started to leave. “Well?” He asked.

“Well what?” Chip replied.

“We’re going.”

“Going where?”

“To my mother’s place. Like I told you. Let’s go.”

“Now?” Chip replied. “Just... Right now?”

“Why the fuck did you think I came here? It’s time to go.”

“I need to... Get ready...”

“What, and pack your clothes? You haven’t got a fuckin’ thing. You’re not bringing any of your regular stuff, fucknut.”

“I got a *few* things...”

“Just throw them in a bag and get moving. The Gulfstream is should be just burning fuel on the runway by now.” He looked at his watch. “And we’re getting picked up when we land, and I can’t keep them fuckin’ waiting. So get your shit together.”

“Uh... Uh... Oh man...” Chip started to fly around his apartment looking for things. He did have a few items from the 2Femme4U salon that he needed to take with him, unless he wanted to be wearing the same shaping garments for a month. He also need his makeup and hair stuff.

“Come the fuck on, man! Let’s go!” Damon yelled when Chip’s preparation for a month away passed the twenty second mark. “What the fuck is taking so long? We got a plane waiting!”



The sign that whipped by the car read “Welcome to Chestnut Cove, The Original Christmas Town of Eastern Vermont.” Chip barely caught it.

It was the second hour of the flight when Chip was brave enough to ask where “home” was, exactly. Hidden in the profanity-laden insults Damon hauled at him, Chip learned that he had grown up in a small Vermont town. The plane landed in Montpelier, and waiting for him was a man named Ward Spencer.

“Perty, ain’t it?” Ward said from the driver’s seat of the 2001 Subaru he was driving. “Never get tired of coming back to this old town.”

Despite Chip shivering in the back seat, his knees knocking and teeth clattering, he had to admit it was a nice little town. Even the words “cozy” and “quaint” couldn’t even begin to cover how homey the town felt.

There were twinkling lights strung from the lampposts and wrapped around trees, wreaths on doors, poinsettias in every window, ornaments hung from the fir trees, and snowmen were smiling on every lawn. Golden tinsel, silver bells, red ribbons and pinecones were assembled into displays, with a foot of white snow on the ground and even thicker on every roof. Warm, inviting light came from inside the tiny homes refracted by icicles and frost in the windows.

It was a bit much, to be honest, thought Chip.

Chestnut Cove was also the diametric opposite of Damon, a hard-charging, driven man who specialized in making ad campaigns for sleek, ultra-modern cars and minimalistic modern clothing brands and had no time for embellishments and fanciful decor. Damon was man apparently without sentimentality, and this entire town was formed out of pure, undiluted sentiment.

“You okay back there, li’l lady?” Ward asked Chip.

“She’ll be fine,” Damon said from the front seat. “She’s a hearty kind of girl.”

Ward Spencer was married to Damon's mother, and had been since Damon lost his father at age 15. He'd passed away from a stroke, and his mother had remarried less than a year later, much to the son's disapproval. He'd only spent a couple of years living with Ward, and moved out to go to Yale as soon as he could, grateful to leave this passive-aggressive home-spun folksiness behind for good.

"Shame about the throat," Ward said looking back in the rear view mirror. Chip was wearing a medical mask, that served to hide his features, which didn't quite match the girl he was supposed to be. Damon had grown more and more anxious about Chip's appearance, buying the thickest one when they landed at a gift shop. He assured Chip that after a week or so of being known as "Holly Garland," no one would worry about any slight differences between the photos and Chip when he took the mask off.

The other garment Damon had bought for Chip was a warm scarf wrapped around his neck. Both implied he was sick, and helped excuse his lack of talking, which would have been hard to explain with a male voice coming out of a female body.

"She's perfectly fine. She just can't talk for a while," Damon replied.

"Probably the first time you've gotten a word in edgewise!" Ward said with a laugh and slapping his step-son on the leg.

"Yeah," Damon replied, coolly. "Sure is."

"And don't worry, we'll get you in some warm clothes, too," he said to Chip. "I think you're about Trudy's size."

The excuse for arriving without a stitch of clothing was that they "lost her luggage" despite being on a private plane where that kind of thing is virtually impossible. Ward bought the explanation anyway.

"You know you're wasting your life out there in L.A.," Ward said his step-son. "They just don't have heart out there. No one appreciates an honest day's work. Just a lot of tofu and plastic surgery. They think that..."

Damon cut him off. "I live there, Ward. I know what they think. I've lived there for twenty five years."

"Never understood why you moved out there in the first place," Ward replied. "For as long as I live..."

"I moved out there to get away from this sh... little town." Damon pulled back on the expletive. "Jesus, it makes me sick to my stomach. This is a prison, this town. No one ever leaves. People so wrapped up in their own little Hallmark fantasies about Christmas and small town living that they never even try to make something of themselves. I have one life to live, Ward, and I'm not wasting it in this cheaply-decorated toilet of a town!"