

ADULTS ONLY

85 pages 26 illustrations

THE PRINCESS CENTER

Story by Cheryl Lynn
Art by Secretagentmittens
Ink & Finish by Joe Six-Pack



TEENS
**Trans-
Formed**
TG



C H E R Y L L Y N N

***THE
PRINCESS
CENTER***

Story by Cheryl Lynn

Art by Secretagentmittens

Ink & Finish by Joe Six-Pack

A Teens Transformed story



2022 Digital Edition

Design & layout © 2022
Story © 2022 Cheryl Lynn
Illustrations © 2022 Secretagentmittens

All rights reserved.

The body text is printed in New Caledonia.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in or introduced into a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means (electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise), without the prior written permission of the copyright owner. All characters and situations are fictional.

Printed in the United States of America.

j6p@sixpacksite.com
www.sixpacksite.com

THE PRINCESS CENTER



In a mid-sized town, nestled in between rolling green hills and sparkling clear side-winding rivers, there lived two brothers. Alan and Jeffrey Davis were fraternal twins. Alan was jovial and well liked at school. He was slim with shoulder length sandy hair and sea blue eyes. Jeffrey, on the other hand, was the complete opposite. He took after his father, being husky with spiky dark brown hair and eyes.

From an early age Jeffrey was jealous of his brother, and as they grew older, that jealousy fermented into hatred. Alan always had pretty girls to date, and was always much more popular. Jeffrey had few friends, seldom dated but had a higher IQ. Jeffrey was book smart, but socially inept. Unfortunately, he blamed those social shortcomings on his brother. If Alan wasn't around, he reasoned, he would be dating those pretty girls, be the darling of the family and the pride of the school.

Every time Alan brought over a new and prettier date, Jeffrey's jealousy flared. Try as he might, Jeffrey had a very hard time talking to a girl — much less getting a date. The only girls he could go out with were the same sort of desperate souls like him. His parents didn't help cool Jeffrey's jealousy, commenting how pretty Alan's dates were, and then asking Jeffrey why he didn't date any pretty girls. Of course, they didn't say it exactly like that, but that's how Jeffrey took it. Making matters worse, Jeffrey believed that their parents loved Alan more. Seemingly always taking Alan's side in any of their numerous disagreements.

Their eighteenth birthday in April tripped Jeffrey's jealousy over the top into hatred. It was a small party, just a few friends. Like almost all of their prior birthdays, Jeffrey had few friends there. Alan, however, had four of his swim team friends plus Alice Davenport, head cheerleader and femme fatale of the school. The other guys didn't bother Jeffrey as much as the way Alice hung on every word Alan spoke. Jeffrey had had a major crush on Alice from the first time he saw her. Now, here she was, totally ignoring him and clinging to Alan like plastic wrap. It was more than he could bear. Alice was always meant to be his girl, he groused to himself, and now Alan had stolen her away. The flame of jealousy was burning hot as he left the room, not bothering to open presents or eat cake and ice cream.

Damn him! he thought, going to his room. *He only invited her to piss me off. He knows how much I like her. Well, that's the last straw. Enough is enough!*



He gets everything I deserve! I'm going to figure out a way to get you Alan, I swear it!

For the rest of that month, Jeffrey made revenge his private little project. He searched the internet looking for ways to exact justice. Most of the recommendations he found would wind up getting Jeffrey in legal trouble, if not jail. Extreme things like murder, hiring thugs to break bones, or other physical violence were things he didn't want anything to do with. Minor things like putting India ink into his coffee to turn his teeth black just weren't good enough either. He wanted something that would destroy Alan's relationship with Alice; yet, keep himself seemingly innocent. Once that happened, Jeffrey's inflated ego just knew Alice would be his.

Even after spending day after day trying to find the most delicious and satisfying kind of ultimate revenge he wanted, the answer to his quandary came by sheer accident. Jeffrey was looking at Craigslist for a graphic calculator he

wanted to buy when he came across a curious ad.

“The Princess Center has an opening for that special someone. Our Center specializes in total transformations. Using the very latest in scientific advancements to facilitate the transformation of a person both mentally and physically to find their inner princess.

We need a volunteer to test our radical new ideas. All fees are waived for the right person. If interested, contact us at 555-666-6666 or ThePrincessCenter.com.”

This is too perfect, Jeffrey thought. If it's anywhere close to what they're advertising, it just might be what I'm looking for.

Jeffrey checked out their web site and was surprised by what the center did. *Oh shit! This is so far out, he thought gleefully. They claim they can make anyone discover their feminine side. Even guys! Perfect! Alice certainly isn't into the kind of guy who anything less than all-man. She'd drop him so quick. Then I'll be all sympathetic, cozy up to her real good and then she'll be mine. This is precisely what I want! Got to download these forms now.*”

He worked on a response to that ad for over a week before he was satisfied. Most of that time was spent doing research to complete the questionnaire, which included a psychological profile test. Jeffrey had to make sure that profile satisfied transgender protocols.

Dear Princess Center:

My name is Alan Daren Davis and your advertisement on Craigslist sounds like the answer to my dreams. I just turned eighteen and male but I have always known that I'm a girly-girl on the inside. Everything from wearing delicate lingerie to makeup and boys. I've tried to deny these feelings but deep down I know it to be true. Until I saw your ad, I had no hope of achieving my deepest desires. Sometimes, I think death would be a better alternative. I've pretended to be all male, often dating pretty girly-girls, but only because I want to be like them.



I'm not macho by any means but have to pretend. I have dressed on occasion but realize I wouldn't make a convincing girl. Your ad however sounds promising and I am desperate. I have attached the required information including two recent photos, full body and face.

It has taken me awhile to answer your ad as I had to build up my courage. If it ever got out that I desperately want to be a girly-girl, my parents and friends would kill me. Please be discreet, otherwise I will vehemently deny everything. I would just die if this got out.

I would like to volunteer for your program. You've asked for a responsible adult. I know my parents would never support what I desperately want. This would be so much easier if I had their approval. If you accept me, contact my twin brother Jeffrey as the responsible adult. I really don't have the courage to do this on my own. He has my total confidence and the only person I can truly trust.

Jeffrey wasn't sure about that last part naming him the responsible adult but hit the enter key. "*Like they say, nothing ventured, nothing gained,*" he thought closing his laptop.



A few weeks later, Jeffrey received an e-mail from The Princess Center. He was both surprised and delighted when he opened it. He had almost written off any hope they would choose his letter.

Dear Mr. Jeffrey Davis,

We have received and reviewed Alan's request to volunteer to participate in our innovative program. We believe Alan would be a great test subject to prove our theories. However, it is most unusual not to have a parent involved. As you were named as the responsible party, we require proof of age (i.e. Driver's license) and more information about your home life and situation. Once we receive this, if satisfactory, we will contact you and set up an appointment.

Sincerely,

Dr. Candice Stockdale, Ph.D., M.D.

My God, I didn't expect this, he thought. "*It was just a crazy idea to begin with but now. Wow, I've got to finish this. Wow, wow, wow. If this works then I*

have a shot at getting Alice all for myself. But then, as he thought about the next steps he would have to take, he was nervous. *Shit! I forgot about them wanting to meet and valid ID showing we're eighteen. Got to do something about that meeting, too. Alan ain't about to go along with that. I'll have to force him — and I have no idea how to do it. I need help, but from where?*

Wracking his brain, Jeffrey was so preoccupied with his obsession, his parents thought he might be doing drugs. He didn't come down to eat dinner and his English teacher had sent a note that he had forgotten to do the last two assignments, which was practically unheard of for a diligent student like Jeffrey.

After two agonizing days of deep thought, Jeffrey came up with a solution to his problem. *Alan is supposed to be transgender in denial, he thought to himself. So, what if I start rummaging in mom's lingerie, and planting some in his room, along with other incriminating items. She cleans every day, so those are things she's bound to discover. Oh, and she'll have to find something other than her undies, too. Like, lingerie that looks well used. I'll need to make it look like he's been doing that for a long time. A thrift store or gabbing some from one of those used clothing donation boxes would work.*

He was pleased with what he had come up with, but there was more. *He's not that computer literate, so I can create some interesting hidden sites in his browsing history, too. Yes, enough evidence to make mom think he's transgender and gay.*

Still, he mused, I need more proof. Maybe I can get female hormones from a Canadian pharmacy. When Mom finds those, she'll go ballistic. That should do the trick. If I know my mom, once she gets something stuck in her head, she never gives up. Getting her to go along with my plan should work once she's convinced Alan is really hiding things from her. She'll practically drag him to that meeting, he thought.



Over the month of May, Jeffrey had done what was needed. At a thrift store, he purchased some lingerie, a skirt and blouse, and a pair of pumps. From a clothing box outside the grocery, stole other items. Most of the items he stuffed into a box and hid it in the back of Alan's closet. He managed to get access to Alan's laptop and added several transgender sites to his history, two gay sites and set up a fictitious social media account under the name of "GirlyGirl69." He bought several copies of "Playgirl" and made sure to leave a deposit on the center folds. The large bottle of purple pills from Canada would be the icing on the cake. Jeffrey even dissolved them in Alan's morning coffee every chance he got. The evidence would be overwhelming. All he needed was for his mother to

discover them. To ensure that happened, he told her Alan was doing weird stuff in his room and making strange noises.

Normally, Donna Davis never invaded the privacy of her children but odd things were going on. She was missing some of her favorite lingerie and Jeffrey said he thought Alan had been doing something weird when he thought no one home. Nothing specific, but enough to pique her curiosity. The boys were at their last day of school before summer break, so it was the perfect time to check out Alan's room.

I'll just tidy up a bit and check to see what new clothing he needs for the summer, she thought, to justify her snooping.

Making the bed she discovered a "Playgirl," a pair of her own yellow panties and red full slip under the mattress. The lingerie had worrisome stains and the inside of the magazine was disgusting. Her curiosity was turning to concern and anger as she probed deeper. It didn't take her long to find the hidden box and the pills.

It horrified her. Alan was the pride of the family, the boy she and her husband dreamt of having. He was so manly, so strong, so charming. She had sacrificed so much of her life, devoted to raising him the right way. He even had found the perfect girlfriend in Alice Davenport.

Alice was the girl Donna had always wished she could call her own daughter, perfect in nearly every way. She felt just as close a bond to Alice as she felt to her own children. She had cherished every moment she could spend with Alice, inviting her to dinner at every opportunity and inviting her on family vacations. Alice was a light in her life, second only to Alan.

Yet now it was clear that Alan wasn't the man she thought he was. He was indulging in disgusting sexual fantasies... He was rejecting the gifts he had been given, love, family, a blessed life. He was rejecting her dear Alice. He was a sexual



deviant. Her own son.

She put everything back where she found it and stomped out of the room.



The last bell of the day chimed and kids rushed out of school looking forward to summer vacation. Alan, as usual, met with Alice and drove her home. Jeffrey, as normal, just went home. When he arrived, he found his mother at the kitchen table, tapping her nails, looking agitated and drinking a glass of wine.

Seeing Jeffrey, demanded, “Where’s your brother?”

“I dunno,” he replied. “Why? Is something wrong?”

“Yeah, he has plenty to explain,” she spat.

She must have finally checked out Alan’s room and looks angry enough to bite Alan’s head off, he thought. “Did you find out what Alan been doing?: He couldn’t help but ask. “Come on, tell me. I have a good idea what you found, but I didn’t want to tell you before you did.”

Donna gave him a sharp glance, and let out a sigh. “Tell me what you think?”

“Well, I’m guessing you found his stash of girlie stuff. Right? I’ve known about it for some time but didn’t want to worry you and dad. He’s got to be mental you know. Weird, maybe even a pervert. That’s what I thought anyway, until I did some research. I think Alan is transgender.”

The look oh his mother’s face was enough to let Jeffrey know she wasn’t going to reject his suggestions. She was a little lost to explain what she had found, and was ready to grab onto any answer.

Donna could feel it all coming apart. The deception from her very own son, Alan — her pride and joy — was devastating down to her soul. She had he dreams of seeing him married, raising his own family, being the son she had always dreamed he could be. These dreams were now being torn away from her, ripped from her heart. She was losing Alice, too, the girl she would have called “daughter” when she married her Alan, as everyone knew they would. She had already pictured her daughter-in-law dropping by for shopping, planning birthday parties, spending holidays together, being the daughter she had always wanted.

Now it was being stolen from her. Stolen by the deception and sexual depravity of her beloved Alan. She was angry. Angry and vengeful.

Jeffery could see the hatred in his mother’s eyes. Now was the moment to strike. “You really need to check out this place I discovered called The Princess Center. There’re recognized experts. You really should talk to them before you

raise hell with Alan. According to them, transgender is an innate thing, something he was born with. He's not a pervert, just confused. According to The Princess Center, confronting Alan right now might make him go suicidal. You really ought to contact them before you confront Alan. I know we're not close, but he is my brother, and I don't want him to try and kill himself."

"Okay, I'm too upset at the moment anyway," Donna said. "I'll do what you suggest. So, tell me how to contact these people," she agreed.

"It's up in my room. I'll get it," he replied. "*Got to send an e-mail to the clinic right now,*" he thought.

"Dr. Stockdale: Mother has discovered Alan's secret and very upset. Hopefully you can arrange to meet her ASAP and ease her worries. Her name is Donna and should be contacting you shortly. I've convinced her to do nothing until she talks to you," satisfied with that sent the e-mail.



The next day, Donna was sitting nervously in Dr. Stockdale's plush office. The building was just outside the city limits and had once been a small hospital. The Princess Center had modernized it, added security locks to all patient rooms and made several other changes specific to their needs. Dr. Stockdale was in her mid-fifties, with graying blond hair in a tight bun on top, wearing black slacks, and a white Doctor's jacket over a pink cotton blouse. A pair of reading glasses perched on her nose.

"Like I said Doctor, this came as a shock. Alan has always been so... so manly. I just don't understand what I discovered. The clothing and... and this... this *disgusting* thing," Donna said handing the "Playgirl" over to the doctor.

"On top of that, I found these... these *pills*. They're female hormones and it looks like he's been taking them!" She put the half-empty bottle on the desk.

Flipping through the pages, Candice opened the centerfold, grimaced and closed the magazine, then tossed it to the side. "I see why you are here," she said, examining the bottle.

"I was ready to give him holy hell when I found all that but his brother, Jeffrey convinced me to contact you first," Donna said. "I find it both upsetting and sick — perverted if you will."

"No, certainly not a perversion," Candice said. "More likely, Alan is a classic case of stage 1 denial and self-medicating. That's very dangerous without physician oversight. What you discovered indicates he is transgender and confirms our psyche profile he filled out. If you had acted then, he may have hurt himself or worse. So, I'm happy you came to The Princess Center first. It just so

happens I'm familiar with Alan. He applied to our ad on Craigslist requesting volunteers. In his application, Alan mentioned his fear that you and your husband would take drastic action if you found out. So fearful, he asked that his brother Jeffrey be the responsible adult."

"He contacted you? He volunteered? What did he volunteer to do?" Donna gasped as she reacted to this shocking information — missing the comment about Jeffrey.

"Here at The Princess Center we are testing theories about human sexual behavior and development," the doctor said, handing over the Center's brochure. "Consider us a one-stop shopping experience. We handle everything from the medical to psychiatric problems. We also make it easier for the child to blend in without traumatic results. We do this by using minor medical and cosmetic changes as well as learned behavior."

As the doctor spoke, Donna opened up the lavishly illustrated brochure and flipped through it. It looked nice enough, at least if the pictures were anything to go by. It was probably quite pricey.

"Additionally," the doctor continued, "we do all the legal work to correct all federal and state records. Under normal circumstances, we don't share privileged information, but since you're Alan's mother, this is his application volunteering to enter our program." She handed over a printout of the letter Jeffrey had sent in Alan's name. "It will be most informative for you Donna. He was quite sincere in asking for our help and these pills prove it."

Silently, Donna read through the letter, a look of anguish and pain coming to her face as she progressed. "Oh my lord! Well, I never! Doctor, I never would have guessed. Contrary to what he says, I love my children and only want what is best for them. I just wish he would have come to me. However, your services



sound awfully expensive. We couldn't possibly afford it," Donna replied clutching the letter to her chest.

"Our theories are radical and new, Donna, that's why we placed the ad. We would like to take Alan on. Reviewing his application, Alan was chosen specifically because he appears all male; yet, desires to be all-girl. You will note in his application the sex with boys' question near the bottom. When it comes to sex, he was very emphatic. When asked to rate on a scale of 1 to 10 what he prefers answered 10 to oral, anal and vaginal — with exclamation points, no less. These types of individuals are the ones who struggle throughout their lives. They are the ones with the highest suicide rates. We only want to help and prevent such tragic losses. Based on this application, we have to act now before he does something stupid."

Candice leaned forward and gave the concerned mother a reassuring smile. "If you agree, then there will be no cost for our services. There are a few things you need to consider. I understand Alan will be a senior next year. We recommend that his age be reversed one year and re-enter school in the junior year instead. This will give her more time to adjust and assimilate. If you agree, I promise you when she leaves here and I do mean *she* will be a typical 17-year-old teenaged girl. If you want our help, here are some legal documents I need to begin the process." Candice passed over a number of pages.

"You will note that the first document is for a legal name change. Have you thought of one you would like?" Candice asked.

"No, not really but I think... errr... if Alan had been a girl, my husband would have named her Ann Marie," Donna replied. After scanning more of the legal papers, Donna paused. "Why do you want these powers of attorney? That seems a bit much," Donna asked.

"Our services involve proprietary matters that have not yet been legally protected. That's another reason we need volunteers. Having the medical authority and power of attorney will provide us protection, and you won't have to sign a multitude of authorizations. It will save both of us a lot of time. The final document is a release allowing us to use photographic and medical information of the transformation. Don't worry about that, we'll conceal his real identity."

The doctor knew she had already won the woman over, but she needed to be a little more specific. "Let me explain our program. We use a three-phase approach. First, we make her physical appearance match the ideal image in her mind. We do this with minor surgical procedures and cosmetic enhancements. All of which would require your authorization. It would be helpful if you have a picture of someone we could use as a reference point. Maybe a family member?"

Hearing that, Donna shivered, realizing the opportunity before her. “Ah, yes, I have several on my phone. Here, let me show you,” she replied. She had taken so many photos of Alice, it was almost embarrassing, but she knew exactly the kind of girl she wanted as a daughter. Alice Davenport.

“Great. Now, if you could you e-mail them to me. They will provide a very good reference point. Now let me continue. Phase two occurs while phase one is operational. We begin integrating various feminine traits, actions and behaviors that every girl that age has already learned. Finally, the third phase — and I will try to be tactful — is where we ingrain, shall I say, accepting and actually desiring the correct sexual orientation. Seeing what was in that “Playgirl,” I don’t think this will be that difficult.”

“It’s all so new to me,” Donna said. “I can’t even believe he really wants this. My Allan has always been so manly.”

“That’s another thing. You’ll want to start thinking of *her* as your *daughter*. Try to visualize all the fun things you can do together. Once we begin, there is no going back. What we do is permanent. We will start the legal process immediately. First thing Monday bring Ann Marie here without saying why. Also bring all the clothing you found and we will have a feminine intervention. I will keep the pills and “Playgirl” as the final evidence in our intervention. If he proves belligerent, I’ll run a blood test. Finding evidence of high estrogen levels in his system will be impossible for him to explain or deny.”

“Blood tests?” Donna said, “I don’t know if he’ll let that happen. Is it really necessary?”

“This intervention will be a complete surprise and Alan will protest. Perhaps violently, denying everything — and is to be expected. Remember how scared he was of you finding out. You must stand firm in your resolve; otherwise, he could run away and harm himself. He was very open and honest expressing his inner most desires to us but we’re strangers. Having to admit them to you though is different. He hasn’t had time preparing to open up to you and he will deny everything despite the proof. Be prepared for that then we can admit him to our program. Once we start, you or your husband cannot intervene or visit. That will only result in causing a major disruption in his progress. Maybe to the point where we have to start all over from scratch. That’s the reason for the restraining order I need you to also sign. The clinic will keep you informed frequently via e-mail and video of Ann Marie’s progress.” The doctor leaned back in her chair. “Unless you have any further questions, I think we have covered everything,” Candice said, concluding the meeting.

“I can see from his application, the evidence, and what you’ve told me, my baby has some serious issues. I only want what’s best.” The mother took a deep breath and sat up straight. “Very well Doctor, we’ll be here first thing Monday.”

Donna took a moment, but signed the documents with conviction. *I only hope that I'm not making a mistake*, she thought, as she stood up to leave.

“Oh, one other thing Donna,” Dr. Stockdale said. “Have you mentioned any of this to your husband?”

“Not yet,” Donna replied.

“Good. Please don't say anything to him about this yet. Men usually take such news as an assault on their own masculinity. He could very easily disrupt what we have planned. Delaying what your new daughter so desperately needs. Worse, an unreasonable father is potentially dangerous to your family. Alan could go suicidal should that happen,” Dr. Stockdale warned.



“Mom, what are we doing here?” Alan said as she parked. “The Princess Center? Are you sick or something? What's with the bag?”

“No, dear, but come along I... err... I have a routine appointment that's all,” she replied trying to keep the tears from falling.

What's with Mom? he thought as they walked up to the receptionist desk. *She's been acting strange for the past couple days. Routine appointment she says but why is she bringing that overnight case? The Princess Center. Never heard of it but looks like a woman's hospital. Now she really has me worried. She should have Dad here with her, not me.*

“Hi, I'm Donna Davis and have an appointment this morning,” she said.

“Yes, Dr. Stockdale is ready for you in conference room 1. Right down the hall on the left, first door on the right, Mrs. Davis,” the young woman replied.

If Alan was confused before, when he entered the conference room, he was even more so. Sitting at the head of the table was a woman wearing a doctor's coat with an upturned magazine and medicine bottle in front of her. Two burly men in blue scrubs were standing just inside the entryway.

“Welcome Donna — and so nice to finally meet you, Alan. Please have a seat Donna,” the doctor said waving to a nearby chair. “Tom, Peter you know what to do.”

Before Alan could react, the two men descended on him and quickly had a strait jacket on Alan. Secured, they sat him down, facing his mother. He wasn't quiet, yelling and screaming the entire time until one of the men placed a gag in his mouth, silencing him.

“If you will just calm down Alan, I'll explain everything,” Doctor Stockdale began. “You are here because we care greatly about your wellbeing. This is an

intervention regarding your transgender desires. We know all about your desires to become a young woman and support your wishes. Shaking your head in denial is not an option. Donna, will you show us what you discovered in Alan's room?"

Alan's eyes widened as lingerie and other women's garments spilled out on the table top. "I found most of this hidden back inside your closet. The red slip, my yellow panties and a "Playgirl" magazine under your mattress. It was obvious you've used them from the... the stains," Donna said, holding back the tears.

Alan was shaking and shaking his head 'no' at what his mother said. He was desperate to defend himself but the gag denied that. "What the hell!" He thought. "I've never seen that stuff before. She wouldn't lie about finding it though. Shit! I bet it was that jack off brother of mine. Damn! Take this gag off and let me say something." He tried to yell, but was only able to make a muffled moan.

"Do you deny submitting this application to volunteer for our femenization program?" the doctor added placing the form in front of him.

What? I never saw this before much less filled any of that BS out, he thought, shaking his 'no' even harder.

"You indicated on that application your deepest desire was to become a girly-girl. That you loved the clothing and everything about being a girl *including* having a boyfriend," she added shoving the opened "Playgirl" to the sticky center fold before him.

Oh my gawd! he thought. This is insane! I didn't do any of this much less want to be a girl, and worse, getting a boyfriend?

"Now for the final proof. Have you been taking these female hormones? They were found in your closet," she asked pushing the pills in front of him.

"I see you shaking your head no. Well, if you promise to behave and sit quietly, I'll have that jacket off and we'll do a blood test. If it comes back with no elevated estrogen levels, it will prove you haven't taken them," she added.

"Bout time, they're not going to find anything like that in me," he thought, nodding his head yes. *"Maybe then they will believe me when I tell them this is all bullshit,"*

"Tom, would you please remove the restraints but leave the gag for now," Dr. Stockdale ordered. "Peter, get a blood sample to the lab. Tell them I need the results stat."

Alan wasn't the only one squirming in his seat. Donna looked apprehensive as well. For a few moments he thought about running but Tom was standing right behind him. His fight or flight instincts were in full flame but knew neither



were possible. In any case, once they removed the gag he was definitely going to give them a piece of his mind. The very idea was so outrageous, so crazy he found it hard to believe anyone would believe it especially his mother.

“Jeffrey, you SOB!” he thought, as they waited. *“You had to be behind all this and I’m going to get you. I’ll beat the hell out of you until you tell them the truth, so help me... Brother.”*

It wasn't long before Peter came back with the lab results which he gave to the doctor. As she looked it over, she frowned and handed it to his mother. Alan watched as his mother's eyes widened and that worried him.

"Alan," Dr. Stockdale spoke, "Your estrogen levels are very high which tells me you *have* been taking these meds. Have you any idea of just how dangerous it is to do that without a doctor's oversight? Well, the proof is in the pudding as they say." He turned away. "Mrs. Davis, I think this intervention has gone on long enough. If you agree, I'll go ahead and admit Ann Marie now."

"*What the fuck!*" his mind screamed as he jumped up making the chair clatter to the floor. "I haven't taken any of those damn pills!" He shouted. "Take this gag off so I can at least defend myself!"

As soon as he jumped, strong arms grabbed him, pulling his arms behind and in a full nelson. Alan was beyond furious, kicking and trying to break the hold. He didn't feel the needle go into his arm but the sedative was quick acting.

"Calm down, Anne Marie," the doctor commanded.

"Ann Marie?" Alan asked, "Who's she?" It was the last thought he had before he blacked out.



Alan's eyes fluttered open. He was weak, and his mouth felt like it was stuffed with cotton. Coming fully awake, looking around, he saw mostly pink. The sheets were a bright pink, the walls painted a powder pink and the ceiling eggshell white. The French Provincial furnishings were enameled in bright white with gold piping. There were no windows. He thought he might be near the ocean as he could faintly hear it. Then discovered the earbuds in his ears.

"Where am I and what the hell is going on?" he croaked. He became frantic, pulling the earphones off.

As he sat up, the sheets fell away revealing what he was wearing. It was a pale rose nylon and chiffon baby doll nightie. Twin satin straps hung loosely off his right shoulder. The lace trimmed bodice had a round collar and a bright red satin sash was tied into a large bow just below the bust. The skirt was double layered with a blush pink chiffon pleated outer and a rose nylon underskirt. Seeing this, Alan burst into tears remembering the recent meeting.

"Oh Mom, how could you," he moaned getting out of bed.

Alan rushed over to the door and grabbed the knob. It didn't turn and was obviously locked. Giving up, he saw another door and opened it. It led into a pink and white tiled bathroom. It was a typical bathroom, except there was no shower. Instead, there was a jacuzzi-styled pink enameled tub. Feeling the



need to relieve himself, he went to the commode. Reaching down, he tried to lift the seat but it didn't move.

“*Crap!*” he thought turning around and pulling his panties down.

“What the hell!” he shouted as he positioned his penis.

He was in shock, seeing that his thick pubic patch had been reshaped into a small heart just above the base. It had also been dyed what he later found out to be a ginger blond. He ran his fingers over it, finding the short hairs soft. Then he noticed his legs. Once hairy and masculine looking, they were now smooth and feminine.

What else have they done to me? he thought, finishing up.

He quickly found out when he went to wash his hands. The mirror revealed that his hair had been styled into a girlish pixie and dyed the same color as his pubes. Not only that, but his ears had been pierced twice in each lobe with pink keepers. He also noticed a gold choker about two inches wide around his neck. There was a black plastic box with a small green LED centered on the choker.

“No, no! How could they do this to me? I don’t want this,” he groaned.

“I think that style suits you for now, Ann Marie,” Dr. Stockdale said from the doorway.

“You *bitch!*” Alan screamed and rushed her, intending major bodily harm.

He didn’t get more than two steps before he fell to the tiled floor in agony, clutching at his throat. “I... I can... can’t breathe an... and it burns,” he gasped.

“Behave!” she said, removing her finger from the small white remote.

Immediately the gold choker relaxed which allowed Allan to take a deep breath. “Wha... What did you do?” he asked, getting on his hands and knees, but still gasping.

“Just one of our proprietary technical advances,” she said. “It’s similar to those dog collars used to stop barking. We developed a material that shrinks, cutting off airflow when an electrical charge is applied.” She walked closer to Alan’s writhing figure, confident that she was under no physical threat. “It uses a small watch battery and receiver, and we find much more effective than a painful shock. It’s quite effective at controlling a person, you’ll find.”

She reached in her pocket, and Alan felt the tension releasing, allowing him to breathe once again. As he gasped and wheezed, Dr. Stockdale walked back to the door. “It also incorporates a laser device that will change your voice, making it higher pitched over time. It very slowly alters your vocal cords with light.” She rested her hand on the doorway. “Oh, one other thing, the more you yell and scream, the quicker the voice changer works. You keep using that loud voice of yours, and you’ll soon be talking like a little girl.”

Casually strolling through the exit, she called back to Alan, still on the floor of the bathroom. “If you’ve finished in there, get back into bed where we’ll continue this discussion,” turning and leaving.

Alan found his feet, and leaned against the doorway. He could see the doctor patiently standing beside the elegant pink-sheeted bed. “Any time,” she said.

“No,” Alan said, his only thought was to be defiant.

“Do you enjoy suffocation?” the doctor replied.

Once back in bed, Alan pulled the sheet up to his neck, embarrassed by the way he was dressed. “Why?” he said, “I don’t want any of this.”

“As you’ve probably already discovered, this is a very secure room — and under both audio and visual surveillance at all times.” The doctor began to slowly walk around the bed. “Before we begin your training, we performed a detailed physical examination, blood work, CAT scan you get the idea. We found in addition to your high estrogen levels, low testosterone, and a low sperm count. Otherwise, all the results were normal. The only way to explain that kind of

result is the consumption of female hormones and androgen blockers. Do you still insist you're not transgendered?"

"Of course!" he loudly replied. "I'm not that thing... Transgendered! I never took any damn pills! I don't want to be a girl, I never have and never will!" He then felt a slight burning sensation on his throat. "*Shit! I forgot about this damn collar,*" he thought.

"Such vehemence in your reply only reinforces that you're in deep denial of your true yearnings," the doctor said.

"You're not listening to me!" Alan yelled, with difficulty. "I don't want to be here! You have no right to do this! If you do anything more to me, I'll call the police!"

"The police are not going to help you now," the doctor said. "As far as what we have done, it really isn't that much, just some cosmetic adjustments. We styled and dyed your hair using a henna dye, ginger blond to be exact. We trimmed and dyed your pubic area, and using our proprietary methods we removed all your other body hair. Just think how cute your boyfriends will find that little heart."

Alan was fuming, but that collar he was wearing was keeping him from fully expressing it.

"You should be happy we used a natural dye like henna," Dr. Stockdale continued. "No harsh blistering chemicals or ammonia smells. It works like a varnish over your natural hair color rather than chemically changing it. Of course, it will gradually fade over four to six weeks, but it's much healthier for your hair."

"Yeah, great, thanks," Alan said, under his breath. "Now that you've had your fun, let me go."

"Oh, we're just getting started!" The doctor leaned in to look at Alan's head. "Other than piercing your ears, we implanted hormones into your inner thigh. Unlike those pills you were taking, these release a combination of female hormones in a graduated continuous dose over one year. Once you have completed our program, you can be assured that you will be the girly-girl of your dreams. Despite your denials, Ann Marie, welcome to your new life."

Alan reached down under the sheets to feel for the incision in his thigh. It was definitely there. "You mutilated my body! I didn't consent to any procedures!"

"You don't have to. Your mother gave me all the consent I needed."

"I don't want to be a girl!"

"And I don't care."

Alan didn't have any response to that. For the first time, he was thinking he wasn't going to get out of this so easily.

"We begin your training in earnest first thing tomorrow," Dr. Stockdale replied. "You'll find clothing in the closet and bureau should you desire to change. Get familiar with your new surroundings. You'll be here for the summer – At least."

"The entire summer!" he gasped as tears began to build up in his eyes. "Damn, I even cry like a silly girl," he thought.



Alan stayed in bed until he could get his tears under control. The doctor had left with nothing more than a clinical, cold glance at him, not a bit of sympathy or comfort to be found in her expression.

Ashamed of what he was wearing, Alan reluctantly decided to find some real clothes to put on. "I hope there is something manly to wear. I feel so stupid wearing this," he mumbled getting out of bed.

To his dismay, the closet only contained dresses, skirts, blouses, women's shoes and assorted accessories. Looking at it all, he felt his stomach turn. He grabbed a pair of Keds Champion Oxford shoes in pale peach deciding they were the manliest of his choices. They were also the only ones without some kind of high heel. The large elegant bureau was disappointing as well. Most of the drawers contained what he assumed was underwear, much of which he had no idea of their intended purpose. All the panties were of nylon or satin with lace and none in cotton. He reluctantly chose a pair of pale pink full cut briefs with a white lace waist band.

In the bottom two drawers he found some more acceptable choices. There was an assortment of shorts and tees, clothes he was at least familiar with. Examining the shorts, all of were very feminine short-shorts or nylon flare legged. Selecting a pair in blue denim, he held them up for examination.

"Alice had worn something like these," he thought. "I think she called them Daisy Dukes but these have white lace on the legs. I can't wear this."

Searching some more, he pulled out a pair of ivory "pants" and a sunshine yellow capped sleeved tee. The pants were actually a pair of Capris.

"I don't like these either but at least they have something close to legs," he thought, taking everything over to the bed.

After removing his nightie, Alan held up the pink panties. "These don't feel anything like my boxers or Y-fronts," he thought. Then he stepped into them. "Light, almost like nothing."

He then put on the Capris. They were tight, accented his round bottom and dug into his groin and ass. Once on, the legs were only reaching to his calf. “*Uncomfortable, but at least they’re almost like real pants,*” he thought.

The tee was soft brushed cotton with a rounded neckline and slim cut. He didn’t like it, but it was favorable over the other choices. “*I don’t like this sissy thing,*” he thought. “*But it’s better than the ones saying “Princess” and “Girl Power” or the others with all that girly glitter and junk.*”

Putting on the shoes, he walked over to the full-length mirror. “*Ah, Jesus! I look like such a total fruit,*” he thought, fingering the golden choker.

“Scissors!” he said loudly as he focused on the device around his neck. “I need to cut this thing off!”

Going over to the vanity, he dug through the drawers until he found a small little pair of sharp pointed scissors. “*Not very big but they might work,*” he thought. He carefully wedged the point against his neck and then tried to cut the choker. It didn’t take long to find them totally ineffective, not a scratch on the device. He was checking in the mirror where he tried to cut it, looking for any sign of damage, when the door opened.

“Don’t bother trying to cut it,” a full-figured woman wearing pink scrubs said. “You need either the special key — or a blow torch — to remove it.”

Alan was frozen in place, startled by the sudden intrusion. “What... What do you want?” he asked.

“I brought you your lunch,” the woman said. “I’m Nurse Sarah and I’m assigned to your case. Now put down those scissors before I have to activate the collar.”

He considered his options, and tossing the scissors down.

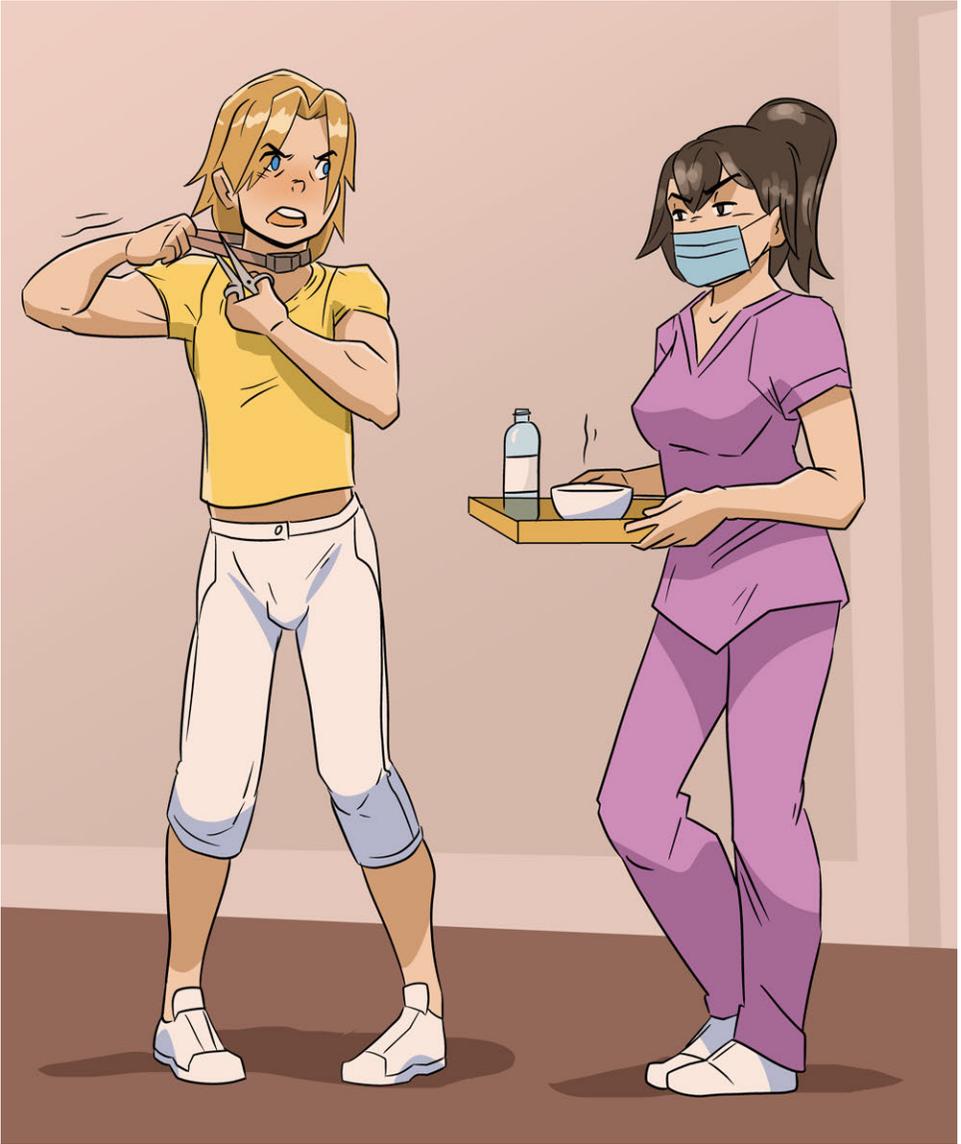
“Good girl,” Nurse Sarah said. She went over to a nearby table and put down the tray she was carrying. “When you have finished eating, I have a virtual reality program for you to watch. I think you’ll find it quite *entertaining.*”

Alan went over to the small table and sat in the straight-backed chair. Looking down at the tray, he grimaced. Before him was a medium sized bowl of what appeared to be vegetable soup, four rice cakes and a bottled water. There was also a white paper condiment cup with two pills in it.

“What are the pills for? I’m not sick,” he asked.

“They’re vitamin supplements. Dr. Stockdale has you on a strict diet,” the nurse replied. “Take the pills and eat up. I don’t have all day.”

“Diet? I’m not fat,” he questioned.



“Maybe for a male your age and height but 20 pounds heavier than a girl should ideally be. Now eat before it gets cold,” she retorted.

“I’m no damn girl. I’m a guy and I want real food like a burger and fries,” he thought. Still, he did as instructed, seeing her holding a small remote. He assumed it was the thing that controlled his collar, and had no inclination to test his theory. He swallowed the pills.

After Alan finished eating, she had him get comfortable on a plushly upholstered chair. Nurse Sarah retrieved the earbuds Alan had tossed aside and fastened the headset tightly to the boy’s head.

“What is this supposed to be?” He asked.

He could hear the nurse snicker to herself. “Wait until you see it. All of our patients find it... Enlightening.”

Then the screen came alive and the programming began. There was a 3-D image on the screen of a large rainbow. Through the earbuds, soft soothing music played with chirping birds. Nothing happened for a few minutes, then the perspective began shifting as if he was walking through freshly mowed grass to the end of the rainbow. As he reached it, there was a large pot of gold.

Alan felt like asking the nurse what was going on, but he wasn't even sure she was still in the room.

In VR, Alan reached out to touch the glistening golden coins, but they began to transform into a beautiful young woman made of solid gold. She was completely naked, and so beautiful. That was the last thing he remembered as the pills that he thought were supplements fully took effect.



A few door down the clinic's hallway, Doctor Stockdale was watching the monitor in her office observing what was happening. She had turned out the lights so she could concentrate on the images of Alan using her breakthrough VR headset.

Finally, she thought to herself. *I've been waiting so long...* These new training methods she had devised had been in development for years, and she had yearned for a subject to finally use them on. Alan Davis would be the first of many, she reminded herself.

He'll be grateful, one day, to have been liberated from the lesser gender, the doctor contemplated. *Already, the first phase is now beginning. That program he's watching and listening to is the latest in high tech hypnosis/subliminal messaging. We'll add more programming each day for the next two weeks. After that, Alan will forget he ever was Alan.*

There will always be a part of Alan buried deep inside his mind but unable to assert himself. In theory anyway...

The woman smugly smiled to herself as she continued to go over her plans. *He may be using a lot of cuss words, but that's to be expected. He's a male after all. Before long, under my conditioning, if he even hears one, it will make him nauseous.*

It won't be long before some basic feminine mannerisms will take hold, primarily in his choice of vocabulary and body language. This is a good start, but

so much more is needed. These subliminal programs need time to change his masculine mindset, she thought.

She pushed her chair back from the monitor and stretched her shoulders before standing up. She was a tall woman, with a classic beauty that was well hid underneath her professional image. With her dark hair pulled back in a bun, a pair of glasses on her face and minimal use of makeup, it would have been easy to overlook her naturally attractive features. Her long white medical coat was buttoned tight over a respectful chest, but the grey skirt she wore was only just an inch or two longer, allowing for a generous view of her shapely nylon-covered legs which were wearing conservative two-inch pumps.

Anne Marie, I eagerly await your arrival, she thought to herself.



In the early evening, Nurse Sarah returned and removed the VR set. “What time is it?” Alan asked.

“Time for your dinner, Anne Marie,” Nurse Sarah replied.

“But I was only in there a few minutes!”

“Hardly! You must have lost track of time, you scatterbrained little girl!”

Alan shivered at being referred to as a girl. He had little choice but to let these people call him whatever they wanted, but he would never cave in.

“Eat!” The nurse commanded. “Then you can clean up. I’ll run a bath for you.”

Alan sat in the plush white chair, which the nurse then pushed in further for him, like he was a child. He examined the food, wary that it might be drugged, but he then ate his dinner. It was a meager selection of chicken salad, a cup of yogurt, a couple of rice cakes and a bottle water. After eating, he took the two pills that were also on the table, and swallowed them down.

By the time she had his bubble bath prepared, Alan had a hard time keeping his eyes open. After being dried off by the nurse with gentle padding, he was given a forest green baby doll nightie and matching full cut panties with a white lace ruffled bottom. Alan just made it into bed before the pills knocked him out, and he was already asleep as Sarah placed the earbuds back into his ears.



The next morning, Nurse Sarah entered his room, removed the earbuds and woke him.

“Alright sleepy head, time to rise and shine,” she greeted shaking his shoulder. “Ann Marie put on your negligee and meet me in the bathroom. I’ll get your bath started.”

Ann Marie? Why does she keep calling me that? I’m... I’m Alan, he thought, slowly getting out of bed. He then asked, “Negli... what?”

“Negligee. It’s also called a robe, but made of nylon or satin instead of terry cloth. Here, put it on,” she replied.

What the? he thought taking the semi-sheer lime green wrap from her.

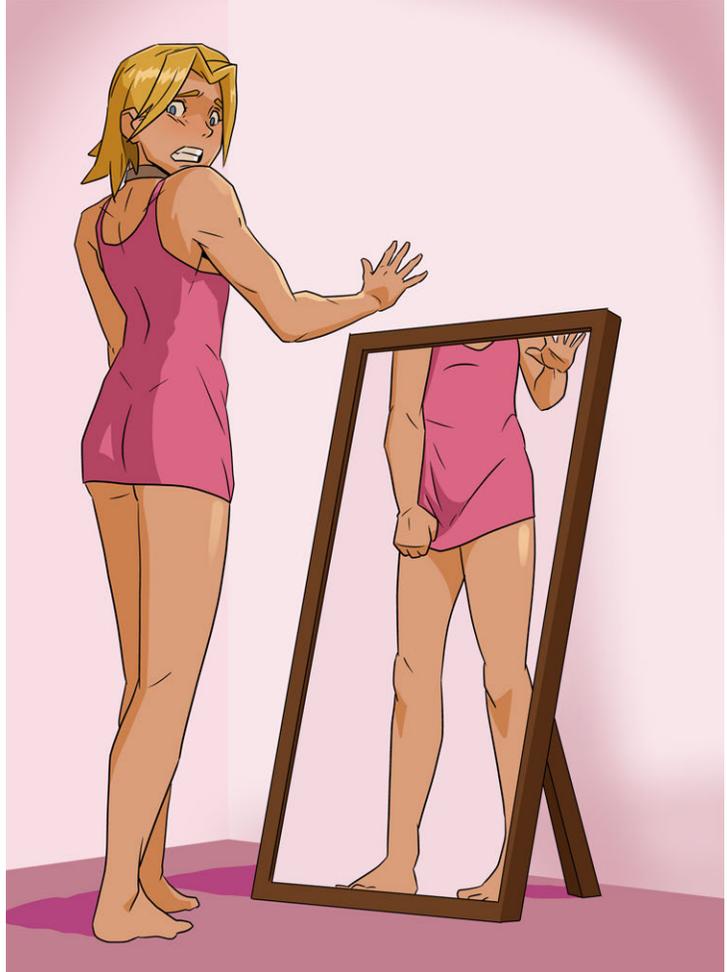
“You can almost see through this and it barely covers my ass. Nobody else is going to see me like this, are they?” he said.

“No, just me. All proper young ladies cover up, even in their own room. Don’t worry, you’ll soon know all about proper etiquette and clothing options,” she replied.

Entering the bathroom, he wasn’t pleased. The large tub was filling with a mass of frothy multi-colored bubbles. The air smelled strongly of a floral scent which he later found out was lavender. He hesitated, staring at the bubbles then at the nurse.

“I just had a bath!” Alan objected.

“And you will have another! Taking care of your skin and keeping it moisturized keeps



you feeling young and healthy!”

“But I...”

“Don’t dawdle! You’re scheduled to see Dr. Stockdale and have physical therapy this morning. Now, get your business done while the tub is filling,” she said, removing a small white remote from her apron pocket. She did not move, however.

“I can’t do that with you in the room an... and I’m not getting into that smelly water,” he loudly declared. He was then feeling the burn, as the collar grabbed his throat.

“You will do as I have instructed Ann Marie, or I’ll use a higher setting,” she replied holding up the remote. The choker’s construction immediately relaxed around Alan’s neck.

“Okay, okay but can you give me some privacy?” he sullenly replied.

“Don’t mind me, I’ve seen pretty much everything. Go ahead and get it done,” she answered.

Fuck, he thought and then felt a twinge in his gut. *Gas. This is embarrassing enough but farting will make it worse*, he figured.

He held on to it as long as he could, but five minutes into his bath, a trumpeting sound and a flurry of bubbles rose from under the water.

“Disgusting!” The nurse said, her face souring.

Out of the bath, he was instructed to pat himself dry, apply a scented body moisturizer then a dusting of talc. Being naked in front of Nurse Sarah wasn’t as embarrassing as her seeing his heart shaped pubic hairs.

He blushed scarlet when he heard her comment, “Your boyfriends are going to just love that pretty little heart.”

Once I get out of here, no one is going to see me naked down there, he thought.

He was quickly wracked with sharp pain, causing him to fall to his knees and cry out. He turned his head to see the nurse place a large wooden hairbrush back on the counter. “That was for your vulgar display in the tub. That was not befitting a young lady.”

Alan rubbed his butt, where a firm welt was already building up under his skin.

Back in his bedroom, Sarah had to give the remote a light tap to make him put on the clothing she selected. What made her use the remote was Alan’s absolute refusal to wear the bra.