

SUCCESS 'N' SKIRTS

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ILLUSTRATED BY C. PITTS

A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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SUCCESS 'N SKIRTS

Chapter 1

The two young women visibly cringed when the young man moved his way along the bar toward them. He wasn't that unattractive, with a somewhat babyish look, but the way he treated the women he talked to as he made his toward them left a whole lot to be desired.

"Hiya, chickie!" was his usual opening line, as he tried to find some poor girl who'd be sucker enough to pay attention to him.

"That bastard!" the blond exploded. "If I could just get my hands on him...."

"Waddaya mean?" asked her brunette friend.

"I was desperate one night, and fell for his line."

"So?"

"We went back to his place, for a nightcap, you know..." the blond said softly, just loud enough for her friend to hear above the raucous music that pounded from the band.

"When we got there, we had a drink. Next thing I knew, I was at home, lying on my couch, and it was 10 o'clock in the morning!" the blond sniffled.

"Gail! Jeezus! How did that happen?" the brunette asked, hugging her friend.

"What's worse, I wasn't wearing any clothes. I was covered by a blanket," Gail almost sobbed.

"Do you think he raped you?"

"That's the problem," Gail replied. "I'm not sure. When I asked him about it last week, he said I passed out, and he took me home. He swore he didn't touch me."

"But..."

"I couldn't find my panties, and there were cum stains on my legs. I just *knew* someone had fucked me, but I couldn't believe it was Lynn."

"Lynn?"

"Yah, that's his name. It's something of a family tradition; he's Lynn the Third, if you believe his line. But he's an asshole, and I really think he did *something* to me that night.

"I've asked a few of the other girls who've gone out with him, and they've all said the same thing happened to them. Go for a drink at his place, and you wind up in your own bed the next morning without your panties. Then you get a lovey-dovey phone call, asking how come you passed out on him."

“Do you really think he put something in your drink?”

“I wouldn’t put anything past that *man!*” Gail muttered bitterly, adding a nasty tone to the word.

“So, what are you going to do now?”

“I met this woman the other day who said she’s got a perfect solution,” Gail responded. “She’s really something else!”

“What do you mean?” asked Babs, the cute brunette who was Gail’s almost-constant companion, except, of course, when either one of them chose a male partner for the night.

“You’ll see! She just came in,” grinned Gail.

A tall and elegant dark-haired woman walked up to them. The way she was dressed suggested both extreme sensuality and strong control. She was the kind of woman many men drooled for, then later wished they’d never met.

Lynn, of course, was quick to spot this hunk of new meat. It didn’t take long for him to sidle up beside this fantastic woman, and start with his standard pickup line. To his surprise, she responded to his opening remarks with a smile and a come-hither look in her eyes.

The guy was practically floored at his good luck. But then, he thought to himself, this was just the kind of reaction *every* chick should give him.

A couple of drinks later, and a few suggestive touches, Lynn and the mysterious woman left the bar. As they did, the woman looked over her shoulder at Gail and winked. Gail impulsively grabbed Babs’ arm and gave it a squeeze.

“We’re going to see some fun now!” she exclaimed.

“What’s up?” Babs asked. “Someone you know has just been picked up by the biggest creep in town. I’m supposed to get excited about *this?*”

“Com’on, let’s go. You don’t want to miss this!” Gail said, almost hauling her friend from the bar.

They hopped into a cab, and Gail gave the driver an address out in the suburbs. She said little as they drove; rain glistened on the windows. They pulled up in front of a luxurious house, light gleaming from its downstairs windows. Gail paid the driver, then led her friend around the house to an unlocked back door. Quietly, they slipped inside.

Putting her finger to her lips, she indicated that silence was in order, then, mysteriously, she produced two black eye masks, which effectively hid their identity. They slipped into white laboratory coats, then crept through the kitchen to the dining room, which, in turn, opened onto the living room. There, Lynn and his luscious friend were sitting on the sofa.

It was obvious what was on the guy’s mind.

He was trying to kiss the tall brunette, but she was fending him off.

“Hey! Let’s have a drink before we go upstairs,” she breathed. She handed him a glass brimming with whiskey and ice. “You told me you were a better lover when you’ve had a couple!”

Lynn obediently took a slug of his drink, and smiled sloppily. Without even thinking, he took another pull, just about emptying the glass. He grinned at the woman, and tried to kiss her again. She easily evaded his groping arms, but sat beside him as she watched his eyes glaze over. His eyes were open, and he was aware of where he was and the woman he was with, but he couldn’t move a finger! His body slumped helplessly.

“You can come out now, girls,” the woman called, after she’d lifted an arm and let it drop, checking to make sure that the man was completely drugged.

“What did you do?” Gail asked breathlessly.

“Only what he’s done to a dozen or so women,” replied the woman, “I slipped him a mickey, but this kind is a little more sophisticated. It prevents voluntary muscle control, so whoever takes it can’t move. The subject is fully aware of what’s happening around him. He’s used it on at least seven women that I know of. Now it’s *his* turn to find out what it’s like to have your life changed!”

“What’s the program?” asked Babs.

“First, we take off all his clothes and see what we’ve got to deal with,” the woman grinned, quickly grabbing Lynn’s belt and tugging it open. “By the way, my name’s Karen.”

“Uh, nice to meet you,” Babs stammered, impressed by this woman’s assurance and poise, and the way she’d taken control of a guy who played at being so macho.

Babs and Gail slipped off Lynn’s shoes, then his socks, while Karen loosened his tie and opened his shirt. Within moments, the inert man was stripped naked, his underwear having been tugged down over a limp penis.

“Such a big fuss over such a little thing!” Babs giggled when his member was revealed.

“We’ll see how it fits in with the new image he’s going to project!” laughed Karen.

She left the room, returning with a black leather bag, like doctors used to carry. She also had a tray with a can of shaving cream and a razor. These she handed to Babs, while she dug into the bag.

“Okay, Babs, let’s go!” Gail chuckled, spraying cream over Lynn’s hairy legs and handing Babs a razor. The two of them began shaving the unconscious man’s legs, carefully denuding them of hair.

Then, they raised his arms and shaved his armpits. He didn’t have much hair on his chest, and even that soon vanished. Within minutes, aside from his sparse whiskers, his head and crotch, all body hair had been removed.

Meanwhile, Karen had taken a black leather case from the bag and removed several hypodermic needles and vials, carefully laying them out on a table.

“How much do you figure he weighs?” she asked.

“Well, my brother weighs 160, but he’s about four inches taller than this guy,” Babs said.

“I figure he’s closer to 150,” suggested Gail.

“That’s what I thought, too,” Karen smiled. “That tranquilizer is really effective when it’s combined with booze, so it’s hard to judge sometimes.”

Deftly, she prepared two needles, filling them with a cloudy white liquid. Wiping the young man’s chest with an alcohol swab, she expertly injected the contents of one needle into his left pectoral muscle, then shot the contents of the second needle into the right breast, just below the nipple.

“Do me a favor, Gail honey, and play with his pecker a bit. The drugs work a lot faster if his male hormones are active,” the woman smiled.

Gail smirked, grabbed Lynn’s limp penis and gave it a squeeze. Quickly, it hardened in her warm grip, and she began moving her fingers up and down its length.

Lynn was aware of all that was happening to him, but couldn’t do anything. The poor man was terrified... but at the same time terribly excited. Three women lusting over his naked body! It was every stud’s wet dream come true!

But he couldn’t do a damned thing about it! Sure, he could hear what these chicks were saying, but everything seemed to come through some sort of a fog—it was all blurry and hazy. But he didn’t care, even though he couldn’t lift a finger. It was as if he was completely enveloped by a warm and comforting mass of jelly.

“What’ll those shots do?” he heard one of the women ask.

“They promote the growth of fatty tissue in those muscle groups,” the woman replied. “His pectorals will start developing until they resemble a woman’s breasts. Even his nipples will get larger and his aureole will become more pronounced.”

“In other words, he’ll have a set of tits!” exclaimed Babs. “Will they be sensitive?”

“You bet! You getting him hot and horny makes the drugs far more effective,” Karen smiled. “Babs, why don’t you play with his nipples, and squeeze his chest like he had tits. It’ll help spread the drugs in the breasts he’s going to sprout.”

She didn’t mention that by having what would soon be C-cup breasts stimulated at the same time his penis was being stroked, Lynn would become psychologically conditioned. From now on, when his breasts were touched, his cock would get hard.

“How long before he has real tits?” Babs asked, as she kneaded the young man’s chest. He looked at her helplessly, feeling that his chest was somehow connected to his yearning cock.

“It takes about a week,” the woman answered. “The same’s true for the new ass we’re going to give him.”

“Jeez! I didn’t know you could go *that* far,” exclaimed Gail, giving Lynn’s cock a firm squeeze. He would have gasped, if he could make his mouth work!

But no, he couldn’t move a muscle. He had to fight to keep his eyes open, and the words he heard drifted through a blissful fog. It was so nice, being where he was, and these girls were so wonderful, playing with his prick and squeezing his nipples.

They were only kidding when they talked about giving him breasts, weren't they? He knew that. It was medically impossible. But, it might be fun to have a chest like the one sported by the woman he'd just picked up. She was a real honey, that one, even if she *had* put those needles in his chest.

Heck, he had three women drooling over his naked body now! This was what every guy wanted! It was too bad he couldn't move, though.

"Turn him over so he'll feel like he's fucking the cushions," Karen requested, and her companions pushed the helpless man onto his stomach and shoved a pillow under him, jutting his ass high in the air.

"Want to give that a spank or two, for what he did to you?" she asked Gail.

"Hey! That might be fun!" the blonde giggled.

"I'll give him the injections first, then you can play at being a stern schoolmistress, if you want," Karen smiled. "The interesting thing is that our new girlie will get aroused by anything that's done to him sexually right now. When you were squeezing those new tits, Babs, and Gail was making his cock hard, a psychological connection was created between his tits and his cock. He'll get hard every time anyone touches his chest!"

She prepared the needles and wiped the cheeks of Lynn's tight ass with an alcohol swab, then injected the contents of two needles, one into the outer side of each upper thigh, just where the young man's ass cheek curved outward.

"Now, if our little sweetheart is spanked, and his little dickie is forced against that nice soft satin cushion, he'll make another connection," the woman said.

"What's that?" asked Babs who, deciding that she'd continue to play with Lynn's chest, had slid a hand under his body.

"Gail, take off your panties and put them over his head," the woman ordered.

Gail looked a bit surprised, but quickly kicked off her shoes, lifted her skirt and wriggled out of her panties. Karen took them, sniffed them briefly, then draped them over Lynn's head.

"Make sure the crotch is right against his nose," she smiled at Babs, who continued to play with Lynn's tingling nipples.

"Now, with those lovely soft panties against his mouth and nose, and silky satin cushions under his naughty pecker, he'll be in Wonderland when he comes!"

"But I *do* get to punish him for what he did to me, don't I?" Gail asked.

"Of *course* you do, dear," laughed the woman. "That's part of the joy of this kind of retribution!"

Chapter 2

Although it seemed that he could hardly keep his eyes open, Lynn thought he was in heaven! Three beautiful women wanting to make him climax! What more could a guy ask for? And after all, he was good-looking and *deserved* this kind of reward!

So what if he'd used a couple of pills on some of the women from the bar. Hell, if they found him handsome enough to go home with, they should be ready to put out—just like the chicks in all those wonderful magazines he read so avidly, the ones where all the girls had big tits and slurping mouths and cunts waiting to be fucked by a virile stud like him!

Vaguely, through his befuddled brain, it occurred to him that this situation wasn't exactly right; there was *something* wrong—but he couldn't quite put a finger on it.

Not that he wanted to. The woman he'd picked up in the bar had tilted his head back and lifted the panties from his face. Now she was doing something to his lips. Whatever it was, it tasted nice and he'd run his tongue over them to savor the taste, if he could have. But he still couldn't move a muscle, other than to blink his eyes.

“Oh! You've put lipstick on him!” Babs exclaimed excitedly.

“Well, it's not really lipstick,” Karen smiled. “It's a natural dye. It'll take a few days before it reacts to his body chemistry, but when it does, he'll have the fullest, reddest lips you could imagine!”

“Are we almost done?” Gail complained. “If you're finished, I'd sure like to warm his ass a bit!”

“Just one more thing,” Karen grinned. She dug into the black bag again and produced a small atomizer. Opening Lynn's mouth, she shot a spray inside.

“That'll give him a nice contralto voice so it'll be a little harder for him to pretend to be a man,” she smiled.

“What about the pleasure-pain connection?” Babs asked.

“You can swat him, while Gail plays with his nipples,” Karen said, handing Babs a thin, flexible wooden paddle which made an ominous sound as she swished it through the air. Lynn's rump was poised and waiting, and Babs didn't hesitate.

Swat! The paddle stung his right cheek. Swack! It hit the left one. Swat! Swack! Swat! Swack!

The blows continued, not hard enough to cause real pain, but uncomfortable enough to make Lynn writhe in an effort to avoid each smarting sting.

With each blow, his cock pressed against the soft, satin pillow, creating glorious sensations that begged him to come. Babs was kneading both his nipples now, tugging at them almost fiercely. He couldn't see anything because of the soft panties over his face, filling his nostrils with Gail's most intimate scent. The taste in his mouth was delicious!

His cock was harder than it had ever been as the blows forced him to fuck the satin pillow under his loins. He felt a strange heat running from his mouth to his chest to his ass to his cock. His meat was pounded against the pillow, as Gail panted with exertion, swinging the paddle with growing fierceness.

Finally, the young man's body spasmed and his prick exploded into the soft satin. A strangled gasp escaped from his throat, and he shot his full load into the pillow.

The women above him looked at each other, then smirked.

"He'll probably never get off again unless he's surrounded by silks and satins," Karen observed. "We'll just reinforce that now, before we take him home."

Babs wriggled her hands from under Lynn's chest, and looked at Gail. She had a dazed look on her face, and Babs knew the reason.

Without caring that Karen watched, she slipped her hand under Gail's skirt and found her hot, moist slit. Two fingers slipped inside easily, while her thumb found Gail's clitoris. It took only a few seconds of manipulation before Gail cried out and groaned, holding Babs' hand deep inside her womaness.

"Oh, thanks, honey, I needed that!" she exclaimed when she finally recovered.

"I *thought* you might like it," Karen said. "Now, let's get our little darling all dressed up. I've got a lovely tunic and pinafore for him to wear home tonight."

"But how is dressing him in little girls' clothes going to teach him a lesson?" Gail asked.

"It just reinforces the chemical conditioning we've given him," Karen answered. "He'll find himself strangely attracted to feminine clothing. When he discovers he can't wear men's clothes any more, he'll want to wear the most risqué outfits you can imagine."

"We'll start him out with a little girl's outfit. There's something about a white pinafore, black tunic, stockings, and shiny black Mary Jane shoes that turns guys on. We'll dress him in those, and let him turn himself on!"

"That's nasty," Gail chuckled.

"But it's poetic justice," Karen replied somberly.

The three women lifted Lynn, who had slipped into unconsciousness, and wriggled him into a pink satin camisole and matching panties. Black nylon stockings went up his legs, held in place with elastic garters around his thighs. A white silk blouse with a flouncing neckline and cuffs slipped over his shoulders. Over his head went a cute little black tunic dress with soft, shiny box pleats, wide shoulder straps and a full pleated short skirt. Then, to cover the front of the tiny outfit, Karen pinned a white starched pinafore, tying it in back with a large bow.

"He looks really cute!" Babs exclaimed, when the shiny black Mary Janes were slipped on his feet.

"We'll put a little makeup on him, and fix his hair," Karen said. "Then we'll take a few pictures."

After reddening his lips and brushing on a bit of eye shadow, they styled his hair girlishly. Posing the young man on the sofa, they took several photographs, adjusting his mouth so it looked like he was a schoolgirl sleeping and smiling at some wonderful dream.

“If he ever gets out of line again, we can show these pictures to his friends,” Gail gloated.

Lynn really *did* look like a pretty little girl having a nap. Makeup and the tunic emphasized the prettiness of his delicate features and the pinafore gave him a definite girlish appearance. Still, though, anyone could see that this was Lynn, the macho man, all dressed up like a little girl.

When his change had been completed, Gail gathered up Lynn’s clothes and stuffed them in a bag, removing his keys from the pants pocket. Karen brought a wheelchair into the room, and the three women moved the drugged male to the car and drove him to his apartment building.

It was late, and there was no one around as they wheeled the lolling figure into the elevator and took him to his apartment. Once inside, they lifted him onto a sofa, turned off the lights, and left.

The sun was streaming through the window when Lynn awoke the next day. His mouth felt like the bottom of a parrot cage, and his head ached. He’d never had such a terrible hangover, he thought.

And his body was sore! What the hell *happened* last night? he wondered. His chest throbbed, his ass ached, and it hurt just to sit up.

When he finally did, he realized he wasn’t wearing his own clothes. He wasn’t even wearing men’s clothes! What the hell?

He stumbled into the bathroom, feeling cool air on his almost naked legs, but it wasn’t until he stood in front of the mirror that he realized he was wearing stockings, a tunic and pinafore!



"Holy fuck!" he whispered to himself. "How the hell did *this* happen?"

Still, when he saw his reflection, his cock twitched between his legs. The very sight of Lynn the man dressed as a little girl turned him on!

He snorted with disgust at this passing thought, used the toilet (feeling somewhat strange, peeing while holding up his skirts), then returned to his living room where he spotted the paper bag containing the clothes he'd worn last night.

He checked through the bag, breathing a sigh of relief that he hadn't been robbed. That chick last night looked so hot, he recalled.

"But how the hell did I get home?" he pondered, as he sorted through his clothes. "I remember going to her place for a drink and a bit of fun, then everything is blurry."

Only faintly did he recall three women, but he was sure he'd enjoyed himself. His cock sure felt like it had! But why were his ass and chest so sore? There was a constant throb in his nipples and the muscles underneath them, but that was nothing compared to the tenderness of his behind!

He took his clothes to the bedroom and threw them on the bed. After a struggle, he figured out how to take off the pinafore and tunic. As he moved, the skirt brushed against his hairless legs, and the gentle touches made his shaft stiffen.

"What am I, some kind of nutcase, getting turned on by a dress?" he asked himself. But his panties bulged in front when he wriggled out of the tunic.

He undid the straps of the Mary Janes and kicked them off, then rolled the stockings down his legs. But for some reason, he decided to leave on the camisole and panties. "They're pretty close to guy's clothes," he rationalized. "No point in getting my own clothes dirty."

He went to the bathroom again and spotted the stupid makeup on his face in his reflection. Soap and water quickly washed that away, though it did seem that his lips were a little redder than they had been. Lynn put that down to something he'd drunk the night before.

He noticed that he didn't need to shave; it was then he discovered the hair in his armpits had vanished. Looking further, he realized his chest and legs were hairless as well. Suddenly, he felt strangely naked and exposed.

Still, he sort of *liked* how smooth his legs were, and he turned his back to the mirror, twisting his head so he could get an idea of what they looked like from the back. He decided they were shapely and probably looked good in stockings, though where *that* thought came from he did not know.

Suddenly, he was extremely fatigued, too tired to even make something to eat. He went to his bedroom and slipped beneath the sheets, quickly falling asleep as exotic drugs coursed through his system.