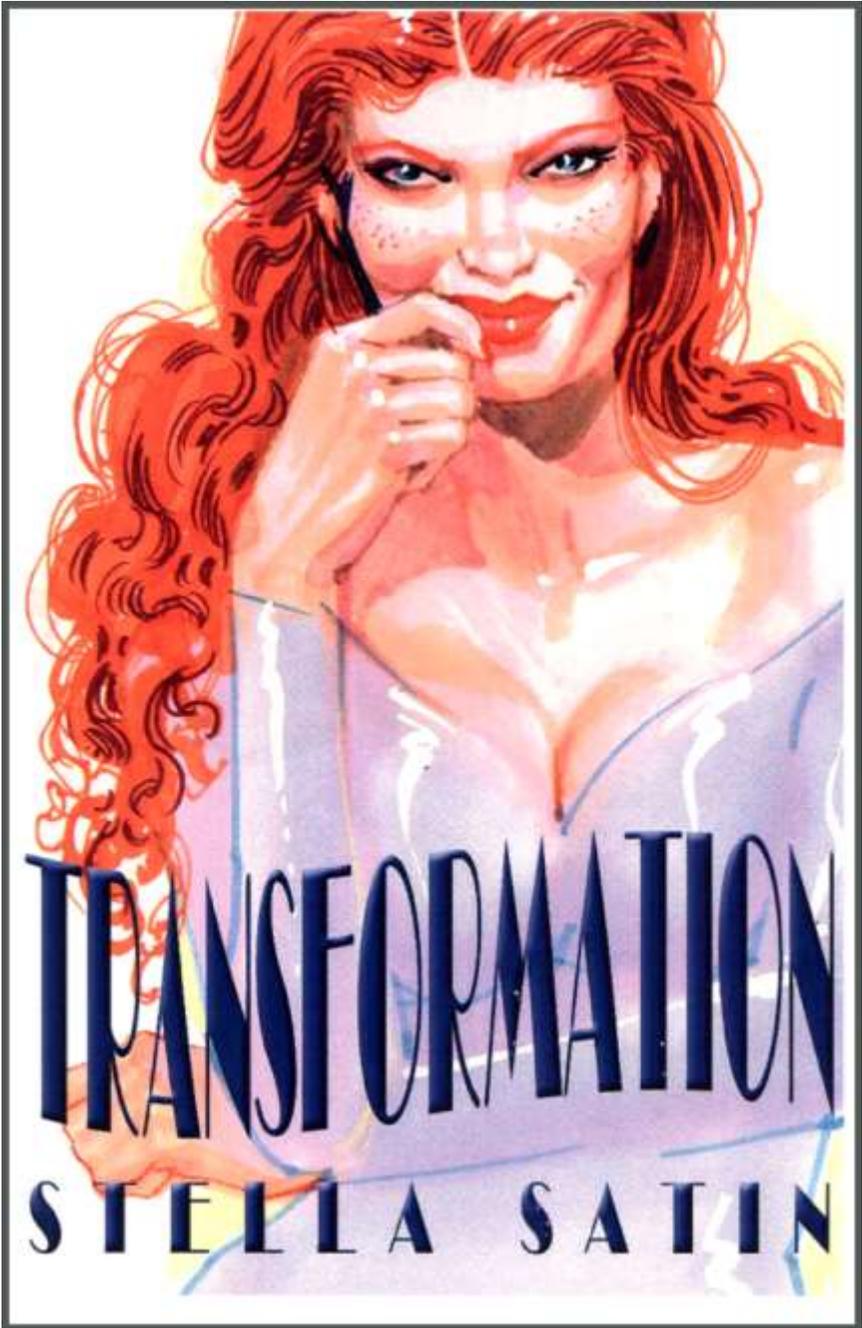


Transformation by Tiffani Mellis



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TRANSFORMATION
By
TIFFANY MELLIS



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Enid uncoiled from her chair and sauntered over towards me. She still held the half-finished drink in her hand. Concentrating on my embroidery I didn't look up right away, but could hear the tinkle of the ice cubes as she neared me. "Like another drink dear?" I asked, suddenly afraid that she would think I was ignoring her and raising my eyes. "No thank you pet." She replied. "Just thought I'd see how your needlework is doing. Let's see, eh?" And she held her hand out.

"Could I just finish this little bit please?" I asked. "I'll just be a second."

A flicker of annoyance crossed her face, but she nodded her acceptance, so I added a couple of more stitches then handed my handiwork over for her examination.

"That's very nice dear." She said, a note of surprise in her voice after looking at it for about fifteen seconds. "You're really coming along, aren't you? I mean, this stuff is really delicate."

Try as I would to repress it, my pleasure at her compliment brought a blush to my face. She handed my embroidery hoop back to me, grinning. "I really should have guessed that you'd be good at this sort of thing you know, but I'll admit that you constantly surprise me at just how quickly you pick things up. Or? Is it Linda that's a good teacher?"

I was on the horns of a dilemma. If I agreed that Linda deserved the credit, I was giving her more than what I felt to be her due. At the same time, if I told the truth, I was laying myself open for more remarks about my 'natural' bent for things feminine.

I decided to compromise.

"Probably a little of both." I admitted, but then couldn't leave things alone. "Do I really have to have Linda coming around as often now? She gets really bossy with me at times. Comes to the door just about any time she feels like it, then walks around as if she owns the place."

Enid shook her head ruefully. "I'm sorry pet. But I felt from the beginning that I wanted her to keep an eye on your progress, and I just don't see any other way." She paused for a second, then continued. "Yes, I can see that Linda is kinda rough on you - but let's face it, **lots** of women have a sort of... I don't know... a kinda contempt for... eh..., feminine men."

"But I'm only doing what **you**..." I started.

"Shush while I'm talking. O.K.?" She said severely.

"Sorry." I replied meekly.

"It's well, like this..." She continued. "You get a man starting to do the woman's jobs around a house, simply because his wife 'wants' him to? Then allowing her to get a 'trainer' so that he can learn to do them even better? That's not very masculine you know. Then, I mean to say..." Here she giggled a little bit, "...being taught knitting and crocheting? Embroidery even! Doing delicate little repairs to his wife's lingerie. Wouldn't you say that a man like that might be *kinda* womanish? C'mon now, tell me the truth. Don't you agree?"

I blushed some more. Hung my head.

She continued. "And Linda's like me, I guess. Sort of wants to know how far she can push you, before you start pushing back."

"But she's bigger than me." I complained. "And I don't think it's fair!"

"Well then. That probably explains why you don't push back. You're frightened of her," she said. "And let's face it darling? Whoever said that life was fair?" She smiled a sympathetic smile as she said this...

then added "But let's get away from this subject. You may not be seeing Linda for a while anyway-I've got something I want to talk to you about. But before we drop her as a topic of conversation. Did she show you how to wax your legs today? Then, did you shave under your arms like I asked?"

"That waxing really stings." I said in reply. "And I did shave my underarms. But how come I'm not going to see Linda...?"

She held up her hand to stop my question. "Good. You'll be nice and smooth for a while..." She leaned over and stroked my thigh. "Just the way I wanted. Thank goodness you don't shave much. I like you nice and smooth. Don't know what I'd do if I had married a man that had to shave his face every day, and had hair on his body - ugh!" She raised her glass and finished her drink. Then held the glass out towards me. "Guess I'll take you up on your offer after all. Make yourself one while you're at it. We'll talk when you get back."

Bemused by the sudden developments she'd just introduced, I took her glass and put my embroidery down. Started towards the bar in the kitchen. As I did so, I saw her walk into the hall, and heard her open the hall closet door. Didn't think any more about it. I made her a fresh Jack Daniels on the rocks and mixed a tequila sunrise for myself. Put them on a tray and carried them back into the living room.

She had returned to her chair. On the ground beside her was a gift-wrapped parcel, topped with a shimmering ribbon that was tied into a large extravagant bow. She made no sign that it was for me, so I made no reference to it, just handed her glass to her, then sat on my own chair. She took a healthy pull at her drink. Licked her lips with appreciation. Smiled at me.

All of a sudden, I was nervous again. I took a sip of my own drink.

"You know pet?" She started. "When we first got married? I was so impressed by your opinions on just about everything I guess. I mean,

you were so confident in your own opinions... so... Godlike in your own invincibility... "I opened my mouth to speak, but she held up a warning hand and silenced me.

"And then," she continued "time started taking its toll. I started seeing that you had feet of clay. Couldn't hold a job, even low level clerical ones. And the excuses? My god! The excuses for losing one position after the other? And when I started bringing in more money than you?" She took another sip of her drink. Giggled a little into her glass. "And, in these days, you've no idea of how much I wanted some help around the house - dishes, washing up, making beds - anything!" She fixed a suddenly baleful eye on me. "But there weren't many offers coming from you, were there?"

It was obviously a rhetorical question, so I just looked down into my glass.

"Then I started pulling in some pretty good money, didn't I?" She continued. "Started getting increasing responsibility at work myself? Started seeing you for the weakling you were?" She took another pull at her glass. Smiled over the rim at me. "So, you know? I wasn't too surprised when you grabbed at the opportunity, when I suggested that you stay home, get out of the competitive rat race altogether. I knew of course that you didn't expect me to saddle you with all of the housework - but you didn't put up too much of a struggle when push came to shove, did you?"

She held her hand up to cut off any reply I wanted to make.

"At first, all I wanted was for you to do all the womanish jobs that I hated." She continued. "Make you all pissed off, the way I'd been. But then I noticed. You weren't upset at all. Settled quite nicely into your TV soaps in the afternoon and cooking and washing and... all these other little domesticated chores. Then I got Linda to come around. I mean? Even I didn't realize what a perfect choice she was. Low self-esteem, feminine. Always described herself as "just a housewife".

I wanted to see how you'd react to a woman giving you hints, showing you - how to be a housewife - maybe a 'wife' as well? You did really well too, didn't you? So much so, that Linda started to recognize you for the sissy you are. Do you have any idea how much you've assisted in raising her self-esteem? Learned to make demands on you. Boss you around a little, eh? And here you are now, all nice and docile. Do what I ask, do as you're told. Do what Linda tells you to do as well."

She sniggered. "Even get a wax job - and shave under your arms?" She grinned at my obvious embarrassment. "You even **blush** like a woman for chrissake!" Then she took a deep breath and another sip of her drink before starting to talk again.

"But, looking back? I still felt there was something missing. Then last month at Phyllis's dinner? You helping her and the girls clear up?"

Puzzled, I looked at her.

She shook her head in disbelief. "Still don't get it, do you? Wearing one of her nice pretty aprons while you helped. All these nice frills swaying around you while you worked with the other girls? Did you realize just how much you fitted in with them? Any idea of how close I came to making you brush out your pony tail there and then just to see how you'd look? But I started thinking instead. I really seem to enjoy watching you doing girl's things. Suppose I had you looking more like a girl? Acting more like a girl?"

"What do you mean Enid?" I finally spoke - but even I could hear the frightened desperation in my voice.

She shook her head in exasperation. "Makeup. Dresses. Perfume. Being all sweet and loving. What the hell do you think?"

"But... But... Enid? Please? I don't... I couldn't..."

"Oh shut up for God's sake! You're even sounding like a dithery woman!" She snapped. "I didn't say I was going to make you do it. I just said I was thinking about how much I'd enjoy it." She paused, then smiled a predatory smile. "But it really does turn me on, you

know?"

I was only partially relieved as the scary smile was still there. It even widened as she reached down for the present beside her, then handed it over towards me. "Here pet. A little present for you."

Nervously, I took it from her. Managed to get a smile of thanks onto my face. "Oh! Thank you Enid. What's this in honor of?"

"Oh. Nothing in particular." She replied. "C'mon, hurry! I want to see how you like them."

The box was very light for something that was containing more than one thing - as evidenced by her use of the word 'them'. I was still wary though, but carefully untied the ribbon and started removing the paper (It really was pretty stuff, and I thought I might be able to use it again). When I got the box lid off, I saw the glint of what looked to be a light blue fabric under a few layers of tissue. Before I could even remove the tissue, she blurted out "Aren't these the cutest baby dolls you've ever seen? Go on. Hold them up against yourself. I want to get an idea of how they'll look on."

Aghast, I verified what she had said. I pulled the first piece from the tissue that surrounded it. I had the tops in my hand, the panties remained in the box. But she had described the present perfectly. A set of satin baby doll pajamas, light blue in color with both the tops and panties heavily ruffled in alternating layers of dark blue and pink lace. Unwillingly, but obediently, I held the tops up against my body. Turned myself to face her.

"Wooooo!" she mocked. "But aren't you going to at least look in the mirror? Get an idea of how you look?" She said sharply.

"But you said..." I complained.

"What?"

"That you weren't going to make me wear... stuff."

"Well? Who said anything about you having to wear them?"

I looked at her blankly over the frills of the nightwear I was holding to my body.

"What have I just been saying?" She demanded. "Weren't you listening? Didn't I just tell you that you seemed to be liking the feminine things you were doing?"

"Kinda... well... yes..." I countered weakly.

"And didn't I **also** say that the idea of you in 'nice' clothes was a turn-on for me?"

I could only nod in confusion.

"Then? I couldn't be blamed for thinking that you might want to wear them? If not for yourself, then for me? A reasonable supposition on my part, no? I mean, you've got yourself all smooth for me. Why not do what girls do? Wear something to accentuate just how smooth you are!"

"They're very ... pretty, Enid." I conceded, "but..."

"That's great!" She said, riding over my intended comments.

"I was really hoping you'd say that. Why don't you run upstairs and put them on? I'll be up in a couple of minutes. You can model them for me then.."

"But Enid!" I wailed.

She fixed me with a very cold stare. "I said I wouldn't make you wear pretty things. But I think it's very closed minded of you to refuse my gift without any hesitation - without even thinking of me - especially when you know how happy it would make me, seeing you try them on for even just a couple of minutes."

The threat in her statement was obvious. At the same time - it sounded as if I could maybe get out of wearing them again. Maybe? If I just gave into her this once....? "Oh! I didn't mean that I didn't want to wear them..." I said, grasping at straws. "It's just that it's early yet - and that movie that we wanted to watch is coming on in about thirty

minutes... But if it's just for me to try them on....?"

She smiled gently at me, all traces of displeasure gone. "Aw! I'm sorry pet! I misunderstood. But there's plenty of time. Just you scoot upstairs like a bunny. Leave the glasses here - you can tidy them up during the commercials. I'll be up in a minute."

In a state of internal turmoil, I saw it was useless, so went upstairs, my new nightwear in my hand. Slowly at first, then in a panic (somehow I was more frightened of my wife coming in while I was in the middle of changing, than I was of her seeing me in baby dolls for the first time) I got undressed, then put the top and panties on. Humiliated beyond measure, I still had to admit that there was a certain amount of pleasure to be had in the feel of my new clothes. She was right. The feel of the material *was* accentuated by the smoothness of my skin.

I also couldn't resist peeking in the mirror. They actually looked quite cute, I thought. Then Enid came in, catching me unawares. Smiled at finding me in such feminine behavior.

"My my my! How nice you look! Turnaround. Let me see you from the back. There! That's a girl!" She came up to me. Patted my backside. "D'you like them?"

"I'm not really used to them yet." I answered, evading the question as well as I could.

"Well, you're just being too shy. Have a good look in the mirror, just like a girl would do. Go on now! See? Aren't you pretty in your new clothes? Go on, do a little twirl. Isn't that SO cute the way that the top bells out a little when you do?"

"Yes." I answered totally humiliated.

"So? You like them then?"

"I'm still uncomfortable Enid. I'm sorry. Just not used to them at all.

"Well **that's** easy to fix." She replied. "Why don't you wear them for the rest of the evening? Watch the movie in them. Then, if you like them, you can wear them to bed. How does that sound?"

Inwardly, I cursed. But couldn't show my fright - so smiled at her suggestion. Thought of an excuse.

"But.. They **are** kinda flimsy Enid? Kinda cold to be sitting around in?"

"Why you **sly** old thing you." She retorted. "You must have known I was keeping the other things back."

"The . . . the . . . 'Other' things?" I stammered.

"Yes! Your matching peignoir and slippers" she said, heading for the closet. "I was keeping them for some other time, so haven't wrapped them yet, but you don't mind, do you? This way, you'll be all comfy and cozy - even your feet will be toasty warm!"

And, a few minutes later, I was bedecked in a garment of chiffon layers, and a pair of slippers (matching my pajamas of course) - just a medium heel, thank goodness. Her eyes were laughing at me as she tied the fine ribbon that closed my peignoir at the neck.

"Now? Why don't you sit here at the dressing table dear? We'll get your ponytail loosened up. See what we can do? Maybe even make you prettier?"

And, helplessly now, sitting in front of the dressing table mirror, I watched her undo my hair ties and brush my hair out.

"You're are *really* getting quite pretty dear." She giggled. "I'm starting to think that maybe you should have been the bride when we got married? I've still got my wedding gown. Bet you'd look sweet in it. You know? It might fit?"

"Oh, please Enid..." I started wailing.

"Just teasing you, you silly thing!" she laughed. "It would probably be far too big for you." Then she paused, the hairbrush in her

hand. "Though, now that I think of it? Linda's a great seamstress. Maybe I'll get her to alter it to fit you? Wouldn't that be fun? Bet she'd enjoy doing it. Might even do it for free?"

"Oh please Enid. Don't say things like that! Please?" But my entreaty didn't stop her from laughing softly, shaking her head in a wondering kind of way, and then tying my hair up with a blue satin ribbon, finishing it with a large bow.