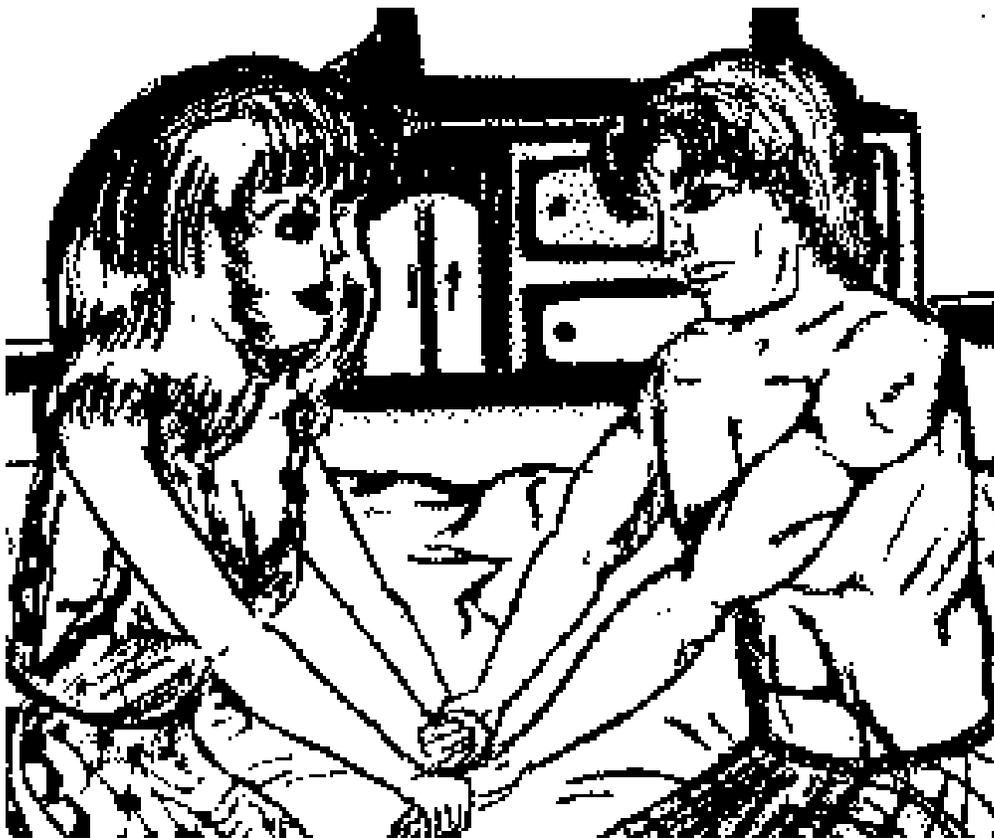


# TRANSFORMATION OBLIGATION

*By Jessica Matthews*



*ILLUSTRATED BY C. PITTS*

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AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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## TRANSFORMATION OBLIGATION

**By Jessica Matthews.**

“John, there's a girl out here asking for you.” Frank called into the kitchen.

“Are you looking for me?” John asked the dark haired girl standing beside the coffee machine.

“You're John Black?” she asked quite friendly. They walked to a booth, where they sat opposite each other. She pulled a brown envelope out of her bag, and handed him a piece of paper. It was clearly a photocopy. “That your signature?”

“Yes, it looks like it, but I don't remember signing this document. It's a loan agreement isn't it?” He read some more. “Wait a minute, the loan was taken out by an old girl friend of mine! We were in the same psychology class last year. We went out a couple of times, but she dropped out after the summer vacation, I can't tell you where she is now.”

“That's not why I'm here,” the girl said, a hint of steel behind her eyes. “We don't know where she is either, we can't find her. Your signature there, which you agree is yours, says you guarantee the payments. I'm here to collect fifty thousand dollars from you.”

“What!? I didn't guarantee her payments!”

“Look, I'm not here to argue, just to collect. Here's my card, deliver the fifty thousand in cash to the loan company by Friday. If you don't, they'll send the collectors after you. This firm doesn't give up.”

John watched her leave, feeling threatened and uneasy. He said nothing to the boss of the diner, there was no chance of raising anything like that sum of money. He had no where to go, and thought they'd realize it wasn't his debt. As the days passed, he convinced himself that there was nothing to worry about. The week went by, then another, with no contact from any collectors.

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“John Black!” the man who had hammered on his door shouted.

“Yes, what do....” John fell back as the man struck him full in the stomach.

He landed heavily and rolled over, hands wrapped around himself protectively as he saw two men enter his one room apartment, closing the door behind them. They looked in his cupboards, under his bed and through his clothes. He eased himself into a sitting position, afraid to provoke them.

“You ain't got the money,” said one. “You was warned, you don't get no second chance.

“Look, you've made a mistake, I didn't sign the form,” John tried to explain. “It's nothing to do with me.”

“Save it, we don't make mistakes, the boss wants to see you.” The second man remained silent as the first lowered his face to John's so that he could smell the stale garlic on his breath. “Get up!”

John moved slowly and painfully. Too slowly it seemed, as the second man jerked him roughly to his feet. He stood shocked as a chain was passed round his waist and handcuffs attached to it were fastened around his wrists. He was cautioned not to move as the second man fastened a short length of chain between his ankles. He was escorted downstairs, through the back exit, and bundled into the back of a small van.

He heard the engine start, and felt the bumps as the van gathered speed along the alley, then turned into the busy main street. The journey seemed to go on and on. John lost track of both time and distance, before the van pulled up sharply, and the engine fell silent. The rear door opened and John just had time to register some trees before a black hood was pulled over his head, blocking his vision. Roughly he was pulled along, one man at each elbow, guiding and supporting him as he stumbled along a path and into a building. He was pushed roughly onto a bench, then heard the clang of a metal door. He was alone.

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How long he slept was difficult to judge. John was terrified and cold, disoriented by the hood still fastened over his head, unable to move it as his hands were still fastened at waist height. He could do nothing. It was too much to bear as he waited for some movement from his captors. He was desperate to use a toilet, but despite shouting, no one came. He wept as he felt the warm liquid soaking into his jeans when he could hold it no longer.

John must have cried himself to sleep a second and third time, still alone, still more uncomfortable and wet. The stale smell of his urine pervaded the room as the heat seemed to increase, and still no one came. He was all cried out, resigned to his fate. Was his life only worth fifty thousand dollars, surely this could not be real he thought, but then the hard bench told him it was all too real. He shouted until he was hoarse, then cried himself to sleep again.

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Suddenly he was being pulled roughly to his feet. The bag was released from his head, he blinked in the harsh light.

“You stink!” a heavysset man stood before him, menacing him by his very appearance, shaven head and tattoos all over his arms and neck, and presumably every where else under his clothes. John watched his bulging muscles, afraid to provoke him, as his chains were unfastened. “Get in there and clean up. You've got five minutes, then the boss wants to see you.”

Gratefully, John hurried into the bathroom and relieved himself, then feeling weak and scared, he stripped off and stood under the shower, washing quickly and as thoroughly as he could, with the rough soap provided. He toweled himself, then stood, realiz-

ing that his wet jeans were no longer there, even if he had wanted to wear them. Hesitantly, he called his jailer.

“Here’s an overall,” the jailer’s voice was guttural and unsympathetic. “Get dressed, the boss is waiting.”

John struggled into the thin white overall, then waited as his jailer fastened his arms and legs as before. He was pushed and forced to run, the ankle restraints chafing his skin as he tried to take smaller steps and remain upright. The stairs were difficult, and his escort lacked patience, as he dragged him along by the chain. John felt totally humiliated as he was dragged across the carpet of a large office. He was shoved roughly into a cold upright chair, and left in no doubt he should wait quietly.

“So this is our *guest*,” a heavily accented voice broke into his terror. “You can't borrow from us and not expect to repay your debt.”

“I didn't borrow...” John started, before a blow behind the ear silenced his protest.

“I’ll have eliminate you, if there's no way of recovering our money. But fortunately, I have been approached to provide someone to work in one of our related enterprises. You'd like to work for them, I'm sure. Honorable people always repay their debts.”

“I didn't borrow.....” John started, when another blow stopped him.

“The alternative is swimming with a concrete lifebelt. I'm sure you'd like to work to repay our generosity in not pressing for immediate payment,” the accent said softly.

“Please don't hurt me.” John felt truly afraid in a way he had never experienced before. “I didn't mean for you to lose money.”

“Now you're talking,” the accent congratulated him. “And I'm sure you'd be grateful of the chance to work to repay your debt.”

“John felt the breath of his jailer at his ear. “Yes, I'm grateful, truly grateful.”

“Good, someone will be here this evening to inspect you, to see if you're suitable,” the accent said. “Just hope you are, otherwise, it's out into the water you go. No hard feelings, you understand, it's just company policy if you don't pay your debts.”

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John heard the door of his room open, and he started to stand as the jailer entered with an elegant woman dressed in black. She was as frightening as the man with the accent, he thought as she inspected him minutely. He was instructed to stand still, as she measured him, saying nothing as she noted dimensions on a note pad. He would later learn her name was ‘Madam Seven’ - whatever that was supposed to mean.

“How tall are you?” she demanded.

“Five foot five inches,” John replied, pulling himself up to his full height.

“And you weigh?”

“About a hundred and thirty five pounds before I came here. I guess I've lost a bit in the last few days.”

“Good, and you could do to lose a little more, I don't employ fat people,” Madam Seven sneered out the last words as if in disgust at having to pronounce them. She walked round him again, looking once more at him from head to foot, making John feel uncomfortable, and more than a little afraid in her gaze.

“I think we can take you out of here,” she said at last. “You realize that if I don't take you, you'll end up dead. You have to convince me that I should take you, understand?”

“Yes, I understand.”

“I only take obedient workers,” the lady continued. “I don't take anyone I have to give the same instruction to twice. They must obey me first time, whatever I demand. If I take you and I turn out to have been mistaken, I shall send you back here. Do you understand that?”

“Yes.” John's fear was rising.

“I am Madam Seven,” she said. “I run the best brothel in the country. You will not have heard of it, because we specialize in the most exquisite tastes for the richest clients. You have a chance to join my staff, an opportunity to pay off your debt....and live. You'd prefer that, I'm sure.”

“I don't want to die,” John pleaded, feeling a tear fall down his cheek.

“Good, I'll give you a chance.” Madam Seven walked round John then looked at the jailer. “Just to show your obedience, go and give your friend here a blowjob, then we'll go. He knows to use a condom, so be careful with those teeth.”

“I've never done that, I'm not a homosexual!” John said, shocked at what he was hearing.

“The choice is yours,” Madam Seven said. “I remind you, I only take obedient workers.”

The meaning was clear, and John, despite his chains, went and knelt before the tattooed jailer and twisting his body so that his hand could reach the fly of the jailer's trousers, he felt inside and pulled out his rising manhood. He used his hands to bring it to full size, then at a word from Madam Seven, a condom was placed over the organ, and John's task was clear. Suppressing his disgust, he applied his lips to the tip and felt the jailer's hands at the back of his head as the whole organ was forced into his mouth.

He could see Madam Seven out of the corner of his eye, watching, judging his compliance. He knew his future lay in her hands, he knew the alternative was something he dare not consider. The thrusts came harder, reaching the back of his throat as he struggled to breathe, the urge to gag and spasm rose as he felt the organ expand, then jerk into climax. Suddenly his fear was not important, he gave himself to the strange sensation and blotted out all other thoughts.

“That was a good first effort,” Madam Seven conceded when he had allowed the jailer to finish his pleasure before withdrawing. “You will be delivered to my care in a few days, meanwhile, you will not be harmed.”

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John's journey was completely disorienting. He had no idea where he was going, occasional smells of the air as he was transferred from van to van gave him a clue that he was passing into warmer and drier country. No one spoke to him, he was just a parcel, hooded and bound, to be passed along according to another's plan. He got little to eat, and few comfort breaks. He was allowed to drink only water. They told him that there was a sedative in the drink, but he had no choice other than to drink it or go thirsty, anyway it made the journey more bearable.

Finally, he was taken from a van, and instead of being placed in another, he felt steps under his feet as he was guided into a building. It was cool, air conditioned and fresh. He was guided back onto a soft seat, and told that his chains would be removed. He was not to remove his hood until he heard the door close behind his escorts. He heard it close, and slowly removed the black cloth from his head, rubbing his hand through his hair. He saw he was in a small room with only a bed for furniture. He stripped off his overall, pulled back the covers and lay back to sleep.

“Come on, it's time to get your wardrobe together. I'm Lisa, and I've been assigned to guide you round your duties here until you get used to the place.”

John looked at Lisa. She wore tight denim shorts and a red halter top which left little of the generous cleavage between her breasts concealed. Her make up was heavy and precise in every aspect, with thick black eye lashes too long to be real. Her jewelry was extravagant, and jingled together she tottered rather than walked, on heels which were too high to be practical. Her hair was the purest strawberry blonde, pulled back into a wavy pony tail which fell down her back. John looked at her again, then it dawned on him what was wrong... *Lisa was a man!*

'Don't worry honey, you'll look this good when I've got you ready,' Lisa assured him.

“I don't understand,” John stammered. “What do I have to do?”

“You don't really know where you are, do you?”

“No, I'm here....because of a debt...”

“We're all here for different reasons. This is a brothel. You know that much I guess.”

“Yes,” John agreed. “I've never been in one before.”

“Well, even if you had, you'd never dream of anything like this one,” Lisa continued. “We're all boys together here at Madam Seven's, but we're paid to be girls, if you understand the difference. We're expensive, but we're good, and if we're good, we're well paid. You'll soon get the hang of it, but remember, you do what you're told here. Anyone who doesn't just disappears.”

John shuddered at the thought. He knew that his options were very limited, and resolved to survive whatever it cost. He stood and accepted the robe which Lisa offered. Wrapping it around him, he looked at Lisa again... If he had just seen her, he would have looked twice, he would have stared at the blatant sexy image she presented. *Was this his fate?*

Lisa saw him looking at her with undisguised curiosity. “You don't know anything do you?”

“No... I was just brought here in chains.”

“Right, well you have to understand you're here to be a working girl. Take a last look at yourself, because before the we're finished, there'll be nothing you recognize,” Lisa announced with a wry smile.

“What do I have to do?”

“You have to stop looking anything like a boy. And you have to look everything like a girl. It's that simple.”

“How do I do *that*?” John could almost kick himself for asking that as soon as the words left his lips.

“Well first, you have to get rid of all that hair from your body.” Lisa indicated what she meant by pulling some of the hairs on his chest. “I'll rub this cream all over you, then when it's dissolved the hairs, you can shower it off.”

John stood as she smeared the pink substance all over his body from neck to toes, then she took a darker compound and smeared it over his sparse beard. All the time, John could feel a burning sensation spreading as the cream began to penetrate each follicle.

“Right, you can shower now,” Lisa announced when his endurance was at its limit.

John ran, and turned the water as high as he could, rubbing and massaging himself under the water. He felt quite detached as he watched the remains of the hairs from his legs washing away. As he dried himself afterwards, the sensation of a hairless body took him by surprise. Lisa inspected him closely.

“That's quite good, it will feel different as you dress.”

John rubbed his fingers across his face. “What about my shaving?”

“The cream will have removed the hair right down to the follicles. It will take some days to start to grow again, then you have to report to the electrolysis suite each day for the re growth to be removed.”

“Does that mean I won't ever have to shave?”

“It means that for you, like the rest of us here, shaving is a thing of the past. Now we have to get you some clothes. You have to look, behave and be female here. The more female you are, the more you earn. You said you were here for a debt, well the only way to clear it is to earn as much as you can.”

“How do I do that?” John asked, afraid to hear the answer.

“Well you pay three hundred dollars a week for being here, that's room rent, and it includes clothes, make up, hairdressing, nails, and all the basics. If you don't come up to standard, you'll be fined. If you're not trying hard enough to be female, you'll take longer to pay off the debt. You've got to make the effort, if you want to make any money. It can be fun when you get into it. Now come on, we've got to get you dressed.”

John complied as Lisa dressed him. He raised his arms and allowed her to slip a robe over his head. It was voluminous, with long wide sleeves and flowed down almost to the floor, yet it was so light, in figured silks. John hadn't expected to like this, but the feel of the material against his skin, and the way it moved with him, transmitted sensuous touches through his nerves.

*Maybe there were some things to enjoy about being a girl*, he thought.

"I still don't understand." John was in a daze with all the new concepts flooding his mind.

"Let me give you an example, honey. You get paid for being a boy in a dress. If you're a more feminine boy in a dress, you get paid more, - it's that simple. Your rent can be reduced if you're more feminine too. You to decide how far you want to go. How much was your debt?"

"Fifty thousand," John admitted, "but it was a mistake, they say I was a guarantor for a girl, but I never signed the form."

"That doesn't matter now you're here. They'll add fifty per cent for costs, so you'll have seventy five thousand to repay. You need to be as female as you can to get rid of that debt."

John cocked his head like a confused puppydog.

"Okay, this is the quick version, they'll give you a paper with it all on later. The rent is reduced in proportion to how female you make yourself. If you have a hair color, you save a dollar a week, if you have your ears pierced, you save a dollar for each ear ring you wear. You get the idea, the further away from the male norm, the more you save on your rent. If you have your navel or nipples pierced you save a couple of dollars."

"Do you have that?" John asked, suddenly curious.

"Sure, it's my navel." Lisa hiked her halter top to display a heavy gold hoop looped through her skin. A gold chain went through it and around her waist. "One of my regulars paid for the hoop and chain, so I get the reduction and it didn't cost me anything."

"You mean you have to pay for these treatments?"

"Yes, the basic clothes, hair, make up and nails are included in the rent, but piercing, jewelry, plastic surgery fees you have to pay yourself. If you can get someone to pay for them, you get the benefit three times over. It costs you nothing, your rent is reduced, and the *john* has to pay more for you each time."

"*John?*"

"Sorry... Slip of the tongue. It means client, and if Madam Seven heard me saying that, I'd be fined fifty dollars, so don't use that word."

"You seem to have had more done than that," John observed hesitantly.

"Sure have, honey!" Lisa replied, pushing her generous breasts up with her hands. "These beauties were paid for by my clients. Because they're bigger, I get a bigger rent reduction, and the client pays more each time. My rent is down to one hundred dollars a week, that's the minimum, unless I have something else done, and I don't want that at

any price. They charge the clients three hundred minimum for me. It's a thousand to take me out for the day."

"How much of this do you get?"

"I get ten per cent off my debt, and five per cent to spend however I want. As long as my debt's reducing I'm fine. If I don't earn for a week, they charge interest in the debt, so you have to watch that."

"How on earth do you live in such a system?"

"Don't worry," Lisa laughed at him, "Before the week's out, you'll understand it all, and with that debt, you'll be calculating every dollar."

"I guess I've no choice." John's voice was small and resigned.

"None whatever, unless you want to be sent back as unsuitable. And you know what that means. ...And the last thing I have to caution you about is hygiene and safe sex."

"Yes, naturally."

"That's good. It's essential here, Madam Seven insists on having a reputation for running a safe place, it's what makes them come here and pay so much. It's condoms for everything, remember that and you won't go wrong. Forget it and if Madam Seven hears, you'll be out of here. Now come on, it's time we were moving."

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"So you mean that the more female things I have done to me, the more the client pays to see me?" John asked as he followed bare footed through the building, behind Lisa. As they walked he found it hard to realize that he was looking at a boy's body, swaying sexily on impossible heels.

"Yes, you've got it," Lisa agreed. "But remember, the more female you are, the less rent you pay. The trick is to get some special clients, and make them pay for things."

"Like what?"

"Like whatever you can get. I got these beauties in three stages out of three clients!" She pushed her breasts forward again. "Now four clients pay to enjoy them, and I get a rent reduction as well. My nose job was courtesy of another client... oh and another paid for my chin to be reduced. It's fun really, making the changes. You'll learn how to do it. The clients are easy when you get to know how to handle them."

"And do you *like* these changes?"

"Honey, I *love* them! It's much more fun being a girl than I ever imagined. I can do things I never imagined. I just had to learn to do sex differently, once I got that right, it was easy, you'll see what I mean soon enough."

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John walked into the wardrobe section with Lisa. On their way they passed several of the other residents of the brothel, all friendly in an over feminine way. He was introduced briefly to each one, but never once was his name mentioned.

“You never told them who I was.”

“You haven't got your name yet. Here we all have a girl's name, you don't think my parents called me Lisa do you?”

“No, I just assumed you chose it.”

“Think again, honey. You'll be given your name soon enough, when we get through wardrobe and you get your room allocated. Each room has a name that goes with it. When you get your room you get your name.

Wardrobe was an ordeal, as he was handed a bewildering collection of lingerie, dresses, skirts and blouses. He was measured, and given a bag full of shoes to go with them, then a bag of cosmetics, perfume and toiletries. He walked out of there with so many things that they threatened to fall all over the place. He waited alone for an appointment to see Madam Seven with all his new finery about him. Eventually he was called into the office by a petite but pneumatic blonde with very deep voice that left no doubt as to her true sex.

“Lisa has explained things to you, I take it?” Madam Seven demanded. “Nothing less than complete obedience is expected here. You will also use your initiative to become as female in appearance as possible. Your debt stands at eighty thousand. You will receive an account each week, and if you work to maximize your income, you could be free of debt in two or three years. Do you understand what is expected of you?”

“Yes, madam. But I don't understand how it got that high.”

“It's the usual collection fee, plus transport in your case,” Madam Seven replied coldly. “It is not your place to question, you would do well to remember that in future.”

“Yes, Madam Seven,” John replied, shaken by the harsh tone of her voice.

“Good, you may leave. I have allocated Shirley's room to you. That is your name from this moment until you are allowed to leave here when your debt is repaid. You will use no other.” Madam Seven dismissed him with a wave of her hand.

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Shirley's room was large and comfortable. There was a big bed, obviously for entertaining, with mirrors everywhere. There was a large couch, with a television and stereo close to hand. A small bar was fitted into one corner, with two high stools beside the counter. Just off the main room was a dressing room and wardrobes, with shower, toilet and inevitably, more mirrors. This was where he was to live and work as Shirley for the next two years, perhaps more. Before he had time to get really depressed, the telephone rang.

“Is this Shirley?” the voice asked.

“Yes,” he replied cautiously.

“Your appointment in the salon is in half an hour. We're on the floor below you, if you come early, before you dress, we can browse through some style books.”

The voice was friendly, despite the strange situation, and Shirley, still dressed in the robe alone, set off for the salon, which he found easily. Hesitantly, he entered to find two

women sitting at a table. They rose, each kissing his cheeks as they introduced themselves as April and Julie. They were both male, even though their appearance was as feminine as any female he had ever seen coming out of a salon.

“We're full time stylists here,” Julie said. “I specialize in hair and makeup. April is the manicurist and does make up as well, but we've been working together long enough to learn each other's jobs. You don't have to pay us, but when you get a bonus for looking good at the daily inspection, we get a bonus for making you look good. We have to report what we do with you, and obviously, some things give us both a bonus. You'll soon get the hang of it, just trust us for now.”

“What are you going to do?” Shirley asked, a little bewildered.

“Honey, we're going to make it so that you can never look like a boy again, at least not in a hurry,” Julie answered, then she began to comb Shirley's hair. April came to look as she teased it one way then the other. “All you've got to do, is cooperate, we work better if you help us along. This is your first time here, but try and enjoy it, talk to us like you're interested.”

“Your hair's not too short. You should see some we get in here, almost bald,” Julie said. “It's almost shoulder length, it could look really spectacular when you've let it grow some.”

John, or rather Shirley as he had become, watched in fascination as his hair was teased out, brushed forwards then back. He felt a tingling sensation deep within himself, and suddenly realized that there was an excitement, an anticipation tinged with fear that was not totally unpleasant as he understood that he had no choices in the process. They were going to make him look like a girl anyway.

“I always liked to keep my hair long,” Shirley confessed, beginning to relax a little. “It's not been cut for a year or so. They tell me I'm here for at least two years, so it's got time to grow as well.”

“Well, I suggest that you try something to get you into the mood of the place,” April chipped in. “If we create Shirley, then you can get used to being Shirley each time you look in the mirror. You have to forget all about who ever you were before, or you'll get into trouble.”

“I guess I'm in your hands.”

“Very wise and cooperative,” Julie smiled at him. “That always gets our best work.”

“If you help us, we'll do everything today, and we'll make sure you get the maximum rent savings possible. You'll just have to trust us, remember, you're going no where for two years at least, so just enjoy,” April said.

“First we'll wash your hair,” Julie intoned. “We've got a new shade, Platinum Mist, it's called, I've been longing to try it on someone.”

“You mean you're going to dye my hair?” Shirley asked with a shocked expression on his face.

“Of course! Didn't you look round at everyone here. It's obligatory to have a girl's color, and saves two dollars a week on the rent.”

“Okay, I give up,” Shirley sighed and relaxed into the chair as the back wash commenced.

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The experience of having someone wash his hair was a totally new one. He relaxed and allowed the inevitable to happen as his hair was carefully rinsed, then sectioned and brushed with strong smelling lotion. They were gentle as they worked, explaining each stage, constantly telling him how he could reduce his rent.

“The hair gives you one reduction, then if we pierce your ears, you get another, up to five dollars a week for three ear rings,” Julie said.

“Then I'll do your nails,” April added. “If you let me do the standard extensions, you'll save another dollar. The extra extensions save you two dollars, but you would have to pay for them.”

“Or get a client to pay,” Julie interrupted. “That's what most of the girls do. We get to earn a bonus, you save a dollar each week, and Madam Seven gets the money.”

“It seems she can't lose,” Shirley observed.

“No, she's very clever,” Julie said. “She makes money whatever. The client pays to be with the girl, the client pays to treat the girl.....”

“Or to have her changed to his liking,” April put in.

“And the money goes round and round, and into Madam Seven's pockets,” Julie said. “Every little thing you can get someone to pay for is good. You get a reduced rent for each bit of femininity you adopt. She charges more for your time with the clients because you're more feminine. They pay for you to become even more feminine, and she charges more. You may get a little benefit as the rent goes down. She makes much more each time.”

“How far does this go on?” Shirley asked, amazed with the complexity of the system.

“It's everywhere,” April said in a matter of fact voice. “If a client wants his girl to wear something special, he provides it, and pays for the privilege.”

“And if he wants his girl to wear his ring, he provides the ring, and pays for her to accept it,” April raised her hand to show a particularly glittering specimen. “The girl gets to keep the ring for herself.”

“Lisa said he only paid one hundred dollars rent,” Shirley remembered. “He said there was only one more thing that could reduce it, and he didn't want it.”

“I know, and I wouldn't want it either,” Julie grimaced.

“Want what?” Shirley was curious.

“Well, after a girl has breasts, she can ask to be allowed to have an infibulation, that's the final step allowed here, no sex changes, that would spoil the all male show,” April said.

“What's infibulation?”

“It's an operation,” April replied. “I've only seen it once. The client paid, naturally the client always had to pay. The rent went down to fifty a week.”

“And the clients had to pay an extra two hundred a time,” Julie added, “Even the one who paid for the operation.”

“What was the operation though?”

“It's really frightening to think about,” Julie said. “They put you right out, then sew you up. The penis gets sewn down towards the back, and it's covered over by folds of the scrotum which are sewn over it. They make cuts at the edges so that the skin heals together. The testicles are pushed into the body cavity and for all the world you look like a girl down there.”

“No hole for sex though, and it is reversible,” April took up the story. “You have to sit to pee every time. It goes backwards, you've nothing to aim with.”

“I remember that girl.” Julie said. “She was really desperate for money. Her debt was over thirty thousand.”

Shirley felt faint, but said nothing. If that was necessary to clear thirty thousand, what would it take to clear eighty?

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“There you're finished,” Julie said at last. “You can look now.”

“And you do look great,” April reassured him. “Come and look at the new Shirley.”

And a new Shirley it certainly was! He stood before the mirror, and took in the strange figure in the robe. He had platinum blonde hair, too blonde to be natural. He raised a hand to touch, and saw how his nails had been extended and painted a deep red.

Then there was his face. His eye brows had been plucked away until just a high, thin arch remained. They were nothing like a boy could wear. His eyes were made up with deep dark colors so that he looked doe eyed. His ears had been pierced three times, and three hoops were now glistening through his hair. As an extra touch, April had pierced an extra hole high in the curl of each ear, and a small golden ball nestled in each.

“Thank you,” Shirley said as he was leaving the salon. “I know you've done all you can to help me here. It all seems so strange. I can't wait to get out of this robe and into some real clothes.”

“You'll soon get used to the place,” April assured him. “And you'll be coming with a regular appointment each week.”

“Don't worry about anything,” Julie said. “Someone will tell you what to do if you've any doubts. They get fined if they don't help.”

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Shirley walked back to his room. He knew the next hurdle was dressing. How to dress like a girl? He knew the mechanics, but he didn't have the equipment. His waist was too thick, his hips too narrow, and as for the chest, there was nothing there. Nothing yet, the

thought hit him hard. He had only been there a single day and already he was imagining bouncing breasts attached to his chest. *What was happening to this boy?*

Stepping into his room, he stood, wondering how to start to dress. He was still looking at everything laid out on the bed when Lisa returned.

“Hey, you look beautiful,” Lisa gushed. “No one would guess you were a boy just to look at you.”

“Maybe not. But I don't know how a girl should dress, or walk, or talk, or... or *anything!*”

“Don't worry about that. I'm here to make sure you learn what to do. I had a client while you were in the salon, so I couldn't wait, but when I'm not with anyone, I've got to help you.”

“Do you get paid for that?”

“Naturally, and I get a bonus if you learn fast. That's how everything works round here, but don't worry, I really will look after you.” Lisa touched his hand and looked encouragingly at him. “Remember, we're all girls together...or something of a near approximation.” They both laughed, tensions easing.

Lisa started to dress him, she had laid out clothes on the bed in readiness for this moment, so that he had no time to argue, even if he had felt like it. He hoped he would be able to dress on his own soon. The bra was easy as Lisa fastened it behind his back. He felt the unfamiliar sensation of the straps against his shoulders, then looked down to his chest and saw how it almost stood on its own with soft inserts sewn into the fabric to enhance his shape. He turned to look in the mirror and saw the peach colored figured lace garment for the first time across his chest. Matching panties followed, then a garter belt.

“You do it that way so that you don't have to unfasten your stockings to go to the bathroom.” Lisa explained. “You get fined if you don't do it the girl's way every time. There are spy cameras everywhere. They say it's for our safety, but I guess it's for control as well. You just have to accept it.”

“All those days studying the girls in the magazines weren't wasted after all,” he joked as he rolled sheer stockings up his legs. “Now I've got the underwear, what do I do for the rest?”

Turning, he saw that there was a pale peach blouse on a hanger left out of the wardrobe, behind it there was a short red skirt and on the floor, some white shoes with thin heels, and straps which were to fasten around the ankles. With Lisa's help, Shirley dressed quickly, then looked in the mirror, and taking all his courage into his hands, he ran his fingers through the blonde hair. He felt strangely excited, as Lisa took his arm. She opened the door, and together they turned and went out into his new world.

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“I'll show you 'round quickly, then you're on your own for the evening,” Lisa announced. “I'm booked.”

“You mean you have to work elsewhere?”