

PRETTY AS A PICTURE

By Dee Dee Perri



ILLUSTRATED BY MISTY MALVEAUX

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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PRETTY AS A PICTURE

By DEE DEE PERRI

Chapter 1

Brad Hoops, still in his bathrobe, snagged a cup of coffee on his way to his study. He was already hours late for work and the late morning sun hurt his sleep-filled eyes. Fortunately, the Big Boss was his father-in-law. Still, there was that damn report that was due that afternoon. He closed the blinds until the den was comfortably dark. He leaned back in his leather chair, put his feet up on the desk, and his eyes fluttered shut.

“It would be so easy just to say fuck it,” he thought... when suddenly he felt himself standing. His eyes widened in surprise as his lips formed an “O”. He pitched back abruptly and would have fallen flat on his ass but for the mysterious appearance of high heels on his feet. The counter-movement, a jerk forward of his upper torso, followed almost immediately. The weight of breasts tugging at his chest shifted his awareness to a new aspect of the situation. Now, with little more than his toes in contact with the ground, Brad threw his shoulders back and settled more of his weight onto the pointy heels. He looked down to a translucent, low-cut silk blouse with lots of lush, still-jiggling cleavage. He couldn’t conceptualize that this was “his” chest. Like a video camera coming into focus, a flood of novel sensations found their way into his mind. As one nylon-encased thigh brushed against the another, the long nails of a hand grasped some kind of elastic material that was—a skirt! The other hand mindlessly twisted a thick, errant rope of raven black hair that had fallen down across one eye. All of this took place in less time than it took to snap.

“Mizzzzz Jones!” a male voice snarled in his ear, “no gymnastics; this is NOT a physical education class! Just do the problem, hmm?”

Brad turned toward the sound of the voice. A man, a very angry man, glared at him. At her?. “Huh?” Brad responded. He was confused by the impossibility of the situation, but aware of the numerous eyes now boring into him, his near nakedness, his abrupt, startling change to full femininity, of everything except the man in front of him. Brad continued to gaze helplessly about the room.

“Just as I thought!” exclaimed the man who smelled of caulk and Old Spice. The voice had the sound of impending victory, the sound of a hunting dog running its victim to the ground, a sound that was at once both gleeful and terrible. “You do *not* know how to solve this problem, do you.?” he snarled. “You had someone else do your homework again, didn’t you!”

“Huh?”

“If you don’t mind,” the man sneered, “just try to do the problem on the board.” In a low voice that only Brad was meant to hear, the man muttered, “Damn bimbo.”

Brad turned and blinked after he looked at the equation on the blackboard. This *was* a dream, right? He expected to see the man turn into Mrs. Smith, his senior high school calculus teacher. After all, this wasn't actually happening. The problem was not that difficult, only high school algebra, and this time he'd know how to work it. This time he wasn't going to be embarrassed in front of all his peers. His tongue lightly licked what was a fuller lip than he was used to. The taste and feel of lipstick reminded him of the odd dream that he was in; then, without saying a word, he swayed, in a mincing walk, toward the black board. He picked up the chalk and began to write. Each stroke of his hand with the chalk caused his breasts and butt to wiggle. This time he would succeed where he'd failed in Mrs. Smith's class. He turned around abruptly when he was done and returned the chalk to its tray before looking at the man. Satisfaction swelled up inside Brad's chest as he saw the look of defeat on the man's face... HA!

He turned to go back to his seat, where ever that was. There were far more male faces than female in the classroom. And it seemed that every one of the boys had eyes that were locked onto Brad's boobs. Every step he took caused the wobbly flesh to bob and sway. Self-consciously, he reached up to hold them still.

Brad Hoops blinked. He was back in the study but not in his chair. He shook his head as if that could relieve the disorientation. He was standing in front of the mirror that hung on the door, naked. His bathrobe formed a pool at his feet. This was weird, too weird.

It was late at night. Brad was trying to go to sleep but couldn't. He was still bothered about that dream he'd had a few days back. He understood the bit about the math problem but not the rest. He couldn't help but worry that there was some kind of special significance in dreaming that he'd turned into a bimbo. It had seemed so *real*. His worried self-reflection was broken by his wife. She'd rolled over and wiggled closer. Soon, if he didn't respond she'd begin to make even more obvious signals of interest in something more than sleep. He would, of course, oblige her eventually, but not now, not immediately. Sadly, Brad had fallen out-of-love with Chrissy almost as soon as they'd married. If not for the fact that her father owned the company Brad worked for... and then there was the inheritance left to her by her grandfather. Brad's sleepy musings were interrupted when Chrissy became unusually aggressive. She'd swung her one leg over him so as to straddle his hips and then pulled herself up on top. His first thought was that she was putting on some serious weight. Then she grabbed his breasts! Brad opened his eyes in stark terror as his stomach turned to jelly. He was in a room that obviously wasn't his bedroom. The light from a neon sign leaked in through a small dingy window. But that was the least of his worries at that frozen moment in time. A man with sharp stubble on his square chin was on top of him. His breath stank of whiskey and cigarettes. Brad yelled, but the sound came out as a high pitched, feminine shriek.

"Off, off" he simpered in a voice at least an octave too high. He attempted to push away the body, which could only be seen as a dark silhouette looming above him. He attempted to twist out from under the crushing weight, but the man was either too

strong or too well-prepared for his efforts to escape. Brad, in this body, was simply too small and too weak. The man's lips sought Brad's lips; his body pressed down on those breasts that were attached, once again, to Brad's chest. "No!" Brad whimpered in a small, frightened voice, thrashing his head from side to side in an effort to avoid the man's kisses. "No! No! No!"

His plea was abruptly cut off when his soft, full lips were crushed by the unseen mouth. He clinched his jaws and squirmed even more as the man's tongue tried to force its way into his mouth. "Na-," he made a mistake in trying to protest again. All he accomplished was to allow the admission of the assailant's tongue. Like a willful, lustful snake, the thick monster probed Brad's mouth and throat as if seeking to invade his innermost regions. Frustrated, the tongue became even more frantic in its efforts. Ham-like hands suddenly descended upon Brad's breasts and began to knead the flesh, like a baker kneading dough. Pinch, pull, twist. There was pain! And it was *not* erotic.

"Come on babe, don't be no cock tease," the man grunted between passionate gasps. One hand was trying to undo the bra, with little success, while the other was pulling down the panties that Brad didn't realize he wore. With both hands momentarily free and with the man no longer covering his face with sticky, wet kisses, Brad search frantically for anything to help him escape. Brad's hand touched and then grabbed a crystal ashtray from the bed stand. With all the strength he could muster, he slammed the heavy object against the head looming just above his exposed feminine waist.

Maybe in another body the blow would have killed the animal on top of him, or at least knocked it unconscious, but not tonight. "YOU CRAZY BITCH!" the man screamed as he yanked the weapon from Brad's hands and threw it to the floor with a crash. Without a pause, one of those ham-sized hands curled into a fist and threw a glancing blow across Brad's chin. A stream of curses poured from the man. As he reared up to deliver what could be the deathblow, Brad's right leg, free for the first time, lashed out and, with the heel of his foot, struck the "v" between the legs of the shadow. While his arms were not strong enough to do the task, there was ample power in those terror-driven legs.

Brad leaped from the bed and ran from the writhing form collapsed on the floor. A fraction of a second later he emerged from a decrepit motel and fled into the night. The slap of his bare feet on the pavement mingled with the roar of the enraged man now stumbling toward the open door. He was safe for the moment.

One full, creamy white breast, which had been freed from the confines of the bra, slapped painfully up and down as he ran across the street. After the second intersection, Brad scooted for the safety of a dark alleyway. The idea that this was no dream rolled over and over in his mind as he struggled with the bra. Finally, both breasts were once again secure. He waited as quietly as he could, considering that he was still gasping for breath. He cowered behind a filthy trash bin when the approaching sounds of pursuit grew louder. He was considering climbing inside the dumpster when he realized that the man had stopped and was now walking away.

The cool night air whirled up his skirt and across his exposed, female genitals as he huddled there in the dank darkness. His ragged breathing gradually subsided. This was no dream! He crossed his arms to hold in the heat that his breasts were radiating. He began to rub both of his arms to warm the rest of his slim torso. Minutes ticked by slowly, but still Brad was afraid to leave the security of this awful place. He had plenty of time to think. This was no dream! He pulled at the long knot of hair that drooped over his nose. As he held it away from his face, he studied it in the puddle of light from a street lamp. The black hair glittered with metallic blues and greens as it caught and reflected the light.

The dank, dreadful chill was slowly replaced by the warmth of the bedroom. His bedroom. As he extended his toes under the blanket, his right hand slid down and across his chest: the familiar muscular rib cage, the fringe of curly hair on his chest.

“Honey? You still awake?” his wife of three years murmured as she nestled closer.

“Huh?” he muttered as the anxiety melted away. Startled by the wet tears that fell from Chrissy’s eyes onto his chest he said, “What’s wrong, Hon?”

“Nothing, sweetheart, I’m just so... happy.”

“What do you mean?”

She leaned on her elbow. Although he couldn’t see her face, he knew she was staring at him. “Just when I think I really know you, I find out that I don’t!” She laid her hand on his cheek before continuing. “Dear, dear Brad.”

“What do you mean?” he repeated.

“Gosh, Dear. I... I don’t ever think I’ve enjoyed sex as much as I did tonight.”

“Huh?” Needless to say, Brad was lost for words.

Chrissy wiggled as close as she could get to him. Along her whole length she was in contact with his body. “There was a sweet gentleness in your touch, your kisses...” Still more tears flowed down her cheek and onto his chest and shoulder. She quivered with satisfaction when she said, “I’m so... happy.”

Brad just lay there motionless. How could he go to sleep? It had been, what, twenty minutes since he’d almost been raped, or was it made a cuckold? Chrissy’s deep, regular breathing with just a hint of a snore signaled that she had already fallen asleep. He carefully eased himself out of the bed so as not to awaken his mate, and padded quietly into the kitchen to pour himself a stiff drink of bourbon.

There were two possibilities, he noted as he wrapped his bathrobe around himself and admired his bronze-colored drink. The first, and most likely, was a dark road indeed: he was crazy. Logically, none of this could actually have happened, so it was all in his mind. The vivid near-rape scene must have happened while he was having sex with Chrissy. A psychologist could have a good time with that, he noted with sour humor. His marriage with Chrissy, or rather his continued marriage was indeed a kind of rape. If her dad wasn’t the boss... His thoughts hung uncompleted as he swallowed a big gulp of whiskey. The burning sensation that worked its way down his throat and warmed his stomach drew him back to reality.

What had happened tonight was real, it had to be! The subjective experiences, the pain, the cold and most of all, the fear had been too sharply drawn to be some crazy hallucination. He got up from the kitchen table and, after scrounging around a bit, returned with a yellow legal pad and a pen. At the top he wrote: **Observations & Things Known**. Both times he'd been in the same body; at least he was reasonably sure it was since on neither occasion had he actually seen "her" face. **Long, thick black hair**, he wrote. **Pale white skin** he wrote on the next line, and then added, **extremely pale** and underlined it. Line three, **very small possibly under five foot**. He laughed as he added a line at the very top of the list: **female, definitely! Great bod!** He circled the word bod. He could almost feel those breasts again. Brad got up to pour another drink.

Situation, he wrote as he created a new sub heading. **Student? Probably. High school or trade school**. He underlined the latter. Why had he done that? Trade school? The students in the classroom had seemed to be older than one would expect to find in high school, and the math? Remedial? More like what one might find at one of the Trade Techs or Adult Ed. He drew a question mark and went on. **Stupid** he wrote, and then added, **not bright**, or at least **not academic**. Why? The bimbo comment from the teacher? Her general style of dress? Or was it just the fact that she had found herself in a motel room with a man that she didn't want to fuck. That last thought gave Brad pause.

He wrote a new subsection entitled **Why?** Both times the transformation occurred she had been in some kind of distress. It was obvious that she had anticipated a public humiliation at the hands of the math teacher; the second time needed no further explanation. She'd initiated the transformation to get away from a bad situation. On the next line he wrote, **probably used to avoid punishment or danger**. Next he wrote **SCREWED MY WIFE!** and added **either bisexual or willing to experiment**. He paled as he looked at the last line. What if she enjoyed that encounter with Chrissy? Certainly Chrissy had enjoyed "Mizzz Jones", as the teacher had called her.

He wrote on the last line: **Jones, white female of approximately 16-25 years of age**. And in caps declared: **MUST FIND HER!**

Chrissy had gotten up before him this morning, that fact alone was extraordinary. By the time he'd completed his shower and dressed, the odor of breakfast floated in the hallway- a second improbable event! And when he finally sat down at the kitchen table, a breakfast feast of ridiculous proportions had been laid out for him. He hated breakfasts. One cup of coffee was more than enough for him, he thought, as Chrissy loaded his plate with eggs and God-only-knew what else. He looked up at her with a sour expression on his face.

Chrissy was glowing as she bent over and planted a long, wet kiss on his lips. "Poopsie!" she giggled after she came up for air. Rubbing her breasts against the back of his head as she rubbed his shoulders and chest, she giggled again, "I can't wait to tell Mom and Dad!" This was much more glee than Brad could tolerate so early in the day.

Brad stared down at the mass of food on his plate before reaching for all that he really wanted, his coffee. "Tell them what?" he mumbled.

Again she planted a long, wild and unwanted kiss on his lips. "About the baby, silly!"

"Wh-?"

She sat down next to him and began rapidly devouring her breakfast. Between bites she'd look at him with big cow eyes. "I'm POSITIVE we made a baby last night." She smiled between additional mouthfuls of egg. Thrusting a half eaten slice of toast at him like a sword: "Don't you worry, Dad will make sure we have enough. After all, it'll be his grandson!"

"Good," Brad said through a false grin. The last thing he wanted was a screeching brat around. But after trying for three years, this would be a big relief. Like finally finishing a long project. "I mean, that's great Chrissy! Just swell!" He put his arms around her for a quick hug.

He was relieved when his wife finally raced out of the kitchen. He could relax his face, for one thing. He was more relieved than pleased. After the brat was well on the way, he thought while drumming his fingers on the table, he was sure he could get maybe half of the money in a settlement, a kind of payoff for a secret divorce. Poor Chrissy had no idea of just how bored he was with her. Three years of marriage, nine months of pregnancy. Catch her in the seventh month when she would be well blown up, yes, she'd pay half to keep secret his leaving her. Better half a fortune than none at all. Too bad he couldn't tell her to fuck-off *now*.

It was a long, miserable day for Brad, made worse by dinner with his in-laws. The old man, Chrissy's Dad, had slapped and pummeled his back while trying to force a cigar down his throat. It was as if his only daughter had already delivered her cargo of Carter genes into the next generation.

He'd fended off Chrissy, much to her surprise, when they'd gotten home. "Upset stomach," he groaned, "might puke." It was about time she learned to sleep alone, anyhow. He retreated to the guest room for an uninterrupted night's sleep, and a chance to dream, perhaps, of a bevy of young, sensual women...

He was just sliding into a nice fantasy with three secretaries from the main pool when the transformation occurred. His relaxed body pitched out of the chair in which his new body had been sitting. Even in mid-tumble, the hair on the back of his neck had grown erect. Each time before there had been some kind of emergency in Ms. Jones's life; there was no reason to expect otherwise now. As he flopped onto his swollen backside, breaking the fall with his hands, he was ready for whatever emergency must be taking place. Shoving himself (herself?) up, he scanned the room for danger. It was obviously a cheap but clean motel or hotel room. The bed was still made and, as he looked around, there was no one else present. "Hello?" He called out, "Anyone here?" No answer. He was still not comfortable with this girl's voice. It was cute, almost childish, and certainly not a sound that could command any authority.

Since there was no immediate threat, Brad looked at his new body that sat on the thick carpet. His black, shiny shoes were little more than a pair of buckles with pencil-thin heels. At 5 or 6 inches, they were obviously not walking shoes. He wore black mesh stockings, not panty hose, which ended two-thirds of the way up his soft, milky-white thighs. Straps from some kind of corset were attached to the stockings. The only other piece of clothing was a pair of black satin panties. The milky white breasts were as fine as Brad had imagined and this time they were not imprisoned. The corset formed little more than a shelf upon which these breasts rested. The sides of the garment pushed his breasts together, but covered nothing. Having completed his initial inspection, Brad prepared to stand up, an act that would require some effort, given the height of his shoes.

While Brad didn't exactly spring to his feet, his difficulty in standing was minimal. It was like residual motor memory; this body moved as if well-practiced in such gear. Thrusting out one slender, black clad leg, he stood without disaster on one high-heeled foot. It was like test driving a new car, he noted, as his hands first found and then rested on the flaring contours of his hips. He turned forty-five degrees and was riveted by the sight that greeted him. On the opposite wall was a full length mirror. He was absolutely gorgeous!

The next impression was even more striking. He, that is, the woman in the-mirror, *was wondrously pe tite*, slender yet still somehow full figured. And what a figure! Neither the breasts nor the hips were of modest proportions but the corset looked as if it was going to cut him in two. Brad didn't feel any particular discomfort, though, he was already in love!

The mirror acted like a powerful magnet and drew him closer to look at "her". There was something sultry, exotic about the way she walked in these heels. All softness and womanly roundness in motion. The blue eye liner made even bluer eyes appear innocent, while the rich, thick lashes said something else entirely. Brad stared as the image stared back. Purple lips, moist and full. Not at all the way Chrissy might dress. He held up his hands beside the face he admired; of course the purple nails matched the lips.

"Well..." He said out loud to no one but himself. "Whatever else she is, she's quite a dish!" In spite of the elaborate make up and sex kitten costume there was still something naive, innocent in this face. Or maybe, like her teacher said, a bimbo! "Heaven's sake", he murmured and his image copied. He swayed "her" hips suggestively as he turned to see what else he could learn. Like, for instance, who and where she was.

And there it was, a note, a hand written note on the small table next to the chair he'd fallen out of. He sat down again and picked up the message. The writing was a childish scrawl. Loops that were made too large and little heart shaped dots over the "i"'s dominated his first impression. He began to read: "*Dear Mr. Brad*", she'd started. Obviously she didn't know his last name. "*If you're reading this then I must've done it! Really, really cool, huh? Don't know how I can do this but its swell. My friends think I'm crazy when I told them how we switched and stuff and Mike, he's that guy you already met, well anyway if he finds me, I mean you, don't let him in or nothing cause he's really mad and he ain't a really nice person like your wife.*" He turned the page.

“Don’t try to go no where or nothing. I figured what with you being a guy and all that, looking at me all dressed to kill would be kind of fun for you. You better not go outside looking like that or you might get me pregnant and I don’t think that’d be very nice of you.”

And then the close, *“Have fun. Joy.”* There were some hearts drawn along the bottom of the note. His initial romantic attraction to this creature had weakened dramatically while reading the “note”. Physically, the little Bimbo was everything a man could want but, Brad swore under his breath, “She’s a TWIT!” She might be all right for a quick tumble, but a steady diet of this would make even Chrissy look good. “God, whatever happened to the perfect woman anyhow?”

He got up and began looking around the room. No Phone and no phonebook. The closet door was locked. Probably her other clothes were in there, and all he had to do was find the key. As he walked around the room looking for it and anything else that might prove useful, he was struck at how natural this body felt. He approached the window for a peek at the outside world, “Oh my!” he murmured. This was not at all what he’d expected. There were friggin’ palm trees lining the street below. This wasn’t the right city! Not even New England! “OH MY!” he said as he plopped down on the bed. It had never occurred to him that he could be thousands of miles away from his home in New Haven. But where was he now? Miami, L.A., Hawaii?

Brad grew concerned: it had been an hour already and he was still in “her” body. He started to pace back and forth. What if she decided that his life was better than hers? He stopped in front of the mirror and tried to picture himself in this body for the rest of his life; the idea sent a chill down his spine. She was nothing but a sex object. Brad was sure there’d



be no difficulty in finding some means of support, but at what cost? He turned and went back to the table.

Holding a pen against a fresh piece of paper, he thought about what he should say to her. Finally, with more effort than he was accustomed to, he began to write. The pen felt awkward in his hands, probably due to the long finger nails, he tried to tell himself. "*Dear Ms. Jones,*" he began. Brad had a start as he watched the pen draw the letters. The capital "J" in Jones was excessively large. The letters were imperfectly formed, childish, just like the writing in her letter. "*I don't think you should do this again. It is not natural, and it is decidedly unpleasant for me. His hand paused and went back to draw little hearts above the "i's". He held the pen in front of his face, as if to question its purpose, then scrawled, "Brad."* It wasn't much of a note, but what do you say to a young woman who has hijacked your body? He wrote down his phone number and asked her to call. He was sure that there would be a way to "work things out." Yes, he thought, even for a one night tumble, he'd pay to have a piece of this. The hand, as if all by itself, without Brad's intervention, drew little dollar signs. "What the Hell?" groaned Brad.

He compared his note and hers. The writing wasn't just similar, it matched exactly. He sat there in growing horror. He wasn't just in her *body*, he was in her *brain*; her skills were now his. If she didn't come back, how long would he retain his own identity?

That was a sobering thought. Would his mental processes remain as they were, or would they gradually take on her form also? Would the double negative become natural: don't never do this again? He crossed his legs as his finger slid down into the panty. Slowly, without conscious intent, he began to stimulate that little ribbon of flesh above his pussy. He began jerking his right leg up and down, in time with the strokes applied to his little delight. The sliding motion of his thighs created a pleasant friction in his groin. The silk stockings felt good sliding across each other, singing wisp, wisp, wisp. A warmth grew inside the pussy, her pussy- *his* pussy. Juices were beginning to flow through the lips of the opening between her legs. He tried to stop, but it was as if this body was now running on automatic.

Her nipples wrinkled, and then began to grow like twin pricks. His other hand began to play with the hardening nipples, and the beat set by his leg jerks accelerated. The growing tension was like what he'd felt as a male, but less localized. "Hi diddle-diddle, the cat and the fiddle," he began to sing, in a little girl's voice grown husky. The inability to stop was frightening! His mind reeled with "his" first, fully feminine sexual rush.