



Reluctant Press presents:

Go, Leaf Girl, Go!

Briana Vermont



ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVID McKINLEY

A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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Go, Leaf Girl, Go!

By Briana Vermont

Illustrations by David McKinley

Chapter 1

The bus pulled to a stop, and James was the first to exit. Six hours earlier, he had been the first one to board. This was his first time visiting Toronto, or anywhere for that matter, and he couldn't wait to see it all! He'd never been further than an hour's drive from home, and that was to his grandmother's farm. He'd been looking forward to this for a long time.

Unfortunately, being first in line doesn't always mean you won't have to wait. James had his backpack, but his old suitcase was still in the hold underneath the bus. James waited patiently while everyone else stepped down and headed in their various directions, until finally the driver came out and opened the storage compartment. James grabbed the suitcase, and moved to the side to consider his next move.

Before he left, James' mother had called her cousin Beth in Guelph, who had a daughter named Krista living in Toronto, and they had arranged that James could stay with her for a few days. Hopefully it wouldn't be too long. James wanted to find a job, and then a place of his own.

James looked up and down the bus platform. There seemed to be no obvious pick-up and drop-off area. Krista was supposed to come get him, and help him with his things. He walked out to the road and looked up and down. Looking up the road, James saw an enormous office building. It was gold, and must have been 500 feet tall. James just stared; he had never seen such a thing in his life.

A lot of cars drove past, in fact they never seemed to end, but none of them was Krista. He had only ever met this girl once, at a family Christmas about a thousand years ago. He remembered she was around two years older than he was, and she had teased him mercilessly. She had been completely bored with his tiny community, and had taken it out on James at every opportunity.

James laughed at the memories, and wondered what she was like now.

Krista couldn't believe it. Saturday morning, and she should be in bed. Instead, here she was stuck in traffic on the Gardiner Expressway, driving downtown where no one in her right mind would ever drive, to pick up her hick cousin at the bus station. The bus station, of all the humiliations! And where does all this traffic come from anyway? It's Saturday morning, nothing's even open yet. If no one ever drives downtown because of the traffic, then where does the 24-hour traffic jam come from? Krista had a theory that people just circle the city, looking for a parking spot.

Krista pulled off the highway and found her way over to Bay Street. Heading north, she pulled over to the right as she approached the bus station. Krista looked around at the masses of people, wondering how she was ever supposed to pick out her hayseed cousin from the hundreds of people walking around one of the busiest intersections in North America.

"Oh – my – God," said Krista. There was no mistaking him. The dirty jeans, the red plaid flannel shirt, the suitcase from the 1950's, the slack-jawed, vacant face staring up unblinking at the Royal Plaza Tower. He didn't even look as if he'd grown in the ten years since she'd last said good riddance to him. He was the same, scrawny little country hick. And now she got to live with him, oh joy. Krista pulled the car over beside him and rolled down the window.

"Hey, James!" she yelled, trying to get his attention. James continued to stare at the building across the street. "Just great," Krista said to herself. "He has the attention span of a four-year old."

Krista put the car in park and stepped out. "Hey, li'l Abner!" she yelled. James jumped, and looked at her. "You're James, right?"

James smiled, picked up his pack and suitcase and ran over to the car. "Are you Krista?" he asked enthusiastically.

"No, I'm a cab driver, and I'm only licensed to pick up people named James." James looked confused, so she said, "Of course I'm Krista. Here, put your things in the trunk."

Krista walked to the back of the car, where James met her with his things. She opened the trunk and he threw the bags in. The car behind them honked its horn.

"Take it easy!" Krista yelled at the guy as she closed the trunk. You'd think he'd be used to sitting and waiting in traffic by now.

Krista walked back to the driver's side door, opened it and stepped in. Leaning over, she unlocked the passenger side for James so he could join her.

"Is that everything you brought?" Krista asked as she pulled away from the curb. She turned right at the first street. "I thought you were bringing a lot of stuff. If I'd known you just had one suitcase and a backpack, I wouldn't have driven downtown. You could have carried that on the subway."

James wasn't really paying attention. He was too fascinated by everything he could see out the windows. "Did you see that building?" he asked. "That was amazing. Do you think it's made of real gold?"

"As a matter of fact, yes, it is," Krista told him.

"Wow," said James. "Hey, my bus went right past the CN Tower! Isn't that amazing? It was so close, I could almost touch it out the window. I heard you can go up to the top. What's it like at the top? It must be scary."

"I wouldn't know," said Krista. "I've never been there."

"You've got to be kidding!" James said incredulously. "That's the first thing I want to do. We should go there today, don't you think? That would be so cool."

Krista rolled her eyes. "How could my mother stick me with this loser?" she thought to herself. She pulled into a parking lot, and took a ticket from the machine. Finding a spot, she pulled in, stopped the car, and got out. James got out as well and faced her over the roof.

"Is this where you live?" he asked.

"No, this is a parking lot. I live in a building," Krista replied.

"Ya, I know, but, do you live around here, in a building?" James asked.

Krista started walking toward the road, and James followed. "No, I don't live anywhere near here. But since I had to drive all the way downtown to get you, I figured I would do a few things while I was here."

"Oh, sure. That sounds great! I want to do everything, see it all. So where are we right now?"

"Yonge Street," Krista replied.

"No!" said James. "Really? I've heard about Yonge Street. It's supposed to be totally amazing. Do you know it's, like, the longest street in the whole world? It's supposed to be – I don't know how long, but really long, anyways. The longest street in the whole world. And totally amazing."

Krista had nothing to say to this. This was a nightmare. Maybe if she tried real hard she could wake up. How could her mother have gotten her into this?

"It sure is cold here. I mean, really cold!" The wind was blowing straight up Yonge Street as usual.

"So what did you expect? This is Toronto, in January."

"Well, ya, but this is unbelievable. I mean, I come from 300 miles north of here, and it gets cold, but this is unbelievable."

"It's the wind off Lake Ontario. Let's get inside."

Krista went inside a shop, and James followed close behind. He followed her down an aisle. It took a few moments to thaw out, but when he did James realized they were in a drug store.

"Hey, what are we doing here?" he asked. "I thought we were going to see Yonge Street."

"This is Yonge Street," she replied. Krista stopped in the cosmetics aisle, and looked at the various bottles and tubes.

"Ya, I know, but I mean, I've seen drug stores before. I want to see things I haven't seen, do things I haven't done."

"Have you ever bought lipstick before?" she asked.

"No!" James replied, insulted.

"Then enjoy the experience." Krista took a couple of samplers, and drew lines on the back of her hand to see the colors.

James realized there was nothing to be done until she was finished, so he leaned against a wall and waited. "She *is* going out of her way to help me," he thought to himself. I guess the least I can do is put up with some of her errands."

After about half an hour, Krista had all the items she wanted. She paid at the counter, and she and James went back onto the street. Krista handed the package to James. The frigid wind took up where it had left off earlier, chilling James through to the bone.

"It is so cold here!" James shouted.

"Do you ever get tired of stating the obvious?" Krista replied. "Would it kill you to go five minutes without complaining about something?"

"My lips are getting chapped," James continued. "Do you have any Chapstick?"

"You were just in a drug store!" Krista yelled over the wind. "You could have bought your own, then you wouldn't need to use mine!"

They continued walking for a while. "So do you have one?" James finally asked.

"Oh, for ... okay, sure." Krista took off a glove, and searched through her purse. Finding a tube, she pulled off the cap and faced James. "Pout your lips," she instructed.

James pouted his lips, and Krista applied the wax to them, first the top, then the bottom. She put the cap back on, and dropped the tube in her purse. Facing James, she told him, "Now purse your lips, like this. Rub them together to smooth it out." James did as he was asked.

"Okay, stop, let me take a look. Okay, looks good. Can we move on now?"

"Sure. Thanks, Krista, this is much better," said James, through his bright red lips. Krista smiled, thinking how the poor sap had no idea she had just painted his lips with lipstick.

When they came to "The Bay" department store, Krista led James up the steps and through the big revolving doors. James looked around; he had never seen a store this big in his life. It seemed to stretch forever, in all directions, including up and down. "This place must sell everything," said James.

“Good morning ladies,” they were greeted by a salesperson at the entry. “Do you have your Bay cards today? All purchases are 10% off today with your card. If you don’t have one, I can sign you up right now.”

“Thanks, we have our cards,” said Krista as she breezed past the man.

“Did he call us ladies?” asked James.

“Never mind, we have things to do,” Krista told him. She charged on ahead, and James had trouble keeping up.

When she finally stopped, James had time to look around. “Women’s underwear?” he said. “What are we doing here? Come on, I just got into Toronto, I don’t want to be standing around in a women’s underwear department.”

“You are such a whiner,” she said. “Look, I need to pick up a few things, okay? The city will still be there after I do my shopping. Just keep your panties on.”

Krista took her time reviewing every bra and pair of panties in the department, finally choosing one of each, both black. She paid for the purchases at the counter.

The sales woman rang in the sale. Turning to James she said, “Nothing for you today, dear?”

James didn’t know what to say. What would he possibly want to buy in the women’s underwear section? His mouth just dropped open, and he shook his head, no.

“Thank you, ladies,” said the sales woman. “Enjoy your day!”

“She said it too,” said James.

“Said what?”

“She called us ladies.”

“Don’t be so sensitive,” Krista told him. She handed him the small bag of underwear and they continued through the store.

“So, can we please do something now? Like, go see some sights?” pleaded James.

“Sure. That’s the next thing on our list. I’m taking you to the Eaton Centre. It’s a huge shopping mall, every tourist to Toronto goes there.”

“I know what the Eaton Centre is,” said James petulantly. “We’re not completely isolated in the north, you know.” The he looked around. “I thought this was the Eaton Centre,” he said.

“Are you kidding?” laughed Krista. This is one department store. The Eaton Centre has hundreds of stores!”

As James stared around him, a salesgirl stepped into the aisle blocking their way.

“Good morning ladies. Have you tried our latest scent?” She held up a small bottle, and sprayed James on his neck, then held his hand while she sprayed his wrist. “Isn’t that just the best?”

“Hey!” said James. “What did you do that for?”

“Oh!” said the salesgirl, hearing James’ voice. “You’re a ... I mean, you’re not a ...”

Krista took James' hand, and smelled the perfume. "That's really pretty. Here, can I try some?" Krista took the bottle and sprayed some on her own wrist. She smelled it, then transferred some to her other wrist by rubbing them together. Then she sprayed a small amount on her neck behind her ears. The salesgirl just continued to stare at James.

"I like this. I'll take one," she said.

The salesgirl took her to the counter where she rang up the sale. All the while, she continued to stare at James. Krista took her package, and continued through the store.

"What is going on here?" said James as Krista handed him the package of perfume. "Is everyone in Toronto crazy?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Krista.

"I'm talking about how everyone we meet calls us ladies, and tries to sell me women's products. It's starting to freak me out."

"They're sales people. They try to sell anything to anybody. And they're probably just not paying attention when they look at you."

"Ya, I guess so," said James. Krista gave him a big smile, and tried hard not to laugh as he gave her a big, red smile in return.

"Here we are, that's the Eaton Centre," said Krista, pointing across the street. James couldn't wait, and as soon as there was a break in traffic he darted across the road. He held Krista's packages in one hand while he opened the large, steel and glass doors, allowing Krista to enter first. But unfortunately, his first glimpse of the fabled mall was spoiled as he caught sight of his reflection in the door.

James stared closely at his reflection in the steel of the door. It was difficult to see, but ... James looked into the mall. The first shop he saw had some large, ornate mirrors on the wall. James ran into the mall, and up to the first mirror. He stared at his wind-blown hair, and pretty red lips. The he saw Krista standing behind him, holding her sides and doubled over in laughter.

"This isn't funny," said James as he stormed off into the mall.

"Oh, come on," said Krista. "It is funny. Just a little, don't you think?"

"No, not at all. So the joke's over. Give me a tissue to wipe it off."

"You can't just wipe it off. You'll have to wash it with soap. Come on, I know where there's a washroom."

"Oh, nice. So now I have to walk through the mall, with everyone laughing at me."

"No one is laughing at you. No one else, anyway. Everyone who sees you just thinks you're another girl at the mall; I'm the only one who knows you're a sissy-boy."

Krista laughed again, but James just remained quiet. They walked in silence for a while longer, until Krista felt the awkward tension.

"Okay, I'm sorry. It was just a joke, I didn't mean to make you angry."

They walked in silence a while longer. "Look, I really am sorry. And I thought of a way to make it up to you. How would you like to see a Leafs game tonight?"

James stopped and turned to Krista, all thoughts of her treachery, and his lipstick, gone. "Are you kidding me? That would be so amazing! I love the Leafs, and they're playing Chicago tonight! It's going to be an awesome game!"

"Well, I can't promise anything, but I know a guy who has season tickets. I'll give him a call." Krista took out her cell phone and punched in some numbers.

"Hey, Mark, it's Krista.

"Ya, right, hey it's not too early for you is it? Good.

"What's that? Oh, nothing much, just down at the mall.

"(laughs) Sounds amazing! Listen Mark, my cousin's a big Leafs fan and just got in from way out of town. I said you might have some tickets for tonight.

"You do? You can? Mark, that is so fantastic. You've earned that kiss!

"Uh huh, uh huh, okay, 6:30, in the tunnel from Union Station to the Air Canada Centre, beside the black Bronco. We'll be there.

"(laughs) You just save that for later. See you tonight!"

James could barely contain himself throughout the call, but when Krista closed her phone he grabbed her and jumped with excitement.

"You got the tickets! Krista, you're the best!"

"Hey, easy there, sissy. You're going to smear lipstick on me!"

James gave his cousin one more hug, then they turned to continue. That was when they both noticed the girl blocking their path.

"Angie!" said Krista. "What are you doing here?"

"Same as you, I expect. Just spending some time at the mall," said Angie. She turned to look at James, and waited expectantly.

"Oh, Angie, this is my cousin ..." said Krista, not quite sure what to say next.

"Sissy, right?" said Angie. No one said anything, so she continued, "Krista called you Sissy, that's your name, right?"

James just stood there with his mouth slightly open. After a pause, Krista said, "Yes! That's right. This is my cousin Sissy, she just got into town and I'm showing her the mall. Sorry, we just got in the doors, and we're completely frozen. Even Sissy's brain is frozen solid."

"Oh, I know, isn't it awful outside?" The three started walking together down the mall, as Angie continued to talk. "I'm so glad I ran into you. My plans for the day were ruined, and I had no idea what to do next. There are some really great sales on down at the other end. What are you shopping for, anything in particular? I really need a new outfit, I'm so sick of everything in my closet. Don't worry, Sissy, we're going to find something gorgeous for you. And I was thinking of some new boots. My old pair was so gorgeous, except they got salt stains on them and they just won't come out. So I'm definitely going to look at boots. Where do you go for boots? I don't have anywhere in mind, I just figured I'd look around in the stores until I saw something I liked ..."

As Angie continued to talk, James pulled Krista back a few feet and spoke quietly to her.

“Krista, I do not want to spend the day with someone who thinks I’m a girl! Especially a girl named Sissy! You promised I could wash my face and we’d do some sightseeing.”

“I’m sorry James,” Krista whispered in reply. “But what can I do? I didn’t know Angie was here, and I didn’t invite her along. Do you want me to explain that you’re really a boy in lipstick who calls himself Sissy?”

“No, of course not,” James shouted in a whisper. “Just, please, make some excuse so we can get away from her.”

“Hey, girls,” said Angie as she joined their conversation. “What’s all the whispering about?”

“Oh, Angie,” said Krista. She thought briefly about continuing to tease and ridicule James, it really was that much fun. But then she looked at his pleading eyes, and watched him form the word ‘please’ with his big, red lips. She decided to take pity on the idiot and make an excuse instead.

“You see, Angie, the thing is ... Sissy and I haven’t seen each other in years. She just got into town, it’s her birthday, and I promised to spend the day with her, seeing the sights. I hope you don’t mind?”

James was so glad Krista had decided to help him. He felt sorry for Angie, being rejected that way, even though Krista had let her down easily. He expected Angie to look downcast, say goodbye, and continue on her way. Yet somehow, that didn’t happen. Instead, Angie looked perkier and happier than ever. She was actually bouncing with excitement.

“Your birthday? Oh, happy birthday, Sissy! Oh, this is too perfect! Come with me!” Angie took James by the hand, and led him to an elevator. The three stepped in, and Angie pushed a button.

“What floor did you push?” asked Krista. “There’s nothing up there except offices.”

“Offices, and services,” said Angie. She continued to ramble as the elevator continued upward.

“So, I was supposed to meet Alison and Stephanie in the mall this morning. And I’m waiting forever, and thinking, like, maybe I missed them, because I was late, although they’re always late too, and that’s how we usually meet up. So I’m still waiting, when my cell rings, and it’s Alison. So where do you think they are? Their father flew them to New York to go shopping! That’s a really nice perfume, Sissy. You have to tell me where you got it. So they’re in New York, and I’m already here at the mall, and they would have invited me too except they didn’t find out until last night, and my stupid answering machine was full so they didn’t leave a message. Don’t you hate that? Some messages I don’t want to erase, and then they don’t make the tape long enough.”

The elevator stopped, and the three stepped off. They were high above the mall, looking down over a railing. Angie wandered along, as if she knew where she was going, continuing to talk the entire time.

“So they told me that I could still go by myself. But I told them, what fun would that be? And they said it’s all paid for, and anything I wanted I could put on their account, but I said no, I would just do some shopping, and they said suit yourself. Can you believe that? Not that I blame them, of course. I mean, are they supposed to say ‘no, I don’t want to go to New York’? I wouldn’t. But still, I wasn’t going to go by myself.”

Angie opened a door, and Krista and James walked through. “Go where?” asked Krista.

“Well, here, silly!” Angie stopped in front of a counter, and indicated the large sign above it saying, ‘Premiere Ladies’ Spa’. “Happy Birthday, Sissy!” Angie cried out with excitement.

“Good afternoon, ladies,” said a pretty woman as she approached. She looked like a Greek goddess, with a toga tied round her waist, sandals strapped high up on her calves, and her hair piled high on her head. A nametag said that her name was Fleur. She was carrying a clipboard.

“Do you have an appointment today?”

“Yes,” answered Angie. “Under the name of Stephanie and Alison Stanton.”

Fleur placed a check on her clipboard. “Party of three. Miss Stanton phoned earlier, and said you might still be coming. I’m so glad you decided to join us.”

Another woman arrived and handed white, satin robes and paper slippers to the three ‘girls’. They were then ushered out of the reception area and into the main spa. This room was amazing. It was all white and gold, with steps and columns and ivy growing on everything. There was a shallow pool, with a number of women wearing the same short white robes, sitting around the sides. A waterfall trickled into the center of the pool. More women were in a hot tub. Still more women sat around the edges of the large room, some with their hair wrapped in towels like a turban. Some were having their hands and feet attended to, while others were having things done that James couldn’t begin to imagine what was going on.

“I have you down for two Luxury Spa Days, and one Ultimate Makeover Experience,” said Fleur. “Now which one of you is getting the Ultimate?”

Angie and Krista both looked at James, Krista with mischief and Angie with uncontained excitement. “Happy Birthday, Sissy!” they both said, as Angie hugged him.

A man dressed in gold shorts and nothing else came over with a tray, offering them all a glass of champagne. James took his and drank it in one gulp.

“It’s Sissy, right?” said Fleur. “I’m just going to need your signature, right here.” Fleur led the girls around to the other side of the room. She handed James her clipboard, with a page attached:

Ultimate Makeover Experience

I, the undersigned, understand that the Ultimate Makeover Experience (hereinafter to be known as the service) is a personalized service, to be conceived by the staff of Premiere Ladies’ Spa (hereinafter to be known as the spa) on my behalf and with my consent but without my prior knowledge. I therefore consent to the following terms and conditions:

1. I sign over all rights to the spa with regard to my personal appearance.
2. I give the spa full permission to perform all treatments deemed necessary in their opinion ...

James had no idea what he was reading. "Just sign right here, sweetie," said Fleur, pointing to the bottom line. James picked up the pen and wrote, "Sissy Robertson" on the bottom line.

Fleur took back the clipboard, and stopped walking. She reached behind a curtain and flipped a couple of switches, turning off the waterfall and the soft music. Everyone in the room turned to look.

"Attention, ladies," Fleur called into the sudden silence. "I'm so sorry to interrupt your relaxation, but I have an announcement I know you'll want to hear. This is," and here she consulted the clipboard, "Sissy Robertson. Sissy has just signed up for the Ultimate." There was excited murmuring from the room of ladies.

"Take a good look at her now, and say goodbye to the old Sissy. After our team of expert beauticians is done, she'll be a whole new woman. Sissy, do you have plans for tonight?"

Fleur waited expectantly. Finally James said, in a high, cracking voice, "Hockey game."

Krista stepped forward and said, "She's got a bit of a cold. We're meeting a friend at 6:30, and we're going to see a hockey game."

"Well, Sissy, we'll make sure you're the most beautiful woman there. Ladies, if you want to see how Sissy turns out, I hope you'll join us at 6:00 for her big reveal."

Fleur reached behind the curtain, and turned on the waterfall and music. The women in the room applauded for Sissy, and spoke excitedly. A man in a gold bikini bottom placed James against a wall, then stepped back to take a photograph. "This is for your 'before' shot," Fleur explained. James and the two girls were then led into a back hallway, where each was shut into a private change room.

"Just place your old clothes into the basket, and leave it here. Someone will take care of everything for you. When you're changed into your robe, join us in Massage Room 3 down the hall." Fleur stepped out, closed the door, and left James all alone.

James was desperately trying to think of a way out. Somehow he had to get past all the spa employees in the hall, then through the room of women, past Fleur at reception, then down the wide-open hall to the elevator. As impossible as that all sounded, the part he couldn't help fixating on was how long the elevator would take to arrive, and if someone would catch him before it did. Suddenly the door swung open, and Krista came in wearing her satin robe and slippers. She quickly closed the door behind her.

"Hey, Sissy. Do you still have my packages?"

"Who cares about your packages? Yes, I still have your packages, they're right here. Krista, why did you change? We've got to get out of here!"

“Get out, why would you want to get out? This place is amazing! Do you know how much this is all worth? And it’s all paid for. We are going to experience luxury like most people never even knew existed. This is going to be the greatest day ever!”

“In case you hadn’t noticed,” said James, “everyone in this place thinks I’m a girl! How am I supposed to enjoy anything like that?”

Krista looked through her packages, and found her new panties and bra. She tore open the plastic wrap on the panties, and gave James an exasperated look. “Look, don’t blow this, okay? You’re going to be pampered, and spoiled, massaged and oiled and treated like royalty, and you’re complaining. They’re going to give you champagne and hors d’oeuvres, while you sit in a spa watching gorgeous girls while they cater to your every whim. Now tell me, where do you see a problem?”

“The problem is, I’m signed up for a makeover!”

Krista spoke as if to a child. “So, at some point in the day they’ll put some makeup on your face. Afterward, we’ll go and wash your face, and I’ll take you to the hockey game. Sound nice? Okay, so here, put on these panties.”

Krista handed him her new panties. James took one look and said, “No, I can’t wear those! Can’t we just *try* to escape?”

Krista looked apologetic and said, “I’m sorry, but there’s no way. There are too many people to get past. We’d never make it. They’d catch us for sure.”

James just looked at the panties, and tears started to form in his eyes. Krista was really enjoying this, but decided a two-pronged approach was necessary. “You signed that contract with the name Sissy, didn’t you?” she asked. “You falsified that contract, that’s a federal offense.”

“No it’s not,” said James, not entirely sure.

“Yes, it is. I used to go out with a guy who was studying to be a lawyer. Believe me, if you’re caught they’ll call the police. And you already drank their champagne. That’s theft.” Enough bad cop, thought Krista. She continued, “Think about it, it’s going to be great. Better than jail, anyway. Now I’m going to turn my back while you put on the panties.”

Krista turned around, and after a moment heard James removing his clothes. She smiled, and tried really hard not to laugh. After a minute he said, “Okay, you can turn around.”

Krista turned to face James. He was completely naked, except for her new black panties and his paper slippers. She couldn’t help letting a small snicker escape.

“Ha, ha. Very funny,” said James as he crossed his arms in an attempt to cover his chest.

“You look good, really,” said Krista, barely able to control herself. “It’s just, that bulge, in your panties, looks out of place.”

“There’s not much I can do about it,” James said.

“Look, you’ve got to do something about it or you’ll be caught for sure. I’ll turn around again. Pull down your panties, then try pushing it down and point it back between your

legs. Then pull the panties up to hold it in place. I saw that in a movie once." Krista turned her back once again.

"What kind of movies do you watch?" asked James, but he did as she instructed. When Krista turned around to face him this time, his panties were smooth and pretty.

"There, that looks so nice," she told him.

"Well it feels awful," James replied.

"You'll get used to it," said Krista as she ripped open the box with her new bra. "Here, hold out your arms."

"No, not a bra!" he protested.

"Come on, we don't have time for this. They're going to come to find us soon, we're taking so long." Krista pushed his arms through the bra straps, then turned him around so she could do it up at the back. Then she slipped the silky white robe over his shoulders. Turning him around again, she tied it at the waist, then stepped back to look him over. The bra gave him a bit of shape up top, and the tie gave some curves to his waist and hips. The robe came down to the tips of his thumbs, and would have looked cute on anybody.

She mussed his hair a bit, then said, "There. You're as ready as you'll ever be. Here, I need to touch up your lipstick." James reluctantly pursed his lips, allowing Krista to reapply the lipstick that had caused this entire problem in the first place.

"One last thing," said Krista. She took his old underwear, and shoved it into the discarded bra box. She placed this in a bag, and threw the whole thing into a waste paper basket in the corner.

"What did you do that for?" James asked.

"You don't want someone finding those. Now come on, Sissy, it's time to go." With that, she opened the door and shoved 'Sissy' out into the hall.

The Premiere Ladies' Spa crack team of beauticians was meeting in the boardroom to discuss their newest client. They sat around the table, each with a file folder containing photos of Sissy. A video of her walking through the spa was displayed on a large screen at the end of the room.

"Ladies, I think we have our hands full with this one," said Fleur.

"There really isn't a lot to work with here, is there? Her clothes are hideous, her makeup is almost non-existent, and that hair is a mess," said another.

"I disagree," said a third woman. "She's here for a total makeover, so of course she wore no makeup. That's our job, and I think she has very interesting features we can work with."

"And she wore those clothes simply for the effect they would make in the 'before' photo. She knows she's not getting them back as well, so she's not going to wear her best outfit."

"But what about that hair? I suppose there's enough in front to work with, but the back is too short. There's nothing to work with there at all."

"Can we give her a really short pixie cut? A boyish look?"

"Maybe, but I don't like it. Her face is too boyish already. I really want to see her with long, flowing hair over her shoulders."

"How about some extensions, then?"

"Perfect. I can shape the front, and add the extensions for length at the back."

"Color?"

"Sunny blond?"

"I'm thinking we should go for a sophisticated look, to really contrast her current appearance. Sunny blond is too California-cutesy. How about honey blond?"

"Perfect. Makeup?"

"I want to see the new hair first, but I'm thinking some pinks, to bring out her skin tone, and golden browns in the eyeshadow. I want to emphasize the gold flecks in her blue eyes." Everyone turned to the close-up photo so they could see Sissy's eyes in detail.

"What about our friend, the doctor?"

"The appointment is made for 1:00."

"Clothing?"

"I'll call ahead to La Maison and have them pull some outfits. I'd like to go with the gold theme, find something trendy and sophisticated for her."

"Any other ideas?"

"She's going to a hockey game. Maybe we could find some cute accessories with a hockey theme, some Maple Leaf earrings or something."

"Sounds adorable. Take a look in the mall, but don't waste all day if you can't find the right thing. Okay ladies, let's get to work."

Krista shoved Sissy through the door marked "Massage Room 3". Angie was already on one table, lying face down, wearing only a pair of panties. She looked like she was almost asleep, as a large, strong, but beautiful amazon woman worked on her back. Her nametag said that her name was Inga. Krista and Sissy stood at the side and watched.

"You two, get undressed and lie on the tables. I get to you soon enough," said Inga as she continued to roll Angie's back like bread dough.

Krista undid her robe, then removed it and dropped it on a chair. She removed her bra and lay it on top, then started over to the next table.

"Krista!" said Sissy through clenched teeth. Krista turned around and looked at him. She walked right up to him, looking him straight in the eyes as she slipped her arms under

his and around his back. As her breasts pressed against Sissy's chest, she deftly undid his bra. Then Krista turned around, walked over to her table, and lay face down.

Sissy stood, shocked for a moment. "She's your cousin!" he repeated to himself a number of times. Then he turned to the wall, removing his robe and bra and placing them on a chair. Holding his hands over his chest, he turned around, wearing nothing but panties, and walked to his table. He took off his slippers, then lay face down, waiting his turn.

"Where have you two been?" asked Angie through sleepy lips. "I was starting to think you'd escaped."

"Oh, we wouldn't do that," said Krista.

"We couldn't," added Sissy, trying out a feminine voice. He couldn't just stay quiet all day.

A woman entered, and went straight to Angie. She used a brush to spread some kind of brown liquid on her leg, then rubbed a strip of cloth over it, pulling it away very quickly. Angie seemed to jump, but went straight back to relaxing as the woman rubbed the spot vigorously.

"I'll get started on the next one, Siu," said Inga. "You can finish up here."

"Sure," said the woman, whose name was apparently Siu. "I know my job."

Inga came over to Sissy's table, and began massaging her up and down her entire body. She rubbed Sissy's legs and feet, her hands and arms, her butt, lower back and shoulders, her neck. Under any other circumstances, this would have been the greatest experience of his life, but right now Sissy just wanted out.

"You are so tense," chastised Inga. "You've got to loosen up, relax, have some fun. This is supposed to be fun, you know!"

Sissy tried to relax, but his body wasn't cooperating.

"Okay, I done with this one," said Siu. She came over to Sissy's table, and brushed the brown liquid on his leg. It was warm, and Sissy thought it felt kind-of nice, in a sticky, runny sort of way. Then Siu rubbed a piece of cloth over the liquid, and pulled it away quickly. Sissy shrieked like a little girl.

"That really hurt!" he managed to say in a feminine voice through his tears.

"What you expect?" said Siu. "This leg waxing, not a holiday picnic. You hold still or I call in Marco to hold you down." Siu quickly applied another strip and ripped. "You got real jungle going on down here. You some kind of hillbilly girl?"

"I didn't sign up for a leg waxing!"

"You sign up for everything we think necessary, and lady, this necessary!" said Siu as she pulled another strip.

Sissy tried to sit up and scramble away, until he realized he had no bra on. He grabbed his chest and fell flat on the table. Siu expertly applied and removed another strip. Each time she vigorously rubbed the patch, making some, but not all, of the pain go away.