

The Last Time



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Trevor's grandmother really hated men. So much so that she swore she'd cut her daughter, Diana, out of her inheritance if she ever had a boy. So when Dianna gave birth to Trevor, she pretended he was a girl when her mother came to visit each summer. When Trevor was old enough to understand what she was doing, Diana promised him half the inheritance up front if he just played along for as long as granny was alive. This was a big deal—close to a million dollars—so he agreed.

And now, after eighteen years of pretending to be a girl for a weekend in June, that the plan was finally coming to an end. Grandma's health was failing, and she wasn't going to be around for a visit next year.

But that wasn't the whole story.

Trevor had no idea that his grandmother was planning to spend the end of her life with her daughter. Trevor couldn't keep up the act for months, nor would he want to, and so Diana had planned accordingly. If her scheme

worked, Trevor wouldn't need to act at all.

Diana had directed Trevor to drive separately to the restaurant—only his car wouldn't start. Then, thugs would break into his vehicle and “escort” him to a facility where the traits endangering Diana's inheritance would be removed. The entire situation would be made to look like an awful accident, and “Traci” would be sent back to her soon-to-be-wealthy mother. And of course Diana would let her new daughter keep her half of the money, as promised.

“I'm ready to go, mom,” Trevor giddily yelled from the living room.

Diana walked in and gasped. “For God's sake, Traci, cover your chest.”

Trevor laughed. “Sorry, it's just these breast forms are so realistic. God, I'm so happy this will be the last time I ever have to dress up for that old bat.”

Diana only smiled. For Trevor, it would be the “last time” in more ways than he could imagine...



Trevor stood in his mother's studio, trembling from head to toe. He'd awoken from a medically-induced coma four hours ago, but he still felt as though he was in a dream. Or, more specifically, a nightmare. "How the fuck could this have happened?"

"Traci, please—"

"Don't call me that!" Trevor shrieked. They'd changed his voice, too. He hadn't even known such a thing was possible. "Not now. Not ever again! Jesus Christ, Mom. I...I'm a girl. A real girl. I... I have a vagina, for god's sake! That was supposed to be the last time I wore a skirt, and now..."

The tears came again, and Trevor buried his face in his hands. The last thing he remembered was driving to the restaurant. He was rear-ended, and when he'd gotten out to speak to the other driver (especially nerve-wracking while in "Traci-mode"), he felt a sting in his neck. Then...nothing, for the next six months.

His mom putting a comforting hand on his bare shoulder. "We don't know how it happened, baby. Apparently, there are...groups who turn boys into girls, and then sell them into, well..."

Trevor sniffled. "Sexual slavery?"

His mother nodded solemnly. "I'm just so happy we found you before that happened."

Trevor felt as though he was going to be sick. Again. "What about my life, Mom? I can't... I don't know... I was a football player!"

He felt his mother's arms wrap around his distraught form. "Well, mostly you sat on the bench, sweetie..."

"Mom!"



“Mom!”

“It’s all right, Trevor. You’re alive, and you’re back home. That’s what matters.”

“But, I’m a girl!” Trevor sniffled again. “I don’t want to be a girl. Yeah, I dressed up for grandma, but I... I liked being a boy.”

“I know, honey. I can’t imagine what a shocking change this is for you, but I promise we’ll get through this together. You, me, and grandma. She’s staying here, you know. Until the end.”

“What...what did you tell her?”

“The truth!” Mom said. “That you were kidnapped and went through a terrible ordeal. But there’s a silver lining.”

“Oh?”

“Well, because of everything you’ve gone through she wants to make sure you get the best of everything. The best clothes, the best makeup, the best jewelry, and the best education money can buy. Of course, you know her hang-up with men, so you’ll be attending an all-girl’s college. But that can’t be too bad, right?”

“I...I guess not,” Trevor said. “Grandma doesn’t have anything against, um, lesbians, does she? I don’t want to date boys!”

His mother gave a hearty laugh. “Hardly. She’ll be thrilled you prefer girls. She’ll be home soon, and she’ll be so happy to see you’re awake. She’s already gone out shopping for your new wardrobe!”

Trevor felt a tear slide down his cheek. Of course life wasn’t always fair, but this was crazy! Some secret society kidnapping him, drugging him, snf turning him into a girl? Bullshit.

His mother seemed to read his expression. “Hey, girl. At least we’re rich.”



The Deal

Introduction - Welcome to our website. We are excited to announce the launch of our new product line. This is a significant milestone for our company, and we are confident that our customers will love the quality and variety of our offerings. We have spent months perfecting our designs and ensuring that every item meets our high standards of craftsmanship and durability. We are proud to present this collection to you, and we hope it will inspire your next wardrobe update. Thank you for your continued support and loyalty.

Product Details - Our new collection features a range of styles, from classic and elegant to modern and edgy. Each piece is thoughtfully designed to provide both style and comfort. We have selected premium materials and partnered with skilled artisans to create items that are built to last. Whether you're looking for a statement piece or a versatile wardrobe staple, we have you covered. Explore our website to see the full range of products and learn more about the inspiration behind each design. We encourage you to visit our store today to experience the quality of our products firsthand.

Special Offer - To celebrate the launch of our new collection, we are offering a special discount on all items. This is a limited-time offer, so don't miss out. Use code **NEW20** at checkout to receive 20% off your purchase. This offer is valid for a limited time only, so act fast. We want to thank you for your support and to show our appreciation for your business. This is a great opportunity to get the latest styles at a special price. Don't let this opportunity pass you by. Visit our website now to take advantage of this offer.

Conclusion - We are grateful for your interest in our new collection. We are committed to providing you with the highest quality products and exceptional customer service. We hope you will love our new designs and find the perfect pieces for your wardrobe. Thank you for choosing us, and we look forward to serving you again. We are always striving to improve and bring you the best possible shopping experience. Your feedback is important to us, so please don't hesitate to reach out if you have any questions or suggestions. We are here for you every step of the way. Thank you for being a part of our community.

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“It’s too short!” Melvin declared, tugging on the dress. He despised the way every minor movement made his burgeoning breasts jiggle.

“Don’t be silly,” Aunt Kate said. “Yes, it shows off your legs, but that’s the whole point of the outfit. I know girls who’d kill to have legs like yours.”

“But I’m not really—”

“A girl. Yes, so you’ve said many times. Seriously, Melissa, that refrain is growing tiresome. You remember the terms of the deal, right?”

Melvin choked back tears and nodded. Things hadn’t always been so confusing. Once upon a time, he was a typical high-school boy bound for college. Then, out of the blue, his father suffered a massive heart attack. They didn’t have health insurance, so his mother quit her job to take care of him. She put all her energy into nursing him back to health, but he died six months later.

The family was stuck with no income and ten’s of thousands of dollars of medical bills. With nowhere to turn and hounded by bill collectors, Melvin’s mother called her estranged but wealthy sister, Aunt Kate.

Aunt Kate was willing to help—for a steep price. She’d married a rich old man, and although he’d given her an extravagant lifestyle before he died, he was never able to provide her with a child. In exchange for enough money

for the family to live comfortably for the rest of their lives, Melvin was to become her adopted child. More specifically, her adopted *daughter*. Aunt Kate had no interest in having a son.

Melvin’s mother left the decision up to him, but he didn’t see how he could refuse. Without his sacrifice, his family would be out on the streets! Reluctantly, he agreed.

Aunt Kate was delighted, and she set about transforming him into a young woman through any means money would allow. Barely nine months have passed, and already Melvin doubts his mom will recognize him when she visits next week.

“What’s the real problem, Melissa?” Aunt Kate sighed. “Because I know you are aware of your beauty.”

“It’s just that...” Melvin sighed. **“It’s so short I’m afraid people will notice my... you know...”**

Aunt Kate considered him, then nodded gravely. “You’re absolutely right. I’ll make another appointment with Dr. Desario.”

Melvin’s eyes went wide. **“The surgeon? But—”**

“No, my dear, you’re right. The sooner we rid ourselves of your silly little testicles, the better off we’ll be. Now come along, we have an appointment at the salon. Oh, having a daughter is so fun!”



Melvin knelt in the bath, his arms crossed over his breasts, his eyes blazing as he stared at Aunt Kate with a look of utter hate. Seven months ago, the trip to have his testicles removed turned into a long, endless nightmare. The surgeon, a friend of Aunt Kate's, had recommended Melvin undergo full sex-reassignment instead of an orchiectomy.

"All surgeries carry some inherent risk," he'd said as Melvin listened on, horrified. "So you're transitioning her anyway, might as well do it now."

Melvin expected Aunt Kate to rebuke the doctor. Surely she wasn't that crazy. Instead, she said, "Good idea. How long until we can do the surgery?"

Melvin had been apoplectic. For almost a year, he'd been forced to wear dresses, grow breasts, wear makeup, and learn how to walk and talk like a girl. But he'd endured, assuring himself it was only *temporary*.

Melvin fought his aunt tooth-and-nail, but she'd bullied, blackmailed, and guilted him into agreeing to the surgery. When Melvin awoke and experienced the new void between his thighs, he'd felt sick to his stomach.

Now, months later, Melvin was still coming to grips with his new feminine reality. He shivered, not even noticing that his nipples were stiffening in the lukewarm water. "I hate you," he said to Aunt Kate.

She only smiled. "That's all right. Mothers and daughters sometimes have disagreements. You can hate me, so long as you know, I will love you forever. Now, let's get you dressed. We have an appointment at the salon."

Melvin's chest tightened. "Why?"

"You have a date," Aunt Kate said, grinning. "With Brian Carver."

"My best friend?" Melvin screamed. "No! I can't let him see me like this."

"Nonsense. I've gotten you a beautiful dress and ordered up the works at the salon. I want you to look your best."

Tears streamed down Melvin's cheeks. It seemed Aunt Kate was determined to drive him over the edge.

Aunt Kate continued, "Brian is a handsome young man, and I think he'll be impressed with everything I've done to you—I mean, *for* you. Now, get out of the tub before you get all wrinkled. Judging from his social media posts, I need to teach you how to give a proper handjob. Whatever happened to a simple kiss on a first date? Ah, well. Every generation has their way."



Victim of Ambition



“Julie, where’s my coffee?”

“Oh, uh...” I stammered. “I forgot.”

“Again?” Zack sighed.

“I’m sorry, I had to copy your Monday report and I—”

Zack rolled his eyes. “Were you always this ditzy? Sometimes I wonder how you ever ran your own company.”

“I’ll... I’ll go get it right now.”

I stood up from my desk and was about to smooth my skirt when Zack said, “Freeze.”

I obeyed. I’d become used to Zach ordering me around, an unthinkable circumstance only a few years ago. “Yes, sir?”

“Nothing. Just admiring the view thanks to your special vitamins.”

He was looking at my boobs. That *also* was once unthinkable—because I’m not supposed to have them! I gave Zack a nasty look and resisted the urge to punch him, or scratch him with my nails, I suppose.

“Okay, you can go,” Zack said. “Remember, I like extra sugar.”

I strode away, my heels click-clacking across the floor. A now-familiar feeling of humiliation washed over me. How could this be my life? Less than two years ago, I was the CEO of my own company! But, like many men, I was a victim of my ambition.



Zack and I had always been business rivals. Initially it was just friendly competition, but soon it became evident he had a better product. If I didn't take drastic action, my company would go under. But instead of retooling my business model, I paid a hacker break into his laptop to find dirt. Turned out, Zach was into some kinky shit—and he'd recorded himself doing it! I made the hacker upload his sex tapes to Pornhub, and I figured that was the end. Since we operate in a relatively conservative part of the country, I was sure the moral outrage would drive him out of business.

But that's not what happened. Instead, Zach hired a private detective to discover the identity of the hacker, tripled what I paid him, and got his confession on tape. Next, he threatened to have me arrested. I would've been toast, but there was a way out: Sell my company to him... and become his personal secretary.

“Assistant, you mean?” I remember saying.

*“No, I don't. Because I'm not only buying your company, I'm buying *you*.”*

That meant taking 'special vitamins' every morning as he watched, growing my hair out and getting extensions, and wearing women's clothing and makeup. Pretty soon, everyone stopped calling me “Justin” and I became “Julie.”

When I returned with his coffee, Zach smiled. “I want a show.”

I swallowed. *“N-now? Everyone is here, and your blinds are open.”*

“You heard me, and remember to tuck back that pathetic excuse for a dick.”

“Yes, sir,” I mumbled, and undressed.



“You wanted to see me, sir?” I said, walking into Zach’s office.

He barely looked up from his laptop. “You’re fired.”

I went white. “Fired? But...”

“I’m tired of you,” he said. “And, frankly, you’re the worst secretary I’ve ever had.”

My jaw dropped. “After everything I’ve done?”

“You haven’t done a damned thing except look pretty and let me fuck you whenever I want,” Zach said. “You haven’t changed at all, though. Even as a CEO, you were always looking for the easy way out. That’s why you have to wear panties and a bra to work now.”

“But what am I supposed to do?” I said, panic rising in my chest. “I’m... I’m a girl now because of you!”

Zach grinned, his perfect white teeth glinting. “Well, I’ve been thinking. Since you drove your own company into bankruptcy and you’re in debt for nearly two hundred thousand dollars, I suppose you’ll have to work for me as a full-time escort.”

My world spun, and I struggled to speak. “E-Escort? You mean like a prostitute?”

“That’s exactly what I mean.”

Tears filled my eyes as I saw my whole future go up in smoke. “No,” I squeaked. “I mean, I’m not a prostitute. I’m not a whore!”

Zach sighed, as if preparing to deal with a child. “You’re also not a CEO or a man or even my secretary. Not anymore. But don’t worry your pretty head. I have connections, and I’ve been making some calls. I can make sure you have a steady supply of customers. In fact, I already have an offer from a nice guy who wants to fuck you at least once a week. Remember that senator’s son we both met at the conference? Well, you were a guy back then, but I have to say that only made him more interested. You see, we’ve been emailing for a while, and I sent him all your progress pictures. He thinks your transition has been fabulous.”



“Oh my God,” I gasped. “I can’t do this.”

Zach sat back and laughed. “Well, luv, you don’t really have a choice. You can either live the life of an escort or go to jail. You see, I’ve also gotten to know your lawyer pretty well, and, apparently, there’s not much he can do if this ever went to trial. Mostly because I’ve paid him to do the worst job imaginable. Now get out, Julie. I have a lot of things to do.”

As I departed Zach’s office, I felt faint. The estrogen boosters still did a number on me every month: My breasts felt swollen, my skin tingled, and I felt dizzy. But maybe, I reasoned, this was an opportunity in disguise. I couldn’t make it as

a CEO or secretary, but if I applied my business acumen to this new profession, perhaps I could use it to get free of Zach. If I didn’t lose my mind first, of course.

So I went home, reapplied my makeup, squeezed into sexy lingerie (bought by Zach), and took a few photos for the website. \$500 per night, I wrote in the advertisement, feeling sick to my stomach. I’m like no girl you’ve ever fucked. Guaranteed.

Within a few days, my page was flooded with offers, and I couldn’t help but feel a surge of pride. My original business failed, but if there is one thing I know how to do, it’s how to sell myself.