

The Good Doctor

Dreams Do Come True!



Julie Harris

An "Adult TV" Novel

Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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The Good Doctor:

Dreams Do Come True

By Julie Harris

Chapter 1: Tan Lines are Great!

It was another sizzling hot week in Los Angeles! I was excited for the upcoming holiday weekend quickly approaching, only a few days away. With my standard Friday off-day combined with the Monday Memorial Day holiday, I will have had four solid days to relax and enjoy the weather.

I'd already had things all planned out for the holiday weekend. On day 1, I would wear my red bikini and lay out by the pool working on my suntan. I would include a few stretching exercises and maybe get some elliptical machine exercise in as well. Moving around a little will help give me an even and consistent tan. It will also be a good day to redo my nails. It has been a bit over two weeks now since I last had

my nails done. On day 2, I plan to swim some laps in my pool, wearing my yellow polka dot bikini and then maybe finish one of my romance novels. If I have time, I'll squeeze some shopping at the mall in as well. On day 3, I'll wear my royal blue bikini and catch up on the latest trends from my fashion magazines. More shopping at the mall as well. On day 4, I will wear my hot pink bikini and swim a few laps to keep my body in shape. By this time, my tan should be just perfect.

“Only a few minutes left and then it’s pool time for me!” I thought as the clock kept ticking away. So much to do. So little time. Which outfits should I wear? It is going to be a great relaxing weekend!

Friday came and I found myself dozing off by the pool. I had always dreamed of being able to run around on the warm sunny beaches of Hawaii in my cute little red bikini. Enjoying the cool waves and playing in the surf, with not a care in the world. Having the wind blow through my long flowing hair and feeling the cool breeze from the ocean trade winds. The guys all looking at me saying “Wow, who’s that hot-looking girl?” Sneaking in a look when they could. The girls all looking at me saying “Wow, I wish I looked that good in a bikini!” Everyone admiring my beauty and charm. I have had that same dream since I was a child every time my family would take us to the beach. Being a girl in a bikini was all that I hoped to be.

Since I knew that there was no way that I could possibly grow up to become a beautiful girl, I kept the thoughts buried deep in my imagination. The desire to be able to wear a bikini, walk around and be myself grew with each passing year. In my imagination, I

could walk around freely dressed as a girl. Building a sandcastle, splashing in the water, frolicking up and down the shore, were all make-believe thoughts. I could wear a dress, a halter top, short shorts, a bikini or just about any other outfit, depending on how I felt. I created a whole make-believe world where I was free to be myself wearing dresses, skirts and high heels. There was nothing wrong with me skipping around in a bikini, because in my imagination I was a girl.

In my imagination, life was simple. I could dress like a girl. I could put on makeup like a girl. I had long hair with soft curls like a girl. I could act like a girl. I could cry and express my feelings like a girl. I could flirt with people, twirl my hair, and bat my eyes. Everyone expected me to be a girl so that's what I did to the best of my ability, in my imagination.

Unfortunately, this was only a dream, as I was born into a man's body. The closest that I'll ever get to this dream is right here in my own private backyard with my own swimming pool. Luckily, I have a high fence around my pool that prevents anyone from seeing into the pool area. I was safe to be myself, red bikini and all, in that small private sanctuary. That was where I had planned to spend my holiday weekend tanning by the pool and fantasizing about my imaginary life as a girl.

At 5 feet 10 inches in height, I had a tall slender frame. I was fit and in shape. Some people say that I looked like a skinny surfer boy with straggly hair from Hawaii. I thought that I had more of an "athletic" type of body shape; tall and attractive. You might even say I was handsome in looks. With regular exercise and good eating habits, I stayed healthy.

Not particularly muscular, but just about right. Being of Asian and European ancestry, I had long black shoulder-length hair with model-like features. While my skin tone was white, I could get a nice tan if I stayed out in the sun. Some people would even say that I looked “pretty” for a boy. I had very little hair on my body and never could grow a mustache. Having lots of facial hair was never a problem. I rarely had to shave. My hands and feet were small for a guy but still proportionate to my body.

Growing up on the island of Oahu, I learned the value of diversity. I had friends and family from all different cultural settings. My family’s background was a mix of Chinese, Japanese, Filipino and Portuguese. The islands were a melting pot of cultures all coming together with the Aloha spirit to appreciate each other’s differences and to respect each other’s heritage.

I would tend to be shy and stay to myself most of the time. I liked to watch sports but was never any good in any physical activity. Instead, I liked music and was active in the school band. I used to be teased by some of the other guys. They called me the “band geek.” I got used to the name calling and learned to ignore it. I played a woodwind instrument, the clarinet. I was the only guy in the clarinet section. It gave me a lot of time to be around girls and to learn more about the differences between a dude and a girl. In middle school, I found myself liking the more indoor type of activities like arts and crafts, cooking, and sewing. As a result of my interests, I got good at these domestic activities.

Moving into high school, I had a lot of friends. The guys treated me okay and never really bothered me.

The girls seemed to spend more time talking with me and asking for advice on their outfits. I got really good at fashion and started giving out advice on which tops matched which skirts and shoes or what type of dresses were appropriate for dating some of the guys. Sometimes the girls would ask me about their makeup. Should they use more eyeliner or mascara? Which type of false eyelashes looked better? Which lipstick color looked better with which outfit? I would always give constructive advice to help make them look more natural with their makeup, all the while wishing that it was me getting dressed up to go out on a date.

I was more of a “friend” to the girls, being able to share stories on similar topics and give them fashion advice. I was never considered real “boyfriend material”. I was just another friend to talk to about their feelings and emotions. Our conversations would often involve a lot of drama between the girls. Who was dating who, who broke up with who, who had a crush on the latest basketball player, and so on. There were always the hypothetical type of discussions of “what would you do if ...” or “how would you respond if he did ... to you?” I made sure that I was always up to date on the latest current events on the school campus. I was glad to be included by the girls as one of their friends.

My parents were very good to me. They were nurturing and always encouraged me to be the best person that I could be. My parents were always there for me when I needed them. My Dad would always say that I had a kind heart. His wisdom and encouragement would pick me up and keep me going when I felt down. “Son, there is nothing that you can’t do. Follow your heart and be true to yourself,” is what he would

say. "I did well, and so will you. The apple doesn't fall far from the tree!" he'd say confidently. My Dad would always tell people to do what makes you happy. Our talks were something that I looked forward to each day.

Dad was healthy and had just retired from the Safeway grocery store after 34 years as a meat cutter. He took his medications and got a lot of exercise through his home improvement projects.

Mom loved me too but was the one who always pushed for perfection. My best was never good enough. If I got a "B" in a class, she'd ask why didn't I get an "A". If I got an "A" in the class, she'd ask why did I take such an easy class. Everything was a competition. My mom drove all my brothers and sisters the same way to strive for excellence. That was her way of loving us and her way of teaching us to be successful adults.

I was the oldest of five. I had one sister, Lyn, and three brothers, Shane, Jimmy and Allan. As Lyn was only two years younger than me, she and I were very close. We could talk about anything. Since my sister and I were the oldest, we would often be asked to babysit my younger brothers. We had learned how to cook, clean the house, wash clothes, and sometimes read my brothers a bedtime story to get them to bed. It was good practice for later in my life, as I would discover.

Shane and Jimmy were a little younger and were always into sports. Shane was really good at basketball and Jimmy was good in tennis. They would try to get me to come out with them, but in the end, I would land up embarrassing them or myself by not being able to keep up. I did not have the strength or stam-

ina as they did. Shane went on to play basketball throughout high school and Jimmy quit competitive tennis and became an instructor at our local YMCA recreation center. They were both in top physical shape.

My youngest brother Allan did his own thing. He was the intellect of the family. He was always reading and always on his computer. Allan played a little baseball but really excelled in the Boy Scouts. He is the guy that you would want to have with you if you got stuck in the woods or were on a camping trip. Allan rose through the ranks, starting at the rank of Tenderfoot and progressing all the way up to the rank of Eagle Scout. It was a proud moment for my entire family when Allan was presented the prestigious Eagle Scout award. My Mom and Dad were especially proud to have Allan as their son. Allan's grades in school were always perfect. He never seemed to make a mistake. He continued his ascent throughout college and eventually graduated with a Bachelor of Science and a Master of Science degree in Electrical Engineering from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology or as some would call it, MIT.

Allan and I got along well but never really hung out together until after he graduated from college. It seems that in the blink of an eye, my little brother was now all grown up. Now he was an adult and I could relate to him.

While growing up, I always wondered what it would be like to be a girl. I told no one of these thoughts as I would never want to embarrass myself, or my family. Boys were supposed to be boys and girls were supposed to be girls. When I was 8 years old, I remember sneaking into my sister's room when

everyone was away at one of my brother's baseball games. I'd open the third drawer in her dresser and take out her yellow two-piece bikini. I remember trying it on for the first time. The exhilarating feeling of doing something that I wasn't supposed to, combined with the exciting feeling of pretending that I was a girl for that brief moment was thrilling. I would tuck my penis tightly between my legs and pull up the bikini bottom to secure things in place. I'd put on the bikini top and admire myself in the mirror. "I look like a little girl," I said to myself. I could easily be a girl if only I wasn't born a boy. My fantasy was always short-lived as I knew that I'd have to take off her clothes and put everything back in her dresser the way I found it before my family got home. I carried a sense of guilt and shame around and suppressed my true feelings for a long time.

Over the years as we grew up, I would dress up more and more in her clothes while I was at home alone. I was drawn to that feeling of wanting to be a girl. "The choices of clothing and accessories that a girl has to dress up in are infinitely more than what a guy had," I thought to myself. I loved trying on different outfits and seeing how they clung to my body! My sister was so lucky that she was a girl!

Dressing up in my sister's clothes without anyone finding out became harder and harder to pull off. My feelings of guilt and shame were always on the back of my mind. My mother stayed at home more now because my sister and I could now drive ourselves around on our own. As my brothers and sisters got older, it got harder and harder to predict their schedules. Eventually, I stopped dressing in my sister's clothes because it became too risky. I did not want to embarrass myself or anyone else. My feelings for be-

coming a girl were strong but were tempered with the shame and guilt of being a failure as a son. It took a lot of self-discipline to repress my urge to wear female clothing.

I tried to suppress my feelings while I attended college. When most guys looked at a girl, the first thing that came into their minds was how sexy that girl looked, or how nice her boobs were, or how they wished they could go to bed with that girl. In general, guys thought of girls as “ice cream” or some sort of sweet dessert to enjoy. Each girl was a different flavor of ice cream to enjoy. Some guys like vanilla ice cream. Others like strawberry or chocolate. Others like to try as many flavors as they could.

My thoughts when I looked at girls were quite different. When I saw a beautiful girl, the thoughts that went through my mind were how much I wished that I could have a curvy figure like theirs, or how I liked the way they did their hair, how impressed I was with their makeup, or how cute they looked in their outfits. It was fun to imagine having long hair and twisting it around into different hairdo styles. Twirling it around as a prop. Tying it up with a scrunchie or putting it in a ponytail to flirt with the boys. I admired pretty girls and looked at them as role models for a make-believe version of me. I took mental notes of what my perfect self could one day be. In my mind, I was a girl in a man’s body.

I noticed that conflict was handled very differently between boys and girls. Boys would tell it like it is. If they didn’t like you, they would let you know. They might even hit you or physically fight it out. In the end, the issue would always be settled, one way or another. Girls on the other hand would talk about

you behind your back and start spreading nasty rumors. They would let things fester and play a lot of mind games twisting the truth. A feud between girls could go on for years. There were clear differences in the way boys handled a situation versus how a girl did it.

Even the way a guy tells a story is drastically different from that of a girl. Guys will give you the highlights of what happened, followed by the final outcome. Girls would take twice as long or even longer to tell the same story. They will start off with every little detail and then start talking about their feelings. They are very animated, often speaking with their hands moving around as they tell the story. I noticed that if you told a girl to tell a story sitting on their hands, they would have a very difficult time. They have to have their hands free to move around and gesture while they speak. Its just the way girls communicate. I learned to be more animated over the years as I watched and observed their behaviors.

These thoughts of being a girl took up most of my unoccupied free time throughout college. Each day I was learning more. Each day I was storing it away and suppressing my true thoughts and desires.

I also learned a lot in school about the differences in sexual behavior from being a boy versus observing the girls. Guys just thought about how they could get into bed with the girls. Sex was always on their minds. Girls, on the other hand, were always looking for that hot sports jock who could sweep them off their feet. They wanted that strong man to take them off into the sunset, get married, and live happily ever after. I seemed to always drift between the two regarding my feelings.

I graduated college with a business degree and got a job at one of the local banks in Torrance, California. My sister moved away and went to Northwestern University in Chicago. She graduated and entered medical school. Lyn and I kept in touch a lot while she was in school. She would always tell me about her boy-friends and how they would only think about their needs. Most of them were very shallow in their thoughts and didn't consider the future.

Somehow, girls matured a lot faster than guys. I would listen to her talking, then share my thoughts about how she shouldn't settle for a lame guy. She should look for someone who treated her well and was family oriented. Someone who was dependable, financially stable, and healthy. Of course, he should be tall, dark, and handsome as well!

I dated a few girls along the way but never got too close to anyone in fear that they would think that I was a freak wanting to dress like a girl. It was always a challenge as to how much I should open up to the girls that I was interested in seeing.

Lyn graduated from medical school and ended up starting her own practice in Radiology. She quickly rose in her field and grew her medical practice to a comfortable size with 12 other doctors. Lyn married her college sweetheart Mike and settled down in the Chicago area, eventually having two kids, Will and Kathy. They eventually moved out of the city into one of the nicer suburbs near Evanston.

All of my brothers grew up and did well in college. Shane, Jimmy and Allan all graduated with Engineering degrees and all found jobs in the technology industry. Shane moved back to Hawaii, settling down on Oahu. He got married right out of college and

started a family. He now has two young sons. Jimmy found a position at a technology company in Northern California. Jimmy also got married out of college and started a family as well. Unfortunately, Jimmy's marriage did not work out and he ended up getting a divorce. Allan settled down in San Diego, working for a startup microelectronics company. Allan got married and has three sons now. My parents did a fantastic job raising all of us to be independent and responsible adults.

I changed jobs a few times but ended up working as a customer service advisor at one of the local banks in the South Bay. I was essentially a bank teller with a fancy title. The work was good, the pay was acceptable, and the job enjoyable. I got to meet a lot of people in the community. I was employed. Everything was stable.

Chapter 2: Past Relationships Builds Character

Eventually, things turned around for me regarding my relationships. Over the years, I was truly fortunate to have had several good relationships with supportive girlfriends. I met my first girlfriend Tracy at a friend's house during a Christmas party. Tracy was a couple of years older than me and an accomplished attorney at prestigious law firm in Los Angeles. She was a tall brunette, very fit and incredibly attractive! I found out that she was the captain of her volleyball team at UC Santa Barbara, as well as the daughter of a famous Hollywood actor. She was used to getting her way! I not sure what she saw in me, but we hit it off very well. We talked for hours and then agreed to

get together again the following week for dinner. One date became two. Two dates became three. One thing led to another and we ended up living together. I closed out my apartment and moved into her home on the hill.

It didn't take long but eventually Tracy found out that I liked to wear women's panties. At first, she thought that it was odd but then started sharing her panties with me. She said that it I looked cute in panties. She eventually started telling me that she would like to see me in her bras as well. Who was I to argue? I became accustomed to wearing panties and bras every day while at home.

The big change came when she told me that I looked silly with a bulge in my panties. "A girl should have a smooth crotch area," she said. Her suggestion was that I tuck my penis tightly back between my legs and wear tight support panties to hold things in place. We went shopping to Costco to purchase these special firm support panties. She made sure that they were one size smaller than what was recommended, to ensure that everything was tightly out of sight. That of course, meant that every time I would go to the bathroom, I would have to sit down and pee. When I tried to complain, her response was "Don't be silly. Girls don't stand when they go to the bathroom. Why should you?"

I started to get used to wearing tight panties under my clothing. I liked the way those support panties held all of my boy parts out of sight. giving me a smooth crotch area. Tracy came home that night with some takeout food. "Mmmmm," I said, "that smells really good!" Tracy put down two bags on the counter. One was from our favorite Chinese restau-

rant. The other had a small dinner salad and a dinner roll. Tracy handed me the salad. "This is for you, sweetie," she said. "You are too fat to be a girl. I'm putting you on a diet until you can fit properly in one of my dresses," said a determined Tracy. "You will be allowed to only eat a salad for dinner from now on. Is that clear?" she said, looking directly into my eyes. Being a little intimidated, I agreed. It was rabbit food for me until I could slim myself down to properly fit in her size 8 dresses. That was the start of me dropping my weight down to be more in line as a girl.

When I mentioned my fantasy of being able to wear a bikini freely around the pool, Tracy lit up and said, "that was a fantastic idea!" She told me that she would like to see me in a bikini working on my tan during the weekends. I could lay out in the back yard for a few hours each day. There was lots of privacy and lots of sunshine.

The following week, Tracy told me that she wanted me to get my set of own bras and to start wearing them 24/7, even when I was in guy clothes. Of course, I protested. "Wearing your bras in private is different than owning my own and wearing bras out in public with my guy clothes. It's not safe. What if someone noticed? I'm not going to do that," I said sternly but cautiously. I needed to stand up for myself and assert my maleness.

"Oh yes you are, honey," she said. "Remember, I have pictures of you dressed up in my red panties and red bra. I'd hate to see that on the internet for all of your business associates to see," she said with a smile.

"No way. You'd never do that," I begged.

“Oh yes, I would. In fact, here are the video and pictures that I would share with your boss if you don’t do as I say,” she continued. I looked at the video. There I was, in her red panties and bra on my knees between her legs, licking her pussy as if it was the best thing in the world. “You like being my little slut?” she asked in the video.

“Yes, dear, I like being your little slut,” I replied. “Mmmmm”

“Millions of women have been wearing bras every day of their life. Why should you be any different?” said Tracy with a harsh tone. If you want to be a girl, then you will need to commit to it. You will have to be serious about your new hobby and embrace your new inner girl-self.

“Oh boy, I’m in real trouble now,” I thought to myself. I had better go along with what she had planned. After all, I could wear a sports coat over my shirt to prevent anyone from seeing my bra straps under my shirt, I thought to myself.

“Okay dear, you win. Let’s get this over with. What do you want me to do?” I said defiantly. I tried standing tall, like I was in control.

“Well dear, this is what is going to happen,” she said. “You and I are going shopping tomorrow at Victoria Secret in the shopping mall. You will be getting fitted for your first bra. You will be the one asking the salesgirl to help you get fitted with a training bra. You will be the one to tell the salesgirl that your girlfriend wants to see you in a bra and panties at all times. You will have to get at least 5 bras and matching panties. Your panties should be the shape-fitting type that keeps your male parts tightly tucked away.

You will do all of this willingly with a smile. Be sure to bring your Visa card because the lingerie at Victoria Secret can be expensive!

“From then on, I expect you to have on a set of matching bra and panties every moment of every day. You can wear any type of guys clothes over your underwear. If someone asks you about it, tell them that your experimenting with new things. Or tell them whatever you want to, it doesn’t matter to me. Eventually, your guy clothes won’t matter. For now, let’s focus on your bra and panties.

“Oh, and one other thing,” she added. “Tomorrow, after our shopping spree, we are going to get you a new haircut. I’m tired of that sloppy long hair look that you’ve been sporting,” she said. “You need to have pride in how you look. Stand up straight. No slouching!” she commanded.

The next morning, Tracy woke up with a smile. “Sweetie, today is the start of a new chapter in your life. Thank you for agreeing to be more in touch with your feminine side,” she said excitedly. I put on a black V-collared T-shirt, blue jeans, and my tennis shoes. Tracy dressed similarly in a tight black top, blue jeans and strappy black sandals.

I thought to myself, “This whole thing will all be over in a few hours. I just have to endure these embarrassing moments and get past this thing that Tracy wants me to do.” It should be no problem, all done by the end of the day.

The drive to the shopping mall seemed very long. I was starting to get nervous. The shopping mall was very crowded. I had forgotten that it was the Easter holiday. Tracy held my hand and proceeded up the

escalator towards the second floor. I saw the Victoria Secret store right there, off to the left side of the escalator. My legs weakened. I started sweating. I knew what I had to do. Tracy was very clear on what she expected. My fears were that there were so many people in that shopping mall. Someone might recognize me and my life would be over!

Before entering the store, Tracy turned to me and provided some words of encouragement. "I have the videos of you all queued up here on my phone. I expect you to do exactly as I instructed and to do it with enthusiasm and a smile. You are always my little slut now and I expect you to remember that by wearing woman's underwear at all times. Is that clear?" she said firmly. My nervous feelings suddenly turned to fear.

"What have I gotten myself into? Is she really serious about me wearing a bra and panties at all times?" I thought to myself. All I could say was "Yes, dear, I will do as you asked."

Tracy grabbed my hand and said, "Great! Let's go shopping!" With a skipping step, we walked into Victoria's Secret and started looking at the many different styles of lingerie.

There were so many different styles of panties. There were so many different colors and fabrics. Some had lace. Others used spandex. "Where does one even begin?" I thought to myself. We walked toward the back of the store where they had their bras on display. So many of them! Once again, there were tons of different styles and colors to choose from. Some had lace, others were strapless. Some were made from shiny satin fabric; others were simple cotton. I did not know where to begin.

A salesgirl approached us as we were admiring the pushup bras. “Hello there,” she said gleefully. “My name is Raimi, how may I help you, mam?” she said to Tracy.

Tracy smiled. “Oh, I’m not the one that needs the help. My boyfriend here needs your help to purchase a few things,” she said with a smile. I turned to the salesgirl and wanted to hide with embarrassment. Raimi was one of the first girls that I dated in college! She was always into her looks and thought that I was boring. We had a particularly bad break up as she accused me of not being attentive to her needs and I told her that she was just a bimbo with no future. I also said a lot of other bad things about her being a slut because of the way she dressed.

Tracy whispered into my ears, “There is no backing out now. You do exactly as I ordered or else!” I wanted to die right there. This was not going to end good for me. Raimi was a drop-dead gorgeous blond girl who only cared about herself. She came from a Persian family who had a lot of money to spoil her. When we broke up, she said that she would find a way to get back at me one day for being so mean to her.

“Hi Randy! It’s been a long time. I see that you found yourself another girlfriend. She’s cute! How can *I* possibly help you?” she said with a snicker. Raimi was just how I remembered her. Wickedly sexy, passionate about what she wanted, and determined to get back at me. I felt like a pig being led to the slaughterhouse.

“Raimi, I’m sorry for all the bad things that I said about you in the past. I’m sorry for being such a bad boyfriend. But I need your help now. Please,” I said begging her.

“Bad boyfriend? You treated the dog better than me! Well, what do you need my help with?” she asked with a smile. I started speaking quietly to Raimi. I was afraid of anyone else hearing our conversation.

“I need your help to get fitted with a training bra and some matching panties,” I whispered to her trying not to make eye contact. My hands started sweating out of uneasiness.

“You’re going to have to speak louder if you want me to hear you over the background music,” replied Raimi. “You said you wanted your own panties?”

“I need your help to get fitted with a training bra and matching panties,” I repeated. By now several other women were looking in our direction.

“What, you need my help to get fitted for what? Fitted for a bra? You have to speak louder. I can’t hear you,” she replied. After repeating myself for the fifth time, she smiled and said that she enjoyed hearing me yell that out to the whole store. “Of course, I can help you find some bras and panties! Come on, you little sissy, let’s get started,” she said gleefully.

“Let’s go into the back room to take your measurements, shall we?” she said, walking to the last dressing room in the back of the shop. Tracy followed to make sure that I behaved as ordered. Raimi opened the door to the dressing room. “Take off your clothes to get measured,” she instructed. I looked at her, then to Tracy. I looked like a sad puppy.

“Can you leave while I get undressed and can you close the dressing room door?” I asked in a very mild tone.

“No, I don’t think so. If you want my help, you’d better start taking off your clothes right now,” Raimi again ordered. I looked over to Tracy for support.

“What are you waiting for, bitch? Take off your closes like she asked!” barked Tracy. I held my head down with defeat. I was no match for these two women. I did as they asked, undressing in front of them. I stood there in front of them with just my pink panties. “Well,” said Tracy, “we’re waiting ... take off your panties too!” she commanded. I slowly pulled down my panties and stood there in front of them, completely naked and humiliated.

“Wow! You’ve slimed down a lot. You have a much better girlish figure than when we were together. I knew you were a sissy-boy! And your little penis. It’s so tiny!” laughed Raimi. “I wouldn’t even call it a penis,” Raimi giggled pointing at my little member.

“Oh, we don’t ever call that little thing a penis anymore. That’s his little clitty. Randy, please show your little clitty to Raimi for inspection,” ordered Tracy. I took a step closer to Raimi, spread my legs open a little more, and stuck out my pelvis area for her to get a good look. Raimi poked at it and flopped it around from side to side.

“This is *definitely* a little clitty!” Raimi said with a smile. “Limp and useless! Just like I remember.

“Time to take your measurements. Lift up your arms and hold them up while I measure you,” she said. Raimi got a tape measure and measured around my chest just under my arms. She then measured my chest around my back across my nipples. Next she moved lower, measuring my chest area just below my nipples. “Tracy is right. You will need a

training bra to start. Don't worry, all little girls start out with a training bra. I'll make sure you are set up with the right fit!" she said with a smile.

Next, she measured my waist and my hips. She measured the length from my waist down to my feet. She measured my little clitty. "4 inches. Actually it's more like 3 inches and a little bit," she said with a smile. Raimi turned to Tracy and said that she had just the right garments to keep my little clitty tucked and completely out of sight! Tracy thanked her and told her to bring in a few bra and panty sets for me to try on. Raimi smiled and said that she would be right back as she left the dressing room.

As soon as Raimi left the dressing room, Tracy gave me a severe look and put her finger in my chest. "You need to start showing us more respect. How dare you question my orders to take off your clothes!" said Tracy. "From now on, you will address me as Ms. Tracy. Do you understand?" she said, looking me straight in the eyes. "And furthermore, you will address any women that you encounter properly as Ms. what-ever-their-first-name is. That means you will address your former girlfriend as Ms. Raimi. Do you understand me?" she said, pointing her finger again in my chest.

"Yes, Ms. Tracy. I understand," I said in a defeated tone. I was in a position of weakness. I had no other choice but to comply.

"Now, to ensure that I have your complete attention, I brought a special device that will help you focus. Turn around, bend over, and reach down to touch your toes," she ordered. I stood there with my hands reaching for my feet and my ass held up high

in the air. I felt a cool lotion being squirted on my backside.

“Now dear, you will feel a little pressure as I insert this device into you. Just relax and it will all be over quickly,” said Ms. Tracy. I felt lots of pressure on my bottom. Ms. Tracy was definitely pushing something into my anus. It started to hurt as I was stretched out. “Just relax and take a deep breath, we are almost done,” she said calmly. “There. All done now,” she said with a smile. “I’ve just inserted a butt plug into you. You will keep that there for the rest of the day. Don’t worry, you’ll get used to the feeling in no time!”, she said. “Now, I have to run a few tests. Walk across the dressing room for me please,” she asked. As I walked, I felt a tingling sensation on my insides. With each step, the butt plug rubbed against my prostate, making me a little excited. What I didn’t realize was that with each step I swung my hips from side to side to compensate for the tingling sensations.

“Oh, my goodness!” I thought to myself, as the butt plug started to vibrate. “I’m getting so horny! I must control myself. Oh, but it feels sooo good!” It finally stopped. Ms. Tracy stood there with a smile. “To keep you focused there is a vibrator lodged in your pussy-ass. Any time I push this remote-control button, the vibrator in your ass will go off. What you have just felt was the low setting. If you do not do exactly as I say, I will move the setting up to high and watch you squirm. Is that clear?” she said with a grin.

There was a knock at the door. Raimi came back with a variety of different bras to try on. “I have a variety of bras here for you, my dear. All of them are in

your size. First, we have to try them on to figure out which type of bra is best for you. Are you excited?" Raimi asked.

"Oh yes, Ms. Raimi! I'm very excited to try on my new bras!" I replied. Raimi smiled.

"Ms. Raimi. I like that!" she said with a chuckle. "Now then, here are the different types of bras. We have T-shirt bras, underwire bras, bralettes, strapless bras, demi bras, push-up bras and sport bras. You are a size 40 A. That means that your chest size is size 40 and your cup size is an A which is the smallest they come in. Here is a T-shirt bra. "Let's try that one on first," she said. Ms. Raimi helped me put on the bra. The T-shirt bra fit well. It was pretty comfortable! The material was soft and smooth. It felt nice against my skin. Next came the push-up bra. This one was a little snug. It seemed to push my skin in from the outside of my chest toward the center. It took a little getting used to but it, too, felt comfortable. I went through the entire set of bras in an hour. At the end of the fitting, Ms. Tracy turned on the vibrator to demonstrate her dominance over me. BZZZZZ!

"Oh my god!" I said, as the vibrator continued. I squirmed and wiggled right there with my demi bra on. I couldn't help but get excited.

Ms. Raimi was thrilled, saying "Wow, I guess that Randy here really does like his new set of bras! Look at his little clitty. It's still little but now its standing at attention. All 4 inches!" she said with a smile. "Is that a vibrator I see in her ass?" she said with excitement.

"Yes, Raimi. Yes, it is. I find that Randy is so much more focused when I have this training device at-

tached to her,” said Ms. Tracy. “See, it even comes with a remote control device. You can control the vibration settings to low, medium, or high. I have it on low right now,” said Ms. Tracy. “Randy are you going to be a good little girl for me today?” she asked me as I was trying my best to control my embarrassment. I had to regain my dignity. It was time to take a stand. Now or never!

“Tracy, I told you, I am a guy, I’m not going to continue being your girl toy!” I said with the little pride that I had left in me. I tried standing up tall, puffing my chest out as any man would. In reality, I looked like a teenaged girl with a matching pink bra and panty on standing up and showing off my small breasts.

“Oh, this is wonderful!” said Ms. Tracy. “Isn’t he so cute when he tries to be a big girl! Shall we try the high setting on the remote, Raimi?” she asked with a grin.

“Yes, may I do the honors?” asked Ms. Raimi. “This is going to be so fun!”

“You certainly may, my dear,” said Ms. Tracy as she handed over the remote to Ms. Raimi. I tried my best to move toward them to intercept the remote but they were too fast.

“Here goes,” said Ms. Raimi as she pushed the button for the high setting. BZZZZZZ Oh my God, oh my God I started wiggling and squirming all over the room. I tried to ignore the buzzing sensation buried in me but it was too much. My little clitty stood tall at attention. I looked really silly wiggling all around the room with a little something poking forward in my panties.