



Britt had a crush on Bailey for a long time, but he'd never had the guts to ask her out. They were neighbors, and the guy feared that he would start to feel too embarrassed every time he saw her in case she said no.

However, one day he finally decided to take action. Britt was a big fan of superhero movies and comics, and a Comic Con would be held in the town the following weekend. Bailey had also shown some interest in the subject during one of the few conversations they had had - although she wasn't exactly a nerdy girl - so the guy thought this was a perfect opportunity.

"Umm... hey, Bailey! How you doing? So, I've been thinking... Umm... There's a Comic Con this weekend not so far from here, you know... and... well... Like I said I was wondering... Would you like to go there with me?"

"Oh, thank you for inviting me, Bailey! That's very kind of you. But unfortunately I'll be out of town on the weekend. I'm sorry!"

"I see... Well, t-that's okay! Really, I can understand. That was just a silly idea, anyway."

"No, it wasn't. In fact, I've never been to a Comic Con, and I've always wondered what the experience is like. Do these events occur frequently?"

"Well, another one will be held in a nearby town... But just in about four months."

"Oh, so long! But maybe..." she said slowly, with a strange gleam in her eyes. "I have an idea! Some people attend these conventions dressed up as their favorite characters, right?"

"Yeah... This is called cosplay."

"I see. What if we go to this next Comic Con dressed like some famous couple?"

"A c-couple?" Britt stammered, astonished. That conversation was getting better than he had expected. "S-sure! That would be great! Do you already have something in mind?"

"What about Joker and Harley Quinn? Gosh, I love them so much!"

"Oh, that's such a fantastic idea!" Britt exclaimed, already envisioning how hot Bailey would look as Harley Quinn.

"But just one last thing... For this to get more interesting, I think I should be the Joker and you Harley."

"W-what?" Britt gasped. "I don't know, Bailey... I mean, I'd look terrible as a woman!"

"So it's a good thing that we have four months to prepare for this, right? I promise I'll help you in every way possible! C'mon, Britt, it will be so much fun!"

The guy definitely didn't like that idea, but the prospect of going out with Bailey was just irresistible to him. Before he could stop himself, he said, "Okay, let's do that!"



### **Two weeks later...**

"Bailey, please, let me rest a little bit! Oh man, I'm so exhausted!"

"No rest for now, Britt! You still need to run a few more miles and after that we have our aerobic session, remember? You need to get in shape to look good as Harley Quinn!"

Britt had started going to Bailey's apartment every day so they could work out together. At first, it wasn't so bad, but soon she started to get more and more demanding. And worst of

all, she was forcing him to wear women's clothing for the training, saying he needed to get used to it so he would feel at ease as a female character at the convention. If it wasn't for the fact that he had such a huge crush on her he would have already given up on that crazy plan...

"You're doing great, Britt!" she encouraged him. "Tell me, are you taking the vitamins I gave you?"

"Yes... Bailey..." the guy said, out of breath. "Every day... As you told me to do..."

"Good. You'll see they will help a lot..."



## **A month and a half later...**

Britt got undressed in front of the mirror and looked at his body, trying to ignore the fact that he was wearing panties. This had been another request from Bailey, once again saying it was important so he could get used to wearing female clothes. She was so obsessed about it that she had even confiscated all Britt 's briefs so he would be forced to wear lace panties all the time.

At least he had to admit that all those training sessions were paying off. He had lost a lot of weight, especially in his abdomen and waist. However, about his chest, hips and butt, it was a different story. There was some kind of located fat in those areas that were very reluctant to go away, or at least he believed so...



## **A month later...**

"Bailey, this corset is too tight! Please, loosen it at least a little bit! "

"You'll get used to it, honey! Remember we still need to reduce your waistline a little more for you to be able to dress a Harley's costume, and this corset will do wonders in this regard! And don't will love the way your waist looks when you wear it? So slim... Se sexy..." the girl whispered in his ear, as she stroked his body.

The guy gasped, unable to say anything. He got so aroused that it was almost painful since his cock was firmly tucked between his legs. The fact that Bailey had begun flirting with him blatantly was the only thing that motivated Britt to keep doing everything the girl wanted. Maybe all this was just some kind of weird fetish she had, but he believes that very soon he would be able to sleep with her.

That was why he had started to wear women's clothes all the time, including heels; had let his hair grow and be dyed; had allowed her to wax his eyebrows, polish his nails and put a bit of makeup on his face every day; had pierced his ears; and was even using a strange cream she gave him that made his skin much clearer and completely hairless after a few weeks.

The good thing was that Britt worked as a programmer at home, so he had no co-worker to see how much he had changed and how feminine he looked. Also, he was avoiding meeting his friends during this days.

"You're starting to look fantastic, girl!" she kept whispering in his ear, now stroking his ass.

"G-girl?!"

"Yes, that's what you are... at least until the Comic Con."

"B-but..."

"Shhh...Don't you trust me?" she giggled. "Here, I have something for you."

"A MP3 player?"



"Yes. It has some therapeutic songs that will help you relax since you're still too nervous about pretending as a woman. I want you to listen to them every night while you sleep, okay?"



## **Two weeks later...**

"Yes, that's a great pose!" as she took another picture of Britt. "Your femininity lessons are starting to take effect, honey... You're becoming such a naughty girl, Harley!"

"A-am I?"

"Of course! And you look so great in that dress! So hot..."

Upon hearing that, Britt got mixed feelings. Part of him felt embarrassed. He was a man, after all! He shouldn't be dressed and acting like that. However, at the same time, he felt thrilled and proud of himself... It was nice to be sexy, wasn't it? And wearing that black leather dress – so short that it barely covered his butt – he definitely looked sexy...

The little bumps on his chest almost looked like boobs. He didn't know what was causing that issue, but Bailey assured him that it should be just an allergic reaction or something... Nothing to worry about, she said, and Mark trusted her for some reason...



## **A week later...**

"Bailey, what's going on? Why am I in a hospital?"

"Don't you remember, sweetie? Oh, you're very distracted these days... You came here to undergo some surgeries."

"What?!! B-but..."

"Just some temporary procedures, honey. So you'll be able to look even hotter at the Comic Con. We talked about it so many times... I don't know how you could have forgotten that..."

Suddenly, vague memories of these conversations erupted in Britt's mind, but he couldn't tell whether they were real or not. He was so confused...

Looking at his reflection in a full-length mirror, he had a great shock. If before he already looked very effeminate, now no one would believe that he was actually a man. He even had big boobs! And between his legs...

"B-Bailey... What happened to my stuff down there?"

"Don't worry, girl... What you're seeing is just a prosthetic vagina" she lied. "But a very special one... This is fully functional. I'm sure you'll have a lot of fun when you get the chance to play with it..."



### **Three days later...**

"Oh, Harley, your bad girl, you look so hot... This dress really suits you... It's very slutty, just like you..."

"Hmm? Slutty? B-but... Y-yes, I guess I am... I'm a naughty girl!" Britt stammered, unable to control himself. He didn't know why, but he was getting increasingly horny seeing his feminized appearance. It felt very good to be such a sexy girl. He was trying to resist it, but persistent voices kept saying in his mind: I'm Harley Quinn... I'm a dangerous, fearless girl... I'm sexy and I know it... I love to be lusted after and tease everyone around me...



### **Later that week...**

Britt's desire to be just like Harley Quinn was getting stronger and stronger. He thought about that so much that sometimes he had difficulty discerning fantasy from reality.

He discovered that Bailey was right about his prosthetic vagina. It indeed was totally functional, and the feminized guy spent many and many hours masturbating furiously. He simply loved the feeling of having a big dildo inside his pussy, fantasizing that it was the Joker who was fucking him, almost believing he was a real person...





The day before the convention, Bailey helped Britt to try a lot of Harley Quinn's costumes. It also had a powerful effect on him. At each costume he tried, another bit of his old self was going away, being replaced by his new personality.

The feminized man had never felt so alive... His pussy got soaking wet and his nipples hard as he imagined how much attention he would draw at the convention. Yes, he would be a star there. Everyone would lust after his perfect body...

He got surprised to learn that Bailey had changed her mind, and would no longer go to the convention dressed as the Joker.

"Just think about it for a minute, honey" she said. "The Joker is a man, right?"

"Y-yes... Of course my puddin' is a man..." Britt said, confused, but happy to think about the Joker.

"So it wouldn't be right for me to dress like him... I'll wear another costume..."

"I... I guess you're right..."

Bailey smiled, realizing that her plan was working perfectly well. Britt's mind had been so altered that he just couldn't realize how weak her excuse for not going to the convention dressed as the Joker was.

She thought he looked very hot dressed as a modern Harley Quinn from the Suicide Squad movie, but in the end she persuaded him to choose the classic Harley's costume.

Bailey had always had a strange urge of feminizing a guy. When Britt called her out – already knowing he had a big crush on her – she thought that would be a perfect opportunity to indulge her fantasies. At first, she hadn't planned to go so far, but after she started to feminize Britt, she simply couldn't stop herself. Just crossdressing wouldn't be enough, oh no! She wanted him to be a full woman.

Being from a very wealthy family, she had no trouble funding his transformation, and finding the right people to help her in the project. She was absolutely sure that her effort had paid off. Britt looked perfect now. She could hardly wait for the next day...



## **At the Comic Con...**

"Oh, there are so many people here!" Harley Quinn exclaimed, excited. At this point, the old Britt was completely gone.

"Yes, girl! And all the guys are looking at you!"

"I know, right?" Harley giggled. "I love it!" she added, waving and smiling at a lot of men around, as she moved her hips sensually.

Throughout the day, she accepted taking pictures with countless people, loving all that attention, and flirting a lot. However, she felt that something was missing... That changed when she saw a certain person...

"Look over there, Bailey! It's my puddin'!" she cried out, stridently, pointing to a guy dressed as the Joker.

"Yes, he is!" Bailey said, struggling not to laugh. "But wait a minute! There's another one!"

Harley looked at the other side, confused. Her troubled mind tried to make sense of the situation. "Umm... One of them must be an impostor! I bet that stupid bat is behind that!"

"Oh, god, and I can see a new one over there! How will you find out which one is the real Joker?"

"Oh, I'm not sure... Maybe... Umm... Yeah, that's it! I'll just fuck with all of them to find out the truth! Only my real puddin' knows how to drive me even crazier in bed" she said, without any hint of embarrassment. In fact, she seemed happy with her brilliant plan, and with the prospect of having so much sex. She desperately needed it. "And those who are trying to trick me... Well, they'll see that I can be a very, very bad girl when I'm angry!"

As she walked away, Bailey thought maybe that wasn't such a terrible fate for her. As Britt, she had been a guy who was too ashamed and afraid to ask anyone out, waiting months to make a move. Now, however, she would certainly have no problem finding new partners...

And the new Harley Quinn wasn't complaining about that... Not at all!

THE END





