

**BOY GONE BLONDE II  
BLONDE VENGEANCE**



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# *BOY GONE BLONDE II*

*VENGEANCE IS GOLDEN*

By

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# LEGAL NOTES

This book is not based on any real people or situations. I'm serious. I totally mean it!

# CHAPTER 1.

Brittany sat patiently while Denna, the nail girl at the Love Yourself salon, applied gold appliques to her nails. She tapped her foot like an excited rabbit, a bright smile spread on her face. She loved getting her nails done, and today in particular, because today was such a special day: Her three- month anniversary of going steady with Patrick, who was just the most amazing boyfriend ever. The girl chattered away, and Brittany half-listened, nodding and making little noises of agreement, but really the whole time she was just thinking about seeing Patrick later that day, and wondering if he had gotten her anything for their anniversary.

“All done,” Denna said, smiling. “They look aaaaaaaah-mazing!”

Brittany held up her hands and looked at her fingernails, painted a dark red, and now with glittering golden hearts on each nail. “Omigod!” Brittany said. “*You’re* so amazing! I love them!” She had rings on her fingers that flashed as well, plus bangles on her slender little wrists. Turning her hands side to side, she watched the light glittering from all her jewelry, her eyes sparkling with joy. She loved shiny things!

Brittany and Denna hugged, then Brittany took her wallet out of her Victoria’s Secret mini-back pack

and paid at the register, heading out to walk down the street and do some window shopping before time came for her to meet Patrick once he got done with baseball practice. She got into her pink mini-Cooper, remembering when she'd been a boy, and she and Patrick had played t-ball and then Little League baseball together. Patrick had been the pitcher, of course, and Brittany had been the catcher. She smiled. How amazing that she'd turned into a girl and they were now dating? She wouldn't think of playing a sport now. She didn't want to break a nail, and it was hard on a girl's skin and hair, plus she didn't like to sweat and she had become so nurturing that she knew she would just feel so bad for another girl if she made her look bad in front of her friends or family.

No. Patrick was the athlete, and Brittany loved being a cheerleader, dancing on the sidelines, supporting her man. She remembered being totally embarrassed and humiliated when she'd started turning into a girl, but she could barely even identify with that boy anymore. She loved being a girl! She really, really did. Once she got to the parking lot behind the baseball field, Brittany checked her make-up in the vanity mirror, pausing to touch up her lipstick, which was a wet bubble gum red that really made her plump lips look so sweet and Kissable. Then, she teased her long blonde hair, got out of the car and smoother her blue pleated skirt. She wore pink tights that shimmered when she moved, and

clung tightly to her long, slender legs. He fluttered as she walked back to look for Pat. Guys were coming out of the locker room, and Brittany's heart fluttered as their eyes passed over her body, and they would meet her eyes and smile, that hungry like a wolf smile that made her feel so pretty.

She found Patrick standing in a circle with some of his friends. He glanced at her and kind of nodded, but kept talking and talking., ignoring her. Brittany stood meekly to the side, feeling ignored and humiliated, but she kept a smile plastered on her face, pulling out her phone and checking her texts. Patrick talked and talked, and Brittany stood and waited, texting then checking Instagram and Snapchat. Finally, after what seemed like forever, Patrick's circle broke up and Brittany skipped up to him. "Hey!" She said, grinning, opening her arms for a hug.

Patrick rolled his eyes, gave her a quick hug, but pulled away when Brittany tried to get a kiss. "W-what's wrong?" Brittany said.

Patrick looked at her, seemed to be thinking, then sighed. "Yeah. No. Listen, I know we talked about getting some coffee, but something came up."

"Something?"

"Yeah. It's just one of those things. Sorry, babe." Patrick turned and started walking away.

Brittany couldn't believe it, and she struggled to hold back the tears.

"Patrick?" She called.

He stopped, glaring back at her and snapped, "What?"

"Did you forget? Today?"

Patrick shook his head. "Spit it out, babe. I have no idea what you're talking about."

"It's our three- month anniversary!" Brittany said, stomping a foot.

"Three months? You're being ridiculous."

"I got all dressed up. Got my nails done."

"I told you something came up!" Patrick shouted, making Brittany jump. "So, stop being such a selfish, whiny brat and just go text your airhead friends or taking five thousand selfies, and stop giving me such a hard time!"

And with that, Patrick left Brittany standing there, alone, crying. She found a place under a tree, sat down and wept, her head in her hands, feeling stupid. Maybe Patrick was right. Maybe she'd made too much of their anniversary? But she loved him so much, and she would do anything to make him happy

was it really so much to expect him to remember a day that was special to her?

Her phone vibrated. She looked at it, the message appearing on the screen. It's over, babe. You wear tights way too much. P.

Brittany stared at the message, her sorrow rapidly morphing into cold, hard hate. Tights? She thought. You're breaking up with me because I wear tights? *You—you're just a big fat--- stinker! That's what you are!* She tapped on contacts and scrolled down to Madison, then sent her a text that read, *Help!*

Brittany went over to Madison's house and cried, she raged, then cried some more. Finally cried out, she found her emotions crystalizing to hot, burning hate. "I want to get him so bad!" Brittany said. "He's such a jerk! I'm going to--- I'm going to-- post something really mean about him on Instagram!"

Madison smiled. "I have a better idea."

"What?"

"What if Patrick became a cute, sexy girl?"

"You mean? Like you did to me?" Brittany said, looking at her fingernails, watching the light sparkle.

"Exactly," Madison said. "Like I did to you."



“You would do that for me?”

“No. But I will teach you how to do it.”

Brittany thought for a moment, then a smile spread across her face. “That’s so naughty. I love it.”

Madison brought Brittany down to her basement, and then to a curtained off area in the corner, with bookshelves that stretched from floor to ceiling, piled with jumbles of books and scrolls. Candles. Gems and stones. Plus, clothes, stuffed animals, a Twilight Poster. It looked like a cross between a witch’s den and a messy teen-age girl’s bedroom.

“You like Twilight, too?” Brittany said.  
“Vampires are so sexy.”

“I like werewolves,” Madison said. “Or pretty much anything with abs.”

Brittany giggled.

“So” Madison said. “Every one of us has male and female within us. The anima and the animus. The yin and yang. When we appear in male form or female form in this world, it’s because that aspect of us is strongest in this incarnation. However, if you change someone’s balance, they will manifest as the opposite sex.”

“That’s amazing.”

“You can even influence specific aspects of their appearance and personality.”

“Let’s do this,” Brittany said. “Let’s get started.”

“Okay. First, you’ll make a vision board that embodies the kind of girl you want Patrick to become. Then, we’ll summon Patrick’s femininity.”

Brittany went through a bunch of magazines, cutting out pictures of Patrick’s new life and pasting them onto a piece of poster board: all of the images featured perky blonde girls with bright smiles and big breasts. There were pictures of cheerleaders, dancers, and tights, tights and more tights! When it was finished, Brittany smiled thinking of the blonde girly girl Patrick was about to become.

“It’s like you’re turning him into your sister!” Madison said. “I love it!”

After, they sprinkled herbs onto the vision board and then surrounded it with tall pink candles. Brittany sat down to perform the ritual chanting:

His inner voice, strong and deep no longer for his soul  
will speak

Now high and soft and little and meek a female voice  
his soul will keep

His body shall his new voice follow angles giving way  
to curves

His body hard and flat and strong no longer his new  
sex it serves

His chest will soften swell and round, his hips shall  
gain womanly swerve

And where once he was a rude, coarse boy

A girl will be who lives to give others joy

As feminine as a girl can be

So make Patrick as a she

Her new name shall be Tiffany!

The boy is gone

The boy is gone

And with three waves of my wand

Forever more she is a blonde

## CHAPTER 2.

Patrick dreamt he found himself on the pitcher's mound, holding a baseball in his hand, the laces rough against his soft hands. Ned Hamblin, the best hitter from the rival Dolphins, came to the plate, swinging his bat, kicking at the dirt around the plate with his cleats. He had blackout under his eyes, and as he took his position at the plate, he looked right at Patrick, and Patrick slit his eyes, thinking, "He is so sexy."

Then—what? What did I just think?

Ned blew a kiss at Patrick, smirking.

I am going to show him, Patrick thought to himself. The catcher signal for a curve ball. Patrick nodded. He wound up, then swung his arm around underhanded. The ball fluttered halfway to the plate, then plopped to the ground and rolled to the plate. The crowd laughed, and Ned did, too. Patrick looked down at his soft little hand, confused and horrified to see he had long pink fingernails, and a bunch of thin, sparkling bracelets on his wrist.

The catcher tossed the ball back to Patrick, who flinched, swatting at it with his glove, but watching as it sailed past him. He couldn't remember how to catch, and blushed with shame as the second

baseman caught the ball and brought it to him. "Get it together already."

"I'm trying my best," Patrick said, but he had a squeaky voice like a little girl, and he put his hand to his throat, as the second baseman shook his head and walked away.

"Come on, babe," Ned said. "Show me what you got."

Patrick bit his lip, wound up and hurled the ball with all his might, feeling his long pony tail whipping as he did, spinning in a circle, glancing back, grabbing at his ponytail, the one that shouldn't be there. Meanwhile, he'd tossed the ball in a high arc, way up, and it floated down toward the plate. "Omigod," Patrick thought as Ned pulled his bat back. "Oh, no."

Ned slapped the ball, and it flew right out of the stadium.

Ned felt cool air swirling around his bare legs, and looked down to see he wore a pleated mini-skirt. His sweater swelled with his full breasts, and as the whole crowd laughed at him he realized he'd turned into a girl, lost the game and worse of all, he had a zit on his chin! He started crying, and ran from the field, his pony tail bobbing along as he ran.

“Aaaaahhhh!” Patrick shrieked, sitting up, his heart racing. He looked around, confused to find himself in his dark bedroom, his alarm going off, playing “Girl’s Just Wanna Have Fun.” He heard a voice in his head singing along, a girly voice like a blonde airhead would have:

Some boys take a beautiful girl  
And hide her away from the rest of the world  
I want to be the one to walk in the sun  
Oh girls they wanna have fun  
Oh girls just wanna have

Patrick turned the alarm off, feeling annoyed, relieved that he wasn’t a girl, but confused as he became aware of the spaghetti straps on his shoulders and looked down to see he wore a pink tank top that read Angel across the chest.

The voice he heard, which seemed to be in his head, kept singing:

They just wanna, they just wanna  
They just wanna, they just wanna, girls  
They just wanna, they just wanna, oh girls  
Girls just want to have fun

Patrick stripped off the girl's top, tossing it across the room. What the hell? He wondered, his head swimming with images from his weird dream, plus finding himself wearing girl's clothes, and—where the hell was that voice coming from?

“I'm coming from you!” The voice giggled. “Where else?”

Patrick's face scrunched up, and he tilted his head to the side. Was something messing with him?

“No one is messing with you, silly,” the voice said. “I am you.”

“What's happening?” Patrick said, out loud. “Who is doing all this?”

“You are such a blonde!” the voice said. “Omigod!”

Patrick looked at the clock and realized that whatever was going on, he needed to get ready and got to school. He took a quick shower and, toweling off, went back into his room. His jaw dropped open as he stepped through the door. Laid out on his bed he saw a pair of sheer tights, right in a square of golden light pouring in from the rising sun outside his window.

Patrick felt a turning deep in the pit of his stomach. He had never seen anything so—pretty—as those tights.

“They are cute. You’re going to feel soooo sexy when you put those on.”

“What?” Patrick said. “Put them--- NO! That’s just ridiculous.”

“But you’ll feel sexy, and look cute!”

“I’ll look like a fool,” Patrick said in a soft voice, even as his feet seemed to carry him to the bed, and he reached out and brushed his finger-tips across the tights, his whole body tingling at the sleek, soft feeling of the material.

“No one will be able to see them! You’ll have your jeans on over them.”

“No way! Dudes do not wear tights!” Patrick yelled. Using all his willpower, he pulled his fingers away from the sleek, cool tights, stalking toward his dresser.

“Girls just wanna have some fun! They just a wanna, they just a wanna...have fuuuuuuuunnnnnn!” The voice started shrieking in a super high pitch sound, like a drill tearing into concrete.



“Ahhhhh!” Patrick grabbed his head, stumbling at the pain that screaming voice had caused him. “Stop!”

“Put on the tights!”

“I’m a guy—“

“Girls wanna have fuuuuunnnnn!”

“Okay. Okay,” Patrick said, sinking to his knees. “Just stop.”

“Honey?” He heard his mom say. “Everything okay?” The door started to crack open. Patrick’s eyes went to those smoky, sultry tights on his bed, the ones he now accepted he was about to wear. He panicked and leapt to his feet, terrified his mom might see his tights, guess he would be wearing them.

He stepped into the door just as his mom opened it, and he made sure to block her view into his room. “All good,” he said.

“I thought I heard you yelling?”

“Just psyching myself up. Big, um, game coming up.”

His mom gave him a weird look, but then just turned away. “Better get going. You’ll be late to school!”

“I will. Thanks, Mom.”

Patrick closed his door, and his stomach both sank and fluttered as he looked at the tights. He wanted to wear them so badly, and he felt sick at the thought of wearing them. “What if--?” He started to ask the voice, but she groaned.

“Put them on already! Gosh, you are such a girl!”

“I’m not,” Patrick mumbled, sitting on his bed, crossing one leg and slipping the tight over his foot, then the other. The material tingled as it caressed his skin, and he pulled the tights up both legs, feeling the silky material slide up his legs. He wiggled his butt as he pulled the waist band up and over, the elastic waistband snapping against his belly, just below the belly button. His heart fluttered excitedly, and he found himself standing in front of his mirror, looking at how smooth and round his legs looked in the shimmering tights.

“Oooooooooohhhh! You look so cute!”

“Ugh,” Patrick said, struggling against the feminine thrill he felt on seeing his legs looking so—pretty—in the tights. “I so don’t care.” He pulled on his jeans, threw on a sweatshirt. “I’m going to figure out how to get rid of you.”

“I am you,” the voice said. “You can’t get rid of me, honey bunny.”

“We’ll see.’

Patrick met up with some of the guys from the baseball team before school. They stood around, chewing tobacco, spitting it on the sidewalk behind the auto tech building. Patrick crinkled his nose at the taste of the Skoal, and thought, *it is so disgusting the way the boys just spit everywhere. Why can’t they be a little more mannerly?”*

*I know, right? The voice said. Boys are so crude!*

Patrick suddenly realized what he’d been thinking, and once more he felt his heart fluttering with anxiety. Then, he suddenly couldn’t see as someone covered his eyes. “Hey, stud,” he heard Regan White say.

He turned and looked down at her, grinning. She was super-hot, and an athlete to boot. The ace pitcher on the softball team. She had black hair and big, brown eyes, and a great pair of tits. “I heard you and Brittany broke up,” Regan said.

“Yeah. It’s over,” Patrick said, feeling like his legs were tingling more than ever from the tights clinging to his skin.

“You should come to my pool party,” Regan said. “It’s gonna be so hot—and wet.”

“I’m there,” Patrick said, his voice croaking.

The bell rang. Regan sauntered off. He let his eyes drift down to her firm, heart shaped ass, and he took a deep breath, drinking it in, watching the way it wiggled as she walked. *I wish I had an ass like that*, he thought, then caught himself. *I mean to grab and stuff, not that I want one like hers.*

*Okay, bunny. Whatever you say.*

As the day went by and no one suspected his tights, Patrick started to feel confident and amused. He kind of loved the fact he was secretly wearing girl’s tights, and no one knew. It was pretty fun, and made him feel-- confident.

The voice quieted for a time, and he made it through the day. That night, he stripped off his jeans and curled up on his bed in just his tights and a t-shirt. He dug a Playboy out from under his mattress and started to look at the center fold, rubbing his legs together as he looked over the girl in the magazine. Her name was Brandi Winter. *She’s so pretty*, he thought, looking at the pair of little pink panties with white bows. *Those are really cute*, he thought.

“You should get a pair for yourself,” the voice whispered.

“Shut up,” Patrick said, turning the page, making a small gasping noise as he turned the page and saw a picture of her looking back over her shoulder. He looked at her plump, round behind, a confused tangle of emotions filling him as he longed to squeeze her ass, to maybe even come to her from behind, but at the same time he wanted to have a booty like that, so firm and plump and sexy.

“Shut up,” he said to the voice. “I don’t care what you think.”

“I didn’t say anything,” the voice answered, laughing.

“But you were going to.”

In the morning, Patrick woke once more to the sound of Cyndi Lauper singing “Girls Just Want to Have Fun.” The annoying voice in his head sang along, and as he sat up it sang out, “Good morning, girly girl!”

“Shut up,” Patrick murmured, stretching, once again feeling the little straps across his shoulders, and looking down to see he once more wore the pink “Angel” top, and below that a pair of pink and blue checkered pajama bottoms with a pink tie at the waist. “Stop dressing me in these girl clothes!” He said, getting out of bed, feeling a strip of cloth slipping tight between his butt cheeks. “What the hell?”

The voice giggled. “What’s wrong, bunny?”

Patrick pushed down his pajama bottoms to see he wore a pair of little pink, lace panties with little white ribbons, just like the ones he’d been admiring on the Playboy centerfold. He could feel the thong in his bottom, and he stomped a foot in fury even as his brain tingled with pleasure at how sexy his panties looked on him. “Stop this!” He said.

“You did it,” the voice said. “Don’t blame me.”

“I’m going to get rid of you!” Patrick hissed, pulling down the panties, wiggling them over his hips and then shoving them under his mattress, where he was pretty sure his mom wouldn’t find them if she happened to come in and clean his room. He was vaguely aware that something didn’t seem right—when he’d stomped his foot had he felt his butt jiggle? But he was too consumed with embarrassment over finding himself wearing panties to focus on it, so he took a quick shower, came out and found a pair of tights and panties laid out on his bed. This time the tights were as white as the virgin snow, while the panties were a bright, bubble gum pink.

“No!” Patrick said, crossing his arms, sticking his bottom lip out defiantly. “I won’t!”

“Oh, you are putting on those tights and panties young lady.”

“I won’t! I won’t! I won’t! Sing all you want. I am not wearing panties to school!”

Patrick found himself walking across his bedroom, grabbing his phone. Sitting down, he crossed his legs like a girl, and then pulled up his contacts, tapping Josh Green, the star first baseman on the baseball team. “What are you doing?”

“You’ll see,” the voice said, and then began to tap out the message:

*John. You are so hot. I want to kiss you! And then a bunch of hearts and bananas.*

“No,” Patrick whispered, terrified. “You wouldn’t.”

“No,” the voice said. “I wouldn’t. Not without a special picture!” He found his hands opening his towel, and Patrick felt a terror like he’d never felt before. He thought about the text going out, the picture. Everyone in school would find out about it. At least—

“Panties and tights, honey. We’re the only that need to know.”

“I hate you,” Patrick said. “Why are you doing this to me?”

“Better get dressed, honey. Time’s a wasting.”

Patrick fought back tears as he slipped the cotton candy panties on. They were so,,, feminine. So, girly, so... He glanced back over his shoulder at his bedroom mirror, and he saw his plump, heart shaped booty, big and soft and firm and bouncy and it was a perfect, gorgeously inviting girl's ass, just like Brandi Winter's, and it was his. He felt sick, terrified, because as he looked at his gorgeous behind he immediately fantasized about doing it doggy style. The thought filled him with terror. Would guys? Him?

"Oh, yes," the voice said. "They will be having all kinds of dirty thought about you, girlfriend."

"What's happening? What are you doing to me?" Patrick thought, glancing back once more, blanching. His hips had widened some, gotten rounder.

"You're turning into a girl, honey. Obviously."

"Stop! Please!"

"Maybe, but right now you better finish getting ready."

Patrick pulled on his tights, once again thrilling at the feeling of the cool material against his legs. Then, he pulled on a pair of jeans. They were so tight, he had to roll onto his back and yank them over his hips and then hop in place, pulling on the pants,



getting them up over his plump behind. Sucking in his gut, he got them buttoned, sighing with relief. "Wait," he said looking down to see the jeans only came down to just below his knee, leaving his slender, rounded calves, gleaming and white in his tights, exposed.

"Selfie time!" The voice giggled.

"What? No!" Patrick said, but even as he railed he found himself positioning himself in front of his mirror, lifting his phone, catching a perfect picture celebrating his sexy new hiney. He watched in horror as his traitorous hands tapped out the message, "Baby Got Back!"

"No. Please, n=="

His thumb tapped post, and the picture uploaded to Instagram. "Why?"

"Because you are a cute, sexy, fashion forward trend-setting female!"

"I can't face anyone now," he mumbled. "I can't let them see me like--- this."

"Oh, you can. And you will. Don't forget. You have a big math test today. You won't be eligible to play baseball if you fail."

Patrick groaned. It was true. He had to just go in and face the music. He grabbed his black Chuck

Taylor. They at least were still black, but he ruefully noticed that they now had bright pink laces. “Aren’t you over doing it with the pink?” He said sourly. “Most of the girls in school don’t do this much pink.”

“Most of the girls in school aren’t super feminine girly girls like you, Tiffany.”

“I am so getting rid of you, you slut!” Patrick kissed, heading out the door to his car.

When he got to school, Patrick’s cheeks burned pink with shame. He looked at his phone and saw he’d gotten 12 likes and two comments. One read, WTF? The other read, “Looking good, sweetie!” It was from Brittany.

Brittany? As Patrick got out of his car, he wondered—could Brittany have something to do with this? He didn’t know how, but it made sense she would want payback. As he walked, he realized with his now big booty and slightly wider hips, he had a wiggle in his walk, but he couldn’t seem to stop it, so he just let his hips sway side to side.

Can you tell me if Brittany--- he started to ask the voice, but then he realized that people were gawking at him? He passed a group of girls, and as he passed they all looked at his butt and started giggling. “He has a better ass than I do!” One of them said. “Is he wearing tights?”

He walked by some guys from the football team and nodded. "Hey," he said.

"Hey," they answered, nodding back, but then when he walked past he felt their eyes burning a hole in his booty, and one of the guys said, "Holy crap, I actually want to bang him.'

Patrick took a deep breath and hurried his step, feeling ashamed, anxious, scared. He couldn't believe other boys were checking him out!

"Better get used to it, girly," the voice said in a sing song voice. "Because you have only just begun to bloom!"

"Arrrgh! I hate you!"

Just then he turned the corner and walked behind the auto-tech building. The guys had been shooting the shit, but as soon as they saw Patrick they all stopped and just stared at him. "Um, hey," Patrick said, putting one foot over the other, trying futilely to hide his pink laces, his tights.

"Dude, what the hell?"

"What?" Patrick said.

"What? Are you turning gay or something? Got Back, Baby?"

"No. I was just joking around!"

“Are you wearing tights?”

“They’re, um, compression pants. For working out.”

“Oh, compression pants. Dude, you need to get it together.”

Just then Patrick felt hands grab his butt cheeks and squeeze. “Baby does have back,” Regan said, giggling.

Patrick rose up onto his toes and made a high pitched little noise, totally caught off guard at having his butt squeezed as well as the surge of pleasure it gave him. “Hey,” he said. He didn’t want to turn around as the guys would see his sexy booty. The bell rang, and as the guys filed away, shaking their heads, Patrick rotated, keeping them from seeing his backside. Regan stayed in front of him, talking about her pool party, getting him to promise he would be there. “Of course,” he said, relieved she still wanted him there, and that the boys were gone.

“I’m so excited,” Regan said, putting one hand to Patrick’s smooth soft cheek, and reaching around with the other to give his butt a pinch. “Love your outfit, by the way. You look so cute!”

“Um, thanks,” Patrick said, waving as she walked away, feeling confused and pleased and

baffled and amazed. Then, he hurried off to class, his butt wiggling with every step.

As Brittany and Madison walked to class, they saw Patrick hurrying along, his white calves flashing. He had a little swerve at the base of his spine now, and then the swelling of his booty, which they watched swaying as he hurried across campus. Brittany snorted. ‘Oh, my God,’ she said.

“He’s developed quite the sexy caboose,” Madison said, nodding appreciatively. “Look! Guys are checking him out.”

Brittany snorted again. “He so deserves this.”

“I wonder what he has to say about you wearing tights all the time now?”

“Haha! I bet he regrets it.”

“So, do you want to play some mind games with him like I did with you?”

‘Oh, like that bracelet thing?’

“Yeah. I guess that would be fun. But, I want to come up with my own thing.”

'Let's look in the spell book after school.  
Maybe there's something we could do to enhance his  
experience?'

"Okay."

## CHAPTER 3.

That afternoon, Patrick stood outside the door to the Boy's locker room, shifting from foot to foot, biting on his thumb. He felt really nervous to go in there with all those guys. All day long, the dudes all over campus had been looking at his butt, making comments. What would happen now when he walked into a room full of them with this Playboy bunny behind? He took a deep breath. He had to change. Being on the baseball team was a really big deal for him. They were about to win their conference and go to the playoffs. He thought he might even get drafted by the pros. Slinging his gym bag over his shoulder, he walked into the locker room, nodding, just acting like everything was normal.

"What's up, Bro," he said, when he saw Josh.

"Same old, same old," Josh said, taping up his hands.

Patrick walked past, feeling relieved that things seemed back to normal, but then he felt a sharp pain, jumping with a squeak and grabbing his butt where Josh had just pinched it. "Asshole!" He said, voice cracking while all the guys laughed at him.

Patrick went into one of the shower stalls to change, and when he opened his gym bag his heart dropped. "No."

“Yes,” the voice said, giggling.

Patrick pulled out a pair of short shorts. Blue with white piping. They looked just like the shorts the River Vixens wore on Riverdale when they practiced cheerleading. He looked into the bag and dug around for his usual long, baggy black shorts, but they weren't there—just hairspray, a brush, some hair ties, a sports bra and some extra panties. “Come on,” Patrick said. “You can't expect me to actually wear these.”

“You could always just skip practice, girly. I mean, a ditzzy silly girl like you doesn't belong on the boy's baseball team anyway.”

“I can't go out wearing these.”

“Then don't. Just admit you are a girl and go home.”

“Baseball is the most important thing in the world to me. I'm not letting you take it away.” With that, Patrick shimmied out of his tight little Capri jeans, and wiggled into his short shorts, pulling them up over his tights. They came to the very top of his thighs, and left his long, tone legs almost completely exposed. Then he pulled on his practice jersey and-- “Come on!”

The voice just giggled. Patrick's jersey had turned into a crop top, coming down only to above his



belly button, leaving his tummy exposed. "I'm going to kill you for this!"

"You look so cute!"

"I don't want to look cute!"

"Okay. Whatever. You're the one who put those sexy little shorts on. Oh, your butt looks so amazing!"

Patrick glanced back, shaking his head. This is just a test, he decided. A test of my commitment level. He pulled his glove out of his bag, heading back into the locker room, and as he walked in the guys all started hooting. "Sexy legs! Look at those stems!"

"Screw you," Patrick said, heading to the door, squeaking as another guy pinched his butt.

Coach gave him a lot of crap about his shorts, his tights, but when he pitched he still had his control, his velocity. He got guys to strike out, ground out, look silly swinging wildly at his pitches. Then John came to bat. He glared at Patrick, swinging his bat around his head and neck. Patrick decided to have some fun. He turned around and bent over as if picking something up off the grass, then stood up, giving Josh a good long look at his glorious booty. When he turned around, he could it had worked. Both Josh and the catcher had a glassy, far-away look in their eyes. Patrick giggled to himself.

“That’s it, babe,” the voice said. “Use that body. It feels good to mess with the boys doesn’t it?”

Patrick ignored the voice, focusing instead on the pitch. After each pitch he turned and gave Josh a good long look at that Playboy bunny booty. He smiled as he struck out Josh, throwing his hip sassily to the side. Pinch my butt? He thought. Well, let’s just see how you like getting shown up by a guy with the legs of a stripper!

Things were different after practice. Patrick was still the best pitcher on the team, short girly shorts or not, and they all just swallowed their attitudes, showered, changed and headed out the door offering a few high fives.

Patrick felt flush with power and pride, and he put an extra swing in his hips. *That’ll show ‘em*, he thought. *And now, time to show you!*

“You still think you can get rid of me?” The voice asked.

‘I know I can.’ As soon as Patrick got home, he got his laptop out—now a pink Macbook with anime stickers all over it, and started to research. He looked for things on dispelling demons and unclean spirits, on removing curses, and he wrote down a list of supplies he would need for the rituals—gems and sage and essential oils. The whole time the voice just

hummed, occasionally making little comments like, “I do love the smell of sage! Yummy!”

Patrick ignored her. He was determined to save himself from any more changes and humiliations. Taking his list, he hopped off his bed and pranced happily to the door, then out to his car, before driving down to a local store he used to call the hippie feminazi goofball store: The Goddess Tree. He walked in to the sound of crystal chimes, the smell of incense. Tapestries hung from the walls, silk fluttered from columns, and shelves crowded the little store, sparkling with gems and candles and books and crystal balls. The woman behind the counter, wearing a long, flowing dress, looked up at Patrick as he entered, and her mouth fell open.

“Sister,” she said, looking him over. “Your aura is a mess.”

“Um, yeah. That’s kind of why I’m here,” Patrick said, ignoring that she’s called him “sister.” He was just here to get help.”

The woman came around the counter, took Patrick by the hand and led him to a pair of rattan chairs, sitting him down and then sitting across from him, their knees almost touching. She leaned forward, and said, “What’s your name?”

‘Pat-- just Pat.’ Patrick said. He felt she might help him more if she thought he was a girl.

‘Okay, Pat. I’m Minerva. So, who’s trying to turn you into a boy?’

“Turn me into.. no. I mean, yes, but how did you know?”

The voice giggled.

“I can see it in your aura. All this boy energy trying to overwhelm your sweet, feminine essence. This is powerful magic.”

“See? The voice said. “You are a girl, Tiffany.”

Patrick ignored her, instead staying focused on his mission. ‘Can you help me, um, get rid of the magic or whatever?’

“I can.” Minerva gave Patrick some crystals and herbs, some candles and oils, plus a CD called Divine Feminine. She gave him instructions on how to use the rituals, to work the magic, then she took his hand once more and said, “Here is the most important thing, dear. You will manifest what your deepest heart truly desires, so keep yourself focused, and keep thinking all the time about being freed from the magic, restored, and the universe will grant your wish! It will take a few days. Don’t give up.”

“Thanks,” Patrick said, feeling excited, hopeful.

“And listen to this CD every night before bed. It will help you stay connected to your feminine essence.”

“Yeah, make sure to stay connected to your feminine essence,” The voice said. “Tiffany.”

“You’re so dead,” Patrick said getting in his car, “You are ssoooooo dead!”

‘We’ll see, Tiff.’

When he got home, Patrick burnt the sage, then followed, sitting down on the floor cross-legged, putting his hands in prayer position and closing his eyes, chanting to the goddess to remove his curse, and then working through his chakras, opening them to receive the magic power he hoped would restore him. When he finished, he felt light, and giggled, and climbed into bed. He pulled the Playboy out from under his mattress and once more looked over the centerfold, but he found himself admiring her skin. “It’s so even and glowing,” he thought. “I wonder what her secret is?”

Then he looked over her face. She had on this deep, wine red lipstick, and he loved the smoky eyeshadow. As he looked at her big, lashed eyes and small little nose, he felt an emptiness in him, and longed to look like her, to be as pretty as her.

“You will be, Tiffany. You’ll be as pretty as any girl.”

Patrick snapped out of his reverie, shocked at his thoughts, appalled that he was looking at this vision of female perfection and wanting to be her rather than have her. *I’d tap that*, he thought, trying to reassert his manhood, but the words felt cold.

“Goodnight,” the voice said. “Sleep tight, honey!”

“I will,” Patrick said.

In the morning he once more woke to Girls Just Wanna have Fun, but the voice was not singing, so though it disappointed him to hear the ridiculous song again, he allowed himself to think that maybe the spells he cast had worked, and that he was getting rid of the voice and back to normal. Then he sat up and felt something silky soft pour over his shoulders, even as something flopped into his eyes. He pushed his arms through the stuff on his shoulders, pushing what he started to realize were bangs out of his eyes, and looked over to see long, thick golden blonde hair flowing down from his head like a waterfall, pouring down over his shoulders halfway down his pink t-shirt, and swishing across his back. “Omigod!” He said, rolling out of bed, golden hair flowing all around him, pulling on his head.

He stood in front of his mirror, horrified to see he now had blonde hair—a lot of it. Long, thick, gorgeous with streaks of white and dark brown, and he felt like he was drowning in it.

“You look so sexy,” the voice said.

“I look like an idiot,” Patrick said, clearing his throat as he heard piping, feminine voice come out of his mouth.

“You look like Kate Upton! So pretty!”

Patrick marched into his bathroom, grabbed the clippers he used to trim his face back when he had facial hair, then sneered, “I’m not putting up with this!”

“Oh, no!” The Voice said.

Patrick buzzed and clipped, watching as huge hunks of the blonde hair tumbled to the floor, but when he looked in the mirror he saw—the same hair. He looked down, and saw a clear bathroom floor, then he looked back in the bathroom mirror, his plump, pink mouth hanging open. “Arrrrrrgghhhhhh!” he squealed, stomping his foot. “You’re impossible!”

“Oh, come on honey. Let me help you. I’ll put your hair in a pony tail. It’ll be much easier to handle—“

“NO!” Patrick shrieked. “I don’t want anything from you!”

“Tiffany! Please, I—“

“My name isn’t Tiffany! I’m not a girl! I don’t want to be a girl!” He swept his arm across the counter, knocking bottles and soap all over the floor. Then, he ran into his room and threw himself on his bed, bursting into tears, hiding beneath his blanket of hair.

‘Tiffany, Tiffany, oh, you poor dear girl. There, there,’ the voice said. “There. There.”

“Shut up,” Patrick murmured, humiliated to find himself sobbing just like some dumb girl, and unable to stop himself.

He heard a knock on the door. “You need to get a move on, young lady!” His Mom called. “You can’t be late to school.”

Patrick sat up, tossing his hair to one side.  
*Young lady?*

The voice snickered. “That’s right, young lady. Or would you prefer young miss?”

“My mom thinks I am a girl?”

“Of course she does. Because you are—“



“I am not!” Patrick said. “Am not!”

“Okay, sweetie, but you do need to get ready, and you should really let me help you manage that gorgeous mane.”

“Fine,” Patrick said, once more running his hands helplessly through his new blonde hair, completely incapable of getting it to stop swirling around him, getting into his mouth. He let go and let the voice pull it back and tie it into a pony tail, then pinned it up on his head.

“You do not want to get all that hair wet,” the voice said. “It would never dry.”

“Kay,” Patrick said, climbing into a steaming shower and sudsing up with Victoria Secret Strawberry Body Wash. He rubbed his eyes at the pink bottle and sweet, strawberry scent, but given his other issues it didn’t seem worth inviting the taunting of his evil voice.

After, he slipped into his panties and a pair of bright pink tights without a second thought, then pulled on another pair of capris jeans, this pair with fashionable rips and patches, and a sleeveless t-shirt that brought his attention to his now skinny little arms. “Oh, no,” he said out loud, looking at his tiny arms. He flexed, and nothing happened, then watched as the voice took over, lifting his little hands up to take down the hair that had been piled on his head and let it drop

back in a long, thick pony tail that came halfway down his back.

“It feels like it weights ten pounds,” Patrick said, annoyed at the tugging feeling on his scalp.

“You’ll get used to it,” The voice said.

“No, I won’t!” Patrick said. “You’ll be gone soon enough, and I’ll have big muscles again just like a boy!”

The voice snickered.

Patrick went downstairs, and when his mom saw him she smiled and said, “You look really cute, Tiffany.”

Patrick started to argue that his name wasn’t Tiffany, but it seemed pointless, so instead he sat down and his mother put a half a grapefruit in front of him and running her hand down the side of his forearm. “Your new diet is working wonders,” she said. “Your skin is so soft, and you’re glowing!”

“Thanks,” Patrick said, thinking about the girl in the magazine, her to die for skin, and he flushed with feminine pride at his mother’s compliments.

Grabbing his duffle bag, he gave his mom a hug and walked outside, stopping dead in his tracks. Right where is pride and joy, the Dodge Charger he’d worked all summer to save up, had been sitting, he

now saw a vintage Volkswagen bug, virginal white, with flower decals on the doors. “Am I supposed to be seen in public in *that*?”

“Well, you could always call Josh and ask for a ride. He’s so hot!”

Patrick frowned, fighting back a new round of tears, climbed into his fem-mobile and drove to school, crouching down as low as he could in the seat while still seeing the street, hoping no one would recognize him. When he got to school, he climbed nervously out of the car, glancing around from under his bangs, slinging his duffle bag over his slender little shoulder. He could smell the pretty, strawberry scent of his body wash all around him, could feel the weight of his long, golden pony tail. He remembered all the comments he’d gotten the day before and swallowed, heading into campus, feeling embattled.

Now, with his swishing pony tail and sexy butt, he totally looked like a girl from behind, and even pretty much from the front. But guys behind him ogled him, making lewd comments, and as he walked past groups of guys he saw their heads turning, dropping, checking out his legs and ass. He had no intention of going behind the auto-tech building and putting up with the nonsense from the guys; he would just run the gauntlet and go to class, where he felt more safe. He ignored the comments and any

attempts to greet him, keeping his eyes down, but then he heard Regan shouting, “Tiffany! Tiffany!”

He stopped, saw Regan standing with a group of girls, waving to him.

Patrick hesitated. He really liked Regan, and he didn’t want to hurt her feelings, so overcoming his shame, he walked over, smiling, his pony tail swaying from side to side. “Hi!” He said in his pretty new voice.

“Hi, yourself,” Regan said, hugging him roughly, then running her hands through his hair. “You look so pretty today!”

“Thanks,” he said, blushing.

“Oh! Look at you. You really are the cutest boy on campus.”

“You know I’m a boy?” He said.

Regan and all the girls from the softball team she hung out with laughed. “Well, technically, you are right?”

“Um, I mean, yeah.”

“Not much of one,” Regan said, brushing some loose strands of hair away from his smooth cheek.

“Half the girls on campus are more butch than you, though,” Greta, the catcher said, punching Patrick on the arm.

“Ow!” He said, once more eliciting laughter from the girls.

“You’re coming to the pool party, right?” Regan said, throwing her arm around his shoulders and pulling him close.

Patrick felt insecure around all these gruff, brash girls, and instinctively made himself small, keeping his arms close to his body, his legs together, and kind of hiding in Regan’s embrace, looking out the corner of his eye at all the athletic girls, who seemed to regard him with an air of amused superiority. “Um, I don’t know—“

“You’re coming, doll, and that’s it,” Regan said.

“O-okay.”

The bell rang. Regan took her arm off Patrick, and as he turned to go to class she slapped him on the ass. Once more he yelped and jumped, and all the girls of the softball team laughed as he hurried away, pony tail bobbing, his cheeks crimson.

Brittany watched the whole thing from across the quad. “Tiffany is really becoming such a little cutie,” she said.

“For sure,” Madison said. “I just love his hair, don’t you?”

Brittany fluffed her own blonde hair and said, “It’s okay or whatever.”

Later that day in History class, the teacher, Miss Daily, was talking about the woman’s suffrage and the 19<sup>th</sup> Amendment. “Can you believe it was less than 100 years ago?” She said. “Women couldn’t even vote. They had no say. So, the 19<sup>th</sup> Amendment was so huge for women.”

“And Tiffany,” someone snickered.

Patrick sunk lower in his seat, and then Miss Daily made it worse. “Patrick is a very special boy,” she said, “and your micro-aggressions are not welcome in this class.” The cold, hard tone silenced the snark, but it made Patrick feel worse, a feeling that only grew once she got the students working on a project and came over, giving his shoulder a squeeze. “Don’t worry, sweetie,” she said. “I’ll always protect you.”

Patrick wilted further, sinking even deeper into his seat, humiliated that he needed a woman to protect him now, that he seemed so meek and submissive.

That afternoon was a baseball game, and Patrick was scheduled to start. He squeezed his tiny

biceps and looked at his delicate wrists and small soft hands. Would he still be able to pitch? He remembered his humiliating dream, but then he also remembered yesterday, when despite his changes he'd been able to strike out Josh. As he struggled to decide what to do, he unwillingly pictured Josh in his underwear, with his rippling abs, his rock-hard pecs, and he bit on his thumb, tingling with anticipation.

"No!" He thought, pushing the idea out of his head. "No!" He would go to the game to play, not so he could drool over the guys in the showers! Yet, when he made his way to the locker room, he couldn't help but imagine all the hard, sweaty bodies, and as soon as he walked in the door he was slammed by a cloud of male pheromones, and felt dizzy, almost passing out.

He snuck into one of the shower stalls and changed, once again slipping into short shorts and a crop top. But, when he came out of the shower stall, coach saw him and said, "Tiffany! I'm so glad you agreed to be our bat girl—er, boy. You look really pretty."

"What?" Patrick said, his voice higher and smaller than usual. "I thought I was going to pitch?"

"Pitch? Hahaha," the coach said. "You're funny! Now get your little butt out there and cheer on the team!"

Bat girl? Patrick fought back the tears. He'd lost his position on the team. Been reduced to bat girl. He thought about just grabbing his duffle bag and going home, crawling under the covers and crying himself to sleep. Yes, that would be best. He couldn't face the team now, reduced like this, whittled down to skinny little girl boy. He would just go home, and never leave his room again until he'd undone this crazy curse!

"Joshy," the voice said. "He's going to be out there in those cute little baseball pants, with that black stuff under those blue eyes of his."

"I don't care," Patrick said, pulling his pony tail over his shoulder, twisting his fingers in it, but an image of Josh in his tight pants appeared, and Patrick felt his skin tingle.

"He'd been so disappointed. The whole team would. Do you really want to let all those tall, handsome boys down?"

Patrick felt his heart ache at the thought. He didn't. Couldn't! "Shut up!" He said, stomping his foot. "Shut up!"

"Who are you talking to?"

Patrick jumped, turned, his pony tail whipping around, flashing in the lights from the locker room.



“Josh!” he squeaked, looking up right into those blue eyes! ‘Um, no one! Just, ah, psyching myself up!’”

“That’s the spirit,” Josh said, walking by Patrick, giving him a slap on the ass. ‘I’ll see you out there.’”

Patrick’s mouth fell open, and he dropped his duffle bag, dreamily following Josh out of the locker room, thinking, *Does he like me?*” Meanwhile, the spot on his right butt cheek where Josh had slapped him seemed to have a warm, pleasurable glow, and for just a moment Patrick pictured himself bending over, looking back over his shoulder at Josh and cooing, “spank me.”

That disturbing image he pushed right out of his mind, but then he found himself in the dugout with all those cute guys, and the tip of his nose turned pink as he vibrated with shy, nervous energy. Anytime a player got a hit and dropped his bat at the plate, it was Patrick’s job to run out onto the field, bend over to pick up the bat, then run back. The guys on the team all gathered at the railing to watch him prancing out, his long, rounded legs flashing in the sun, his pony tail bobbing, and then bend over, showing everyone that perfect, Playboy Bunny booty of his. Guys in the stands started hooting and cheering, and Patrick found himself loving the attention, and the guys would high give him when he came back, and then slap his ass, which the more it happened the

more it made him feel cute and pretty, and he smiled in a blissful hormonal haze, blushing with pride at all the attention he was getting.

Meanwhile, Instagram was buzzing with pictures of him bending over, all hash-tagged to their school and to him, and the likes and comments rapidly multiplied, all misogynistic comments on what a hot ass he had and what a dumb slut he was.

When the game ended, Patrick took a selfie with the team, and then he stayed behind after they left to clean up the locker room, picking up their cast-off clothes, then sweeping and mopping the whole room, lovingly wiping down the benches, and then kissing his fingertips and putting them on Josh's name plate, remembering the feeling of Josh slapping his ass, smiling at him. He felt all bubbly and giggled, biting his lip.

Then, he felt someone grab his pony tail and yank on it. "Ow!" He turned to see Brittany standing there, smirking.

"Hey, sexy," Brittany said. "I love your tights."

Patrick crossed his legs at the ankles, wishing he could hide the pink tights that encased his shapely calves. "They're – compression pants," Patrick said, hooking some stray strands of hair behind his ear.

“Whatever you need to tell yourself,” Brittany said. “I’m impressed with how you lit up Instagram today.”

‘Instagram?’

Brittany held out her phone, and Patrick saw a picture of himself bending over, sticking his butt back, his long blonde hair flashing in the sun, a big, vacant smile on his face. He glimpsed at the lewd comments and insults, his heart sinking. “Everyone on campus is making fun of me? But, I was just trying to support Josh and the boys!”

“You’re a little hottie now, sweetie. You’ll just have to get used to boys treating you like a sex object.”

Patrick sank down sit on the bench, putting his hands over face. “I don’t know what this is happening to me,” he said. “I don’t know if I can stop it.”

“I know why this is happening,” Brittany said, sitting down next to Patrick so their thighs were touching. She idly began to play with Patrick’s hair.

“You do?” Patrick said. “Then, tell me. Please.”

“I cast a spell on you,” Brittany said, “to turn you into a girl.”

“You?” Patrick said, sitting up, tossing back his hair, looking at her with wide, pretty eyes.

“Yes. Me.” Brittany said. “I did this to you. I took away everything that you loved about yourself, and I replaced it with—“

Patrick tried to slap Brittany, but she caught his slender wrist and stopped him, then pushed him onto his back, grabbing his other wrist and pinning his weak, puny arms across his chest. Patrick couldn't believe how weak he gotten, that he was being so easily over-powered by a girlie girl like Brittany. She climbed onto him, straddling him with her thighs. “Get off me!” Patrick squealed, wiggling helplessly beneath Brittany. “Let me go!”

“How does it feel?” Brittany taunted. “How does it feel to be treated with so much—contempt? To be so helpless?”

“Stop it!” Patrick cried out, and tears of frustration started to pour from his eyes, and he felt powerless and ashamed and his tears humiliated him even more and brought out great, wrenching sobs. “Please!” Patrick said. “Please.”

Brittany just Patrick pinned down until he stopped struggling just crying helplessly beneath her. Then, she said, “I will turn you back into a boy, Tiffany. But you have to earn it.”

“How?” Patrick said, softly.

“Oh, I just want you to experience a few things, things girls have to put up with. Saturday night, I want you to put on your sexist lingerie beneath a cute outfit—a skirt or dress, no pants—heels, make-up, and come to Madison’s house.”

“Heels? Makeup? Brittany....?”

“Do you want to be a boy or not?” Brittany shouted, slapping Patrick on his face.

“I do, I—“

“Do what I say, Tiffany, or get used to being a silly, blonde air-head!”

With that, she got up and sauntered out of the locker room.

Patrick wiped his tears, sat for a minute to compose himself, then took a deep breath and got his duffle bag, looking over the spic and span locker room, making sure it was all clean and perfect. It was, and so deep in thought he went out to his car and made his way home.

## CHAPTER 4.

As soon as he walked into the house, his mother called out, "Tiffany. In the kitchen. Now!"

Just by her tone, he knew he was in trouble, and so he dragged himself into the kitchen, bracing for the scolding his mother had in store for him. "Sit," she said, and when he saw her tapping on her phone, he felt sick with embarrassment.

His mother held up the phone, showing one of the many pictures of him in his little short shorts, bending over while the boy watched. "Mom," he said in his soft little voice. "It's not what it looks like."

"Then what is it, Tiff?"

"I'm the bat girl. I'm just getting the bats and..."

"Tiffany, you could have knelt down. What you were doing? It was not-- proper. For a young lady"

"Mom," Patrick said, twisting his hair around his fingers. "I'm a boy."

Mom shook her head. "I know you are in some ways, physically, a boy, but you are a girl, Tiffany. A young woman, and I should have talked to you about being a girl, and boys, and how a proper girl must

behave, especially now that you're a teen-ager, and you're starting to have feelings for boys."

Patrick shook his head, terrified at what his mom was saying, at what she was seeing in him now, of the truth of her words. "I am so not, like, into boys. I really am a boy. I've just, well, this spell is changing me, and I like girls!"

Mom covered Patrick's hand with hers and smiled. "It's okay," she said. "I totally understand. You don't have to deny who you are now. But, I do need you to promise me you won't... embarrass yourself the way you did at the game today. You want a boy who respects you, not one who wants to treat you like a stripper. Have you kissed a boy, yet?"

"Um, Mom, I really appreciate you having this talk with me and all, and I do promise I won't be all – um, slutty?-- again? We'll talk more later, okay?" He got up, tossing his pony tail. "Good talk, Mom! You look really pretty!"

Mom watched as Tiffany pranced away, her pony tail bobbing. She was really pretty, and Mom felt good that she was finally able to accept that Tiffany was her daughter and a girl. I can't believe it took me so long, she thought, shaking her head. But well, she'd been in denial.

Up in his room, Patrick desperately threw himself in front of the little altar he'd built, praying to the goddess, holding the crystals to his heart, and then meditating, cleansing his chakras. By the time he finished, it was dark out, and he smiled, feeling relieved. Looking in the mirror, he still looked like a girl with round hips, long, pretty legs, and a sweet, heart shaped face. He undid his pony tail and tossed his long, golden hair. It was so shinny! So pretty and soft!

"It's so cute watching clear your chakras. Such a girly thing to do!"

"The goddess is going to restore me," Patrick said. "You can't stop her!"

"But what about Brittany?"

Patrick bit his lip. "I don't know," he said. "I just can't see myself wearing high heels, a dress."

"You'd look really cute."

"I don't care." Patrick lied.

"Tiffany," his mom called. "Don't forget about dance class!"

"Dance class?" Patrick asked, even as he remember that he was enrolled at the Danceteria, and he loved to dance. "I do?"



“Of course. What girly girl doesn’t?”

“Mom,” Patrick said, poking his head out the door. “I think—um,— I’m going to skip dance tonight?”

“No, young lady, you are not. Remember our agreement?”

“Not really?” Patrick said, biting his lip.

“No dance, no car. We paid way too much for that academy for you to skip it.”

“Mom? I really—“

“No dance, no car!” His Mom said with finality.

Patrick groaned as the voice giggled. Soon, he found himself wearing a black leotard and white tights, standing on his tippy toes in his ballet shoes, one hand on the barre as he warmed up, going through his positions, raising one arm gracefully in the air. Pretty girls in leotards stood all around him, warming up as well, and Patrick felt completely ashamed to be dressed like them, with his hair in a tight, ballet bun. Worst of all, he was just one of the girls. They all talked to him and acted like he was just another teen-age dancer, and not a boy at all. There were two boys in the class, and much to Patrick’s shame, when it came time for them to practice lifts the teacher had him line up with the girls, and when the time came he ran up to Greg and leapt into the air,

Greg catching him with his hands on Patrick's slender waist, lifting him, spinning him in the air.

Patrick felt his heart flutter at being lifted up by a boy and spun in the air. He felt so small and light and the smile the spread across his face was not an act. When Greg swung him down, Patrick landed lightly on his feet, floating across the floor, his long legs flashing in his white tights. Once they had warmed up and practiced, the teacher had them rehearse for the big Swan Lake performance they were putting on. Patrick found that he remembered all the combinations, and he fell into a state of pure bliss as he danced, moving in perfect unison with the other girls. He completely lost all sense of time, just moving, dancing, loving every moment of his class, and when it ended, and all the girls were unlacing their ballet slippers he sat with them, chatting excitedly about the dance, forgetting all about being a boy.

As he left, his dance duffle over his shoulder, giving a couple of the girls hugs, the voice said. "Not so bad after all, eh, honey?"

"I guess not," Patrick admitted. "Plus, it helps me with my cheerleading."

"Cheerleading?" The voice said.

"Yeah, my—" Patrick realized what he'd said. "I'm not a cheerleader-- am I?"

“You will be honey. And you’ll love it just as much as dancing.”

Patrick woke in the morning excited about the big pool party. He’d grown shorter, maybe 5’ 6”, and his waist had grown more slender, tiny and petite above his widening, maternal hips. He was embarrassed, and he knew everyone had seen those pictures, but he really liked Regan, and she hadn’t minded his other changes, and he thought maybe if he could get some alone time he could show her- and himself -- that he was still a man!

He went to his dresser and found various women’s bathing suits. Thongs, string bikinis. “Oh, you’ve got to wear a bikini!” The voice said. “You’ll drive the boys craaay craaaaay!”

Patrick rolled his eyes, finding a pair of bottoms that looked like boy shorts in camouflage, though they were clearly cut to fit a woman’s hips. “These,” he said.

“You’ll still look sexy!”

“But not-- I don’t care!” Patrick said. His eyes fell to the top, which looked like a sports bra, also camouflage. He felt a powerful urge to wear it, too, but his whole purpose was to be more of a man.

“Oh, just put on the top! You’ll look cute, and besides, girls can’t go around letting people see their nipples!”

Patrick tossed his hair. “I’m not a girl!”

“You are wearing that sexy bra to the party!”  
The voice said.

“I’m not! Isn’t it enough that I’m wearing a girl’s bathing suit?”

“Wear the bra, Tiffany. You want to, anyway!”

“I can’t! I’m a boy!” Patrick said, tossing his long blonde hair, digging his long fingernails into his palms and stomping his little foot. “I’m a boy!”

“Fine!” The voice said. “But at least shave your legs.”

Patrick had been thinking about shaving his legs. He didn’t have that much hair, and it had been hidden by his tights, but now he would be showing everyone his bare legs, and the hair just looked ugly and gross. “Fine, then,” he said, since he kind of wanted to do it anyway. “If you’re going to make me.”

“Yeah. I’m making you.”

Patrick went into the bathroom and lathered up his legs, then took the pink Lady Bic and started to shave. When he got done, he ran his fingers over his

smooth, soft skin, smiling. He felt—pretty, and he liked it.

Patrick drove to the pool party. He'd been checking on Instagram, waiting for people to start posting pictures, and once it seemed the party had really gotten rolling he was ready to make his appearance. He wore the boy short bottoms and a sleeveless t-shirt made of a semi-transparent material that he thought could pass for gender neutral. He felt so nervous! He really thought Regan liked him, and he was hoping she would kiss him!

As he walked through the wooden gate that led to the pool, he heard boys shouting and loud splashes. Walking around the corner of the house, she saw a group of guys in the pool playing water polo, splashing and shouting. Bros, he thought, smiling, thinking he would jump in with them, but then Regan called out "Tiffany!"

"Hey," Patrick said, walking to her. She grabbed his hand and pulled him over to the other side of the pool, where a bunch of the girls laid out on pool chairs, working on their tans.

"The girls are hanging over here for now while the boys are roughhousing," Regan said. "I saved you a chair."

"Thanks," Patrick said, setting down his dance duffle.

Regan gave Patrick's butt a squeeze and said, "Of course, doll face."

Patrick giggled. He sat on the chair and grabbed the bottom of his shirt, hesitating. He suddenly felt very self-conscious about anyone seeing his chest. It wasn't proper, which he knew was some foreign thought coming about due to Brittany's curse, but he also felt ashamed that his chest was so—flat.

"When are you going to get your boobs?" The voice said, with a giggle.

"I don't want boobs," Patrick thought back, struggling to pull up his shirt, then finally just doing it, fighting against the urge to pull the bra top out of his bag and put it on. But he wanted to be as much as a man as he could, still hoping Regan was going to make a move.

The girls chatted, and Patrick joined in here and there, but he closed his eyes, enjoying the feeling of the sun on his soft, smooth skin. It felt good to just lay in the sun like this, to let it caress his body. He drifted off to sleep.

Brittany, meanwhile, nodded to Madison, and the two of them got up and went around to the side of the house. Brittany pulled out the vision board she'd made for Patrick and unfolded it. She put her hand over the picture of a smiling blonde girl on the beach with really big, perky breasts. "Ready?" She said.

Madison nodded and led the chant.

Once a man but soon no more

Let him change to even the score

Once he boasted of his pecs

Now let him blossom full woman's breasts

Heavy, round, soft his bust

To fill the minds of boys with lust!!

Outside sleeping on the deck chair, Patrick didn't feel a thing as his flat chest began to swell, at first into soft little cones, and then rounding into a B-cup, even as the nipples spread, and then his breasts rounded more, his sweet shadowy cleavage deepening as his B cups filled out into a pair of magnificent C cups, and he moaned in his sleep, shifting, causing his breasts to giggle.

Patrick dreamt he was on Spring Break. All around him, gorgeous girls danced to Party in the USA, and he smiled thinking, I am in heaven! Look at all these hotties! Then, he raised his slender arms over his head and started to sway his hips, smiling at

one of the girls, but he felt slender straps tight over his shoulders, and as he danced he felt large, soft round—breasts? He looked down to see big, melon sized boobs swaying on his chest, encased in a tight little neon pink bikini-top. He crossed his arms over his boobs, feeling them squish together between his arms.

“Tiffany?” He heard Regan call. “Tiffany!”

He looked around, trying to cover his boobs. But now a group of boys had come up to him, and they were pressing closer, toughing him, trying to pull off his bikini top. “Show us your tits!” One of them said. “Tits! Tits!” Another shouted.

“Tiffany! Wake up!” Regan shouted.

Patrick woke and sat up, feeling breasts bouncing and swaying on his chest. He thought for a moment he was still dreaming as he looked down to see his naked melons swaying free, nipples pointing up and getting hard, but it was bright and sunny, and he heard boys snickering, and looking up he saw all the guys staring at his tits, and just like in the dream he crossed his slender little arms over his breasts, making a high-pitched squeak of terror.

“Cover up!” Regan said. “You are such a slut!”

Patrick grabbed his little t-shirt with one hand, keeping the other over his breasts, and then he



turned his back to the boys, pulling the top on, struggling to get it down over his huge boobs. The shirt was now way too small, but it stretched tight over his breasts. He heard a guy whistle, and looking back over his shoulder, he realized the guys were now checking out his butt. He sighed, and even that small act sent a quake through his boobs.

“You have awesome tits,” the voice said.  
“Omigod! Like Kate Upton!”

“I better go,” Patrick said in his pretty little voice, crossing his arms over his breasts once more.

“Don’t be silly,” Regan said, putting her hand on the small of his back. “The party is just getting started.”

“I’m just-- I’m so embarrassed,” Patrick said, glancing down at his breasts. *I have breasts?* He was thinking. *Big ones.* The boobs were as bad as his slutty butt—they were just so much a marker of a female, and something he had loved to look at on girls, to touch and yet also something he had always thought made girls a little inferior, and now he had them, his own boobs, and a couple dozen kids from school had seen them, naked. His *boobs*. “Omigod!” He said, feeling light-headed, putting his hand on Regan’s shoulder for support. “Did anyone take—“

“No pictures!” Regan said. “I made sure. Come on.” With her hand on the small of Patrick’s

back, she guided him toward the house. "Let's go inside and --- talk."

Patrick followed meekly along, crossing his arms over his boobs, trying to get them to stop bouncing, as they seemed to bounce and jiggle with every step. It was unnerving, and disturbing, and it kind of turned him on to feel his own soft breasts in his arms, to feel them jiggling, to feel his big, sensitive nipples tight against the shirt, which felt rough and kind of stimulating against his big nipples. "I can't believe I have boobs," he said.

"That's a funny thing to say," Regan said. "Considering you got your boobs before most of the girls back in middle school."

Patrick didn't say anything. Regan brought him into her room, and his heart started beating. She had posters in her walls on WNBA players, and from various colleges. There were clothes tossed around on the floor, and the sheets and quilts were massed in a tangled pile on her bed. "Goodness," Patrick said. Answering an impulse deep within himself, he pulled on the sheets and quilt, meaning to make the bed, but Regan grabbed his hands and then kind of pushed him onto the bed. Then, without hesitation she put her hand behind Patrick's hand and pulled him in for a kiss. Patrick felt a thrill shoot right through his whole body, his fingertips tingled, and he curled his toes.

Regan broke the kiss off, giggled, looked Patrick in the eyes and then pulled him in for another kiss. Patrick felt his nipples getting hard, aching, and then he felt Regan put her hand on his breast, lift it and squeeze. His knees went together, and the pleasure was so powerful it scared him, so he pushed Regan's hand off his breast, but she put it right back on squeezing even harder, and pushing him onto his back. Patrick loved the feeling of being controlled, dominated, submissive, and he stopped fighting as Regan kissed him, touching his soft cheek, squeezing his breast.

Finally, she paused. Patrick stared up at her, his eyes wide and glassy. Regan played with his hair, staring down into his eyes, her ribs pressing against his swell of breasts. "You're so pretty," she said. "Like an angel."

"Thanks," Patrick said softly. "I-- I'd like to be your angel."

Regan grunted, patting Patrick on the cheek. "There's something I want you to do for me," she said. "Something a little naughty. But, you'd do anything for me, right?"

"Yeah," Patrick said, wanting to please her. "Anything. You're such a good kisser."

Regan rolled off, and Patrick immediately felt a strong feeling of being hollow, lonely. He just wanted

her to hold him, stare into his eyes. He sat up, and got onto his knees, tossing back his ponytail. “Just stay right there,” Regan said, hurrying out the door.

“Am I about to get laid?” Patrick thought, reaching back, fiddling with his hair tie.

“Oh, I think you are,” the voice said. “I really think you are.”

“She probably went to get a condom,” he decided, wondering if he should pull his shirt off. It felt so tight and constricting!

Regan came back a minute later, looking all excited. She was holding a cucumber.

“Um, what’s that for,” Patrick said, tilting his head to the side, hooking his hair behind his ear.

“Well,” Regan said, “I’ve always wanted to, um, well...” She climbed onto the bed and began to whisper into Patrick’s ear. Patrick’s eyes went wide, and his mouth dropped open. The voice started laughing.

‘Omigod!’ Patrick said. “Like, soooooo, omigod!”

A moment later, everyone looked up as they heard Regan yelling, “Come on, babe! Don’t be like that!” Patrick ran from the house, his breasts bouncing, his ponytail swishing around behind him.

He grabbed his duffle bag and ran from the pool party, shocked and terrified at what Regan had wanted him to do.

“It would’ve been fun!” The voice laughed. “You would have loved it!”

“Boys don’t do--- that!” Patrick said, jumping into his car. ‘Ugh! I hate this life!’ He pulled the seat belt over his boobs, squiring uncomfortably as it squished his breasts. “I hate boobs!”

The voice just laughed and laughed as he drove home. Patrick knew now he had no choice. If he wanted any hope to be a boy again, he would have to put on a dress, do his make-up, and meet Brittany. He would do whatever she asked, he would beg and plead, because the thought of spending the rest of his life as this busty blonde cheerleader, terrified him.

## CHAPTER 5.

When he got back to his room, he found it changed. More pink. There was nothing of the boy he'd been. Boy band posters. Ribbons and trophies from dance and cheerleader competitions. A Barbie collection on the shelf where he'd once put sports memorabilia. In his closet, three different cheerleader uniforms, the skirts and little tops sending chills through his body. "This must stop!" He said. "It simply must!"

His phone hadn't stopped buzzing since the party: texts from the girls on the cheerleading team, from the dance school, asking him what happened, if he was okay. He knelt at his altar and cleared his chakras, and then he got up, nodded and said, "time to finish this."

He found sexy lingerie in his sock drawer—a lacy black, semi-transparent bra. Matching panties. A pair of smoky black tights, which he rubbed on his cheek, relishing the feeling, before slipping them onto his long, slender legs. Then, he stepped into the little black dress he'd picked from his closet, stuffed now with dresses and blouses, and he sat down at the make-up table that had appeared where his video games had been once, and he started to apply his foundation, drawing on the new, encyclopedic knowledge of make-up he now seemed to possess, the boy in him shrinking further and further away,

wilting In shame as he put on his mascara, giving himself long, damp butterfly lashes, as he mixed purple, blue and silver eyeshadow, giving himself a sultry look that made him seem more like a woman, and less like a girl. He finished with a wet, rose red lipstick, that accentuated his full, plump lips, and then the slipped earrings into his ears, the earrings sparkling next to his perfectly made up, pretty face.

He slipped on his heels, and then stood propped forward on his toes, and looking at himself in his full-length mirror, he saw a gorgeous bombshell, and he felt strangely confident as he looked at his perfect figure in that dress, his deep, soft cleavage spilling out of the plunging neckline. Being all dressed up made him feel like he'd felt when he been a boy and had gotten a big hit, or lifted some heavy weights in the gym: he felt like such a total badass, putting a hand on his hip, turning to look at his hourglass figure, to see how even more stunning his butt looked when he wore heels. "Brittany messed with the wrong boy," he said, tossing his long blonde hair. "She is so in for it!"

"Oh, yeah," the voice said. "I'm sure she'll be terrified. Take some selfies, though. You do look so gorgeous."

Patrick didn't argue. He wanted to post some pictures to Instagram, let all the kids see how hot he was. He took a bunch, ran them through filters,

posted two, smiling proudly as he saw just how much of a grown-up woman he looked like. He had much more of a full, womanly figure than most any high-school girl, and he knew most of them were just dying of jealousy over his full breasts. They were bigger than his mom's!

Patrick grabbed his purse and strutted off to meet Brittany and to once and for all claim his true sex.

Before Patrick could even knock, the door to Madison's swung open. Brittany stood there wearing a tuxedo, and she gave Patrick a once over. "You look sexy as hell, Tiffany."

Patrick couldn't help but smile, though deep inside he felt annoyed. "Thanks," he said. "Can you turn me back into a boy now?"

"Come on downstairs," she said, taking him by the hand and leading him along. Downstairs, he found a room full of candles, and Madison was there wearing a hoodie.

"What's this all about?" he asked.

"You were super mean to me, inconsiderate, rude," Brittany said. "You have to repent."

"What do you want me to do?"



“First, I want you to strip down to your underwear.”

Music started from somewhere in the darkness. Thumping techno. Patrick hesitated, feeling ridiculous.

“Dance,” Brittany said, “put on a show for me, honey.” She sat on a stool, her legs spread.

Patrick swallowed his pride, starting to move his feet, raising his arms above his head, shaking his breasts and his hips. His movements were stiff, awkward, his face blank.

“Show me that pretty smile,” Brittany said.

Patrick smiled.

“Shake that booty,” Madison yelled, slapping him on the ass, then sitting next to Brittany, the two of them staring as Patrick danced.

“Come on, doll!” Madison said. “You can do better than that! Show us your moves!”

Patrick drew on his knowledge of dance, let his body move, kicking off his heels, swinging his hips, his breasts. The girls clapped, cheered.

“That’s it, honey! Now, take it off!”

He slipped out his dress, letting drop to the floor, and then he stepped out of it, dancing just in his bra and panties, his tights. He felt vulnerable, ashamed, but he dug his hands into his long blonde hair, throwing his head back, tossing it around as he thrust his breasts forward, the girls cheering and shouting.

The music stopped, and Patrick sank to his knees, looking up at the girls, the smile still plastered on his face, his long blonde hair draping over him like a cape.

“You’re so sexy!” Brittany said, getting up, putting his hand under Patrick’s chin and tilting his head back. “There’s just one more thing.”

“What?” He said, panting from all the dancing he’d done.

Brittany had been holding something behind her back, and she now shoved it into Patrick’s face: a dildo.

Patrick recoiled. “No,” he said. “Gross.”

“Just put it in your mouth,” Brittany said. “Play with it a little.”

“No way!” Patrick said.

“Suit yourself,” Brittany said. “See you at cheerleader practice, Tiffany.”

Brittany and Madison started to walk away, leaving Patrick there in his bra and panties, kneeling on the floor, feeling alone, full of despair. Was this it? Had he lost?

“You’re right to refuse them,” the voice said. “You can’t let people do this kind of thing to you.”

“I guess,” Patrick said. “I guess so.”

“Of course. You don’t want everyone to think you’re a slut.”

“I know and—wait.” Patrick realized the voice was agreeing with him. The voice that wanted him to be a girl! “Brittany!” He called, reaching out with a small, soft hand. “Wait.” He swallowed hard, nodded and said, “I’ll do it.”

“No!” The voice said. “No!”

“Yes!” Patrick said.

Brittany walked back and handed Patrick the dildo. He took it in both hands, and held it there, right in front of his lips, glancing up at Brittany, half hoping she would be satisfied that he’d been willing to do it, to go this far. But she just smiled and said, “Go ahead, honey. It won’t bite.”

Patrick slipped the phallus into his mouth, feeling the ridges of the blood vessels against his tongue, and then he started to pull it out, but Brittany

put her hands over his and said, “in and out. Play with it.”

The phallus slipped in and out, in and out, and Patrick felt something, some energy pass into his body, making his nipples once more stiffen, getting hard against his bra, and then finally, Brittany let him pull the phallus from his mouth, dripping with saliva.

“You’re good at that!” Madison said.

“Have you been practicing?”

“No!” Patrick said. “So, I did what you asked. Will you turn me back into a boy like you promised?”

Brittany and Madison both burst out laughing. “You are so naïve!” Brittany said.

“Such a blonde!”

“What?” Patrick said. “You mean? You did all of this just to – humiliate me even more? Is that it?”

“Yeah, honey buns, it is, but it’s worse than you think.”

“What does that mean?” Patrick said. “What did you do to me?”

“You’ll see,” Brittany said. “Now, get dressed, babe, and go home. It was fun.”

Patrick put his dress back on, slipped into his heels, and he did the walk of shame back to his car, crying. That night he woke from a dream, his nipples aching, his whole-body flush with need, and as he realized what Brittany had meant, the real nature of his curse, he wept once more, struggling, struggling, and then finally surrendering to his new need, his new hunger. He went downstairs and got a banana, then he went back to his room knelt on his bed, and slipped it into his mouth, in and out, in and out, until he felt release, and then, his new hunger satisfied, he slept like a baby.

In the morning, Patrick found he was now fully a female. He sat down to pee, wiped himself then went back to bed. He'd lost. He was a girl? Forever? He curled up in a ball, sleeping and crying all day.

Monday, he had to go to school. The basketball team had a game, so the cheerleaders would all wear their uniforms. He slipped on a bra and panties, a pair of sheer tights, and then he put on his pleated skirt, the sweater, which stretched over the swell of his breasts. When he got to school, he plastered a smile on his face, and as he walked onto campus, his heart began to rise and rise. He was pretty, he was popular, he was a cheerleader! Was it really so bad?

“Tiff!” Brittany called. “Tiff!”

Tiffany ran over to where the other cheerleaders hung out before school, loving the way the boy's eyes popped out of their heads as his breasts bounced and his skirt flipped up, showing even more of his legs. He and Brittany hugged. They were friends now, and they smiled and giggled and laughed with the other girls. "You want to hang out after school?" Brittany said.

"Yeah!" Tiffany said, touching up her lipstick. Josh was in her first class, and she had to look perfect.

"What do you want to do?" Brittany said, teasing her hair.

"Have fun," Tiffany said, smiling at herself in her compact. "That's the thing about us girls, right?"

"We just wanna have fun," Brittany agreed. "I'll text Maddy. She always has good ideas!"

"So true!" Tiffany said, using her index finger to dab at her eyeliner.

The bell rang, and Brittany and Tiffany headed off to class in their skirts, their long, smooth legs encased in matching tights that shimmered in the morning sun.

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