

# COOPER KADEE AND ANONYMOUS



# BOY GONE BLONDE 3

Brittany tapped a long, glistening pink nail against the rim of her coffee mug, smiled and folded her other hand under her chin.

“What?” Tiffany gasped. The high-school friends had become so close, they’d developed their own language of gestures and hints. Each could tell exactly what the other was thinking sometimes just from the way she twisted her hair around her fingers, or a tilt of the head, a raising of the chin.

Brittany had just signaled that she had some juicy gossip.

“Well,” Brittany said, warming up, as she loved dishing. “It seems that Hannah, Gary’s girlfriend, was seen under the bleachers— with Regan.”

“Stop.”

“I can’t. It’s true. I swear.” Brittany, who’d been waving her dainty hands around as she delivered the gossip, now folded it once more under her chin, and once more flashed her “I have a secret” smile.

“There’s more?”

“Um, Hannah kissing girls isn’t really news. Of course, there’s more.”

“Regan likes to do more than kiss, believe me,” Tiffany said, remembering her own liaison with the feisty girl.

“Well, so does a certain someone else, it seems.”

“Hannah? I never thought she...”

The smile on Brittany’s face widened. She tilted head just slightly to the right.

“Not Hannah, but then, who?” Tiffany shook her head. “It has to be one of them, right? Who else?”

“You’re forgetting the third player in our little drama,” Brittany said, almost trembling with excitement at the chance to deal such juicy gossip.

“Third?” Tiffany shook her again, confused. “Wait. Tell me again. I’m missing something.”

Half-hidden behind the entryway to the living room, Tiffany’s little brother, Andy, snickered and rolled his eyes as he listened to the two airheads talking in their squeaky, high-pitched little voices.

The girls had gathered in the kitchen at Tiffany’s house, sitting at the table in the kitchen— stainless steel refrigerator and warm, oak cabinets, a sign that read “The kitchen is the heartbeat of the home.” They still wore their dance clothes— leotards, tights, with cotton candy pink sweaters wrapped fashionably around their waists. They had changed out of their ballet slippers, of course, and into their ballet flats.

“Hannah is *Gary’s* boyfriend, remember? So, it seems someone told someone told someone who told Gary about Hannah kissing Regan, and Gary— and this is confirmed by at least three reliable sources— Gary is into it.”

“Gary?”

“Threesome,” Brittany said.

“Omigod.”

“Omigod!

“Omigod!”

The girls had this thing where they got into an “omigod” frenzy, each one repeating the word in a slightly louder, higher pitched voice, overlapping, creating a mad fugue and screeching *omigods*, usually ending in a giggle fit.

Today, however, before their fugue could truly build, a third, uninvited voice ruined it all, as Andy burst into the room shouting, “Omigod... Omigod...” He had his arms out to the sides, wrists bent, mocking the girly mannerism both Tiff and Britt were well known for. “Omigod! I’m a blonde airhead!”

Both girls turned to him, seething. “Shut up!” Tiffany said, squinting her left eye at him.

“You are such a dork,” Brittany said, squinting both of her eyes to show him just how angry she was.

“Shut up!” He mocked, going to the refrigerator, grabbing a bottle of water. “You’re such a dork!”

“You are so annoying,” Tiffany said.

“Leave us alone.”

“Why did the blonde stare at the cartoon of orange juice?” Andy said, smirking.

The two girls, with their heads of long, golden hair, groaned. “Another blonde joke?” Brittany said.

“He sits on his phone all day looking up blonde jokes,” Tiffany sneered, “because he has no life.”

“Oh, burn, sis. Ow.” He opened his water and took a drink, planting himself at the end of the table.

The girls, eager to get back to their gossip, knew to get rid of him, they would have to indulge him. “Okay, so why did the blonde stare at the cartoon of orange juice?” Tiffany asked.

“Carton,” Andy said, rolling his eyes. “Because on the side of the carton, it read, ‘Concentrate.’”

The girls just stared at him.

“Oh, come on, that’s hilarious.”

“Please just go away,” Tiffany said.

Andy, much to their surprise, did turn and start to walk from the room. In fact, he was in the middle of a game of Madden, but as he left, he kept repeating, “Omigod... omigod... omigod...”

“Little jerk,” Brittany said.

“I know, right?” Tiffany took a sip of her coffee. “I used to be just like him.”

“Oh, I remember,” Brittany said.

“Like you were any better.”

“I was worse.”

The girls thought back to their previous lives as boys, how arrogant, rude and insensitive they’d been.

“I kinda miss being tall,” Tiffany said, examining her nails, turning her little hand this way and that, watching the light reflect off their polished surface.

“Yeah, but you’re cuter small. I mean, not just because I’m the one who made you this small, and pretty, and gave you such good skin.”

“Yes, you are quite the Mother Teresa of gender swapping,” Tiffany said, tossing her hair. She remembered being so horrified back when she’d started changing, and yet it had actually been the best thing that ever happened to her. She loved being a girl. “I have but one complaint.”

“I didn’t make your boobs bigger?”

Tiffany glanced down at her C cups. “Um, no.” She held up her hands, nails toward Brittany. “That you didn’t give me permanently pretty nails.”

“But if I had, we couldn’t go right now and get manicures!” Brittany said, reading Tiffany’s mind. “And you can tell me the rest of the news on the way without us having to worry about your little brother spying on us!”

“Come on,” Tiffany said. “You can borrow some of my clothes.”

“Oh, fun!”

Brittany and Tiffany loved trading clothes. In fact, neither one could even remember who originally owned that skirt, or this blouse. Rushing upstairs, excited about going to the mall, they cleaned up, dressed and headed downstairs, chatting amiably, but as they passed through the living room, once again Andy couldn’t help but make a comment. “Tights?” He said. “Again?”

The two girls had each picked out a skirt, and as was always the case, slipped into cool, silky translucent tights that shimmered along their long, slender legs as they walked.

“Ugh!” Tiffany said. “Why do you care?” Immediately, she regretted that she’d even bothered to engage with him, but he was just so annoying.

“It’s just— wear something else once and awhile. My God.”

“We like tights, so what?” Tiffany said. It was an understatement. The girls loved tights. It was part of the spell that had made them into girls in the first place.

“So maybe wear some leggings like a normal girl.”

“Normal girl?” Tiffany hissed, her eyes now burning with rage. It was a major trigger for her when anyone suggested she wasn’t normal.

Andy, who loved to push his girly girl sister over the edge, get her so mad she lost her whole I’m so sweet persona and flipped out, smiled. He could see he’d struck gold. “Yeah, like a NORMAL girl.”

“I’m gonna kill you!” Tiffany screamed, lunging toward Andy, who jumped off the couch and retreated, laughing, while Brittany grabbed Tiffany by the arm and dragged her from the room.

## Chapter Two

The girls climbed into Tiffany’s vintage Volkswagen Beetle with the sunflower decals on the doors and headed toward the mall. Tiffany, still seething, turned on the Oldies station on the radio since her stylishly retro Beetle had no Bluetooth player, only to hear Cyndi Lauper singing, “Girls Just Wanna Have Some Fun...”

“Did you do that?” Tiffany asked.

“Coincidence,” Brittany said, grinning.

“I don’t understand why Andy won’t just leave me alone! He’s always teasing me.”

“You know why,” Brittany said. “It’s because he’s your little brother. That’s what they do.”

“I know, but– still. Whatever.”

They rode together for a time, just bopping their heads and singing along to Cyndi Lauper in their pretty little voices. Then, the song ended, and the station went to commercial. “Hooters!” A man shouted. “Where the fun never stops! And remember, ladies drink free on Tuesday nights!”

“What a cool job,” Tiffany said, thinking out loud.

“I would love to be a Hooters Girl someday,” Brittany agreed. “Their outfits are so cute!”

Brittany started twisting one of her bracelets around her wrists.

“Uh, oh,” Tiffany said, recognizing the signal. “What are you thinking?”

“Have you ever thought about making Andy into your little sister?”

Tiffany scrunched up her face. “I don’t know,” she said, though the thought had crossed her mind. “I kinda like being the only girl. I mean, I’m Daddy’s little princess right now. I’m not sure I want any competition.”

“But we could make him so cute!”

“I don’t think so,” Tiffany said, shaking her head.

“Well, it’s just a thought.”

The conversation came to an end there, mostly because they had arrived at the mall, which meant they had other, more pressing concerns to worry about like manicures, shopping and flirting with boys.

The idea that Tiffany turn her little brother into her little sister might have just faded away and been forgotten, but over the next few weeks, Andy was extra cruel and mean. He’d been struggling at the plate, his batting average dropping from a very healthy .334 to a not so impressive .221 and the coach had dropped him down on the batting order from third to ninth. The next stop was the bench.

Frustrated and angry, he’d been taking it all out on his sister, constantly making fun of her for being such a girly girl, for her tights and make-up, her obsession with K-pop boy bands and high heels and bows in her hair. He ridiculed her for her dance classes and cheerleading.

It infuriated her on so many levels, not the least of which being that he so much reminded her of herself when she’d been a boy and thought all the things that were part of girl culture were dumb. She knew she should rise above, but – ugh. It was just too much, and she found herself constantly venting to Brittany.

“He has no idea how hard ballet is,” she fumed one night, laying on her bed in a night shirt with a kitten on the chest, talking on her pink phone.

“And besides, if he had stronger legs and better balance, he’d be a better



baseball player. And how can he make fun of me for watching Tik Toks when he sits around all day playing stupid video games?”

Brittany, as good a friend as she was, found herself getting a little tired of the constant complaining. She was flouncing around on her bed as well, wearing a teddy, staring at her poster of the Werewolf boy from Twilight, admiring his hard, muscular chest and shoulders. Both former boys, in fact, now found themselves living in utterly feminine, teen-girl bedrooms, all pink and white, with lots of flowers, hearts, stuffed animals and pictures of cute boys. Each one also featured a dressing table with a lighted mirror, the tops smothered in lipsticks and mascaras, blush and foundation and eyeliner and eyeshadow, hair ties and bobby pins.

“You know, if you aren’t going to do anything about him, there isn’t much point in complaining,” Brittany said.

“What am I supposed to do?” Tiffany sighed.

“Oh, I don’t know,” Brittany said. “You could talk to him...”

“Tried, didn’t work...”

“Talk to your parents...”

“They’d just tell me it was boys being boys...”

“Oh. I have an idea. Turn him into a girl like I told you weeks ago.”

Tiffany bit her finger. “It just seems a bit drastic.”

“Well, then suck it up and deal. Look, I’m sorry to have to be so blunt, but what good are friends if we aren’t honest with each other?”

“I guess we could go talk to Madison. See what she thinks?”

“Let’s. Okay. I need to study. Kisses. Bye!”

“Bye,” Tiffany said, tossing her phone aside, sighing. She looked at her BTS poster, all those gorgeous guys. She wondered what it would be like to kiss them. They were all so— pretty.

In fact, the idea of turning Andy into a girl and making him obsess over boys and dancing and tights amused her, and she was even sure it would be good for him. She was much happier as a girl, after all. He would be, too. Probably.

Maybe it would be worth it, even though it meant he would have another girl to compete with. She smiled. Maybe, though, there was a way to deal with that, too? Oh, well! She suddenly threw all those worries aside. She had to do some studying, too.... Right after she checked out what was new on Tik Tok.

### Chapter Three

The girls decided to go visit Madison. This time they had decided to take Brittany's pink Mini-Cooper. Brittany kept her pink and white car spotless, and she spritzed it with air freshener twice a week, so the car looked and smelled pretty. A miniature Barbie wearing a pink mini-dress dangled from the rearview mirror.

The first thing Tiffany did when she got in the car was pull down the vanity mirror and check her make-up, fix her hair, running her long, pink nails through her golden mane. She turned her head slightly to the side and smiled at herself, admiring her long, curly lashes and big, bright eyes.

"Damn, you look good, girl," Brittany said, checking herself out as well, smiling, starting the car. "I'm excited to see Madison again," Brittany said. "I mean, we cross paths at schools now and then, but we never seem to find time to talk."

Tiffany had pulled out her phone and was snapping a few car selfies. "It's so ironic," she said.

“What is?”

“The fact that if you’d been a better guy, we wouldn’t both get to be girls? It’s like the universe is totally the Rumpelstiltsman of boyfriends, spinning straw into gold!”

“Um, it’s Rumpelstiltskin, but I do like the— what’s that word for where you compare two things, again?”

The two stared at each other, smiles growing and growing until they both burst out laughing. “You’re so blonde!” Tiffany said.

“You’re so blonde!” Brittany sassed back.

Wonder of wonders, Britt’s Cooper did have a Bluetooth, so Tiffany synched her phone, so the playlist was non-stop girl pop— Billie Elish, Taylor Swift, Demi Lovato, and the girls sang along, waving their little hands around and dancing in their seats. A car full of guys pulled up next to them at one point, the guys checking them out, then honking, pulling up their shirts to show off their abs before speeding off.

“Yum!” Brittany said.

When Demi Lovato’s This Is Me came on, they both squealed. It was THEIR song, and they sang especially loud when it came to the chorus:

*This is real, this is me*

*I'm exactly where I'm supposed to be, now*

*Gonna let the light shine on me*

*Now I've found who I am*

*There's no way to hold it in*

*No more hiding who I want to be, yeah*

*This is me*

“It’s like she read my mind when she wrote this!” Brittany said.

“Our minds!”

Madison lived with her family in a large, sprawling Victorian-style home at the end of a cul de sac called, ironically enough, Blonde Way. As the two girls pulled up, Madison came out to greet them. Madison had only invested more deeply in her gothic persona since the time she’d changed Brittany into a girl, and she couldn’t have painted a more dramatic contrast between herself and the blonded boys with her dark hair, black clothes, black boots. She also had a serious, intense look in her dark eyes, a look that actually slightly intimidated the giggling, bright-eyed blondes.

Tiffany and Brittany, of course, hid their disease and smothered Madison in hugs and air kisses, which she accepted with a bemused tolerance. It still pleased her to see the arrogant jerk she’d once dated all girly and feminine. “I love your hair,” she said, mostly just for the reaction.

“Omigod, thanks!” Brittany said, smiling brightly. Her hair was so important to her, and she adored getting compliments about it.

They went inside and down to the basement, which was—stunningly ordinary. Ping Pong table, couches, TV, video games, a forgotten Rockstar plastic guitar covered in cobwebs in the corner. “Really?” Brittany said as they sat down. “I thought there would be a cauldron.”

“What can I say?” Madison said. “Even a family of witches needs some downtime from the whole summoning demons thing.”

“You summon demons?” Tiffany gasped.

Madison slit her eyes. Blondes. Sarcasm was wasted on them.

“So, what’s up? You girls want me to turn someone into a toad or something?”

Tiffany explained about her brother and how annoying he was, how she and Brittany were thinking to maybe make a few changes.

“Well, I don’t have to tell you, it’s entirely possible,” Madison said. “You wanna get started, you’ll need a vision board.”

“Tiff,” Brittany, who’d mostly just half listened while messing around on her phone during the conversation, said. “Don’t forget the other part?”

“Other? Oh, yeah! We were hoping that maybe this time we could be the voices in his head.”

“Interesting...” Madison said, thinking through the spells she knew. “Interesting. But you can’t be there all day all the time...”

“We want to do it in his dreams,” Brittany said, giggling. She was so excited by their little idea.

“Well, in that case, we’re off to see the Witch,” Madison said. “Let’s go. We need Minerva for this one. Time for a visit to The Goddess Tree.”

The blondes followed without question. No one had to say it. They all knew Madison was the queen bee.

## Chapter Four

“What an awesome day,” Andy thought to himself as he brushed his teeth. “What an awesome day.” It had started with a 2-mile run, and he’d beaten his previous best time by a full thirty seconds. After, he’d broken out of his slump, hitting four for five and driving in three runs. After, he and some of the guys had gone downtown to hang, and he’d run into Suzy

Jones, with her big tits and freckles, and they'd snuck off and made out in the park.

"You are a badass," he said to himself in the mirror, running a hand through his dark hair and giving himself a wink. Heading back to his room, he saw his sister coming down the hall in a robe and slippers. "What?" He said "No tights? I thought you even slept in them."

Instead of her usual irritated reaction, Tiffany smiled. "Pleasant dreams, little brother," she said. "Don't let the bedbugs bite."

There was an almost crazed gleam in her eyes, and she had the same tone in her voice she got when she beat him at Jenga, a kind of "I'm better than you" arrogance. Andy didn't understand where it was coming from, other than she was a girl being a girl and who could ever understand them?

He headed back to his room, a typical teen-aged boy's hovel— shirts and pants tossed on the back of every chair, dirty socks on the floor, posters of girls in bikinis and baseball players on the walls. In one corner, a gaming computer with a wide screen monitor and his throne— a leather gaming chair. He'd gotten the whole set for his last birthday and called the set-up Bad-Ass Central.

Yes, indeed, Andy thought he turned out the lights, things were looking up!

Yes, indeed, Andy thought as he turned out the lights, things were looking up!

Andy drifted off to sleep. He found himself wandering in a pink haze, the sound of giggles seeming to echo from every direction. "Who's there?" He called out. His voice sounded strange, high-pitched. "What the hell?"

The fog began to thin, and the world materialized around Andy as he found himself at school, walking down the hall. Weird. He didn't even

remember getting up. He saw Mike from the baseball team and nodded. "Hey."

"Hey, shortie," Mike said, his eyes dropping to Andy's chest.

Had Mike gotten taller? Andy wondered, realizing that he had to look up at him now. And why is he looking at my chest?

Whatever. He spotted Suzy Jones, the girl he'd been making out with the day before and gave her his trademark smile. "Wassup, cutie?"

"Cutie?" Suzy looked at him like he was insane. "Nice outfit," she said, and her friends all laughed.

What the fuck? He wondered, and then it struck him- she was the same height as him. But he could have sworn he was a head taller.

He heard more giggling, once more echoing from all around. "Who's there?" He said, turning to look, once more unnerved by how high-pitched and squeaky his voice sounded. Then, he froze. He was standing in front of the door to a classroom, and it had a window in it. He caught his reflection, only it wasn't him. He saw the shadowy image of a girl? She had long hair piled up on her head in a high ponytail.

Confused, he stepped toward the door and looked, reaching up, watching her mirror his movements as he felt- a ponytail? What the hell? He got close to the reflection, waved, and watched as she waved, her small hand and then he looked at his own hand, now small and feminine, with sparkly pink nail polish.

Andy squealed as the giggling returned, louder than ever. He looked down to see breasts swelling from his chest, looked again at his small hands, slender wrists. The giggling turned to laughter now, as Brittany and Tiffany seemed to materialize out of thin air.

"You make such a cute girl!" Brittany said.

“The look on your pretty little face!” Tiffany added, checking out her little brother.

“What the hell is going on?” Andy said, humiliated to find himself a female at school, everyone seeing him as a her.

The girls ignored him, instead checking him out, shaking their heads. “You’re wearing boring boy clothes,” Tiffany said. “That won’t do at all, will it, Britts?”

“Not at all.”

Andy started to back away. “Whatever you’re thinking, don’t,” he said, confused, angry but sure that somehow his evil sister and her friend had done this to him.

“She needs a skirt to show off those long legs!” Tiffany said, waving her hand.

Andy felt his pants shimmer and reshape, floating up until they formed a short, pleated skirt that fluttered halfway up his thighs. “Come on!” He said, blushing. He could feel cool air swirling around his base legs.

“And a halter-top,” Brittany said, waving her hand.

Andy felt his t-shirt rising up, leaving his tummy exposed even as the neckline plunged and the shirt grew even tighter over his breasts, becoming a halter top. The high school was cold, and he covered his chest in horror with his small hands as he felt his nipples getting hard, poking at the fabric.

“Feeling shy, little sister? Don’t want the whole world to see your nips? What you need is a bra.”

“A push-up bra,” Brittany suggested.

Andy felt straps form across his shoulders, along his back, and his breasts rose in the cups of his new bra, which lifted them and pushed them



together. He lifted his hands and looked down to see soft mounds of cleavage spilling out of his top.

“Stop this,” Andy squealed, backing away until he bumped into the lockers and couldn’t back up anymore. All the kids were gathering around, laughing, snapping pictures with their phones. “I’d do her,” he heard Mike say to another guy as both of them let their eyes roam over his body.



“Those shoes? Lame,” Tiffany said.

“But you’d look so cute in a pair of Mary Janes.”

“What are Mary Janes?” Andy said, knowing that he would not like the answer, even as he felt his heels rise and, glancing down, he saw a pair of cute, girly shoes with shiny buckles on his feet. He shrieked, horrified, but the girls weren’t done.

“Don’t worry, *Ashly*,” Tiffany said. “I haven’t forgotten how much you simply adore tights!”

“She’s always talking about our tights. She’s so jealous.”

“Jealous? Tights are stupid! You’re nuts!” Andy said.

“Oh. Are you sure about that?”

“Because we both heard that –” and now they chanted together– “Andy loves tights. Andy loves tights.” All the students

who gathered around began chanting the same words while they snapped pictures of Andy in his cute little outfit. They shambled closer and closer, the circle drawing smaller and smaller... hands reaching out toward Andy, brushing against his bare legs, his breasts, his hair.

“No! No! No!” Andy screamed, shaking his head.

“Andy loves tights! Andy loves tights!”

“Noooooooooooo!” Andy found himself sitting up in bed, drenched in a cold sweat, heart racing. He looked down to see his flat chest, looked at his hands to see— no nail polish. “A dream,” he realized, gasping with relief. “Just a crazy dream.”

Tiffany heard her brother scream as he woke through the wall, and she smiled to herself. She would let him think it had just been some kind of nightmare for one more day, and then tomorrow night she and Brittany planned to reveal his fate to him. He would be a girl in just ten days, and then for the rest of his life.

## Chapter Five

When Andy woke the next morning, his hands immediately went to his chest. He sighed, relieved to find it was still his same flat, hard, mal chest. He'd slept through the night with no further dreams, at least none he remembered, but the lingering memories of his vivid dream of being a girl unnerved him. He could vividly remember the feeling of his skirt swishing around his thighs, the sensation of wearing a bra... it had seemed more real than real life in a lot of ways.

Why the hell would I dream of being a girl? He wondered.

He showered, dressed in his usual jeans and a t-shirt, went down to breakfast. His father had already gone off to work, and Mom was at the table, munching on an egg cup— a mixture of eggs, spinach and he didn't know what else that she baked in a cupcake pan. "Mom," he said, grabbing a box of Wheaties out of the cupboard.

"Morning," she said. His Mom was one of those always cheerful, always happy, always Momming Moms. "Be careful about those carbs."

Mom's latest thing was the Paleo Diet. She was always excited about some new thing, and as usual she'd gone all in on this one, though when she tried, briefly, to get them all on it Dad had put his foot down.

"A life without bread," he'd declared, "is not worth living."

It had worked great for Mom, though, as she'd lost weight and was looking really good.

"I'm lifting today," Andy said as the Grape Nuts rattled into the bowl. "Need to energy for recovery."

Like a lot of teen-age boys, Andy was hungry all the time. He was getting taller, putting on muscle, and that took a lot of energy. The women in the house looked on jealously as he ravenously tore into meals. Or, at least they had.

This morning when Tiffany came down, she wrapped her arms around Andy as he sat and gave him a big, wet kiss on the cheek. "Good morning!" She sang out.

Andy shrugged her off. "Come on," he said. "I'm trying to eat."

"Good morning," Mom said. "Egg cup?"

"Brittany and I are stopping for smoothies on the way to school," Tiffany explained, and seeing her mom tense up added, "kale and spinach. No added sugar."

Tiffany poured herself a glass of coconut milk and sat down at the table, smiling at Andy, that same weird smile she'd given him in the hall the night before.

"What?" He said.

"You're so lucky you can eat like that," Tiffany said, playing with her long blonde hair. "You'd have to eat so much less if you were— a girl."

Andy looked at her. Why had she said that? Paused the way she had right before saying— a girl? For a second, he felt like he was wearing a bra again, feeling the straps fight against his shoulders. Did she know about his dream? How could she? He decided to play it off. "Well, you know," he said, mocking her girly hand gestures, "I do worry about my figure!"

Mom laughed.

Tiffany smirked, and then made a wave of her hand, just like she had in his dream. Andy sat back, looked down at himself, but nothing had changed. What the hell?

The day started, went by— boring classes, talking at lunch, practice after school. Andy studied, sat down at Badass Central, played some video games. By the time he brushed his teeth and climbed into bed, he'd forgotten all about his girl dream, and he drifted off to sleep staring at his poster of the supermodel Brandi Milan, imagining her on the beach, running to him, those big breasts bouncing right out of her top...

.... Andy found himself running on the beach, the sun rising over the ocean, turning its calm surface into a gleaming sheet of gold. He breathed in the salt air. He loved running on the beach, thought it usually wasn't so crowded this early. There seemed to be a lot of runners out, and even girls sunbathing. A guy dressed as a clown selling balloons? Weird.

There was a guy running toward him. He was tall, and as he got closer, he was staring right at Andy's chest.

What the?

Which is when Andy began to realize that everything about his body felt wrong, and became aware that with each step, his chest— bounced?

He stopped running and looked down to see the same full, perky breasts straining against his t-shirt. He shrieked in his little girl voice and cupped them, lifted them, shocked and appalled to once again find himself with breasts. He caught a glimpse of long blonde hair washing over his shoulders, curling at the tops of his breasts. He knew he must be dreaming of being a girl again. But, why?

He heard giggles and spun around. Tiffany and Brittany stood there, hands on hips, looking him up and down with smug little smiles on their faces.

"Hey, girl," Brittany said.

"Little Sis," Tiffany said. "You should know better than to go running without a bra!"

"And don't feel yourself up in public!" Brittany said. "It's unladylike."

Andy pulled his hands away from his boobs, but then he gathered himself. "I know this is all a dream," he said. "And you aren't even real."

"Oh, but we are real, Ashley," Tiffany said. With a wave of her hand Andy's t-shirt morphed into a pink and white sports bra with butterflies on the cups. Then, his baggy shorts shrunk and shrunk until he found himself wearing a tiny little pair of hot pink silk short shorts.

"Stop it!" Andy squealed.

Dream or no dream, Andy felt humiliated to find himself in such a sexy outfit, especially as the girls and guys on the beach started to gather, once more taking pictures. "She's so pretty," one of the girls whispered in awe.

"Brittany and I," Tiffany explained, "are here in your dreams, in your head. We aren't figments of your imagination, little sister. We are real. You need earrings."

Andy shook his head, now feeling hoop earrings brushing his cheeks. "If that's true," he said. "Why are you doing this to me?"

Tiffany stepped forward now, her eyes filling with rage. "I'm sick of you making fun of me! We both are sick of you making fun of girls. So, now, we're going to turn you into one, Ashley. For the next nine days, we'll be in your dreams every night, feminizing your soul, and then you will wake up as a girl in real life!"

"No!" Andy said. "You can't! I don't want to be a girl."

"Yet." Tiffany said.

The word terrified Andy. Yet? Was it possible? Would his sister make him want to be a girl? He shook his head.

"Her outfit's missing something," Brittany said, hand under her chin as she looked Andy over.

"You're so right," Tiffany said. "I mean, she's cute and all, but it's just not complete. Don't you agree, Andy?"

"No. This is stupid. These clothes are stupid."

*She is missing something*, he heard people mumbling on the beach. *There's something not quite done about her look*. Just then, the breeze off the ocean turned colder, and Andy felt goosebumps on his long, bare legs. Without even thinking he said, "My legs are cold."

"That's it!" Tiffany said, clapping. "She needs tights!"

“Of course, and she loves tights, don’t you, cutie?” Brittany said.

Andy shook his head. “No,” he said. “I don’t.” Of all the things Tiffany and Brittany obsessed about, Andy had always thought their obsession with tights was the dumbest, most girly thing of all. Even knowing it was a dream, that the growing crowd wasn’t real, the thought of them making him wear tights was humiliating. He decided to try some reverse psychology. “But go ahead. Fine. Make me wear them. It’s not real, anyway.”

“Why would we make you wear tights,” Tiffany asked as a pair of pink tights appeared in her outstretched hand. “When you’re dying to put them on yourself?”

Andy’s eyes went wide at the sight of the tights, shimmering in the morning sunlight. The material looked so soft, so inviting, and it would be fun and cute and totally bring his outfit together... he found himself reaching toward the tights. An all-consuming longing to slip them on, to feel that soft, silky material against his smooth legs overtook his mind. “I... need... them...” he heard himself whisper.

The crowd laughed.

Andy strained, trying to stop himself, to fight this feeling. “I hate tights!” He hissed, hand shaking as he struggled stop himself from even touching them. “They are stupid, girly girl...”

His fingers brushed against them, and he gasped, grabbing them, yanking them from Tiffany’s hand, hugging them to his chest. “No. Please. Don’t make me put them on!”

“I’m not making you do anything,” Tiffany said. “Don’t put them on if you don’t want to.”

“I have to,” Andy said, pushing his shorts down, not even caring if everyone saw him in his panties. “I have to!”

He lifted one tiny foot, pointing his toes down, and stepped into the tight. As soon as he felt the cool fabric against his foot, his whole body blushed with pleasure. He pulled them up to cover one calf, then stepped into the other stocking, and pulled that one up as well. The tights were so soft, and his skin tingled as he pulled them up slowly over his rounded thighs, then his wide hips, feeling the fabric pull tight against his plump booty before the elastic band snapped at his waist.

He lifted a leg and ran his hands over the fabric, forgetting everything, the whole dream world seeming to recede into vapor until it was only him and his tights. Even the smallest movement of his legs and the tights seemed to massage his skin, sliding across his smoothly shaven legs, sending tingles of pleasure shivering through his body...

He threw his head back and sighed with pleasure... "Omigod..."

The sound of laughter brought him snapping back to reality. Brittany and Tiffany were doubled over, holding their stomachs, and the whole dream crowd was laughing and laughing...

"He's a boy?" Someone shouted.

"That dude loves tights!" Someone else added in.

"So what?" Andy screamed, because now he really did love tight. He couldn't imagine life without them. "So, what if I love tights? They made me!" He pointed a long, pink nail at Brittany and Tiffany.

"Maybe we should make him love Barbies?" Brittany said, wiping away a tear.

"What? No!" Andy screamed, squirming as he pulled his sexy little shorts back on. "Stay away from me!" With that he ran, ran down the beach, his long golden hair flowing in the breeze. Even with his sports bra, his breasts bounced and jiggled, and he found himself running with his arms held up



high, his forearms pressed against the sides of his breasts, trying to keep them from bouncing.

The sound of laughter receded behind him, but he kept running. He wanted to get away, to escape this nightmare, and besides, he loved the way his tights felt as he ran. They made him feel extra pretty.

## Chapter Six

“No... no...” Andy murmured, arms and legs twitching slightly as he ran in his sleep, “no... please...” suddenly he bolted upright, twisting and rolling off his bed, slamming to the floor. Like the day before, he examined himself instantly— no breasts, no nails polish... *Just another weird dream*, he decided, heart racing.

Turning, he froze. There, hanging off the back of his command chair at Bad Ass Central, was a pair of pink tights. Tiffany had snuck into his room and put them there, just to mess with his mind. Andy flinched at the sight of them, remembering how he'd been so obsessed with tights in his dream, how much he'd needed to wear them, but here in the light of day, he didn't feel that need. They were just dumb tights, but the sight of them did make him wonder if somehow Tiffany didn't have something to do with his dreams after all.

Could she really have been able to enter his dreams? He didn't believe it. His sister was too blonde and too dumb to pull something like that off, if it was even possible in the first place. Andy's doubts, however, were about to be shattered. As he headed down the hall to the bathroom, Tiffany came out, one pink towel wrapped around her body, another around her head.

When she saw Andy, she smirked, that same superior smile that had been plastered on her face lately, and then she said, "Good morning, Ashley."

Ashley. The same name from his dream. How could she know, unless? "It's real," Andy said, shaking his head, not wanting to believe it even as he had no choice but to believe it. How could his dumb sister have gotten such powers?

"It's very real, little sis," Tiffany said, cupping Andy's cheek. "In nine more days, you will be a girl."

Andy pushed her hand away. "That isn't even possible," Andy said. "I don't know how you're doing it, but you're just messing with my head."

Their parent's door opened and their dad came walking down the hall. "Everything all right?" He asked, seeing them in what looked like a confrontation.

"Perfect! Morning, Daddy!" Tiffany sang, giving her dad one of her I'm such an innocent girl smiles.

"Yup," Andy said.

Dad, who was mostly oblivious to the social dynamics within his family, took their word for it and headed downstairs.

"Stay out of my head," Andy warned. "Or I'll tell Mom and Dad."

"Run to Mommy, of course. That's what little sisters do, Ashley."

Chris did not put the latest incident out of his mind as easily as the first. He couldn't dismiss the dreams anymore, and the fact that he now knew Tiffany and Brittany were actively messing with him infuriated him. More, he was starting to suffer memories, almost like echoes of his dreams, suddenly feeling the weight of his breasts, or the feeling of his tights on his legs... Sitting in science class, listening to the teacher, at one point he'd

reached up to hook his hair behind his ear, before suddenly realizing he didn't have long blonde hair...

There was a big basketball game that day, so the cheerleaders had all worn their uniforms. As Andy was at his locker, running late to class as usual, the hall practically empty, he heard Tiffany call in a mocking, sing song voice, "Ashley...."

Andy turned. Tiffany and Brittany were walking up to him in their cheerleader outfits: short, pleated skirts, tight sweaters with the school initials on their chests, bows in their hair. And, of course, tights.

"Are you excited about being a cheerleader?" Brittany said.

"It's going to be so fun for you when you finally get to wear a skirt!" Tiffany said.

"Go to hell," Andy said, getting tired of these two blonde airheads mocking him, talking down to him. "None of this is gonna happen, so I don't care what you say."

"You're going to love tights, just like in your dream," Tiffany said.

"And you're going to be so obsessed with makeup!" Brittany said.

"And boys!"

"Oh, she is going to go all kinds of boy crazy."

That last part broke Andy's resolve not to let them get a rise out of him. "I'm not into guys, and I never will be," he said.

"You are going to be sooooo into boys," Brittany said. "You have no idea."

"You need to remember something," Andy said, turning to Tiffany. "We live in the same house. Mess with my dreams again and get ready for payback."

"Ooooh. Little sis has a temper."

“She’s so cute when she’s angry.”

Andy stormed off. He was already late to class, but he was determined to put a stop to his dumb sister calling him a she, a her, calling him Ashley. He’d warned her, and he had to believe she’d listen to him and not her evil little friend, Brittany.

That night, after brushing his teeth, Andy went to Tiffany’s room and knocked on her door. “Pray tell,” Tiffany called. “Who could that be at this hour?”

Andy, who didn’t want to walk in on his sister if she wasn’t decent— no matter how much she was annoying him right now, grit his teeth and asked, “You decent?”

“Ashley!” Tiffany said. “Come on in.”

Andy turned the handle and pushed the door open. Tiffany was on her bed, painting her toenails. “You’ll be doing this soon,” Tiffany said. “Want a lesson?”

“I just came to remind you that if you mess with my dreams tonight, I will make you pay.”

Tiffany looked up, one of her slender eyebrows raised. “Is that it? Or, did you want some sisterly advice on how to get a boyfriend?”

“Payback,” Andy said, backing out of the room, making a fist. “Payback.”

“Tights!” Tiffany said. “Blush! Eyeliner!”

“Mark my words!” Andy slammed the door. “Payback!” He called once more, before heading off to bed.

Anxiety built as Andy climbed into bed. The thought of another dream where he was a girl, everyone looking at him, Tiffany and Brittany dressing him up like he was just a paper doll for them to play with— he hated the thought and almost didn’t want to risk sleeping. But he’d delivered his

warning. If Tiffany and Brittany showed up, he'd get through whatever they had planned for him, and then Tiffany would find out what happens when you mess with the wrong guy.

Andy yawned. The room faded away, and he found himself on the basketball court, dribbling the ball, assessing the opposing defense. Which was lined up in a zone scheme. He looked down at himself. No breasts. He was a guy. He nodded, pleased. Tiffany had gotten the message. He loved basketball, and being here in the gym, hearing the thump of the ball against the floor, feeling the nubbed surface against his hand, it all made him feel like things were back on track. Taking the ball up court, he heard the cheerleaders chanting, "Come on, Andy, grant our wish, all we want to hear is swish."

Andy decided to take it to the hoop. It was a dream. It wasn't like he was going to pass the ball, right? The defense obliged. Instead of collapsing down, they just left a lane to the basket wide open. In fact, one of them even did a small bow and gestured Andy toward the basket.

Andy wasn't tall enough to dunk the ball, so he planned to get running really fast, leap into the air and do a layup. As he started to run, building up speed, he heard the cheerleaders again: "Come on, Ashley, grant our wish, we all want to see you swish!"

"Ashley?" No. But even as he charged toward the basket, Andy felt his shorts fluttering out away from his legs as they transformed into a pleated mini-skirt, and his tank top turn fuzzy and soft as it became a tight little sweater that hugged his big, bouncy breasts... worst of all, he felt the cool, tingly sensation of his tights hugging his legs. He had already leapt toward the basket, but the ball vanished, replaced with a pon pon, and Andy felt one of the opposing players catch him, the boy's strong hands on Andy's

soft hips. The boy spun, holding Andy high in the air as if they were dancing together. Andy's skirt flew up, and he screamed as he knew the whole gym was getting a look at his panties.

The boy threw Andy over his shoulder and carried him to the center of the court, Andy kicking his legs in the air. "Put me down!" He shrieked in his little girl voice while the whole gym laughed.

The boy did put him down, and Andy found himself standing in the middle of the court with his hands and pom poms on his hips, a big smile plastered on his face. Once more, everyone had their phones out, taking pictures and videos, laughing. "Can you believe he actually thought he was macho?" He heard Laura Iona say.

"I know, and he's such a girly girl," Hazel Wall said.

Andy wanted to shout, *Im not!* My sister is making me do this, but he couldn't speak or move. He just stood there with a vacant smile on his face.

"Hey, Ashley!" Tiffany taunted from the sidelines.

"Hey, girl!" Brittany added. "You look so cute!"

"Adorable!"

Andy wanted to run over and slap Tiffany right in the face. He'd had enough of this. But Tiffany called out, "Cheer for us! You know you love cheering!"

Andy felt his smile growing wider. He did love to cheer! No. That wasn't true. He thought cheerleaders were the most amazing girls, and he always wanted to be one.... NO!

"Cheer. Cheer. Cheer!" The crowd chanted.

Andy couldn't stop himself. "Ready? Okay!" He called out in his perky little, perfect cheer voice. He started to dance, shaking his boobs and his

booty. “Hello world, my name is Andy, and I just showed you all my panties!”

The audience roared.



Andy cringed.

“Look at me! A pretty sight, a boy who loves wearing his tights!”

Laughter.

Laughter. Andy wanted to drop right through the floor, vanish. Never be seen again. He couldn't believe what they were making him do and say. Inside, he slit his pretty eyes, but outside he couldn't stop smiling. “Soy lattes, they're all right, but boy lattes are out of sight!”

The guys roared at that as

Finally, he found himself prancing off the court, kicking himself in the butt as he flipped his long legs back, his blonde ponytail bouncing. The cheerleaders all gathered around, giving him hugs and playing with his hair.

They were all showering him with compliments, none of which were what a teen-age boy wants to hear. “You’re a perfect girl. Your skin is amazing! I love your blonde hair! Those earrings are adorable!”

Andy wilted inside. He was just one of the girls in this dream, a cheerleader and a blonde airhead... and he liked it? He’d always wanted to be one of the girls, a cheerleader, a.... He slit his eyes at Tiffany.

“Payback,” he whispered.

“You’re so pretty!” Tiffany said. “I just love my little cheerleader sister.”

## Chapter Seven

Andy woke to find some kind of gauzy material covering his face. Startled, he grabbed at it and pulled it off, looking down to see he held a pair of pink tights. There was another pair once more draped over his gaming chair. *Tiffany*, he hissed, balling up the tights and throwing them across the room. *Fine. Don’t say I didn’t warn you.*

Once more, they passed in the hall. “Payback,” Andy whispered.

“Eight days, *Ashley*,” Tiffany said with a giggle.

As soon as he got done with school that day, Andy headed home, knowing Tiffany would be off at cheerleader practice. He found a pair of scissors and walked down the hall toward her bedroom, the blades gleaming as he snapped them open and closed. *I warned her*, he thought to himself. *She just didn’t listen, and now she has to pay!*



Andy stalked into Tiffany's room, marched right up to her dresser and pulled open the top drawer. Yes. There they were. Rows to tights, all neatly folded with such precious care. Andy picked up a pair and began to slash them apart with the scissors— "Payback!"

Feeling powerful and triumphant, Andy went back to his room and sat down in the command chair, tapped on the keyboard and woke up his computer. He fired up Madden and got lost in the game, taking particular pleasure in using the hit stick to batter the runners, knock them right off their feet. Like he would ever be some ditzy blonde girly girl in real life. There was no way. No. Way.

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While Andy unleashed his cruel vengeance, Tiffany and Brittany found themselves at the Food Courteria deep in the heart of their favorite mall. They sat across from each other, leaning forward, waving their little hands around as they talked, or playing with their hair, nibbling on their salads like bunnies. "His cheer was— I mean, I can't even," Brittany said. "'Look at me! A pretty sight! A boy who loves wearing his tights!'"

"And when he pranced over. He had such good form. He's going to be a great little cheerleader. I can't wait to have him on the team," Tiffany giggled.

"I feel so happy at the mall," Brittany said, tilting her head from side to side. "It's like all the best things in the world in one place."

"I used to hate it so much," Tiffany said. "You had to drag me here. I knew I was going to have to sit around for an hour while you tried on, like, four million skirts that all looked exactly the same."

"Every one of them was completely different!" Brittany huffed.

“I know that now,” Tiffany giggled. “Oh, my God, I have so many skirts, and still nothing to wear.”

“You were always complaining there were too many women’s clothing stores at the mall,” Brittany said, putting her hand under her chin, gazing at the pretty little blonde across from her, with her eyeliner and mascara. She put on the dead, flat voice she associated with boys. “There should be more stores like GameStop.”

“And now, I’m like, why aren’t there more stores for women? There are never enough places to shop. Being a boy was so *boring*.”

“Yeah, but being a boy was also so easy,” Brittany said, growing wistful. “All I had to do in the morning was throw on a pair of baggy shorts and a t-shirt, run a hand through my hair. It took, like, five minutes. It took me longer than that just to moisturize. I miss being a boy.”

Tiffany tilted her head to the side and made a crooked smile. “Me, too,” she said.

They stared at each other, smiles building, and then Brittany started it. “Omigod!

“Omigod!” Tiffany answered.

Omigod! Omigod! Omigod!”

The girls around them, all with brown, black or red hair, smirked and shook their heads. What was it with blondes, anyway?

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Later as Andy stared with glassy eyes at the image of a topless girl jumping up and down on a trampoline, her breasts bouncing, he heard

Tiffany's car pull up in the driveway. He went to the window and peaked out to see her climbing out of the car, a bright smile on her face, as always. "Hello, Mr. Squirrel," she said to a squirrel that was sitting on the lawn, twitching its nose. Andy rolled his eyes. *Does she think she's a cartoon princess*, he wondered?

Anyway, he was sure that smile was about to be wiped right off her stupid face. He gleefully waited, listening as the front door opened and closed. Then, her footsteps up the stairs, past his room, down the hall... yes, yes, he thought, gleeful, sure he was about to hear a scream.

Her door opened and closed. Andy waited. Silence. Nothing? What the hell. Then, he heard her door open again, footsteps coming toward him. Yes!

He jumped on his bed and grabbed his smart pad, pretending to be surfing the net.

The door opened. Tiffany came in, her now trademark superior smirk on her face. She sat on the edge of Andy's bed and patted him on the knee. "Oh, Ashley," she said. "I'm so lucky to have you as my little sister."

What the hell? Andy wondered. Nothing about him destroying her precious tights? "My name is Andy."

"Oh, Ashley, we both know that isn't true. I'm going to have so much fun with you tonight. You can't even imagine."

"What do you mean? Another dream where I'm a girl and blah blah blah.... Don't you realize today was just a warning? Maybe next time I will sneak into your room and cut your hair off. How would you like that?"

"Warning? What do you mean?" Tiffany said, making her eyes extra wide.

“Your tights? You can play it off all you want, but I know you’re pissed. I destroyed them!”

“My tights are just fine, sis. Come see for yourself.”

Andy didn’t believe it, and he wanted to tell her to go to blazes, but he followed her to her room. As he’d slashed her tights and cut them to pieces, he’d thrown them all over the room until it looked like a silky crime scene, but it was as neat and tidy as ever. Could she have cleaned it up so fast?

Tiffany led him to her dresser. She opened the top drawer, and there they were, rows of pristine, neatly folded tights. “That’s impossible.”

“You’re powerless,” Tiffany said. “Completely and totally powerless. Get used to that feeling, because you are going to be skinny and weak. When I’m done changing you, most of the girls in school will be able to kick your ass.”

“This is bullshit,” Andy said, backing away. He did feel powerless as he stared at the tights, and he hated feeling so powerless. How was it even possible? Had he imagined the whole thing? The thought of being small, skinny, weak– it terrified him.

“Oh, don’t worry. You’re going to love being all little and weak and feminine. It’ll just make you want to find a big strong man to protect you even more.”

“That’s never going to happen. You’re insane!” Andy said. “Insane!”

Tiffany just laughed and laughed, the sound of her laughter following Andy as he fled down the hall and slammed his door.

That night, Andy found himself at the gym. He had a 45-pound dumbbell in each hand and was going curls. He looked down to see his bulging biceps, veins popping. Yeah. He was a badass. Suzy Jones, one of his

favorite make out partners, was there, stretching, as were a bunch of kids from his high school.

“Hey, Suzy,” Andy said. “You wanna get together this weekend?”

“I’m not really into girls,” Suzy said, crunching up her face.

“Girls?” Andy said, a sinking feeling coming over him.

Suzy froze. Everyone in the gym froze. “What the?”

Tiffany and Brittany giggled. Andy spun around. “I’m dreaming,” he realized.

Tiffany and Brittany split up and began to circle Andy, who turned and turned, trying to keep his eyes on both of them, but they always seemed to be just outside his line of sight.

“You’re having a nightmare,” Tiffany said.

“Where you’re a big, lumpy, dumb boy,” Brittany said.

“But we’ll fix it.”

“No, don’t...”

“Tag!” Brittany said, and Andy felt her touch him on the head. Long, blonde hair poured down over his shoulders, and bangs fell across his eyes.

“Stop!” Andy said, brushing his hair back, his voice now the squeaky little girl voice he had in every dream.

“Tag!” Tiffany said, her hand brushing across his chest, and Andy felt his breasts swelling, swaying even as his t-shirt shrank and tightened and tightened until it was a pink sports bra.

“Tag!” A hand brushed his arm, and Andy watched as his bulging arms dwindled, losing all muscle, becoming pretty and lithe, even as the dumbbells shrank into cute little 2-pound, pink weights.

“Stop!” Andy shrieked again, spinning, trying to see them, hoping he could dodge their touches, stop this latest transformation...

“Tag!” He felt a hand slap him on the ass, felt his butt swell and spread.

“Tag! Tag! Tag!” Andy’s body transformed, growing shorter, smaller, as he once more found himself wearing a pair of tiny, short shorts, and felt the soothing, cool, thrill of the tights wrapping around his legs.

Andy stopped spinning, facing one of the wall mirrors. He saw her there, his future self, her long blonde hair, narrow, rounded shoulders, the swell of her full, firm breasts rising from her bra, which read “Princess” on the band under the cups. Her tights— his tights— gleamed in the gym lights, and his knees went together as he looked at himself, herself, so pretty and blonde.

Tiffany and Brittany began to circle him once more, now reaching out to touch him on his legs, his breasts, to flip his hair, to caress his cheek. “Stop! Stop!” Andy said, hating how much he sounded like some helpless girl, spinning, spinning, his body tingling with mysterious female pleasure at their touches, their fingers trailing against his soft skin... spinning... spinning... his long blonde hair rising in a cloud around his head, whipping across his face... he felt dizzy... wobbled... felt like he was about to faint and fell... fell... fell,,,,, right into the arms of Mike... one of his bros from the baseball team...

“You love big, strong boys!” Tiffany laughed.

“He feels so good being rescued!” Brittany said.

“No...” Andy whispered, but they were right. He felt a surge of feminine gratitude toward Mike for catching him, holding him... he felt so small and light, held there by Mike’s big strong arms... Andy touched Mike’s thick, hard arm and whispered, “thanks...” batting his eyes.

Mike lifted Andy and set him on his feet, then pulled him in for a hug. The smell of Mike's manly scent filled Andy's head, made him feel dizzy all over again... He pressed his breasts against Mike's body.

"You okay?" Mike said with a rugged smile, looking down into Andy's eyes.

"I'm so okay," Andy whispered, getting lost in Mike's eyes.

"Oh, little sis has her first crush," Tiffany said.

"It's so sweet!"

Mike cupped Andy's chin and tilted his head back. Andy's heart started to race.

Please... Andy thought, hoping they could read his mind. Don't make me do this. He couldn't fight it, couldn't pull away... he was completely and totally under Mike's power...

Mike leaned down and kissed Andy, a long, lingering kiss that made him shiver, his fingertips tingle and he curled his toes as his knees went weak and he fell against Mike once more, vibrating with the sheer delight of feeling Mike's strong arm around his slender waist, supporting him, holding him up... Inside, Andy wilted as he endured the pure, feminine pleasure of helpless surrender..

Tiffany and Brittany clapped and cheered. Everyone in the gym clapped and cheered like it was a scene in a movie. "His first kiss! Little sis is growing up!" Tiffany said.

The scene melted away. Andy felt a sense of loss, an aching for a return to Mike's arms, to the feeling of the other boy's kiss...

He was in the tone room doing squats with a group of girls. He saw himself in the mirror. He had a bright, vacant smile on his face as he moved up and down to the beat, his glutes burning.

“Come on girls!” The trainer called. “Don’t stop! You need to feel that burn if you want to have a goddess’ ass!”

The smile on Andy’s face grew wider and he forced himself to ignore the burn, the pain. He wanted... no, he needed to have a goddess ass...

Tiffany and Brittany were sitting cross-legged off to the side, laughing. “This is your world, Ashley,” Tiffany said. “Working on your legs and ass... lifting weights is for boys.”

Boys. The word sent shivers through Andy’s slender little frame. He... he had to admit that he loved boys...

“You love having pretty little arms,” Brittany said.

“You love being small and weak.”

Andy was dying, even as he was forced to admit they were right. They had changed him, made him want to be small, weak... feminine. Made him want to be what boys wanted. It was the most important thing for a girl like him... to be pretty... to be desired by boys... coveted...

He couldn’t understand how he could love and hate it at the same time. It felt like he was going insane. Telling himself it was all just a dream was not helping, because it all felt so real, and worse, he was coming to believe that Tiffany’s threat was real, that he would be this silly blonde girl in real life...

He looked in the mirror and saw himself, blonde hair shining, tights gleaming, a big smile on his pretty face... “I would rather die!” he said.

“Teen-age girls are so dramatic!” Brittany said, and both she and Tiffany laughed and laughed and laughed...

## Chapter Eight



Andy woke, tears streaming down his face. The dreams had become more and more disturbing, the threat more and more real. Looking around his room, he saw more tights draped over chairs, the edge of his bed, covering one of his girly posters. Furious, he pulled them all down, gathered them up, threw them away.

The aftershocks of the dream haunted him— being so small, so weak. Having those tiny, pipe cleaner arms. Being held by a boy, kissed. No. Never.

He waited until he heard Tiffany pass. He didn't feel like hearing another one of her taunts. He knew it was seven days now. Seven days until he would find out if her threat was real. Once she passed and he heard the door to her room close, he made his way to the bathroom, got in the shower, feeling the heat, the steam, his junk. He grabbed his dick and balls, felt them, their weight, heft. He was still a man. He would always be a man, he told himself. Always.

At school, he struggled to hold onto that thought, that belief. He passed a group of girls and heard them giggling. They'd been at the gym in his dream, had seen him struggling with 2-pound weights, had seen him kiss a guy, and though he knew it wasn't *really* them in his dream, he cringed at the sound of their laughter thinking that somehow, they know what he'd dreamt of. The phantom feeling of breasts came back, and a bra, the straps cutting into his shoulders, his breasts bouncing slightly in the cups as he walked...

Come on! He told himself. You can't let them get in your head like this. Take control, he demanded of himself. Take control. And then he reached up to hook his hair behind his ear...

The worst moment of the day was when he passed Mike in the hall. As soon as he saw the other boy, he felt his fingertips tingle, remember the wave of pleasure that had enraptured him when Mike had caught him, held him, kissed him...

"Bro," Mike said, thinking Andy looked a little off.

Andy, who'd started blushing as he remembered his big kiss, just kind of nodded and passed, not even trusting his voice to come out in anything but a feminine squeak.

I don't want to kiss Mike; I don't want to kiss Mike... Andy chanted. Tiffany and Brittany made me have that dream... they forced me to...they made me... none of it is me....

He headed into Math class and took a seat, slouching down in the chair, hoping that this would at least distract him from all his confusing memories and feelings. Fawn Hollis came strutting in the room. Andy let his eyes drift up and down her figure— she was one of the hottest girls in school, and one who'd gotten her figure early. She looked like a woman with wide, round hips, big breasts, great legs... Today, she'd decided to show off those legs in a short daffodil skirt and white tights, with a cotton candy sweater...

*Her outfit is so cute*, Andy thought, not even registering how unmanly a thought that was, and he watched as she sat, crossing her legs primly, her back straight, head level, hands folded on her desk. She is so cool, Andy thought. What good posture. And she has such a... refined? Was that the word? Presence. She's even graceful sitting still.

He found himself wanting to sit like her. He pushed himself up, straightened his back and folded his hands on the desk, then crossed his legs just like her, squirming a little as his thighs crushed his junk. Anyone looking would have thought Andy was sitting like a girl, and not just a

regular girl, many of whom had been slouching just like him. He was sitting like a girly girl.

Lunchtime, and Andy faced a dilemma as he got his tray of food, if you could call it that. Today were sloppy joes, and there had long been speculation if they were actually made out of rat meat– or something worse. The cafeteria, which buzzed with the talk and clatter of a hundred of so students, seemed to have been designed to be as unappetizing as the food– cinderblock walls in a dull yet disturbing green, worn Formica tile in patterns that looked like blood splatters from a crime scene, and wobbly, folding tables with built in benches that seemed perfectly sized for no one ever.

Andy's dilemma was not, however, whether to eat the disgusting glob of red on the stale white bun– he was hungry enough– but, rather, where to sit. Normally, he'd sit with the baseball team, but one glance at Mike and he felt a full body blush, immediately back in the other boy's arms. It would be very awkward, but where to...

"Come sit with us," he heard his hated sister call.

He caught Mike's eyes, some of the other guys who were looking at him with, *what? You're too good to sit with us now?* expressions on their faces as they saw him hesitating. He nodded toward his sister and shrugged, like, what am I supposed to do?

It was enough, but the guys on the team were starting to wonder, was he get full of himself just because he broke out of his slump?

As Andy walked over to join Tiffany and Brittany, who'd gotten a table over in the corner away from everyone, as much as they missed hanging with the girls from the cheerleader squad, he decided to try a different

tactic. Threats hadn't worked. His act of terrorism hadn't worked. Maybe he would try apologizing.

"Hey, girl," Brittany said.

Andy resisted the urge to snap back at her, sat, absently tossing his head to the side, as if to get his phantom long hair over his shoulder, then sat with his legs crossed, shoulders back, head level. Brittany and Tiffany exchange an amused glance.

Andy didn't know why they had called him over, he assumed it was to taunt him some more about turning him into a girl, but he decided to go ahead and try his new tactic. "Guys," he said. "Look. I obviously went too far with all my jokes about you being such girly girls, the tights and all that. I didn't realize it was such a big deal."

The girls leaned forward and waited, raising their perfectly sculpted eyebrows, wondering if he would be able to actually say he was sorry, which they had found most men had a problem with.

"So, that's it,"

Brittany and Tiffany sat back in unison, blowing up at their bangs. "You can't even say it!" Tiffany said.

"Say what?"

"That you're sorry?"

"I just did," Andy said, now getting a little riled up, frustrated once more with these *females* and their scatter-brained thinking.

"You didn't actually say you were sorry," Brittany said. "You implied it. Or, inferred it? I'm not sure, but anyway, it is a little step in the right direction, so good girl." She reached out and covered Andy's hand with her own, giving it a squeeze.

Andy pulled his hand away.

“It’s kind of like we cut one of your balls off, so you’re part way toward being a girl now.”

“Hey...” Andy said, wincing.

Tiffany formed her fingers like a pair of scissors and started making cutting gestures... “Snip, snip,” she said, “we’re cutting that stupid penis of yours right off!”

Andy winced and put his hands over his junk. The thought of having his dick cut off freaked him out. “It was just words, just teasing...”

“You’ll have a vagina, Andy. Pretty pink lips between your legs.”

“And it’s so much more than that. All your macho swagger? Remember your dream. You’ll be timid, small, you’ll be anxious and worry all the time...”

“You won’t dare walk to your car alone after dark...”

“You’ll be too scared...”

Andy felt like he was paralyzed as he listened to them, as he felt this feminine fate settling over him like a shadow... he shook his head side to side, felt long hair tickling his face... Felt a bra strap slip down off his shoulder...

“No more testosterone...”

“Your brain will be flooded with estrogen...” “

“And you won’t have any trouble apologizing...”

“You apologize all the time. You’re going to be so sensitive, so worried about other people’s feelings...”

“Scared, Andy. An anxious, insecure, nervous little female...” Tiffany said. “That’s what you’ll be.”

“Crying all the time for no reason.”

“You’ll love crying, Ashley,” Tiffany said, now switching to his girl name. “We’ll watch *The Fault in Our Stars* just as an excuse to have a good cry together....”

“I’m sorry!” Andy blurted out, finally, the word seeming to have been ripped out of him by an act of sheer desperation. “Don’t do this to me.”

“And there it is, a demand. Still. Well, that will change soon enough.” Tiffany and Brittany stood.

“By, honey,” Brittany said.

“See ya, little sis.”

They turned and walked away, laughing.

Andy felt like he’d been hit by a truck. The things they said... weak, scared... vagina... He was a guy. A man. Once more, the thought popped into his head, *I would rather die*.

And then, as he found himself slipping his thumb under his imaginary bra strap, pulling it back up, feeling the cup lifting his breast as he did, he remembered what they’d said to him in his dream, and he thought, *stop being so dramatic*.

But he wasn’t being dramatic. The fate they had described to him sounded worse than death— for a boy.

## Chapter Nine

She was everything Andy loved in a woman: big, firm, gravity defying tits, a plump ass, long legs... her face was perfect with plush, soft lips... big, sparkling eyes all framed by a mass of curly blonde hair... his eyes drifted down past her small, rounded shoulders, lovingly over those

breasts, down past the belly ring sparkling in his firm, taut tummy... down to the landing strip and the lips of her...

Andy loved porn. What teen-ager didn't? He stared, face blue in the light from his monitor, eyes glittering with desire.

His buddy Lance had sent him the gif. Check out Danica, Fuckable!

Danica danced, wiggling her hips and shoulders, her breasts swaying and bouncing as she smiled and giggled into the camera, then did a twirl so he got a nice view of that perfect ass, her hair swirling around her.

Andy agreed with Lance' assessment. Very fuckable. Andy stared at the gif played and rest, played and reset, letting his eyes drink in that body as his dick grew hard. He reached down and squeezed it, his hand over his pants, and just kept looking at that gorgeous girl, with those wide hips, those tiny arms...

Andy's dick started to soften. "Oh, come on..."

Tiny arms. It brought back the session in the lunchroom, all the things Brittany and Tiffany had said— weak, small, vagina...

He looked at Danica's vagina again, the landing strip, the shadowy lips... only now instead of getting harder, thinking about how much he'd love to fuck her, he felt like someone punched him in the stomach as he imagined that sweet pussy between his legs...

Once the train got rolling, he couldn't stop it... watching the way her big, soft breasts swayed and bounced, he imagined what it would be like if he were her, to have them on his chest... and as she shook his shoulders and her breasts swayed from side to side he felt them swaying on his chest, his hard nipples aching... he felt that plump ass, rising up behind him, inviting...

His erection was completely gone, but even in his state of confusion and horror, he felt horny as hell, needed to get off, to feel his dick hard and throbbing... but there was nothing there, he just kept thinking about what it would feel like if he had a pussy, getting all wet and hot and...

"Fuck!" He closed the GIF. His goddamned sister had ruined porn. He covered his face and tried to push the image of Danica dancing out of his mind, because he couldn't stop being her, imagining his long hair brushing against his bare shoulders, and especially the weight of his breasts, the jiggle, the way guys would look at him...

He needed to get off. Somehow. He went back to the computer, but each and every haunted him now, these girls and their bodies... he wanted them, wanted to fuck them, but his dick just lay there like a tired old hound as he kept thinking about having slit between his legs... just like them.

It was no use. He wasn't going to be able to get off. He did what he could: he went for a run, then took a very cold shower.

## Chapter Ten

Andy looked at his nails; long and pink, they sparkled with little silver rose appliques. A slender bracelet sparkled at his wrist. He found himself sitting at the command center, legs crossed in the feminine style. "Hey, Ashley," Tiffany called.

Andy looked over his shoulder to see Ashley and Tiffany laying on his bed, chins propped on their hands as they grinned at him. "What now?" He said, using one of his long nails to pull a strand of hair away from his eyes.

"Time for you to do your makeup, of course," Tiffany said.

"That's why you're sitting at your makeup table, after all."



“What?”

Andy turned and watched as Bad Ass Central began to sparkle pink, and then start to shift and morph... his monitor turned into a mirror, and he saw himself, his pretty face, his hair piled up on his head in a messy bun. He saw the silk bra straps across his shoulders, little satin bows... and his eyes dropped to the rise of his cleavage, spilling out the top of a lacy white bra. He uncrossed and re-crossed his legs, the delightful tingle of his tights against his soft legs, and he couldn't help it as he reached down and ran his fingertips along his thigh, feeling the cool, silky fabric... A soft moan escaped him...“mmmmmm...”

Tiffany and Brittany giggled. “That girl is so obsessed with tights!” Tiffany said.

“I know. What an airhead!”

Andy withered under their mockery. His defense that this was all a dream didn't work, had never really worked, because he knew Brittany and Tiffany were in his dream for real, watching all this, controlling him, feminizing him...

The computer desk turned into a pink and white table, and as his computer faded away the tabletop became cluttered with lipsticks and eyeliners, blushes and mascaras and things Andy didn't even know the name of.

“Come on,” he said, trying to hide his fear. Yes, fear. Makeup was utterly feminine, something really only girls ever wore. Something he would never even consider. He was a guy. A man.

“I mean, you're gorgeous,” Brittany said. “But you know you look even hotter with your face on.”

“You love making yourself pretty,” Tiffany added.

“You have to fight for that male attention you crave.”

“I don’t--” Andy said, meaning to argue. “Boys? Pretty?” And yet he found himself reaching for a tube of lipstick. He could see it was a pretty, bubblegum pink color, and his heart fluttered.

“You love makeup!” Tiffany said. “Every girly girl does.”

“I don’t... I’m not...” But Andy found himself taking the cap off the lipstick, puckering, bringing it to his lips. His hand trembled as he struggled to stop himself, to fight this insane urge to... pretty... but he once again found he was powerless. He started to paint his lips, feeling the creamy makeup spreading across his soft lips, and when he finished, he smiled at himself, pleased that his lips looked even more kissable and inviting.

Giggles from the girls.

Andy found himself reaching for the eyeliner next. He needed his eyes to really pop. He carefully drew the liner along the bottom of his eyes before turning his attention to mascara. He had long, curly lashes, which he batted in the mirror, but since he was soooo blonde they didn’t have the impact he wanted, needed... His mouth open, he lovingly brushed the dark, sticky mascara onto his lashes... each flick of the wand sent a tremor of pleasure through his whole body, made him squeeze his legs together, a tingly in his new sex...

Finished, he once more examined himself, thrilled, pretty, batting his lashes, smiling, but inside disgusted, humiliated. “It can’t really be like this,” he said as he found himself aching for eyeshadow.

“Like what?”

“Like, erotic for a girl to put on makeup?”

“Well, probably not for most girls,” Brittany said.

“But for a girly girl like you?”

“Makeup is everything!” Brittany finished.

“No....” Andy whispered as their words came true, as he suddenly realized that makeup was everything. He adored it. Makeup was not only essential; it was fun!

Scattered across the tabletop were half a dozen trays of eyeshadow, and even the name brands cut into Andy’s sense of masculinity: L’Oréal, Cover Girl, Maybelline, Chanel. He was in a female’s world, a girl’s world, and he loved it, and hated it and needed it. There were so many different colors. How was a girl to choose?

Tiffany and Brittany both new what was going through Andy’s addled mind, but they saw a golden opportunity to pounce. “What’s wrong, honey?”

“You look like you’re trying to think,” Brittany said. “Not a good look for a blonde airhead.”

“Why don’t you let us help?”

“It’s just– there are sooo many colors!”

“You can never go wrong with pink.”

“But... but... Which pink?” Andy said, his little voice rising even higher as he felt an anxiety attack coming on. He had to get his look right. “There’s coral, blush, rose, taffy, punch... this one’s just called 0054?”

“Didn’t you tell me once that pink is pink?”

Andy looked at them in the mirror, slitting his eyes as he realized the game she’d been playing. He remembered the incident:

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Tiffany had been all excited about a new sweater she'd found on sale. She'd been in the kitchen, holding it out to their mom, and she's said, "Isn't it just adorable? It's the perfect shade of carnation!"

Andy had snickered. "Pink is pink," he'd said. "They just give it these goofy names to full nitwits into buying it when they already have 10 pink sweaters."

"Unh!" Tiffany had said, her happy moment ruined.

Which was Andy's intention. He couldn't deny it now. He had just hated seeing her happy, and he'd wanted to knock her down. Plus, well, back then, he really did think pink was pink."

"Apologize to your sister," Mom had said.

"For what?" Andy had said, dismissing them both with a raise of his hand and swaggering out of the kitchen.

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He knew now he'd been wrong, and not just about his assertion that all pinks were the same. He'd been wrong to be so casually cruel to his sister. The feeling of his bra was helping him remember that lesson.

"Yes, I did," he admitted. "So, I was wrong. I couldn't see if, all the different colors, before, okay?"

"You weren't a girl," Tiffany said. "See how much better it is being a girl? Now stupid wiener between your legs, and now you can see every shade of pink."

"It's a new superpower for you," Brittany said. "All just one of the many gifts you get for being a boy gone blonde!"

"That would just make me the dumbest superhero ever!" Andy said, crinkling his nose.

"You said it, not me," Brittany laughed.

“Blonde Girl!” Tiffany said, putting on an announcer voice. “Saving the world by identifying every shade of pink! Maybe you shouldn’t have made fun of me, Ashley.”

“Well, I’m sorry!” Andy said, again, once more hoping he could apologize his way out of this. “I didn’t know, and...” his words trailed off as he eyes fell on one particular shade of pink, and he felt his mouth get dry. “Ballet slipper...” he whispered, reaching for the tray of colors from Cover Girl.

“She is so obsessed with ballet!” Tiffany said.

“Once a Cover Girl, always a Cover Girl!” Brittany sang.

“Unh!” Andy said, but he was too focused now on this absolutely to die for eyeshadow. It was, like, perfect for his complexion, and it would play nicely with his lipstick.

Andy began to lovingly brush his eyeshadow on. He loved the color, and it also made him feel extra cute to know he would be wearing ballet slipper.

“It’s all about further softening your features, enhancing your femininity...” Brittany whispered...

“Boys are rugged, they have angles...”

“You are soft, and love everything round...”

“From your little chin, to your big eyes...”

“That tiny upturned nose...”

“You want those big lips to look even bigger...”

“You need those big eyes to look even more innocent...”

“You want to look vulnerable and weak... Even your face is an advertisement to the boys that they can have you... that you are sweet, naive...”

“Weak.”

“You love being so weak...”

“It draws big, strong men to you...”

“Like wolves to a lamb...”

Andy cringed inwardly as they mocked him, every word like a dagger to his balls... *weak, soft, naive*... he'd hated all those qualities in a boy, had mocked the sissies, had been vigilant as long as he could remember to fight against any weakness, softness, because all of those things would lead to a loss of respect, status, a loss of... power...

He'd put on his foundation, pleased at how it dampened any shine, gave his face an even, feminine glow, and now he was dusting his cheeks with blush— *baby pink*, Cover Girl again, he loved Cover Girl; they made such pretty colors!

And the girls were right. He could see it as he smiled at himself in the mirror. He'd softened his features, dialed up the femininity in what was already an extremely feminine face... He was pretty... so pretty...

“So pretty!” Tiffany echoed.

But his eyebrows. They were feminine, but he could see a few stray hairs, and like his lashes, being blonde they didn't have the dramatic, sexy impact he wanted and needed. He picked up a pair of tweezers and plucked an errant lash, “Ow! That hurt!” Andy squealed, shocked at how painful it was to yank out one of those little hairs.

Tiffany and Brittany both laughed. They loved seeing a boy suffering a girl's beauty regimen, especially Andy. “Just wait till you get waxed,” Tiffany said.

“Oooh, we should make him get a Brazilian next,” Brittany said.

“That would be fun!”

Andy wasn't sure what a Brazilian was, but he if it was half as painful as plucking his eyebrows, he knew he wouldn't like it. "Ow! Unh!" He couldn't help but make feminine little noises each time he plucked a hair. Thankfully, he was just cleaning up, and soon he judged his brows ready and began to color them in with an eyebrow pencil.

When he finished, he once more looked at himself, practiced different smiles...

"You feel complete now," Tiffany said. "Without makeup, you feel naked."

Andy couldn't stop smiling at himself, but he hated what they were doing to him, making him feel, because as soon as Tiffany said it, he did feel complete, the anxiety that had been consuming weakened, and he felt a surge of confidence knowing that any other girl checking him out would have total respect for his cosmetological mastery.



“You love reading about all the latest looks, and you go to Pinterest and YouTube and everywhere to constantly to keep up with the latest trends.”

And he did, now, as memories flood his brain of his obsession with makeup, the hours he spent looking at fashion magazines, browsing Pinterest, watching makeup tutorials from his favorite influencers. It was an impossibly female obsession. Andy raged inside as the girls cut off his balls again, pushing him deeper and deeper into a world of feminine obsessions.

At least the dream was over, he thought with relief. He’d put on his makeup, and it had gone on about as long as the others. He would wake soon, and he’d be him again, a boy, a man, and he would finally find some way to stop this. He had to.

“This dream is far from over,” Tiffany said.

“We’re just getting to the really good part.”

“What?” Andy said, meeting their eyes in the mirror.

“You didn’t spend all this time making up your face for nothing,” Tiffany said. “You did it so you could make your first video!”

“Oh, no.”

## Chapter 11

Tiffany and Brittany jumped up, their phones in their hands. Andy found himself posing at the mirror, smiling brightly, one hand on his cheek while the other toyed with his bra strap.

“Please don’t make me do this,” Andy said.

“Oh, but you love to dance,” Tiffany said.

“Almost as much as you love attention.”



The sound of a gentle riff on a piano. Meghan Trainor crooned:

Dear future husband

Here's a few things you'll need to know if you wanna be

My one and only all my life

Then, danceable popped kicked in, jumpy, upbeat music. Andy had no control over his body, and he reached up and pulled the pins from his hair, feeling it tumble down over his shoulders as he shook his head, then popped up, turned and began to dance, rubbing his thighs together, feeling the thrill of his tights against his inner thighs. He wiggled and shook his breasts, smiling, batting his eyes...

Take me on a date

I deserve a break

And don't forget the flowers every anniversary

Cause if you'll treat me right

I'll be the perfect wife

At the line “perfect wife” he put a finger in his mouth and wiggled his hips back and forth, all the while groaning, wanting to stop dancing, to scream I don't want to be anyone's wife! But he couldn't stop, and the song went on:

Buying groceries

Buy-buying what you need

Dear future husband

Here's a few things you'll need to know if you wanna be

My one and only all my life

Dear future husband

If you wanna get that special lovin'

Tell me I'm beautiful each and every night (woo)

“You are beautiful!” Tiffany sang out.

“You’re gonna make a perfect little wife for some lucky guy!”

Andy pranced, flirted with the camera, tilted his head side to side, tossed his long hair. Then, he started to mimic the exact moves he’d been watching Danica do, while Brittany and Tiffany recorded it all on their phones, giggling and laughing. He remembered how hot she looked, how much he’d wanted to fuck her, and it humiliated him now to find himself dancing just like her, moving the same way, each and every shrug and step a celebration of femininity.

“We’ll edit this into your first GIF!” Tiffany said.

“You’re doing great,” Brittany said. “You sexy little thing.”

Andy giggled. He couldn’t help himself.

“That’s right,” Tiffany said. “You love the camera! Yeah, girl!”

The song ended, and the dream world blurred. Andy found himself sitting at his makeup table, his phone in hand, one long, glistening fingernail poised. He was on Tik Tok, and he realized he was about to post his video. It wasn’t real. It was just a dream, he told himself. It didn’t matter.

And yet, he struggled against the urge to post the video, the shame was so great.

“Come on, Ashley,” Tiffany purred. “You want everyone to see what a sexy little girl you are.”

“No...” Andy whispered as his finger moved closer and closer to the phone. “No...” But once more he was powerless. His will was not strong enough. He tapped, “Post” and sagged, exhausted and yet once more filled with a feeling that he was now complete.

The dream world blurred as time seemed to speed up, and he watched the video, singing along, seeing himself dance, a girl in love with being a girl, proud of her curves, and the likes and views spiraled higher and higher... the comments... half of them from girls and guys at school...

Andy lay in bed as the morning sun poured through the curtains to his room. He was still asleep, whispering, “Dear future husband I’ll be the perfect wife... Dear future husband I’ll be the perfect wife... his body making small movements as he still danced in his dream...

He slowly began to come back to consciousness, and he heard himself whispering, “Dear future husband...”

He sat up, shaking his head, relieved as always to find himself once more a boy, in his room. And it was his room. No makeup table. Badass Central was still there, though once more he found his room draped in tights. He realized he was clutching something, and he looked down, opening his hand to see a tube of lipstick, the words Cover Girl on the side. He knew right away the shade was called “Perfect Pink.”

He hurled the affront to his masculinity across the room, even as the images and feelings and memories of his dream once more consumed his mind.

There had to be some way to stop Tiffany. He couldn't let this continue. He went to take a shower. Halfway through, he realized he was singing in the shower, and the song was Dear Future Husband.

## Chapter 12

*Fight fire with fire*, Andy thought as he tapped out his search: how to hire a warlock.

It didn't work. He got a bunch of links to some fiction book. He thought about trying "witch" instead of "warlock," but he didn't feel particularly trusting toward anyone who called herself a witch. He couldn't help but picture the old stereotype of a hag in a pointy black hat, cackling insanely as she rode across the moon on a broomstick.

What then? He searched for "spellcaster," and much to his surprise he got a bunch of hits— on ETSY? Andy had heard of ETSY. In fact, he'd heard of it from Tiffany who loved shopping for dumb, crafty things there. though he didn't know if she ever actually bought anything, but she sure spent a lot of time talking about looking at things there.

ETSY, to Andy's mind, was as girly as the makeup counter, but his desire for help outweighed his inhibitions. He started scrolling through the various links for spellcasters. Most of them seemed to be for love spells, but there were also spells for getting a dream job, a dream home, none of which Andy needed at the moment. He wondered if there was a "stop my sister from making me dream about tights all the time" spell, and in a moment of inspiration he typed "protection spell" into the search and—bingo! Pages upon pages of them.

Andy's skepticism kicked in. Could some stranger on the Internet really protect him from what Tiffany was doing, all for just \$8.44? He now had ample reason to believe in magic, but most of these people, he was sure, were just con artists, or crazy.

And then he saw one called The Goddess Tree. He recognized the name. It was a shop downtown, and he knew Tiffany went there sometimes to get candles for her "aroma therapy." That was it. That had to be where she learned whatever crazy magic she was using to ruin his life. Fight fire with fire, indeed. He would go down there, and he would put a stop to Tiffany and her insane little scheme.

He would have the power.

Andy pulled up his hoodie and put on a pair of sunglasses. He didn't want anyone to recognize him going into a fruity New Age store. He even parked his car around the corner, so no one would see it anywhere near the place and get ideas that he was a sissy or something.

Door chimes rang as Andy entered the dimly lit shop. The room had a warm, cave-like feel to it, with wooden shelves, lots of books, crystals, and many weird looking things Andy couldn't name. A woman, who'd been sitting in the lotus position, looked up and smiled. "Peace and welcome," she said.

"Yeah, are you Minerva? I'm looking for Minerva."

"I am."

Andy checked her out. Pretty face, for an older woman, and nice tits. He'd do her.

"So, yeah, I saw your thing on ETSY. I need some magic protection." Even saying it made Andy feel like an idiot, and he never would have come

to someone like this in his life if it weren't for the dreams and his growing dread at the thought of becoming a girl. "That's why I'm here."

"Of course," Minerva said. "Come." She led Andy through a bead curtain and into a small room. The walls had all been painted in strange letters and symbols Andy didn't recognize as well as all sorts of meme-type aspirational messages, and there were sprigs of all different plants hanging from the ceiling. There was a small, round table in the center of the room with all sorts of things like you see in a science lab, though Andy didn't remember the name to them- glass tubes and metal racks, those flame burner things. To Andy it looked like a fusion between a yuppie yoga studio and a fairytale witch's cottage.

"Sit, sit," Minerva said, "I want you to know this is a safe place. Wards," she waved toward the strange letters, "to protect against prying eyes and dark magic. The walls are sealed with lead. Now, there's one thing we must do before we begin."

"What's that?"

"Cash or credit?"

"Oh. Debit," Andy said, fishing his debit card out of his wallet. "It kind of spoils the whole magic aura thing, dontcha think?"

"Sadly, I agree," Minerva said. "But, you know, I have to pay the rent."

As she took the card, she saw the name and recognized the last name instantly. She realized this was Tiffany's brother. Minerva had intended to process the card using her phone, but instead she excused herself. "Please relax," she said. "And help yourself to some mint water."

Minerva left, going into her office and calling Tiffany. "Your brother's here. He says he needs protection magic. I wonder what for?"

Tiffany snickered. "I'm surprised he came to you," she said. "He must be getting really desperate."

"He's wearing dark sunglasses and a hoodie, like he's about to rob a bank."

"Oh, my God."

"Anyway, I had an idea I thought you might like."

"Do tell."

Andy had decided to try some of the mint water and was surprised to discover it actually didn't suck. Minerva came back, sat down, smiled. "So," she said, "tell me how I can help you."

"Protection. Like I said. Someone is putting some kind of spell on me."

"What is the nature of this spell?"

Andy did not want to admit anything about dreaming he was a girl, turning into a girl, to this attractive woman. It was too embarrassing. "It's something... it gives me nightmares."

"Nightmares. Hmmmmnnnn," Minerva said. "And what sort of nightmares?"

"I- I don't remember them."

Minerva raised an eyebrow. "I can tell you find this embarrassing, and that's perfectly normal, but I must know the nature of this magical attack in order to choose the proper spell to counter it."

"I really don't want to say."

"You can trust me," Minerva said. "Not a word of what you say will leave this room."

Andy stared at the table. He could see his reflection in one of the glass tubes. It must have been a trick of the light, because for a microsecond he

thought he saw his image flicker, replaced by the blonde girl from his dreams.

“Just consider whether keeping your secret now is worth suffering whatever fate your attacker has planned for you.”

Andy closed his eyes. “It’s my sister,” he said. “She’s going to turn me into a girl.”

Minerva, of course, knew all about Tiffany and Brittany and what they were doing to Andy. She acted shocked at what he’d said. She loved hearing males admit to their fears of feminization, and she couldn’t pass up the opportunity. Besides, it was part of the plan for Andy she and Tiffany had cooked up.

“And the nightmares?”

“In my dreams, nightmares, I’m always a girl now, or I turn into one.” Andy looked at Minerva, expecting her to laugh, but she just nodded, like a psychiatrist making mental notes.

“In these dreams? Are you pretty?”

“Am I? Does it matter?”

“Yes. Turning a boy into a pretty girl, versus an ogre or a toad, all of these require very different types of magic— and call for different defenses.”

Andy swallowed. This was turning out to suck more than he’d expected. “Yes,” he admitted, deeply ashamed. ‘I’m pretty.’”

It went on like that for over two hours, Minerva getting Andy to talk about the dreams, what happened, what it felt like to have breasts, to wear a bra. Then, as they were winding down, she asked the last and most humiliating question of them all: “In your dreams, and this is very important to create the proper spell wall to protect you, and I know it’s probably very



embarrassing to talk about, but it really is necessary.” She paused. “In your dreams, do you have a vagina?”

Andy covered his face with his hands. “I do,” he admitted. “I have a vagina.”

“It’s okay,” Minerva said, mostly to herself. Hearing him talk about the forced feminization he’d experienced in his dreams had gotten her all hot and bothered, and now hearing him say, “I have a vagina” it had almost made her orgasm. She squeezed her legs together and smiled. “It’s okay,” she repeated, her voice hoarse. “I know just the spell to put an end to this.”

“Seriously? I mean, you can stop this?”

“Yes, but before the spell is cast, you must prepare yourself to receive the magic.”

“I’m ready now. Let’s do this.”

Minerva smiled. “Were it only so easy. For the spell to work, Andy, you need to shave your body. You need to be smooth.”

“Shave?”

“Shave your legs, your armpits. Remove all body hair. The hair on your body will prevent me from applying the magic sigils to your skin. These are necessary to capture and channel the magic.”

“Shave my legs?” Andy shook his head. Sure, there were some guys who’d started getting their chests and backs waxed. It wasn’t totally weird, but to Andy shaving legs was something for sure that belonged in the world of girls, and given what had been going on? “There has to be another way.”

“If there is, I don’t know it.”

“How do I know this is even real? That you can do magic?”

“Allow me to demonstrate.” Minerva began to chant in a soft voice, some strange language that sounded like she was speaking underwater, all fluid, flowing vowels.

Andy felt his head tingle. He felt mysterious energy crackle along his scalp. “What did you do?”

“Look in the mirror, and this is just so you can trust me, and we can solve your problem.” She pointed to the wall behind Andy. He turned to see he now had shimmering, platinum blonde hair.

“What the fuck did you do to me?”

Minerva whispered something and waved her hand, and Andy’s hair turned back to its natural color. He sighed with relief, turning back to face the witch. “Shave my legs?” He said. ‘My whole body?’

“Yes. Your body must be smooth, so I can apply the sigils.”

Andy wasn’t even hearing the sigils part. He was too mortified at the thought of having to shave his legs. “I don’t know how,” he said, still hoping to get out of this somehow.

“It’s just like shaving your face,” Minerva said, “but you use the razor on your legs, instead. And, you need to shave it all: your chest, any hair on your belly, your armpits.”

“Okay. Fine. If it will stop the curse.”

“Call me when you’re done, and I will tell you the next step.” Minerva put a hand on Andy’s shoulder. “This is very important. Make sure to use your sister’s razor and her shaving cream. This is how we will begin to steal her power.”

When Andy left the shop, he felt exhausted, exhilarated, excited and depressed all at the same time. Was it great he could save himself from his sister's insanity? Yes. Was it really that big a deal he had to shave his legs? Probably not, given the stakes. But he just didn't want to do it, and he found himself wishing he'd been nicer to his sister over the years, so it had never come to this.

The downtown where Andy lived looked like something from a Norman Rockwell painting. Rows of brick shops with wide, glass windows, flowery planters. Cobblestone streets and wrought iron lamp posts and plenty of benches for people who wanted to just sit and pass the time. It also served as home to The Olde Time Barber Shop and Surgery, where Mr. Powalski had been cutting hair for over 30 years.

Andy's hair had been getting shaggy, and he'd decided to drop in while he was downtown for a trim. True to its name, OTB looked like a scene from an old movie, with big, leather barber's chairs, wood floors and gleaming brass fittings. The whole place smelled of Brylcreem, Vitalis and shaving soap— the smells of old-fashioned, whiskey and cigars manhood. Andy loved it, and as Mr. Powalski greeted him with his legendary greeting, "Come on in. I makka you look nice" Andy felt a deep sense of comfort to find himself welcomed into this bastion of masculinity.

Haircut finished, Andy walked back toward his car, not even really paying attention to what was going on around him, when he heard Tiffany call out, "Hey, Ashley. You here for ballet?"

Andy turned. Tiffany and Brittany were standing in front of the dance studio, phones in hand, wearing leotards and tights, their hair up in ballet buns.

Andy had come to dread these encounters with the girls constantly teasing and tormenting him about his impending girlhood, but today he felt emboldened. He'd found a witch of his own, and she'd assured him he would soon steal Tiffany's power.

"Hey, bunheads," he said. "Nice tights."

"Glad you like them," Brittany said, turning her leg. "You'll be wearing them soon."

"That's never going to happen," Andy said, and then he made a mistake as his eyes drifted down Brittany's body to the smooth space between her legs, framed by the black leotard, the white tights.

"You like that?" Brittany said, amused and unashamed.

"He loves it," Tiffany said. "He can't wait until he has a nice, smooth space between his legs that he can show off in his leotards."

"And bikini bottoms..."

"Booty shorts..."

Andy saw himself in a leotard, nothing between his legs. A girl. The taunts started to rattle his newfound confidence, but he rallied. "You're just jealous," he said to Brittany, grabbing his junk. "You know you want this."

Brittany made the snipping gesture with her fingers again. "Snip, snip," she said in a sing-song voice. "We're going to cut that right off."

"And give you your own, pretty vagina," Tiffany said. "Those boy parts are so lumpy and dumb. You're going to love being all smooth down there. You'll see."

"You," Brittany said, "are going to love being a girl, Ashley."

Andy couldn't seem to land anything anymore. He used to be able to drive Tiffany insane with a single word, one sarcastic comment about her tights, but now? "You're insane," he said to her, hoping to rattle her, to get

some kind of reaction other than superior amusement. “Completely and totally insane.”

Tiffany threw her head back and laughed. “God, I can’t wait until you’re a girl,” she said. “I can’t wait until you’re right here with us, your hair up in a bun, pirouetting with a big, happy smile on your face.”

Brittany made a triangle with her fingers and held it over his crotch. “Don’t forget to pick up some tampons while you’re downtown,” she said. “You’re going to need them when you get your chitsu.”

“Oh, she can share mine,” Tiffany said. “She is my little sister, after all.”

Any talk of PMS made Andy queasy, and he stepped back, his skin crawling to hear the girls talking about him having periods. It was—disgusting.

The door to the studio opened. “Girls, time for class.”

“You coming?” Tiffany said to Andy.

Andy just turned and walked away. “I may have lost the war of words,” he mumbled. “But I am going to win the war, and all I have to do is shave my legs.”

Andy waited until the house was quiet, then crept down to the bathroom, locked the door, double and triple checked to make sure it was locked. As much as he kept telling himself it wasn’t that big of a deal, he dreaded anybody catching him making his body smooth— he didn’t even want to think about what his father would say, let alone Tiffany.

And if the guys at school found out?

He’d be socially dead. An outcast.

His parents had a bathroom off their room, so Tiffany and Andy shared this one. They each got half the medicine cabinet, half the shelf space. Tiffany’s razor was right there on the shelf— pink, of course. She was so

obsessed with pink. Her shaving cream wasn't pink, but it had the most girly name possible— Pearl Souffle, and when Andy squirted a dollop onto his hand it smelled like flowers. Ugh.

Andy took off his robe and sat on the edge of the tub in a position that, little to his knowledge, countless women assumed as they prepared to shave their legs. He rubbed the cream between his hands, getting it foamy, and then began to apply it, first to his calf, then up and around his thigh. The floral fragrance filled his head, and his skin tingled. He picked up Tiffany's pink razor and sighed. "Win the war," he said to himself, drawing the razor along his thigh, revealing a patch of smooth, radiant skin, which tingled all the more as he cleared away the curly hairs. He turned on the bathtub spigot, just a little, rinsed the blade, and drew it once more across his leg, then again... Andy got lost in the process of shaving his legs, clearing away the hair, watching as more and more smooth, tan skin was revealed, and as he did his legs, without even realizing it, he hummed the tune to "Dear Future Husband."

When he finished, Andy couldn't help but run his fingertips along his calf, his thigh. He had to, really, because he'd been warned that if he even missed the slightest path, he could ruin the spell. He was amazed and a little appalled at how silky smooth his skin felt, how it almost seemed to glow. What's in that junk? He thought, slitting his eyes at the bottle of Pearl Souffle. His skin had never looked so— bright?

Like any guy had ever given shit about that. Andy assured himself he didn't care. "Save my legs. Win the war."

Andy did the other leg, then rubbed the lotion into his armpits. He needed the mirror and stood, watching himself with one arm hooked behind his head while he used the bright pink razor with the other. It was another

blow to his male ego, another insult, and he vowed when this was over, he would make Tiffany pay.

Young, Andy didn't have much hair on his chest, just a small patch between his pecs, but it had been a source of great pride for him since it had sprung up, and his resentment and disgust grew as he dragged the razor across the foam drenched hairs, making his chest as smooth as any girl's. Lastly, he had a small tuft of hair that ran from down below his belly button. That went, too, and Andy ran his hands across his body, lifted his arms to see his pits as smooth as peaches. He didn't have any hair on his back, and so he was done. It made him feel— weak, somehow, to have shaved himself smooth. It was kinda like the story of Sampson, but different he told himself.

Delilah had cut Samson's hair to take away his strength. Andy had shaved himself to become stronger. No one would ever know. And he would win, and he would win, and then there would be payback. He put his robe on and hurried back to his room, not wanting to risk anyone seeing his smooth calves. As soon as he closed the door, he called GHKKKK as he'd been instructed.

"It's done," he said, like he'd just completed some dangerous mission.

"You're sure? You must be completely smooth."

"I wish I weren't," Andy said, needing to make it clear to this beautiful woman that he did NOT like shaving his body, "But I'm as smooth as a baby. Believe me."

"Excellent, then it is time for you to take the next step toward seizing power from Tiffany." Minerva said, letting the tension build. "You must sneak into her room tonight and steal a pair of her panties."

"What?" Andy said. "Why?"

“To steal her power, you must wear her panties for the next 24 hours.”

“You want me to wear my sister’s panties?”

“It is required for the spell.”

“Fuck you.” Andy threw the phone onto his bed, seething rage and shame this woman would think he would ever wear panties, let alone his sister’s. He went to Badass Central, annoyed, aggravated, thinking he would log into Mindstrike and beat up some hobos. Crossing his legs, he felt the smooth skin of his thighs glide together. “What a joke,” he said. “I shaved my legs for this?”

She was a crazy kook, after all. Why had he believed her? But then, he remembered how she’d turned his hair blonde. Maybe that was just some sideshow bullshit, but her magic had seemed real. He glanced at his bed, dread building in him as he wondered what Tiffany and Brittany had in store for him tonight.

He sighed. What choice did he have? He ran his fingertips along his hairless thigh. In for a penny, in for a pound. He got his phone and texted HGHKK. *Okay. Fine.*

*By midnight, Minerva texted back. Or all is lost.*

Andy looked at the clock on his computer. 11:14. He had less than an hour.

Putting on a pair of dark pajamas and a black winter hat, he crept toward Tiffany’s room, the scent of her lilac lotion trailing behind him... *win the war... win the war...*

Andy slowly turned the handle to Tiffany’s door. Yes. She’d left it unlocked. Airhead. Slowly, slowly, he pushed the door open, a triangle of light from the hallway cutting across the darkness. There was Tiffany



wearing one of those dumb masks over her eyes, Andy could tell she was asleep, as she was snoring loudly. He had no idea she snored like that.

Carefully, carefully, moving on his tiptoes, he made his way to her dresser, as silent as a cat.

Creak.

He'd stepped on a loose board. They lived in an old house. Andy froze and looked over at Tiffany. She rolled onto her side, still snoring. *Whew.* He'd been through her dresser before when he'd come to assassinate her tights, so he knew right where she kept her panties. He grabbed the cold, metal handle and slowly, ever so slowly, keeping one eye on Tiffany, began to pull the drawer open.

It made a scraping sound, soft, but in the stillness of the night and to Andy's jacked up ears it sounded like a chainsaw. He cringed, sliding the door open a little more, a little more... he could see panties in there, tiny little scraps of lace... damn, his sister liked sexy underwear... grabbing a pair, he shoved them into the pocket of his pajamas, then, not wanting to risk the noise, he left the drawer cracked open. She'd never figure it was him, he thought as he moved stealthily toward the door, resisting the urge to just run for freedom.

"Ariana," Tiffany mumbled, tossing, rolling over to face the exit, but her eyes still covered. "Stop stealing my looks..."

Andy froze, waited. Had she woken up?

But Tiffany continued to snore. She must, Andy decided, be dreaming. Even her dreams are girly, he thought, amused, shaking his head in disgust. He crept the rest of the way out of the room, carefully pulled the door shut and, finally, losing control, hurried back to his room, closing the door, locking it.

As soon as Andy had closed the door, Tiffany sat up and took her mask off, covering her mouth, chuckling. She grabbed her phone and called Tiffany.

“He falls for it?”

“Hook, line and sinker,” Tiffany whispered. “My stupid little brother is about to be wearing a very sexy little pair of Victoria’s Secret panties!”

She and Brittany had bought some panties that afternoon and Tiffany had cleared out her panty drawer and filled it with lacy little pink thongs. The thought of her brother wearing panties was delightful, but him wearing *her* panties, well, she found that a little gross.

Brittany snickered. “He must look so cute.”

Both laughed, though Tiffany had to muffle her laughter.

Chris sat in his command chair at Badass Central, staring in horror at the tiny little pink thong in his hands. A thong? Why did he have to grab a thong? He looked at the strap of dental floss, imagined it jammed between his ass cheeks. The front of the panty was no better. Lace, he could see through it, and it was so small he was sure it was going to crush his junk. *No way*. He couldn’t wear these. He looked at the clock. 11:48. He had 12 minutes. It was enough time. It had to be.

He would sneak back down the hall and...

He heard Tiffany’s door open, heard her footsteps coming down the hall. Shit. She was awake?

He looked at the clock. He looked at the panties. *Fuck me*, he whispered. He had no choice. He was going to have to wear her thong. *It’s just for one day... just for one day...*

Feeling sick, Andy stepped into the first leg hole, then the second. He pulled the panties up his smooth legs, paused as they were about to reach

his hips, then took a deep breath and pulled them up, feeling the dental floss slip between his ass cheeks, and— “Ah!” He arched his back and got up on his toes, tugging at the G-string, but it popped right back. He’d been right. It was also squeezing his junk.

Well, he’d just have to put up with it. Grabbing his phone, he crawled into bed, squirming uncomfortably. The floss was not only uncomfortable, but a constant reminder he wore girl’s underwear. Even a girl wouldn’t try and sleep in these things, he thought as he swiped his phone unlocked to check his messages one more time before trying to get some sleep. There was another GIF from one of his buddies, this one entitled Most Fuckable. Andy opened it and almost screamed. There he was- she was— the dream girl version of him, shaking her tits in the camera, a big, dumb smile on her face.

## Chapter 14

Andy found himself walking in a hazy cloud of pink mist. He knew it was another dream, and his head filled with dread as he wondered what his wicked little sister had in store for him this time.

He found it hard to breathe, something crushing his waist, his boobs. As he put his little hand to his tummy and felt something hard and unyielding, he tripped on something and almost fell over. Regaining his balance, he took another step, and once more he tripped. Looking down, he saw he wore a long gown, his breasts swelling from the décolletage. Andy intended to say, “What the hell?” Instead, he found himself putting a hand to his cheek and saying, “Goodness me.”

Laughter echoed through the mist.

A mirror appeared, and then another, and another. Andy saw himself and gasped. He wore a long, flowing, old-fashioned gown, long gloves that came up to his elbows and a tiara that sparkled in his hair. "I'm a princess?" He said, and he found he was speaking in a breathy, sing-song voice, like not just a princess, but a Disney princess. Andy's face soured in horror. He spun away from the mirrors, not wanting to look, to see himself so—reduced to femininity. The skirts of his dress swirled around his legs, and he gasped again as he faced a second row of mirrors. He shook his head, closed his eyes. "Heavens!"

"You love Disney princesses," Tiffany's voice called through the fog.

"You always wanted to be a princess," Brittany sang.

Andy opened his eyes and looked at himself again. Now, a smile spread across his face and his big eyes sparkled. "I'm a princess!" He sang, as he cupped his hands under his chin and tilted his head to the side. His mind swam with new memories: he saw himself as a little girl and watching *The Little Mermaid* over and over, singing along with Ariel... Dressed as Belle, hosting tea parties for his stuffed animals... Dressed as Jasmine for Halloween, kneeling on a blanket in his bedroom, pretending he was on a magic carpet ride with Aladdin!

I was never a little girl, Andy thought, struggling to drive the memories out of his head before they got lodged there, became a part of him. A princess? It was— he would rather die. He wanted to look away, to close his eyes and wish this dream over, but he couldn't stop looking at himself. He was so pretty, and his dress was to die for!

"What about Mulan?" Tiffany called.

"I adore all princesses," Andy heard himself sing out, "but she was a little too aggressive, and her outfits weren't cute." Andy cringed inwardly, horrid

at what he was saying, the way he was talking, though he couldn't stop smiling. It was so important a girl be smiley and fun.

Tiffany and Brittany snickered.

"You're a girly girl."

"Such a girly girl."

"Oh, fiddlesticks!" Andy cried out. "Why must you be so cruel?"

A bell tolled somewhere off in the distance. Andy's heart leapt. He was supposed to be there— somewhere— he didn't know where or what or why, but he lifted his skirts and began to hurry along as well as he could in his gown. "If I'm late, father will be ever so cross with me."

"Daddy's girl," Tiffany taunted.

"She is such a Daddy's girl."

Andy could barely breath in his corset, and as he hurried along, his breasts heaved, and he felt lightheaded. The mist began to clear, and Andy saw a blue and white castle up ahead, brightly lit against the dark, evening sky. A long, winding bridge that stretched across a deep, fearsome gorge led to the castle, and Andy's eyes went wide. It was just like the castle he'd always dreamed of living in when he met his prince!

As Andy approached the bridge, a figure suddenly leapt from behind the bushes— he was big, hairy, with the head of a wolf, and he glared at Andy with eyes that burned with hunger.

Andy screamed. The Wolf Man grinned, showing a row of sharp teeth that gleamed in the moonlight.

Andy felt helpless, completely and totally helpless. He felt hot tears rolling down his cheeks.

“You love feeling helpless!” Tiffany said, now appearing next to him. She was also dressed in a fantasy gown. Of course, she couldn’t resist the chance to play dress up.

A cloud of smoke swirled, and Brittany appeared in her own gown. “You love being so weak and small!”



“And look, she’s crying again.”

The Wolf Man came closer and closer. Frozen in fear, Andy couldn’t move. He found himself staring at that dark, ferocious man, his heart racing, breasts heaving.

“Whatever is the matter with me?” Andy whispered. Once more, everything they said was true. He was— thrilled— to find himself menaced by this scary man, to feel so hobbled and limited and feeble in his long dress, his corset. The boy in him was disgusted and humiliated, but the girl they were making of him felt like she was in the most beautiful dream.

“You need a man to protect you,” Tiffany whispered in his ear.

Yes. They were right. Andy needed a man. A big, strong man. “Where is a dashing knight when I need one?” Andy cried.

“Call! Call for help, princess!” Tiffany said, laughing.

“Help!” Andy screamed. “Help!”

The sound of a horse’s hooves. A wild cry as a knight dressed all in silver armor stormed onto the scene, his great sword slashing down in a vicious arc. The Wolf Man’s head flew from his body and went tumbling across the grass.

The knight leapt from his horse and ran to Andy, who threw himself into the man’s strong arms. “Princess,” the knight said. “Are you hurt?”

His voice was so deep and strong, like chocolate to Andy’s ears. “You saved me!” Andy gasped. “Thank you, thank you, thank you...”

“It is my duty and honor to protect a girl as lovely as you, Princess Ashley,” the man said.

Andy batted his eyelashes. “Pray tell, what is your name, good knight? That I may properly thank you?”

“I,” the knight said, throwing back the visor on his helmet, “am Sir Mike.”

It was Mike from the baseball team, again.

*I find this ever so vexing,* Andy thought. Even his thoughts were now in Princess. *I do not have amorous feelings for Michael!*

“You ever so do,” Tiffany said.



“And as for thanks, I ask only for a kiss, milady.”

He didn't wait for an answer, but tilted Andy back, planting a kiss right on his lips, curling his toes, sending shocks of tingly pleasure through his girl's body. It was heaven, and when the kiss ended a rattled, gasping Andy whispered, “You sure know how to kiss a girl.”

“I have a lot of practice,” Mike said, and Andy felt himself swoon. “Now, princess, we need to get you to the ball!”

“But, how?” Andy said, putting a hand to his cheek. “The castle is so far, and I am so helpless!”

Mike swept Andy off his feet, cradling him in his arms. Andy threw his arms around Mike's neck, staring adoringly into his pretty eyes. “Do not worry. I'll take care of you.”

*I'll take care of you.* The words were like a taste of honey. Once more, Andy swooned. It was all he ever wanted. A man to take care of him. *But, heavens,* he thought. *No! Never! He was a boy, and not a princess!*

Mike effortlessly carried Andy across the bridge and toward the castle. A string orchestra began to play sweeping music that sang of romance as fireworks exploded above the castle. Andy looked back over his shoulder at Brittany and Tiffany who watched, clapping.

“It's not nice to mock a princess!” Andy called. “I am quite cross with you!”

Tiffany waved as Mike carried Andy off, the two of them vanishing into the mist.

“I am actually a little jealous,” Brittany said.

“I know,” Tiffany agreed. “It may be torture for him now, but I really would like to be in his slippers.”



Brittany laughed. "It's pretty weird, isn't it? The two of us getting all hot and bothered, fantasizing about being swept off our feet by a cute guy?"

"I was the cute guy who swept you off your feet, remember?" Tiffany said, conjuring a mirror so she could admire herself.

"You were such a macho boy, all strutting and tough." Brittany dropped her voice, mocking the way a man talked in flat, emotionless tones. "I play baseball and hit things with a bat like a caveman." Brittany joined Tiffany at the mirror, the two former men primping their hair.

"I never thought the day would come where I would obsess over a dress."

"That is a pretty gown," Brittany said, plucking at Tiffany's skirt.

"Yours, too," Tiffany said. "The color is perfect for your skin."

Both girls giggled. "I guess it's safe to say the magic has taken the macho pretty much right out of us."

"Speaking of which," Tiffany said, glancing toward the castle. "There is a ball happening, and I am sure lots of cute guys."

"It's bound to be dreamy," Brittany agreed. "I do love to dance!"

"Milady?" Tiffany said, holding out her soft, white hand.

"It would be my pleasure," Brittany answered, taking her hand. "I get to be Cinderella!"

"No fair!"

"I called it."

"Fine," Tiffany huffed. "I guess I'll be Belle."

They vanished in a cloud of pink and purple sparks. The two former boys loved Disney Princesses almost as much as Andy. Oh, well, goodness. Fine. They loved them just as much, if not more.

## Chapter 15

The next morning as he showered, lathering up his smooth body, Andy grabbed Tiffany's Smooth Legend Body Butter without a second thought. The smells of coconut, lavender and passion fruit swirled in the steam while soaking into Andy's skin. He found himself singing a Disney princess song:

Seven A.M., the usual morning lineup  
Start on the chores and sweep 'til the floor's all clean  
Polish and wax, do laundry, and mop and shine up  
Sweep again, and by then it's like 7:15  
And so I read a book  
Or maybe two or three  
I'll add a few new paintings to my gallery  
I'll play guitar and knit  
And cook and basically  
Just wonder when will my life begin?

Andy walked down the hall at school, an annoyed look on his face as he fought the urge to tug on his panties and try to get more comfortable. The feeling of the G-string planted firmly between his ass cheeks was driving him crazy. His feelings of insecurity and anxiety had hit ten. He dreaded anyone realizing he'd worn panties to school. His all-consuming stress over his panty secret left him oblivious to the fact a cloud of lavender, coconut and passion fruit trailed behind him as he walked awkwardly down the hall. He smelled like any girl.

Making his way down the hall, trying to find a walk that minimized his thong-ache, he saw a girl wearing low rider jeans, the top of her thong panties visible, and he quickly tugged at the back of his pants, even as he found himself empathizing with her, knowing how uncomfortable it was. He thought they might even be wearing the same brand. Her name was Ginger, and she was known around school to be slutty as hell, and Andy's shrinking manhood wilted even more to think he was wearing not just panties, but the same panties as one of the sluttiest girls in school.

His head swam with memories of his dream— the dress swirling around his legs, the kiss! The false memories from his dream had followed him into the waking world, as he remembered being a little girl, dressing up as Jasmine, Belle, a shimmering Elsa dress and a long, ponytail wig, twirling as he sang, "The cold never bothered me anyway."

He remembered the strange thrill he'd felt at being helpless, in danger. Why would a girl want to feel that?

And yet, as a girl, he did. And then Mike on his big, powerful horse, with that long, hard blade... *Ugh. Stop*, Andy said to himself. *Stop*.

It was mortifying for a boy to have such dreams and feelings, to find himself humming princess songs. He felt like he was going insane, all these alien thoughts and feelings invading his brain. He needed something to distract himself, and he was trying to think about baseball when he saw her again: Fawn Hollis.

Graceful. Every time he saw her, that word popped immediately to mind. She was the one he'd seen looking incredibly graceful just sitting in class. Now, he watched her as she walked down the hall in short skirt and tights, heels, and it looked like she was just floating along, her gait as clear and flawless as a diamond.

Without thinking, Andy began to copy the way she walked— toe to heel, elbows in, arms slightly out. He straightened out of his customary slouch, bringing his shoulders back and held his head level, as if he were balancing a book, and he shortened his stride, taking small steps down the hallway.

He was so focused on watching and imitating Fawn he didn't even notice Brittany and Tiffany smirking and covering their mouths as he walked past them.

"Hey, princess," Tiffany said.

Andy just huffed and ignored her. He would rise above.

Watching her brother's prissy walk, seeing him carry himself like he'd spent years at an old-fashioned finishing school for girls, gave Tiffany such a buzz she felt stoned, like she'd smoked a bag of grass. He had a more feminine and graceful gait now than almost all the girls in their whole school. Knowing he was wearing panties only added to her amusement.

Andy floated into class, lowered himself gracefully into his seat, and crossed his legs, girl style, folding his hands on the desk in front of him, keeping his head level, just like Fawn. He heard snickering, and thinking maybe his panties were showing, he nonchalantly reached back to tug his t-shirt down, relieved to realize it was covering the top of his jeans. *They must be snickering at someone else*, he decided, brushing a phantom strand of hair away from his cheek. When he'd sat down, the string of his thong had dug deeper into his body, but he just smiled and ignored it.

Win the way. One more day. Win the war. One more day.

## Chapter 16

“I thought you said signals?” Andy said, staring in horror at the templates Minerva had laid out on a table for him. He’d gone directly to The Goddess Tree to see Minerva as soon as the final bell had rung.

“Sigils. That’s what these are.” Minerva pointed to a pattern of swirls and curls and little flowers. In the middle of the pattern was the name Athena in flowing, cursive script. “This will go on the small of your back.” She then pointed to a swan encircled by thorny roses. “This on your shoulder.” Finally, she pointed to a diamond pattern, once again adorned with roses. “And this, just below your belly button.”

“This is girl shit,” Andy said, pointing in particular at the one she planned for the small of his back. “That’s a tramp stamp.”

“We don’t use the word *tramp* here,” Minerva cautioned. “It’s a pejorative term for females who have claimed their sexual power.”

“It don’t care about-”

“Andy. We do not use the word *tramp*. We don’t.”

“Okay. Fine. I won’t say— that word, but you can’t be serious? That’s a— girl stamp.”

“This,” Minerva said, pointing to the tramp stamp— of course, it *was* a tramp stamp— “is an ancient ward from the Temple of Athena in Athens. It carries great power. Think of it as a mighty shield in the hands of mighty Athena. She will protect you, deflecting all magic attacks.”

Protect me? He would be protected by some girl now? It was so close to the dreams, to the feelings of powerlessness and his sister’s taunts that he would want and need protection.

In fact, Tiffany had picked out the pattern from Pinterest simply because it looked girly and feminine, and she loved the idea of Andy having the name Athena on the small of his back.

Andy started to back away toward the door.

“Andy, you have nothing to worry about. The sigils will be henna. They wear off, and you can keep them covered. No one will know, and you will be poised to steal Tiffany’s power.”

Andy shook his head. “I don’t know.” The patterns were all feminine, and as much as he wanted to steal Tiffany’s power, he was a guy, and it was just— wrong, so wrong for him to get a tramp stamp. Or a sigil that looked exactly like one. The others were just as bad. A swan with roses? He and Minerva went back and forth, but in the end he caved. His terror at becoming a girl was too great. He was willing to do anything.

He stripped down to his panties and climbed onto a massage table, laying on his belly. Minerva smirked at the sight of him with his ass in the air, the pink strap of his thong lodged between his butt cheeks. He would, she suspected, be getting used to this position. She lay the template for the tramp stamp across the small of Andy’s back and smirked as she applied the henna. He was going to look.

When Minerva finished, she made Andy stand in front of a tri-fold mirror in his pink thong and look at his tattoos. “You must see your power to claim your power.” She just improvised, but knowing Andy was a guy and one feeling very insecure right now, she figured she could get him to do almost anything if she promised him power.

She wasn’t wrong.

The sight of his feminine tramp stamp, the welcome mat beneath his belly button, the swan and roses on his shoulder made Andy sick with self-

disgust. It also disturbed him to see his skin had a glow, a radiance he'd always associated with females. What the fuck? He didn't realize that Tiffany's shaving cream exfoliated and brightened skin, as did her body wash. "You feel powerful," Minerva said. "Don't you?"

"Sure," Andy said, eager to get away from the mirror and these badges of femininity that now adorned his flesh. "I hope this works."

"We can now begin the spell."

"Finally."

Just then, the front door chimed. "Minerva!" Tiffany sang out.

"Where are you?" Brittany said. The girls had planned this "random" visit all along.

Andy's eyes went wide, and his heart began to thump. "Oh, no."

"What is it?"

"My sister," Andy hissed, putting both hands over the front of his panties. "I can't let her see me like this." He turned, meaning to grab his clothes, dress, but Minerva grabbed his arm and held, tight, her nails digging into his skin.

"There's no time," she said.

"Are in the back somewhere?" Tiffany said, totally overplaying her role.

"Let's go look for her."

Andy struggled to pull his arm free. He certainly still possessed the strength, but Minerva was a woman, and he'd been taught all his life not to get physical with girls. "I have time," he said.

"You don't!"

"I hear her," Tiffany said.

“And someone else.” Their voices grew nearer, their footsteps. They were mere seconds away from finding him in his panties, seeing his tramp stamp and welcome mat.

“Quick,” Minerva said, grabbing a kimono that “just happened” to be hanging on one of the hooks by the door. “Put this on.” Andy recoiled from the kimono as if it were an angry cobra. Short, shimmering silk, virginal white with flowing, Asian-style water lilies in, of course, pink and powder blue, the Kimono looked like the death of all manhood.

“No... no... no...”

“Minerva,” Tiffany called, and her voice was just outside the door. The handle began to turn...

It was now too late to get his pants on, and Andy had no choice. He grabbed the kimono and pulled it on, his smooth skin tingly as the smooth silk glided across his flesh. Pulling it closed, tying the pink sash around his waist, Andy glanced in the mirror, and he felt like he was shrinking in shame— the kimono came down to mid-thigh, and the wide, tomesode sleeves came down to his elbows, somehow making his forearms look smaller. Thankfully, the robe, as tiny as it was, did hide his tattoos, and his panties.

The door swung open and Tiffany and Brittany both gaped. They had known what to expect, but actually seeing Andy in his little robe, with his glowing skin and smooth legs was to die for.

“Andy?” Tiffany said, not having to totally fake her shock. She was pleased and a little astounded they’d been able to maneuver him into this position.

“It’s ah... I’m just...” Andy had no idea what to even say. He found himself backing away until he bumped against the wall, clutching the



kimono, pulling it closed, terrified that the front might come open, and they would see his welcome mat.

Brittany looked him up and down, smirking. She wanted to get right to business. “Did you shave your legs?”

“What? No,” Andy said, his knees coming together as he tried to hide his legs in a futile, desperate gesture.

“He did! Your legs look great,” Tiffany said. “So sexy.”

“I didn’t— it was just for— running,” Andy said. He knew some male runners did shave their legs. “Sports.”

“O—kay,” Tiffany said. “Whatever you need to tell yourself.”

“I love your kimono,” Brittany said, approaching Andy, tugging on the end of one of his sleeves. “It’s so... *pretty*.”

“It is pretty,” Tiffany said.

“You like being pretty, don’t you?” Brittany said.

“Pretty, pretty...” Tiffany said. The girls had closed in, boxing Andy against the wall. “Your skin is so bright!”

“What’s your secret?”

Andy had never felt so small, so intimidated by- girls. His panties, his kimono, his tattoos, they all served to make him feel vulnerable, weak, ashamed and insecure. He glanced at Minerva, the message in his frightened eyes clear: help me!

“Andy just came by for a massage,” she said. “He was sore from playing so many sports.”

“Yes!” Andy said, latching onto the explanation. Athletes got massages all the time. “A massage. That’s why I came here.”

Tiffany and Brittany looked at each other, the expressions on their pretty faces making it obvious they didn’t believe the words they knew to be a lie.

Their little exchange was for Andy's benefit– or dis-benefit. Tiffany suddenly began to sniff the air. "Do I smell henna?"

Brittany pretended to smell the air, too, then looked around and plucked one of the henna encrusted patterns from a table, holding it up: it was the tramp stamp. "Look! She said.

Tiffany over-acted, a cartoony look of shock on his face. "Andy!" She gasped. "You got a tramp stamp?"

"No!" Andy shouted in terror. "No way."

"Show us," Brittany said.

"I bet you look so sexy from behind," Tiffany said. The two girls began to paw at his robe, playfully tugging at the hem, trying to pull it up.

"Stop! Unh!" Andy said, batting their prying hands away. Finally, he couldn't take it anymore and pushed past them, grabbing his clothes. "I have to go!" He was still walking like Fawn, heel to toe, his shoulders back, hips swiveling.

"But that thing we need to do!" Minerva said. Hoping to keep him there, she turned to Tiffany and Brittany. "Girls, really!" She said. "You need to apologize."

It didn't work. Andy stormed from the room.

Once they were sure Andy was gone, they all laughed.

"They're so adorable at this stage," Minerva said. She cupped Tiffany's cheek. "You sure were."

"Omigod," Tiffany said. "Don't remind me."

"You came swaggering in, all entitled male with your 'I'm such a badass' walk, and I got you praying to the goddess, cleansing your chakras, just like any girl.

“I was so desperate,” Tiffany admitted as he remembered himself, it almost seemed like a dream now that stinky life he’d once led as a boy, never getting to be pretty.

“I was so terrified of becoming a girl I even let Madison trick me into wearing a bracelet she claimed was magic,” Brittany said, remembering her own transitional period. “I even kissed a boy– I mean when I was a boy, and before kissing boys was– we– heaven. It was so humiliating, but I did it. I was willing to do anything to avoid this life, and now I would do anything to keep it.”

“Andy’s soul is becoming feminized,” Minerva said. “He doesn’t even realize. The way he walks now? Oh! Sometimes I would like to keep them at this stage. They’re so insecure and confused, addled-headed feminine boys. When you came to me, you were trying to act so brave, but I could see you were terrified of becoming a girl.”

“And now it’s, like, the best thing ever,” Tiffany said. “And all because I broke up with this little slut.”

“It wasn’t that you broke up with me, but the way you broke up with me,” Brittany said, fishing her compact out of her purse and checking her makeup.

“Like you were any better. Dumping Madison because you thought you were too good for her.”

“Well, at least I told her to her face.”

Tiffany went to the mirror where Andy had so recently been looking at his new tattoos and started fusing with her hair. “You were a jerk.”

“You were a double-jerk!”

“Girls,” Minerva said.

Tiffany glared at Brittany in the mirror. Brittany glared back. Then, they both started laughing. “Omigod!” They cried out in unison, running to each other for a super hug, their big, soft breasts pressing together. “I can never stay mad at you!” Tiffany said.

“I can’t stay mad at *you!*”

Minerva smiled. She loved seeing these former boys so completely and totally blonde.

## Chapter 17

Andy hurried to his car, one arm out to the side, waving slightly as he moved heel to toe, heel to toe. He’d thought he was poised to strike a blow against Tiffany, but instead he’d ended up being devastatingly emasculated, his sister catching him in a silk kimono, seeing he’d shave his legs, gotten henna tattoos. He found himself taking quick, short breaths, heart racing as an all-pervading sense of threat settled over him. He didn’t realize it, but he was having a panic attack.

Run! His mind screamed to him. Run! Get away from the danger! Maybe, he reasoned as he started the car, if he got far enough away from Tiffany her magic wouldn’t be able to reach him, she wouldn’t be able to mess with his mind, invade his dreams. Andy floored it, tired squealing and spitting black smoke as he tore away from the curb, fishtailing down the street and heading toward the on ramp for I-95. Run. Run. Run.

He drove, and drove, ignoring his buzzing phone. He didn’t even remember if he was going north or south, east or west, he just needed to go, to get away from the feeling there was a dark and terrible presence racing behind him, claws extended, fangs bared.

The sun set, and the sky grew dark, a steady rain began to fall. Andy slumped in his seat, jerking awake as he heard his tires thumping and the care shook. He jerked the wheel, pulling his car back onto the road. He was tired. He needed to get some sleep, think, figure out his next move. He pulled off at the next exit, and there was a hotel right there, an old-fashioned motor lodge with a retro sign right out of the 1950s. The sign read Changemont Inn, rooms by the night or the hour. CSH ONLY!

*Good*, Andy thought, his mind seething with paranoia. He didn't want to use a credit card. Too easy to trace. He got a room. It was small, smelled like mold, had a box on the table next to the bed that read Magic Fingers, 50 cents. An old tube television, the remote glued to the same table so no one could steal it, he supposed.

Exhausted, he climbed into bed, fully clothed and pulled the covers over his head, closed his eyes and fell immediately to sleep.

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"Wake up, princess."

Andy opened his eyes. He stood in front of a mirror, at the barre, his blonde hair in a tight bun on top of his head, a few strands hanging loose, curling at his cheeks. He batted his long, curly lashes, assessing his makeup—eyeliner, mascara, dirty peach lip gloss from the Kylie Jenner collection and a dusting of seashell pink on his cheeks. *I did a good job putting my face on*, he thought with a confusion of pride and disgust, while admiring his sparkling, heart-shaped earrings. He wore a leotard and tights. He couldn't help but look and cringe in shame at the smooth space between his legs, the way the leotard hugged his new sex, showed off his thigh gap. He lifted one foot and effortlessly hooked it over the bar, leaning over until his forehead touched his knee, ballet stretching. He felt the cool

silk of his tights slide along his smooth, round legs as he moved, caressing him, tingling his skin.

When he finished stretching, he looked in the mirror again and saw a room full of girls dressed just like him, with their hair in the same buns, stretching, getting ready for class— just like him. He found himself in a girl's world now, and it made him feel uneasy, like some kind of invader or spy. This wasn't his world. He wasn't supposed to be here, and yet here he was.

And he was a girl. Just like them.

He heard whispers start. "Is that Andy?"

"I didn't know he wanted to be a ballerina."

*I don't.*

"He's such a girl."

*I'm not.*

"I bet he always wanted a vagina."

*Never.*

Brittany and Tiffany materialized at the bar on either side of him. They wore leotards, just like him, their hair up in buns, just like him. "Hey, little sis," Tiffany said.

The whispers went around the room. "Andy has a vagina? He does. It's so obvious. Andy has a vagina. Andy has a vagina?"

"You didn't really think running away was going to solve anything, did you?" Tiffany asked.

"Just go away," Andy whispered. "Leave me alone."

"We love you, Ashley," Brittany said. "We can't go away."

"Come home," Tiffany said. "We can braid each other's hair and have a long talk. Like sisters do."

“I’m not your little sister,” Andy said.

“Well, you’re younger than me, and as all the girls here are noticing, you do have a vagina now, so I think that pretty much makes you my little sister.”

*Andy has a vagina. Andy has a vagina.*

“You’d look kind of dumb with a big bulge in your leotard,” Brittany said.

“Yeah, you don’t want that. Boy parts are so stupid.”

“You love how smooth and pretty you look in your leotard.”

“You love leotards almost as much as tights!”

*Andy has a vagina? He was vagina! He always wanted one. He wanted to be a girl? Yeah, being a boy was too hard.*

Hearing all the girls mocking him, laughing over the fact he had a— girl’s thing— ate at Andy, made him feel sick. Once more, he felt the urge to run, but he couldn’t. He just kept stretching, smiling.

“You would never skip ballet,” Brittany said.

“You live for ballet.”

Andy closed his eyes in dread as, once more, the girl’s taunting became his reality. He did love ballet.

“You always have, ever since you saw the Nutcracker as a little girl.”

The memories came to him, a little girl, sitting in front of the TV cross-legged watching a production of the Nutcracker right before Christmas, fascinated by the pretty girls and how gracefully they moved, danced, how fun it looked when one of the boys caught them, lifted them so high in the air.

His big sister was a dancer, too, and he wanted to be just like her.

“Mom,” he said, eyes glued to the dancers on the screen. “Can I do that?”

“It’s a lot of work,” Mom said. “Are you sure you want to dance?”

“I am sure,” Andy had answered. “I want it more than anything!”

“Ballet is your whole world, Ashley,” Tiffany said. “One day, you even want to become a dance instructor!”

“Don’t... no...” Andy whispered, but it was too late as all the new thoughts and feelings filled his head, pushing out his love of baseball, sports, video games, replacing them with new, feminine interests: Ballet. Cheerleading. Fashion. Boys. That was Ashley’s world. That would be his world soon, unless he could find some way out.



The world blurred. Class began. Andy rose onto his tippy toes in his pointe shoes, arched an arm gracefully above his head. He glanced in the mirror and saw himself in his black leotard, his bright tights. He smiled. He lived for ballet.

*No.* Andy grew angry. *No.* He would not give in to this, He would break free. He focused his will, and slowly, slowly, trembling with the effort, he brought his arm down, then came off his toes, standing flat on his feet. The other girls in the



class all froze in their positions, shocked and horrified looks on their faces.

“What’s happening?” Brittany said as the lights in the studio started to flicker and spark.

“I don’t know,” Tiffany said, shaken, as the walls of the studio began to crumble and tumble to the ground, revealing only a swirling pink mist.

*The tattoos, Andy thought. They’re working. Athena is protecting me.* “I do not love ballet,” Andy said to Tiffany, reaching up to tighten his bun. “I do not want to be a girl. I’m stopping all this.” He executed a perfect turn and walked sassily toward the door, nose in the air.

“It isn’t possible!” Brittany said.

“How is he doing this?”

The door to the studio now stood against a wall of pink mist, rattling, banging, like there was someone on the other side, trying to force it open. When Andy reached the door, he turned once more and threw a haughty hand on his hip. “And I do not, for your information, want a— you know.”

He turned the handle and opened the door. Behind it, he could see the cruddy little hotel room, himself sleeping.

“You’re going to regret this!” Brittany screamed.

“Get back here, right now, Ashley!” Tiffany yelled.

Andy stepped through the door—

— and woke, sitting up with a start.

He put his hands to his chest, which had become his habit. Yes. Still flat. Andy climbed out of bed and pumped his fist. “Take that, bitches!” He shouted. “Take that!”

He had to get back to The Goddess Tree. Get Minerva to complete the spell. He grabbed his phone— dozens of text messages from his parents,

Shit. He was in so much trouble. He texted Minerva. Can we still do the spell?

“Meow.”

Andy looked down. A black cat was rubbing itself against his leg. “How’d you get in here?” Andy said. It looked up at him with big, luminescent green eyes with a look like, the door?

Weird. Andy grabbed his key fob and headed for his car. He wanted to get back to town as soon as possible. He figured they could still do the spell. He’d been so tired he hadn’t even taken off his panties. Odd, he thought as he started his engine. He’d forgotten he was wearing them. He was getting used to them, he supposed.

Andy hit the on ramp to the Interstate, merged into traffic, got into the flow.

“Meow.”

“What?” The black cat. It had followed him, gotten in the car somehow and was now sitting in the passenger seat. “I can’t keep you,” Andy said. “My parents would never let me have a cat.”

The cat stood, stretched, and then crawled onto Andy’s lap, curling up and purring, eyes closed. Andy was busy driving, and so he just let it rest there. What else was he supposed to do?

A dirigible floated across the highway ahead of him, jets of steam shooting from the sides.

“You don’t see that every day, now do you?” Andy said to the cat, but it was sleeping now, its body rising and falling with each breath. The cat’s body and the gentle throbbing of its breathing made Andy’s groin warm... tingly...

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Andy stood in front of a large, glass window. The Strip stretched out in front of him. *Vegas, baby. Vegas.* His kind of town. “So, that’s how I did it. That’s how I defeated my dumb sister.”

“You’re such a schemer!” Suzy Jones whispered from behind him. “Such a little plotter!”

Andy smirked and took a drink. He was holding a rocks glass in his hand. Kentucky Bourbon. It was a man’s drink, and he was a man.

“Come to bed,” Suzy Jones cooed. “I’m so horny.”

Andy turned. Suzy knelt on the bed in a black teddy, her face framed by wild, untamed hair. She had dark, smokey eyes that flashed with desire. Her lips were painted crimson— mulled wine by Sengeance, Andy noted, and that blush had to be roseberry. She’d never looked so fucking hot before, and he felt himself getting wet, thirsty.

“Meow.”

Andy looked down. The black cat looked up at him and seemed to smile? *I just can’t get rid of this pussy,* Andy thought. Nevermind. Suzy was ready, and he wanted her. As Andy approached the bed, she lay back, biting her lip, running her hands through her hair.

Andy undid his belt buckle, his belt, he pushed his pants down, then his panties. He was so wet.

“Omigod!” Suzy said. “You have a pussy!”

“What? No, I don’t— I—” Andy looked down and saw— nothing. He reached down and felt— his vulva. “Fuck!” Andy shouted, covering his vagina with both hands. “What the hell?”

Suzy started laughing. “I can’t believe you have a pussy, Andy,” she said, laughing and laughing. “Andy has a pussy.”

The voices of the girls from dance class now echoed around the room. “Andy has a pussy... Andy has a pussy...”

“I’m still dreaming,” Andy whispered in shock as he realized what was happening. The words came out in the now familiar high-pitched squeak. His chest swelled and swayed, and his hips spread.

He found himself looking in the hotel mirror, touching up his lipstick–mulled wine– he batted his long, mascara drenched lashes in the mirror at Suzy, who stood behind him wearing a suit coat and tie– and a strap on.

Brittany and Tiffany were curled together on the bed, eating popcorn.

Andy leaned forward and pushed his ass back, then wiggled his hips. “It’s not polite to keep a girl waiting.”

*Please. No. Not this. Don’t make me do this,* Andy thought.

“You don’t have to do anything, honey,” Brittany said. “Suzy will do all the work.”

Tiffany. Please. I’m your brother for god’s sake.

“Sister,” Tiffany corrected. “You’re my little sister.”

“Babe, you are such a hot little piece of ass,” Suzy whispered. Her words, her tone, they made Andy’s hard nipples ache. She approached Andy, grabbing his hips and positioning him. He felt the strap on rubbing against his inner thigh and yelped.

*Please. No. Please.*

“You’re my little sister,” Tiffany said. “Say it.”

“I’m your little sister!” Andy screamed as he felt the strap-on sliding up his thigh.

“That’s different,” Suzy said. “Kinda kinky, but okay.”

“Now say, I always wanted a vagina.”

I can't. No. I don't.

Keeping one hand on Andy's soft right hip, Suzy grabbed a fistful of his long hair and yanked his head back. “Unh!” Andy gasped as he felt the tip of the strap-on pressing against his cleft.

“Special delivery!” Suzy shouted.

“I always wanted a vagina!” Andy shouted as he sat up in the hotel room, slick with sweat.

“Tell your doctor,” the guy in the next room shouted, pounding on the ball.

The feeling of that dildo against his leg, his ass, the thought he was about to be penetrated by a girl had terrified and humiliated him, and yet—he had also found himself wanting it. Craving it. And he now found himself hot and bothered, aroused and feeling feelings impossible with his new biology. Andy grabbed his chest and pinched his small, male nipple. It wasn't the same. It gave him no relief. He felt like a sexually frustrated female, and he had no way to silence his cravings.

Andy started hyper-ventilating, having another panic attack. Throwing his forearm across his eyes he whispered, Why? Why?

## Chapter 18

As the dream ended, Tiffany pumped a fist. The dreams were all part of a process of feminizing Andy's soul, so they could ultimately feminize his body. He had suffered two major blows to his fading masculine spirit. The first had come when he declared he was Tiffany's little sister. Words had

power, and even if Andy didn't believe, even if he'd only said it under duress, his words would now manifest themselves. Second, of course, was pressuring him into saying, "I always wanted a vagina."

This most egregious insult to his own masculinity had resulted in an instant and dramatic shift in his aura. It had gone from a deep blue when they first started out to a baby blue, and as he shouted, "I always wanted a vagina" tendrils of pink had begun to swirl about him, and the blue had faded to a shimmering silver. It actually looked really pretty. Andy's soul was now more female than male. Her work was nearly done.

She got a nail file and began to work on her cuticles. Oh, she supposed maybe it would have been nicer if there were any easier way to do it. Tiffany was a sweet girl, very sensitive, but she'd been through it all herself. She remembered when Brittany had made her, when she was still a boy, go down on a cucumber. She'd been so humiliated and ashamed, and yet, it had all turned out for the best. There was no change without suffering and sacrifice, after all.

She yawned. Tired. So tired. But she still had to leave a few reminders in Andy's room, to further unnerve him when he came crawling back home, realizing he couldn't run. He would be— should I be thinking of him as a "her" now? Tiffany wondered, remembering Andy's feminine aura.

Ashley, my dear little sister, she thought as she gathered a few surprises for her, you don't think so now, but one day you will thank me.

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Andy, as he drove along the interstate, was not thinking that he would one day thank his sister for any of what she'd been doing to him. He kept playing the latest scenes over and over in his mind. No matter how much

he tried to think of something else, to push the thoughts away, he found himself back in that hotel room, all dolled up, touching up his lipstick, trembling with desire as Suzy got ready to— No. Don't think about it. Don't. But the feeling of that hard, round shape against his thigh, a need to be filled, pounded...

Andy squeezed his legs together and pounded on the steering wheel with his fist. He'd texted Minerva about finishing the spell. It seemed like his only hope, but she hadn't answered. He'd kept his panties on just in case. He didn't want to lose what might be his one and only his chance to save his manhood.

Suzy grabbing his hair, pulling, it hurt and yet it felt so good to have her controlling him, dominating him...

No. Fuck no. Andy turned on the radio, turned it up as loud as it would go, the Classic Rock Station, guitars and drums:

Mommy's All Right.

Daddy's All Right.

They just seem a little weird.

Surrender. Surrender.

But don't give yourself away.

Andy stood at the door to The Goddess Tree, fighting back tears. A sign on the door read, "Closed. On Vacation." Closed? Now? But what about him? What about the tattoos and shaving his legs and this damn thong?

It had all been for nothing. Feeling defeated, doomed, Andy walked back toward his car. Passing the dance studio on the way, his mind filled with memories of all the years he'd spent there as a little girl. His first class.

He'd been so excited. His first recital, Mom and Dad in the front row, taking pictures, smiling and so proud. When it was over, they gave him hugs and his mom said, "You look so pretty in your tutu" and he'd been so proud and happy, and being pretty was so important.

"None of that is real," Andy mumbled to himself, trying to remember his real life, his life as a boy, but it was hard, a struggle, just dark, blurry scenes that each time faded, replaced by memories of him as a happy little blonde girl who lived for ballet.

When he got back to the house, everything was quiet. Dad was at work and Mom was out somewhere. He'd texted them with an excuse about going to a friend's house and forgetting to tell them, but he was sure he was going to be in trouble. Tiffany, of course, was at school. He hadn't eaten since yesterday at lunch, but he didn't feel hungry, so he just plodded up the stairs, feeling like he needed sleep. His troubled dreams were not restful, and it had been days since he'd had a good night's sleep, while his days had been consumed with stress and anxiety, panic attacks.

He opened the door to his room. Tights everywhere, which didn't surprise him. A pair of ballet shoes hung from the back of his command chair at Badass Central. His posters of hot girls had all been replaced by posters of hot guys, boy bands, ballerinas, and on his bed there was a huge, pink dildo and a note.

Andy was so tired he couldn't even get angry. He just felt sick and disgusted. He wanted all this to end. He went to his bed and pulling his sleeve down over his hand— he couldn't stand the thought of even touching that thing— he threw it across the room, watching it jiggle as it bounced against the wall.



He looked at the note. Tiffany had typed it out on the computer, using some kind of girly cursive script: In case you need some relief. Love, your big sister. At the bottom of the note, she'd pasted a picture of a black cat.

Andy crumbled up the note and crawled under the covers. He couldn't sleep, though. He still felt like a very horny teen-age girl, and to his horror he found himself thinking of that big, pink dildo...and what it would feel like...

Andy started punching his pillow, punching and punching as he found himself in tears. Finally, thankfully, he managed to cry himself to sleep, and he did not dream.

## Chapter 19

Opening his eyes, Andy blinked, looking around. The sun had set. What time was it, anyway? Digging around in his blankets, he found his phone. 9:12. Rubbing his eyes, he climbed out of bed and went to Badass Central, tapping on the keyboard to wake his computer. The screen flickered to life, a screen saver of a ballerina greeted him.

*Sigh.* Tiffany had gone all out. He had to credit her for that. Looking at the picture, he wondered who she was. She stood in an arabesque, and she had perfect form. He knew that now. He knew all about ballet. He, to his disgust, loved ballet. His dreams, the suggestions Tiffany and Brittany made, leaked into his real life now, leaching away his real personality.

A song played through his mind, and not a Disney Princess song. It was the old rock and roll song from the radio, the one that had been playing in the car as he drove home:

Surrender, Surrender  
But don't give yourself away

He'd tried everything else. He was beaten. There was nothing he could do. Gathering himself, taking a deep breath, he crept down to Tiffany's room, knocking gently on the door.

"Come in," Tiffany said.

Andy went in. Tiffany sat at her dressing table— it was a lot like his, the one in his dream. She had her hands in her hair, lifting it. "Come, Ashley," she said. "Hold my hair."

Andy went over to her. It seemed like a sisterly thing to do, to hold Tiffany' hair, a *little* sisterly task, but he swallowed his pride. Their eyes met in the mirror. "I'm not sure what to do."

"Just hold my bun while I pin it," Tiffany said with a bright smile, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

She had her hands on her bun, and Andy placed his over hers, and as she slipped her hands away he dug his fingers into her thick, golden hair and held it while Tiffany took some hair pins and fixed it into place.

"Thanks, little sis," Tiffany said when she'd finished. "Omigod. I'm so glad you're here! Which? Which? I can't choose!" She picked up a pair of bottles of nail polish and, turning on her stool, she held them out for Andy to examine. "Which one is prettier?"

Andy recognized the colors instantly: Constant Candy and Rose Gold by Cover Girl, his favorite brand. "Constant Candy," he said without hesitation.

Tiffany handed him the bottle. "You can do my toes while we talk."

Andy didn't fight. Didn't bother to complain or roll his eyes or moan. He took the bottle and followed Tiffany to her bed. She got on, kicking her puffy bunny slippers off, and patted the bed.

Andy found himself sitting cross-legged on Tiffany's bed, her foot in his lap as he carefully applied the Constant Candy to her little toenail. "So, you wanted to talk," Tiffany said, taking her phone and snapping a picture.

Andy looked up, unable to hide his alarm.

"Oh, just for old time's sake," Tiffany said, admiring the picture, trying out some different filters. "I'm not going to post it or anything. Oh, and you are doing a great job, sis."

"Thanks," Andy said.

Tiffany smiled. It was hard to believe this meek creature was her brother. He didn't even flinch when she called him sis or Ashley anymore. "So, what's on your mind?" She asked. "Other than boys?"

Andy kept his eyes focused on her toes as he continued to paint one nail after the other. "I came to beg you not to turn me into a girl," he said. "I'll do anything you want. Anything. I'll clean your room for a year, do all your chores, your laundry. Anything, but please do not do this."

Oh. It was so sweet. Tiffany almost cried. "Ashley, oh, Ashley. I know right now this seems so hard, and you're scared, and you think it's some terrible thing to be a girl."

"I don't—"

"Ashley?" Tiffany said.

Andy stopped painting her nails and looked at her, the brush poised in one hand while he held her dainty foot in the other. "Okay. I do think it's terrible, but it's just because I'm a guy. I like being a guy. It's not because I think girls are inferior or—"

“Ashley?”

He did think girls were inferior. Tiffany knew. He’d let her know, a thousand times he’d let her know. He retreated. He hadn’t come here to argue. Arguing with her didn’t do any good. He’d learned that.

“It’s not terrible,” Tiffany said, continuing her thought. “It’s fun.” She remembered her own transformation, how each morning she’d woke to hear Cindi Lauper singing “Girls Just Wanna Have Some Fun,” the song becoming the soundtrack to her own feminization. “Trust me, little sis. I would do this to you unless I knew that in the end you would be happy.”

“Happy?” Andy said, shaking his head in disbelief. Happy as a blonde airhead obsessed with boys?

“Happy.”

\*\*\*\*

That was it, then. Andy could think of no other options. He went back to his room, lay down, thinking, *Ashley*. At least his name wouldn’t be so bad. Maybe he could get people to call him Ash? Maybe it wouldn’t even be so bad if he could be a butch girl who played basketball and softball, ran track. Maybe it wouldn’t be so bad if he weren’t going to be so *blonde*, but Tiffany wasn’t even letting him choose what kind of girl he wanted to be. She was turning him into her mini-me. Happy? He couldn’t imagine any way he would ever be happy when he became her little sister.

As he drifted off the sleep, he found himself humming a Disney Princess song:

And I'm almost there

I'm almost there

People down here think I'm crazy

But I don't care  
Trials and tribulations  
I've had my share  
There ain't nothing gonna stop Tiffany now  
'Cause I'm almost there

## Chapter 20

The morning of Andy's last day as a boy broke in thunder and lightning as a terrible storm swept over their town. Concussive claps of thunder rattled windows as great strokes of lightning slashed across the sky. The raging storm woke Andy, threw the covers aside and swung his smooth legs over the side of his bed. He had thought he might start his last day as a guy with a good long run— his last without a bra and the weight of bouncing breasts to contend with.

The storm ruled that out. It figured.

*This is it*, he thought. *My last day as a boy*. Everything seemed special to him now— his bed, the carpet in his room, his computer, Bad Ass Central. It would be gone tomorrow, so much a part of him, of who he was. He went to the bathroom and looked in the mirror, once more filled with nostalgia as he realized he would never see this face in the mirror again, never see this body, with its hard, flat chest. He had stubble on his chin, the faint suggestion of a mustache. He rubbed his hands along the bristly growth, enjoying the feeling. He'd never even been able to grow a beard, always thinking maybe next year. Now, that day would never come.

What to do? He thought his last day should be something special, something unique, something to remember. He didn't have any money,

though, and, really, didn't have any idea where he would go, what he would do. He could tell his parents he was sick, stay home and just play video games all day, maybe. In the end, though, he decided he wanted to go to school and say goodbye to his friends. They wouldn't understand. They would never even know he'd gone. That realization bothered him more than anything.

Tiffany, to her surprise, woke up filled with doubt, uncertainty. Maybe this was all a mistake? Her first misgivings came back to her, stronger than ever: What if Andy became the favorite daughter? What if her parents liked him more than her? What if he was more popular at school? At dance? It would be horrible. She would have created her own Frankenberry Monster!

She texted Brittany: I'm calling it off.

Her phone blooped seconds later: Let's talk.

Tiffany ran across the quad, her rain boots splashing on the soaked grass. She held an umbrella above her head, fighting against the wind and wore a clear, plastic raincoat. One thing Tiffany did appreciate about a good storm: it gave her a chance to wear her cute boots.

Brittany was already there under the shelter behind the band room, waiting. "Omigod," she said, "we match." They did. She wore almost an identical fashionable rain outfit.

They air hugged and kissed. "You losing your nerve?"

"It's not that," Tiffany said, checking her makeup with her phone. "I just realized I don't want a little sister."

"I thought you were all excited about having her on the cheerleading team? Braiding each other's hair? Double dating?"

“She’ll be the baby of the family and another girl,” Tiffany said. “I like being the only girl. Daddy’s princess. Mom’s little sweetheart. Ashley will butt into all that. She’ll steal my sparkle!”

“No one can steal your sparkle but you.”

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Andy found himself in homeroom, sitting at his usual desk back in the corner. Peters came in and sat down next to him. They nodded at each other. “Bro,” Andy said. “I just want to let you know you are a solid dude. Straight up.”

“Cool,” Peters said. “You’re kind of a shit.”

They laughed. Guys being guys.

As Andy waited for homeroom to start, he got an idea and opened his laptop. He began to compose an email.

Dear Ashley—

I guess you probably remember me, but I thought I would write this letter to you anyway and tell you all about who you were, the kind of life you lived. Maybe you don’t even care, but I just want to know there is one person who remembers me, that I existed, that I was me, Andy, and I was just a regular guy.

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Brittany knew if Tiffany bailed now, she would come to regret it. They stood under the shelter, arguing as the rain poured down. Finally, Brittany asked Tiffany a simple question. “Would you rather have to deal with Andy being Andy for the rest of your life? Really?”

Tiffany thought about it, remembering how he'd taunted her for so long, mocked her. She realized that over the last week, as she'd gotten the upper hand, humbled him, she'd almost forgotten how he'd tormented her. If she backed out now, she had no doubt he would be just as bad as ever.

All day, Andy told people, in his own way, that he loved them, would miss them. He never said the word love, of course. As a dude that word was not spoken. But he just told them they were solid. Good dudes. He told the girls he'd dated they were awesome, that he wanted them to be happy. And he wrote and wrote, putting down on his computer all his favorite memories, his real memories, fighting against the dream girl memories that had invaded his mind, fighting to preserve some small piece of his real self... the walk off homerun he'd hit... his tenth birthday party, he'd been so excited to have two numbers! ... his first kiss... Cassie Guilding, who'd moved to North Dakota, or he would have found her and apologized because he was such a bad kisser...

He got his Mom alone after dinner and he told her he loved her, that he appreciated what a good Mom she'd been. She smiled, pleased but a little concerned. "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine," he said. "Don't worry. I'll always be fine."

There was only one more person he needed to say goodbye to. Dad was in the den, watching the news, his back to the door. He was getting bald on the back of his head, and there were flecks of gray in his short black hair. Andy had never noticed it before, and it gave him chills to realize his father was growing old, that he would die one day.

Andy stood, trying to build up the courage. He and his dad were close, but they didn't talk much. They did things together. Went fishing. Andy



thought about the hours and hours his father had spent throwing to him, helping him become a better hitter, a better fielder... Andy was his only son, and he'd been special because of that, the one who would carry on the family name. Andy wanted to say goodbye, and he wanted to apologize for failing in that task, for letting his dad down, but in the end he just turned away and went up to his room.

## Chapter 21

Andy fell asleep typing, typing, typing, trying to get it all down, every detail of who he was, who he'd been, the laptop propped on his chest, his face bathed with blue, cathode rays.

The sound of whispering voices, and he woke up to see Brittany, Tiffany and Madison walking into his room. "It's time," Tiffany said.

The room seemed to be shrinking, the girls looming over his bed like giants as they gathered around him, looking down at him, smiling, Tiffany and Britany tossing their hair. Panic. Andy tried to leap out of bed, make another run for it, or charge Tiffany... or anything. He... he couldn't move. Despite him willing his body to move with every bit of willpower he possessed, he just lay there, not even able to blink.

Tiffany plucked the laptop from his chest. Andy saw the screen had gone to sleep. Had he ever sent the email? Had he saved it to the cloud? "You won't be needing this," Tiffany said, disappearing from his line of sight. *That's my life*, Andy thought. *Everything was on there*.

Tiffany sat on the edge of the bed and took his hand in hers, lifted it to her lips and kissed his knuckles. "So, you're probably *freaking* out right now. It's going to be okay, hun. I promise."

Brittany sat on the other side of the bed and took his other hand, squeezing it between each of hers. “You’re going to be so pretty. You want to be pretty, right?”

Their perfumes floated around him, filling his head. He recognized the scents: marshmallow and jasmine— *Sweet Like Candy*, by Ariana Grande, and the effervescent notes of Marc Jacob’s *Daisy*.

“Anoint her,” Madison said as she turned her back and raised her arms, chanting softly.

Tiffany showed Andy a heart-shaped crystal bottle stoppered with a crown, filled with a soft purple liquid. The word “Princess” in pretty, feminine cursive letters was stenciled across the front of the jar. “This is your scent,” Tiffany said as she dabbed the perfume behind his ears. It felt cold where she touched him, and his head now swam with the smell of *Princess*— sugary sweet, floral and vanilla. Tiffany continued. “I bequeath it to you.” She dabbed some more on the sides of his neck. “That you may brace your eternal feminine and enter your new life as a female.” She dabbed some more the inside of each wrist.

Andy’s body seemed to lurch, to spasm. Lastly, Tiffany rubbed some on his lower belly, beneath his belly button. “May your womb be fruitful.”

*My womb? Fuck no*, Andy thought. *No. Stop. Please*, he thought, hoping Tiffany could hear him. *Don’t do this*.

If she could hear his thoughts, she didn’t respond. “Help me prop him up,” Tiffany said. The girls lifted Andy’s upper body and stuffed pillows behind him, so he could now see his room. He’d taken down all the girly posters Tiffany had put up, done his best to restore it, but as he watched now the room began to change.

“Let this masculine space, a boy’s little world, now reshape to suit a girl.” Maison waved her arms toward his window, a shower of pink and purple sparks bursting in the air, and the tan burlap curtains shimmered, replaced by diaphanous white drapes that fluttered prettily. Madison swept her arms across the walls, and the deep blue wallpaper faded, growing lighter and lighter until it turned white, then a pattern of pink roses bloomed on the surface.

Madison turned her attention to Badass Central. *Come on, Andy* thought. *Some girls love to game.* She waved her arms again, the computer desk faded in a flash of dancing pink fairy lights, the white table and mirror from Andy’s dream materializing, his big, leather chair replaced by a pretty white chair.

He could see himself in his newly formed dressing table mirror now, shirtless, propped up, face blank despite his anger, frustration, despair. Tiffany and Brittany had now crawled into bed with him, and they were patting him on the arms, “there, there. There, there.” Tiffany threw the covers off him so he could see his legs, his whole body.

Madison kept casting her spell, the drawers to Andy’s dressing flying open as it filled with bras and panties, slips and camisoles and tights, so many pairs of tights... his closet door swung open and the hangers shimmered and dresses and skirts and blouses appeared, all pressed and ironed and ever so pretty...

“Omigod,” Tiffany said. “You have so many pretty outfits. I’m going to have to borrow that sweater!”

“All skirts and dresses from now on,” Brittany said. “All the better to show off your tights.”

Brittany raised both arms above her head now, and there was a flash as Andy's room took its final form. Shelves with cheerleading and dance trophies. An antique chair in the corner smothered in stuffed animals. The posters, which he'd torn down in disgust, were back: ballerinas and boy bands.

It made him sick.

Madison now turned to face Andy.

This was it, he realized. They were about to turn him into a girl, to take his johnson, to give him a slit. Dad! Mom! He tried to shout, feeling like a helpless child.

"You're going to love it," Brittany whispered, gripping his arm now, digging her nails in. Tiffany did the same on the other side. "Don't fight it, sis. It'll be easier if you don't fight."

Madison cupped her hands in front of her chest. "Let him lose his flat, useless chest, and enjoy now a maiden's breasts." Andy's chest tingled. He felt his nipples spreading, getting hard, rising away from his ribcage as soft flesh beneath them swelled and rounded and he felt full, heavy breasts sway on his chest, tugging at his collar bone, just like in his dreams, his hard, aching nipples now floating inches from his ribs, hovering in front of him, dancing in the air as his newly grown breasts jiggled. He saw himself in the mirror, those big, white tits tipped with pretty pink nipples, and he mentally retched.

"Lithe and slender, skinny, sleek, let his muscle vanish as I speak."

Andy's arms, which he'd spent so many hours and hours in the gym trying to build, melted away, turning into tiny little pipe cleaners, and his shoulders narrowed and shrunk, rounding prettily. He felt like someone had tied a cinch around his waist and was crushing it, and in the mirror he could

see his ribcage pull in, his waist, until he had an hourglass shape. He still had his face, now perched on a gorgeous girl's body.

"Your breasts are amazing," Brittany said. "You're going to be so proud of them. You'll see."

"And you're skinny. It's so important for a girl to be skinny," Tiffany added. "I know you're afraid, but you shouldn't be. You're going to love being a girl. I promise."

*I won't*, Andy thought, dreading what was coming next, because Tiffany was looking down, had seemed to be working down the length of his body.

"Those narrow hips they will not serve, let them now assume a woman's curve. Wide and round let them be, make room, we must, for a baby."

*Baby. Womb. Fuck. Fuck.* Andy felt his hips widen, and his ass grow plump, spreading beneath him on the bed, as if he were sitting on a pillow.

"A dancer's legs I now do gift, it is among her rights to look good in tights."

Andy's legs grew longer, rounded, pretty, while his feet and ankles shrank, becoming tiny and dainty. Like a princess. He now looked like a girl, except for his face and the bulge in his underwear. *Okay, okay, you scared me. I've changed, learned. There's no need to go through with this now, Tiffany. You can stop.*

Tiffany patted him on the cheek. "It's for your own good."

"Let her now find her grace, to share with the world a pretty face."

Andy's face seemed to melt, his eyes and mouth sagging like a wax figure, but then they reshaped, and now, looking in the mirror, he saw the girl from his dreams with her innocent blue eyes framed by long, curly lashes. Her plump, pink lips and tiny nose, pale, radiant pink skin.

"Guys are going to go insane wanting to kiss those lips," Brittany said.

“All the cutest boys in school will want you,” Tiffany said. “We can go out on dates with our boyfriends together! Won’t that be fun?”

*No.*

“And Mike? Mike is, like, totally in love with you.”

“Thick golden hair I offer you, to toss and twirl once you’re a girl.”

Long, thick, lustrous blonde hair now tumbled down over Andy’s shoulders, fell across his eyes. Tiffany brushed his bangs away so he could see, while Brittany couldn’t resist the urge to play with his silky locks.

“Other girls are going to be so jealous.”

“You’re so pretty!” Tiffany said, patting him on his blushing cheek. “And it’s true. Blondes do have more fun!”

“We really do,” Brittany said.

They each tightened their grip. The last, big, hardest change was to come. *No,,, no.... No...*

“Her body, her soul, must be complete, and so she has one final need. Let her now receive her blessed grace: she shall manifest a girl’s special place.”

Andy screamed in his mind as he felt like someone had jammed a smoldering spike into his groin, and at the same time a scalpel into his eye, his brain. It felt like his junk was on fire, melting, just like his face had. His body began to seizure. Brittany and Tiffany held him tight, keeping him from flopping off the bed and hurting himself.

“It’s okay. It’s okay. Don’t fight it.”

But Andy was fighting it. He focused on his will on his changing junk, trying to keep it, hold it, to cling to the last bit of his manhood.

“She’s fighting,” Madison said. She raised her hands and her face darkened as she focused. “This boy he thinks to be ashamed when life as a girl he must claim. I bat aside his feeble skill, a girl he’ll be against his will!”

Ahhhh. Andy felt his balls pull inside him, felt the flesh between his legs reshape, an opening forming... a slit...

“Let him know now a woman’s pain, that he be unmanned by a female’s shame...”

A massive cramp hit Andy’s belly as he began to have his period, sticky wet blood seeping from his developing vagina as the room filled with the smell of copper... Andy knew what was happening, the way a girl knows, and the horror finally broke his will as he surrendered to his doom, his body finishing its change as he fainted into Tiffany’s arms.

Andy woke and sat up, stretching, his blonde hair falling into his eyes. He arched his back, feeling his breasts rise as he dug his hands into his thick, silky hair then tossed his golden locks back.

“Good morning, Ashley,” Tiffany said. She was perched at the end of his bed along with Brittany, and they were both smiling. Andy smiled back. His breasts were bare, but he felt no shame. They were all girls, after all.

“Ashley,” he said in his little girl voice, as if trying it out. “Ashley.” His eyes went wide. “That’s my name! I’m Ashley. You!” He pointed a long, pink nail at Tiffany. “You’re my big sister!”

Brittany and Tiffany exchanged glances, pleased. “Yes, I am! Ashley, we better get ready for school. You don’t want to miss your first day as a girl.”

“I don’t want to miss any days,” Andy said. “Good girls don’t miss school.”

Andy was still there, deep inside Ashley's head, still struggling, fighting, trying to stop himself from moving and talking the way he was moving and talking.

Ashley got up and caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror of her dressing table. She froze, then walked over, heel to toe, elbows in, arms slightly out. Her mouth dropped open as she looked at herself with her radiant skin, full breasts, slender waist and round hips. She wore pink panties that celebrated her new sex. Andy felt himself shrinking, growing smaller and smaller... No... no... he cried out in his mind, well, it was Ashley's mind now, really, but even as just a fading memory he heard himself speaking with the voice of a little girl...

Ashley put a hand to her hip and tipped her head to the side, modeling. "I'm pretty!" She gasped. Tiffany and Brittany joined her at the mirror, three blonde heads shimmering in the morning sunlight. "Yes, you are," Brittany said.

"You're a pretty girl."

"We're all pretty!"

Tiffany and Brittany and Ashley all began to get dressed. Tiff and Britt just had to borrow some of her clothes, they were all so cute, and Ashley didn't mind at all. They were besties. The first thing Ashley did was grab a pair of pink tights with little white snowflakes from her drawer, clutching them to her chest and closing her eyes. "I love tights!" She whispered.

Andy grew smaller.

"You're so obsessed with tights!" Tiffany said. "You remind me of me."

Andy grew smaller still.



Ashley stepped into her tights, the feeling of the silky, cool fabric hugging her legs was thrilling, and when she snapped the waistband against her taught, soft tummy the sound was like heaven.

Next, she chose a bra— pink, like her tights, it had lace cups and little white bows on the shoulders. It was so pretty! She slipped it on, fitting the cups over her breasts, reaching back and effortlessly hooking the hooks, the bra straps pulling tight against her shoulders, lifting, pressing her soft breast together.

“You look so cute in that!” Brittany said.

Andy shrank. He was six inches tall now and had taken on a plastic hue, like an action figure, and as Ashley had fitted herself into her bra, large, firm breasts had swelled on his chest. *What?*

Tiffany found a white, pleated skirt, tulle with lace trim at the bottom. It was the girliest thing Andy had ever seen, but the prettiest thing ever in the eyes of Ashley and she stepped into it, the skirt making her feel even more bubbly and feminine.

Andy’s hips widened and his waist narrowed. Looking at his hand he saw it was a doll hand now, tiny and cute, his fingers fused together.

Ashley finished her look with a pink, knit sweater that hugged her curves, with white cuffs and a stripe across her chest. The girls were all chatting and giggling as they dressed, just being girly girls. As Ashley sat down and started to brush out her hair, then tie it back in a ponytail, Andy realized he had long blonde hair now, and he could feel his ponytail swish when he moved his head.

Ashley started to do her makeup, foundation, eyeliner, mascara, and as she did, Andy saw a pink box with a cellophane window floating toward

him. At the top of the box, the word Barbie in pretty cursive letters. Under the window, as if handwritten by a dumb teen-age girl: Andi.

“I’m a Barbie?” Andy screeched looking down at himself in horror, at his little pink dress, his pink pumps, the pink, plastic purse hooked in the crook of his elbow. “No... no...” Andy said as the box opened, and he felt himself placed inside by tiny, invisible hands. The front closed, and he found himself staring out of the box now, a permanent smile plastered on his plastic face. “Math is hard,” he heard himself say with a giggle as he and his box were placed in a special spot, deep in the memories of Ashley along with every other Barbie she’d ever owned.

Ashley finished putting on her lip gloss, then turned her head side to side, taking her pinky finger and, there, fixing a small mistake she’d made with her eyeliner. Once more Brittany and Tiffany joined her at the mirror, all three smiling. Ashley dabbed some of her Princess perfume behind her ears. It was her signature scent. It drove the boys bananas.

“You ready for your first day at school, little sis?” Tiffany asked, kissing her on top of the head. “It’s gonna be fun!”

“And girls?” Tiffany said, admiring herself, smiling, pretty and so, so happy. “Girls just wanna have some fun!”

