



**Costumes
are forever.**

TRICKED

Chapter 1

"Bro, check her out."

Jake paused, cue stick in hand, and looked up. His mouth dropped open. "Holy shit."

"Yeah," I know, Kent said.

They both stared, mesmerized, at the woman who seemed to glide across the bar room floor. Her long, curly hair seeming to toss itself, as if she were a model on a photo shoot. She wore a diaphanous green dress, kind of a hippie chick thing that seemed to cling to her long legs as she moved. A crowd of bracelets flashed along her slender arm, drawing attention to the tattoo of a serpent that wound around her brown skin and almost seemed to writhe as she moved.

"I'm not usually into these crunchy granola girls," Kent said, "but..."

"Yeah. I know." They stared at her profile, drinking in the firm rise of her rounded ass, the swell of her breasts straining against her silk dress. She paused, standing right beneath a beam of light, and it caught in her thick, black hair and lit up the gems she'd woven among her locks. She tilted her head back as if listening, the golden hoops in her little ears flashing.

Jake's mouth felt dry, and he reached for his mug of Milwaukee's Best without taking his eyes off the woman, mesmerized by the sight of her perfect shape. He lifted the glass to his lips and drank. Just as the cold glass rim of reached his mouth, the woman turned and stared back at him, her emerald eyes dancing with amusement. Jake felt the beer leaking out of the corners of his mouth, white, foamy suds dripping down his chin.

"Dude," Kent said, nudging him as a bright smile spread across the woman's face and she walked-- or floated-- right toward them.

Jake couldn't take the glass from his mouth, he's locked eyes with her and felt himself being drawn into those big, bright green eyes, falling, spinning.

The woman walked up to Kent and put her hand on his chest. He'd worn his ironic "See Ruby Falls" tank top, tufts of his wiry black hair sticking out the top. She ran her nails through the fur, then grabbed a few curly hairs and yanked.

"Ow!" Kent said, pulling away.

The woman giggled. "Don't tell me your scared of girls," she said, and the two young men felt something rumble deep inside them at the sound of her soft, fluid voice, a voice like silk and full of promise.

The white foam was still pouring down Jake's chin, now dripping onto his wife beater, glistening against his skin. He felt himself starting to choke and pulled the mug from his lips, meaning to spit out the now warm, frothy beer that filled his ,mouth and suddenly tasted sour and salty against his tongue, but the woman put her hand over his mouth and said, "swallow" in a commanding voice that, while soft, suddenly seemed filled with iron.

Jake had no choice. He still couldn't look away from those eyes, those big, green eyes, and he forced himself to swallow the now distasteful beer, which seemed to have thickened somehow, and it tasted wrong and seemed to almost stick to the insides of his throat as he clenched his jaw and willed himself to swallow it down.

Kent found himself staring at her back-- the back of her blouse was open, and he could see her back was covered with writing in some strange script that reminded him of Old English letters he'd seen in-had it been Beowulf? Or maybe Lord of The Rings? Intertwined among the letters were satyrs and fawns, nymphs and fairies. Beneath the tattoos she had

gorgeous skin, and the line of her spine, her shoulder blades, she looked like she'd been sculpted by God, himself. His eyes dropped down, to the small of her back, the rise of her ass..

Once Jake finished swallowing, the woman took her soft hand from his mouth, and, determined to assert himself he started to speak, but a humiliating, high-pitched squeak came out of him, and he put his hand to his throat, burning with shame as the woman wiped some of the sticky foam from his chin, shoved her fingers into his mouth and said, "Suck."

Fuck you, Jake thought, but he found himself sucking on her fingers, sucking down the sticky, salty foam, and as he sucked he felt himself getting hard, his skin tingling, his cheeks burning. He felt hot, horny, and he sucked eagerly on her fingers, running his tongue against her stiff fingers, feeling her hard nails against the rough surface of his tongue.

Kent, standing behind, looked over her shoulder and, seeing Jake sucking on her fingers, he felt his knees go weak, coming together, his feet turning out, and his mouth went dry, and he swallowed, imagining himself sucking on her fingers.

And then she pulled her fingers out of Jake's mouth and patted him on the cheek. "Good boy."

The two boys gasped with relief, wobbling unsteady.

"Who are you?" Jake asked, his voice cracking, hoarse, filled with need.

"Lucy," the woman said, now grabbing Kent by the collar and pulling him around, placing him shoulder to shoulder next to Jake. She looked the two of them over, smiling. Kent heard himself giggle, and he dropped his eyes bashfully, even as he thought, What the hells is wrong with me?

Get it together, Jake thought. Say something. But all he could think about how his voice had squeaked and cracked, and he swallowed, rubbing his throat, trying to make sure it was right before he spoke.

"Don't talk," Lucy said. "Just let me look at you." She stared. Not even aware of what he was doing, Jake put a hand on his hip and turned slightly to the side. Kent slipped an arm around Jake's waist and then ran his hand through his hair.

"You're so sexy," Lucy said, and the boys flushed with pride, even as they became aware of how they were standing, acting, and they each straightened up, spread their legs, looked around the bar feeling humiliated.

Lucy laughed. "So cute." She held her hand towards them, then flicked her wrist, and two envelopes appeared in her hand, like a cheap magician's trick. "Come to my party," she said. "And I promise you will get fucked like you've never been fucked before."

Jake and Kent both felt... odd... Normally, a hot girl promising sex would have lit them up, but there was something about her, about the way she said. They felt scared and started to shake their heads. The lights seemed to flash, and they found themselves holding the green envelopes in their hands, the envelopes rough, a kind of thick cotton paper.

"Now," Lucy said. "You two kiss each other."

"What?" Jake said, his voice cracking again.

"Hell no," Kent said.

Lucy reached toward each of them, placing one soft palm against their cheeks. She turned their faces until they were looking at each other, staring into each other's eyes. "Kiss," she whispered. "You know you want to."

And Jake did. Suddenly. His eyes dropped from Kent's brown eyes to his lips. They looked so soft.

Kent felt a lump in his throat as he felt himself getting hot. He swallowed and licked his lips.

"You need to," Lucy said, now sliding her hand around to cup the backs of their heads, drawing them closer and closer.

Kent licked his lips, and, slightly shorter than Jake, tilted his head back. They drew closer, feeling each other's hot breath, and then their hot mouths met, their lips met, and each of them shuddered as they pressed their bodies together, Jake pushing his tongue into Kent's mouth, their tongues sliding across each other, fat and soft and wet with saliva.

"It's so hot watching girls make out," someone said, and they thought they heard Lucy giggle.

"You dirty little girls," she said.

The kiss ended, and Jake almost fell, leaning weakly against the pool table for support as his whole body went limp. Kent sighed and likewise braced himself against the table, mind reeling with confusion and hormonal waves of soft, cottony pleasure like he'd never felt before, and then, the bar lights seemed to blink again, and the boys felt their faces burn hot with SHAME.

"I'll see you hotties at the party," Lucy said, turning and floating away, seeming to just melt away into the crowd.

"Dude," Kent said, wiping his arm across his mouth. "I don't... I mean... I'm not gay."

"What the hell just happened?" Jake asked, humiliated, turned to hide his woody against the pool table even as he looked around to see if anyone had seen them.

"Let's get the fuck out of here," Kent said.

"Yeah, no," Jake said. "Not together. You know, or whatever."

"Yeah. No. Right," Kent said, laying his pool stick across the pool table, looking back toward the bar, trying to see Lucy, where she'd gone, if people were staring at them. He couldn't tell. People were talking. Looking around, but no one seemed to be staring. Shit. He headed for the door, keeping his head down, trying to be as invisible as possible, confused, ashamed and yet--

It had been the best kiss he'd ever had.

Fuck.

I guess I am never hanging out with Jake again, he thought. What the fuck.

Jake, for his part, lingered by the pool table, desperately praying for his boner to go down. I'm not gay... I'm not gay.... He thought about baseball, Bea Arthur.

"Dude, you done with this table?" A guy wearing a flannel shirt and a trucker cap asked.

"Yeah," Jake said, relieved that his voice sounded normal. "Yeah."

"Can you get out of here, then?" The guy said, annoyed.

"Sure, bro," Jake said, trying to remember who he was, how he acted. His stiffy had gone down enough. He took off his own hat, though, and headed toward the door, letting the hat kind of dangle from his hand and provide a little cover. When he got to his car, he climbed in and sighed with relief, slamming the door, turning the key, letting the car rumble to life. Then, suddenly, the memory of the kiss filtered through his mind and once more he felt himself getting hard, and he rested his head against the steering wheel thinking, what the fuck is wrong with me?

Chapter 2

In the morning, Kent woke in a cold sweat, his mind still swimming with dreams that had been full of -- disturbances. Cucumbers.... Bananas... He'd been sucking on them, fondling them.

"Shit," he thought, and then he looked down to see a green envelope sitting on his chest, just resting there as if someone had placed it there just moments ago. The invitation. That weird granola chick. He thought he'd left it in the bar, but no. Now he remembered. He'd thrown it down in the parking lot. Stomped on it, leaving behind a grimy boot print, and--

Then he'd found it waiting for him, sitting on his desk when he'd gotten home. But he'd crumpled it up, thrown it away. Hadn't he?

And yet here it was. He lifted it with his fingertips and found himself compelled to slide one nail under the flap and open it, pulling out a stiff, cardboard invitation, gold, covered in green glitter. Some shed, sprinkling across his chest. "Fuck," he thought, looking at the card, the light flashing in the green glitter, reflected in his dark eyes.

You are cordially invited

To a gender bender

All Hallow's Eve Masquerade

Come dressed as the opposite sex

Get Laid!

* * * *

It was sealed with what looked like a kiss-- brownish pink lipstick. Kent rubbed his thumb across it and the lipstick smeared. He felt his skin tingle. Gender bender? There is no way in hell I am going to this freak show, he thought, tossing the card, sending it spinning across the room. It landed on the floor at the foot of his desk, which is when he saw the Barbie.

She was standing in the center of his desk, on the lid of his closed laptop. Blonde, dressed in what looked like a Catholic School girl outfit, but the with tail of the shirt tied up, the skirt too short-- the slutty school girl look, her hair tied in pigtails. There seemed to be something off about her eyes, her face. She had a feral look on her face, a wolfish smile, and she seemed to be staring right at Kent, right through him. The sight of the Barbie made Kent's skin crawl. What the hell was it doing in his room? Was this some sort of prank? Had his frat brothers put that weird bitch up to all this?

He rolled out of bed, walked over to his desk and reached toward the Barbie, meaning to throw it in the trash, but as he reached toward it he felt an almost magnetic pull, like she wanted him to touch her. His hand trembled, something in him felt sick and he backed away, shaking his head, then he covered his eyes and took three deep breaths. I'm losing my mind, he thought, the events of the last 12 hours frothing in his mind like a fever dream. I'm going nuts. He wanted to crawl back in bed, pull the covers over his head, but then he remembered his dreams, those terrible dreams. No. He couldn't risk it. He needed to get to class, anyway. Midterms were coming up. He thought about calling Kennedy, his recently ex-girlfriend, for a booty call. Maybe she would be up for some strings free fucking, and he could reset, get himself back to normal. But no. She was still pissed at him, though he'd tried to explain they'd never said they were exclusive.

He grabbed a towel and headed toward the shower, determined to get back in control of his thoughts and feelings.

* * * *

Cooper Kadee

Jake, meanwhile, slowly opened his sleep crusted eyes. He'd slept on his stomach, which was odd, and he'd shoved a pillow under his hips for some reason, lifting his ass in the air. His underwear had gotten bunched up in his ass crack, leaving his cheeks bare, and they felt cold in the morning air. He reached back and tugged at his underwear, pulling it free, and as he did he had a flashback to his dreams of the night before, he on his hands and knees, Kelly, this girl he knew, grabbing his hip and thrusting...

"What the fuck?" He rolled over and shook his head, willing the memory and the feelings away, remembering the kiss, the warm afterglow. It was all a dream, he decided. Just a terrible dream. He had cotton mouth, and his breath stank. He got up and went to the bathroom, grabbing a glass of water, then another. Then, realizing he needed to pee, he pulled down his underwear and squatted on the toilet seat-- "Oh!" It was cold. As he tinkled, he looked down and noticed a brown stain on his underwear, but not like track marks, more like blood? His ass did hurt, almost like it had been torn inside. But did that mean?

No. In no way. It could not have happened. It was a dream. He remembered how he'd woken up, with his ass in the air, the pillow under his hips. Had someone come in his room while he'd slept? No. Who would do that? He wadded up a piece of toilet paper and reached down to wipe himself and then froze, once more his mind fracturing with confusion and shame as he realized he'd sat down to pee-- like a girl. That he'd even started to wipe himself, as if he had a...

Oh, shit. I am losing it, he thought. What did that bitch do to me? Inject with hormones?

Fuck. Without even thinking, he yanked his underwear back up and went back out to his bedroom, which is when he saw the Barbie on his nightstand. She had blonde hair and wore a corset that led to a flouncy skirt-- Madonna. She looked like Madonna from the cover of one of her albums. Jake remembered it from his older sister's vinyl collection. When he'd been a kid, he'd gotten a boner looking at it, and later had had many a night jacking off imagining that image. But now, looking at the doll standing there, a kind of hungry look on her face as she seemed to stare right back at him, he felt-- afraid, and he stepped back, putting a hand to his cheek. Which is when he spotted the emerald envelope sitting on his bed.

Kent went to class. It met in a big arena style room-- 200 seats-- and he sat in the back. He couldn't seem to concentrate. He kept finding himself on his phone, looking at Halloween costumes. Women's Halloween costumes. Slutty witches. Nurses. Slutty librarians and cheerleaders. Of course, he had no intention of dressing up as a girl and going to that weird party. None at all. But it was kind of fun to look at the costumes and imagine what it would be like to dress up like a witch or a faerie or a---

Oh, wow. He'd gone to Pop Sugar and was looking over what they predicted would be the most popular costumes for 2004, and there she was-- Britany Spears dressed as a slutty Catholic school girl. Omigod, Kent thought. I would look so sexy in that, with those blonde pigtails and that frosty lipstick. What color was that? He wondered, staring longingly at those lips, wanting his to look as kissable. He would look so cute, he thought, pretending to be some slutty school girl, flirting with everyone. How fun would that be?

The professor stopped his droning on about Macro-economic theory and Kent sighed with relief, tucking his phone on his jeans pocket. He gathered his books and shoved them in his backpack, thinking he would maybe go to the second-hand store downtown and see if he could find a blouse and skirt for his costume...

And then he stopped. Once more, his thoughts had just raced along, and he'd been planning his costume for that stupid party where that weird chick would do-- who could even guess with her? He finished packing up his books and headed out of the lecture hall, determined to monitor his thoughts, to push away anymore impulses. As he walked, he found his eyes drawn to a large sculpture that had been installed in front of the hall. Funny, he thought as he stared at it. He'd walked by it dozens of times, yet he'd never noticed how much it looked like a big, hard dick. It even had ridges, and as he looked at it Kent felt his mouth getting dry, a woody forming in his pants.

Shit. He pulled his eyes away from the phallus and hurried back toward his room. That weird bitch hard fucked him up somehow. Shit. He wondered if he should try and get some help. Maybe go to the school psychologist? But no. No. In this day and age? They would just tell him that there was nothing wrong with liking cock.

And there wasn't. Seriously. He had always been totally cool with people being gay. Other people. Not him and not his friends, but other people as long as they didn't shove it in his face and have parades and all that.

He would have to do something to stop this, to fix this. Maybe he could find that weird bitch and make her fix whatever she'd done. His phone rang-- Baby One More Time-- and he pulled it out of his pocket and answered without even looking.

"Hey, slut," Kennedy said.

"Kennedy?" Kent looked at the phone, not even recognizing the odd greeting, he was so shocked to hear from her. "I thought you were still pissed at me."

"I kinda am," Kennedy said. "But we have a mutual friend, and she told me you needed help with your Brittany Spears costume."

"That bitch," Kent said. "I am going to kill her."

* * * *

Jake, walking across campus, had broken into a cold sweat and had to sit down on a bench, trying to gather his thoughts. He'd been walking behind a pair of coeds wearing yoga pants, and they were wearing those yoga pants like champs, and he'd been enjoying the sight of their firm, toned asses wiggling back and forth as they walked, getting a little horny. Then, it has been like these was a buzzing in his brain, static, and he'd found himself wondering what kind of workouts they did to get their asses like that, and he'd started to feel a little angry, a little jealous, and the thought had crossed his mind, I wish I had an ass like that.

Cooper Kadee

Which brought blurry memories of his dreams from the night before, the position he'd woken up in, ass in the air, and the world seemed to tilt on its side and he like someone had punched him in the stomach. Dizzy, confused, ashamed that everyone around him could somehow tell what he'd been thinking and dreaming about, he'd stumbled over to the bench and collapsed, breathing hard, terrified at what was happening to him.

But, what was happening to him?

A pair of girls walked by wearing tight jeans. He started to look away, terrified of what he might feel if he checked them out, but then as they passed he looked up: one had a really good ass, the other was just okay. He wouldn't mind at all copping a feel, and he wouldn't mind at all if he could fill out a pair of jeggings like, walk around campus driving all the boys crazy. Looking at the girl as she walked away, her ponytail swaying in counter point to her swaying hips, he wanted to fuck her, and he wanted to be her. He swallowed, looked at the way her narrow waist rose from that gorgeous ass, the small, rounded shoulders, the long neck, and he swallowed hard, feeling empty, wanting so bad to be that pretty.

Jake covered his eyes. I am a dude, he thought. I like football. Beer. Babes. That's what I am. I do not want to be a bitch. But he did. He was a dude, just as he said, and he also wanted to be a hot bitch and have guys drooling over him.

He knew he needed to do something, to stop this somehow. That Lucy chick. She must have hypnotized him. Twisted his mind somehow. What was done could be undone. Psychology. His old girlfriend was a psych major. Maybe she could help him. But no. He couldn't let her know about this. There was no way.

And then he looked up and she was standing there, Hailey, smiling, looking down at him.

"Hailey?" He said, his voice cracking again.

"Wassup, Madonna?" She said, her eyes dancing with glee.

Cooper Kadee

"Madonna?" He said, forcing his voice to a deeper place.

"That's your Halloween costume, right?"

Chapter 3

Kent hung up on Kennedy, furious. It was bad enough that Lucy had messed with his head, but she was going around telling people about it? There was no way. No damn way he would let her get away with it. No. Hell no. He headed back to his room. He would find her somehow. Everyone could be found.

In fact, there had been an address on the invitation. Sure, maybe she didn't live there, but it was a connection, a start, and everyone was on social media anyway. He'd hunt her down, and he would make that little bitch pay. Yes. He couldn't wait to see her face when he came busting in on her. She'd shit herself. Yes, she would. He turned the key to his room, pushed open the door and froze.

Lucy sat on his bed, cross-legged, her head bobbing side to side. She was wearing a pair of headphones-- the big cans-- dressed once more in her hippie attire, the snake on her arm writhing. "Hey, girl," Lucy said, clipping the headphones off, letting them hang around her slender neck. "You wanted to see me?"

Kent's mouth dropped open. He stared. What was this? What was she? He looked at her arm, the writhing snake. "What are you?" He said.

"Come in, close the door," Lucy said. She patted the bed next to her. "Let's talk."

Kent started to tell her to fuck off, to demand she fix whatever she'd done to him, but then he looked into her eyes, those big, emerald eyes, and he found himself unable to resist her commands, closing the door, he walked over to the bed and sat down, staring at her expectantly.

"Girl, are you ever in it," Lucy said, her voice full of silvery laughter. "You know when you cheated on Kennedy? Not the first seven times but the last time?"

"Yes," Kent said, feeling angry and ashamed. "But we were never exclusive."

"Briiiiiittany," Lucy said. "Be honest. You knew how hurt she would be if she found out. You knew it was wrong."

"And I did it anyway," Kent admitted. "I did."

"Good girl. Good girl! Now, here's the thing. Kennedy got sooooo pissed. You can't even imagine. So, she summoned me, and now I am going to teach you a lesson."

"What are you? What lesson?"

"You can call me Asmodeus. Mephistopheles. Satan."

"I thought Satan was a dude."

"I am whatever people need me to be," Lucy said. "Kennedy chose my form."

"What can I do? How can I stop this?"

"You can't. You can only accept your punishment."

"This... you made me obsessed with... I keep thinking about.... Well...". Kent didn't want to say it out loud.

Lucy laughed. "You're a dick crazy bitch!" She laughed. "Obsessed with cock. Just a nasty, dirty girl. You can't get enough."

"I am not obsessed." Kent yelled, then switching to a whisper added, "with.. um... that?"

"Girl, you worship cock," Lucy shouted back at him.

"Quiet. My bros might hear you."

"Maybe they might be able to... calm your hunger?"

"So, you expect me to accept this? Just live like this?"

"Oh, no. That's not your punishment. I wouldn't let you off that easily. Your punishment is the party. You come dressed as Brittany, and, as promised, you'll get fucked like you've never been fucked before."

"No," Kent said. "I can't... you can't make me do it."

"I won't. You have to come of your own volition. But, understand this. If you don't come, you stay as you are. If you do? Everything becomes normal."

"So, the only way I get out of this is to... come to the party? To get whatever there? And if I do?"

"Everything becomes normal."

Kent stared at her. There was something in her eyes. Some kind of glee, a wicked amusement. He felt certain she was lying. That there was some trick here, something he was missing. He shook his head. "Fuck you."

"Suit yourself," Lucy said. She held her hand toward him and flicked her wrist, that magicians' trick again, and now she was holding a big, thick cucumber. At the sight of it, Kent felt his mouth go dry and wanted to touch it, squeeze it, slide it into his mouth.

"Don't ever say I never gave you anything," she said, handing it to him. He took it, though he didn't want to, some part of him didn't want to. His whole body tingled at the touch. Lucy got up and shook out her skirt, walking toward the door.

"I'll find some other way," he yelled, holding the cucumber with both hands, pressing it against his chest. "I'll find some help. Some way to stop this."

"Good luck with that, girl," Lucy said. "But if you change your mind, you need to call Kennedy. Do whatever she says so you make the perfect Brittany. Anything less, and you lose."

"Hell no," Kent said. "Hell. No."

Lucy just laughed and did a little twirl, seeming to vanish into thin air.

Kent stared at the empty space where she'd been seething with rage, the determination growing in him that he would find a way to win. He picked up his phone and said, "Siri. Find churches near me."

* * * *

Jake found himself sitting with Hailey at a corner table at the on-campus Starbucks, sipping a pumpkin spice latte and nibbling on a pumpkin scone. He'd wanted neither, but Hailey had insisted, and he'd given in only now to discover he looooved them both. No doubt part of whatever shit that bitch had done to him-- now he had to deal with the fact she'd not only

turned him into some kind of sexual wacko, but a basic bitch at that. The room was crowded with kids and professors, and Beck was playing on the sound system, singing "Up All Night." He found himself staring into Hailey's eyes, nodding as she spoke.

"So, like, this weird chick comes to my room, and she was all, like, you need to help Jake dress up like Madonna for Halloween, and I was like, what? And she was like, yeah, and I was like, seriously?"

"So, she just came out of nowhere?"

"And she vanished like that, too. Like in a movie or something. It was like-- poof!"

"It was the same when we met her," Jake said, breaking off a piece of the orange scone, covered with lines of white icing, popping it into his mouth.

"We?"

"Kent and me," Jake said. "We were at the bar and she just came out of nowhere, gave us these invitations and then-- vanished."

"That was all? She just gave you invitations?"

Jake thought about the kiss and looked away, his cheeks blushing. "Yeah. Just like that. She was so weird. There is no way I am going to that party dressed as Madonna."

"Jake." Hailey leaned forward, her eyes full of passion, anguish. "You have to."

"Why?" Jake said, disturbed by the intensity in her eyes, her voice. He'd ever seen her like this.

"Because she told me," Hailey leaned closer, looking around to make sure that no one was listening. "She told me if you don't, you're going to spend the rest of your life obsessed with cock."

Jake felt that feeling again, that feeling like he'd just been kicked in the stomach. He hated and loved even the sound of the word, but more than anything he felt humiliated that she knew, that Hailey knew. He decided it immediately, leaning forward, whispering. "I don't like-- I am not into... that."

Hailey shook her head. "Okay, but she said you would be. It's a spell of something."

"That's bullshit," Jake said. "No." He gulped down the rest of his pumpkin spice. Gosh, it was so good. "Ridiculous."

"I think you better."

"I'm not. There's no way," Jake said. Then, thinking his denials seemed a little too intense, he laughed and said. "I mean, if she said someone younger, I would be into it. But Madonna is old as fuck."

Hailey laughed. "Well, okay," she said. "But if you change your mind, let me know."

"I will?" Jake said.

"I gotta go pee," Hailey said, getting up. "Be right back."

Jake sighed, feeling like he'd done something, made a star, asserted himself. He sat back, and then Lucy slipped into Hailey's seat, smiling, her hair fluttering around her face.

"Fuck!" Jake screamed in a high-pitched voice, lurching back in his chair, almost falling over. He saw people look over, shocked, and when he looked back, the chair was empty. No one there.

Shit, he thought. Oh, fuck. He looked around, shaking, expecting to see Lucy, scared at what she might do to him, but he just saw bemused faces looking back at him, curious as to why he'd screamed like that.

Hailey appeared, coming back from the bathroom. Jake sighed, relieved at the sight of her. It was good to have another girl to talk to. A girl, he corrected himself. A girl. Because that is what I am not.

"So, you're sure?" Hailey said, sitting back down. "No Madonna?"

"Absolutely," Jake said. "There is no way in hell I would ever do that."

Chapter 4

"The devil?" Father Gonzalez said, laughing. "The devil?"

"This isn't funny," Jake said. Father Rodriguez had a hawk nose, big and hooked, and from the minute he'd walked into the priest's office Jake had been wondering if he had a big dick or not. He'd heard a man's nose and hands were a big tip off, and try as he might now that he'd seen the big nose he felt... thirsty.

"Oh, I am sorry my son," Father said, sitting back in his big, leather chair. Behind him hung a crucifix, Jesus on the cross, blood dripping from the nails in his hands. "Forgive me, but those superstitious beliefs? Since I took over the campus ministry, I mostly only hear that stuff from old women."

"Women?" Kent said, clenching his fist.

"I do not mean you are... well, let me start over. I am so sorry. I have done a poor job with my ministry. Please. Tell me why you think you are, what did you call it?"

"Cursed by the devil."

"Yes. What makes you think you are cursed by the devil?"

"She...". Kent had intended to confess all, to tell the priest everything, but the priest having laughed at him? Well, now he didn't know if he could trust the with his humiliating secret. God, he probably has a torpedo, Kent thought, staring at that big, thick nose. Then, stop! Stop! Trying to pull his thoughts away as they were filled with the image of a big, hair cock.

"Yes?"

"She came to me herself and told me. She told me I was cursed, and unless I did what she wanted, I would be cursed forever."

"Unh, hunh. Okay. And what does she want you to do?"

"Well, I am.... I can't say. I would rather not say." Kent crossed his legs, and then his arms across his chest, trying to feel safer as thoughts of Lucy filled him with terror. Even as he talked, he felt like the room had grown darker and colder.... larger somehow.

"So, how can I help you? Please. You must unburden yourself."

"No. I can't. But, isn't there something you can do? Some prayer or ritual? Something to keep the devil away or expel her or something?"

"It's not like that. I mean, you can pray. You come to church. You can say confession. These are the actions you can take to get right with God. And, when you walk with God you will be free from the devil, as the devil cannot abide the company of his creator."

"He can't?"

"By no means."

Kent felt a surge of hope. "So, if I get right with God, the curse will be lifted? I'll be free?"

"If it's God's will," Gonzalez said, stepping his fingers beneath his chin.

"What? Why wouldn't it be God's will? Why would God want me to... do what the devil wants?"

"Why would he want his own son to suffer and die on the cross? God's plan for us, from our limited mortal perspective, may seem wrong, but it is--"

"Bullshit!" Kent screeched, feeling like the room had grown darker and colder, bigger and bigger. He heard buzzing and looked over to see the window to the Father's office smothered with flies. "The devil came to me! She cursed me! Why would God allow that?"

"What did she say?" Gonzalez said, leaning forward, his eyes growing hard and glassy, his voice deeper, now a whisper, all mixing in with the buzzing of the flies. "What did the devil do to you?" It had gotten so cold that Father's words now came out of his mouth accompanied by what looked like clouds of smoke.

Kent cowered back in his chair, torn. Part of him wanted to tell Father everything, to confess his sin, and then he wanted the priest to hug him, hold him, kiss him. He shook his head from side to side, cowering back in the chair, now pulling his legs up to his chest. "I can't tell you," he whispered. "I can't."

"You must tell me!" Father Gonzalez shouted now, pounding his fists on his desk. "If you want to be free of this curse you must confess it!"

"No!" Kent said as the room filled with the smell of salt, phosphorous, sulphur. "I can't!"

"Confess!" Father Gonzalez screamed. "Confess!"

"No!" Kent screamed, squeezing his eyes shut, putting his hands over his ears, curling up into a ball. "NO!" The smell of Sulphur made him feel dizzy, and the room was so cold he was shivering.

"For the last time I command you in the name of God to confess! Speak your sins!"

Something in Kevin snapped, and he opened his eyes, lunged to the desk, slamming his palms on the cool wood and looking right into Father Gonzalez' eyes he screamed, "She made me love cock!"

Father Gonzalez recoiled in shock. Not at Kent's words, but his actions. He looked at the young man, shaking his head. "That isn't a sin, Kent. Lots of men like cock."

Kent looked around, slightly bewildered. The flies were gone. The cold. The room seemed... ordinary. "It, but I thought the church?"

"I don't care what the church says. There's nothing wrong with being gay."

"I'm not gay," Kent said.

"If you like cock, you probably are a little gay," Gonzalez said. "But it's okay to be gay. You should do to a meeting of the LGBTQ club on campus. Meet some people. You could..."

"I'm not gay," Kevin repeated. He felt dizzy, confused, but certain of one thing. No one here could help him. "I'm not gay," he repeated, turning and walking out of the office, into the sanctuary. It was a modern church, all carpet and institutional colors, like a dentist's office. Christ hung above the altar, a medieval figure with the crown of thorns and the nails in the hands that looked so out of place in this bland space.

No, he thought as pushed open the front doors and walked out into the sunlight, imagining himself on his back, legs spread, his breasts bouncing as some guy pounded into him. No, I am definitely not gay, he thought. No.

I'm a dirty girl.

In his mind, he heard himself murmuring in a soft, breathy voice, "Fuck me. Fuck me hard."
His porno dream even had a soundtrack. Bass. Club techno beats. Brittany Spears singing

Gimme Gimme Gimme Gimme

Gimme More

Gimme Gimme Gimme Gimme

Gimme More

Chapter 5

Jake sat on his bed, back against the wall, as he reached between his long, smooth legs and painted his toenails a pretty pink color-- with little sparkles. He bit his lip as he carefully painted the tiny little nail on his pinky toe, giddy with excitement over how cute his toes would look tomorrow when he wore his open toe sandals to class. He'd checked the weather report to plan his outfit-- like, what other reason was there? And it was supposed to be a little warmer-- Indian Summer-- so he would get one more chance to wear his cute, warm weather clothes before it became non-stop sweater season. Not that he minded wearing a tight, soft sweater that showed off his tits! He had the Madonna channel on his Spotify, and she was signing Give It To Me, and he found himself mouthing the words along with her even as his eyes drifted to his iPhone and he started wondering if he should go on Twitter and find some random guy for a good...

Bang! Bang! Bang! The door to his dorm room rattled in its frame as someone pounded on it super hard. "You want to fuck?" Brandon called through the door, turning the handle, finding it locked. "Open the fucking door."

Brandon! Jake felt himself getting hot just at the way Brandon yelled at him, gave him orders. He loved being dominated by a badass, and he jumped up, walking to the door on the heels of his feet, the spreaders between his toes. He turned the deadbolt.

"What took so long?" Brandon said looking Jake up and down, sending a thrill through Jake's whole body.

"Sorry!" Jake said, eager to please Brandon. "I was---"

But then Brandon smothered Jake's mouth in a kiss even as he wrapped his arms around Jake's hips, cupped his ass and lifted him off his feet. Jake instinctively wrapped his legs around Brandon's waist, pressing his breasts against his hard chest and meeting the kiss.

Brandon carried Jake over to his bed and threw onto the bed, Jake's hair falling across his eyes. "Careful," he said. "I just did my toes."

"Like I give a shit," Brandon grumbled. "Get on your hands and knees."

"Just a sec I need to...".

"Get on your fucking hands and knees," Brandon shouted as he undid his belt buckled pulled his thick, leather belt free.

Jake's heart jumped even as he was filled with a sweet, erotic terror. He rolled onto his hands and knees and reached down to undo the fly on his Daisy Dukes, starting to push them down, but then Jake grabbed them and yanked them violently down, and then Jake's panties. Jake glanced back over his slender little shoulder, his eyes going wide as Brandon raised his belt and brought it whistling down across Jake's plump ass. "Oooowww!" Jake gasped, arching his back, raising his head up as the agony and pleasure rolled through his slender little body. He could feel his nipples getting hard inside the stiff cups of his bra.

Whack. Whack. Whack. The belt slashed across Jake's soft flesh, and he felt himself getting wet.... Soooooo wet.... And that empty feeling grew deeper, more desperate, and he lifted his ass, eager, desperate to feel Brandon's cock slipping into him, slamming into him.... He needed to be filled and fucked...

And then Brandon attacked like a bull, mounting Jake, slamming into him, grabbing his hips, and Jake pushed back, wanting to feel it deep, so deep.... "Pull my hair!" He cried out.

"Bitch," Brandon said, grabbing a fistful of Jake's hair and yanking it back so hard Jake found himself looking at the ceiling even as the pain in his scalp made him gasp with pleasure that double, tripled as Brandon used his other hand to slap him hard on the side of his ass in rhythm to the fucking, and Jake felt the pressure building, his orgasm rolling and rolling, the tension getting stronger and stronger and he needed it, needed it so bad, and then

Brandon popped off, his hot, sticky manhood jetting inside Jake, who moaned and thought.. NO! I haven't come yet! Omigod, no!"

* * * *

Jake woke, bathed in sweet, once more face down with his ass in the air. He reached back defensively, trying to cover, protect, even as the lingering disappointment of his dream filled him, the eager need to orgasm-- as a girl-- the frustration and disappointment at being fucked and left so unfulfilled, all mixing with the shame of being a man and wanting that, needing that, and the helpless feeling of being.... Out of control. Of having these needs and having no choice. "Fuck," he said. "Fuck." He needed to cum so bad, and yet he didn't even have the right parts to get off the way he needed to.

How am I supposed to take care of wanting some guy to fuck my pussy when I don't really have one? He wondered. "And why can't I stop this?"

He remembered his conversation with his ex. Looked over and saw the invitation to the party.

* * * *

It was precisely 3:33 when Jake and Kent each picked up his phone, called his ex-girlfriend and asked her to help him become a woman.

Chapter 6

"Waist training?" Kent said, looking at the belt festooned with straps Kennedy had tossed onto his bed. "It's just a costume for one night."

"And it needs to be perfect. You'll look ridiculous with your angular shape dressed as a slutty schoolgirl. We need to do more to capture the illusion."

"I don't think so," Kent said.

"You want my help or not?" Kennedy said, crossing her arms, setting her jaw. "I'll walk right out of this room."

Kent sighed. He knew a condition of his cure was that he had to let Kennedy run the show. "I'll do it if I have to but--"

"Good!" Kennedy said, clapping her hands, bouncing on the balls of her feet, doing the 180-mood swing thing she was famous for. She hurried over and grabbed the waist trainer. "Lift up your shirt."

Kent did as she said, and she wrapped the trainer around his waist and belly, then pulled it tight. "Oof," Kent said. "That's... it's hard to breath." He found the trainer made him stand more straight, with a slight arch to his back, his chest out.

"You need to wear it all day and night," Kennedy said. "Only take it off to shower, but then put it right back on."

"I'm supposed to sleep in this?"

"We only have a month to get you ready."

Kent wanted to object, but his horrible dreams and desires came back to him, so he just ruefully nodded, figuring if he could suffer all this for a month and then get back to normal, it would be worth it.

Kennedy threw open the top of the suitcase she'd pulled the waist trainer out of and looked down at the contents, smiling.

"What's all this?" Kent said, taking a position next to her, his hands on the waist trainer.

"This, girlfriend, is your future." She began to pull the items out of the suitcase one by one, holding each up to Kent before laying it gently on his bed. 'Makeup kit. Hair Wax. Heels. Blonde wig and..."

Kent's mouth dropped open as she lifted two realistic looking breasts from the suitcase, each one with a big, pink nipple. "Your boobs!" She reached out as if to place them on his chest and Kent recoiled, feeling humiliated at the thought of even having them near him.

"Come on!" He said. "Really?"

"Really, hon. In case you never noticed, Brittany has boobs. Now," and she set the breasts down on Kent's bed, allowing him to pause with relief, but then she pulled out a lacy pink bra with white bows on the bra straps and at the yoke where the cups met. "Let's get you into your first bra!"

"Can't we just wait until the night of the party?"

"You need to get used to having breasts, Brits," Kennedy said, grinning, clearly enjoying every minute of his shame and discomfort. "I'm going to need you to wear these in your room every night for at least two hours."

"Every night? But, what if I want to go out?"

"You're going to be too busy learning to do your make-up, practicing your walk and working on your voice. Please. Now take your shirt off and let's get you into this sexy bra!"

* * * *

Jake, meanwhile, found himself perched on a pair of three-inch pumps, holding a bedpost while Hailey laced up his corset. He could feel the material crushing his ribs and cutting into the soft flesh below his ribcage, but more so he could feel all the masculinity being pushed right out of him as his ex-girlfriend laced him into this woman's garment, forcing his body into a woman's shape. Worst of all, it looked exactly like the corset Madonna had worn on the cover of that record, the one he'd gotten off to as a kid. Hailey finished tying the laces, patted him on the ass and said, "turn around and let me see you."

Jake turned, slowly, wobbling on his heels., his arms out to the side, hands bent at the wrists for balance. Hailey nicked at the feminine pose, looked him up and down and shook her head. "You need a lot of work."

Jake felt a kind of relief to hear that, but then he tried to take a deep breath and felt his body gripped by the corset, his lungs stymied. A kind of half gasp came out of him.

"Trouble breathing?" Hailey said, laughing. "Get used to it." She took him by the hand and led him toward his desk, where she'd already laid out a bunch of makeup.

"No. Yeah, I mean. It's really tight. What do you mean get used to it?"

"You'll need to wear the corset pretty much all the time from now on," Hailey said.

Jake caught a glimpse of himself in his closet mirror and his mind reeled. He had a lean, slender body, and the corset gave him a definite waist, with the bottom flaring to create the illusion of hips. His legs, perched on those heels, looked more like a woman's too, though they were still covered with black hair, especially the calves. He didn't look like a woman, but more like a woman, and it was enough to send a pang of fear through him. "I can't wear this to class," he said. "People will think I'm a freak."

"You'll wear layers and baggy shirts. No one will even notice. Now, sit the way I taught you. Knees together, don't look back, just kind of lower yourself into the chair."

Jake winced. She was making him sit like a lady, though he was pretty sure Madonna had never been too worried about that early in her career. Nevertheless, he kept his knees together as she had told him and lowered himself into the chair, managing to get almost all the way down before he lost his balance and plopped onto the seat.

"Good girl! So close!" Hailey said. "We'll have you do some exercises to strengthen your legs that will help you sit and walk in heels. Won't that be fun, Maddie?"

Jake ignored her. He was fighting the corset, wanting to sit in his usual slouchy manner, but it wouldn't let him. Finally, he just accepted the training and sat up, shoulders back, a slight arch in his lower back.

Hailey smiled, amused to see him sitting so pretty. This was all proving to be such fun! She put her hand under his chin and tilted his head back. "Let's make you pretty," she said, picking up a tube of foundation. "Pay attention, now, dear. You're going to need to do your own makeup."

"Why?" Jake said.

"Because, silly. You're a girl now."

* * * *

Mascara, blush, eyeshadow, lipstick. Wigs and clip on earrings. Jake and Kent found themselves transformed, and then walking in heels, back and forth across their rooms, the heels clicking on the hard, tile floors, clicking and clicking, registering their shame and dwindling confidence with each dainty, feminine step. They practiced sitting. Standing. Waving. They walked until their calves burned, stood and sat until their thighs ached. And then, each of the girls took their feminized man, his eyes popping with long, wet lashes, and sat him down in front of his computer.

"What now?" Kent asked, relieved to be off his feet, wishing he could kick off his pumps.

"Now, you need to talk like Brittany," Kennedy said, feeling a little thrill pass through her body at the thought of Kent talking in a buzzy, breathy woman's voice.

"Tonight?" Kent asked. "I'm pretty tired and I need to..."

"Tonight," Kennedy said, pulling up a YouTube Video. "Right now. You need to start. Now, listen." She patted him in his bare thigh, just below the pleated hem of his mini-skirt. Kent watched and learned about his soft pallet, vocal placement, ways to change his voice so he would speak in a female frequency, so that when he spoke, even if he lowered his pitch, people would hear him as a woman. He practiced, and practiced again, sickened to have Kennedy sitting right there, listening to him struggle to sound like a girl, and then-- worse-- to sound like a girl. "How do I sound now?" He asked, his hand on his throat. He could hear the buzz, and the voice that came out of him was not his own.

"Pretty good! Now, say, "I'm Brittany, bitch."

"I don't want--" he started in his own voice.

"No!" Kennedy said. "From now on when we are in private you ONLY speak in the voice of a woman."

"But I feel--"

"Girl voice, Brittany. Girl voice."

Kent relented. He'd already dressed up as a school girl and minced around in heels for hours. Kennedy would never see him as a man again. What more did he have to lose. He shrugged, feeling the bra straps on his shoulders rise and bring the heavy, jiggling breast forms in his bra along with them. "I'm Brittany, bitch," he said in the buzzy, feminine voice he just learned.

"Omigod!" Kennedy said. "You sound just like a girl! But...."

"But what?" Kent said, staying in his girl voice, brushing a strand of his long blonde wig's golden hair away from his eyes.

"But now you need to sound like Brittany."

* * * *

The hours before bed that night, each of the boys sat in his bra, his wig, his heels, and he watched videos. Jake watched Madonna; Kent watched Brittany. They watched how they danced, moved and sang, each becoming fascinated, mouthing along to the songs, signing in whispers, but in their girl voices, and even mimicking arm gestures, hand gestures, facial

Cooper Kadee

impressions. At some point, heads swimming, they cleaned off their make-up, took off their wigs, slipped out of their bras. But Kent kept his waist trainer on, as he'd been ordered, and Jake his corset. That night the boys did not dream of anal sex or oral sex or cocks, but Jake dreamed he was Madonna, on the set, shooting "Like Virgin" while Kent dreamt he was Brittany, shooting One More Time, dressed in his school girl outfit. They were young and beautiful, and everyone either wanted them or wanted to be them.

It was good, they felt in those dreams, to be a girl.

Chapter 7

Kent woke, his mind buzzing with the words and music to Hit Me Baby One More Time. He got up, humming along in his fem voice, not even thinking about it as he grabbed his towel and new shower supplies-- Curious, a girly body wash actually made by Brittany, herself, shampoo, a Lady Razor so he could shave his legs and armpits. The night before he'd winced and whined at the thought of using perfume body wash, especially of shaving his armpits, but today as he skipped along to the shower he didn't really think much about it.

He felt-- good. Great! Exhilarated! He'd slept well, didn't suffer any cock related cravings, and he could see that everything was going to be fine, after all. He just had to get through this month and then everything would be normal! In the meantime, well, gosh, it turned Brittany Spears was EVERYTHING! He LOVED her music, so that part didn't even suck after all. In the shower, he found himself dancing as he sudsed up his loofah and started to wash his body, the shower filling with the smell of vanilla, flowers-- it smelled like pretty mischief, and he closed his eyes as he rubbed it over his body, giggling. How did I make it all these years without you? He wondered.

He lathered up his pits, signing Stronger, then impulsively decided to lather his chest as well. He didn't have a lot of chest hair, but what he did had needed to go-- it so needed to go. He shaved himself, washed the remaining foam off, and then ran his fingertips across his smooth, soft skin, feeling all tingly and --fun?

It wasn't until he tried to bend over to shave his legs that he remembered he was wearing the waist trainer. It refused to let him bend his spine, so he had to lean against the shower wall and lift his legs. He hadn't realized he was so flexible! Waist training wasn't so tough! But he dutifully lathered up and then shaved his legs, once more running his fingers along the smooth skin, singing, Stronger than yesterday

He went back to his bedroom, pulled on his jeans and a baggy rugby shirt. Looking in the mirror, he nodded. No one could tell he was wearing a waist trainer. He got one of the Slim Fast shakes Kennedy had told him he would be living on for now and drank it, actually

struggling to get the whole thing down. With his stomach and other internal organs crushed, he didn't have much room for good, he realized. That would help him get the Britney Body he needed by Halloween. As he walked across campus on the way to class that morning, a cloud of pretty vanilla and flowers drifting around him, he found himself checking out the other-- not the other girls, the girls, but not like he used to. He was looking at their figures, their skin and hair, wondering how many of them might be waist training, feeling a kind of kinship with them, knowing what it was like, feeling a little annoyed at how easy guys had it and-- Oh, wow. There was a girl with skin that just glowed! How did she get her skin to look so good? He wondered. He would have to find out how to take better care of his skin. Maybe Kennedy could help him?

Oh shit.

Jake. He saw Jake coming across the way, walking toward him. Kent immediately found himself drawn back to the moment of their kiss, the way their lips touched, their tongues, the way he'd tilted his head back and... oh! It had been the most perfect kiss! The feelings scared him, and he didn't know what to say or how to act around Jake anymore, so he turned and hurried off toward the library, ducking through the door and then crouching down, peaking through the window, his heart racing. His eyes scanned side to side, and then he saw Jake walking past. His posture is so good, Kent thought, watching him, impressed as well with how fluidly he walked. Jake seemed to glance in Kent's direction and he ducked down with a high pitched, "Ahhh!"

He waited, waited, and when he looked again, much to his relief, Jake was gone. Omigod, Kent thought, relieved. He just didn't think he could face Jake now-- maybe not ever. It was all too weird, and now with all the work he needed to do to become Britany, so he couldn't. He just couldn't right now!

After his second class, Kent found himself feeling anxious, worrying about his classes, his future, the party, his costume, whether he should get new shoes... just a tangled web of insecurity. He had thought to maybe go out bowling with some of the bros from the Frat, but as soon as he got back to his room, closing and carefully locking the door, he pulled off his shirt and tossed it on the floor, ran over to his dresser and grabbed his bra. Seeing it-- so bright and pink-- feeling the silk straps in his fingers, looking at the little bows on the bra

straps-- he instantly felt himself calm, the tension flowing right out of his body, and he slipped into the bra, which didn't have hooks or clasps but you just pulled it over your head like a shirt, he felt-- safe-- as the strap stretched across his back and the bra seemed to hug his upper body. He felt safe, but not complete. He knew what he needed to do, and he retrieved the jiggling breast forms from his drawer and slipped them into the cups, immediately flushing with pleasure and relief.

Might as well just stay in, he decided, going to his closet and getting his white schoolgirl blouse. Work on my costume. He buttoned it up, admiring the way his breasts swelled against the top, and then stepped into his pleated little skirt, taking a moment to once more run his hands along his smooth, soft skin. Finally, he put on his patent leather Mary Janes, sued up the Baby One More Time Video and staring intently at Britney-- she was so amazing!-- he began to dance and sing along with the video, slipping into a blissful state of pure joy as all his worries and cares lifted and he found himself lost in a world that was Britney.

The week flew by. Every day he wore his waist trainer and drank his Slim Fast shakes. He was vaguely aware that his caloric intake was well short of what a male his age and height needed, but he never felt hungry, a fact he attributed to the fact that the waist trainer crushed his stomach into a tiny ball. A few times when he glanced in the mirror he noted rapid muscle loss from his shoulders and arms, which worried him-- he worried all the time-- but he knew he needed to get skinny to look like Britney, so even though it went against everything a dude stood for, he just got okay with getting small for now. He could put the muscle back on after the party, anyway, right?

A couple nights, Kennedy dropped in and lay on his bed, chatting and watching him do his makeup. She really loved watching him paint his face, puckering his lips as he put on his lipstick-- he'd perfected the pink and brown combo Britney had made famous-- dusting blush against his smooth cheeks. Sometimes she had him walk and sit, and then each night ended with him doing the whole Baby One More Time video, dancing and singing right along with Britney. Kennedy's eyes got all hot and intense, and he could tell it really turned her on, but all she ever gave him was a big, sisterly hug for some reason. Once she left, he usually sat down to watch a few episodes of Sex and the City. He'd seen thing on Tumblr where Britany said it was her favorite show and, out of curiosity, he'd checked it out and it was AWESOME! He couldn't wait to see what Carrie would get up to next, and he really

wanted her to find the right guy. She deserved to be loved! Sometimes as he watched, he found himself idly sucking on the cucumber that Lucy had left him, slipping it in and out of his mouth, in and out. He didn't really think anything of it. It was just something to do with his mouth while he watched TV.

At the end of the week, Kennedy showed up with her suitcase again, a big grin on her face. "How's it going, bitch?" She said, giving Kent a hug. He was already dressed as Britney.

"You're the bitch," Kent said in his girl voice. "What perfume is that?"

"You want some?" Kennedy said.

"Yeah. I like it."

Kennedy smirked. Kent had no idea how far gone he was, how more and more he was thinking and acting like a girl. Seeing him there in his schoolgirl outfit sent a thrill through her whole body. The spell, along with the starvation diet she'd put him on, had reshaped him dramatically. He now had tiny little arms, extremely feminine, and narrow, round shoulder. His legs had taken on a soft, rounded quality as well, and with his breast forms creating a beautiful, womanly shape, he looked very much like the slut he would become. "Let me take a look at you."

Kent put a hand on his hip and lifted one foot, turning slightly to the side so she could see his three-quarter profile. "You're getting so slender!" Kennedy said. "It's time for a smaller waist trainer."

"Smaller?" Kent said. "I can barely get a whole can of Slim Fast down now."

"Take off your blouse," Kennedy said, ignoring his objections as she usually did. Kent sighed and rolled his eyes, knowing there was no point in arguing. He unbuttoned his blouse and carefully hung it in his closet.

Kennedy came around and undid his waist trainer, unwrapping it from around his torso. She felt an electric charge of pure pleasure as she saw the way his ribs now swerved down and into a much more narrow waist, and how his hips flared out now. He had a figure-- a female figure. If anyone took a picture of his just ribs down to his hips, they would think they were looking at the curvy shape of a woman! "You're coming along," Kennedy said, patting Kent on the butt. "Yeah, though, we definitely need to get that waist of yours smaller."

"Smaller?" Kent put his hands around his waist, then let them slide down to his rounded hips. He was trying to look down and see, but his breasts were in the way.

Kennedy wanted him to see-- the see his narrow waist, hips, to really see those delicious little arms. "Come," she said, taking his hand and leading him to the mirror.

"What the fuck?" Kent said, dropping into his own voice as he looked in the mirror and saw a woman's body. It looked like-- he looked like a girl. His eyes had dropped down to that swerve between his ribs and his hips, the beautiful and impossible curve that had always turned him on, and he had that, it was his body he was looking at. His eyes rose to the swell of breasts-- not real, but seeing them there now filled him with shame and fear, and then he lifted his arms and looked at them in shock-- puny, round-- they looked like they belonged on some model or actress, not a dude. Even his face painted and prettied, foundation, mascara and lipstick-- looked more like a girl's than a boy's. How had he not noticed this? "This isn't-- what the hell did you do to me?"

"Girl voice," Kennedy said, standing behind him, slipping an arm around his waist and kissing him on his smooth, soft shoulder.

"Fuck you," Kent said, terrified at what he was seeing in the mirror, at the new shape of his body. He put his hands on his waist again, staring in horror. "Am I stuck like this now? I can't-- my waist?"

"Girl voice," Kennedy repeated, slipping her other arm around his mid-section, putting a hand over one of his fake breasts.

"Get off me," Kent said, trying to squirm free. "I'm out. This is too much."

"No, Britany," Kennedy said, amused at his discomfort. "You will do as you are told."

"Let go of me," Kent said, struggling to free himself, shocked to realize how weak he'd gotten. He and Kennedy used to wrestle a lot when they had sex, and he'd always easily overpowered her, but now he-- she was too strong!?

"Girl voice," Kennedy repeated.

"I'm not--"

As Kent tried to free himself, pulling away, Kennedy suddenly released her grip, showing him, hard and sending him stumbling across the room, tumbling to the floor, shouting, "Ow!"

Then, she was on him, pinning his arms to the floor, straddling him with her legs. Kent thrashed helplessly. "Get off me! Let me go!" He yelled, his voice strained, his eyes wide with impotent rage.

"Girl voice!" Kennedy shouted.

"No!"

She released one of his hands and slapped him hard across the face. Once. Twice. Three times. Kent tried to punch her, and she caught his fist and then bent his arm across his chest. Kent wiggled. He'd never felt so powerless. He'd never felt so-- impotent. And, suddenly, something in him broke, and he knew he had to obey Kennedy. He whispered, in his best girl voice, "Okay. Okay. I'll do whatever you say."

Kennedy grinned, patting him on the cheek. "Good girl," she said. "Good girl. You like when I tell you you're a good girl, don't you?"

Kent hated it, but he knew what Kennedy expected, so he smiled his brightest smile and giggle, "I love it."

Kennedy helped Kent to his feet, then had him sit on the bed, knees together, his hands in his lap. She had something new for him to wear and pulled the panties from her suitcase. Kent wilted at the sight of them, not just because they were cut like women's panties, but because they had been designed so they looked like they had a kind of sewn in camel toe. They would make it look like he had a vagina.

"You will need to wear these at all times," Kennedy said, grinning. Kent had a smile plastered on his pink and brown painted lips, but she could see the horror and shame in his eyes. "Britany is a strong, proud woman, and you need to identify with that part of her. She loved having a vagina, and you need to learn to empathize with that pride. These panties will remind you every day that you are a strong, proud woman."

Kent just nodded, keeping the smile plastered on his face. "Oh, and from now on? You sit down to pee, and you need to love that as well. It's all part of being a woman."

Sit down to pee? Take pride in his vagina, though he didn't really have one? Kennedy had lost her mind, Kent thought. She'd completely lost her mind. And now she was going to

destroy him, turn him into some kind of feminine doll. He felt he should do something, fight back, but-- but what choice did he have? She had Lucy on her side, and he had nothing. She was even stronger than him now. He couldn't fight her. He should, but he couldn't.

Kennedy held the panties toward him, stretching the top with both hands, letting him look right at the simulated camel toe. Kent shivered. It seemed the ultimate act of self-negation. But... it was only for now. Just a couple more weeks. Then, they promised, everything would be normal. He reached out and took the panties. "Put them on right now," Kennedy said. "I want to watch you."

Kent stood, reached under his skirt and wiggled out of his jockey shorts. Then he stepped into the panties, pulled them up and over his hips, felt them right against his rear, his junk. He could feel his cheeks burning with shame as Kennedy put a hand to the small of his back and led him to the mirror. "Lift your skirt," she said.

"Do I have--"

"Lift it and look."

Kent lifted his skirt and looked at the space between his legs, where he now clearly seemed to have a vagina and not the bulge of a male.

"Good girl," Kennedy said, pinching his ass. "Very good girl."

* * * *

The next day, Kent put on the panties, as he'd been told, and when he left his room he felt -- smaller, less confident. Knowing his manhood was masked by his panties, covered by a vagina, it seemed to cut something out of him, and he found himself feeling nervous and insecure, the same way he felt when he didn't have his bra and boobs, but multiplied by a

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thousand. He put on his headphones and his Britney playlist, losing himself in the music, singing along in his head. As he walked across the quad he saw a girl with a kind of curly blonde haircut-- it looked like something from the 80s, and in fact, the girl looked almost exactly like Madonna in her face and hair. Their eyes met, and they smiled at each other as they passed. Looking into that fake Madonna's eyes, he felt all kinds of sparks and wondered what it would be like to kiss her. He bet it would be amazing.

Chapter 8

Jake ran his long red nails through his curly blonde hair, teasing the bouncy curls, then looked nervously at his face-- the mascara, eye shadow, lipstick. Yes. Perfect. He looked exactly like Madonna.

"You're up next," Hailey said as she watched him nervously primping in the "green room" mirror. It was really more of a dimly lit closet with some mirrors and dressing tables; Masquerades, the local drag club, saved the glitz and glamour for the show room. He looked adorable in his corset, perched on his heels, the lines of his old-fashioned stockings running down the backs of his now rounded, slender legs, his wet red mouth hanging open as he looked over his make-up. She loved the irony of his situation even more. He still had some dull-witted belief that he would get back to being himself, a regular guy, someday. He didn't know that Jake was already dead, gone. It made the image of him there fussing over his make-up and hair just like any girl all the sweeter. He thought it was just for now, but it was forever.

Jake spun on his heels and minced over to Hailey, his arms straight, wrists hands bent at the wrists. "Omigod! Hailey, I can't do this. I'm too-it's too-- I can't!"

He sounded just like a young Madonna. Hailey smiled, taking his soft hands in hers and smiling. "You are going to go right out there and knock them dead, bitch."

"Hailey! Please. Maybe tomorrow. I don't know if I remember my routine, and I am so nervous, and..."

"No. Time to put on your big girl panties." She dropped his hands, took him by his smooth, soft shoulders and pushed him to the stage curtain, keeping him there while the previous act, a Jennifer Lopez impersonator, finished her song. The audience erupted, whooping and clapping.

As "JLO" came off the stage, glowing with the thrill of her performance, Hailey said, "So good!"

"You know it," JLO answered in a deep, rumbling bass completely unlike her performance voice.

Jake was running through his routine in his mind, moving his hands, whispering the words, shifting in his heels.

"Now," the host for the show, a later years Elizabeth Taylor with a martini glass and smeared, raccoon eyes makeup, "we have a brand new performer who has come here tonight to pop her cherry just like a virgin. It's the one and only Mandonna!"

The crowd cheered. Hailey pushed Jake through the curtain and onto the stage. He stumbled, then regained his footing, and hearing the music, which had already started playing, his hours of practice kicked in and he started to walk and move just like Madonna as he grabbed the microphone and started to sing:

I made it through the wilderness

Somehow made it through

Didn't know how lost I was

Until I found you

He did a little spin, showing the audience his back, shaking his hips. They roared, and he felt his confidence surged. He took a lot of pride in his ass and loved the attention it got

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him. Spinning back around, moving effortlessly in his stiletto heels, he kept singing and dancing, coming to the chorus, making little cooing noises like Madonna had, like the sounds a girl made when she was horny

Oooh! Like a virgin

Touched for the very first time

Oh! Like a virgin

When your heart beats

Next to mine

He looked into the stage lights, then glanced at the audience. So many pretty boys, he thought. Too bad most of them were gay. But, a girl could look. And then, it was over. The song ended. He did a little knee bends, a shoulder raise and clicked his way off stage to accept a huge hug from Hailey, even as the roaring of the crowd followed him off the stage.

"You were so good!" Hailey said. "How do you feel?"

Jake's eyes were sparkling with pleasure and excitement. "How do I feel? Like I want to be on stage every minute every day for the rest of my life."

Hailey patted him on the cheek and smiled, thinking, yes you do. That's the way I remade you.

"Come on, girl," Hailey said, taking his hand. "We need to go out and celebrate."

Jake froze, thinking she meant for him to go out in public like this, to one of the college bars around town. "People might recognize me?" He said.

"Oh, they will. Because I just meant we would go out here to the show room and have a celebratory Cosmo."

"Oh. Okay!" Jake said.

"Since you went blonde, you're a total airhead," Hailey said.

"I know. Right?" Jake said, doing his little shoulder raise and giggling. It wasn't very Madonna, but even after his change Jake would only be Madonna when he was on stage. The rest of the time he'd be a giggling, brainless slut.

A few nights later, Jake sat with his legs crossed at the knee, dressed in his Madonna corset and wig, watching Madonna a video of Madonna performing live at the MTV Music Awards. The act on the show before her had been-- yuck!-- The Beastie Boys. He couldn't even remember why he'd liked them, but he was glad he'd outgrown them.

He jumped when he heard a knock on his door, grabbing his phone to see if Hailey had texted she was coming over. She always texted before she showed, but there was nothing. More knocking. "Hello?" Jake called, feeling sudden stab of terror when he realized he'd used his girl voice. He cleared his throat and deepened, something he was finding increasingly hard to do. "Yeah?"

"Jake?" Katie, one of his old conquests called. "You have someone in there with you?"

"No," he said, pausing the video, suddenly nervous she'd heard him listening to Madonna, though he didn't know why. Everyone knew he was totally into the Queen of Pop. "What do you want?"

"How about a quickie?" Katie said in a sly, mischievous tone. "I'm horny."

Slut. Jake thought, stifling a giggle. Katie was really good in bed, and he felt a surge of masculine desire at the thought of her long, legs, the tattoo on the small of her back that said, "Hammer Me." Oh, yes, he thought, getting up, saying, "Hell, yeah" in his old, deep voice.

A quickie would be.... But, as he stood he felt the breast forms in his corset jiggle, looked in the mirror to see his crimson lips, his lashes thick with mascara, the blonde hair.... His soft, round shoulders and...he looked at his biceps in horror. Or, where his biceps had been. There was nothing there, just the skinny little soft arms of a girl. The corset gave him a distinctly womanly figure, a shape that now filled him with disgust.

It was like he was seeing it for the first time, and his mouth dropped open in horror even as he put his hands to his cheeks, seeing the long, crimson fingernails flashing in the light.

Katie tried to door, the handle rattling. "Open up," she said, pounding. "I am so fucking hard up I can't even tell you."

I am.... What the hell happened to me? Jake thought, looking at Madonna in the mirror, knowing she was him, seeing nothing of the young man he'd been. The thought of Katie seeing him like this-- of anyone seeing him like this--filled him with horror and disgust. "I can't..." he started, his voice cracking. He forced himself to drop it down. "I can't."

"Do you have a girl in there?" Katie said, pounding on the door.

"No," Jake answered, once more speaking in a flutie, feminine voice. He cleared his throat, disgusted. "No."

"I heard her, liar. I don't care. Let's do a threesome."

"I can't," Jake said, using all his willpower to keep his voice down on a masculine level.

"Oh, come on," Katie said. "Don't be a pussy."

"Don't call me that," Jake said, feeling intimidated. "I'm not."

Katie laughed. "Since when are you so sensitive?"

That comment brought a surge of rage. Jake clenched his fist, and it was like someone took over his body as he screamed in his shrillest, most outraged girl's voice. "Slut! Leave my boyfriend alone. Walk away right now or I will come out there and claw your fucking eyes out."

There was a long pause, and then Katie said, "Shit. You can have him."

Jake stood there staring at the door, then he tossed his hair and walked over to look at himself in the mirror. He looked like a woman now, and he'd just discovered something that shook him right down to his stiletto heels. The woman in him was stronger than the man.

This has to end now, he decided as he started to clean off his make-up. I am a man, and I will always be a man.

Chapter 9

"How's your little slut coming along?" Hailey asked, sipping from a frosty bottle of Coors.

Kennedy smiled. "I think she's ready. Just wish the party was tonight. I can't wait to see her face. Yours?"

"Oh, the same. He freaked out at one point when some old girlfriend came by and it kind of woke up whatever was left of the man he'd been."

"What happened?"

"He called me up and told me it was over, that he wasn't going to go through with it, that he knew I was trying to turn him, in his words, 'super gay.'"

"And?" Kennedy asked, amused.

"Two nights later, two nights where all he could dream about was getting screwed doggy style by his buddies, he relented."

"Perfect," Kennedy said, covering her laugh.

"The dreams were so real he actually... well, let's just say when I saw him next he was walking like Elizabeth Shue in Leaving Las Vegas."

"Oh, and he still doesn't realize that's his future for the rest of his life!"

"No. No. He has no clue."

Kennedy ran her fingernail along the lip of her bottle, then scooped a bead of moisture from the outside of the bottle and balanced it on her nail, looking at the way the light refracted through the wavering drop. "Is it too much?" She asked. "Are we going overboard?"

"No," Hailey said. "He gave me herpes. He lied to me, slept with my friends. He's a pig. And Kent..."

Kennedy's eyes went dark, narrowed as she remembered how he'd promised to be there when she got her abortion, how he'd promised to pay for it, but then? He'd been a no show. She later found out he'd gone off and slept with her sister while she was at the clinic.

"You're not having second thoughts," Hailey said, as a statement not a question. "You can't. Not after what he did."

"Kent was always a bitch," Kennedy said, setting her jaw. "Now, he'll have a body to match his personality."

"I'll toast to that," Hailey said, raising her beer. The girls clinked bottle and drank. The party was only a week away, and then then would have their final revenge.

Chapter 10

The night of the party, Kennedy unleashed her final fixes, handing Kent a padded girdle that would give him a big, bouncy booty and rounded hips. He didn't even bother to balk, just pulling them on, and then slipping into his mini-skirt. "Turn," Kennedy say.

Kent obeyed, putting a hand on his hip and turning in his school girl shoes. The back of his skirt now rose in a very inviting way that would drive all the boys crazy. "Let me see your profile."

Kent once more obeyed, and Kennedy clapped. "You look hot as hell, bae."

"Thanks," Kent said, going over to the mirror and checking himself out, first his front, adjusted the way his blouse opened to show the upper cups of his bra, then turning to the side to look at his tits and ass profile, then turning and looking at himself from the back. "Wow. My ass is really popping," he said, tilting his hips back so it had an even more exciting rise to it.

"You know it, girl," Kennedy said, amused to see the formally all bro womanized looking like a skinny young woman-and loving it. It was delicious, and yet not yet complete.

"Your costume is pretty great, too," Kent said, looking over Kennedy. She had horns and a small goatee, and she'd gotten these hairy pants and boots that looked like hooves. She was dressed as some kind of dude, and she was both hot as hell and a little scary. Kent didn't know if he wanted to kiss her or run from her. "What are you, again?"

"A satyr," Kennedy said. "It's a kind of Greek god that loves to get drunk and fuck."

Kent giggled. "Seriously?"

"Seriously. Let's get to the party."

Kent took a deep breath, feeling his breasts rise and fall, then bounce a little in his bra cups. He enjoyed the feeling of their weight against his chest, the way they moved. He might even keep wearing them some nights, he thought, even after this whole torture was over. He followed Kennedy out of the apartment, his blonde pigtails bouncing with every clicking step of his Mary Janes.

Kennedy drove while Kent kept checking his makeup in the vanity mirror. His heart was already racing, and he took some deep breaths trying to calm himself. "I've never gone out before," he said, using his girl voice. "Not like this. I mean, not, you know?"

"Not as a woman," Kennedy said.

"I'm scared," Kent admitted.

"That's normal, Britney," Kennedy said. "But you're doing it anyway, and that makes you-- well, you're so brave!"

The address for the party was on the edge of town, away from campus. It turned out to be a huge, ancient looking house made of stone with towers and widows' watches, big, arched windows that all glowed with candlelight. There were shadowy figures in some of the upper windows that seemed to be--- watching. Kent took it all in, feeling slightly afraid, crossing his hands over his heart and almost biting his lip before he realized that it might ruin his lipstick.

Kennedy got out, came around and opened Kent's door. He looked up at her, eyes wide with fear, then reached a slender hand toward her so she could help him get out of the car. He was careful not to accidentally offer the world a panty flash. "At least I won't know anyone that's here-- probably," Kent said.

"Probably," Kennedy said, putting a hand on the small of his back and guiding him toward the dark, glowering mansion. They walked up a flight of stone steps to the front porch. Deep base thumped hard enough to shake the glass in the window frames, and Kent's ears perked up as he realized it was some kind of mashup-- Britney and Madonna. His faves!

Kennedy rang the doorbell. A hulking man dressed like Frankenstein opened the door. "Welcome," he drawled, sounding like Boris Karloff. "The Mistress is expecting you." He stood half to the side and gestured for the two to enter. Kent cowered close to Kennedy, feeling nervous around such a big, strong looking man.

Kennedy guided him through the vestibule and into the foyer, packed with people, lit by rows of dozens and dozens of flickering candles. Everyone wore costumes, everything from Iron Man and Wonder Woman to the usual slutty witches and rugged cowboys. But, one thing seemed odd. "It seems like a lot of kinda Greeky stuff," Kent yelled over the loud music. There many people wearing togas and sandals, one guy wearing a winged helmet like the messenger guy, a woman with a shield and a spear like the fighter lady.

"It must be a trend this year," Kennedy said. "Those guys are totally checking you out!"

"What?" Kent said, moving closer, glancing out of the corner of his eyes to see to guys staring at his ass, leaning their heads together, talking. There was a look in their eye that made Kent feel--- thirsty. "Gross," he said, though being looked at, having two hot guys check him out-- it actually made him feel-- pretty? Sexy? He wasn't sure, but he liked it, and he hated it. One of the guys, he was dressed like Zorro, stepped away from the other, walking straight towards Kent, looking him right in the eyes. "Omigod! Let's get out of here!"

"Why? He's cute," Kennedy said, holding Kent in place.

The guy walked right up, shouting, "Hey!" Over the music.

"Hey," Kennedy answered while Kent stared at his own feet.

"Great costume."

"Thanks. You, too."

The guy put his hand on Kent's shoulder and leaned close. "You're the hottest bitch in this place," He yelled.

Kent felt his body blush from head to toe. He tried to pull away, terrified at what he felt, but Kennedy held him there. "She's shy," Kennedy said. "But she loves to dance."

Kent looked at Kennedy, his eyes filled with panic, but it was too late. She was moving him towards the guy, who grabbed his hand and dragged him to an open space. Kent felt his breasts bouncing, his butt, his pigtails. The boy had strong, calloused hands, and even though Kent was terrified with what he was feeling, he couldn't leave now. It wouldn't be polite. Terrified, he began to dance, feeling awkward and strange, looking up into the boy's face, smiling his prettiest smile. The boy had a dusting of black stubble over his chin and cheeks, and Kent felt weak in the knees as he looked at the boy's strong, square, cleft chin. Maybe this wouldn't be so bad. He did love to dance.

Just then, the song that had been playing wound down and the DJ transitioned into a new mix. As soon as Kent heard the piano his mind swam with terror. He recognized the opening piano notes. It was a slow song. A ballad called Every Time. So pretty, but slow and that meant.... Zorro stepped in, put a hand on Kent's hip and another on his shoulder, standing so close Kent's fake breasts pressed against his chest. Kent trembled, but had no choice, putting his arms around the boy's neck, moving with him, their bodies pressed together as strings joined the piano and the mash up played, Britney and Madonna"

Notice me. Take my Hand

Where do we go from here

Why are we stronger when

This isn't where we intended to be

Our Love is Strong

We Had It All

Why Carry On Without Me

You believed in me. I believed in you.

Overtime I try to fly

Certainties disappear

I fall

It happened. Zorro leaned down and kissed Kent on the lips, pulling his close. His mouth was hot and wet, and Kent leaned into the kiss, wanting it, needing it, and feeling a need growing in him, a need to be filled... they swayed together, kissed, and then Kent eagerly followed the boy to a closet, dropping to his knees as the boy undid his pants. Kent smiled and licked his lips. He needed this so bad.

* * * *

Jake, meanwhile, found himself on his hands and knees in one of the upstairs bedrooms. One guy was hammering him from behind. He had another in his mouth. It was pure heaven. He'd never felt so complete.

* * * *

The night became a blur of blow jobs and sex as the two boys found themselves in a frenzy desperate for cock and more cock. Deep inside, they both felt it was wrong, that they should not be doing what they were doing, and there was a deep sense of shame, but they couldn't stop themselves. They needed it so bad.

Kennedy and Hailey appeared at times as they came out of closets and bedrooms, giggling at them, and they looked away, humiliated for their ex-girlfriends to see them like this, to know what they were doing, and the girls laughed and teased them, then helped them fix their make-up so they could go out and suck and fuck some more. At some point Kent found himself in the bathroom touching up his lipstick while Kennedy watched. "Guys are talking about you," she said. "They are all saying you are the best little cocksucker on campus."

"Boys," Kent said, rolling his eyes, humiliated to think of what he'd done, what people were saying. "They are such, like, total liars."

"I don't know. You do seem to have gotten around tonight little miss slut. Oh. It's almost midnight. Let's go."

"Already?" Kent said. There were still a couple guys he really wanted to... meet.

"Not go home. Go see Lucy. It's time for everything to be normal."

Shoot. Kent pouted. Of course, that was what he wanted, but... there were some seriously hot guys at this party, and once everything was normal? He adjusted his bra straps, shrugged. Oh well. It was probably for the best. His jaw ached something terrible as it was.

Kennedy led him down, down, down to a basement room. This one was lit by torches, and Lucy stood in the middle wearing a loose robe that pooled on the floor at her feet. There was a girl dressed like Madonna sitting at her feet, head bowed. "Go," Kennedy said, patting Kent on the butt. She was really going to enjoy pounding that ass once it was real. "Kneel down next to Jake."

"Jake?" Kent said.

"Madonna. Right there."

"That's Jake?" Kennedy nodded. Kent looked over Jake's hourglass figure. "He's a -- he's hot?"

Kent went and knelt next to Jake. "Hey, slut," he whispered, feeling himself getting hot, consumed with desire as he remembered their kiss.

"Hey," Jake said. "You sound like a girl."

"You look like one."

"Who are you to talk? What are those? C cups?"

"I'm a D, thank you," Kent said, feeling proud of his assets.

"Silence!" Lucy shouted. "The witching hour approaches, and the change begins. Let all become normal." With that, she began to chant in some ancient, musical tongue, sprinkling water over the two boys, who each felt himself getting hotter and hotter, more and more horny as a clock somewhere began to chime. Jake looked right into Kent's eyes and said, "Bitch!"

"Whore!" Kent spat back, and then the boys couldn't resist anymore, locking lips, kissing, embracing, rolling on the floor legs entwined while the crowd howled.

"Jake. Jake." Some yelled, while others chanted 'Kent.'

Hearing their names, the boys stopped their furious kissing, kneeling on the floor, looking around, humiliated to realize these people knew who they were and had just seen them making out. "It's just playing," Jake said in his girl voice.

"For Halloween!" Kent squeaked.

"It's hot as hell watching two girls make out," one of the guys yelled, and Kent now recognized his voice-- it was Frank, a member of his frat. "Keep kissing."

"We're not girls," Kent said, though he wasn't sure why. "These are just costumes."

"You look like bitches to me," Carlos, another member of the frat said, taking off his mask.

"I'm not a girl," Kent said. "I'm not gay."

"Then why do you have tits?" Kennedy asked.

"I don't. These aren't real!"

"Show us."

"Okay," Kent said, standing up and pulling open his blouse, then pulling his bra off... revealing two large breasts that swayed on his chest, the nipples hard. He stared in shock, reached up and cupped the soft flesh, feeling his hands on his breasts, his real breasts. "No. This isn't right. I'm not..." He thought about his panties, the camel toe. "No." Terrified, he pulled up his skirt and pushed the panties down to his knees, revealing a triangle of brown hair, and-- nothing else. His junk was gone.

"Whew. Yeah. Take it off." The guys yelled.

Kent pulled his skirt down, yanked up his panties, pulled his blouse across his bouncing breasts. His mouth fell open and, as he saw the men all removing their masks, he realized they were all guys he knew, mostly from his fraternity, and he'd given half of them blow jobs, swallowed their cum. He began to scream, shaking his head no no no.

Jake, meanwhile, was on his knees still, touching the tops of the soft breasts bulging from the top of his corset. They were real. He could feel them now. He heard Kent screaming, but he only started to cry, heedless of his mascara, weeping and weeping while the bros all laughed. "You said if we did this, if we dressed up and came here, everything would go back to normal."

Lucy laughed. "I said everything would be normal, and so it is."

"Liar," Jake said. "Liar."

"You are now healthy and horny young women, and it is normal for you to love cock. Everything is normal now, bitch."

Kennedy and Hailey, looking at the hot little sluts they'd made of their worthless ex-boyfriends, hugged, laughed. Their satyr costumes had become real, temporarily, and they swaggered into the middle of the circle, feeling the rising weight and stiffness of their new sex. Kent, seeing the satyr approaching, kept shaking his head, backing away, but Kennedy grabbed him, pushed him down to his hands and knees and took her position behind his plump, round ass. "I am going to fuck you like you've never been fucked before!" She growled, grabbing his hips.

Kent arched his back, lifting his ass and his wet, hot slit toward her. The world in front of his blurred with tears as she slammed herself into him, making his breasts sway on his chest. All his old friends watched while his ex-girlfriend fucked him doggy style, and he thought, "I'm a dirty girl."

The End