

A woman with brown hair styled in buns with pink hair ties is shown in profile, measuring her waist with a pink tape measure. She is wearing a sleeveless floral dress. The background features pink polka-dot curtains and a white wall. In the foreground, a blurred pink object is visible on the left.

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AGE REGRESSION
STORIES

BY COURTNEY CAPTISA

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Thank You!

Join Us

Wish for the Better
&
Spell for the Better

By Courtney Captisa

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CHAPTER ONE

Wish for the Better

James comes home very late in the evening in the night and locks the door behind him. Today at work ended as it has on a regular basis lately. Co-workers are behind at the office on getting assignments completed; the manager of the department is causing stress because of deadlines; the entire situation with the current project is becoming too much for him to handle. At 30-years-old, he was hoping this stuff would be a thing of the past but with the new hires fresh out of college who don't really know what they are doing and need constant supervision.

He takes off his jacket and places his keys on the table next to the door before walking to the kitchen and grabbing a bottle of Jack Daniels off the top of the refrigerator. He gets a glass from the cupboard and gets ice out of the freezer to pour himself a whiskey and ginger.

After getting the cocktail, he heads to the living room and turns on the TV. His apartment is modest despite his salary of \$65,000 per year. It includes a large living room, kitchen, bathroom downstairs, and master bedroom suite upstairs with its own bathroom. It is part of a duplex house on Elmdale Street. The other apartment in the duplex is owned and occupied by a couple in their late-30s named Rick and Kara Rogers. They are cordial when they talk, although James often hears them making loud noises late at night. He knows they have no children and apparently trying to conceive based on the amount of activity in the last few weeks.

He launches Netflix and scrolls through the options before finally deciding on a buddy comedy about two guys who join a fraternity even though they are middle-aged. Twenty minutes into the film, he is on his second whiskey drink. Although he has had a few laughs in the movie, he cannot help but think about the stress building in his life.

Not only has his work life been incredibly stressful lately, but putting in the extra hours and having a lack of motivation to participate in other activities has impacted his social and dating life. Just a few months ago, he was able to join friends for happy hour a few times a week after work and was frequently seeing women he met on dating apps and sites, but things have changed over the last few weeks. He assumes that the case load will die off soon, but for now, he must live with the responsibilities of being an adult. Life isn't terrible right now, and he's happy with most aspects, he's just stressed from a few things.

After another hour, the end credits of the movie roll as James takes another drink while looking at his phone. He has been messaging a few girls from a dating app, but no one seems very serious. Exhausted, he places his glass in the kitchen before walking upstairs into his bedroom.

He turns on the of the ceiling fan to reveal a dirty room. There are clothes all over the floor that he hasn't bothered throwing in the laundry yet. A few water bottles remain on the night

stand that hasn't found their way to the trash can yet, and the bed sheets are in disarray. He strips out of his jeans and long-sleeve shirt revealing just boxers and a T-shirt. The phone charger that's always plugged into the wall near one nightstand is within reach, and he grabs it to plug his phone in. Considering how the last few nights have been, he knows he'll be in bed browsing his phone for at least an hour.

The lights are turned off as he is illuminated only by his phone, looking up everything from how his stocks are doing, to who is new on the dating app Rednit. After nearly 90 minutes, he starts feeling the mental exhaustion and closes his eyes. Having a bad habit of talking to himself at night, he whispers, "I wish things would get a little easier in life soon. I'm happy, but want to be happier."

Although he always thought he was the only one who could hear the sounds of him talking to himself, unbeknownst to him, there is something listening to his wishes. Something that is feeling extra thoughtful and wants to make changes for the better...

The seven a.m. alarm sounds early from James' phone waking him up. He scrambles around the bed a little before getting up and walking to the bathroom. He does his usual routine of using the toilet, taking a shower, and brushing his teeth. It's not until he looks he reaches for his razor and shaving cream that he notices anything a little unusual.

That's strange... I have no stubble at all, he thinks to himself.

This is unusual considering he usually has to shave every morning, but it looks like his face is baby smooth from a fresh shave right now. He blames the fact that it has been a little cold outside in a factor on why his facial hair hasn't grown out much overnight.

After grabbing his laptop case and mug of coffee, he heads out the front door to his car parked on the street, noticing a large construction truck parked on the street as well. Getting into his car, he places his belongs in the cup holder and passenger seat before starting the ignition. Something feels weird as he has to scoot his driver's seat up a little to feel more comfortable, which is odd considering he is the only person who has driven the car since he purchased it a few months ago.

Coming home later that night, James is looking forward to a little relaxation after this terrible day. However, opening the front door, he sees a big surprise.

"What the hell!" he screams as he sees there is now a giant walkway on the left side of the apartment.

Suddenly, Rick Rogers runs out. He is slightly older than James and seems to carry himself in a similar manner, although maybe a little more mature. He is wearing a gray sweater with a button down underneath and conservative tie along with dress slacks. “Oh James, I’m glad you are home. You wouldn’t believe what happened today!”

James studies the installation a little more. The front door to his apartment lets into a very small foyer with the living room on the right side and the kitchen directly in front down a hallway that also contains a bathroom and closet. In the back of the living room was a staircase that leads up to his master bedroom suite. It wasn’t really a suite. Just a small hallway that had a large bedroom with one bathroom across the hall and a very small storage closet. Since it was just him, he considered the entire upstairs to be the bedroom.

“Yeah, what is this? It looks like it was done on purpose?!” James asks, still very confused on the ordeal.

Rick says, “We hired a contractor do start doing some remodeling on our side of the building. Mostly things around the kitchen. Somehow, there was a lack of communication with the crew, and they ended up installing this which now connects both apartments as you can see.”

“And they are coming back to fix this right?”

“That’s the problem,” says Rick. “The contractor hasn’t returned my calls tonight and isn’t scheduled to come tomorrow. It gets worse; our kitchen is in complete disarray. They must have thought they were converting it into another room, although I’m really not sure why they would do that when it’s our only kitchen.”

James replies, “Good question... Maybe we can get some tarp and tape this thing together until the crew returns.”

“It may be best just to leave it like this. They need to accept full responsibility for this mistake, and I’ll be on the phone with them first thing in the morning.”

“Are you sure it’s not going to be an issue of privacy?”

“We’ll respect your boundaries as I’m sure you will ours,” says Rick. “I do have a huge favor to ask of you, however. Since our kitchen is destroyed and we only have limited access to the refrigerator right now, can we use your kitchen for the time being?”

James is a little upset, but plays the role of a good neighbor and says, “... Sure... I’m assuming we’ll also have to be a little extra cautious about noise with this walkway here?”

“Kara and I will be on our best behavior to keep the noise down,” Rick says as he smiles.

Several days of sharing space with the Rogers family has not been as bad as James was expecting. He has seen Kara making breakfast in the morning while he grabs his usual bagel and coffee. Rick is often seen with her as well, and he has enjoyed the small talk they have engaged in. He learned that Rick recently received a job promotion at the law firm he works at and Kara is staying busy working as an RN at the local hospital. They both moved to the town about a year before James signing the lease on the apartment and have been looking for a bigger place with no luck recently.

After doing the usual morning routine, James goes to work. The day is going as usual until around 5 p.m. when he is confronted by a higher-up.

Mr. Hamilton is one of the managers of the department, overseeing a number of the various projects happening.

“Hello James, can you please join me in my office right now?”

James agrees and walks with Mr. Hamilton a down the hallway to his executive office. Over the years, James has had a relatively good relationship with Mr. Hamilton which is why he is a little concerned that he sounded so abrupt, especially at what use to be concerned the end of the work day before these major projects became delayed.

“Have a seat,” Mr. Hamilton says as he takes his seat behind his large executive desk. James does as instructed and smiles.

“James... How have you been feeling lately?”

He is a little concerned, considering he could have been asked this question back at his own desk. “Sir... I’m content right now. The workload is a little steep right now, but other than that things are fine.”

“That’s good James. However, I’m a little concerned. Over the last few days, some of the submissions you have given me have been completely inaccurate.”

“Really?” James asks surprised. “I always double check things before the final draft. Most of that work is also collected from the team.”

Mr. Hamilton replies, “I always check the sources. Also, the way you have been conducting yourself around the office... It’s almost as if you have forgotten key aspects of your occupational duties in the last few days.”

James knows that Mr. Hamilton is correct. For some reason over the last few days, he has had memory issues along with difficulty remembering certain procedures that were once easy

for him to perform due to his years of working in the field. Knowing he is now being confronted, he tells the truth to Mr. Hamilton. "I am aware of certain flaws. To be honest about the situation, I've had a few issues with the place I'm renting recently but didn't know that something so menial would build into troubles in job performance. I'll be sure to address the situation immediately Sir."

Mr. Hamilton shakes his head, "I understand James. However, you know the company is going through a bit of a hardship right now, and we just do not have the time right now for mistakes that could be easily corrected. Perhaps it is best that you take a little break..."

"I'm getting fired?!"

"Not fired James... just... a break. It will be best to clear your head a little and perhaps return in the future with a different mindset."

James returns home shaken from losing his job for the time being. He can smell something that the Rogers' are cooking. Although the aroma is incredible, it doesn't clear his mind as well. He walks down the hall and puts his coat on one of the chairs. Rick is fixing drinks while Kara is putting the finishing touches on dinner. Kara can tell he is upset.

"Welcome home James. Is something wrong?" she says while smiling.

"I just lost my job!"

"What?!"

"My manager told me there's been a lack of performance on my part lately. I didn't think it was that unreasonable to the point of me leaving. He said it wasn't firing but more of getting laid off. Still, I'm without a job now, and it's completely unexpected."

Kara frowns, "Oh I'm so sorry!"

Rick joins the conversation, "You know, this job market nowadays is completely uncertain. I'm sure you will find something else soon. We'll do what we can to help you."

"Thanks," says Rick, feeling slightly better from their willingness to help.

Rick replies, "And if you need some extra time to get finances straight, I completely understand with rent and everything."

"I really appreciate that," says Rick.

“You know, you are in finance and math right?”

“That’s part of it,” James says.

Kara picks up the main course and brings it to the table in the kitchen where there are two plates set up, “You know, my sister works at an institute in town where they have a few departments for that sort of stuff. I’ll contact her tonight and see if she knows of any openings there.”

“Thanks, you are the best Kara!”

“That’s why I married her!” says Rick.

“Join us for dinner tonight. I made a pot roast,” Kara smiles as she gets another plate.

“Don’t mind if I do. This does smell amazing, and I’m in no mood to cook!”

The conversation is healing for James at dinner. It is nice to take his mind off of things. The Rogers seem like great people to know, and he enjoys being around motivated people who are also very fun. He can see why Rick married Kara. She’s successful in her field, smart, caring, and, of course, great-looking with her waving brown hair and amazing figure.

After dinner, he helps clean up and heads to his bedroom. Opening his bedroom door, he notices that his room is much cleaner than when he left this morning. Did Kara clean the room while he was gone? At first, he considers it an invasion of privacy but then thinks of it as a nice gesture since Kara knows he has been busy lately. He opens his laptop with the idea of updating his resume and then doing some job hunting online, but then receives a text:

“Gosh!!! Today was soooo hard! Ughhhh and I cant believe he said that stuff either! Shes not bettter than me!”

James is a little confused. The text being displayed is from ‘Ashlee’, but he doesn’t remember ever having a contact in his phone of someone by that name. Was this someone that he randomly met on Rednit? It appears as if it’s the first text with no chat history which is, even more, odd. What is this girl talking about? Is it somehow related to his situation? Perhaps a co-worker who has the same issues he had today? At first, he debates on whether or not to ignore it, but then decides to respond:

“Yes, I understand. Today was difficult for me as well and I don’t know what I’m going to do now. Luckily the people I live with are understanding and are offering to help.”

Ashlee: *“UR Lucky!!!! Wish min woud help more w HM more. :(((“*

Human Management? As in Human Resources? James thinks to himself. She must work in that department. He is still wondering who she is.

James: *"Can you please remind me again..."*

Ashlee: *"Dont be silly!!! :P"*

James tries to Google her phone number. The only thing that comes up is that the number is registered in his area, but that doesn't help at all. He decides to talk to her. Perhaps she is a girl from Rednit and doesn't want to ruin his chances at a relationship, even though job hunting should be a priority right now.

James: *"I'm just playing around. But yes, today was rough. Just had a nice dinner though and looking to relax a bit."*

Ashlee: *"That's cool... Im rly abut to txt him and ask him y he said that."*

James can't believe this girl is going to text Mr. Hamilton if she does work with him. He has worked there for awhile and has rarely texted Mr. Hamilton after a certain hour. Although if she is a girl from the dating app, why would she be talking about another guy with him? Perhaps they agreed to keep it at a friendship level?

James: *"Just be careful. I'm sure he had his reasons."*

Ashlee: *"Gosh, UR taken his side?!?!"*

James: *"No! I didn't say that... Look, I'm just really confused right now and don't really know where you are coming from."*

Ashlee: *"(:) Its OK. Just cant get this off my mind and its been bothering me since lunch."*

James: *"And where do you work again?"*

Ashlee: *"Haha, thts funny. What RU up 2?"*

James is wondering why this girl is using so much improper English, but it is taking his mind off of things so he continues with it.

James: *"Looking online for things. Hoping to find something great tonight."*

Ashlee: *"Im gonna send u this video I found."*

Shortly afterward, James receives a video. It's of two teens acting out a skit where one of them has to eat four hot dogs and say a phrase afterwards with the last one still in their mouth. It's utterly pointless and immature. However, part of him thinks that Ashlee has a youthful and fun spirit.

James: “*LOL.*”

Ashlee: “*I thought u would lik it. Well have to try it sometime. ;))))*”

After an hour of chatting with Ashlee, James can tell she’s a fun girl although a bit immature. They have talked about everything from movies, music, and fashion although her tastes seem a lot different than hers. She named a bunch of music artists he had never heard of and when he looked them up they seemed a little too popish for his tastes. When he shared a few Indie acts and Nu-Metal acts he liked in high school, she said they sounded like music for ‘old people’ which he just laughed off.

The procrastination hit him and he has been unable to do any of the tasks he had in mind for the night. At around 11 p.m. he decides to go to sleep. For some reason, the only thing he can think about is this girl. It was never revealed how they know each other though he knows they have a great friendly relationship. Another thing that slightly disturbed him is that he heard his TV on downstairs, which meant Kara and Rick are using it. At first, he thought of confronting them about it, but decided not to, after all, they had done for him today.

The next morning, James’ alarm sounds despite the fact that he has nowhere to be today. Something feels a little strange as he moves around in bed. Was it what he ate last night? Surely, Kara’s amazing pot roast didn’t make him sick. As he stands up, for some reason the room feels a little different. He walks to the bathroom and sees that Kara seems to have added a few towels to the room that are pink. He steps on the scale that is in the toilet after using the toilet.

“120 pounds?! That can’t be right!” he says out loud.

He was 170 pounds just a few days ago when he weighed himself. How in the hell did he lose 50 pounds in just a few days? The room does seem a little bigger than before as his waist use to come well above the level of the sink. Has he shrunk in height as well? Over the last few days, he has noticed a bit of changes in his stomach, but didn’t know it was this intense.

After taking his normal shower, he dries himself off using the embarrassing pink towels that are now in the room. His regular ones must be in the laundry. Although he is still wondering why Kara is doing housework, especially with her own responsibilities around the Rogers’ apartment and her busy career. He still has not grown any facial hair in the last few days, so his razor sits unused. As far as other body hair on him, his leg and arm hair has faded a little in color. It must be from the stress.

Going back into his room, he goes to his dresser and puts on a set of boxers. Going to his closet, he finds a simple T-shirt although putting it on, it seems very baggy. The jeans he selects to put on do not seem to fit well either and he has to put the belt extra tight. Although feeling a

little strange, he heads downstairs to grab breakfast and coffee to start his job hunt.

When entering the kitchen, he sees Kara who is already prepping some eggs and sausage.

“Oh, Hi Kara, I thought you were working today.”

Kara smiles, “Good morning! I took the day off since there is so much happening.”

“What do you mean?” asks James.

“Rick and I had a long talk last night, and we really want to help you every way that we can.”

“That’s great Kara. I really appreciate everything, especially since I know you are both very busy in your careers.”

Kara says, “Of course! I know it must be hard on you since you just lost your benefits at work, so Rick and I have decided to help you out medically and you have a dentist appointment in an hour. Eat up!”

“Dentist appointment? That seems a little odd...”

“Nonsense!” Kara insist. “How long has it been since you visited a specialist?”

“Well a dentist and a specialist are two different things as I’m sure you know. An oral surgeon, maybe a few years. Last dentist visit was about four months ago.”

“That’s exactly why you need to go today. We are just looking out for you.”

James starts eating his breakfast. In a way, he is grateful, but in another way is a little taken aback by Kara’s insistence. Is there something wrong with his teeth.

After finishing his meal 10 minutes later, James says, “I’ll drive, have you seen my keys?” Noticing they are gone from the end table, he usually puts them on.

“No, I haven’t. I’ll drive you,” she says as she puts on her coat.

“This is going to bother me. Where are my keys?”

James looks around the room a little more. Then looks out the window of the front of the apartment and notices his Audi is gone from where he parked it.

“Where the hell is my car?!”

Kara says, “I have no idea! It’s okay if I drive...”

James starts freaking out. “Was it stolen?! Did someone break in and steal my keys?! I have to call the police!”

Kara insists, “James... I’m sure it’s okay.”

“How is this okay?! My car is gone!”

“We’ll figure it out once we get back. We need to get going if we want to make it on time.”

“Braces?! Really?!” James says during the car ride back home.

“It was what they recommended.”

James is still having a bit of an issue talking, “You said it was supposed to be a dentist check-up and cleaning, not an orthodontist!”

“I’m sorry James. I work as a nurse, not a dental hygienist. I was unsure of what they mentioned, but trusted their professional opinion.”

“And pink braces... Really?! Oh my god!”

“Again, you won’t stop the rain by complaining! Now, remember, just soft foods for the next few days.”

“Gosh!” replies James.

He gets another look of himself in a mirror of the car. It looks a little ridiculous for a 30-year-old man to be wearing pink braces. The combination of braces with a shaven face takes a few years off of his appearance. Before, he assumed he looked like he was in his early-mid 20s but now it looks like he is in his late teens.

“Don’t let Rick make fun of me...”

“I’m sure you know he wouldn’t do anything like that,” Kara says as she turns her SUV onto Elvard Street. “Again, we are here to help you.”

“How is this going to look when I go in for a job interview?”

Kara counters, “Do you have any lined up this week?”

“No...”

“Then just use this time to heal. Again, I’m putting in a good word for you and will try to help you find something.”

James realizes Kara’s intentions and simply says, “Thanks...”

Later that night, James is still getting use to the feeling of having braces on. Kara cooked him a dinner consisting of soft foods. He’s not in a lot of pain, but the feeling is still awkward. He has been entertaining himself with texting Ashlee.

Ashlee: *“How did it go?”*

James: *“Ughhh it feels so weird having these on.”*

Ashlee: *“Ya, it is strange. Thats how I felt when mine were put on.”*

James: *“It just doesnt feel normal at all. I mean why should I have them?”*

Ashlee: *“Look at the bright side :) You’ll have perfect teeth in a few years.”*

James: *“They looked pretty good before”*

Ashlee: *“Yeah, but theyll lok even better now!”*

James receives another text. This time from someone named Sarah. He remembers talking to a girl with that name before, but they haven’t spoke to each other in months.

Sarah: *“Heyyy! :)”*

James: *“Hi.”*

Sarah: *“How do they look?”*

James: *“How did you know I had braces put on today? Did we talk a few months ago?”*

Sarah: *“LOL. What?”*

James: *“I’m serious...”*

Sarah: *“Don’t be upset about it... send me a pic!”*

Without questioning, James sends a pic to Sarah of his braces without showing his entire face.

Sarah: *"Wow! Pink? Lucky! :))))"*

James: *"They seem more appropriate for someone else."*

Sarah: *"They are kinda girly, but it's a good look for you."*

James somehow spends the entire night texting with these girls again, not spending any effort looking for a new job. They are a new voice in his life comforting him in this weird situation.

The next day, James wakes up feeling even weirder before. The room, although not to his knowledge, has changed to reveal brighter colors on the wall. The curtains have also changed from being black to white. He wakes up and doesn't notice the comforter of the bed has changed from being navy blue to pink. He feels comfortable in its nature which is a reason why he's dumbfounded to the nature of its change.

Going to the bathroom, he notices he is considerably shorter than the day before as his image only comes to about halfway in the mirror. His brown hair has grown to his shoulders. His height is now about 5'1", almost a full foot from his height just a week ago. Something must be going on.

"Ugh, what is happening?!" he says out loud as he reaches for the toothbrush, also reminded of his new braces.

He steps on the scale, noticing his legs have no hair and have lost considerable mass.

"105?!"

The jump in weight is alarming. Especially considering he was 15 pounds heavier the previous day. The change in height has something to do with it, but other body changes are also noticeable. Although his belly has shrunk, it seems his chest has expanded slightly, almost being 'man boobs.' His butt has also shifted, becoming a little more bubbly.

He steps into the shower and instead of using the soap he usually uses, he tries the shower gel that has appeared there. Maybe Kara started putting some of her stuff in here? But why?! They have their own bathroom obviously, so why would Jasmine scented shower gel appear in his bathroom? The shampoo he uses isn't the same either and he suddenly smells the scent of strawberries while rubbing the substance in his now longer hair.

Drying himself off, he goes to his dresser. Something doesn't feel right. His underwear has been replaced entirely. No longer are there boxers and a few boxer briefs, but instead, he finds underwear that is much smaller. Some even have words on them like 'Pink', 'Hot Stuff', and 'Don't Tell.'

Somehow, wearing panties feels more comfortable on his body. A stark contrast to the baggy boxers that he wore yesterday. His penis is normal size... for being 5'1". It has contracted in nature but seems to still be there. It looks as though it did when he first hit puberty years ago. It looks out of place while wearing panties, but is still comfortable against his skin.

He settles on a black T-shirt that shows more of his arms, but also contains a few roses going up the neckline. The jeans he decides to wear do not have the normal 34 x 34 marking that they had previously, but instead just say, 'S'.

Going downstairs, he feels a little embarrassed to look at the Rogers like this, but figures it's no option.

Kara sees James come downstairs, "Good morning sweetie!"

"Hi," James says in response.

Kara has not made breakfast this morning, but is instead scrambling around the kitchen putting something in a Thermos. James gives up and settles on grabbing some cereal and milk from the refrigerator. Something feels strange as he has not gone grocery shopping in the last few days and thinks that the Rogers have put some of their own stuff in the kitchen. Somewhat, it feels like an invasion of their stuff, but another part of him feels like it's acceptable considering the couple have been helping themselves the last few days in his area.

"I have great news for you today!" says Kara.

"What is it Karam?"

"After speaking to my sister, there's a new position for you! After you finish breakfast, I'm going to drop you off for your new position?"

James is excited, "I have a new job?! That's great!"

Kara smiles. James notices that she is wearing heavy makeup today even in her work outfit. "Yes! My sister will be overseeing you in your department."

"What is the company?" James asks.

"You'll see..."

“Why can’t you just tell me?”

“I like being full of surprises!”

Rick joins them. He is wearing a very nice suit along with brown dress shoes. He seems in a rush as he goes to grab coffee.

James says, “Hi Rickad... Are you alright?”

“Yes Jamesfer, it’s okay. I just have a lot on my mind with this case today,” Rick says as he kisses his wife grabbing a mug.

“Anything I can help with?” James asks.

“Oh no. Just be yourself. Your Karam told me you are starting today. That has to be exciting right?”

“Yeah! Thanks again for everything you have done for me lately.”

Kara smiles, “No problem sweetie.”

James continues to eat his cereal while looking at his phone. He must have deleted some apps, because the layout is different and his old phone case is even gone.

Rick leaves with his briefcase which reminds James of grabbing his laptop bag before he leaves.

“Karam, have you seen my bag? My laptop is upstairs, but the bag is usually over there,” he says as he points over to the end table.

Kara responds, “It must be in your room. Speaking of which, are you leaving the house like this?”

James is confused, but knows what Kara must be talking about. “I must be losing a lot of weight. My regular clothes haven’t been fitting lately, so I had to wear this today. I know it doesn’t look like the stuff I normally wear but that’s what was in my room.”

Kara smiles, “That’s not what I meant. You look pretty. It’s just you usually do a little more with your face.”

What does she mean by pretty? James thinks to himself. He responds, “I haven’t been able to shave in the last few days, so I haven’t used my regular moisturizer?”

Kara says, "I'll help you upstairs, but we have to be quick."

Ten minutes later, James is wearing lipgloss that has appeared on the vanity in his room along with a little eyeshadow that Kara applied to him which she said will help him 'come out a little.' The taste is good, but he figures it is part of the moisturizing process for his lips to make a good impression at his new job. Kara claims the eyeshadow is done to make it seem like he hasn't been as stressed recently.

Kara drops James off at his new place of employment, Palin Middle School.

"I have a job at a school?"

"Yes, dear," Kara says.

"I thought this was supposed to be a finance job?"

"You'll learn all about that. Be sure to say hello to my sister, Miss Smith. She's been working here for a few years and is happy to have someone like you on her team. You are in Room 679. Here is a sheet with the rest of your assignments."

"Okay, thanks again Karam!" says James as he hugs Kara.

"You'll do great sweetie. Just remember, you'll fit in!" says Kara.

James enters the school. There seems to be a high amount of younger people there. Which makes sense considering it's a middle school, but seeing some teachers around guiding students, he feels like he looks more like the students than an authoritative figure.

He enters Room 679 and looks for a seat. However, there is mostly a large amount of seats for people who look very young with only one seat at a desk at the front of the room which is occupied by Miss Smith. She is an attractive woman in her mid-20's with light brown hair and is wearing a conservative dress. The other seats in the room are occupied by people who look very young.

James wonders if this place is hiring people even younger than the people straight out of college that he experienced at his last job. Something is confusing, so he goes to talk to Miss Smith.

"Hi Miss Smith, Karam sent me here and said you are going to help me."

"You mean Kara, my sister?" she says. Jasmine is a little intimidated by the look behind her glasses.

“Yes, that’s what I said.”

“She told me all about you. I’ll happy to have you here. You can take your seat,” says Miss Smith.

James looks around the room and notices all seats have been occupied by all of these young people but sees an open seat next to some blonde girl who is waving him over.

He sits next to her and immediately she starts talking. “Gosh, did you get in trouble?”

James responds, “Not that I know of, although I’m still confused on what I’m doing.”

She responds, “I know right?! You’ve been acting a little weird texting lately.”

James starts debating the situation. Could this be Ashlee?

“Okay everyone, today we are going to talk about decimal to ratio functions…”

He drifts off during the presentation. For some reason, this demonstration is really hard even though he knows he has done these operations for years at his previous job. Miss Smith must really know what she is talking about.

James returns home after receiving a ride on the company bus. He is home alone for the first time in a few days and puts his backpack down. He is still concerned on why he hasn’t found his laptop bag yet. The work assignments today seem difficult, so he decides to get a head start on the math work. A few hours later, Kara returns home.

“Hey honey. How was it today?”

James is on the sofa in the living room working on things. “It seems a little more difficult than before, but seems like it may pay off. What’s a little concerning is that this job also requires some study into government, English, and gym class!”

Kara smiles, “Oh, well you know some companies want their employees to be as diverse as possible.”

James spends the night working on his assignments for the night for his new position along with the familiar texting with Ashlee and Sarah. They have both turned into really good friends which is what he needs right now. For some reason, his old friends and family have not been communicating with him as much as they usually have. Kara and Rick decide to cook dinner for him again.

“This is really great Karom!” says James as he hammers down the fried chicken she had prepared.

“Thanks Jameffer,” Kara smiles.

James replies, “Is it okay if Ashlee comes over tomorrow?”

Rick replies, “Of course honey.”

“Thanks Rickad!” says James. “She said she can help me out with some stuff.”

“Are you okay with eating chicken? I know they said soft foods for a few days.”

“It feels fine when grounded up. Thanks for doing that,” says James.

“Anything we can do to help!” says Kara.

James replies, “Oh! And Ashlee said she did the same thing when she went through it.”

Rick smiles, “That’s great that you have a good friend.”

“Totes! And like she completely understands me.”

Kara says, “Is there anything else you have been having issues with?”

James replies, “Well like this whole losing weight thing has been bothering me and there were a bunch of people at work today who were laughing and point at me. It was like something was wrong. My body has just been feeling weird.”

“I think I know what it is...” says Kara.

30 minutes later, Kara and James find themselves at the mall in a section which James has never visited before.

The sales associate Lisa says, “Hello, may I help you?”

Kara says, “My daughter is ready for a bra...”

James feels a little strange trying on various bras, but somehow, it seems right considering his shrunken statue and growing of chest area.

Lisa says, “I believe this is the right size for her. She should grow into an A-cup shortly though.”

Various measurements on James’ body are taken. Bra straps feel weird, but by the end of the shopping experience he has about 10 bras which should help with the problem. His favorite is the pink polka dot Mudd bra because of the way that it looks, although something inside of him feels this shouldn’t be the case.

He walks out of the store with Kara while wearing the bra under his black T-shirt.

“Thanks again for paying for all of that Karmom.”

“It’s not an issue. I’m glad you are so appreciative. Many people that I talk to say that their’s don’t have proper manners. It’s nice that you are turning into a proper young lady.”

The word lady really hits James. Somehow, it scares him, but in another way, it feels complimentary. Instead of getting mad, he hugs his Kara who is holding various shopping bags.

Kara says, “It looks like your hair has grown out a little as well.”

James responds, “Yeah, it’s annoying! Like, it was down to my shoulders this morning but now it’s passed that and like I don’t know what to do.”

“Maybe it is time we make you an appointment...”

The next day, James wakes up in his room with the 6 a.m. alarm sounding. He does his usual routine in the bathroom and has luckily lost no more weight, although his hair is even longer now. Getting dressed, he decides on one of the pink bras that was purchased last night along with a pink tank top which is covered by a white T-shirt that shows part of his thin upper arm.

Yoga pants now cover his panties as he checks himself out in the mirror. He has a butt and isn’t sure how people at work will view it. However, yoga pants are much more comfortable than slacks or jeans, so he doesn’t care. His hair is now down to about half way on his back. It has been dried by a hairdryer, but he can’t figure out what to do with it. Suddenly, he has the idea of braiding it.

Looking in the mirror, he holds three strands of his hair while working in a criss-cross motion. The end result is a hair braid that hangs over his left shoulder. How he knew how to braid hair is beyond his knowledge, but he is happy is is able to manage the change.

Going downstairs, he sees Rick and Kara again.

“Don’t forget your other bag!” says Kara.

“I still can’t find my laptop bag,” says James.

Kara smirks, “I don’t mean that.”

James says, “Then what?!”

“Don’t raise your voice at me!”

James is confused. Why is Kara all of a sudden getting a little evil? “What are you talking about?”

“Your dance bag!”

“What dance?”

“Do we really need to go through this?” asks Kara. “Dance practice every Thursday!”

“Ugh!” James says throwing his arms in the air. He finds the bag that Kara is talking about by the front door.

The lines of his pink bra are distracting Brandon through the entire first period. He can’t help himself and finally has the urge.

“Ouch!” says James feeling his bra strap hit his back from the pool.

Miss Smith interrupts her lecture. “What’s going on?”

“Brandon is playing games!” yells James.

“That’s enough! Now cut it out the both of out!” she says before continuing the lecture of 7th-grade Algebra.

James turns around and gives Brand an evil death stare.

The school day doesn’t get any better for James as during gym class; he is wearing soft pink shorts along with a white T-shirt with the rest of the girls. His stomach hasn’t been feeling well that day. While running, James sees a significant amount of blood run down the edges of his pink shorts. He freaks out and runs to the bathroom.

In the stall, he pulls down his shorts. The red and brown mess is coming out of his panties. Pulling down his underwear, he sees that the only male thing remaining on his body is now a thing of the past. His penis has somehow vanished and has been replaced by a vagina. Confused of the mess, he debates the options. Judging by the situation, he assumes he just received HER first period.

The gym teacher, Mrs. Jackson comes into the bathroom. “Are you okay JENNIFER?! I saw you had to run out of the squad early.”

JENNIFER looks down at the mess and says, “Something is wrong!”

“What is it?”

Jennifer starts crying.

Mrs. Jackson has an idea on what just happened to the young GIRL. “I’ll let the office know..”

Kara picks Jennifer up from school after getting a notification at work. “It’s okay honey. It’s what every woman goes through.”

Jennifer is still confused by the situation and can’t stop crying. Just a few days ago, she remembered being male but for some reason living as a girl at school has seemed normal for the last few days.

“What’s happening..Karm.... Mom....?!”

“You had your first period. It’s fine. I’m going to the store to get you a few maxi-pads and will teach you how to cope with this each month.”

“Every month?! Will it happen again in front of everyone?”

“Not that extreme, but it’s best to be prepared.”

After several days of wearing maxi-pads in her panties, Jennifer becomes more accustomed to wearing them. Luckily Ashlee and Sarah have helped as well since they have gone through the same thing as well. When Ashlee came over, they spent time talking about school and their regular banter about life involving music and fashion. Jennifer has noticed that she dresses very similar to Ashlee even though Ashlee seems a little dim-witted. Sarah is part of their group and is definitely a little more mature for her age. When Ashlee came to the house, she also painted

Jennifer's toenails since she thought they needed a little touch-up.

Rick didn't know what to say at first, but instead just gave the girl a hug. Jennifer somehow felt at ease in the arms of her dad. Calling him Rick seemed a little awkward, so she settled on Daddy. Which fits in with the 'Daddy's Girl' necklace that she has in her room along with 'Spoiled Princess' PJ top that she now wears to bed.

After recovering from her first period, Jennifer is ready to attend school the next week. Something about having her period has affected her. She can't remember ever working at the financial firm with all those college kids under Mr. Hamilton and somehow just remembers getting through school and hanging out with her friends. She knows her mom's name is Kara and dad's name is Rick, but knows better than ever refer to them as anything other than Mom and Daddy.

Downstairs renovations seem to be complete as they now have a huge kitchen with den and living room. Jennifer is happy with her walk-in closet which now contains dozens of outfits and some costumes for dance. It has still been a few weeks since she went to practice until today...

At dance practice, Jennifer has her hair up in a bun. She is wearing white tights with a maroon leotard. Although shaving her face is a thing of the past; she has been getting more comfortable with shaving her legs and underarms.

She puts her leg up in the air along with Sarah and Ashlee, who are beside her.

Ashlee smiles, "Oh wow, you are doing a lot better than a few weeks ago Jennifer!"

Sarah says, "Yeah, like what was happening before?"

Jennifer giggles, "I don't know. Like, I just didn't feel right I guess."

Ashlee says, "Well our recital is in a few weeks so maybe we should practice a bit like at your house or something."

Jennifer smiles, "Totes!"

A few months ago, no one would have suspected that Jennifer Rogers was ever a man. Luckily for her, every memory of living that lifestyle has been erased from her girly existence. She is now living a normal happy lifestyle for a 12-year-old girl. Jennifer has her friends, loving parents in a huge house, and dreams of becoming a nurse like her mother. Many people say that Kara and Jennifer look just like Jennifer's facial features did morph into looking like she

was truly the daughter of the Rogers.

Kara and Rick were extremely delighted when their daughter announced she wanted to attend the Spring Formal. Kara enjoyed dress shopping with her only daughter, but Rick didn't enjoy the price tag of having a spoiled little princess.

The night of Spring Formal, Jennifer is in her room with her besties. Ashlee is wearing a short spaghetti strapped yellow dress that comes down about four inches passed her knee. Her blonde hair is curled and is wearing more jewelry than normal with multiple earrings and bracelets. Sarah is wearing a blue ball gown that comes down to her silver heels. Her brown hair is curled to every inch of its life, and luckily her parents let her wear more makeup than usual for this special occasion.

The girls were a little jealous of Jennifer's outfit. She is wearing an expensive, huge ballgown under her strapless bra and panties. Since the initial transition, she has grown to a B-cup and her butt is expanding thanks to practicing squats. Her parents are a little concerned that she is going through a significant hormone change thanks to puberty but knows she is a good girl.

There are pink jewels around the bodice of her dress and little spaghetti straps that keep it in place. Due to practicing walking in heels with her friends, she can walk in the white diamond studded heels that her parents bought her. Nothing says princess like wearing two-inch hooped earrings in her ears along with a showcase necklace and bracelets on both arms. Some people may notice the toe rings on her pedicured feet as well.

Jennifer poses for several selfies with her friends. Some are serious while others are goofy. Kara and Rick are happy that their daughter has fully adjusted to living as a 12-year-old girl. She seems entirely normal in every context. It's a big jump from having someone who was frequently complaining to someone who is content with their new life and has dreams for the future.

After taking a few dozen photos, Ashlee says, "Jennifer, it's about time you get a boyfriend!"

"Gosh! Well, I want one it's just these guys in class seem so immature you know?"

Sarah laughs, "Then date an eighth grader. I'm pretty sure Ryan Madison has his eyes on you."

"Really?!" Jennifer says excitedly.

"Yes really!" says Sarah.

"You have practiced kissing us long enough. Time to do it on a boy!" says, Ashlee.

Jennifer smiles, “I guess tonight may be the night if someone asks me to dance!”

The End... of this Story!

CHAPTER TWO

Spell for the Better

Saturday

The drive back home through the neighborhood is quiet on a bright Saturday afternoon. John sees several children playing outside as well as a few people jogging with only a few other cars passing him by on the street. The sound of Grunge Rock plays on the car stereo as he slightly nods his head to the beat with the occasional singing of a chorus. He has a habit of using the steering wheel as a drum set as well. Arriving at his suburban house, he backs the SUV up to the garage door and hits a remote that opens it.

His wife's car is parked in the other section of the two-car garage while a work desk occupies the back end of it. There are various tools and a few shelving units holding random items as well as several boxes stacked on each other. Turning off the engine, he opens the door and pops the trunk of the vehicle. He notices the mess in the garage but ignores it as he walks into the house with a single box. Although he is generally happy with his job teaching History at a local high school, he knows how the salary is and has been making extra money on the weekends for the last year reselling items online that he finds at yard sales, estate sales, and thrift stores. What started as additional money-making method quickly turned into a fun hobby. Since his wife Kelly is taking a break from her career as an accountant to raise their two small children, their son Jeremy, who is five-years-old and daughter Alexis, who is three-years-old, the extra income has been welcomed.

The plan is for Kelly to go back to work once Alexis goes into Pre-K next year. It was not an easy decision to make, but John and Kelly Anderson thought it would be best if Kelly put her career on hold to spend as much time as possible with their children in their developmental years. Although having a bit in savings before Jeremy was born, they knew their income level would suffer a bit by Kelly not working which is when they started brainstorming ideas. John had a few friends who were involved with flipping items they found. His friends mostly stick with vintage furniture and cars while he became interested in antiques and collectible household items. Meanwhile, Kelly has been involved with a few multi-level marketing companies over the past few years selling everything from makeup to handbags as well as recruiting friends. It's something she can do during some nights of the week to bring in extra cash flow.

John walks into the house from the door that is attached to the garage. It leads to the kitchen which also has a door leading to the basement and laundry room. He can hear the TV is on and the children are playing in the living room. Kelly hears the door to the garage close and comes to greet her husband. Although she still hasn't lost some weight she gained from childbirth; John still thinks her figure is amazing. She is almost a foot smaller than John standing at only 5'2" tall. One of the major things that attracted her to John in the first place is that he is very tall and somewhat muscular from being active in sports and the gym. Kelly's breasts are D-cup and she has wide hips. Her dark brown hair hangs freely as she swings her

arms while walking. She has a youthful appearance for being 33-years-old, two years younger than John.

“Welcome back!”

“Thanks. What are the kids doing?”

“Just playing in the living room. Find anything good today?” she smiles, seeing the box in his hands.

“The yard sales kind of sucked today, but I went to this estate sale that had a lot of great items for dirt cheap. This box of books was only \$5 for the lot and many of them look like they would make for great décor even if people aren’t interested in the material.” He places the box on the kitchen counter so she can see. Many of the books are leather bound and look like they are at least a hundred years old.

“Oh wow, yeah I can see someone wanting to put those in a dining room hutch or maybe some shelf in an office. Is this all that you got from there?”

John shakes his head, “No, I bought a few lamps, old radio, and steamer trunk that’s a little beat up, but restorable. Some of the yard sales had a few old bottles and vintage clothes, so I picked those up as well.”

“Do you need any help bringing anything in?” asks Kelly.

John smiles, “No, I should be good. What time do you want to head to the park?”

“The sooner, the better.”

He looks at the clock and sees it is 12:30 p.m. “Give me about an hour? I’m going to take the stuff downstairs and grab a sandwich.”

“Sounds good!”

John picks up the box of books and starts to make his way down to the basement. One of the only things he has never liked about the house is the fact that he always has to duck his head when walking down the small flight of stairs leading down to his man cave. When first starting this side project, he used the garage however when items started piling up quickly, he talked Kelly into letting him have complete use of the basement for organizing items for sale and restoring products. There’s a large work desk in the center of the basement as well as another desk that holds an older computer. The basement is full of shelves containing various replacement parts, fabrics, and paints. He puts the box of books down and then heads back up to the car to get the rest of the things he bought today.

Once everything is in the basement, he starts to carefully examine the books in the box. The first book he picks seems a little generic. He notices it is from 1913 and seems to be some form of novel.

The next one he picks up is much cooler. It has dark embedded black leather binding with somewhat of a gothic influence and looks like it was barely used. There is a bit of aging of the paper, but that's part of the appeal of older books. The most interesting thing is that there is no author listed, no copyright notice, and no title. The book isn't even in English and John can't identify the language. With the exception of a few classes in French and Spanish in high school, his experience with foreign languages is limited. He pulls out his phone to use a translation app, and even that can't detect what language it is written in. There is a debate on whether or not to ask Kelly, but figures she probably wouldn't know since she has less experience in foreign languages than he does.

There are no illustrations in the book either, but he notices every other page has steps listed. *Maybe it's a cookbook?* he thinks to himself.

Although the outside of the book looks cool, John wonders how he will be able to sell this. Especially without knowing the title or author. He scans through a few pages and stops to another page that has a small list. To again try to identify the language, he reads from the list hoping to hear familiar pronunciation and syllables:

*Ozou kozon baeyk, I aekkofd dho gaedo
Fou dh'k w'rr naexo no dwondy yoeuk younsou
A krow duaenkgounaed'on og n'nb aenb boby
Bud dho un'zouko w'rr gou dho boddou
Inkrub'ns ny khaenso og sonbou*

Hmm... I think kozon is a spice from Africa John thinks to himself.

He scans the rest of the book and puts it to the side as he continues to examine the other materials. Shortly after finishing, he heads upstairs to grab lunch. Following eating, he announces to Kelly that he is ready, and they prepare a few items to take to the park with the children.

Sunday

The next morning, John wakes up with his arm around Kelly. Her breasts are covered by the sheets after a fun night. Although having a household with children is sometimes hectic, they still find time to enjoy benefits of being adults. She squirms a little bit and smiles at her husband, kissing his lips. Even though his hair is a mess, she still finds him to be attractive. One of the characteristics of unconditional love.

It might be the early morning haze of just working, but his arms look a little slimmer, yet rubbing her hands up and down his arms proves that it is still a turn-on for her. He kisses her again, biting her lower lip slightly.

After having another round of fun, John gets in the shower while Kelly checks on the kids after doing a slight wash. While showering, John notices that the soap he is using is slightly irritating. *Maybe it's time to switch to a different product?* he thinks to himself. He dries himself off and gets changed into a pair of jeans and V-neck T-shirt. During breakfast, he checks his online account for the status of the items he posted last night.

“Wow Kelly! You’ll never believe this?”

“What is it?” she asks while helping feed Alexis.

“Someone just used Buy It Now for that random old book last night. They bought it for \$50!”

“That’s great! What a profit!”

“Exactly, maybe I should have listed it for \$100!” he laughs.

“Which one exactly was it?”

“That one cookbook with no author or title. Guess they really liked the design. I’ll have to ship this out tomorrow.”

Their son Jeremy is playing with his food and randomly says, “Dad, can we play in yard?!”

“Yes son, as soon as we are finished eating.”

Kelly continues the conversation, “How are the other items doing?”

“I have two bids on the lamps right now. Nothing on the other books, but worst case I’ll make an art project out of it or something.”

“That’s good. Oh, do you have a haircut appointment this week?”

“No, why?”

“Your hair looks a lot longer than normal. I haven’t seen it this long in a while.”

“Yeah, I noticed that. Not sure because things looked fine yesterday. I guess I’ll call tomorrow after work.”

“I think the last time I saw you with really long hair were when you played in bands!”

John briefly reminisces about his days of playing in garage bands in his teen and college years. He used to have hair to his shoulders and wore flannel shirts all the time with baggy jeans. He didn't meet Kelly until both were in their 20s. By then, John was more of a jock into sports although he still has had a love for music. He thinks about responding to Kelly with 'Back in the good ole days,' but sees his family sitting there with him enjoying breakfast. In reality, he is happy with how his life is. Hot wife, two great children, stable career... what more could a man ask for? He says, “That was a long time ago. Fun times though. I don't think that kind of hair would go over too well at the school though.”

“Probably not...” Kelly responds before taking a bite of her food.

Monday

The alarm clock rings early waking up John and Kelly as they prepare for another week. John heads to the shower while Kelly checks on the children. Jeremy is in Kindergarten but doesn't have to be there until 9 a.m. Due to the usual schedule, the kids wake up early, and she often makes them breakfast before driving Jeremy to school with Alexis with her. In the bathroom, John notices his facial hair has not grown at all and his hair, in fact, does need to be cut. He makes a mental note again to stop and make an appointment after dropping off the package once out of the school if he can't do a walk-in appointment. The soap once again irritates his skin and he makes another mental note to stop at the store and get another brand. He dries himself off and heads back to the bedroom.

Looking through his underwear drawer, he finds nothing but socks. *What the hell?* he says to himself. He always has at least a few pairs in there. He opens the bedroom door and yells downstairs, “Kelly, can you see if I have any boxers in the laundry room.”

“Yeah!” she yells back.

“Does that mean yeah I have boxers down there?”

“NO! It means yeah I'll check!” A few moments later, she yells again. “There aren't any in there!”

“This isn't what I want to deal with right now!” he says back. He heads to the bathroom to see if there's any in the hamper that don't smell. Nothing...

He goes back into the bedroom in hopes of checking other drawers. There are a few slacks, belts, and socks, but no underwear. *Where the hell did they go?* he asks himself.

Looking at the clock, he sees it is now 6:45 a.m. and he really needs to leave soon to make it to school on time. Suddenly, a thought comes to his mind. One that has never occurred before...

Going through Kelly's drawer, he finds a pair of black panties that look feminine. They are panties after all, but going commando under slacks is not an option. Sadly, he steps into them and hopes no one will notice, especially his wife. He continues to get dressed as usual and throws his bag into the SUV before heading to the school.

Driving to work, he notices the obvious fabric difference of wearing panties rather than boxers. They feel softer against his penis and ass than his regular underwear. He is sure no one will notice with his shirt tucked in and hopes the lines won't show at all since the material of his slacks is thick. What is the strangest is that he was able to fit in them in the first place. Kelly is much shorter than he is but has a bit of a butt and wide hips. Somehow being wide down there must factor out the height factor.

During first period, he is nervous as he begins his lesson in front of the 10th-grade class but soon becomes at ease with the situation and doesn't even notice that he is wearing his wife's panties.

Interaction with fellow teachers throughout the day has been a little strange as some only responded to him in one-word answers when he tried to engage in conversation. He brushed it off as some of them just having a bad day. After school, John stops at a UBS store to ship out the book that just made him a substantial profit. He heads home, forgetting to make a hair cut appointment and to buy new soap. Usually after work, he will relax for a bit before working on additional school stuff and then making dinner or helping the children, but right now, his mind is focused on selling more items that he found over the weekend.

John does the same routine of backing his SUV into the garage. He's a little nervous since drivers were extra terrible on the roads today and were frequently beeping horns at him for some reason. He's glad to be home though and walks into the door. The kitchen seems a little different. Perhaps Kelly rearranged some appliances while he was gone?

Walking into the living room, he notices the sofa is in a different position and there are different art items on the wall.

"Kelly!" he yells out. "I'm here!"

"Hey!" she yells from down the hall.

"Did you do some shopping while I was gone?"

John says, "No. Why do you say that?"

“Just curious...”

“How was work?” Kelly asks.

“Okay. Just another week, although I need to start prepping the students for another state exam.”

“Oh geez, didn’t they just have one last month?”

“Yeah, it’s crazy! And I have to rebrush on some things tonight that I seem to have a difficult time remembering details of.”

“Isn’t it the same as last years’?”

“I don’t think so.”

After a bit more small talk, Kelly goes back to what she was doing. The idea of changing out of panties and finding some boxers doesn’t even come to mind as John heads down to the basement to work on things.

Going down the stairs, John finds it odd that he doesn’t have to duck his head, but the thought brushes over his mind as he thinks about selling more items. He has already posted the items he bought over the weekend, but figures it is a good time to go through some of the things that haven’t sold that are in boxes to the side.

John tries to lift a box at the top of a three sitting by the stairs.

“Gosh, this is so heavy!” he says out loud. He is confused on why he would put such a heavy box at the top of a stack but opens it up to find another box of boxes. Going through a few other boxes, he starts to feel weak. *Maybe I should start hitting the gym more often* he thinks to himself.

After a few hours, John heads back upstairs to help Kelly with dinner. Unknown to her, he is still wearing her panties since he hasn’t changed yet. She thinks it is odd that he is still dressed in his work clothes since he usually changes when coming home, but doesn’t say anything.

At the dinner table, Kelly notices John is slurping some of his spaghetti.

“Is there something wrong?” she asks.

“Nah, just really sore from working down there.”

“Did anything else sell?”

“I didn’t check. I was going through some boxes and they were pretty heavy, so I was concentrating on that.”

Kelly is a little turned off by the fact that John admitted his weakness, but brushes over it. She still has the activity from the weekend on her mind. “You know. Maybe we should get a babysitter and have a date night this week,” she says as she smiles.

“That’s not a bad idea. Maybe this weekend?”

“It may be too short notice. I know your schedule, but maybe a weekday night will be easier.”

“Yeah, that sounds good,” he says.

After dinner, John and Kelly watch a movie with the kids before bed time. Once the children are tucked in, John goes to the bathroom.

Looking in the mirror, he freaks out a bit. What the hell!!!

There are several blemishes and zits on his face. He hasn’t had acne since he was in his early 20s. He looks closer to fully examine. It is definitely not visually appealing. Perhaps it is from stress. He applies a bit of moisturizer in hopes that it will help, then gets changed into pajamas, finally taking off his panties before Kelly can notice.

Tuesday

After getting dressed in black slacks, a button-down dress shirt, small undershirt, blazer, and his wife’s panties again since he still can’t find any of his boxers around the house, John heads to school.

The day starts even stranger than the day before as he walks through the halls. He sees several teenage girls pointing and laughing at him. Due to his years of working in the school system, he has gotten use to kids often acting up but has never had the experience of groups of girls laughing this hard at him. It makes him feel somewhat weak.

“EWWW! Why are they wearing that!” one girl says.

John approaches the girls, “Aren’t you all supposed to be heading to class.”

“Yeah!” another one yells at him.

“And why aren’t you heading there?” he asks.

“Who are you?” says another.

“I’m Misssssttt.. Anderson! Now get to your first-period class!”

He continues his way, ignoring the other comments the group of preppy girls make as he goes to his classroom.

His feelings are a little hurt by the girls. Did they notice his panties today? Maybe they also noticed the bra he has on which morphed out of his undershirt.

The school day goes even worse as he has trouble maintaining class attention and often rambles on topics, forgetting some of the material he had memorized with only brief explanations written down on paper.

After school, he goes to the parking lot but his SUV is nowhere to be found. Suddenly, Kelly pulls up in the car with Jeremy and Alexis. He is very confused, but goes to the passenger door.

“How was school today?”

“Kelly! Something is wrong... I may need to go to the doctor?”

“What’s wrong honey?”

“I’ve been having stomach pains all day and other teachers as well as students have been acting very weird towards me all day. I don’t know what is going on!”

John looks in the mirror and suddenly realizes he now has braces on his teeth. He wonders, *When did I get these?!*

“Let’s just get you home and I’ll give you some medicine. Then we can see how you are feeling.”

Kelly has not mentioned his acne or any other physical changes. Anytime he brings it up in conversation; she seems to change the subject.

“Where is my SUV?”

Wednesday...

It bothers John that Kelly still hasn't commented on his changing appearance. Surely she has noticed his braces, height loss, lack of muscles, growing hair, and weight loss? Before taking a shower, he steps on the scale and notices he is now 140 pounds, a full 60 pounds from where he was previously. Somehow, with his growing breasts, wearing a bra feels right, along with wearing his panties which now hug his hips nice and tight.

Today at school is no different from yesterday. Girls were making fun of him while walking through the hall and even boys started giving him weird looks. The students are paying even less attention to him today, and some of the other teachers won't even hold conversation.

Between first and second period, he sees fellow teacher Miss McMuff in the hallway.

"Hi Mindy, how is the day going so far?"

"What did you just call me?" she asks sternly.

"I just said Mindy..."

"That's Miss McMuff please..."

"Geez, why so formal?"

"It's about respect young lady!" Miss McMuff continues walking back towards her classroom.

Wait... what did she just call me? John wonders.

The day doesn't get any better as the students seem to have no control at all by fourth-period. It's almost like they don't take him seriously anymore. John does something that has never happened to him in the school system before; he leaves the room and cries. After a few minutes in the faculty bathroom, he looks in the mirror trying to regain control of himself.

"What's happening to me?!" he says out loud. His eyes look ridiculous from crying and for some reason have runs of blackness on the bottom part of his eyes. He finally gets himself to go back in the classroom. This time upon entering, the class is at full attention and quiet. He sees a young woman at the front of the class pointing to certain sections of the whiteboard.

Who is she? John wonders. He approaches her, "Can I help you?"

The woman stares at John a little confused. "What do you mean Jehnny?"

"I'm just confused at to what's going on? Did the principal send you in her to sub while I

left?”

“I don’t know what you are talking about... Please have a seat...”

John is still very confused by the situation. Looking around, it seems like his stuff isn’t on his desk anymore. Not sure on what to do, he takes an empty seat by a desk in the back of the room.

After school, John is picked up by Kelly again. He has started to feel a little sick since that strange interaction in last period. Kelly says, “You look pale, are you okay?”

John puts his seatbelt on in the passenger seat, “I don’t feel good and I’m not sure what’s going on... I can’t even remember what happened this morning that caused it, but something doesn’t seem right you know?”

Kelly pulls out of the parking lot, “Are you sure you are okay to go to the house?”

That statement is even more confusing, but he replies, “Yeah, I’m sure I’ll be okay.”

Once back at the house, John notices more décor in the house has changed. He doesn’t say anything though as Kelly gives him some instructions. “If you can help clean around the house for a bit, that would be great. The windows need to be dusted, and the kitchen is a mess.”

John doesn’t argue even though this seems odd. Kelly never bosses him around like that. He is so out of it, that he hasn’t noticed that his dress slacks have turned into jeans and his dress shirt is now a light blue long sleeve cotton shirt. He pulls his medium-length chestnut hair back in a ponytail and gets to work.

Kelly has disappeared upstairs after a while so he watches the children and plays a few games with them. Around 7 p.m. Kelly tells him she is ready to leave and to make sure the children are in bed soon. He doesn’t question the fact that Kelly’s hair is in curls, and she is wearing heavy makeup with a little black dress. What is also a mystery to him is why his children look a little different. Jeremy’s nose has shifted in shape and Alexis’ hair is a different color. After tucking in the children, he watches TV in the living room. Rather than his usual sports channel, he finds interest in a reality show about teen pregnancy on MTV.

Two hours later, Kelly returns home... with a guy who is 6’4” tall!

“How was everything?” Kelly asks as she enters the home.

John turns around, “Good... who is....?”

“Oh, you haven’t met Ron yet? I thought you knew...”

“Kelly....” John’s palms become a little sweaty, as he still can’t put his finger on what’s happening.

“This is Ron. He is a state trooper,” she smiles.

“That’s... nice...”

“Nice to meet you Jehnny!” says Ron. His voice is deep and seems to fit the tall, dark, and handsome type that Kelly has always been fond of.

“I have something for you that I’m sure you will be happy about,” says Ron to John.

“What is that?”

Both Kelly and Ron laugh as Ron gets out his wallet and gives John a wad of cash. “\$80, correct?”

“Thanks...” John says a little confused. All of a sudden he gets a text to his cell phone, which is now in a pink zebra print case.

Here.

“Is that your ride?” asks Kelly.

There’s suddenly a horn beep.

Who can that be? John wonders.

“Right on time!” says Kelly. “Thanks again for all your help Jehnny. I’m sure we will need you again in a few days.”

“But....” John gets up a little confused, but heads to the door. He sees Ron and Kelly walk upstairs, but heads outside anyway.

The vehicle outside is a white Kia SUV. The woman inside says, “I’m sure you are very tired sweetie. Did she pay you extra for it being a school night?”

“Yeah...?” says John as he gets in the vehicle with his bag.

The ride back to the house is quiet as John ignores most of the woman’s questions even though she is running on about something. He spends the time playing with his phone since he is now getting texts from a few people. He can’t remember who they are, but the friendly conversation about music keeps his mind off of things.

Ten minutes later, John arrives 'home.'

Going in the house that he has never been in before seems awkward, but also somewhat soothing. Immediately after entering, he goes upstairs without question and enters the first door on the right.

One week ago, a 35-year-old man randomly walking into a teenage girl's room unannounced probably would have cost him his job. But now, especially considering his job is a thing of the past anyway, it seems natural. His head is starting to hurt a little, and he becomes very dizzy. He can't even make out half of the room, and what it contains, so he just goes to sleep in the bed with his clothes still on.

Thursday...

At 6 a.m. John's alarm sounds and he pulls down his pink bed sheets to start his morning routine. This is a little earlier than usual for him, but something in his mind tells him that he needs to start getting ready earlier. He is wearing a nightshirt with panties right now and soft little green cotton shorts.

He walks down the hallway in his 'new' house, unaware of the additional changes that have occurred to his body over the night. His adjusted height is about 5'2", the same as his ex-wife Kelly. Although she had curves and was a little chubby in some areas, John now has a slim, athletic figure. Since his muscles are now a thing of the past, and his arms are slim, his weight is only about 98 pounds. His breasts have grown to roughly a B-cup.

Entering the bathroom, John looks in the mirror. His face has drastically changed shape. Gone is his chiseled chin, stubble, and somewhat rough lips. He now has fuller lips, high cheekbones, and bigger eyelashes. His nose is more narrow in shape, and ears appear to be smaller, and pierced, as well. Despite all of these changes, the only thing John notices is that he has less acne and the facial cleanser he has been using to clear up his skin must be working.

He also notices that his hair is a mess. The chestnut, flowy hair of his comes down now to about the top of his breasts. *Ugh, I really need to do something new with this* he thinks to himself.

John takes off his shirt, allowing his breasts to hang free and follows by taking off his shorts and panties. The only thing other than a few vague memories left of his masculinity is his penis, which has since changed in size. His testicles seem to be non-existence while his shaft is only about two-inches at this point. Because of this, it only feels natural to sit down while urinating on the toilet. He doesn't even notice its presence.

He strips and enters the hot shower, using a scented soap to wash himself. The pink

raspberry Skintimate shaving room works well when shaving his armpits and legs and he is careful to only use moisturizer on the tips of his hair due to a hint he heard on some video the other day. He also uses a renewing facial cleanser for his face while in the shower. During this time, he thinks about school. *Will the substitute be back today in History class? When is he going to get to see Zack? Did Josh ask out Haylee yet?*

After turning off the water, he squeezes the excess water out of his long hair and reaches for a towel. John puts wraps a towel around his body and uses another towel to wrap his hair. Walking back to the mirror, he is a little intimidated by the amount of cosmetic bottles that sit on the sink and nearby racks, but somehow knows what routine he is about to complete.

He starts by applying a body cream that has a hint of strawberry fragrance to his now soft body. Several days ago, he wouldn't have dared to use a product a product with the name 'Love & Sunshine' on it. That was something Kelly would have used. However, now he wants to maintain the feeling of having soft skin and having the scent of a girl his age. A facial moisturizer is followed. He then brushes his teeth and heads back into his bedroom to get changed.

Once at the dresser, he opens the first drawer to reveal a few neatly laid bras, various forms of underwear, and socks. He still isn't sure what he is going to wear today, but it will probably be leggings with some form of shirt.

He takes off the towel that is wrapped around his body and lets it fall to the floor. Grabbing a cute pink thong, he steps into it and pulls it up his body. Again, ignoring the fact that he still has a penis. It hangs slightly out of the garment, but it's not a part of his mindset at this point. There's a matching bra with a solid pattern. Even though he hasn't worn a bra before by choice, since the first time was when his undershirt morphed into one, he is at first confused about how to put it on but then suddenly remembers. The clasping of the hooks of the bra holding his young breasts up confirms his feminization.

Opening the second drawer of the dresser, he finds a collection of tank tops, casual shirts, and other tops. He dries his hair a little more with the towel and throws it to the side as well then slips on a white cami top which hugs his athletic body very tightly. Part of the bra straps are showing, but he doesn't mind, and it kind of feels natural, like something he has done many times before.

The third drawer contains several leggings, yoga pants, and soft bottoms like sweatpants. He gets out a pair of thick leggings and gets himself into them. The soft fabric against his freshly shaven legs feels a lot different from the boring dress slacks he had to wear as a man. Although he has lost significant height and weight over the last few days, his butt seems to appear a little fuller. Looking in the full-length mirror on the side of the room, John notices how the exercises he has been doing lately are really making a difference and smiles.

His outfit is finished with a trip to the closet where he finds a white Deep V boyfriend T-

shirt that covers part of his bottom while also showing some of his developing cleavage.

Considering he is getting ready for a long day at school, he has been focused on getting dressed and hasn't really thought about his new bedroom. Going back to the dresser, he sees a small jewelry tree full of necklaces and bracelets. He focuses on a small pretty silver pendant necklace with a few gems hanging from it. He puts it on and follows the pattern with slipping on a few bracelets on his small left wrist. A few rings go on his fingers since his wedding ring has since gone missing. Also on the dresser are a few pictures.

One of them shows his new image in a cheerleader outfit with two other girls in a similar uniform. *That must be Haylee and Claire?*

Other photos include the feminine version of him wearing a bikini with friends at the beach, goofing around, and playing volleyball. One photo shows the woman who drove him back last night along with a tall man, a young girl about 11 years old, and the new 15-year-old body that John possesses. He suddenly remembers parts of growing up with this family.

He heads back to the bathroom and grabs a hair brush that is in one of the drawers. With many strokes, he brushes his long hair and notices how it has a cute natural wave at the end. Then, he sprays a heat protectant spray in his hair before blow drying it. The end result is a preppy, feminine look perfect for the cheerleader he is becoming.

"Are you almost ready Jenny?" his mom calls from downstairs.

John ignores the fact that she just called him by the name 'Jenny.' Somehow, things seem to feel like they should be. "Just a minute!" he screams from behind the door. He checks his reflection one last time before grabbing a North Face jacket from his bedroom along with a pink backpack.

After going downstairs, he gets in the car with his mom and little sister. Before pulling out of the driveway, his mom speaks up, "Did you remember everything?"

Suddenly, John's memory feels phased. Over the last few days, especially in the last few hours, his memory has been bogged with confusing images of his new life along with the rapidly receding memories of his former life as a married male high-school teacher. He still remembers Kelly and the kids, but somehow their role as well as his has changed. It seems like he is there just to work one or two days a week and he now has to focus on a few other things like additional school work, friends, sports, and other stuff. The statement from his Mom helps regain a certain image, but he can't quite put his finger on it.

He responds, "No?"

"Jenny! It's Thursday; you have cheerleading practice after school!"

“Geez!” John says, unsure of how he forgot, but also confused by why he has cheerleading practice.

His mom says, “Go back inside and grab your practice bag, quickly!”

John runs back in and immediately goes back to his bedroom where he sees a packed Nike gym bag. Without checking its contents, he heads back to the car where his mom pulls out of the driveway.

After arriving at school, things seem very weird considering John has to listen to teacher’s directions in the hall and won’t be in the same classroom all day this time. He places his gym bag in a locker and starts walking to first-period class when he is stopped by a pretty blonde girl. Haylee?

“Heyy!” Haylee calls out.

“Hi,” says John, though slightly confused of about the girl. He knows he has had interaction with her before. Was it when he was teaching? Wait... no... cheerleading practice... best friends!

“He just did it!”

“Oh my god! Really?!” says John.

“Yes! So now we can all go out tomorrow night!”

John knows she is talking about Josh asking her out... but is confused. What is happening tomorrow?

Suddenly, John feels a hug from behind as well as a kiss on his cheek. He is shocked. Turning around, he sees a boy who is about 15 or 16 with a large hoodie on. Zack?

“Good morning!” says Zack. “You look great as always.”

John blushes, although doesn’t know how he feels about being felt up first thing in the morning. Especially considering all this strange stuff that has been happening lately.

After a brief rapport with his peers, John heads to class with Haylee.

The rest of the day seems to flow as ‘normal.’ He learned a lot of new things in class and got a chance to brush up on some things he forgot in History class. At lunch, he was able to relax a little and share a few laughs with his friends.

After school, John heads to gym for cheerleading practice with Haylee. He also met Claire earlier in the day. Claire is about the same size as John is, but has shorter brown hair that comes down to her shoulders. They all head to the locker room to get changed.

John places his school backpack in the locker and places the gym bag on a bench. Somehow getting changed with the other girls doesn't seem that strange. He starts by taking off all of his jewelry, placing it in a safe spot.

In his gym bag, he finds a pair of athletic sneakers, white socks, another cosmetic bag, a shirt with the high school logo on it, two pairs of panties, a thong, a sports bra, hair ties, and some Nike Pro spandex shorts.

He takes off his shirt in front of the other girls, exposing his bra while engaging in small talk with his friends. While changing into shorts, no one seems to notice the small penis bulging from his panties that is still there for some reason. John hasn't noticed it all day either. Anytime he went to the bathroom; he sat down again just because it felt like the right thing to do.

The Nike Pro shorts hug his new bubble butt very tightly. Being fully dressed for practice now, he looks in the mirror and pulls his hair into a side ponytail. He then heads into the other room with the rest of the squad.

During practice, John does the warmups and routines like they are second nature. He must have a natural ability for being athletic, maybe a run off from his former life of being active in sports and working out. Although now, life is much different practicing as a pretty cheerleader. Doing cartwheels and backflips isn't something he normally did when he was older, but he smiles while practicing thinking of being on the field wearing his pretty uniform with a bow in his hair.

Friday...

In the last day, John's memory is finally returning to normal... if he was always a girl! Everything in life seems to feel right, as school today went by as usual with going to four classes, having lunch with friends, slight day-dreaming in class, and thinking about the weekend with her besties and boyfriend!

He saw Zack again today only for a few minutes, and they shared a hug and kiss on the cheek again. In the last few hours, John has been thinking about Zack more and has realized why he has liked him for a few months now.

After school, John decided to work on some homework in order to have some more free time during the weekend. Since coming home, he has changed into yoga pants and a chemise

with his hair braided in a side ponytail. Once completing his school work, he decides to workout for a bit.

He starts with 50 jumping jacks followed by an exercise for his calves. Looking in the full-length mirror, he then starts doing squats paying attention to his form. Lunges are followed with 2 sets of 20. Jumping squats prove to be doing a toll on his small body, although it's somewhat similar to the warmups done yesterday at cheerleading practice.

Looking in the mirror, he can tell a difference in how the exercises have been helping keep his thigh gap to a minimum and how his butt looks much more rounder and full than before. He continues his workout routine for about 20 minutes when he gets a text from Haylee:

"Hey, I can be over in 20 min!"

John responds:

"Great! I just finishd working out. Gonna hop in shower so just come in when you get here lol."

John heads to the bathroom and turns on the faucet to the shower. He suddenly feels a weird pain in his stomach and feels like he has to urinate very badly. He strips out of his clothes and throws them in the hamper, then sits down on the toilet.

While doing his business, the final magic takes place. Although his body has undergone a massive transformation over the last few days including chromosome shifting, height and weight reduction, softer skin, growing breasts, facial reconstruction, and other important changes, internally he is still missing a few things needed to make him a complete girl. Parts of his internal organs start to shift to make room for the newly formed female reproductive system. Thanks to the developing uterus, Fallopian tubes, and ovaries, John will now be able to experience every part of girlhood including having a menstrual cycle.

John's once prized penis shrivels into a non-existent form leaving only a clitoris as the remaining part of his scrotum falls into the toilet as he continues urinating, now from his new girl part. When finishing, there's a spark in John's head and he feels better than he did just a few moments ago. He wipes his vagina clean and flushes the remaining part of his manhood, and former life, down the toilet where it belongs.

Standing up, **JENNY** steps into **HER** shower and begins cleaning herself and washing her hair to prepare for her double date tonight with Zack, Haylee, and Josh.

Jenny and Haylee take yet another selfie together, this time with their butts touching in the reflection in the full-length mirror while making duck faces. They have spent the last 90 minutes primping and prepping themselves to look as pretty as possible for their dates tonight.

They already posted a number of photos to SnapChat and Instagram.

“Are you sure my hair looks okay?!” Haylee asks.

Jenny smiles and responds, “Yes silly! You look really hot and you know he really likes you already!” Jenny is sometimes confused on how Haylee still has little confidence sometimes in the way she looks despite being an attractive cheerleader just like herself. Both girls have opted to curl their hair tonight and wear heavy makeup. Jenny tried a different eyeshadow technique that makes her look slightly older than she is.

Haylee smiles and smooths out the end of her white strapless dress. She is wearing three-inch heels tonight along with pink and silver bracelets and a necklace that matches the pink bow that goes around the waistline of her dress.

While combing her hair back with her violet-manicured nails, Jenny smiles and then looks at her phone. She sees a text from Zack:

“Cant wait 2 CU 2night”

Jenny responds:

“ :) “

“That’s from Zack I guess?” asks Haylee.

“Yeah!”

“You two are so cute together!” says Haylee.

Jenny smiles, “He’s sooo sweet!” She bends down a bit expressing her emotion. Jenny has chosen to wear a tight black dress tonight that has a pink ruffle top. The dress is also strapless which meant needing to match it with a pink strapless bra from her collection. She’s wearing a number of rings as well as a lot of jewelry just like her friend including an ankle bracelet near her three-inch black heels. Walking in heels has been a natural ability for her thanks to Jenny’s new body and instant feminization.

“What time did they say to meet them there again?” asks Haylee.

“I guess like 7:30...” responds Jenny, not really caring if her and Haylee are fashionably late.

“Okay, it’s like 7:20 now, so maybe we should get going,” Haylee says as she grabs her purse.

“Mom! Can you drop us off at the mall?!” yells Jenny.

Jenny's mom drops the girls off at one of the entrances to the mall near where all the restaurants are. "Be careful and remember to text me when need to be picked up!"

"Okay, thanks, Mom!" says Jenny. They girls continue to walk to the Cheesecake Warehouse where the teens agreed to have dinner that night. It's a little fancy for teens for the most part but is often used as a special occasion place. Since Jenny and Zack have been craving it for a while and Haylee wanted a nice date place for her first place with Josh, they all agreed to it.

Dinner was nice as the group shared a bunch of stories and laughter with each other. They all chipped in to enjoy the meal, but when it came time to go to the movies, Zach and Josh bought tickets for the girls. The guys knew each other from school vaguely but found out they had a lot in common as well which made the girls happy considering they could have fun as a group again.

Walking through the theater to the room where their film is showing, Josh is apprehensive to hold Haylee's hand since he is a little nervous still being out with such an attractive girl. Zack on the other hand who is comfortable being around his cute girlfriend has his arm around her as Jenny has hers around her boyfriend as well. She likes it when he does this or holds her little hand. Makes her feel somewhat protected and loved.

The group decided to go to a comedy film about a cliché of high school kids who start their own snowball stand. It looked funny to them and figured it would be a good light-hearted night. In the theater, Zack holds Jenny's hand, despite this not being a scary movie. He's doing it out of attraction, especially based on the way she smells tonight and how her hair is done up. Josh meanwhile, finally makes a move on Haylee by putting his hand on her knee 20 minutes into the film.

After sharing a laugh together at one point in the film, Jenny and Zack turn to look at each other. He leans in and she naturally tilts her head accepting the first mouth-to-mouth kiss they have shared since her transformation. His warm kiss makes her feel special as well as his hand which is now on her thigh. Haylee looks over and smiles, expecting that they would do this at some point in the movie. She's nervous if Josh will do the same although figures it will probably happen.

Jenny's embrace of Zack's advances prove that she has made a full mental and physical transformation, but also, that somethings never change. She is still happy. Just this time around... as a beautiful, preppy 15-year-old girl.

Saturday... Again!

Jeff comes in the front door and yells to his roommate, Austin, "It FINALLY came in!"

Austin continues looking at the TV since he is playing a video game, but responds, "What's that?"

"The book I found online a few days ago. I got it for \$50 and know those creepy vintage books usually sell for a few hundred in some stores!"

"That's cool. So you going to try reselling it?"

"Of course. I remember seeing the exact same book almost at that strange shop in the strip mall a few weeks ago that was listed for \$500. Apparently it was from some country that used to exist in Eastern Europe," says Jeff as he opens the package.

"Nice bro. That way you can get some more money for that car you've been talking about for a while."

Jeff gets the book out of the bubble wrap and opens it to take a look inside. He flips through a few pages and walks towards the couch.

"This is strange... I don't know what language this is at all..."

"How old is that book?" Austin says, pausing the game and finally taking a look at it.

"I'm not sure... at least a hundred years old... How do you say this phrase? Fur buac?"

Austin looks at it, "I think it says Fur buaek. Say the E-K like ache instead of back."

Jeff reads the entire sentence, "Fur buaek vru verr ba aeuimsar serrk."

"Yes, Fur buaek vru verr ba aeuimsar serrk. What's that next line? Suka com cromsa roca suu?" says Austin.

"What do you think that means?"

"No idea... This entire book looks like something the Illuminati would have been after."

"Yeah, really," says Jeff. "I'm going to look online and see if I can find anything else about it. If not, I'll just go down to the shop tomorrow and see how much they want for it or list it online for more than I bought it. Good idea, right?"

To be continued...?!

Author's Notes: (WARNING: SPOILERS!)

These stories were written for a commission for someone who first wanted a successful, happy guy around 30-years-old to turn into a normal 12-year-old girl. It was originally supposed to be only 5,000 words but quickly developed. The idea was for the transformation to take place in the form of a wish for the better, but it is heard by some mysterious being.

Complete mental transition did occur. It's why James originally forgot certain aspects of his job and why he forgot about the contractor coming back to fix the "mistake" of the house.

Another plot point is that the world becomes normal for him living as a 12-year-old girl which is why he becomes more comfortable with having parents and interacting with people at school, which he originally thought was his new job. Eventually, he figures this is normal and has to adapt to his new role in society.

With all of my stories, I like to involve a heavy amount of reader imagination. Which is why the mysterious being is never identified. A few options could be:

It was a wish fairy.

Kara heard the wish and is responsible for the change.

The house is haunted!

Yeah, think about it...

His car COULD have been stolen... or hidden by the Rogers... or mysterious disappeared...

Kara's sister who works in "finance and math" is actually a math teacher at the local middle school.

Names change as story progresses, which is why Kara turns into Karam... then Karom, then finally Mom in case you didn't notice :)

As far as grammar, I tried to make this as realistic as possible for 12 year olds talking which is why there is frequent grammatical errors and emojis :).

Rednit if you didn't figure it out is backwards for "Tinder." The parody dating app will be featured in future stories of mine.

Notes on Spell for the Better

In case you are wondering, the real language of the spell in the book, it doesn't exist. At first I was going to use that text you see on templates of Apple products, but found out it was Latin. I used a fake language generator instead and typed in this:

*Over seven days, I accept the fate
For this will make me twenty years younger
A slow transformation of mind and body
But the universe will for the better
Including my change of gender*

Even though John had no idea what type of book it was, I thought it would be a good idea for him to sell it because it means there was no way to reverse the spell AND that someone else may use it in the future.

The basement is used as a height indicator.

UBS is a parody of a well-known shipment company in America. It is also the name of a parody sketch that was on MadTV.

In last part, translation is “For boys who will be younger girls” Austin reads: *Some can change race too.*

So there MAY be a sequel!

We hope you enjoyed reading this story as much as we did writing it! If you found pleasure in this story, please be sure to leave us a positive review!

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Please join our mailing list so that we can notify you of our future releases! We have a LOT of great stories coming out soon!

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