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TG/AGE REGRESSION STORIES



BY COURTNEY CAPTISA
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Spells for the Better II

By Courtney Captisa

No spoilers:

This is the ‘unauthorized’ sequel to the short story *Spell for the Better* which was a story in the compilation *2 TG Age Regression Stories: For the Better!* Released in February 2016. The original story was written as a commission for a friend. I call this ‘unauthorized’ since this story was not commissioned, but I decided to continue the story based on a number of requests and ideas that came to mind. Plus, I’m sure the person who originally commissioned the story will love this one as well!

The story picks up right where the last one left off. Just in case you have not read the original, don’t worry. It is a fresh story but reading the original will give you a little back story about how the book has changed hands. More details about the spell book are given in this book.

Who knows, maybe it will end up in yours someday...

Love,
Courtney Captisa
August 2016

SFTB2: Saturday... Again!

Austin and Jeff had been friends since their Junior year of college. For the past two years since graduation, they have been sharing a two-bedroom apartment together in the city. Both of them had difficulties getting jobs after graduation due to the economy, but didn't want to move back home to rural areas. They agreed to stay in the city and find whatever they could. Both of them debated going to graduate school but have since held off. Jeff works two jobs; working part-time at a music store and on some weekends serving at a restaurant. Austin, having a degree in Finance, ended up getting a job at a payday loan place to start his career.

Jeff was holding the old book like a prized possession. Austin knew that Jeff was not a book collector or even an avid reader, but knew he had flipped items before especially while trying to save for a new car to replace the one in the driveway that has been having numerous issues over the last few weeks. Especially after going through a rough time financially trying to make ends meet. He continued to look through the book, although did not read any lines out loud.

“Ready to do this?” Austin said as he picked up his game system controller.

“...Yeah...” said Jeff as he closed the book, put it on the table in front of him, and picked up his controller to unpause the game.

After a few minutes of shooting the shit, Jeff turned his attention back to the book that laid in front of him.

“I'm hoping to score big on this book man. It could be life-changing,” said Jeff.

“You think you are going to make that much on it?” asked Austin.

Jeff continued playing the game, but said, “Even two hundred could help man. That's what I make in like three days at the music shop. It's a fun job but the pay is garbage, and I deserve better because of my experience playing

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in bands and a degree in Music now. Of course, I also don't want to be waiting tables any more than I have to."

"You'll get there man," Austin said comforting his friend. "It just takes a little time."

"Yeah, but I didn't expect after college to be this difficult," Jeff explained.

Austin replied, "It's not what I expected either. Hooking up with bitches is ten times more difficult than it was back in college. These girls don't want to party as much it seems."

"Some are still at the bar," explained Jeff.

"Still not the same though," said Austin.

Jeff continued, "I know where you are getting at. Of course meeting girls on Minder can be fun but it's not the same. It's just I haven't felt happy in a while."

"Maybe if this book thing works out you can flip some other shit. Heard a few people do it with a bunch of shit they find at thrift stores and yard sales. Find the right stuff that people online are buying, and you can probably quit one of your jobs," Austin said as he scratched the top of his head that held his brown hair.

Jeff said, "Good point. Guess it is something I'll look into."

Austin continued his prior speech. Although he was giving detailed advice about serious issues such as career and lifestyle, the average person would think he was a bit of a bum. He had not shaven in several days, causing a light beard to grace his face. His wardrobe today consisted of a white band t-shirt, a flannel long sleeve shirt, and jeans with a few holes around the knees.

Since he had to go to work shortly, Jeff was wearing his uniform which consisted of an all-black ensemble with black jeans, a black t-shirt, and black canvas shoes. He had a bit of five-o'clock shadow happening but figured he

would shave before Monday. His light brown hair was combed back neatly.

Ending a round of the game, Jeff said, “Looks like I gotta head to work now. Tonight’s probably going to be slow as shit so hoping I get off early.”

“Aren’t Saturdays supposed to be busy?” asked Austin.

“Supposed to be yes,” said Jeff. “But the last few have been slow thanks to that new restaurant opening up down the block. Tips have gone down like shit.”

Austin said, “You are going to be able to make your half of the rent by the end of the month, right?”

“Yeah, I can make it. Just need to find something else if this keeps up. I hate staying there making nothing when the place is dead.”

“Then why was your time with it?” asked Austin.

“Can’t find anything else at the moment, so may spend some time job hunting this week as well,” said Jeff.

Austin looked up as Jeff got off the sofa and stood started making his way to one of the tables to grab his keys and wallet. “That’s not a bad idea either. I may be looking myself since I don’t want to stay where I am at forever. Need to be looking for the next best step. Plenty of things happening in this city it seems, but a ton of competition. Hard to even get call backs nowadays. Might have to start lying on the resume or something.”

“I’m pretty sure any credible employers would pick up on that,” Jeff said as he put his belongings in his pocket.

“Just a guess!” said Austin.

“So what are you going to do tonight?” asked Jeff.

“Just chill. Might go down to the Irish Paddy bar later on tonight.”

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Jeff smiled, “If I get off early, I’ll come join you. Hell, we close at ten, so probably will see you there anyway. “

Austin took a swig of his drink, “Okay, sounds good.”

SFTB2: Sunday

Before getting in the shower, Jeff weighed himself on the scale in the bathroom. The reading showed that he was 165, five pounds lighter than it read just a few days prior.

‘Wow, how did I lose five pounds in a few days’ Jeff thought to himself as he looked down. His usual dad bod of a slight beer gut did look a little more slimmer, even though he was too young to have a dad bod in the first place. He blamed the weight loss on working a lot and being on-the-go, not thinking much more of it. He took a shower as normal and then got dressed into a pair of jeans and t-shirt. Gathering his keys and wallet along with the mysterious book that he purchased from the seller online, he got into his car and put the book in the passenger seat.

Jeff felt optimistic of making a few hundred off of the book as he drove to the comic book and game shop called *Inferno Rising*. Although he didn’t read comics or look at the vintage books in the store during most visits, he did enjoy their video game selection both modern and vintage along with the board games and other unique products.

The Indie Rock music stopped as he opened his door once finding a parking spot in the strip mall where the store was located. He grabbed the book and made his way into the store, hearing a bell ring as he entered. Going straight to the counter, Jeff spotted some girl who looked to be about 17-years-old with heavy makeup on wearing something that looked like she picked up at Hot Subject and some overweight guy with an un-groomed beard and Captain USA shirt who was probably about the same age as Jeff.

“Hi, you buy used books right?”

“Yes, we do. What do you have there?” asked the male employee.

Jeff noticed both of them had name tags on when getting closer to them. The girl’s name was Ashley, and the guy’s was Warren. Unsure of what he had in his possession, Jeff had a game plan in mind. “It’s a book that’s pretty similar to some of the other vintage books you have here. Take a look,” he said,

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placing the book in front of Warren.

Ashley got off from where she was sitting and walked closer to inspect it as well. Warren first noticed that the book was well worn and looked like it was printed in another century. There was no title on the front of the book nor an author. Looking inside at the first page, Warren noticed that the first page had been ripped out and there was no copyright or publishing information. Skipping through some of the pages, he saw it was in a foreign language. He didn't read any lines out loud but did so in his head. Ashley just nodded her head in curiosity, trying to figure out what it was. Both of them noticed there were no illustrations in the 500 or so page book.

“So what is this?” asked Warren.

Jeff hesitated, trying to think of an answer that didn't make him look like a clueless dumbass. “... Let's just say this item is pretty unique...”

“What language is this?” asked Ashley, flipping through some pages.

“Maybe Slavic or something?” said Jeff.

“You mean you don't know?” asked Warren.

“I obtained this from a special source, let's just say that,” Jeff replied.

Warren gave Jeff a weird look and questioned his credibility.

Ashley spoke up, “What was this special source? What's so special about this book?”

Jeff lied, “It's very historic.”

Warren shook his head, “Well I have no idea what this is either. Do you Ashley?”

“Not at all,” she replied.

“I think it is best to get Frank out here to look at this,” said Warren as he closed the book.

“Who is Frank?” asked Jeff.

“He’s the owner of the shop. Knows a LOT about old foreign books and stuff like this so he can probably tell you what it is. I’ll be right back,” said Warren as he made his way from behind the counter.

Jeff thought of looking at some things in the store while he was waiting, but instead engaged in some small talk with Ashley. Another part of him didn’t want to leave the book laying on the counter just in case.

“Did you get the new *Battlefield: Starcrusher* in yet?” he asked, referring to a video game.

“No, it comes in next week, but we are doing pre-orders. Would you like to place one?” asked Ashley.

“Sure...” Jeff said, pulling out his wallet. He figured doing the pre-sale would be a good productive way to kill some time.

Shortly after the exchange, Warren came back with a guy with glasses who was probably hitting about 300 pounds. He was balding slightly and had on some red Wars Trek shirt.

“Hi, I’m Frank, the owner,” said the man as he went behind the counter and eyed the book.

“Nice to meet you, I’m Jeff,” he replied.

“Warren said you had a unique book that you wanted to sell or trade-in?” asked Frank.

“Yes, it’s right here...” Jeff said pointing to the book on the counter.

Frank looked at the book very curiously. He did the same process that

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Warren did with looking at the cover, binding, and first few pages. Within a few seconds, Frank's eyes stood still on a page. He almost caught himself muttering words but didn't vocalize anything, instead of trying to decipher the foreign words in his mind.

"Ashley... Warren... Since it is a little slow right now, can you go to the back and put the new stock away?" he asked.

They were disappointed to not hear what Frank had to say about the book, but went in the back to do what they were instructed.

Frank hesitated, and Jeff had a difficult time reading Frank's face. He could tell he looked slightly confused, but also caught him smiling at times as he looked through the book. Several pages were inspected in detail along with even the edges of the front binding. He looked up from the book to Jeff's eyes. "...You know what this is, right?"

"I know it's a very old book and very rare..." Jeff replied.

"I see..." said Frank.

A few seconds of silence were followed by Frank asking another question, "What made you bring this here?"

Jeff responded, "I know you have other vintage books here that are collectible."

"I have to ask. Where did you get this originally?" Frank asked.

Jeff figured that since he was talking with the owner and an expert of materials, that he should tell the truth. "To be honest, I found it online."

Frank asked, "Where exactly online?"

"You know, a popular auction site," Jeff said, wondering where all this was going.

“What did the description say exactly?” Frank said expressing curiosity.

“To be honest, it was pretty vague. But you know how it works with these ultra-rare pieces of history. And you know the language of this, right?” Jeff said trying to get an answer out of Frank.

Briefly pausing, Frank said, “It looks only a little familiar... How much were you looking to get for this?”

Jeff paused once again and didn’t want to trap himself into a situation he couldn’t get out of. He responded, “How much do you usually pay for things like this?”

Frank shook his head, “How does \$100 sound?”

A little insulted by the price, Jeff knew he didn’t get very excited and go through all this work just to make \$100. Instead, he came back with a counteroffer. “I was thinking more of something in the range of \$500...”

“Okay... deal,” said Frank.

Damn, that was easy, Jeff thought to himself. A bright smile illuminated his face.

Frank opened the register to get out cash for the transaction. Jeff was very curious to ask Frank some questions regarding the book but didn’t want to look like an idiot after this successful transaction. Frank gave him the \$500 in cash along with a handwritten note that had the letterhead of the store on top with ‘*vintage book- \$500 rendered*’ written on it.

“Thanks!” said Jeff.

“No... THANK YOU,” said Frank. “We love antique books around here. If you find any others like this, please let me know immediately!”

“Sounds good! See ya,” Jeff said as he walked out of the store.

As soon as he was gone, Frank took the book back to his office and went to a few bookmarked pages on his computer very eagerly.

SFTB2: Monday

Jeff woke up with a hangover. Not only had he joined Austin for beers at the bar after work on Saturday, but the two decided to go to the pub for Trivia night where they had a few Jameson and Gingers. Luckily, the bar was in walking distance, and the two stumbled their way home.

He looked at the alarm clock, noticing it was 10 a.m., giving him about an hour to get to the music store to start his 11 a.m. shift. His stomach was aching, and his legs were also in pain. Although it wouldn't bother him if he could sleep all day, he figured he wouldn't call out of work and if he ate something he would probably feel better.

Getting up, Jeff felt awkward; almost like he was bent over even though he was standing straight. He was dizzy and stumbled his way out the bedroom door down the hallway to the bathroom. Noticing the door was closed, he figured Austin was in there even though he did not hear the sound of the shower or sink with water running. As he turned away to head back to his bedroom and wait, he heard the bathroom door open and saw Austin with a blue towel around his waist. Austin always wore his hair a little long, down to his shoulder, but today it looked about two inches longer than the day prior. He also looked skinner, and there was no chest hair on his body. The hair on his arms looked like it wasn't as thick. However, his entire body looked one shade up in color.

“Dude, what happened?”

“We got hammered last night,” replied Austin.

Jeff frowned, “I'm well aware of that, but what the hell happened to your skin and chest?”

“I'm still trying to figure that out myself. Haven't felt good at all today since waking up.”

“Yeah me either,” said Jeff. “Maybe it's just from drinking a lot last night.”

“Yeah, probably,” Austin said as he shrugged off the situation and headed to his bedroom to put some clothes on.

Jeff made his way into the bathroom and weighed himself. The scale now read 155 pounds showing that he had lost 10 pounds in just a day. Never did losing this amount of weight in a day seem healthy, so Jeff made a mental note to make a doctor’s appointment as soon as he got back to his cell phone. He stripped naked and found some other changes. Most of his body hair had thinned out as well, and his penis looked a little smaller. The height reduction was freaking him out, but it only reminded him more to make the appointment as soon as he could. He took a quick shower just rubbing his Axe body wash over himself and shampooing his hair for a total of 20 seconds.

Meanwhile, in Austin’s room, he noticed his boxers were very loose around his waist. He tried at least three different kinds, and they were all tight. Because of this, he had to settle on some boxer briefs that, and ex-girlfriend got for him that still had the labels on them since he never wore them. The waist was a little loose, but not the point of almost falling off like the boxers were. The t-shirts he tried on were loose as well and he figured he might be losing weight thanks to the illness he figured he had. The dress shirt and slacks he wore to work usually had the same effect and the tie seemed bigger as well. Regardless, he got dressed since he didn’t want to be late for work because of a terrible fashion show mishap.

Back in the bathroom, Austin examined his face after taking a shower. He noticed he didn’t have to shave and his face was baby smooth, despite planning to shave that morning. He put on a towel and rushed into his bedroom, before even putting on clothes he picked up his phone and called the office of his primary care physician.

“Dr. Massey’s office, this is Linda speaking how may I help you?”

“Hi, this is Jeff Green. I need to make an appointment immediately.”

“Is it an emergency? Are you bleeding? Do you need to go to ER?” asked Linda over the phone.

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“I’m not bleeding. I haven’t been feeling well and have noticed some changes in my body,” Jeff explained.

Linda replied, “Okay, the soonest I have open is next Monday.”

“A week? I don’t think I can wait that long!”

Linda took a long pause, “... There is an 8:30 a.m. appointment available tomorrow.”

Jeff had second thoughts about having to wake up early, but the idea that he may have a serious illness or disease also bothered him. “Fine, I’ll take it.”

“Okay Jeff, thanks for calling!” Linda said before hanging up.

After the quick phone conversation, Jeff started to get dressed and had a similar tribulation that Austin experienced. Most of his clothes didn’t fit, although Jeff blamed it on the fact that he had lost 10 pounds in just a day. He found his shirt uniform to the music store was very big on him and the khakis he usually wore were baggy and seemed way too long. Heading down the hallway to the kitchen, he saw that Austin’s clothes were baggy as well.

“Bro, what the fuck?” asked Jeff. “Your clothes are loose as well?”

“We must have caught something...” said Austin.

“I just made a doctor’s appointment for tomorrow,” said Jeff as he put some coffee into a to-go mug.

“I’ll do the same if I can get in,” said Austin.

“Let’s just see if I can make it through work today,” Jeff complained. “My stomach has been killing me.”

SFTB2: Tuesday

In slightly over 24 hours since waking up on Monday morning feeling like shit, the situation had not improved for Austin or Jeff. Work on Monday proved to be difficult with physical issues as well as some conflict issues with co-workers and customers. Both found solace in each other by hanging out watching movies and playing video games later that night. Same as their usual, except without any alcohol use.

Tuesday morning, Jeff woke up very early to make it to the doctor's office. After doing the usual check in, he was taken to a small patient room and received blood pressure and weight info from one of the assistants. Even though his records were in front of the assistant, she didn't question why he had lost a few dozen pounds in the course of a few days. He was now weighing in at 140 pounds and was certain he and Austin had contracted a disease. Austin and Jeff had not seen each other that morning since Austin was still sleeping, but considering he was showing the same signs, they must go together.

After waiting for about fifteen minutes, Dr. Massey walked in the door.

Smiling wide, Dr. Massey said, "Good morning Jeff, what is going on today?"

"I'm very worried Dr. Massey. Over the last few days, I've gone from being around 170 to 140 pounds. I've noticed my body mass has gone down and I think I'm even a few inches shorter. My clothes have been very baggy. There have been terrible migraines and stomach aches," Jeff explained.

Dr. Massey nodded his head, "Those are some typical symptoms associated with weight loss. However, my sheet here says that you have been steady at 135-145 for the past three years."

"That's impossible," Jeff said shaking his head. "I haven't been on a crash diet. Are you sure my records aren't mixed up with someone else's?"

Dr. Massey shook his head, "I've been seeing you for awhile now. I know

you are definitely Jeff Green, 5'7", 140 pounds..."

"Wait a minute," Jeff interrupted. "5'7"? I've been 5'11" since I was a high school senior?"

Shaking his head again, Dr. Massey looked at the sheet and then back at Jeff. "I'm going to have some blood work done on you and sent to the lab. Hopefully, we can have some answers by tomorrow. In the meantime, I'm going to prescribe you some antibiotics."

"What is that going to do?"

Later that day, at the payday loan establishment; Austin's manager Doug came to him towards the end of his shift. "Austin, can I have a word with you for a moment?"

"Sure man, what's up?" asked Austin, who was always very casual on the job.

"Most people who work here take this job seriously. I haven't seen that level of magnitude and dedication from you lately," said Doug.

"What do you mean?" asked Austin.

"For one... the way you have been dressing. It's like you are wearing clothes that are two to three sizes too big for you. We try to dress very professionally here for our clients."

Austin defended himself, "Doug! I can't help that. I've been going through some medical issues lately and losing a lot of weight and height. It's not like I'm going to buy an entirely new wardrobe just because I'm sick! You are lucky I'm even here today."

"It's not just that," explained Doug. "I've seen a change in your work performance. It's almost like you've forgotten everything since working here and even basic training material. Unfortunately, I'm going to have to let you

go.”

“I’m getting fired just because I’m sick? This is bullshit!” said Austin getting angry.

“It’s not just because you are sick. I’ve reviewed your portfolio, and it doesn’t seem like you have done much for the company since you have been here,” said Doug.

Austin replied, “Are you insane? I’ve worked very hard for this place trying to get a higher position!”

“There’s just no place for you here right now...” said Doug.

Feeling defeated, Austin ripped off his name tag and packed up his stuff to head home.

Entering the house in the evening, Austin saw Jeff on the sofa laying down but awake. He looked depressed as well.

“Bro, you don’t look too good,” said Austin.

“I feel like complete shit,” said Jeff. “They couldn’t figure out what was wrong at the doctor’s office. My blood work won’t come back until tomorrow. Did you make a visit?”

“Yeah, I just came back from the clinic, and they couldn’t figure out any of the symptoms. Plus, I fucking got fired today!”

“Damn, that sucks!” said Jeff. “What happened?”

Austin went to the fridge to grab a beer and continued taking, “My piece of shit manager complained about the way I dress and my performance which isn’t right at all! I’ve been working my ass off for that place, and they didn’t appreciate me at all?”

“What are you going to do now?” asked Jeff.

“Hustle my ass off to find something else as soon as I finish this beer!” said Austin.

Jeff asked, “Sounds like a plan... What did they say at the clinic specifically?”

Austin replied, “They acted like the height loss I’ve had was no big deal? I’ve also lost about twenty pounds in the last few days.”

“I’m down about thirty!” said Jeff.

“That’s nuts. Did you have anything happen at work today?”

Pausing for a moment, Jeff’s eyes widened, and he sat up from his position, “Oh shit! I forgot I had to work today!”

Austin replied, “How did you forget that? You work every Tuesday.”

“I have no idea! But my manager isn’t going to be happy! I’m surprised they didn’t call my phone,” he said checking his phone. Randomly, he checked his calendar, and it showed he wasn’t on the schedule for that day. “Whew looks like I wasn’t on today.” He checked the next day and noticed he wasn’t scheduled for then either. Checking yesterday, he noticed it was gone as well. “Dude, what the fuck? My calendar app is acting up. But what the hell? It’s saying I don’t work there?”

Austin shook his head, “Something is wrong here, and we need to figure it out FAST. Is this house haunted or something?”

“Don’t think so, plus why would this happen now all of sudden when we’ve been here for a while?” asked Jeff.

“Maybe the ghosts were waiting...” said Austin. “All of this didn’t seem to start until Saturday.”

Jeff nodded his head, agreeing with the statement. “Do you think it was that leftover Chinese food that we had for lunch?”

“No... I’ve left food out on the counter from Happy Chow for three days before and didn’t get sick,” said Austin.

Jeff shivered at the comment, even though he remembered he was guilty of the same. “What else happened on Saturday when all of this started?”

“You got that old ass book,” said Austin.

Jeff replied, “What does that have to do with anything?”

“That’s the only thing else we did outside of the ordinary that day. I started feeling different later that night, and it wasn’t food poisoning or alcohol-related. If it was, I’m sure doctors would have figured that out by now,” said Austin.

Pausing to gather his thoughts, Jeff replied, “That is true... but why the hell would that book have anything to do with medical conditions?”

“I don’t know the answer to that Jeff. Maybe there were some acidic chemicals that we obtained from touching it. Regardless, we need to take that book in for testing at a lab. Where is it?”

“... I sold it already...” Jeff admitted.

“Already?!” asked Austin.

Jeff paused, “I needed the cash!”

“Who did you sell it to? That store you mentioned?” asked Austin.

“Yes,” replied Jeff.

“Then we are going there FIRST thing tomorrow morning.”

SFTB2: Wednesday

Austin couldn't believe the image staring back at him in the mirror Wednesday morning. Overnight, he had shrunk to about 5'3" tall, and his skin was slightly darker in pigment. His hair had changed to complete black and came down about four inches past his shoulders. Color changes to his body were not the only concern. His cheekbones were more prominent, and his eyes had changed shape slightly to an almost slanted look. Not only shocked at the physical changes, Austin was embarrassed for Jeff to see him like this but knew it had to happen today if they planned on solving this medical mystery together.

He considered calling his parents about the matter but didn't want to bother them with medical concerns if it was something hopefully easy to fix. However, the slight breasts growth was unexplainable. He guessed they were about the size of a tween girl going for her first training bra. Wanting to exit the room, he wrapped two towels around himself and ran into his bedroom.

As soon as the sound of Austin's bedroom door echoed through the hallway, Jeff ran into the bathroom. His hair was now about the same length as Austin's but had turned to a light ash brown shade. It seemed to have texturized itself as well. His face appeared to be more round, yet he had higher cheekbones. There was a still no need to shave either. Stepping on the scale, it now read 130 pounds. He was losing about 10 pounds a day. Part of him wanted to cry, but another part of him wanted himself to be a man and solve the issue. He guessed he was probably about 5'5" now. Taking a quick shower, he was dead certain he wasn't going to mention having breasts to Austin. Even though they could share the same bra if they wanted.

After finished in the bathroom, Jeff went back to his bedroom and got dressed in clothes that were way too big for him. Austin came out of his bedroom where they first got a glimpse of each other.

"We are turning into girls..." said Austin.

"Dude, that's bullshit," said Jeff.

Austin screamed, “Then what else could it be! We are both losing weight, getting shorter, and now our faces have changed slightly! What the hell is going to happen tomorrow?!”

“It’s 10 a.m. now. That shop should be open! Let’s go,” said Jeff, eager for things to go back to normal as well.

The guys took Jeff’s car and parked right in front of the comic book shop in the strip mall. Both rushed into the building, embarrassed that people would see them looking like they did especially with very bulky clothes on them.

At the front register, Jeff noticed Frank by himself. As they walked towards him, Frank looked at them a little oddly. One because of what they were wearing, and two because it wasn’t very common for people who look like them to walk into the store at that point in the day.

“Can I help you two?” asked Frank.

“I sure hope so!” said Jeff. “I’m the one who sold you that book a few days ago...”

“Oh God...” said Frank.

“So it IS the book. What happened?! We need to know everything...” said Austin.

Frank took Jeff and Austin through a door that was labeled ‘Employees Only.’ Immediately, a smell similar to that of Jeff’s grandmother’s attic hit his nostrils indicating that the building was at least a few decades old. Walking down the narrow hallway, Frank then opened a door and hit a light switch for the disorganized office. He took a seat in front of a small desk and gestured his hand for the boys to sit on the small sofa that was in the room.

“This is a conversation we need to have back here. I don’t want anyone in the store to hear and definitely, don’t want any news reports on this. Had you

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come in here a few days ago and still appeared to be completely normal men, I would have ignored you probably.”

Jeff said, “We wouldn’t be having this conversation in that case!”

Frank looked up from the ground and pointed at him, “That’s an excellent point...”

Austin butted in, “Just tell us the entire story and how we can change back to normal!”

Frank turned on the computer and then twirled his chair back to the direction of the boys.

“Have either of you heard of The Long Turkish War or Thirteen Year War?”

Although Jeff had studied World War II and Vietnam a lot as a hobby, he had never heard of this. Austin was clueless as well. They looked at each other and then gave up.

Frank continued after taking a breath, “It was an indecisive land battle between the Habsburg Monarchy and the Ottoman Empire. Habsburg had a few other principalities on their side such as Wallachia and Transylvania. Basically, the Ottoman’s laid siege on several cities over a period of time and the monarchy fought back. In that era, it was very common for that region of the world to experience attacks. Wallachia, in particular, was fed up with invasions, and some of the local leaders asked for the help of all townspeople to fight the battle. In the small section of Oltenia, a mystic gypsy came forward and suggested that if there were fewer men on the opposing site, they would not be able to fight; since men could do battle, The mystic had been experimenting with various spells that were meant to change a person’s body. The story I heard was that before he came forward with this concept in battle, it was originally used for a healing process, but while testing on different subjects, he accidentally turned a man into a woman over the course of a few days. The thought of gender transformation made him curious.”

Jeff butted in, “How in the hell would that work in battle if getting attacked if

it took days?”

“Great question,” said Frank. “The mystic was known by town leaders as a person of great skill. The changing speed was first developed so they could turn men into women by just yelling out the spell. Since they would be on battle field with weapons still, the mystic thought of other situations such as them loosing memory completely, past existence being erased, and other factors. He not only wrote down the spell for changing gender but experimented with variations. In total, it was reported there were over 26,000 variations created even after the war. Some are instant transformation, others take months, others change other aspects of a person. We are talking age, personality, race...”

Austin interrupted him, “You mean that’s why my skin is changing color?!”

“That’s exactly why!” said Frank. “You must have read a different line than Jeff did.”

“Yes,” screamed Austin. “But we are both turning into girls!”

Frank replied, “Ninety percent of The Book of Dohla focuses on aspects of gender transformation, so unless you happened to read the other ten percent of the book, you were turning into a girl! Although, it seems like the timing element of your transformation is the same.”

“We never asked for this, though!” Jeff complained.

“Now why in the hell would you buy a book like this if you didn’t know what it was?”

Jeff rebutted, “I don’t think the person I bought it from knew what it was either! There was hardly any description at all other than the guy bought it at some yard sale or something. I just bought it because I saw something here that looked like it and knew it was worth some money.”

“The book you were talking about here had nothing to do with this at all! Do you happen to have still the package that the book came in? Maybe there is

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an address that we can track,” said Frank.

Jeff said, “That’s the funny part... It came with no return label and that person has since deleted their account.”

Frank leaned back in his chair, “Good god...”

“What?” asked Austin.

Frank continued, “That person’s old existence has been erased. They have probably turned into a girl as well!”

“That’s crazy!” said Austin. “Can you turn us back? There must be reversal spells in there. Or... maybe some spells involving female to male transformation.”

“I’m afraid it’s not that simple,” responded Frank with only a little sincerity. “I sold the book this morning.”

“WHAT?!” How in the hell did you sell a book like that in only a few days?!” asked Jeff.

Frank eyed a safe in the corner, “It was sitting in that safe since you brought it in here and I can’t thank you enough.”

“You can thank us by turning us back to normal!” said Jeff.

Austin said, “Yeah, didn’t you make a copy of some pages or something.”

“You guys really don’t get it. We are dealing with very old magic. It is extremely dangerous to do anything with that book if you aren’t sure what it is. It was hard enough for me to even translate the parts I needed.”

“Wait, so why aren’t you turning into a girl?” asked Austin.

“It will happen tomorrow. The spell I read happens overnight.”

“Damn, you actually want that?” asked Jeff.

Frank put his hands together, “Like I told you, I had been looking for a copy of that book for a long time. It is extremely rare to find a version that is in the condition where all pages and binding is there. Look at me... I’m over 40, overweight, and have only had sex with a woman twice in my life. Don’t you think I have thought about what life would be like if I was born a girl?”

“Damn dude...” said Austin.

Frank frowned, “I spent a lot of time trying to translate that book myself in order to make myself the perfect woman. My age isn’t going to change, and I’m still going to be the owner of this store. The only thing that will be different is I’m going to live as a genetic woman. I thought about becoming younger, but didn’t want to risk making a mistake in the translation.”

“How did you know how to do that even?” asked Jeff.

“The language in the book is similar to that of another region where it is from, which is present day Romania. Not exact, but I had a good idea of the verbs and adjectives. The Book of Dohla was originally put together in the early-1800s when an exploration group found the original scriptures that the mystic put together. Where those original scriptures are at is not known although they were probably destroyed if they aren’t in a museum somewhere. Only a few hundred books were printed from that collection and most were apparently destroyed during World War I. Again, only a few copies exists and this one may be the only one in America. I originally found out about it through some research online in the gender transformation community. There have been many forum posts about it over the years and I have spent a long time tracking one down, so it really was my lucky day and a sign when you came in here that day. I’m pretty well connected online and let people know that I own a store like this and I could sell one if I ever came across it. So I contacted someone who has asked me every few weeks over the last four years if they wanted to come here and get it from me since I wouldn’t feel comfortable shipping it to anyone.”

Austin wiped a little sweat from his forehead, “We have to find the person

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who bought that book from you.”

“I’m afraid it’s not that easy,” said Frank. “I only know his handle, first name, and the fact that he drained his entire savings account to pay me the \$60,000 for it and drove four hours to come get it.”

Jeff spoke up, “WHAT?! You mean to tell me I bought it for pennies basically, you paid me \$500, and you made \$60,000 from it?!”

“Flipping is a beautiful thing, isn’t it?” said Frank in a condescending tone.

Austin said, “We have to try. What is his first name?”

“It’s Sam. He is some guy in his 20s, but told me that he wanted to use it to turn into a young girl. I don’t know what exactly he read, but I’m pretty sure that he did something already considering how eager he was.”

“We have to try at least!” said Jeff. “Can you track the credit card process or check he gave you?”

“He paid with cash,” said Frank.

“Who the fuck walks around with \$60,000 cash on them?” asked Austin.

“Someone who doesn’t want to be tracked and drained their savings,” said Frank. “Plus, it’s not like that \$60,000 would do him any good if he is going to turn into a 12-year-old girl.”

Jeff felt very weird about the thought of guys wanting to be tween girls and just shook his head.

Austin said, “We can’t just sit here and do nothing. If that’s the fact, we are going to turn into girls for real.”

“Just out of curiosity, have either you been experiencing memory loss?”

“YES!” said Austin, “For some reason I’ve been had a hard time at my job

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and they fired me yesterday.”

Jeff said, “I actually can’t remember my last three years of college and that wasn’t that long ago.”

“Ut-oh...” said Frank.

“What do you mean by ut-oh?” asked Jeff.

“You probably read a section that involves memory loss and character recognition. The bad news is that you are going to slowly forget being men and may start getting memories of living as girls all your lives. If that is the case, then you will start acting feminine as well. So if you plan on trying to find the person who has the book, then you need to get on it right now!”

Austin asked, “What’s the good news?”

Frank said, “There is no good news...”

Before leaving the store, Austin and Jeff exchanged phone numbers and email addresses with Frank so they could all keep clear communication. Knowing they were on a strict deadline now, Austin and Jeff were dead set on either finding the person who bought the book or finding another copy.

“Dude... where’s my car?” asked Jeff.

Austin ran out to where the car was formally parked and looked for any signs on the telephone polls indicating that he may have been towed. There was nothing.

“I don’t think you were towed!” said Austin.

“Shit, someone stole my fucking car! This is NOT what I needed today!” Jeff felt a lot more emotional than usual thanks to increasing hormones in his system, but held back tears in front of his friend.

“We need to call the police!” said Austin.

Jeff said, “I don’t want them to get involved right now. Especially after what Frank just told us. Let’s just go back in and ask him for a ride back to the apartment. We’ll regroup there and have your car available.”

Frank was open to driving them back to their place, putting Warren in charge of running the shop while he was gone. The 1.5-mile drive seemed much longer than previous trips to the boys, who were trying to brainstorm what else they could do at the moment.

“Then turn right up here,” said Jeff giving Frank final directions to their apartment from the passenger seat.

Frank turned the car and slowed down when Jeff told him to. From the back seat, Austin yelled out, “The building is GONE! What the fuck?!”

In place of their apartment building was a vacant lot.

“Are you sure this is where you live?” asked Frank.

“Of course! We were just here a few hours ago,” said Jeff.

“Keep in mind; the memory loss could be starting,” replied Frank.

Austin spoke up, “I remember being here!”

Frank looked in the backseat, “If that is the case... then the universe is starting to adjust...”

“Adjust to what?” asked Jeff.

Frank looked into Jeff’s eyes, “To you becoming girls...”

Driving through town a bit further, and into a nicer neighborhood Frank

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continued his speech, “I normally wouldn’t do this, but since this is a special case and you guys need help, you can stay at my house for a bit until you get this figured out.”

“Thanks a lot Frank. You don’t know how much we appreciate this,” said Austin.

Frank parked the car in the paved driveway. The neighborhood he lived in was in a more residential area in the city about three miles from the comic book store. There were small lawns in the neighborhood and upper-middle class houses.

“Wow, you live here by yourself?” asked Jeff admiring the size of the house.

“Yup,” Frank said while getting out of the car. Make pretty good money with the comic book store and other things so I have a pretty nice pad.

Walking into the house, Frank showed them the living room, kitchen, dining room, downstairs bathroom, office, and patio, but did not take them upstairs. The house was well-kept, although there were some nerdy items like Sci-Fi posters, a LEGO collection, and an entire wall of video games. He showed them the access codes for the computer they could use and told them he had to get back to the store and to call them if they needed anything.

After he had left, Jeff and Austin spent the next few hours trying to track down Sam as well as researching any other factors that they may use to their advantage. Nothing seemed to work. They looked up the guy’s name on social media and even messaged a few asking if they were the person who bought the book. A few in-depth search engine sources brought up the same information that Frank had told them, confirming the facts. It was nearly impossible to find an existing copy of the book and Jeff felt like he was an idiot for letting go something so important without doing his research first.

“This is going nowhere...” said Jeff to Austin.

“We WILL find something... Have you talked to your parents yet?”

“No,” replied Jeff. “I think I’ll call them now to see if maybe they can help...”

Jeff got his phone out of his pocket and went to the favorites. He clicked on the name ‘Mom’ and put the phone to his ear. All he received an error message.

“What the hell? It’s saying the phone was disconnected?”

“Did you try your dad’s phone?” asked Austin.

Jeff did the task as recommended but reached similar results. “Why would my parents get new cell phone numbers and not tell me?”

“I’ll try mine,” said Austin. He too received similar results. Just as the boys were discussing conspiracy theories, Frank came back to the house.

He walked in and immediately asked, “Any luck?”

“No, and it’s gotten worse. We can’t reach our parents?”

“It’s changing quickly...” said Frank.

“We are trying to change back!”

“I realize that,” said Frank. “Give me a few minutes and I’ll help you. I need to go upstairs and take care of some stuff.”

The boys frantically did some other searching and tried to call other friends, but nothing worked. Several minutes later, they heard Frank yell from upstairs.

“GUYS, COME UP HERE QUICK!!!”

Jeff and Austin looked at each other and then ran up the stairs, causing their budding breasts to giggle. They saw Frank staring in front of a door with his mouth open.

“What is it?” asked Austin.

“A bedroom...” said Frank.

The boys inched closer and saw a bedroom with white walls and an enormous pink rug with a huge bedspread that was Zebra print. There were many pictures on the wall, a dresser completely covered with jewelry stands and a hat rack and another dresser full of makeup products.

“I thought you said you didn’t have any kids Frank. This room looks like it belongs to some teen girl.”

“I don’t...” said Frank.

He walked into the room, and the boys followed.

“What do you mean you don’t have any kids?! What kind of sick fetish are you into?” asked Jeff.

“I’m serious Jeff,” said Frank. “This room was just for storage... I had a few extra computers in here and the rest of my comic book collection. Now it’s a bedroom...”

Without examining the room in detail, Frank quickly exited and went to the other bedroom that was holding a ping pong table and other game items. Opening the door, they found another shocker in that the room was another teen girl’s room. This time, the walls were light pink, and there was a flurry black blanket over a pink bedspread. There was a poster of Audrey Hepburn and a painting that looked like it came from a paint night event. Walking into the room, Frank said, “I definitely don’t have two kids...”

“What is going on?!” asked Austin.

“I think we found our answer...” Frank said pointing to a photo collage on the wall.

On the collage were various photos from different events, selfies, and

personal photos. They only recognized two people in the photos, Jeff and Austin as they appeared now. However, they were smiling more than they usually do in photos. Some photos included them both wearing cheerleading outfits and others wearing bikinis. It was an embarrassing site.

“I think we found our answer...”

“What kind of fucking prank is this?” asked Jeff.

“Dude, calm down. This is seriously not a prank!” said Frank.

“Then what’s happening?” asked Austin.

“You are becoming my daughters!” said Frank.

“How the fuck is that possible?” asked Jeff. “You just told us you don’t have kids!”

“I don’t!” said Frank. “But the rules are changing. Your existence as men are being erased. That’s probably why your car went missing, your apartment vanished now this is happening.”

“But you haven’t transformed at all...” said Austin.

“Not yet, but that doesn’t matter. What the hell spell did you read out of that book where all of this is changing? Has anything else happened today that you haven’t told me?” asked Frank.

“Our parents...” said Jeff.

“What about them?” asked Frank.

“All lines disconnected. Couldn’t get through at all,” said Jeff.

“That’s confirmed then...”

“What is?” asked Austin.

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“Your parents are no longer your parents... That’s why you can’t get through. The entire universe is changing. The only thing that can possibly stop it is a reversal spell, so we need to spend all night getting on this.”

“Or else we are going to turn into teenage girls?!” yelled Austin.

Frank said, “Well, you know where you are sleeping tonight.”

SFTB2: Thursday

A grown man waking up in a soft bed that belongs to a teenage girl isn't an ideal situation, but Jeff and Austin were too tired to care the night prior about where they slept. They spent every effort of the night attempting to put the puzzle together and find a copy of the book but received no hot leads.

Jeff felt very different even when first waking up. Overnight, his boobs have grown a size up, leaving him at a B-cup. The hair on his head had become fuller and slightly longer, obviously belonging to that of a girl. Never had he had to deal with long hair before where it hit him in the face when waking up. He wanted to scream at the horror show that was his body since he already felt a little weaker thanks to his rapid weight loss and height reduction. Rubbing his hairless legs together, he thought about having to shave them soon. Getting out of bed, he noticed he was wearing panties and a white tank top. Nothing like the shirt and boxers he wore to bed. Hoping it would be there, he grabbed his dick and luckily for him it was still there. Going to a mirror, he saw that he had the complete appearance of a teenage girl. His face had a girl-next-door look to it; All-American beauty. He grabbed his boobs and pushed them together, somewhat curious as to what it would feel like. Moving his hands down his body, he noticed his hips flared out a bit and he had a bubble butt. The feeling of panties against his skin didn't feel too bad in his opinion, although he wouldn't entertain the idea of admitting to liking them.

He noticed his eyelashes were much longer; skin was a lot smoother, and that his ears had piercings in them. Looking on the floor, he spotted a pair of soft gym shorts and threw them on quickly. Opening the door to the bedroom, he knocked on the one across the hall where Austin was staying. Evidence of downstairs activity included some noise and the smell of syrup. After three knocks, Jeff heard a soft voice say, "... come in..." and did as instructed.

Walking into the room, Jeff saw a petite Asian girl sitting on the edge of her bed crying. Although he knew the truth... it was Austin.

"Austin?" Jeff asked, grabbing his throat as well noticing his voice had changed as well and the absence of an Adam's apple.

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Austin was wearing a shirt with 'Princess' written on it and white pajama pants that were obviously made for a girl. It was apparent that he wasn't wearing a bra, although his breasts had grown as well. "I never walked this..." Austin said as he sniffed.

"I didn't either...but we'll change back!" said Jeff.

"Why in the hell did I turn into some Asian girl?"

Jeff didn't now how to answer that. "I'm not sure, but why are we both teenage girls?!"

"I don't know about the girl part just yet," said Austin. "I still have my penis."

"Yeah, me too," said Jeff with some pride.

"Think we should go tell Frank?" asked Austin.

"He might as well know... or maybe he can surprise us and say he found a cure! I heard some noise from downstairs, so let's go check it out."

The two of them headed downstairs and immediately noticed that the house looked different already. Gone were the nostalgic items and other Man Cave decor and replaced were soft colors, art, and some photos. Going into the kitchen, they saw a woman cooking. She looked to be in her early-40s and had curly dark brown hair. Her chest was extremely busty, with Jeff guessing she was a D-cup. Austin noticed how much of a great ass she had.

"Oh, you two are up! Would you like some breakfast?" she asked.

"Sure, but who are you?" asked Jeff.

The woman stopped what she was doing and laughed at him, "You are really asking me this? You should know..."

“Frank?!” asked Jeff.

“Actually, it’s Fergie now...” SHE said.

Austin commented, “This all has to be a dream...”

“Sorry girly, but all of this is real. I don’t know why you all have a hard time believing that the Book of Dohla has the power to transform people, places, and situations,” Fergie explained.

“Then explain these,” Jeff said pointing to his chest. “They’ve grown since yesterday.”

“And you are going to continue to transform until everything is complete unless we find a way to reverse it. You should be lucky that your memories seem to be intact,” said Fergie.

“About that...” said Austin... “I had some dreams last night... they involved being with some woman, a guy, and a young girl at Misney World and then another where some nerdy guy kissed me.”

Fergie put her hand to her mouth, “What about you Jeff?”

“I can’t remember my dreams, but I also had a hard time this morning wondering what I was wearing last night.”

“Okay, so the mental transformations are beginning... Don’t worry, I’m not going to force you to go to school today! Spend all the time you can doing research.”

“What is your plan Frank? I mean Fergie,” said Jeff.

“I still have a business to run... I purposely read the translation that allows things to shift as if I was born a girl, but interests and personality is similar. I still own the store; just this place isn’t going to be decorated like a college dorm.”

“Any idea on why I’m Asian now?” asked Austin.

“Not sure yet, there could be a chance that you can turn back into a guy but still be Asian... or turn into a white or black girl. Who knows, but here is your breakfast. I need to get going to open the shop!”

Hours later in the day, Jeff and Austin were losing interest and hope into finding the book and anyone who had contact with it. They felt like they had exhausted all resources. There was record of a copy being at a library in England, but it was labeled as being missing or stolen out of circulation. Around 3 p.m. there are a knock on the door. Neither of the boys had showered that day and had spent all day on computers trying to find things. Jeff walked to the door and noticed there was a girl about 15-years-old with braces on her teeth and a backpack on her shoulder. As soon as she saw Jeff, she smiled.

Jeff opened the door slightly, “Hey... can I help you?”

The girl grabbed the door and threw it open, causing Jeff to lose his balance slightly. She walked right in and said, “Oh my god you are so funny. You know I’ll like take care of you when you are sick and everything. Oh, hey Lia.”

“Lia?” said Austin.

“Yeah, that’s your name, don’t wear it out!” Do you have any cookies cause I’m like starving and lunch at school was so disgusting today. I don’t know why they think milk goes with breadsticks and meat sauce it’s so gross,” she said throwing a hand up in the air.

“If you don’t mind me asking,” Jeff started to say but was interrupted by the young girl again.

“Yeah, I found out... HE’S SINGLE!”

“Who?” Jeff asked.

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“BRENT OLSEN!!!”

Suddenly, Jeff’s mind was hit with a rush of memories. He knew exactly who this girl was. Her name was Zoe Andrews. His best friend since 6th grade... at least in his new life. Memories that ran through his mind included going to summer camp with her, being on the cheerleading squad, and most importantly right now. Asking Zoe about Brent Olsen the other day since Zoe’s cousin is the next door neighbor of Brent, one of the hottest guys at the high school. Sure he was an upperclassman, but Jeff felt he was pretty enough. Wait... why did he have these memories?!

“Oh yeah,” said Jeff.

“Ryan is totally going to mention you to him and...”

“NO!!” yelled Jeff.

Meanwhile, Austin started laughing for the first time in days.

“Jennifer... I thought you would have been really happy about this...”

Jeff suddenly remembered his female name thanks to the trigger from Zoe. More memories came to mind and started to take the place of male memories. Gone were days he spent playing in garage bands back in high school and now he thought about being a cheerleader and majorette for the marching band.

“I am happy...?” Jeff said, trying to keep the act together, but also confused by the memories of girlhood.

“Gosh, you get so nervous when talking about guys!” said Zoe. “He’s going to like you. You’ll both look so cute together!”

More triggers from Zoe caused another rush of memories to enter Jeff’s head. Leaving his mind were memories of dating certain people in his life, and instead, he was thinking of the way Brent looked, especially without his shirt

on during individual sports at school.

Austin interrupted, "I'm sorry... " He pointed to her, trying to guess her name. Jeff could tell by the motions.

"Zoe!" said Jeff.

"Yes, Zoe. I have a random question for you."

"Okay, shoot!" said Zoe.

"What is the oldest thing you know about Jef....Jennifer and me?" he asked.

Zoe played with her hair a bit, "Oh wow, like I know we met a long time ago like back in 6th grade, but you all have told me so much over the years! I guess it is when your parents adopted you and how Jennifer was so happy to have a sister!"

"Do you know any more?" asked Austin, trying to get more details about the puzzle.

Zoe said, "Yeah, like how your parents had the opportunity to adopt you from South Korea and like they liked that you and Jennifer are the same age."

"What else?"

"Shouldn't YOU tell me the rest," asked Zoe laughing. "You know more about it than I do."

A rush of memories entered Jeff and Austin's heads. It involved Fergie being married to some guy, but he left, and she had been dating a little since that happened. Confirmed was the fact that Frank had transformed into their new mom, Fergie. Somehow the puzzle was coming together.

"Maybe later," said Austin.

"Okay, what were you all were doing before I got here. What's with all these

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computers and notes and stuff...?” asked Zoe.

Both ‘boys’ knew it was the wrong time to explain to Zoe that they were men. Not only did the adult responsibility kick in, but a new, jovial personality in both of them came to fruition.

Austin said, “Oh just so boring stuff...”

Jeff was taken aback but just shook his head.

“Okay, ready to do something fun!” asked Zoe.

Having his hair braided by a girl was a step in the right direction for Jeff’s transition. Austin laid on Jeff’s bed while Zoe helped with braiding Jeff’s hair in a new way.

Zoe continued her speech, “And that girl actually believes that she’s the best on the squad. She wants to put everyone down and stuff and that’s not what we are about. Like she’s such a bitch.”

For the past hour, Jeff and Austin learned what it is like to deal with teenage girl drama, which Zoe was an expert at despite having a nice girl image.

“Yeah, but what can you do?” asked Jeff.

“I can’t believe you haven’t been on your cell phone at all,” said Zoe. “You are usually glued to that thing.”

Thanks to Zoe’s presence, many memories had come back to the ‘boys’. They were starting to lose a lot of thoughts about being men and even what their purpose was right now in finding the cure to turn them back.

“Lia, can you pass me my phone on my nightstand?” Jeff asked.

This was the first time in the entire day that Jeff had referred to Austin by his female name, but now Lia was going to stick! He didn’t even think about it

when he said it, it just came out naturally.

“Sure Jennifer!” he responded.

Jennifer checked his phone, which now had different apps and settings on it. He saw there were at least 15 unread text messages there, which gave him so clues into his social circle.

The group heard a door shut and footsteps coming up the stairs. Lia had the image of Fergie getting back from the store around this time.

Fergie poked her head in the room. Luckily, since ‘Frank’ had a combination of both male and female memories, he knew who Zoe was. “Hey girls. What are you up to? Shouldn’t you be... Studying...?”

“Ew Mom, like we can do that later...” said Lia.

SFTB2: Friday

Thursday night was an eye-opener for Fergie. She expected the memories of the guys to last longer than it did, but it was fading and fading quickly. The night was filled with Jennifer and Lia talking more about school and friends than finding the book they needed. Fergie wanted to help them, like any mother would, but knew it was out of their hands. Fate had been selected.

Jennifer even told Fergie about the boy he liked and how great it was that Zoe had started to get it going. Meanwhile, Lia expressed interest to Fergie in starting ballet again. Fergie was overwhelmed with parental responsibility coming out of nowhere, but that's how fate happens. Now that she was a woman, Fergie did consider starting to date men.

When Jennifer and Lia woke up the next morning, all memories of their male lives had been erased. Fergie did them a favor by packing away some of the materials they were using for research, not to bother their fragile teen minds.

Jennifer got out of bed and did **HER** usual morning routine. The fact that she still had a penis wasn't something she thought about. Especially since when sitting on the toilet to do her morning business, the penis started to decay and fell into the bowl. What was left was a vagina. **SHE** looked down and saw the blood in the toilet. 'Ugh, my period is starting!' Since they were sisters spending a lot of time together, Lia's penis was flushed away and replaced when she went to the bathroom as well. Lia found that there was a downstairs bathroom with a shower as well, so she used that around the same time that Jennifer was upstairs. Both knew they had to get ready for school.

In her bedroom, after drying her hair Jennifer threw the towel to the floor once drying off. She chose to wear purple boyshorts under a black skirt. She picked up a white bra labeled 34B and put it on with no issues. A lightweight open back scoop neck crop top graced her feminine body, allowing for her skinny arms to show. Going to her jewelry case, she put on a few bracelets and rings, along with a heart necklace that hung down into her cleavage. White ballet flats completed the look.

She went to the vanity and started brushing her hair, wondering what kind of

makeup and hair look she was going to go with for the day... especially since she had a feeling, she would be running into her crush. By the point, all photos in the rooms have changed to reflect their new looks... natural pretty teenage girls.

Meanwhile, Lia pressed her boobs together feeling sexy wearing a white, pink floral crop top bralet with a strapless bra underneath holding her busty boobs up. She too chose to wear a black skirt, although she did other things with the ensemble. Over the top of the bralet, she wore a long, but lightweight white cardigan and had small black heels on. Her jewelry was a little simpler, but she decided to curl her hair and put in all five of her ear piercings. She stood in front of the mirror and posed in various angles, as well as taking a few selfies to send her other friends.

She poked her head into Jennifer's room, who was finishing putting on her mascara. "This looks okay, right Jennifer?"

Fergie offered to take the girls to school, since she knew damn well these princesses weren't going to step foot on a school bus. Things might change next year once both girls are able to get their driver's licenses. A check into identification confirmed their new height, weight, names, and most importantly gender on their IDs.

During the car ride, Jennifer and Lia bantered about school related activities. Such as the fact that Jennifer had a cheerleading event on Saturday and Lia could start ballet again on Tuesday nights. Jennifer considered taking ballet as well but figured she had a lot on her plate at the moment, to begin with, and was going to start studying for the PSAT.

Fergie mentioned the comic book shop and how they were going to start carrying additional items such as Teen Paranormal Romance books to appeal to a different demographic. Which both Jennifer and Lia, thought was cool.

As Fergie drove out of the school parking lot, she thought about how happy the girls seemed. She was happy as well, now that she had transformed into a woman. Everything was supposed to be in place. Jeff and Austin had become

happy in life and Frank had become a loving mother. It truly was for the better. Any secrets she had would stay with her. She promised to never mention anything about the past or the book again. Not to mention, the book was in better hands now.

SFTB2: The Same Friday...

A few hundred miles away...

LIBBY smiled in the mirror one last time before heading out to go to school. **SHE** was extremely proud of the fact that she was able to master the art of curling her hair and doing her makeup in such a short period. This being her first official day 'back to school,' she wanted to make a great impression. Even though she was a guy named Sam in his 20s just a few days ago, that didn't mean 12-year-old Libby wasn't going to be the best girl she could be. Trying to translate the Book of Dohla the same way that Frank did in creating the ideal female life. Sam opted for making himself 12-years-old, having the same family, having some male memories, but also knowing how to live and act like a tween girl. It was unlikely he was going to use any of the 'male knowledge,' especially since he knew he wanted to live the lifestyle of a girl about to become a teenager. Further spell lines were made to ensure that Libby would have some friends at school and have an existence. Sam was officially a piece of history.

Since becoming a girl, she had stayed at home pretending to be sick after telling her mom the first day of transformation that she just had her first period, which was actually true. Her mother taught her how to use a maxi-pad and other feminine knowledge that would now be part of Libby's life. After a few days, she was ready to 'return' to school and wanted to feel like a little princess.

She would be the first to admit that wearing a small bra and little pink panties with a bow on them was pretty girly, but that's how she wanted to feel. The dress she was wearing wasn't like what most girls wear in 7th grade, more like the ones that girls in 9th or 10th grade wear. That was fine by Libby standards as she wanted to be fashion forward. Under the floral black skater dress were nude tights and ballet slippers since Libby still needed a little practice walking in heels. Over the dress was a white cardigan that had 3/4 sleeves showing off her delicate arms. She smiled, knowing she would still have to get used to wearing practice although putting on lipgloss was easy. Her eyelashes made her eyes look much bigger, and she was, even more, happier that she was allowed to wear eyeshadow. Her hair was curled on both

sides, but still had a natural flow to it. Flicking her hair back, she saw her smooth neck with the small necklace hanging from it and did a little twirl to confirm her femininity.

It was all thanks to buying that book that could make all her dreams come true. She had briefly thought about what to do with the object. Selling it again for profit would make the most sense, but it would probably have to wait till she was a little older. She figured she would put it in a safe spot even though it had been on her dresser for the past few days. Looking for some perfume at first but changing her mind, she looked Book of Dohla, but it was nowhere to be found. She checked her backpack, behind the dresser, under the bed, all over the place, but there was no trace of the item. Panicking slightly, she yelled out for her mother to come upstairs.

“Mom, where did that giant book go? I had it on the dresser with that stack of other books,” said Libby.

Her mom replied, “I donated it to Great Will like the other stuff you told me last week you were getting rid of. I thought you were donating all those old books in here.”

“MOM! Please quit touching my stuff!!!”

To Be Continued...

Saturday at the Mall

By Brittany Montgomery

SATM: A Saturday at the Mall

Walking through the mall, Jason sighed. A mere half hour lunch break was simply not enough to give him the time he needed to relax and take his mind off the job he so loathed. As it was every Saturday, Twin Pines Mall was packed. Mothers and their children, kids with no real shopping agenda, and, of course, teenage girls all left little room for Jason to navigate his way back to his store: Always 21.

Jason had been there for nearly seven years, working his way up to a managerial position. At the age of 31, Always 21 was hardly the place he wanted to spend the rest of his life. However, as a Philosophy major in college, he was never able to make the most of his degree by any practical means. It wasn't for lack of trying, and he'd been attempting to write a book in his spare time, but ultimately nothing came to fruition for him.

Crossing the threshold of the store, Jason made his way through a throng of giggling teen girls looking for a good sale. Struggling past the crowd, he looked over to the fitting rooms where several girls were taking selfies of themselves in the outfits they'd tried on. He never truly understood them, and their vanity, or why they even came here. It wasn't like the clothes were very well made.

Finally, he got behind the checkout counter where the back office was located. Jason snuck in, avoiding customers and employees, and shut the door as quickly as he'd opened it. As he sat down in his faux leather chair, he took a sip of the soda he had brought back with him from the food court. He then proceeded to prop his feet up on the desk and sighed in relief at the quiet moment he now could experience. Closing his eyes, a slight grin appeared across his face, but it was short-lived.

The office door slammed open, and the sound of a hundred voices came spewing in along with one of the newer employees, Alyssa, who quickly ran towards the time clock. Startled by this, Jason shot up in his chair and pretended to look busy. Noting the time on the clock, Jason turned to Alyssa.

"Alyssa, please come here," he stated in a stern voice back towards here. "I'd

like to speak with you.”

After clocking in, Alyssa came back towards Jason. “Hi, Jason,” she stated with a sheepish look.

“Alyssa, please take a seat,” said Jason, motioning to the chair next to him.

Alyssa sat, smoothing her pleated, black and white plaid skirt under herself, and crossing her legs covered in black tights.

“Look, Alyssa,” started Jason. “I know you’re new here, but this is the third time this week you’ve been late to your shift, and...”

Alyssa cut him off in a frenzied panic. “But I had to get ready for work and, like, make sure my makeup was just right and, like, then I snagged my tights and I totally couldn’t get a ride from my mom so I had to call my friend Brittany to come get me and she’s, like, a really bad driver and...”

At that point, Jason just zoned out as he listened to her go on with her run-on excuses. He watched as she nervously bobbed her small foot in black suede, fur-lined, wedge booties. She played with the sleeves for her black sweater and picked at it with her well-manicured nails.

“At least she looks good,” he thought.

After about what seemed like ten minutes of her yammering on, Jason interjected and simply said, “Look, Alyssa, if you keep on making up excuses and can’t be on time, we’ll have to let you go...”

She interrupted him once more, “I’m soooo sorry Mr. Jenkins. Please give me another chance!” Alyssa pouted at him with an adorable face, and hoped she’d get on his good side.

While Jason didn’t quite think she deserved another chance, he gave in. “Fine, Alyssa. However, I expect you to do very well this shift. No goofing off or chatting on Facebook.”

Alyssa practically jumped from her chair perkily said, “Totally! I’ll be the best out there! You’ll see!”

Jason always felt her cheery attitude was a bit much. He assumed she was probably a cheerleader at school with that sort of attitude. He watched as she nearly skipped out of the back and onto the sales floor. Inwardly, Jason hoped he hadn’t made a mistake. She was a little flakey and ditzy, but was ultimately still good with the customers, so it could still be a good thing for the store.

Throughout the rest of the day, Jason did his busy work. He checked on schedules, made rounds through the store, occasionally speaking with customers. Especially, though, he wanted to assure Alyssa was staying on top of things.

Near the close of the day, Jason felt they were a little short on register staff. As he was feeling a bit more comfortable with her, he asked Alyssa to take one of the auxiliary registers and help with check out. Beginning to feel more confident in his managerial skills, he went to the back to start the end of the day process.

After about an hour, Jason made his rounds, checking registers, and comparing the cash to the reports in the back room. On a normal day, a register might be a couple dollars short. However, today, one particular register was \$100 short. Upon noticing this, Jason immediately, although calmly, started to figure out which of the registers was missing the cash. All throughout his review of the numbers, Jason pleaded in his mind, “Please don’t be Alyssa...” She’d really turned around today.

However, Jason’s investigation ultimately led him to the conclusion that it was her register. While not completely surprised, he was disappointed. Not just because he’d trusted her to do well, but also because now he knew what he had to do for real this time. He turned around in his chair and saw Alyssa clocking out towards the rear of the office space.

“Alyssa, I need to speak with you when you’re finished back there,” Jason called back.

While seeming a little tired, Alyssa still approached Jason with a smile on her face. “Hi Mr. Jenkins!” she started. “How did I do today?”

“Well, that’s what we need to talk about...” began Jason. “Look, you did extremely well today. I wanted to tell you that. But as I was going over the reports on the registers, I found that yours was \$100 short. Do you know what happened to that money Alyssa?”

Alyssa appeared a little shocked. “You... you think I took the money?!”

Jason started to explain, “No... I’m just asking if you...”

In full panic mode, Alyssa just started into a frenzy, “Ugh! I can’t believe it! You, like, think I’d steal money from here?! I’ve been good at my job even after having, like, the worst morning ever! You don’t have any idea how hard it is to be a teen girl trying to get and hold a job, especially when, like, you don’t have your own car and you, like, need to look cute, so other girls don’t make fun of you. You’re such a total jerk!”

Jason had had enough of this girl’s tantrum. True, he never knew whatever pressures there were about being a girl of 15 or 16. His teen years weren’t exactly great; he understood that much. But, even so, he never spoke to his bosses with such a haughty attitude. No, he wouldn’t stand for it now that he was in charge.

Trying to stay calm, Jason raised his tone a bit, “Alyssa, please stop and listen!”

Alyssa sat there quietly and began to twirl her wavy blonde hair in her left hand as Jason continued. “Look, I get it, you’re under a lot of pressure, but I can’t have my employees acting like this, let alone taking money. Besides, being continually late, you’ve got a terrible habit of cutting people off, and you’re not giving me a straight answer about the missing money. I won’t stand for it. I’m going to have to let you go.”

There was a moment of silence, which was rare for Alyssa, until it broke.

“Fine,” she simply stated while standing up. “I don’t want to work at your totally lame store anyway! You’re, like, a total jerk Jason! I wish you knew what it’s like to be a girl like me! Then you’d understand how hard it is...”

Alyssa stormed out of the store, practically on the verge of tears. Jason hated doing that, but it had to be done. He couldn’t have employees behaving that way and getting away with it. He figured she’d get over with it and find another job.

Once everything was finished for the night, Jason watched as the rest of the floor staff and cashiers poured into the back office, one by one clocking out. He, too, then clocked out and began his walk up front. Just for the sake of his sanity, Jason checked the register that Alyssa had been working. He popped open the drawer with his key, and started reaching around inside. His stomach sank as he felt something link paper.

Pulling it out, he brought it up to the light. It was a \$100 bill. Jason really felt like a jerk now. Not really knowing what to do, he walked back to the office and put the bill in the deposit bag with the rest of the cash. He resolved that tomorrow he’d call Alyssa and straighten things out.

Turning out the lights, he thought about the events of the day once more. Alyssa’s words, “I wish you knew what it’s like to be a girl like me...” rounded his mind. He couldn’t quite shake it. It felt ominous for some reason. And as he began to lock up the doors, he spotted one of the mannequins in the front display. It caught his eye. He wasn’t sure why, but a part of him thought it looked really nice.

Jason shook his head, wondering why he thought that, and walked out of the mall and to his car. It wasn’t a great car, but it was his. He started the engine, and drive home to his modest abode.

Entering his apartment, his plopped down on the couch, just about ready to crash for the night. He turned on some Netflix, flicking through the movies he’d already seen. Instead, he put on some old Star Trek episodes and began to doze off. In whatever was left of his waking mind, he still felt terrible about accusing Alyssa without having the full facts. “First thing in the

morning,“ he thought, “I’ll call her and make it up to her...”

SATM: Making Up

That night, Jason's dreams were a bit different than normal. Images of him with his family on vacations and various family get-togethers flashed before him, with a slightly different feel than he remembered. These images were so specific compared to his usual bizarre manifestations. In parts of his dreams, he saw young girls at dance recitals in their leotards and tights, and then the same ones dressing up as fairies for Halloween.

With each passing moment, these girls seemed to get a bit older, and one began to look familiar. Suddenly, the images stopped being images, and then there was nothing. It was a white plane with what seemed no beginning nor end. Jason stood there, waiting for something to happen. It seemed like forever, and despite the lack of surroundings, this felt like the most real dream he'd ever had.

Footsteps started clicking towards him. He could make out a shape of a girl, and as it got closer, the distinct sound of her heels became louder. He could slowly see her hips swaying as she walked further to him, with one foot in front of the other. He saw her smiling, with a wide smile. Her hair was blonde with waves just like Alyssa's but was a little longer.

Jason could see that she was a young girl in her teens. Upon further inspection, he made out what she was wearing as she approached. She had on a black dress with white hearts all over it. On top, she wore a black cardigan. Her legs were hugged by white tights with an intricate design in a stitched diamond pattern. The clicking noise came from a pair of stacked-heeled, T-strapped heels she was wearing.

As she approached, Jason felt a pang of fear course through him, but he wasn't sure why. This girl's smile and slow approach to him meant she was up to no good, and he wanted out. So badly he wanted to wake up, but he simply couldn't force himself out of this dreamscape. When the girl finally met him, she reached out a hand, and cheerily said, "Hi Jason!" Before he could respond, Jason began to hear an obnoxious, blaring noise surrounding him and the image of the girl faded before him.

Jason shot up to his alarm on his phone going off. It was 10:30 in the morning. While he was off work today, he liked to keep a semblance of a schedule so as not to throw off his sleeping habits. Sitting there for a moment, he rubbed his eyes and looked up at his television that was still on with the usual Netflix “Are You Still Watching?” message over Captain Kirk’s face. He grabbed the remote and turned it off.

Slowly getting up, Jason made his way to the kitchen to make some coffee. Filling up the coffee maker, he reflected on the dreams he had. They were completely out of the norm for him. Typically, his dreams were of, well, random things, but last night everything seemed oddly vivid and familiar. It was as though they were more like memories than dreams.

As the coffee pot filled up, Jason poured himself a cup. He then went straight to the sugar and started dumping in some spoonfuls along with a lot of creamer. It wasn’t how he usually took it, but as he drank it, he found himself liking it more with each sip. He thought back to that girl towards whatever his dream sequence was. She seemed just so familiar. Like a relative he never knew. He couldn’t place her.

Trying to put it out of his mind, he knew he had at least one task to do today, and that was to call Alyssa and give offer her job back. He picked up the phone, calling Always 21 to get Alyssa’s number. Knowing Janet would be the manager on-call today, he asked for her immediately upon getting an answer. He explained to Janet the situation, and she simply replied, “Of course, sweetie. Here’s her number. Hope you two can make up...”

It was a weird reply to his request, and “completely unprofessional,” he thought after he hung up. Regardless, he had a plan. He sent a text to Alyssa asking if she had a few minutes to talk about last night. The reply back he got was a little strange reading:

“Totes! We should never fight <3 meet u at the coffee shop in an hour”

Jason wasn’t really sure what to make of it but figured it couldn’t hurt to meet her after last night. He grabbed a quick shower. Upon exiting the tub, he found himself wrapping a towel around his chest. He wasn’t sure why, but it

felt right. Usually, he'd just walk around naked since he lived alone, but it made him feel weird to do that now.

Brushing it off, Jason went to do his usual after-shower routine and threw on his day off outfit consisting of jeans and a random T-shirt. Although, part of him felt like he could do better. It was like he wanted to look good around Alyssa. He wondered "I'm not attracted to a girl half my age, am I?"

No, this was just a meeting between a manager and her employee, and he had to look somewhat presentable. He threw on a pair of khakis and a button-down shirt instead. Something still didn't feel right about it, but he just went with it. Jason grabbed his keys and wallet and drove over to a coffee shop nearby the mall. Getting out of the car, he walked up towards the shop and saw Alyssa standing outside.

Alyssa was wearing some basic black leggings that showed off her rounded bubble butt along with a cream sweater and some black Uggs. As Jason approached, she said, "Oh you look nice..." with a little sarcastic sneer. Jason blew it off, assuming she was still upset and followed her into the shop.

"You want to get us some pumpkin spice lattes?" stated Alyssa.

"Uh... sure," said Jason, vaguely uncertain about the choice. It wasn't his thing, but it sounded oddly good to him. Besides, it was fall. "May as well get into the spirit," he thought.

Going through the line, Jason noted several teen girls all lining up to get their beverages, some dressed like Alyssa, some clad in dresses and tights. He found himself taking note of their outfits and almost internally criticizing them if they didn't look good. He attributed it to the fact that he'd worked some many years at Always 21. "Maybe I'm starting to develop a sense of taste," he figured.

Finally, Jason got the two coffees and sat down with Alyssa who had found a table for them both. He sat down and watched as she idly twirled her blonde hair, looking at her phone. The two sat there for a moment, just sipping their drinks until Jason finally spoke up.

“Look Alyssa, about last night...” said Jason.

In true fashion, Alyssa didn't let him finish his sentence. “Jay, I'm soooo sorry. I was such a bitch! I didn't mean to yell at you like that!”

It wasn't the apology Jason had been expecting, but he went with it. “Well, that's nice to hear you say. I know I was a little harsh about it all, too. I wanted to let you know I found the missing money.”

Alyssa shot out, “Ohmygod... that's sooo awesome!”

A little taken by surprise, Jason smiled and simply replied, “Yes, Alyssa, and so I think you can have your job back.”

“That's totes amazing! You're so awesome Jay! Thanks for finding the money!” Alyssa said excitedly.

Jason had never heard someone so excited about have a job at Always 21, but he just went with it. “Great, Alyssa,” he said, sipping on his drink. “So I'll see you tomorrow?”

“Totally! This is, like, so awesome. I was sooo going to miss spending time with you, Jay!”

Jason cleared his throat, “Yeah... uhm... me too.” He wasn't sure how to respond to this outburst, but he stood up, and so did Alyssa.

Alyssa practically jumped towards Jason and hugged him. “You're such an awesome bestie! I'll see you tomorrow!”

“Uh, yeah... I'll see you tomorrow Alyssa...” Jason backed off from the hug and quickly walked towards the door. Under his breath, he muttered, “What the hell was that?!”

He walked towards his car, happy that he'd made things up with Alyssa, but it all felt so weird. He'd never had an employee react that way to him. Maybe

it was a good thing. Deep down, though, he felt a happiness bubble up to know that he'd done the right thing with her and that he'd see her tomorrow.

SATM: Revelations

That night, Jason thought back to his meeting with Alyssa. It was still a bit strange to him, but he'd see how every panned out tomorrow. He laid in his bed, as that thought remained and he drifted off to sleep. His dreams were of that coffee shop again, and he was almost reliving the whole scene, but it felt different this time. His perspective was off, for instance.

As he stood in that line, he felt different things like his legs moving around with a soft brushing feeling between them and clicking on the ground. He saw those same girls he had been scrutinizing at almost the same height as his. When he approached the counter to order his coffee, he found himself a few inches shorter there and in a soft voice he ordered those two pumpkin lattes.

In approaching the table where Alyssa had been sitting, he felt something soft swish around his hips and upper thighs. And when he sat, he did this movement with his hands to brush something underneath his legs, before crossing them at the thigh.

All throughout this experience, Jason felt like he had no control. It was surreal to say the least, but not unpleasant. The conversation between Alyssa and he was the exact same, but this time, he felt that soft, feminine voice come out of him with the same excitement that Alyssa had. It was like two friends making up and congratulating each other.

At the end of the exchange, Jason stood up, and they hugged each other. He truly felt something there this time. Like it meant something. He really was excited to see her the next day at work.

After leaving the coffee shop in his dream, he got into his car. At that moment, he could control his actions again. He looked into the rearview mirror and saw his face. It wasn't his face at all. He gasped, and looked down at himself. He saw breasts poking into a heart-print dress, with blonde hair falling down towards them. He saw his legs covered in white, patterned tights coming out from the bottom of that dress. So overwhelmed by the seeming reality of it all, he hesitantly placed a hand between his legs and squeaked in

a girlish manner.

In a panic, he started up his car and pressed his heeled foot on the pedal. He drove in a random direction until all his surroundings seemed to disappear. They were replaced by the white nothingness that he'd dreamt of the other night. He kept going and going until he saw something appear in front of him.

Slamming on the brakes, Jason slowed the car down to mere inches before the figure. Heavily breathing, he made his way out of the vehicle and towards that human-like shape. It began to take form in front of him until it was the girl he'd seen last night. She was wearing what she had been before, and what he had just seen on himself. Despite the obvious fright within him, the girl simply waved at him cheerfully.

"Hi! I'm Kaylee! I hope we can be good friends!" she stated with a giggle.

Now, Jason's form had returned to normal, wearing the same outfit he wore to meet Alyssa earlier. Even so, this was a completely strange dream for Jason. It was too surreal. He was scared. He wanted out, but he didn't know what to do. He stood there dumbfounded until he could manage a statement. "Uh... Hi, Kaylee. Where are we? Is this a dream? What's going on here?!"

Trying to calm Jason, she walked toward him, and took his hands. She replied, "Uh, kinda? We're, like, in your head silly! Shouldn't you know where we are?"

Jason wasn't quite sure what to make of this exchange, but he played along. "Yeah, I guess we are..." he came back. "But I can't seem to wake myself up."

Kaylee giggled again. "Well, of course you can't. That's because I'm in charge here, and you wake up when I say you wake up."

Jason was a bit set aback. "What do you mean by that? I can't control my dreams?"

“Of course not!” Kaylee retorted. “I mean, like, who can control their own dreams? Aaaaanyway, I’m here to make sure you understand teen girls better. The way you treated Alyssa was just totally unfair.”

Jason was puzzled by this comment and was a bit wary of what it meant. “What exactly do you mean? How can I understand a teen girl? I apologized to her, too. What else do you want from me? Who are you?” Jason nervously asked.

“Jason, if you keep going the way you do, you’re just going to wind up hurting more people.” Said Kaylee in a matter of fact tone. “Think of me as a guardian angel or a mischievous spirit. Either way, things need to change.”

“I still don’t understand...” stuttered Jason, feeling so overpowered by this girl.

“Duh! And people call me a ditz! Honey, for you to understand teen girls, and change your ways, you’re going to become one! I’m the new you, girly. As soon as you wake up, you’re going to start becoming me, Kaylee! We’re going to be Alyssa’s new BFF!” Kaylee stated excitedly.

Jason was less than thrilled with the idea, and was taken by surprise. “What?! I’m not going to be you! What the hell are you talking about?!” he said with an incredulous tone, stepping back away from the girl.

Kaylee moved in closer to him, and grabbed him by the hand. With a seductive tone, she whispered into his ear, “Jason... I’ve already started changing your thoughts and parts of your life, and the sooner we get this over with, the sooner we can start our new lives. Don’t you want that?”

Jason thought it over a bit. The thought of starting a new life did appeal to him. His life kind of sucked, and if he could have his teen years back, maybe he’d do something productive with them. But the idea of spending them as some sort of girl like Alyssa didn’t really sound great. He didn’t want to be some girly girl that was obsessed with their looks.

“No, Kaylee,” Jason said firmly pushing her back. “I don’t want a life like

that!”

“Well...” pondered Kaylee. “That just too bad because you’re going to be me whether you like it or not.”

With that, she ran towards Jason and jumped into him.

SATM: The Morning After

It was Sunday morning. Blurry images formed before Jason's eyes. Slowly, he sat up in bed and rubbed his eyes. His usual bedroom took shape before him as he recalled the events in his dreams. For two nights in a row now, he had some very hyper-realistic scenes. He remembered reading something somewhere about lucid dreaming and wondered if that's what he'd experienced. "But don't you usually have complete control when that happens?" he thought.

It was then he noticed he woke up on his own without his alarm. Usually, that never happened for him, but then he realized the time.

"Shit!" he yelled aloud. "I'm totally going to be late for work!"

Stumbling out of bed, Jason ran into the bathroom to take the quickest shower he'd ever taken in his life. Washing his hair, he barely noticed the slightly fruity scent that came into the air from his shampoo and conditioner. He didn't even notice himself wrapping a towel around his chest like he did the prior morning.

Running into his bedroom to get dressed, Jason's foot bumped into something soft on the floor. Looking down, he saw a pair of pink unicorn slippers. They were decidedly much too girly and youthful for his taste and had no idea where they came from.

"What the hell..." he whispered. "Where did those come from?"

Jason didn't have time to dwell on it, though, as he dashed around the room, trying to find the most presentable thing he could wear. He momentarily thought about wearing the same thing he'd worn yesterday but decided against it as Alyssa had already seen him in it. He was completely stressed at this point.

Looking at the clock on his phone, which was now white instead of black, he knew he was beyond the point of no return. Jason was going to be late no matter what he did, and he sighed out loud. He continued his search for

something to wear to work. It was then a voice popped into his mind.

“You should always look cute,” it said simply, but in a girlish and familiar voice.

He had no idea, where it had come from, but was entirely freaked out. “What?! Who’s there?” he yelled out to no one.

Standing there for a moment, there was no reply. Jason continued to rush around just about to throw on whatever he wore yesterday.

“You should always look cute,” the voice came again. “A girl never wears the same thing two days in a row, silly!” the voice stated with a punctuating giggle.

Startled again, Jason stopped his search, and suddenly realized where he knew that giggle from. “Kaylee?!” he shouted out.

“Well, duh,” she came back. “Didn't you listen to me last night? I told you what was going to happen. Gawd, guys are sooo dense.”

This was almost too much for him to take on. His stress levels were through the roof, and now had the voice from some girl in his dreams talking to him. He figured he must be going insane. A thousand thoughts rushed through Jason’s mind while he stood there not knowing what to do or say. After moments of his contemplation, she continued.

“Maaaaybe I should take over since you can’t even manage to dress yourself...” She said with another little giggle.

In that moment, Jason began to feel his body moved on its own accord. It was a strange sensation, being a passenger in your own body. He swayed his hips and looked around the room, pausing as his closet. He found himself rummaging through his clothing, looking for something to wear. Then, for a moment, he stopped and placed his hand on his hips.

“Ugh!” he spoke aloud. “There’s nothing in here to wear!”

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Jason heard his own voice speak those words, but they came out with a whiny and disgusted inflection. He watched as his hands as they then swiped through shirts and pants until they finally grabbed one of each.

“Honestly,” his voice said again, “how do you work at a clothing store and not have anything fashionable in here?”

“Because it’s a girls’ clothing store?” Jason thought to himself.

He felt himself smile and then said aloud, “That won’t be a problem soon, girly! And yeah, duh, I can read your thoughts. We’re in this together!”

Jason’s body then continued to move around the room, pulling out underwear and socks, then putting on the pants and shirt that had been picked out. As he ran into the bathroom, he looked at himself in the mirror. His hands were fixing his hair to make it appear more stylish. At this point, he knew he was beyond late and started think up excuses.

Jason’s motions stopped in the mirror for a moment. His eyes looked straight into his own reflected pair, and he said to himself cheerfully, “A girl always need to look cute! Being on time doesn’t matter, silly. If you don’t look good, then what’s the point?”

“Teen girl logic...” Jason scoffed inwardly.

He felt himself giggle, and say to himself in the mirror, “You’ll get used to it soon enough!”

Jason, still compelled by Kaylee, finished up. At this point, he was supposed to be starting his shift, and yet he still had another 20-minute drive ahead of him. He hated being late, and always prided himself in his punctuality, but another part of him was starting to think that maybe Kaylee was right. He did look good. Better than he ever did before showing up to work. Maybe being presentable did have an appeal.

While still in control, Kaylee grabbed Jason’s car keys. “Okay! This is, like,

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where I need you to take over. I still don't have my license yet," she stated fairly seriously.

Jason could feel control returned to him. He jumped up and down and tested out all his limbs to make sure he was really back. A wave of relief passed over him as he headed out, and jumped in his car. Driving down the highway, Jason decided to turn on the radio to an indie station he liked on satellite. There was an immediate protest.

"Ugh! What is this stuff?" Jason heard himself say aloud. His right hand reached out and changed the station to some pop station with a Taylor Swift song playing. "Much better!" he stated to himself. Jason regained control of that hand, and changed it back.

"My car, my radio," he thought.

"Just for that," Kaylee said to him in his mind, "I'm going to have a little fun..."

Not sure, what she meant by this, Jason continued driving. Upon arriving at an intersection at the entrance of the mall, he pulled up next to a car at a stoplight. He idly glanced over at the car to the left of him and saw a couple boys in there half his age. Suddenly, he felt Kaylee take control. He began playing with his oddly longer hair, and gave the guys a little wink.

The guys flipped him off, and as the light turned green, Jason took off as fast as he could towards the mall, completely embarrassed. Regaining his control, Jason yelled out, "What the hell was that?!"

Kaylee giggled. "Silly! You shouldn't try to fight me. Now come on and park. I wanna see Alyssa!"

SATM: Work Days

As soon as Jason entered the store, he ran to the back office hoping no one would notice him. He felt a bit silly doing this since he was a manager after all. However, he knew he'd have to deal with a bit of bitching from Janet who he was supposed to be relieving. As he entered the office, however, he wasn't greeted by her, but his own boss, Dave, the district manager.

"Jay! Good to see you!" Dave stated in the sort of voice a car salesman might use. "How's it goin' buddy?"

Jason hated when Dave came around. It never meant good news, and he always had this incredibly fake attitude about him. He internally groaned before responding.

"Hey, Dave... What brings you here?" said he said apprehensively.

"Well, I have some good news and some bad news. The bad news we're going to have to cut back a little..." stated Dave in a solemn tone.

"Oh shit... here it comes..." thought Dave, readying himself for the blow. He figured Janet must have called himself since he was incredibly late today.

"Look, you've been doing really great here the past few years," continued Dave. "But the numbers for this store haven't exactly been great, and I really can't afford two managers. That's why..."

Jason was completely freaking out in his mind. It was way too much for him to deal with. At this point, he was just toning Dave out. He found himself gazing around the room. His eyes fell on this short black dress. It was really simple, and could probably work itself into a lot of outfits.

"That's totally cute!" said Kaylee in his mind.

Jason shook his head. He didn't have time for this girly crap, and the Dave's news was just too much for him. All the stress was getting to him, and he just burst into tears.

Practically sobbing, Jason realized his emotions were getting the better of him. Dave saw this awkward outburst and placed a hand on his shoulder.

“Hey... hey, man, it’s not the end of the world,” said Dave, trying to be comforting. “Look, the good news is that you’re not fired. You’re just getting... repositioned. It’d be a waste to simply let you go when we need people on the floor. Of course, you’ll be back to your original starting wage.”

Jason was still a bit teary-eyed but gazed up at Dave with a pathetic look. He was completely embarrassed to be so emotional, but he couldn’t help it.

“I guess that’s not so bad, Dave,” said Jason, wiping his eyes.

But of course, it was bad. Jason was barely able to keep his finances together as it was. Having his income halved was terrible news, but it was better than being unemployed, he figured.

“Great, Jason!” Stated Dave emphatically, and proceeded to walk out. “Janet will be covering the shift as manager in a few minutes.”

“Thanks, Dave.” Said Jason sheepishly.

“Oh, and please call me Mr. Simpkins in the future?” Dave mentioned sternly as he left.

Jason, still a bit bewildered by the whole situation, stood up and sighed. “I guess that could have gone worse,” he said aloud.

“OMG!” said Kaylee in his mind. “That was totally awful, and he didn’t even notice how good we looked today.”

Jason, trying to ignore Kaylee, was still feeling completely awkward about having cried in front of his boss. He clocked in and started walking out to the front.

“You can’t ignore me. And besides, there’s nothing wrong with a girl crying.

He was mean to us. Now let's go see Aly!"

Jason felt compelled to walk out of the room and began looking for Alyssa. He knew that she was supposed to be on today. He found her over by the fitting rooms, helping out customers. As always she looked great. Today she had on this cream-colored dress with a sort of lacy pattern. Dark red tights covered her legs which were crossed one in front of the other while she stood there. Brown leather boots with a slight heel and a brown leather jacket rounded out her outfit.

As Jason approached, Alyssa noticed and seemed to perk up. "Hey Jay! I was getting sooo worried when you didn't show up!"

"Jay?" Jason wondered quizzically. "I haven't been called that for a long time..."

But before Jay could dwell on it for long, he found himself rushing towards Alyssa and giving her a hug. "OMG Aly! It's been a rough morning. And Dave, that manager guy, totally chewed me out. Ugh..."

Alyssa wasn't used to Jay being so informal with her. He was being really friendly, but she went along with it. Jay, however, was completely freaked out by his own actions. He acted so girlishly, yet couldn't help himself.

"No need to be embarrassed," stated Kaylee in Jay's mind. "It's just how besties greet each other. Better get used to it!"

Alyssa and Jay then went on for what seemed an hour, talking about all sorts of things. Jay really couldn't keep track of it all. They spoke a lot about work, the demotion, and Jay even became gradually interested her discussion about the new fall fashions coming in. He figured he should probably know something about the clothing since he worked there, but he was feeling more excited about them than normal. Mostly, he was starting to see Alyssa was a really fun person.

It wasn't long before their friendly banter came to an abrupt halt when their manager Janet walked over.

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“Jay? Aly? I need the two of you to head to the store room and start unpacking some of the dresses we got in for the coming season,” firmly stated Janet.

They both sighed at the same time, and then looked at each other and giggled. The two of them walked towards the back room, and into the storage area. At this point, Jay was walking with a bit of a sway to his hips. He couldn't really tell if his actions were happening on his own or if Kaylee was influencing him. She'd been quiet for a bit now. Jay wasn't sure if that should worry him or not.

As they found the boxes that Janet had been referring to, they discovered that they were on one of the higher shelves. Alyssa went to reach up to grab one, but could really get to it.

“Hey, Jay?” asked Alyssa. “Can you grab this box? I'm kinda too short.” She then giggled a little.

Jay gave it a shot and found that he could barely reach it as well. Normally he could get to those higher shelves without a problem, but now he seemed to have the same struggle as Alyssa, and made a little ‘hmp’ noise when he finally gave up.

All the while, Alyssa was trying not to laugh at his attempts, until she finally burst out into a fit. “Ohmygod, Jay! Maybe we should get, like, one of the taller guys to do it?”

Jay was so frustrated and was practically pouting at the fact that he couldn't get up there. To add insult to injury, Kaylee came back practically laughing at him too.

“Awww. Poor Jay. Not so tall anymore, huh?” Kaylee said with mock sympathy. “There's totally nothing wrong with that. Just get a guy to help you. That's what they're there for, girly!”

Jay realized what she'd meant by this and dashed into the employee restroom

and slammed the door behind him. He stood there for a moment, with his hands on the sink. He immediately noticed that he was standing lower at the sink. Normally, he stood at an average 5'10," but now he seemed to have lost a few inches. He couldn't be sure. He wanted to hide in there forever and scared of what might come next.

Surprised by his sudden disappearance, Alyssa knocked on the door. "Everything okay in there, Jay?" she asked with a worried tone.

Feeling really frightened and out of control of the situation, Jay squeaked out a response, "Y... yeah... I just need a minute." In hearing himself, he briefly wondered, "Is my voice higher now...?"

With her impeccable timing, Kaylee said, "Yup! A girl like us shouldn't have such a manly voice."

Jay whimpered at the idea, which sounded even higher than before. He didn't want to wind up sounding like Alyssa.

"Oh, be quiet," chided Kaylee. "We're just getting started!"

Jay took a moment to compose himself and really take account of his situation. He looked in the mirror, tried to calm himself, and keep from going nuts. As he started into his eyes, Kaylee started speaking to him through his own mouth.

"Hmm... we're definitely going to need to work on that face..." she stated thoughtfully.

Immediately, Jay watched as his face started to lose a few wrinkles, and gain a more youthful and softer appearance. His nose then followed, becoming smaller and a bit upturned. In the span of a few minutes, Jay watched with his mouth hung wide open as his face transformed into something more androgynous. A young face that could belong to either a boy or a girl. He wanted to look away, but he couldn't help himself.

Before he could even really react, Kaylee added to her statement. "And that

hair... ugh... it's sooo drab. I wouldn't want to be seen walking around like that."

Now, Jay watched that mirror as his hair started falling down in front of him, lightening in color as it lengthened. By the time it was done, it looked like a sandy blonde, and hung just at his shoulders. With a feminine motion, Jay brushed the right side of it behind his ear.

At this point, Jay just started crying again, a tear coming down his face as he looked at his new visage. Alyssa heard this and began knocking on the door again.

"Jay? You okay? What's wrong?" she asked in a concerned tone.

There was no response. Jay had slipped down to the floor at this point and begun sobbing.

"I'm coming in..." said Alyssa hesitantly.

She saw Jay sitting on the ground with his thighs together and lower legs apart, weeping into his hands. Immediately, she dropped down to him and hugged him.

"It's okay Jay. I know it's been a rough day for you," she said, trying to be comforting.

Jay managed a reply in his now much higher voice. "I... I don't know what's wrong with me, Aly. I'm just sooo emotional today!"

Just hearing that sound of that voice, which was now that much closer in pitch to Alyssa's, made him want to cry more, but he held back.

"Awww.... Are you on your period?" asked Alyssa with a joking tone.

"Wha...?" said Jay perking up. "What... what do mean?"

Alyssa giggled. "I'm just joking! Don't get your panties in a twist!" she joked

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again, sticking her tongue out playfully.

Jay laughed a little at her. “She a really good friend...” he thought.

“That’s it!” Alyssa said cheerfully. “Don’t worry about Dave. He sucks!”

Jay started laughing, wiping the tears from his eyes, “Y... yeah. He is kind of a jerk...”

Both started laughing together and they embraced. Jay was really happy that he’d made up with Aly. It made him feel good to know that he had someone around to lean on when times were tough.

They both stood up and left the bathroom. Looking around the store room, Jay noted that all the boxes were on the ground.

“Oh, I got Chris to get them down for us,” said Aly, noticing Jay’s glance towards the boxes. “He’s such an awesome guy! And he’s kinda cute...”

“Yeah...” said Jay. Realizing what he agreed to, Jay clarified, “Uh... I mean, he’s a nice guy. But I don’t think he’s cute!”

Aly started giggling. “Oh, sure, Jay. I knew what you meant!” she said with an uncertain sarcasm.

Together, they started unpacking dresses. They were silent for a few minutes until Aly started up a conversation.

“Soooo... are you seeing anyone?” asked Aly idly.

“Uhm... no,” replied Jay. “I haven’t had a whole lot of luck on the dating scene.”

“Hmm...” replied Aly. “I think I know someone you might like. We should go on a double date sometime!”

Jay was dubious that there was a girl Aly knew that would be age-appropriate

for him, but he agreed.

“Sure! Maybe this week!” said Jay cheerfully.

“Totes!” agreed Aly.

She then held up one of the black lacy dresses towards Jay. “And you should totally wear one of these! They’re sooo cute!”

They were all the same one that Jay had seen earlier hanging up. “It does look kind of nice...” he thought as he was handling them.

Shaking his head, Jay sarcastically replied while waving his arms in a feminine way, “Oh sure! But I don’t really think I have the figure for it.”

Aly giggled. “OMG! I’m just kidding Jay! But I’m totally going to get one. You think I’d look good in it?”

“Totally!” said Jay, not quite sure how else to respond. “You should try it on.”

He realized it was kind of girly reply, but nothing was normal today, and he was too tired to care.

“Yeah! I’ll try it tomorrow on my break,” stated Aly.

They chatted a bit more, as they finished unpacking all the dresses and readied them to be put out on the sales floor. As they did, Janet came back into the room.

“Alright, guys. Time to clock out!” she said.

Normally, only minors had to clock out this early, but Jay didn’t question it. He was broken down and tired. He’d be happy to go home.

Cheerily, they both replied, “Okay!” as they jumped up.

They giggled at each other, saying “Twinsies” at the same time to each other.

Janet smiled at the both of them. “Have a good night, you two!” she said after leaving the back room.

“Oh!” said Aly. “Before I forget, I got you something when I was on my break before you got in!”

Jay was a little confused, but when along with it as Aly ran off to one of the employee lockers. He waited a moment before she came back with a large Always 21 bag.

“Here!” said Aly, holding the bag out with both hands. “I wanted to get you a little make-up present! No hard feelings for the other day!”

Jay hesitantly took the bag but was thankful. “Thanks!” he simply replied.

“Don’t open it till tomorrow!” Aly said. “And you should totally wear it to school!”

Jay didn’t immediately realize what she’d said, but simply nodded his head. “Okay, that’s fine. Thanks, Aly!”

“Okay! My mom is probably, like, wait for me, so I’m gonna clock out! I’ll see ya tomorrow!”

Aly then punched out at the time clock and came back to Jay to give him a hug. “You’re awesome, bestie!” she said caringly. “Feel better!”

Jay watched as she swayed out of the back room with her short dress swishing around her hips. She waved a little goodbye with her fingers and smiled.

At this point, Jay was too tired to think about much. He grabbed the large bag, which had a bit of heft to it, and clocked out. Walking out to his car, his somewhat wider hips swayed the same way as Aly’s, and he was walking with one foot in front in of the other. He was incredibly confused about what

was happening to him, as he thought about the day, but he barely had the will to fight it at this point. He was so emotionally drained.

Driving home, he turned on the radio to the satellite pop station that Kaylee picked on the way in. The peppy music felt uplifting, and he jammed out all the way home.

Jay took himself and the large bag up to his apartment. He changed out of his clothing into a t-shirt and briefs. He plopped the bag near the end of the bed. He was curious what was in it, but he promised Aly he wouldn't look until tomorrow.

As he laid down, he just about fell asleep instantly but felt his hair get in the way. Sitting up a little, he brushed his longer hair behind his head with his hands and automatically put it into a ponytail with a pink tie that had appeared on his wrist. Laying down, Jay gave up to his exhaustion. The last thought through his mind before he fell asleep was, "Did she say 'school'?!"

SATM: School Days

That night, Jay dreamt of the day that had passed. Kaylee was there in his place, this time, wearing an outfit consisting of a long-sleeve white sweater, a brown leather skirt that came halfway down her thighs, white textured tights, and the brown, fur-lined booties. Jay could feel everything she did as he relived the day.

He could feel the new sensations of breasts, the emotions, the soft tights rubbing together on his thighs as he walked, the embarrassment of being in a lower position, and an increased sense of vanity. More and more, he was feeling like the teen girl that Kaylee was making him become.

At the end of the sequence, Jay saw a flash of white light, and Kaylee approached him. This time, they were both wearing the same outfit. Jay was still in the same androgynous state that he'd been in after work, while she was in full form.

Kaylee leaned into Jay and hugged him. She rubbed her tights-covered leg up between Jay's thighs. "We're almost there, Jay," she whispered into his ear.

Jay immediately stepped back, feeling more energy than he had all day.

"Please! Please stop doing this to me!" he yelled out.

Kaylee just laughed at him, "Oh, sweetie. There is no stopping it, especially now. You're more me than you were you before. And I'm sorry to say, but there wasn't much of you to begin with. You might as well give up."

Jay grimaced at the idea, but she wasn't totally wrong. He almost had to admit he didn't have a really strong personality. Otherwise, he'd have made something more of himself.

"Sorry, hon, but this is us now." Said Kaylee, stepping back and motioning up and down her body with her hands.

She continued, "The sooner you let it happen, the sooner we'll be one."

With that, Kaylee turned her heeled bootie and started walking towards the distance of the white realm. Jay watched as she swayed her hips in an exaggerated fashion and her thighs rubbed together. Just as she disappeared into the nothingness, she winked at him and blew him a kiss as if to tease him.

At that moment, Jay felt a strange dichotomy of finding her attractive but also wanting to be her. He was incredibly confused, but it was short-lived. With previous dreams, Jay had heard his alarm bleeding into them, but as soon as Kaylee disappeared, he heard a booming voice.

“Kay!” it yelled. “Kay! It’s time to get up!”

Slowly, Jay opened his eyes. He looked up staring at the ceiling for a moment, trying to get his bearings. The first thing he noticed was the white of the ceiling abruptly becoming a bright pink at the sides on the walls. It was enough to make him shoot up in his bed.

“Kay! Get up, sleepyhead!” said a voice with a knock at the door.

“What the hell?!” thought Jay. It reminded him of his mother’s voice, but that couldn’t be. He’d been living by himself for years now. Instinctually, though, Jay called out.

“I’m awake, Mom!” he called out in a now completely girly voice.

“OMG!” he thought as he grabbed his throat, feeling the lack of Adam’s apple. “I sound just like Aly now!”

“Okay, honey. Just make sure you’re ready for school. I need to drive you there in an hour.”

“Okay, mom!” Jay called back. He then jumped out of bed and surveyed his surroundings.

Firstly, his bedroom looked nothing like it had when he’d gone to sleep. The

walls were now a bright pink, and the carpet was white. He looked around seeing white furniture, with a dresser and vanity covered in makeup. There was a chest in the corner with any number of stuffed animals on it. All sorts of pictures hung about his room with male pop and movie stars, as well as images of himself and Aly.

Upon closer in inspection, he recognized those pictures as scenes from his dreams. Images of two young girls at ballet recitals and older girls that looked like Aly and Kaylee at cheer practice. It was all coming clear to Jay now. His entire history was being rewritten to be whatever sort of person Kaylee was.

Then, Jay heard a vibration from across the room. It was coming from a purse that was hanging off one of his bedposts. Hesitantly, he reached in and picked out a white phone with a pink, sparkly case. It probably couldn't be more girlish, but part of him liked it and found it suited him.

He saw numerous notifications from Faceplace, asking for friend requests and messages. There was a text from Aly too. He opened the messages app and read it.

“Hey Kay! Hope you totes like what I got you! See you at school! <3 <3”

Jay had almost forgotten about the bag Aly had given him last night, and it seemed like the last of his concerns given his current situation. Part of him knew, though, that he now had less than an hour to get ready for school.

Jay walked quickly towards the new bathroom that was personal to his bedroom. He took off the undies and shirt he'd worn to bed and hopped in the shower. There, he was greeted by any number of new hygiene products. There's were some new white bottles with all sorts of, flowery-smelling things in them. A pink razor sat at the edge of the tub he was in, practically beckoning to him.

Almost, as if on auto-pilot, Jay started to cleanse himself. He picked up a pink loofah and scrubbed body wash all over himself. Part of him hated that it was making him smell girly with a sweet, flowery scent, but another part of

him liked it. It made him feel energetic and happy. He continued with the shampoo and conditioner, rubbing it in to his now-longer, blonder hair.

As the conditioner was setting in his hair, he found himself reaching out for the pink razor and some shaving foam. He began applying it to his legs, underarms, and pubic area. Within 10 minutes, he managed to get all those areas cleanly shaven. He rubbed his hands up and down his legs, marveling at their smooth softness.

Glancing down, it seemed weird to have the hair around his penis completely removed. He knew some guy friends shaved that area, but he'd never done it himself. They'd said it made their penis look bigger, but, for him, it looked smaller. He made a girly little noise at the fact before grabbing a towel to wrap around his chest.

Looking in the bathroom mirror then created quite a shock. Overnight, it seems Kaylee's magic had been at work. His hair was now down to his chest and looked more a light blonde than sandy. On top of that, his face was now totally feminine. In fact, there was no mistaking him for a boy at all. He had wide, blue eyes, and soft, pouty lips to compound all the changes from the previous day. He looked exactly like Kaylee.

Jay moaned with a girly frustration. He had no way to deal with any of this. He now knew whatever magic Kaylee had placed on him was going to do its work no matter how hard he fought.

“At least I'm pretty...” he thought, looking at himself in the mirror.

Jay didn't want to think like that, but he was trying to find a silver lining in the pink cloud that surrounded him. Jay softly padded his way into the bedroom. He found his hips now swaying more than before. It wasn't forced and felt right to walk that way. He momentarily tried walking the way he normally did, but it didn't feel appropriate. His body just wanted to sway his butt, and now-wider hips while brushing his thighs together.

He was grateful that'd he'd shaven because now his legs could rub together smoothly. Jay then approached the large Always 21 bag that he'd set down

last night. From the top, he picked up a little notecard that read:

“For my BFF Kay! Hope you like the outfit!”

“Kay?” Jay thought. Why was everyone calling him “Kay” today?

“That’s our name, girly,” said Kaylee’s voice out of nowhere. “Better get used to it... Kay!”

There was a little giggle from the voice, and then it vanished. With that, Kay picked the items out of the bag. As he pulled them out, he began noticing something. First, there was a dress. It was black with a white heart print all over it. Then, there was a black cardigan which was small, but he knew would keep him warm in the cooler fall days that came. And then there was a pack of white knit tights which he knew were to keep his legs warm in the crisp air. On top of that, there was a shoe box containing a pair of T-strapped shoes with a four-inch heel.

Kay recognized this as the outfit from the dream he’d had the other night. It was too bizarre from him to ignore as everything was sort of coming together now. But he didn’t have much time to really explore it all. He started heading over to the white dresser that was now in his room’s corner. On the way, he nearly tripped over the unicorn slippers from the other day and remembered how cute he thought they were when buying them.

Out of his dresser, he pulled a pink with white lace bra and a matching thong. In even looking at them, he felt a little giddy to wear something so sexy. He’d never cross-dressed before, but, for some reason, he now liked the idea of wearing this underwear.

As he put on the bra, with the knowledge he’d never possessed, he heard Kaylee’s voice in his head again.

“Good girl! Now put on the thong! We don’t want anything to show through our tights and dress!” said Kaylee emphatically.

Kay pulled up the thong. He’d never worn anything like it in his life, but

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when its lace edges came tight between his butt cheeks, he loved the sensation. It was a little awkward with his penis in the way, but it didn't bother him for some reason as he tucked it back between his legs. Now he looked to the outfit that Aly had bought him.

First, the package of knit tights had to be unwrapped. As he did, he felt their soft quality. He rubbed the material between his fingers and was excited at the thought to have them on his shaven legs all day. As he bunched up each leg, he stepped into them and slowly brought them up past his calves, over his thighs, and eventually let them snap into place at his now higher and slender waist.

He really loved the feel of them, even if it was embarrassing for a guy to admit. It was a sensation only a girl should feel as he walked around, intentionally rubbing his thighs together. He then picked up the dress and slipped it over his head. The dress nicely pulled in at his waist and spread at his now-wider hips. Kay looked down and saw the empty fabric where breasts normally filled the gap, but he ignored it for now.

As he walked around in the dress, he felt good. Surprisingly good. Unbeknownst to him, each step he took began filling out his butt and thighs. His butt was destined to be something wonderfully tight and attractive. His hips would now always sway with each step, and as he moved further, his thighs filled out until he'd no longer need to rub them together purposely. He'd just feel like a normal teen girl when moving about.

At this point, he then threw on the cardigan, strapped the shoes to his feet, and left his room. What he saw then was even more startling than what he had experienced in his bedroom. Firstly, his mother was there, but appeared younger.

“Well, it's about time Kay! There no time for breakfast, so I'll just have to take you into school!”

With that, Kay's mom grabbed him by the hand and took him towards an unfamiliar vehicle. It was something like all the high school moms drove these days, and as Kay got in he sat smoothing his dress underneath himself,

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his tight-encased legs crossing automatically.

On the drive to school, Kay mother tried to make conversation. “You look very nice today, Kay!” she said. “And I love those tights! Hope you’re warm enough!”

Kay didn’t really know how to reply, so he simply said in his girly voice, “Uh... thanks mom. Aly got the outfit for me.”

“You look nice, dear. And here’s our stop!” said Kay’s mom, pulling up to the high school.

Outside, hundreds of students milled around, and Kay finally spotted Aly just hanging out outside amongst some other girls. Aly saw Kay in his mom’s car and waved for Kay to come over. Kay gave his mom a quick kiss on the cheek and jumped out of the car.

“I’ll see you later Mom!” yelled Kay as she ran over to see Aly.

Aly was around a bunch of other girls most of whom were dressed in sweaters and leggings with Uggs for the Fall. Most of them didn’t put any effort into what they wore aside from Aly and himself, he thought. It was one of the reason, he knew, why they were besties.

They all talked to each other, speaking of the what happened on Faceplace the other night, and who was dating who. While Kay didn’t think much of it, he should have been totally out of place in this situation, but as he spoke, with all the girls, his height was shrinking.

Eventually, Kay, even in his heeled shoes, wasn’t much taller at 5’4” than most of these girls. He’s continued shrinking until the girls he’d been talking to were almost at eye level. All the while, they all laughed and giggled and spoked about guys and cheerleading. It was weird, but Kay kind of felt like he fit in.

The class bell rang, and Kay didn’t feel immediately strange about going back to high school again. In fact, it felt natural. His first class was with Aly.

He went in, sat down at a desk, and immediately crossed his legs like every other girl. He'd taken a desk next to Aly and she passed him a note. It read:

“Let's do that double date! I know that Tyler likes you!”

Kay was almost totally disgusted. He didn't like guys. He knew that guys could do things for him, but he didn't like them. He was a guy, right?

It was during this confusion that Kaylee made an appearance.

“You, like, totes need to check out Tyler. He's sooo cute! We're going to go out with him whether you like it or not, girly!” she said and disappeared.

Kay didn't really know what to think, but at this point, he knew it was futile to fight Kaylee, so he wrote on the back of the note, “Yes <3” and passed it back to Aly.

Excitedly, Aly pulled out her phone and started texting someone. Within minutes, Kay felt a buzz of his phone and saw a friend request from Tyler. Kay thought about it for a minute and touched “Accept.” As he did so, the teacher at the front of the room cleared his throat as he looked at Kay. Sheepishly, he put his phone away into his purse.

The bell rang, and Kay headed towards the bathroom. Aly caught up with him and they both hugged.

“Hey girly!” she started. “Excited about our date coming up?!”

Kay was apprehensive but tried to be enthusiastic. “Totes! We need to get together so we can look awesome!”

“Totally!” replied Aly. “I'm gonna wear that dress from work. Hope Mike likes it!”

“Oh he will, he'd be crazy not to!” Kay replied.

With that, both of them went into the girl's bathroom. Kay took a stall and

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immediately sat down. He pulled up his dress, and pushed down his tights and thong and started peeing, never in his life had he sit to pee, but there he was. And in that moment of solitude, he started freaking out.

Everything was happening so quickly. Here he was, sitting on a toilet with panties and tights around his legs. He was about to go on a date soon with some guy, and he was acting like a total girl. Aly had taken a stall next to him, and she also had panties and tights around her legs. He heard her peeing and realized that this was his life from now on.

Even though he still had a penis, he knew it wouldn't be forever. It had gotten smaller, and could barely direct it. With that realization, he heard a voice in his mind again.

“That’s a good girl. But you’re going to need more than that what you have to impress Tyler...” said Kaylee as she worked her magic again.

With that statement, Kay’s flat chest started to grow.

While he couldn't see it, he could feel his nipple harden and start rubbing against the bra he'd put on this morning. It was beginning to serve a purpose as Kay felt it start to get heavier. His breasts began growing further and further as his larger nipples tickled the insides of the bra cups. They kept expanding until he completely filled his 34C bra.

At that point, Kay pulled up his panties, trying to pushing back his penis, and pulled up his soft tights, enjoying their feeling against his shaved legs. “At least girls get something nice...” he thought.

As he exited the stall, he saw Aly fixing her makeup in the mirror. She smiled at Kay in the reflection and said, “I’ll see you tomorrow night, girly!”

With that Aly left the bathroom while Kay just stood there taking in what had been done. His breasts now protruded into the dress in a way the garment was made to handle. His feet clicked around in his heels, and he felt his tight-covered thighs rubbing against each other as he shifted around.

At the same time, he felt really cute. Taking his phone out of the purse he'd been carrying around, he figured it was the perfect place for a selfie. He fixed up his hair, made a pouty face, and snapped a shot.

SATM: The Date

It was two days later, and Kay had been going through the motions of a teen girl in high school. He couldn't drive, so his mom had to take him everywhere. On top of that, most of the changes that were left occurred in his mind, slowly becoming more and more like Kaylee as Kay started to give in. And the more that Kay accepted his new life, the less Kaylee made any appearances in his mind.

At this point, it was 6:00 p.m. and Kay was freaking out texting Aly.

“OMG! I don't know what to wear!” Kay rapidly typed.

Kay was in his room, on his laptop looking up outfit ideas on Pinterest. He had a bunch of stuff to wear, but he wanted to try some new ideas impressed Tyler. Kay texted Aly:

“I neeeeed u to come over!”

“KK. I'll be there!” replied Aly.

In about half an hour, Aly made her way to Kay's place and up to her room. She was wearing the lacy black dress from Always 21 that had just come in along with black tights, and some high-heeled boots with buckles that gave her an extra few inches.

“Omygod!” said Kay. “You look like a hooker!”

“Shut up!” yelled Aly. “I think it's cute... and Mike will like it...”

“Totes!” replied Kay. “If he doesn't, then who knows what's wrong with him.”

They both giggled. Aly looked through Kay's wardrobe, and eventually pulled out a gray sleeveless dress, a black faux leather biker jacket, some black heart-printed tights, and basic black heels.

As Kay dressed, he put on a black bra and matching black lace thong. He was thankful that he'd shaved this morning and enjoyed the sensation of pulling on the tights. He then pulled the dress over his head and stepped into the heels.

Upon donning the jacket, Aly dragged Kay over to his vanity. They spent over half an hour playing with makeup. Kay wound up with a winged eyeliner and dark eyeshadow. Aly had a similar look, but with lighter eye shadow. Both put on some lipgloss and made duck faces in Kay's mirror while giggling at each other.

They spent another half hour making selfies, taking pictures with Kay's phone, and posting to Faceplace. Aly then got a text from Mike asking where they were. Both Aly and Kay had lost track of time trying to look good for the guys. Aly made up some excuse while Kay asked his mom for a ride to the movie theater.

When they both got there, Tyler and Mike looked nice. Aly immediately took Mike's hand and dragged him into the theater. Kay and Tyler looked at each other awkwardly for a moment before they started speaking.

The most immediate difference for Kay was that Tyler was so much taller than him even though he was in heels. It was kind of intimidating, but part of Kay knew that a tall guy was kind of attractive. They made awkward introductions before heading into the theater. They were going to go see a scary movie "about zombies or something" as Aly has described.

All four of them settled into seats in the back of the theater. The movie was slow to get going, and the four of them were seated so that Aly and Kay were sitting together. Aly and Kay were both sitting there with their girly legs crossed, right over the left. Kay nervously rubbed his hand up and down his thigh, enjoying how his legs felt in tights.

Aly leaned over to Kay and asked, "So what do you think of Tyler?"

Kay was still apprehensive about being with a guy. He was now just as much as a girl as Aly, less one thing, but still didn't know how to behave.

“He... he’s nice, I guess,” said Kay nervously.

“Ugh!” said Aly under her breath. “You just have to make a move with a guy like him! Just watch me...”

With that, Aly took Mike’s hand and held it. She then leaned in and kissed him on the cheek. Nestling her head on Mike’s shoulder, Aly winked towards Kay and nudged him with her arm.

Kay looked over at Tyler, and almost wanted to do the same thing, but before he started, he chickened out. Instead, he stood up and made his way out of the theater. He went into the ladies room, which was now a habit for him. He stood there at the mirror, trying to talk to himself and figure out what to do with Tyler.

At that moment, Kaylee came back into his mind to coach him.

“Oh, honey,” she said encouragingly. “You’re so close. You really don’t need me anymore. Just be the girl you now are...”

With that, the voice of Kaylee disappeared. Kay noticed in the mirror that his makeup needed a touch-up. He pulled some lip gloss out of his purse and proceeded to fix it up.

Kay then went back into the theater, stepping over a few people, until he got back with his friends. He sat down, immediately crossing his legs, and Aly looked over at him.

“Everything okay?” she asked.

“Totes!” Kay simply replied as he took Aly’s hand and squeezed it.

With that, he looked at Tyler who was just sitting there. He leaned into him, grabbing his hand, and whispered into his ear, “Do you think I’m pretty?”

Kay leaned back as Tyler looked him over. Kay made an innocent face as

Tyler looked into his eyes.

“Uh... uh yeah” was the only reply that Tyler could make out to the blonde before him.

Kay then leaned into Tyler’s ear, “Well... then why don’t you kiss me?”

Kay pulled back and gave Tyler a grin and a wink. Tyler got the hint.

Almost immediately, Tyler grabbed the back of Kay’s head and pulled him in for a kiss.

As the two made out, Kay felt something new and deep within himself. He felt his testicles start to ascend and pull inside his abdomen. He made a little squeak into Tyler’s mouth as this happened, but he continued the kiss. With his legs crossed still, Kay could barely feel as his penis was slipping between his legs under his tights and panties as Tyler kissed him. He was too caught up in the pleasure of being a teen girl kissing a guy.

When they ended their embrace, Kay knew something was different.

Tyler leaned over, and simply said, “You’re such an awesome girl, Kaylee.”

With that, Kaylee looked down at HER crossed legs in girly heart-patterned tights. She felt different between her legs now. Not in a bad way, it was just soft and emptiness instead of the hard arousal she vaguely recalled. It was like how she knew Aly must feel as she looked over at she and Mike making out.

Kaylee turned back towards Tyler and simply said, “I think you can do better than that...” and leaned in to make out with him.

The End... of THIS STORY!

Wish at the Mall

By Courtney Captisa

WATM: Short Story

Seth walks through the mall slightly disappointed. Once again he couldn't find any styles he likes, as most of the stores in the small town seem only to cater to the 16-year-old male skateboarders or old guys who play golf. He was hoping for a little break today to get some new clothes. Life seems well, as he has been happily married to Jessica for the past five years and they have a four-year-old daughter together. Although things seem happy with a successful family life and career as an engineer going well, something seems lacking. Though, he can't put his finger on it. Maybe it's the stress of needing to provide for a household and having those dependent on him.

Jessica works as well, although her job as a paralegal doesn't pay nearly as well as his job at the engineering firm. His daughter, Meredith, has just entered kindergarten, so things have been very hectic around the household. Gone are his days of hanging out with the boys every weekend and drinking at bars constantly. His wife is a very attractive woman with long blonde hair and a slim figure even after having a child, but their sex life is a little lacking due to the stress recently.

Walking by a few stores, he gazes at the front of the shops but isn't impressed by any of the fashions displayed on the mannequins. Some of the clothes seem like something he would wear if he were 21 again, but others just seem plain and boring. Giving up, he continues to walk with the plan of getting into his car and heading home. Jessica should be home shortly after picking up Meredith at the school anyway.

Suddenly, Seth is stopped by the sight of a fountain in the middle of the mall. Most of the time when he is at this place, the fountain is off with no water seeming. He notices there are many coins at the bottom. Plenty of people who are either donating their spare change to the mall or hoping for a wish. It's been years since he has done this, but figures 'what the hell?'

He pulls out his wallet but discovers that he doesn't have any cash on him, only debit and credit cards. Looking around, he spots a random coin on the edge of the floor near the fountain. Maybe it's his lucky day.

Picking up the coin, he smiles having a nostalgic feeling of when he use to throw coins in the fountain all the time when he was much younger than his current 30-year-old age.

Not wanting to spoil the surprise, he says to himself, “I wish for something great to happen in my life. Something very surprising, to make me feel like a winner.”

He tosses the coin in the fountain and walks away shortly afterward, smiling to himself at the slight fun moment. The highlight of his trip to the mall.

Back in his car, Seth listens to a Nu-Metal station on satellite radio, playing all his favorite hits from back in high school. He had tried to keep up with new music but prefers older hard rock back when rock bands had some balls. About 10 miles from his house, he suddenly feels the car stall.

“What the hell?!”

The gas pedal no longer works, and he pulls off to the shoulder for safety. After pulling over, the entire ignition shuts off and all the power goes off. Seth freaks out a bit, as he has never experienced this before nor has he even heard of such thing happening.

“I just got this car a year ago!” he says out loud.

He tries turning the ignition again but his efforts are useless. There is nothing going out of the car for response. He takes out his cellphone and calls his wife:

“Jessica, I need you to come get me... I’m pulled over on the side of the road on the corner of Madison and Evergreen. The car broke down!”

“Oh no! Really?”

“Yes! I’m going to call a tow truck. The ignition just cut off and it’s not

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starting at all. I really don't want to deal with this right now, but can you be here soon?"

"Yes, I'm on my way!" says Jessica.

"Thanks! Love you!"

"Love you too!"

Seth hangs up and then calls a towing company. Minutes later, Jessica arrives and waits with him as they wait for the tow truck.

Driving back to the house, Seth continues the conversation.

"I hope it's an easy fix."

Jessica asks from the driver's seat, "Do you know what could have caused it?"

"I'm not sure. I just checked all the fluids last week so it's really odd that it happened. There were no previous issues. Hopefully the mechanic can fix it by tomorrow and it will be quick and easy."

"I guess I'll be dropping you off to work tomorrow!"

"That would be great..."

Back at the house, Seth relaxes for a bit by browsing the Internet while Jessica prepares dinner for the night. He also helps Meredith with some school assignments and helps entertain her.

The rest of the night seems to go by as normal, although he is still stressed from having the lack of a working vehicle especially with all things happening this week including work, appointments, meetings, check-ups, and more.

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Later in the night, Seth is cuddling with Jessica who is fast asleep. He on the other hand can't seem to fall asleep despite it being 1 a.m. and him having to wake up at 7:30 to go to work. Feeling restless, he manages his way out of Jessica's cuddle hold and makes his way to the bathroom.

After finishing his business and washing his hands, he feels stuck in his position. Glancing down, he sees Jessica's razor. The same one she shaves her pubic hair and legs with along with the satin shaving cream that leaves her skin nice and smooth.

It may be the restlessness of not being able to sleep, but something comes over him and he feels the need.

He sits on the edge of the tub which has the shower faucet and turns it on a hot setting, wetting his legs. Putting the cream on his hands, he smears it all over his hairy legs. Even though he has never been through this process before, he seems to have a natural way of knowing how to shave this large area. It must be similar to shaving his face right?

Taking the pink razor Jessica shaves with, he starts from the bottom of his leg near his ankle and slowly pulls upwards, eliminating part of his manliness. He occasionally wets the razor and to get rid of excess hair that is now removed from his leg. The razor glides up his thighs as it takes quite a bit of time to get rid of all the nasty stuff on his legs. After completing the job, he looks at part of his manhood in the tub while it is going down the drain.

Having hairless legs leaves him feeling a little vulnerable as the air makes him feel a little chilly. He takes some lotion and rubs it over his calves and thighs to moisturize them a bit. They already feel more smoother and somewhat feminine.

Why did I just do this? he thinks to himself.

Ignoring the thought, he heads back to bed to join his wife.

The next morning, Seth wakes up to the loud sound of the alarm clock as he slides himself out from Jessica's love hold. Having shaved legs feels a little weird as he walks to the bathroom. Looking in the mirror, he is surprised that he doesn't have to shave, but notices he may need a hair cut soon as his hair is slightly longer than normal. It also looks a little lighter than his normal dark brown. *Am I getting gray hair already?!* he thinks to himself, slightly worried.

He strips out of clothes and turns on the shower before using the toilet. What the hell?! It's not even that cold in here! He imagines as he looks down at his shriveled penis. Perhaps it is because of his newly shaved legs that it looks much smaller than normal.

Meanwhile, Jessica checks on Meredith and starts the normal morning routine. She remembers that she has to drive her husband to work today and wonders how soon his car will be out of the shop.

Getting dried off after the shower, Seth heads back to the bathroom to get dressed for work. For some reason, his underwear feels very tight, so he tries on a different pair of boxers. They are loose. He's been exercising and eating normally the last few weeks, but is he really losing weight? Going back into the bathroom, he gets on the scale and notices he is about 10 pounds lighter than normal. He's always been on the more skinny side of an adult male, but doesn't want to lose too much muscle or get unhealthy thin.

He heads back to the bedroom and gets in his normal work attire. Everything feels like it is too big on him... Something isn't right...

Driving in the car, Jessica announces from the driver's seat, "Don't forget you also have a dentist appointment today at 5."

"Oh crap, I forgot all about that."

"I'm going to be with Meredith at dance class at that time."

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Seth asks, "If my car is still in the shop, how am I going to get there?"

Jessica smiles, "I asked Robin if she would take you and she said yes!"

Seth nods. Robin is Jessica's slightly older sister. She's recently divorced and has a 10-year-old daughter named Rachel. Seth has always believed Robin to be an attractive woman but thinks that Jessica is hotter. Both of them have similar sized breasts and facial features.

It is a regular work day at the office, however Seth has found some of the assignments to be more difficult than normal. Often, he has had to rely on help from colleagues on just remembering basic concepts. For some reason he has been looking forward to getting off work and spending some time on the Internet rather than his normal thoughts of spending time with his wife and child.

Robin picks him up at the office after work.

"Hey Seth! Have you heard anything from the mechanic?"

"I called them a few minutes ago," Seth says as he closes the car door on the passenger side. "They said they need a few more days!"

"Oh wow, that's a bummer," says Robin as she starts the journey to the dentist office. "So how are things otherwise?"

"Not bad I guess. Little bit of a challenging day at the office but things are well at home. Might have to buy some new clothes soon though. I tried finding some stuff at the mall the other day and couldn't find ANYTHING I liked you know? And the only thing I could think about today was getting online and doing some shopping and I think I'm losing some weight."

"Ha, you really don't need to lose any weight. You are already skinny enough!" Robin says while laughing.

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“You are right. Just a lot on my mind you could say.”

Robin smiles, “I understand, you have your hands full right now.”

Yes,

“How are you making out?”

“Pretty well,” says Robin. “Rachel is keeping me busy as always.”

“These kids grow up quickly!”

“Yes, they do. Wait until Meredith gets to be Rachel’s age and you’ll really have your hands full.”

“At least they are somewhat more independent by then, right?” asks Seth.

“Kind of, but they start trying to fight you about decisions more.”

“Oh, I can’t wait!” says Seth sarcastically.

Arriving at the dentist office Robin says, “I’m going to run some errands. Just text me when you are all finished.”

Seth opens the passenger door, “Thanks. It’s just a cleaning so it shouldn’t take that long.”

He checks in at the front desk and sits in one of the chairs awaiting them to call him when the dentist is ready. Meanwhile, he sits down and plays on his phone looking up random things online, checking his email, and responding to a few texts from friends.

His stomach starts rumbling like it’s upset or something. Maybe it was something he ate that day? Once in the dentist chair, the dental assistant puts a bib on him and starts some small talk, “All ready for the big day?”

A little confused at what she is saying, Seth responds, “I guess.”

“It’s not a big deal really. A lot of people do this.”

“Yeah, I figured that much...”

Once the dentist comes in, he says, “Hello! How have you been recently?”

“Good,” responds Seth.

“Great, open wide for me,” says the dentist.

Seth does as instructed expecting the dentist to get out that scrapper thing first to remove any plaque, but is somewhat surprised when the dentist fits small bands around the back of his teeth. Maybe this is a new technique?

Special tools are used to position the bands. Next, a hygiene filter is placed around his mouth with a cleansing agent placed against his teeth. He sits there impatiently, slightly uncomfortable and just hoping this is over soon so he can go about his day. The cleansing formula is placed on all of his teeth while the assistant uses a suction device as well as some water in his mouth.

A bite block is put in his mouth to keep his tongue away from his teeth to keep them extra dry during the process. More air is sucked from his cleaning area as Seth’s eyes glance around the room. He’s already been sitting here for 20 minutes and is really hoping they will finish soon.

A bonding agent is placed over the special formula in preparation for the procedure to clean his mouth a little more. Within a few minutes, brackets are placed on each individual tooth with a curing light to ensure the glue is holding them in place.

God, this is taking forever! Seth thinks to himself.

The dentist places his finger in the back of Seth’s mouth to feel the bands again as Seth glances at him weirdly. More of the blue glue is put in the back of his mouth inside of the bands. Cotton swabs are used to clean up the excess on the sides of his small teeth. After the glue is hardened after a few minutes, wires are placed in the brackets. Seeing the wire go in his mouth

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really freaks Seth out. He tries to say something, but can't due to the work being done inside of his body. A special instrument cuts the remaining wire on the brackets.

"Almost done!" says the dentist.

"Whahhtat argyyue doennging," Seth says, although no one in the room understands him or pretends to care.

The dentist places his hands in Seth's mouth again although he can't figure out what he is doing. He places something over each bracket and then says, "There you go! Get ready for a fresher smile!"

Seth isn't in pain from the procedure, but his mouth feels very strange.

"Do you want to have a look?"

"Why would I look at just a cleaning?"

"That's funny," says the dentist as he holds up a mirror.

"BRACES?!?!"

"I know, not everyone is thrilled about having them," says the dentist.

"Are you out of your mind?"

"It's fine dear."

"Dear? This is too much...." Seth looks at the clock and notices almost two hours have passed. "I need to get out of here..."

Seth goes into the lobby and sees Robin with Rachel.

"Robin?! I thought I was going to text you when I'm done?"

Robin smiles, "I knew it was going to take awhile, so I did some errands and

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just came here to wait. Everything is taken care of so we can go now.”

“You have my insurance information?”

“Yes, and a check-up is scheduled.”

“That’s weird...”

Seth gets in the car with Robin and Rachel.

“How do they feel?”

“This is all too strange. I think I’m going to talk to a lawyer!” says Seth.

“Now why would you do that?”

“Umm, because I was supposed to just get a cleaning and now I look like I have the mouth of a teenager?!”

“They look just fine sweetie.”

Sweetie? Robin has never called me that before...

Arriving back at Seth’s house, Robin turns off the car and the group walks in.

Seth says, “Jessica, you are never going to believe what happened!”

Jessica comes up to him, for some reason, she looks a little taller than normal and she’s not wearing heels. “What’s the matter? How did it go?”

“LOOK!” yells Seth.

“Oh my... That’s different...” says Jessica.

“Um yeah! I need to talk someone about having them taken off!”

“It’s a matter of time,” says Jessica. “But I’m sure they’ll help get your teeth a little straighter.”

“So I should keep them on?”

“Of course!” Jessica and Robin say together.

The night goes by with Robin and Rachel hanging out at the house for a bit. The children play games together while the sisters have some girl talk after dinner. Seth goes upstairs for a little break, especially since his stomach still hurts. He goes into the bathroom and gets another look at his braces. Not only do they make him look younger, but he also notices that he is breaking out on his facial skin. He can’t even remember when he had this bad of acne. Perhaps it’s from the growing stress. There are no remains of facial hair at all. Not even stubble which he usually has by this time at night. The hair on his head has also grown down past his ears.

Maybe I need to go to the doctor! he thinks to himself.

Going to sleep that night, Jessica isn’t nearly as cuddly as she normally is. Seth is surprised she hasn’t said anything about his changing appearance or shaved legs. Maybe she’s being nice or something. But Jessica is usually the type to state her opinions. Something is just way too confusing for Seth.

The next morning, Seth is in a lot of pain. His legs have a stinging feeling as well as his feet. The same is in his arms and torso. His stomach pain has gotten much worse and he has an extremely sore throat. He tries to speak up but can’t really get words out. Sweat drips down his forehead. Maybe he got food poisoning and that’s why he also felt bad yesterday, but it’s nothing in comparison to this. He wakes up Jessica but can’t manage to get words out. He quickly reaches on the nightstand for his phone and types a quick note:

Can’t talk. Feel like death! Please call the office and tell them I can’t come

in.

Jessica calls the engineering firm and tells them how bad her husband is feeling. She can tell he isn't making anything up since he looks very pale, his hair is even a light brown shade now, and he looks much weaker.

“Poor baby. I'll get you some medicine!”

Jessica leaves the room to grab something from the medicine cabinet as Seth lays there thinking about his life. This is horrible; braces, lack of memory, and now this!

The medicine that Jessica gives him is a few tablespoons of dosage.

Jessica says, “Get your rest. I'm going to check on Meredith. Let me know if you need anything.”

Seth still can't manage to talk, but nods his head in appreciation.

He goes back to sleep after closing his eyes and curling up in a fetal position. During this next round of sleep, he has some strange dreams. Most of it revolve around being around Robin more often. Which is very odd because he almost never has a dream about her. In the dreams, he is at Robin's house more often and has many different conversations with her as well as a few activities including ice skating, shopping, and baking cookies. Another part of the dream involves being at a school and working on laptops, something he definitely didn't do when he was in school before and never used a laptop until college.

Another part of the dream involves constantly fighting with Rachel, which is extremely odd since Seth isn't the type of man to yell at children and often has limited engagement with Rachel. There's some other guy in the dream who is around his own age but he can't put his finger on who he is. After several hours, Seth wakes up and is feeling a lot better. That medicine that Jessica gave him must have really worked because his body is no longer in pain and his stomach has calmed down. He feels a little dizzy, and his throat is still a little rough, but he figures things will only get better from here on

out.

He tosses the sheets and blanket to the side and stands up. For some reason, his T-shirt is very baggy, and his boxers are nearly falling off of him. Something feels very strange... He walks to the bathroom still feeling groggy and awkward.

Seth has the shock of his life when he looks in the mirror. It is so devastating that he can't talk at all even if he tried and has to cover his mouth with his small hands. No longer is there a man who is 30-years-old and nearly six-foot-tall staring back at him. The person in the mirror MAY be able to pass for being 15-years-old. Not only does he look much younger, but he also looks much more feminine. His hair is down to about five inches below his shoulders. His nose is slimmer than before and his cheekbones are very pronounced. Not only does he no longer have any facial hair, but his skin looks very young with a few acne blemishes and some smoother areas. The eyelashes are more thicker and his lips like they belong to a girl. His eyes have even changed color from brown to blue. How does that even happen?!

The facial changes are the least of his worries as he notices his Adam's apple is completely gone and his shoulders are more narrow to his body now. There is very little arm hair to be seen and even though it has been a few days since he shaved his legs, there is still no hair down there. He is much shorter than before, maybe 5' tall, if that, and probably close to 90 to 100 pounds. Gone are all the muscles he worked on at the gym for years. Holding his chest, Seth realizes that he has now grown breasts, although they are small. He lifts up his shirt to get a peek. Yes, those are definitely breasts!

He puts his hand on the edge of the sink and looks in the mirror with a wide mouth, still seeing the sight of his braces. *What kind of disease do I have!* he thinks to himself. He looks down his boxers, and is surprised that he still has a penis, although it is very small, requiring him to sit down while using the bathroom.

Finally, he manages to get a few words out using his voice. "What is happening to me?!"

He is shocked at the way his voice sounds. It sounds like he is a teenage girl from raising the pitch up and down and being very light in timbre. This is the breaking point as he runs out of the bathroom and screams, “Jessica! Something is wrong! I need to go to the hospital!”

Jessica comes up from downstairs, “What’s wrong honey? Are you feeling worse?”

“Jessica?! What’s wrong with me?! Why do I look like this?”

“What’s the matter honey? You seem much better, and you aren’t sweating anymore,” she says as she puts her arms around Seth.

“I don’t feel like I need to vomit anymore, but look at me, Jessica. I’m a mess!”

Jessica smiles, “I’m glad you are feeling better. Can’t we look our best everyday? Why do you think you need to go to the hospital?”

“To fix this!” says Seth pointing down his body.

“What do you mean?” asks Jessica.

“I guess I’m over-reacting...”

“Only a little sweetie...”

Why did she just call me sweetie? asks Seth to himself.

“Are you ready to go home now?” asks Jessica.

Now it’s getting very confusing. Jessica has been acting extremely odd in the last few days and Seth doesn’t know what she means by going home. He is home... or is he? Seth ignores her question and walks down the hallway. Jessica must have been redecorating while he was asleep as things look different... glancing down the stairs, he seems the walls are even a different color. Suddenly, a man about 32-year-old appears.

“Hey, are you feeling better now princess?”

“Who the hell is that?!”

Jessica and the man ignore the statement. “Put some pants on honey and I’ll take you home...”

Without questioning, Seth follows her demands.

Once at Robin’s house, Jessica walks in with Seth as they are greeted by her smiling sister.

“Hey! Feeling better Steph?”

“What?” Seth questions.

“I guess that’s a yes. Thanks for dropping her off Jessica.”

“Not a problem at all. I need to get back to the house, though; there’s a lot going on.”

“You tell me!” Seth interrupts. “Can someone please explain all of this?!”

“What is confusing sweetie?” asks Robin.

“How about everything?!”

The women ignore his rambling, and the sisters say their goodbyes. Somehow, Seth heads upstairs while shaking his little head, hair bouncing everywhere since it’s not in a ponytail.

He has been at Robin’s house plenty of times before, but for some reason, the house looks different as well. One of the doors upstairs has several decorations on it with ‘Stephanie’ written on a sign. Timidly, he opens the

door.

The room is painted in a light lavender color and has a zebra print bed sheet with matching lamps on each nightstand. There are clothes scattered everywhere along with a Macbook on the bed, a dresser overflowing with various objects like picture frames, jewelry, and hats as well as a vanity, which is currently occupied by Rachel, who is putting on lipstick.

“Oh, Hi Rachel,” Seth says calmly.

“I’m so sorry!” Rachel yells.

“About what?”

“Wait... you aren’t mad?!” Rachel says clapping her hands together and bending over slightly.

“Why would I be mad?”

“You always yell at me when I come in here and borrow your makeup!” says Rachel.

Seth can’t even put together what’s happening. His mind is boggled by what is happening. However, he must now face the facts.

Rachel continues, “I’m sorry Stephanie but I’m glad you aren’t mad this time! I just want to look pretty like my big sister!”

Seth knows that Rachel is the only child of Robin’s... which means he must be HER sister now.

“I need to lay down for a bit!” says Seth.

Rachel leaves the room, and Seth makes himself comfortable in his soft bed sheets. Today has been an absolute nightmare, and he can’t be phantom how to fix this. What started this in the first place? Was it the dentist? Some disease? A curse?

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Seth isn't sleepy but just wants to lay down to clear his mind a bit. He picks up his phone and sees that all of the settings are different. There are apps on his phone that he didn't have before, and there's even a new background of a cat playing with a pink ball of yarn. He sees he has a few unread text messages and clicks on them to review several female names he is unfamiliar with. Most of the messages have a lot of smileys and poor grammar.

He starts to reply to them and laughs at many messages. These girls are funny, whoever they are. He also finds himself acting more like them by saying random jokes and talking about some of their shared interests like music, fashion, and family members. Some memories come back to Seth and he knows he will see these people tomorrow somehow.

Still wearing the baggy shirt from yesterday, Seth gets out of bed and heads to the bathroom. He isn't as shocked looking in the mirror this time since he is more at ease with his looks, but the braces are going to take some getting use to. Particularly with the special care, he needs to do with them now. He strips nude and sits on the toilet to do his business. Little does he know, in his sleep, the final piece of physical transformation took place.

Since a penis looks very out of place on a 13-year-old girl's body, it had to be removed. While sleeping, his penis becomes smaller and receded into his body forming a new body part around his new vagina. Internally, he has everything a normal girl is supposed to have. The process of gender transformation was painless this time for him.

After finishing, **STEPHANIE** wipes **HERSELF** and proceeds to get in the shower. She rubs cleanser on her face as after wetting her hair. The relaxing nature of hot water pouring down on her helps ease her mind as well as all memories of ever being a married father go down the drain just like the water. Instead, Stephanie now has Jessica as an Aunt and Meredith has become her younger cousin.

She enters her bedroom with a large towel around her body and continues to

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get dressed. Remembering from the text last night that she is going to match with her friends today, Stephanie slides on a pair of pink panties with white polka dots on them. She finds a white bra and slides it on her slim arms naturally, placing the cups in her breasts and hooking it in the back. The outfit is followed by a black ruffled skirt and a pink baby doll cut shirt that covers most of her girly shoulders.

Her light brown hair is blow-dried and braided. She used the technique of holding her hair in three strands and interweaving them. The braided ponytail is held to her side to help show off the earrings she is going to wear today along with the many brackets she has on her little wrists.

Stephanie uses her new makeup skills to put on pink lipgloss, dark blue eyeshadow and a little glitter around her eyes. She smiles in the mirror at herself, believing she looks extra cute today. Maybe some people will like the braces?

She grabs her backpack and heads down to the kitchen where she sees Robin.

“Hey Mom,” says Stephanie.

“Hello honey. I take it you are feeling much better?”

“Totes, I feel like things are back to normal now you know?”

“That’s great sweetie. You look very pretty today.”

“Thanks Mom! I’m trying something new like because of the braces and everything.”

“Don’t forget, after school we are going to the shop!”

A slight memory comes back to Stephanie’s mind. Did she have a car? Was it in the shop? No, she can’t drive for a few years. What shop could it be?

“Which place again?”

Robin laughs, “Don’t be silly. You’ve been talking it about it all week. We get to pick up your dress for the pageant this week! I talked to someone, and you are going to start pageant coaching like you’ve always wished for this week as well. Isn’t that exciting?!”

Stephanie hesitates, but then smiles, “Yes Mom! I can’t wait!”

THE END

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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