

# 3 TG/AR SUMMER STORIES

BY COURTNEY CAPTISA & CLAIRE BEAR



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# 3 TG/AR Summer Stories

By Courtney Captisa & Claire Bear

Except “Another Wish” by Courtney Captisa

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## **CHAPTER ONE**

### **Camp Aphrodite**

Summer. A time of enjoyment and relaxation. A chance to experiment. An opportunity to be with friends and ignore the responsibilities of life. Of course, all great things must come to an end. Doug couldn't help but think this may be the worst summer yet in his 22-year-old life.

Calling his life difficult would have been an understatement. His father had died while he was in high school and his mother had moved to New England across the country while he was in his sophomore year of college, leaving him to fend for himself practically. Apparently, the new guy she met was more important along with the bottles of wine she had been putting down a night for years. The college had been financed completely through student loans, something Doug never wanted to do but saw no choice as job hunting had been difficult enough after high school. While there were several offers after he graduated college with a degree in World religious studies, they were all for retail, and he couldn't imagine spending his first year after college working in retail. He had applied to every international agency and non-profit he could think of that would pay a livable wage, but nothing came up in his last semester of college.

Arriving at Camp Aphrodite, Doug knew that the summer spent in the wilderness with lakes to swim in, trails to go down, and new people to meet. The job sucked, but it paid more than local restaurants would have. He found the ad randomly online advertising that they needed kitchen staff and bragged about all the credentials and accommodations at the camp. Who would turn down free lodging and food for the summer? Camp Aphrodite had the reputation in the state for being the place where mostly rich kids went. Doug did not know anyone who went there when he was in high school but knew a few who he had met who had went when they were younger as the camp was directed towards 14 to 17-year-olds.

Doug didn't have all that much to his name save a few overcharged credit cards and a rucksack with summer clothes in as he got off the bus just outside camp. The giant redwood trees soared into the air above him almost

completely blocking out the sun as he walked along the dirt path kicking up dust as he went.

He knew having zero previous with working as kitchen staff that the first few days were going to be murder but he had read up a little online and was feeling competent enough to blag his way through it. Looking down at the letter he'd printed out he looked around for the main cabin where he was supposed to meet the Camp Assistant.

It was a few days before the school summer break was on so there weren't any children about but a few camp staff busying themselves to prepare for the upcoming invasion. Doug would have much preferred a camp geared towards males like scout camp or even something a little more unisex as he was fast noticing he was the only male so far.

Not too many boys were into dance not to mention cheerleading and ballet which is what Camp Aphrodite specialized in. With an ex-NFL cheer coach and a former European ballet dance instructor, the admission price was quite steep, though he wasn't getting anything more than minimum wage part time.

During orientation, Doug met a few new friends including two girls who were about his age named Mandy and Naomi. He later found there were a few male employees, but they seemed older like 40 plus and very tired as if they had been there summer after summer. The two girls he met made things much more enjoyable as he found he shared some common interests with them such as local sports teams and music.



“This is my last summer here. It’s going to be so sad!” said Mandy, one of the food service managers. For a manager, she looked young with Doug finding out she was 21 and was a former camper at the place before getting employed there. She was finishing up a degree and set to graduate that December. Doug couldn’t help but also think about what it would like to be between her legs as she had the whole skinny blonde thing going on there for a white girl.

“We gonna have the best!” said Naomi, a 19-year-old African American girl who was wearing skinny denim shorts and a tank top.

For orientation, it was casual dress. Although both Mandy and Naomi were experienced, they were forced to sit through Mrs. Haller’s tired speech about camp policies. The three were finally on break outside where Doug was getting the run down of the casual rules of the camp.

The next few days were more hectic than Doug could have expected. The camp was a little behind schedule on preparing for the campers, so everyone was working overdrive to get ready. The staff cabin was pretty snug, but everyone had their own little rooms.

The head of kitchen staff from the first minute seemed to have it in for him as she relegated him to mainly cleaning duties, washing up dishes and the like. Boring work but Doug shrugged it off as he remembered just how much he needed this.

The only bright side so far was Mandy and Naomi, both seemed to get his quirky, nerdy sense of humour and they had a good laugh. Exploring the lake and hills nearby on their breaks was tiring though worthwhile for the views.

Once the campers arrived, however, that peace was soon broken by the constant noise of a hundred or so screaming girls. Thankfully though, he didn’t have to deal with too many of them being back in the kitchen while working. On occasion though when he was serving up food he’d have a few chats with the friendlier ones that didn’t look down at him.

Yes, it was odd trying to engage with the younger ones especially, but he



found some small talk with the girls who were 16-17. Between meal times, work was often spent prepping for the next shift or cleaning house. Work went by much smoother with music playing, and his great chats with his new found friends.

A little over a week into his stint, he could see his life improving. This would be the summer of change.

“Who put the stinkin’ hamburger buns in the bathroom!?!?” Mrs. Haller screamed.

The entire kitchen staff turned their heads slightly before the first lunch shift. There was a look of disgust from many of the employees, a look of shock in others, and a look of fright in Doug’s.

“Someone better tell me now before I go check the cameras.”

Finally gaining some balls, Doug admitted. “It was me Mrs. Haller. Space was very limited by the line, and it was only going to be for a few minutes until we could move some things.”

“Doug... Please come with me...”

“Oh shit...” whispered Naomi.

Mandy just looked over worried about her new friend. Especially after making such a dumbass mistake.

Doug usually had a good backbone and could handle himself in life, but something about the sound of the office door slamming behind him in Mrs. Haller’s office sent a chill through his body. She herself was not a light woman. She had the body of a butch gym teacher and stone cold face with piercing blue eyes that accented her graying hair.

“What were you thinking Doug?”

“Again, I’m sorry, it was a simple mistake.”



“Doug... do you know how many kids here you could have given food poisoning to?” she asked.

“They were still in plastic wrap...”

“That’s not the point,” she stated. “It was the logic behind it that has me concerned. I’m sorry, but you are not kitchen staff material.”

“What?! After all of the stuff I’ve done in the last week?”

Mrs. Haller continued with her bitch attitude. “Thanks, but I don’t see a future here for you. Please go to the human resources office right now. I’ll call them and explain the situation.”

“So I’m fired?!”

“If you prefer me to go all Trump on you, then yes...”

“What about pay? I really need this money...” Doug tried reasoning with her, but she just pointed towards the door, curtly replying.

“You’ll be paid for the week’s work you’ve done and nothing more, now please Mr. Smith. Vacate the camp as soon as possible.”

The door slamming shut behind him this time was even worse as he trudged his way past his former co-workers, a few of the bitchier ones with smug grins while a few emphatic frowns.

His meeting with human resources didn’t take long at all as he was made to sign a termination contract before leaving to pack up his belongings, about half way through when a familiar face of Mandy popped into his doorway.

“Hey, so I heard...”

“Yup, barely a week in and I already lost the job, unbelievable. For one mistake!” Doug said, raising his voice, irritated at both the camp staff and

himself.

An awkward nod followed as she stepped into the room and sat on the edge of his bed, watching him pack away the few clothes he had brought with him. “So what’ll you do for the rest of the summer? Go back home?”

“What home? I was renting the place I lived at before, and that’s over now. God knows I can’t go back to living with my Mom and her... boyfriend... I’m screwed,” Doug said lamenting his entire life’s choices.

“Damn now I feel even worse, I wish I could help somehow, but Mrs. Haller was adamant.”

An empty silence followed as they both weren’t sure how to fill the void until a small whispering noise caught their attention from the window, pulling the blinds to the side to see Naomi. “Pssst, guys I have an idea!”

“What’s that?” asked Doug. “Is there another job opening at the camp?”

Mandy look stone faced. “I’m pretty sure that once you get fired from here, there are no other jobs available.”

Naomi nodded her head and kept her hand on her hips slightly above the white shorts she was wearing. “That’s right. My girl down in registration told me that the camp had a 99% registration rate this year.”

“What does that mean?” asked Doug.

“Means that all but one camper showed up this year pretty much.”

“How is that helpful to me at all?” Doug said getting madder as he continued packing his belongings.

“... What if that girl randomly appeared?”

“In English...”

Mandy burst into laughter. “I think she’s trying to say you can stay at camp if you take that girl’s place.”

Doug smirked. “This is the stupidest shit I have ever heard. Can you please help me try to think of a realistic solution, so I don’t have to sleep on a park bench tonight?!”

Naomi said, “Some campers show up late, but that girl had been coming here for like two years always on time. It’s unlikely she is going to come back.”

Doug continued to become angry at the situation. “I’m not going to take the place of a fucking teenage girl. Can you please stop with these useless jokes?”

Mandy looked serious. “She has a point though. Right now, it seems like you don’t have any other solutions. You said you are basically homeless so even if you try finding another job somewhere it may take awhile. Here, you are going to have food, shelter, us, and it will give you time to get a plan together.”

Shaking her head in agreement, Naomi said, “You even look like that girl a little.” Flipping through her cell phone, she found a photo at camp from last year. It was a group picture of Mandy, Naomi, and five campers by the lake. Pointing the girl out, Doug was amazed at the resemblance. Sure, he was about thirty pounds heavier and had much shorter hair but parts of the face such as the nose, eyes, and definition looked very similar. She could easily pass as his younger sister, but could he pass as her?

Doug sighed, “What are the odds....?”

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The next few hours went by like a flash as Doug fell helplessly into his two new friends plan, Naomi was in the middle of explaining something about a makeover, but Doug couldn’t focus as he stared out the window. Was he really about to let this happen? Or even more worrying, was this really about to work?

Doug had always been on the short spectrum never having quite made it over five foot five, something he knew didn't help with the ladies. But he'd never thought he'd looked particularly feminine, sure he wasn't muscular and had the perfect chiseled jaw-line but who did right.

"Are you listening to me Doug?" Naomi asked breaking him from his little reverie.

"Uh yeah, yeah you said something about hair extensions?"

"Right, she also said there's some new stuff they just got in that's going to help really. It's a little pricey though so your pay is going to go mostly to that instead of clothes," Naomi explained.

"Oh shit yeah clothes, what are we going to do about that?" Doug said, a small part of him hoping to just call the whole thing off.

"Don't worry there should be enough to get you the basics; Mandy is going to raid every thrift store in this part of the state!"

"Great, not just girls clothes...but hand me downs..." Doug muttered out, turning his attention back to the highway.

Thankfully the salon wasn't packed as they arrived, Doug already feeling very self-conscious as they waited in the reception area, the pink sparkly tiles on the floor and walls reminding him he doesn't belong. "You must be Doug?" a loud, but friendly voice announced.

"Yes.."

An African-American girl with big, curly hair and extremely heavy makeup extended her hand with long designed fingernails to shake his hand. She was extremely curvy and a lot shorter than her sister Naomi. "I am Tyneshia. Naomi told me so much about you!"

"She did?" he asked looking over at his friend.

“Oh yeah girl!” said Tyneshia. It took a moment for Doug to figure out that ‘girl’ was him. “You know our cousin Jamal came out as transgender last year and he already on HRT and stuff. We get you started!”

“On HRT?” asked Naomi jokingly.

Tyneshia smiled as she walked towards her chair waving on her crew. Doug noticed how large her ass really was.

“Have a seat sweetheart,” she directed. She then adjusted his head and looked at him. “We are going for the full extension route right?”

“Yeah,” said Naomi. “The hair needs to be realistic and not fall out since there will be movement constantly.”

“Oh I see,” said Tyneshia. “We can use the human hair ones. Same color as natural hair?”

“It needs to be a little lighter. Somewhere between Beeline Honey and Butterscotch,” Naomi directed.

“Do I get any choice in this?” Doug asked already feeling out of his depth.

“No,” came the answer in unison from both women as Tyneshia started work brushing and combing his mid length hair before trimming it a little before grabbing a bottle of hair dye. Within a few minutes with his hair now a shade lighter and longer with the added extensions Doug frowned at how much such a small amount of work did to make him look feminine.

Doug’s penis shriveled as a Macklemore song played from the stereo system.

Sure, he wouldn’t entirely pass a woman yet but he looked a million miles from his gender, next up was his brows which were a lot more painful then both of them said it would be, rubbing his forehead as he noticed the thinly arched brows in the mirror.

“Right now comes the new part, the special treatment!” Tyneshia announced as she spun the salon chair around and let him stand up, “I need you to head into the back room there and strip down completely then put on a gown okay?”

“Strip down?! What, why?” Doug asked blushing red already, wondering why he’d have to strip for a salon makeover.

“Well, for starters your legs and arms boo, they need to be baby smooth so run along!” She said almost as if it was an order, not a request before turning and talking to Naomi laughing out loud about something or other as he slinked into the back room.

Of course, the gown would be pink he thought as he neatly piled his clothes on a chair in the corner of the room before laying down on the bed. Part uncomfortable because he was naked under it and part feeling like he was in a hospital.

He watched as Tyneshia put on plastic gloves and prepare some things on a table that was out of sight for Doug. Naomi started to comfort him, “Tyneshia told me all about this new product that came in. It’s going to help with the illusion and make sure your ass doesn’t get caught.”

“What is it?” he asked.

Tyneshia smiled and held up a needle, slowly approaching him.

“What is that for?!” he asked.

“Consider it your vitamins.”

“It’s a fucking needle. What’s in there?” he asked.

“Just hold still,” she commanded as she first rubbed him with some alcohol and then ejected the needle into a part on his stomach just below the belly button. “That wasn’t so bad, right?”

“No, but I still want to know what it does.”

“Again, it should make things easier. Your skin should start to become softer in a few hours, and hopefully, you’ll look a little younger.”

“That’s it?”

Tyneshia held up another needle, “Now for this one, I need to put one on your chest and the other on your little butt.”

One painful little sting after another and Doug was left worried rubbing his butt and chest wondering just what he’d been injected with, “There all done with the needles, that should be enough to fill out the girly body you’ll soon have!” She said with a grin that wasn’t matched by him.



After the rest of his body hair was waxed smooth from below the eyebrows, he was thankfully allowed a little modesty once again as he was told he could get back dressed as the women left the room giggling.

Rolling his eyes Doug soon found out just what they were giggling about as he looked down at the chair and noticed not the clothes he left but a different set of, “Girls clothes, of course...” He muttered to himself reaching out to examine just what they’d given him.



The black lace panties and bra were the first thing he noticed shaking his head as stepped tentatively into them, and shivering slightly as they caressed his now smooth body. Felling them hike up his butt a little was unusual and uncomfortable as the little bump in the front made him blush. The bra took a little longer as he wrestled with the contraption before remembering what he'd seen some women do and hooking it around front before spinning it around.

Thankfully the outfit they'd left wasn't too feminine a simple black tank top and denim shorts wasn't all too different to what he'd usually be wearing though of course, a different style. As he finished by stepping into a pair of open sandals he reluctantly opened the door before stepping back out into the salon to his waiting audience.

"It's coming together," Naomi smiled.

"Yeah... look at you girl!" said Tyneshia. Being referred to as a female was something Doug realized he was going to need to adjust to. "Sit back down baby. We have some other things to do..."

Doug followed her directions and was surprised that she wasn't lying when she said getting his ears pierced wouldn't hurt as much as he thought it would. The new studs in his ears reminded him that he was going to be in all-girl mode, not to mention he could see how he could pass as a girl with the hair and clothes even though the bra he was forced to wear was very big on him.

Next, Doug was subjected to having a light purple shade of nail polish applied to both his hands and his feet. While waiting for them to dry a bit, he made notes on how Tyneshia and Naomi communicated. Although they were much more expressive than other girls he knew, he was asked to practice speech patterns and talking like a female. Surely no one could ever find out that he had a little penis down there.

As the pair left the salon, Naomi got a call from Mandy and after a quick little chat they were both on their way to the local mall. Naomi explained there was a few things that Mandy needed him for much to his horror as he

realized he was about to be walking about a crowded place, dressed as a teen girl.

Dropping him off in the parking lot, Mandy waved from near the entrance as Naomi explained she needed to prepare a few things back at camp for his arrival, adding have fun girly with a giggle as she left Doug there alone awkwardly holding one arm with his hand as he made his way to Mandy.

“Oh my god I knew this would work! They did an amazing job; you look so similar to the girl in the picture. In fact, you look a little younger with your flat chest!” Mandy mentioned as she took his hand and led him inside.

“Oh thanks, that’s just what I needed to hear...” Doug muttered as he felt himself being tugged about, clearly by a girl who knows just where she’s going. “So what did you need me for? Measuring?”

“Yeah sort of, I got most of the stuff in some thrift stores, and Wal-Mart but there are few things I couldn’t find.”

“Oh yeah like what?” Doug asked, his curiosity piqued.

Before hearing an answer, she stopped and turned to him with a big smile in front of a beachwear store, “Bikinis!”

“Why in the hell do I need a bikini? My cock is going to show!”

“Not with the right style,” said Mandy. “Can you please just try on one?”

“This is beyond embarrassing...”

“Now stop,” said Naomi. “From here on out, you need to act like Cassidy, not Doug. Now let’s get in there and find you some clothes!”

Doug was dragged through various aisle until they found the swimwear section. He knew the thong styles wouldn’t work but was more relaxed when he saw boy-shorts style that looked like men’s, just a little shorter. Put in a dressing room, Naomi and Mandy kept a look out. For the past few minutes,

Doug's bottom and chest felt numb which made trying on clothes even more uncomfortable. Then again, the entire experience of being dressed as a girl was overwhelming to begin with.

As he took off his clothes again, Doug looked down and said, "What the fuck?!"

Mandy heard him behind the door and laughed and spoke up. "That needle had a high amount of estrogen and experimental concoctions. Your penis and testicle are going to shrink a lot more so you'll basically have a big pussy."

"Why do my hips and chest hurt?!"

"You are developing like a teen girl," said Mandy. "There was enough in that needle they gave you to make sure you get to a B cup within the next hour."

"And down here on the back side!?"

"Yes, butt and hips as well. Like we said, you looked a little like her, but there had to be some extra things done to make sure you look and feel like a girl."

"How long is this going to last?!" Doug complained.

"Only about eight weeks or so."

"Camp is seven weeks!"

As he stood naked in the changing room, quietly fuming about how much details they'd left out of his makeover, he checked out the changes in the mirror. Just as they had said, the changes were already beginning with his hips and butt already wider and bigger than before making his tiny penis look even smaller.

His chest or rather his breasts were what worried Doug the most however as he moved slightly they even jiggled a bit which a small part of him even enjoyed. He was soon broken out of his little moment however as the door

swung open and in stepped Mandy giggling. “Having fun checking yourself out huh? Don’t worry girls do it all the time!”

“What the fuck Mandy!? You can’t just burst in here like that!” He squealed a little noticing even his voice had changed a few octaves as well, spinning on the spot to hide himself from her but instead giving her full view of the mirror.

“Oh relax LITTLE girl, you’re going to have to have to get used to having your body on show a little around other girls, now here I picked out a few different styles for you to try out, just to get a sense of what style you prefer.” She said cheerfully, placing the pile of swimwear down on a little built in bench on the wall.

A short time passed as she looked at him encouragingly before he realized she wasn’t going to leave, cupping his manhood with one hand, not that it need the whole hand, he reached out for a one piece swimsuit. The most conservative of the things she had picked out with a full body but little diamond design around his chest.

The tightness of it was something new to him as he looked in the mirror, blushing bright red as he saw his chest make two very noticeable bumps and yet no bump could be found between his waxed legs.

“What do you think?” asked Mandy.

There was no denying that with very little of a penis left, developing breasts, little hair, long hair on the head, pierced ears, and makeup, Doug was now **CASSIDY** and he was going to start being referred to as **SHE**.

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During the drive back to the camp, Mandy gave Cassidy the run down of the real Cassidy as a reminder. Her hobbies, parent’s names, school she went to, interests, friends back home, friends at camp, etc. Taking on a new identity was overwhelming, but of course, Cassidy had no choice but to accept the role as a girl unless she wanted to be homeless.

Cassidy continued talking in her female voice, “Are you sure this is accurate enough?”

“Close, you did well watching those videos I had of her. Practice makes perfect,” Mandy said as she continued driving. “I’m going to let you off at the shuttle stop. The system has been hacked to allow you in today. After checking in, you’ll be lead to your cabin. Remember, for now on, our relationship and conversations need to be UNDER the radar. Although I knew her, it wasn’t like we talked every day and if they see you hanging out with Naomi or me, there could be suspicion.”

“Secret lesbian camp sex?” Cassidy fantasized.

“You wish...”

“Now you really are treating me like a teen girl...” Cassidy said as she took her gym bag over one shoulder and grabbed the case’s handle.

“Well, get used to it, for the next two months you are one!” Mandy said before one final wave and driving back into camp while Cassidy started the short walk down after a little time had passed. The reality of the situation hadn’t really kicked in until now as she started to think of all the laws she was breaking.

Getting caught wouldn’t just be her getting thrown out again, she new the cops would be called and things would be much worse. Sadly it was too late to back out as she reached the main gate and a member of staff waved over to her, “Cassidy I take it? We got a call from your Mom about how you were going to be a bit late, but don’t worry you haven’t missed anything!” The kind woman that Doug had seen around but never spoken too said.

“Right yeah, I can’t ummm wait for camp to start...” she said with as much fake enthusiasm as she could muster, realizing that clearly, she was passable enough that she was a teen girl. Hurdle number one surmounted she thought as she followed the staff member towards the back side of the camp where the cabins were.

“You can drop your bags off on your bed before we sign you in and give you a little run down of what we’ll be doing this year!”

“Thanks...” Cassidy replied before stepping into the large room, taking a few quick glances around to survey her surroundings. It was six bunks to a room she noted as she saw five already seemingly picked, moving over to hers and placing the gym bag down before she felt a tackle almost from behind.

“Cassidy!! I thought you wouldn’t make it this year!” A teen girl squealed from behind as she squeezed seemingly trying to crush Cassidy’s ribs before relenting.

Shyly playing with the back of her hair, twisting it around a finger she turned around and smiled at the total stranger, knowing this was the second hurdle, passing as Cassidy face to face.

It then dawned on her. The girl’s name was Ashlyn. She had a full face and proportioned body. Probably 5’5” just a little shorter than Cassidy’s height. It was one of Cassidy’s friends from last year.

“Ashlyn, it’s good to see you again!” she said trying her best to sound like a girl.

“You don’t have to be so formal!” Ashlyn joked. “Gosh, you look so different in person.”

Cassidy thought about what she just said. *SHIT... she saw “me” last year... but these are teen girls. They would have followed each other on InstaPic and SnapPhoto.* Of course there was no way to hack every aspect of the real Cassidy’s life, but that’s the one detail they all seemed to forget. Cassidy had “Doug’s phone” but nothing of Cassidy’s online presence. She made a not to clear the photo to destroy any evidence and instead made a lie.

“Yeah, it’s just puberty I guess. By the way, I lost my phone on the way here!”

“Oh geez!” said Ashlyn. “Are your parents going to get you a new one?”

“Yeah, but they didn’t even get to drop me off. They’ve been crazy busy.”

“Who brought you here?” asked Ashlyn.

“My cousin...” Cassidy replied hoping to end the conversation.

“That was nice of her. Oh, it’s too bad you couldn’t be here the last few days. It’s still Counselor Jess and Ruby, but we have some new girls like Haylee and of course Stephanie...”

Ashlyn didn’t seem too excited when mentioning Stephanie. She was the one that Cassidy knew the least about since it appeared like she was a little distant from the other girls and had her own cliché outside of the cabin.

“We should have a lot of fun this summer!” said Cassidy.

“Totes,” Ashlyn smiled.

The rest of the night went by painfully slowly, with Cassidy self-conscious and constantly aware of her surroundings hoping to not be found out or slip up in her persona. Eventually, though it came to lights out as she checked her trunk for sleepwear. She cursed Mandy a little under her breath as she climbed into bed wearing a boy band vest and matching shorts, eventually drifting off into sleep.

The next morning it took her a few minutes to remember where she was and WHO she was as Cassidy sat up and felt chest move a little, still not used to her new natural B cups. Waiting until each girl was done in the bathroom, she grabbed her things and made sure she was done in record time before changing into workout gear that their cabins counselor Jess said she needed.

A pair of tight mermaid patterned gym shorts made her realize just how small her girlhood was as not even a hint of a bulge showed through the thin material, something she was happy for. A simple sports bra and tank top finished her outfit as she grabbed a pink towel and bottle hurrying off to the



canteen.

Ashlyn thankfully helped Cassidy out taking her confusion on where to go and what to do as a mix of simple shyness and air headedness as she helped guide her around a little until they both reached one of the two main dance halls.

It was well lit with a series of large mirrors covering one side of the wall along with a long ballet barre that covered the length. A rather stern but kind looking woman, in her early 40s looked over each girl smiling and even greeting some by name, stood in front of them as she started explaining what today's activities would be.

The woman spoke up, "Welcome ladies. Are you ready for a work out?"

"YES!" the girls screamed in unison minus Cassidy.

"Great, start doing laps!"

Cassidy watched as the girls starting running around in the area as the woman put on a workout mix. Luckily, the sports bra kept her breasts in place as she jogged with the other girls. The long hair in a pony tail hitting her in the face was a little annoying but she figured it was part of being a girl. So far so good.

"Okay, now squats!" yelled the woman.

Due to Cassidy's increasing plump butt, squats felt different from when she did them in boy mode. Other workouts followed and Cassidy started sweating much more than the other girls thanks to testosterone and other male hormones in her system.

Stephanie had the perfect body. The skinny blonde look with large boobs that most girls dreamt for. "Wow Cassidy, when was the last time you worked out?"

"It's been a while..." Cassidy said panting.

“Yeah I can tell. Apparently, the work out of food movement from hand to mouth was happening though. Looks like you’ve gained 20 pounds since last year.”

*What a bitch* Cassidy thought to herself. Instead of arguing with a teenage girl, she opted to keep her mouth shut.

Unfortunately her plan of turning the other cheek didn’t quite plan out as the longer the session continued, the more evident it was how out of shape and inflexible Cassidy was compared to the other girls. Stephanie, of course, made sure she noticed each time with a little comment or loud sigh.

Thankfully she got a chance to move to another side of the room back next to Ashlynn who just concurred with Cassidy’s thoughts that Stephanie was a total bitch. After what seemed liked forever but was more like half an hour the instructor let them have a little break as they sat down in little groups drinking their bottles of water and energy drinks.

“So how’d it go with that date you mentioned on Headbook?” Ashlynn asked as she stretched out a little, clearly not taking a moment to rest like Cassidy who was practically laying down panting.

“Date? Oh right umm...good yeah he was uhh... cute.” Cassidy replied, making a mental note to stalk the real Cassidy’s profile to find out every detail she could.

“Oh that’s awesome I wish I had a boyfriend like you, I guess it helps when you’ve got a big butt huh?” She teased kicking it a little with an outstretched foot.

“Hey, it’s not that big is it?”

“I’m just kidding, don’t listen to Stephanie she’s a bitch to everyone...” Ashlynn muttered the last part, not wanting to be on the receiving end of her mean comments.

After the break, Cassidy got a little more used to the routines and even managed to complete a few as a few girls congratulated her while Stephanie seemed none too impressed.

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Several years ago, the male version of Cassidy would have been extremely happy to spend an afternoon with teenage girls. Breasts were bouncing, hair flowing, and having fun. Hell, even nowadays since he wasn't but a few years away wouldn't be that bad. But having breasts of his own now and such a small penis that it basically resembled a vagina, it was a different story. Wearing a bikini was basically like having a bra and panties on, just with different fabric and ties. Still not completely confident in her shaving skills or having anyone see what was down there, Cassidy wore shorts over her bikini bottoms while down with the group at the lake on the South side of camp.

As all the other girls rushed into lake throwing floats and water volleyball, Cassidy tried to hang back a little still not wanting to take her shorts off in such a public place. Surprisingly enough the only other person that wasn't already in the lake was Stephanie who seemed much too busy on her phone before looking up.

"Weird I'd have thought you'd have been the first in the water?" she said down her nose, in her usual condescending tone.

Cassidy was a little surprised but was hopeful Stephanie had finally accepted her a little more, "Oh really why's that?" she asked full of optimism.

"Whales are sea creatures..." she said with a blunt malice before sniggering and walking down to the lake dipping a toe in tentatively.

Cassidy stood stunned for a short while, blinking back what felt like tears, her hand becoming a fist but the voice in her head telling her she can't hit a teenage girl, even if she deserved it.

Instead, she decided to tell her off. "Shut up bitch."

Stephanie gave Cassidy the finger and turned her attention to having fun in the water. However, her behavior didn't go unnoticed by friends around her.

Ashlyn and Ruby were around and took defense to Cassidy. "Stephanie, you can't act like this all summer! What do you have against her?" asked Ashlyn.

Stephanie decided not to answer. Not like she had a valid excuse in the first place.

Ruby spoke up, "Yeah, that's right, go away!"

"That's fine, I don't like hanging around you losers in any way and will go find my real friends. You can keep hanging out with Goblin over here if you want."

In Cassidy's male life, she had dealt with some bullies before but that was in 6th grade. Maybe girls carried on this behavior. She had enough and stormed off back to her cabin visibly angry at the bitch in the water.

Slamming the cabin door shut she took a few deep breaths to calm herself down, wiping her eyes with the back of her hand. Was she always this emotional or was it hanging around with these girls that was doing it she wondered before trudging off to her bunk.

"At least now I don't have to worry about anyone seeing me in a bikini..." she hummed to herself, slipping down the pink high cut shorts before bikini joined them in a pool around her ankles.

The shrinking of her member had been gradual but still shocked her every time she looked down, she was below average before all this but now it wouldn't even measure an inch as she visibly winced at the sight of it, trying to coax life into it with a few light touches.

"Changing already?" A bitchy voice from beside her said as Cassidy's eyes almost popped out of her head, trying to move quickly but her legs caught on her clothing as she tumbled to the ground.

“God you’re even more clumsy then when you try and dance...” Stephanie added on, shaking her head in the cabin doorway as Cassidy fumbled to pull up her bikini.

A long awkward silence hung in the air as Cassidy was sure she’d seen her penis and would tell everyone, effectively getting her arrested and ending her life. “I... Ummm... Why?” Was all she could mutter out in her dazed state.

Stephanie paused for a moment. “I just wanted to come back and tell you that I’m sorry...”

“What?” Cassidy asked shocked.

“I know you developed differently than other girls, but I should be concerned about that. We aren’t going to be best friends or anything...”

“Well thanks...” Cassidy said questioning Stephanie’s true intentions.

“The others told me I should come back here and see you. So now you have proof that this really happened!” snarled Stephanie.

Cassidy replied, “... Please don’t tell anyone...”

“What?! I want to tell everyone!”

“Why would you do that?!”

Stephanie laughed, “Wow you really are weird... They need to know I apologized to you, so they don’t think I’m a complete heartless bitch... Just a bitch.”

With some new found, if strange, confidence Cassidy left her shorts behind as she went running down to the lake, her hair streaming behind her and chest bouncing just like the other girls.

Nothing more was said about their argument and she managed to stay away from Stephanie enough to enjoy herself a little for a few hours, eventually

sunbathing on a towel beside the lake with Ruby and Ashlyn.

“This summer has gone by so quick!” Ruby said putting her phone down beside her and grabbing a water bottle.

“I know right? I can’t believe the dance is only in a week!” Ashlyn replied clapping her hands a little in excitement.

“Wait, what dance?” Cassidy asked, her eyes wide in panic beneath the large circle sunglasses.

“The same dance as we had last year...With the boys from the camp down the creek? How could you forget that?” Ruby asked giggling.

“Oh no yeah, of course, that dance, the hear must be getting to me haha...” Cassidy played it off with an awkward laugh but clutched her phone and began a torrent of texts to Mandy.

---

“Why didn’t you tell me about the dance?!” Cassidy angrily asked Mandy and Naomi in her feminized voice.

“That was the least of our worries at first!” said Naomi.

Mandy came to the defense of her friend, “Yeah, we were more worried about having you pass!”

“This is just too much. First I have to worry about not being spotted, then I get mad fun of by girls calling me fat, now I have to wear a fucking dress and have teen boys hit on me?”

“And now you are acting like a teenage girl. It’s perfect!” said Mandy extending her arms.

Naomi laughed even though Cassidy was still pissed off. “It’s better than sleeping in a cardboard box right?”

“I’m pretty sure that’s a stereotype but I have a lot on my mind right now!” said Cassidy.

Mandy spoke up, “This is going very well so far. There are only a few more weeks you have to deal with camp life.”

“Yeah, and then what?”

Naomi said, “What’s your plan?”

“I’m going to try getting a hold of some family and applying everywhere I can.”

“Don’t worry,” Mandy said hugging Cassidy and feeling the bra straps she had on by placing her hand on her back. “You can always stay in my basement back home if you have to.”

“Don’t you live with your parents?”

“Yes, but they’ll be okay with it as long as you stay in girl mode.”

---

Cassidy sat on the toilet with her panties around her ankles breathing deeply, the phrase “I can’t believe I’m about to do this.” Whirling around in her head as she slipped the thin piece of material into her panties. It was one of Naomi’s master plans on not getting caught.

“You’ll have to pretend to be on your period at some point or the girls will get suspicious, so it’s either maxi pads or tampons.” Shaking her head to clear the memory Cassidy pulled up her baby blue bikini cut panties and felt the pad hit her tiny shriveled appendage letting out a sigh of misery.

Walking out of the bathroom and over to her bunk, now a lot more comfortable being seen in her underwear thanks to the bikini incident, she made a big deal of throwing away the wrapper for her pads as a few girls



gave her sympathetic looks.

Laying on her bed was her dress for the evening, a strapless semi-formal little dress that was a light shade of blue on the bodice before darker taffeta spilled out from the waist to make the skirt, both separated by a little faux jeweled belt.

Of course, Mandy had picked it out, practically swooning as she had Cassidy try it on a few days earlier while she just felt like a life sized Barbie doll. Along with the dress was a necklace that matched the belt design, a few similar bracelets and then two-inch heel blue glittery heels with a little peep toe that would show off her brand new pedicure the other girls had given Cassidy.

Looking around the room there were girls in various states of dressed, some like her still in underwear, others were already in their dresses and fussing with hair or makeup. Picking up the hideously cute dress Cassidy slid one dainty foot into at a time before wiggling it past her hips and over her breasts which by now she was fully accustomed too, adjusting each one a little so the dress wouldn't fall down.

Cassidy's makeup included heavy foundation and eye shadow with fake lashes. Over the past few weeks, the makeup had become easier to put on thanks to her increased skill set and getting advice from the girls in the cabin.



The dance took place in a large hall on the property of the camp. When Cassidy's group of friends walked in, they saw a bunch of guys either getting food or sitting down, many of which looked uncomfortable in their button downs and slacks. A few girls were in their own section as a DJ played current Top-40 music that Cassidy hated. Perhaps she would request some hard rock at some point but figured it might blow cover.

Ashlyn wore a short pink dress and her hair up. She kept taking pictures of the group rather than paying attention to the guys there. Cassidy wondered if this would be a trend for the entire night. The nerves got to her and she only got a cup of water and a few cookies on a plate.

Cassidy continued to examine the room and noticed a few guys staring at her group (or her) which made her extremely nervous. While some activities at camp such as archery and crafts had been tolerable, this was completely nerve wrecking. Even more so than having to swim in a bikini.

Two teenage boys about 5'10" tall with brown hair approached Ashlyn and Cassidy. One of them spoke up, "Hey! Remember us?"

Cassidy allowed for Ashlyn to take the lead in conversation. "Oh my God!" she said hugging one of the guys. "How have you been?!"

Obviously she knew him but of course, Cassidy was clueless. Why did she only hug one of them? Ashlyn turned to her friend and was surprised to see Cassidy standing there with her arms crossed which helped conceal some of her cleavage.

"Cassidy, don't you remember Drew and Tom?"

"... Sorry... My memory is blocked right now."

"We met them at the dance last year!" said Ashlyn.

Cassidy just raised an eyebrow at the one that was standing in front of her.

"Guess you don't remember our dance last year then? Haha" Drew asked a

little disappointed.

Rolling her eyes knowing it would blow her cover if she said no Cassidy summoned up all her inner teen girl and played along. “Oh no sorry just being a bit ditzy haha, I remember it was super fun!”

That seemed to work as he smiled and Ashlynn led the conversation for a little while until the moment Cassidy had been dreading happened. “Well, since you enjoyed it last year how about we do it again?” Drew asked a little shyly having taken the last few minutes to build up the nerve to ask as he extended his hand.

Before Cassidy could even protest Tom and Ashlyn were already half way to the dance floor while Cassidy downed her drink forgetting it wasn’t alcohol just diet cola instead of liquid courage. “I guess I have no choice...” She said taking his hand and feeling her self-being almost dragged beside her friend and her dance partner.

Even with his hand on the small her back, Cassidy was surprised by how much fun it was, not necessarily because of the company or even the dancing. Instead, she took pleasure in watching how awkward all the boys were and smiling at memories when she was in the same position, not used to dancing trying to impress a cute girl in the hopes that she would...

As soon as the thought had entered her head she instinctively pushed Drew away as a few people looked over confused, none least Drew, “Ummm did I do something wrong?”

Cassidy almost blurted out that she could feel Drew’s erection touching her dress. But did not want to cause a scene. Never in her life had she felt another guy’s dick and even in girl mode it was awkward. Instead, Cassidy walked away with Ashlyn following behind.

“Umm... Cassidy, the bathroom is that way,” said Ashlynn noting the wrong direction she was taking.

“Yeah, I’m going to go outside for a bit.”

“What just happened?”

“I just need a fresh breath of air.”

The girls went outside and saw a few other teens relaxing by the seats outside of the hall. They found a place and Cassidy sat down being careful to sit down in a dress properly and cross her smooth legs.

“Is everything okay?” she asked. “You were super excited at the dance last year but it seems like you don’t want to be here tonight.”

Cassidy realized that her cover was about to be blown even further. She had to act quickly. This wasn’t like the normal Cassidy.

“Sorry, you know my period starting today...”

Ashlyn just nodded her head in understanding, “It sucks that it was today of all days. Still, you did seem to be starting to have a little fun back there?” she said giggling and nudged her friend with her shoulder.

“Yeah I guess I was getting lost in the moment a little until something brought me out of it?” Cassidy replied giving a shy smile.

“Was it his boner? Cause I noticed mine had one haha. But I just danced around it, guys are weird...”

“What!? You can’t just... Jesus...” she said blushing heavily and hiding her face behind her hands.

“Oh relax Cassidy, you can be such a prude sometimes! I’m going to go back in and dance don’t spend too long outside” She called out while moving leaving Cassidy giggling a little too herself.

“You’re pretty cute when you laugh...” A voice from the other side suavely said making her jump a little before she turned and saw a tall, classically handsome well-groomed teen.

“Oh umm...thanks...” was all she could mutter out, feeling her cheeks flush which was a new sensation.

“Anytime, so do you find the whole dance thing immature and lame too?” he asked while chuckling.

“You can say that again...Don’t see what’s so great about getting all dressed just to spin in circles...” Cassidy admitted letting her old guy self-speak a little though still in her feminine voice.

The boy appeared to be about 17 and had a charming appearance. He was more well-groomed and dressed than the other guys.

“I’m Alex and who do I have the pleasure of meeting.”

“I’m Cassidy...” she said smiling trying to keep up the persona of a teenage girl.

“Nice to meet you. Are you new to the camp?”

“No, I’ve been here for several years now.”

“Wow, I’m surprised I didn’t see you. I’m in my last year here.”

“I’m sure we may have run into each other at some point.”

“Not sure about that,” he said. “I knew if I saw you before I would have talked to you.”

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Twenty minutes later, Cassidy found herself cuddled up next to Alex on a bench slowly kissing him. She didn’t expect herself to end up making out with a guy at the dance, but knew this would prove her femininity and end any questions anyone would have for the last few weeks there. Alex was great to chat with and Cassidy knew if she were really born with a vagina and

was a few years younger she would be in the same position. The feeling of his warm lips against her didn't feel much different than kissing girls except for the control aspect. Especially with his hands on certain areas of her body. Apparently, other guys thought the breast injections were realistic as well.

“What are you doing you fucking bitch?!”

Cassidy's eyes shot open as she broke off the kiss and looked over at Stephanie staring at the two of them, her face scrunched up and horrified at what she was looking at.

“Stephanie, babe, calm down...” Alex tried to reason his hand stretched out.

“Wait...Babe? She's your date!?” Cassidy yelled out, putting two and two together.

“Fuck yes he's my date and now I find you all over him like some fat whore!” She called out, getting more worked up than ever.

“Hey don't call her that!” Alex said surprisingly coming to the defense of Cassidy, but before he could move in between the pair, Stephanie had stormed over and grabbed a handful of her hair before dragging her painfully up and away from Alex.

Her emotions were getting the better of her Cassidy retaliated by reaching out and grabbing an equal handful of her longer, blonde hair yanking hard as they both came tumbling down, rolling a little down patchy grass and beside the lake.

A large crowd had now gathered as both girls scratched and clawed at each other in a heap on the ground, the crowd cheering them on until it all went silent with two counselors breaking it up by grabbing each girl and hoisting them apart. Both panting heavily and throwing curses, hair and dresses ruined as they were carried away.

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A few minutes later, Cassidy and Stephanie found themselves in the office of the camp's head director, Mrs. Haller along with the two counselors who broke up the fight and their bunk counselor. Cassidy had a blanket over here to conceal her ripped dress and had been treated for some bruises. Stephanie had a few band-aids on.

"We have never had a physical altercation at the dance. This is NOT the spirit of Camp Aphrodite. I want to hear both sides of the story along with what staff witnessed. Any volunteers on who wants to go first?" she asked the two girls.

Stephanie started jumping out of her chair and moving her hands a lot. "My date goes missing for like 10 minutes and I find this fat bitch making out with him! I tried being nice to her for the past few days and she wanted to get back at me. She is evil and needs to be expelled."

"Yeah right! You bullied me since I got here and came back with that fake apology. I had no idea he was with you and he came on to me! This isn't my fault. Send her home she is nothing but trouble and everyone hates her."

"Now both of you calm down! The conversation will not continue like this."

For the next thirty minutes, Mrs. Haller heard both sides of the story and testimony from the counselors in a more controlled environment. At the end, she reached her verdict.

"Both of you will be placed in Friendship Workshop for the next two weeks and have mandatory kitchen help three times a week for the rest of camp. I will notify your parents first thing tomorrow morning."

"NO, NOT THAT!!!!" Cassidy screamed.

"Yeah! We aren't going to be friends and the kitchen is nasty," said Stephanie.

"Please don't tell my parents!" Cassidy begged.



“Young lady, I have no choice. You are a minor and it is the camp’s responsible to host a safe environment.”

After leaving the meeting, Cassidy immediately contacted Mandy and Naomi for an emergency get together.

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“Get me out of here... I’ll stay a girl in your parent’s basement until this stuff wears off,” said Cassidy.

“I can’t believe you got into a fight with one of the girls here!” said Naomi.

“She started it!”

“Both of you...! We need a realistic solution!” Mandy said trying to calm the situation down.

“Can you pose as Cassidy’s mom?” asked Cassidy.

“I have no idea what she looks like and they are going to contact her by phone.”

“Perhaps we can hack the system again...” said Naomi.

“That is probably the best option, but Mrs. Haller is going to call and that means making sure it shows up on her end.”

“I’ll see what I can do; it’s going to be difficult with this much time though.”

“How did you manage to even get out right now? I thought you would be on lock down by now in the cabin,” asked Mandy.

“I just threw on some yoga pants and a shirt and ran here! Please let me stay with you tonight,” begged Cassidy.

“If you go missing, that will bring up MORE attention,” said Mandy.

“She’s right,” said Naomi. “I’ll text someone tonight about looking into it. Worst case scenario, we will sneak you out of here by 10 am.”

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The next morning, Mrs. Haller picked up the phone. The conversation with Stephanie’s parents was productive and they admitted their daughter had shown signs of rebellion recently. They were saddened that it had resulted in physical violence. However, the conversation with Cassidy’s parents was disturbing. While the team was able to hack the system to change the home phone number of Cassidy’s family to a disconnected number, they didn’t think that there would be another phone number on the account.

“... I can assure you there is no mistake. Cassidy admitted last night that she was in a confrontation.”

Cassidy’s dad became more disgruntled. “Considering my daughter is in a study program in Paris right now and sent me photos last night, there is a HUGE mistake. And can you please tell me why I was charged for full-tuition on my bank statement today?!?!?”

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The media frenzy about the mysterious camp invader was huge, the more the police looked into the case, the more and more shocked they became. Finding out who hacked the system was simple with them just checking the security tapes which lead them straight too Mandy and Naomi.

With both in custody, they both quickly gave in and told the whole story which led to Cassidy being caught in a nearby motel, facing a host of charges and the media attention on the case all three were looking at serious time behind bars.

Camp Aphrodite was shut down immediately following law suits and criminal charges themselves for negligence, with every girl having to go into therapy and one boy named Alex.

With new laws set in place to protect transgender rights Cassidy was sentenced as a female much to her surprise, and she didn't protest after all looking like she did in a male prison would have been far worse. Naomi and Mandy were given lesser sentences of a few years with a chance to get off earlier with good behavior while Cassidy was given ten.

Two months later, the injections had still not worn off. "Cassidy" was still going by the name and had adapted to living with all females thanks to the prison lifestyle. Still, she did not want to spend time in jail even if it meant being homeless. Escaping would only add more time, so she did her research.

Under a new work program with the state, some select prisoners were allowed to enter a rehabilitation program. Cassidy was allowed since she had no prior record.

After six-months of good behavior (at which point the injections had worn off slightly leaving her at an A-cup), her lawyer contacted her with great news.

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"How are you feeling princess?"

Cassidy was still groggy from the surgery but smiled knowing she was officially out of prison.

The Kennedy family had been following the case ever since the news frenzy began. Both psychologists, they were interested in knowing why a straight man would take the place of a teenage girl. Studying the logistics carefully, they became more emotionally attached to the project and contacted some lawyer friends about the options.

A loophole in the law allowed for "Cassidy" to become legally adopted after surgery was conducted and official age regression had been applied to her files. Cassidy was now going to live as Cassidy Kennedy, 16-year-old, female, and now a daughter. Unfortunately, she could do nothing for her

friends still stuck in jail, but this was the only way out for her.

The entire ordeal had been a life lesson for Cassidy as she entered high school again with a fresh outlook on life, even joining the cheerleading squad. The general public had not been notified of the official sex change since the Kennedy's lawyers were careful not to leak details. Cassidy realized that friends were always there for her and even though she couldn't be there for some, they were still with her in spirit. That important kindness comes from strangers and that there's probably no going to camp next year...

## **CHAPTER TWO**

### **Bikinis Over Brains**

Landon tapped the side of the driver's side door of his Toyota Camry trying to keep with the beat of the music as he drove to his latest work assignment. The neighborhood he was going to was something he only heard by name having never had the privilege of visiting. After going down some long, undeveloped roads, he arrived at Westlake Estates, a private gated community. Going through the security gate took longer than expected as it wasn't a simple hello with the guard.

"Hi, I'm here for a work assignment."

"Name..." said the security guard not flashing a smile.

"Landon Harris."

"Who are you visiting?"

"The Fratilli family."

"What is their address?" asked the guard further testing him.

"842 Sawyer Street..."

"Nature of business?" asked the guard.

Landon wondered what that had to do with anything, but answered anyway.  
"I am tutoring their daughter."

"Length of the visit?"

"It depends!"

The security guard gave up on acting like a bad ass and waved Landon along as he put his license on a sheet.

Driving up the perfectly maintained streets with there almost surreal green grass, he soon arrived at the large Fratilli household. He parked in their drive he was careful not to hit the Mercedes that was parked out front also. His car looked out of place as him as he grabbed his ratty backpack and a few books before stumbling over to the front door in his scruffy black skater shoes.

Tutoring had been pretty lucrative so far for Landon with him needing as much money as possible before he started college in fall, and judging by her home, he was hoping he'd be able to perhaps charge just a little more than his usual rate.

While caught up in his money scheming the door had opened, and an attractive blonde girl stood in the doorway with a confused look on her face, she looked pretty familiar as if he'd seen her around school once or twice as he tried hard to remember where he'd seen her before.

"Can I help you or are you just here to stare at me...?" she finally said with a cold if cute voice.

"Oh right umm. Sorry, I'm Landon here to tutor Marie, which I guess is you?" Landon says already getting nervous, talking to girls wasn't exactly his strong point let alone attractive rich ones.

"Yeah, that's me..." she said as she rolled her eyes and threw open the door not even holding it for him.

Landon walked in with his backpack and observed the decor of the room. It was obvious Marie's family was loaded. The marble floors, statues, and expensive artwork with large mirrors intimidating him slightly, but he considered himself lucky to gain this client thanks to the recommendation from a family friend.

"Are your parents here?" he asked.

"No, they are very busy people. Daddy is only here at nights for the most part."

“Okay, I do need them to sign this before...”

Marie interrupted him, “Here is your check for today.”

“Thanks...” he said. “Where would you like to set-up? Do you have a study space?”

“Oh my god, what lame nerd has a study space?”

“Most students that excel? Some use a library or study if their house has one but others maybe the dining room table or a place in the living room. Where did you do homework before?”

“I didn’t,” Marie said being honest.

“And that’s why I’m here Marie. Your parents gave me the run down on how last year went for you at school and how things need to turn around quickly since you are going into your senior year soon.”

“I have higher priorities than studying! It’s summer!”



Landon's business skills were a little lacking due to his young age. He started tutoring due to the requests of a few people thanks to his high grades and academic personality. While he had about 12 clients throughout the week, he never had one argue with him so much as Marie, and this was only in the first five minutes of meeting her. He could say he didn't care and just got the check and wouldn't force her, but instead tried to reason with her.

"What is your favorite subject?"

"Our maid Belladonna."

"...Ha, I get it he said."

Marie continued to curl her hair with her finger and thought about how much of a nerd Landon was. What teen guy wears dress slacks and a polo in the summer when he's not forced to? His short brown hair was a little messy, and



some acne was visible. Not like guys spent two hours getting ready like she did every morning but she assumed he had no idea what she looked like before he showed up. Landon thought she was easily the most pretty girl he had tutored and the one closest to his age.

She eventually relented and set up a little space on the large dining room table which Landon spread out a few books on. The large chandelier above him made him a little nervous as if it was going to fall on him, but he continued trying to get the disinterested teen girl on his side, something her parents couldn't even do.

While she was concentrating on a little mini quiz, he'd given her he could take a little time to admire her, making sure to be discreet. Her eyes were perfectly framed by the long lashes that came out like soft waves while her long blonde hair was hanging straight down.

"Ugh, this stuff is too confusing! And I can't concentrate in this heat!" she complained, slumping back in her seat.

"We could take a ten-minute break if you want?" he suggested knowing some people can't concentrate for too long, though usually, that was little kids.

"The first thing you've said that makes sense!" Marie cheerfully said surprising Landon a little as she sprang up almost instantly from her chair, "How about some drinks, by the pool?"

"Um yeah sure that sounds good..." he stammered out a reply.

"I'll go get changed then, no chance you have trunks in your car huh?"

"Changed? Trunks? You mean actually swim in the pool, that would take up too much time." He reasoned, knowing if her grades didn't improve he'd be out of the job, and money.

"Oh relax, I'm sure I can find you something. Besides don't you want to see me in a bikini?" She asked straight faced as his eyes went wide.

Landon got a little-excited thinking about Marie in a bikini. Her boobs looked huge in the dress she was wearing. However, the proper academic side of him thought it was inappropriate. “Marie, we have to concentrate. Your parents are going to be very unhappy if they come back and we did not accomplish anything.”

“How are they going to know?!”

“Of course it won’t be evident after one lesson, but I have to show what we did.”

“It will only be a few minutes!”

“I guess five minutes to get to know each other won’t hurt. How about I stay poolside, and you can get in bikini!”

“You are coming in with me. I think I have something of my brother’s that you can borrow.”

Before he could protest she clasped his hand and dragged him from room to room until they ascended the staircase, He’d given up fighting when she pointed him into her on suite bathroom. Immediately the strong scent of perfume and lotions caught him off guard, along with the pink theme she’d obviously picked for the décor. Even the toilet was pink he chuckled while waiting.

After a minute or so a slim arm popped through the gap in the in the door, and he took the trunks thanking her before holding them up. They were huge, clearly much bigger than him anyway; her brother must be a bodybuilder he thought to himself before he undressed and slipped them on, even with his hand holding them up they were almost falling down as she burst into the bathroom.

“Awww I had a feeling they wouldn’t fit...” she said disappointed with a frown on her face.

“Yeah I don’t think these are going to work...Your brother is a few sizes

bigger...”

“He’s pretty average size for guys around your age, too bad you’re so dainty,” she said without caring about Landon’s poor male ego.

“Guess I can just sit by the pool after all then,” he said trying to somehow win something as if he was right all along.

“No it’s cool I’ll find some of his old stuff, though it’s kind of gross how badly groomed you are, like when’s the last time you shaved!” She said rudely, clearly not used to caring about others feelings.

“What do you mean? My legs, guys don’t do that...”

“Oh yeah sure... In the 80s maybe! All the guys I know do it every night, the ones with girlfriends anyway. How about you shave and I’ll get something more your style to swim in?” She offered as if she was doing him a favor.

Turing to the large bath and the razor and shaving cream on it he looked back and shrugged, caught up in a mix of peer pressure and bullying as she giggled happily and left him alone again.

Landon debated his life in the few seconds he was left in the bathroom. He had been at the house for less than 30 minutes and here he was being asked to shave his legs. Of course, he could walk out of the house right now, but he knew he needed all the money he could make this summer, and this seemed like a good client to have on his roster considering their wealth. Plus, Marie sounded like she was an idiot and needed some serious tutoring. However, now here he was learning himself... How to shave his legs.

This wasn’t anything like shaving his face. That was something that he only had to do about once a week thanks to some traits. The cream he picked up was pink when it came out of the can but turned white once he started rubbing it around his legs. He started from down near his ankles and used longer strokes as he brought the razor up his leg erasing some of the masculinity on his body. He had heard of body builders, and swimmers shaving down there but didn’t think they were using girly razors when doing

it.

“Ouch!” he said as he hit nicked part of his skin. The sound was mute to Marie who was changing into her bikini in her bedroom. After several more nicks on his legs, he tried stopping the bleeding with some toilet paper. This was taking longer than expected. He was scheduled to be there only an hour and had another appointment that afternoon. Knowing he had to rush things, he finished up shaving near his pubic area and called for Marie.

With a towel around his waist, he couldn’t help blushing a little as she smiled down at his now smooth legs but then frowned when she looked up, “Oh sorry I thought you’d called cause you were done what’s up need help with everything else?” she asked casually.

“Everything else? You can’t be serious?” he asked, his blushing increasing.

“Ever seen a swimmer male or female with body hair? No, and what are we just about to do? Swim,” she said patronizing him before putting down something blue on the sink counter, “I found an old Speedo when you’re doing shaving slip it on and come show me in the bedroom.”

His head dropping as he once again dropped the towel and resumed shaving, at least now a little more accustomed to it he soon was hairless from the below the eyes, wincing as his body looked less like the male swimmers on TV and more like a girl’s.

Shaking his head and turning his back to the mirror he grabbed the Speedos and checked them out. They were bright aqua blue with black trim around the leg holes and waist band. Feeling odd being naked in Marie’s bathroom, he quickly slid them on and was surprised by how tight they were, with practically no room for his junk, having never worn Speedos before he figured that’s just how all of them fit.

Looking in the mirror, Landon saw that the Speedo came up on his butt a LOT and nervous as to what the reaction would be from Marie.

“How is it coming in there?” she asked.

“Fine...”

“Then grab your towel and come out!” she demanded.

Landon followed her directions and picked up the towel for the pool. He saw a large piece of fabric fall from it. The two cups matched the bottoms he had on. There were several strings coming from it. It then dawned on him that he didn't have a Speedo on. It was bottoms to a bikini. He immediately yelled out “SHIT!”

“What's the matter?” she asked from behind the door.

“Why did you give me a bikini?!”

“Because you needed one silly, now put on the top and come on out you fucking sissy!”

“What did you just call me?”

“Come out!”

“NO!” Landon said trying to strip out of the bikini.

“It's just a swimsuit.”

“Why are you having me wear your stuff?!”

“Because guy stuff is too big for you and I'm trying to be generous.”

“I'm leaving,”

“Then give me that check back.”

Losing \$75 for the day was going to hurt his bank account not to mention the working relationship he was going to have with the family.

“No...”

“Then get your little butt out here!”

After hesitation, Landon opened the door wearing the bikini bottoms and holding the bra portion in his hand. He noticed Marie’s huge boobs were practically hanging out of her neon colored top and her hair was out of the bun flowing long down her curvy body. She smiled, “Ready for a dip?”

Landon was extremely nervous crossdressing in front of Marie and tried to change the subject. “Can we at least get started with the study plans out by the pool?”

“...Sure... There has to be some things we can teach each other.

---

With the bikini incident of two days prior still fresh in his mind Landon thought twice about knocking on the large door, he was sure she would tease him and maybe even blackmail him. Before he could worry though the decision was made for him as the door swung open and there stood Marie smiling.

“We have a camera and sensors that tell us when people are at the door so maybe don’t creep around out here?” She said poking out her tongue.

“I wasn’t creeping about! I was just umm...collecting my thoughts.”

“Then collect them in here sissy!” She said giggling once again leaving the door open as she walked inside.

Shaking his head as his feet moved forwards, already regretting what he was doing. Thankfully she didn’t bring it up too much aside from small little teasing comments that were playful enough, and this time she seemed a lot more open to learning from him.

Thankful to finally be getting somewhere he handed her another mini quiz to

see how much she'd learnt but before she started she handed him a pink iPod, "Here, I figured you must get bored while I do this so I thought you could listen to some music, as a sort of apology for the bikini..."

"Thanks..." he said. "Are you parents here this time by chance?"

"No, like I mentioned before they aren't here very much because of their busy lifestyles. Here's the check they left for you."

Landon smiled as Marie started reviewing the quiz. He put headphones on and pressed play on the first song of one of the playlists she had made for him then started reviewing some other assignments he was going to present. The music wasn't bad, some modern Indie band with a female singer. He started nodding his head slightly as Marie began to struggle with the quiz, not knowing what Landon meant when he had a question with the word quadratic. The second song started to play. This time it was a Tropical house song by some DJ from England. He recognized the name of the artist but not the song since it was brand new. Marie continued writing some answers down. 15 minutes later, Marie had completed the quiz, and Landon was smiling, having long put away his work assignments and instead paid attention to the great music Marie had put together.

"All done!" said Marie.

"Great!" said Landon. "Let's see how you did," he replied rolling around his hand and receiving the paper back. He browsed through it and saw that she only answered about 60% of the quiz. The questions she did do were partially correct or completely wrong.

"I think we have some work to do Marie!" said Landon.

"Yes we do. What first?"

"Let's start from the top," he replied.

"Okay... would you like me to do your hair or makeup first?"

Landon paused and was speechless. Something in his mind triggered him to pick one of the two options even though he was very confused at the moment.

“You have to make up this quiz.....Make up answers.... Makeup on me...”

Landon blinked a few times, his head feeling odd, almost blurry as Marie just smiled, “Good choice you’re going to look so pretty, let’s go to my room then.” Without realizing it Landon was standing up and his feet were moving towards the stairs, he tried shaking his head but couldn’t quite manage it as if it was too heavy.

“W...What’s happening?” e whispered out as they climbed the stairs side by side.

“Just relax Princess, we’re just going to have a little makeover fun” She replied with a huge grin, opening her bedroom door for him as he walked past her and sat at the large vanity table.

Landon knew something was wrong and that he should be panicking yet looking back at him in the mirror was a smiling and calm face as Marie got to work grabbing all the items she’d need.

It was a slow and methodical process as she used every tool in her arsenal to feminize Landon’s face as he watched helplessly in the mirror at the smiling face transform, even worse she constantly asked his opinion on what shade she should use or whether he’d prefer rosy cheeks or a soft blend.

As she finished off his look with pink lip gloss she put her head on his shoulder and while looking into his reflection in the mirror asked, “So Sissy, happy with your make up?”

His mind screamed as he wanted to curse her, to get up and run out of the room or at least to say no but instead after an inner battle he nodded his head, “Y...Yes thank you...”

“Gosh, we are going to have so much fun together.”



Landon's mind started going in multiple directions. Was Marie going to start considering tutoring fun? Would she express interest in math formulas?

"This is going to look so cute on you!" Marie said.

Landon looked over to see Marie come from her closet with a giant blue and white dress.

"What are you doing with that?" he asked.

"I figured you would want to wear it."

Some of the hypnosis started to wear off, and Landon realized that it was a big Alice in Wonderland dress. It was about the size of a large prom dress in ball gown style. Why did she randomly have this in her closet?

"I .. I.."

"Yes, I know you just love it! Now strip out of your clothes so I can put you in this dress you sissy!"

Landon snapped, "I have to go..."

Heading for the door, Marie yelled, "Where are you going?! We have a lot more to do today?!"

---

Later that night, Mrs. Fratilli called Landon on the phone:

*"And Marie is improving in Algebra correct?"*

*"It's too soon to tell as it is only the second day Mrs. Fratilli."*

*"She mentioned that you left early today."*

*"Yes, I had to go because of.. Umm.. An emergency."*

*“Will there be makeup time involved?”*

Landon wondered if he even wanted to go back, but thought about the money. This time around he would have the upper hand on that rich bitch.

*“Yes, I’ll stay a little longer on Monday.”*

*“Perfect. I will inform my daughter of the plans. She has mentioned how much she enjoys lessons with you Landon. I see her in the living room studying on her laptop right now.”*

Meanwhile, Marie was bookmarking and saving random posts and videos she found online. Apparently, feminizing men was popular and she couldn’t wait to put Landon’s sissy ass in a French maid outfit.

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Landon took another sip of his iced tea, the ice cubes hitting his lips a little awkwardly but the flavor was unique and pleasant. Putting the glass down he glanced over at Marie who for once was busy working, with one hand holding open a text book while the other worked furiously to write down the answers from the math problems.

Landon had been much more guarded this time after the odd events of previous visits, ready on the edge of his seat to run out at even the slightest hint of Marie’s planned feminization. Surprisingly however she thus far had acted like it had never even happened making him wonder if it had all been a weird dream.

As she handed over a mini quiz to him he took it apprehensively, again cautious of any foul play but she just gave him an innocent smile as he began to grade it.

*“Wow Marie this is a big improvement! You’ve managed to get almost all of them right. I think you’re almost ready to move to the more advanced tests.”* He complemented the smiling teen girl, with a hint of actual blushing.

“Well you’re such a good teacher! Plus you’re good at mixing in fun with the lessons!” She giggled, closing the text book a little early.

“We still need that page open, and fun? I didn’t think you enjoyed studying?” Landon asked, beginning to suspect something was up.

Marie smiled and grabbed her drink as well, “You know, it was weird having you over at first but like after talking with my mom and everything I realized that my education is vital. Of course I like to have fun and do other things but this is ten times better than sitting in some boring dull classroom. We get to drink, not get yelled at for chewing gum, take a dip in the pool, and listen to music!”

Landon felt like he had a major breakthrough and that Marie was now starting to listen to his advice. “And I really enjoy this music you have on!”

“Only the best taste in everything.... Princess...”

With the audible nature of the last word, something in Landon’s mind made him pause as the concoction in his glass of iced tea pressed against his lips. His vision turned to pink for a brief second before he smiled back at Marie. Not saying a word, Marie became slightly nervous if it had worked or not, but then tested him.

“I passed the quiz right? What’s next?”

There was still a moment of hesitation on Landon’s part. Thousands of things raced through his mind, but none of them had to do with the work that laid in front of them.

His voice tried to speak, but there was another pause before he finally replied in a slightly higher-pitched voice, much like the type that some flamboyant gay guys he knew from school spoke.

“It’s break time honey...”

Marie clapped her hands together in excitement. “Great, I thought you would never ask. What would you like to do?”

Landon blankly starred at Marie. It was awkward and she didn’t like it.

“Umm.. Landon?” she said as he starred at her without blinking an eye. She waved her hand in front of his face and nothing. Getting worried in only a few seconds, she tried another word “Lindsay!”

“Yes?” Landon replied.

“Hey PRINCESS. I asked you a question and you didn’t answer me. What would you like to do?”

Landon finally started acting “normal” again rather than in his zombie state and spoke with excitement with waving his hand forward. “Oh you know me! I’ll do whatever you tell me to sweetie. You always know what is best.”

*Perfect.* Marie thought to herself.

“You know, we can do some fun things later together but there’s still a lot of work YOU have to do.”

“So you still want help with that silly math stuff?” asked Landon.

“No, I’m going to change into my bikini and go by the pool for a bit. I would like a drink and some fruit outside though once I’m out there. In the meantime, the kitchen is a mess.”

Another cog turned inside Landon’s mind as he blinked once then twice before nodding, “Yes ma’am I’ll get changed into work attire...”

Marie almost couldn’t believe how well it was working as she got up from the dinning table and followed Landon upstairs and into her room, the stereotypical maids outfit laying out on the bed all ready for him as she grabbed her bikini and headed for the bathroom giggling sweetly.

Landon watched in a mixture of confusion and horror as his arms reached began to strip him down, first his jeans then everything else before folding them neatly. It got worse for him however when he picked up the black lace thong and matching bra expertly slipping into both with an eerie familiarity.

A garter belt that seemed to match his new underwear was next before soon the stockings were on and connected as Marie walked back in wearing her bikini and hugging a towel as she squealed, “Oh my god this is amazing! You’re the best maid Lindsey, now hurry and get finished before bringing me refreshments outside!” she said kissing him on the cheek before rushing out.



He picked up the maid outfit that in actuality was little more than a corset with a tiny skirt and even smaller sleeves added, squeezing into it took a little time but once it was on he quickly slipped into some black court heels and grabbed feather duster mincing off to the kitchen.

Once entering the kitchen, Landon felt like it was his responsible to make Marie happen and started putting some of the dirty dishes around the counter

in the washer. Once the dishwasher was turned on, she started prepping a tray with some items he thought her highness Marie would like as well as some drinks with garnishes. Meanwhile, Marie was snap chatting some pictures of her waist and legs by the pool with a line: “Studying going well.”

Her moment of peace was interrupted when Landon came out with the tray. She laughed at how much of a sissy she had created. Though with his short hair, she made a note to get out some of the wigs she had for Halloween in her closet once it was time to go upstairs again.

“Here you go Miss Marie!” said Landon hoping she would be impressed.

“Where are the crackers?!”

“You didn’t ask for crackers,” said Landon.

“You should know I always like crackers. Now get back in there and get them.”

Landon did a little curtsy and nod, obeying Marie. He came back out with a small plate and crackers on a doily.

“I’m sorry Miss Marie. I won’t mess up again.”

Marie took a cracker off the plate and took a bite, afterwards not even saying thank you. “Aren’t you hot Lindsey?”

Landon was sweating since he was wearing mostly black and was not used to having fishnets on his legs which were still hairless thanks to shaving. “I’ll be fine,” he said.

“Good.”

“Is there anything else I can do for you Miss Marie?” he asked.

Marie thought for a moment. She knew she could have a lot of fun with this but also knew that since the regular house staff was away for a few day, she

needed some things done.

“Yes, make sure to do all of my laundry. There’s a bunch of dirty panties on my bedroom floor and some in the bathroom. Once you are done with that I’ll put you to work somewhere else.”

“Thank you Miss Marie!” Landon said as he headed up to Marie’s bedroom to do his assignment.

Marie spent a good amount of time sunbathing outside while doing a little research on her phone, going onto feminization and trans sites to get all the information she can. Eventually she stood up and walked inside noticing the house had been cleaned as well as the dishes done, smiling as she walked up stairs.

She was a little startled to see Landon bent over her drawer before she sat on the edge of her bed, “What are you doing maid?”

“Oh hello Miss Marie, I was just putting away your laundry neatly in your drawer.” Landon replied in the high-pitched voice before doing a short curtsy and pointing to the well-organized drawer.

“Good though I’ve gotten bored of you playing the maid and you’ve pretty much done all the housework, tell me Landon have you ever wondered about being a girl?” She asked curiously, staring straight into his eyes.

For a brief moment he had some clarity and control as he answered honestly , “No not really, I have never given it much thought...”

“I think you’ve done a pretty decent job and deserve a break hmmm?” she asked with a wicked grin as Landon tried to furiously nod but instead remained still and obedient. “Why don’t we have my LITTLE SISTER Lindsay join us?”

Closing his eyes Landon had the strange feeling of vertigo, as if his body was light as a feather and falling down into dark nothingness as Marie watched anxiously. He tried to focus his mind but found even the simplest thing like

his name hard to concentrate on until finally his eyes shot open. “Hey big sis, what’s up?” He asked adding a little giggling onto the end that would have made any man cringe.

“Perfect...Though Lindsay could you do me a favour, it sounds a little weird but could you describe yourself to me? As if I didn’t know you?” Marie asked, curious as to how much of the imprinting from the music and concoction had taken a hold on Landon’s confused mind.

“Oh you know,” Landon said with his hand on his hip and swinging side to side with his shaved legs touching occasionally. “I like to think that I’m super nice to everyone. Really girly and like to have fun.”

“Outgoing?” asked Marie.

“Totes!”

“Great! I think it’s time to get you a makeover though. Not have you dressed like a peasant!”

Marie walked over to her dresser that Landon had just organized and ran her hands through her panty drawer messing things up looking for an old pair of period panties she didn’t care about that Landon could fit in. After that task was complete, she found an old bra and got some socks so that she could stuff them to create a faux boob job.

“Lindsey, you should change into these!”

“Okay!” he replied as he started to take off his work uniform. Apparently, he was comfortable changing in front of the person he thought was really his big sister. The brainwashing had taken complete control, however Marie was still unsure on how long it would last.

Soon enough Landon was standing in front of the mirror with a blonde wig on smiling at his made up face, his chest stuck out with the faux breasts Marie had created pushing her old cheer uniform to its limits. The pleated skirt finished just well above the knees showing off his slim smooth legs



finished with his red painted nails that of course matched his hands.

“Awww isn’t my little sister just the cutest, do you want to be a cheerleader just like me?” Marie asked enjoying her power trip for as long as she possibly could.

Landon once again giggled before nodding, swaying a little in front of the mirror so the pleated skirt flowed gently. Eventually looking away from admiring himself in the mirror Marie had him take some selfies on his phone in various poses and positions, all smiling and looking like he was having the time of his life.

Marie’s enjoyment came to an abrupt end however when she noticed her parents car out on the drive way, her eyes shooting wide open realizing she lost track of time. “Shit! Umm Landon I need you to return to normal now okay!”

Though her pleas fell on death ears as he finished off one more selfie, pouting before looking over confused. “Landon? You’re like so weird sometimes Sis.”

Marie’s panic got even worse as she heard her father call out her name before footsteps rushing upstairs, most likely presuming the older tutor was taking advantage of his princess daughter when really it was much the other way around, “Stop acting like a stupid sissy and get changed!” She yelled reaching out and snatching the wig as the door flung open.

“No! I’m getting good at!” said Landon as he twirled and then did a split on the floor.

“Landon! For real, this is over. Take off your wig quick! Actually just hide in the closet.”

With his legs still on the floor, Landon stuck his tongue out at the person he believed was his big sister.

Suddenly, Marie’s door swung open and she saw the faces of both her mom

and dad. “Marie, exciting news we just bought you....”

Her dad stopped his statement as he saw Landon dressed in a cheerleading outfit. The “girl” then got up and smiled.

“What about me?” Landon asked.

“WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON HERE?!” her dad screamed.

Marie’s mom stood there in shock. “Oh my god! This is sick!”

At a loss for words, Marie just turned to her sissy creation. “It was his idea...”

“You better get in your car right now and leave before I destroy you!” Marie’s dad threatened.

“How am I supposed to drive when I don’t have a license?” Landon laughed.

“Then call your parents before I do!” said the dad.

Landon went to his cellphone and dialed a number.

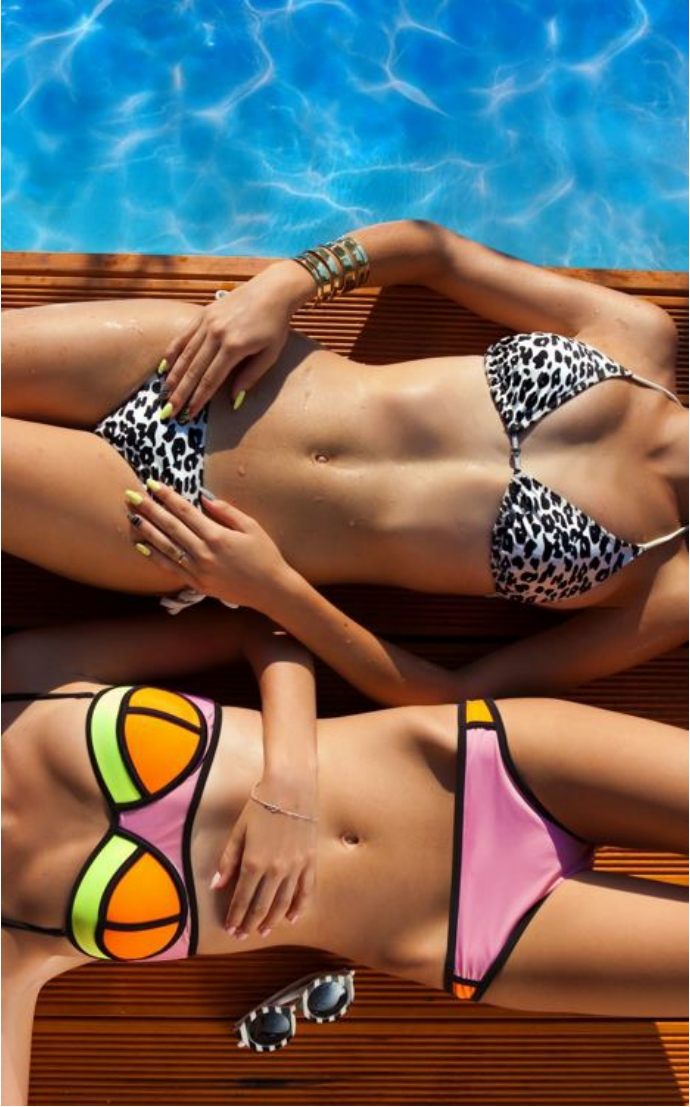
Marie’s dad looked at her mom, “Why did your phone just ring?”

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The situation was never cleared up until the final decision was made in court. After several psychiatric evaluations, it was determined that the brainwashing techniques Marie used were irreversible resulting in a \$1,750,000 settlement in favor of Landon whose name was officially changed to Lindsey. A doctor, psychiatrist, and lawyer recommended to Landon’s family that he receive sexual reassignment surgeries (at the further expense of the Fratilli family) since he was stuck in the mindset of a teenage girl. Upon fall, SHE was to enroll at high school. Not that she was complaining about it since she was excited to try out for the cheerleading team.



The Fratilli's punished their daughter with strict curfews, limited cellphone usage, and having to do more chores around the house. She hated it, but never felt guilty about what she had done. At least she got out of tutoring. She knew other boys could suffer the same fate if in her path. Perhaps something she could use to her advantage to get anything she wanted in life.



## CHAPTER THREE

### Another Wish

#### *At the office of Mino Mills:*

“I’m so jealous. I want to be her...”

Andrew laughed from his desk at his co-worker Angela who had just made the statement. Being able to talk casually and joke with his co-workers was one of the many benefits of his job.

“You had your chance to date me!” he said mocking Angela.

It was hard to believe that this was his seventh year working at Mino Mills. Angela joined the company two years ago, but they were able to find much common ground considering they were both in their early-thirties. Shortly into her stint, they started a slight office romance, but it didn’t last past a few weeks. While they got along great, there was no sexual chemistry at all. Several months later Andrew started dating an attractive blonde girl in her early-20s who he met on Minder. Angela was cordial when around Andrew’s girlfriend Shannon but these meets were limited to whenever they saw each other casually around town.

“Funny... You knew it would work! But damn, I wish my boyfriend would buy me a new laptop for my birthday!”

Andrew smiled at knowing he did something to impress another female. There was a strong attraction to his girlfriend, and he always wanted to treat her like a princess. “I try,” he responded. “But that recent promotion surely helped!”

Mino Mills corporate office was targeted by many young professionals in town. While a food processing company may not sound like the most glamorous place to work, the company ranked at one of the top in the state regarding job advancement, benefits, and other incentives. Andrew had been eyeing the role of supervisor of the product specialty division ever since a co-

worker relocated the previous month. The promotion brought on thousands of dollars extra a month and required some travel time, but he was still stuck at the same desk. Things could be worst. Nothing in his life was worth the trouble of complaining about. Not that any of his co-workers and friends wanted to hear about it anyway. Negativity online was one of his major turnoffs, and he noticed that the most successful people he knew were not the ones posting a bunch of useless memes every day. The strive for greatness didn't come without obstacles. With the new promotion came increased responsibility. Sure, it was overwhelming considering all of this was laid on him in the last few weeks, but he knew if he kept it up, CEO would be his title within a few years.

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***At Patterson High School at that very moment:***

“Damn look at that ass.”

“Bro, her ass looks ten times better than that guy's face. Why do these hot girls date these guys who look like shit?” 14-year-old Caleb asked his best friend, a guy nicknamed Wheat.

“More money?”

“That's Brandon Conner. We aren't struggling. I'm pretty sure he's just like us.”

“Yeah, except he's now dating her!” he replied. Caleb came from a well-to-do family since both of his parents had great jobs but figured someone would try to one-up him.

Caleb shook his head. Wheat claimed to have gotten head by some girl at his cousin's party a few weeks ago, but if that were the truth, it would mean his friend had gone further than him. There were many pieces of the puzzle that were confusing to put together in his teenage mind. The public high school he attended didn't have many stereotypical groups. He wasn't considered to be low on the totem pole and was looked up to by some because of his academic standing and the fact that he was involved with several well-known clubs

around school like the debate team and a civic group. At 5'10 140 lbs, he knew he could put on some muscle but didn't want to go for the standard athletic type body. There were some female friends, but he was sectioned to the friend-zone by many. They complimented him on several things which is why he could never figure out why girls didn't like him like that. Then again, most of the girls at school seemed to date guys one or two grades above. Dating some freshman girl could be an option, but the type of girls Caleb liked seemed to be of a different mold.

Brunettes with girl-next-door looks in a hot way were his favorite. Several girls around school actually put effort into what they wore to school, and he enjoyed that.

Wheat continued his speech. "It's funny when those girls snap how they are all dressed up with nowhere to go or how they are lonely yet ignore us!"

Caleb nodded, "Yeah, I want to do something about that! They are annoying, but I'm looking for the perfect girl."

"Maybe that's part of the issue man. Just hit it and forget it," Wheat joked (slightly) knocking Caleb on his shoulder.

Caleb laughed, "That would be great, but I need a little more. There must be someway a girl can magically appear in my life at some point. I wish I could easily get a girlfriend!"

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***Back at the office... at same time...***

"I wish I had a lot less responsibility right now. Some serious changes are needed in my life!"

"Do you mean that?" asked Angela.

Andrew smiled, "In a way. I can handle it, and it's just with the promotion and the recent acquisition of Aunt Edna's I could use a change. Maybe it's

time to ask Pierce for a personal assistant!”

Many mid-level people often fear their senior managers, but Pierce was a different story. Beyond the fact that she was married and had kids. Andrew knew very little about her personal life. She was the type of person who was reasonable in all situations and knew how to talk to employees. She looked amazing for her age, being somewhere near her late-40s. Judging by the MBA from an Ivy league school in her office, that may have had something to do with it.

“Let me know how that works out for you!” said Angela turning her attention back to work stuff since people had been e-mailing her like crazy that afternoon.

Andrew smirked. He knew he was going to get his way. It was just a matter of time on when things would change.

### ***The next day...***

“How are you this morning Mr. Mason?” Mrs. Pierce said as Andrew entered her office. It was unlike Pierce to send an urgent memo to people saying she needed to see them right in the morning which is why Andrew was somewhat nervous even though they had a great working relationship and respect for each other. Something in his gut told him that he was about to get handed a lot more responsibility.

“I’m doing okay. Woke up with a slight headache and itchy but other than I’m fine. And yourself?” he asked.

“Good... good...” Mrs. Pierce said as she changed her speech and looked down at her desk. “Andrew. You know I love my coffee,” she said pointing to her cup which had something about being the best mom on it.

“Yes, I do too...” said Andrew.

“Why do you think people like coffee?”



Andrew was starting to believe this was a trick question but answered it with a serious option. “Because of the stimulants it provides?”

“Exactly!” Pierce said with a fake excited tone. “And this office has the best coffee! Organically grown by beaners in Columbia who have been in the industry for years and is roasted by entrepreneurs who know the market! So why do people still drink cheap coffee that tastes like someone used a piece of cardboard for a filter?”

Andrew smiled, “That’s an excellent question.”

It was like Pierce to tell a story before making a point. Sometimes it involved current events or something that happened to “a friend” of hers. She continued her banter. “Andrew, we have a problem.”

Pierce picked up a copy of the local paper for that day and turned to the second page. She read out loud, “Aunt Edna’s Funeral. No, this isn’t the obituaries, it’s an article mentioning all of the “evil” things Mino Mills is going to do because of the acquisition.”

“Yellow journalism?” asked Andrew.

“Have you been online recently? People are tearing us apart on social media. PR has tried informing the public that we are not changing any of the core competencies of Aunt Edna’s. They still make organic products; they just have a bigger company behind them now!”

Andrew took this as a sign. “How can I help? What do you need me to do?”

Pierce smiled knowing she promoted him for a reason. “I’m glad you asked. While there are multiple teams working on a recovery plan, I want to try something different that will impact the general public immediately. “

“Are there any reports you need specifically?” he asked.

Pierce leaned back in her chair causing her light brown hair to fall on the back of it. “Andrew, what is the best form of marketing?”

He paused for a moment, “Word of mouth of course.”

“Yes... and what better way to get the word spread than to talk to them people who matter the most when it comes to spreading communication orally. I’m talking teenagers.”

“They text a lot now as well Mrs. Pierce.”

“Yes! But we are not exactly going to get the numbers to give them notifications. That would be another backlash in itself. We need to hone on the target and start visiting schools.”

Andrew waited to hear more but assumed this was going to be his first travel assignment under the new promotion.

“Some visits have been scheduled over the next three weeks for you to visit some science and nutrition classes at Patterson High. I would like you to come up with a 20-minute presentation talking about why Mino Mills is highly important to the community. We need to make it fun and vibrant. Although some people here have teenagers for kids, I feel like they will listen to a presenter better than anyone else. They like outside opinions. Talk about why certain products are beneficial to their well being and how process will stay organic with Aunt Edna’s.”

This wasn’t too bad he thought. Pierce could have asked for much more than coming up with two presentations. If he could get through presentations with senior level executives at the company and other business partners, a room full of high schoolers shouldn’t be a problem.



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“Why aren’t you eating honey?” asked Caleb’s mom at the dinner table.

Caleb did not want to admit the truth. The feeling of not having any chemistry with any girls was getting to him. “Not hungry,” he responded.

“EATTTT,” teased his younger brother, Jaden.

“Yeah, eat!” his 8-year-old sister followed.

Caleb’s mom could tell something was wrong but thought that she would address it in private later. Since her son was getting older, he didn’t seem to express his inner feelings too often although he was not shy and was vocal when things were very positive in life.

“What do you have happening this weekend son?” asked Caleb’s dad.

“Probably going skateboarding with Wheat,” Caleb said simply.

“Not going to the fair?” his mom asked.

“I haven’t been excited for the fair since I was 9. Excuse me,” Caleb said as he grabbed his plate and headed towards the kitchen.

His parents gave each other a look, knowing that something was wrong.

---

After grabbing some takeout food after a long night at the office, Andrew headed back to the community where he lived. Some said a four bedroom house was going to be too much for a single guy, but Andrew was able to afford it. One bedroom was set up for a guest room, and another was used as an office. Another was a storage closet at this point. Shannon stayed over his house about half the week and had a few things of her own there. She lived about twenty minutes away but strongly preferred being held by her boyfriend at night. The pool in the backyard had seen its fair share of play. Pulling into the driveway, Andrew noticed that Shannon's car was not there. He had last texted her while waiting on his to-go order and she said she was up in the air about coming over that night. She was going through some boosts in her career as well, and the busy lifestyles had taken its toll.

He opened the door and was shocked at what he saw. The foyer was completely redecorated with some expensive looking artwork and some digital photo frames that were currently turned off. He placed down his work bag and entered the living room. A new TV was in the room as well as new furniture that looked brand new. The colors of the room were much more vibrant especially thanks to the curtains. Walking through the rest of the first level, Andrew saw that the dining room had a new table in it along with plackets around the setting. Never before had there been settings already on the table at his house. What was the point of that anyway? In the kitchen, he noticed new countertops and appliances. Wow, his girlfriend went all out.

He texted Shannon but did not receive an immediate response. What had she done with his bedroom?

Surprisingly, not much of the upstairs had changed, and his room was typical. The one change he wanted was for his girlfriend to be on his bed right then and there.

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It wasn't like Shannon to ignore text and calls. There was no reply the entire night, so Andrew occupied himself working on the presentation and watching some videos online. Sleeping alone was odd as he wanted a way to unwind, especially since he knew the next day would be brutal.

The next day, Andrew woke up with his laptop open and a bunch of papers and folders around his body. Sleeping with Shannon was more fun than this. The alarm clock kept annoying him as he finally slammed it shut. Some settings on his phone alarm seemed different. As he opened his tired eyes more, he saw that his room had been mysteriously painted overnight. How was that even possible? Why would Shannon do this? Better yet, how did he not wake up from someone painting in his room? He immediately tried to contact Shannon, but now he couldn't even find her on his favorites list. He tried dialing the number manually, but it appeared to be disconnected. What the hell was going on?

Looking at the time again, he saw there was no time to waste and quickly went to the bathroom where there were further surprises.

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"Have a great day at school honey!" Caleb heard as he walked toward the entrance to the school building. He replied with a simple wave. Not like there was anything to look forward to at school that day. It was going to be the same people, the same cliches, and the same classes. Perhaps some girl at the school would feel generous and show some attention to him in special ways.

---

Andrew was concerned about the weight loss and lack of some body hair but didn't have time to worry about health concerns. His work clothes still fit for the most part. After grabbing some coffee from the new machine downstairs and a banana, he got in his car and made his way to work. He had to adjust the seat a bit thanks to his new height, and it seemed like his foot was uncomfortable in his shoes on the accelerator.

After a brief rendezvous with Mrs. Pierce, she ended the conversation with another inspiration method of educating the youth of America and sent him on his way to the school for the first of a two-part presentation.

It had been quite a long time since Andrew had entered into a high school. So long to the point that he could not remember the reason for his last visit. He entered the main office to check in carrying a laptop in a case that held his Powerpoint. The receptionist gave him directions on how to get to Mrs. Fountaine's classroom. The directions weren't confusing to the point of needing an escort, so he made his way down the hall after placing the yellow visitor sticker on his blazer. Walking down the corridor, he saw several doors shut with some decorations and a few photos on the walls with upcoming events along with a giant trophy case. The halls were quiet as all students were in classes at the time.

A slight tap on the door notified Mrs. Fountaine of his arrival. He could see her through the small rectangular window. She appeared to be in her late-20s and had on dress slacks with a blonde. Her dark brown hair helped accent her pearly white smile.

"You must be Mr. Mason!" she said as she opened the door welcoming him in.

"Hi there. Hello class," he said to her directly and turned his attention to the 15 to 20 students that were in the classroom.

"Everyone, this is Mr. Mason from Mino Mills. He will be giving a short seminar over the next two days for us. Isn't that exciting?"

Alex looked around the room to see some students paying attention, mostly due to the curious nature of having an outsider speak in their class. Others seemed to be trying to conceal a cellphone or writing random stuff on paper.

"Proud to be here. Thanks for having me in your science class! I just need a few moments to connect to your projector," he said getting out his laptop.

"Of course!" Mrs. Fountaine said signaling with her hand as she scrambled to find the connection cable. "Please let me know when you are ready."

She continued to go over class notes that she was doing before his arrival.

Andrew managed to connect his laptop and took out a folder that contained some supplementary material. After a few minutes, he gave the nod that he was ready.

Mrs. Fountaine smiled, “We are all very excited to hear your presentation! We all love to eat!”

“Of course we do,” Andrew laughed as he made his position in front of the class as Mrs. Fountaine dimmed the lights so the students could see the image of Mino Mills logo and several photos of happy people on the screen. “How many of you eat things from Aunt Edna’s?”

About 70% of the students raised their hands.

“And just out of curiosity, about how many of you grow your own food in a garden?”

None of the students raised their hands causing some of them to look around and laugh lightly.

“You see, at Mino Mills, we are looking to bridge the gap between the home garden and major distribution. Aunt Edna’s is one of the healthiest...”

Andrew’s presentation was brought to a halt. As he clicked on the remote to change the slide, he saw it was completely black. The next slide was supposed to be of Aunt Edna’s brand ambassador, a plump woman in her 60’s with glasses holding carrots and lettuce. The technical error caused Andrew to pause.

“Looks like we had a little issue,” he said as he tried clicking again. The remote didn’t work. He went to the laptop and saw that it was dead.

*NOT NOW!!! This laptop has never failed me!* He thought to himself.

“Can I help with something?” asked Mrs. Fountaine.

Andrew paused and did not want to admit that for one, he was panicking, and

two that it appeared his presentation was not going to happen. He quickly thought of a backup plan.

“I’m going to try to reboot, in the meantime, I have a few handouts with a short game on them for matching ingredients.” He went back to his bag and grabbed the folder. It was possible for this day to get worse after all. The folder was empty. How was that even possible? He checked the contents when he got back into his car after leaving the office. How could they fall out walking to the classroom in a zipped up laptop bag?

He did not want to cause a scene and instead told Mrs. Fountaine, “Perhaps I should just come back tomorrow...”

“Of course! You are always welcomed here!”

Andrew gave a short smile. It was hard to not be sweet around Mrs. Fountaine’s charming personality. She wasn’t a bad looker either. He started gathering his things when he was stopped by her.

“Excuse me Andrew? Can you please take a seat and then gather your things at the end of class?”

What? Now he was stuck here? He had to get back to work. Or did he? He was scheduled to be in the class for 20-30 minutes, so maybe this was borrowed time. Without arguing, he took a seat in the third row of chairs by the window next to some guy.

Mrs. Fountaine continued her class as a true professional. “If everyone could please take one and pass it back, we are going to talk about enzymes!”

Andrew received a stack of sheets from people in front of him and passed the entire thing back. The girl in back of him tapped him on the shoulder.

“Hey, you didn’t take one!”

“What?” he asked confused.



She just passed him one sheet, took one for herself, and continued to pass them back.

Andrew looked at the sheet which had some photos on it, some descriptions and some fill in the blanks along with matching exercises. He listened to Mrs. Fountaine's lecture and decided to do some of the work on the sheet himself since he was stuck in the class for the remainder of the period. As the class ended, Andrew stood up and felt a little funny, almost like he was a little shorter. He turned to the boy he was sitting next to.

"Thanks for letting me borrow your pencil," he said handing him the object.

The boy was somewhat nervously responding. "Anytime..."

Andrew smiled and made his way to the front of the class. While he had been eyeing his laptop bag throughout the class, he didn't look for it in the past 10 minutes.

"Mrs. Fountaine, where is my bag?" he asked.

She laughed, "Why are you looking for it up here honey?"

"... Because I had it up here? Please tell me it wasn't stolen!" he said panicking again.

"It's right over there where you left it!" Mrs. Fountain said pointing back to the chair he was sitting at. For some reason, there was a pink Jansport on the floor next to it.

"That's not mine," said Andrew thinking that the girl behind him probably left it there.

"Are you feeling okay today?" she asked.

"I'm disappointed that I couldn't do my presentation today, and some things feel different, but I believe I'm fine."

“That’s good, now don’t be late!” Mrs. Fountaine signaled.

“Late for what?”

“Funny,” Mrs. Fountaine said a little more bluntly.

Andrew went out of the room where a few students were working around. He had grabbed the the pink Jansport just so Mrs. Fontaine would quit bugging him about it. Going down the hall, he had some girl who appeared to be about 15 wearing a pink jacket and dirty blonde hair.

“Hey!” she yelled.

“Hello,” he said continuing his way back to the office to check out.

“Where are you going?”

“To the office...” he said wondering what intentions the girl had.

“Why?”

“I’m leaving.”

“Sick?”

“No.”

“You are funny, come with me!”

“I don’t think that’s appropriate,” he said to her.

“Gosh, we are going to be late! Hurry!”

“Sorry, I do not know what you are talking about. I just came here for a presentation, and I’m just a visitor.”

She started to get smart. “If you are a visitor? Then where is your visitor

tag?”

Andrew checked his shirt, and it was no longer there. “It must have fallen off.”

The girl put her hand on her hip and signaled that she was right. “Just come with me!”

There was no sense in arguing with a teenage girl. Andrew followed her as she hurried her way down a few hallways. Arriving at a room with four doors, she opened one revealing it was the gym.

“Why did you bring me to the gym? Is there a special assembly or something?”

“Gosh, you are acting weird today,” she said as she walked in.

He followed with no questions asked. It appeared that a female gym class was about to begin as some girls were wearing athletic shorts and t-shirts. Most had their hair tied back or in a ponytail. A woman who appeared to be the instructor came up to both Andrew and the girl. “Running a little late?” the skinny blonde woman asked.

“Yeah, sorry,” said the girl.

Andrew gave his excuse. “I’m just a visitor and a little lost right now.”

“Get changed! We are about to begin!” said the instructor.

The girl went to the locker room with no questions asked. Andrew just stood there. “This seems very inappropriate right now. I need to leave,” said Andrew.

The instructor placed her hands on her hips. “Let me guess... you don’t have your stuff.”

“You could say that yes, but I promised that I will be back with no issues

tomorrow.”

“That is fine; I’ll just let the office know,” she said. “In the meantime, you can have a seat on the benches!”

Rather than argue with the woman as he felt like he had been doing constantly for the last few minutes, he went to the benches with the backpack. He watched as the instructor started to gather the girls and give instructions on exercises. To kill time, he got out his cellphone. He figured his phone must have reset because most of the apps he used on a daily basis were no longer on the phone, all text messages were deleted, and there was no call log. He tried calling Shannon’s number again, but it showed that it was disconnected yet again. There seemed to be no service on the phone at the time, so he couldn’t even go on a web browser or try to sign into any social media apps. Confused, he turned his attention to other things. Although not his personal property, he had to occupy his time with something since watching teen girls work out seemed a little creepy. The bag had some basic ideas such as note pads, an extra shirt, pencils, and some zipped bag that he didn’t bother to open.

His time from his cellphone was occasionally interrupted by glancing up at the girls doing physical activity in the gym. He admired their youthfulness and energy, reminding himself that he should probably start working out more often himself. A few times, he noticed some of the girls glaring over at him and whispering things to themselves but didn’t see them laughing. Most seemed confident having an adult male stranger in gym class. After the session was over, Andrew grabbed the backpack with the intention of dropping it off at the office. In the hallway, he was stopped by a familiar looking boy.

“Hey...” said the boy.

Andrew could tell he was nervous for some reason. Maybe kids at the school did have problems with strangers after all. “Hi, what can I do for you?”

“...Ummm...” Many thoughts ran through the boy’s mind, but he got to the point. “Sorry about earlier, I’m not usually like that.”

“Oh yeah. You are the guy who let me borrow the pencil. So you are saying you aren’t usually friendly?”

The boy laughed lightly as a sign of relief knowing they were open. “No, I mean like shy. My name is Caleb by the way.”

“Cool, I’m just here for a short while but if you didn’t catch it earlier my name is Andrew.”

“That’s a pretty name.”

Andrew gave the boy a look of disgust, slightly shocked that he would say something like that. Apparently, people at this school were very open about their sexuality, although he found it very odd that a boy would say something like that to an adult male.

“Okay, have a good day...” Andrew replied as he walked down another hallway as fast as he could to ditch Caleb.

Down the hall, Andrew was stopped again by a teacher standing outside of a door greeting students in the hallway. “Hey! Where are you going?”

“Oh, hello there. I was doing a guest lecture at one of the classes earlier. Found someone’s backpack so taking it to the office for lost and found.”

The teacher, who was a woman in her early 40s and slightly heavy-set laughed at her. “You’ll do very well one stage at as a comedienne one day. Now get in here!”

“Excuse me?”

“Class starts in two minutes!” she said pointing at her watch.

Without further arguing, Andrew followed her instructions.

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“You fucked it up, didn’t you?” asked Wheat who had met up with Caleb.

“I tried man... but ....” said Caleb without finishing his sentence.

“But they seemed cool right?”

“Yeah, friendly and everything just acting a little weird, and I’m not sure why they were dressed like that.”

“Still, just try again tomorrow. At least there is someone different sitting new to you in class.”

“True. But surprised on why someone would switch classes in May.

---

Back in class, Andrew had a difficult time paying attention to anything the teacher was babbling about. This was some type of AP English & Literature class or something based on the context. Why had he been dragged into this? He kept eyeing the door and window and any other type of possible escape route but knew the authoritative teacher would say something if he tried to make a move. The visit to the school had been a complete disaster. Mrs. Pierce was probably wondering where he was, but it seemed odd that she didn’t bother to send him any texts or call him. On his cell phone, when he was able to check it, the lack of e-mails also seemed disturbing. Interaction with other people in the class was minimal. Although he did notice some stares from some wondering why he was in the class.

The 2:30 pm bell couldn’t have rung any sooner. Andrew quickly made his way to the office which had been the goal for hours now. Nothing could stop him. Some random people in the halls tried talking to him, but he ignored them and kept making his way to his destination. The office was very busy with some parents sitting down in the lobby and some students getting things from the receptionists. The same one he saw earlier in the day was there and greeted him, “Hi, may I help you?”

“I’m ready to check out... And I found some girl’s backpack.”

The receptionist looked at him strangely. “Where did you find this?”

“In the classroom, I went to lecture.”

“You checked in near the beginning of the day!”

“Yes, I know, it’s been a long day, and people kept inviting me to be part of their classes for some reason.”

The receptionist checked Andrew’s files on the computer. Some info starting to become blurry, confusing the receptionist who had a long day herself. She took her hand and waved, “Oh, don’t worry about it...”

“I’m sorry?” he asked confused.

“You can keep the backpack...”

“I don’t feel that’s the right thing to do.... But thanks,” he replied after signing out with he intention of donating it to some school supply service once he left.

The halls were becoming lighter in volume as many students found their way to the bus or parent pick-up locations. Meanwhile, he went to visitor parking. Most cars that were left there appeared to belong to teachers since he assumed only a small percentage of students at the high school had driver’s license.

Looking around, he could not find his car. He remembered it being parked on the back lane next to a tree but it was gone. Scrambling, he looked for his car keys to maybe hit the alarm to make a sound happen to find it, but he couldn’t even find his keys in his pockets or the backpack. Starting to frantic, he thought of going to the office and letting them know how car may have been stolen. Considering his prior experience for the day, he instead decided to call for help. However, a surprise hit his eyes when he saw a text message notification as soon as he got the phone out of his pocket.

*I’m here!*

The number did not have a contact name attached to it. He opened the app to see it was the first message sent from the number. He sent a reply:

*Who is this? Where is my car!?"*

Seconds later:

*Come to the right side of the main building!*

Without arguing, he hurried his way to the right side which he passed earlier. There, he saw a single car by itself. Assuming this was the person texting him, he went over and saw that the driver was a woman in her late 30s or early 40s.

"There you are!" she said. The woman appeared to be well dressed and had long dark brown hair.

"Hey..." The sight of the woman made Andrew's mind start going in many directions. He was confused. Somehow, he thought he had seen her before somewhere. In another way, he felt like this was a complete stranger. And what was happening with the car? Oh, now this made sense in his mind. He had called an Uber driver! "Thanks," he continued.

"How was your day?" she asked as she pulled out of the parking lot.

"Don't get me started," he complained.

"It couldn't have been that bad."

"I just want to go home."

"Don't worry; we'll be there soon."

During the ride home, Andrew and the driver engaged in more small talk. He learned that her name was Jessica, she worked a corporate job at a real estate company, and her husband was a mortgage lender. She seemed like an



amiable person, and the conversation seemed like one of the most natural ones to occur that day since he had been mostly socializing with teenagers earlier in the day and some adults that seemed clueless.

Jessica pulled into the driveway and stopped the car completely turning off the engine which confused Andrew.

“Crap. I forgot there was something I needed to grab at the office before coming back here!”

Jessica ignored him and got out of the car, grabbing her bag.

“Did you hear me? I forgot some things at the office. We need to go back. Plus, where is my car?”

“Are you feeling okay?” she asked. “I know you’ve had a long day, but I don’t think it should affect your memory.”

The term memory seemed to affect Andrew’s mind as he began feeling numb all over and instead followed Jessica who had her keys out walking towards the door. He wondered what she was doing going into his house.

Entering the home, Andrew noticed that it was more decorated than it was when he had left. Some of the new furnishings were still there though. Maybe Jessica was also an interior designer that his girlfriend had hired. Still, nothing seemed to make sense.

Andrew noticed some toys on the living room floor which made no sense considering he didn’t have kids and it was rare that some even visited the house from his family. He felt nauseous and ran to the nearest bathroom. Things in his stomach didn’t feel right, and he bent over to throw up. After vomiting, he sat down on the toilet and noticed that his penis looked much shorter than before. His forehead seemed very hot. Trying not to get any attention from the decorator. He made his way to his bedroom and didn’t pay attention to any surroundings as he fell on the bed into a deep coma-like sleep.

---

“Can you hurry and get up!” Andrew heard from a familiar voice.

He still felt like shit. Tummy ache, dizziness, fatigue. There was no way he was going to be able to make it into work today. The fact that this strange woman was still in his house was not a top concern at the moment. His chest itched and the hair tickling his nose was nerve wrecking. He threw the stuffed panda bear that was beside him to the floor in order to cover up and get more sleep.

Ten minutes later, he heard Jessica’s voice again. “I’m serious!”

“I don’t feel good,” he responded.

“Oh, this again! Come on and get your little butt up!”

Andrew reached for his phone and was so dizzy he didn’t realize that it was no incased in a pink glittery object. The time was 7:16 am. He tried unlocking the screen lock, but the image of two blurry people, one of who was definitely some girl didn’t work.

“Come on missy!”

“FINE!” he responded throwing off his bedding. He was still wearing the same clothes he fell asleep in, but they appeared to be baggy. As usual, when waking up before a long hard day at the office, he made his way to the bathroom. For some reason, the bathroom was brighter and more decorated with a ton of bottles and jars among other things on the counter. He felt like something was wrong. Looking in the mirror, he noticed he was much shorter and skinner with more smoother skin and longer hair. He had not been this short since he was about 13 or so. Stepping on the scale, he noticed he was only about 110lbs. What was happening? Had he contracted a disease? Stripping naked, his penis was still intact, but it was probably about an inch or so. More disturbing was the fact that there had been some breast growth over night. It looked like he had gained weight in that department but it was more of man-boob status than anything else. He made a mental note to

contact not only the office but also a doctor.

In the shower, he put some red glittery liquid soap on a loofah to wash down his hairless body and used shampoo that smelled like kiwi just to try and get ready for the persistent woman who was yelling at him. After grabbing a towel, he headed back to his bedroom and started going through some of his drawers.

This made sense now. The reason why the top drawer contained a bunch of bras and panties. The fact that his room had changed, and the fact that the woman was still there made sense now. In order to gain some more money, he had rented out his house to people and was in fact just staying there until he could save up for the multi-million dollar condo he knew he would be able to afford once he received his promotion.

Surely there had to be some of his stuff still there. He found some white boyshorts and slide them up his hairless legs properly hugging his butt and concealing his small penis. Next, he found a pair of khakis that looked small although would go along with his new body size. There was a polo in the closet that would work well although the fabric against his nipples felt weird. Sliding on some black flats, he noticed his feet were also much smaller as the shoes were so tiny.

Andrew made his way downstairs. He heard some noise in the kitchen and decided to examine what was happening. At the kitchen table was a girl about 10 or 11 years old playing a game on an iPad and a boy about eight years old eating cereal. Jessica was busy packing two lunches.

“Nice of you to join us,” Jessica said sarcastically.

“Yeah, I’m just to grab something to eat and get on my way.”

“How?” Jessica laughed.

“Oh yeah, that’s right... My car! Did you find out what happened to it?”

“You are funny...” she said.

“Eww,” said the girl at the table.

“Excuse me?” asked Andrew.

The girl just laughed.

“Weird...” he responded.

“Don’t worry, I’ll give you another ride,” said Jessica.

“Thanks!”

---

“Are you sure this is the right way?” asked Andrew from the passenger seat.

Jessica took a sip of her coffee while driving in order to relax from the tension that had been going on the entire morning. “Yes... the same place you have been before.”

“Something doesn’t feel right though,” said Andrew.

Jessica pulled into the student drop-off point of the high school. A clue came to Andrew’s mind as he saw the building. “Jeez, this place again! Ugh, the presentation!”

“You’ll do fine sweetie!” said Jessica as Andrew got his pink backpack and headed toward the building.

---

Walking down the hall, Andrew started making his way to Mrs. Fountaine’s classroom but was stopped by a blonde girl waving her hands erratically while smiling. Andrew recognized the girl as one of the ones that was in the gym class from yesterday.

“Hey!!!” the girl yelled out.

“Hi,” Andrew responded not wanting too much interaction.

“Oh god, rough morning?”

“I guess you could say that,” he responded.

“I’d say. Geez, did your dad dress you?”

“No, why would he do that?”

“You usually dress a lot better than this!”

Andrew thought the girl was being a little snobby but seemed friendly in the same way. “I have to get going.”

“... Are you sure you are feeling alright?”

“Yeah, I just need to get to the class to give my presentation. Oh NO! My laptop! I forgot it!”

“Now I know you must be feeling odd,” the girl responded.

“I’ll talk to you later Hailee.”

“Fine, see you at lunch,” she said.

Wait, how did he know her name? Andrew continued his way down to the class but was stopped once again. This time by another familiar face that he knew the name of.

“Hey!” said Caleb who was dressed a little nicer than the day before and was wearing a strongly scented cologne.

“Hi,” said Andrew as he continued to walk.

“I just wanted to say sorry about yesterday if I seemed weird or anything.”

Andrew stopped walking and turned to face Caleb causing his increasingly long hair to sway. "It's okay!"

"I just get nervous when sometimes talking to someone like you."

The statement sent a type of emotion through Andrew's brain. At first, it was confusing and even offensive, but another part made him adapt to the situation. Having a partial identity crisis, Andrew responded, "It's really okay. I get kinda nervous and confused here too."

Caleb smiled which made Andrew feel more comfortable. "I would love to chat with you more. I know we have to get to our classes but can I maybe text you later?"

Andrew paused before giving him his number, "Yeah, it's 555..." He said as he continued blurting out his number, which was different from the one he had memorized before.

---

"You got his number!" screamed Kelli who he had been talking with in class. They both continued to walk down the hall after class was over even though Andrew was wondering why he still wasn't asked to do his presentation.

"Yeah, I don't know what the big deal is."

"Okay hot shot!" Kelli joked. The teenage girl was well dressed and had her auburn hair slightly curled. She as well had criticized Andrew's poor fashion choices and the fact that his hair was messy. She wondered how she got the cute guy's number looking like that but wanted to help her. "You are coming with me right now."

Andrew felt the girl's soft hand grab her's as he was rushed through the hallway, making the final destination a door with a stick figure with a skirt on. Entering the female bathroom of a high school made Andrew feel like he was going to get arrested, but in another way felt like he had to follow the

commands of his new friend. Kelli pulled him to the mirror. “Did you bring anything with you today?”

“I don’t think so,” he answered.

“Oh god, this is a first.”

Kelli proceeded to get out some lipgloss and after telling him to hold still started putting the strawberry scented material on his lips. She then proceeded to start braiding his long brown hair after brushing it. Andrew watched in horror as the feminization unfolded before his eyes, but did not fight or question her. Instead, the side braided pony tail seemed to look much neater than his unbrushed hair. Before leaving, Andrew announced that he had to go and entered a stall pulling down his pants and sitting down to urinate. Something about the situation felt weird along with the increasing itchiness on his chest.

---

“How was school sweetie?” Jessica asked as Andrew got into the car after school, this time having the little girl and boy in the back seat.

Andrew smiled, showcasing the braces that had appeared suddenly after eating lunch. “Great! My Kelli and Hailee helped me with those problems this morning and Caleb gave me his number?”

“Oh! Who is Caleb?” Jessica said as she pulled away.

“Sarah has a boyfriend!” teased the girl in the back seat.

“Who is Sarah?” asked Andrew.

---

Once arriving home, Andrew made his way back up to his room and threw the pink backpack down to the floor. Now with a clear mind, he could see how his new room was decorated. The dresser had a ton of jewelry and

perfume bottles on top of it. To get a better glimpse, he went up to it and sprayed some bottle on his neck exposing a floral scent. Seemed like something his ex-girlfriend would wear but she was quickly becoming a faded memory in his mind. Looking at some of the jewelry, he saw a few necklaces, bracelets, earrings, and rings. He picked up one that had “Sarah” written on it and stared at it in awe. Something about the necklace made sense. Out of curiosity, he put it on his neck. As a man, he had never worn a necklace but somehow knew how to put this on correctly. He looked in the mirror, and things clicked. **SHE** remembered things about being **SARAH**. Flashbacks of **HER** growing up as a little girl came to her mind. Being a ballerina when she was 8. The birth of her younger siblings. Getting fitted for her first bra. Having her first period. It started making sense.

She somehow remembered buying the boy band posters that hung on the walls and having a crush on Liam especially sharing her first kiss by making out with the poster which is why part of it was faded.

The pictures in frames of dancing with her friends, wearing a bikini at the pool and doing horseback riding started to make sense, but another part of her still felt confused. She walked to the full-length mirror that stood by the vanity.

*Ugh, these pants are so ugly, and the top did nothing for my body.*

She stripped down and wondered why she was wearing shorts underneath rather than the cute underwear her parents gave her money for. She went to the top drawer and picked out a purple thong, sliding it up her smooth legs and hugging the small penis that was still there. It hugged in between her butt just like it had felt a thousand times before.

Picking out a bra, she opted for a light blue demi-cup bra. Sliding it onto her thin arms, it hugged her developing chest as she hooked the back of it. In the mirror, she watched as her breasts slowly grew to a healthy B-cup. She smiled as she gave a slight jiggle while pulling on her side pony tail. To get more comfortable, she looked through the dresser in order to find some yoga pants. The black ones with the pink zebra print on the waist fit her very well. In her closet, she found a T-shirt with slimly cut shoulder sleeves that had



“Forever Princess” written on the front, accenting her necklace and small cleavage. Walking into the bathroom, she stepped on the scale again and saw that her 5’1” body was now only 98lbs. Happy with the weight loss she walked back into her room and examined her body more. She looked at her butt and knew she wanted it to be a little bit bigger. Maybe it was time to eat some more of those chocolate bars from Mino Mills she thought to herself. Suddenly, she turned her attention to her bed where she had thrown her phone since it gave a text message chime.

She saw on the notifications screen that it said:

*Caleb: Hiiii with a lot of emojis.*

Excited, she quickly unlocked the screen and replied:

*Hey :)*

The conversation continued as Caleb was more open about himself than in person. Somehow texting was a lot easier. Sarah laid on her bed eagerly awaiting his next text messages with her legs crossed in the air and still playing with her side braided pony tail. In between the messages, she was texting her new BFFs who were excited that she had found a new guy.

It continued until both said they needed a minute for dinner.



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“You seem a lot happier today,” said Caleb’s mom at the dinner table.

“Yes...”

“Any reason why?” asked Caleb’s dad.

“I met this girl at school.”

“Oh? Who is she?” asked his mom.

“Her name is Andr... Sarah?”

His dad was confused by his improper grammar usage. “Anne Sarah? Those girls with two names are always special.”

“Just Sarah...” Caleb said now remembering.

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“You weren’t so sick after all, were you?” asked Sarah’s mom.

Sarah tried to answer while scarfing down her pork chops. “I’m feeling better.”

Her dad smiled at her, “I haven’t seen you eat this fast in a while.”

“I have things to do upstairs,” said Sarah.

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The next day at school, Sarah was wearing a skater dress with boots. Her hair was nicely curled on the sides, and she wore heavy eye makeup with bright red lips. The previous night, she had painted both her finger nails and toe nails further adding to her feminization. According to her texts with Caleb late until bedtime, they planned to meet before class.

Unlike times prior, she smiled brightly at the sight of him in the hallway.

“Good morning,” he said as he approached her, still unsure on whether to hug her or not.

Sarah wished he did, but still stood there waiting for something. “Hey!”

“I had the best time chatting with you last night.”

“Me too!” said Sarah.

The two continued walking down the hallway with some people staring at them. They enjoyed each other’s conversation as it ranged from interests to current events happening around in their own universe.

Out of the corner of her eye, Sarah noticed a post for the upcoming Spring formal for first-year students and sophomore students which was to be held two weeks from next Friday. Something in her mind remembered talking about it with her friends but not having a date. Even though she was still getting to know him, she wondered if Caleb would ask her to the dance.

As she walked into the classroom, Caleb looked down at her butt and noticed some visible panty lines under her dress. He knew he was going to have a hard time not only in his pants but also having one not staring at her boobs

from the seat next to her.

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“He’s just so nice and has a lot going for him!”

“Wow,” never would have guessed said Kelli at the lunch table. The girls had been gossiping at bout boy sin between conversations of movies coming out and some plans for summer.

“Yeah, he seemed a little shy before even though like he is well known around school,” said a red-headed girl at the table.

“I know he’s going to ask me...”

“Already?” asked Hailee.

“It’s just something I’m feeling. Something inside me that feels like this is right and this is how things are supposed to be.”

“Awww!” the teen girls said in unison.

After lunch, Sarah made her way to the bathroom with her friends. She had some bad indigestion thanks to the cafeteria food. Once in a stall, she hiked up her dress and pulled down her panties to sit down on the toilet. Her micropenis was still there, but barely recognizable along with her testicles which were about the size of a BB gun pellet. Once finishing her business, she did what came naturally and reached for some toilet paper to wipe herself. As the toilet paper went on to her groin, what was left of her penis turned to mush. The testicles became some sort of puss and after finishing wiping Sarah was left with her new vagina, flushing what was left of her masculinity down the toilet. She didn’t think anything odd of what she saw going down the drain other than there must be some weird stuff going on inside her body.

She shouted from the stall to her friends, “I think my period is about to start. Does anyone have a tampon?”

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With Kelli in the room, the girls shared space as they started to get ready, applying primer to their eyes before going for a smokey eyeshadow look. Sarah's makeup skills had drastically improved over the last few weeks thanks looking at tutorials on YouTube and a lot of practice. She received compliments that she looked a little older than 14 when she wore immaculate makeup that complimented her face. The ladies gossiped about their dates as they applied moisturizer and other creams to their face. Sarah noticed her face looking more doll-like and smooth as concealer was applied with a brush under her eyes and on her cheeks.

Her earrings were visible in the mirror. She bought the two-inch hoop earrings for this special occasion since it would be her first high school dance. Kelli proceeded to take pictures of them getting ready although said she would only post a selfie once they were finished. Both of the girl's nails had been professionally done the day before at a nail salon.

An eyelash curler was used on their eyes before applying mascara. Wearing this was one of Sarah's favorites as it made her eyes pop out along with her dark brown hair. Her lips became incredibly feminine with the help of some lipgloss accenting her white teeth which were a massive improvement over the coffee-stained ones she had as an adult male.

Once the makeup was complete, they went on to start working on their hair. She extended her slender arms in the air to put her hair in a pony tail. It was up very high, and she started curling her hair in separate sections using small pieces. Letting it cool down, she took out the tie and let it fall pushing her soft hair up adding volume. A few twists around her ears added a girly, youthful look.

After taking off her PINK hoodie and shirt, she changed into a strapless bra. Being naked in front of her female friends was a very natural thing as the girls changed clothes pretty often in front of each other. The dress she picked out with her mom the week prior was a light blue strapless dress that showed just enough leg and cleavage to be age-appropriate. Beading accented her natural curves, and she loved the way the fabric felt against her shaved legs.

While confident with her body the biggest thing she told her friend about that made her nervous was the fact that she knew she was going to share her first kiss with Caleb that night and maybe become official boyfriend and girlfriend.

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One month later after school had ended, Sarah found herself at her boyfriend Caleb's house in a very well-to-do neighborhood. Looking down at the scale in the bathroom, she was happy to see she had gained 10lbs which was her goal weight. Thanks to eating some certain foods and doing squats, the weight gain went in just the right places causing her to grow to a small C-cup and having a much more plump butt which was prominent in the reflection in the mirror. The small blue and pink floral bikini hugged her butt cheeks just right, and the tie in the back of her top showed more skin that her mom would probably allow. She took a selfie in the mirror to snap to friends saying, "pool time."

Sarah made her way out of the bathroom as her side braided pony tail hung over her shoulder. Her hair had gotten a little lighter since summer began. Out on the patio, she noticed Caleb was smiling playing a game in the large pool with their friends. Caleb's parents were on lounge chairs relaxing with some cocktails. She made her way to the pool and just got her put her legs in admiring the temperature and how much of a great day it was. Caleb started swimming closer to her and put his wet hands on her thighs. He noticed they had gotten a little bigger over the last few weeks, not that there were any complaints since she still had a nice gap in some of those pics she was sending him in her tight shorts or bikinis. He could see himself in the reflection of Sarah's white sunglasses. She smiled and leaned in knowing what was going to happen. His lips were a little cold and wet, but soon warmed up at the touch of their teenage attraction. There wasn't anyone else she thought about dating and knew they were a great match. Freshman year at high school had been an interesting year, but she was looking forward to things to come especially after finding an amazing boyfriend right at the end of the school year. They continued to make out but stopped sooner than they wanted to since they knew Caleb's parents were watching.



“They sure do like each other,” said Caleb’s dad.

His mom smiled, “Yes, I’m so happy for them.”

Caleb’s dad responded, “Glad he got over that shyness. That was going to hurt him throughout the years.”

“It just took a special girl...” she said as she checked e-mails on her phone.

“Honey, are you going to put that phone down and relax for once this weekend?”

She took a sip of her Piña Colada and smiled at her husband. “You know me. Things have just been very hectic around the office.”

He leaned back knowing this was going to lead into a boring story about his wife’s work life, although he strongly admired how determined she was about her career. Part of the reason why they were successful.

“We are finally making some progress. The lady we hired to take over that supervisor of the product specialty position has done a wonderful job ensuring the merger is a success in the community’s eyes.”

“That’s great honey. But let’s please just enjoy the weekend. You can do all of this on Monday.”

She smiled, “I’m excited. Things are so much better than they were last month.”

“It will only get better,” he responded as he glimpsed into the pool to see his son with Sarah on top of his shoulder’s in the water, laughing, being happy, and acting youthful.

***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 a positive review!

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