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BLONDIE'S LOST SUMMER

**Story by KK – Illustrations by Fraylim
A Crossed Fiction Story**



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“So that’s about the size of it, dude,” Carl Hutchens said, setting down his soda. “My grandmother has a stroke right in the middle of my parents’ big divorce, they read her will, and suddenly getting custody of me is the most important thing in the universe for both of them.”

It was Carl’s last chance to see his friends for a while. School was out, and he was heading south for the summer. They guys had gotten together for a loose game of basketball, and to tell stories about how great their summer was going to be.

Of all of them, Carl’s story was definitely the most interesting.

“Sounds like a real mess,” his best friend Brad said sympathetically. “She really left you a quarter million dollars?”

“For when I turn eighteen,” Carl sighed. “Whole lot of good that does me now. A year is going to seem like forever, and in the meanwhile, whoever has custody of me gets access to the money. They’re battling it out in court right now. Pretty ugly.” Carl hadn’t been there for the reading, but he could imagine the scene it had caused when the lawyer turned over the custody clause in the will. His father, who he only saw a few times per year, had probably nearly





jumped out of his skin with the news that there was a quarter million in it for him if he could win custody of Carl from his wife, who had not exactly provided a stable home for Carl, what with a string of less-than-upstanding boyfriends.

“Hey, at least you get to go to Florida for the summer,” Brad said. “Look on the bright side. Jason was down there checking out schools, and he says the babes there are smoking hot.”

Jason, Brad’s older brother, was a hometown football star heading for a full-ride scholarship at a big university. He’d been Carl’s sporting idol for as long as he could remember. Even if Carl didn’t have the build for football, he still watched whenever he had the chance. Much more, Jason was a total lady-killer. Both Carl and Brad had heard enough of his exploits to last a lifetime.

“Is that where he’s been?” Carl shrugged his shoulders. “The three of us never hang out anymore.”

“Well, you know, he’s graduated now and he thinks he’s hot stuff,” Brad chuckled, but it was easy to detect a hint of jealousy in his voice. “Anyways, you’re going to be picking up hot chicks for the next three months while your parents are up here duking it out. And if I remember it right, your aunt Kat is smoking hot, too!”

“Yeah, dude, but she’s my aunt,” Carl said. “I can’t wait to hit the beach and see all those babes in their bikinis, though. How many do you think I can bag in three months?” They both laughed, and Carl ran his hand through his floppy brown hair, looking pleased with himself. Both friends were typically horny teen guys, though their “conquests” thus far had been greatly exaggerated.

Brad was tall and broad-shouldered with a muscular build and wavy hair, taking after his big brother, whereas Carl was pretty short and slim. But, with his baby-blue eyes and charming smile, he didn't let that stop him from hitting on every attractive girl in his field of vision.

"All this legal stuff will blow over before you know it, dude," Brad said encouragingly. "You're a lucky dog, spending vacation in Florida. And I'll be sure to call, alright?"

"Sounds like a deal," Carl laughed. "Here's to hot chicks and a great summer!" He raised his soda and Brad did the same.

Divorce or no, Carl wasn't going to let the whole messed-up situation with his parents get him down, not when there were Florida beaches to enjoy and hot babes in bikinis to ogle! He could hardly wait...



Katherine Wethers smiled and waved as she caught her sight of her nephew Carl stepping out of his terminal. She hadn't seen him for a few years, but fortunately he hadn't changed much. He was still slender and slightly small for his age, with cute blue eyes. Thankfully, he'd let his hair grow out a bit and didn't have that awful buzz-cut hairstyle any longer.

One thing, however, was definitely different. Carl's libido was in control. He completely ignored her waving, caught up as he was talking to a cute blonde girl of about his age. She watched as they exchanged telephone numbers, and then frowned slightly at the obvious way Carl watched the girl's swaying butt in her tight white short shorts as she sashayed away towards the luggage carousel. Running a hand through his hair, Carl grinned and sauntered over at last.

"Hey, Aunt Kat," he said. "What's up?"

"Good to see you, sweetie," she smiled. "Who's that lovely young lady you were speaking to?"

"Just some chick or whatever," Carl bragged. "Typical dumb blonde, she almost got on the wrong flight. What a great pair of tits, though – and that ass!"

"Yes, you made it pretty obvious you were impressed with her bottom," Aunt Kat said, one eyebrow raised. "You seem to be taking after your father in that respect."

"Aw, come on," Carl said, switching over to his puppy-dog eyes. "I know girls check guys out the same way! Besides, you can tell exactly what she's goin' after in those tight little shorts." He grinned lecherously at the thought of what was waiting underneath. He could hardly wait to call her up!

"And where is your luggage?" Aunt Kat asked, deciding to change the subject.

"Oh, some kind of mix-up," Carl sighed. "They put it on the wrong plane, if you can believe it. Hopefully it turns up by tomorrow. I've only got the clothes on my back for now."

"Oh, don't worry," Aunt Kat said with a smile. "I'm sure it will show up right away. Shall we get going?"



Carl flipped his sunglasses on, rolled his passenger side window down, and enjoyed the ride from the airport as much as he could. Palm trees and skimpy-dressed girls everywhere... this was paradise! The weather was perfect for hitting the beach. Maybe he would even run into a few pals he'd made a couple years back.

The only old friend he absolutely didn't want to see was Miranda. He'd met her the last time he visited Aunt Kat and had hit it off. She was hot, to be sure, but she hadn't quite filled out. Carl had led her on, telling her they were a couple, but in the end cheated on her with a bustier chick. He fervently hoped he wasn't going to see her on the beach, but then again, she'd probably forgiven him by now. Girls were stupid like that.

"Baby!" Carl exclaimed, leering out the window as a truly beautiful brunette jogged past. He wolf-whistled loudly, prompting his Aunt to hit the power control to roll his window up.

"You're embarrassing me," she said sternly. "Haven't you ever seen a pretty girl before?"

"Hey, I was watching that," Carl joked. He peeked over at his Aunt as her gaze returned to the road. The view inside was just as good! He felt a little pervy checking out his own aunt, but it was hard not to. She had beautiful brown hair and was completely stacked, with the kind of figure most women her age would kill for. Carl could never remember how much younger she was than his mother, but it had to be by quite a bit.

"Eyes off the merchandise, Carl," Aunt Kat said dryly. "I guess I should have known this would happen to you eventually, what with your father being the horn-dog he is."

"Sorry," Carl said, blushing a little. He hadn't meant to get caught checking her out. He returned his attention to looking out the window as they drove toward Kat's condominium. It was near enough to the beach that he would be able to walk over. Carl grinned to himself in anticipation of calling up the girl from the airport for a swim. That was a body that deserved to be shown off!

Almost as soon as they arrived at the condo, Carl was digging his swim trunks out of his bag. The sun on his face felt great, and before long he was going to have a bit of a tan going on.

"The guest bedroom looks a little different from your last visit here," Aunt Kat informed him, opening the door. "I was putting up a friend's daughter for her first year of university, and, well, she definitely left her mark on it. Hope you don't mind." She stepped aside and Carl viewed the room he would be staying in for the next three months for the first time. His eyebrows raised immediately. It had a pink carpet, frilly curtains, a makeup table, vanity, two large mir-

rors, and a walk-in wardrobe. There were even a few posters of boy-bands on the walls.

"It's way pink," Carl said, making a mental note to take the posters down as soon as possible. There was no way he was inviting a chick back to this pad, but maybe that was what Aunt Kat had had in mind. No big deal, he thought. The real action on the beach was under the boardwalk...

"Yeah, sorry," Aunt Kat said, without sounding terribly apologetic. "Now, you're probably itching to hit the beach. I'll let you get changed."

"Heck yeah," Carl laughed. "Are you going to come?" He certainly wouldn't mind seeing her body in a bikini – she really knew how to take care of herself.

"I'll pass," Aunt Kat said. "Let me find you some sunscreen, though. Your skin looks nice, and it would be a shame to burn."

"So long as I can still get a good tan," Carl said. She left the room and Carl, after setting down his bag, checked out the drawers and closet. There was way more space than he would ever need, but, more interestingly...

"Wow," Carl muttered. "I'd love to get a load of some cute little hottie wearing these." He held up the extremely sexy, lacy red bikini-style panties and felt his blood flow redirecting pretty quickly. Whatever girl had been boarding with Aunt Kat must have left a few things behind in the move. If she was half as sexy as her underwear, Carl was disappointed he wouldn't get to meet her!

Putting the panties back in the drawer, Carl quickly swapped his pants for his swim-trunks and unbuttoned his only shirt, a colorful Hawaiian-style article of clothing. He frowned as he caught sight of himself in the mirror. He'd been hitting the gym with Brad, but wasn't seeing any of the same results. He was still slender without much muscle, but that wasn't what was bothering him. Carl glanced fur-tively towards the door and



opened his shirt to inspect his chest. His nipples were still itchy, and worse, the flesh around them seemed to be slightly puffier than usual.

When he came out, it was wearing his swim trunks, shades, and, once more, his baggy Hawaiian shirt.

“Why the shirt?” his aunt asked. “I thought you wanted a tan?”

“I’ll, uh, I’ll take it off when I get to the beach,” Carl said. “Thanks for the sunscreen. See you later, Aunt Kat.” He snatched up the bottle of sunscreen and his towel, then headed off for the beach and the beach bunnies sunbathing there. So what if he wasn’t quite as built as his buddies? There were tons of girls to choose from, and the Hawaiian shirt probably just made him look like a cool, relaxed kind of guy. Still, he definitely needed his lost suitcase sooner rather than later...



It was late by the time Carl dragged himself back to the condominium, exhilarated from a day on the surf. The boardwalks were teeming with cute girls and Carl had taken full advantage of the view, finding a great place to watch them wiggle past in their tiny little bikinis, strutting their stuff. He’d joined a few guys playing a game of beach volleyball and introduced himself to a few really hot babes, and when he finally took his shirt off nobody said anything about his nipples... Although he did think he caught a smirk or two between the other guys. Well, whatever – he had been killing it with the ladies. One totally stunning girl in particular, Amber, had really been warming up to him. Apparently she was the Miss Boardwalk Beauty winner three years running, whatever that meant. Carl had paid a lot more attention to her body than anything that had come out of her mouth!

“Hey, Aunt Kat, I’m home!” Carl called loudly, letting himself in with the key she’d put in his bag.

“I could tell from the stomping,” Aunt Kat said crossly, appearing in her nightie. Carl did his best not to wolf-whistle. She looked like a wet dream in that little scrap of fabric. God, why did she have to be his aunt?

“Sorry,” Carl said sheepishly. “It got later than I realized.”

“What did you do for supper?” Aunt Kat asked. “There are some leftovers in the refrigerator. Chinese food.”

“Oh, I bought something,” Carl said with a shrug. “That’s the last of my pocket money, though. Shouldn’t have bought these shades at the airport. Anyways, I’m beat. See you in the morning.”

“Not just yet,” Aunt Kat said, frowning. “Let me look at you for a second.” Carl’s face turned red. He’d forgotten to button up his shirt again, and in the harsh kitchen lights the swelling must have looked a lot more obvious.

“What?” Carl asked defensively.

"Sweetie, it looks like you're... well... budding," Aunt Kat said, laughing. Carl grimaced.

"Look, I know," he snapped. "Not funny, dude. It's been going on for a few weeks and it's getting worse. I told my mom about it but that bitch couldn't even make the time to make me a doctor's appointment, and I didn't want to tell my dad, that's for damn sure."

"Watch your language," Aunt Kat said mildly, but she was still smiling and shaking her head. "You know how busy your mom's been with all the legal stuff. Divorcing that pig is the best decision she's ever made, between you and me."

Carl shrugged sullenly. He didn't like his dad that much either, and he knew that he'd definitely cheated on his mom before a few times, but he didn't think Aunt Kat should be talking that way about something that wasn't any of her business.

"How about this?" Aunt Kat said. "I have a great doctor here in the city. Tomorrow afternoon, you and me can go visit him. And I won't say a word about it to anybody."

"Thanks, Aunt Kat," Carl said grudgingly. "That'd take a load off my mind. I looked it up on the internet, and I think it might be called, uh, gynaecomastia. Sometimes guys get it when they go through puberty. It's not even that big a deal, I don't think."

"I'm sure it's nothing," Aunt Kat said soothingly. "Now, let's both get some sleep."

"Yeah, see you in the morning," Carl muttered. He stumbled into the guest bedroom, hardly caring at this point about the feminine décor, and was so exhausted he fell asleep in his swim trunks. What a day! And to think the summer was just getting started...



Carl only realized he'd fallen asleep in his clothes when he woke up the following morning. He remembered his missing suitcase and made a mental reminder to ask Aunt Kat if the airline had called. After finding a fluffy white towel on the foot of the bed, he made off for the shower. He used the time to think about the girl he'd met on the beach, Amber, but for some reason he wasn't getting quite as hard as he usually did. Maybe it was because it just felt weird to be doing it in someone else's shower!

The bathroom held a dizzying array of shampoos and conditioners, but Carl saw that two had been pushed forward from the rest and so he used those. The floral scent wasn't what he'd had in mind, but his hair certainly seemed to have some shine to it when he dried it.

Once he exited the bathroom with his towel around his waist, he realized that his clothes were nowhere to be found. The same went for his swim trunks and Hawaiian shirt! Frowning down at the nubs on his chest, which had been tin-

gling annoyingly in the shower, Carl covered them with one arm and slouched into the kitchen.

"Hey, where are my clothes?" he demanded, seeing Aunt Kat seated at the table with a bowl of granola.

"I tossed them in the laundry," Aunt Kat said innocently. "They were a little smelly."

"Well, what am I supposed to wear?" Carl asked sharply. "Unless... did the airline call? About my suitcase?"

"Not yet," Aunt Kat said. "I'm sure they'll find it soon. In the meantime, you can't come to the doctor's office in a towel. Hmm..." She gave him an appraising up and down look. "I'll think of something after breakfast," she said. "Here, have some yogurt."

Carl sat down reluctantly in his towel and looked at the meager breakfast that was laid out. Granola, half a grapefruit, and a tiny cup of unsweetened yogurt. He guessed he should have figured this was what Aunt Kat had to eat to maintain that awesome figure. He still felt hungry when he was finished and made a mental note to buy some real food as soon as possible. Except... The rest of his money was in the suitcase.

"Ugh," Carl muttered. "That lousy airline is lucky I don't sue."

"That's definitely your mother coming out," Aunt Kat remarked. "Here. Vitamins." She held out a pair of small yellow pills in the palm of her hand, orange juice in the other. Carl recognized them immediately.

"You and my mom both, huh?" Carl laughed. "She's been on this crazy health kick lately. I have to take them like, every morning."

"Well, have you gotten sick?" Aunt Kat asked.

"Not once," Carl admitted. "But I mean, I have a pretty good immune system anyways..."

"That's what they all say," Aunt Kat sniffed. "As a matter of fact, just about everyone I know takes a vitamin supplement in the mornings. Health is very important around here. People like to take care of themselves."

"They have to," Carl grinned. "Nobody wants to see a fattie on the beach."

"True," Aunt Kat admitted. She handed him the pills. He hesitated for a second.

"I usually just take one," he said.

"Your mother," Aunt Kat sighed. "Always skimping."

"Got that right," Carl laughed. He downed both the pills and washed them down with the OJ. It tasted like it was fresh-squeezed. He smacked his lips loudly.

"It must be doing something for you," Aunt Kat said. "Your complexion is great, and your hair has some nice shine to it now. You look the picture of health."

"I try," Carl said. "Now, what am I supposed to wear, Aunt Kat?"

"I was thinking about that," Aunt Kat said slyly. "And, well, you're pretty small. I'm sure between my clothes and the things Julia left behind, we could find you something nice and unisex." Carl blanched immediately.

"Come on, girls' clothes?" he scoffed. "No thanks. I'll wait for the laundry."

"The only slot I could get is in half an hour," Aunt Kat said. "So, no."

"I'll wear them wet?" Carl suggested, but he knew he was losing this particular battle.

"Not in my car on my upholstery," Aunt Kat laughed. "Don't be a baby about it. Come on, I'll find you a nice-looking pair of pants and a shirt and nobody will know the difference."

"I'll know," Carl grumbled. He scraped out the inside of his bowl morosely while Aunt Kat disappeared into her room, then the guest room. At least he was getting his little "problem" checked out at last. He just didn't relish the idea of going to a doctor's appointment wearing a chick's clothes, particularly when he was there because he appeared to be growing boobs.

"Carl?" called Aunt Kat's voice from the guest room. "Come see what I've found!" Carl dragged himself off the kitchen stool like he was heading to the firing squad. Aunt Kat had laid out a bunch of clothes on the bed, but before he could remark on them something blue and silky flew into his face.

"Hey!" Carl exclaimed. He pulled the piece of fabric away and realized he was holding a pair of blue panties. "No way," he said. "Uh-uh. I'm not wearing these."

"Oh, come on," Aunt Kat said, rolling her eyes. "They're practically briefs. Unless you mean you wanted to wear those sexy red ones you obviously found in the drawer already." Carl blushed furiously.

"I was just looking," he exclaimed. "Not my fault she left her stuff here!"

"No, it's not," Aunt Kat said, smiling slyly. "Now, put those on and quit complaining." She made a show of covering her eyes while Carl, grumbling all the while, dropped his towel and slid the silky blue panties up his legs. The slippery fabric felt cool on his crotch, and if he was honest, not entirely bad.

"You better not tell my mom about this," Carl said firmly.

"I wouldn't dream of it," Aunt Kat said, opening her eyes. "My, you cut quite a cute figure in those panties. You'd look *really* cute with a matching bra."

"Very funny," Carl snapped. But Aunt Kat didn't seem to be laughing at him! On the contrary, she was looking him up and down appraisingly. Wait a second. Was his own aunt checking him out?

"Anyway, here are the pants I found," Aunt Kat said, holding up a pair of baggy black jeans. "I know the style is skinny jeans these days, but oh well," she said. "At least you can't accuse these of looking feminine, can you?"

"I can accuse them of being too big," Carl said, sizing them up. "Do you have something to hold them up?"

"Right here," Aunt Kat smiled, handing him a purple-pink belt. Carl looped it through the holes, confident the shirt would cover the feminine color, and found the problem partially solved. The legs were also far too long for him, though. Aunt Kat handed him the shirt next, and he blanched. It was striped purple, and he could tell from the way the buttons were on the left that it was definitely a blouse, not a shirt.

"Doesn't this girl own anything that's not pink or purple?" Carl whined, beginning to button it up reluctantly.

"Plenty of guys wear purple now," Aunt Kat admonished. "You're not the most fashion-conscious young man, are you? People down here are a little more in touch with the latest styles than they are back home, sweetie. You look fine." She blocked his hands from buttoning up the shirt all the way. "Stop, that's enough buttons."

"Really? Doesn't it look kind of..." Carl trailed off.

"It looks very trendy," Aunt Kat said. "Here's the finishing touch." She produced something from behind her back and when she was finished, Carl had a delicate pink scarf tied around his neck. "Hmm..." Aunt Kat murmured. "We should do something with your hair." She teased it out with a comb, then, nodding in satisfaction, stepped back.

"I feel stupid," Carl whined. "This is a blouse, not a shirt. And these jeans are still way too long."

"I have just the solution for that," Aunt Kat smiled triumphantly. "Here, these shoes should be perfect. They're meant to be worn with heels, see?" She handed him a pair of cork sandals, but with one major addition: a four-inch platform heel.

"Oh, no," Carl snapped. "No way. I draw the line at high heels, Aunt Kat. Are you *trying* to make me look stupid?"

"You'll only look stupid if you don't wear the whole outfit," Aunt Kat sighed. "Look, just put them on. The jeans cover the shoes, and the shoes make the jeans the proper length. See? And it's a sandal, for God's sake, not a stiletto! All it will do is make you look taller."

"Can't I just roll them up?" Carl suggested.

"And then what? Wear those ratty old falling apart sneakers?" Aunt Kat raised her eyebrows. "Just put them on, it's only a quick trip to the doctor's office. Which, might I remind you, has us penciled in for about ten minutes from now."

"Shit," Carl muttered. "Fine. Alright. I'll do it." He worked his feet into the cork sandals and stood up reluctantly, feeling a slight shift in his balance. It felt like was on stilts! Aunt Kat smiled at the full effect.

"You look great," she said. "Have a look for yourself!"

Carl clumped over to the mirror and grimaced at what he saw. Unisex, yeah right! He looked completely femmy in this get-up. Was this really what the dudes in Florida wore, or was she pulling his leg?

"You have got to be kidding me," Carl muttered, reaching for his sunglasses.

"Maybe the scarf was a bit much," Aunt Kat said sweetly. "But, no time. Get your butt into the car, or we're going to be late."



Carl didn't enjoy the ride to the doctor's office half as much as he'd enjoyed the one from the airport. He felt silly wearing some chick's girly clothes and so he slouched back in his seat for the whole time, barely scoping out the chicks at all. He didn't want any of them seeing him wearing a purple shirt, fashionable or not!

"You're being ridiculous," Aunt Kat said, when he complained again. "Look, there's a young man in a bright pink shirt right now." Carl looked out the window, and, sure enough, a muscular young man was walking down the street in a pink button-up, with his arm around the waist of a very pretty girl.

"I guess," Carl said grudgingly, but he had the feeling he didn't look half as manly in his current get-up as that gym rat did.

The doctor's office was an ultra-cool, ultra-modern clinic with glass doors and plasma screens in the air-conditioned waiting room. Aunt Kat checked them in using a screen by the door, then led him over to some cushy seats. Carl couldn't help but notice the clicking noise his new shoes made on the tiles, and apparently so did the one other woman waiting there. She looked up, smiled briefly, and returned to her magazine. Huh. Maybe it wasn't as bad as he'd thought – maybe the unisex look really was "in" down here.

Just then, a gorgeous nurse in a tight white skirt stepped into the waiting room. She had a rack to die for, cradled together by the cups of her bra to create enticing cleavage, and Carl didn't even hear her calling his name until his Aunt Kat nudged him.

"That's me," Carl said, standing up abruptly.

"Oh, good," the nurse said, looking him over with a smile. "Dr. Nevsky is ready to see you." To Carl's annoyance, Aunt Kat stood up as well and followed him into the doctor's office. He wasn't some little kid who needed a grown-up with him... Especially when there was a smoking hot nurse, the kind he'd thought only existed on television. The nurse took him by the arm, long nails gently scraping his skin and sending a shiver down his spine. She smiled and patted the examination table. Carl sat down, hoping he wasn't about to pop a stiffie right in front of her and Aunt Kat, as he had his blood taken. Once she'd left, Carl shook his head and let out a low whistle.

"Brad's brother was dead on about Florida," he said. "Man, I forgot how many awesome babes there are here. Everybody is in killer shape."

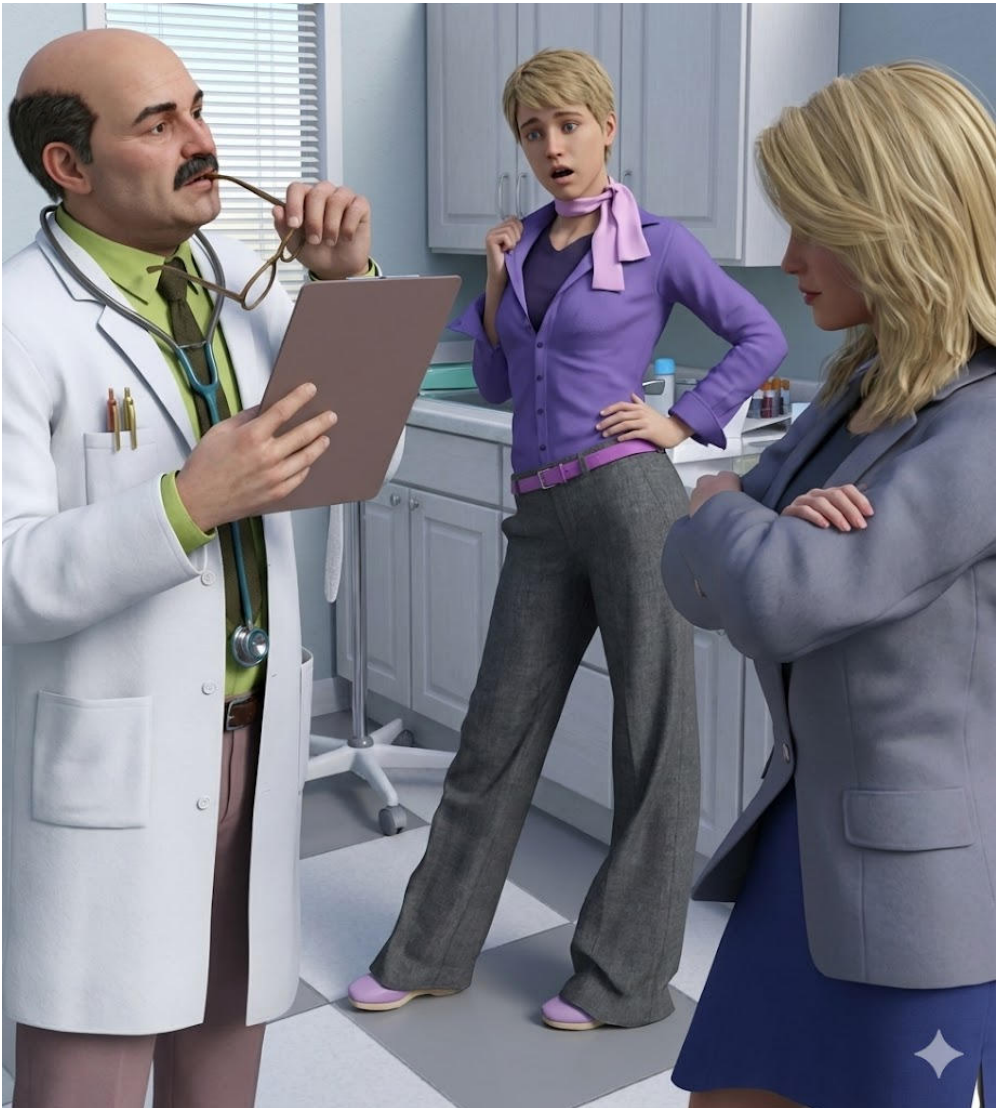
"You might want to get rid of that before Dr. Nevsky comes back," Aunt Kat said dryly. Carl looked down, horrified to realize he was sailing at half-mast. Aunt Kat giggled at his expression.

“What kind of a name is Nevsky?” Carl asked, trying to hide his embarrassment. “Is he one of these back-alley Russian doctors with a fake certificate or what? I hope he knows English.”

“Dr. Nevsky is one of the most sought-after surgeons on the West Coast, and a personal friend,” Aunt Kat said primly. “So I suggest you keep that stupid talk to yourself.”

“Wait, he’s a surgeon?” Carl frowned. “You think I’m gonna need surgery for this?”

“I’m sure you won’t,” Aunt Kat said. “But let’s leave that to the trained doctor, shall we?”



As she said it, the nurse re-entered with a tall, balding man with a heavy mustache and wire-rimmed glasses. So much for the “handsome doctor” stereotype, thought Carl.

“Hello, Kat,” the doctor said, in a thick accent. “How are you? This is Carl, yes?” Carl rolled his eyes, then went back to slyly checking out the nurse’s tits. The doctor turned to him and offered a handshake. “My name is Dr. Nevsky,” he rumbled. “I see that you are admiring my handiwork, yes?”

“Huh?” Carl tore his gaze away. “Uh, hey.” He shook hands and the doctor’s grip nearly snapped it. At least if he broke his hand, there would be an X-ray machine around... Wincing, Carl took his hand back and looked over at his aunt. This ‘sought-after’ surgeon wasn’t inspiring a whole lot of confidence!

The nurse gave Carl a cute little wave and sashayed out of the office, leaving the three of them alone.

“Now, your aunt has told me briefly of your problem,” Dr. Nevsky said. “Take off your shirt, please.” Suddenly timid, Carl reluctantly unbuttoned his borrowed blouse and let it fall to the table. “And also your, ah, how you say, your ribbon,” the doctor said, pointing to the girlish scarf still tied around his neck.

Turning deep red, Carl tore it off hastily, glaring at his aunt. She smiled apologetically back at him. Dr. Nevsky began inspecting the small lumps underneath Carl’s nipples, occasionally massaging the irritated flesh with his thumbs. To Carl’s shock and embarrassment, he could feel them hardening and tingling slightly under his touch. Next, the doctor produced a measuring tape, brusquely wrapping it around Carl’s trim waist, followed by his hips. Instead of frowning, Dr. Nevsky gave what sounded to be an approving grunt.

“Very interesting,” the doctor said. “Yes, it is as the blood test shows. You have a hormone imbalance in your blood, I am afraid.”

“Hormone imbalance?” Carl demanded. “Why? How?”

“Turn around,” Dr. Nevsky instructed. Carl didn’t like the doctor’s pushy manner, but Aunt Kat gave him an imperious nod and so he acquiesced, turning on his heel. As soon as he did, he felt a cold swab and a sharp jab of a needle.

“Ouch!” he hollered. “Hey! What’s up with *that*?”

“Hormone booster,” the doctor explained. “You will get this weekly. And make sure to also take your, ah, how do you say...” He trailed off, looking over at Aunt Kat for help. “Oh, yes,” he laughed. “Vitamins. Be sure to take your vitamins every morning. This problem should solve.”

“This quack barely knows English,” Carl hissed, resentfully rubbing his buttock as the doctor busied himself with some paperwork.

“This ‘quack’ was extremely well-respected in Europe and is already one of the top cosmetic surgeons in America,” Aunt Kat frowned. “Don’t tell me a big strong guy like you hates needles.”

“Whatever,” Carl muttered. He wasn’t about to admit it, but whatever was in the booster shot was making him feel slightly woozy. He barely even ogled the

nurse on their way out of the waiting room. Aunt Kat could only smile. Carl was going to come around to Dr. Nevsky eventually, she was certain. After all, this wasn't the last time they were going to see each other!



When they arrived back from the doctor's appointment, the last thing Carl felt like doing was hitting the beach. He was weirdly tired, and the way his nipples had gotten hard during the examination was more than a little worrying. What if that happened in front of a chick? She would be sure to notice. He thought about calling up the blonde from the airport, or maybe that sexy Amber chick from the volleyball game, but when Aunt Kat came back from work that evening, he was still slumped on the couch in a total funk.

"Still feeling worn out?" she asked, shrugging off her suit jacket.

"Yeah, I dunno," Carl muttered moodily. "I've been hanging out by the phone waiting for the airline to call about my damn suitcase. And I guess I just want this chest thing to go away. He said it should clear up by the end of the week, right?"

"Something like that," Aunt Kat smiled. "You sure you don't want to check out the boardwalk? Pick up some, uh, hot babes?" She made sarcastic quotation marks with her fingers.

"Get off my case, Aunt Kat," Carl said. "When a girl dresses like that, she's asking for it. That's what my dad always says, anyways."

"Your father says a lot of dumb things," Aunt Kat said dryly. "How would you feel if you had people checking you out constantly, looking at your body and fantasizing about it instead of bothering to think of you as a real person?"

"Dunno," Carl shrugged. "I'm not a chick." He let out a long sigh. "Man, I feel like crap."

"I can tell," Aunt Kat said. "How does a movie and some popcorn sound?"

"Yeah, alright," Carl muttered. "If you want." He lay prone on the couch while Aunt Kat prepared some popcorn in the kitchen. It was some kind of low-carb stuff with no butter, but it wasn't too bad. While Carl flipped through the channels, Aunt Kat changed into a snug pair of shorts and a comfy T-shirt that looked like it would easily slip off her shoulders. Carl straightened up as she sat down beside him. That body of hers just wouldn't quit!

"So I guess you didn't mind the panties that much after all?" she asked.

"Huh?" Carl asked, confused. "Oh! Shit. I guess I forgot to change. I've kind of just been out of it here."

"I don't blame you," Aunt Kat said mischievously. "They're really comfy. I have some just like it." Carl gulped at the thought of her wearing panties and nothing but, then mentally slapped himself. *She's your aunt, dude*, he reminded himself. But damn if it wasn't difficult, especially when she sat so close to him on the couch as the movie started. Aunt Kat let him pick the film, so it was an

action movie, but she didn't seem particularly interested in it. Most of her attention was going into painting her long nails.

"It's really relaxing," she said matter-of-factly, "I always paint my nails or go for a manicure if I'm feeling down. It helps so much."

"Yeah, my mom is the same way," Carl remarked. Without warning, Aunt Kat took hold of his hand and inspected it.

"Hmm, yours could really use some work," she remarked. "You don't take good care of them at all."

"Of course not," Carl said indignantly. "I'm a guy!" Aunt Kat rolled her eyes at that particular remark.

"You really think all the guys in Hollywood are secretly women?" she demanded. "It's not weird to take care of yourself and take pride in your appearance. You really need to get with the times, sweetie. Here, let me clean up your cuticles a little bit."

"If it makes you happy," Carl said sarcastically, secretly enjoying the smell of her hair close to his face. Man, she smelled amazing. He went back to watching the movie as Aunt Kat "worked" on his hands, trimming his nails with a tiny pair of scissors and buffing his cuticles. He drew the line, however, when he smelled polish and looked down to see her applying a transparent coating to his nails.

"Hey, no thanks," he said, jerking his hand away.

"It's just a clear cover," Aunt Kat said. "It'll protect your nails, that's all."

"Totally clear?" Carl asked suspiciously.

"Scout's honor," Aunt Kat said. "Now get back to watching the movie. You're missing the fiftieth dramatic shoot-out."

Carl shook his head as he leaned back. Chicks just didn't appreciate a good action movie.



Over the next week, calling the airline about his suitcase became Carl's new hobby. Until he got his clothes, his only options were lounging around in swim trunks and a Hawaiian shirt – or Aunt Kat was "more than happy" to dig a few things out for him to borrow. Yeah, right. Carl opted for the first option every time, even if the trunks were getting a little ratty. It didn't matter, since he wasn't going out much. The few times he did hit the beach he was sure to keep his shirt on at all times. He'd also taken to wrapping his chest with an Ace bandage since, contrary to Dr. Nevsky's prediction, the swelling seemed to be getting worse, not better! Even more disconcerting, as Carl inspected himself in the mirror, he noticed that his hips seemed slightly more rounded than usual, especially in contrast to his flat stomach and small waist... more like a girl's...

Glum and angry that he was missing precious time that he could have been using to pick up chicks on the boardwalk, Carl spent most of his time lounging

around Aunt Kat's place. She didn't have a whole lot of entertainment options. Her TV channels were sadly limited, and on the shelves nearby he found mostly fashion magazines and romance novels. It wasn't all bad, however. Aunt Kat seemed to be warming up to him, always giving him tips about his hair and lately about his nails, too. She seemed to really like a well-groomed guy, and Carl didn't mind the skin-care regime she put him on. It left his face feeling baby-smooth, another reminder that he was probably a good year away from growing facial hair, but it sure felt nice after a shower.

"Well, that's it," Carl said angrily on Thursday night, slamming the phone down. "They finally owned up to it. The airline has absolutely no idea where the suitcase is and it's probably lost for good."

"I guess we knew that was coming," Aunt Kat sighed. "Well, you can't wear swim trunks forever. How about this? I have tomorrow morning off work, so why don't we go to the mall and buy you an entirely new wardrobe? Your parents will pay me back later, don't worry, I'll make sure of it! You can get a new look, too. Maybe trim up your hair a little? Or get a bleach, for that surfer boy look. It'll cheer you up, take your mind off..." She nodded to his chest and he blushed. "Off those little beauties," she finished. "What do you think?"

"Well, I definitely need new clothes," Carl said hesitantly.

"Come on," Aunt Kat wheedled. "It's time you quit moping around feeling sorry for yourself. What happened to the vivacious young teen who I met at the airport?"

"I guess the mall is probably full of hotties..." Carl shrugged his shoulders. He definitely wanted to get out of the house, and if they went shopping on Aunt Kat's budget, he was sure he could get some really nice threads that would detract all the attention away from his "problem." Maybe a change in hairstyle would have a similar effect. Aunt Kat was right, there were an awful lot of surfer dudes with blonde hair around at it was a pretty good look. Besides, what would his buddy Brad say if he knew Carl was spending all his time in Florida hiding inside when there were tons of babes around?

"It's settled, then," Aunt Kat said firmly, seeing the change of expression on Carl's face. "Go wash up and use that facial mask I bought for you, I think you'll love it. Same kind Brad Pitt uses, believe it or not."

"Not," Carl said. "But I know the girls like a guy with smooth skin."

"That's right," Aunt Kat smiled. "See you in the morning, sweetie."



Carl was feeling slightly better about everything when he woke up the following morning. The weird tired feeling that had been plaguing him was gone, and he was finally going to get some new clothes. He hopped into the shower and tried, half-successfully, to convince himself the lumps were getting smaller. After drying off he wrapped the Ace bandage as tight as he could, despite the itching, then snuck back to his room, hoping Aunt Kat wouldn't catch a glimpse

of him. That Dr. Nevsky didn't know anything. Or, Carl thought as he closed the door behind him, maybe he just needed to give it more time.

Aunt Kat had laid some clothes out for him to wear to the mall on the bed. Carl frowned as he picked up the pair of white shorts. They were a little on the short side, but at least they weren't Daisy Dukes. And besides, they would be the first thing to go! He slipped into his lone pair of briefs, which were worn from constant trips through the laundry, and pulled the shorts up after them. The lack of fly was a little disturbing, but on the whole they were more comfortable than he'd expected, especially in the rear, though the fit was a little too snug for his taste.

The long-sleeved top was blue, which Aunt Kat had probably thought would make him happy, but it had a feminine cut-out neckline. Fortunately, she'd also provided a bulkier sweater with red stripes. He slipped one, and then the other, over his head, confident it would cover any trace of the little mounds completely. Carl slipped his sandals on and walked out to where Aunt Kat was setting out breakfast. Eating healthy felt a whole lot like dieting to Carl... He was already slender, but he still felt like he'd lost a couple pounds over the past week.

"So I thought we could hit the salon first and get your haircut, then we'll work on the wardrobe," Aunt Kat said, handing him his vitamins and OJ.

"Works for me," Carl said, downing both pills and washing them down in a quick gulp. After another meager breakfast, Carl followed his aunt out to the car. She was already dressed for work, wearing a tailored suit and pumps, but she still managed to look good, especially with her hair down.

As they drove to the mall, Aunt Kat explained that they were going to be the very first appointment. Her friend Tiffany, who owned the salon, had apparently even agreed to open a little early.

"That way we'll have enough time to shop before I head off to work," Aunt Kat smiled.

"Can't you just give me the money?" Carl suggested.

"Definitely not," Aunt Kat said sternly. "What, are you embarrassed to be seen with your old lady aunt?" Carl had to chuckle at that idea. Aunt Kat was definitely a long, long way from an old lady.

The shopping center was even bigger than Carl remembered it, and it took a long time to find parking. When they finally came to the salon it appeared to be closed, but after Aunt Kat knocked on the glass door, someone came over to unlock it. The lady who Carl assumed was Tiffany was a gorgeous redhead with a chic hairstyle, a small waist accentuated by a fashionable leather belt, and an incredible pair of knockers showed off by a stretchy scoop-neck top in navy blue. Aunt Kat hugged her in greeting.

"You look great, Tiffany!" she exclaimed. "It's been way too long!"

"I know!" the hairdresser agreed. "Is this him? Definite potential, girl!"

"I think so," Aunt Kat said, smiling slyly over at Carl.

“Great! Well, let’s get started,” Tiffany said. “Come on in, honey, and hop up on the chair. Chop, chop, I opened up early just for you!” She exaggerated a pretend yawn and directed him to the pale green salon chair. Near the back of the salon, Carl saw two other purple-smocked women working. He had to double take – they were both gorgeous, blonde, and definitely twins! If it weren’t for the fact that one had a pony-tail and the other two pig-tails, he would have thought he was seeing double. They were both chattering away in a foreign language, but Carl was more concerned with their impressive racks than their moving mouths.

“Inga and Helga,” Tiffany said, by way of introduction. “They’re pretty much fresh off the plane from Sweden, but they do fantastic work, all my clients just love them. Extremely friendly, too.” She turned to Carl with a smile. “Would you like them to do a little work on you later?”

“Would I ever,” Carl muttered. Aunt Kat rolled her eyes.

“What’s that?” Tiffany asked sweetly. “Here, up in the chair.” Carl hopped up on the chair and she spun it away from the mirror.

“Remember what I was suggesting for his hair?” Aunt Kat asked.

“Definitely,” Tiffany smiled. “That would look fantastic!” She set to work draping a plastic barber sheet up around his collar, and Carl grinned as he felt her breasts brush the back of his neck. He had a feeling he was going to enjoy this haircut a lot more than he usually did.

“I’ll be back in a little while,” Aunt Kat said mysteriously. “I just forgot something in the car.”

“Well, you’re going to need your wallet,” Carl joked. Tiffany giggled and Carl’s ears turned slightly red, pleased to have made her laugh. Aunt Kat left the salon and Tiffany started running her hands through Carl’s light brown hair.

“Surfer boy, huh?” she said conversationally. “I see you got a little bit of sun already. By the time we’re done, you’ll definitely be getting some looks on the beach. Just lie back and relax, honey.” Carl did his best to do just that as Tiffany snipped and sprayed. Her hands felt amazing massaging his scalp, but he opened his eyes when it felt like she was sectioning out his hair.

“What’s that?” he asked apprehensively.

“We’re doing some color work,” Tiffany said. “Don’t worry, honey. You’re going to look great.” She continued wrapping his hair in the foil and applying peroxide. Carl didn’t like the smell much, but he definitely liked Tiffany’s chest being at eye-level.

“I see you’ve been taking care of your nails,” Tiffany purred. “That’s great. Not a lot of people realize how important that is. Mind if Helga and Inga come over and give you a manicure slash pedicure? You got the all-inclusive deal, after all.”

“Uh, sure, whatever,” Carl said, shaken from a day-dream about exactly what he would like to do to Tiffany’s breasts given the chance, and more than happy to be surrounded by three beautiful women. The Swedish twins came over, smiling bright white smiles. One of them, Inga – if Carl wasn’t mixing them up

– slipped his sandals off and started with the pedicure, trimming and cleaning his nails and cuticles. It didn't feel so bad, and Carl was much too distracted by Tiffany to notice she was also applying a polish. As he tipped his head back into the attached sink, Helga started on his hands. He felt something cold and hard pressing down on each nail, but by that point Tiffany was rinsing his hair out in the sink and his hands were the last part of his anatomy on his mind.

Before long Tiffany was drying his hair and fluffing it out, and Carl was eager to see his new look. As she spun him to face the mirror, however, he winced. It wasn't the shaggy sun-kissed blonde of a surfer dude. Instead, the bleached blonde style looked sort of... well... feminine.

"What do you think?" Tiffany asked, pouting her generous lips. "Don't you like it, honey?"

"Uh, yeah," Carl lied. "Yeah, I do... Just different, that's all." He wiggled his fingers. Helga had put little foam wedges between them, and now they were covered by small dryers so he couldn't see exactly what they'd done. They felt kind of strange.

"Great," Tiffany smiled. "And don't worry, I know what you're thinking. I'll trim it up a bit and make it shorter, okay?"

"Yeah, that would be awesome," Carl said quickly, relieved. To his slight disappointment, however, the Swedish twins both sashayed off to put their nail kits away, chattering in Swedish once more.

"While I'm thinking about it..." Tiffany ruffled her fingers through Carl's hair. "Kat said you were thinking about getting a piercing?"

"Yeah, I was thinking about it," Carl admitted. A lot of the cool guys had diamond studs these days, it was definitely back in style. "Do you do that here?" he asked, curious despite himself.

"I can do it right now," Tiffany said. "But if your Aunt asks, you made me do it! How's that sound?"

"Sounds fair to me," Carl said. "So long as they're not girly-looking. Just studs, okay? I kind of have it figured out that you guys don't cater to men that often!"

"Never," Tiffany giggled. "Here, hold still." Carl felt a sharp pinch in each ear, then Tiffany got out her comb and scissors once more.

"I think I see what needs doing," she said, inspecting his head. "Take that big bulky sweater off first, though, you'll be much more comfortable." Carl reluctantly peeled off the sweater, revealing the slightly feminine blue shirt underneath, and hoped that the Ace bandage was doing its job. "What a cute top," Tiffany remarked. "Very trendy." Carl blushed furiously at that particular remark. Tiffany was one hot broad, but she obviously wasn't that smart. It was a girl's shirt, after all. Hopefully she wasn't smart enough to notice the little bumps on his chest, either!

Tiffany snipped and teased his hair here and there, boobs rubbing up against the back of his neck, and he found himself wishing he could look in the mirror to make sure she wasn't going overboard. She snipped and sprayed and snipped again, then stopped with a look of vague concern.

"Hmm." Tiffany tapped her nail to her lower lip as she inspected his face. "Great complexion, honey. You have nice smooth skin, but I'd love to exfoliate a little. Oh, and your brows could use a bit of shaping. You don't mind, do you?"

"Uh, I guess not," Carl shrugged, watching Helga bend over on the other side of the room and give a generous view of her perfectly-shaped backside. "So long as it doesn't take too long."

"Not long at all!" Tiffany assured him. "Anyways, let's tackle those brows." She brandished a pair of sharp-looking tweezers, which looked a lot more dangerous than Carl had been expecting, and set to work before he could protest.

"Youch, that stings!" he exclaimed, as the first hair was yanked out.

"Come on," Tiffany laughed. "Don't tell me a guy you can't take having his brows plucked. Girls go through this all the time!"

"Exactly, only girls... *ouch!*" Carl was interrupted by another tug. Inga looked over and giggled, which made Carl determined not to utter another sound. To his relief, Tiffany worked quickly but smoothly, alternating brows each time, and before long she set the tweezers down with a satisfied smile.

"There!" she beamed. "That opens your eyes up so much. No more scragglies. Now, close your eyes and let me exfoliate a little." Carl, brows still smarting, was having second thoughts about any more "extras" by this point.

"If you're done trimming the haircut, how about you just let me have a look and I get out of here," Carl said. "I wanted plenty of time to buy stuff."

"Well, Kat's not back yet," Tiffany pointed out. "And she's paying, isn't she? Until she gets back, you can't leave anyways. You're my prisoner." She ran her fingers over Carl's neck teasingly and he felt a stirring in his briefs. Woah!

"Sure, why not," Carl said weakly. "Exfoliate away."

"Great!" Tiffany chirped. "Just lean back and close your eyes, honey," she said soothingly. "Don't open till I say so, okay?" She quickly wrapped a white cape around his neck, pulled his hair back with a head band, and began rubbing what felt like some kind of cream on his face. Carl closed his eyes again with a sigh. He was beginning to wonder if this was all worth it, even with a smoking hot chick like Tiffany constantly touching him. He could feel her tapping at his face with a sponge, then rubbing at his eyelids and brows, and then his cheeks. He was about to ask what she was doing when all of a sudden he felt her hand sneak up under his shirt. Carl stiffened immediately.

"Hmm," she smiled. "It looks like you're hiding something, sweetie."

"Hiding something? What do you mean?" Carl demanded.

"Those cute little boobies of yours," Tiffany giggled. "Why don't you let them breathe a little?" Without warning, she reached up under his shirt and undid the Ace bandage with one quick motion. Free from their constriction, the two little swellings bounced free and it became undeniable that they were exactly what Tiffany had called them!

“Hey!” Carl snapped. “Hands off!” He wanted to make a grab for the Ace bandage, but his hands were still trapped in the dryers.

“Honey, I was only teasing,” Tiffany said soothingly. “You Aunt told me all about your little problem. Don’t worry about it! It happens to more guys than you’d guess. Your main problem is that you’re using that horrible bandage! I’d bet you anything it’s irritating your skin and making the swelling worse.”

“Really?” Carl asked, frowning.

“Absolutely,” Tiffany said. “Why don’t you let me go have a look around in the back for something that’ll work better? I can let Inga and Helga finish you off.” Carl swallowed at the idea of the beautiful twins “finishing him off.” Even though he was sure that wasn’t what she’d meant, he nodded like his chin was on a spring.

“Great,” Tiffany said. “Girls! Get over here, you two!” She tapped her fingernail against her lip. “Now, what’s next on the list?” she murmured. “Ah! Waxing.”

“Huh? You mean, like, to get rid of chest hair?” Carl squeaked. He did not want to take his shirt off in front of two gorgeous blonde women and fully expose his “condition” to the world.

“Do you have any?” Tiffany asked pointedly.

“Not really,” Carl said, for once relieved to be telling the truth on the subject. “Not yet, anyways.”

“Legs, then!” Tiffany beamed. “Helga will get you all set up. I’ll go hunt around in the back.”

“Hey, hold on,” Carl protested. “I don’t think I need...”

“Nonsense,” Tiffany said. “How many guys do you see on the beach with nasty hair all over their legs? It’s called manscaping, sweetie. Everybody does it now. It looks sooo much better. Now, don’t move an inch.”

“Wait a second!” Carl pleaded, but Tiffany had already hurried off, leaving him with the twins. Helga was already preparing the wax in a small bowl, while Inga inspected her nails idly. They both were still chattering in Swedish, occasionally glancing back at Carl and giggling, either perplexed or amused by something. Finally both of them nodded, apparently making some kind of agreement, and Helga approached with the wax.

“Over here,” she smiled. “More comfortable.” She took his arm to lead him over to a padded white waxing table. Her hand was so smooth and warm on his, nails pricking his arm, that he couldn’t quite bring himself to refuse. She smiled at him again as he sat down, but he realized he was going to have to draw the line here.

“Hold on now, I don’t think I want my legs waxed,” Carl protested. Helga shrugged.

“Yes,” she said. “Legs waxed. I start now.” Before Carl could say anything else, the purple-smocked beautician tugged his shorts up as high as they would go and began spreading the warm wax all down the length of his legs. Realizing



she didn't speak English, and not wanting to make a huge scene for when Tiffany came back, Carl gritted his teeth and submitted to the procedure. As Inga removed the covers from his hands, however, he noticed that the "manicure" had in fact given him acrylic false nails in bright fire hydrant red!

"What's this?" Carl demanded.

"Catwalk Crimson," Helga said with a smile. "Very nice. Hold still." Before Carl could object to the very feminine manicure, Helga ripped the first strip of wax off his legs.

"Youch!" Carl screeched. Along with the first strip of wax, it felt like half his skin had been torn off with it! His eyes started watering immediately. Inga and Helga just laughed.

"Beauty is pain, sometimes, yes?" Inga smiled.

"It's not that bad," Carl choked, but he still whimpered a little for the next strip. How on Earth did girls go through this regularly? When his legs were completely waxed, he opened his eyes and looked down. They looked very feminine and shapely with all the hair gone, and when he rubbed his hands along his thigh, careful of newly long nails, his skin was silky smooth to the touch. These were the kind of legs that really attracted attention, that was for sure. The only problem was, they were his! The manicured toenails with their soft pink sheen only enhanced the feminine picture. He couldn't help but think that they would look even sexier if he was in a pair of heels!

"Back to chair now," Helga said, slapping some lotion and rubbing it vigorously onto his now silky-smooth legs. "Inga takes over, yes?" She smiled and directed him back to the pink salon chair. Relieved that the waxing ordeal was over, Carl tugged his shorts down as far as he could and scurried back to the chair to await Tiffany. Inga was waiting for him, however, and she had other plans.

"Close eyes now," she said sweetly. "Time for face."

"I don't have any hair on my face!" Carl protested. Usually he didn't like owning up to that fact, but if it saved him another strip of wax, he was more than happy to admit to his prepubescent-smooth face. To his frustration, the Swedish girl called her sister over, frowning. They said a few word back and forth, then just looked at each other with matching expressions of confusion.

"Close eyes, please," Helga repeated. "We are careful. Okay?" She smiled her bright white smile and stroked Carl's cheek. Leaning in close like this, he had a perfect view of her cleavage.

"Uh, alright?" Carl squeaked, shifting a little on the chair to conceal his slight arousal. He shut his eyes, reluctant to lose sight of Helga's beautiful breasts, and tipped his head back as Inga went to work. Instead of



wax, it felt like they were brushing some kind of powder onto his face, rubbing his eyelids and blending something onto his cheekbones. He felt something tugging at his eyelashes and opened his mouth to complain, but was distracted by Inga's breath tickling his ear.

"Relax and give big smile," she said breathily. "Your lips chapped." Carl submitted to her instruction, first smiling, then pursing his lips together in a pout as he felt something creamy being applied to them. It tasted way too waxy to be normal chapstick, but they probably had some special kind here in the salon. He did his best to keep still as they brushed something over his eyelids yet again.

"Old trick from my youth," Helga said, and Carl suddenly felt a brush down the collar of his shirt.

"Hey, that tickles..." Carl whined. "Knock it off."

"You'll like!" Helga assured him. They prodded and brushed at his face for a while longer, fiddling with his new ear studs, too, and then Carl heard the sound of high heels coming back towards the chair.

"Nice legs, girl," came Tiffany's voice. "It looks like... Oh! Oh, my."

"Girl?" Carl demanded.

"Sorry, honey, I'm just so used to calling my clients that," Tiffany said, sounding as if she was stifling a laugh. "And in any case... Now..."

"What?" Carl demanded, eyes still squeezed shut. "Are we done yet?" he asked, beginning to get slightly frustrated. "I think I've had enough 'extras,' thanks. Your assistant put false nails on me by mistake! Doesn't she get that I'm a guy?"

"Oh, did she?" Tiffany asked, giggling slightly. "Gosh, I'm sorry. I guess she just assumed it was the regular. Don't worry, girls, you did a good job. Everything looks very nice."

"Thank you," Carl heard Helga say. "Legs all waxed now. And face is done. Accessories?" Carl felt her tugging at each earlobe again, then something cold and metal settled against his neck.

"They look great, too," Tiffany said. "Um, why don't you both go sweep up the back a little? I'll call you when I need more help."

"Can I open my eyes yet?" Carl groaned. "Those two hardly know English!" he complained. "I told them I didn't need my face waxed!"

"Sorry, sweetie," Tiffany giggled. He could feel her spin the chair around. "She must have been confused. I think I understand what happened now."

"Can I open my eyes?" Carl asked again petulantly. Where on Earth was Aunt Kat? He'd been in here for at least an hour!

"Very nearly," Tiffany promised. He felt her fluffing her fingers through his hair and touching his lips. "Okay. Ready to see the new you, honey?" Carl was well on his way to furious at this point. It was one thing to give him a slightly girlish hair color, it was another to strand him with two Swedes who had accidentally given him bright red false nails and waxed his legs!



“I’m ready to get out of...” Carl began angrily, but the words died in his throat as he opened his eyes and came face to face with his reflection at last.

“That can’t be me!” Carl gasped. Surprised blue eyes accented by liquid eyeliner, luscious red pout, heart-shaped pendant dangling into what was definitely a hint of cleavage... The girl in the mirror was a cute, sexy blonde! What had they done to him?

“Oh, it is, sweetie,” Tiffany giggled. She was behind him with a slightly incredulous smile on her face, shaking her head with her comb clasped between her hands, but he hadn’t even noticed her. “What do you think?” she asked.

Carl was far too stunned to reply, staring open-mouthed at his reflection. True to her word, Tiffany had trimmed his newly-bleached blonde hair, but instead of making it look more masculine, she had given him an extremely feminine pixie-style cut that swooped over his forehead. His brows, meanwhile, had

been plucked into high, feminine arches and accentuated with pencil. That, together with coal-black eyeliner, soft lavender eye-shadow, and a generous coating of mascara on his curled lashes, made his baby blues look wide, innocent, and undeniably sexy – not to mention the deep red lipstick slathered over his pouty lips in the perfect shade to match his claw-like new nails! Tiffany's expert makeup work brought forward his delicate bone structure, and with his small chin and pert little nose he looked like the kind of girl he lusted over on the covers of fashion magazines. Carl touched his fingers to the side of his face, still unable to believe that the teenaged girl in the mirror was actually him! With heart-shaped earrings dangling from his earlobes and a matching pendant hanging in just such a way as to emphasize his chest (which the cut-out neckline and carefully-applied blusher certainly did no favors in hiding) he looked every bit a blonde beauty.

“What did you do?” Carl finally screeched. “You made me into a... I look like... You made me...”

Just then, Aunt Kat hurried back into the salon, putting away her cellular phone. “Carl?” she called. “I just got off the phone with your mother and it looks like... Oh, my God!” She stopped dead in her tracks as she saw her nephew.

“I am so sorry, both of you,” Tiffany said, shaking her head. “This is all my fault. I wasn't clear enough with Helga and Inga, and they got, um, confused. With your outfit and the blonde hair ... and especially those little lumps ... well, they thought you were a girl and so they gave you the works. I'm so, so sorry!” Aunt Kat opened her mouth, shut it, then opened it again with a look of dawning realization in her eyes.

“Wow,” she muttered. “Wow, I need to think for a second. Wait.”

“Think about what?” Carl demanded. “Those crazy broads waxed my legs and gave me a damn makeover! Tell them to wash this stuff off!”

“Maybe not yet,” Aunt Kat said thoughtfully. “Carl, I just got off the phone with your mother,” she explained. “That's what took me so long. I've got some bad news... Your father just won custody.” She looked Carl up and down again. “Did your mother get you your flight long in advance?” Aunt Kat asked.

“What does that have to do with anything?” Carl frowned.

“It was very last-minute, at least on my end,” Aunt Kat said. “In fact, I'm willing to bet she never even told your father you were coming down here. Not that he'd pay attention anyways, with his head up his ass as it is.”

“But... But why does it matter?” Carl stammered, shaking his head. His earrings bounced against his cheeks. He tried to reach for a towel to wipe his face clean, but Tiffany stopped him.

“Because your father's just won custody of you,” Aunt Kat sighed. “Remember, when you turn eighteen, you're getting that quarter million from our mother. But if your father has his hands on it, you know as well as I do that he'll gamble it all away or blow it on women and wine. You don't want it all to go to waste, do you?”



“Well, no,” Carl said. “Of course not!”

“So this little makeover accident might just be the best thing that could have happened!” Aunt Kat exclaimed. “It’s given me the perfect idea!”

“What?” Carl sputtered. “How does me being dolled up as a chick...?”

“As soon as he can, he’ll have a fleet of private investigators looking for you. No doubt he’ll be sending someone down here to look for you. They may already be here! But what if your mother tells him you’ve run away from home? And when he sends someone down here to ask me about you, what if I have no idea where you are?”

“What do you mean?” Carl gaped.

“You need to disappear. Carl can’t be found.”

“Disappear? Where? I can’t go anywhere.” Carl was still trying to fight through the twisted logic. “They’re going to find me sooner or later.”

"Of course they will. But, they aren't going to find a boy," Aunt Kat said triumphantly. "They're going to find a beautiful, feminine young lady who's staying with me for the summer. Someone who'd never, ever, be mistaken for Carl. Then, once they give up looking for you, you go back to being Carl and in a few short years, your mother will sign over the remainder to you, and you exclusively. It's flawless!"

"Your plan to keep him from the inheritance is to disguise me as a girl?" Carl gasped. "That's completely ridiculous! The whole idea is crazy!"

"Is it?" Aunt Kat smiled. "Have another look in the mirror, sweetie. I never would have believed it, but you could make an absolutely stunning girl with a little more help. Heck, when we're done with you, even *you'll* have a hard time believing you're a boy!"

"No!" Carl snapped. "I'm not dressing as a chick! I refuse!"

"Sweetie, if your father has custody of you, that inheritance is going down the drain," Aunt Kat said. "Remember, he's got connections with some of the best lawyers in the country at his disposal."

"I don't give a crap," Carl growled. "I'm not going to let you turn me into some kind of sissy. Forget it!" He yanked the earrings out of his ears and threw them to the salon floor, followed by the pendant necklace. Aunt Kat's mouth thinned to an angry line as her nephew attempted to remove the false nails with no success.

"I see," she said. "So you're not going to do the right thing for your mother, and for your own best interests, too, solely because of some inflated macho ego of yours? Is that it? Why are you so against the idea of being a girl, sweetie?"

"Why do you think?" Carl demanded. "It's, it's insane! It's humiliating, it..."

"So it's humiliating to be a female?" Tiffany interjected for the first time. She had folded her arms and was looking none-too-pleased. "I think you could use a little lesson on what life is like for the other side," she said. "Don't you, Kat?"

"I think it will be an excellent experience for you," Aunt Kat said firmly. "The best thing possible, in fact."

"I'm getting out of here," Carl said shakily. No longer did he look furious. Instead, he had a look of fear in his prettily-made-up eyes.

"You only have two options, sweetie," Aunt Kat said coldly. "You can leave like that, with that darling manicure and makeup-job, and try to find your way home without any money whilst hoping to high heaven that nobody realizes you are a boy... Or, you can let us finish making a girl out of you and leave the salon as just another pretty girl. Understand?"

Carl stared out of the salon window to see that the mall was now positively packed with people. He couldn't go out there looking like this! Were those really the only options? The look in his aunt's eye seemed to say yes.

"But it'll never work," Carl said faintly. "I mean, I can't... I can't pass as a girl... it's..." Aunt Kat smiled, sensing his will caving in. She took him gently by the arm and turned him to face the mirror again, confronted with his feminine re-

flection, his trendy bleached blonde hairstyle and seductive bright red lips. She couldn't help but smile as she saw his lower lip begin to tremble. He had just been dealt a major blow to his masculinity, not only looking like a real girl, but like the kind of babe he would check out on the street! How could he look like such a gorgeous, feminine blonde?

"That's what I thought," Aunt Kat said, smiling. "Now, how to dress you..."

"My daughter left a bunch of her shopping in the back room!" Tiffany said excitedly. "She's must be about his size, of course, she's a terrible little flirt and some of her clothes might be a bit on the revealing side..." Tiffany hurried to the back and returned with several white shopping bags from various clothing boutiques. "She probably won't even notice," Tiffany scoffed. "I spoil that girl... but a young lady can never have too many clothes, now, can she?"

"That settles it, then," Aunt Kay beamed. "Go on, just step behind the curtain and Tiffany will help you get ready for your debut... Okay, sweetie?" Carl's knees knocked together as Tiffany slid the curtain along its metal rod to give them a bit of privacy.

"Don't be nervous," Tiffany smiled. "You're going to look fantastic." She quickly peeled away his blue-sleeved top, and then yanked down both his shorts and his briefs in one quick motion. Completely naked, Carl stood shivering with the bags in hand, feeling utterly shell-shocked. He could only watch helplessly as Tiffany opened the Victoria's Secret bag. Normally he would have relished the idea of getting naked behind a curtain with a voluptuous beauty like her, but he had never fantasized about these particular circumstances!

"Let's tuck this little thing away," Tiffany said slyly, and before Carl could protest, she had seized hold of his manhood (which was not enjoying the cold air-conditioning) and forcefully pushed it back along with his testes so it was crammed painfully up inside. He gasped at the sensation as she used a little bit of tape to secure him in place. "That should give you a nice smooth front," Tiffany giggled. "One of my hairdressers does drag and he told me all sorts of little tricks like that." She then proceeded to step Carl's hairless legs into a pair of silky, lacy pink panties. Carl gulped, feeling a tear trickling down his cheek. It was either from the intense pain in his testicles or the shame and confusion of the entire process, but it made him feel even more embarrassed. He never cried, especially not in front of a chick.

"Wait a second," he croaked, as she pulled something white and padded out of the lingerie bag. He vaguely recognized it as something from various lingerie catalogues and the Pirates of the Caribbean movies, but he had never expected to wear one. "That's not a corset, is it?" he asked weakly.

"It's just a shaping garment to give you nicer contours," Tiffany explained. "It's what I was thinking of grabbing for you before, to help give your chest the proper support. Don't worry, it's not made of whalebones or anything!" Without further ado, she wrapped it around his midsection and began doing up the snaps. Carl had to suck in his breath as she tightened it, and by the time the last snap was closed it felt like his waist was being pinched in two! Even worse,

the garment's built-in bra seemed designed to lift his puffy chest up and out, squeezing it together in a semblance of cleavage.

"Oh, honey!" Tiffany clucked her tongue, having found the tear rolling down Carl's face. She wiped it away delicately, chuckling. "Don't worry, I used waterproof eyeliner. Just relax, honey. You have the kind of bone structure most girls would kill for! You're a natural beauty, just watch. By the time we're done you'll have to beat off the boys with a stick." Carl felt himself blush bright red, unable to speak as Tiffany adjusted him here and there, teasing his hair and touching up his makeup, then helped him slowly work a pair of sheer white nylons up his freshly-waxed legs. They were cool to the touch, especially on his newly hairless skin, and he shivered as she showed him how to hook them properly into his shaping garment's garters so they pulled taut on his thighs.

Carl couldn't believe this was happening. He gritted his teeth as Tiffany unzipped a larger garment bag and produced what was unmistakably a dress. He felt like bursting into tears as she carefully guided it over his head, careful not to touch his made-up face or carefully-styled hair, then directed his arms through the straps. It was a tight fit, but with the waist cincher already in place the dress hugged him in all the pertinent places. Carl's head was bowed with shame as he felt the silky-soft material swirl around his nyloned thighs. The dress was so light and airy that he hardly felt like he was wearing clothes at all, and the breeze between his legs was making him shiver!

"Foot up, honey," Tiffany directed, and Carl glumly let her place his right foot into a pink high-heeled pump before doing up the straps around his ankle. A second one followed, and Carl stood shakily, trying to find his balance again. They were much like the ridiculous cork sandals his aunt had foisted on him back when he'd first arrived, but the heel was much narrower and seemed to drastically change his posture, forcing his chest up and out, exaggerating the camber of his back, and thrusting his backside out invitingly. He took a hesitant step and realized that just as with the cork sandals, he would have to sway his hips and place one foot in front of the other in order to walk properly.

"I see you've had a little practice!" Tiffany beamed. "Fantastic! Now, just a finishing touch and then you're ready for your big debut..." She produced a pair of pink hoop earrings. Carl's face flushed yet again as she attached the symbols of obvious femininity to his earlobes. "Since you didn't like those heart pendants," she explained. "Don't worry, I thought they were a little tacky myself. These are much more stylish. Now, let's see what Kat thinks."

Without further ado, Tiffany pulled the curtain aside.

"Oh, my gosh," Aunt Kat said. "You look gorgeous!" She broke into a big smile. "Tiffany, that color is perfectly adorable on him." Carl stared down at his feet in abject shame, still stunned by his transformation. His pink pumps and stockinged feet looked utterly feminine, and the hem of the dress did almost nothing to cover his slender nyloned legs.

"Have a look, honey," Tiffany said, and pointed him towards the mirror. Carl took an unsteady step towards it, still readjusting to the height of the heels, and gasped at what he saw. He had been hoping against hope that he would look

stupid, ridiculous, like a guy in a dress ... the momentary humiliation would be worth it if it meant Aunt Kat would abandon her insane idea ... but nothing could be further from the truth. She was right! From the hoops dangling in his ears to the matching pumps encasing his feet, he looked one-hundred percent a gorgeous teenaged girl!

Tiffany had fluffed out his new feminine blonde hair-style to frame his made-up face, with his long, dark eye-lashes fluttering nervously and gleaming red lips set in an anxious pout that, unbeknownst to him, looked adorable, while the large pink hoops brushed against his cheeks with every turn of his head. The dress was a flirty little

sleeveless number in blue floral print with black edging, flattering his slender arms and shoulders, and its scooped neckline dipped suggestively towards Carl's pushed-out boy-boobs. With the shaping garment taking in his dainty waist, the dress hugged him in all the right places before ending in a short, flouncy skirt that barely reached mid-thigh. The gossamer-sheer white nylons, far from covering him up, made his legs look even more slender and shapely, the kind of willowy gamms that most girls would envy, while his feet looked com-



pletely delicate encased in their three-inch pink pumps. Carl's lip trembled once more and he felt tears sliding down his face.

"Sweetie, what's wrong?" Aunt Kat said, putting her arms around him. "You look so beautiful!"

"But I don't want to be beautiful!" Carl sniffed, utterly humiliated. "I don't want to be a girl, Aunt Kat!"

"It's only temporary, sweetie," Aunt Kat said, wiping his tears away. "And besides, if you have to be a girl, isn't it better to be a very pretty one? Sweetie, you have everything a girl could want: a gorgeous face, small waist, slim figure, sexy legs..."

Carl looked up at her in confusion and distress, then slowly lowered his long dark lashes and nodded in submission. "I... I guess..." he murmured. "If this is really the only way..."

"That's my girl," Aunt Kat smiled, hugging him gently. "Now, obviously this pretty young thing is no 'Carl,'" she said thoughtfully. "We'll need a female name for you from now on..."

"Carli?" Tiffany suggested. "Or Carla, maybe?"

"Those are both too close," Aunt Kat frowned. The Swedish twins, who had been watching the entire thing with vaguely amused looks, turned to each other and giggled.

"Candi," Inga said. "Because now she looks so sweet. No more tomboy."

"Candi," Aunt Kat beamed. "That's perfect." Carl blushed furiously, still staring at his reflection in the mirror. Not only did he look like a cute blonde, he now had a bimbo name to match!

"Please, I can't do this," Carl begged one final time. "I don't want to be a girl!"

"Sweetie, if there was any other way, I'd tell you in a heartbeat," Aunt Kat said reassuringly. "But the moment I saw you all dolled up in that salon chair... Well, I had no idea you were a boy. Your own mother would barely recognize you, let alone your good-for-nothing father." Carl cringed at the very idea of his father seeing him in this feminine get-up. He looked miserably at his reflection, searching for some trace of masculinity, but there was none to be found. He really was 'Candi!'

"W-what happens now?" Carl asked in a strangled whisper.

"Well, I'm not going back on my word," Aunt Kat said. "We came here to go clothes-shopping, remember? I said we were getting a whole new wardrobe for you." She gave him a smile but Carl was far from returning it. He was lost in the horrifying picture of spending his entire summer dressed in short skirts and high heels!

"But I can't go out there like this!" Carl said tremulously. He looked out through the glass windows of the salon, where the interior of the mall had filled up with people during his makeover.

"Why not?" Aunt Kat asked, taking his arm and turning him back to the mirror. "Do you really see anything other than a cute, sexy girl?" Carl blushed.

"Kat's right," Tiffany laughed. "The only thing you have to worry about his beating the boys off!"

Why did she have to keep using the term 'beating off?' Carl thought to himself. "But..." He tried to protest. He couldn't walk through the mall in a skirt and heels! Everyone would see him!

"You're a little nervous about presenting yourself as a pretty teenaged girl," Aunt Kat guessed. "I understand. Those heels are a little scary for a first-timer, even though you did so well with the cork sandals last week. We can practice a little first, if you want, Candi."

The sound of his new female name kept ringing loudly in Carl's ears as he obediently traipsed from one side of the salon to the other, Tiffany and Aunt Kat giving him pointers as he went.

"Smaller steps and keep your elbows in, Candi!"

"Don't be afraid to let your hips roll, honey. There you go!"

"Place one foot directly in front of the other, Candi, remember? It gives you that cute little sway as you walk."

Carl teetered back and forth, gradually getting the hang of it, taking smaller steps, one foot directly in front of the other. He would have been burning with embarrassment to see the distinct feminine wobble it gave his hips as he swished from side to side. The sensation of his smooth nyloned thighs rubbing together and his dress swirling flirtily around his legs with every step was bad enough! Aunt Kat was surprised but pleased by how well her nephew was doing in the heels—she still remembered how long it had taken her to get the hang of them as a young lady.

"You're getting the hang of them," Aunt Kat said encouragingly. She had him walking up and down in the heels for another ten minutes, stopping to practice picking things up, sitting down gracefully, and turning around, all the while giving him more hints on how to keep his legs together and not expose his panties at any time.

"Why do girls wear these?" Carl moaned during a short break, rubbing his ankles.

"Now you know what a girl in heels goes through to look good," Tiffany laughed. "They make your legs look long and slender, and improve your feminine posture. Don't worry, pretty soon you'll be mincing around like you grew up in stilettos, attracting all the boys with your sexy strut!"

"I'm surprised at how you took to heels and a short dress so quickly, I swear you were meant to wear them," Aunt Kat added. "But we do need to work on your voice."

"What's wrong with my voice?" Carl asked, flushing at the backhanded compliment.

"It's not quite feminine enough," Aunt Kat said. "You need to speak more softly and use your head more than your chest. Otherwise, someone may be able to guess you're really a boy."

"How's this?" Carl asked in a squeaky falsetto. The Swedish twins, who were sweeping up around the salon chairs, immediately started giggling.

"Not like that," Aunt Kat said. "Just speak a little lighter and breathier. Remember, you're Candi, now. You should have a sweet, feminine voice." Carl swallowed and tried again.

"Okay, I'm trying," he said softly in a slightly higher register. "How does that sound?"

"Perfect!" Aunt Kat said, clapping her hands together. "You're ready!" She turned to Tiffany. "Thanks so much, Tiffany," she said, handing over a credit card. "I know this wasn't what you expected at all, but your help has been invaluable!"

"Any time," Tiffany smiled. "And don't worry, my lips are sealed. My gosh, he's such a doll! Or 'she,' I mean."

Before he knew it, Carl was being steered out of the salon with Aunt Kat's hand on his upper arm guiding him. "No girl would go shopping without her purse," Aunt Kat smiled. "For now, you can have mine." She handed him her small white leather purse, showing him how to position it in the crook of his arm, leaving his wrist flared in a distinctly feminine manner to show off his gleaming manicure.

They walked into the main part of the mall. Carl felt like he was floating. His femininely-styled hair brushing against his neck, the earrings swinging from his earlobes, the waxy taste of lipstick on his mouth, the cool air slipping up his skirt... He couldn't believe he was doing this! It was all he could do to keep his manicured hand from shaking as he readjusted the hem of his flirty dress. The sound of his stilettos clicking on the tiles seemed unbearably loud. Carl was still stunned by the sudden turn of events, trembling in his high heels. His heart was beating furiously behind the tight constriction of his shaping garment. Everything felt so wrong, from the wispy nylons caressing his legs to the long red nails scraping against the strap of his purse.

"People are staring at me," Carl whispered, flushing. "You don't think... You don't think they can tell that I'm a..."

"Please!" Aunt Kat laughed. "Sweetie, you know exactly why those young men are staring at you. You did it often enough yourself, didn't you? It's perfectly normal for a pretty little blonde to attract some male attention." Carl gaped, but he realized as he saw the boys grinning at each other that she was right. They were looking at him with lust, ogling his body and fantasizing about what was underneath his flirty little summer dress. Carl stared at his high-heeled feet in abject shame at becoming a piece of eye candy for horny guys.

"Hold your head up, sweetie," Aunt Kat said. "You're a pretty girl and you should be proud of your appearance!" Carl was anything but, but he tried to acquiesce to his Aunt's request and keep his chin up, even though he kept his eyes down. His nervous body language ended up working to his advantage, giving him a demure, feminine appearance. He was distinctly aware of the way his bottom was swishing seductively from side to side as he clicked along in his heels, and he was definitely attracting attention – from boys! He felt himself

blush from his face to his chest as they passed a group of college-age guys who couldn't take their eyes off of him.

Carl had never felt so helpless and emasculated in his life, noticing their gaze lingering on his exposed legs and the swell of his chest. He had always loved ogling attractive girls in the mall, but now the high heel was on the other foot – his! The sway of his hips forced on him by the high heels, his short tight dress, flirty black lashes and kissable red lips were all like magnets for male attention. By the time they had walked out of the food court, half a dozen different guys had wolf-whistled at him!

For Aunt Kat's part, she was delighted to see her chauvinistic nephew squirming under the gaze of interested males. She'd observed the way he ogled girl's bodies like sides of beef in a butcher shop time and time again, and now he was finally getting a small taste of what it was like to be viewed as an object, not a person. She could hardly wait to see him all dolled up in a skimpy bikini...

"I thought 'Candi' would be a hit with the boys," Aunt Kat smiled. "Any one of those guys back there would have killed for your phone number, sweetie!" Carl flushed. He was very, very conscious of how many guys were ogling him. The three-inch heels gave him a very feminine posture, exaggerating the camber of his back and pushing out his chest – when boys saw an attractive girl dressed like this, they would assume that she liked the attention! He wished the dress didn't swish so much with his hips when he walked, it seemed to turn every male head in the mall to watch him mince by in his heels and admire his butt. Aunt Kat was obviously extremely pretty herself, but she was wearing her work clothes – a tailored suit and sensible heels – and it was clear that 'Candi' was getting all the attention. He had never felt so helpless or humiliated!

"This is our first stop," Aunt Kat said, coming to a halt. "I don't think a girl should have to borrow underwear, do you?" Carl nearly had a panic attack when he recognized that they had stopped outside an expensive lingerie boutique. He'd walked past the store slowly many times before, admiring both the underwear models displayed on large signs outside it and also the attractive women shopping within, but he had never thought he might one day be stepping inside, much less to make a purchase for himself, of all people.

"But why do I need girl's underwear?" Carl whined. "I mean, nobody will see it... Can't I just wear... You know, normal briefs?"

"Absolutely not," Aunt Kat said strictly. "Candi is absolutely not the type of girl to wear boy's underwear, and besides, it would make your clothes sit all wrong. No, lingerie is an utterly essential part of any young lady's wardrobe, and I expect you to pay great care and attention to it."

"But what if they..." Carl dropped his voice to a whisper. "What if my..." He tugged anxiously at the hem of his dress.

"Your little thingy?" Aunt Kat guessed. She pursed her lips. "You're right, sweetie. I guess I was forgetting about that little problem. We'd better not risk it today! Julia's things will have to do for now, I suppose, and fortunately you seem to be about the same size." Carl breathed a sigh of relief as they continued past, but any sense of relief was quickly eclipsed by their next destination,

a trendy upscale clothing store aimed towards teenaged girls. The only upside was that he would finally get away from the lustful looks of admiration... It seemed to be only girls inside.

The clothing store was gigantic and obviously very expensive. Pop music played softly in the background while a combination of stained hardwood and white marble covered the floors. Mannequins displaying various skimpy outfits were everywhere, and rows upon rows of stylish clothing went all the way to the back of the store.

“Oh, look, there’s a sale on,” Aunt Kat beamed, pointing to a green “Summer Sale” sign. Carl had an extremely limited knowledge of girls’ clothing, but he knew that the hottest girls all shopped here and bought tons of provocative outfits. The thought made his stomach turn as he realized that he would soon be one of them! Carl shifted nervously on his high heels as his aunt reached through the racks.

“What do you think of this one, Candi?” Aunt Kat asked, emerging to drape a flimsy halter-top against him. “Doesn’t it match your skin tone beautifully? The deep red really offsets your tan.”

“I, I don’t know,” Carl said, flushing. “Can’t we just...”

“Hi!” came a cheerful voice. “Can I help you find anything?” Carl looked over and saw a very pretty girl of about his age, wearing hip-hugger jeans and a trendy top. Once he might have tried to make a pass at her, but dressed as he was, there was no chance of that happening!

“Please do,” Aunt Kat said, with a welcoming smile. “My niece is staying with me for the summer, and I’m afraid the lousy airline lost all her luggage, can you believe it? She needs an entirely new wardrobe, and I’ve decided to treat her.”

“Oh my gosh, I’m so sorry about all your clothes!” the girl squealed sympathetically. Her smile quickly returned. “Don’t worry, though, we’ll find you all sorts of delicious little outfits! Do you shop here often?”

“Actually, no,” Aunt Kat interjected before Carl was forced to think up an answer. “Believe it or not, Candi has always been a bit of a tomboy. Isn’t that right, Candi?” Carl nodded his head, blushing furiously. “In fact, she’s just now finally realizing that it’s so much fun to wear pretty skirts and dresses,” Aunt Kat went on. “Her mother’s a bit of a prude at times, but her aunt knows how important it is for a young lady to feel feminine ... sexy ... desirable.” She flashed Carl a conspiratorial smile, as if the pair of them were holding one over on his mother. “That said, I think it’s time for a completely new wardrobe,” Aunt Kat finished. “I do so hope you can help us. Trust me, price is not an issue!”

“Ooh, I always love to hear that,” the salesgirl said mischievously with a twinkle in her eye. “That means you’re going to look like you’re fresh off the runways! We have so many adorable new tops that just came in, come on, let’s have a look...”

She pulled Carl towards the rack of feminine finery, taking his reluctance for the shyness of a former tomboy finally blossoming into a beautiful young

woman and feeling embarrassed to be so unknowledgeable about fashion. She and Aunt Kat were chattering away happily about color coordination and body type as Carl stood anxiously with his arms piling up with dresses and tops to try on.

Aunt Kat, in particular, seemed to have very specific ideas about how 'Candi' would be dressed, adamantly insisting on flirty dresses, short skirts, and feminine blouses. Every time Carl tried to pick out something more conservative, she would laugh and point out a cute spaghetti-strap or miniskirt instead, saying that it was summer and girls who had "it" weren't shy about flaunting it! It didn't stop Carl from looking longingly at the jeans and slacks, thinking that even a pair of tight-fitting hip-hugger girls' jeans would be better than nothing. Unfortunately, the closest he would get to jeans was a cute white denim miniskirt!

"You have such great legs," the salesgirl beamed, holding it up. "I bet your boyfriend just loves you in a short little miniskirt. We have some adorable looks, too!"

"I don't have a boyfriend!" Carl protested automatically. "I mean, um, not at the moment?" He blushed, trying to remedy his slip-up.

"Well, that definitely won't last," the salesgirl giggled. "Here, let's get you trying a few things. This one first, alright?"

Trembling slightly with nervousness, Carl relented and closed the door of the changing stall behind him. What would Amber from the beach think if she saw him trying on a skimpy halter-top? The thought was unbearable. Worse, as soon as he was alone in the stall, he realized he wasn't able to unzip his dress on his own. Feeling ready to burst into tears from shame and frustration, Carl peered out of the changing booth.

"Excuse me?" he called tremulously. "I, um, I need help..."

"Oh, well why didn't you say so!" the salesgirl said cheerfully, sliding into the changing booth with him immediately. She set her latest acquisition on a hook and ordered Carl to turn around. Blushing, Carl acquiesced, thinking how he would have loved to be in a cramped little changing stall with a pretty girl under other circumstances... But now she was helping him out of a dress! Once it was off, the salesgirl smiled at him.

"Ooh, so that's how you got such a tiny waist!" she giggled. "Cheater. No, I'm joking, shaping garments are definitely coming back into style, they make such pretty ones now, and comfy, too! I don't need one, of course, but..." She trailed off, looking slightly smug. She helped Carl into the slinky halter-top, body rubbing up against his, and he felt his cheeks go red. She was extremely attractive, and the smell of her perfume was having a definite effect on him! If he got an erection now, he was going to die of humiliation. He closed his eyes tightly, but was sure she could tell something was up from the quizzical look in her eyes. Did she think he was a lesbian?

Feeling dazed and frightened, Carl stepped into the skirt she had picked out to accompany the top and let her adjust it snugly around his hips.

"You look hot," the salesgirl smiled, although she still looked slightly puzzled by 'Candi's' behavior. "Let's show your aunt!" She took Carl by the hand and led him out of the changing booth, where Aunt Kat was waiting.

"Oh, that looks darling on you, sweetie," Aunt Kat exclaimed. "Very summery!" Carl looked at himself in the mirror and flushed. She was right, the top looked wonderful on him, molded to each and every one of his feminized curves with a teasing scooped neckline that left his petite shoulders bare, along with the alluring camber of his slender back. The sun-kissed tan he had begun to develop offset the ruby-red color perfectly, and the skirt, a short, black, ruffled affair, bobbed appealingly as he sashayed back and forth, twirling at Aunt Kat's request.

Carl had no idea how to put on or take off most of the clothes, so he was completely at the salesgirl's mercy as she explained each garment as if he was a particularly airheaded blonde or a little girl. He found himself going through a flurry of new outfits, wriggling in and out of minidresses, spaghetti-straps, girlish blouses, and pencil skirts.

"It's really a shame you're so flat up top," the salesgirl frowned on one occasion. "These little low-cut tops would look so darling on you if you were only filled out a little more."

"Well, some girls bloom later than others, dear," Aunt Kat said diplomatically, as Carl's face went red. "Of course, there are ways of helping that along..."

"Oh, definitely," the salesgirl giggled. "Two of my friends got their boobs done last year, and they both look great! Candi, have you ever thought about getting a boob job?"

Carl shook his head, mortified, and mercifully she dropped the subject as she found a little red dress that would just be perfect on him. Between each change of clothes Carl had to go out and model the outfit for Aunt Kat, who was enjoying the fashion show immensely. She and the salesgirl debated and argued as he minced and spun in front of them, deciding on the best combinations. By the end he had worn more clothes in a few hours than he had worn in the past five years, and Carl felt both physically and mentally drained.

"But why can't I buy any jeans?" Carl whispered, as the salesgirl started ringing up their purchases. "Girls wear jeans and slacks all the time! You're wearing a pair right now, Aunt Kat!" He looked dejectedly at the pretty skirts and dresses being folded up for him even as they spoke.

"Isn't it obvious?" Aunt Kat frowned. "Look, sweetie, if you were a real girl, of course you could buy a few pairs of pants. But since you're a boy, we have to make you as feminine as possible. That means frilly lingerie, short skirts, cute blouses, dresses, and high heels at all times. Since the last thing we want is anyone discovering your true gender, we have to make every effort to make you as dainty and girlish as possible. By the time anyone comes looking for you, you will be a beautiful, feminine, complete and total girly-girl, and nobody would ever dream you could possibly have once been a boy!"

Carl had to admit that it made a twisted kind of sense, but even so, he felt utter terror at the idea of being paraded around in revealing outfits for the rest of the summer. And what did she mean by “once been a boy?” He still was!

“And besides,” Aunt Kat said slyly. “I know how much you like seeing girls in revealing tops and short, tiny skirts. I thought you might like to try it out for yourself, and see what goes into wearing sexy, feminine outfits. I think it will be a very good experience for you.”

When all of the purchases had been rung up and placed into bags or boxes, Aunt Kat thanked the salesgirl profusely for his help and she and her nephew left the boutique weighed down with the foundations of an entirely new wardrobe. If Carl had hoped the nightmare was over, he was to be disappointed.

“You’re going to need new shoes,” Aunt Kat said briskly. “That’s essential for a young woman learning the ins and outs of femininity.”

“Aunt Kat, I’m exhausted,” Carl pleaded. “My ankles are killing me.”

“That’s why you need more heels, sweetie,” Aunt Kat said. “Practice makes perfect, after all.”

So, for the next hour, Carl found himself trying on pair after pair of strappy

sandals and stiletto pumps in the women’s shoe store on the top level of the mall. Aunt Kat had him mincing up and down in a wide variety of styles and colors, still giving him pointers on how to move gracefully as a girl. She’d explained to the male clerk that ‘Candi’ was moving out of her tomboy phase and was finally ready to learn how to be a pretty, feminine, well-



dressed young lady in order to attract guys, but the clerk only had eyes for 'Candi's' sexy nyloned legs, and Carl seriously doubted he heard a word that Aunt Kat had said to him. Wishing he didn't have an audience, Carl sat down, gracefully smoothing his dress and keeping his knees together, and began putting on a pair of single-strap beige pumps with a chunky four-inch heel.

"Why can't we buy some flat shoes?" he asked his aunt timidly. "I mean, I see real girls in sneakers and flat shoes all over town!"

"Sweetie, us real girls have had about five years practice negotiating in heels by the time we're your age," Aunt Kat said matter-of-factly. "You have a lot of time to make up for, so even your bedroom slippers will have to have heels. Oh! That reminds me. You need slippers!" Carl could only moan softly as she came back with a pair of fuzzy pink slippers with a kitten heel. This was, without a doubt, the longest day of his young life! To make matters worse, the sales clerk kept running his hand up Carl's leg whenever he helped him out of a new pair of shoes! He blushed at the young man's touch, averting his eyes and hoping to avoid a scene, unintentionally looking extremely flirtatious and submissive with his eyelashes fluttering prettily. By the time they left the store, with more shoes than Carl had ever seen in a lifetime, Aunt Kat had a sly smile on her face. She was enjoying this more than she'd ever expected!

They made a mercifully brief stop at a drug store to pick out a wide variety of cosmetics products, which Aunt Kat assured him she would give him intensive lessons on how to use, and then at a jeweller's shop to buy new earrings. By this point, Carl was utterly overwhelmed and it was all he could do to submit to his Aunt's suggestions and agree that the chandelier earrings were "to die for."

Loaded down with purchases and his head swimming from the sample perfumes he'd been made to try out, Carl was relieved when noon rolled around and Aunt Kat told him she needed to get to work. "I nearly lost track of time, I was having so much fun," she said. "Let's get you home, so you can put all your pretty new things away."

At this point Carl could only nod his head weakly, utterly overwhelmed by the rapid turn of events that had seen a trip to the mall for new clothes turn into a complete erosion of his masculinity, replaced by makeup, nail polish, dresses and high heels. He followed his Aunt Kat out to the car, still blushing furiously whenever he noticed admiring looks from men and boys. He was completely silent on the car-trip home, even as Aunt Kat chatted away happily about how perfectly he had passed as a girl and what a little heart-breaker he would turn out to be with a little more work. Carl's head was still spinning with the realization that all of these packages and bags full of feminine finery were now his, and he would be expected to wear them!

After multiple trips, all of Carl's new wardrobe was inside, and Aunt Kat was adamant that he not sit down and rest his aching ankles until everything was put away. She was delighted with how quickly he was taking to the high heels, mincing around quite gracefully, and she even witnessed him bending from the knees to put away his new shoes, rather than bending from the waist and risking a flash of his lacy panties to the world.

"It's so lucky that I didn't redecorate this room immediately after Julia left," Aunt Kat pointed out. "I think it's just perfect for a girl named Candi, don't you?" She was right about that – the pink and purple color scheme and frilly accoutrements were ultra-feminine, and before long the vanity was stocked up with cosmetics and the walk-in closet was bursting full with blouses, skirts, and minidresses. Carl was utterly exhausted by the time they had finished hanging up all of his things, and he sank to the edge of his bed with a soft moan.

"My feet feel like they're going to fall off," he groaned.

"Knees together, sweetie," his aunt said. He snapped his legs shut immediately, embarrassed. "I know this is overwhelming for you, but I really do think it's our best chance!" Aunt Kat continued. "I never would have thought it, but you make a really natural girl. I suppose that hormone imbalance ended up working in our favor, didn't it?"

Carl nodded miserably. If only that damn suitcase hadn't been lost... Aunt Kat never would have had to find out about his little "condition..." He never would have been wearing unisex clothes to the salon, and those Swedish twins never would have mistaken him for a girl, and this whole plan would never have come about at all!

"How long do I have to pretend to be a girl?" Carl asked miserably. "I can't spend my whole summer like this!"

"Just as long as it takes for your father to give up looking for you, sweetie," Aunt Kat said. "He'll be sure to send someone to check down here in Florida, in case he thinks your mother is trying to hide you and I'm in on it, but I'll be sure to give a big sob story about how your mother and I had a huge falling out and she barely even calls anymore. And if they look around the house for clues, they'll only find a girl's room full of clothes, makeup, and stilettos, shortly before meeting a pretty, vivacious young blonde named Candi. Your father is so old-fashioned and homophobic that he would simply never suspect the possibility of you disguising yourself as a girl. It's perfect!"

"And once that happens, I can go back to being a boy..." Carl said wistfully.

"That's right," Aunt Kat smiled. "But for now, why not just enjoy the ride? If you have to be a girl, at least you get to be a girl with a slender figure and a beautiful face. Most teenaged girls your age would love to have your legs, your slight frame, and your pretty features. Enjoy it! Now, how would you like to get out of that shaping garment?"

"Would I ever!" Carl exclaimed. Aunt Kat laughed at his eagerness. She helped him out of his dress, lifting it carefully over his head, then began the process of loosening the cincher. Carl took a deep breath and sweet air filled his lungs. He had become accustomed to the pressure, but now that it was gone, he felt like a scuba diver coming up to the surface. She peeled it off and Carl gave a sigh of relief, massaging himself. His chest was still puffy, but without the shaping garment cradling them and pushing them to prominence, his small "boy-boobs" were a lot less noticeable. It made him feel slightly better as he unbuckled his high-heeled pumps and unhooked his garters, then followed Aunt Kat's instructions to carefully remove his nylons so as to not put a run in

them with his long, feminine fingernails. With the wispy nylons peeled away from his legs and his posture no longer altered by the heels, he felt slightly more like himself, except for the lacy panties, hairless skin, swinging hoop earrings and expertly-applied makeup.

"Turn around, sweetie," Aunt Kat directed. "Let me see what we have to work with." Having spent the entire morning modeling clothes for her, Carl made a slow circle with only a hint of embarrassment at his beautiful aunt seeing him in panties and nothing else. "You have a nice slender figure," Aunt Kat said thoughtfully. "And that naturally small waist, too! With a little more time using the shaping garment and a bit of dieting, it will be just perfect for a young man to put his hands around. I'm afraid your only real deficiency is your flat chest. Even with padding, I don't think we can hope for more than an A-cup."

"That's okay, isn't it?" Carl said hastily. "I mean, plenty of girls are small-chested. Aren't they? There's nothing wrong with that at all!"

"My, my, what a turn-around," Aunt Kat said dryly. "I seem to remember you treating small-chested girls rather poorly. Didn't you dump darling Miranda because she wasn't, um, developed enough for you? That was quite heart-breaking for her, you know. I thought you loved big breasts!"

"On girls!" Carl exclaimed, exasperated. "Not on me!"

"Sweetie, until this custody situation blows over, you *are* a girl," Aunt Kat said firmly. "And a very attractive one, too. The sooner you get used to thinking of yourself as 'Candi,' the easier this will be for you, understand?"

"I understand," Carl muttered, determined to do no such thing. He might have to dress like a girl, but there was no way he would start behaving like some dumb blonde bimbo!

Aunt Kat went to the bottom drawer of Carl's dresser and started rummaging through it. "Now, I'm sure that Julia left it behind... Let me see... No use buying you your own yet..." When Carl saw what she had pulled out, his pretty blue eyes went wide.

"A bikini?" he said faintly, but all the fight had left him about three miniskirts ago.

"That's right," Aunt Kat smiled. "Julia was a little small on top herself, so this one has a nice underwire support to give you a bit of help." Carl stood dejectedly, raising his arms to allow his aunt to position the tiny top over his chest. The small red triangles had underwire support, as she'd said, and it cradled his small puffy boy-boobs together to give the appearance of real breasts. He watched helplessly in the mirror as Aunt Kat adjusted him, tying the strings into a pretty little bow in the center of his shoulder blades. He then obediently stripped off his panties and held the back part of the bikini bottom against his bottom as Aunt Kat slid the front part between his legs, lacing the strings together against his slender hips.

"We'll have to come up with a better solution for this little problem," Aunt Kat said conversationally, tucking his small manhood back to present a smooth crotch. "But for now, that will do. Thank goodness you haven't grown yet in

that particular area.” Carl blushed furiously. Aunt Kat fluffed out his hair and freshened up her nephew’s lipstick, then turned him to face the mirror.

“What do you think?” she asked innocently. Carl could only stare in terror at his reflection. Small chest or no, there was no way a blonde wearing a skimpy red string bikini, showing off slender arms, flat stomach, rounded hips, and legs for miles, wouldn’t break necks on the beach. It matched his nails and pouty red lips perfectly in shade, as well!

“God, look at the time,” Aunt Kat groaned. “Alright, I really have to get going. Now grab your sunscreen and hop outside, sweetie. You need to catch a few rays.”

“What? Why?” Carl squeaked. “I can’t go outside like this!”

“Just on the back deck,” Aunt Kat said, rolling her eyes. “You need to fix your tan-lines, dear. Right now you have pale skin to the knee and an even tan on your entire upper body. A girl like Candi probably doesn’t go sunbathing in board-shorts, although she might go topless if she’s feeling mischievous enough.

Either way, it would be best to correct them with a little sun. Go on!”

With great reluctance, Carl walked to the sliding glass door to the balcony and opened it. He didn’t think anyone would be able to see him on the lounge, but even so...

“You’ll need a good two hours at least,” Aunt Kat said. “Here, I want you to read



through these while you suntan. I'll be quizzing you later, okay? It's important for a teen girl to know about the latest styles, fashions, and celebrity gossip." She handed him a stack of Cosmo and Seventeen magazines, full of colorful print and articles with titles like "10 ways to please your boyfriend." Flushing, Carl reluctantly bundled them in his arms as he stepped outside. Though he was accustomed to going shirtless, wearing a string bikini somehow made him feel far more exposed than he ever had in his life. Luckily, nobody was going to see him. Carl began applying his sunscreen by habit as his Aunt Kat hurried out to the car. It felt so strange on his smooth, hairless legs.

Aunt Kat glanced back as she was leaving, to the sight of her feminized nephew rubbing sunscreen into his slender legs. She smiled, imagining the intense feelings of emasculation and confusion her sexist nephew had to now be experiencing. He'd been completely disguised as a beautiful girl, dressed in nothing but a tiny, sexy red bikini, and directed to suntan until he gained yet another signifier of his new femininity, enticing female tan-lines. Kat wondered how much more his fragile male ego could possibly take. It had to be a very humbling experience for him, but after a week of watching him blatantly disrespect girls and ogle their bodies, she felt he definitely deserved the chance to see what it was like to be nothing more than a pretty face and a sexy body. Although he still wouldn't know what it was like for a man to talk to his chest rather than his face...

Carl leaned back on the lounge, lost in his own thoughts. The entire day felt like some crazy dream, some bizarre nightmare, but every time the sun gleamed on his painted fingernails and the straps of his bikini rubbed against his smooth skin, he knew that it was all very much real. How had he let this happen? How had he let his aunt turn him into a chick? He shuddered to think of what his father would think of all this. Aunt Kat was right on that point, Carl's homophobic father would never ever suspect that Carl would agree to disguise himself as a girl so his mother could maintain custody. His buddy Brad would be equally shocked, he was sure. Carl had told him he was going to Florida to pick up beach babes, but now he was well on his way to becoming one, instead! And his idol, Jason, would probably bust his gut laughing if he knew that Carl was currently sunbathing in a little red bikini. Jason the football star, lady-killer, and all-around man's man would have never allowed himself to get caught up in a crazy scheme like this. He would have told Aunt Kat to screw right off!

In order to distract himself, Carl started looking through the magazines. It was mostly girly garbage, tips on makeup, accessorizing, hot colors, and boy advice. There was even an article on house-cleaning, which Carl read hoping for pictures of girls in maid outfits, but was disappointed. Finally, Carl pushed the fashion magazines away and closed his eyes. He didn't want to think about the coming weeks, adjusting to his new identity, answering to 'Candi' and dressing in short skirts and high heels. It was simply too much. Carl was exhausted from the day's events, however, and so despite his many frantic thoughts, it wasn't long before he fell asleep on the lounge.



“Candi! Have you been out here on the lounge this whole time I was gone?” Carl blinked his eyes, which felt strangely heavy, confused as to why his aunt was calling him ‘Candi...’ then he opened them and everything came rushing back. He looked down at his bikini top, tanned stomach, skimpy red bottom, long, slender legs and painted toenails. How long had he been asleep? It looked like he was well on his way to an even, sunkissed tan all over.

“I, I guess so,” Carl said, yawning. “What time is it?”

“It’s nearly time for you to head off to bed!” Aunt Kat laughed, shaking her head. “Did shopping really wear you out that much? I hope you at least rolled over a few times. And it’s a good thing we got a little cloud cover, or you’d be burnt to a crisp by now.” Carl got up, realizing that the air had turned cool and the sun was now going down. He couldn’t quite remember his dream, but he knew it had been something truly bizarre.

“We’ll have to even that out tomorrow,” Aunt Kat said, observing his much paler back, “But for now...” She peeled back her nephew’s bikini top and Carl saw that he was starting to develop feminine tan lines, with a slightly lighter triangle of flesh over each nipple. “Very nice,” Aunt Kat smiled. “Have you eaten yet, sweetie? If you slept all that time, you must be just starving.” As if to prove her point, Carl’s stomach growled noisily. He hadn’t eaten since breakfast, after all.

“I am really hungry,” Carl admitted. “Could we order a pizza or something?” Aunt Kat clucked her tongue.

“Not those greasy pepperoni pizzas you used to scarf down by the slice,” she chuckled. “Candi, a girl has to watch her figure! I’ll fix you up a salad.”

“Alright,” Carl sighed. He followed her resignedly back into the kitchen and perched on one of the stools while she threw some pre-washed lettuce into a bowl and started slicing up a pepper. He was hungry enough that even the skimpy salad tasted delicious, but he wasn’t allowed to wolf it down! Instead, Aunt Kat sat across from him and directed him with every motion, showing him how to properly hold a fork despite his long, manicured fingernails, to take small sips of water and tiny bites, and generally how to act in a lady-like fashion.

“Imagine if you were to eat like you used to on a date!” Aunt Kat pointed out. “It would be a disaster, and definitely put off your potential boyfriend. You need to concentrate on acting in a dainty, feminine manner at all times, in all settings, okay, sweetie?”

“I’m not ever going to be on a date!” Carl exclaimed, blushing. “Why would I...”

“Finished?” Aunt Kat interrupted. “Good, let’s go take your makeup off. Then I have something to show you!” She took Carl’s plate and dropped it into the sink, then led her nephew into the bathroom to show him the ins and outs of

makeup removal, how to soak a cotton ball in the solution and hold it over each closed eye, then use Q-tips to get rid of the last vestiges.

“You’ll be doing all this yourself, soon, so pay attention,” Aunt Kat said. After using wipes for his face and lipstick, Carl applied face wash, rinsed, and moisturized to his aunt’s satisfaction. He was relieved to finally have all the gunk off his face, eager to see his old reflection looking back at him in the mirror... Nut he was sadly disappointed. With his feminine blonde hairstyle, thinly-plucked eyebrows, and dangling earrings, he still looked far more like a pretty teen girl than a boy!

But it wasn’t just that, either, Carl realized. Everything in his face had changed, just subtly. Prior to today, he had never dressed in girl’s clothes or even considered allowing makeup to be put on his face, but now, after being dolled up as a pretty blonde and paraded around the mall, seeing his reflection in every window and mirror he passed by, it was all too apparent that his big blue eyes, which he had always thought of as soulful, could be turned sexy and seductive with only a coating of mascara and some eye shadow. His full lips could easily become a tempting, pouty pink Cupid’s bow. His dainty nose, delicate chin and smooth complexion all now seemed to scream ‘girl,’ even without a lick of makeup. It was like one of those optical illusions... Now that Carl had seen ‘Candi,’ there was simply no way to un-see her.

It gave him a terrifying thought that made him shudder: what if he saw it for the rest of his life? What if every time he walked by a mirror, he remembered his time dolled up in short skirts, heels, and lingerie? Carl shook his head. No, that was stupid. Of course that wouldn’t happen! He was a late bloomer, sure, but soon enough he would grow facial hair, and his jaw would widen, and his face would become a man’s face, far too manly to ever imagine with makeup on. That’s what hormones did, after all!

As Carl finished removing his earrings, Aunt Kat returned to the bathroom with a small white paper bag. “Out of that bikini, sweetie,” she said. “I need to show you something. I looked it up online while I was at work and found a specialty store that had them in stock...” She pulled what looked like a small flesh-colored thong out of the bag and handed it to him. Carl looked at it in confusion as he reluctantly undid the ties of his bikini bottom.

“What is this thing?” he asked, worried to find out.

“It’s your new best friend, sweetie,” Aunt Kat said happily. “It’s called a gaffe. Let me help you put it on.” Carl blushed as he was manhandled for the third time that day. His Aunt thrust his member, along with his testes, into some kind of tiny elastic sheath which then snapped back into his body cavity, excruciatingly tight. Carl gasped, unable to breathe, as Aunt Kat adjusted the garment. She had brought her makeup kit, and blended a little cover-up around Carl’s crotch before stepping back with a satisfied smile.

“Have a look, sweetie,” she said. “Isn’t that just perfect?” Carl stepped towards the mirror and gasped for an entirely different reason. He had spent the entire day feeling like he was losing his manhood, and now his appearance matched that reality! Where his genitals had once hung, he was perfectly smooth and flat

as a young girl, with the flesh-colored garment blending in perfectly against his skin. With his legs together, it was easy to imagine that he had a cute little pussy awaiting between them!

“Just adorable,” Aunt Kat sighed happily. “Now you’ll be able to wear your bikini without any worries of slipping out, along with all the most luxurious lingerie. Even a sexy little thong shouldn’t give you any problems whatsoever.” Carl had never felt so miserable in his life, but his aunt wasn’t done. “I know it will take a little getting used to,” she went on. “But you’ll need to wear it at all times in order to get accustomed to it, except, of course, for in the shower. Now, I know that probably wasn’t a gift you’ll like much, but I also found you this...” With a big smile, she pulled a sheer pink babydoll and matching panties out of the shopping bag. Carl’s smooth knees trembled. For some reason he’d imagined he would be allowed to sleep in his briefs, as per usual, but of course his Aunt Kat would have something more feminine in mind! Blushing once more, he allowed her to slip the slinky, diaphanous garment over his head. He worked the panties up his hairless legs, realizing that with the gaffe in place they now fit perfectly, and obediently stepped into the dainty bedroom slippers that Aunt Kat presented him with.

“Your lips still look a little dry,” she observed, frowning and rummaging in the bathroom drawer. “Here, use a little balm.” Carl submissively coated his lips with the contents of the tube, before realizing that, of course, it was colored a pale pink shade. Even ‘Candi’s’ lip balm was girly! Carl looked at himself in the mirror and tried his best not to cry. How on Earth was he going to get through an entire week of this, much less longer?

“I can’t do this, Aunt Kat,” Carl said weakly. “It’ll never work!”

“Sweetie, even you don’t believe that anymore,” Aunt Kat smiled. “Just take things one day at a time, okay? I think before long you’ll start enjoying yourself. Now, off to bed.” Carl took one last lingering look at his feminine reflection, then sighed and left the bathroom, kitten heels clicking on the tiles.



Carl had hoped that the entire day had been one weird dream, but when he woke up the next morning with the straps of his babydoll nightie slipping down his shoulders, he knew it was anything but! Before he could reflect on his woes any longer, however, Aunt Kat strode into his room and stripped the purple covers off his body.

“Time to get up, sweetie, we have a big day ahead of us,” she said firmly. “I’ve called into work so I’ll have today with you instead. That means I’m expecting you to be completely cooperative in every way, understand? First thing’s first, let’s get you into the bath.”

“Won’t they miss you at work?” Carl asked hopefully. “I mean, we could just practice... Girl stuff... When you get back.”

"I deserve a day off, trust me," Aunt Kat laughed. "And they'll survive. Now, no stalling, missy." Carl trooped to the bathroom, teeth gritted against the cold tiles, and was surprised to see a foamy bubble-bath awaiting him. He'd assumed she had simply meant a shower.

"I don't take baths," Carl said automatically. "Showering is quicker and easier, can't I just shower?"

"Maybe 'Carl' didn't take baths, but plenty of girls enjoy a luxurious bubble-bath now and again," Aunt Kat said. "So 'Candi' will, too. Go on, it feels nice. Get yourself clean while I lay out your outfit. Oh, and remember to remove your gaffe!"

Carl didn't need to be told twice. As soon as Aunt Kat was out of the bathroom, he shucked off his panties and wrestled himself free of the gaffe. His poor squashed maleness flopped out pathetically, but Carl had never been happier to see it. He gave a sigh and massaged himself, but only elicited a twitch in response. That damned



gaffe must have cut off his blood flow or something! Frowning, Carl removed his nightie and slipped into the lukewarm bath. Aunt Kat was right about one thing, it did feel quite nice and relaxing. He scrubbed himself all over, except for his increasingly sensitive chest area, and reasoned that having hairless legs wasn't so bad. Swimmers and cyclists both shaved their legs, after all, and they were some of the manliest athletes around.

By the time he had washed his hair with the prescribed shampoo and conditioner, dried off, and applied the lotions and creams Aunt Kat had set out for him, Carl smelled perfectly feminine. His nose wrinkled at the floral scent, but there was nothing for it. He sighed as he considered the gaffe once more. At least if he did it himself, he could be careful about it, but the action still felt somehow more emasculating as he performed it himself, like he was intentionally giving up his manhood, like he truly desired to be a soft, feminine girl with a smooth female front... Blushing furiously as the gaffe slid his boy parts out of sight, Carl minced back to his room to find Aunt Kat waiting with the shaping garment.

"This again?" he groaned. "I thought you said I had a small waist!"

"You do, sweetie, but this will really help you get that feminine hourglass shape," Aunt Kat explained. "Besides that, it helps support your little boobies and make them look bigger."

"I don't want to make them look bigger," Carl muttered sulkily, putting on the pair of white panties waiting for him on the bed. At least they weren't too frilly or lacy. When he had gotten on the plane to Florida, he'd had no idea he would be having an argument with his aunt about what lingerie he wore!

"You want them to actually *be* bigger, I understand, sweetie," Aunt Kat crooned. "Girls can be so catty at this age about flat-chested peers." She winked to show she was joking, and Carl rolled his eyes. At least one of them was having fun, but if this was the only way to make sure the inheritance ended up in his hands, he knew he would have to go along with her crazy scheme. Once he was wearing the shaper, Aunt Kat fluffed his boobs a little and added a cold gel insert to each one to fill out the cups more completely. He gave a little jump as the cold gel touched his chest, and, even worse, felt his nipples harden immediately. They were really getting sensitive!

Nylons were next, which prompted Carl to make one final complaint.

"Come on, Aunt Kat," he protested. "Even girls don't wear these all the time! What's wrong with bare legs?"

"Quite the little exhibitionist, aren't we?" Aunt Kat said dryly. "Sweetie, it's not just about making you look feminine, it's about making you *feel* as feminine as possible. You need to get into the mindset of being a girl, remember? Pretty lingerie will help you remember the gender you're presenting at all times."

"It's kind of hard to forget with my balls squashed like this," Carl whined petulantly, as he stepped into the small pink pumps she had set out for him. They were decorated with tiny bows... Could it get any worse?



“Then start thinking of yourself as a young woman getting her cramps,” Aunt Kat shot back. “Now, put your knee up and let me tighten it a tiny bit more. We’ll try to take it in a little bit every day, okay?” Groaning, Carl obediently turned around and let his aunt give him one final adjustment.

“Perfect!” she exclaimed. “Now, over to the vanity. We’ll start with makeup. We have an awful lot of work to do.” Carl shrugged glumly and went over to sit

in front of the vanity. She kept saying that, but really, how difficult could it possibly be to be a girl? After all, girls could do it...

"How hard can it be?" Carl asked, voicing his thoughts. "There isn't *that* much to learn!"

Aunt Kat only smiled as she positioned her nephew in front of the mirror.



"There isn't that much to learn." By the end of his first full day of girlhood, Carl couldn't think of any words he regretted saying more. His first makeup lesson took most of the morning, with Carl sitting glumly as Aunt Kat went through the basics of applying foundation, eyeshadow, liner, mascara, blush, and lipstick. He hadn't paid much attention, so when she instructed him to do it himself, it was an unmitigated disaster. After removing his attempts to give them a fresh slate, Aunt Kat helped him more closely. She even guided his hand as he applied his lipstick. Before long, every last bit of boyishness was erased and replaced by soft, pouty pink lips, smooth skin, and doe-like eyes with long, curled lashes.

"In a week you'll be able to do all this yourself," Aunt Kat said, which didn't make Carl feel the least bit better, and then guided him to the closet for his first lesson on putting together an outfit. Color-coordination, matching, and accessorizing were new terms in Carl's vocabulary, but his aunt assured him he would pick it up quickly. She selected a feminine, ruffled baby-blue dress for him to wear and had him select his own jewelry.

Then, after two pills and a breakfast that was even skimpier than usual ("A girl can never be too careful with her figure, sweetie, and those small sizes will fit you even better!"), Carl was subjected to the longest day of his young life. Aunt Kat seemed to take delight in drilling him in every feminine gesture or mannerism imaginable: one hour was spent on his walk, for which she brought out towering five-inch stilettos that Carl was certain were illegal in some places, and she had him practice in them until his hips wobbled perfectly from side to side and his bottom swished attractively. Another hour was spent teaching him the finer points of how to properly sit, bend down, and kneel in a skirt, another on speaking in a high, feminine voice, and so on.

After a closely-critiqued lunch, the agony continued. Carl was kept on his feet all day, except for when he was practicing removing and reapplying his makeup and nail polish, or caring for his hair, and Aunt Kat seemed intent on erasing every last boyish mannerism he might have had and replacing them with feminine gestures. She taught him when to flutter his hands as he spoke, telling him that girls were far more expressive with their body language when conversing, when to play with his hair, pout his lips, cover his mouth with his long nails when laughing or surprised, and to let one foot bob up and down as he sat with his legs crossed seductively. Concentrating on following her instructions, Carl barely even considered that she was intentionally teaching him flirtatious mannerisms!

Another wardrobe change and makeup lesson was in store, this time teaching him how to adjust his 'face' to create a more dramatic look for the evening. This feminine boot camp went well into the evening. Carl barely had time to reflect on his situation as she whisked him from one thing to the next, drilling him relentlessly on even the tiniest details. He had never known his Aunt Kat to be such a perfectionist, but he knew that it was, in a round-about way, for his own good! He had to be a passable girl when his father's lawyers came looking for him, or the jig was up. By the time Carl performed his nightly beauty rituals and went off to bed, he was utterly exhausted, head filled with all sorts of



beauty tips and feminine mannerisms. At least he hadn't had to step foot outside the house – there were a few silver linings to Aunt Kat's boot camp!



The rest of the week passed in much the same manner for Carl. Although his aunt returned to work, all of her time at home was spent molding 'Candi' into a perfect young lady. While she was at work, she left him with 'homework' assignments that mostly consisted of reading fashion magazines and she would also pick out one of her romance novels, a real bodice-ripper explicit enough to make even Carl blush on occasion. One told the story of a beautiful young orphan girl who, upon her parents' death, was sent to work as maid at the vast house of which her aunt served as the housekeeper. Carl was supposed to be picturing himself in the role of the lovely female protagonist, of course! With reading in hand, he spent his afternoons lounging on the deck in his bikini, developing a nice, sun-kissed tan all over his body, along with the proper tan-lines that declared his new role as a female.

Of course, Aunt Kat wasn't content with letting Carl spend all day indoors. After the first few days of his feminine training, she insisted that he accompany her to various places, jokingly calling it his "field training." Naturally, Carl was terrified at first, especially with his humiliating experience at the mall still fresh in his memory, but after a few uneventful lunch-dates (apart from a love-struck busboy doing his best to peer down Carl's top and leaving his phone number with the bill), shopping excursions ("A girl can never have too many clothes, Candi!"), and an uneventful trip to the movie theatre (to see a sappy romantic comedy), Carl began to accept the fact that nobody suspected him of being a boy. Still, he did his best to avoid any prolonged conversations. He wasn't sure which was scarier, the possibility of girls grilling him on his newfound femininity and discovering he wasn't what he appeared to be, or boys treating him *exactly* like the cute, sexy blonde he now appeared to be!

Aunt Kat, for her part, got a sneaky thrill out of seeing her once-macho nephew squirm under the attentions of interested young men. He had certainly ogled enough girls in his time, and she thought it extremely fitting that he now got to experience what a pretty girl went through on a daily basis.

The only place Carl still wasn't comfortable going was the boardwalk. There was simply too great a chance of running into someone he knew, and the possibility frightened him to no end. He also knew it would be a great excuse for Aunt Kat to pack his little red bikini, and gaffe or no, Carl was not about to expose himself to the lustful eyes of all the horny guys on the boardwalk, no matter how nice he looked in it!

"You're being silly, and it has to stop," Aunt Kat chided him after yet another argument on the subject. "Tomorrow is Saturday, and the boardwalk will be absolutely teeming with people, most of them tourists. The chances of you running into anybody you knew as 'Carl' are simply minuscule, sweetie, and besides, even if you did, do you really think any of them would recognize you?"



The simple remark made Carl flush deeply. He knew, deep down, that she was right... He looked so utterly feminine, especially after a week of his aunt's coaching, that he seriously doubted the friends he had made two years ago or briefly met at the start of the summer would ever recognize him. But just the prospect of them seeing him in girlish get-up was humiliating enough, even if they just thought he was another beach babe on the boardwalk.

"I just don't want to," Carl said lamely. "It's going to be so busy, like you said."

"You used to love going to the boardwalk on Saturdays," Aunt Kat pointed out. Carl winced. It was true, he had once loved the hustle and bustle ... and jiggle ... of the boardwalk on Saturdays, when it was loaded with cute chicks strutting their stuff. Now, however, he was going to be one of them!

"That was before," he said, embarrassed.

"I'll give you the option, then," Aunt Kat said. "Either we go shopping on the boardwalk tomorrow, or we go to the beach so you can show off in your adorable little red bikini. Which is it?"

"If I go to the boardwalk, you promise I won't have to wear my bikini?" Carl asked, eagerly despite himself.

"I promise," Aunt Kat said, placing her hand on her heart.

"Okay, then," Carl sighed. "I'll come shopping with you."

"You make it sound like a bore!" Aunt Kat exclaimed, pretending to be offended. "I'm hurt, Candi. What niece doesn't love to go shopping with her favorite aunt?"

"You're my only aunt," Carl said, and Aunt Kat laughed. Despite himself, Carl also let slip a girlish giggle, then quickly put his long fingernails up to his mouth when he realized how high-pitched and bubbly he sounded. That feminine gesture, in turn, made him quickly pull his hand away, both embarrassed and amazed by how naturally he had laughed like a teenaged girl.

"Be careful not to do that around the boys, sweetie," Aunt Kat smiled. "They'll just eat you right up." Carl blushed fiercely. A week of girlhood was definitely starting to have its effects!



The next morning, Carl took as much time and care as possible doing his hair and makeup for two reasons: one, he wanted to delay their trip to the boardwalk for as long as he could, and two, although he hated to admit it, he wanted to make sure he looked as pretty and feminine as possible to further decrease the chances of anybody recognizing him. Keeping that in mind, he picked out a cute floral-printed halter top with a matching three-tiered ruffled miniskirt in bubble-gum pink. He grimaced as he stepped into a pair of pale pink pumps with a dainty three-inch heel – it seemed like over half of his entire wardrobe was the same sweet, innocent, girly color, but the length of this skirt was anything but innocent! Carl tugged at it in vain, but to no avail. It was almost indecently short, showing off his slender, sexy limbs to full advantage, and he knew the ruffled design would bob appealingly as he walked to draw all eyes to his wriggling backside. Still, it was very feminine, and very pretty, and certainly something a girl named 'Candi' would love to wear, and a boy named 'Carl' would never go near.

"Stop primping, Candi, it's time to go!" Aunt Kat said, walking into his room. She was putting in her earrings, dressed in a form-fitting blouse and attractive skirt, though not quite as short as Carl's. "Ready?"

"Nearly," Carl said anxiously. "Should I wear nylons?"

"I think you look perfectly adorable just like that," Aunt Kat smiled. "You deserve a chance to show off that nice bit of tan, don't you think? Now, let's see your armpits." Blushing, Carl raised his arms above his head so she could inspect them. They were baby-smooth, thanks to a razor and shaving cream, but

Carl had noticed that all of his body hair seemed to be growing back lighter and thinner, or not at all. It was almost as if his body knew that he was dressing as a girl... But that was silly.

"Okay," Carl sighed nervously, picking up his purse. "I guess I'm ready to go, then!"

"Good girl," Aunt Kat said. "You did your lip gloss to match your outfit, I see! Very cute." Carl flushed, touching one manicured fingernail to his bubble-gum pink lips. He hadn't even realized! Were the makeup lessons sinking in that deeply? He followed his aunt out to the car, heels clicking on the driveway, and Aunt Kat beamed with pride as he slid inside gracefully without displaying so much as a thread of his lacy new panties.

The boardwalk was busy by the time they arrived, as Aunt Kat had predicted, but it wasn't as awful as Carl had feared it would be. Although he now had plenty of new considerations (he needed to manage a flirty little skirt, keep concentrating on his heels to make sure he didn't let them slip between the boardwalk slats, remembering to check his makeup and freshen up his lip gloss every so often, and try his best to ignore the lustful looks and occasional catcalls he received), Carl still enjoyed the sunshine and the sights of the boardwalk. He even managed to pretend for quite some time that all the male attention was focused on his beautiful aunt, who moved as gracefully as a fashion model in her heels and tight skirt, but it wasn't long before it became apparent that a good portion of the looks were for his pretty face, barely-there mini and long, sexy legs.

"It's a compliment, sweetie," Aunt Kat told him after a boy in swim trunks wolf-whistled as they walked out of what seemed to Carl the fiftieth clothing boutique. "And besides, that boy was awfully cute. Why don't you give him a little smile and put a little wiggle in your walk, just to show him what he's missing?" She chuckled at the expression of sheer terror on her feminized nephew's face. "I'm only joking, Candi, but you really do need to get used to the attention of being a pretty girl," she said seriously. "Now, I'm just going to stop in at Vino's to pick up a bottle of wine, why don't you go to the car?"

"By myself?" Carl asked meekly.

"You're seventeen, Candi," Aunt Kat said, rolling her eyes. "Come on, sweetie, you've done marvelously all day and nobody has so much as looked twice... Well, that's a lie." A smile danced on the corner of her lips. "But, you know what I mean. You're a big girl, so yes, meet me at the car. I'll be along in a few minutes! Honestly..."

"Okay, fine," Carl said, pouting despite himself. "Just don't take too long! Please?"

"I'll be there before you know it," Aunt Kat smiled. "Get going, missy." Carl smoothed his little miniskirt and started back down the boardwalk, but as he did so he heard a vibrating noise coming from one of the shopping bags. His cell phone! He still carried it out of habit, but hadn't used it for over a week now. Wondering if Brad had bit the bullet and decided to call his buddy long distance, and what exactly he would tell him, and how would he could disguise

his feminine voice without drawing attention from passers-by, Carl scrambled in the bag to pick it out. As he did so, however, he managed to put the heel of his little pink pump right through the boardwalk slats!

“Oof!” Carl gasped in surprise, stumbling forward, but before he could fall he found himself caught by a strong pair of arms. He looked up into the face of his rescuer and saw a handsome boy of about his age wearing a red-and-white baseball shirt, with shaggy brown hair (not so dissimilar from what Carl’s once looked like) and a pleased grin on his face.

“Don’t worry, babe, girls fall for me all the time,” he said with a wink. Carl blushed furiously as he straightened up. The shopping bag had fallen from his hand, spilling onto the boardwalk, and as the boy went to pick it up for him an extremely lacy, see-through pink thong managed to slither out. Carl blanched as the boy’s eyes fell on it and lit up immediately. Aunt Kat insisted on him wearing such lingerie, saying that girls enjoyed wearing naughty under-things even if they didn’t plan on anyone seeing them, claiming it would help him to feel “feminine, sexy, and confident.” In Carl’s case, it made him feel perhaps one of the three, and it certainly wasn’t confident!

“Th... Thank you,” Carl stammered, as the boy shoved the thong back into the shopping bag and handed it over, his ears red as a beet.

“No problem, Blondie,” the boy grinned. “I’m Tom.” He put out his hand, and Carl, seeing no way out of it, reluctantly placed his inside it for a dainty handshake. Tom seemed intent on holding onto his moisturized hand far longer than necessary, but Carl wasn’t strong enough to pull away from his grip and didn’t want to make a scene in the middle of the boardwalk!

“I’m Candi,” Carl said softly. The lecherous smile on Tom’s face made it clear just what the name conjured up for his imagination. Carl looked around desperately for his aunt, but she was nowhere in sight.

“Are you sweet or sour?” Tom asked playfully. Carl blushed.

“I don’t know,” he said. “I need to get going...”

“Come on,” Tom said. “I was only teasing. It’s not every day a gorgeous blonde falls into my lap – literally.” He was really pouring on the charm, and Carl could instantly tell he was the sort of boy who was used to getting his way with girls by nature of his charming white smile and muscular shoulders... Carl had once charmed girls the same way, but now the high heel was on the other foot, so to speak, and he was almost paralyzed with fright! Tom’s eyes were roving hungrily up and down his body, lingering on his tanned, slender legs shown off by his flirty pink miniskirt, and suddenly Carl recognized his voice.

“You wolf-whistled at me!” he said accusingly without thinking. Tom shrugged.

“I couldn’t help it, babe,” he said. “I’m sorry. I really hope I didn’t offend you.” He took Carl’s much smaller hand in his own again, running his fingers over Carl’s smooth skin, and Carl struggled for a way to extricate himself from the conversation. Fortunately, or perhaps unfortunately, someone else arrived to do it for him.

"Tom! You were supposed to wait for me while I tried on my new dress!" snapped the voice of an angry teenage girl, and as Carl turned he let out a small gasp of surprise.

"Amber?" he squeaked. It was her, alright! The beautiful brunette he'd met his first day in Florida, the one who'd given him her phone number, was currently glaring daggers at her boyfriend and now at the blonde girl in the slutty pink skirt who appeared to be holding his hand!

"Yes," Amber said, eyebrow raised. "Do we know each other? Were you in the pageant last year?" Tom had immediately dropped his hand and Carl now used it to tug nervously at the hem of his skirt, which was obviously too short in Amber's opinion.

"Oh, no," Carl back-tracked desperately. "Um, Tom just told me your name."

"Oh, did he?" Amber asked sweetly.

"Did I?" Tom asked, confused.

"So he remembered that he has a girlfriend?" Amber snapped. "That's so sweet of you, Tom, thank you."

"We were just talking!" Tom protested, rubbing the back of his neck in embarrassment.

"I'm sure," Amber sniffed, giving Carl another dirty look. His lip-glossed mouth fell open as he tried to think of a way to explain himself... She thought he'd been flirting with her boyfriend! Just then, Aunt Kat appeared with the rest of the shopping bags.

"Candi?" she said, slightly surprised. "I thought you'd be in the car by now, sweetie. I called to tell you the line was really



long.”

“It was nice to meet you, Candi,” Tom said quickly, giving Aunt Kat an impressed glance even as Amber began dragging him away. “Hope we see you around again!”

“Oh, yes, really nice to meet you,” Amber said mockingly. “Bye, *Candi*.” She put a mocking emphasis on the name and waved her fingers in a sarcastic wave. Carl flushed from head to toe as he followed his aunt back towards the vehicle.

“My, that young man just couldn’t take his eyes off you,” Aunt Kat remarked. “You really know how to pick them. He’s quite handsome! But I don’t want you turning into a floozy, Candi. If a boy has a girlfriend, you need to respect that.”

“But I didn’t do anything!” Carl protested. “I slipped and he caught me, and then we talked for a little bit...” Carl trailed off, glancing over his shoulder. It seemed as though Tom was getting fully chewed out by his girlfriend, but the boy met Carl’s gaze and gave him a wink. Carl turned back, blushing yet again, and vowed to hunt all through his wardrobe until he found a more modest skirt.



The next day, Aunt Kat had a piece of good news for him: he no longer had to wear the shaper garment. Over a week of strict dieting, waist cinching, and, though Aunt Kat didn’t tell Carl this, powerful female hormones, had all combined to give him a much-improved feminine figure. Carl would have much rather been told he could abandon the gaffe, but, well, he supposed he had to take small victories where he could get them, and it would be nice to breathe a little easier in the literal sense.

Unfortunately, this meant introducing him to a brand new nemesis: the padded Wonder Bra. No matter how Carl adjusted it, the straps seemed to constantly dig into his shoulders and the way the silky material teased his newly-sensitive nipples was unbearable. He couldn’t sit still with it on, constantly tinkering with the straps while simultaneously trying to ignore the feminine bumps it created on his chest. She still made him use the gel inserts, which jiggled disconcertingly in a realistic manner, and all in all Carl was dreading an entire summer of wearing a bra.

“It’s leaving marks on my shoulders,” he whined that same evening, flopping down on the couch in a distinctly unfeminine manner. “And I hate how that guy at the grocery store stared at them today,” he added petulantly, cupping the bra’s cups with both hands.

“It’s probably not the best fit,” Aunt Kat sighed. “It is Julia’s, after all, and it might be a little too small. We could take you for a fitting, but...”

“I don’t want a sales lady seeing me topless!” Carl exclaimed, blushing. “It’s just that I wish there was an easier way, that’s all! This thing is going to drive me crazy. It’s super uncomfortable and I hate the way the inserts feel.”



“Sweetie, you’re showing me your pretty pink panties,” Aunt Kat said. “A little modesty?” Carl blushed and quickly readjusted his position on the couch, smoothing out his flared skirt and crossing his legs. He was wearing an extremely feminine pair of sheer purple stockings that reached halfway up his thighs, intentionally leaving a tantalizing strip of bare skin between the tops and the hem of his short skirt, and his feet were encased in strappy pink stilettos. Aunt Kat thought he looked perfectly adorable, but he was rather woefully underdeveloped for a girl of seventeen.

“As I was saying, we could take you for a proper fitting, but you’re flat enough that it might be a tad suspicious... Not to mention embarrassing,” Aunt Kat added, sitting down beside him on the couch.

“I hate these silly little things,” Carl reiterated with a big sigh, gesturing to the inserts.

“Hmm,” his aunt said sympathetically. “They are really little, aren’t they? It is a bit of a pain always having to stuff your bra, although, believe me, plenty of girls your age do the same. With that wonderful gaff your appearance is all but perfect, but if there’s one thing that might give you away...” Aunt Kat reached over to adjust the small gel inserts in Carl’s bra, then stopped with a frown.

“Candi, do you have any birth-marks on your chest?” she asked.

“I don’t think so,” Carl frowned. “No, I’m sure I don’t. Why?”

"Then how long has this mole been here?" Aunt Kat probed, touching the small brown mark above Carl's right nipple. "Sweetie, you should have told me!"

"I guess I didn't notice," Carl said with a shrug of his slender shoulders.

"Didn't notice?" Aunt Kat frowned, clearly upset. "Candi, it's extremely important for a young lady to take care of her breasts and be on the look-out for any irregularities. I've been letting you tan far too much!"

"But I've been using sunscreen," Carl pointed out, but at the same time the expression on his aunt's face worried him. He touched the small mole with one painted fingernail and a sudden thought struck him. "You don't think it's, like, skin cancer, do you?" he demanded. "It's not like I was using a tanning bed or anything!"

"I don't know, sweetie, I'm not a doctor," Aunt Kat said, pulling out her cellular phone. "But I'm going to make an appointment with Dr. Nevsky right now. You definitely need to have that checked out."

"Wait!" Carl protested. "You can't call Dr. Nevsky! He, he knows that I'm a boy, and if I go to his office dressed like this..."

"What's more important, your silly macho pride or having a medical professional assess what is definitely a potentially dangerous skin growth?" Aunt Kat demanded. "Dr. Nevsky takes doctor-patient confidentiality extremely seriously. He won't breath a word of it." Carl knew there was no use arguing with his aunt on the matter, and he was slightly anxious himself to know. He got up and went over to the mirror, twisting and turning so he could observe the small mole from all angles, as Aunt Kat had a brief conversation on the telephone.

"He has an opening for us, thank God!" Aunt Kat exclaimed after hanging up. "We'll be in first thing tomorrow morning."

"Do you think it's something serious?" Carl asked.

"I don't know, sweetie," Aunt Kat said, shaking her head. "Let's hope not!"



In the morning, after a troubled sleep, Carl had his usual bath, checked his legs to be sure the hair still hadn't grown back from waxing (it hadn't), then blow-dried his hair, did his makeup, selected his lingerie and dressed in a simple two-tone white-purple summer dress. Apart from his struggles with the bra, all of the actions seemed to come almost naturally by this point, and it was beginning to scare him. What if when all this was over he accidentally did something really femmy in front of his friends, like tossing his hair or letting his butt wiggle while he walked? He hoped that the habits were as quick to break as they were to form...

"You can eat something in the car," Aunt Kat said, as he clopped into the kitchen on one of his several pairs of open-toed high-heeled sandals, the one with a single strap across the ankle that his aunt had told him were "just pre-

cious” at the shoe store. “We want to get there early,” she explained. “We’re his very first appointment and he’s set aside the whole afternoon for us.”

“The whole afternoon?” Carl frowned. “I thought we were just getting it checked out?”

“If it’s something that needs removal, he’d prefer to do the surgery sooner rather than later,” Aunt Kat said, confirming her nephew’s fears. “Now come on, I grabbed you a piece of toast.”

Carl nibbled carefully on the whole-grain toast as they drove to Dr. Nevsky’s clinic, but he was too nervous to finish it for two reasons. The first, obviously, was the possibility that this little mole was an indicator of a serious, serious condition – The second was that the last time he had come to Dr. Nevsky’s office, he had been a brash, confident young man, albeit one wearing a blouse and having hormone imbalance problems. Now, however, he definitely didn’t see himself flirting with the nurse, not when he was wearing higher heels and shorter skirts than she was! Aunt Kat seemed to read his thoughts, and leaned over to give him a reassuring hug as they pulled into a parking spot.

“Dr. Nevsky has seen it all,” she assured him. “Believe me, he won’t bat an eye. And he certainly won’t spread it around! Maybe there’s even something he can do to help us with your disguise.”

“Like what?” Carl asked. Aunt Kat didn’t appear to have heard him, busy answering a text message on her cellular phone.

“Okay,” she said, snapping it shut. “Let’s go on in.”

The wait was much briefer than their previous visit, with the nurse ushering them into Dr. Nevsky’s office almost immediately. Carl kept his eyes down, hoping she didn’t recognize him or make the connection between an appointment for “Carl” a few weeks ago and a “Candi” today. Aunt Kat noted with a satisfied smile that Carl refrained from ogling the attractive nurse. Perhaps he was already improving in his attitudes towards women after being a girl for only a short time. He certainly knew what it felt like to be stared at, now, and he would have even more chances to experience that if Aunt Kat had her way.

“Good morning,” Dr. Nevsky said, sweeping inside. “Kat, how are you? How is job? Good, yes? And this is Carl... Oh!” He looked down at his clipboard. “Apology,” he murmured, crossing something off. “Is “Candi” now, yes? What is problem, Candi?”

“Um, I have a mole...” Carl said, staring at the floor in embarrassment. He had been sitting on this very table just over a few weeks ago, but now he was concentrating on keeping his skirt from sliding up his smooth thighs, and the high heels of his sandals could tap against the hard floor.

“She has a small mole on her chest, just above her nipple,” Aunt Kat said, giving him an encouraging smile.

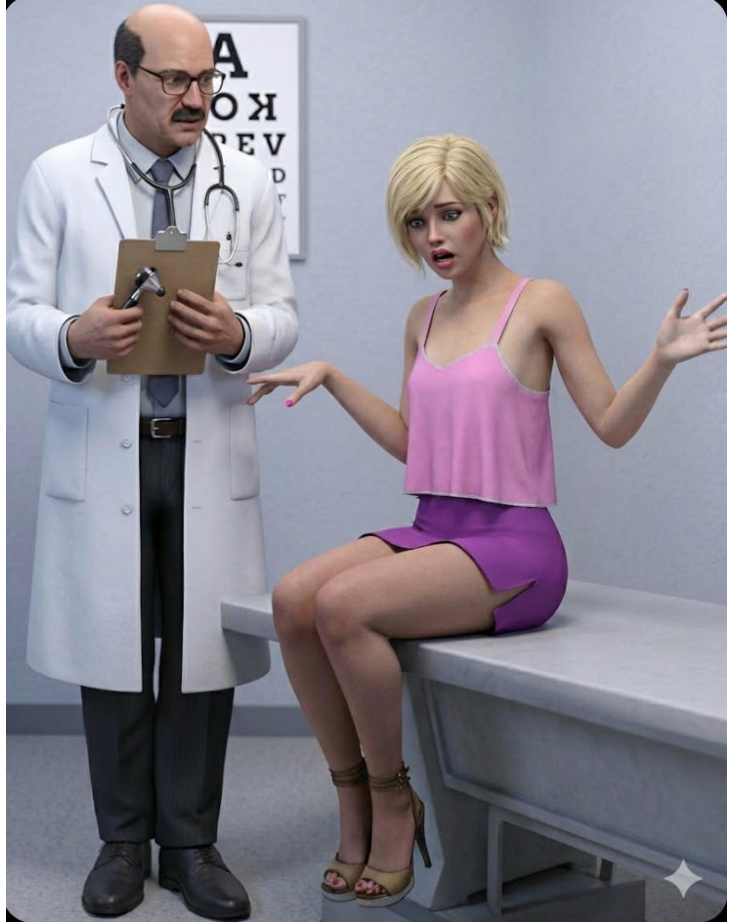
“I see,” Dr. Nevsky grunted. “Remove bra, please, so I may see mole.” Carl blushed furiously but acquiesced to the request. After all, crazy foreign accent or not, the man was a certified doctor. Dr. Nevsky prodded the small mole,

poked it with a tiny needle, and slid something under a whirring diagnostic machine.

“Well?” Aunt Kat asked.

“Is probably nothing,” Dr. Nevsky said. “How you say, benign. But if you leave, it may begin to itch, or have bleeding. Very easy to remove. It is safe procedure, very simple.”

“What do you think?” Aunt Kat asked Carl. “Snip it off and never think about it again? Your mole, I mean, of course.”



“It’s not painful or anything, is it?” Carl asked suspiciously, putting his bra back on.

“Not with anesthetic,” Dr. Nevsky laughed. “Like I say, very simple.” Carl took a deep breath, looking down at the little mole.

“Okay,” he said. “I mean, we might as well, right?”

“Great!” Aunt Kat smiled. “It’ll all be over before you know it. Now, Dr. Nevsky, there was one other thing I wanted to discuss with you...”

Dr. Nevsky and his aunt put their heads together. Carl thought he could guess what they were discovering; his aunt had an amazing body and youthful appearance for her age, but even the best liked a little help at times and Florida was loaded with plastic surgeons. While that was happening, the nurse came and led Carl to the small surgical theatre. Wearing a dress or not, he couldn’t help but notice the bounce of her breasts as she walked. Killer cleavage like that deserved to be on display, Carl thought. But instantly he remembered how he was dressed, and blushed at the thought of trying to come onto a girl while dressed in the trendiest, girliest fashions possible.

"Clothes off, Candi," the nurse said, drawing him a small curtain for privacy. "Don't worry, we've seen it all." Blushing, Carl removed his dress, standing shivering in only his lacy underthings and high heels as he carefully hung it on the provided hook, then undid his shoes. Once he had divested himself of his underwear, she gave a small smile towards his concealed maleness. Did she realize he was wearing a gaff? Or did she think he was a small-chested girl? The not knowing was agonizing. She then handed him a short hospital gown. On her instructions, Carl clambered up onto the surgical gurney and laid back as Dr. Nevsky entered the room, snapping his gloves on.

"We are going to use mild anesthetic, yes?" Dr. Nevsky said, positioning a small respirator over Carl's mouth and nose. "You inhale now, and begin to count back from twenty." Carl took a deep breath, and a sickly-sweet taste flooded his mouth and nose. Dr. Nevsky's face turned into an indistinct blur above him, and he suddenly felt deliriously happy.

"Twenty," he murmured. "Nineteen... Eighteen..." He continued to count down as Dr. Nevsky prepared the surgical table, shining a painfully bright light down on him.

"Good, good," Dr. Nevsky said, when it was finished. "You are lucid this way while I work, so you can tell me if there is any discomfort, any at all, and give your, how you say, input. But you will feel no pains, I promise." Carl nodded his head dumbly. He was reminded of the time he had broken his ankle and was given morphine while they set it. He had been awake, but curiously detached from the whole process. He giggled slightly as he thought about the old injury, which he had sustained sliding into third base. Now he was more likely to break an ankle falling in his stiletto heels on the boardwalk...

"Still feel fine, yes?" Dr. Nevsky probed a short while later. Carl, who had been keeping his eyes closed rather than watch the doctor at work with his scalpel, nodded his head. "If you need more anesthetic, you tell me, yes?" Dr. Nevsky added. "Now open eyes, please. What are you thinking?" Confused, Carl blinked his heavy eyes open and stared up at the indistinct picture on a screen hanging above his head. It looked almost like...

"More?" Dr. Nevsky asked. Carl grinned to himself. Whatever was in this anesthetic was so incredible he was seeing things; Dr. Nevsky didn't need to ask twice.

"A lot more," he mumbled. "Please, just, like, as much as you can."

"What is reasonable," Dr. Nevsky corrected. "But okay, yes. A lot more." Instead of giving him the mask, however, he disappeared from sight again. Carl groaned and closed his eyes, hoping the doctor had left to get him the really good stuff. His whole body was numb from head to toe, but he had a nice tingle all over.

"All done," Dr. Nevsky said a while later. "See result now? Or sleep?"

"Sleep," Carl sighed. "And where's that anesthetic?"

"Here is," Dr. Nevsky said. "Count again, and you will sleep." Carl vaguely felt the small respirator return to his face and he inhaled deeply.

"Twenty, nineteen, eighteen..." he said drowsily, and he was out like a light before reaching ten.



Carl was back home at last, in his high-school gymnasium with a three-on-three basketball game in full swing. He had never been more relieved to see the familiar faces of his buddies, and even that of the barrel-chested gym teacher, Coach Buck. His best friend Brad, who, judging by his jersey, was on the same team, lobbed Carl the ball.

"Come on, dude, let's put up some major points," he grinned.

"Hell, yeah!" Carl exclaimed back, but even as he said it, the ball bounced awkwardly off his fingers and he pulled them back in surprise.

"Get your head in the game, son!" barked Coach Buck. Carl frowned, wondering how he'd mishandled the ball, and then...

"Dude, what's up with your nails?" Brad asked, pointing in confusion.

Carl looked down at his hands and gasped. He was sporting an expensive feminine manicure with long French tips in frosted pink!

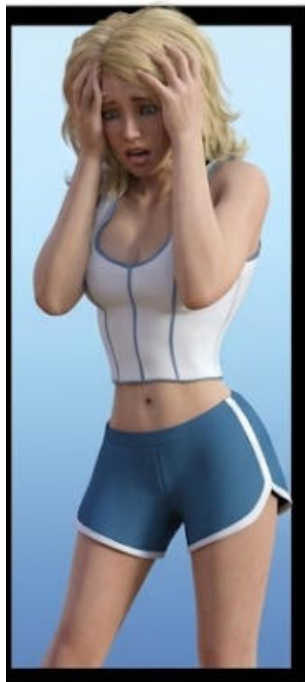
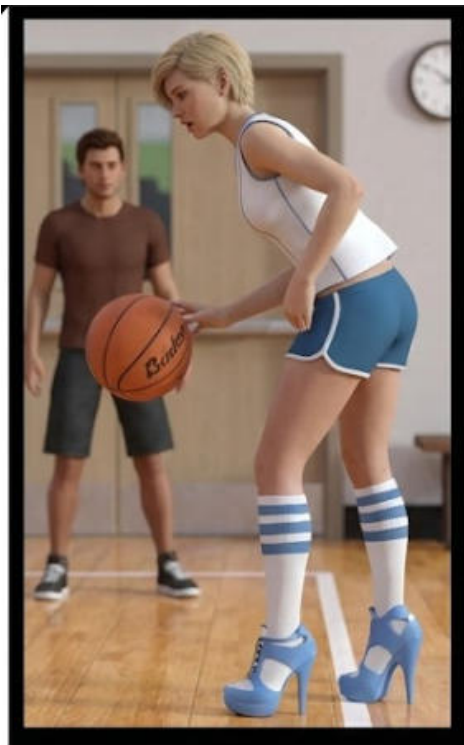
"What the hell?" Carl gasped, and hurried quickly to the reflective window to the gym office. He was wearing makeup! His pouting lips were a bright coral pink, while his eye-shadow was a subtler shade and his lashes were coated in thick, dark mascara. Horrified, Carl turned back to his buddies to try and explain when he suddenly stumbled, unsure of his footing.

"Quit messing around," Coach Buck frowned. "You know you can't play basketball in high heels." Carl's gaze snapped down to his feet, and he found them encased in delicate, open-toed stilettos with a five-inch spiked heel! His polished toenails gleamed prettily in the harsh gym lights, and Carl felt suddenly faint.

"Why are you wearing those?" Brad demanded suspiciously. "No wonder we're losing!"

"I'm not!" Carl exclaimed. "I mean, I don't know, I just..."

"And you should really be wearing a sports bra to this class!" Coach Buck interjected. "Nobody likes a show-off!" As he said the words, Carl felt a strange weight on his chest. He looked down to see that he was sporting a killer rack! The firm feminine globes were all but spilling out of his jersey, straining against the mesh and threatening to pop free. Carl's hands leapt to his new breasts, clutching them with his long, painted nails. He turned to face the reflective window again, stilettos clattering on the gymnasium floor, and his pretty blue eyes went as wide as dinner plates. He was perched on sky-high heeled pumps, his big breasts were practically bouncing off his chest, and his prettily-made-up face was shocked and blushing, but that wasn't all: his leg hair seemed to be sucking back into his skin, leaving his legs silky-smooth, while the hair on his head was growing, spilling down around his shoulders and turning a sexy shade



of...

"Blonde?" Brad asked skeptically. "You're bleaching your hair blonde now?"

"Of course not!" Carl squeaked, and realized his voice had suddenly become a breathy, feminine soprano. He sounded like an utter bimbo!

"Well, you clearly can't play basketball like that, especially with your hair getting into your eyes," Coach Buck said sternly. "Any other suggestions for how you might earn your gym credit?"

"I'm sorry, sir," Carl squealed, doing his best to cradle his breasts with his free arm. "I really didn't mean to come to class like this!"

"Well, since you did, I have an idea," Coach Buck said diplomatically. "You can cheer for Brad's team, since they're now down a man. Sound fair?"

"I... I guess," Carl stammered.

"Good," Coach Buck said. "Here, put this on." Carl blushed furiously as he recognized his school colors on the incredibly skimpy cheerleading uniform. He looked about desperately for somewhere to change.

"Hurry up!" Coach Buck barked. "Boys, turn around and give our cheerleader a bit of privacy." Brad and his other friends, grinning slyly at each other, reluctantly turned around. Carl blushed yet again, quickly wriggling out of his poor-fitting gym shorts and jersey. He pulled the skirt up to his hips, then struggled with the top of the uniform until he finally managed to tie the two halves into a cute little bow that barely restrained his breasts. Picking up the matching pom-poms, Carl minced back to the court, hips swaying suggestively from side to side with every tiny step.

"Much better," Coach Buck said approvingly. Carl blushed as his former teammates eyes roved lustfully over his exposed figure. The little pleated skirt was impossibly short, showing off every bit of his tanned, sexy legs ending in screw-me stilettos, and he knew that as soon as he moved it was liable to flip up and expose his panties! The top was even worse, leaving his entire toned midriff bare and just barely containing his breasts, pushing them up and together to form the kind of cleavage Carl had once drooled over on lingerie calendars. It was barely more coverage than the long blonde hair now spilling onto his slender shoulders! He stared at the floor from under his long, fluttering black lashes, totally humiliated.

"Come on!" Brad called. "Don't just stand there, cheer us on!" Realizing that he had a job to do if he wanted the gym credit, Carl pursed his pouty pink lips together and glanced anxiously over at Coach Buck before beginning to reluctantly wave his pom-poms and dance up and down, breasts jiggling enticingly with every motion.

"Go, team, go!" he shrilled. "You can do it! Um, go team!"

"That a girl," Coach Buck said approvingly. "You were a trooper, Candi."

"Huh?" Carl asked, confused, letting the pom-poms drop to his sides.

"You were so brave through the whole operation," Coach Buck said, in a strangely high-pitched and strangely familiar voice. "Wake up, now, sweetie," Aunt Kat's voice said. "Wake up..."



Carl's eyelids felt strangely heavy as he opened them, and he knew it wasn't just from wearing mascara – he was accustomed to that now. The soft lights of a recovery room greeted him, and he remembered that he was at the clinic, having gotten his mole removed. Aunt Kat waggled her fingers at him.

"I know you'll just love them," she beamed. "Nevsky does such gorgeous work. How do you feel, sweetie?"

"Thirsty," Carl croaked. His eyelids weren't the only thing that felt heavy. It felt as though someone had set a pair of sandbags on his chest.

"Just a second, Candi," Aunt Kat said. She disappeared, then came back with a styrofoam cup full of water, holding Carl's chin while he sipped at it. It was exceedingly difficult with his head tipped back and he managed to spill quite a bit. The water trickled down his chin, down his neck, and down into...

"Cleavage?" Carl shrieked. "Why do I have cleavage?" he gasped, brain refusing to process what his eyes were telling him. The whole length of his body was obscured from sight by the two huge globes of flesh sitting on his chest, rising and falling with his shallow, panicked breathing.

"Most girls do, Candi," Aunt Kat said, stripping away the thin blanket. "Do you want a full view? There's a mirror just over here..." Immediately Carl saw, and felt, his pert pink nipples tingle and harden in response to the cold. He gasped. What had that crazy doctor done to him? Was he still dreaming? Was the anesthetic making him hallucinate? He sat up abruptly, making his new boobs bounce painfully, and stared into the mirror in pure shock, clutching at the foreign additions to his body with his long, painted nails. His nipples sent a shock down his spine and he gasped, immediately retracting his hands as if burned.

"What's going on?" Carl asked weakly, feeling faint. Aunt Kat looked slightly puzzled.

"Well, your mole is gone," she said brightly. "I was talking to Dr. Nevsky after his assessment, and we got to thinking... Well, I told him how you were complaining about the bra, how uncomfortable it was... And how you hated how small your little boy-boobs were... And how you can't buy lingerie... He was really sympathetic!"

Carl was barely hearing the words, still staring in abject devastation at his reflection in the mirror. These were the kind of boobs that he drooled over in lingerie catalogues, the kind that stopped traffic in the street, the kind that he had fantasized about playing with ever since he was old enough to have fantasies about sex... And they were his! He had a full-on rack that a Playboy bunny would be jealous of!

"Anyways," Aunt Kat continued, "I thought that maybe you could use just a teensy bit of work to help your disguise even further... Nothing extreme, of course! I thought that maybe if you had an A-cup, it would help you feel more comfortable, eliminate the need for inserts, and, unless you gave them a lot of help with padding and a push-up bra, they'd barely be noticeable."

"Barely noticeable?" Carl echoed weakly.

"That was what I originally intended, but Dr. Nevsky said you wanted to size up," Aunt Kat said with a shrug of her shoulders. "And they turned out spectacularly! You're a perfect D-cup, sweetie. With your frame it's a fantastic choice."

"D-cup? Why did I get a D-cup?" Carl asked tremulously. "I never asked him to size up!" Aunt Kat's face fell.

"You didn't?" she asked. "Oh, my God. He said he showed you the screen and everything, and you just kept asking for more silicon! If he's lying, I'm going to sue this place to the ground!" Carl felt a sinking sensation in the pit of his stomach as his memory flashed back to the surgical table. Those *had* been breasts floating on the screen above him – his! And what had he said...

"As much as you can," he whispered, knees starting to quiver. "I... I did tell him..."

"Then you made the right decision, sweetie," Aunt Kat said, clearly relieved. "They're absolutely gorgeous. You're going to be breaking necks, Candi, not to mention hearts!" Carl cradled the jiggling breasts in his arms, careful to avoid his now ultra-sensitive nipples, and stared at his reflection in misery.

"Maybe it's the swelling..." he said, voice shaking.

"Oh, no, those are all you," Aunt Kat assured him. "You were out for two days, sweetie, to speed up the recovery time. It's Tuesday already."

"They're removable, right?" Carl squeaked.

"Of course," Aunt Kat reassured him. "But Dr. Nevsky did say that you'll need at least a month before you come in for another surgery, so that your body can recover fully." *At least a month...* The words sounded like a death sentence. For at least a month, these firm, rounded, luscious breasts were his, like it or not.

"Aren't they just to die for?" Aunt Kat giggled, holding them from behind and squeezing them together. "Just imagine these in a sexy, lacy black push-up bra..." Carl stared at his reflection in the mirror and began to cry. He looked like a calendar girl with his perfect DD rack and gorgeous cleavage!

"What is wrong?" came Dr. Nevsky's voice as he entered the room. "You are not happy? They are nearly just like nurse, yes? I know you love, so I give you copy. My best work, truly." Carl ignored him, mind still spinning with a jumble of terrified thoughts.

"Don't offend the doctor, sweetie," Aunt Kat frowned. "Thank him." Carl quickly wiped the tears away from his cheeks, and, just as with every motion, saw his breasts jiggle as he did so.

"Th... Thank you," he stammered.

"Oh, I see," Dr. Nevsky said. "Happy tears. Yes, very beautiful. To make a man cry." He came forward and cupped Carl's new breasts, sending another thrill down his spine as the doctor's thumbs brushed against his nipples. "Healed perfectly," he said contentedly. "And lipo."

"Lipo?" Carl demanded faintly.

"Oh, he just did a tiny bit for your waist, sweetie," Aunt Kat informed him. "And redistributed it to your hips and bum. You're going to be quite the knock-out!"

"As she says," Dr. Nevsky smiled. "Now turn, please, Candi." He released Carl's breasts and they bounced, high and firm on his chest without a hint of sag. Carl, completely shell-shocked, complied. He barely even twitched when he felt a cold swab and a needle in his left buttock.

"More hormone treatment," Aunt Kat explained. "Only this time, they're female hormones. It has a whole load of benefits, but the main one is helping you keep that slender feminine shape and keep your body hair to a minimum." It looked like the exact same syringe as last time to Carl, but he was too overwhelmed and too devastated to say anything. This plan of Aunt Kat's was going further than he had ever imagined.

"How am I supposed to spend the summer like this?" Carl asked, voice trembling.

"In style," Aunt Kat smiled. "Just think of all the sexy low-cut tops you can wear now! And first thing's first... As soon as we take you home and get you all cleaned up, we're going lingerie shopping!"

Carl couldn't answer, still staring at his reflection. If he'd thought he was getting looks before, how on Earth was he going to survive the attention that a pair like this would bring? He thought of his buddies back home, Brad, and even Jason, and wondered what they would think knowing that their buddy Carl had gone from surfer boy to beach bunny in the space of a few weeks. How had he let himself be turned into a girl, and not just a girl, but a drop-dead gorgeous blonde?

Irregardless, there was no use thinking about that now. For now, he had to take things one step at a time, and in Aunt Kat's opinion, that first step was buying sexy, feminine lingerie! Sighing, Carl turned back to his aunt and let her show him how to put on his temporary support bra. He supposed there was at least one upside... By the time summer was out, he would have seen and felt up a beautiful pair of knockers every single day. Not even Jason could top that!



To her credit, Aunt Kat gave him a full day of recovery time rather than immediately whisking him off to the shopping mall. Carl lounged around, horribly depressed, as his aunt did her best to pamper him with chicken soup (low-fat, of course) and sappy movies. He spent quite a bit of time painting his nails, and he even let her dig out a romance novel to keep his mind off things. It was still

the same racy little story, about a poor but beautiful orphan girl working as a maid in the mansion of a wealthy (and handsome!) entrepreneur. Despite himself, Carl became slightly engrossed by the plot. It helped take this mind off other things... Two things, in particular! He didn't think he would ever grow accustomed to the heft and weight of his new breasts, the way they jiggled with every step, even with the support bra, and every time he saw them, which was often, he felt like bursting into tears. Originally he'd thought there couldn't be anything more humiliating than wearing the gaff, which robbed him of his manhood in an almost literal sense, but now, these breasts were simply impossible to hide, proudly proclaiming his femininity with every sway and jiggle, permanent symbols of his new female role.

Aunt Kat seemed to think he was having buyer's remorse and did her best to reassure him. "Sweetie, they're gorgeous," she kept saying. "You definitely made the right choice. You'll be used to them in no time, I promise, and then you'll love them!" Carl considered trying to explain the whole anesthetic mix-up, but he knew it only made him sound stupid or desperate for an excuse, and besides, he couldn't get them removed no matter what for an entire month.

Romance novels and chicken soup couldn't last forever, however, and Carl woke up with an unmatched feeling of dread the next morning. Aunt Kat had promised to take him to the mall for the day, and that meant showing his new 'assets' to the world. Once he'd performed his usual hair and makeup routine, taking extra care with his eye makeup thanks to a few new Cosmo tips he'd somehow ended up reading, Carl came into the kitchen wearing a tight, stretchy, hot pink T with the word 'Princess' across the chest in sparkly silver letters, together with a flared white denim miniskirt and high-heeled cork sandals. The shirt really hugged his curves, and he didn't like how it rode up to reveal a teasing strip of sun-kissed midriff, but it provided the most coverage possible for his new breasts.

"Don't you look hot today," Aunt Kat said with a proud smile. "Nice job on your eyes, sweetie. Very sultry and sexy, but not overdone. You're getting so good with your cosmetics."

"Thanks, Aunt Kat," Carl murmured absent-mindedly, smoothing his skirt as he sat down at the counter. He found he was far too nervous to eat, however, and barely touched his cereal before it was time to leave. He had to let Aunt Kat help him with the seatbelt, as his still-tender rack got in the way once more. Once he was buckled in, blushing, they drove to the shopping mall where all of this had begun in the first place.

He couldn't help but think back to that first fateful trip, what seemed like an eternity ago, when he'd been looking forward to a cool new haircut and some new threads, preferably designer jeans, surf-shorts, and polo shirts. If only those airheaded Swedes hadn't mistaken him for a girl... If only Aunt Kat had come back in sooner, before they'd put all that makeup on him... Or if she'd come back in later, after Tiffany the stylist had taken it all off... If only he hadn't turned out to make such a gorgeous girl...

Now, walking into the mall couldn't be more different. Instead of being a virile young man eager to scope out the hotties, swaggering his way through the front

doors, he had become a soft, feminine, sexy girl for real men to admire and lust over! He couldn't believe how much things had changed. Even that first traumatic day of shopping after his ill-fated makeover was like night and day from now. He'd traipsed along well enough in the heels, but after a week of Aunt Kat's girlhood 101, he now handled even the highest of stilettos like a pro, gliding gracefully across the parking lot with a serpentine swivel to his hips.

But that wasn't all: his body language was now utterly feminine, every motion of his head, every flutter of his manicured hands, smooth rearranging of his hair, flirtatious bat of his eyelashes, pout of his lips, angle of his cocked hip, smoothing of his short skirt, crossing of his slender legs... Unbeknownst to Carl, every mannerism his aunt had drilled into him was perfectly designed to attract male attention and give the impression of a sexy, nubile young woman who knew what she had and exactly how to flaunt it. Even his embarrassment and shy lack of eye contact gave the impression of sweet, girlish innocence. Such a combination of blatant sensuality and demure coyness was quite a turn-on for most men, as Aunt Kat well knew, and now that Carl was the owner of a beautiful pair of D-cup breasts, everything about him simply screamed sex.

Carl was beginning to discover that fact on his own as they made their way through the food court. If he thought he'd been getting looks before... Well, this was on an entirely new level. Every guy he passed has his eyes glued to his chest, and he saw one man eating Chinese completely miss his mouth with the chopsticks as Carl minced by. Aunt Kat giggled.

"Just imagine when you have these babies in a sexy, lacy little demi-bra and a low-cut top," she said. "Their eyes are going to be falling out of their heads! Don't you agree?" Embarrassed as he was, Carl had to nod. She was right. Putting these boobs on display was liable to cause a traffic accident. Soon, they were outside the expensive lingerie boutique Carl had nearly entered all those lifetimes ago, but now he certainly looked as if he belonged inside. Not just as a customer, but on the posters of scantily-clad underwear models in the windows! Knowing he had no choice in the matter, Carl obediently followed his aunt inside. He still had an old instinctual fear of some girls in the midst of their shopping, frowning at him and telling him to leave, maybe calling him a horny little pervert, but the sales girls didn't bat an eye as he entered.

"Hello," Aunt Kat said, coming to the check out where a pretty woman was waiting with a smile.

"Hi!" she chirped back. "How may I help you today?" In response, Aunt Kat pulled a reluctant Carl forward.

"Well, my niece here has just had her boobs done and needs a whole new set of bras," she smiled. "The poor dear used to wear plain cotton Wal-Mart underwear, if you can believe it, so she may seem a little clueless. But I've managed to convince her that her fantastic new boobs deserve some fantastic lingerie to show them off. And don't worry, dear, money is no object!" The saleswoman's face lit up with a smile and Carl could practically see the dollar signs in his eyes as he nervously gulped.

"I'll have my best sales girl come get you started," she beamed.

"Well, you seem to be in good hands," Aunt Kat said with a smile. "I have a few errands to run, I'll be an hour or two. You can call me when you've finished, okay? I put my credit card in your purse. And remember, only the best for my favorite niece." She pulled Carl in for an air-kiss, so as to not mess up his makeup, then waved her fingers in goodbye and departed before her nephew could invent a reason for her to stay. Now he was alone in a lingerie boutique with only people who thought he was a busty blonde, and he would have to ensure it stayed that way! How could this day, no, this week, no, this whole summer vacation get any worse?

"Hi, I'm Miranda, I'll be helping you today!" came a cheerful voice. Carl turned around, and saw the very last person he had wanted to run into in Florida, much less under these circumstances. She was still extremely pretty and had filled out nicely, although not as nicely as her ex-boyfriend had, and Carl knew without a shadow of a doubt that the universe was conspiring against him.

"Miranda?" Carl squeaked. It was his ex-girlfriend! The last time he'd spoken to her was two years ago when he broke it off with her after a summer fling, and now here he was buying underwear in the store she worked at!

"Um, yes," Miranda laughed. "What's your name?"

"Oh! I'm Ca... Candi," Carl stammered. "It's, um, it's nice to meet you?"

"Nice to meet you, too," Miranda giggled. "Don't be shy or nervous around me, okay? I'm here to help!"

"Okay," Carl said tremulously. Miranda looked him up and down with a perplexed smile.

"Gosh, this is going to sound crazy, but have we met before?" she asked. "Something about you feels weirdly familiar?"

"No, I don't think so!" Carl squeaked. "Um, should we get started? Or whatever?"

"Sorry, I didn't realize you were in a huge hurry," Miranda said, sounding slightly hurt. "Yeah, of course. Come to the back and we'll measure you, okay?" She took Carl's hand and led him towards the back of the boutique. Carl felt almost numb with panic. The last time they had held hands, it had been him leading her down the boardwalk for a romantic moonlight rendezvous. Now, he was the one being led, stilettos clicking, breasts jiggling, smelling of feminine perfume, and it was to be measured for luxurious new lingerie! Miranda took him into the changing stall and drew the pink curtain.

"Shirt off, please," she said brightly. Carl blushed brightly, remembering how he'd begged her to take her shirt off for him despite her insecurity about her cup size and had ultimately been disappointed in the results... Now, he was the one stripping for her, and he doubted anyone could possibly be disappointed by a rack like this. He obediently wriggled out of his form-fitting T and stood shivering as she undid the clasps of his support bra. As soon as his new breasts bounced free from their constraints, his nipples instantly hardened. Miranda looked slightly amused by his sensitivity, but politely said nothing about it.

"Ooh," she cooed instead. "These are gorgeous. They look fantastic, and so natural... Your boyfriend must be one happy guy!"

"I, I don't have one," Carl said, flushing.

"No boyfriend?" Miranda clucked. "That won't last long! The boys will barely be able to keep their hands off these, never mind their eyes! You know how men are." She rolled her baby blues. "I actually had one boyfriend, back before I filled out, who was just obsessed with big boobs. I'm pretty sure it's part of the reason he cheated, actually, but he was a little shrimp anyways. If a beautiful girl like you can't keep a man with boobs like these, there's definitely no hope for the rest of us girls! Can I ask who did them?"

"Dr. Nevsky," Carl answered in a tiny voice.

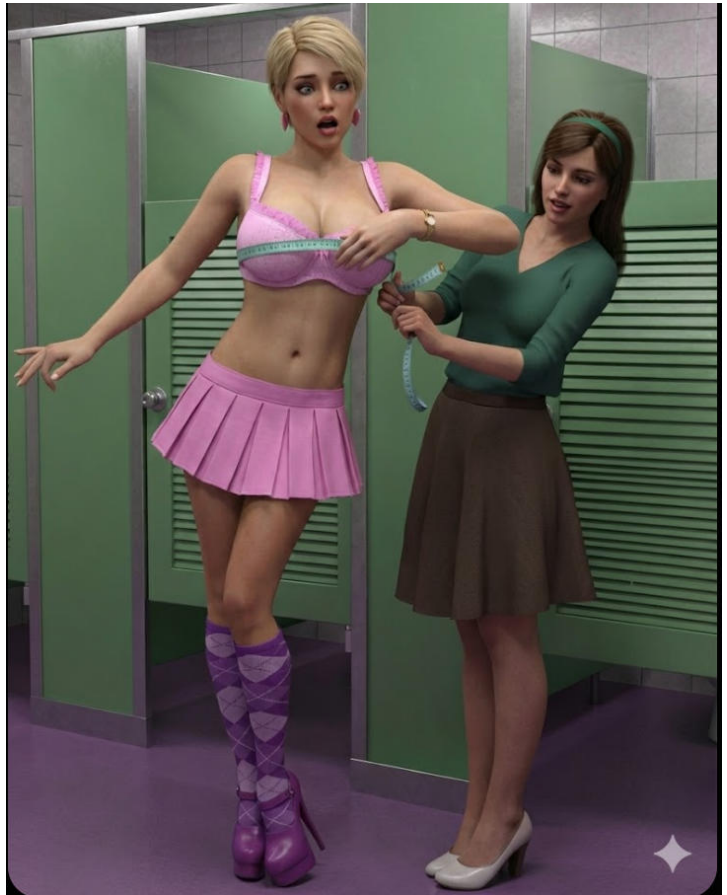
"Oh, I've heard of him!" Miranda exclaimed. "Apparently he's one of the very best! Super expensive, though."

"Is he?" Carl stammered. "I mean, I really don't know, I didn't ask how much they..."

"Whatever they cost, they were worth it," Miranda said reassuringly. "Now, let's get you measured." She started measuring his bust and underband with a small tape. Carl let out a tiny inadvertent gasp when she brushed his nipple.

"Sorry!" Miranda said. "Okay, done. You're a perfect 34-D, Candi! Now the fun part begins. You wait here and I'll start picking out a few bras to see what styles you might like..."

What followed was one of the longest hours of Carl's life as he tried on a long succession of colorful luxurious lingerie, completely powerless in the hands of his oblivious ex. He tried to avoid eye contact and speak as little as possible, while Miranda, thinking he



was merely shy, did her best to get him to open up about which styles and colors he liked most. Wanting to get things over with as quickly as possible, Carl approved all of her selections, even though her tastes definitely leaned towards the more risqué: everything he found himself trying on was a push-up, demi-cup, scalloped or sheer, everything was dripping with lace and adorned with tiny fabric flower patterns or cute bows, with colors ranging from sexy black to girly pink and every feminine pastel in-between.

He would stand shivering in front of the mirror as Miranda did up the new bra, showing him how the hooks and clasped worked, then observe the effect on his boobs and answer questions about how well they cradled him, how they made his cleavage look, and how sexy they made him feel. Carl could only stare helplessly at his reflection, the lacy straps taut against his slender shoulders and silky cups of whatever bra Miranda had found cradling his big breasts together to form an enticing cleavage, and tell her whatever he thought would speed things up, which was usually that he loved it. With his tiny waist, flat tummy, and slender legs, not to mention his pretty face, he looked like the sort of girl he once would have killed to see in lingerie!

Of course, most of the bras had matching panties to buy, including some very sexy thongs, and Miranda wasn't content with letting him leave without a few little extras as well, like a sexy sheer teddy and a little black corset bustier plus garters.

"They'll make you feel sooo sexy and feminine," Miranda giggled, as she started bagging the many purchases. "I just love wearing naughty little things under my everyday clothes, even if I'm not dressed up. It gives you that little boost, you know?"

"Oh, good!" Carl said, blushing. "They're all, uh, so lovely, I really can't wait to wear everything..." He was almost out of the water. Miranda had given him a few puzzled looks here and there, as if trying to recall something, but it seemed like his luck was holding. Of course, it would be quite hard to recognize and ex-boyfriend from two years back as a busty blonde!

"Well, that's everything!" Miranda smiled, ringing up the last purchases and folding them gently. "Credit?"

"Yes, please," Carl said. "Here..." He rummaged in his purse and pulled out his leather wallet, quickly extricating Aunt Kat's credit card. Miranda frowned slightly and Carl froze. This was the wallet she'd given him as a birthday present two years ago! He quickly stuffed it back into his purse, hoping she hadn't spotted the monogrammed initials. Miranda swiped the card and handed it back.

"All done," she said. "I'm sorry, but I really... it's so weird... are you sure we've never met?" she asked.

"I'm sure," Carl said tremulously. "Um, I'm not from here. I'm actually just visiting my aunt..." He knew it was the wrong thing to say the instant it slipped out from between his pink glossed lips. Miranda's thoughtful frown had deepened. "Anyways, I have to go..." Carl squeaked.

"Candi? Oh, good, you're finished." Aunt Kat had arrived on the scene, closing her cellular phone. "Let's get going, sweetie." She looked up and raised her eyebrows in surprise when she saw who was behind the counter. "Oh!" she exclaimed. She shot Carl a look. "Hello, Miranda, dear," she said. They had met on too many occasions to pretend to ignore her. Aunt Kat gave Carl another look, gesturing for him to hurry up.

"Hi, Ms. Wethers," Miranda said, but she was now looking at Carl in pure and utter disbelief. Carl wanted to pick up the bags and run as he saw the wheels turning in his ex's mind, but before he could take even one step...

"Carl?" Miranda gasped. "Is that you?" Carl's heart beat furiously behind his ribs and his breasts bobbed up and down as he began to hyperventilate. He was blushing from head to toe.

"Who?" he squealed. "No, sorry, I don't know who you..."

"Oh, my God!" Miranda whispered. "That really is you! I thought... There was something so familiar about your eyes... And the wallet..."

"Dear, calm down," Aunt Kat pleaded.

"Calm down?" Miranda asked wonderingly. "My old ex-boyfriend shows up with blonde hair and a killer rack to buy an entire Victoria's Secret catalogue and I'm supposed to—"

"Shh!" Carl shushed. "Please! Please, please don't say anything!"

"I'm just a little stunned," Miranda said, shaking her head. "You have some explaining to do, Carl."

"Candi," Aunt Kat corrected. "And she will! But now is not the time or the place, dear. You're clearly working, and Candi has a bit more shopping to do. Why don't the pair of you catch up over a coffee in a few hours? It will give you a chance to calm down a little." Carl could only watch, helpless, as his aunt gave Miranda the number of his cellular phone. Miranda was still staring at him, gaze jumping from his pretty face to his heaving breasts and back again. Carl couldn't bring himself to meet her eyes, and his mumbled goodbye was barely audible as they left the lingerie boutique as fast as they could.

"Why did you tell her that?" Carl finally managed to stammer out. "If I go and meet her..."

"What if you *don't*?" Aunt Kat asked sharply. "Now she knows that her ex-boyfriend has become an ex-girlfriend, sweetie, and if the wrong person asks her a question, it could be disastrous for our plan to keep you hidden!"

"I can't believe this," Carl said faintly. "Out of all people..."

"I take partial responsibility," Aunt Kat sighed. "I didn't know she was working there this summer, or I never would have taken you there. Just put it out of your head for now, sweetie. She's a very nice, level-headed young lady... Frankly, 'Carl' hardly deserved her, and I'm certain she'll agree to keep things a secret."

But over the next two hours, Carl couldn't keep the impending meeting out of his head in the slightest. He was so distracted that he didn't even put up a fight

when his aunt had him buying only the most revealing, low-cut tops: plunging Vs, scooped and sweetheart necklines, tube-tops, underwire cups... 'Candi' was definitely going to be the kind of girl who got the most out of her boobs!

Eventually Carl's phone vibrated in his purse, and, with a feeling of dread, he dug around until he managed to pull it out. There was a text message from Miranda waiting, saying that said she would be off work in an hour and to meet her at the Starbucks.

"That's a good sign," Aunt Kat said encouragingly. "I think she's genuinely just curious, sweetie. I doubt she'll have any problem keeping it between the three of us. And Tiffany. And the twins. And Dr. Nevsky, I suppose." Carl nodded miserably and replied to the text message, long nails making his fingers clumsy on the keypad.

Time seemed to fly by from there, and before he knew it Aunt Kat was taking the shopping bags from his hands and telling him to head over to the coffee shop. Miranda was already waiting at a table inside, and her expression said it all as she watched her former boyfriend mince in on four-inch stiletto heels. She saw him with his hips swaying seductively in a distinctly feminine gait, pausing to check his makeup in the window then giving a boy a shy smile as he held the door for him, swishing into the coffee shop with his skirt swirling around his tanned thighs and his breasts jiggling enticingly with every step. Miranda was hardly surprised when he sat down gracefully across from her, crossing his slender legs and trying not to let his miniskirt ride up.

"Hi," Carl said miserably, staring down at the tabletop through his long, thick lashes.

"That was quite the entrance," Miranda laughed. "That guy can't take his eyes off you. So, what's the story?" Miranda asked. "How long have you wanted to be a girl?"

"Huh?" Carl squeaked, blushing as he looked up.

"I honestly never would have guessed," Miranda went on. "Not with the way you were always checking out girls in their bathing suits and trying to chat them up... But I guess I had it all wrong, didn't I? It wasn't that you were attracted to girls, it was that you wished you were one! And I definitely see why you were obsessed with girls with big boobs now, since you obviously wanted a pair of your own."

"You have it all wrong!" Carl protested. "I didn't want any of this, I swear!"

"Tell me the whole story," Miranda said firmly. "Starting at the beginning. But first, let's get some coffee. It's the cute barista working today." She got up and Carl followed her to the counter, still trying to think of how he could explain everything that had transpired. The barista, a handsome college-aged man with stubble, gave both girls an appraising look as they approached, but definitely lingered longer on 'Candi.'

"I'll have a caramel cappuccino," Miranda said. "Candi? What would you like?"

“Um, skinny latte?” Carl said hesitantly. “Please.” The barista gave him a smile and Carl, blushing, returned it uneasily, knowing full well where the man’s eyes would be heading as soon as Carl turned away.

“Watching your figure,” Miranda said approvingly as Carl dug around in his purse. “Oh, don’t worry. It’s my treat.”

“Oh! Th... Thank-you,” Carl stammered. It felt bizarre having her pay for his coffee, but Miranda seemed to have read his mind.

“With a rack like that, you need to get used to not paying for drinks,” she smiled. Once they had collected their coffee and returned to the table, it was time to talk. “Tell me the whole story,” Miranda reiterated. “Don’t leave out a single detail, okay?”



Carl leaned forward, elbows on the table, innocently unaware of how his posture pushed his new boobs together and made them look even larger, and took a deep breath. Starting from the very beginning, he detailed for her in full the string of horrible coincidences that had led to his current predicament, starting with the legal drama over will and custody, then his embarrassing hormone imbalance, the untimely loss of his suitcase, the fateful trip to the mall where he'd been given a girl's makeover by accident and where Aunt Kat's scheme to hide him from his father's lawyers by disguising him as 'Candi' had been hatched, and all the events since. Miranda listened intently and sympathetically, clucking her tongue as Carl described the messy divorce situation, but seemed somewhat reserved as well.

"So that's it," Carl finally said, leaning back in his chair. "That's how it all happened."

"That's quite the story," Miranda said. She had a sly smile on her face. "But fortunately, I can read between the lines. Let me tell you what I think really happened, and then you can tell me how close I am to the truth. You've always wanted to be a pretty girl, but with your father being the homophobic scoundrel he is, you knew you would never be accepted. So, when their marriage started falling apart, you saw the chance to come down here and live with Aunt Kat, who is a wonderful, beautiful, intelligent woman who is definitely open-minded enough to hear you out."

"No, my mother arranged the flight..." Carl began, but Miranda cut him off.

"Either you 'lost' your suitcase on purpose, meaning you had no choice but to borrow Aunt Kat's clothing, or you made that part up entirely," Miranda continued. "I mean, you really expect me to believe all those things happened by chance? As for the 'hormone imbalance,' if there ever was one, it was clearly your body trying to tell you what you had been denying in your mind, that you were meant to be a girl!"

"But I *don't* want to be a girl!" Carl squealed. Miranda sighed.

"You say that, but your behavior and appearance are pretty much 100 percent in contrast to that," she pointed out. "I mean, for God's sake, just look at you! You're the girliest girl I've ever seen," she laughed, shaking her head. "High heels, short skirts, tight tops, bleached blonde hair, perfect makeup... you're making me jealous, Candi, you look so good!"

"I don't like dressing this way," Carl blushed, "But if I don't want to be recognized as a boy, shouldn't I dress as feminine as possible? That's what Aunt Kat keeps saying, anyways."

"I think you love dressing this way and showing off your body," Miranda giggled. "Teasing all the boys wiggling your pretty little seat for them, picking out short skirts to display your long, sexy legs, heels to help push out your boobs and butt... You don't walk around like a boy in drag, Candi, you walk around like a teen girl who's drop-dead sexy and knows it! The way you cross your legs, play with your hair, pout your lips..." She smiled. "Your story just doesn't quite add up, girl. You go to the salon and accidentally get your legs waxed... You go to the best plastic surgeon in Florida and accidentally get D-cup boobs instead

of pain-killers... You go lingerie shopping and accidentally buy the sexiest, most luxurious items possible to show off your new rack. See the pattern?"

"But you *have* to believe me," Carl begged. "I didn't want any of this! Really!"

"No wonder you broke up with me," Miranda mused. "It must have been so tough for you being with a girl when what you really truly wanted was to be one! But don't worry, Candi, I love the new you. In fact, when I saw you come into the store, all I could think was that you make such a better girl than you ever did a boy! You're so pretty, so dainty, so delicate... Well, maybe *those* aren't delicate!" She giggled again, gesturing to Carl's titanic breasts. She had an expression of admiration on her face – or was it more than that?

"May I touch them?" Miranda asked innocently. Carl, shocked, could only nod. She reached forward across the table and cupped them in her hands. "They were nice in the store, but now, knowing who you are, it's just incredible!" she laughed. "I mean, they're so *big*!" She caressed them slightly and Carl gasped at the sensation. Miranda noticed and smiled slyly at him. She seemed to really like his new breasts. In fact, it almost seemed as if she was coming on to him? But was that possible? If Carl had known she swung both ways, he definitely wouldn't have dumped her two years ago...

"What do you say to a date?" Miranda asked sweetly, all but confirming Carl's suspicions. "There's this trendy little pizza place downtown that's really the place to be now on Friday nights. A pretty girl like 'Candi' deserves to be shown off on someone's arm!" She said it with a smile that made Carl shiver all over. He could imagine exactly where such a date might lead – back into bed with his hot ex! She had definitely gotten more attractive in the intervening two years, and Carl had been stuck in skirts and dresses (not to mention the gaff) for long enough that he was dying for action.

"I don't see why not," Carl said, with a nervous smile of his own. "Friday?"

"Friday," Miranda smiled. She leaned forward, so her breath tickled in his ear. "I want you to wear something extra sexy and feminine for me, okay?" she purred. Carl went pink.

"O... Okay," he stammered. "I could... I mean... Okay."

"Good," Miranda purred. "See you then, sexy." She got up and threw out her disposable coffee cup, giving him one last smile before she left the shop. Carl was so entranced that he didn't even notice that the barista was trying to look down his shirt. For the first time since it had all began, it seemed there was an upside to looking like a hot girl – sometimes other hot girls wanted a little bit of lipstick lesbian action on the side, it appeared! Feeling better than he had in weeks, Carl dialed his aunt's number, a small smile set firmly on his glossy pink lips.



Over the next few days, Carl was in a better mood than Aunt Kat had seen in recent memory. He was nearly cheerful, and even laughed aloud a few times,

and, perhaps the most intriguing, he seemed to be taking extra care and time with his makeup, practicing various techniques. If Aunt Kat didn't know better, she would guess that her pretty niece had met a handsome young man. More likely, she knew, was that he was simply relieved he had managed to smooth things over with his ex-girlfriend and that she hadn't threatened to show pictures of him to all his former friends.

Perhaps 'Candi' was finally accepting her new role as a girl? Carl had put up only token resistance when she instructed him to catch a little sun on the back deck, to ensure he could wear his new low-cut tops and dresses.

"But I thought I was *supposed* to have tan-lines?" he'd grumbled.

"That was when we were trying to add credibility in the case of anybody seeing you topless, sweetie," Aunt Kat explained. "If anyone sees you topless now, do you really think they might suspect that you're a boy?"

Blushing, but complaining no further, Carl had gone outside with the romance novel (still the one about the maid, who was at this point falling in love with the handsome entrepreneur) and undone one of his new bikini tops. He still felt terrifically exposed with his breasts jutting proudly off his chest, pert pink nipples and all, but he knew there was nobody there to see him. He alternated between reading the novel and daydreaming about Miranda, and a few hours later, just as he was retying his top, his phone rang at last.

"Hey, girl," Miranda's voice chirped. "I'm really excited for tonight. Do you know what you're wearing?"

"Um, I guess I haven't thought about it yet," Carl said.

"Well, I'm sure you'll look scrumptious in anything," Miranda said. "How about you meet me outside the restaurant at seven? That sound okay?"

"That sounds great!" Carl assured her. Aunt Kat would definitely give him a ride, after all.

"One more question... Are you bringing protection?" Miranda asked sweetly.

"Protection?" Carl demanded weakly, unsure of his ears.

"Yes, protection," Miranda said. "You know, condoms."

"I'll pick some up," Carl squeaked, wishing he could sound more masculine when saying it. But if Miranda was attracted to him as a pretty girl, that probably meant she liked his high soprano voice, too...

"Oh, good," Miranda sighed. "I'm so excited for tonight, I know you'll just look lovely. See you at seven!"

"See you," Carl whispered, then hung up the phone call with an expression halfway between terror and bliss. He was always optimistic when it came to how far a girl would go with him, but it seemed like Miranda was ready and willing to go all the way tonight! Bursting with excitement, he slipped into his pink heels and hurried off the deck, hardly caring about the bounce of his breasts or the way his butt swayed in his tiny bikini bottom. He might have to dress as a girl, but he was going out with one tonight and she wanted him to be her man! The hardest part now was finding something to wear.

Carl hurried to his room and began pulling out various dresses, wondering which one Miranda would like, before he realized that he was in serious need of help. He had never been on a date as a girl before, but Aunt Kat certainly had, and she was only a few steps away in the living room. That would certainly simplify things.

He minced into the living room, still in his pink bikini, and found Aunt Kat sitting on the couch reading. Claspng his manicured hands in front of him, he sa-shayed over, breasts jiggling.

“Aunt Kat?” he asked sweetly. Aunt Kat looked up and couldn’t help but smile. Her fully feminized nephew was clearly asking for a favor, but she wondered if he had subconsciously borrowed the submissive feminine posture from someone else (hands clasped in just such a way as to push his breasts together and out, eyelashes lowered demurely) or if he was simply a natural girl. Either way, if he asked any red-blooded male for a favor like that, he was getting it!

“Yes?” Aunt Kat smiled.

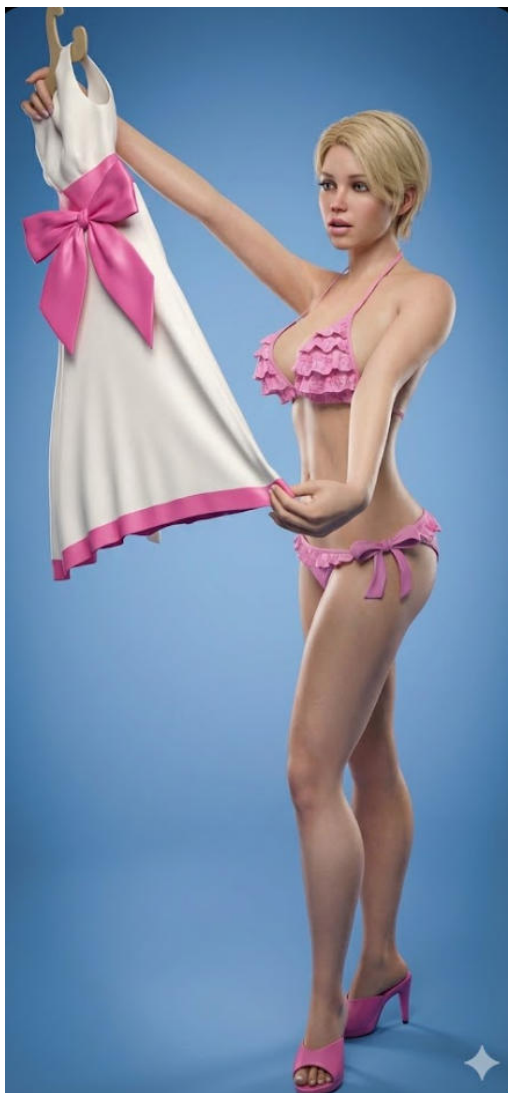
“Miranda just called and she wants to go out tonight to this pizza place,” Carl explained. “Is that okay?”

“Of course, sweetie,” Aunt Kat said. “I’m so glad you’re socializing!”

“Do... Do you think you could help me get ready?” Carl asked timidly. “I, um... I want to look really sexy and feminine.” He said the last part all in one breath, blushing furiously.

“Sorry, what did you say?” Aunt Kat asked, looking up from her magazine with a puzzled expression.

“I want to look really sexy and feminine for tonight,” Carl squeaked. His cheeks were burning. “Would you please help me pick something out?” he asked again.



"I'd love to," Aunt Kat said, beaming. "Come on, sweetie, let's go see what we have." Carl followed his aunt back into his room. He remembered marveling at the size of the walk-in closet upon his arrival, but now it was full to bursting with skirts, dresses, and tops!

"Lingerie first, obviously," Aunt Kat said. "You've just bought so many lovely little things, let's see..." She spent her time working through Carl's new lingerie, occasionally cooing her approval and holding something up for Carl's inspection. In the end, she settled on an extremely sexy, lacy, sheer black shelf-bra that, rather than providing coverage, merely cradled his new breasts up and together to form a deep, inviting cleavage. Carl stripped off his bikini and put it on with a little help from his Aunt to adjust it properly.

"Gorgeous," his aunt said with a smile. "This way you'll be able to wear as low-cut a dress as you want without any worries. Aren't you glad you evened out that tan, now?"

"It barely hides my nipples," Carl whined, but he was entranced by the vixen in the mirror all the same. This was the kind of cleavage most girls would die to have! With the girlish contours of his dainty waist and rounded hips, he knew the average guy would kill to get into his panties... Not, of course, in the literal sense! Those matching black panties were barely a wisp of fabric, and Carl felt himself shudder as they slid against his smooth thighs.

"Black lace will make you feel extremely feminine and sexy at the same time," Aunt Kat smiled. "It shows that a girl has a naughty side and is ready to indulge it. Nothing gets a man's motor running quite like it, in my experience." Observing his reflection in the mirror, Carl had to agree! "Now, to find you the perfect dress," Aunt Kat said thoughtfully. Carl stood shivering in his skimpy lingerie as his aunt rejected possibility after possibility. Finally, she emerged with a garment behind her back and a huge smile on her face.

"What's so funny?" Carl asked anxiously.

"Nothing, sweetie, it's just that this dress is going to be absolutely delicious on you," Aunt Kat beamed. "What do you think?" She held it up and Carl couldn't help but gasp. It was, without a doubt, the sexiest dress in his wardrobe. It was deep red satin, with a strapless low-cut bodice and extremely tight-fitting waist that he knew would hug his curves like a second skin before terminating in a flirty, airy little skirt that would swirl enticingly around his thighs. He was blushing just looking at it. Was he ready to wear such an utterly feminine creation, so obviously designed to attract the attentions of men? But it wasn't a man's attentions he would be receiving, he reminded himself. If Miranda wanted him to look sexy, this dress was the one!

"I love it," Carl said bracingly. "I can hardly wait to see myself in it!"

"Good," Aunt Kat smiled. "But first, we need to do your nails and makeup..." She set out a white towel on the bedspread and began painting his toe-nails while Carl worked on his fingers, both a matching shade of deep, sexy red. Carl remembered the very first night he'd allowed Aunt Kat to put a clear varnish on his nails... that seemed so long ago, and now here he was with long, filed

nails being painted fire-hydrant red! He remembered her telling him how relaxing a ritual it was, and, strangely, he realized that he now felt the same.

"Red is a really erotic color," Aunt Kat said conversationally. "You can't underestimate its effect on a hot-blooded young man. Any guy who sees hands like this is going to be fantasizing about them scratching down his back, believe me." Carl blushed furiously at the thought, but, fortunately, he didn't have to worry about any hot-blooded young men, just one very horny girl.

Carl did his own makeup, though under Aunt Kat's watchful eye, and as he'd been practicing, he used a darker and more dramatic look for his eyes. He thought he might have overdone the mascara a little, but his aunt assured him that they looked gorgeous. Fluttering his lashes to spread out the jet-black mascara, Carl was innocently unaware of how sexy he managed to look, perched at his vanity with his long, smooth legs seductively crossed in barely-there lingerie, lips pouted in concentration as he began to apply his red lipstick. Aunt Kat knew that if a young man ever saw 'Candi' in her underwear, she would not have her virginal innocence very long!

"Okay," Carl said nervously, stepping into a pair of four-inch red pumps before fluffing out his blonde hair. "I think I'm ready for the dress!" He let his aunt help him into the skimpy little number, adjusting it so it hung properly, then turned to face the mirror. He felt his smooth knees start to tremble almost immediately.

This wasn't a dress, it was an advertisement for sex! He couldn't believe how hot he looked. The



afternoon of topless tanning had given him an even sun-kissed glow all over, including his naked shoulders and the exposed tops of his breasts, meaning there was nothing to detract from the dress' incredibly generous display of skin and sinfully low-cut strapless bodice.

His firm round D-cups, pushed up and together by the sheer shelf-bra, appeared to be all but spilling out, quivering with every motion and looking liable to pop out completely with even the slightest provocation. The dress then squeezed in at his delicate waist, giving him a perfect hourglass figure and a tempting target for any guy to put his hands around, before flaring out slightly in flowing skirt that barely reached the midway point of Carl's smooth, tanned thighs.

His legs looked incredibly long and sexy, helped by the four-inch spiked heel of the red pumps. Carl looked like a teenaged wet dream, a buxom blonde, prettily made-up and stuffed into an indecently revealing dress that put his assets on full display. He blushed but couldn't take his eyes off the enticing vision of slutty femininity he was presented with in the mirror.

"Well?" Aunt Kat asked. "What do you think, sweetie?"

"I can't wear a dress like this!" Carl gasped. "I look like a complete slut!"

"Don't use that ugly word, Candi," Aunt Kat frowned. "I seem to remember a boy named Carl who loved seeing girls in skimpy minidresses like this one, don't you? Most girls your age would die to look this good, and I expect you to enjoy it!"

"Enjoy it?" Carl asked faintly. "How am I supposed to enjoy being dressed like this? My boobs are practically falling out, and I..." He trailed away, blushing. He now looked like the kind of girl he once would have killed to take out on a date.

"Well, I'm afraid you have only your own gender to thank for that," Aunt Kat said matter-of-factly. "Most fashionable women's clothing is designed by men, for the benefit of men, sweetie. It's all about giving them easy access to what they want."

"What do you mean?" Carl asked, still hypnotized by the gorgeous blonde in the mirror.

"Access to the female form, Candi," Aunt Kat said. "Skirts give easy access to the lower half of the female body, and low-cut tops, along with displaying your breasts to full advantage, also give easy access to them. On the most basic level, and this goes right back to early civilization, hunter-gatherers and such, tight clothes and high heels make it difficult for the female to escape a man's advances."

Carl stared down at his high-heeled pumps in wonderment, suddenly seeing them in a new and frightening light.

"Along with flattering your legs and exaggerating your breasts and bottom, they ensure that you wouldn't be able to make it very far were you to run," Aunt Kat continued. "Basically, if he really wants it, he's bigger than you, stronger than you, can move faster than you, so it's going to be easy for him to

get it. This means that in order to be a fashionable woman and wear the clothes society demands, you can't rely on your ability to over-power or escape male attention. Instead, a beautiful girl learns how to use those attributes that they have in order to manipulate men and gain the upper hand that way. As a girl, your body is the most important thing you have, sweetie."

Carl had never considered the origins of such clothes in his life, and he suddenly felt exceptionally vulnerable in his tight, sexy dress with its low-cut neckline and flirty skirt, not to mention his dainty high heels! If a man wanted to have his way with him, he wouldn't have a chance... The thought was utterly terrifying, but Carl calmed himself down by reminding himself that he had nothing to worry about. He was seeing Miranda, a girl, and if she wanted to tear his clothes off he had absolutely no problem with that! Aunt Kat gave him a generous spritz of alluring perfume, strong enough to make Carl's head spin slightly, and declared him perfect.

"You don't mind if I snap a few pictures, do you?" she asked, raising her cellular phone. "You just look too beautiful not to, sweetie."

Carl posed reluctantly as she snapped a series of pictures with her phone's camera, placing his hand on his hip here and pouting his lips there as his aunt gave him directions.

"Is that enough?" he asked, blushing. "I really don't want to be late, Aunt Kat."

"We have plenty of time, sweetie," his aunt assured him. "But I understand. Hop in the car, and I'll be right along!" Carl collected his purse, making sure his wallet and phone were both inside, along with Kleenex, makeup, and a compact mirror, then hurried to the car. There was only one thing left that he needed for the night... Protection. Aunt Kat joined him



a moment later and they pulled out of the driveway onto the road.

For a moment Carl considered asking his aunt to go in and buy them for him, but no... This was one thing he was definitely keeping to himself. She may have seen him stark naked more times in the past two weeks than he cared to count, shopped for lingerie with him, and manhandled his genitals in a very unpleasant way, but there were limits as to what he was willing to share with his Aunt Kat. It even gave him a bit of a rebellious thrill to be doing it in secret, since he was sure Aunt Kat's idea of proper behavior for a girly blonde bimbo named 'Candi' was strictly oriented towards cute boys, and absolutely did not involve any lipstick lesbian action with an old ex-girlfriend.

"Aunt Kat?" Carl said, rummaging through his purse. "I think I forgot my gum, could we please stop up at that drugstore? I'd really like to run in and buy a package."

"Gum?" Aunt Kat smiled. "I thought you two were just having a bit of a girl's night out. You're not planning on kissing any boys, are you?" Carl flushed crimson from his cheeks to the tops of his breasts. As if! He wished he could tell his aunt that if he was going to be kissing anybody, it was his smoking hot ex, wearing lip-gloss or no, but he dared not. He had the feeling she would not approve of anyone seeing 'Candi' out on a romantic date with a girl.

"I just like to have nice breath!" Carl protested, fluttering one manicured hand in an unconsciously feminine gesture of exasperation. "Please, can we stop?"

"Of course, sweetie," Aunt Kat said, rolling her eyes. "I was just teasing you! Here, I'll pull right in." She pulled the car into the drugstore parking lot and found a vacant spot a little further from the door than Carl would have liked. Carl was suddenly terrifically nervous, hands sweating slightly clasped together in his lap and heart racing behind his gorgeous breasts and the flimsy constraints of the dress. He had never done this before, especially not in this attire!

"I'll just be a minute," Carl squeaked, steeling his nerves. Then, adjusting his purse on his shoulder, he put his red-taloned fingers around the door handle and pushed it open. The cold night air seemed to woosh up his skirt immediately, making his smooth knees tremble slightly as he slid gracefully out the car, legs together so as to not flash his lacy black panties. Then, with a deep breath that made his new D-cups bob invitingly in the silky cups of his little red dress, he started across the parking lot.

Aunt Kat watched with pride as her feminized nephew minced across the lot, perched in his red stilettos as gracefully as any movie starlet. He was obviously still adjusting to his new center of gravity, meaning, of course, the bountiful globes just barely concealed by the daringly low cut of his slinky little minidress, and was clearly not accustomed to the way his high heels made him thrust his chest out even further, but he didn't stumble even once on his way to the glass door of the drugstore, despite the uneven footing, and the sensuous wiggle of his bottom and loud clicking of his shoes were enough to make a man walking by nearly run into a lamp-post. With his hair and makeup done to perfection, squeezed into a slutty little dress and swimming in feminine perfume,

Carl was quite the little temptress and Aunt Kat was surprised that her usually reluctant nephew had readily agreed to such a revealing, low-cut dress. Perhaps he was finally accepting his femininity?

Carl, meanwhile, had reached the door and was struggling to pull it open when it glided out of his grasp, helped along by the long arm of a man behind him. Carl looked up and was made immediately uneasy by the pure lust in the man's eyes, which were roving hungrily over his all-but-exposed breasts.

"Thank you," he said softly, giving him a small smile as Aunt Kat had told him to do. The man grinned lecherously.

"No problem, gorgeous," he said. "It's a plus for both of us." Carl didn't quite understand, pouting his lips in a cute frown, then quickly looked down again, eyelashes fluttering anxiously, and minced through the open door. When the man gave a low wolf-whistle he realized exactly what his 'admirer' had meant! Carl blushed furiously, suddenly fully aware of the feminine sway of his hips and tantalizing motion of his pretty seat and naked legs as he swished along in his towering stilettos. He glanced back and found that the man's eyes were still glued to his backside, just as Carl's usually were when confronted with a hot girl in a revealing dress. But the high heel was on the other foot now that Carl was 'Candi' – and eye-candy! The spotty-faced teen boy behind the check out seemed to be having the exact same reaction. Carl could tell by his far-away look that he was imagining exactly what he would do to a blonde sexpot like 'Candi' given half the chance.

Carl blushed again and hurried down the first aisle, simultaneously wanting to make his purchase as quickly as possible while dreading his encounter with the love-struck sales clerk. He had never bought condoms before, but he knew well enough where to find them near the back of the drugstore. The selection, however, baffled him completely. There were so many options to choose from, a legion of colorful little boxes with equally colorful names, all claiming to various features to improve the "experience." Carl stopped in front of the shelf in a panic.

He bit his lip and stood there deliberating, one hip cocked, completely unaware of the perfectly erotic picture he was creating for the man buying paper-towels only a few meters away. A sexy young blonde, completely stacked, dressed to the nines in an incredibly tight, sexy red dress that let the firm feminine globes on her chest all but spill out, biting her luscious red lip with perfect white teeth, shaped brows knit in concentration as she tried to decide just how she wanted to be fucked by her boyfriend... It was no wonder that every male head in the store was currently turned in Carl's direction, and not just the one's on top of their necks! Innocently ignorant of the problems he was causing in his admirer's pants, Carl snatched a small pink box off the shelf that promised 'ribbed for her pleasure.' He figured that he would enjoy himself no matter what, even if he was dressed as a chick and his boobs got in the way, so he wanted to ensure that Miranda enjoyed herself doubly.

Carl began putting the box of condoms into his purse as he made his way towards the check out via the feminine hygiene aisle, wishing his stilettos didn't make quite such a racket. There was an attractive brunette with her back

turned to him, and as he looked at her ass he suddenly, inexplicably had the thought that his would look even better in those tight hip-hugger jeans. All this girl stuff was really starting to mess with his head! Fortunately, tonight was going to be a good reminder that beneath all the makeup, he was still a guy who could sleep with beautiful girls. The brunette turned, and suddenly Carl had a jolt of recognition. It was Amber!



“Oh, well hello,” she said, catching sight of him. She narrowed her pretty eyes and crossed her arms underneath a rack that, while impressive, Carl now realized was slightly smaller than his own.

“Hi, Amber!” Carl squeaked nervously, snapping his purse shut. “What are you doing here?”

“What does it look like?” Amber said, waving the maxipads in front of him as if he was a particularly stupid little girl. “What are *you* doing here?”

“I’m, um...” Carl picked a package off the shelf at random. “I’m buying my tampons!” he said, a little too loudly. His cheeks flushed.

“Good for you,” Amber said sarcastically. She frowned. “You look different.” She was staring right at his chest, and then a dawning realization broke across her face. It was halfway between disgust, amusement, and, unless Carl was mistaken, a hint of jealousy? “You look *bigger*,” she said with a wicked smile. “How much did those cost your daddy?”

“It’s just this dress,” Carl exclaimed, blushing. “It, it makes them look so big, I know...”

"Right," Amber sniffed. "Hot date tonight?"

"Oh, no, I'm actually just seeing an old friend," Carl squeaked. "Miranda, do you know her? Anyways, my aunt is waiting in the car, so I'll see you around, bye!" He made to hurry away, still red to the tips of his ears, when...

"Stop right there, young lady!" barked an angry female voice.

Carl, still unaccustomed to being referred to as such, kept walking. Suddenly, someone grabbed his arm from behind.

"I said, stop!" said a red-faced middle-aged woman wearing the store uniform. She looked at him suspiciously. "You're not allowed to put items in your purse before you purchase them! Or were you planning on simply walking out without paying?" She reached into Carl's purse and pulled out the bright pink box of condoms, waving them triumphantly. Carl wished the floor would open up and swallow him.

"Sorry!" he squealed. "I was going to pay for them, I swear, I just, I was just..." Amber, of course, had heard the commotion and was staring at Carl with undisguised revulsion as the store employee chewed him out. By the time the lecture was finished, Carl was standing with his head bowed, chin nearly touching his cleavage, with the box of condoms clutched in front of him in his long nails and his blushing face nearly matching the bright pink color.

"Seeing a friend," Amber sniffed. "I'm sure. Have *fun* tonight, Candi." Carl just walked numbly towards the check out, head bowed, high heeled feet all but obscured by his own cleavage. He didn't think he would be able to meet someone's eye for a good month! Amber now thought he was not only a blonde bimbo who had begged her rich daddy for a boob job, but that he was a complete and total slut as well!

The sales clerk leered at him all through the transaction, gaze lingering on the deep valley of cleavage put on display by Carl's minidress, and by the time he was mincing his way out the door Carl was shaking with humiliation. He hid the condoms and the tampons he'd been forced to buy for appearances deep inside his purse, together with the receipt, before returning to the car where Aunt Kat was still waiting.

"Where's your gum?" she asked conversationally, as he slid inside with his knees held together.

"Oh!" Carl gasped. "Oh, um, they didn't have the flavor I like. Sorry. Can we go?"

"They didn't have the flavor you like?" Aunt Kat asked skeptically. "Candi, people are going to think you're a bit of an airhead with behavior like that." Carl just blushed as he struggled to do up his seatbelt again over his bountiful breasts. He had agreed to meet Miranda at an upscale pizza parlor, a trendy place with the sort of retro vibe that most of their teen peers were currently obsessed with, and with the traffic it was about a fifteen minute drive. Carl kept checking his phone, and checking his makeup in the car mirror. Aunt Kat, noticing the growing feminine habit, smiled to herself from the driver's seat.

"Here we are," she announced as they pulled into the restaurant parking lot. "Now, remember to say hi to Miranda from me, okay? Have fun, tonight, sweetie."

"I will," Carl assured her. "Thank you for the ride!" He opened the door of the car and swung his legs out to make a graceful exit, then shut it and wiggled his fingers in a cute wave. His Aunt waved back, then pulled out and drove away, leaving Carl alone to enter the restaurant. He clopped across the parking lot towards the entrance, hips swinging, and was relieved to see Miranda waiting for him, looking ravishing in a little black dress.

"Candi!" she squealed in excitement. "Oh, my God, you look amazing! You look even better than I hoped, and that dress! He is just going to love you!"

"Thank you," Carl said, blushing. "You look beautiful tonight, and... He?"

"Come on, Candi, they're inside," Miranda beamed, taking his slender wrist in her hand. "I can't wait to introduce you to your date, his jaw is going to hit the floor. Come on!"

"But... but..." Carl stammered. "What do you mean, my date? I thought you and I were..." Miranda gave him a puzzled look, then a sympathetic expression dawned on her face.

"Oh, Candi... you didn't think you and I were going to..." It was Miranda's turn to blush, and she giggled slightly. "Hon, I'm not into girls, and I definitely wouldn't date a pretty little thing who looks better in his lingerie than I do! Now, come on, we're going to have a lot of fun tonight!"

Head spinning, Carl allowed himself to be led inside the pizza parlor.

The place, as promised, was already packed with teenagers. There were girls and guys seated at several tables, all laughing and conversing, and the music was all hot top-forty hits from the radio. Carl could feel the air conditioning freezing his bare legs already, but that was now the least of his worries! As soon as he was inside, it seemed as though every guy in the room was watching his every move, while their girlfriends shot him catty looks of jealousy or rolled their eyes at his flimsy, low-cut red dress. A group of boys near the doors stopped their conversation entirely to stare in awe as Carl minced past them, eyes downcast under his long, luxurious lashes, and kept right on staring, admiring the gorgeous figure swathed in sexy red. A few of his admirers were discreet, but for the most part, Carl felt like a slab of meat with the way they were ogling him, entranced by every wriggle of his backside and bounce of his barely-constrained breasts. Carl felt almost numb with panic, because not only was he dressed to kill, he was being led to a table where two handsome young men were lounging in their chairs. Both of them perked up with immediate interest at his approach.

"Candi, this is Doug, he plays for the school football team here and he's ever so tough," Miranda said, giggling and stroking the handsome boy's arm – it was clear the two were involved – and then she began to introduce the other boy, now standing up from his chair with an expression as if he'd just won the lottery, but Carl didn't hear her words and didn't need any introduction. Football



star, ladies' man, childhood idol, and the older brother of his best friend... It was Jason.

"Aren't you going to say hi?" Miranda prodded.

"Oh!" Carl exclaimed softly, jerked out of his temporary state of shock. "Um, hi! I'm Candi."

"I heard," Jason laughed, with a knowing look that made it clear how often his dashing good looks and muscled physique left girls at a loss for words. He offered his hand and Carl reluctantly slipped his smaller one inside. Jason enveloped it immediately, rubbing it in a small circle with his thumb and giving Carl a charming smile.

"You'll have to excuse Candi," Miranda giggled. "She can be a bit of a bimbo, especially around cute boys. You know how blondes are!"

"Wow," Jason said. "I knew the girls in Florida were beautiful, but you're really something else, Candi."

"Th... Thank you," Carl stammered, blushing furiously as Jason's eyes roved over his body, lingering in the valley of his cleavage and then again at his trim, tanned legs.

"We already ordered for you girls," Doug said. "Hope you don't mind, we were starving. I hope you weren't hoping for veggie pizza or something silly like that."

"Hm, you guys always think dieting is silly, but then you definitely appreciate the results!" Miranda said, giving Carl a wink.

"I certainly do," Jason said, grinning roguishly. He pulled out a chair and Carl realized he was meant to take it. Sashaying reluctantly to the table, Carl sat down daintily with all the feminine grace he could muster, while Jason took a good look down the top of his dress into his bountiful cleavage. Carl had to do everything he could to be as feminine as possible, hoping Jason would never recognize him. As the football star returned to his own seat, which suddenly seemed much closer to Carl's, his hand brushed Carl's smooth knee under the table! Carl flushed at the flirtatious contact. He knew enough of Jason's exploits to know it was only a taste of what was to come. If this had been any other situation, Carl would have taken notes, but now every ounce of Jason's charm was being used with the intent of getting him into bed!

"Jason here might be playing on the team next year," Doug said conversationally. "He's a real stud on the field... Arm like a bazooka! He lit it up in high school senior season."

"Oh, really?" Carl squeaked, realizing he would have to pretend to know nothing about Jason.

"Ah, he's just trying to butter me up," Jason grinned. "But, well, if all the girls he introduces me to are as gorgeous as Candi here..." Carl blushed, but was thankfully spared from further flirtations as their food arrived. Once he would have been delighted to see the gooey, cheesy pepperoni pizza, but now he was utterly terrified of spilling something on his dress. He noticed the waitress giving Jason an appraising smile.

"So, Candi, do you like sports?" Jason asked conversationally as the waitress departed. "With a body like that, I know you keep in terrific shape." Carl blushed furiously, glancing over at Miranda in desperation. Did he like sports? He'd been on the same Little League team with Jason's younger brother all his life! He'd attended every single one of Jason's big games! But he realized that he was 'Candi' now, and if he wanted to somehow get out of this mess without the truth being revealed, he had to act like 'Candi.'

"Oh, no!" Carl said, forcing himself to giggle. "I mean, they're so complicated! All those silly rules, and, um, time-outs... and... stuff." If he'd been hoping the lack of mutual interests would turn Jason off, he couldn't have been more wrong. On the contrary, the football star's eyes had lit up and he was grinning with undisguised satisfaction.

"Don't worry, it's not as complex as all that, Blondie," he smiled. "I'll take you to a game sometime, if you promise to cheer for the right team." Carl noticed Miranda staring at him and he looked away, blushing, knowing she was wondering why he was acting like a blonde bimbo. He dabbed at the greasy pizza daintily with his napkin to avoid eye contact. He had once loved pizza, but now he felt far too nervous to eat more than a few delicate bites, praying each time that he wouldn't spill pizza sauce down his cleavage. The conversation at the table mostly revolved around the coming football season and the draft prospects, a topic Carl would have loved, but he knew would bore 'Candi' to tears, so he did his best to listen politely as the men did the majority of the talking. But Jason hadn't forgotten about him – far from it! As they talked, he was constantly finding excuses to caress Carl's slender arm, touch his hair, or nudge his thigh under the table. He was so smooth that Carl could find no way to prevent it, and he was scared stiff. It was a massive relief when Miranda caught his eye.

"That's enough football for me," she said, sighing dramatically. "Come on, Candi, let's go freshen up while the boys find something interesting for us all to talk about when we get back." She got up from the table, and Carl didn't have to think twice. He followed her to the bathroom, heels clicking noisily, and both Doug and Jason grinned at each other as they enjoyed the show of 'Candi' swishing her shapely backside with every step. Carl felt numb with panic. How was he going to keep this up all night? How close was Jason to recognizing him? If he said the wrong thing, or if Jason looked at his face too closely...

"Time outs and stuff?" Miranda echoed teasingly as they entered the bathroom. "You're really getting into this, aren't you?"

"It's not like that at all," Carl blushed. Several girls were at the mirror, but they left as Miranda and Carl entered, giving Carl a look of jealousy mixed with disdain. He was clearly beautiful, but also showing no restraint in his slutty red dress. Plus, he was with the most eligible teen bachelor around! Carl was blissfully unaware of their judgmental stares as he hurried into the nearest free stall, as if it was a sanctuary from all the crazy events happening outside it.

"You've certainly got it figured out what a boy like Jason likes, the way you're acting so innocent and airheaded, giggling at his jokes and cooing at his accomplishments," Miranda went on, primping in front of the mirror as Carl delicately peeled his panties down and took a seat on the toilet. "If I didn't know better, I'd say that 'Candi' wants a little sugar tonight," Miranda giggled.

"Miranda, how could you do this to me?" Carl asked shakily.

"I said you deserved a date, Candi," Miranda said, pouting. "I had no idea you would misinterpret it so strangely! Besides, isn't he cute?"

"He's Jason!" Carl nearly sobbed, holding his pretty blonde head in his manicured hands. "That's my best friend's older brother! I can't go back out there, any second now he's going to recognize me, and then... and then..." Carl shuddered, hardly daring to think what Jason would do if he thought he'd been made a fool of by a boy in a dress. It certainly wouldn't stay between them, that was for certain. Brad would know immediately, and then the jig was up! Not only would all of his friends see him as a sissy forever, his father would be able

to find out easily that Carl hadn't run away from home, but was disguised as a girl with Aunt Kat in Florida.

"Candi, with a dress like that, he's not going to be looking at your face for more than five seconds at a time," Miranda pointed out. "If he hasn't recognized you yet, do you really think he has a chance? The more he sees you, the more he thinks of you as a sexy blonde babe and the further his thoughts are from any boy named Carl that he used to know."

"I can't do this," Carl moaned, as he slipped his panties back up his legs, re-adjusted his dress and exited the stall. "I just know he's going to recognize me!"

"Candi, I didn't recognize you, and us girls are a heck of a lot more in-tune with that sort of thing than a horny guy like Jason," Miranda said soothingly. "I mean, look at you!" She turned Carl to face the mirror and he stared miserably at his reflection. Trendy bleached blonde hair, dark, fluttering eyelashes, voluptuous red lips... Any trace of masculinity he once held dear had been totally eradicated from his face, and as for below his neck...

"Look at these!" Miranda continued, cupping his breasts from behind and fluffing them to accentuate his cleavage even further. "No red-blooded guy in the world is going to be thinking about little brother's friends back home when a rack like this is across from him, not to mention your tiny little waist, perfect ass, and long, sexy legs. Face it, honey, you're a knock-out, and you know it, and



you know he has absolutely no idea who you are! That's what's really bothering you, isn't it?"

"I don't know," Carl squeaked, blushing furiously. "I'm going to call my aunt to come pick me up. I'm sorry, I just can't go through with this... If he somehow figures it out..."

"Oh, no, you won't," Miranda frowned. "That would ruin the evening for everybody. How selfish are you? And, um, there is one other thing..." She looked slightly embarrassed. "It's really important to my college that Jason plays football here, so they asked Doug to show him a night on the town and convince him, and, well, I think you know how convincing a pretty girl can be."

"You brought me here to be Jason's date so he'll play football for your boyfriend's school?" Carl gasped.

"Sorry," Miranda sighed. "I really thought it would just be a fun dinner, but I should have known Doug had an alternative motive. You know how boys are! They'll do anything for their silly sports. Now, here, let me fix up your makeup." She made Carl pout his lips as she applied a fresh coating of bright red lipstick to his small mouth. Carl was stunned. Not only was he Jason's date, he was supposed to "persuade" Jason to stay in Florida! He knew of only one way a girl did that... Carl gulped in fear.

"Come on," Miranda smiled, linking arms with him. "Your dream date is waiting!" Still processing this latest fact, Carl meekly allowed himself to be led back to the table. He could feel Jason's eyes analyzing his every wiggle, lusting over his jiggling breasts and swaying hips, and it made him feel even more scared. He was terrified of being a sex object, but even more terrified of being caught out as a boy, and that meant he had to accept his role as a hot blonde!

"Well?" Miranda asked, as they resumed their seats. "Did you find something more interesting to talk about?"

"Definitely," Doug teased. "I was just telling Jason about that bikini pageant they're doing this year, with that suntan lotion sponsor... What was it called, Miss Boardwalk Beauty? I think that's worth sticking around for!"

"Sure sounds like it," Jason admitted, but his eyes were still firmly on Carl. "I was just saying how Candi would win the whole thing in a snap." Carl blushed furiously at the compliment.

"Unfortunately, I doubt it," Miranda sniffed. "That stuck-up bitch Amber Sweet wins it every year. Her dad is the regional manager, so she's a shoe-in."

"Well, hey, that chick's pretty hot," Doug defended.

Miranda shot her date a scowl. "Yeah, but they don't even judge it properly," she said. "It's a big scam. Maybe if they had new judges..."

"You would enter, wouldn't you, Candi?" Jason asked suavely. "You'll break my heart if you say no..."

"I don't know," Carl said, blushing. "I'm not sure I would like all those people seeing me in my bikini."

"Liar," Miranda laughed. "Candi, you love the attention!"

Over the next half-hour, Carl did his best to pretend to do just that, playing the part of a sexy blonde bimbo to a T, pouting his lips and giggling and allowing Jason to flirt with him shamelessly. Miranda seemed quite pleased with his performance, perhaps believing Carl was finally warming up to his date's attentions, but on the inside Carl had never been more anxious for an evening to end, especially with the way Jason's hand was creeping up his thigh under the table!

"Well, we should get going before they kick us out," Doug said at last, giving Jason a sly wink that Carl pretended not to see.

"Oh, it was so fun!" Carl said, pouting. "I'll call my aunt to pick me up..."

"Nonsense," said Jason. "Doug and I both drove, I'm sure between the two of us you can get a ride."

"I have to get Miranda home right away," Doug said. "Sorry."

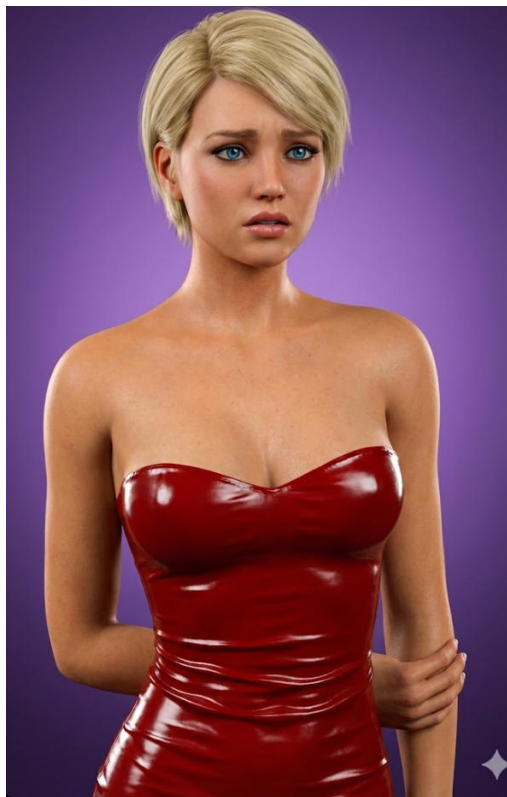
"Jason, your hotel is pretty near to Candi's house!" Miranda said brightly. "You could take her home." Carl's heart stopped. Why was Miranda doing this to him? Didn't she realize he just wanted this whole thing to be done and over with?

"That would be great!" Carl trilled. "Thank you so much."

"My pleasure," Jason grinned, and put out his arm. Blushing, Carl was forced to accept the offer, laying his delicate hand on Jason's muscular forearm as they departed the restaurant. Once they were outside, he smoothly moved it to wrap around Carl's slender waist! Miranda looked on in amusement. It was really something else seeing her ex-boyfriend all dolled up, stuffed into a sexy little dress, perched on sky-high stilettos, swimming in feminine perfume, and perfectly made-up, out on his first date with a big strong arm around his waist. She knew any guy would have been proud to have such a hot date!

"Goodnight, Candi," Miranda smiled as they parted ways. "Be good, now!"

"Bye!" Carl squeaked. Jason walked him across the parking lot, guiding him with one hand in the small of his back. Carl looked down at the purse in his delicate fingers, humiliated at how delicately he was being treated. He tried to concentrate on his stilettos, placing each foot gracefully in front of the other and lending a sexy



wobble to his hips, taking two quick mincing steps for every one of Jason's, and not think about the arm around his waist. Jason opened the car door for him and Carl slid inside, gracefully keeping his knees locked together. His date looked slightly disappointed!

Jason made casual small-talk during the drive, but as they neared Aunt Kat's house he made a slight detour that made Carl's heart leap into his throat. They were heading towards the boardwalk, the favorite spot for young lovers since time immemorial.

"Jason?" he said timidly. "You missed the turn?"

"It's a beautiful night and I'm with a beautiful girl," Jason said, giving Carl his most winning smile. "Wouldn't you like to see a little moonlight on the waves? People keep telling me the boardwalk is really something at night, but I haven't had the chance to experience it yet."

"I should call my aunt," Carl said, desperately trying to think up an excuse. "It's getting late!" He rummaged in his purse, thinking that even if Aunt Kat didn't answer, he could pretend he had been ordered straight back home, but as Jason pulled his car up to the boardwalk entrance, the bump sent the contents of Carl's purse spilling everywhere.

"Oh, darn it!" Carl exclaimed cutely. He started picking up his makeup kit, his compact mirror, his... He froze at the sight of the bright pink box of "ribbed for her pleasure" condoms, and he knew in an instant that Jason had seen it, too! Blushing furiously, he stuffed it back into his purse and turned in his seat.

"I'm not, like..." His attempt to explain himself was interrupted by a deep, passionate kiss. Carl gasped as Jason's tongue slipped between his painted lips and probed deep inside his mouth, making him feel weak all over. He had never in his life been kissed like this, and certainly never by a boy! Carl tried to struggle free, but Jason had his arms encircling him and eventually Carl could do nothing but melt into the kiss, draped against Jason's hard, muscular body, submissively allowing his mouth to be claimed by this alpha male. When they finally broke apart, Carl was blushing all over.

"Let's get a little air," Jason grinned. "It looks like you could use some." He got out of the car, and before Carl knew it, he was being led down the boardwalk, heels tapping sexily on the planks. His stride was restricted by his skirt and he felt his breasts bounce with each mincing step, remembering what Aunt Kat had told him as he was getting ready. Carl's heart was beating like a drum. Jason had them sit down at the very edge, over-looking the water, and he wrapped his arm around Carl's naked shoulders and kissed him again. Carl was utterly powerless to fend him off, and he could only submit as a pretty girl would as Jason planted kiss after kiss on his painted lips, then down onto his neck and shoulders. Carl's head was spinning, especially as Jason's hands began to cup his breasts.

"Please, Jason..." Carl began.

"You don't have to play coy, Candi," Jason said huskily. "I know what a gorgeous girl like you needs. Think we can use up the whole package?" With those

words, his hand began to slide up the inside of Carl's bare thigh, making him shiver. He tried to pull away, but couldn't.

"No, please, I don't want to..." Carl squeaked, as Jason's roaming hand slipped inside his skirt once more. "Jason, stop!" he pleaded, slapping ineffectually at Jason's fingers, but the football star had always been far stronger than Carl, and now, with every last bit of muscle tone dieted and moisturized and hormone-treated right out of him, he was completely helpless to stop his amorous advances. Everything from Aunt Kat's impromptu history lesson was now rushing through his head ... easy access to the female form ... bigger, stronger, faster than you ... all you can do is submit to whatever he wants to do with you...

"Why not?" Jason asked, nibbling at Carl's slender neck, biting gently on his earlobe. Carl gasped at the sensation, but knew he only had moments to get Jason's hand out of his skirt, before he probed deeper and didn't find the warm crevice he was expecting.

"I can't," Carl begged. "Jason! Stop it! I'm, I'm on my period!" And miraculously, Jason's hand vanished. Carl snapped his knees shut immediately, nearly hyperventilating, breasts bobbing attractively up and down on his chest.

"Oh," Jason said, clearly crestfallen. "I understand. It's just that you're so beautiful... So sexy... And I feel this crazy connection with you, Candi, almost like we already know each other somehow, the way our bodies are reacting to each other..." Carl would have lost his mind with fear had he not known that Jason said this to several girls in the past – and it always ended in the same way, in every story! He smoothed his skirt nervously, still breathing fast at the unveiling he had so narrowly escaped.

"I really wanted to share something special with you," Jason said sadly, looking off into the moonlight.

"I'm sorry," Carl squeaked, and with the morose expression on Jason's handsomely sculpted face and the puppy-dog look in his eyes, he nearly was!

"It's okay," Jason said softly, tipping Carl's chin up with one finger. Carl felt his glossy lips part instinctively, submissively, as Jason kissed him deeply once more, tongue exploring every centimeter of Carl's mouth. The kiss made him feel almost faint, and a strange tingle went straight through his nipples as they finally broke apart. Carl gasped for air as Jason ran his fingers around his soft lips, looking at them admiringly.

"I know how you can make it up to me," Jason said playfully, and Carl heard the sound of his jeans' zipper coming undone. Jason took his hand and gently guided it towards his already stiff member. Carl's pretty blue eyes went wide at the size of it... He knew Jason bragged a lot about his ranking in the locker room, but he'd had no idea it was all true!

"Jason, I..."

"Come on, Candi," Jason said in his ear, making him shiver. "You've been teasing me all night in that sexy little dress. I'm so turned on by you, you're so beautiful, so hot..." Carl watched in revolted fascination as Jason's member grew even more swollen. What would Jason do if he refused? He knew the

quarter-back was used to having his way with pretty girls, and a girl like 'Candi' was definitely the type to give into his demands! Slowly, reluctantly, Carl allowed Jason to put his much smaller hand on his warm manhood. The sight of his dainty, moisturized fingers encircling Jason, long red nails shining, was incredibly erotic, and Carl couldn't blame Jason for groaning quietly. He himself felt a slight stirring in the confines of his mercifully-untouched gaff, and even stranger, a tingling sensation in his nipples yet again. Carl began to gently stroke up and down on the shaft, using the technique he'd perfected from years of self-practice, trying desperately to think about anything else, anything other than the fact that before the night was out he would have given his first handjob.

"Oh, babe, that feels so good," Jason growled. "Keep going, Candi." Even as he spoke, his hands were on the move once more, this time freeing Carl's voluptuous breasts from the flimsy confines of his dress. Carl couldn't help but gasp as the cold air hit them, making his nipples stiffen immediately, and then Jason began caressing them with both hands. Carl gasped again at the sensation. He'd known his new breasts were sensitive, and he'd avoided touching them except by accident in the shower or while putting his bra on, but now they were in the hands of an experienced lover and Carl had never felt anything like it. Every touch sent thrills down his spine, and to his utter shame, Carl began to moan softly just like a girl! He realized, distantly, that he was now putty in Jason's hands. He was allowing himself to be kissed and felt up, just like a pretty girl!

Jason gave him another fierce kiss. Carl gasped for air and let out a confused moan. He had never felt so turned on, but there was nothing happening in his lacy black panties. "Come on, babe, work it," Jason said, tweaking Carl's nipple yet again and sending another current of pleasure down his spine. Carl closed his eyes, trying to make himself unaware of his hand moving up and down on another boy's manhood, faster and faster. He was trembling all over, both from Jason's roaming hands and his own sense of shame, and he felt hot tears pricking at his eyes.

"Oh, Candi, I'm almost there, babe," Jason grunted. "You're amazing. Oh, God. Oh, yeah!" Carl knew there was only one way to get this over with, and he renewed his intensity, rubbing his thumb under Jason's head and wriggling his fingers on his engorged shaft, gripping it tightly, pretty red nails gleaming in the moonlight, and finally watching in utter shame as the boy grunted and exploded over to the side. Carl stared dumbly at the sticky mess on his dainty hand, then began to fight back his tears, sobbing softly to himself as he watched Jason put his member back in his pants. What had he just done? How could he have just allowed Jason to have his way like that?

"That was amazing," Jason sighed contentedly. "Candi..." He pulled Carl close to him, so his breasts pushed up against Jason's flat pecs, and held him in his arms. Carl felt so small and vulnerable and all but naked with his breasts exposed to the world. He began to readjust his dress, slipping his boobs back into their cups, and Jason made no move to stop him. Carl sat in Jason's lap there on the boardwalk for a minute or two, feeling his strong arms around him and

smelling his aftershave, feeling completely sick and ashamed and stunned by what had transpired. How could he go back to being a boy knowing that he had jerked off another guy? Much more, the older brother of his best buddy?

"It's so late," Carl finally said, timidly. "Do you, do you think you could drive me home, please? My aunt might be worried, I haven't called her..."

"Of course," Jason said. He helped Carl to his feet and offered his arm again as they walked back towards the car. Carl had never been more aware of his heels tapping on the wood, his hips swaying suggestively, his smooth thighs brushing together... he had never felt more helpless and feminine, and more than ever before, he thought he knew exactly how it felt to be a girl. Miserable, he didn't speak a word on the drive home. Jason was equally quiet, seemingly lost in his thoughts, or perhaps merely losing interest now that he'd gotten what he wanted. Carl did his best to repair his makeup in his compact mirror when they finally pulled into the driveway.

"Walk you to the door?" Jason offered. Completely unable to offer any resistance at this point, Carl docilely nodded his pretty blonde head. Jason got out and walked around to open the door for him, then helped him out of the car in just such a way that he managed to catch a final flash of Carl's sexy black panties. Carl blushed furiously.

"Couldn't resist," Jason said, with an innocent grin. "I had an amazing time, tonight, Candi. You're really something. If staying and playing football here in Florida means I'll be seeing you again... Well, I'm sold."

"What?" Carl squeaked.

"I think I want to take the scholarship," Jason explained. "And if I do, I want to make you my girlfriend. I know we've just met, but you're the sexiest girl I've ever been out with! I won't make you any promises until things are certain, but for now..." Jason stopped him right at the door and leaned in for a deep, probing goodnight kiss. Carl adopted the submissive feminine posture, looping his arms reluctantly around Jason's neck and parting his pretty lips one last time. The sensation nearly made him swoon in Jason's arms!

"Goodnight, Candi," Jason whispered.

"Goodnight," Carl murmured softly, star-



ing at the floor. As soon as Jason had departed, he yanked the door open and swept inside, closing it firmly behind him as if his paramour might try to return and come inside. He had never felt so ashamed and confused. He was not only dressing, speaking, walking and living like a girl, he was doing the same things girls did with boys! And worse, with Jason! He was so distraught that he didn't even notice Aunt Kat coming down the stairs in her nightie.

"I didn't mean to spy, sweetie, but that was quite the goodnight kiss I just saw on the porch when the lights came on!" Aunt Kat exclaimed. "Candi, why didn't you tell me your date tonight was with a boy? And what a hunk! You really know how to pick them, don't you?"

"It's not what it looked like!" Carl said, panicking, but his smeared lipstick and mussed blonde hair proved his words false.

"Don't be embarrassed, sweetie," Aunt Kat said gently. "You could have told me!" Carl could take no more, and, shoulders trembling, he broke down into girlish sobs. Aunt Kat, surprised, hurried over and held him gently, marveling again at the size and firmness of his breasts against hers, then eased him down onto the couch. Even in his traumatized state, Carl smoothed the skirt of his dress and kept his legs clutched together.

"I let him put my, my hand on his..." Carl couldn't speak for his girlish sobbing. "I tugged him off! I didn't want to, I swear, but he kept kissing me and touching me and I just didn't know..."

"Oh, Candi!" Aunt Kat sighed gently. She hugged him more tightly. "It's okay," she whispered. "It's nothing to be ashamed of."

"I've never been so ashamed," Carl wept.

"Don't be," Aunt Kat crooned. "It's only natural for a pretty young thing like you to develop a healthy interest in handsome young men. You've been dressing, speaking, walking, and living as a girl all this summer, of course you start viewing boys as a cute girl would!" Not to mention the powerful female hormones pumped into his system, but she decided not to mention that. Still, she was surprised that Carl had given in so quickly to his newfound femininity.

"I don't want to be a girl!" Carl sobbed, but even as he said it his gestures were gracefully feminine to a fault, hands fluttering in agitation and breasts heaving.

"What's his name, sweetie?" Aunt Kat asked softly.

"J... Jason," Carl sniffed.

"He's very handsome, isn't he?" Aunt Kat prodded.

"I... I guess..." Carl said, hopelessly confused. "When he touched my breasts... I felt so..."

"Feminine?" Aunt Kat supplied. Carl nodded his head miserably. He had managed to fool Jason into thinking he was nothing more than a slutty blonde bimbo, but he had also been treated exactly like one, and now Jason wanted to make him his girlfriend! Head spinning, and unable to forget the warmth of Jason's manhood under his fingers and the feel of his experienced hands knead-

ing his breasts, Carl allowed his aunt to help him undress and remove his makeup for the first time in a week before crawling into bed and falling into a deep, but troubled sleep.



In the aftermath of his disastrous date, there was nothing Carl wanted to do more than spend the rest of the summer hidden away inside. Aunt Kat, however, had other ideas.

“I’m not going to have a hermit for a niece,” she said, after two days of having Carl mope around the house. “Besides, don’t you think it would be more than a little suspicious if a girl as pretty as Candi hadn’t made a single friend all summer? Or gone to the beach even once, with a body like that? You can’t keep thinking about the past, sweetie, and things will either work out with that Jason boy or they won’t. Now, run along and change into your bikini.”

“I don’t want things to *work out*,” Carl huffed angrily. It was true, and, to his great relief, Jason had not called despite having demanded his phone number before they parted. Carl had spent the next day watching his cellular phone as if it was a venomous snake, terrified of receiving a call, but none came. He realized, ironically, that he now had a taste of what Jason’s many conquests experienced. He tried to put the whole affair out of his mind... It was over now, and nobody knew what had transpired apart from him, Jason, and Aunt Kat, who he was certain could keep a secret.

“Then you’ll find some other cute boy on the beach today,” Aunt Kat said casually. “Hurry up, I want to get a little sun myself.” Sighing with resignation, Carl went to his room and found the tiny string bikini in his top drawer. He had been dreading this moment ever since waking up with D-cups, but he knew by now that it was useless to protest. Aunt Kat would not be dissuaded, and he probably should consider himself lucky that she wasn’t making him go topless! He began to change, tying the bows of his bikini bottom with little difficulty, but when he came to the top it was a different matter entirely. The fabric was now barely enough to hold his new chest, and his breasts bounced free again and again as he struggled with the ties. Eventually he caved in and called his aunt for help. She took great delight in tying a perfect little bow on his bare back while he cradled his breasts in place, and then insisted he redo his makeup for their little expedition. At this point, Carl had almost come to expect it.

Since it was going to be sunny, he used bronzer and a hint of blush to give himself what his fashion magazines called a “healthy glow.” Then he carefully dusted a sparkly eyeshadow over his lids, finishing with a bit of liner and a water-proof mascara, just in case. He debated about lipstick, but in the end used a matte red to match the bright color of his skimpy bathing suit. Carl then brushed out his hair, using spray to give it plenty of body, and teased his fringe with a comb until it was perfect. As he blotted his red lipstick, he suddenly re-

membered once more the feel of his lips on Jason's and felt sick to the bottom of his stomach.

"I'm ready," Carl said nervously, coming out of the room. He struck a sexy pose with his hands on his hips. Aunt Kat smiled at the sight of her feminized nephew squeezed into a tiny bikini – he definitely looked like a total beach babe! She couldn't wait to see the guys drooling over his long sexy legs, flat toned tummy, slender figure, and gorgeous D-cup breasts. All the dieting and hormones had definitely paid off in spades.

"Adorable," Aunt Kat smiled. "Just one more thing..."

Once he had added a pair of hoop earrings, Aunt Kat declared him a perfect beach bunny. Carl, looking at his reflection worriedly, had to agree. Dr. Nevsky's lipo and hormone treatments had sculpted Carl the sort of beach body most teen girls would die to have, and most teen guys would die to "have" in another sense entirely! His dainty waist, rounded hips, and gorgeous cleavage created a perfect hourglass figure, while his willowy legs and smooth skin were ideal for exposure in a bikini. With his careful makeup and pretty hoop earrings, he looked like the sort of girl who went to the beach with no intention of getting near the water, only of turning heads and finding cute boys!

"Are you sure I can't wear something more like yours?" Carl pleaded. His aunt was wearing a slightly more modest two-piece.

"I'm wearing this because I'm actually going to swim a little, sweetie," Aunt Kat smiled. "You're just going to the beach to pick up cute guys!"

"No I'm not!" Carl cried, blushing. "Aunt Kat, please don't tease me!"

"You never swim, Candi," Aunt Kat pointed out. "All you ever do at the beach is play volleyball or socialize. So I figured you just wanted to sunbathe and look good doing it! And I wouldn't try going in the water wearing that little bikini anyways, you could lose your top." Carl's blue eyes widened with terror at the prospect and his aunt did her best to conceal her giggle.

The walk from Aunt Kat's to the beach was an exercise in irritation. Carl found that his breasts bobbed and jiggled with every step, threatening to pop free from his top, and not only was he attracting wolf-whistles, but now honks as well from cars full of young guys driving past. His only solace was that his Aunt Kat, looking as hot as usual, was also receiving her fair share of the attention. It didn't seem to bother her one bit, however, and she merely laughed at her noisy admirers.

When they finally got to the beach, Carl was hoping to lay out his towel somewhere secluded, but Aunt Kat superseded him by telling him they were headed to the very middle of the beach to sunbathe. Carl thought he had never seen so many people here in his life. It was absolutely packed with beach-goers shouting and splashing in the water, lying on towels and applying sunscreen, and throwing beach balls back and forth. Just about every male head turned as they made their entrance.

"Can I have my shirt?" Carl asked anxiously, folding his arms under his breasts. "I'm, um, I'm chilly."

"Don't be silly," Aunt Kat laughed, leading the way. "You better not sulk this whole afternoon just because you're wearing a cute bikini. We're going to have plenty of fun. Remember, pretty girls are used to being looked at. Put a sexy smile on and enjoy strutting your stuff for the boys!"

"I'll try," Carl said nervously. He uncrossed his arms and adopted a more confident, feminine posture that pushed his chest out and exaggerated the sexy sway to his hips as he walked. Aunt Kat smiled, loving the sight of her once-macho, chauvinistic nephew all dolled up in a tiny bikini, turning heads and blushing at every wolf-whistle. Everything, from the sensuous sway of his walk and perfect curves to his prettily made-up features and gleaming blonde hair, once again screamed female—and not just female, but a complete bombshell!

"Do you mind if we do a little tanning here?" Aunt Kat asked sweetly, finding a perfect spot. Two middle-aged men shook their heads frantically and cleared some space, while their wives looked on disapprovingly. It was hard to say no to two beautiful girls, one of whom was wearing a very skimpy red bikini. Aunt Kat rolled out their towels and Carl sat down, leaning back on his elbows and stretching out his long legs the way his Aunt did. He was embarrassed to realize how prominent it made his breasts, and how it put his sexy legs on full display, too.

"Can't we sit somewhere a little more secluded?" Carl asked anxiously. He could already see boys staring at him!

"This is the best spot to look for cute boys," Aunt Kat said slyly. "And this way they can see you looking really sexy in your bikini!" She took out a bottle of sunscreen and helped rub it over Carl's stomach and legs. The middle-aged men were definitely sneaking



looks when she playfully massaged some onto Carl's breasts! He didn't like the oily feeling of the sunscreen, but it did make his legs look very smooth and touchable, and the warm sun felt sort of nice.

Carl took out the romance novel again, since it would allow him to avoid eye contact with any passers-by, but before he could even find his place in the amorous adventures of a beautiful but destitute maid...

"Hey, it's Blondie, right?" came a young man's voice. Carl looked up at found himself staring into the blinding white smile of Amber's boyfriend Tom, the handsome boy who had tried to hit on him on the boardwalk only a week ago. Carl groaned under his breath. What were the chances?

"Candi," Carl offered, blushing as Tom's eyes roved all over his exposed body. Tom was wearing only board-shorts, and Carl had to admit that he had quite the physique. Whereas Carl was now soft and delicate with enticing curves squeezed into a skimpy bikini in order to display his femininity, Tom was tall and muscular and confident. The contrast was striking, and Carl found himself wondering how he had ever been just like that, or at least sort of like that.

"Candi! That's right. I noticed you and your lovely aunt sunbathing over here, and I thought I would invite you to come play some volleyball," Tom grinned.

"How nice of you," Aunt Kat said, taking off her sunglasses.

"Sorry, I'm reading," Carl squeaked, holding up his book. Tom's eyebrows raised a bit at the trashy cover and Carl immediately lowered it. Aunt Kat laughed.

"She does love her romances, but I keep telling her she'll never meet that perfect guy unless she's out looking for him!" she said. "Go on, Candi. You used to love playing volleyball!"

"Really?" Tom said eagerly. "Great! Come on, we're getting the teams set up now!" Carl gave his aunt one last pleading look, to which she only shrugged and smiled, and then reluctantly rose from his towel. Tom took him gently by the wrist – why on Earth did every guy seem to think he couldn't walk on his own! – and led him towards the volleyball net where a group of teenagers were milling around. Carl gulped as he saw Amber among them. He had the feeling this was not going to turn out well!

Tom introduced him to the other teens, a few of whom he had met on his very first day in Florida, but of course none of them recognized him in the slightest. The boys all seemed extremely eager to get to know him better, while the girls gave him jealous looks. As the teams were divided up, Carl realized that Tom had somehow contrived to be on his team. He picked the volleyball up out of the sand, served it over the net, and the game began.

Carl had been a coordinated athlete not even a month ago, playing well for his baseball team despite his small size and slender frame, and in some small part of him, down beneath the feminine makeup and feminized curves, he was hoping he would be able to show them a thing or two. He did, but not the two things he was expecting! His new breasts jiggled with every motion, and any time he jumped for the ball they bounced up and down, distracting him horri-



bly and almost always resulting in him missing the ball entirely. He was constantly having to check the strings of his top, giving him the appearance of a girl who was more interested in primping and flirting than playing the game, and with his widening hips and bountiful boobs his sense of balance was completely off

Despite all this, the boys on his team were thrilled for him whenever he managed to touch the ball, enjoying the sight of his jiggling breasts, and it seemed like any small success whatsoever was more than enough excuse for Tom to give him a high-five or a quick hug, mashing Carl's boobs up against his flat, muscular chest. Carl submitted to these small humiliations without protest, still trying to concentrate on the game, but he found it next to impossible to serve the ball properly with his long nails getting in the way. Tom attempted to show him, positioning himself behind him and guiding his arm, one hand firmly on his hip, and Carl, blushing furiously, could see Amber ready to erupt on the other side of the net.

Somehow, even with Carl playing horribly, the other team was doing just as bad. It seemed that its male members were more than a little distracted by 'Candi's' display, and with her cute, rounded derriere and firm breasts, it was hard to blame them. When Carl finally managed to bump the ball over the net, they barely even tried to get it, and cheered for him getting his first point as it hit the sand. Tom swept him off his feet and spun him around playfully, taking him completely by surprise, and a few plays later Carl's team won. The boys all said, teasingly, that it was all thanks to him, and Carl could only blush with em-

barrassment. He used to be good at volleyball, but now the only service he provided was as eye-candy for the real boys! It was quite a while before Carl managed to extricate himself, as all of the boys seemed quite keen on having him join them for a swim, but he finally managed to return back to the towels where Aunt Kat was now packing up.

“That water is freezing,” she laughed. “I’d avoid it if I were you, I’d hate for someone to get their eye poked out. Why don’t you stay and read for a little while? Work just called me and I really have to run. It looked as though you were starting to have some fun over there, sweetie.” Carl thought about Aunt Kat watching Tom swing him around like a feather, hugging him, squeezing him, and he blushed furiously. Fortunately, the whole group of them had moved much further down the beach. It was still beautiful weather outside, there was now a free lounge nearby, and, despite himself, he did sort of want to finish the book.

“I’ll stay for a little longer,” he said, sitting down on the recently-vacated lounge. “Just make sure to leave the bag with my clothes!”

“I’m setting it right here,” Aunt Kat said reassuringly. “See you!” Aunt Kat departed and Carl stretched back on the chair, opening his book. He was getting to some of the really “hot and heavy” scenes, as Aunt Kat had called them, and as he read he didn’t notice, but he was beginning to cross and uncross his slender legs, rubbing his smooth thighs against each other and squeezing them tight. The maid in the story was taking a tray of hot tea and brandy to her handsome employer, who had been trapped out in a blizzard rescuing his aged father, and now as she set it down, giving a tantalizing peek down her dress, he pulled her close with his strong arms...

Carl stopped reading abruptly, realizing that his nipples were tingling and going hard beneath the flimsy fabric of his bikini top! What was going on? Was he getting turned on as a girl would? Confused and embarrassed, Carl set the book down and rolled over, pretending to tan in order to hide the erect state of his nipples. The soft fabric of his top, and now the rough pattern of the lounge, brushed against them and sent a shiver down his spine. Carl pursed his lips and waited for the feeling to go away, hoping nobody was watching. He stretched out so he was more comfortable, still wondering why his body was responding so strangely, and as the warm sun beat down on his bare back and the cool breeze licked his face, he gradually found himself falling asleep.



“Candace! Wake up, you lazy girl!”

Carl blinked in confusion, wondering just when his Aunt Kat had developed a French accent, and why exactly he was waking up by an old-fashioned empty fireplace rather than on the beach.

“Yes, Aunt Ka...” Carl trailed off as he saw his aunt dressed in nineteenth century housekeeper’s attire. What was going on?

"Close your mouth, silly girl, you have nothing to fill it with," Aunt Kat scolded. "The master requires a brandy, and he requested you specifically to bring it! Why are you not in your uniform?"

Carl looked down, shocked to suddenly realize that he was stark naked, and, unfortunately for the very large pair of breasts hanging off his chest, standing in a room that was quite cold. He blushed furiously at the sight of his erect nipples and immediately covered himself with both hands, daintily cupping at each firm globe of flesh.

"I guess I forgot?" he said weakly.

"Hurry and dress yourself," Aunt Kat said, frowning. "You are a maid, Candace, and I am a housekeeper. We are not ladies of the court who may lounge around carelessly. Not that a lady of the court would ever expose her nakedness so shamelessly!" She produced what looked to be a small black dress from behind her back, along with shoes and a pair of black nylons. Carl took the uniform reluctantly, realizing it was better than being naked, and then, suddenly, he was wearing it! The black satin caressed his skin, hugging the curves of his body, and the airy skirt that poofed out around the tops of his thighs was nowhere near long enough to reach the tops of his sheer nylons. He caught sight of his reflection in a mirror and saw that he was completely decked out in a skimpy, sexy French maid's uniform.

Carl looked forlornly at the sexpot in the mirror, observing how the silky black fabric clung to his every curve, with a generous scooped neckline to give a perfect view of his cleavage before flaring into a ruffled skirt that barely grazed the lacy tops of his nylons. The dress was trimmed with white frills, matching the headband in his perfectly-coiffed blonde hair, and a black choker around his neck and tiny little apron around his hips completed the pretty picture. His eyes were done up with exaggerated blue eyeshadow and his lips were bright, kissable fuchsia. He looked every bit to be "Candace," the sexy French maid of this castle.

Katherine prepared the a tray as Candace nervously adjusted the black choker at her slender neck, repositioned the headband in her blonde hair, and checked the pretty bow at the back of her waist. Everything seemed to be in order, but...

"Wait a second!" Candace squeaked, suddenly panicked, as the last chapter he'd read in a suspiciously similar romance novel came back to him. "The... The master asked for me specifically?"

"Yes, yes, and I think we both know why," Katherine said. "Now, go! You must not keep him waiting any longer, lazy girl!"

"But I can't go up there!" Candace gasped. "What if he..."

"The master has battled through a blizzard to return here!" Katherine snapped. "Are you so ungrateful? Go, Candace, or I will use the riding crop to persuade you, I swear to you!" Candace gulped. She could tell from the look in her fellow servant's eyes that she was utterly serious about the riding crop threat, and so, with her heart thumping in her chest, she took the tray and minced towards the stairs, hips swinging. The stone stairs were uneven and so

she had to concentrate on each step, placing one stiletto heel after the other, trying to see past both the gleaming silver tray where her anxious pout and frightened eyes were reflected back to her and also her jiggling cleavage. As she reached the door at the top of the stairs, she paused, unsure of what to do next. Finally she clenched her sweaty palm into a small fist and tapped twice on the wood.

“Enter!” called a far-too-familiar voice. Candace struggled with the heavy door for a moment, then swished her way inside. She kept her eyes downcast submissively under her luxuriously long lashes and her blonde head bowed, both because she somehow knew it was proper and also because she was still terrified of somehow dropping the tray. She made quite the pretty picture, hips swaying in a distinctly feminine manner and the petticoat under her dress dancing enticingly around her smooth thighs, not even grazing the lacy black tops of his nylons, and of course his bountiful breasts proudly displayed by the low cut of her uniform. The master was in a high-backed chair facing a roaring fireplace, deep in a contemplative silence, and Carl had never been more aware of the noisy clapping of her heels as she approached.

“I... I brought your drink,” Candace whispered. The chair turned, and Candace, in utter shock, dropped the tray with a loud crash! The drink splashed all across the pantaloons of the very last person he had expected to see in a nineteenth century manor. “Jason?” she squeaked. “What on Earth?”

“Ah! Blast, that’s hot!” Jason exclaimed, leaping to his feet.

“I’m so sorry!” Candace gasped, blushing furiously. “Let me get a paper towel... or, I mean... a cloth? I’ll clean this up right away...” Flustered beyond belief, she leaned over, making her skirt flip upward enticingly as her silk garters strained taut against her firm, rounded buttocks. She picked up the fallen cup, then immediately began trying to clean up the puddle on the floor. She didn’t know what was going on, but she did know that the master, dark and mysterious as he was, did not have a temper to be trifled with!



"Leave it, my dear," Jason said. "It's of little consequence." Candace glanced back over her shoulder and blushed as Jason looked her up and down just as he had in the restaurant, but with an eagerness in his eyes that left her scared stiff. Jason definitely had a French maid fantasy, what guy didn't, and she was definitely it!

"I'll, I'll just be a second," Candace squeaked, turning back to mop up the last of the spill. As he completed his task and turned his head to apologize again, however, he came face to face with Jason's erect member! The young master had divested himself of his soiled garments and was completely naked from the waist down.

"You little vixen," Jason laughed. "I suppose you spilled that intentionally, didn't you?"

"No, I swear, it was an accident," Candace protested, flushing furiously, hardly able to drag her eyes away from the intimidating sight. She scrambled clumsily to her feet and stood there rooted to the spot, quaking in her stiletto heels, as Jason moved closer and slid his arms around Candace's delicate waist.

"I survived the blizzard only because the thought of you kept me warm," he said huskily. "I must have you now, Candace." He grinned suavely. "Come now, I've seen your looks. I've seen the way you watch me, ever since you came to be in my employ." Candace opened his mouth to voice his confusion and found himself claimed with a fierce kiss, Jason's warm tongue forcing its way between her lips yet again and enjoying every bit of her sweet little mouth. She gasped in surprise, pretty blue eyes flying wide, and then her knees went utterly weak and she swooned at the kiss. Jason was even taller than he remembered, and more muscular, and his kiss was making Candace's pretty blonde head spin...

"Such flawless lips," Jason said, after they broke apart. "It would be a shame not to use them, my dear. Come. Over here." His fingers encircled Candace's delicate wrist, and, still in a daze, Candace felt herself being led over to the chair by the fire. Jason



sat down with a sigh, still holding onto Candace's hands, and she gave another squeak of surprise as she was pulled downward, breasts bobbing enticingly. Jason's hands immediately were on the move.

"Oh, Jason, please don't..." Candace tried to protest, blushing as his dress came undone, but then Jason's fingers touched her nipples again and she lost her train of thought, forced to let out a breathy moan. Unable to stay on her feet, she found herself dropping to his knees, hoping in the back of her mind that she wasn't putting a run in his nylons, as Jason caressed him. She couldn't believe she was letting this happen yet again, she simply couldn't...

"You are my true love," Jason said. "Ever since your aunt brought you here, you have not left my thoughts. And you're so ravishing in your tempting little delicacies, I simply must ravish you." Carl flushed as Jason gently pushed down on his head, fingers in his blonde hair. He tried to raise his head, but Jason's hand was firm. With his other hand, he was casually stroking himself to full hardness.

"Jason?" Candace asked tremulously, suddenly scared.

"Come now, my dear, I know you've wished it," Jason whispered. "That alluring lipstick... That angelic little pout..." Candace opened her mouth to protest, and in that instant Jason pushed his head downward and his erect member thrust between her parted lips. Candace gagged, even as her lips and tongue closed instinctively around Jason's manhood. She tried to pull away, but Jason started pushing his head rhythmically up and down, and Candace realized with a growing sense of shame and revulsion that her lipstick was leaving little pink marks on Jason's member! With the warm shaft between her pretty pink lips, there was no way Candace could protest, and she knew his muffled moans would be taken for sounds of pleasure!

Closing her eyes and fighting back tears, Candace began to move her head up and down, obediently sucking off her lover. She tried to tell herself that it was just skin, like any other part of the body, and what she was doing was no different from licking her fingers, but the truth was in the tears threatening to ruin her makeup. Candace knew no finger had ever been this thick, hard, and hot!

"Oh, Candace, I forbid you to stop," Jason grunted. "You are fantastic. So beautiful, so talented. Oh, good God. Oh, my!" Candace knew there was only one way to get this over with, and she renewed his intensity, kissing, licking, and sucking at Jason's engorged shaft until he pulled out, like a perfect gentleman of old, and came furiously. Candace looked away, cheeks flushed.

"Yes," Jason sighed a moment later. "A thousand times, yes." He pulled Candace close, not seeming to notice her tears of humiliation and confusion, and Candace found herself nestled in Jason's lap before the fire-place. Seeing no other choice, she submissively laid her pretty head on her lover's broad chest, feeling his heart beat against her own, as the flames danced in the hearth and warmed her bare breasts. If this was to be her fate, Candace thought to herself, maybe she could grow to...



When Carl finally woke up, he could tell he'd slept far longer than intended from the cool air on his skin. Something else felt strange, too... The fabric of his bikini top was rough on his breasts, and he couldn't feel the delicate strings on his shoulders. Frowning, Carl ran his hands over his bare back in increasing panic. His top was gone! His hands slid down to his bottom and found his bikini bottom still intact, thank God, but...

Carl cast around desperately, craning his neck to look as far over as he could. The swimming bag that Aunt Kat had set down was gone! He looked around in the sand, wondering if someone had knocked it over, or if wind has somehow blown it down the beach, but it was nowhere to be seen. Only the high-heeled cork sandals that Aunt Kat had put in the bag were there, wedged in the sand. Carl found himself beginning to hyperventilate. The beach was still packed with people, and his clothes were nowhere in sight! Maybe it was underneath the lounge?

Realizing he had no other choice, Carl glanced around, then slid his arms underneath his massive breasts and sat upright, covering his nipples and cradling his cleavage. The space around and underneath the lounge was completely empty apart from the high heels! Somebody had taken them out of the bag and then made off with everything else. Carl felt himself blushing all over as he began to attract attention. He knew that there was a Lost-and-Found just a little ways down the beach, and currently that seemed to be his only hope. Without his phone, there was no way to call his aunt, and his towel was now gone!

He was already beginning to attract attention, men glancing over and then staring openly at the sight of a topless blonde, hoping to see a little more, and Carl realized that he wouldn't be able to carry his expensive stiletto sandals and conceal his breasts at the same time. Doing his best to contain his boobs with one slender forearm, he leaned forward and fumbled his feet into his sandals, doing his best to fasten the straps as quickly as possible but managing to take twice as long as usual trying to peer past his cleavage while his breasts shook and jiggled with every motion. Once they were finally on, Carl stood up unsteadily, heels sinking into the sand, and started making his way up the beach.

If he'd thought he was getting attention before, it was absolutely nothing compared to now! Every single head turned as he passed, male and female, and he could hear the remarks flying thick and fast. Wolf-whistles, cat-calls, girls calling him a slut, guys begging him to wave back at them... Carl had never felt so humiliated and scared in his life. He kept his head down, blushing furiously, as he wiggled his way up the beach, struggling to maintain his balance with the high heels sinking into the sand with every step and his breasts bouncing, barely contained by his slim arms. The seductive sway of his backside and the wobble of his bountiful breasts drew spectators like a magnet, and all Carl could do was struggle on, cheeks burning, until he finally reached the Lost-and-Found. The young man behind the desk had dropped his jaw somewhere on the floor and was all but drooling.

"Miss, there's no topless sunbathing allowed on this boob... I mean... On this beach," the man stammered. "I, uh, I'm going to have to ask you to cover up."

The expression on his face made it clear how much this policy had pained him to say.

"Someone took my things while I was tanning," Carl explained in a voice barely above a whisper, unable to meet the man's eyes. He wished the ground would open up and swallow him whole! "Please, did anyone bring a green bag here?" he squeaked. "It has my phone and my purse and my towel and all of my things in it..."

"No, nobody's brought it anything like that," the man said, shaking his head, eyes still glued to Carl's chest.

"Can I borrow something to wear?" Carl begged.

"Oh, right, yeah," the man said. "Of course. Here, you can have my shirt..." He slapped at himself absently before realizing he wasn't wearing one. The expression of disappointment said it all: he'd been hoping for a reason to contact this gorgeous, sexy creature at a later date to get it back from her. "Never mind," he chuckled. "Uh, let me see what's been brought in, I think it was pretty sparse today..." He vanished for a moment and then reappeared with two items of clothing. "This is all we got," he said apologetically. "You can come change back here if you want..."

Carl looked at what he'd brought out and felt like he was about to burst into tears. It was a tiny white shirt, obviously designed for a small child, and matching shorts. "This is all you have?" he pleaded, in a trembling voice. Six or seven guys were watching the drama unfold, nudging each other and grinning. Carl snatched up the clothes with his free hand, knowing it was better than nothing, and minced inside. The young man turned around to give him a bit of privacy as he struggled to squeeze the shirt over his head, and then struggled even harder to squeeze it over his boobs. The shirt barely concealed them, leaving the undersides clearly visible, and the pink of his nipples was visible through the stretched-out fabric. The shorts were equally tiny, riding up the crack of his bottom and barely concealing more than his bikini had.

"Is there a phone here?" Carl squeaked.

"Sorry Blondie," the man said. "I'd lend you mine, but the battery's dead. Can I, uh, can I get your phone number, though? Then when my phone is charged maybe I could call your phone to find out where it is and... Uh..." He trailed off, unable to remove his eyes from the feminine globes on Carl's chest. In utter humiliation, Carl thanked the man for his help, politely declined giving out his number, and began the long walk back along the beach. It wasn't as bad as the first trip, but only by the slimmest of margins. The shirt did nothing to support his breasts, letting them bounce with every high-heeled step, and the shorts rode up between his cheeks every other step, forcing him to dig them out with a very un-lady-like way. His face was burning all over by the time he was on the boardwalk. Guys were not only whistling and making crude propositions, but he could see the flash of cameras from cellular phones, and some being held up to record him as he minced along.

"Well, don't you look adorable," came a snarky and all-too-familiar voice. Carl, who had been keeping his head down as much as possible, looked up and saw

Amber standing there in her bathing suit with a collection of other girls, some of whom had been at the volleyball game. "Looking for something?" she asked sweetly, and she pulled out from behind her back Aunt Kat's swimming bag! Carl gasped.

"We were going to wake you up, but you looked so sweet sleeping there and making those cute little moans," Amber smirked. "We figured you were having a really, really good dream. You look upset, Candi! What's the matter? I thought you liked to show off!"

"Give that back right now!" Carl squealed, stomping his stiletto against the sidewalk and making his boobs jiggle inadvertently.

"Maybe next time you'll think twice before coming around and flirting with other people's boyfriends," Amber said sweetly. "Have a nice walk home, Candi." She tossed the bag to the floor and her and her friends departed, giggling like hyenas. Carl stooped slowly to pick it up, trembling with rage and humiliation as he did so. He dialed Aunt Kat's number on his phone, and as he did so the tears began to run down his pretty face.



Aunt Kat left work to come get him and was there in a matter of minutes, having driven as fast as she could, and then held him gently as he sobbed out the whole story in the car.

"I hate her!" Carl gasped. "I can't believe she would do that to me!"

"Jealousy makes pretty girls do ugly things sometimes, Candi," Aunt Kat said sympathetically. Carl sniffed, wiping his tears.

"If you hadn't made me wear this stupid bikini, or if you had never made me go to the boardwalk that one day..." he began angrily.

"So this is my fault?" Aunt Kat asked skeptically. "Sweetie, with a pretty face and sexy body like that, you're going to get attention no matter how you're dressed. You need to learn to manage it better, that's all!"

"You're right," Carl hiccuped reluctantly. "It's not your fault... that Amber is just, just, she's such a bitch!" Aunt Kat had never liked to hear her nephew use that particular word, but it seemed as though he was finally using it in the correct context.

"She's spoiled and nasty, I know that much," Aunt Kat agreed. "She had no right to play that awful prank on you, sweetie."

"She thinks I want to steal her boyfriend," Carl said miserably. "And she gave me her number just a few weeks ago when I... When I was..."

"When you were a boy?" Aunt Kat suggested softly. "So you mean she's angry her boyfriend is attracted to you when she was giving out her number freely to other boys?" she frowned. "My, what a hypocrite!"

"I was so embarrassed," Carl sobbed. "I'd do anything to get back at her! Anything at all!"

"I agree that that girl needs to be taken down a peg," Aunt Kat said. "And I think I might know just the way to do it..."

"How?" Carl asked through his tears.

"The company her daddy is regional manager for always hosts this silly little competition," Aunt Kat said excitedly. "Oh, what's it called? Miss Boardwalk Beauty? Something like that. Anyways, I know he lets his daughter win it every year. But a friend from work with a little insider knowledge was gossiping to me about it, and things are going to be a little different this year. The company's owner is making the rounds, and *he's* going to be judging the winner. Not only that, he's trying to drum up a little interest and make it bigger and splashier this year, so you know Amber is just dying to win it. That's why she can't stand you, sweetie. She loves attention, and you get it without even trying!"

"But what is it?" Carl sniffed, wiping his eyes.

"It's a bikini pageant, sweetie," Aunt Kat beamed. "And I just so happen to know that the owner's wife, and every single one of his mistresses, is a blonde."

"You think the way to get b-back at Amber for making me... Making me walk down the beach almost naked in front of everybody..." Carl stopped to gently wipe his nose on a Kleenex. "Is to walk around almost naked in front of even more people?" he finished tremulously. He just couldn't see the logic!

"Winning that pageant is what a girl like Amber lives for," Aunt Kat said. "Think back. Isn't she always bragging about it? Dying for the spotlight? You could really, really stick it to her, Candi. With a little coaching, and a sexy makeover from Tiffany and her girls, you're a sure thing!" Carl thought back to the very first time he'd met Amber, as a boy, and how she'd told him about being crowned three years running almost immediately. Aunt Kat was right, nothing was more important to Amber than having everybody's attention, particularly Tom's, and winning the pageant was definitely her way of getting it. But was he really willing to mince along a catwalk in his bikini just to get back at

her? His ears flushed as he remembered her cruel laughter, and he instantly knew that the answer was 'yes.'

"Okay," he sniffed. "I'll... I'll do it."

"Oh, sweetie, you're going to knock their socks off," Aunt Kat beamed. "I used to be a pageant queen myself, you know! I'll teach you all the little tricks." Carl did indeed know, he had seen plenty of pictures of his beautiful aunt winning regional beauty contests. He'd just never known she would one day be coaching him in one!

"You really think I can win?" Carl asked timidly.

"Amber won't know what hit her," Aunt Kat assured him. "But we're going to have some work to do!"



The next day, it became apparent what Aunt Kat meant by 'work.' She roused him early and instructed him to hop in the shower.

"Time for your first trip to the gym, sweetie," she said. "We're going to have you nice and toned in no time." Carl moaned quietly, feeling the first hint of remorse for agreeing to Aunt Kat's plan as he reluctantly stripped off the covers. The reality of what she'd said struck him in the shower, as he was rinsing the soapy suds from his pert breasts, and he realized that going to a gym was going to entail locker rooms!

"Aunt Kat, I don't know if I should go," Carl said worriedly, fluffing out his hair as he stepped into the kitchen, fully dressed in a cute skirt and high heels. "What if something happens in the locker room?" he asked.

"Don't be absurd," Aunt Kat laughed. "Here, I've picked up your form and filled everything out for you. All you have to do is sign your name right here on the line, sweetie, and you're officially entered!" She seemed more excited than Carl had seen her, practically humming with energy, and he realized that perhaps she was reliving her youth as a beauty queen by coaching him to follow in her high-heeled footsteps! It was a bizarre thought, but it sort of made sense. Maybe they both had a motivation for beating out Amber...

Carl hesitated for only a few moments, pen poised over the paper in trembling fingers, then pursed his lips and wrote his signature down, dotting the final 'i' with a tiny heart as Aunt Kat had suggested. Just looking at the utterly feminine name gave him a strange feeling, as though he really was starting to become Candi and not Carl. After a brief breakfast, Aunt Kat announced it was time to go, but Carl claimed that he needed to use the bathroom first, and then a few minutes later claimed that he couldn't find his purse. Aunt Kat knew immediately what was up.

"I know you're still a little nervous about the locker rooms, but sweetie, with your thingy tucked away and those bouncing beauties on display, you really don't have to worry about a thing," she said. "Frankly, you're being a little silly!"

She frowned thoughtfully. “Here, would it make you feel better if you get changed before we go?” she suggested, handing him the gym bag.

“Thank you, Aunt Kat,” Carl said meekly, taking the bag as his cheeks turned pink. Nobody was ever going to peg him as a boy with a gorgeous rack like this, but even so... Carl went to his room, where he opened the bag and was shocked to see the first bifurcated garment he had been presented with in months! Thrilled, he pulled the stretchy black yoga pants out of the bag and quickly wriggled out of his skirt so he could put them on. As he inspected the effect in the mirror, he realized he might have been better off with the skirt!

The yoga pants were barely decent, riding low enough on his slender hips to make it clear he bikini-waxed, while clinging to every curve of his bottom like a stretchy second skin. Carl couldn't help but gasp at how they accentuated the shape of his cheeks. It looked as if they had been painted on! Months of being pumped full of female hormones had given him the kind of perfect teardrop backside that he had once lusted over in magazines. Blushing, Carl removed his blouse and push-up bra, allowing his breasts to swing free from their lacy cups.

The pert, rounded breasts stuck out proudly from his chest, nipples firm and pink, and it was simply impossible to ignore them. It was the kind of rack a Playboy bunny would be jealous of, and it was all his. Cupping his large breasts dejectedly, Carl sighed and reached into the bag to find a hot pink sports bra awaiting him. He tugged it into place, breasts wobbling and popping out frustratingly as he tried to squeeze them into the bra's constriction. When he finally had it on, they still appeared to be all but spilling out, but the feeling of support was extremely welcome.

Carl observed his feminine appearance in the mirror, adjusting his cleavage with a sigh of resignation. No matter what he did, his breasts proudly proclaimed his new status as a cute, sexy blonde bombshell – there was no way he would ever be mistaken for a boy again! He turned back to the gym bag and dug through it. He found a ladies' antiperspirant, a towel, and a pair of pink running shoes, but that was all.

“Aunt Kat?” Carl called tremulously, mincing into the kitchen with his breasts bobbing in front of him. “Where is my shirt?”

“Sweetie, we're just going to the gym,” Aunt Kat said, entering the room, pulling up her hair into a high pony-tail with a scrunchie. She was dressed in a pair of short jogging shorts, nowhere near as tight as Carl's current attire, and a blue tank-top. Once again, she had somehow contrived to be dressed more modestly than ‘Candi.’

“But you're wearing a tank-top!” Carl protested.

“Candi, the sooner you get comfortable showing off your body, the better,” Aunt Kat said firmly. “Pretty teen girls who fill out early are proud of their new assets and display them at every opportunity, so that's exactly what you'll do. Now, get back in there and do your makeup.”

“Wait, why do I have to wear makeup if I'm going to the gym?” Carl squeaked. Aunt Kat just smiled.

“Oh, sweetie, a sexy girl like Candi always looks her best, no matter what,” she giggled. “Especially when she knows how many hunks are going to be checking her out.” She pointed to Carl’s DD cup breasts and he flushed furiously, knowing full well she was right. Head bowed, Carl minced back into his room to touch up his makeup, prettily crossing his legs out of habit as he sat at his vanity. He quickly and expertly blended his eye-shadow, added a double-coat of mascara to make his lashes long and luxurious,



then, face set in a cute pout of concentration, applied a creamy pink lip gloss to his mouth. Aunt Kat, observing from the doorway, could only smile once more at the complete and utter girly-girl she had turned her nephew into, watching him primp and preen in front of the mirror, fluffing out his hair.

“Okay,” Carl said anxiously, picking up his nylon gym bag. “Is, is that good enough?”

“You’re really getting so good with your cosmetics, sweetie,” Aunt Kat beamed. “It’s like you were just meant to be a girl all along, isn’t it? Now, get your cute butt into the car, okay?” Knowing he had no other choice, Carl complied. Aunt Kat watched him sashay out of his room on his sky-high heels, noticing how gingerly he moved, still unused to the way his bountiful breasts now preceded him into every room, completely changing his posture. Together with his high heels, they ensured that he adopted an extremely feminine gait, hips swinging seductively and chest out-thrust enticingly. Aunt Kat thought it was simply adorable, especially since Carl was still completely humiliated by the

lustful stares of passers-by and kept his eyes down shyly. She knew it created a very erotic picture for most men – an obviously stacked and beautiful girl, seductively dressed, who somehow maintained an aura of innocence at the same time, as if she didn't crave the attention she was so obviously dressed to attract!

In the car, Carl struggled to find his seatbelt, view obscured once again by his out-thrust chest. These damn boobs of his were always in the way! He once loved looking down girls' cleavage, but now that he had his own, the sight was a constant reminder of his new feminine status and only made him feel shame, rather than titillation. Carl finally managed to do up his seatbelt, only to find that it slipped uncomfortably between his breasts. He was still wrestling with it when Aunt Kat slipped into the driver's seat.

"Take a little getting used to, don't they?" she clucked sympathetically. "But it's so worth it, sweetie. You have to agree that heads turn when you wear all those daring low-cut tops and plunging necklines. Isn't it so fun to tease all the cute boys with your cleavage? I know Jason certainly enjoyed it!" Carl flushed at the humiliating memory of what had transpired on his "double-date," where he had let himself be groped and fondled just like any pretty girl! His lower lip began to tremble.

"Oh, sweetie, I'm sorry," Aunt Kat said. "I'm sure he'll call you, and if he doesn't, he didn't deserve a gorgeous girl like you. You'll have plenty of prospective boyfriends to choose from, especially after you win Miss Boardwalk!"

"But I don't want to date a boy," Carl tried to explain once again, but his aunt just smiled knowingly, obviously not believing him. Knowing it was useless to try to convince her, Carl set his lips in a pout and sat back in his seat, hands clasped daintily in his lap. Unbeknownst to him, he only managed to look adorable with his lips pouted and tweezed brows wrinkled in frustration. Once they arrived at the gym, Carl got out of the car with his gym bag over one shoulder, high-heeled sandals clicking noisily on the parking lot pavement and drawing plenty of attention. At least five different men ogled him on their way into the gym, lingering on his gorgeous breasts and tight wiggling backside before glancing up to give his pretty face a lustful smile. Carl looked away, humiliated at the way he was being so obviously checked out, but he knew he would have done the same only a few short months ago if he had seen a busty blonde in barely-there workout clothes. Aunt Kat just smiled.

"This is my niece, Candi," she said as they arrived at the desk. "Just put her on my card for now. If there are enough hunks for her to flirt with, I might be able to convince her to buy her own membership." She winked at her nephew and he flushed immediately.

"Aunt Kat!" he whined petulantly, not realizing that with his cute blush and high-pitched protest he sounded like a boy-crazy teen girl caught out by her aunt. The handsome man behind the desk just chuckled as he handed Carl his temporary pass. As Carl reached out to take it, inadvertently leaning forward and exposing his cleavage to maximum effect, he found his delicate hand trapped inside the man's much larger and more rugged palm.

“Make sure to put it somewhere safe,” the man grinned, with an obvious glance down Carl’s flimsy pink sports bra.

“Thanks,” Carl squeaked, blushing yet again. Was there a single guy on the planet who wasn’t going to stare at his boobs or try to get him into bed? He quickly hurried after his aunt, intent on not looking back, as he knew he would find the man watching every wriggle. If only these damn heels didn’t make his bum stick out so much! It was a relief to swap them for running shoes in the ladies’ locker room, even if they were pink. Sitting on the bench, he leaned down to lace up his runners and found his new boobs getting in the way once again, squeezed against his knees. It seemed like no matter what he did, they were intent on reminding him of his newfound femininity.

A gaggle of other women entered the otherwise empty locker room, and Carl, rather than attempt to watch them change out of their sweaty clothes, kept his eyes down shyly. Girls no longer looked at him as a potential mate, instead, they constantly seemed to be appraising him as a potential rival for male attention! With his killer body and revealing outfits, he was gradually becoming used to catty, jealous looks from other young women, but it didn’t mean it wasn’t humiliating every time.

As Aunt Kat left the changing room with her feminized nephew, she was delighted to see that even in flat running shoes, he’d managed to maintain the attractive feminine swing in his hips, wriggling his backside with every step. Some habits were hard to break, and non-stop high heels had done wonders for his feminine gait and posture, especially if the way George behind the desk was currently staring was any indication!

“We’ll get started on the treadmill,” Aunt Kat said sweetly. “Right over there.” She led him on what seemed to be the most winding path possible through all the weight machines, and through all the sweaty guys! One muscle-bound man nearly dropped his barbell as Carl walked by, butt swishing attractively, but for the most part they stared for a second and then resumed their routines with louder grunts and additional weight, clearly hoping to impress the sexy blonde newcomer that Katherine had brought with her. She waved to a few different people here and there, and all of them waved back eagerly, eyes drifting towards Carl’s rack.

“Five quick miles just to warm up?” Aunt Kat suggested, stepping onto the open treadmill. Carl climbed up onto the one beside her and nodded, cheeks still rosy from all the stares he’d been receiving. He hadn’t gotten any exercise since his last game of pick-up baseball, but he was sure he could still run five miles, no sweat. As he started to jog, however, he realized he was in for an entirely new experience! His breasts bounced exuberantly every time his feet struck the treadmill, practically flying up into his face, and Carl was terrified of one – or both – popping out of his little pink sports bra. He could no longer clench his fists, thanks to his long feminine nails, and so he was forced to swing his hands girlishly from side to side as he ran. Eventually he found that if he locked his upper arms to his sides he could control the bounce of his breasts a little better, but this made his gait even more restricted! Between his newly girlish stride, the additional weight on his chest, and a month of strict dieting

with little to no exercise, Carl was exhausted before he'd completed even a single mile.

Concentrating on his run, he was completely unaware of the erotic little tableau he'd created for just about every single man in the gym: his sculpted buttocks moving sensuously under his skin-tight yoga pants, breasts jiggling constantly, pink lips open in a small 'O', and a bead of sweat slowly, slowly making its way down his slender neck and snaking into his deep cleavage. It was hardly any wonder there was a sudden rush towards the weight machines closest to the treadmill! Carl, unaware of this, felt only despair as he realized that however hard he'd worked to be an athlete as a boy, 'Candi,' despite her beautiful body, would never be even close to athletic!

"All done," Aunt Kat said, hopping off as she finished off her fifth mile, barely sweating. "Why don't you just go for another ten minutes and then call it quits? I'm going to go do some abs work, okay?" Carl, breath puffing in and out of his glossy lips, could only nod his head in response. About thirty seconds after his aunt had disappeared to the far side of the gym, Carl realized there was simply no way he could go any longer. Embarrassed, he hit the red stop button and allowed himself to slow to a walk, and then a complete halt. Breathing hard, Carl put his hands over his head and inhaled deeply, putting his barely-restrained rack on display for anyone who cared to stare, which was a lot of people. He wiped daintily at his face with a towel and sauntered over towards the weights, doing his best not to get in the way. He had used to go with Brad to the gym to pump iron, although he had never gotten much of a result, but he had never imagined he would one day be working out to help him win a bikini pageant.

Deciding to start with the basics, Carl took up position in front of the mirror on one of the mats and attempted a single push-up. Just holding the position, however, he knew it wasn't going to happen! Glancing around to be sure Aunt Kat wasn't nearby, he switched over to his knees and prepared to try it that way. His slender arms quivered as he pushed himself off the floor, breasts hanging off him like dead weight, and to his chagrin he realized he couldn't complete even one girl push-up. Hoping nobody had been witnessing his attempt, Carl got up abruptly. These big stupid breasts of his! He'd become such a girly-girl he couldn't even do a single push-up, using his knees, no less.

Dejected, Carl went to pick up one of the ten-pound weights, but between the lotion on his palms, the sweat, and his long painted talons, he managed to nearly drop it on his foot! He jumped back, inadvertently giving a girlish squeal. Unfortunately for him, it also drew the attention of the weight-lifters like a siren call. The man quickest to react was a tall, handsome thirty-year-old with dark eyes and a British accent, who picked up the weight as if it was no more than a feather and returned it to its place.

"Use these, darling," he said, pointing to a few tiny bright pink dumb-bells in two-and-a-half and five-pound increments. Blushing furiously, Carl thanked him and went to the very end of the rack to retrieve two tiny weights. He looked like he couldn't even lift ten pounds! Furious with himself, Carl took up a row position on a bench, accidentally giving the man behind him a perfect

view of his backside matched only by the deep valley of cleavage displayed to the two power-lifters in front of him, and began to pump the weight angrily up and down.

"Hey, you're not doing yourself any good like that," said the man who'd picked up the weight for him. "Jerky motions are bad for your muscles, darling. I can tell this is your first time here." Carl felt himself blush. Was it that obvious? "You want to go nice and smooth," the man said, British accent making him sound quite charming. "More like this, see?" He put his hand gently on Carl's elbow and helped him lift the little pink dumb-bell in a smooth, controlled motion.

"Doesn't that feel better?" the man asked. "I'm Alec."

"Candi," Carl said timidly.

"A pretty name for a pretty girl," Alec grinned. Carl blushed, sighing inwardly. At least he hadn't made a terrible 'candy' joke. "But I bet you get that all the time, don't you?" Alec asked. "So, what inspired a girl with a gorgeous body like yours to hit the gym anyways? I'm a personal trainer, so I have to find out things like this."

"I like to be fit?" Carl tried, nervously playing with his hair. Alec was definitely standing closer than he'd been only a second ago.

"Oh, you're fit, alright," Alec chuckled. "But you'll injure yourself starting to lift weights without proper form or proper stretching. I saw you warming up on the treadmill, but you need to stretch out a little before you do anything else. You came in with Katherine, right?"

"Oh, yes," Carl said, almost not recognizing his aunt's full first name. "She's my..."

"I was her personal trainer for a few years," Alec smiled, interrupting. "Quite the body on her. She learned all her good habits from me, trust me. Anyways, darling, she said you might like a bit of a free lesson. She's not quite done her routine and I was on my way to the mat-room to do a bit of core work anyways..." Even as he spoke, he was ushering Carl along towards the small room in the back of the gym.

"Oh, um, I guess so?" Carl squeaked, feeling completely intimidated by this massive muscled man.

"Great," Alec said. "Looks like there's plenty of room, too, that's a spot of luck! Come on, Candi, let's get you away from all these oglers with their tongues falling out, shall we?" He guided Carl into the small mat-room, full of mirrors and exercise balls and yoga mats, and Carl realized they were the only two inside. Seeing their reflections in the mirror, Carl was struck yet again by the utter contrast he saw. He looked completely delicate and feminine next to Alec's broad shoulders and filled-out physique. With his dainty feet encased in pink sneakers, yoga pants clinging to every curve of his bottom, and a hot pink sports bra barely containing him, Carl couldn't believe how completely feminine he had become. How had he let himself be turned into such a girly-girl? He'd primped and pouted and applied perfect makeup for just a trip to the gym!

From Alec's expression, he could tell that the effort was well appreciated, and the lustful look made Carl gulp nervously.

"Let's start on the bar," Alec suggested lightly. "I'd like to see how flexible you are to start things off." Carl, following Alec's instructions, managed to put his foot up on the bar, leaning forward and making the shape of his buttocks tauten against the flimsy material of his yoga pants.

"Like that?" he squeaked, hoping Aunt Kat would be finished soon and come to find him. Even another five miles on the treadmill was preferable to this! Alec ran his hand up Carl's leg, cupping his buttock for just a split-second.

"Beautiful," the man smiled. "You'd make quite the little gymnast with a bit of work." Carl blushed furiously, knowing full-well what sort of 'gymnastics' Alec had in mind for him. "Let's work on your breathing next, darling. I noticed you huffing and puffing quite a bit on that treadmill. You need to learn to breathe with your core..." Alec's hands appeared on his hips in the mirror, then slowly moved up his flat stomach. Carl made a nervous squeal as Alec's hands touched his ribcage. "Don't worry, darling, I do similar breathing exercises with everyone," the trainer laughed. "Guys included!" Carl's ears went red at that particular remark, but he focused on breathing deeply as Alec instructed. He was concentrating so fully, in fact, that he was caught utterly off-guard when Alec suddenly cupped his breasts in his hands! To his utter shame, Carl made a soft, girlish moan as Alec's hands roved over his nipples. "Very good, darling," he breathed in Carl's ear. "Now, can I buy you a drink after we've showered?"



"I'm... I'm..." Carl gasped, stomach fluttering and nipples tingling at Alec's domineering touch.

"You're what, darling?" Alec questioned.

"I'm seventeen," Carl finally managed, flushing bright pink. Alec retracted his hands with a suddenly sheepish grin.

"Oh, hell," he said. "I thought... You just looked so *mature*." His glance downward made it clear exactly which two attributes had led him to believe that. Carl adjusted his bra just in time, as Aunt Kat appeared.

"Ready to get started?" she asked cheerfully. "Alec, you better have kept your hands off my niece, you British scoundrel."

"Wouldn't dream of it!" Alec said, staring nervously over at Carl. If Aunt Kat could guess what had transpired, she didn't make any comment about it, and before long Carl was so exhausted from sit-ups and crunches that he almost would have welcomed a bit of time in the mat-room!



Over the next week, the gym became a daily part of Carl's routine. He found that as long as he stuck by his aunt's side, the most the regulars would do was watch him and make the occasional flirtatious remark. One of the upsides to the gym was that they had a pool, where Carl enjoyed swimming after a sweaty work-out and then drying off in the sun in what his aunt jokingly called "practice runs." There were a lot fewer guys to hit on him there than at the beach, but the men who did see him out in one of his little bikinis had a whole lot of trouble looking away.



Aunt Kat's strict regimen, together with dieting, was having even more effects, toning his long legs, firming his glutes, and trimming down his already-tiny waist. It was on one of these occasions that Aunt Kat joined him, tired out after running what looked to Carl like a full marathon on the treadmill, with a curious expression on her face.

"Do I have to wear these heels on the pool deck?" Carl asked with a sigh. "It gets really slippery, you know!"

"Sweetie, do you *know* how much that last pedicure cost?" Aunt Kat asked, eyebrow raised. "I'm not about to risk you chipping it on the concrete!" Carl pouted his lips in response. "In other news, I just got a very interesting email on my BlackBerry," his aunt said, holding it up. "I believe it's for you."

"For me?" Carl asked, puzzled. Aside from a few conversations with Miranda, who had called to apologize not very apologetically for setting him up on the blind-date, congratulated him on entering the beauty pageant and assured him he would do amazing, Carl hadn't text-messed or emailed anybody for quite some time. His aunt handed him the BlackBerry, and, handling it delicately with his long nails, Carl found a message entitled "FOR CARL, NOT HIS AUNT." He covered the screen with one hand against the sunlight and began to read. As he did so, he felt an increasing sinking sensation in his stomach. It was from Brad!

Hey dude, what's up?? (If your Aunt Kat is reading this, please please send me a picture of your tits, Miss Wethers. It's the least you can do for violating the privacy of my letter, right??) Sorry I havent called you yet dude, its just that my parents are bugging out about long-distance and phone bills already, what with having to check in with Jason all the time. Your old emails still not working so I got my mom to get your mom to give me your aunts email. She was all weird and secretive about it, I guess you weren't supposed to tell me you were going down to Florida? Does that have something to do with your dad and that custody stuff? Speaking of Jason, he's back down in Florida checking out schools for a little while. I told him to hit you up, but you know Jason, he thinks he's too much of a bigshot for everyone now and he's probably chasing girls besides. He says the chicks down there are unreal!! He told me all about this sexy little blonde with huge tits who gave him a handy right out on the boardwalk where anyone could have seen them! He said she was the hottest horniest little slut he ever met and one of the best handjobs of his life, but you know how Jason is, he says that about every girl he gets with, right?? I'm having a hell of a summer, since Marie is totally into me now, but I'm sure you're hitting up the chicks like crazy too. Snap me a picture of the sexiest beach babe you've seen so far and send it back, dude!!

Your buddy,

BRAD

Carl's small hand began to tremble. He knew there was no way Brad had any idea that the little "slut" his brother had raved about was none other than his

former best friend! Carl felt tears building in his tear ducts and that made him feel even more ashamed. He cried so easily now-a-days that he was just like a real girl! Was Miranda right? Was he really meant to be a pretty, sexy, feminine girl all along? What else could explain the way he'd let himself be transformed from a surfer boy into a beach babe?

"What's wrong, sweetie?" Aunt Kat asked, concerned. Unable to answer, Carl merely passed the phone back to her to let her read the email. She did so quickly, nails tapping against the keyboard, and there was a long silence. Carl's head was bowed with shame, but he snapped up immediately at the sound of a camera flash.

"Hey!" he exclaimed. "You better not be..." He trailed off, flushing. The sexiest beach babe you've met so far, Brad had said.

"Don't worry, sweetie," Aunt Kat smiled. "I'm cropping out your face and everything below your belly button. If he wants to see a gorgeous pair of tits, I feel a little bit underdeveloped compared to you! After all, I did read his private message to you." Carl blushed furiously, but as Aunt Kat laughed he finally let slip a small giggle of his own. It was sort of funny, the fact that Brad had asked for a picture and would soon be receiving a self-portrait.

"You don't think Jason told a lot of people, do you?" Carl asked softly.

"Oh, sweetie." Aunt Kat let out a sigh. "That's just how boys are. We love them, we hate them, but they're just so inscrutable. Now come on, let's go get changed."



Time seemed to be speeding up as the date of the Miss Boardwalk Beauty bikini pageant drew closer and closer. It was set at the end of the month, meaning Carl had now spent almost the entirety of it in skirts, dresses, lingerie and heels as 'Candi,' but his aunt seemed intent on keeping him far too busy to reflect on that fact. There was an increasing hustle and bustle on the boardwalk and in the days leading up to the competition there was space cleared out and a stage of sorts erected, complete with signs and decorations. In the days leading up to the competition, Carl had to send headshots and full-body bikini pictures to the Miss Boardwalk website in order to confirm his 'eligibility' for the pageant, and it seemed that he had passed with flying colors, as the next email requested his hobbies and background.

Oddly, Carl found some degree of comfort in working for the pageant. Having a goal he could concentrate on made the rest of his predicament easier. When he spent his days at the beach, he just had to focus on the reasons he was doing this. Buying dresses and having his hair done was tolerable, because he could tell himself it was for a good cause. Smiling and flirting with boys wasn't as terrifying when he reminded himself how he had to impress the judges.

Carl's day-to-day routine had certainly undergone a drastic change since the beginning of the summer! Now he went to the gym religiously every morning with his aunt, working hard to tone his sexy, feminine curves and sort-of-enjoying the results in the mirror before showering off and sun-tanning in his bikini on the poolside, ate salad for lunch, read fashion magazines and romance novels or else picked out possible outfits and practiced makeup techniques, then, when his Aunt Kat returned home from work, he spent his evening being "coached" on various pageant aspects, being quizzed with possible interview questions, having his teeth whitened, receiving tips on how to work the judges, and other such information. If they didn't go shopping or out for dinner, the night usually ended with a sappy romance movie, facial masks, and one of Carl's many sheer nighties to wear to bed.

On Sunday, a day Aunt Kat had off work, she and Carl went to the boardwalk for lunch. Posters and flyers for the Miss Boardwalk pageant were everywhere, and it was making Carl slightly anxious. The event was apparently bigger than ever this year, and there would be plenty of people in attendance. He was freshening his makeup in one of the public washrooms, wondering how many girls he would be competing against and if he really did have a chance of winning, when, speak of the devil, Amber entered the washroom and took up a place beside him at the mirror.

"Oh, hi, Candi," she said, voice all but dripping with sugar. "I see you're wearing at least a *few* clothes today, good for you!" She gave Carl's low-cut 'Daddy's Girl' pink crop-top and slit skirt a disdainful look. Carl blushed. He would have liked nothing more than to sock her in the nose, but with his nails done he couldn't even make a fist, and the thought of breaking one was unbearable. Girls had to be sneaky when they fought with each other, and Carl was well aware that he'd been drawn into a feud with Amber without his volition.



“Miranda told me you’re entering the Miss Boardwalk pageant,” Amber went on, doing her mascara in the mirror. “That’s so cute. But you know you can’t just spread your legs and win, don’t you? It’s a competition for *ladies*, Candi. Beautiful, refined, classy... You know, things like that. I hate to break it to you, but you’re nothing but a slutty blonde bimbo.”

Carl, face flushed, said nothing as he carefully re-did his lip gloss.

“Ooh, why so much gloss?” Amber tsk-tsked. “Are you planning on sucking a lot of boys off later?” Carl felt his ears burning as he remembered the feel of Jason’s manhood inside his fingers. Amber couldn’t possibly know, could she? He tried to keep his attention on the mirror, but his hands were trembling slightly.

“I win every year,” Amber said. “You might as well drop out now. Like I said, it’s not for sluts. It’s for real ladies.”

“Could you please tell your boyfriend Tom to stop text messaging me?” Carl asked sweetly. “I’d love to tell him to piss off, but I’m afraid it just wouldn’t be lady-like.” Amber’s smile disappeared. Carl, surprised that he had managed to silence her, snapped his makeup case shut, returned his purse to his shoulder, and walked out of the bathroom, heels clattering on the floor. The thing he wanted most in the world right now was to go back to being a boy and forget this whole ordeal had ever happened, but thing he wanted second most was to

wipe the smirk off Amber's face for good as he was crowned Miss Boardwalk Beauty...



As the big day drew closer, Carl found himself so thoroughly immersed in femininity that at times he realized he was no longer thinking of himself as a boy, only as Candi. Aunt Kat, who had witnessed this slow metamorphosis, did her best to enforce it, keeping her nephew in ultra-feminine outfits and girlish states of mind at all times. He had become such a beautiful, feminine creature that she herself was occasionally amazed that Carl had once been a boorish boy. Carl still felt the sharp pangs of embarrassment whenever he passed his girlish reflection in the mirror or re-did his makeup, but he was kept too busy to dwell on it for very long. He knew that Aunt Kat wanted him to win the pageant, and if winning the pageant would stick it to Amber once and for all, then so did he, even more so.

Jason still hadn't called, which was a relief, and Aunt Kat seemed too caught up in preparing him for the pageant to try to convince him to go out with any other boys. She had also been making several mysterious phone-calls lately, as well, but Carl supposed that they were work-related. Besides, he had his own worries: even without Aunt Kat's interference, a handsome and very aggressive young man had managed to wheedle his phone number away from him while he'd been out shopping for a new purse, and was now trying to convince him to go to a movie. When Carl used the excuse that he was busy preparing for the pageant, the boy had assured him that he would be there to watch!

On the morning of the big day, Carl was far too nervous to eat breakfast. Aunt Kat only managed to convince him to eat half a grapefruit by telling him that if he didn't eat all day, he was liable to bloat later in the evening, and since she'd had him shed an additional five pounds from his already slender frame and tone his flat, sexy midriff to perfection, and there was no way she was going to allow him to have even the slightest hint of puffiness when he made his first appearance. Then, after applying only a hint of makeup out of habit, Carl followed his aunt out to the car for the drive to Tiffany's salon.

"It's our secret weapon, sweetie," Aunt Kat beamed. "She's the absolute best in the business when it comes to hair, and those Swedes do such lovely work, too." Carl blushed as he remembered their last encounter. They certainly did do lovely work—they had managed to transform a young man in the wrong place at the wrong time into a beautiful young woman! They had even, if he recalled correctly, been the ones to christen him 'Candi.' That seemed so long ago, and now he was returning with his breasts of his own straining the straps of his sexy push-up bra, his manicured hands clasped daintily on his lap, skirt smooth against his silky, hairless thighs... There was no doubt about it, lately he was far more 'Candi' than he was 'Carl!' When he stepped into the salon once more, Tiffany the hairdresser had only one word for him.

"Wow!" she exclaimed. "Just, wow! Kat, is this really who I think it is?"

"It certainly is," Aunt Kat laughed. She couldn't help but beam with pride at the lovely girl she'd helped to create. The last time Tiffany had seen Carl, he had been wobbling out of the salon on his very first pair of stilettos, still not quite sure what to do with his hands or how to hold his shoulders, but now he entered the salon like a fashion model on the runway, sky-high heels clacking in a precise heel-toe line, hips gyrating rhythmically, his purse held gracefully in the crook of his arm and wrist flared girlishly, but the most glaring difference in body language was thanks to the new additions: two magnificent breasts proudly pushed up and out by the underwire cups of his lacy bra. He was an utter vision of femininity, and Tiffany could hardly believe what Aunt Kat had done to him!

"Honey, you're drop-dead gorgeous," Tiffany said, leading him to her salon chair. "Just night and day from the very first time I met you. Are you sure you weren't pulling my leg with that 'Carl' stuff? When I'm done with you, you'll be a lock to win this pageant, I promise!"

"What do you think?" Aunt Kat probed. "Extensions?"

"Definitely," Tiffany smiled. "Candi, you're adorable with that short style, but your aunt and I both think extensions would help you achieve a really glamorous look for tonight. You'll feel completely sexy and feminine with a gorgeous blonde mane falling over your shoulders, and I'll show you exactly how to care for it once the pageant is over, okay?"

"I... I suppose that might look nice," Carl said weakly.

"Honey, it will look amazing," Tiffany assured him. "But perfection takes time, so you're going to have to be patient." She immediately went to work finding a matching shade. Carl was about to ask how long it was going to take when the door to the salon swung open and both Helga and Inga came strolling in, chatting gaily. Carl frowned. They were speaking in what sounded, from a distance, like perfect English.

"Girls!" Tiffany said sharply. "A little late, aren't we? I thought I told you Kat was bringing her niece in?"

"Oh!" the Swedish twins exclaimed in unison. They looked at Carl in surprise and he realized that they hadn't recognized him with his new breasts.

"Sorry, Tiffany," Inga said. "The train was, um, how do you say? Late arrival?"

"It's okay," Tiffany said. "I'm doing Candi's extensions and it's going to take quite a while, so you might as well get started on her nails and makeup."

"Yes, we start now," Helga said, smiling at Carl. He shyly returned it. Once he would have been checking out her body, but now he was comparing it to his! *Sure, Helga was pretty, Carl thought, but not even in his league.* As the twins set to work buffing and trimming his toe-nails, he couldn't help but remember back to his first makeover in this chair, how he'd been completely unaware of what was going on. Now, he was willingly submitting to their ministrations so he could look even more pretty and feminine! The thought made him blush. Aunt Kat ducked in and out of the salon over the course of the procedure,

bringing him water to sip on or magazines to read, but also making several phone-calls. Carl thought he heard her say something about a flight delay.

Helga and Inga gradually moved from his toes to his nails, then gave him what Tiffany called a 'Brazilian' wax.

"Is that like a bikini wax?" Carl asked anxiously. The Swedes giggled slightly.

"Not quite," Tiffany said, still fully concentrating on the hair extensions. "But you'll thank me when you're in your little bikini, that's for sure! And it has the added bonus of making you feel really sexy and confident." The twins began by waxing Carl's legs, gradually working their way up his calves to his thighs, tearing off the strips and quickly rubbing a moisturizing lotion into his silky-smooth skin. Carl couldn't help but marvel at how long and sexy his slender tanned legs now looked after a month of waxing, moisturizing, dieting and toning. Next Helga yanked up Carl's skirt and, in one smooth motion, divested him of his panties! Carl gulped and felt an instinctive fear as she set to figuring out how to peel off his gaff, but he reminded himself that she was one of the very few people who knew he was a boy. In addition, this time Carl didn't have to worry about an ill-timed direction. He was soft as a little girl down there, and soon he would be just as smooth!

"Will sting," Inga warned, as she began applying the wax to Carl's privates.

"Um, maybe I could just get the usual bikini wax?" Carl squeaked. Inga shook her head, smiling, and ripped the first strip away. Carl's eyes began to water immediately and he did his best not to jerk around (Tiffany insisted on it) as the body hair he'd once been so proud to develop, thinking it a signifier of his passage into manhood, was quickly and easily removed. Once he was completely hairless and completely humiliated, Tiffany paused to allow her blushing ward to try and direct Inga on how to fit him back into his gaff without the use of his still-drying hands. As she finally pulled the skirt back up his slender legs, Carl tried to assure himself that the hair would grow back eventually, but with the powerful female hormones in his system, his hair had been coming in very lightly or not at all...

When the exhaustive two-hour-long procedure of weaving the extensions into Carl's actual hair was complete, he could feel it tickling his shoulders in soft waves. He couldn't help but wonder how it looked, but Tiffany had other plans.

"Time for makeup, now, honey," she said. She hurried to the back and returned with a small tube and nozzle. Carl gave it a nervous look.

"What's that?" he asked.

"You've never been airbrushed before?" Tiffany asked, seemingly shocked. "Honey, you're going to love it. This is how all those gorgeous Hollywood starlets do their makeup. Now, eyes closed!" Carl obediently squeezed his eyes as tightly-shut as possible as Tiffany moved the whirring airbrush over his face and neck in small circles, smoothing his complexion. "It's going to help give your skin a healthy glow," she explained. "Your tan is just about perfect, so you certainly don't want to fake-and-bake." Once she'd finished with the airbrushing, Carl was directed to keep his eyes closed for the next procedure as well, as Helga set to work attaching luxurious false lashes to his lids and Inga got out

her makeup kit. As they did his eye makeup Carl almost drifted off, but he was brought back to reality by a sharp sting on his lips.

“Ouch!” he squealed. “Is that a needle?”

“Just a bit of collagen, honey, to plump those lips,” Tiffany said reassuringly. “Your boyfriend can thank me later! I see you’ve been whitening your teeth, they’re dazzling...” Carl’s lips now felt strange and tingly as they applied his lip gloss. When Inga declared him finished a few moments later, Tiffany helped him out of the chair, but instead of taking him to the mirror, brought him over to the curtain where he had changed into full-on female finery for the first time. The long blonde hair tickling Carl’s shoulders and falling across his face was extremely distracting, and he found himself wondering what it looked like.

“Time for the rest of you,” she explained, holding up a slightly larger version of the airbrush she’d used on his face. “Clothes off, honey!” Carl pouted his lips nervously. He had undressed before Tiffany before, but this time, he had a bigger rack than she did! Seeing his hesitation, Tiffany helped him out of his skirt and undies, prompting Carl to reluctantly undo the buttons of his blouse and let it slip down around his shoulders, revealing his breasts nestled in the silky cups of a cute pink demi-bra. He gracefully undid the clasp of his bra with his long painted nails and slipped it off, letting his breasts bounce free. Ears burning with embarrassment at Tiffany’s impressed look, he raised his arms to his sides as she set to work, starting at his feet, working up his slim calves and toned thighs, his full hips and taut bottom, his tiny waist and flat stomach, and then finally his massive breasts. She cupped them slyly as she worked, shaking her head in amazement.

“Sorry, honey, I couldn’t resist,” she sighed. “These are just gorgeous. And so sensitive, too! Your boyfriend is one lucky stud.” Carl blushed, well aware that his nipples had become erect once more.

“Why do people keep saying that?” he asked softly and sadly.



“Oh, I’m sorry, Candi,” Tiffany said, beginning to airbrush his upper chest. “It’s just that society expects a pretty little thing like you to have a big strong man to take care of her and enjoy her beauty. Haven’t you at least thought about finding a cute guy?” Carl gulped, thinking about, in quick succession, Amber’s boyfriend’s flirtations, Jason’s probing kisses, Alec’s hands on his bum, the boy currently trying to talk him into a date... he might not be trying to find a guy, but they were certainly trying to find him, and it seemed like everyone else was in on it, too!

“Inga, come hold Candi’s hair while I do her shoulders and neck!” Tiffany called. Carl wasn’t keen on yet another person seeing him naked, but Inga made no remark on the incredible transformation that had taken place, only allowing her eyes to widen slightly as she took in Carl’s completely feminized form. She held the hair off his back and shoulders while Tiffany finished her work with precision, blending everything to a uniform shade. Declaring him done, she handed him a pair of plastic platform sandals to slip into. They had a five-inch elevation, but after a month in stilettos Carl handled them like a pro.

“You are going to *love* this,” Tiffany said, with a knowing smile on her face. Inga, along with Helga, who had snuck in to witness the finished result, could only nod in agreement. She produced a glittery silver string bikini from a small white shopping bag and helped him into it, carefully tying the strings in small, precise pretty bows at his hips and then on his back, and adjusting his cleavage to sit perfectly. Carl was still shivering in the air-conditioned salon.

“Ready to see?” Tiffany smiled. Carl nodded, blushing, eager despite himself to see what all the hours of sitting in the salon chair had gone into. She pulled the curtain away and led him over to the reflective full-length mirrors, one straight-on and two slightly angled to provide every possible angle, and Carl froze dead in his high heels with a gasp.

“Oh, my God!” he whimpered. He looked like a Victoria’s Secret model! His beautiful bottle-blonde hair now cascaded down to his shoulders, framing his face and falling gracefully into his eyes in perfectly-coiffed waves, and his face was perfectly angelic, his innocent blue eyes framed by long, gorgeous dark lashes that could flutter once and stop a man’s heart. His pert nose and delicate cheekbones could have belonged on a fashion magazine, and his lips were full, pouty, and dripping with shiny pink gloss, the kind of mouth any guy would kill to have wrapped around his manhood. His long pink nails matched them perfectly, too!

The airbrushing had given him a Barbie-smooth complexion all over his lithe body, a sun-kissed glow that screamed beach babe and contrasted beautifully against his feminine blonde hair spilling down his shoulders and the sparkling silver bikini teasingly revealing all but the most private pieces of his anatomy. The strings were taut on his slender shoulders, straining to contain his breasts, cradled together to form killer cleavage by the flimsy triangles of fabric that also seemed to magnify every enticing jiggle. The bottom, meanwhile, was equally skimpy in a thong style that emphasized the pert shape of his buttocks and rode incredibly low on his rounded hips. His long, slender legs ended with dainty feet perched on high-heels that Carl knew would ensure an incredibly



sexy, feminine stride. This was the sort of girl Carl had never hoped to meet down here, even in his wildest dreams, but now, he *was* that girl!

“Perfect,” came Aunt Kat’s voice. Carl turned his head, newly long blonde tresses brushing his cheek, and saw her beaming with pride. “Here, put this on for the ride over. No use causing a traffic pile-up, and believe me, sweetie, you would!” She handed him a short robe, which Tiffany helped him carefully slip on and tie shut. Carl had never thought he would be feeling dread heading to a place bound to be full of pretty girls in bikinis, but he’d also never thought he would be dressed in a similar fashion to compete against them. Tiffany, Inga, and Helga all gave him air-kisses and wished him good luck, one after the other, and Carl, still slightly dazed, had to be prodded by his aunt to thank them for all their help.

When they arrived at the boardwalk, it was as busy as Carl had ever seen it. Partially because it was a Saturday, of course, but Carl also knew part of the increased crowd was due to all the banners proclaiming the tenth annual Miss Boardwalk Beauty competition. He felt butterflies in his stomach as Aunt Kat said her goodbye.

"You'll be fantastic," she assured him. "And you have your phone, so if anything happens, you can call me, okay? I'll be back here in a few hours to get a really good seat!"

"There are so many people coming to watch," Carl said anxiously, brushing a strand of blonde hair out of his face and picking up his purse.

"Well, the competition is quite a bit bigger this year," Aunt Kat pointed out. "I think I may have even seen a television crew."

"A TV crew?" Carl gasped. He didn't want to be on television in a bikini!

"Ooh, I shouldn't have said anything," Aunt Kat sighed. She turned and carefully pushed a few stray strands of hair from Carl's eyes. She thoughtfully looked into his eyes and smiled. "Don't be nervous, sweetie, you're going to be just fine. Break a leg!" Carl thanked his aunt and exited the car. It was a bright sunny day outside, perfect for the boardwalk, and Carl couldn't help but think how excited Brad or any of his other buddies would be to see the procession of pretty girls heading to the check-in. They certainly would have wolf-whistled for a hot blonde like Candi, that was for sure. Right on cue, Carl heard a sharp whistle from behind him as a group of young guys admired the feminine sway of his hips. Carl glanced back over his shoulder, met with lustful grins from all five of them, and quickly hurried towards the check-in tent. If they liked him now, imagine when the robe came off! He gulped nervously at the thought.

"Here's your number," the smiling lady at the desk said, after matching 'Candi' to the headshots she had received. Carl blushed as he recognized the digits. Fourteen had been his old jersey number in baseball! He still remembered pulling it on as he prepared for a big game, laughing and joking with Brad, ready to slide home or dive for grounders, getting as dirty and sweaty and rough as he wanted. Now even the idea of playing baseball seemed ridiculous. His smooth pretty legs would get nicked sliding into a base, he would almost certainly break a nail trying to catch a pop-fly, with his massive breasts there was no way he would be able to agilely sprint the bases... He tried to imagine it, but it was no use. There was just no way he could do anything sports-related now... Except maybe be a pretty, sexy cheerleader shaking his hips and waving pom-poms for his team!

Feeling more anxious than ever, Carl minced past the desk to join the other contestants in the back. Most of them were very exuberant, talking and giggling excitedly, but Amber was the loudest of them all. She had obviously used a tanning bed not long ago, her skin was deeply bronzed, while her hair was poofed up in an exaggerated style, and her teeth were blindingly white. She looked gorgeous, but rather than checking her out, Carl found himself appraising her looks in comparison to his own.

"I can take her," Carl thought to himself. "Even her boyfriend likes me better than her." He put a smile on his face.

Amber gave her competition a quick head-to-toe glance, never dropping her sneer. She shot Carl a spiteful smile and mouthed the word 'slut' as she caught sight of him.

Everyone fell silent as a middle-aged man with a graying mustache held up his hand. Carl had seen him speaking with a man holding a camera as he came in. The grin on his face made it clear just how much he was enjoying the view. "My name is Mike Chancey, owner of Radiance Suntan Lotion, Inc., and on behalf of my company I'd like to welcome you to the tenth annual Miss Boardwalk Beauty pageant," he said. The girls all clapped politely, Carl included, until Mr. Chancey cleared his throat. "Now, I'm a busy man, but when my secretary told me that it was the tenth annual this year, I knew I had to make an appearance to see you lovely young ladies. It also seemed like a great opportunity to make more of a splash with our sponsorship. The lucky winner of this pageant not only receives her title as Miss Boardwalk Beauty, but also, as disclosed on the forms you signed, may be used to promote our suntan lotion state-wide! For that reason, our first order of business is a photo-shoot, with a professional fashion photographer." At this, several of the girls squealed with excitement. Carl, however, felt even more anxious at the prospect. No matter what, long after he had returned to pants, had these silly implants removed, and resumed his manhood, there would still be photos of his time as a cute, sexy blonde!

"We've cleared out a little space down the boardwalk to give him room to work with," Mr. Chancey continued. "Each of you will receive ten to fifteen minutes, so be sure to make your best impression. This isn't just an excuse to have fun in front of the camera, it's also a component of the judging. It's important that our potential Miss Boardwalk Beauty be fun, photogenic, and comfortable posing. May the best girl win!" The girls all clapped excitedly as Mr. Chancey stepped down, making his way back out of the tent. Carl did his best to smile and clap with the best of them, but when Mr. Chancey's eyes fell on him they widened just slightly, along with a lecherous grin. He leaned in close as he passed Carl.

"I bet you can't wait to get out of that robe," he muttered, and then, on his way by, Carl felt his hand slyly grope his firm bottom! Carl gasped and jumped in surprise, making his breasts jiggle, and turned bright red as the man gave him a wink. Remembering what his aunt had said about working the judges, and about Mr. Chancey loving blondes, Carl quickly tried to rearrange his face into a smile.

The photographer had set up further down the boardwalk, a spot somewhat secluded from the eyes of passers-by. Carl was grateful for that, but at the same time, he knew it also meant it was time for him to take off his robe! Most of the other girls had already stripped down to their skimpy bathing suits. Carl still had an irrational inkling of fear that girls, especially pretty girls his own age, might somehow sense something was off about him, but everything about him was no so completely feminine that he was more girlish than most real girls—he walked with a sexy sway to his hips, elbows in and wrists flared prettily,

stood with his hips cocked attractively and sat with his legs crossed seductively, fluttered his lashes, pouted his lips, and now, thanks to his extensions, played with his blonde hair almost constantly. Every trace of masculinity had been utterly eliminated, and that became even more obvious as he undid his robe with his long pink nails and slipped it off his slender shoulders. Unluckily, he did it just as the fashion photographer was walking by! The man's eyes bulged just slightly as Carl adjusted the strings of his bikini, moving his cleavage around.

"You first," he said in a thick French accent, snapping his fingers. "Blondie. Number fourteen. Over here, my darling. We start with you."

"Me?" Carl squeaked. He shot a glance over towards Amber, who was, incidentally, the girl with "#1" on her badge. She looked absolutely furious. The other girls were looking over Carl's body with a mixture of awe, jealousy, and disappointment in their own cup size.

"Yes, yes, you," the photographer said. "Come. Over here, so you can meet the boys."

"Boys?" Carl asked, eyes wide. The photographer rolled his eyes, snapping his hand open and shut to pantomime a flapping mouth.

"Echo, echo," he said. "Oh, blondes. We love, we hate. Come on, my darling. Down here." He took Carl by the wrist and led him a short ways down the boardwalk where two young men were lounging shirtless, with gelled hair, handsome faces, and sculpted abs. Both of them perked up immediately at the sight of 'Candi' mincing towards them, breasts straining against the bikini top and wet pink lips set in a nervous pout. The photographer looked at each boy in turn, hand on his chin, then selected the brown-haired stud on the right.

"You," he said. "Nicholas." The boy grinned as he stepped forward, obviously pleased. As the photographer set to work preparing his camera, he introduced himself as a part-time men's clothing model in town for a separate shoot.

"Jacques here asked me to come in for this last-minute," he explained. "Have you done much modeling, Candi?"

"I... I actually never have," Carl said, not sure if he was more worried by the prospect of the photo-shoot or the way Nicholas' eyes were hungrily looking him up and down. "Is it hard?" he asked. Nicholas's eyes flashed automatically down to his swim-trunks, then he laughed sheepishly.

"You won't have any bad habits," he said. "That's good! Jacques can be a bit of a slave-driver, but I'm sure you'll do just fine."

"I hope so," Carl said, looking down shyly and fully regretting letting his aunt talk him into this. For the first photo, he was made to lie tummy-down on a beach towel while Nicholas sprawled casually beside him, applying Radiance brand suntan lotion to his back. Carl let the photographer position him properly, so he was propped up on his elbows with his calves kicking in the air, head cocked cutely towards the camera with a teasing smile on his lips. As Nicholas squirted the cold lotion onto his back and began rubbing it in, camera flashing all the while, Carl gave a small gasp of surprise.

“Sorry,” Nicholas whispered, but judging by the grin on his face he wasn't terribly apologetic. Carl blushed furiously. The next photo was on the very edge of the boardwalk, with Nicholas sitting with his legs dangling off the edge, and Carl was supposed to be...

“On his lap, my darling,” the photographer said. “Go on, don't worry. He's very strong, he won't let you fall in.” Carl gulped at the prospect of snuggling close to the handsome male model, suddenly remembering his date with Jason. “Go on,” the photographer repeated. “It's fine. Pretend he is your boyfriend, yes?” Eyes lowered beneath his long lashes, Carl adjusted his bikini bottom and settled reluctantly onto Nicholas's lap. Jacques directed Nicholas to wrap his arms around Carl's slender waist, and then directed Carl to move his head back to rest against Nicholas's muscled chest. As Carl squirmed around in his lap, he felt, to his horror, something hard poking at his bottom. Judging by the pained expression on Nicholas's face, it was exactly what Carl thought it was – he was giving the poor boy a hard-on!

“Sorry,” Carl whispered, blushing. Nicholas's handsome face formed a sheepish grin, a perfect white smile that could make any girl swoon. “Let me help you with that,” Carl said playfully, reaching into the older boy's shorts to find his hard manhood... Carl shook himself, realizing what he was imagining. Those trashy romance novels had to stop! He submitted to Jacques' directions and looked into the camera, eyes wide and innocent.

“Perfect!” Jacques exclaimed. “So pure, so sexy! Yes, pretend like you are virgin, yes? This is your first boy. Imagine, my darling.” Carl flushed furiously, and even Nicholas, the experienced model, went a little pink around the ears. They took another photo of the two of them eating ice-cream (real, but Carl wasn't



allowed to endanger his lip gloss by doing anything but licking at it seductively with the very tip of his tongue) and then one of Carl bending over slightly as Nicholas posed suggestively with his hands on Carl's curved hips.

All in all, the shoot took more than twice the time it was supposed to, and when Carl was finally allowed to put his robe back on, some of the other girls looked close to tears. Carl sat down on one of the plastic chairs, crossing his legs instinctively, as one by one the other girls had their turns with the photographer, who seemed increasingly bored and impatient. A few girls joined him to ask about the photo-shoot and if the male models were as handsome up close as they looked from afar, and Carl could only nod, blushing. He tried to remind himself that this would all be worth it to beat Amber, and then it would all be history, besides. He was sure it was only a matter of weeks before someone came looking for "Carl" in Florida, and once Aunt Kat sent them on their way, he could at last return to being a boy. Clipping these ridiculous nails would be the first to go, he thought ruefully.

Before long the woman who had checked them in came to shepherd them backstage. Carl retrieved his purse and the emergency makeup kit Aunt Kat had packed inside. Tiffany's girls had done amazing work, and all Carl had to do was touch up his lip gloss just slightly. He was still unused to the feminine fullness of his lips and the bright white smile they framed.

"Now, you'll be entering the stage from the left and then making your way to the front," the woman from the check-in explained to the assembled bikini-clad beauties. "Strike a pose, but not too long, and give us your best smile. We'll be reading your little info-card aloud, and then you proceed to the right side of the stage and stand on one of the rows, five girls on each. Everything clear?" Everyone nodded, either excitedly or nervously. Music started playing and Carl could hear Mr. Chancey beginning his introductions on stage. As number fourteen out of fifteen girls, Carl knew he would be one of the very last to go up, and he felt his anxiety increase as each contestant made her way to the stage. He still couldn't quite believe he was about to prance across a stage in a bikini and high heels in front of a massive crowd! It was all just like some crazy dream... but the last time he'd woken up from a crazy dream he'd been topless, and he certainly didn't want a repeat of that.

"Fourteen?" the lady called. "Get ready, honey, you're next. On my cue, okay?"

"Okay," Carl said, voice trembling. He was really about to go through with this! Too nervous to breathe, he fluffed out his hair, adjusted his cleavage, and gave himself one final look in the mirror. Then, right on cue, he made his entrance. The crowd was so big that Carl almost ran right then and there, but he knew he would only end up tripping on his high heels, so he took a deep breath and fixed the smile on his face as he did exactly what Aunt Kat had drilled him on so mercilessly over the past few weeks. Manicured hands on his hips, gliding along on his five-inch platforms like a fashion model with a seductive, almost serpentine wobble, each foot perfectly in front of the other, hips gyrating invitingly... The sunlight gleamed on his bright pink nails and on the long blonde hair bouncing on his shoulders, making his tiny scrap of a swimsuit glitter and

sparkle enticingly, highlighting each sway of his hips and jiggle of his breasts in their flimsy top. From his long tanned legs to his gorgeous blonde hair and angelic face, Carl had every red-blooded male in the crowd drooling. As he minced towards center-stage, he heard his blurb being read aloud:

“Candi is a sweet seventeen-year-old originally from Maine, but recently moved to Florida because she simply loves the beach! Her hobbies include shopping, salon and spa days, sunbathing, and volleyball. She aspires to one day be a model, and later an adoring wife and mother of three children. She’s currently enrolled for fall at the local Polytechnic High School, and can’t wait for cheerleading try-outs!”

Carl did his best not to bite his lip at that last bit. Aunt Kat had said he had a far better chance of winning if he was ‘local’ and so she’d lied about his plans for the coming year. He supposed they certainly couldn’t say that ‘Candi’ was going to have her breast im-



plants removed and return to being a normal baseball-loving chick-chasing teenaged guy!

Carl reached the center of the stage and struck the sexy pose Aunt Kat had insisted on: back arched, exaggerating the camber of his chest and rear, one dainty hand on his out-thrust hip, and a coy smile on his pink lips. He cocked his head cutely and smiled, his whitened teeth sparkling, then, remembering what his aunt had told him about working the crowd, gave a sexy little shake of his hips. Judging by the tidal wave of whistles and appreciative shouts, he had done it right! Blushing, Carl lowered his eyes beneath their long, fluttering dark lashes and turned gracefully on his heels, nervous for the last little part of his walk.

As he went to join the thirteen girls already lined up on the newly-erected steps, he put in the extra wiggle Aunt Kat had made him practice for hours, exaggerating the sensuous sway of the firm rounded globes barely concealed by his skimpy silver thong bottom. Carl had never heard so much applause in his life! Between his bouncing breasts, the breeze caressing his all-but-naked body, the bikini bottom wedging itself between his cheeks with every mincing step, the blonde hair tickling his cheeks, the weight of his false lashes and the taste of gloss on his lips, every sensation was incredibly feminine and intoxicating. By the time he took his place with the other girls, hand on his hip and pretty white smile fixed on his face, he found that his palms were sweating and his heart was going as fast as a jackhammer.

The interview portion was next, and as the contestants were called up one by one to answer the questions, Carl's gaze strayed into the crowd. Just as she'd promised, Aunt Kat was up near the front row, but she wasn't sitting alone. There was a blonde middle-aged woman there beside her who looked almost like...

Carl felt the pretty smile slip right off his face, replaced by a small 'O' of surprise. It was his mother! He knew that Aunt Kat had told his mother about the plan to disguise him as a girl, but why on Earth had she flown down to Florida now? Didn't she realize it would only attract attention to Aunt Kat and make things more difficult? Confused, Carl tried his best to maintain his pose and his smile and watch the interviews take place, but his gaze kept straying towards the row of plastic seats. Once his mother gave him a small wave, but Carl didn't think he was supposed to return it. How could she look so smug and pleased when she had turned her son into a blonde bimbo? Carl felt his cheeks going pink. His mother was just about the last person in the world he wanted watching him in a bikini!

"Candi, you're up next!" whispered the girl beside him with "#13" on her badge. Carl had been so caught up in his thoughts that he had nearly missed it.

"Oh! Thanks!" he squeaked. The girl just rolled her eyes, obviously thinking him a complete airhead, as Carl minced over to where the judging panel had set up. The judges were Mr. Chancey, Jacques the photographer, a man who Carl assumed to be Amber's father, and the gorgeous brunette who had been introduced as the former Miss Florida. Carl sat down gracefully on the edge of the chair, crossing his tanned legs in a way that made the guys in the audience

suddenly uncomfortably tight in the pants, and accepted a microphone in his trembling fingers. He couldn't stop from glancing to where his mother was sitting.

"Let's see..." Mr. Chancey murmured, flipping through cue cards. "Ah! Candi, how would you like to describe for us your most romantic date?"

"Most romantic date?" Carl echoed weakly. His voice seemed unbearably breathy and high-pitched magnified through the microphone, and he could just imagine Aunt Kat explaining to his mother how much work it had taken to give him that perfect girlish pitch.

"Yes," Mr. Chancey smiled. "I know a pretty girl like you has been on plenty, but what was one that was very special to you?" Carl stared down at the microphone in a panic. As Carl, his idea of a romantic date had been getting some tonsil action in the back of the movies – and as Candi, his options were extremely limited!

"Well, it happened by accident," Carl began hesitantly. The crowd laughed warmly, making him blush. "Um, my friend invited me out for pizza, but when I got there, it turned out she had this boy she wanted me to meet?" Carl remembered the moment extremely well, standing there stunned in his sexy little red dress, faced with a virile young man who thought he'd dressed that way just for him. He gulped.

"And?" the former Miss Florida prompted, giving him a kind smile. "What was he like?"

"Handsome?" Carl squeaked. The crowd laughed again, clearly enthralled with 'Candi', though more with her body or her answers it was hard to say!

"And what happened next?" Mr. Chancey asked, a little bit too eager for a middle-aged married man.

"We had dinner," Carl said. "Um, we talked. He told me I was the most beautiful girl he'd met in Florida..." At this Miss Florida pretended to be offended, eliciting another chuckle from the crowd. "Afterwards he offered to drive me home," Carl continued, voice trembling slightly as he remembered the drive. "But he said he'd never seen the moonlight on the waves before, so we came here to the boardwalk instead." There was a chorus of "awes" from the crowd at this. Carl bit his lip, imagining his mother in the crowd soaking in every word, but he kept his eyes downcast. "We sat on the edge of the boardwalk and cuddled for a little while, and he put his arms around me, and then... He kissed me." Carl's cheeks had flushed red at the memory of what else had transpired, but the crowd took his flustered reaction as the innocence of a besotted young girl.

"Are you still seeing this special someone?" Miss Florida asked, smiling.

"I... I don't know," Carl stammered. "He's a football player, so it depends on where he takes his scholarship. I might never see him again." And that thought brought him no end of relief, but the crowd, rather than cheer, was silent, thinking they were seeing a beautiful girl having her heart broken.

"Oh, darling," Miss Florida sighed. "Any boy would be lucky to have you. If he knows what's good for him, he'll find a way to see you again."

"Thank-you," Carl said, blushing as he handed the microphone back. He minced back to his place among the other contestants to deafening applause. He saw Amber glare at him as he took his place, but for the first time, she didn't look smug! In fact, she looked quite worried. Normally this would have given Carl a bit of vindictive happiness, seeing as he still had people recognizing him as the girl who'd gone topless on the beach, but he was far too distracted by the mysterious presence of his mother to enjoy it properly. Music played and the girls were allowed to strut their stuff again as the judges conferred. Carl definitely received the loudest applause for his re-appearance, and, remembering Aunt Kat's advice, rewarded it with a toss of his blonde hair and a sexy little smile. He did his best to look overtop of his mother's head as he did so.

"Well, the judges have conferred," Mr. Chancey announced, bringing Carl back to reality. "This has been a spectacular showing, a true display of grace, beauty, and femininity from fifteen fantastic young women, but there can only be one winner, sadly. I'd also like to take the time to remind you that Radiance Suntan Lotion is your best way to develop a healthy tan without risking skin damage! If you want to look as radiant as this bevy of beauties up here, use Radiance Suntan Lotion daily." He cleared his throat noisily. "And now, the winner of the tenth annual Miss Boardwalk Beauty bikini pageant..." The girls were all staring in anticipation, breaths baited, hands clasped. Amber looked like she was almost ready to be sick.

"Lovely contestant number fourteen!" Mr. Chancey called. "Candi!" The applause was so loud, along with the squeals of the girls pretending to be thrilled for him, that Carl barely heard the direction to come to center-stage. He minced cutely to where the former Miss Florida was waiting to present him with a bouquet of flowers. Carl felt totally stunned. His Aunt Kat had told him he could win the whole thing, but he had never really, truly, deep-down believed her. After all, underneath the D-cup breasts and feminized curves and pretty face and makeup and hair... wasn't he still a boy? Boys most definitely did not win beauty pageants! Carl took the flowers and thanked each of the judges with a peck on the cheek, noticing Mr. Chancey had something very hard in his pocket as he did so. He felt dazed, but, for some reason, happy as well! Amber was tearing her badge to shreds in a fit of anger and two other girls were trying their best to calm her down; that probably had something to do with it.

"One final surprise is in store for our lovely winner," Mr. Chancey announced, reading off his card. "One of her parents has flown in all the way from out of state just to watch the competition!" Carl looked to his mother and Aunt Kat. His mom had a satisfied but slightly worried smile on her face. Carl wondered why, and again, *why* she had flown all the way down here when Carl was supposed to be keeping a low profile as 'Candi'!

"Why don't you stand up for us?" Mr. Chancey asked. "So your beautiful daughter can see you?" And yet, Carl's mother didn't move. He watched her,



utterly confused as to why she was still sitting, but then, three rows further back, getting to his feet... Was his father! Carl gasped, feeling his knees go weak.

Somehow, some way, his father was here, watching his only son swish about in a skimpy little bikini and platform heels, swinging his hips and smiling flirta-

tiously and describing a date with another boy! He felt himself flush from the tops of his breasts to his cheeks, and his legs were trembling terribly. The crowd, misinterpreting his reaction as one of incredulous excitement, cheered loudly. If any of them had looked closely, they would see that the look of shock on Mr. Hutchen's face practically mirrored that of his pretty, feminized son. Carl felt hot tears of shame begin to slide down his cheeks as his father, still looking completely shell-shocked, shook his head slightly and resumed his seat.

Mr. Chancey was blathering on about promotional opportunities and something about a contract as he escorted Carl off-stage, but Carl was in no state of mind to process it. He was in a complete panic! His only coherent thought was that he needed to find Aunt Kat and his mother and get out of here as quickly as possible, but that hope was dashed almost immediately. Carl's father was waiting backstage, hands thrust into the pockets of his dress pants, still wearing a look of utter disbelief.

"Ah, I'll give you two some privacy," Mr. Chancey said, believing an emotional reunion was in short order. "We'll be in touch, Candi."

"Candi?" Carl's father demanded weakly, confusion still written all over his face. "Is this some kind of prank? I mean, is that really..." He searched for some trace of masculinity in the stunning teenaged beauty queen before him, but could find none whatsoever. "Are those real?" he finally gasped, pointing to Carl's chest. Carl flushed furiously.

"Y-yes, they're real," he stammered. "I didn't want to get them, but Aunt Kat... there was this mix-up at the doctor's... I... I..."

"You ran away in order to become a girl?" his father demanded. "This what your mother's been hiding from me?"

"No," Carl squeaked, dropping the bouquet. "No, I don't want to be a girl! I hate it! It was all Aunt Kat's idea, I swear, it's because, because you won custody, and mom didn't want you to gamble away all the inheritance from grandma, and, and..."

"Slow down," his father said, surprisingly gentle. "You're not making sense, son... Er..." He paused, grimacing. "Look, nobody has to worry about my gambling ever again," he said. "I went to gamblers anonymous for three straight months and I think I'm finally getting it together. That's why I wanted custody of you so badly, to show you that I've turned over a new leaf and I'm ready to make up for all those years of being a bad father... But I guess it's too late." He sighed. "I'm sorry Carl... I mean Candi. I came here to make things right with you, maybe spend that father-son time together at last, the time I never had the time for when you were younger, but now... I don't have a clue how to deal with this, I just don't. You're becoming a girl now, so maybe it's best you stay with your mother and aunt, so they can help you fulfill your dream."

"But I don't want to be a girl," Carl pleaded. "You have to believe me! I never wanted any of this, I never wanted to, to wax my legs or learn to do my makeup or go tanning or have these big boobs..." Carl was speaking too quickly at this point to make himself heard clearly, but it was clear enough to his father that he was in complete denial.

"It's okay," his father said soothingly. "You don't have to pretend, alright? You can't expect me to believe that you let Aunt Kat turn you into this... This beautiful young woman without your consent? Look at you! You move just like a girl, you speak just like a girl, and you're certainly more beautiful than most 'real' girls, to boot."

"But I never wanted to be..." Carl said, feeling the beginning of new tears in his eyes. There had to be some way to convince his father, but there was so much evidence to the contrary!

He sniffed in a distinctly feminine manner, using the heels of his hands to wipe the emerging tears away so as to avoid his long filed nails. How could he prove he was still a macho boy, especially when he was weeping just like a girl? Suddenly, a familiar voice came from behind them.

"Candi?"

Carl turned around, only to come face-to-face with Jason. This was no dream, and this time, Carl couldn't help but reflect ruefully, he was wearing even less! Before he could say anything, Jason wrapped his arms around him and pulled him into a hug, pushing Carl's breasts up against his muscled chest. "Candi, babe, don't cry," he breathed in Carl's ear, stroking his soft blonde hair. "Look, I'm sorry I never called you. I can explain." Carl shot a terrified look over Jason's broad shoulders, and saw his father's eyes go wide as dinner plates!

"I heard what you said about our night together," Jason went on before Carl could cut him off, voice full of emotion. "And you're right. It was special. But I just didn't want to get your hopes up... The fact is, I'm not going to university



here next year. LSU offered me a starting spot. Can you believe that? I just couldn't turn it down, babe. I thought about it for so long, but it's always been my dream to play for them. Sorry, you probably hate all this football talk..." Jason cupped Carl's cheek with one strong hand, turning him to face him, and looked deep into his eyes. "And I'm so glad you said what you did, because another fact is, I haven't been able to get that amazing night out of my head! You're the sexiest, most beautiful girl I've met here, and I just couldn't leave without kissing those lips one last time."

"Jason, please don't..." Carl started to beg, but at that moment Jason dipped him backwards and claimed his mouth with a deep, passionate, probing kiss. Carl struggled to break away, but was far too weak, and as Jason's hands caressed him he found himself swooning, knees weak, until he was all but clinging to Jason's broad shoulders for support. When they finally broke apart an eternity later, it was to a smatter of applause.

Some of the pageant people who had been beginning to take down the stage were nodding their approval at the romantic display, but Carl was far more concerned by the fact that his father had watched the whole thing! Knowing that any chance he'd had at convincing his father of the truth was now completely gone, Carl dropped his gaze to the floor, still held in Jason's arms. He didn't know if his father had recognized Jason as the local hometown football hero, but the expression of mingled disgust, sadness, and resignation on his face said it all.

"Dad," Carl blushed, pulling himself free from Jason's embrace. "I know what this must look like, but..."

"I guess I should have seen this coming, somehow," his father said sadly. "I was never as close to you as I should have been, and all of this is really my fault in the end. I blame myself for not being that strong male role model you needed." He sighed. "Maybe some day I can accept you as Candi, but it will take time. For now, I think this is the best place for you, and I wish you all the happiness in the world." Without another word, he turned and walked away, leaving Carl to stare after him like a deer caught in headlights.

"What was that about?" Jason asked, frowning.

"N-nothing," Carl stammered, realizing he had no other choice. "It was nothing at all."

"Good," Jason said, wiping a solitary tear from Carl's cheek. "Then I want to take you out one last time, Candi. You know, to say goodbye. Maybe it will help all this heartbreak I caused. What do you say? Can I pick you up at seven?"

"I don't think that's a good idea," Carl said, still staring after his departing father. How on Earth could this situation get any worse? His own father now thought he was a total sissy!

"I understand if you need to think about it," Jason said, sounding disappointed. "I'll call you, okay? And by the way, you were fantastic up there, babe. Didn't I tell you you'd win the whole thing?" He winked and gave Carl a sly touch on the arm, then turned and walked off. Carl just stood there, mind



whirling, and by the time Aunt Kat and his mother arrived with his robe and his purse, everything had fallen into place.

“You knew this would happen!” Carl said accusingly. Aunt Kat and his mother looked at each other sadly.

“Actually, we didn’t,” his mother said. “After seventeen years of marriage to a macho, bigoted homophobe, I had absolutely no idea he had it in him to turn over a new leaf and accept his son prancing around in a bikini and heels!”

“This is all my fault, Candi,” Aunt Kat sighed. “I thought by now it would be safe for your mother to come stay in Florida. Your father seemed to have given up on finding you, so I booked your mother a ticket, thinking it would be a marvelous surprise for you for her to see you on your big day. Who knew he could be so tenacious?”

“Indeed,” Carl’s mother said. “He must have had someone watching my every move, because he somehow got himself a flight on the same day. I never even saw him in the airport – he was probably wearing those big aviator sunglasses, now that I come to think of it – and then...”

“He must have had his taxi-cab follow us here,” Aunt Kat sighed. “Oh, sweetie. I’m so sorry it had to happen like that!”

“He just saw his only son crowned Miss Boardwalk Beauty in a bikini,” Carl sniffed miserably. “He thinks I’m a complete s... Sissy, and now that he’s seen Jason kissing me, he thinks I want to be a g... Girl!”

“Well, you can’t blame me for that,” Aunt Kat said. “You must have had quite an effect on that boy!”

“I guess so,” Carl moaned. “He asked me to go out with him tonight at seven!” His head was still spinning from the shock of his father’s ill-timed arrival, but one silver lining was becoming apparent. Even though it was clear now that his father never would have blown through the inheritance money after all, and had in fact wanted custody for fatherly reasons, the plan, in its round-about way, had worked. His mother now had custody of him, and as soon as he turned eighteen the inheritance was going to be under his direct control. That meant the whole ordeal was over!

“If the custody dispute is over, that means I don’t have to be a girl any more!” Carl exclaimed, delicately wiping at his eyes. “We can fly back to Maine and forget this whole crazy thing ever happened, right? First of course we have to go to Dr. Nevsky so he can give me, you know, man hormones, and get rid of my boobs, and then I can get my hair dyed brown again, and get rid of these awful nails...” Carl felt hopeful excitement for the first time in what felt like forever. He had survived being ‘Candi’ and now it was time to resume his manhood and put it all behind him! His father was shocked and disappointed in him, but it wasn’t as if he’d been a real father to him anyways, and if it meant returning to boyhood with a cool quarter million dollars waiting for him, was it perhaps possible that all of this had been worth it? He was already picturing himself with short brown hair again, letting his body hair grow, speaking in a rough voice, and never again wearing anything even remotely resembling a skirt. The blissful smile on his face disappeared as he realized that his mother and Aunt Kat were looking at each other in silence.

“Well...” his mother began. “The truth is, dear, I didn’t come here to take you back home. Now that I’ve divorced your father, there’s nothing holding me up in Maine. I came here for a fresh start, with the family ties I have down here

and with you! You always loved these little vacations to Florida so much, I thought you'd be thrilled!" Carl thought it over, frowning. It would mean leaving his best buddy Brad behind, but Florida did have the best baseball weather.

"And the other thing," Aunt Kat said briskly. "It's completely your choice if you want to go back to being a boy, sweetie, like it's been all along. I'm just afraid it might... Complicate things."

"What do you mean?" Carl asked, with a sudden sinking sensation in his stomach.

"I just feel it would be simpler for you to remain Candi," Aunt Kat shrugged. "Look at the facts, sweetie. Everybody now knows you as Candi Wethers, my niece, and the recently-crowned Miss Boardwalk Beauty! All your admirers at the gym think that you're a pretty blonde coed, as do all the teens you played volleyball with at the beach, as does Amber Sweet, who you finally managed to take down a peg. While I'm sure she would be devastated to know she was beaten out by a boy, it would also create quite the scandal for you to suddenly announce that you're Carl, not Candi! And you can't just disappear and reappear as Carl, either. That's a trick that can only really work once. Your picture is going to be in the papers all week, and the interview portion of the pageant was locally televised... Candi is going to be one popular girl, sweetie, and she can't just vanish and be replaced by a suspiciously effeminate twin brother, don't you see? And besides..." Aunt Kat smiled. "You're so *good* at being Candi, sweetie. You make so much better a girl than you ever did a boy. Candi is a radiant, feminine, sexy young woman, and it would be an utter shame to let such beauty go to waste hidden away as Carl."

"I have to agree with your aunt, dear," Carl's mother sighed. "It's obviously still your choice, but think about it: you've just been crowned Miss Boardwalk, and what with having your picture splashed all over the paper and a spot on TV, there will be a ton of boys lusting after the hot new blonde on the block... And think of the uproar if you told them all you're really a boy! That's the sort of news that could travel all the way back home to Maine, isn't it?"

"Now I know you trapped me!" Carl said, "You don't ever want me to be a boy again! You've been planning this all along! The both of you!" An energy and confidence came to Carl's voice that he had been lacking since he had arrived here. "You want me to keep pretending to be a girl because it's something I'm *good* at? Because the truth would bad for my *reputation*? My reputation is done! I've lost the respect of my father already! What do I care if people know the truth? At least I'll be the person I want to be and live the life I want to live!"

"Well, there may be a small legal concern," Aunt Kat said sheepishly. "I went over the paperwork for the pageant a little too quickly. There may be a tiny little clause about using your likeness for promotional purposes. If they ask you to do a photoshoot, you can't simply show up as Carl, can you? And if you can't fulfill your duties as "Miss Boardwalk Beauty" for the entire year, you violate the terms of the contract."

Carl's mother was suddenly aghast. "Oh my lord! I'm sure their lawyers would take us to the cleaners! Honey, I can't afford any lawsuits now! I'm already out of cash as it is! This could ruin me!"

"And don't forget your inheritance," Aunt Kat said to Carl. "When they find out how much money you have coming, they'll sue you dry! You'll never see a cent!"

"So... so I have to keep being Candi?" Carl asked in a stunned whisper, feeling the weight of their arguments accumulated. That strength and confidence in his voice had vanished.

"You don't *have* to, dear," his mother reminded him. "But, well, it certainly would make things easier. And I *have* always wanted a daughter..."

Carl gulped as he saw a future of miniskirts, high heels, luxurious lingerie, makeup appointments and manicures. It was a full year. From today's date, he would have to be "Miss Boardwalk Beauty" for one year before he could get out of it. Not to mention, it was just under one year before he was going to inherit the money. He would need it to reverse his boob job, get his hands on the strongest male hormones possible, and move to somewhere nobody knew a thing about 'Candi.' Could he survive an entire year as a girl?

"Goodness, did you say Jason is picking you up at seven?" Aunt Kat suddenly asked. "Sweetie, we have to get you home so you can get ready."

"Get ready?" Carl protested. "Aunt Kat, I'm not going out with him!"

"Candi, you know what boys like Jason are like," Aunt Kat said. "If you go out with him and do what he wants, he'll forget you as soon as another pretty face comes along in Louisiana. If you don't, well, he might start trying to contact you... Find out more about you... Wonder why you turned him down..."

"So you're saying I have to go out with him?" Carl asked miserably.

"It's for the best, honey," his mom said. "Your aunt is completely right. You know how Jason is. If you want to get rid of him, and make sure he never finds out your secret, this is the only way. Just this once, and then never again, okay?"

"Okay," Carl sighed tremulously. "I guess I don't have a choice!"



The drive back to Aunt Kat's place seemed incredibly long to Carl, as the day's events played through his mind over and over. Everything had happened so quickly that it was all but impossible to process, and he knew he wouldn't have time to dwell on it over the course of the evening, either, because as soon as they arrived home Jason phoned. Aunt Kat directed him through the brief conversation, which ended in Carl saying "Oh, I'd love to!" in a breathy, feminine soprano.

"Seven o'clock," Carl sighed as he hung up. "I need to start getting ready!"

"Do you need any help, dear?" his mother asked.

"I think I'll be okay," Carl said anxiously, already thinking of what to wear. "Thanks, though!" He hurried up the stairs still clad in his bikini, breasts jiggling with each step. As he entered his room he thought back to his first arrival, back when he'd been slightly put off by the feminine décor but content knowing it was only a temporary place to stay. Now, however, his closet was loaded with outfits, his dressers with lingerie, his vanity with cosmetics, and his shelves with romance novels and fashion magazines. Now it looked as though he was going to be living here for an entire year! It was a terrible room for a boy, but he had to admit it was perfect for a girly-girl named Candi. Dejected, Carl went to his closet and began hunting for the perfect dress, something that would show off his body and flatter his current makeup – no sense redoing a professional job right before a big date, after all! He found himself wishing he had something modest in his wardrobe, a long-sleeved dress that reached the knees, for instance, but even as he thought it he knew he wouldn't have been able to wear it anyways. Candi was not the sort of girl to wear a modest dress when she could flirt and tease with a sexy little number that displayed her assets to full advantage, and Carl knew Jason would be expecting no less.

Carl finally found the dress he'd been looking for in the very back of the closet and held it up with a critical eye. The plunging V-neck was even lower than he remembered, but the color matched his nails and makeup perfectly... Sighing, Carl laid it out on the bed and commenced the search for matching pumps, in the meanwhile thinking about what lingerie to wear. He picked out a lacy black thong and held it against his hips, frowning at the mirror. Would it be too much of a temptation for Jason? He looked at the dress and reconsidered. The fact that it was backless, together with its plunging neckline, meant Carl would have to go without a bra – fortunately, the dress had excellent underwire support – and that meant they would be jiggling enticingly all night long, and Jason would have unrestricted access to them whenever he desired. That in itself should be enough to keep his hands away from the 'restricted' area most of the evening. A rack like Candi's demanded attention, after all! Carl quickly undid his bikini bottom and wriggled his way into the silky little scrap of fabric. The wispy material sent a shiver up his spine. Now for accessories...

"Aunt Kat?" Carl called. "Can you come help me find my gold bracelets?"

"Just a second, sweetie!" his aunt's voice called back. Carl undid his bikini ties, letting his breasts bounce free as he sashayed around the room, searching under Cosmo magazines and in small heaps of discarded outfit choices. Aunt Kat couldn't help but smile at the sight as she opened the door. It was incredible to think that the macho, boisterous, girl-crazy young man who had arrived at the airport only one month ago was now the tempting feminine beauty she saw before her, mincing about his room in a flurry of feminine activity, clad in only a tiny lace thong while his gorgeous breasts bounced freely and long blonde hair cascaded around his pretty face. Her nephew had gone from decidedly macho and eager to chase girls to putting on sexy lingerie and dolling himself up for a date with a handsome boy! It took Aunt Kat all of ten seconds to find the jewelry Carl had been hunting for, and then she helped him into his dress and gave his gleaming mane of blonde hair just a bit of a tease with a comb and some

spray. The pastel pink-purple color made for a beautiful contrast and looked extremely airy and feminine on him, too.

Carl buckled himself into his spiked high-heel pumps and slipped the bracelets onto one slender wrist where they jangled appealingly. His makeup was still flawless, but he decided to add one more coating of lip gloss, just to be certain. The collagen treatment had ensured they were still full and plump, and as the slick shiny gloss glided over his lips, Carl knew, with a feeling of dread deep in his stomach, exactly where Jason would want them to end up before the night was out! The high school football star definitely wasn't the type to back off after a first date, and since he'd already given him a handjob... Carl pouted his lips anxiously at the mirror, blushing deeply. He knew his aunt was right... If he gave Jason what he wanted, he would forget about him in an instant, but the thought of having to give him a blowjob made him shudder in fear. Maybe he would be more respectful than last time?

Carl swished over to the full-length mirror to inspect his reflection. Ever since the very first makeover, Carl had done his best to think of the pretty blonde in the mirror as someone else, as a disguise or a temporary state of being, but seeing himself now he was shaken for the first time with the realization that, for at least the next year, he truly was 'Candi'. Looking himself up and down, it was almost unbelievable how thoroughly feminized he'd been in only a month's time! His feet had always been small, but now, encased in open-toed pink heels with his matching toenails sparkling in the light, they looked positively dainty. His delicate ankles, trim calves, and slender thighs, all perfectly smooth as a Barbie doll and airbrushed a beautiful sunkissed tan, were put on full display by the airy miniskirt of the dress.

Thanks to Dr. Nevsky's hormone injections, his hips were now so curvy and his gym-toned buttocks so shapely that he doubted his old male clothes could even fit him! All the dieting and waist-cinching had paid off in a tiny waist and flat stomach, both hugged tight by the bodice of the dress, and the feminine creation's plunging V-neck made his perfect D-cup cleavage impossible to miss. The straps of the halter style dress fastened behind his neck, hidden in a wave of gleaming blonde hair, and left his slender shoulders, arms, and back completely exposed.

As Carl used one manicured pink nail to comb a blonde strand out of his face, setting his gold bracelets jangling, he marveled again at the makeup job the Swedes had given him. He looked simply stunning, with the false lashes fluttering like curtains over his baby blues and his plump lips shining an enticing wet pink. With the blonde waves falling gently around his face, he truly looked like he belonged on the cover of a fashion magazine. Worse, he knew Jason would absolutely love him like this, and as for more respectful... He knew, sadly, that with his seductive appearance there was simply no chance!

"Beautiful," Aunt Kat smiled in satisfaction. "Let's go show your mother what a drop-dead gorgeous daughter she has. Your date should be here any second!"

"Okay," Carl said, blushing. "Just let me grab my purse!" Taking a small beaded clutch off his dresser and transferring his essentials, Carl snapped it shut with his long polished nails and minced reluctantly into the living room.

His mother, who had been on the phone with a lawyer regarding her husband's decision to give up all custody rights, snapped her phone shut in amazement at the stunning vision of flawless femininity gliding inside on four-inch pink stilettos.

"Oh my God, Candi, your poor date!" she exclaimed. "He is going to have to pick his jaw up off the floor when he sees you, honey. You are so, so perfect. I can't believe I ever had a son! You're the most beautiful daughter a woman could ever want, honey." As odd as it was for him to hear those words coming from his own mother, and as humiliated as he was sure he should have felt right now, the praise from his mother made he feel good. He hadn't seen that kind of smile and joy on his mother's face in a long time.

"And the hottest date a handsome young man could ever dream of," Aunt Kat added slyly. "Here, have a little spray, sweetie." Carl obediently held out his wrist to allow Aunt Kat to mist him with a hint of a very expensive perfume, but she surprised him by spraying it down the front of his dress, instead! Carl blushed furiously, realizing she knew exactly where Jason's attentions would be for the evening, but his aunt only smiled proudly and had him pose for a quick photo. He did his best to smile despite his anxiety.

Just then, the doorbell rang. Carl's pretty blue eyes went wide with fright as Aunt Kat, with an encouraging smile, gestured for him to go open the door. Carl bowed his head and minced reluctantly toward the entrance, heels clicking noisily on the floor. With a deep breath that made his breasts bob up and down on his chest, he opened the door, eyes shyly downcast. When he finally looked up from under his long, curled lashes, Jason was wearing an expression as if he'd just won the state lottery.

"Wow, Candi," he said. "You look incredible."

"Thank you," Carl said meekly, blushing. "You, um, you look very handsome." And that he did in a pair of dressy slacks and a shirt and tie combination, with a bit of gel run through his hair. He looked tall and strong and very manly, especially in comparison to his primped and prettified date, and, mouth hanging agape, he couldn't seem to take his eyes off the vision of loveliness before him. Carl pouted his lips, nervous under Jason's hungry eyes, and clasped his pretty hands together at his waist as his long-lashed eyes dropped again in embarrassment. He knew exactly where Jason's mind was already headed!

"Are you ready to go?" the football star finally asked. Carl glanced back over his shoulder and saw both his aunt and his mother nodding.

"Yes, please," Carl said sweetly, swallowing his fear. Jason reached out and took his dainty hand, and Carl submissively let himself be led out the door with one final glance over his shoulder, pretty blue eyes wide with worry. His aunt and mother watched out the window as the feminized boy was escorted to Jason's car, his shiny pink stilettos tapping against the driveway, sleek, shapely legs propelling him along in a smooth stride a ballerina would have been proud of. Each mincing step set Carl's blonde hair bouncing on his naked shoulders, his bracelets tinkling melodically, his breasts quivering appealingly. By the way Jason awkwardly opened the door, one hand drifting slyly over to readjust his



crotch, it was easy to tell that he was already incredibly turned on by Candi's sexy, feminine appearance.

"Isn't she something?" Aunt Kat smiled. "I wish I could take a picture of *that*. They make such a cute couple!"

"They really do," her sister mused. "I'm amazed by how well my former son took the news, and how readily he accepted his new role as a pretty girl... especially one dressed for a hot date. I suppose he really believes that we masterminded this whole thing to get him into dresses."

"He was just angry, sis." Katherine said. "If he truly suspected we had plotted to do this to him, he'd never had agreed to stay as Candi."

"True, and he did cave in quickly. He almost seemed resigned to spending the year as a girl as if he knew it was coming."

"He did take it really well," Katherine admitted. "And I'm sure he doesn't really suspect us! I mean, he may look like a bit of a bimbo now, but you'd think even an airheaded blonde might be a little suspicious of how everything came together, don't you think?"

"Well, my husband neglected to mention that I bought his plane ticket for him," her sister laughed. "That definitely helped. When I told him that he had to come to Florida to understand exactly why Carl had run away, I could hardly wait to see the look on his face watching his son compete in a bikini pageant. And I certainly expected him to give up custody on the spot, but out of embarrassment and anger, not thinking he was acting in your own best interests. 'No son of mine,' that sort of thing. Maybe rehab really did give him a new outlook." She sighed. "I'm just sorry it had to be so upsetting for Candi."

"Sweetie, you know full well it was our best option," Katherine said. "There was nothing else that could convince your husband so perfectly to give up custody. And you have to admit that the plan came together beautifully – Carl really bought that hormone imbalance story!" She exchanged a sly glance with her sister, who broke into a rueful smile.

"He really did," she admitted. "It was definitely worth giving him female hormones in pill form all those months in advance. You must have doubled the dosage on his arrival!"

"I did," Katherine said. "And with the boosters from the doctor's office, he blossomed in no time."

"I just had no idea you would turn out to be such a beautiful young lady!" her sister sighed happily. "He didn't get suspicious about the suitcase?"

"You know how airlines have a reputation for losing luggage," Katherine scoffed. "I doubt the thought even crossed his mind that you might have paid a handler at the airport to 'lose' it."

"I feel a little guilty," her sister admitted. "But he really needed a new wardrobe anyways! And it was such a perfect excuse for you to slowly introduce him to female clothing, and to take him shopping, of course."

“That’s where I pretended to come up with the whole disguise plan on the spot,” Katherine laughed. “Carl must really regret letting those two ‘dumb blonde twins’ near his legs with that wax! Helga and Inga had a ball pretending they didn’t speak perfect English, and it really did make the makeover go more smoothly. Of course, Tiffany, my hairdresser, just ‘happened’ to have a few adorable things that would fit him perfectly.”

“Poor Candi’s pretty blonde head would really be spinning if she found out,” her sister said. “She must think it’s all been one horrible string of coincidences!”

“Well, it’s not as if *everything* was some big conspiracy,” Katherine assured her. “I really had no idea he would end up with D-cups after our little visit to



Dr. Nevsky, and I really was worried about that mole... And as for his date with Jason, I was quite surprised!”

“Well, the date he described was awfully romantic,” her sister mused. “The pageant was almost too perfect, wasn’t it?”

“I’d been toying with the idea of entering Candi in it,” Katherine smiled. “And then this horrible Amber girl really embarrassed him – stealing his top on the beach, can you imagine? – and he said he’d do simply *anything* to get back at her...”

“Perfect,” her sister sighed happily. “Everything turned out to be just perfect.”

Carl, meanwhile, was sliding gracefully inside the passenger’s side of Jason’s car, hands clasped daintily in his lap and eyes fixed carefully on the dashboard. Jason came in from the other side and shut his door firmly.

“Ready to go dancing?” he grinned.

“Dancing?” Carl echoed anxiously, with the sudden image of trying to navigate a dance floor on his four-inch stilettos, his breasts bouncing sexily with every movement, Jason spinning him and his dress flying up to reveal his lacy black thong underwear...

“Don’t worry,” Jason chuckled. “I’m sure you’ll be a natural.”

“I hope so,” Carl said meekly. Jason laid a possessive hand on Carl’s smooth thigh and gave him a smile. Carl blushed, playing with his blonde hair in an unconsciously flirtatious gesture. He had survived this long, but if he wanted his inheritance and a ticket out of here, he would have to last for a whole year of femininity. Carl realized that he had to forget all about Carl and just be Candi to the very best of his ability... At least for now.

It was just one year, after all. He could do this for one year. He could survive. As he thought about it though, Carl could almost feel the bra straps locking in. The high heels felt like they clasped around his feet for a perfect fit, as if molded forever to his feet. He pictured his breast implants fusing with his body, permanently. He imagined the redness of his lipstick bleeding into his skin, never to fade. Carl could practically feel it, like a thick, pink fog was closing in on him, enveloping him in femininity forever.

Jason leaned over and kissed him fiercely, already threatening Carl’s immaculate lip gloss. Carl squirmed as the boy’s tongue invaded his mouth but reluctantly parted his lips to allow him access, and did his best to remind himself that this was the absolute last time he would have to let himself be kissed by a boy. The reassuring thought made him smile as the kiss ended, which Jason took as an invitation to slide his arm around his date’s shoulders. There was nothing left for Carl to do but snuggle closer and submissively lay his pretty blonde head on Jason’s shoulder as they drove away.

The End

Bonus

