

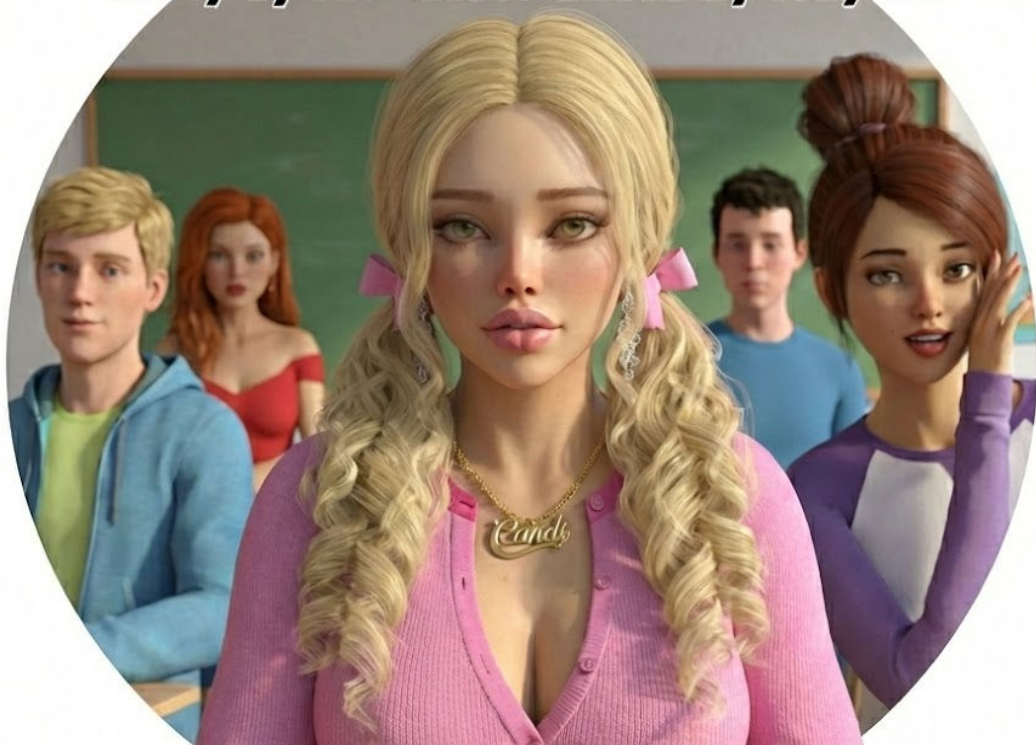
ADULTS ONLY

221 pages 52 illustrations

# BLONDIE'S LOST YEAR

THE "BLONDIE" SERIES: BOOK 2

Story by KK - Illustrations by Fraylim



**CROSSED**  
TV/CD

**FICTION**



**K K**

# ***BLONDIE'S LOST YEAR***

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



2013 Digital Edition

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## BLONDIE'S LOST YEAR

*From the Casebook of Harold Pennyworth, P.I.*

*Notes on Case #241: Disappearance of Carl Hutchens.*

*Carl Hutchens, Caucasian, Age 17, Height 5'7", 155 lbs. Sandy brown hair, no tattoos or other identifying marks. Hired by the kid's dad, August. Mr. Hutchens: nice guy, but a gambler ... no wonder the family's money was down the tubes. Client is in the middle of divorcing his wife of 18 years, who, according to photos, is quite the looker.*

*The case: According to the client (Mr. Hutchens) his son Carl flat-out disappeared off the face of the Earth during the summer. Last contact was before a planned trip to Florida. There was some kerfuffle going on over his inheritance ... apparently he was getting a cool quarter million from his deceased grandmother upon his eighteenth birthday, and whoever had custody in the meanwhile had full control over the fund. Mr. Hutchens wants custody to reconnect with his son, so he claims, though I don't think the fact that his ex-wife was going to be mighty pissed off hurt his motivation, either. He also claims to be free of his gambling addiction. He was awarded legal custody in court, but that's when he realized Carl was nowhere to be found.*

*The former Mrs. Hutchens, now Wethers, claims the kid had run away from home due to stress. The story doesn't check out. No missing persons report was filed, nor any notification of the police or social services. Upon interviewing her by phone, Mrs. Hutchens/Wethers was putting on a big show of being upset, and appeared to be overselling it. Mr. Hutchens had the same impression. The likely conclusion is Ms. Wethers is likely hiding Carl somewhere to prevent the inheritance from going to Mr. Hutchens.*

*A cross-reference of public records revealed Mrs. Wethers has a sister, Katherine Wethers, who resides in Florida. A phone call to Katherine Wethers only resulted in getting some very evasive responses. I had come to the conclusion that Carl's trip to Florida had likely led him to Katherine Wethers, working in concert with her sister to conceal Carl's whereabouts. I was set to make my report to Mr. Hutchens when Mrs. Wethers did it for me. On 26 August she called up Mr. Hutchens and told him to fly down to Florida with her to see Carl.*

*Upon hearing that the case had come to a conclusion, I was about to writeup a report and send it Mr. Hutchens with my bill. On the afternoon of 28 August, the client strolled into my office looking like he'd seen a ghost, and told me to destroy all records regarding the case. He was not responsive to my questions, only mumbling something about Carl being "happy" in Florida. This raised more questions than it answered, and my experience and gut feeling told me there was much more to this than the client was willing to divulge. Further, he*



*declined to pay my fee, claiming that he found his son all by himself. But that wasn't the way it works in this business.*

*Pennyworth Investigations never leaves a case unsolved, or a fee unpaid, and this is far from over. If I want my full fee paid, I'm going to have to get the dirt on this whole affair.*

*I've booked a ticket on a Delta flight for Miami. Time to head to Florida and get a little sun.*



In a small but immaculate office with a breathtaking view of Miami Beach, Carl nervously smoothed his miniskirt as he awaited the return of his aunt's doctor, Dr. Nevsky. Dr. Nevsky was one of the most sought-after plastic surgeons on the west coast, and the man at least partially responsible for several small changes that had changed poor Carl over the past summer, like the estrogen-induced sheen of his blonde hair, his soft skin, firm pear-shaped buttocks, trim waist, and the feminine swell of his hips, and he was also 100 percent responsible for two very large changes currently nestled in Carl's sexy lace D-cup demi-bra. Carl gave a deep sigh, and his boobs bobbed up and down on his chest. Just as Dr. Nevsky walked in, he forlornly adjusted his cleavage, wishing for the billionth time that they weren't quite so big.

Carl had spent too much time in this office over the past three months. He had seen his life turned inside-out over the course of the summer and it was hard to believe he had let things get this far. Hiding from his father and blending in to the beach life in Miami had led him down this path, and he had reluctantly agreed to every crazy thing his Aunt had proposed. There was no doubt in his mind that he had done all the wrong things for all the right reasons. Candi Wethers, the girl he was pretending to be now, was safe. Carl Hutchens, the boy he really was, had a quarter of a billion reasons to fear he'd never be given a chance to inherit his fortune. Hiding as Candi was the smartest thing to do, according to his Aunt Kat.

"Good morning... ah... Candi," Dr. Nevsky said, double-checking the name on his clipboard. It was hard to blame him! The Carl Hutchens who had come in with his aunt to simply have a small hormone imbalance checked out all those months ago hardly bore any resemblance to the blonde bombshell before him. Carl was sitting with legs daintily crossed, high heeled foot bobbing impatiently, and toying with the bleached blonde tresses falling gently across an angelically pretty, perfectly-made-up face. It was hard to believe that such a beautiful, feminine creature had never even considered wearing girls' clothing just a few months prior.

"Good morning," Carl replied, in the soft soprano that had been so thoroughly drilled into him by his Aunt Kat's training sessions. He averted his eyes with embarrassment as the doctor approached with his clipboard, remembering how his last visit had ended with him getting a boob job. His Aunt Kat had intended to surprise him with it, thinking it would both complete his feminine disguise and free him from the hassle of using a padded bra with inserts constantly, but a mix-up in surgery (Carl's plea had been for more anesthetic, not more sili-

con!) had landed him with D-cups instead of much more manageable A's. Just one more aspect of femininity Carl had had to grow used to over his very strange summer...

"Your blood test is very good," Dr. Nevsky said. "Any nasty male hormone are kept in check, yes? You are nice and full with estrogen now. You are, how you say, blossoming? Yes. You are blossoming into a lovely young lady." Carl blushed as Dr. Nevsky cupped his breasts, examining each in turn. "Undo bra, please," the doctor instructed, completely business-like. Looking away, Carl bit his lip and peeled off his top before gracefully undoing the clasps of his lacy pink bra. The feminine gesture had become so natural for him that he hardly even considered it strange! As his pendulous breasts bounced free of their silky constraints, Dr. Nevsky nodded his approval. "Very firm, very high," he smiled. "My best work, I say. No sign of leakage from the silicon. Perfect, yes? Your boyfriend, he must love."

"But, but they're still removable, right?" Carl asked anxiously, choosing to ignore yet another assumption about his having a boyfriend. Just because he had to wear all this feminine stuff and conduct himself as a girl – and the fact that he looked like a total blonde bombshell – still didn't mean he liked boys! Sure, he'd had to do a few things to maintain his disguise that still brought a pretty blush to his cheeks, but he certainly wasn't in the market for a boyfriend.

"Well, of course, yes," Dr. Nevsky frowned. "Is a simple procedure. Skin has stretched some, but can easily be corrected, like most cosmetic procedures. Easier to do, easy to undo, yes? Except, of course, the snip-snip." He smiled and made the snipping gesture with his fingers as the scissors, making Carl's mouth drop open in horror as he realized what was being referred to. "But why would you want these beautiful gifts removed?" Dr. Nevsky asked, frowning deeply again. "Are you not happy with them?"

"Oh, yes, I am," Carl squeaked, knowing better than to offend the man with the syringes, especially since it would most likely be Dr. Nevsky he went to to have all these procedures reversed. Just as soon as he could get his hands on his inheritance, get out of Florida, and return to boyhood, that was exactly what he'd have done. "I love them," Carl lied, blushing. "I was just, um, just curious."

"Very good," Dr. Nevsky said, smiling once more. "Bend over now, Candi." Carl obediently slipped off the examination table, refastening his bra and adjusting his cleavage, then lifted his skirt and bent forward to expose his buttocks for his usual hormone injection – and, he realized far too late, the lacy little scrap of his panties. His shrunken manhood was completely tucked up out of sight by a flesh-colored gaff, letting him wear even the skimpiest lingerie, which Aunt Kat and his mother insisted he buy in voluminous quantities! ("It's important that you feel sexy and feminine at all times," they told him. "This way you'll always be reminded that you're a beautiful, dainty girly-girl, and act



as such.”) As if he needed yet another reminder with his D-cup breasts, long blonde tresses, manicured nails, makeup, and constant imprisonment in high heels!

After yet another dose of the hated female hormones, Carl straightened his skirt, politely thanked the doctor, and minced back out into the waiting room

where his Aunt Kat was waiting for him, leafing through the new fall fashions in a magazine.

“There you are!” she exclaimed. “I was just finding the most adorable new styles in here. Oh, to be a girl your age again. What do you say to a bit of last minute shopping with your mother and I before school starts? You must be so excited for your first day!”

Carl gulped, thinking that there was nothing on Earth he was less excited for. He had been enrolled at the Polytechnic High School for the following year... As a girl. Over the course of several tearful conversations, his aunt and mother had eventually talked him around, as there was simply no other alternative. He couldn't go back to being 'Carl' after winning the Miss Boardwalk Beauty pageant and expect anybody to believe that 'Candi' had an effeminate twin brother with suspicious tan-lines and a cute hourglass shape, and both of them were adamant about staying in Florida. That meant that until Carl could get his hands on his inheritance (his eighteenth birthday) he would have to stay as 'Candi', for at least the full school year.

“Miranda very kindly offered to come over and help you get ready for your first day of school,” Aunt Kat went on. “Isn't that so nice of her?”

“You spoke to her?” Carl asked weakly.

“Yes, and she said you've been dodging her phone calls!” Aunt Kat frowned. “Sweetie, there's nothing to be embarrassed about. I know she used to be your girlfriend, but you need to forget all about that now. She's completely willing to accept the new you, and you need to be appreciative of that! How many girls would be pleased to find their ex-boyfriend now has a bigger rack, a nicer body, and a prettier face than them? Not many, Candi! You're quite lucky.”

“I know,” Carl murmured, blushing furiously. That still didn't mean he wanted to hang out with her all the time while she gave him makeup tips... And painted his nails... And quizzed him about his transformation... And asked when he was going to get the 'final operation'... Or find a boyfriend!

“So, I expect you to take her up on her offer,” Aunt Kat said sternly. “You're going to want a friend for your first day of school, sweetie, and Miranda is the only person who knows the particulars of your, um, your situation.” She waved the magazine in front of his eyes, smiling again. “Now, look at these cute new patterns...”

Carl sighed anxiously as he accepted the fashion magazine. Despite himself, he *did* want to look his very best on the first day of school...



The past few months had been stressful on poor Carl, to say the least. Ever since his father had seen him in his feminine guise – not only being crowned *Miss Boardwalk Beauty* – but being forcefully kissed by another boy, his life had moved in a whole new direction! He wasn't merely disguised as Candi to just keep his father away from his inheritance... Now that his mother had enrolled him at the local high school as a girl, he had no choice but to be 'Candi' for the coming school year, until his eighteenth birthday finally arrived and he could use his inheritance to get out of Florida and back to manhood.

In order to prepare him for school in September, his aunt and mother had spent the summer feminizing their hapless charge to the fullest extent possible. While he had been trained to walk, talk, speak, and act like a cute, sexy teenaged girl for the purpose of his disguise, and the bikini pageant, he was now being trained to behave as a girl not just for a summer, but for a whole school year... With a school full of peers!

Aunt Kat and his mother poured out all kinds of information Carl once would have loved to get his hands on, the secrets of femininity. The keys to knowing how women truly thought. Except now, he was expected to use this knowledge to be a convincing teenaged girl! He was taught bathroom etiquette, always to sitting to pee (obviously) and wiping to avoid suspicion, never going to the washroom alone, and how to discretely discuss that particular 'time of month' so he wouldn't be caught out as never having had a period. They also loaded him down with tips on how to greet girlfriends, talk about clothing, shop, put



together outfits, and giggle over boys. To facilitate all this, he was only allowed to read fashion magazines and articles from *Cosmo* or *Seventeen* about flirting and makeup.

Since Carl's mother, still dealing with the aftermath of the custody decision and the move to Florida, was busy with financial concerns and finding a job, it was Aunt Kat who once again took the lead in transforming perfecting 'Candi.' His makeup lessons continued, and Carl became even more skilled at picking out colors to compliment his outfits and skin tone, depending on time of day. His strict skin-care regimen continued to help him develop his soft, smooth complexion, and he was still expected at the gym every morning, where a legion of male admirers enjoyed drooling over his bouncing beauties and incredibly tight, figure-revealing yoga pants.

Carl hated, detested and despised his new status as a sex object, but no matter how he begged and pleaded, Aunt Kat would only let him dress in the most feminine, revealing styles. She pointed out, over and over again, that the most sure-fire way to ensure he was accepted as 100% girl was to be as feminine as possible. That meant he was decked out day after day in only the silkiest, frilliest lingerie, and skirts or dresses were the only options. That meant 'Candi' was still being presented to the world as a complete and utter girly-girl. With his pretty face, slender curves, and stylish, sexy outfits, not to mention the D-cups quivering in the cups of his lacy bras and proudly displayed by his low-cut tops, he was now a walking boy-magnet wherever Carl sashayed in his heels!



As Aunt Kat had made him promise, the day before school started Carl reluctantly called Miranda, his ex-girlfriend, to invite her over. He bit his lip as he dialed her number with his long, glittery pink nails, anguishing over another encounter with her.

On a previous trip to Miami, Carl had a summer fling with her, but ended up breaking up with her to find a more 'well-developed' girlfriend. Having a girlfriend with great rack was the minimum, as far as his ego was concerned.

Then, just weeks ago, he had the terrible luck of running into her while shopping for new lingerie to accommodate his big new boobs. What were the chances that he would end up being measured for luxurious D-cup bras by that very same ex two years later while disguised as 'Candi'? He still blushed with embarrassment remembering how she had oohed and aahed over his gorgeous new breasts and giggled at his sensitivity as she drew the measuring tape taut across his nipples. Things had only gotten worse from there, as she managed to put two and two together and realized she was helping her ex-boyfriend buy lingerie. The humiliation was intolerable. Then, in some sort of sense of revenge, she had proceeded to set him up on a double date with a football-

playing lady-killing stud – who also happened to be his best friend's older brother from back home! What a truly horrible summer it had been.

Despite all that, as Aunt Kat said, Miranda was now his only confidant...

"Hello?" Miranda's voice chirped.

"Hi, it's, um, it's Candi," Carl stammered, remembering how he had once called her up for dates, and now he was calling her up for fashion advice. "I was wondering if you would like to come over in the morning to help me pick something out to wear? You know, for the first day of school?"

"Of course, girly!" Miranda exclaimed happily. "You must be so nervous and excited all at once, aren't you? Finally you get to be one of the girls!"

"I don't *want* to be one of the girls," Carl sighed anxiously. "It's like I keep telling you, Miranda, I have to keep up this silly charade until I turn eighteen and get my hands on the inheritance..."

"Uh-huh, sure, whatever, Candi," Miranda laughed. "Just like you *have* to wax your pretty legs, wear frilly lingerie, strut your stuff in sexy high heels..."

"I do!" Carl squeaked in protest. "My Aunt Kat makes me, and now that my mom's here, they're even worse! I can't even remember the last time I wore pants!"

"Well, this way you get to show off your sexy legs," Miranda giggled. "It would be a crime to cover those up! It's funny, I used to day-dream about Carl moving to Florida for good so we could go to school together – but I never, ever imagined you'd be competition!"

"Competition?" Carl asked, confused.

"For boys, Candi," Miranda sighed. "Honestly, you're such a ditz, sometimes. Every guy in school is going to want a piece of you! Come on, you really think the hot new blonde on the block isn't going to attract a bit of attention? Especially since you won Miss Boardwalk Beauty right under that bitchy Amber girl's nose. I'd bet you anything the boys are already placing bets on who can get into your panties first!"

Carl gulped fearfully as he realized exactly what the year was going to hold for him. Wearing these awful clothes and comporting himself as a feminine, dainty girl was one thing, but dealing with the attentions of lecherous boys still terrified him like nothing else. And Amber was going to the same school...

"Candi? Are you still there?" Miranda asked quizzically.

"Oh, yes," Carl squeaked. "Um, I'll see you tomorrow morning, then?"

"That's right," Miranda assured him. "We're going to make sure you make a splash on your first day, don't worry!"

"Great," Carl said weakly. "Bye." He hung up the phone with a deep feeling of dread in his stomach. He had almost managed to forget all about Amber Sweet,

the girl who seemed to despise him for no reason whatsoever.. Well, perhaps because her boyfriend Tom kept making advances on the cute blonde he knew only as 'Candi.' Not only would he have to deal with horny boys, but also a girl who would love nothing more than to discover Carl's little secret and ruin everything he and his aunt had worked so hard to maintain. This was definitely not how he'd pictured his senior year!

Sighing, Carl minced over to the wall where he had hung up a large calendar (filled with puppies and kittens – his mom's selection, of course). His birthday was on June 10th, and that meant he had to survive ten whole months before the inheritance was his. Carl looked at the first day of school, circled as September 5th, and grimaced. Ten months. Could he make it? What was that quote... "the journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step..."

"Well, whoever said that wasn't wearing stilettos," Carl muttered.

## SEPTEMBER

On Monday morning, Carl got up extra early to give himself plenty of time to prepare. He couldn't help but think wistfully, as he ran a dainty little pink disposable razor up his smooth calves with practiced strokes, how it had once taken him all of ten minutes to throw on a shirt, jeans, and run a comb through his hair before heading off to school. Now, between hair, makeup, jewelry, and clothing, it felt like he spent practically half his life in front of his vanity mirror! He was still blow-drying his long blonde hair, clad only in his towel, when Miranda came in, beaming.

"Hey, girly," she chirped. "Oh my god, you're still not dressed? Someone spends a little too much time admiring themselves in the mirror!"

"I'm still not used to having long hair," Carl said lamely. "It takes so much longer to dry!"

"Well, you keep doing that and do your makeup while I find you something to wear," Miranda said decisively. "Ooh, your mom already bought your school supplies?" she asked, pointing to the bed where an assortment of pink notebooks were lying.

"Oh, yes," Carl said anxiously, combing out his blonde tresses with smoothly practiced motions. "But she didn't get me a backpack to put everything in..." He set down his comb and began doing his makeup smoothly and efficiently, expertly blending his little powders.

"Oh, Candi," Miranda giggled. "You're so lucky I'm here for you. No fashion-conscious girl lugs a backpack around. You can keep some pens and things in your purse, and as for the books...well, what do you think guys are for, silly?" She smiled teasingly. Carl blushed, fluttering his lashes as he worked to even out his mascara.

"I can carry my own books!" he protested cutely, observing the effect in the mirror. He added a tiny bit of pencil to his manicured brows, then a hint of blush to his cheeks and a pink gloss to his lips.

"Trust me, Candi, you won't have to," Miranda smiled. "I love your room, by the way! So girly!"

"It came that way," Carl sighed nervously, finishing off his makeup and going to his dresser to rummage for lingerie. "I'm not going to ask a boy to carry my books, Miranda!"

"You say that now, but just wait until some big strong hunk asks you," Miranda giggled. "We all know your type, Candi, face it. Especially since that little video!"

"People aren't still talking about that, are they?" Carl asked miserably, blushing. The candid video, which had been recorded on someone's cellular phone, was titled "Miss Boardwalk surprised by sweetheart backstage," and it showed Jason taking him in his strong arms, leaning him back, and kissing him deeply, right in front of Carl's stunned father.

"Let's just say you're going to be quite the popular item with the guys at school," Miranda said sweetly. "Have the people from Radiance Suntan Lotion called you? Are they going to use the photos from your little shoot?"

"I don't know yet," Carl admitted, picking out a lacy black demi-bra with underwire support and matching little black panties. "Could you, um, turn around?" he asked, flushing.

"Why ever would I do that?" Miranda asked. "We've seen each other nude before, Candi, and I've definitely seen those big boobs of yours when I was measuring you for all your gorgeous new lingerie, remember?"

"I remember," Carl squeaked, thinking back to the particularly humiliating episode in the lingerie boutique. He had certainly never imagined he would be getting naked with his ex-girlfriend again under these particular circumstances... Realizing she wasn't going to budge, Carl divested himself of his towel and struggled into his gaff as quickly as possible while Miranda watched with healthy curiosity. He hoped she couldn't tell how small and withered his manhood had become thanks to the powerful female hormones pumped into his buttocks each week.

"Ooh, this is such a cute little skirt," Miranda cooed, holding up a tiny white pleated mini. "It will really show off those sexy legs you're so proud of!" Carl blushed. He was the furthest thing from proud of his feminine appearance, but it was hard to argue with her when he was currently rubbing a little bit of extra moisturizer onto his soft skin. He was expect to ply himself with creams daily to make sure his complexion stayed clear and baby-smooth... His mom and his aunt were always reminding him that no guy wanted to run his hands up dry, flaky legs – he needed to be soft and touchable!

"That's the one that always tries to flip up!" Carl protested, seeing her selection.

"Then you'll just have to be extra careful, girly," Miranda smiled. "Here, put it on. And this top, it's going to look so good on you."

"Okay," Carl sighed, absent-mindedly adjusting the clasps of his bra. "I guess you know better than I do..." He obediently wriggled into the tiny little mini and then the hot pink stretchy top, as well. It had three-quarter length sleeves and hugged his curves like a glove, while the scooped neckline gave a generous view of Carl's cleavage. The skirt swirled flirtatiously around his thighs as he minced back to his closet to find a pair of matching open-toed heels.

“Looking good, girly,” Miranda smiled, as he smoothed his miniskirt and turned in a dainty circle for her inspection. “Let me just make a few touch-ups to your makeup.” Carl obediently pursed his lips while she applied a liberal coating of a sparklier gloss, then an extra coating of coal black mascara and liquid eyeliner. She also mussed his carefully-styled hair a little. Then, to his surprise, she leaned forward and undid another button on his top, revealing an enticing hint of his lacy black bra to the world. He blushed bright red as her hands moved his boobs around, then pulled back.

“People will be able to see my bra!” he whined.

“Barely,” Miranda scoffed. “And besides, if you’ve got it, flaunt it – and you definitely have it, honey! There’s nothing wrong with dressing a little sexy for the first day of school.” Carl flushed. “In fact,” Miranda mused. “Hmm... Yeah, let me fix this for you...” She grasped the band of Carl’s miniskirt and folded it down twice, leaving a teasing strip of skin exposed of his hips and midriff. “Very sexy,” Miranda smiled. “You’ll agree when you look in the mirror!”

Carl minced over to the full-length mirror, hips swaying appealingly from side to side. He looked dejectedly at his reflection. With the tiny skirt showing off his sexy legs and the clingy top, there wasn’t a single boy in the school who wasn’t going to be checking him out! His bountiful breasts, nestled in the push-up bra and thrust up and together to form perfect cleavage, were practically spilling out, and the tiny hint of black lace was almost unbearably provocative. The teasing tanned strip of toned midriff, thanks to Miranda’s adjustment, would be moving up and down enticingly with every step he took. With his slutty outfit, fluffed hair, pouty lips coated in glistening pink gloss and eyes accented by thick black mascara, he definitely appeared to be a girl who knew how good she looked and enjoyed flaunting it.

“You are one foxy little blonde,” Miranda smiled, satisfied. “The boys will really be drooling, don’t you think?”

“But I...” Carl stared helplessly at his sexy, feminine reflection. “Isn’t there a dress code or something?” he whispered anxiously.

“Not one that anybody pays attention to,” Miranda said casually. “Besides, it’s worth it. You have to make a splash on your first day, girly.”

“I can’t believe I’m really doing this,” Carl moaned, looking at his reflection and being struck yet again by the realization that he had an entire school year ahead of him. Could he really last this long? Could he really remain undetected as a boy? And what kind of things would he have to do to maintain his charade? He blushed, remembering his lips wrapped around Jason’s throbbing manhood. *Anything but that!*

“Isn’t it so exciting?” Miranda squealed. “You finally get to show everyone the real you! The flirty, feminine, sexy little blonde you were meant to be all along. I know you’re just going to be great!”

"I'm so nervous, though!" Carl said miserably, picking up his notebooks and clutching them to his chest as if they might shield him from the lustful gazes of his male classmates, which he was sure to be experiencing quite soon.

"Just stick with me and do what I tell you, and everything will work out great," Miranda said confidently. "And don't be afraid to act a little ditzy. People might think you're a bit of an airhead, and from what I can guess, you were never that smart in class, so play it up a little. Guys love a cute confused blonde, believe me."

"Okay," Carl sighed. "Aunt Kat offered to give us both a ride to school..."

"I know, she let me in," Miranda laughed. "She must be waiting in the car by now. Come on!"

This was all for his disguise, Carl told himself. It was all for the inheritance, and that made it worth it, he kept telling himself.



Aunt Kat and Miranda chattered happily the whole drive, leaving Carl to squirm in anxious silence and check and re-check his hair and makeup. As they finally pulled up to his new school, the Polytechnic High School, a big and expensive-looking building of bricks and glass, he couldn't help but think of how very different everything could have been if he hadn't come to Florida or agreed to his aunt's ridiculous idea of disguising him as a girl...

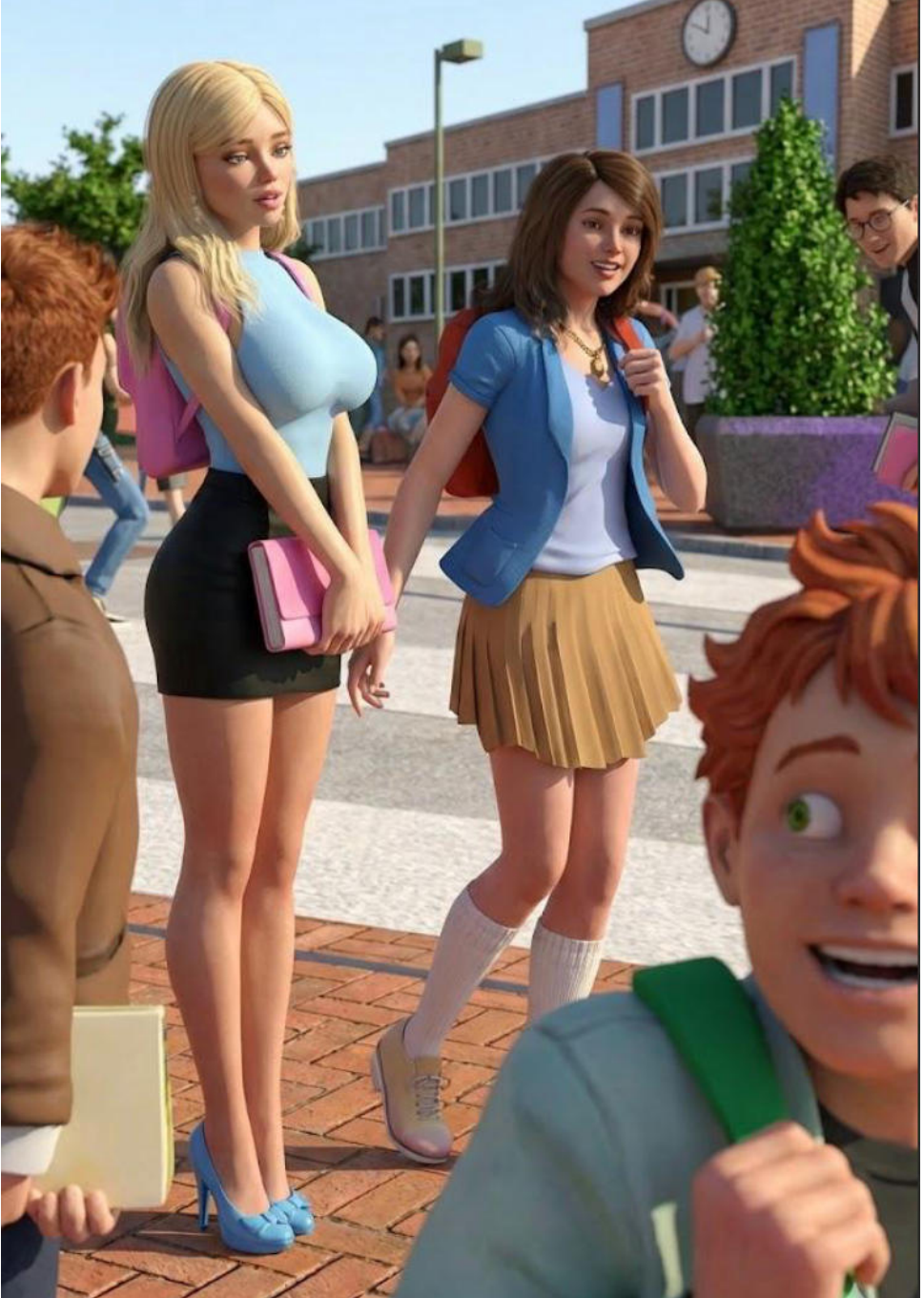
For one thing, he would be showing up to his old high school in Maine with all his buddies, wearing a new pair of sneakers, maybe, but certainly not dainty four-inch stilettos. He would be laughing and joking with his buddy Brad, eager to check out girls and try out for the sports teams, instead of being given a pep-talk by his ex-girlfriend and aunt on how to act feminine and demure at all times! He would have been ruling the school as a popular, athletic senior, but now he was utterly terrified, attending a brand new institution as a hot blonde bimbo named 'Candi!'

Brad had been confused and disappointed to hear that his best friend was staying in Florida for the following year, but over the course of several emails and a brief phone call in which Carl pretended to have a head-cold in order to excuse his habitual high soprano voice, he had managed to convince him that there was no changing his mom's mind. Carl would absolutely die of humiliation if his best friend knew how utterly feminized he had become, from his big bouncing D-cups to his sexy feminine strut. Once he got his inheritance and went back to boyhood, however, he would be able to move back to Maine with nobody the wiser...he hoped.

Miranda asked Aunt Kat to pull up right in front of the main entrance, now swarming with kids. Carl was suddenly paralyzed. The moment he stepped out

of this car, he was no longer Carl – he was going to have to be Candi Wethers, one-hundred percent, because only one other person in the entire school knew he was really a boy!

“Let’s go, Candi,” Miranda giggled. “Time to knock ‘em dead.” Carl got gracefully out of the car and instantly felt as if all eyes were on them – and to be



honest, he was pretty much correct. The appearance of a gorgeous busty blonde, dressed to kill, who nobody had ever seen before, was enough to turn an awful lot of heads in the direction of her flirty miniskirt and her bountiful breasts proudly displayed at the top of a stretchy pink top, not to mention the seductive swivel of her hips as she was walking gracefully in heels beyond her years. It was no wonder that the males on campus had immediately developed jaw disorders.

"I told you you would be a hit," Miranda giggled, as a passing boy wolf-whistled loudly.

"I'm rolling my skirt back up," Carl said, blushing as he went to make himself more modest. Miranda slapped his hand away.

"Oh, no, you don't," she smiled. "It's the style, Candi. See?" She pointed out a passing girl and Carl noticed that she had her skirt similarly low on her hips, although it wasn't half as short and her top was nowhere near as low-cut! "And besides," Miranda continued. "I seem to remember a horny boy named Carl loving it when I showed off a little midriff, so I think it's only fitting that you get to put it on display for all the boys, don't you think?" She smiled sweetly and Carl could only nod miserably in submission. Just then, a tall boy wearing a leather jacket smoothly intercepted them.

"Hey, there, Miranda," he said, grinning charmingly. "Who's your friend? I think you must be new here. I try to keep track of all the cute girls." Carl blushed.

"This is Candi," Miranda smiled. "She used to be my good friend a few years ago. We were really, really close." She giggled, and Carl knew exactly how 'close' she meant. He smiled weakly as the boy, who introduced himself as Joe, took his much smaller hand in his.

"Pleasure's all mine," Joe said suavely. "How about I hold those for you?" He pointed down to Carl's chest and the hapless feminized boy gasped, face turning pink. "Your books," Joe clarified.

"Oh!" Carl squeaked. "I thought you meant... Oh!" He blushed even more deeply, reluctantly handing over his books.

"You thought I was asking to cop a feel?" Joe chuckled. "Well, I wouldn't say no to that, either."

"Joe!" Miranda exclaimed, playfully slapping him on the shoulder while simultaneously giving Carl an 'I told you so' look – he was already having guys offer to carry his books! "You have to excuse Candi, she's such a ditz sometimes," Miranda continued. "Especially when she's around cute guys, isn't that right, Candi?"

"I'm not a ditz!" Carl protested weakly, knowing that he looked like a complete blonde bimbo and now was acting like one, too.

"I'm sure you make up for it with other talents, gorgeous," Joe said suavely. "And after all, blondes have more fun, don't they?"

"I had it bleached," Carl said, blushing as the three of them began to walk. He focused on managing his stiletto heels and ensuring his skirt didn't flip up, and was grateful to not have to lug his books around as well.

"Then you like to have fun," Joe said, winking at him. Carl knew exactly what kind of 'fun' Joe had in mind! He would have once been having the same lustful thoughts himself upon meeting a gorgeous stacked blonde in a slutty skirt and top, not to mention the sky-high heels and seductive makeup. He looked desperately to Miranda for help, but his ex-girlfriend only smiled, delighted at 'Candi's little predicament. It was quite something to see her former boyfriend now squirming under the attentions of horny young men, breasts jiggling enticingly and heels clicking alluringly with every gyrating step. She couldn't believe how much he'd changed and how thoroughly feminine he had become!

"Since you're new, I'd love to show you around," Joe continued. "Help you get adjusted and everything." His leering look made it obvious that he would love to 'adjust' Carl's clothing right off! As they walked towards the cafeteria, Carl noticed most of the guys looking wistful, as if they hadn't expected anything else, and that the girls were giving his revealing outfit catty, spiteful looks. Carl gave Miranda another pleading look and his ex-girlfriend finally relented.

"Oh, I think I'll be able to show her around, Joe," Miranda said, rolling her eyes. "Look, they're handing out our schedules. We'd better head over!" Joe reluctantly handed Carl's books back, eyes still roving lustfully up and down, and Carl squeaked out a thank-you before hurrying away with Miranda, hips swishing appealingly from side to side as Joe stopped to enjoy the view.

"Thank you," Carl sighed. "He just wouldn't stop touching me!"

"Well, with the way you were flirting, it's no wonder," Miranda said matter-of-factly. "Acting all coy and demure like that... You seem to really know what gets a guy like him going! But I want you to be careful around him, okay? He's a bit of a player, and he always gets what he wants. Some of the girls say that he's a little *too* aggressive, if you get my drift, even if he's incredibly handsome. You don't want to just be another notch in his bedpost, okay? Trust me."

"I wasn't flirting!" Carl protested, tugging at his top to cover up his midriff, but only succeeding in exposing even more of his lacy black bra. Of course, who should show up at that moment but non other than Amber Sweet. The girl arrived on the scene just in time to see 'Candi' apparently trying to tug her low-cut top even lower.

"Aren't you showing off enough of your boobs already?" she asked with a cold smile. "I know you're trying to get your daddy's money's worth, but really..."

"Candi! Hey!" Said Tom, Amber's very handsome boyfriend. He arrived a split second behind her, wrapping his arm around her waist – even as he gave Carl's

cute little outfit a hungry up-and-down look, lingering, as everyone did, on the extremely low cut of his top and his perfect cleavage. "I was pretty fired up to hear you were coming to our school this year," he grinned. "Our volleyball team needs the help!" Carl blushed furiously, knowing he was referencing his disastrous attempt to play beach volleyball over the summer. Only a week after getting his boobs done, he had been hopelessly uncoordinated and they had gotten in the way constantly, but the male members of both teams had been far too enthralled watching him jiggle and pout to even think about the score.

"I don't think Candi is trying out for that," Miranda giggled. "She thinks sports are a little too complicated for her." Carl's cheeks turned even pinker. He'd only said that trying to keep a very horny football star from inviting him to a game! Only a few months ago, he'd been a very capable athlete, but now, as 'Candi'...

"Oh? Then, are you trying out for cheerleading with Miranda?" Amber asked imperiously, one eyebrow raised haughtily. "Because just having a friend on the squad isn't going to get you on. Now that Amanda's graduated, we all know who the head cheerleader is going to be, and I'm only going to allow the very best girls on the squad."

That was a challenge to Miranda, one she couldn't let pass. "As a matter of fact, Candi is a fantastic cheerleader," Miranda said cattily, looping arms with Carl. "I'm really excited to have her try out for the squad! And the coach decides who the head cheerleader is, unless I'm mistaken."

"We'll see about that," Amber said coldly, glaring daggers at Carl and unconsciously gripping her boyfriend's arm tighter. "Come on, baby. Let's go."

"Congratulations on winning the Miss Boardwalk pageant again!" Miranda said sweetly, unable to resist one parting shot at Amber. "That's four running, isn't it? Oh, wait... You didn't win! Candi did!" Amber gave a little gasp of indignation and practically dragged Tom away, fuming.

"See you around, Candi!" Tom said, waving. Carl winced and wiggled his fingers cutely in a small return wave. He tugged nervously at his skirt as they approached the line-ups for schedules.

"Why did you say that?" Carl whispered furiously. "I'm not trying out for the cheerleading squad!"

"I guess I just wanted to get under her skin a little," Miranda said sheepishly. "She's just been unbearable ever since you won Miss Boardwalk, you know. But you can't back out now, or she'll think she owns you, girly."

"What do you mean?" Carl asked, confused.

"If she knows she can intimidate you, she's going to make your life hell, Candi," Miranda said matter-of-factly. "She's that kind of girl, as you well know. Don't worry, though, I'll make sure you get on the squad."

“But I... I don’t want to be a ch... ch... cheerleader,” Carl stammered, blushing.

“Why ever not?” Miranda asked quizzically. “Don’t you want to be popular? Or are you worried about the tryout being too hard?” She smiled comfortingly. “Don’t worry, Candi, she’s full of hot air. Only a few of the girls actually have much gymnastic experience. Mostly we just need girls who can look cute and sexy for the football players, and I know you can do that! You’ll be just perfect, don’t worry.”

“Miranda, I’m not trying out for the cheerleading squad!” Carl exclaimed. Didn’t she understand how totally humiliating that would be? Going from being an athlete on the field to being a silly little bimbo jumping around on the sidelines, waving pom-poms and shaking his boobs, cheering on the real boys who he could no longer possibly compete with?

“Well, don’t decide right now,” Miranda said. “We’ll talk more about it later, okay? Here, come get your schedule. What are you taking this year?”

“I, I’m not sure,” Carl admitted, looking away shyly as yet another guy whistled at him. He wished he hadn’t let Miranda bully him into wearing this skirt, it always gave him so much trouble... “Um, I just let my mom pick out the courses, because I didn’t want to have to come in and speak with the counselor, or whatever,” he squeaked.

“Well, let’s find out what we have together,” Miranda said brightly. They were now at the registration office, where schedules were being handed out. Carl nearly went to the wrong line – he had been about to go for the H section, for “Hutchens,” until he remembered that officially, his last name was now “Wethers.” The lady at the desk handed him a pink sheet of paper.

“Wait a second, this can’t be mine!” Carl exclaimed, staring down at the courses.

“Are you Candi Wethers?” the lady asked.

“Yes, but these classes are...” Carl began.

“Talk to the guidance counselor about changing classes,” the lady said wearily. “Next!” Carl minced dejectedly away, staring down at his schedule. Along with the basic math, english, and history classes, his electives were home economics, fashion, cosmetology, and hairdressing!

“What do you have first period?” Miranda chirped, waving her own schedule.

“English, but I don’t want to take all these courses,” Carl said weakly, pointing to the paper. “Hairdressing? Fashion?”

“Then I guess you should have picked them out for yourself,” Miranda said. “Ooh, we have Home Ec together, too! Fun!”

“Fun,” Carl echoed miserably. He sighed. Not only was he stuck as a girl all year, but he was once again the girliest, most feminine girl imaginable. Cosmetology! Really!

“Let’s go get freshened up, and then I’ll introduce you to everybody,” Miranda said, checking her phone. “My friends are all in the cafeteria. Don’t worry, I’m sure they’ll like you, although a few might be a bit jealous of how pretty you are... and your boobs... and the way every boy in school wants to get their hands on them.” Blushing, Carl followed after Miranda towards the bathrooms. Without thinking, he nearly entered the men’s room before she caught him by the wrist.

“Old habits die hard, huh?” Miranda suggested, wrinkling her nose. “That was close!”

“I was distracted,” Carl sighed nervously, following her into the ‘correct’ bathroom. He was glad to finally be hidden from the lustful stares of horny teen guys, so he took his time redoing his lip gloss, fluffing out his hair, and adjusting his cleavage in the mirror. How could he blame them for staring? ‘Candi’ was utterly gorgeous, and the way she dressed made it clear she liked the attention! Carl blushed, staring miserably at his feminine reflection. He never once would have guessed his senior year of school would be spent in miniskirts and high heels as a sexy blonde co-ed. And he hadn’t even made it to his first class yet...



After being introduced to all of Miranda’s friends, most of whom were on the cheerleading squad, Carl and Miranda headed towards their first English class. He had never been very good at English, but it was nearly impossible for him to concentrate now with his tiny pleated miniskirt constantly riding up, boys ogling him, and having to look past his own cleavage whenever he looked down at his pink notebook. It was no wonder all the boys in the class were equally distracted! Carl desperately wished he could sink into the floor and disappear, but his feminine training ensured that he spent the class crossing and uncrossing his legs, playing with his hair, and engaging in other feminine mannerisms. Not a single guy sitting behind them learned anything – they were much too busy checking out the new hottie!

The next class, arithmetic, passed in much the same manner. Carl was feeling totally overwhelmed, swamped by eager guys asking to carry his books or telling him they’d watched the Boardwalk Beauty pageant and thought he was the most beautiful girl they’d ever seen, and nearly all of them trying to get his phone number. He couldn’t think of excuses fast enough, and ended up letting several guys punch it into their phones with suave grins, thinking they were

making progress with the hottest new girl in school. Someone even groped his buttocks in the hallway, but he couldn't see who the perpetrator had been.

By the time he had found his new locker and lunch had rolled around, Miranda arrived to rescue him from the amorous attentions of yet another young man eager to date 'Candi.' He ended up eating with her and her friends, which meant sitting at a table in the very center of the cafeteria where athletes were free to come by and flirt with the girls. Once Carl would have been ecstatic to be sitting with a collection of beautiful teenaged girls, but not now that he was one of them! All they could seem to talk about were the upcoming cheerleading tryouts, and which boys were cutest. Everyone seemed to agree it was Tom!

"Plus he's the captain of the basketball team," Miranda added.

"It's too bad he's dating such a bee eye tee see H," one of the girls said. "He deserves a nice sweet girl...Don't you think so, Candi?" She gave Carl a sly smile.

"W... What do you mean?" he stammered.

"Isn't it obvious?" Miranda giggled. "We all know you keep flirting with him, girly. And the way he looks at you, I think he's definitely ready to upgrade."

"Don't you think he's handsome?" another girl demanded. Carl blushed furiously.

"Um, yes?" he squeaked. He had to give the answer they expected to hear. "He's... He's really cute..."

"I knew it!" she smiled triumphantly.

"Someone has a crush," Miranda teased, mistaking his embarrassment for attraction. Fortunately lunch ended before they could make much more of it, meaning it was time for fashion class. Carl could only sit and listen in dismay as the teacher outlined the course. They would be studying fabric, clothes, and how to model them! This was what he was going to be doing for the next year?

Carl still couldn't get used to the way guys were ogling him in the hallways. He had once been one of them, strutting around like he owned the school and checking out all the hot girls, especially in short skirts and low cut tops, but now the high heel was on the other foot and he was experiencing exactly how it felt to be lustfully looked over at every opportunity. The way his heels clicked on the linoleum immediately drew attention – not many of the girls went through the trouble of wearing high heels to school, and the male population certainly seemed to appreciate the sexy wobble it lent to his hips and bottom. The day seemed to last forever, and Carl had never been more relieved to see his mom waiting for him outside in Aunt Kat's car.

"Tell her I said hi," Miranda instructed. "And tell her about the cheerleading tryouts!"

"Look, I'm not going to be a cheerleader," Carl said forcefully for what seemed to be the hundredth time, though his high girlish voice didn't lend him much credibility. "I just don't want to!"

"It's going to be fun, and you're going to make friends," Miranda said firmly. "Come on, don't tell me you always dreamed of being a wallflower in high school. I can tell by the way you dress and the way you wiggle that you love the attention, girly, so quit trying to deny it." She paused, mulling something over in her mind, then broke into a smile. "Well, if you don't want to go out for cheerleading, how about a sports team? The girls' soccer team has tryouts tomorrow after school."

"Soccer? That's barely a real sport," Carl scoffed, adjusting his miniskirt. "Especially girls' soccer!"

"Then it should be easy for you to make the team, right?" Miranda probed.

"Probably," Carl said, sighing as he wondered if playing girls' soccer was better than playing no sports at all. At least he would be able to recoup a tiny bit of pride...

"Okay, so how about a bet?" Miranda asked slyly. "If you make the soccer team, great! But if you don't, you have to come to cheerleading tryouts with me. Not only that, but you will be the perkiest, sexiest little blonde on the squad, understand?" Carl relaxed slightly. This was her bet? He had never played a whole lot of soccer, but he was certain he was good enough to make the girl's team. "Well?" Miranda asked impatiently. Carl looked over and saw his mom waving to him.

"Okay, it's a deal," Carl sighed. "If it gets you to stop pestering me!"

"Oh, shut up," Miranda giggled. "Bye now!" She leaned forward to exchange pecks on the cheek, and Carl blushed to feel his breasts brushing up against hers. Now the only way he would ever be kissing his ex-girlfriend was as *girl-friends*! He waved goodbye and hurried to the car, books clutched to his chest, and managed to slide inside before Tom or Joe or any other guys could intercept him to offer him a ride home.

"Well, how was the first day?" his mom asked.

"I can't do this for a whole year," Carl moaned. "I just can't. The way the guys are all staring at me..." He blushed furiously.

"Can you blame them?" his mom chuckled. "Candi, dear, you're a knock-out. As a pretty girl, you simply have to get used to the attentions of men. In fact, before long I'm sure you'll start to enjoy them. And I certainly didn't make you wear that adorable outfit for your first day! What did you expect, flaunting your body that way? It seems strange to say it, but I think you have a lot to learn about boys, dear."

“But I don’t like boys,” Carl said miserably. “I certainly don’t want to date one! I’m still a boy, remember?”

“Not from what I or anyone else can see,” his mom said. “But I’m not going to pressure you into anything, dear. Now, tell me about your first day! Are you joining any clubs? Teams?”

“I’m trying out for the girls’ soccer team tomorrow,” Carl said, blushing.

“Really?” his mom asked skeptically. “I really don’t think that’s you, Candi. Wouldn’t you have more fun on the cheerleading squad? Besides, you’ve never liked soccer that much.”

“I’m not going to be a cheerleader!” Carl protested. “Why does everyone keep suggesting that?”

“Because you look the part, dear,” his mom smiled. “I think you would just be adorable dancing around with your pom-poms waving. Although I’d worry about the poor boys all being distracted from the game. Now, let’s get you home. Your aunt and I want us girls to all go out for supper tonight, to celebrate your first day of school, and you’ll need something nice to wear...”

*From the Casebook of Harold Pennyworth, P.I.*

*Notes on Case #241-B: The Whereabouts of Carl Hutchens.*

*Sept. 1: I got into town and set up operations while I'm checking things out. Luckily, a buddy of mine needed a house-sitter, so I'm it. Not too far from the beach, and, incidentally, not too far from Katherine Wethers' house, either. With the free room and board and a pantry chock full of cans, I can concentrate on digging up the dirt on the Wethers sisters and their missing kid... and if my hunch is right, it could take a while.*

*On the morning of 2 Sept, the weather was warm, go figure, so I thought I would take a drive in my rented car down to Katherine Wethers' neighborhood and walk around a bit, as sort of a first reconnaissance. Get the lay of the land. Maybe catch a glimpse of Carl and his mom, too, since I assumed they were living with her. Unfortunately, it seemed Katherine had dinner plans, because she was leaving right when I pulled in across the street to watch. The private eye's best friend, a trusty pair of binoculars had always served me well. I focused in on the driveway to Katherine Wether's house.*

*I knew from the pictures I had tracked down on Facebook that Carl's mom was one hot skirt, despite her age, so I should have guessed that her little sister would be more of the same. Katherine Wethers and her sister were both coming out of the house, all dolled up in classic LBD fashion, which is Little Black Dress, of course. Both were smoking hot. Carl was nowhere to be seen, so he was obviously not invited, but as the two dames got into the car a blonde-haired third member of their party came shimmying out of the house, still scrambling for her purse. From what I could see, she was a hell of a looker, too. It wouldn't surprise me if she was a cousin or other relation. Note: check records for any Wethers family members 16-17-18 years of age, female, blonde, 5'7", 110 lbs.*

*I watched the three females get into the car, distracted enough by their collective beauty that I almost forgot to put down the binoculars as I trailed them in the car. Though I was here to find out about Carl, I would only be able to do that through his Aunt and his mother, and maybe through this mystery girl. It might also be that the blonde there could also be Carl's girlfriend, but I don't think he's anywhere close to being in her league.*

*These ladies have some expensive taste. They drove to one of the nicest restaurants in town, and I had little choice but to try and follow them inside. I parked and watched them wiggle their way inside – the little blondie in particular had a nice little sway to her ass – and waited a few minutes before going inside, so as to not seem suspicious. The staff gave me crap about not being dressed and not having a reservation, so I slipped them a twenty, which got me a table in the rear. I still had a hell of a good view. That sexy little blonde was a real knock-out. The other two looked gorgeous, of course, but the blonde was dressed in this shimmery little black number with one of those necklines so her*

tits were practically spilling out. Perfect cleavage, legs a mile long, long blonde hair and a face like an angel. She was as hot as any broad I've ever seen, with those big perfect tits and a dress that was nothing if not mature, but I could tell by the way she carried herself, a little shy, a little nervous, that she was at least relatively new to "the game," if you know what I mean, and that meant she was probably younger, sixteen or seventeen, tops. Practically jail-bait.

I got some idea of their conversation by discretely listening in, but I'll be honest,

I was more than a little distracted by the perfect view the blonde kept offering me of her tits whenever she bent forward with her fork. It was like this girl had never worn a low-cut top in her life or something. Their conversation centered around attending school, which served to verify the young girl's age. The rest was women talk. Nothing about Carl. I leaned back with my glass of water and complementary bread, still trying to piece together the blonde's identity. Maybe a friend's daughter? I vowed to find out... For the sake of the case, of course.

One thing I did manage to learn: either Katherine and her sister were having an in-depth discussion about the little dinner mints – or the mystery girl's name was Candy. Cute.



Carl's second day of school as 'Candi' passed in much the same way as the first, although he was displeased to discover that Tom was in his math class, and took full advantage of the opportunity away from Amber's prying eyes to sit right next to him and hit on him all class, under the guise of helping him with the problems. Everyone seemed to assume that Carl was a total airhead, but since he had never been very good with math, he wasn't doing himself any favors in that department. As far as his peers were concerned, he was a blonde bimbo who got by on a pretty face, killer body, and big boobs! At least he would be able to get a tiny bit of pride back by making the girls' soccer team and telling Miranda that cheerleading was out of the question...

Even though he knew he would make the team, Carl still couldn't help but be a little nervous as he waved goodbye to Miranda and a gaggle of her friends before making his way towards the girl's locker room. None of them were trying out, as they considered it to be a 'butch' sport. Carl paused anxiously at the door, hearing laughter and joking from within. It felt so wrong to be entering the girl's locker room after a lifetime of avoiding it... He swallowed deeply and pushed the door open with one manicured hand, mincing inside on his teetering stiletto sandals. It was full of girls in various stages of undress, most of them wearing either black sports bras or jerseys, and he was fully aware of the snide looks his backless halter top and white denim miniskirt were receiving, not to mention his high heels. Once again, he was far more femininely-attired than any real girls in the place! Blushing, Carl quickly found an empty space and began to change, trying not to meet anyone's eye.

"Just because you have shirtless posters of David Beckham on your wall doesn't mean you know how to play soccer," one of the girls said in a stage whisper. The others all laughed and Carl blushed even brighter, determined to show her a thing or two on the field. He might not have played much soccer, but he was still a boy, and he was utterly certain he would be able to shut them up with a goal or two. He had borrowed a pair of shorts from Aunt Kat, meaning they were very tight and short, and a pair of cleated shoes and shin guards from Miranda's little brother. They were almost like his baseball cleats, which was comforting as he laced them up. He didn't have a single top that would be appropriate for sports, and that meant replacing his lacy blue push-up bra with a hot pink sports bra and nothing else. His boobs felt like they were ready to spill out with the slightest provocation, but he knew from experience that the bra provided more support than it first appeared to. Finally, Carl combed his long blonde hair back into a high, feminine pony-tail, automatically letting a few strands fall free to prettily frame his face. The other girls gave him disdainful looks as they realized he was going without a shirt or jersey, but what other choice did he have? Face burning, Carl put his clothes into his bag and carried it out with him towards the field, since he did not yet have a gym locker.

On the field behind the school, a grumpy-looking man with a buzz cut was setting out bright orange cones for practice drills. Once everyone was assembled, he blew the whistle around his neck.

“Alright, girls, everyone in!” he barked. “Line up! The boys’ tryout is starting in one hour on the dot, so we don’t have the field for very long.” Carl jumped to attention with the other girls, stepping into line and wishing his boobs didn’t stick out so much further than anybody else’s. The coach walked up and down the line, handing out colored practice jerseys, and as he arrived at Carl his eyes widened slightly and he got a far-away smile on his face, one that Carl had seen many times before (heck, he’d once done it himself) and knew meant the coach was planning to enjoy the view. Carl blushed, grateful to be able to pull the shirt over his bra and cover up a bit more. The coach had them all give their names and jersey numbers, and then what followed was the most humiliating hour on a practice field of Carl’s young life.

It started with the warm-ups, where the coach had everyone jog around the field with occasional sprints in between. Usually it wouldn’t be a tall order, but poor Carl had long since given up on the treadmill in exchange for yoga classes and cross-trainer, and as he started to jog he remembered exactly why. His D-cup breasts bounced exuberantly with every step, 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. He remembered 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, and he was forced to run like a complete sissy! Between his restricted stride and the additional weight he was lugging around on his chest, he was sweating and sore not even halfway through, forced to stop to wipe the sweat trickling down his face and into his cleavage. He could see the other girls smirking at him as he readjusted his pony tail, still unused to the way it bobbed up and down with each step. The coach didn’t make any remark, but Carl could tell he was enjoying the sight of ‘Candi’s’ constantly jiggling breasts and sculpted buttocks in Aunt Kat’s tight white little shorts, no matter how hard he was trying to be professional. Carl blushed furiously as he hurried to catch up with the other girls. The drills would go better, he was sure!

The coach had them start doing skill evaluations, in which they dribbled balls through the cones he had set up, but here Carl made yet another frustrating discovery. With his out-thrust boobs in the way, there was simply no way he could keep his eye on the ball. He lost control of it practically every other step, trying desperately to peer over his rack while still keeping the ball close to his feet. The other girls seemed to be getting through the obstacle course with no problems at all, but Carl took practically twice as long as anybody else. His face was burning with embarrassment when he finally finished. Next were shooting and head-butt drills, both of which were perfectly disastrous. Carl couldn’t get

used to his new balance, with his girl-ish hips and heavy breasts, and it threw him off every time he tried to kick the ball or leap to hit it with his head.

When it finally came time for them to play a game, Carl was embarrassed and exhausted. Hardly anyone passed the ball to him, not trusting him to make a play without messing up, and the crowning moment of humiliation came when a flying ball struck him right on his left boob, making him gasp in pain.

“Ow!” Carl squealed involuntarily, clutching at his sensitive breast as the ball rolled on. He felt his eyes stinging with tears at the pain of it.

“How are you going to ever chest-trap the soccer ball if you start crying every time it touches you?” one girl on his team asked, exasperated at Carl’s poor performance. Carl blushed, mouth open in a small pink O of consternation, but was unable to come up with any excuse. A moment later, the coach called him over to the side line.

“Look, Candi, I really hate to discourage my girls, but this might not be the best sport for you,” the coach said awkwardly, rubbing the back of his head. “I can tell that you played a little soccer when you were younger, but, well, being an athlete just isn’t in the cards for everyone. Mother Nature doesn’t seem to want you being one, at least.” He gestured to Carl’s heaving rack with an expression of remorse. “I’m sorry, but you’re just not going to make the cut. I don’t see how your conditioning or coordination are going to improve much.



But if you like sports, why not go out for the cheerleading squad? I'm sure a pretty little thing like you would get taken on the spot, and that way you can still be involved in the school spirit, and I'm sure you have a boyfriend you want to cheer on, don't you?"

Carl's face blushed brilliant pink to the tips of his ears. He was being cut from the girls' soccer team before the tryout was even over! And much more, the coach thought he would be happier as a cheerleader in a skimpy uniform, jumping up and down on the sidelines and cheering for real boys.

"Chin up, Candi, okay?" the coach said kindly. "You'll feel better after you hit the showers and think things over – pretty girls like you don't like getting all sweaty and dirty, anyways, I know. Thanks for trying out!" Carl could only nod in abject misery before mincing over to the side-line to retrieve his bag. The other girls all exchanged knowing smiles as he passed. As he took his bag and marched back towards the school, he was trembling all over from humiliation. He couldn't believe it! He had once been a capable athlete at any sport he so desired, but now he was completely unable to play sports as he once had. 'Candi' was a pretty blonde bimbo and nothing more. The thought made his ears burn and his stomach feel sick to the very bottom. He had not only been robbed of his manhood, but everything he had once enjoyed so much as a boy.

As he crossed the field, he couldn't hold it in any longer, and began to sob girlishly until tears were streaming down his face. He couldn't decide which he hated more, the fact that he was cut or the fact that he was crying about it openly, just like a girl. Why was he so emotional now? Was it like his aunt and mom kept saying, that he was really meant to be a dainty, feminine girly-girl all along, and any success he might have had as a sports player was nothing but dumb luck?

Feeling more upset and confused than he ever had in his life, Carl strode right past a surprised-looking guy on his way into the locker room, setting down his bag on the bench. The other occupants were giving him shocked looks, but Carl was too upset to even register them as he pulled the practice jersey over his head and threw it angrily – it barely made it more than a foot before fluttering to the floor – and then shucking off his short-shorts as well. He was just beginning to remove his bra when a strangled noise of surprise brought him back to reality... He was completely surrounded by drooling teen guys, all preparing for their own soccer tryout.

"Holy crap!" one of them said faintly. "Keep going! Please!" The other boys were all nodding in dazed agreement, roving their eyes lustfully over Carl's exposed rack. Gasping, Carl picked up his bag and ran for the door, breasts bouncing with each step. When he was finally in the safety of the correct locker room, the girls', his face was burning with embarrassment. He couldn't believe he had gone into the wrong room out of habit – hadn't Miranda warned him about that? And now every guy on the soccer team had seen him topless! Carl



changed as quickly as he could, even though he knew his mom would hate for him to get any sweat stains on his pretty new top, reasoning that he could shower at home, and hopefully beat any of the boys out of the change room, as well. Feeling more miserable than he ever had in his life, Carl snuck out of the change room as quietly as he could in clicking four-inch stiletto heels.

After removing his makeup, showering, moisturizing, and getting ready for bed, Carl changed into the new lavender lingerie set his mom had recently made him purchase. He sighed as he observed his feminine reflection in the mirror, noting the way the underwire cups pushed his breasts together to make them look even larger, and he tried to remember what his life had been like

before boobs and bras and being a girl. If this was day two, he could hardly imagine he would survive the week!

Carl had done his best to put the disastrous try-out out of his mind by the next morning, but he was to get a very sharp reminder of what had transpired afterwards. Almost as soon as he was out of Aunt Kat's car, Miranda was there grabbing his arm and steering him towards the bathroom.

"What exactly happened yesterday in the locker room?" she demanded. "Candi, people are talking like crazy!"

"What?" Carl squeaked. "What are they saying?"

"Only that yesterday you went into the boys' locker room and did a strip-tease for the entire soccer team!" Miranda exclaimed. "And Amber says you were down on your knees ready to suck them off before you got caught!"

"Ready to *what*?" Carl stammered, going white as a sheet. "Miranda, that's totally a lie! I walked into the boys' locker room by accident and started to get changed before I realized..." Tears sprang into his eyes once more as he realized that Amber was determined to make him out as the school slut during his very first week of class. He should have known she would want revenge for beating her in the Miss Boardwalk Beauty pageant! "Miranda, you have to believe me," Carl begged, voice trembling. "I wasn't thinking and I walked into the wrong room, but I never did either of those things!"

"Oh, Candi," Miranda sighed, reaching forward to give him a comforting hug. "I believe you, girl, but nobody else is going to. Girls don't just accidentally walk into a room full of boys and start stripping their clothes off. I really thought by now you would be past making silly little mistakes like that."

"I was upset," Carl sighed nervously. "I... I didn't make the soccer team."

"Good!" Miranda exclaimed.

"Good?" Carl echoed feebly.

"Yes, good," Miranda repeated. "That means you're coming to cheerleading try-outs. Believe me, Candi, you're going to need it to help your reputation. When the girls see how nice and ditzy you are, they'll be a lot less likely to believe Amber's lies, and they might even be able to write it off as a blonde moment. Otherwise, people are definitely going to think the worst!"



"I'm not ditzzy!" Carl protested. Miranda only sighed.

"Maybe Carl wasn't, but Candi certainly is, and that's what people expect from a cute blonde," she explained. "So work it! I'm sure you've realized it certainly attracts the boys, and it will help the girls to see you as less of a threat at the same time."

"I'm not going to go acting like some bimbo just because Amber is telling lies about me..." Carl began, blushing red, but he was interrupted by the crackle of an intercom system microphone.

"Candi Wethers, to the principal's office, please!" came the voice of the school secretary. "Candi Wethers, to the principal's office!"

"Oh, no," Carl moaned softly. "Do you think it's about..?"

"Probably," Miranda said bracingly. "Don't worry, Candi. The principal may be a total prude, and his wife the student counselor is almost as bad, but he isn't too hard on kids. You'll be fine."

"I hope so," Carl murmured anxiously. He smoothed his flouncy little skirt and adjusted his top, then took a deep breath and walked with Miranda halfway to their class before splitting off towards the principal's office. He had been in trouble before with his buddy Brad, but he would never have imagined he would be sent there for supposedly giving the boys' soccer team a strip-tease! He knocked nervously on the principal's door.

"Come in!" came an imperious voice. Biting his lower lip anxiously, Carl minced inside, hands clasped daintily in front of him. The principal was a bald man, but when he caught sight of his ill-behaved student he ran his hand across the top of his head as if he still had hair, eyes immediately struggling to stay away from Carl's prominently-displayed rack.

"Yes, have a seat, please, Ms. Wethers," the principal said, gesturing towards the other side of his desk. "I don't believe we've met. My name is Mr. Buller. I'm afraid we need to have a little talk about what transpired yesterday in the boys' locker room." Carl bowed his head, trying to think of what to say as he settled carefully on the edge of the chair and crossed his pretty legs. His skirt rode up slightly on his tanned slender thigh and the principal definitely noticed! Carl blushed as he realized the effect he was having on the sweaty middle-aged man.

"It was an accident," he said. "I, um, I walked into the wrong change room by mistake. I'm new to the school, remember?"

"I'm well aware of that, Ms. Wethers, but I have to question whether or not it was an accident," Mr. Buller said sternly. "According to two eyewitnesses from the soccer team, you walked right past them on your way into the room, and began taking off your clothes in full view of the rest of the team."

"I was distracted," Carl said pitifully, well aware of how lame his excuse sounded. "I was coming back from the girl's team's try-out and I accidentally walked into the wrong change room. I swear!"

"As for these other rumors, that you, er, well, offered sexual favors..." Mr. Buller trailed off nervously, tugging at the collar of his shirt. "Completely inappropriate, and I certainly hope there is no truth to them."



"There isn't!"

Carl protested, blushing furiously. "Amber Sweet is lying about me because her boyfriend flirts with me in algebra!" He covered his mouth with his painted nails as he realized what he'd just blurted out... even though it was true.

"Ah," the principal said. "I think the problem is becoming clear now." He swallowed. "Er, Candi, I'm well aware that girls at your age can be a little, how do I say this... boy-crazy. And I'm sure it must have seemed very romantic to you to go throw yourself at this crush of yours right in front of all of his friends, but it really is not the best course of action."

"But Tom's not even on the soccer team," Carl gasped.

"And I know that pretty girls who have just recently, er, developed..." the principal continued, as if he hadn't heard Carl's protest at all. "Well, they enjoy showing off their bodies. That much is clear by your current attire. I swear, it seems that nobody reads the dress code rule book these days at all. And it must have also seemed very exciting to give them all a bit of a show. But it's simply absolutely inappropriate behavior, Ms. Wethers, and I'm going to have to

schedule you some appointments with my wife, Mrs. Buller, who serves as the student counselor here.”

“Amber Sweet made that up,” Carl begged. “I was only changing! I wasn’t, like, shaking my butt at them and dancing around!” The principal gulped, open-mouthed, and Carl realized he was now imagining ‘Candi’ doing just that. He flushed with embarrassment.

“Amber Sweet is a perfectly charming girl whose father is a valuable member of the school-board,” the principal finally managed to say. “Please, don’t make things worse by trying to drag your friends into it. I’m scheduling you an appointment for Friday afternoon, after school. Alright?”

“Okay,” Carl said softly, utterly miserable.

“Don’t worry, Ms. Wethers, I’ll schedule it early enough that you may still try out for the cheerleading squad,” the principal said. “So long as you promise to use the right locker room.” Carl nodded his pretty blonde head and gracefully exited the office with his eyes downcast and cheeks red. Things were only to get worse, however, because Amber was waiting outside.

“Oh, was that you in there?” she asked smilingly. “Whatever was that about?”

“You know exactly what it was about,” Carl sniffed.

“Are you going to start crying, honey?” Amber asked cruelly, voice dripping with mock sympathy. “Are you sad you didn’t get to suck on everybody’s thingy before you got caught? I hear you really worked it in there, Candi. Maybe you should become a stripper?” Carl’s ears burned with shame, but also with anger. He clenched his fists, forgetting his manicure for the moment.

“When are cheerleading try-outs?” Carl asked furiously. He had gone through enough. He wanted to wipe that look of smugness off Amber’s face, and he didn’t care what he had to do to make it happen.

“Friday at four,” Amber said, frowning. “Why? I thought you were too scared to try out anyways.” Carl rearranged his features into a pretty smile.

“Think again, honey,” he said sweetly. “I’m going to be head cheerleader this year, because the coach decides, not you. And because I’m prettier than you.”

“Huh!” Amber gasped, affronted.

“And sexier than you, and I have bigger boobs than you,” Carl continued. “And people like me more, because I’m not a crazy stuck-up bitch like you. See you Friday!” Setting his lips together in a determined pout, Carl minced past her, heels clicking and buttocks swaying suggestively, before she could utter another word.

What was it about her that got under his skin so badly? He always said the worst things in the heat of the moment, and now he knew he would *have* to try out, no matter what! Sighing nervously as he freshened up his makeup before heading to class, Carl couldn’t help but think he was going to need all the help

from Miranda he could get before Friday. He knew she would be all too happy to show her formerly athletic ex-boyfriend exactly what went into being a cute, sexy cheerleader... and like it or not, it seemed that he now had no choice in the matter!



The week passed by far too quickly for Carl's taste. After he told Miranda he was going to the try-outs, she had predictably squealed with excitement, hugged him, and then proceeded with the most comprehensive cheerleading boot camp ever invented. Every day after class, Carl immediately went home with Miranda in order to practice. She was a merciless drill instructor, and by the time Carl's head hit the pillow each night it was full of various chants and cheers. He even dreamed cheerleading!

"See, those would be a disadvantage in any other sport," Miranda said cheerfully at one point, pointing to Carl's bountiful breasts. "But in cheerleading, that extra little jiggle is exactly what draws everybody's eyes and keeps their attention. Don't be afraid to shake it, girly."

Carl blushed furiously, but tried his best to keep her advice in mind as he practiced. He wasn't seeing much of his aunt or his mom, since work was picking up for the former and the latter was still trying very hard to find a job, and he didn't want them to know that he was trying out to be a cheerleader after denying it so vehemently earlier. For their part, they were just thrilled that 'Candi' was making friends with girls her own age, and so didn't pry too much. Though on Thursday his mom did surprise him by revealing she'd scheduled the pair of them to get their nails done together, at Tiffany's salon...

He still had tiny panic attacks thinking of his trips to that awful salon. The place held quite a bit of significance for Carl, seeing as it was there he'd first been coerced into becoming 'Candi.' He'd gone there with his aunt for a haircut and nothing else, but then, due to a misunderstanding helped along by his hormone imbalance, the hair-dressers two assistants had ended up giving him the works... he'd left with bleached blonde hair cut in a fashionable girl's style, waxed legs, a manicure, pedicure, pierced ears, and full makeup!

He'd also gone there for a full make-over on the morning of the Miss Boardwalk Beauty bikini pageant, where they'd given him his current mane of long blonde hair via extensions, and later that day he had not only won the contest, but unknowingly did so in full sight of his dad, who immediately dropped his custody request, stunned by the fact that his only son appeared to want to live as a girl. And after that, Carl's aunt and mother had dropped the news that she intended to stay in Florida for the foreseeable future, meaning Carl would have to remain 'Candi' and be enrolled as a girl for his senior year of high school!

Needless to say, Carl did not have good associations with Tiffany's salon, but Aunt Kat was close friends with her and his mother was rapidly becoming equally close, meaning Carl found himself dragged in about once a month, whether for a relatively benign manicure, a touch-up for his hair or some simple skin treatments.

On this particular Thursday, though, Carl was getting his most hated treatment of all, a fiercely uncomfortable bikini wax. As always, Tiffany had been overjoyed to see him, and probe him with questions about when he was going to find himself a hunky boyfriend as she led him and his mom over to a few padded chairs. As he slipped into the by now all-too-familiar seat, he was a little shocked to see someone new at the salon. Every new face he saw at the salon was just another horribly humiliating exposure of Carl's secret. Every time Tiffany got a new female employee, she seemed to find some reason to make Carl tell them his story. But this time, it wasn't a female, it was a slight, dark-haired boy that was sweeping up hair from the floor.

"Oh, that's our new employee, Mark," Tiffany chirped. "I thought Helga and Inga could use a bit of help with the more menial things, you know, and he's a real dear, they just love him."

"H-hi, Candi," the boy said eagerly, eyes going like mag-



nets to Carl's cleavage. "We, um, we go to the same high school... I'm three seats behind you in the English class we have together!" Carl folded his arms across his bust, blushing slightly, and looked Mark over – he was short, slim, and unassuming with floppy dark hair falling into his eyes and hiding his face, definitely not the type to stand out in a crowd, and Carl certainly hadn't noticed him in English class. And surely Tiffany hadn't told him...

"Don't worry," Tiffany whispered, as her new employee reluctantly moved away to clean out the sinks. "As far as he knows, he's the only boy to ever set foot in this place!" She gave Carl a conspiratorial wink, which Carl smiled weakly back at. "Between you and I, I think you're the main reason he agreed to work here when the twins asked him! He has quite the crush on you, but then, who could blame him? Of course, he's a little bit shrimpy. We all know you like your men tall, strong, and handsome, like that Jason character!"

Carl blushed furiously at the memory, but he knew by now that it was useless trying to argue with Tiffany. He leaned back and did his best to enjoy the pedicure, reciting the cheerleading chants in his mind...



All week, he was far too nervous to pay attention to his classes, leading Tom to talk him into a little tutoring session for the following week. Carl was too nervous to care about Tom's less-than-honest intentions. He knew the kind of 'study session' Tom would want with a girl like Candi, and it was biology, not arithmetic! But that was a problem Carl would have to address at the proper time, because before he knew it, it was Friday, the day of both his try-out and his first counseling session.

"Don't worry, you'll be great," Miranda assured him as the final bell rang. "And I'm sure the counseling thing won't be a big deal, either! See you at four, girly."

"See you," Carl returned, giving her a girlish hug. Miranda and her friends waved goodbye, and then Carl started off towards the office, high heels clicking noisily. The sound must have been like a magnet, because it drew Joe, the handsome lady-killer Miranda had warned him about on the first day, right to him!

"Hey there, gorgeous," Joe said suavely. "Are you heading to the office?"

"Oh, yes," Carl squeaked. "Hi, Joe."

"Let me hold those for you," Joe said with a wink. Carl smiled weakly, and reluctantly allowed Joe to carry his books for him on the way to the office. "I heard you're trouble," Joe teased. "Up to mischief in the boys' locker room? And here I thought you seemed so sweet and innocent." Carl blushed red, staring down at the floor. "Don't worry, Candi," Joe whispered. "I like it." He

tipped Carl's chin up with one finger and gave him a firm peck right on the lips! Carl gasped in surprise as Joe handed him his books back, then took advantage of Carl's occupied hands to give him a sly grope on the bottom. Carl squealed in surprise, but Joe was already heading off, grinning in a satisfied sort of way.

"Candi Wethers?" came a soft woman's voice. Carl turned and saw Mrs. Buller, the counselor, waiting in the doorway, and it was clear from her expression that she had witnessed the entire encounter. Already dreading what was to come,

Carl nodded and followed her into the office. The counselor gestured towards a comfy padded chair and Carl sank into it gracefully, crossing his slender legs. He nervously smoothed out his skirt as Mrs. Buller settled into the seat across from him, giving him a long up-and-down look without speaking. Carl found himself wishing his V-cut top wasn't quite so low...

"I'm Mrs. Buller, but please, call me Janice," the counselor said. "I want you to feel comfortable talking to me – that's my job, after all – and anything we talk about in here is totally confidential, okay, Candi?"

"Okay," Carl agreed, wondering just how comfortable Mrs. Buller would feel if he told her that he was really a boy named Carl who'd been pumped full of female hormones and given a boob job for the purpose of a crazy scheme to disguise him as a girl, and was now being forced to stay as 'Candi' until he turned eighteen. Probably not very!



"I'm sure you've had to talk about what happened in the locker room too much already, so let's talk about you, okay?" the counselor said kindly. She leaned forward with a concerned expression. "Candi, why do you feel the need to dress this way?"

"Dress what way?" Carl squeaked, subconsciously hunching his shoulders to make the low cut of his top less prominent.

"Don't play dumb, Candi," the counselor sighed. "Short skirts to show off your legs, flashing your cleavage for anybody who wants to look, strutting around in stilettos when most girls wear flats... Why do you feel the need to put your body on display?"

"I don't!" Carl protested. "I mean, those are the only sort of clothes that I have!"

"*Really*," the counselor said skeptically. "You don't own a single pair of jeans? Or flat-bottomed shoes? I understand that girls like to make a bit of a splash on their first day, but it's been a whole week, Candi, and I get the feeling you are used to dressing like this all the time. I know getting a boyfriend must seem like the most important thing in the world to you right now, but you want a boy who will respect you, Candi, not treat you like a piece of meat." She lowered her voice to a 'serious' tone. "Between you and I, that Joe is no good. I've seen him go through tons of vulnerable young ladies, and you're certainly making it easy for him."

"It's not like I like boys staring at me!" Carl sighed anxiously. "But my aunt does most of my shopping with me, and, well..."

"She makes you buy nothing but miniskirts?" the counselor asked. "Sorry, Candi, but you're seventeen and I find that a little hard to believe." Carl blushed. How was he supposed to explain that the reason he dressed this way was because his aunt and mother had decided he needed to be as feminine as possible in order to stave off any suspicion? Or that they bought his clothes for him because he didn't know the first thing about female clothing only a few months ago?

"She says guys would look at me anyways, so I should, you know, flaunt it a little," Carl said, blushing even brighter. "I'm not a slut or anything! I don't care what Amber says!"

"I'm not accusing you of being a slut, Candi," the counselor said. "And your aunt is right... You're a very beautiful girl. But, you're clearly also very insecure. You need to find your value from the inside, instead of trying to get attention with your appearance from men. Finding a boyfriend is a good thing, but you don't want to attract the wrong type of boy, Candi."

"I don't want a boyfriend!" Carl protested.

"You're not sure what you want," the counselor said sadly. "But I know you won't get it by showing off your body and letting the wrong kinds of boy have

their way with you. You have a need for attention, a need to have everybody's eyes on you, perhaps."

"No, I don't," Carl said firmly. "Can we wrap this up, please? I have cheerleading try-outs."

"Of course you do," the counselor smiled sadly, shaking her head. "Okay, Candi. I think we made a little progress today, even if you don't want to think so. Best of luck in your little try-out."

"Thanks," Carl murmured, adjusting his miniskirt as he stood up. The click of his heels seemed far louder than usual, and as he passed his reflection in the window he paused and inspected his cleavage. "It's not *that* low cut," he whispered. He blushed suddenly, realizing that Mrs. Buller was on the other side of the window, watching him play with his boobs. She shook her head with a knowing smile.

Carl made a mental note to beg his mother for a few slightly more-modest shirts, but now that she was living with Aunt Kat and him, and struggling to find a job, the shopping had dropped right off. He wasn't likely to have much luck, and besides, what he needed to worry about right now was the cheerleading try-outs...

"Hi? Miranda?" Carl said, after punching her number into his little pink cellular phone.

"Hey, girly," came her reply. "How was it?"

"I don't know," Carl sighed. "I guess it could have been worse? Are you still coming early to help me rehearse one last time?"

"Of course, Candi," Miranda laughed. "What are girlfriends for?"

"Okay," Carl said nervously. "See you soon!" He turned off his cellular phone and hurried towards the locker rooms, double-checking to make sure he was entering the girls' one. Realizing that he had the place to himself, he opened up his locker and began to strip down. His breasts bobbed appealingly as they swung free from his bra, and, on a whim, Carl minced over to look at himself in the bathroom mirror. With his manhood tucked up out of sight in the gaff, he looked one-hundred percent a gorgeous blonde bombshell with a killer body, the kind of girl Carl had once fantasized about – but never about being! There was no longer any need for padding or a waist cincher to give him his deadly curves, Dr. Nevsky had seen to that, and so long as he wore the gaff, nobody would ever mistake him for a boy, even stark naked. Carl stared miserably at his reflection. Was he really going to be able to go back to being a guy, after everything that had been done to his body?

"It's just hormones," he reminded himself. "And everything is reversible, so Dr. Nevsky said." Glancing around furtively to make sure he was still alone, he quickly slipped his shriveled manhood out of his gaff. It seemed much smaller

than it had before, but maybe that was because of his wider hips or the fact that he could never get hard.

Frowning, Carl took it delicately between two manicured fingers and tried to coax it to life, focusing on the gorgeous pair of tits in the mirror, the hourglass shape, the pouty lips and bedroom eyes – but even though he was now an incredibly sexy girl, he couldn't even appreciate it! Feeling more miserable than ever, Carl tucked himself away once more, creating a smooth feminine profile, and started to change into the small pleated skirt and top that Miranda had supplied him with, to make sure he had a full range of movement for his high kicks. Before long, other girls began to trickle in to get changed as well. Amber stopped and sneered on her way past.

“Are you sure you're in the right locker room?” she asked sarcastically. “There aren't any boys in here for you to give blowjobs to.” Carl's cheeks flushed and he didn't reply, keeping his eyes on his sneakers. A few of the other girls laughed snidely, but others looked sympathetic, as if Amber was being too mean. Carl was just lacing up his pink shoes when Miranda arrived, already fully dressed.

“Feeling ready, girly?” she chirped.

“As ready as I'll ever be,” Carl sighed.

“Then let's go,” Miranda smiled. “Time to knock 'em dead!”



An hour later, Carl was tired, sweaty, a little stinky, but also just the tiniest bit excited to be going home with his brand new cheerleader's uniform. The try-out had gone even better than he could have imagined. Carl couldn't do much in the way of gymnastics, but Miranda's constant practice sessions meant that he knew every step of the choreographed dance routines by heart, and his bright white smile, gleaming blonde hair, pretty face and D-cup breasts did the rest. Amber could only stand by in sour disappointment as Carl made the team with ease. The humiliation of bouncing up and down, shaking his boobs and gyrating his hips while waving his pom-poms and maintaining a sexy little smile, was in stark contrast to the expression of fury on Amber's face when the coach began gushing praise upon Carl.

“Girly, you were fantastic!” Miranda exclaimed as they headed home. “You must have practiced even without me, and you even got the cartwheel at the end! I don't know why you ever bothered with that silly soccer game, Candi, you're a natural cheerleader.” Carl blushed at the backhanded compliment, but he couldn't help but preen a little at her praise.

“You really think so?” he asked.

“Aw, of course! The coach loved you!” Miranda beamed. She pulled up to Carl’s Aunt’s house. “Say hi to your aunt and mom from me, okay?”

“Okay, bye!” Carl said, hugging her and then waving goodbye as she walked on towards her house. Carl rushed up the steps into his aunt’s. His mom stuck her blonde head out of the kitchen.

“Hi, dear, how was school today?” she asked.

“Um, it was good,” Carl said, hiding the uniform behind his back. “I’m just going to go have a quick shower before dinner, okay?”

“Okay, honey,” his mom said absent-mindedly. “What sort of salad dressing do you want?”

“Any is fine!” Carl chirped back, hardly caring that he would be eating yet another skimpy salad. He’d gotten used to ‘watching his weight’, though he never gained a single pound. He hurried up the stairs and hung his new uniform in his closet, then hopped into the shower. He might not have made a real sports team, but being a cheerleader was better than nothing – wasn’t it? And if he really could beat out Amber to become the head cheerleader, well, that would certainly take the sting of embarrassment away a little bit...

“Candi, what’s this?” he heard his mom’s voice ask. Carl wrapped his towel under his smooth-shaven armpits and came out of the bathroom to find her holding up his skimpy little blue-and-white cheerleading uniform. He hadn’t been planning on telling his mom or aunt that he was now a perky little cheerleader, but he supposed they would have had to find out eventually.

“I, um, I made the team,” Carl said, blushing.

“Oh, *honey!* I am so, so *proud* of you!” his mom exclaimed, pulling him into a hug immediately. “I was a cheerleader in high school myself! I’m so happy that you want to be one, too, and I know you’re going to be just great. I’m so proud of you for finally starting to accept your femininity and who you really are, dear. You’re the most beautiful daughter a mom could ever ask for!”

“Um, thanks, mom,” Carl squeaked, awkwardly patting her on the back.

“I’ve got to go tell your Aunt Kat!” Carl’s mother said, excitedly and darted out of the room.

As he later crossed the first week of school off his calendar, with a mixed feeling of triumph and anxiety, he tried to wrap his head around what had just happened. Trying to get back at Amber, he had somehow ended up making his mom’s dream of having a cheerleader daughter come true! Didn’t she understand that he was only doing this for the year, and then he had every intention of going back to being a boy? She couldn’t be fooling herself that badly... could she?



Over the next few weeks, despite his best efforts, Carl gradually adjusted to the life of a pretty young co-ed. Cheerleading practices were quite regular, and although Amber did her best to make life difficult for Carl, the coach and the other girls on the squad all seemed to have taken a shine to him, realizing he wasn't nearly as stuck-up as most beautiful girls, though they all did consider 'Candi' to be a bit of a floozy. As Carl crossed off September and turned to October, he had to learn all of the cheers and several choreographed dances that mainly seemed to involve shaking his hips and drawing attention to his bust, all the while giving the crowd a sexy smile. To his embarrassment, he learned the new dance steps very quickly and gracefully – after four inch stilettos, everything else seemed easy.

## OCTOBER

Because he was now a member of the cheerleading squad, Carl found he was constantly surrounded by the most beautiful and popular girls in the school, but dressed as he was, he wasn't in any position to take advantage of it. Instead, he had to engage in gossip and discuss music, celebrities and fashion with them constantly. It was getting very hard to think of himself as a guy at all, in fact, when his daily routine included makeup, flirty outfits, fashion classes, girlish gossip, and cheerleading practice!

His aunt and mother were both thrilled with how Carl was finally “accepting” his enforced femininity. His sullenness and defiance were bit by bit being removed. Aunt Kat could tell that he still didn't like his circumstances – what guy would? – but at least he had given in to them. The whole matter of boys still terrified him, however. Since being in school, he'd had guys asking him for dates, flirting with him, and stealing sly touches almost non-stop.

“I know why you're so nervous



about going out with a boy,” Miranda said one day, as they were freshening their makeup in the washroom. “But you really don’t have anything to worry about, Candi, so long as you don’t let him get too frisky. You’re scared he might put his hand up your skirt, right? Because you still have your little thingy?”

“I don’t want to go out with a boy because I *don’t like boys*,” Carl said staunchly, blushing as he reapplied his lip gloss. “I keep trying to tell you that!”

“Really? You expect me to believe that after the way I’ve seen you flirting with every guy you meet?” Miranda giggled. “You’re always bending over to show off your boobs, playing with your hair, fluttering your eyelashes...”

“Not on purpose!” Carl protested. “Those are just things girls do! Aren’t they?”

“Girls who want to get a guy drooling,” Miranda smiled. “Oh, Candi. You’re such a bimbo sometimes.” Carl blushed furiously. “You shouldn’t be scared to go out on dates,” she continued. “After all, there are plenty of ways to please your man!” Carl swallowed, remembering the feel of his lips wrapped around Jason’s manhood. He had hated every second of it! But, at the same time, he couldn’t deny that he had loved the way Jason’s hands had felt on his sensitive breasts...

“I really don’t want to,” Carl said tremulously. “It’s not my fault they keep asking me!”

“Candi, I hate to say this, but people are going to start thinking you’re weird or frigid, if you don’t start dating.” Miranda sighed. “Or worse, they might start wondering about other things, like how shy you are in the locker rooms while changing, or how sometimes you stare at a girl’s boobs a little too long, or how you clearly have no idea how to deal with the attentions of cute, interested boys. For your own good, you need to get yourself a boyfriend, girly!”

“You mean they might figure out that I’m...” Carl trailed off, terrified of even the possibility.

“Well, I was going to say they might think you’re a lesbian,” Miranda said casually, doing her mascara. “But that’s also a possibility, if things go really really wrong! You don’t want people getting suspicious, do you? Either way, it’s high time you started going on a few dates. Right now I’ve managed to convince everybody you’re just pining after Tom, who’s taken, but that can’t last forever. Want me to set you up with somebody?”

“I don’t like *boys*!” Carl protested, for what seemed like the millionth time.

“Mmhmm, I’m sure,” Miranda said, rolling her eyes. “Candi, everybody saw that lovely little video of you swooning in Jason’s big strong arms backstage after the pageant. You looked like you were in heaven, girly. And think about this: if you have a steady boyfriend, all the other guys will have to stop hitting on you. Wouldn’t you like that? So, as long as you keep your beau happy, you wouldn’t have to worry about being groped in the halls or cornered for dates or

things like that. See the advantage?" Carl was far too worried by the prospect of keeping a guy 'happy' to see any advantage whatsoever. But if people were going to start getting suspicious about him... If they started asking questions, like why he was so fuzzy on his girlhood experiences, and why he never talked about his period...

"I just really wish you would stop with this whole denial thing," Miranda sighed. "It's been going on long enough that it's just ridiculous. I've put up with it for a long time, but it's really starting to irritate me. I'm sure you've shared your real feelings with your mom and aunt about wanting to be a girl, so why do you constantly have to annoy me with your silly pretend stories about going back to being a boy? I get that you're embarrassed to tell me that, I suppose because we used to date, but I'm perfectly ready to accept you as a girl, Candi.

You need to do the same!" Carl put away his lip gloss, mouth set in a cute pink frown. It was no use trying to persuade Miranda, and he was beginning to sound like a broken record. Why didn't anyone believe that he really wanted to go back to being a guy, and that he was only dressing and comporting himself as a girl because the alternative was being revealed as some kind of pervert and ruining his life?

"So, can I set you up with someone or not?" Miranda asked pointedly. Carl sighed nervously.



Now, unless he wanted to lose Miranda's help, he was going to have to give in a little. "Oh... Oh, okay," he squeaked. "Just please, someone nice, okay? I mean, someone who will be a gentleman." Carl immediately blushed, realizing he had just agreed to doll himself up to be yet another guy's pretty, feminine date. Gentleman or no, that meant he would soon enough be kissing a boy again, which he had sworn never to do again.

"Well, obviously I'll look for someone handsome and ripped first," Miranda giggled. "But I'm sure I can find someone who knows how to treat a lady like a lady...even if she doesn't dress like one." Carl blushed even brighter, adjusting his top.

"It's not *that* low-cut," he protested.

"Keep telling yourself that, girly," Miranda smiled. "The principal's eyes nearly fell out of his head when he saw you today. Poor guy."

Poor guy? Carl thought. What about *me*? He sighed, snapping his purse shut.

"Of course, maybe you can find someone on your own this weekend," Miranda said casually, putting away her mascara.

"This weekend?" Carl frowned. "Why?"

"Well, Amber is throwing a really big Halloween party on Saturday," Miranda said. "Do you have a costume yet?"

"No," Carl said, shouldering his purse. "And I don't really like costume parties..." He had completely forgotten about Halloween. Had it really been two months of girlhood already? He wasn't sure whether to be happy about the month he could soon cross off his calendar, or disturbed by how quickly he had adjusted to life as a busty blonde cheerleader!

"Girly, everyone who's anyone is going to be there," Miranda said.

"Are you sure I'm invited?" Carl blushed. "Amber hates me!"

"Candi, she can't *not* invite you," Miranda said, rolling her eyes. "We're all cheerleaders. Now, as for a costume..." She had a twinkle in her eye, and Carl could tell that she would be content with nothing less than something completely sexy and revealing.

"Please don't make me wear anything too slutty," he sighed, resigned to his feminine fate. It was just no use arguing with Miranda once she had an idea in her head – it had been the same way years ago when he had been her boyfriend!

"Candi, Halloween is the one time of year where you can dress like a complete slut, and nobody will be able to say anything," Miranda giggled. "I'm going to make sure you look really sexy in your skimpy little outfit and have your pick of cute guys."

"Can't I go as something traditional?" Carl asked, blushing. "Like a ghost?"

“And hide that killer figure?” Miranda clucked her tongue. Carl sighed. It was the same talk he’d gotten from his aunt months ago.

“Sweetie, all that dieting and your little hormone pills and Dr. Nevsky’s beautiful work all go to waste if you don’t flaunt your body, most girls would kill to look as good as you!” She had said. He’d tried to tell her that wasn’t much comfort, as he was a boy, but it didn’t stop her from filling up his closet with short skirts and low-cut tops.

“So long as you’re wearing the same costume,” Carl said anxiously.

“Sounds like a deal, girly,” Miranda smiled. She linked arms with him as they sashayed out of the washroom to go to English class.

*From the Casebook of Harold Pennyworth, P.I.*

*Notes on Case #241-B: The Whereabouts of Carl Hutchens.*

*Oct. 28: Progress on the case is slow, but I haven't just been soaking up the rays down here. After the initial scoping out at the restaurant, I went into full-on Pennyworth surveillance mode, watching every movement in and out of Katherine Wethers' house. As I'd assumed, it appeared Mr. Hutchens' ex-wife was now living with her sister for the time being. The only problem? Carl was nowhere to be found.*

*It just doesn't make any sense, to my experience. According to Mr. Hutchens, he'd seen his son down here in Florida just days before I arrived. So, where was he? And as for blondie, I was only making minimal headway in that department, too. She was living with them, alright, but I couldn't for the life of me figure out the familial connection. Her full name, which I'd discovered thanks to some snooping in the local high school's records, was Candi Wethers, so she must be related. She definitely looked a bit like the former Mrs. Hutchens, but maybe that was just the blonde hair. Either way, I have a gut feeling this girl is the key. She's the only part of the story I can't piece together. If I could talk to this Candi chick, I'm sure I could get her to tell me the whereabouts of Carl, no doubt her cousin or something along those lines.*

*At the risk of appearing to be some kind of perv, this meant doing some background research on blondie's habits, friends, routines, et cetera. Her modus operandi. And if that meant watching her cheerleading at a few high school basketball games, so be it. I'll be honest, Candi's the kind of girl I would have killed to take for a spin on the mattress when I was in high school. My school had a few hot pieces of skirt, but nothing like that, I tell you. She's a cheerleader – go figure – and the kind of girl who really knew how to turn heads, always swishing around in these tight little skirts and screw-me heels, not to mention tops that always managed to show off those gorgeous tits of hers. No wonder she's popular with the guys, and the girls didn't seem to mind her too much. That was, except for one particularly jealous type.*

*As I observe her daily routine, however, some things have started to stand out. For one, it's clear that she's adjusting to a new school, meaning she's new to town. For another, despite the way she's dressed, I get the feeling she's more than a little uncomfortable being hit on constantly by boys. Maybe she's only recently filled out? And finally, when I searched for 'Candi Wethers' on the internet, all I found was her cheerleading photo, and a few stories about being named Miss Boardwalk Beauty in the summer. Anything earlier than that, it was as if she didn't exist.*

*If this were a case, about the girl, I'd say that there's reason to believe that this 'Candi' is a disguise of some sort. It bears paying closer attention to, but who knows how that could possibly relate to the whereabouts of Carl. I don't want*

*to get too far afield from my case. I've spent too much time on this already, so I'm going to get to the bottom of this before Christmas.*

On Halloween, Miranda came over with a shopping bag and a very mischievous smile. Carl had nearly forgotten about Amber's big costume party, but he remembered in a hurry when Miranda pulled out what he was going to be wearing for the night. He held it up nervously, but wriggled his way into it without complaining. Miranda chattered happily as she slipped into her own outfit and got herself ready, showing absolutely no hesitancy to strut around in front of Carl in her lingerie. Once he would have hoped it was due to her attraction to him, but now he knew full well it was because she thought of him only as Candi, a fellow cheerleader and friend.

"I thought you said we would be wearing the same costume!" was all Carl could say when he was finally dressed. He turned this way and that in front of the mirror, glossy pink lips set in a nervous pout as he adjusted his outfit. The skimpy white nurse costume Miranda had picked out for him clung to his feminine hips and delicate waist, just the perfect size for a guy to put his hands around, and it had a deep-plunging neckline that exposed plenty of cleavage and made his boobs look incredibly tempting. The hem was indecently short, meaning the matching white nylons and garters made his willowy legs look marvelously sexy in their teetering five inch heels. Miranda had done his makeup to perfection, with smoky eyeliner and a pale lip gloss that made his mouth look wet and inviting, while the little white starched cap pinned into his perfectly coiffed blonde hair was set at a cute angle.

"They're practically the same," Miranda pointed out. "The store only had two nurse costumes left, and, well, I guess yours is a smaller size! Don't worry, you look adorable." Carl blushed. Miranda was wearing a far-less low-cut version of the same costume, and her heels couldn't have been more than three inches tall. She leaned forward and gave Carl's hair a final few brushes. "You're definitely going to break some hearts, tonight, girly," she said, stepping back with a satisfied smile. Carl couldn't argue with his ex-girlfriend on that point. What he was wearing was enough to drive any red-blooded guy wild – or rather, what he wasn't wearing!

"But it's so revealing," Carl whined, trying in vain to tug down the high hem of his dress to cover his garters.

"That's the point, Candi," Miranda sighed. "Blondes. Come on, let's get going." She grabbed her purse and Carl did the same, mincing reluctantly down the stairs. His mom and aunt were heading off to their own Halloween party – he knew for a fact that his mom was dating again, and since she was wearing a 'lusty wench' costume, he could only assume her new boyfriend was a pirate – but they both came to say goodbye.

"Have fun, sweetie," Aunt Kat beamed, adjusting the devil's horns in her hair.

“But be careful,” his mom added. “With a costume like that, well... Boys’ minds are only going to be on one thing, dear. Take care of yourself, and respect yourself, okay, dear?”

“Yes, mom,” Carl said, blushing.

“Have fun at your party!” Miranda chirped. “I know we will! Come on, Candi, Sarah and her boyfriend are picking us up.”

Carl followed her out the door like a man going to the guillotine, heels clicking seductively with each step. Miranda had really enjoyed transforming her formerly-macho boyfriend into a sultry vision of full-on femininity. She could hardly believe that the blonde bombshell mincing along beside her in narrow five-inch heels and sexy lingerie had once been a boy – never mind one she had dated – squeezed into a very sexy nurse costume. It was painfully constricting around his small waist, helping push his boobs to prominence. The cool evening air was already tingling on his nipples, which was the very last thing he needed with his feminine assets proudly pushed out. He was displaying cleavage that every boy he encountered would be drooling over. Heck, Carl once would have done the same. Now, unfortunately, that right was reserved for other boys!

And once those boys were done ogling his perky chest and slender curves, they had a perfect view of his nyloned legs. The costume was



so short that it practically flashed his lacy white panties with every high-heeled step, making him feel almost naked, and his garters pulled tautly against his firm, rounded buttocks. To cap it all off, the five-inch red stilettos Miranda had found for him were totally impractical, but she assured him he wouldn't be doing very much walking at the party, seeing as it would be packed to the walls. Miranda had to admit that she got a sneaky thrill out of turning her ex-boyfriend into a cute little sex object for the evening and seeing him being hit on by guys...it was just so much fun!

Sarah's boyfriend couldn't seem to keep his eyes off the rearview mirror as they drove, and Carl's nylon-clad legs and prominent cleavage nearly caused him to miss a stop sign or two. When they arrived at Amber's massive house, Carl gracefully slid out of the car, doing his best not to flash his panties to the world, and then followed his friends inside, where loud music was already thumping.

"Amber's parents let her have parties like this?" Carl asked in Miranda's ear.

"They've just divorced, so her dad lets her do whatever she likes," Miranda said back. "Great, huh?" For a moment, Carl felt some sympathy for Amber, but that was quickly to evaporate. She was there in a sexy cat costume, with Tom's arm around her. She refused to say hello to Carl, though her eyes did rove disapprovingly over 'Candi's' completely slutty costume.

In contrast, the other cheerleaders all squealed when they saw him and told him how cute he looked. He forced a smile onto his face and exchanged air kisses with them, realizing that although most of them were dressed in provocative costumes, his was definitely the sluttiest of the whole bunch! He adjusted the little cap pinned into his mussed up bleached blonde hair, and nervously adjusted his sheer white nylons.

"Someone wants to find a stud for the night," one of Miranda's friends giggled. "Amber's parents' bedroom is open and available..."

"Does this mean you're giving up on Tom?" Sarah asked quizzically. "Or are you going to try to steal him? Because that's the outfit to do it in, girlfriend." Carl's glossy pink mouth fell open innocently. She thought he had dressed up like this to attract Tom?

"I just thought it was a cute costume," Carl said, blushing. He nervously touched his blonde hair. He had fluffed it out and used plenty of hairspray to give it volume. As per Miranda's instructions, he had also used dark, dramatic eye makeup and a sparkling pink lip gloss to draw attention to his pouty lips. He was absolutely gorgeous, and there were drunk teenage guys all over the place – he realized that there was only one way he was going to get through this stressful situation!

"Here, drink up," Miranda said, reading his mind. "It'll help you loosen up a little. I'm not going to have you acting all shy when this party is full of cute

guys!” She handed him a cup full of what he assumed was orange juice with vodka. He stared at the drink, then gulped it all down in one go.

“Okay,” Carl sighed, wiping his mouth, careful not to smear his lip gloss. “Just stay with me, okay? Please?”

“Of course,” Miranda said, pouring a drink of her own and another for Carl. “Just so long as you agree to relax and have fun, girly!” The other cheerleaders all insisted on doing shots, remarking on how hung-over they would be for tomorrow’s fundraiser, and then, before Carl knew it, he was being dragged into the living room, where the rug had been rolled away and someone’s iPod was providing dance music. There was even a cheap strobe light flashing.

“I don’t know how to dance,” Carl started to whine, as Miranda tugged him along by the wrist, but then realized that he did. He knew all the choreographed dance routines for the cheerleading squad and he was just fine at those, and he knew how to strut his stuff in high heels. He watched what the other girls were doing and, reluctantly, started to mimic them, rotating his hips and shaking his bottom seductively, running his hands up over his feminine curves and into his hair, unaware of just what a sexy picture he made with his barely-there costume and gorgeous body.

“Work it,” Miranda giggled. “Come over here, sexy.” She put her hands on Carl’s hips and started to grind up against him, wiggling her bum as she slid up and down his swaying body. Carl blushed furiously as all the guys drooled at the provocative sight. He once would have loved to be dirty-dancing with a hot chick like Miranda, but now he knew it was strictly for the purposes of turning on all the guys! Realizing he was meant to return the favor, Carl wriggled his hips, gyrating sexily to the music, and even shook his boobs a little. That was about all the boys could stand, and almost instantly Carl had a new dance partner, a handsome guy from the football team who he vaguely recognized. Miranda, for her part, had been snapped up almost as fast by a different guy.

Carl gave her a pleading look, but she was far too busy dancing to notice. Carl reluctantly allowed his new partner to slide his strong arms around his delicate waist and begin grinding against him. The boy’s hot breath tickled his neck, smelling of beer, and his hands were instantly on the move to creep down and grope Carl’s firm buttocks! Carl gave a squeal of protest, but nobody could hear him over the pounding music, and the boy only tightened his grip! Humiliated, Carl continued to dance, afraid to make a scene, as the boy alternated between squeezing the firm cheeks of his butt and grinding his hips against him.

He had never been so relieved for the ending of a song, and immediately slunk away before another eager guy could get their paws on him. Carl minced back into the kitchen and found another drink, gulping it down eagerly. He had used to drink and party all the time with his buddies, but he hadn’t had a single drop of alcohol in his system since before summer, and he had also lost a significant amount of muscle mass thanks to hormones and dieting. Between

those two factors, he was definitely more of a lightweight than he thought. It didn't help matters that Miranda had disappeared, and boys kept plying him with drinks. Before long he was hopelessly tipsy, stumbling around on his stilettos and unable to do more than giggle when one of his fellow cheerleaders asked how much he had drank.

As he became more and more intoxicated he gradually gave in to the demands of the various guys begging to dance with him, and he let himself be led out into the middle of the room by an assortment of horny young men who very much enjoyed grinding up against him. He was unaware that most of them had been dying for such a chance ever since school started, or even earlier, since watching him win Miss Boardwalk Beauty, and he was also unaware that a lot of the cheerleaders were growing a little jealous over all the attention he was getting with his slutty outfit and flirtatious dancing. It wasn't just Amber glaring as the boys all tripped over themselves to get 'Candi' yet another drink!

Carl was too drunk to fend off the pawing hands of his dance partners, and could only smile helplessly as they whispered sweet nothings in his ear and pinched his bottom. He gradually became accustomed to the sensation of male hands around his waist, and swaying to the music, and resigned himself to the eager attentions of the drunken boys, who wanted nothing better than to hold and caress the sexy, feminine creature who was wearing such a tempting costume. He even laid his head on his latest partner's chest for a sappy slow song, letting his boobs push up against the boy's flat, muscular pecs, making his nipples tingle.

He finally managed to beg his way off the dance-floor, pleading that he needed to use the bathroom, and he teetered up the stairs on his stilettos, nearly breaking his neck at least twice. As soon as he was inside, he locked the door behind him and pulled down his panties, trying his best not to break a garter or run a nylon in his intoxicated state. Then he pulled down his gaff, as well. He plopped down on the toilet to pee like a girl. The new gaff his aunt had given him was cut for 'minimal discomfort,' meaning it left his bum hole unobstructed, but that certainly didn't make keeping his balls and manhood tucked up away all day comfortable! It even seemed sort of funny, in a way, as he wondered just how shocked his many dance partners would be if they were to show up in the bathroom and see 'Candi' peeing while standing up! He giggled slightly at the thought, and as he put his gaff back on, followed by his panties, and readjusted the seams of his nylons, he decided that he would like to get one more drink.

Carl minced over and looked at his appearance in the mirror. He immediately started fixing his hair and redoing his lip-gloss before he realized what he was doing and stopped. It was perfectly instinctive for him to touch up his makeup, fix his hair, and look pretty. *Even while drinking.* Was his mother really right?

Had he always been meant to be a girl? The thought suddenly made him feel like crying.

He looked at his reflection in the mirror, trying to find some trace of manliness, but it had completely been erased. He was one-hundred percent Candi, from his bleached blonde hair to sexy high heels. Sniffing, he pulled up his costume and adjusted his cleavage. His pouty face, with its soft sensual glittery lips and dark, smoky eyes, was undeniably gorgeous. He knew he would definitely want to date a girl who looked as he did. His bleached blonde hair, tumbling down to his shoulders, was perfect, and the little white cap set at a jaunty angle only made him look cuter. His graceful neck, slender shoulders, and pronounced breasts were equally alluring in the tight-fitting costume. Most girls would kill for a figure like his, particularly his long, shapely legs in their sheer nylons and his perfect D-cup breasts. Maybe he wasn't supposed to be a jock and a boy, like Tom or Jason – or even his old friend Brad from back home. Maybe he was really supposed to be a cute, sexy, feminine cheerleader who dated boys.

“Don't be silly,” Carl told himself. “You're just drunk, Candi.” He giggled, adjusting his cleavage in the mirror. He opened the door and stumbled out, right into the arms of none other than Joe, dressed in a doctor's coat.

“Well, hey there,” Joe said suavely, catching him before he could fall. “I was just saying I needed a nurse.”

“Oh, we match!” Carl pointed out, giggling vacantly. “That's so funny!”

“You look like you could use another drink,” Joe suggested, grinning. “Come on, I'll grab you one.”

“Thanks,” Carl said, relieved that Joe wasn't being annoying like the other cheerleaders and telling him he'd had more than enough. “Um, can you help me walk? I'm not, like, drunk, it's just these stupid heels, I hate them so much...”

“Of course,” Joe said gallantly, offering his arm. Carl reluctantly took it, observing how small and dainty his manicured nails looked on Joe's muscular forearm. Joe helped him slowly down most of the stairs, pausing to let Carl adjust his costume every few moments, then picked him up and carried him the last few. Carl gave a little squeal of surprise as Joe lifted him as easily as a feather, and was blushing furiously by the time he set him down at the bottom.

“Don't do that!” Carl scolded. “I don't want to get a run in these nylons!”

“Sorry,” Joe grinned, smoothly wrapping his arm around Carl's tiny waist once more. He found them a few bottles of beer in the kitchen, and then he was steering Carl down the stairs, into the basement, where a few teens were still playing drinking games. Joe claimed ‘Candi’ for his teammate, and Carl squealed excitedly whenever he managed to win a hand, bouncing up and

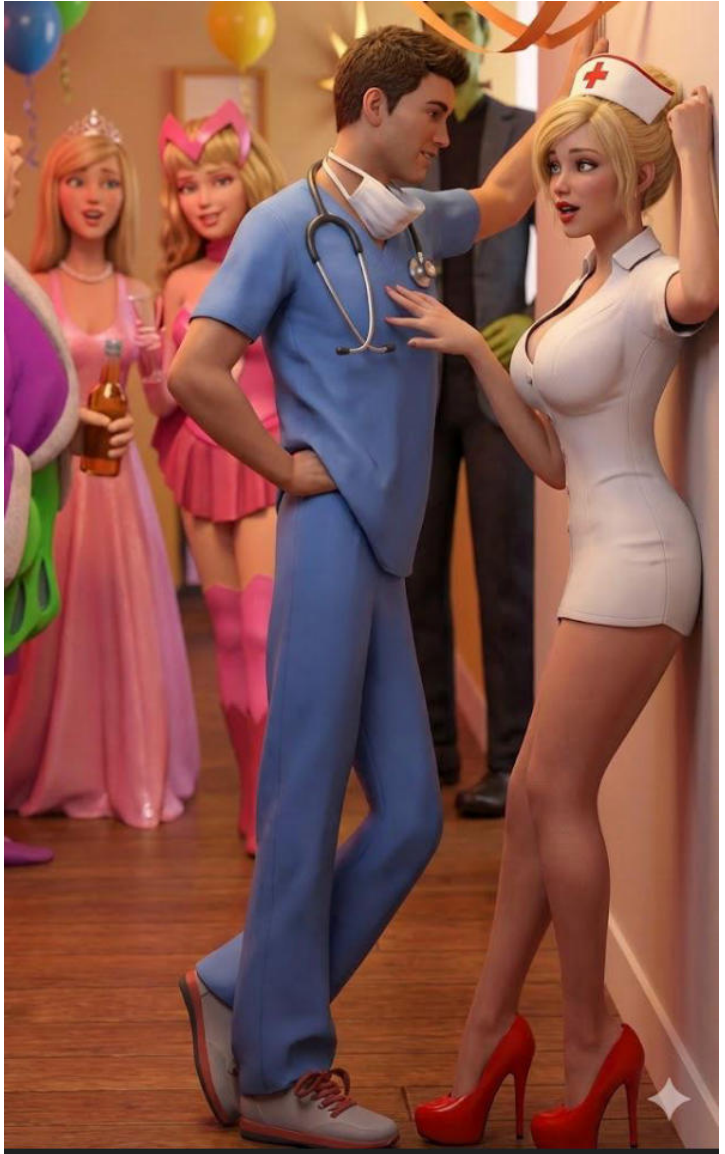
down and inadvertently giving the opposition quite a show as his breasts jiggled enticingly.

“Where’s Miranda?” Carl asked, as the game ended. “We were supposed to stick together...”

“She told me to tell you she’s busy with Ben,” Joe laughed. “Let’s get you off those heels, gorgeous. Look, there’s a couch over here.” Joe put both hands around Carl, who tried to pull away, but any strength he had once had in his slim arms had been moisturized right out of him – the booze in his system probably didn’t help either! He reluctantly let Joe steer him over to the couch.

“You look so sexy tonight,” Joe whispered in his ear. His breath was hot and it tickled Carl’s slender neck. He wanted to get away from him, but his head was all muddled and he knew he didn’t want to make a scene by storming off, so he let Joe pull him down into his lap. He was horrified to recognize what the hard lump was pressing up between his pantied cheeks. Joe was being turned on by his sexy, feminine appearance! Worse yet, whichever way he wriggled, he only ended up rubbing his buttocks up against another guy’s hard-on.

“I want to find Miranda,” Carl said nervously, trying to pull away again. Joe easily caught his slim wrist.



"She's busy," Joe teased. "Now, how about I hold those for you?" Before Carl could protest, Joe's hands were massaging his breasts. Carl gasped as his fingers kneaded his nipples simultaneously.

"Joe, please, stop!" he squeaked.

"Come on, Candi, don't you want to play doctor?" Joe grinned. He spun Carl so he was straddling the taller boy, feeling Joe's manhood pushing up against him, where his own manhood, carefully tucked away up under his panties, was powerless to respond. He had never felt so helpless and feminine as Joe played with his breasts and began kissing his neck.

"Joe, I don't want to..." Carl began, but he was cut off by a deep, probing kiss on the mouth.

"That's not what I was told," Joe chuckled. "So you found out I was going as a doctor and looked everywhere for the last sexy nurse costume in stock? I was pretty impressed when I heard that..."

"I didn't... I know..." Carl's head was spinning, both from the alcohol and from the sensation of Joe's experienced hands roaming his body.

"How about we take this up to the bedroom?" Joe asked huskily. "God, you're so sexy." Carl opened his mouth to tell Joe to let go of him, but he was cut short with another kiss. His stomach was revolted as Joe's tongue slid between his glossy lips and into his mouth. Joe kissed him even more deeply and Carl found himself swooning, unable to get away.

"You're so hot tonight," Joe muttered to him, hands were roaming up Carl's nyloned legs. Carl shivered as they worked up his thighs. Any second now he would be under his skirt, and even drunk Carl knew that would be disastrous! Terrified, Carl did the only thing he could think of to prevent it, flinging his arms around Joe and kissing him hard on the mouth.

"Wow," Joe said, when they broke away. "That was one hot kiss. I can tell you've been wanting to do that for quite some time." With a grin, he yanked Carl's dress up, exposing his lacy white panties, and pushed him down onto the couch. Carl looked around desperately, but everyone else had left the basement long ago, him being too intoxicated to notice. Where was Miranda? Joe pinned his hapless victim against the couch and started nibbling at his ear. Carl turned his head, but Joe only took it as indication that he wanted a hickey! Carl looked desperately around for an escape route. He was stuck on a couch with a horny guy biting his neck!

"Stop!" Carl squealed. "Joe, I don't want to! Joe, please stop!"

"You kidding me?" Joe breathed. "You're such a little tease, Candi. I know you want it, so don't lie to me." Carl whimpered at the sound of Joe's zipper coming undone, and then suddenly Joe was off the couch, spun around by none other than Tom.

“What the hell are you doing?” Tom snapped. “She said she doesn’t want to, Joe!”

“Stay out of this,” Joe said. “She’s been begging for it all night. What, you upset someone else is getting to do her first? She’s a stupid little slut and she’s probably been with a hundred guys already, I don’t see what the big deal is...” He didn’t manage to get any more words out, because Tom’s fist connected solidly with his jaw! Joe fell over backwards and Carl could only stare in shock as Tom gently helped him up off the couch.

“Are you okay?” he asked concernedly.

“I, I think so,” Carl sniffed. “Thank you! If you hadn’t... I don’t know what...” Carl began to sob gently, and Tom, to his chagrin, put a comforting arm around his slender shoulders. He led him back upstairs to where Miranda was waiting, somewhat drunk herself but still in better condition than Carl.

“Oh, my gosh, Candi!” she exclaimed. “You’re super wasted, girly. Come on, let’s get you fixed up...” Carl looked up blearily and nodded his pretty blonde head. As Miranda called a cab to take them both home, and helped Carl repair the damage Joe had done to his lip gloss, hair, and costume, Carl couldn’t help but think he was going to have one hell of a headache in the morning... Who knew wine coolers could pack such a punch?



Just as he had predicted, Carl woke up on Sunday morning with a throbbing headache. When he rolled over and saw that he was in Miranda’s bed with her, he wondered for a confused moment if they had gotten back together... and then he remembered that he was Candi, now, not Carl.

“Hey there, sleeping beauty,” Miranda yawned. “How are you feeling?”

“Awful,” Carl whimpered. “What on Earth happened last night?” Miranda straightened up.

“You don’t remember anything?” she demanded.

“No?” Carl moaned. “Should I?”

“Oh my gosh, you were even drunker than I thought,” Miranda said, shaking her head. She proceeded to tell Carl the whole story, how they had gone to Amber’s house party and Carl, after one too many drinks, had ended up alone in the basement with Joe, playing doctor. Carl’s pretty pink mouth fell open in horror.

“Oh, my gosh!” he exclaimed. “What if he had tried to, to finger me? What if he had found my gaff?”

“You were lucky Tom showed up,” Miranda said. “He told Joe to buzz off, and ended up having to punch him out! Then I got you all fixed up and called your

mom to let you know you'd be spending the night with me. Tom insisted on driving us home – I don't think Amber cared, she was passed out from drinking by that point – and I'm pretty sure you gave him a nice long goodnight kiss as a thank-you."

"I didn't!" Carl squeaked, blushing furiously.

"Well, okay, he was the one doing the kissing," Miranda laughed. "But you didn't seem to mind very much, girly! He made me promise not to tell Amber a word of it."

"I knew I shouldn't have agreed to wear that silly costume," Carl moaned. "Clearly my mom was right about it..."

"You looked smoking hot, and nothing bad really happened, so why worry about it?" Miranda pointed out. "Especially when it's almost noon and we have to get going. Our squad is doing the carwash today, remember? The big fundraiser?"

"That's today?" Carl moaned. "I completely forgot!"

"And you keep telling me you're not a bimbo," Miranda giggled. "Okay, should we save time by hopping in the shower together?" Carl looked up with a shocked expression, half-hopeful, half-embarrassed. "I'm joking," Miranda smiled. "Go ahead, you can have first."

"Thanks," Carl sighed, blushing. He went to the washroom on nyloned feet, seeing his discarded heels on the way, and then stripped down and took a nice warm shower, shampooing his long blonde hair. To his embarrassment, he could see small red marks around his nipples where Joe had clearly been enjoying himself last night. Carl shuddered to think of just how badly things could have gone if Tom hadn't intervened! He would have to be far more careful in the future around booze, that was for certain. As he wrapped one towel around his hair and another underneath his armpits, he heard Miranda knocking on the door.

"Hurry up, girly!" she called.

"Coming!" Carl called. He hurried out of the bathroom to find Miranda had laid out clothes for him on the bed.

"I know you don't like wearing shorts, so I found this cute little denim mini for you," Miranda smiled. "I would wear it more often if I had legs like yours!"

"I like shorts," Carl protested weakly as she foisted the feminine garment on him.

"I never see you wearing them," Miranda laughed. "And here's a bikini to wear underneath. Be careful! My boobs aren't as big as yours and the top might be a little, well, precarious." Blushing, Carl took the little pink string bikini and quickly changed, allowing Miranda to help tie the straps behind his back. He was just wriggling into the little denim miniskirt when Miranda's phone rang.

"Hello?" she asked.

"Hi, Miranda, are you with Candi?" came their cheerleading coach's voice. "You two are supposed to be here already!"

"Sorry, coach, we're running a little late," Miranda said, rolling her eyes. "You know how Candi primps and preens."

"Can you make sure she wears something white?" the coach asked. "Things are a little slow right now, but the weather's perfect and I want this to be a big success."

"I'll tell her," Miranda giggled. "See you soon!"

"Why do I have to wear something white?" Carl asked confusedly as Miranda hung up. His ex-girlfriend shook her head and smiled.

"Why do you think?" she asked. "Face it, girly, with a rack like that, you're going to be the main attraction! Here, how about this one..." She found an old white T-shirt and Carl slipped it over his head, still blushing at the realization his new boobs were going to be making money for his cheerleading squad. Miranda then bunched up the bottom and tied it into a cute little bow just underneath his breasts, leaving his entire tanned, toned midriff bare for anyone who wanted to look. Carl stared miserably at his reflection. Dressed like this, he was sure to attract plenty of carloads full of horny guys who would be all too happy to see him get soaked!

"Do your hair and makeup while I shower really quick," Miranda instructed. "Then my mom will drive us over, okay?"

"Okay," Carl sighed. "Should I use water-proof mascara?"

"Good thinking, girly," Miranda smiled. "At least you're not a ditz when it comes to your makeup."

"Shut up!" Carl squealed, throwing a pillow at her. Miranda giggled, and dodged it handily on her way into the bathroom.



The carwash fundraiser was just getting underway when Carl and Miranda arrived, with a whole gaggle of pretty girls in bikini tops, short shorts, and wet T-shirts prancing around with sponges and buckets. Once Carl would have thought he was in paradise, but now he was expected to join them! The school parking lot had been festooned with a big "carwash" sign, and the cheerleading coach waved them over as Carl and Miranda approached. Amber was already there, primping in her bikini and putting the finishing touches on a cardboard sign.

“Finally!” the coach exclaimed. “Had a little too much fun last night, did we?” Carl blushed furiously, wondering what exactly Amber had ‘innocently’ let slip to her.

“Sorry, coach,” he said tremulously. The cheerleading coach broke out into a smile.

“Don’t worry, Candi, I had my fair share of nights like that when I was your age!” she laughed. “Just don’t go sharing that around. Now, I was thinking we’ll have two separate lines coming into the parking lot, to be most efficient, but we need two girls to go hold the signs and get this thing rolling. How about my two top candidates for head cheerleader? Amber, you and Candi can have a friendly little competition to see who can get the most cars.” From the sour expression on her face, Amber obviously couldn’t believe what she was hearing – she had been on the cheerleading squad since freshmen year, and now she was competing for head cheerleader with a busty blonde bimbo who had only just shown up!

“I love friendly competition!” Amber said sweetly, with her cold glare making it clear it would be anything but. “Are you up for it, Candi? Or are you maybe a little bit too sore?” She leaned in close, so the coach wouldn’t hear her, for the last jab. “That Joe is just insatiable...” Blushing furiously, Carl reluctantly took the other sign.

“Great!” the coach exclaimed, clapping her hands together happily. “Now, the rest of you just get ready for the cars to start rolling in.” With a nervous look towards Miranda, Carl minced after Amber towards the parking lot entrance, heels clopping noisily on the tarmac. Miranda’s bikini top was too small for him, and his boobs bounced dangerously with each high-heeled step, threatening to pop out underneath his little white T-shirt. That was the last thing he needed, especially when Amber already had so much fuel for her rumor fire...

“So,” Amber said, tossing her hair. “How was he, Candi? Is he as big as he brags? I was so embarrassed to see my dad sitting on that couch this morning, but I just couldn’t bring myself to tell him about the stains...”

“I didn’t have sex with Joe,” Carl protested tremulously, blushing bright pink.

“Why not?” Amber asked. “You were certainly begging for it with that trampy costume of yours. Did you decide you wanted to suck him off instead?”

“I didn’t want to do anything!” Carl exclaimed. “He kept, kept grabbing my boobs and kissing my neck, and he was pulling up my skirt, and he wouldn’t listen when I told him to stop...” The memory brought a quiver to Carl’s fearful voice. “I wish Tom had punched him even harder!” Carl said miserably.

“What? That’s what they were fighting about?” Amber snapped. “Tom told me it was because Joe dumped a beer on his head!”

Carl saw an opportunity. “No, he was like my knight in shining armor!” Carl said with a catty grin. “He was so wonderful to look after me like that!” He

knew that would be a quick jab to the gut for Amber. "I simply don't know what I would have done if it wasn't for Tom!"

Amber glared at him for a moment longer, then hoisted the sign above her head, clearly determined to get more cars than her blonde-haired rival.

"Maybe if you didn't act like a whore, boys wouldn't treat you like one," Amber said primly.

Carl knew what he had said had hurt his rival. With a smile of triumph, he raised the sign over his head and started trying to entice the passing cars.

Amber was really working it, strutting back and forth with the sign raised, tossing her long brunette hair, and playing with the strings of her bikini. Carl, noticing that their coach was watching and not wanting to appear lacking in school spirit, reluctantly began to do the same, wiggling his hips and giving the passers-by a sexy white smile. Between the two of them, they were nearly responsible for at least a dozen minor traffic accidents as guys quickly de-accelerated to check out the two scantily-clad beauties. Carl couldn't tell which lane was attracting more cars, but he knew the parking lot was certainly filling up! About ten minutes later, Miranda skipped up with a bucket and sponge.

"Hi, coach just wanted me to tell you you guys are doing a great job!" she chirped, swinging the bucket. "Oops!" Carl gasped as the cold water splashed all down his shirt, thoroughly soaking the white fabric. "Sorry," Miranda giggled. "Coach's orders! She wants to get as many cars in here as possible."

Carl could only sputter in indignation as Miranda went off to wash another vehicle. His little tied-off top was plastered against his skin now, clearly showing the shape of his breasts and the valley of cleavage created by his tiny bikini top, and to make matters worse, the cold water was definitely hardening his nipples! He hoped it wasn't noticeable as he raised the sign once more, teeth chattering slightly as he tried to give his cutest smile to a passing car. His all but exposed D-cup breasts were like magnets for male attention, and before long every single car was entering his lane to roll by as slowly as possible.

Amber had let her sign drop, looking absolutely furious with the attention 'Candi' was receiving. Carl could only smile and giggle nervously as young men, and not-so-young men, all did their best to flirt with him through the window. Eventually the line was so backed up that the coach called them both back to help wash cars.

Here, Carl found himself even more popular! Whether he was bending over to scrub at a hub-cap, thrusting his firm buttocks into the air and putting his legs on full display, or leaning across a windshield to wipe it down, inadvertently pressing his boobs up against the glass to the arousal of any male occupants, the guys just couldn't seem to take their eyes off him, ogling him like a piece of meat. Carl felt almost sick with embarrassment at the way he was letting himself be treated like a complete sex object, but he did his best to smile

and giggle like the other girls as he scampered back and forth in his straining bikini top and flirty little miniskirt, his soaked shirt long since discarded.

“Ooh, look, the principal showed up to support us,” Miranda pointed out. She was right. Carl turned around and saw Mr. Buller making his way towards the car-wash. Miranda waved, and the middle-aged man waved back, but as he



caught sight of ‘Candi’ in her barely-there bikini top and miniskirt, he stopped dead in his tracks, face going red. Almost immediately, he began to walk quickly in the opposite direction, all but breaking into a run.

“What was that about?” Carl asked, confused. Miranda looked thoughtful.

“Well, there was this one incident with a student a few years back,” she said. “Everyone still talks about it once in a while, it’s a miracle his wife didn’t leave him and that he kept his job. I suppose he doesn’t want to be tempted?”

“But I’m not tempting him!” Carl protested. Miranda just laughed.

“Oh, Candi,” she smiled. “You’re tempting any guy in a five-mile radius at all times. Especially when you’re showing off your boobies like that...”

“H-hey, Candi, how’s it going?” came a nervous voice. Carl glanced over to see the dark-haired boy who was working at Tiffany’s salon. What was his name, Matt? Mark? Whoever he was, he was staring at Carl’s barely-constrained boobs as if he had never seen anything so beautiful in his life.

"Case in point," Miranda giggled. "Hi, Mark. Did you finish that essay for me yet?"

"No, that's what I... uh... why I'm here, uh..." Mark trailed off pitifully, still rendered speechless by 'Candi's' attire as he ran one hand through his longish hair.

"Hey, is that a manicure you have going on?" Miranda asked quizzically. Mark slipped both hands behind his back, but not before Carl saw a tell-tale gleam of pink, and remembered back to the last time she had seen him at the salon, wearing a rather feminine-looking smock and bracelets.

"They said it would dry clear," Mark sighed. "Um, perk of the job. Uh, Candi, I was wondering if..."

"Not now, Mark," Miranda said. "Candi likes big, strong, hunky men, not little girly boys who paint their nails." She gave Carl a wink. "Now come on, I see a really dirty jeep coming in." Mark slinked away dejectedly as she guided Carl over to the next vehicle, a filthy 4x4 in serious need of a wash. As the driver's window rolled down, however, Carl was shocked to see...

"Joe?" he squeaked.

"Hey, gorgeous," the boy said, sporting a black eye but otherwise none the worse for where. "Got it extra dirty just for you!"

"You have a lot of nerve, Joe!" Miranda exclaimed, jumping in as Carl's lower lip



began to tremble. "Candi certainly doesn't want to see you after what you pulled last night, and you're lucky she hasn't gone to the police about it!"

"Whoa, calm down," Joe said, looking suddenly anxious. "Don't get mad at me, sweetheart. Amber's the one who put me up to it."

"W-what?" Carl stammered.

"She told me you were really easy and looking for action last night," Joe explained. "She said you even picked out that nurse costume because you heard I was going as a doctor. Heck, I'm not going to say no to a sexy little piece of ass like that throwing herself at me!"

"That's a lie!" Carl exclaimed. "Oh, I can't believe this! After she keeps calling me a slut, and a whore, and..." Carl trailed off as his slim shoulders began to shake with sobs. Miranda put a comforting arm around him.

"What a terrible, terribly, bitchy thing to do," Miranda said. "Don't worry, Candi, I'm going to make sure everybody hears about this. She had absolutely no right to do that to you."

"So you're not mad at me?" Joe asked. "Want to get going on the car, then?" Carl's only response was to throw his soapy sponge right into Joe's smug face.

"Nice aim, girly," Miranda said as Joe drove away in a rage, spitting out soap. "Did you used to play baseball or something?"

## NOVEMBER

By the end of the following week, the news was everywhere: Tom, after hearing about the cruel prank that had almost ended in disaster for Carl, had dumped Amber. This resulted in Amber missing several days of school, and also the first basketball game, which meant 'Candi' had been assigned to fill in her spot at the front of the formation!

"It looks like the competition for head cheerleader just thinned out a little bit," Miranda giggled, standing in front of Carl's bedroom mirror as she adjusted her uniform.

"You don't think she's quitting the team for good, do you?" Carl asked anxiously. "I never actually wanted to be head cheerleader, I just said that to bother her..."

"Don't worry about that, girly," Miranda said. "Just worry about getting ready for the big game! This must just be a dream come true for you, after all those years playing rough nasty sports with the boys and fantasizing about being a pretty blonde cheerleader on the side-lines... You've finally gotten your wish!" Carl blushed as he twisted and turned in front of the mirror, playing with the fall of his bleached blonde hair. He certainly looked like a teen guy's fantasy, but definitely



not in the way Miranda meant! His new school colors, blue and white, formed a devastatingly low-cut leotard before turning into a short pleated skirt that swirled enticingly around his tanned thighs. His matching pom-poms were on the dresser. With his long blonde hair and prettily made-up face, shapely legs and to-die-for curves, he was the perfect picture of a cute, sexy cheerleader!

“Looking good, girls!” Carl’s mom remarked, entering the room with her camera. “Strike a few poses! I want to remember this night, you both must be so



excited for your first performance...” Carl reluctantly posed with Miranda, giving the camera a nervous white smile as his mother took what seemed like a thousand photos. It gave him a sinking feeling to realize that even long after he returned to pants and boyhood, there would always be a photographic record of his time as a pretty, busty blonde cheerleader! And those weren't the only ones, either... He thought back to all the times his Aunt Kat had snapped pictures of him in his cute outfits, or in his bikini at the pool, or right before his big date with Jason... Or the professional spread that he'd had to do as part of the Miss Boardwalk Beauty pageant, complete with a handsome male model. That memory still brought a blush to his cheeks. Would he have to spend his whole life worrying that someone might put two and two together, and find out that he'd spent a year in Florida as a cute, sexy blonde co-ed?

The thought only added to his nervousness as he followed Miranda and his mother out to the car. Aunt Kat was missing the game due to work, but Carl's mom had promised to record their half-time performance for her, unbeknownst to Carl, of course. Carl was feeling sick to his stomach with nerves by the time he and Miranda got out of the car and went to join the other cheerleaders in the back of the gym. The coach got everyone into formation, pausing at Carl.

“You look great, honey,” she smiled. “Don't be nervous! Okay girls, let's go!” Carl took a deep breath and nodded his pretty blonde head. He couldn't believe he was really doing this! He had gone from playing sports to being a dainty little cheerleader in short skirts and a low-cut leotard. If his father could see him now, he was sure he would just die of embarrassment, much less his old buddy Brad, but Carl couldn't afford to think about that now, not when the music was about to start up!

They made their big entrance into the gymnasium as the music started to play through loudspeakers. Carl forced a smile onto his face and skipped out with the other cheerleaders, waving his pom-poms. They bounced out into the middle of the court and started their routine, the one Carl had so painstakingly been drilled on. He followed all the dance steps by instinct, shaking his hips and smiling brightly out at the crowd, following the music. He had never noticed just how big the crowd was before, or just how much attention they paid to the cheerleaders! Not everyone was there just for the basketball... He could feel at least a hundred lustful eyes checking out his cleavage and his tight, trim buttocks as he jumped and twirled, breasts jiggling with each move, tossing his long blonde mane of hair and maintaining a cute, sexy smile at all times.

As the song ended, Carl struck his final pose, chest thrust proudly out and hips cocked. He was breathing hard but kept smiling as the crowd applauded them. It felt good to be hearing applause, even if he was on the cheerleading squad, not the basketball team, but the way the crowd was ogling him brought a deep blush to his cheeks that had nothing to do with his exertion. How had

he let himself be turned into such a busty blonde bimbo? A few short months ago he would have laughed his butt off at the very idea of cheerleading, and now here he was at the front of the formation, showing off his cleavage and smiling flirtatiously for the crowd.

The cheerleaders all skipped over to their place behind the basket as the basketball team came out of the lockers. Carl had almost forgotten that Tom was on the team, but he remembered in a hurry when Miranda nudged him slyly, pointing to where the captain was jogging out onto the court to huge applause.

“Look at his biceps!” she giggled. “He’s so dreamy, isn’t he? I bet you would just love to have him put those big strong arms around your tiny little waist...” Carl flushed, thinking of how he had lost any semblance of muscle he might have once had in his arms, making them slender and toned instead thanks to dieting, hormones, and yoga at the gym with Aunt Kat. Now his ex-girlfriend expected him to drool over other guys’ muscles! Carl was relieved that Tom didn’t even look his way. He was too busy concentrating on the upcoming game.

As the basketball game tipped off, Carl did his best to hop up and down, wave his pom-poms, and squeal girlishly with excitement for every basket their team scored. It was an exciting game, the kind Carl would have loved to watch, but he could hardly pay attention. He was too busy cheering!

Every few minutes he had to prance across in front of the bleachers, wiggling his tush and exhorting the fans to cheer more loudly, all the while trying to ignore the lewd remarks and catcalls from the guys in the stands as they ogled his bouncing boobs and every toss of his sexy blonde hair. He had never imagined he would spend a basketball game strutting behind the net, waving his pom-poms and jumping up and down to get the fans to cheer!

Once, as Tom came barreling in for a fast-break lay-up basket, he nearly bowled Carl right over. As Tom gallantly helped him up, Carl blushed furiously and tried to pull down his skirt, which had flipped up to reveal his panties completely. He wasn’t sure which was more embarrassing: the sly wink from Tom, the cooing of the other cheerleaders, or the way half the school had gotten to see the color of his panties!

After another half-time performance, the pace of the game sped up and the score began to mount steadily on each side, resulting in a 88-point tie with only moments left on the timer. Carl, caught up in the excitement, waved his pom-poms and squealed and jumped up and down just like all the other cheerleaders as Tom brought the ball up the hardwood court with hardly any time remaining. The bleachers watched breathlessly as Tom dribbled past his opponent, leapt high into the air, and released the ball. The buzzer sounded, and at that exact same moment, the ball fell through the hoop in a perfect swish! The crowd went wild, and Tom was immediately assaulted on all sides by his teammates, congratulating him on his terrific shot.

"Isn't he amazing?" one of the cheerleaders squealed. "Admit it, Candi, he's really something! Who wouldn't want a guy like that?" Another guy! Carl thought glumly, but he just blushed and nodded his head in agreement, before letting out another high-pitched cheer and bouncing up and down on the toes of his sneakers. He once would have been part of the victory on the court, but now his only place was on the side lines, cheering for the big strong boys to do what he was no longer even remotely capable of. It was absolutely crushing for a formerly-macho boy like Carl to realize just how thoroughly his life had changed, and just how truly feminized he now was.

He was spared any more thought on that, however, as Tom pulled away from his team-mates and jogged over towards the cheerleaders, still grinning from one ear to the other, and swept Carl off his feet before planting a deep, passionate kiss on his pretty pink lips. Carl could only gasp in surprise as Tom twirled him off the ground, one hand giving his butt a sly squeeze, and set him down again, lips still locked to his. When Tom finally released him, Carl was red-faced and panting prettily for air. Tom licked the taste of 'Candi's' pink lip gloss off the corner of his mouth and grinned.

"Were you cheering for me?" he asked suavely. Carl's eyes lowered under his long, mascara-laden lashes and he could only nod, blushing furiously. The other cheerleaders were all giggling and clapping at the romantic display, but Carl only felt ashamed from the feel of Tom's



tongue between his lips. He had once again been kissed by another stronger, alpha-male guy! "Good," Tom said. "That's why we won! Meet me outside my locker after class tomorrow, okay? I need to tell you something."

"Oh, okay," Carl stammered, breasts rising and falling rapidly on his chest. Tom leaned forward and claimed one last peck on Carl's open lips, then swaggered back to the locker room with the rest of his team. Immediately, the other cheerleaders all surrounded Carl, hugging him and giggling and saying how Tom definitely, definitely wanted to make him his new girlfriend!

"Wow, good thing they won," Miranda smiled. "That certainly worked out perfectly for you, didn't it, girly? And oh my gosh, what a kiss! You two didn't plan that out, did you?"

"What?" Carl squeaked. "Of course not! I, I haven't even talked to him since Amber's party, I had no idea he was going to...to..." He trailed off, flushing deeply. "Let's just go," he said miserably. "Where's my mom?"

"You don't want to stick around and see if your beau wants a little encore?" Miranda giggled. "Ooh, there she is. I wonder if she got that little display on tape!"

"Candi Wethers!" Carl's mom exclaimed, climbing down over the last bleacher. "What on Earth were you thinking?"

"I didn't mean for him to..." Carl began, almost sobbing, but his mother cut him off.

"What on Earth were you thinking, not telling me about that young hunk!" she laughed. "You certainly know how to pick them, don't you? If I was ten years younger I would be all over him. What's your boyfriend's name, sweetheart?"

"He's not my boyfriend!" Carl protested.

"Not yet," Miranda giggled. "His name's Tom, and he's definitely the school's most eligible bachelor!"

"Can we please just go home?" Carl begged. "Before the players all get changed and... and come back out?"

"After a kiss like that, I bet you just want to curl up with one of your romance novels and think about Tom all night," Carl's mother smiled. "I'm so proud of you, dear, and you, too, Miranda. All of you girls were just great tonight! It really made me miss my cheerleading days."

"I bet you could still show us a thing or two!" Miranda beamed. "I mean, Candi can't do much in the way of kicks or flips, but she certainly has a cheerleader's sex appeal. She didn't just get the crowd going, but our star player, too!"

"You must be so proud," Carl's mom sighed. "Just think! Your cute smile and sexy little wiggle helped give Tom the passion he needed to score his winning point. Why, I think you contributed more than any boy named 'Carl' ever did to

a victory!" Carl flushed even more deeply, never having felt so emasculated in his life. He was supposed to be proud of the way his sexy, feminine appearance had been such a turn-on for the boys? He felt the complete opposite of proud at the moment, that was for certain! He barely spoke on the way home in the car, knees clasped tightly together out of habit and hands folded daintily in his lap.

"I bet you can't wait to see him at school tomorrow," Miranda smiled. "I'd say he wants to get serious!"

"He asked me to meet him at his locker," Carl said tremulously. "He, he said there's something he wants to, um, tell me..."

"I doubt he wants to say it in words," Miranda giggled. "I'm so happy for you, girly! Tom's had his eye on you forever, and now that he's single, it looks like you two can finally be a couple!"

"But I can't be another guy's girlfriend," Carl gulped. "I mean... I just..."

"Don't you remember what we talked about?" Miranda asked, suddenly stern. "I told you it was time for you to start dating, and you said I could set you up with somebody!"

"But...Tom?" Carl asked pitifully. "What if he tries to... You know..."

"It's up to you to find ways to distract him," Miranda giggled. "Like with those sexy pouty lips of yours."

"I heard that, girls!" Carl's mom chimed in from the front seat. "Candi, I expect you to be a lady... Well, at least in public, anyways." She winked at him from the rear view mirror. Carl blushed. Even his own mother was conspiring to get him to date boys! "Besides, Miranda is quite right," she continued. "It really would be in your own best interests, dear. After all, if a pretty girl like you showed no interest in boys, people would get curious. Nobody will suspect a thing if you have a hunky boyfriend taking you out, kissing you, putting his big strong hands around your cute little waist and treating you like his girl. And if you let him play with those beauties..."

Carl blushed furiously, crossing his arms across his barely-concealed breasts.

"Well, there's going to be no doubt in his mind that you are totally female," his mom pointed out. "In fact, knowing guys, he's probably going to tell the whole locker room about getting a feel... In detail!"

"Typical men," Miranda sighed.

"So really, it will only make your disguise even more water-tight!" Carl's mom finished. "You looked so happy out there in your adorable little cheerleading uniform, Candi. I think it's really becoming natural for you to want to be pretty and feminine." She paused a moment before becoming more reflective. "I've noticed how long you spend in front of the mirror and doing your makeup and such, even when I haven't asked you to. You even asked Miranda to help you

get onto the cheerleading team, for God's sakes! You are enjoying becoming a beautiful young lady, and you shouldn't be ashamed of it, dear. This is just another part of it." She quickly turned her head to wink at her feminized son. "Personally, I think you should date him! He's very handsome, and if you have a boyfriend, nobody will ever bat an eye at the fact you are very modest in the changing room and such. As long as he doesn't try to take your virginity..." Carl blushed at his own mother automatically assuming he was a virgin. He wanted nothing more than to tell her that he wasn't enjoying himself, not one little bit, but he knew it would only make Miranda angry with him if he started 'denying' again. Seeing no other choice, Carl let out a tremulous sigh.

"Okay," he said miserably. "I'll meet him tomorrow..."

"Good!" Miranda exclaimed. "Want me to help you pick out something really cute to wear for him?"

"What an excellent idea, Miranda," Carl's mom smiled. "Candi's so lucky to have a friend like you, aren't you, dear?"

Carl, blushing, nodded his pretty blonde head. Miranda had gone from being his *girl* friend to being his *girl friend*, and now, to cap it all off, she was doing her best to get him a *boy* friend. He was already dreading tomorrow...



The next day, the basketball team was still reveling in the glory of their dramatic victory, swaggering through the hall-ways as if they were kings of the high school... and, for the moment, they were! All the other students flocked to congratulate them, but Carl did his best to avoid anyone wearing a letterman's jacket on the off chance that it was Tom. Miranda noticed his cagey behavior, but wrote it off as nerves about meeting with Tom after school.

"Don't worry," she smiled for the tenth time. "I know he's going to ask you! Especially in that outfit." Carl blushed. He had somehow let Miranda bully him into wearing a powder-blue halter top with a 'plunging cowl' neckline deep enough to practically reach his navel. The principal had almost had a heart-attack when he saw 'Candi' mince into the school wearing it, matched with a short flared miniskirt and stiletto pumps.

Amber, now back in school, had seen him as well, but her glare didn't seem to have as much effect when she had clearly been crying. Carl almost felt bad for her, especially since she had no doubt heard about what happened at the basketball game, but he also knew that she had been none-too-faithful to Tom in the past. After all, he well knew that she had given out her phone number to a brown-haired, slim but good-looking boy named Carl on his first day in Florida all those months ago! Carl could hardly believe he had once been man enough

to attract a beautiful girl like Amber, when now he had been so thoroughly feminized to attract the attentions of guys.

“Maybe he just wants to ask me about the algebra homework?” Carl suggested hopefully. Miranda burst out laughing.

“Oh, Candi, you’re so funny sometimes,” she giggled. “I’m sure he wants help from *you*. You spend all algebra class doing your nails and playing with your hair!”

“I only did that once!” Carl protested, blushing. “It was because I chipped the paint on one of them!”

“You’re such a bimbo,” Miranda sighed, shaking her head and smiling. “Good thing Tom loves a dumb blonde...”

Carl swallowed in fear. He spent the rest of the day hopelessly distracted, unable to pay attention in even a single one of his classes as he wondered what exactly Tom was going to say to him – fortunately, Mark gave him the notes for English.

Mark was a curious character to Carl. Even in his distracted state Carl couldn’t help but notice the boy’s moisturized skin and trimmed eyebrows – working with Tiffany and the twins was obviously rubbing off on the poor guy. If he knew that ‘Candi’ was the salon’s biggest success story, he might have a few more reservations about that sort of thing!

Carl realized at one point that he was worrying about Tom just like a love-struck teenaged girl with a crush! Maybe Tom would have forgotten all about it? Maybe he had just been caught up in the moment, and actually wanted to get back together with Amber? Carl crossed his fingers as the final bell rang and he headed towards his locker, but he was to have no such luck. Tom was waiting there for him.

“H-hi, Tom,” Carl squeaked, clutching his books to his chest and also covering up the low-cut of his top.

“Hey, Candi,” Tom said eagerly. “I’ve been trying to find you all day! Where were you at lunch?”

“Um, I wasn’t feeling well, so I went to the school nurse,” Carl lied. Tom smiled and held out his hands. Carl, blushing, deposited his books into them, giving Tom a perfect view of his slutty top. Tom’s eyes widened a bit, as did his grin, as Carl quickly turned to his locker and started doing the combination, long pink nails fumbling with the lock. When it finally sprang open, Tom gently placed his books up on the top shelf that Carl sometimes had trouble reaching, even in high heels.

“Well, I hope it was nothing contagious,” he grinned, sliding his arm around Carl’s delicate waist and pulling him close. “Candi, I’ve been crazy about you

ever since the first day we met, and I just can't hold it in any longer. Do you remember when you tripped on the boardwalk and I caught you?"

"Yes," Carl admitted, blushing. "Amber was so mad..."

"Forget about Amber," Tom said sternly. "She's not your problem, babe. Ever since that day, I haven't been able to get you out of my mind. You're so beautiful, so sexy, and when I heard that you were coming to our high school, I was the happiest I've ever been in my life, I swear. Candi, I want you to be my girlfriend." Even though he had known the announcement was coming, Carl still felt his knees quake to hear the words. Was he really going to go through with this? Was he really going to let another guy make him his girlfriend?

"I... I need to think about it," Carl squeaked, trying desperately to stall.

"What's to think about?" Tom chuckled. "Candi, you're the hottest girl in school, and I'm the best-looking guy. You're going to be the head cheerleader, and I'm captain of the basketball team. We're so perfect for each other, babe!"

Carl tried to wriggle away, but Tom quickly blocked his attempt. "I'm going to take you out every weekend and show you a good time, and help you whenever math is too confusing for you, and protect you from any guy with enough nerve to lay his hands on my girlfriend – and you're going to make every single one of those guys green with envy, babe. I can't wait to hold you... to kiss you..." He had slyly maneuvered Carl so he was pressed up against the locker, and now Tom leaned in for a kiss. Carl found himself swooning as Tom's tongue probed his mouth and his one hand cupped Carl's sensitive breast. "I like you so much," Tom whispered romantically. "Please don't break my heart, Candi. What do you say?"

"Okay," Carl said, slightly out of breath. "I'll, I'll be your girlfriend, Tom." Tom's face lit up with glee and he encircled Carl's waist with both hands. The feeling of joy for Tom was just strong as the depression and dread Carl felt. Still, he needed to try and mitigate the situation somehow. Carl stared down at the floor, thinking fast. "There's just one thing," Carl squeaked, before Tom could kiss him again.

"What is it, babe?" Tom asked, concerned.

"Ever since the party, when Joe tried to... to... you know..." Carl trailed off, blushing.

"You don't have to worry about that punk ever again!" Tom promised.

"No, it's not that!" Carl squeaked. "It's, um... I just keep thinking about it, and I get so scared, and..." He fluttered his gorgeous dark eye-lashes in a way he knew was extremely hard to resist, taking a deep breath. "Is it okay if we take things slow?" he asked tremulously. Tom's face fell, but any red-blooded guy would have found it completely impossible to say no to those innocent baby blue eyes and cute pout. He sighed.

"I understand," he said. "Of course we can take things slow, baby. I mean, I guess I've waited this long..."

"Oh, thank you, Tom!" Carl sighed, wrapping his arms around Tom's neck like an adoring girlfriend. It was genuine relief he was feeling. "It's not *you*, or anything..."

"I know it's not," Tom grinned cockily. "We'll take things slow, babe. You're worth it. You look so beautiful in that blue, it matches your eyes perfectly." He planted a gentle kiss right on Carl's pretty pink lips. Carl submissively parted them, to allow Tom full access, and realized that he was now, officially, the girlfriend of another guy! Could this day get any crazier?



Unfortunately for Carl, the answer was to be yes! After he had let it slip that he and Tom were now a couple, all of the other cheerleaders were thrilled for him. Amber had definitely fallen from grace – she was wearing sweat pants today, for God's sake!

Eventually, he managed to pull away from what seemed like the billionth congratulatory hug, and he hurriedly went to the car where his Aunt Kat was waiting to drive him home. "Hey, sweetie," she smiled, as Carl gracefully entered the passenger side door, crossing his legs smoothly. "Any exciting news today?"

"Exciting? Why would I have exciting news?" Carl gasped, ears going pink.

"Well, now I can tell that you do!" Aunt Kat laughed. "You go first, and then I have something to show you." Carl blushed, looking down at his lap past his perfect cleavage. "Come on," Aunt Kat wheedled. "It wouldn't have anything to do with a handsome boy, would it?"

"T-Tom made me his girlfriend," Carl said in a tiny voice.

"Oh, sweetie, that's fantastic!" Aunt Kat exclaimed. "I'm so happy for you! And your day's only going to get better, too... Open up this envelope, I can't while driving." She handed him an envelope, and Carl, curious despite himself, spent the next few minutes struggling to open it with his long nails, until he realized he could use the filed points to slide along under the front part of the envelope.

"See?" Aunt Kat said with a wink. "Those lovely nails of yours do come in handy!"

"I guess," Carl said with a weak smile. He now noticed that the envelope had "Radiance Suntan Lotion Inc." stamped on it, but he didn't make the connection until he opened the letter and several glossy photographs spilled out. They displayed a gorgeous, breathtakingly hot blonde in a skimpy silver bikini, showing off an incredibly sexy body, in a variety of poses alongside a handsome male model. With all the lighting effects and airbrushing, it took Carl a second to

realize that the blonde was none other than himself! These were the pictures from the Boardwalk Beauty photo shoot!

"They also called our house," Aunt Kat beamed. "They loved these picture so much up high in the company, that they want to do a magazine ad, with you as the "Miss Radiance" model! Isn't that exciting?"

"Me?" Carl gasped. "As a model?"

"Why ever not, sweetie?" Aunt Kat probed. "Haven't you figured out that you make an extremely beautiful girl? No offense, Candi, but you never turned many heads as a boy, but as 'Candi', you're flat-out gorgeous, sweetie. Most girls would kill to have a pretty face and sexy figure like yours!"

"But I'm still a boy!" Carl protested. "I mean, if it weren't for these hormones and that silly boob job..."

"And you think supermodels never have cosmetic surgery?" Aunt Kat chuckled. "Sweetie, those procedures just allowed the real you to shine through, that's all! There was always a beautiful, sexy, vivacious young girl just waiting under the surface. All it took was a little bit of medical help to strip away all that nasty testosterone and turn you into the gorgeous girl you are now! Come on, sweetie, be honest. You're more than hot enough to be a model!"

"That doesn't mean I want to!" Carl said, blushing furiously. "I never asked for any of this, remember? I never wanted to disguise myself as a girl to begin with!"

"Sweetie, you should be proud of your appearance," Aunt Kat sighed. "Especially since you've been so faithful with your dieting, your tanning, your yoga and trips to the gym..." She paused to take a breath so she could continue. "Hair appointments, waxing, manicures, pedicures..." She took another breath. "All the hours you've put into practicing your makeup and plying your skin with creams and lotions..."

"I never wanted to do *any* of those things," Carl protested weakly.

"Well, beauty is pain," Aunt Kat smiled. "It was certainly all worth it, though, sweetie. Just think, getting to be in a real magazine! How exciting..."

"Can't I just say no?" Carl asked hopefully.

"And turn down the opportunity of a life-time?" Aunt Kat demanded. "Even if you were silly enough to do such a thing, no, I'm afraid that's not possible. Remember those forms I had you sign for the pageant? I'm afraid the Radiance Suntan company has every right to use your likeness to advertise their product, up to and including another photo shoot, sweetie."

"So that means I *have* to go?" Carl asked tremulously, blushing at the idea of prancing around in a skimpy bikini for yet another photographer. The very last thing he wanted was to be in a magazine, where any of his old buddies might

see him... He knew exactly how they would 'make use' of a sexy blonde pin-up, and the thought made his stomach turn.

"Just think how proud your new boyfriend will be to tell everyone he's dating a swimsuit model," Aunt Kat giggled. "Well, close to one, anyways. All those other guys will be so envious of him, don't you think? But don't worry about it for now, sweetie. The photo shoot wouldn't be until after holidays anyways, so for now, just put it out of your pretty little head and focus on your cheerleading... Oh, and your new man! When is he taking you out?"

"He said he would call me tomorrow on Saturday for our first date," Carl said in a small voice.

"Your first boyfriend," Aunt Kat sighed happily. "Oh, sweetie, I'm so happy for you."

"First?" Carl gasped. "Aunt Kat, he's going to be my only 'boyfriend,' you can count on it!"

"Someone's a little love-struck," Aunt Kat laughed. "Sweetie, you might scare him away if you're already picturing wedding bells and going down the aisle in a white dress... Although I do have to say you would make a spectacularly beautiful bride."

"That's not what I mean," Carl protested, blushing. "I don't want a boyfriend at all! I don't like boys! It's just, you know, for the disguise. So he's not really my boyfriend at all."

"Whatever you want to tell yourself, Candi," Aunt Kat smiled, clearly not believing a single word. "Your mother told me all about that romantic kiss you two shared at the basketball game. It must have really made your heart flutter!" Carl sank down in his seat with a pout set firmly on his pretty pink lips, knowing his aunt wasn't going to believe him no matter what he said. Why was everyone so intent on getting him a boyfriend? Didn't they remember he was really a guy?

And not only that, but before long he would once again be primping and posing in front of a camera in a bathing suit! Feeling totally miserable, Carl put his head back against the seat and let out a long sigh.

"That's a sweetheart sigh if I ever heard one," Aunt Kat said. "You must be really crazy about this 'Tom!'" Carl blushed furiously. It seemed like he just couldn't win!



Needless to say, Carl was already feeling stressed when he woke up on Saturday morning. He still couldn't believe how things were unfolding at school, from the basketball game kiss to the modeling contract, that had turned his already

topsy-turvy year even more upside-down. Eventually, on his mother's suggestion, he ran a soothing bubble-bath for himself and lay back in the sudsy water. He hated the way his D-cup breasts rose up out of the water like big globular islands, pink nipples proudly out-thrust, a constant reminder of his new status as a sexy blonde bomb-shell with a rack to match! He preferred to close his eyes and try to imagine the day he marched into Dr. Nevsky's office with his inheritance in hand and got them removed, followed by a regimen of male hormones to get all the estrogen out of his soft, feminine body.

Carl was blow drying his hair at his vanity, wearing only his frilly lingerie, when his mother walked into the room. "Have you decided what to wear to the movies?" she asked, beaming.

"Movies?" Carl demanded. "What are you talking about?"

"Oh! Your Aunt Kat took the call," his mom laughed. "I thought she told you already! Your boyfriend called while you were in the bath, and he's going to be here at seven to pick you up, dear."

"Why didn't you just tell him to call back?" Carl moaned. "This feels like I'm being set up with Jason all over again!"

"Well, you could phone him back right now, if you like, but it might seem a little clingy," Carl's mom said matter-of-factly. "You don't want to scare off a catch like that, though with your looks, I'm not sure that's possible! He sounds ecstatic to be taking you out at last."

"Ecstatic?" Carl squeaked, terrified.

"Over the moon! But he's not coming until seven, so you have plenty of time to pick out an outfit," Carl's mom assured him. "I know you want to look your best for him."

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

"Don't stress out over it, Candi," his mother laughed. "You'll be just fine. Your aunt and I will help you find something really cute to wear."

"But which theatre are we going to?" Carl asked anxiously. "Is he driving? What movie is it? He doesn't want to do anything afterwards, does he?"

"Don't worry your pretty little head about it," his mother said soothingly. "All you have to do is look cute and sexy for your beau, okay? He'll decide everything else."

"I can't believe I'm going out on a date with a guy – again!" Carl said pitifully. Worse, it wasn't just one date... Now that he was Tom's girlfriend, he would be doing this as often as Tom wanted to! "I wish I hadn't told him I'd be his girlfriend," Carl moaned, blushing.

"Well you *did*, dear, whether you like it or not," his mother said, now stern. "Make the most of the experience, honey. Don't you think it might be fun, having a cute boy take you out and compliment you and trip over himself paying

for everything? Not many people will ever get the chance to experience being a pretty girl, so consider yourself lucky. I think it's phenomenal that you get to see relationships from the feminine perspective at last, and I know the other girls at school must be jealous of you."

Dejected, Carl bowed his head and continued blow-drying his hair, already thinking of possible outfits in his mind. He remembered exactly what he expected when he went to the movies with Miranda, but now Tom would be expecting the same from him! Just the thought made him feel sick and nervous.

"Seven o'clock?" he asked anxiously.

"That's right," his mother smiled. "Would you like help picking out something really hot to get his motor running?"

"That's the last thing I want," Carl moaned.

"Don't be silly, dear," his mom frowned. "Don't you want your new beau to be proud of your appearance?"

"Not if it makes him, you know, um... Frisky," Carl said, blushing furiously.

"Candi, you would make any boy 'frisky' even wearing a garbage bag," his mother giggled. "But think about it this way. Who's driving you to the movie?"

"Tom?" Carl squeaked.

"And who's paying for the tickets and the refreshments?" his mom prodded.

"Tom?" Carl guessed worriedly.

"And taking good care of you, and holding you during any scary moments, and getting you back home safely?" his mother asked, ticking the points off her fingers.

"T-Tom," Carl stammered, pink-cheeked.

"Exactly," his mother said with a satisfied smile. "That means the least you can do is look pretty and sexy for your boyfriend, and thank him properly at the end of the night." Carl's pretty little mouth fell open in shock. Was his own mother really telling him to let Tom have his way with him? She appeared dead serious! Carl felt completely helpless as he realized it was now his expected duty as Tom's girl to dress sexy for him and pretend to enjoy his attentions.

"Okay," Carl finally said, blushing. "I know he likes me in blue..?"

"He'll like you in anything, dear, but that's still so sweet," his mother beamed. "You're already thinking of how to please your man! You're going to make such a good little girlfriend, and maybe, someday, a very sweet, loving wife..." She had a dreamy, far-off look in her eye as she said the last part, and Carl gulped nervously as his mom went into his wardrobe to help find him something to wear.

While she was hunting for the perfect outfit, Carl did his makeup a little more dramatic than usual at her suggestion, darkening his eyes with extra eye

shadow, using a sexy nude lip gloss on his mouth, and dusting just a hint of glitter over his cheekbones. He needed to look his feminine best for Tom, as his mother kept reminding him!

He brushed out his hair in the mirror, using hairspray to give it more volume. It was getting long enough that he knew the extensions could come out pretty soon, and then his mane of bleached blonde hair would be all him! He had never even considered growing his hair out past his shoulders, but now he was very accustomed to the girlish length. Spending an hour doing his hair once or twice a day was just a part of new routine.

Carl supposed he should have guessed that his mother would pick out something as feminine and sexy as possible, but it didn't stop him from blushing when he saw her selection. It was a hot pink mini-dress that would hug his curves like a glove, completely backless, with a cowl neck-line designed to show off plenty of cleavage.

"Isn't it just darling?" his mom asked, helping him wriggle into the utterly feminine creation. Carl adjusted his boobs in the underwire cups, taking a deep breath. The dress was extremely constricting and barely reached mid-thigh, while leaving his sun-kissed back entirely exposed and giving a generous view of his perfect cleavage. The way it clung enticingly to his curves as he minced over to the mirror made him feel practically naked!

"Very pretty and feminine, but naughty at the same time," his mom smiled. "It should make you feel dainty, delicate, and completely sexy all at once." Carl blushed. He certainly felt dainty and delicate in this revealing, feminine dress, but he didn't know about sexy, even if he certainly looked it!

Over the next hour, his mother had him try on several more dresses, but, as was typical for her, her first instinct was dead on the money. The hot pink number was the best date outfit he had. Carl adjusted his makeup and redid his nails accordingly, and then it was time to find accessories. His mother suggested a pair of large, feminine silver hoop earrings, together with a fashionable bracelet. A small pendant necklace, resting in just such a way as to call even more attention to his bountiful breasts, was the finishing touch. Carl was just stepping into a pair of strappy pink stilettos as the doorbell rang.

"That must be Tom," he said nervously, brushing out his gleaming blonde hair one final time.

"I'll get it," his mom said with a smile. "You take your time, dear. It's important to keep a young man waiting for a little bit on occasion, so as to not seem overly eager. Spritz yourself with a bit of perfume!" She went down the stairs to get the door, and Carl obediently minced over to the dresser to apply a hint of seductive, flowery perfume to his wrists, neck, and cleavage. It was the kind of scent that once would have driven him wild on a hot chick, but now he was the one wearing it for a date!

He stalled as long as he could by primping in front of the mirror, but eventually his mom called him, telling him that his 'boyfriend' had arrived! Blushing furiously, Carl picked up his little clutch purse and minced reluctantly down the stairs to where Tom was waiting.

"Wow, Candi," he grinned. "You're off the *hook!* Every guy at the theatre will be crazy jealous of me!" Tom was looking very smart in a button-up shirt and a nice pair of jeans, and as Carl's mother gave him a significant look he replied in a soft voice, eyes lowered demurely.

"Thank you," Carl said, blushing as he accepted the compliment. He felt an elbow in his back from his mother. "You look really handsome, Tom." That seemed to satisfy her, who winked at him.

"You two have fun," she said. "Just not too much!"

"I'll take good care of her," Tom reassured. He put his arm around Carl's slender waist and escorted him out. Tom definitely seemed to be appreciating his skimpy little dress, judging from how his hand was pressed up against the small of Carl's back, roaming all over his soft bare skin. Carl tried to ignore the sensation, and he forgot all about it when he was shocked to see what looked like a brand new Jaguar waiting for them outside.

"Not bad, huh?" Tom laughed, seeing his date's expression. "Brand new. It's a late birthday present from my parents."

"It's gorgeous," Carl admitted, sighing. He once would have loved to drive a car like this, but he wasn't sure how well he could manage the pedals wearing his dainty high heels.

"I guess it's true what they say about pretty girls and sports cars," Tom said, winking as he opened his date's door. Carl slipped inside gracefully, holding his clutch purse in his lap as Tom shut his door for him and then came around to the driver's side. Carl realized that Tom probably thought he admired the car as a status symbol or a sign that 'Candi' would be able to expect plenty of expensive presents as Tom's girlfriend – not that she could actually know anything about cars. Not a dumb blonde like her, right? Almost as soon as he was inside, Tom began caressing Carl's bare thigh under his dress.

"You look so sexy in that dress," Tom said suggestively.

"Thank you," Carl said again, blushing. "What, um, what movie are we seeing?"

"That new horror flick," Tom said. "You don't mind, do you?"

"I like scary movies!" Carl said, pouting.

"So long as you have a guy to grab onto?" Tom guessed. "I know how that goes. Just so long as you don't spill my popcorn." He grinned roguishly as they began to drive. Carl did his best to keep his dress from riding up from Tom's attentions on the way to the theatre, and was relieved when Tom finally re-

moved his hand in order to steer them into park in the parking lot. He was about to open his door, then remembered his new role and sat demurely while Tom walked around to do it for him. Carl saw no choice but to take his date's arm as they walked towards the entrance of the movie theatre.

Once again, he had been stuffed into a revealing dress, made-up like a magazine model, and spritzed with feminine perfume in order to serve as an-

other guy's hot date. But this time around, it was even worse! When he had been forced to go out with Jason in order to stave off suspicion, he had been able to comfort himself with the knowledge that it was a one-off deal. But now that he was Tom's girlfriend, these dates were going to be a very regular occurrence! He knew Tom would parade him around everywhere and treat him like a trophy. He would be expected to always look his feminine best for their dates, and in exchange for dinner and movies, whether they were 'taking it slow' or not, Tom would eventually definitely be expecting favors.

Despite that, Carl stayed close to Tom in the ticket line, embarrassed and a little scared by the older college-aged guys who were ogling him openly. Fortunately, none of them dared make a move with Tom's arm wrapped securely



around his little waist. The other guys' girlfriends, meanwhile, were giving Carl such dirty looks he was almost reminded of Amber Sweet!

"Let's go," Tom smiled, taking him by the hand and escorting him into the darkened theatre, pausing only to hand over both of their tickets. "Where would you like to sit?" It was already quite packed. Carl thought of walking all the way to the front in his backless minidress, giving all the boys in the theatre the opportunity to stare, and chose the back. Tom's smile got even wider at that. Carl had been a girl just long enough to forget exactly what the back of the theater meant to most guys! Before they had even settled in, Tom's arm went around his slim shoulders and his hand was on Carl's bare thigh, making him shiver. Tom didn't even wait for the previews to end before he leaned in and planted a soft kiss on Carl's trembling lips. Experiencing no resistance, Tom deepened the kiss, invading Carl's mouth with his tongue while simultaneously letting his hand roam up to Carl's breasts.

"You like that," Tom whispered. "Don't you?" He squeezed Carl's left boob. Carl gulped, glad nobody could see them in the dark back of the theatre.

"Can't we just watch the movie?" Carl pleaded, pretending to be interested by the preview of coming attractions.

"Nobody can see us back here, babe," Tom chuckled. "Don't worry." With those words, he began using both hands to knead Carl's breasts through the flimsy material of his dress. Carl couldn't help but moan at the sensation, immediately embarrassed as an old man three rows ahead turned back with a frown on his face, knowing exactly what the young couple were up to.

Carl tried to pull away, but he was putty in Tom's strong, masculine hands. There was nothing he could do as Tom played with his breasts, massaging the nipples with his thumbs and pinching him in a way that made Carl gasp in surprise and pleasure both, while simultaneously kissing his dolled-up date's slender neck. Carl was utterly helpless, once again, and totally trapped in his new role as another guy's sexy, feminine date. All he could do was let Tom have his way, just as a girl would!

"You're so hot, Candi," Tom groaned. "You're different from all the other girls." Carl was suddenly fearful.

"Different?" he squeaked, trying to maneuver his mouth away from Tom's hungry tongue. "What do you mean?"

"You're so much sexier than the other girls in school," Tom grinned. "I love the way you parade around in those short little skirts and high heels every day..." He paused to adjust his pants, where a definite hard-on was growing. "I don't think I've ever seen you wear jeans. You love showing off your tight little body and your perfect tits and your long sexy legs, don't you, Candi? And it's working, babe... you're getting me so turned on..." Before he knew it, Carl was being necked again. "You know how to dress to turn a guy on," Tom continued.

“Too many girls try to prove they’re equal to boys by wearing pants and playing sports and such, but you... you’re just soft, and delicate, and a total girly-girl, and you love it.” Carl blushed bright red as Tom continued to whisper into his ear, talking dirty to him and massaging his breasts. Had there ever been a more emasculating experience? Here he was all dolled up as another boy’s sexy date, listening to him tell him how sweet and feminine he was, even compared to other girls!

“Aren’t we taking things s-slow?” Carl whimpered, as Tom freed his bountiful breasts from their confinement and began kissing them.

“Your mouth might be saying that, but your body sure isn’t,” Tom grinned, pointing to Carl’s fully erect nipples. “Here. Help me out, babe.” He guided Carl’s soft, manicured hand to his manhood. Carl, knowing there was only one way to get things over with, blushingly took it in his fingers and began obediently to give his boyfriend a handjob. To his credit, Tom managed to stay almost entirely silent, which was more than could be said for Carl as his nipples were teased mercilessly by Tom’s mouth! Carl was certain more people were listening to his little gasps than to the movie, but he worked as quickly as he could to finish Tom, using his many years of experience with his own manhood. Because at this point, he hadn’t been able to get hard for weeks, maybe months.

Carl was distracted from the worrying thought as Tom came in a gush. Horrified, Carl went through his purse to find the wet wipes his mother had handed him. At the time he had thought they were for him, but now he understood better! Once Tom was all cleaned up, he let Carl slip his breasts back into his dress and was content to cuddle for the rest of the movie, only occasionally leaning over to kiss his date’s pretty lips. When they finally exited the theatre at the end of the movie, Carl’s lip gloss was smeared all over the place and his hair was a mess. Horrified, he quickly stopped in at the ladies’ room to fix himself up. A girl beside him at the mirror winked.

“Looks like you had quite the evening,” she giggled. “Boy, is he cute. You two are perfect for each other.”

“Th... Thank you,” Carl stammered, realizing she had naturally assumed they were a steady couple. He quickly touched up his makeup and left, purse swinging from his manicured hand. Tom walked him back to the car.

“Those guys in line just couldn’t take their eyes off you, and I don’t blame them,” he crowed. “Not a lot of guys get to date two Miss Boardwalk Beauties...” Carl blushed furiously, and Tom, misinterpreting his embarrassment, put a reassuring arm around his date’s slender shoulders. “I’m sorry, babe,” he said. “I know you’re still worried about Amber. I shouldn’t have even brought it up! But you and I were meant to be together, Candi. I knew it from the first day I met you!” He claimed Carl’s mouth with yet another passionate kiss, and as he pulled away there was a lustful look in his eyes. “You’re the sexiest girl

I've ever met," he said, pulling his date close. "Really. Have you ever thought about getting your belly-button pierced? I think that looks really hot on girls." Carl blushed. There was no way he was going to get his belly-button pierced – having these feminine silver hoop earrings in his ears was bad enough! Tom opened the door and helped him back into the car. Carl was relieved that his boyfriend managed to keep his hands on the wheel for the return journey, but once they were back at Aunt Kat's house, he leaned forward and gave Carl another very passionate kiss.

"Thank you for the movie," Carl said, blushing, as they broke apart. Not that they'd even looked at the screen!

"I'll see you in school, babe," Tom grinned. "Goodnight."



The news that Tom and 'Candi' were an item traveled just as fast as the news of Tom and Amber's break-up, and by Monday the entire school was well aware of the Polytechnic's latest couple. Carl had never felt so humiliated as girl after girl from the cheerleading squad sent him congratulatory text messages and questions about how good a kisser his new beau was! Carl hardly knew what to expect now that he was another guy's girlfriend, but Tom made it clear pretty quickly by greeting him at his locker with a possessive kiss on the lips, taking his books for him, and walking him to his first class with his hand wrapped firmly around Carl's pretty little waist.

Tom was far more possessive with his new girlfriend than he'd ever been with Amber, and Carl got to discover that first-hand over the coming weeks! Tom walked him to and from each class, taking advantage of every opportunity to kiss and hold him, and lunch-times were divided between Tom coming over to sit with the cheerleaders, holding Carl's dainty hand in his the entire time, or, more often, Carl being forced to go and sit with Tom and his buddies. They all took great delight in ogling Carl's breasts, and teasing him almost constantly. To Carl's relief and embarrassment, he discovered all it took was letting his lower lip tremble slightly for Tom to immediately tell his friends to lay off. Eventually, however, he found it was easier to just play the part of the pretty blonde bimbo and pretend he was totally oblivious to their innuendos and blonde jokes!

It seemed like Tom was constantly finding reasons for them to slip away to his car, or behind the school, where he would immediately begin to kiss and grope his new girlfriend. Carl, powerless to resist his advances, could only submit to his boyfriend's roaming hands and probing kisses, hoping that nobody would spot them! It seemed like he spent half of his time with Tom's tongue down his throat, and the other half fixing his hair and makeup to repair the damage.

As for the week-ends, they were an exercise in stress for poor Carl, who spent most of the day picking out a cute, sexy outfit to wear for his man before being whisked away on romantic dates that all seemed to end in the backseat of Tom's Jaguar being groped and fondled.

So far he had managed to avoid anything too risqué, mostly thanks to Tom's huge enjoyment of his new girlfriend's D-cups, but Carl knew eventually Tom would get bored of playing with his boobs, and



what would happen then? He had already asked his new girlfriend for a blowjob twice, but the first time Carl had managed to persuade him that he was too scared to do it while Tom was driving, for fear of an accident, and the second time he had pleaded off with a sore throat. Eventually, however, he knew he would have to give in!

Between his boyfriend and his cheerleading practices, Carl hardly had any time to himself, and he couldn't wait for Christmas holidays. By this time, Amber had gotten over Tom and had returned to the squad as her usual bitchy self – and was now dating Joe. Occasionally she gave Carl a very evil smile, a calculating, devious smile, but whatever she was planning remained hidden as November slowly turned towards December.

*From the Casebook of Harold Pennyworth, P.I.*

*Notes on Case #241-B: The Whereabouts of Carl Hutchens.*

Nov. 26: Little to report. I thought I'd have this thing wrapped up soon, but it's a real doozy, and you can't rush jobs like this. So, back to the million dollar question: where is Carl Wethers? In my spare time I've been combing the neighborhood and asking around, but nobody, and I mean nobody, saw a brown-haired teenaged boy hanging around all summer. How the hell does that work? I mean, was his Aunt so keen on keeping him hidden from his father that she forbid him to step outside?

You remember the Candi Wethers angle, right? I kept waiting for my chance to talk to her, and I thought I had it right after Halloween, when her cheerleading squad did this big car wash fundraiser. I pulled in, and it was jail-bait central. Candi, of course, was mincing around in just a skimpy bikini top and a sinful little miniskirt. The way her boobs were jiggling... I'm not going to complete that thought.

I had a chance to talk with her, but just couldn't bring myself to do it. It's not like I'm shy around broads. I'd feel sleazy, chatting up an underage chick in a tiny little bikini, soaked just enough to show her nipples plain as day. It might have even attracted some unwanted attention, and that's the last thing a private investigator wants. I noticed she had plenty of admirers, including the school principal! The way he was staring at her, well... You can tell that's a lawsuit waiting to happen. Something's going to happen there, I guarantee that. Probably asking her out on a date disguised as 'career advice' or 'personal mentoring.'

So I didn't talk to Candi, and instead I went back to surveillance, running records searches for Carl on the side. Slowly, surely, some pieces are starting to fall into place.

I can observe that something that's just slightly off about Candi. It certainly wasn't in her appearance: she's the sexiest, most beautiful little blonde I've ever seen, and she dresses like she knows it. Her body language is graceful, feminine, and flirtatious, but behind her slightly-too-nervous smiles and half-hearted giggles, there is definitely something odd.

She doesn't seem to know how to handle boys' attentions, despite the fact that she's landed herself a boyfriend, Tom, one of those jock types who always ends up stealing the hottest girl in school. Late bloomer or not, plain little girls don't just become blonde sexpots over night – it just doesn't happen. She also isn't quite comfortable around her fellow cheerleaders, either, often just half a beat behind on whatever they're gossiping about. She's an enigma all to herself. I doubt anybody else has picked up on these subtle little things: on the surface, Candi's a sexy, vivacious young blonde. Not many people were going to see past that appearance, especially not men.

*It's suspicious. Very suspicious. It's almost like she's hiding something, and constantly preoccupied with a secret. But what kind of secret can some airhead blonde have? Maybe she knows more about this Carl situation than is obvious. Maybe there's more to this than meets the eye.*

*With my friend coming back from Cuba soon, he'll be wanting his house back, and my time is limited. So I'll have to get this case wrapped up soon. Note to self: get in gear already. This shouldn't be this hard.*

## DECEMBER

By the time the final practice before holidays rolled around, Carl thought that maybe, just maybe, Amber had moved on from Tom and was no longer jealous of 'Candi.' That illusion was shattered, however, when the coach had both of them stay behind after practice.

"Her?" Amber shrieked, as the coach made her announcement. "All she can do is shake her tits and wiggle her ass, and you're making *her* head cheerleader?" She was losing her petty little mind, practically frothing at the mouth as she spoke.

Carl blushed furiously as the coach frowned. He never even asked for this. But he knew he couldn't refuse it, either. He was now the head cheerleader for the squad.

"Candi shows a lot of school spirit," the coach said. "And she's never missed a practice!" Amber looked absolutely furious, and Carl wondered if the coach knew the reason Amber had missed practice was because Tom had broken up with her in order to date 'Candi.'

"I've been on the squad since freshmen year!" Amber snapped. "She



just arrived!”

“Amber, the decision is final,” the coach said firmly. “Now, why don’t you two go get changed? I’ll be giving everyone else the news at practice tomorrow. Congratulations, Candi!”

“Thanks!” Carl squeaked, still made nervous by the horrible expression on Amber’s face. As soon as they were out of the gym, Amber yanked him around by his arm.

“I’m going to get you back for this,” Amber snapped. “In fact, I already have something planned.”

“Amber, I’m sorry the coach picked me over you, but it’s not my fault,” Carl said, blushing. “I thought we were maybe, um, getting to be friends?”

“*Friends?*” Amber practically screamed. “You steal my Miss Boardwalk Beauty title, my boyfriend, and now my spot as head cheerleader, and you think we’re *friends?* You’re a bimbo, and a slut, and you know what else?” Amber asked, pointing at Carl with a shaking finger. “There’s something funny about you, Candi. Something completely weird. If I ever find out what it is, everybody else will, too!” Carl’s small lip-sticked mouth fell open in shock as Amber stormed away. Time definitely hadn’t healed all wounds, and if she ever found out about ‘Candi’s little secret... He didn’t even want to imagine what might happen!



Tom announced that his family was going to the Bahamas over Christmas holidays, and Carl had to pretend to be disappointed. On the inside, he was overjoyed. He barely even put up a fight when his mother and aunt insisted that he go to the airport to see his boyfriend off. Tom held him in his arms for a very long goodbye kiss with what felt like half of the airport watching, but Carl could take anything knowing that he would have his holidays all to himself.

“I’m sorry you’re not coming with me,” Tom muttered. “Especially in that tiny red bikini of yours... But my mom is still upset I broke up with Amber, she and her mom are really good friends. Don’t worry, I’m sure she’ll warm up to you in no time.”

“I, uh, sure hope so!” Carl lied, glancing back towards the attractive middle-aged woman who had done little but sneer at her son’s new blonde bimbo of a girlfriend. He gave her a weak smile.

“Anyways, I’ll be back in no time,” Tom said. “And I promise to text message you every day, babe. And I’m going to do my best to persuade my mom to get you a ticket when we go to Mexico for spring break.”

“Okay,” Carl said meekly. “Have fun!” Tom gave him a final lingering kiss, then strode off to join his family in line for tickets. Mexico for spring break,

yeah right! Carl was willing to do whatever it took to avoid a week mincing around in his bikini in front of Tom and his family, including faking a serious injury.

He looked wistfully up at the departures board, wondering just how much it would cost to hop on a plane back to Maine. Of course, that would be ridiculous! Even if he could afford the ticket, he couldn't very well show up back in his old hometown in a short skirt and revealing blouse with long blonde hair, makeup, and a rack most Playboy bunnies would be jealous of. No, until he got his inheritance, he was definitely stuck in Florida – and stuck as 'Candi.'

He watched forlornly as a handsome pilot strutted past, ready to fly somewhere far away, and reflected on how he had once entertained the possibility of being a pilot. Now, however, he was far more suited to be one of the pretty, simpering stewardesses chatting gaily to one another as they followed their captain to the plane. Carl had tears in his eyes as he minced back to where his Aunt Kat was waiting.

"Oh, sweetie, you're really going to miss him, aren't you?" she sighed, completely misinterpreting his sadness. "Don't worry, he'll be back before you know it, Candi." Carl certainly hoped not!



A few days later, it was the first day of Christmas holidays, and Carl had never been so relieved to be out of school. With Tom on vacation in the Bahamas, it meant he would have at least a few weeks to himself without anyone holding him around his waist, cornering him for hot-and-heavy make-out sessions behind the school, and constantly pawing at his breasts!

His Aunt, being swamped at work for the holidays, had managed to get her sister a temporary position at the advertising firm, dealing with holiday promotions. That meant that Carl was finally going to have some time off from their ever-constant meddling. He was even hoping that his mother and aunt, both busy with work would let him lounge around the house without doing his hair and makeup to perfection every morning.

As for Christmas presents, was it too much to ask for a few pairs of pants? Carl was so sick of his flirty little miniskirts brushing against his thighs, and the constant wolf-whistles they drew from lustful boys, that even a pair of tight hip-hugger jeans would have sent him into happy hysterics.

Carl leafed through the calendar in his room with a feeling of grim determination. He had made it through September, October, November, and now December was all but over with, since school was out. That left another six months to go. He crossed off the days with a pink gel pen and sighed. Once he got his hands on the inheritance, he was going to be out of this place quicker than

greased lightning. But for now, he had the whole holiday break to rest and recuperate.

It was around noon on the very first day of his break that circumstances totally destroyed his hopes for a peaceful holiday. He was on his bed carefully redoing his toe-nail polish when his little pink cellular phone began to ring. Flipping it open, he saw a number that he didn't recognize with a strange area code. Hoping it wasn't a telemarketer, he tapped the 'call' button and held it up to his ear, brushing his blonde hair out of the way.

"Hello?" he asked quizzically.

"Hey, gorgeous," came a familiar, cocky voice. "Guess who?" Carl's stomach flipped when he recognized it.

"Jason?" he squeaked. He would know those over-confident tones anywhere. Jason was his best friend's bombastic big brother. He had grown up listening to Brad's older brother recount his football heroics and romantic conquests. Now, chillingly, Carl found himself as one of those romantic conquests.

"Got it in one," Jason replied. "Heeey, how're you doing? You know, I've missed you, Candi."

"Oh, I'm, I'm good," Carl said helplessly. "Um, how are you?"

"Well, I'm sure you're not reading the sports section, but we're off to a record start," Jason laughed.



"I've been player of the week three times running, too... But I know you hate listening to football talk, so I'll cut to the chase. I'm going to be in Florida for the first weekend of spring break before I head back home to Maine. Ever been there?"

"Florida?" Carl asked tremulously.

"Maine," Jason laughed. "Oh, Candi. I forgot just how cute you are. Anyways, I want to see you. I'm supposed to be meeting up with my little bro, but what I really want to do is hook up with you..." Just then, Carl got a beeping noise, indicating he was receiving a second call on his phone.

"Um, can you hold on for a second?" Carl said, relieved for an excuse to end the call. "I'm getting another call, so I'll put you on hold, okay?"

"Sure," Jason said casually.

"Thanks!" Carl said, flipping to the other call without even checking the number. "Hello?" he asked, in his usual high, breathy soprano.

"Uh, yo, is Carl there?" came an even more familiar voice. Carl gasped. It was Jason's little brother, and Carl's best friend from back home, Brad! Carl immediately lowered his voice, trying desperately to remember how to talk like a guy, as he replied.

"Yo, it's me, dude!" he said, still far more high-pitched than usual. He winced anxiously at the long silence that ensued.

"Dude, you sounded like a chick there for a second," Brad laughed. "You sure living with your aunt and mom isn't rubbing off on you?"

"Uh..." Carl replied. "I, um, I have a head-cold again. My voice sounds really funny."

"I thought colds made your voice go deeper. Anyways, what's up?" Brad continued. "How's the new school? You dating anyone?" Carl blushed from the tips of his ears to the tops of his breasts. If only Brad knew! Carl was indeed dating someone, but he was now the pretty, sexy blonde girlfriend of the basketball team captain!

"No," Carl squeaked.

"No?" Brad asked, surprised. "Come on, dude, I thought you said the girls down in Florida are amazing! That's what Jason said, anyways."

"I've been really busy with stuff," Carl said lamely.

"Oh, right on, dude, you're on the basketball team I bet?" Brad suggested. "Are you doing track and field, too? Or going out for football? How are the teams at your school?"

"Yeah, I'm, um, I'm on the basketball team," Carl lied, eyes wandering to the skimpy cheerleader uniform hanging in his closet. "I'm actually the head... um... the *captain*... uh... the *co-captain* of the team?"

"That's great, dude," Brad said. "Wow! Co-captain, huh? You must have gotten bigger over the summer or something!"

Carl's face burned as he looked down at his perfect D-cup breasts, jiggling in the silky constraints of his little lace demi-bra. "You might, uh, you might say that," he replied pitifully.

"Anyways, I'm calling with some kick-ass news, dude," Brad said cheerfully. "My parents are letting me fly down to Florida the first weekend of spring break to meet Jason, and then both of us will road-trip back to Maine."

"Oh, really?" Carl replied, connecting the dots with what Jason had just told him.

"So we're going to have a few days there just so me and you can hang out!" Jason said, excitedly.

"Me and you?" Carl echoed, suddenly terrified.

"Yeah, dude," Brad said. "Man, does your voice sound funny! It must be this phone connection, too. Me and you, and maybe Jason, if he's not *busy*. He's on the phone right now with that blonde slut he hooked up with last summer."

"Slut?" Carl said, almost automatically.

"Yeah, he's been going on and on about how she gave him the best blowjob of his life... Just on the second date, right after she won this big bikini pageant... He *claims* her tits are like the size of watermelons. Sounds like bullshit, right? But with Jason, well, you kind of have to give him the benefit of the doubt."

"Right," Carl said weakly. "I, um, I'm in another call... Can you hold on for a second?"

"Sure, dude," Brad said. Carl swallowed as he switched back to Jason's conversation.

"Jason?" he squeaked.

"Hey, babe," Jason's voice came. "I hope you weren't talking to some other guy."

"What?" Carl asked fearfully. "Who do you think I was talking to? I mean..."

"Just kidding, babe," Jason laughed. "So, are we on for a big weekend?"

"Jason, I... I..." Carl blushed a brilliant red. He had never once thought he would be happy to be saying this, but now it was his only lifeline out of this! "I have a boyfriend now," he whispered.

"Oh," Jason said, not sounding perturbed in the slightest. "Do you two have plans for the first Saturday of break?"

"Well, he's going to Mexico with his family," Carl said, and immediately could have slapped himself. *Why didn't I tell Jason that Tom was going to be with me all weekend?* Carl thought miserably. *I'm such an airhead lately!*

“Great,” Jason said, and Carl could tell even over the phone that he had his usual suave grin. “How about we meet at the mall? My little brother wants to get some souvenirs... And probably hoping to pick up a cute chick. Do you have any friends for him, by any chance?”

“I don’t want to meet your brother!” Carl said desperately. “I mean... Um...”

“I get it,” Jason said smoothly. “You want a little time for just the two of us. Okay, gorgeous, how about I meet you at three o’clock on Saturday? I guess at the mall. I’m sure from there we can find somewhere nice and private to go to...”

“Jason, I don’t think my boyfriend would like this,” Carl said, blushing furiously.

“Who says he has to know, babe?” Jason laughed.

Carl needed to change the subject. “Can I put you on hold for a second? I’m still on the other line!”

“Okay, I’ll hold.”

“Hey, dude,” Carl said, trying to readjust his voice yet again.

“Dude?” Jason asked, puzzled. Carl had forgotten to hit the actual button on his phone.

“I mean, um, hey, do you mind holding?” Carl asked, back-pedaling desperately.

“I said I would, Candi,” Jason sighed. “Blondes.”

“Sorry,” Carl squeaked, but just as he was about to switch back to Brad, he realized he was receiving yet another new call, this one with a number he recognized as his mother’s.

Carl just wanted to cry. But he couldn’t ignore his mother’s call. “Mom?” he asked.

“Hi, dear, I’m in a bit of a rush, but do you remember the Christmas promotion I’m doing?” Carl’s mom asked him, while driving, from the sounds of the background. “We’re having a Santa Claus and everything in the mall. I need you to come do a shift, okay?”

“A shift?” Carl asked, confused.

“As one of Santa’s helpers,” his mom said. “Don’t worry, the Santa is a volunteer, but I’ll make sure they pay you! You just have to smile at the little kids and stand around looking pretty, okay? It’s at four o’clock.”

“I don’t think I...” Carl began, but his mother cut him off.

“I already signed you up, dear,” she said. “Sorry, I’m in a hurry, and I really can’t take no for an answer! Don’t worry, it will be fun, and we have the cutest little outfit for you!”

"Four o'clock?" Carl squeaked.

"Have to go! See you when I'm home, okay?"

"Okay," Carl said pitifully. This day was getting worse and worse! He switched back to Brad's conversation as his mother hung up.

"Alright," Brad said. "Are you back? Here's the deal. Let's meet up at the mall on Saturday, at two o'clock. Jason says he's meeting his chick up at three, I think, and who knows how long that'll take. We should have plenty of time to chill and scope out a few south beach hotties of our own, right?"

"Brad, I don't think I'm going to have time..." Carl said desperately.

"Whatever, dude, don't try messing with me!" Brad laughed. "Your best friend is flying all the way down to Florida to see you and you won't even come to the mall to meet up?"

"I've got, um, extra basketball practices?" Carl lied.

"Then I'll come meet you at your aunt's house," Brad said casually. "That's where you're staying, right? Jason can drive me there."

"No!" Carl exclaimed, picturing the utter disaster that would take place if Jason were to drive Brad to the house he recognized only as 'Candi's' in order for his little brother to hang out with 'Carl.'

"I'm not taking no for an answer, dude," Brad said scowling. "We've been best friends forever, and you barely talked to me last summer or this year. What's up with you?"

"I'll... I'll meet you at the mall," Carl said. "But only for an hour, there's this, um, thing I have to take care of..." That thing being a date with his friend's older brother!

"C'mon, man! Jeeze! Better than nothing, I suppose," Brad sighed. "What's with you, dude? Don't worry, you can tell me all about it on Saturday. That blonde chick has Jason on hold upstairs? You should see the look on his face! Anyways, talk to you later, dude."

"Later," Carl squeaked, ending the call. He flipped to the other line. "Jason?"

"Hey, babe," Jason said. "Three o'clock at the mall, okay? I won't take no for an answer, Candi."

"Oh... Okay," Carl said miserably, bending to Jason's will yet again. "Three o'clock."

"Great, see you in March, then," Jason said. "And wear something sexy for me, okay? Can't wait." He hung up, and Carl was left holding his little pink cellular phone and feeling what he was sure was medical shock. How had he just agreed to kick off spring break by meeting Brad at two to hang out, and Jason at three for a date? Not to mention some ridiculous Santa thing this very afternoon! Why couldn't he stand up for himself these days?

Feeling totally overwhelmed, Carl put his pretty face in his manicured hands and began to cry, hardly caring that his mascara would run. How was he going to get out of this without Brad discovering that his old buddy from back home now wore lacy lingerie, high heels, miniskirts and makeup?

And as for Jason... Carl had been looking forward to a bit of time away from Tom's roaming hands, but Jason was even worse. The last time he'd gone on a date with Jason he had been totally helpless to resist the football star's aggressive advances, and after a night of being thoroughly groped and manhandled on the dance floor, he'd been forced to give his very first blowjob to another boy! Would Jason really respect 'Candi's innocence now that she had a boyfriend? Carl still shuddered to remember the feel of Jason's hard, throbbing manhood sliding between his pretty pink lips!



Later, downstairs, Aunt Kat was frowning to herself as her sister came in.

"I think Candi's starting to have a little trouble," she announced. "I could hear her upstairs on the phone and it sounded like her voice is... Well... Breaking."

"Really?" her sister frowned. "I was just on the phone with her, but I think she had one of her girlfriends on the other line."

"Her voice kept slipping back and forth to a deeper register," Aunt Kat sighed. "I was afraid this might happen, but I really did think all the female hormone boosters would stave it off..."

"No wonder she sounded upset on the phone," her sister remarked. "Poor thing! Imagine how embarrassing that could be for her!"

"Well, we knew it was a possibility," Aunt Kat pointed out. "At least she doesn't seem to be showing any other signs of male puberty. She looks perfectly lovely in her lacy underthings."

"But imagine if her voice breaks in the middle of a cheer!" her sister winced. "Or while she's with her boyfriend! She would just die from humiliation."

"There is a little procedure Dr. Nevsky does that might just solve the problem," Aunt Kat said. "Maybe I could arrange it as a bit of a Christmas present?"

"Good idea," her sister agreed. "I'll go up and talk to her..."



"Candi, I'm home!" Carl heard his mother's voice call. Her shoes clicked their way up the stairs and as Carl looked up through his tears he saw her in the doorway. "Oh, sweetie, what's the matter?" his mom asked, stunned. "You're a

mess!” She quickly came over and gave her feminized son a hug, marveling as she always did at how firm, round, and just plain large his beautiful new boobs were. Carl, through small hiccuping sobs, related his predicament.

“I don’t know what to do!” Carl gasped. “How can I fool Brad into thinking nothing is out of whack, and that I’m still his old buddy Carl, and then go on a date with Jason immediately afterward? I have boobs now, mom!”

“You certainly do,” his mom said, frowning. “But there may be a solution. If anyone can help disguise you as a boy...”

“Disguise me?” Carl squeaked indignantly, wiping delicately at his eyes. “I am a...”

“It’s definitely that lovely woman Tiffany,” his mom finished, cutting him off entirely. “I’ll call her right now and see what she can do for us, okay?”

“Okay,” Carl sniffed. “But I still just wish I had never gone into that silly salon in the first place!”

“Sweetie, from what I hear, Tiffany is the best in the business,” his mother chided him gently. “My, it’s hard to believe you were ever a young man at all, isn’t it?” Carl watched miserably as his mom picked up her phone and began to dial. Between all the time he spent maintaining his pretty, feminine appearance and being held and caressed by eager young men, Carl occasionally had a hard time believing it himself!



By that afternoon, Carl had done his best to put March out of his mind completely. Spring break was a long ways off, after all, and it wasn’t even Christmas yet. Though, now in the midst of changing into costume as one of Santa’s little helpers, backstage at his mom’s Christmas display, he couldn’t help but wish the holiday was over and done with.

“Do I really have to wear this?” Carl whined. “I’ll feel so stupid...”

“You’ll look adorable,” his mom assured him. “And thanks again, so much, for doing this shift. Guess who’s playing Santa Claus? It’s your principal, Mr. Bul-ler. He and his wife do these volunteer things every year, apparently.”

"Is she here, too?" Carl asked anxiously, not eager for another brush with his 'guidance counselor'.

"No, no, I think she's at some kind of donation drive, Mr. Buller was boring me to death telling me all about it..." Carl's mom laughed. "I guess you'll have to be Mrs. Claus for now." Carl's cheeks went red immediately, and his mother covered her mouth. "Oops! You know what I mean," she chided. "Now, all you have to do is go out there and lead the little kids up to Santa, okay?"

"Okay," Carl sighed. "I suppose it can't be that hard."

"It's a piece of cake," Carl's mom assured him. "Just remember to smile at all times, and be as friendly as possible. Remember, you're getting paid! I'll be back in an hour or so. Thanks again, dear, you're a real life-saver!" She bustled away, already chatting on her cellular telephone, and Carl reluctantly did up his high-heeled boots before mincing out to where Santa's chair was set up. Mr. Buller had a small kid on his lap, but his mouth fell open in surprise as he saw 'Candi' arrive on the scene. Evidently Carl's mom hadn't told him who was filling in! Carl stood by, fiddling with the cuffs of his costume, as Mr. Buller lifted the boy down and sent him back to his parents. There was a very long line-up, indeed. Carl smiled weakly at the little brown-haired girl waiting at the front of the line.



"Your turn," he said. "Um, are you ready to go tell Santa what you want?"

"Uh-huh," the little girl said cutely, nodding her head. Carl put out his hand and the little girl took it. "You're so pretty," she said, smiling up at Carl. "You're like a Barbie doll! I hope I'm pretty like you when I grow up." Carl flushed furiously at that particular remark.

"Oh, th-thank you," he stammered. "I'm sure you'll be really pretty, too!"

"Are you married?" the little girl asked.

"Um, no," Carl said.

"Why not?" the girl questioned, frowning.

"I'm not... Old enough?" Carl squeaked.

“But I thought you were married to Santa Claus,” the little girl frowned.

“Oh, shoot, I mean, yes,” Carl said, back-pedaling. “I am married to Santa Claus, I mean.” He led the little girl up to where Mr. Buller was waiting.

“She says she’s going to marry you!” the little girl said happily, climbing up onto Mr. Buller’s lap. The principal’s face, which had been a funny shade of red, turned almost white.

“Candi, we need to have a serious talk after this,” he said in a low voice. “I have no idea how you knew I was here...”



“I didn’t!” Carl protested. “What do you mean?”

“And I’ll have you know I’ve thrown out every single one of those little notes,” the principal went on. “I understand that girls of your, uh, personality, are often attracted to older, more mature men, but it’s simply inappropriate and has to stop. I would hate to have to report it to my, uh, my wife. The guidance counselor. Mrs. Buller, I mean.” With that, Mr. Buller turned away and began speaking to the little girl, asking her what she wanted for Christmas. Completely confused, Carl traipsed back to the line. What little notes? What on Earth was Mr. Buller talking about?

Over the next half hour, as Carl led excited kid after kid up to Santa, the principal didn’t say a single word to him, or even look in his direction. It was pretty boring, but not as terrible as Carl had feared it might be. A few guys walking by stopped to make lewd comments about whether he was ‘naughty or nice’, and judging by the love-struck look in a few little boys’ eyes he had just become the

first female fantasy of ten-year-old boys, but at least he didn't have to sing Christmas carols or anything. The line was starting to thin by the time a sobbing girl and her red-faced mother were at the front. Carl had never been good with kids, and had no idea what to do.

"I'm sorry," the mother sighed. "She wanted to so badly just a few minutes ago, but now she's scared to sit on his lap. We've been waiting in line for an hour, and now..." She gave another sigh of frustration. "It's nothing to be scared of, sweetie," she tried to tell her crying daughter, before turning back to Carl. "I just know she's going to be crying all day if she doesn't do it, but she's so shy. Is it alright if I come up, too?"

"Um, sure?" Carl said weakly. He ushered them both up to where Mr. Buller was sitting. The principal gave the little girl a friendly wave, which seemed to calm her down a little, but when he suggested she come sit up on his lap she was still too frightened.

"It's not scary," her mother sighed. "Santa Claus is nice! Would it make you feel better if the nice girl shows you how?"

"Wait, show..." Carl trailed off as the little girl stopped crying and nodded her head.

"Could you?" the girl's mother pleaded. "It would mean the world to me, I'm sure if she sees you do it she won't be so scared." Carl gulped and looked at Mr. Buller, whose face had gone almost entirely red.

"Er, of course," the principal croaked. "No trouble at all. Come on up,



Mrs. Claus.” Carl felt his face almost match Mr. Buller’s in shade as he minced reluctantly up to the chair and set himself delicately into the principal’s lap.

“See?” he squeaked, trying his best to smile. “It’s not scary at all.” It was of course at that exact moment that Mr. Buller ‘rose to the occasion’ with the most obvious hard-on imaginable poking right into Carl’s bottom. Carl gasped in surprise, then quickly rearranged his features into another smile.

“See, honey, it’s not scary,” the little girl’s mother said. The girl smiled shyly as Carl slid back to the ground, cheeks flushed, but instead of reaching down to pick up the child, Mr. Buller stood up abruptly, awkwardly shielding himself with one arm.

“Well, Santa needs a break!” he said, with a forced cheeriness. “I’ll just, er, take a little walk. Merry Christmas, dear! I’ll bring you exactly what you want!”

“But she’s not scared anymore,” the little girl’s mother protested, and then, as realization dawned on her, a look of horrified indignation spread across her face. With a look of disgust, she snatched up her daughter and stalked off without another word, leaving Carl and Mr. Buller standing there in abject embarrassment. A moment later, Mr. Buller bolted away in the opposite direction, face still burning. Carl looked at the waiting line of children and gave them a helpless shrug. He definitely wasn’t looking forward to explaining this one to his mom...



Fortunately for Carl, his mother found the whole thing rather amusing, and fortunately for her, it didn’t take long to have another Santa Claus lined up. Carl did his best to put the day out of his mind, and a few weeks later was almost able to forget the embarrassment of giving his principal a hard-on in front of half the mall.

His mother had been dropping hints about what he was getting for Christmas, and he had high hopes for a few more sensible pairs of shoes, maybe even some male clothes for when he was around the house. Her smile seemed to indicate that he would be getting something he would like, so when he heard Aunt Kat on the phone mentioning something about a Christmas gift, he couldn’t help but listen in.

“Yes, Dr. Nevsky, they’ve been giving him no end of trouble lately...” he heard her saying. “It really must be such a burden for the poor dear... Yes... Yes, absolutely...i Imagine, just bobbing up and down constantly, and so obvious, it would be awful... So you think we can just shrink them down, and tighten things up? I’m sure he’d be so much more comfortable. Oh, perfect. Thank you so much!”

Carl stared down at his breasts as his aunt hung up the phone, and an incredulous smile spread across his face. Finally! Even if he wasn't having them removed entirely, he could hardly wait to get a breast reduction surgery. Bliss flooded through him as he thought about all the things he would be able to do again... Jogging, for one thing, and push-ups, and sports, and not having guys constantly talking to his chest instead of his face...

On Christmas morning, Carl, his aunt, and his mother went into the living room, all wearing their silky nightgowns. A small tree had been decorated, and a pile of nicely-wrapped presents were sitting underneath it. Carl tried to enjoy himself and smile for the camera as they all opened their presents, though he was particularly embarrassed to find that he and Aunt Kat had bought each other the same perfume. As he opened his own presents, he found that they were nearly all additions to his wardrobe: a cute pair of high-heeled boots, some trendy scarves from his aunt, and a new pair of expensive open-toed stilettoes. His aunt had bought both him and his mother matching purses, as well!

"Mother-daughter purses," Carl's mom smiled happily. "Isn't that sweet?"

Carl nodded, blushing furiously to think just how far he had fallen from "father-son" activities. No wonder his dad thought he was a complete and total sissy. Carl hugged both his aunt and mother, thanking them for the gifts, but he was a little worried at the same time. They had already bought him such an extensive feminine wardrobe, even though they had to realize he was going to return to boyhood next year, and now even more clothing would be going to waste. And they hadn't gotten him the jeans he'd asked for, either.

Next he opened the gift Tom had left behind for him, which turned out to be an expensive bottle of perfume and a pair of diamond chandelier earrings. He knew his boyfriend would want him to wear those on their next dinner date!

"A romance novel?" Carl asked tremulously, unwrapping the latest gift. His mother and aunt exchanged small smiles. Carl looked down at the cover and saw a pretty young stewardess being ravished by a tall, muscular airline pilot.

"I noticed you swooning over that handsome pilot in the airport," Aunt Kat laughed. "So I thought this would be right up your alley!"

"Maybe this way you won't be too lonely over the holidays without your man," Carl's mom added. Carl blushed furiously as he turned the book over. What exactly did they think he was going to need a romance novel for? Oh well, at least it would give him something to do while he was hanging around the house...

"One last present," Aunt Kat announced, shaking Carl from his thoughts. She handed him a small gift bag, and Carl had a feeling he knew what was inside it. His face lit up as he took out the appointment card for Dr. Nevsky's office.

"Thank you!" he squealed, hugging his aunt.

“Don’t you want to know what it is?” Aunt Kat asked, surprised. Her feminized nephew gave the girlish giggle that was becoming more and more natural for him.

“I already know what it is,” he giggled. “I heard you on the phone!”

“I just wanted to make sure they wouldn’t give you any more problems in the future,” his aunt smiled. “Your mother agreed that it’s a great idea. You should be much more comfortable, especially around your friends.” Carl was slightly confused by the last part, as most of the girls were jealous of his boobs, but he was too happy to care. Finally, he wouldn’t have to be a D-cup any longer!

“The appointment is for January first,” his mother pointed out. “So you’ll have plenty of time to heal up before the photo shoot.”

“If they still want me,” Carl said hopefully. Maybe once the photographer saw ‘Candi’ with her new cup size, they would decide to find a different model! Feeling more positive than he had in ages, Carl thanked his aunt and mother, and flounced off to his room with a big smile, leaving them both to exchange slightly puzzled looks.

*From the Casebook of Harold Pennyworth, P.I.*

*Notes on Case #241-B: The Whereabouts of Carl Hutchens.*

*Dec. 29: Just got the word from my friend that he's "extended" his stay in Cuba, which probably means they caught him smuggling again and has to spend a few weeks in the hoosegow before he can pay someone off. The good news is that means I can hold onto his place a while longer, and with weather like this, that sounds better than spending New Years back up in the frozen north.*

*Been following a few angles. I tracked Candi Wethers and Carl Hutchens' mother to the mall, where Candi was dressing up as one of Santa's little helpers in an outfit that was a lot more naughty than nice. Whoever the poor schmuck playing 'Santa' in the Christmas display certainly did, because when Candi hopped on his lap he went about as red as his costume and high-tailed it out of there – to the men's room.*

*Action seems to follow this mystery girl wherever she goes. More intriguingly, however, is what I discovered when I tailed them home. The former Mrs. Hutchens dropped Candi off at the house, and then continued on to a cosmetic surgery clinic. My initial assumption was that she was getting some work done. But I managed to drop a bug and eavesdrop on her conversation with the receptionist. She wasn't making herself an appointment, but making one for Candi.*

*A seventeen-year-old girl with tits that massive and perfect might have begged a little 'enhancement' out of her rich daddy – I mean, they sure look real, but is Mother Nature really that kind? So maybe this is some kind of follow-up appointment for her birthday boob job. But the thing is, the conversation made a mention of 'hormone balancing,' too. Now, why would a nice girl like Candi be getting her check-up with Florida's top plastic surgeon instead of with a licensed gynecologist?*

*I still have that gut feeling that all of this is somehow related to Carl, and Candi is somehow the key. Could they have used plastic surgery on Carl to make him look like someone else? That certainly is a possibility. But I haven't seen any candidates around that match his general description. None of Candi's boyfriends, certainly. They were all at least six inches taller than Carl. Last I checked, you couldn't fake height – unless you wear high heels or something.*

*So, another month and the work goes on, but maybe I'm a little closer to the truth.*

## JANUARY

It seemed like no time at all before Carl was once again on his way to Dr. Nevsky's office, but this time with one significant difference – he was actually excited to be going! His heart was a flutter as his aunt checked him in at reception and they sat down to wait.

“It may be a while,” Aunt Kat warned him. “Did you bring your book, like I suggested?”

“Oh, yes,” Carl said hastily, rummaging around in his new purse. “Somewhere in here!” He knew it would make his aunt happy, and besides, it was better than fashion magazines, so he dug out the sappy romance novel and found his place in the first chapter. As a guy, he'd had no idea how dirty some of these naughty little books were! It was enough to make him blush, but at the same time, was strangely enthralling as well.

He picked up where he'd left off, with the pretty young small-town heroine meeting the handsome airline pilot for the first time and being offered a position as a stewardess, and tried to put himself in the shoes of the love interest, but for some reason, he was finding it easier and easier to empathize with the heroine instead as she learned the ins and outs of being a stewardess and tried to fend off the advances of a wealthy but egotistical admirer who was partial owner of the airline.

Aunt Kat smiled as she watched her utterly feminized nephew becoming more and more engrossed in the romance novel – she could tell he was at a particularly delicious scene by the way his high-heeled foot was unconsciously bobbing up and down, and the way he kept having to fiddle with his bra! Like it or not, his body now reacted just like a young woman's would.

Before long, however, the nurse arrived to lead Carl into surgery for the second time in his young life. He was grateful that she was professional enough to make no mention of his leaving the “D Plus Club!” Instead, she only smiled graciously and turned away as Carl stripped down before donning a short, flimsy hospital gown and climbing up onto the gurney.

“I'm going to put you under, now,” she said brightly. “Dr. Nevsky will be in in just a moment.” She fit the anesthetic breath mask over Carl's face and he breathed in deeply on her instruction. In a matter of moments, his eyelids began to flutter shut. The very last thing he saw was a perfect view of the nurse's bountiful cleavage as she leaned across him, and he was struck once more by just how close his own boobs were in size and appearance – but not for long! He had a smile on his pretty pink lips as he fell deeply asleep...



Unlike the last time he'd woken up in the recovery wing, Carl was hardly disoriented at all when he finally came to. He did, however, have the same immediate feeling that something was not quite right. His throat was parched and sore, just as it had been the last time, but he could still feel his D-cup breasts rising and falling on his chest... Was it possibly a phantom sensation? The same as an amputee still being able to feel their arms for a while after losing them? Totally perplexed, Carl reached out with a weak arm and pulled the blanket down. Something had obviously gone wrong and they had had to abort the surgery, because he was every bit as well-endowed as he had been before! Tears were welling up in his eyes as his Aunt Kat entered the room.

"Look who's awake!" she smiled, clapping her hands. "Dr. Nevsky has informed me that everything went just perfectly."

"What do you mean?" Carl squeaked, and immediately gasped, clutching his throat. There was a funny tightness in his throat, and his voice sounded slightly higher and breathier than usual. "Aunt Kat, what's wrong with my voice?" he demanded, still in a high-pitched soprano. Not only was his voice more high-pitched, it was definitely softer, and, dare he say it, sexier!

"Nothing, sweetie," Aunt Kat laughed. "I think you sound just darling! It may take a little bit of time to get used to. You're certainly going to have to be careful about saying the wrong things to eager young men with a sultry soprano like that! Just about anything will sound like a come-on!"

"But... But... You mean the surgery was for my throat?" Carl gasped, completely confounded.

"Your vocal cords, sweetie," Aunt Kat said, frowning. "I think you're still a little fuzzy from the anesthetic. Don't you remember? You said you heard me on the phone!"

"I did!" Carl exclaimed. "But you said... Shrink them down... and... I mean..."

"That's exactly what Dr. Nevsky has done," Aunt Kat said soothingly. "I know you were worried about your voice changing, but this little procedure ensures that you'll keep that beautiful soprano for as long as you want! He shaved your vocal cords down to size and tightened up the skin, so you'll never have to worry about developing a horrible big Adam's apple. Can you just imagine having something like that bobbing up and down on your slender lovely neck whenever you talked? It would be just terrible. Fortunately, that will never happen now!"

Carl was stunned into silence. It suddenly all started to make sense to him. Everything he had heard his Aunt say had to do with changing his voice, not his breasts. How could he have misinterpreted his Aunt's phone call so completely? His wishful thinking had turned out disastrously! Not only was he as

bustly as ever, he now had no hope of fooling anyone into believing the truth, that he was really a boy, even on the phone!

“Get some more sleep, sweetie,” Aunt Kat suggested, placing a hand on his forehead. “You’ll sleep here for one more night, and then I’ll be picking you up with your mother in the morning, okay?” Carl gave a miserable nod as his aunt squeezed his hand and left the room. How could he have been so stupid?

“Hi, my name is Carl Hutchens,” Carl said, trying his best to use a manly timber. He sounded completely ridiculous. Clearing his throat, he tried again. “Hi, my name is Carl Hutchens,” he repeated, but even his best efforts sounded like a little girl impersonating her big brother. His new voice was utterly breathy, feminine, and cute. He knew exactly what his aunt meant about saying the wrong things! With a voice like this, a “no” sounded like a flirtatious “yes”, and a “yes” would probably sound like “oh, yes, and bring in three more guys!” With a tear rolling down his smooth cheek, Carl swallowed and tried one last time.

“Hi,” he chirped. “My name is Candi Wethers.” It sounded perfect. Totally miserable, Carl shut his eyes and did his best to fall asleep.



In the week following his vocal cord reduction surgery, Carl tried to explain the misunderstanding that had occurred, but his aunt and mother both seemed too busy to give him a chance to fully explain. Aunt Kat had obviously overheard him going back into ‘boy mode’ in order to talk to Brad on the phone, and had assumed his voice was beginning to change. Carl had then overheard her talking to Dr. Nevsky on the phone, and assumed she was going to get him a breast reduction surgery!

“But why on Earth would you think that?” Aunt Kat sighed. “You love your new breasts! Sweetie, it sounds to me like you’re having second thoughts about the throat surgery, but all it’s going to take is a little time to adjust, and then you’ll be perfectly happy with it. Just think, you don’t have to worry about your voice breaking when you’re cheerleading, or, God forbid, when you’re out with your boyfriend.”

“But it wasn’t breaking!” Carl protested.

“And now it definitely won’t,” Aunt Kat said matter-of-factly. “Look, Candi, I really have to get to work. We’ll talk about this later, okay? We paid good money for that surgery, you could stand to be a little more grateful, sweetie.” With that she bustled away, leaving Carl frustrated once again.

Unfortunately, before long Carl was going to be back at school and cheerleading once more. Miranda was back from her holiday in Mexico, just in time to insist they spend the night before school started back up having a ‘pajama

party.' Once Carl would have loved to see Miranda flouncing about in her skimpy nightie, but now he was wearing the same as they painted their nails, did each other's hair, and watched sappy romance movies! His boyfriend Tom was also back, and had been sending him increasingly dirty text messages that made it clear how much he had missed his hot blonde girlfriend!

"Oh my," Miranda giggled, after badgering Carl into showing him the most recent text message on his cellular phone. "He's certainly not shy about, um, how should I put it? Expressing his feelings."

"He keeps asking me to send a picture," Carl said nervously, blushing.

"Well, what are you waiting for?" Miranda asked slyly, turning on the camera feature on Carl's little pink cellular phone. "Strike a pose, girly!"

"But Miranda, I'm going to see him tomorrow in school," Carl protested. "And you know very well what kind of, um, picture he wants." He blushed furiously, remembering how he had once begged Miranda for similar revealing pictures! Now here he was, being asked by his 'boyfriend' for the same thing!

"Don't be a prude," Miranda scolded. "You're a famous model now, remember? You need to get used to being in sexy photos."

"It was one photo shoot!" Carl protested. "And besides, what if he... you know... shows it to people? Isn't it kind of risky?"

"That's half the fun for a little exhibitionist like you," Miranda smiled. "Come on, girly, let's show him everything he was missing over the holidays."

"Miranda..." Carl whined.

"I'm not giving your phone back until you do," Miranda said firmly. "And I can think of plenty of naughty things to tell your man so he's all hot and horny to see you tomorrow. Should I tell him you've been sucking on popsicles and thinking about him?" Carl blushed furiously at how close Miranda had accidentally come to the truth.

"Okay, take your silly picture," he squeaked. "How should I pose?"

"Put your hands on your knees," Miranda directed. "Now, turn around and bend over, so he can see that sexy little pink thong you're wearing." Flushing, Carl followed her directions, bending over to present his tight little tush to the camera. All the hormones, dieting, and gym-time had definitely paid off in that regard, as Carl now had a perfectly-shaped rear end that could make a grown man cry. With the lacy strap of his thong nestled between two firm, rounded cheeks, it wasn't hard to guess exactly where his boyfriend's mind would be going!

"Now peek over your shoulder and blow a sexy kiss," Miranda giggled. "He'll love that. Pout those lips, girly!" Carl did just that, and as the camera flashed he straightened up with a frown.

"Satisfied?" he asked poutingly.

"I am," Miranda smiled. "Let's see how long it takes your beau to respond to that!" She sent the picture, and about five seconds later, the responding text message arrived. Carl snatched the phone away from her to read it, and his eyes grew wide.

"Wow," Miranda laughed. "Somebody's excited to see you tomorrow!"

"I can't believe he did that," Carl said, blushing furiously. He quickly set to work deleting the message. The last thing he wanted on his phone was a picture of Tom's throbbing manhood!



The next morning at school, Carl could tell something was off the second he and Miranda passed through the doors. He was more than used to attracting boys' attentions at this point, especially wearing a short, flouncy miniskirt and low-cut scooped top that gave a generous view of his cleavage, but today he was attracting so many stares and lustful grins that he was afraid for a moment he had forgotten to wear a bra or something equally disastrous. Stranger still, some of the girls were giggling as he passed, as well!

"What color's your thong today, Candi?" called a junior boy passing by with his friends. They whistled and exchanged high-fives for his snarky comment. Carl blushed furiously.

"What's going on?" he whispered angrily. "Is my underwear showing or something?"

"Well, it's not now," Miranda said. "But, um, that picture from last night..?"

"Oh, my gosh!" Carl screeched.

"I think Tom has some explaining to do," Miranda said primly. Carl could only nod his head, ears bright red with embarrassment. Just then, Tom rounded the corner of the hallway with his basketball buddies, all laughing and talking. Carl marched straight towards them, high heels clicking noisily and breasts jiggling in their cups. It was hard to look intimidating in make-up and a miniskirt with blonde hair bouncing prettily on his shoulders, but Tom could clearly tell his 'girlfriend' was upset.

"Hey, babe," he said. "I missed you..."

"I can't believe you sent everybody that picture!" Carl squeaked angrily.

"Hey, Candi, calm down," Tom laughed. "It's not a big deal, it just..."

"It *is* a big deal!" Carl argued, stamping his foot in a girlish gesture of frustration. "Now everyone in the entire school is going to see it and, and..." To his humiliation, he could feel tears building up. Why did he cry so easily now? Was it going to be like this even after he went back to being a guy?

“Buzz off, guys,” Tom said sternly, and his friends departed, although Carl could see them looking through their phones and making lewd comments. Carl crossed his arms in front of his firm breasts and his shoulders shook with a small sob. To his embarrassment, Tom took it as a cue to hold him in his arms and comfort him. “I’m sorry, babe,” Tom said, gently stroking Carl’s cheek. “I had a few drinks last night when you sent me that, and I guess I wanted to brag a little. I only sent it to a few of my friends, I swear. I guess they, you know, passed it on. Can you blame them? It was one hot picture!”

“But now everyone’s going to t-tease me,” Carl whined.

“If they do, it’s because they’re jealous, sexy,” Tom grinned. “I’m sorry. I understand, you wanted it to be something special and private between just us...” Carl shook his head. He hadn’t wanted to take it in the first place! “But I promise we’ll have plenty of those moments,” Tom continued. “And we’ll do things so dirty I wouldn’t dare tell a soul.” He grinned suavely and gave Carl’s open mouth a firm kiss. “Now, go fix up your makeup,” Tom laughed. “Then I’ll walk you to class, okay, babe?” He put a hand on Carl’s buttocks and squeezed mischievously, making Carl give an involuntary squeak.

“O-okay,” Carl said miserably. He gave Tom a weak smile and minced off to the bathroom. How was he going to fend off Tom’s amorous advances until summer? Sooner or later, Tom was going to want more than just necking and second base... Carl thought of the picture he’d been sent and shuddered. And here he’d thought Jason was big!

“Oh, hi, Candi,” came the voice Carl liked least. Naturally, Amber was at the mirror fixing her hair. “Aren’t you getting to be quite the, um, celebrity,” she said nastily. “Just about every guy in school must be enjoying that little photo message by now. I’m surprised you didn’t charge money, but I guess that’s the difference between being a whore and just being a slut, right?”

“I guess Tom never thought pictures of you were worth sharing!” Carl said primly, trying not to let his voice shake. He started repairing his mascara, lips pursed.

“I didn’t send him any sext messages, because I’m not a stupid blonde bimbo,” Amber said, eyes narrowed. “You know, I almost believe you didn’t realize it would get around – but that just means you’re an empty-headed ditz along with being a total slut. Good thing you have those big boobs of yours to get you by. I’m sure thanks to that picture, you’ll have plenty of new admirers. Maybe you can even steal someone else’s boyfriend! You should thank me, Candi.”

“Thank you?” Carl squeaked, confused.

“Well, yes,” Amber said. “I’m the one who sent it to the entire school. Since I knew you love the attention.”

"Is this your revenge that you were talking about?" Carl asked angrily. "Because all those guys have already seen me in a bikini and I really don't care if they know I wear..."

"Oh, it's just a step," Amber interrupted. "Trust me, Candi. The revenge is on its way. Have fun failing algebra class. Maybe you could give the teacher a nice blowjob and he'll pass you." With that parting shot, Amber strode out of the bathroom, leaving Carl blushing. He fumed silently as he finished fixing his makeup, but decided not to worry about Amber's 'revenge.' She was all talk, and now that her and Joe were together, she had to be getting over the fact that Tom and 'Candi' were a couple – right?



As Carl reluctantly got back into the swing of classes, cheerleader practices, and dates with Tom, there was one thing hanging over his head, far more than Amber's threat, and even more than his foolish agreement to meet up with Brad and Jason in March: the Miss Radiance photo shoot. The end of January had seemed ages away when he first received the news in November, but now it was perilously close!

"I don't see what you're so nervous about," his mother said, when he expressed his feelings to her a couple weeks later. "Most girls would kill to be in your position!"

"Exactly," Carl moaned. "Most *girls!* I don't want to be on a... a magazine! Not in a bikini!" He flushed at his own words. Who would have ever thought he would go from drooling over swimsuit models on magazine covers to actually being one – long legs, big breasts, blonde hair and all?

"Well, I'm not the one who signed up for the Miss Boardwalk Beauty competition," his mother said, with a shrug of her shoulders. "I guess there's a lesson to be learned in there somewhere about reading the fine print, but frankly, you should be excited for the opportunity! There may even be a bit of money in it for you, and if it became a career..."

"Yeah, right!" Carl squeaked. "I'm not going to be a bikini model, mom! And I don't need the money, either!" With a quarter million dollars of inheritance money on the way, he would *dating* bikini models in a year's time – so long as he got male hormones, breast reduction, and a personal trainer, of course. He couldn't *wait* to be done with D-cups forever.

"Just keep an open mind," his mother directed. "I have next weekend off, so I should be able to drive you. Your boyfriend must be so proud to be dating a swimsuit model!"

"It's just one photo shoot," Carl protested, blushing. "They might not even like how it turns out!"

"Of course, Candi," his mother laughed. "Whatever you say..."

Because the photo shoot was set to take place on a Friday afternoon, Carl had to get a permission slip signed by his mother so he could take the day off classes. She seemed ecstatic at the prospect of a car trip up the coast together, but Carl was considerably less so. The prospect of prancing around in a bikini in front of a photographer was somehow not his idea of a fun afternoon!

"I'm sorry I haven't been able to spend more time with you, dear," his mother said as Carl slid gracefully into the car, smoothing his short ruffled skirt as they pulled away from the school. "It's been so hectic getting work, and you've been so busy with cheerleading, and with your boyfriend... Well, you're adjusting so well to your new life, I was afraid I would somehow mess things up if I intervened. You've blossomed into a beautiful daughter any woman would be proud to have, dear, and I'm so happy that you're accepting your flowering femininity!"

"Accepting it?" Carl squeaked. "Mom, it's not as if I had a choice!"

"Maybe not *exactly*," his mother conceded. "But you certainly had the choice of whether or not to join the cheerleading squad, and you also managed to get yourself a hunky boyfriend! This summer we'll have plenty of time for mother-daughter bonding, I promise, Candi."

"Right," Carl said sarcastically. She should be so lucky! The second he signed his name to the inheritance settlement on the dotted line, he was getting out of Florida and out of skirts! Rather than conversing with his mother, he dug out the romance novel he'd gotten at Christmas and began reading instead. He had never done much reading as a pass-time, but he had to admit that the racy stories were intriguing. Currently the stewardess heroine was being seduced by a handsome pilot with a mysterious past...

Carl read as his mother drove, trying to ignore her chatter about Prom gown designers, and they arrived at the rented stretch of beach in no time at all, pulling up beside a van where a man Carl recognized as the Jacques, the photographer, was making adjustments to a very expensive-looking camera.

"Don't be nervous, dear," Carl's mother said, unbuckling her seat belt. "I know you're going to be just fine!" Carl had to admit that he felt slightly queasy with nerves as he got out of the vehicle. What if his father were to see the magazine? No man wanted to see their only son posing in a bikini for a suntan lotion advertisement!

"Blondie! My darling, how good to see you!" Jacques the photographer said in his thick French accent, swooping down to kiss Carl firmly on each cheek. "They loved our photos, my darling, and so here we are to do more, yes? You look radiant this day."

"H-hi," Carl stammered, blushing. "Thank you!"

“And is this, what, your sister, yes?” Jacques guessed, turning to Carl’s mother with a hand on his chin.

“Very charming,” Carl’s mother giggled. “But no.”

“My God, I see where your daughter received her beauty,” Jacques exclaimed. “Did you model, perhaps?”

“Just a little bit,” Carl’s mother said, blushing slightly herself. “Long before I met Candi’s father, of course.”

“Not so long ago, I think,” Jacques said roguishly.

“Well, aren’t you a smooth talker,” Carl’s mother said with a wink. Carl couldn’t believe his mother and the photographer were flirting! Did she have to make eyes at every eligible bachelor she met? Then again, Carl realized, his father was probably taking full advantage of the single life as well.

“My darling, go get changed, yes?” Jacques said, ushering Carl with a hand in the small of his back. “See the screen? A very good beautician, she says she has worked on you before, Tiffany, she will do your hair and make-up. Oh, and someone else to see, too. It will be a nice surprise!”

“Run along, Candi,” Carl’s mother said, still eyeing up Jacques with clear interest. “I’m sure Mister... Um, sorry...?”

“Jacques to my friends, and to beautiful women,” Jacques said slyly.

Carl’s mother smiled. “I’m sure Jacques is on a tight schedule,” she finished. Carl rolled his eyes in mute frustration. As if this wasn’t bad enough already! At least he knew Tiffany... He wobbled his way to the small screen, high heels sinking in the shifting sand, but as he pulled it aside he ran smack into very familiar washboard abs, muscular arms, and a charming white smile.

“Nicholas?” Carl squeaked. “I, I didn’t know you were going to be at this shoot...” The handsome male model helped steady Carl with one arm wrapped casually around his tiny, delicate waist.

“Jacques wanted it to be a surprise,” Nicholas grinned. “Wow, you look even more gorgeous than I remembered!”

“Th-thank you,” Carl stammered, blushing furiously as Nicholas’ eyes roved hungrily up and down his body. With the way he was mentally undressing him, Carl felt like he was in a bikini already!

“He thought we had some really great chemistry,” the male model laughed. “And I’ll be honest, when I heard you were doing the Miss Radiance shoot, I jumped at the chance.”

“Jumped?” Carl asked weakly. “Why?” Nicholas smiled suavely.

“Why do you think?” he asked playfully, with another glance down at Carl’s low-cut top. “You’d better get changed, beautiful. I’ll see you on the sand!” Pink to the tips of his ears, Carl could only smile weakly and nod. He stepped

inside the screen and was greeted by Tiffany and a big box of makeup products and brushes.

“Isn’t this exciting?” Tiffany beamed. “They were going to fly a makeup artist in for this shoot, can you believe that? When I’m right here, and I know your contours and color palette like the back of my hand! Ridiculous! And boy, that male model, what a hunk, don’t you think? Marci, come bring Candi her robe!”

“Marci?” Carl asked, confused. Who was Marci? He looked up and saw a very red-cheeked Mark hurrying forward with the robe. He had noticed Mark’s hair had been trimmed and given bangs when he came back from Christmas holidays – Mark had blushing admitted that free haircuts were another ‘perk’, and Tiffany had wanted to experiment a little bit – but now they boy’s glossy dark hair was loosely curled in a cute, feminine style that bounced around his face. Much more, the overlong purple smock he was wearing looked more like a dress than anything, and unless Carl’s now-experienced eye was deceiving him, his chunky sandals had just a hint of a heel.

“Oh, the twins – off work today, by the way – the twins always call him that and it’s become a bit of a habit,” Tiffany laughed. “They do love to tease, and make these little bets and such. That’s why his hair is so lovely at the moment. Don’t be embarrassed, Mark, we love that you’re such a good sport. Now, give us a little privacy and go grab my hair spray from the van, okay, darling?”

Mark reluctantly moved away, obviously wishing for the chance to see ‘Candi’ changing, and Carl reluctantly removed his top and skirt, exchanging them for the robe, then sat in a small chair as Tiffany set to work on his face.

“We’ll go with a nice, light, natural look,” Tiffany was saying as she slathered Carl’s lips with a shiny gloss. “A little blusher, a little bronzer, not too much eyeshadow. You have such a gorgeous complexion, honey, all the other girls at school must be so jealous of you. And that great bone structure! You are one lucky girl, let me tell you.” Carl blushed again – “lucky” was about the last word he would use to describe himself at the moment!

“Your hair is a mess, sweetie,” Tiffany said, picking at Carl’s coiffure. “You really should have a wig made for bad hair days like this. Especially if you’re going to be a model.”

“I don’t want to be a model!” Carl objected.

“I understand. You probably want to be an actress. Modelling can be so demeaning. But it’s a good start.”

Carl’s mom stopped by with a question. “Jaques wants to know your time frame.”

“Goodness,” Tiffany replied. “This is gonna take a while. I was just telling your daughter that you really should have a professional wig made and styled for her. So she can look her best even on bad hair days like this.”

Carl's mother agreed. "That's a good idea. Is it expensive?"

"Extremely. But it's a must."

"Do you know anyone?"

"I can take care of the whole thing for you. Tell Jaques it'll be 45 minutes."

"He says fifteen."

Tiffany shrugged. "Thirty."

"I'll tell him," Carl's mom said as she left. "But he's not going to like it!"

Once she was finished styling his hair, Tiffany handed him a tiny two-piece and instructed him to go ahead and change while she helped Mark look for the missing hair spray. As soon as Tiffany had left, Carl quickly discarded his bra and panties and tied his bikini bottom, a tiny little scrap of fabric in hot pink, into place. He had become so used to wearing a bikini that he did up the ties with hardly a second thought. The only problem was, Tiffany had forgotten to give him the top!

"There you are!" Jacques announced, yanking the screen curtain. Carl squealed and covered his breasts with both hands, but Jacques didn't seem to even notice. "Come on, my darling, it is time to get started."

"Tiffany forgot to give me my top!" Carl protested, blushing. Jacques paused for a moment, then chuckled.

"Oh, no, no, no," he said. "No top! Not for these photos, my darling."

"You mean I'm going to be in a, a girlie magazine?" Carl gasped. "Like, you know, Maxim?" Jacques laughed.

"No, of course not! Blondes, always the blondes..." He gave a dramatic sigh. "This is for an advertisement! Radiance Suntan Lotion, you remember? They will not see your front, yes? Because we will cover you, and because we will use the good angles. So it is fine for the, how you say, for the prudes here in America, but also has a touch of the risqué, yes?"

"I'm not doing a topless photo shoot!" Carl protested. Jacques rolled his eyes and looked over at Carl's mother.

"Don't be silly, dear," Carl's mother said hastily. "Why, you used to sunbathe topless at the beach all the time, just a few years ago. Don't you remember?" Carl blushed furiously. Of course he'd gone to the beach "topless" – he hadn't had any breasts back then! "She's a little shy ever since filling out," Carl's mother said softly to the photographer.

"My darling, you are lovely," Jacques said firmly. "Your breasts, they are lovely also. Come. Don't be silly, as your beautiful mother says. Let's begin the shoot! In between, you wear the robe, see?" Feeling a sinking sensation in his stomach, Carl took the flimsy robe off its hook and put it back on, tying the sash.

The thin material gave him hardly any comfort, especially as his nipples hardened slightly with the cool fabric's touch!

"Not so warm as you would think," Jacques said wisely. "Now, over here, my darling." He took Carl by the hand and led him over to where Nicholas was waiting, kicking his feet in the surf. The sight of 'Candi' topless apart from a very skimpy robe immediately brought him to attention! No wonder he'd jumped at the chance to do this shoot. Carl blushed as he realized the significance of Nicholas' earlier comment.

And so began one of the most embarrassing afternoons of Carl's young life, as they moved up and down the beach trying to get Jacques' "perfect shot." This involved a whole lot of jiggling for Carl, who was missing the comforting constriction of his lacy push-up bras more than ever. The way his boobs bounced with each step was extremely distracting, not only for him, but also for Nicholas! It certainly didn't help matters when a breeze picked up, necessitating Tiffany constantly fixing his hair with Mark trailing along after her like a puppy dog, and the cold air made his sensitive nipples ache and tingle at the same time. The worst was when his robe flew open entirely while they were walking, giving Nicholas a private show.

For the photos themselves, Jacques managed to put Carl in a variety of feminine poses, each more embarrassing than the last, sometimes with Nicholas and sometimes without. Carl ended up giving the camera a sultry pout over his shoulder from behind, lying in the sand with his bare breasts covered playfully with one arm, and giving himself a "hand-bra" while smiling coyly at Nicholas. Jacques seemed quite pleased with the shots, but was constantly looking for better angles, lighting, and "chemistry."

"Nicholas, you go behind now," he said, on what had to have been the thousandth photo. "Go behind her, yes? And put your hands on her, like so." He gestured, and Carl blushed furiously as he realized what was being asked. Nicholas didn't seem to mind one bit as he took up position behind Carl, so he was pressed up against the male model's hard, muscular body.

"Don't be nervous," Nicholas said gently, breath tickling Carl's ear. "It's just a photo." Pretty blonde head bowed in submission, Carl slowly removed his robe once more and allowed Nicholas to cup his D-cup breasts from behind. At his touch, Carl couldn't help but release a small moan through his parted pink lips. Nicholas smiled at the reaction he'd managed to elicit from this gorgeous girl.

"Sorry," Carl whispered, cheeks flushed.

"Don't be," Nicholas said suavely. His thumb rubbed a circle slyly around Carl's right nipple and he gasped at the sensation, just as Jacques' camera flashed.

"Wide eyes, innocent, yes, yes," Jacques smiled. "That's it. Chemistry." He took several more shots, and Nicholas took full advantage of his 'position' to



fondle and knead Carl's firm globes every time Jacques looked away or adjusted the camera. Carl's knees were totally weak from the sensations racing from his sensitive nipples down his entire body. He desperately wanted to tell Nicholas to knock it off, but every time he managed to open his mouth, all that came out was a cute little gasp.

"That was it!" Jacques exclaimed, several shots later. "That one! Perfect! Good work, my darling. And you, Nicholas. Time to go home, yes?" Jacques kissed Carl on the cheek and strode back towards the van, totally engrossed in his camera, leaving Carl standing with Nicholas' hands still cupping his breasts from behind, feeling a sense of anticlimax.

"I guess I should let go now," Nicholas said huskily.

"Um, y-yes," Carl squeaked, as Nicholas softly caressed him once more. Why did it have to feel so good? Nicholas spun him around, hands around Carl's tiny waist, and suddenly Carl's breasts were pushed up against Nicholas' flat, muscular pecs. He had such a blinding white smile, and those dreamy brown eyes, just like the pilot in that little romance novel... Wait a second, where did that come from?

"I really don't want to," Nicholas admitted. "Candi, you're the most gorgeous girl I've ever met."

"Nicholas, I... I have a boyfriend," Carl gasped, blushing. "I have to go!" He pulled away, but not before Nicholas landed a kiss on his lips that made him swoon. He felt like putty in the male model's hands! Confused and flushed with embarrassment, Carl put his robe back on and swished back to where his mother and Jacques were exchanging contact information.

"Oh, and your compensation," Jacques said casually, handing Carl a check. Carl looked at it and had to gasp, all his misery momentarily forgotten. Two hours topless had managed to earn him 500 dollars! He remembered immediately what his mother had said about career possibilities – but no, this was definitely a one-time thing... Right? He changed back into his clothes behind the screen as Tiffany packed away her cosmetic supplies, then exchanged kisses with each member of the crew – Mark nearly drooled – before climbing back into the passenger side of his mother's car.

"Well!" she said. "That wasn't all bad, was it?" Carl thought of Nicholas' hands on his breasts and shuddered slightly, but still, he had a check for 500 dollars sitting on his lap.

"I guess not," Carl mused.

"Good thing Tom wasn't here," his mom chuckled. "He would have been hopping mad with jealousy! Don't worry, dear, my lips are sealed." Carl blushed furiously, looking out the window and doing his best to think of anything but how good he had felt under Nicholas' subtle ministrations. He buried himself in the romance novel again. His mother had a smile on her face as they drove

away, and not just because she'd met a handsome French photographer... it appeared 'Candi' had developed a bit of a crush!



After a weekend that seemed like one long heavy make-out session in the back of his boyfriend's Jaguar with Toms' hand roaming under Carl's tight, low-cut blouse, Carl was back at school the following Monday. Carl had to make his way to the principal's office after class in order to ask about making up for the test he had managed to miss on Friday. It was as good a reason as any to pass on the ride home from Tom, who lately took every detour possible to get a little more tonsil hockey in.

As Carl walked up to the principal's door, he noticed that it was half-open, and no other staff members seemed to be around. He peered inside and saw Mr. Buller looking down at his cellular telephone with a lustful expression.

"Mr. Buller?" Carl squeaked hesitantly. "I'm, um, I'm here about making up for the school I missed for my photo shoot?" Mr. Buller looked up, startled, closing his phone immediately, but when he saw who it was he swallowed hard with a nervous glance behind Carl, as if to make sure nobody was around.

"I'm sure you are," the principal laughed nervously. "Yes, please, come sit down." He gulped, loosening his tie, as Carl swished inside on his strappy four-inch stilettos, hips swaying appealingly and breasts bouncing with every delicate, mincing step. He adjusted his long blonde hair as he gracefully took a seat, crossing his long legs in an inadvertently very-seductive way, and was suddenly aware of the way Mr. Buller was, for the first time, shamelessly ogling him from top to bottom. The middle-aged man was red-faced, but the look of lust in his eyes was clear. Carl blushed, wishing his top didn't put his boobs so obviously on display.

"Um, so how do I... make it up?" he asked softly.

"Oh, I can think of a few ways," the principal chuckled, still looking slightly anxious. "I appreciated that photograph you sent me, by the way. It was, er, quite something."

"Photograph?" Carl asked, confused.

"There's no need to play coy any longer, Candi," the principal said, rising to his feet. "You've shown admirable... er... restraint..." His eyes fixed on Carl's bountiful cleavage as he said the word, clearly imagining how easily those gorgeous D-cups would come free from the restraint of his lacy little bra. "In not being too overt about your affections. And maybe, just maybe, that means you will be equally discrete about... I mean, you will, won't you? You understand what sort of trouble I could get in?"

"For what?" Carl squeaked, now utterly at a loss for what was going on.

"Candi, there are legal considerations," the principal sighed. "I'm your principal, after all." His eyes went up and down Carl's revealing attire once more and he shook his head with an incredulous smile. "But, I'm only a man!" he said. "I give up, you little vixen. I can't resist it any longer. I think you've been a naughty little school-girl, and I know how to deal with that!" With those words, he lifted Carl up out of his chair and sat him on the desk, claiming his open-with-surprise mouth with a sloppy kiss. Carl's nose wrinkled with revulsion at his coffee breath as he pulled away.

"What are you doing?" he trilled.

"What you've been begging me to do in all those little notes you've sent," the principal groaned. "Oh, Candi. I've been thinking about this moment for far too long." He cleared his arm along the top of his desk to make room, knocking over a mug full of pens and a small webcam, and set Carl down on top of it, making his short skirt ride up. Before Carl could protest, the principal had snatched his panties out from under his skirt, leaving him with nothing but the gaff! Feeling terror as he had never before, Carl wriggled desperately against the man's embrace.

"Yeah, Mr. Buller, just what are you doing?" came a snotty voice. The principal froze, with an expression of a deer in the headlights, and Carl turned to see the voice's owner standing in the doorway. It was none other than Amber!

"Oh, no!" Mr. Buller said faintly. He immediately handed Carl his panties back. Carl, blushing, was equally disturbed by this new turn of events as he quickly slipped them back up his quaking legs.

"Well, that's what I would call a compromising position," Amber smirked. She walked over and picked up the small webcam off the desk. "And all on tape, too! I don't think my dad or the rest of the school board will be very happy with this, will they?"

"What's going on?" Carl finally managed to ask.

"Let me explain the whole thing," Amber smiled sweetly. "For the past several months, you've been regularly sending Mr. Buller some very naughty, flirtatious notes. Well, to be more accurate, I've been sending them in your name."

"But... but the picture!" Mr. Buller gasped.

"Oh, you mean the picture Candi sent to my boyfriend Tom?" Amber guessed. "I think just about everyone in the school has seen it by now. Only a delusional middle-aged failure like you would ever think it was taken just for him!"

"You sent him that picture?" Carl squeaked.

"That's right," Amber smiled. "And I think it was just enough bait to push our poor principal over the edge. So, I installed a little webcam on his desk, and all I had to do was wait for you to come see him. Now I have a full recording of a

very, very compromising situation for the both of you. Shall we watch?" Amber took out her laptop from her book bag and plugged the web cam in. Mr. Buller watched in shocked silence as the video played of him and 'Candi' locked in amorous embrace, and then, as he divested her of her lacy black panties and moved her onto the desk, inadvertently right over top of the web-cam, Carl gasped. For just the briefest moment, his gaff was completely exposed, and the outline of his shrunken manhood perfectly visible. Amber hadn't seemed to notice, being far too absorbed in watching the horrified expression on Mr. Buller's face, and Mr. Buller had looked away. Carl's head spun. It was his worst nightmare come true... Video evidence that he was really a boy!



"Just awful, isn't it?" Amber smirked, misinterpreting Carl's gasp. "Want to see it again?"

"No!" Mr. Buller and Carl both exclaimed at the same time. Amber shrugged her shoulders, still smiling evilly, and put the laptop back into her bag.

"It's safe and secure on my computer now," she gloated. "So, I think it's about time we got down to business. Mr. Buller, you want to keep this job, don't you?"

"Of course I do," the principal stammered.

"And you especially don't want your wife to find out," Amber laughed. "And Candi, I know you're quite the little attention whore, but I don't think even you want to be the center of an underage teacher-student scandal, do you?" Carl stared at the book bag on Amber's arm. He once would have loved nothing more than an excuse to leave the school year, and Florida, early, but now the video on her laptop could easily ruin a whole lot more than the school year...

Try the rest of his entire life! 'Miss Radiance' exposed as a boy... He could already imagine the headlines...

"N-no, that's the last thing I want!" Carl said desperately.

"Good, then here's what's going to happen," Amber said sweetly. "Tomorrow, you're going to dress up in your sluttiest outfit possible, and at lunch, you're going to go up to Tom, right in the middle of the cafeteria, and tell him, in front of everyone, that you have to break up with him because you've realized something about yourself."

"Realized something?" Carl squeaked. She couldn't know, could she? She hadn't seen...?

"You're going to tell him that you're a lesbian," Amber smiled. "It will only make sense to everyone, what with the way you're always blushing and shy in the locker room, the way you're so close with Miranda and nobody else, and the way you sneak looks at her sometimes. And then you're going to go right up to Miranda and prove it by sitting down in her lap, putting your arms around her neck, and giving her the sexiest, hottest kiss you can muster up. Understand?"

"And if I don't?" Carl asked miserably.

"Then I don't delete the video off my laptop," Amber explained. "Instead, I use it to ensure that Mr. Buller has no choice but to expel you."

"This is blackmail!" Mr. Buller protested angrily.

"That's right," Amber said. "Oh, and you're going to quit the cheerleading team, too. Just do those two little things, and I delete the video forever. You have my word!" With that, she turned and walked out of the office, leaving Mr. Buller and Carl to exchange looks of utter horror.

"What do we do?" Carl squeaked.

"What *can* we do?" Mr. Buller groaned, wiping the sweat from his brow. "Whatever she says! That video would ruin me! If there was only some way to get a hold of it... but..."

Carl stood numbly in shock as Mr. Buller paced back and forth, each idea he came up with more useless than the last, and then finally, feeling his life starting to unravel at the seams, he minced his way out of the office, high heels clicking on the tiled floor.

## FEBRUARY

The next morning, Carl woke up in his pink bedsheets feeling momentarily at peace, until he remembered the events of the previous day. Then he closed his eyes and took a deep, bracing breath. The only way he was possibly going to get through this day was if he remained calm – otherwise he would lose his mind!

If Amber watched the video again, and if she looked closely as Carl's short skirt enveloped the web-cam for that split second in time... Well, his life was already over, in that case. He could only hope that she hadn't, and that she would keep her word. Carl had no idea how the other cheerleaders would react, not to mention Tom, but at least by the end of it, no matter how much Amber made him embarrass himself, he wouldn't have a boyfriend any longer!

Carl delayed the inevitable by taking a long bubble-bath, but it was of little comfort, especially when his cellular telephone began to ring. Groaning, he got up out of the bath-tub and quickly wrapped a towel around his chest, and then another around his hair, before swishing back to his room to answer it.

"I'm just calling to make sure you're remembering our little deal," came Amber's voice. Carl clenched his fists, and then immediately released them, wincing. He'd forgotten just how sharp his new long, painted nails were.

"Yes, I'm remembering," Carl said through gritted teeth. "By the way, *this* is the revenge you were telling me about all year, right?"

"You are adorable, Candi. Yes. This is the revenge. You're going to do what I say."

"Yes," Candi said, resigned to his fate.

"Good," Amber said coldly. "Then I expect to see you in the cafeteria at 8:30 sharp, right when everyone's getting in for the assembly, all dolled up like the slutty little tramp you are and ready to give Miranda the kiss of the century. Got it?"

"And you'll bring the laptop and hand it over right away?" Carl squeaked.

"Of course not," Amber said. "You have to quit the cheerleading team, too, remember? And besides, I don't want you trying to grab it. It's going to stay safe in my room while we're at school."

"How am I supposed to know you won't just keep the video?" Carl asked miserably.

"I guess you'll just have to trust me, Candi," Amber replied.

"Trust you?" Carl practically shrieked, but Amber had already hung up the phone. How could he possibly trust the girl who was out to ruin his life? With a

worried expression on his pretty face, Carl went to his closet and opened it wide. He certainly had no shortage of revealing outfits, but he knew Amber wouldn't be satisfied by anything but his 'trampiest' selection. Carl let out a tremulous sigh.

"Well, if I have to do this," he murmured, "I may as well do it right..."



When Carl minced his way down the stairs in his hot pink five-inch heels, even his liberal Aunt Kat had to do a double-take at his outfit.

"My, I haven't seen you wearing those for a while," his aunt said casually, indicating the five-inch stilettos that would have looked more at home on a stripper stage than in a high school. "In fact, isn't that the pair you always complain is so uncomfortable?"

"Is it?" Carl squeaked nervously. "Oh, they're not that bad."

"I think I can guess what's going on here, sweetie," Aunt Kat sighed. "Your boyfriend's eye has been wandering a little bit, and it's got you worried."

"What? No!" Carl sputtered hastily. "It's nothing like that! I just, um, I thought it was a cute outfit?" He twirled a strand of blonde hair around his manicured frosted-pink fingernail, an unconscious feminine gesture he'd picked up from the other cheerleaders. They were a flirtatious bunch, but it was doubtful even they would dare go to school wearing a low-cut flimsy white blouse tied off at the midriff, an indecently short pleated miniskirt that gave a tantalizing peek at the top of a sparkly pink thong, thigh-high socks, and towering five-inch stiletto heels.

"It is, Candi," Aunt Kat said. "It's adorable, it really is. But sweetie, there's a fine line between teasing, and, well...begging."

"Begging?" Carl echoed, then flushed as he realized what Aunt Kat meant.

"Let's just say it's a good thing you have a big strong boyfriend to fend off all the other horny young men," his aunt said with a wry smile. "Your poor principal is going to have a heart attack. But, well, I suppose you're only young once! Come on, sweetie, I'll drive you to school. Your mother would be none too happy with it, either!"

Although she was putting on a stern face, Aunt Kat was secretly quite pleased. It seemed that her feminized nephew was finally enjoying the effect he had on the opposite sex... or rather, his former sex! It was about time 'Candi' started to proudly flaunt her body at every opportunity, and Aunt Kat knew it was only natural for a love-struck girl to want to please her man by dressing as sexy as possible for him.

Carl, of course, was thinking nothing of the sort. Instead, he felt a resigned sickness in his tummy as they approached the school, knowing that no matter what Amber was planning, he would have to go along with it. It was his only hope of getting her to erase the video. Judging by the phone conversation, she hadn't watched it again, but if she did, Carl's little secret would be everywhere... Including back home in Maine... and even over in Louisiana where Jason was attending college!

"Have a good day, sweetie," Aunt Kat smiled as they arrived. Carl smiled weakly and thanked her, knowing it was going to be anything but. As he closed the car door, the small gust of wind immediately flipped up his tiny pleated miniskirt! Blushing, he quickly wrestled it back down, ignoring a wolf-whistle from one a passing vehicle, and quickly minced towards the school entrance.

Even more boys were staring at him than usual, but Carl did his best to ignore it as he swished inside, making his way to the cafeteria with his heart hammering behind his jiggling breasts and lacy bra cups. It was already jam-packed full of students, all eager to see their friends after the holidays, and Tom was waiting for him right in the center of the cafeteria with his buddies from the basketball team and the cheer-leaders, too. Carl saw the counselor, Mrs. Buller, shake her head sadly as he sashayed past in his tiny skirt and cleavage-spilling blouse. Standing just behind her was Amber, who gave him an evil smile. Carl took a deep breath as he walked over to where Tom was laughing and joking with his team-mates.

"H-hi, babe," he squeaked.

"Hey, gorgeous," Tom grinned, hopping up out of his chair. "Why didn't you text me back? I was going to pick you up this morning, so we could have a little alone time before school."

"I, I have something to tell you," Carl stammered, seeing Amber give him a nod. "Something important."

"Spit it out," Tom laughed, taking his hands. Carl cleared his throat.

"I'm breaking up with you," he squeaked. Tom's eyes went wide, as did the eyes of nearly everyone in hearing distance, as a sudden silence filled the cafeteria. Carl saw Miranda, who had been coming over, stop with a sudden look of shock on her face. "I've, um, realized something about myself," Carl went on, blushing furiously. "I'm a lesbian."

"What?" Tom asked, totally dumbfounded. Carl stared at the floor, utterly humiliated. He could see Amber cackling out of the corner of his eye. Then, knowing what he had to do next, he raised his head and minced over to where Miranda was sitting, each sinuous step making his breasts jiggle tantalizingly and his rear end swish seductively from side to side, sky-high heels exaggerating the sway of his hips and punctuating each footstep with a loud click. Mi-

randa, still stunned, only frowned as Carl strolled his way across the silent cafeteria.

“Sorry,” Carl whispered, blushing, and then lowered himself gracefully onto her lap. He wrapped his arms around her neck and gently pressed his gloss-covered lips against hers. The kiss sent a tingle down into his tummy, and judging by Miranda’s reaction, she wasn’t exactly hating it, either! Carl was completely shocked as her tongue crept inside his mouth and down his throat, just as Tom’s so often did, and when they broke apart he was gasping for breath.



The cafeteria was silent for another second, then erupted in applause and wolf-whistles, as just about every male student (and a few staff members) begged for an encore. Carl’s pretty blue eyes widened. Whatever the reaction, he certainly hadn’t been expecting this one! Miranda gave him a confused but sly smile, and then Tom strolled over, chuckling, his hands in his pockets.

“Wow,” he grinned, gently helping Carl off Miranda’s lap. “Thanks for the show, baby.” He immediately claimed Carl’s mouth with a powerful, probing kiss that made his ‘girlfriend’s’ knees go weak. Carl moaned softly as Tom kissed him deeply, then gave him a questioning look as they broke apart. “Nice try, but April Fool’s is on April first, though,” Tom laughed. “Not February first.

That's why it's called April Fool's, Candi. You're such a blonde." He gave Carl another kiss, effectively cutting off any protest, and Carl could see Amber turning a furious shade of red in the crowd. "But hey, if you two ever want to, you know, experiment a little...just make sure to invite me along." He gave Miranda a roguish wink, and just then the bell rang for the assembly to start.

Not knowing what else to do, Carl let Tom lead him back to their seats and spent the entire assembly snuggled up close to him. Amber caught his eye halfway through, and made a throat-cutting gesture with her finger. Carl gulped. He'd done exactly as she'd asked. Was it really his fault that nobody believed him? Carl fidgeted nervously all through the assembly with Tom's arms wrapped around him, and halfway through he received a text message from Miranda telling him to meet her as soon as it was done. When it was over he quickly excused himself to the girls' room, and found Miranda waiting inside.

"Candi, what's going on?" she asked, frowning. "What was that all about?" Carl, to his utter shame, broke down crying immediately. Miranda, surprised, gently took him in her arms as he sobbed the whole story out onto her shoulder.

"I don't know what to do," Carl sniffled. "If she looks too closely at that video... if she finds out that I'm..." He dropped his voice to a whisper. "That I'm a boy..."

"We have to get that laptop," Miranda said decisively. "She said it's at her house, right?"

"Well, yes," Carl said. "But we can't just break into her house..."

"We won't have to," Miranda said confidently. "My friend Jess was just over at Amber's house yesterday. She needed her Chemistry notes. Remember how Amber's parents just got divorced? Well, according to Jess, her mom moved out, and now her dad is taking a "personal week" just lounging around the house, apparently. I have a feeling he'll be all too happy to see someone who might, you know, take his mind off his wife?"

"What do you mean?" Carl asked, confused.

"I mean if you put on a cute smile and ask nicely, her dad will give you the laptop with no questions asked," Miranda said. "Especially if you give him a nice long look down your cleavage. Tess said he's a total creepazoid. You're a friend of Amber's from school, right? You're on the cheerleading squad together? What's suspicious about that? Now come here, let me fix your makeup, you're a total mess..." Carl obediently pursed his lips and closed his eyes as Miranda re-did his makeup for him, holding him gently but firmly by his chin. By the time she had fixed his eye shadow and lip gloss, Carl was feeling considerably more calm and had stopped trembling.

"You really think it will be that easy?" Carl asked anxiously, as they exited the girls' room. "But if Amber notices I'm not at school..."

"Ms. Wethers, I'm afraid this is just too much," came a sharp voice. Carl looked up and saw Mrs. Buller waiting for them, hands on her hips. Carl's stomach churned. Had Amber told her? Did she know what her husband had tried to do?

"W-what is?" Carl stammered.

"Your clothing, or lack thereof," the counselor sighed. "It is simply completely inappropriate attire for a school setting. This is a high school, Candi, not a... a nightclub! I'm going to have to ask you to go home and change into something more modest, understand?"

"Sorry, I..." Carl began, blushing.

"Do you understand?" Mrs. Buller repeated sternly. Cheeks pink, Carl nodded his pretty blonde head, eyes downcast. The counselor sighed again and walked off down the hallway. A few students close enough to have overheard the conversation snickered behind their hands, although the boys were doubtless disappointed.

"Well," Miranda said brightly. "If Amber notices, someone will just have to tell her the truth... You got sent home to change clothes."

"I would like to get out of these ridiculous heels," Carl admitted, blushing once more. "And you'll come with me?"

"Yes, but you're not going to go get changed," Miranda laughed. "I'd say what you're wearing is just about perfect for what I've got in mind. Come on, let's get going. Amber's dad should still be home, apparently he sleeps late every morning. That's what Jess said, at least."

"You don't mind getting in trouble for skipping class?" Carl asked tremulously.

"To help out a fellow cheerleader? Of course not!" Miranda laughed. "Come on, Candi, what are girlfriends for?"



A few blocks away in the city's most expensive neighborhood, Mr. Sweet, regional manager of Radiance Suntan Lotion, Inc., and recent divorcee, was just waking up with a headache from drinking the night before. The legal proceedings were getting him down a little, as were the constant fights on the telephone with his ex-wife. The one bright spot was that his daughter Amber seemed to have been in a terrific mood when she had come home from school the previous day, although she hadn't said why. Still, the single life was agreeing with him. He could drink, watch sports, and keep his daughter quiet by spoiling her rotten. Although there was one department that was definitely still lacking. He was a lonely man.

*Ding-dong!* The sound of the door-bell interrupted his thoughts. He checked the clock, and by this time, he was alone in the house. He yawned as he got out of bed, throwing on a luxurious bath-robe and tying the sash before going to the door. With his luck, it was probably a door-to-door salesman.

“Coming!” he called, rubbing his cheeks, which needed a shave. Sighing, he opened the door, ready to tell whoever it was to go sell their wares in a less respectable neighborhood, but his words caught in his throat immediately. Strappy hot-pink stilettos encasing delicate feet, long, trim legs clad in snug-fitting thigh-high pink socks, a teasing strip of tanned thighs before the swirling pleats of a sinfully short plaid miniskirt, sitting low on nicely rounded hips.

His gaze roved hungrily up a flat, toned midriff and tiny waist, teasingly exposed, before landing on the most perfect cleavage he had ever laid his eyes on, formed by two perfect, firm globes of feminine flesh pushed together by a skimpy tied-off blouse.

“Um, hello?” came a soft, melodious soprano voice, and it was only then that Mr. Sweet managed to tear his gaze off the tantalizing rack and look up into an equally beautiful face with pouty pink lips, a cute little nose, and innocent baby blue eyes framed by long, dark lashes. Carl toyed nervously with his long blonde hair, frosted pink nails gleaming, and readjusted his purse on one slender shoulder.

“Uh, hello, there,” Mr. Sweet grunted, immediately moving his bath-robe to conceal his rapidly stiffening member.



"Can I help you?"

"I hope so," Carl said shyly. "Um, I'm a friend of your daughter's from school, and I need to get some homework I left in her room or I'll be in big trouble with my teacher, can I please come in?"

"A friend of Amber's?" Mr. Sweet asked, confused, and then a broad smile spread across his face. "Oh, right. I get it. Of course you are, darling. And you look great in that little uniform. Is that the standard? It looks a little... mature."

"Well, um, the dress code isn't that strict," Carl squeaked, blushing.

"Come in," Mr. Sweet said, suddenly friendly. "Want a drink? I've got vodka and tequila." He winked, and Carl flashed him a nervous smile, confused.

"Um, I'd better not," he said. "I'm under-age!"

"I almost believe you," Mr. Sweet chuckled. "Okay, juice it is."

"Mr. Sweet, I really just need to..." Carl began, but he was interrupted by a ringing telephone. Amber's father held up a finger and picked it up.

"Hello?" he questioned. Carl couldn't hear what was being said on the other end, but he did recognize the voice. It was Amber! Carl froze to the spot, heart thumping furiously. "Is anyone here?" Mr. Sweet echoed. "Why would you ask that, honey? I know you saw me with Kathleen, but she's just my secretary, I swear..." He sighed and turned to Carl, giving him a salacious wink. "No, honey. Nobody's here. Just me. Okay. Talk to you when you get home from school, honey." He hung up the phone with a grin. "Sorry about that," he said. "Paranoid daughter. Were you just guessing with the 'daughter's' friend' thing, or did Rick tell you?" Carl, at this point, had never felt more confused in his life.

"Can I just go up to Amber's room?" he asked. "I really just need to..."

"Come on, not in my daughter's room," Mr. Sweet said, although his cheeks had reddened visibly. "Unless you really, really want to..."

"I do?" Carl squeaked. "So I can get her..."

"Far be it from me to argue with a professional," Mr. Sweet interrupted, chuckling. "Go ahead and get ready, darling. I'm going to wash up really quick."

"Get r... *ready*?" Carl stammered, but Mr. Sweet was already out of the room. Beginning to suspect that something was awry, Carl decided to grab the laptop and get out as quickly as possible. He wiggled his way down the hall, heels clicking noisily past the bathroom, where he could hear the shower going, and minced into Amber's expensively-furnished room. Her laptop was sitting in plain view by the window, and Carl quickly stuffed it into his purse with a sigh of relief. He was just turning to go when the sound of the shower stopped.

"So, who exactly picked you out, anyways?" Mr. Sweet was saying, coming up the hallway. "Rick and the boys said they were putting together something to cheer me up, but I have to say, they really came through. Do you do movies?"

You look kind of familiar, you know..." He rounded the corner into Amber's room, and Carl could only gasp at the sight of a stark-naked Mr. Sweet.

"What are you doing?" Carl squeaked in terror.

"What's it look like, darling?" Mr. Sweet asked, confused. "Let's drop the innocent school-girl thing now, alright? It's too weird, having a daughter and all."

"Oh my gosh," Carl moaned, as he realized what was going on. "I'm not... I'm not a..." He was blushing and stammering so badly that the last word was almost unintelligible. "I'm not a prostitute!"

"Oh yeah, you sluts like to be called escorts these days."

"I'm not an escort either!"

"What?" Mr. Sweet gasped, taken aback. "But... but I thought... I assumed, when..."

"I'm on the cheerleading team with Amber," Carl said, blushing even more brightly.

"But... Wearing that outfit... I just thought..." Mr. Sweet snatched a pillow off Amber's dresser and covered his nakedness immediately. "I see. I, uh, misunderstanding, uh... Nice to meet you, I think you can see your own way out, and, uh, good afternoon." He dashed back towards the bathroom and Carl stood for a moment in shock before shouldering his purse and exiting the house as quickly as possible with what little dignity he had left. Mr. Sweet had taken him for a call girl!

"Did you get it?" Miranda demanded, jumping out from behind the bushes as Carl came outside. Carl jumped and gave a small squeal of surprise, then nodded, blushing.

"He thought I was a... a prostitute," Carl said, still shell-shocked and mentally scarred by the sight of his rival's father completely in the nude.

"I know!" Miranda exclaimed. "It was perfect! And, even better, I got the whole thing recorded on my cell phone!" She waved her cellular telephone triumphantly and Carl frowned.

"You mean you were...?" he trailed off.

"Outside Amber's window," Miranda giggled. "Now for part two..."

"Part two?" Carl asked, confused. "But we got the laptop, can't we just, like, throw it off a bridge somewhere?"

"I've got something even better in mind," Miranda smiled. "And I know just the guy to help us, this nerd named Harry who I always cheat off in Algebra. I've got a feeling he'll be more than happy to help out the reigning Miss Boardwalk with a little computer problem. Trust me, Candi, I've got a plan!"



It was harder than Miranda had anticipated to drag Harry, a pudgy bespectacled boy in their grade, out of the computer lab. Only the sight of two beautiful cheerleaders fluttering their eyelashes at him was enough to persuade him, and he grumbled as they pulled him into an abandoned classroom so Miranda could explain exactly what they needed.

“What’s in it for me?” he asked, pushing his glasses back up his nose.

“Whatever you want,” Miranda said sweetly. “Candi can be very, very persuasive.” She giggled, shooting a look at Carl, who recoiled in revulsion. He became slightly more agreeable, however, when Harry made his first demand.

“How about you two kiss again?” the pudgy young man said eagerly, sitting back in his chair. “That’ll be a good start.” Miranda blushed slightly, then giggled.

“What do you say, Candi?” she laughed. “He wants an encore performance!”

“Um, sure,” Carl said weakly, smiling back at her. “Why not?” He was hopelessly confused as Miranda tipped up his chin with her finger and gave him a slow, sensual kiss on his pretty pink lips. Hadn’t she told him that she didn’t have any more romantic feelings for him, now that he was, for all intents and purposes, a girl? He couldn’t complain, however, as she was quite a good kisser, almost as good as Jason... Wait a second, what was he saying?!

“Wow,” Harry muttered. “You two are really into that.” Carl pulled away, blushing as he fixed his blonde hair, and saw Harry sitting back with a dreamy, far-away look in his eyes, obviously fantasizing about what else ‘Candi’ might be really into.

“Well, you asked,” Miranda said, also slightly flushed. “So, um, get to it, Harry.”

“Yeah, okay, it should be easy enough,” Harry shrugged. “Hand me your phone, and I’ll upload the new video to the laptop.” Miranda handed over her cellular telephone and watched as Harry connected it to Amber’s laptop and struck a few keys, watching the screen intently.

“Is it done?” Candi asked tremulously a moment later, still looking nervously out the door to see if any teachers were around.

“Not quite,” Harry said. “You have to, uh, do something for me first. Hey, I’m doing you a big favor, remember!” he protested, when Miranda gave him a dirty look.

“What is it?” Miranda sighed petulantly. “You want us to kiss again?” Carl looked up hopefully at the prospect, but Harry shook his head.

“I’ve, uh, I’ve never made out with anyone before...” the nerd said, going red.

“You want me to make out with you?” Miranda asked skeptically.

"No!" Harry said. "I mean, uh, I'm sure that would be awesome, but I meant her. I mean, Candi. That's my price, and I'm sticking to it." Carl's lip-gloss coated mouth fell open. Harry was the sort of guy he had once picked on in school and dominated at sports games, and now he was really expecting him to kiss him?

"Sounds fair," Miranda said. "Get to it, Candi!"

"What?" Carl spluttered, looking at Miranda with wide eyes. "You mean... You really think... I don't know how!" he finished lamely. Miranda rolled her eyes.

"Come on, you've had plenty of practice," Miranda laughed. "Don't worry, Harry, she's just being shy. She's a fantastic kisser! Come on, Candi, get on his lap and give him a little sugar. Don't you want the plan to work?"

"Fine, I'll do it!" Carl squeaked, blushing furiously.

"Cool!" Harry said, wiping his sweaty palms together and leaning back in his chair. "I won't tell anybody, I promise!"

"You better not," Carl muttered breathily. He gave Miranda a pleading look, but she only smiled slyly.

"Come on," she cooed. "Make it nice and sexy, and maybe I'll enjoy the show, too." Blushing, Carl lowered himself down onto Harry's lap and pouted his lips together. That was all the invitation Harry needed, as he clumsily leaned forward and began kissing him. Carl felt his stomach revolt at the sensation as Harry's slimy tongue invaded his mouth and his sweaty hands pawed at his back, occasionally brushing his bra-straps. He finally drew the line when Harry began cupping his breasts!

"Okay, that's enough!" Carl squeaked, struggling off of Harry's lap. "Or I'll, I'll, I'll get Tom to beat you up!"

"I got carried away," Harry said embarrassedly, as Miranda giggled. "I'm sorry! Here, the laptop is all ready. Um... Can we do this again some time?"

"Not likely," Miranda laughed, taking the laptop and handing it to Carl. "Bye, now. Oh, and remember my notes for Algebra, okay?" She blew Harry a kiss and led Carl out of the empty classroom. Carl wiped his mouth in disgust, still suffering the taste of Harry's bad breath. He was pretty sure that he had just eaten a whole onion for breakfast. Classes had just ended and the hallways were beginning to fill up with people again.

"I can't believe I did that," Carl moaned. "Oh, gross."

"I thought maybe he would turn into a prince," Miranda smiled. "Here, want some gum?" She offered him a stick of gum and he took it morosely, reflecting on the fact that he had now kissed three different boys in the past two months. He had never equaled that feat with chicks as a guy! At least Miranda had kissed him, too, it was sort of a consolation prize...

"That's her!" came a deep male voice. Carl, now used to being referred to in the feminine pronoun, spun on his high heel and saw Mr. Sweet and Amber approaching. Amber looked absolutely furious!

"I knew it!" she shrieked. "Give me that laptop back right now, you little skank!" Amber snatched the lap top out of Carl's arms before he could even protest.

"She said she was a friend from school," Mr. Sweet said lamely. "How was I to know, honey?"

"You better not have deleted it..." Amber hissed. She opened the laptop and checked for the video file to ensure it was still there, then breathed a sigh of relief. "Too stupid to even get rid of the video?" she smirked. "Wow, Candi, I knew you were a bimbo, but this is something else."

"Amber, what is going on?" Mr. Sweet sighed.

"Don't worry, daddy, we're going to straighten all of this out right now," Amber said. "This laptop contains a video involving our very own principal that I think you're going to want to see. Let's go to his office, shall we? Candi, you'd better come to. Just to plead your case." She gave Carl a wicked smile and grabbed his upper arm with sharp nails.

"Hey!" Carl protested. He shot a look back towards Miranda, who gave him an encouraging thumbs up, and then he, Amber, and Amber's father all marched down the hallway to the principal's office. Without even bothering to knock, Amber barged inside, dragging Carl along behind her. Her father entered behind them, still looking totally confused. The principal and the guidance counselor both looked up in surprise.

"Oh, hi, Mrs. Buller," Amber said sweetly. "I'm glad you're here, too! I've got something to show everyone."

"Amber, Candi, shouldn't you two be in class?" Mrs. Buller frowned. Mr. Buller, meanwhile, was turning an unattractive shade of white.

"I'm afraid I'm just as lost as you are," Mr. Sweet said to him, shaking his head. "Amber keeps saying something about this video..."

"That's right," Amber said, setting down the laptop. "I have video evidence of Mr. Buller here having an affair with a student... Candi." Mr. Buller put his hand to his chest, as if he was having a heart attack, while his wife and school board member Mr. Sweet both looked shocked.

"John, is this true?" Mr. Sweet demanded. "You know how serious that is!"

"Oh, and it gets worse," Amber said, pretending to sound regretful. "Mr. Buller is not only a pervert in the sense that he goes after underage girls..." She paused, smirking. "You know, Candi, I could hardly believe what I was seeing when I watched the video again at home last night. I had even decided not to tell anyone! Not for your sake, of course, but to spare Tom the humiliation..."

and, of course, to spare the whole cheerleading squad from having to go through counseling. But, well, you really have a way of pissing me off, so I think I'll just let everyone in on your little secret... You see, Candi is not really a girl at all. She's a boy in disguise!"

Carl, who had been trembling with fear all throughout Amber's speech, looked around the room. To his surprise, and great relief, the looks he saw were now utterly unbelieving.

"Right," said Mrs. Buller. "This is all a little hard to swallow, Amber. My husband has had indiscretions in the past, but he has put them firmly behind him. And as for your other accusation, are you really that angry about not being head cheerleader this year? Maybe we should discuss it?"

"It's on the video!" Amber screeched. "Here, see for yourself!" She turned the laptop to face the assembled adults, and hit play. Carl couldn't see the screen, but he could see the expressions on everyone's faces. Mr. Buller was going from terrified to bewildered, while Mr. Sweet was going from perplexed to deep, crimson red!

"Amber, what is the meaning of this?" Mr. Sweet sputtered. "How... Why... How on Earth did you record that... It was an innocent mistake!"

"What?" Amber snapped. She turned the laptop back around, and came face-to-face with the video of her father exposing himself to a pretty young blonde, who had an expression of total disgust on her face. Amber gaped.

"Mr. Sweet!" Mrs. Buller gasped. "Candi is under-age, and you know it! She's your daughter's age, for Gods' sake! This is entirely inappropriate!"

"But this isn't the video!" Amber wailed.



“Mr. Sweet, you’re a school board member!” Mr. Buller added, seeing his opportunity. “I’m afraid I’m going to have to report this...”

“Why did you record this?” Mr. Sweet demanded, turning to Carl. “And how? Is this a sting operation or something? I swear, it was an innocent mistake!”

“This is all her fault!” Amber shouted, pointing right at Carl. “She, she somehow changed the videos! She’s a man! She’s got a penis!”

“No, I don’t!” Carl squeaked. “She’s crazy!”

“You bitch!” Amber screamed, and suddenly she flew across the office, clawing at Carl with her long nails. “Your boobs aren’t real! They’re, they’re plastic or something!” She started grabbing at Carl’s boobs, making him squeal in pain. He slapped weakly at her, trying not to break a nail, as she pulled at his breast. Mrs. Buller intervened, pulling a panting Amber off of Carl, who whimpered slightly.

“This is all too much!” she exclaimed. “Mr. Sweet, you have obviously been under tremendous stress with your divorce, but exposing yourself to under-age girls and completely losing control of your daughter... It is clear that both you and Amber need help!”

“But she’s a boy! I know she’s a boy!” Amber screeched, pounding her fists on the desk. Her father managed to restrain her.

“Mr. Sweet, assault on another student is something we take very, very seriously here!” Mr. Buller said, with a hint of a smile on his face. “Yes, I’m afraid I have no other choice... I’m going to have to expel your daughter, and recommend her for psychiatric treatment. She seems almost delusional!”

“How dare you!” Mr. Sweet bellowed.

“And I’m going to have to talk to the board as well, about your less-than-upstanding behavior,” Mr. Buller added. That took all the fight right out of Mr. Sweet. The last thing he needed was to lose his job right now, and over an innocent misunderstanding!

“Let’s not be hasty,” Mr. Sweet said. “Look, I had no idea she was under-age...”

“Mrs. Buller, dear, could you escort the Sweets out?” Mr. Buller said, wiping his forehead.

“I’ll expose you if it’s the last thing I do!” Amber was still shouting. “You bitch! You boyfriend-stealing slut!”

“My pleasure, Mr. Buller, dear,” the counselor said primly. She held the door as Mr. Sweet all but dragged his fuming daughter out into the hallway, and closed it firmly behind her, leaving Carl alone with the principal.

“I don’t know how you did it,” Mr. Buller said, letting out a long sigh of relief. “But you’ve spared both of us a very big scandal, and in all likelihood saved my job and my marriage! I’m very, very indebted to you, Candi.”

"It's nothing," Carl said, blushing, thinking of everything he'd had to go through in the past two days to avoid exposure at Amber's hands. Dressing up like a slutty school-girl, inadvertently seducing Mr. Sweet, making out with Harry the geek...

"Let's just say you'll never have to worry about failing Algebra again," Mr. Buller said. "If you agree to keep everything quiet, well, I see no reason why you shouldn't graduate with top marks in every class, and a hearty recommendation to whatever college you so desire."

"I don't think I'll be going to college," Carl said, thinking of the inheritance awaiting him. If he did, it certainly wouldn't be as Candi Wethers!

"No? Well, you can discuss that at the end of the year with our guidance counselor, Mrs. Buller," the principal said. "Is there anything else I could do for you? To thank you for getting us out of this mess?"

"Well..." Carl thought of the meandering rides home after school in Tom's Jaguar and suddenly perked up. "Could you give Tom after-school detention? For like, at least until the end of the month?"

"Tom? Your boyfriend?" The principal frowned. "Well, yes, of course, I suppose so. He is always getting up to mischief. But why?"

"He, um, he said my butt looked big when I asked him yesterday," Carl lied, blushing. Mr. Buller chuckled knowingly.

"Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned," he laughed. "You'd better get to class now... but... Candi, how did you manage to pull all this off?" Carl shrugged his slender shoulders, inadvertently making his D-cups quiver in their lacy bra.

"I don't know," he said. "Um, feminine wiles, I guess?" He turned and hurried out of the office, high heels clicking noisily, eager to find Miranda and tell her that everything had gone exactly as planned. Amber was out of his hair for the rest of the year, and as an added bonus, Tom was out of his mouth for the rest of the month!

He'd forgotten, of course, that Valentine's Day was just around the corner...

*From the Casebook of Harold Pennyworth, P.I.*

*Notes on Case #241-B: The Whereabouts of Carl Hutchens.*

*Feb 14: Valentine's Day. I haven't been able to update the case file for a month, due to the minor issue of getting caught trying to sneak the patient files from Dr. Nevsky's cosmetic surgery practice. If it wasn't for a couple old buddies in blue, I might have ended up facing serious charges. I only did 30 days. Not the first time I've had to do a little time to break a big case.*

*But back on the trail of Carl. It doesn't look like much happened while i was detained, although I haven't seen that Amber Sweet girl around. As for Candi, she had quite the night. I was doing some reconnaissance at the Wethers residence when Tom, her primary boyfriend, showed up in the kind of car I would have killed for in high school, assumedly to pick up his date. Candi came out of the house, so I diligently captured a few pictures right then and there.*

*Talk about a dress! It was the hottest little number I'd seen her wear, and that was saying a lot, just skin-tight all the way, ending mid-thigh, and strapless with a neckline so low her tits were defying gravity with every second they stayed inside the confines of the dress. I mean, she got more coverage from her hair, which was down in golden waves around her made-up face, complete with those smoky bedroom eyes and fire-hydrant red lips.*

*Note to self: delete above paragraph for the official record. Don't forget to trash the pictures, as well.*

*Her boyfriend didn't waste any time giving Candi a sound snogging on the lips, and brushing away her blonde hair to see a pair of sparkly diamond earrings, which I assume he probably bought for her.*

*I decided trailing the kids was my best use of my time for the night. They went out to a restaurant and my funds didn't allow me to follow them inside, so I spent the evening in the car in the parking lot. There was little reason to believe the evening inside didn't go like any other dinner date I'd tracked Candi on. The other girls in the restaurant suddenly go green, the guys drool, and the waiters trip all over themselves to get a look down Candi's dress. The standard routine.*

*Judging by the pretty little blush on her cheeks when they finally came back out to the car, that was exactly what had happened. They drove into the more upscale part of town. Candi knows how to pick 'em, because the kid's family was loaded. Nice big house with nice big windows, pool, landscaped lawn. Of course, it was empty of parents for the evening, as one would expect on Valentine's day. Further surveillance with the binoculars revealed that Tom was all over his date in the living room couch, and I could see that Candi was less than comfortable with it.*

*I've given the same spiel to a girl more than once on Valentine's. You know, it's Valentine's day, do something special for me, let me put it in, let's go all the*



*way, yadda yadda yadda. Candi was doing a lot of blushing and a lot of protesting, but she finally gave in, got up, and wiggled her way to the middle of the room while Tom leaned back and put something on the stereo with his remote.*

Apparently, Tom got what he wanted as the girl started to do a classic striptease. Candi was a little nervous, a little clumsy, but with a body like that, who would even care. Even though she clearly hadn't done it before, she definitely had a flair for it, wriggling her hips and shaking her tits and pouting nervously for her boyfriend as she slid her dress off, one inch at a time, and then spun around, wiggling her perfect ass for him, as she gracefully unhooked her bra.



From what I could observe, Tom was totally enthralled, with a tent a mile high in his pants. When she turned around and gave me a perfect view of that perfect rack, I could see why. She minced her way up to the couch, blushing like crazy, hips swaying back and forth and titties jiggling, then got down on her knees and unzipped Tom's pants for him.

I snapped a few pictures, purely for evidence, before driving off. There was little else to be learned. At least I had some insurance now. I could use the photos to pressure Candi into telling me the truth about what happened to Carl.

But that doesn't mean I can't keep a few of these shot for myself, does it?

## MARCH

The news of Amber's expulsion spread through the school like wild-fire, and before long more than a few people swore they had seen the whole thing, with a jealousy-crazed Amber attacking her fellow cheerleader with her bare hands. In all the hubbub, Carl nearly forgot about Spring break, and his approaching rendezvous with his old buddy Brad – and his older brother, Jason – until an email showed up in his inbox. As he read the message from Brad, Carl wondered if it was too late to beg Tom's family for that ticket to Mexico. Tom's mother was still none too enamored with 'Candi,' especially after the fiasco with Amber, and Carl hadn't received an invitation despite Tom's cajoling.

*It's probably for the best, Carl reminded himself, once again on route to Tiffany's salon. If I can just pull this off without Brad suspecting, when I turn eighteen and go back to Maine, my old life will be ready and waiting for me.*

Tiffany greeted them by herself when he and his mother arrived, explaining that Helga and Inga, and Mark, would be coming in later.

"Hello, there, pretty lady," Tiffany beamed, giving Carl's mother a hug. "Still enjoying Florida and the single life?"

"A lot," Carl's mom tittered. "So many handsome men down here... Of course, Candi can tell you all about that!"

"Is that so?" Tiffany asked, turning to Carl with one plucked eyebrow raised. "Are you telling me little miss 'I don't want a boyfriend' has finally turned over a new leaf?" Carl blushed furiously as he nodded his pretty blonde head.

"I can't believe she forgot to tell you," Carl's mom said, frowning. "They've been going steady since November! Maybe she thought you'd be asking her all sorts of embarrassing questions..." She gave Tiffany a wink.

"Oh, you know I'm harmless, honey! Going steady, Candi, I'm so happy for you! That's so sweet." Tiffany smiled. "But then, why are you trying to dress up like a boy, again?"

"One of Candi's old friends is visiting from Maine, and she doesn't think he'll be very, well, understanding," Carl's mom said diplomatically.

"I see," Tiffany frowned. "Well, I've had plenty of time to get ready. I have a friend who works with theatrical makeup who I then contacted, and I think I have what we need."

"Are we going to cut my hair?" Carl asked, with an air of hopefulness.

Tiffany looked shocked. "Of course not, honey," she exclaimed. "After you've taken such good care of those gorgeous extensions, I wouldn't dream of it! No,

I think we can clip it up and tuck it all away under a beanie hat and you'll be just fine. Plenty of boys are wearing those these days."

"I guess," Carl said weakly. "I have to change quickly. With my hair pinned up it'll take too much time..."

"Oh, I forgot! I got your wig in yesterday. We'll carefully pack it away in your backpack and you then you can pop it on when you need it, in a flash. No problem!"

These answers so so neat and tidy. he had hoped for a way out, but it was like she'd thought of everything. "But what about everything else?" he asked.

Tiffany smiled. "Come over to the chair, honey," she said. "Time to work a little magic on you. First, we have to take off all your makeup... Why did you bother putting it on this morning, if you knew you were coming straight here?"

"I wasn't thinking," Carl admitted, blushing. It had become so natural for him to do his hair and makeup that he did it without even a conscious thought. Tiffany led him over to the salon chair and sat him down, then proceeded to remove his makeup and rinse his face with a cleansing wash. Carl felt more than nervous about his upcoming meeting with Brad, but he also felt a hint of excitement. When Tiffany was finished, he would be a guy once more, even if it was only temporary. He had only seen 'Candi' in the mirror for so long that it would be quite a relief to know that he could still look like an average dude if he wanted to.

"We're going to fill your eyebrows in a little with a pencil, to make them look thicker and bushier," Tiffany explained. "And then, believe it or not, I'm going to give you some stubble."

"Really?" Carl asked. He had never grown a single whisker in his life, and with the powerful female hormones his mother had been feeding him, the rest of his body hair had been growing in very lightly or not at all, making for easy shaving and/or waxing.

"Don't worry, it's not real," Tiffany laughed. "You'll keep that lovely smooth complexion. I know your boyfriend must love your soft, touchable skin!" Carl blushed, thinking of Tom's hand cupping his cheek as he pulled him in for a kiss, or his gentle caresses as they cuddled together in his car. He couldn't even imagine what his buddy Brad would think if he knew!

"What about my, um, my boobs?" Carl asked anxiously. "How can we hide them?"

"That is going to be difficult," Tiffany admitted. "But I sent your mom on a little shopping expedition, so I think she'll find what we need. Now, lean back." Carl tipped his head back and let Tiffany go to work. "I hate to do this," she sighed, clipping his nails. "Don't worry, I'll give you some false nails afterwards." She then started working on his face, and a short while later, his

mother came back to the store with his new clothes, along with a big roll of bandage.

"It's a shame to try to have to cover those beauties," she laughed.

"So it is," Tiffany said with a wry smile. "But I'll do my best. Out of the chair, honey." Once he was standing, she helped him out of his blouse and bra, and began wrapping the bandage tightly as she could around Carl's breasts. Carl whimpered occasionally as the fabric was painfully tight or scraped against his sensitive nipples, but in a matter of minutes he was shrugging an oversized sweater over his head. Next, his mother held up a pair of baggy jeans.

"I'm afraid anything more fitted would make your cute curves quite obvious," she said. "But these should work."

"What about underwear?" Carl inquired.

"No need for that," his mom laughed. "It's not as if anyone's going to see them. You can keep those cute little panties on." Carl blushed, remembering how his aunt had used the same logic to get him to wear girls' panties in the first place!

"But I should at least take my gaff off!" Carl protested, not ready to give in.

"Why?" his mom asked skeptically. "Dear, I somehow doubt Brad is going to be staring at your crotch. I think someone's getting a little too accustomed to being checked out by boys!"

"But it would make me feel more... you know... *manly*," Carl said with his childlike, soft voice. He gulped, cheeks flushed.

"Sorry, dear, but we're on a bit of a schedule," his mom said with an air of finality. "Besides, you're not going to have much time in-between, remember? Now, into the jeans."

Carl sighed and obediently unfastened his skirt before stepping into the jeans. The fit was definitely not what he remembered, being oddly snug at the hips and far, far too wide in the waist, and he was surprised and disappointed to realize the denim fabric felt rough and uncomfortable on his soft sleek legs. Aside from his stretchy skin-tight yoga pants, Carl hadn't worn any kind of bifurcated garment in months and months. He had become so accustomed to managing his short little skirts that it now felt totally bizarre to be wearing baggy jeans.

His mom had even bought a pair of cheap sneakers, which he swapped his stilettos for while Tiffany piled his long blonde hair into a bun, then pulled a beanie over his head. Carl stood up, feeling strangely short without his usual four-inch heels.

"How do I look?" Carl inquired, nervous to see the final result. Tiffany and his mom just looked at each other awkwardly.

"Not like a girl, exactly," his mom said. "Maybe see for yourself?" She spun him towards the mirror. Carl stared at his reflection with a feeling of intense

disappointment. Tiffany had dusted stubble onto his chin and cheeks, but his soft skin, long lashes, and pouty lips still gave his face an undeniably androgynous look, even with his hair hidden away under a beanie cap. His sweater, meanwhile, had two very obvious bumps under the surface, and his jeans didn't quite fit properly. His body shaped had been totally changed, and in short, he looked like a girl dressed up as her older brother for Halloween!

"I look so weird," Carl said tremulously.

"It's only for a little while, dear," his mother said comfortingly. "You'll be back in your pretty skirts and high heels in no time! Just try to act more... boyishly, I suppose."

"But what about my boobs?" Carl asked, close to tears. "They're still so obvious!"

"I was afraid of that," Tiffany admitted. "But maybe this will help?" She pulled out a bulky parka. "You wouldn't believe how hard it was to find this in Florida," she laughed. Carl accepted the garment and put it on. It did cover up his breasts, but at the expense of making him look like he was ready for a ski-trip.

"It's nearly two," Carl's mom said. "We'd better get going. Thanks so much for all your help, Tiffany."

"Wait, where's my purse?" Carl asked. "I mean..." Tiffany giggled, and handed over the backpack he'd brought with him.



"Thank you," Carl said, blushing.

"Any time, honey," Tiffany smiled.



Carl felt completely odd and awkward as they left the salon, and worse, he knew he looked like it, too! Not a lot of people wore parkas in Florida, and try as he might, he kept reaching up to brush blonde hair out of his face, adjust the strap of his bra, fiddle with his purse, and other instinctive feminine mannerisms that he could no longer perform.

Just as they were leaving, Mark was arriving for work. Carl had to do a double-take, though, as the boy's dark hair was piled up in a rather girlish ponytail, purple scrunchie included, and it looked as if he was even wearing a bit of mascara and some lip gloss. Carl thought better of saying hello, and Mark passed by without a glance, looking embarrassed and eager to be into the salon and out of sight. Another little bet with the twins?

Mark hadn't seemed to recognize him, which was a relief, but as they continued on one man in particular gave him a really weird look, and Carl's mother thought she knew why.

"Dear, you need to stop wiggling your hips when you walk," she whispered.

"I can't help it!" Carl pleaded. "I'm trying my best! Are people staring?"

"You'll be fine, dear," his mom said. "Just relax and enjoy catching up with Brad. I'm sure he won't suspect a thing."

"I hope not," Carl sighed. "Okay, bye!" His mother turned off towards the center of the mall, and Carl continued on to the food-court he'd agreed to meet Brad at. When he saw his friend waiting at a table, he felt an anxious flutter in his stomach. You can do this, Carl thought. Deep voice, act cool, and whatever you do, don't, don't, don't cross your legs!

"Yo, dude," Carl said nervously. "What's up?"

"Huh?" Brad turned around and gave his friend a weird look for a split-second, then broke into a broad smile. "Carl, I almost didn't recognize you! You look different, dude, and what's with the jacket?"

"Um, it's cooler than usual?" Carl tried.

"Yeah, in Florida," Brad laughed. "I guess you adjusted pretty fast to the temperature difference, huh!"

"And I'm still sick!" Carl added quickly. "I just can't get warm, you know?" He faked a cough for good measure.

"Yeah, your voice still sounds a little funny," Brad said. "So, tell me what's going on, dude. Your dad just gave up on getting custody, just like that?"

"Yeah, I mean, I guess," Carl stammered, cringing at the fact that his father had done so after seeing his only son win a bikini pageant. "So now I'm stuck down here until I turn eighteen. Then I get my inheritance and I'm moving back to Maine."

"Good," Brad sighed. "It's been kinda strange not having you around, dude. Everyone misses you, I guess, but we all assume you've just been living it up down here in Florida. Even some girls ask me where you are." He pointed to Carl's face. "You can grow a beard now? When did that happen, dude?"

"Just over the summer," Carl lied, hoping fervently that the manliness of his fake stubble made up for his otherwise very androgynous appearance.

"And you got your ears pierced, too?" Brad frowned, leaning forward. Carl gulped.

"Uh, yeah, it's the style here, you know?" he said hopefully.

His best buddy's nose wrinkled slightly in confusion. Brad smirked. "You smell like..."

Carl realized that he must still smell like perfume! "I had to use my mom's shampoo this morning," Carl explained hastily.

"Sure smells like it," Brad chuckled. "It's good to see you again, dude. Tell me all about school!"

The next forty minutes were some of the most panicked of Carl's young life as he told lie after lie about his life in Florida, making up heroics on the



basketball team and a procession of interested girls to keep Brad's suspicions at bay. There were more than a few close calls – at one point, Carl was crossing his legs tightly and putting them off to the side, but managed to pass it off as an awkward stretch when Brad noticed. Then, Carl completely forgot to pay for his coffee, assuming that Brad would do it for him, since he was used to the man paying.

But overall, Brad seemed happy enough to see his old buddy for the afternoon that he was willing to overlook some strange behavior. Carl, for his part, had definitely missed chatting with Brad. When he told him all about the football and basketball teams back home in Maine, and all of their old friends at the high school, Carl almost felt like crying with jealousy. He had never wanted to be back home so badly in his life. If he could just hold out until the summer, when he got his inheritance, pretty soon everything could go back to exactly the way it was.

“Well, I have to take a leak,” Brad said, standing up.

“Oh, sure, just a second,” Carl said, getting up after him. Brad gave him a funny look.

“You got to go too?” he questioned.

“Well, no, but I wanted to check my face...” Carl trailed off as he realized his mistake. “I mean, ha, just joking!” Carl said weakly. “You know, because of, uh, the way girls always go to the bathroom together... I mean, what's up with that, right? It's so dumb.”

“Yeah,” Brad said, one eyebrow raised. “It is kinda funny, huh? Be back in a second, dude.” He went off to the bathroom and Carl breathed a sigh of relief. He knew it had to be getting close to three o'clock, when he was supposed to be meeting Jason, but he couldn't find any clocks from where he was. Malls never want you to know the time. He opened his backpack to look for his phone, wondering if he should just slip away while Brad was in the bathroom. It was nearly three already! He would have to hurry, Jason would already be waiting at the other food court at the other end of the mall...

“Uh, dude, why is there a skirt in your backpack?” Brad's voice came from over his shoulder. “Is that a wig?” Carl let out a very unmanly squeak of surprise and quickly closed it.

“A what?” he asked. “Oh, uh, my mom wanted me to return a few things for her, because, uh, had to work today.”

“Dude, she has you carrying her errands around?” Brad laughed. “That's tough. Hey, how about we go see a movie?”

“I can't!” Carl exclaimed. “It's like I said, I have to help my mom out with this return thing. Sorry, dude.”

"Well... alright, dude," Brad frowned. "You're sure living a busy life down here. Just don't forget about all your old friends in Maine, you know?"

"Of course not," Carl said indignantly. "Let's, uh, let's send more e-mails, alright?"

"Okay," Brad said. "Guess I just have to chill out around the mall until Jason's done with his date. What's a good place to pick up chicks?" Carl blushed furiously.

"Oh, you know, wherever," he said anxiously. "Probably not at the other food court, though, that's where all the, uh, old people go. Maybe upstairs?"

"Alright, I'll see what I can do," Brad said with a suave grin he had inherited from his older brother. "See you in the summer, dude." He held out his fist for a fist bump, but Carl instinctively embraced him, with a girlish hug. Only then hoping against hope that Brad couldn't feel his boobs through the parka. Brad had a strange expression on his face as they pulled apart, but Carl didn't give him any time to think about it further.

"Gotta run, dude," he said, putting on his backpack. "See you in the summer!" He hurried away, doing his best not to let his hips sway from side to side as he did so. Despite his sweaty palms and anxious stomach, he felt a sense of triumph. He'd done it! He'd fooled Brad, his closest friend – which made him feel slightly guilty, but more importantly, he hadn't suspected a thing. If only the next part were just as easy.

Carl slowed his walk as he passed by the other food court and saw his 'date,' Jason, waiting at a table, looking handsome and confident as usual. Carl imagined how shocked he would be if instead of 'Candi,' Carl showed up, fake stubble and all. Shuddering to imagine the disaster that would follow, Carl quickly hurried to the nearest men's bathroom. He kind of felt ill-at-ease going inside, he had been forcing himself to avoid a mens' room at all costs for so long.

Locking the door behind him, he immediately opened up his backpack and began pulling out his makeup kit, a set of quick-drying false nails, a hair brush and his wig, a new outfit, heels, and jewelry. As he pulled the beanie hat off his head and began clipping his wig into place, he reflected ruefully that he'd gotten to be a boy for less than an hour, and now he was right back to being 'Candi!'

He carefully removed the strips of fake stubble from his cheeks and chin, returning them to their former smoothness, and then removed the pencil from his brows, leaving them dainty, feminine arches once more. He took off his parka, followed by his sweater, then, with some reluctance, unwound the bandages around his chest. His D-cups bounced free immediately, eager to be free from their constraint, and stuck out proudly as if to remind him of his new status as a busty bimbo for boys like Brad to lust over. With a forlorn expres-

sion, he smoothly put on the lacy black strapless push-up bra he had packed and adjusted his cleavage in the silky cups.

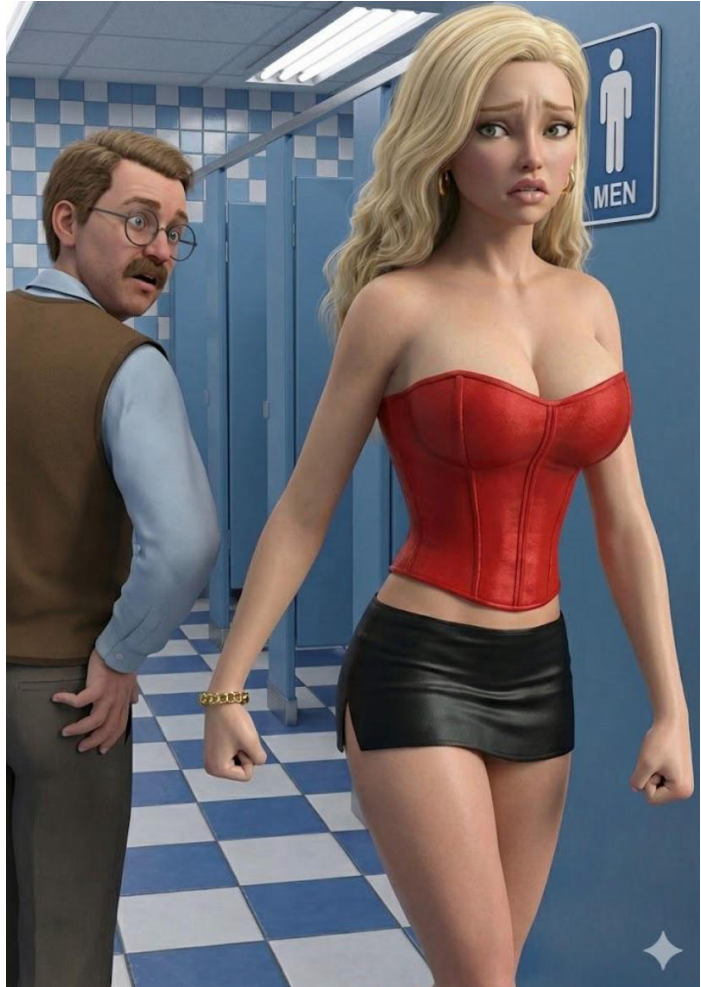
As he inspected the outfit his mom had picked out for his 'date,' he realized regretfully that he should have known better than to let her make the selection. She'd packed him a tight, slinky red tube top, along with a ruffled black miniskirt and a pair of very daring five inch stilettos. It was definitely *not* the kind of outfit a girl wore to 'catch up' with an 'old friend.' Cheeks pink, Carl wriggled his way into the skimpy skirt and top before buckling his stilettos on and straightening up.

He was just putting the finishing touches on his eye make-up when someone began knocking on the bathroom door. Carl put away his mascara brush and snapped his make-up kit shut, then pulled out his purse. With one final inspection of his appearance, he minced nervously to the door.

"Sorry," he said innocently, to the flabbergasted man waiting to use it. "The girl's room was all

full!" The guy nodded dumbly, too busy ogling the hot blonde chick strutting out in a slutty tube-top, miniskirt, and sky-high stilettos to formulate a response. Blushing at being checked out so obviously, Carl adjusted his purse on his shoulder and sa-shayed into the food court. Jason was still waiting, sending a message on his cellular phone. Carl steeled his nerves as he walked up.

"Jason?" he squeaked. The football star turned, and his



eyes lit up at the sight of 'Candi,' particularly the way her boobs were stuffed into a tight-fitting tube-top!

"Hey, beautiful," he said suavely, getting to his feet. "You look more stunning than ever." He held out his arms and Carl reluctantly leaned forward for a hug, noting how Jason positioned himself perfectly for a long look down Carl's thrust-out cleavage. Even worse, it was accompanied by a brief kiss on the lips! Carl blushed furiously as Jason released him, and sat down with his eyes downcast with embarrassment, crossing his pretty legs and adjusting the hem of his skirt.

"Thank you," Carl said tremulously. "Um, are you enjoying college?"

"It's alright," Jason said dismissively. He paused, with a sheepish grin. "Oh," he said, nodding his head. "I guess what you're really asking is if there are other girls..." Carl flushed furiously. He'd been asking no such thing, but his embarrassment made it look as though Jason had guessed correctly. The football star gave a sly smile. "If there are, I can't even remember them when I'm looking at you," he said in a low voice. Carl almost jumped as Jason's hand snuck onto his thigh beneath the table! "I love you with long hair," Jason continued, brushing a blonde strand away from Carl's pretty face. "You look so gorgeous, I'd almost think you were an angel... If I didn't know better." He gave Carl a sly wink, which made him blush even more deeply. He knew exactly what Jason was referencing!

"Jason, I have a boyfriend now," Carl whispered anxiously, trying to fend the roaming hand away from his legs.

"And do you dress up like this for him?" Jason chuckled, hand sitting firmly on Carl's bare thigh. "That flirty little skirt is driving me crazy, babe. And I know what you girls call shoes like that..." He leaned in close, breath tickling Carl's ear. "Fuck-me heels," he whispered, and then gave Carl a commanding kiss on the mouth before he could protest. Carl broke away, blushing furiously, and he saw several middle-aged women strolling by give him a dirty look for his wanton display.

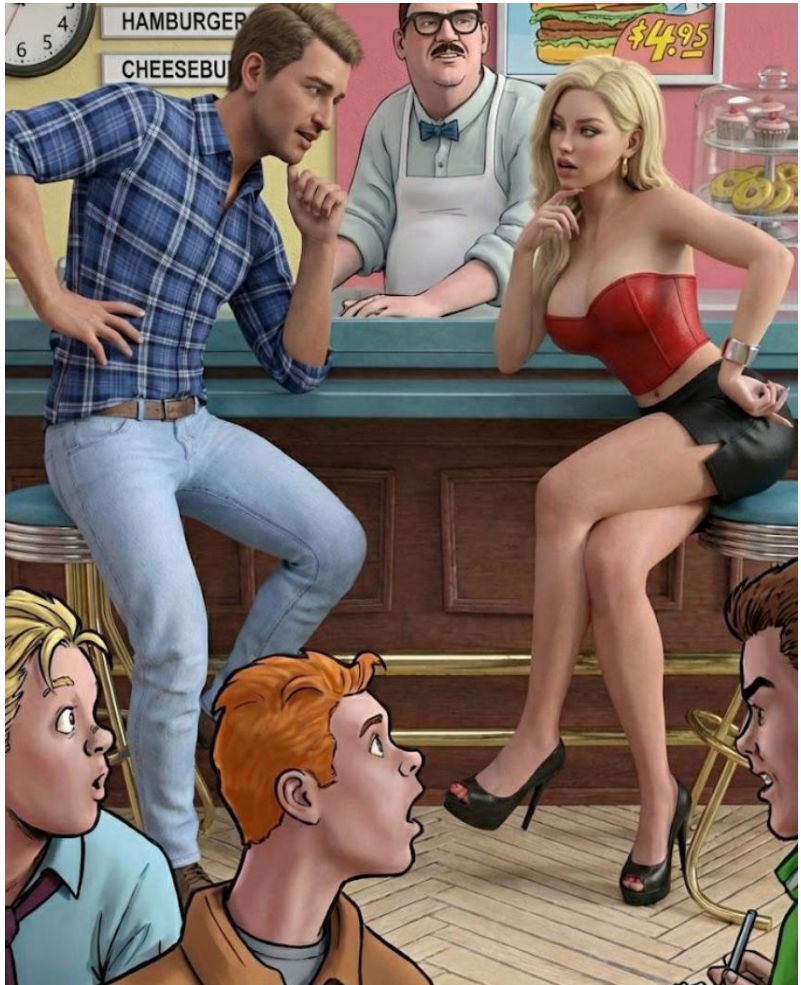
"Can't we just talk?" Carl whimpered.

"Sure, babe," Jason said, leaning back with his hand now possessively on top of Carl's, looking for all the world as if they were a couple. "Tell me about the modeling. How's that going?"

"I did a photo shoot for a magazine in January," Carl said tremulously.

"Are you going to send me an autographed copy?" Jason teased, and his hand began caressing Carl's thigh once more. Powerless to escape, Carl could only let him stroke and pet him as they talked, here playing with his long blonde hair and there holding his small, manicured hand. Carl squirmed nervously throughout the entire conversation, telling Jason about his cheerleading and their car-wash fundraiser.

When Jason suggested they walk around, Carl crossed his fingers and hoped as hard as he ever had that they would not run into Brad. Jason put his arm around Carl's dainty waist as he got up, and walked slowly to accommodate the tiny, mincing stride forced on Carl by his tight skirt and high heels. Carl kept looking at the crowd, on the lookout for Brad, and was far too distracted to even notice where Jason was steering him.



“Oh, look, a photo booth,” Jason pointed out innocently. “What do you say? Good practice for your photo shoot, right?”

“I don’t think I...” Carl trailed off as his stomach did a back-flip. Unless his eyes were deceiving him... “Oh, no!” Carl squeaked. It was three of his fellow cheerleaders, walking towards right towards them. If they saw him out with another guy, while Tom was on vacation, word of it would be all around the school in the blink of an eye. Gossip like that wasn’t sacred, even among friends!

“No?” Jason asked, disappointed.

“I mean, yes!” Carl said hastily, gripping onto Jason’s muscled arm. “Can we please, please go in the photo booth?” he asked sweetly, fluttering his eye-lashes. Jason grinned as his hot blonde date practically dragged him inside. She just couldn’t keep her hands off him! Carl yanked the curtain shut just in time,

breathing a sigh of relief as the girls passed by without seeing him. That *really* would have been a disaster.

Carl submitted to Jason's arm around him as they began taking photos, smiling nervously for the camera but mainly thinking about how close he'd come to another little disaster. Jason seemed to notice his pre-occupation and was trying to cajole him into having a bit of fun.

"Come on," he teased. "You're a model! Spice it up a little, Candi." Blushing, Carl tried to remember what Jacques the fashion photographer had had him do in his little silver bikini, and began pouting his lips together for the camera, tossing his blonde hair, and, at Jason's suggestion, leaning forward while cupping his breasts together to accentuate his perfect cleavage. He could tell that Jason was certainly enjoying the show!

"Damn, you're sexy," Jason said in a low voice, caressing Carl's leg once more. "Let's make the next set even naughtier, baby."

"It's time for me to go!" Carl lied. "I totally lost track of time, sorry..." He struggled off of Jason's lap, which had a definite hard-on, but as he looked through the curtain he saw Joe and Amber standing only a few feet away!

"Can't you make some time?" Jason asked. Carl pulled the curtain shut again with a trembling hand.

"I guess I can be a little late," he said nervously.

"That's what I like to hear," Jason grinned. "Come on, babe, time for your close-up." He pulled Carl closer and surprised him with a fierce kiss as the camera began to flash again, roaming his hands all up and down Carl's lithe body, cupping both of his supple breasts and squeezing until Carl couldn't help but let out a small moan, inadvertently opening his lips and giving Jason's tongue full access to his sweet little mouth. In some small part of his mind, Carl couldn't help but wonder who was the better kisser, Jason or Tom – and who had better 'hands'! "I think you missed me, Candi," Jason whispered in his ear. "And I think I know who else you missed..." Carl barely heard, lost in a swoon as Jason expertly caressed his breasts, but he did hear the sound of a zipper coming undone!

"Jason, not h-here!" Carl stammered, but Jason merely cut him off with another deep, probing kiss. Carl was putty in his strong arms!

"Come on, Candi," Jason cajoled. "That blowjob you gave me last summer was the best of my life... I've been dreaming about getting those sexy pouty lips of yours around my cock again... My big, hard cock..." As if to prove his point, he dug himself free of his boxer shorts and Carl was once again face to face with Jason's erect member.

"But I'm going to be late!" Carl protested weakly, feeling his stomach churn.

“Not if you’re anywhere near as good as last time,” Jason said, stroking his cheek gently. “Come on, babe. Your boyfriend is never going to know.” Carl peeked out of the curtain in desperation, but his three fellow cheerleaders were still only a few meters away from the booth. He couldn’t leave now and risk being seen with Jason following after him!

Realizing he had no other choice, and with tears stinging his eyes, Carl reluctantly swiveled off of the seat and knelt down in front of Jason to begin kissing and stroking his throbbing manhood. The salty taste made him feel totally sick to his stomach, but he closed his eyes and gently lowered his lips down Jason’s shaft, doing his best not to gag. Don’t think about it, he told himself. Just pretend you’re a girl and you want to do this!

“Oh, baby,” Jason groaned. “Oh, yeah. You sexy little cock-sucker...” Carl’s cheeks flushed at the back-handed compliment as he did whatever he could to get Jason off as fast as possible, kissing and licking and playing with Jason’s erect manhood with his fingers as well. He was ready with the wet-wipes when Jason erupted, and quickly and efficiently cleaned him up, trembling with embarrassment. He’d now given his second blowjob, and this time it had been in public! Jason gave him a thank-you peck on the cheek, avoiding his smeared lipstick mouth, and leaned back with a satisfied grin.

“I really have to go,” Carl said miserably, glancing out the curtain. The girls were nowhere to be seen. Of course, with his luck, they had probably left the instant Carl had agreed to suck Jason off!

“I understand, babe,” Jason said. “I’ll call you when I’m in Florida again, okay? Maybe we can even get a hotel somewhere...”

“Okay,” Carl squeaked, blushing. He did his best to repair his smeared makeup, then submitted to another goodbye kiss from Jason before he hurried out of the booth, slinking away from the scene of his embarrassment with his cheeks flushed and his pretty blue eyes downcast under long, luxurious lashes. It was obvious from the stares that more than a few passers-by had figured out exactly what had been going on in the little booth! Don’t think about it, Carl told himself again. You fooled Brad, and you fooled Jason, and now you don’t have to worry about either of them ever again! Carl felt a flood of relief at the thought. The next time he saw Brad, he would be ‘Carl’ again, one-hundred percent. No boobs, no curves, no blonde hair, and certainly no lingerie!



“Well, how was it, lover boy?” Brad quipped, as his big brother Jason showed up to meet him at the mall entrance. Jason just grinned.

“See for yourself,” he said. “Man, that girl is one sexy piece of tail. The heels she was wearing! Such a little show-off, she just loves having guys drool over

her.” He pulled a long tape of photo-booth pictures from his pocket and handed it over. Brad’s eyes widened as he saw his brother cuddling up with a blonde chick who was totally and completely drop-dead gorgeous. Even for Jason, this was one hell of a conquest!

“Whoa,” Brad exclaimed. “This chick is smoking hot, big bro. And talk about stacked!” He peered closer at the gorgeous rack that the blonde had put on full display, pushing her boobs together and pouting for the camera while Jason grinned in the background. They were flawless, and somehow, strangely familiar. Jason had said she was a model, maybe he had seen her in a magazine somewhere...?

“I know,” Jason bragged. “And so nice and firm, too, like you wouldn’t believe. I figure she got a boob job, but it was one hell of an investment.”

“I’ll say,” Brad muttered, checking out the other pictures. The busty blonde was equally hot in all of them, primping and posing for the camera, but he couldn’t shake the feeling that there was something familiar about her. Brad gave a start as he realized she was wearing a tight red tube-top, exactly the same color as he’d seen in Carl’s back-pack. The hair was just like the wig he’d seen, too. Those were probably just a coincidences, though... But then again, would Carl’s mom really wear something like that? And that big bulky parka... The weird feeling when they’d hugged, like there was something on Carl’s chest...

“And here’s where it starts getting a little R-rated,” Jason teased, showing off more pictures. “I don’t know if I want my little bro getting corrupted seeing this!”

“Whatever, big bro,” Brad said, peering at the new photos. They showed his older brother getting hot and heavy with the blonde, making out with his hands groping those big beautiful breasts, and then all he could see was the top of the blonde’s head and an expression on Jason’s face that made it clear he was getting some very ‘intimate’ attention down below!

“What did I tell you?” Jason said proudly. “She loves me. Hell, she snuck away from her boyfriend just to meet me at the mall today.”

“I’m impressed, I’m impressed,” Brad said, but he was back to looking at the earlier photos, frown deepening on his face. Those boobs looked so familiar... He opened his phone and found the image his buddy Carl had sent him in the summer, when asked for a picture of the hottest beach babe he’d met so far. It didn’t show anything above the neck, but the gorgeous D-cups and tight body had been enough for Brad to save the image immediately for ‘later use’. Now that he was looking at that picture, side-by-side with Jason’s photo booth ones, he couldn’t shake the feeling that he was looking at the exact same chick! But if Carl knew this smoking hot ‘Candi’ chick, why hadn’t he put two and two together when Brad mentioned Jason meeting up with her?

“No way,” Brad murmured, looking more closely at the girl’s face. Candi...Carl... Those blue eyes, and the shape of her face, even though the makeup and the long blonde hair certainly changed both... Brad shook his head, utterly stunned. It wasn’t possible! Was it? Carl’s funny high-pitched voice... His pierced ears... His weird, femmy behavior...

“I’ll be keeping these,” Jason said, taking the photos back. “Maybe you can have one as a Christmas present, if you promise to cut me out of it. Now, time to hit the road and get back to Maine, right?”

“You got it, big bro,” Brad said, still frowning. It all had to be some bizarre coincidence. There was just no *way* his old buddy Carl could possibly be that smoking hot blonde.

*From the Casebook of Harold Pennyworth, P.I.*

*Notes on Case #241-B: The Whereabouts of Carl Hutchens.*

*Mar. 17: In all my years in this crazy business, I've never had to write an entry like this. I tried to write this report for two days but only managed to get it down tonight. Everything is clear now – everything! All I can say is that as a professional, I'm embarrassed. As a man, I'm humiliated.*

*I was tracking two kids, two friends of Carl's that flew into town the pervious night. When my computer alerted me that it had found a few of the names I'd programmed it to search for, and told me that they were both coming to this particular beach-side town in Florida, I was sure I had the break I'd been looking for.*

*They both headed to a local shopping mall, where they we're loitering at either end of the complex. The meeting looked to be on. After an hour of no activity, I'm getting a large cup of coffee and get jostled by this kid in a hurry, wearing one of those beanie hats and, get this, a winter parka. Sure, it's gotten a little cooler this week, but it's still Florida! It wasn't the ill-suited clothing choice that struck me, however, but the kid's remarkable resemblance to a little photo I had tucked in my folder: Carl Hutchens. Bingo.*

*I followed the kid into the food court, snapping several discreet photos along the way using my phone. He was definitely meeting up with one of the kids I was trailing, but as the two teens sat down and started to talk, I felt like I was losing my mind.*

*Carl's mannerisms, the gestures of his hands, the way he sat... It was all, 100%, no matter how hard he was trying to conceal it, "Candi!" I took as many photos as I could, still thinking perhaps I was just having some sort of mental breakdown. Then the brown-haired kid, and I'm almost positive it's Carl, the brown-haired kid says goodbye and heads for the other end of the mall, and presumably, the other kid from Maine. He turns off into the bathroom right away. I figure this is my big chance, right? I can finally get to the bottom of everything. Except, of course, he locks the bathroom door behind him. Well, sometimes a guy needs privacy.*

*After a while I end up knocking – I'm not the most patient guy in the world, I'll be the first to admit it – and up opens the door. But it sure as hell wasn't Carl who came strutting out. Long blonde hair spilling around an angelic, cute face with those pouty lips and doe eyes, clicking along on five-inch stilettos that made a pair of gorgeous legs look even longer under a tiny little skirt, paired with a slutty tube-top that was practically begging someone to cop a feel of those perfect tits. It's 100%, without a doubt, Candi. And there it is – there's my evidence.*

*I took as many photos as I could as Candi went over and started chatting with the handsome young man who'd clearly been waiting for her, then doubled*



back to the bathroom and found the backpack Carl had stashed under the sinks. No doubt about it, as crazy as it sounds, Carl and Candi were one in the same! If this doesn't explain Mr. Hutchens' sudden lack of desire to have custody, nothing does. I mean, what father is proud of his son filling out his first D-cup bra, right? But there is one thing that doesn't line up... Mr. Hutchens

*thinks Carl is happier here, but from what I've seen, Candi is not a happy girl at all.*

*Now that I finally have the key to this whole mystery, I don't think I'm going to have any trouble getting Mr. Hutchens to scrape together the cash for my fee, and a little extra for travel expenses. I feel kinda bad, of course, but hey, he was the one who stiffed me in the first place.*

*That means I'm finally heading home. Florida agreed with me, but my paycheck is waiting for me in Maine. I've got all the evidence I need, thanks to that high-powered lens and all the dirt from Valentine's day.*

*Now, if Mr. Hutchens is not going to cough up some cash to suppress pictures of his son all dolled up and dressed to the nines in a slutty little red cocktail dress, sucking off his boyfriend, well, he isn't going to cough up for anything!*

*Candi is extremely convincing as a girl, but I have to wonder if her luck can hold out. Sooner or later, some jealous broad is going to do some digging, in my opinion. She certainly has made some enemies. The Sweet family comes to mind. Maybe they'll pay a few bucks for what I have to sell.*

*With that, this closes the case. The disappearance of Carl Hutchens and his whereabouts have been solved. I'll gather my evidence, write up my report and see what Mr. Hutchens wants to do about it.*

## APRIL

Carl had survived two very close calls with Amber and then Brad, but he still had one final hurdle on the way to June, and he was dreading it – Prom. Now that Amber was gone, it meant he was now without rival for hottest girl in school, or for Prom queen! As the voting began, more and more girls, and love-struck guys, told him that they had picked him for the honor.

“But why?” Carl asked tremulously, as he and Miranda did their make-up together in the girls’ washroom. “I mean, I don’t want to be Prom queen!”

“Tough luck,” Miranda said, with a roll of her eyes. “Candi, you’re the head cheerleader, you’re dating Tom, the most popular guy in school, and, let’s face it – because I have – you’re definitely the hottest girl in school. Oh, and you have the nicest boobies.” She gave his breasts a playful squeeze, making Carl blush furiously.

“But this means I have to go the dance,” Carl said miserably, applying his mascara with a deft touch.

“Girly, don’t tell me you were thinking about skipping out on Prom!” Miranda said, aghast. “Why on Earth would you not want to go to the dance?”

“Well, I don’t know how to dance, for starters,” Carl pouted. “Especially not in a dress and heels!”

“Candi, why didn’t you say so?” Miranda giggled. “I’ll teach you to dance, don’t worry. You’re coming over after school and we’re giving you your first lesson, okay?”

“Okay,” Carl sighed. “Better that than giving Tom a blowjob in his... *Eep!*” He clapped his manicured hand over his mouth as he realized he’d been speaking aloud.

“Naughty, naughty,” Miranda teased. “Come on, girly, let’s get to Home Ec class.” She linked arms with Carl as they exited the bathroom. It seemed like everyone they passed in the hallways was whispering about Prom, the decorations, the band, and who was going with who.

“It’s not even May, yet!” Carl whined. “It’s almost three months away!”

“I know!” Miranda said. “I already have my dress reserved and I may have waited too long to get a hotel room.”

“A hotel room? For what?”

“What do you think?” Miranda said with a wink.

He had thought about his senior Prom every once in a while in the past, imagining he’d be going in a sharp tux with a sexy date in a tight dress – but now he

realized the stiletto was definitely going to be on the other foot! He worried about it all through English class, so much so that he hadn't even packed up when the final bell rang.

"Candi? H-hi..." came a nervous voice, through the hustle and bustle of kids leaving the classroom. Carl looked up from his purse and saw Mark standing there, looking rather desperate. His dark hair was even longer these days, as were his well-manicured nails, and he had taken to wearing baggy pants and hooded sweatshirts that made him even more invisible than usual.

"Hi, Mark," Carl said, settling his purse on his slender shoulder. "Um, what is it?"

"I was just... just... well... I was wondering if maybe you would go to Prom with me?" Mark stammered anxiously. Carl flushed. Mark was not the first to ask, on the off-chance that he and Tom broke up before Prom night, but Carl knew there was zero chance of that happening.

"I'm sorry, Mark," Carl replied with sympathy. "I'm going with Tom," he sighed. "And he's waiting for me at my locker, so..."

"Oh, okay," Mark said, face falling. He looked like he was a condemned man! "It's just that, well, Inga and Helga's cousin is going to be visiting from Sweden in May, and they made me agree that if I don't find a date, we would go together, and..."

"Going stag is nothing to be embarrassed about," Carl said, blushing, remembering doing just that at a couple school dances and having quite a bit of



luck with the girls. Of course, a shy little guy like Mark probably wouldn't.

"But the thing is, I, um, it was this kind of *bet*, and if you have any friends who might go with me, like anyone at all, could you please...?" Mark begged, looking totally desperate.

"Mark, I honestly don't have a lot of friends. People don't really listen to what I have to say, anyway." He got up and grabbed his books and purse. "I do have to go," Carl said. "See you in class!" As soon as he passed by Mark, Carl could just feel the anguish coming off of him. He stopped and turned. "I know how hard it was to ask, though. I *would* go out with you..."

"Really?" Mark said, his expression lighting up.

"...If I didn't have ninety percent of the boys in this school trying to take me out already," Carl continued. "Don't let those girls at the salon push you around. You need to do what you can to keep them from telling you what to do."

"Thanks," Mike said, shuffling away.

He hurried off to meet Tom, and after a quick make-out session against his locker, Miranda swooped in and saved him, reminding him about the dance lesson. Tom dropped him and his ex-girlfriend off at her house in the suburbs, giving Carl a lingering kiss on the lips as a goodbye. Almost as soon as they were inside, Miranda started dragging furniture around in the living room to clear some space for his first dance lesson. Carl watched glumly as she plugged her iPod into the speakers. He had never been much of a dancer, and now he was learning from his ex so he wouldn't make a fool of himself with his boyfriend!

"Okay," Miranda said, pressing play. "Time to dance. I know a lot of the guys there won't know any better than grade-school swaying-back-and-forth, but Tom is actually a pretty good dancer. Here, put your hand in mine... Don't be sulky, come on, we'll make this fun..." Miranda adjusted him until he was standing with his right hand clasped by her left and his other hand resting on her shoulder. Hers', meanwhile, was around his waist. Was it his imagination, or was she intentionally pressing her boobs up against his?

"You want to be nice and snuggly," Miranda giggled, reading his mind. "Especially since he's cute. Now, I'm going to lead, so try to just melt into me and follow my movements, okay?" They started to dance around the room, Carl grimacing and looking down at his feet. It was harder than he had imagined to dance backwards in high heels, and he was worried about tripping up.

"Don't watch your feet, girlie," Miranda said. "Keep eye contact and put a pretty smile on for your partner." Carl tried to keep his chin up – it wasn't as if he had a clear view of his feet anyways, what with his prominent cleavage pushed up against Miranda's breasts. He would have once relished the chance to be so close to her feminine assets, but now he was once again confronted

with the fact that he was better 'developed' than his ex-girlfriend! Still, he didn't mind the close proximity.

"How many times?" Carl asked worriedly.

"What do you mean?" Miranda asked, giving him a little twirl. "Let your hips move more freely. Remember, I'm leading. All you have to do is follow."

"How many times will I have to dance?" Carl asked. He tried to follow Miranda's instructions and let her guide him around the living room. Though he'd become accustomed to Tom's embrace, it felt strange being held in a girl's arms. He was the guy, he should have been leading her around – but instead, he had his pretty hands resting limply while her arm encircled his small waist.

"Well, Tom gets the first and the last, but he's not a really jealous guy," Miranda said thoughtfully. "I know his buddies will all be queuing up to get a dance with you. You'll probably have at least a dozen different dances over the course of the night."

"A dozen?" Carl asked weakly. He couldn't even imagine being spun around a dance floor in stilt heels and evening dress by one young man, let alone twelve!

"Your fault for being so popular," Miranda winked. Carl sighed and tried to focus on the dance. Ten months in stiletto heels had given him a distinctly feminine grace, and before long he was twirling gracefully around the living room in her arms.

Before long a very slow, sappy romantic song came on, and Miranda instructed him to loop his arms around her neck while hers went around his waist. Carl blushed again as he adopted the feminine position with his manicured fingers laced behind his ex-girlfriend's neck, remembering how they'd once been in the opposite position. That seemed so long ago now, and Miranda's arms were surprisingly firm around his dainty waist, making him feel almost like he was floating as they revolved slowly in the center of the room.

"I love your hair," Miranda sighed, toying with a long blonde tress, brushing it away from Carl's cheek. "And I'm so jealous of your waist. You're tiny!"

"Hm," Carl said, shrugging his slender shoulders in embarrassment. He could feel his heart beating slightly faster as Miranda pulled him even closer. Was it his imagination? Was she coming on to him? The last time he'd thought that, he'd ended up on a double-date with a football star!

"I was thinking about that kiss in the cafeteria," Miranda purred. "It was really hot, wasn't it? I mean, those poor boys were all drooling. And then I was thinking about what Tom said... about us..."

"About inviting him to watch?" Carl squeaked. Miranda blushed slightly.

"Not that, silly," she chided. "Just about, you know, experimenting? I mean, I know I love boys, and you do, too, but I don't think there would be any harm in... Playing around a little bit. Do you?"

"Us?" Carl asked, dumb-founded. "Like, you mean, um..."

"Shhh," Miranda said slyly, hushing him with one finger. She traced the outline of his pouty lower lip with her finger-nail, sending a shiver down Carl's spine, then leaned forward and kissed him gently. Carl, to his embarrassment, let out a small breathy moan. His nipples were tingling like crazy, and her lips felt so amazingly soft against his! "I've been thinking about doing that since we started dancing," Miranda giggled. "You're so cute when you make those little noises, I bet Tom just loves it." Carl blushed furiously.

"I, I really thought that it was over between us," he admitted. "I mean, now that I'm... I'm..." He gestured to himself with one sweep of his manicured hand, encompassing his high heels, miniskirt, lingerie, D-cup breasts, blonde hair, make-up – he was now completely unrecognizable as anything other than 'Candi,' a teenaged beauty queen, but somehow Miranda still had some lingering attraction to him! The thought gave him a bit of hope for his languishing masculinity.

"It is," Miranda said thoughtfully. "I mean, between me and Carl. But you're so different, now. Carl was always so brash, but Candi is sort of... Timid. Demure. Soft, and sweet, and coy, and so innocent. I don't know, it's sort of... sexy? Just how you've changed so much. Carl was kind of a jerk, but he was



always so confident, so self-assured, and now you're just... cute. You really just make a much better girl than a guy, you know? You were definitely meant to be female all along." Carl blushed even more deeply, but when he opened his mouth to argue, Miranda took it as an invitation to slip her tongue inside. Carl's knees buckled as Miranda maneuvered him over to the couch. She was kissing and fondling him as she lowered him down, and his nipples were definitely hard! He gave a little gasp of surprise as she shoved his skirt up over his hips, revealing his lacy red panties, and then, with no hesitation, pulled those down his slender legs and tossed them aside!

"Don't worry, my parents won't be home until late," Miranda giggled. "Here, I have a condom for you, it looks like it might be a little big..." Carl chose to ignore that little remark. In fact, he could hardly contain his excitement. After ten months of swishing around in short skirts and high heels, being lusted after by guys, kissed and pawed at by his 'boyfriend,' he was finally getting laid with an extremely attractive girl!

"Ooh," Carl moaned, as Miranda began massaging his sensitive breasts. "Ooh, that feels really good!"

"I'm glad," Miranda said, straddling him. "Now, are you going to make me feel really good, or what? Come on, cowboy. Or cowgirl. Whatever." She giggled. Carl frowned, staring down past his breasts as he struggled to remove his gaffe. When his manhood finally flopped free, however, it showed no signs of standing to attention!

"Miranda, I... I don't know if I can..." Carl flushed furiously, trying to coax himself with two dainty, manicured fingers. Miranda tried as well, even kissing his little thingy and putting it in her mouth, but to no avail. Carl felt a heat rising to his cheeks as he realized that he couldn't get hard, even with a beautiful girl on top of him!

"I'm sorry," Miranda said, blushing herself. "I shouldn't have tried to talk you into this. I guess I'm a little bi-curious, and I thought, you know, since you're not 100% a girl..." Carl felt tears welling up in his eyes, and Miranda, misinterpreting them, rushed to apologize. "That's not what I mean!" she said desperately. "Of course you're 100% a girl, I mean, in mind, and practically in body, you have a figure most girls would kill for, it's just, you know, you still have your thingy, and... I'm sorry, it must have been difficult enough already for you, pretending to be interested in girls for all those years. Pretending you really wanted to be my boyfriend, instead of a girlfriend... I realize you like boys now, and only boys, and that's totally cool. Maybe we can just forget all about it?"

"It's not that I don't want to!" Carl protested. Miranda sighed.

"That's so sweet of you, Candi, but it's unfair for me to try and take advantage of your, um, your situation like that," she said, clearly embarrassed by the entire thing. "Maybe we can just forget this ever happened?" Utterly miserable,

Carl nodded his blonde head. He slowly worked his gaffe back up his legs, concealing his shrunken manhood entirely, and then returned his panties and skirt to their former position. He was now totally incapable of pleasing a girl like a man would – he might as well be as flat and featureless between his legs as the gaffe made him appear! The thought made him feel completely depressed, even when Miranda suggested they watch a movie to take their minds off the matter.

They made snacks in the kitchen and cuddled up under a blanket to watch a sappy romance movie together on the couch, but Miranda was back to treating



him just like any other girl-friend, and when he tried to make a move she quickly and politely removed his hand, telling him once more that he 'didn't have to pretend anymore' and that she would find some other way to do a little experimenting. During the movie she was quick to point out how handsome the male lead was, and Carl, despite himself, had to agree. He was reminded a little bit of Nicholas from the photo shoot, even.

Carl ended up phoning home and telling his Aunt Kat he was having a sleepover at Miranda's, so, after painting their nails and doing each other's hair while chatting about the new cheerleading routine, Carl stripped down into his lingerie and climbed into the same bed with Miranda, though definitely on the opposite side of the mattress.

"Sweet dreams, girly," Miranda said, hitting him lightly with a pillow. "I'll wake you up nice and early so we can go to that yoga class you keep telling me about."

"Okay, goodnight," Carl said, still despondently. Here he was, going to sleep in the same bed as his ex-girlfriend, but totally powerless to make any kind of advance. Even worse, she thought that he was no longer even attracted to girls! Sighing, Carl rolled over and did his best to fall asleep despite the thoughts racing through his head.



Carl leaned back in his seat and watched the ground fall away through the plane window, relieved to finally be in the air and heading back to Maine. He ran a hand through his short brown hair and gave a happy sigh. He was himself again! No long blonde hair, no manicured nails, no make-up, and certainly no D-cups! He was flying first class, thanks to the use of one of his many new credit cards, and it looked like a pretty stewardess was on her way with his drink. As she drew closer, however...

"Miranda? What are you doing here?" Carl asked in confusion.

"What am I doing here? What are *you* doing up here?" Miranda demanded. "Come on, Candi, get with the program, you're supposed to be on the other trolley, not lounging around, day-dreaming in first class!"

"What are you talking about?" Carl fired back. "And since when are you a stewardess?"

"Um, since we graduated and got the job we dreamed about since we were little girls?" Miranda said, eyebrow raised quizzically. "Are you going to help me with the drinks or not?"

"But I can't be a stewardess," Carl squeaked, feeling totally confused. "I'm a boy!"

“And what are those, life preservers?” Miranda said, pointing to his chest. Carl gasped, looking down to find himself once again quite well-endowed, cleavage spilling out of a low-cut blue four-button blouse. His hand leapt to his hair, finding long blonde tresses and a small starched cap pinned there at a jaunty angle. Candi stood up abruptly, shaking her head.

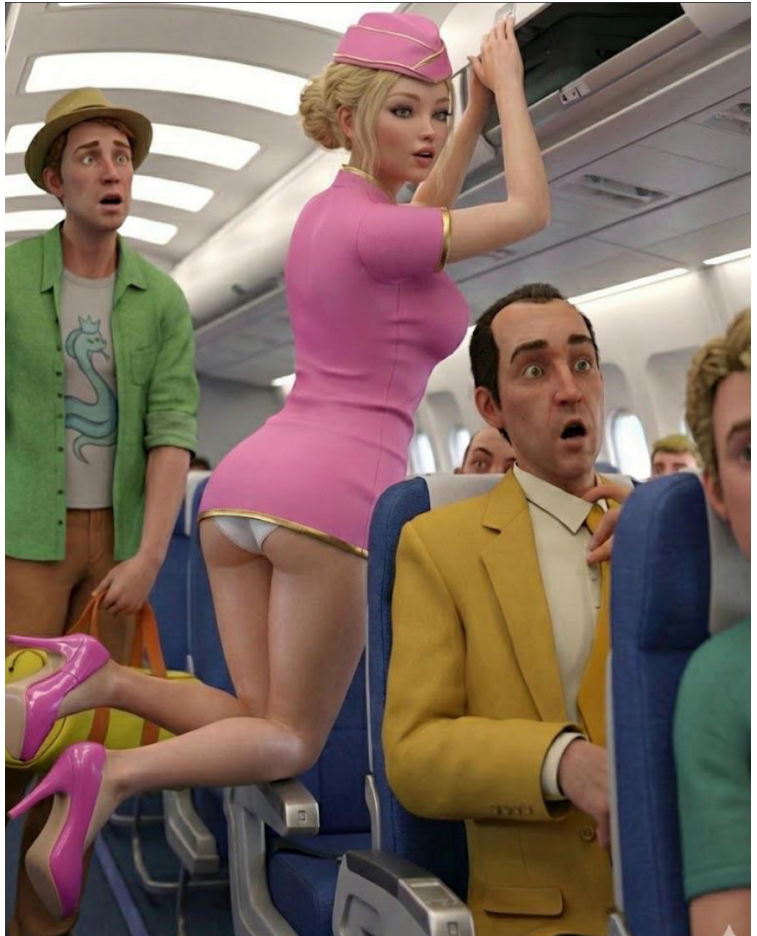
“Sorry, what were we talking about?” she asked, smoothing her short skirt and checking the seams of her nylons. “Is the other trolley all ready?”

“Ready and waiting, girly,” Miranda said. “God, you’re distracted today. Our handsome captain wouldn’t have anything to do with that, now, would he?” Candi could only blush in response before she swished her way back to the front of the plane. If only her best friend would stop teasing her about the captain... Although he had been so forward the other day..

Putting it out of her pretty blonde head, Candi retrieved the waiting drink trolley, made sure it was stocked with plenty of ice, and then made her way up the length of the plane, smiling graciously for each passenger, even the ones who were obviously looking down her blouse when she leaned over to serve them, and almost certainly ogling the shape of her seat through her tight skirt when she turned around! The more experienced stewardesses had advised her to think of it as a compliment, but Candi still flushed pink from head-to-toe when a businessman pinched her behind as she was squeezing by!

“Hey, honey, what do you say we grab a drink once this tin can touches down in L.A.?” he asked suggestively.

“Sorry, sir, but I’ll



be boarding another plane,” Candi said hastily. “Enjoy your drink!” She hurried past, getting to the front of the plane otherwise unscathed, and hesitated for a moment at the cabin door. She knew she wasn’t technically supposed to go into the cockpit during the flight, but the captain had asked her to bring him some coffee.

“Captain? I have your coffee!” Candi squeaked.

“In that case, come on in,” came the captain’s self-assured drawl. Candi slid the door open and minced inside, holding the big thermos in both manicured hands. The captain was at the controls, handsome face turned towards the vast array of switches and read-outs. Candi couldn’t help but admire his strong, masculine features as he guided the plane.

“There,” he said. “All leveled out. It should be smooth sailing until Los Angeles, now.” He turned in his seat as Candi, heart beating faster, handed him his coffee. He took a long swig and sighed happily. “I’m always in awe of how you make the crappy coffee on this air-line somehow taste good, Candi. You’re the best stewardess I’ve ever worked with.”

“Thank you,” Candi said, blushing furiously. “It’s mostly just a lot of sugar...”

“Well, your sugar is by far the sweetest,” the captain said, with a wink. “We’re crossing the ocean now. Want to come check out the view?” Candi nodded eagerly, mincing up to the front of the cockpit. The ocean was spread out below them, reflecting the stars, and it was incredibly beautiful...and romantic...

“C-captain?” Candi squeaked, as he suddenly pulled her down onto his lap, wrapping both arms around her.

“You want to fly her for a while?” the captain teased, gently putting both her hands on the controls. His breath tickled her ear, sending a shiver down her spine.

“Don’t tease me,” Candi pouted, slightly breathlessly. “I don’t know how to work this thing!”

“No?” the captain grunted. “How about... this one?” He gently moved her hand down to his crotch, where Candi immediately felt a huge, and very warm, hard-on! At the same time, he began using his other hand to knead her breast. Candi moaned at the sensation.

“Captain, we shouldn’t!” she breathed, but at the same time she knew there was absolutely nothing she wanted to do more.

“I’ve been dreaming about this ever since the moment you stepped onto my plane, all wide-eyed and innocent, fresh out of that small town,” the captain said, kissing his way along her slender neck. “When I saw you smile for the first time... When I saw you shaking that tight little ass in those tight little skirts of yours...” He gave Candi’s firm buttocks a suggestive squeeze, making her gasp.

Hardly conscious of what she was doing, she began stroking the captain's erect manhood, freeing it from his pants.

"I've, I've never done this before," Candi whispered, feeling a wet warmth between her legs.

"Then I'll be gentle," the captain said, nudging her legs apart. He peeled away her pantyhose with an experienced hand, then her panties, and then, finally...

"Ooh!" Candi moaned, as his hand slid up her skirt. "Ooh, yes! Yes!"

"Do you want this?" the captain whispered, teasing her with the tip of his finger. Flushed and helpless, Candi could only nod her head. The captain pushed her back against the wall of the cockpit and pushed her skirt up to give him full access. Candi moaned in ecstasy as his fingers explored her waiting womanhood... it felt so right... so amazing...

"I want you inside me," Candi whispered. "Please! I need you..."

"Thought you'd never ask," the captain grinned, positioning himself. Candi's legs were going weak, she could feel the tip of his manhood pushing into her, and then, as he thrust, she couldn't help but scream. It was like nothing she had ever felt before, pure bliss, pure ecstasy, as he pumped in and out of her. She clamped her legs around his strong back and moaned at the sensation as he thrust deeper, and deeper, and then...



Carl woke up with a gasp, feeling something warm and sticky on his smooth-shaven thigh. He yanked away the covers and stared at disbelief at the small wet spot on his panties, then looked over at Miranda, who was fortunately fast asleep.

"You have to be kidding me," he whispered. Blushing, Carl rolled out of bed and hurried to the bathroom, flipping on the lights and closing the door behind him. He hadn't been able to get a decent hard-on in ages, and not at all with Miranda giving it her best effort, and now he had somehow managed to have a wet dream while... Carl's cheeks went pink as he remembered exactly what he had been dreaming about.

So Miranda at her finest couldn't even get a rise out of him, but dreaming about being a pretty blonde stewardess having her virginity taken by a handsome, virile airline pilot was enough to ruin his panties! What on Earth was going on with him? He flushed, thinking about what Miranda had said about him not liking girls anymore. Could it be true? How else could he explain something like this?

"It was just some weird fluke," Carl tried to reassure himself, looking at his reflection in the mirror. Pretty blue eyes, long blonde hair, cupid's bow lips...

No wonder he had an easier time dreaming he was a stewardess than a pilot! At least there were only a few months left of school. He had made it this far, hadn't he? Before long he would be back in Dr. Nevsky's office, demanding male hormones and corrective surgery, and then he would be himself again... He hoped. Carl sighed and turned on the faucet, wondering if he could wash and dry his panties without waking up Miranda. This was one little thing he absolutely wasn't going to share with her!

## MAY

Time seemed to be speeding up as Prom approached, and it seemed to be the only topic of discussion these days, whether in classes, the hallways, the cafeteria, or at cheerleading practice. Carl was pulled in two different directions by that fact: on the one hand, he was absolutely dreading Prom, but on the other, it meant that he was getting that much closer to June, and his eighteenth birthday, when this nightmare of a year would finally be over.

Of course, his mother and Aunt Kat were both thrilled that 'Candi' would soon be attending her first Prom. Carl was not amused, but neither was he shocked, when he came home from school in the middle of the week to a 'big surprise.'

"Ooh, you're just going to love this," Aunt Kat beamed, opening the door of the house. "Remember how you were just dreading dress shopping? Since you're so shy about changing rooms and everything?"

"It's not that," Carl protested, blushing. "I just hate shopping, you know that!"

"Well, just wait," Aunt Kat smiled, leading Carl into the living room.

"Surprise!" Carl's mother exclaimed. She was holding a large, transparent garment bag, and inside was a resplendent powder blue evening gown. "I know you were having such a hard time with those catalogues I gave you, trying to decide between so many gorgeous dresses, so I thought I would take the liberty of, well, eliminating the middle-man! I got in touch with a friend of mine who now works for a very well-known fashion house, and she put me in touch with a designer, and I sent all your measurements and preferences, and, well..."

"What preferences?" Carl squeaked.

"I wasn't sure about the whole thing, but when I saw the result, I knew you would just absolutely *adore* it!" his mother finished, beaming. "The color is going to be so lovely with your pretty blue eyes, and I seem to recall that a young man named Tom enjoys you in it, too!" Carl stared in dismay at the designer gown, knowing that before long, he would be wearing the utterly feminine creation as Tom guided him around the dance floor in stilt heels and sexy lingerie!

"But wasn't it expensive?" Carl asked, making one final effort.

"Don't you worry about that," Aunt Kat chided. "Now, don't just stand there! Thank your mother and then go try it on, sweetie!" Resigned to his feminine fate, Carl minced forward, blushing, and planted a thank-you kiss on his mother's cheek before retreating to his room to change with the garment bag clasped daintily in his manicured hands. Prom couldn't be over soon enough!



On the morning of the big day, both Aunt Kat and Carl's mother insisted that he get his hair and make-up done at Tiffany's salon, and they thought it would only be fitting to invite his best friend Miranda along as well. It was definitely Prom season, with a huge number of bookings for all the best salons, and as they approached Tiffany's, a very pretty but shell-shocked girl, no doubt having last minute Prom jitters, was leaving with her dark hair cut in a sassy modern bob and perfect makeup. It looked like she was practicing stilettos for the first time, too, and gave Carl and Miranda a real 'deer-in-the-headlights' look as she wobbled past.



"See, don't let it get to you like it did to her," Miranda said. "Don't stress."

Carl looked at his feminine reflection in the shine of the glass windows. "Easy for you to say," he replied as they entered the salon.

Tiffany had set aside a large block of time just for her favorite client, so a few minutes later Carl found himself in a padded salon chair having his nails done with Miranda sitting beside him. The Swedish twins, Helga and Inga, were chatting away happily as they worked. Although they'd only had a year to improve their English, Carl was still somewhat surprised to note that they didn't have even a hint of accent anymore, speaking like natural-born citizens. He couldn't help but reflect, ruefully, that now there was no way they would ever accidentally give a guy a full-on makeover now, the debacle that had started

this whole crazy scheme and, in turn, trapped him for the year as a cute blonde co-ed.

“Candi, are you even listening to me?” Miranda scolded. Carl gave a start.

“Sorry!” he exclaimed. “I was just, um, thinking about something.”

“I can guess *who*,” Miranda giggled. “I bet you can’t wait for Tom to see you all dolled up in that beautiful dress.” Carl blushed – he was thinking anything but!

“You’re going with Brandon, right?” he said hastily, hoping to change the subject.

“That’s what I’ve just spent the last ten minutes telling you!” Miranda exclaimed, rolling her eyes. “God, you can be a ditz... Anyways, yes, I am, and I’m so glad. He broke up with Stacy just in time! I can hardly wait for tonight, I hear he’s really, really *good*.”

“Good?” Carl echoed, distracted as Helga began on his toe-nails. “Good at what?”

“What do you think?” Miranda asked, raising one eyebrow. “You know, good in bed.”

“Oh!” Carl squeaked, blushing furiously. He couldn’t help but think of his disastrous attempt to please Miranda – he certainly couldn’t count himself among the same population! “Are you two going to, um, do it, then?”

“Of course, Candi,” Miranda said. “It’s Prom night! Everybody does it on Prom night. Everybody. Didn’t you already know that?”

“It’s my first Prom!” Carl protested, but even as he said it his mind was racing to the next logical conclusion...

“Then you’re definitely doing it,” Miranda giggled. “I bet Tom can’t wait to pop your little cherry!”

“But I can’t!” Carl exclaimed, suddenly terrified. “If he, if he sees my gaffe...”

“Oh, God, I totally forgot about that,” Miranda said, shaking her head. “Half the time I would swear you’ve always been a girl... Well, what if you’re really careful, and just let him use the backdoor? Have you two done that yet?”

“Of course not!” Carl gasped. Helga and Inga both giggled slightly, making him blush brightly. Clearly they had picked up on some English slang terms already!

“Just an idea,” Miranda said innocently. “Look, everyone’s coming to my house for the big after-party, right? We can get Tom really drunk, let him pass out with you looking all cute and sexy in your lingerie, and let him think that you guys did the deed! How about it? Just keep in mind that I need to get laid, too!”

“If you think it will work,” Carl said nervously.

"It definitely will," Miranda assured him confidently. Just then, Aunt Kat and Tiffany returned from where they had been leafing through a catalogue of hair styles, engaged in an animated discussion.

"Well, after a very thorough debate, your aunt and I have decided that this is the one," Tiffany beamed, showing Carl the picture in the catalogue. "Is it perfect, or what? You're going to look just gorgeous, honey! And Miranda, the up-do you picked out was just *made* for you. You have quite the fashion sense, you know!"

"Aw, thanks," Miranda smiled, looking over into the catalogue. "Wow, Candi, that's going to be stunning!"

"Will' being the key word," Tiffany said, clucking. "We need to get started, ladies! Oh, Candi, you must be so thrilled to be going to your first Prom – don't worry, when I'm finished, you're going to look like a perfect princess! Now, sit back and let us work our magic, okay?"

"Uh-huh," Carl squeaked, blushing. Did they have to treat him like such a Barbie doll? He couldn't even remember the last time he'd been allowed to make his own decisions about that kind of thing! Not that he really wanted to, to be honest.

Resigned to his fate, Carl sat glumly as Tiffany and the twins set to work on his hair and makeup, reflecting on just how much things had changed in only a year's time. If someone had told him this time last year that he would be attending Prom in a designer gown, stiletto heels, jewelry, luxurious lingerie and full makeup, and much worse, as another guy's date, he probably would have punched them in the nose! Now, however, he wouldn't even be able to make a proper fist with his long, manicured nails getting in the way.

Carl did his best to keep still as Tiffany worked her magic, first brushing out his blonde tresses before using a hot iron and liberal amounts of hairspray to create his 'perfect' style. Miranda was totally animated, chatting happily with the beauticians and Aunt Kat as they started on her own 'do, but Carl was far too anxious to make much conversation. He was already thinking about the dress!

"Earth to Candi, honey," Tiffany said, interrupting his thoughts. "Are you ready to see the final result?"

"You're amazing," Miranda sighed happily, observing her reflection in a small hand mirror. "And Candi, you look even better, if you can imagine that!" Carl looked at Miranda and had to admit it was difficult to imagine he could look more beautiful than she did! Her immaculate makeup highlighted each of her best features, and her hair was caught up in an elegant up-do that allowed only a few teasing tendrils to float around her face. She looked absolutely stunning, and Carl once again felt a twinge of regret, that instead of taking a gorgeous girl like Miranda to Prom, he was getting a makeover right alongside her!

“Okay,” Carl said nervously. “Where’s the mirror?” Beaming with pride, Tiffany spun his chair around so he was facing it. Carl couldn’t help but gape. He’d known that Tiffany’s salon was the best in the business, but once again, the results were breathtaking.

His layered blonde hair was gleaming with high-lights, cascading gracefully over one shoulder in soft waves and loose blonde curls, perfectly-styled by Tiffany’s careful work. His eyes, meanwhile, were a work of art, rimmed with liquid liner and enhanced by soft gray and glittery eye shadow, giving a heart-stoppingly seductive, sexy look to his baby blues as he fluttered his long, dark, mascara-laden lashes. A fine dusting of glitter over his smooth skin was extremely eye-catching, as were his perfectly pouty lips, painted with a glistening pink gloss that made them look wet, enticing, and totally kissable.

Tom would love to have his tongue between them at the nearest opportunity, and something else not long after! He looked like an innocent angel and a sexy vixen all rolled into one, and he couldn’t help but thinking once more about what his mother had said about that modeling career. He certainly looked like he belonged on a magazine!

“What do you think?” Tiffany asked eagerly.

“Wow,” was all Carl could manage to squeak out.

“That’s what I thought,” Tiffany giggled. “Just be careful not to mess anything up, okay? And make sure to send me a picture as soon as you’re in your dress!”

“Got it,” Carl said weakly, still mesmerized by his gorgeous reflection. Miranda, shrieking as she realized what time it was, dragged him away as Aunt Kat paid for the makeover session. Both she and Carl picked up more than their fair share of looks as they exited the salon, clearly made-up to the nines, and Carl kept nervously touching his new hair-style until Miranda scolded him for it.

“Don’t mess it up, remember?” she chided, as Aunt Kat dropped her off at her house. “Okay, I’ll see you at the dance! Good luck fitting those big boobs of yours into that dress.”

Carl shot him a look.

“Oh, please, Candi, I’m *joking*, it’s going to fit perfectly, don’t worry! Bye!” She got out of the car with great care for her hair, and hurried up the steps as Aunt Kat waved goodbye.

“Time to get you ready!” Aunt Kat exclaimed. “Do you know when Tom is picking you up?”

“Seven, I think,” Carl sighed nervously.

“Don’t be anxious, sweetie, you’re going to be so beautiful,” his aunt reassured him. Carl knew by this point that it was useless trying to tell her he didn’t want to be ‘beautiful’ and as far as he was concerned, a successful Prom meant fend-

ing off his boyfriend's advances successfully all night. Still, he did his best not to touch his hairdo as they drove. When they arrived back at the house, his mother was already waiting to help him with his lingerie! Carl moaned when he saw that she'd picked out a very revealing and utterly feminine strapless satin demi-bra practically dripping with lace. It would help a little bit, but he knew his breasts would be jiggling enticingly all evening! When he pointed this out, his mother only shrugged.

"The low cut of the gown only gives us so many options, dear – either this, or braless!" She smiled slyly. "And besides, I think all those handsome young men will appreciate a bit of 'jiggle', don't you?"

"Mom!" Carl protested, blushing furiously as Aunt Kat giggled knowingly. His mother only smiled as she watched her totally feminized son wriggle into his lacy panties and do up the matching demi-bra with deft, practiced fingers. He cut quite the figure in his frilly underthings, and she had to admit she felt slightly jealous of his firm, perfect rack. She had always dreamed of having a daughter to shop for lingerie with, but somehow she had never envisioned her as having bigger boobs than she did!

"That Tiffany is simply marvelous," Carl's mother said happily. "Your hair looks fantastic, and that makeup – just flawless! Come on, into the dress!" Shivering slightly in his skimpy lingerie, Carl obediently stepped forward and allowed his mother to help him into the gown. He couldn't help but tremble slightly as the silky soft material slid up his waxed-smooth legs, caressing his carefully-moisturized skin. Just as promised, the dress fit like a glove! Carl adjusted his cleavage carefully as his mother and aunt circled around him, smoothing out the fabric and inspecting every inch of the gorgeous powder-blue gown. Then, as Carl put on his dangling diamond chandelier earrings, his mother helped him slip his delicate feet into the open-toed silver pumps, complete with a very sexy four-inch stiletto heel. Carl took a deep nervous breath, making his bosom heave, as he looked at his reflection in the mirror. To his surprise, he saw his mother wiping her eyes behind him.

"Mom, are you okay?" Carl asked, confused.

"I'm fine, dear," his mother said, still sniffing. "It's just that you look so, so beautiful, Candi. Any guy would be so lucky to have you, and I hope your boyfriend appreciates that! You're a perfect princess, dear, and I'm so proud of you on your big day!"

"Don't worry, Candi, mothers can get a little emotional," Aunt Kat laughed, playing down the situation. "I know ours was on Prom night! Now, a perfect princess needs a handsome prince, and unless I'm mistaken, I just heard Tom's car pull up."

"I'll go get the door," Carl's mother said, wiping her eyes. "That way you can make your big entrance! Kat, give her a dash of my Dior perfume, won't you? I was saving it for a special occasion!"

"Of course, sis!" Aunt Kat went to her room and came back with a small bottle of extremely expensive perfume. Carl winced as he smelled the extremely feminine, seductive scent. A squirt at each wrist, his neck, and then, of course, plenty down his cleavage! "This scent is amazing," Aunt Kat beamed. "It really drives a man wild. Poor Tom won't be able to keep his hands off you, sweetie."

"Isn't it a little much?" Carl pleaded, hoping he would be able to slip into the bathroom and wash it off at the dance.

"Not on Prom night," Aunt Kat smiled. Just then, they heard Carl's mother call from down the stairs. "This is it!" Aunt Kat beamed excitedly. "Go on, sweetie. Nice and slow, so he can really appreciate the view, okay?" Carl blushed. It wasn't as if he would be able to hurry down the stairs anyways, in a figure-hugging dress and stiletto heels like these! Taking a deep breath, he minced towards the staircase.



Tom had been waiting impatiently, fiddling with the corsage and wishing his date would hurry up, but all other thoughts were driven from his head as 'Candi' made her entrance, one manicured hand resting daintily on the bannister, descending the stairs while gracefully managing both the slit of the dress and a pair of towering stilettos. Tom could only gulp, speechless at the vision of flawless femininity he was presented with, and even Carl's mother, who had already seen him, was awed.

'Candi' was completely stunning. Her pedicured feet and polished toe-nails were displayed in sparkly silver stilettos with a daring four-inch spike heel that made her gorgeous legs seem even longer and more curvaceous, exposed in tantalizing flashes by the sexy thigh-high slit of her gown. The powder-blue dress matched her eyes perfectly and hugged her body in all the right places, flattering the curves of her hips and her tiny waist, just perfect for a guy to fit his hands around, with a backless bandolier bodice, inlaid with silver, that pushed her D-cups up and together to form truly enticing cleavage. Her boobs were straining against the bandolier and jiggling tantalizingly with each slow step down the staircase. Gleaming blonde hair fell in perfectly-coiffed waves over her slender shoulder in a sexy, elegant style, framing her expertly made-up face. All the painstaking hours in the salon had paid off – her wide, blue eyes were accentuated by liquid liner and softly-blended grey eye shadow and curtailed by thick, gorgeous lashes that could stop a man's heart with one little flutter. Her delicate nose, chin, and cheekbones all could have belonged on a fashion magazine, while her estrogen-pumped lips were slathered in an entic-

ing nude gloss, making them look wet and undeniably kissable. Elegant chandelier earrings dangled from her ears, catching the light with every turn of his head, and a pair of silver bracelets adorned his slim wrist.

Carl was now the perfect picture of a gorgeous young beauty dressed to the nines for a magical evening, and his mother, despite her knowledge to the contrary, could hardly believe that this sexy, ultra-feminine creature was formerly a rough-and-tumble teenage boy! She looked over at Tom, who was staring at Carl, utterly love-struck.

“Hi, Tom,” Carl said anxiously, touching his hair with one manicured hand. His silver bracelets clinked together. “Sorry I took so long!”

“Candi, for that I would wait forever!” Tom exclaimed, grinning. “You look incredible, babe!” Carl blushed, and both his aunt and mother exchanged knowing smiles. Tom stepped forward and slipped the corsage onto Carl’s slender wrist, matching both the blue of his dress and of his date’s tie.

“Thank you,” Carl said meekly. “Um, should we get going?”

“Not so fast, young lady,” his mother said, brandishing her camera. “Photos, first! I want to remember this night forever.” Carl grimaced. He had a feeling he was going to remember it too, but he was going to do his darndest not to, and a photo album certainly wasn’t going to help things! He smiled reluctantly for the camera as his mother took what seemed like a thousand pictures of him with Tom’s arm wrapped around him protectively, some with Carl’s arms around his big strong boyfriend’s neck, and several with them kissing!

“I’m sorry, Ms. Wethers, but we really have to get going,” Tom finally said apologetically. Carl’s mother looked at the clock and gasped.

“Oh, gosh, I’m sorry!” she exclaimed. “Here, Candi, where’s your purse...” She ran to where their matching purses were hanging and quickly handed it over. “Now, I know Tom will take good care of you, but if you two need a ride anywhere later on in the evening – I remember I was a little tipsy myself at Prom – be sure to call me on your cell phone, okay, dear? Oh, you’re going to have such a marvelous time! Every girl needs at least one night where they can feel like a princess.” Carl’s mother sighed happily and hugged her feminized son. Stuffed into this expensive gown, mincing around on stilettos, and swimming in feminine perfume, Carl did feel like quite the princess, but he certainly wasn’t enjoying the experience! Humiliated, he laid his delicate hand on Tom’s arm and let himself be escorted out to the car, which had been waxed and shined for just this very purpose. Tom opened the door for him and Carl managed his dress carefully as he slid inside. This slit was going to give him all kinds of trouble.

“Candi, you look so... so beautiful tonight,” Tom said gently, as he got in the driver’s seat. He put his finger under Carl’s small chin and tipped his head upwards. “And I’m going to make sure you feel like a princess, okay? Tonight is

going to be special, babe.” He planted a soft kiss on Carl’s pretty lips, then pulled out of the driveway. Carl wiggled his fingers in a goodbye wave as he saw his aunt and mother waving to them from the door-step. His face was still flushed from Tom’s kiss, and he couldn’t help but suspect exactly what his boyfriend meant by ‘special.’ *Miranda had better be ready to keep up her part of the plan,* Carl thought worriedly.

When they arrived at the hotel ballroom the school had rented, they found the entrance festooned with balloons and a big Prom banner, and as Tom guided him to the dance-floor and stage, every head turned in Carl’s direction. He immediately felt acutely self-conscious as half the girls stared jealously at his designer dress, immaculate hair, and flawless makeup, while the other half looked wistfully at his big, beautiful breasts. Carl blushed, more aware than ever of the way they jiggled in his low-cut gown, and tried to keep a smile on his face as Miranda and the other cheerleaders, dates in tow, all surrounded him to compliment him on his dress. He thanked them and managed to compliment all of them in turn – after a year of girlhood, he had learned at least that much! Much more difficult to deal with was the lustful way their dates all seemed to be staring at him, especially when the thigh-high slit of his gown accidentally gave them a quick flash of his high-cut lacy panties.

After greeting his buddies, Tom wasted no time in getting his date out onto the dance floor. He was obviously trying his best to be a gentleman, but even



so, his eyes kept straying over and over to peek down the front of Carl's generously-displayed cleavage! Carl tried to ignore it, blushing as he remembered how he had once loved checking out girls' racks while dancing – now, however, that right was reserved for other guys!

“I can't wait until later,” Tom whispered teasingly in his ear. “I just can't get over how gorgeous you are, babe.”

“Thanks, Tom,” Carl squeaked nervously. “That's so sweet.” In response to his words, Tom smiled smugly and drew him closer to his chest. Carl blushed yet again to see his attractive cleavage pushed up against his boyfriend's flat, masculine chest. He knew his dance partner was enjoying the view! Carl tried not to think about that, or the fact that Tom's hands were slowly migrating down to his bottom, instead concentrating on managing his stilettos. He had to admit that Miranda was right, Tom was a very good dancer, and Carl felt totally helpless, vulnerable and perfectly feminine in his big strong arms as they moved around the dance floor.

As the song slowed down, Tom put both his hands around Carl's delicate waist and pulled him tight, making him reciprocate by looping his slender arms around the taller boy's neck. Carl batted his eyelashes nervously, unknowingly making a flirtatious gesture. His alluring perfume and the soft curves of his body were having a definite affect on his dance partner. Carl felt something hard grind against his hip and recognized the familiar pressure of Tom's erect manhood! He blushed furiously, thinking of his own member tucked up out of sight and powerless to respond, in any case, thanks to the powerful female hormones in his system.

God, what would his dad think of him now, floating along in the arms of a big strong jock while wearing the most luxurious, feminine lingerie, dancing gracefully in sky-high stilettos, and displaying his attractive figure to the fullest in a sexy, feminine evening gown. From his gleaming blonde tresses and dangling earrings to his painted toe-nails and waxed-smooth legs, he looked one-hundred percent a gorgeous, feminine Prom princess.

“Hey, romeo, are you going to hog her all night?” complained one of Tom's friends with a sardonic grin as the third song came to an end. It was one of his basketball teammates, Jet, who was usually pretty scruffy-looking but Carl had to admit cleaned up nicely in a tuxedo.

“Dude, can you blame me?” Tom chuckled, wrapping his arm protectively around Carl's delicate waist. Carl blushed furiously. “But since I feel bad for you, you can have a dance,” Tom went on. “Go on, babe. I'll get us some drinks.”

“But... But Tom...” Carl started to protest, but Tom gave him a playful swat on the bum and went off to the punch table, leaving Carl in Jet's arms. He felt completely humiliated at being treated like some pretty, sexy little trophy to be

passed around and admired. Jet, meanwhile, took full advantage of the opportunity to hold and caress this stunning blonde, leading to more than a few jealous glances from his date.

“Man, Tom is one lucky guy,” Jet grinned, pulling Carl closer. “I just wish I could get my girlfriend to dress more like you, Candi.”

“What do you mean?” Carl asked tremulously.

“More low-cut tops and those hot little miniskirts,” Jet said, giving him a wink. Carl flushed, wishing the song would hurry up and end. He was relieved when Tom came to escort him back to a table, but nearly as soon as he was finished his drink, he realized that Jet had ‘opened the floodgate’ so to speak, and just about every guy at the dance was now cuing up to dance with him! Tom only grinned and gave an innocent shrug as Carl was swept off onto the dance-floor yet again by one of his boyfriend’s basketball buddies.

Tom was in quite high demand himself, with several girls eager to dance with him, but Carl barely had a moment to catch his breath! By the midway point of the dance, he had been forced to dance with at least a dozen different guys, all of whom were eager for their chance to cop a sly feel while Tom was otherwise occupied. Carl gradually grew accustomed to the feel of male hands around his waist, and the sight of his own manicured nails draped limply over the masculine boys’ broad shoulders. It was quite some time before Carl finally managed to extricate himself from his latest partner, and seek refuge in the girls’ room. His calves were killing him!

Carl took as long as possible fixing up his hair and makeup, but he left when he noticed that some of the other girls at the mirrors were almost, well, glaring at him. Confused and slightly apprehensive, Carl minced back towards the gymnasium and was relieved to find Miranda.

“Is Stacy mad at me?” Carl asked anxiously. “We were in the bathroom together and she didn’t say hi...”

“A little miffed, sure,” Miranda said. “How could she not be, with the way her date was all over you! He’s practically ignored her all night, and when he got the chance to dance with you, he was all but slobbering over your boobs.”

“Oh, no,” Carl sighed tremulously. “Is that why everyone else was glaring at me, too?”

“Yes, but it’s not your fault, girly,” Miranda pointed out. “That’s just how boys are!” Carl blushed – it certainly was how he used to be, but now he had been thoroughly feminized into a sexy little blonde for real boys to lust over!

Carl nervously scanned the gym, hoping to spot any potential dance partners and get away from them before they approached, and his eyes fell on a girl he didn’t recognize. He looked her over with a critical eye: she was certainly pretty enough to be on the cheerleading squad, with pouty pink lips, a cute button nose, and wide doe eyes, though Carl was guessing her long, fluttering lashes

were well-applied extensions, and her dark hair was in a cute cropped bob. She was wearing a very flashy sequined strapless cocktail dress and a hem that ended mid-thigh on her slender legs, which were probably her better feature as her chest was definitely more padded bra than anything else. She was clutching at her purse as if it were a life preserver and standing awkwardly in her stilettos in a group of girls who were probably asking her about her makeup. But why did she look so familiar...

“Can you come with me, Miranda?” Carl said. “I want to, um, ask that girl where she got her dress.” He minced over to where the mystery girl was now



visibly quailing under the pressure as one of Carl's fellow cheerleaders asked her about her tall, handsome blonde date.

"Just a friend, he's coming from Sweden as a transfer student next year, and they said he could, um, come to Prom, and, um, I know his cousins and they asked me to go with him," the girl squeaked. "Like I said, I don't go here yet either, I go to, um..."

"Um? Is that a high school?" the cheerleader asked snarkily.

"Oh, Chelsea, be nice," Miranda scolded. "I'm Miranda, and this is our head cheerleader, Candi. Boy, you look really familiar!"

"M-Marci," the girl said, swallowing nervously. "I'm here with my friend Sven, he's getting us drinks..." Carl's gloss-coated mouth fell open, but he quickly tried to hide his surprise. No wonder the girl looked familiar – it was Mark! He remembered back to what the boy had been saying when he asked him to Prom, about some kind of bet, and then remembered the pretty girl he'd seen leaving the salon...

"You look a little bit like that pansy in my science class," one of the cheerleaders said, frowning. "What's his name? Mick? Mort? In fact..."

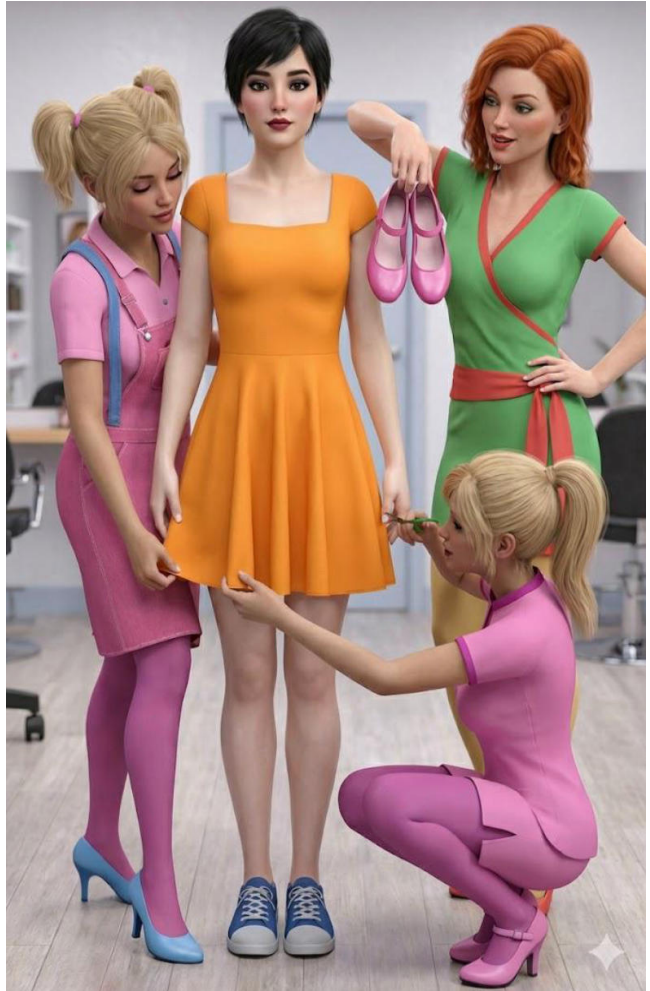
"Marci!" Carl squealed. "Oh, my gosh, I like, totally didn't even clue in for a second. I met you shopping for bras, right? Your twin brother, Mark or whatever, was waiting outside like such a dweeb! You look so hot, girl!" He gave 'Marci' an air-kiss, doing his best to giggle, and Mark gave him the grateful look of a drowning man tossed a life preserver from under his mascara-laden lashes.

"Um, I wasn't sure you'd remember me," Mark squeaked. "Thanks! You look amazing, Candi!" A few of the girls were still giving 'Marci' a strange look, but as Carl continued to keep up a stream of friendly chatter, they warmed right up to the mystery girl and accepted the story – Mark's twin sister who attended a private girls' school – without so much as batting an eye. If she was friends with their head cheerleader, and incidentally the most popular girl in school, 'Marci' was good enough for them!

Carl, for his part, was relieved he'd managed to save 'Marci' from exposure, but also slightly bewildered. As soon as he got the chance, he left arm in arm with the feminized boy under the guise of meeting his date. Once they were away from the crowd, Mark all but fainted! His smooth knees were all but knocking together as he let out a soft moan.

"Th-thank you," he sighed. "That was really close! I would have been the laughing stock of the whole high school if you hadn't saved me... I swear I didn't want to do this, but Inga and Helga made me! They ambushed me at work and the next thing I knew, I had my hair up and my brows plucked and eyelash extensions and... well..." He blushed crimson. "I should have known they had a trick up their sleeve, and Tiffany was in on it, too... But she didn't think I would turn out to be this, well, this hot! And my date, Sven, he doesn't

know that I'm really... He k-kissed me when we were dancing, and I just didn't know what to do, and, and...oh, I'm so ashamed..." Mark was starting to cry, and Carl quickly rummaged in his purse and handed him a tissue, unable to help but marvel at how feminine Mark appeared as he sniffed and wiped delicately at his eyes so as to not ruin his makeup. "It's been such a crazy year," Mark sniffled. "Ever since I got that stupid after-school job..." He explained all about his increasingly strict dress code at work, and the way the twins were constantly finding ways to put makeup on him or make him wear lingerie, and how it had seemed like harmless teasing at first, but now they wanted him to go on a real date with a guy as his pretty, feminine female companion!



Carl didn't know whether to feel pity or disdain, or guilt – the same thing that had happened to him in Tiffany's salon in the course of an afternoon had been slowly happening all year to Mark, and sending him to Prom in a sequined cocktail dress had probably been the twins' end goal all along. Was it all because of Carl's accidental makeover? Had that inspired them to slowly primp, pluck, and prettify Mark over the school year? Or, a worse thought, had he been just as naïve as Mark was now, and had the twins known exactly what they were doing when they 'accidentally' gave him the works in that salon chair all those long, long months ago?

"Oh, stop sniffing!" Carl exclaimed, feeling suddenly tetchy. "It could have been way worse!"

“How?” Mark sobbed. “I’m at my senior Prom in a cocktail dress and stilettos, with a guy! And what am I supposed to do if Sven gets, you know, frisky?” Mark asked in a terrified whisper. “He was already touching my leg on the ride over, but if he finds out...”

“How could it have been worse?” Carl asked, raising one manicured brow. “Um, try this out! What if you were forced to be a girl at all times, all year, and bend over once a month for the plastic surgeon who gave you big stupid D-cup boobies so he can inject you with female hormones that shrink your penis, give you a bubble butt, and make you cry like a baby at the drop of a hat? What if your mom and aunt were so, like, set on making you into their perfect little Barbie doll that you go home to a wardrobe full of slutty tops, sexy lingerie, miniskirts and stilettos like, um, every single day? What if your only real friend is your former girlfriend, who now likes nothing better than setting you up with horny guys, so before you know it, you’re dating the captain of the basketball team and letting him launch his tongue down your throat and, and play with your boobies, and sucking his dick in the back-seat of his car whenever he wants you to, because you’re terrified of him finding out that his head cheerleader girlfriend has a... a... Well, what if she’s really a man?”

Confusion covered Mark’s prettily made-up face, then vanished just as quickly. “Um, I, I guess it could have been worse... You have a scary imagination, Candi...”

Carl blushed deeply, trying to regain control of



his emotions. "Well, anyways, if he gets frisky, just find a way to make him happy without him getting between your legs... Or, I guess, feeling up your boobs."

"You mean...?" Mark trailed off helplessly as the impact of Carl's words sank in. He still looked utterly terrified as his date, Sven, the tall, blonde, and very handsome cousin of Inga and Greta, showed up with punch. He gave Carl one last terrified look over his shoulder as Sven guided him away, one hand wrapped around his date's waist, but Carl had done what he could for 'Marci' and the rest was out of his hands! He was still flustered from the whole thing when he rejoined Miranda and the other girls. He saw Tom making his way over with two cups of punch when, all of a sudden, the band stopped playing.

"Your attention, please," came the principal's voice, as he stepped up on stage with a microphone. "The final ballots are in, and it's time to announce this year's Prom King and Queen!"

"Eek! Fingers crossed," Miranda whispered, grabbing Carl's wrist. He smiled weakly as Tom arrived, handing him his drink and putting a possessive arm around his waist.

"Your king is someone we all know very well for his exploits on the court, Polytechnic High School's very own Tom McIntosh!" the principal announced. Everyone burst into applause, as Tom smiled and Carl, blushing, allowed him a congratulatory kiss on the lips. "But the moment we've all truly been waiting for..." the principal went on, "Your Prom Queen is someone who hasn't been here long, but has managed to make quite the splash, whether cheering at her boyfriend's games or, ah, at the annual car wash..." He loosened his tie, face going slightly red. "The votes are counted, and this year's queen is none other than head cheerleader and reigning Miss Boardwalk, our very own Candi Wethers!"

At those words, the entire gymnasium erupted with wolf-whistles, applause, and congratulatory squeals. Even the jealous girls who had been glaring at him not twenty minutes ago rushed over to hug him and congratulate him, and Carl found himself slightly stunned as Tom escorted him to the center floor for the last song, the traditional couple's dance. He couldn't help but remember the hot chick who had been named Prom queen at his school last year, Vanessa Blair, and how he'd fantasized about her, lusted after her and even gotten off to her. Now, he was the girl these boys would all dream about. Candi Wethers was as beautiful a Prom queen as any!

Feeling weak and helpless with the realization, Carl allowed himself to melt into Tom's strong arms as they danced, even laying his pretty blonde head against his date's chest. How on Earth had it come to this? Not only was he masquerading as a girl, he was the head cheerleader, dating the most popular guy in school, and now he was Prom queen! Carl was utterly relieved when the song ended and people began to slowly trickle towards the exits. Everybody

knew the after-party was where things would really get wild, and Miranda and some of the other cheer-leaders had even managed to arrange a limousine! Tom, however, seemed to have other plans.

"I'll drive," he told Miranda. "Don't worry, me and Candi will catch up."

"Okay, you'd better!" Miranda smiled, giving Carl a peck on the cheek. "Congratulations again, girly! You're the hottest Prom queen we've ever had, I bet!"

"Hands down," Tom grinned, proudly putting his arm around Carl's waist once more.

"See you at the party," Carl squeaked, but that was all he could manage before Tom kissed him fiercely once more to ooohs, aaahs, and giggles from the other cheerleaders. They scampered off to the limousine with their dates while Tom escorted Carl back to the parking lot and his waiting Jaguar.

"I knew we would win," Tom chuckled. "But I know it must have been great for you, babe. Isn't that every little girl's dream, being named Prom queen?"

"Oh, yes," Carl said, blushing. "Um, my mom will be thrilled!"

"I am, too," Tom said. "To have such a hot-ass girlfriend!" Carl smiled weakly as Tom started to drive. His ankles were killing him from dancing so much in high heels, and he couldn't wait to change out of this gown into the slightly less formal cocktail dress he had waiting at Miranda's house. He rummaged in his purse and started redoing his makeup, but snapped it shut when he realized Tom had taken a wrong turn.

"I thought we were going to the after-party?" Carl asked anxiously.

"We are, babe," Tom grinned. "I thought we could have a little after-party of our own. You're going to love this, just wait."

"Okay," Carl said meekly, manicured hands clasped daintily in his lap. His thoughts were racing a mile a minute! 'After-party of our own?' Carl busied himself checking his makeup in the car mirror in order to disguise his distress. He had been sure he would be able to slip away at Miranda's big party before his date got too out of hand, but now?

"Here we are," Tom announced, pulling them into the parking lot of an expensive luxury hotel. "Surprise, babe."

"Tom, you d-didn't have to..." Carl stammered, trailing off. "Isn't it really expensive?" he squeaked.

"You'll just have to owe me," Tom said slyly, leaning over to give his date a lingering kiss. Carl's long lashes fluttered closed as he submitted to Tom's fierce kiss, parting his pouty lips to allow his roaming tongue inside. As they broke apart, he felt sick to his stomach knowing that that kiss was only a taste of what was to come! Tom came around and opened the door for him, so, trembling with nerves, Carl gracefully slid out of the car and accepted his date's muscled arm.

His heart was beating frantically as he did his best to manage both his sky-high stilettos and the thigh-high slit of his dress, perfectly designed to give an enticing peek of tanned, sexy leg with every mincing step. He was well aware, as Tom slid his arm around his delicate waist, that his date was taking full advantage of the angle to look down into his gorgeous cleavage. Flushing, Carl let himself be escorted into the lobby, where a leering bellboy held the door for him eagerly. Instead of being angry, Tom got a big smirk on his face and he seemed to walk deliberately slower, showing off the sexy little trophy on his arm for anyone who cared to look.



Carl blushed as the noisy clicking of his stilettos, tinkling of his jewelry, and seductive sway of his hips drew looks from a bunch of businessmen in the corner of the lobby. He found himself instinctively clutching Tom's arm tighter and moving closer to him for protection from the lustful looks, but Tom took it as a display of interest and responded by slyly caressing Carl's bare thigh through the slit of his dress! Carl shivered involuntarily at his touch.

"We have a reservation," Tom said proudly to the man at the front desk. "Mr. and Mrs. Smith." He winked teasingly at his hot date, clearly proud of his little joke, and Carl smiled back helplessly. The man glanced at Carl's breasts with a lecherous grin, then gave Tom a small nod of approval. A sexy young blonde dressed to the nines for Prom, and her boyfriend wearing a tux, it was more than obvious where the two young lovebirds were heading, and for what purpose! Terrified, Carl let himself be guided to the elevator, mind still racing to find some kind of excuse.

As soon as the doors slid closed, Tom was all over him, cupping his face and kissing him passionately while his free hand roved down to grope at Carl's bountiful breasts. Blushing, but completely unable to stop his aggressive date, Carl submissively let himself be held and caressed by the much stronger Tom as he drank kiss after kiss from Carl's sweet pink lips. It was only as Tom began peeling away the bodice of his dress for better access to his rack that Carl tried to stop him.

"Tom, please, what if somebody sees us?" Carl whimpered.

"That's why it's fun," Tom grinned, breathing hard with his face warm, obviously aroused by Carl's sexy, feminine appearance and the feel of his soft curves against his body. Not to be dissuaded, he began kneading Carl's left nipple.

"Oh! Oh, Tom, not here!" Carl begged, half-moaning as he felt electricity tingle all through his body. Why did these damn boobs of his have to be so, so sensitive? He did his best to pull away from Tom's groping hands. "Please," Carl whispered. "I'll, I'll make it fun for you later?" He fluttered his eyelashes flirtatiously in a way he knew most boys couldn't resist.

"You'd better," Tom grinned, giving Carl's ass a slight squeeze as the hapless feminized boy did his best to straighten his dress and return both breasts to their former position. Carl squeaked in surprise at the aggressive gesture. Tom was definitely very horny! Carl looked down at his cleavage in abject shame as he thought of how he once would have loved to be alone in an elevator with a hot little number like 'Candi,' but now he had been completely primped, plucked, and prettified to be the sexy date of a real boy, and judging by the stirring in Tom's pants, he was more than hot enough to get a guy fully aroused in only minutes! He gulped nervously as the doors slid open.

Tom put out his arm again, and Carl took it as they walked down the hall to the suite Tom had somehow managed to book. As anxious as he was, Carl had

to be impressed by the size of the hotel room, and by the champagne waiting in an ice bucket on the dresser. He couldn't help but think, distantly, that if really had been a chick, his panties would be practically falling off... Carl flushed immediately at the thought. Tom wasted no time pouring his date a glass of champagne and leading 'her' over to the king-sized bed. Carl looked down at the bubbly in his long pink nails, utterly petrified. How was he going to get out of this? He shivered as Tom pulled him onto a very excited lap and began gently kissing his slender neck.

"Candi, you look so beautiful, so sexy," Tom said huskily. "You're getting me so turned on, babe. My buddies were so jealous when I told them I was taking the hottest chick in our grade. They can jack off with your Miss Boardwalk photos, but I get the real thing, right, babe?" Carl tried his best to sip his drink while Tom's hands roamed over his body, keeping his legs tightly crossed. Tom played with his long blonde hair and inhaled his perfume. It was obvious drinking champagne was the last thing on his mind!

Carl sat helplessly as Tom began peeling his dress off, toying with the zipper and then finally undoing it and sliding it off, leaving him in nothing but lacy lingerie and heels. The look of total lust in Tom's eyes as Carl stood, breasts quivering in their lacy cups, sexy curves totally exposed, made Carl feel completely vulnerable and ashamed all at once.

"Just let me freshen up," Carl pleaded, tugging his small hand free from Tom's grasp. "Please?"

"You're such a little tease," Tom groaned, but he definitely enjoyed the view as Carl minced back to the bathroom in nothing more than sexy, skimpy lingerie and stiletto pumps, barely-concealed buttocks wiggling seductively from side to side and breasts bouncing with every dainty step, blonde hair bouncing down his bare back and jewelry tinkling melodically. It was enough to get any red-blooded guy extremely aroused, and Tom was nothing if not that!

Carl hurried into the bathroom with his purse and shut the door, all but hyperventilating as his perfect breasts bobbed up and down in their lacy cups. If Tom's hands had wandered too much further... He knew the gaff gave him a totally smooth feminine profile, but he did not have the plumbing Tom was expecting to find under his silky panties. Carl sighed anxiously as he rummaged through his purse. He was sure that Miranda or Aunt Kat or his mom would pick him up immediately... Except for one problem.

His phone was not in his purse! Heart thumping, Carl dumped out the contents of his purse on the bathroom tiles and searched furiously for his little pink cellular phone, but it was definitely absent. Feeling completely lost, Carl buried his face in his manicured hands. What was he going to do? He couldn't run away wearing lingerie and nothing else, and once he was down into the lobby, he didn't even have money to pay for a taxi cab! And if he did somehow convince Tom that he wanted to leave, what kind of rumors would he start? Carl

remembered what Miranda had said, about how everybody did it at Prom – about how important it was for him to have a steady boyfriend. How if he didn't do things for Tom, people would start thinking he was frigid, or maybe a lesbian, or even worse, people would begin to get suspicious about how shy Candi was while changing for gym class, and how she avoided or gave vague answers about her girlhood experiences, how she was strangely unaccustomed to dealing with attention from boys...

Carl knew that if anything was worse than masquerading as a girl, it would be exposure of the fact that he was actually a boy! As Carl searched desperately for his cellular phone one last time, he came across something among his makeup and tampons that he certainly had not put in. Carl held it up between two long clawed pink nails and his pretty blue eyes went wide. Why would have Aunt Kat and his mom put a tube of lubricating jelly in his purse, unless... Carl swallowed, terrified, immediately thinking back to when she had insisted he get a Brazilian wax at the salon, and the way his new gaff was cut for 'minimal discomfort'!

"Candi?" Tom called. "Babe, what's wrong?"

"Nothing!" Carl called back tremulously. "I, um, I can't find my lip gloss!"

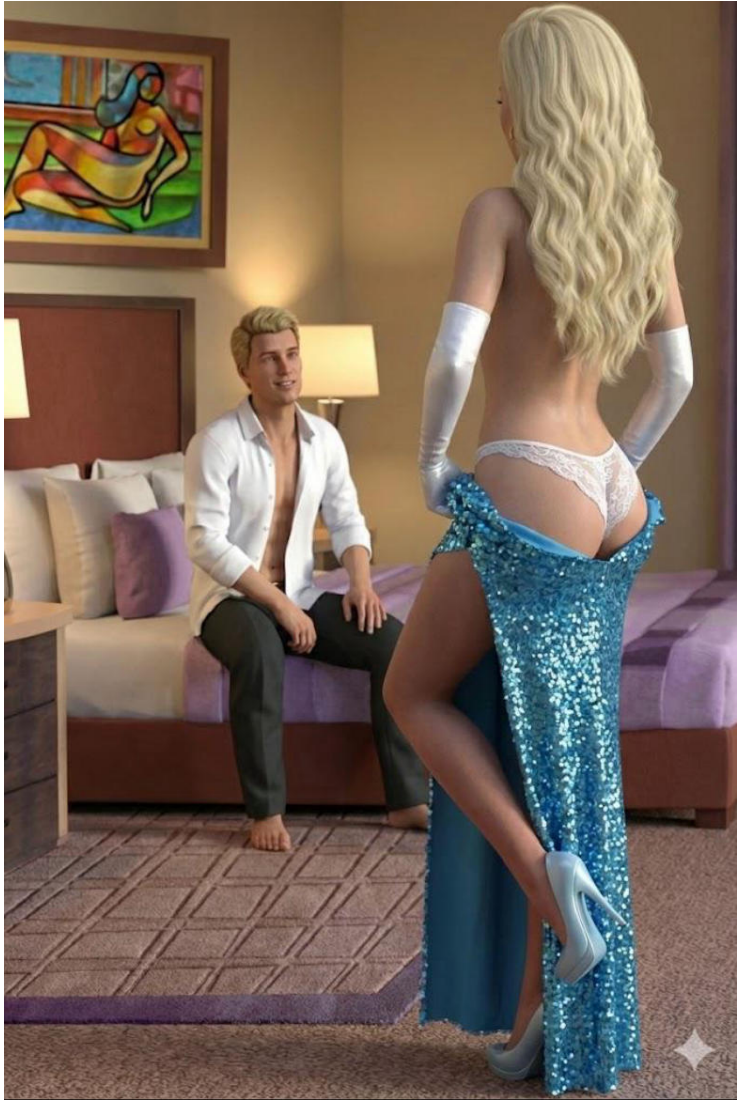
"Babe, you look fine," Tom sighed. "Don't be silly, Candi. Jeez, you're such a blonde sometimes."

"I'm coming," Carl squeaked. He stared at his reflection in the mirror. His wide blue eyes, framed by gorgeous dark lashes, had a look of unmistakable fear, but he was still completely beautiful: his cute button nose, delicate bone structure, pouty pink collagen-plumped lips, a cascade of bleached blonde hair, chandelier earrings that sparkled with every slight turn of his slender neck... He searched desperately for some trace of his old self, of Carl, but saw only 'Candi'. If he was going to follow through with this, he had to forget about Carl and just be Candi, a pretty young blonde and adoring girlfriend. Fighting back tears, Carl sniffed, adjusted his cleavage, and took a deep steadying breath, then slowly undid the clasps of his bra and exited the bathroom.

Tom had been lying back on the bed wearing just his boxer shorts, clearly frustrated, but he snapped to attention immediately at the vision of sultry femininity mincing out of the bathroom on sexy stiletto heels. He drank in the sight with lustful glee: from Carl's dainty feet encased in their pumps, up his trim ankles, slender calves, and shapely thighs, to the teasing scrap of fabric barely covering his rounded hips and perfectly-shaped behind. That was followed by his tiny waist and flat, taut stomach, and then the two gorgeous, rounded, firm D-cup globes on his chest, completely bared to the world, pink nipples standing out proudly. Carl sashayed towards the bed, carefully exaggerating the sexy sway of his hips, placing one foot directly in front of the other as if he were on the runway, breasts jiggling alluringly with every tiny step. His face burned as he came to a stop in front of the bed, where Tom was now fully aroused.

“Wow, Candi,” he groaned. “I have got to be the luckiest guy on the planet.”

In that instant, Carl definitely felt that he, however, was the unluckiest! Still blushing, Carl sank gracefully to his knees like an obedient girlfriend and freed the monster from Tom’s pants. He had never seen his date’s member so thick and so hard! Swallowing his tears, Carl began to kiss it and suck on it, leaving smears of pink lip gloss on his boyfriend’s shaft, remembering the advice he had so recently given out. He was



still hoping against hope that if he managed to give Tom the best blowjob of his life, that would be enough, but before he could even finish the thought Tom gently tipped his chin upwards.

“You know what I want, babe,” Tom said in a low voice, clearly more turned on that he had ever been in his life. “Here.” He handed Carl a shiny foil-wrapped condom. Trembling, Carl lowered his head and began struggling to open it with his long nails, finally resorting to tearing it with his teeth. Looking up at his date from under his fluttering lashes, Carl began slowly rolling the condom onto Tom’s erect manhood.

“You’re so big,” he squeaked, terrified of what was going to transpire next.

"Thanks," Tom grinned. He leaned down and kissed Carl full on the mouth, groping his breasts with both hands. Carl let out a small girlish moan at the sensation. Then Tom's hands began wandering down his hips, and he knew that it was the moment of truth. Trembling with fear and humiliation, Carl laid his delicate, moisturized hand onto Tom's.

"Tom?" he asked breathily. "Could you... Um..."

"What is it, babe?" Tom asked huskily. Carl felt his stomach roll over.

"Can you put in my butt, please?" Carl asked in almost a whisper. Tom's face lit up like he had just won the lottery on Christmas morning. Not only was he getting it in with the hottest girl he'd ever met, but his innocent little girlfriend had a secretly slutty side, and wanted it up the ass! He practically threw Carl down onto the bed in his eagerness, tearing off his lacy little panties with one hand before Carl could even second guess himself. Tom kissed his neck, cupping his breasts, then moved his way down Carl's slender body so he was cupping his bare buttocks. Carl shivered at his touch.

"I... I have some lube," he said miserably. "Oh, please be gentle, Tom!"

"Don't worry, babe," Tom growled in his ear. "This is going to be so great for both of us, I promise." He took the little tube of lubricant and spread the firm globes of Carl's butt-cheeks, exposing the small puckered orifice waxed baby-smooth, just for his use, and began applying it. The cold made Carl gasp in surprise. Tom teased him with his finger to test it out and found the entry was nice and tight. Carl squealed at his probing finger and Tom chuckled in delight.

"Just go really slow, okay?" Carl pleaded, screwing back his tears. He couldn't believe this was about to happen! He was about to lose his virginity to another boy! Don't think about it, he told himself desperately. Remember, you're Candi, and you want to make your date happy... All thoughts were driven from his mind as Tom entered him. He gasped at the sensation, feeling like he was being split nearly in two.

"There's the tip," Tom grunted. "Are you ready for the rest of it?" Carl began shaking his head, ready to plead for him to stop, but before he could open his mouth Tom shoved all the way in. Carl squealed in pain, tears welling up in his eyes, but Tom was far too caught up to notice. He began to pump away in a steady rhythm, making Carl gasp aloud with every thrust. He closed his eyes as tightly as possible, lips pursed in a small pink 'O' of consternation as his date had his way with him completely, ravaging him, hands kneading his buttocks as he moved in and out. Carl hoped silently that Tom was over-excited and would finish immediately, but he was to have no such luck!

"Oh, babe, this is so good," Tom groaned. "Oh, yeah. Oh, yeah, you're my little slut, Candi. Tell me. Tell me you're my bad little girl."

"I'm your bad little girl," Carl squeaked. "I'm your, your little slut..." His last word became a gasp as Tom thrust even harder. As he did, Carl suddenly felt

the pain lessen and an incredible feeling of pleasure go through his entire body. He let slip a moan of intense ecstasy as Tom thrust deep inside him once more, sending waves of delight through him. How could this be happening? He was being fucked like a girl, and somehow, it felt...

"Oh, my gosh!" Carl gasped. "Oh, Tom! Oh! Oh!" He was barely aware of what he was saying as he moaned and wriggled, moving backward with the motion of Tom's member, intent only on prolonging the sensation in his bottom. Tom moved so he could cup Carl's pendulous breasts from behind, massaging them expertly with his thumbs, and Carl turned to look over his shoulder, pretty blue eyes wide as dinner plates, moist pink lips parted in ecstasy, blonde hair in a sweaty, sexy mess around his beautiful face. That did it, because a moment later, he felt a shudder go all through his boyfriend's body as Tom finished.

"That was amazing, babe," Tom groaned. "Candi, that was the best I've ever had. You were so, so hot, babe." Carl's lips trembled as he said nothing, still shocked by what had just transpired as Tom wrapped his strong arms around his slender body and spooned him. He had never felt so weak and so vulnerable as he did in that moment. He had been able to rationalize the way he had sucked Jason's dick for him, and Tom's – he had had no other choice to maintain this crazy feminine charade – but he had hated every second of it! This, however... He blushed furiously as he remembered how Tom had made him moan as he entered him. How could he go back to being a boy knowing that he had let himself be used just like a girl? And worse, that he had liked it?



Tom seemed slightly drowsy from their antics, but after a half-hour of cuddling, he admitted that it was time to get going to the after-party. Carl minced his way back into the bathroom, walking stiffly, and repaired the damage to his hair and makeup before inspecting his bottom. Tom had definitely done a number on him, but he didn't seem to be bleeding or anything, just extremely sore.

Still not quite believing what had just transpired, and trying not to think of how he had moaned and gasped for Tom's erect member in his bottom, he quickly got back into his lingerie and dress. It would be obvious for anyone who looked what had transpired in the bedroom – Carl's hair was still mussed, his cheeks flushed, and he couldn't walk without a slight wobble – but Carl did his best to ignore the stares as his boyfriend escorted him back through the lobby to his waiting car. Even with Tom supporting him, he felt incredibly tender and had to bite his lip and fight back tears as he got into the passenger seat.

"After we put in an appearance, what do you say we head back for round two?" Tom asked, wriggling his eyebrows suggestively. "I have it for the whole night, sexy." He leaned across and kissed Carl firmly on the lips. Carl could

only smile weakly in answer. Most of him was disgusted by the very idea, but a tiny little part of him was remembering how good it had felt...

The after-party was at Miranda's house, and Carl could see from the limo pulled up on the driveway that all of the most popular kids had already arrived. Tom opened the passenger door and escorted his date up to the front door with an extra bit of swagger in his step, obviously still feeling the after-glow of sex with a gorgeous girl. Carl, for his part, was doing his best to walk normally. Miranda opened the door with a wide grin and ushered them both in.

"I wonder where you two were!" she shouted over the music.

"We had a little after-party of our own to attend," Tom joked, wrapping his arm around Carl's delicate waist and pulling him close for another kiss. "I'll get us some drinks, gorgeous." He departed for the living room, where his buddies were already waiting to high-five him, and Carl blushed at Miranda's knowing smirk.

"Well, let's get you changed," she giggled. "I have your cocktail dress upstairs. Judging by that grin on Tom's face, everything went smoothly! Come on, you can tell me all about it!" She took Carl by the wrist and led him up to her bedroom, where the garment bag with his salmon pink cocktail dress was waiting. Several of the other cheerleaders followed as well, giggling madly as they helped Carl remove his Prom dress, remarking on his mussed up hair and late arrival.

"So, how was he?"

"Was he as big as everyone says?"

"Was he rough? Did you, like, orgasm?"

"I don't know what you're talking about!" Carl protested, blushing furiously as he stepped out of his designer gown. "There was just, um, traffic?"

"Get real, Candi," Miranda laughed. "Come on, tell us. Where does he rate? Best ever? Below average?" Carl's cheeks burned with embarrassment as he remembered the feeling of Tom's manhood penetrating him from behind. Miranda clapped a hand to her mouth. "Oh, my god," she exclaimed. "I forgot. Candi, that was your first time, wasn't it?" A chorus of oohs and aahs came from the other cheerleaders immediately, all demanding confirmation, and Carl, blushing now from head to toe, nodded his pretty blonde head.

"Losing it on Prom night, that's sooo romantic!" one of his fellow cheerleaders sighed. "And to such a hunk, too! I hope he was nice and gentle to you."

"I can't believe you're a virgin!" another exclaimed. "Or, I mean, were a virgin!" She giggled. "You certainly don't dress like it!"

"Don't worry, Candi, it only hurts the first time," another advised wisely. "And after that, it's amazing!"

"Y-you don't think Tom's going to tell everyone, do you?" Carl stammered, cheeks still very warm. Miranda rolled her eyes.

"Come on, girly, you know how boys are," she laughed. "He's probably telling all his friends about it in detail right now. And from his side of it, you probably orgasmed like, twenty times. Now come on, let's get you into this cute little number so Tom can show you off again..." Still feeling numb with embarrassment, Carl quickly changed into the short, sexy pink dress and let Miranda help him re-do his makeup once more. The other cheerleaders all chattered happily about their own experiences and congratulated him on losing his virginity to such a stud, and with Miranda doing his lips, all Carl could do was blush and nod his head. When he finally rejoined the party, Tom was waiting with drinks.

"You look just as sexy in pink," he said, handing Carl a cup. "I've got to be the luckiest guy in the universe."

"Thanks," Carl said, blushing as he accepted the drink. He looked over, and noticed all of Tom's basketball team-mates staring at him with looks of undisguised lust. "Um, what were you talking about with your friends?" Carl squeaked. Tom grinned sheepishly.

"Oh, nothing," he said, rubbing the back of his neck. "You know, the basketball season. Sports. Guy stuff. Nothing that would be interesting to my hot little blondie." Carl blushed. Stuffed into a tight dress, mincing about on high heels, and sore from the length of Tom's manhood... He had certainly come a very long way from 'guy' stuff, that was for certain!



Carl was utterly exhausted by the time Tom drove him home. He'd managed to dissuade his horny boyfriend from taking him back to the hotel, using the excuse that his mother simply wouldn't allow it, and Tom did seem happy enough with the blowjob Carl gave him to finish off the night. Poor Carl was still fixing his lip gloss as he walked inside, only to find that his mother and aunt had both stayed up and were now expecting to hear every detail!

"That sounds very nice, dear," his mother said, waving her hand dismissively as Carl hastily recounted the dance and skipped immediately to the party at Miranda's house. "But what about you and Tom?"

"Me and Tom?" Carl echoed weakly. His aunt and mother exchanged sly glances.

"Come on, sweetie, you don't have to play coy," Aunt Kat laughed. "We're all women here – or, at least I think we all are now! I remember that I had quite a magical Prom night. I think your mother would say the same, and with that ingenious little gaffe of yours..."

"Absolutely!" Carl's mom smiled. "So come on, dear, spill! Was tonight the big night?" Carl could hardly believe his ears. All of the day's stress, confusion, and embarrassment had been building up, and now he felt just about ready to explode.

"Of course it was!" Carl shouted. "You saw to that, so it's not like I even had a choice!" He burst into tears, burying his face in his manicured hands as his aunt and mother exchanged shocked looks.

"Sweetie, whatever do you mean?" Aunt Kat asked gently. "We weren't sure if you were ready or not, but we certainly didn't want to pressure you, Candi!"

"Well, you got me that Brazilian wax, and put the lube in my purse, and I lost my phone so I couldn't call anybody..." Carl trailed off, sobbing gently. He had never felt so confused in his life. He had given up his 'virginity' to a guy, and was fighting the way it had made him feel inside.

"Oh, no!" Carl's mom gasped. She hurried to the other room and came back with her purse, rummaging inside. It didn't take long for her to pull out Carl's pink cellular telephone out with a grieved expression. "Oh, Candi," she sighed. "When I was dropping you off, you must have grabbed my purse by mistake!"

"Those matching mother-daughter purses sure seem like a bad idea now," Aunt Kat said. "Candi, I am so, so sorry! You mean he forced himself on you? Before you were comfortable with it?"

"Well, n-no," Carl stammered through his tears, trying to explain. "I mean, I asked him to... I mean... Oh, I don't know!"

"I'm sorry, dear," his mom said, putting a comforting arm around his slender shoulders. "I hope he wasn't too, well, too rough with you." Carl squeezed his cheeks together automatically, blushing. "Did it at least feel nice at all?" she asked hopefully. "After a little while?"

"Yes," Carl admitted in a tiny voice. "It felt... I guess... Yes." He sniffed, wiping his tears with the heel of his hand to avoid his long, sharp nails. "So you mean the lube...?" It was his mother's turn to blush slightly as Aunt Kat laughed.

"I'm not quite as young as I used to be," she admitted. "Everyone needs a little bit of help once in a while! But I'm glad you got some use out of it, Candi. Tom is a very loving, passionate boyfriend, and I really think you two will be happy together for some time!"

"And what a stud, too," Aunt Kat added with a laugh.

"I'm so proud of you, dear," Carl's mom said, pulling him close. "I just can't believe my daughter is a woman already!" Carl squeezed his eyes shut, tears still falling down his face. A woman 'already.' Is that what he had done? Had he sacrificed his manhood for good? How was he going to go back to being a guy when the memory of Tom inside of him would always be in the back of his mind?

## JUNE

Despite his fears, the trauma of Prom night eventually lessened. Tom, content with his conquest, hadn't been particularly frisky as of late, and Carl had managed to plead off with homework, headaches, and a period to avoid an encore performance so far. However, as school entered its final stretch and May rolled into June, it had become common knowledge that Candi Wethers, Prom queen, head cheerleader, and most popular girl in school, also happened to like it when Tom used the "back door." This just added a new twist to the fantasies of most guys in their class. At this point, Carl hardly cared if he had a reputation as a bit of a butt slut – his birthday was only days away, and soon enough all of this would be over and done with like some long, terrible dream.

It was almost surreal to think about, as he went through his daily routines. Shampooing his long blonde hair, shaving his legs, using his creams and lotions, dressing from the skin out in expensive lingerie, designer tops and short skirts, high heeled sandals and stiletto pumps and preparing his purse for school. Fixing his makeup in the girls' washroom, giggling and gossiping with the other cheerleaders, cuddling with Tom between classes. Not to mention being cajoled by Tom into reluctant kisses, handjobs, and, lately, plenty of blowjobs in the back of his Jaguar on their dates. His feminine life had become so customary that half the time he forgot he was a boy at all, and only thought of himself as 'Candi,' the cute blonde co-ed and Toms' girlfriend. But in a matter of days, he would finally be able to put it all behind him for good! He was already pondering how much inheritance he could dedicate to some heavy counseling sessions with a trained profes-



sional. Speaking of which, like all the graduating seniors, he had to meet with Mrs. Buller to discuss “options for the future.”

As he made his way to her office after class on Friday, he reflected ruefully that they hadn't really gotten anywhere with her therapy sessions. Mr. Buller had agreed to put a stop to them after the events surrounding Amber's expulsion, and 'Candi' was going to this little meeting dressed as provocatively as ever. As he entered the office he tugged at the hem of his short hemline to no avail.

“Hello, Candi,” Mrs. Buller said, removing her glasses. “Please, come and sit down. We're going to have a little chat about your options, okay?”

“Uh-huh,” Carl said, sliding gracefully into the seat across from her desk. “About, like, college, right? I was thinking about it, and I really don't...”

“I have your grades right here,” Mrs. Buller said, holding up a stack of papers. “Your marks are very good, Candi. Well, surprisingly good, really. I don't want to make any assumptions about, er, preferential treatment...”

“My teachers all like me,” Carl admitted, blushing. “But I study lots, I swear!”

He decided not to mention that Mrs. Buller's husband, the principal, had been adjusting all his grades in exchange for silence on the matter of an extremely compromising nature, that had involved Carl being all but ravished on top of his desk.

“Yes, and that seems to have helped,” Mrs. Buller said, ignoring the second part entirely. “Your grades are good enough to get into several very respectable colleges, Candi. Have you thought about where you might



want to go?" Carl took a deep breath, unconsciously playing with a strand of blonde hair.

"Well, um, I don't think I want to go to college," he said. "I mean, I don't really think I have to worry about getting a high-paying job..." He trailed off, thinking of the quarter million dollars soon to be all his. Mrs. Buller sighed and rubbed her forehead.

"Candi, believe it or not, I have met an awful lot of girls like you during my years here," she said.

"Not exactly like me," Carl interjected, crossing his legs even tighter.

"Yes, Candi, exactly like you," Mrs. Buller went on. "Pretty, naïve girls who are used to things being given to them on a silver platter, who have figured out how to get what they want by using their bodies, and assume that they will be able to marry a rich husband and live a life of luxury."

"That's not what I mean!" Carl protested, blushing, but the counselor held up her hand for silence.

"And yes, it may be true," she said. "But don't you want more from life than being some wealthy executive's little Barbie doll? Your grades aren't amazing, Candi, but you certainly don't match up to the 'bimbo' image you so carefully cultivate with your slutty way of dressing and airheaded, flirtatious behavior. You could do better than being a trophy wife, don't you see?"

"Airheaded?" Carl squeaked angrily. "And I don't dress slutty, I just... I... I dress *flirty!* It's totally different, I was reading in Cosmo that..." He trailed off, blushing furiously. Mrs. Buller thought he was skipping out on college so he could get married to some wealthy, handsome business-man who would be sure to take care of him.

"Maybe I was a little strong in my wording," Mrs. Buller acquiesced. "But my point stands, Candi. You can go to college, and maybe even do something with your life!"

"I'm not going to college," Carl said firmly, internally adding, 'At least not with breast implants!'

"Alright," Mrs. Buller sighed. "Well, then, until your Prince Charming comes along, would you like to discuss job opportunities? It's a bit of a tough market at the moment, but as an attractive young woman, I'll admit you do have plenty of options."

"I do?" Carl asked, confused.

"Nothing terribly dignified, of course, but I guess that's your prerogative," Mrs. Buller shrugged. "With your pretty face and willowy figure, you could easily be a cocktail waitress. I suppose you might even find that sort of glamorous, mincing about in stilettos and revealing costumes, serving drinks and flirting with wealthy, successful men, and it would certainly be one way to meet your

future husband! I know you've also had some success with modeling, so that could be the way to go, if you want to spend all your time tanning, dieting and posing for the camera in skimpy bikinis – or even less! And of course, I'm sure you've already been considering, er, dancing."

"Dancing?" Carl echoed. "I'm not very good at... Oh!" He blushed as he realized what she meant. Worse, he was sure she was quite right! He could probably make terrific money as a stripper, with his D-cup breasts and killer body. The mental image of himself cavorting and wriggling around a pole, smiling teasingly at a bunch of horny young men and allowing the cuter ones private lap-dances, brought a warmth to his cheeks. Mrs. Buller's idea of his 'future' was as a sexy, feminine plaything for men to lust after and grope in a strip club. As if! He would rather die than become a stripper!

"If that's what you want to do, I obviously can't stop you," the counselor sighed. "Whatever happens, I wish you the best of luck. You would, of course, have to wait until you turn eighteen for that sort of work."

"Tomorrow," Carl blurted despite himself. "It's my birthday tomorrow!"

"Well, happy birthday," Mrs. Buller said sadly, clearly feeling as though yet another young woman was going astray despite her best efforts. "And best of luck in life, Candi!"

"Um, thanks," Carl murmured. Don't worry, he thought privately. Life was about to get a whole lot better! He exited the office and dialed his mother's number on his little pink cellular phone, so she could come and pick him up. His mom's voice sounded oddly excited, and Carl could guess that her latest date with Jacques the photographer had gone very well, indeed.

Carl felt slightly dazed as he walked out of the high school's front doors for what he was sure was the last time. Once he had the inheritance money, his first order of business was seeing Dr. Nevsky, and he certainly wasn't going to bother finishing out the school year or his exams, not when 'Candi' would soon cease to exist! He had done it. He had survived the whole year as a busty blonde, and with the exception of one girl all but committed to a mental institute, not a single person had found out a thing – not even his boyfriend!

He felt an immense sense of freedom as stepped out into the sunshine, blonde hair gleaming, jewelry shimmering, frosted pink nails shining in the sunlight. He clicked his way to the front of the school on his stiletto sandals, feeling his short skirt brushing his smooth thighs and his breasts bobbing slightly in the comforting constriction of his bra, his long hair tickling his bare shoulders, his ears weighted by earrings and his eyelashes by mascara... He had become so perfectly accustomed to being 'Candi' that it all felt almost natural, but starting tomorrow, no matter how his Aunt and mother might try to spin things, he was back to Carl – permanently! Breathing a deep, happy sigh, Carl wiggled his fingers in a cute little wave as his mother pulled into the parking lot.

"How was your little meeting, dear?" she asked, as Carl slipped inside.

"Fine," Carl said evasively, not elaborating on the fact that Mrs. Buller seemed to think he was destined to be a stripper. "I can't wait for tomorrow!"

"I can't believe you're turning eighteen already," his mother sighed happily. "Your first boyfriend, your first Prom, your first... well... time..." Carl blushed furiously. "You're just growing up so fast, Candi," she continued. "I'm so proud to have you as a daughter!"

"And as a son?" Carl asked sharply. "What about then?" His mother looked slightly taken aback.

"Well, of course I had always wanted a daughter, but I loved you just as much back when you were, you know, all... boyish," she said evasively. Carl couldn't help but give a disbelieving sniff. His mom obviously had wanted a daughter all along, and now that she had one, the fact that Carl was going back to Maine as a guy probably was about the last thing she would want to hear.

He shook his head slightly as he looked out the window. He definitely needed a break from his mom, that was for sure, and maybe after a little space and time she would be able to reconcile with the fact that this year had been one crazy aberration, and Carl was absolutely not her daughter. Heck, maybe she could adopt some little orphan girl or something...

"Um, mom, aren't we going home?" Carl asked, puzzled as she turned off the proper road, heading instead towards the board-walk.

"Surprise!" his mom all but shrieked. "Happy birthday, dear. Your aunt and I were talking to Miranda the other day while you were getting dressed, and we all agreed that you deserved a big surprise party with all of your friends from school. Tom was in on it, too, of course – he got you two reservations at quite an expensive restaurant for tonight!"

Carl couldn't help but groan. Of course Miranda would be behind all this... But maybe he at least owed her that much, seeing her one final time, for all the help (not all of it very helpful!) she'd given him throughout the year. And, though he hated to admit it, he would kind of miss his cheerleader friends, as well. Well, he had gone for an entire year as 'Candi', he supposed he could handle one last day!

"But I don't have my bathing suit!" Carl offered, as one last protest. His mother only smiled and handed him a small bag with a skimpy silver bikini inside.

"Recognize that cute little two-piece?" she beamed. "It's the same one you wore to win the Miss Boardwalk Beauty contest!"

"How could I forget," Carl said weakly, holding up the revealing swim-suit between two fingers. Well, at least this time around, his dad wasn't going to be watching!



Once he had wriggled his way into his flimsy silver bikini, Carl joined the beach party, which was in full swing with a big banner saying “Happy Eighteenth, Candi!” in sparkly pink letters, a cake (low-fat icing, Aunt Kat assured him), and several coolers full of food and soft drinks. Tom was there to greet him with a big kiss, of course, and Miranda ran up to hug him immediately afterward, pushing their boobs together in a way that made Carl’s nipples tingle longingly. All of the other cheerleaders and their boyfriends were there too, naturally, and they all hugged him and congratulated him on his big day. Carl did his best to smile graciously and thank them, even though several of the guys lingered just a bit too long with their hugs!

The volleyball net was set up, and of course everybody insisted that the “birthday girl” play at least one game. The teams were boys against girls, and, much to Carl’s embarrassment, he found that he was about the worst player on the girls’ team! His boobs were constantly in the way, just like last time, and his coordination certainly hadn’t improved any, either. All the boys took great delight in teasing him when he squealed and ducked away from a flying serve that he had been certain was going to hit him right in his face. Tom’s team won easily, and he extracted his ‘winnings’ in the form of a nice long kiss from his ‘Candi’s’ pouty pink lips.

“You two are just so perfect together,” Miranda sighed, leaning her head against her latest boyfriend’s shoulder. “Aren’t they adorable together? I could even see them getting married!” Carl blushed brilliantly and all the cheerleaders tittered at the possibility, insisting they be given the honor of being his bridesmaids, just in case it happened. Tom seemed to take it as his cue to take Carl by the hand and lead him off down the beach a little ways, for some ‘privacy’.

“Do you remember the first day we met?” Tom grinned, wrapping his arm even more tightly around his girlfriend’s delicate waist. “Right over there on the boardwalk.”

“I remember,” Carl said, cheeks going pink at the memory. He had been ‘Candi’ for only a week’s time, receiving a crash course in femininity under Aunt Kat’s tutelage as she unfolded her plan to disguise him as a girl, sporting a cute blonde pixie cut and relying on a shaper and padded bras to give him a feminine figure. He’d still been in the process of mastering stilettos, and utterly terrified of being recognized as a boy in a skirt. Now, however, with his bombshell curves and sinuous feminine grace, he knew there was no longer even a remote chance of that happening!

“You caught one of your silly high heels in the slats of the boardwalk,” Tom chuckled fondly. “And I managed to catch you as you fell.” He stopped walking

and cradled Carl in his strong arms, looking him deep in the eyes. "But I was the one falling for you, babe. Happy birthday, Candi." He reached into the pocket of his trunks and pulled out a small velvet case. Carl pried it open with a hesitant smile, struggling to open the case with his long manicured nails. Inside was an expensive diamond necklace!

"Oh, Tom, it's gorgeous!" Carl squeaked, submissively looping his arms around his boyfriend's neck in an extremely feminine gesture. Tom grinned, and kissed him on the lips gently but firmly.

"Good," he said. "You can wear it when we go out tonight. What do you say we ditch the party a little early? We'll swing by your place, you can throw on a dress, and then we go out to dinner?" Carl swallowed. The last thing on his list of 'great birthday ideas' was getting all dolled up for a date with a horny teen-aged guy! Couldn't he just have a little time to himself?

"Without even saying goodbye to everyone?" Carl asked tremulously, as Tom lifted the blonde hair away from his neck to start nibbling at him.

"You'll see them all in school on Monday, babe," Tom said casually. "Besides, they're having fun. Come on, let's go!" He took Carl's small hand in his and tugged him towards the parking lot where his car was waiting. Carl sighed. He supposed he could deal with one final date.



Tom drove them back to the house so Carl could get changed into something a little bit more formal, although his boyfriend assured him he would take him out in his bikini if the restaurant would allow it, and invited himself into Carl's pink and purple room while his girlfriend showered. Carl took extra care to lock the bathroom door behind him. It wouldn't do for Tom to sneak in for some mischief and see what 'Candi' was packing between her legs! Although at this point, Carl thought ruefully, there wasn't much to see...at least, not until he got off these damn female hormones.

Carl stripped down and stepped into the shower, carefully washing his long blonde hair. With his soft skin and feminine curves, not to mention the melons on his chest, his manhood looked hopelessly out of place dangling between his smooth thighs. He tried to avoid even looking at it as he dried himself off and began doing his hair, instead reflecting on his last birthday, when he'd turned seventeen. It could not have been more different! If he remembered it right, he and his buddies had all gotten drunk at Brad's house, thanks to some booze courtesy of Jason, who had a fake ID. He'd called up a chick afterwards to try and get a little birthday action, but she'd been able to tell he was inebriated. Now, here he was getting all dolled up for his boyfriend!

“Oh, shoot,” Carl muttered. He’d forgotten to bring his dress into the bathroom with him, which meant going back into his room, and right in front of Tom, wearing nothing but lingerie! Well, it was nothing he hadn’t already seen, Carl thought, blushing. He made sure his gaffe was extra secure, then pulled his panties up, threaded his arms through the straps of his bra and did up the clasps with ease, and came out of the bathroom. Tom greeted him with a wolf-whistle.

“You look even sexier in real life,” Tom grinned, setting down the photo he had been looking at. It was from the summer, when Carl had been crowned Miss Boardwalk Beauty in the big bikini pageant.

“Oh, that,” Carl said, blushing. “My mom framed it, I told her not to...”

“Where are all the pictures from when you were younger?” Tom asked. “I don’t see any around.”

“I guess my mom forgot to pack any,” Carl lied quickly. “You know, in the rush, I guess? I’ll be ready in a minute, just let me get my dress...” As Carl minced over to his closet, however, Tom wrapped his arms around his waist from behind and playfully tossed him down onto the bed. Carl squirmed, but he was totally helpless as Tom began kissing his way down Carl’s toned stomach.

“Um, Tom? What are you doing?” Carl squeaked, as Tom reached for the waistband of Carl’s bikini-cut lace panties. “Tom, knock it off!”

“You look so hot in your underwear,” Tom said huskily. “Come on, babe, it’s your birthday. You go down on me all the time, so...” He shrugged his shoulders.

“I’m on my period still, remember?” Carl said desperately, heart beating quickly behind the silky constriction of his bra. If Tom pulled his panties down any lower...

“Still?” Tom asked, confused. “But I thought that was last week, wasn’t it?” He started counting days on his fingers and Carl could think of only one sure-fire way to distract him.

“Can’t I go down on you instead?” he squeaked.

“Really?” Tom asked, incredulous. He grinned broadly. “I mean, I figured I could return the favor, since it’s your birthday, but if you want to...” The relieved smile on his face made it clear he had not been particularly looking forward to the ‘favor.’

“I really, really want to,” Carl lied, trying to give Tom a sexy smile even as his stomach dropped. To his relief, Tom got off of him. Carl quickly readjusted the waistband of his panties – he had never been so close to exposure, and only a day before his birthday... He shuddered to think of what a disaster it would be to caught out as a boy now, after everything that had happened.

“You’re the best girlfriend in the world,” Tom sighed happily.

"I know," Carl sighed tremulously, sliding off the bed and onto his knees. He was well-accustomed to Tom's manhood by now – his boyfriend was insatiable when it came to blowjobs – but he comforted himself with the knowledge that this was the last time, absolutely the last time, he would ever have to "please" another boy. Carl swallowed nervously, then put his lips to the tip of Tom's throbbing manhood and began to obediently suck him off.

His boyfriend made sounds of pleasure as Carl worked his way up and down the shaft with what was now a practiced skill, hoping to get him off as quickly as possible to get things over with. Carl felt a strange, fleeting sense of pride as Tom prepared to climax, but that evaporated quickly as Tom reached down and held his head.

"Swallow for me," he grunted. "Please? Come on, you've never done that before, it would be so hot, I promise you'll like it..." Carl's pretty blue eyes went wide and before he do more than make an indignant moan of protest, his mouth was flooded by Tom's seed. Carl gagged but inadvertently swallowed most of it down in one gulp, tasting the salty fluid all the way down his throat. Tears stung his eyes as Tom leaned back, spent and satisfied.

"Tom!" Carl gasped.

"Come on, babe, it wasn't that bad, was it?" Tom said, giving his 'girlfriend' the puppy-dog look. Carl swallowed his bile yet again, feeling sick. "Sorry. I'll make it up to you when you're off your period, okay? I thought you would like it!" Carl just shook his head, making his blonde hair bounce, and hurried to the bathroom to wash out his mouth.

He couldn't believe what had just happened! He felt a mixture of fury and helplessness as he looked at his pretty reflection in the mirror. A good little girlfriend, his mother had said, and now he certainly was! Steeling his resolve yet again, Carl calmed himself down as he did his makeup and got into his dress, reluctantly asking Tom to zip him up.

"Do you forgive me?" Tom asked, kissing the back of his neck.

"Let's just go to dinner, please," Carl protested, trying to pull away. Tom held him easily and planted another kiss on his cheek.

"Come on," he said. "I'm not letting go until you forgive me..." He began massaging Carl's sensitive breasts through the flimsy material of the dress, and Carl let out an accidental moan at the sensation. Tom chuckled.

"Okay!" Carl said petulantly. "I, I forgive you." Tom responded by kissing him firmly on the mouth. Despite himself, Carl swooned.

"Good," Tom grinned. "And I know you're on your period, but maybe when we get back, we can fool around a little more. You know, back there?" He gave Carl's taut buttocks a firm squeeze, making him blush furiously. His first instinct was to tell him no, no way in hell, but when he remembered the ecstasy he felt with Tom pumping away inside of him... It wasn't as if anyone would

ever know, and if he was really careful with his gaffe and the lights were off, Tom would never know, either. It was his last night ever as 'Candi', after all, and then it would be like none of this had ever happened in the first place... God, what was he thinking?

"Um, I think my mom and aunt will be home later," Carl squeaked. "Maybe this weekend?" Tom grinned, and put his arm around his date's tiny waist as they made their way down the stairs. He had a feeling his girlfriend's 'maybe' meant 'yes'!



When he woke up on the morning of his birthday, Carl was halfway through his morning beauty rituals before it struck him – he was eighteen. Dropping his mascara with a not-very-manly shriek of excitement, Carl hurried down the stairs. It felt like a dream, or maybe like a dream finally ending. He was finally going back to boyhood, and as far as he was concerned, it started today.

"Happy birthday, sweetie," Aunt Kat said, looking up from her coffee.

"Yes, I hope you enjoyed the party at least a little bit before you and Tom snuck off," his mother said sourly.

"I'm dressed, so let's go to the lawyer's," Carl said. "Come on, please? I can't wait to get out of these damn skirts!"



“Language, Candi,” his mom chided, frowning. “And why would we go to the lawyer’s?”

“It’s, it’s my birthday,” Carl stammered, faltering. “I’m eighteen, so I get my inheritance now. Right?”

“But dear...” His mother trailed off, looking puzzled.

“Well, are we going to the lawyer’s office or not?” Carl demanded, looking first to his mother, and then to Aunt Kat. “I have a quarter million dollars waiting for me, remember?” he pressed. The females exchanged a significantly horrified glance.

“Oh, no,” his mother sighed. “Candi, you didn’t think... You’re not... You mean you haven’t figured out about the inheritance money yet?”

“Figured out about what?” Carl asked tremulously, feeling an all-too-familiar sinking sensation.

“How could you not?” Aunt Kat asked, shaking her head. “Sweetie, come on. Please tell me you’re joking. Even an airheaded blonde can figure out that financing your metamorphosis to ‘Candi’ was a very expensive undertaking. Dr. Nevsky’s work is incredibly pricey, and he charged an exorbitant sum for the hormones, too.”

“A full course of female hormones, plus those boosters,” Carl’s mother said, ticking items off her fingers. “Those beautiful boobs of yours, that surgery for your voice. As for the salon visits last summer...”

“We only went to the most sought-after beauticians in the city,” Aunt Kat said. “Two-hundred dollars for a manicure, and that’s per hand! I was taking you weekly at the very least. As for the pageant, Tiffany charged a fortune for those gorgeous extensions, too, and that airbrush makeup was a real Hollywood type cost for the Hollywood look. The wig alone was three thousand dollars, and surely you know that your wardrobe is chocked full of \$1500 designer stilettos – beauty doesn’t come cheap!”

“Did you think all the shopping money just came from nowhere?” Carl’s mother sighed. “All those gorgeous gowns, all that luxurious lingerie, all of your trendy outfits and darling heels – good taste comes at a price, Candi! And enrolling you in that prestigious high-school for the year wasn’t exactly cheap, either. Makeup products, skin creams, hair-care... It adds up, dear.”

“What are you saying?” Carl demanded tremulously, aghast. “You mean my inheritance...”

“Your Prom dress alone was a small fortune, remember! No, dear, there really isn’t much left at all,” his mother admitted. She decided not to mention that there was a nice enough nest egg for one more trip to Dr. Nevsky, maybe in a year or so. He did do the absolute best work, after all!

"You're crazy!" Carl screeched. "I can't believe this! You tricked me! You let me think this whole time that if I just waited until I was eighteen, I could get my inheritance money and go back to being a guy!"

"I said no such thing, and neither did your Aunt," his mother interjected. "How were we supposed to know you were so bad with numbers? Did you ever once express to us that you were expecting a quarter million dollars on your birthday?"

"Well, no," Carl protested. "But of course I was expecting it! That's what started this whole mess in the first place, remember?"



"I'm so sorry," his mother sighed. "I really had no idea you were so, well, oblivious."

"What am I supposed to do now?" Carl demanded. "You two crazy b-bitches have totally ruined my life! How can I get these big stupid tits removed, or, or my voice back to normal, if there's no inheritance money? How can I go back to being Carl?" Unable to hold it in any longer, Carl burst into tears and ran up the stairs to his room as quickly as he could in his teetering stilettos. He slammed the door behind him and collapsed onto his bed, sobbing. What was he going to do? Without the inheritance money, how was he ever going to pay for surgery to get his breast implants removed, never mind his vocal cords returned to their former state?

Trembling in frustration and anger, he got up and minced quickly to his walk-in closet, throwing it open to reveal the massive feminine wardrobe inside. He had let his inheritance money be converted into this, into sexy lingerie and pretty skirts and revealing cocktail dresses, designer stilettos and Gucci handbags and expensive jewelry and perfumes! Tears streaming down his pretty face, Carl began tearing clothes off of hangers and throwing them to the floor, looking for all the world like a teenaged Prom-queen throwing a tantrum. He tossed his shoes against the wall with little effect – his throwing arm was now practically non-existent – and pulled bras and panties out of his dresser to toss them onto the carpeting.

All of his money was now in this horrible wardrobe, in his baby-smooth skin, and long, carefully-shaped nails, his bleached blonde hair, his perfect makeup, and, most of all, in his jiggling D-cup breasts. He clutched them with his long-nailed fingers, feeling the weight and heft, and wished he could somehow tear them out. They were firmly a part of him, and he only managed to look as though he were fondling himself in the mirror.

With a squeal of frustration, Carl stamped over to the calendar and tore it down off the wall. An entire year, all spent as a silly blonde bimbo, cheerleading and attending slumber parties, and for what? He tore angrily through the pages...

He had started his nightmare in September, when he'd tried out for the *cheerleading* squad, so he could prance around in a skimpy uniform shaking his hips, his pom-poms, and his boobs for the home team. For October he'd let Miranda stuff him into a slutty nurse costume and had ended up being all but violated on a couch by Joe. In November he'd agreed to become Tom's cute blonde girlfriend to avoid being hit on by other boys

Then in December he'd dressed up in a Santa's helper costume and given his principal a hard-on in front of half the mall. January was when he'd had to endure that humiliating photo shoot, prancing around in a tiny bikini for the camera. For February, he'd dressed like a slutty schoolgirl to avoid blackmail and had given his 'boyfriend' a strip-tease for Valentine's Day. In March, he'd man-

aged to fool his best friend into thinking nothing was out of the ordinary, but at the steep price of giving his older brother a blowjob in a photo-booth.

By the spring, in April, he'd realized he was totally incapable of pleasing a girl anymore. By May, he'd been named *Prom Queen* – and what had happened in the hotel room would always be burned into his memory.

And finally, June, where he had circled the date of his birthday. The number seemed to mock him now. He had given up a year of his masculinity, he'd given up his pride, his dignity – even his virginity! The thought brought a flush to his cheeks. If his father could see him now, mincing around in his stilettos and short skirts, big boobs jiggling, batting his eyelashes at boys – or in the hotel room on Prom night, wearing nothing but his luxurious lingerie and bending over to give Tom access to what he wanted...

A tap came to his open bedroom window. That was just when he needed right now, some peeping tom trying to get a look at him! But when he looked, there was no one there. "Who is it?" Carl asked, scared and uncertain.

"It's me, Mark."

"Mark?" Carl replied, quickly leaping to look outside. Carl's window was only about six feet off the ground, and Mark was standing partially hidden behind some bushes. He was in a purple dress and heels, and made up like a girl.

"I wanted to thank you," he said.

"For what?"

"For helping me at Prom." He looked away, and broke eye contact. "And you need help, too."

"What do you mean?"

"I know you're not really a girl," he replied. "I found it all in Tiffany's salon. They took pictures of the whole thing. I found them when I was cleaning Tiffany's office."

"What do you mean? I'm a girl," Carl replied, trying to hold onto the disguise he had spent so much time protecting.

"It's okay! I know what they did!"

Too weary to fight it any longer, he slumped onto the window pane and covered his head with his long-nailed hands. "I tried to warn you," Carl said.

"You really did try to help me so much, and I wanted to return the favor."

"Look, I don't know about you, but I can't take another second of this. I'm getting out now."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm leaving. My mother won't listen to me, my Father thinks I'm gay, and Tiffany just keeps tricking me. I'm getting out of this crazy city and I'm heading west."

"You can't!"

"I... I have to! Do you want to let these maniacs have their way?"

"Why tell me?"

"You're in the same boat. And you've been nice to me. I just wanted to know if you wanted to come with."

"Run away?"

"Save your life!" Mark pleaded. "I got two tickets on the next train to Atlanta."

Carl looked around his pink-hued room and down at his breasts. Weeping, Carl slowly dropped back onto the bed. How could he have been so stupid? How had he let his mother and aunt do this to him? He'd been every bit as naïve as Mark in the salon.

Picking up his cellular telephone, he dialed his father's number with his glittery pink nail.

"Hello?" came his dad's voice.

"Hi, dad, it's Candi," Carl said instinctively. "I mean... It's Carl."

"Hi, uh, dear. What is it?"

"Dad, I want to come back to Maine and live with you," Carl said, voice trembling.

"Wow." His dad laughed nervously. "I, uh, I guess I wasn't expecting that. Are you



fighting with your mom about something?"

"I'm being serious," Carl squeaked. "I'm coming home, and I'm going back to being a boy. I'm going back to being Carl. Your son. I don't know how yet, but I will."

"You're... You're sure about this?" his dad asked, voice brimming with happiness.

"I'm sure," Carl said. "I'm done being Candi forever. I promise!"

"I had hoped that maybe it was just some crazy phase," his dad said. "I mean, I thought I was called to be a monk at your age! Alright, do you have enough to get up here?"

"I have five hundred dollars," Carl said, choosing not to tell him he had earned it modeling in a skimpy little bikini. "That should be enough, right?"

"Right," his dad said. "Call me when you need me to pick you up. Goodbye... uh... Son."

"Goodbye, dad," Carl squeaked. He hung up the phone with a deep sigh. Whatever happened, he was determined that he was done putting up with his mother's manipulating. He didn't know the how, or the when, or the where, but Carl Hutchens was going to become a guy again, and then it was so long to 'Candi' – for good! Feeling determined at last, Carl pulled out his suitcase and started to pack...

"So?" Mark called up to the window.

"I'm coming. Hold on." Carl thought about what he needed to do. "Uh, give me ten minutes."

"What! Why? We have to go!"

"I need ten minutes!"

"Why?"

"To do my hair." Carl got up and walked over to his vanity. There, he picked up a pair of scissors, and his hands trembling, he held them to his head. With a slight whimper, he clipped. A long mass of glistening blond hair fell to the floor. Gathering his breath, he clipped again. And again. He didn't stop until he had snipped it all off.

In his mirror, he looked like a mental patient, but he liked it. He could finally see a trace of the boy he used to be. With a sigh of relief, he smiled.

With another snip of his scissors, he cut the elastic of his gaffe from his hip and pulled it off. He continued to shred it with several more snips. He was having fun now. He gleefully picked up the bottle of nail polish remover and drenched his fingertips in it. In a minute, the nails were bare, cut stubby and short.

Walking over to his closet, he pushed a mass of high heel shoes and purses aside and found his old duffel bag, the one he had arrived from Maine with. He only had the clothes he had tricked Brad with, so that was going to have to do. Otherwise, he packed his duffel with those super-expensive stiletto heels and thousand-dollar outfits. He could sell those for good money when he got away. The wig alone was probably worth a couple of thousand, so he packed it too.

Twenty minutes later, Carl was finally ready. "Let's go."

"Took you long enough."

Carl hopped out his bedroom window, deftly landing on the ground in his stable, rugged sneakers. "I needed to get ready."

He was wearing the outfit he had used at the mall to meet Brad. His chest was bound up in bandages, which made him look a little chubby, and the parka covered any hint of his true body shape. His new short hair was under a beanie cap. He had washed his face raw and brought out his male features by cheating with a little to penciling to thicken his brows and dark shadow to hint at beard stubble.

Mark was slightly stunned at Carl's new appearance. "You might pass, actually."

"It's the best..." Carl tried to deepen his voice. "It's the best I can do."

"Let's get the heck out of here," Mark said.

"Lead the way."

*From the Casebook of Harold Pennyworth, P.I.*

*Notes on Case #241-B: The Whereabouts of Carl Hutchens.*

*Addendum: This log is the only thing I still have left, but it sure isn't enough to serve as evidence. The files, the pictures, everything was lost.*

*It's like this: I fly on up to Maine, rent a car and find the Hutchens household. As I'm walking down the street, on my way to go see Mr. Hutchens, briefcase in hand, I ran smack into this kid and everything went flying. His backpack had been open so his notebooks were everywhere, and so were the contents of my briefcase. The wind was whipping things everywhere. I snatched up the duo tang with the pictures before he could see anything, and he was real apologetic about the whole thing, a real nice kid.*

*After I'd shaken hands with the kid and gone on to Mr. Hutchens' new place, I opened my briefcase and found out I was bringing him a duo tang full of math notes. Math notes! I ran back immediately, but the kid was gone. I suppose I can still go to Mr. Hutchens and tell him what I know, maybe tell him that Carl isn't as happy as he first thought. That there's something slightly fishy going on with his aunt and mother exerting their influence on him. But without the evidence, there's no pay-day, and I'm not in this for charity. Without that duo tang full of evidence, why bother?*

*Now, do I try and track this kid down? He looked a lot like that big football star over at LSU, Jason something or other, but he said he was graduating high school this year and then staying close to home to be with family. I like that, good solid family values. I just wish I could remember that kid's name. He told me, as we were picking everything up. Brett? Bert? Brad? Maybe. Hell, there are probably a hundred 'Brads' in this town. Maybe the whole thing is just karma, anyways. Either way, I solved the case, so there is a little bit of professional satisfaction.*

*But it's high time I found a new case, so I'm going to have to just let this one go. I just hope Brad, or Bert, or whatever that kid's name is, that he doesn't look too closely at those photos – I've got a feeling it wouldn't bode so well for blondie!*



The train trip to Atlanta took about seven hours, and Mark and Carl both exchanged stories with one another. Both had deep, emotional sympathy for what the other had been through.

“When are you going to get out of those clothes?” Carl asked about Mark’s dress and heels.

“Soon enough,” Mark said. “When the cops aren’t looking for a boy named Mark anymore, I guess.”

The train rolled to a stop in the station, and both boys grabbed their bags, heading out to the evening light.

Mark turned to Carl, bashfully. “I guess this is where we part ways.”

“Still headed out west?” Carl asked.

“As far as I can go,” Mark replied. “Back to Maine for you?”

“My dad will know what to do. He’s my best chance to get back to normal.”

Mark’s train started to clang and he grabbed his small bag. “I guess I’ll be seeing you.” Impulsively, Mark hugged Carl, and then, just as he was about to leave, gave Carl a quick peck on the cheek. “So long,” he said as he sped away to catch his train.

“See ya,” Carl said. He watched as Mark jumped onto the train, careful to keep his skirt from flipping up in the wind. Carl was grateful he’d never have to worry about that again.

He picked up his duffel bag and hoisted it over his shoulder. He headed toward the train station, but he couldn’t find a train to Portland, his home town, that wasn’t going to leave for another two days.

Carl reluctantly used his pink cell phone one more time. “Hey dad, can you get me a ticket to Portland? I’m in Atlanta.”

“I’ll have it waiting for you at the counter,” his dad told him. A short bus ride later, he was at the Atlanta airport, at the ticket counter.

“Do you have a ticket for Carl Hutchens?” He asked the lady at the desk.

“Let me check. Flight to Portland, Maine? Yes, we do.” She held up a boarding pass. “If I could see some ID?”

That phrase caused Carl to seize up in fear. He knew immediately he didn’t have any ID on him that identified him as Carl. Against hope, he reached in his pocket, only to find his student ID card for Candi Wethers.

“I... Uh... Forgot it...” Carl said. “Is that really necessary?”

“I’m afraid it is.”

"Listen I... I was just... um... mugged, and they took my wallet and..." The excuse he was trying to spin was having no effect on the lady behind the counter. "C'mon! The plane is leaving in ten minutes!"

The ticking agent frowned. "Sir, our policy clearly states that..."

"Carl!" said a girl who was standing not that far away. "Long time no see!"

Carl was befuddled, having never seen this person before. She was about eighteen or nineteen, and had been next in line behind him. She wasn't the most beautiful girl Carl had ever seen, but she had a nice smile, and a dangerous little piercing on her brow.

She continued to act friendly. "How have you been, Carl? We need to catch up."

"You know him, Tracy?" The woman at the desk said.

"Hi Angela. Yes, this is my old friend Carl. Carl..."

"Hutchens," Carl added.

"Carl Hutchens!" Tracy said to the ticket woman. "He's okay."

Somewhat tentatively, the boarding pass was handed over to Carl, and he took it without waiting for her to have second thoughts.

He waited around the corner for this Tracy girl when she was done. "I guess I should thank you," he said when she came by.

Tracy beamed a smile. "No problem. I like cute boys like you. Plus we Maine folks have to stick together."

"You from Maine, too?"

"Bangor."

"How did you get that lady to..."

"My dad works as a pilot for this airline. I take this route every week. They know me." They started to walk together as they headed to the gate. "You said your name was Carl?"

He took a deep breath. "Carl. I'm Carl Hutchens." It felt so good to say it. He almost wanted to shout it out loud.

"Well, you look like someone who could use some company," Tracy said with a mischievous grin. "God knows I do."

She was making a little bit of a play at him, and it took a second before Carl even realized it, as his male instinct had been so heavily buried for so long. "If we're seated together, I guess."

"We are," Tracy said. "I had Angela change it for me. Back of the plane."

"The back of the plane? But I..."

"Near the restroom," Tracy interrupted. "You ever hear of the Mile High club?"

Carl felt it coming back. He felt all the things he loved about being a man start to creep back into him. But he didn't want to dig himself a hole too deep. "I, uh, I'm recovering from some surgery. I'm all bandaged up."

Tracy shrugged. "I'm sure we can find enough to... Entertain ourselves... For only three hours."

With a newfound energy, Carl stuck out his chin and nodded. "Let's go," he said.



It was a strange thing to find out about himself. In just one short plane trip with Tracy, he had grown to realize that his masculinity was still with him. It wasn't something that a hormone shot, a surgical procedure or a pair of panties could steal. He was a man because he wanted to be a man. His confidence rose like a rocket over his trip, and minute by minute, he slowly began to realize that he could be just as much of a man as he wanted to be by simply believing it to be true.

Although he couldn't "close the deal" with Tracy, he more than satisfied her. His time as a girl had taught him what a girl wanted, and he kept Tracy in a constant state of dizzy ecstasy. He touched her like no man ever had, and knew what a girl wanted to hear.

By the time the plane landed in Portland, Carl was almost literally a new man. He stepped off the flight and had only gotten a few steps before Tracy had bear hugged him from behind. "I'll miss you," she said.

"Yeah? I know you will." Carl replied. His confidence was now turning into full-out cockiness. Because not only had he learned what girls want, his macho, self-involved former boyfriends had taught him a thing about men, too. All that conceit and arrogance had given him the lessons he needed to be just as big a jerk as they were.

Carl turned around and grabbed Tracy's face with one hand, pulling it to his. He kissed her angrily, with greed, fury and a tinge of disdain. Just the way his boyfriends used to.

"You really have to go?" She asked.

"Of course I do," Carl replied, with gravity to his tone. Somewhere over the last day, he had found his voice. His male voice. The growl and the depth were back. Not like they used to be, but it was a start. He enjoyed feeling his whole body vibrate when he talked, instead of the wimpy breathiness he had been stuck with. He had also started to feel the blood rush back into his groin. He

wasn't exactly hard, but for the first time in forever, he was reminded that he did have a dick in between his legs.

"I have another flight to get me home. Give me a call?" Tracy said. She stuffed a piece of paper with her number on it into his hand.

"Sure," Carl replied, looking away and ignoring her as he walked down the causeway. He never turned back to wave goodbye. As she walked to her next flight, he crumpled up the paper and tossed it away. There were better things than Tracy in his future.

No, he was back to being a man now, and that meant living it up like he had never dreamed before. He wasn't going to waste time on anything but the hottest girls around, and treat them like they deserved to be treated. Like trash. He had almost lost his manhood and now that he had it back, he was going to use it – with a vengeance.

The two days had given him time to think. He had been driven to the edge by his mother – his own *mother* – and he had nearly let her destroy him. Women, he had decided, were controlling, heartless bitches that would just as soon degrade you, humiliate you and even emasculate you if they had the chance. As far as he was concerned, that was never going to happen again. He was going to tell women what to do from now on, and if they didn't like it, that was their problem.

This wasn't just an escape for Carl, this was a new beginning. He turned to the sign that said *Welcome to Portland* and he took a deep, cleansing breath. "It's great to be back," he said.

The End

# Bonus





