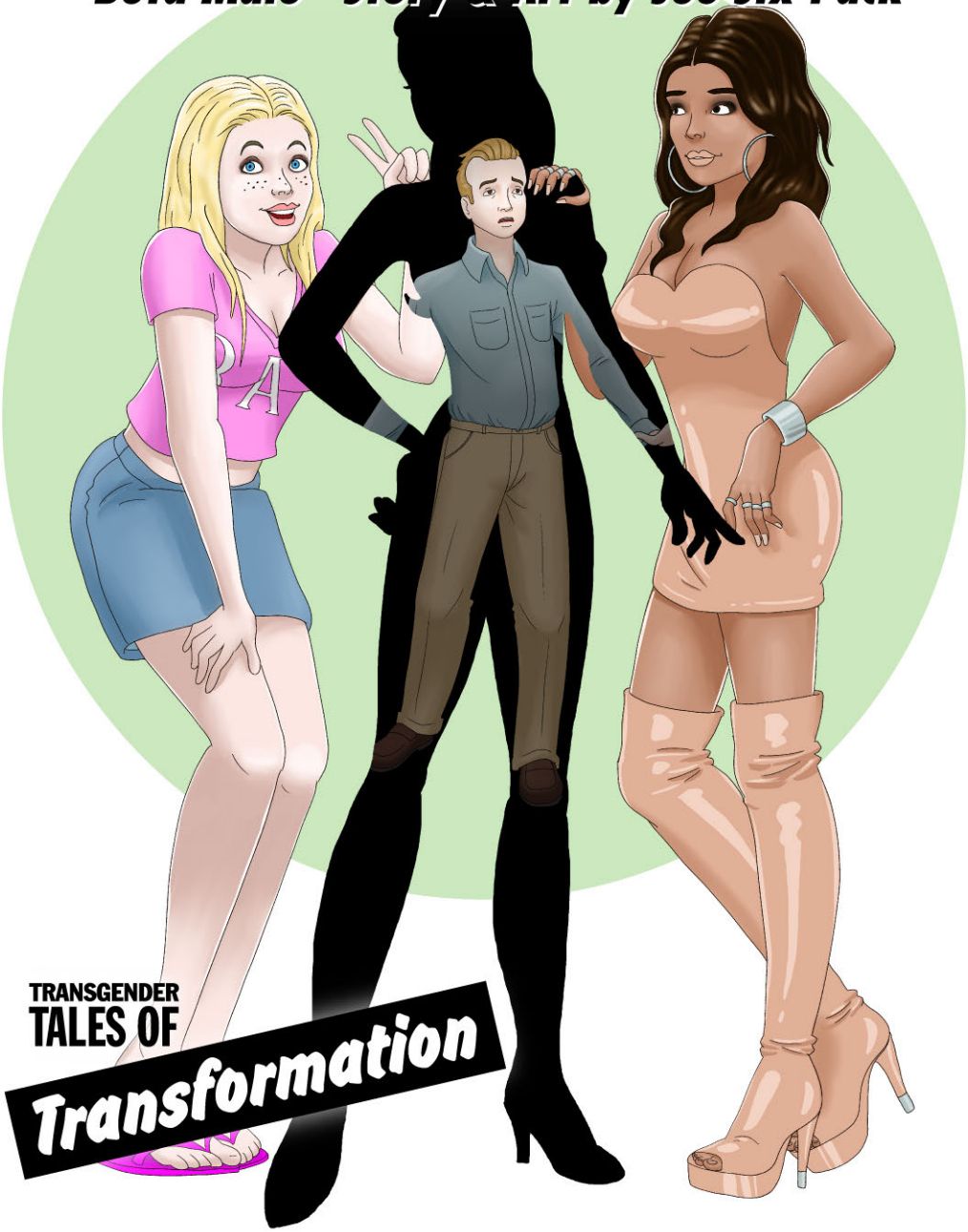
ADULTS ONLY

85 pages 25 illustrations

SWINDLED INTO SKIRTS

"Beta Male" Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack



TRANSGENDER TALES OF Transformation

JOE SIX PACK

SWINDLED INTO SKIRTS

"Beta Male" Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack
A Tales of Transformation story



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Beta Male



And finally, Kyle Eastman closed the massive front door and locked it shut. The Anderson Mansion was, at last, his. This calm moment of solitude was something he had waited a little no time for.

In truth, it had been his property for over three years, but only now could he actually step inside. He had inherited it and the land around the mansion from his late great-grandmother, Esmerelda. Even though he was only 35, Kyle was the oldest surviving member of the family. He never expected to inherit the place, let alone see it again. It was three floors of old marble, big enough to have things like a "China Room" and a "Silver Polishing Room." It was ancient, enormous, and cavernous. It felt even emptier to Kyle, as he was moving in alone.

His wife of ten years had divorced him almost one week to the day after he had been bequeathed the house in his Great-Grandmother's will. Why? Well, she immediately began proceedings to sue him for the title of the mansion. He had loved his wife, Jaelynn, but when good fortune had finally fallen into Kyle's lap, and made him a paper multi-millionaire, she had cut rope and gone for the money. To say he was bitter about it was an understatement. That was why he hadn't been inside his new mansion until now. Three years of drawn-out legal proceedings had finally come to a close, and the court mercifully ruled in his favor.

He had to take out a mortgage on the place to pay his legal bills, but it felt absolutely worth it. The real-estate market in the area was depressed for now, but in three or four years it would pick back up and he'd sell the place for a fortune. He just had to be patient.

The other inconvenience was that he was starting over in a new city. He had lived in San Antonio for most of his life, but the mansion was in Southern California, specifically wealthy Brentwood. As a mid-level QA engineer in software, he managed to get transferred to the Carson office, even if he didn't much like leaving home for an unfamiliar part of the country that was filled with tacky, self-obsessed people. He especially didn't like that he'd be making a little bit less than he used to. However, he would be able to do repairs on the mansion and drive up the value for the sale. It would all pay off in the long run, he reminded himself.

Kyle sighed as he looked around the large, empty grand foyer, and wondered what the next few years would bring.

A symphony of tubular doorbells suddenly rang throughout the walls, echoing down the hallways, startling him to the point of nearly falling over. He caught his breath and turned around to answer the door.

Outside, a freckle-faced young woman stood, her straw blond hair waving in a gentle breeze, her pale blue eyes twinkling in the lights. "Hi!" she bubbled, bouncing on her toes. Her generous breasts bobbed in her ribbed pink tank top. "I'm Miley! We saw you moving in! Are you the new owner?"

"We?" Kyle asked, flummoxed.

"Oh! Yah!" The girl replied. "Me and my sisters. We're across the street. Beta Alpha Epsilon house?"

Kyle didn't even need to look. He was well aware of the presence of the sorority house across the street. It was one of the reasons the property values were down here. No one wanted to live next to a college sorority, especially one with the hard-partying reputation of the Beta Alpha Epsilons. They had regular police calls to the property, according to the neighbors he had spoken to.

Fortunately, Kyle happened to know that the sorority house was on borrowed time. It needed to be retrofitted to fit new earthquake laws, at an insane cost that was at least four times the value of the building itself, and the sorority didn't have the money. They'd have to move out in a year or so, and whoever bought it would likely just tear the place down.

Again, Kyle's patience would be rewarded in time.

"Oh, yes?" Kyle said, politely. "What can I do for you, Miley?"

"Like, nothing! We just wanted to welcome you to the neighborhood!" Miley said, showing her white, perfect teeth. "So, um, welcome! You gonna live here?"

She wasn't going to fool him. He knew that the sorority had designs on buying the mansion, even though they were never going to be able to afford it. He was being scoped out by this nineteen-year-old, and not in the good way. "For a few years, at least. I hope to spruce the place up."

"Wow! Great!" He had a distinct feeling he was disappointing 'Miley' as he wasn't old and about to keel over. Nor was he some kind of porn merchant who could be tossed off the property for violating a law. No, he was here to stay, and they didn't have any chance of getting this place. "Anyway, just wanted to say hello, and if you have any questions, ask for me. I'm the chapter president!"



"All right, Miley. I'll do that." He smiled back, knowing that if it were fifteen years ago, he'd have invited her in and tried to get her drunk. She was so out of his 20-year-old-self's league, though. Kyle's smile was met with a courtesy grimace, as the young Miley was obliged to be polite. This girl was carefully manicured femininity, raised since brith to be beautiful, and destined to live out her days in the presence of men who could afford to make her happy, Kyle thought to himself.

At five-foot-eight, pale and losing his hair, Kyle had made very few women happy, and his last real hope of ever finding love was to be rich. He had most of his future riding on the Anderson Mansion, and as gorgeous as Miley was, there wasn't any point in torturing himself by lingering and drinking in one more drop of her magnificence.

"Thanks for dropping by," Kyle said, as he waved and closed the door. He didn't even wait to see her turn around so he could get a look at her butt.

This new life certainly wasn't starting out easy on him.



If there was one thing that had been driven home to him about the LA lifestyle, it was that he was the dumpiest man alive. Not literally, but he felt like it. It wasn't like he was overweight, but his thickening middle-aged body looked absolutely grotesque in comparison to the chiseled physiques of the men in his new office. Even the guy who verified his parking looked like he was about to rip off his sleeves and flex for him.

Fitness had seemingly run amok here. Going to the gym was a lifestyle in itself, not just something you do in between other more important things. He had yet to see some of his fellow office workers in anything but athletic wear.

The native West Texan usually began his day with a cup of coffee from the office pot, grabbed a burger for lunch and finished off his day with a can of Pepsi. In the new office, he had watched as his co-workers brewed green tea, went to a workout instead of lunch and had fizzy fitness water with lime on their desks. He tried a can of that stuff and couldn't even choke down a third sip.

Begrudgingly, he found himself signing up for the company health package, with a gym membership included. If he was going to have to live here, he didn't want to look like he didn't care about himself, and it wasn't like he couldn't stand to lose a couple of pounds. The package also included "health awareness seminars" and "fitness of the mind" appointments he'd need to put

in his calendar. It all sounded like new age bullshit, but it was covered by the company.

After all, it wasn't like he was going to turn into some kind of workout freak, he reassured himself.

Even getting his hair cut turned out to be an ordeal, as there just weren't straight-up barbers in LA. There weren't even "hairdressers" to be found. Just to get the hair on the back of his neck trimmed, he had to talk to an "aesthetic consultant" who then took him to a "tonsorial artisan" who could do the work. Then he had to pay $120 for the privilege. Life was very different in this city.

The drive home was just as legendarily bad as he had heard regarding LA traffic, and it was nearly seven by the time he rolled into his driveway. When he opened his car door, he was greeted by the evening air and the deep percussive thumping of club music coming from across the street. It was Wednesday, which meant a hump day party, and the sorority was already in full swing for the evening. There was a trail of emptied beer cans on the front lawn, strobe lights flickering away in the lower windows and screams and cheers coming from inside.

It was the first time he had seen one of these renown parties at the sorority house, and he did want to try and start off on a good foot with his new neighbors, so he didn't want to call the police tonight. Maybe the next time it happened, but not today.

So, with a groan he couldn't even hear over the beat, Kyle headed inside to his large, empty house. He flicked on the TV and noted that the cable still hadn't been turned on, and there was no Wi-Fi.

When he went to bed later that night, the booming beat was still going, his windows rattling, the girls still laughing, and the party still in full swing as he tried to read his book.



At work, Kyle was slowly — by stops and starts — getting more comfortable. So far, he hadn't met a lot of people on his wavelength, but remained hopeful. Being so close to Hollywood, he found that most of the chit-chat around the office centered around showbiz talk. Back in San Antonio, they might get hung up on Game of Thrones or some other serial for a little while, but here in La-La Land, the gossip was about weekend box office numbers and the comings and goings of executives at the big movie studios.

He stuck to work-related issues, because he had no interest in which celebrity dined at which "eatery" the previous night, or who was seen with who on the dance floor at some godforsaken dance club.

The sorry state of socializing with his co-workers drove him to following along as they went for a lunch workout one afternoon. The guys in the office liked to talk about how many curls, lifts or squats they were able to do, and although he had little interest in the subject, he at least understood the topic.

Kyle approached the workout with trepidation, not knowing where to start. His co-workers jumped on the various machines like kids to a jungle-gym, leaving him puzzled. He did what he thought was the one exercise he was sure of and got running on a treadmill. The gym wasn't much to look at. It smelled like salt and BO and everyone was so preoccupied with what they were doing that all he could hear was a lot of quiet grunting, clanking metal and the whirring of gears.

As he ran, Kyle noted that the treadmill display in front of him was showing daytime TV, which he couldn't turn off fast enough. Wasn't physical exercise grueling enough without adding redneck paternity fights to watch?

After spending a few minutes on the treadmill, he realized he had no idea when he was supposed to stop or what to do next. Kyle eventually slowed down and wandered away, collecting his breath with his hands on his hips. There was a counter nearby with towels, and he needed one desperately to deal with how drenched he was.

"Hey," said the attendant. "New here?"

"Yeah," Kyle replied. "Could you tell?"

"Aw, you're not doing that bad. It's always hard to get started." He tossed a towel at Kyle. "It gets easier from here on out. I'm Braden, by the way."

"Kyle." He began to swab himself with the mercifully dry towel. "I just moved to the area. I'm not used to working out."

"Gotcha," Braden replied. "It's kind of a culture shock, the way fitness is so important to people around here. Appearances are everything in this town."

"Yeah, you're telling me," Kyle replied, relieved that someone else saw the same thing he did. "I thought all those stories about people constantly working out, spas, saunas, botox, and doing plastic surgery and all that weird stuff was just an exaggeration."

Braden smiled. "Maybe a little, but it's pretty close. When I moved here a few months ago, I was about fifteen pounds overweight and white as a ghost."


ANNUAL

Kyle looked at the boy, not quite believing that could ever be true. Braden was only 18 or 19, but he was chiseled and tan, as if he had been produced in a test tube. "Really?" He said, making sure he sounded as skeptical as he felt.

"Yeah, I get a lot of that. Hey, I have a job in a gym, what do you expect? I work out a bit."

"I guess that figures," Kyle replied. "Anyway, any idea what I should do next?"

"I'm not one of the fitness consultants who work here, but I'd suggest..." He considered it for a moment. "You going for muscles or tone?"

"Which is easier?"

"Tone. Do some leg presses on that machine over by the window. You can probably kill about ten or fifteen minutes on that."

"Great. Thanks!" Kyle said.

"No prob, dude!" Braden replied. Kyle noted that he hadn't yet met a man who hadn't called him dude here. LA sure was different. "I'll see you around."

"And thanks for the advice," Kyle replied as a he headed for the machine. He liked Braden. He seemed like a good kid with a decent head on his massive shoulders — especially since he was basically still a child.

Kyle spent another humiliating half hour at the gym, fighting his total lack of endurance and being constantly reminded how every other person he saw was ten times more fit than he was. Looking down at his flabby body fight for survival was shameful. After just ten minutes he had sworn off pizza, after twenty minutes he promised himself he'd cut out all carbs, and by the time he was headed back to the office, he was just going to stop eating altogether.

His head was still buzzing with worry as he headed in to meet the therapist he was scheduled to see that afternoon. It was all a part of the company health plan, and at the very least, Kyle was hoping for about an hour of hooky from work.

It turned out that Dr. Carpenter was just what he needed. She had him relax, lie back and just take it easy for their first session. She was a strikingly attractive woman with a soothing voice and a calm, comforting demeanor. Kyle immediately liked her. Professionally, of course.

Dr. Carpenter explained to him that these sessions weren't traditional psychiatric appointments — but they weren't quite therapy either. It was just a way to make sure that the stresses of the job were being dealt with effectively, and using what she called an "emotional toolkit for the workplace."



Kyle spent the hour telling his life story, but that quickly turned into his anxieties about moving to a new place and adjusting to the new Southern California lifestyle.

"The one thing I want you to take away from this session," she said, "is that you are always the one in control, Kyle. Even if it feels like things are never going to settle down, they will. As long as you make the effort to adapt and thrive."

Kyle wasn't sure how he was going to use that bit of advice, but he was grateful to have someone listen to his problems.

"And I'll see you next time," she said with a smile.

Kyle looked up at the clock on Dr. Carpenter's desk, and an hour had gone by. It felt like just a few minutes.

"Oh. Yes." Kyle got up and shook the dust from his brainpan. He felt awfully groggy. He took a moment to look around as he gathered his wits. Like any doctor, there were certificates and awards on the wall of the office, and two stood out to him. A plaque that awarded "Dr. Stephanie Carpenter a doctorate in hypnotherapy" from UCLA.

"Hypnotherapy?" he asked the doctor as he read it again.

"It's not something I get a lot of call for these days," she replied. "I use traditional therapeutic methods on most of my current patients."

The second item to attract his attention was just as he closed the door behind him, was another plaque that read "For our everlasting gratitude, your sisters at Beta Alpha Epsilon."

The door was already closed by the time he had even processed it, and didn't feel it was important enough to ask if it was true. He smiled, imagining that the calm doctor was once a wild party girl at the house across from his mansion. It certainly was a small world.



Even with an "emotional toolkit for the workplace" — whatever that was — work continued to be a bit awkward for Kyle. His job didn't require a lot of interaction, as he spent most of his day in front of a computer comparing bug reports with internal bug fixes and testing them. He basically only saw people when he got up to use the bathroom or if they had to report to him.

In his old job, he had spent years building up relationships, bit by bit, in quick, short conversations. Here, he had to stat over, and it was a slow process. The one person he knew by name was Dana, the intern who would get his lists of assigned bugs together every morning and prioritize them.

She was a perky college student who always had a smile for him, and he appreciated that. He had been trying to work out a way to strike up a conversation with her for well over a week before she took the initiative. "Oh, hey," she said one morning, after going over the priority list, "do you know anything about video games?"

"Only all there is to know," Kyle replied. "It's a hobby."

"Great!" Dana said with a bright smile, as she tucked some of her long dark hair behind her ear. "I have to buy a present for my little brother and I'm, like, totally lost."

"What's he into?" Kyle asked.

"Oh God, I dunno. Zombies? I guess?"

"Zombie Island is by far the best in the category. He probably already has it, but it's coming out with a deluxe expanded edition next week with all the DLC, a map and a figurine."

"Perfect! I'm sure he doesn't have that. Thanks, Mr. Eastman!"



That use of ‘mister’ broke his heart. Was he really so old that he was a ‘mister’ now? “Hey, lay off the ‘mister,’ okay?” He asked Dana. “You’re gonna make me feel old. Just call me…” He paused for a moment as he had a strange impulse to change things up. “…Ky. All my friends call me Ky.”

“Oh, sure! Thanks, Ky! I’m gonna look up the game online and tell me if I’m ordering the right thing, okay?”

“Just ask what platform he uses. PC, Xbox or PlayStation.”

“Oh. Is that important?”

“Really important.”

“Looks like I’m talking to the right person, Ky!” She said as she headed on to her next assignment.

He cocked his head for a moment, as he tried to process exactly why he had just invented a new name for himself. He had never called himself 'Ky' in his life. In fact, best he could recall, he used to have a friend who had used the term once.

Once.



From then on, the best part of Kyle's days at work was when Dana came by. Much to his surprise, she seemed to enjoy talking to him just as much as he did, and pretty soon, she was hanging out at his cubicle whenever she had a spare moment.

Even though she was obsessed with celebrity gossip and showbiz news like everyone else, she was amused by Kyle's lack of knowledge, and she liked teasing him about it.

It wasn't long before they were going to the gym together to work out, chatting and laughing their way through the hour.

It wasn't easy for him to keep up with Dana, though, as she was clearly a seasoned gym bunny, who powered through a workout with the kind of enthusiasm that made Kyle jealous. Even the pre-workout stretching was impossible to match, as Dana's young, limber body bent like taffy.

"So how do you do It?" Kyle asked her. "How do you work out so hard?"

"When I was in high school, I was a smoker. Can you believe it? I got into that disgusting, gross habit just to hang with the cool kids. Eventually, I quit, but then I gained 20 pounds. So I started to exercise to lose the weight. Every time I get the itch to have a smoke, I just work out even harder. I never want one of these death sticks to touch my lips again!"

"You traded one addiction for another," Kyle commented.

"Maybe. But a healthy one." Dana snapped her fingers. "But you're distracting and delaying. Get back to work! Let's see that sweat! Come on, Ky!" She said, encouraging the middle-aged man to try harder, "You can do it!"

Looking at her, Kyle didn't even think it was possible. He was perfectly willing to try, especially if he got to spend his time in the gym appreciating Dana's young, lithe body — and her round, magnificent breasts. For these workouts, she tied her long hair in a pony tail and wore a black and electric blue outfit of tight fabric that accentuated her youthful, lean figure. He was never going to match that kind of fitness, Kyle told himself.

"Maybe you should just do this alone, Dana," Kyle said, huffing and puffing. "I'm just slowing you down."

"No way, Ky!" She said. "You are gonna be just as good at this as I am! Tell you what, forty-five minutes at lunch just isn't cutting it. Meet me here after work every day, and you'll be touching your toes and doing ten miles on the treadmill in three months. Deal?"

"I guess?" Kyle replied. He loathed the idea of being in a gym for that much time, but on the plus side, his workout partner was a shapely young girl who he was blessed to be in the presence of. "No, I'm the one in control," he told himself. "Adapt and thrive," he said, repeating the advice of Dr. Carpenter. "Yeah! Let's do it!" He said, matching his partner's enthusiasm.

"High five!" Dana said, and Kyle gave her hand an energetic slap. He felt good about it already. The doctor was right. Adapt and thrive.

After that, Kyle was meeting up with Dana at 5:15 and spending two hours in the gym with her every night. His lunch was now spent actually eating, and Dana was taking him to a new place every day, all of them serving up small, healthy, low-calorie, high-protein meals he was trying to get used to.

He almost had more pills to take than food to eat, since Dana had given him her "super secret" mix of vitamins in a giant unmarked jar. He knew they were working because he felt sick every morning after taking them. He did keep taking them, though, because the results were undeniable. Kyle had lost quite a few pounds already, and he was eager to follow any kind of advice the slim coed was willing to share.

He was already up to five miles on the treadmill, which was definitely helping the pounds melt away as he watched Maury on the little treadmill TV screen. At home, he had also been binging through The Real Housewives in between Wendy Williams and TMZ episodes. Yes, he hated all this celebrity talk-show nonsense, but at least he could carry on a conversation with Dana and the girls in the office. Too bad he felt so hollow after watching it. Entertained, yes, but hollow.

The Real Housewives had been a strange kind of motivator to Kyle, as most of the women on the show were older than he was, and they had the extremely trim bodies of women half their age. If those mindless twits could do it, he certainly could.

He told Dr. Carpenter all about all the changes he'd been trying to make as he adjusted to LA, and she seemed amused. He had been seeing her twice a week, and looked forward to the sessions. She had a good sense of humor, even if she

was so young, no more than 26 if he had to guess, and was was a bit "out there" in her advice.

"It's only strange if you permit yourself to think it's strange," she said to him.

The sessions were always incredibly brief, feeling like they ended just as they were about to get started. That's just what good therapy must feel like, he supposed. At least he felt rested and refreshed after each session.



Finally, three months had passed and it was time to see if Dana was true to her promise.

"So, here goes," Kyle said as he bent over. Intent on showing that he could, indeed touch his toes just like Dana had told him he would, he shocked himself by not only touching them, but by resting his palm flat on the floor after he did. "Wow," he said, involuntarily.

"Awesome, Ky!" Dana cheered on.

Week after week of stretching exercises and regular yoga every Wednesday had paid off in ways that Kyle hadn't even contemplated. Not only could he stand with his legs perfectly straight and his hands on the ground, but he felt like he could go even farther.

The next test was even easier, as Kyle knew that he could go ten miles on the treadmill. He was up to twelve, actually. He barely even broke a sweat at ten.

"You've been holding out on me, Ky!" Dana said as she looked at the mileage count. "You killed it!" The two exchanged a high five, and Dana bounced in excitement. "But there's one more thing I want to know, Ky. How much did you lose?"

"You know, I've been afraid to check," Kyle said. "Maybe it's a lot? I know my stomach is leaner. I really haven't lost much weight around my hips, though. I think I may have actually put on a few."

"Well, what were you when you started?"

"165," he said. "...Ish."

"Do you wanna check?"

Kyle winced. "I'm kind of worried. I don't want to disappoint myself."

"I understand..." Dana said. "But I *really* want to know!"

"Okay, for you," Kyle said as he went to one of the gym's scales. He kicked off his shoes and covered his eyes as he stood on the pad. "Don't tell me if..."



His sentence was cut off when he heard Dana make a sharp gasp. “What, what?” He said as he uncovered his eyes. The display read 143. That was well over twenty pounds.

“Oh my God!” Dana squealed.

“Oh my God!” Kyle repeated. “That’s a lot!”

“Way to go, Ky! But don’t stop there.”

“Isn’t that enough? Isn’t that too much?”

“You could still lose a little in your hips… And the chest.”

Kyle did have to admit his disappointment with the man-boobs on his chest, which hadn’t gone away yet. “Yeah, you’re right. But can’t we just target those areas?”

“Losing weight doesn’t work like that. You have to lose all over.”

"I know," Ky said with a pout. He brightened up, though. He had just lost a ton of weight, after all, and felt like he had incredible amounts of energy. "Thanks, Dana. You've been so great." He wrapped Dana up in a quick congratulatory hug, just like she did to him at least twice a day.

"We're going to go celebrate with some FroYo, okay? Your treat."

"Deal," Kyle said. As he made his way to the locker room to shower and change, he could see Dana approach Braden, the kid who handed out the towels. By her body language, it was clear to Kyle that she was sweet on the muscular boy, as she suddenly forgot what to do with her hands and swayed back and forth as they talked. She had very good taste in boys, Kyle thought to himself.

Now he had to ask himself if he really wanted to go through with this. He had promised himself he wouldn't become some kind of workout nut, but the results were incredible. "Two inches off my hips," he said to himself, "and then I'll stop. I'm not an addict."



At home, Kyle hadn't made a lot of progress on his plan to tackle the home improvement tasks the mansion needed. The plumbing still leaked on the top floor, the window off the pantry was stuck open, the tiles in the mudroom were going to need to be replaced and... So many things needed to be repaired, it was going to take a year or two to do them all.

Kyle had purchased a few supplies, but they sat unused and pushed to the side as he laid on his couch, snacking on baby carrots while watching the latest seasons of reality shows like Keeping up with the Kardashians and The Zakarian Project. After that, he was planning on going through his DVR and finishing off the episodes of Divorce Court he had been saving up.

That was the way he *intended* to spend his evening, at least, as he had spent so many evenings before — but tonight it was too much. The thumping, loud beat of music coming from the Beta house was driving him out of his mind.

Finally, he had endured enough. He got off the couch, put on his sagging workout shorts and flip-flops and headed for a confrontation.

This was really more than anyone should have to bear, he told himself as he strode across the street, putting his angry face on. He balled up his fists in anger as he took a deep breath, before pounding on the door.

"Some of us are trying to relax!" He yelled when it wasn't immediately answered. "It's after eleven!"

Suddenly the door popped open, and Kyle was greeted with the smiling face of Dana. "Hey, Ky!" She said with her typically upbeat smile. She held out a red solo cup for him. "I didn't know you'd be coming! Here, drink up!"

Everything he had been practicing in his mind to complain about was thrown completely out the window. He was stunned as he absently took the red cup from Dana and followed her inside.

"Dana?" He asked. "You're a Beta Alpha Epsilon girl?"

"Didn't you know?" She said. "I was sure I mentioned it!"

"You never said anything!" He pointed back the way they came. "I live across the street!"

"You have to be kidding me! That's so awesome! Wow!" Dana replied as they walked through the dimly-lit house packed with smoke, which had that dizzying skanky smell of pot. Just through the fog, he could see a myriad of sorority girls and assorted boys clinging to each other. By his figuring, there had to be at least fifty students here.

"Hey, babe, don't leave me like that," said a young man who snaked his arm around Dana's waist and reeled her in, possessively. He immediately smothered her mouth with his.

Dana gave in for a moment, before pushing away. "Just a sec! Look who came!" She said, gesturing to a very uncomfortable Kyle. "He lives, like right next door!"

The boy, entirely uninterested in anything but Dana and her mouth, reluctantly turned and, and then dimly began to process.

Kyle was shocked to see who it was, now that he could see his full face. "Braden?" He asked.

"Oh, hey... Um..." He was searching for a name.

"Ky!" Kyle said. "It's me, Ky from the gym!"

"Oh yeah, Dana's friend." Now that Braden had finished with the introductions, he tugged Dana back in.

"Say hello to people! We're your neighbors, after all! People will want to meet you!" Dana said, just before Braden mashed into her face with his.

With that conversation over, Kyle now had to find some way of dealing with this new situation. How could he be mad at the Betas if Dana was one of them? She was the only friend he really had here in California.

More urgently, what was he supposed to do, stuck in a sorority house full of kids making out, without anyone to talk to? He sipped his drink as he slowly made his way back to the door.

"Oh, hey!" Said another chirpy voice from behind him, causing Kyle to swing around. "You came! Great!" It was what-her-name, the sorority chapter president. "You remember me, Miley?"

That was it, he remembered. Miley. "Well, uh... Yeah. Uh, the noise..."

"What?" Miley yelled back, as the music got louder.

"The noise! It's very loud!" Kyle shouted.

"I can't hear you! It's too loud!" Miley shouted back. Neither could hear what the other was saying. "We'll go to the kitchen!"

Miley grabbed at Kyle's arm and pulled him in that direction, and although he had no idea what she was doing, he guessed that she wasn't throwing him out or anything, so he followed.

As soon as they passed through the doors, the music was muffled enough so they could talk. However, the thick smoke was even thicker in the kitchen, and Kyle couldn't see from one side of the room to the other.

"Sorry about that," Miley apologized. "Last party of the year before summer break."

Kyle gathered himself, and got back on topic. "I understand that, but I can clearly hear all this from my living room and..."

"There's Miley," said one of two girls standing nearby. "Ask her."

The other girl advanced, who was wearing a tight black bodycon minidress with a plunging neckline that showed off her deeply tanned skin.

Kyle's attention was not only stolen by how beautiful and exotic the girl looked, with her thick dark hair tied back in a bun, and dangling gold hoop earrings, but by her familiarity. He had seen her somewhere before.

"Risa and I want to order some food, Miley," She cocked her hips saucily and put her long-nailed hands on them. "We totally didn't order enough for this party."

"I can do $200. That's all."

"Ugh! So much for the tilapia I guess," she replied, rolling her eyes. "Maybe we can get some poké bowls..."

"Bianca!" Kyle suddenly blurted. "Bianca Zakarian! I love your show!"

Indeed, that's where he had recognized her, from one of his shows. "The Zakarian Project" was one of the highest-rated reality shows on TV, and Bianca

Zakarian was the oldest daughter of the famous Zakarian family.

"Okay, yeah, great," Bianca said, not even looking Kyle's way. "Don't go away, Miley. We'll need the card for the order."

Kyle was speechless, having never before seen a TV star so up close. If anything, she was even better looking in person than she was on video.

"Fast please," Miley said. "I gotta check in upstairs before they burn this place down."

As Bianca walked away into the smoke, Kyle turned back to Miley. "Does she..."

Miley nodded wearily. She had answered this question a billion time before."Bianca and Risa are both sisters of Beta..."

"Risa!" It just clicked with Kyle. "That was Risa, Bianca's best friend! Oh my god!"

"So what did you want to tell me?" Miley asked.

Kyle downed his drink in one swig. "Oh, nothing," he replied. "Is it okay if I stick around?"

"Sure!" Miley said. "So you're into the whole Zakarian show?"

"I'm ashamed to admit it, but, yes. The look, the lifestyle, it's all so..." Kyle paused to find the word he wanted to use. Exciting? Stimulating? Capti-



vated no? No, these words betrayed too much of his deeply held emotions. A grown adult shouldn't admit how entranced he was by watching the lives of young girls. "...Interesting," was the safest word he could come up with.

"Really?" Miley replied, as if she saw through Kyle and understood his real passion in the matter. "Okay, good to know," she said, smirking, and then trailed after Bianca and Risa.

Aware that he was staring, Kyle backed out of the kitchen, eager to ask Dana as many questions as possible about Bianca. When he found them through the haze, Dana was just extricating herself from Braden.

"I'm gonna get more drinks," she said. "You're having beer, right? I'll be right back."

"Sure thing, babe," Braden said, as he dropped his hands down Dana's lithe body before reluctantly letting go. Kyle was jealous.

"So, you guys are dating?" Kyle asked Braden as he approached.

"I guess. We're kinda in a thing," Braden replied.

Kyle supposed that kids these days didn't use the term "date" for whatever reason. It had been a while since he had seen Braden, and he had built himself up even more.

"Hey, dude, you ain't gonna go all parental on me, are you?"

"No, no," Kyle said. "I'm cool with it." He noticed that Braden had cut his hair a little shorter and had obviously enjoyed a little bit of time in the sun. For a kid who had recently moved here, Braden was quickly adapting to the lifestyle, and had not only a new look, but a new attitude. "So, finding the SoCal lifestyle to be more amenable to you?"

"Ameni... What?"

"You look like you're adjusting well."

"Yeah, dude," Braden said with a smile and nod. "Found some brahs who are really into lifting and making your bod awesome."

"Huh! You said you really weren't into the whole fitness thing."

"Yeah? Whoah, I guess I did say something like that. But you know, I just didn't give it a chance."

Ky was amused and a little concerned to see the change in the boy's attitude. If it was that easy for Braden to succumb, would he do the same? It wasn't likely, he reminded himself. He was an adult, not some suggestible kid. "Did you know that Bianca and Risa from The Zakarian Project live here?" He asked, wanting to know more about them.

"Yeah, dude. This is their crib, you know? They practically run the place." Braden stretched out his arms and yawned.

Kyle found himself transfixed at the sight. The kid had really been exercising his arms. "Wow, you sure have been working out."

"No pain, no gain, right?"

"Can I feel your muscles?" Kyle was embarrassed to ask.

Braden shrugged and held out one of his meaty forearms. Kyle squoze it, barely even able to wrap his hand around. "You're so hard!" He said with a quiet little laugh. "That's impressive! I wish I had a body like yours."

"Like mine?" Braden said with a grin. He looked over Kyle's thin, almost scrawny body. "Sure, whatever, dude."

For the first time in a while, Kyle felt a little ashamed of his new slender build. It was so different than Braden's, who had muscles seemingly bulging out of other muscles. Kyle wondered why, since he had been living out of the gym for months now, why hadn't he put on muscles like Braden? Maybe they had different body types or something, he guessed.

They looked even more different because Braden's tan and hairy skin was so much more masculine than Kyle's light, hairless skin. Recently, Kyle had been keeping himself smooth and clean-shaven all the time.

He remembered when he made the decision that he wanted to keep his skin totally smooth. It was coming out of one of Dr. Carpenter's sessions that he suddenly felt overwhelmed by a sense of itchiness, and started scratching at his skin. By the end of the day, he had bought razors, depilatory cremes, skin lotions and even a home electrolysis machine.

Now he was smooth from the eyebrows down, and liked the feel. His skin felt so much more alive without that blanket of ugly, scraggly, itchy hair. Kyle even shaved during his lunch break, fearful that his beard shadow was going to sprout during the day. This obsession had him worried that he had developed some kind of phobia, but the doctor assured him what he felt was normal and there was nothing to worry about.

Still, he felt like a totally different type of person when he compared his arm to Braden's. They were almost two different species.

"Really, I would kill to have that for my own," Kyle said, as he ran his fingers lightly over Braden's arm. "I'd love to feel that all the time."

"Here you go," Dana said as she returned with two freshly filled red cups. She handed one to Braden who took it and drank up.

"Where do you get refills?" Kyle asked.

"Over by the DJ," Dana said, using a cup to motion in the general direction. "So you're gonna stay?"

"Yeah, why not?" Kyle replied. "Bianca said there's food on the way."



The summer break for the college students meant an easing of tensions in the community where Kyle lived. Beta house was still quite active, but there weren't any blow-out parties to worry about.

Fortunately for Kyle, when Dana's summer began and her internship ended, she stayed behind and took a part-time job at the company to earn some money. "Maybe I can cut my student debt to twenty years of payments instead of forty," she remarked.

Dana and Kyle carpooled their way to and from the office on the days she worked, and on some nights, he'd return with her and stay at Beta house past midnight. The girls there were always friendly and treated him like he belonged. He even got to sneak a look at Bianca and Risa's room once, and recognized the interior from the videos he had been watching.

When he was at home, he had gotten a little bit fixated on Bianca Zakarian, having found a ton of material about her on YouTube. He had a whole library of things she had done, from appearances on tabloid news shows, outtakes from her own show, candid video of her out on the town, and a short series of hair and makeup tutorials she had done.

Work at the office went on just as it always had, but Ky, as he was now known by just about everyone, was finding himself ostracized from the other QA engineers. His co-workers tended to be a mix of comic book nerds and computer science nerds, and Ky's presence made them visibly uncomfortable.

Why? Since he had lost so many pounds, his clothes had become quite ill-fitting, and Ky refused to buy anything new until he was sure he had reached his "final" weight. That meant that he was wearing buttoned shirts that were three sizes too big for him, tucked into his belted pants to keep them under control, with the sleeves rolled up to his elbows. He looked like he was wearing a blouse most of the time. His pants were cuffed because the legs were too big for him, and with his hips still refusing to lose any fat, his butt was stretching out the top.

Combined with his unnaturally smooth skin, the talk around the office was that Ky was going through a "transition," and so most of the guys wanted little to do with him. Ky was totally unaware of this, but he wouldn't have much



cared anyway, as he spent most of his free time hanging out with Dana and a few other girls at the office.

"You should totally just let your hair grow out," Kelley said, a twenty year old who worked in sales. "Short cuts do not go with that hot bod of yours." Ky was inclined to listen to Kelley, as she was the hottest girl in the office, by far. She probably spent an hour on her bedhead blond hair every morning, and wore skirts and heels that were more appropriate for a night on the town than a morning at a desk.

"Kelley's right," said Jen, a twenty-two year old from the graphics department. "Just let it flow. You're not in Texas anymore, Ky."

"Are you sure?" Ky looked at his reflection in the rear view mirror of his car while he drove everyone to lunch at a new quinoa and kale place. "I've always had it short."

"All the more reason," Dana agreed. "You can always cut it if you don't like it."

"I guess that's true," the middle-aged man replied. "Hey, I was gonna ask you guys something. I really want your opinion."

"What's that?" Jen asked.

Ky was animated as he talked, gesturing with his free hand. "Now, I'm being totally serious, so don't laugh, okay?"

"Okay?"

"Promise?"

"Yes!"

"All right," Ky slumped his shoulders and exhaled. "Is it okay for a guy to wear makeup?"

Jen waved off the question as if it were nothing to get excited about. "Well, I don't know about most guys, but you can, Ky."

Kelley seconded the opinion. "Yeah, you could certainly carry it off."

That meant a lot, coming from Kelley, but Ky was still cautious. "Do you think so?"

"I bet if you used a little bit of makeup, no one would even say a thing," Dana said. "You wanna go out and get something? Like a basics kit?"

"I was going to order one off Amazon," Ky said.

"Oh no," Jen countered. "You should do it in person. Getting your skin type is crucial."

"I'd be so embarrassed!" Ky said.

"What's there to be embarrassed about?" Jen leaned forward from the back seat. "Everyone buys their first makeup kit at some point."

"What brought this on?" Dana was curious to know.

"My skin looks so pale," Ky said. "My face washes out, and it looks like I have no features at all." That was somewhat true, but constantly watching the make-up tutorials Bianca Zakarian had made had skewed his perception of what his own face should look like. A part of him expected to have thicker eyelashes and colorful lips just like the faces he watched all night long.

"We can get you something after we eat," Jen said.

"Food first, shopping later," said Kelley. "I can't believe I just said that, but I'm starved."

"You know, we could try tanning, too," Dana said.

"I don't know," Ky replied. "The skin damage..."

Dana had an answer for that. "They can do spray tans now. No UV, no cancer. It looks even better than the real thing! They're fun, too."

"I'll think about it," Ky said, already picturing in his mind how his new thin, sleek body would look with a tan.

When the next day began at work, Ky was relieved that no one had said a thing about the mascara he had decided to use for the day. Dana knowingly winked at him whenever they crossed paths, and Jen gave him thumbs up when she got a look at him, making him blush. He had been worried to the point of almost calling in sick, but by the end of the day, he was completely at ease, and even felt more confident.

Even Dr. Carpenter was supportive, reassuring Ky that the choices he had made were the right things for him, even if they did feel strange at first. Her advice, "adapt and thrive" had become Ky's new motto, and he repeated it to himself several times a day. He always felt better after a session with her, and coming regularly to see her was one of the best decisions he'd ever made, in his opinion.

"I see your hair is growing back in," his Tonsorial Artisan said as Ky was getting a trim. "That must be due to the hormones you're taking."

"Say what?" Ky asked, confused.

"I see it in a lot of my transgender clients," the man snipping at hair said. "A little less testosterone, and a little bit of hair comes back. Bonus, right?"

"I'm not taking any hormones," Ky said. "Maybe I'm just lucky."

"Hmmm... With your skin clearing up like it has?" the man remarked. "If you say so."

"I think I'd know if I was taking hormones, okay?"

"All right, all right! Forget I mentioned it. You said you wanted to leave it long this time, right?"

"I guess. The other girls in the office are needling me to let it grow out."

"Other girls?"

"What?"

"You said *other* girls — as if you were one of them."

"I did not say that."

"Wow. Denial isn't just a river in Egypt."

Ky decided he needed to find a new salon. He didn't understand why this place hired crazy people to cut hair. It took him a couple of weeks, but he found a place closer to the mansion, thanks to Kelley.

"I used to go to a place down by the beach," she said as they walked into the building. "Then I heard about this place. They do everything here. They're absolutely awesome."

There was no sign on the front, as apparently they were busy enough not to need to advertise their services. Word of mouth kept them in business, and Ky understood why. He was treated like a princess from the moment he arrived. Yes, it was all very expensive, but he loved being pampered.

"Just sit back and let me know hat you'd like to do today, sweetie," said the cute hairdresser who was helping him. "And just so you know, we don't get hung up on gender here, okay?"

"Uh, okay?" Ky said with a shrug. He wondered why they felt the need to even mention that to him. Maybe it was some kind of legal disclaimer or something, he thought. "Oh, I'm growing my hair out, so I just need it neat. Nothing big."

"Gotcha," the woman said. A Korean woman walked up and sat down next to Ky and tried to take his hand. "This is Ji-yung, she'll be doing your nails."

Ky hadn't had a manicure before. He had always been curious, so he let it happen and gave his hand to her. "Oh, uh, one question..." he asked the hairdresser. "Just, you know... Curious if... You guys do spray tans here?"

"Sure do!" The lady said. "Do you want to do it today or book an appointment?"

The impulse to see what he would look like got the better of him. "Today," he said, biting his lip.

"You look..." Kelley was a little at a loss for words when Ky was all done. "*Amazing.*"

"Really?" Ky asked, looking over his now lightly bronzed skin. "It's not too much?"

"It's perfect. You look *so* good. You could be a model!"

"Let's not get crazy," Ky said with a snicker.

"All right, but you do look good," Kelley said as they walked to the car. "Your nails came out great!"

Ky looked at his freshly polished clear nails. "This isn't what I expected from a manicure. They're too shiny."

"You never know, you might get used to it."



Once again, Ky, standing at the water cooler, found himself leaning on one leg. He quickly tried to adjust his stance, and stand upright, but he knew he'd been standing that way for quite a while, which was embarrassing. Lately, he had

noticed that instead of just standing upright, he sifted his weight tone one leg and to the other, swiveling his hips as he did so. In addition, he found that he'd stick out a leg and rest it on his toes, rather than on his heel, like he was doing some kind of pose.

It was a nasty habit he'd developed lately, and it was one of the things he'd brought up in taking to Dr. Carpenter. "You used to do hypnosis, right?" He asked.

"Used to?" She replied. "Oh yes, used to."

"So maybe you can use it to make me try and stop acting like such a swish," he said.

"I don't think I'd be able to help you much, Ky. Hypnosis doesn't really work like that. It's just a tool to help you dig a little deeper when it comes to expressing your feelings,"

That didn't appeal to Ky at all — exploring his feelings. "Oh," he replied. "So maybe not, I guess."

"Don't worry, Ky. If you just apply yourself, you can do anything. Dealing with bad habits and unwanted behavior is one of the challenges we all face. Being able to comprehensively repair ourselves and correct the kinds of behavior we find undesirable..."

Ky then shook his head, unsure of when he had dozed off. He wasn't sure if he had slept for a while or just for a second. Dr. Carpenter was still talking, so he assumed it hadn't been for very long at all.

"...And really, a measure of how well you can cope with change," The doctor had continued. "So it looks like our time is up for today," she added.

Ky got up on his feet and took a deep breath. "These appointments always go by so quickly," he said, swiveling his hips and posing his leg like he had been doing lately. He took no notice of it.

"That's a compliment, I believe," Dr. Carpenter said with a smile. "So, see you on Thursday?"

"I'll see you then," Ky replied, as he leaned forward to hug the doctor, and air-kissed her by the cheek. He withdrew and then paused. "Oh, wait. I have a meeting on Thursday," he said, putting his finger to his lips, and his free hand on his hip. "Can we do it on Friday?"

The doctor consulted the small appointment book on her desk. "Friday at three?"

"Perfect," Ky replied, waving with a limp wrist. He left the room, taking short mincing steps, shaking his butt from side to side, and held his arms bent at the

elbow. "I'll take your advice and try to correct my annoying little gestures," he said to the the doctor. "And we can check my progress at the next appointment."

"Sounds good," as the doctor's reply.

"Okay! Toodles!" Ky said as he gave a roll of his fingers to wave goodbye.



Ky finally finished his final rep and took a deep breath. He popped out the earphones which were blasting Ariana Grande and dabbed his shoulders with a towel. A few long hairs were matted to his forehead, having worked their way free from his ponytail, and he used one of his long fingernails to push them away.

Ky had gained a reputation for these crazy insane workouts, and attracted a lot of attention from the other gym patrons. He also attracted a lot of attention because he was a sight to behold. He had an alarmingly thin body, one that defied his age, curves that weren't normally seen on a male, and two items of particular note on his chest.

As he walked over to his bag to get some water, he noticed all the eyes on him. Or, more accurately, on his chest, which was sore because it had been bobbing up and down, almost slapping his own torso — and undoubtedly everyone else in the gym had seen it. He then nonchalantly headed towards Dana. "So maybe I will take you up on borrowing a sports bra," he whispered.

"It's for the best," she said.

Ky definitely had the entire population of the gym confused. He was so thin and shapely that he couldn't be male, but he used the men's changing room. He talked to the other men like he was one of the boys. Yet, his voice was soft and high-pitched, and the bulge in his spandex shorts was so small, it could be easily overlooked.

Ky had asked Dr. Carpenter if he should see a doctor about his changing body, especially his shrinking penis. "Only if you're experiencing pain or discomfort," she said. "Otherwise, why worry?" And Ky had to agree with her.

"The new Ariana is awesome for workouts, isn't it?" Dana said, hearing the music coming out of Ky's headphones.

"It's pretty good..." Ky had to admit, embarrassed to be listening to sugary power-pop. "I guess it beats Dave Matthews."

"Ew!" was all Dana said about that. "Anyway, you ready for the scale?"

This was the first day of the fall term, which meant that his summer of fitness was now at an end. This was his last workout, his last attempt to lose weight. "Yeah," he said with a sigh. It was clear to him that he hadn't lost that much on his hips, just a little, and his chest, as exemplified by his workout, was not reduced at all.

"Moment of truth!" Dana said.

He looked up at the ceiling as he stepped on the scale. "What's it say?" He asked.

"Oh, God... 120," Dana said, he voice dripping with jealousy. "Less than me!"

"120!" Ky squealed in happiness. He looked down at the display to confirm, scarcely able to believe it. He hadn't had any particular goal in mind, but this was such a dramatic jump. "120! 120! Oh my God! Really? 120!"

"Now *I* gotta go on a diet," Dana said as she headed off to go get something from her bag.

Ky turned to a nearby wall mirror to get a look at his reflection. At 120 pounds, he couldn't believe he wasn't just a walking skeleton. Instead, he had a very streamlined figure, looking healthy and lean. Maybe that was due to that odd fatty layer he had developed under his skin, helping to round out some of the angular parts of his body. Where that fatty layer came from was kind of a mystery, but he was glad to have it.

Dana returned, handing Ky a can of fizzy water with lime. "Time to celebrate!"

"Oh, my favorite!" He said, popping the top and guzzling down the contents heartily.

"Girl, you deserved it," Dana said.

Ky nearly coughed up what he was swallowing. "Girl?" He asked.

"Don't forget I'll be at Beta house beginning tomorrow, because it's rush week, so I'll be kinda busy for a while," Dana said, blowing past Ky's question. "And my part-time job at work is over, so I won't be there. Oh, but Beta is having a party after Rush Week, so you gotta come by for that. It's going to be epic!"

"What? Oh yeah, I guess you already told me that. My job isn't going to be the same without you."

"Yeah, you might actually get some work done."

Dana and Ky giggled.

"Hey, I'm almost out of your secret vitamins. Do you have any more?" Ky asked.

"All you want," Dana replied. "All you could ever want," she repeated, looking over Ky's sublime form.



Ky woke up the next morning, a Monday morning, and had no enthusiasm for going into work — especially without Dana there anymore. He rolled over in bed and sighed.

He had already earned enough money to pay off the mortgage he had taken out, and now he could live off the equity. Grabbing his phone, he dialed up the office manager and called in sick.

Next, he started to look up Dana, but she had said she was going to be busy, so

he dialed up Kelley instead.

"Hey! Call in sick!" He said.

"Why?" Kelley replied.

"I need new clothes," Ky said as he rolled around onto his stomach. "And you have great taste in clothes. Come with?"

"Fuh..." Kelley replied, blowing out some air. "Sure, why not?"

"Great! Come by in an hour, okay?"

The excitement sprang Ky out of bed with a hop. It was amazing how much energy he had with his new, lighter body. Skipping over to his dresser, he got started on something he'd been wanting to do for months, which was to grab every last piece of clothing he had and get rid of them.

He couldn't wear much of it anyway, and what he *could* wear was bulky and boring. He had made up his mind: Everything must go.

Kelley pulled up in her car just as he was leaving his last bag in the garage, ready for a Goodwill drop-off at some point in the future.

The only thing left from his move from Texas was the boxer briefs, sweatpants, hoodie and flip-flops he was wearing. That and the sports bra Dana had "loaned" him. Not wearing it was just too uncomfortable. "Just in time!" Ky said as he bounded to Kelley's car in excitement.

"You know, I'd have come even if you didn't butter me up," she replied.

"But it's true! You're the best dresser I know... Well... Besides Bianca Zakarian, at least."

"Oh yeah, she lives in that sorority house over there, right?"

Ky opened up the passenger side door and jumped in. "And Risa, her best friend. I've met them," he said, proudly. "You should come to the Beta party next week!"

"The Zakarians, huh? They must be absolute monsters. I don't know how Dana can even live under the same roof. Anyway, where do you want to start?"

"You tell me!"

"What's out price range?" Kelley asked as she backed out of the driveway.

"Sky's the limit."

Kelley took them to a local upscale mall, much to Ky's displeasure. "Not a mall," he moaned. "I hate malls. Anything but a mall."

"It's where they keep the clothes, Ky," she said, as she turned off the car. "I'd take you to a movie, but they don't sell clothes there."

"Fine," Ky said, unlatching the passenger side door.

Ky's first stop was at the mall directory, where he plotted out the path he and his precision strike force were going to take to minimize time in the mall. Get in. Get out. Nobody gets hurt.

Kelley ignored everything he was doing, and headed down the thoroughfare, in a random fashion. He couldn't have been more bored. Ky felt like he was being taken grocery shopping by his mother, and wanted to drop to the floor and lie down in protest. The image of having Kelley drag his limp body around was amusing, but not an option.

The first place Kelley suggested was a menswear shop. "It's a little formal? I'm not really into formal." Ky said.

Kelley agreed. "No, I suppose not. Casual is the look for you. But not too casual."

After some futile visits in low-end stores like the Gap, which bored Ky to tears, he suggested a Nordstrom's, where they sold a slightly higher quality of clothes.

"I thought I was here to help you choose stuff," Kelley said.

"Once we find a nice place, yes. It's your show." Ky immediately felt more comfortable inside the posh store with it's upscale look.

"You take that half and look around," Kelley directed as she gestured at the mens section. "I'll take this half and gather up some things for you to try on."

As he went through aisle after aisle, it was hard for Ky to find anything that really jumped out at him. The same old shirts, the same old pants. After about ten minutes, though, he finally found something that appealed to him, a short-sleeved black tee with a deep V neck and "Paris" written across the front in foil.

"Oh, look!" He said, picking it up and showing it to Kelley. "Perfect!"

"You wandered into to Juniors section, Ky," Kelley said, from three racks away.

"I did?" He looked up and sure enough, he had left the men's section and walked into the women's juniors area without noticing it. Dejectedly, he had to leave the shirt and wade back through the racks towards Kelley.

Kelley was examining a flannel shirt with elbow patches. "I think you could have that kind of hip urban look. Have you considered growing a beard?"

"Oh God, no!" Ky said, feeling his chin. It was smooth as a baby's bottom.

"Maybe not, then," Kelley said, grumbling. "How about a polo shirt? That's a good match with a bomber jacket."

"Well, I don't know," Ky said. "It's so heavy. I like light clothes."

Kelley grunted, showing her frustration. "You're buying me lunch, too," she said, as she returned her attention to the racks.

Ky was aware he was being difficult, and he didn't want to be a pain, but so far, nothing had really seemed like the kind of thing that he wanted to wear. With his super slim physique, he wanted to show it off a little, not drape it with thick, formless clothes. He hoped Kelley would tolerate him for a little while longer.

"Yes, I like this!" Ky said as he found another shirt he liked. It was red with white and black stripes along the shoulder.



"You're in the Juniors again," Kelley told him.

"Again?" Ky said, looking up. He dropped his shoulders. "I still like it. I don't care where it came from. As long as it fits." He then lunged at another shirt. It was faded yellow with orange type that read "Santa Monica" in a vintage seventies style. "This one too!"

"All right, hold on, I'm coming over." Kelley put the things she had been gathering down and met Ky where he was continuing to grab things off the rack.

"I knew we'd find stuff if we just kept looking," Ky said as they hauled a half dozen bags back to the car. He had gotten about a dozen tees, socks and some workout items.

"These are not men's clothes, though," Kelley said. "You understand that, right?"

"Don't get so hung up on it," Ky said. "I don't know why you wouldn't let me get those cute shorts."

"They were booty shorts, Ky. And they were metallic pink."

"And they would look so good on me!"

"They might look good on you, Ky, but you'd look like you were walking in the pride parade."

"Well, I still need some bottoms, some shoes and maybe some accessories." Ky dumped the bags into the trunk of Kelley's car. "Where to next?"

Kelley slammed the trunk shut. "Let's get these back to your place. We can talk on the way."

"What do you want to talk about?" Ky asked as he got in. Ten minutes later, after a long, empty silence as they drove, he asked Kelley again. "You wanted to talk?"

Kelley, without speaking, pulled the car over onto the shoulder. She came to a complete stop and took a deep breath.

"Look, I'm sorry, Ky. But I can't live with myself anymore."

"What do you mean?" Ky asked, sensing Kelley's tension.

"You don't know, Ky. You really don't. I was paid a lot of money to do this, but I can't live with knowing. It's immoral what they're doing to you."

"Doing to me? Who? Who's doing what to me?"

Kelley gripped the steering wheel as she raised her voice. *"They!* Dana, the doctor, the Beta Alpha Epsilons! Those girls! They're trying to turn you into one of them!"

"What are you talking about?" Ky said, moving some long shoulder-length hair out of his face.

"Look at yourself!" Kelley said. "They already made you skin and bones! It's all a part of a plan! They want you to be one of the sorority girls!"

"Hold on, hold on!" Ky said, putting his hand up in a 'talk-to-the-hand' motion. "What are you saying?"

"Ky, Dana may seem like your friend, but she's been paid a ton of money to try and fool you. Jen too. Dr. Carpenter. We've all been in on it. This girl, Miley, the president of the Betas approached us. We were supposed to pal up and encourage you to make all kinds of bad decisions."

Ky leaned back in the seat and had a shocked look on his face. "That's so not true!" He said, gathering his wits. "Dana is my absolute bestie! She's never asked for anything! Dr. Carpenter is the most awesomest therapist I could ever ask for and Beta house has been nothing but great to me!" His anger with Kelley grew with every word.

"No they're *not,* Ky!"

"You don't know! You don't know anything!"

"Yes I do! They're trying to turn you into a sorority girl!"

Ky had had enough of Kelley's false accusations. "Well maybe I *want* to be a sorority girl!"

"Oh God, no, Ky! You don't mean that!"

Seeing how it annoyed Kelley so much, Ky stayed on this track, even if he didn't really mean it. "Yeah, what's wrong with me being a sorority girl? What, maybe you're jealous?"

"No, Ky. No, no..." Kelley seemed distraught. "They really have gotten to you, haven't they?"

"God, Kelley! No one has gotten to me! Okay?" Ky gave a frustrated sigh as he rolled his eyes. "Seriously? I mean, *seriously?* I dress how I want to dress, not because anyone told me to do something." He paused. "Is this about the shorts?"

"I'm just going to take you home," Kelley said.

"Good! Maybe I'll just order some dresses and heels online and go all the way, what do you think of that?"

Kelley just shook her head and drove down the road.

When they got to Ky's mansion, she stayed in the car as he unloaded his bags. When he had them all out, he walked over to the driver side door. "Kelley? Do you really..."

Before he could even finish, Kelley pulled out and sped away.

"Fine!" Ky screeched back like a scorned girlfriend. "You're *officially* uninvited to the Beta's rush party, bitch!" he picked up as many bags as he could. "Yeah, she's jealous," he assured himself.



The next day, Ky awoke with a purpose. He phoned in to say he was going to be late and then put his plan into action.

Four hours later, he strode into work, confidently, taking a direct route to get to the office manager. There, he dropped a letter of resignation on her desk. "I'm quitting," he said, proudly. Why would he want to work in boring old office full of dumb nerds, anyway?

With a dramatic turn, he made sure that he could be seen by Kelley, who's desk was nearby. Passing by her workspace wasn't on the way out, so he had to make a detour, but he wanted to make sure he was unavoidable. After all, he had just spent most of the day shopping and at a beauty salon, just to get his revenge on Kelley. He almost made it without stumbling in his heels.

All night he had been stewing over Kelley's obvious attempt to sabotage his friendship with Dana. As he tossed and turned, he finally decided he'd do what she warned him against, just to show her he was in complete control.

So he got up, shaved himself smooth, and headed back to the mall to buy the most shapely dress he could find. After a few minutes, he settled on a bandeau top dress with an exposed midriff. It had a long maxi skirt with one slit up the leg. A pair of black strap heeled sandals was the perfect match.

He then spent two hours at the salon as they did his face and hair. He asked for it to be dyed, and colored darker.

"You sure you don't want to go blonde?" The stylist asked.

"No. Dark, dark brown. Almost black."

"Okay... I'm just used to everyone going blonde, I guess."

"Not today," Ky told her.

He had his spray tan done two shades darker, because it would look better with the dress, and had his eyes done deep and dark... Not unlike the girls he



had been watching on The Zakarian Project.

As soon as he was done, he jumped in his car and sped to work, not wanting his fresh new look to deteriorate one iota before Kelley could get a good look at him.

He was rewarded when Kelley had to take three long looks at him before she recognized who he was. When she did, she shoved her chair away from her desk, turned her back to him and walked off down a hallway to avoid talking to him.



"What do you think of that, Kelley?" Ky thought to himself as he broke out in a wicked smile. With a security man likely headed his direction, Ky decided to not pursue her and head out. He could have cleared out his desk, but he didn't feel like he needed any of that junk.

When he got back home, he was eager to see what Kelley saw and headed right to his full-length mirror. He was nearly knocked on his supple little butt when he got a look.

His look was complete. He looked like a tarty little socialite. From his shiny dark har pinned up in a bun to his tight dress hugging his thin body to his deep tanned skin to his smoky, captivating eyes.

Ky didn't quite make the connection in his mind, but he looked like he could have his own reality TV show, his own rich daddy, and his own adoring fans.

After steadying himself, his first impulse, which should have shocked him, was to take a selfie. Actually, seven selfies.

"I could totally pass as a woman," he said to himself. "You know, if I wanted to." Halloween was only a couple of months away, maybe he could dress up in a female costume? A sexy cheerleader? No, cheerleaders were stupid. Maybe Catwoman. That would be a good match for his figure. Maybe Jasmine from Aladdin. That would go with the hair and eyes. He had a lot of ideas, and was going to have to make a list.

He couldn't help but turn left and right, his hand on his hip, showing off to himself. Ky blew himself a kiss, his nude lipstick glistening in the light. He had meant to trim his fingernails, too, but he never seemed to have time for it, and had let them grow to almost a half inch long. The salon had painted them nude just like his lips, and he had to admit that he liked the look, especially with his tanned skin.

"I could even wear a bikini," he told his reflection. "Look out, Bianca, there's a new bitch in town," he said as he giggled.



After Rush Week was finally over, Ky was ready for the party. He had been looking forward to it for days, and had been busy prepping.

When the time finally came, he tucked a towel under his arm and grabbed a bottle of sunscreen, intent on staying poolside and being on display.

His flip flops made loud slapping noises as he headed across the street, a beach caftan covering his torso and a pair of metallic pink booty shorts on his bottom. Yes, he had gone back to get them. If he was going to be seen by Kelley, he wanted to be living up to her worst fears.

With a floppy sun hat on his head and some oversized sunglasses clipped to his neckline, he had a big, bright smile on his glistening lips when Dana answered the door.

"What? Ky? Is that you? What did you do to yourself?" Dana said, both her hands covering her mouth in shock. "You look like..."

"Is Kelley here?" Ky asked.

"Kelley? Uh, I don't know. I don't know if I invited her, but..."

"Well, if she has the gall to show her face around here, she's going to get an eyeful!" Ky stuck out a sassy hip.

"She sure will," Dana said. "I can't believe that you..." It looked like she was about to say something interesting to Ky, but she changed her mind. Perhaps she was going to point out to him that he looked like a woman, from his long hair, to the touch of makeup he had on, to his women's sunglasses, to his sexy outfit, to his thin body. "Never mind. You want to go through to the pool?"



They walked through the house, and much to Ky's disappointment, he didn't attract much attention. That was probably because they were used to having people dressed like sexy girls in the house, and he was just another one of the crowd who didn't deserve a second look.

The upper floors sounded very busy, and Dana explained that all the new pledges were still getting moved in. The party would slowly get under-

way as they finished up and came downstairs.

Dana and Ky set up on a couple of chaise-lounges, stretching out in the sun. Dana needed to relax after such a long week, and had no objections to just lazing about instead of joining the crowd inside.

"You wanna drink?" Ky asked. "I'm gonna do some shots."

"I think they have some peach vodka," Dana said.

"You got it," Ky said as he headed to the drinks table.

"Hey, Ky!" said Miley as she approached. "Thanks for coming!"

"Hey, Miley!" Ky said with a smile. "I've been looking forward to this party all week!"

"You and me both! What a week! New pledges, barely enough room to put them all... It's a lot of work!"

Ky got the drink and headed back to the pool. "You should relax with us!"

"Wish I could!"

"Have you seen Kelley?"

"Kelley? Your co-worker?"

"*Former* co-worker."

"I haven't seen her."

"I bet she's around here somewhere," Ky said, hoping to see her. After all, that's why he had dressed up like this, just to get her goat.

Back at poolside, Dana was full of stories from Rush Week. Ky went on and on about how liberating it was to quit work, and not have to worry about conforming to what people expected him to be.

The party was roaring from inside the house, and thankfully, Dana and Ky were left alone, as they chatted and giggled at their tales of the week gone by. Two hours later, they were dunk, and laughing at just about every word they spoke.

As they started to fade off, Ky suddenly perked up when he saw Risa and Bianca walk out and take two lounge chairs a few feet away. He hadn't seen them for three months, over the summer, and his heart was beating fast. If anything, he had become more infatuated with them, having watched their entire series, twice over.

He had the benefit of being able to hide his gawking eyes underneath his sunglasses, and watched them as they relaxed in their chairs. To be this close to such glamorous celebrities was making him nervous, and he was doing his very best to look calm.

What would he even say to them if he could get close enough? He didn't even know. How do you talk to a real celebrity, he asked himself. They were so worldly, so wealthy, there was nothing they hadn't seen or done. All of his stories were so mundane compared to what they would probably say. He'd bore them to death, he just knew it. Besides, they did have this whole "rich bitch" thing going which probably didn't make them the best for conversation.

"You're staring at them," Dana said.

"No I'm not," Ky replied, all too quickly. "I'm not staring."

"You can just go say hello, if you want. They're actually very nice." Dana laughed. "But God, they're stupid."

"Dana!" Ky scolded.

"They're just well-dressed bimbos, really. Drinks, drugs, sex, clothes and hair. That's practically all they care about."

"Life could be worse."

"You could never get me to trade places with them. I'll take whatever I've got over being shallow and stupid any day."

"Fine, I see your point."

"Can you get me a soda or something?" Dana asked as the dance music in the house got louder. "I think I've had enough booze for now."

"What?" Ky shouted back, to try and get over the pumping party beat that had just kicked in at a much louder volume.

"Can you get me a soda?" Dana yelled over the noise.

"Sure," Ky said, getting to his feet and sticking his pedicured toes into his flip-flops. He then realized he had to walk past Bianca and Risa. He could already feel his legs go weak. He took a moment to regulate his breathing, and then stuck out his chest, and headed their way.

Bianca was looking at her reflection in a hand mirror, making pointless adjustments to her immaculate hair, while making seductive faces at herself.

"The other girls here must hate her," Ky thought to himself. "Always getting the attention, stealing all the boys, and tossing them aside when they were tired of them."

He could imagine them being surrounded by muscled hardbodied guys, as they picked and chose who they wanted to talk to, or just ignored them all to taunt them.

Meanwhile, with their deep tans, dark perfect hair and bewitching eyes, even a glance, a millisecond of attention from a goddess, could be a reward unlike anything else a man could ever receive.

With all the other girls jealously looking on, having to make small talk with their castoff boys, seething over their tight bodies, double-D breasts, pillowy backsides and long lean legs.

"What's your name?" Bianca yelled at Ky as he came closer.

"W-w-what?" he yelled back at the top of his lungs, trying to conquer the loud music. It was ten time louder where they were, being closer to the house.

"I haven't seen you before! What's your name?" She yelled just loud enough so Ky could hear her.

She wanted to know his name. She was talking to him. Ky almost disintegrated in a fit of nerves. He wanted to run, but he needed to reply. Now!

"Kyle Eastman!" He yelled back, almost immediately covering his mouth. He was so nervous, he couldn't even think straight.

Bianca smiled. "Nice to meet you!"

Ky, too devastated by the immense blunder he had just made, didn't reply. He stood there, petrified.

"Risa, let's move to the other side! It's too loud!" Bianca yelled at her friend. She picked up the patio chair she had been sitting on.

"Yah!" Risa replied.

"Come on!" Bianca said to Ky, as the two girls walked past with their chairs. Ky followed, his pace and gait not unlike that of a zombie, relying on some small part of his brain which was the only thing working right now.

"That's better," Bianca said, at a much more reasonable volume. "Anyway, nice to meet you, Kyleesha. You're a new pledge? Welcome to Beta Alpha Epsilon! It's so good to have you!" She leaned forward, embracing him in a hug.

In the booming sound, Ky's use of his old name had been muffled, and Bianca, having not heard him well, thought she heard the kind of name she assumed a girl with a body like her would have. Kyleesha.

"Same," Risa said, too far away to attempt a hug. "I love your look. I have those same sunglasses."

"Uh... Thanks?" Ky said.

"Don't be nervous, Kyleesha!" Bianca said, as they all sat down. "Oh my God. It's the celebrity thing, isn't it?"

The long, silent pause from Ky confirmed Bianca's question.

"Yah, it is. Look, just between us sisters, it's just an act, okay? That's just a thing we do for the cameras." She giggled. "Can you imagine? God, I couldn't stand being abound anyone who acted like that all the time."

"Anyway," Risa said. "I'm Risa, this is Bianca, and we're Juniors. We have room 106 upstairs?" She said it like it was a question, but that was just the tone of voice she and Bianca used when they talked.

Bianca took over. "Our door is always open. We know living with celebrities like us can be a major bummer, and we, like, really want to make it okay with everyone, so if there's ever, like, problems, anything at all, you can always ask us."

"We know the whole rich socialite reality TV thing is heavy," Risa said, "and we couldn't be more grateful for Miley and all the girls to let us stay here. It's kind of a safe spot for us."

"Miley also likes my Daddy's money," Bianca said.

"Rarr! So catty!" Risa said. "Not wrong, but catty."

"I gotta say, though, Kyleesha," said Bianca, looking over Ky, "you're gonna give us a run this year. Doesn't she look hot, Risa?"

"She is *so* hot. What a bod. So sexy. I mean, which of us are the spoiled rich girls here, anyway?" Risa giggled.

Without Ky joining in on the joke, Bianca and Risa realized that their new friend was still scared. Bianca, having dealt with this more than a few times, just smiled warmly and sympathetically. "You have to tell me where you got those shorts, girl. They really are too much. Can I borrow them?"

"With your fat ass?" Risa interjected.

"Oh my God, yah! I might split them in two," Bianca answered, and placed her delicate pink-nailed hand on Ky's knee. "So, Kyleesha, I'm thinking you're really into the whole Zakarian style, huh?"

Ky managed to just move his head up and down a little, to indicate a "yes" to her question.

"Tell you what, I got an idea," she said, grabbing her phone. "Dr. Evans?" she said into it. "Hi, Bianca here, kiss kiss. Yes! I'm doing great! Listen, I have a friend here who I want you to give the whole Zakarian package to. Everything you do for us. She's really into the look, and she's a close friend of mine. Her name is Kyleesha. When can you fit her in at your clinic?"

"That's Dr. Evans, our plastic surgeon," Risa said. "He's the tops. Very expensive, but also nobody better at what he does. Totally worth it though."

"Okay! Thanks, Doctor!" Bianca said, hanging up. "You don't have to keep the appointment," she told Ky, "but it's available if you want it."

"Would you believe I used to be an A cup?" Risa said, sticking out her enormous, world-famous breasts.

"And I used to have a hook nose you could hang a bird feeder from," Bianca said. "Not that you *need* it, but if looking like us is really your thing, we're happy to help."

"I feel like Cinderella!" Risa said, totally misusing the classic fable. A more appropriate reference would have been Henry Higgins from *My Fair Lady.*

"No pressure. Totally your choice." Bianca handed over a piece of torn paper she had written Dr. Evan's number on. "So, like, do you want it?"



The winter term began, which in Southern California is more a state of mind than anything else. Winter meant seventy degree temperatures and constant sunshine, so calling it winter seems inappropriate.

As Ky sat in his "Art of Listening 101" class, ignoring the lecture, he was aware of all the eyes on him. He had taken the course so he'd qualify as a student, which meant he would be eligible to be a Beta Alpha Epsilon sister in time. Miley had promised him probationary status next year, as long as he took a full course load in the fall. It wasn't easy getting enrolled, but he was eventually able to bribe the right people to allow it.

He leaned back in his chair, yawning, in a very deliberate ploy to show the huge new breasts that hung from his chest. Ky didn't even need to open his eyes, he knew everyone was looking at him. DD cups will do that.

Dr. Evans was as good as Bianca and Risa had claimed. Not only was he a talented surgeon, but he promised to keep Ky's secret. He took Ky's measly little B-cups and made them into things of true beauty. While he was recuperating, he had a little work done on his nose to trim it down, some filler put into his cheeks, more to fatten his lips, and some further work to tighten his skin.

By the time he returned home, he no longer identified himself as "Ky." Everyone now knew him as Kyleesha. The riveting, raving beauty he had become could no longer be simply called "Ky."

Ky was delighted with his new boobs, despite the insanity of having gotten them in the first place. When the appointment with the plastic surgeon was growing closer, he had promised himself he'd not go through with it. He

thought of all the reasons it could never happen. He wrote notes to himself and pinned them around the house, telling him to cancel the appointment.

As the day came, however, he had found himself getting in his car and driving himself to the clinic. When the procedures were being described to him, he nodded along, knowing he was going to call a halt to it at any moment. Even as the anesthesia was being administered, he told himself he was going to bail out and stop this madness. Yet, there he was, in the hospital, recovering from the operations, knowing he had just changed his life forever, and wondering why he didn't regret it.

Ky unburdened himself to Dr. Carpenter, who was very sympathetic to her patent's plight, but told him the heart would always find a way to lead him to happiness, even if his mind didn't understand it yet. It didn't make a lot of sense to him, but Ky felt so much better when he left the session. He felt almost proud of his new body, like he wanted to show it off. It was amazing what talking with the young Dr. Carpenter did for his confidence every time he saw her.

As he removed the bandages, he stood in front of his mirror, bare-chested, and cried. His breasts were enormous, almost grotesque. Then he found himself holding them, and feeling them. He squoze them. He liked what he was feeling. Looking at his long-nailed pink-tipped fingers holding the tanned breasts, he liked what he was seeing.

He tried on dress after dress, marveling at how the new additions made everything he wore look sexy. Adding some jewelry, some earrings, a necklace, and now he looked glamorous.

Putting on his highest heels, he looked absolutely stunning, a dazzling mix of sex, elegance and youth. He really did look younger now. The smoother skin, permanently hairless now, with a deep mocha tan had eliminated half the years from him. The artistry of a surgeon and his ridiculous weight loss made him appear to be the youngest and most angelic of girls. A quick tuck of his ever-shrinking penis was the final touch in his new look. He appeared well and truly 19, a teenage temptress.

From that day on, he wore nothing but clothes suitable for Kyleesha, and never hesitated to present himself as the hot-bodied young girl he appeared to be. This was his future for now, and he embraced it.

The one thing he had lost, though, was Dana. She didn't want much to do with Ky as the devotee of the Zakarian lifestyle. She suddenly had other things to do whenever Ky came around.

That was okay, as Bianca and Risa warmly welcomed him into their little clique. As the three of them made their way around campus, flaunting their bodies, Ky found himself truly enjoying the attention. The fake but perfect tits on his skinny ribcage made boys literally drool. With midriff-bearing tops, and skirts that barely stretched over the curve of his expanding ass, he had everyone watching him. Strutting along in high heels and showing off his lean and long legs in the sun would freeze jealous girls where they stood.

"You get used to the nasty looks," Bianca told him.

He didn't much mind the girls who glared at him, but the cold shoulder from Dana truly did bother him. She didn't even answer her door when he knocked, now.

Bianca and Risa, though, had quickly bonded with him, as his new look immediately made him a part of their group. So he found himself trailing along when they were on the red carpet at a movie premiere, hanging out with them in the VIP section of the hottest clubs in LA, and getting drunk with them at celebrity house parties on the coast.

One morning, he had woken up on the floor of the Beta house bathroom, with his left tit signed by Johnny Depp, and no memory of it happening. Life was wild with the girls, and without Dana to ground him, he was diving deeper into their world every day.

Soon, it wasn't long before paparazzi photographers weren't following "Bianca & Risa" but following "Bianca, Risa and Kyleesha."

Bianca and especially Risa seemed more than willing to let a third person take some of the public's attention, and as they made more and more appearances, they pushed Ky in front of the cameras.

The first time someone he didn't know came up to him and called him Kyleesha was bizarre, and it took a little adjustment in his thinking. He felt vulnerable in a way he never had, but he knew he would have to be prepared for this new kind of awkward interaction with people. Yet he loved the attention, which made all of the workouts, surgeries and hours in the salon chair worth it.

With his appearances becoming more and more frequent on TMZ and photos being published in the tabloids, Kyleesha was suddenly at the very top of the campus social ladder, and just walking from his house to class was an event in itself.

So as "The Art of Listening" plodded along, Ky spent it tapping on his phone, his nails clicking on the class like a machine gun. In a few moments, class would end, and there would be a crowd of boys outside who would follow him as he walked, as usual.



He was messaging with Bianca, who was working out the details of attending the premiere of a new movie, and coordinating their outfits. It felt kind of ridiculous, spending so much time and effort on clothes, hair and appearances, but he had to admit, he was really into it.

Class ended, and Ky hoisted his big purse over his shoulder, took his sunglasses down from his hair, put them on, and headed for the hallway. He got his phone back out and held it to his ear.

"Hey, long time no hear!" He said to his phone, even though he hadn't had a call. Bianca had given him this little tip to fake a phone call so people didn't bother you as you made your way through a crowd. He carried on an animated conversation with himself until he was outside the building and on his way.

The curious shift in his thinking was never something that bothered him. He had once regarded himself as Kyle, the 35-year old man, but now thought of himself as Kyleesha, *the girl*, and a teenage girl at that. He never even stopped to think how drastically he had changed, and how his whole perception of him-

self had changed along with it. He was a girl now, and he was too immersed in his new life to want to think any further about it.

He arrived his gym, and although he had lost membership when he quit his old job, he had paid up for a year with his own money. He removed the white track suit he had been wearing, knowing all the guys were doing their best to look like they weren't gawking. Underneath, his workout ensemble was a pair of pink skin-tight short-shorts, a stressed out pink sports bra and white trainers.

Bianca and Risa had been so happy for his new look, they had insisted on "donating" most of their old wardrobe to him, and he would only leave the house once Risa & Bianca had approved his outfit for the day by facetime.

Ky began his patented insane workout routine as he did every afternoon. The promise he had made long ago that he wouldn't become an addict to fitness had been entirely forgotten, as he now spent six days a week at the gym, had a thousand dollars worth of exercise workout gear, bought weights and a treadmill at home for in between workouts, and had a fridge full of kale smoothie ingredients. He did Yoga twice a week.

He was down to 115 now, and had decided that he didn't need to go any lower than that. It was a tough decision as weight loss had been absolutely euphoric for him, but there was no more weight to be lost, unless he wanted to lose all the fat in his wonderful boobs. He would never let that happen. They were his now. They were a part of him, literally and figuratively.

"Hey there," a voice said from behind as he was doing some leg curls.

Recognizing the voice, he immediately stopped what he was doing and turned around. "Hey," he replied.

"Saw you working out," Braden said. "I like your style. What's your name?"

"You know me," Ky started to say, before realizing that the young man wouldn't, and couldn't, recognize him anymore.

Braden nodded. "Hey, yeah, you were on TV the other day, right?"

"Yeah, probably. I'm Kyleesha." It felt so weird to introduce himself to someone he already knew — although Braden looked different, too. He had put on even more weight and muscle since Ky had last seen him. He looked like a bodybuilder now, a professional. His brown hair had been bleached blond and shaved on the sides, and he was sporting a mischievous grin. He bore almost no resemblance to the young, bright-eyed boy Kyle had met nearly a year ago.

"That's where I know you. You're kinda famous." Braden eager eyes were staring directly at Ky's chest, and it was clear what had moved him to talk. "I just wanted to let you know, you got a great bod."

"Thanks," Ky said, always happy to get a compliment. He wanted to return the praise, and found his eyes drifting down to the boy's crotch. He immediately glanced away, embarrassed at what he was doing. "Uh, you work here?"

"Used to," Braden said. "Now I work in a private gym downtown. But I like comin' back here and seeing my brahs."

"Oh, that's so cool of you! Hey, I love your bod too." Ky took the opportunity to feel Braden's arms again, even thicker and harder than they were last time. He then pulled his long-nailed, slender hands back, and blushed. "Oh, Sorry. I didn't mean to touch you. You must think I'm a perv!"

"No problemo!" Braden said. "Like my brahs always say, let the lady make the first move!"

"Oh," Ky replied with a smile. He interpreted that as an all-clear to go back to feeling him. This time he ran his fingers over his abs, too. He just couldn't take his hands off him.

It was awkward to be touching the boy in silence, so Ky made small talk. "Where are you from, Braden? You look like a native So Cal boy." He already knew the answer, he just wanted to get him talking.

"Nah, dude," Braden said. "But that's an awesome compliment. So Cal, is, y'-know, the best. When I got here I was thinking I was never gonna fit in. But then, I realized, dude! You think too much! Turn off your mind and pump up your bod!"

Ky giggled. "I know! Like, that's what I love about LA. It's all about looking great and feeling great!"

"Dude, that's *exactly* how I feel and stuff. You come here often?"

"I'm new here," Ky said, making a joke only he understood.

"I can show you around," Braden said. "I still remember where everything is."

"I'd like that," Ky said, as he felt a funny tingle in his nipples he hadn't felt before. "But, um, maybe you could show me, like..." He began to squirm a little as he felt warm, fevered and a bit delirious. A strange, overpowering impulse came from deep inside of him. "Where do you keep the towels?"

As soon as Braden closed the door to the supplies closet, Ky couldn't help himself and his hands were all over Braden. He didn't know where this was coming from, but all he could think of was how sexy the boy's body was, and having a super-sexy body himself made him want sex all the more. Picturing the hot girl he appeared to be now, making out with the buff stud Braden was, gave him a turn-on like he had never experienced.

Braden started to grind his crotch against Ky and was snaking his hands underneath his sports bra, going for the volumes of flesh they held. Braden was kissing him up and down his neck, causing Ky to tremble in delight. Just being touched by the muscled young man made Ky moan in heat. This taught body with it's smooth golden skin was so sensual, it was crazy.

Braden had lifted Ky up and was pressing him against the wall as Kay wrapped his legs around Braden's back, kissing him on the lips, driving his tongue into his.

In a year of doing crazy things, this, by far was the craziest thing Ky had done. This was a guy, a guy like him. Well, not *exactly* like him, but a guy nonetheless, and he was kissing him, fondling him and craving him. It was an alien impulse running through him, not even a thought, just a powerful need to have Braden.

He couldn't even describe it, it was just a primal craving to be touched, caressed and... *Violated...* By a man. He didn't know why he wanted him so much, or why he could even tolerate making love to a man, but he couldn't control himself, as if his body were being taken over by something deep inside him, and his mind pushed aside.

For some crazy reason, images of Dr. Carpenter kept flashing through his head, telling him that he desired men. She said it over and over, repeating the message. He couldn't stop her voice.

He didn't need to be told. Grabbing Braden's belt line, he began to undo his button fly. Dropping to his knees, he practically ripped open the boy's fly, and used his nimble, thin fingers and hot pink tipped fingernails to free Braden's straining cock. It was like some sort of cheap porn movie, two improbably hot, barely-legal kids crudely exploring each other in a flurry of moans, sweat and desperation.

Ky had never been more turned on in his life. He had scarcely even imagined he could be so aroused and alive as he felt right now.

He looked at the monster he had just brought to life in front of him, and imagined how sexy his lipstick was going to look smudged along the base of Braden's dick. He began with his tongue, tickling the underside of the tip, feeling Braden shudder, and then wrapping his fat lips around the neck. He didn't have to do a lot of work before he felt the tension in his shaft and knew he was making Braden come.

When the hot seed started to burst into his mouth, Ky fought it, trying to breathe, but once he got into the rhythm, he savored the liquid love gushing into him, his toes curling in the most raw, pure pleasure he had ever known.

Spring term was about to begin, and with everyone coming back from Spring Break, that was a perfectly decent reason for Beta house to have a party. Of course, any random Tuesday was also good enough for the Betas to party.

Ky was quite drunk, letting himself be handed off from guy to guy as they chatted him up. He loved parties these days, as all the boys would flock to him, and he could hold court as they all competed for Ky's favor.

He would lead them on, make them get him drinks, give up their seats or fetch a bong. They would do anything for him, just as long as he flashed a smile and stuck his breasts out. Ky could not get enough of their attention.

"You are so fuckin' sexy," an 18 year old boy might say to him, as many did.

"Really? Do you really think so?" he would mew, begging for further praise. "Sometimes I think I'm too skinny."

"No way, babe, you're *tight.*"

"Are you just saying that?" Ky said, looking like he needed some more assurance.

"You're the worst," Bianca said to him as he stepped away to fix his makeup. "You're totally blue-balling all the boys."

"I know, right?" Ky said with a smile. "I feel so bad," he added with a feigned pout.

"Kyleesha, you are *begging* for trouble, girl!" Risa said as she joined in. "Leave those poor defenseless guys alone!" They were all waiting outside the bathroom for their turn.

"That's what I was telling her!"

"Oh, don't act so innocent, Binky!" Risa teased. "You were the same way back in high school."

"Binky?" Ky asked.

"A nickname," Bianca explained. "One you are forbidden to use!"

"Oh, I'd never think of it... Binky!"

"I mean it!" Bianca said back with an expression somewhere in between serious and smirking.

"Poor Binky!" Risa said, laughing.

"You shut your mouth, Reese!"

"Don't you ever use that name again!" Risa barked back, suddenly scowling.

"Reese?" Ky asked.

"Her *real* name. We just call her Risa because she hates being named after a peanut butter cup."

"I was named after Reese Witherspoon!" Risa said. "And it sucks!"

"Well, I heard..." Bianca started to say, when they were interrupted.

"Hey, Bianca, Risa... Kyleesha." Said Dana as she arrived from upstairs. One look, and all three dropped their little squabble, shocked at what they saw.

Dana was wearing a black bodycon dress, a staple of the Zakarian look. She had dyed her hair almost white, retaining just a hint of blonde. She stood precariously on spiked beige heels, her skin now the same deep tan as Ky's.

Yet all of that was merely a footnote, as Dana had a pair of massive E-cup breasts that hung on her tiny frame. They were built like salad bowls, obvious fakes, but that sort of thing never seems to curtail the enthusiasm of men.

"Dana?" Ky asked, unsure if it really was her. The heavy makeup and plumped lips had made her face almost unrecognizable. She looked almost nothing like she used to.

"Dana!" Bianca said. "You look great!"

"Thanks, Bianca," Dana said. "It was a lot of hard work."

"Well, they did a great job, Dana. You look so sexy!"

"Oh my God, I feel sexy too. *Super* sexy. I feel like hitting the clubs!" Dana said excitedly. It was totally unlike her, not only to be talking about clubs, but being so pleasant to Bianca. "Let me know when you guys are going out next, I'd love to tag along!"

"You know it, girl!" Risa replied.

"I think I'm gonna try the bathroom upstairs. The wait is driving me crazy," Bianca said. "You really killed it, Dana!"

"Oh, I hoped you'd like it," Dana said as Bianca and Risa headed for the stairs.

Now just the two of them, Ky turned to his friend. "Dana... What did you do to yourself? You hate Bianca and Risa!"

"I know you blew my boyfriend," Dana said.

Ky's blood ran cold. He had betrayed his best friend, and she knew it. "I... Uh... You see..."

"Don't worry about it!" Dana said. "At first I was, like, so totally mad at you. You know, my best friend sucked off my boyfriend and stabbed me in the back... All that kind of thing."



"I..." Ky tried to speak.

Dana cut him off. "No, no! Let me finish! At first, I was angry, but then I realized, if you can't beat them... Well... If my guy wanted fake tits and a hard, sexy

body, then that's what I needed to do. After all, why was I trying so hard to be someone guys don't want to fuck?"

Dana pulled a cigarette out of her purse and lit it up. She took a puff and let the cigarette hang from her fingers. "I got a job serving drinks at a topless bar to pay for all the surgery. I had to drop some classes, but I mean, what the fuck? When you get down to it, I should be all about boys, not books."

Ky shook his head. "Oh Dana..." He then clasped his hands together in joy. "Way to go, girl!"

"I wanted to thank you, Ky... Leesha. You really shocked some sense into me."

"You really did go all the way," Ky said, walking around to get a fuller look. "Your ass... Your tits... They're huge!"

"When Braden saw the new jugs, he came all over them, like, in less than a minute. I never knew that he had that kind of animal lust until now. That was just, so awesome! We've been fucking, like all the time now. No more talking, just fucking. I love it."

"I'm so glad," Ky said. "Sometimes I have doubts, but seeing you like this. It's really the only way to go."

"Sure as shit," Dana said, as she took another suck on her cigarette. "Now you stay away from my guy, okay? I'm the only slut in his life from now on."

"You got it!" Ky replied, giving his friend a hug.



"Oh my freaking God," Risa said, holding up a dress. "You have to try this on."

"Here?" Ky asked. "Now?"

"It's a dress store, Kyleesha! That's all we do here!"

Ky was very nervous about changing in public. He was confident he could look great when he was in control of everything, but out away from home, he felt like he had no control whatsoever. If anything went wrong, he'd be irretrievably embarrassed — or worse.

"Yeah, you gotta try it, Leesh," Bianca said, from the rack of clothes she was examining.

Ky had tagged along like he always had whenever Bianca and Risa invited him. He"d gone shopping with them more than a few times, but his trip was different. They had laid a trap for him, and made this shopping trip all about him,

and him alone. He wasn't able to fade into the background when he felt uncomfortable, because this time he was the center of attention.

"Oh yes," said a saleswoman standing nearby. "You simply must."

"Absolutely," said another who walked over to back up her co-worker. "It would look *darling* on you."

"Well... Uh, okay..." Ky responded, taking the dress from Risa. He couldn't think of a way to get out of it.

"And try this one," Bianca said, adding another dress.

"This and this too," Risa added, giving Ky two more to try on.

Ky badly wanted to conjure up an excuse, but he was already committed.

"The changing rooms are this way," said one of the saleswomen, leading him away.

Not wanting to look as nervous as he felt, Ky went along, only a slight stutter in his first step. The saleswoman set him up in a small claustrophobic booth to change his clothes. He took a deep breath and tried to tell himself that if he had come this far, he was okay, and that he wasn't about to expose his little secret, and could pull this off. He didn't really believe himself, but he kept going.

He removed the cap-sleeved tee shirt he had on, exposing his bra. His heavy breathing caused his generous breasts to rise and fall, and for a moment, Ky forgot about everything else in the world, hypnotized by his spectacular chest. He had always been a breast man, and even now that he saw a pair in the mirror every day, he still paused to appreciate a good rack, his own included.

With his newly bronze skin, his chest was even more spectacular, having the shimmering rich iridescent color of a sun worshipper. It was a shame that he hadn't done much with his bra, as it was plain white, bought in a pack of three. Ky's only concern was that they were reasonably priced and functional.

After kicking off the red sneakers he had on, he then began to take off the tight ripped-knee jeans he had worn out today. The ripped fabric was to him, the height of fashion, as it wasn't functional at all to have ripped knees. It seemed so decadent to him to wear clothes that had been deliberately torn. He didn't realize how common they were, and how average they made him look. This was probably why Risa and Bianca had brought him shopping, to cure him of his department store sense of style.

The jeans dropped around his feet, and Ky picked up the first of the outfits Risa had given him. He couldn't believe it was meant to be worn by a fully grown human, it was so small. It was made out of stretchy fabric, but still, it

was so tiny in his hands. He had to hoist it up his body, as tight as it was, and kept trying to pull it up, even when it was in place.

It was a black bandage dress, a simple enough item that had very little detail to it.

When he looked at his reflection, he nearly fell to his knees. He was gorgeous. He was a heart-seizing knockout.

"Everything okay in there?" called the saleswoman.

"Yea-huh," Ky replied, not even able to use an English word to reply.

"Don't forget, we want to see it!"

"Kay," Ky peeped. He was patting his midsection with his hands, just to verify that it was him, and not some elaborate trick of the light. After a few pats, he had to conclude that it really was his own reflection.

"Are you ready?" The saleswoman spoke. "Come on out when you're ready!"

Despite his trepidation about giving his secret away, Ky was now, more than ever, eager to see what people thought of him in this dress. He couldn't believe it was him inside the runway model's body he could see in the mirror. He needed some kind of second opinion as to what he was looking at.

"Oh my Gaaaaw!" The saleswoman said. "You look amazing! Tell me you're going to get that dress! It was made for you!"

"Yeasssss!" Said the other saleswoman, as she came by. "You are not leaving this shop without that dress. I won't allow it!"

It wasn't just a sales tactic, either. These women had helped many a pretty young thing into dresses in their time, and knew how to pour it on, but their words were genuine. They were blown away by Ky in the black dress.

"Come on out here!" Bianca called from the main floor. "We want to see it!"

When Ky emerged from the changing room hallway, both Risa and Bianca squealed with girlish delight.

"You are so pretty, girl!" Risa said. "You were born to wear dresses!"

"Oh, I'm so proud of you!" Bianca added. "You look so good! I can't believe how far you've come! You are straight fire, girl!"

"Really?" Ky asked, in the tiniest of voices.

"I'm buying you that dress," Bianca declared. "I don't care what you say."

"That is going home with you," Risa said.

Ky's knees were buckling. "It's really revealing..."

"Here," Bianca said, waving Risa over as she approached Ky. She turned Ky around to face a mirror, flanked by the two famous socialites. They posed for the reflection and smiled. "See?" Bianca said. "Ready for the runway!"

The sight was remarkable, seeing him compared with the gorgeous beauties he had lusted after. He really was one of their peers. He looked like he belonged with them. He looked like these were his people.

"Okay," Ky said. "I guess I could wear it."

"You absolutely are," Risa said. "Now, back in the changing room, we have more for you to try on!"



The next dress Ky had to try on wasn't a dress at all, but a satin purple jumpsuit. He wasn't sure about it, and his friends echoed his reservations, but it did feel wonderful. The satin running along his smooth legs, and along his side and back, felt amazing. They were cool and soft, and he was sad to have to reject it based on the style.

After that, Bianca had chosen a black midi dress with a mesh overlay that was even more fun than the jumpsuit. It showed his taught tummy and his thin

arms through the smoky mesh, which he immediately fell in love with. The way it showed off his skinny body and teased with a hint of his figure underneath the dress was tempting, and it just felt great against his skin.

"I'd recommend this one for your body type," said the saleswoman who gave him another outfit to try. Ky took it happily, eager to see what his sexy body would look like in yet another sexy outfit. He was not disappointed, and swooned when he saw himself.

The dress was a plunge sequin dress in rose gold, held up by gold chains on his shoulders. It not only plunged between his breasts, but down his back, and the hem was barely fingertip length.

"God, oh God," Risa said, "you look good in everything!" She said.

Ky took a second look at himself in the shop floor mirrors, turning from side to side, and posing like a fashion model. He stuck his bronzed leg out, loving the way the rose gold brought out the deep color of his skin, and how the cut showed off his amazing legs.

"That looks so amazing!" One the saleswomen said, practically gushing.

"I gotta get a pic," Bianca said, as she snapped a picture with her phone.

"Okay, that's a total yes," Risa said, looking at Ky in the sequined dress. "Now I have a few more ideas..."

"Hold it, hold it!" Ky said, interrupting her. "Don't I get to make some choices?" He said, walking over to the racks of dresses. The options before him were overwhelming, but he wanted to try each and every one on. The cuts, the fabrics, the looks — he now knew that he could get anything in the entire store and look great in it.

He began to create a towering pile of clothes, intoxicated with the variety in front of him. He was purposely picking dresses that were tiny, because he knew they would stretch and hug him tightly, like a warm glove, while they would show off his hard-earned body, too.

Ky was picking dresses with ll kinds of different fabrics so he could feel them on his sensitive skin. From silky skirts that would caress him with every step, to fuzzy tops that felt like wearing cotton candy, to even woolen jackets that were coarse yet comfortable, he wanted to feel all the sensations fabric could give him. These clothes were teasing his heightened sense of touch, which was intoxicating to him. He was actually tingling as he grabbed item after item from the racks.

For the next two hours, Ky tried on nearly everything in the store. The expressiveness of clothes was like a new toy to play with. The wide assortment of col-

ors and styles brought to life on his perfect body were a new language, a way to say things he'd never been able to say before.

As he stood to look at his reflection, wearing a cropped white tank top, a puffy red jacket that draped around his shoulders, and a pair of green camo-print drawstring leg trousers, Ky's mind was expanding in ways he never thought possible. Clothes were so much more important than he had ever considered. A secret of the universe had just been whispered to him, and all he could do was think of all the great outfits he could wear, all the different attitudes he could project, the styles he could wrap himself in, and the ways he could show off his sexy body.

"You know," one the saleswomen said as she helped adjust the jacket. "Don't tell her I said this but I think you're even hotter looking than Bianca."



"Really?" Ky asked, looking at himself even deeper than before. "I mean, I guess I am pretty hot."

"I love the modesty," she said. "You have the kind of body that makes everyone jealous. You probably get a lot of that, though."

"Not really..."

"If I had a body like yours, I'd want to show it off to everyone. Let people get a good look at me, and enjoy the benefits. You know, be a total princess."

"You think so? I guess can see that," Ky had to agree, looking at his figure. "Princess?" he repeated to his reflection.

"People will do anything for a princess," the saleswoman said as she gathered up the dozens of outfits she was about to get a hefty commission on.



Ky, Risa and Bianca were seated at a café, all sipping on lattes as they took a break from their shopping. They had gone to another two stores already, where Ky, now indoctrinated into the wonderful world of clothes, was now shown the even more thrilling realm of shoes.

At first, he had tried to convince the girls that the heels were unnecessary for him, difficult to balance in and were totally frivolous. The girls demonstrated on him how heels lengthened his spectacular legs, caused his butt and chest to stick out and added that sexy swivel to his step. In just the course of an hour, he went from objecting strenuously, to buying ten pair, and irrepressibly giddy at the prospect of matching them up with his new outfits when he got home. He had already wolfed down his drink, hoping Risa and Bianca would finish up quickly so he could get on back to the mansion as soon as possible.

Ky had wound up wearing an outfit out of the store, a sequined pink crop top, a set of shiny black vinyl waist-high leggings, and a pair of pink-tinted aviator glasses. Underneath, he was also waring the laciest red panties and bra set he could find, amazed at how much more comfortable they were compared to his bargain white ones.

"Anyway, Azealia may be popular, but... What... A... *Bitch,"* Bianca said, haughtily. "Met her at the Grammy post-show. Couldn't be more full of herself."

"That's what everyone says," Risa said, agreeing. "They asked her to do the YMCA Charity fashion show, and she Snapchatted back that she wasn't going to be in town for it... As if..."

Bianca rolled her eyes. "I bet she just doesn't want to do the catwalk. She's probably afraid of wearing real fashion instead of those costumes..."

"She looks like a clown, I swear," Risa said.

"She really does overdo it," Ky chimed in. "But what she really needs to do is fix her hair. Natural is fine, but sometimes, you have to admit that it just ain't working, girl."

"True that," Risa agreed. "There's no more important person in my life than my hairdresser."

"I hear ya," Ky replied. "I'm right with you, fam."

"You are so right," Bianca said. She set her drink down. "I gotta go pee."

Risa got up from her seat. "Me too."

This was the moment Ky feared. "Uh, so I guess you want me to go, too?" Ky asked.

Risa made a "pfft" sound. "No! Why would you say that? Ugh!"

Ky wasn't sure why he had to explain this. "I mean, when girls go to the bathroom... They all go at once..."

"How big do you think a bathroom is?" Bianca said with a smile. "They don't even have one here. We're going across the street. Give us a few minutes, and come meet up with us, 'kay?"

Ky sat back down and pouted for a moment, unsure where he had gotten his information wrong, then went back to thumbing through her instagram feed. Kyleesha's feed had grown by a hundredfold over the past few weeks, and now it took the better part of twenty minutes just to get through it all. A thousand new likes were waiting, and he'd just checked an hour ago.

"Hey, do I know you?" A voice said from just over Ky's shoulder.

Startled, Ky broke his attention from his phone and found that someone was talking to him. "Um? What?" Ky replied, as a delay so he could get a better look at who was asking. The young man talking to him was probably about 6-2, with close-cut hair and a carefully manicured scruff beard. He was the kind of handsome guy who always stole his girlfriends back in college. "I don't think so?" Ky replied, unsure. He had met so many people at the clubs and events he couldn't keep them all straight.

To his surprise, the man took one of the seats at the table and sat right down. "Yeah, I'm pretty sure we have. You're a dancer, right? Down at the place on 28th Street."

Ky smiled, knowing his guest was wrong, but amused that he could be mistaken for a dancer. "No, that's not me."

"You sure? You certainly have the look," he replied. "My name's Calvin by the way."

"I'm Kyleesha," Ky replied.

"Yeah, I think that's her name — Kyleesha. Are you sure you're not a dancer?"

"No, I'm sure." Ky wondered why this Calvin guy was being so obtuse, when it suddenly occurred to him that he was trying to pick him up. He wanted to cut this off before it got embarrassing. "My friends..."

"Afraid they might try and steal me away from you?" Calvin interrupted. "Nah, you have such a cute smile."

Ky really didn't want to encourage him. "Listen, I know that..."

"Here's your bill," said a waitress, dropping off the table's receipt. Ky was grateful for the interruption.

The receipt was for almost thirty dollars, which was expensive, and Ky realized he didn't have any way to pay for it. Risa and Bianca had told him to leave his credit cards at home as they treated him to the shopping spree, and he had done just that — besides, the name on the cards would be tough to explain.

If Risa and Bianca weren't coming back, he only had one option.

"Do you, uh, normally cruise the cafes?" Ky asked Calvin.

"I was just filling up for the afternoon," Calvin replied, hoisting his coffee cup, "just luck to find someone as pretty as you. So, you may not be a dancer, but I bet you like to dance."

This was Ky's opportunity to try and get his bill paid. "Well, I haven't heard any complaints," he said, batting his eyelids.

"I bet you haven't," Calvin replied, leaning to the side to get a better look at Ky's whole body. "Your man is one lucky guy."

"Oh, I don't have a man..." Ky said, before he could stop himself.

"A fine girl like you? Don't seem right."

If he was going to get this guy to pay the bill, Ky decided he needed to turn it up a little. "Oh, well, my last boyfriend left me because he said I played too rough. He was only in the hospital for a couple of days! Now no one will risk it. I get so lonely."

"Yeah..." Calvin replied. He was sure he was being teased, but he was more than willing to go along with it. "So you like to play rough?"

"I don't know any other way. I mean, sometimes I just lose control and... Well, I guess things get a little crazy."

"Uh-huh. Well, I hate to think someone like you feels lonely. "Would it be okay if I escorted you around this afternoon?"

"Really? You would do that?" Ky responded. "I wouldn't want to impose."

"No problem at all. I'd consider it a favor." Calvin said, almost convincingly. "Let's, uh... Get out of here."

"Okay! Sounds great!" Ky said. "Oh, but, uh..." He pushed the receipt on the table towards Calvin.

"Oh! Sure. Stay here, I'll be right back."

"Thanks!" Ky said with a girly squeak.

As soon as Calvin had turned the corner to go pay the check, Ky swiped his shopping bags and was out of there as fast as his new three-inch boots could take him.



"That was way easier than I thought it would be," he said under his breath as he trotted across the street to meet up with Bianca and Risa. "Power like that could corrupt someone."



One month later, Ky finished up the warm-up of his workout by hopping off the treadmill. Every man in the gym had been watching him, and few were even trying to hide it. One could not blame them, as Ky's incredible body could easily knock the wind out of any red-blooded male, and a glance at Ky's breasts could pluck their heart out clean. No doubt they weren't even aware of their gawking, as animal lust had short-circuited any trace of brain activity.

Ky had grown quite used to it, and in truth, had become quite dependent on it. "Shoot!" He mewed, his hands on his hips. "I forgot my drying-off... Thingy..."

Four towels were quickly presented to him, and Ky picked one to blot the sweat on his forehead and shoulders. He made a little extra dab on his vast cleavage, added a wink, and tossed it

back at the man who had given it to him, who clutched it to his body.

It was funny to Ky how much he had acclimated to working out. He could just remember how it used to be, how he dreaded the gym or using any kind of an exercise machine. He used to laugh at the guys at the office who made working out their hobby. Things had certainly changed, and now Ky couldn't imagine a day without a workout. He supposed he had become some kind of gym bunny over time, but he wouldn't have it any other way. Gym life was the best life, as far as he was concerned, was the only place where he could deal head-on with the most important things in life, such as his weight, or his figure and those serious kinds of things.

Ky walked over to the machine he wanted to use next, the leg-curl machine, but found it was already being used. "Mister?" He asked, bending over and squeezing his breasts together with his arms. "When are you gonna be, like, um, done?"

"I'm already done," the man said, scrambling to extricate himself from the machine, and nearly losing his balance as he flailed onto his feet.

"Kewl!" Ky replied. "I got, y'know, great timing n' stuff!" He put in his usual reps, pretending not to see that there was a halo of men around him, about ten feet away, not at all interested in exercising — just viewing.

There was a lot on Ky's mind today, as Bianca had told him he needed to go to a movie premiere tomorrow night and then a restaurant opening the afternoon after that, and had just dropped it on him out of the blue. That meant he had to have two complete outfits ready to go, but even worse, he had to have two different hairstyles, and no chance to go to the salon in between. So whatever he had done at the salon tomorrow, he'd have to come up with something different less than 18 hours later. This was a real crisis, and he just couldn't stop worrying about it. Doing the leg curls, at least, was helping him work out his aggression.

When he was done, he flipped over and got off the machine, but for a moment, caught his ankle on the bar. "Owie!" He said, even though he was only startled, not in any pain.

"Are you okay?" One man asked.

"You all right?" Another said.

"Look out for that!" Said yet another, and was joined by several such comments from others.

Ky massaged his ankle and looked up as the burly, sweaty men felt brave enough to get closer. "My ankle!" He said with a child-like whine. "Can you help me, like, get to my bag thingy?"

The closest men attempted to stick out their arms, but weren't sure what to do, until Ky just held lifted his arms. "Carry me?" He asked. Gently, Ky was hoisted into the air and lifted the twenty or so feet necessary for him to get to his hot pink gym bag. "Thankies guys!" He sang out when he was placed down with the care of moving a hundred million dollar piece of art.

After his episode with Calvin at the cafe, he had tried a little airhead act out on a few guys here and there, and found how a little request and a smile could get him what he wanted. He was amazed when the guys on campus fell for it, and even more amazed when some of his male professors let him slip on a few papers if he apologized for being "confused" about deadlines.

Once had completed his workout, and slung his bag over his shoulder to leave, Ky pranced on out of the gym on his toes, pony tail bobbing, his butt bouncing and his breasts swinging, knowing it was driving all the men wild. This dumb-girl act he was putting on was the best thing he'd ever discovered, in his opinion. He barely had to lift a finger anymore, as long as there were men around to help him out whenever he felt like pretending to be an airhead. There always seemed to be men around him these days.

Ky put his keys in the drivers side door five times before he realized it wasn't his car. "Oopsie!" He said to himself. He found his real car, but the alarm went off as he had forgotten to disarm it. Once that was taken care of, he threw his bag on the passenger seat and then tired to get the car into gear, but for some reason it wouldn't run. "Stupid car!" He said, banging the steering wheel with the heels of his slender hands. He then remembered he had to put the keys in the ignition thingy and turn it before it would go. He launched it over the concrete parking stop before putting it into reverse and pulling out. "Oh, poo!" He said.

Once he was out on the road, Ky reflected that if he wasn't careful, pretending to be stupid and helpless might rub off on him over time. He giggled at the thought that he'd ever let that happen, as he drove through a red light while putting a fresh coat of lip gloss on.



Ky had just sat down in the salon chair when his phone chimed.

"Still on?" Was the message from Bianca.

It had been a week since he had heard from Bianca and Risa, and he was beginning to worry that something was wrong. Two days ago, Bianca had sent him an address and a time to meet her, downtown, in an office building.

"Y" Ky typed back.

"Dress posh," Bianca replied

He hoped they were all right. Since it was a downtown meeting, and Bianca said to dress posh, it sounded to Ky like a big deal. That's why Ky had spent the last day planning out his look. He had no idea what to prepare for. Was it a secret Salon? An invitation-only dress shop? Maybe a new clinic? Ky wanted to dress for the occasion, as he always did, so he had gone out and bought a superclassy skirt suit and was having his makeup done to match today. It was conservative, but still really sexy to Ky. A little less eyeshadow and eyeliner, a more conventional lip color, and his hair up in a businesslike bun. He had a pair of lensless glasses to look even more classy.

"Hi! Um, like, I'm looking for Bianca?" Ky said, as he found himself in the lobby of a large legal firm. He had arrived at the appointment, but it was not what he was expecting at all. "Is this some kind of, um, lawyer place?" Ky asked, the word he was looking for escaping him.

"You're Kyleesha? Follow me," said the very prim and proper woman at the desk. She got up and led Ky through the office to a meeting room. Ky had a very bad feeling about this. He had no idea what was going on, but he didn't like it. He didn't like it at all.

As the door opened, he saw a large oak table, lit precisely by the recessed lights in the ceiling. The room was surrounded by frosted glass and dark oak. Five men in suits were seated at the table, as was man in a Hawaiian shirt, and beside them, Bianca with per parents: Aram and Seline Zakarian. He knew who they were because they were the stars of The Zakarian Project, and wa shockde to see them in real life. He not only knew of them, but he knew so much about them, by watching the show four times over.

"Welcome!" Aram said, as he stood, throwing his arms out wide. He was a large, hirsute man and had a booming voice. "Right on time!"

"Won't you have a seat," said the secretary who had led him inside. One lone, unoccupied chair was on one side of the long table, with everyone else on the other. Ky's worried eyes went to Bianca for some kind of sign.

Bianca smiled back and made the "OK" symbol with her hand. That didn't comfort him too much, but it did persuade him to sit in the chair. He sat and crossed his legs slightly, as required by his super short skirt. He felt like he was going on trial or something.

"So beautiful! So lovely!" Aram boomed, just like he did on TV. His middle-eastern personality was loud and gregarious. "My daughter tell me all about the lovely Kay-leesha! It is all true! All true!"

"Bianca," said the mother, just as beautiful as her daughter was, and looked only about ten years older, if one didn't know. "Why don't you explain why we've asked Kyleesha to come meet us here?"

"Okay!" Bianca said, a very big smile on her face. "So, like, don't worry, this is good news, okay?"

"Okay..." Ky responded.

"So... You may have noticed we haven't been around for the past few days. Well, It's Risa."

"Is she okay?" Ky asked.

"Well, sure, I guess. I think she's lost her mind but..." Bianca got herself back on track. "Okay, okay. She's decided she wants to go to Africa."

"Africa?"

"Yah! I know, so stupid, right? She saw one of those commercials for starving kids in Africa, and now she wants to go help them. So, She's leaving. Actually, she's already gone."

"Risa is a very bright girl who follows her heart," Seline Zakarian said to her daughter. "You should be proud that she follows her convictions."

"Yeah, yeah," Bianca said. "Anyway, she's gone, and signed up for two years. Which means she's not gonna be going to school anymore. So not only that, but's she's off the show, too."

Off all the things Ky had heard so far, this concerned him the most.



"Off the show?" He said, alarmed his favorite program would change.

"So we need someone new to take her place." Seline said.

"Who?" Ky asked. As they all looked at him, he suddenly he had a funny feeling. "Um..."

"You would be perfect!" Aram said.

"Meee?" Ky squealed.

As the Zakarian family explained, and the lawyers confirmed, they wanted to sign Kyleesha up as Risa's replacement. They would sign him to do a test show, and then if they liked the results, they would sign him for the full season. They would shoot it over a three week period over the summer, as they usually did.

"But there is one further point," said the man in the Hawaiian shirt. "I'm Bert Krampek, the producer of The Zakarian Project. We don't think the audience will buy a random stranger suddenly appearing in the show. The viewer is gonna think we're pulling a fast one."

"Mr. Krampek has suggested, and we've agreed to, a way to make it work," Seline said.

"Yes! Yes!" Aram said. "A way to keep our show top of the charts!"

"How?" Ky asked.

One of the lawyers then patted a stack of legal documents on the desk in front of him that, altogether, was two inches thick. "You're old enough to sign a contract, correct?" He asked.



The new downtown club, "Studio Silver" was having a crazy opening night. All the club goers wanted in, packing the sidewalk outside, but very few were admitted. Being on the A-List, however, meant that Kyleesha and Bianca were in the VIP section, socializing with the other celebrities invited.

They all wanted to meet her, as the most recent season of The Zakarian Project had been a huge runaway hit — thanks to the presence of TV's newest reality star, 19 year old Kyleesha Zakarian.

That was the plan the producer had for the show. To make the appearance of Kyleesha more acceptable, the Zakarian family had quietly adopted her, making her an official Zakarian.

Of course, a large stack of documents needed to be signed to ensure Kyleesha had no claim on the Zakarian family finances, but otherwise, she was now legal-

ly the youngest daughter of Aram and Seline, and Bianca was now the big sister. The audience was told that the family had brought her back from schooling in Europe, and had kept her secret so she could grow up away from fame until she was ready. The producer had been right, as no one questioned the sudden appearance of Kyleesha, the youngest Zakarian and the baby of the family, in the show.

Audiences immediately fell in love with Kyleesha, who generated hundreds of memes on social media, three million followers on Instagram, a dress-up video game, commercial endorsements for cosmetics and clothes, and had a couple of music video cameos. All in three months.

Her flashy Zakarian looks made the boys lust and the girls jealous. From teenagers to seniors, men wanted more of Kyleesha, and were buying the magazines she appeared in, downloading her photos and most importantly, watching her TV show. So were the girls, but only out of spite.

It had resulted in the highest ratings yet for The Zakarian Project, and the family was overjoyed, able to negotiate new contracts for more than double what they had made previously. Aram and Seline even treated her like a true daughter, giving her everything Bianca had and more.

"That's not alcoholic, is it?" asked the minder that Kyleesha's new parents had hired. The new girl had been a little wild in her new life, and to keep her out of the headlines, had been given a "bodyguard" to look after her, who was really just there to keep the young socialite out of trouble.

"Oh no ma'am," Kyleesha responded, sipping the drink in her hand, which was about five precent Pepsi and 95 percent rum.

"Good," the stern, large woman replied, holding out her hand. Kyleesha dejectedly handed over her cup, which was replaced with another that simply had water in it.

Kyleesha got some distance from her minder and made her way over to Bianca. "Hey, li'l sis," Bianca said. "Having a good time?"

"Oh my God, like, this is so boring!" Kyleesha said. "Stuck up here in the VIP section with Misses no-fun here!"

"Well, if you hadn't been arrested three times for underage drinking, this wouldn't be a problem, Leesh!"

"Quiet, Binky! No one is supposed to, like, know about that!" Kyleesha said. "I just wanted to..." Then something caught her eye. "Oh God! Look!" She pointed her hot-pink-nailed finger down to the dance floor.

"What?" Bianca said, trying to see.

"Hold my drink!" Kyleesha said, shoving her cup into Bianca's hands. She immediately slid under the velvet rope, hopped onto the lower level and lost herself in the crowd.

"Leesh!" Bianca called after her, to no effect. "Stupid dum-dum," she said to herself.

"Hey, guy!" Kyleesha said as she tapped someone on their shoulder.

"Hey! Brah!" Braden answered, as he recognized her.

Kyleesha immediately threw herself at him, wrapping her arms around his big, boulder-like shoulders and kissed him, locking on to his lips. There was no question how he had gotten into the club, with his chiseled features, outrageously sculpted pecs and washboard abs. He was wearing a polo shirt that was practically painted on, and a pair skinny jeans so tight you could tell he wasn't circumcised. The bouncer was probably too intimidated to keep him out.

"Long time," Braden said.

"Yah!" Kyleesha replied, reaching up to keep her arms around his neck. She had been waiting to see Braden, but didn't dare go under Dana's nose to try and get together. This was just a random meeting, and there was nothing she could have done to prevent it, right? It was fate for them to be together, she decided. "I was just, like, thinking to myself, it's been so long since I've, like, seen you!"

Of course she had been just thinking it, because she had been thinking about it every day since she had gotten back from Mexico. The one thing she had asked of her doctor was to make her new pussy deep enough for Braden's massive dick. She desperately wanted to find out if it was going to work.

"I heard you and Dana broke up," Kyleesha said.

"What? Who told you that? We didn't break up."

"Oh, yeah? But you're going to." She launched herself into his lips again, but this time drove her leg in between his to push on his cock. Braden offered no resistance.

She got him out of the club and onto the street quickly, calling for the limo she and her entourage had arrived in. They piled into the back, still kissing.

With the privacy window up, Kyleesha peeled the shirt off Braden, almost shredding it. He, in turn, was yanking off the tight black designer dress she was wearing.

Kyleesha marveled at Braden's physique. She could scarcely believe that she used to call herself a man, when looking at this magnificent body before her.



She ran her nails up and down his abs, half expecting to make a noise like a finely tuned instrument.

She started to undo his pants, fumbling at the fly. That's when she found herself grasped at the arms and then lifted up like she was weightless, and placed aside. Kyleesha giggled, amused at being handled so easily, like a tiny toy.

Braden undid his own pants and then Kyleesha pulled her minidress hem up, and her lacy black panties down. In an instant, she found herself pinned to the

floor, her legs on the seats, and Braden above her, plunging himself into her like a jackhammer. She cried for a moment, a little shriek as she took him in full.

Braden came like a bottle of champagne popping in her pussy, and Kyleesha's mind went blank in ecstasy. The rhythmic pumping of Braden's balls were a heavy industrial machine working at full tilt, and he just kept coming and coming. Five times Kyleesha was ready to rest and relax only to have another wave hit her, a like an insatiable wild beast that could not stop gorging itself on its' prey.

The moment began to die out, as Braden withdrew and fell, exhausted, in the back seat. She was going to have to be a good girl and wait for her guy to be ready in a few minutes, and then do it all over again. Kyleesha wanted to feel like this forever, as she licked up the jizz left on Braden's bloodshot shaft, feeling the new added weight inside of her.

She was going to make sure that both of them always remembered the first time they fucked.

"Poor Dana," Kyleesha whispered to herself in between licks.



The hospital orderly had groaned and grunted as he shoved his cock into Ky, trembling as he did.

Ky was laying on his back, his legs pointing to the ceiling, resting on the orderly's shoulders. Ky's huge boobs shook like jello, trying to hit him in the face as he was arching his back.

"Tomo mi leche!" The large man yelled in Spanish. "Me corro! Me corro!"

Ky moaned in delight as he felt the man fill up his freshly created cunt.

Just a month ago, after the meeting with the lawyers, Ky had been in a Mexican sex change clinic, having sex reassignment surgery. He had been declared healed by the doctor no less than fifteen minutes before grabbing the handsome orderly by the tunic before he was able to leave.

This was the moment he had wondered about from the very instant he had decided he had to get the operation. It wasn't exactly his idea, though. He had to hire an agent and a lawyer to represent himself, in the contract negotiations with the Zakarians. When he showed them the massive contract, the lawyers, doing their job, made sure he was going to live up to the terms of the contract. And one of those terms was that the signee was defined as a nineteen year old

female. When his lawyers asked him to confirm that was the case, Ky shrugged and giggled. "I guess," he said to himself, "I've got no choice but to have the surgery. Oh well..."

They were paying for a girl, not a man, and to fulfill the terms, he needed to be female. Either that or tell them the truth.

The identity was arranged, through less-than-honorable sources, then the proper documents were signed and by the time Ky was back in LA, he was forever Kyleesha.

So now that he was going to be female for the rest of his life, and he had to know, was he going to be okay like this? Was he going to be fulfilled? This was the question he feared the most. That was why he had decided to let this stranger fuck him, to find out if he was going to enjoy life. To Kyleesha, who Ky now was, body and soul, her passions were living fast, looking hot — and getting a lot of cock.

Ten minutes later, with spunk leaking out of her new pussy, Kyleesha had been sufficiently persuaded her life was going to quite satisfying, and she would feel very fulfilled indeed. Two, maybe three times a day if she played her cards right.



Miley found Kyleesha where she usually was during the day, hanging out in her room with Bianca, as they were styling each other's hair. Both girls sat in their pajama bottoms and cropped pink Beta Alpha Epsilon tees, working from a magazine, trying to match the styles. Kyleesha had taken over Risa's living space, and pretty much her role as Bianca's sidekick.

"Hey, Leesh!" Miley said, as she stuck her head in the door.

"Hey-yey!" Kyleesha sang back. "Got the papers n' stuff?"

"FedEx just dropped 'em off!" Miley said, producing a binder of legal documents. "Need a pen?"

"Ummm... Yeah. I don't have a lot of pens around here," Kyleesha replied. The girls' room was delightfully undisturbed by anything necessary for schoolwork.

"I'll go get one!" Miley said, bouncing out of the room.

"What's that?" Bianca asked, looking at the papers.

"Oh, y'know that house across the street? The mansion I own?"

"I forgot all about that!"

"Yah! So did I! I haven't even been there in, like, months. But Miley says that the sorority is gonna buy it and we'll all be moving in over there next week."

"Move? Why?"

"It's, um, way huger than this place. Something about being Earthquake-ready or something? Oh, and it's, like, the ultimate party palace!"

"Cool! So are you and this Braden guy really a thing?" Bianca asked.

Kyleesha shrugged. "I mean, he's hot, and I'm hot, so it's a good match, right?"

"Dana sure is gonna be majorly pissed off, though."

"Seriously? Like, fuck her. I mean, *literally,* fuck Dana. I saw him first. She has no idea what I had to go through."

"I found one!" Miley said, producing the pen.

As Kyleesha held some hairpins in her mouth, she leaned over and scribbled on one the papers without even looking at them, and then went right back to styling her big sister's hair. "That okay?"

Miley examined it closely. "That's what I needed! Thanks, Leesh! Oh, do you have the keys?"

Kyleesha shrugged. "Um... I dunno where they are."

"No big," Miley replied. "Thanks again, Leesh."

"Uh-huh," She replied, trying to pin up Bianca's hair.

"So the reason I ask about Braden..." Bianca continued.

"Yes?" Kyleesha replied, picking up on the leading question.

"...Is that you and Lucas Blair were seen out last night?"

"Bin-kyyyy!" Kylessha wined. "You sound like Daddy!"

"I'm not judging!"

"Well, okay, yeah, Lucas and I may have gone to a few places last night. But that's only because Braden was busy weight training!"

"What about that shot of you and Adam Lambert kissing from two days ago?"

"Look! It's my life, okay? It's LA! There are so many hot guys!" Kylee protested. "And if you really want to see a great pic of me and Adam..." She picked up her phone carefully, using her french-tipped pink nails to extract the pink rhinestone-encrusted phone from her five thousand dollar designer Louis Vuitton purse, and the began swiping through her photos. "See? This is me and Adam in the limo... Me and Adam at the club..." The photos were selfies, naturally, with Kyleesha making duck-faced kisses at the camera while hanging off



her date's neck. Her tiny, thin frame with deeply tanned skin and immaculate dark makeup was bewitching, especially with her oversized breasts mashed up against the young man. "Me and Adam in the bathroom stall..."

A photo came up of a dumpy, middle-aged man.

"Ohmygawwwd!" Bianca said. "Who the fuck is that?"

"Ew!" Kyleesha said, looking at the picture of the 35-year-old man she used to be. "Ew! Ew! Ew!" She added.

"Where did that come from? Oh God!" Bianca said.

Kyleesha quickly flung her phone on the floor, as if the picture was infectious. "My phone was hacked!"

"You should get a new one."

"Yah!" Kyleesha agreed, stomping on the phone with her heel, shattering it. "Broke-ass piece of shit," she said. Later on, someone would come in and sweep up the shards, and dispose of them, the last record of Kyle Eastman.

~❦~

At what used to be the stoic and noble Anderson Mansion, the sign for the new Beta Alpha Epsilon House had barely been up an hour when the doors were thrown open for the housewarming party.

If it was possible, the party was the biggest, loudest, wildest blow-out the sisters had ever held. The lights were strobing, the music shaking the floors, the beer was flowing, and in every room, boys and girls having times of their lives. Oh, and tons of sex.

Kyleesha, dressed in one of her favorite outfits, an off-the-shoulder Bardot crop top and a pair of red distressed shorts, had her arms wrapped around a muscular neck and was sucking lips like it was her lone source of oxygen. As she released and slowly opened her big, dark eyes, she said, "What's your name again?"

She then prevented the boy from answering, her finger pressed on his lips. "Forget it. Just live in the moment."

Kyleesha bounced off the boy's lap with a little extra tush action on his dick as a treat for him. It was as hard as fire hydrant. She hadn't gone but two steps before she had her arms around another boy, looking up at him, eagerly. "No wonder it's dark out," she purred, "all the blue is, like, in your eyes." She got in closer and giggled. "You're on the clock," she said as she dug through his blond hair with her hands.

"Dude, this place is awesome!" Came a booming voice Kyleesha instantly recognized.

She stopped her boy-of-the-moment and pulled away. "Oh, sorry, time's up!" She said. "We'll pick this up later," she added with a wink. Quickly she turned and skipped to the front of the foyer, where Braden was just arriving. She swooned, already entranced by his smoking hot body.

"Brae-brae!" She sang out, as she lunged towards him, and latched on to his side. "You made it!"

"Hey, Kyleesha!" Braden said. "This place is awesome!"

"Yah! It's got so many rooms!" She replied. "I wanna show you *all* of them on a personal tour..."

Watching this scene was a woman who most hadn't noticed. She worked her way through the masses of horny youngsters without even a glance at her. She found the person she was looking for and leaned to whisper in her ear.

"Your boyfriend is here," she whispered into Dana's ear. "Don't look now, but you've got competition."

Dana, not even caring to note who had spoken, looked around and spotted Braden — and at his side, Kyleesha. "That bitch!" Dana shrieked. She tossed her drink and lit cigarette on the expensive oriental rug that had been there for generations and flew in Kyleesha's direction. "That's my boyfriend, you fucking whore!"

"Oh, I don't think so," Kyleesha replied, wagging her finger. "You find yourself a new man, this one's mine now, hoe!"

"Hoe? Look who's talking, you stupid cunt!" Dana spat back.

"Yeah, who's got the boy, huh?" Kyleesha grabbed Braden's arm. "This here is my turf now!"

"He's too smart to stick his cock in trash!"

"Trash!" Kyleesha shrieked. "You're the one who'll fuck homeless guys for cigarettes!"

"You little...!" Dana lunged at Kyleesha, grabbing her by the hair and taking her down to the ground. Kyleesha responded by wildly flailing her talons, scratching at anything she could reach.

Both girls were screaming, as Braden tried to grab a hold of one of them, without much luck.

As this skirmish went on, Miley, the chapter president of Beta Alpha Epsilon, felt a hand on her shoulder. The woman who had whispered in Dana's ear spoke. "While they sort this out," she said, "why don't you come with me?"

In a daze, unable to resist, Miley followed her to a side room.

There, the woman closed the door behind her. "We need to talk, Miley."

Snapping out of her daze, Miley shook her head to clear the fuzz. "Dr. Carpenter?" She said, recognizing the woman. "Oh great, I'm so glad you came! Isn't this a great new house for the Betas? You wouldn't believe the deal I got, too..."

"You lied to me, Miley," Dr. Carpenter said.

"What?"

"You told me that Kyle Eastman had raped you," she said. "That's why we needed to teach him a lesson."

"But he did!" Miley insisted. "He did rape me!"

"I've been seeing him for months, Miley. He has no memory of it. I thought maybe he was repressing it, but I've never found a trace of it as I've probed his



mind." She crossed her arms. "And now you've got his mansion. That's something you never mentioned to me. Now it all makes sense."

"You think I'm lying? You're a Beta sister! I'd never lie to you!"

"I know you're lying, Miley. I know it for a fact." She took a deep breath. "Your idea to make Kyle Eastman into a girl, and a Beta girl, wasn't to teach him a lesson, it was to steal his property. This property."

"But look at him! He's happy! He's embraced his new life! And... And... This Zakarian thing wasn't even a part of the plan! That was all him!"

"It never would have happened if you hadn't tricked me into doing your dirty work, Miley. He'd be a happy, healthy programmer tapping away at his keyboard right now, if it wasn't for you. And look what this did to poor Dana! She was such a nice girl!"

"Who cares about them!" Miley yelled. "I had to save the fuckin' sorority! I had no budget, no support from the national chapter! Not even a cent of money to do it! I got the job done! Me! Miley! Sweet little Miley saved the sorority! That's what I had to do, and it got done!"

"You poor thing," Dr. Carpenter said.

"Don't patronize me! You're just some cheap corporate shill who can't get a real psychiatric job! Don't you dare..." Miley's voice seized up as Dr. Carpenter snapped her fingers. She tried to speak, but couldn't move.

"And you underestimate what I'm capable of," Dr. Carpenter said. "Mentally turning a healthy middle-aged man into a young, heterosexual woman isn't a magic trick, sweetie. It's hard to do. Only a handful of people in this world would even try it. Only a few of us have that kind of ability." She pointed to a chair. "Sit."

Like a dog following a command, Miley dropped herself into the seat.

"This is the sort of thing that destroys careers, or even lives — or do you not care that this will hang over my head for the rest of my life?" Dr. Carpenter pinched the bridge of her nose in anguish. "I'm going to have to keep working in that dead-end job, as you put it, so I don't attract any attention. *Years,* Miley. I'll be stuck in that job for *years!"*

The young doctor sighed. "I think Kyle is going to be okay. Kyleesha may not be the brightest bulb, but she's found herself as an air-headed socialite, God bless her heart. However, Dana needs help. Even though I've never even so much as talked to her, I feel responsible. I'm going to have to see what's in her heart, and see if I can't bring some kind of stability to her, to keep her from spiraling into debauchery."

"The people Kyle worked with have already been relieved of their memory of him. I've certainly seen to that. When I talk to Dana, I'll make sure she forgets about him too, if she hasn't already. But that still leaves you, Miley. And what you did."

Looking down at Miley, Dr. Carpenter knew that she may have been muted by her commands, but an angry fire was lit in the girl's pale blue eyes. If she could have moved, she would be trying to kill her, she was certain of that. Dr. Carpenter turned her head towards the doorway, still hearing the screeching of the two girls, catfighting. "And I guess I should put a stop to this distraction, before they hurt someone."

With Kyleesha's hands grabbing the air in front of Dana's face, trying to scratch her eyes out, she was being restrained by Braden. Dana was also being held back by her sisters, including Bianca, with only one arm free which she was using to make wild swings at Kyleesha.

"Get away from my man!" Dana hollered, her face in a wicked scowl of anger, as she kicked and squired against those holding her back.

"You don't deserve him!" Kyleesha screamed back in the highest of voices. "He's mine!"

"Hold it, hold it!" Said Miley as she ran into the room, placing herself in between the two. "This is Beta Alpha Epsilon House! You're sisters! Beta sisters don't fight!"

"You tell that to that toilet whore over there!" Dana yelled.

Kyleesha was spitting as she yelled. "You're the one working in a topless bar, slut!"

"Stop it!" Miley commanded. Almost instantly, the girls fell silent. "Calm down, for fuck's sake!"

The two feuding girls immediately stopped fighting the people holding them back and calmed themselves, slightly, although they were staring daggers at each other.

"Bianca," Miley said, turning her attention to the infamous elder Zakarian sister, "Take your little sister upstairs and to your room. Keep her there until she's calmed down."

Bianca nodded as she rushed to Kyleesha's side and escorted her out of the room. "Let's go fix your makeup, sis," she said.

"Oh my God! Please tell me my mascara isn't running!" Kyleesha said as she left.

Miley then turned to Dana. "And you, go into the side room, okay? Wait for me and I'll talk to you in a minute." She pointed to the room she had just come from. "And Braden? Maybe come back at another time, okay?"

"Dude, got it," Braden said as he turned around and headed for the door.



Miley sighed. “Okay!” She said with a smile. “It’s a party! So let’s party!” She yelled. The kids turned away and went back to what they had been doing before the fight, almost as if it had never happened. Beer started pouring again, the lights strobed, and the music was turned back on.

As the party revved back up, Dana stumbled as she began to walk.

“You okay?” Miley asked.

Dana, weary and tired, nodded. “Yeah,” she said as she lifted her head to make eye contact. “I’m okay, just...” Then something didn’t quite register with her. “Who are you?”

“I’m Miley, Dana. Miley. Your friend. Chapter President.”

For some reason, Dana had trouble accepting this, and had to think hard about it. Miley looked a bit older than she remembered. Her hair was darker. “Miley?”

“Yes, Dana. I’m Miley. Now wait for me in the side room, okay?”

"Yeah, sure... Miley?" Dana then walked away, a puzzled look on her face. As she did, Dr. Carpenter exited the side room, a similar puzzled expression on her face. Her business suit looked slightly disheveled and ill-fitting on her, and she was having trouble in her sensible black pumps.

"Dr. Carpenter! Thank you so much for coming tonight!" Miley said.

"Oh, yes..." Dr. Carpenter said. "I'm glad I could stop by..." She was tugging at her outfit, almost as if she didn't believe she was wearing it.

"Well, you want to get home, I bet. It's late for someone your age," Miley said.

"Yes... Yes... I'm... An adult... I should be getting home."

"That's your car parked in front, isn't it?"

"I suppose it is. I'll see you... later?" Dr. Carpenter asked, still bewildered.

Miley smiled back, sweetly, as she couldn't help but think that it was kind of sad that this person was going to get in that cheap little car, drive back to that dumpy apartment, and try to scrape by in that crappy company therapist job. That was better than she deserved, though, in her opinion. It was way more fun to be a teenage sorority girl, young and full of life, with the world in front of her, no longer trapped in a bad job she hated.

Tomorrow, Miley knew she'd be up bright and early, paint some freckles on her face, go get her hair dyed straw blond, and buy some pale blue contacts. She'd deal with some sorority stuff, being the chapter president of Beta Alpha Epsilon, and then maybe even call up her teenage boyfriend so they could make out. Then she'd be off to class. Being Miley was tough work, but somebody had to do it, she thought to herself.

As for Dr. Carpenter, to avoid any scrutiny for what she had done, she'd probably quit her job, move to another city and then quietly go about her life, disappearing into the daily struggle like so many adults did. Too bad she wasn't Miley, where she could help right any wrongs that may have happened to her friends, and otherwise enjoy a carefree college life.

"Good night!" Miley said, as she waved goodbye Dr. Carpenter. When she turned around, Bianca and Kyleesha were standing there, waiting for her.

"Kyleesha has something she wants to say," Bianca said.

Kyleesha was defiant. "Why do I hav'ta..."

"I'm your big sister, and your big sister says you're going to apologize!"

The younger Zakarian sighed and pouted. "I'm sorry, Miley," She said.

"For?" Bianca prompted.

"For fighting and stuff."

"Kyleesha, you know that you and Dana have been the best of friends in the past," Miley said. "And you'll be friends again in the future. You can't let a guy get in between you two."

"But...!" Kyleesha objected, but felt her sister's grip on her shoulder tighten. "Okay... I understand... I won't do it again..."

"Don't worry about it, girl," Miley said. "We're going to work this out. Beta Alpha Epsilon sisters forever, right?"

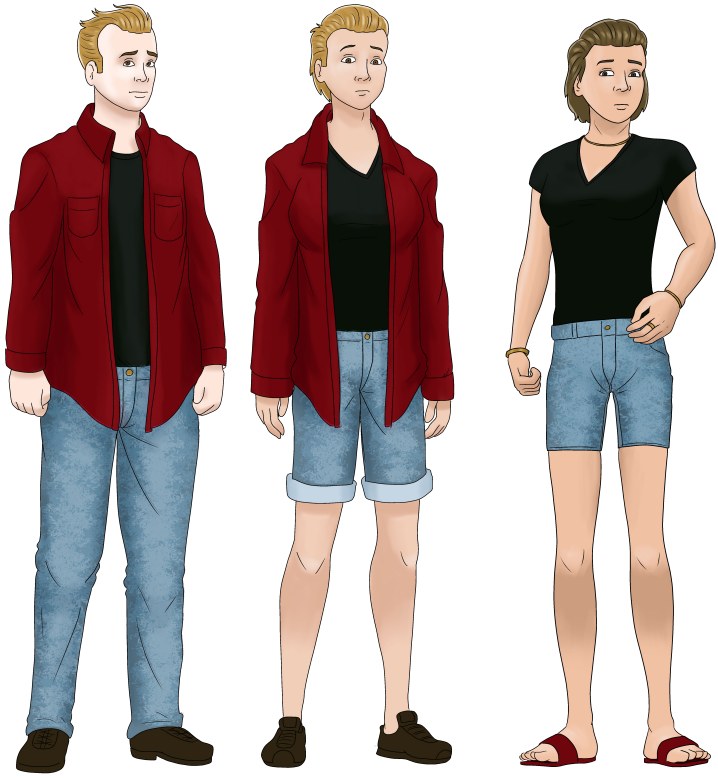
"Betas forever," Kyleesha said, petulantly. "But... I want him *sooo bad!*"

Miley smirked at the comment made by the former middle-aged male programmer. "Well, you and Dana certainly can't share him. The only fair and healthy thing to do is for the both of you to give him up and let him go," she said, sounding like a seasoned psychotherapist. "...And give me a shot at him, so I can see what the fuss is all about," she added under her breath.

And finally, she closed the massive front door and locked it shut.

The End











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Story by Joe Six-Pack. Dillon has a new stepmother. Problem is that she and Dillon don't get along. More of a problem for Dillon is that she's a witch — and wants a daughter. Full Color Comic Book / 17 pages

Double-Crossed

Story & Art by Joe-Six Pack. Jesse is on the run from justice. When he finds an old friend who can help him, that old friend seems more interested in helping Jesse become a woman. Comic / 24 pages

The Charm

Story by Joe-Six Pack, art by Osoku WARUI. Gavin is a student who laments his boring life. Then he crosses paths with Krista. Things are about to change, and not necessarily for the better. Comic / 24 pages

Candlewick Court Series

Welcome to Candlewick

By Joe Six-Pack. Book 1 in a series. Candlewick Court is looking for new residents. Residents who will find new lives and new genders in a suburban paradise with a mysterious purpose. Book / 149 pages / 30 illustrations

Surrender to Candlewick

By Joe Six-Pack. Book 2 in a series. Candlewick Court has found it's first homeowners, and the kids need a school to attend. What kind of bizarre transformations await them? Book / 152 pages / 38 illustrations

Brides of Candlewick

By Joe Six-Pack. Book 3 in a series. The story of Colin and Elliot concludes as we welcome Candlewick Court's next homeowners. Book / 159 pages / 39 illustrations

Teens Transformed

She Made Me Into My Sister

"A Little Too Clever" by Joe Six-Pack. Wyatt wanted to help his girlfriend get revenge, but at what cost? As it turns out, a cost greater than any boy could have imagined. Book / 88 pages / 20 illustrations

Gone Girly for Good

"Big in Japan" by James J Craft. Mike and Ken were one-hit-wonder rock stars. Then they discovered they had fans in Japan, so they left to become famous. Then they discovered that the Japanese didn't know they were guys. Book / 77 pages / 26 illustrations

One Year in Tokyo

By James J Craft, illustrations by Kwon Lee Tran. Mickey is forced to spend a year with his father in Japan. However things often get confused when words get translated from English to Japanese, as Mickey soon finds out... Book / 87 pages / 20 illustrations

Student Exchange

By Joe Six-Pack. Kelley Sue's convinced a French exchange student to disguise himself as a girl. What happens when she realizes he has no intention of returning back home? Book / 77 pages / 22 illustrations

He's a Valley Girl, Fer Sure

From the files of TGStories.com: "Corey Taylor's Big Bodacious Adventure" by Joe Six-Pack. For Corey, the only way he can get into college is to pretend to be a girl. But when does it stop being pretend? When he's cheerleader? A girlfriend? A beauty queen? Book / 78 pages / 17 illustrations

From Boys to Bridesmaids

"Always a Bridesmaid, Never a Groom" by James J Craft. Two spoiled and privileged boys are about to be put in their place by their new step-mother. And their place is by her side as her bridesmaids and daughters. Book / 77 Pages / 16 illustrations

Little Mis-ter Popular

"My Two Moms" by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Thanks to his aunt's "Confidence Club," Leon will find a way to become popular, and to get over all his hang-ups... Including his masculinity. Book / 77 Pages / 17 illustrations

Bride to Be

By Joe Six-Pack. Derek and Cole grew up together as kids. One year, though, Cole has to start pitching in at the family wedding business. His life will never be the same. Book / 63 pages / 25 illustrations

Winning is Everything

"Costume drama" by Joe Six-Pack. Seth made a funny little bet for Halloween. He needed to pull off the impersonation of a Cheerleader for a party. What's at stake? 100 million dollars and his manhood. Book / 215 pages / 37 illustrations

Creating Samantha

Story by Cheryl Lynn, illustrations by The Might Fenek. Samuel was under the tutelage of his legal guardian, only his guardian had no intentions of letting him grow up male. Book / 70 pages / 16 illustrations

Convicts to Co-Eds

Story by By Courtney Captisa & Claire Bear, illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Three teen boys are sent to a reform school. What they can't know is that they are about to be "reformed" all the way into skirts... And beyond. Book / 154 pages / 31 illustrations

Mall Makeover Madness

"A Day at the Mall" by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Four boys are going to have one weird day at the mall. By the time the day is over, it's four girls who leave the mall to begin their new lives. Book / 109 pages / 25 illustrations

Crosley High Chronicles

By Joe Six-Pack. River is coming to a new school, and trying to fit in. The problem is the only way he's going to fit in is in skirts and heels. Book / 217 pages / 75 illustrations

Tales of Transformation

He's the Wrong Girl

"Office Chemistry" by Joe Six-Pack. James had to fill in at the reception desk. Problem is, the business is a bio-genetics company. And all of the sudden the coffee tastes funny. Book / 53 pages / 14 illustrations

City Boy, Country Girl

By Joe Six-Pack. Richard's successful city life is interrupted when a sheep he wants to fleece needs urgent care out in the country. But instead of returning home, all Richard's wife hears are a series of suspicious excuses. Revised in 2019. Book / 92 pages / 34 illustrations

Thames Greene

By James J Craft. Ira wanted something better for his family. A new start. But in Thames Greene, everyone's getting a new start, whether they want it or not. Book / 77 pages / 26 illustrations

Hiding in High Heels

"How Not to be a Sissy" By Joe Six-Pack. Vince was on the run from people who wanted their millions back. Howard was a friend with a funny little idea and a knack for making subliminal CDs. Mini-Pix / 48 pages / 15 illustrations

A Blessing in Disguise

By KK, illustrations by Kannel. Jay was a witness to a murder, and now he's the target of a vicious criminal. Resorting to a female disguise, he becomes trapped with no way out. Book / 84 pages / 16 illustrations

I'm Your Dolly

"Barbie-in-a-Box" By Joe Six-Pack. Tyler wasn't much of a boyfriend anymore. Jessica wanted to throw him out, but then a better idea came to her, in the form of the Barbie-in-a-Box service. Tyler better get used to pink. Book / 103 pages / 20 illustrations

His Life as a Trophy Wife

By Joe Six-Pack. Nick had a great life, but then it evaporated. Now he's down on his luck. In steps a wealthy executive wiling to pay him handsomely to pretend to be his wife. What can it hurt? Revised in 2018. Book / 256 pages / 39 illustrations

Male Monday, Girl Friday

"Hey, Cutie!" by James J Craft. Daniel is going to be promoted from his average life to an exciting executive position. At least, that's what his bosses are telling him. They may not be telling him everything. Book / 58 pages / 20 illustrations

The Happiest Place on Earth

From the files of TGStories.com: "The Fairest One of All" By Joe Six-Pack. Will is a kid looking for a job. He gets one, performing as Snow White at a theme park. For Will, he doesn't suspect that playing the role and wearing the costume is slowly changing him, day by day. Book / 51 pages / 21 illustrations

Hello, Nurse

From the files of TGStories.com: "Quality Health Care". Dane is filling in as a nurse for his pal Jimmy at his new office. Although both are doctors, Dane begins to take to his new role as a nurse. Soon, he feels compelled to be the ideal nurse. Book / 44 pages / 15 illustrations

My Boss, The Bimbo

"If I Were a Betting (Wo)Man" By James J Craft, illustrations by blackshirtboy. CEO Lucas has a superiority complex. When his long-suffering secretary is able to feed into Lucas' competitive nature, he'll make any bet to prove his dominance over women. Book / 38 pages / 10 illustrations

He's the Girl They Want

"Rallies'" by Joe Six-Pack. Spencer has a great new executive job in the food service industry, but first he's got to learn the ropes of the business by waiting on tables. He just doesn't quite fit in with the cheerleader theme. Yet. Book / 63 pages / 22 illustrations

Demoted and Degraded

"Trixie the Secretary" by Angela J. Cindy didn't much like Tom Jones attitude and his advances, so when she has the opportunity to help take the wind out of his sails, she takes it. But she had no idea that it was all designed to make Tom into Trixie the secretary. Book / 87 pages / 17 illustrations

I, Candy

"Sissy Sweets" by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Inheriting his family's bakery requires this young man to become the new face of the business. A female face. Book / 45 pages / 15 illustrations

Boyz II Girlz

"The Making of the Ballroom Brats" by Joe Six-Pack. The Ballroom Brats become the newest worldwide celebrity sensation. How did four unsuspecting guys at a fast food joint become the hottest girl group in music? Book / 113 pages / 34 illustrations

His Strangest Desire

"Employee of the Month" by Joe Six-Pack. Mick is declared Employee of the Month, and he's going to find himself hurtling headlong into facing his weirdest inner desire. Book / 59 pages / 19 illustrations

Hard Time or High Heels

"I'm Turning into My Mother" by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Colby got deep into debt to a local gangster. Before long, he's on the arm of that very same gangster as his reluctant girlfriend. Book / 75 pages / 20 illustrations

Seriously Skirted

"The Show Piece" by KK. Illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Mel finds work at a clinic as a secretary. He slowly begins to fit to role. Book / 75 pages / 19 illustrations

From Mister to Sister

Story by Melissa N., illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Dan just wanted to help guide his girlfriend's sister out of her depression. Instead, he's being guided out of his manhood. Book / 84 pages / 24 illustrations

The Russian Girl

Story by Melissa N., illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Casey's wife has had enough of watching him kill himself with work, so she forces him out of his comfort zone... Into the life of a female stripper. Book / 196 pages / 30 illustrations

Swindled into Skirts

"Beta Male" by Joe Six-Pack. Kyle inherited a multi-million dollar mansion in southern California. He begins to adjust to the Cali lifestyle, but his adjustments seems to have a decidedly feminine flavor to them. Book / 78 pages / 23 illustrations

Stories of the Supernatural

A Change for the Better

"Do-Overs" by Joe Six-Pack. Evan wants a chance to do over his biggest mistake. He gets the chance, but he keeps wanting his new life to be a little bit better than the last. Book / 59 pages / 18 color illustrations

Changed and Rearranged

"Wrongs Make Wright" By Joe Six-Pack. Chris and Matt were rivals. Then, Matt decided to show everyone how smart he truly was by impersonating a teacher. But the disguise becomes more and more real, much to Chris' dismay. Book / 74 pages / 19 illustrations

From Pals to Gals

From the files of TGStories.com: "Mandate of the People" By Joe Six-Pack. Teens Jeremy and Stewart are good friends, but a bit thick in the noggin. When they jokingly nominate each other for Prom Queen, they slowly become the perfect candidates, thanks to some magic. Book / 45 pages / 16 illustrations

A High-Heeled Halloween

Story & art by Joe Six-Pack. A costume shop has four spooky tales to tell this Halloween, where the price you pay for your costume is far more than money. Book / 128 pages / 34 illustrations

Crossed Fiction

If the Shoes Fit

"Hand Me Downs" By KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Sydney is a teen who is just trying to make it through the summer with no money. He finds himself wearing hand-me-downs from his sister, and that takes his life in a whole new direction. Book / 98 pages / 30 illustrations

Sisters for the Summer

"Camp Counseling" By Joe Six-Pack. Brock McCade always thought of himself as a real man, or at least he would be one, someday. After summer camp, he's no longer so sure. Book / 76 pages / 17 illustrations

They're the Girls for the Job

"Peace and Harmony" By James J Craft. Illustrations by blackshirtboy. Pete and Harmon need jobs bad. How far would they have to go to get them? Book / 64 pages / 19 illustrations

Blondie's Lost Summer

By KK. Illustrations by Fraylim. Carl's dream summer was about to become three months of dresses, heels and makeup. Book / 159 pages / 48 illustrations

Blondie's Lost Year

By KK. Illustrations by Fraylim. Book Two in the Blondie Series. Carl's trip to Florida has been horrible enough, trapped in dresses and makeup. Now, high school has presented a whole new level of humiliation for him. Book / 221 pages / 52 illustrations

Blondie He's Not

Story by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Mark got a job at a salon, and fell in love with one of the customers. Problem was that customer was Candi "Blondie" Wethers, and what happened to Candi was about to happen to Mark. Book / 151 pages / 40 illustrations

I Never Wanted to be a Woman

"Politically Corrected" By Cheryl Lynn. Illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Michael's politically active mother has decided she's going to make her hippie son over into the daughter she always wanted. Book / 64 pages / 19 illustrations

The Boy's Guide to Girlhood

Story by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Dweeb Kenny and cool Rex find themselves trapped in a Principal's twisted scheme, and only one of them is going to get out in tact. Book / 109 pages / 32 illustrations

Fashion Victims

Story by Lauren Bliss, illustrations by Fraylim. Teenage boy Jamie just needed clothes for school. Oh, he's going to get clothes for school. Just not male ones. Will he ever need male clothes again? Book / 67 pages / 26 illustrations

The Making of a Beach Bunny

Story by KK & Fraylim, illustrations by Fraylim. Before heading off to college, John wanted to spend his last normal summer at the old rental summer house with his friend Stanley. There was nothing about this summer that would be normal. Book / 134 pages / 58 illustrations

Seriously Sissified

A Family Femmed

"The Femmed Family Robinson" by James J. Craft & Cheryl Lynn, illustrations by Sortimid. The Robinson boys all had dreams of their own, once. Now they have new ones, thanks to their stepmother. Book /96 pages / 29 color illustrations

Forever Femmed

Story by James J. Craft & Cheryl Lynn, illustrations by Sortimid. "A Family Femmed's" Deborah is still hard at work, flipping men into sissies and selling them to the highest bidder. But this time, there's a new wrinkle. Book / 108 pages / 28 illustrations

Auntie's Girl Time

By Cheryl Lynn. David was just a young teenage boy who wanted all the things in life a man could look forward to. His aunt, though, is going to make sure he never gets them. Book / 79 pages / 20 illustrations

Revenge of the Cheerleaders

"Pansy Cheers" By Angela J. Patrick Sears was a football player trying to sleep with every cheerleader at his small college. He'd have to pay for his conquests. Book / 116 pages / 19 illustrations

He's Got His Mind Made Up

By James J. Craft. Illustrations by kinkyrocket. Corey has just a sliver of a chance to get into college, but that chance involves becoming his stepmother's maid. And she wants him to fit both the role and the dress. Book / 68 pages / 16 illustrations

Fated for Femininity

Story by KK, illustrations by RocketXpert. When a web page shows Evan having sex with another boy, the poor kid is chased out of town — right into the arms of a gender therapist who has her own agenda. Book / 70 pages / 15 illustrations

Web Classics Revisited

Two Forms of ID

By Joe Six-Pack. Harvey had the unusual ability to convincingly imitate a teenage girl. In desperation, he has to use that talent to make some money. But when is enough enough? Paperback / 194 pages / text only

