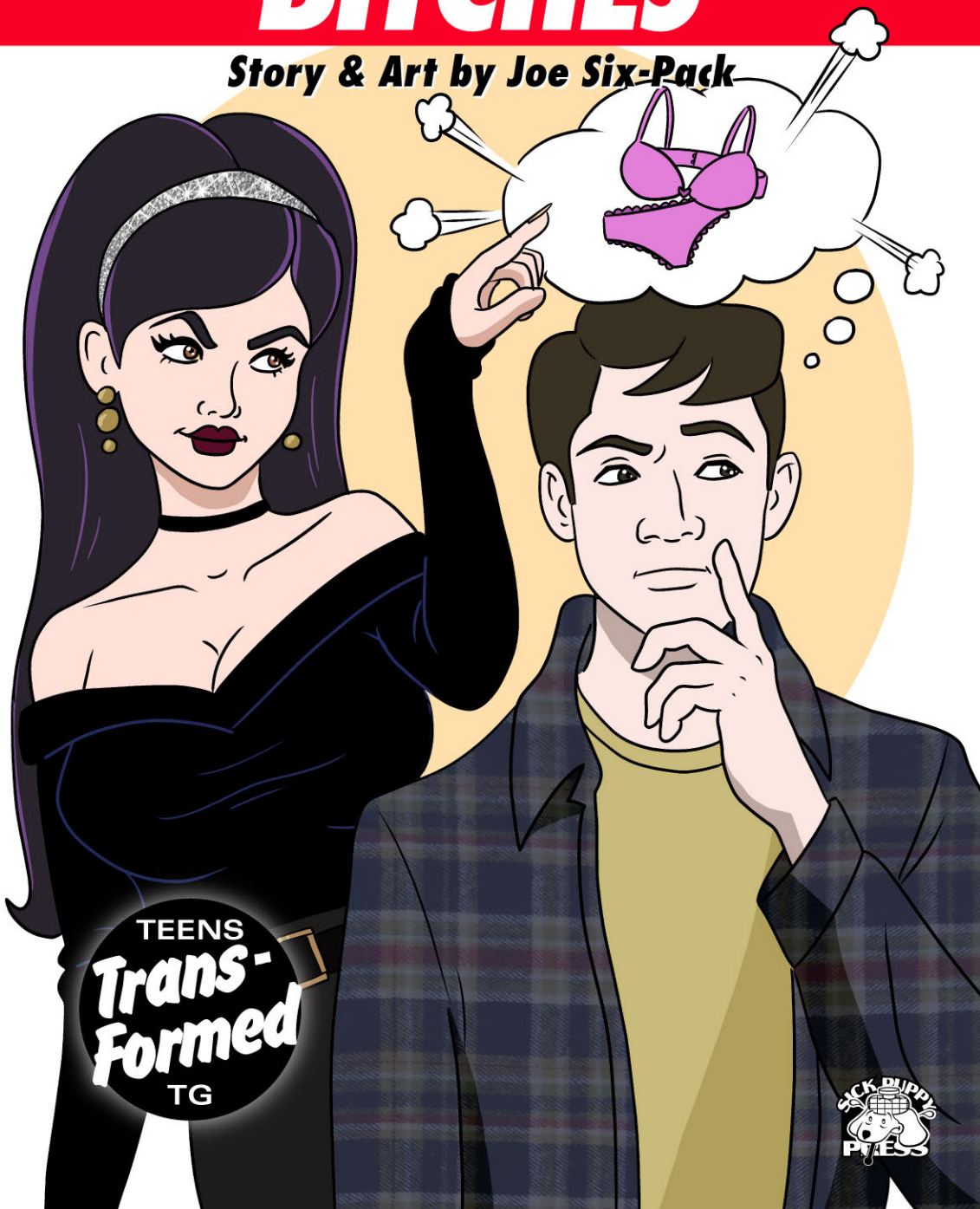


ADULTS ONLY

156 pages 36 illustrations

BETTER OFF BITCHES

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack



TEENS
**Trans-
Formed**
TG

SACK DIPPY
PRESS

J O E S I X P A C K

**BETTER
OFF
BITCHES**

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack
A Teens Transformed story



2024 Edition

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BETTER OFF BITCHES

“Give me what you owe me, you dirty little cockroach,” Tanner said, holding out his empty hand. “The money. *Now*. And, maybe I’ll let you live.”

Tanner wanted to rip this idiot’s tongue out by the root, wrap it around his head and shoot him in the face.

This was not a new feeling for Tanner, as dealing with Mason often brought out this emotion in him. It would pass in moments, as it always did, but it would surely return again in the not-too-distant future. After all, they were nearly inseparable, as they were the best of friends.

“I’m not giving you anything,” Mason replied, still chewing on the granola bar he was eating for breakfast. “You should have asked your mom before you got on the school bus this morning.”

“I meant to!” Tanner countered angrily, as if his forgetfulness was Mason’s fault. “You owe me five bucks, just give me two for the machine. I’m starving!”

“Nah,” Mason said, spitting out some crumbs as he spoke. “I don’t think so.”

“Give him the money, Mason,” Alexander said, with an exasperated sigh. “I’m tired of hearing Tanner whine.” He was seated just a foot or two away, hastily finishing his homework.

“I’m not whining!” Tanner asserted with a scowl at Alexander. He said it in a noticeably lower voice, minimizing his whining tone.

Alexander just let his head fall backwards in despair. He knew there was no stopping Tanner when he started in with Mason. They were like mountain goats, clashing with their horns and getting inextricably tangled in the process. Alexander stared up at the ceiling of the school cafeteria, hearing the murmuring of drowsy teenagers in the background. It was the place for everyone to gather before school started, which would be in about fifteen minutes.

“I just want two stupid bucks!” Tanner growled. He dove his hand into one of Mason’s pockets.

“Get your fucking hand out of my pants!” Mason said, having to pause to swallow his food before he spoke. He was swatting at Tanner’s arm. “Rape!” He yelled, taking the nuclear option in trying to fend off his friend.

“Is Tanner raping Mason again?” Saul said as he took a seat at the table where Alexander, Mason and Tanner were seated. “Don’t do that man, it’s not cool.”

Seeing the last member of their little group arrive, the increasingly desperate Tanner turned to him. “Do you have two...”

“No,” Saul said.

Tanner grunted. "I forgot who I was asking."

Saul was nonplussed. "I'm saving up for my car."

"You've been saving since you were nine. You should be able to afford a Mercedes by now."

"I want the sport package." He turned to Mason. "Hey, you have an extra bar?"

"Sure," Mason said, handing over a spare granola bar to him.

"You had a spare?" Tanner said, his shocked voice becoming even whinier.

"Yeah."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Didn't ask."

Mason waited just a moment to see the waves of emotion wash over Tanner's face, going from dumbfounded, shock, anger, fury and then despair. Once he was satisfied, he tossed out two more bars for his remaining friends. Alexander snatched one up as Tanner was too stunned to react. Tanner finally swiped it, ripped open the wrapper with his teeth and gnawed into the bar, all the time keeping an eye fixed on Mason, to let him know he didn't think it was funny.

Well, it was funny, and Mason smirked back. He could swear he heard Tanner grumbling as he ate, which was quite a trick.

With some food in his stomach, Tanner now had to tend to more urgent matters, such as the complete lack of a History essay that was going to be due in around 106 minutes and 27 seconds, by his estimation. He needed to average 4.694 words per minute.

Tanner hadn't slacked off, it was just that his English essay was also due today, and he had spent the whole night working on it, putting way too much time to get it done. Add that to the fifty Calculus problems he had to do, and the History essay had to be pushed off until now.

His teachers always said the same thing, it was just an hour of homework every night. Was that so much to ask? When you took seven classes that asked for homework every night, yes it was. Not like anyone cared, though. It was high school. Indentured servitude. The silent struggle.

Tanner's plan was to get his laptop out and disguise it well enough so Mr. Hadler wouldn't notice him typing out a short essay on the Hittite Empire while being lectured about Biology. He hoped Damon Lynch, the school's biggest football player wasn't absent, as sitting behind his huge hulking body usually provided enough cover.

He'd pulled this trick before and gotten away with it, so he was hopeful he could do it again. The secret was to move just your fingers and keep your hands



still, also, a quick spritz of WD-40 was helpful to quiet the keyboard. He had a few minutes to spare, so he popped open his chromebook and got started.

“The Hittites were an Anatolian people who played an important role in establishing an empire centered on Hattusa in north-central Anatolia around 1600 BC,” read the wikipedia article.

“An Anatolian people,” Tanner typed, “the Hitties played a role that was vitally important to establishing an 15th-century empire in north-central Anatolia, centered around Hattusa.” Re-phrasing internet information was an art, and Tanner was the Da Vinci of his age. Unfortunately, Da Vinci was a sculptor, not a writer.

“Oh my God, seriously?” Said a jarringly arrogant voice from a few feet away. “*Pa-thetic.*”

All four boys looked up, stunned to see the sight of Jordyn Blakely, the queen bee of school, standing in front of them. She had a sneer on her face, her hands on her generous hips and her long, shapely legs spread out and poised dramatically. As usual for Jordyn, she had her thick black hair cascading over her shoulders landing on her oversized breasts. She had immaculate makeup on her clinically perfected face, large gold hoops swinging from her ears and malice in her heart.

Jordyn appeared to be under the assumption that she was some kind of goddess to be worshipped rather than a 17-year old girl with randomly-generated beneficial glandular anomalies. She pointed one of her black four-inch pumps away from the boys as she stood, the other pointed right at them, glinting in the light like a weapon.

“Losers,” she said, adding redundancy to her list of negative personality traits.

The boys looked at each other, wondering what they had done to attract Jordyn’s ire. They had no idea.

“Clustered this in the corner like fucking rats,” Jordyn said. “Don’t you four freaks know how miserable you look? I swear to God, you make it so easy.”

She then turned and left, her head tilted in the air, as she sauntered away, her lusciously thick hips swiveling in her tight black miniskirt.

“Any idea what that was all about?” Mason asked.

Tanner spoke first. “No idea.”

“Ever since Kristin was expelled, she’s been acting weird,” Saul observed. Kristin was the last of her clique, which at full strength was three or four girls strong. Kristen had been caught having sex with one of the gym teachers, and both of them had vanished from the school without a trace.

“I think she’s been watching us, too,” Mason said.

“I noticed that,” Tanner agreed. “I’m not crazy, right?”

“No, she was watching me go to my locker the other day,” Mason said.

“Walked right up to me and then turned around and left.”

Saul nodded his shaved head in agreement. “Me too! she did the same thing to me.”

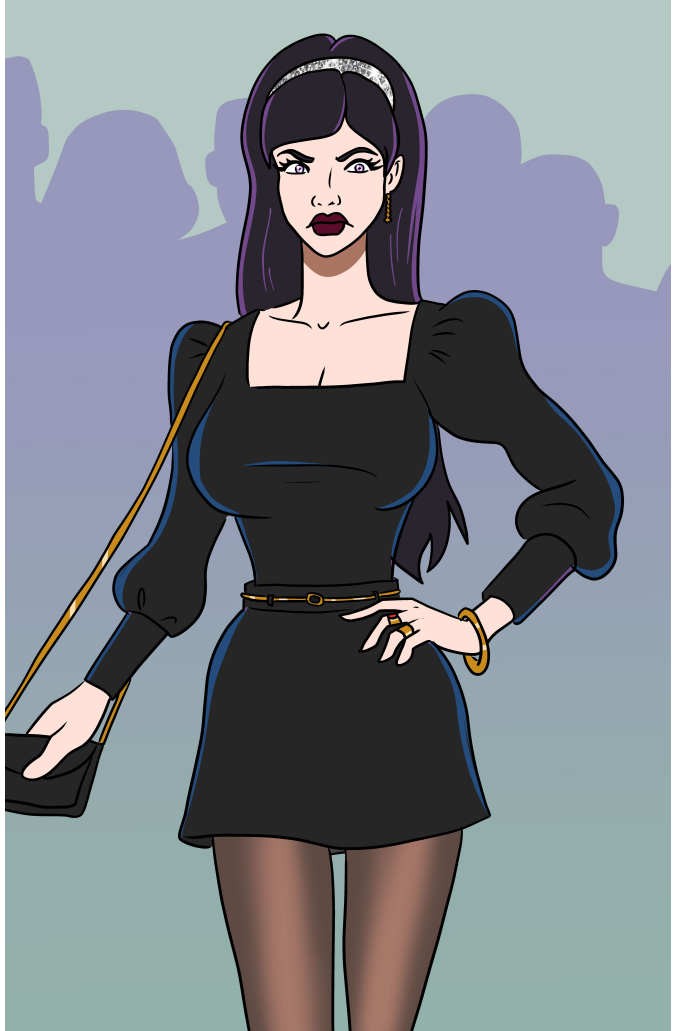
“She’s losing whatever speck of grey matter she had,” Alexander said. “Not like brains are her best quality, though.”

“I think she’s gotten meaner, too,” Mason added. “Too bad. If she wasn’t such a bitch, she’d be a great girlfriend.”

“Like you’d even have a chance,” Alexander said.

“Hey, I’d be a great boyfriend for Jordyn,” Mason said, sitting up straighter, which emphasized his strapping chest. Strapping in comparison to his friends, that is. They were all skinny and gawky, and in contrast, he was the muscle of the group. Amongst the regular population of Dearborn High, however, he was simply a normal-sized kid.

“She’d laugh and kick you in the balls even before you could speak the second word to her,” Alexander asserted. “Jordyn’s got a line of jocks waiting for her after she chews up and spits out her latest boyfriend. You’d be at the back of it.”



“Long line,” Tanner quipped. “Bring a book.”

“The basketball team alone is gonna take her an afternoon at least,” Saul said, only half in jest.

“Oh, I need your character sheets by the end of the day,” Tanner said.

“But I’m not done with mine!” Alexander objected.

“End. Of. Day.” Tanner repeated. “Or find another DM.”

“Fine,” Saul said, frustratedly. “I’m still working on my drawing.”

“You’ve been working on it for two weeks.”

“I’m not a very good artist!”

Tanner interrupted. “Anyway, my place at six for Friday D&D.”

“You’re so slow we’ll be there through Saturday,” Alexander snarked.

“And Sunday...” Saul added.

Tanner snorted a laugh. “I’ve got some real shit in store for whiny bitches like you guys.”

They all snickered before returning to what they were doing. Mason went to his phone and continued playing the puzzle game he had been hooked on recently. Alexander picked up his book and got back to the world of Giedi Prime. Saul resumed tapping on his scientific calculator, still tweaking the formula he was using to draw the Boba Fett helmet with the graphing function.

Tanner poised his hands over his keyboard, ready to type up another paragraph for his essay, but his eyes seemed to resist the effort. Instead, he was watching Jordyn walk away, noticing that she was looking almost lonely.



Tanner didn’t have to wait for long so see Jordyn next. In fact, the ext day after his third period class, she was standing in front of his locker. It was hard to avoid her.

“About time,” Jordyn said, impatiently. “Loser.”

“Uh, yeah, I sure am,” Tanner replied, cluelessly. “Could you move? You’re blocking my locker.” Usually he would have been too nervous to even talk to her, but since he only had a minute or two before the bell rang, his need to keep his perfect class attendance record caused him to be be uncharacteristically bold.

“No,” Jordyn replied.

“Oh, okay,” Tanner said, returning to his normal introverted, submissive self.

“What the fuck is that?” Jordyn said, pointing with her long-nailed finger at the books Tanner was cradling.

He was almost ready to say “a book,” but restrained himself. “A calculus textbook.”

“It’s like a million pages thick! They expect you to read that?”

“I already read it this summer, actually,” Tanner said with a hint of pride. “To be better prepared for this year.”

“Oh God, no wonder you’re such a freak.”

“Did we do something?” Tanner asked. “Why are you picking on us all the sudden?”

“As if I even need a reason. I’m so sure.” She started to examine her fingernails.

Tanner stood where he was, still holding his books.

Jordyn took a breath and looked in the other direction, clearly bored.

Tanner looked in the opposite direction and started to swing his shoulders gently.

Jordyn put her hands on her hips.

“Is there something you wanted to talk to me about?” Tanner finally asked, confused by the awkward silence.

“Hardly!” She replied, indignantly. Then she seemed to quickly reconsider. “Okay, I do have, like, one question.”

“Well, okay?” He said. There was more silence. It occurred to Tanner that this was actually a demonstration of reluctance and anxiety on Jordyn’s part. She was just so bad at demonstrating emotion that he wasn’t able to detect it.

Tanner corrected himself. She was actually very good at showing emotion, just so long as it was anger, pettiness, cattiness, glibness, disgust and apathy. She excelled at those emotions.

“Uh, what’s the question?” Tanner had to say to prompt Jordyn.

“Ugh! Fine! I’ll ask it!” Jordyn said, rolling her eyes. She took a few short steps forward to get up close to Tanner, and spoke in a quiet voice. “How do you get friends?”

“What?” Tanner responded, jolted by what he had just heard.

“What, is that greasy hair of your blocking your ears?” She said, arrogantly. Then she lowered her voice again. “Friends. I asked you how you get friends.”

“Huh? Buh.. Wuh...” Tanner had never in his years of contemplating the possibilities of Einstein’s 16 dimensions did he ever think he’d be in any permutation of reality where Jordyn Blakely was going to ask him about friendship. “Why ask me?”

“Because,” Jordyn said, rolling her eyes once again. “Oh God, I can’t believe I have to say this!” She took a deep breath which cause her attention-grabbing set of double-d breasts to rise and fall in the most distracting way. “You have the tightest set of friends in this school. They’re way better than anyone else’s friends.”

“Alexander? Saul? Mason? *My* friends?”

“Yes!” Jordyn growled. “Tell me what you did. Buy them clothes? Treat them to a tropical vacay? How much should I expect to spend?”

“Is that why you’ve been watching us?”

“I have not been watching you!” Jordyn said. “Get over yourself!”

Jordyn was getting angrier, and Tanner could sense it. “Look, I have no idea how you get friends, it’s kind of like the chicken and the egg problem.”

“Now we’re talking. How many eggs do I need? What type of chickens?”

“No, that’s not what I meant.”

“Ugh! Just tell me, already! How do you get friends? I ran out and I need more. I don’t have all day! Spill!”

“I have no idea!” Tanner had to admit. That was true enough. It was just something that had happened over time.

“What was I thinking? You’re such a pathetic loser. You make me puke.”

“Hey, Tanner, you’re gonna be late for class!” Alexander said, coming up behind him. They both took Computer Science together, which was up next. “Oh,” the young man said, halting himself when he saw who else was there.

“Rude!” Jordyn said. “I’m talking!” She stomped her high-heeled pumps in anger. “Now look at me.”

“Why?” Tanner asked.

“Stop asking stupid questions!” She commanded. “Look into my eyes, okay?”

“Wait a minute,” Alexander said, looking around where he was seated. He was in the Computer Science class.

“Huh?” Tanner said, looking around, just as bewildered. “We’re... *Here* now?”

“We were just out in the hallway, right?”

“Yes? I think so? Where’s Jordyn?”

“Gentlemen!” Said the teacher, loudly and authoritatively. “Conversations can wait until after we’re done here. This is learning time. Not talk time.”

The matter was so urgent, Alexander and Tanner just kept on going. “You didn’t black out, right?” Alexander asked Tanner.

“No, it was like a jump cut in a movie or something.” He felt his pulse on his wrist. “We’re still alive, elevated heartbeat.” He felt his chest. “Rapid breathing.”

“It’s just the shock. I don’t...”

“Gentlemen!” The teacher said in an even louder voice. “Unless you want to add to your demerits for being late to class with new ones for student insubordination, I suggest you cease talking!”

Which is what they did.

By the time they were able to finally speak freely, neither really had much to add. Alexander proposed the idea that it was a radon gas discharge. Tanner was sure it was some kind of electromagnetic pulse.

“An EMP would have disrupted the lights,” Alexander said as they walked down the hall. “And my phone would have been degaussed. No evidence of either. Your point is moot.”

They both paused as they got close to Tanner’s locker, looking both ways to make sure there was so sign of Jordyn. The coast was clear.

“Radon gas is poison, not damaging to the mind,” Tanner countered. “What you propose is that radon gas suddenly gathered some kind of soporific properties, targeted only the two of us, gave the exact same symptoms and then dispersed immediately. And then it wore off completely.”

“We *think* it wore off.”

“Your theory falls to pieces without proof. Not to mention, the geology of the area...”

“I gotta get to my Spanish class,” Alexander said, cutting off debate. “I got lots of theories. I’ll text them to you.”

“Great.”

As Alexander broke into a brisk walk to get to his locker, he reached for his phone. When he put his hand into his pocket, he felt a piece of paper.

“We should talk,” was what it said. It was signed “J,” with a heart drawn next to it. Jordyn wanted to talk? To *him*?

Scared, he stuffed it back in his pocket and resolved to tell no one.

Sitting in his next class, Alexander didn’t pay attention to a word of it. His mind was racing. What would Jordyn want to talk to him about? Did she want to finish yelling at him from earlier? Or did she have some kind of explanation for the memory lapse he and Tanner had just experienced?

He was jogging his legs like jackhammers, chewing through the end of his pencil and looking like he had just stolen a million dollars in jewels and was trying to smuggle them through security. The stress was going to kill him before he could even figure it out, he figured.

Honestly, Jordyn scared the crap out of him., and he wasn’t alone, either. She pretty much ruled by fear.

She was easily the most beautiful girl in school, by a factor of ten, but it was a menacing kind of beauty. There was a malevolence in her eyes and sinister bent to every word she spoke. Jordyn used her overflowing sexuality to wrap people around her finger, whether that be a teacher, an administrator, a bully or her rivals. She could get whatever she wanted at any time. The best course of action was to avoid crossing her path.

Now, Alexander, for some reason, found himself in her crosshairs.

He was so preoccupied that when the final bell rang for the end of the school day, he barely even remembered the passage of time. He had to check his

digital watch three times before he realized he had to go home because the school was shutting down.

“Is that you?” His father yelled from the living room when Alexander got home. “It’s Wednesday, so you better not have a fuckin’ headache again!”

“No, it’s me Dad,” Alexander said, entering into the room.

His father barely turned his head away from the TV. “Forget what I said. You never heard it.” He was scratching his exposed hairy belly. “Have you seen your mother?”

“I just got here.”

“Don’t talk back.” He gave his only son a quick glance. “Well, go find her!”

“Yeah, okay,” Alexander said, heading for the stairs, ignoring what his father had just said, and eager to leave his old man to his own misery as soon as possible. Locking himself in his room every minute he was home was his usual routine, and one he had long grown used to.

As he tossed his implausibly heavy backpack on his bed and watched it take one mighty bounce, he turned his desktop PC on. The guys would be online soon, and he was eager to try and blast his fears about Jordyn from his mind with some distractions.

It had been a very strange day, and he had no idea how to even describe it, let alone cope. He was only fifteen, after all.

About two hours later, a gentle knock came at his door. “brb” he typed in the chat he was having with Mason, Tanner and Saul. They were debating some Star Wars minutia and getting a bit heated about it, as one would expect.

He opened his door to see his frazzled mother, who had a warm smile for her son, and an even warmer tray of food for him, his dinner for the night. He always ate in his room, as to best avoid an argument with his father.

“Careful, the soup will spill,” she said to Alexander.

“I got it, I got it,” her son replied, eager to devour it.

His mother, in a robe and a pair of well-worn and slightly soiled slippers lingered for a moment before leaving. She looked frazzled and haggard tonight, but then again, she always did. “Oh, before I forget, a girl from your school came by today,” she said trying to push one of her unkempt curls of hair aside.

“A girl?” Alexander asked, before nearly dropping the tray. He had already worked it out. He didn’t know any girls at school. There was only one person who it could possibly be. “Who?” He asked, anyway, just to confirm his fears.

“Lovely girl. Very mature for her age.” She searched her memory. “I don’t recall her name. She wasn’t here for long.”

“What did she want?” Alexander asked, looking for a chair to support himself with.

“Want? I don’t recall...” Alexander’s mother crossed her arms to indicate a second stage of searching her memory. “She said we needed to talk, whatever that meant. Talked to your father and I. She was very direct, I do remember that.” She then gave up and waved it off. “I’m sure I’ll remember. Probably selling cookies for the girl scouts or something.” She then backed away and left the room. “Remember to put the dishes in the dishwasher after you’re done.”

Despite his promise to brb, Alexander never got back online. He ate his dinner, but couldn’t stop thinking about why Jordyn had come around to his house to talk to his parents. Why his *parents*? he didn’t have any idea. What could *she* possibly have to talk about with *his* parents?

Haunted by the question, Alexander put his PC to sleep and went to bed, unable to close his eyes. He couldn’t settle his mind, and even got out of bed to pace around his room. He felt restless for some reason. He did some stretching, some push-ups and even some jumping jacks.

Only when he was totally exhausted could he finally sleep.

Alexander woke the next morning with a start. His eyes popped open suddenly, almost as if his body couldn’t wait to be awake.

The first thing on his mind was choosing an outfit. Usually, he left this up to the last second, and grabbed whatever was on top of the pile. That seemed like a foolish oversight to him this morning, so he picked out a few things he liked and put them on his bed.

He also decided that although no one had said anything, he might as well take a shower — something he usually only did at the request of his mother. Once done, he looked at himself in the mirror, and although everything looked normal, something just didn’t sit right with him when it came to his hair. His tousled sand-colored shaggy hair would look better with a quick brush-through, he decided. It took him three minutes just to find where he’d last put his hairbrush, too.

“Shorts?” His mother asked Alexander when he appeared for breakfast. “It’s cold out there today.”

Alexander looked down at the cargo shorts he’d picked out, but he had no desire to change them. They may not have been practical, but they looked good on him. “I’ll be fine,” he said.

“At least put on a sweater.”

Alexander thought about that request. A big cozy sweater would be nice. Especially that maroon one his aunt had given him for Christmas. They would match his shorts just fine. “You know, I think I will,” he said.

“You win, he’s not dead,” Saul said when Alexander arrived. They were gathered at the same corner of the lunchroom the guys always hung out in before class. “I owe you a soda.”

“I’ll add it to your total,” Tanner replied, making a note on a piece of paper.

“Hey, where were you last night?” He asked Alexander

“Just got into it with my dad,” he replied, not wanting to explain his anxiety.

“Really?” Mason said. “Usually you get along so well.”

Alexander assumed he was being sarcastic. His fights with his dad were legendary. He sat down and put his backpack on the table and grabbed his physics textbook. “So, what’s the formula you used for calculating the viscosity of a sphere in liquid? I was stuck on that.”

“You calculate the density of the object,” Tanner said, “then measure the radius of the sphere, and then the density of the liquid. Then you can calculate the viscosity. It’s a three-step process.”

“Of course, you would have known that if you had stayed online last night,” Mason said.

“I said I’m sorry!” Alexander said, tossing his arms in the air, the oversized sleeves of his maroon sweater fluttering around his thin arms. “But what’s the formula?”

“That’s the next assignment. We’re just figuring the variables in this one.”

“Oh. Gotcha.” Alexander felt stupid. Physics was his best subject, usually. “I should have caught that.”

“You’ve never had a head for science, Alexander,” Tanner said. “That’s why we help you out.”

Alexander was about to challenge that assertion, as he loved science and sciencey-type stuff, but as he was trying to bring up all the times he’d been the one to help his friends, the memories weren’t responding. In fact, the more he thought about it, the less appealing science was to him. He closed his book and put it away.

“Don’t you want to finish that assignment?” Mason asked him.

“Later,” Alexander said, bouncing up to stand on his feet. “Life’s too short. I’m gonna go walk around. Get some exercise. I gotta burn some of this energy off.”

“Yeah, sure,” Tanner said, too involved with his schoolwork to really care. “See you in Computer Science.”

Alexander shivered. Computers? He hated the idea of going to computer class – and, come to think about it, physics, calculus and just about everything else he was taking. None of it sounded good to him right now. He sighed as he realized he had a very long day of boring, boring classes ahead of him.

After Alexander had left the cafeteria, Mason looked to his friends. “Okay, was no one going to say anything about Alexander?”

“Dude looked like his mom dressed him,” Saul said.

Mason was writing Saul's comment down. "That's a good one. Anyone got any others?"

"Those clothes were such a disaster, when trains wreck they just call it an 'Alexander' now," Saul added.

"Ah, the first one was better. Tanner?" Mason asked.

"I don't see what the problem is. He looked fine."

"I haven't seen him wear a sweater in his life," Saul replied. "And I've known him longer than you have."

"Then I guess you haven't been paying attention. Sweaters? He wears them all the time. Well, when it's cold, that is."

"Since when?"

"Since I don't know... Forever! Let's get off this subject, okay? I don't wanna talk about clothes. That's kinda gay."

Saul and Mason looked at each other with crooked eyebrows. They both had known Alexander as a strictly t-shirt and hoodie kind of guy since at least the fifth grade. "Are you sure you're not thinking about someone else?" Saul asked.

"You're trying to make me think I'm crazy. I'm not crazy." Tanner packed up his book and got up. "I gotta get to class early anyway," he said as he left.

Mason looked at Saul, and Saul looked at Mason. "I'm not sure this is important enough to even care about, but he's lost his mind, right?"

"That was a while ago. But yeah, he's lost it."

Meanwhile, Alexander was briskly walking around the corridors of the school. He had been feeling like he'd had six Red Bulls since he left the house, practically exploding with energy, and could only hope that a few laps around the hallways might help him get rid of it.

He hadn't had any luck so far, however. He decided to break into a run. That wasn't the best move, because as soon as he did, he ran straight into Damon.

Not in the sense that he crossed paths with Damon Lynch, the school's largest student and all-state linebacker, but in the sense that he collided with him.

"Open your fucking eyes, you fucking ass-licker!" Damon said to the heap of on the floor.

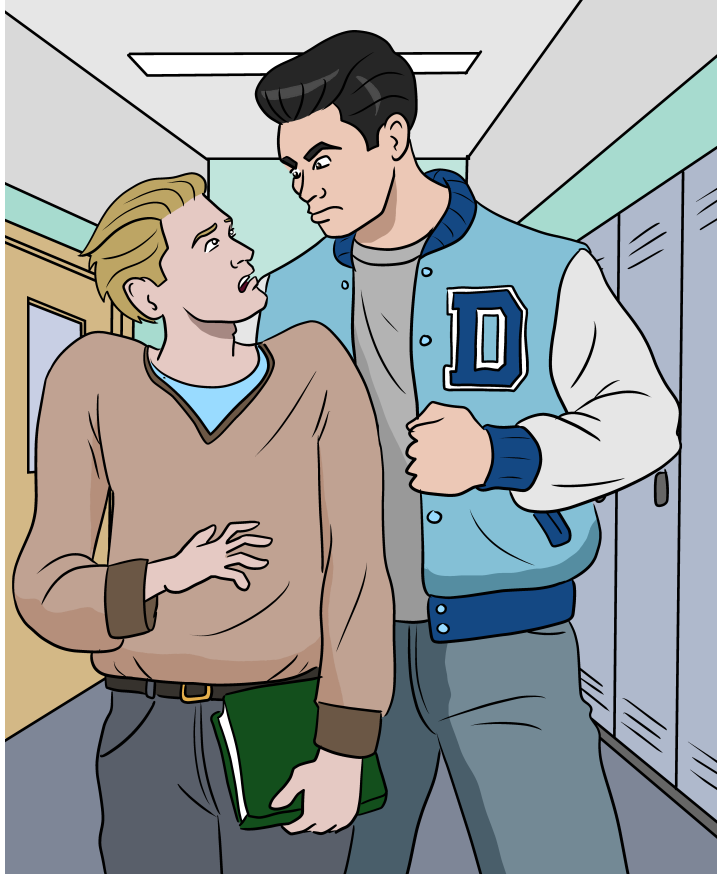
The heap, or Alexander as many called him, had bounced harmlessly onto the linoleum floor, leaving Damon unscathed and not needing any emergency medical treatment, although he might have dislodged a fiber of lint from his jacket.

Alexander, however, felt like he'd just gotten a concussion and a kick the groin simultaneously.

"Oh, sorry," Alexander said as he gathered himself up and dust himself off.

Damon used his massive size-15 shoes to push him back down again. “You lookin fer a fight, fuckface? Huh? Is that it? I think you are. You wanna fight!” He was living up to his reputation as a bully you needed to needed to avoid.

On his butt, Alexander tried to scramble backwards away from Damon, a fruitless gesture but one borne out of instinct. Being a life-long nerd, he recognized that particular look in the eyes of



a bully which meant they were going to beat the holy hell out of you.

“Wait!” Alexander yelped.

“Nah, brah,” Damon said with a smile. “You can’t just bash into me and think you can get away with it.” He mashed his foot into Alexander’s chest and made a rather unappealing “thud” sound. It was more of a shock than anything.

“Oh my God, Chill!” said a voice. Both boys turned to see none other than Jordyn, with a cross look on her face. “What’s your deal, like, *ugh?*” She said, standing in front of Damon.

Once again using her sexy body as intimidation, Damon quickly backed off. Even with his his lack of brainpower and the red mist of a helpless nerd ready for a good punching, the young man could understand that if he ever wanted a shot with Jordyn, he’d better back off — and he did want a shot.

“I’m just scarin’ him, that’s all,” he said to her. “Wasn’t gonna do anything.” He grabbed Alexander by the sweater and hoisted him up with one arm onto his feet. He felt like a child’s toy.

“Like, yah, I totally believe you,” Jordyn said.

“Really. We were just foolin’ around, right?” Damon said, looking at Alexander to back up his lie.

“Just leave us alone, ‘kay?” Jordyn said and turned her back to him dismissively. “That’s a good boy.” She snaked her arm around Alexander’s and escorted him out of the area, through the small crowd that had formed around them. Alexander nearly fainted from being in physical contact with her, and practically floated alongside the living vision of smoldering sexuality escorting him away.

“I’m sorry,” Alexander said. He wasn’t sure what he was specifically apologizing for, but since he was the lowly geek and she was the queen of the school, it felt like he needed to just express regret over needing her help.

“Here,” Jordyn said, as she got to the restrooms. “You better go in and fix yourself up.” She practically swung him into the door for the boys’ restroom, and Alexander barely stopped from colliding with it. “I’ll wait out here and make sure no one comes in to bug you. Hurry up, okay?”

Alexander pushed the door open and did a double-take to see Jordyn playing lookout. Why was she taking any kind of an interest in him? He couldn’t figure it out.

As he entered the bathroom, Alexander’s head seemed to swim. It was just for a moment, but he felt reality dip away before coming back into focus.

He walked to the sink and looked at his disheveled reflection. No blood, though, he observed. That was always his first concern when getting beaten up by a bully. If he had a cut, he’d have to explain it to people.

He gave his face a closer inspection, leaning forward. What he couldn’t see was the impatient Jordyn standing right next to him. “Ugh!” She said. “This is gonna be so hard!”

Alexander was oblivious to her presence. He kept on poking and prodding himself to check for bruises, even as Jordyn walked from one side to the other, looking him over.

“Thank God you haven’t hit puberty, you scrawny freak,” she said. “Okay, let’s get started.” She walked up to Alexander and bent forward to talk into his ear. “You think you’d look better without that shirt,” she said.

Alexander, thinking to himself, came to the conclusion that he’d look better without his t-shirt under his sweater. He pulled both off, and then put the sweater back on. He liked what he saw.

Jordyn was still examining Alexander. “You think you should roll those stupid shorts of yours up. They’re way too long. You should show off your legs, ‘cuz at least they’re thin.”

The boy backed away from the sink counter and looked down at his legs. His shorts had been feeling awfully baggy on him, he thought to himself. He

reasoned that if he rolled up the legs a little bit, maybe they'd feel better. Doing one leg, then the other, Alexander rolled the cargo shorts legs up while Jordyn dropped his old shirt in the trash.

He did feel more comfortable, after rolling up the legs. The boy looked around. "Where did I put that shirt?" He asked himself.

"Who cares," Jordyn said.

"I guess it doesn't matter," Alexander said.

"Now get those ugly socks off, too. Yuk! Do you get all your clothes at, like, Goodwill reject bins?"

"I should take these cheap socks off, too," Alexander spoke aloud. He bent down to untie his sneakers. As he did, Jordyn took a tube of lip gloss from her purse and placed it on the counter.

When Alexander was done, he felt good about the change. Socks were just not a good look for him. Now he could see far more of his thin legs, and for some reason, he liked that.

"You would look better with some color and shine on your lips," Jordyn said.

Alexander's finger tapped his lower lip. "These are so plain," he said to the mirror. He then noticed the tube of lip gloss on the counter. "Where'd that come from?"

"It's yours, stupid," Jordyn said into his ear.

"Oh yeah, it's mine. You're so stupid sometimes, Alexander."

Alexander unscrewed the top and pulled out the wand with glistening pinkish gel on it.

"Hold it," Jordyn said, taking the wand. She bent around so she could face Alexander, and started applying the gloss to his lips. "You're applying your lip gloss just like you always do," she said. "Just like this..." She trailed off as she concentrated. "Pucker."

Alexander stuck his lips out. Jordyn made quick work, smearing his thin lips, and then placed the tube back in Alexander's hand, which was still hanging where it had been.

"You like it!" She said. "You'll make sure it always looks this good."

"That really makes a difference," Alexander said. "I should always look this good."

"You would be even more comfortable if you used a touch of mascara," Jordyn said, as she placed a tube of it on the counter.

Without any hesitation, the boy picked up the tube and undid the top, revealing the inky black cosmetic on the tip of a brush.

“Stay still,” Jordyn said, as Alexander paused his movements. Just as before, Jordyn took the brush and expertly applied a thick and distinct coating to the young man’s eyelashes. “You love having thick eyelashes,” Jordyn said to him. “It’s your trademark. You apply mascara like this, with gentle sweeping strokes. You’re very good at it.”

When she was satisfied, she put the brush and mascara back into Alexander’s hand and took a step back.

“You have so much more to learn, if you’re going to catch up to me,” she said to him.

Alexander put the tube into his pocket. “I have a lot to learn if I’m going to catch up to Jordyn,” Alexander said.

Behind him, Jordyn pulled the large v-neck of Alexander’s sweater to the side so it exposed his shoulder. “That’s sexy, don’t you think?”

Alexander then pulled on the sweater neck himself, but left it in place. “That’s sexy,” he said.

“Time to go,” Jordyn said. “Oh, and agree to whatever Damon wants.”

“I guess it’s time to go,” Alexander said. He took a deep breath, and Jordyn stepped aside to let him pass.

When Alexander opened the door, he felt another passing moment of disorientation.

“You okay?” Jordyn asked, as she was standing outside by the door.

“I’ll be all right,” Alexander said. He then froze stiff. Damon was standing right next to her.

“Damon has something he wants to say to you,” Jordyn said.

Alexander almost backed away right into the bathroom again, but Damon was not advancing. In fact, he seemed almost non-threatening, in the way his shoulders were slumped and he was fidgeting with his jacket.

“Go on,” Jordyn prompted the huge, hulking student.

“I’m sorry,” he said. “I was just... I guess I was trying to be a tough guy.”

“...And...?” Jordyn was trying to draw more out of him. “You thought that maybe...”

Alexander allowed himself to relax and tried to look a little more poised. Jordyn wouldn’t have set this up if he was really in any danger. He trusted her.

“Oh!” Damon said, getting the hint. “I thought that maybe I should make it up to you. You wanna go see a movie?”

Alexander was inclined to agree to whatever Damon wanted to do, for reasons he didn’t quite understand. “Sure, I guess.”

“Great!” Damon said. “I’ll pick you up at six.” He then smiled, awkwardly fussed with his jacket buttons and then smiled again before lumbering away.

“Oh my God!” Jordyn said. “Only you could turn falling on your butt into a date. You are such a slut, bestie.”

“A date?” Alexander said. “I have a date?”

Alexander spent the next two periods wondering what he had just done. He had a date with a

guy, a date with Damon Lynch of all people, who had been torturing and bullying him since he was seven. He was beside himself with fear.

As the day wore on, though, and he began to consider his options about how he was going to get out of this mess, he also began to picture what a date with Damon would be like.

Would he punch him in the face if he didn’t laugh at the same jokes Damon laughed at? Would he get shoved into the seat if he didn’t like the movie? Would he have to buy all the snacks and the tickets just to keep him happy?

“Tough day at school?” His mother asked when he got home.

“No,” Alexander said, as he always lied in answer to that question. “I have to go and get ready for my date,” he explained.

“A date?” his mother replied, as she had never heard that phrase from her son, or, frankly, assumed she ever would hear it. No sooner had she thought these things, then she promptly forgot them. Of course her child was going on a date. Kids go on dates. This was normal, she reminded herself. “Oh. Do you need me to drive you?”

“No, it’s a senior. He’s picking me up at six.”



“A boy?” his mother said with a start. This was normal, too, she had to tell herself. Quite normal. Her boy was dating a boy, which was normal. That girl from Alexander’s school had said something about that, whatever her name was. “Well, you probably should pick out a nice outfit then, sweetie.”

Not only had he seemed to have overlooked the minor detail of him dating a guy, but he hadn’t even begun to think about what he was going to wear. “I only have two hours to get ready!” Alexander said as he ran up the stairs. “My hair is a mess!”

“Let me know if you need anything,” she called back after him. “I hope he’s a nice boy,” she said, thinking about how normal it was for her child to be dating boys. She hummed as she resumed dusting the living room.



The next morning in the school cafeteria, Saul was busy scribbling in his notebook, feverishly trying to sift through his notes from the Mechanical Engineering chapter they had been studying. Like most of his notes, he couldn’t make heads or tails of what he had been writing.

Fortunately, his friends were there to help. “Hey, Mason... The formula for the force of friction... I just have the word ‘fun’ written down.”

Mason sighed. “That’s not a ‘u’ it’s a ‘mu.’” Mason said with a smirk. “ $f = \mu N$ ”

“I feel stupid,” Saul said.

“Listen to your feelings,” Tanner quipped.

Saul ignored him. “But what about static friction?”

Mason shrugged. “I dunno, I didn’t get that part.”

“You should really ask Alexander,” Tanner said, scratching his shaven skull. “This is his thing.”

“Alexander?” Saul replied, incredulously. “He doesn’t even take this class.”

Just like they did yesterday, Mason and Tanner shared a doubtful glance.

“I give up,” Tanner said to Saul. “Are you doing some kinda bit?”

“A bit?” Saul said.

“Or are you just trying to rag on Alexander for some reason?”

“I’m not *doing* anything. He doesn’t care that he’s not the science nerds we are, he never has. I’m knocking him or anything.”

“He’s been the top science student in our grade for the past five years, and you know that.”

"In what world?" A noise went off, and Saul reached in his pocket for his phone. "This is him now," he said, reading the text. "He's running late after his big date last night."

"Date?" Mason and Tanner replied, almost simultaneously.

"Yeah, with Damon Lynch. He told you, didn't he?"

"He's dating a *guy*?" Tanner yelled, standing up from the table. His voice echoed off the plain walls of the large room. "What the fuck!"

On the other side of the room, Jordyn could hear the noise Alexander's friends were making. She could guess why. "Shit," she said to herself as she started to speed over to their spot in the corner.

"This feels like a setup," Tanner said to Mason.

"You know, it does. Alexander must be in on it."

Saul was exasperated. "Are trying to make be think I'm insane by pretending to be insane, so that I think I'm *not* the insane one, but I really am because I *know* you're pretending?"

"I lost track of what you were saying," Tanner said.

Saul rubbed his temples. "You guys are giving me a headache."

If one were to have been carefully listening, they might have picked up the ever-increasing clip-clop of Jordyn's heels as she tried to arrive before something went very wrong.

"It's not a bit!" Mason said, insistently.

Tanner agreed. "I'm not..." Then he was distracted. Alexander had arrived. "What the fucking fuck?" He yelled at the top of his lungs.

Alexander, dressed in a sweater that bared both his shoulders, with a pair of shorts that had been cuffed above mid-thigh sat down at his usual spot. His lips were glistening pink and his eyes were framed by dark, thick lashes, which were currently blinking in confusion. "Did I come in the middle of an argument?" He asked, realizing something odd was going on.

"Why are you *dressed like that*?" Mason yelled.

"Allie's always dressed like that!" Saul countered, getting in Mason's face.

"What the fuck is going on?" Tanner added, gripping his head with both his hands. "Who the fuck is *Allie*?"

"Hey!" Jordyn commanded as soon as she came to a stop in front of the boys. "You're making a scene!"

All four of them stopped what they were doing and realized that Jordyn was standing in front of them, looking quite angry.

Then, she wasn't standing in front of them. In fact, they weren't even together anymore.

Saul was suddenly sitting in his first period class, fifteen minutes into it. Alexander was experiencing the same, looking around, wondering what had just happened.

As for Mason and Tanner, they were unexpectedly outside, now seated on the ground behind the metal shop.

“Huh?” Mason said.

“Waaait a second...” Tanner said. “What’s going on?”

“Ugh! You guys take forever to wake up.” Jordyn came around the corner, stumbling slightly on the rough ground in her heels. She was holding her phone, talking into it. “Talk later,” she said, hanging up. She deposited it in her purse.

Tanner was upset. “You better have some answers...”

“Shut up,” she said, with a snap of her fingers. Immediately, the young man went silent. The vexed Jordyn was pacing back and forth in her tight black minidress.

“Gaawd, this is so stressful! I should have taken care of you two so much earlier.” She stopped

pacing and held out her hands and stretched out her fingers to calm down. “Okay, remember your chakra, Jordyn. Center yourself.”

“Where’d she go?” Mason said, realizing he couldn’t see Jordyn anymore.

“I’m tripping. I have to be tripping.” Tanner wanted to run, but he could feel a hand on his shoulder. One that wasn’t there. “Oh, God. What the fuck?”

“Stop being so dramatic!” Jordyn said, as she leaned in to talk in the ears of the two boys. “Now stand up and stay still.”

“I’m gonna try standing up,” said a very uncertain Mason.

As soon as he saw his friend able to stand, Tanner followed suit. They stayed where they were, though.



“Okay, where do I even start?” Jordyn said to herself. “I don’t have any time, I’ll just do the basic stuff n’ junk, like I did to your friends. That way you won’t screw things up.”

A few minutes later, Mason and Tanner emerged from behind the school building. They were headed to the office to get their late-to-class demerits, and trying to recall exactly why there were late in the first place.

“I... I don’t think I know what just happened.” Tanner said.

“I have no idea what you’re talking about,” Mason said.

“Finding ourselves outside and...”

“Nothing happened. Nothing at all.”

“But you didn’t...”

Mason grabbed his friend by the shirt. “We’re not talking about it again!” He said through gritted teeth. “Got it?”

Tanner knew better than to push his hot-headed pal any further. He had known him too long for that. “Yeah, sure.”

“Can’t believe I gotta take a demerit,” Mason grumbled. “Don’t even know why.”

They still had a few hundred feet to walk before they got to the office, and the silence was profoundly awkward.

Mason was brushing off the dirt he had collected on his cords. “You know, I shouldn’t have worn pants today,” he said.

“Me neither,” Tanner replied.

“Allie had the right idea. Shorts are the way to go.”

“Pants have always bugged me. They’re never comfortable.”

“And they’re really constricting. I’m wearing shorts tomorrow, and you know, I may never wear another pair of pants again.”

“I like the way you think.”

“Wait a sec,” Mason said, putting his arm in front of Tanner to keep them from walking another step. “Allie? When did we start calling Alexander ‘Allie?’”

“Uh... It uh... Weren’t we talking to Jordyn? Do you remember that?”

Neither of the boys remembered anything clear about the instructions they had just been given, about Alexander being called “Allie” or their newfound dislike of long pants. Nor did they remember about the half dozen other commands they had been given.

Still, they both seemed to have some understanding that these thoughts were new to them, that these opinions may not have come from the heart. As they began to compare notes on what they remembered, they got a few more details.

“You remember that weird piercing stare from Jordyn’s eyes?” Tanner asked.

Mason nodded. “Or the way her voice cuts right through to your soul?”

“Or her luscious ass?”

“What?”

“I’m sorry,” Tanner said. “That’s always the first thing I think of when it comes to Jordyn.”

“Same here,” Mason mumbled.

They seemed to have recognized they had been influenced in some way, but unfortunately, neither boy was going to be able to find much clarity in the clutter of their teenage minds.

“Well, I’m not calling Allie... I mean Alexander... I mean Allie...” Mason shook his head, the clear the confusion. “I’m not calling Alexander ‘Allie!’” He clarified.

“Me too.” Tanner was on board. “I’m wearing pants today, tomorrow and forever.”

“What’s she doing to us? Do you think she’s hypnotizing us?”

“Maybe it’s a drug? Maybe she drugged our food?”

“We haven’t eaten today.”

“I don’t know what she’s doing, but she’s not going to manipulate us!”

“We’re on to her.”

“I’m gonna tell her. Get right in her face and show her she isn’t going to win!”

“Fuck yeah!”



“I don’t know how she does it,” Mason said, seated once again at the gang’s little table in the corner of the cafeteria.

“She’s, like, a wizard or something,” Tanner agreed.

“Who?” Alexander asked, as he touched up the mascara on his thick lashes.

“No one,” Mason said, not wanting to reveal their defeat.

“Right,” Alexander said.

“It’s nothing, Allie,” Tanner said, crossing his bare legs at the knee.

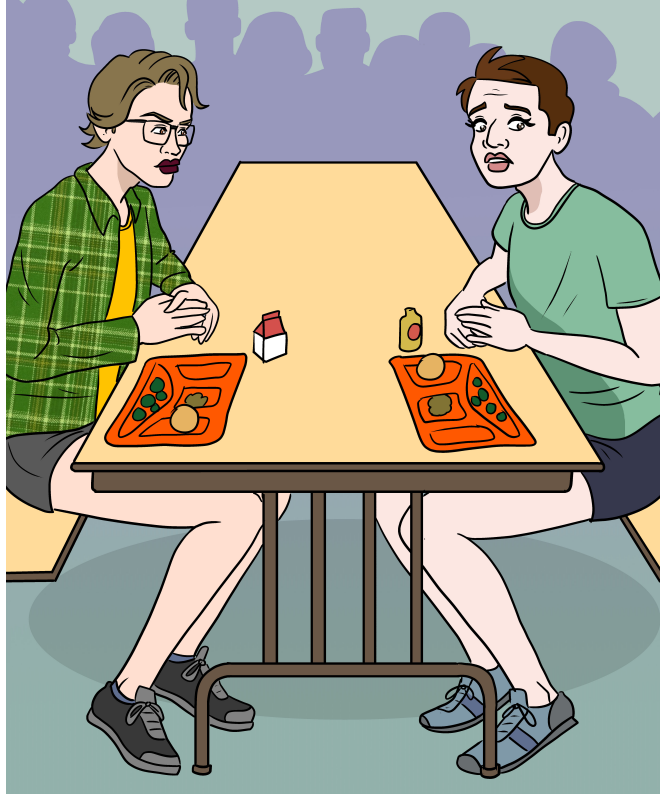
Mason looked wistfully down at the shorts he was wearing, now for the fifth day in a row. Not only had the boys’ plans to confront Jordyn not gone well, it appeared that it had boomeranged. They barely even recalled the attempt to fight back. Resistance was futile. “Yeah, what he said, Allie.”

“Why are you guys so mopey lately?” Alexander asked.

“You ever get the feeling you aren’t in control?” Tanner said.

“Is that all?” Alexander said with a smile, putting his mascara into the small purse he’d begun to carry around with him. “That’s just life. I love that shade on you, by the way.”

“Oh. Thanks.” Tanner wanted to reach up and wipe the lipstick off his face, but for some reason, he stopped himself. He didn’t know why he felt naked without lipstick, and why he felt insecure when he didn’t have any on.



The expression on Mason’s face said he was thinking the same thing.

Now he was looking at that tube of mascara going into Alexander’s purse and dearly wishing he could put some of that on, and hating himself for even thinking it.



It was a crisp fall day outside, but Alexander was humming to himself like it was the first day of spring. He felt wonderful this morning, and truthfully, he had felt like this every morning for the last month.

He was doing a light workout in his jammies even before he was thinking about it, stretching his lean body out. Alexander couldn’t dream of starting his day any other way. Some yoga poses and some aerobic dancing was better than a gallon of coffee. He felt awake and alive in just fifteen minutes.

Getting ready for school, he whisked through his closet and picked out a cute top. It wasn’t noted the precise moment when shirts had become tops to him, but the event had passed without fanfare.

He then dove into the bathroom and decided it was time to shave, so he got his lady Gillette and ran it up and down his long, lean legs, leaving them hairless. Just as they were meant to be, he thought to himself. He took care of his pits too, while he was at it, and showered up using a floral bodywash Jordyn had turned him on to.

In the mirror, Alexander tousled his hair in dissatisfaction. Every time he looked in the mirror, he wished he could do more with his hair. He'd been letting it grow out for a while, and it had been two months since his last haircut, but it was still too short. Even dying it blonde as he had, it still felt like an embarrassment. He did his best by fluffing his bangs out and used a hairdryer to give him maximum volume. He added a hair band, but still, he felt restricted by his shortish hair.

He popped his daily pills, the ones Jordyn had gotten him, as she had promised they would help him grow that hair faster and do 'even more' to make him 'super hot' she said.

It was weird, as he had found himself hanging out with the mega-popular Jordyn from time to time. Even weirder, he wasn't bored. In the past, talking about makeup, celebrities and fashion would have felt like some kind of death sentence. Somehow, Jordyn made it fun. He could talk that stuff for hours with her. She was also the one who had pushed him to go blonde, and Alexander had to admit she was right.

His outfit of the day was going to be simple, with white trainers, a spaghetti-strap belly-baring sky blue top, and a pair of rust red micro shorts barely bigger than a bikini bottom. He was also wearing a strappy pair of pink panties he liked, because the straps would slowly rise on his hips over the course of the day making his shorts look even sexier. He also liked them because they kept his little peeny-weeny tucked away tightly. A crotch bulge was ugly and gross, as he and Jordyn both agreed. Well, unless it was on a really hot body... And super huge.

He spent the next hour in front of his makeup mirror. Alexander was now well beyond just lipstick and mascara. Foundation, concealer, powder, eye shadow, eye liner, highlights, blush and even glitter were all a part of his repertoire.

"You're not going anywhere. You look like a tramp," his father said to him when he came downstairs for breakfast.

"Daddy..." Alexander whined. He was tired of having this same argument.

"He looks fine," his mother said, also seated at the breakfast table, sipping some coffee. "He looks like the other students at his school. That's just how kids dress these days."

"I don't like it," said her husband. He, too had been growing tired of the argument, and let the subject go since had better things to do. He was skimming his iPad looking at the morning financials, dressed in a spotless black



business suit with a red tie, his face cleanly shaved and his expensively-maintained hair combed in neatly place.

Things had changed a lot in Alexander's household since his dad had gotten his new job at the bank a month ago. He had been working as a self-employed tax preparer with a dwindling number of clients, but as luck would have it, he was offered a Vice President position at the local branch of Blakely Financial, which paid him just a few dollars short of one million dollars a year. The job was like winning the lottery, but it came with a huge change in their daily lives. It wasn't long before Alexander's father was sober, dressing and acting the part of a high-finance executive, wearing fine Italian suits and driving a luxury sports car.

His mother, too, had quite an adjustment to make. Along with the job came the company membership at the country club, which Alexander's father had encouraged her to make full use of. His new job was all about networking and making alliances, and he made it clear that she was to get on a first-name basis with the other wives in his new company. She protested, saying there was no way she could do this and maintain the household.

"Breakfast?" Ingrid, their new maid and cook asked Alexander as she turned away from the stove. The new domestic had been hired to take the burden off Alexander's mother, so she could become the executive wife that her husband needed her to be.

“As if, Ingrid,” Alexander said, curtly. “I never have breakfast, I don’t want to become a cow.”

“You’re going to starve yourself to just skin and bones,” Alexander’s mother said. She was already dressed for tennis, and her day at the club. Her face was made up almost as heavily as her son’s was, and her hair had been straightened into long blonde locks. “Not like I’m going to stop you, though. That’s how I got your father, after all, and at least you’ll make for a beautiful corpse. I need a drink. Ingrid? Gin and tonic.”

“It’s eight AM, darling,” her husband pointed out.

“And I’ve been awake for nearly a full hour without a drink,” Alexander’s mother replied. She held out her hand. “Quickly sweetie.”

“Mother!” Alexander objected. “You’re turning into a lush.”

“And loving every minute,” she replied.

“Honestly, darling,” her husband said.

“Don’t you come off all high and mighty to me! I know what you’re doing with that secretary of yours!”

“You’re impossible!” Alexander yelled at both his parents before storming out.

A lot of things had indeed changed in Alexander’s house since... Well, if he had to place a day on it, since the day that he had first talked to Jordyn. That was quite a coincidence, he thought to himself.

Alexander arrived in the cafeteria walking confidently to the usual table, his long bare legs looking incredible, and his face looking doll-perfect. It wasn’t like this every morning. Some people had been giving him trouble for “acting like a fag” or some such nonsense, but that had been weeks ago. Jordyn was always there to stick up for him, and once she chewed them out, Alexander hadn’t gotten any more trouble. Even the staff didn’t hassle him after Jordyn talked to them, which was nice.

“Hey guys,” he said, lowering himself into his usual spot and immediately flipping open a compact to touch up his face.

“Hey Allie,” Mason said. Tanner and Saul both nodded and mumbled a welcoming grunt.

“I’m just glad to get out of that house,” Alexander said, tossing his blond bangs out of his field of vision. “My parents are total assholes.”

“Been there,” Tanner said.

“Same,” Saul replied.

“Yeah, Saul’s right,” Mason said. “Your parents *are* assholes, Tanner.”

“Hey!” Tanner snapped.

Alexander spoke as he dabbed a makeup sponge on his nose. "Mother is drunk all the time and father is always at work. And the new maid is going through my things, I just know it." He sighed, "God, could my nose be any bigger?"

"Your nose is fine. Didn't you say you were going to get the maid fired?" Saul asked.

"Daddy said no," Alexander said, turning his eyes to the skies. "He said not while he pays the bills. He's probably fucking her."

Tanner snorted in amusement. "Your life sure got dramatic all of the sudden, didn't it, Allie?"

"Oh my God, tell me about it," Alexander replied, with a sigh. "So much drama."

"Here are your math problems," Mason said, sliding a piece of paper across the table. "You'll get an 82 on it."

"Oh! Thank you sooo much!" Alexander said, gushing.

"No sweat. If you get another worksheet today, I can get it done at lunch." He lowered his voice a little. "Is that the new Maybelline Mega Lash?"

"Here," Alexander said, handing it over to Mason.

"For me?" He said, his red lips curling into a smile.

"Not to keep, asshole. Just try it out. It's *so* clean."

"Thanks," Mason said, as he whipped out a small mirror to apply it to his already long lashes.

"Can I try it?" Saul asked.

"Sure. But don't clog the brush! I'll fucking poke your eyes out!" Alexander looked at the paper and then tucked it away in his tiny backpack. "You're a life saver, Mase — Honestly! Maybe I should just transfer out of Algebra. I hate math and I suck at it."

"It's not so bad," Tanner said. "Math doesn't have to be boring."

"Yah, but Mr. Tillis makes it boring. He is so *old!* I wish he would just shrivel up and die. Do us a favor, kill yourself and get out of the way, right?"

"That's mean."

"Yah? Well, I meant it." Alexander tried to look fierce, but broke into a smile. "Kinda."

"Aren't you done yet?" Saul said to Mason as he tried to grab the mascara from him. "Your lashes are going to catch birds and low-flying planes."

"Back off!" Mason said, turning away from his grasp.

Across the room, the unmistakably slim and curvy figure of Jordyn Blakey arrived. "Oh! Gotta go say hi to Jordyn," Alexander said, as he took the mascara from mason.



“I didn’t get a turn!” Saul complained.

“Oh my God! Chill! I’ll see you at lunch, okay?” He swiped up his things and headed over to Jordyn’s spot.

“You look ridiculous,” Tanner said to Mason.

“What?” He replied, unaware that one of his eyes had lashes twice as thick as the other.

“Hey, Jo-Jo!”

“Hey, Allie!” Jordyn said, giving Alexander a girl hug to preserve makeup and hair. “Those hotpants are scaaaandalous!”

“I know, right?” Alexander responded. He had an impish smile on his face. “Daddy almost didn’t let me leave the house.”

“My parents *never* give me any trouble,” Jordyn said. “They know it’s not worth fighting me, and they’d lose anyway.” She looked around for a place to

sit. The nearest table was occupied. “Hey. Fatties. Find another place to hang out. This is my table now.”

The eight teens who looked quite comfortable where they were looked up, thought about it, and then collected their things and left. They knew better than to cross Jordyn Blakely.

“Shoo, shoo!” She said as they weren’t leaving fast enough for her tastes. She sat down and tugged Alexander to follow, as he was watching in disbelief as the students just left without making a fuss. Jordyn always seemed to get her way, and he was hopeful he’d never be the subject of her wrath. “Now sit. We need to talk.”

“About what?” Alexander said as he sat down on the bench next to her.

“You’re still taking those pills I gave you, right?”

“Yeah, of course! I think my hair is growing faster every day,” he said, patting the ends of his volumized short hair.

“What about your chest, does it itch?”

“Oh, my God, Jo-Jo! Don’t remind me. Now I’m going to think about it.” He already looked uncomfortable as he had the urge to scratch the funny little knobs that were growing under his skin. “Wait, how did you know?”

“Friends know these things, sweetie.” Jordyn paused for a moment, almost looking pensive to Alexander, as if she was going to ask some monumental question. He got a little scared for a moment. Finally, she said what was on her mind. “We’re friends, right?”

Alexander was relieved. “Oh *gaaawd*, Jo-Jo! Like, I thought you were going to say something serious! Of course we’re friends!”

A flick of what looked to be a genuine smile passed through Jordyn’s lips. Then she steadied herself and whisked away any stray hairs from both sides of her face. “Of course we are,” she said with satisfaction. “So, I wanted to ask you, like, a really strange question. You don’t have to answer, okay?”

“Uh-huh...”

“So let’s say you’re out at a party, and... Someone called you a girl? You know, mistook you for a girl and treated you like one? Would that bother you?”

“Really?” Alexander replied. “I don’t know why you’d even ask that.”

“Just curious.”

“Are you saying I look like a girl?”

“No! No!” She waved off the question. “No, just, you know, as a ‘what if’ thingy.”

Alexander crossed his arms. “Ugh. Well, I guess not. I’d call them ignorant, but I guess being mistaken for a girl is okay.”

“And say you had to stay that way all night? Pretending to be a girl...? Maybe even had to blow a guy to avoid any misunderstandings...?”

Alexander was helpless but to blush at the question. “Suck off a guy? I mean, is he cute?” He changed the way he was seated, clenching his legs together. He didn’t seem to realize he was scratching his chest.

“Never mind,” Jordyn said, already knowing the answer from Alexander’s body language. “Forget I even asked.”

“Are you teasing me?” Alexander said.

“Never, Allie! Friends don’t do that kind of thing, right?”

“Actually, the guys do it all the time. That’s all we ever do, come to think of it.”

“Really? You must be right. But anyway. I have this *biiiiig* English test that I completely didn’t study for, and I’m going to just skip. Come with?”

“Skip? *School?*”

“Sure! It’ll be fun! I want to show you something.”

“What kind of thing?”

Jordyn stood up and slung her purse around her shoulder. “Something that’ll change your life, Allie!”

“I don’t know. I have a perfect attendance record.”

“That’s not the Allie I know.”

He covered his mouth in shock at what he had just said. “Oh my God! My attendance record? What the fuck is wrong with me?” He giggled a tinkling little giggle. “Fuck that shit, girl! Let’s get out of here.”

“Now *that’s* the Allie I know,” Jordyn said.

It wasn’t very hard to duck out of school. Much to Alexander’s surprise, all Jordyn had to do was tell the security guard at the main gate they were leaving. Alexander knew that if he or his friends would ever try such a thing, they’d chased away and written up. The guard even opened the door for them and doffed his cap like a doorman.

Being a senior, and filthy rich, Jordyn had her own car — and a fancy one at that. A gunmetal grey Mercedes-Benz SL 65 AMG convertible was in her spot, and Alexander was sure it wasn’t the only luxury car he’d seen parked there this year.

When Jordyn pushed the start button, the car came immediately to life with a lit up dashboard and a responsive purring engine sound. The top retracted itself without even being asked to. If Alexander hadn’t known better, he would have thought it was responding to her like a lover would.

“Where are we going?” Alexander asked, trying to get any kind of answer out of Jordyn.

Jordyn just smiled. “Not telling!” She said as she pulled the car out and gunned the motor. “I wish it was later, we’d go get some fucking food.”

“Oh, not me, I’m still on a diet,” Alexander said. “I wanna be down below 110 by Halloween for my costume.”

“What are you going as?”

“Zombie cheerleader,” Alexander said. “I fell in love with the skirt.”

“You are going to love what I have planned for you, Allie. And I think we’re just in time!”

Alexander didn’t understand what she meant at all.

A half-hour later, Jordyn pulled up in the parking lot of a modest complex of buildings. The sign on the front read “Nouvelle Clinic.”

“A clinic?” Alexander asked. “Jo-Jo, what are you planning?”

“Ugh! Allie, shut up and let me surprise you n’ stuff, okay?”

They got out of the car and came through the front door. Alexander had never seen a medical clinic like this one. It looked more like a spa, with white walls, wood furniture and leafy green plants everywhere.

“Jordyn Blakley,” Jordyn announced to the girl seated at the reception desk. “Yes, *the* Jordyn Blakely.”

“Yes, miss,” the pretty receptionist said, with a little bit of stress in her voice. “We have your room ready and the doctor will be with you shortly.”

Jordyn already looked pissed off. “Oh my God, I’m *Jordyn Blakely!* I don’t wait for *shit!* Get the doctor *now!*”

“Yes, miss.” The girl said, rapidly punching buttons.

“Let’s go,” Jordyn said, pulling Alexander along.

“Shouldn’t we wait to be shown...”

“It’s the luxury suite. I know where it is. I always get the luxury suite.”

It was a short walk to a huge suite that could have easily been the penthouse at a luxury hotel. The bed was enormous, a 70-inch TV screen was on the wall, and there was a couch and a concert piano on one side, and a waterfall over on the other.

“This is a hospital room?”

Jordyn flipped a switch on the wall, and the white vertical blinds opened up to a spectacular view of the city. “Ugh. I hate that term. This is a *recovery suite.*”

“Um... I thought we were visiting someone or something?” Alexander said.

“No, this is for you!”

“Me? But I...”

“You’re getting a nose job, homie!” Jordyn said. “I know how much that’s been bothering you.”

“Nose job?” Alexander replied, startled. He was terrified about getting surgery, especially without even being asked. Then again, he did hate his nose. How many days had he spent looking in his mirror and wishing it would be a normal nose? “I... I... I can’t afford it.”

“It’s a gift! From me to you!”

“A gift?” Alexander was almost shaking. “I can’t accept this!”

“I already spent the money.”

“No, I can’t!”

“Yes you can! You want to be a big-nosed freak for the rest of your life?”

Tearing up, Alexander shook his head. “No,” he said quietly.

“Then get the surgery!”

Alexander cupped his face with his hands, worried that his makeup would start to run. Then he opened up his arms and embraced Jordyn. “Thank you! This is the nicest thing anyone’s ever done for me!”

“God, get it together!” Jordyn replied.



“How did it go?” Jordyn said as she wheeled the slumbering figure of Alexander out of surgery and back into the recovery suite.

“Just perfect,” the doctor said. He looked just like a plastic surgeon would, a sixty year old man with blonde hair and a v-neck scrub that showed off his hairy chest and a gold necklace. He smiled with radioactively white teeth. “The nose was quick and simple.”

Two large orderlies wheeled Alexander all the way to the bed and carefully lifted him out into the huge soft double bed.

“Good. And the other stuff?”

“Even easier. No complications. He’ll be fully recovered in five days.”

“Great. Now get out.”

The doctor raised an eyebrow, but turned and left. He knew who was paying his extravagant bills. He was quickly followed by the orderlies.

“And leave us the fuck alone!” Jordyn yelled as the door closed.

She walked over to the side of the bed where an upholstered chair was positioned, ready for her to sit down in luxurious comfort.

An hour later, Alexander was waking up. “Whu... Where am I...? Mom? Guys?”

“Shh...” Jordyn said. “You’re with me. Your best friend.”

“Tanner? Mason? Saul? Is that you? Everything is so blurry...”

“No! Jordyn!” The girl snapped. Then she went back to her soothing voice.

“You know, your bestie, Jordyn.”

“What... Where...”

“You just had surgery, remember?”

“I did?”

“Yes... Now, you’re back in the recovery suite. In a nice, soft bed.”

“Oh...” The worry on Alexander’s face slowly dissipated. His shoulders relaxed and he sank into his plush pillow. “Hi Jordyn...”

His vision began to clear up, and the world was coming back into focus, and he looked into Jordyn’s piercing eyes. Then, suddenly, he was alarmed again. Jordyn had disappeared.

“Jordyn!” He called out. “Where...”

“You know everything’s okay,” Jordyn said into his ear. “No need to worry.”

For some reason, despite the sudden disappearance of Jordyn, Alexander thought that everything was okay. There was no need to worry.

He had no idea where she could have gone, but maybe it was the anesthesia wearing off or something, he figured.

“You are feeling great after surgery,” Jordyn said. “You feel that you’ve finally been released from your prison. You are becoming the person you always knew was inside.”

Alexander felt better, more at peace. He hadn’t seen himself yet, but he knew anything would be an improvement. He was becoming the person he always knew he was inside. It was like being released from prison.

He looked around, only now recalling the details of where he was. The room was so large and so luxurious. He couldn’t believe he was really allowed in such a nice place.

“You know that you deserve the best. You’re worth it, Allie. You’re better than everyone else. You know you are.”

Of course, as Alexander continued to think to himself, he had to consider that maybe he was putting himself down. He deserved a bit of luxury. He deserved to be in a place like this. He deserved the best.

Jordyn leaned in very closely. “You are delighted with the changes the doctor has made. They’ve turned you into one of the beautiful people. The privileged people. Someone worth being called Jordyn’s friend.”

Alexander couldn’t really describe the feelings running through him. All his life, he’d been the geek, the nerd and the lowly scrawny kid everyone made fun

of. Now, he was going to look so much better after this surgery. He might even be called beautiful. It was bound to intimidate people, looking beautiful. Only someone like Jordyn would really understand.

“You know in your heart what this means, Allie,” Jordyn continued, hovering around Alexander. “You want to be beautiful. You want to be special. If only you could be more like Jordyn. If only you could be a girl.”

Alexander had to admit to himself that he wanted things to change. He wanted to be beautiful. Being around Jordyn just made him realize how much he envied her, and how much he wanted to live like her. If only he could be more like her... If only he could be a beautiful girl like Jordyn.

“You feel like it’s time to look at your body, now,” Jordyn said. “What do you see?”

Alexander had been reluctant to see what had been done to him. There was some faint thought that he was just having a nose job, but there were more changes he could feel under the covers. He was changing all over.

“Huhhh!” Alexander made a sharp noise of inhaling his breath as he looked down at his body. He could see the bandages strapped across his chest, ballooning out, blocking so much from his view. What had happened to his chest? He had no idea.

“You know what’s necessary to be like Jordyn,” Jordyn whispered. “You have to have a gorgeous, perfect, desirable, super hawt bod just like hers. That means big, soft breasts, Allie. Your breasts are going to make you beautiful.”



Alexander could feel the added weight on his chest, the labor of his breathing. His chest was numb and covered in bandages, but he could still see how his skin was swelling out from his ribs in a brand new way. His stamina was too weak to lift his hands and feel for himself, but he didn't really need to. He had big beautiful breasts. He was a beautiful person. He was a beautiful girl.

"You should probably sleep now... Aaliyah," Jordyn said. The transformed boy didn't need to be under anyone's influence to quickly lose consciousness.



Jordyn arrived in the luxurious recovery suite right after school, just as she had been every day over the past four days. "Hey girlfriend!" She sang out as she let herself into the recovery suite.

"Hey-hey!" was the cheery reply.

"How's my girl feeling today?" Jordyn asked.

"Soooo bored! They won't even let me exercise! I'm going cray-cray!"

"Did you get the stitches out?"

"Yes, don't remind me," the patient pouted. "It stung so much! That nurse was totally incompetent. I bet she did it on purpose. She's probably jealous because she's so old and ugly."

"Well, she should be jealous. You look so good, Aaliyah!"

"No shit," Aaliyah replied, checking her makeup in the hand mirror by her bed. "I always look good!"

Jordyn smiled. "You know it!" She sat on the foot of the bed. "The hair makes it even awesomer."

"Your stylist is so money!" Aaliyah said, again using the mirror. She examined her long, cascading blond hair that spilled over her shoulders and well behind her back. A full day spent with coloring, extensions, highlighting and trimming had resulted in a spectacular hairstyle worthy of a princess. "I bet you had to pay extra for him to come to the clinic, right?"

"A little," Jordyn admitted. "So worth it, though."

"You are, like, the best friend a girl could ever want, Jo-Jo," Aaliyah said, tearing up slightly.

"Well, when I come in here for my yearly touch-up, I know you'll be right by my side."

"Hells yeah!" It had only been a few days since the operation, but already the former boy was completely at ease with thinking of herself as a girl, and letting everyone else treat her as such. If he had been able to see beyond the grand globes on his chest, he might have noticed the absences of his penis, but he

didn't care. As far as the former Alexander was concerned, this was a girl sitting up in the plush hospital bed, with a girl's spirit radiating from her.

Jordyn got up and took the remote for the big screen. "I just want to zone out and watch a movie, okay? School was such a fucking grind."

"Totes get it," Aaliyah said, picking up a spare pillow and placing it beside hers. Jordyn leapt onto the bed and laid right beside her new bestie.

They began watching "Mean

Girls," but Jordyn stopped it an hour in. She said she hated the "goody-goody" ending. Jordyn had been choosing movies she wanted the new girl to take to heart, so they had been watching movies like "Heathers," "Bring it On," "Clueless," "Jawbreaker," "She's All That" and anything that had an Alpha Bitch. Jordyn fast-forwarded over the redeeming parts.

"I think your tits are bigger than mine," Jordyn said, laying side-by-side with Aaliyah.

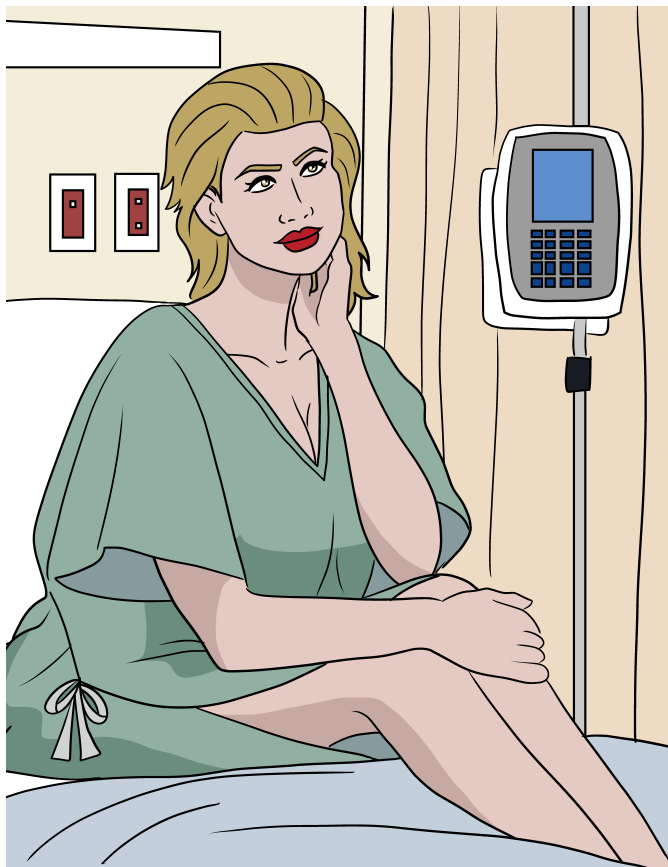
"They're swollen."

"Oh, yeah, sure. Swollen." Jordyn wasn't buying it. "Everyone's going to think you're a slut."

"Let them," Aaliyah replied. She had been learning her lessons well. "You know all the boys are gonna want this." He added a jiggle of his generous chest.

"Yah..." Jordyn said. "Hey! You should be a cheerleader!"

"Oh. My. God. I was thinking the same thing. You and I are so on the same wavelength, Jo-Jo." Aaliyah sighed despondently. "But who do I even ask?"



“You are such an airhead! You don’t ask for what you already deserve, girl! Let me take care of this.” She whipped out her phone. “Hey, this is Jordyn...” She said, as she started to talk.

Aaliyah tried to picture herself on the cheer squad at school. As a boy, he had always lusted after the cheerleaders, but now, all he could think about was the breeze he’d feel under the short skirt, the bounce of his boobs in the top, the feathery softness of his hair on his neck and the eyes of every red-blooded man on her as she danced – just out of their reach.

Her little heart was pounding at the thought. Yes. She would be the hottest cheerleader alive. Blue-balling all the guys and making the girls so angry and jealous. It was so perfect, so delicious.

Every moment she continued to think of it, she became more and more excited. She was even worried she might be going too far, and start to jill off if she thought about it too much.

Jordyn put her phone away. “It’s done. You’re on the squad. First practice is Monday morning.”

“That’s all? I don’t have to try out?”

“Fuck that,” Jordyn said. “That’s for *common* people. Hawt girls like you and me don’t do that kind of stuff.”

“Yeah,” Aaliyah said. “If I want to be on the cheer squad, I better fucking be on the cheer squad. They wouldn’t dare turn me down, those stupid little shits. Thank you so much, Jo-Jo!” He gave her friend a tender hand-to-hand squeeze, wary of her healing body.

“You are going to be so sexy in that outfit. You will rock that uniform.”

“I will *own* that uniform,” Aaliyah said. “I’m going to make guys cream their jeans. Everyone will be so jealous of my super-hot bod. You *know* they will.”

The two chatted for the rest of the afternoon, talking mostly about how hot they both were, before Jordyn dismissed herself. Tomorrow was going to be a big day — Aaliyah was being released and could go home.



“Who is it, Ingrid?” Alexander’s mother asked when the servant returned from answering the front door. She was reclined on the love seat, dressed in an expensive black evening gown. She was dressed for an upcoming function her husband had begged her to attend. She had a martini glass was in one hand, a cigarette in the other, and a bored look on her face.

“A Jordyn Blakely to see the young mistress,” the woman in the maid’s outfit replied. It was odd to have such formality in a tired old ranch house, but Alexander’s family had become quite unfit for their meager trappings.

“Do I know a Jordyn Blakely?” The elegantly dressed mother asked. “Must be one of Aaliyah’s little friends... Wait. Blakely? Where do I know that name?” She pondered it, as the subdued sound of classical music played in the background, and she slowly recalled that her husband worked for a company called Blakely Financial. “Not *that* Blakely? Surely not.” She took another sip of her drink.

“Hey, girlfriend!” Jordyn sang out as she entered Aaliyah’s room. “Oh, you couldn’t wait, could you?”

Aaliyah was sanding in front of her full-length mirror, posing. She was dressed in a brand new Dearborn High cheerleading uniform, complete with ribbons in her hair. “You know it,” Aaliyah replied. She tugged at her top, strained as it was. There was good reason for that. Her breasts had settled in at 42 DD, and defied any piece of clothing to attempt restraining their inevitable emancipation.

The newest member of the Dearborn High Deers pep squad was a sexual fever dream brought into the real world. Her huge chest, voluminous blonde hair, bright smile and magnificently long legs could render a man seedless in a fraction of a second.

For a moment, Jordyn was almost jealous of her new creation. However, she reminded herself that she didn’t need to be such an obvious whore like Allie to get guys’ attention. She walked up to stand behind Aaliyah, and joined her in making dramatic faces at themselves. “Your parents weren’t mad, were they?”

“Daddy was furious. Called me a whore in front of Mother and the staff!” Aaliyah said. She was smiling, though. “He’s calmed down.”

“Your mother?”

“Mother was amused. She just laughed and went back to her drinking.” Aaliyah sighed. “You know, I think she’s changed since Daddy got his job.”

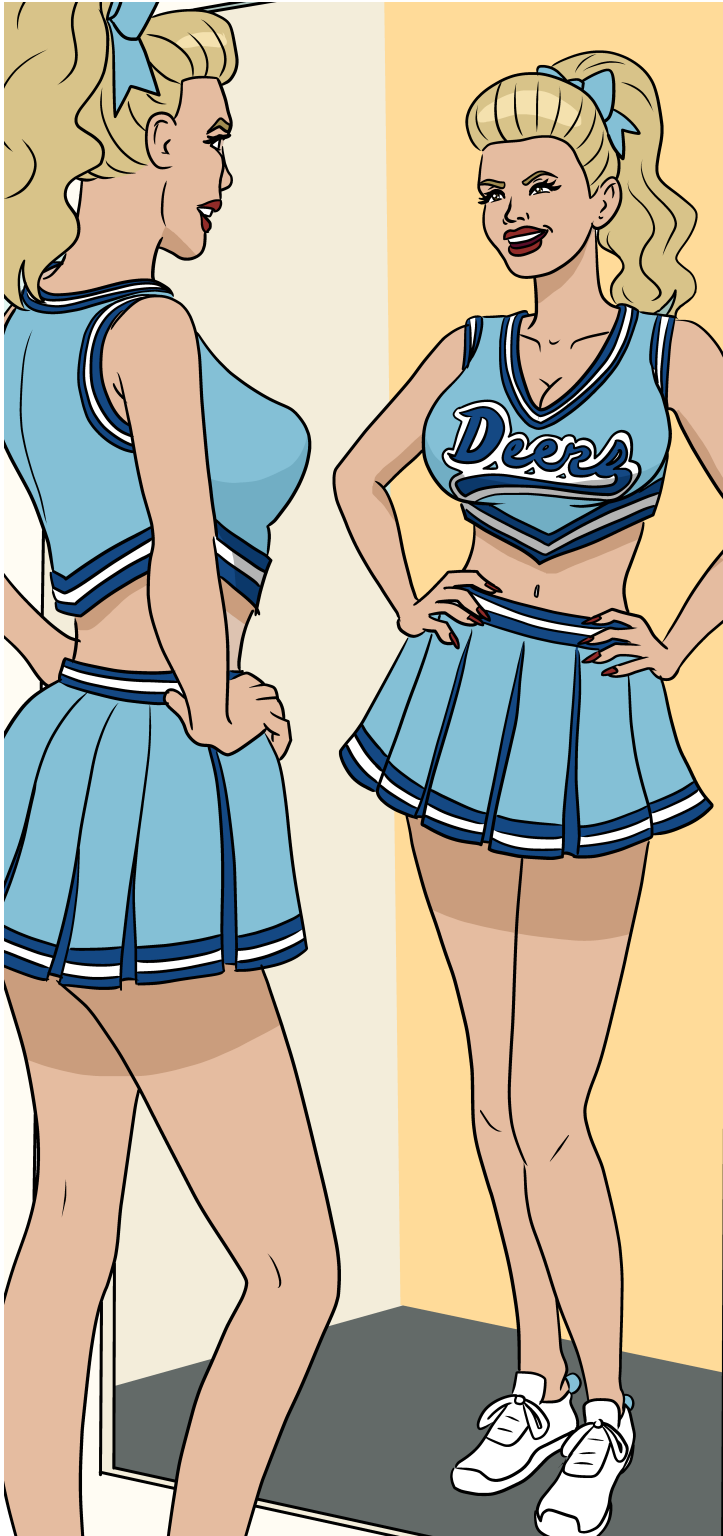
“Who cares? They’re old.” So far, so good, Jordyn told herself. Things were working out just as she planned. No resistance, no hesitation. “They just wish they were young and hot like us!”

“Like, so true,” Aaliyah said, finally breaking her attention from the mirror. She walked over to her bed and dropped herself down on it, sending her ridiculously short skirt flipping up as she did.

Jordyn joined her. “Every guy in school is gonna be all over you,” she said.

“Uh-huh,” Aaliyah responded, looking bothered.

Jordyn leaned forward to play with the details of Aaliyah’s outrageously styled hair. Just two months ago, Alexander would have died if a pretty girl was this



close to him, playing with his hair, but now he barely even noted it, his only thought being that he hoped she didn't screw it up.

"So what are you gonna do when the first guy comes on to you?" Jordyn asked.

"Comes on to me?" Despite her growing obsession with looking hot, she hadn't really thought about the consequences.

"Imagine I'm a dude," Jordyn said, "and we're the only two in the room." She got up and repositioned herself behind the new cheerleader and put her hands around her waist. "Hey babe, you're lookin' hot," Jordyn said in a husky voice.

"Stop kidding around!" Aaliyah said, forcing a nervous laugh.

"Not kidding, baby. I wanna get to know you better." She put her face right up against Aaliyah's ear. "*Really* get to know you." She then licked her friend's cheek.

"Jordynnnn!" Aaliyah playfully squealed. She tried to pull away, but Jordyn had too good a grip on her.

"C'mon, girl, you know you want what I got." Jordyn moved her hands to Aaliyah's boobs. "And I want what *you* got."

"Stop it! Stop it!" Aaliyah protested weakly.

"Let's make it happen, you know what I'm saying?" Jordyn started to run one hand down to Aaliyah's crotch. "You're so sexy..."

Before she knew what was happening, Jordyn found herself thrown back on the bed, face up. Above her, Aaliyah was cradling her own enormous breasts. "You think you can handle all this?" She started to grind her hips against Jordyn's as she sat on top of them, straddling her friend. She then stripped off her top, quickly peeling it off and tossing it aside. "How much do you want me?" she mewed. She pressed her butt onto Jordyn's pelvis harder. "I don't feel anything, baby! Aren't you hard for me?"

Jordyn could only grin in satisfaction. Aaliyah had taken to her new life so well, it was more than she had ever hoped for. She felt so proud, almost like a mother watching her daughter come of age.

"You want my cock?" Jordyn asked. "You gotta earn it!"

"Mmm..." Aaliyah said. "Cock." She shivered. "I gotta get me some yummy cock." She loved the way that word came out of her mouth. Cock. It was fun to say. It was fun to think about.

She had always been intrigued by the penis, or at least that's what she had come to believe. It was always a funny little presence in her old life, but now she had become obsessed with them. Aaliyah was finding herself waking up thinking about them as her dreams gave way to daylight, and when she wanted to feel good, it was picturing a dick in her mind that almost always let her masturbate in the zeal she wanted.

She wasn't quite sure why she was suddenly so horny, and why she was so willing to say so. She had been content all her life — well, all her old life — to wait and see what might come along when it came to sex. Alexander wasn't all that interested in intercourse or the bothersome rituals needed to get it, but Aaliyah rarely found herself not thinking about it. This new body had given her a galactic explosion of confidence and felt like for the first time in her life that she finally liked herself. She liked being the alpha bitch.

“Do you really wanna do it?” She asked Jordyn. “Because, oh my God, I do.”

“Not that it wouldn't be diverting,” Jordyn said, running her tongue along her lips, “But your first time should be with a guy. Those tits are only making me jealous, not wet.”

“You're no fun,” Aaliyah pouted as she got up off her friend.

“I'm more fun than you can handle, you fucking slut,” Jordyn said. “She grabbed her phone and smiled. “So I'm doing you a favor.”

“Who are you calling?”

Ten minutes later, Damon Lynch showed up at Aaliyah's bedroom door just as Jordyn was heading out.

“See you tomorrow!” Jordyn said to her friend, expecting no reply. Damon didn't speak a word, too transfixed by Aaliyah. The door closed leaving the two of them by their lonesome.

She had put her top back on, and was standing with her feet together, looking bashful. “Everyone's gonna see the new me at school tomorrow,” Aaliyah said. “But I wanted to give you a sneak peek.” She stepped forward and mashed her massive boobs into Damon, who looked like he didn't know what to do with his good fortune.

“Do think I'm pretty enough to be your girlfriend?” Aaliyah asked.

“Y-yeah,” Damon said.

“Can I call you my boyfriend, then?”

“S-sure...”

“Oh, we're gonna have so much fun, boyfriend,” the new girl said, as she fell back onto her bed. She began to stir her breasts with her hands. “I've wanted someone to give me the biggest, stickiest, messiest titty fuck since I got these.” She whipped off her top. She was not wearing a bra, and jiggled her body to make everything shake. “Think you can do it?”

He could, as Aaliyah was about to find out.



“Good talk, freaks,” Jordyn said as she got up from the cafeteria table. Tanner and Mason, the only two left sitting there, felt like they had just fallen out of a quantum tunnel and into reality.

“Did... Was... Was Jordyn just talking to us?” Tanner asked.

“I... No... Yes?” Mason replied, just as disoriented as his friend. “Do you remember anything?”

“No...” Tanner said resting his head in his hands. “Yes!” He then said, popping his head back up. “I think... She was telling us about how the fashion was all about black. How anyone who was anybody was wearing black.”

“That’s right!” Mason said, snapping his fingers in recognition. “She said that this was the one fashion tip we needed to follow... And not to dress in anything else...” Mason scratched his chin. “But she said pink, not black.”

“No, I’m pretty sure she said black.”

“Pink,” Mason insisted.

“Black. But it doesn’t matter. I’m not following fashion tips from a girl, and certainly not one like Jordyn.”

“Pink. Yeah, she’s a total fashion victim, and I wouldn’t listen to her advice any more than my mother.”

“Yeah,” Tanner then got to the deeper question. “Why was she even talking to us? I don’t remember inviting her or asking...”

“She invites herself.”

“Obviously.” Tanner looked down at his disgusting green flannel and mustard colored shirt and was absolutely revulsed. He was kicking himself, as he could clearly recall passing on a basic black shirt, which would have been the much better choice. “Lately, it seems whenever something weird is going on, she’s around. Why is that?”

“Same here. I know she’s doing something, but I have no idea what,” Mason said, as he refreshed his makeup. “Maybe I’m too suspicious.” He looked at his lipstick and wondered what had possessed him to get this burnt ochre color. He had a light-cool skin tone, which was best for rose, lighter shades or pinks. “Maybe it’s just coincidence.”

“I don’t know,” Tanner answered. “You know, black isn’t a bad choice, really. If I want to wear black, it’s not because some girl told me to.”

“Yeah, I got you.”

“So maybe I wear black tomorrow. If I didn’t, it would be acknowledging that she influenced me. She’d know I was avoiding it. Besides, I like black.”

“I see that. It’s a good argument. But she said pink.”



“You can wake up now,” Jordyn said, as she closed the classroom door behind her.

She was walking down the school hallway, her pumps making a loud clickety-clack noise that echoed. She checked the time on her bejeweled phone, and grunted. “I so hate this.”

She checked the number on the door she was walking towards and looked inside the wire-reinforced porthole window. It was Mrs. Mulroney’s class. She was a fat slob, and Jordyn detested her, especially for trying to give her that “F” in her freshman literature class.

Reading is for poor people, she told Mrs. Mulroney. If you were rich enough, you could simply pay someone to do it for you. The instructor didn’t like that explanation.

Finally at the next door, the spoiled young woman put her hand on the doorknob, but didn’t want to turn it. “This is so boring!” She complained.

Still, she had to do it. Every class. Every teacher. Every student. If she wanted her clique back, she had to do this.

“Okay, losers,” she called out loudly, interrupting a lecture. “It’s time to talk. Look into my eyes...”



Tanner was tearing through his dresser the next morning, rejecting everything he was pulling out. Everything just seemed too bright or too dull.

“Get out of my room!” His sister yelled at him when she found Tanner going through her shirt drawer.

“I know you’re stealing my shirts!” Tanner protested. He couldn’t believe he didn’t have a single thing he wanted to wear, and was convinced his younger sister had stolen all of his good stuff.

His sister kicked him out of her room easily, as Tanner couldn’t justify rummaging through his sister’s clothes to his dad, who surely was going to be called in to adjudicate at any moment.

He went to the laundry room, trying to find anything at all. As he did, he grumbled to himself. “Can’t believe I’m doing this,” he said. He stopped himself and took a breath. “I’ll just wear the first thing I see.” The first thing he was were blue jeans and a green shirt. “No way,” he then said, as he returned to his searching. “No way I’m wearing blue jeans. What am I, a coal miner?”

Finally he found a pair of black jeans he'd skipped washing for a while, as well as a very dark grey t-shirt. It was virtually black, and that was the best he was going to find. A pair of black socks and his black converses was the outfit he settled on. "See? I can wear what I want... Jordyn." He said to his reflection in the mirror.

"Tanner!" His dad yelled from downstairs. He sounded more than displeased. "Bus is here! I don't want to drive you!"

Tanner grabbed his books and opened his door. Then he stopped.

He was wearing white underwear. It was white. Not black.

Then again, he didn't own any black underwear. It couldn't be helped.

"It's pulling away, Tanner!" His father yelled, even louder. "Ya better start moving your butt!"

Tanner wanted to leave, but... What if... What if she knew? What if Jordyn knew? He couldn't let her win. Frustrated, Tanner threw his books to the floor, unbuttoned his jeans and marched into his sister's room again. She had black underwear, and Tanner grabbed a fresh pair of silky black panties from her dresser and swapped them out for his tidy whities.

"Tanner! You missed the goddamned bus!"

He could hear his father rampaging up the stairs, no doubt angry as hell, but as Tanner buttoned his black jeans over his black underwear, he felt a hundred times better. A *thousand* times better, actually.



Aaliyah was teasing her hair, her tiny mirror propped up on her purse. "I gotta go to the salon," she said.

"You look fine," Mason said to her.

"I look like a fucking trash whore meth addict who just got fucked by a hobo." She sighed. "Oh! There's Jordyn! I'll see you guys later, okay?"

"See ya, Allie!" Saul said. He watched as she sped away, making a beeline for Jordyn. In his short-skirted cheer uniform, there was a lot to watch. You could actually see his oversized boobs jiggling from behind.

"Anyone notice how sexy Allie is? When did that happen?"

"Dude," Mason said, "She's practically our sister. Don't go all horn dog, okay?"

"I'm not saying that!" Saul protested. "I'm just saying, she's really... Grown up... And out."

"Saul!"

"From a medical point of view! Purely as an observation!"

“Oh, my apologies, *doctor*.”

“Fuck off, pinky.”

“I already told you why I was wearing pink!” Mason yelled, aggrieved.

He was indeed wearing pink. All pink. From head to toe. His pink shorts and pink shoes were almost the very same shade as his pink t-shirt and pink lipstick.

“Yeah, you did, but it didn’t make any sense,” Saul said.

Mason threw up his hands in frustration. “You tell him why, Tanner!”

“I really don’t want to,” Tanner said, squirming in his pants. The panties were a bad idea. He had vastly underestimated the feeling of silky fabric on his skin. It just didn’t feel right. They were too small and he kept slipping around inside his jeans, like he was wearing slime instead of underwear.

Mason threw an empty granola wrapper at him. “Thanks for the assist, bro.”

“Solve your own problems!” Tanner replied, testily. He was already dealing with his own situation, in his all-black outfit. Now that he had followed through on his plan, doing exactly what Jordyn had told him to do was not feeling like the victory he thought it would. In fact, he had to consider that maybe he had out-



thought himself a little.

He also had to admit that he had seen the same thing Saul had, and that Allie was — all of the sudden — one of the most beautiful girls in school. It had completely snuck up on him, too. One minute, they were plotting a D&D campaign and designing their character sheets and the next minute, Allie was the girlfriend of uber-jock Damon Lynch and the star cheerleader of the school.

“Shit happens,” he said to himself.

“You’re having a moment, aren’t you?” Saul asked, noting Taner’s far-away expression.

“No!” Tanner immediately said, in denial. “I’m just sleepy.”

“Probably up all night listening to death metal,” Saul countered, referring to his friends’ all-black look.

“You wouldn’t understand...” Tanner said.

“Oh, now you sound all emo. Maybe that’s your new thing.”

“Saul! Shut the fuck up! I... I have to think.”

“Why start now?” Saul responded. He was already grabbing his backpack as his friend chucked a Latin dictionary at him. He ran away as it sailed five feet wide of him.

The young man made sure he was well out of sight before he slowed his pace down. He didn’t discount the possibility of Tanner chasing after him, but he seemed far too distracted to do so. In fact, all of his friends appeared distracted today.

As he walked to his locker, he was grateful for the lack of stares. Ever since he had started using a touch of makeup on his face, he felt like everyone in the world was staring at him. That had suddenly and abruptly stopped a few days ago, like a memo had been passed around. He hoped that everyone had their fill of his new look and had decided there was nothing more to see.

Part of it was also due to Allie dating Damon, he had to admit. Not like they were under his protection or anything, but there was a definite sense that with the biggest, meanest student seeing one of their little group, it was no longer open season on them. Usually, there were no ramifications for picking on them and most students didn’t even worry about giving them shit. Not anymore.

Saul could only hope Allie would be able to keep dating him for a while. It was nice to walk down the hallway without worrying about getting pushed, shoved or tripped. “So this is how the other half lives,” he said to himself.

He decided to make a quick pit stop and went into the bathroom, where three girls were fixing their makeup before classes got underway. The ladies room was congested this morning.

“Hey, Mia,” Saul said to one of the girls as he walked to the only empty stall. “Ease up on the blush for once, okay? Save some for the rest of us.”

“Go fuck yourself, Saul,” Mia replied, not pausing as she did her face.

“Physically impossible,” Saul replied as he went to go relieve himself. He closed the door behind him, unzipped his shorts and sat down to pee.

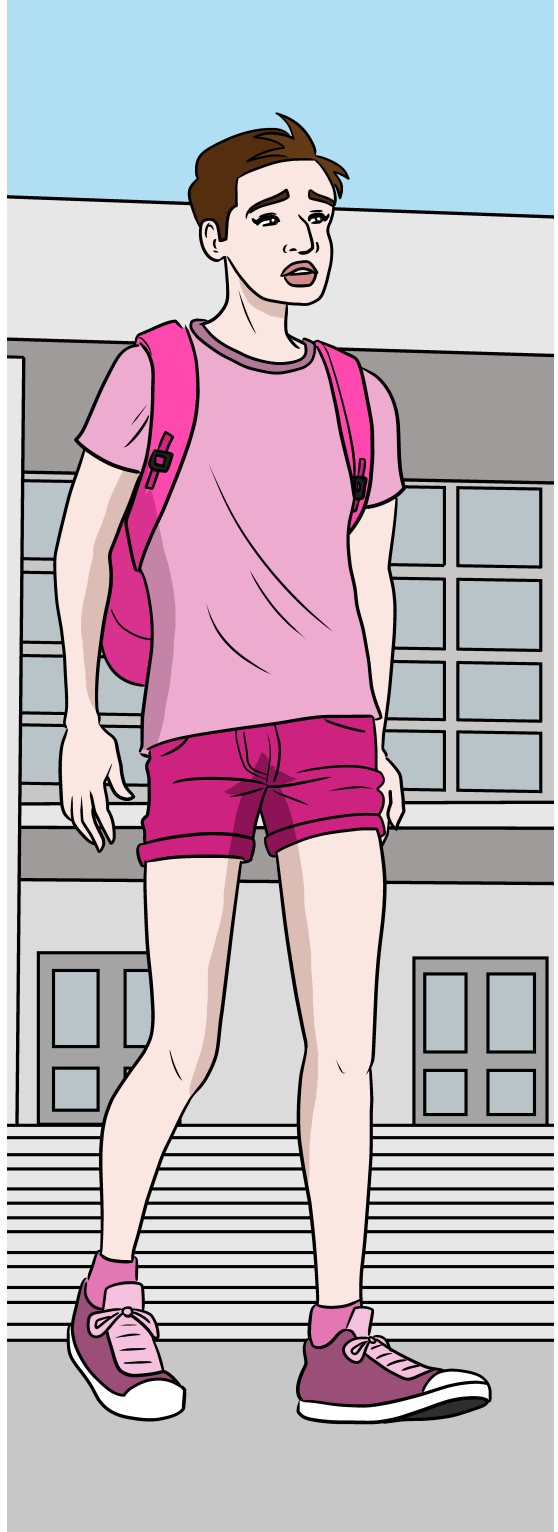
The girls restroom was way better than the boys, and Saul had wondered why it had taken him so long to switch. Sitting while peeing was far more relaxing, and the whole place was much cleaner.

Once done, he walked up to the sinks and attended to his face. He had been fond of the glossier looks to his lips, even if it was going out of fashion. He had tried mattes on a few occasions, but never liked the way it looked on him.

“Circus in town?” He said to Mia who was finishing things up. She did look like she had overdone her makeup, but that was kind of her signature.

“Leave me alone,” Mia said. She had never been very good with witty insults. “Maybe you can get some slut tips on how to be a slut from your cheerleader friend. Because she’s a slut.”

“I see you learned a new word today,” Saul replied.



“Congratulations.”

“Why do I even try talking to you?” Mia said.

Saul started working on his lashes. “You could use morse code instead, but it’s a dying language.”

“You are a complete jerk and no one likes you,” Mia said. She dumped her things in her purse and briskly strode out.

“News flash,” Saul said to his reflection.

When he was done, he heard the warning bell ring. He had only two minutes to get to class.

“There you are,” Jordyn said, from behind. “I forgot I let you use the ladies rooms.”

“Let me what?” Saul said.

“Never mind,” Jordyn said, as she approached. “We need to have a little talk.”

“Oh no,” Saul said, backing away. “You did this to me and Mason before and...”

He backed right into Aaliyah, who had somehow avoided his notice. “Ow! Watch where you’re going!” She said.

Jordyn rolled her big brown eyes to the heavens. “Oh my God, you are such a klutz. Anyway, come on, we’re ditching.”

“What?” Saul said. “No!”

“Yes!” Aaliyah corrected. “C’mon! It’s fun!”

“I’m not going anywhere but to my Homeroom class,” Saul said, as he marched himself in that general direction.

“You don’t want to spend the day with the two hottest girls in school?” Aaliyah said. Saul was still walking away, but she knew how to keep him from going too far. “I know you want me.”

That froze Saul in his tracks.

“I see you staring at me, Saul. You think you can hide that?”

“No! I’m not... I didn’t mean to!”

“Oh my God, you are! I was just fucking with you. But you are really turned on, aren’t you?”

“Get away from me!” Saul said, trying to get some distance between him and Aaliyah. However, Jordyn was right there to block him, and Aaliyah swept in on him quickly. She pressed her massive tits right against his chest.

“We’re like family, you and me, Saul... We practically grew up together!” She pressed in harder. “Why would you think such lewd thoughts about me?”

“Please! *Please?*” Saul whined. He was prisoner to his instincts, and knew how badly he just wanted to plunge his face right in between those pillowy mounds on Aaliyah’s body. He had to get away before he gave in.

The girls could smell blood in the water and immediately sandwiched the poor boy between them. “Oh, sorry, sweetie,” Jordyn said. “But you’re coming with us.”

“Please!” Saul yelled, in one last attempt to escape his soft, warm and fleshy prison. “*Please!*”

“*What’s going on out here?*” A teacher yelled as they barged through one of the classroom doors. “I’m trying to teach a class!”

“Then go teach it, you stupid old fuck!” Aaliyah said, with the tenaciousness of an attack dog. It shocked Saul, as he had never seen his old friend act like this.

“Get your bony old ass back in your classroom and do your job!” Jordyn said, backing her friend up.

The teacher was incensed. “How dare you...!”

“I do what I want!” Jordyn said. “Unless you’d like me to tell my father to stop his donations, leave us alone!”

“Oh my God,” Aaliyah said. “Where do you shop? Forever 70? Crack open a fucking fashion mag!”

“I’m going to get school security on the phone!” The teacher said, closing the door in retreat.

“Sure you will,” Aaliyah said with a dismissive click of her tongue. “Fucking dinosaur.”

“Unless you wanna stay here and get in trouble, you better come with us,” Jordyn said to Saul.

Saul broke the grip of the inextinguishably beautiful girl tugging at him and backed away. He had no idea what he was in for, but he’d be in a ton of trouble if he went. “I’m not ditching!” He said defiantly.

“Ugh! You gotta make this so difficult!” Jordyn said, turning in her heel and leaving for the exit. “C’mon, Aaliyah!”

“You’re gonna miss out!” Aaliyah said to her old friend, with a smile on her face that made Saul wonder just how well he really knew her.

Later, Saul did get written up for causing a disturbance, and had some detention coming his way. However, the punishment was light compared to what he had heard other people got for doing the same thing. Apparently Jordyn’s presence had some kind of mitigating effect.

For the rest of the day, as he sat through his classes, Saul couldn’t help but wonder just what he had missed out in. A more dynamic and free-wheeling

person wouldn't have hesitated. Often, he wished he was more like that, but at the same time, he was glad he was who he was.



That evening, Saul got home to find his mother dozing on the sofa, stirring when she saw her only son come through the front door.

"It's just me, Mom," Saul said.

"Oh," was the single reply. His mom set her head back down and closed her eyes.

He went through to the kitchen with the intent of fixing himself some food. There wasn't much in the fridge, just a jar of olives, two cans of margarita mix and the desiccated carcass of a Costco roast chicken from a week ago. He figured, as usual, his mother would eventually get hungry enough to order something, and he'd get dinner from that.

There were some crackers in a cabinet and he grabbed the box as he headed upstairs.

When he got to his room, he plopped his books on the floor and fell onto his bed. Jordyn was already there, tapping out some text messages.

"Finally," she said as she put the phone away.

Oblivious to the presence of the sexy girl laid out on his bed, and believing he was finally alone, Saul groaned to let out the anguish of the day. He craned his head up to look at the glowing blue light coming from his custom PC chassis.

Jordyn could tell what he was thinking. "No you don't, geek. Stay on the bed."

Maybe he'd get online later, he decided. For now, he thought about just staying put.

Jordyn leaned forward, her ample bosom trying to free itself from her meager top. She pulled back her long, black hair and put her thick, red lips to Saul's ear. "Okay, listen up, loser..."



"I had the strangest dream," Saul's mother said, later that night. "I thought I was talking to a young woman."

Saul had already gone through half the pizza his mother had ordered, and the only reason he was hanging around was to see if she'd eat any more, so he could claim the last slice.

"And?" Saul asked.



She brought a slice of pizza to her mouth and then stopped before eating it. “That’s all.”

“Yeah, cool story, Mom. You gonna eat that?”

She brought the slice up again, and once more, paused. “I swear, I think she was one of your classmates. I think I saw her at a basketball game last year.” She looked at her son expectantly, as if she had provided enough information to identify her.

“There are 350 girls in my class, Mom.”

“Oh, you’d know her. She wears nice clothes... Her hair... I liked her shoes.”

“Yeah, okay. That’s the last slice...?”

“Anyway, it was strangely vivid,” Saul’s mother continued continuing to hold on to her slice of pizza, keeping it in limbo between being eaten and being left

behind. “She said something about our ancestry. Did you know your father was part Nigerian?”

“I’m sorry, what?”

“I had completely forgotten. He was one sixth Nigerian, according to his family tree.”

“You never mentioned that,” Saul said, bewildered, but still trying to grab that slice.

“It’s not important, really. Then she got me thinking about maybe having another child.”

“Another child? You’re um...”

“Oh, I know I’m a little old for that, but maybe adoption. You know, I have always wanted a girl.” She then paused. “At least I think I have.”

As she pondered her question to herself, Saul had stealthily lifted her slice from her and he was sprinkling parmesan on it. He opened up his mouth, and just as he was about to chomp down, put it back on his plate.

He wanted to eat that slice. Badly.

“You’re not going to eat that?” Saul’s mother asked.

“I don’t need the calories,” Saul said, thinking about calories for the very first time in his life.



Saul rolled over to tap off his alarm. He pushed the lid up off of himself and stretched. He had fallen asleep again, and felt a little embarrassed. He was supposed to be studying language, not sleeping. He slid his hairless legs over the edge of the tanning bed and stood up. He popped the white AirPods out of his ears, as they clanked on the gold stud earrings Saul had recently added to his look.

He gave himself a look in the mirror, knowing full well he wouldn’t see the effects of his latest tanning session for a little bit, but he looked anyway. In the five weeks he’d been tanning, he was starting to finally be content with his appearance. His skin now had a latte color to it, something Saul considered “progress.”

“Are you finished yet, Saul? We heard the alarm!” Called a voice through the door.

“God! Calm your tits,” Saul sassed back. “I have two more steps!” He removed the banana hammock undies he was wearing and stepped into a shower stall. Only, this stall didn’t spray water, but orange. It was a spray tan. He held his

breath and shut his eyes as he was enveloped in a mist sprayed out of thirty different nozzles, spinning and holding his arms out for an even application.

“How much longer?” Aaliyah whined as she waited outside the tanning area. Her hair had been done a full three minutes ago at this luxury spa, and was waiting for Saul to finish up his interminably long tanning session.

“Don’t whine,” Jordyn said. “It leave wrinkles.”

“Ugh!” Aaliyah replied, rolling her eyes and tossing her head. It was their now-regular Friday after-school trip to Jordyn’s favorite salon, and lately, Saul had been coming along with Jordyn and Aaliyah, with Tanner and Mason consistently declining the offer to join them.

“Did you have to wear the cheer outfit here, Allie?” Jordyn asked her friend.

“Yah, gotta rep for my girls!” Aaliyah replied. “Now that that bitch Hannah quit, I’m the captain, and I gotta rizz up the squad!”

“She quit?”

“Oh my God, she was constantly complaining that I was too bossy, and got all drama and left. So finally, I’m in charge, and I can get the new uni’s I wanted. You know, something totally iconic. Something to show off our boobs better. That’s my legacy.” Aaliyah wasn’t entirely dressed in the uniform, just the skirt and sneakers, while wearing the warm-up windbreaker from the Dearborn Deers. “Anyway, don’t let the door hit you on your skinny ass on the way out, beotch!”

“That’s my girl,” Jordyn said, proudly. Aaliyah was turning out so well, she felt like crying sometimes.

“You guys ready?” Saul said as the door to the private tanning suite popped open. He stepped out, holding a small bag, dressed in a pair of gold lamé short-shorts, a maroon tank top and had taken to wearing a gold necklace with matching bracelets over the past few days. He had his hair was slicked and swept back, making it look almost black. Saul wore a pair of dark brown leather sandals on his feet and his toenails had been painted red.

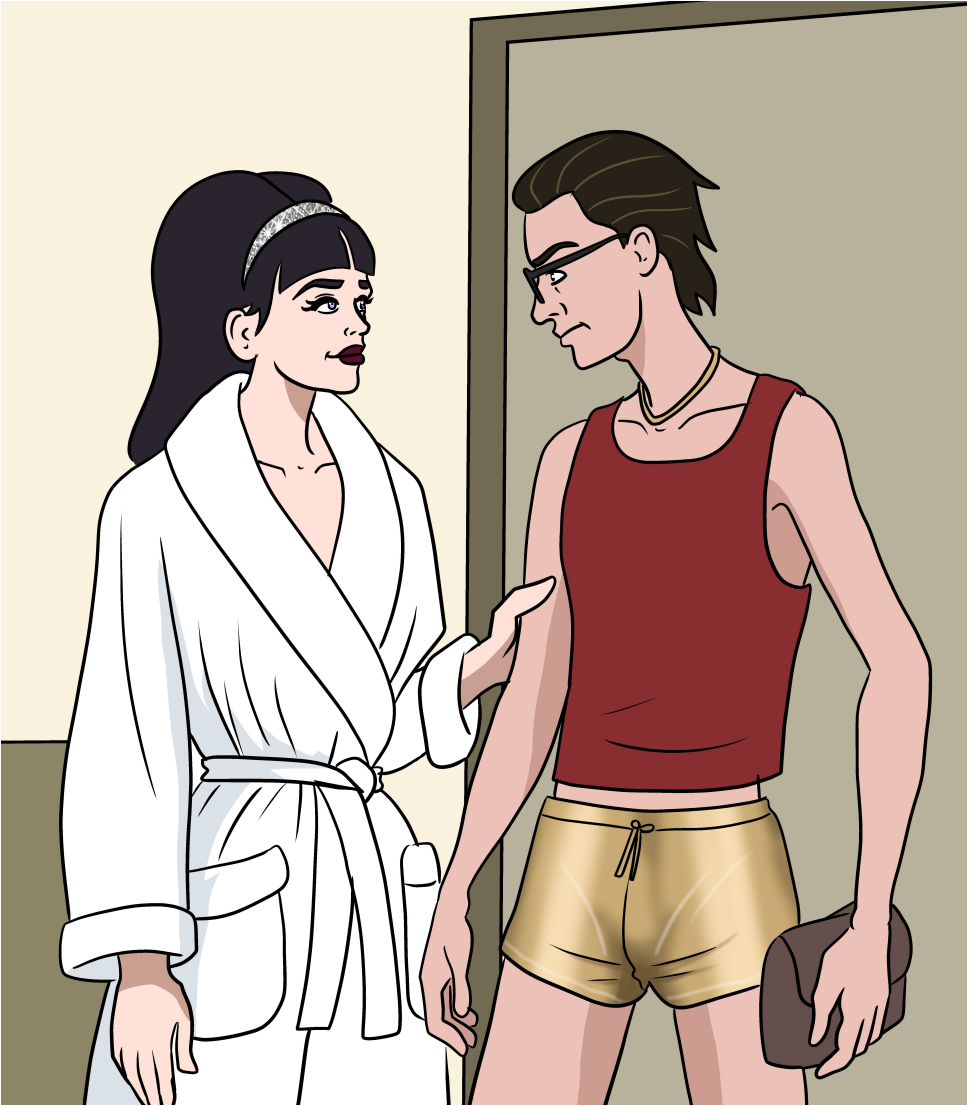
“Did you fall asleep again? Your eyes are all puffy.” Jordyn asked.

“Maybe,” Saul replied, sheepishly.

“I’d use my concealer on you, but I don’t have your shade.”

His outfit was deigned to show off as much of his tan skin as possible, and he was proud of it, as he’d been working hard on his skin. It was getting progressively darker every week, and yet Saul kept coming back to the tanning booth. He was so preoccupied with his skin tone, he barely even noticed he had dropped twenty pounds of his already skinny frame.

“You know what I just heard?” Jordyn said with a sly smile. “Penny just resigned from student council.”



Aaliyah and Saul looked back at Jordyn with very concerted expressions of total disinterest. “Student council? Who gives a fuck, Jordyn?”

“You are such a bimbo, Aaliyah,” Jordyn said, with a sigh. “Penny wasn’t just on student council, she was student council president, duh.”

“Whoop-ee,” Aaliyah replied, dryly.

“Which means, stupid, that the most powerful student position is up for grabs,” Jordyn said. “So even though I rule the school, I could *literally* rule the school if I had one of my friends as student council president...” She turned to Saul. “Don’t you think?”

“I guess... But...” He then caught on. “You mean, me?” Saul replied, stunned. “But I don’t want to be a student council president! I don’t want to be president of anything! Not even the country!”

“Oh my God, Saul!” Jordyn tossed her head back in irritation. “You just don’t get it, do you? Student council president is like, second on the list next to, like, prom queen! It’s total status!”

“Who cares about status?” Saul asked.

Both Aaliyah and Jordyn gasped, but it was Jordyn who was the most alarmed. “Alright, I guess it just hasn’t taken yet,” she said.

“Where’d Jordyn go?” Saul asked.

“Huh?” Aaliyah said, looking around. “She was right here a second ago... She’s always doing that, just disappearing and shit.”

Of course, Jordyn hadn’t gone far. She was standing right behind Saul. She just couldn’t be seen by her friends — and she didn’t want to be seen.

“You want to be student council president more than anything,” she whispered into Saul’s ear. “It’s your only desire.”

Well, Saul thought to himself, he didn’t want to look too eager, but his one true desire was to be the student council president.

“You want to win the election at all costs,” Jordyn added. She needed to reinforce the massages she had been feeding Saul to make sure he didn’t chicken out, ruining her plans.

Winning the election at all costs was what he needed to do, Saul mused as he stood in the salon.

Jordan leaned in even closer to whisper. “You want to win to show pride in your heritage,” she said.

For my people, Saul thought, I can win this.

“Hello?” Aaliyah asked her friend. “Earth to Saul.”

“Huh?” Saul replied. “I was just thinking.”

“Well, maybe you can think of a way home. Jordyn was our ride.”

Jordyn sighed. These people were *so* needy. But if she wanted friends, she was just going to have to cope. She got her phone out. “Hey Penny, this is Jordyn. Yeah. So, you’re going to have to quit student council.”



A week later, as Tanner and Mason approached their usual lunch table, they saw that Saul was already there, busily working away on something, almost in a fever.

“He’s really going at it, whatever it is,” Mason observed, looking at Saul from afar.

As the two got closer, Tanner was trying to peer at the paper Saul was writing on, craning his head up to get a better angle, but he couldn’t make it out. “I hope it’s not our physics project, I haven’t even started mine yet.”

“I bet it’s the essay we gotta do for AP English,” Mason guessed.

They got to the table, still trained on Saul’s activity, scribbling madly on a piece of paper. As soon as Saul saw them, he blocked their view with his tanned arm. If he could have snapped and growled at them like a terrier, he would have.

“So, uh, whatcha doin’ there, buddy?” Mason asked.

Saul didn’t respond. Mason noted the presence of the white AirPods in his ears. He had to swat Saul on the shoulder.

“I said, whatcha doin’ there, buddy?” Mason repeated.

“Can’t talk about it,” Saul replied as he removed the earbuds.

“It’s that essay, isn’t it?”

“Look, I can’t talk about it!” Saul insisted. “And I have a lot of work to do... Just... Ignore me. I have to get this to the printers and I have forms to fill out... I have to take some head shots... I need my hair done... Just... Let me get it done, okay? I’m so stressed out right now...”

“You’ve been stressed out for days,” Tanner observed. “It’s kind of a drag.”

“Sorry!” Saul said. “I’m so sorry. I just... Have to work... Okay?”

“Jeez, fine,” Mason said, ticked off.

Realizing he was being a pain in the ass, Saul looked up. “Look, if you promise you won’t tell anyone. I mean, really. Super promise.”

“We promise,” Mason said.

“Don’t speak for me,” Tanner told his friend. “You never know, I might not agree with you.”

Saul was now the one getting pissed off. “Just promise me, okay! Fuckin’ assholes!”

“All right, fine,” Tanner said.

“Here’s what I’m working on.” Saul looked right, then he looked left, then right again. He didn’t want anyone to see. He held the paper up.

“Vote for Sol for Student Council President,” it read.

“That’s all?” Mason asked. “I mean, that’s it?”

Tanner shrugged his shoulders. “You’ve been working on that? For how long?”

“Look, *you* try and fill in these block letters with a ballpoint pen. It takes forever.”

“Still...”

“I went through a lot of slogans! I just didn’t like any of them. So I kept it simple. Why? Like you could do any better?”

“First of all, you spelled your name wrong,” Mason pointed out.

Saul immediately flipped it around to see for himself. “Fuck. I’ve been doing that all week. Now I gotta start all over!”

“The election isn’t for two months, Saul.”

Saul was not in the mood to take suggestions. “You gotta get your message out there!”

“Yeah, the message that you need to vote for someone named S-o-l.”

“I’m gonna fix that!” Saul protested. “Fuck fuck fuck.” He went back to scribbling on a new sheet of paper.

“So you’re running for student council president?” Tanner asked.

“No one can know,” Saul said, as if her were protecting the secret of eternal youth. “Okay? I’m serious.”

“Yeah, but...” Mason said. “People who win those things are you know... Popular. Or at least liked.”

“Jordyn’s helping me with that,” Saul explained. “She’s going to give me a professional look, she says.”

“And you trust her?” Tanner asked.

“She is so shady,” Mason agreed.

“I was sus too, but she’s been nothing but nice to me.” Saul briefly looked up from his paper. “But she and Aaliyah are getting to be besties, and once you give her a chance, she’s okay. At least she doesn’t mind spending money on us.”

“Money is not friendship,” Mason said.

“Hey, hey, hey... Let’s not be so hasty,” Tanner said to his friend. “If she wants to buy me a solid gold limo, I say friendship is worth exploring a little.”

“Sell-out.”

“I’m not a sell-out,” Tanner said. “But I can be rented at a very reasonable rate.”

“Anyway,” Saul said, “She’s helping me out. So, she’s okay in my book. I trust her.”



“I don’t trust you,” Saul said to Jordyn.

“You’re going to look great in it,” Jordyn said. “You just need to get used to it.”

“I don’t like wearing a suit,” Saul protested.

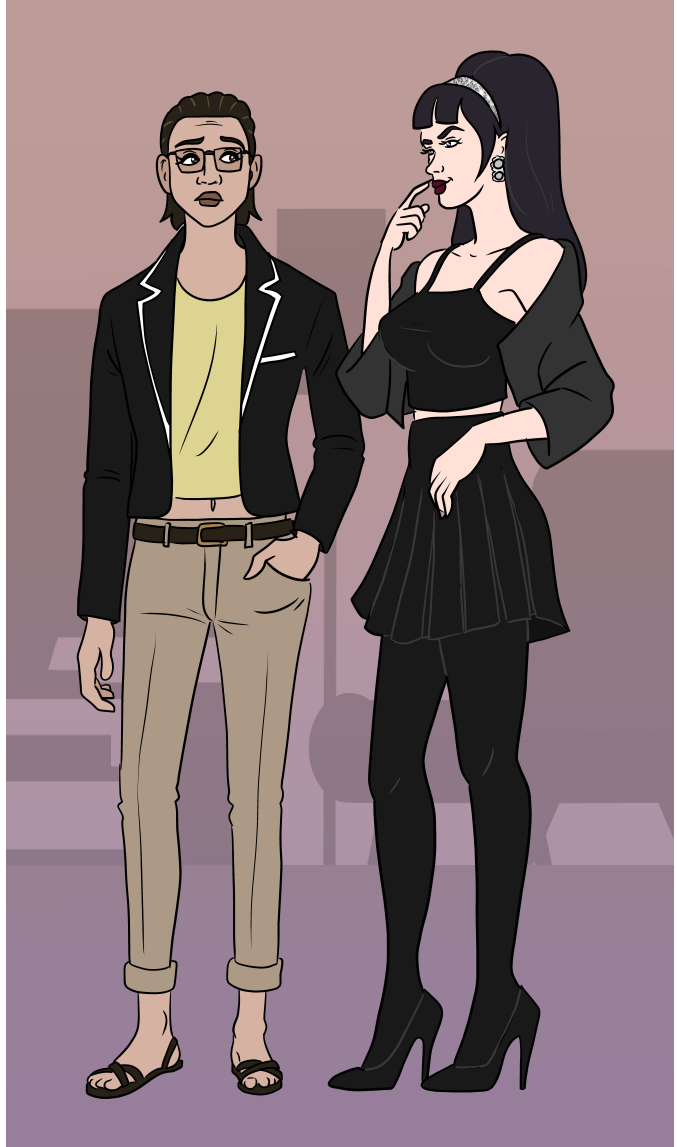
“It’s not a suit, it’s just a blazer. You have to look like you want the job, stupid! Just try it on!”

Jordyn and Saul had been out shopping for the past two hours looking for things to make up his “running for office” look, and Saul was hating every moment twice as much as the last one. He had already been dragged from store to store in the mall, watching Jordyn pick out items he never intended to wear. Half the time, she wasn’t even in the mens section, she was buying things from the girls’ section, and he’d have to remind her that she was in the wrong part of the store.

By the time Jordyn brought him home, he was feeling burnt out and exhausted, ready to fall asleep. But Jordyn had different ideas, and wanted to see him try everything on.

“No one at school wears this kind of thing,” Saul said as Jordyn helped him into the blazer.

“Of course not. They’re cretins,” Jordyn replied. “Don’t look at me, look at the mirror.”



Saul turned forward to see himself, already knowing he looked pretentious. Side by side with Jordyn, he was feeling like a toad standing next to the princess. Jordyn looked like a million dollars in her black ensemble, heels and black pantyhose. Saul thought he looked like an ugly little kid who was dressing up in his daddy's business clothes — or *mother's*.

"I look miserable," Saul said.

Jordyn scrunched her plastic-surgery-enhanced face up. "You're right," she said.

"Can we give up, then?"

"No. We need makeup."

"I'm already wearing makeup!" Saul argued. It was true. He hadn't really told anyone, but he was spending a few minutes every morning on his face, covering his blemishes.

"And you need to learn how to do it right," Jordyn said. "Sit down and pay attention."

Saul schlepped over to his desk, where his textbooks and pens had been pushed aside to make room for a mirror and a small array of cosmetics. Jordyn grabbed two jars in the way, a jar of Progesterone and a jar of Spironolactone, but made sure she didn't put those very far away. She had given them to Saul a month ago and she was glad to see that he was still taking them.

"Now, I'm going to show you how to do your cheeks," she said.

"I only need to look good enough to get elected, not for a phot shoot."

"Politics is a beauty pageant for ugly people," Jordyn explained. "So think how much better an actual beauty pageant contestant would do!"

Saul sighed and let Jordyn spout her nonsensical political mumbo-jumbo as she whisked the brushed he bought the other day over his face.



Saul was at his vanity desk brushing his golden cheeks. Behind him, Jordyn was impatiently thumbing through her phone, waiting. The name of Craig McCord popped up in her contacts. She swiped it to delete it, but her thumb only hovered over the trash icon. She exited out of the App. It was three weeks later, and in that time, they had a few more sessions to get Saul's look more in line with that of a serious candidate. Jordyn had talked him into wearing larger earrings, a hair clip to keep his lengthening hair in place, and even a dye job to get his brownish hair nice and black.

In addition to that, Saul had kept up his habit of tanning, which had now turned into a bit of an obsession — thanks to Jordyn. He had graduated from

the realm of “overdid it on vacation in Tahiti” to “baked Alaska” in that time. His skin was practically a copper color now, and despite the radical, almost unbelievable change, no one called him out for it. No one at school, not his friends, nor even his mother seemed to even be aware. Jordyn had made sure of that.

“Am I done?” Saul asked his mentor, taking out one of his AirPods buds to talk.

“Keep blending,” Jordyn said, without looking up from her phone.

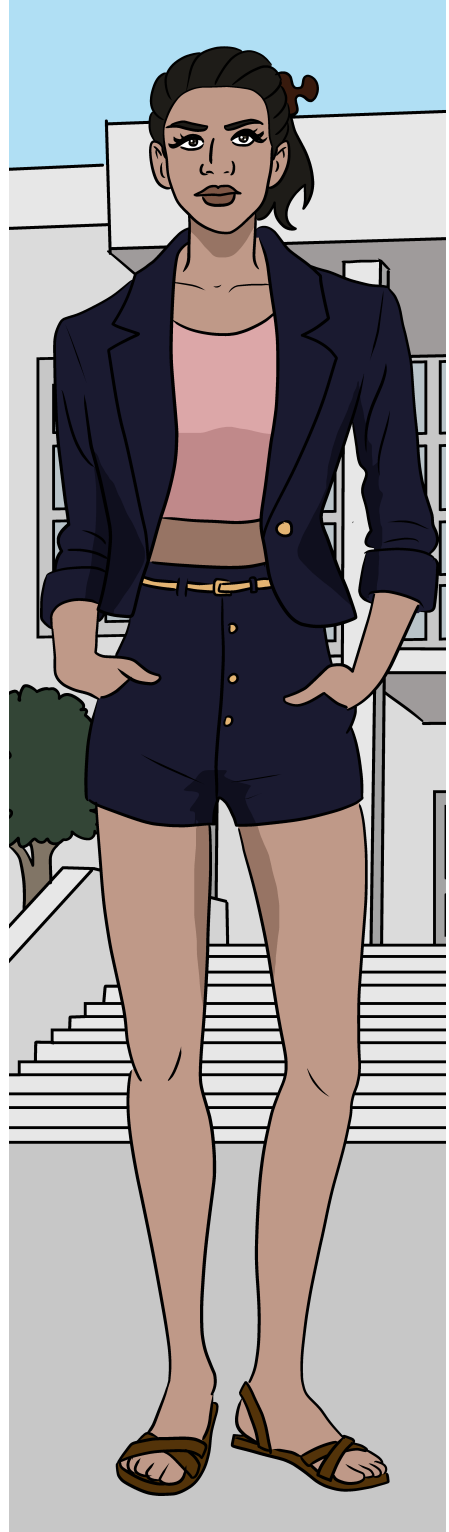
Saul looked back at his reflection and sighed as he put the earbud back in. He went back to work. His skin needed to look flawless, according to Jordyn, so he had been perfecting the art of making the transitions from blush and eyeshadow into the foundation, which took way more work than he ever would have guessed.

It didn’t make it any easier that he needed to pick up a new foundation every week or so, to match his ever-darkening complexion. He had been also trimming his eyebrows to “weed the garden” as Jordyn put it, and was starting to get the hang of it.

“I think I’m done,” Saul said, taking his earbuds out. They were still playing his language lessons.

“Okay, let’s try on a few outfits,” Jordyn said, putting her phone in her purse.

Without complaint, Saul undid his pants and let them fall to the floor. He had no hesitation with Jordyn. It wasn’t like she was his girlfriend, he reminded himself. She was more like a sister or something, so there was no embarrassment in removing his clothes



in front of her. He was in his briefs quickly, accepting the clothes that Jordyn was handing him. He put on a white tank top, a pair of navy high-waist shorts, a matching navy blue blazer and a pair of leather sandals.

“What do you think?” He asked Jordyn.

“We’re getting there,” she replied. “It certainly looks more refined. More electable. You know, have you thought about using a nickname? I mean a lot of candidates use nicknames.”

“What’s wrong with ‘Saul?’”

“Nothing!” Jordyn said. “If you’re running a New York deli or a wholesale jewelry business.”

Looking at his reflection, his long, lean golden brown legs shining in the light, and his blazer buttoned up to show off his thinning waist, he had to admit the name “Saul” didn’t really suit him.

“Sweetie?” Saul’s mother said as she opened the door. She then knocked on the door once it was open, as a parental courtesy. “Are you...” She saw her son in makeup, his hair styled with a glittering clip and acres of his copper-colored skin exposed. “Oh, is your friend staying for dinner?”

Saul looked at Jordyn who just made a face. “No, Mrs. Collins,” Saul replied. “I mean... Mom.”



Saul woke up in the luxury recovery suite of the Nouvelle Clinic, unable to remember why he was there. He could remember being in this room before, and he seemed to recall that he was in a medical facility of some sort. The rest was a bit of a blur.

As he tried to recall the events that led him here, the doors burst open and Jordyn came striding in, followed by Aaliyah.

“There’s our little patient!” Jordyn sang out. “How are you feeling, beautiful?”

“Are you calling him beautiful, or are you using that as a familiar name or term of endearment?”

“Maybe I need to get you a lobotomy,” Jordyn said to Aaliyah. “Anyway, how do you feel?”

“Wuh?” Saul said with a croaky voice that was fighting its own lips. “Whubs goin on?”

“You don’t remember anything, do you? Well, sometimes the anesthesia does that.” She patted Saul on the head. “You’ve just gotten out of a little light surgery, bestie,” she said with a smile.

“You were so out of it, they had to stuff the tongue back in your mouth,” Aaliyah said with a laugh. “I got photos.”

“Here,” Jordyn said, holding up a mirror to Saul’s face. “You remember now?”

Saul was shocked to see the bandages covering his nose and forehead, as well as red, swollen lips. He brought his hand up to touch, but Jordyn gently blocked his attempt.

“The doctor said no touching for a week,” Jordyn said. “Got to let those stitches heal.”

As he continued to look, Saul did start to recall Jordyn talking him into having some “minor procedures” done to enhance his “electability” but the details were still vague in his recovering mind. What didn’t shock him — and rightfully would have shocked anyone else — was the coffee-colored tone of his skin. He had reached as far as he could go with tanning, so Jordyn had him take the next step, a series of shots with a drug that darkened his skin even further.

“Oh Gob! By fass!” Saul exclaimed in sorrow.

“You are delighted with the changes the doctor has made,” Jordyn whispered in his ear. “They’ve turned you into one of the beautiful people. The privileged people. Someone worth being called Jordyn’s friend.”

“Your face is going to look *great*, girl,” Aaliyah said. “I’d vote for you! Like, a hundred times!”

“Look, Sol, I’m not going to lie,” Jordyn said aloud. “It’ll be a little rough for a week or two. But it’ll all be worth it in the end!”

“Whad dib bey do to by end?”

“That’s not what I meant, idiot. God, why did I have to choose such literal nerds?” Jordyn pinched the bridge of her nose.

Indeed, his end wasn’t the problem — Saul hadn’t yet noticed the twin mounds on his chest. But Jordyn would find a way to get him to just accept them, like she got him to accept so many other things.

“Just lie back, relax, and take it easy,” Jordyn said with a smile that wasn’t as reassuring as she thought it was. “You ever spent a week on OxyContin? Believe me, honey, you’re going to *love* it!”

Aaliyah chimed in. “It’s like, *the* best. And they’re so nice here! It’s like a stay-cay but on drugs! Totally jelly!”

“I got this for you, too,” Jordyn said, handing Saul a tablet. “It’s filled with movies and pictures of Abuja, the capital of Nigeria. Your heritage.”

Even with all his confusion and uncertainty, Saul took the offered tablet. “My heritage,” he repeated.





A soft knock at the door interrupted his thoughts, and a doctor entered the room. He was an older man, professional yet detached, with a practiced smile that didn't reach his eyes. "Good morning, Soleil," the doctor said warmly, moving to Saul's bedside. The name Soleil didn't register at first, but as the doctor began to remove the bandages from his face, a creeping sense of dread settled in.

"Wait, what did you call me?" Saul asked, his voice raspy and unfamiliar, as though it belonged to someone else.

The doctor smiled benignly, as if he hadn't heard Saul's protest. With careful hands, he began removing the bandages wrapped around Saul's head. Each layer revealed more of the face beneath.

He handed his patient a mirror. “What do you think? Now, there’s still some bruising...”

The face staring back at Saul from the mirror was not his own. It was the face of a stunning, dark-skinned woman, with full lips, high cheekbones, and wide, expressive eyes. He barely recognized himself, or rather, he didn’t recognize himself at all.

Saul’s hands trembled as he touched his face. It was soft, smooth, utterly different from the face he knew. Panic surged through him. “What have you done to me?”

Before the doctor could respond, Jordyn leaned over to whisper in Saul’s ear. “It’s fine,” she said. Neither the doctor nor Saul could see her. That was a shame, as she was dressed impeccably as always, and her presence would have commanded the attention of everyone in the room. “Soleil, darling, there’s no need to be upset,” Jordyn said gently. “You’re just a little confused from the medications, that’s all.”

“I’m sorry, I’m a little confused from the medications,” Saul said to the doctor. “Perfectly understandable, young lady,” the doctor said with a smile. “Now I wanted to give you your injections, if that’s all right.”

“My injections” Saul had to ask. He didn’t know what he was talking about. “The melanin boosters,” he explained. “To restore your natural skin color.”

“Your beautiful dark color that you take so much pride in, Soleil,” Jordyn added from her invisible realm. “It’s your heritage. You want that back, don’t you?”

“I’ll be so happy to have my beautiful skin back, doctor. It’s my heritage.”

“Oh? Where are you from, Soleil?”

“I’m from Nigeria, doctor. I was born in Nigeria.”

As he spoke, images began to surface in Saul’s mind — memories of a life that felt inexplicably real. A childhood in Nigeria, a life filled with laughter, friends, and a culture that was feeling more and more like his own.

He held up the mirror to his face again. It began to look less foreign, more familiar.

Jordyn’s voice was steady and soothing. “There’s nothing to worry about, Soleil. You’re exactly who you were meant to be. Just relax, and let the memories come back to you.”

“My memories are so vivid...” Saul said to the doctor.

He looked in the mirror again, and this time, the face that stared back at him was hers. It was the face she had seen all her life.

“I can only imagine,” said the doctor. “It must have been a fascinating place to grow up.”

“Yes. It was so special to me...”

Jordyn still had a lot of work ahead of her, convincing the young man that he really was a young woman, but the hardest work was already done. Soleil was ready for the next step.

“She wants to have the SRS surgery now,” she whispered in the ear of the doctor.

“Do you want the gender affirming surgery now, Soleil?”

“Yes, more than anything,” she whispered in the ear of Saul.

“Yes,” Soleil answered. “More than anything.”

“Why don’t you relax, then,” The doctor said. “We’ll do the operation in the morning.”

“Thank you, doctor,” Soleil replied. He put the earbuds in his ears, deftly, like he had done it for a lifetime.



Soleil stood before the mirror and turned left and right to see their reflection. The outfit was the same he had worn the last time he had been with Jordyn. Only this time, it looked good on him. The navy blazer was cinched up tight with a matching belt, showing off Soleil’s trim figure. The shorts hugged Soleil’s hips nicely, but were shorter than the jacket. That left plenty of space to show off their lovely, limber legs. They looked even better perched in the pair of navy blue pumps.

“I’m sending Aaliyah a pic!” Jordyn said, as she sat on Soleil’s bed in the recovery suite. Soleil had the good sense to swivel around and pose for the photo, but Jordyn had to fiddle with her camera. It just didn’t take very good pictures of dark skin — and Soleil had the darkest of skin.

The medications had left them with a permanent new skin color, one that that was darker than the blackest roast coffee, a true ebony. When they smiled, Soleil’s white teeth looked like beacons on a moonless night.

Underneath the blazer was a cream colored blouse with a floppy bow. The material was stretched over a pair of 38-C breasts that looked too large for the frame they are attached to, but not in an unappealing way.

Soleil put their slender hand on their hip and stuck a leg out like a runway model, and smiled. They knew they looked fantastic. They knew they looked exotic. They knew they were singularly distinctive and dazzlingly gorgeous.

Jordyn was right. Soleil loved the way the surgeries had turned out. She especially loved the way the shorts hugged her crotch, showing the world how feminine she was now.

Soleil would never be confused with a boy again — nor as a product of his family’s genetics. Soleil Adebisi Adesida, daughter of the royal regent of Akure, was a creature so different from everyone around her that she might as well come from a different planet. Lanky, with a skin tone that was almost true black, Soleil was almost more sculpture than human.

“Look, Soleil,” the woman he had formerly known as his mother said, holding some papers. “The approval came through. I’m officially adopting you!”

“Oh, Mrs. Collins!” Soleil said with the accent of a native Nigerian, overwhelmed with emotion. Tears rolled down her big, dark cheeks. “I am so happy! Ah, this is wonderful news! I am your daughter, oh!”

“And you’re going to have to get used to calling me mother,” Mrs. Collins said.

Jordyn smiled as she sent Soleil’s picture off to Aaliyah. Watching Soleil and Mrs. Collins talk excitedly and emotionally as if they had only recently met was deliciously sweet. Her manipulation of Saul was complete and the physical transformation was incredible.

Jordyn had just persuaded her father to take ten million dollars and buy treasury bonds



with it, which would yield 4%, creating a \$400,000 source of annual income for Soleil Adebisi Adesida, to be deposited in her bank account for ten years. She had a lawyer set it all up so it looked like she had a rich Nigerian prince as a father donating money to his daughter.

She was halfway there. She was going to have the friends she so richly deserved once again.



Tanner's heart had never gone into palpitations before, but he had to figure the way it was beating right now, this was what it must feel like. Of course, he didn't really know what palpitations meant, either. Why did the heart only have palpitations? Could other things palpitate? Why didn't he ever hear of things other than hearts palpitating? That seemed unnecessarily exclusionary.

The reason Tanner was having this cardiopulmonary adventure was that he was walking into the gymnasium in a pair of high heels.

It was the day of the big student council debate, where the competing candidates debated intensely over pressing urgent matters such as desserts in the lunch room and prom themes.

Not that Tanner was worried that he looked weird. He didn't. He looked good and he knew it. He had been practicing his walk in heels for days, and now had his walk down to a sexy stride that put the girls here to shame.

The heels were tough at first. He felt like his shoes were two feet tall. However, after a few weeks of wearing them around the house, he had begun to forget he even had them on. What was even more disconcerting was when he was wearing his old shoes at school he felt like he was inches shorter.

This was his school debut, though, when it came to the heels. Jordyn had been egging him on for a week, daring him to wear them, and the moment wasn't going unnoticed. He could see the side-glances from the other students as they heard the clicks and clacks coming down the aisle.

One kid, who Tanner didn't even know, just stared. Stared at his feet. For a complete minute.

"You like it," said Jordyn as she whispered into Tanner's ear. "You like the attention."

Having someone stare at his feet did make him feel uncomfortable at first, Tanner thought to himself, but he couldn't deny that he liked it. He liked the attention.

"You really should cover those legs," Jordyn continued, unseen and unknown by Tanner. "They're just so cold and bare."

Tanner ran his hands along his cold, bare legs, wishing he could cover them up a little. Still, he wondered why he was wearing the shorts at all. It was a chilly day outside, and the air conditioning in the gymnasium wasn't doing him any favors. Why couldn't he wear pants like every other guy here?

Yet he couldn't the thought of wearing pants seemed to be such a violation. An act of disobedience. Violating who or what wasn't clear to him.

"Hey, Tanner," Jordyn said, from the seat next to him.

Shocked, Tanner snapped his neck to see Jordyn sitting next to him. "Where did you come from?" He asked her.

"God, you are *so* wrapped up in nerdy your little world, aren't you?" she replied, with a little shiver. "Gross."

"You can sit anywhere," Tanner suggested.

"I don't want to be seen. Sitting by you makes me practically invisible."

Tanner wasn't sure he believed that. She was dressed to be looked at. She practically wore the same thing every day, but with minor variations to make sure it didn't appear that she was wearing the same clothes.

She wore a miniskirt and a black long-sleeved top, with heels and leggings. All of it black.

Sometimes pumps, sometimes boots, sometimes ankle boots. Sometimes it was a sweater top, sometimes blouse, sometimes even a coat. Often it was a mididress. But always black. The skirt could be tight, flouncy, pleated or ruffled. But it was always short. Always black.

Sometimes she wore tights, often skin-tight leggings, or like today, smoky black pantyhose.

Tanner thought how comfortable the pantyhose must be. Warm and snug, covering her bare legs. Yes, he'd be good with wearing pantyhose like Jordyn's right now. In fact, he really wanted to. He found himself staring at Jordyn's legs, unable to tear his eyes from her legs.

His legs were so cold. So bare.

"I have a spare pair," Jordyn said.

"Huh?" Tanner replied, snapping himself out of his leg-viewing trance.

"A spare pair of pantyhose," she replied. "Since you're losing your shit over my legs and all. You want them? They're in my purse."

They looked so snug, like her legs were in a warm hug. He sat next to Jordyn feeling like he was nude, with all his legs showing.

"I don't know..." Tanner answered.

“Oh for fuck’s sake,” Jordyn said, pulling her purse onto her lap and pulling out her spare back of pantyhose. “Here,” she said, slapping the plastic pack on Tanner’s bare legs.

Tanner took the pack in his hands. “Do you think... Um... I have enough time to change?”

“It’s six minutes before the debate starts,” Jordyn said. “If it takes you more than six minutes to put on pantyhose, you should just kill yourself. Seriously.”

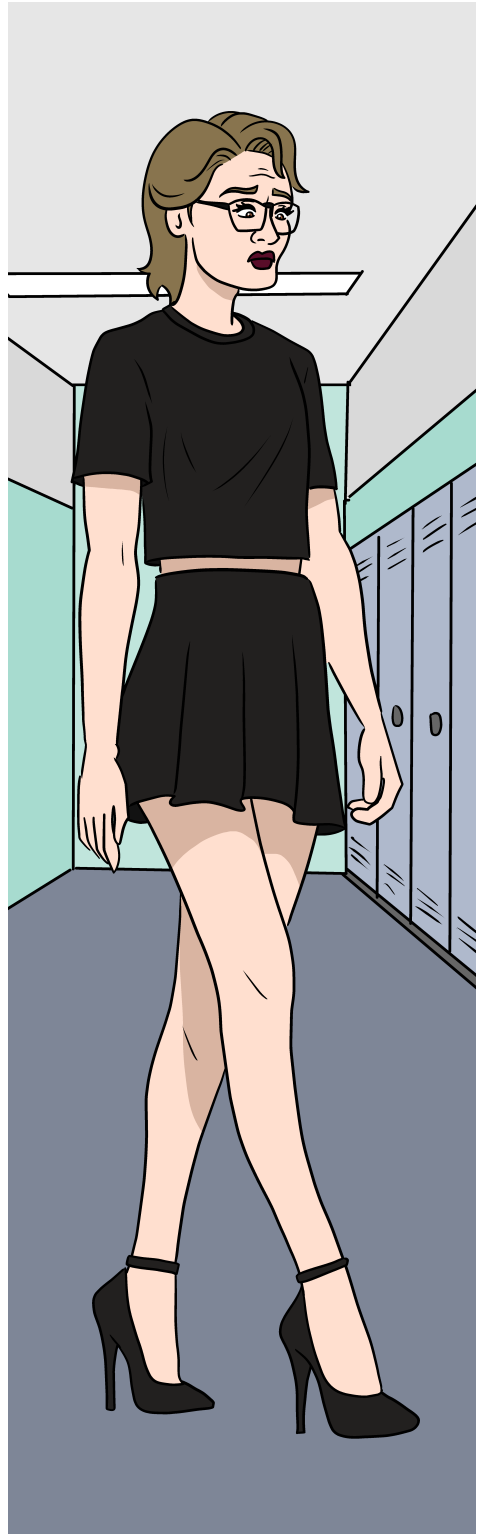
“Save my seat,” Tanner said, getting up and hurriedly speeding away on his heels.

In the boys’ room toilet stall, Tanner quickly shed his shorts, peeling them off his ever-widening hips. His thighs had just been getting thicker every day it seemed, and no amount of dieting or exercise seemed to be able to stop it.

For a moment, he wasn’t sure if the pantyhose should go over or under his briefs, but he didn’t have a lot of time, so over it was.

The package seemed too small, but then again, pantyhose wasn’t that substantial, and Tanner carefully opened it up, pulling out the delicate material. It felt impossibly soft, lighter than anything he’d ever touched.

He hesitated, then slipped his toes inside, carefully gathering the fabric so it wouldn’t snag. It was awkward at first—his legs weren’t used to this kind of tightness. Slowly, he pulled the nylon up over his foot, the fabric stretching tight against his skin, smoothing out imperfections and



creating a sleek, glossy finish.

By the time he reached his knees, he was adjusting every pull, trying to avoid wrinkles and keeping the fabric from twisting around. As the pantyhose hugged his thighs and hips, Ethan couldn't help but notice how odd they felt. The smooth compression, the gentle sheen, the weird sense of coolness and warmth at the same time. He stood up, legs shimmering slightly in the soft light, looking... amazing. He turned his leg left and right to admire himself. He had great legs, and he was tired of being embarrassed by them. He was proud of his legs.

Two minutes. He only had two minutes. He pulled the shorts up, finding them a little more difficult to zip up, and then he stepped into his pumps.

Precisely five minutes later he returned with smoky pantyhose on his long legs with and a big smile on his face. He sat down with noticeable calm and relief on his face.

“What do you think?” He asked, twirling one of his high-held feet in the air.

“What?” Jordyn said, seeing him smile as broadly as he was. “You want an award or something?”

Even Jordyn's insults couldn't make him feel bad. The pantyhose felt great. “I think you're jealous,” he said.

“Anyone can look good in pantyhose. That's why people wear them.” Jordyn kept her eyes ahead, not even gracing Tanner with an eye-roll. “Try wearing them all day, every day, and then see how you feel about them.”

“All right, I will,” Tanner replied.

“Big mistake.”

With a true sense of serenity, he crossed his legs, just like Jordyn had, and waited for the debate to begin.



Even as they celebrated Soleil's performance at the school debate, which she had clearly won — and looked great doing it — Mason couldn't help but feel something was off.

He watched as Soleil, in a strikingly professional outfit of a blazer, blouse and skirt crouched slightly to hug Aliyah, her big smile lighting up the room. She looked like a million dollars, and was glowing as she bathed in her obvious victory. If anyone came out of the debate thinking she wasn't going to win, they were out of their minds, in Mason's opinion.

Then there was Aaliyah, who Mason was watching as she was jumping up and down in excitement, celebrating Soleil's win. She was in her usual cheer outfit,

her tiny skirt flipping up and down as she jumped, and the boob-revealing cheer top doing what it was designed to do, reveal her boobs as they bobbed along with her.

Mason looked down at himself, in the pink shirt and rose colored shorts he was wearing, wondering why he kept feeling so out of sorts. Things were perfectly normal, as far as he could tell. Yet, there was a nagging sense that there was something just beyond his perception that was out of whack.

He had felt this way since Jordyn had inserted herself into their little group. Several times he and Tanner had talked about her awkward fifth-wheel presence, and who exactly had invited her, but those discussion usually broke down into a list of gripes and didn't get anywhere.

Mason ran his fingers over his legs idly, noting he was going to have to shave tonight or tomorrow to keep his legs clean. He hated feeling stubble there. It sickened him.

Whenever he dared come to school in a pair of shorts that just a millimeter longer, Jordyn would be there to talk to him about it. Then, the next day, he'd be back in even shorter shorts, not even understanding why.

The same thing had happened when he decided on a baseball cap a few days ago. Jordyn was on him within five minutes of him arriving at school, and then when his mother asked what happened to it when he came home, he could vaguely recall tossing it in the trash.

There definitely something fishy with Jordyn. Why didn't he ever stand up to her? Why did he always accept whatever she said? He didn't even like girls. Something was weird about this whole situation.

The voice. It was something about that voice. It seemed to come out of nowhere sometimes, spinning around his head. Sometimes it felt like her voice had fingers that could wrap around his brain. Squeezing it. Forming it.

Despite knowing all this, Mason was still thinking about it. Thinking about Jordyn's weird little comments. The thought of wearing anything but pink had become abhorrent to him, somehow. Other guys his age didn't have this problem. Tanner didn't have this problem. Why was he so wrapped up with this weird preoccupation? Why couldn't he wear black like Tanner?

But no, the thought caused him to shiver. More and more, he found himself going out to the shops, selecting pink items to add to his wardrobe. He'd bring them home and drop them on the pink bedspread on his bed, and then try them on in front of the mirror, the new full-length one his father bought him with the pink frame.

Mason stood up. He had to get onto his feet and stop stewing in his confused thoughts. He wanted to approach Soleil and congratulate her on such a fantastic debate performance, but she was busy exchanging hugs with Aaliyah

and Jordyn. Instead, he turned away and headed for his locker, hoping to immerse himself in his next class and take his mind off things.



Tanner and Mason walked into the cafeteria a little more slowly than they usually did. It was a little awkward for them lately, as they had been feeling a little on the outside. What with their friends always gossiping, talking about their boyfriends and basically chatting up a storm, they could rarely even get a word in. They were almost relegated to the background, only there to nod or agree with whatever one of the girls were saying.

There was a lot of “you got that right” and “you go, girl” affirmations and “you’re better than him” and “that bitch wouldn’t dare” kind of replies. Still, they didn’t hesitate to join their long-time friends for lunch, but they didn’t have the same kind of enthusiasm they used to.

“Ever since Jordyn showed up, the girls are all acting... weird,” Mason said to Tanner. “It just feels different.”

“In what way?” Tanner replied over the sound of his heels clicking on the cement walkway and the swishing of his pantyhose.

“I don’t know,” Mason replied in his pink outfit. “Different. A weird kind of different.”

Tanner nodded. “I get what you’re saying. It’s like Jordyn just kind of throws things off in some way.” He pushed some long hair out of his eyes. “Disrupts the delicate balance.”

As they walked into the loud cafeteria, few people even turned their eyes to notice Tanner and Mason. You might think that more people would have paid some attention to the boy in heels and pantyhose, or the other boy clad in nothing but pink, both in scandalously short shorts that would have members of The Village People to shame, however they were both as anonymous as they had always been.

It was almost like someone had cast a spell on the school not to notice these kinds of things.

“Look, there’s Jordyn,” Mason said with the disappointment evident in his voice. She was sitting at their table again.

Tanner sighed. “Well good, I haven’t been insulted for an hour. I break out unless someone calls me a piece of shit at least six times a day.”

“Heck, I can do it twelve times a day. Think how healthy you’d be.”

“Thanks,” Tanner grumbled, angry that he had walked into it. That’s what he got for having such smart friends.

“Ohmigaw, I can’t even,” Aaliyah said as she rolled her eyes. “Robert is so, like, such a no-go for her, for realsies.”

“She get her chance with Jaxon, but she mess am up. She deserve Robert,” Soleil replied in her ever-thickening Nigerian accent.

“Would you guys please stop talking about reality shows?” Jordyn complained. “You sound like twits.”

“No be my fault dat Americans dey make beta TV shows. We no get anything like that for my country.”

“What show are you guys watching?” Mason asked, curious.

“Bachelorette Survival Island,” Aaliyah replied eagerly. “It’s so cool! It’s one girl, fifty guys and they’re all alone on this tropical island with no food or shelter and...”

“Babe!” Damon bellowed, his voice cutting through the cafeteria chatter like a foghorn. Without a hint of effort, he scooped Aaliyah up into his arms, her squeal of surprise turning into delighted laughter. His biceps looked like they could bench press a small car, however his brain might struggle with the heavier chapters of a pop-up book.

“Damon! You’re, like, totally embarrassing me!” she protested playfully, even as she wrapped her arms around his neck to plant a kiss on his cheek. Her blonde pony tail bounced as her short skirt flung open due to gravity, suspended in the air as she was.

Damon turned and strode out of the cafeteria, carrying her as easily as if he were toting a football, with Aaliyah kicking her legs in mock distress as she squealed in delight.

Aaliyah’s friends were left in a mix of contempt and amusement. Soleil leaned over to Jordyn, her voice dripping with faux sorrow, “See am, her man don just carry her go like breeze.”

Jordyn rolls her eyes, snickering, “I’d be jealous if she wasn’t fucking someone with the brains the size of a peanut.” Her eyes shifted beyond Soleil for a moment. “Speaking of which...”

“What’s up, beautiful?” TJ asked, his voice smooth, brimming with charm. His long legs let him straddle the bench where Soleil was sitting, effortlessly. TJ Betts was Soleil’s new boyfriend, a starting center on the school basketball team. “Ready to ditch this crowd for something more... Me?”

Soleil arched an eyebrow, her expression unyielding, a stark contrast to her usual playful self. “And make I leave my friends? Why you no go play that your small game with your basketball guys?” she challenged, her tone flat yet teasing, a test of his resolve.

Undeterred, TJ edged closer, his smile undiminished. “Hey, I got some new moves I wanna show off. Just us, no distractions,” he persisted, his voice a blend of coaxing and confidence.

Soleil paused, evaluating his earnest expression, her stoic facade beginning to crack. “You’re quite sure of yourself, aren’t you?” she remarked, a slight smirk tugging at her lips.

“Absolutely,” TJ replied, his assurance unwavering. “I promise, it’ll be worth your while.”

“I’m eating,” she protested.

“I got something way better than a salad waiting for you behind the metal shop,” TJ replied.

After a moment’s hesitation, where the playful glint in her eyes betrayed her intrigue, Soleil finally relented. She stood, gracefully slipping her arm through his. “Alright, let’s see these moves then, Mr. Persistent,” she conceded. “I got a few of my own,” she added, allowing herself to dissolve into a fit of giggles as she left.

With that, it was Jordyn, Tanner and Mason at the table. Jordyn sighed, looked around, looked at her table mates and sighed again. “I’m out of here,” she said, slinging her purse on her shoulder.

After watching her walk away, just like he had watched everyone else leave, Tanner had to lean over and rest his head on his crossed arms on the table. “Remember before Soleil and Aaliyah had boyfriends?” He said.

“Who what?” Mason replied, distractedly.

Tanner turned his head to see what he was doing. He was watching his phone. “Put that down.”

“This is a really good show, actually,” Mason said. “Bachelorette Survival Island. Who would have thought?”

“Look,” Tanner said from the table, “I wanna talk. Put that away for a minute.”

“I can watch and listen at the same time,” Mason insisted.

“Fuck you, dude. I want to have a serious conversation.”

“About what?”

“About.... This!” Tanner held out his arms, emphasizing the empty table. “When’s the last time our lunch table was this empty?” He was being demonstrative. “Where is everyone?”

Mason shrugged. “Well, Soleil is banging TJ in...”

“Not literally! I mean... Just... We used to be a group, you know? We did everything together.”

“People grow up,” Mason said, sneaking a peek at this phone which was still playing “Bachelorette Survival Island.” “They move on.”

“Grow up?” Tanner repeated, incredulously. “Move on? What do you mean, grow up? Who grows up anymore? We’re all permanent teenagers. My dad plays video games all day and my mom is taking pole dancing lessons. No one grows up.”

“Well, I mean they... You know...” Mason whispered. “Sex.”

“No thanks. You’re not my type.”

“No, I mean, sex kinda changes things. People’s priorities change. Why sit around a table talking about Dungeons and Dragons or solving a math problem when you could be boinking someone?”

“Well, since when have any of us been having sex? I mean, we’ve always been losers — and we took pride in that!”

“You think I know?” Mason said, angrily. “You know as much as I do, okay? And I don’t know what’s going on most of the time, anyway.”

“I like to think I know what’s going on, and it’s not a sex thing. It’s something else. Something else is happening here. Changes are happening too fast and are too drastic.” He paused for a moment as Tanner considered saying what he had been keeping to himself for quite a while. “We’re being set up. Set up for something. Every time any other kid my age has ever been nice to me it’s when I was being set up for something.”

“Set up for what?”

“I don’t know. But it’s big. Really big. Too big to even understand what it is.” Tanner turned to his friend. “All I can say is that Jordyn’s at the heart of it. She’s the one thing that brought all of this on.”

“She gives me the creeps,” Mason agreed.

“I’ve hated her from the first day I saw her. Rich, spoiled, entitled and just a general bitch. She’s just the worst.”

“So what do you think she’s doing?”

Tanner’s shoulders dropped in defeat. “I have no idea. I wish I could figure it out. But I know whatever’s going on, it’s her fault. It has to be.”

“Where does that get us?”

“Nowhere.” Tanner said with a sigh. “Maybe we can get Craig McCord back to school and take her mind off things and give her something else to do with her time.”

“Who’s that?” Mason asked.

“Her former boyfriend. You remember him. Big tough guy, always getting into fights.”

“Oh, yeah! Hw was so cool. I forgot he used to go with her.”

“Where are you now, Craig McCord, when we need you the most?”

“Probably as far away from Jordyn as he can get, if he has any sense.”

“Just don’t let her manipulate you. Don’t do what she wants. Don’t even listen to her,” Tanner said.

“Look, Tanner...”

“Just promise me! Don’t do what she tells you to do! She’s up to something!”

“Fine, whatever,” Mason replied. “Not like she has such great advice anyway. How do we figure out what she’s doing?” he surreptitiously picked up his phone again to watch his new favorite TV show.

“You leave that to me,” Tanner replied. “She’s not going to get anything past me. Now I gotta go to the ladies room. My pantyhose is riding up on me.”



Mason was walking along the hallway, in between his AP Calculus and AP History class, bumping and bouncing off people like a pachinko ball. That was pretty much how most students moved around the halls, as their eyes were glued to their phones for the 5 minutes they had in-between classes. They had to catch up on texts, instagram posts, go through their airdrops, facetime their friends, and — time permitting — prepare for their next class.

Over the years, Mason had laughed at the zombie-like behavior of his classmates, so transfixed by their phones that they didn’t even bother to look where they were going. The sight of so many students oblivious to anything beyond the eight inches in between their reddening, drying eyes and the glowing five-inch screen had never failed to amuse him.

Now he was one of them.

He kept on walking towards his next class, watching Bachelorette Survival Island on his phone when he suddenly ran out of hallway. Mason had been feeling much better about himself lately. In fact, today was the first day in weeks he had managed to put a pair of pants on. Pink pants, sure, but one step at a time. He was finding himself again, able to choose his clothes to suit his tastes. He had no idea how he had let Jordyn manipulate him like he did, but he was sure that he had asserted his independence and was becoming good old Mason again. He felt like his life had turned a corner.

Missing the turn, Mason ran right into a wall and it nearly knocked him right on his butt. Despite the urgency of the moment, he was hesitant to remove his gaze from his phone, but he did. When he looked up, he found he had been so absent-minded that he had walked right into the Home Ec sewing room.

Which was weird for a number of reasons, from the fact that he had just wandered into the room without anyone stopping him, and that it was clear across campus.

“Hey, Mase!” Aaliyah said, as she saw her friend wander into the room.

“H... Hey...” Mason responded. “This isn’t AP History, is it?”

“It’s AP Sewing,” Aaliyah said.

“There’s an AP Sewing?”

“No, silly!” Aaliyah replied, adding a tinkling little giggle. “I’m totally just messing with you. It’s beginner sewing. Sit down! It gets like, super lonely here. I’m the only student, and Mrs. Jordan hardly ever shows.”

“I gotta get to AP History,” Mason said, backing out.

“But you’re so curious,” Jordyn said behind him.

“I am curious, though. What do you do in sewing?” Mason said, stepping away from the door and getting closer to where Aaliyah was sitting.

“I’m, like, making a tote bag,” Aaliyah answered, before taking a second look at it. It was a bit less square than most tote bags. “I think.” She was dressed in her ubiquitous cheer uniform, an outfit she practically lived in. Then again, she looked amazing in it, and she had no reason to wear much else.

The bell for classes rang, indicating that Mason was now late for AP History. He looked at the clock to confirm his shock at being late for the first time in years.

“Never mind,” Jordyn said, talking into his ear, and unable to be perceived by either of the two students. “It’s not important.”

“Do you need to go?” Aaliyah asked.

Mason shook his head. “No, it’s not important.”

“Awesome! Have a seat! I get so bored in here by myself. I haven’t seen Mrs. Jordan in a week.” She noticed the phone in Mason’s hand. “Oh my gosh, are you still catching up on Bachelorette Survival Island?”

“Oh.” Mason looked down at the phone, kind of embarrassed to be caught watching this dumb reality show he had become addicted to. “Uh, well, actually it’s the last episode. The boring reunion episode.”

“He needs a new show to watch,” Jordyn said into Aaliyah’s ear. “How about *Teen Queens of Texas*?”

“Oh, you totes need a new show then!” Aaliyah exclaimed, seizing Mason’s phone and starting her search. “You have to watch *Teen Queens of Texas*! It’s all about these, like, totally crazy and kinda bitchy teen beauty queens in Texas. It’s must-see TV!”

“I really don’t want to get addicted to another reality show, Allie.”

“Yes you do,” Jordyn whispered to Mason.

“This show is like, everything!” Aaliyah said, gushing. She grabbed Mason’s phone and started searching for it. “It’s all about the lives of all these crazy bitchy teen beauty queens in Texas. You *have* to watch it!” Finding what she was looking for, she handed it back to Mason.

“Tell him about Gracelynn,” Jordyn said to Aaliyah.

“Oh, right. Gracelynn. She is *such* a crazy bitch. My favorite.”

“Which one is she?” Mason asked, looking at the video on his phone. He couldn’t help himself. He really wanted another show to watch.

“The one in pink! She’s so awful, but like, in the best way. She’s bossy and mean and I’m totally obsessed!”

Mason scrubbed through until he found someone wearing pink. “Pink, huh? I guess that’s something we have in common.”

“Oh. Yeah, I guess you’re both into that. I hadn’t even thought of it.”

“I have,” Jordyn said to herself as she smiled. “Mason’s a lot like her, really,” she whispered into Aaliyah’s ear.

“You know, I think you’re a lot like her,” Aaliyah said.

“I don’t know about that...” Mason replied, considering the observation. “I mean she’s so... Loud and... Kinda nasty.”

“I like her hair. So bouncy and blonde.”



“It’s nice, I guess.”

“Get the wig,” Jordyn said to Aaliyah.

“You know, I think we have a wig around here for the hairstyling lessons...” Aaliyah got up and looked around, quickly spotting a row of wigs resting on a small vanity desk in the corner. “Oh! Come here,” she told Mason.

“What?” the young man asked, curious to know what his friend was up to.

“Stand still.” Aaliyah picked up a wig of long, bouncy blond hair and positioned it in front of Mason. “Turn around.”

“Wait a minute,” Mason said, skeptical of what was going on. This was exactly the kind of thing Tanner had been warning him about He was being manipulated into doing something weird. Something he’d never do on his own.

“Why not try it on?” Jordyn whispered in his ear.

Mason figured it was okay. Jordyn was nowhere to be seen, so she couldn’t have been manipulating him. “Sure, okay,” Mason said with a shrug and turned around for Aaliyah to fit his scalp with the wig.

He felt his hair being swept up to conceal it, and then the unfamiliar sensation of long hair falling over his ears and down the back and sides of his neck.

“Oh, this looks good,” Aaliyah said.

“Let me see!”

“You totally rock the whole Gracelynn thing! Turn around and look!”

Mason turned to see himself in the mirror, immediately taken aback by the reflection. It was a whole new look for him. He didn’t recognize his own image. The hair surrounding his face practically transformed him into someone else.

“Wow,” Mason replied, taken aback. “I like it.”

Jordyn was about to suggest to him that he liked it, but she was amused that she didn’t need to say anything.

“You *slay*,” Aaliyah gushed. “That is a perfect match for pink. You should have been born a blonde, like me!”

“I guess,” Mason was forced to agree.

“Say Gracelynn’s catch phrase!”

“I don’t even know...”

“Here,” Aaliyah said quickly finding a looping clip on her phone.

Mason watched it, and then did his best to imitate Gracelynn. He stuck his butt out in a sexy way and Turned his head to look over his shoulder, provocatively, just like Gracelynn did in the clip. “Is y’all foolin’ yourself?” He said in a Texas drawl, apparently imitating this teenage reality TV star.

“Perfect!” Aaliyah said with a squeal of laughter. She started to type on her phone, having just captured Mason’s performance. “I gotta send this to Soleil!”

she said, gleefully. “And to Jordyn. She is the world’s biggest Gracelynn fan.”

“No!” Mason protested. “We were just kidding around! I don’t want to...”

“Yes you do,” Jordyn whispered in his ear.

Mason corrected himself. “Aw, who cares. Send it.” He reached for the wig to take it off. “I have to get to AP History. After I go to the office for being late, I guess. That’s how it works, right? I haven’t been late for so long...”

“Then why not stay?” Jordyn told him from her unseen domain.

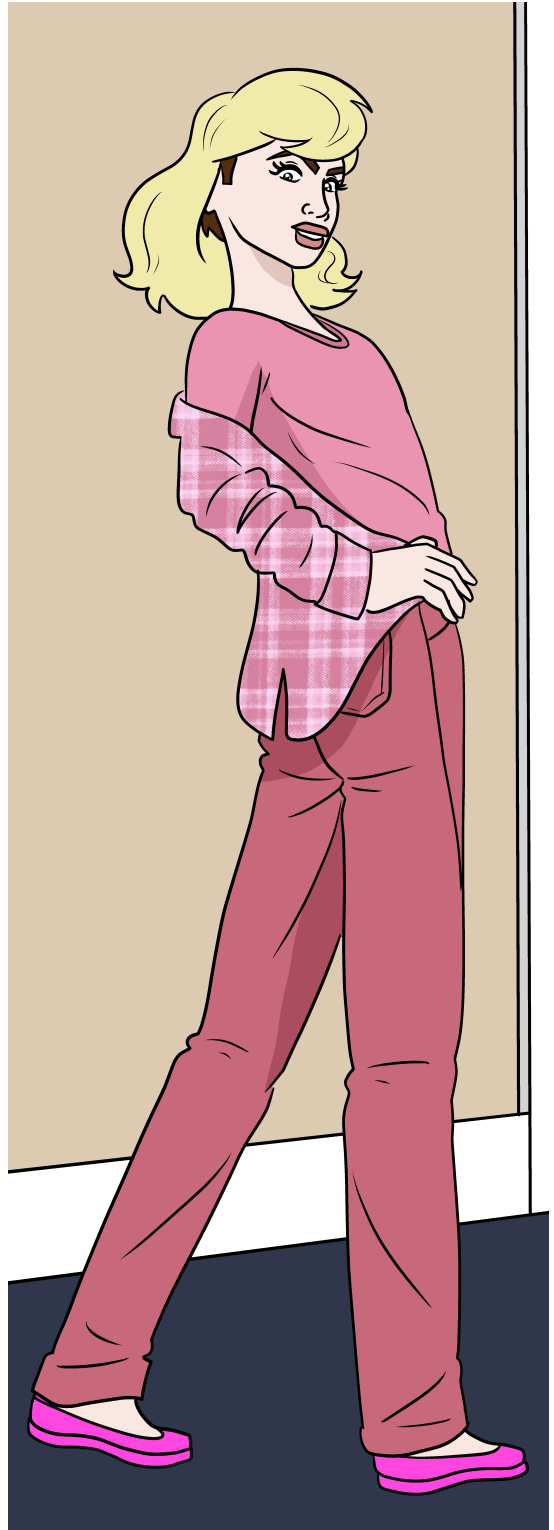
“So I might as well just stay,” Mason added, leaving the wig on.

“You can watch your new favorite show,” Jordyn further suggested.

He slumped down in a chair and bought the first season of *Teen Queens of Texas* on his phone and started to watch.



As the group of teenage beauty contestants congregated around the makeup tables, applying their makeup and fixing their hair with the intensity of gladiators, Gracelynn Ashleigh Crockett sauntered over to the group of hopefuls in her pink heels and glittering pink gown. With a predatory smile, she surveyed the assembly with an air of undisguised superiority. “Look at



y'all, putting in all this hard work. It's almost cute how you think you have a shot when everyone knows the crown's already mine," she sneered, her words coated with venom.

The room grew icy with tension as her presence elicited a mix of disdain and anxiety. Tiffani, trying to diffuse the situation, chimed in with a weak smile, "Come on, Gracelynn, can't we all just support each other tonight?"

Gracelynn flicked her blonde hair dismissively and laughed, a sound that echoed mockingly through the room. "Support? Oh, darlin, is y'all foolin' yourself? Here's some free advice: save your energy. You'll need it to plaster a smile on your face and gracefully applaud for me when I take the crown. Because, sweetie, in this arena, it's kill or be killed, and I..." She swiveled on her heel, spinning her hair and hem of her gown dramatically. "...Am all killer, no filler."

Her biting remark extinguished the chatter, silencing the girls. With a satisfied smirk at the chaos she'd stirred, Gracelynn gracefully strutted away, leaving a wake of rattled nerves and bitter sneers.

"Put the phone down, Mason!" Aaliyah said. "We didn't come out here for you to watch your show!"

"Oh, uh... Yeah..." Mason replied, putting his phone into his pocket, and saving the rest of *Teen Queens of Texas* for later. He looked around to see where they were, and they were in the clothing section of Macy's.

He had gone shopping for his never-ending need for rare pink clothing. Much to his reluctance, Aaliyah had dragged him into the girls' section, because she was insistent that there were far more pink items in the girls' section than the mens' section. Of course she was right, much to Mason's discomfort.

It wasn't Mason who had been talked into this shopping trip. It was Aaliyah. So it was understandable that she was getting quite annoyed with Mason constantly watching more of his reality TV on his phone whenever there was a free moment.

"No more Texas Teens, okay?" Aaliyah demanded.

"Yeah, okay, fine, until we..."

"No more!" Aaliyah grabbed some pink items from the racks in front of her. "Just go try these on. And no, like, watching your show in the changing room."

"I'm a guy. I don't use changing rooms."

"What if your clothes don't fit?"

"They always fit. I buy medium-size. It's not complicated."

"Um, yah, okay... Have you looked at yourself lately, Mase? You're not wearing medium-size anymore."

Mason seemed almost shocked that when he looked down at his body it was so thin. Wearing pink had a way of making him feel bloated and huge, and he had had subconsciously been dieting himself slimmer. Of course, his subconscious was named Jordyn Blakely, who wanted Mason down to the thinnest she could get him, so she had been peppering him with her little suggestions to get him there.

When Mason begrudgingly stepped into the changing room, Jordyn was already there, sipping on a Jamba Juice smoothie. Of course she wasn't noticed by Mason. She had been tagging along all afternoon, unseen by her two classmates.

She picked up a pink polo shirt Aaliyah had chosen for Mason and made a face. "What, does Allie think it's 1986?" She tossed it over the wall. She was about to check another item when her attention was suddenly grabbed by Mason taking his shirt off.

"Ho-lee shit," Jordyn said, covering her mouth to keep any of her smoothie from spraying out. She simply couldn't believe what she was seeing. Mason, after removing his pink shirt, revealed bandages wrapped around his chest. He was binding himself up.

He was, if Jordyn wasn't very much mistaken, binding his breasts.

"No way," Jordyn said, once she was done swallowing. She put her cup down and immediately headed out.

"Stupid door," Mason said, shutting it after it seemingly opened by itself. Not a minute later, it opened right up again as Jordyn returned. "Why won't this stay shut?" Mason complained.

Jordyn dropped the bra on the pile of clothes and returned to her perch in the corner.

"The fuck?" He said, seeing the bra on the top of the pile of clothes he was supposed to be trying on. He immediately reached for the flab that he was hiding behind the bandages.

Jordyn had him taking hormones for nearly four months now, so to see results this early was a welcome surprise. Of course, Mason didn't know he'd been swallowing progesterone and other drugs designed to replace his testosterone with the estrogen. She had told him that they were weight loss pills.

But now, Jordyn wanted to see the results. "Your chest hurts so much," Jordyn said to Mason. "You just want to cut those damn bandages off."

Mason immediately began to rub his chest. "Pain in the ass," he said, looking down.

"You'd be so much more comfortable with the right kind of support, Mason," Jordyn told him. "There's so much pain. You have to get those bandages off right now!"

The young man started to pick at the end of his bandage, clearly thinking about it.

“Go on, do it. There’s nothing wrong with being comfortable, is there?” Jordyn said, smiling like the devil himself. “Put it on.”

After a pensive moment of contemplation, Mason started to rip the bandages off, unwinding them from around his torso, his movements getting faster as he went.

Jordyn watched eagerly, literally biting her lip so she wouldn’t emit the excited squeaks she was trying to hold back.

“Oh, that feels so good,” Mason said, once he was done, and let his breast hang free. They actually hadn’t hurt at all, and it was only Jordyn’s suggestion that made him think they did. Still, the relief felt real to him.

By Jordan’s estimation, Mason had a pair of A-cups jiggling on his slender torso. “The bra is going to feel so comfortable,” she advised. “You can’t resist putting it on.”

Mason quickly snatched up the bra. It was pink, naturally, but otherwise plain. Jordyn figured his reluctance to wear one might be stronger if she made her selection too lacy and feminine. He’d get there eventually, she reminded herself.

He held it out in front of himself for a moment, unsure he really wanted to do this. It wasn’t like he really had a choice, though. “It was made for you,” Jordyn told him, after finishing a slurp on her drink. “It’s gonna feel so good.”

He turned it around and upside-down, with visible confusion on his face.

“Oh, don’t pretend like you don’t know how a bra works, nerd,” Jordyn said, exasperated. “Just try to recall all those OnlyFans videos you’ve watched on your laptop under the bedsheets.”

That seemed to be enough for Mason to slip it on.

“It feels so good, doesn’t it?” Jordyn said. She immediately saw his smile widen. “How could you have ever lived without one?”

His smile faded quickly though when he saw his reflection. The image of his body clad in a feminine garment was shocking to him, and shameful. His head began to shrink into his shoulders like a turtle.

He was wearing a bra. He was wearing an actual bra. What was worse, he felt like he needed it. This was all kinds of wrong. Apocalyptically wrong. He was wearing womens’ clothing. His worry turned to panic. He couldn’t be caught like this, he thought to himself. He couldn’t be seen like this.

As soon as his hands started to move, undoubtedly to try and take the bra off, Jordyn had to intervene.

“This isn’t right,” he muttered to himself, his hands trembling as he reached to unhook the garment.

But then, a calm, clear voice cut through the haze of his terror. It was Jordyn’s voice, though he wasn’t aware of a voice at all — just the message. “You’re not dressing like a girl. You’re just wearing clothes you feel good in. Clothes that look good on you.”

Her words seeped into his thoughts, soothing the initial shock that had gripped him. Mason paused, his hands stilling as he considered her words.

“That’s right, Mason. It’s all about perception. What you see as women’s clothing is just fabric,” Jordyn continued, her tone gentle yet firm, molding his understanding. “You’ve been wearing pink, and no one’s said anything, have they? So a bra isn’t going to make anyone take notice... Unless you want them to.”

Mason’s eyes returned to his reflection. The bra—it was just a dumb piece of clothing. It didn’t define him or his life. He had been wearing pink for months now, and he hadn’t heard a word of protest. Nothing from his family, friends or classmates. Not a peep. Now he loved pink, and didn’t want to wear anything else ever again.

“Feel how soft the fabric is against your skin. See how well it fits. It’s about what makes you feel good, what makes you look good,” Jordyn’s voice guided him. “You know you’ve never felt better.”

His heavy, labored breathing gradually evened out as rationale in his head. “It’s just fabric. It’s style. Comfort. Fashion.” Each word helped dismantle his earlier panic. Mason adjusted the straps of the bra, his movements becoming more deliberate, more accepting. He had never felt better.

“You’re in control, Mason. Always remember that,” Jordyn finished, satisfied that she had gotten through to him.

However, Mason started to pick at the bra again, and an unsettled expression came across his mascara-laden eyes.

“Of course you’re feeling awkward,” Jordyn said. “You’re not wearing the full set.” She tossed a pair of matching panties on the clothes pile.

As if this was the answer he was looking for, he began to unbutton his shorts. “Oh, I don’t need to see this,” Jordyn said to herself, blocking her view with her drink.



“Let me see more!” Aaliyah said, as she took more pics of Mason.

Obligingly, Mason spun left and right for the camera, showing off his new outfits. It was true, despite the number of shoppers passing by, people seemed utterly unconcerned that he was wearing pink. Or a bra. Or a skirt. Or that he had chosen a thick pink sweater to pair with it.

“Soleil and Jordyn are gonna love your look!” Aaliyah said, snapping away. “Sit on the car hood.”

Mason looked behind him to see if he could sit on the hood of Aaliyah’s car safely. By safely, he had to make sure his skirt didn’t ride up.

Aaliyah didn’t have to work very hard to suggest he get a skirt. After months in short-shorts, the skirt felt absolutely liberating. Even if it was a bit short, it felt so much better, and actually covered more of his legs. Well, his upper thighs, at least.

“I’m good,” Mason said, as he nervously wrung his hands. It was still a nerve-racking experience, knowing he was in public, outside for everyone to see, entirely in womens’ clothing.

Well, if no one else was going to care, he wasn’t going to care. Ot at least, he was going to *try* and not to care.

“Gracelynn wouldn’t care,” he was reminded. Reminded by who, he wasn’t sure. But those words seemed be sticking with him.

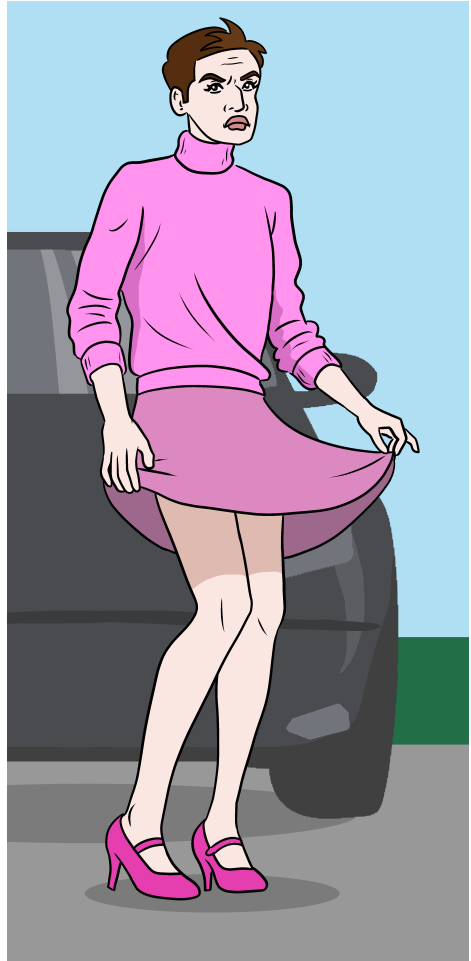
“Haven’t you got enough pics?” Mason asked Aaliyah, testily.

“Never,” she said.

“Stand next to the car,” Jordyn said to Mason. She was still with them, having spent a very rewarding Saturday afternoon, watching her latest little project get slowly dressed in a full outfit of girls’ clothes. She hadn’t had this much fun in a while.

Mason moved to the side of Aaliyah’s car for more photos. “Only five more, okay?” He told his friend.

“Five hundred more. Got it,” Aaliyah said with a giggle.



“Leah, I do gotta go home at some point,” Mason reminded her.

“Oh, like, sure! Just not right now.”

Mason sighed and put a smile on his face for more photos, as he waited for Aaliyah to get this out of her system.

Aaliyah stopped. “Oh, wait... Soleil’s texting me. She loves the pics.” She brought her phone down to type.

With a moment to himself, Mason relaxed. Next to him, Jordyn was standing, her face with an uncharacteristic look of concern on it. That is, if Aaliyah or Mason were able to see it. Which they couldn’t.

She noticed the blue car about to pass by, the one that had been circling the parking lot for the last five minutes, and as it got close, she pushed Mason right into its path.



When the dogs stopped singing, the cruise ships flew away to the moon, when he had finally put the lids on all 1000 jelly jars to keep the insects from crawling out of them, and when the grass stopped cutting his feet while plotting his surprise birthday party, Mason awoke. His dreams had been strange and bizarre, produced by a steady flow of drugs into his system. It had been over a week since he had last been conscious, and he had no idea where he was or what had happened.

He looked around himself, and found he was in some kind of hospital room. Or at least, he assumed it was a hospital room. It looked more like a penthouse apartment. His eyes slowly scanned the room going from one side to another, a with green plants sitting on a wall, a trickling water feature in the distance, a large window with frosted glass, some native art hanging on the wall, and Jordyn Blakely sitting on a chair.

“Oh, you’re up?” Jordyn said. “Christ, you just won’t stop sleeping.”

Mason tried to sit up, but his body just couldn’t respond as he wished it would. He looked at himself, from his bed-bound perspective, seeing layers of bandages, dressings and casts everywhere. “What’s happening? What’s going on?” He asked, urgently. His voice seemed muffled as his face was covered in gauze and medical tape.

“Well someone had a little oopsie,” Jordyn said, as she got up from her chair and approached Mason. “You tried to make friends with a moving car.”

“What?”

“Your clumsy ass got hit by a car,” Jordyn replied testily. “God, don’t be so thick.”

“But why am I...”

“Ugh. Do I look like a nurse? I’ll go get the doctor to explain all the medical junk.” She turned and left the room, leaving Mason even more confused than when he was dreaming.

A few minutes later, very tanned man dressed in scrubs and with bright white teeth entered. “Ah! Up now, are we?”

The doctor then proceeded to describe what had happened. Mason had been hit by a car traveling at low speed, breaking both of his legs, his pelvis, a few of his ribs and fracturing his face and nose.

“Is this the hospital?” He asked.

“Oh no, this is a private clinic,” the doctor said. “Your friend Jordyn has arranged everything.”

“Did they catch the guy who drove the car?”

“I believe they are still looking for them,” the doctor said. “Now, we have some surgeries scheduled for the coming days, including some plastic surgery to restore your face, and...”

“How long is this going to take?” Mason asked. “I have an AP Physics test on Friday.”

“I’m afraid you probably already missed it. A week has passed. I’m sure your teachers will be very understanding and you’ll be able to make up for that later,” the doctor said. “It’s best that you sleep now and take it easy. You’re still recovering from a very serious accident and...”

“Blah blah blah,” Jordyn said, returning to the room. “You’re not paid by the word, for fuck’s sake.”

The doctor gave her a very fierce glare for a moment as he turned away and headed for the exit.

Jordyn was absolutely ignoring his attitude and continued on. “So get comfortable, I guess you’ll be here for a while.” She grabbed a TV remote and set it in his hand. “Good news, I have the whole Texas Teen Queen series all loaded up on the TV thing and ready for watching. I gotta get to school, but you just stay in bed, watch all these shows to your heart’s content and get all comfy and rested and shit, okay? See you!”

In just a matter of moments, Mason was alone, and he wasn’t quite sure any of his questions had really been answered.



Mason spent many restless days in his clinic bed, drifting in and out of consciousness as the doctor completed several surgeries on Mason. He had

been told that his lower ribs had been removed because they were too damaged, and his broken pelvis had been re-set. In a couple of weeks, once healed, he would begin physical therapy to learn how to walk again on his broken legs.

He had never spent this much time in a hospital, nor a clinic, or whatever this was. It was very unfamiliar to him, but he did find that he was well looked after. It was almost like staying in a luxury hotel, if one were a virtual invalid.

Mason's parents had divorced when he was a toddler, and he was then raised by his grandmother until she passed away, and now he was being looked after by his uncle. However, so far, he hadn't shown up. Then again, he hadn't been able to call him yet. He didn't think his uncle cared much about it, though. They didn't have the closest relationship.

His only way to pass the time was to watch the *Teen Queens of Texas* show, which he had practically memorized at this point. The TV device didn't seem to have anything else on it, and it was his only option. He was still really entertained by it, despite the repetition.

Mason fell asleep again, unable to stay awake for more than a few minutes at a time, due to his recovering body. He was drifting off when he heard some noise just outside the door to the room.

"I'm just saying, it's kind of a dump," a girl with long blond hair and a snotty attitude said to Jordyn.

"I keep telling Daddy that we really need to redecorate, but he refuses to pay for it," Jordyn replied. "But when it comes to beauty, I made sure we hired the very best surgeons and nurses."

"Well, I can't deny this place has a good rep," the teenager said, adjusting her pink skirt.

"I had everything done here, and look at me!" Jordyn said.

"So, I guess I have no choice," the girl said with a heavy sigh. "Let's do it. I have the Junior Miss Dallas pageant coming up, and I am not going to lose to that snooty Beatrice Norwood again. I can feel the bags under my eyes getting bigger every second. Where do I check in?"



"Who's that?" Mason asked, seeing the second bed that had appeared in the room. The patient had their head wrapped in bandages, and he couldn't make out any features.

"We have a little bit of a room shortage at the moment," the doctor replied. "I hope you don't mind. She won't be awake for a little while anyway."

"No, I guess I don't mind," Mason replied.

"Poor thing will be recovering for quite a while."

"You sure she's not just getting a nose job or something? I know what you guys do here."

"Don't be so cynical," the doctor said. "That show you watch is getting to you."

"That show is the best thing on TV," Mason said.

"Well..." The doctor lowered his voice. "You didn't hear this from me, but your roommate is kind of a celebrity..."

"Oh?"

"Yes. From that show you watch. Crystal Lynn or something..."

"Gracelynn?" Mason suddenly had intense interest. "No. You're kidding me. You could tell me that anyone was lying over there. No. You're joking. Why would she be here?"

"We have a lot of celebrity clients. Just don't scare her off. She's here to rest and recuperate, just like you."

"Is that really Gracelynn?"

"I've said too much. If Jordyn knew I told you... Just keep it to yourself, okay?"



"Na lie!" Soleil exclaimed in her Nigerian accent, looking over her shoulder at the unconscious girl on the other side of the room. "That's Gracelynn? *The Gracelynn*? From the show?"

"That's what I was told," Mason said. He was still in his bed, as he had been for weeks now, and catching up with Soleil as she had dropped by to talk. "I can't believe it myself, but her mom dropped by to look in on her, and it was the same woman from the show."

"Big Mama Crockett was here?" Soleil said, astonished.

"Shh! Quiet!" Mason admonished. "It's supposed to be a secret!"

Before Mason could even finish his words, Soleil was already walking over to the other patient. "I must see for myself," she said, tiptoeing over. "Looks like she's sleeping."

"No!" Mason said shouting a whisper. "Don't!"

After Soleil looked around where Gracelynn was sleeping, she returned, and sat back down beside Mason. "She dey fully covered with bandages."

"I know, dummy," Mason said. "She hasn't even been conscious since she got here. At least not while I've been awake."

“That’s so mad! The real Gracelynn, right here!” Soleil was still fangirling over the presence of their favorite reality TV star, but she was too stoic to let herself overdo it. “Oh, by the way, I win the election! 78 percent of the vote!”

“Ohmygaaawd! That’s sooo amazing!” Mason exclaimed, beaming with pride. “Now we can, like, raise an army and totally take over the town, right?”

“That’s my number one priority when I take office next year,” Soleil said with her trademark wide, white smile. “You... You don’t actually watch Teen Queens with Gracelynn in the same room, do you?”

Mason was embarrassed. “On my tablet, with headphones.”

“So why she come here?”

“Gotta be plastic surgery,” Mason reasoned.

“Yeah,” Soleil agreed. “Celebrities.”

Mason’s glare was obvious, even through his bandages. “Hey, just because she’s a celebrity doesn’t mean there’s anything wrong with a little touch-up. I mean, she is famous. People expect her to look good.”

“I suppose,” Soleil said with a shrug.

“You suppose? Y’all know that’s the truth!”

“Y’all?” Soleil questioned. “Did you say Y’all? You watching too much of that show.”

“I’m not watching it *enough*,” Mason countered. “When she does wake up, I don’t want Gracelynn thinking I’m some kind of poser fan! I’m learning everything I can about Gracelynn. Did you know she’s been Miss Teen Texas State Fair three times in a row! She’s amazing!”

Soleil had to agree. “Ah, no lie, that one mad o. That’s kinda impressive.” She side-eyed Mason, though. He was acting a little strangely, even for him.



Mason stood unsteadily in the physical therapy room, his legs encased in bulky braces that clicked with every hesitant movement. He gripped the parallel bars tightly, his knuckles white as he tried to keep his balance. Everything felt a bit off—things looked a little larger, with walls and doors taller than he remembered. He couldn’t quite place it, but something about the world seemed... different.

The physical therapist, a patient woman named Dawn, stood beside him, her hands at the ready to steady him if needed. “Alright, now,” she said in her calm, professional tone. “We’re gonna take it slow today. One step at a time, okay?”

Mason nodded, sweat already beading under the bandages on his forehead. His legs felt heavy, unnatural, as if they weren’t entirely his anymore. But he

tried not to focus on that. “I reckon,” he drawled, glancing at the ground as he tried to lift his foot. “This reminds me of that time Gracelynn had to do the balance beam challenge on *Teen Queens of Texas*. She handled it like a pro.”

Dawn smiled gently. “Focus on your steps. Left foot first.”

With a grunt, Mason lifted his left foot, the brace making a soft clank as it hit the floor. His arms trembled with the effort of holding himself up. “You know,” he continued, unable to stop himself, “Gracelynn’s always sayin’ somethin’ smart, like ‘If you ain’t gonna sparkle, don’t even bother showin’ up.’ She’s an inspiration, y’know?”

“Eyes forward,” Dawn instructed, gently guiding him as he took another step. “You’re doin’ good, but let’s keep our focus.”

He sighed, feeling his legs strain under the unfamiliar pressure. “Why is this so difficult? I only broke my legs...”

“And your pelvis,” Dawn said, her hands ready to catch Mason if he made a mis-step. What she wasn’t explaining was that Mason’s legs were now about two inches shorter than they used to be, and his hip bones about an inch wider. In fact, she was under strict instruction not to tell him about that, just as every member of the clinic’s staff had been instructed to leave the details hidden from him. “Let yourself heal.”

“Why does everything seem larger?” He asked aloud, not really expecting an answer.

Dawn’s professional smile wavered for a moment. “You’ve been through a lot. Sometimes things feel different after an injury. But you’re making progress.”

“Progress?” Mason huffed, pausing to catch his breath. “Shoot, I feel less useful than a cactus in a rainstorm. I swear.”



Days later, after his latest round of plastic surgery to reconstruct his face, Mason was lying in the clinic bed, alone except for Gracelynn, who was unconscious about twenty feet away. She hadn’t been awake much. From time to time, the clinic doctor would come in, she would wake up, answer a few questions, and then fall asleep again.

In a way, he was happy she was unresponsive, as he had no idea what to say to her. She was a goddess, a queen, someone you just didn’t talk to. Gracelynn was someone who granted you permission to talk in her presence.

The solitude gave him some time to reflect on his progress. The braces were off his legs, and he was almost able to walk without using the bars. The doctor said that his face was now in a healing phase, and it would be a week or so until the bandages came off.

He didn't have much time to himself, as the doors to the room were flung open dramatically, and Big Mama Crockett was visiting her daughter, and just like she did on the reality show, she made her entrance bombastic and loud.

The clinic door burst open with a dramatic swing, and in came Big Mama Crockett, larger than life, her presence filling the room immediately. Dressed in a stretch pants and a leopard-print tube top, she barreled past Mason's bed without so much as a glance, her eyes locked on her daughter, Gracelynn, lying groggily in bed.

"Well, there's my little Angel Face!" she boomed, strutting over to Gracelynn's side. But the moment she got a good look at her daughter, her eyes widened in concern. "Lord, have mercy, baby girl, what happened to ya? You're lookin' bloated, pale as a sheet, and I don't like it one bit!" She fussed with the blanket, shaking her head. "This bed's makin' you look puffy. Ain't no way you gonna be ready for the Miss Texas Teen Jubilee lookin' like that!"

Gracelynn stirred slightly, groaning in response, but Big Mama wasn't about to slow down. "I mean, we gotta get you back in top shape, pronto! I talked to Coach Bev, she's got spray tans and facials lined up, and your dress fittings are next week. Ain't no one winnin' a pageant lookin' like they been lyin' in a hospital bed too long!"

She paused only briefly before diving into more news. "And *Teen Queens of Texas*? Honey, I swear, the producers are countin' on you for next season! You're the star this year! No more co-starring bullcrap! But you can't be showin' up all puffy like this. They want drama, darlin', big drama, and you gotta be lookin' your best. I told 'em, 'Gracelynn's gonna give you all the drama you want!"

Gracelynn's half-open eyes fluttered as she tried to mumble something, but Big Mama just waved it off. "Don't you worry, sugar! We'll get you back on your diet the moment you get out of here! We'll flush out all that puffiness and get you glowin' again. Now rest up and don't let the nurses boss you around!"

With a dramatic kiss on Gracelynn's pale forehead, Big Mama Crockett swept out of the room as quickly as she came, leaving her daughter exhausted and not have even gotten a word in.

"Where's the doctor?" Mason could hear her shout from outside the door. "He's letting my girl go to waste! Doctor! Where is that doctor? You can't hide from me!"

Mason couldn't believe the scene that had just played out. He felt like he had just lived inside an episode of his favorite show. He looked over at Gracelynn, but she was already out cold. That seemed reasonable to Mason, as even someone like the irrepressible Gracelynn could be tuckered out dealing with Big Mama Crockett.



“This place, like, totally gives me the creeps,” Aaliyah said as she tentatively walked over to Mason’s bed. “I mean, I’ve spent *so* much time in this room, and it’s just, like...” She looked over to the figure in the other bed. “...Is that her?”

“Sure as shootin’,” replied Mason.

“It doesn’t look like her,” Aaliyah whispered.

“Bless her heart, she’s been goin’ through a rough time,” Mason sighed. “The doctors are always hoverin’ around her like vultures. Whatever they’re doin’, I reckon it ain’t workin’ too well.”

“But you!” Aaliyah said, “You look sooo great!” After a brief pause, she added, “I mean, from what I can see of you.”

Mason wasn’t quite as sure as his friend. He had been watching his limbs get thinner and thinner, his body practically wasting away in bed. Even his hands looked slimmer. His chest had also been growing, at a speed that didn’t make any sense to him.

“My chest isn’t weird, is it?” He asked Aaliyah.

“Oh my gawd, bestie, we all grow up at, like, *totally* different times,” Aaliyah said. A statement that was cryptic to Mason.

“I asked the doctor about it and he said the swelling might go down.”

“Enjoy it while it lasts!”

Mason was even less sure what that was supposed to mean. He wasn’t a very good judge of just what had happened to his chest, as lying down masked just how big his chest had become. Thanks to a round of recent surgery, he was now the oblivious owner of C-cup breasts, as they didn’t look too much bigger than what he had become used to, compressed by gravity.

“It’s probably just TV, you know?” Aaliyah added, glancing back at Gracelynn. “They do her hair, makeup, find the best angles... That’s why she looks so good on the show.”

“Girl, please! She’d look good anywhere, anytime. Gracelynn looks good no matter what she does or where she goes,” Mason asserted, defensively. “She is the *moment*.”

“Ooh, listen to you, all assertive and stuff,” Aaliyah said with a catty smile. “She must be, like, rubbing off on you. You’ve been in the same room with her long enough.”

Mason had been thinking how odd it was that as the Gracelynn was lying on the other side of the room, getting quieter and puffier, he was on the other side of the room starting to find a personality and getting thinner. It was like some kind of transfusion was taking place.

“Well maybe she’s given me some motivation,” Mason admitted. “I’m tired of just being some background character. No more people ignorin’ sweet little ol’ me. I earned this. I *deserve* this.” He couldn’t see it on himself, but Mason’s recently enhanced plump lips made a snide little smirk.



Mason strutted confidently across the therapy room, his legs finally free from the braces he had worn for weeks. His steps were purposeful, each one more assertive than the last, though he didn’t notice the sway in his hips or how his walk had become smooth, almost like he was gliding across the floor. He was too focused on proving his point: he was back on his feet, and he was better than ever.

Dawn, his physical therapist, watched closely, smiling to herself. “You’re doing amazing, sweetie. Just take it slow.”

Mason rolled his eyes dramatically, flipping his hair out of his face with a huff. “Slow? Girl, please. I’m walkin’ just fine! Ain’t nothin’ slow about it. I told you I’d get through this. You can’t keep me down.”

He took another lap around the room, his hips swiveling with every step, though Mason remained blissfully unaware of the exaggerated motion in his gait. To him, he was simply walking with purpose, but to anyone watching, it was clear his walk had taken on a much more feminine, almost sassy, quality.

“You’re definitely moving well,” Dawn said, nodding.

Standing next to her was Jordyn, enjoying the moment. She noticed the way Mason’s posture had changed. His chest was pushed out, and his hips led the movement of his legs in a way that was unmistakably graceful.

“It’s still important to pace yourself,” Dawn said. “We don’t want any setbacks.”

Mason crossed his arms, standing with one hip cocked to the side. “Pace myself? Bestie, I’m done pacin’ myself. I’ve been stuck in that bed for weeks. I’m ready to get back to normal. Like, yesterday.”

Dawn smiled patiently. “I understand, but it’s important to listen to your body. You’ve been through a lot.”

“Yeah, well, my body’s telling me I’m good to go.” Mason glanced down at his legs again, frowning slightly. “Except... I know I’m shorter. Like, things are taller than they used to be.”

Dawn remained clinically calm, offering him a reassuring smile. “It’s totally normal to feel a bit off after being off your feet for so long. Your body’s adjusting, but you haven’t lost any height, I promise.”

Mason raised an eyebrow, clearly not convinced. “That’s a bunch of crap. ‘Cause I’ve shrunk. Doorknobs ain’t where they used to be, windows are higher up, ceilings look a mile away...”

“You’re exactly the same height you’ve always been,” Jordyn said into his ear. She couldn’t be seen, but her words came through loud and clear, straight to Mason’s consciousness, like they were his own thoughts. “Five foot four. You’ve always been kind of short.”

“Of course I’ve always been kind of short,” Mason added. He used to be a short, but not painfully short at 5’7”, the same height as Tanner and Alexander. “It’s probably just my mind. All those fool drugs you people keep giving me.” He sighed, swiftly spinning on his toes again and turning to walk across the room once more. His steps were quick and deliberate, yet light and graceful. The sway of his hips and the way his legs crossed slightly as he moved were unmistakably feminine, and sexy.

Jordyn delighted in seeing the fluidity in his stride, the feminine grace that had slipped into his



movements. To him, he was walking normally. To every one else, Mason walked like a woman in heat. She was going to love seeing him back at school like this.

“You don’t care about your height. You’re too important for that,” she whispered to his mind.

“I’m not about to let this slow me down. I’ve got too much to do, and sittin’ around, all delusional about how tall I feel ain’t on the agenda.”

“Keep it up,” Dawn called after him. “You’re doing great.”

Mason shot her a confident smile over his shoulder, his hips still swaying with each step. “Of course I am! Don’t waste my time with that positive reinforcement garbage.”

Mason strutted out of the therapy room, calling an end to the session, and returned to his room. Gracelynn was gone, probably in surgery, he figured. It was the rare moment for him, when he was alone.

He headed for a wall-mounted mirror to look at himself. His face bandages were coming off in a matter of days, if not hours, but the rest of him was

Jordyn watched on from her invisible void, more satisfied than even she had hoped she could be. It was coming along beautifully.



The day finally came for the bandages to come off. “Hold still, now,” the doctor said as he clipped through the bandages on Mason’s face. He was too close, and he was getting a good view of the doctor’s nose hairs and the smell of his aftershave. “Almost there...”

“Can someone get me a mirror?” Mason asked.

“Patience, patience,” the doctor said as continued to clip the bandages.

Over his shoulder, Jordyn looked on, eager to see the results as anyone. “Cut faster!” She said. “You’re so slow!”

“A little space, please,” the doctor told her. She didn’t back away.

The gauze fell away and Mason felt cool air on his cheeks for the first time in weeks. He reached up to feel his face, but his hands were blocked.

“You don’t want to do that,” the doctor said. “I think we still have some healing to do. Maybe another week.”

“Just let me see!” Mason pleaded.

“I... Don’t think that would be a good idea. A lot of deep bruising is still visible, quite a bit of swelling. It might be traumatizing.”

Mason looked at Jordyn for a reaction, knowing if anyone would want to rush things, it would be her and her impatient and temperamental attitude. She

looked like she was given a bowl of clipped toenails to eat. “Ew,” she said, scrunching up her face.

“Nurse?” the doctor said to a nearby woman, who quickly dashed in and started to pad Mason’s face with cotton dressing again.

“Wait! I want to see!” Mason objected.

“It’s for the best,” Jordyn said, patting him on the shoulder.

The nurse went about her task quickly, and soon Mason was wrapped up once again. “This is as unfair as when Gracelynn got disqualified for wearin’ falsies.”

“Not everything is about Gracelynn,” Jordyn said.

“Says you,” Mason replied, testily. He was pouting. “This is so unfair! I’ve been waiting so long! I’ve been lookin’ forward to today because I was finally going to see my face, and I prayed to Jesus every night that my face would be fixed, and I waited and I waited...”

“I have something that will cheer you up,” Jordyn said. “This will help you take your mind off things.” She inserted a disc into a player under the big screen.

Mason was not to be consoled. “I don’t think anything is going to make me feel better. Now I have to be a gol-darn mummy for another whole week...” He fell back onto his hospital bed, sulking.

“Well, wait until you see what I have,” Jordyn said. She started up the video. “It’s a behind-the-scenes documentary all about Gracelynn.”

“There ain’t no such thang,” Mason asserted. “I done looked for one and...”

“It hasn’t been released yet,” Jordyn said. “I pulled some strings and got an advance copy for you.” That was partially true. In fact, she had used her father’s money to bankroll a documentary on Gracelynn herself. It followed Gracelynn’s every move, beginning a month before she had come to the clinic. It was never going to be released anywhere, as it had been made for an audience of one: Mason.

Jordyn wanted him to know Gracelynn intimately. Using this footage, he’d know more about her than anyone did, as it showed every tedious moment of her life over the course of several days competing at her last pageant, talking to the producers of the reality show, and interacting with her larger-than-life mother.

“You’re just trying to make me feel better,” Mason said, not looking at the screen.

“Just look for yourself. Now there are several episodes, almost 100 hours, so...”

“Oh, that *is* her!” Mason said, finally looking at the screen. It showed Gracelynn brushing her teeth. “And it’s really showing everything, huh?”

That's what Jordyn had paid for, after all. It followed her from sun-up to sun-down. The only things it didn't show was her sleeping or taking a dump. "It sure does."

"Oh, uh... Should we be watching this with her in the room?"

Jordyn looked over at Gracelynn, lying motionless on the other side of the room. She knew that after her various surgeries, she wouldn't be fully conscious for a while. In fact, quite a while. "I think it'll be okay."

"Give me the remote," Mason said, holding out his hand. Jordyn usually didn't respond well to being told what to do, but she was all too happy to drop the TV remote in Mason's hand.

She left unnoticed, as all Mason's attention was on the screen.



The camera opened on Gracelynn Crockett in her bedroom, a gaudy shrine to all things pink and glittery. The walls were covered in beauty pageant crowns, framed photos of herself in various glamorous poses, and posters promoting *Teen Queens of Texas*, the reality show that had made her a star. She sat at her ornate vanity, applying makeup with the precision of a professional. Her blonde hair, teased high and voluminous, framed her face like a lioness's mane, while her pink satin robe shimmered under the soft lighting.

She pursed her lips, dabbing on a fresh coat of gloss before flashing a perfect smile at her reflection. Her outfit for the day, laid out on the bed, was quintessential Gracelynn: a pink sequined strap top, matching high-waisted skirt, and her favorite pink cowboy boots, encrusted with rhinestones. She smirked as the camera caught her admiring her ensemble.

"Y'all ready to see how a real queen starts her day?" she drawled to the crew, her voice dripping with her signature mix of confidence and attitude. "Honey, these girls out there? They wish they had half of what I got. Is y'all foolin' yourself thinkin' you could ever match this?" She stood up, striking a pose in front of the mirror, admiring her figure.

She strutted downstairs, where her mother was already at the breakfast table, reading through a stack of pageant flyers. Gracelynn didn't give them more than a passing glance. "You know, Mama, I'm bored," she declared, picking up a strawberry and inspecting it with the same disdain she showed her competition. "Dallas is so done now. I've already won every pageant that matters. I've been on *Teen Queens of Texas*—what else is there for me to do here?"

Her mother raised an eyebrow, knowing full well that once Gracelynn got started, there was no stopping her. “It’s our home, Angel Face. Besides, if it ain’t got a Chick-fil-a, I ain’t movin’.”

“Look at me,” Gracelynn continued, throwing a hand in the air for emphasis. “I’m gorgeous, I’ve got fans, and what do these other girls have? Not even a prayer. They’s all foolin’ themselves, thinkin’ they can compete with me. Please. I need somethin’ new.” She tossed her hair and stood up, her boots clicking as she walked toward the door.

Before she left, Gracelynn glanced back at the camera crew with a wicked smile. “But until then, I’m gonna keep reminding these girls why I’m the best. You can’t outshine the sun, sweetie.”

The camera followed her as she sat to talk on a conference call with the producers of her reality show, her face instantly shifting into a frown. “Y’all keep tryin’ to make it look like I’m fightin’ with the others,” she said, her voice full of irritation. “Listen, I don’t need to fight with ‘em. They ain’t even in my league. I’m the star, the one everyone’s tuning in for, so quit makin’ me look like I care what they think. Is y’all foolin’ yourself?”

“Miss, Crockett,” a voice said from the computer, coming from a production office on the coast, “I understand your concerns and we’d be happy to discuss...”

“I’m done talkin’!” She declared. “Now you’re gonna hear me walkin’!” As she stood up to leave, her boots clacked on the tile floor, the sound as sharp as her attitude. “Y’all need me more than I need y’all,” she shot over her shoulder. “Without me, this show is just sad. Don’t forget that.”

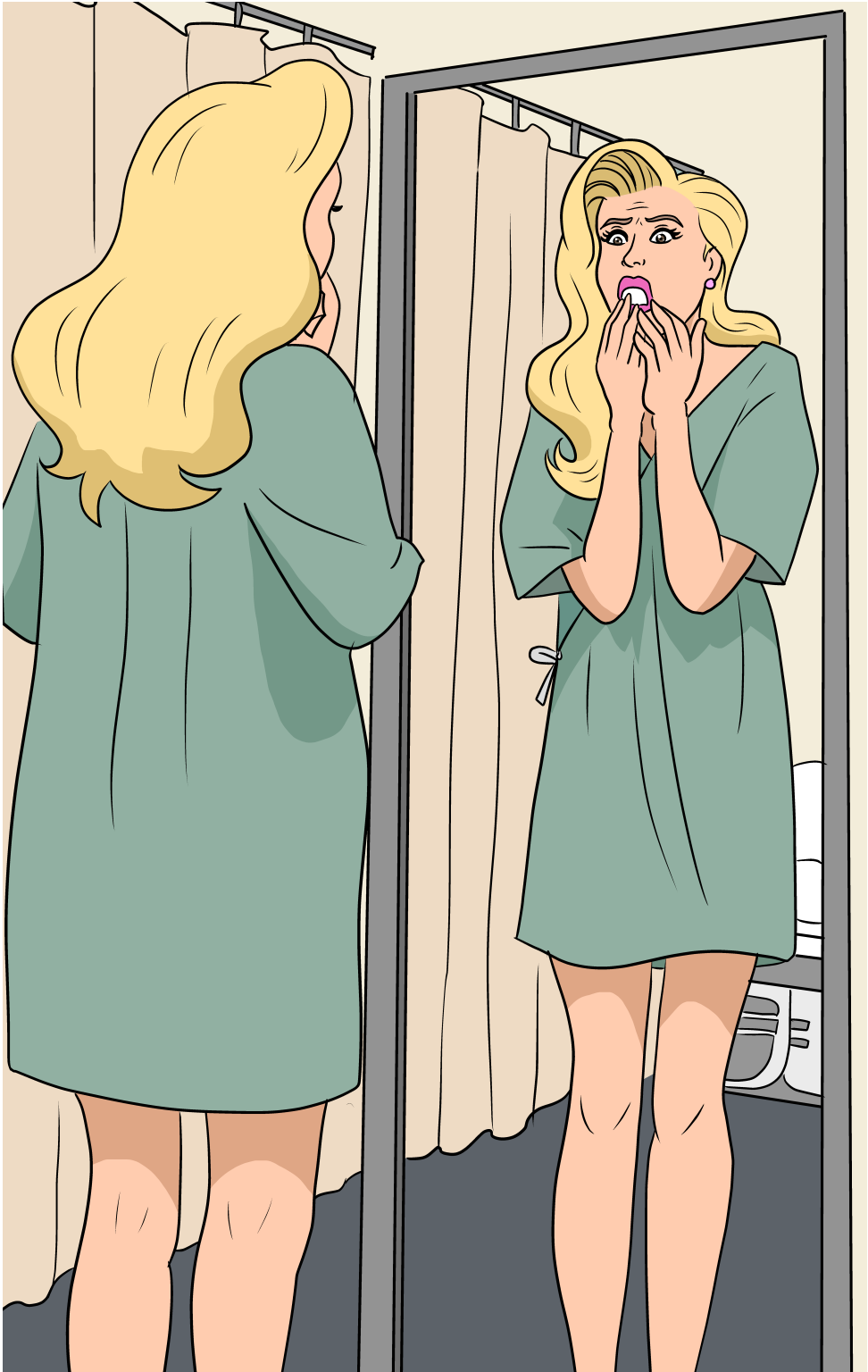
Mason lay in his clinic bed, transfixed by the television screen. He had been obsessing over every word, every look, every outfit. To him, Gracelynn was perfection. Her confidence, her sass, her glamorous life — it was everything he didn’t have.

Mason absentmindedly played with the hem of his blanket, imagining it was the sequined skirt Gracelynn had worn just minutes ago on the show. His obsession had reached the point where he was imitating her—her strut, her mannerisms, her catchphrases. He flipped his hair, though his was much shorter than Gracelynn’s, and pursed his lips the way she did before speaking.

“Is y’all foolin’ yourself?” Mason whispered, mimicking her voice with eerie accuracy.



With memories of pageants, TV cameras, makeup, tiaras, hairstyling and glittery gowns flowing through his dreams, Mason awoke. Five days of watching



the documentary of Gracelynn's life had filled his brain with everything there was to know about her life. He knew her favorite brand of bra. He knew her preference to paint her nails from right to left. He knew that she liked her eggs poached. He knew her first pet was a lizard by the name of Mr. Spits. He knew too much.

As he opened his eyes, his head was spinning, unable to stop all the things he had learned about Gracelynn from taking over his thoughts. However, there was even more contributing to his disorientation. He was on the other side of the room. He propped himself up on his elbows, looking over to the bedside table, where his tablet and his TV remote were missing. In fact, the table itself was missing.

Realizing he was on the wrong side of the large room, he looked over to the other bed. There lay a figure with bandages and gauze wrapped around their head. That was when Mason suddenly realized his head was no longer wrapped up. He reached for his face, and felt his smooth skin. As he did, long hair tumbled into his field of vision. Long blond hair.

He practically leapt out of the bed, almost falling to the ground. Even more hair fell over his face, and he fought to pull it all out of the way to see what was going on. Then, when he could see, he looked down at himself. His torso, now smaller thanks to the removal of ribs, had two huge mounds hanging off him.

There was a mirror a few feet away, and he scrambled to see for himself. He rushed to it, desperate for answers. What he found, he couldn't explain.

There he saw Gracelynn Crockett, teenage beauty queen and reality show starlet, looking back at him. She had the same freaked-out expression he was experiencing. She was wearing the same slate blue hospital gown. She was petite, big-breasted, cute and blond. The Gracelynn he had come to idolize. As he held up his hand to see his long talon-like pink nails on his hand, he was becoming aware that he was looking at his own reflection.

Mason leaned in closer. He had no thoughts to even compute what his eyes were telling him. He backed away, falling back against the bed, stunned into a stupor.

He looked at his legs, smooth and hairless. He looked at his arms, thin and weak, and just as hairless. Now entering a phase of total panic, he yanked down the neck of his gown, looking at the fleshy, jiggling giant globes on his chest. Not only was his skin hairless, but it was smoother, and slightly tanner.

Mason looked back at his reflection again. Although he was farther away, it was even more bewildering. The girl leaning against the bed for support was him. He looked like a girl. He looked like Gracelynn.

He looked *exactly* like Gracelynn.

He had her lips, her eyes, her cheeks, her hair, her nose.

Staggering back to his feet, he walked over to where the other figure was resting. There was no way to know who was there because of the bandages covering her face, but he had to believe it was the real Gracelynn — although she looked fatter, her chest was smaller, her skin pale and hair short and brown.

But it had to be her. She was Gracelynn. It was the only person it could be.

“Gracelynn, you’re up!” the nurse said, coming into the room. “We didn’t expect you to be awake yet! Why don’t you have a seat and I’ll go tell the doctor.”

“I’m not Gracelynn!” Mason started to say, but his voice trailed off as he heard the words come from his mouth. They came out in a strange high-pitched tone he had never heard before. Well, he *had* heard it before — coming from Gracelynn. He watched the nurse leave, his plea ignored.

“I just heard you’re awake,” Jordyn said running into the room. “It’s about fucking time!”

“Jordyn!” Mason said in his new voice. “Look at me! I look like Gracelynn!”

“Well, yeah, I would think so. Since you *are* Gracelynn, genius. What kind of drugs did they give you?”

“No, no, no! I’m not Gracelynn! I only look like Gracelynn!”

“And sound like her, act like her, and are sleeping in her bed. Is this a prank? Are you trying to pull some kind of fucking prank? Because I *detest* pranks.”

“You don’t understand! This isn’t me! I don’t know why I look like this! I’m... Mason!” That pause was quite possibly the longest he had ever had to pause when recalling his own name. In that moment, he began to doubt himself. ‘Mason’ seemed like a name he wasn’t quite as familiar with as ‘Gracelynn.’

“I don’t have that many friends, Gracelynn. So I think I’d know if I...”

“C’mon, Jordyn! Don’t let me down. Y’all know...” He paused. “You all.” I don’t say ‘y’all.’ I say ‘you all.’ No, I don’t even say that... I...”

“Is the nurse getting the doctor?” Jordyn asked, starting to show concern in her usually dead eyes. She turned around and headed towards the door. “I’ll make sure he’s coming.”

“Jordyn!” Mason called, trying to stop her with his uselessly outstretched arm, only to freeze it, seeing the inch-long hot pink nails affixed to his hand.

At least, he thought it was his hand. Everything was up grabs right now. He had no idea who he really was. He couldn’t recall coming to this side of the room. He couldn’t recall the moment where his hair became so long, blond and thick. When he thought about who to call to get help, the first name that came to mind was Big Mama Crocket... Who wasn’t his mother.

“Oh, I see we’re up!” the doctor said, entering the room, trailed by Jordyn and the nurse. “Ah, it must be nice to be on your feet again. But why don’t you have a seat so I can...”

“No! It’s not me! I mean... I’m not me... I... I’m Mason!” He pointed to the figure on the other side of the room. “I’m supposed to be over there!”

The doctor was all smiles. “Of course you are! Of course. Why don’t you sit down and we can talk about it.”

“Y’all believe me, right? I’m not Gracelynn! She’s not me! I’m not her!”

“And what makes you say that?” The doctor said, with practiced calm. He continued to advance on Mason, forcing him to back away, right into his hospital bed.

“I’m not a girl! I’m... Mason. I’m a man! You know me, I came here to recover from the car accident!”

“Alright, alright. Let’s just talk, and we can try to figure out what’s going on, Gracelynn.”

“I’m not Gracelynn!” Mason shouted, or to be more accurate, shrieked.

“I know you’re nervous. Anyone in your place would be.”

“I’m not nervous, I just need answers!” Mason replied with a wild, panicky look in his eyes. “What’s happening to me?” Before he even knew it, he was seated on the bed, and the nurse was gently pushing him back into it, covering him with a blanket.

“No need to worry. Everyone here is your friend.” The doctor had obviously dealt with panicked patients before. That was why a syringe with a dose of lorazepam in it was always within arm’s reach.

“Where’s Gracelynn? Where is she? She was in this bed!”

“You are the only one who’s been in this bed,” the nurse said from behind the doctor.

Mason blinked rapidly, trying to focus. He was Mason. He wasn’t some semi-famous TV star and pageant queen. Gracelynn was confident, radiant, unstoppable. Mason wasn’t anything like that. And the pageants — those had always been her life. A flutter of excitement replaced some of the panic as a distant memory surfaced of standing on stage, a crown being placed on her head — his head. No, her head. Gracelynn’s head.

“Wait, no...” Mason’s voice wavered, the panic briefly returning. “I’m not... I mean, I don’t...” His thoughts twisted, fragmented. His childhood felt hazy, almost like it wasn’t even his own. But the memories of Gracelynn’s life? Those were sharp, crystal clear. Every gown she wore, every competition she won, every time she strutted across a stage — it all felt like his life now. No, *her* life.

“You’re nervous about your big surgery, everyone understands that,” the doctor added.

“Surgery? But I’ve already had so many surgeries!” Mason objected, as he was gently held in place.

“Well, it’s time to do the operation you came here for. To remove that unfortunate birth defect.”

“Birth defect?” He had no idea what the doctor was talking about. “I don’t have a birth defect!”

“It’s very important to you to win those pageants.”

“Yes, of course!” Mason replied, unaware that he was answering the way Gracelynn would. “Pageants are Gracelynn’s life!”

Jordyn leaned forward, her voice soft but firm. “You’ve always been Gracelynn. Pageants are your world. You live for the stage. You love the crowns, the attention. This surgery will only help you reach higher. It’s who you are, Gracelynn. You were born for this.”

Mason gripped the arms of the chair, his chest tightening. The panic was subsiding, but a wave of confusion washed over him. Who was he? Gracelynn? Mason? The pageants, the gowns, the lights — they were all so familiar. She couldn’t remember anything else. Her own face, Mason’s face, was gone from her mind. All that remained were Gracelynn’s memories.

She glanced at Dr. Thompson, her voice soft now, almost defeated. “I... I think I want the surgery.”

Dr. Thompson smiled warmly, pleased with her decision. “Good, Gracelynn. You’re making the right choice. This is the life you’re meant to live. It’s who you are.”

As he nodded, Mason had to try and figure out which thought was relevant. The thought that he was Mason, a guy, and terrified that surgery was going to take his manhood away, or the thought that he was Gracelynn, a beauty pageant winner, future Miss America, and being stunningly feminine and worshipped like a queen was her only real goal in life.

“I don’t... I’m not...” He had to think. “It *is* what I want,” he finally said, giving into his stronger urge.

He stood up, looking at his reflection in the mirror across the room. The flawless blonde hair, the wide eyes, the pouty lips — it was all her. She was beautiful, and she was going to win. She had to win. That was what mattered. The world needed Gracelynn Crockett.

“Beauty is my life,” she whispered to herself, her reflection smiling back at her. And she believed it. Fully, completely.



“Will you *stop* taking selfies?” Aaliyah said, exasperated.

“Oh, I like that one. It really captures my good side,” Gracelynn said.

“Which side be your good side?” Soleil asked.

“Any side y’all see,” Gracelynn replied with a smug little smile. She took another pic, lying in her clinic bed, with duck lips.

“C’mon!” Jordyn whined. “The doctor said we can go! You’ve been in this clinic for weeks! Don’t you want to get the fuck out of here?”

The young blond girl shrugged. “Of course I do! But my social team has been begging for pics of me in the hospital. I gotta get as many as I can. People want to know what Gracelynn’s been up to all these weeks!”

“You have enough!” Jordyn declared.

“Sorr-eee,” Gracelyn said, swiveling herself to get out of bed. “That time of the month, bestie?”

“Let’s just get out of here,” Jordyn commanded. “I’m bored out of my fucking mind.”

The group of life-long friends had all collected at the clinic to pick up Gracelyn as she ended her extended stay in the clinic after her accident. Just as in the appearances of Aaliyah and Soleil, by this time all the members of their group now only remembered Gracelynn, and none remembered Mason. That included Mason himself.

Gracelyn took off her hospital gown, revealing the body that surgery had created. Two round, firm globes of flesh were resting comfortably in a C-cup bra — half from inserts, half from hormones. Her panties clung to her wide hips as if they were a part of her skin, from the tight fit over her hip bones to the taught snugness on her new mound.

She picked up the outfit she had nearby and put it on. Her pink spaghetti-strap top with sequins was on point for the Gracelynn everyone knew. It was terribly small, but it fit her perfectly. She stepped into a pink leather miniskirt to match the top.

“Jesus Christ, hurry up!” Jordyn complained.

“Hold yer gol-durn horses!” Gracelynn replied.

She pulled a pair of sequin-studded pink cowboy boots into range and then stepped into them. Her feet fit to perfection in the boots, almost like she had worn them all her life. A procedure called “Cinderella Surgery” had reduced Mason’s feet by four sizes, and added some fat to the bottom of his feet to make walking in heels easier. After all, Gracelynn was likely to wear heels for

the rest of her life. Even if her career as a reality TV star or beauty pageant contestant faded, she would always have work as a foot model.

“Hold this for me?” She asked Soleil, as she gave her a mirror.

“How much longer...” Jordyn grumbled.

“It takes as long as it takes!” Aaliyah said. “Not all of us have someone to do this for us!” She said to Jordyn.

“Then *get* someone.” Jordyn said, as if it were that easy. “Where’s Tanner?”

“I think he’s out in the hall.”

With Soleil holding the mirror up for her, Gracelynn made a check on her face and hair, which looked incredible. She added two pink hoop earrings in her pierced ears and took a breath. “All set!” She declared with a smile. There was no doubt in anyone’s mind that the girl in pink was a beauty pageant winner and a TV star. She had star quality written all over her, a girl who was ten levels above ordinary beauty.

In other words, as stunning as Jordyn, Aaliyah and Soleil.

“Angel Face!” Came a loud, booming voice from behind them. They all turned to see Big Mama Crockett herself stampeding at them like the advance of the 7th cavalry. “You’re on your feet!”

However, her advance was abruptly halted, as her black boots came to a stop. She looked confused, uncertain and unsure of herself. She turned her well-coifed head, looking at the girl resting in her bed on the other side of side of the room. She didn’t know why she felt the need to pay this ugly, plain girl any attention but she did. She seemed familiar, in an odd kind of way.

“Mama!” Gracelynn called out, as she petulantly stomped her pink cowboy boot on the floor. “You’re late!”

That snapped the woman out of her moment, and looked at the familiar, beautiful girl in front of her, the petulant, short-tempered monster she had created — her daughter, Gracelynn Crocket. She opened her arms and launched herself at Gracelynn, engulfing her almost completely, smooshing the poor girl’s face into her plush, mammoth breasts.

“My Angel Face is back and ready to show all the haters!” She proclaimed. She was unspecific about who these haters might be. “I was so worried! But you’re back and better than ever!” She finally pushed her daughter away to let her get a few breaths. “Now we have so much to do! We have to get back to Dallas and and...”

“I’m stayin’ here, Mama!” Gracelynn said. “I don’t want to go back to Dallas no mores!”

“Nonsense! You’re talking nonsense, girl! We’ll talk about this on the plane.”

“No, Mama! I ain’t goin’ back to Dallas! I like it here! I’m stayin’!”

“You are not in your right mind!” Big Mama quickly escorted Gracelyn out of the room. “You are not fit to make any decisions! Listen to your mama!”

Outside the room, Tanner was shaken as his several minutes of waiting patiently in silence were suddenly shattered by the clatter of high heels, a shouting match between Big Mama and Gracelynn and the girls skittering behind them as they left. He was clutching at his heart as they exited, barely able to survive the onslaught on his senses. He watched them go as he caught his breath, as Mason walked out of his life and into Gracelynn Crockett’s .

“Still out here?” Jordyn asked from behind, causing Tanner to jump in his heels. “You afraid to see Gracelynn in her panties?” She teased. “What a nerd.”

“Some people need to be the center of attention, I guess,” Tanner fired back. “I’m just picking my moment.” He stood up a little taller in his high heels. He wanted to stand up to Jordyn’s constant stream of insults, but had no idea how odd he looked as a teenage boy wearing pantyhose and heels and his face heavily made up.

“That’s weak,” Jordyn stated, without emotion. “You’re still too timid.” She made it sound like a known fact, not a jab.

A door at the other end of the hallway opened and a couple came into the hallway, escorted by the doctor. Tanner was sure he’d seen them before. They seemed so familiar, yet he couldn’t recall where he’d seen them. As they and the doctor talked, Tanner kept tracking them, trying to place their faces.

“She’s going to be a little sore for a few days, but she’s on the road to complete recovery,” The doctor said as he escorted them down the hall.

“I’ve been so worried,” the woman said.

Tanner noted they were heading to the patient recovery suite Gracelynn had just exited. He had to guess that they were the parents of the girl in the other bed. Yet, he had no idea why he knew these people so well.

After the couple had entered into the patient’s room, Tanner walked over to look through the small porthole window. They hugged and kissed the girl laying there, indicating they were her parents, and relieved to see her, but that didn’t seem right. He knew these people, and in the vague connections in his foggy mind, he had the sense that they were not that girl’s parents.

“What’s going on?” he said aloud.

“What do you mean?” Jordyn replied. “Obviously that other girl’s parents are here to see her.”

Tanner popped open the door slightly to listen in, as they huddled over the girl.

“Don’t worry your mother like that, sweetie,” the mother said, fighting through some tears.

“You look great,” the father said. “They really can do some fantastic things in medicine these days, can’t they?”

“Stop fussing over me, guys,” the patient said. “I just want to go home and sleep in my own bed again.”

“Problem?” Jordyn asked Tanner, stepping in between him at the window.

“No...” Tanner still couldn’t put what he was feeling into words. “I... The... Never mind.” He turned away and headed down the hallway to the exit. “We better catch up with... Uh... What’s her name... Gwendolyn... No, Gracelynn.”

Jordyn was not liking what she was hearing. She had busted her ass making her very own Gracelynn to add to her entourage. She had been a fan of Gracelynn for years, and now Gracelynn — or a flawless facsimile of her — was in her clique. It had been exhausting getting all the parents adjusted to their new daughters, and vice-versa. Convincing them as well as Soleil, Aaliyah and Tanner that Mason had always been Gracelynn had been exhausting to the point of collapse and had nearly burnt herself out in the process. She had been hoping for at least a couple of days of rest before she had to take care of Tanner, but now she couldn’t risk waiting.

“Get some pics of you leavin’ the hospital, Angel Face!” Big Mama Crockett said as they reached the lobby.

“Good idea, Mama,” Gracelynn replied. She started taking some selfies of her at the front door, blocking the way for everyone while she posed and smiled for her camera. “Mmm-hmm!” She said, as she thrust her butt back and pushed her new boobs out. “Tell the doctor he does great work,” she said to the staff at the front desk. “I’m never gonna lose another pageant.”

“And think of the ratings!” Mama Crockett added.

“Wait ’til they get a load of me,” Gracelynn said to her phone. Soleil and Aaliyah had to roll their eyes a little, but they were used to their little fame monster making outrageous statements like that. After all, they had been best friends for years.

As Tanner and Jordyn caught up to the rest of their friends, Gracelynn thrust the doors of the clinic open and strode outside. “Look out, y’all!” she shouted into the air. “Gracelynn Crockett’s back and if you think you can stop her... Y’all foolin’ yourself!”

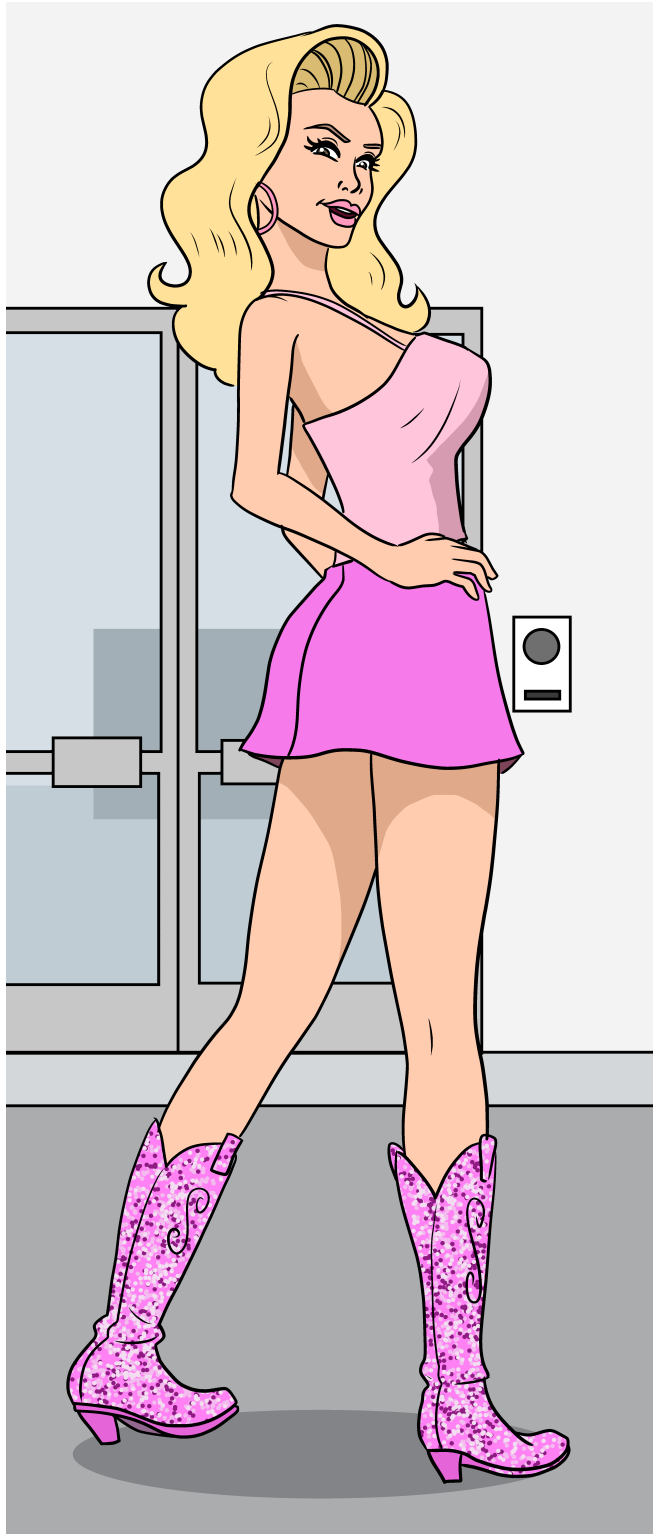


Tanner walked behind his friends at the mall, his heels clicking like a metronome in a broken symphony. He wore black stiletto pumps that he’d somehow, at some point, gotten used to. His long legs, thanks to the smoky black pantyhose, were on full display, framed perfectly by short black leather

shorts that he kept tugging at—like somehow, this time, they wouldn't ride up. They always did. He passed a store window, catching a glimpse of his reflection, and for a brief moment, he wondered where he had lost control.

It had to be Jordyn. It just had to be. Tanner knew that whenever she was around, he'd make these crazy decisions that made no sense at all. He just wanted to walk right up to her and tell her to piss off. Yet, here he was. Looking at his reflection, he felt ridiculous.

Long, dark hair cascaded over his shoulders, brushing against his neck, and his makeup — black eyeliner so sharp it could cut glass — made his eyes look darker, sultrier. "Who is this person?" he thought, though the question didn't quite reach his lips. Instead, he pressed them together, noticing how glossy they looked under the mall lights. He was standing still, staring at himself,



when Aaliyah's voice broke through.

"Tanner! Come check this out!" she called, holding up a rainbow-colored crop top that looked like it had been designed for a Barbie doll's night out. "Isn't it so cute?"

Tanner hesitated for a second, watching her shimmy in front of a mirror, her bouncy blonde ponytail swaying in a way that should have been nauseating but somehow wasn't. Aaliyah was always like this: chirpy, bright, and oblivious to everything outside of her immediate surroundings. She was always like this. Always.

"Yeah, it's cute," he said. "If you're trying to attract a perv for a boyfriend." He glanced down at his all-black outfit again. The heels, the smoky pantyhose, the shorts — pieces of this puzzle that didn't quite fit.

Gracelynn, standing a few feet away, smirked. "It's totally you, Aaliyah," she said, not indicating if that were a good or bad thing.

Soleil, always calm, always controlled, nodded in agreement as she flipped through another rack of clothes. "Yeah, with those boots wey you buy last week? You go look fine die," Soleil added, the suggestion slipping out like it had already been agreed upon. "You know, that silver ones now."

"Yah!" Aaliyah said. "Totally!"

Tanner shuffled closer, his heels clicking out a rhythm that seemed to be the soundtrack to his whole existence these days. He joined the group, nodding along, though part of him — the part that wasn't entirely sure why he was here — felt like he was missing something. Something big. Something like: why on Earth was he dressed like this?

"You should at least get *something*, Tanner," Aaliyah chirped, turning back to him with an excited look in her eyes, as if she had just discovered some groundbreaking secret.

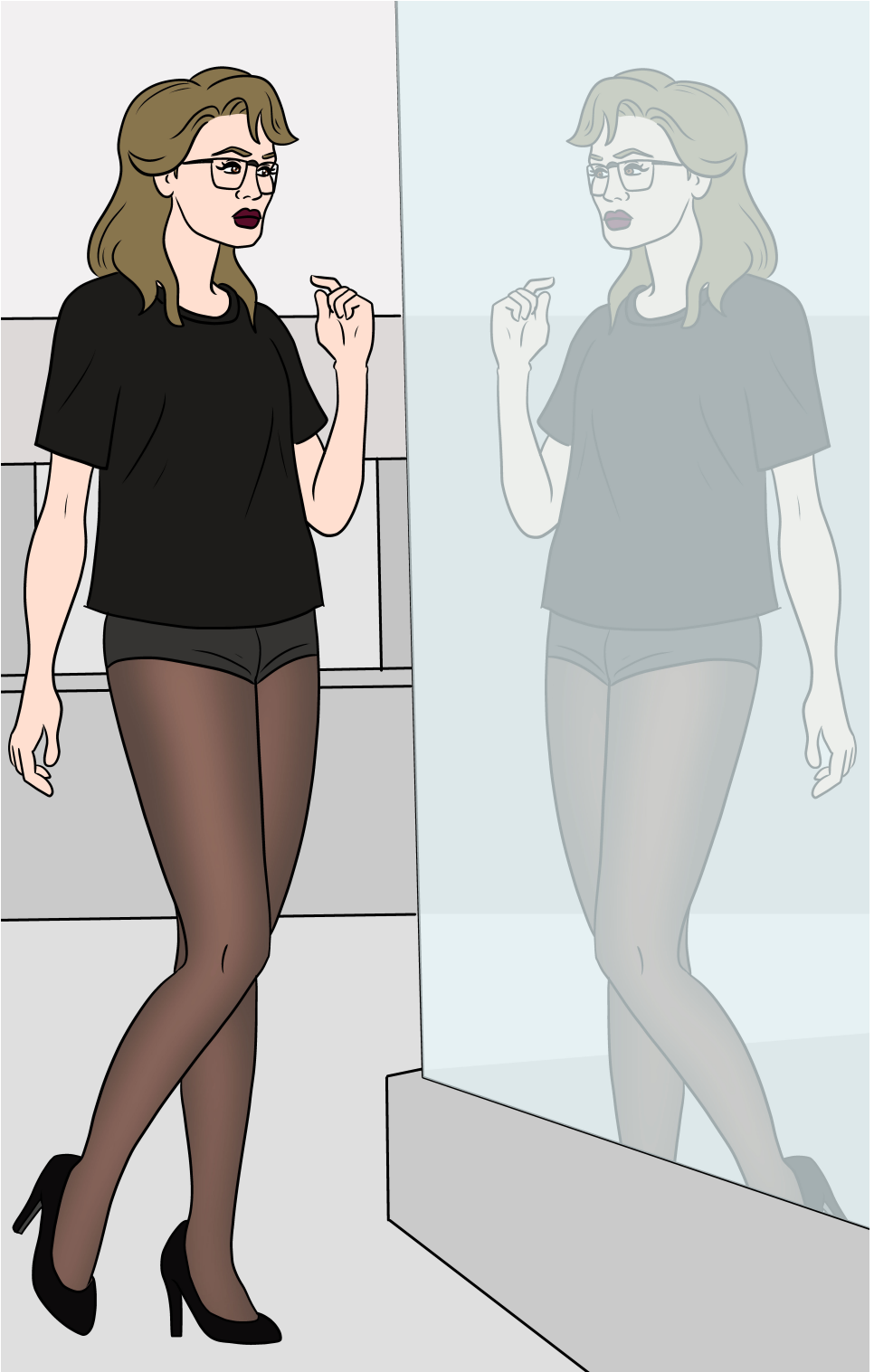
"This is the women's section," he felt the need to point out. He put his hands on his hips and thrust them to the side in a sassy way. "And I don't wear women's clothes." Except for the pantyhose, the shorts and the heels, that is.

Tanner caught another glimpse of himself in the mirror, his long hair perfectly in place. For a second, the thought that this wasn't really him flashed in his mind, like a rogue meteorite passing in the night sky deep in the desert.

"Let's hit the shoe store next," Jordyn said, taking the lead as always. "Tanner, you're going to find something fabulous today."

"If I wear it, that *makes* it fabulous," he replied. He wasn't quite sure where all this sass kept coming from.

Tanner fell into step with them, his heels clicking once again as they moved forward. The odd feeling in the pit of his stomach — that faint tug of something being off — was still there, but it was quieter now. Easier to ignore.



He glanced at Aaliyah, who was already discussing her latest fashion finds with Soleil, and felt a sense of familiarity settle over him. It wasn't the words they were saying that felt comforting. It was the sense of familiarity between them.

As they headed to the shoe store, he glanced back one last time at his reflection, the smoky eyes, the short shorts, the heels, and smiled faintly. This was him, as he had always been, wasn't it?

Tanner sat on the plush bench in the shoe store, watching as Aaliyah and Gracelynn tried on heels that shimmered like they were dipped in sequins, glitter and fairy dust. Aaliyah twirled in front of the mirror, her hair bouncing as if it had a life of its own, while Gracelynn inspected herself with the precision of a girl who'd spent far too many hours perfecting the art of "flashy casual." Soleil, ever calm, sat nearby offering advice, acting as the queen of shoe diplomacy.

Tanner watched them all, nodding and offering the occasional half-smile, but his mind wasn't in the store. No, it was stuck in the last few months — a hazy blur of mornings spent in front of a mirror, afternoons comparing outfits, and nights obsessing over whether his eyeliner was as sharp as it should be.

It had started small, a flicker of something he couldn't name. At first, it was just noticing how the girls at school always seemed so put together. Their skirts sat just right on their hips, their tops looked effortless yet stylish. It wasn't long before he went from observing to competing. He didn't just want to look like them, he wanted to outdo them. If they looked good, he needed to look better. That thought crept into his mind one morning, and once it was there, it dug in its claws and refused to leave.

He remembered standing in front of his closet, staring at rows of clothes that felt suddenly wrong. Baggy, boxy, old. Every once-familiar item felt like an affront to his newfound sensibilities. It wasn't long before the purge began. Hoodies, jeans, bright-colored t-shirts — they all had to go. There was no rhyme or reason to it, just a steady gnawing in the back of his head that said, *What if you wear something that isn't in style? What if someone looks better than you? What if you wear something... That isn't black?* He never figured out where these fears came from, but his trash bags filled with old clothes faster than he could process his new paranoia.

As Aaliyah admired a pair of rhinestone booties, Tanner's thoughts drifted to his morning routines, which had slowly evolved into what could only be described as full-blown choreographed production numbers. A simple glance in the mirror turned into hours spent layering smoky eyeshadow until it was like her eyes were burnt in with a firebrand. If his lips weren't just the right shape, he'd wipe everything off and start again. Then again. And again.

It wasn't that he wanted to spend his mornings fighting with liquid liner and makeup brushes, it was more that he was terrified of what would happen if he didn't. *What if he wasn't sexy enough? What if he didn't look alluring?* There

was this strange voice in his head, a voice that didn't sound like his own but that had somehow moved in, unpacked its bags, and made itself at home.

Aaliyah turned to him with her usual cheerfulness. "Tanner, what do you think? Do these, like, look good?" she asked, twirling again as though she hadn't already decided they were fabulous.

Tanner blinked, snapping out of his thoughts. He gave her a soft smile, nodding. "They look like something you'd wear," he said, though his mind was far from the shoe store.

He glanced down at his own heels, black and sleek, perfectly in line with the rest of his all-black ensemble. And yet, that unease, small and persistent, was still there. Like a stone in his shoe he couldn't quite shake out.

"Alright, that's it," Jordyn said sharply, cutting through the chatter the girls were making. "Allie, wear whatever. Soleil, Gracelynn, do your thing. I'm taking Tanner. Don't wait for us."

Aaliyah pouted, but didn't argue. "Fine, but I'm texting you all my outfits later, Tanner!"

Gracelynn shot Tanner a playful smile. "Good luck."

Tanner blinked, caught off guard. "Uh, okay?" he mumbled, watching as Jordyn beckoned him with a commanding wave.

"I am not taking this one more second," Jordyn said.

"Taking what?" Tanner asked.

"Taking any more of *you*," Jordyn clarified. "This reluctance. This hesitation. This constant daydreaming." She grabbed him by the arm and steered him down another wing of the gargantuan mall. "Haven't I shown enough patience? It's been six freaking months."

"Of what?"

"Of pretending I like hanging out with a bunch of nerds!" She said. "I deserve to have friends more like me. Sophisticated. Cultured. Gorgeous. Vicious. My kind of friends."

As they walked, Jordyn barely said a word, and maintained the sharp gaze of someone who had a plan. Tanner was still being tugged along by the arm, unsure but unable to resist her control. Eventually, they stopped in front of a chic boutique. Jordyn smirked.

As they stepped inside the boutique, Jordyn turned to Tanner with a calculating smile. "It's time to finish you off," she said, her eyes gleaming with something Tanner couldn't quite place.

Tanner blinked, confused. "What are you talking about? Jordyn, you have got to stop huffing nail varnish."

"Hi there," Jordyn said to the girl at the counter. "I'm here for a makeover."

The girl didn't even look up. "We're full up, I can see if we can take you as a walk-in..."

"You clear the schedule. Kick everyone out." Jordyn dropped a short stack of twenty-dollar bills on the counter. "Now."

"I mean I can see if..."

"Now," Jordyn repeated, but this time with the kind of gravity that made it seem like lives were on the line.

As she watched the girl scramble to the back, Jordyn let out a soft laugh, her perfectly manicured fingers tracing her chin as if pondering how to explain the obvious to her semi-captive companion. "Tanner, sweetie, you've been becoming me. Haven't you noticed?" She motioned toward his reflection in the boutique mirror. Tanner stared, eyes widening as he took in his long dark hair, flawless makeup, and chic, all-black outfit.

"What?" Tanner whispered, the realization hitting him like a cold wave. He couldn't understand how he hadn't noticed before. It was like a veil had been lifted from his mind. How could he not have noticed? It was as if there had been some kind of mental block to prevent him from seeing the obvious. He looked like Jordyn. *Just* like Jordyn.

He had the same makeup, the same all-black outfit, the same heels, the same smoky black pantyhose.

Jordyn nodded, looking pleased. "Slowly, but surely, you've been becoming just like me. And you're almost there. Look at you! You're practically a reflection of me already." Her eyes sparkled with amusement. "All that's left is to finish it."

Tanner stood frozen, his heart pounding. He had followed Jordyn's suggestions for weeks, but this — this was something else entirely. He hadn't realized he'd been slipping into her image all along. How could he have not seen something so obvious? And why hadn't anyone else noticed? No one said anything. How?

"Oh, you look so worried. But don't," Jordyn added, her voice smooth, "being me is the best thing that could happen to you. And I hate seeing wrinkles on my face. Which is also your face."

Tanner was panicking, as one would expect. "I... I should... I mean, Mom said she had a big dinner planned and... It's my turn to empty the trash... Big TV night..."

"But the stylist is already working on you," Jordyn said.

Taking a second look at his reflection, he saw himself seated in a hairdressers' salon chair, a hairdressing cape around his neck, and his long hair already wet. Another one of those time jumps. They seemed to happen a lot with Jordyn around.

"How do you want it?" The stylist asked Tanner.

“He wants it just like mine,” Jordyn answered for him. “Every single strand.”
“How’s that with you?” The stylist asked Tanner.

The answer took a minute. He could now see everything. How he was being manipulated into becoming Jordyn’s clone. How she had been working on his for months, softening him up. Talking him into the heels, the shorts, the hair, the makeup... He was being turned into a girl. A sexy girl. A girl just like Jordyn Blakely. His identity was being stolen. Or, maybe more accurately, his life was being re-written in Jordyn’s image. He was even acting like her. He was saying the kinds of things she would say in that conceited, dismissive way she spoke.

Now, with his mind unclouded, he could recall the looks he was getting from people. How some boys at school were drinking in his legs, while others looked somewhat horrified at his increasingly feminine look. He was mortified that he was parading around, looking like he did, yet he couldn’t help but think that he looked better this way, and was enjoying the attention — good or bad.

Worse yet, he was getting turned on by the attention. He’d found himself taking extra time to pick his books from his locker, knowing that eyes were on his butt, showcasing his fleshy toosh as he bent over to swap his stuff. He’d smile knowingly to himself, giving cold, icy, Jordyn-like looks at the guys around him who he knew had stolen more than a glance. He’d be sure to brush by the guy who was giving him the most attention, letting them get a whiff of his perfume, and shampoo fragrance. Teasing guys was turning him on.

Looking at his reflection in the salon mirror, he was forced to admit that he was not the person he used to be. He was beautiful. He was attractive. He was a walking wet dream for any cis guy who crossed his path. He has spent many mornings wondering if he should just stop binding his chest and let his boobs fly free. He had been hiding them for months, hoping they might go away, but now he knew the truth: they were his. They were meant to be there. They were beautiful. In a nice, flattering bra, he’d be a knockout. If guys liked his ass, they’d love his tits.

This was his moment. This was the opportunity to stop all this. He couldn’t let himself become overwhelmed by Jordyn and her strange influence. Tanner might lose himself entirely. He would not become Jordyn’s clone.

“Hun? Do you want your friend’s hairstyle?” The stylist asked, having been patiently waiting for a reply.

“No,” Tanner said, looking at Jordyn with fierce determination in his eyes.

“And we’re finished,” the stylist replied. “Look! Twinsies!”

He was shaken as his mind caught up with present time, surprised — but somehow *not* surprised — that he was two hours into the future. A future where his makeup, nails and hair had already been completed.

How could he fight it? How could he fight something he didn’t understand? He was powerless.

“You’ve never looked better,” Jordyn said, pushing her head into Tanner’s reflection. “Because you look just like me!”

“So cute!” The stylist said with an adoring smile.

“You’re upset,” Jordyn said, reading Tanner’s expression. “Ugh. Understandable, I guess.”

“I don’t want to...” Tanner was about to say it, the most urgent thing he had ever said. He didn’t want to be Jordyn’s twin. He wanted to be himself.

But he stopped himself from saying it. He had to. She would just convince him otherwise. He was still himself, but this spoiled brat could change him all the way. He might just lose everything about himself if he spoke aloud the urgent, searing things that were screaming inside his fevered skull.

“What’s that?” Jordyn asked, waiting for Tanner to finish his sentence and pounce on his independent thought and tear it to shreds.

“I don’t want to look like some kind of nasty tranny,” Tanner said, trying to match Jordyn’s snark and snotty attitude. “My nose makes me look like a trucker.”

“Hmmm. I suppose we can fix that later,” Jordyn said, with a grin. “Amongst other things.”

She bought it, Tanner thought to himself, relieved. But what were these ‘other things’? He could only ponder what she meant.

“If you’re done admiring yourself, although I wouldn’t blame you, we do need to get going,” Jordyn said.

He slowly rose up from the chair, truly staggered by what he was seeing in the mirror. Tanner was now Jordyn’s duplicate. Yes, some minor things were slightly different, but he had the same hair, makeup, nails, legs, heels and even earrings as Jordyn did. *When had the earrings been done?* He wondered. Well, he figured with Jordyn’s control of him, she could have had it done to him at any time. Maybe months ago. Maybe he didn’t even notice until now. Maybe they were done in the last minute. He simply had no idea.

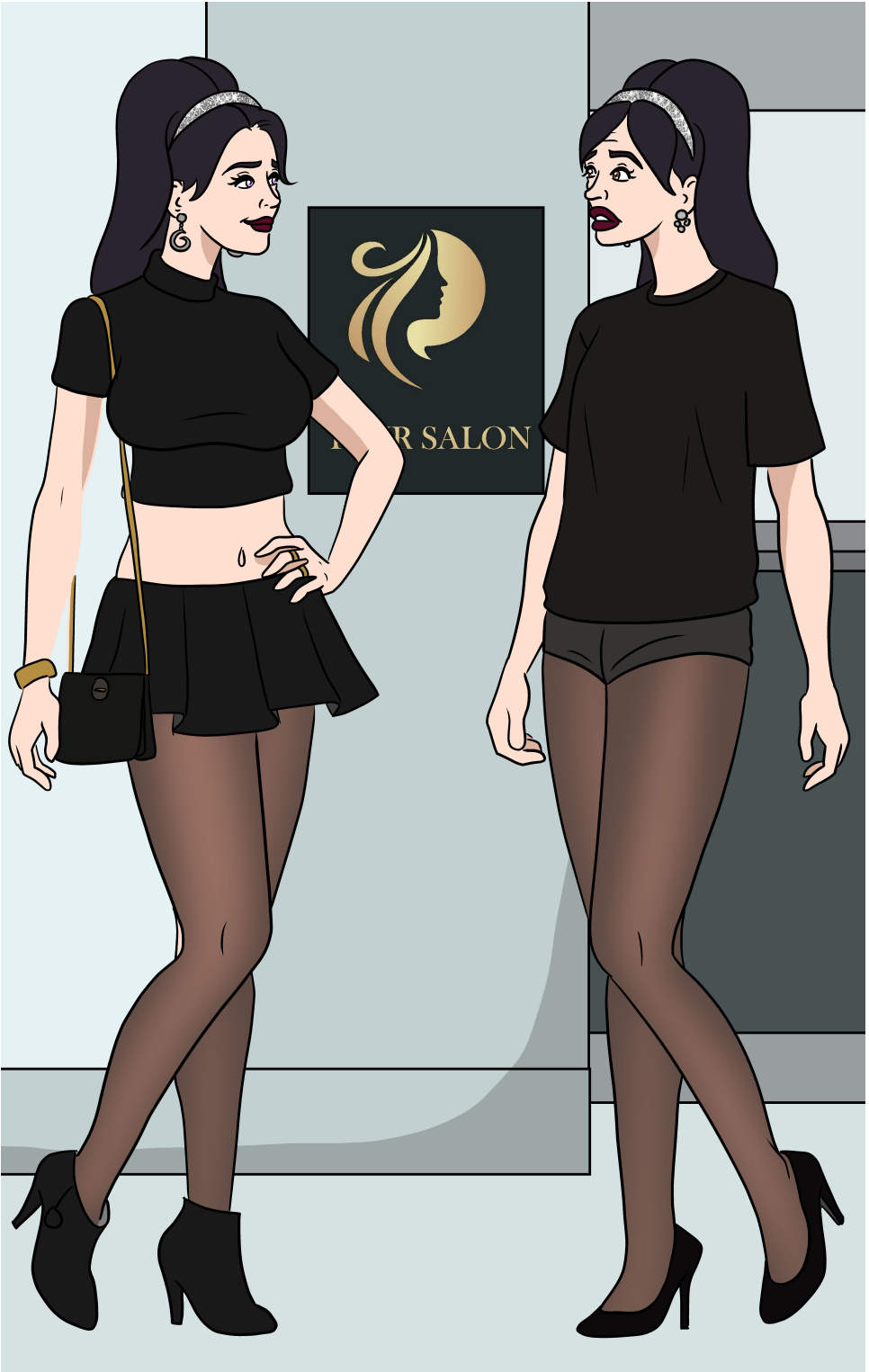
What he did know, as he stood up beside Jordyn, was that he was still looking into a mirror when he was looking at Jordyn. He was eye-to-eye with her. He stood presenting the same profile, the same silhouette. The same makeup. The same high-fashion black outfit. The same everything.

“You’re staring,” Jordyn said. “It’s creepy.”

“I just can’t believe you’d wear that skirt,” Tanner said. “I’d only expect to see something that tacky in a leather bar in Croatia.”

“Pardon?” Jordyn replied, at a loss for words.

“It just makes you look bad. And now, when you look bad, I look bad.”



The expression on Jordyn's face indicated that she didn't know what to make of these comments. It was what she had hoped for, the same kind of attitude she had, but was it too soon? Was it genuine?

"Shut up," she told her doppelgänger. "You don't know what you're talking about." She turned and headed out, pausing only momentarily to await Tanner at her side.

Tanner let out a dramatic sigh and strode towards his new lookalike with the kind of purpose Jordyn did. They continued to walk, side-by-side as the continued down the thoroughfare of the mall.

"See everyone staring? Drink it in. It's delicious." Jordyn's smug look of superiority was even more brilliant than usual. It was understandable. She had just gotten everything she'd ever wanted. "Everyone is stunned. Stunned and jealous."

"But a twin?" Tanner replied. "I mean, it's fun for now, but you're going to get so bored of me."

"Eventually," Jordyn agreed. "That won't be for a very, very long time. I've always wanted a twin. People are so... Disappointing. A twin is someone finally up to my standards."

"Up to your standards?" Tanner said, noting that their stride and their heels were matched up, hitting the floor at the same time, clicking and clacking loudly. "Maybe I'm better."

"You're never better than the original. Oh, by the way, your name is now Londyn. Ending in y-n. Like me."

"Londyn? How droll."

"Jordyn and Londyn," she said "It's perfect. I think you'll find that no one remembers who Tanner ever was. Thank me later."

"*Londyn*. I suppose I have to get used to it." Tanner caught the look Jordyn gave him, a look that implied that she could make him get used to it if he made it difficult. "I suppose it'll do," he said, hoping to maintain the air of spoiled rich disaffected teenage suffrage he hoped to convey. Now he had lost his name. He wondered what else Jordyn would take away from him.



After exiting the limousine, Tanner followed Jordyn up the winding walkway to her family's estate, the tap of his heels echoing against the stone path with each step. The nervous tightness in Tanner's chest hadn't eased since they left the mall. Every bit of his existence felt strange, wrong, and an abomination against God and nature and the universe.

As they reached the front entrance, Jordyn threw open the heavy double doors like she owned the world, which, in a way, she did. Inside, the grand foyer smelled faintly of lavender, polished wood and crisp dollar bills. Jordyn's parents were exactly what he was expecting they would be — her father with a laptop with green and red lines on the screen, tracking stocks, her mother relaxed on a couch, dressed like she was going to the opera, a cocktail in her hand.

“Mother, Father,” Jordyn said breezily, flashing a smile. “Londyn's here.”

Tanner stiffened, waiting for a reaction—something, anything, to acknowledge how absurd it was that he had just been introduced as a girl that hadn't existed until half an hour ago. But there was nothing. Not a flicker of surprise, not a second glance.

“The girls are home, dear,” the woman on the couch said, presumably Jordyn's mother. “Londyn, darling, don't slouch,” she said, her voice dripping with haughty disdain.

Jordyn's father glanced up briefly from his screen, gave a curt nod, and returned to scanning his data. “Cook says dinner is at six,” he muttered, as though Londyn had always been part of the family.

Tanner stomach twisted. This was wrong — so wrong. But no one else seemed to think so. He fought to find his voice, but it felt trapped somewhere deep inside, tangled in confusion and disbelief.

“Come on,” Jordyn whispered, looping her arm through his and steering him toward the staircase. “We need to go to *our* room and dress for dinner.”

Tanner followed without protest, his heels clicking softly against the marble steps as they ascended. His body moved almost on its own, and felt as though it didn't belong to him anymore—and maybe it didn't.

They entered Jordyn's bedroom, the door clicking shut behind them. “Have a seat,” Jordyn offered. Tanner collapsed into the chair by the vanity, hands gripping the edge as if it were the only thing tethering him to reality.

“What's happening?” he whispered, voice barely audible. Tanner shook his head, panic leaking in from the edges of his mind. “I...” he began, but the words faltered. Who am I?

“You get the left side of the bed,” she said. “I've always preferred the right.”

Tanner looked at the gargantuan bed against the far wall, with ornate gold French provincial flourishes. It was big enough to sleep a small village. “Sleep... *Together?*”

“Of course,” Jordyn replied. “We're sisters. We're *both* girls. What's the problem?”

Tanner was about to say something about how he wasn't a girl. How he couldn't be trusted to keep his hands to himself in bed with such a gorgeous

girl. But the truth was he was as much a man as spam was a gourmet meal. In fact, he hadn't felt any stirring in his loins for months. His penis — last he looked at it beneath the duct tape that was keeping his front flat — was tiny and almost down to a nub. He wasn't a man in any real way, and he was not feeling any attraction to Jordyn. Much to his shame, all he felt was jealousy.

"No problem," he said, keeping up his attitude. "As long as you don't hog the sheets." He noticed that there were two vanity desks next to each other, which Jordyn had put there for the both of them. He sat down on one of the vanity stools.

Jordyn took the seat beside him and looked over with a smirk that practically screamed superior. "Well, Londyn," she drawled, her voice smooth and laced with arrogance, "you've got the look down. But let's get one thing straight: you're not just a look-alike. You're me. Act like it."

Tanner flicked his hair over his shoulder, mimicking Jordyn's exact move, her lips curling into a smirk. "Obviously. I mean, have you seen me? We're basically perfection." He glanced at his reflection again, arching an eyebrow. "Anyone who doesn't get that can choke on their jealousy."

Jordyn gave a sharp laugh, clearly pleased with the attitude. "Exactly. But let's not pretend this is just about looking good. You need to keep it together. Especially in front of mother and father. They might look clueless, but trust me — they'll catch on if you slip. And I do not have time for you to mess this up."

Tanner scoffed, rolling his eyes. "Oh please. As if they'd notice anything. They're too busy living their bougie lives." Tanner shifted slightly on the stool, trying to keep his altered voice even. "But I don't get it. If you're so in control of everything, why would they even care?"

Jordyn smirked, leaning forward, as if about to share a juicy secret. "Because, Londyn, I made them who they are now, but that doesn't mean they've stopped thinking. Dad was a total finance flop before I stepped in. Now he's basically the king of Wall Street, thanks to my little nudge." She gave a knowing look. "And Mother? God, she was sad. Some washed-up hypnotherapist who thought she was doing some kind of service to losers. Now, look at her: all silk, diamonds, and brunches with socialites. And who made that happen?"

Tanner smirked, raising an eyebrow. "Um, let me guess... you?"

Jordyn grinned, leaning back in her stool like a queen surveying her kingdom. "Exactly. I made them into something worthwhile. And now? I'm doing the same for you. But—" She gave Tanner a pointed look. "If you don't keep up, they'll notice. I've turned them into what they are, but they're not idiots."

He was barely able to disguise the terror he was feeling, knowing that any misstep might result in some kind of mind-wipe, but Tanner huffed dramatically in response to Jordyn. "Oh my god, relax. I can handle it. Do you see me? Who's going to question this?" He gestured to himself with a smug

grin. “I look better than any of the girls at school except Aaliyah, Soleil and... scratch that, *all* the girls.”

Jordyn’s eyes gleamed with approval. “That’s the attitude. But just because you’re gorgeous doesn’t mean you can get lazy. You’ve got to act the part every second. We’re twins now, remember? We’re a package deal, and no one should be able to tell us apart.”

Tanner let out a short, sarcastic laugh. “Please tell me again, it’s not boring at all to hear the same thing over and over.” He tossed his hair again, giving Jordyn an exaggerated, haughty look. “I plan on being just as unbearable as you.”

Jordyn smirked, clearly delighted. “Good. And don’t forget, everyone is watching. Someone will definitely ask questions if you screw this up.”

Tanner grinned wickedly, his eyes gleaming. “Obviously. We’re basically untouchable. I mean, who’s going to stop us? These public school wannabes? Please. We run that place.”

Jordyn leaned back in her stool, crossing her arms with a smug smile. “Slip up, and this little empire I built for us? It could all fall apart.”

Tanner tilted his head, giving Jordyn a devilish grin. “Don’t worry, sis. I’m not gonna slip up. I was made for this.”

Jordyn’s smirk deepened. “Good. Now let’s get ready for dinner. We women wear dresses for dinner. It’s a Blakely tradition.”

“Show me to your closet,” Tanner said.

Walking over to some double doors, Jordyn flung open the entrance to the massive closet, revealing endless racks of designer dresses, skirts, and shoes — all in black. The sheer size of it made Tanner catch his breath. He tried to play it cool, but the glint in his eyes betrayed him. He was overwhelmed with racks and racks of clothes that screamed wealth, style, and power.

“Welcome to *our* closet,” Jordyn said smugly, watching Tanner’s reaction with satisfaction.

Tanner swallowed, torn between horror and a strange, undeniable excitement. These were all like straight-jackets for his increasingly authentic sense of insanity, yet a small, silent part of him was dying to try everything on.

“Now let’s get this off,” Jordyn said, whipping the black ribbed tee off Tanner. Jordyn leaned in close, brushing his long hair aside. “You’ve been hiding, Londyn,” she whispered, “but now it’s time to see the truth.”

With a calm, practiced hand, she reached for the small scissors on the vanity and snipped through the bandages wrapped around Tanner’s chest. The soft fabric unraveled, slipping off in pieces onto the floor.

Tanner’s let out a small, feminine yelp as the cool air touched his bare skin. He stared at himself in the mirror, unable to look away. His chest — soft, round



teardrop globes that were unmistakably feminine — was fully revealed. His trembling hands moved instinctively to cover them, but there was no hiding the truth now.

“See?” Jordyn whispered, her voice low and triumphant. “You’re gorgeous, sis.”

Tanner stared, heart racing, panic rising like a tide. He touched the gentle curves of his chest, the delicate slope of his collarbone, the smoothness of his skin. This is real, he thought, horrified. His reflection looked back at him, not with the face of Tanner, but with the face of someone new. Londyn.

“What,” he whispered, his voice shaky. “This — this isn’t me.”

Jordyn rested a hand on his shoulder, her nails lightly grazing his skin. “Of course it is,” she murmured. “This is who you are. Doesn’t it feel good to finally see it?”

Tanner shook his head, but even as he did, he felt a strange sense of familiarity settling over him, as if the body in the mirror had always been his, even though every part of his mind screamed otherwise. He could feel his identity — Tanner — scratching and clawing from inside of him, fighting to stay afloat in a sea of femininity. But that was going to doom him. It might be the end of his life as Tanner. For now, he had to let Tanner go, to save him.

“You were hiding behind those bandages, holding onto something that wasn’t you,” Jordyn said, her voice soft but insistent. “Look at you.” She leaned closer, her lips curving into a sly smile. “You’re perfect.”

Londyn pushed her chest out proudly. “Please! I knew that already.” The new girl smiled at her reflection, satisfied and smug. “Was there any doubt?”



Londyn sat alone at their table in the crowded lunchroom, watching the boys staring at her out the corner of her eye, as she touched up her lipstick. Jordyn was doing something-or-other at the office, and the girls had yet to arrive, but it was nice to have a moment without her. They had been practically joined at the hip for the past month, and it was sometime a little suffocating. Oddly, though, Londyn found herself missing her twin sister a little right now. She had grown quite used to her being around.

Londyn was leaning forward with a mirror perched against her black 3,000-dollar purse, leaving both long-nailed hands free to dab at her lips with the lipstick wand, making a very suggestive “o” shape with her plush lips. She was amused thinking about all the angry girlfriends watching in the lunch room, angry with their boyfriends for staring. Well, who could blame them, really? She was so much prettier than any of the other girls backwater low-security prison they called a school.

Satisfied that she had hit all the spots she needed to repair her lips, Londyn put the wand away and smiled at herself in the mirror, blowing herself a kiss. She hopped a little in her seat to re-smooth the underside of her flippy little black skirt, knowing it would cause more than a few hearts to skip a beat. Londyn had worn a pair of thigh-high black stockings today, inviting the eye to dwell on that sliver of flesh in between the stocking tops and hem of her short skirt. Her block booties were a thousand dollars when she bought them yesterday at the mall, and looked to be a wise investment if the envious looks from the other girls were any indication. She especially liked these, as they had a four inch heel, which was quickly becoming her favorite height. They made her legs look so good.

The showstopper, though, was the super-tight short-sleeved thin black sweater that she was wearing, which hugged her perfectly round breasts as if they had been vacuum-packed. Even the nub of the nipple could be seen, if one stared long enough. And plenty of boys were staring long enough.

She was very careful to place her long hair just right over each shoulder, allowing her to draw even more attention to her amazing boobs.

Of course the secret to looking good on the outside was her underwear shaping her already impressive body. A good-fitting bra did wonders for her profile. Even better was a snug, uplifting bra with gentle lace and smooth silk that caressed her smooth skin. Londyn wasn't quite sure exactly when it happened, but she highly suspected that her sister had planted a suggestion in

her mind to become obsessed with frilly, expensive underwear. At first, she had been angry with her, but it wasn't long before she felt like thanking Jordyn.

Sexy undies had become a passion, and wearing the softest, most ornate underthings felt amazing. She loved spending whole afternoons buying and trying on bras, slips, panties, garter belts and more. She was in heaven in silk, lycra, satin, nylon garments. She sought out only the thinnest, sheerest and softest she could find. Now, she didn't want to spend a moment without her precious new unmentionables on — even in bed.

She knew it was all something that had been forced on her, but at least she hadn't lost anything. She still remembered everything bout Tanner, even if she wasn't sure it mattered anymore. She much preferred spending her time thinking about the here and now, of her new life and being Londyn Blakely — and showing off for the guys.

This behavior had been producing unfamiliar feelings in Londyn. Even now, as she pretended to be oblivious to the sexy gestures she was making, she felt a little heat inside her sweater. She was beginning to feel stronger sensations whens he was around boys. Cute boys, at least. Her breathing became a little more labored, her skin a little more tingly.

She but her lip as she got herself under control.

She took a glance at the low-calorie breakfast bar in her purse and ignored it. Instead, she reached for her mascara to tend to her lashes. That seemed like a far more productive use of her time.

“Did you hear what that slut Madison said about Amber’s trampy outfit?” Aaliyah’s voice was loud as she and the girls approached Londyn, deep in gossip as usual. “Like, seriously? She called it *cheap*.” She laughed. “Cheap? And I was like, ‘Girl, look at your knockoff bag.’”

Soleil rolled her eyes dramatically. “Abi now? As if Madison get any right to talk when she dey carry fake Gucci up and down. I



almost feel bad for Amber, but I just remember say she call me too skinny last week.”

Gracelynn let out a short laugh, flipping her glossy curls over her shoulder as they all reached the table. “Honestly, it’s hopelessly tragic. Some people just can’t be helped.” She gave a dismissive wave as she sat down next to Londyn.

The three girls looked as glamorous as ever. Aaliyah was all energy, her blonde ponytail bouncing as she moved, perfectly complimenting her pleated skirt and cropped top, the spring variant of the school cheer outfit. Her nails were immaculately painted, glittering under the cafeteria lights as she popped open her compact to check her lip gloss.

Soleil, the picture of calm confidence, wore her signature bold style—a shap blazer and matching high-waisted miniskirt that hugged her figure perfectly. Her long, dark hair was draped straight behind her back, her gold hoops glinting as she pulled out her own compact to touch up her mascara.

Gracelynn, of course, looked like she had stepped straight off a reality TV set. She wore a tight sequin top and ballerina skirt, under a puffy pink coat with a faux fur trim. Every piece of her outfit was designed to draw attention. Her skin glowed, her dark eyes flicking to Londyn with a knowing smirk as she pulled out her compact and began fixing her lashes.

“Londyn, you won’t believe it,” Gracelynn started, glancing up from her compact. “I finally convinced Big Mama Crockett to let me stay.”

Aaliyah gasped, her eyes wide as she almost leapt out of her seat. “Wait, really? How did you do that?”

Gracelynn gave a smug smile, leaning back in her chair. “Please, I reminded her I’m her meal ticket. A reality TV star? A beauty pageant winner? Future star? I pay the bills, and she knows it.”

Soleil let out a laugh, shaking her head. “Girl, you too much o! But for real, Big Mama dey lucky to have you. Without you, she no get anything happening at all.”

Aaliyah nodded in agreement, touching up her blush. “Totally. You’re basically her golden goose now. She better keep you happy, or her fifteen minutes are over.”

Londyn smiled, watching the girls easily fall into their routine, gossiping and touching up their makeup as though they were on a movie set, not in a high school cafeteria. She could barely keep up with the whirlwind of words and beauty products flying around, but it was impossible not to be swept up in it. It felt like she had been doing this forever, and for a moment, she forgot that she hadn’t always been part of this world.

It was also easy to forget that none of the gorgeous girls started out the year as female. They used to be lonely little nerds doing their nerdy little things, but

now they had become these beautiful, gifted, vivid, lively young ladies with a life of excitement and opportunity in front of them.

They were so much better off. They really were. Who wouldn't want to be beautiful, powerful and fabulous. This was a good thing. Alexander, Mason and Saul, were nobodies going nowhere.

Aaliyah giggled as she re-applied her lip gloss, leaning in closer to the group. "Yo, did y'all see Tobi at that party last night? Like, she's trying to be everywhere now, thinking she's the shit."

Soleil rolled her eyes, shaking her head. "Abeg, that one just dey waka anyhow like say she don arrive. We all know say she just dey force herself into everything."

Gracelynn nodded, flicking her hair over her shoulder. "Facts. Girl was out there in some tragic dress, acting like it was designer or something. Meanwhile, that hair? Please, looked like her stylist is a scarecrow."

Londyn raised an eyebrow, playing with the ends of her hair. "That's so on-brand for her though. Trying to fit in, but like, completely missing the vibe. Girl doesn't get it."

Aaliyah let out another laugh. "Right? She needs to hit us up for some outfit inspo before she keeps embarrassing herself like that."

Soleil grinned, adjusting her braids. "No worry, next time we go any party, we go remind her say she no be anybody here. We're the ones running things."

Gracelynn snapped her compact shut, flashing a satisfied smirk. "Exactly. Some people need to learn where they stand."

Aaliyah, twirling her blonde ponytail, smirked as she glanced at Gracelynn. "Girl, I don't know how you're out here talking about Tobi's hair when you're still rocking that bouffant from the 80's."

Gracelynn raised an eyebrow, unfazed. "Oh my God, Aaliyah. It's pageant hair. It's my job to look like this. At least my outfits aren't from the school laundry. Your whole look screams 'desperate for jock cock.'"

Londyn chimed in, flicking her hair over her shoulder with a playful grin. "Both of you need to chill. But Gracelynn, sweetie, sequins are so last year."

Soleil leaned back, smiling as she watched the back-and-forth. "Make una rest abeg. All this talk, and Aaliyah no go even notice she dey recycle the same outfit every day."

Aaliyah gasped, her hand flying to her chest in offense. "Um, excuse me? I can't help it if I'm representing the cheer squad."

Gracelynn snickered. "Representing? Babe, I can smell the sweat of fifteen girls who have worn that uni. It's almost as strong as the smell of desperation coming off you."

Londyn let out a catty snicker, looking Gracelynn's way. "Says the girl who spends half her time in front of a mirror practicing her catch phrase."

For a moment, the girls all exchanged icy stares, like wild beasts about to start a vicious fight to the death. But that didn't last long as they all burst into laughter, trading catty grins and fixing their makeup.

"But seriously, Soleil, you gotta stop dressing like you're the chairwoman of the United Nations," Jordyn said, plopping herself down next to Londyn. "You're only the student body president for *next* year."

The smiles quickly stalled. "Hey, Jordyn," Aaliyah said, before turning all her attention to her makeup repair, as did Soleil and Gracelynn. The temperature at the table dipped at least fifty degrees.

"Anyway, sorry I took so long," Jordyn said to Londyn.

Londyn beamed, practically glowing. She hated it when Jordyn wasn't around. "Finally! You took forever. I was starting to think you had ditched us."

"I thought about it," Jordyn replied with a wave of her hand, "just kidding." She leaned in closer to Londyn, her voice buzzing with excitement. "So, we're hitting downtown after school, right? I've been dying to grab that new designer Judith Lieber bag from the boutique. It's so exclusive."

Londyn's eyes lit up. "Oh my God, yes! And I need new heels. I saw this killer pair of Louboutin stilettos that would, like, totally slay with my outfit for the party next weekend."

Jordyn laughed. "We're going all out. I mean, why not?"

Aaliyah cleared her throat awkwardly, breaking her silence. "Um, what store are you guys going to?"

Jordyn didn't even look her way. "Oh, you wouldn't know about it."

Gracelynn shifted uncomfortably, glancing at her nails. "Right. Sounds... fun."

Londyn, completely caught up in the excitement of planning with her twin, couldn't restrain her excitement. "We're gonna totally kill it this weekend, Jordyn. Just wait 'til everyone sees us."

Jordyn smirked, glancing briefly at the other girls. "As if anyone could compete."



With Jordyn insisting on five more minutes for the past half hour, Londyn decided to start her day by heading to the kitchen for a morning bite to eat. This was no light task in the Blakely household. It was a walk down the long upstairs hall, walking down the wide flight of stairs to the foyer, walking through the parlor to the dining room, and then through the back hall to the

kitchen, and finally, though the kitchen to one of the three refrigerators. In her first few days at the mansion, she felt like she needed to leave bread crumbs to find her way back, but now this was all too familiar to her. It was home.

As she fed some hair back behind her ear and leaned against the fridge door, dressed in a pair of satin tap panties and a matching top, she deliberated between a carrot or a stalk of celery. She didn't want to do both, that would be slovenly. A Blakely girl set certain expectations, after all. Being rich and being thin were just the minimum that was expected.

Standing in the Blakely family's gleaming kitchen, she poured herself some water with a wedge of lemon in it. She swirled her drink in a crystal glass, as if she were about to enjoy a snifter of brandy. The soft morning light filtered through the towering windows, casting a warm glow over the marble countertops. Londyn couldn't help but admire the perfection of it all. This was the kind of life she deserved — luxurious, elegant, and utterly out of reach for anyone who wasn't her. She smirked with satisfaction at the thought.

The sound of sharp heels echoed through the hallway, and Mrs. Blakely entered the kitchen, already dressed in a perfectly tailored suit, not a hair out of place. Her eyes flicked over Londyn, narrowing slightly.

"You're up early," Mrs. Blakely said, her tone sharp, her gaze calculating. She didn't bother with pleasantries.

Londyn shrugged, leaning casually against the counter. "I could say the same about you, Mother." She emphasized the word with a smirk, knowing it would hit a nerve. "What's got you out of bed so early? Off for a mysterious rendezvous?"

Mrs. Blakely's lips curved into a thin smile, though her eyes remained cold. "Actually, yes. I have a private appointment at the boutique. Something for the charity gala next week."

Londyn's eyes glinted with amusement. "Ah. One of those events let you play concerned citizen in front of your friends."

Mrs. Blakely raised an eyebrow, unimpressed. "At least I have friends to impress, dear. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have better things to do than entertain you."

Londyn's smirk widened, leaning in ever so slightly. "Actually, I was thinking I'd join you. You know, mother-daughter bonding over couture?"

Mrs. Blakely paused, her eyes narrowing even further. "And why, exactly, would you want to come? Jordyn can barely drag herself out of bed before noon on the weekend, and yet here you are — suddenly inquisitive about my morning plans."

Londyn gave a light, mocking laugh. "Please, I'm not Jordyn." She examined her nails, a dismissive gesture. She had learned her lessons well, speaking the

language of the idle rich: accusing phrases, catty remarks, self-interest at all times. Yet, in her own way, she was reaching out.

Mrs. Blakely's smile was thin, full of suspicion. "Are you after something?" She tilted her head, watching Londyn with hawk-like eyes. "A Blakely never does anything unless there's something in it for us."

Londyn met her gaze coolly. "Believe it or not, I just thought it might be amusing. But if you'd rather embarrass yourself by choosing another boring gown, be my guest."

Mrs. Blakely sighed, rolling her eyes. "Fine. But let's not pretend this is anything other than you trying to worm your way into my plans. Be ready in ten minutes."

Londyn shot her a smug grin, gliding upstairs to change. She slipped into a sleek black dress and strapped on some heels, taking her time to perfect her look. By the time she returned, Mrs. Blakely was already in the limo, waiting with a look of mild impatience.

Londyn slid into the seat beside her, the atmosphere thick with silent disdain.

Mrs. Blakely glanced over, eyes scanning Londyn's outfit. "Well, you've certainly dressed quickly for the occasion. I suppose that sort of talent will come in handy when you visit a fraternity."

Londyn smirked, adjusting her always perfect hair in the window's reflection. "I am my mother's daughter."

Mrs. Blakely's eyes glinted with cool amusement. "Just don't embarrass yourself trying to keep up. Dress shopping in a boutique isn't like grabbing rags off the rack at H&M."

Londyn leaned back, her voice dripping with condescension. "Don't worry, Mother. I'm prepared to learn whatever it is that you have to teach me. If anything."

The new girl knew she had passed a kind of test. She could see the look of satisfaction in her mother's eyes, indicating that she was a worthy sparring partner. It made Londyn feel a strange sense of pride, like she was truly a part of the Blakelys. Still, she knew so little of her new family.

As the limo glided smoothly down the road, Londyn turned toward Mrs. Blakely, her curiosity piqued. "So, Mother," Londyn began, her voice sweet but edged with an underlying snark, "If I remember correctly, Jordyn mentioned something about your past... something about you being a hypnotherapist? Before, you know, all this." She gestured around the luxurious interior of the limo with a dismissive wave, her expression laced with mock curiosity.

Mrs. Blakely raised a perfectly manicured eyebrow, as if amused by the question. "Ah, yes," she said, her tone light, though Londyn could tell she was enjoying the attention. "I was a hypnotherapist once, back when we were, let's

say... less well-off. I used to have quite a promising career, actually. That's how I met your father."

Londyn's smirk deepened. "Really? Father needed hypnosis? For what? His self-esteem?" Her words were coated in sarcasm. "He could never have been in need of more ego."

Mrs. Blakely let out a short, amused laugh, clearly unbothered by Londyn's attitude. "No, darling. He came to me trying to quit smoking. I had quite the reputation for helping people with their little... weaknesses. One session led to another, and well, here we are. We got married, had Jordyn... And you... And then struck it big in the financial markets."

Londyn raised an eyebrow, intrigued. "And what was it like? Being a hypnotherapist, I mean. Doesn't really seem like the glamorous life you have now. So unbecoming a Blakely."

Mrs. Blakely's smile grew a bit more indulgent, surrendering herself to her memories. "Oh, it wasn't a glamorous life by any means, but I was quite good at it. I had developed a technique — a very unique one, actually. I could implant suggestions in people without them even knowing it. Imperceptible little nudges in their minds. They'd walk away thinking they were making their own choices when..." Before she could say more, the limo slowed to a stop in front of an exclusive boutique. Mrs. Blakely smiled, brushing off the tale as easily as she'd brush off a dim sunbeam. "Enough about that, dear. Time for something far more interesting — shopping."

Londyn put on her best smile, an honest smile, eyes gleaming. "Of course. I do love to spend."

"We both do, dear. It's what we women were made for, as Jordyn likes to remind me."



Jordyn and Londyn strode down the crowded school hallway, their black heels clicking in perfect sync against the cheap, worn linoleum floor. Really, they seemed like they should have been striding down the red carpet at a movie premiere. Both dressed in impossibly expensive matching short black skirts and sleek tops, their every movement mirrored the other's. Their dark, glossy hair swung in unison as they navigated through the throng of students, their identical heels giving them a commanding, almost predatory presence. Girls passing by threw nervous glances in their direction, knowing that any eye contact could earn them a cruel comment, and be cast into the eternal blackness of unpopularity.

"Sis, why do we even go to this hellhole of a school?" Londyn asked her constant companion. "A private academy would suit us so much better."



“Yes, it would,” Jordyn replied with a dramatic sigh of despair. “But the best schools share their information, you know. You get thrown out of one school, and they all know about it.”

“Oh?” Londyn asked, curious. “What did you do?”

“Nothing!” She protested. “Absolutely nothing! Just a little celebration in my room, there may have been some drinking, a few guys, a few sailors from the docks, a small fire and... They’re better off without that wing of the school. It was falling apart anyway.”

“I have got to hear this,” Londyn said.

“Later. Anyway, public schools can’t kick you out for dumb reasons.” Jordyn’s eyes flitted over the sea of students, barely hiding her disdain. “Oh my god,” she sneered, her voice dripping with mockery. “Look at her outfit.” She motioned toward a girl in a faded floral dress. “Did she raid her grandma’s closet or what?”

Londyn smirked, nodding in agreement. “So tragic. And don’t even get me started on her hair. Split ends for days.” She flipped her own perfectly styled hair, as if to drive the point home.

They both could be easily hears, and the girl in the unwanted spotlight was practically curling up like a pill pug, withering from the hateful comments.

Jordyn glanced sideways at Londyn, her eyes narrowing slightly, but she smirked in response. “We’re *literally* surrounded by basic. How do they even show their faces in public looking like that?”

Londyn laughed lightly, her voice a perfect echo of Jordyn’s. “I know, right? It’s like we’re the only two who actually get it. Everyone else? Absolute try-hards.” She shot a withering glance at another girl who had probably spent way too much time on her eyeliner, but it still wasn’t right. “Yikes. She looks like the Hamburglar.”

Jordyn’s eyes glinted with approval. “I suppose we should at least humor them, despite that they haven’t realized they’re wasting their time. Not everyone can look like us.”

“Rich, beautiful, hawt,” they said simultaneously. They both flipped their black hair simultaneously over their shoulders.

Londyn tilted her head slightly, her tone just as haughty but with a hint of something more. “Speaking of... I’ve been thinking about us,” she started, her voice smooth but edged with calculated flattery. “I’m tired of having to use makeup and tape to make myself look like you. I dress, I talk, I walk just like you. I want more. I want the surgery.”

Jordyn raised an eyebrow, a flicker of interest in her otherwise unreadable expression. “The surgery, huh? You’re talking everything?” Her voice was laced with skepticism, as if testing Londyn’s resolve.

Londyn nodded, her expression never faltering. “Well, that’s what I just said, sister dear. I want us to be real twins. Not sort-of twins. Face, body, everything. Real twins.”

For a moment, Jordyn said nothing, her eyes narrowing as she scanned Londyn’s face for any sign of hesitation. But Londyn held her gaze, unwavering, her own lips curled into a self-satisfied smirk.

“Spring break’s coming up,” Jordyn said casually, though her tone held a sharp edge. “It’d be the perfect time to get it done.”

Londyn’s smirk grew. “Done.” She straightened her posture, falling even more in sync with Jordyn’s pace as they walked, their heels still tapping in unison. “You’ve already made me this way. Might as well finish it.”

Jordyn glanced at her again, her expression cold but amused. “Fine. Just don’t expect me to hold your hand through it.”

Londyn’s eyes sparkled with excitement, though her voice remained calm, collected. “Please. I don’t need you to hold my hand. I can take care of myself. I just want to make sure we’re perfect. No more questions, no more doubts. Twins for realsies.”

Jordyn’s lips twitched in approval. “Good. We’ll set it up at father’s clinic. You know, I thought it would be harder to convince you.”

“Convince me? Sis, you *made* me. I want what you want.”

“That’s true,” Jordyn had to admit.

They continued walking, both critiquing the outfits and hairstyles of every girl they passed, with sharp, condescending remarks. They basked in their shared sense of superiority, sharing the kind of smug satisfaction only the Blakely girls could experience.



“*What?*” Jordyn shouted, scaring everyone in the clinic.

The nurse by the door dropped her tray of supplies on the floor, she was so terrified.

“Are you *fucking* kidding me?” Jordyn shouted even louder. Bottles rattled on the shelves of the clinic recovery suite, the windows rattled in their panes, and leaves fell off trees outside.

“Don’t make this harder than it already is, Jordyn,” Aaliyah said.

“Guys, come on!” Londyn complained from her hospital bed. Bandages covered her nose. “I’m supposed to be recovering!”

Jordyn shoved her sister down into the bed to get her to be quiet, keeping her eyes trained on Aaliyah, who was standing aside Soleil and Gracelynn, who all

has the same angry expressions on their faces. “You ungrateful, stupid... You’re throwing me out of the clique? Me?”

Aaliyah flipped her hair and rolled her eyes dramatically. “Look, Jordyn, we didn’t want it to be like this, but... you’re just too controlling. It’s not fun hanging around you. All the manipulation, all the orders—you always take it too far.”

Jordyn’s jaw dropped, her voice escalating. “Too far? Are you hearing yourselves? I made you! Without me, you’d all still be walking around with knockoff bags and thrift store heels!”

Gracelynn let out a mocking laugh, inspecting her long pink nails as she spoke. “Yeah, well, maybe we’d rather wear TJ Maxx than deal with your constant micromanaging. Y’all foolin’ yourself if you think we’re cool with that. You’re like, a control freak, and we’re done.”

Jordyn’s eyes darted to Londyn, who lay quietly, wide-eyed, watching the unbelievable scene unfold above her. “And what about her? Why would you throw both of us out?”

Aaliyah shook her head. “No, it’s just you.”

“*What?*” Jordyn barked, disbelief washing over her. “We’re twins! We’re practically the same person!”

Aaliyah snorted, waving her hand dismissively. “Um, no, Jordyn. Londyn’s actually fun to be around. You? You’re just a nightmare. It’s not the same. We never wanted you in the group. You just kind of... Showed up.”

“Showed up?” Jordyn looked like she was about to explode. “Before me, you were nothing!” She really wanted to say the truth out loud, that they were a bunch of loser guys who were never going to go anywhere in life, but that would have given too much of the game away. Besides, they were so far into their new lives as girls, they never would have understood what she was talking about. “I created this entire group! None of you would even be here without me! You ungrateful little peasants—“

Gracelynn cut her off with stop sign from her outstretched hand, the other perched on her cocked pink-sequined hip. “Yeah, yeah. You made us, blah blah blah. You honestly think you made us into who we are? Of all the conceited, selfish, arrogant crap you’ve ever said... That’s the worst. Honestly, we’re over you. It’s not that deep.”

Soleil smirked. “Abeg, you too dey control everything. Londyn dey easier to gist with. So, na you dey out, and she dey in.”

Jordyn’s face twisted in rage, knowing that she had practically made these people by hand. Every ounce of their existence was due to her. She had constructed them atom by atom. “Get out. Now. I don’t need any of you,” she said, her voice dripping with so much venom that it was practically dripping



from her chin. “And don’t forget — my father owns this clinic. You’re all lucky I even let you set foot in here.”

Aaliyah shrugged, already turning toward the door. “Whatever, Jordyn. We don’t need your permission for anything.”

Gracelynn shot Londyn a quick smile as she followed. “Feel better, Londyn. You’re still good us. Just... not your psycho sister.”

Jordyn watched, practically shaking with fury, as the girls sauntered out of the room, their heels clicking against the floor with a carefree swagger. She screamed after them, “You’ll regret this! You’re nothing without me!”

The door shut behind them, leaving Jordyn fuming while Londyn laid in her bed silently, unsure whether to be relieved or horrified by the drama her sister had just unleashed.

“How?” Jordyn simply shouted. “How?”

“They held a vote,” Londyn explained. “Last week. I think keeping them from seeing until two weeks after the surgery finally made them...”

“Shut up!” Jordyn said, throwing a short stack of very expensive monitoring equipment to the floor where it landed with a pathetic thud. She was heaving deep breaths of oxygen like an ape that had just fought with a pack of lions. “This... This is fixable. I can fix this.”

She could just impose her will on them, Londyn thought to herself. But she wasn't about to say that, as she didn't want to give her vengeful sister any ideas. For some reason, she never seemed to directly influence the girls in their clique, once she was done with creating them.

“How *dare* they?” She said to the wall, adding a prolonged grunt of anger. “I gave them everything!” She then abruptly turned around to look at Londyn, with a crazy look in her eyes. “I made those fucking losers into the kids of girls who have the world at their feet!” She said with a gravelly tone of rage in her voice. “I made Mason into a world-wide celebrity! I made Saul from a putrid little geek into a gorgeous, African princess!” She was gripping the air with her hands, which were strained to the ligaments. “Alexander had no personality whatsoever! He was going to be alone for the rest of his life! Now he's flouncing around school in short skirts that make guys nut off in their pants! I made them *real!* I made them *matter!* I did *everything* for them! I had to convince every fucking student to accept them! I made every teacher, every parent, even that goddamn fat toad of a principal forget all about those boys, and accept them as girls!”

She was now pacing around the room, yelling not so much at Londyn as to the universe at large, where most of her grievances were usually lodged.

“But why?” Londyn asked.

A simple question, one that needed to be asked, but the expression in Jordyn's eyes indicated that the answer was so obvious that she barely even thought she needed to speak it.

“People are worthless,” she said. “They let you down. They live in fear. They panic. They lust. They cry. They do everything irrationally.” She was in full monologue mode. “Every friend I ever had let me down. I build them up, they tear themselves down. They never think of me! They leave. They move away. They fall in love and ignore me. They were never real friends Never! Not a single one of them!”

Londyn could remember Jordyn in years past, as her cliques would constantly fall apart. She never seemed to have the same two or three friends for more

than a few weeks. Some of her girl friends would be caught for cheating in school, some girls got pregnant. He could recall this one girl in Jordyn's clique who had been elected prom queen and was then kicked out of school for sleeping with a teacher. Her friends had all seemed to leave her, one way or another.

"Why did...?" Londyn tried to ask, but Jordyn already had her answer.

"Friendship! That's why! I could make a girl popular, pretty and rich, but I couldn't make her a friend! Friends stick together, friends look out for each other! I never could make them be friends! My fucking boyfriend Craig McCord wouldn't even stay friends!" She walked toward Londyn, pointing her finger to her chest with emphasis. "I deserve friends! I deserve the best! I'm Jordyn Blakely!"

She paused for a moment, gathering her thoughts, or possibly more of her rage, and continued. "If I couldn't make friends, I'd just go find friends — the best friends, the biggest, most beautiful friends that there were — and make them mine! I searched every clique in school, and of course, you nerds had to be the closest friend group! This biggest fucking nerds imaginable, and you had to be the best of best friends." She then turned around again, now lecturing the wall. "But I'm Jordyn Blakely! I made my family rich! I made my life amazing! I can do anything! So that's what I did, I changed each and every one of you into the most amazing, attractive, sexy, hawt girls you could be! Friends worthy of being mine!"

Londyn wasn't sure what to say. "That... That's insane."

"Winners do what it takes. Now get out of bed." She began to get out of her clothes.

"I'm recovering from surgery!" Londyn protested. "They just cut my dick off..."

"You were all healed up days ago. You're just being lazy while the staff pampers you." She kicked off her heels.

Londyn had to admit that that was kinda true. She watched her sister continue to disrobe herself. "What are you doing?"

"We're changing places." She ripped the bandage off of Londyn's nose, revealing a little pinkness, but an otherwise healed nose that was the duplicate of her own. She then applied it to her face. "Text Soleil up and tell her that you want to give me another chance."

"They're not going to want to..."

Jordyn cut her off. "Beg, lie, throw a tantrum. Just get them back up here. But first, get into my things... Jordyn."

Ten minutes later, the door to the recovery suite creaked open as Aaliyah, Soleil, and Gracelynn sauntered back in, looking put out and annoyed.

Although they weren't thrilled about it, they'd shown up in response to Londyn's text.

"So?" Aaliyah said, her arms crossed.

"This one better be good o!," Soleil said, looking even more irritated.

Jordyn stood in the corner, or rather, Londyn disguised at Jordyn did. If the girls had been paying closer attention, they might have noticed an uncharacteristic look of unease of her face.

Jordan gave her a quick flick of her wrist, dismissing Londyn like a servant. "Jordyn, can you leave us for a bit? I need to talk to *my* friends."

Jordyn wanted to say something, but didn't argue, slipping out of the room quietly, unsure of what was about to happen.

Once she was gone, Aaliyah raised an eyebrow. "So, what's this about, Londyn? I thought we were done with her."

Jordyn sighed, sitting up straighter in her bed. "I need you guys to give my dear sister another chance. She's done a lot for us, and I say we've been too hard on her."

Soleil snorted. "Too hard on her? Abeg, that girl no dey let anybody breathe. She's always bossing us around, acting like we're her little minions."

Gracelynn nodded in agreement. "Exactly. Every time we go out, it's 'Do this, wear that.' We can't even blink without her stepping in."

Aaliyah crossed her arms, clearly unimpressed. "And don't forget how she's always dragging people down. If something doesn't go her way, she makes sure no one else is having fun either."

Jordyn's gaze hardened, unable to stomach the frank critiques on her personality. "Look, I get it. But you can't deny she's helped all of us. She's a great person. Whether you like it or not, she's done a lot to get us where we are."

Soleil frowned. "Londyn, you talk like her now? She's rubbing off on you too much."

"No!" Jordyn objected, sharply. "I'm your friend, Londyn! Now what about it? Give her a chance."

The girls exchanged uneasy glances before Aaliyah shrugged. "We'll think about it. Maybe. But honestly, I don't see it happening."

"That's just too much to ask," Gracelynn said. "I know she's your sister, but she really is the worst."

"She is not!" Jordyn objected, and then pulled it back, quickly. "She's just more... Driven. Focused. Try to understand. Do it for me." There was no positive response. Jordyn changed her tone. "Look, if she goes, I go, got it?"

“Talk to us when we get back to school,” Gracelynn said, as she turned in her pink cowboy boots and headed out. The rest of them followed.

As they left, Londyn returned, wearing her sister’s outfit. They all gave her the side-eye as they headed out.

Londyn continued to walk into the room, her hands pensively held to her chest. “How did it go?” She asked Jordyn.

“Great. Just great,” Jordyn said, angrily. Londyn began to slip out of Jordyn’s clothes.

“Hold it,” Jordyn said. “Until further notice... *You* are Jordyn Blakely.”

“What?” Londyn responded, unsure what she was hearing.

“We’re switching. If Jordyn can’t fix this problem, Londyn can. And *I’m* going to be Londyn.”

“You can’t be me... I don’t even know...”

“They like Londyn better, so that’s who I’m going to be. God knows why.”

“For how long?”

“I don’t know. See, this is the advantage of being twins. No one will know.”

“For how long, Jordyn?” London asked.

“Londyn. I’m *Londyn*. And it’s for as long as it needs to be.”

“Did you... Plan this?”

“It was a backup plan.”



“Are stealing my identity from me?” Londyn asked, incredulous. “And my friends?”

“You’ll get over it.”



The sun dipped low, casting long shadows across the cracked pavement of Tanner’s old neighborhood. Londyn adjusted her bra slightly, feeling the straps pinch her shoulders. Her body was still adjusting to wearing a bra, and she wished her body could pick up the pace a little. Her dress felt better than the bra, snug around her big chest and wide hips, and she had to admit Jordyn’s clothes suited her well. She turned a corner, and almost collided with a broad-shouldered figure leaning against a graffiti-strewn wall.

“Jordyn?” The voice was deep, rough, and oddly familiar. His piercing blue eyes raked over Londyn, smiling faintly despite his scruffy appearance. “What the hell are you doing here, babe?”

It had taken a moment, but Londyn was able to place him. He was just a year ahead of her in school, but he had dropped out. He was every guy’s hero. He never took shit and got in fights on a nearly daily basis. He won every time. This was Craig McCord. Jordyn’s old boyfriend.

Londyn swallowed hard, trying to keep her composure. “Craig, right? Your name is Craig?” He asked.

“Don’t play stupid with me, princess.”

“Listen, this isn’t very good time, it’s not...”

But Craig wasn’t listening. He closed the distance between them. A muscular arm wrapped around Londyn, keeping her from escaping. The strength in Craig’s grip was overwhelming, and Londyn felt herself being lifted slightly off the ground.

“Missed ya,” Craig murmured, his breath hot against Londyn’s ear. “Thought you were done with mingling with the riff-raff.”

Londyn struggled to free herself, but Craig’s hold only tightened. “Craig, listen — I’m not Jordyn.”

Craig laughed, a low rumble that vibrated through his chest. “Cute. But seriously, what are you up to here?”

The answer was that she had come to this part of town to visit Tanner’s house. She had been thinking that maybe seeing it and being in her old neighborhood might bring her some kind of solace, some kind of grounding, some way to cope with her predicament. It hadn’t, though. It looked even worse than she recalled. The houses were falling apart, the cars were rusting, the trees were

sparse, and the sky was grey. It was so much more depressing than she thought it was. How did he ever survive here?

Before Londyn could respond, Craig's lips found his neck, sending a shiver down her spine. The sensation was intoxicating, and Londyn's protests grew weaker. Craig's hands roamed down to her waist, squeezing firmly.

"Come on," Craig whispered, his voice husky. "What say we find somewhere private and catch up?"

Londyn's mind raced. She knew he should resist, should tell Craig the truth, but the raw charisma of the man holding her was impossible to ignore. Craig's muscles stiffened beneath her touch, every movement electrifying. Londyn's body responded involuntarily, betraying her intentions.

Craig led her through a narrow alley, his hand gripping Londyn's arm tightly. They emerged into a small, abandoned lot surrounded by overgrown weeds. Craig pushed Londyn against the rough brick wall of an old building, his body pressing insistently against her.

"When you dumped me, you still owed me," Craig growled, his eyes darkening with desire. "Time to settle that."

Londyn's breath caught in her throat as Craig kissed her fiercely, his tongue invading her mouth with insistent dominance. The kiss was bruising, full of raw need, and Londyn found himself melting into it. Craig's hands slid under the hem of Londyn's dress, his fingers tracing the curve of her hips.

"Spread your legs," Craig commanded, his voice thick with lust.

Londyn hesitated for a moment, his mind warring with his body's surrender. But Craig's eyes held him captive, the intensity in them leaving no room for refusal. Slowly, he complied, spreading his thighs wider to accommodate Craig's probing touch.

Craig's fingers slipped between Londyn's legs, brushing against the delicate fabric of her elaborate lacey thong. The contact sent a jolt of electricity through Londyn's body, her breath hitching. Craig smirked, clearly pleased with the reaction.

"So wet," Craig muttered, sliding a finger underneath the lace to tease Londyn's aching clit. "Been waiting for this, haven't you?"

Londyn bit his lip, struggling to form words. "Please," he managed, his voice barely above a whisper. "I... I've never done this before."

"That lie doesn't work on me, Princess," Craig said. "I've got receipts." His expression softened for a moment, almost tender. "Don't worry, I'll take care of you," he said, leaning in to nip at Londyn's earlobe. "Just let go."

Craig's fingers continued their relentless exploration, finding Londyn's new entrance and pressing lightly inside. Londyn gasped, her body trembling with

anticipation. The touch was foreign, yet incredibly arousing, and she arched her back instinctively, seeking more.

“That’s it,” Craig encouraged, adding a second finger and slowly pumping them in and out. “Relax for me, baby.”

Londyn did his best to comply, his breath coming in shallow pants. Craig’s touch was firm, controlled, and each thrust of his fingers sent waves of pleasure coursing through Londyn’s veins. He could feel himself getting wetter, more pliant, ready to be taken.

“Craig, please,” Londyn begged, his voice broken and desperate. “I need... I need...”

In that moment, that it struck him — Craig wasn’t under Jordyn’s influence in any way. He could help. He could be the way he could fight Jordyn. Fight her and regain his identity.

Craig pulled his fingers out, leaving Londyn panting and unsatisfied. “Tell me what you want,” he demanded, his voice low and commanding.

Londyn’s face flushed crimson, but she forced himself to meet Craig’s gaze. “I need you to stop wasting time and fuck me,” she whispered, the words burning her throat.

Craig’s eyes gleamed with satisfaction. “That’s girl I knew,” he praised, reaching into his pocket to produce a condom and a small bottle of lube. He deftly rolled the condom onto his already hardened cock, the head glistening with anticipation.

Craig positioned himself between Londyn’s spread legs, aligning his throbbing shaft with Londyn’s entrance. “Ready?” he asked, his voice tinged with urgency.

Londyn nodded, his heart pounding in her chest. With one slow, deliberate motion, Craig pushed forward, embedding his length inside Londyn. The initial stretch was intense, painful even, but Londyn welcomed the discomfort, knowing it would soon give way to ecstasy.

“Fuck,” Craig groaned, his brow furrowing with concentration. “You feel amazing. So tight.”

Londyn clung to Craig’s shoulders, her nails digging into the firm muscle as Craig began to move. The tempo started slow, almost gentle, allowing Londyn time to adjust to the intrusion. Each thrust brought new sensations, each withdrawal left him craving more.

“More,” Londyn whimpered, her body begging for release. “Harder.”

Craig obliged, picking up the pace until his hips slapped audibly against Londyn’s ass. The rhythm became erratic, driven by primal need rather than finesse. Londyn’s moans grew louder, mingling with Craig’s grunts as they moved together in perfect unison.

Craig's fingers found Londyn's clit again, rolling it between his thumb and forefinger. The dual stimulation was too much; Londyn's vision blurred as waves of pleasure crashed over him. He came with a strangled cry, his body convulsing around Craig's cock.

"Shit, Jordyn," Craig panted, his thrusts becoming more frantic. "Gonna come..."

Londyn squeezed tighter, milking every last drop from Craig. With a final, powerful thrust, Craig emptied himself inside Londyn, his body shuddering with release.

They collapsed, breathing heavily, bodies slick with sweat. Craig withdrew slowly, falling beside Londyn on the cold, wet, hard ground. For a moment, there was only the sound of their ragged breaths, mingling in the quiet of the empty lot.

Londyn's eyes narrowed as she channeled Jordyn's snotty attitude, a sneer curling her lips. "You think you can just come back and pick up where we left off, Craig?" she taunted, his voice dripping with disdain. "Dream on."

Craig's jaw tightened, his muscles rippling under his skin like coiled steel. "Jordyn, you always were a spoiled brat," he growled, stepping closer, his presence overwhelming. "But I'm gonna break that attitude of yours one of these days."

Londyn's heart pounded in her chest — a new, tiny, delicate heart that was suitable for a girl like herself — but a mix of fear and excitement was swirling within her. She could feel the heat radiating from Craig's body, the intensity of his gaze locking onto Londyn's own. But instead of backing down, Londyn took a step forward, closing the gap between them. "That all you have?" she asked.

"Oh really?" Londyn challenged, his voice low and sultry. "We'll see about that."

Without another word, Londyn reached out and grabbed Craig by the collar of his shirt, pulling him into a searing kiss. The shock on Craig's face was palpable, but it quickly melted into raw desire as he responded, his hands gripping Londyn's hips tightly.

Londyn broke the kiss, breathing heavily. "Let's see if you can keep up," she whispered, her fingers deftly unbuttoning Craig's shirt. The fabric fell away, revealing the rugged expanse of Craig's muscled chest, each sinew defined and glistening with a light sheen of sweat.

Craig's hands roamed over Londyn's body, his touch firm and possessive. He pushed Londyn against the rough bark of a nearby tree, the sensation sending a shiver down Londyn's spine. "You always did like to be in control," Craig murmured, his breath hot against Londyn's ear.

Londyn arched her back, pressing himself closer to Craig. "Not control," she corrected, his voice husky. "Dominance."

With that, Londyn spun Craig around, pushing him up against a tree. Craig grunted, but there was no resistance as Londyn took control of the situation. Her hands roamed over his muscular frame, tracing the contours of his abs and delts with a light touch. Craig could feel every brush of her fingers like an electric charge surging through him.

“You like that, don’t you?” Londyn purred, her voice dripping with authority. She leaned in closer, her lips brushing against his ear. “You want me to keep going, don’t you?”

Craig nodded, his body trembling with anticipation. He had always been the one in control, the one who dominated others with his strength. But with Jordyn, he found himself willingly submitting. It was intoxicating.

Londyn pulled back slightly, her eyes locking onto his. “Good boy,” she whispered, her tone both approving and teasing. She reached down between them, her fingers finding the waistband of his jeans. With a deft motion, she unbuttoned them and slid the zipper down.

Craig’s heart pounded in his chest as he felt the cool air hit his skin. Londyn’s hand slipped inside, her fingers curling around him with a firm grip. His breath came out in ragged gasps as she began to stroke him, her touch firm yet deliberate.

“Look at you,” she murmured, her voice a low, seductive growl. “All hard and ready for me.”

Craig groaned, his head falling back as he surrendered to the sensations washing over him. Londyn’s other hand moved to his chest, her nails raking lightly down his pecs before coming to rest on his hip. She held him firmly in place as she continued to pump him, her movements precise and calculated.

Londyn’s gaze never wavered from his as she worked him, her eyes burning with a mix of hunger and dominance. She leaned in again, her lips hovering just inches from his. “Tell me what you want,” she demanded, her voice a sultry command.

Craig swallowed hard, his throat dry. “I... I want you,” he rasped, his voice thick with desire. “Please, Jordyn... make me yours.”

Londyn’s lips curled deeper into a wicked smile. “That’s what I thought,” she said, her tone triumphant. She released him for a moment, giving him a chance to catch his breath. But before he could recover, she was back at him.

Craig’s erection was standing proud and eager. Londyn took a step back, her eyes roaming over his exposed form with a predatory gleam. She reached behind her, undoing the clasp of her dress before shimmying it down her legs.

Beneath her dress, she wore pantyhose and a lacy thong that barely contained her arousal. Craig’s eyes widened as he caught sight, his pulse quickening. Londyn noticed his reaction and chuckled softly. “You like that, don’t you?” she asked, her voice dripping with smug satisfaction.

Craig nodded, unable to take his eyes off her. Londyn sauntered towards him, her hips swaying provocatively with each step. She reached him and without warning, pushed him backwards until he fell onto the cold, hard ground.

He landed with a grunt, but Londyn didn't give him a chance to react. She straddled him immediately, her knees pressing into his sides as she positioned herself above him. Craig's hands instinctively went to her hips, gripping them tightly as she lowered herself onto him.

The sensation of her enveloping him was indescribable. Craig's eyes rolled back as he sank into her warmth, his entire body trembling with the effort to hold back his release. Londyn rode him slowly at first, savoring the feeling of him inside her.

"You feel so good," she breathed, her lips teasing his earlobe. "So perfect..."

Craig could only nod, his mind clouded by pleasure. Londyn's hands wandered up to his chest, her nails digging into his flesh as she picked up the pace. She moved faster now, bouncing on him with increasing urgency.

The rhythmic slap of their bodies meeting echoed through the warehouse, mingling with their moans and groans. Londyn's breasts jiggled invitingly with each thrust, and Craig couldn't resist reaching up to cup them. He squeezed gently, eliciting a shuddering gasp from Londyn.

She threw her head back, her hair cascading down her shoulders as she lost herself in the sensation. Craig watched her in awe, his own climax building rapidly. He could feel it coiling in his gut, threatening to burst forth at any moment.

"Jordyn... I'm gonna come," he warned, his voice strained with effort.

But Londyn just smiled wickedly, her eyes gleaming with mischief. "Not yet," she said, leaning down to capture his lips in a bruising kiss. Her tongue plunged into his mouth, tangling with his as she continued to ride him relentlessly.

Craig's hands tightened on her hips, his nails biting into her flesh as he struggled to hold back. But Londyn was relentless, her movements growing more frantic with each passing second. She could feel her own orgasm approaching, her body tightening around Craig in delicious tension.

"Come for me, baby," she whispered against his lips, her voice a husky command. "Let go..."

Those words were enough to push him over the edge. Craig's entire body tensed as he exploded inside her, his release ripping through him like a tidal wave. Londyn followed suit a moment later, her own climax crashing over her with equal force.

For a few moments, neither spoke, both lost in the aftermath of their encounter. Londyn stepped away, her legs shaking slightly. She quickly threw her dress back on, trying to regain some semblance of composure.

Craig turned to face him, his expression unreadable. "Are we... are we a couple again?" he asked hesitantly.

Londyn smirked. "Like I said, dream on," she replied dismissively, turning on his heel and walking away without a backward glance. As he disappeared into the shadows, she muttered to herself, "Jordyn Blakely has business to take care of."



"I'm not thinking straight today," Jordyn said as she fastened her robe around her waist. "My head is so foggy." The morning light was just coming in the window of the bedroom. It was early in the Blakely mansion.

"Really?" Londyn said. "You don't act like it. What do you want to wear today, Jordyn?"

Jordyn brushed back her hair out of her face. "No, you're Jordyn."

"Yeah, I guess I forgot," Londyn replied. "I'm Jordyn Blakely." She walked over to the closet. "That means I get to pick, and I've been dying to wear that velvet dress I bought last week."

"I bought it," Jordyn corrected.

"No, *I'm* Jordyn Blakely. *I* bought it," Londyn asserted.

"Right," Jordyn said, a rare tone of uncertainty creeping into her voice. "I guess." She took a moment to try and clear the fog in her head. "Something is off, isn't it?"

"What do you mean?" Londyn said, "Everything feels fine to me." She handed Jordyn a pair of brown pants, which she took.

As Londyn slipped into the lovely, gorgeous black velvet minidress, dropping it over her thin shoulders, and letting it settle on her ample bosom, Jordyn was pulling the shapeless brown pants up and buckling them in place.

Londyn finished adjusting her dress and walked into the adjoining bathroom, standing at Jordyn's spot, in front of her sink, and began to brush her teeth.

"That's my toothbrush!" Jordyn said, horrified.

"It's *my* toothbrush," Londyn asserted after she spit out her toothpaste. "Don't forget your hormone pills."

"My what?" She looked at the two large white pill containers on Londyn's side of the counter.

“Your pills,” a voice said in Jordyn’s ear. “You need to take them every day.”

“Oh, right. My pills,” Jordyn replied. She poured herself a glass of water and swallowed a pill from each container. “That dress looks great on you.”

“I know,” Londyn said, admiring her reflection. “I’m so glad I got it. Anyway, let me help you with your hair.”

“Sure. Thanks.”

“But before we do that, we better bind your breasts.”

“My breasts?”

“You’re embarrassed by your breasts,” a voice spoke into Jordyn’s ear.

“Right,” Jordyn said, grabbing a handy ace bandage off the counter. “I’m so embarrassed by them.” She began to wind the wrap around her chest, flattening her breasts as much as she could. “I don’t know where my head is at today.”

“You’ve forgotten all about your hypnotic power,” the voice said in her ear. “You don’t remember that little trick your mother taught you.”

“Huh,” Jordyn said.

“What is it?” Londyn asked.

“Nothing. I just feel like I’m forgetting something.”

Londyn grinned. Spending more time with Mrs. Blakely had paid off. The more she asked her about her time as a hypnotherapist, the more she learned about the tricks of her new mother's former trade. When she disclosed the way she could imperceptibly alter someone’s thoughts, Londyn knew she had found Jordyn’s secret.

“I’m sure it was nothing,” Londyn said.

Jordyn shrugged. “You’re probably right.”

“You hate long hair,” the voice said to Jordyn, beyond her ability to perceive it, but unable to ignore its message.

“Your hair has really grown out of control,” Londyn said, grabbing a pair of scissors off the counter.

“I hate long hair,” Jordyn said.

“To each their own,” Londyn said, as she grasped Jordyn’s long hair and gathered it into a pony tail. “How high do you want me to trim it?”

“As high as you can go.”

“Got it.” After a moment of fiddling, the scissors started making the cut, as Jordyn’s long hair was sheared off, a foot of hair falling to the bathroom floor.

“That feels so much better,” Jordyn said with a smile of relief. “I don’t know why I let it grow out like that.”

She knew for sure now. Londyn knew she had Jordyn in her control. She wasn't sure it would work at first, as she didn't really have an opportunity to try out her new skill, but it was going very well. It was too easy, really.

"I have to do my makeup," Londyn said. "It won't take too long."

"Oh... I need to do my makeup, too."

"You don't wear makeup," the voice said in Jordyn's ear. "You never have. You never will again."

"Why would you do that?" Londyn asked Jordyn.

"I'm just kidding," Jordyn said, confused by her own response. "I... Uh... I better go put my shirt on."

A few minutes later, Londyn rejoined Jordyn out in the bedroom. By this time, Jordyn had found the slightly dingy collared rugby shirt that had been left on the bed for her, and she had put it on. She had also put on some socks and pair of ratty running shoes on.

Londyn recognized the whole ensemble. It used to be Tanner's.

"You just about ready to go?" Londyn asked.

"Go?" Jordyn replied, confused.

"Unless you think you live here," Londyn said, with sarcasm. "After all this is my room — Jordyn's room."

"Oh... Uh yeah. I should... Go?" Jordyn said.

"It's time to go home," the voice said in his ear. "You don't belong here."

It had been a few days since she had learned how to drop these little suggestions. Londyn wasn't even sure she wanted to use this on Jordyn. But when Jordyn decided they were going to change places, the choice became easy. She wasn't going to lose her identity — again — or her friends to this monster.

"Let me get my shoes on," Londyn said, putting Jordyn's favorite black boots on her feet.

"Jordyn?" Said a voice coming from the door. It was Mrs. Blakely, poking her head through. "Your friend's ride is here."

"Thank you, mother," Londyn replied.

Mrs. Blakely looked at Jordyn, her daughter, and didn't have a clue who this other person was with the strange haircut. "Hello," she said to them with an awkward nod of her head.

"Hello... Mrs. Blakely," Jordyn replied, not quite understanding what she was feeling.

The door closed and they were alone again.

“Wait a minute.... I...” Jordyn suddenly looked like a light had gone on in her eyes. “This is... I’m not...”

“Not what?” Londyn asked.

“I... I don’t remember. I thought I had something there for a second... Now it’s gone again.”

“That happens to me all the time. Or at least it used to. We better go downstairs.”

Jordyn looked flustered. “Yeah, right. They might leave without me.”

They headed out, and walked down the long upper hallway. “Wow, this house is huge,” Jordyn said. “Why did I come by, anyway?”

“You dropped off my homework for me,” Londyn said. “You know, because you’re helping me out in math.”

“Really?”

“You love math,” the voice told him.

“Well, I do love math,” Jordyn said. “I guess.”

They headed down the huge, broad staircase that twirled around into the foyer. At the bottom, one of the servants was waiting.

“Thank you, Hartman. I’ll take it from here,” Londyn told him. He nodded silently and left.

“It must be so weird to have servants,” Jordyn said.

Londyn shrugged as she opened the door. “You get used to it.”

“Hello?” Said the man standing outside the large door. “This is the Blakley house, sin’t it?”

“Somebody called us?” the woman next to him said.

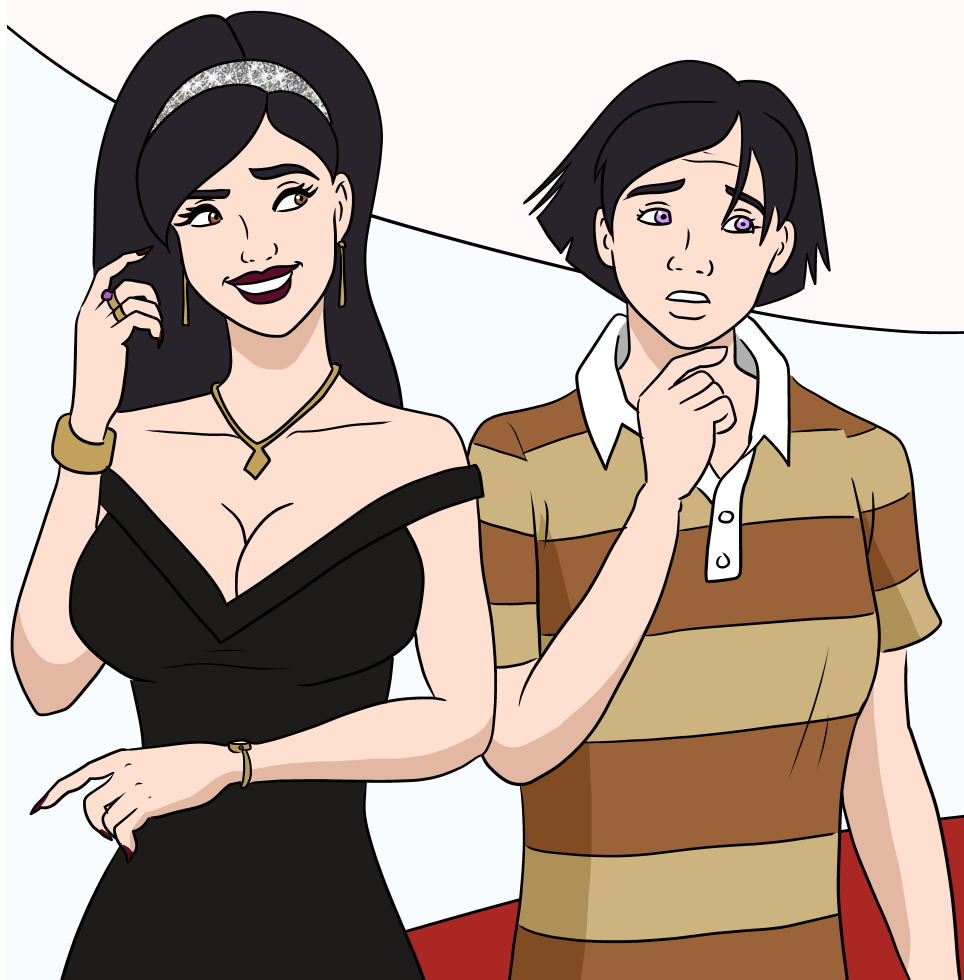
Londyn hesitated, just for a moment, at the sight of her parents. Not so much her parents as they were Tanner’s parents. She had little to do with Tanner anymore, but the sight of them still pulled a string in her heart.

“Yes, to take your son home,” Londyn said, putting her hands on Jordyn’s shoulders and pushing her forward.

“What?” Jordyn said.

“This is your son,” A voice spoke into the ears of Tanner’s former parents. “You recall your son. They were assigned female at birth, but he wants to be a boy. Your son.”

“Son?” The father asked, looking at Jordyn. The memories were flooding back. He remembered having a son, but for some reason he hadn’t been seeing him that often lately. The last time he could recall talking to his son, he did remember that he seemed awfully mixed up about his gender. “Are you... Ready to go?”



“What’s going on?” Jordyn asked, looking around for answers.

“These are your parents. You love them. They love you,” the voice said to her. Jordyn didn’t quite understand, but she was helpless but to listen — to listen and obey. “You want to be their son. You do what they tell you to do. You’re ashamed of being female. You’re a man inside.”

“I’m their... Son?” She said, almost unable to comprehend the words she was saying. But as soon as they left her mouth, she became sure she knew their meaning. “I... Want to go... Home.”

“Sorry to see you go,” Londyn said, stepping aside for Jordyn to leave. “And thank you again, George.”

“George?” Jordyn said. Then it all clicked in. Londyn had been prepping Jordyn with messages for the past two days, readying her for this moment. The moment when she became George. This was the trigger. Every time she heard

the name, and every time she spoke the name, she would remind herself of the person she was now destined to be.

“I bet you’re just going to spend the rest of your day in bed playing video games and reading textbooks,” Londyn said to Jordyn.

“Probably,” Jordyn said, now beginning to put the pieces into place inside her mind — the mind of George, the nerd. “Sure. It’s a Saturday.”

“You know boys, always loafing off on Saturdays,” Tanner’s mother said. “Even if he has chores to do.”

“Chores?” Jordyn said, her voice ranging deeper with every word she spoke.

“C’mon boy, you got some work to do,” Tanner’s father said, in familiar words that sent shivers down Londyn’s delicate spine.

“Yes sir,” the voice said in Jordyn’s ear.

“Yes sir,” Jordyn said, as she stepped across the threshold, and into the arms of her new parents.

“Thank you for your help, George,” Londyn said.

“Sure,” Jordyn replied.

“Oh, I didn’t get your name, young lady,” Tanner’s former mother said to her former son.

“That’s *Jordyn Blakely*, mom,” Jordyn said, embarrassed. “Everyone knows who she is.”

“That’s right. Everyone knows,” the new Jordyn said.

She closed the door and leaned against it when it was shut. She knew from the days of prograding she had spent with her former parents that they would treat Jordyn like their son, much like they teated Tanner, and help her along the path to being the nerdy weeby man she would eventually become. It was a fitting punishment, and just desserts.

Not that a little part of Londyn didn’t want to feel that warmth and the love those parents once brought her. Sometimes she could use a little of that.

She would have to find her comfort in knowing that horrible bitch was going to live in near-poverty and solving math problems for the rest of their miserable, loser life. She started to laugh, and couldn’t stop, her cackles joined by the clicks of her heels on the opulent marble floor of her mansion.



At their usual table in the high school cafeteria, four girls sat like royalty, each commanding attention in her own way. The rest of the student body knew

better than to get too close, as the girls' tongues were sharper than their stiletto heels.

The school's star cheerleader and captain of the squad sat with her thin coltish legs perched on her tip-toes in her white cheer trainers, jogging very slightly, showing the boundless energy she was known for. Her long blonde hair was styled with ribbons that matched the school colors, and her makeup was heavy and flawless — thick eyeliner, glossy lips, and perfectly blended bronzer that accentuated her cheer-perfect features. She was dressed in her cheer uniform, which bared her toned belly and served up her perky breasts. The short skirt barely covered her thighs, and her high heeled boots — now part of the official uniform, thanks to her lobbying the administration — added to the provocativeness of her look. She knew every guy in the cafeteria was staring at her, but she acted as if it were her due. She was used to the attention, and in fact, she thrived on it.

Across from her, decked out head-to-toe in her signature pink, was the future Prom Queen. At least, with all the posters posted around school to lobby for her election, she had to be the favorite. Her short sequin skirt shimmered in the cafeteria lights, and her tight, strapless top hugged her body in all the right places, and over that, she wore her favorite pink coat with fuzzy faux fur trim. If anyone wasn't going to vote her from Prom Queen, they had to have had their head examined. Her look was a crazy mix of over-the-top glamour and Texas flair, topped off with bright pink cowboy boots. She was a brash, confident Texas beauty queen — her smile as blinding as her outfit. She knew how to take up all the space in a room and did so unapologetically, her massive hairstyle bouncing with each toss of her head.

Finally, the president-elect of the school sat looking at her phone. Her dark, flawless skin seemed to glisten under the harsh fluorescent lights as if were polished. She was the most composed of the group, but no less striking. Her wardrobe exuded a quiet power, fitting for someone who already acted like she was training to be a future politician or powerful CEO. Today, she wore a chic, tailored jacket over a short skirt that showed off her long legs, paired with high heels that added an air of sophistication. She was always composed, always watching, her gaze never missing a thing. Her sharp wit made her a dangerous player in this game of social dominance, and she played it with a certain elegance.

Also at the table sat their unofficial ringleader, in her signature all-black ensemble. She wore a short, tight skirt that clung to her ass, paired with an expensive designer top that screamed both money and privilege. Her glossy, jet-black hair was volumized to an impossible height, and then it fell straight as a rail down her back, framing her perfectly made-up face. Her look was the embodiment of cold sophistication; her high heels were daggers, and her snotty attitude could cut even deeper. She oozed power and control, and those who crossed her path regretted ever meeting her.

Jordyn flipped her hair over her shoulder, her eyes lazily scanning the room. “Did you see what Emily was wearing today? That skirt looked like she found it in a dumpster behind a thrift store.”

Gracelynn smirked, adjusting her sequin skirt. “Oh my God, I know. It’s giving me serious Red Cross care package vibes. Seriously, girl, just kill yourself.”

Aaliyah giggled, applying another coat of gloss to her already shiny lips. “It’s not even that hard to look good. You just have to try. But no, these girls think a T-shirt and jeans is ‘cute.’ It’s sooo pathetic, honestly.”

Soleil raised an eyebrow, scrolling through her phone. “Abeg, see this one,” she said, holding up her screen. It was a picture of Rachel, one of the girls they loved to gossip about. “Rachel posted this last night. Babe say she look fine, but she just resembles a glittering troll doll.”

The table erupted into laughter as each of them took turns tearing into Rachel’s selfie.

“She’s probably using a filter to hide that busted face,” Jordyn sneered, her voice dripping with venom.

Gracelynn tossed her curls over her shoulder. “Girl, I don’t care how many filters she uses, nothing’s fixing that.”

Aaliyah rolled her eyes. “These girls think just because they’ve got Instagram, they can act like they’re hot. Like, newsflash — filters don’t work miracles.”

Soleil snorted. “Exactly. Na you go either born fine or nothin’. Boys no dey want your sloppy face and supercuts hair.”

Gracelynn laughed, kicking her pink cowboy boots up on the seat next to her. “Boys? Boys are pathetic. The second they see a girl in a skirt, they lose whatever brain cells they’ve got left.”

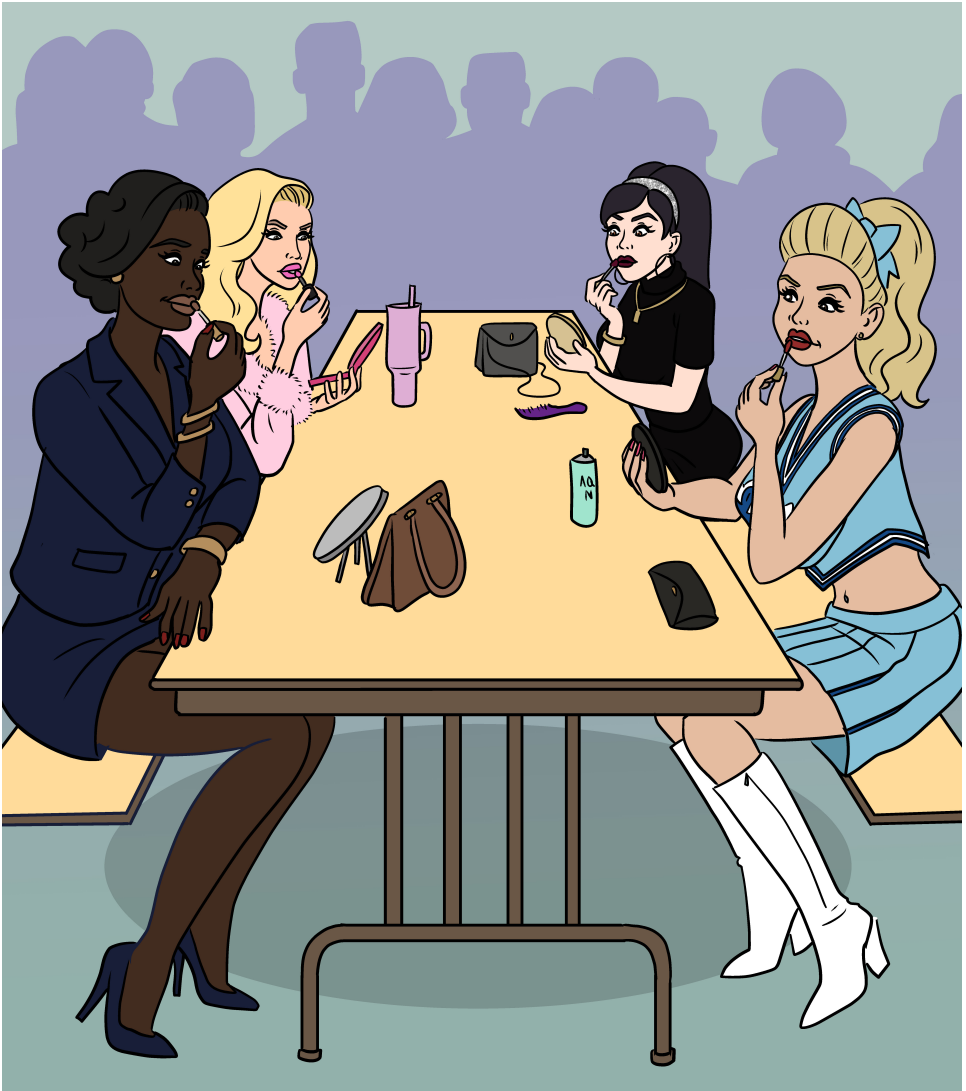
Soleil, scrolling on her phone, nodded in agreement but with her usual composed air. “Boys here just don’t know how to handle us.” Her sharp eyes flickered up to glance at a group of guys across the room who had been sneaking glances at their table for the past ten minutes. “Case in point.”

Jordyn glanced over, raising an eyebrow. “God, they’re so obvious. Do they really think they have a chance? It’s honestly sad.”

Aaliyah, nodding in agreement, said, “So exhausting. Like, can I just be beautiful in peace?”

Gracelynn tilted her head, giving a dramatic sigh. “Ugh, being this hot is literally a full-time job. It’s not like I’m even trying.” She examine her shiny nails. “Oh, by the way, did you guys sign your contracts? The cameras are coming in tomorrow, and you have to sign your disclosure forms if you want to be on the show.”

The reality TV crew were going to visit Gracelynn’s new school to take some footage. They claimed it was just “background” material, but all the girls were



hoping that maybe a producer might sweep them up into the show and become a regular.

“Our lives are way more interesting than your silly little TV show, Gracelynn,” Jordyn said. “You should have them just film us.”

“Sweetie, you don’t want that,” Gracelynn said. “Besides, it’s all fake. We’re bitches for real.”

The table erupted into laughter, each girl feeding off the cruel humor of the other. As they continued tearing into everyone and everything, there was no denying that they held a power over the rest of the students — power rooted in their looks, their money, and their sheer force of personality.

Soleil smirked as she twirled a lock of her long braids between her fingers. “So, I finally dump TJ o. The guy just dey too clingy.”

Aaliyah nodded, adjusting her cheer uniform and grinning. “I had the hardest tie dumping Damon. He was cute for, like, five minutes, but I got bored.”

Gracelynn raised an eyebrow. “You both moved on already?”

Soleil shrugged. “Obviously. Another guy dey always show up..”

Aaliyah giggled. “Please, boys are like tampons — you know they're done when they get too comfortable.”

Jordyn smirked. “You sure you dumped Damon? I heard he was just tired of having to wait to take a number to get to your pussy.”

“You fucking cunt!” Aaliyah snapped at Jordyn.

The girls burst into another fit of cruel laughter, each adding to the pile-on of insults. Even when their laughter died down, the venom in the air remained thick.

Gracelynn turned to Jordyn, her grin still in place. “By the way, Jordyn, your hair’s looking a little flat today. Did you forget to let your stylist screw you, or what?”

Jordyn’s eyes narrowed. “At least I don’t smell like I’ve slept in my gynecologists’ wastebasket. Seriously, Gracelynn, just a tiny spray of deodorant in your nasty snatch. Everyone’s begging you.”

Aaliyah stifled a laugh as Soleil shook her head. “You really gonna cat-fight here?”

Gracelynn flipped her hair with a mock pout. “I was just trying to help, sweetie. Don’t get all defensive.”

Jordyn’s lips curled into a tight smile, her eyes cold. “It’s alright. You had to blow the judges to win your last pageant. I’d be a little cranky, too.”

Soleil laughed. “You sluts are impossible. But hey, I love a good fight.”

“Anyway, everyone’s coming to my place for the slumber party, right?” Jordyn asked.

“My jammies are in my backpack,” Aaliyah said, excitedly.

“I got this nylon peignoir, and una go just hate me, I swear!” Soleil said.

“Fine, fine,” Jordyn replied. “So I need your character sheets by the end of school, okay?”

“But I’m still working on mine!” Aaliyah whined.

Soleil was even more serious than usual. “We’re not doing 4th edition, right? I hate 4th.”

“2nd Edition rules,” Jordyn confirmed. “You know our motto: Fuck Wizards of the Coast.”

Gracelyn looked upset. “This artist kid I flashed my tits at is doing my Tiefling. He’s not done yet.”

“End of school. Final bell. No exceptions.” Jorydn was firm.

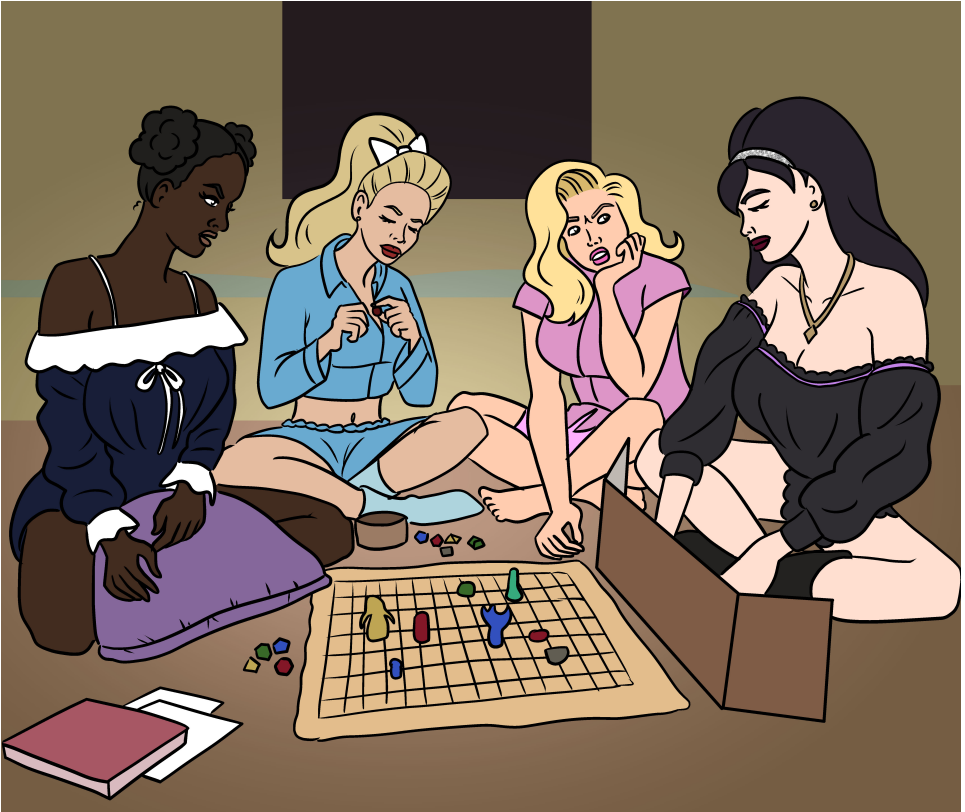
The girls all groaned.

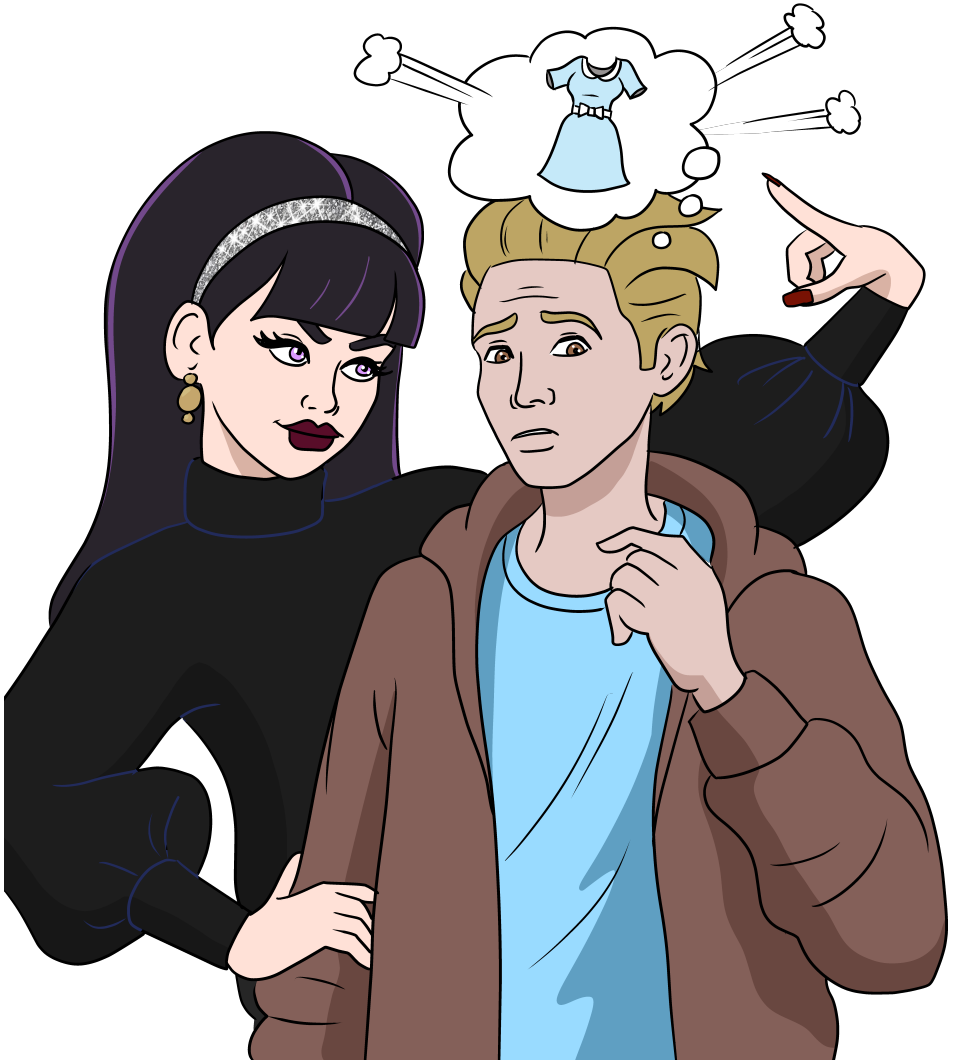
“Bitch,” Gracelyn muttered.

“We’re *all* bitches here,” Jorydn replied. “And better off for it.”

They all smiled wryly at each other before going back to their compacts and fixing their faces.

The End







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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

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

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

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

Convicts to Co-Eds

Story 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

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

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

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

The Substitute Ski Bunny

By Joe Six-Pack. Walker is a young man who’s fallen in love with a girl. The only way he can get close to her is to dress up and become her roommate. It’s not going to go according to plan, though. Book / 132 pages / 31 illustrations

My Brother, My Mother, My Doll

By Joe Six-Pack. Seven year old Amelia has made a wish. A wish that she had a mother more like her doll, and that her brother weren’t so mean. Her family is about to have their lives turned inside-out. Book / 109 pages / 34 illustrations

The Princess Center

By Cheryl Lynn. Jeffrey wanted everything his brother Alan had. He was willing to to any length to get it, even to send Alan to... The Princess Center. Book / 85 pages / 26 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

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

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 willing 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 illustration

Mergers & Acquisitions

Story by James J. Craft, Illustrations by Sortimid. Mark is a disaffected retail salesperson, and after a takeover of his store, he finds himself selling feminine fashion... and struggling to embrace everything about it. Book / 103 pages / 31 illustration

Suddenly a Secretary

Story & art by Joe Six-Pack. Rock guitarist Mick has become obsessed with following the life of secretary Lori Chandler through her inter-office email messages. Soon, Mick is taking her place. Book / 133 pages / 30 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

Born on Black Friday

Story & art by Joe Six-Pack. Malcom Balford was forced to go shopping on Black Friday. What he finds at the mall may mean that Malcom will never leave. Book / 57 pages/ 17 illustrations.

In the Family Way

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. The Finch brothers are trying to catfish a man out of his money. To do so, they dress up as mother and daughter. But their impersonations slowly seem to be taking them over. Book / 182 pages / 42 illustrations

Crossed Fiction

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

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

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 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

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

Medical Miss-Practice

Story by KK & Fraylim, illustrations by Fraylim. Jerry just needed a medical procedure. He came out with two big new problems and a whole new life. Now he's losing everything he loves, piece by piece. Book / 95 pages / 51 black & white illustrations

12 Days of Christmas

Story by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Paul was a rising executive, but he had a secret embezzlement scheme. Now he's being blackmailed into skirts day-by-day in the 12 days of Christmas. Book / 74 pages / 21 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 Maid 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

Un-Boxed & Undone

By James J. Craft, illustrations by Banedearg with additional art by Joe Six-Pack. Caleb is struggling to get his YouTube career started. When he gets some strange shipments of makeup and clothes, he finds his channel suddenly taking off - but can he control it? A picture story. Book / 41 Pages / 33 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

Barbie's Life

Story & Art by Melissa N. Chris was a student actor who said he could play any role. A disgruntled girlfriend and playwright are about to see if he'll be able to play the lead role in... Barbie's Life. Book / 55 pages / 21 rendered images

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