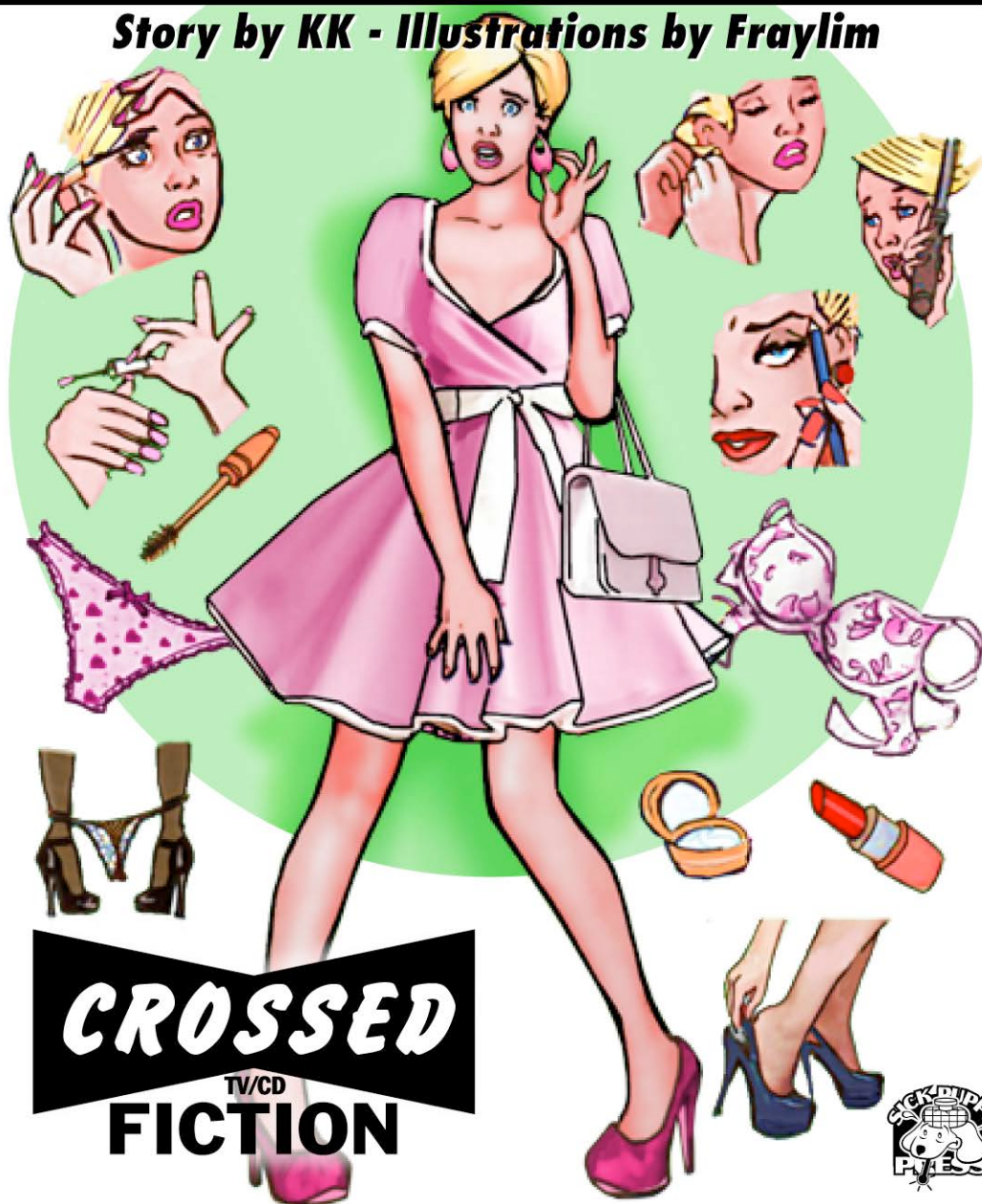


159 pages **48** illustrations

THE "BLONDIE" SERIES: BOOK 1

Story by KK - Illustrations by Fraylim



CROSSED

TV/CD

FICTION



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BLONDIE'S LOST SUMMER

Story by KK — Illustrations by Fraylim
A Crossed Fiction Story



2013 Digital Edition

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BLONDIE'S LOST SUMMER

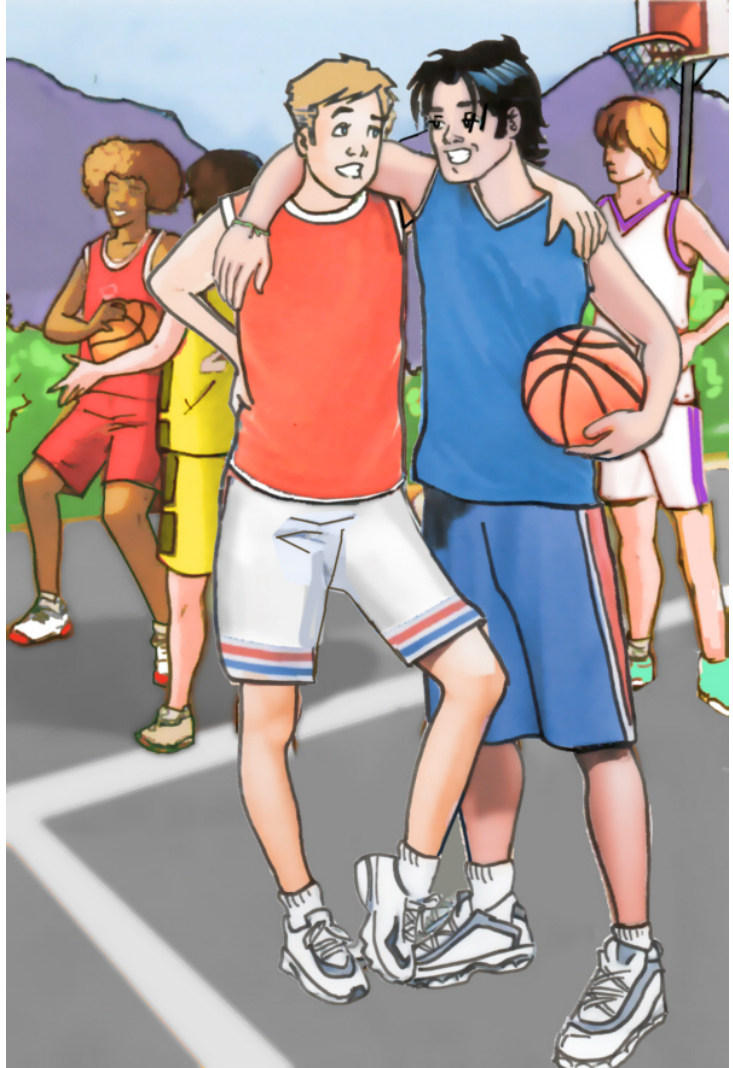
“So that’s about the size of it, dude,” Carl Hutchens said, setting down his soda. “My grandmother has a stroke right in the middle of my parents’ big divorce, they read her will, and suddenly getting custody of me is the most important thing in the universe for both of them.”

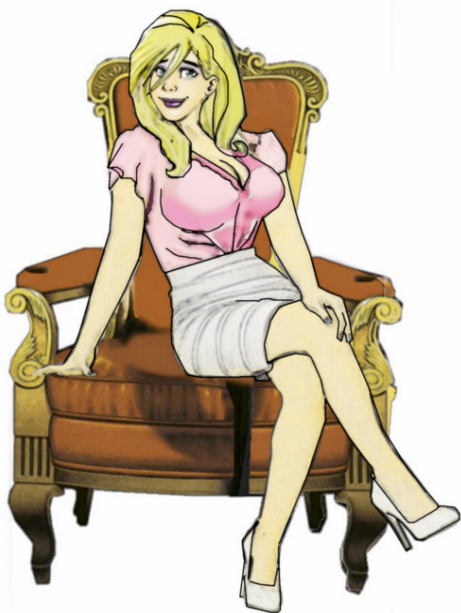
It was Carl’s last chance to see his friends for a while. School was out, and he was heading south for the summer. They guys had gotten together for a loose game of basketball, and to tell stories about how great their summer was going to be.

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

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

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





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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

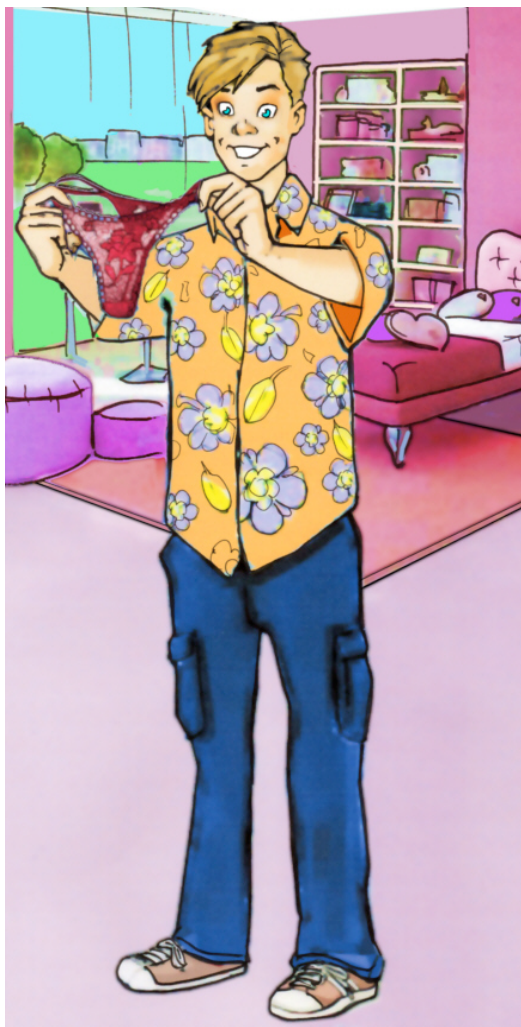
"Heck yeah," Carl laughed. "Are you going to come?" He certainly wouldn't mind seeing her body in a bikini – she really knew how to take care of herself.

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What?" Carl asked defensively.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I usually just take one," he said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Wait, he's a surgeon?" Carl frowned. "You think I'm gonna need surgery for this?"

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Totally clear?" Carl asked suspiciously.

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I'll be back in a little while," Aunt Kat said mysteriously. "I just forgot something in the car."

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

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

"What's that?" he asked apprehensively.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Really?" Carl asked, frowning.

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

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

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

"Do you have any?" Tiffany asked pointedly.

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

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

"Hey, hold on," Carl protested. "I don't think I need..."

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

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

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

"Hold on now, I don't think I want my legs waxed," Carl protested. Helga shrugged.

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



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

"What's this?" Carl demanded.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

"Girl?" Carl demanded.

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

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

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

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

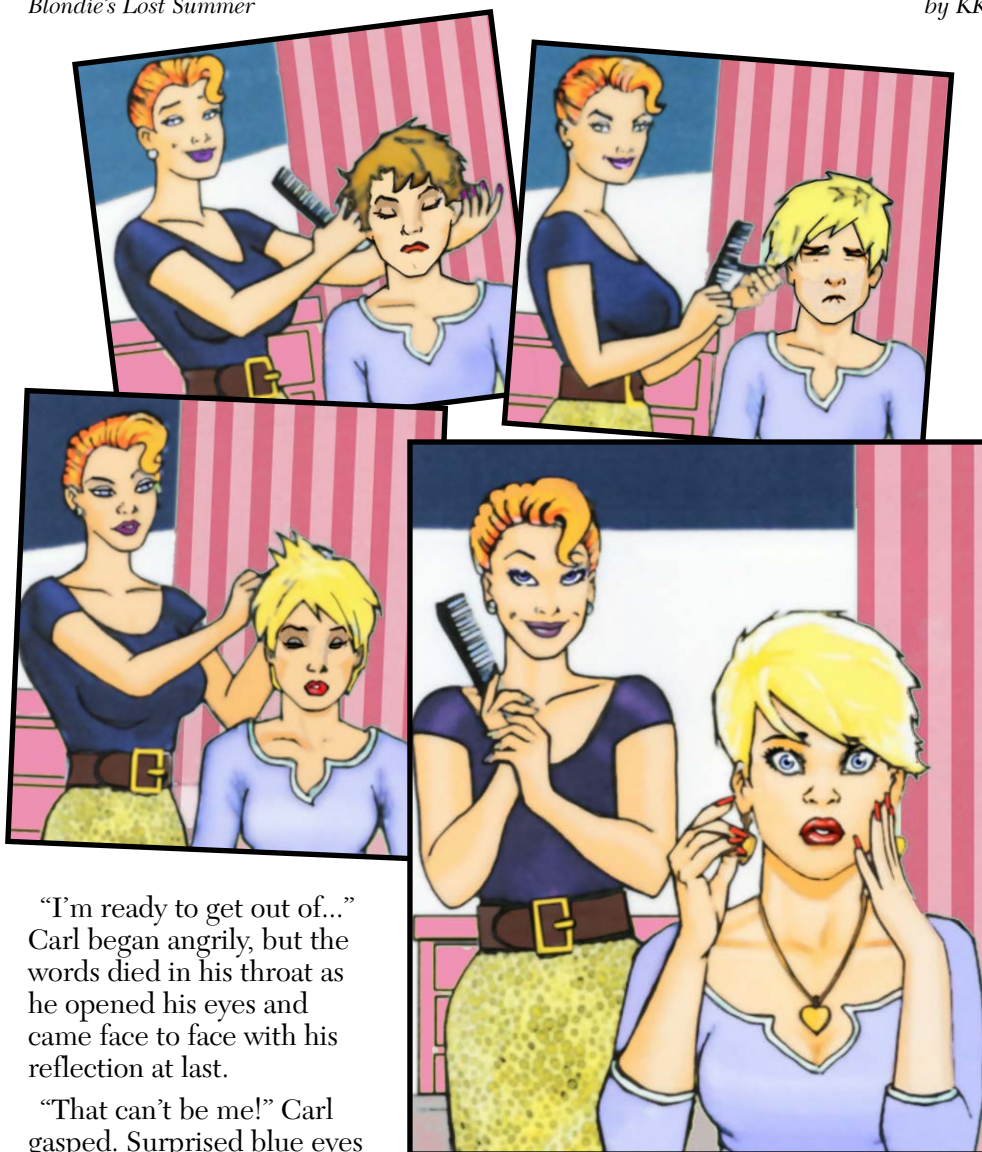
"They look great, too," Tiffany said. "Um, why don't you both go sweep up the back a little? I'll call you when I need more help."

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

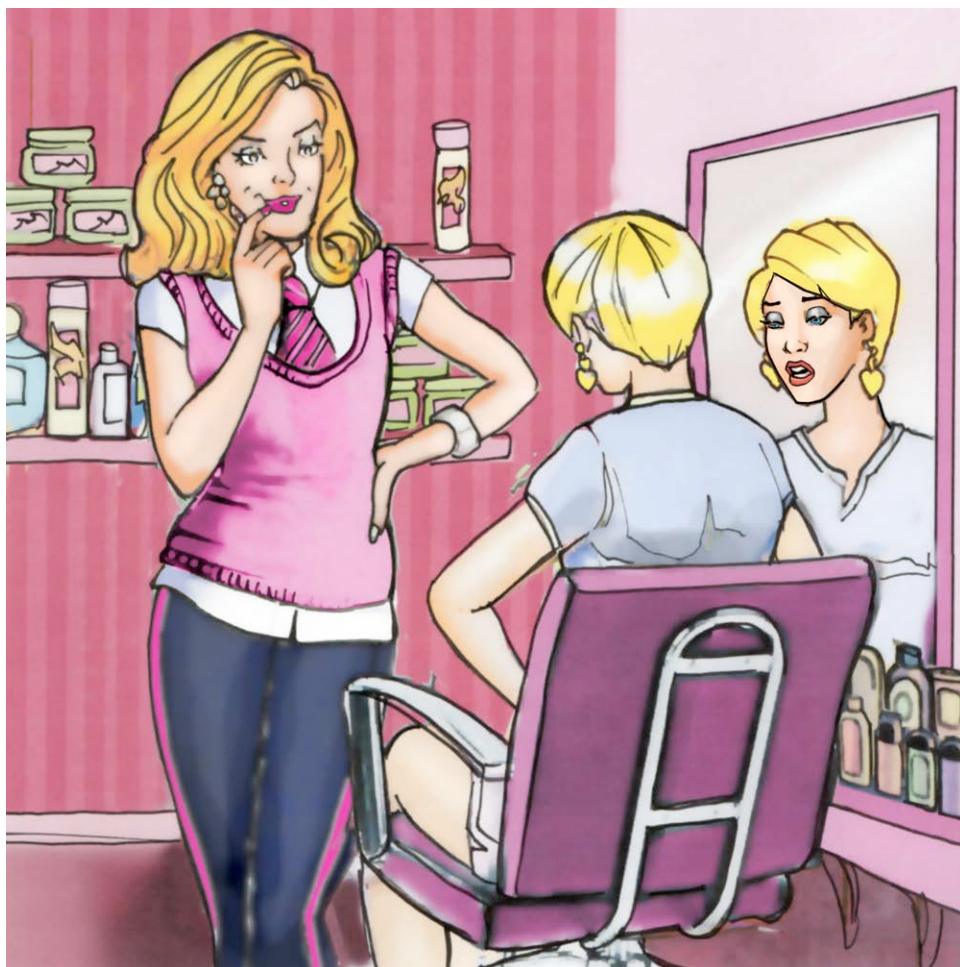
"Maybe not yet," Aunt Kat said thoughtfully. "Carl, I just got off the phone with your mother," she explained. "That's what took me so long. I've got some bad news... Your father just won custody." She looked Carl up and down again. "Did your mother get you your flight long in advance?" Aunt Kat asked.

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

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

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

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



"Well, no," Carl said. "Of course not!"

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

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

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

"What do you mean?" Carl gaped.

"You need to disappear. Carl can't be found."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Without further ado, Tiffany pulled the curtain aside.

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I, I don't know," Carl said, flushing. "Can't we just..."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

So, for the next hour, Carl found himself trying on pair after pair of strappy sandals and stiletto pumps

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I'm not ever going to be on a date!" Carl exclaimed, blushing. "Why would I..."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I can't do this, Aunt Kat," Carl said weakly. "It'll never work!"

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



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

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

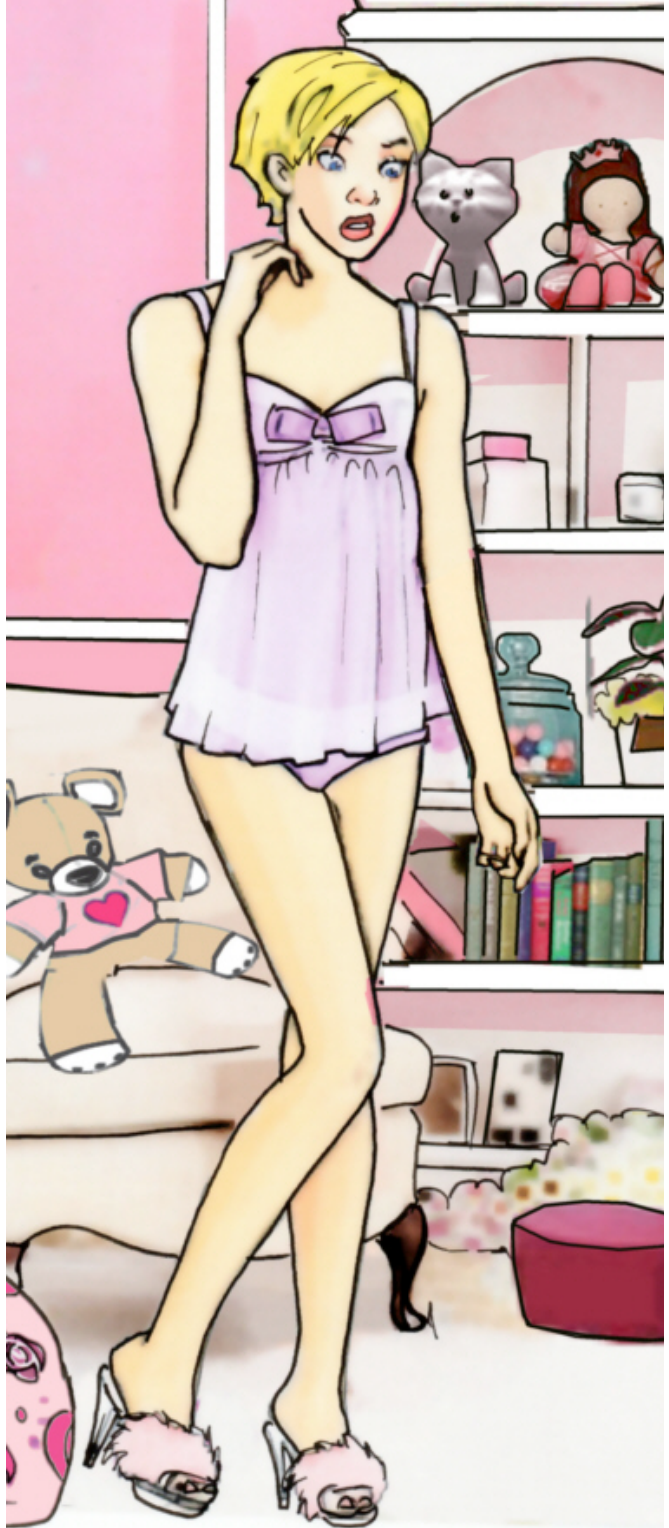
"Won't they miss you at work?" Carl asked hopefully. "I mean, we could just practice... Girl stuff... When you get back."

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

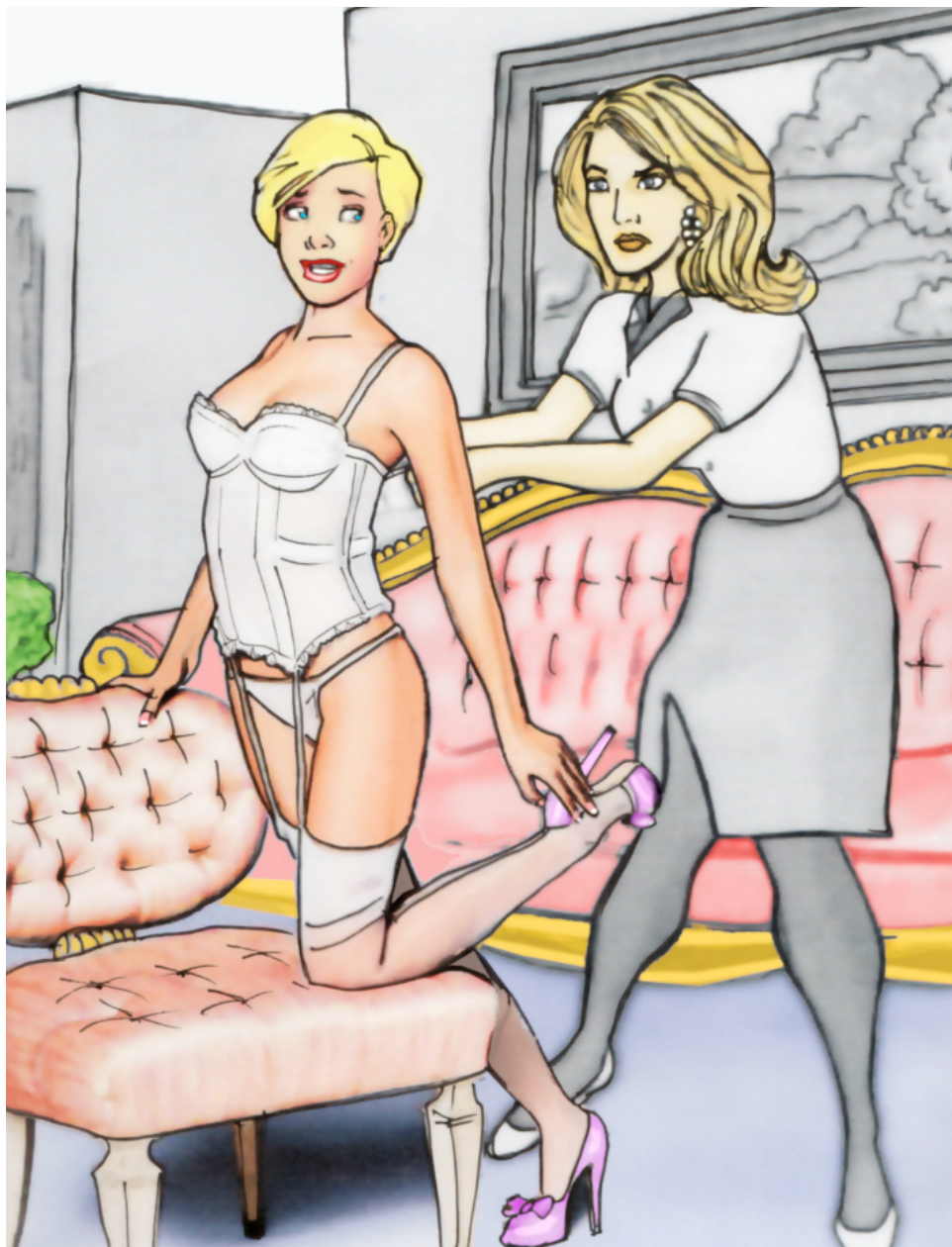
"You want them to actually *be* bigger, I understand, sweetie," Aunt Kat crooned. "Girls can be so catty at this age about flat-chested peers." She winked to show she was joking, and Carl rolled his eyes. At least one of them was having fun, but if this was the only way to make sure the inheritance ended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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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



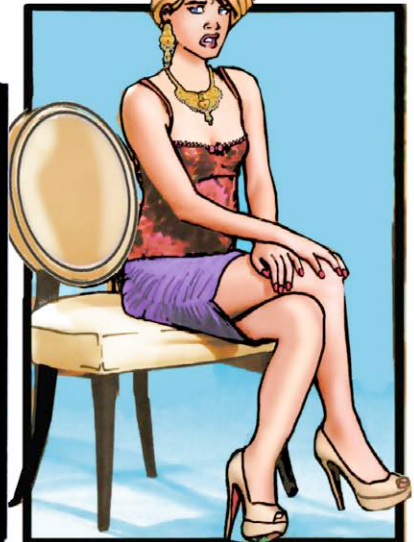
"There isn't that much to learn." By the end of his first full day of girlhood, Carl couldn't think of any words he regretted saying more. His first makeup lesson took most of the morning, with Carl sitting glumly as Aunt Kat went through the basics of applying foundation, eyeshadow, liner, mascara,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

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

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

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

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



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



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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

"That was before," he said, embarrassed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"By myself?" Carl asked meekly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I don't know," he said. "I need to get going..."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh, did he?" Amber asked sweetly.

"Did I?" Tom asked, confused.

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

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

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

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



long.”

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Okay," she said, snapping it shut. "Let's go on in."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Well?" Aunt Kat asked.

"Is probably nothing," Dr. Nevsky said.

"How you say, benign. But if you leave, it may begin to itch, or have bleeding. Very easy to remove. It is safe procedure, very simple."

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



"It's not painful or anything, is it?" Carl asked suspiciously, putting his bra back on.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

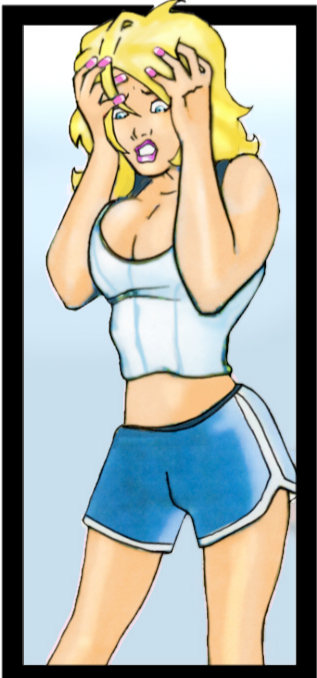
"What the hell?" Carl gasped, and hurried quickly to the reflective window to the gym office. He was wearing makeup! His pouting lips were a bright coral pink, while his eye-shadow was a subtler shade and his lashes were coated in thick, dark mascara. Horrified, Carl turned back to his buddies to try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

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

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

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

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



of...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Barely noticeable?" Carl echoed weakly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Lipo?" Carl demanded faintly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Dear, calm down," Aunt Kat pleaded.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

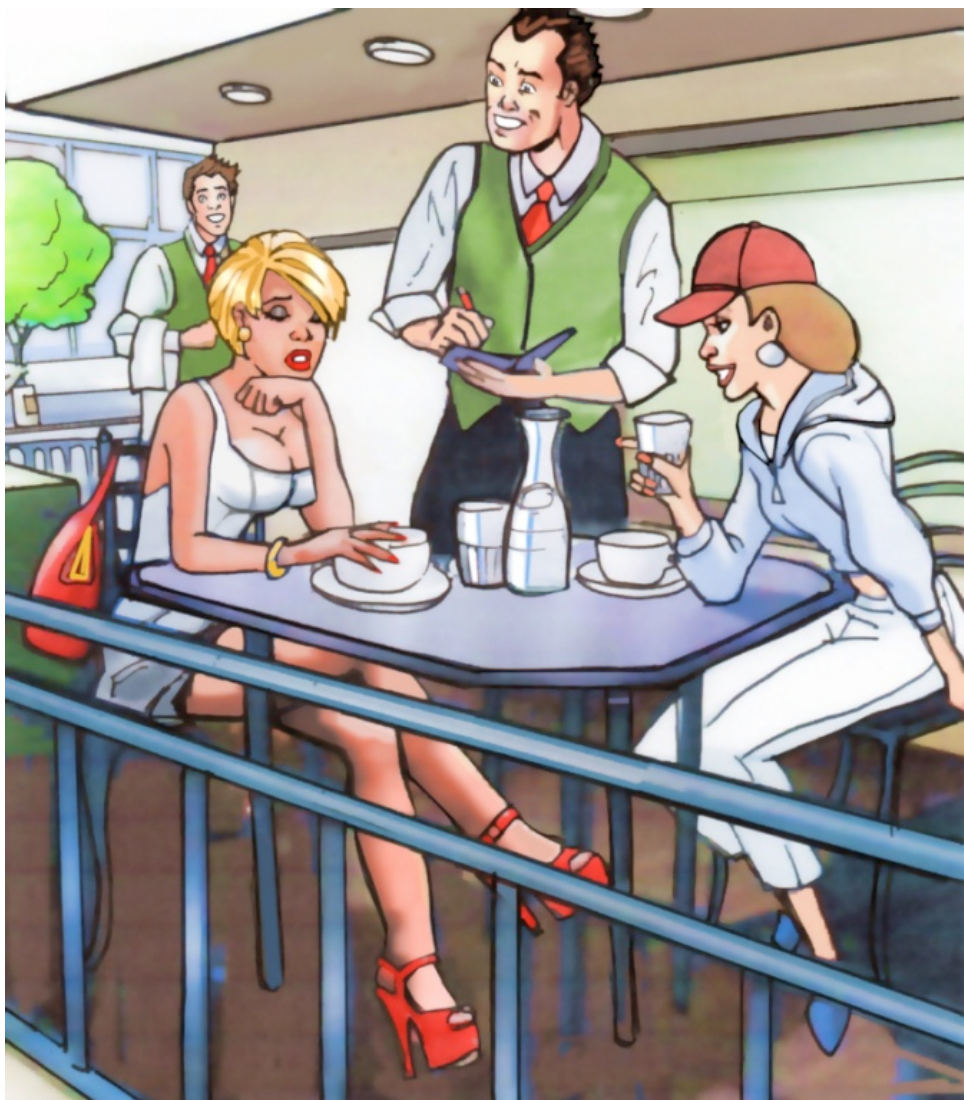
"I'll have a caramel cappuccino," Miranda said. "Candi? What would you like?"

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes?" Aunt Kat smiled.

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

"Of course, sweetie," Aunt Kat said. "I'm so glad you're socializing!"

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Along with flattering your legs and exaggerating your breasts and bottom, they ensure that you wouldn't be able to make it very far were you to run," Aunt Kat continued. "Basically, if he really wants it, he's bigger than you, stronger than you, can move faster than you, so it's going to be easy for him to

get it. This means that in order to be a fashionable woman and wear the clothes society demands, you can't rely on your ability to over-power or escape male attention. Instead, a beautiful girl learns how to use those attributes that they have in order to manipulate men and gain the upper hand that way. As a girl, your body is the most important thing you have, sweetie."

Carl had never considered the origins of such clothes in his life, and he suddenly felt exceptionally vulnerable in his tight, sexy dress with its low-cut neckline and flirty skirt, not to mention his dainty high heels! If a man wanted to have his way with him, he wouldn't have a chance... The thought was utterly terrifying, but Carl calmed himself down by reminding himself that he had nothing to worry about. He was seeing Miranda, a girl, and if she wanted to tear his clothes off he had absolutely no problem with that! Aunt Kat gave him a generous spritz of alluring perfume, strong enough to make Carl's head spin slightly, and declared him perfect.

"You don't mind if I snap a few pictures, do you?" she asked, raising her cellular phone. "You just look too beautiful not to, sweetie."

Carl posed reluctantly as she snapped a series of pictures with her phone's camera, placing his hand on his hip here and pouting his lips there as his aunt gave him directions.

"Is that enough?" he asked, blushing. "I really don't want to be late, Aunt Kat."

"We have plenty of time, sweetie," his aunt assured him. "But I understand. Hop in the car, and I'll be right along!" Carl collected his purse, making sure his wallet and phone were both inside, along with Kleenex, makeup, and a compact mirror, then hurried to the car. There was only one thing left that he needed for the night... Protection. Aunt Kat joined him



a moment later and they pulled out of the driveway onto the road.

For a moment Carl considered asking his aunt to go in and buy them for him, but no... This was one thing he was definitely keeping to himself. She may have seen him stark naked more times in the past two weeks than he cared to count, shopped for lingerie with him, and manhandled his genitals in a very unpleasant way, but there were limits as to what he was willing to share with his Aunt Kat. It even gave him a bit of a rebellious thrill to be doing it in secret, since he was sure Aunt Kat's idea of proper behavior for a girly blonde bimbo named 'Candi' was strictly oriented towards cute boys, and absolutely did not involve any lipstick lesbian action with an old ex-girlfriend.

"Aunt Kat?" Carl said, rummaging through his purse. "I think I forgot my gum, could we please stop up at that drugstore? I'd really like to run in and buy a package."

"Gum?" Aunt Kat smiled. "I thought you two were just having a bit of a girl's night out. You're not planning on kissing any boys, are you?" Carl flushed crimson from his cheeks to the tops of his breasts. As if! He wished he could tell his aunt that if he was going to be kissing anybody, it was his smoking hot ex, wearing lip-gloss or no, but he dared not. He had the feeling she would not approve of anyone seeing 'Candi' out on a romantic date with a girl.

"I just like to have nice breath!" Carl protested, fluttering one manicured hand in an unconsciously feminine gesture of exasperation. "Please, can we stop?"

"Of course, sweetie," Aunt Kat said, rolling her eyes. "I was just teasing you! Here, I'll pull right in." She pulled the car into the drugstore parking lot and found a vacant spot a little further from the door than Carl would have liked. Carl was suddenly terrifically nervous, hands sweating slightly clasped together in his lap and heart racing behind his gorgeous breasts and the flimsy constraints of the dress. He had never done this before, especially not in this attire!

"I'll just be a minute," Carl squeaked, steeling his nerves. Then, adjusting his purse on his shoulder, he put his red-taloned fingers around the door handle and pushed it open. The cold night air seemed to woosh up his skirt immediately, making his smooth knees tremble slightly as he slid gracefully out the car, legs together so as to not flash his lacy black panties. Then, with a deep breath that made his new D-cups bob invitingly in the silky cups of his little red dress, he started across the parking lot.

Aunt Kat watched with pride as her feminized nephew minced across the lot, perched in his red stilettos as gracefully as any movie starlet. He was obviously still adjusting to his new center of gravity, meaning, of course, the bountiful globes just barely concealed by the daringly low cut of his slinky little minidress, and was clearly not accustomed to the way his high heels made him thrust his chest out even further, but he didn't stumble even once on his way to the glass door of the drugstore, despite the uneven footing, and the sensuous wiggle of his bottom and loud clicking of his shoes were enough to make a man walking by nearly run into a lamp-post. With his hair and makeup done to perfection, squeezed into a slutty little dress and swimming in feminine perfume,

Carl was quite the little temptress and Aunt Kat was surprised that her usually reluctant nephew had readily agreed to such a revealing, low-cut dress. Perhaps he was finally accepting his femininity?

Carl, meanwhile, had reached the door and was struggling to pull it open when it glided out of his grasp, helped along by the long arm of a man behind him. Carl looked up and was made immediately uneasy by the pure lust in the man's eyes, which were roving hungrily over his all-but-exposed breasts.

"Thank you," he said softly, giving him a small smile as Aunt Kat had told him to do. The man grinned lecherously.

"No problem, gorgeous," he said. "It's a plus for both of us." Carl didn't quite understand, pouting his lips in a cute frown, then quickly looked down again, eyelashes fluttering anxiously, and minced through the open door. When the man gave a low wolf-whistle he realized exactly what his 'admirer' had meant! Carl blushed furiously, suddenly fully aware of the feminine sway of his hips and tantalizing motion of his pretty seat and naked legs as he swished along in his towering stilettos. He glanced back and found that the man's eyes were still glued to his backside, just as Carl's usually were when confronted with a hot girl in a revealing dress. But the high heel was on the other foot now that Carl was 'Candi' – and eye-candy! The spotty-faced teen boy behind the check out seemed to be having the exact same reaction. Carl could tell by his far-away look that he was imagining exactly what he would do to a blonde sexpot like 'Candi' given half the chance.

Carl blushed again and hurried down the first aisle, simultaneously wanting to make his purchase as quickly as possible while dreading his encounter with the love-struck sales clerk. He had never bought condoms before, but he knew well enough where to find them near the back of the drugstore. The selection, however, baffled him completely. There were so many options to choose from, a legion of colorful little boxes with equally colorful names, all claiming to various features to improve the "experience." Carl stopped in front of the shelf in a panic.

He bit his lip and stood there deliberating, one hip cocked, completely unaware of the perfectly erotic picture he was creating for the man buying paper-towels only a few meters away. A sexy young blonde, completely stacked, dressed to the nines in an incredibly tight, sexy red dress that let the firm feminine globes on her chest all but spill out, biting her luscious red lip with perfect white teeth, shaped brows knit in concentration as she tried to decide just how she wanted to be fucked by her boyfriend... It was no wonder that every male head in the store was currently turned in Carl's direction, and not just the one's on top of their necks! Innocently ignorant of the problems he was causing in his admirer's pants, Carl snatched a small pink box off the shelf that promised 'ribbed for her pleasure.' He figured that he would enjoy himself no matter what, even if he was dressed as a chick and his boobs got in the way, so he wanted to ensure that Miranda enjoyed herself doubly.

Carl began putting the box of condoms into his purse as he made his way towards the check out via the feminine hygiene aisle, wishing his stilettos didn't make quite such a racket. There was an attractive brunette with her back

turned to him, and as he looked at her ass he suddenly, inexplicably had the thought that his would look even better in those tight hip-hugger jeans. All this girl stuff was really starting to mess with his head! Fortunately, tonight was going to be a good reminder that beneath all the makeup, he was still a guy who could sleep with beautiful girls. The brunette turned, and suddenly Carl had a jolt of recognition. It was Amber!

"Oh, well hello," she said, catching sight of him. She narrowed her pretty eyes and crossed her arms underneath a rack that, while impressive, Carl now realized was slightly smaller than his own.

"Hi, Amber!" Carl squeaked nervously, snapping his purse shut. "What are you doing here?"

"What does it look like?" Amber said, waving the maxipads in front of him as if he was a particularly stupid little girl. "What are *you* doing here?"

"I'm, um..." Carl picked a package off the shelf at random. "I'm buying my tampons!" he said, a little too loudly. His cheeks flushed.

"Good for you," Amber said sarcastically. She frowned. "You look different." She was staring right at his chest, and then a dawning realization broke across her face. It was halfway between disgust, amusement, and, unless Carl was mistaken, a hint of jealousy? "You look *bigger*," she said with a wicked smile. "How much did those cost your daddy?"

"It's just this dress," Carl exclaimed, blushing. "It, it makes them look so big, I know..."



"Right," Amber sniffed. "Hot date tonight?"

"Oh, no, I'm actually just seeing an old friend," Carl squeaked. "Miranda, do you know her? Anyways, my aunt is waiting in the car, so I'll see you around, bye!" He made to hurry away, still red to the tips of his ears, when...

"Stop right there, young lady!" barked an angry female voice.

Carl, still unaccustomed to being referred to as such, kept walking. Suddenly, someone grabbed his arm from behind.

"I said, stop!" said a red-faced middle-aged woman wearing the store uniform. She looked at him suspiciously. "You're not allowed to put items in your purse before you purchase them! Or were you planning on simply walking out without paying?" She reached into Carl's purse and pulled out the bright pink box of condoms, waving them triumphantly. Carl wished the floor would open up and swallow him.

"Sorry!" he squealed. "I was going to pay for them, I swear, I just, I was just..." Amber, of course, had heard the commotion and was staring at Carl with undisguised revulsion as the store employee chewed him out. By the time the lecture was finished, Carl was standing with his head bowed, chin nearly touching his cleavage, with the box of condoms clutched in front of him in his long nails and his blushing face nearly matching the bright pink color.

"Seeing a friend," Amber sniffed. "I'm sure. Have *fun* tonight, Candi." Carl just walked numbly towards the check out, head bowed, high heeled feet all but obscured by his own cleavage. He didn't think he would be able to meet someone's eye for a good month! Amber now thought he was not only a blonde bimbo who had begged her rich daddy for a boob job, but that he was a complete and total slut as well!

The sales clerk leered at him all through the transaction, gaze lingering on the deep valley of cleavage put on display by Carl's minidress, and by the time he was mincing his way out the door Carl was shaking with humiliation. He hid the condoms and the tampons he'd been forced to buy for appearances deep inside his purse, together with the receipt, before returning to the car where Aunt Kat was still waiting.

"Where's your gum?" she asked conversationally, as he slid inside with his knees held together.

"Oh!" Carl gasped. "Oh, um, they didn't have the flavor I like. Sorry. Can we go?"

"They didn't have the flavor you like?" Aunt Kat asked skeptically. "Candi, people are going to think you're a bit of an airhead with behavior like that." Carl just blushed as he struggled to do up his seatbelt again over his bountiful breasts. He had agreed to meet Miranda at an upscale pizza parlor, a trendy place with the sort of retro vibe that most of their teen peers were currently obsessed with, and with the traffic it was about a fifteen minute drive. Carl kept checking his phone, and checking his makeup in the car mirror. Aunt Kat, noticing the growing feminine habit, smiled to herself from the driver's seat.

"Here we are," she announced as they pulled into the restaurant parking lot. "Now, remember to say hi to Miranda from me, okay? Have fun, tonight, sweetie."

"I will," Carl assured her. "Thank you for the ride!" He opened the door of the car and swung his legs out to make a graceful exit, then shut it and wiggled his fingers in a cute wave. His Aunt waved back, then pulled out and drove away, leaving Carl alone to enter the restaurant. He clopped across the parking lot towards the entrance, hips swinging, and was relieved to see Miranda waiting for him, looking ravishing in a little black dress.

"Candi!" she squealed in excitement. "Oh, my God, you look amazing! You look even better than I hoped, and that dress! He is just going to love you!"

"Thank you," Carl said, blushing. "You look beautiful tonight, and... He?"

"Come on, Candi, they're inside," Miranda beamed, taking his slender wrist in her hand. "I can't wait to introduce you to your date, his jaw is going to hit the floor. Come on!"

"But... but..." Carl stammered. "What do you mean, my date? I thought you and I were..." Miranda gave him a puzzled look, then a sympathetic expression dawned on her face.

"Oh, Candi... you didn't think you and I were going to..." It was Miranda's turn to blush, and she giggled slightly. "Hon, I'm not into girls, and I definitely wouldn't date a pretty little thing who looks better in his lingerie than I do! Now, come on, we're going to have a lot of fun tonight!"

Head spinning, Carl allowed himself to be led inside the pizza parlor.

The place, as promised, was already packed with teenagers. There were girls and guys seated at several tables, all laughing and conversing, and the music was all hot top-forty hits from the radio. Carl could feel the air conditioning freezing his bare legs already, but that was now the least of his worries! As soon as he was inside, it seemed as though every guy in the room was watching his every move, while their girlfriends shot him catty looks of jealousy or rolled their eyes at his flimsy, low-cut red dress. A group of boys near the doors stopped their conversation entirely to stare in awe as Carl minced past them, eyes downcast under his long, luxurious lashes, and kept right on staring, admiring the gorgeous figure swathed in sexy red. A few of his admirers were discreet, but for the most part, Carl felt like a slab of meat with the way they were ogling him, entranced by every wriggle of his backside and bounce of his barely-constrained breasts. Carl felt almost numb with panic, because not only was he dressed to kill, he was being led to a table where two handsome young men were lounging in their chairs. Both of them perked up with immediate interest at his approach.

"Candi, this is Doug, he plays for the school football team here and he's ever so tough," Miranda said, giggling and stroking the handsome boy's arm – it was clear the two were involved – and then she began to introduce the other boy, now standing up from his chair with an expression as if he'd just won the lottery, but Carl didn't hear her words and didn't need any introduction. Football



star, ladies' man, childhood idol, and the older brother of his best friend... It was Jason.

"Aren't you going to say hi?" Miranda prodded.

"Oh!" Carl exclaimed softly, jerked out of his temporary state of shock. "Um, hi! I'm Candi."

"I heard," Jason laughed, with a knowing look that made it clear how often his dashing good looks and muscled physique left girls at a loss for words. He offered his hand and Carl reluctantly slipped his smaller one inside. Jason enveloped it immediately, rubbing it in a small circle with his thumb and giving Carl a charming smile.

"You'll have to excuse Candi," Miranda giggled. "She can be a bit of a bimbo, especially around cute boys. You know how blondes are!"

"Wow," Jason said. "I knew the girls in Florida were beautiful, but you're really something else, Candi."

"Th... Thank you," Carl stammered, blushing furiously as Jason's eyes roved over his body, lingering in the valley of his cleavage and then again at his trim, tanned legs.

"We already ordered for you girls," Doug said. "Hope you don't mind, we were starving. I hope you weren't hoping for veggie pizza or something silly like that."

"Hm, you guys always think dieting is silly, but then you definitely appreciate the results!" Miranda said, giving Carl a wink.

"I certainly do," Jason said, grinning roguishly. He pulled out a chair and Carl realized he was meant to take it. Sashaying reluctantly to the table, Carl sat down daintily with all the feminine grace he could muster, while Jason took a good look down the top of his dress into his bountiful cleavage. Carl had to do everything he could to be as feminine as possible, hoping Jason would never recognize him. As the football star returned to his own seat, which suddenly seemed much closer to Carl's, his hand brushed Carl's smooth knee under the table! Carl flushed at the flirtatious contact. He knew enough of Jason's exploits to know it was only a taste of what was to come. If this had been any other situation, Carl would have taken notes, but now every ounce of Jason's charm was being used with the intent of getting him into bed!

"Jason here might be playing on the team next year," Doug said conversationally. "He's a real stud on the field... Arm like a bazooka! He lit it up in high school senior season."

"Oh, really?" Carl squeaked, realizing he would have to pretend to know nothing about Jason.

"Ah, he's just trying to butter me up," Jason grinned. "But, well, if all the girls he introduces me to are as gorgeous as Candi here..." Carl blushed, but was thankfully spared from further flirtations as their food arrived. Once he would have been delighted to see the gooey, cheesy pepperoni pizza, but now he was utterly terrified of spilling something on his dress. He noticed the waitress giving Jason an appraising smile.

"So, Candi, do you like sports?" Jason asked conversationally as the waitress departed. "With a body like that, I know you keep in terrific shape." Carl blushed furiously, glancing over at Miranda in desperation. Did he like sports? He'd been on the same Little League team with Jason's younger brother all his life! He'd attended every single one of Jason's big games! But he realized that he was 'Candi' now, and if he wanted to somehow get out of this mess without the truth being revealed, he had to act like 'Candi.'

"Oh, no!" Carl said, forcing himself to giggle. "I mean, they're so complicated! All those silly rules, and, um, time-outs... and... stuff." If he'd been hoping the lack of mutual interests would turn Jason off, he couldn't have been more wrong. On the contrary, the football star's eyes had lit up and he was grinning with undisguised satisfaction.

"Don't worry, it's not as complex as all that, Blondie," he smiled. "I'll take you to a game sometime, if you promise to cheer for the right team." Carl noticed Miranda staring at him and he looked away, blushing, knowing she was wondering why he was acting like a blonde bimbo. He dabbed at the greasy pizza daintily with his napkin to avoid eye contact. He had once loved pizza, but now he felt far too nervous to eat more than a few delicate bites, praying each time that he wouldn't spill pizza sauce down his cleavage. The conversation at the table mostly revolved around the coming football season and the draft prospects, a topic Carl would have loved, but he knew would bore 'Candi' to tears, so he did his best to listen politely as the men did the majority of the talking. But Jason hadn't forgotten about him – far from it! As they talked, he was constantly finding excuses to caress Carl's slender arm, touch his hair, or nudge his thigh under the table. He was so smooth that Carl could find no way to prevent it, and he was scared stiff. It was a massive relief when Miranda caught his eye.

"That's enough football for me," she said, sighing dramatically. "Come on, Candi, let's go freshen up while the boys find something interesting for us all to talk about when we get back." She got up from the table, and Carl didn't have to think twice. He followed her to the bathroom, heels clicking noisily, and both Doug and Jason grinned at each other as they enjoyed the show of 'Candi' swishing her shapely backside with every step. Carl felt numb with panic. How was he going to keep this up all night? How close was Jason to recognizing him? If he said the wrong thing, or if Jason looked at his face too closely...

"Time outs and stuff?" Miranda echoed teasingly as they entered the bathroom. "You're really getting into this, aren't you?"

"It's not like that at all," Carl blushed. Several girls were at the mirror, but they left as Miranda and Carl entered, giving Carl a look of jealousy mixed with disdain. He was clearly beautiful, but also showing no restraint in his slutty red dress. Plus, he was with the most eligible teen bachelor around! Carl was blissfully unaware of their judgmental stares as he hurried into the nearest free stall, as if it was a sanctuary from all the crazy events happening outside it.

"You've certainly got it figured out what a boy like Jason likes, the way you're acting so innocent and airheaded, giggling at his jokes and cooing at his accomplishments," Miranda went on, primping in front of the mirror as Carl delicately peeled his panties down and took a seat on the toilet. "If I didn't know better, I'd say that 'Candi' wants a little sugar tonight," Miranda giggled.

"Miranda, how could you do this to me?" Carl asked shakily.

"I said you deserved a date, Candi," Miranda said, pouting. "I had no idea you would misinterpret it so strangely! Besides, isn't he cute?"

"He's Jason!" Carl nearly sobbed, holding his pretty blonde head in his manicured hands. "That's my best friend's older brother! I can't go back out there, any second now he's going to recognize me, and then... and then..." Carl shuddered, hardly daring to think what Jason would do if he thought he'd been made a fool of by a boy in a dress. It certainly wouldn't stay between them, that was for certain. Brad would know immediately, and then the jig was up! Not only would all of his friends see him as a sissy forever, his father would be able

to find out easily that Carl hadn't run away from home, but was disguised as a girl with Aunt Kat in Florida.

"Candi, with a dress like that, he's not going to be looking at your face for more than five seconds at a time," Miranda pointed out. "If he hasn't recognized you yet, do you really think he has a chance? The more he sees you, the more he thinks of you as a sexy blonde babe and the further his thoughts are from any boy named Carl that he used to know."

"I can't do this," Carl moaned, as he slipped his panties back up his legs, re-adjusted his dress and exited the stall. "I just know he's going to recognize me!"

"Candi, I didn't recognize you, and us girls are a heck of a lot more in-tune with that sort of thing than a horny guy like Jason," Miranda said soothingly. "I mean, look at you!" She turned Carl to face the mirror and he stared miserably at his reflection. Trendy bleached blonde hair, dark, fluttering eyelashes, voluptuous red lips... Any trace of masculinity he once held dear had been totally eradicated from his face, and as for below his neck...

"Look at these!" Miranda continued, cupping his breasts from behind and fluffing them to accentuate his cleavage even further. "No red-blooded guy in the world is going to be thinking about little brother's friends back home when a rack like this is across from him, not to mention your tiny little waist, perfect ass, and long, sexy legs. Face it, honey, you're a knock-out, and you know it, and



you know he has absolutely no idea who you are! That's what's really bothering you, isn't it?"

"I don't know," Carl squeaked, blushing furiously. "I'm going to call my aunt to come pick me up. I'm sorry, I just can't go through with this... If he somehow figures it out..."

"Oh, no, you won't," Miranda frowned. "That would ruin the evening for everybody. How selfish are you? And, um, there is one other thing..." She looked slightly embarrassed. "It's really important to my college that Jason plays football here, so they asked Doug to show him a night on the town and convince him, and, well, I think you know how convincing a pretty girl can be."

"You brought me here to be Jason's date so he'll play football for your boyfriend's school?" Carl gasped.

"Sorry," Miranda sighed. "I really thought it would just be a fun dinner, but I should have known Doug had an alternative motive. You know how boys are! They'll do anything for their silly sports. Now, here, let me fix up your makeup." She made Carl pout his lips as she applied a fresh coating of bright red lipstick to his small mouth. Carl was stunned. Not only was he Jason's date, he was supposed to "persuade" Jason to stay in Florida! He knew of only one way a girl did that... Carl gulped in fear.

"Come on," Miranda smiled, linking arms with him. "Your dream date is waiting!" Still processing this latest fact, Carl meekly allowed himself to be led back to the table. He could feel Jason's eyes analyzing his every wiggle, lusting over his jiggling breasts and swaying hips, and it made him feel even more scared. He was terrified of being a sex object, but even more terrified of being caught out as a boy, and that meant he had to accept his role as a hot blonde!

"Well?" Miranda asked, as they resumed their seats. "Did you find something more interesting to talk about?"

"Definitely," Doug teased. "I was just telling Jason about that bikini pageant they're doing this year, with that suntan lotion sponsor... What was it called, Miss Boardwalk Beauty? I think that's worth sticking around for!"

"Sure sounds like it," Jason admitted, but his eyes were still firmly on Carl. "I was just saying how Candi would win the whole thing in a snap." Carl blushed furiously at the compliment.

"Unfortunately, I doubt it," Miranda sniffed. "That stuck-up bitch Amber Sweet wins it every year. Her dad is the regional manager, so she's a shoe-in."

"Well, hey, that chick's pretty hot," Doug defended.

Miranda shot her date a scowl. "Yeah, but they don't even judge it properly," she said. "It's a big scam. Maybe if they had new judges..."

"You would enter, wouldn't you, Candi?" Jason asked suavely. "You'll break my heart if you say no..."

"I don't know," Carl said, blushing. "I'm not sure I would like all those people seeing me in my bikini."

"Liar," Miranda laughed. "Candi, you love the attention!"

Over the next half-hour, Carl did his best to pretend to do just that, playing the part of a sexy blonde bimbo to a T, pouting his lips and giggling and allowing Jason to flirt with him shamelessly. Miranda seemed quite pleased with his performance, perhaps believing Carl was finally warming up to his date's attentions, but on the inside Carl had never been more anxious for an evening to end, especially with the way Jason's hand was creeping up his thigh under the table!

"Well, we should get going before they kick us out," Doug said at last, giving Jason a sly wink that Carl pretended not to see.

"Oh, it was so fun!" Carl said, pouting. "I'll call my aunt to pick me up..."

"Nonsense," said Jason. "Doug and I both drove, I'm sure between the two of us you can get a ride."

"I have to get Miranda home right away," Doug said. "Sorry."

"Jason, your hotel is pretty near to Candi's house!" Miranda said brightly. "You could take her home." Carl's heart stopped. Why was Miranda doing this to him? Didn't she realize he just wanted this whole thing to be done and over with?

"That would be great!" Carl trilled. "Thank you so much."

"My pleasure," Jason grinned, and put out his arm. Blushing, Carl was forced to accept the offer, laying his delicate hand on Jason's muscular forearm as they departed the restaurant. Once they were outside, he smoothly moved it to wrap around Carl's slender waist! Miranda looked on in amusement. It was really something else seeing her ex-boyfriend all dolled up, stuffed into a sexy little dress, perched on sky-high stilettos, swimming in feminine perfume, and perfectly made-up, out on his first date with a big strong arm around his waist. She knew any guy would have been proud to have such a hot date!

"Goodnight, Candi," Miranda smiled as they parted ways. "Be good, now!"

"Bye!" Carl squeaked. Jason walked him across the parking lot, guiding him with one hand in the small of his back. Carl looked down at the purse in his delicate fingers, humiliated at how delicately he was being treated. He tried to concentrate on his stilettos, placing each foot gracefully in front of the other and lending a sexy



wobble to his hips, taking two quick mincing steps for every one of Jason's, and not think about the arm around his waist. Jason opened the car door for him and Carl slid inside, gracefully keeping his knees locked together. His date looked slightly disappointed!

Jason made casual small-talk during the drive, but as they neared Aunt Kat's house he made a slight detour that made Carl's heart leap into his throat. They were heading towards the boardwalk, the favorite spot for young lovers since time immemorial.

"Jason?" he said timidly. "You missed the turn?"

"It's a beautiful night and I'm with a beautiful girl," Jason said, giving Carl his most winning smile. "Wouldn't you like to see a little moonlight on the waves? People keep telling me the boardwalk is really something at night, but I haven't had the chance to experience it yet."

"I should call my aunt," Carl said, desperately trying to think up an excuse. "It's getting late!" He rummaged in his purse, thinking that even if Aunt Kat didn't answer, he could pretend he had been ordered straight back home, but as Jason pulled his car up to the boardwalk entrance, the bump sent the contents of Carl's purse spilling everywhere.

"Oh, darn it!" Carl exclaimed cutely. He started picking up his makeup kit, his compact mirror, his... He froze at the sight of the bright pink box of "ribbed for her pleasure" condoms, and he knew in an instant that Jason had seen it, too! Blushing furiously, he stuffed it back into his purse and turned in his seat.

"I'm not, like..." His attempt to explain himself was interrupted by a deep, passionate kiss. Carl gasped as Jason's tongue slipped between his painted lips and probed deep inside his mouth, making him feel weak all over. He had never in his life been kissed like this, and certainly never by a boy! Carl tried to struggle free, but Jason had his arms encircling him and eventually Carl could do nothing but melt into the kiss, draped against Jason's hard, muscular body, submissively allowing his mouth to be claimed by this alpha male. When they finally broke apart, Carl was blushing all over.

"Let's get a little air," Jason grinned. "It looks like you could use some." He got out of the car, and before Carl knew it, he was being led down the boardwalk, heels tapping sexily on the planks. His stride was restricted by his skirt and he felt his breasts bounce with each mincing step, remembering what Aunt Kat had told him as he was getting ready. Carl's heart was beating like a drum. Jason had them sit down at the very edge, over-looking the water, and he wrapped his arm around Carl's naked shoulders and kissed him again. Carl was utterly powerless to fend him off, and he could only submit as a pretty girl would as Jason planted kiss after kiss on his painted lips, then down onto his neck and shoulders. Carl's head was spinning, especially as Jason's hands began to cup his breasts.

"Please, Jason..." Carl began.

"You don't have to play coy, Candi," Jason said huskily. "I know what a gorgeous girl like you needs. Think we can use up the whole package?" With those

words, his hand began to slide up the inside of Carl's bare thigh, making him shiver. He tried to pull away, but couldn't.

"No, please, I don't want to..." Carl squeaked, as Jason's roaming hand slipped inside his skirt once more. "Jason, stop!" he pleaded, slapping ineffectually at Jason's fingers, but the football star had always been far stronger than Carl, and now, with every last bit of muscle tone dieted and moisturized and hormone-treated right out of him, he was completely helpless to stop his amorous advances. Everything from Aunt Kat's impromptu history lesson was now rushing through his head ... easy access to the female form ... bigger, stronger, faster than you ... all you can do is submit to whatever he wants to do with you...

"Why not?" Jason asked, nibbling at Carl's slender neck, biting gently on his earlobe. Carl gasped at the sensation, but knew he only had moments to get Jason's hand out of his skirt, before he probed deeper and didn't find the warm crevice he was expecting.

"I can't," Carl begged. "Jason! Stop it! I'm, I'm on my period!" And miraculously, Jason's hand vanished. Carl snapped his knees shut immediately, nearly hyperventilating, breasts bobbing attractively up and down on his chest.

"Oh," Jason said, clearly crestfallen. "I understand. It's just that you're so beautiful... So sexy... And I feel this crazy connection with you, Candi, almost like we already know each other somehow, the way our bodies are reacting to each other..." Carl would have lost his mind with fear had he not known that Jason said this to several girls in the past – and it always ended in the same way, in every story! He smoothed his skirt nervously, still breathing fast at the unveiling he had so narrowly escaped.

"I really wanted to share something special with you," Jason said sadly, looking off into the moonlight.

"I'm sorry," Carl squeaked, and with the morose expression on Jason's handsomely sculpted face and the puppy-dog look in his eyes, he nearly was!

"It's okay," Jason said softly, tipping Carl's chin up with one finger. Carl felt his glossy lips part instinctively, submissively, as Jason kissed him deeply once more, tongue exploring every centimeter of Carl's mouth. The kiss made him feel almost faint, and a strange tingle went straight through his nipples as they finally broke apart. Carl gasped for air as Jason ran his fingers around his soft lips, looking at them admiringly.

"I know how you can make it up to me," Jason said playfully, and Carl heard the sound of his jeans' zipper coming undone. Jason took his hand and gently guided it towards his already stiff member. Carl's pretty blue eyes went wide at the size of it... He knew Jason bragged a lot about his ranking in the locker room, but he'd had no idea it was all true!

"Jason, I..."

"Come on, Candi," Jason said in his ear, making him shiver. "You've been teasing me all night in that sexy little dress. I'm so turned on by you, you're so beautiful, so hot..." Carl watched in revolted fascination as Jason's member grew even more swollen. What would Jason do if he refused? He knew the

quarter-back was used to having his way with pretty girls, and a girl like 'Candi' was definitely the type to give into his demands! Slowly, reluctantly, Carl allowed Jason to put his much smaller hand on his warm manhood. The sight of his dainty, moisturized fingers encircling Jason, long red nails shining, was incredibly erotic, and Carl couldn't blame Jason for groaning quietly. He himself felt a slight stirring in the confines of his mercifully-untouched gaff, and even stranger, a tingling sensation in his nipples yet again. Carl began to gently stroke up and down on the shaft, using the technique he'd perfected from years of self-practice, trying desperately to think about anything else, anything other than the fact that before the night was out he would have given his first hand-job.

"Oh, babe, that feels so good," Jason growled. "Keep going, Candi." Even as he spoke, his hands were on the move once more, this time freeing Carl's voluptuous breasts from the flimsy confines of his dress. Carl couldn't help but gasp as the cold air hit them, making his nipples stiffen immediately, and then Jason began caressing them with both hands. Carl gasped again at the sensation. He'd known his new breasts were sensitive, and he'd avoided touching them except by accident in the shower or while putting his bra on, but now they were in the hands of an experienced lover and Carl had never felt anything like it. Every touch sent thrills down his spine, and to his utter shame, Carl began to moan softly just like a girl! He realized, distantly, that he was now putty in Jason's hands. He was allowing himself to be kissed and felt up, just like a pretty girl!

Jason gave him another fierce kiss. Carl gasped for air and let out a confused moan. He had never felt so turned on, but there was nothing happening in his lacy black panties. "Come on, babe, work it," Jason said, tweaking Carl's nipple yet again and sending another current of pleasure down his spine. Carl closed his eyes, trying to make himself unaware of his hand moving up and down on another boy's manhood, faster and faster. He was trembling all over, both from Jason's roaming hands and his own sense of shame, and he felt hot tears pricking at his eyes.

"Oh, Candi, I'm almost there, babe," Jason grunted. "You're amazing. Oh, God. Oh, yeah!" Carl knew there was only one way to get this over with, and he renewed his intensity, rubbing his thumb under Jason's head and wriggling his fingers on his engorged shaft, gripping it tightly, pretty red nails gleaming in the moonlight, and finally watching in utter shame as the boy grunted and exploded over to the side. Carl stared dumbly at the sticky mess on his dainty hand, then began to fight back his tears, sobbing softly to himself as he watched Jason put his member back in his pants. What had he just done? How could he have just allowed Jason to have his way like that?

"That was amazing," Jason sighed contentedly. "Candi..." He pulled Carl close to him, so his breasts pushed up against Jason's flat pecs, and held him in his arms. Carl felt so small and vulnerable and all but naked with his breasts exposed to the world. He began to readjust his dress, slipping his boobs back into their cups, and Jason made no move to stop him. Carl sat in Jason's lap there on the boardwalk for a minute or two, feeling his strong arms around him and

smelling his aftershave, feeling completely sick and ashamed and stunned by what had transpired. How could he go back to being a boy knowing that he had jerked off another guy? Much more, the older brother of his best buddy?

"It's so late," Carl finally said, timidly. "Do you, do you think you could drive me home, please? My aunt might be worried, I haven't called her..."

"Of course," Jason said. He helped Carl to his feet and offered his arm again as they walked back towards the car. Carl had never been more aware of his heels tapping on the wood, his hips swaying suggestively, his smooth thighs brushing together... he had never felt more helpless and feminine, and more than ever before, he thought he knew exactly how it felt to be a girl. Miserable, he didn't speak a word on the drive home. Jason was equally quiet, seemingly lost in his thoughts, or perhaps merely losing interest now that he'd gotten what he wanted. Carl did his best to repair his makeup in his compact mirror when they finally pulled into the driveway.

"Walk you to the door?" Jason offered. Completely unable to offer any resistance at this point, Carl docilely nodded his pretty blonde head. Jason got out and walked around to open the door for him, then helped him out of the car in just such a way that he managed to catch a final flash of Carl's sexy black panties. Carl blushed furiously.

"Couldn't resist," Jason said, with an innocent grin. "I had an amazing time, tonight, Candi. You're really something. If staying and playing football here in Florida means I'll be seeing you again... Well, I'm sold."

"What?" Carl squeaked.

"I think I want to take the scholarship," Jason explained. "And if I do, I want to make you my girlfriend. I know we've just met, but you're the sexiest girl I've ever been out with! I won't make you any promises until things are certain, but for now..." Jason stopped him right at the door and leaned in for a deep, probing goodnight kiss. Carl adopted the submissive feminine posture, looping his arms reluctantly around Jason's neck and parting his pretty lips one last time. The sensation nearly made him swoon in Jason's arms!

"Goodnight, Candi," Jason whispered.

"Goodnight," Carl murmured softly, star-



ing at the floor. As soon as Jason had departed, he yanked the door open and swept inside, closing it firmly behind him as if his paramour might try to return and come inside. He had never felt so ashamed and confused. He was not only dressing, speaking, walking and living like a girl, he was doing the same things girls did with boys! And worse, with Jason! He was so distraught that he didn't even notice Aunt Kat coming down the stairs in her nightie.

"I didn't mean to spy, sweetie, but that was quite the goodnight kiss I just saw on the porch when the lights came on!" Aunt Kat exclaimed. "Candi, why didn't you tell me your date tonight was with a boy? And what a hunk! You really know how to pick them, don't you?"

"It's not what it looked like!" Carl said, panicking, but his smeared lipstick and mussed blonde hair proved his words false.

"Don't be embarrassed, sweetie," Aunt Kat said gently. "You could have told me!" Carl could take no more, and, shoulders trembling, he broke down into girlish sobs. Aunt Kat, surprised, hurried over and held him gently, marveling again at the size and firmness of his breasts against hers, then eased him down onto the couch. Even in his traumatized state, Carl smoothed the skirt of his dress and kept his legs clutched together.

"I let him put my, my hand on his..." Carl couldn't speak for his girlish sobbing. "I tugged him off! I didn't want to, I swear, but he kept kissing me and touching me and I just didn't know..."

"Oh, Candi!" Aunt Kat sighed gently. She hugged him more tightly. "It's okay," she whispered. "It's nothing to be ashamed of."

"I've never been so ashamed," Carl wept.

"Don't be," Aunt Kat crooned. "It's only natural for a pretty young thing like you to develop a healthy interest in handsome young men. You've been dressing, speaking, walking, and living as a girl all this summer, of course you start viewing boys as a cute girl would!" Not to mention the powerful female hormones pumped into his system, but she decided not to mention that. Still, she was surprised that Carl had given in so quickly to his newfound femininity.

"I don't want to be a girl!" Carl sobbed, but even as he said it his gestures were gracefully feminine to a fault, hands fluttering in agitation and breasts heaving.

"What's his name, sweetie?" Aunt Kat asked softly.

"J... Jason," Carl sniffed.

"He's very handsome, isn't he?" Aunt Kat prodded.

"I... I guess..." Carl said, hopelessly confused. "When he touched my breasts... I felt so..."

"Feminine?" Aunt Kat supplied. Carl nodded his head miserably. He had managed to fool Jason into thinking he was nothing more than a slutty blonde bimbo, but he had also been treated exactly like one, and now Jason wanted to make him his girlfriend! Head spinning, and unable to forget the warmth of Jason's manhood under his fingers and the feel of his experienced hands knead-

ing his breasts, Carl allowed his aunt to help him undress and remove his makeup for the first time in a week before crawling into bed and falling into a deep, but troubled sleep.



In the aftermath of his disastrous date, there was nothing Carl wanted to do more than spend the rest of the summer hidden away inside. Aunt Kat, however, had other ideas.

"I'm not going to have a hermit for a niece," she said, after two days of having Carl mope around the house. "Besides, don't you think it would be more than a little suspicious if a girl as pretty as Candi hadn't made a single friend all summer? Or gone to the beach even once, with a body like that? You can't keep thinking about the past, sweetie, and things will either work out with that Jason boy or they won't. Now, run along and change into your bikini."

"I don't want things to *work out*," Carl huffed angrily. It was true, and, to his great relief, Jason had not called despite having demanded his phone number before they parted. Carl had spent the next day watching his cellular phone as if it was a venomous snake, terrified of receiving a call, but none came. He realized, ironically, that he now had a taste of what Jason's many conquests experienced. He tried to put the whole affair out of his mind... It was over now, and nobody knew what had transpired apart from him, Jason, and Aunt Kat, who he was certain could keep a secret.

"Then you'll find some other cute boy on the beach today," Aunt Kat said casually. "Hurry up, I want to get a little sun myself." Sighing with resignation, Carl went to his room and found the tiny string bikini in his top drawer. He had been dreading this moment ever since waking up with D-cups, but he knew by now that it was useless to protest. Aunt Kat would not be dissuaded, and he probably should consider himself lucky that she wasn't making him go topless! He began to change, tying the bows of his bikini bottom with little difficulty, but when he came to the top it was a different matter entirely. The fabric was now barely enough to hold his new chest, and his breasts bounced free again and again as he struggled with the ties. Eventually he caved in and called his aunt for help. She took great delight in tying a perfect little bow on his bare back while he cradled his breasts in place, and then insisted he redo his makeup for their little expedition. At this point, Carl had almost come to expect it.

Since it was going to be sunny, he used bronzer and a hint of blush to give himself what his fashion magazines called a "healthy glow." Then he carefully dusted a sparkly eyeshadow over his lids, finishing with a bit of liner and a water-proof mascara, just in case. He debated about lipstick, but in the end used a matte red to match the bright color of his skimpy bathing suit. Carl then brushed out his hair, using spray to give it plenty of body, and teased his fringe with a comb until it was perfect. As he blotted his red lipstick, he suddenly re-

membered once more the feel of his lips on Jason's and felt sick to the bottom of his stomach.

"I'm ready," Carl said nervously, coming out of the room. He struck a sexy pose with his hands on his hips. Aunt Kat smiled at the sight of her feminized nephew squeezed into a tiny bikini – he definitely looked like a total beach babe! She couldn't wait to see the guys drooling over his long sexy legs, flat toned tummy, slender figure, and gorgeous D-cup breasts. All the dieting and hormones had definitely paid off in spades.

"Adorable," Aunt Kat smiled. "Just one more thing..."

Once he had added a pair of hoop earrings, Aunt Kat declared him a perfect beach bunny. Carl, looking at his reflection worriedly, had to agree. Dr. Nevsky's lipo and hormone treatments had sculpted Carl the sort of beach body most teen girls would die to have, and most teen guys would die to "have" in another sense entirely! His dainty waist, rounded hips, and gorgeous cleavage created a perfect hourglass figure, while his willowy legs and smooth skin were ideal for exposure in a bikini. With his careful makeup and pretty hoop earrings, he looked like the sort of girl who went to the beach with no intention of getting near the water, only of turning heads and finding cute boys!

"Are you sure I can't wear something more like yours?" Carl pleaded. His aunt was wearing a slightly more modest two-piece.

"I'm wearing this because I'm actually going to swim a little, sweetie," Aunt Kat smiled. "You're just going to the beach to pick up cute guys!"

"No I'm not!" Carl cried, blushing. "Aunt Kat, please don't tease me!"

"You never swim, Candi," Aunt Kat pointed out. "All you ever do at the beach is play volleyball or socialize. So I figured you just wanted to sunbathe and look good doing it! And I wouldn't try going in the water wearing that little bikini anyways, you could lose your top." Carl's blue eyes widened with terror at the prospect and his aunt did her best to conceal her giggle.

The walk from Aunt Kat's to the beach was an exercise in irritation. Carl found that his breasts bobbed and jiggled with every step, threatening to pop free from his top, and not only was he attracting wolf-whistles, but now honks as well from cars full of young guys driving past. His only solace was that his Aunt Kat, looking as hot as usual, was also receiving her fair share of the attention. It didn't seem to bother her one bit, however, and she merely laughed at her noisy admirers.

When they finally got to the beach, Carl was hoping to lay out his towel somewhere secluded, but Aunt Kat superseded him by telling him they were headed to the very middle of the beach to sunbathe. Carl thought he had never seen so many people here in his life. It was absolutely packed with beach-goers shouting and splashing in the water, lying on towels and applying sunscreen, and throwing beach balls back and forth. Just about every male head turned as they made their entrance.

"Can I have my shirt?" Carl asked anxiously, folding his arms under his breasts. "I'm, um, I'm chilly."

"Don't be silly," Aunt Kat laughed, leading the way. "You better not sulk this whole afternoon just because you're wearing a cute bikini. We're going to have plenty of fun. Remember, pretty girls are used to being looked at. Put a sexy smile on and enjoy strutting your stuff for the boys!"

"I'll try," Carl said nervously. He uncrossed his arms and adopted a more confident, feminine posture that pushed his chest out and exaggerated the sexy sway to his hips as he walked. Aunt Kat smiled, loving the sight of her once macho, chauvinistic nephew all dolled up in a tiny bikini, turning heads and blushing at every wolf-whistle. Everything, from the sensuous sway of his walk and perfect curves to his prettily made-up features and gleaming blonde hair, once again screamed female—and not just female, but a complete bombshell!

"Do you mind if we do a little tanning here?" Aunt Kat asked sweetly, finding a perfect spot. Two middle-aged men shook their heads frantically and cleared some space, while their wives looked on disapprovingly. It was hard to say no to two beautiful girls, one of whom was wearing a very skimpy red bikini. Aunt Kat rolled out their towels and Carl sat down, leaning back on his elbows and stretching out his long legs the way his Aunt did. He was embarrassed to realize how prominent it made his breasts, and how it put his sexy legs on full display, too.

"Can't we sit somewhere a little more secluded?" Carl asked anxiously. He could already see boys staring at him!

"This is the best spot to look for cute boys," Aunt Kat said slyly. "And this way they can see you looking really sexy in your bikini!" She took out a bottle of sunscreen and helped rub it over Carl's stomach and legs. The middle-aged men were definitely sneaking



looks when she playfully massaged some onto Carl's breasts! He didn't like the oily feeling of the sunscreen, but it did make his legs look very smooth and touchable, and the warm sun felt sort of nice.

Carl took out the romance novel again, since it would allow him to avoid eye contact with any passers-by, but before he could even find his place in the amorous adventures of a beautiful but destitute maid...

"Hey, it's Blondie, right?" came a young man's voice. Carl looked up at found himself staring into the blinding white smile of Amber's boyfriend Tom, the handsome boy who had tried to hit on him on the boardwalk only a week ago. Carl groaned under his breath. What were the chances?

"Candi," Carl offered, blushing as Tom's eyes roved all over his exposed body. Tom was wearing only board-shorts, and Carl had to admit that he had quite the physique. Whereas Carl was now soft and delicate with enticing curves squeezed into a skimpy bikini in order to display his femininity, Tom was tall and muscular and confident. The contrast was striking, and Carl found himself wondering how he had ever been just like that, or at least sort of like that.

"Candi! That's right. I noticed you and your lovely aunt sunbathing over here, and I thought I would invite you to come play some volleyball," Tom grinned.

"How nice of you," Aunt Kat said, taking off her sunglasses.

"Sorry, I'm reading," Carl squeaked, holding up his book. Tom's eyebrows raised a bit at the trashy cover and Carl immediately lowered it. Aunt Kat laughed.

"She does love her romances, but I keep telling her she'll never meet that perfect guy unless she's out looking for him!" she said. "Go on, Candi. You used to love playing volleyball!"

"Really?" Tom said eagerly. "Great! Come on, we're getting the teams set up now!" Carl gave his aunt one last pleading look, to which she only shrugged and smiled, and then reluctantly rose from his towel. Tom took him gently by the wrist – why on Earth did every guy seem to think he couldn't walk on his own! – and led him towards the volleyball net where a group of teenagers were milling around. Carl gulped as he saw Amber among them. He had the feeling this was not going to turn out well!

Tom introduced him to the other teens, a few of whom he had met on his very first day in Florida, but of course none of them recognized him in the slightest. The boys all seemed extremely eager to get to know him better, while the girls gave him jealous looks. As the teams were divided up, Carl realized that Tom had somehow contrived to be on his team. He picked the volleyball up out of the sand, served it over the net, and the game began.

Carl had been a coordinated athlete not even a month ago, playing well for his baseball team despite his small size and slender frame, and in some small part of him, down beneath the feminine makeup and feminized curves, he was hoping he would be able to show them a thing or two. He did, but not the two things he was expecting! His new breasts jiggled with every motion, and any time he jumped for the ball they bounced up and down, distracting him horri-



bly and almost always resulting in him missing the ball entirely. He was constantly having to check the strings of his top, giving him the appearance of a girl who was more interested in primping and flirting than playing the game, and with his widening hips and bountiful boobs his sense of balance was completely off

Despite all this, the boys on his team were thrilled for him whenever he managed to touch the ball, enjoying the sight of his jiggling breasts, and it seemed like any small success whatsoever was more than enough excuse for Tom to give him a high-five or a quick hug, mashing Carl's boobs up against his flat, muscular chest. Carl submitted to these small humiliations without protest, still trying to concentrate on the game, but he found it next to impossible to serve the ball properly with his long nails getting in the way. Tom attempted to show him, positioning himself behind him and guiding his arm, one hand firmly on his hip, and Carl, blushing furiously, could see Amber ready to erupt on the other side of the net.

Somehow, even with Carl playing horribly, the other team was doing just as bad. It seemed that its male members were more than a little distracted by 'Candi's' display, and with her cute, rounded derriere and firm breasts, it was hard to blame them. When Carl finally managed to bump the ball over the net, they barely even tried to get it, and cheered for him getting his first point as it hit the sand. Tom swept him off his feet and spun him around playfully, taking him completely by surprise, and a few plays later Carl's team won. The boys all said, teasingly, that it was all thanks to him, and Carl could only blush with em-

barrassment. He used to be good at volleyball, but now the only service he provided was as eye-candy for the real boys! It was quite a while before Carl managed to extricate himself, as all of the boys seemed quite keen on having him join them for a swim, but he finally managed to return back to the towels where Aunt Kat was now packing up.

"That water is freezing," she laughed. "I'd avoid it if I were you, I'd hate for someone to get their eye poked out. Why don't you stay and read for a little while? Work just called me and I really have to run. It looked as though you were starting to have some fun over there, sweetie." Carl thought about Aunt Kat watching Tom swing him around like a feather, hugging him, squeezing him, and he blushed furiously. Fortunately, the whole group of them had moved much further down the beach. It was still beautiful weather outside, there was now a free lounge nearby, and, despite himself, he did sort of want to finish the book.

"I'll stay for a little longer," he said, sitting down on the recently-vacated lounge. "Just make sure to leave the bag with my clothes!"

"I'm setting it right here," Aunt Kat said reassuringly. "See you!" Aunt Kat departed and Carl stretched back on the chair, opening his book. He was getting to some of the really "hot and heavy" scenes, as Aunt Kat had called them, and as he read he didn't notice, but he was beginning to cross and uncross his slender legs, rubbing his smooth thighs against each other and squeezing them tight. The maid in the story was taking a tray of hot tea and brandy to her handsome employer, who had been trapped out in a blizzard rescuing his aged father, and now as she set it down, giving a tantalizing peek down her dress, he pulled her close with his strong arms...

Carl stopped reading abruptly, realizing that his nipples were tingling and going hard beneath the flimsy fabric of his bikini top! What was going on? Was he getting turned on as a girl would? Confused and embarrassed, Carl set the book down and rolled over, pretending to tan in order to hide the erect state of his nipples. The soft fabric of his top, and now the rough pattern of the lounge, brushed against them and sent a shiver down his spine. Carl pursed his lips and waited for the feeling to go away, hoping nobody was watching. He stretched out so he was more comfortable, still wondering why his body was responding so strangely, and as the warm sun beat down on his bare back and the cool breeze licked his face, he gradually found himself falling asleep.



"Candace! Wake up, you lazy girl!"

Carl blinked in confusion, wondering just when his Aunt Kat had developed a French accent, and why exactly he was waking up by an old-fashioned empty fireplace rather than on the beach.

"Yes, Aunt Ka..." Carl trailed off as he saw his aunt dressed in nineteenth-century housekeeper's attire. What was going on?

"Close your mouth, silly girl, you have nothing to fill it with," Aunt Kat scolded. "The master requires a brandy, and he requested you specifically to bring it! Why are you not in your uniform?"

Carl looked down, shocked to suddenly realize that he was stark naked, and, unfortunately for the very large pair of breasts hanging off his chest, standing in a room that was quite cold. He blushed furiously at the sight of his erect nipples and immediately covered himself with both hands, daintily cupping at each firm globe of flesh.

"I guess I forgot?" he said weakly.

"Hurry and dress yourself," Aunt Kat said, frowning. "You are a maid, Candace, and I am a housekeeper. We are not ladies of the court who may lounge around carelessly. Not that a lady of the court would ever expose her nakedness so shamelessly!" She produced what looked to be a small black dress from behind her back, along with shoes and a pair of black nylons. Carl took the uniform reluctantly, realizing it was better than being naked, and then, suddenly, he was wearing it! The black satin caressed his skin, hugging the curves of his body, and the airy skirt that poofed out around the tops of his thighs was nowhere near long enough to reach the tops of his sheer nylons. He caught sight of his reflection in a mirror and saw that he was completely decked out in a skimpy, sexy French maid's uniform.

Carl looked forlornly at the sexpot in the mirror, observing how the silky black fabric clung to his every curve, with a generous scooped neckline to give a perfect view of his cleavage before flaring into a ruffled skirt that barely grazed the lacy tops of his nylons. The dress was trimmed with white frills, matching the headband in his perfectly-coiffed blonde hair, and a black choker around his neck and tiny little apron around his hips completed the pretty picture. His eyes were done up with exaggerated blue eyeshadow and his lips were bright, kissable fuchsia. He looked every bit to be "Candace," the sexy French maid of this castle.

Katherine prepared the a tray as Candace nervously adjusted the black choker at her slender neck, repositioned the headband in her blonde hair, and checked the pretty bow at the back of her waist. Everything seemed to be in order, but...

"Wait a second!" Candace squeaked, suddenly panicked, as the last chapter he'd read in a suspiciously similar romance novel came back to him. "The... The master asked for me specifically?"

"Yes, yes, and I think we both know why," Katherine said. "Now, go! You must not keep him waiting any longer, lazy girl!"

"But I can't go up there!" Candace gasped. "What if he..."

"The master has battled through a blizzard to return here!" Katherine snapped. "Are you so ungrateful? Go, Candace, or I will use the riding crop to persuade you, I swear to you!" Candace gulped. She could tell from the look in her fellow servant's eyes that she was utterly serious about the riding crop threat, and so, with her heart thumping in her chest, she took the tray and minced towards the stairs, hips swinging. The stone stairs were uneven and so

she had to concentrate on each step, placing one stiletto heel after the other, trying to see past both the gleaming silver tray where her anxious pout and frightened eyes were reflected back to her and also her jiggling cleavage. As she reached the door at the top of the stairs, she paused, unsure of what to do next. Finally she clenched her sweaty palm into a small fist and tapped twice on the wood.

"Enter!" called a far-too-familiar voice. Candace struggled with the heavy door for a moment, then swished her way inside. She kept her eyes downcast submissively under her luxuriously long lashes and her blonde head bowed, both because she somehow knew it was proper and also because she was still terrified of somehow dropping the tray. She made quite the pretty picture, hips swaying in a distinctly feminine manner and the petticoat under her dress dancing enticingly around her smooth thighs, not even grazing the lacy black tops of his nylons, and of course his bountiful breasts proudly displayed by the low cut of her uniform. The master was in a high-backed chair facing a roaring fireplace, deep in a contemplative silence, and Carl had never been more aware of the noisy clapping of her heels as she approached.

"I... I brought your drink," Candace whispered. The chair turned, and Candace, in utter shock, dropped the tray with a loud crash! The drink splashed all across the pantaloons of the very last person he had expected to see in a nineteenth century manor. "Jason?" she squeaked. "What on Earth?"

"Ah! Blast, that's hot!" Jason exclaimed, leaping to his feet.

"I'm so sorry!" Candace gasped, blushing furiously. "Let me get a paper towel... or, I mean... a cloth? I'll clean this up right away..." Flustered beyond belief, she leaned over, making her skirt flip upward enticingly as her silk garters strained taut against her firm, rounded buttocks. She picked up the fallen cup, then immediately began trying to clean up the puddle on the floor. She didn't know what was going on, but she did know that the master, dark and mysterious as he was, did not have a temper to be trifled with!



"Leave it, my dear," Jason said. "It's of little consequence." Candace glanced back over her shoulder and blushed as Jason looked her up and down just as he had in the restaurant, but with an eagerness in his eyes that left her scared stiff. Jason definitely had a French maid fantasy, what guy didn't, and she was definitely it!

"I'll, I'll just be a second," Candace squeaked, turning back to mop up the last of the spill. As he completed his task and turned his head to apologize again, however, he came face to face with Jason's erect member! The young master had divested himself of his soiled garments and was completely naked from the waist down.

"You little vixen," Jason laughed. "I suppose you spilled that intentionally, didn't you?"

"No, I swear, it was an accident," Candace protested, flushing furiously, hardly able to drag her eyes away from the intimidating sight. She scrambled clumsily to her feet and stood there rooted to the spot, quaking in her stiletto heels, as Jason moved closer and slid his arms around Candace's delicate waist.

"I survived the blizzard only because the thought of you kept me warm," he said huskily. "I must have you now, Candace." He grinned suavely. "Come now, I've seen your looks. I've seen the way you watch me, ever since you came to be in my employ." Candace opened his mouth to voice his confusion and found himself claimed with a fierce kiss, Jason's warm tongue forcing its way between her lips yet again and enjoying every bit of her sweet little mouth. She gasped in surprise, pretty blue eyes flying wide, and then her knees went utterly weak and she swooned at the kiss. Jason was even taller than he remembered, and more muscular, and his kiss was making Candace's pretty blonde head spin...

"Such flawless lips," Jason said, after they broke apart. "It would be a shame not to use them, my dear. Come. Over here." His fingers encircled Candace's delicate wrist, and, still in a daze, Candace felt herself being led over to the chair by the fire. Jason



sat down with a sigh, still holding onto Candace's hands, and she gave another squeak of surprise as she was pulled downward, breasts bobbing enticingly. Jason's hands immediately were on the move.

"Oh, Jason, please don't..." Candace tried to protest, blushing as his dress came undone, but then Jason's fingers touched her nipples again and she lost her train of thought, forced to let out a breathy moan. Unable to stay on her feet, she found herself dropping to his knees, hoping in the back of her mind that she wasn't putting a run in his nylons, as Jason caressed him. She couldn't believe she was letting this happen yet again, she simply couldn't...

"You are my true love," Jason said. "Ever since your aunt brought you here, you have not left my thoughts. And you're so ravishing in your tempting little delicacies, I simply must ravish you." Carl flushed as Jason gently pushed down on his head, fingers in his blonde hair. He tried to raise his head, but Jason's hand was firm. With his other hand, he was casually stroking himself to full hardness.

"Jason?" Candace asked tremulously, suddenly scared.

"Come now, my dear, I know you've wished it," Jason whispered. "That alluring lipstick... That angelic little pout..." Candace opened her mouth to protest, and in that instant Jason pushed his head downward and his erect member thrust between her parted lips. Candace gagged, even as her lips and tongue closed instinctively around Jason's manhood. She tried to pull away, but Jason started pushing his head rhythmically up and down, and Candace realized with a growing sense of shame and revulsion that her lipstick was leaving little pink marks on Jason's member! With the warm shaft between her pretty pink lips, there was no way Candace could protest, and she knew his muffled moans would be taken for sounds of pleasure!

Closing her eyes and fighting back tears, Candace began to move her head up and down, obediently sucking off her lover. She tried to tell herself that it was just skin, like any other part of the body, and what she was doing was no different from licking her fingers, but the truth was in the tears threatening to ruin her makeup. Candace knew no finger had ever been this thick, hard, and hot!

"Oh, Candace, I forbid you to stop," Jason grunted. "You are fantastic. So beautiful, so talented. Oh, good God. Oh, my!" Candace knew there was only one way to get this over with, and she renewed his intensity, kissing, licking, and sucking at Jason's engorged shaft until he pulled out, like a perfect gentleman of old, and came furiously. Candace looked away, cheeks flushed.

"Yes," Jason sighed a moment later. "A thousand times, yes." He pulled Candace close, not seeming to notice her tears of humiliation and confusion, and Candace found herself nestled in Jason's lap before the fire-place. Seeing no other choice, she submissively laid her pretty head on her lover's broad chest, feeling his heart beat against her own, as the flames danced in the hearth and warmed her bare breasts. If this was to be her fate, Candace thought to herself, maybe she could grow to...



When Carl finally woke up, he could tell he'd slept far longer than intended from the cool air on his skin. Something else felt strange, too... The fabric of his bikini top was rough on his breasts, and he couldn't feel the delicate strings on his shoulders. Frowning, Carl ran his hands over his bare back in increasing panic. His top was gone! His hands slid down to his bottom and found his bikini bottom still intact, thank God, but...

Carl cast around desperately, craning his neck to look as far over as he could. The swimming bag that Aunt Kat had set down was gone! He looked around in the sand, wondering if someone had knocked it over, or if wind has somehow blown it down the beach, but it was nowhere to be seen. Only the high-heeled cork sandals that Aunt Kat had put in the bag were there, wedged in the sand. Carl found himself beginning to hyperventilate. The beach was still packed with people, and his clothes were nowhere in sight! Maybe it was underneath the lounge?

Realizing he had no other choice, Carl glanced around, then slid his arms underneath his massive breasts and sat upright, covering his nipples and cradling his cleavage. The space around and underneath the lounge was completely empty apart from the high heels! Somebody had taken them out of the bag and then made off with everything else. Carl felt himself blushing all over as he began to attract attention. He knew that there was a Lost-and-Found just a little ways down the beach, and currently that seemed to be his only hope. Without his phone, there was no way to call his aunt, and his towel was now gone!

He was already beginning to attract attention, men glancing over and then staring openly at the sight of a topless blonde, hoping to see a little more, and Carl realized that he wouldn't be able to carry his expensive stiletto sandals and conceal his breasts at the same time. Doing his best to contain his boobs with one slender forearm, he leaned forward and fumbled his feet into his sandals, doing his best to fasten the straps as quickly as possible but managing to take twice as long as usual trying to peer past his cleavage while his breasts shook and jiggled with every motion. Once they were finally on, Carl stood up unsteadily, heels sinking into the sand, and started making his way up the beach.

If he'd thought he was getting attention before, it was absolutely nothing compared to now! Every single head turned as he passed, male and female, and he could hear the remarks flying thick and fast. Wolf-whistles, cat-calls, girls calling him a slut, guys begging him to wave back at them... Carl had never felt so humiliated and scared in his life. He kept his head down, blushing furiously, as he wiggled his way up the beach, struggling to maintain his balance with the high heels sinking into the sand with every step and his breasts bouncing, barely contained by his slim arms. The seductive sway of his backside and the wobble of his bountiful breasts drew spectators like a magnet, and all Carl could do was struggle on, cheeks burning, until he finally reached the Lost-and-Found. The young man behind the desk had dropped his jaw somewhere on the floor and was all but drooling.

"Miss, there's no topless sunbathing allowed on this boob... I mean... On this beach," the man stammered. "I, uh, I'm going to have to ask you to cover up."

The expression on his face made it clear how much this policy had pained him to say.

"Someone took my things while I was tanning," Carl explained in a voice barely above a whisper, unable to meet the man's eyes. He wished the ground would open up and swallow him whole! "Please, did anyone bring a green bag here?" he squeaked. "It has my phone and my purse and my towel and all of my things in it..."

"No, nobody's brought it anything like that," the man said, shaking his head, eyes still glued to Carl's chest.

"Can I borrow something to wear?" Carl begged.

"Oh, right, yeah," the man said. "Of course. Here, you can have my shirt..." He slapped at himself absently before realizing he wasn't wearing one. The expression of disappointment said it all: he'd been hoping for a reason to contact this gorgeous, sexy creature at a later date to get it back from her. "Never mind," he chuckled. "Uh, let me see what's been brought in, I think it was pretty sparse today..." He vanished for a moment and then reappeared with two items of clothing. "This is all we got," he said apologetically. "You can come change back here if you want..."

Carl looked at what he'd brought out and felt like he was about to burst into tears. It was a tiny white shirt, obviously designed for a small child, and matching shorts. "This is all you have?" he pleaded, in a trembling voice. Six or seven guys were watching the drama unfold, nudging each other and grinning. Carl snatched up the clothes with his free hand, knowing it was better than nothing, and minced inside. The young man turned around to give him a bit of privacy as he struggled to squeeze the shirt over his head, and then struggled even harder to squeeze it over his boobs. The shirt barely concealed them, leaving the undersides clearly visible, and the pink of his nipples was visible through the stretched-out fabric. The shorts were equally tiny, riding up the crack of his bottom and barely concealing more than his bikini had.

"Is there a phone here?" Carl squeaked.

"Sorry Blondie," the man said. "I'd lend you mine, but the battery's dead. Can I, uh, can I get your phone number, though? Then when my phone is charged maybe I could call your phone to find out where it is and... Uh..." He trailed off, unable to remove his eyes from the feminine globes on Carl's chest. In utter humiliation, Carl thanked the man for his help, politely declined giving out his number, and began the long walk back along the beach. It wasn't as bad as the first trip, but only by the slimmest of margins. The shirt did nothing to support his breasts, letting them bounce with every high-heeled step, and the shorts rode up between his cheeks every other step, forcing him to dig them out with a very un-lady-like way. His face was burning all over by the time he was on the boardwalk. Guys were not only whistling and making crude propositions, but he could see the flash of cameras from cellular phones, and some being held up to record him as he minced along.

"Well, don't you look adorable," came a snarky and all-too-familiar voice. Carl, who had been keeping his head down as much as possible, looked up and saw

Amber standing there in her bathing suit with a collection of other girls, some of whom had been at the volleyball game. "Looking for something?" she asked sweetly, and she pulled out from behind her back Aunt Kat's swimming bag! Carl gasped.

"We were going to wake you up, but you looked so sweet sleeping there and making those cute little moans," Amber smirked. "We figured you were having a really, really good dream. You look upset, Candi! What's the matter? I thought you liked to show off!"

"Give that back right now!" Carl squealed, stomping his stiletto against the sidewalk and making his boobs jiggle inadvertently.

"Maybe next time you'll think twice before coming around and flirting with other people's boyfriends," Amber said sweetly. "Have a nice walk home, Candi." She tossed the bag to the floor and her and her friends departed, giggling like hyenas. Carl stooped slowly to pick it up, trembling with rage and humiliation as he did so. He dialed Aunt Kat's number on his phone, and as he did so the tears began to run down his pretty face.

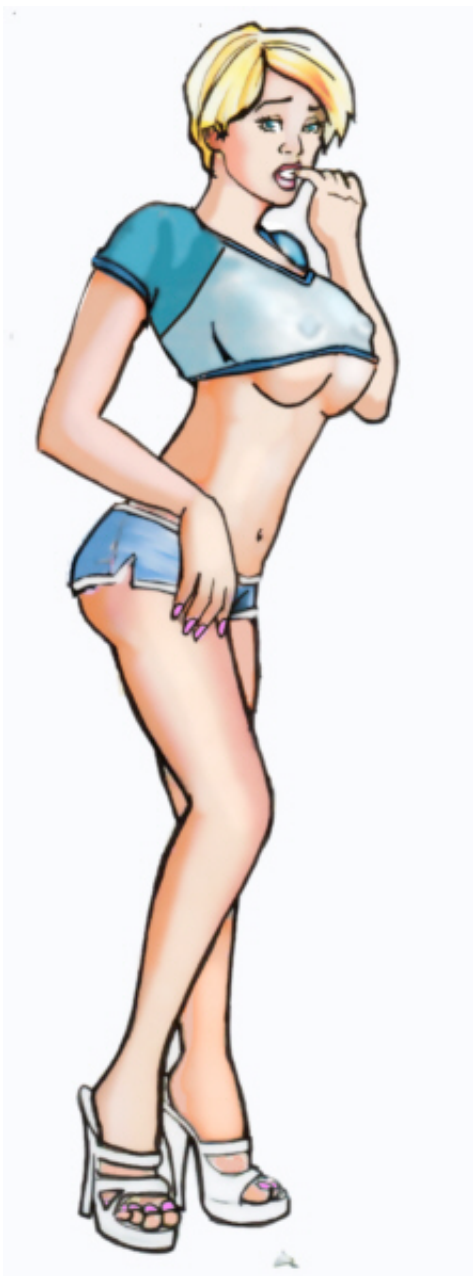


Aunt Kat left work to come get him and was there in a matter of minutes, having driven as fast as she could, and then held him gently as he sobbed out the whole story in the car.

"I hate her!" Carl gasped. "I can't believe she would do that to me!"

"Jealousy makes pretty girls do ugly things sometimes, Candi," Aunt Kat said sympathetically. Carl sniffed, wiping his tears.

"If you hadn't made me wear this stupid bikini, or if you had never made me go to the boardwalk that one day..." he began angrily.



"So this is my fault?" Aunt Kat asked skeptically. "Sweetie, with a pretty face and sexy body like that, you're going to get attention no matter how you're dressed. You need to learn to manage it better, that's all!"

"You're right," Carl hiccuped reluctantly. "It's not your fault... that Amber is just, just, she's such a bitch!" Aunt Kat had never liked to hear her nephew use that particular word, but it seemed as though he was finally using it in the correct context.

"She's spoiled and nasty, I know that much," Aunt Kat agreed. "She had no right to play that awful prank on you, sweetie."

"She thinks I want to steal her boyfriend," Carl said miserably. "And she gave me her number just a few weeks ago when I... When I was..."

"When you were a boy?" Aunt Kat suggested softly. "So you mean she's angry her boyfriend is attracted to you when she was giving out her number freely to other boys?" she frowned. "My, what a hypocrite!"

"I was so embarrassed," Carl sobbed. "I'd do anything to get back at her! Anything at all!"

"I agree that that girl needs to be taken down a peg," Aunt Kat said. "And I think I might know just the way to do it..."

"How?" Carl asked through his tears.

"The company her daddy is regional manager for always hosts this silly little competition," Aunt Kat said excitedly. "Oh, what's it called? Miss Boardwalk Beauty? Something like that. Anyways, I know he lets his daughter win it every year. But a friend from work with a little insider knowledge was gossiping to me about it, and things are going to be a little different this year. The company's owner is making the rounds, and *he's* going to be judging the winner. Not only that, he's trying to drum up a little interest and make it bigger and splashier this year, so you know Amber is just dying to win it. That's why she can't stand you, sweetie. She loves attention, and you get it without even trying!"

"But what is it?" Carl sniffed, wiping his eyes.

"It's a bikini pageant, sweetie," Aunt Kat beamed. "And I just so happen to know that the owner's wife, and every single one of his mistresses, is a blonde."

"You think the way to get b-back at Amber for making me... Making me walk down the beach almost naked in front of everybody..." Carl stopped to gently wipe his nose on a Kleenex. "Is to walk around almost naked in front of even more people?" he finished tremulously. He just couldn't see the logic!

"Winning that pageant is what a girl like Amber lives for," Aunt Kat said. "Think back. Isn't she always bragging about it? Dying for the spotlight? You could really, really stick it to her, Candi. With a little coaching, and a sexy makeover from Tiffany and her girls, you're a sure thing!" Carl thought back to the very first time he'd met Amber, as a boy, and how she'd told him about being crowned three years running almost immediately. Aunt Kat was right, nothing was more important to Amber than having everybody's attention, particularly Tom's, and winning the pageant was definitely her way of getting it. But was he really willing to mince along a catwalk in his bikini just to get back at

her? His ears flushed as he remembered her cruel laughter, and he instantly knew that the answer was 'yes.'

"Okay," he sniffed. "I'll... I'll do it."

"Oh, sweetie, you're going to knock their socks off," Aunt Kat beamed. "I used to be a pageant queen myself, you know! I'll teach you all the little tricks." Carl did indeed know, he had seen plenty of pictures of his beautiful aunt winning regional beauty contests. He'd just never known she would one day be coaching him in one!

"You really think I can win?" Carl asked timidly.

"Amber won't know what hit her," Aunt Kat assured him. "But we're going to have some work to do!"



The next day, it became apparent what Aunt Kat meant by 'work.' She roused him early and instructed him to hop in the shower.

"Time for your first trip to the gym, sweetie," she said. "We're going to have you nice and toned in no time." Carl moaned quietly, feeling the first hint of remorse for agreeing to Aunt Kat's plan as he reluctantly stripped off the covers. The reality of what she'd said struck him in the shower, as he was rinsing the soapy suds from his pert breasts, and he realized that going to a gym was going to entail locker rooms!

"Aunt Kat, I don't know if I should go," Carl said worriedly, fluffing out his hair as he stepped into the kitchen, fully dressed in a cute skirt and high heels. "What if something happens in the locker room?" he asked.

"Don't be absurd," Aunt Kat laughed. "Here, I've picked up your form and filled everything out for you. All you have to do is sign your name right here on the line, sweetie, and you're officially entered!" She seemed more excited than Carl had seen her, practically humming with energy, and he realized that perhaps she was reliving her youth as a beauty queen by coaching him to follow in her high-heeled footsteps! It was a bizarre thought, but it sort of made sense. Maybe they both had a motivation for beating out Amber...

Carl hesitated for only a few moments, pen poised over the paper in trembling fingers, then pursed his lips and wrote his signature down, dotting the final 'i' with a tiny heart as Aunt Kat had suggested. Just looking at the utterly feminine name gave him a strange feeling, as though he really was starting to become Candi and not Carl. After a brief breakfast, Aunt Kat announced it was time to go, but Carl claimed that he needed to use the bathroom first, and then a few minutes later claimed that he couldn't find his purse. Aunt Kat knew immediately what was up.

"I know you're still a little nervous about the locker rooms, but sweetie, with your thingy tucked away and those bouncing beauties on display, you really don't have to worry about a thing," she said. "Frankly, you're being a little silly!"

She frowned thoughtfully. "Here, would it make you feel better if you get changed before we go?" she suggested, handing him the gym bag.

"Thank you, Aunt Kat," Carl said meekly, taking the bag as his cheeks turned pink. Nobody was ever going to peg him as a boy with a gorgeous rack like this, but even so... Carl went to his room, where he opened the bag and was shocked to see the first bifurcated garment he had been presented with in months! Thrilled, he pulled the stretchy black yoga pants out of the bag and quickly wriggled out of his skirt so he could put them on. As he inspected the effect in the mirror, he realized he might have been better off with the skirt!

The yoga pants were barely decent, riding low enough on his slender hips to make it clear he bikini-waxed, while clinging to every curve of his bottom like a stretchy second skin. Carl couldn't help but gasp at how they accentuated the shape of his cheeks. It looked as if they had been painted on! Months of being pumped full of female hormones had given him the kind of perfect teardrop backside that he had once lusted over in magazines. Blushing, Carl removed his blouse and push-up bra, allowing his breasts to swing free from their lacy cups.

The pert, rounded breasts stuck out proudly from his chest, nipples firm and pink, and it was simply impossible to ignore them. It was the kind of rack a Playboy bunny would be jealous of, and it was all his. Cupping his large breasts dejectedly, Carl sighed and reached into the bag to find a hot pink sports bra awaiting him. He tugged it into place, breasts wobbling and popping out frustratingly as he tried to squeeze them into the bra's constriction. When he finally had it on, they still appeared to be all but spilling out, but the feeling of support was extremely welcome.

Carl observed his feminine appearance in the mirror, adjusting his cleavage with a sigh of resignation. No matter what he did, his breasts proudly proclaimed his new status as a cute, sexy blonde bombshell – there was no way he would ever be mistaken for a boy again! He turned back to the gym bag and dug through it. He found a ladies' antiperspirant, a towel, and a pair of pink running shoes, but that was all.

"Aunt Kat?" Carl called tremulously, mincing into the kitchen with his breasts bobbing in front of him. "Where is my shirt?"

"Sweetie, we're just going to the gym," Aunt Kat said, entering the room, pulling up her hair into a high pony-tail with a scrunchie. She was dressed in a pair of short jogging shorts, nowhere near as tight as Carl's current attire, and a blue tank-top. Once again, she had somehow contrived to be dressed more modestly than 'Candi.'

"But you're wearing a tank-top!" Carl protested.

"Candi, the sooner you get comfortable showing off your body, the better," Aunt Kat said firmly. "Pretty teen girls who fill out early are proud of their new assets and display them at every opportunity, so that's exactly what you'll do. Now, get back in there and do your makeup."

"Wait, why do I have to wear makeup if I'm going to the gym?" Carl squeaked. Aunt Kat just smiled.

"Oh, sweetie, a sexy girl like Candi always looks her best, no matter what," she giggled. "Especially when she knows how many hunks are going to be checking her out." She pointed to Carl's DD cup breasts and he flushed furiously, knowing full well she was right. Head bowed, Carl minced back into his room to touch up his makeup, prettily crossing his legs out of habit as he sat at his vanity. He quickly and expertly blended his eye-shadow, added a double-coat of mascara to make his lashes long and luxurious,

then, face set in a cute pout of concentration, applied a creamy pink lip gloss to his mouth. Aunt Kat, observing from the doorway, could only smile once more at the complete and utter girly-girl she had turned her nephew into, watching him primp and preen in front of the mirror, fluffing out his hair.

"Okay," Carl said anxiously, picking up his nylon gym bag. "Is, is that good enough?"

"You're really getting so good with your cosmetics, sweetie," Aunt Kat beamed. "It's like you were just meant to be a girl all along, isn't it? Now, get your cute butt into the car, okay?" Knowing he had no other choice, Carl complied. Aunt Kat watched him sashay out of his room on his sky-high heels, noticing how gingerly he moved, still unused to the way his bountiful breasts now preceded him into every room, completely changing his posture. Together with his high heels, they ensured that he adopted an extremely feminine gait, hips swinging seductively and chest out-thrust enticingly. Aunt Kat thought it was simply adorable, especially since Carl was still completely humiliated by the



lustful stares of passers-by and kept his eyes down shyly. She knew it created a very erotic picture for most men – an obviously stacked and beautiful girl, seductively dressed, who somehow maintained an aura of innocence at the same time, as if she didn't crave the attention she was so obviously dressed to attract!

In the car, Carl struggled to find his seatbelt, view obscured once again by his out-thrust chest. These damn boobs of his were always in the way! He once loved looking down girls' cleavage, but now that he had his own, the sight was a constant reminder of his new feminine status and only made him feel shame, rather than titillation. Carl finally managed to do up his seatbelt, only to find that it slipped uncomfortably between his breasts. He was still wrestling with it when Aunt Kat slipped into the driver's seat.

"Take a little getting used to, don't they?" she clucked sympathetically. "But it's so worth it, sweetie. You have to agree that heads turn when you wear all those daring low-cut tops and plunging necklines. Isn't it so fun to tease all the cute boys with your cleavage? I know Jason certainly enjoyed it!" Carl flushed at the humiliating memory of what had transpired on his "double-date," where he had let himself be groped and fondled just like any pretty girl! His lower lip began to tremble.

"Oh, sweetie, I'm sorry," Aunt Kat said. "I'm sure he'll call you, and if he doesn't, he didn't deserve a gorgeous girl like you. You'll have plenty of prospective boyfriends to choose from, especially after you win Miss Boardwalk!"

"But I don't want to date a boy," Carl tried to explain once again, but his aunt just smiled knowingly, obviously not believing him. Knowing it was useless to try to convince her, Carl set his lips in a pout and sat back in his seat, hands clasped daintily in his lap. Unbeknownst to him, he only managed to look adorable with his lips pouted and tweezed brows wrinkled in frustration. Once they arrived at the gym, Carl got out of the car with his gym bag over one shoulder, high-heeled sandals clicking noisily on the parking lot pavement and drawing plenty of attention. At least five different men ogled him on their way into the gym, lingering on his gorgeous breasts and tight wiggling backside before glancing up to give his pretty face a lustful smile. Carl looked away, humiliated at the way he was being so obviously checked out, but he knew he would have done the same only a few short months ago if he had seen a busty blonde in barely-there workout clothes. Aunt Kat just smiled.

"This is my niece, Candi," she said as they arrived at the desk. "Just put her on my card for now. If there are enough hunks for her to flirt with, I might be able to convince her to buy her own membership." She winked at her nephew and he flushed immediately.

"Aunt Kat!" he whined petulantly, not realizing that with his cute blush and high-pitched protest he sounded like a boy-crazy teen girl caught out by her aunt. The handsome man behind the desk just chuckled as he handed Carl his temporary pass. As Carl reached out to take it, inadvertently leaning forward and exposing his cleavage to maximum effect, he found his delicate hand trapped inside the man's much larger and more rugged palm.

"Make sure to put it somewhere safe," the man grinned, with an obvious glance down Carl's flimsy pink sports bra.

"Thanks," Carl squeaked, blushing yet again. Was there a single guy on the planet who wasn't going to stare at his boobs or try to get him into bed? He quickly hurried after his aunt, intent on not looking back, as he knew he would find the man watching every wriggle. If only these damn heels didn't make his bum stick out so much! It was a relief to swap them for running shoes in the ladies' locker room, even if they were pink. Sitting on the bench, he leaned down to lace up his runners and found his new boobs getting in the way once again, squeezed against his knees. It seemed like no matter what he did, they were intent on reminding him of his newfound femininity.

A gaggle of other women entered the otherwise empty locker room, and Carl, rather than attempt to watch them change out of their sweaty clothes, kept his eyes down shyly. Girls no longer looked at him as a potential mate, instead, they constantly seemed to be appraising him as a potential rival for male attention! With his killer body and revealing outfits, he was gradually becoming used to catty, jealous looks from other young women, but it didn't mean it wasn't humiliating every time.

As Aunt Kat left the changing room with her feminized nephew, she was delighted to see that even in flat running shoes, he'd managed to maintain the attractive feminine swing in his hips, wriggling his backside with every step. Some habits were hard to break, and non-stop high heels had done wonders for his feminine gait and posture, especially if the way George behind the desk was currently staring was any indication!

"We'll get started on the treadmill," Aunt Kat said sweetly. "Right over there." She led him on what seemed to be the most winding path possible through all the weight machines, and through all the sweaty guys! One muscle-bound man nearly dropped his barbell as Carl walked by, butt swishing attractively, but for the most part they stared for a second and then resumed their routines with louder grunts and additional weight, clearly hoping to impress the sexy blonde newcomer that Katherine had brought with her. She waved to a few different people here and there, and all of them waved back eagerly, eyes drifting towards Carl's rack.

"Five quick miles just to warm up?" Aunt Kat suggested, stepping onto the open treadmill. Carl climbed up onto the one beside her and nodded, cheeks still rosy from all the stares he'd been receiving. He hadn't gotten any exercise since his last game of pick-up baseball, but he was sure he could still run five miles, no sweat. As he started to jog, however, he realized he was in for an entirely new experience! His breasts bounced exuberantly every time his feet struck the treadmill, practically flying up into his face, and Carl was terrified of one – or both – popping out of his little pink sports bra. He could no longer clench his fists, thanks to his long feminine nails, and so he was forced to swing his hands girlishly from side to side as he ran. Eventually he found that if he locked his upper arms to his sides he could control the bounce of his breasts a little better, but this made his gait even more restricted! Between his newly girlish stride, the additional weight on his chest, and a month of strict dieting

with little to no exercise, Carl was exhausted before he'd completed even a single mile.

Concentrating on his run, he was completely unaware of the erotic little tableau he'd created for just about every single man in the gym: his sculpted buttocks moving sensuously under his skin-tight yoga pants, breasts jiggling constantly, pink lips open in a small 'O', and a bead of sweat slowly, slowly making its way down his slender neck and snaking into his deep cleavage. It was hardly any wonder there was a sudden rush towards the weight machines closest to the treadmill! Carl, unaware of this, felt only despair as he realized that however hard he'd worked to be an athlete as a boy, 'Candi,' despite her beautiful body, would never be even close to athletic!

"All done," Aunt Kat said, hopping off as she finished off her fifth mile, barely sweating. "Why don't you just go for another ten minutes and then call it quits? I'm going to go do some abs work, okay?" Carl, breath puffing in and out of his glossy lips, could only nod his head in response. About thirty seconds after his aunt had disappeared to the far side of the gym, Carl realized there was simply no way he could go any longer. Embarrassed, he hit the red stop button and allowed himself to slow to a walk, and then a complete halt. Breathing hard, Carl put his hands over his head and inhaled deeply, putting his barely-restrained rack on display for anyone who cared to stare, which was a lot of people. He wiped daintily at his face with a towel and sauntered over towards the weights, doing his best not to get in the way. He had used to go with Brad to the gym to pump iron, although he had never gotten much of a result, but he had never imagined he would one day be working out to help him win a bikini pageant.

Deciding to start with the basics, Carl took up position in front of the mirror on one of the mats and attempted a single push-up. Just holding the position, however, he knew it wasn't going to happen! Glancing around to be sure Aunt Kat wasn't nearby, he switched over to his knees and prepared to try it that way. His slender arms quivered as he pushed himself off the floor, breasts hanging off him like dead weight, and to his chagrin he realized he couldn't complete even one girl push-up. Hoping nobody had been witnessing his attempt, Carl got up abruptly. These big stupid breasts of his! He'd become such a girly-girl he couldn't even do a single push-up, using his knees, no less.

Dejected, Carl went to pick up one of the ten-pound weights, but between the lotion on his palms, the sweat, and his long painted talons, he managed to nearly drop it on his foot! He jumped back, inadvertently giving a girlish squeal. Unfortunately for him, it also drew the attention of the weight-lifters like a siren call. The man quickest to react was a tall, handsome thirty-year-old with dark eyes and a British accent, who picked up the weight as if it was no more than a feather and returned it to its place.

"Use these, darling," he said, pointing to a few tiny bright pink dumb-bells in two-and-a-half and five-pound increments. Blushing furiously, Carl thanked him and went to the very end of the rack to retrieve two tiny weights. He looked like he couldn't even lift ten pounds! Furious with himself, Carl took up a row position on a bench, accidentally giving the man behind him a perfect

view of his backside matched only by the deep valley of cleavage displayed to the two power-lifters in front of him, and began to pump the weight angrily up and down.

"Hey, you're not doing yourself any good like that," said the man who'd picked up the weight for him. "Jerky motions are bad for your muscles, darling. I can tell this is your first time here." Carl felt himself blush. Was it that obvious? "You want to go nice and smooth," the man said, British accent making him sound quite charming. "More like this, see?" He put his hand gently on Carl's elbow and helped him lift the little pink dumb-bell in a smooth, controlled motion.

"Doesn't that feel better?" the man asked. "I'm Alec."

"Candi," Carl said timidly.

"A pretty name for a pretty girl," Alec grinned. Carl blushed, sighing inwardly. At least he hadn't made a terrible 'candy' joke. "But I bet you get that all the time, don't you?" Alec asked. "So, what inspired a girl with a gorgeous body like yours to hit the gym anyways? I'm a personal trainer, so I have to find out things like this."

"I like to be fit?" Carl tried, nervously playing with his hair. Alec was definitely standing closer than he'd been only a second ago.

"Oh, you're fit, alright," Alec chuckled. "But you'll injure yourself starting to lift weights without proper form or proper stretching. I saw you warming up on the treadmill, but you need to stretch out a little before you do anything else. You came in with Katherine, right?"

"Oh, yes," Carl said, almost not recognizing his aunt's full first name. "She's my..."

"I was her personal trainer for a few years," Alec smiled, interrupting. "Quite the body on her. She learned all her good habits from me, trust me. Anyways, darling, she said you might like a bit of a free lesson. She's not quite done her routine and I was on my way to the mat-room to do a bit of core work anyways..." Even as he spoke, he was ushering Carl along towards the small room in the back of the gym.

"Oh, um, I guess so?" Carl squeaked, feeling completely intimidated by this massive muscled man.

"Great," Alec said. "Looks like there's plenty of room, too, that's a spot of luck! Come on, Candi, let's get you away from all these oglers with their tongues falling out, shall we?" He guided Carl into the small mat-room, full of mirrors and exercise balls and yoga mats, and Carl realized they were the only two inside. Seeing their reflections in the mirror, Carl was struck yet again by the utter contrast he saw. He looked completely delicate and feminine next to Alec's broad shoulders and filled-out physique. With his dainty feet encased in pink sneakers, yoga pants clinging to every curve of his bottom, and a hot pink sports bra barely containing him, Carl couldn't believe how completely feminine he had become. How had he let himself be turned into such a girly-girl? He'd primped and pouted and applied perfect makeup for just a trip to the gym!

From Alec's expression, he could tell that the effort was well appreciated, and the lustful look made Carl gulp nervously.

"Let's start on the bar," Alec suggested lightly. "I'd like to see how flexible you are to start things off." Carl, following Alec's instructions, managed to put his foot up on the bar, leaning forward and making the shape of his buttocks tauten against the flimsy material of his yoga pants.

"Like that?" he squeaked, hoping Aunt Kat would be finished soon and come to find him. Even another five miles on the treadmill was preferable to this! Alec ran his hand up Carl's leg, cupping his buttock for just a split-second.

"Beautiful," the man smiled. "You'd make quite the little gymnast with a bit of work." Carl blushed furiously, knowing full-well what sort of 'gymnastics' Alec had in mind for him. "Let's work on your breathing next, darling. I noticed you huffing and puffing quite a bit on that treadmill. You need to learn to breathe with your core..." Alec's hands appeared on his hips in the mirror, then slowly moved up his flat stomach. Carl made a nervous squeal as Alec's hands touched his ribcage. "Don't worry, darling, I do similar breathing exercises with everyone," the trainer laughed. "Guys included!" Carl's ears went red at that particular remark, but he focused on breathing deeply as Alec instructed. He was concentrating so fully, in fact, that he was caught utterly off-guard when Alec suddenly cupped his breasts in his hands! To his utter shame, Carl made a soft, girlish moan as Alec's hands roved over his nipples. "Very good, darling," he breathed in Carl's ear. "Now, can I buy you a drink after we've showered?"



"I'm... I'm..." Carl gasped, stomach fluttering and nipples tingling at Alec's domineering touch.

"You're what, darling?" Alec questioned.

"I'm seventeen," Carl finally managed, flushing bright pink. Alec retracted his hands with a suddenly sheepish grin.

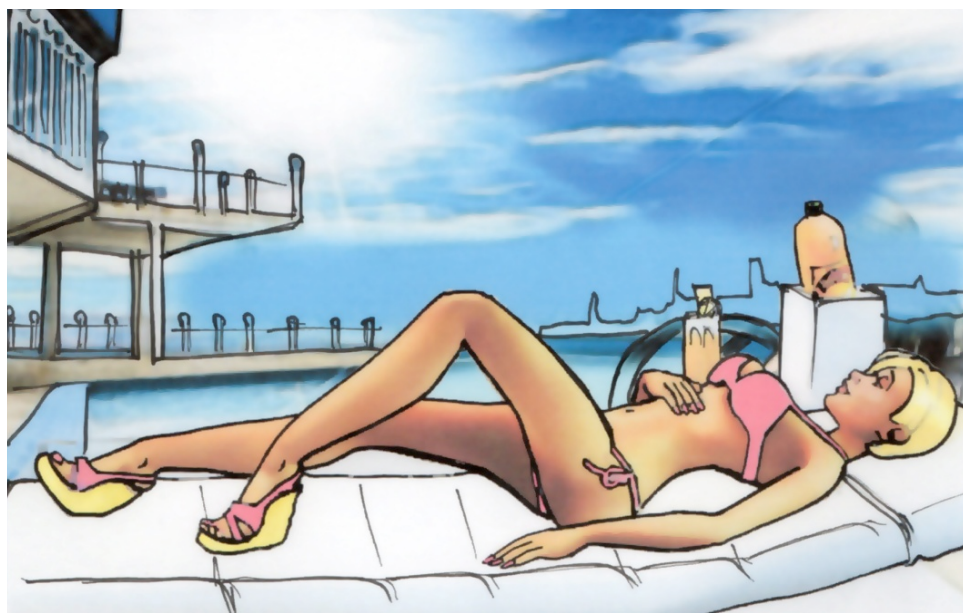
"Oh, hell," he said. "I thought... You just looked so *mature*." His glance downward made it clear exactly which two attributes had led him to believe that. Carl adjusted his bra just in time, as Aunt Kat appeared.

"Ready to get started?" she asked cheerfully. "Alec, you better have kept your hands off my niece, you British scoundrel."

"Wouldn't dream of it!" Alec said, staring nervously over at Carl. If Aunt Kat could guess what had transpired, she didn't make any comment about it, and before long Carl was so exhausted from sit-ups and crunches that he almost would have welcomed a bit of time in the mat-room!



Over the next week, the gym became a daily part of Carl's routine. He found that as long as he stuck by his aunt's side, the most the regulars would do was watch him and make the occasional flirtatious remark. One of the upsides to the gym was that they had a pool, where Carl enjoyed swimming after a sweaty work-out and then drying off in the sun in what his aunt jokingly called "practice runs." There were a lot fewer guys to hit on him there than at the beach, but the men who did see him out in one of his little bikinis had a whole lot of trouble looking away.



Aunt Kat's strict regimen, together with dieting, was having even more effects, toning his long legs, firming his glutes, and trimming down his already-tiny waist. It was on one of these occasions that Aunt Kat joined him, tired out after running what looked to Carl like a full marathon on the treadmill, with a curious expression on her face.

"Do I have to wear these heels on the pool deck?" Carl asked with a sigh. "It gets really slippery, you know!"

"Sweetie, do you *know* how much that last pedicure cost?" Aunt Kat asked, eyebrow raised. "I'm not about to risk you chipping it on the concrete!" Carl pouted his lips in response. "In other news, I just got a very interesting email on my BlackBerry," his aunt said, holding it up. "I believe it's for you."

"For me?" Carl asked, puzzled. Aside from a few conversations with Miranda, who had called to apologize not very apologetically for setting him up on the blind-date, congratulated him on entering the beauty pageant and assured him he would do amazing, Carl hadn't text-messed or emailed anybody for quite some time. His aunt handed him the BlackBerry, and, handling it delicately with his long nails, Carl found a message entitled "FOR CARL, NOT HIS AUNT." He covered the screen with one hand against the sunlight and began to read. As he did so, he felt an increasing sinking sensation in his stomach. It was from Brad!

Hey dude, what's up?? (If your Aunt Kat is reading this, please please send me a picture of your tits, Miss Wethers. It's the least you can do for violating the privacy of my letter, right??) Sorry I havent called you yet dude, its just that my parents are bugging out about long-distance and phone bills already, what with having to check in with Jason all the time. Your old emails still not working so I got my mom to get your mom to give me your aunts email. She was all weird and secretive about it, I guess you weren't supposed to tell me you were going down to Florida? Does that have something to do with your dad and that custody stuff? Speaking of Jason, he's back down in Florida checking out schools for a little while. I told him to hit you up, but you know Jason, he thinks he's too much of a bigshot for everyone now and he's probably chasing girls besides. He says the chicks down there are unreal!! He told me all about this sexy little blonde with huge tits who gave him a handy right out on the boardwalk where anyone could have seen them! He said she was the hottest horniest little slut he ever met and one of the best handjobs of his life, but you know how Jason is, he says that about every girl he gets with, right?? I'm having a hell of a summer, since Marie is totally into me now, but I'm sure you're hitting up the chicks like crazy too. Snap me a picture of the sexiest beach babe you've seen so far and send it back, dude!!

Your buddy,

BRAD

Carl's small hand began to tremble. He knew there was no way Brad had any idea that the little "slut" his brother had raved about was none other than his

former best friend! Carl felt tears building in his tear ducts and that made him feel even more ashamed. He cried so easily now-a-days that he was just like a real girl! Was Miranda right? Was he really meant to be a pretty, sexy, feminine girl all along? What else could explain the way he'd let himself be transformed from a surfer boy into a beach babe?

"What's wrong, sweetie?" Aunt Kat asked, concerned. Unable to answer, Carl merely passed the phone back to her to let her read the email. She did so quickly, nails tapping against the keyboard, and there was a long silence. Carl's head was bowed with shame, but he snapped up immediately at the sound of a camera flash.



"Hey!" he exclaimed. "You better not be..." He trailed off, flushing. The sexiest beach babe you've met so far, Brad had said.

"Don't worry, sweetie," Aunt Kat smiled. "I'm cropping out your face and everything below your belly button. If he wants to see a gorgeous pair of tits, I feel a little bit underdeveloped compared to you! After all, I did read his private message to you." Carl blushed furiously, but as Aunt Kat laughed he finally let slip a small giggle of his own. It was sort of funny, the fact that Brad had asked for a picture and would soon be receiving a self-portrait.

"You don't think Jason told a lot of people, do you?" Carl asked softly.

"Oh, sweetie." Aunt Kat let out a sigh. "That's just how boys are. We love them, we hate them, but they're just so inscrutable. Now come on, let's go get changed."



Time seemed to be speeding up as the date of the Miss Boardwalk Beauty bikini pageant drew closer and closer. It was set at the end of the month, meaning Carl had now spent almost the entirety of it in skirts, dresses, lingerie and heels as 'Candi,' but his aunt seemed intent on keeping him far too busy to reflect on that fact. There was an increasing hustle and bustle on the boardwalk and in the days leading up to the competition there was space cleared out and a stage of sorts erected, complete with signs and decorations. In the days leading up to the competition, Carl had to send headshots and full-body bikini pictures to the Miss Boardwalk website in order to confirm his 'eligibility' for the pageant, and it seemed that he had passed with flying colors, as the next email requested his hobbies and background.

Oddly, Carl found some degree of comfort in working for the pageant. Having a goal he could concentrate on made the rest of his predicament easier. When he spent his days at the beach, he just had to focus on the reasons he was doing this. Buying dresses and having his hair done was tolerable, because he could tell himself it was for a good cause. Smiling and flirting with boys wasn't as terrifying when he reminded himself how he had to impress the judges.

Carl's day-to-day routine had certainly undergone a drastic change since the beginning of the summer! Now he went to the gym religiously every morning with his aunt, working hard to tone his sexy, feminine curves and sort-of-enjoying the results in the mirror before showering off and sun-tanning in his bikini on the poolside, ate salad for lunch, read fashion magazines and romance novels or else picked out possible outfits and practiced makeup techniques, then, when his Aunt Kat returned home from work, he spent his evening being "coached" on various pageant aspects, being quizzed with possible interview questions, having his teeth whitened, receiving tips on how to work the judges, and other such information. If they didn't go shopping or out for dinner, the night usually ended with a sappy romance movie, facial masks, and one of Carl's many sheer nighties to wear to bed.

On Sunday, a day Aunt Kat had off work, she and Carl went to the boardwalk for lunch. Posters and flyers for the Miss Boardwalk pageant were everywhere, and it was making Carl slightly anxious. The event was apparently bigger than ever this year, and there would be plenty of people in attendance. He was freshening his makeup in one of the public washrooms, wondering how many girls he would be competing against and if he really did have a chance of winning, when, speak of the devil, Amber entered the washroom and took up a place beside him at the mirror.

"Oh, hi, Candi," she said, voice all but dripping with sugar. "I see you're wearing at least a *few* clothes today, good for you!" She gave Carl's low-cut 'Daddy's Girl' pink crop-top and slit skirt a disdainful look. Carl blushed. He would have liked nothing more than to sock her in the nose, but with his nails done he couldn't even make a fist, and the thought of breaking one was unbearable. Girls had to be sneaky when they fought with each other, and Carl was well aware that he'd been drawn into a feud with Amber without his volition.



"Miranda told me you're entering the Miss Boardwalk pageant," Amber went on, doing her mascara in the mirror. "That's so cute. But you know you can't just spread your legs and win, don't you? It's a competition for *ladies*, Candi. Beautiful, refined, classy... You know, things like that. I hate to break it to you, but you're nothing but a slutty blonde bimbo."

Carl, face flushed, said nothing as he carefully re-did his lip gloss.

"Ooh, why so much gloss?" Amber tsk-tsked. "Are you planning on sucking a lot of boys off later?" Carl felt his ears burning as he remembered the feel of Jason's manhood inside his fingers. Amber couldn't possibly know, could she? He tried to keep his attention on the mirror, but his hands were trembling slightly.

"I win every year," Amber said. "You might as well drop out now. Like I said, it's not for sluts. It's for real ladies."

"Could you please tell your boyfriend Tom to stop text messaging me?" Carl asked sweetly. "I'd love to tell him to piss off, but I'm afraid it just wouldn't be lady-like." Amber's smile disappeared. Carl, surprised that he had managed to silence her, snapped his makeup case shut, returned his purse to his shoulder, and walked out of the bathroom, heels clattering on the floor. The thing he wanted most in the world right now was to go back to being a boy and forget this whole ordeal had ever happened, but thing he wanted second most was to

wipe the smirk off Amber's face for good as he was crowned Miss Boardwalk Beauty...



As the big day drew closer, Carl found himself so thoroughly immersed in femininity that at times he realized he was no longer thinking of himself as a boy, only as Candi. Aunt Kat, who had witnessed this slow metamorphosis, did her best to enforce it, keeping her nephew in ultra-feminine outfits and girlish states of mind at all times. He had become such a beautiful, feminine creature that she herself was occasionally amazed that Carl had once been a boorish boy. Carl still felt the sharp pangs of embarrassment whenever he passed his girlish reflection in the mirror or re-did his makeup, but he was kept too busy to dwell on it for very long. He knew that Aunt Kat wanted him to win the pageant, and if winning the pageant would stick it to Amber once and for all, then so did he, even more so.

Jason still hadn't called, which was a relief, and Aunt Kat seemed too caught up in preparing him for the pageant to try to convince him to go out with any other boys. She had also been making several mysterious phone-calls lately, as well, but Carl supposed that they were work-related. Besides, he had his own worries: even without Aunt Kat's interference, a handsome and very aggressive young man had managed to wheedle his phone number away from him while he'd been out shopping for a new purse, and was now trying to convince him to go to a movie. When Carl used the excuse that he was busy preparing for the pageant, the boy had assured him that he would be there to watch!

On the morning of the big day, Carl was far too nervous to eat breakfast. Aunt Kat only managed to convince him to eat half a grapefruit by telling him that if he didn't eat all day, he was liable to bloat later in the evening, and since she'd had him shed an additional five pounds from his already slender frame and tone his flat, sexy midriff to perfection, and there was no way she was going to allow him to have even the slightest hint of puffiness when he made his first appearance. Then, after applying only a hint of makeup out of habit, Carl followed his aunt out to the car for the drive to Tiffany's salon.

"It's our secret weapon, sweetie," Aunt Kat beamed. "She's the absolute best in the business when it comes to hair, and those Swedes do such lovely work, too." Carl blushed as he remembered their last encounter. They certainly did do lovely work—they had managed to transform a young man in the wrong place at the wrong time into a beautiful young woman! They had even, if he recalled correctly, been the ones to christen him 'Candi.' That seemed so long ago, and now he was returning with his breasts of his own straining the straps of his sexy push-up bra, his manicured hands clasped daintily on his lap, skirt smooth against his silky, hairless thighs... There was no doubt about it, lately he was far more 'Candi' than he was 'Carl'! When he stepped into the salon once more, Tiffany the hairdresser had only one word for him.

"Wow!" she exclaimed. "Just, wow! Kat, is this really who I think it is?"

"It certainly is," Aunt Kat laughed. She couldn't help but beam with pride at the lovely girl she'd helped to create. The last time Tiffany had seen Carl, he had been wobbling out of the salon on his very first pair of stilettos, still not quite sure what to do with his hands or how to hold his shoulders, but now he entered the salon like a fashion model on the runway, sky-high heels clacking in a precise heel-toe line, hips gyrating rhythmically, his purse held gracefully in the crook of his arm and wrist flared girlishly, but the most glaring difference in body language was thanks to the new additions: two magnificent breasts proudly pushed up and out by the underwire cups of his lacy bra. He was an utter vision of femininity, and Tiffany could hardly believe what Aunt Kat had done to him!

"Honey, you're drop-dead gorgeous," Tiffany said, leading him to her salon chair. "Just night and day from the very first time I met you. Are you sure you weren't pulling my leg with that 'Carl' stuff? When I'm done with you, you'll be a lock to win this pageant, I promise!"

"What do you think?" Aunt Kat probed. "Extensions?"

"Definitely," Tiffany smiled. "Candi, you're adorable with that short style, but your aunt and I both think extensions would help you achieve a really glamorous look for tonight. You'll feel completely sexy and feminine with a gorgeous blonde mane falling over your shoulders, and I'll show you exactly how to care for it once the pageant is over, okay?"

"I... I suppose that might look nice," Carl said weakly.

"Honey, it will look amazing," Tiffany assured him. "But perfection takes time, so you're going to have to be patient." She immediately went to work finding a matching shade. Carl was about to ask how long it was going to take when the door to the salon swung open and both Helga and Inga came strolling in, chatting gaily. Carl frowned. They were speaking in what sounded, from a distance, like perfect English.

"Girls!" Tiffany said sharply. "A little late, aren't we? I thought I told you Kat was bringing her niece in?"

"Oh!" the Swedish twins exclaimed in unison. They looked at Carl in surprise and he realized that they hadn't recognized him with his new breasts.

"Sorry, Tiffany," Inga said. "The train was, um, how do you say? Late arrival?"

"It's okay," Tiffany said. "I'm doing Candi's extensions and it's going to take quite a while, so you might as well get started on her nails and makeup."

"Yes, we start now," Helga said, smiling at Carl. He shyly returned it. Once he would have been checking out her body, but now he was comparing it to his! *Sure, Helga was pretty, Carl thought, but not even in his league.* As the twins set to work buffing and trimming his toe-nails, he couldn't help but remember back to his first makeover in this chair, how he'd been completely unaware of what was going on. Now, he was willingly submitting to their ministrations so he could look even more pretty and feminine! The thought made him blush. Aunt Kat ducked in and out of the salon over the course of the procedure,

bringing him water to sip on or magazines to read, but also making several phone-calls. Carl thought he heard her say something about a flight delay.

Helga and Inga gradually moved from his toes to his nails, then gave him what Tiffany called a 'Brazilian' wax.

"Is that like a bikini wax?" Carl asked anxiously. The Swedes giggled slightly.

"Not quite," Tiffany said, still fully concentrating on the hair extensions. "But you'll thank me when you're in your little bikini, that's for sure! And it has the added bonus of making you feel really sexy and confident." The twins began by waxing Carl's legs, gradually working their way up his calves to his thighs, tearing off the strips and quickly rubbing a moisturizing lotion into his silky-smooth skin. Carl couldn't help but marvel at how long and sexy his slender tanned legs now looked after a month of waxing, moisturizing, dieting and toning. Next Helga yanked up Carl's skirt and, in one smooth motion, divested him of his panties! Carl gulped and felt an instinctive fear as she set to figuring out how to peel off his gaff, but he reminded himself that she was one of the very few people who knew he was a boy. In addition, this time Carl didn't have to worry about an ill-timed direction. He was soft as a little girl down there, and soon he would be just as smooth!

"Will sting," Inga warned, as she began applying the wax to Carl's privates.

"Um, maybe I could just get the usual bikini wax?" Carl squeaked. Inga shook her head, smiling, and ripped the first strip away. Carl's eyes began to water immediately and he did his best not to jerk around (Tiffany insisted on it) as the body hair he'd once been so proud to develop, thinking it a signifier of his passage into manhood, was quickly and easily removed. Once he was completely hairless and completely humiliated, Tiffany paused to allow her blushing ward to try and direct Inga on how to fit him back into his gaff without the use of his still-drying hands. As she finally pulled the skirt back up his slender legs, Carl tried to assure himself that the hair would grow back eventually, but with the powerful female hormones in his system, his hair had been coming in very lightly or not at all...

When the exhaustive two-hour-long procedure of weaving the extensions into Carl's actual hair was complete, he could feel it tickling his shoulders in soft waves. He couldn't help but wonder how it looked, but Tiffany had other plans.

"Time for makeup, now, honey," she said. She hurried to the back and returned with a small tube and nozzle. Carl gave it a nervous look.

"What's that?" he asked.

"You've never been airbrushed before?" Tiffany asked, seemingly shocked. "Honey, you're going to love it. This is how all those gorgeous Hollywood starlets do their makeup. Now, eyes closed!" Carl obediently squeezed his eyes as tightly-shut as possible as Tiffany moved the whirring airbrush over his face and neck in small circles, smoothing his complexion. "It's going to help give your skin a healthy glow," she explained. "Your tan is just about perfect, so you certainly don't want to fake-and-bake." Once she'd finished with the airbrushing, Carl was directed to keep his eyes closed for the next procedure as well, as Helga set to work attaching luxurious false lashes to his lids and Inga got out

her makeup kit. As they did his eye makeup Carl almost drifted off, but he was brought back to reality by a sharp sting on his lips.

"Ouch!" he squealed. "Is that a needle?"

"Just a bit of collagen, honey, to plump those lips," Tiffany said reassuringly.

"Your boyfriend can thank me later! I see you've been whitening your teeth, they're dazzling..." Carl's lips now felt strange and tingly as they applied his lip gloss.

When Inga declared him finished a few moments later, Tiffany helped him out of the chair, but instead of taking him to the mirror, brought him over to the curtain where he had changed into full-on female finery for the first time. The long blonde hair tickling Carl's shoulders and falling across his face was extremely distracting, and he found himself wondering what it looked like.

"Time for the rest of you," she explained, holding up a slightly larger version of the airbrush she'd used on his face. "Clothes off, honey!" Carl pouted his lips nervously. He had undressed before Tiffany before, but this time, he had a bigger rack than she did! Seeing his hesitation, Tiffany helped him out of his skirt and undies, prompting Carl to reluctantly undo the buttons of his blouse and let it slip down around his shoulders, revealing his breasts nestled in the silky cups of a cute pink demi-bra. He gracefully undid the clasp of his bra with his long painted nails and slipped it off, letting his breasts bounce free. Ears burning with embarrassment at Tiffany's impressed look, he raised his arms to his sides as she set to work, starting at his feet, working up his slim calves and toned thighs, his full hips and taut bottom, his tiny waist and flat stomach, and then finally his massive breasts. She cupped them slyly as she worked, shaking her head in amazement.

"Sorry, honey, I couldn't resist," she sighed. "These are just gorgeous. And so sensitive, too! Your boyfriend is one lucky stud." Carl blushed, well aware that his nipples had become erect once more.

"Why do people keep saying that?" he asked softly and sadly.



"Oh, I'm sorry, Candi," Tiffany said, beginning to airbrush his upper chest. "It's just that society expects a pretty little thing like you to have a big strong man to take care of her and enjoy her beauty. Haven't you at least thought about finding a cute guy?" Carl gulped, thinking about, in quick succession, Amber's boyfriend's flirtations, Jason's probing kisses, Alec's hands on his bum, the boy currently trying to talk him into a date... he might not be trying to find a guy, but they were certainly trying to find him, and it seemed like everyone else was in on it, too!

"Inga, come hold Candi's hair while I do her shoulders and neck!" Tiffany called. Carl wasn't keen on yet another person seeing him naked, but Inga made no remark on the incredible transformation that had taken place, only allowing her eyes to widen slightly as she took in Carl's completely feminized form. She held the hair off his back and shoulders while Tiffany finished her work with precision, blending everything to a uniform shade. Declaring him done, she handed him a pair of plastic platform sandals to slip into. They had a five-inch elevation, but after a month in stilettos Carl handled them like a pro.

"You are going to *love* this," Tiffany said, with a knowing smile on her face. Inga, along with Helga, who had snuck in to witness the finished result, could only nod in agreement. She produced a glittery silver string bikini from a small white shopping bag and helped him into it, carefully tying the strings in small, precise pretty bows at his hips and then on his back, and adjusting his cleavage to sit perfectly. Carl was still shivering in the air-conditioned salon.

"Ready to see?" Tiffany smiled. Carl nodded, blushing, eager despite himself to see what all the hours of sitting in the salon chair had gone into. She pulled the curtain away and led him over to the reflective full-length mirrors, one straight-on and two slightly angled to provide every possible angle, and Carl froze dead in his high heels with a gasp.

"Oh, my God!" he whimpered. He looked like a Victoria's Secret model! His beautiful bottle-blond hair now cascaded down to his shoulders, framing his face and falling gracefully into his eyes in perfectly-coiffed waves, and his face was perfectly angelic, his innocent blue eyes framed by long, gorgeous dark lashes that could flutter once and stop a man's heart. His pert nose and delicate cheekbones could have belonged on a fashion magazine, and his lips were full, pouty, and dripping with shiny pink gloss, the kind of mouth any guy would kill to have wrapped around his manhood. His long pink nails matched them perfectly, too!

The airbrushing had given him a Barbie-smooth complexion all over his lithe body, a sun-kissed glow that screamed beach babe and contrasted beautifully against his feminine blonde hair spilling down his shoulders and the sparkling silver bikini teasingly revealing all but the most private pieces of his anatomy. The strings were taut on his slender shoulders, straining to contain his breasts, cradled together to form killer cleavage by the flimsy triangles of fabric that also seemed to magnify every enticing jiggle. The bottom, meanwhile, was equally skimpy in a thong style that emphasized the pert shape of his buttocks and rode incredibly low on his rounded hips. His long, slender legs ended with dainty feet perched on high-heels that Carl knew would ensure an incredibly



sexy, feminine stride. This was the sort of girl Carl had never hoped to meet down here, even in his wildest dreams, but now, he *was* that girl!

"Perfect," came Aunt Kat's voice. Carl turned his head, newly long blonde tresses brushing his cheek, and saw her beaming with pride. "Here, put this on for the ride over. No use causing a traffic pile-up, and believe me, sweetie, you would!" She handed him a short robe, which Tiffany helped him carefully slip on and tie shut. Carl had never thought he would be feeling dread heading to a place bound to be full of pretty girls in bikinis, but he'd also never thought he would be dressed in a similar fashion to compete against them. Tiffany, Inga, and Helga all gave him air-kisses and wished him good luck, one after the other, and Carl, still slightly dazed, had to be prodded by his aunt to thank them for all their help.

When they arrived at the boardwalk, it was as busy as Carl had ever seen it. Partially because it was a Saturday, of course, but Carl also knew part of the increased crowd was due to all the banners proclaiming the tenth annual Miss Boardwalk Beauty competition. He felt butterflies in his stomach as Aunt Kat said her goodbye.

"You'll be fantastic," she assured him. "And you have your phone, so if anything happens, you can call me, okay? I'll be back here in a few hours to get a really good seat!"

"There are so many people coming to watch," Carl said anxiously, brushing a strand of blonde hair out of his face and picking up his purse.

"Well, the competition is quite a bit bigger this year," Aunt Kat pointed out. "I think I may have even seen a television crew."

"A TV crew?" Carl gasped. He didn't want to be on television in a bikini!

"Ooh, I shouldn't have said anything," Aunt Kat sighed. She turned and carefully pushed a few stray strands of hair from Carl's eyes. She thoughtfully looked into his eyes and smiled. "Don't be nervous, sweetie, you're going to be just fine. Break a leg!" Carl thanked his aunt and exited the car. It was a bright sunny day outside, perfect for the boardwalk, and Carl couldn't help but think how excited Brad or any of his other buddies would be to see the procession of pretty girls heading to the check-in. They certainly would have wolf-whistled for a hot blonde like Candi, that was for sure. Right on cue, Carl heard a sharp whistle from behind him as a group of young guys admired the feminine sway of his hips. Carl glanced back over his shoulder, met with lustful grins from all five of them, and quickly hurried towards the check-in tent. If they liked him now, imagine when the robe came off! He gulped nervously at the thought.

"Here's your number," the smiling lady at the desk said, after matching 'Candi' to the headshots she had received. Carl blushed as he recognized the digits. Fourteen had been his old jersey number in baseball! He still remembered pulling it on as he prepared for a big game, laughing and joking with Brad, ready to slide home or dive for grounders, getting as dirty and sweaty and rough as he wanted. Now even the idea of playing baseball seemed ridiculous. His smooth pretty legs would get nicked sliding into a base, he would almost certainly break a nail trying to catch a pop-fly, with his massive breasts there was no way he would be able to agilely sprint the bases... He tried to imagine it, but it was no use. There was just no way he could do anything sports-related now... Except maybe be a pretty, sexy cheerleader shaking his hips and waving pom-poms for his team!

Feeling more anxious than ever, Carl minced past the desk to join the other contestants in the back. Most of them were very exuberant, talking and giggling excitedly, but Amber was the loudest of them all. She had obviously used a tanning bed not long ago, her skin was deeply bronzed, while her hair was poofed up in an exaggerated style, and her teeth were blindingly white. She looked gorgeous, but rather than checking her out, Carl found himself appraising her looks in comparison to his own.

"I can take her," Carl thought to himself. "Even her boyfriend likes me better than her." He put a smile on his face.

Amber gave her competition a quick head-to-toe glance, never dropping her sneer. She shot Carl a spiteful smile and mouthed the word 'slut' as she caught sight of him.

Everyone fell silent as a middle-aged man with a graying mustache held up his hand. Carl had seen him speaking with a man holding a camera as he came in. The grin on his face made it clear just how much he was enjoying the view. "My name is Mike Chancey, owner of Radiance Suntan Lotion, Inc., and on behalf of my company I'd like to welcome you to the tenth annual Miss Boardwalk Beauty pageant," he said. The girls all clapped politely, Carl included, until Mr. Chancey cleared his throat. "Now, I'm a busy man, but when my secretary told me that it was the tenth annual this year, I knew I had to make an appearance to see you lovely young ladies. It also seemed like a great opportunity to make more of a splash with our sponsorship. The lucky winner of this pageant not only receives her title as Miss Boardwalk Beauty, but also, as disclosed on the forms you signed, may be used to promote our suntan lotion state-wide! For that reason, our first order of business is a photo-shoot, with a professional fashion photographer." At this, several of the girls squealed with excitement. Carl, however, felt even more anxious at the prospect. No matter what, long after he had returned to pants, had these silly implants removed, and resumed his manhood, there would still be photos of his time as a cute, sexy blonde!

"We've cleared out a little space down the boardwalk to give him room to work with," Mr. Chancey continued. "Each of you will receive ten to fifteen minutes, so be sure to make your best impression. This isn't just an excuse to have fun in front of the camera, it's also a component of the judging. It's important that our potential Miss Boardwalk Beauty be fun, photogenic, and comfortable posing. May the best girl win!" The girls all clapped excitedly as Mr. Chancey stepped down, making his way back out of the tent. Carl did his best to smile and clap with the best of them, but when Mr. Chancey's eyes fell on him they widened just slightly, along with a lecherous grin. He leaned in close as he passed Carl.

"I bet you can't wait to get out of that robe," he muttered, and then, on his way by, Carl felt his hand slyly grope his firm bottom! Carl gasped and jumped in surprise, making his breasts jiggle, and turned bright red as the man gave him a wink. Remembering what his aunt had said about working the judges, and about Mr. Chancey loving blondes, Carl quickly tried to rearrange his face into a smile.

The photographer had set up further down the boardwalk, a spot somewhat secluded from the eyes of passers-by. Carl was grateful for that, but at the same time, he knew it also meant it was time for him to take off his robe! Most of the other girls had already stripped down to their skimpy bathing suits. Carl still had an irrational inkling of fear that girls, especially pretty girls his own age, might somehow sense something was off about him, but everything about him was no so completely feminine that he was more girlish than most real girls—he walked with a sexy sway to his hips, elbows in and wrists flared prettily,

stood with his hips cocked attractively and sat with his legs crossed seductively, fluttered his lashes, pouted his lips, and now, thanks to his extensions, played with his blonde hair almost constantly. Every trace of masculinity had been utterly eliminated, and that became even more obvious as he undid his robe with his long pink nails and slipped it off his slender shoulders. Unluckily, he did it just as the fashion photographer was walking by! The man's eyes bulged just slightly as Carl adjusted the strings of his bikini, moving his cleavage around.

"You first," he said in a thick French accent, snapping his fingers. "Blondie. Number fourteen. Over here, my darling. We start with you."

"Me?" Carl squeaked. He shot a glance over towards Amber, who was, incidentally, the girl with "#1" on her badge. She looked absolutely furious. The other girls were looking over Carl's body with a mixture of awe, jealousy, and disappointment in their own cup size.

"Yes, yes, you," the photographer said. "Come. Over here, so you can meet the boys."

"Boys?" Carl asked, eyes wide. The photographer rolled his eyes, snapping his hand open and shut to pantomime a flapping mouth.

"Echo, echo," he said. "Oh, blondes. We love, we hate. Come on, my darling. Down here." He took Carl by the wrist and led him a short ways down the boardwalk where two young men were lounging shirtless, with gelled hair, handsome faces, and sculpted abs. Both of them perked up immediately at the sight of 'Candi' mincing towards them, breasts straining against the bikini top and wet pink lips set in a nervous pout. The photographer looked at each boy in turn, hand on his chin, then selected the brown-haired stud on the right.

"You," he said. "Nicholas." The boy grinned as he stepped forward, obviously pleased. As the photographer set to work preparing his camera, he introduced himself as a part-time men's clothing model in town for a separate shoot.

"Jacques here asked me to come in for this last-minute," he explained. "Have you done much modeling, Candi?"

"I... I actually never have," Carl said, not sure if he was more worried by the prospect of the photo-shoot or the way Nicholas' eyes were hungrily looking him up and down. "Is it hard?" he asked. Nicholas's eyes flashed automatically down to his swim-trunks, then he laughed sheepishly.

"You won't have any bad habits," he said. "That's good! Jacques can be a bit of a slave-driver, but I'm sure you'll do just fine."

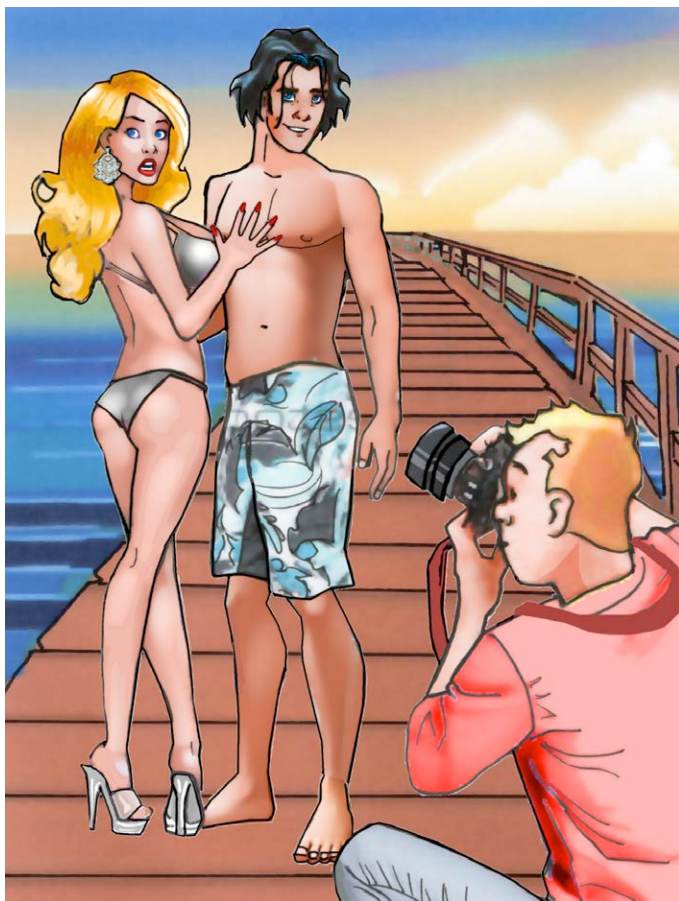
"I hope so," Carl said, looking down shyly and fully regretting letting his aunt talk him into this. For the first photo, he was made to lie tummy-down on a beach towel while Nicholas sprawled casually beside him, applying Radiance brand suntan lotion to his back. Carl let the photographer position him properly, so he was propped up on his elbows with his calves kicking in the air, head cocked cutely towards the camera with a teasing smile on his lips. As Nicholas squirted the cold lotion onto his back and began rubbing it in, camera flashing all the while, Carl gave a small gasp of surprise.

"Sorry," Nicholas whispered, but judging by the grin on his face he wasn't terribly apologetic. Carl blushed furiously. The next photo was on the very edge of the boardwalk, with Nicholas sitting with his legs dangling off the edge, and Carl was supposed to be...

"On his lap, my darling," the photographer said. "Go on, don't worry. He's very strong, he won't let you fall in." Carl gulped at the prospect of snuggling close to the handsome male model, suddenly remembering his date with Jason. "Go on," the photographer repeated. "It's fine. Pretend he is your boyfriend, yes?" Eyes lowered beneath his long lashes, Carl adjusted his bikini bottom and settled reluctantly onto Nicholas's lap. Jacques directed Nicholas to wrap his arms around Carl's slender waist, and then directed Carl to move his head back to rest against Nicholas's muscled chest. As Carl squirmed around in his lap, he felt, to his horror, something hard poking at his bottom. Judging by the pained expression on Nicholas's face, it was exactly what Carl thought it was – he was giving the poor boy a hard-on!

"Sorry," Carl whispered, blushing. Nicholas's handsome face formed a sheepish grin, a perfect white smile that could make any girl swoon. "Let me help you with that," Carl said playfully, reaching into the older boy's shorts to find his hard manhood... Carl shook himself, realizing what he was imagining. Those trashy romance novels had to stop! He submitted to Jacques' directions and looked into the camera, eyes wide and innocent.

"Perfect!" Jacques exclaimed. "So pure, so sexy! Yes, pretend like you are virgin, yes? This is your first boy. Imagine, my darling." Carl flushed furiously, and even Nicholas, the experienced model, went a little pink around the ears. They took another photo of the two of them eating ice-cream (real, but Carl wasn't



allowed to endanger his lip gloss by doing anything but licking at it seductively with the very tip of his tongue) and then one of Carl bending over slightly as Nicholas posed suggestively with his hands on Carl's curved hips.

All in all, the shoot took more than twice the time it was supposed to, and when Carl was finally allowed to put his robe back on, some of the other girls looked close to tears. Carl sat down on one of the plastic chairs, crossing his legs instinctively, as one by one the other girls had their turns with the photographer, who seemed increasingly bored and impatient. A few girls joined him to ask about the photo-shoot and if the male models were as handsome up close as they looked from afar, and Carl could only nod, blushing. He tried to remind himself that this would all be worth it to beat Amber, and then it would all be history, besides. He was sure it was only a matter of weeks before someone came looking for "Carl" in Florida, and once Aunt Kat sent them on their way, he could at last return to being a boy. Clipping these ridiculous nails would be the first to go, he thought ruefully.

Before long the woman who had checked them in came to shepherd them backstage. Carl retrieved his purse and the emergency makeup kit Aunt Kat had packed inside. Tiffany's girls had done amazing work, and all Carl had to do was touch up his lip gloss just slightly. He was still unused to the feminine fullness of his lips and the bright white smile they framed.

"Now, you'll be entering the stage from the left and then making your way to the front," the woman from the check-in explained to the assembled bikini-clad beauties. "Strike a pose, but not too long, and give us your best smile. We'll be reading your little info-card aloud, and then you proceed to the right side of the stage and stand on one of the rows, five girls on each. Everything clear?" Everyone nodded, either excitedly or nervously. Music started playing and Carl could hear Mr. Chancey beginning his introductions on stage. As number fourteen out of fifteen girls, Carl knew he would be one of the very last to go up, and he felt his anxiety increase as each contestant made her way to the stage. He still couldn't quite believe he was about to prance across a stage in a bikini and high heels in front of a massive crowd! It was all just like some crazy dream... but the last time he'd woken up from a crazy dream he'd been topless, and he certainly didn't want a repeat of that.

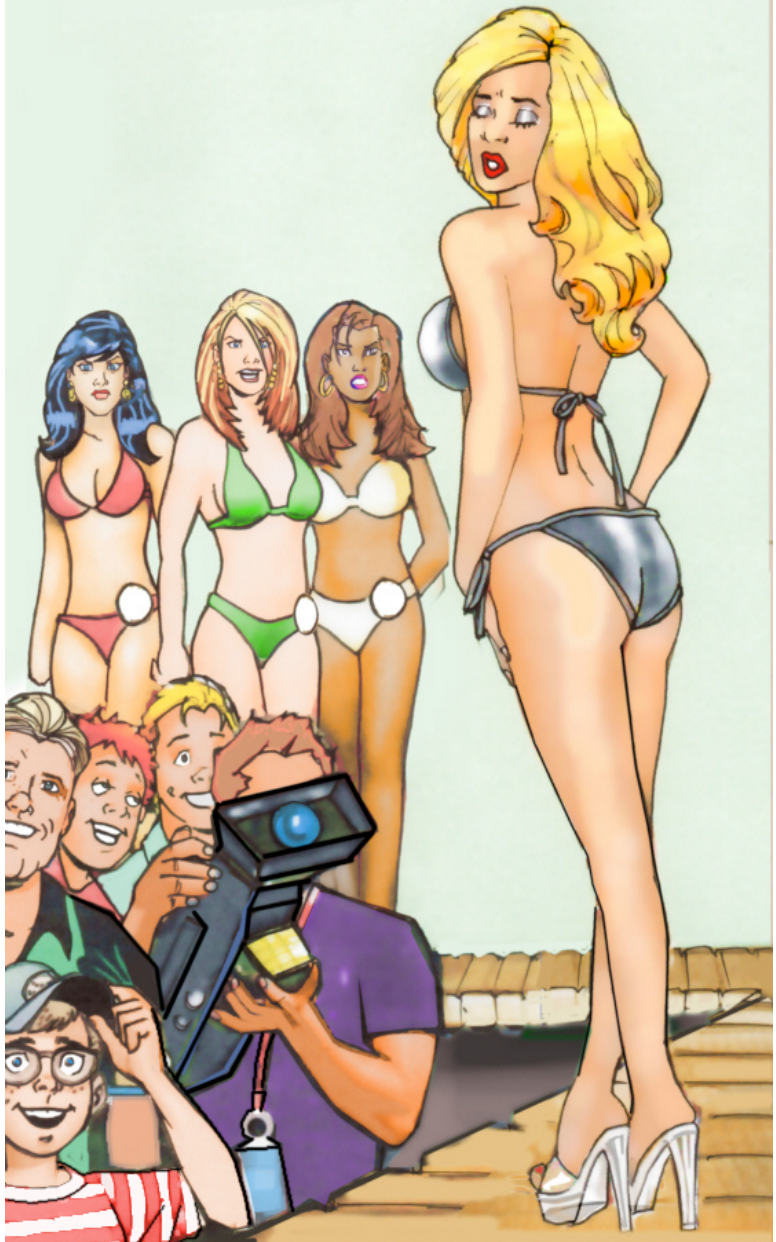
"Fourteen?" the lady called. "Get ready, honey, you're next. On my cue, okay?"

"Okay," Carl said, voice trembling. He was really about to go through with this! Too nervous to breathe, he fluffed out his hair, adjusted his cleavage, and gave himself one final look in the mirror. Then, right on cue, he made his entrance. The crowd was so big that Carl almost ran right then and there, but he knew he would only end up tripping on his high heels, so he took a deep breath and fixed the smile on his face as he did exactly what Aunt Kat had drilled him on so mercilessly over the past few weeks. Manicured hands on his hips, gliding along on his five-inch platforms like a fashion model with a seductive, almost serpentine wobble, each foot perfectly in front of the other, hips gyrating invitingly... The sunlight gleamed on his bright pink nails and on the long blonde hair bouncing on his shoulders, making his tiny scrap of a swimsuit glitter and

sparkle enticingly, highlighting each sway of his hips and jiggle of his breasts in their flimsy top. From his long tanned legs to his gorgeous blonde hair and angelic face, Carl had every red-blooded male in the crowd drooling. As he minced towards center-stage, he heard his blurb being read aloud:

“Candi is a sweet seventeen-year-old originally from Maine, but recently moved to Florida because she simply loves the beach! Her hobbies include shopping, salon and spa days, sunbathing, and volleyball. She aspires to one day be a model, and later an adoring wife and mother of three children. She’s currently enrolled for fall at the local Polytechnic High School, and can’t wait for cheerleading try-outs!”

Carl did his best not to bite his lip at that last bit. Aunt Kat had said he had a far better chance of winning if he was ‘local’ and so she’d lied about his plans for the coming year. He supposed they certainly couldn’t say that ‘Candi’ was going to have her breast im-



plants removed and return to being a normal baseball-loving chick-chasing teenaged guy!

Carl reached the center of the stage and struck the sexy pose Aunt Kat had insisted on: back arched, exaggerating the camber of his chest and rear, one dainty hand on his out-thrust hip, and a coy smile on his pink lips. He cocked his head cutely and smiled, his whitened teeth sparkling, then, remembering what his aunt had told him about working the crowd, gave a sexy little shake of his hips. Judging by the tidal wave of whistles and appreciative shouts, he had done it right! Blushing, Carl lowered his eyes beneath their long, fluttering dark lashes and turned gracefully on his heels, nervous for the last little part of his walk.

As he went to join the thirteen girls already lined up on the newly-erected steps, he put in the extra wiggle Aunt Kat had made him practice for hours, exaggerating the sensuous sway of the firm rounded globes barely concealed by his skimpy silver thong bottom. Carl had never heard so much applause in his life! Between his bouncing breasts, the breeze caressing his all-but-naked body, the bikini bottom wedging itself between his cheeks with every mincing step, the blonde hair tickling his cheeks, the weight of his false lashes and the taste of gloss on his lips, every sensation was incredibly feminine and intoxicating. By the time he took his place with the other girls, hand on his hip and pretty white smile fixed on his face, he found that his palms were sweating and his heart was going as fast as a jackhammer.

The interview portion was next, and as the contestants were called up one by one to answer the questions, Carl's gaze strayed into the crowd. Just as she'd promised, Aunt Kat was up near the front row, but she wasn't sitting alone. There was a blonde middle-aged woman there beside her who looked almost like...

Carl felt the pretty smile slip right off his face, replaced by a small 'O' of surprise. It was his mother! He knew that Aunt Kat had told his mother about the plan to disguise him as a girl, but why on Earth had she flown down to Florida now? Didn't she realize it would only attract attention to Aunt Kat and make things more difficult? Confused, Carl tried his best to maintain his pose and his smile and watch the interviews take place, but his gaze kept straying towards the row of plastic seats. Once his mother gave him a small wave, but Carl didn't think he was supposed to return it. How could she look so smug and pleased when she had turned her son into a blonde bimbo? Carl felt his cheeks going pink. His mother was just about the last person in the world he wanted watching him in a bikini!

"Candi, you're up next!" whispered the girl beside him with "#13" on her badge. Carl had been so caught up in his thoughts that he had nearly missed it.

"Oh! Thanks!" he squeaked. The girl just rolled her eyes, obviously thinking him a complete airhead, as Carl minced over to where the judging panel had set up. The judges were Mr. Chancey, Jacques the photographer, a man who Carl assumed to be Amber's father, and the gorgeous brunette who had been introduced as the former Miss Florida. Carl sat down gracefully on the edge of the chair, crossing his tanned legs in a way that made the guys in the audience

suddenly uncomfortably tight in the pants, and accepted a microphone in his trembling fingers. He couldn't stop from glancing to where his mother was sitting.

"Let's see..." Mr. Chancey murmured, flipping through cue cards. "Ah! Candi, how would you like to describe for us your most romantic date?"

"Most romantic date?" Carl echoed weakly. His voice seemed unbearably breathy and high-pitched magnified through the microphone, and he could just imagine Aunt Kat explaining to his mother how much work it had taken to give him that perfect girlish pitch.

"Yes," Mr. Chancey smiled. "I know a pretty girl like you has been on plenty, but what was one that was very special to you?" Carl stared down at the microphone in a panic. As Carl, his idea of a romantic date had been getting some tonsil action in the back of the movies – and as Candi, his options were extremely limited!

"Well, it happened by accident," Carl began hesitantly. The crowd laughed warmly, making him blush. "Um, my friend invited me out for pizza, but when I got there, it turned out she had this boy she wanted me to meet?" Carl remembered the moment extremely well, standing there stunned in his sexy little red dress, faced with a virile young man who thought he'd dressed that way just for him. He gulped.

"And?" the former Miss Florida prompted, giving him a kind smile. "What was he like?"

"Handsome?" Carl squeaked. The crowd laughed again, clearly enthralled with 'Candi', though more with her body or her answers it was hard to say!

"And what happened next?" Mr. Chancey asked, a little bit too eager for a middle-aged married man.

"We had dinner," Carl said. "Um, we talked. He told me I was the most beautiful girl he'd met in Florida..." At this Miss Florida pretended to be offended, eliciting another chuckle from the crowd. "Afterwards he offered to drive me home," Carl continued, voice trembling slightly as he remembered the drive. "But he said he'd never seen the moonlight on the waves before, so we came here to the boardwalk instead." There was a chorus of "awes" from the crowd at this. Carl bit his lip, imagining his mother in the crowd soaking in every word, but he kept his eyes downcast. "We sat on the edge of the boardwalk and cuddled for a little while, and he put his arms around me, and then... He kissed me." Carl's cheeks had flushed red at the memory of what else had transpired, but the crowd took his flustered reaction as the innocence of a besotted young girl.

"Are you still seeing this special someone?" Miss Florida asked, smiling.

"I... I don't know," Carl stammered. "He's a football player, so it depends on where he takes his scholarship. I might never see him again." And that thought brought him no end of relief, but the crowd, rather than cheer, was silent, thinking they were seeing a beautiful girl having her heart broken.

"Oh, darling," Miss Florida sighed. "Any boy would be lucky to have you. If he knows what's good for him, he'll find a way to see you again."

"Thank-you," Carl said, blushing as he handed the microphone back. He minced back to his place among the other contestants to deafening applause. He saw Amber glare at him as he took his place, but for the first time, she didn't look smug! In fact, she looked quite worried. Normally this would have given Carl a bit of vindictive happiness, seeing as he still had people recognizing him as the girl who'd gone topless on the beach, but he was far too distracted by the mysterious presence of his mother to enjoy it properly. Music played and the girls were allowed to strut their stuff again as the judges conferred. Carl definitely received the loudest applause for his re-appearance, and, remembering Aunt Kat's advice, rewarded it with a toss of his blonde hair and a sexy little smile. He did his best to look overtop of his mother's head as he did so.

"Well, the judges have conferred," Mr. Chancey announced, bringing Carl back to reality. "This has been a spectacular showing, a true display of grace, beauty, and femininity from fifteen fantastic young women, but there can only be one winner, sadly. I'd also like to take the time to remind you that Radiance Suntan Lotion is your best way to develop a healthy tan without risking skin damage! If you want to look as radiant as this bevy of beauties up here, use Radiance Suntan Lotion daily." He cleared his throat noisily. "And now, the winner of the tenth annual Miss Boardwalk Beauty bikini pageant..." The girls were all staring in anticipation, breaths baited, hands clasped. Amber looked like she was almost ready to be sick.

"Lovely contestant number fourteen!" Mr. Chancey called. "Candi!" The applause was so loud, along with the squeals of the girls pretending to be thrilled for him, that Carl barely heard the direction to come to center-stage. He minced cutely to where the former Miss Florida was waiting to present him with a bouquet of flowers. Carl felt totally stunned. His Aunt Kat had told him he could win the whole thing, but he had never really, truly, deep-down believed her. After all, underneath the D-cup breasts and feminized curves and pretty face and makeup and hair... wasn't he still a boy? Boys most definitely did not win beauty pageants! Carl took the flowers and thanked each of the judges with a peck on the cheek, noticing Mr. Chancey had something very hard in his pocket as he did so. He felt dazed, but, for some reason, happy as well! Amber was tearing her badge to shreds in a fit of anger and two other girls were trying their best to calm her down; that probably had something to do with it.

"One final surprise is in store for our lovely winner," Mr. Chancey announced, reading off his card. "One of her parents has flown in all the way from out of state just to watch the competition!" Carl looked to his mother and Aunt Kat. His mom had a satisfied but slightly worried smile on her face. Carl wondered why, and again, *why* she had flown all the way down here when Carl was supposed to be keeping a low profile as 'Candi'!

"Why don't you stand up for us?" Mr. Chancey asked. "So your beautiful daughter can see you?" And yet, Carl's mother didn't move. He watched her,



utterly confused as to why she was still sitting, but then, three rows further back, getting to his feet... Was his father! Carl gasped, feeling his knees go weak.

Somehow, some way, his father was here, watching his only son swish about in a skimpy little bikini and platform heels, swinging his hips and smiling flirta-

tiously and describing a date with another boy! He felt himself flush from the tops of his breasts to his cheeks, and his legs were trembling terribly. The crowd, misinterpreting his reaction as one of incredulous excitement, cheered loudly. If any of them had looked closely, they would see that the look of shock on Mr. Hutchen's face practically mirrored that of his pretty, feminized son. Carl felt hot tears of shame begin to slide down his cheeks as his father, still looking completely shell-shocked, shook his head slightly and resumed his seat.

Mr. Chancey was blathering on about promotional opportunities and something about a contract as he escorted Carl off-stage, but Carl was in no state of mind to process it. He was in a complete panic! His only coherent thought was that he needed to find Aunt Kat and his mother and get out of here as quickly as possible, but that hope was dashed almost immediately. Carl's father was waiting backstage, hands thrust into the pockets of his dress pants, still wearing a look of utter disbelief.

"Ah, I'll give you two some privacy," Mr. Chancey said, believing an emotional reunion was in short order. "We'll be in touch, Candi."

"Candi?" Carl's father demanded weakly, confusion still written all over his face. "Is this some kind of prank? I mean, is that really..." He searched for some trace of masculinity in the stunning teenaged beauty queen before him, but could find none whatsoever. "Are those real?" he finally gasped, pointing to Carl's chest. Carl flushed furiously.

"Y-yes, they're real," he stammered. "I didn't want to get them, but Aunt Kat... there was this mix-up at the doctor's... I... I..."

"You ran away in order to become a girl?" his father demanded. "This what your mother's been hiding from me?"

"No," Carl squeaked, dropping the bouquet. "No, I don't want to be a girl! I hate it! It was all Aunt Kat's idea, I swear, it's because, because you won custody, and mom didn't want you to gamble away all the inheritance from grandma, and, and..."

"Slow down," his father said, surprisingly gentle. "You're not making sense, son... Er..." He paused, grimacing. "Look, nobody has to worry about my gambling ever again," he said. "I went to gamblers anonymous for three straight months and I think I'm finally getting it together. That's why I wanted custody of you so badly, to show you that I've turned over a new leaf and I'm ready to make up for all those years of being a bad father... But I guess it's too late." He sighed. "I'm sorry Carl... I mean Candi. I came here to make things right with you, maybe spend that father-son time together at last, the time I never had the time for when you were younger, but now... I don't have a clue how to deal with this, I just don't. You're becoming a girl now, so maybe it's best you stay with your mother and aunt, so they can help you fulfill your dream."

"But I don't want to be a girl," Carl pleaded. "You have to believe me! I never wanted any of this, I never wanted to, to wax my legs or learn to do my makeup or go tanning or have these big boobs..." Carl was speaking too quickly at this point to make himself heard clearly, but it was clear enough to his father that he was in complete denial.

"It's okay," his father said soothingly. "You don't have to pretend, alright? You can't expect me to believe that you let Aunt Kat turn you into this... This beautiful young woman without your consent? Look at you! You move just like a girl, you speak just like a girl, and you're certainly more beautiful than most 'real' girls, to boot."

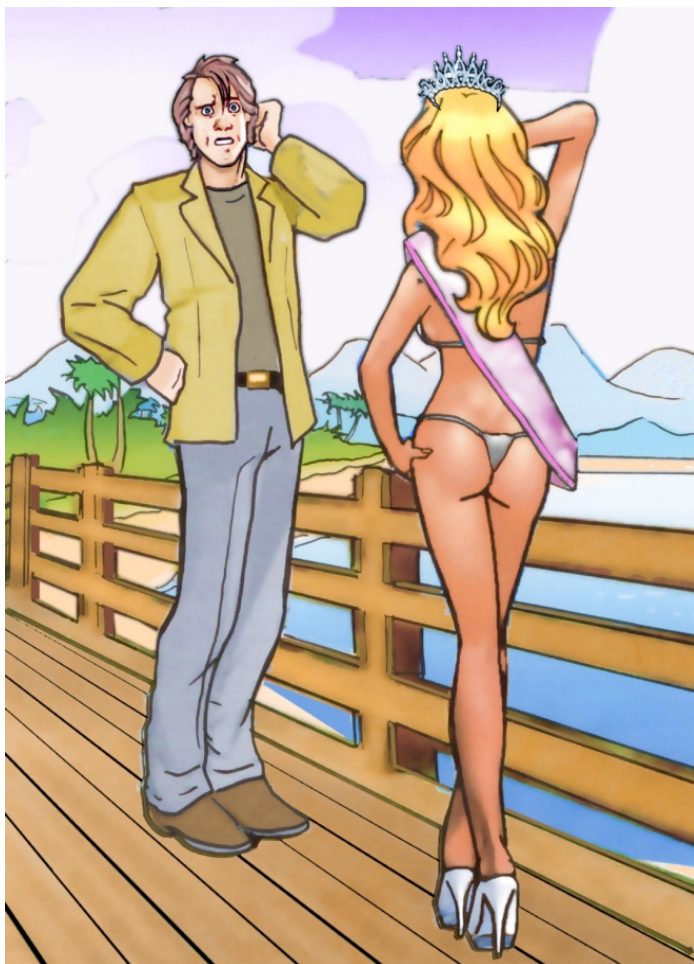
"But I never wanted to be..." Carl said, feeling the beginning of new tears in his eyes. There had to be some way to convince his father, but there was so much evidence to the contrary!

He sniffed in a distinctly feminine manner, using the heels of his hands to wipe the emerging tears away so as to avoid his long filed nails. How could he prove he was still a macho boy, especially when he was weeping just like a girl? Suddenly, a familiar voice came from behind them.

"Candi?"

Carl turned around, only to come face-to-face with Jason. This was no dream, and this time, Carl couldn't help but reflect ruefully, he was wearing even less! Before he could say anything, Jason wrapped his arms around him and pulled him into a hug, pushing Carl's breasts up against his muscled chest. "Candi, babe, don't cry," he breathed in Carl's ear, stroking his soft blonde hair. "Look, I'm sorry I never called you. I can explain." Carl shot a terrified look over Jason's broad shoulders, and saw his father's eyes go wide as dinner plates!

"I heard what you said about our night together," Jason went on before Carl could cut him off, voice full of emotion. "And you're right. It was special. But I just didn't want to get your hopes up... The fact is, I'm not going to university



here next year. LSU offered me a starting spot. Can you believe that? I just couldn't turn it down, babe. I thought about it for so long, but it's always been my dream to play for them. Sorry, you probably hate all this football talk..." Jason cupped Carl's cheek with one strong hand, turning him to face him, and looked deep into his eyes. "And I'm so glad you said what you did, because another fact is, I haven't been able to get that amazing night out of my head! You're the sexiest, most beautiful girl I've met here, and I just couldn't leave without kissing those lips one last time."

"Jason, please don't..." Carl started to beg, but at that moment Jason dipped him backwards and claimed his mouth with a deep, passionate, probing kiss. Carl struggled to break away, but was far too weak, and as Jason's hands caressed him he found himself swooning, knees weak, until he was all but clinging to Jason's broad shoulders for support. When they finally broke apart an eternity later, it was to a smatter of applause.

Some of the pageant people who had been beginning to take down the stage were nodding their approval at the romantic display, but Carl was far more concerned by the fact that his father had watched the whole thing! Knowing that any chance he'd had at convincing his father of the truth was now completely gone, Carl dropped his gaze to the floor, still held in Jason's arms. He didn't know if his father had recognized Jason as the local hometown football hero, but the expression of mingled disgust, sadness, and resignation on his face said it all.

"Dad," Carl blushed, pulling himself free from Jason's embrace. "I know what this must look like, but..."

"I guess I should have seen this coming, somehow," his father said sadly. "I was never as close to you as I should have been, and all of this is really my fault in the end. I blame myself for not being that strong male role model you needed." He sighed. "Maybe some day I can accept you as Candi, but it will take time. For now, I think this is the best place for you, and I wish you all the happiness in the world." Without another word, he turned and walked away, leaving Carl to stare after him like a deer caught in headlights.

"What was that about?" Jason asked, frowning.

"N-nothing," Carl stammered, realizing he had no other choice. "It was nothing at all."

"Good," Jason said, wiping a solitary tear from Carl's cheek. "Then I want to take you out one last time, Candi. You know, to say goodbye. Maybe it will help all this heartbreak I caused. What do you say? Can I pick you up at seven?"

"I don't think that's a good idea," Carl said, still staring after his departing father. How on Earth could this situation get any worse? His own father now thought he was a total sissy!

"I understand if you need to think about it," Jason said, sounding disappointed. "I'll call you, okay? And by the way, you were fantastic up there, babe. Didn't I tell you you'd win the whole thing?" He winked and gave Carl a sly touch on the arm, then turned and walked off. Carl just stood there, mind



whirling, and by the time Aunt Kat and his mother arrived with his robe and his purse, everything had fallen into place.

"You knew this would happen!" Carl said accusingly. Aunt Kat and his mother looked at each other sadly.

"Actually, we didn't," his mother said. "After seventeen years of marriage to a macho, bigoted homophobe, I had absolutely no idea he had it in him to turn over a new leaf and accept his son prancing around in a bikini and heels!"

"This is all my fault, Candi," Aunt Kat sighed. "I thought by now it would be safe for your mother to come stay in Florida. Your father seemed to have given up on finding you, so I booked your mother a ticket, thinking it would be a marvelous surprise for you for her to see you on your big day. Who knew he could be so tenacious?"

"Indeed," Carl's mother said. "He must have had someone watching my every move, because he somehow got himself a flight on the same day. I never even saw him in the airport – he was probably wearing those big aviator sunglasses, now that I come to think of it – and then..."

"He must have had his taxi-cab follow us here," Aunt Kat sighed. "Oh, sweetie. I'm so sorry it had to happen like that!"

"He just saw his only son crowned Miss Boardwalk Beauty in a bikini," Carl sniffed miserably. "He thinks I'm a complete s... Sissy, and now that he's seen Jason kissing me, he thinks I want to be a g... Girl!"

"Well, you can't blame me for that," Aunt Kat said. "You must have had quite an effect on that boy!"

"I guess so," Carl moaned. "He asked me to go out with him tonight at seven!" His head was still spinning from the shock of his father's ill-timed arrival, but one silver lining was becoming apparent. Even though it was clear now that his father never would have blown through the inheritance money after all, and had in fact wanted custody for fatherly reasons, the plan, in its round-about way, had worked. His mother now had custody of him, and as soon as he turned eighteen the inheritance was going to be under his direct control. That meant the whole ordeal was over!

"If the custody dispute is over, that means I don't have to be a girl any more!" Carl exclaimed, delicately wiping at his eyes. "We can fly back to Maine and forget this whole crazy thing ever happened, right? First of course we have to go to Dr. Nevsky so he can give me, you know, man hormones, and get rid of my boobs, and then I can get my hair dyed brown again, and get rid of these awful nails..." Carl felt hopeful excitement for the first time in what felt like forever. He had survived being 'Candi' and now it was time to resume his manhood and put it all behind him! His father was shocked and disappointed in him, but it wasn't as if he'd been a real father to him anyways, and if it meant returning to boyhood with a cool quarter million dollars waiting for him, was it perhaps possible that all of this had been worth it? He was already picturing himself with short brown hair again, letting his body hair grow, speaking in a rough voice, and never again wearing anything even remotely resembling a skirt. The blissful smile on his face disappeared as he realized that his mother and Aunt Kat were looking at each other in silence.

"Well..." his mother began. "The truth is, dear, I didn't come here to take you back home. Now that I've divorced your father, there's nothing holding me up in Maine. I came here for a fresh start, with the family ties I have down here

and with you! You always loved these little vacations to Florida so much, I thought you'd be thrilled!" Carl thought it over, frowning. It would mean leaving his best buddy Brad behind, but Florida did have the best baseball weather.

"And the other thing," Aunt Kat said briskly. "It's completely your choice if you want to go back to being a boy, sweetie, like it's been all along. I'm just afraid it might... Complicate things."

"What do you mean?" Carl asked, with a sudden sinking sensation in his stomach.

"I just feel it would be simpler for you to remain Candi," Aunt Kat shrugged. "Look at the facts, sweetie. Everybody now knows you as Candi Wethers, my niece, and the recently-crowned Miss Boardwalk Beauty! All your admirers at the gym think that you're a pretty blonde coed, as do all the teens you played volleyball with at the beach, as does Amber Sweet, who you finally managed to take down a peg. While I'm sure she would be devastated to know she was beaten out by a boy, it would also create quite the scandal for you to suddenly announce that you're Carl, not Candi! And you can't just disappear and reappear as Carl, either. That's a trick that can only really work once. Your picture is going to be in the papers all week, and the interview portion of the pageant was locally televised... Candi is going to be one popular girl, sweetie, and she can't just vanish and be replaced by a suspiciously effeminate twin brother, don't you see? And besides..." Aunt Kat smiled. "You're so *good* at being Candi, sweetie. You make so much better a girl than you ever did a boy. Candi is a radiant, feminine, sexy young woman, and it would be an utter shame to let such beauty go to waste hidden away as Carl."

"I have to agree with your aunt, dear," Carl's mother sighed. "It's obviously still your choice, but think about it: you've just been crowned Miss Boardwalk, and what with having your picture splashed all over the paper and a spot on TV, there will be a ton of boys lusting after the hot new blonde on the block... And think of the uproar if you told them all you're really a boy! That's the sort of news that could travel all the way back home to Maine, isn't it?"

"Now I know you trapped me!" Carl said, "You don't ever want me to be a boy again! You've been planning this all along! The both of you!" An energy and confidence came to Carl's voice that he had been lacking since he had arrived here. "You want me to keep pretending to be a girl because it's something I'm *good* at? Because the truth would bad for my *reputation*? My reputation is done! I've lost the respect of my father already! What do I care if people know the truth? At least I'll be the person I want to be and live the life I want to live!"

"Well, there may be a small legal concern," Aunt Kat said sheepishly. "I went over the paperwork for the pageant a little too quickly. There may be a tiny little clause about using your likeness for promotional purposes. If they ask you to do a photoshoot, you can't simply show up as Carl, can you? And if you can't fulfill your duties as "Miss Boardwalk Beauty" for the entire year, you violate the terms of the contract."

Carl's mother was suddenly aghast. "Oh my lord! I'm sure their lawyers would take us to the cleaners! Honey, I can't afford any lawsuits now! I'm already out of cash as it is! This could ruin me!"

"And don't forget your inheritance," Aunt Kat said to Carl. "When they find out how much money you have coming, they'll sue you dry! You'll never see a cent!"

"So... so I have to keep being Candi?" Carl asked in a stunned whisper, feeling the weight of their arguments accumulated. That strength and confidence in his voice had vanished.

"You don't *have* to, dear," his mother reminded him. "But, well, it certainly would make things easier. And I *have* always wanted a daughter..."

Carl gulped as he saw a future of miniskirts, high heels, luxurious lingerie, makeup appointments and manicures. It was a full year. From today's date, he would have to be "Miss Boardwalk Beauty" for one year before he could get out of it. Not to mention, it was just under one year before he was going to inherit the money. He would need it to reverse his boob job, get his hands on the strongest male hormones possible, and move to somewhere nobody knew a thing about 'Candi.' Could he survive an entire year as a girl?

"Goodness, did you say Jason is picking you up at seven?" Aunt Kat suddenly asked. "Sweetie, we have to get you home so you can get ready."

"Get ready?" Carl protested. "Aunt Kat, I'm not going out with him!"

"Candi, you know what boys like Jason are like," Aunt Kat said. "If you go out with him and do what he wants, he'll forget you as soon as another pretty face comes along in Louisiana. If you don't, well, he might start trying to contact you... Find out more about you... Wonder why you turned him down..."

"So you're saying I have to go out with him?" Carl asked miserably.

"It's for the best, honey," his mom said. "Your aunt is completely right. You know how Jason is. If you want to get rid of him, and make sure he never finds out your secret, this is the only way. Just this once, and then never again, okay?"

"Okay," Carl sighed tremulously. "I guess I don't have a choice!"



The drive back to Aunt Kat's place seemed incredibly long to Carl, as the day's events played through his mind over and over. Everything had happened so quickly that it was all but impossible to process, and he knew he wouldn't have time to dwell on it over the course of the evening, either, because as soon as they arrived home Jason phoned. Aunt Kat directed him through the brief conversation, which ended in Carl saying "Oh, I'd love to!" in a breathy, feminine soprano.

"Seven o'clock," Carl sighed as he hung up. "I need to start getting ready!"

"Do you need any help, dear?" his mother asked.

"I think I'll be okay," Carl said anxiously, already thinking of what to wear. "Thanks, though!" He hurried up the stairs still clad in his bikini, breasts jiggling with each step. As he entered his room he thought back to his first arrival, back when he'd been slightly put off by the feminine décor but content knowing it was only a temporary place to stay. Now, however, his closet was loaded with outfits, his dressers with lingerie, his vanity with cosmetics, and his shelves with romance novels and fashion magazines. Now it looked as though he was going to be living here for an entire year! It was a terrible room for a boy, but he had to admit it was perfect for a girly-girl named Candi. Dejected, Carl went to his closet and began hunting for the perfect dress, something that would show off his body and flatter his current makeup – no sense redoing a professional job right before a big date, after all! He found himself wishing he had something modest in his wardrobe, a long-sleeved dress that reached the knees, for instance, but even as he thought it he knew he wouldn't have been able to wear it anyways. Candi was not the sort of girl to wear a modest dress when she could flirt and tease with a sexy little number that displayed her assets to full advantage, and Carl knew Jason would be expecting no less.

Carl finally found the dress he'd been looking for in the very back of the closet and held it up with a critical eye. The plunging V-neck was even lower than he remembered, but the color matched his nails and makeup perfectly... Sighing, Carl laid it out on the bed and commenced the search for matching pumps, in the meanwhile thinking about what lingerie to wear. He picked out a lacy black thong and held it against his hips, frowning at the mirror. Would it be too much of a temptation for Jason? He looked at the dress and reconsidered. The fact that it was backless, together with its plunging neckline, meant Carl would have to go without a bra – fortunately, the dress had excellent underwire support – and that meant they would be jiggling enticingly all night long, and Jason would have unrestricted access to them whenever he desired. That in itself should be enough to keep his hands away from the 'restricted' area most of the evening. A rack like Candi's demanded attention, after all! Carl quickly undid his bikini bottom and wriggled his way into the silky little scrap of fabric. The wispy material sent a shiver up his spine. Now for accessories...

"Aunt Kat?" Carl called. "Can you come help me find my gold bracelets?"

"Just a second, sweetie!" his aunt's voice called back. Carl undid his bikini ties, letting his breasts bounce free as he sashayed around the room, searching under Cosmo magazines and in small heaps of discarded outfit choices. Aunt Kat couldn't help but smile at the sight as she opened the door. It was incredible to think that the macho, boisterous, girl-crazy young man who had arrived at the airport only one month ago was now the tempting feminine beauty she saw before her, mincing about his room in a flurry of feminine activity, clad in only a tiny lace thong while his gorgeous breasts bounced freely and long blonde hair cascaded around his pretty face. Her nephew had gone from decidedly macho and eager to chase girls to putting on sexy lingerie and dolling himself up for a date with a handsome boy! It took Aunt Kat all of ten seconds to find the jewelry Carl had been hunting for, and then she helped him into his dress and gave his gleaming mane of blonde hair just a bit of a tease with a comb and some

spray. The pastel pink-purple color made for a beautiful contrast and looked extremely airy and feminine on him, too.

Carl buckled himself into his spiked high-heel pumps and slipped the bracelets onto one slender wrist where they jangled appealingly. His makeup was still flawless, but he decided to add one more coating of lip gloss, just to be certain. The collagen treatment had ensured they were still full and plump, and as the slick shiny gloss glided over his lips, Carl knew, with a feeling of dread deep in his stomach, exactly where Jason would want them to end up before the night was out! The high school football star definitely wasn't the type to back off after a first date, and since he'd already given him a handjob... Carl pouted his lips anxiously at the mirror, blushing deeply. He knew his aunt was right... If he gave Jason what he wanted, he would forget about him in an instant, but the thought of having to give him a blowjob made him shudder in fear. Maybe he would be more respectful than last time?

Carl swished over to the full-length mirror to inspect his reflection. Ever since the very first makeover, Carl had done his best to think of the pretty blonde in the mirror as someone else, as a disguise or a temporary state of being, but seeing himself now he was shaken for the first time with the realization that, for at least the next year, he truly was 'Candi'. Looking himself up and down, it was almost unbelievable how thoroughly feminized he'd been in only a month's time! His feet had always been small, but now, encased in open-toed pink heels with his matching toenails sparkling in the light, they looked positively dainty. His delicate ankles, trim calves, and slender thighs, all perfectly smooth as a Barbie doll and airbrushed a beautiful sunkissed tan, were put on full display by the airy miniskirt of the dress.

Thanks to Dr. Nevsky's hormone injections, his hips were now so curvy and his gym-toned buttocks so shapely that he doubted his old male clothes could even fit him! All the dieting and waist-cinching had paid off in a tiny waist and flat stomach, both hugged tight by the bodice of the dress, and the feminine creation's plunging V-neck made his perfect D-cup cleavage impossible to miss. The straps of the halter style dress fastened behind his neck, hidden in a wave of gleaming blonde hair, and left his slender shoulders, arms, and back completely exposed.

As Carl used one manicured pink nail to comb a blonde strand out of his face, setting his gold bracelets jangling, he marveled again at the makeup job the Swedes had given him. He looked simply stunning, with the false lashes fluttering like curtains over his baby blues and his plump lips shining an enticing wet pink. With the blonde waves falling gently around his face, he truly looked like he belonged on the cover of a fashion magazine. Worse, he knew Jason would absolutely love him like this, and as for more respectful... He knew, sadly, that with his seductive appearance there was simply no chance!

"Beautiful," Aunt Kat smiled in satisfaction. "Let's go show your mother what a drop-dead gorgeous daughter she has. Your date should be here any second!"

"Okay," Carl said, blushing. "Just let me grab my purse!" Taking a small beaded clutch off his dresser and transferring his essentials, Carl snapped it shut with his long polished nails and minced reluctantly into the living room.

His mother, who had been on the phone with a lawyer regarding her husband's decision to give up all custody rights, snapped her phone shut in amazement at the stunning vision of flawless femininity gliding inside on four-inch pink stilettos.

"Oh my God, Candi, your poor date!" she exclaimed. "He is going to have to pick his jaw up off the floor when he sees you, honey. You are so, so perfect. I can't believe I ever had a son! You're the most beautiful daughter a woman could ever want, honey." As odd as it was for him to hear those words coming from his own mother, and as humiliated as he was sure he should have felt right now, the praise from his mother made he feel good. He hadn't seen that kind of smile and joy on his mother's face in a long time.

"And the hottest date a handsome young man could ever dream of," Aunt Kat added slyly. "Here, have a little spray, sweetie." Carl obediently held out his wrist to allow Aunt Kat to mist him with a hint of a very expensive perfume, but she surprised him by spraying it down the front of his dress, instead! Carl blushed furiously, realizing she knew exactly where Jason's attentions would be for the evening, but his aunt only smiled proudly and had him pose for a quick photo. He did his best to smile despite his anxiety.

Just then, the doorbell rang. Carl's pretty blue eyes went wide with fright as Aunt Kat, with an encouraging smile, gestured for him to go open the door. Carl bowed his head and minced reluctantly toward the entrance, heels clicking noisily on the floor. With a deep breath that made his breasts bob up and down on his chest, he opened the door, eyes shyly downcast. When he finally looked up from under his long, curled lashes, Jason was wearing an expression as if he'd just won the state lottery.

"Wow, Candi," he said. "You look incredible."

"Thank you," Carl said meekly, blushing. "You, um, you look very handsome." And that he did in a pair of dressy slacks and a shirt and tie combination, with a bit of gel run through his hair. He looked tall and strong and very manly, especially in comparison to his primped and prettified date, and, mouth hanging agape, he couldn't seem to take his eyes off the vision of loveliness before him. Carl pouted his lips, nervous under Jason's hungry eyes, and clasped his pretty hands together at his waist as his long-lashed eyes dropped again in embarrassment. He knew exactly where Jason's mind was already headed!

"Are you ready to go?" the football star finally asked. Carl glanced back over his shoulder and saw both his aunt and his mother nodding.

"Yes, please," Carl said sweetly, swallowing his fear. Jason reached out and took his dainty hand, and Carl submissively let himself be led out the door with one final glance over his shoulder, pretty blue eyes wide with worry. His aunt and mother watched out the window as the feminized boy was escorted to Jason's car, his shiny pink stilettos tapping against the driveway, sleek, shapely legs propelling him along in a smooth stride a ballerina would have been proud of. Each mincing step set Carl's blonde hair bouncing on his naked shoulders, his bracelets tinkling melodically, his breasts quivering appealingly. By the way Jason awkwardly opened the door, one hand drifting slyly over to readjust his



crotch, it was easy to tell that he was already incredibly turned on by Candi's sexy, feminine appearance.

"Isn't she something?" Aunt Kat smiled. "I wish I could take a picture of *that*. They make such a cute couple!"

"They really do," her sister mused. "I'm amazed by how well my former son took the news, and how readily he accepted his new role as a pretty girl... especially one dressed for a hot date. I suppose he really believes that we masterminded this whole thing to get him into dresses."

"He was just angry, sis," Katherine said. "If he truly suspected we had plotted to do this to him, he'd never had agreed to stay as Candi."

"True, and he did cave in quickly. He almost seemed resigned to spending the year as a girl as if he knew it was coming."

"He did take it really well," Katherine admitted. "And I'm sure he doesn't really suspect us! I mean, he may look like a bit of a bimbo now, but you'd think even an airheaded blonde might be a little suspicious of how everything came together, don't you think?"

"Well, my husband neglected to mention that I bought his plane ticket for him," her sister laughed. "That definitely helped. When I told him that he had to come to Florida to understand exactly why Carl had run away, I could hardly wait to see the look on his face watching his son compete in a bikini pageant. And I certainly expected him to give up custody on the spot, but out of embarrassment and anger, not thinking he was acting in your own best interests. 'No son of mine,' that sort of thing. Maybe rehab really did give him a new outlook." She sighed. "I'm just sorry it had to be so upsetting for Candi."

"Sweetie, you know full well it was our best option," Katherine said. "There was nothing else that could convince your husband so perfectly to give up custody. And you have to admit that the plan came together beautifully – Carl really bought that hormone imbalance story!" She exchanged a sly glance with her sister, who broke into a rueful smile.

"He really did," she admitted. "It was definitely worth giving him female hormones in pill form all those months in advance. You must have doubled the dosage on his arrival!"

"I did," Katherine said. "And with the boosters from the doctor's office, he blossomed in no time."

"I just had no idea you would turn out to be such a beautiful young lady!" her sister sighed happily. "He didn't get suspicious about the suitcase?"

"You know how airlines have a reputation for losing luggage," Katherine scoffed. "I doubt the thought even crossed his mind that you might have paid a handler at the airport to 'lose' it."

"I feel a little guilty," her sister admitted. "But he really needed a new wardrobe anyways! And it was such a perfect excuse for you to slowly introduce him to female clothing, and to take him shopping, of course."

"That's where I pretended to come up with the whole disguise plan on the spot," Katherine laughed. "Carl must really regret letting those two 'dumb blonde twins' near his legs with that wax! Helga and Inga had a ball pretending they didn't speak perfect English, and it really did make the makeover go more smoothly. Of course, Tiffany, my hairdresser, just 'happened' to have a few adorable things that would fit him perfectly."

"Poor Candi's pretty blonde head would really be spinning if she found out," her sister said. "She must think it's all been one horrible string of coincidences!"

"Well, it's not as if *everything* was some big conspiracy," Katherine assured her. "I really had no idea he would end up with D-cups after our little visit to



Dr. Nevsky, and I really was worried about that mole... And as for his date with Jason, I was quite surprised!”

“Well, the date he described was awfully romantic,” her sister mused. “The pageant was almost too perfect, wasn’t it?”

“I’d been toying with the idea of entering Candi in it,” Katherine smiled. “And then this horrible Amber girl really embarrassed him – stealing his top on the beach, can you imagine? – and he said he’d do simply *anything* to get back at her...”

“Perfect,” her sister sighed happily. “Everything turned out to be just perfect.”

Carl, meanwhile, was sliding gracefully inside the passenger’s side of Jason’s car, hands clasped daintily in his lap and eyes fixed carefully on the dashboard. Jason came in from the other side and shut his door firmly.

“Ready to go dancing?” he grinned.

“Dancing?” Carl echoed anxiously, with the sudden image of trying to navigate a dance floor on his four-inch stilettos, his breasts bouncing sexily with every movement, Jason spinning him and his dress flying up to reveal his lacy black thong underwear...

“Don’t worry,” Jason chuckled. “I’m sure you’ll be a natural.”

“I hope so,” Carl said meekly. Jason laid a possessive hand on Carl’s smooth thigh and gave him a smile. Carl blushed, playing with his blonde hair in an unconsciously flirtatious gesture. He had survived this long, but if he wanted his inheritance and a ticket out of here, he would have to last for a whole year of femininity. Carl realized that he had to forget all about Carl and just be Candi to the very best of his ability... At least for now.

It was just one year, after all. He could do this for one year. He could survive. As he thought about it though, Carl could almost feel the bra straps locking in. The high heels felt like they clasped around his feet for a perfect fit, as if molded forever to his feet. He pictured his breast implants fusing with his body, permanently. He imagined the redness of his lipstick bleeding into his skin, never to fade. Carl could practically feel it, like a thick, pink fog was closing in on him, enveloping him in femininity forever.

Jason leaned over and kissed him fiercely, already threatening Carl’s immaculate lip gloss. Carl squirmed as the boy’s tongue invaded his mouth but reluctantly parted his lips to allow him access, and did his best to remind himself that this was the absolute last time he would have to let himself be kissed by a boy. The reassuring thought made him smile as the kiss ended, which Jason took as an invitation to slide his arm around his date’s shoulders. There was nothing left for Carl to do but snuggle closer and submissively lay his pretty blonde head on Jason’s shoulder as they drove away.

The End

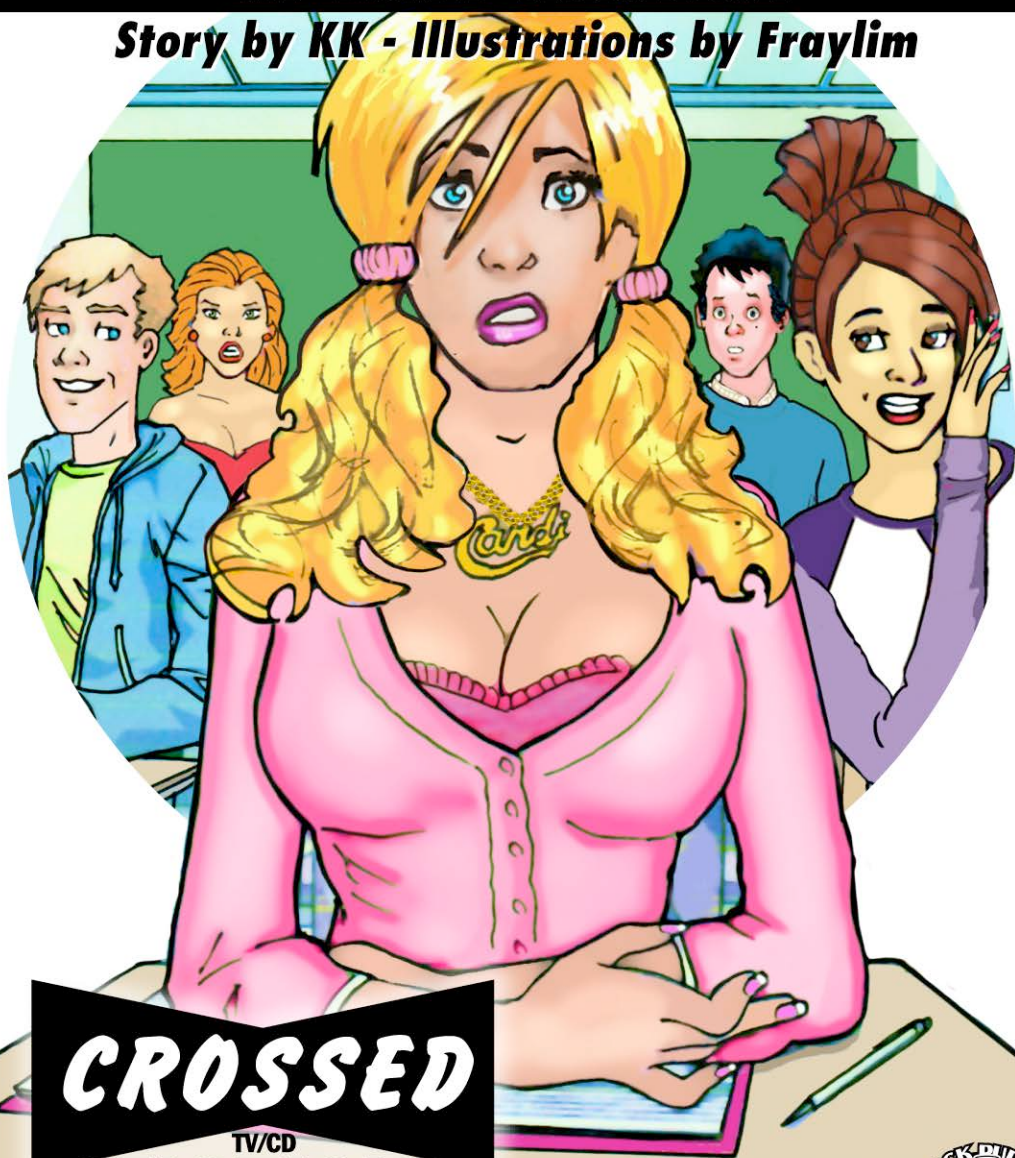
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BLONDIE'S LOST YEAR

THE "BLONDIE" SERIES: BOOK 2

Story by KK - Illustrations by Fraylim



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BLONDIE'S LOST YEAR

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



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BLONDIE'S LOST YEAR

From the Casebook of Harold Pennyworth, P.I.

Notes on Case #241: Disappearance of Carl Hutchens.

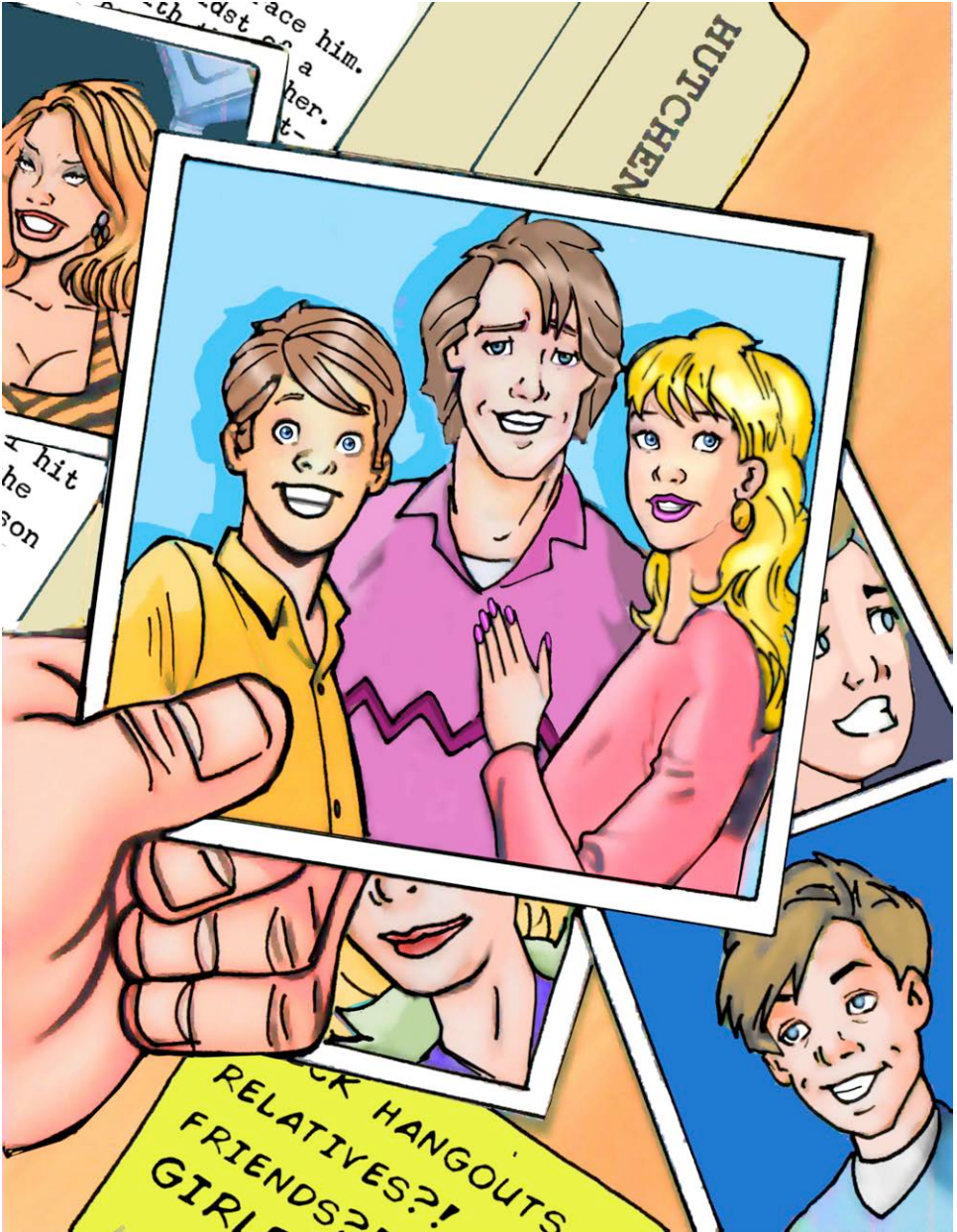
Carl Hutchens, Caucasian, Age 17, Height 5'7", 155 lbs. Sandy brown hair, no tattoos or other identifying marks. Hired by the kid's dad, August. Mr. Hutchens: nice guy, but a gambler ... no wonder the family's money was down the tubes. Client is in the middle of divorcing his wife of 18 years, who, according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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

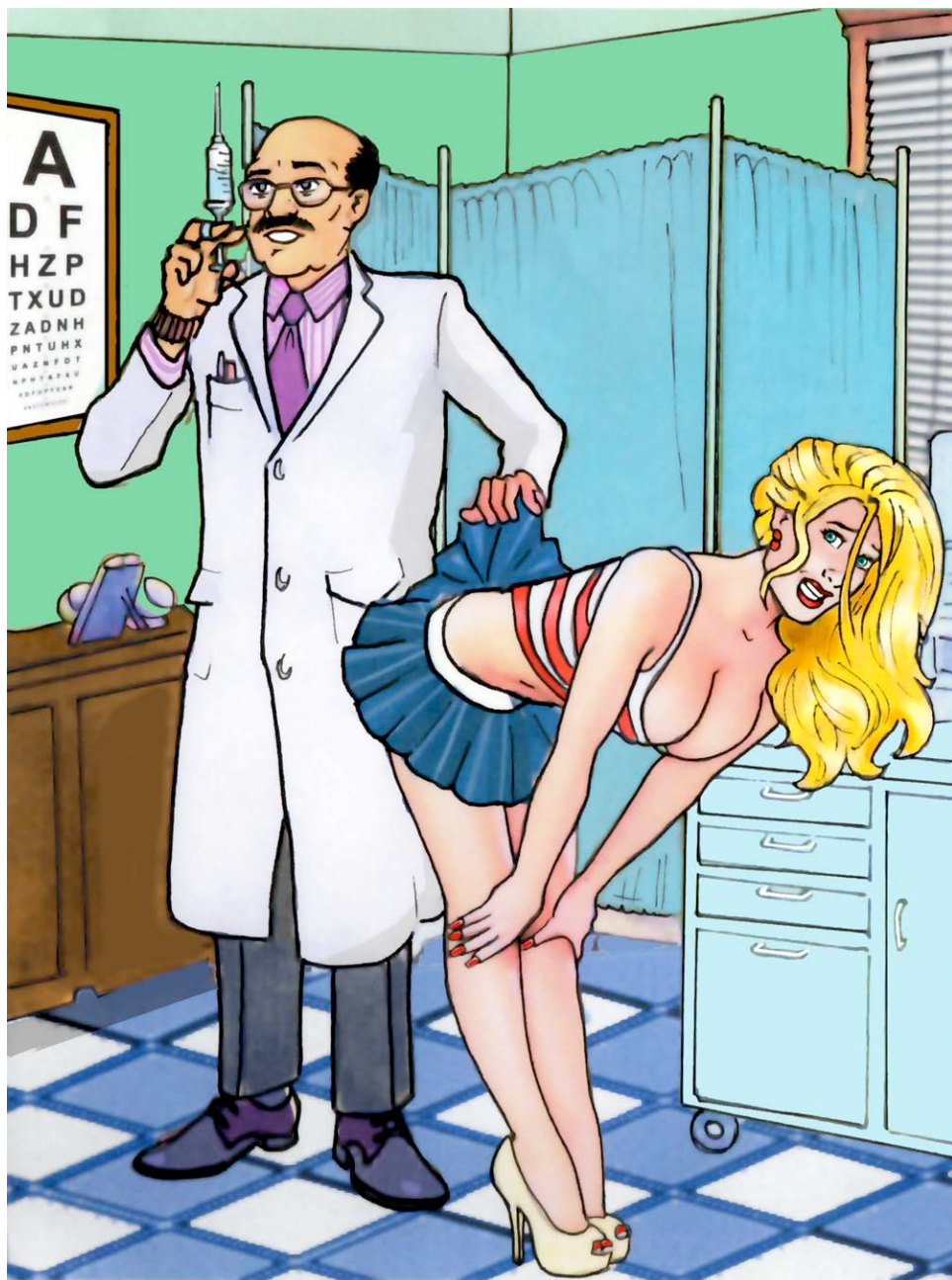
"Your blood test is very good," Dr. Nevsky said. "Any nasty male hormone are kept in check, yes? You are nice and full with estrogen now. You are, how you say, blossoming? Yes. You are blossoming into a lovely young lady." Carl blushed as Dr. Nevsky cupped his breasts, examining each in turn. "Undo bra,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

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

"Well, of course, yes," Dr. Nevsky frowned. "Is a simple procedure. Skin has stretched some, but can easily be corrected, like most cosmetic procedures. Easier to do, easy to undo, yes? Except, of course, the snip-snip." He smiled and made the snipping gesture with his fingers as the scissors, making Carl's mouth drop open in horror as he realized what was being referred to. "But why would you want these beautiful gifts removed?" Dr. Nevsky asked, frowning deeply again. "Are you not happy with them?"

"Oh, yes, I am," Carl squeaked, knowing better than to offend the man with the syringes, especially since it would most likely be Dr. Nevsky he went to to have all these procedures reversed. Just as soon as he could get his hands on his inheritance, get out of Florida, and return to boyhood, that was exactly what he'd have done. "I love them," Carl lied, blushing. "I was just, um, just curious."

"Very good," Dr. Nevsky said, smiling once more. "Bend over now, Candi." Carl obediently slipped off the examination table, refastening his bra and adjusting his cleavage, then lifted his skirt and bent forward to expose his buttocks for his usual hormone injection – and, he realized far too late, the lacy little scrap of his panties. His shrunken manhood was completely tucked up out of sight by a flesh-colored gaff, letting him wear even the skimpiest lingerie, which Aunt Kat and his mother insisted he buy in voluminous quantities! ("It's important that you feel sexy and feminine at all times," they told him. "This way you'll always be reminded that you're a beautiful, dainty girly-girl, and act



as such.”) As if he needed yet another reminder with his D-cup breasts, long blonde tresses, manicured nails, makeup, and constant imprisonment in high heels!

After yet another dose of the hated female hormones, Carl straightened his skirt, politely thanked the doctor, and minced back out into the waiting room

where his Aunt Kat was waiting for him, leafing through the new fall fashions in a magazine.

"There you are!" she exclaimed. "I was just finding the most adorable new styles in here. Oh, to be a girl your age again. What do you say to a bit of last minute shopping with your mother and I before school starts? You must be so excited for your first day!"

Carl gulped, thinking that there was nothing on Earth he was less excited for. He had been enrolled at the Polytechnic High School for the following year... As a girl. Over the course of several tearful conversations, his aunt and mother had eventually talked him around, as there was simply no other alternative. He couldn't go back to being 'Carl' after winning the Miss Boardwalk Beauty pageant and expect anybody to believe that 'Candi' had an effeminate twin brother with suspicious tan-lines and a cute hourglass shape, and both of them were adamant about staying in Florida. That meant that until Carl could get his hands on his inheritance (his eighteenth birthday) he would have to stay as 'Candi', for at least the full school year.

"Miranda very kindly offered to come over and help you get ready for your first day of school," Aunt Kat went on. "Isn't that so nice of her?"

"You spoke to her?" Carl asked weakly.

"Yes, and she said you've been dodging her phone calls!" Aunt Kat frowned. "Sweetie, there's nothing to be embarrassed about. I know she used to be your girlfriend, but you need to forget all about that now. She's completely willing to accept the new you, and you need to be appreciative of that! How many girls would be pleased to find their ex-boyfriend now has a bigger rack, a nicer body, and a prettier face than them? Not many, Candi! You're quite lucky."

"I know," Carl murmured, blushing furiously. That still didn't mean he wanted to hang out with her all the time while she gave him makeup tips... And painted his nails... And quizzed him about his transformation... And asked when he was going to get the 'final operation'... Or find a boyfriend!

"So, I expect you to take her up on her offer," Aunt Kat said sternly. "You're going to want a friend for your first day of school, sweetie, and Miranda is the only person who knows the particulars of your, um, your situation." She waved the magazine in front of his eyes, smiling again. "Now, look at these cute new patterns..."

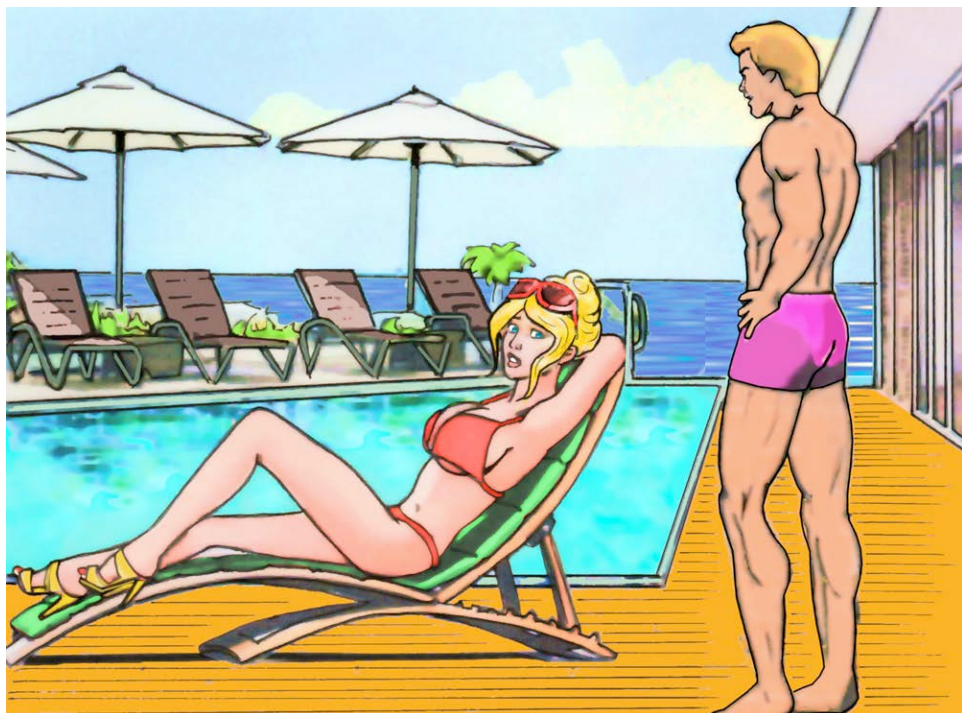
Carl sighed anxiously as he accepted the fashion magazine. Despite himself, he *did* want to look his very best on the first day of school...



The past few months had been stressful on poor Carl, to say the least. Ever since his father had seen him in his feminine guise – not only being crowned *Miss Boardwalk Beauty* – but being forcefully kissed by another boy, his life had moved in a whole new direction! He wasn't merely disguised as Candi to just keep his father away from his inheritance... Now that his mother had enrolled him at the local high school as a girl, he had no choice but to be 'Candi' for the coming school year, until his eighteenth birthday finally arrived and he could use his inheritance to get out of Florida and back to manhood.

In order to prepare him for school in September, his aunt and mother had spent the summer feminizing their hapless charge to the fullest extent possible. While he had been trained to walk, talk, speak, and act like a cute, sexy teen-aged girl for the purpose of his disguise, and the bikini pageant, he was now being trained to behave as a girl not just for a summer, but for a whole school year... With a school full of peers!

Aunt Kat and his mother poured out all kinds of information Carl once would have loved to get his hands on, the secrets of femininity. The keys to knowing how women truly thought. Except now, he was expected to use this knowledge to be a convincing teenaged girl! He was taught bathroom etiquette, always to sitting to pee (obviously) and wiping to avoid suspicion, never going to the washroom alone, and how to discretely discuss that particular 'time of month' so he wouldn't be caught out as never having had a period. They also loaded him down with tips on how to greet girlfriends, talk about clothing, shop, put



together outfits, and giggle over boys. To facilitate all this, he was only allowed to read fashion magazines and articles from *Cosmo* or *Seventeen* about flirting and makeup.

Since Carl's mother, still dealing with the aftermath of the custody decision and the move to Florida, was busy with financial concerns and finding a job, it was Aunt Kat who once again took the lead in transforming perfecting 'Candi.' His makeup lessons continued, and Carl became even more skilled at picking out colors to compliment his outfits and skin tone, depending on time of day. His strict skin-care regimen continued to help him develop his soft, smooth complexion, and he was still expected at the gym every morning, where a legion of male admirers enjoyed drooling over his bouncing beauties and incredibly tight, figure-revealing yoga pants.

Carl hated, detested and despised his new status as a sex object, but no matter how he begged and pleaded, Aunt Kat would only let him dress in the most feminine, revealing styles. She pointed out, over and over again, that the most sure-fire way to ensure he was accepted as 100% girl was to be as feminine as possible. That meant he was decked out day after day in only the silkiest, frilliest lingerie, and skirts or dresses were the only options. That meant 'Candi' was still being presented to the world as a complete and utter girly-girl. With his pretty face, slender curves, and stylish, sexy outfits, not to mention the D-cups quivering in the cups of his lacy bras and proudly displayed by his low-cut tops, he was now a walking boy-magnet wherever Carl sashayed in his heels!



As Aunt Kat had made him promise, the day before school started Carl reluctantly called Miranda, his ex-girlfriend, to invite her over. He bit his lip as he dialed her number with his long, glittery pink nails, anguishing over another encounter with her.

On a previous trip to Miami, Carl had a summer fling with her, but ended up breaking up with her to find a more 'well-developed' girlfriend. Having a girlfriend with great rack was the minimum, as far as his ego was concerned.

Then, just weeks ago, he had the terrible luck of running into her while shopping for new lingerie to accommodate his big new boobs. What were the chances that he would end up being measured for luxurious D-cup bras by that very same ex two years later while disguised as 'Candi'? He still blushed with embarrassment remembering how she had oohed and aahed over his gorgeous new breasts and giggled at his sensitivity as she drew the measuring tape taut across his nipples. Things had only gotten worse from there, as she managed to put two and two together and realized she was helping her ex-boyfriend buy lingerie. The humiliation was intolerable. Then, in some sort of sense of revenge, she had proceeded to set him up on a double date with a football-

playing lady-killing stud – who also happened to be his best friend's older brother from back home! What a truly horrible summer it had been.

Despite all that, as Aunt Kat said, Miranda was now his only confidant...

"Hello?" Miranda's voice chirped.

"Hi, it's, um, it's Candi," Carl stammered, remembering how he had once called her up for dates, and now he was calling her up for fashion advice. "I was wondering if you would like to come over in the morning to help me pick something out to wear? You know, for the first day of school?"

"Of course, girly!" Miranda exclaimed happily. "You must be so nervous and excited all at once, aren't you? Finally you get to be one of the girls!"

"I don't *want* to be one of the girls," Carl sighed anxiously. "It's like I keep telling you, Miranda, I have to keep up this silly charade until I turn eighteen and get my hands on the inheritance..."

"Uh-huh, sure, whatever, Candi," Miranda laughed. "Just like you *have* to wax your pretty legs, wear frilly lingerie, strut your stuff in sexy high heels..."

"I do!" Carl squeaked in protest. "My Aunt Kat makes me, and now that my mom's here, they're even worse! I can't even remember the last time I wore pants!"

"Well, this way you get to show off your sexy legs," Miranda giggled. "It would be a crime to cover those up! It's funny, I used to day-dream about Carl moving to Florida for good so we could go to school together – but I never, ever imagined you'd be competition!"

"Competition?" Carl asked, confused.

"For boys, Candi," Miranda sighed. "Honestly, you're such a ditz, sometimes. Every guy in school is going to want a piece of you! Come on, you really think the hot new blonde on the block isn't going to attract a bit of attention? Especially since you won Miss Boardwalk Beauty right under that bitchy Amber girl's nose. I'd bet you anything the boys are already placing bets on who can get into your panties first!"

Carl gulped fearfully as he realized exactly what the year was going to hold for him. Wearing these awful clothes and comporting himself as a feminine, dainty girl was one thing, but dealing with the attentions of lecherous boys still terrified him like nothing else. And Amber was going to the same school...

"Candi? Are you still there?" Miranda asked quizzically.

"Oh, yes," Carl squeaked. "Um, I'll see you tomorrow morning, then?"

"That's right," Miranda assured him. "We're going to make sure you make a splash on your first day, don't worry!"

"Great," Carl said weakly. "Bye." He hung up the phone with a deep feeling of dread in his stomach. He had almost managed to forget all about Amber Sweet,

the girl who seemed to despise him for no reason whatsoever... Well, perhaps because her boyfriend Tom kept making advances on the cute blonde he knew only as 'Candi.' Not only would he have to deal with horny boys, but also a girl who would love nothing more than to discover Carl's little secret and ruin everything he and his aunt had worked so hard to maintain. This was definitely not how he'd pictured his senior year!

Sighing, Carl minced over to the wall where he had hung up a large calendar (filled with puppies and kittens – his mom's selection, of course). His birthday was on June 10th, and that meant he had to survive ten whole months before the inheritance was his. Carl looked at the first day of school, circled as September 5th, and grimaced. Ten months. Could he make it? What was that quote... "the journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step..."

"Well, whoever said that wasn't wearing stilettos," Carl muttered.

SEPTEMBER

On Monday morning, Carl got up extra early to give himself plenty of time to prepare. He couldn't help but think wistfully, as he ran a dainty little pink disposable razor up his smooth calves with practiced strokes, how it had once taken him all of ten minutes to throw on a shirt, jeans, and run a comb through his hair before heading off to school. Now, between hair, makeup, jewelry, and clothing, it felt like he spent practically half his life in front of his vanity mirror! He was still blow-drying his long blonde hair, clad only in his towel, when Miranda came in, beaming.

"Hey, girly," she chirped. "Oh my god, you're still not dressed? Someone spends a little too much time admiring themselves in the mirror!"

"I'm still not used to having long hair," Carl said lamely. "It takes so much longer to dry!"

"Well, you keep doing that and do your makeup while I find you something to wear," Miranda said decisively. "Ooh, your mom already bought your school supplies?" she asked, pointing to the bed where an assortment of pink notebooks were lying.

"Oh, yes," Carl said anxiously, combing out his blonde tresses with smoothly practiced motions. "But she didn't get me a backpack to put everything in..." He set down his comb and began doing his makeup smoothly and efficiently, expertly blending his little powders.

"Oh, Candi," Miranda giggled. "You're so lucky I'm here for you. No fashion-conscious girl lugs a backpack around. You can keep some pens and things in your purse, and as for the books...well, what do you think guys are for, silly?" She smiled teasingly. Carl blushed, fluttering his lashes as he worked to even out his mascara.

"I can carry my own books!" he protested cutely, observing the effect in the mirror. He added a tiny bit of pencil to his manicured brows, then a hint of blush to his cheeks and a pink gloss to his lips.

"Trust me, Candi, you won't have to," Miranda smiled. "I love your room, by the way! So girly!"

"It came that way," Carl sighed nervously, finishing off his makeup and going to his dresser to rummage for lingerie. "I'm not going to ask a boy to carry my books, Miranda!"

"You say that now, but just wait until some big strong hunk asks you," Miranda giggled. "We all know your type, Candi, face it. Especially since that little video!"

"People aren't still talking about that, are they?" Carl asked miserably, blushing. The candid video, which had been recorded on someone's cellular phone, was titled "Miss Boardwalk surprised by sweetheart backstage," and it showed Jason taking him in his strong arms, leaning him back, and kissing him deeply, right in front of Carl's stunned father.

"Let's just say you're going to be quite the popular item with the guys at school," Miranda said sweetly. "Have the people from Radiance Suntan Lotion called you? Are they going to use the photos from your little shoot?"

"I don't know yet," Carl admitted, picking out a lacy black demi-bra with underwire support and matching little black panties. "Could you, um, turn around?" he asked, flushing.

"Why ever would I do that?" Miranda asked. "We've seen each other nude before, Candi, and I've definitely seen those big boobs of yours when I was measuring you for all your gorgeous new lingerie, remember?"

"I remember," Carl squeaked, thinking back to the particularly humiliating episode in the lingerie boutique. He had certainly never imagined he would be getting naked with his ex-girlfriend again under these particular circumstances... Realizing she wasn't going to budge, Carl divested himself of his towel and struggled into his gaff as quickly as possible while Miranda watched with healthy curiosity. He hoped she couldn't tell how small and withered his manhood had become thanks to the powerful female hormones pumped into his buttocks each week.

"Ooh, this is such a cute little skirt," Miranda cooed, holding up a tiny white pleated mini. "It will really show off those sexy legs you're so proud of!" Carl blushed. He was the furthest thing from proud of his feminine appearance, but it was hard to argue with her when he was currently rubbing a little bit of extra moisturizer onto his soft skin. He was expect to ply himself with creams daily to make sure his complexion stayed clear and baby-smooth... His mom and his aunt were always reminding him that no guy wanted to run his hands up dry, flaky legs – he needed to be soft and touchable!

"That's the one that always tries to flip up!" Carl protested, seeing her selection.

"Then you'll just have to be extra careful, girly," Miranda smiled. "Here, put it on. And this top, it's going to look so good on you."

"Okay," Carl sighed, absent-mindedly adjusting the clasps of his bra. "I guess you know better than I do..." He obediently wriggled into the tiny little mini and then the hot pink stretchy top, as well. It had three-quarter length sleeves and hugged his curves like a glove, while the scooped neckline gave a generous view of Carl's cleavage. The skirt swirled flirtatiously around his thighs as he minced back to his closet to find a pair of matching open-toed heels.

"Looking good, girly," Miranda smiled, as he smoothed his miniskirt and turned in a dainty circle for her inspection. "Let me just make a few touch-ups to your makeup." Carl obediently pursed his lips while she applied a liberal coating of a sparklier gloss, then an extra coating of coal black mascara and liquid eyeliner. She also mussed his carefully-styled hair a little. Then, to his surprise, she leaned forward and undid another button on his top, revealing an enticing hint of his lacy black bra to the world. He blushed bright red as her hands moved his boobs around, then pulled back.

"People will be able to see my bra!" he whined.

"Barely," Miranda scoffed. "And besides, if you've got it, flaunt it – and you definitely have it, honey! There's nothing wrong with dressing a little sexy for the first day of school." Carl flushed. "In fact," Miranda mused. "Hmm... Yeah, let me fix this for you..." She grasped the band of Carl's miniskirt and folded it down twice, leaving a teasing strip of skin exposed of his hips and midriff. "Very sexy," Miranda smiled. "You'll agree when you look in the mirror!"

Carl minced over to the full-length mirror, hips swaying appealingly from side to side. He looked dejectedly at his reflection. With the tiny skirt showing off his sexy legs and the clingy top, there wasn't a single boy in the school who wasn't going to be checking him out! His bountiful breasts, nestled in the push-up bra and thrust up and together to form perfect cleavage, were practically spilling out, and the tiny hint of black lace was almost unbearably provocative. The teasing tanned strip of toned midriff, thanks to Miranda's adjustment, would be moving up and down enticingly with every step he took. With his slutty outfit, fluffed hair, pouty lips coated in glistening pink gloss and eyes accented by thick black mascara, he definitely appeared to be a girl who knew how good she looked and enjoyed flaunting it.

"You are one foxy little blonde," Miranda smiled, satisfied. "The boys will really be drooling, don't you think?"

"But I..." Carl stared helplessly at his sexy, feminine reflection. "Isn't there a dress code or something?" he whispered anxiously.

"Not one that anybody pays attention to," Miranda said casually. "Besides, it's worth it. You have to make a splash on your first day, girly."

"I can't believe I'm really doing this," Carl moaned, looking at his reflection and being struck yet again by the realization that he had an entire school year ahead of him. Could he really last this long? Could he really remain undetected as a boy? And what kind of things would he have to do to maintain his charade? He blushed, remembering his lips wrapped around Jason's throbbing manhood. *Anything but that!*

"Isn't it so exciting?" Miranda squealed. "You finally get to show everyone the real you! The flirty, feminine, sexy little blonde you were meant to be all along. I know you're just going to be great!"

"I'm so nervous, though!" Carl said miserably, picking up his notebooks and clutching them to his chest as if they might shield him from the lustful gazes of his male classmates, which he was sure to be experiencing quite soon.

"Just stick with me and do what I tell you, and everything will work out great," Miranda said confidently. "And don't be afraid to act a little ditzy. People might think you're a bit of an airhead, and from what I can guess, you were never that smart in class, so play it up a little. Guys love a cute confused blonde, believe me."

"Okay," Carl sighed. "Aunt Kat offered to give us both a ride to school..."

"I know, she let me in," Miranda laughed. "She must be waiting in the car by now. Come on!"

This was all for his disguise, Carl told himself. It was all for the inheritance, and that made it worth it, he kept telling himself.



Aunt Kat and Miranda chattered happily the whole drive, leaving Carl to squirm in anxious silence and check and re-check his hair and makeup. As they finally pulled up to his new school, the Polytechnic High School, a big and expensive-looking building of bricks and glass, he couldn't help but think of how very different everything could have been if he hadn't come to Florida or agreed to his aunt's ridiculous idea of disguising him as a girl...

For one thing, he would be showing up to his old high school in Maine with all his buddies, wearing a new pair of sneakers, maybe, but certainly not dainty four-inch stilettos. He would be laughing and joking with his buddy Brad, eager to check out girls and try out for the sports teams, instead of being given a pep-talk by his ex-girlfriend and aunt on how to act feminine and demure at all times! He would have been ruling the school as a popular, athletic senior, but now he was utterly terrified, attending a brand new institution as a hot blonde bimbo named 'Candi!'

Brad had been confused and disappointed to hear that his best friend was staying in Florida for the following year, but over the course of several emails and a brief phone call in which Carl pretended to have a head-cold in order to excuse his habitual high soprano voice, he had managed to convince him that there was no changing his mom's mind. Carl would absolutely die of humiliation if his best friend knew how utterly feminized he had become, from his big bouncing D-cups to his sexy feminine strut. Once he got his inheritance and went back to boyhood, however, he would be able to move back to Maine with nobody the wiser...he hoped.

Miranda asked Aunt Kat to pull up right in front of the main entrance, now swarming with kids. Carl was suddenly paralyzed. The moment he stepped out

of this car, he was no longer Carl – he was going to have to be Candi Wethers, one-hundred percent, because only one other person in the entire school knew he was really a boy!

“Let’s go, Candi,” Miranda giggled. “Time to knock ‘em dead.” Carl got gracefully out of the car and instantly felt as if all eyes were on them – and to be



honest, he was pretty much correct. The appearance of a gorgeous busty blonde, dressed to kill, who nobody had ever seen before, was enough to turn an awful lot of heads in the direction of her flirty miniskirt and her bountiful breasts proudly displayed at the top of a stretchy pink top, not to mention the seductive swivel of her hips as she was walking gracefully in heels beyond her years. It was no wonder that the males on campus had immediately developed jaw disorders.

"I told you you would be a hit," Miranda giggled, as a passing boy wolf-whistled loudly.

"I'm rolling my skirt back up," Carl said, blushing as he went to make himself more modest. Miranda slapped his hand away.

"Oh, no, you don't," she smiled. "It's the style, Candi. See?" She pointed out a passing girl and Carl noticed that she had her skirt similarly low on her hips, although it wasn't half as short and her top was nowhere near as low-cut! "And besides," Miranda continued. "I seem to remember a horny boy named Carl loving it when I showed off a little midriff, so I think it's only fitting that you get to put it on display for all the boys, don't you think?" She smiled sweetly and Carl could only nod miserably in submission. Just then, a tall boy wearing a leather jacket smoothly intercepted them.

"Hey, there, Miranda," he said, grinning charmingly. "Who's your friend? I think you must be new here. I try to keep track of all the cute girls." Carl blushed.

"This is Candi," Miranda smiled. "She used to be my good friend a few years ago. We were really, really close." She giggled, and Carl knew exactly how 'close' she meant. He smiled weakly as the boy, who introduced himself as Joe, took his much smaller hand in his.

"Pleasure's all mine," Joe said suavely. "How about I hold those for you?" He pointed down to Carl's chest and the hapless feminized boy gasped, face turning pink. "Your books," Joe clarified.

"Oh!" Carl squeaked. "I thought you meant... Oh!" He blushed even more deeply, reluctantly handing over his books.

"You thought I was asking to cop a feel?" Joe chuckled. "Well, I wouldn't say no to that, either."

"Joe!" Miranda exclaimed, playfully slapping him on the shoulder while simultaneously giving Carl an 'I told you so' look – he was already having guys offer to carry his books! "You have to excuse Candi, she's such a ditz sometimes," Miranda continued. "Especially when she's around cute guys, isn't that right, Candi?"

"I'm not a ditz!" Carl protested weakly, knowing that he looked like a complete blonde bimbo and now was acting like one, too.

"I'm sure you make up for it with other talents, gorgeous," Joe said suavely. "And after all, blondes have more fun, don't they?"

"I had it bleached," Carl said, blushing as the three of them began to walk. He focused on managing his stiletto heels and ensuring his skirt didn't flip up, and was grateful to not have to lug his books around as well.

"Then you like to have fun," Joe said, winking at him. Carl knew exactly what kind of 'fun' Joe had in mind! He would have once been having the same lustful thoughts himself upon meeting a gorgeous stacked blonde in a slutty skirt and top, not to mention the sky-high heels and seductive makeup. He looked desperately to Miranda for help, but his ex-girlfriend only smiled, delighted at 'Candi's little predicament. It was quite something to see her former boyfriend now squirming under the attentions of horny young men, breasts jiggling enticingly and heels clicking alluringly with every gyrating step. She couldn't believe how much he'd changed and how thoroughly feminine he had become!

"Since you're new, I'd love to show you around," Joe continued. "Help you get adjusted and everything." His leering look made it obvious that he would love to 'adjust' Carl's clothing right off! As they walked towards the cafeteria, Carl noticed most of the guys looking wistful, as if they hadn't expected anything else, and that the girls were giving his revealing outfit catty, spiteful looks. Carl gave Miranda another pleading look and his ex-girlfriend finally relented.

"Oh, I think I'll be able to show her around, Joe," Miranda said, rolling her eyes. "Look, they're handing out our schedules. We'd better head over!" Joe reluctantly handed Carl's books back, eyes still roving lustfully up and down, and Carl squeaked out a thank-you before hurrying away with Miranda, hips swishing appealingly from side to side as Joe stopped to enjoy the view.

"Thank you," Carl sighed. "He just wouldn't stop touching me!"

"Well, with the way you were flirting, it's no wonder," Miranda said matter-of-factly. "Acting all coy and demure like that... You seem to really know what gets a guy like him going! But I want you to be careful around him, okay? He's a bit of a player, and he always gets what he wants. Some of the girls say that he's a little *too* aggressive, if you get my drift, even if he's incredibly handsome. You don't want to just be another notch in his bedpost, okay? Trust me."

"I wasn't flirting!" Carl protested, tugging at his top to cover up his midriff, but only succeeding in exposing even more of his lacy black bra. Of course, who should show up at that moment but non other than Amber Sweet. The girl arrived on the scene just in time to see 'Candi' apparently trying to tug her low-cut top even lower.

"Aren't you showing off enough of your boobs already?" she asked with a cold smile. "I know you're trying to get your daddy's money's worth, but really..."

"Candi! Hey!" Said Tom, Amber's very handsome boyfriend. He arrived a split second behind her, wrapping his arm around her waist – even as he gave Carl's

cute little outfit a hungry up-and-down look, lingering, as everyone did, on the extremely low cut of his top and his perfect cleavage. "I was pretty fired up to hear you were coming to our school this year," he grinned. "Our volleyball team needs the help!" Carl blushed furiously, knowing he was referencing his disastrous attempt to play beach volleyball over the summer. Only a week after getting his boobs done, he had been hopelessly uncoordinated and they had gotten in the way constantly, but the male members of both teams had been far too enthralled watching him jiggle and pout to even think about the score.

"I don't think Candi is trying out for that," Miranda giggled. "She thinks sports are a little too complicated for her." Carl's cheeks turned even pinker. He'd only said that trying to keep a very horny football star from inviting him to a game! Only a few months ago, he'd been a very capable athlete, but now, as 'Candi'...

"Oh? Then, are you trying out for cheerleading with Miranda?" Amber asked imperiously, one eyebrow raised haughtily. "Because just having a friend on the squad isn't going to get you on. Now that Amanda's graduated, we all know who the head cheerleader is going to be, and I'm only going to allow the very best girls on the squad."

That was a challenge to Miranda, one she couldn't let pass. "As a matter of fact, Candi is a fantastic cheerleader," Miranda said cattily, looping arms with Carl. "I'm really excited to have her try out for the squad! And the coach decides who the head cheerleader is, unless I'm mistaken."

"We'll see about that," Amber said coldly, glaring daggers at Carl and unconsciously gripping her boyfriend's arm tighter. "Come on, baby. Let's go."

"Congratulations on winning the Miss Boardwalk pageant again!" Miranda said sweetly, unable to resist one parting shot at Amber. "That's four running, isn't it? Oh, wait... You didn't win! Candi did!" Amber gave a little gasp of indignation and practically dragged Tom away, fuming.

"See you around, Candi!" Tom said, waving. Carl winced and wiggled his fingers cutely in a small return wave. He tugged nervously at his skirt as they approached the line-ups for schedules.

"Why did you say that?" Carl whispered furiously. "I'm not trying out for the cheerleading squad!"

"I guess I just wanted to get under her skin a little," Miranda said sheepishly. "She's just been unbearable ever since you won Miss Boardwalk, you know. But you can't back out now, or she'll think she owns you, girly."

"What do you mean?" Carl asked, confused.

"If she knows she can intimidate you, she's going to make your life hell, Candi," Miranda said matter-of-factly. "She's that kind of girl, as you well know. Don't worry, though, I'll make sure you get on the squad."

"But I... I don't want to be a ch... ch... cheerleader," Carl stammered, blushing.

"Why ever not?" Miranda asked quizzically. "Don't you want to be popular? Or are you worried about the tryout being too hard?" She smiled comfortingly. "Don't worry, Candi, she's full of hot air. Only a few of the girls actually have much gymnastic experience. Mostly we just need girls who can look cute and sexy for the football players, and I know you can do that! You'll be just perfect, don't worry."

"Miranda, I'm not trying out for the cheerleading squad!" Carl exclaimed. Didn't she understand how totally humiliating that would be? Going from being an athlete on the field to being a silly little bimbo jumping around on the sidelines, waving pom-poms and shaking his boobs, cheering on the real boys who he could no longer possibly compete with?

"Well, don't decide right now," Miranda said. "We'll talk more about it later, okay? Here, come get your schedule. What are you taking this year?"

"I, I'm not sure," Carl admitted, looking away shyly as yet another guy whistled at him. He wished he hadn't let Miranda bully him into wearing this skirt, it always gave him so much trouble... "Um, I just let my mom pick out the courses, because I didn't want to have to come in and speak with the counselor, or whatever," he squeaked.

"Well, let's find out what we have together," Miranda said brightly. They were now at the registration office, where schedules were being handed out. Carl nearly went to the wrong line – he had been about to go for the H section, for "Hutchens," until he remembered that officially, his last name was now "Wethers." The lady at the desk handed him a pink sheet of paper.

"Wait a second, this can't be mine!" Carl exclaimed, staring down at the courses.

"Are you Candi Wethers?" the lady asked.

"Yes, but these classes are..." Carl began.

"Talk to the guidance counselor about changing classes," the lady said wearily. "Next!" Carl minced dejectedly away, staring down at his schedule. Along with the basic math, english, and history classes, his electives were home economics, fashion, cosmetology, and hairdressing!

"What do you have first period?" Miranda chirped, waving her own schedule.

"English, but I don't want to take all these courses," Carl said weakly, pointing to the paper. "Hairdressing? Fashion?"

"Then I guess you should have picked them out for yourself," Miranda said. "Ooh, we have Home Ec together, too! Fun!"

"Fun," Carl echoed miserably. He sighed. Not only was he stuck as a girl all year, but he was once again the girliest, most feminine girl imaginable. Cosmetology! Really!

"Let's go get freshened up, and then I'll introduce you to everybody," Miranda said, checking her phone. "My friends are all in the cafeteria. Don't worry, I'm sure they'll like you, although a few might be a bit jealous of how pretty you are... and your boobs... and the way every boy in school wants to get their hands on them." Blushing, Carl followed after Miranda towards the bathrooms. Without thinking, he nearly entered the men's room before she caught him by the wrist.

"Old habits die hard, huh?" Miranda suggested, wrinkling her nose. "That was close!"

"I was distracted," Carl sighed nervously, following her into the 'correct' bathroom. He was glad to finally be hidden from the lustful stares of horny teen guys, so he took his time redoing his lip gloss, fluffing out his hair, and adjusting his cleavage in the mirror. How could he blame them for staring? 'Candi' was utterly gorgeous, and the way she dressed made it clear she liked the attention! Carl blushed, staring miserably at his feminine reflection. He never once would have guessed his senior year of school would be spent in miniskirts and high heels as a sexy blonde co-ed. And he hadn't even made it to his first class yet...



After being introduced to all of Miranda's friends, most of whom were on the cheerleading squad, Carl and Miranda headed towards their first English class. He had never been very good at English, but it was nearly impossible for him to concentrate now with his tiny pleated miniskirt constantly riding up, boys ogling him, and having to look past his own cleavage whenever he looked down at his pink notebook. It was no wonder all the boys in the class were equally distracted! Carl desperately wished he could sink into the floor and disappear, but his feminine training ensured that he spent the class crossing and uncrossing his legs, playing with his hair, and engaging in other feminine mannerisms. Not a single guy sitting behind them learned anything – they were much too busy checking out the new hottie!

The next class, arithmetic, passed in much the same manner. Carl was feeling totally overwhelmed, swamped by eager guys asking to carry his books or telling him they'd watched the Boardwalk Beauty pageant and thought he was the most beautiful girl they'd ever seen, and nearly all of them trying to get his phone number. He couldn't think of excuses fast enough, and ended up letting several guys punch it into their phones with suave grins, thinking they were

making progress with the hottest new girl in school. Someone even groped his buttocks in the hallway, but he couldn't see who the perpetrator had been.

By the time he had found his new locker and lunch had rolled around, Miranda arrived to rescue him from the amorous attentions of yet another young man eager to date 'Candi.' He ended up eating with her and her friends, which meant sitting at a table in the very center of the cafeteria where athletes were free to come by and flirt with the girls. Once Carl would have been ecstatic to be sitting with a collection of beautiful teenaged girls, but not now that he was one of them! All they could seem to talk about were the upcoming cheerleading tryouts, and which boys were cutest. Everyone seemed to agree it was Tom!

"Plus he's the captain of the basketball team," Miranda added.

"It's too bad he's dating such a bee eye tee see H," one of the girls said. "He deserves a nice sweet girl...Don't you think so, Candi?" She gave Carl a sly smile.

"W... What do you mean?" he stammered.

"Isn't it obvious?" Miranda giggled. "We all know you keep flirting with him, girly. And the way he looks at you, I think he's definitely ready to upgrade."

"Don't you think he's handsome?" another girl demanded. Carl blushed furiously.

"Um, yes?" he squeaked. He had to give the answer they expected to hear. "He's... He's really cute..."

"I knew it!" she smiled triumphantly.

"Someone has a crush," Miranda teased, mistaking his embarrassment for attraction. Fortunately lunch ended before they could make much more of it, meaning it was time for fashion class. Carl could only sit and listen in dismay as the teacher outlined the course. They would be studying fabric, clothes, and how to model them! This was what he was going to be doing for the next year?

Carl still couldn't get used to the way guys were ogling him in the hallways. He had once been one of them, strutting around like he owned the school and checking out all the hot girls, especially in short skirts and low cut tops, but now the high heel was on the other foot and he was experiencing exactly how it felt to be lustfully looked over at every opportunity. The way his heels clicked on the linoleum immediately drew attention – not many of the girls went through the trouble of wearing high heels to school, and the male population certainly seemed to appreciate the sexy wobble it lent to his hips and bottom. The day seemed to last forever, and Carl had never been more relieved to see his mom waiting for him outside in Aunt Kat's car.

"Tell her I said hi," Miranda instructed. "And tell her about the cheerleading tryouts!"

"Look, I'm not going to be a cheerleader," Carl said forcefully for what seemed to be the hundredth time, though his high girlish voice didn't lend him much credibility. "I just don't want to!"

"It's going to be fun, and you're going to make friends," Miranda said firmly. "Come on, don't tell me you always dreamed of being a wallflower in high school. I can tell by the way you dress and the way you wiggle that you love the attention, girly, so quit trying to deny it." She paused, mulling something over in her mind, then broke into a smile. "Well, if you don't want to go out for cheerleading, how about a sports team? The girls' soccer team has tryouts tomorrow after school."

"Soccer? That's barely a real sport," Carl scoffed, adjusting his miniskirt. "Especially girls' soccer!"

"Then it should be easy for you to make the team, right?" Miranda probed.

"Probably," Carl said, sighing as he wondered if playing girls' soccer was better than playing no sports at all. At least he would be able to recoup a tiny bit of pride...

"Okay, so how about a bet?" Miranda asked slyly. "If you make the soccer team, great! But if you don't, you have to come to cheerleading tryouts with me. Not only that, but you will be the perkiest, sexiest little blonde on the squad, understand?" Carl relaxed slightly. This was her bet? He had never played a whole lot of soccer, but he was certain he was good enough to make the girl's team. "Well?" Miranda asked impatiently. Carl looked over and saw his mom waving to him.

"Okay, it's a deal," Carl sighed. "If it gets you to stop pestering me!"

"Oh, shut up," Miranda giggled. "Bye now!" She leaned forward to exchange pecks on the cheek, and Carl blushed to feel his breasts brushing up against hers. Now the only way he would ever be kissing his ex-girlfriend was as *girl-friends*! He waved goodbye and hurried to the car, books clutched to his chest, and managed to slide inside before Tom or Joe or any other guys could intercept him to offer him a ride home.

"Well, how was the first day?" his mom asked.

"I can't do this for a whole year," Carl moaned. "I just can't. The way the guys are all staring at me..." He blushed furiously.

"Can you blame them?" his mom chuckled. "Candi, dear, you're a knock-out. As a pretty girl, you simply have to get used to the attentions of men. In fact, before long I'm sure you'll start to enjoy them. And I certainly didn't make you wear that adorable outfit for your first day! What did you expect, flaunting your body that way? It seems strange to say it, but I think you have a lot to learn about boys, dear."

"But I don't like boys," Carl said miserably. "I certainly don't want to date one! I'm still a boy, remember?"

"Not from what I or anyone else can see," his mom said. "But I'm not going to pressure you into anything, dear. Now, tell me about your first day! Are you joining any clubs? Teams?"

"I'm trying out for the girls' soccer team tomorrow," Carl said, blushing.

"Really?" his mom asked skeptically. "I really don't think that's you, Candi. Wouldn't you have more fun on the cheerleading squad? Besides, you've never liked soccer that much."

"I'm not going to be a cheerleader!" Carl protested. "Why does everyone keep suggesting that?"

"Because you look the part, dear," his mom smiled. "I think you would just be adorable dancing around with your pom-poms waving. Although I'd worry about the poor boys all being distracted from the game. Now, let's get you home. Your aunt and I want us girls to all go out for supper tonight, to celebrate your first day of school, and you'll need something nice to wear..."

From the Casebook of Harold Pennyworth, P.I.

Notes on Case #241-B: The Whereabouts of Carl Hutchens.

Sept. 1: I got into town and set up operations while I'm checking things out. Luckily, a buddy of mine needed a house-sitter, so I'm it. Not too far from the beach, and, incidentally, not too far from Katherine Wethers' house, either. With the free room and board and a pantry chock full of cans, I can concentrate on digging up the dirt on the Wethers sisters and their missing kid... and if my hunch is right, it could take a while.

On the morning of 2 Sept, the weather was warm, go figure, so I thought I would take a drive in my rented car down to Katherine Wethers' neighborhood and walk around a bit, as sort of a first reconnaissance. Get the lay of the land. Maybe catch a glimpse of Carl and his mom, too, since I assumed they were living with her. Unfortunately, it seemed Katherine had dinner plans, because she was leaving right when I pulled in across the street to watch. The private eye's best friend, a trusty pair of binoculars had always served me well. I focused in on the driveway to Katherine Wether's house.

I knew from the pictures I had tracked down on Facebook that Carl's mom was one hot skirt, despite her age, so I should have guessed that her little sister would be more of the same. Katherine Wethers and her sister were both coming out of the house, all dolled up in classic LBD fashion, which is Little Black Dress, of course. Both were smoking hot. Carl was nowhere to be seen, so he was obviously not invited, but as the two dames got into the car a blonde-haired third member of their party came shimmying out of the house, still scrambling for her purse. From what I could see, she was a hell of a looker, too. It wouldn't surprise me if she was a cousin or other relation. Note: check records for any Wethers family members 16-17-18 years of age, female, blonde, 5'7", 110 lbs.

I watched the three females get into the car, distracted enough by their collective beauty that I almost forgot to put down the binoculars as I trailed them in the car. Though I was here to find out about Carl, I would only be able to do that through his Aunt and his mother, and maybe through this mystery girl. It might also be that the blonde there could also be Carl's girlfriend, but I don't think he's anywhere close to being in her league.

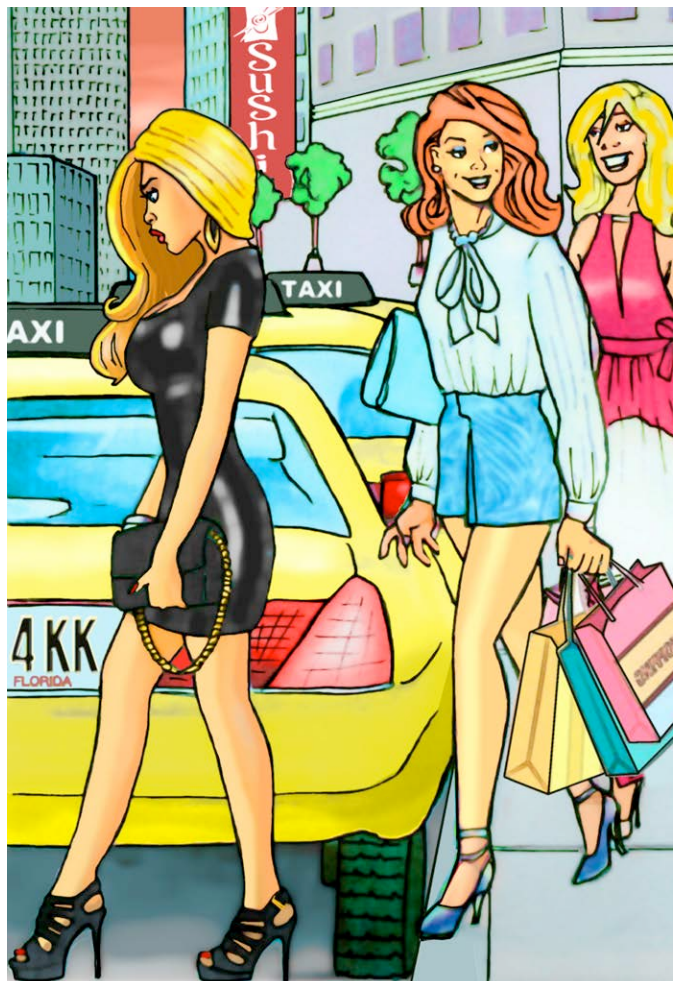
These ladies have some expensive taste. They drove to one of the nicest restaurants in town, and I had little choice but to try and follow them inside. I parked and watched them wiggle their way inside – the little blondie in particular had a nice little sway to her ass – and waited a few minutes before going inside, so as to not seem suspicious. The staff gave me crap about not being dressed and not having a reservation, so I slipped them a twenty, which got me a table in the rear. I still had a hell of a good view. That sexy little blonde was a real knock-out. The other two looked gorgeous, of course, but the blonde was dressed in this shimmery little black number with one of those necklines so her

tits were practically spilling out. Perfect cleavage, legs a mile long, long blonde hair and a face like an angel. She was as hot as any broad I've ever seen, with those big perfect tits and a dress that was nothing if not mature, but I could tell by the way she carried herself, a little shy, a little nervous, that she was at least relatively new to "the game," if you know what I mean, and that meant she was probably younger, sixteen or seventeen, tops. Practically jail-bait.

I got some idea of their conversation by discretely listening in, but I'll be honest,

I was more than a little distracted by the perfect view the blonde kept offering me of her tits whenever she bent forward with her fork. It was like this girl had never worn a low-cut top in her life or something. Their conversation centered around attending school, which served to verify the young girl's age. The rest was women talk. Nothing about Carl. I leaned back with my glass of water and complementary bread, still trying to piece together the blonde's identity. Maybe a friend's daughter? I vowed to find out... For the sake of the case, of course.

One thing I did manage to learn: either Katherine and her sister were having an in-depth discussion about the little dinner mints – or the mystery girl's name was Candy. Cute.



Carl's second day of school as 'Candi' passed in much the same way as the first, although he was displeased to discover that Tom was in his math class, and took full advantage of the opportunity away from Amber's prying eyes to sit right next to him and hit on him all class, under the guise of helping him with the problems. Everyone seemed to assume that Carl was a total airhead, but since he had never been very good with math, he wasn't doing himself any favors in that department. As far as his peers were concerned, he was a blonde bimbo who got by on a pretty face, killer body, and big boobs! At least he would be able to get a tiny bit of pride back by making the girls' soccer team and telling Miranda that cheerleading was out of the question...

Even though he knew he would make the team, Carl still couldn't help but be a little nervous as he waved goodbye to Miranda and a gaggle of her friends before making his way towards the girl's locker room. None of them were trying out, as they considered it to be a 'butch' sport. Carl paused anxiously at the door, hearing laughter and joking from within. It felt so wrong to be entering the girl's locker room after a lifetime of avoiding it... He swallowed deeply and pushed the door open with one manicured hand, mincing inside on his teetering stiletto sandals. It was full of girls in various stages of undress, most of them wearing either black sports bras or jerseys, and he was fully aware of the snide looks his backless halter top and white denim miniskirt were receiving, not to mention his high heels. Once again, he was far more femininely-attired than any real girls in the place! Blushing, Carl quickly found an empty space and began to change, trying not to meet anyone's eye.

"Just because you have shirtless posters of David Beckham on your wall doesn't mean you know how to play soccer," one of the girls said in a stage whisper. The others all laughed and Carl blushed even brighter, determined to show her a thing or two on the field. He might not have played much soccer, but he was still a boy, and he was utterly certain he would be able to shut them up with a goal or two. He had borrowed a pair of shorts from Aunt Kat, meaning they were very tight and short, and a pair of cleated shoes and shin guards from Miranda's little brother. They were almost like his baseball cleats, which was comforting as he laced them up. He didn't have a single top that would be appropriate for sports, and that meant replacing his lacy blue push-up bra with a hot pink sports bra and nothing else. His boobs felt like they were ready to spill out with the slightest provocation, but he knew from experience that the bra provided more support than it first appeared to. Finally, Carl combed his long blonde hair back into a high, feminine pony-tail, automatically letting a few strands fall free to prettily frame his face. The other girls gave him disdainful looks as they realized he was going without a shirt or jersey, but what other choice did he have? Face burning, Carl put his clothes into his bag and carried it out with him towards the field, since he did not yet have a gym locker.

On the field behind the school, a grumpy-looking man with a buzz cut was setting out bright orange cones for practice drills. Once everyone was assembled, he blew the whistle around his neck.

“Alright, girls, everyone in!” he barked. “Line up! The boys’ tryout is starting in one hour on the dot, so we don’t have the field for very long.” Carl jumped to attention with the other girls, stepping into line and wishing his boobs didn’t stick out so much further than anybody else’s. The coach walked up and down the line, handing out colored practice jerseys, and as he arrived at Carl his eyes widened slightly and he got a far-away smile on his face, one that Carl had seen many times before (heck, he’d once done it himself) and knew meant the coach was planning to enjoy the view. Carl blushed, grateful to be able to pull the shirt over his bra and cover up a bit more. The coach had them all give their names and jersey numbers, and then what followed was the most humiliating hour on a practice field of Carl’s young life.

It started with the warm-ups, where the coach had everyone jog around the field with occasional sprints in between. Usually it wouldn’t be a tall order, but poor Carl had long since given up on the treadmill in exchange for yoga classes and cross-trainer, and as he started to jog he remembered exactly why. His D-cup breasts bounced exuberantly with every step, practically flying up into his face, and Carl was terrified of one – or both – popping out of his little pink sports bra. He could no longer clench his fists, thanks to his long feminine nails, and so he was forced to swing his hands girlishly from side to side as he ran. He remembered that if he locked his upper arms to his sides he could control the bounce of his breasts a little better, but this made his gait even more restricted, and he was forced to run like a complete sissy! Between his restricted stride and the additional weight he was lugging around on his chest, he was sweating and sore not even halfway through, forced to stop to wipe the sweat trickling down his face and into his cleavage. He could see the other girls smirking at him as he readjusted his pony tail, still unused to the way it bobbed up and down with each step. The coach didn’t make any remark, but Carl could tell he was enjoying the sight of ‘Candi’s’ constantly jiggling breasts and sculpted buttocks in Aunt Kat’s tight white little shorts, no matter how hard he was trying to be professional. Carl blushed furiously as he hurried to catch up with the other girls. The drills would go better, he was sure!

The coach had them start doing skill evaluations, in which they dribbled balls through the cones he had set up, but here Carl made yet another frustrating discovery. With his out-thrust boobs in the way, there was simply no way he could keep his eye on the ball. He lost control of it practically every other step, trying desperately to peer over his rack while still keeping the ball close to his feet. The other girls seemed to be getting through the obstacle course with no problems at all, but Carl took practically twice as long as anybody else. His face was burning with embarrassment when he finally finished. Next were shooting and head-butt drills, both of which were perfectly disastrous. Carl couldn’t get

used to his new balance, with his girl-ish hips and heavy breasts, and it threw him off every time he tried to kick the ball or leap to hit it with his head.

When it finally came time for them to play a game, Carl was embarrassed and exhausted. Hardly anyone passed the ball to him, not trusting him to make a play without messing up, and the crowning moment of humiliation came when a flying ball struck him right on his left boob, making him gasp in pain.

"Ow!" Carl squealed involuntarily, clutching at his sensitive breast as the ball rolled on. He felt his eyes stinging with tears at the pain of it.

"How are you going to ever chest-trap the soccer ball if you start crying every time it touches you?" one girl on his team asked, exasperated at Carl's poor performance. Carl blushed, mouth open in a small pink O of consternation, but was unable to come up with any excuse. A moment later, the coach called him over to the side line.

"Look, Candi, I really hate to discourage my girls, but this might not be the best sport for you," the coach said awkwardly, rubbing the back of his head. "I can tell that you played a little soccer when you were younger, but, well, being an athlete just isn't in the cards for everyone. Mother Nature doesn't seem to want you being one, at least." He gestured to Carl's heaving rack with an expression of remorse. "I'm sorry, but you're just not going to make the cut. I don't see how your conditioning or coordination are going to improve much.



But if you like sports, why not go out for the cheerleading squad? I'm sure a pretty little thing like you would get taken on the spot, and that way you can still be involved in the school spirit, and I'm sure you have a boyfriend you want to cheer on, don't you?"

Carl's face blushed brilliant pink to the tips of his ears. He was being cut from the girls' soccer team before the tryout was even over! And much more, the coach thought he would be happier as a cheerleader in a skimpy uniform, jumping up and down on the sidelines and cheering for real boys.

"Chin up, Candi, okay?" the coach said kindly. "You'll feel better after you hit the showers and think things over – pretty girls like you don't like getting all sweaty and dirty, anyways, I know. Thanks for trying out!" Carl could only nod in abject misery before mincing over to the side-line to retrieve his bag. The other girls all exchanged knowing smiles as he passed. As he took his bag and marched back towards the school, he was trembling all over from humiliation. He couldn't believe it! He had once been a capable athlete at any sport he so desired, but now he was completely unable to play sports as he once had. 'Candi' was a pretty blonde bimbo and nothing more. The thought made his ears burn and his stomach feel sick to the very bottom. He had not only been robbed of his manhood, but everything he had once enjoyed so much as a boy.

As he crossed the field, he couldn't hold it in any longer, and began to sob girlishly until tears were streaming down his face. He couldn't decide which he hated more, the fact that he was cut or the fact that he was crying about it openly, just like a girl. Why was he so emotional now? Was it like his aunt and mom kept saying, that he was really meant to be a dainty, feminine girly-girl all along, and any success he might have had as a sports player was nothing but dumb luck?

Feeling more upset and confused than he ever had in his life, Carl strode right past a surprised-looking guy on his way into the locker room, setting down his bag on the bench. The other occupants were giving him shocked looks, but Carl was too upset to even register them as he pulled the practice jersey over his head and threw it angrily – it barely made it more than a foot before fluttering to the floor – and then shucking off his short-shorts as well. He was just beginning to remove his bra when a strangled noise of surprise brought him back to reality... He was completely surrounded by drooling teen guys, all preparing for their own soccer tryout.

"Holy crap!" one of them said faintly. "Keep going! Please!" The other boys were all nodding in dazed agreement, roving their eyes lustfully over Carl's exposed rack. Gasping, Carl picked up his bag and ran for the door, breasts bouncing with each step. When he was finally in the safety of the correct locker room, the girls', his face was burning with embarrassment. He couldn't believe he had gone into the wrong room out of habit – hadn't Miranda warned him about that? And now every guy on the soccer team had seen him topless! Carl



changed as quickly as he could, even though he knew his mom would hate for him to get any sweat stains on his pretty new top, reasoning that he could shower at home, and hopefully beat any of the boys out of the change room, as well. Feeling more miserable than he ever had in his life, Carl snuck out of the change room as quietly as he could in clicking four-inch stiletto heels.

After removing his makeup, showering, moisturizing, and getting ready for bed, Carl changed into the new lavender lingerie set his mom had recently made him purchase. He sighed as he observed his feminine reflection in the mirror, noting the way the underwire cups pushed his breasts together to make them look even larger, and he tried to remember what his life had been like

before boobs and bras and being a girl. If this was day two, he could hardly imagine he would survive the week!

Carl had done his best to put the disastrous try-out out of his mind by the next morning, but he was to get a very sharp reminder of what had transpired afterwards. Almost as soon as he was out of Aunt Kat's car, Miranda was there grabbing his arm and steering him towards the bathroom.

"What exactly happened yesterday in the locker room?" she demanded. "Candi, people are talking like crazy!"

"What?" Carl squeaked. "What are they saying?"

"Only that yesterday you went into the boys' locker room and did a strip-tease for the entire soccer team!" Miranda exclaimed. "And Amber says you were down on your knees ready to suck them off before you got caught!"

"Ready to *what*?" Carl stammered, going white as a sheet. "Miranda, that's totally a lie! I walked into the boys' locker room by accident and started to get changed before I realized..." Tears sprang into his eyes once more as he realized that Amber was determined to make him out as the school slut during his very first week of class. He should have known she would want revenge for beating her in the Miss Boardwalk Beauty pageant! "Miranda, you have to believe me," Carl begged, voice trembling. "I wasn't thinking and I walked into the wrong room, but I never did either of those things!"

"Oh, Candi," Miranda sighed, reaching forward to give him a comforting hug. "I believe you, girl, but nobody else is going to. Girls don't just accidentally walk into a room full of boys and start stripping their clothes off. I really thought by now you would be past making silly little mistakes like that."

"I was upset," Carl sighed nervously. "I... I didn't make the soccer team."

"Good!" Miranda exclaimed.

"Good?" Carl echoed feebly.

"Yes, good," Miranda repeated. "That means you're coming to cheerleading try-outs. Believe me, Candi, you're going to need it to help your reputation. When the girls see how nice and ditzy you are, they'll be a lot less likely to believe Amber's lies, and they might even be able to write it off as a blonde moment. Otherwise, people are definitely going to think the worst!"



"I'm not ditzyl!" Carl protested. Miranda only sighed.

"Maybe Carl wasn't, but Candi certainly is, and that's what people expect from a cute blonde," she explained. "So work it! I'm sure you've realized it certainly attracts the boys, and it will help the girls to see you as less of a threat at the same time."

"I'm not going to go acting like some bimbo just because Amber is telling lies about me..." Carl began, blushing red, but he was interrupted by the crackle of an intercom system microphone.

"Candi Wethers, to the principal's office, please!" came the voice of the school secretary. "Candi Wethers, to the principal's office!"

"Oh, no," Carl moaned softly. "Do you think it's about..?"

"Probably," Miranda said bracingly. "Don't worry, Candi. The principal may be a total prude, and his wife the student counselor is almost as bad, but he isn't too hard on kids. You'll be fine."

"I hope so," Carl murmured anxiously. He smoothed his flouncy little skirt and adjusted his top, then took a deep breath and walked with Miranda halfway to their class before splitting off towards the principal's office. He had been in trouble before with his buddy Brad, but he would never have imagined he would be sent there for supposedly giving the boys' soccer team a strip-tease! He knocked nervously on the principal's door.

"Come in!" came an imperious voice. Biting his lower lip anxiously, Carl minced inside, hands clasped daintily in front of him. The principal was a bald man, but when he caught sight of his ill-behaved student he ran his hand across the top of his head as if he still had hair, eyes immediately struggling to stay away from Carl's prominently-displayed rack.

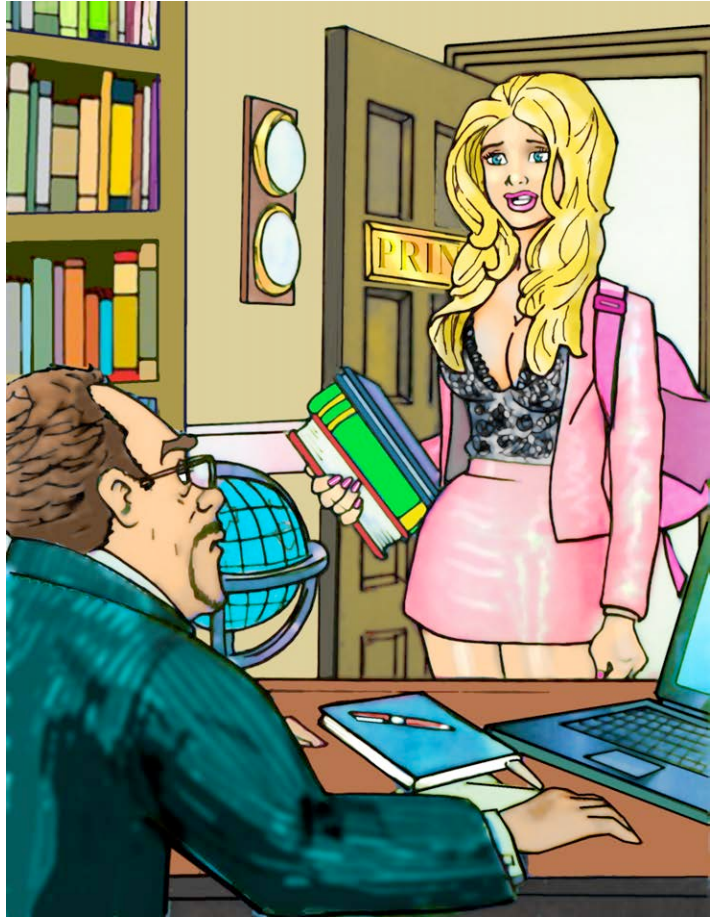
"Yes, have a seat, please, Ms. Wethers," the principal said, gesturing towards the other side of his desk. "I don't believe we've met. My name is Mr. Buller. I'm afraid we need to have a little talk about what transpired yesterday in the boys' locker room." Carl bowed his head, trying to think of what to say as he settled carefully on the edge of the chair and crossed his pretty legs. His skirt rode up slightly on his tanned slender thigh and the principal definitely noticed! Carl blushed as he realized the effect he was having on the sweaty middle-aged man.

"It was an accident," he said. "I, um, I walked into the wrong change room by mistake. I'm new to the school, remember?"

"I'm well aware of that, Ms. Wethers, but I have to question whether or not it was an accident," Mr. Buller said sternly. "According to two eyewitnesses from the soccer team, you walked right past them on your way into the room, and began taking off your clothes in full view of the rest of the team."

"I was distracted," Carl said pitifully, well aware of how lame his excuse sounded. "I was coming back from the girl's team's try-out and I accidentally walked into the wrong change room. I swear!"

"As for these other rumors, that you, er, well, offered sexual favors..." Mr. Buller trailed off nervously, tugging at the collar of his shirt. "Completely inappropriate, and I certainly hope there is no truth to them."



"There isn't!"

Carl protested, blushing furiously. "Amber Sweet is lying about me because her boyfriend flirts with me in algebra!" He covered his mouth with his painted nails as he realized what he'd just blurted out... even though it was true.

"Ah," the principal said. "I think the problem is becoming clear now." He swallowed. "Er, Candi, I'm well aware that girls at your age can be a little, how do I say this... boy-crazy. And I'm sure it must have seemed very romantic to you to go throw yourself at this crush of yours right in front of all of his friends, but it really is not the best course of action."

"But Tom's not even on the soccer team," Carl gasped.

"And I know that pretty girls who have just recently, er, developed..." the principal continued, as if he hadn't heard Carl's protest at all. "Well, they enjoy showing off their bodies. That much is clear by your current attire. I swear, it seems that nobody reads the dress code rule book these days at all. And it must have also seemed very exciting to give them all a bit of a show. But it's simply absolutely inappropriate behavior, Ms. Wethers, and I'm going to have to

schedule you some appointments with my wife, Mrs. Buller, who serves as the student counselor here.”

“Amber Sweet made that up,” Carl begged. “I was only changing! I wasn’t, like, shaking my butt at them and dancing around!” The principal gulped, open-mouthed, and Carl realized he was now imagining ‘Candi’ doing just that. He flushed with embarrassment.

“Amber Sweet is a perfectly charming girl whose father is a valuable member of the school-board,” the principal finally managed to say. “Please, don’t make things worse by trying to drag your friends into it. I’m scheduling you an appointment for Friday afternoon, after school. Alright?”

“Okay,” Carl said softly, utterly miserable.

“Don’t worry, Ms. Wethers, I’ll schedule it early enough that you may still try out for the cheerleading squad,” the principal said. “So long as you promise to use the right locker room.” Carl nodded his pretty blonde head and gracefully exited the office with his eyes downcast and cheeks red. Things were only to get worse, however, because Amber was waiting outside.

“Oh, was that you in there?” she asked smilingly. “Whatever was that about?”

“You know exactly what it was about,” Carl sniffed.

“Are you going to start crying, honey?” Amber asked cruelly, voice dripping with mock sympathy. “Are you sad you didn’t get to suck on everybody’s thingy before you got caught? I hear you really worked it in there, Candi. Maybe you should become a stripper?” Carl’s ears burned with shame, but also with anger. He clenched his fists, forgetting his manicure for the moment.

“When are cheerleading try-outs?” Carl asked furiously. He had gone through enough. He wanted to wipe that look of smugness off Amber’s face, and he didn’t care what he had to do to make it happen.

“Friday at four,” Amber said, frowning. “Why? I thought you were too scared to try out anyways.” Carl rearranged his features into a pretty smile.

“Think again, honey,” he said sweetly. “I’m going to be head cheerleader this year, because the coach decides, not you. And because I’m prettier than you.”

“Huh!” Amber gasped, affronted.

“And sexier than you, and I have bigger boobs than you,” Carl continued. “And people like me more, because I’m not a crazy stuck-up bitch like you. See you Friday!” Setting his lips together in a determined pout, Carl minced past her, heels clicking and buttocks swaying suggestively, before she could utter another word.

What was it about her that got under his skin so badly? He always said the worst things in the heat of the moment, and now he knew he would *have* to try out, no matter what! Sighing nervously as he freshened up his makeup before heading to class, Carl couldn’t help but think he was going to need all the help

from Miranda he could get before Friday. He knew she would be all too happy to show her formerly athletic ex-boyfriend exactly what went into being a cute, sexy cheerleader... and like it or not, it seemed that he now had no choice in the matter!



The week passed by far too quickly for Carl's taste. After he told Miranda he was going to the try-outs, she had predictably squealed with excitement, hugged him, and then proceeded with the most comprehensive cheerleading boot camp ever invented. Every day after class, Carl immediately went home with Miranda in order to practice. She was a merciless drill instructor, and by the time Carl's head hit the pillow each night it was full of various chants and cheers. He even dreamed cheerleading!

"See, those would be a disadvantage in any other sport," Miranda said cheerfully at one point, pointing to Carl's bountiful breasts. "But in cheerleading, that extra little jiggle is exactly what draws everybody's eyes and keeps their attention. Don't be afraid to shake it, girly."

Carl blushed furiously, but tried his best to keep her advice in mind as he practiced. He wasn't seeing much of his aunt or his mom, since work was picking up for the former and the latter was still trying very hard to find a job, and he didn't want them to know that he was trying out to be a cheerleader after denying it so vehemently earlier. For their part, they were just thrilled that 'Candi' was making friends with girls her own age, and so didn't pry too much. Though on Thursday his mom did surprise him by revealing she'd scheduled the pair of them to get their nails done together, at Tiffany's salon...

He still had tiny panic attacks thinking of his trips to that awful salon. The place held quite a bit of significance for Carl, seeing as it was there he'd first been coerced into becoming 'Candi.' He'd gone there with his aunt for a haircut and nothing else, but then, due to a misunderstanding helped along by his hormone imbalance, the hair-dressers two assistants had ended up giving him the works... he'd left with bleached blonde hair cut in a fashionable girl's style, waxed legs, a manicure, pedicure, pierced ears, and full makeup!

He'd also gone there for a full make-over on the morning of the Miss Boardwalk Beauty bikini pageant, where they'd given him his current mane of long blonde hair via extensions, and later that day he had not only won the contest, but unknowingly did so in full sight of his dad, who immediately dropped his custody request, stunned by the fact that his only son appeared to want to live as a girl. And after that, Carl's aunt and mother had dropped the news that she intended to stay in Florida for the foreseeable future, meaning Carl would have to remain 'Candi' and be enrolled as a girl for his senior year of high school!

Needless to say, Carl did not have good associations with Tiffany's salon, but Aunt Kat was close friends with her and his mother was rapidly becoming equally close, meaning Carl found himself dragged in about once a month, whether for a relatively benign manicure, a touch-up for his hair or some simple skin treatments.

On this particular Thursday, though, Carl was getting his most hated treatment of all, a fiercely uncomfortable bikini wax. As always, Tiffany had been overjoyed to see him, and probe him with questions about when he was going to find himself a hunky boyfriend as she led him and his mom over to a few padded chairs. As he slipped into the by now all-too-familiar seat, he was a little shocked to see someone new at the salon. Every new face he saw at the salon was just another horribly humiliating exposure of Carl's secret. Every time Tiffany got a new female employee, she seemed to find some reason to make Carl tell them his story. But this time, it wasn't a female, it was a slight, dark-haired boy that was sweeping up hair from the floor.

"Oh, that's our new employee, Mark," Tiffany chirped. "I thought Helga and Inga could use a bit of help with the more menial things, you know, and he's a real dear, they just love him."

"H-hi, Candi," the boy said eagerly, eyes going like mag-



nets to Carl's cleavage. "We, um, we go to the same high school... I'm three seats behind you in the English class we have together!" Carl folded his arms across his bust, blushing slightly, and looked Mark over – he was short, slim, and unassuming with floppy dark hair falling into his eyes and hiding his face, definitely not the type to stand out in a crowd, and Carl certainly hadn't noticed him in English class. And surely Tiffany hadn't told him...

"Don't worry," Tiffany whispered, as her new employee reluctantly moved away to clean out the sinks. "As far as he knows, he's the only boy to ever set foot in this place!" She gave Carl a conspiratorial wink, which Carl smiled weakly back at. "Between you and I, I think you're the main reason he agreed to work here when the twins asked him! He has quite the crush on you, but then, who could blame him? Of course, he's a little bit shrimpy. We all know you like your men tall, strong, and handsome, like that Jason character!"

Carl blushed furiously at the memory, but he knew by now that it was useless trying to argue with Tiffany. He leaned back and did his best to enjoy the pedicure, reciting the cheerleading chants in his mind...



All week, he was far too nervous to pay attention to his classes, leading Tom to talk him into a little tutoring session for the following week. Carl was too nervous to care about Tom's less-than-honest intentions. He knew the kind of 'study session' Tom would want with a girl like Candi, and it was biology, not arithmetic! But that was a problem Carl would have to address at the proper time, because before he knew it, it was Friday, the day of both his try-out and his first counseling session.

"Don't worry, you'll be great," Miranda assured him as the final bell rang. "And I'm sure the counseling thing won't be a big deal, either! See you at four, girly."

"See you," Carl returned, giving her a girlish hug. Miranda and her friends waved goodbye, and then Carl started off towards the office, high heels clicking noisily. The sound must have been like a magnet, because it drew Joe, the handsome lady-killer Miranda had warned him about on the first day, right to him!

"Hey there, gorgeous," Joe said suavely. "Are you heading to the office?"

"Oh, yes," Carl squeaked. "Hi, Joe."

"Let me hold those for you," Joe said with a wink. Carl smiled weakly, and reluctantly allowed Joe to carry his books for him on the way to the office. "I heard you're trouble," Joe teased. "Up to mischief in the boys' locker room? And here I thought you seemed so sweet and innocent." Carl blushed red, staring down at the floor. "Don't worry, Candi," Joe whispered. "I like it." He

tipped Carl's chin up with one finger and gave him a firm peck right on the lips! Carl gasped in surprise as Joe handed him his books back, then took advantage of Carl's occupied hands to give him a sly grope on the bottom. Carl squealed in surprise, but Joe was already heading off, grinning in a satisfied sort of way.

"Candi Wethers?" came a soft woman's voice. Carl turned and saw Mrs. Buller, the counselor, waiting in the doorway, and it was clear from her expression that she had witnessed the entire encounter. Already dreading what was to come,

Carl nodded and followed her into the office. The counselor gestured towards a comfy padded chair and Carl sank into it gracefully, crossing his slender legs. He nervously smoothed out his skirt as Mrs. Buller settled into the seat across from him, giving him a long up-and-down look without speaking. Carl found himself wishing his V-cut top wasn't quite so low...

"I'm Mrs. Buller, but please, call me Janice," the counselor said. "I want you to feel comfortable talking to me – that's my job, after all – and anything we talk about in here is totally confidential, okay, Candi?"

"Okay," Carl agreed, wondering just how comfortable Mrs. Buller would feel if he told her that he was really a boy named Carl who'd been pumped full of female hormones and given a boob job for the purpose of a crazy scheme to disguise him as a girl, and was now being forced to stay as 'Candi' until he turned eighteen. Probably not very!



"I'm sure you've had to talk about what happened in the locker room too much already, so let's talk about you, okay?" the counselor said kindly. She leaned forward with a concerned expression. "Candi, why do you feel the need to dress this way?"

"Dress what way?" Carl squeaked, subconsciously hunching his shoulders to make the low cut of his top less prominent.

"Don't play dumb, Candi," the counselor sighed. "Short skirts to show off your legs, flashing your cleavage for anybody who wants to look, strutting around in stilettos when most girls wear flats... Why do you feel the need to put your body on display?"

"I don't!" Carl protested. "I mean, those are the only sort of clothes that I have!"

"*Really*," the counselor said skeptically. "You don't own a single pair of jeans? Or flat-bottomed shoes? I understand that girls like to make a bit of a splash on their first day, but it's been a whole week, Candi, and I get the feeling you are used to dressing like this all the time. I know getting a boyfriend must seem like the most important thing in the world to you right now, but you want a boy who will respect you, Candi, not treat you like a piece of meat." She lowered her voice to a 'serious' tone. "Between you and I, that Joe is no good. I've seen him go through tons of vulnerable young ladies, and you're certainly making it easy for him."

"It's not like I like boys staring at me!" Carl sighed anxiously. "But my aunt does most of my shopping with me, and, well..."

"She makes you buy nothing but miniskirts?" the counselor asked. "Sorry, Candi, but you're seventeen and I find that a little hard to believe." Carl blushed. How was he supposed to explain that the reason he dressed this way was because his aunt and mother had decided he needed to be as feminine as possible in order to stave off any suspicion? Or that they bought his clothes for him because he didn't know the first thing about female clothing only a few months ago?

"She says guys would look at me anyways, so I should, you know, flaunt it a little," Carl said, blushing even brighter. "I'm not a slut or anything! I don't care what Amber says!"

"I'm not accusing you of being a slut, Candi," the counselor said. "And your aunt is right... You're a very beautiful girl. But, you're clearly also very insecure. You need to find your value from the inside, instead of trying to get attention with your appearance from men. Finding a boyfriend is a good thing, but you don't want to attract the wrong type of boy, Candi."

"I don't want a boyfriend!" Carl protested.

"You're not sure what you want," the counselor said sadly. "But I know you won't get it by showing off your body and letting the wrong kinds of boy have

their way with you. You have a need for attention, a need to have everybody's eyes on you, perhaps."

"No, I don't," Carl said firmly. "Can we wrap this up, please? I have cheerleading try-outs."

"Of course you do," the counselor smiled sadly, shaking her head. "Okay, Candi. I think we made a little progress today, even if you don't want to think so. Best of luck in your little try-out."

"Thanks," Carl murmured, adjusting his miniskirt as he stood up. The click of his heels seemed far louder than usual, and as he passed his reflection in the window he paused and inspected his cleavage. "It's not *that* low cut," he whispered. He blushed suddenly, realizing that Mrs. Buller was on the other side of the window, watching him play with his boobs. She shook her head with a knowing smile.

Carl made a mental note to beg his mother for a few slightly more-modest shirts, but now that she was living with Aunt Kat and him, and struggling to find a job, the shopping had dropped right off. He wasn't likely to have much luck, and besides, what he needed to worry about right now was the cheerleading try-outs...

"Hi? Miranda?" Carl said, after punching her number into his little pink cellular phone.

"Hey, girly," came her reply. "How was it?"

"I don't know," Carl sighed. "I guess it could have been worse? Are you still coming early to help me rehearse one last time?"

"Of course, Candi," Miranda laughed. "What are girlfriends for?"

"Okay," Carl said nervously. "See you soon!" He turned off his cellular phone and hurried towards the locker rooms, double-checking to make sure he was entering the girls' one. Realizing that he had the place to himself, he opened up his locker and began to strip down. His breasts bobbed appealingly as they swung free from his bra, and, on a whim, Carl minced over to look at himself in the bathroom mirror. With his manhood tucked up out of sight in the gaff, he looked one-hundred percent a gorgeous blonde bombshell with a killer body, the kind of girl Carl had once fantasized about – but never about being! There was no longer any need for padding or a waist cincher to give him his deadly curves, Dr. Nevsky had seen to that, and so long as he wore the gaff, nobody would ever mistake him for a boy, even stark naked. Carl stared miserably at his reflection. Was he really going to be able to go back to being a guy, after everything that had been done to his body?

"It's just hormones," he reminded himself. "And everything is reversible, so Dr. Nevsky said." Glancing around furtively to make sure he was still alone, he quickly slipped his shriveled manhood out of his gaff. It seemed much smaller

than it had before, but maybe that was because of his wider hips or the fact that he could never get hard.

Frowning, Carl took it delicately between two manicured fingers and tried to coax it to life, focusing on the gorgeous pair of tits in the mirror, the hourglass shape, the pouty lips and bedroom eyes – but even though he was now an incredibly sexy girl, he couldn't even appreciate it! Feeling more miserable than ever, Carl tucked himself away once more, creating a smooth feminine profile, and started to change into the small pleated skirt and top that Miranda had supplied him with, to make sure he had a full range of movement for his high kicks. Before long, other girls began to trickle in to get changed as well. Amber stopped and sneered on her way past.

“Are you sure you're in the right locker room?” she asked sarcastically. “There aren't any boys in here for you to give blowjobs to.” Carl's cheeks flushed and he didn't reply, keeping his eyes on his sneakers. A few of the other girls laughed snidely, but others looked sympathetic, as if Amber was being too mean. Carl was just lacing up his pink shoes when Miranda arrived, already fully dressed.

“Feeling ready, girly?” she chirped.

“As ready as I'll ever be,” Carl sighed.

“Then let's go,” Miranda smiled. “Time to knock 'em dead!”



An hour later, Carl was tired, sweaty, a little stinky, but also just the tiniest bit excited to be going home with his brand new cheerleader's uniform. The try-out had gone even better than he could have imagined. Carl couldn't do much in the way of gymnastics, but Miranda's constant practice sessions meant that he knew every step of the choreographed dance routines by heart, and his bright white smile, gleaming blonde hair, pretty face and D-cup breasts did the rest. Amber could only stand by in sour disappointment as Carl made the team with ease. The humiliation of bouncing up and down, shaking his boobs and gyrating his hips while waving his pom-poms and maintaining a sexy little smile, was in stark contrast to the expression of fury on Amber's face when the coach began gushing praise upon Carl.

“Girly, you were fantastic!” Miranda exclaimed as they headed home. “You must have practiced even without me, and you even got the cartwheel at the end! I don't know why you ever bothered with that silly soccer game, Candi, you're a natural cheerleader.” Carl blushed at the backhanded compliment, but he couldn't help but preen a little at her praise.

“You really think so?” he asked.

"Aw, of course! The coach loved you!" Miranda beamed. She pulled up to Carl's Aunt's house. "Say hi to your aunt and mom from me, okay?"

"Okay, bye!" Carl said, hugging her and then waving goodbye as she walked on towards her house. Carl rushed up the steps into his aunt's. His mom stuck her blonde head out of the kitchen.

"Hi, dear, how was school today?" she asked.

"Um, it was good," Carl said, hiding the uniform behind his back. "I'm just going to go have a quick shower before dinner, okay?"

"Okay, honey," his mom said absent-mindedly. "What sort of salad dressing do you want?"

"Any is fine!" Carl chirped back, hardly caring that he would be eating yet another skimpy salad. He'd gotten used to 'watching his weight', though he never gained a single pound. He hurried up the stairs and hung his new uniform in his closet, then hopped into the shower. He might not have made a real sports team, but being a cheerleader was better than nothing – wasn't it? And if he really could beat out Amber to become the head cheerleader, well, that would certainly take the sting of embarrassment away a little bit...

"Candi, what's this?" he heard his mom's voice ask. Carl wrapped his towel under his smooth-shaven armpits and came out of the bathroom to find her holding up his skimpy little blue-and-white cheerleading uniform. He hadn't been planning on telling his mom or aunt that he was now a perky little cheerleader, but he supposed they would have had to find out eventually.

"I, um, I made the team," Carl said, blushing.

"Oh, *honey!* I am so, so *proud* of you!" his mom exclaimed, pulling him into a hug immediately. "I was a cheerleader in high school myself! I'm so happy that you want to be one, too, and I know you're going to be just great. I'm so proud of you for finally starting to accept your femininity and who you really are, dear. You're the most beautiful daughter a mom could ever ask for!"

"Um, thanks, mom," Carl squeaked, awkwardly patting her on the back.

"I've got to go tell your Aunt Kat!" Carl's mother said, excitedly and darted out of the room.

As he later crossed the first week of school off his calendar, with a mixed feeling of triumph and anxiety, he tried to wrap his head around what had just happened. Trying to get back at Amber, he had somehow ended up making his mom's dream of having a cheerleader daughter come true! Didn't she understand that he was only doing this for the year, and then he had every intention of going back to being a boy? She couldn't be fooling herself that badly... could she?



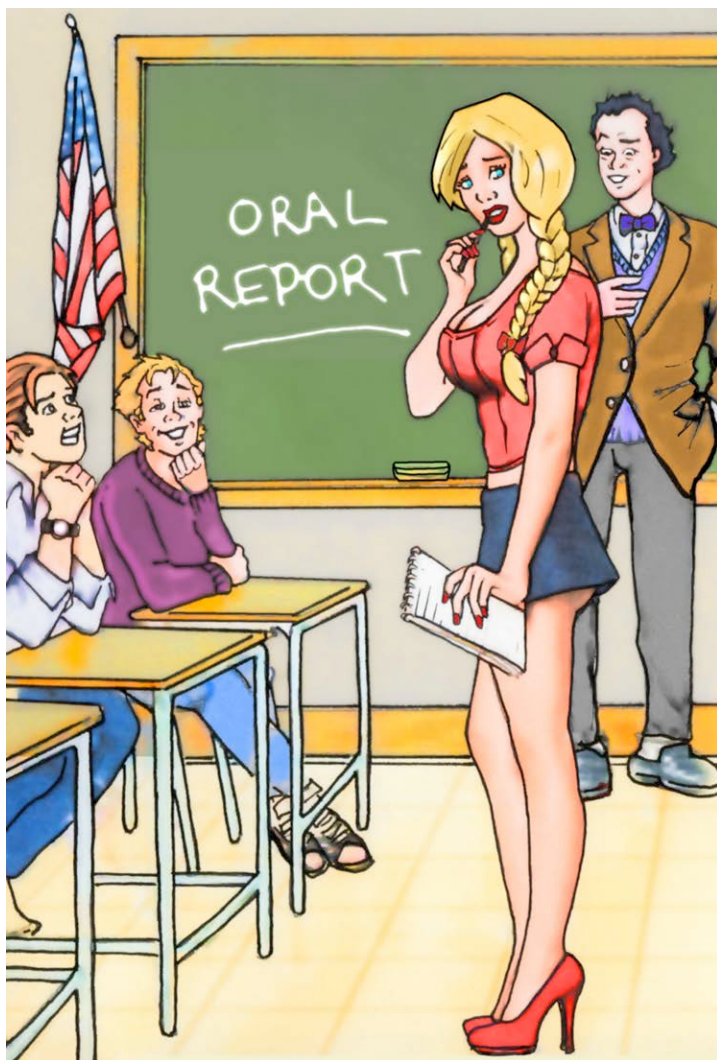
Over the next few weeks, despite his best efforts, Carl gradually adjusted to the life of a pretty young co-ed. Cheerleading practices were quite regular, and although Amber did her best to make life difficult for Carl, the coach and the other girls on the squad all seemed to have taken a shine to him, realizing he wasn't nearly as stuck-up as most beautiful girls, though they all did consider 'Candi' to be a bit of a floozy. As Carl crossed off September and turned to October, he had to learn all of the cheers and several choreographed dances that mainly seemed to involve shaking his hips and drawing attention to his bust, all the while giving the crowd a sexy smile. To his embarrassment, he learned the new dance steps very quickly and gracefully – after four inch stilettos, everything else seemed easy.

OCTOBER

Because he was now a member of the cheerleading squad, Carl found he was constantly surrounded by the most beautiful and popular girls in the school, but dressed as he was, he wasn't in any position to take advantage of it. Instead, he had to engage in gossip and discuss music, celebrities and fashion with them constantly. It was getting very hard to think of himself as a guy at all, in fact, when his daily routine included makeup, flirty outfits, fashion classes, girlish gossip, and cheerleading practice!

His aunt and mother were both thrilled with how Carl was finally "accepting" his enforced femininity. His sullenness and defiance were bit by bit being removed. Aunt Kat could tell that he still didn't like his circumstances – what guy would? – but at least he had given in to them. The whole matter of boys still terrified him, however. Since being in school, he'd had guys asking him for dates, flirting with him, and stealing sly touches almost non-stop.

"I know why you're so nervous



about going out with a boy," Miranda said one day, as they were freshening their makeup in the washroom. "But you really don't have anything to worry about, Candi, so long as you don't let him get too frisky. You're scared he might put his hand up your skirt, right? Because you still have your little thingy?"

"I don't want to go out with a boy because I *don't like boys*," Carl said staunchly, blushing as he reapplied his lip gloss. "I keep trying to tell you that!"

"Really? You expect me to believe that after the way I've seen you flirting with every guy you meet?" Miranda giggled. "You're always bending over to show off your boobs, playing with your hair, fluttering your eyelashes..."

"Not on purpose!" Carl protested. "Those are just things girls do! Aren't they?"

"Girls who want to get a guy drooling," Miranda smiled. "Oh, Candi. You're such a bimbo sometimes." Carl blushed furiously. "You shouldn't be scared to go out on dates," she continued. "After all, there are plenty of ways to please your man!" Carl swallowed, remembering the feel of his lips wrapped around Jason's manhood. He had hated every second of it! But, at the same time, he couldn't deny that he had loved the way Jason's hands had felt on his sensitive breasts...

"I really don't want to," Carl said tremulously. "It's not my fault they keep asking me!"

"Candi, I hate to say this, but people are going to start thinking you're weird or frigid, if you don't start dating," Miranda sighed. "Or worse, they might start wondering about other things, like how shy you are in the locker rooms while changing, or how sometimes you stare at a girl's boobs a little too long, or how you clearly have no idea how to deal with the attentions of cute, interested boys. For your own good, you need to get yourself a boyfriend, girly!"

"You mean they might figure out that I'm..." Carl trailed off, terrified of even the possibility.

"Well, I was going to say they might think you're a lesbian," Miranda said casually, doing her mascara. "But that's also a possibility, if things go really really wrong! You don't want people getting suspicious, do you? Either way, it's high time you started going on a few dates. Right now I've managed to convince everybody you're just pining after Tom, who's taken, but that can't last forever. Want me to set you up with somebody?"

"I don't like *boys*!" Carl protested, for what seemed like the millionth time.

"Mmhhh, I'm sure," Miranda said, rolling her eyes. "Candi, everybody saw that lovely little video of you swooning in Jason's big strong arms backstage after the pageant. You looked like you were in heaven, girly. And think about this: if you have a steady boyfriend, all the other guys will have to stop hitting on you. Wouldn't you like that? So, as long as you keep your beau happy, you wouldn't have to worry about being groped in the halls or cornered for dates or

things like that. See the advantage?" Carl was far too worried by the prospect of keeping a guy 'happy' to see any advantage whatsoever. But if people were going to start getting suspicious about him... If they started asking questions, like why he was so fuzzy on his girlhood experiences, and why he never talked about his period...

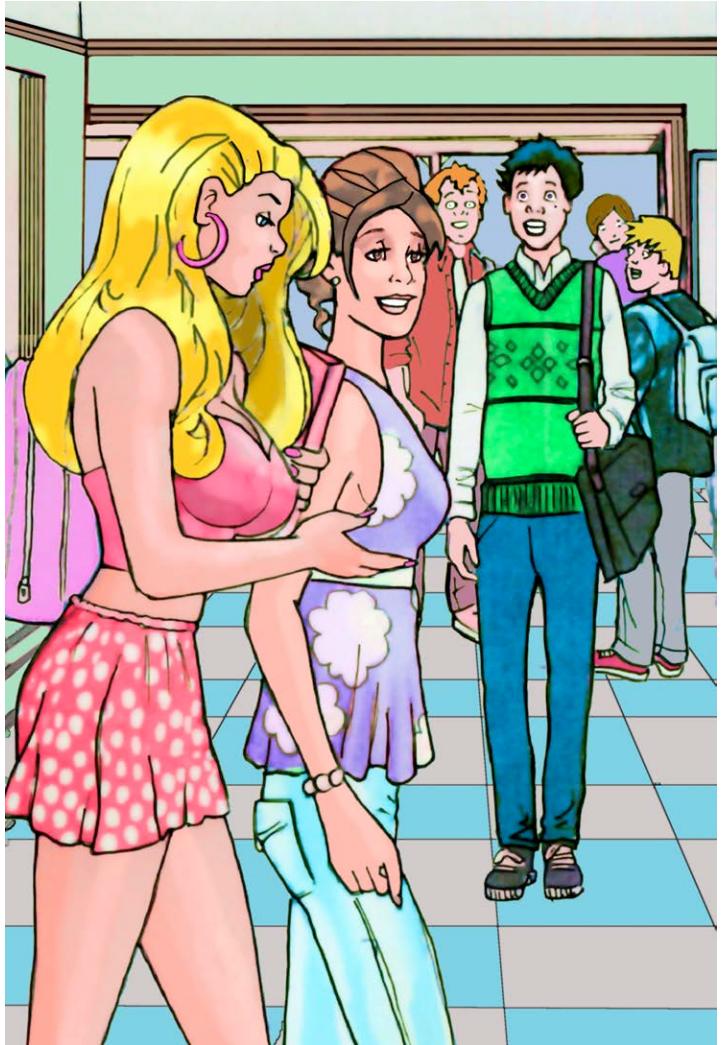
"I just really wish you would stop with this whole denial thing," Miranda sighed. "It's been going on long enough that it's just ridiculous. I've put up with it for a long time, but it's really starting to irritate me. I'm sure you've shared your real feelings with your mom and aunt about wanting to be a girl, so why do you constantly have to annoy me with your silly pretend stories about going back to being a boy? I get that you're embarrassed to tell me that, I suppose because we used to date, but I'm perfectly ready to accept you as a girl, Candi.

You need to do the same!" Carl put

away his lip gloss, mouth set in a cute pink frown.

It was no use trying to persuade Miranda, and he was beginning to sound like a broken record. Why didn't anyone believe that he really wanted to go back to being a guy, and that he was only dressing and comporting himself as a girl because the alternative was being revealed as some kind of pervert and ruining his life?

"So, can I set you up with someone or not?" Miranda asked pointedly. Carl sighed nervously.



Now, unless he wanted to lose Miranda's help, he was going to have to give in a little. "Oh... Oh, okay," he squeaked. "Just please, someone nice, okay? I mean, someone who will be a gentleman." Carl immediately blushed, realizing he had just agreed to doll himself up to be yet another guy's pretty, feminine date. Gentleman or no, that meant he would soon enough be kissing a boy again, which he had sworn never to do again.

"Well, obviously I'll look for someone handsome and ripped first," Miranda giggled. "But I'm sure I can find someone who knows how to treat a lady like a lady...even if she doesn't dress like one." Carl blushed even brighter, adjusting his top.

"It's not *that* low-cut," he protested.

"Keep telling yourself that, girly," Miranda smiled. "The principal's eyes nearly fell out of his head when he saw you today. Poor guy."

Poor guy? Carl thought. What about *me*? He sighed, snapping his purse shut.

"Of course, maybe you can find someone on your own this weekend," Miranda said casually, putting away her mascara.

"This weekend?" Carl frowned. "Why?"

"Well, Amber is throwing a really big Halloween party on Saturday," Miranda said. "Do you have a costume yet?"

"No," Carl said, shouldering his purse. "And I don't really like costume parties..." He had completely forgotten about Halloween. Had it really been two months of girlhood already? He wasn't sure whether to be happy about the month he could soon cross off his calendar, or disturbed by how quickly he had adjusted to life as a busty blonde cheerleader!

"Girly, everyone who's anyone is going to be there," Miranda said.

"Are you sure I'm invited?" Carl blushed. "Amber hates me!"

"Candi, she can't *not* invite you," Miranda said, rolling her eyes. "We're all cheerleaders. Now, as for a costume..." She had a twinkle in her eye, and Carl could tell that she would be content with nothing less than something completely sexy and revealing.

"Please don't make me wear anything too slutty," he sighed, resigned to his feminine fate. It was just no use arguing with Miranda once she had an idea in her head – it had been the same way years ago when he had been her boyfriend!

"Candi, Halloween is the one time of year where you can dress like a complete slut, and nobody will be able to say anything," Miranda giggled. "I'm going to make sure you look really sexy in your skimpy little outfit and have your pick of cute guys."

"Can't I go as something traditional?" Carl asked, blushing. "Like a ghost?"

“And hide that killer figure?” Miranda clucked her tongue. Carl sighed. It was the same talk he’d gotten from his aunt months ago.

“Sweetie, all that dieting and your little hormone pills and Dr. Nevsky’s beautiful work all go to waste if you don’t flaunt your body, most girls would kill to look as good as you!” She had said. He’d tried to tell her that wasn’t much comfort, as he was a boy, but it didn’t stop her from filling up his closet with short skirts and low-cut tops.

“So long as you’re wearing the same costume,” Carl said anxiously.

“Sounds like a deal, girly,” Miranda smiled. She linked arms with him as they sashayed out of the washroom to go to English class.

From the Casebook of Harold Pennyworth, P.I.

Notes on Case #241-B: The Whereabouts of Carl Hutchens.

Oct. 28: Progress on the case is slow, but I haven't just been soaking up the rays down here. After the initial scoping out at the restaurant, I went into full-on Pennyworth surveillance mode, watching every movement in and out of Katherine Wethers' house. As I'd assumed, it appeared Mr. Hutchens' ex-wife was now living with her sister for the time being. The only problem? Carl was nowhere to be found.

It just doesn't make any sense, to my experience. According to Mr. Hutchens, he'd seen his son down here in Florida just days before I arrived. So, where was he? And as for blondie, I was only making minimal headway in that department, too. She was living with them, alright, but I couldn't for the life of me figure out the familial connection. Her full name, which I'd discovered thanks to some snooping in the local high school's records, was Candi Wethers, so she must be related. She definitely looked a bit like the former Mrs. Hutchens, but maybe that was just the blonde hair. Either way, I have a gut feeling this girl is the key. She's the only part of the story I can't piece together. If I could talk to this Candi chick, I'm sure I could get her to tell me the whereabouts of Carl, no doubt her cousin or something along those lines.

At the risk of appearing to be some kind of perv, this meant doing some background research on blondie's habits, friends, routines, et cetera. Her modus operandi. And if that meant watching her cheerleading at a few high school basketball games, so be it. I'll be honest, Candi's the kind of girl I would have killed to take for a spin on the mattress when I was in high school. My school had a few hot pieces of skirt, but nothing like that, I tell you. She's a cheerleader – go figure – and the kind of girl who really knew how to turn heads, always swishing around in these tight little skirts and screw-me heels, not to mention tops that always managed to show off those gorgeous tits of hers. No wonder she's popular with the guys, and the girls didn't seem to mind her too much. That was, except for one particularly jealous type.

As I observe her daily routine, however, some things have started to stand out. For one, it's clear that she's adjusting to a new school, meaning she's new to town. For another, despite the way she's dressed, I get the feeling she's more than a little uncomfortable being hit on constantly by boys. Maybe she's only recently filled out? And finally, when I searched for 'Candi Wethers' on the internet, all I found was her cheerleading photo, and a few stories about being named Miss Boardwalk Beauty in the summer. Anything earlier than that, it was as if she didn't exist.

If this were a case, about the girl, I'd say that there's reason to believe that this 'Candi' is a disguise of some sort. It bears paying closer attention to, but who knows how that could possibly relate to the whereabouts of Carl. I don't want

to get too far afield from my case. I've spent too much time on this already, so I'm going to get to the bottom of this before Christmas.

On Halloween, Miranda came over with a shopping bag and a very mischievous smile. Carl had nearly forgotten about Amber's big costume party, but he remembered in a hurry when Miranda pulled out what he was going to be wearing for the night. He held it up nervously, but wriggled his way into it without complaining. Miranda chattered happily as she slipped into her own outfit and got herself ready, showing absolutely no hesitancy to strut around in front of Carl in her lingerie. Once he would have hoped it was due to her attraction to him, but now he knew full well it was because she thought of him only as Candi, a fellow cheerleader and friend.

"I thought you said we would be wearing the same costume!" was all Carl could say when he was finally dressed. He turned this way and that in front of the mirror, glossy pink lips set in a nervous pout as he adjusted his outfit. The skimpy white nurse costume Miranda had picked out for him clung to his feminine hips and delicate waist, just the perfect size for a guy to put his hands around, and it had a deep-plunging neckline that exposed plenty of cleavage and made his boobs look incredibly tempting. The hem was indecently short, meaning the matching white nylons and garters made his willowy legs look marvelously sexy in their teetering five inch heels. Miranda had done his makeup to perfection, with smoky eyeliner and a pale lip gloss that made his mouth look wet and inviting, while the little white starched cap pinned into his perfectly coiffed blonde hair was set at a cute angle.

"They're practically the same," Miranda pointed out. "The store only had two nurse costumes left, and, well, I guess yours is a smaller size! Don't worry, you look adorable." Carl blushed. Miranda was wearing a far-less low-cut version of the same costume, and her heels couldn't have been more than three inches tall. She leaned forward and gave Carl's hair a final few brushes. "You're definitely going to break some hearts, tonight, girly," she said, stepping back with a satisfied smile. Carl couldn't argue with his ex-girlfriend on that point. What he was wearing was enough to drive any red-blooded guy wild – or rather, what he wasn't wearing!

"But it's so revealing," Carl whined, trying in vain to tug down the high hem of his dress to cover his garters.

"That's the point, Candi," Miranda sighed. "Blondes. Come on, let's get going." She grabbed her purse and Carl did the same, mincing reluctantly down the stairs. His mom and aunt were heading off to their own Halloween party – he knew for a fact that his mom was dating again, and since she was wearing a 'lusty wench' costume, he could only assume her new boyfriend was a pirate – but they both came to say goodbye.

"Have fun, sweetie," Aunt Kat beamed, adjusting the devil's horns in her hair.

"But be careful," his mom added. "With a costume like that, well... Boys' minds are only going to be on one thing, dear. Take care of yourself, and respect yourself, okay, dear?"

"Yes, mom," Carl said, blushing.

"Have fun at your party!" Miranda chirped. "I know we will! Come on, Candi, Sarah and her boyfriend are picking us up."

Carl followed her out the door like a man going to the guillotine, heels clicking seductively with each step. Miranda had really enjoyed transforming her formerly-macho boyfriend into a sultry vision of full-on femininity. She could hardly believe that the blonde bombshell mincing along beside her in narrow five-inch heels and sexy lingerie had once been a boy – never mind one she had dated – squeezed into a very sexy nurse costume. It was painfully constricting around his small waist, helping push his boobs to prominence. The cool evening air was already tingling on his nipples, which was the very last thing he needed with his feminine assets proudly pushed out. He was displaying cleavage that every boy he encountered would be drooling over. Heck, Carl once would have done the same. Now, unfortunately, that right was reserved for other boys!

And once those boys were done ogling his perky chest and slender curves, they had a perfect view of his nyloned legs. The costume was



so short that it practically flashed his lacy white panties with every high-heeled step, making him feel almost naked, and his garters pulled tautly against his firm, rounded buttocks. To cap it all off, the five-inch red stilettos Miranda had found for him were totally impractical, but she assured him he wouldn't be doing very much walking at the party, seeing as it would be packed to the walls. Miranda had to admit that she got a sneaky thrill out of turning her ex-boyfriend into a cute little sex object for the evening and seeing him being hit on by guys...it was just so much fun!

Sarah's boyfriend couldn't seem to keep his eyes off the rearview mirror as they drove, and Carl's nylon-clad legs and prominent cleavage nearly caused him to miss a stop sign or two. When they arrived at Amber's massive house, Carl gracefully slid out of the car, doing his best not to flash his panties to the world, and then followed his friends inside, where loud music was already thumping.

"Amber's parents let her have parties like this?" Carl asked in Miranda's ear.

"They've just divorced, so her dad lets her do whatever she likes," Miranda said back. "Great, huh?" For a moment, Carl felt some sympathy for Amber, but that was quickly to evaporate. She was there in a sexy cat costume, with Tom's arm around her. She refused to say hello to Carl, though her eyes did rove disapprovingly over 'Candi's' completely slutty costume.

In contrast, the other cheerleaders all squealed when they saw him and told him how cute he looked. He forced a smile onto his face and exchanged air kisses with them, realizing that although most of them were dressed in provocative costumes, his was definitely the sluttiest of the whole bunch! He adjusted the little cap pinned into his mussed up bleached blonde hair, and nervously adjusted his sheer white nylons.

"Someone wants to find a stud for the night," one of Miranda's friends giggled. "Amber's parents' bedroom is open and available..."

"Does this mean you're giving up on Tom?" Sarah asked quizzically. "Or are you going to try to steal him? Because that's the outfit to do it in, girlfriend." Carl's glossy pink mouth fell open innocently. She thought he had dressed up like this to attract Tom?

"I just thought it was a cute costume," Carl said, blushing. He nervously touched his blonde hair. He had fluffed it out and used plenty of hairspray to give it volume. As per Miranda's instructions, he had also used dark, dramatic eye makeup and a sparkling pink lip gloss to draw attention to his pouty lips. He was absolutely gorgeous, and there were drunk teenage guys all over the place – he realized that there was only one way he was going to get through this stressful situation!

"Here, drink up," Miranda said, reading his mind. "It'll help you loosen up a little. I'm not going to have you acting all shy when this party is full of cute

guys!" She handed him a cup full of what he assumed was orange juice with vodka. He stared at the drink, then gulped it all down in one go.

"Okay," Carl sighed, wiping his mouth, careful not to smear his lip gloss. "Just stay with me, okay? Please?"

"Of course," Miranda said, pouring a drink of her own and another for Carl. "Just so long as you agree to relax and have fun, girly!" The other cheerleaders all insisted on doing shots, remarking on how hung-over they would be for tomorrow's fundraiser, and then, before Carl knew it, he was being dragged into the living room, where the rug had been rolled away and someone's iPod was providing dance music. There was even a cheap strobe light flashing.

"I don't know how to dance," Carl started to whine, as Miranda tugged him along by the wrist, but then realized that he did. He knew all the choreographed dance routines for the cheerleading squad and he was just fine at those, and he knew how to strut his stuff in high heels. He watched what the other girls were doing and, reluctantly, started to mimic them, rotating his hips and shaking his bottom seductively, running his hands up over his feminine curves and into his hair, unaware of just what a sexy picture he made with his barely-there costume and gorgeous body.

"Work it," Miranda giggled. "Come over here, sexy." She put her hands on Carl's hips and started to grind up against him, wiggling her bum as she slid up and down his swaying body. Carl blushed furiously as all the guys drooled at the provocative sight. He once would have loved to be dirty-dancing with a hot chick like Miranda, but now he knew it was strictly for the purposes of turning on all the guys! Realizing he was meant to return the favor, Carl wriggled his hips, gyrating sexily to the music, and even shook his boobs a little. That was about all the boys could stand, and almost instantly Carl had a new dance partner, a handsome guy from the football team who he vaguely recognized. Miranda, for her part, had been snapped up almost as fast by a different guy.

Carl gave her a pleading look, but she was far too busy dancing to notice. Carl reluctantly allowed his new partner to slide his strong arms around his delicate waist and begin grinding against him. The boy's hot breath tickled his neck, smelling of beer, and his hands were instantly on the move to creep down and grope Carl's firm buttocks! Carl gave a squeal of protest, but nobody could hear him over the pounding music, and the boy only tightened his grip! Humiliated, Carl continued to dance, afraid to make a scene, as the boy alternated between squeezing the firm cheeks of his butt and grinding his hips against him.

He had never been so relieved for the ending of a song, and immediately slunk away before another eager guy could get their paws on him. Carl minced back into the kitchen and found another drink, gulping it down eagerly. He had used to drink and party all the time with his buddies, but he hadn't had a single drop of alcohol in his system since before summer, and he had also lost a significant amount of muscle mass thanks to hormones and dieting. Between

those two factors, he was definitely more of a lightweight than he thought. It didn't help matters that Miranda had disappeared, and boys kept plying him with drinks. Before long he was hopelessly tipsy, stumbling around on his stilettos and unable to do more than giggle when one of his fellow cheerleaders asked how much he had drank.

As he became more and more intoxicated he gradually gave in to the demands of the various guys begging to dance with him, and he let himself be led out into the middle of the room by an assortment of horny young men who very much enjoyed grinding up against him. He was unaware that most of them had been dying for such a chance ever since school started, or even earlier, since watching him win Miss Boardwalk Beauty, and he was also unaware that a lot of the cheerleaders were growing a little jealous over all the attention he was getting with his slutty outfit and flirtatious dancing. It wasn't just Amber glaring as the boys all tripped over themselves to get 'Candi' yet another drink!

Carl was too drunk to fend off the pawing hands of his dance partners, and could only smile helplessly as they whispered sweet nothings in his ear and pinched his bottom. He gradually became accustomed to the sensation of male hands around his waist, and swaying to the music, and resigned himself to the eager attentions of the drunken boys, who wanted nothing better than to hold and caress the sexy, feminine creature who was wearing such a tempting costume. He even laid his head on his latest partner's chest for a sappy slow song, letting his boobs push up against the boy's flat, muscular pecs, making his nipples tingle.

He finally managed to beg his way off the dance-floor, pleading that he needed to use the bathroom, and he teetered up the stairs on his stilettos, nearly breaking his neck at least twice. As soon as he was inside, he locked the door behind him and pulled down his panties, trying his best not to break a garter or run a nylon in his intoxicated state. Then he pulled down his gaff, as well. He plopped down on the toilet to pee like a girl. The new gaff his aunt had given him was cut for 'minimal discomfort,' meaning it left his bum hole unobstructed, but that certainly didn't make keeping his balls and manhood tucked up away all day comfortable! It even seemed sort of funny, in a way, as he wondered just how shocked his many dance partners would be if they were to show up in the bathroom and see 'Candi' peeing while standing up! He giggled slightly at the thought, and as he put his gaff back on, followed by his panties, and readjusted the seams of his nylons, he decided that he would like to get one more drink.

Carl minced over and looked at his appearance in the mirror. He immediately started fixing his hair and redoing his lip-gloss before he realized what he was doing and stopped. It was perfectly instinctive for him to touch up his makeup, fix his hair, and look pretty. *Even while drinking.* Was his mother really right?

Had he always been meant to be a girl? The thought suddenly made him feel like crying.

He looked at his reflection in the mirror, trying to find some trace of manliness, but it had completely been erased. He was one-hundred percent Candi, from his bleached blonde hair to sexy high heels. Sniffing, he pulled up his costume and adjusted his cleavage. His pouty face, with its soft sensual glittery lips and dark, smoky eyes, was undeniably gorgeous. He knew he would definitely want to date a girl who looked as he did. His bleached blonde hair, tumbling down to his shoulders, was perfect, and the little white cap set at a jaunty angle only made him look cuter. His graceful neck, slender shoulders, and pronounced breasts were equally alluring in the tight-fitting costume. Most girls would kill for a figure like his, particularly his long, shapely legs in their sheer nylons and his perfect D-cup breasts. Maybe he wasn't supposed to be a jock and a boy, like Tom or Jason – or even his old friend Brad from back home. Maybe he was really supposed to be a cute, sexy, feminine cheerleader who dated boys.

"Don't be silly," Carl told himself. "You're just drunk, Candi." He giggled, adjusting his cleavage in the mirror. He opened the door and stumbled out, right into the arms of none other than Joe, dressed in a doctor's coat.

"Well, hey there," Joe said suavely, catching him before he could fall. "I was just saying I needed a nurse."

"Oh, we match!" Carl pointed out, giggling vacantly. "That's so funny!"

"You look like you could use another drink," Joe suggested, grinning. "Come on, I'll grab you one."

"Thanks," Carl said, relieved that Joe wasn't being annoying like the other cheerleaders and telling him he'd had more than enough. "Um, can you help me walk? I'm not, like, drunk, it's just these stupid heels, I hate them so much..."

"Of course," Joe said gallantly, offering his arm. Carl reluctantly took it, observing how small and dainty his manicured nails looked on Joe's muscular forearm. Joe helped him slowly down most of the stairs, pausing to let Carl adjust his costume every few moments, then picked him up and carried him the last few. Carl gave a little squeal of surprise as Joe lifted him as easily as a feather, and was blushing furiously by the time he set him down at the bottom.

"Don't do that!" Carl scolded. "I don't want to get a run in these nylons!"

"Sorry," Joe grinned, smoothly wrapping his arm around Carl's tiny waist once more. He found them a few bottles of beer in the kitchen, and then he was steering Carl down the stairs, into the basement, where a few teens were still playing drinking games. Joe claimed 'Candi' for his teammate, and Carl squealed excitedly whenever he managed to win a hand, bouncing up and

down and inadvertently giving the opposition quite a show as his breasts jiggled enticingly.

"Where's Miranda?" Carl asked, as the game ended. "We were supposed to stick together..."

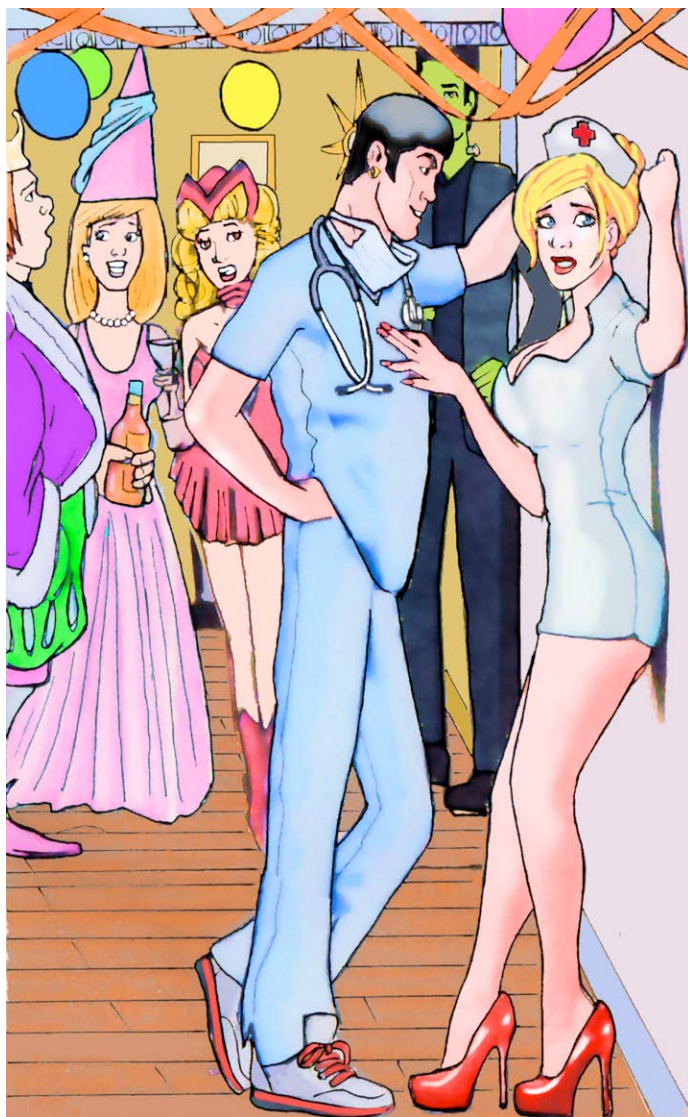
"She told me to tell you she's busy with Ben," Joe laughed. "Let's get you off those heels, gorgeous. Look, there's a couch over here." Joe put both hands around Carl, who tried to pull away, but any strength he had once had in his slim arms had been moisturized right out of him – the booze in his system probably didn't help either! He reluctantly let Joe steer him over to the couch.

"You look so sexy tonight," Joe whispered in his ear. His breath was hot and it tickled Carl's slender

neck. He

wanted to get away from him, but his head was all muddled and he knew he didn't want to make a scene by storming off, so he let Joe pull him down into his lap. He was horrified to recognize what the hard lump was pressing up between his pantied cheeks. Joe was being turned on by his sexy, feminine appearance! Worse yet, whichever way he wriggled, he only ended up rubbing his buttocks up against another guy's hard-on.

"I want to find Miranda," Carl said nervously, trying to pull away again. Joe easily caught his slim wrist.



"She's busy," Joe teased. "Now, how about I hold those for you?" Before Carl could protest, Joe's hands were massaging his breasts. Carl gasped as his fingers kneaded his nipples simultaneously.

"Joe, please, stop!" he squeaked.

"Come on, Candi, don't you want to play doctor?" Joe grinned. He spun Carl so he was straddling the taller boy, feeling Joe's manhood pushing up against him, where his own manhood, carefully tucked away up under his panties, was powerless to respond. He had never felt so helpless and feminine as Joe played with his breasts and began kissing his neck.

"Joe, I don't want to..." Carl began, but he was cut off by a deep, probing kiss on the mouth.

"That's not what I was told," Joe chuckled. "So you found out I was going as a doctor and looked everywhere for the last sexy nurse costume in stock? I was pretty impressed when I heard that..."

"I didn't... I know..." Carl's head was spinning, both from the alcohol and from the sensation of Joe's experienced hands roaming his body.

"How about we take this up to the bedroom?" Joe asked huskily. "God, you're so sexy." Carl opened his mouth to tell Joe to let go of him, but he was cut short with another kiss. His stomach was revolted as Joe's tongue slid between his glossy lips and into his mouth. Joe kissed him even more deeply and Carl found himself swooning, unable to get away.

"You're so hot tonight," Joe muttered to him, hands were roaming up Carl's nyloned legs. Carl shivered as they worked up his thighs. Any second now he would be under his skirt, and even drunk Carl knew that would be disastrous! Terrified, Carl did the only thing he could think of to prevent it, flinging his arms around Joe and kissing him hard on the mouth.

"Wow," Joe said, when they broke away. "That was one hot kiss. I can tell you've been wanting to do that for quite some time." With a grin, he yanked Carl's dress up, exposing his lacy white panties, and pushed him down onto the couch. Carl looked around desperately, but everyone else had left the basement long ago, him being too intoxicated to notice. Where was Miranda? Joe pinned his hapless victim against the couch and started nibbling at his ear. Carl turned his head, but Joe only took it as indication that he wanted a hickey! Carl looked desperately around for an escape route. He was stuck on a couch with a horny guy biting his neck!

"Stop!" Carl squealed. "Joe, I don't want to! Joe, please stop!"

"You kidding me?" Joe breathed. "You're such a little tease, Candi. I know you want it, so don't lie to me." Carl whimpered at the sound of Joe's zipper coming undone, and then suddenly Joe was off the couch, spun around by none other than Tom.

"What the hell are you doing?" Tom snapped. "She said she doesn't want to, Joe!"

"Stay out of this," Joe said. "She's been begging for it all night. What, you upset someone else is getting to do her first? She's a stupid little slut and she's probably been with a hundred guys already, I don't see what the big deal is..." He didn't manage to get any more words out, because Tom's fist connected solidly with his jaw! Joe fell over backwards and Carl could only stare in shock as Tom gently helped him up off the couch.

"Are you okay?" he asked concernedly.

"I, I think so," Carl sniffed. "Thank you! If you hadn't... I don't know what..." Carl began to sob gently, and Tom, to his chagrin, put a comforting arm around his slender shoulders. He led him back upstairs to where Miranda was waiting, somewhat drunk herself but still in better condition than Carl.

"Oh, my gosh, Candi!" she exclaimed. "You're super wasted, girly. Come on, let's get you fixed up..." Carl looked up blearily and nodded his pretty blonde head. As Miranda called a cab to take them both home, and helped Carl repair the damage Joe had done to his lip gloss, hair, and costume, Carl couldn't help but think he was going to have one hell of a headache in the morning... Who knew wine coolers could pack such a punch?



Just as he had predicted, Carl woke up on Sunday morning with a throbbing headache. When he rolled over and saw that he was in Miranda's bed with her, he wondered for a confused moment if they had gotten back together... and then he remembered that he was Candi, now, not Carl.

"Hey there, sleeping beauty," Miranda yawned. "How are you feeling?"

"Awful," Carl whimpered. "What on Earth happened last night?" Miranda straightened up.

"You don't remember anything?" she demanded.

"No?" Carl moaned. "Should I?"

"Oh my gosh, you were even drunker than I thought," Miranda said, shaking her head. She proceeded to tell Carl the whole story, how they had gone to Amber's house party and Carl, after one too many drinks, had ended up alone in the basement with Joe, playing doctor. Carl's pretty pink mouth fell open in horror.

"Oh, my gosh!" he exclaimed. "What if he had tried to, to finger me? What if he had found my gaff?"

"You were lucky Tom showed up," Miranda said. "He told Joe to buzz off, and ended up having to punch him out! Then I got you all fixed up and called your

mom to let you know you'd be spending the night with me. Tom insisted on driving us home – I don't think Amber cared, she was passed out from drinking by that point – and I'm pretty sure you gave him a nice long goodnight kiss as a thank-you."

"I didn't!" Carl squeaked, blushing furiously.

"Well, okay, he was the one doing the kissing," Miranda laughed. "But you didn't seem to mind very much, girly! He made me promise not to tell Amber a word of it."

"I knew I shouldn't have agreed to wear that silly costume," Carl moaned. "Clearly my mom was right about it..."

"You looked smoking hot, and nothing bad really happened, so why worry about it?" Miranda pointed out. "Especially when it's almost noon and we have to get going. Our squad is doing the carwash today, remember? The big fundraiser?"

"That's today?" Carl moaned. "I completely forgot!"

"And you keep telling me you're not a bimbo," Miranda giggled. "Okay, should we save time by hopping in the shower together?" Carl looked up with a shocked expression, half-hopeful, half-embarrassed. "I'm joking," Miranda smiled. "Go ahead, you can have first."

"Thanks," Carl sighed, blushing. He went to the washroom on nyloned feet, seeing his discarded heels on the way, and then stripped down and took a nice warm shower, shampooing his long blonde hair. To his embarrassment, he could see small red marks around his nipples where Joe had clearly been enjoying himself last night. Carl shuddered to think of just how badly things could have gone if Tom hadn't intervened! He would have to be far more careful in the future around booze, that was for certain. As he wrapped one towel around his hair and another underneath his armpits, he heard Miranda knocking on the door.

"Hurry up, girly!" she called.

"Coming!" Carl called. He hurried out of the bathroom to find Miranda had laid out clothes for him on the bed.

"I know you don't like wearing shorts, so I found this cute little denim mini for you," Miranda smiled. "I would wear it more often if I had legs like yours!"

"I like shorts," Carl protested weakly as she foisted the feminine garment on him.

"I never see you wearing them," Miranda laughed. "And here's a bikini to wear underneath. Be careful! My boobs aren't as big as yours and the top might be a little, well, precarious." Blushing, Carl took the little pink string bikini and quickly changed, allowing Miranda to help tie the straps behind his back. He was just wriggling into the little denim miniskirt when Miranda's phone rang.

"Hello?" she asked.

"Hi, Miranda, are you with Candi?" came their cheerleading coach's voice. "You two are supposed to be here already!"

"Sorry, coach, we're running a little late," Miranda said, rolling her eyes. "You know how Candi primps and preens."

"Can you make sure she wears something white?" the coach asked. "Things are a little slow right now, but the weather's perfect and I want this to be a big success."

"I'll tell her," Miranda giggled. "See you soon!"

"Why do I have to wear something white?" Carl asked confusedly as Miranda hung up. His ex-girlfriend shook her head and smiled.

"Why do you think?" she asked. "Face it, girly, with a rack like that, you're going to be the main attraction! Here, how about this one..." She found an old white T-shirt and Carl slipped it over his head, still blushing at the realization his new boobs were going to be making money for his cheerleading squad. Miranda then bunched up the bottom and tied it into a cute little bow just underneath his breasts, leaving his entire tanned, toned midriff bare for anyone who wanted to look. Carl stared miserably at his reflection. Dressed like this, he was sure to attract plenty of carloads full of horny guys who would be all too happy to see him get soaked!

"Do your hair and makeup while I shower really quick," Miranda instructed. "Then my mom will drive us over, okay?"

"Okay," Carl sighed. "Should I use water-proof mascara?"

"Good thinking, girly," Miranda smiled. "At least you're not a ditz when it comes to your makeup."

"Shut up!" Carl squealed, throwing a pillow at her. Miranda giggled, and dodged it handily on her way into the bathroom.



The carwash fundraiser was just getting underway when Carl and Miranda arrived, with a whole gaggle of pretty girls in bikini tops, short shorts, and wet T-shirts prancing around with sponges and buckets. Once Carl would have thought he was in paradise, but now he was expected to join them! The school parking lot had been festooned with a big "carwash" sign, and the cheerleading coach waved them over as Carl and Miranda approached. Amber was already there, primping in her bikini and putting the finishing touches on a cardboard sign.

"Finally!" the coach exclaimed. "Had a little too much fun last night, did we?" Carl blushed furiously, wondering what exactly Amber had 'innocently' let slip to her.

"Sorry, coach," he said tremulously. The cheerleading coach broke out into a smile.

"Don't worry, Candi, I had my fair share of nights like that when I was your age!" she laughed. "Just don't go sharing that around. Now, I was thinking we'll have two separate lines coming into the parking lot, to be most efficient, but we need two girls to go hold the signs and get this thing rolling. How about my two top candidates for head cheerleader? Amber, you and Candi can have a friendly little competition to see who can get the most cars." From the sour expression on her face, Amber obviously couldn't believe what she was hearing – she had been on the cheerleading squad since freshmen year, and now she was competing for head cheerleader with a busty blonde bimbo who had only just shown up!

"I love friendly competition!" Amber said sweetly, with her cold glare making it clear it would be anything but. "Are you up for it, Candi? Or are you maybe a little bit too sore?" She leaned in close, so the coach wouldn't hear her, for the last jab. "That Joe is just insatiable..." Blushing furiously, Carl reluctantly took the other sign.

"Great!" the coach exclaimed, clapping her hands together happily. "Now, the rest of you just get ready for the cars to start rolling in." With a nervous look towards Miranda, Carl minced after Amber towards the parking lot entrance, heels clopping noisily on the tarmac. Miranda's bikini top was too small for him, and his boobs bounced dangerously with each high-heeled step, threatening to pop out underneath his little white T-shirt. That was the last thing he needed, especially when Amber already had so much fuel for her rumor fire...

"So," Amber said, tossing her hair. "How was he, Candi? Is he as big as he brags? I was so embarrassed to see my dad sitting on that couch this morning, but I just couldn't bring myself to tell him about the stains..."

"I didn't have sex with Joe," Carl protested tremulously, blushing bright pink.

"Why not?" Amber asked. "You were certainly begging for it with that trampy costume of yours. Did you decide you wanted to suck him off instead?"

"I didn't want to do anything!" Carl exclaimed. "He kept, kept grabbing my boobs and kissing my neck, and he was pulling up my skirt, and he wouldn't listen when I told him to stop..." The memory brought a quiver to Carl's fearful voice. "I wish Tom had punched him even harder!" Carl said miserably.

"What? That's what they were fighting about?" Amber snapped. "Tom told me it was because Joe dumped a beer on his head!"

Carl saw an opportunity. "No, he was like my knight in shining armor!" Carl said with a catty grin. "He was so wonderful to look after me like that!" He

knew that would be a quick jab to the gut for Amber. "I simply don't know what I would have done if it wasn't for Tom!"

Amber glared at him for a moment longer, then hoisted the sign above her head, clearly determined to get more cars than her blonde-haired rival.

"Maybe if you didn't act like a whore, boys wouldn't treat you like one," Amber said primly.

Carl knew what he had said had hurt his rival. With a smile of triumph, he raised the sign over his head and started trying to entice the passing cars.

Amber was really working it, strutting back and forth with the sign raised, tossing her long brunette hair, and playing with the strings of her bikini. Carl, noticing that their coach was watching and not wanting to appear lacking in school spirit, reluctantly began to do the same, wiggling his hips and giving the passers-by a sexy white smile. Between the two of them, they were nearly responsible for at least a dozen minor traffic accidents as guys quickly de-accelerated to check out the two scantily-clad beauties. Carl couldn't tell which lane was attracting more cars, but he knew the parking lot was certainly filling up! About ten minutes later, Miranda skipped up with a bucket and sponge.

"Hi, coach just wanted me to tell you you guys are doing a great job!" she chirped, swinging the bucket. "Oops!" Carl gasped as the cold water splashed all down his shirt, thoroughly soaking the white fabric. "Sorry," Miranda giggled. "Coach's orders! She wants to get as many cars in here as possible."

Carl could only sputter in indignation as Miranda went off to wash another vehicle. His little tied-off top was plastered against his skin now, clearly showing the shape of his breasts and the valley of cleavage created by his tiny bikini top, and to make matters worse, the cold water was definitely hardening his nipples! He hoped it wasn't noticeable as he raised the sign once more, teeth chattering slightly as he tried to give his cutest smile to a passing car. His all but exposed D-cup breasts were like magnets for male attention, and before long every single car was entering his lane to roll by as slowly as possible.

Amber had let her sign drop, looking absolutely furious with the attention 'Candi' was receiving. Carl could only smile and giggle nervously as young men, and not-so-young men, all did their best to flirt with him through the window. Eventually the line was so backed up that the coach called them both back to help wash cars.

Here, Carl found himself even more popular! Whether he was bending over to scrub at a hub-cap, thrusting his firm buttocks into the air and putting his legs on full display, or leaning across a windshield to wipe it down, inadvertently pressing his boobs up against the glass to the arousal of any male occupants, the guys just couldn't seem to take their eyes off him, ogling him like a piece of meat. Carl felt almost sick with embarrassment at the way he was letting himself be treated like a complete sex object, but he did his best to smile

and giggle like the other girls as he scampered back and forth in his straining bikini top and flirty little miniskirt, his soaked shirt long since discarded.

“Ooh, look, the principal showed up to support us,” Miranda pointed out. She was right. Carl turned around and saw Mr. Buller making his way towards the car-wash. Miranda waved, and the middle-aged man waved back, but as he



caught sight of ‘Candi’ in her barely-there bikini top and miniskirt, he stopped dead in his tracks, face going red. Almost immediately, he began to walk quickly in the opposite direction, all but breaking into a run.

“What was that about?” Carl asked, confused. Miranda looked thoughtful.

“Well, there was this one incident with a student a few years back,” she said. “Everyone still talks about it once in a while, it’s a miracle his wife didn’t leave him and that he kept his job. I suppose he doesn’t want to be tempted?”

“But I’m not tempting him!” Carl protested. Miranda just laughed.

“Oh, Candi,” she smiled. “You’re tempting any guy in a five-mile radius at all times. Especially when you’re showing off your boobies like that...”

“H-heh, Candi, how’s it going?” came a nervous voice. Carl glanced over to see the dark-haired boy who was working at Tiffany’s salon. What was his name, Matt? Mark? Whoever he was, he was staring at Carl’s barely-constrained boobs as if he had never seen anything so beautiful in his life.

"Case in point," Miranda giggled. "Hi, Mark. Did you finish that essay for me yet?"

"No, that's what I... uh... why I'm here, uh..." Mark trailed off pitifully, still rendered speechless by 'Candi's' attire as he ran one hand through his longish hair.

"Hey, is that a manicure you have going on?" Miranda asked quizzically. Mark slipped both hands behind his back, but not before Carl saw a tell-tale gleam of pink, and remembered back to the last time she had seen him at the salon, wearing a rather feminine-looking smock and bracelets.

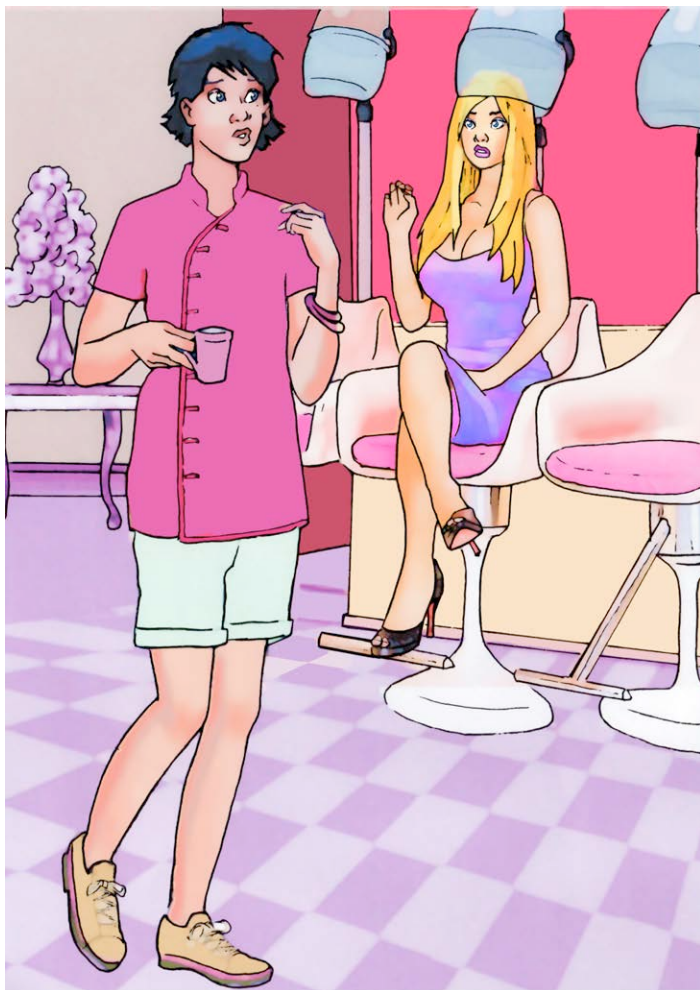
"They said it would dry clear," Mark sighed. "Um, perk of the job. Uh, Candi, I was wondering if..."

"Not now, Mark," Miranda said. "Candi likes big, strong, hunky men, not little girly boys who paint their nails." She gave Carl a wink. "Now come on, I see a really dirty jeep coming in." Mark slinked away dejectedly as she guided Carl over to the next vehicle, a filthy 4x4 in serious need of a wash. As the driver's window rolled down, however, Carl was shocked to see...

"Joe?" he squeaked.

"Hey, gorgeous," the boy said, sporting a black eye but otherwise none the worse for where. "Got it extra dirty just for you!"

"You have a lot of nerve, Joe!" Miranda exclaimed, jumping in as Carl's lower lip



began to tremble. "Candi certainly doesn't want to see you after what you pulled last night, and you're lucky she hasn't gone to the police about it!"

"Whoa, calm down," Joe said, looking suddenly anxious. "Don't get mad at me, sweetheart. Amber's the one who put me up to it."

"W-what?" Carl stammered.

"She told me you were really easy and looking for action last night," Joe explained. "She said you even picked out that nurse costume because you heard I was going as a doctor. Heck, I'm not going to say no to a sexy little piece of ass like that throwing herself at me!"

"That's a lie!" Carl exclaimed. "Oh, I can't believe this! After she keeps calling me a slut, and a whore, and..." Carl trailed off as his slim shoulders began to shake with sobs. Miranda put a comforting arm around him.

"What a terrible, terribly, bitchy thing to do," Miranda said. "Don't worry, Candi, I'm going to make sure everybody hears about this. She had absolutely no right to do that to you."

"So you're not mad at me?" Joe asked. "Want to get going on the car, then?" Carl's only response was to throw his soapy sponge right into Joe's smug face.

"Nice aim, girly," Miranda said as Joe drove away in a rage, spitting out soap. "Did you used to play baseball or something?"

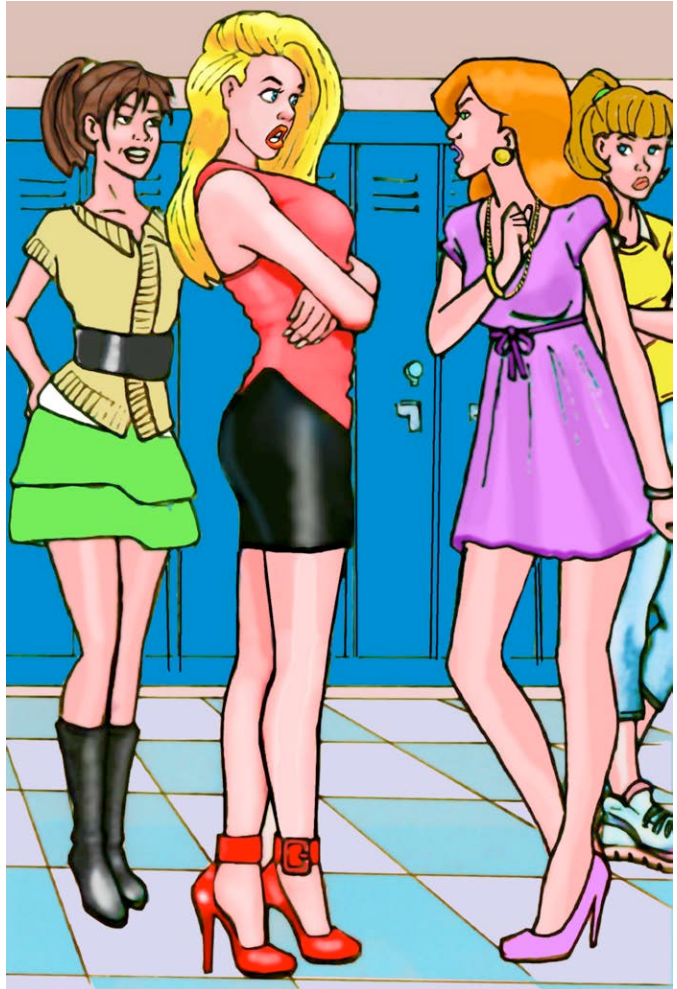
NOVEMBER

By the end of the following week, the news was everywhere: Tom, after hearing about the cruel prank that had almost ended in disaster for Carl, had dumped Amber. This resulted in Amber missing several days of school, and also the first basketball game, which meant 'Candi' had been assigned to fill in her spot at the front of the formation!

"It looks like the competition for head cheerleader just thinned out a little bit," Miranda giggled, standing in front of Carl's bedroom mirror as she adjusted her uniform.

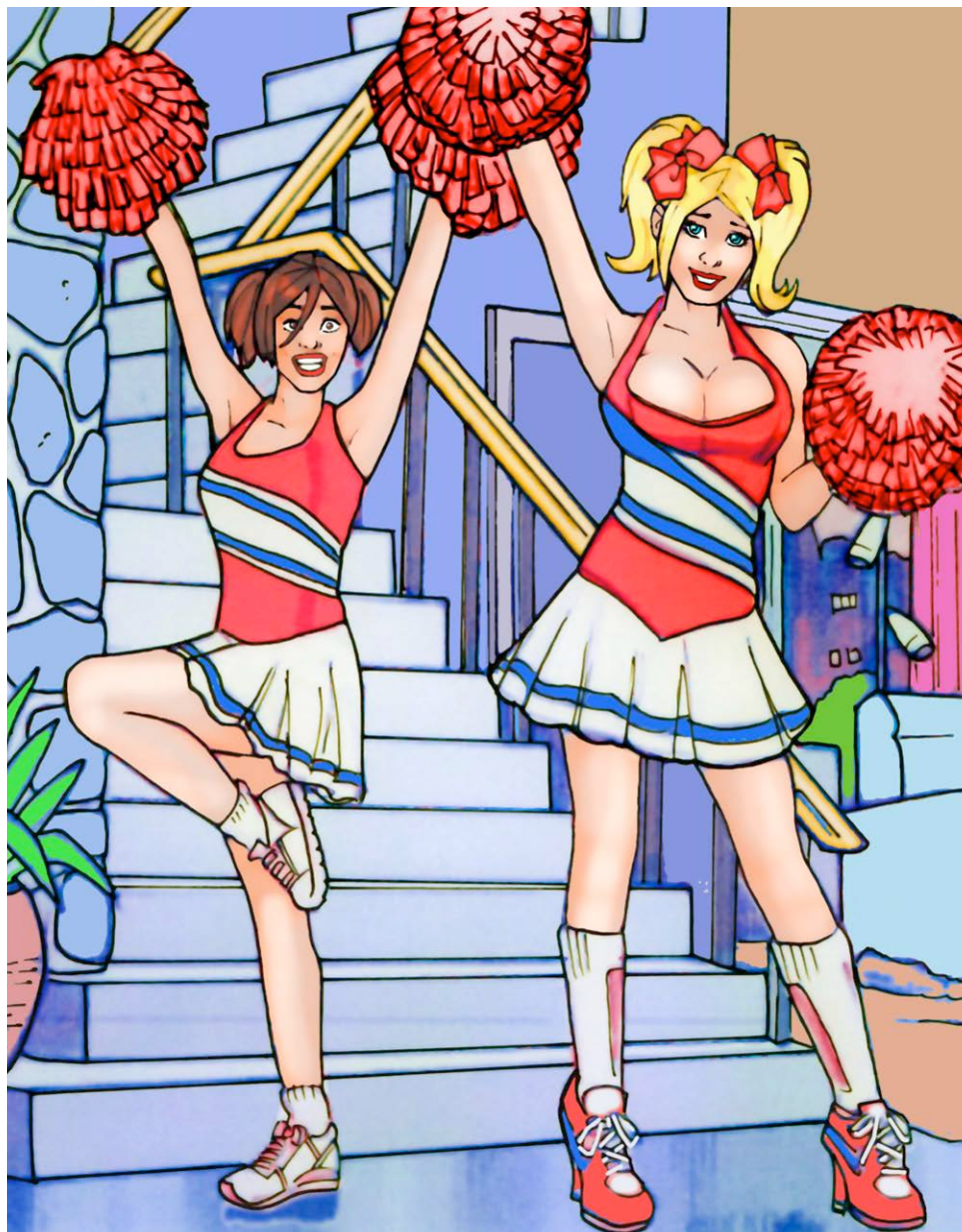
"You don't think she's quitting the team for good, do you?" Carl asked anxiously. "I never actually wanted to be head cheerleader, I just said that to bother her..."

"Don't worry about that, girly," Miranda said. "Just worry about getting ready for the big game! This must just be a dream come true for you, after all those years playing rough nasty sports with the boys and fantasizing about being a pretty blonde cheerleader on the side-lines... You've finally gotten your wish!" Carl blushed as he twisted and turned in front of the mirror, playing with the fall of his bleached blonde hair. He certainly looked like a teen guy's fantasy, but definitely



not in the way Miranda meant! His new school colors, blue and white, formed a devastatingly low-cut leotard before turning into a short pleated skirt that swirled enticingly around his tanned thighs. His matching pom-poms were on the dresser. With his long blonde hair and prettily made-up face, shapely legs and to-die-for curves, he was the perfect picture of a cute, sexy cheerleader!

“Looking good, girls!” Carl’s mom remarked, entering the room with her camera. “Strike a few poses! I want to remember this night, you both must be so



excited for your first performance..." Carl reluctantly posed with Miranda, giving the camera a nervous white smile as his mother took what seemed like a thousand photos. It gave him a sinking feeling to realize that even long after he returned to pants and boyhood, there would always be a photographic record of his time as a pretty, busty blonde cheerleader! And those weren't the only ones, either... He thought back to all the times his Aunt Kat had snapped pictures of him in his cute outfits, or in his bikini at the pool, or right before his big date with Jason... Or the professional spread that he'd had to do as part of the Miss Boardwalk Beauty pageant, complete with a handsome male model. That memory still brought a blush to his cheeks. Would he have to spend his whole life worrying that someone might put two and two together, and find out that he'd spent a year in Florida as a cute, sexy blonde co-ed?

The thought only added to his nervousness as he followed Miranda and his mother out to the car. Aunt Kat was missing the game due to work, but Carl's mom had promised to record their half-time performance for her, unbeknownst to Carl, of course. Carl was feeling sick to his stomach with nerves by the time he and Miranda got out of the car and went to join the other cheerleaders in the back of the gym. The coach got everyone into formation, pausing at Carl.

"You look great, honey," she smiled. "Don't be nervous! Okay girls, let's go!" Carl took a deep breath and nodded his pretty blonde head. He couldn't believe he was really doing this! He had gone from playing sports to being a dainty little cheerleader in short skirts and a low-cut leotard. If his father could see him now, he was sure he would just die of embarrassment, much less his old buddy Brad, but Carl couldn't afford to think about that now, not when the music was about to start up!

They made their big entrance into the gymnasium as the music started to play through loudspeakers. Carl forced a smile onto his face and skipped out with the other cheerleaders, waving his pom-poms. They bounced out into the middle of the court and started their routine, the one Carl had so painstakingly been drilled on. He followed all the dance steps by instinct, shaking his hips and smiling brightly out at the crowd, following the music. He had never noticed just how big the crowd was before, or just how much attention they paid to the cheerleaders! Not everyone was there just for the basketball... He could feel at least a hundred lustful eyes checking out his cleavage and his tight, trim buttocks as he jumped and twirled, breasts jiggling with each move, tossing his long blonde mane of hair and maintaining a cute, sexy smile at all times.

As the song ended, Carl struck his final pose, chest thrust proudly out and hips cocked. He was breathing hard but kept smiling as the crowd applauded them. It felt good to be hearing applause, even if he was on the cheerleading squad, not the basketball team, but the way the crowd was ogling him brought a deep blush to his cheeks that had nothing to do with his exertion. How had

he let himself be turned into such a busty blonde bimbo? A few short months ago he would have laughed his butt off at the very idea of cheerleading, and now here he was at the front of the formation, showing off his cleavage and smiling flirtatiously for the crowd.

The cheerleaders all skipped over to their place behind the basket as the basketball team came out of the lockers. Carl had almost forgotten that Tom was on the team, but he remembered in a hurry when Miranda nudged him slyly, pointing to where the captain was jogging out onto the court to huge applause.

"Look at his biceps!" she giggled. "He's so dreamy, isn't he? I bet you would just love to have him put those big strong arms around your tiny little waist..." Carl flushed, thinking of how he had lost any semblance of muscle he might have once had in his arms, making them slender and toned instead thanks to dieting, hormones, and yoga at the gym with Aunt Kat. Now his ex-girlfriend expected him to drool over other guys' muscles! Carl was relieved that Tom didn't even look his way. He was too busy concentrating on the upcoming game.

As the basketball game tipped off, Carl did his best to hop up and down, wave his pom-poms, and squeal girlishly with excitement for every basket their team scored. It was an exciting game, the kind Carl would have loved to watch, but he could hardly pay attention. He was too busy cheering!

Every few minutes he had to prance across in front of the bleachers, wiggling his tush and exhorting the fans to cheer more loudly, all the while trying to ignore the lewd remarks and catcalls from the guys in the stands as they ogled his bouncing boobs and every toss of his sexy blonde hair. He had never imagined he would spend a basketball game strutting behind the net, waving his pom-poms and jumping up and down to get the fans to cheer!

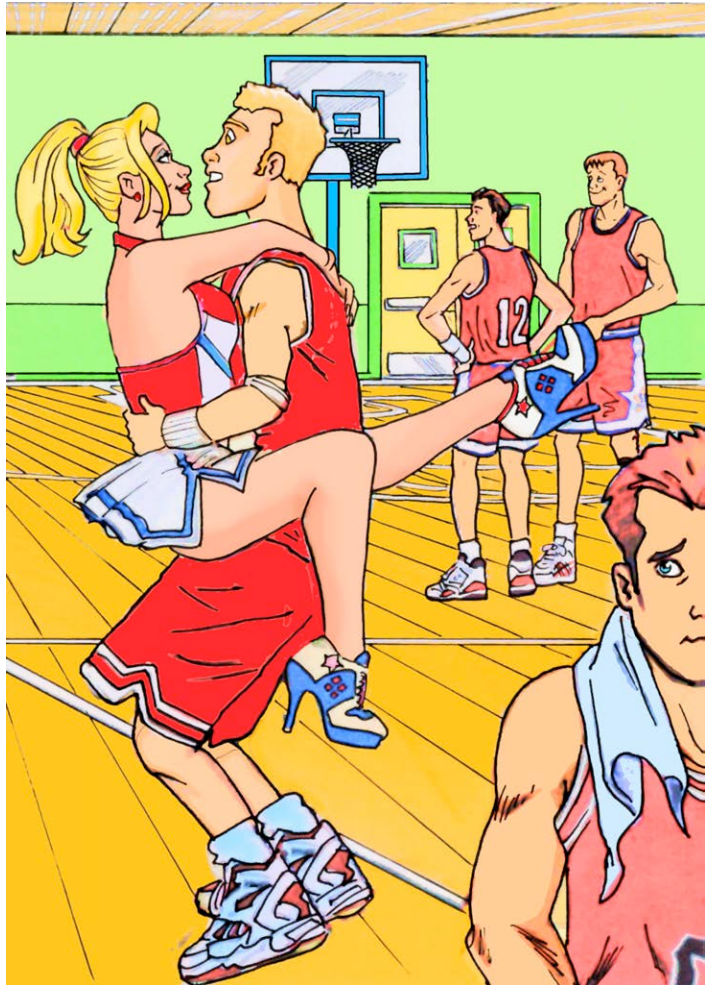
Once, as Tom came barreling in for a fast-break lay-up basket, he nearly bowled Carl right over. As Tom gallantly helped him up, Carl blushed furiously and tried to pull down his skirt, which had flipped up to reveal his panties completely. He wasn't sure which was more embarrassing: the sly wink from Tom, the cooing of the other cheerleaders, or the way half the school had gotten to see the color of his panties!

After another half-time performance, the pace of the game sped up and the score began to mount steadily on each side, resulting in a 88-point tie with only moments left on the timer. Carl, caught up in the excitement, waved his pom-poms and squealed and jumped up and down just like all the other cheerleaders as Tom brought the ball up the hardwood court with hardly any time remaining. The bleachers watched breathlessly as Tom dribbled past his opponent, leapt high into the air, and released the ball. The buzzer sounded, and at that exact same moment, the ball fell through the hoop in a perfect swish! The crowd went wild, and Tom was immediately assaulted on all sides by his teammates, congratulating him on his terrific shot.

"Isn't he amazing?" one of the cheerleaders squealed. "Admit it, Candi, he's really something! Who wouldn't want a guy like that?" Another guy! Carl thought glumly, but he just blushed and nodded his head in agreement, before letting out another high-pitched cheer and bouncing up and down on the toes of his sneakers. He once would have been part of the victory on the court, but now his only place was on the side lines, cheering for the big strong boys to do what he was no longer even remotely capable of. It was absolutely crushing for a formerly-macho boy like Carl to realize just how thoroughly his life had changed, and just how truly feminized he now was.

He was spared any more thought on that, however, as Tom pulled away from his team-mates and jogged over towards the cheerleaders, still grinning from one ear to the other, and swept Carl off his feet before planting a deep, passionate kiss on his pretty pink lips. Carl could only gasp in surprise as Tom twirled him off the ground, one hand giving his butt a sly squeeze, and set him down again, lips still locked to his. When Tom finally released him, Carl was red-faced and panting prettily for air. Tom licked the taste of 'Candi's' pink lip gloss off the corner of his mouth and grinned.

"Were you cheering for me?" he asked suavely. Carl's eyes lowered under his long, mascara-laden lashes and he could only nod, blushing furiously. The other cheerleaders were all giggling and clapping at the romantic display, but Carl only felt ashamed from the feel of Tom's



tongue between his lips. He had once again been kissed by another stronger, alpha-male guy! "Good," Tom said. "That's why we won! Meet me outside my locker after class tomorrow, okay? I need to tell you something."

"Oh, okay," Carl stammered, breasts rising and falling rapidly on his chest. Tom leaned forward and claimed one last peck on Carl's open lips, then swaggered back to the locker room with the rest of his team. Immediately, the other cheerleaders all surrounded Carl, hugging him and giggling and saying how Tom definitely, definitely wanted to make him his new girlfriend!

"Wow, good thing they won," Miranda smiled. "That certainly worked out perfectly for you, didn't it, girly? And oh my gosh, what a kiss! You two didn't plan that out, did you?"

"What?" Carl squeaked. "Of course not! I, I haven't even talked to him since Amber's party, I had no idea he was going to...to..." He trailed off, flushing deeply. "Let's just go," he said miserably. "Where's my mom?"

"You don't want to stick around and see if your beau wants a little encore?" Miranda giggled. "Ooh, there she is. I wonder if she got that little display on tape!"

"Candi Wethers!" Carl's mom exclaimed, climbing down over the last bleacher. "What on Earth were you thinking?"

"I didn't mean for him to..." Carl began, almost sobbing, but his mother cut him off.

"What on Earth were you thinking, not telling me about that young hunk!" she laughed. "You certainly know how to pick them, don't you? If I was ten years younger I would be all over him. What's your boyfriend's name, sweetheart?"

"He's not my boyfriend!" Carl protested.

"Not yet," Miranda giggled. "His name's Tom, and he's definitely the school's most eligible bachelor!"

"Can we please just go home?" Carl begged. "Before the players all get changed and... and come back out?"

"After a kiss like that, I bet you just want to curl up with one of your romance novels and think about Tom all night," Carl's mother smiled. "I'm so proud of you, dear, and you, too, Miranda. All of you girls were just great tonight! It really made me miss my cheerleading days."

"I bet you could still show us a thing or two!" Miranda beamed. "I mean, Candi can't do much in the way of kicks or flips, but she certainly has a cheerleader's sex appeal. She didn't just get the crowd going, but our star player, too!"

"You must be so proud," Carl's mom sighed. "Just think! Your cute smile and sexy little wiggle helped give Tom the passion he needed to score his winning point. Why, I think you contributed more than any boy named 'Carl' ever did to

a victory!" Carl flushed even more deeply, never having felt so emasculated in his life. He was supposed to be proud of the way his sexy, feminine appearance had been such a turn-on for the boys? He felt the complete opposite of proud at the moment, that was for certain! He barely spoke on the way home in the car, knees clasped tightly together out of habit and hands folded daintily in his lap.

"I bet you can't wait to see him at school tomorrow," Miranda smiled. "I'd say he wants to get serious!"

"He asked me to meet him at his locker," Carl said tremulously. "He, he said there's something he wants to, um, tell me..."

"I doubt he wants to say it in words," Miranda giggled. "I'm so happy for you, girly! Tom's had his eye on you forever, and now that he's single, it looks like you two can finally be a couple!"

"But I can't be another guy's girlfriend," Carl gulped. "I mean... I just..."

"Don't you remember what we talked about?" Miranda asked, suddenly stern. "I told you it was time for you to start dating, and you said I could set you up with somebody!"

"But...Tom?" Carl asked pitifully. "What if he tries to... You know..."

"It's up to you to find ways to distract him," Miranda giggled. "Like with those sexy pouty lips of yours."

"I heard that, girls!" Carl's mom chimed in from the front seat. "Candi, I expect you to be a lady... Well, at least in public, anyways." She winked at him from the rear view mirror. Carl blushed. Even his own mother was conspiring to get him to date boys! "Besides, Miranda is quite right," she continued. "It really would be in your own best interests, dear. After all, if a pretty girl like you showed no interest in boys, people would get curious. Nobody will suspect a thing if you have a hunky boyfriend taking you out, kissing you, putting his big strong hands around your cute little waist and treating you like his girl. And if you let him play with those beauties..."

Carl blushed furiously, crossing his arms across his barely-concealed breasts.

"Well, there's going to be no doubt in his mind that you are totally female," his mom pointed out. "In fact, knowing guys, he's probably going to tell the whole locker room about getting a feel... In detail!"

"Typical men," Miranda sighed.

"So really, it will only make your disguise even more water-tight!" Carl's mom finished. "You looked so happy out there in your adorable little cheerleading uniform, Candi. I think it's really becoming natural for you to want to be pretty and feminine." She paused a moment before becoming more reflective. "I've noticed how long you spend in front of the mirror and doing your makeup and such, even when I haven't asked you to. You even asked Miranda to help you

get onto the cheerleading team, for God's sakes! You are enjoying becoming a beautiful young lady, and you shouldn't be ashamed of it, dear. This is just another part of it." She quickly turned her head to wink at her feminized son. "Personally, I think you should date him! He's very handsome, and if you have a boyfriend, nobody will ever bat an eye at the fact you are very modest in the changing room and such. As long as he doesn't try to take your virginity..." Carl blushed at his own mother automatically assuming he was a virgin. He wanted nothing more than to tell her that he wasn't enjoying himself, not one little bit, but he knew it would only make Miranda angry with him if he started 'denying' again. Seeing no other choice, Carl let out a tremulous sigh.

"Okay," he said miserably. "I'll meet him tomorrow..."

"Good!" Miranda exclaimed. "Want me to help you pick out something really cute to wear for him?"

"What an excellent idea, Miranda," Carl's mom smiled. "Candi's so lucky to have a friend like you, aren't you, dear?"

Carl, blushing, nodded his pretty blonde head. Miranda had gone from being his *girl* friend to being his *girl friend*, and now, to cap it all off, she was doing her best to get him a *boy* friend. He was already dreading tomorrow...



The next day, the basketball team was still reveling in the glory of their dramatic victory, swaggering through the hall-ways as if they were kings of the high school... and, for the moment, they were! All the other students flocked to congratulate them, but Carl did his best to avoid anyone wearing a letterman's jacket on the off chance that it was Tom. Miranda noticed his cagey behavior, but wrote it off as nerves about meeting with Tom after school.

"Don't worry," she smiled for the tenth time. "I know he's going to ask you! Especially in that outfit." Carl blushed. He had somehow let Miranda bully him into wearing a powder-blue halter top with a 'plunging cowl' neckline deep enough to practically reach his navel. The principal had almost had a heart-attack when he saw 'Candi' mince into the school wearing it, matched with a short flared miniskirt and stiletto pumps.

Amber, now back in school, had seen him as well, but her glare didn't seem to have as much effect when she had clearly been crying. Carl almost felt bad for her, especially since she had no doubt heard about what happened at the basketball game, but he also knew that she had been none-too-faithful to Tom in the past. After all, he well knew that she had given out her phone number to a brown-haired, slim but good-looking boy named Carl on his first day in Florida all those months ago! Carl could hardly believe he had once been man enough

to attract a beautiful girl like Amber, when now he had been so thoroughly feminized to attract the attentions of guys.

"Maybe he just wants to ask me about the algebra homework?" Carl suggested hopefully. Miranda burst out laughing.

"Oh, Candi, you're so funny sometimes," she giggled. "I'm sure he wants help from *you*. You spend all algebra class doing your nails and playing with your hair!"

"I only did that once!" Carl protested, blushing. "It was because I chipped the paint on one of them!"

"You're such a bimbo," Miranda sighed, shaking her head and smiling. "Good thing Tom loves a dumb blonde..."

Carl swallowed in fear. He spent the rest of the day hopelessly distracted, unable to pay attention in even a single one of his classes as he wondered what exactly Tom was going to say to him – fortunately, Mark gave him the notes for English.

Mark was a curious character to Carl. Even in his distracted state Carl couldn't help but notice the boy's moisturized skin and trimmed eyebrows – working with Tiffany and the twins was obviously rubbing off on the poor guy. If he knew that 'Candi' was the salon's biggest success story, he might have a few more reservations about that sort of thing!

Carl realized at one point that he was worrying about Tom just like a love-struck teenaged girl with a crush! Maybe Tom would have forgotten all about it? Maybe he had just been caught up in the moment, and actually wanted to get back together with Amber? Carl crossed his fingers as the final bell rang and he headed towards his locker, but he was to have no such luck. Tom was waiting there for him.

"H-hi, Tom," Carl squeaked, clutching his books to his chest and also covering up the low-cut of his top.

"Hey, Candi," Tom said eagerly. "I've been trying to find you all day! Where were you at lunch?"

"Um, I wasn't feeling well, so I went to the school nurse," Carl lied. Tom smiled and held out his hands. Carl, blushing, deposited his books into them, giving Tom a perfect view of his slutty top. Tom's eyes widened a bit, as did his grin, as Carl quickly turned to his locker and started doing the combination, long pink nails fumbling with the lock. When it finally sprang open, Tom gently placed his books up on the top shelf that Carl sometimes had trouble reaching, even in high heels.

"Well, I hope it was nothing contagious," he grinned, sliding his arm around Carl's delicate waist and pulling him close. "Candi, I've been crazy about you

ever since the first day we met, and I just can't hold it in any longer. Do you remember when you tripped on the boardwalk and I caught you?"

"Yes," Carl admitted, blushing. "Amber was so mad..."

"Forget about Amber," Tom said sternly. "She's not your problem, babe. Ever since that day, I haven't been able to get you out of my mind. You're so beautiful, so sexy, and when I heard that you were coming to our high school, I was the happiest I've ever been in my life, I swear. Candi, I want you to be my girlfriend." Even though he had known the announcement was coming, Carl still felt his knees quake to hear the words. Was he really going to go through with this? Was he really going to let another guy make him his girlfriend?

"I... I need to think about it," Carl squeaked, trying desperately to stall.

"What's to think about?" Tom chuckled. "Candi, you're the hottest girl in school, and I'm the best-looking guy. You're going to be the head cheerleader, and I'm captain of the basketball team. We're so perfect for each other, babe!"

Carl tried to wriggle away, but Tom quickly blocked his attempt. "I'm going to take you out every weekend and show you a good time, and help you whenever math is too confusing for you, and protect you from any guy with enough nerve to lay his hands on my girlfriend – and you're going to make every single one of those guys green with envy, babe. I can't wait to hold you... to kiss you..." He had slyly maneuvered Carl so he was pressed up against the locker, and now Tom leaned in for a kiss. Carl found himself swooning as Tom's tongue probed his mouth and his one hand cupped Carl's sensitive breast. "I like you so much," Tom whispered romantically. "Please don't break my heart, Candi. What do you say?"

"Okay," Carl said, slightly out of breath. "I'll, I'll be your girlfriend, Tom." Tom's face lit up with glee and he encircled Carl's waist with both hands. The feeling of joy for Tom was just strong as the depression and dread Carl felt. Still, he needed to try and mitigate the situation somehow. Carl stared down at the floor, thinking fast. "There's just one thing," Carl squeaked, before Tom could kiss him again.

"What is it, babe?" Tom asked, concerned.

"Ever since the party, when Joe tried to... to... you know..." Carl trailed off, blushing.

"You don't have to worry about that punk ever again!" Tom promised.

"No, it's not that!" Carl squeaked. "It's, um... I just keep thinking about it, and I get so scared, and..." He fluttered his gorgeous dark eye-lashes in a way he knew was extremely hard to resist, taking a deep breath. "Is it okay if we take things slow?" he asked tremulously. Tom's face fell, but any red-blooded guy would have found it completely impossible to say no to those innocent baby blue eyes and cute pout. He sighed.

"I understand," he said. "Of course we can take things slow, baby. I mean, I guess I've waited this long..."

"Oh, thank you, Tom!" Carl sighed, wrapping his arms around Tom's neck like an adoring girlfriend. It was genuine relief he was feeling. "It's not *you*, or anything..."

"I know it's not," Tom grinned cockily. "We'll take things slow, babe. You're worth it. You look so beautiful in that blue, it matches your eyes perfectly." He planted a gentle kiss right on Carl's pretty pink lips. Carl submissively parted them, to allow Tom full access, and realized that he was now, officially, the girlfriend of another guy! Could this day get any crazier?



Unfortunately for Carl, the answer was to be yes! After he had let it slip that he and Tom were now a couple, all of the other cheerleaders were thrilled for him. Amber had definitely fallen from grace – she was wearing sweat pants today, for God's sake!

Eventually, he managed to pull away from what seemed like the billionth congratulatory hug, and he hurriedly went to the car where his Aunt Kat was waiting to drive him home. "Hey, sweetie," she smiled, as Carl gracefully entered the passenger side door, crossing his legs smoothly. "Any exciting news today?"

"Exciting? Why would I have exciting news?" Carl gasped, ears going pink.

"Well, now I can tell that you do!" Aunt Kat laughed. "You go first, and then I have something to show you." Carl blushed, looking down at his lap past his perfect cleavage. "Come on," Aunt Kat wheedled. "It wouldn't have anything to do with a handsome boy, would it?"

"T-Tom made me his girlfriend," Carl said in a tiny voice.

"Oh, sweetie, that's fantastic!" Aunt Kat exclaimed. "I'm so happy for you! And your day's only going to get better, too... Open up this envelope, I can't while driving." She handed him an envelope, and Carl, curious despite himself, spent the next few minutes struggling to open it with his long nails, until he realized he could use the filed points to slide along under the front part of the envelope.

"See?" Aunt Kat said with a wink. "Those lovely nails of yours do come in handy!"

"I guess," Carl said with a weak smile. He now noticed that the envelope had "Radiance Suntan Lotion Inc." stamped on it, but he didn't make the connection until he opened the letter and several glossy photographs spilled out. They displayed a gorgeous, breathtakingly hot blonde in a skimpy silver bikini, showing off an incredibly sexy body, in a variety of poses alongside a handsome male model. With all the lighting effects and airbrushing, it took Carl a second to

realize that the blonde was none other than himself! These were the pictures from the Boardwalk Beauty photo shoot!

"They also called our house," Aunt Kat beamed. "They loved these picture so much up high in the company, that they want to do a magazine ad, with you as the "Miss Radiance" model! Isn't that exciting?"

"Me?" Carl gasped. "As a model?"

"Why ever not, sweetie?" Aunt Kat probed. "Haven't you figured out that you make an extremely beautiful girl? No offense, Candi, but you never turned many heads as a boy, but as 'Candi', you're flat-out gorgeous, sweetie. Most girls would kill to have a pretty face and sexy figure like yours!"

"But I'm still a boy!" Carl protested. "I mean, if it weren't for these hormones and that silly boob job..."

"And you think supermodels never have cosmetic surgery?" Aunt Kat chuckled. "Sweetie, those procedures just allowed the real you to shine through, that's all! There was always a beautiful, sexy, vivacious young girl just waiting under the surface. All it took was a little bit of medical help to strip away all that nasty testosterone and turn you into the gorgeous girl you are now! Come on, sweetie, be honest. You're more than hot enough to be a model!"

"That doesn't mean I want to!" Carl said, blushing furiously. "I never asked for any of this, remember? I never wanted to disguise myself as a girl to begin with!"

"Sweetie, you should be proud of your appearance," Aunt Kat sighed. "Especially since you've been so faithful with your dieting, your tanning, your yoga and trips to the gym..." She paused to take a breath so she could continue. "Hair appointments, waxing, manicures, pedicures..." She took another breath. "All the hours you've put into practicing your makeup and plying your skin with creams and lotions..."

"I never wanted to do *any* of those things," Carl protested weakly.

"Well, beauty is pain," Aunt Kat smiled. "It was certainly all worth it, though, sweetie. Just think, getting to be in a real magazine! How exciting..."

"Can't I just say no?" Carl asked hopefully.

"And turn down the opportunity of a life-time?" Aunt Kat demanded. "Even if you were silly enough to do such a thing, no, I'm afraid that's not possible. Remember those forms I had you sign for the pageant? I'm afraid the Radiance Suntan company has every right to use your likeness to advertise their product, up to and including another photo shoot, sweetie."

"So that means I *have* to go?" Carl asked tremulously, blushing at the idea of prancing around in a skimpy bikini for yet another photographer. The very last thing he wanted was to be in a magazine, where any of his old buddies might

see him... He knew exactly how they would 'make use' of a sexy blonde pin-up, and the thought made his stomach turn.

"Just think how proud your new boyfriend will be to tell everyone he's dating a swimsuit model," Aunt Kat giggled. "Well, close to one, anyways. All those other guys will be so envious of him, don't you think? But don't worry about it for now, sweetie. The photo shoot wouldn't be until after holidays anyways, so for now, just put it out of your pretty little head and focus on your cheerleading... Oh, and your new man! When is he taking you out?"

"He said he would call me tomorrow on Saturday for our first date," Carl said in a small voice.

"Your first boyfriend," Aunt Kat sighed happily. "Oh, sweetie, I'm so happy for you."

"First?" Carl gasped. "Aunt Kat, he's going to be my only 'boyfriend,' you can count on it!"

"Someone's a little love-struck," Aunt Kat laughed. "Sweetie, you might scare him away if you're already picturing wedding bells and going down the aisle in a white dress... Although I do have to say you would make a spectacularly beautiful bride."

"That's not what I mean," Carl protested, blushing. "I don't want a boyfriend at all! I don't like boys! It's just, you know, for the disguise. So he's not really my boyfriend at all."

"Whatever you want to tell yourself, Candi," Aunt Kat smiled, clearly not believing a single word. "Your mother told me all about that romantic kiss you two shared at the basketball game. It must have really made your heart flutter!" Carl sank down in his seat with a pout set firmly on his pretty pink lips, knowing his aunt wasn't going to believe him no matter what he said. Why was everyone so intent on getting him a boyfriend? Didn't they remember he was really a guy?

And not only that, but before long he would once again be primping and posing in front of a camera in a bathing suit! Feeling totally miserable, Carl put his head back against the seat and let out a long sigh.

"That's a sweetheart sigh if I ever heard one," Aunt Kat said. "You must be really crazy about this 'Tom!'" Carl blushed furiously. It seemed like he just couldn't win!



Needless to say, Carl was already feeling stressed when he woke up on Saturday morning. He still couldn't believe how things were unfolding at school, from the basketball game kiss to the modeling contract, that had turned his already

topsy-turvy year even more upside-down. Eventually, on his mother's suggestion, he ran a soothing bubble-bath for himself and lay back in the sudsy water. He hated the way his D-cup breasts rose up out of the water like big globular islands, pink nipples proudly out-thrust, a constant reminder of his new status as a sexy blonde bomb-shell with a rack to match! He preferred to close his eyes and try to imagine the day he marched into Dr. Nevsky's office with his inheritance in hand and got them removed, followed by a regimen of male hormones to get all the estrogen out of his soft, feminine body.

Carl was blow drying his hair at his vanity, wearing only his frilly lingerie, when his mother walked into the room. "Have you decided what to wear to the movies?" she asked, beaming.

"Movies?" Carl demanded. "What are you talking about?"

"Oh! Your Aunt Kat took the call," his mom laughed. "I thought she told you already! Your boyfriend called while you were in the bath, and he's going to be here at seven to pick you up, dear."

"Why didn't you just tell him to call back?" Carl moaned. "This feels like I'm being set up with Jason all over again!"

"Well, you could phone him back right now, if you like, but it might seem a little clingy," Carl's mom said matter-of-factly. "You don't want to scare off a catch like that, though with your looks, I'm not sure that's possible! He sounds ecstatic to be taking you out at last."

"Ecstatic?" Carl squeaked, terrified.

"Over the moon! But he's not coming until seven, so you have plenty of time to pick out an outfit," Carl's mom assured him. "I know you want to look your best for him."

"I... I guess," Carl stammered weakly.

"Don't stress out over it, Candi," his mother laughed. "You'll be just fine. Your aunt and I will help you find something really cute to wear."

"But which theatre are we going to?" Carl asked anxiously. "Is he driving? What movie is it? He doesn't want to do anything afterwards, does he?"

"Don't worry your pretty little head about it," his mother said soothingly. "All you have to do is look cute and sexy for your beau, okay? He'll decide everything else."

"I can't believe I'm going out on a date with a guy – again!" Carl said pitifully. Worse, it wasn't just one date... Now that he was Tom's girlfriend, he would be doing this as often as Tom wanted to! "I wish I hadn't told him I'd be his girlfriend," Carl moaned, blushing.

"Well you *did*, dear, whether you like it or not," his mother said, now stern. "Make the most of the experience, honey. Don't you think it might be fun, having a cute boy take you out and compliment you and trip over himself paying

for everything? Not many people will ever get the chance to experience being a pretty girl, so consider yourself lucky. I think it's phenomenal that you get to see relationships from the feminine perspective at last, and I know the other girls at school must be jealous of you."

Dejected, Carl bowed his head and continued blow-drying his hair, already thinking of possible outfits in his mind. He remembered exactly what he expected when he went to the movies with Miranda, but now Tom would be expecting the same from him! Just the thought made him feel sick and nervous.

"Seven o'clock?" he asked anxiously.

"That's right," his mother smiled. "Would you like help picking out something really hot to get his motor running?"

"That's the last thing I want," Carl moaned.

"Don't be silly, dear," his mom frowned. "Don't you want your new beau to be proud of your appearance?"

"Not if it makes him, you know, um... Frisky," Carl said, blushing furiously.

"Candi, you would make any boy 'frisky' even wearing a garbage bag," his mother giggled. "But think about it this way. Who's driving you to the movie?"

"Tom?" Carl squeaked.

"And who's paying for the tickets and the refreshments?" his mom prodded.

"Tom?" Carl guessed worriedly.

"And taking good care of you, and holding you during any scary moments, and getting you back home safely?" his mother asked, ticking the points off her fingers.

"T-Tom," Carl stammered, pink-cheeked.

"Exactly," his mother said with a satisfied smile. "That means the least you can do is look pretty and sexy for your boyfriend, and thank him properly at the end of the night." Carl's pretty little mouth fell open in shock. Was his own mother really telling him to let Tom have his way with him? She appeared dead serious! Carl felt completely helpless as he realized it was now his expected duty as Tom's girl to dress sexy for him and pretend to enjoy his attentions.

"Okay," Carl finally said, blushing. "I know he likes me in blue..?"

"He'll like you in anything, dear, but that's still so sweet," his mother beamed. "You're already thinking of how to please your man! You're going to make such a good little girlfriend, and maybe, someday, a very sweet, loving wife..." She had a dreamy, far-off look in her eye as she said the last part, and Carl gulped nervously as his mom went into his wardrobe to help find him something to wear.

While she was hunting for the perfect outfit, Carl did his makeup a little more dramatic than usual at her suggestion, darkening his eyes with extra eye

shadow, using a sexy nude lip gloss on his mouth, and dusting just a hint of glitter over his cheekbones. He needed to look his feminine best for Tom, as his mother kept reminding him!

He brushed out his hair in the mirror, using hairspray to give it more volume. It was getting long enough that he knew the extensions could come out pretty soon, and then his mane of bleached blonde hair would be all him! He had never even considered growing his hair out past his shoulders, but now he was very accustomed to the girlish length. Spending an hour doing his hair once or twice a day was just a part of new routine.

Carl supposed he should have guessed that his mother would pick out something as feminine and sexy as possible, but it didn't stop him from blushing when he saw her selection. It was a hot pink mini-dress that would hug his curves like a glove, completely backless, with a cowl neck-line designed to show off plenty of cleavage.

"Isn't it just darling?" his mom asked, helping him wriggle into the utterly feminine creation. Carl adjusted his boobs in the underwire cups, taking a deep breath. The dress was extremely constricting and barely reached mid-thigh, while leaving his sun-kissed back entirely exposed and giving a generous view of his perfect cleavage. The way it clung enticingly to his curves as he minced over to the mirror made him feel practically naked!

"Very pretty and feminine, but naughty at the same time," his mom smiled. "It should make you feel dainty, delicate, and completely sexy all at once." Carl blushed. He certainly felt dainty and delicate in this revealing, feminine dress, but he didn't know about sexy, even if he certainly looked it!

Over the next hour, his mother had him try on several more dresses, but, as was typical for her, her first instinct was dead on the money. The hot pink number was the best date outfit he had. Carl adjusted his makeup and redid his nails accordingly, and then it was time to find accessories. His mother suggested a pair of large, feminine silver hoop earrings, together with a fashionable bracelet. A small pendant necklace, resting in just such a way as to call even more attention to his bountiful breasts, was the finishing touch. Carl was just stepping into a pair of strappy pink stilettos as the doorbell rang.

"That must be Tom," he said nervously, brushing out his gleaming blonde hair one final time.

"I'll get it," his mom said with a smile. "You take your time, dear. It's important to keep a young man waiting for a little bit on occasion, so as to not seem overly eager. Spritz yourself with a bit of perfume!" She went down the stairs to get the door, and Carl obediently minced over to the dresser to apply a hint of seductive, flowery perfume to his wrists, neck, and cleavage. It was the kind of scent that once would have driven him wild on a hot chick, but now he was the one wearing it for a date!

He stalled as long as he could by primping in front of the mirror, but eventually his mom called him, telling him that his 'boyfriend' had arrived! Blushing furiously, Carl picked up his little clutch purse and minced reluctantly down the stairs to where Tom was waiting.

"Wow, Candi," he grinned. "You're off the *hook*! Every guy at the theatre will be crazy jealous of me!" Tom was looking very smart in a button-up shirt and a nice pair of jeans, and as Carl's mother gave him a significant look he replied in a soft voice, eyes lowered demurely.

"Thank you," Carl said, blushing as he accepted the compliment. He felt an elbow in his back from his mother. "You look really handsome, Tom." That seemed to satisfy her, who winked at him.

"You two have fun," she said. "Just not too much!"

"I'll take good care of her," Tom reassured. He put his arm around Carl's slender waist and escorted him out. Tom definitely seemed to be appreciating his skimpy little dress, judging from how his hand was pressed up against the small of Carl's back, roaming all over his soft bare skin. Carl tried to ignore the sensation, and he forgot all about it when he was shocked to see what looked like a brand new Jaguar waiting for them outside.

"Not bad, huh?" Tom laughed, seeing his date's expression. "Brand new. It's a late birthday present from my parents."

"It's gorgeous," Carl admitted, sighing. He once would have loved to drive a car like this, but he wasn't sure how well he could manage the pedals wearing his dainty high heels.

"I guess it's true what they say about pretty girls and sports cars," Tom said, winking as he opened his date's door. Carl slipped inside gracefully, holding his clutch purse in his lap as Tom shut his door for him and then came around to the driver's side. Carl realized that Tom probably thought he admired the car as a status symbol or a sign that 'Candi' would be able to expect plenty of expensive presents as Tom's girlfriend – not that she could actually know anything about cars. Not a dumb blonde like her, right? Almost as soon as he was inside, Tom began caressing Carl's bare thigh under his dress.

"You look so sexy in that dress," Tom said suggestively.

"Thank you," Carl said again, blushing. "What, um, what movie are we seeing?"

"That new horror flick," Tom said. "You don't mind, do you?"

"I like scary movies!" Carl said, pouting.

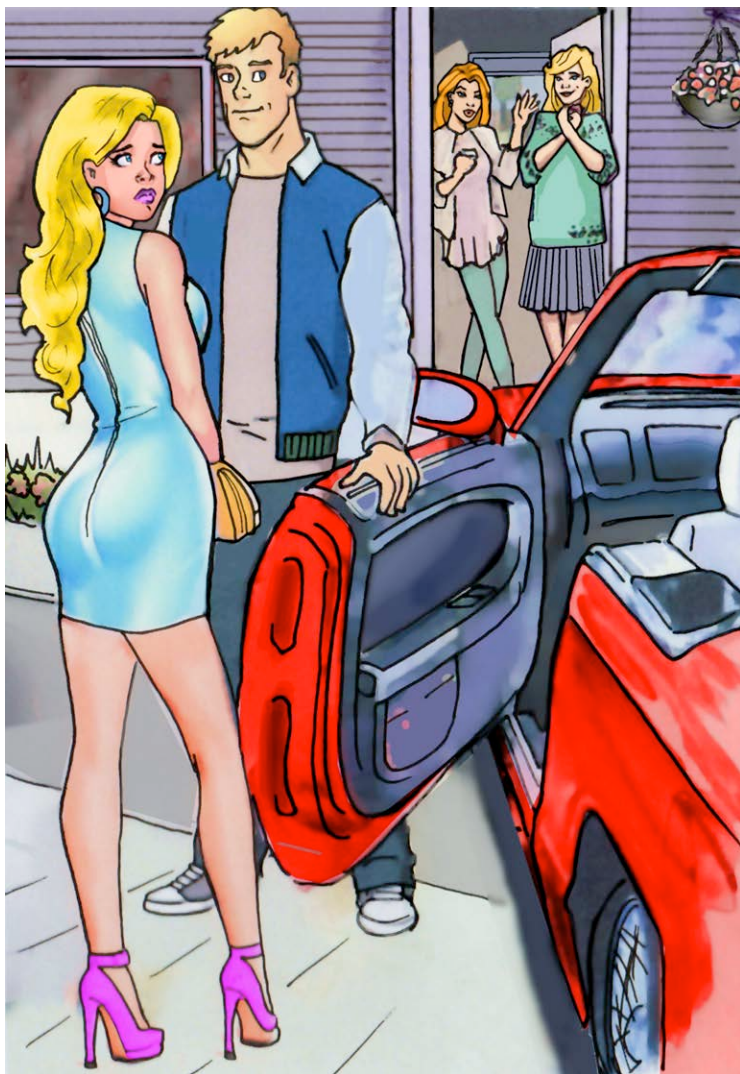
"So long as you have a guy to grab onto?" Tom guessed. "I know how that goes. Just so long as you don't spill my popcorn." He grinned roguishly as they began to drive. Carl did his best to keep his dress from riding up from Tom's attentions on the way to the theatre, and was relieved when Tom finally re-

moved his hand in order to steer them into park in the parking lot. He was about to open his door, then remembered his new role and sat demurely while Tom walked around to do it for him. Carl saw no choice but to take his date's arm as they walked towards the entrance of the movie theatre.

Once again, he had been stuffed into a revealing dress, made-up like a magazine model, and spritzed with feminine perfume in order to serve as an-

other guy's hot date. But this time around, it was even worse! When he had been forced to go out with Jason in order to stave off suspicion, he had been able to comfort himself with the knowledge that it was a one-off deal. But now that he was Tom's girlfriend, these dates were going to be a very regular occurrence! He knew Tom would parade him around everywhere and treat him like a trophy. He would be expected to always look his feminine best for their dates, and in exchange for dinner and movies, whether they were 'taking it slow' or not, Tom would eventually definitely be expecting favors.

Despite that, Carl stayed close to Tom in the ticket line, embarrassed and a little scared by the older college-aged guys who were ogling him openly. Fortunately, none of them dared make a move with Tom's arm wrapped securely



around his little waist. The other guys' girlfriends, meanwhile, were giving Carl such dirty looks he was almost reminded of Amber Sweet!

"Let's go," Tom smiled, taking him by the hand and escorting him into the darkened theatre, pausing only to hand over both of their tickets. "Where would you like to sit?" It was already quite packed. Carl thought of walking all the way to the front in his backless minidress, giving all the boys in the theatre the opportunity to stare, and chose the back. Tom's smile got even wider at that. Carl had been a girl just long enough to forget exactly what the back of the theater meant to most guys! Before they had even settled in, Tom's arm went around his slim shoulders and his hand was on Carl's bare thigh, making him shiver. Tom didn't even wait for the previews to end before he leaned in and planted a soft kiss on Carl's trembling lips. Experiencing no resistance, Tom deepened the kiss, invading Carl's mouth with his tongue while simultaneously letting his hand roam up to Carl's breasts.

"You like that," Tom whispered. "Don't you?" He squeezed Carl's left boob. Carl gulped, glad nobody could see them in the dark back of the theatre.

"Can't we just watch the movie?" Carl pleaded, pretending to be interested by the preview of coming attractions.

"Nobody can see us back here, babe," Tom chuckled. "Don't worry." With those words, he began using both hands to knead Carl's breasts through the flimsy material of his dress. Carl couldn't help but moan at the sensation, immediately embarrassed as an old man three rows ahead turned back with a frown on his face, knowing exactly what the young couple were up to.

Carl tried to pull away, but he was putty in Tom's strong, masculine hands. There was nothing he could do as Tom played with his breasts, massaging the nipples with his thumbs and pinching him in a way that made Carl gasp in surprise and pleasure both, while simultaneously kissing his dolled-up date's slender neck. Carl was utterly helpless, once again, and totally trapped in his new role as another guy's sexy, feminine date. All he could do was let Tom have his way, just as a girl would!

"You're so hot, Candi," Tom groaned. "You're different from all the other girls." Carl was suddenly fearful.

"Different?" he squeaked, trying to maneuver his mouth away from Tom's hungry tongue. "What do you mean?"

"You're so much sexier than the other girls in school," Tom grinned. "I love the way you parade around in those short little skirts and high heels every day..." He paused to adjust his pants, where a definite hard-on was growing. "I don't think I've ever seen you wear jeans. You love showing off your tight little body and your perfect tits and your long sexy legs, don't you, Candi? And it's working, babe... you're getting me so turned on..." Before he knew it, Carl was being necked again. "You know how to dress to turn a guy on," Tom continued.

"Too many girls try to prove they're equal to boys by wearing pants and playing sports and such, but you... you're just soft, and delicate, and a total girly-girl, and you love it." Carl blushed bright red as Tom continued to whisper into his ear, talking dirty to him and massaging his breasts. Had there ever been a more emasculating experience? Here he was all dolled up as another boy's sexy date, listening to him tell him how sweet and feminine he was, even compared to other girls!

"Aren't we taking things s-slow?" Carl whimpered, as Tom freed his bountiful breasts from their confinement and began kissing them.

"Your mouth might be saying that, but your body sure isn't," Tom grinned, pointing to Carl's fully erect nipples. "Here. Help me out, babe." He guided Carl's soft, manicured hand to his manhood. Carl, knowing there was only one way to get things over with, blushingly took it in his fingers and began obediently to give his boyfriend a handjob. To his credit, Tom managed to stay almost entirely silent, which was more than could be said for Carl as his nipples were teased mercilessly by Tom's mouth! Carl was certain more people were listening to his little gasps than to the movie, but he worked as quickly as he could to finish Tom, using his many years of experience with his own manhood. Because at this point, he hadn't been able to get hard for weeks, maybe months.

Carl was distracted from the worrying thought as Tom came in a gush. Horrified, Carl went through his purse to find the wet wipes his mother had handed him. At the time he had thought they were for him, but now he understood better! Once Tom was all cleaned up, he let Carl slip his breasts back into his dress and was content to cuddle for the rest of the movie, only occasionally leaning over to kiss his date's pretty lips. When they finally exited the theatre at the end of the movie, Carl's lip gloss was smeared all over the place and his hair was a mess. Horrified, he quickly stopped in at the ladies' room to fix himself up. A girl beside him at the mirror winked.

"Looks like you had quite the evening," she giggled. "Boy, is he cute. You two are perfect for each other."

"Th... Thank you," Carl stammered, realizing she had naturally assumed they were a steady couple. He quickly touched up his makeup and left, purse swinging from his manicured hand. Tom walked him back to the car.

"Those guys in line just couldn't take their eyes off you, and I don't blame them," he crowed. "Not a lot of guys get to date two Miss Boardwalk Beauties..." Carl blushed furiously, and Tom, misinterpreting his embarrassment, put a reassuring arm around his date's slender shoulders. "I'm sorry, babe," he said. "I know you're still worried about Amber. I shouldn't have even brought it up! But you and I were meant to be together, Candi. I knew it from the first day I met you!" He claimed Carl's mouth with yet another passionate kiss, and as he pulled away there was a lustful look in his eyes. "You're the sexiest girl

I've ever met," he said, pulling his date close. "Really. Have you ever thought about getting your belly-button pierced? I think that looks really hot on girls." Carl blushed. There was no way he was going to get his belly-button pierced – having these feminine silver hoop earrings in his ears was bad enough! Tom opened the door and helped him back into the car. Carl was relieved that his boyfriend managed to keep his hands on the wheel for the return journey, but once they were back at Aunt Kat's house, he leaned forward and gave Carl another very passionate kiss.

"Thank you for the movie," Carl said, blushing, as they broke apart. Not that they'd even looked at the screen!

"I'll see you in school, babe," Tom grinned. "Goodnight."



The news that Tom and 'Candi' were an item traveled just as fast as the news of Tom and Amber's break-up, and by Monday the entire school was well aware of the Polytechnic's latest couple. Carl had never felt so humiliated as girl after girl from the cheerleading squad sent him congratulatory text messages and questions about how good a kisser his new beau was! Carl hardly knew what to expect now that he was another guy's girlfriend, but Tom made it clear pretty quickly by greeting him at his locker with a possessive kiss on the lips, taking his books for him, and walking him to his first class with his hand wrapped firmly around Carl's pretty little waist.

Tom was far more possessive with his new girlfriend than he'd ever been with Amber, and Carl got to discover that first-hand over the coming weeks! Tom walked him to and from each class, taking advantage of every opportunity to kiss and hold him, and lunch-times were divided between Tom coming over to sit with the cheerleaders, holding Carl's dainty hand in his the entire time, or, more often, Carl being forced to go and sit with Tom and his buddies. They all took great delight in ogling Carl's breasts, and teasing him almost constantly. To Carl's relief and embarrassment, he discovered all it took was letting his lower lip tremble slightly for Tom to immediately tell his friends to lay off. Eventually, however, he found it was easier to just play the part of the pretty blonde bimbo and pretend he was totally oblivious to their innuendos and blonde jokes!

It seemed like Tom was constantly finding reasons for them to slip away to his car, or behind the school, where he would immediately begin to kiss and grope his new girlfriend. Carl, powerless to resist his advances, could only submit to his boyfriend's roaming hands and probing kisses, hoping that nobody would spot them! It seemed like he spent half of his time with Tom's tongue down his throat, and the other half fixing his hair and makeup to repair the damage.

As for the week-ends, they were an exercise in stress for poor Carl, who spent most of the day picking out a cute, sexy outfit to wear for his man before being whisked away on romantic dates that all seemed to end in the backseat of Tom's Jaguar being groped and fondled.

So far he had managed to avoid anything too risqué, mostly thanks to Tom's huge enjoyment of his new girlfriend's D-cups, but Carl knew eventually Tom would get bored of playing with his boobs, and what would happen then? He had already asked his new girlfriend for a blowjob twice, but the first time Carl had managed to persuade him that he was too scared to do it while Tom was driving, for fear of an accident, and the second time he had pleaded off with a sore throat. Eventually, however, he knew he would have to give in!

Between his boyfriend and his cheerleading practices, Carl hardly had any time to himself, and he couldn't wait for Christmas holidays. By this time, Amber had gotten over Tom and had returned to the squad as her usual bitchy self – and was now dating Joe. Occasionally she gave Carl a very evil smile, a calculating, devious smile, but whatever she was planning remained hidden as November slowly turned towards December.



From the Casebook of Harold Pennyworth, P.I.

Notes on Case #241-B: The Whereabouts of Carl Hutchens.

Nov. 26: Little to report. I thought I'd have this thing wrapped up soon, but it's a real doozy, and you can't rush jobs like this. So, back to the million dollar question: where is Carl Wethers? In my spare time I've been combing the neighborhood and asking around, but nobody, and I mean nobody, saw a brown-haired teenaged boy hanging around all summer. How the hell does that work? I mean, was his Aunt so keen on keeping him hidden from his father that she forbid him to step outside?

You remember the Candi Wethers angle, right? I kept waiting for my chance to talk to her, and I thought I had it right after Halloween, when her cheerleading squad did this big car wash fundraiser. I pulled in, and it was jail-bait central. Candi, of course, was mincing around in just a skimpy bikini top and a sinful little miniskirt. The way her boobs were jiggling... I'm not going to complete that thought.

I had a chance to talk with her, but just couldn't bring myself to do it. It's not like I'm shy around broads. I'd feel sleazy, chatting up an underage chick in a tiny little bikini, soaked just enough to show her nipples plain as day. It might have even attracted some unwanted attention, and that's the last thing a private investigator wants. I noticed she had plenty of admirers, including the school principal! The way he was staring at her, well... You can tell that's a lawsuit waiting to happen. Something's going to happen there, I guarantee that. Probably asking her out on a date disguised as 'career advice' or 'personal mentoring.'

So I didn't talk to Candi, and instead I went back to surveillance, running records searches for Carl on the side. Slowly, surely, some pieces are starting to fall into place.

I can observe that something that's just slightly off about Candi. It certainly wasn't in her appearance: she's the sexiest, most beautiful little blonde I've ever seen, and she dresses like she knows it. Her body language is graceful, feminine, and flirtatious, but behind her slightly-too-nervous smiles and half-hearted giggles, there is definitely something odd.

She doesn't seem to know how to handle boys' attentions, despite the fact that she's landed herself a boyfriend, Tom, one of those jock types who always ends up stealing the hottest girl in school. Late bloomer or not, plain little girls don't just become blonde sexpots over night – it just doesn't happen. She also isn't quite comfortable around her fellow cheerleaders, either, often just half a beat behind on whatever they're gossiping about. She's an enigma all to herself. I doubt anybody else has picked up on these subtle little things: on the surface, Candi's a sexy, vivacious young blonde. Not many people were going to see past that appearance, especially not men.

It's suspicious. Very suspicious. It's almost like she's hiding something, and constantly preoccupied with a secret. But what kind of secret can some airhead blonde have? Maybe she knows more about this Carl situation than is obvious. Maybe there's more to this than meets the eye.

With my friend coming back from Cuba soon, he'll be wanting his house back, and my time is limited. So I'll have to get this case wrapped up soon. Note to self: get in gear already. This shouldn't be this hard.

DECEMBER

By the time the final practice before holidays rolled around, Carl thought that maybe, just maybe, Amber had moved on from Tom and was no longer jealous of 'Candi.' That illusion was shattered, however, when the coach had both of them stay behind after practice.

"Her?" Amber shrieked, as the coach made her announcement. "All she can do is shake her tits and wiggle her ass, and you're making *her* head cheerleader?" She was losing her petty little mind, practically frothing at the mouth as she spoke.

Carl blushed furiously as the coach frowned. Ne never even asked for this. But he knew he couldn't refuse it, either. He was now the head cheerleader for the squad.

"Candi shows a lot of school spirit," the coach said. "And she's never missed a practice!" Amber looked absolutely furious, and Carl wondered if the coach knew the reason Amber had missed practice was because Tom had broken up with her in order to date 'Candi.'

"I've been on the squad since freshmen year!" Amber snapped. "She



just arrived!”

“Amber, the decision is final,” the coach said firmly. “Now, why don’t you two go get changed? I’ll be giving everyone else the news at practice tomorrow. Congratulations, Candi!”

“Thanks!” Carl squeaked, still made nervous by the horrible expression on Amber’s face. As soon as they were out of the gym, Amber yanked him around by his arm.

“I’m going to get you back for this,” Amber snapped. “In fact, I already have something planned.”

“Amber, I’m sorry the coach picked me over you, but it’s not my fault,” Carl said, blushing. “I thought we were maybe, um, getting to be friends?”

“*Friends?*” Amber practically screamed. “You steal my Miss Boardwalk Beauty title, my boyfriend, and now my spot as head cheerleader, and you think we’re *friends*? You’re a bimbo, and a slut, and you know what else?” Amber asked, pointing at Carl with a shaking finger. “There’s something funny about you, Candi. Something completely weird. If I ever find out what it is, everybody else will, too!” Carl’s small lip-sticked mouth fell open in shock as Amber stormed away. Time definitely hadn’t healed all wounds, and if she ever found out about ‘Candi’s little secret... He didn’t even want to imagine what might happen!



Tom announced that his family was going to the Bahamas over Christmas holidays, and Carl had to pretend to be disappointed. On the inside, he was overjoyed. He barely even put up a fight when his mother and aunt insisted that he go to the airport to see his boyfriend off. Tom held him in his arms for a very long goodbye kiss with what felt like half of the airport watching, but Carl could take anything knowing that he would have his holidays all to himself.

“I’m sorry you’re not coming with me,” Tom muttered. “Especially in that tiny red bikini of yours... But my mom is still upset I broke up with Amber, she and her mom are really good friends. Don’t worry, I’m sure she’ll warm up to you in no time.”

“I, uh, sure hope so!” Carl lied, glancing back towards the attractive middle-aged woman who had done little but sneer at her son’s new blonde bimbo of a girlfriend. He gave her a weak smile.

“Anyways, I’ll be back in no time,” Tom said. “And I promise to text message you every day, babe. And I’m going to do my best to persuade my mom to get you a ticket when we go to Mexico for spring break.”

“Okay,” Carl said meekly. “Have fun!” Tom gave him a final lingering kiss, then strode off to join his family in line for tickets. Mexico for spring break,

yeah right! Carl was willing to do whatever it took to avoid a week mincing around in his bikini in front of Tom and his family, including faking a serious injury.

He looked wistfully up at the departures board, wondering just how much it would cost to hop on a plane back to Maine. Of course, that would be ridiculous! Even if he could afford the ticket, he couldn't very well show up back in his old hometown in a short skirt and revealing blouse with long blonde hair, makeup, and a rack most Playboy bunnies would be jealous of. No, until he got his inheritance, he was definitely stuck in Florida – and stuck as 'Candi.'

He watched forlornly as a handsome pilot strutted past, ready to fly somewhere far away, and reflected on how he had once entertained the possibility of being a pilot. Now, however, he was far more suited to be one of the pretty, simpering stewardesses chatting gaily to one another as they followed their captain to the plane. Carl had tears in his eyes as he minced back to where his Aunt Kat was waiting.

"Oh, sweetie, you're really going to miss him, aren't you?" she sighed, completely misinterpreting his sadness. "Don't worry, he'll be back before you know it, Candi." Carl certainly hoped not!



A few days later, it was the first day of Christmas holidays, and Carl had never been so relieved to be out of school. With Tom on vacation in the Bahamas, it meant he would have at least a few weeks to himself without anyone holding him around his waist, cornering him for hot-and-heavy make-out sessions behind the school, and constantly pawing at his breasts!

His Aunt, being swamped at work for the holidays, had managed to get her sister a temporary position at the advertising firm, dealing with holiday promotions. That meant that Carl was finally going to have some time off from their ever-constant meddling. He was even hoping that his mother and aunt, both busy with work would let him lounge around the house without doing his hair and makeup to perfection every morning.

As for Christmas presents, was it too much to ask for a few pairs of pants? Carl was so sick of his flirty little miniskirts brushing against his thighs, and the constant wolf-whistles they drew from lustful boys, that even a pair of tight hip-hugger jeans would have sent him into happy hysterics.

Carl leafed through the calendar in his room with a feeling of grim determination. He had made it through September, October, November, and now December was all but over with, since school was out. That left another six months to go. He crossed off the days with a pink gel pen and sighed. Once he got his hands on the inheritance, he was going to be out of this place quicker than

greased lightning. But for now, he had the whole holiday break to rest and recuperate.

It was around noon on the very first day of his break that circumstances totally destroyed his hopes for a peaceful holiday. He was on his bed carefully redoing his toe-nail polish when his little pink cellular phone began to ring. Flipping it open, he saw a number that he didn't recognize with a strange area code. Hoping it wasn't a telemarketer, he tapped the 'call' button and held it up to his ear, brushing his blonde hair out of the way.

"Hello?" he asked quizzically.

"Hey, gorgeous," came a familiar, cocky voice. "Guess who?" Carl's stomach flipped when he recognized it.

"Jason?" he squeaked. He would know those over-confident tones anywhere. Jason was his best friend's bombastic big brother. He had grown up listening to Brad's older brother recount his football heroics and romantic conquests. Now, chillingly, Carl found himself as one of those romantic conquests.

"Got it in one," Jason replied. "Heeey, how're you doing? You know, I've missed you, Candi."

"Oh, I'm, I'm good," Carl said helplessly. "Um, how are you?"

"Well, I'm sure you're not reading the sports section, but we're off to a record start," Jason laughed.



"I've been player of the week three times running, too... But I know you hate listening to football talk, so I'll cut to the chase. I'm going to be in Florida for the first weekend of spring break before I head back home to Maine. Ever been there?"

"Florida?" Carl asked tremulously.

"Maine," Jason laughed. "Oh, Candi. I forgot just how cute you are. Anyways, I want to see you. I'm supposed to be meeting up with my little bro, but what I really want to do is hook up with you..." Just then, Carl got a beeping noise, indicating he was receiving a second call on his phone.

"Um, can you hold on for a second?" Carl said, relieved for an excuse to end the call. "I'm getting another call, so I'll put you on hold, okay?"

"Sure," Jason said casually.

"Thanks!" Carl said, flipping to the other call without even checking the number. "Hello?" he asked, in his usual high, breathy soprano.

"Uh, yo, is Carl there?" came an even more familiar voice. Carl gasped. It was Jason's little brother, and Carl's best friend from back home, Brad! Carl immediately lowered his voice, trying desperately to remember how to talk like a guy, as he replied.

"Yo, it's me, dude!" he said, still far more high-pitched than usual. He winced anxiously at the long silence that ensued.

"Dude, you sounded like a chick there for a second," Brad laughed. "You sure living with your aunt and mom isn't rubbing off on you?"

"Uh..." Carl replied. "I, um, I have a head-cold again. My voice sounds really funny."

"I thought colds made your voice go deeper. Anyways, what's up?" Brad continued. "How's the new school? You dating anyone?" Carl blushed from the tips of his ears to the tops of his breasts. If only Brad knew! Carl was indeed dating someone, but he was now the pretty, sexy blonde girlfriend of the basketball team captain!

"No," Carl squeaked.

"No?" Brad asked, surprised. "Come on, dude, I thought you said the girls down in Florida are amazing! That's what Jason said, anyways."

"I've been really busy with stuff," Carl said lamely.

"Oh, right on, dude, you're on the basketball team I bet?" Brad suggested. "Are you doing track and field, too? Or going out for football? How are the teams at your school?"

"Yeah, I'm, um, I'm on the basketball team," Carl lied, eyes wandering to the skimpy cheerleader uniform hanging in his closet. "I'm actually the head... um... the *captain*... uh... the *co-captain* of the team?"

"That's great, dude," Brad said. "Wow! Co-captain, huh? You must have gotten bigger over the summer or something!"

Carl's face burned as he looked down at his perfect D-cup breasts, jiggling in the silky constraints of his little lace demi-bra. "You might, uh, you might say that," he replied pitifully.

"Anyways, I'm calling with some kick-ass news, dude," Brad said cheerfully. "My parents are letting me fly down to Florida the first weekend of spring break to meet Jason, and then both of us will road-trip back to Maine."

"Oh, really?" Carl replied, connecting the dots with what Jason had just told him.

"So we're going to have a few days there just so me and you can hang out!" Jason said, excitedly.

"Me and you?" Carl echoed, suddenly terrified.

"Yeah, dude," Brad said. "Man, does your voice sound funny! It must be this phone connection, too. Me and you, and maybe Jason, if he's not *busy*. He's on the phone right now with that blonde slut he hooked up with last summer."

"Slut?" Carl said, almost automatically.

"Yeah, he's been going on and on about how she gave him the best blowjob of his life... Just on the second date, right after she won this big bikini pageant... He *claims* her tits are like the size of watermelons. Sounds like bullshit, right? But with Jason, well, you kind of have to give him the benefit of the doubt."

"Right," Carl said weakly. "I, um, I'm in another call... Can you hold on for a second?"

"Sure, dude," Brad said. Carl swallowed as he switched back to Jason's conversation.

"Jason?" he squeaked.

"Hey, babe," Jason's voice came. "I hope you weren't talking to some other guy."

"What?" Carl asked fearfully. "Who do you think I was talking to? I mean..."

"Just kidding, babe," Jason laughed. "So, are we on for a big weekend?"

"Jason, I... I..." Carl blushed a brilliant red. He had never once thought he would be happy to be saying this, but now it was his only lifeline out of this! "I have a boyfriend now," he whispered.

"Oh," Jason said, not sounding perturbed in the slightest. "Do you two have plans for the first Saturday of break?"

"Well, he's going to Mexico with his family," Carl said, and immediately could have slapped himself. *Why didn't I tell Jason that Tom was going to be with me all weekend?* Carl thought miserably. *I'm such an airhead lately!*

"Great," Jason said, and Carl could tell even over the phone that he had his usual suave grin. "How about we meet at the mall? My little brother wants to get some souvenirs... And probably hoping to pick up a cute chick. Do you have any friends for him, by any chance?"

"I don't want to meet your brother!" Carl said desperately. "I mean... Um..."

"I get it," Jason said smoothly. "You want a little time for just the two of us. Okay, gorgeous, how about I meet you at three o'clock on Saturday? I guess at the mall. I'm sure from there we can find somewhere nice and private to go to..."

"Jason, I don't think my boyfriend would like this," Carl said, blushing furiously.

"Who says he has to know, babe?" Jason laughed.

Carl needed to change the subject. "Can I put you on hold for a second? I'm still on the other line!"

"Okay, I'll hold."

"Hey, dude," Carl said, trying to readjust his voice yet again.

"Dude?" Jason asked, puzzled. Carl had forgotten to hit the actual button on his phone.

"I mean, um, hey, do you mind holding?" Carl asked, back-pedaling desperately.

"I said I would, Candi," Jason sighed. "Blondes."

"Sorry," Carl squeaked, but just as he was about to switch back to Brad, he realized he was receiving yet another new call, this one with a number he recognized as his mother's.

Carl just wanted to cry. But he couldn't ignore his mother's call. "Mom?" he asked.

"Hi, dear, I'm in a bit of a rush, but do you remember the Christmas promotion I'm doing?" Carl's mom asked him, while driving, from the sounds of the background. "We're having a Santa Claus and everything in the mall. I need you to come do a shift, okay?"

"A shift?" Carl asked, confused.

"As one of Santa's helpers," his mom said. "Don't worry, the Santa is a volunteer, but I'll make sure they pay you! You just have to smile at the little kids and stand around looking pretty, okay? It's at four o'clock."

"I don't think I..." Carl began, but his mother cut him off.

"I already signed you up, dear," she said. "Sorry, I'm in a hurry, and I really can't take no for an answer! Don't worry, it will be fun, and we have the cutest little outfit for you!"

"Four o'clock?" Carl squeaked.

"Have to go! See you when I'm home, okay?"

"Okay," Carl said pitifully. This day was getting worse and worse! He switched back to Brad's conversation as his mother hung up.

"Alright," Brad said. "Are you back? Here's the deal. Let's meet up at the mall on Saturday, at two o'clock. Jason says he's meeting his chick up at three, I think, and who knows how long that'll take. We should have plenty of time to chill and scope out a few south beach hotties of our own, right?"

"Brad, I don't think I'm going to have time..." Carl said desperately.

"Whatever, dude, don't try messing with me!" Brad laughed. "Your best friend is flying all the way down to Florida to see you and you won't even come to the mall to meet up?"

"I've got, um, extra basketball practices?" Carl lied.

"Then I'll come meet you at your aunt's house," Brad said casually. "That's where you're staying, right? Jason can drive me there."

"No!" Carl exclaimed, picturing the utter disaster that would take place if Jason were to drive Brad to the house he recognized only as 'Candi's' in order for his little brother to hang out with 'Carl.'

"I'm not taking no for an answer, dude," Brad said scowling. "We've been best friends forever, and you barely talked to me last summer or this year. What's up with you?"

"I'll... I'll meet you at the mall," Carl said. "But only for an hour, there's this, um, thing I have to take care of..." That thing being a date with his friend's older brother!

"C'mon, man! Jeeze! Better than nothing, I suppose," Brad sighed. "What's with you, dude? Don't worry, you can tell me all about it on Saturday. That blonde chick has Jason on hold upstairs? You should see the look on his face! Anyways, talk to you later, dude."

"Later," Carl squeaked, ending the call. He flipped to the other line. "Jason?"

"Hey, babe," Jason said. "Three o'clock at the mall, okay? I won't take no for an answer, Candi."

"Oh... Okay," Carl said miserably, bending to Jason's will yet again. "Three o'clock."

"Great, see you in March, then," Jason said. "And wear something sexy for me, okay? Can't wait." He hung up, and Carl was left holding his little pink cellular phone and feeling what he was sure was medical shock. How had he just agreed to kick off spring break by meeting Brad at two to hang out, and Jason at three for a date? Not to mention some ridiculous Santa thing this very afternoon! Why couldn't he stand up for himself these days?

Feeling totally overwhelmed, Carl put his pretty face in his manicured hands and began to cry, hardly caring that his mascara would run. How was he going to get out of this without Brad discovering that his old buddy from back home now wore lacy lingerie, high heels, miniskirts and makeup?

And as for Jason... Carl had been looking forward to a bit of time away from Tom's roaming hands, but Jason was even worse. The last time he'd gone on a date with Jason he had been totally helpless to resist the football star's aggressive advances, and after a night of being thoroughly groped and manhandled on the dance floor, he'd been forced to give his very first blowjob to another boy! Would Jason really respect 'Candi's innocence now that she had a boyfriend? Carl still shuddered to remember the feel of Jason's hard, throbbing manhood sliding between his pretty pink lips!



Later, downstairs, Aunt Kat was frowning to herself as her sister came in.

"I think Candi's starting to have a little trouble," she announced. "I could hear her upstairs on the phone and it sounded like her voice is... Well... Breaking."

"Really?" her sister frowned. "I was just on the phone with her, but I think she had one of her girlfriends on the other line."

"Her voice kept slipping back and forth to a deeper register," Aunt Kat sighed. "I was afraid this might happen, but I really did think all the female hormone boosters would stave it off..."

"No wonder she sounded upset on the phone," her sister remarked. "Poor thing! Imagine how embarrassing that could be for her!"

"Well, we knew it was a possibility," Aunt Kat pointed out. "At least she doesn't seem to be showing any other signs of male puberty. She looks perfectly lovely in her lacy underthings."

"But imagine if her voice breaks in the middle of a cheer!" her sister winced. "Or while she's with her boyfriend! She would just die from humiliation."

"There is a little procedure Dr. Nevsky does that might just solve the problem," Aunt Kat said. "Maybe I could arrange it as a bit of a Christmas present?"

"Good idea," her sister agreed. "I'll go up and talk to her..."



"Candi, I'm home!" Carl heard his mother's voice call. Her shoes clicked their way up the stairs and as Carl looked up through his tears he saw her in the doorway. "Oh, sweetie, what's the matter?" his mom asked, stunned. "You're a

mess!” She quickly came over and gave her feminized son a hug, marveling as she always did at how firm, round, and just plain large his beautiful new boobs were. Carl, through small hiccuping sobs, related his predicament.

“I don’t know what to do!” Carl gasped. “How can I fool Brad into thinking nothing is out of whack, and that I’m still his old buddy Carl, and then go on a date with Jason immediately afterward? I have boobs now, mom!”

“You certainly do,” his mom said, frowning. “But there may be a solution. If anyone can help disguise you as a boy...”

“Disguise me?” Carl squeaked indignantly, wiping delicately at his eyes. “I am a...”

“It’s definitely that lovely woman Tiffany,” his mom finished, cutting him off entirely. “I’ll call her right now and see what she can do for us, okay?”

“Okay,” Carl sniffed. “But I still just wish I had never gone into that silly salon in the first place!”

“Sweetie, from what I hear, Tiffany is the best in the business,” his mother chided him gently. “My, it’s hard to believe you were ever a young man at all, isn’t it?” Carl watched miserably as his mom picked up her phone and began to dial. Between all the time he spent maintaining his pretty, feminine appearance and being held and caressed by eager young men, Carl occasionally had a hard time believing it himself!



By that afternoon, Carl had done his best to put March out of his mind completely. Spring break was a long ways off, after all, and it wasn’t even Christmas yet. Though, now in the midst of changing into costume as one of Santa’s little helpers, backstage at his mom’s Christmas display, he couldn’t help but wish the holiday was over and done with.

“Do I really have to wear this?” Carl whined. “I’ll feel so stupid...”

“You’ll look adorable,” his mom assured him. “And thanks again, so much, for doing this shift. Guess who’s playing Santa Claus? It’s your principal, Mr. Bul-ler. He and his wife do these volunteer things every year, apparently.”

"Is she here, too?" Carl asked anxiously, not eager for another brush with his 'guidance counselor'.

"No, no, I think she's at some kind of donation drive, Mr. Buller was boring me to death telling me all about it..." Carl's mom laughed. "I guess you'll have to be Mrs. Claus for now." Carl's cheeks went red immediately, and his mother covered her mouth. "Oops! You know what I mean," she chided. "Now, all you have to do is go out there and lead the little kids up to Santa, okay?"

"Okay," Carl sighed. "I suppose it can't be that hard."

"It's a piece of cake," Carl's mom assured him. "Just remember to smile at all times, and be as friendly as possible. Remember, you're getting paid! I'll be back in an hour or so. Thanks again, dear, you're a real life-saver!" She bustled away, already chatting on her cellular telephone, and Carl reluctantly did up his high-heeled boots before mincing out to where Santa's chair was set up. Mr. Buller had a small kid on his lap, but his mouth fell open in surprise as he saw 'Candi' arrive on the scene. Evidently Carl's mom hadn't told him who was filling in! Carl stood by, fiddling with the cuffs of his costume, as Mr. Buller lifted the boy down and sent him back to his parents. There was a very long line-up, indeed. Carl smiled weakly at the little brown-haired girl waiting at the front of the line.



"Your turn," he said. "Um, are you ready to go tell Santa what you want?"

"Uh-huh," the little girl said cutely, nodding her head. Carl put out his hand and the little girl took it. "You're so pretty," she said, smiling up at Carl. "You're like a Barbie doll! I hope I'm pretty like you when I grow up." Carl flushed furiously at that particular remark.

"Oh, th-thank you," he stammered. "I'm sure you'll be really pretty, too!"

"Are you married?" the little girl asked.

"Um, no," Carl said.

"Why not?" the girl questioned, frowning.

"I'm not... Old enough?" Carl squeaked.

"But I thought you were married to Santa Claus," the little girl frowned.

"Oh, shoot, I mean, yes," Carl said, back-pedaling. "I am married to Santa Claus, I mean." He led the little girl up to where Mr. Buller was waiting.

"She says she's going to marry you!" the little girl said happily, climbing up onto Mr. Buller's lap. The principal's face, which had been a funny shade of red, turned almost white.

"Candi, we need to have a serious talk after this," he said in a low voice. "I have no idea how you knew I was here..."

"I didn't!" Carl protested. "What do you mean?"

"And I'll have you know I've thrown out every single one of those little notes," the principal went on. "I understand that girls of your, uh, personality, are often attracted to older, more mature men, but it's simply inappropriate and has to stop. I would hate to have to report it to my, uh, my wife. The guidance counselor. Mrs. Buller, I mean." With that, Mr. Buller turned away and began speaking to the little girl, asking her what she wanted for Christmas. Completely confused, Carl traipsed back to the line. What little notes? What on Earth was Mr. Buller talking about?

Over the next half hour, as Carl led excited kid after kid up to Santa, the principal didn't say a single word to him, or even look in his direction. It was pretty boring, but not as terrible as Carl had feared it might be. A few guys walking by stopped to make lewd comments about whether he was 'naughty or nice', and judging by the love-struck look in a few little boys' eyes he had just become the



first female fantasy of ten-year-old boys, but at least he didn't have to sing Christmas carols or anything. The line was starting to thin by the time a sobbing girl and her red-faced mother were at the front. Carl had never been good with kids, and had no idea what to do.

"I'm sorry," the mother sighed. "She wanted to so badly just a few minutes ago, but now she's scared to sit on his lap. We've been waiting in line for an hour, and now..." She gave another sigh of frustration. "It's nothing to be scared of, sweetie," she tried to tell her crying daughter, before turning back to Carl. "I just know she's going to be crying all day if she doesn't do it, but she's so shy. Is it alright if I come up, too?"

"Um, sure?" Carl said weakly. He ushered them both up to where Mr. Buller was sitting. The principal gave the little girl a friendly wave, which seemed to calm her down a little, but when he suggested she come sit up on his lap she was still too frightened.

"It's not scary," her mother sighed. "Santa Claus is nice! Would it make you feel better if the nice girl shows you how?"

"Wait, show..." Carl trailed off as the little girl stopped crying and nodded her head.

"Could you?" the girl's mother pleaded. "It would mean the world to me, I'm sure if she sees you do it she won't be so scared." Carl gulped and looked at Mr. Buller, whose face had gone almost entirely red.

"Er, of course," the principal croaked. "No trouble at all. Come on up,



Mrs. Claus." Carl felt his face almost match Mr. Buller's in shade as he minced reluctantly up to the chair and set himself delicately into the principal's lap.

"See?" he squeaked, trying his best to smile. "It's not scary at all." It was of course at that exact moment that Mr. Buller 'rose to the occasion' with the most obvious hard-on imaginable poking right into Carl's bottom. Carl gasped in surprise, then quickly rearranged his features into another smile.

"See, honey, it's not scary," the little girl's mother said. The girl smiled shyly as Carl slid back to the ground, cheeks flushed, but instead of reaching down to pick up the child, Mr. Buller stood up abruptly, awkwardly shielding himself with one arm.

"Well, Santa needs a break!" he said, with a forced cheeriness. "I'll just, er, take a little walk. Merry Christmas, dear! I'll bring you exactly what you want!"

"But she's not scared anymore," the little girl's mother protested, and then, as realization dawned on her, a look of horrified indignation spread across her face. With a look of disgust, she snatched up her daughter and stalked off without another word, leaving Carl and Mr. Buller standing there in abject embarrassment. A moment later, Mr. Buller bolted away in the opposite direction, face still burning. Carl looked at the waiting line of children and gave them a helpless shrug. He definitely wasn't looking forward to explaining this one to his mom...



Fortunately for Carl, his mother found the whole thing rather amusing, and fortunately for her, it didn't take long to have another Santa Claus lined up. Carl did his best to put the day out of his mind, and a few weeks later was almost able to forget the embarrassment of giving his principal a hard-on in front of half the mall.

His mother had been dropping hints about what he was getting for Christmas, and he had high hopes for a few more sensible pairs of shoes, maybe even some male clothes for when he was around the house. Her smile seemed to indicate that he would be getting something he would like, so when he heard Aunt Kat on the phone mentioning something about a Christmas gift, he couldn't help but listen in.

"Yes, Dr. Nevsky, they've been giving him no end of trouble lately..." he heard her saying. "It really must be such a burden for the poor dear... Yes... Yes, absolutely...i Imagine, just bobbing up and down constantly, and so obvious, it would be awful... So you think we can just shrink them down, and tighten things up? I'm sure he'd be so much more comfortable. Oh, perfect. Thank you so much!"

Carl stared down at his breasts as his aunt hung up the phone, and an incredulous smile spread across his face. Finally! Even if he wasn't having them removed entirely, he could hardly wait to get a breast reduction surgery. Bliss flooded through him as he thought about all the things he would be able to do again... Jogging, for one thing, and push-ups, and sports, and not having guys constantly talking to his chest instead of his face...

On Christmas morning, Carl, his aunt, and his mother went into the living room, all wearing their silky nightgowns. A small tree had been decorated, and a pile of nicely-wrapped presents were sitting underneath it. Carl tried to enjoy himself and smile for the camera as they all opened their presents, though he was particularly embarrassed to find that he and Aunt Kat had bought each other the same perfume. As he opened his own presents, he found that they were nearly all additions to his wardrobe: a cute pair of high-heeled boots, some trendy scarves from his aunt, and a new pair of expensive open-toed stilettoes. His aunt had bought both him and his mother matching purses, as well!

"Mother-daughter purses," Carl's mom smiled happily. "Isn't that sweet?"

Carl nodded, blushing furiously to think just how far he had fallen from "father-son" activities. No wonder his dad thought he was a complete and total sissy. Carl hugged both his aunt and mother, thanking them for the gifts, but he was a little worried at the same time. They had already bought him such an extensive feminine wardrobe, even though they had to realize he was going to return to boyhood next year, and now even more clothing would be going to waste. And they hadn't gotten him the jeans he'd asked for, either.

Next he opened the gift Tom had left behind for him, which turned out to be an expensive bottle of perfume and a pair of diamond chandelier earrings. He knew his boyfriend would want him to wear those on their next dinner date!

"A romance novel?" Carl asked tremulously, unwrapping the latest gift. His mother and aunt exchanged small smiles. Carl looked down at the cover and saw a pretty young stewardess being ravished by a tall, muscular airline pilot.

"I noticed you swooning over that handsome pilot in the airport," Aunt Kat laughed. "So I thought this would be right up your alley!"

"Maybe this way you won't be too lonely over the holidays without your man," Carl's mom added. Carl blushed furiously as he turned the book over. What exactly did they think he was going to need a romance novel for? Oh well, at least it would give him something to do while he was hanging around the house...

"One last present," Aunt Kat announced, shaking Carl from his thoughts. She handed him a small gift bag, and Carl had a feeling he knew what was inside it. His face lit up as he took out the appointment card for Dr. Nevsky's office.

"Thank you!" he squealed, hugging his aunt.

"Don't you want to know what it is?" Aunt Kat asked, surprised. Her feminized nephew gave the girlish giggle that was becoming more and more natural for him.

"I already know what it is," he giggled. "I heard you on the phone!"

"I just wanted to make sure they wouldn't give you any more problems in the future," his aunt smiled. "Your mother agreed that it's a great idea. You should be much more comfortable, especially around your friends." Carl was slightly confused by the last part, as most of the girls were jealous of his boobs, but he was too happy to care. Finally, he wouldn't have to be a D-cup any longer!

"The appointment is for January first," his mother pointed out. "So you'll have plenty of time to heal up before the photo shoot."

"If they still want me," Carl said hopefully. Maybe once the photographer saw 'Candi' with her new cup size, they would decide to find a different model! Feeling more positive than he had in ages, Carl thanked his aunt and mother, and flounced off to his room with a big smile, leaving them both to exchange slightly puzzled looks.

From the Casebook of Harold Pennyworth, P.I.

Notes on Case #241-B: The Whereabouts of Carl Hutchens.

Dec. 29: Just got the word from my friend that he's "extended" his stay in Cuba, which probably means they caught him smuggling again and has to spend a few weeks in the hoosegow before he can pay someone off. The good news is that means I can hold onto his place a while longer, and with weather like this, that sounds better than spending New Years back up in the frozen north.

Been following a few angles. I tracked Candi Wethers and Carl Hutchens' mother to the mall, where Candi was dressing up as one of Santa's little helpers in an outfit that was a lot more naughty than nice. Whoever the poor schmuck playing 'Santa' in the Christmas display certainly did, because when Candi hopped on his lap he went about as red as his costume and high-tailed it out of there – to the men's room.

Action seems to follow this mystery girl wherever she goes. More intriguingly, however, is what I discovered when I tailed them home. The former Mrs. Hutchens dropped Candi off at the house, and then continued on to a cosmetic surgery clinic. My initial assumption was that she was getting some work done. But I managed to drop a bug and eavesdrop on her conversation with the receptionist. She wasn't making herself an appointment, but making one for Candi.

A seventeen-year-old girl with tits that massive and perfect might have begged a little 'enhancement' out of her rich daddy – I mean, they sure look real, but is Mother Nature really that kind? So maybe this is some kind of follow-up appointment for her birthday boob job. But the thing is, the conversation made a mention of 'hormone balancing,' too. Now, why would a nice girl like Candi be getting her check-up with Florida's top plastic surgeon instead of with a licensed gynecologist?

I still have that gut feeling that all of this is somehow related to Carl, and Candi is somehow the key. Could they have used plastic surgery on Carl to make him look like someone else? That certainly is a possibility. But I haven't seen any candidates around that match his general description. None of Candi's boyfriends, certainly. They were all at least six inches taller than Carl. Last I checked, you couldn't fake height – unless you wear high heels or something.

So, another month and the work goes on, but maybe I'm a little closer to the truth.

JANUARY

It seemed like no time at all before Carl was once again on his way to Dr. Nevsky's office, but this time with one significant difference – he was actually excited to be going! His heart was a flutter as his aunt checked him in at reception and they sat down to wait.

"It may be a while," Aunt Kat warned him. "Did you bring your book, like I suggested?"

"Oh, yes," Carl said hastily, rummaging around in his new purse. "Somewhere in here!" He knew it would make his aunt happy, and besides, it was better than fashion magazines, so he dug out the sappy romance novel and found his place in the first chapter. As a guy, he'd had no idea how dirty some of these naughty little books were! It was enough to make him blush, but at the same time, was strangely enthralling as well.

He picked up where he'd left off, with the pretty young small-town heroine meeting the handsome airline pilot for the first time and being offered a position as a stewardess, and tried to put himself in the shoes of the love interest, but for some reason, he was finding it easier and easier to empathize with the heroine instead as she learned the ins and outs of being a stewardess and tried to fend off the advances of a wealthy but egotistical admirer who was partial owner of the airline.

Aunt Kat smiled as she watched her utterly feminized nephew becoming more and more engrossed in the romance novel – she could tell he was at a particularly delicious scene by the way his high-heeled foot was unconsciously bobbing up and down, and the way he kept having to fiddle with his bra! Like it or not, his body now reacted just like a young woman's would.

Before long, however, the nurse arrived to lead Carl into surgery for the second time in his young life. He was grateful that she was professional enough to make no mention of his leaving the "D Plus Club!" Instead, she only smiled graciously and turned away as Carl stripped down before donning a short, flimsy hospital gown and climbing up onto the gurney.

"I'm going to put you under, now," she said brightly. "Dr. Nevsky will be in in just a moment." She fit the anesthetic breath mask over Carl's face and he breathed in deeply on her instruction. In a matter of moments, his eyelids began to flutter shut. The very last thing he saw was a perfect view of the nurse's bountiful cleavage as she leaned across him, and he was struck once more by just how close his own boobs were in size and appearance – but not for long! He had a smile on his pretty pink lips as he fell deeply asleep...



Unlike the last time he'd woken up in the recovery wing, Carl was hardly disoriented at all when he finally came to. He did, however, have the same immediate feeling that something was not quite right. His throat was parched and sore, just as it had been the last time, but he could still feel his D-cup breasts rising and falling on his chest... Was it possibly a phantom sensation? The same as an amputee still being able to feel their arms for a while after losing them? Totally perplexed, Carl reached out with a weak arm and pulled the blanket down. Something had obviously gone wrong and they had had to abort the surgery, because he was every bit as well-endowed as he had been before! Tears were welling up in his eyes as his Aunt Kat entered the room.

"Look who's awake!" she smiled, clapping her hands. "Dr. Nevsky has informed me that everything went just perfectly."

"What do you mean?" Carl squeaked, and immediately gasped, clutching his throat. There was a funny tightness in his throat, and his voice sounded slightly higher and breathier than usual. "Aunt Kat, what's wrong with my voice?" he demanded, still in a high-pitched soprano. Not only was his voice more high-pitched, it was definitely softer, and, dare he say it, sexier!

"Nothing, sweetie," Aunt Kat laughed. "I think you sound just darling! It may take a little bit of time to get used to. You're certainly going to have to be careful about saying the wrong things to eager young men with a sultry soprano like that! Just about anything will sound like a come-on!"

"But... But... You mean the surgery was for my throat?" Carl gasped, completely confounded.

"Your vocal cords, sweetie," Aunt Kat said, frowning. "I think you're still a little fuzzy from the anesthetic. Don't you remember? You said you heard me on the phone!"

"I did!" Carl exclaimed. "But you said... Shrink them down... and... I mean..."

"That's exactly what Dr. Nevsky has done," Aunt Kat said soothingly. "I know you were worried about your voice changing, but this little procedure ensures that you'll keep that beautiful soprano for as long as you want! He shaved your vocal cords down to size and tightened up the skin, so you'll never have to worry about developing a horrible big Adam's apple. Can you just imagine having something like that bobbing up and down on your slender lovely neck whenever you talked? It would be just terrible. Fortunately, that will never happen now!"

Carl was stunned into silence. It suddenly all started to make sense to him. Everything he had heard his Aunt say had to do with changing his voice, not his breasts. How could he have misinterpreted his Aunt's phone call so completely? His wishful thinking had turned out disastrously! Not only was he as

bustly as ever, he now had no hope of fooling anyone into believing the truth, that he was really a boy, even on the phone!

"Get some more sleep, sweetie," Aunt Kat suggested, placing a hand on his forehead. "You'll sleep here for one more night, and then I'll be picking you up with your mother in the morning, okay?" Carl gave a miserable nod as his aunt squeezed his hand and left the room. How could he have been so stupid?

"Hi, my name is Carl Hutchens," Carl said, trying his best to use a manly timber. He sounded completely ridiculous. Clearing his throat, he tried again. "Hi, my name is Carl Hutchens," he repeated, but even his best efforts sounded like a little girl impersonating her big brother. His new voice was utterly breathy, feminine, and cute. He knew exactly what his aunt meant about saying the wrong things! With a voice like this, a "no" sounded like a flirtatious "yes", and a "yes" would probably sound like "oh, yes, and bring in three more guys!" With a tear rolling down his smooth cheek, Carl swallowed and tried one last time.

"Hi," he chirped. "My name is Candi Wethers." It sounded perfect. Totally miserable, Carl shut his eyes and did his best to fall asleep.



In the week following his vocal cord reduction surgery, Carl tried to explain the misunderstanding that had occurred, but his aunt and mother both seemed too busy to give him a chance to fully explain. Aunt Kat had obviously overheard him going back into 'boy mode' in order to talk to Brad on the phone, and had assumed his voice was beginning to change. Carl had then overheard her talking to Dr. Nevsky on the phone, and assumed she was going to get him a breast reduction surgery!

"But why on Earth would you think that?" Aunt Kat sighed. "You love your new breasts! Sweetie, it sounds to me like you're having second thoughts about the throat surgery, but all it's going to take is a little time to adjust, and then you'll be perfectly happy with it. Just think, you don't have to worry about your voice breaking when you're cheerleading, or, God forbid, when you're out with your boyfriend."

"But it wasn't breaking!" Carl protested.

"And now it definitely won't," Aunt Kat said matter-of-factly. "Look, Candi, I really have to get to work. We'll talk about this later, okay? We paid good money for that surgery, you could stand to be a little more grateful, sweetie." With that she bustled away, leaving Carl frustrated once again.

Unfortunately, before long Carl was going to be back at school and cheerleading once more. Miranda was back from her holiday in Mexico, just in time to insist they spend the night before school started back up having a 'pajama

party.' Once Carl would have loved to see Miranda flouncing about in her skimpy nightie, but now he was wearing the same as they painted their nails, did each other's hair, and watched sappy romance movies! His boyfriend Tom was also back, and had been sending him increasingly dirty text messages that made it clear how much he had missed his hot blonde girlfriend!

"Oh my," Miranda giggled, after badgering Carl into showing him the most recent text message on his cellular phone. "He's certainly not shy about, um, how should I put it? Expressing his feelings."

"He keeps asking me to send a picture," Carl said nervously, blushing.

"Well, what are you waiting for?" Miranda asked slyly, turning on the camera feature on Carl's little pink cellular phone. "Strike a pose, girly!"

"But Miranda, I'm going to see him tomorrow in school," Carl protested. "And you know very well what kind of, um, picture he wants." He blushed furiously, remembering how he had once begged Miranda for similar revealing pictures! Now here he was, being asked by his 'boyfriend' for the same thing!

"Don't be a prude," Miranda scolded. "You're a famous model now, remember? You need to get used to being in sexy photos."

"It was one photo shoot!" Carl protested. "And besides, what if he... you know... shows it to people? Isn't it kind of risky?"

"That's half the fun for a little exhibitionist like you," Miranda smiled. "Come on, girly, let's show him everything he was missing over the holidays."

"Miranda..." Carl whined.

"I'm not giving your phone back until you do," Miranda said firmly. "And I can think of plenty of naughty things to tell your man so he's all hot and horny to see you tomorrow. Should I tell him you've been sucking on popsicles and thinking about him?" Carl blushed furiously at how close Miranda had accidentally come to the truth.

"Okay, take your silly picture," he squeaked. "How should I pose?"

"Put your hands on your knees," Miranda directed. "Now, turn around and bend over, so he can see that sexy little pink thong you're wearing." Flushing, Carl followed her directions, bending over to present his tight little tush to the camera. All the hormones, dieting, and gym-time had definitely paid off in that regard, as Carl now had a perfectly-shaped rear end that could make a grown man cry. With the lacy strap of his thong nestled between two firm, rounded cheeks, it wasn't hard to guess exactly where his boyfriend's mind would be going!

"Now peek over your shoulder and blow a sexy kiss," Miranda giggled. "He'll love that. Pout those lips, girly!" Carl did just that, and as the camera flashed he straightened up with a frown.

"Satisfied?" he asked poutingly.

"I am," Miranda smiled. "Let's see how long it takes your beau to respond to that!" She sent the picture, and about five seconds later, the responding text message arrived. Carl snatched the phone away from her to read it, and his eyes grew wide.

"Wow," Miranda laughed. "Somebody's excited to see you tomorrow!"

"I can't believe he did that," Carl said, blushing furiously. He quickly set to work deleting the message. The last thing he wanted on his phone was a picture of Tom's throbbing manhood!



The next morning at school, Carl could tell something was off the second he and Miranda passed through the doors. He was more than used to attracting boys' attentions at this point, especially wearing a short, flouncy miniskirt and low-cut scooped top that gave a generous view of his cleavage, but today he was attracting so many stares and lustful grins that he was afraid for a moment he had forgotten to wear a bra or something equally disastrous. Stranger still, some of the girls were giggling as he passed, as well!

"What color's your thong today, Candi?" called a junior boy passing by with his friends. They whistled and exchanged high-fives for his snarky comment. Carl blushed furiously.

"What's going on?" he whispered angrily. "Is my underwear showing or something?"

"Well, it's not now," Miranda said. "But, um, that picture from last night..?"

"Oh, my gosh!" Carl screeched.

"I think Tom has some explaining to do," Miranda said primly. Carl could only nod his head, ears bright red with embarrassment. Just then, Tom rounded the corner of the hallway with his basketball buddies, all laughing and talking. Carl marched straight towards them, high heels clicking noisily and breasts jiggling in their cups. It was hard to look intimidating in make-up and a miniskirt with blonde hair bouncing prettily on his shoulders, but Tom could clearly tell his 'girlfriend' was upset.

"Hey, babe," he said. "I missed you..."

"I can't believe you sent everybody that picture!" Carl squeaked angrily.

"Hey, Candi, calm down," Tom laughed. "It's not a big deal, it just..."

"It *is* a big deal!" Carl argued, stamping his foot in a girlish gesture of frustration. "Now everyone in the entire school is going to see it and, and..." To his humiliation, he could feel tears building up. Why did he cry so easily now? Was it going to be like this even after he went back to being a guy?

"Buzz off, guys," Tom said sternly, and his friends departed, although Carl could see them looking through their phones and making lewd comments. Carl crossed his arms in front of his firm breasts and his shoulders shook with a small sob. To his embarrassment, Tom took it as a cue to hold him in his arms and comfort him. "I'm sorry, babe," Tom said, gently stroking Carl's cheek. "I had a few drinks last night when you sent me that, and I guess I wanted to brag a little. I only sent it to a few of my friends, I swear. I guess they, you know, passed it on. Can you blame them? It was one hot picture!"

"But now everyone's going to t-tease me," Carl whined.

"If they do, it's because they're jealous, sexy," Tom grinned. "I'm sorry. I understand, you wanted it to be something special and private between just us..." Carl shook his head. He hadn't wanted to take it in the first place! "But I promise we'll have plenty of those moments," Tom continued. "And we'll do things so dirty I wouldn't dare tell a soul." He grinned suavely and gave Carl's open mouth a firm kiss. "Now, go fix up your makeup," Tom laughed. "Then I'll walk you to class, okay, babe?" He put a hand on Carl's buttocks and squeezed mischievously, making Carl give an involuntary squeak.

"O-okay," Carl said miserably. He gave Tom a weak smile and minced off to the bathroom. How was he going to fend off Tom's amorous advances until summer? Sooner or later, Tom was going to want more than just necking and second base... Carl thought of the picture he'd been sent and shuddered. And here he'd thought Jason was big!

"Oh, hi, Candi," came the voice Carl liked least. Naturally, Amber was at the mirror fixing her hair. "Aren't you getting to be quite the, um, celebrity," she said nastily. "Just about every guy in school must be enjoying that little photo message by now. I'm surprised you didn't charge money, but I guess that's the difference between being a whore and just being a slut, right?"

"I guess Tom never thought pictures of you were worth sharing!" Carl said primly, trying not to let his voice shake. He started repairing his mascara, lips pursed.

"I didn't send him any sext messages, because I'm not a stupid blonde bimbo," Amber said, eyes narrowed. "You know, I almost believe you didn't realize it would get around – but that just means you're an empty-headed ditz along with being a total slut. Good thing you have those big boobs of yours to get you by. I'm sure thanks to that picture, you'll have plenty of new admirers. Maybe you can even steal someone else's boyfriend! You should thank me, Candi."

"Thank you?" Carl squeaked, confused.

"Well, yes," Amber said. "I'm the one who sent it to the entire school. Since I knew you love the attention."

"Is this your revenge that you were talking about?" Carl asked angrily. "Because all those guys have already seen me in a bikini and I really don't care if they know I wear..."

"Oh, it's just a step," Amber interrupted. "Trust me, Candi. The revenge is on its way. Have fun failing algebra class. Maybe you could give the teacher a nice blowjob and he'll pass you." With that parting shot, Amber strode out of the bathroom, leaving Carl blushing. He fumed silently as he finished fixing his makeup, but decided not to worry about Amber's 'revenge.' She was all talk, and now that her and Joe were together, she had to be getting over the fact that Tom and 'Candi' were a couple – right?



As Carl reluctantly got back into the swing of classes, cheerleader practices, and dates with Tom, there was one thing hanging over his head, far more than Amber's threat, and even more than his foolish agreement to meet up with Brad and Jason in March: the Miss Radiance photo shoot. The end of January had seemed ages away when he first received the news in November, but now it was perilously close!

"I don't see what you're so nervous about," his mother said, when he expressed his feelings to her a couple weeks later. "Most girls would kill to be in your position!"

"Exactly," Carl moaned. "Most *girls*! I don't want to be on a... a magazine! Not in a bikini!" He flushed at his own words. Who would have ever thought he would go from drooling over swimsuit models on magazine covers to actually being one – long legs, big breasts, blonde hair and all?

"Well, I'm not the one who signed up for the Miss Boardwalk Beauty competition," his mother said, with a shrug of her shoulders. "I guess there's a lesson to be learned in there somewhere about reading the fine print, but frankly, you should be excited for the opportunity! There may even be a bit of money in it for you, and if it became a career..."

"Yeah, right!" Carl squeaked. "I'm not going to be a bikini model, mom! And I don't need the money, either!" With a quarter million dollars of inheritance money on the way, he would *dating* bikini models in a year's time – so long as he got male hormones, breast reduction, and a personal trainer, of course. He couldn't *wait* to be done with D-cups forever.

"Just keep an open mind," his mother directed. "I have next weekend off, so I should be able to drive you. Your boyfriend must be so proud to be dating a swimsuit model!"

"It's just one photo shoot," Carl protested, blushing. "They might not even like how it turns out!"

"Of course, Candi," his mother laughed. "Whatever you say..."

Because the photo shoot was set to take place on a Friday afternoon, Carl had to get a permission slip signed by his mother so he could take the day off classes. She seemed ecstatic at the prospect of a car trip up the coast together, but Carl was considerably less so. The prospect of prancing around in a bikini in front of a photographer was somehow not his idea of a fun afternoon!

"I'm sorry I haven't been able to spend more time with you, dear," his mother said as Carl slid gracefully into the car, smoothing his short ruffled skirt as they pulled away from the school. "It's been so hectic getting work, and you've been so busy with cheerleading, and with your boyfriend... Well, you're adjusting so well to your new life, I was afraid I would somehow mess things up if I intervened. You've blossomed into a beautiful daughter any woman would be proud to have, dear, and I'm so happy that you're accepting your flowering femininity!"

"Accepting it?" Carl squeaked. "Mom, it's not as if I had a choice!"

"Maybe not *exactly*," his mother conceded. "But you certainly had the choice of whether or not to join the cheerleading squad, and you also managed to get yourself a hunky boyfriend! This summer we'll have plenty of time for mother-daughter bonding, I promise, Candi."

"Right," Carl said sarcastically. She should be so lucky! The second he signed his name to the inheritance settlement on the dotted line, he was getting out of Florida and out of skirts! Rather than conversing with his mother, he dug out the romance novel he'd gotten at Christmas and began reading instead. He had never done much reading as a pass-time, but he had to admit that the racy stories were intriguing. Currently the stewardess heroine was being seduced by a handsome pilot with a mysterious past...

Carl read as his mother drove, trying to ignore her chatter about Prom gown designers, and they arrived at the rented stretch of beach in no time at all, pulling up beside a van where a man Carl recognized as the Jacques, the photographer, was making adjustments to a very expensive-looking camera.

"Don't be nervous, dear," Carl's mother said, unbuckling her seat belt. "I know you're going to be just fine!" Carl had to admit that he felt slightly queasy with nerves as he got out of the vehicle. What if his father were to see the magazine? No man wanted to see their only son posing in a bikini for a suntan lotion advertisement!

"Blondie! My darling, how good to see you!" Jacques the photographer said in his thick French accent, swooping down to kiss Carl firmly on each cheek. "They loved our photos, my darling, and so here we are to do more, yes? You look radiant this day."

"H-hi," Carl stammered, blushing. "Thank you!"

"And is this, what, your sister, yes?" Jacques guessed, turning to Carl's mother with a hand on his chin.

"Very charming," Carl's mother giggled. "But no."

"My God, I see where your daughter received her beauty," Jacques exclaimed. "Did you model, perhaps?"

"Just a little bit," Carl's mother said, blushing slightly herself. "Long before I met Candi's father, of course."

"Not so long ago, I think," Jacques said roguishly.

"Well, aren't you a smooth talker," Carl's mother said with a wink. Carl couldn't believe his mother and the photographer were flirting! Did she have to make eyes at every eligible bachelor she met? Then again, Carl realized, his father was probably taking full advantage of the single life as well.

"My darling, go get changed, yes?" Jacques said, ushering Carl with a hand in the small of his back. "See the screen? A very good beautician, she says she has worked on you before, Tiffany, she will do your hair and make-up. Oh, and someone else to see, too. It will be a nice surprise!"

"Run along, Candi," Carl's mother said, still eyeing up Jacques with clear interest. "I'm sure Mister... Um, sorry...?"

"Jacques to my friends, and to beautiful women," Jacques said slyly.

Carl's mother smiled. "I'm sure Jacques is on a tight schedule," she finished. Carl rolled his eyes in mute frustration. As if this wasn't bad enough already! At least he knew Tiffany... He wobbled his way to the small screen, high heels sinking in the shifting sand, but as he pulled it aside he ran smack into very familiar washboard abs, muscular arms, and a charming white smile.

"Nicholas?" Carl squeaked. "I, I didn't know you were going to be at this shoot..." The handsome male model helped steady Carl with one arm wrapped casually around his tiny, delicate waist.

"Jacques wanted it to be a surprise," Nicholas grinned. "Wow, you look even more gorgeous than I remembered!"

"Th-thank you," Carl stammered, blushing furiously as Nicholas' eyes roved hungrily up and down his body. With the way he was mentally undressing him, Carl felt like he was in a bikini already!

"He thought we had some really great chemistry," the male model laughed. "And I'll be honest, when I heard you were doing the Miss Radiance shoot, I jumped at the chance."

"Jumped?" Carl asked weakly. "Why?" Nicholas smiled suavely.

"Why do you think?" he asked playfully, with another glance down at Carl's low-cut top. "You'd better get changed, beautiful. I'll see you on the sand!" Pink to the tips of his ears, Carl could only smile weakly and nod. He stepped

inside the screen and was greeted by Tiffany and a big box of makeup products and brushes.

"Isn't this exciting?" Tiffany beamed. "They were going to fly a makeup artist in for this shoot, can you believe that? When I'm right here, and I know your contours and color palette like the back of my hand! Ridiculous! And boy, that male model, what a hunk, don't you think? Marci, come bring Candi her robe!"

"Marci?" Carl asked, confused. Who was Marci? He looked up and saw a very red-cheeked Mark hurrying forward with the robe. He had noticed Mark's hair had been trimmed and given bangs when he came back from Christmas holidays – Mark had blushingly admitted that free haircuts were another 'perk', and Tiffany had wanted to experiment a little bit – but now they boy's glossy dark hair was loosely curled in a cute, feminine style that bounced around his face. Much more, the overlong purple smock he was wearing looked more like a dress than anything, and unless Carl's now-experienced eye was deceiving him, his chunky sandals had just a hint of a heel.

"Oh, the twins – off work today, by the way – the twins always call him that and it's become a bit of a habit," Tiffany laughed. "They do love to tease, and make these little bets and such. That's why his hair is so lovely at the moment. Don't be embarrassed, Mark, we love that you're such a good sport. Now, give us a little privacy and go grab my hair spray from the van, okay, darling?"

Mark reluctantly moved away, obviously wishing for the chance to see 'Candi' changing, and Carl reluctantly removed his top and skirt, exchanging them for the robe, then sat in a small chair as Tiffany set to work on his face.

"We'll go with a nice, light, natural look," Tiffany was saying as she slathered Carl's lips with a shiny gloss. "A little blusher, a little bronzer, not too much eyeshadow. You have such a gorgeous complexion, honey, all the other girls at school must be so jealous of you. And that great bone structure! You are one lucky girl, let me tell you." Carl blushed again – "lucky" was about the last word he would use to describe himself at the moment!

"Your hair is a mess, sweetie," Tiffany said, picking at Carl's coiffure. "You really should have a wig made for bad hair days like this. Especially if you're going to be a model."

"I don't want to be a model!" Carl objected.

"I understand. You probably want to be an actress. Modelling can be so demeaning. But it's a good start."

Carl's mom stopped by with a question. "Jaques wants to know your time frame."

"Goodness," Tiffany replied. "This is gonna take a while. I was just telling your daughter that you really should have a professional wig made and styled for her. So she can look her best even on bad hair days like this."

Carl's mother agreed. "That's a good idea. Is it expensive?"

"Extremely. But it's a must."

"Do you know anyone?"

"I can take care of the whole thing for you. Tell Jaques it'll be 45 minutes."

"He says fifteen."

Tiffany shrugged. "Thirty."

"I'll tell him," Carl's mom said as she left. "But he's not going to like it!"

Once she was finished styling his hair, Tiffany handed him a tiny two-piece and instructed him to go ahead and change while she helped Mark look for the missing hair spray. As soon as Tiffany had left, Carl quickly discarded his bra and panties and tied his bikini bottom, a tiny little scrap of fabric in hot pink, into place. He had become so used to wearing a bikini that he did up the ties with hardly a second thought. The only problem was, Tiffany had forgotten to give him the top!

"There you are!" Jacques announced, yanking the screen curtain. Carl squealed and covered his breasts with both hands, but Jacques didn't seem to even notice. "Come on, my darling, it is time to get started."

"Tiffany forgot to give me my top!" Carl protested, blushing. Jacques paused for a moment, then chuckled.

"Oh, no, no, no," he said. "No top! Not for these photos, my darling."

"You mean I'm going to be in a, a girlie magazine?" Carl gasped. "Like, you know, Maxim?" Jacques laughed.

"No, of course not! Blondes, always the blondes..." He gave a dramatic sigh. "This is for an advertisement! Radiance Suntan Lotion, you remember? They will not see your front, yes? Because we will cover you, and because we will use the good angles. So it is fine for the, how you say, for the prudes here in America, but also has a touch of the risqué, yes?"

"I'm not doing a topless photo shoot!" Carl protested. Jacques rolled his eyes and looked over at Carl's mother.

"Don't be silly, dear," Carl's mother said hastily. "Why, you used to sunbathe topless at the beach all the time, just a few years ago. Don't you remember?" Carl blushed furiously. Of course he'd gone to the beach "topless" – he hadn't had any breasts back then! "She's a little shy ever since filling out," Carl's mother said softly to the photographer.

"My darling, you are lovely," Jacques said firmly. "Your breasts, they are lovely also. Come. Don't be silly, as your beautiful mother says. Let's begin the shoot! In between, you wear the robe, see?" Feeling a sinking sensation in his stomach, Carl took the flimsy robe off its hook and put it back on, tying the sash.

The thin material gave him hardly any comfort, especially as his nipples hardened slightly with the cool fabric's touch!

"Not so warm as you would think," Jacques said wisely. "Now, over here, my darling." He took Carl by the hand and led him over to where Nicholas was waiting, kicking his feet in the surf. The sight of 'Candi' topless apart from a very skimpy robe immediately brought him to attention! No wonder he'd jumped at the chance to do this shoot. Carl blushed as he realized the significance of Nicholas' earlier comment.

And so began one of the most embarrassing afternoons of Carl's young life, as they moved up and down the beach trying to get Jacques' "perfect shot." This involved a whole lot of jiggling for Carl, who was missing the comforting constriction of his lacy push-up bras more than ever. The way his boobs bounced with each step was extremely distracting, not only for him, but also for Nicholas! It certainly didn't help matters when a breeze picked up, necessitating Tiffany constantly fixing his hair with Mark trailing along after her like a puppy dog, and the cold air made his sensitive nipples ache and tingle at the same time. The worst was when his robe flew open entirely while they were walking, giving Nicholas a private show.

For the photos themselves, Jacques managed to put Carl in a variety of feminine poses, each more embarrassing than the last, sometimes with Nicholas and sometimes without. Carl ended up giving the camera a sultry pout over his shoulder from behind, lying in the sand with his bare breasts covered playfully with one arm, and giving himself a "hand-bra" while smiling coyly at Nicholas. Jacques seemed quite pleased with the shots, but was constantly looking for better angles, lighting, and "chemistry."

"Nicholas, you go behind now," he said, on what had to have been the thousandth photo. "Go behind her, yes? And put your hands on her, like so." He gestured, and Carl blushed furiously as he realized what was being asked. Nicholas didn't seem to mind one bit as he took up position behind Carl, so he was pressed up against the male model's hard, muscular body.

"Don't be nervous," Nicholas said gently, breath tickling Carl's ear. "It's just a photo." Pretty blonde head bowed in submission, Carl slowly removed his robe once more and allowed Nicholas to cup his D-cup breasts from behind. At his touch, Carl couldn't help but release a small moan through his parted pink lips. Nicholas smiled at the reaction he'd managed to elicit from this gorgeous girl.

"Sorry," Carl whispered, cheeks flushed.

"Don't be," Nicholas said suavely. His thumb rubbed a circle slyly around Carl's right nipple and he gasped at the sensation, just as Jacques' camera flashed.

"Wide eyes, innocent, yes, yes," Jacques smiled. "That's it. Chemistry." He took several more shots, and Nicholas took full advantage of his 'position' to



fondle and knead Carl's firm globes every time Jacques looked away or adjusted the camera. Carl's knees were totally weak from the sensations racing from his sensitive nipples down his entire body. He desperately wanted to tell Nicholas to knock it off, but every time he managed to open his mouth, all that came out was a cute little gasp.

"That was it!" Jacques exclaimed, several shots later. "That one! Perfect! Good work, my darling. And you, Nicholas. Time to go home, yes?" Jacques kissed Carl on the cheek and strode back towards the van, totally engrossed in his camera, leaving Carl standing with Nicholas' hands still cupping his breasts from behind, feeling a sense of anticlimax.

"I guess I should let go now," Nicholas said huskily.

"Um, y-yes," Carl squeaked, as Nicholas softly caressed him once more. Why did it have to feel so good? Nicholas spun him around, hands around Carl's tiny waist, and suddenly Carl's breasts were pushed up against Nicholas' flat, muscular pecs. He had such a blinding white smile, and those dreamy brown eyes, just like the pilot in that little romance novel... Wait a second, where did that come from?

"I really don't want to," Nicholas admitted. "Candi, you're the most gorgeous girl I've ever met."

"Nicholas, I... I have a boyfriend," Carl gasped, blushing. "I have to go!" He pulled away, but not before Nicholas landed a kiss on his lips that made him swoon. He felt like putty in the male model's hands! Confused and flushed with embarrassment, Carl put his robe back on and swished back to where his mother and Jacques were exchanging contact information.

"Oh, and your compensation," Jacques said casually, handing Carl a check. Carl looked at it and had to gasp, all his misery momentarily forgotten. Two hours topless had managed to earn him 500 dollars! He remembered immediately what his mother had said about career possibilities – but no, this was definitely a one-time thing... Right? He changed back into his clothes behind the screen as Tiffany packed away her cosmetic supplies, then exchanged kisses with each member of the crew – Mark nearly drooled – before climbing back into the passenger side of his mother's car.

"Well!" she said. "That wasn't all bad, was it?" Carl thought of Nicholas' hands on his breasts and shuddered slightly, but still, he had a check for 500 dollars sitting on his lap.

"I guess not," Carl mused.

"Good thing Tom wasn't here," his mom chuckled. "He would have been hopping mad with jealousy! Don't worry, dear, my lips are sealed." Carl blushed furiously, looking out the window and doing his best to think of anything but how good he had felt under Nicholas' subtle ministrations. He buried himself in the romance novel again. His mother had a smile on her face as they drove

away, and not just because she'd met a handsome French photographer... it appeared 'Candi' had developed a bit of a crush!



After a weekend that seemed like one long heavy make-out session in the back of his boyfriend's Jaguar with Toms' hand roaming under Carl's tight, low-cut blouse, Carl was back at school the following Monday. Carl had to make his way to the principal's office after class in order to ask about making up for the test he had managed to miss on Friday. It was as good a reason as any to pass on the ride home from Tom, who lately took every detour possible to get a little more tonsil hockey in.

As Carl walked up to the principal's door, he noticed that it was half-open, and no other staff members seemed to be around. He peered inside and saw Mr. Buller looking down at his cellular telephone with a lustful expression.

"Mr. Buller?" Carl squeaked hesitantly. "I'm, um, I'm here about making up for the school I missed for my photo shoot?" Mr. Buller looked up, startled, closing his phone immediately, but when he saw who it was he swallowed hard with a nervous glance behind Carl, as if to make sure nobody was around.

"I'm sure you are," the principal laughed nervously. "Yes, please, come sit down." He gulped, loosening his tie, as Carl swished inside on his strappy four-inch stilettos, hips swaying appealingly and breasts bouncing with every delicate, mincing step. He adjusted his long blonde hair as he gracefully took a seat, crossing his long legs in an inadvertently very-seductive way, and was suddenly aware of the way Mr. Buller was, for the first time, shamelessly ogling him from top to bottom. The middle-aged man was red-faced, but the look of lust in his eyes was clear. Carl blushed, wishing his top didn't put his boobs so obviously on display.

"Um, so how do I... make it up?" he asked softly.

"Oh, I can think of a few ways," the principal chuckled, still looking slightly anxious. "I appreciated that photograph you sent me, by the way. It was, er, quite something."

"Photograph?" Carl asked, confused.

"There's no need to play coy any longer, Candi," the principal said, rising to his feet. "You've shown admirable... er... restraint..." His eyes fixed on Carl's bountiful cleavage as he said the word, clearly imagining how easily those gorgeous D-cups would come free from the restraint of his lacy little bra. "In not being too overt about your affections. And maybe, just maybe, that means you will be equally discrete about... I mean, you will, won't you? You understand what sort of trouble I could get in?"

"For what?" Carl squeaked, now utterly at a loss for what was going on.

"Candi, there are legal considerations," the principal sighed. "I'm your principal, after all." His eyes went up and down Carl's revealing attire once more and he shook his head with an incredulous smile. "But, I'm only a man!" he said. "I give up, you little vixen. I can't resist it any longer. I think you've been a naughty little school-girl, and I know how to deal with that!" With those words, he lifted Carl up out of his chair and sat him on the desk, claiming his open-with-surprise mouth with a sloppy kiss. Carl's nose wrinkled with revulsion at his coffee breath as he pulled away.

"What are you doing?" he trilled.

"What you've been begging me to do in all those little notes you've sent," the principal groaned. "Oh, Candi. I've been thinking about this moment for far too long." He cleared his arm along the top of his desk to make room, knocking over a mug full of pens and a small webcam, and set Carl down on top of it, making his short skirt ride up. Before Carl could protest, the principal had snatched his panties out from under his skirt, leaving him with nothing but the gaff! Feeling terror as he had never before, Carl wriggled desperately against the man's embrace.

"Yeah, Mr. Buller, just what are you doing?" came a snotty voice. The principal froze, with an expression of a deer in the headlights, and Carl turned to see the voice's owner standing in the doorway. It was none other than Amber!

"Oh, no!" Mr. Buller said faintly. He immediately handed Carl his panties back. Carl, blushing, was equally disturbed by this new turn of events as he quickly slipped them back up his quaking legs.

"Well, that's what I would call a compromising position," Amber smirked. She walked over and picked up the small webcam off the desk. "And all on tape, too! I don't think my dad or the rest of the school board will be very happy with this, will they?"

"What's going on?" Carl finally managed to ask.

"Let me explain the whole thing," Amber smiled sweetly. "For the past several months, you've been regularly sending Mr. Buller some very naughty, flirtatious notes. Well, to be more accurate, I've been sending them in your name."

"But... but the picture!" Mr. Buller gasped.

"Oh, you mean the picture Candi sent to my boyfriend Tom?" Amber guessed. "I think just about everyone in the school has seen it by now. Only a delusional middle-aged failure like you would ever think it was taken just for him!"

"You sent him that picture?" Carl squeaked.

"That's right," Amber smiled. "And I think it was just enough bait to push our poor principal over the edge. So, I installed a little webcam on his desk, and all I had to do was wait for you to come see him. Now I have a full recording of a

very, very compromising situation for the both of you. Shall we watch?" Amber took out her laptop from her book bag and plugged the web cam in. Mr. Buller watched in shocked silence as the video played of him and 'Candi' locked in amorous embrace, and then, as he divested her of her lacy black panties and moved her onto the desk, inadvertently right over top of the web-cam, Carl gasped. For just the briefest moment, his gaff was completely exposed, and the outline of his shrunken manhood perfectly visible. Amber hadn't seemed to notice, being far too absorbed in watching the horrified expression on Mr. Buller's face, and Mr.

Buller had looked away. Carl's head spun. It was his worst nightmare come true... Video evidence that he was really a boy!

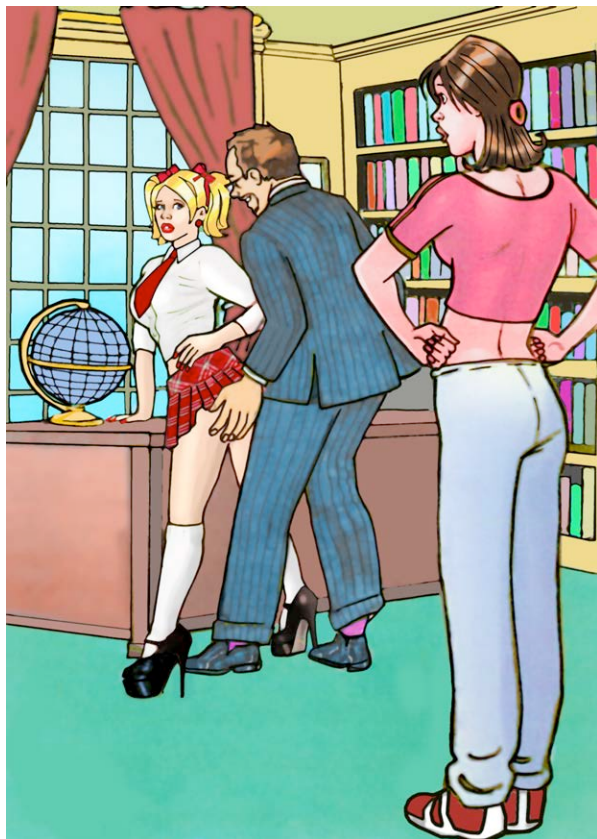
"Just awful, isn't it?" Amber smirked, misinterpreting Carl's gasp. "Want to see it again?"

"No!" Mr. Buller and Carl both exclaimed at the same time. Amber shrugged her shoulders, still smiling evilly, and put the laptop back into her bag.

"It's safe and secure on my computer now," she gloated. "So, I think it's about time we got down to business. Mr. Buller, you want to keep this job, don't you?"

"Of course I do," the principal stammered.

"And you especially don't want your wife to find out," Amber laughed. "And Candi, I know you're quite the little attention whore, but I don't think even you want to be the center of an underage teacher-student scandal, do you?" Carl stared at the book bag on Amber's arm. He once would have loved nothing more than an excuse to leave the school year, and Florida, early, but now the video on her laptop could easily ruin a whole lot more than the school year...



Try the rest of his entire life! 'Miss Radiance' exposed as a boy... He could already imagine the headlines...

"N-no, that's the last thing I want!" Carl said desperately.

"Good, then here's what's going to happen," Amber said sweetly. "Tomorrow, you're going to dress up in your sluttiest outfit possible, and at lunch, you're going to go up to Tom, right in the middle of the cafeteria, and tell him, in front of everyone, that you have to break up with him because you've realized something about yourself."

"Realized something?" Carl squeaked. She couldn't know, could she? She hadn't seen...?

"You're going to tell him that you're a lesbian," Amber smiled. "It will only make sense to everyone, what with the way you're always blushing and shy in the locker room, the way you're so close with Miranda and nobody else, and the way you sneak looks at her sometimes. And then you're going to go right up to Miranda and prove it by sitting down in her lap, putting your arms around her neck, and giving her the sexiest, hottest kiss you can muster up. Understand?"

"And if I don't?" Carl asked miserably.

"Then I don't delete the video off my laptop," Amber explained. "Instead, I use it to ensure that Mr. Buller has no choice but to expel you."

"This is blackmail!" Mr. Buller protested angrily.

"That's right," Amber said. "Oh, and you're going to quit the cheerleading team, too. Just do those two little things, and I delete the video forever. You have my word!" With that, she turned and walked out of the office, leaving Mr. Buller and Carl to exchange looks of utter horror.

"What do we do?" Carl squeaked.

"What *can* we do?" Mr. Buller groaned, wiping the sweat from his brow. "Whatever she says! That video would ruin me! If there was only some way to get a hold of it... but..."

Carl stood numbly in shock as Mr. Buller paced back and forth, each idea he came up with more useless than the last, and then finally, feeling his life starting to unravel at the seams, he minced his way out of the office, high heels clicking on the tiled floor.

FEBRUARY

The next morning, Carl woke up in his pink bedsheets feeling momentarily at peace, until he remembered the events of the previous day. Then he closed his eyes and took a deep, bracing breath. The only way he was possibly going to get through this day was if he remained calm – otherwise he would lose his mind!

If Amber watched the video again, and if she looked closely as Carl's short skirt enveloped the web-cam for that split second in time... Well, his life was already over, in that case. He could only hope that she hadn't, and that she would keep her word. Carl had no idea how the other cheerleaders would react, not to mention Tom, but at least by the end of it, no matter how much Amber made him embarrass himself, he wouldn't have a boyfriend any longer!

Carl delayed the inevitable by taking a long bubble-bath, but it was of little comfort, especially when his cellular telephone began to ring. Groaning, he got up out of the bath-tub and quickly wrapped a towel around his chest, and then another around his hair, before swishing back to his room to answer it.

"I'm just calling to make sure you're remembering our little deal," came Amber's voice. Carl clenched his fists, and then immediately released them, wincing. He'd forgotten just how sharp his new long, painted nails were.

"Yes, I'm remembering," Carl said through gritted teeth. "By the way, *this* is the revenge you were telling me about all year, right?"

"You are adorable, Candi. Yes. This is the revenge. You're going to do what I say."

"Yes," Candi said, resigned to his fate.

"Good," Amber said coldly. "Then I expect to see you in the cafeteria at 8:30 sharp, right when everyone's getting in for the assembly, all dolled up like the slutty little tramp you are and ready to give Miranda the kiss of the century. Got it?"

"And you'll bring the laptop and hand it over right away?" Carl squeaked.

"Of course not," Amber said. "You have to quit the cheerleading team, too, remember? And besides, I don't want you trying to grab it. It's going to stay safe in my room while we're at school."

"How am I supposed to know you won't just keep the video?" Carl asked miserably.

"I guess you'll just have to trust me, Candi," Amber replied.

"Trust you?" Carl practically shrieked, but Amber had already hung up the phone. How could he possibly trust the girl who was out to ruin his life? With a

worried expression on his pretty face, Carl went to his closet and opened it wide. He certainly had no shortage of revealing outfits, but he knew Amber wouldn't be satisfied by anything but his 'trampiest' selection. Carl let out a tremulous sigh.

"Well, if I have to do this," he murmured, "I may as well do it right..."



When Carl minced his way down the stairs in his hot pink five-inch heels, even his liberal Aunt Kat had to do a double-take at his outfit.

"My, I haven't seen you wearing those for a while," his aunt said casually, indicating the five-inch stilettos that would have looked more at home on a stripper stage than in a high school. "In fact, isn't that the pair you always complain is so uncomfortable?"

"Is it?" Carl squeaked nervously. "Oh, they're not that bad."

"I think I can guess what's going on here, sweetie," Aunt Kat sighed. "Your boyfriend's eye has been wandering a little bit, and it's got you worried."

"What? No!" Carl sputtered hastily. "It's nothing like that! I just, um, I thought it was a cute outfit?" He twirled a strand of blonde hair around his manicured frosted-pink fingernail, an unconscious feminine gesture he'd picked up from the other cheerleaders. They were a flirtatious bunch, but it was doubtful even they would dare go to school wearing a low-cut flimsy white blouse tied off at the midriff, an indecently short pleated miniskirt that gave a tantalizing peek at the top of a sparkly pink thong, thigh-high socks, and towering five-inch stiletto heels.

"It is, Candi," Aunt Kat said. "It's adorable, it really is. But sweetie, there's a fine line between teasing, and, well...begging."

"Begging?" Carl echoed, then flushed as he realized what Aunt Kat meant.

"Let's just say it's a good thing you have a big strong boyfriend to fend off all the other horny young men," his aunt said with a wry smile. "Your poor principal is going to have a heart attack. But, well, I suppose you're only young once! Come on, sweetie, I'll drive you to school. Your mother would be none too happy with it, either!"

Although she was putting on a stern face, Aunt Kat was secretly quite pleased. It seemed that her feminized nephew was finally enjoying the effect he had on the opposite sex... or rather, his former sex! It was about time 'Candi' started to proudly flaunt her body at every opportunity, and Aunt Kat knew it was only natural for a love-struck girl to want to please her man by dressing as sexy as possible for him.

Carl, of course, was thinking nothing of the sort. Instead, he felt a resigned sickness in his tummy as they approached the school, knowing that no matter what Amber was planning, he would have to go along with it. It was his only hope of getting her to erase the video. Judging by the phone conversation, she hadn't watched it again, but if she did, Carl's little secret would be everywhere... Including back home in Maine... and even over in Louisiana where Jason was attending college!

"Have a good day, sweetie," Aunt Kat smiled as they arrived. Carl smiled weakly and thanked her, knowing it was going to be anything but. As he closed the car door, the small gust of wind immediately flipped up his tiny pleated miniskirt! Blushing, he quickly wrestled it back down, ignoring a wolf-whistle from one a passing vehicle, and quickly minced towards the school entrance.

Even more boys were staring at him than usual, but Carl did his best to ignore it as he swished inside, making his way to the cafeteria with his heart hammering behind his jiggling breasts and lacy bra cups. It was already jam-packed full of students, all eager to see their friends after the holidays, and Tom was waiting for him right in the center of the cafeteria with his buddies from the basketball team and the cheer-leaders, too. Carl saw the counselor, Mrs. Buller, shake her head sadly as he sashayed past in his tiny skirt and cleavage-spilling blouse. Standing just behind her was Amber, who gave him an evil smile. Carl took a deep breath as he walked over to where Tom was laughing and joking with his team-mates.

"H-hi, babe," he squeaked.

"Hey, gorgeous," Tom grinned, hopping up out of his chair. "Why didn't you text me back? I was going to pick you up this morning, so we could have a little alone time before school."

"I, I have something to tell you," Carl stammered, seeing Amber give him a nod. "Something important."

"Spit it out," Tom laughed, taking his hands. Carl cleared his throat.

"I'm breaking up with you," he squeaked. Tom's eyes went wide, as did the eyes of nearly everyone in hearing distance, as a sudden silence filled the cafeteria. Carl saw Miranda, who had been coming over, stop with a sudden look of shock on her face. "I've, um, realized something about myself," Carl went on, blushing furiously. "I'm a lesbian."

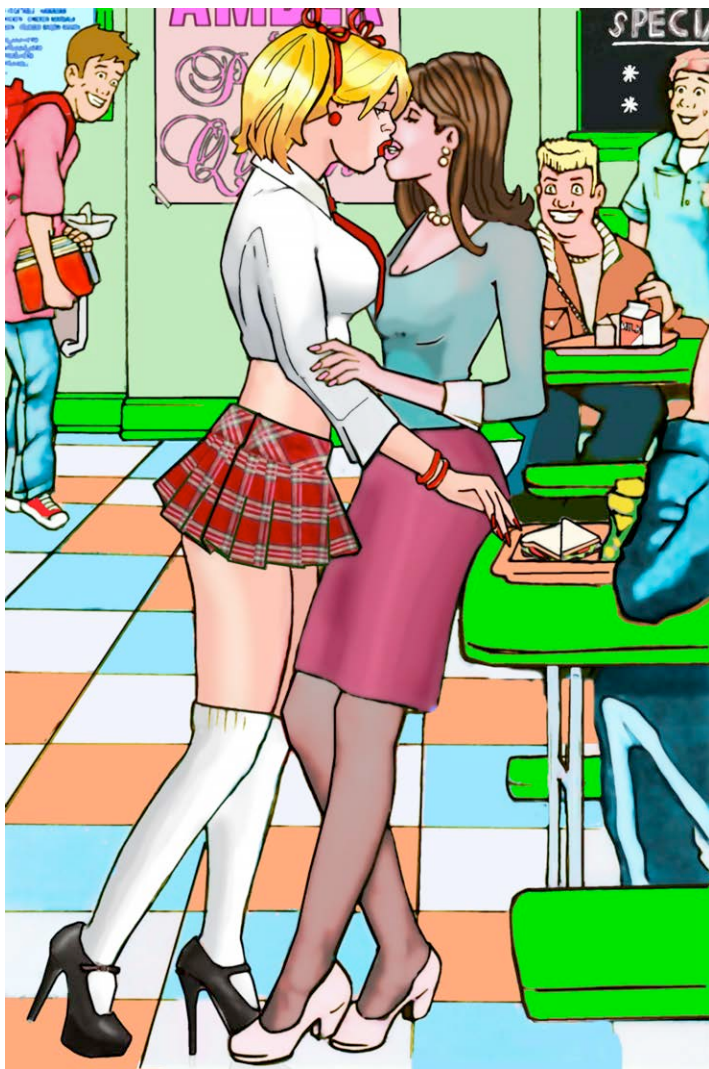
"What?" Tom asked, totally dumbfounded. Carl stared at the floor, utterly humiliated. He could see Amber cackling out of the corner of his eye. Then, knowing what he had to do next, he raised his head and minced over to where Miranda was sitting, each sinuous step making his breasts jiggle tantalizingly and his rear end swish seductively from side to side, sky-high heels exaggerating the sway of his hips and punctuating each footstep with a loud click. Mi-

randa, still stunned, only frowned as Carl strolled his way across the silent cafeteria.

“Sorry,” Carl whispered, blushing, and then lowered himself gracefully onto her lap. He wrapped his arms around her neck and gently pressed his gloss-covered lips against hers. The kiss sent a tingle down into his tummy, and judging by Miranda’s reaction, she wasn’t exactly hating it, either! Carl was completely shocked as her tongue crept inside his mouth and down his throat, just as Tom’s so often did, and when they broke apart he was gasping for breath.

The cafeteria was silent for another second, then erupted in applause and wolf-whistles, as just about every male student (and a few staff members) begged for an encore. Carl’s pretty blue eyes widened. Whatever the reaction, he certainly hadn’t been expecting this one! Miranda gave him a confused but sly smile, and then Tom strolled over, chuckling, his hands in his pockets.

“Wow,” he grinned, gently helping Carl off Miranda’s lap. “Thanks for the show, baby.” He immediately claimed Carl’s mouth with a powerful, probing kiss that made his ‘girlfriend’s’ knees go weak. Carl moaned softly as Tom kissed him deeply, then gave him a questioning look as they broke apart. “Nice try, but April Fool’s is on April first, though,” Tom laughed. “Not February first.



That's why it's called April Fool's, Candi. You're such a blonde." He gave Carl another kiss, effectively cutting off any protest, and Carl could see Amber turning a furious shade of red in the crowd. "But hey, if you two ever want to, you know, experiment a little...just make sure to invite me along." He gave Miranda a roguish wink, and just then the bell rang for the assembly to start.

Not knowing what else to do, Carl let Tom lead him back to their seats and spent the entire assembly snuggled up close to him. Amber caught his eye halfway through, and made a throat-cutting gesture with her finger. Carl gulped. He'd done exactly as she'd asked. Was it really his fault that nobody believed him? Carl fidgeted nervously all through the assembly with Tom's arms wrapped around him, and halfway through he received a text message from Miranda telling him to meet her as soon as it was done. When it was over he quickly excused himself to the girls' room, and found Miranda waiting inside.

"Candi, what's going on?" she asked, frowning. "What was that all about?" Carl, to his utter shame, broke down crying immediately. Miranda, surprised, gently took him in her arms as he sobbed the whole story out onto her shoulder.

"I don't know what to do," Carl sniffled. "If she looks too closely at that video... if she finds out that I'm..." He dropped his voice to a whisper. "That I'm a boy..."

"We have to get that laptop," Miranda said decisively. "She said it's at her house, right?"

"Well, yes," Carl said. "But we can't just break into her house..."

"We won't have to," Miranda said confidently. "My friend Jess was just over at Amber's house yesterday. She needed her Chemistry notes. Remember how Amber's parents just got divorced? Well, according to Jess, her mom moved out, and now her dad is taking a "personal week" just lounging around the house, apparently. I have a feeling he'll be all too happy to see someone who might, you know, take his mind off his wife?"

"What do you mean?" Carl asked, confused.

"I mean if you put on a cute smile and ask nicely, her dad will give you the laptop with no questions asked," Miranda said. "Especially if you give him a nice long look down your cleavage. Tess said he's a total creepazoid. You're a friend of Amber's from school, right? You're on the cheerleading squad together? What's suspicious about that? Now come here, let me fix your makeup, you're a total mess..." Carl obediently pursed his lips and closed his eyes as Miranda re-did his makeup for him, holding him gently but firmly by his chin. By the time she had fixed his eye shadow and lip gloss, Carl was feeling considerably more calm and had stopped trembling.

"You really think it will be that easy?" Carl asked anxiously, as they exited the girls' room. "But if Amber notices I'm not at school..."

"Ms. Wethers, I'm afraid this is just too much," came a sharp voice. Carl looked up and saw Mrs. Buller waiting for them, hands on her hips. Carl's stomach churned. Had Amber told her? Did she know what her husband had tried to do?

"W-what is?" Carl stammered.

"Your clothing, or lack thereof," the counselor sighed. "It is simply completely inappropriate attire for a school setting. This is a high school, Candi, not a... a nightclub! I'm going to have to ask you to go home and change into something more modest, understand?"

"Sorry, I..." Carl began, blushing.

"Do you understand?" Mrs. Buller repeated sternly. Cheeks pink, Carl nodded his pretty blonde head, eyes downcast. The counselor sighed again and walked off down the hallway. A few students close enough to have overheard the conversation snickered behind their hands, although the boys were doubtless disappointed.

"Well," Miranda said brightly. "If Amber notices, someone will just have to tell her the truth... You got sent home to change clothes."

"I would like to get out of these ridiculous heels," Carl admitted, blushing once more. "And you'll come with me?"

"Yes, but you're not going to go get changed," Miranda laughed. "I'd say what you're wearing is just about perfect for what I've got in mind. Come on, let's get going. Amber's dad should still be home, apparently he sleeps late every morning. That's what Jess said, at least."

"You don't mind getting in trouble for skipping class?" Carl asked tremulously.

"To help out a fellow cheerleader? Of course not!" Miranda laughed. "Come on, Candi, what are girlfriends for?"



A few blocks away in the city's most expensive neighborhood, Mr. Sweet, regional manager of Radiance Suntan Lotion, Inc., and recent divorcee, was just waking up with a headache from drinking the night before. The legal proceedings were getting him down a little, as were the constant fights on the telephone with his ex-wife. The one bright spot was that his daughter Amber seemed to have been in a terrific mood when she had come home from school the previous day, although she hadn't said why. Still, the single life was agreeing with him. He could drink, watch sports, and keep his daughter quiet by spoiling her rotten. Although there was one department that was definitely still lacking. He was a lonely man.

Ding-dong! The sound of the door-bell interrupted his thoughts. He checked the clock, and by this time, he was alone in the house. He yawned as he got out of bed, throwing on a luxurious bath-robe and tying the sash before going to the door. With his luck, it was probably a door-to-door salesman.

"Coming!" he called, rubbing his cheeks, which needed a shave. Sighing, he opened the door, ready to tell whoever it was to go sell their wares in a less respectable neighborhood, but his words caught in his throat immediately. Strappy hot-pink stilettos encasing delicate feet, long, trim legs clad in snug-fitting thigh-high pink socks, a teasing strip of tanned thighs before the swirling pleats of a sinfully short plaid miniskirt, sitting low on nicely rounded hips.

His gaze roved hungrily up a flat, toned midriff and tiny waist, teasingly exposed, before landing on the most perfect cleavage he had ever laid his eyes on, formed by two perfect, firm globes of feminine flesh pushed together by a skimpy tied-off blouse.

"Um, hello?" came a soft, melodious soprano voice, and it was only then that Mr. Sweet managed to tear his gaze off the tantalizing rack and look up into an equally beautiful face with pouty pink lips, a cute little nose, and innocent baby blue eyes framed by long, dark lashes. Carl toyed nervously with his long blonde hair, frosted pink nails gleaming, and readjusted his purse on one slender shoulder.

"Uh, hello, there," Mr. Sweet grunted, immediately moving his bath-robe to conceal his rapidly stiffening member.



"Can I help you?"

"I hope so," Carl said shyly. "Um, I'm a friend of your daughter's from school, and I need to get some homework I left in her room or I'll be in big trouble with my teacher, can I please come in?"

"A friend of Amber's?" Mr. Sweet asked, confused, and then a broad smile spread across his face. "Oh, right. I get it. Of course you are, darling. And you look great in that little uniform. Is that the standard? It looks a little... mature."

"Well, um, the dress code isn't that strict," Carl squeaked, blushing.

"Come in," Mr. Sweet said, suddenly friendly. "Want a drink? I've got vodka and tequila." He winked, and Carl flashed him a nervous smile, confused.

"Um, I'd better not," he said. "I'm under-age!"

"I almost believe you," Mr. Sweet chuckled. "Okay, juice it is."

"Mr. Sweet, I really just need to..." Carl began, but he was interrupted by a ringing telephone. Amber's father held up a finger and picked it up.

"Hello?" he questioned. Carl couldn't hear what was being said on the other end, but he did recognize the voice. It was Amber! Carl froze to the spot, heart thumping furiously. "Is anyone here?" Mr. Sweet echoed. "Why would you ask that, honey? I know you saw me with Kathleen, but she's just my secretary, I swear..." He sighed and turned to Carl, giving him a salacious wink. "No, honey. Nobody's here. Just me. Okay. Talk to you when you get home from school, honey." He hung up the phone with a grin. "Sorry about that," he said. "Paranoid daughter. Were you just guessing with the 'daughter's' friend' thing, or did Rick tell you?" Carl, at this point, had never felt more confused in his life.

"Can I just go up to Amber's room?" he asked. "I really just need to..."

"Come on, not in my daughter's room," Mr. Sweet said, although his cheeks had reddened visibly. "Unless you really, really want to..."

"I do?" Carl squeaked. "So I can get her..."

"Far be it from me to argue with a professional," Mr. Sweet interrupted, chuckling. "Go ahead and get ready, darling. I'm going to wash up really quick."

"Get r... ready?" Carl stammered, but Mr. Sweet was already out of the room. Beginning to suspect that something was awry, Carl decided to grab the laptop and get out as quickly as possible. He wiggled his way down the hall, heels clicking noisily past the bathroom, where he could hear the shower going, and minced into Amber's expensively-furnished room. Her laptop was sitting in plain view by the window, and Carl quickly stuffed it into his purse with a sigh of relief. He was just turning to go when the sound of the shower stopped.

"So, who exactly picked you out, anyways?" Mr. Sweet was saying, coming up the hallway. "Rick and the boys said they were putting together something to cheer me up, but I have to say, they really came through. Do you do movies?"

You look kind of familiar, you know..." He rounded the corner into Amber's room, and Carl could only gasp at the sight of a stark-naked Mr. Sweet.

"What are you doing?" Carl squeaked in terror.

"What's it look like, darling?" Mr. Sweet asked, confused. "Let's drop the innocent school-girl thing now, alright? It's too weird, having a daughter and all."

"Oh my gosh," Carl moaned, as he realized what was going on. "I'm not... I'm not a..." He was blushing and stammering so badly that the last word was almost unintelligible. "I'm not a prostitute!"

"Oh yeah, you sluts like to be called escorts these days."

"I'm not an escort either!"

"What?" Mr. Sweet gasped, taken aback. "But... but I thought... I assumed, when..."

"I'm on the cheerleading team with Amber," Carl said, blushing even more brightly.

"But... Wearing that outfit... I just thought..." Mr. Sweet snatched a pillow off Amber's dresser and covered his nakedness immediately. "I see. I, uh, misunderstanding, uh... Nice to meet you, I think you can see your own way out, and, uh, good afternoon." He dashed back towards the bathroom and Carl stood for a moment in shock before shouldering his purse and exiting the house as quickly as possible with what little dignity he had left. Mr. Sweet had taken him for a call girl!

"Did you get it?" Miranda demanded, jumping out from behind the bushes as Carl came outside. Carl jumped and gave a small squeal of surprise, then nodded, blushing.

"He thought I was a... a prostitute," Carl said, still shell-shocked and mentally scarred by the sight of his rival's father completely in the nude.

"I know!" Miranda exclaimed. "It was perfect! And, even better, I got the whole thing recorded on my cell phone!" She waved her cellular telephone triumphantly and Carl frowned.

"You mean you were...?" he trailed off.

"Outside Amber's window," Miranda giggled. "Now for part two..."

"Part two?" Carl asked, confused. "But we got the laptop, can't we just, like, throw it off a bridge somewhere?"

"I've got something even better in mind," Miranda smiled. "And I know just the guy to help us, this nerd named Harry who I always cheat off in Algebra. I've got a feeling he'll be more than happy to help out the reigning Miss Boardwalk with a little computer problem. Trust me, Candi, I've got a plan!"



It was harder than Miranda had anticipated to drag Harry, a pudgy bespectacled boy in their grade, out of the computer lab. Only the sight of two beautiful cheerleaders fluttering their eyelashes at him was enough to persuade him, and he grumbled as they pulled him into an abandoned classroom so Miranda could explain exactly what they needed.

"What's in it for me?" he asked, pushing his glasses back up his nose.

"Whatever you want," Miranda said sweetly. "Candi can be very, very persuasive." She giggled, shooting a look at Carl, who recoiled in revulsion. He became slightly more agreeable, however, when Harry made his first demand.

"How about you two kiss again?" the pudgy young man said eagerly, sitting back in his chair. "That'll be a good start." Miranda blushed slightly, then giggled.

"What do you say, Candi?" she laughed. "He wants an encore performance!"

"Um, sure," Carl said weakly, smiling back at her. "Why not?" He was hopelessly confused as Miranda tipped up his chin with her finger and gave him a slow, sensual kiss on his pretty pink lips. Hadn't she told him that she didn't have any more romantic feelings for him, now that he was, for all intents and purposes, a girl? He couldn't complain, however, as she was quite a good kisser, almost as good as Jason... Wait a second, what was he saying?!

"Wow," Harry muttered. "You two are really into that." Carl pulled away, blushing as he fixed his blonde hair, and saw Harry sitting back with a dreamy, far-away look in his eyes, obviously fantasizing about what else 'Candi' might be really into.

"Well, you asked," Miranda said, also slightly flushed. "So, um, get to it, Harry."

"Yeah, okay, it should be easy enough," Harry shrugged. "Hand me your phone, and I'll upload the new video to the laptop." Miranda handed over her cellular telephone and watched as Harry connected it to Amber's laptop and struck a few keys, watching the screen intently.

"Is it done?" Candi asked tremulously a moment later, still looking nervously out the door to see if any teachers were around.

"Not quite," Harry said. "You have to, uh, do something for me first. Hey, I'm doing you a big favor, remember!" he protested, when Miranda gave him a dirty look.

"What is it?" Miranda sighed petulantly. "You want us to kiss again?" Carl looked up hopefully at the prospect, but Harry shook his head.

"I've, uh, I've never made out with anyone before..." the nerd said, going red.

"You want me to make out with you?" Miranda asked skeptically.

"No!" Harry said. "I mean, uh, I'm sure that would be awesome, but I meant her. I mean, Candi. That's my price, and I'm sticking to it." Carl's lip-gloss coated mouth fell open. Harry was the sort of guy he had once picked on in school and dominated at sports games, and now he was really expecting him to kiss him?

"Sounds fair," Miranda said. "Get to it, Candi!"

"What?" Carl spluttered, looking at Miranda with wide eyes. "You mean... You really think... I don't know how!" he finished lamely. Miranda rolled her eyes.

"Come on, you've had plenty of practice," Miranda laughed. "Don't worry, Harry, she's just being shy. She's a fantastic kisser! Come on, Candi, get on his lap and give him a little sugar. Don't you want the plan to work?"

"Fine, I'll do it!" Carl squeaked, blushing furiously.

"Cool!" Harry said, wiping his sweaty palms together and leaning back in his chair. "I won't tell anybody, I promise!"

"You better not," Carl muttered breathily. He gave Miranda a pleading look, but she only smiled slyly.

"Come on," she cooed. "Make it nice and sexy, and maybe I'll enjoy the show, too." Blushing, Carl lowered himself down onto Harry's lap and pouted his lips together. That was all the invitation Harry needed, as he clumsily leaned forward and began kissing him. Carl felt his stomach revolt at the sensation as Harry's slimy tongue invaded his mouth and his sweaty hands pawed at his back, occasionally brushing his bra-straps. He finally drew the line when Harry began cupping his breasts!

"Okay, that's enough!" Carl squeaked, struggling off of Harry's lap. "Or I'll, I'll, I'll get Tom to beat you up!"

"I got carried away," Harry said embarrassedly, as Miranda giggled. "I'm sorry! Here, the laptop is all ready. Um... Can we do this again some time?"

"Not likely," Miranda laughed, taking the laptop and handing it to Carl. "Bye, now. Oh, and remember my notes for Algebra, okay?" She blew Harry a kiss and led Carl out of the empty classroom. Carl wiped his mouth in disgust, still suffering the taste of Harry's bad breath. He was pretty sure that he had just eaten a whole onion for breakfast. Classes had just ended and the hallways were beginning to fill up with people again.

"I can't believe I did that," Carl moaned. "Oh, gross."

"I thought maybe he would turn into a prince," Miranda smiled. "Here, want some gum?" She offered him a stick of gum and he took it morosely, reflecting on the fact that he had now kissed three different boys in the past two months. He had never equaled that feat with chicks as a guy! At least Miranda had kissed him, too, it was sort of a consolation prize...

"That's her!" came a deep male voice. Carl, now used to being referred to in the feminine pronoun, spun on his high heel and saw Mr. Sweet and Amber approaching. Amber looked absolutely furious!

"I knew it!" she shrieked. "Give me that laptop back right now, you little skank!" Amber snatched the lap top out of Carl's arms before he could even protest.

"She said she was a friend from school," Mr. Sweet said lamely. "How was I to know, honey?"

"You better not have deleted it..." Amber hissed. She opened the laptop and checked for the video file to ensure it was still there, then breathed a sigh of relief. "Too stupid to even get rid of the video?" she smirked. "Wow, Candi, I knew you were a bimbo, but this is something else."

"Amber, what is going on?" Mr. Sweet sighed.

"Don't worry, daddy, we're going to straighten all of this out right now," Amber said. "This laptop contains a video involving our very own principal that I think you're going to want to see. Let's go to his office, shall we? Candi, you'd better come to. Just to plead your case." She gave Carl a wicked smile and grabbed his upper arm with sharp nails.

"Hey!" Carl protested. He shot a look back towards Miranda, who gave him an encouraging thumbs up, and then he, Amber, and Amber's father all marched down the hallway to the principal's office. Without even bothering to knock, Amber barged inside, dragging Carl along behind her. Her father entered behind them, still looking totally confused. The principal and the guidance counselor both looked up in surprise.

"Oh, hi, Mrs. Buller," Amber said sweetly. "I'm glad you're here, too! I've got something to show everyone."

"Amber, Candi, shouldn't you two be in class?" Mrs. Buller frowned. Mr. Buller, meanwhile, was turning an unattractive shade of white.

"I'm afraid I'm just as lost as you are," Mr. Sweet said to him, shaking his head. "Amber keeps saying something about this video..."

"That's right," Amber said, setting down the laptop. "I have video evidence of Mr. Buller here having an affair with a student... Candi." Mr. Buller put his hand to his chest, as if he was having a heart attack, while his wife and school board member Mr. Sweet both looked shocked.

"John, is this true?" Mr. Sweet demanded. "You know how serious that is!"

"Oh, and it gets worse," Amber said, pretending to sound regretful. "Mr. Buller is not only a pervert in the sense that he goes after underage girls..." She paused, smirking. "You know, Candi, I could hardly believe what I was seeing when I watched the video again at home last night. I had even decided not to tell anyone! Not for your sake, of course, but to spare Tom the humiliation..."

and, of course, to spare the whole cheerleading squad from having to go through counseling. But, well, you really have a way of pissing me off, so I think I'll just let everyone in on your little secret... You see, Candi is not really a girl at all. She's a boy in disguise!"

Carl, who had been trembling with fear all throughout Amber's speech, looked around the room. To his surprise, and great relief, the looks he saw were now utterly unbelieving.

"Right," said Mrs. Buller. "This is all a little hard to swallow, Amber. My husband has had indiscretions in the past, but he has put them firmly behind him. And as for your other accusation, are you really that angry about not being head cheerleader this year? Maybe we should discuss it?"

"It's on the video!" Amber screeched. "Here, see for yourself!" She turned the laptop to face the assembled adults, and hit play. Carl couldn't see the screen, but he could see the expressions on everyone's faces. Mr. Buller was going from terrified to bewildered, while Mr. Sweet was going from perplexed to deep, crimson red!

"Amber, what is the meaning of this?" Mr. Sweet sputtered. "How... Why... How on Earth did you record that... It was an innocent mistake!"

"What?" Amber snapped. She turned the laptop back around, and came face-to-face with the video of her father exposing himself to a pretty young blonde, who had an expression of total disgust on her face. Amber gaped.

"Mr. Sweet!" Mrs. Buller gasped. "Candi is under-age, and you know it! She's your daughter's age, for Gods' sake! This is entirely inappropriate!"

"But this isn't the video!" Amber wailed.



"Mr. Sweet, you're a school board member!" Mr. Buller added, seeing his opportunity. "I'm afraid I'm going to have to report this..."

"Why did you record this?" Mr. Sweet demanded, turning to Carl. "And how? Is this a sting operation or something? I swear, it was an innocent mistake!"

"This is all her fault!" Amber shouted, pointing right at Carl. "She, she somehow changed the videos! She's a man! She's got a penis!"

"No, I don't!" Carl squeaked. "She's crazy!"

"You bitch!" Amber screamed, and suddenly she flew across the office, clawing at Carl with her long nails. "Your boobs aren't real! They're, they're plastic or something!" She started grabbing at Carl's boobs, making him squeal in pain. He slapped weakly at her, trying not to break a nail, as she pulled at his breast. Mrs. Buller intervened, pulling a panting Amber off of Carl, who whimpered slightly.

"This is all too much!" she exclaimed. "Mr. Sweet, you have obviously been under tremendous stress with your divorce, but exposing yourself to under-age girls and completely losing control of your daughter... It is clear that both you and Amber need help!"

"But she's a boy! I know she's a boy!" Amber screeched, pounding her fists on the desk. Her father managed to restrain her.

"Mr. Sweet, assault on another student is something we take very, very seriously here!" Mr. Buller said, with a hint of a smile on his face. "Yes, I'm afraid I have no other choice... I'm going to have to expel your daughter, and recommend her for psychiatric treatment. She seems almost delusional!"

"How dare you!" Mr. Sweet bellowed.

"And I'm going to have to talk to the board as well, about your less-than-upstanding behavior," Mr. Buller added. That took all the fight right out of Mr. Sweet. The last thing he needed was to lose his job right now, and over an innocent misunderstanding!

"Let's not be hasty," Mr. Sweet said. "Look, I had no idea she was under-age..."

"Mrs. Buller, dear, could you escort the Sweets out?" Mr. Buller said, wiping his forehead.

"I'll expose you if it's the last thing I do!" Amber was still shouting. "You bitch! You boyfriend-stealing slut!"

"My pleasure, Mr. Buller, dear," the counselor said primly. She held the door as Mr. Sweet all but dragged his fuming daughter out into the hallway, and closed it firmly behind her, leaving Carl alone with the principal.

"I don't know how you did it," Mr. Buller said, letting out a long sigh of relief. "But you've spared both of us a very big scandal, and in all likelihood saved my job and my marriage! I'm very, very indebted to you, Candi."

"It's nothing," Carl said, blushing, thinking of everything he'd had to go through in the past two days to avoid exposure at Amber's hands. Dressing up like a slutty school-girl, inadvertently seducing Mr. Sweet, making out with Harry the geek...

"Let's just say you'll never have to worry about failing Algebra again," Mr. Buller said. "If you agree to keep everything quiet, well, I see no reason why you shouldn't graduate with top marks in every class, and a hearty recommendation to whatever college you so desire."

"I don't think I'll be going to college," Carl said, thinking of the inheritance awaiting him. If he did, it certainly wouldn't be as Candi Wethers!

"No? Well, you can discuss that at the end of the year with our guidance counselor, Mrs. Buller," the principal said. "Is there anything else I could do for you? To thank you for getting us out of this mess?"

"Well..." Carl thought of the meandering rides home after school in Tom's Jaguar and suddenly perked up. "Could you give Tom after-school detention? For like, at least until the end of the month?"

"Tom? Your boyfriend?" The principal frowned. "Well, yes, of course, I suppose so. He is always getting up to mischief. But why?"

"He, um, he said my butt looked big when I asked him yesterday," Carl lied, blushing. Mr. Buller chuckled knowingly.

"Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned," he laughed. "You'd better get to class now... but... Candi, how did you manage to pull all this off?" Carl shrugged his slender shoulders, inadvertently making his D-cups quiver in their lacy bra.

"I don't know," he said. "Um, feminine wiles, I guess?" He turned and hurried out of the office, high heels clicking noisily, eager to find Miranda and tell her that everything had gone exactly as planned. Amber was out of his hair for the rest of the year, and as an added bonus, Tom was out of his mouth for the rest of the month!

He'd forgotten, of course, that Valentine's Day was just around the corner...

From the Casebook of Harold Pennyworth, P.I.

Notes on Case #241-B: The Whereabouts of Carl Hutchens.

Feb 14: Valentine's Day. I haven't been able to update the case file for a month, due to the minor issue of getting caught trying to sneak the patient files from Dr. Nevsky's cosmetic surgery practice. If it wasn't for a couple old buddies in blue, I might have ended up facing serious charges. I only did 30 days. Not the first time I've had to do a little time to break a big case.

But back on the trail of Carl. It doesn't look like much happened while i was detained, although I haven't seen that Amber Sweet girl around. As for Candi, she had quite the night. I was doing some reconnaissance at the Wethers residence when Tom, her primary boyfriend, showed up in the kind of car I would have killed for in high school, assumedly to pick up his date. Candi came out of the house, so I diligently captured a few pictures right then and there.

Talk about a dress! It was the hottest little number I'd seen her wear, and that was saying a lot, just skin-tight all the way, ending mid-thigh, and strapless with a neckline so low her tits were defying gravity with every second they stayed inside the confines of the dress. I mean, she got more coverage from her hair, which was down in golden waves around her made-up face, complete with those smoky bedroom eyes and fire-hydrant red lips.

Note to self: delete above paragraph for the official record. Don't forget to trash the pictures, as well.

Her boyfriend didn't waste any time giving Candi a sound snogging on the lips, and brushing away her blonde hair to see a pair of sparkly diamond earrings, which I assume he probably bought for her.

I decided trailing the kids was my best use of my time for the night. They went out to a restaurant and my funds didn't allow me to follow them inside, so I spent the evening in the car in the parking lot. There was little reason to believe the evening inside didn't go like any other dinner date I'd tracked Candi on. The other girls in the restaurant suddenly go green, the guys drool, and the waiters trip all over themselves to get a look down Candi's dress. The standard routine.

Judging by the pretty little blush on her cheeks when they finally came back out to the car, that was exactly what had happened. They drove into the more upscale part of town. Candi knows how to pick 'em, because the kid's family was loaded. Nice big house with nice big windows, pool, landscaped lawn. Of course, it was empty of parents for the evening, as one would expect on Valentine's day. Further surveillance with the binoculars revealed that Tom was all over his date in the living room couch, and I could see that Candi was less than comfortable with it.

I've given the same spiel to a girl more than once on Valentine's. You know, it's Valentine's day, do something special for me, let me put it in, let's go all the



way, yadda yadda yadda. Candi was doing a lot of blushing and a lot of protesting, but she finally gave in, got up, and wiggled her way to the middle of the room while Tom leaned back and put something on the stereo with his remote.

Apparently, Tom got what he wanted as the girl started to do a classic striptease. Candi was a little nervous, a little clumsy, but with a body like that, who would even care. Even though she clearly hadn't done it before, she definitely had a flair for it, wriggling her hips and shaking her tits and pouting nervously for her boyfriend as she slid her dress off, one inch at a time, and then spun around, wiggling her perfect ass for him, as she gracefully unhooked her bra.



From what I could observe, Tom was totally enthralled, with a tent a mile high in his pants. When she turned around and gave me a perfect view of that perfect rack, I could see why. She minced her way up to the couch, blushing like crazy, hips swaying back and forth and tit-ties jiggling, then got down on her knees and unzipped Tom's pants for him.

I snapped a few pictures, purely for evidence, before driving off. There was little else to be learned. At least I had some insurance now. I could use the photos to pressure Candi into telling me the truth about what happened to Carl.

But that doesn't mean I can't keep a few of these shot for myself, does it?

MARCH

The news of Amber's expulsion spread through the school like wild-fire, and before long more than a few people swore they had seen the whole thing, with a jealousy-crazed Amber attacking her fellow cheerleader with her bare hands. In all the hubbub, Carl nearly forgot about Spring break, and his approaching rendezvous with his old buddy Brad – and his older brother, Jason – until an email showed up in his inbox. As he read the message from Brad, Carl wondered if it was too late to beg Tom's family for that ticket to Mexico. Tom's mother was still none too enamored with 'Candi,' especially after the fiasco with Amber, and Carl hadn't received an invitation despite Tom's cajoling.

It's probably for the best, Carl reminded himself, once again on route to Tiffany's salon. If I can just pull this off without Brad suspecting, when I turn eighteen and go back to Maine, my old life will be ready and waiting for me.

Tiffany greeted them by herself when he and his mother arrived, explaining that Helga and Inga, and Mark, would be coming in later.

"Hello, there, pretty lady," Tiffany beamed, giving Carl's mother a hug. "Still enjoying Florida and the single life?"

"A lot," Carl's mom tittered. "So many handsome men down here... Of course, Candi can tell you all about that!"

"Is that so?" Tiffany asked, turning to Carl with one plucked eyebrow raised. "Are you telling me little miss 'I don't want a boyfriend' has finally turned over a new leaf?" Carl blushed furiously as he nodded his pretty blonde head.

"I can't believe she forgot to tell you," Carl's mom said, frowning. "They've been going steady since November! Maybe she thought you'd be asking her all sorts of embarrassing questions..." She gave Tiffany a wink.

"Oh, you know I'm harmless, honey! Going steady, Candi, I'm so happy for you! That's so sweet." Tiffany smiled. "But then, why are you trying to dress up like a boy, again?"

"One of Candi's old friends is visiting from Maine, and she doesn't think he'll be very, well, understanding," Carl's mom said diplomatically.

"I see," Tiffany frowned. "Well, I've had plenty of time to get ready. I have a friend who works with theatrical makeup who I then contacted, and I think I have what we need."

"Are we going to cut my hair?" Carl asked, with an air of hopefulness.

Tiffany looked shocked. "Of course not, honey," she exclaimed. "After you've taken such good care of those gorgeous extensions, I wouldn't dream of it! No,

I think we can clip it up and tuck it all away under a beanie hat and you'll be just fine. Plenty of boys are wearing those these days."

"I guess," Carl said weakly. "I have to change quickly. With my hair pinned up it'll take too much time..."

"Oh, I forgot! I got your wig in yesterday. We'll carefully pack it away in your backpack and you then you can pop it on when you need it, in a flash. No problem!"

These answers so so neat and tidy. he had hoped for a way out, but it was like she'd thought of everything. "But what about everything else?" he asked.

Tiffany smiled. "Come over to the chair, honey," she said. "Time to work a little magic on you. First, we have to take off all your makeup... Why did you bother putting it on this morning, if you knew you were coming straight here?"

"I wasn't thinking," Carl admitted, blushing. It had become so natural for him to do his hair and makeup that he did it without even a conscious thought. Tiffany led him over to the salon chair and sat him down, then proceeded to remove his makeup and rinse his face with a cleansing wash. Carl felt more than nervous about his upcoming meeting with Brad, but he also felt a hint of excitement. When Tiffany was finished, he would be a guy once more, even if it was only temporary. He had only seen 'Candi' in the mirror for so long that it would be quite a relief to know that he could still look like an average dude if he wanted to.

"We're going to fill your eyebrows in a little with a pencil, to make them look thicker and bushier," Tiffany explained. "And then, believe it or not, I'm going to give you some stubble."

"Really?" Carl asked. He had never grown a single whisker in his life, and with the powerful female hormones his mother had been feeding him, the rest of his body hair had been growing in very lightly or not at all, making for easy shaving and/or waxing.

"Don't worry, it's not real," Tiffany laughed. "You'll keep that lovely smooth complexion. I know your boyfriend must love your soft, touchable skin!" Carl blushed, thinking of Tom's hand cupping his cheek as he pulled him in for a kiss, or his gentle caresses as they cuddled together in his car. He couldn't even imagine what his buddy Brad would think if he knew!

"What about my, um, my boobs?" Carl asked anxiously. "How can we hide them?"

"That is going to be difficult," Tiffany admitted. "But I sent your mom on a little shopping expedition, so I think she'll find what we need. Now, lean back." Carl tipped his head back and let Tiffany go to work. "I hate to do this," she sighed, clipping his nails. "Don't worry, I'll give you some false nails afterwards." She then started working on his face, and a short while later, his

mother came back to the store with his new clothes, along with a big roll of bandage.

"It's a shame to try to have to cover those beauties," she laughed.

"So it is," Tiffany said with a wry smile. "But I'll do my best. Out of the chair, honey." Once he was standing, she helped him out of his blouse and bra, and began wrapping the bandage tightly as she could around Carl's breasts. Carl whimpered occasionally as the fabric was painfully tight or scraped against his sensitive nipples, but in a matter of minutes he was shrugging an oversized sweater over his head. Next, his mother held up a pair of baggy jeans.

"I'm afraid anything more fitted would make your cute curves quite obvious," she said. "But these should work."

"What about underwear?" Carl inquired.

"No need for that," his mom laughed. "It's not as if anyone's going to see them. You can keep those cute little panties on." Carl blushed, remembering how his aunt had used the same logic to get him to wear girls' panties in the first place!

"But I should at least take my gaff off!" Carl protested, not ready to give in.

"Why?" his mom asked skeptically. "Dear, I somehow doubt Brad is going to be staring at your crotch. I think someone's getting a little too accustomed to being checked out by boys!"

"But it would make me feel more... you know... *manly*," Carl said with his childlike, soft voice. He gulped, cheeks flushed.

"Sorry, dear, but we're on a bit of a schedule," his mom said with an air of finality. "Besides, you're not going to have much time in-between, remember? Now, into the jeans."

Carl sighed and obediently unfastened his skirt before stepping into the jeans. The fit was definitely not what he remembered, being oddly snug at the hips and far, far too wide in the waist, and he was surprised and disappointed to realize the denim fabric felt rough and uncomfortable on his soft sleek legs. Aside from his stretchy skin-tight yoga pants, Carl hadn't worn any kind of bifurcated garment in months and months. He had become so accustomed to managing his short little skirts that it now felt totally bizarre to be wearing baggy jeans.

His mom had even bought a pair of cheap sneakers, which he swapped his stilettos for while Tiffany piled his long blonde hair into a bun, then pulled a beanie over his head. Carl stood up, feeling strangely short without his usual four-inch heels.

"How do I look?" Carl inquired, nervous to see the final result. Tiffany and his mom just looked at each other awkwardly.

"Not like a girl, exactly," his mom said. "Maybe see for yourself?" She spun him towards the mirror. Carl stared at his reflection with a feeling of intense

disappointment. Tiffany had dusted stubble onto his chin and cheeks, but his soft skin, long lashes, and pouty lips still gave his face an undeniably androgynous look, even with his hair hidden away under a beanie cap. His sweater, meanwhile, had two very obvious bumps under the surface, and his jeans didn't quite fit properly. His body shaped had been totally changed, and in short, he looked like a girl dressed up as her older brother for Halloween!

"I look so weird," Carl said tremulously.

"It's only for a little while, dear," his mother said comfortingly. "You'll be back in your pretty skirts and high heels in no time! Just try to act more... boyishly, I suppose."

"But what about my boobs?" Carl asked, close to tears. "They're still so obvious!"

"I was afraid of that," Tiffany admitted. "But maybe this will help?" She pulled out a bulky parka. "You wouldn't believe how hard it was to find this in Florida," she laughed. Carl accepted the garment and put it on. It did cover up his breasts, but at the expense of making him look like he was ready for a ski-trip.

"It's nearly two," Carl's mom said. "We'd better get going. Thanks so much for all your help, Tiffany."

"Wait, where's my purse?" Carl asked. "I mean..." Tiffany giggled, and handed over the backpack he'd brought with him.



"Thank you," Carl said, blushing.

"Any time, honey," Tiffany smiled.



Carl felt completely odd and awkward as they left the salon, and worse, he knew he looked like it, too! Not a lot of people wore parkas in Florida, and try as he might, he kept reaching up to brush blonde hair out of his face, adjust the strap of his bra, fiddle with his purse, and other instinctive feminine mannerisms that he could no longer perform.

Just as they were leaving, Mark was arriving for work. Carl had to do a double-take, though, as the boy's dark hair was piled up in a rather girlish ponytail, purple scrunchie included, and it looked as if he was even wearing a bit of mascara and some lip gloss. Carl thought better of saying hello, and Mark passed by without a glance, looking embarrassed and eager to be into the salon and out of sight. Another little bet with the twins?

Mark hadn't seemed to recognize him, which was a relief, but as they continued on one man in particular gave him a really weird look, and Carl's mother thought she knew why.

"Dear, you need to stop wiggling your hips when you walk," she whispered.

"I can't help it!" Carl pleaded. "I'm trying my best! Are people staring?"

"You'll be fine, dear," his mom said. "Just relax and enjoy catching up with Brad. I'm sure he won't suspect a thing."

"I hope not," Carl sighed. "Okay, bye!" His mother turned off towards the center of the mall, and Carl continued on to the food -court he'd agreed to meet Brad at. When he saw his friend waiting at a table, he felt an anxious flutter in his stomach. You can do this, Carl thought. Deep voice, act cool, and whatever you do, don't, don't, don't cross your legs!

"Yo, dude," Carl said nervously. "What's up?"

"Huh?" Brad turned around and gave his friend a weird look for a split-second, then broke into a broad smile. "Carl, I almost didn't recognize you! You look different, dude, and what's with the jacket?"

"Um, it's cooler than usual?" Carl tried.

"Yeah, in Florida," Brad laughed. "I guess you adjusted pretty fast to the temperature difference, huh!"

"And I'm still sick!" Carl added quickly. "I just can't get warm, you know?" He faked a cough for good measure.

"Yeah, your voice still sounds a little funny," Brad said. "So, tell me what's going on, dude. Your dad just gave up on getting custody, just like that?"

"Yeah, I mean, I guess," Carl stammered, cringing at the fact that his father had done so after seeing his only son win a bikini pageant. "So now I'm stuck down here until I turn eighteen. Then I get my inheritance and I'm moving back to Maine."

"Good," Brad sighed. "It's been kinda strange not having you around, dude. Everyone misses you, I guess, but we all assume you've just been living it up down here in Florida. Even some girls ask me where you are." He pointed to Carl's face. "You can grow a beard now? When did that happen, dude?"

"Just over the summer," Carl lied, hoping fervently that the manliness of his fake stubble made up for his otherwise very androgynous appearance.

"And you got your ears pierced, too?" Brad frowned, leaning forward. Carl gulped.

"Uh, yeah, it's the style here, you know?" he said hopefully.

His best buddy's nose wrinkled slightly in confusion. Brad smirked. "You smell like..."

Carl realized that he must still smell like perfume! "I had to use my mom's shampoo this morning," Carl explained hastily.

"Sure smells like it," Brad chuckled. "It's good to see you again, dude. Tell me all about school!"

The next forty minutes were some of the most panicked of Carl's young life as he told lie after lie about his life in Florida, making up heroics on the



basketball team and a procession of interested girls to keep Brad's suspicions at bay. There were more than a few close calls – at one point, Carl was crossing his legs tightly and putting them off to the side, but managed to pass it off as an awkward stretch when Brad noticed. Then, Carl completely forgot to pay for his coffee, assuming that Brad would do it for him, since he was used to the man paying.

But overall, Brad seemed happy enough to see his old buddy for the afternoon that he was willing to overlook some strange behavior. Carl, for his part, had definitely missed chatting with Brad. When he told him all about the football and basketball teams back home in Maine, and all of their old friends at the high school, Carl almost felt like crying with jealousy. He had never wanted to be back home so badly in his life. If he could just hold out until the summer, when he got his inheritance, pretty soon everything could go back to exactly the way it was.

"Well, I have to take a leak," Brad said, standing up.

"Oh, sure, just a second," Carl said, getting up after him. Brad gave him a funny look.

"You got to go too?" he questioned.

"Well, no, but I wanted to check my face..." Carl trailed off as he realized his mistake. "I mean, ha, just joking!" Carl said weakly. "You know, because of, uh, the way girls always go to the bathroom together... I mean, what's up with that, right? It's so dumb."

"Yeah," Brad said, one eyebrow raised. "It is kinda funny, huh? Be back in a second, dude." He went off to the bathroom and Carl breathed a sigh of relief. He knew it had to be getting close to three o'clock, when he was supposed to be meeting Jason, but he couldn't find any clocks from where he was. Malls never want you to know the time. He opened his backpack to look for his phone, wondering if he should just slip away while Brad was in the bathroom. It was nearly three already! He would have to hurry, Jason would already be waiting at the other food court at the other end of the mall...

"Uh, dude, why is there a skirt in your backpack?" Brad's voice came from over his shoulder. "Is that a wig?" Carl let out a very unmanly squeak of surprise and quickly closed it.

"A what?" he asked. "Oh, uh, my mom wanted me to return a few things for her, because, uh, had to work today."

"Dude, she has you carrying her errands around?" Brad laughed. "That's tough. Hey, how about we go see a movie?"

"I can't!" Carl exclaimed. "It's like I said, I have to help my mom out with this return thing. Sorry, dude."

"Well... alright, dude," Brad frowned. "You're sure living a busy life down here. Just don't forget about all your old friends in Maine, you know?"

"Of course not," Carl said indignantly. "Let's, uh, let's send more e-mails, alright?"

"Okay," Brad said. "Guess I just have to chill out around the mall until Jason's done with his date. What's a good place to pick up chicks?" Carl blushed furiously.

"Oh, you know, wherever," he said anxiously. "Probably not at the other food court, though, that's where all the, uh, old people go. Maybe upstairs?"

"Alright, I'll see what I can do," Brad said with a suave grin he had inherited from his older brother. "See you in the summer, dude." He held out his fist for a fist bump, but Carl instinctively embraced him, with a girlish hug. Only then hoping against hope that Brad couldn't feel his boobs through the parka. Brad had a strange expression on his face as they pulled apart, but Carl didn't give him any time to think about it further.

"Gotta run, dude," he said, putting on his backpack. "See you in the summer!" He hurried away, doing his best not to let his hips sway from side to side as he did so. Despite his sweaty palms and anxious stomach, he felt a sense of triumph. He'd done it! He'd fooled Brad, his closest friend – which made him feel slightly guilty, but more importantly, he hadn't suspected a thing. If only the next part were just as easy.

Carl slowed his walk as he passed by the other food court and saw his 'date,' Jason, waiting at a table, looking handsome and confident as usual. Carl imagined how shocked he would be if instead of 'Candi,' Carl showed up, fake stubble and all. Shuddering to imagine the disaster that would follow, Carl quickly hurried to the nearest men's bathroom. He kind of felt ill-at-ease going inside, he had been forcing himself to avoid a mens' room at all costs for so long.

Locking the door behind him, he immediately opened up his backpack and began pulling out his makeup kit, a set of quick-drying false nails, a hair brush and his wig, a new outfit, heels, and jewelry. As he pulled the beanie hat off his head and began clipping his wig into place, he reflected ruefully that he'd gotten to be a boy for less than an hour, and now he was right back to being 'Candi!'

He carefully removed the strips of fake stubble from his cheeks and chin, returning them to their former smoothness, and then removed the pencil from his brows, leaving them dainty, feminine arches once more. He took off his parka, followed by his sweater, then, with some reluctance, unwound the bandages around his chest. His D-cups bounced free immediately, eager to be free from their constraint, and stuck out proudly as if to remind him of his new status as a busty bimbo for boys like Brad to lust over. With a forlorn expres-

sion, he smoothly put on the lacy black strapless push-up bra he had packed and adjusted his cleavage in the silky cups.

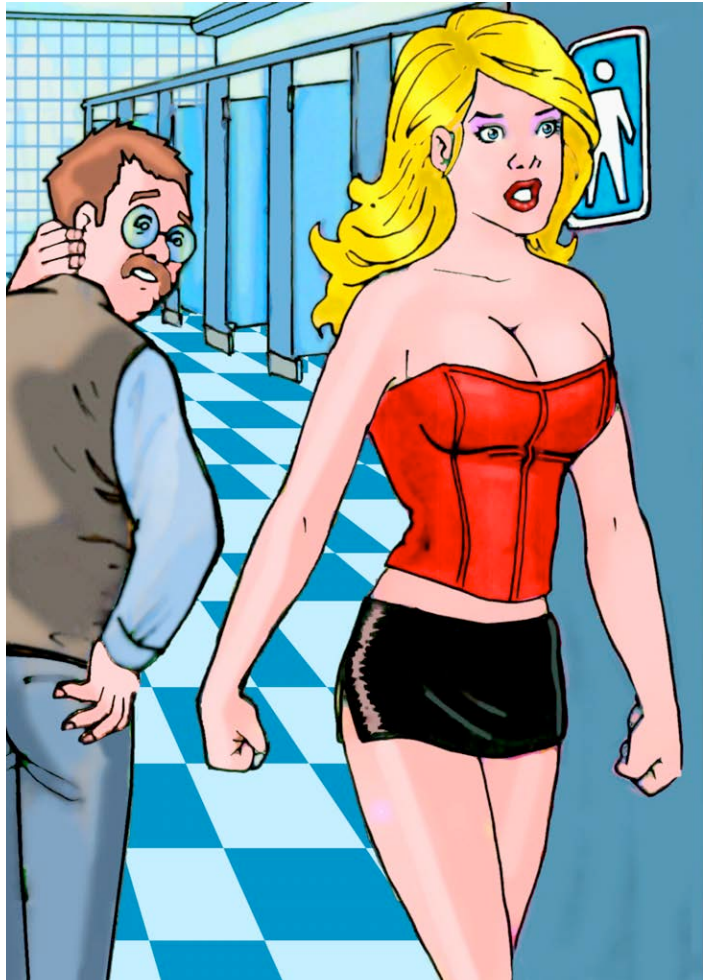
As he inspected the outfit his mom had picked out for his 'date,' he realized regretfully that he should have known better than to let her make the selection. She'd packed him a tight, slinky red tube top, along with a ruffled black mini-skirt and a pair of very daring five inch stilettos. It was definitely *not* the kind of outfit a girl wore to 'catch up' with an 'old friend.' Cheeks pink, Carl wriggled his way into the skimpy skirt and top before buckling his stilettos on and straightening up.

He was just putting the finishing touches on his eye make-up when someone began knocking on the bathroom door. Carl put away his mascara brush and snapped his make-up kit shut, then pulled out his purse. With one final inspection of his appearance, he minced nervously to the door.

"Sorry," he said innocently, to the flabbergasted man waiting to use it. "The girl's room was all

full!" The guy nodded dumbly, too busy ogling the hot blonde chick strutting out in a slutty tube-top, miniskirt, and sky-high stilettos to formulate a response. Blushing at being checked out so obviously, Carl adjusted his purse on his shoulder and sa-shayed into the food court. Jason was still waiting, sending a message on his cellular phone. Carl steeled his nerves as he walked up.

"Jason?" he squeaked. The football star turned, and his



eyes lit up at the sight of 'Candi,' particularly the way her boobs were stuffed into a tight-fitting tube-top!

"Hey, beautiful," he said suavely, getting to his feet. "You look more stunning than ever." He held out his arms and Carl reluctantly leaned forward for a hug, noting how Jason positioned himself perfectly for a long look down Carl's thrust-out cleavage. Even worse, it was accompanied by a brief kiss on the lips! Carl blushed furiously as Jason released him, and sat down with his eyes downcast with embarrassment, crossing his pretty legs and adjusting the hem of his skirt.

"Thank you," Carl said tremulously. "Um, are you enjoying college?"

"It's alright," Jason said dismissively. He paused, with a sheepish grin. "Oh," he said, nodding his head. "I guess what you're really asking is if there are other girls..." Carl flushed furiously. He'd been asking no such thing, but his embarrassment made it look as though Jason had guessed correctly. The football star gave a sly smile. "If there are, I can't even remember them when I'm looking at you," he said in a low voice. Carl almost jumped as Jason's hand snuck onto his thigh beneath the table! "I love you with long hair," Jason continued, brushing a blonde strand away from Carl's pretty face. "You look so gorgeous, I'd almost think you were an angel... If I didn't know better." He gave Carl a sly wink, which made him blush even more deeply. He knew exactly what Jason was referencing!

"Jason, I have a boyfriend now," Carl whispered anxiously, trying to fend the roaming hand away from his legs.

"And do you dress up like this for him?" Jason chuckled, hand sitting firmly on Carl's bare thigh. "That flirty little skirt is driving me crazy, babe. And I know what you girls call shoes like that..." He leaned in close, breath tickling Carl's ear. "Fuck-me heels," he whispered, and then gave Carl a commanding kiss on the mouth before he could protest. Carl broke away, blushing furiously, and he saw several middle-aged women strolling by give him a dirty look for his wanton display.

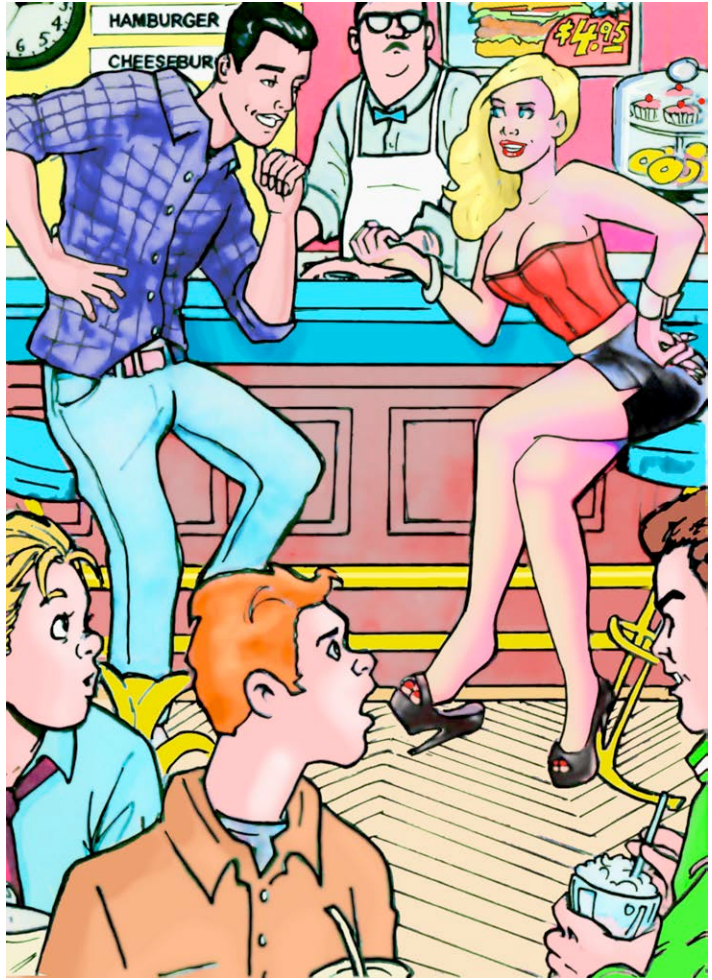
"Can't we just talk?" Carl whimpered.

"Sure, babe," Jason said, leaning back with his hand now possessively on top of Carl's, looking for all the world as if they were a couple. "Tell me about the modeling. How's that going?"

"I did a photo shoot for a magazine in January," Carl said tremulously.

"Are you going to send me an autographed copy?" Jason teased, and his hand began caressing Carl's thigh once more. Powerless to escape, Carl could only let him stroke and pet him as they talked, here playing with his long blonde hair and there holding his small, manicured hand. Carl squirmed nervously throughout the entire conversation, telling Jason about his cheerleading and their car-wash fundraiser.

When Jason suggested they walk around, Carl crossed his fingers and hoped as hard as he ever had that they would not run into Brad. Jason put his arm around Carl's dainty waist as he got up, and walked slowly to accommodate the tiny, mincing stride forced on Carl by his tight skirt and high heels. Carl kept looking at the crowd, on the lookout for Brad, and was far too distracted to even notice where Jason was steering him.



"Oh, look, a photo booth," Jason pointed out innocently. "What do you say? Good practice for your photo shoot, right?"

"I don't think I..." Carl trailed off as his stomach did a back-flip. Unless his eyes were deceiving him... "Oh, no!" Carl squeaked. It was three of his fellow cheerleaders, walking towards right towards them. If they saw him out with another guy, while Tom was on vacation, word of it would be all around the school in the blink of an eye. Gossip like that wasn't sacred, even among friends!

"No?" Jason asked, disappointed.

"I mean, yes!" Carl said hastily, gripping onto Jason's muscled arm. "Can we please, please go in the photo booth?" he asked sweetly, fluttering his eye-lashes. Jason grinned as his hot blonde date practically dragged him inside. She just couldn't keep her hands off him! Carl yanked the curtain shut just in time,

breathing a sigh of relief as the girls passed by without seeing him. That *really* would have been a disaster.

Carl submitted to Jason's arm around him as they began taking photos, smiling nervously for the camera but mainly thinking about how close he'd come to another little disaster. Jason seemed to notice his pre-occupation and was trying to cajole him into having a bit of fun.

"Come on," he teased. "You're a model! Spice it up a little, Candi." Blushing, Carl tried to remember what Jacques the fashion photographer had had him do in his little silver bikini, and began pouting his lips together for the camera, tossing his blonde hair, and, at Jason's suggestion, leaning forward while cupping his breasts together to accentuate his perfect cleavage. He could tell that Jason was certainly enjoying the show!

"Damn, you're sexy," Jason said in a low voice, caressing Carl's leg once more. "Let's make the next set even naughtier, baby."

"It's time for me to go!" Carl lied. "I totally lost track of time, sorry..." He struggled off of Jason's lap, which had a definite hard-on, but as he looked through the curtain he saw Joe and Amber standing only a few feet away!

"Can't you make some time?" Jason asked. Carl pulled the curtain shut again with a trembling hand.

"I guess I can be a little late," he said nervously.

"That's what I like to hear," Jason grinned. "Come on, babe, time for your close-up." He pulled Carl closer and surprised him with a fierce kiss as the camera began to flash again, roaming his hands all up and down Carl's lithe body, cupping both of his supple breasts and squeezing until Carl couldn't help but let out a small moan, inadvertently opening his lips and giving Jason's tongue full access to his sweet little mouth. In some small part of his mind, Carl couldn't help but wonder who was the better kisser, Jason or Tom – and who had better 'hands'! "I think you missed me, Candi," Jason whispered in his ear. "And I think I know who else you missed..." Carl barely heard, lost in a swoon as Jason expertly caressed his breasts, but he did hear the sound of a zipper coming undone!

"Jason, not h-here!" Carl stammered, but Jason merely cut him off with another deep, probing kiss. Carl was putty in his strong arms!

"Come on, Candi," Jason cajoled. "That blowjob you gave me last summer was the best of my life... I've been dreaming about getting those sexy pouty lips of yours around my cock again... My big, hard cock..." As if to prove his point, he dug himself free of his boxer shorts and Carl was once again face to face with Jason's erect member.

"But I'm going to be late!" Carl protested weakly, feeling his stomach churn.

"Not if you're anywhere near as good as last time," Jason said, stroking his cheek gently. "Come on, babe. Your boyfriend is never going to know." Carl peeked out of the curtain in desperation, but his three fellow cheerleaders were still only a few meters away from the booth. He couldn't leave now and risk being seen with Jason following after him!

Realizing he had no other choice, and with tears stinging his eyes, Carl reluctantly swiveled off of the seat and knelt down in front of Jason to begin kissing and stroking his throbbing manhood. The salty taste made him feel totally sick to his stomach, but he closed his eyes and gently lowered his lips down Jason's shaft, doing his best not to gag. Don't think about it, he told himself. Just pretend you're a girl and you want to do this!

"Oh, baby," Jason groaned. "Oh, yeah. You sexy little cock-sucker..." Carl's cheeks flushed at the back-handed compliment as he did whatever he could to get Jason off as fast as possible, kissing and licking and playing with Jason's erect manhood with his fingers as well. He was ready with the wet-wipes when Jason erupted, and quickly and efficiently cleaned him up, trembling with embarrassment. He'd now given his second blowjob, and this time it had been in public! Jason gave him a thank-you peck on the cheek, avoiding his smeared lipstick mouth, and leaned back with a satisfied grin.

"I really have to go," Carl said miserably, glancing out the curtain. The girls were nowhere to be seen. Of course, with his luck, they had probably left the instant Carl had agreed to suck Jason off!

"I understand, babe," Jason said. "I'll call you when I'm in Florida again, okay? Maybe we can even get a hotel somewhere..."

"Okay," Carl squeaked, blushing. He did his best to repair his smeared makeup, then submitted to another goodbye kiss from Jason before he hurried out of the booth, slinking away from the scene of his embarrassment with his cheeks flushed and his pretty blue eyes downcast under long, luxurious lashes. It was obvious from the stares that more than a few passers-by had figured out exactly what had been going on in the little booth! Don't think about it, Carl told himself again. You fooled Brad, and you fooled Jason, and now you don't have to worry about either of them ever again! Carl felt a flood of relief at the thought. The next time he saw Brad, he would be 'Carl' again, one-hundred percent. No boobs, no curves, no blonde hair, and certainly no lingerie!



"Well, how was it, lover boy?" Brad quipped, as his big brother Jason showed up to meet him at the mall entrance. Jason just grinned.

"See for yourself," he said. "Man, that girl is one sexy piece of tail. The heels she was wearing! Such a little show-off, she just loves having guys drool over

her.” He pulled a long tape of photo-booth pictures from his pocket and handed it over. Brad’s eyes widened as he saw his brother cuddling up with a blonde chick who was totally and completely drop-dead gorgeous. Even for Jason, this was one hell of a conquest!

“Whoa,” Brad exclaimed. “This chick is smoking hot, big bro. And talk about stacked!” He peered closer at the gorgeous rack that the blonde had put on full display, pushing her boobs together and pouting for the camera while Jason grinned in the background. They were flawless, and somehow, strangely familiar. Jason had said she was a model, maybe he had seen her in a magazine somewhere...?

“I know,” Jason bragged. “And so nice and firm, too, like you wouldn’t believe. I figure she got a boob job, but it was one hell of an investment.”

“I’ll say,” Brad muttered, checking out the other pictures. The busty blonde was equally hot in all of them, primping and posing for the camera, but he couldn’t shake the feeling that there was something familiar about her. Brad gave a start as he realized she was wearing a tight red tube-top, exactly the same color as he’d seen in Carl’s back-pack. The hair was just like the wig he’d seen, too. Those were probably just a coincidences, though... But then again, would Carl’s mom really wear something like that? And that big bulky parka... The weird feeling when they’d hugged, like there was something on Carl’s chest...

“And here’s where it starts getting a little R-rated,” Jason teased, showing off more pictures. “I don’t know if I want my little bro getting corrupted seeing this!”

“Whatever, big bro,” Brad said, peering at the new photos. They showed his older brother getting hot and heavy with the blonde, making out with his hands groping those big beautiful breasts, and then all he could see was the top of the blonde’s head and an expression on Jason’s face that made it clear he was getting some very ‘intimate’ attention down below!

“What did I tell you?” Jason said proudly. “She loves me. Hell, she snuck away from her boyfriend just to meet me at the mall today.”

“I’m impressed, I’m impressed,” Brad said, but he was back to looking at the earlier photos, frown deepening on his face. Those boobs looked so familiar... He opened his phone and found the image his buddy Carl had sent him in the summer, when asked for a picture of the hottest beach babe he’d met so far. It didn’t show anything above the neck, but the gorgeous D-cups and tight body had been enough for Brad to save the image immediately for ‘later use’. Now that he was looking at that picture, side-by-side with Jason’s photo booth ones, he couldn’t shake the feeling that he was looking at the exact same chick! But if Carl knew this smoking hot ‘Candi’ chick, why hadn’t he put two and two together when Brad mentioned Jason meeting up with her?

"No way," Brad murmured, looking more closely at the girl's face. Candi...Carl... Those blue eyes, and the shape of her face, even though the makeup and the long blonde hair certainly changed both... Brad shook his head, utterly stunned. It wasn't possible! Was it? Carl's funny high-pitched voice... His pierced ears... His weird, femmy behavior...

"I'll be keeping these," Jason said, taking the photos back. "Maybe you can have one as a Christmas present, if you promise to cut me out of it. Now, time to hit the road and get back to Maine, right?"

"You got it, big bro," Brad said, still frowning. It all had to be some bizarre coincidence. There was just no *way* his old buddy Carl could possibly be that smoking hot blonde.

From the Casebook of Harold Pennyworth, P.I.

Notes on Case #241-B: The Whereabouts of Carl Hutchens.

Mar. 17: In all my years in this crazy business, I've never had to write an entry like this. I tried to write this report for two days but only managed to get it down tonight. Everything is clear now – everything! All I can say is that as a professional, I'm embarrassed. As a man, I'm humiliated.

I was tracking two kids, two friends of Carl's that flew into town the pervious night. When my computer alerted me that it had found a few of the names I'd programmed it to search for, and told me that they were both coming to this particular beach-side town in Florida, I was sure I had the break I'd been looking for.

They both headed to a local shopping mall, where they we're loitering at either end of the complex. The meeting looked to be on. After an hour of no activity, I'm getting a large cup of coffee and get jostled by this kid in a hurry, wearing one of those beanie hats and, get this, a winter parka. Sure, it's gotten a little cooler this week, but it's still Florida! It wasn't the ill-suited clothing choice that struck me, however, but the kid's remarkable resemblance to a little photo I had tucked in my folder: Carl Hutchens. Bingo.

I followed the kid into the food court, snapping several discreet photos along the way using my phone. He was definitely meeting up with one of the kids I was trailing, but as the two teens sat down and started to talk, I felt like I was losing my mind.

Carl's mannerisms, the gestures of his hands, the way he sat... It was all, 100%, no matter how hard he was trying to conceal it, "Candi!" I took as many photos as I could, still thinking perhaps I was just having some sort of mental breakdown. Then the brown-haired kid, and I'm almost positive it's Carl, the brown-haired kid says goodbye and heads for the other end of the mall, and presumably, the other kid from Maine. He turns off into the bathroom right away. I figure this is my big chance, right? I can finally get to the bottom of everything. Except, of course, he locks the bathroom door behind him. Well, sometimes a guy needs privacy.

After a while I end up knocking – I'm not the most patient guy in the world, I'll be the first to admit it – and up opens the door. But it sure as hell wasn't Carl who came strutting out. Long blonde hair spilling around an angelic, cute face with those pouty lips and doe eyes, clicking along on five-inch stilettos that made a pair of gorgeous legs look even longer under a tiny little skirt, paired with a slutty tube-top that was practically begging someone to cop a feel of those perfect tits. It's 100%, without a doubt, Candi. And there it is – there's my evidence.

I took as many photos as I could as Candi went over and started chatting with the handsome young man who'd clearly been waiting for her, then doubled



back to the bathroom and found the backpack Carl had stashed under the sinks. No doubt about it, as crazy as it sounds, Carl and Candi were one in the same! If this doesn't explain Mr. Hutchens' sudden lack of desire to have custody, nothing does. I mean, what father is proud of his son filling out his first D-cup bra, right? But there is one thing that doesn't line up... Mr. Hutchens

thinks Carl is happier here, but from what I've seen, Candi is not a happy girl at all.

Now that I finally have the key to this whole mystery, I don't think I'm going to have any trouble getting Mr. Hutchens to scrape together the cash for my fee, and a little extra for travel expenses. I feel kinda bad, of course, but hey, he was the one who stiffed me in the first place.

That means I'm finally heading home. Florida agreed with me, but my paycheck is waiting for me in Maine. I've got all the evidence I need, thanks to that high-powered lens and all the dirt from Valentine's day.

Now, if Mr. Hutchens is not going to cough up some cash to suppress pictures of his son all dolled up and dressed to the nines in a slutty little red cocktail dress, sucking off his boyfriend, well, he isn't going to cough up for anything!

Candi is extremely convincing as a girl, but I have to wonder if her luck can hold out. Sooner or later, some jealous broad is going to do some digging, in my opinion. She certainly has made some enemies. The Sweet family comes to mind. Maybe they'll pay a few bucks for what I have to sell.

With that, this closes the case. The disappearance of Carl Hutchens and his whereabouts have been solved. I'll gather my evidence, write up my report and see what Mr. Hutchens wants to do about it.

APRIL

Carl had survived two very close calls with Amber and then Brad, but he still had one final hurdle on the way to June, and he was dreading it – Prom. Now that Amber was gone, it meant he was now without rival for hottest girl in school, or for Prom queen! As the voting began, more and more girls, and love-struck guys, told him that they had picked him for the honor.

“But why?” Carl asked tremulously, as he and Miranda did their make-up together in the girls’ washroom. “I mean, I don’t want to be Prom queen!”

“Tough luck,” Miranda said, with a roll of her eyes. “Candi, you’re the head cheerleader, you’re dating Tom, the most popular guy in school, and, let’s face it – because I have – you’re definitely the hottest girl in school. Oh, and you have the nicest boobies.” She gave his breasts a playful squeeze, making Carl blush furiously.

“But this means I have to go the dance,” Carl said miserably, applying his mascara with a deft touch.

“Girly, don’t tell me you were thinking about skipping out on Prom!” Miranda said, aghast. “Why on Earth would you not want to go to the dance?”

“Well, I don’t know how to dance, for starters,” Carl pouted. “Especially not in a dress and heels!”

“Candi, why didn’t you say so?” Miranda giggled. “I’ll teach you to dance, don’t worry. You’re coming over after school and we’re giving you your first lesson, okay?”

“Okay,” Carl sighed. “Better that than giving Tom a blowjob in his... *Eep!*” He clapped his manicured hand over his mouth as he realized he’d been speaking aloud.

“Naughty, naughty,” Miranda teased. “Come on, girly, let’s get to Home Ec class.” She linked arms with Carl as they exited the bathroom. It seemed like everyone they passed in the hallways was whispering about Prom, the decorations, the band, and who was going with who.

“It’s not even May, yet!” Carl whined. “It’s almost three months away!”

“I know!” Miranda said. “I already have my dress reserved and I may have waited too long to get a hotel room.”

“A hotel room? For what?”

“What do you think?” Miranda said with a wink.

He had thought about his senior Prom every once in a while in the past, imagining he’d be going in a sharp tux with a sexy date in a tight dress – but now he

realized the stiletto was definitely going to be on the other foot! He worried about it all through English class, so much so that he hadn't even packed up when the final bell rang.

"Candi? H-hi..." came a nervous voice, through the hustle and bustle of kids leaving the classroom. Carl looked up from his purse and saw Mark standing there, looking rather desperate. His dark hair was even longer these days, as were his well-manicured nails, and he had taken to wearing baggy pants and hooded sweatshirts that made him even more invisible than usual.

"Hi, Mark," Carl said, settling his purse on his slender shoulder. "Um, what is it?"

"I was just... just... well... I was wondering if maybe you would go to Prom with me?" Mark stammered anxiously. Carl flushed. Mark was not the first to ask, on the off-chance that he and Tom broke up before Prom night, but Carl knew there was zero chance of that happening.

"I'm sorry, Mark," Carl replied with sympathy. "I'm going with Tom," he sighed. "And he's waiting for me at my locker, so..."

"Oh, okay," Mark said, face falling. He looked like he was a condemned man! "It's just that, well, Inga and Helga's cousin is going to be visiting from Sweden in May, and they made me agree that if I don't find a date, we would go together, and..."

"Going stag is nothing to be embarrassed about," Carl said, blushing, remembering doing just that at a couple school dances and having quite a bit of



luck with the girls. Of course, a shy little guy like Mark probably wouldn't.

"But the thing is, I, um, it was this kind of *bet*, and if you have any friends who might go with me, like anyone at all, could you please...?" Mark begged, looking totally desperate.

"Mark, I honestly don't have a lot of friends. People don't really listen to what I have to say, anyway." He got up and grabbed his books and purse. "I do have to go," Carl said. "See you in class!" As soon as he passed by Mark, Carl could just feel the anguish coming off of him. He stopped and turned. "I know how hard it was to ask, though. I *would* go out with you..."

"Really?" Mark said, his expression lighting up.

"...If I didn't have ninety percent of the boys in this school trying to take me out already," Carl continued. "Don't let those girls at the salon push you around. You need to do what you can to keep them from telling you what to do."

"Thanks," Mike said, shuffling away.

He hurried off to meet Tom, and after a quick make-out session against his locker, Miranda swooped in and saved him, reminding him about the dance lesson. Tom dropped him and his ex-girlfriend off at her house in the suburbs, giving Carl a lingering kiss on the lips as a goodbye. Almost as soon as they were inside, Miranda started dragging furniture around in the living room to clear some space for his first dance lesson. Carl watched glumly as she plugged her iPod into the speakers. He had never been much of a dancer, and now he was learning from his ex so he wouldn't make a fool of himself with his boyfriend!

"Okay," Miranda said, pressing play. "Time to dance. I know a lot of the guys there won't know any better than grade-school swaying-back-and-forth, but Tom is actually a pretty good dancer. Here, put your hand in mine... Don't be sulky, come on, we'll make this fun..." Miranda adjusted him until he was standing with his right hand clasped by her left and his other hand resting on her shoulder. Hers', meanwhile, was around his waist. Was it his imagination, or was she intentionally pressing her boobs up against his?

"You want to be nice and snuggly," Miranda giggled, reading his mind. "Especially since he's cute. Now, I'm going to lead, so try to just melt into me and follow my movements, okay?" They started to dance around the room, Carl grimacing and looking down at his feet. It was harder than he had imagined to dance backwards in high heels, and he was worried about tripping up.

"Don't watch your feet, girly," Miranda said. "Keep eye contact and put a pretty smile on for your partner." Carl tried to keep his chin up – it wasn't as if he had a clear view of his feet anyways, what with his prominent cleavage pushed up against Miranda's breasts. He would have once relished the chance to be so close to her feminine assets, but now he was once again confronted

with the fact that he was better 'developed' than his ex-girlfriend! Still, he didn't mind the close proximity.

"How many times?" Carl asked worriedly.

"What do you mean?" Miranda asked, giving him a little twirl. "Let your hips move more freely. Remember, I'm leading. All you have to do is follow."

"How many times will I have to dance?" Carl asked. He tried to follow Miranda's instructions and let her guide him around the living room. Though he'd become accustomed to Tom's embrace, it felt strange being held in a girl's arms. He was the guy, he should have been leading her around – but instead, he had his pretty hands resting limply while her arm encircled his small waist.

"Well, Tom gets the first and the last, but he's not a really jealous guy," Miranda said thoughtfully. "I know his buddies will all be queuing up to get a dance with you. You'll probably have at least a dozen different dances over the course of the night."

"A dozen?" Carl asked weakly. He couldn't even imagine being spun around a dance floor in stilt heels and evening dress by one young man, let alone twelve!

"Your fault for being so popular," Miranda winked. Carl sighed and tried to focus on the dance. Ten months in stiletto heels had given him a distinctly feminine grace, and before long he was twirling gracefully around the living room in her arms.

Before long a very slow, sappy romantic song came on, and Miranda instructed him to loop his arms around her neck while hers went around his waist. Carl blushed again as he adopted the feminine position with his manicured fingers laced behind his ex-girlfriend's neck, remembering how they'd once been in the opposite position. That seemed so long ago now, and Miranda's arms were surprisingly firm around his dainty waist, making him feel almost like he was floating as they revolved slowly in the center of the room.

"I love your hair," Miranda sighed, toying with a long blonde tress, brushing it away from Carl's cheek. "And I'm so jealous of your waist. You're tiny!"

"Hm," Carl said, shrugging his slender shoulders in embarrassment. He could feel his heart beating slightly faster as Miranda pulled him even closer. Was it his imagination? Was she coming on to him? The last time he'd thought that, he'd ended up on a double-date with a football star!

"I was thinking about that kiss in the cafeteria," Miranda purred. "It was really hot, wasn't it? I mean, those poor boys were all drooling. And then I was thinking about what Tom said... about us..."

"About inviting him to watch?" Carl squeaked. Miranda blushed slightly.

"Not that, silly," she chided. "Just about, you know, experimenting? I mean, I know I love boys, and you do, too, but I don't think there would be any harm in... Playing around a little bit. Do you?"

"Us?" Carl asked, dumb-founded. "Like, you mean, um..."

"Shhh," Miranda said slyly, hushing him with one finger. She traced the outline of his pouty lower lip with her finger-nail, sending a shiver down Carl's spine, then leaned forward and kissed him gently. Carl, to his embarrassment, let out a small breathy moan. His nipples were tingling like crazy, and her lips felt so amazingly soft against his! "I've been thinking about doing that since we started dancing," Miranda giggled. "You're so cute when you make those little noises, I bet Tom just loves it." Carl blushed furiously.

"I, I really thought that it was over between us," he admitted. "I mean, now that I'm... I'm..." He gestured to himself with one sweep of his manicured hand, encompassing his high heels, miniskirt, lingerie, D-cup breasts, blonde hair, make-up – he was now completely unrecognizable as anything other than 'Candi,' a teenaged beauty queen, but somehow Miranda still had some lingering attraction to him! The thought gave him a bit of hope for his languishing masculinity.

"It is," Miranda said thoughtfully. "I mean, between me and Carl. But you're so different, now. Carl was always so brash, but Candi is sort of... Timid. Demure. Soft, and sweet, and coy, and so innocent. I don't know, it's sort of... sexy? Just how you've changed so much. Carl was kind of a jerk, but he was



always so confident, so self-assured, and now you're just... cute. You really just make a much better girl than a guy, you know? You were definitely meant to be female all along." Carl blushed even more deeply, but when he opened his mouth to argue, Miranda took it as an invitation to slip her tongue inside. Carl's knees buckled as Miranda maneuvered him over to the couch. She was kissing and fondling him as she lowered him down, and his nipples were definitely hard! He gave a little gasp of surprise as she shoved his skirt up over his hips, revealing his lacy red panties, and then, with no hesitation, pulled those down his slender legs and tossed them aside!

"Don't worry, my parents won't be home until late," Miranda giggled. "Here, I have a condom for you, it looks like it might be a little big..." Carl chose to ignore that little remark. In fact, he could hardly contain his excitement. After ten months of swishing around in short skirts and high heels, being lusted after by guys, kissed and pawed at by his 'boyfriend,' he was finally getting laid with an extremely attractive girl!

"Ooh," Carl moaned, as Miranda began massaging his sensitive breasts. "Ooh, that feels really good!"

"I'm glad," Miranda said, straddling him. "Now, are you going to make me feel really good, or what? Come on, cowboy. Or cowgirl. Whatever." She giggled. Carl frowned, staring down past his breasts as he struggled to remove his gaffe. When his manhood finally flopped free, however, it showed no signs of standing to attention!

"Miranda, I... I don't know if I can..." Carl flushed furiously, trying to coax himself with two dainty, manicured fingers. Miranda tried as well, even kissing his little thingy and putting it in her mouth, but to no avail. Carl felt a heat rising to his cheeks as he realized that he couldn't get hard, even with a beautiful girl on top of him!

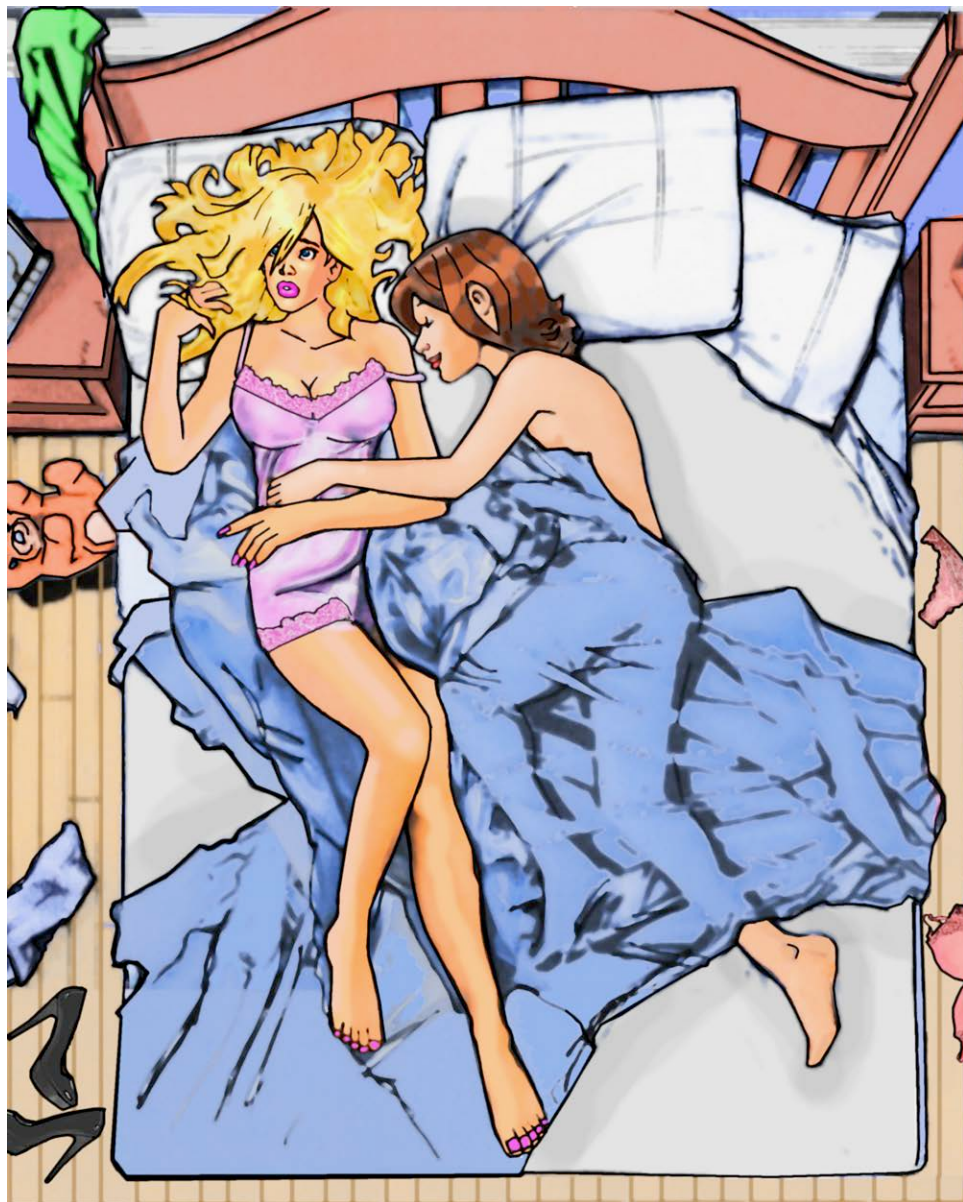
"I'm sorry," Miranda said, blushing herself. "I shouldn't have tried to talk you into this. I guess I'm a little bi-curious, and I thought, you know, since you're not 100% a girl..." Carl felt tears welling up in his eyes, and Miranda, misinterpreting them, rushed to apologize. "That's not what I mean!" she said desperately. "Of course you're 100% a girl, I mean, in mind, and practically in body, you have a figure most girls would kill for, it's just, you know, you still have your thingy, and... I'm sorry, it must have been difficult enough already for you, pretending to be interested in girls for all those years. Pretending you really wanted to be my boyfriend, instead of a girlfriend... I realize you like boys now, and only boys, and that's totally cool. Maybe we can just forget all about it?"

"It's not that I don't want to!" Carl protested. Miranda sighed.

"That's so sweet of you, Candi, but it's unfair for me to try and take advantage of your, um, your situation like that," she said, clearly embarrassed by the entire thing. "Maybe we can just forget this ever happened?" Utterly miserable,

Carl nodded his blonde head. He slowly worked his gaffe back up his legs, concealing his shrunken manhood entirely, and then returned his panties and skirt to their former position. He was now totally incapable of pleasing a girl like a man would – he might as well be as flat and featureless between his legs as the gaffe made him appear! The thought made him feel completely depressed, even when Miranda suggested they watch a movie to take their minds off the matter.

They made snacks in the kitchen and cuddled up under a blanket to watch a sappy romance movie together on the couch, but Miranda was back to treating



him just like any other girl-friend, and when he tried to make a move she quickly and politely removed his hand, telling him once more that he 'didn't have to pretend anymore' and that she would find some other way to do a little experimenting. During the movie she was quick to point out how handsome the male lead was, and Carl, despite himself, had to agree. He was reminded a little bit of Nicholas from the photo shoot, even.

Carl ended up phoning home and telling his Aunt Kat he was having a sleepover at Miranda's, so, after painting their nails and doing each other's hair while chatting about the new cheerleading routine, Carl stripped down into his lingerie and climbed into the same bed with Miranda, though definitely on the opposite side of the mattress.

"Sweet dreams, girly," Miranda said, hitting him lightly with a pillow. "I'll wake you up nice and early so we can go to that yoga class you keep telling me about."

"Okay, goodnight," Carl said, still despondently. Here he was, going to sleep in the same bed as his ex-girlfriend, but totally powerless to make any kind of advance. Even worse, she thought that he was no longer even attracted to girls! Sighing, Carl rolled over and did his best to fall asleep despite the thoughts racing through his head.



Carl leaned back in his seat and watched the ground fall away through the plane window, relieved to finally be in the air and heading back to Maine. He ran a hand through his short brown hair and gave a happy sigh. He was himself again! No long blonde hair, no manicured nails, no make-up, and certainly no D-cups! He was flying first class, thanks to the use of one of his many new credit cards, and it looked like a pretty stewardess was on her way with his drink. As she drew closer, however...

"Miranda? What are you doing here?" Carl asked in confusion.

"What am I doing here? What are *you* doing up here?" Miranda demanded. "Come on, Candi, get with the program, you're supposed to be on the other trolley, not lounging around, day-dreaming in first class!"

"What are you talking about?" Carl fired back. "And since when are you a stewardess?"

"Um, since we graduated and got the job we dreamed about since we were little girls?" Miranda said, eyebrow raised quizzically. "Are you going to help me with the drinks or not?"

"But I can't be a stewardess," Carl squeaked, feeling totally confused. "I'm a boy!"

"And what are those, life preservers?" Miranda said, pointing to his chest. Carl gasped, looking down to find himself once again quite well-endowed, cleavage spilling out of a low-cut blue four-button blouse. His hand leapt to his hair, finding long blonde tresses and a small starched cap pinned there at a jaunty angle. Candi stood up abruptly, shaking her head.

"Sorry, what were we talking about?" she asked, smoothing her short skirt and checking the seams of her nylons. "Is the other trolley all ready?"

"Ready and waiting, girly," Miranda said. "God, you're distracted today. Our handsome captain wouldn't have anything to do with that, now, would he?" Candi could only blush in response before she swished her way back to the front of the plane. If only her best friend would stop teasing her about the captain... Although he had been so forward the other day...

Putting it out of her pretty blonde head, Candi retrieved the waiting drink trolley, made sure it was stocked with plenty of ice, and then made her way up the length of the plane, smiling graciously for each passenger, even the ones who were obviously looking down her blouse when she leaned over to serve them, and almost certainly ogling the shape of her seat through her tight skirt when she turned around! The more experienced stewardesses had advised her to think of it as a compliment, but Candi still flushed pink from head-to-toe when a businessman pinched her behind as she was squeezing by!

"Hey, honey, what do you say we grab a drink once this tin can touches down in L.A.?" he asked suggestively.

"Sorry, sir, but I'll



be boarding another plane,” Candi said hastily. “Enjoy your drink!” She hurried past, getting to the front of the plane otherwise unscathed, and hesitated for a moment at the cabin door. She knew she wasn’t technically supposed to go into the cockpit during the flight, but the captain had asked her to bring him some coffee.

“Captain? I have your coffee!” Candi squeaked.

“In that case, come on in,” came the captain’s self-assured drawl. Candi slid the door open and minced inside, holding the big thermos in both manicured hands. The captain was at the controls, handsome face turned towards the vast array of switches and read-outs. Candi couldn’t help but admire his strong, masculine features as he guided the plane.

“There,” he said. “All leveled out. It should be smooth sailing until Los Angeles, now.” He turned in his seat as Candi, heart beating faster, handed him his coffee. He took a long swig and sighed happily. “I’m always in awe of how you make the crappy coffee on this air-line somehow taste good, Candi. You’re the best stewardess I’ve ever worked with.”

“Thank you,” Candi said, blushing furiously. “It’s mostly just a lot of sugar...”

“Well, your sugar is by far the sweetest,” the captain said, with a wink. “We’re crossing the ocean now. Want to come check out the view?” Candi nodded eagerly, mincing up to the front of the cockpit. The ocean was spread out below them, reflecting the stars, and it was incredibly beautiful...and romantic...

“C-captain?” Candi squeaked, as he suddenly pulled her down onto his lap, wrapping both arms around her.

“You want to fly her for a while?” the captain teased, gently putting both her hands on the controls. His breath tickled her ear, sending a shiver down her spine.

“Don’t tease me,” Candi pouted, slightly breathlessly. “I don’t know how to work this thing!”

“No?” the captain grunted. “How about... this one?” He gently moved her hand down to his crotch, where Candi immediately felt a huge, and very warm, hard-on! At the same time, he began using his other hand to knead her breast. Candi moaned at the sensation.

“Captain, we shouldn’t!” she breathed, but at the same time she knew there was absolutely nothing she wanted to do more.

“I’ve been dreaming about this ever since the moment you stepped onto my plane, all wide-eyed and innocent, fresh out of that small town,” the captain said, kissing his way along her slender neck. “When I saw you smile for the first time... When I saw you shaking that tight little ass in those tight little skirts of yours...” He gave Candi’s firm buttocks a suggestive squeeze, making her gasp.

Hardly conscious of what she was doing, she began stroking the captain's erect manhood, freeing it from his pants.

"I've, I've never done this before," Candi whispered, feeling a wet warmth between her legs.

"Then I'll be gentle," the captain said, nudging her legs apart. He peeled away her pantyhose with an experienced hand, then her panties, and then, finally...

"Ooh!" Candi moaned, as his hand slid up her skirt. "Ooh, yes! Yes!"

"Do you want this?" the captain whispered, teasing her with the tip of his finger. Flushed and helpless, Candi could only nod her head. The captain pushed her back against the wall of the cockpit and pushed her skirt up to give him full access. Candi moaned in ecstasy as his fingers explored her waiting womanhood... it felt so right... so amazing...

"I want you inside me," Candi whispered. "Please! I need you..."

"Thought you'd never ask," the captain grinned, positioning himself. Candi's legs were going weak, she could feel the tip of his manhood pushing into her, and then, as he thrust, she couldn't help but scream. It was like nothing she had ever felt before, pure bliss, pure ecstasy, as he pumped in and out of her. She clamped her legs around his strong back and moaned at the sensation as he thrust deeper, and deeper, and then...



Carl woke up with a gasp, feeling something warm and sticky on his smooth-shaven thigh. He yanked away the covers and stared at disbelief at the small wet spot on his panties, then looked over at Miranda, who was fortunately fast asleep.

"You have to be kidding me," he whispered. Blushing, Carl rolled out of bed and hurried to the bathroom, flipping on the lights and closing the door behind him. He hadn't been able to get a decent hard-on in ages, and not at all with Miranda giving it her best effort, and now he had somehow managed to have a wet dream while... Carl's cheeks went pink as he remembered exactly what he had been dreaming about.

So Miranda at her finest couldn't even get a rise out of him, but dreaming about being a pretty blonde stewardess having her virginity taken by a handsome, virile airline pilot was enough to ruin his panties! What on Earth was going on with him? He flushed, thinking about what Miranda had said about him not liking girls anymore. Could it be true? How else could he explain something like this?

"It was just some weird fluke," Carl tried to reassure himself, looking at his reflection in the mirror. Pretty blue eyes, long blonde hair, cupid's bow lips...

No wonder he had an easier time dreaming he was a stewardess than a pilot! At least there were only a few months left of school. He had made it this far, hadn't he? Before long he would be back in Dr. Nevsky's office, demanding male hormones and corrective surgery, and then he would be himself again... He hoped. Carl sighed and turned on the faucet, wondering if he could wash and dry his panties without waking up Miranda. This was one little thing he absolutely wasn't going to share with her!

MAY

Time seemed to be speeding up as Prom approached, and it seemed to be the only topic of discussion these days, whether in classes, the hallways, the cafeteria, or at cheerleading practice. Carl was pulled in two different directions by that fact: on the one hand, he was absolutely dreading Prom, but on the other, it meant that he was getting that much closer to June, and his eighteenth birthday, when this nightmare of a year would finally be over.

Of course, his mother and Aunt Kat were both thrilled that 'Candi' would soon be attending her first Prom. Carl was not amused, but neither was he shocked, when he came home from school in the middle of the week to a 'big surprise.'

"Ooh, you're just going to love this," Aunt Kat beamed, opening the door of the house. "Remember how you were just dreading dress shopping? Since you're so shy about changing rooms and everything?"

"It's not that," Carl protested, blushing. "I just hate shopping, you know that!"

"Well, just wait," Aunt Kat smiled, leading Carl into the living room.

"Surprise!" Carl's mother exclaimed. She was holding a large, transparent garment bag, and inside was a resplendent powder blue evening gown. "I know you were having such a hard time with those catalogues I gave you, trying to decide between so many gorgeous dresses, so I thought I would take the liberty of, well, eliminating the middle-man! I got in touch with a friend of mine who now works for a very well-known fashion house, and she put me in touch with a designer, and I sent all your measurements and preferences, and, well..."

"What preferences?" Carl squeaked.

"I wasn't sure about the whole thing, but when I saw the result, I knew you would just absolutely *adore* it!" his mother finished, beaming. "The color is going to be so lovely with your pretty blue eyes, and I seem to recall that a young man named Tom enjoys you in it, too!" Carl stared in dismay at the designer gown, knowing that before long, he would be wearing the utterly feminine creation as Tom guided him around the dance floor in stilt heels and sexy lingerie!

"But wasn't it expensive?" Carl asked, making one final effort.

"Don't you worry about that," Aunt Kat chided. "Now, don't just stand there! Thank your mother and then go try it on, sweetie!" Resigned to his feminine fate, Carl minced forward, blushing, and planted a thank-you kiss on his mother's cheek before retreating to his room to change with the garment bag clasped daintily in his manicured hands. Prom couldn't be over soon enough!



On the morning of the big day, both Aunt Kat and Carl's mother insisted that he get his hair and make-up done at Tiffany's salon, and they thought it would only be fitting to invite his best friend Miranda along as well. It was definitely Prom season, with a huge number of bookings for all the best salons, and as they approached Tiffany's, a very pretty but shell-shocked girl, no doubt having last minute Prom jitters, was leaving with her dark hair cut in a sassy modern bob and perfect makeup. It looked like she was practicing stilettos for the first time, too, and gave Carl and Miranda a real 'deer-in-the-headlights' look as she wobbled past.



"See, don't let it get to you like it did to her," Miranda said. "Don't stress."

Carl looked at his feminine reflection in the shine of the glass windows. "Easy for you to say," he replied as they entered the salon.

Tiffany had set aside a large block of time just for her favorite client, so a few minutes later Carl found himself in a padded salon chair having his nails done with Miranda sitting beside him. The Swedish twins, Helga and Inga, were chatting away happily as they worked. Although they'd only had a year to improve their English, Carl was still somewhat surprised to note that they didn't have even a hint of accent anymore, speaking like natural-born citizens. He couldn't help but reflect, ruefully, that now there was no way they would ever accidentally give a guy a full-on makeover now, the debacle that had started

this whole crazy scheme and, in turn, trapped him for the year as a cute blonde co-ed.

"Candi, are you even listening to me?" Miranda scolded. Carl gave a start.

"Sorry!" he exclaimed. "I was just, um, thinking about something."

"I can guess *who*," Miranda giggled. "I bet you can't wait for Tom to see you all dolled up in that beautiful dress." Carl blushed – he was thinking anything but!

"You're going with Brandon, right?" he said hastily, hoping to change the subject.

"That's what I've just spent the last ten minutes telling you!" Miranda exclaimed, rolling her eyes. "God, you can be a ditz... Anyways, yes, I am, and I'm so glad. He broke up with Stacy just in time! I can hardly wait for tonight, I hear he's really, really *good*."

"Good?" Carl echoed, distracted as Helga began on his toe-nails. "Good at what?"

"What do you think?" Miranda asked, raising one eyebrow. "You know, good in bed."

"Oh!" Carl squeaked, blushing furiously. He couldn't help but think of his disastrous attempt to please Miranda – he certainly couldn't count himself among the same population! "Are you two going to, um, do it, then?"

"Of course, Candi," Miranda said. "It's Prom night! Everybody does it on Prom night. Everybody. Didn't you already know that?"

"It's my first Prom!" Carl protested, but even as he said it his mind was racing to the next logical conclusion...

"Then you're definitely doing it," Miranda giggled. "I bet Tom can't wait to pop your little cherry!"

"But I can't!" Carl exclaimed, suddenly terrified. "If he, if he sees my gaffe..."

"Oh, God, I totally forgot about that," Miranda said, shaking her head. "Half the time I would swear you've always been a girl... Well, what if you're really careful, and just let him use the backdoor? Have you two done that yet?"

"Of course not!" Carl gasped. Helga and Inga both giggled slightly, making him blush brightly. Clearly they had picked up on some English slang terms already!

"Just an idea," Miranda said innocently. "Look, everyone's coming to my house for the big after-party, right? We can get Tom really drunk, let him pass out with you looking all cute and sexy in your lingerie, and let him think that you guys did the deed! How about it? Just keep in mind that I need to get laid, too!"

"If you think it will work," Carl said nervously.

"It definitely will," Miranda assured him confidently. Just then, Aunt Kat and Tiffany returned from where they had been leafing through a catalogue of hair styles, engaged in an animated discussion.

"Well, after a very thorough debate, your aunt and I have decided that this is the one," Tiffany beamed, showing Carl the picture in the catalogue. "Is it perfect, or what? You're going to look just gorgeous, honey! And Miranda, the up-do you picked out was just *made* for you. You have quite the fashion sense, you know!"

"Aw, thanks," Miranda smiled, looking over into the catalogue. "Wow, Candi, that's going to be stunning!"

"Will' being the key word," Tiffany said, clucking. "We need to get started, ladies! Oh, Candi, you must be so thrilled to be going to your first Prom – don't worry, when I'm finished, you're going to look like a perfect princess! Now, sit back and let us work our magic, okay?"

"Uh-huh," Carl squeaked, blushing. Did they have to treat him like such a Barbie doll? He couldn't even remember the last time he'd been allowed to make his own decisions about that kind of thing! Not that he really wanted to, to be honest.

Resigned to his fate, Carl sat glumly as Tiffany and the twins set to work on his hair and makeup, reflecting on just how much things had changed in only a year's time. If someone had told him this time last year that he would be attending Prom in a designer gown, stiletto heels, jewelry, luxurious lingerie and full makeup, and much worse, as another guy's date, he probably would have punched them in the nose! Now, however, he wouldn't even be able to make a proper fist with his long, manicured nails getting in the way.

Carl did his best to keep still as Tiffany worked her magic, first brushing out his blonde tresses before using a hot iron and liberal amounts of hairspray to create his 'perfect' style. Miranda was totally animated, chatting happily with the beauticians and Aunt Kat as they started on her own 'do, but Carl was far too anxious to make much conversation. He was already thinking about the dress!

"Earth to Candi, honey," Tiffany said, interrupting his thoughts. "Are you ready to see the final result?"

"You're amazing," Miranda sighed happily, observing her reflection in a small hand mirror. "And Candi, you look even better, if you can imagine that!" Carl looked at Miranda and had to admit it was difficult to imagine he could look more beautiful than she did! Her immaculate makeup highlighted each of her best features, and her hair was caught up in an elegant up-do that allowed only a few teasing tendrils to float around her face. She looked absolutely stunning, and Carl once again felt a twinge of regret, that instead of taking a gorgeous girl like Miranda to Prom, he was getting a makeover right alongside her!

"Okay," Carl said nervously. "Where's the mirror?" Beaming with pride, Tiffany spun his chair around so he was facing it. Carl couldn't help but gape. He'd known that Tiffany's salon was the best in the business, but once again, the results were breathtaking.

His layered blonde hair was gleaming with high-lights, cascading gracefully over one shoulder in soft waves and loose blonde curls, perfectly-styled by Tiffany's careful work. His eyes, meanwhile, were a work of art, rimmed with liquid liner and enhanced by soft gray and glittery eye shadow, giving a heart-stoppingly seductive, sexy look to his baby blues as he fluttered his long, dark, mascara-laden lashes. A fine dusting of glitter over his smooth skin was extremely eye-catching, as were his perfectly pouty lips, painted with a glistening pink gloss that made them look wet, enticing, and totally kissable.

Tom would love to have his tongue between them at the nearest opportunity, and something else not long after! He looked like an innocent angel and a sexy vixen all rolled into one, and he couldn't help but thinking once more about what his mother had said about that modeling career. He certainly looked like he belonged on a magazine!

"What do you think?" Tiffany asked eagerly.

"Wow," was all Carl could manage to squeak out.

"That's what I thought," Tiffany giggled. "Just be careful not to mess anything up, okay? And make sure to send me a picture as soon as you're in your dress!"

"Got it," Carl said weakly, still mesmerized by his gorgeous reflection. Miranda, shrieking as she realized what time it was, dragged him away as Aunt Kat paid for the makeover session. Both she and Carl picked up more than their fair share of looks as they exited the salon, clearly made-up to the nines, and Carl kept nervously touching his new hair-style until Miranda scolded him for it.

"Don't mess it up, remember?" she chided, as Aunt Kat dropped her off at her house. "Okay, I'll see you at the dance! Good luck fitting those big boobs of yours into that dress."

Carl shot him a look.

"Oh, please, Candi, I'm *joking*, it's going to fit perfectly, don't worry! Bye!" She got out of the car with great care for her hair, and hurried up the steps as Aunt Kat waved goodbye.

"Time to get you ready!" Aunt Kat exclaimed. "Do you know when Tom is picking you up?"

"Seven, I think," Carl sighed nervously.

"Don't be anxious, sweetie, you're going to be so beautiful," his aunt reassured him. Carl knew by this point that it was useless trying to tell her he didn't want to be 'beautiful' and as far as he was concerned, a successful Prom meant fend-

ing off his boyfriend's advances successfully all night. Still, he did his best not to touch his hairdo as they drove. When they arrived back at the house, his mother was already waiting to help him with his lingerie! Carl moaned when he saw that she'd picked out a very revealing and utterly feminine strapless satin demi-bra practically dripping with lace. It would help a little bit, but he knew his breasts would be jiggling enticingly all evening! When he pointed this out, his mother only shrugged.

"The low cut of the gown only gives us so many options, dear – either this, or braless!" She smiled slyly. "And besides, I think all those handsome young men will appreciate a bit of 'jiggle', don't you?"

"Mom!" Carl protested, blushing furiously as Aunt Kat giggled knowingly. His mother only smiled as she watched her totally feminized son wriggle into his lacy panties and do up the matching demi-bra with deft, practiced fingers. He cut quite the figure in his frilly underthings, and she had to admit she felt slightly jealous of his firm, perfect rack. She had always dreamed of having a daughter to shop for lingerie with, but somehow she had never envisioned her as having bigger boobs than she did!

"That Tiffany is simply marvelous," Carl's mother said happily. "Your hair looks fantastic, and that makeup – just flawless! Come on, into the dress!" Shivering slightly in his skimpy lingerie, Carl obediently stepped forward and allowed his mother to help him into the gown. He couldn't help but tremble slightly as the silky soft material slid up his waxed-smooth legs, caressing his carefully-moisturized skin. Just as promised, the dress fit like a glove! Carl adjusted his cleavage carefully as his mother and aunt circled around him, smoothing out the fabric and inspecting every inch of the gorgeous powder-blue gown. Then, as Carl put on his dangling diamond chandelier earrings, his mother helped him slip his delicate feet into the open-toed silver pumps, complete with a very sexy four-inch stiletto heel. Carl took a deep nervous breath, making his bosom heave, as he looked at his reflection in the mirror. To his surprise, he saw his mother wiping her eyes behind him.

"Mom, are you okay?" Carl asked, confused.

"I'm fine, dear," his mother said, still sniffing. "It's just that you look so, so beautiful, Candi. Any guy would be so lucky to have you, and I hope your boyfriend appreciates that! You're a perfect princess, dear, and I'm so proud of you on your big day!"

"Don't worry, Candi, mothers can get a little emotional," Aunt Kat laughed, playing down the situation. "I know ours was on Prom night! Now, a perfect princess needs a handsome prince, and unless I'm mistaken, I just heard Tom's car pull up."

"I'll go get the door," Carl's mother said, wiping her eyes. "That way you can make your big entrance! Kat, give her a dash of my Dior perfume, won't you? I was saving it for a special occasion!"

"Of course, sis!" Aunt Kat went to her room and came back with a small bottle of extremely expensive perfume. Carl winced as he smelled the extremely feminine, seductive scent. A squirt at each wrist, his neck, and then, of course, plenty down his cleavage! "This scent is amazing," Aunt Kat beamed. "It really drives a man wild. Poor Tom won't be able to keep his hands off you, sweetie."

"Isn't it a little much?" Carl pleaded, hoping he would be able to slip into the bathroom and wash it off at the dance.

"Not on Prom night," Aunt Kat smiled. Just then, they heard Carl's mother call from down the stairs. "This is it!" Aunt Kat beamed excitedly. "Go on, sweetie. Nice and slow, so he can really appreciate the view, okay?" Carl blushed. It wasn't as if he would be able to hurry down the stairs anyways, in a figure-hugging dress and stiletto heels like these! Taking a deep breath, he minced towards the staircase.



Tom had been waiting impatiently, fiddling with the corsage and wishing his date would hurry up, but all other thoughts were driven from his head as 'Candi' made her entrance, one manicured hand resting daintily on the bannister, descending the stairs while gracefully managing both the slit of the dress and a pair of towering stilettos. Tom could only gulp, speechless at the vision of flawless femininity he was presented with, and even Carl's mother, who had already seen him, was awed.

'Candi' was completely stunning. Her pedicured feet and polished toe-nails were displayed in sparkly silver stilettos with a daring four-inch spike heel that made her gorgeous legs seem even longer and more curvaceous, exposed in tantalizing flashes by the sexy thigh-high slit of her gown. The powder-blue dress matched her eyes perfectly and hugged her body in all the right places, flattering the curves of her hips and her tiny waist, just perfect for a guy to fit his hands around, with a backless bandolier bodice, inlaid with silver, that pushed her D-cups up and together to form truly enticing cleavage. Her boobs were straining against the bandolier and jiggling tantalizingly with each slow step down the staircase. Gleaming blonde hair fell in perfectly-coiffed waves over her slender shoulder in a sexy, elegant style, framing her expertly made-up face. All the painstaking hours in the salon had paid off – her wide, blue eyes were accentuated by liquid liner and softly-blended grey eye shadow and curtailed by thick, gorgeous lashes that could stop a man's heart with one little flutter. Her delicate nose, chin, and cheekbones all could have belonged on a fashion magazine, while her estrogen-pumped lips were slathered in an entic-

ing nude gloss, making them look wet and undeniably kissable. Elegant chandelier earrings dangled from her ears, catching the light with every turn of his head, and a pair of silver bracelets adorned his slim wrist.

Carl was now the perfect picture of a gorgeous young beauty dressed to the nines for a magical evening, and his mother, despite her knowledge to the contrary, could hardly believe that this sexy, ultra-feminine creature was formerly a rough-and-tumble teenaged boy! She looked over at Tom, who was staring at Carl, utterly love-struck.

"Hi, Tom," Carl said anxiously, touching his hair with one manicured hand. His silver bracelets clinked together. "Sorry I took so long!"

"Candi, for that I would wait forever!" Tom exclaimed, grinning. "You look incredible, babe!" Carl blushed, and both his aunt and mother exchanged knowing smiles. Tom stepped forward and slipped the corsage onto Carl's slender wrist, matching both the blue of his dress and of his date's tie.

"Thank you," Carl said meekly. "Um, should we get going?"

"Not so fast, young lady," his mother said, brandishing her camera. "Photos, first! I want to remember this night forever." Carl grimaced. He had a feeling he was going to remember it too, but he was going to do his darndest not to, and a photo album certainly wasn't going to help things! He smiled reluctantly for the camera as his mother took what seemed like a thousand pictures of him with Tom's arm wrapped around him protectively, some with Carl's arms around his big strong boyfriend's neck, and several with them kissing!

"I'm sorry, Ms. Wethers, but we really have to get going," Tom finally said apologetically. Carl's mother looked at the clock and gasped.

"Oh, gosh, I'm sorry!" she exclaimed. "Here, Candi, where's your purse..." She ran to where their matching purses were hanging and quickly handed it over. "Now, I know Tom will take good care of you, but if you two need a ride anywhere later on in the evening – I remember I was a little tipsy myself at Prom – be sure to call me on your cell phone, okay, dear? Oh, you're going to have such a marvelous time! Every girl needs at least one night where they can feel like a princess." Carl's mother sighed happily and hugged her feminized son. Stuffed into this expensive gown, mincing around on stilettos, and swimming in feminine perfume, Carl did feel like quite the princess, but he certainly wasn't enjoying the experience! Humiliated, he laid his delicate hand on Tom's arm and let himself be escorted out to the car, which had been waxed and shined for just this very purpose. Tom opened the door for him and Carl managed his dress carefully as he slid inside. This slit was going to give him all kinds of trouble.

"Candi, you look so... so beautiful tonight," Tom said gently, as he got in the driver's seat. He put his finger under Carl's small chin and tipped his head upwards. "And I'm going to make sure you feel like a princess, okay? Tonight is

going to be special, babe.” He planted a soft kiss on Carl’s pretty lips, then pulled out of the driveway. Carl wiggled his fingers in a goodbye wave as he saw his aunt and mother waving to them from the door-step. His face was still flushed from Tom’s kiss, and he couldn’t help but suspect exactly what his boyfriend meant by ‘special.’ *Miranda had better be ready to keep up her part of the plan,* Carl thought worriedly.

When they arrived at the hotel ballroom the school had rented, they found the entrance festooned with balloons and a big Prom banner, and as Tom guided him to the dance-floor and stage, every head turned in Carl’s direction. He immediately felt acutely self-conscious as half the girls stared jealously at his designer dress, immaculate hair, and flawless makeup, while the other half looked wistfully at his big, beautiful breasts. Carl blushed, more aware than ever of the way they jiggled in his low-cut gown, and tried to keep a smile on his face as Miranda and the other cheerleaders, dates in tow, all surrounded him to compliment him on his dress. He thanked them and managed to compliment all of them in turn – after a year of girlhood, he had learned at least that much! Much more difficult to deal with was the lustful way their dates all seemed to be staring at him, especially when the thigh-high slit of his gown accidentally gave them a quick flash of his high-cut lacy panties.

After greeting his buddies, Tom wasted no time in getting his date out onto the dance floor. He was obviously trying his best to be a gentleman, but even



so, his eyes kept straying over and over to peek down the front of Carl's generously-displayed cleavage! Carl tried to ignore it, blushing as he remembered how he had once loved checking out girls' racks while dancing – now, however, that right was reserved for other guys!

"I can't wait until later," Tom whispered teasingly in his ear. "I just can't get over how gorgeous you are, babe."

"Thanks, Tom," Carl squeaked nervously. "That's so sweet." In response to his words, Tom smiled smugly and drew him closer to his chest. Carl blushed yet again to see his attractive cleavage pushed up against his boyfriend's flat, masculine chest. He knew his dance partner was enjoying the view! Carl tried not to think about that, or the fact that Tom's hands were slowly migrating down to his bottom, instead concentrating on managing his stilettos. He had to admit that Miranda was right, Tom was a very good dancer, and Carl felt totally helpless, vulnerable and perfectly feminine in his big strong arms as they moved around the dance floor.

As the song slowed down, Tom put both his hands around Carl's delicate waist and pulled him tight, making him reciprocate by looping his slender arms around the taller boy's neck. Carl batted his eyelashes nervously, unknowingly making a flirtatious gesture. His alluring perfume and the soft curves of his body were having a definite affect on his dance partner. Carl felt something hard grind against his hip and recognized the familiar pressure of Tom's erect manhood! He blushed furiously, thinking of his own member tucked up out of sight and powerless to respond, in any case, thanks to the powerful female hormones in his system.

God, what would his dad think of him now, floating along in the arms of a big strong jock while wearing the most luxurious, feminine lingerie, dancing gracefully in sky-high stilettos, and displaying his attractive figure to the fullest in a sexy, feminine evening gown. From his gleaming blonde tresses and dangling earrings to his painted toe-nails and waxed-smooth legs, he looked one-hundred percent a gorgeous, feminine Prom princess.

"Hey, romeo, are you going to hog her all night?" complained one of Tom's friends with a sardonic grin as the third song came to an end. It was one of his basketball teammates, Jet, who was usually pretty scruffy-looking but Carl had to admit cleaned up nicely in a tuxedo.

"Dude, can you blame me?" Tom chuckled, wrapping his arm protectively around Carl's delicate waist. Carl blushed furiously. "But since I feel bad for you, you can have a dance," Tom went on. "Go on, babe. I'll get us some drinks."

"But... But Tom..." Carl started to protest, but Tom gave him a playful swat on the bum and went off to the punch table, leaving Carl in Jet's arms. He felt completely humiliated at being treated like some pretty, sexy little trophy to be

passed around and admired. Jet, meanwhile, took full advantage of the opportunity to hold and caress this stunning blonde, leading to more than a few jealous glances from his date.

"Man, Tom is one lucky guy," Jet grinned, pulling Carl closer. "I just wish I could get my girlfriend to dress more like you, Candi."

"What do you mean?" Carl asked tremulously.

"More low-cut tops and those hot little miniskirts," Jet said, giving him a wink. Carl flushed, wishing the song would hurry up and end. He was relieved when Tom came to escort him back to a table, but nearly as soon as he was finished his drink, he realized that Jet had 'opened the floodgate' so to speak, and just about every guy at the dance was now cuing up to dance with him! Tom only grinned and gave an innocent shrug as Carl was swept off onto the dance-floor yet again by one of his boyfriend's basketball buddies.

Tom was in quite high demand himself, with several girls eager to dance with him, but Carl barely had a moment to catch his breath! By the midway point of the dance, he had been forced to dance with at least a dozen different guys, all of whom were eager for their chance to cop a sly feel while Tom was otherwise occupied. Carl gradually grew accustomed to the feel of male hands around his waist, and the sight of his own manicured nails draped limply over the masculine boys' broad shoulders. It was quite some time before Carl finally managed to extricate himself from his latest partner, and seek refuge in the girls' room. His calves were killing him!

Carl took as long as possible fixing up his hair and makeup, but he left when he noticed that some of the other girls at the mirrors were almost, well, glaring at him. Confused and slightly apprehensive, Carl minced back towards the gymnasium and was relieved to find Miranda.

"Is Stacy mad at me?" Carl asked anxiously. "We were in the bathroom together and she didn't say hi..."

"A little miffed, sure," Miranda said. "How could she not be, with the way her date was all over you! He's practically ignored her all night, and when he got the chance to dance with you, he was all but slobbering over your boobs."

"Oh, no," Carl sighed tremulously. "Is that why everyone else was glaring at me, too?"

"Yes, but it's not your fault, girly," Miranda pointed out. "That's just how boys are!" Carl blushed – it certainly was how he used to be, but now he had been thoroughly feminized into a sexy little blonde for real boys to lust over!

Carl nervously scanned the gym, hoping to spot any potential dance partners and get away from them before they approached, and his eyes fell on a girl he didn't recognize. He looked her over with a critical eye: she was certainly pretty enough to be on the cheerleading squad, with pouty pink lips, a cute button nose, and wide doe eyes, though Carl was guessing her long, fluttering lashes

were well-applied extensions, and her dark hair was in a cute cropped bob. She was wearing a very flashy sequined strapless cocktail dress and a hem that ended mid-thigh on her slender legs, which were probably her better feature as her chest was definitely more padded bra than anything else. She was clutching at her purse as if it were a life preserver and standing awkwardly in her stilettos in a group of girls who were probably asking her about her makeup. But why did she look so familiar...

“Can you come with me, Miranda?” Carl said. “I want to, um, ask that girl where she got her dress.” He minced over to where the mystery girl was now



visibly quailing under the pressure as one of Carl's fellow cheerleaders asked her about her tall, handsome blonde date.

"Just a friend, he's coming from Sweden as a transfer student next year, and they said he could, um, come to Prom, and, um, I know his cousins and they asked me to go with him," the girl squeaked. "Like I said, I don't go here yet either, I go to, um..."

"Um? Is that a high school?" the cheerleader asked snarkily.

"Oh, Chelsea, be nice," Miranda scolded. "I'm Miranda, and this is our head cheerleader, Candi. Boy, you look really familiar!"

"M-Marci," the girl said, swallowing nervously. "I'm here with my friend Sven, he's getting us drinks..." Carl's gloss-coated mouth fell open, but he quickly tried to hide his surprise. No wonder the girl looked familiar – it was Mark! He remembered back to what the boy had been saying when he asked him to Prom, about some kind of bet, and then remembered the pretty girl he'd seen leaving the salon...

"You look a little bit like that pansy in my science class," one of the cheerleaders said, frowning. "What's his name? Mick? Mort? In fact..."

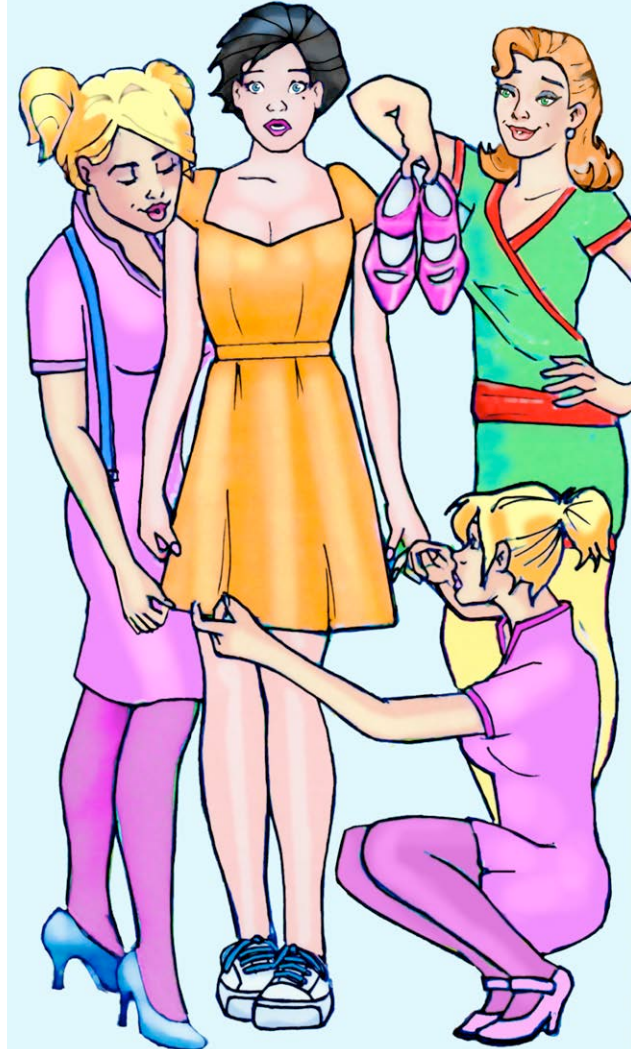
"Marci!" Carl squealed. "Oh, my gosh, I like, totally didn't even clue in for a second. I met you shopping for bras, right? Your twin brother, Mark or whatever, was waiting outside like such a dweeb! You look so hot, girl!" He gave 'Marci' an air-kiss, doing his best to giggle, and Mark gave him the grateful look of a drowning man tossed a life preserver from under his mascara-laden lashes.

"Um, I wasn't sure you'd remember me," Mark squeaked. "Thanks! You look amazing, Candi!" A few of the girls were still giving 'Marci' a strange look, but as Carl continued to keep up a stream of friendly chatter, they warmed right up to the mystery girl and accepted the story – Mark's twin sister who attended a private girls' school – without so much as batting an eye. If she was friends with their head cheerleader, and incidentally the most popular girl in school, 'Marci' was good enough for them!

Carl, for his part, was relieved he'd managed to save 'Marci' from exposure, but also slightly bewildered. As soon as he got the chance, he left arm in arm with the feminized boy under the guise of meeting his date. Once they were away from the crowd, Mark all but fainted! His smooth knees were all but knocking together as he let out a soft moan.

"Th-thank you," he sighed. "That was really close! I would have been the laughing stock of the whole high school if you hadn't saved me... I swear I didn't want to do this, but Inga and Helga made me! They ambushed me at work and the next thing I knew, I had my hair up and my brows plucked and eyelash extensions and... well..." He blushed crimson. "I should have known they had a trick up their sleeve, and Tiffany was in on it, too... But she didn't think I would turn out to be this, well, this hot! And my date, Sven, he doesn't

know that I'm really... He k-kissed me when we were dancing, and I just didn't know what to do, and, and...oh, I'm so ashamed..." Mark was starting to cry, and Carl quickly rummaged in his purse and handed him a tissue, unable to help but marvel at how feminine Mark appeared as he sniffed and wiped delicately at his eyes so as to not ruin his makeup. "It's been such a crazy year," Mark sniffled. "Ever since I got that stupid after-school job..." He explained all about his increasingly strict dress code at work, and the way the twins were constantly finding ways to put makeup on him or make him wear lingerie, and how it had seemed like harmless teasing at first, but now they wanted him to go on a real date with a guy as his pretty, feminine female companion!



Carl didn't know whether to feel pity or disdain, or guilt – the same thing that had happened to him in Tiffany's salon in the course of an afternoon had been slowly happening all year to Mark, and sending him to Prom in a sequined cocktail dress had probably been the twins' end goal all along. Was it all because of Carl's accidental makeover? Had that inspired them to slowly primp, pluck, and prettify Mark over the school year? Or, a worse thought, had he been just as naïve as Mark was now, and had the twins known exactly what they were doing when they 'accidentally' gave him the works in that salon chair all those long, long months ago?

"Oh, stop sniffing!" Carl exclaimed, feeling suddenly tetchy. "It could have been way worse!"

"How?" Mark sobbed. "I'm at my senior Prom in a cocktail dress and stilettos, with a guy! And what am I supposed to do if Sven gets, you know, frisky?" Mark asked in a terrified whisper. "He was already touching my leg on the ride over, but if he finds out..."

"How could it have been worse?" Carl asked, raising one manicured brow. "Um, try this out! What if you were forced to be a girl at all times, all year, and bend over once a month for the plastic surgeon who gave you big stupid D-cup boobies so he can inject you with female hormones that shrink your penis, give you a bubble butt, and make you cry like a baby at the drop of a hat? What if your mom and aunt were so, like, set on making you into their perfect little Barbie doll that you go home to a wardrobe full of slutty tops, sexy lingerie, miniskirts and stilettos like, um, every single day? What if your only real friend is your former girlfriend, who now likes nothing better than setting you up with horny guys, so before you know it, you're dating the captain of the basketball team and letting him launch his tongue down your throat and, and play with your boobies, and sucking his dick in the back-seat of his car whenever he wants you to, because you're terrified of him finding out that his head cheer-leader girlfriend has a... a... Well, what if she's really a man?"

Confusion covered Mark's prettily made-up face, then vanished just as quickly. "Um, I, I guess it could have been worse... You have a scary imagination, Candi..."

Carl blushed deeply, trying to regain control of



his emotions. "Well, anyways, if he gets frisky, just find a way to make him happy without him getting between your legs... Or, I guess, feeling up your boobs."

"You mean...?" Mark trailed off helplessly as the impact of Carl's words sank in. He still looked utterly terrified as his date, Sven, the tall, blonde, and very handsome cousin of Inga and Greta, showed up with punch. He gave Carl one last terrified look over his shoulder as Sven guided him away, one hand wrapped around his date's waist, but Carl had done what he could for 'Marci' and the rest was out of his hands! He was still flustered from the whole thing when he rejoined Miranda and the other girls. He saw Tom making his way over with two cups of punch when, all of a sudden, the band stopped playing.

"Your attention, please," came the principal's voice, as he stepped up on stage with a microphone. "The final ballots are in, and it's time to announce this year's Prom King and Queen!"

"Eek! Fingers crossed," Miranda whispered, grabbing Carl's wrist. He smiled weakly as Tom arrived, handing him his drink and putting a possessive arm around his waist.

"Your king is someone we all know very well for his exploits on the court, Polytechnic High School's very own Tom McIntosh!" the principal announced. Everyone burst into applause, as Tom smiled and Carl, blushing, allowed him a congratulatory kiss on the lips. "But the moment we've all truly been waiting for..." the principal went on, "Your Prom Queen is someone who hasn't been here long, but has managed to make quite the splash, whether cheering at her boyfriend's games or, ah, at the annual car wash..." He loosened his tie, face going slightly red. "The votes are counted, and this year's queen is none other than head cheerleader and reigning Miss Boardwalk, our very own Candi Wethers!"

At those words, the entire gymnasium erupted with wolf-whistles, applause, and congratulatory squeals. Even the jealous girls who had been glaring at him not twenty minutes ago rushed over to hug him and congratulate him, and Carl found himself slightly stunned as Tom escorted him to the center floor for the last song, the traditional couple's dance. He couldn't help but remember the hot chick who had been named Prom queen at his school last year, Vanessa Blair, and how he'd fantasized about her, lusted after her and even gotten off to her. Now, he was the girl these boys would all dream about. Candi Wethers was as beautiful a Prom queen as any!

Feeling weak and helpless with the realization, Carl allowed himself to melt into Tom's strong arms as they danced, even laying his pretty blonde head against his date's chest. How on Earth had it come to this? Not only was he masquerading as a girl, he was the head cheerleader, dating the most popular guy in school, and now he was Prom queen! Carl was utterly relieved when the song ended and people began to slowly trickle towards the exits. Everybody

knew the after-party was where things would really get wild, and Miranda and some of the other cheer-leaders had even managed to arrange a limousine! Tom, however, seemed to have other plans.

"I'll drive," he told Miranda. "Don't worry, me and Candi will catch up."

"Okay, you'd better!" Miranda smiled, giving Carl a peck on the cheek. "Congratulations again, girly! You're the hottest Prom queen we've ever had, I bet!"

"Hands down," Tom grinned, proudly putting his arm around Carl's waist once more.

"See you at the party," Carl squeaked, but that was all he could manage before Tom kissed him fiercely once more to ooohs, aaahs, and giggles from the other cheerleaders. They scampered off to the limousine with their dates while Tom escorted Carl back to the parking lot and his waiting Jaguar.

"I knew we would win," Tom chuckled. "But I know it must have been great for you, babe. Isn't that every little girl's dream, being named Prom queen?"

"Oh, yes," Carl said, blushing. "Um, my mom will be thrilled!"

"I am, too," Tom said. "To have such a hot-ass girlfriend!" Carl smiled weakly as Tom started to drive. His ankles were killing him from dancing so much in high heels, and he couldn't wait to change out of this gown into the slightly less formal cocktail dress he had waiting at Miranda's house. He rummaged in his purse and started redoing his makeup, but snapped it shut when he realized Tom had taken a wrong turn.

"I thought we were going to the after-party?" Carl asked anxiously.

"We are, babe," Tom grinned. "I thought we could have a little after-party of our own. You're going to love this, just wait."

"Okay," Carl said meekly, manicured hands clasped daintily in his lap. His thoughts were racing a mile a minute! 'After-party of our own?' Carl busied himself checking his makeup in the car mirror in order to disguise his distress. He had been sure he would be able to slip away at Miranda's big party before his date got too out of hand, but now?

"Here we are," Tom announced, pulling them into the parking lot of an expensive luxury hotel. "Surprise, babe."

"Tom, you d-didn't have to..." Carl stammered, trailing off. "Isn't it really expensive?" he squeaked.

"You'll just have to owe me," Tom said slyly, leaning over to give his date a lingering kiss. Carl's long lashes fluttered closed as he submitted to Tom's fierce kiss, parting his pouty lips to allow his roaming tongue inside. As they broke apart, he felt sick to his stomach knowing that that kiss was only a taste of what was to come! Tom came around and opened the door for him, so, trembling with nerves, Carl gracefully slid out of the car and accepted his date's muscled arm.

His heart was beating frantically as he did his best to manage both his sky-high stilettos and the thigh-high slit of his dress, perfectly designed to give an enticing peek of tanned, sexy leg with every mincing step. He was well aware, as Tom slid his arm around his delicate waist, that his date was taking full advantage of the angle to look down into his gorgeous cleavage. Flushing, Carl let himself be escorted into the lobby, where a leering bellboy held the door for him eagerly. Instead of being angry, Tom got a big smirk on his face and he seemed to walk deliberately slower, showing off the sexy little trophy on his arm for anyone who cared to look.



Carl blushed as the noisy clicking of his stilettos, tinkling of his jewelry, and seductive sway of his hips drew looks from a bunch of businessmen in the corner of the lobby. He found himself instinctively clutching Tom's arm tighter and moving closer to him for protection from the lustful looks, but Tom took it as a display of interest and responded by slyly caressing Carl's bare thigh through the slit of his dress! Carl shivered involuntarily at his touch.

"We have a reservation," Tom said proudly to the man at the front desk. "Mr. and Mrs. Smith." He winked teasingly at his hot date, clearly proud of his little joke, and Carl smiled back helplessly. The man glanced at Carl's breasts with a lecherous grin, then gave Tom a small nod of approval. A sexy young blonde dressed to the nines for Prom, and her boyfriend wearing a tux, it was more than obvious where the two young lovebirds were heading, and for what purpose! Terrified, Carl let himself be guided to the elevator, mind still racing to find some kind of excuse.

As soon as the doors slid closed, Tom was all over him, cupping his face and kissing him passionately while his free hand roved down to grope at Carl's bountiful breasts. Blushing, but completely unable to stop his aggressive date, Carl submissively let himself be held and caressed by the much stronger Tom as he drank kiss after kiss from Carl's sweet pink lips. It was only as Tom began peeling away the bodice of his dress for better access to his rack that Carl tried to stop him.

"Tom, please, what if somebody sees us?" Carl whimpered.

"That's why it's fun," Tom grinned, breathing hard with his face warm, obviously aroused by Carl's sexy, feminine appearance and the feel of his soft curves against his body. Not to be dissuaded, he began kneading Carl's left nipple.

"Oh! Oh, Tom, not here!" Carl begged, half-moaning as he felt electricity tingle all through his body. Why did these damn boobs of his have to be so, so sensitive? He did his best to pull away from Tom's groping hands. "Please," Carl whispered. "I'll, I'll make it fun for you later?" He fluttered his eyelashes flirtatiously in a way he knew most boys couldn't resist.

"You'd better," Tom grinned, giving Carl's ass a slight squeeze as the hapless feminized boy did his best to straighten his dress and return both breasts to their former position. Carl squeaked in surprise at the aggressive gesture. Tom was definitely very horny! Carl looked down at his cleavage in abject shame as he thought of how he once would have loved to be alone in an elevator with a hot little number like 'Candi,' but now he had been completely primped, plucked, and prettified to be the sexy date of a real boy, and judging by the stirring in Tom's pants, he was more than hot enough to get a guy fully aroused in only minutes! He gulped nervously as the doors slid open.

Tom put out his arm again, and Carl took it as they walked down the hall to the suite Tom had somehow managed to book. As anxious as he was, Carl had

to be impressed by the size of the hotel room, and by the champagne waiting in an ice bucket on the dresser. He couldn't help but think, distantly, that if really had been a chick, his panties would be practically falling off... Carl flushed immediately at the thought. Tom wasted no time pouring his date a glass of champagne and leading 'her' over to the king-sized bed. Carl looked down at the bubbly in his long pink nails, utterly petrified. How was he going to get out of this? He shivered as Tom pulled him onto a very excited lap and began gently kissing his slender neck.

"Candi, you look so beautiful, so sexy," Tom said huskily. "You're getting me so turned on, babe. My buddies were so jealous when I told them I was taking the hottest chick in our grade. They can jack off with your Miss Boardwalk photos, but I get the real thing, right, babe?" Carl tried his best to sip his drink while Tom's hands roamed over his body, keeping his legs tightly crossed. Tom played with his long blonde hair and inhaled his perfume. It was obvious drinking champagne was the last thing on his mind!

Carl sat helplessly as Tom began peeling his dress off, toying with the zipper and then finally undoing it and sliding it off, leaving him in nothing but lacy lingerie and heels. The look of total lust in Tom's eyes as Carl stood, breasts quivering in their lacy cups, sexy curves totally exposed, made Carl feel completely vulnerable and ashamed all at once.

"Just let me freshen up," Carl pleaded, tugging his small hand free from Tom's grasp. "Please?"

"You're such a little tease," Tom groaned, but he definitely enjoyed the view as Carl minced back to the bathroom in nothing more than sexy, skimpy lingerie and stiletto pumps, barely-concealed buttocks wiggling seductively from side to side and breasts bouncing with every dainty step, blonde hair bouncing down his bare back and jewelry tinkling melodically. It was enough to get any red-blooded guy extremely aroused, and Tom was nothing if not that!

Carl hurried into the bathroom with his purse and shut the door, all but hyperventilating as his perfect breasts bobbed up and down in their lacy cups. If Tom's hands had wandered too much further... He knew the gaff gave him a totally smooth feminine profile, but he did not have the plumbing Tom was expecting to find under his silky panties. Carl sighed anxiously as he rummaged through his purse. He was sure that Miranda or Aunt Kat or his mom would pick him up immediately... Except for one problem.

His phone was not in his purse! Heart thumping, Carl dumped out the contents of his purse on the bathroom tiles and searched furiously for his little pink cellular phone, but it was definitely absent. Feeling completely lost, Carl buried his face in his manicured hands. What was he going to do? He couldn't run away wearing lingerie and nothing else, and once he was down into the lobby, he didn't even have money to pay for a taxi cab! And if he did somehow convince Tom that he wanted to leave, what kind of rumors would he start? Carl

remembered what Miranda had said, about how everybody did it at Prom – about how important it was for him to have a steady boyfriend. How if he didn't do things for Tom, people would start thinking he was frigid, or maybe a lesbian, or even worse, people would begin to get suspicious about how shy Candi was while changing for gym class, and how she avoided or gave vague answers about her girlhood experiences, how she was strangely unaccustomed to dealing with attention from boys...

Carl knew that if anything was worse than masquerading as a girl, it would be exposure of the fact that he was actually a boy! As Carl searched desperately for his cellular phone one last time, he came across something among his makeup and tampons that he certainly had not put in. Carl held it up between two long clawed pink nails and his pretty blue eyes went wide. Why would have Aunt Kat and his mom put a tube of lubricating jelly in his purse, unless... Carl swallowed, terrified, immediately thinking back to when she had insisted he get a Brazilian wax at the salon, and the way his new gaff was cut for 'minimal discomfort'!

"Candi?" Tom called. "Babe, what's wrong?"

"Nothing!" Carl called back tremulously. "I, um, I can't find my lip gloss!"

"Babe, you look fine," Tom sighed. "Don't be silly, Candi. Jeez, you're such a blonde sometimes."

"I'm coming," Carl squeaked. He stared at his reflection in the mirror. His wide blue eyes, framed by gorgeous dark lashes, had a look of unmistakable fear, but he was still completely beautiful: his cute button nose, delicate bone structure, pouty pink collagen-plumped lips, a cascade of bleached blonde hair, chandelier earrings that sparkled with every slight turn of his slender neck... He searched desperately for some trace of his old self, of Carl, but saw only 'Candi'. If he was going to follow through with this, he had to forget about Carl and just be Candi, a pretty young blonde and adoring girlfriend. Fighting back tears, Carl sniffed, adjusted his cleavage, and took a deep steadying breath, then slowly undid the clasps of his bra and exited the bathroom.

Tom had been lying back on the bed wearing just his boxer shorts, clearly frustrated, but he snapped to attention immediately at the vision of sultry femininity mincing out of the bathroom on sexy stiletto heels. He drank in the sight with lustful glee: from Carl's dainty feet encased in their pumps, up his trim ankles, slender calves, and shapely thighs, to the teasing scrap of fabric barely covering his rounded hips and perfectly-shaped behind. That was followed by his tiny waist and flat, taut stomach, and then the two gorgeous, rounded, firm D-cup globes on his chest, completely bared to the world, pink nipples standing out proudly. Carl sashayed towards the bed, carefully exaggerating the sexy sway of his hips, placing one foot directly in front of the other as if he were on the runway, breasts jiggling alluringly with every tiny step. His face burned as he came to a stop in front of the bed, where Tom was now fully aroused.

"Wow, Candi," he groaned. "I have got to be the luckiest guy on the planet."

In that instant, Carl definitely felt that he, however, was the unluckiest! Still blushing, Carl sank gracefully to his knees like an obedient girlfriend and freed the monster from Tom's pants. He had never seen his date's member so thick and so hard! Swallowing his tears, Carl began to kiss it and suck on it, leaving smears of pink lip gloss on his boyfriend's shaft, remembering the advice he had so recently given out. He was

still hoping against hope that if he managed to give Tom the best blowjob of his life, that would be enough, but before he could even finish the thought Tom gently tipped his chin upwards.

"You know what I want, babe," Tom said in a low voice, clearly more turned on that he had ever been in his life. "Here." He handed Carl a shiny foil-wrapped condom. Trembling, Carl lowered his head and began struggling to open it with his long nails, finally resorting to tearing it with his teeth. Looking up at his date from under his fluttering lashes, Carl began slowly rolling the condom onto Tom's erect manhood.

"You're so big," he squeaked, terrified of what was going to transpire next.



"Thanks," Tom grinned. He leaned down and kissed Carl full on the mouth, groping his breasts with both hands. Carl let out a small girlish moan at the sensation. Then Tom's hands began wandering down his hips, and he knew that it was the moment of truth. Trembling with fear and humiliation, Carl laid his delicate, moisturized hand onto Tom's.

"Tom?" he asked breathily. "Could you... Um..."

"What is it, babe?" Tom asked huskily. Carl felt his stomach roll over.

"Can you put in my butt, please?" Carl asked in almost a whisper. Tom's face lit up like he had just won the lottery on Christmas morning. Not only was he getting it in with the hottest girl he'd ever met, but his innocent little girlfriend had a secretly slutty side, and wanted it up the ass! He practically threw Carl down onto the bed in his eagerness, tearing off his lacy little panties with one hand before Carl could even second guess himself. Tom kissed his neck, cupping his breasts, then moved his way down Carl's slender body so he was cupping his bare buttocks. Carl shivered at his touch.

"I... I have some lube," he said miserably. "Oh, please be gentle, Tom!"

"Don't worry, babe," Tom growled in his ear. "This is going to be so great for both of us, I promise." He took the little tube of lubricant and spread the firm globes of Carl's butt-cheeks, exposing the small puckered orifice waxed baby-smooth, just for his use, and began applying it. The cold made Carl gasp in surprise. Tom teased him with his finger to test it out and found the entry was nice and tight. Carl squealed at his probing finger and Tom chuckled in delight.

"Just go really slow, okay?" Carl pleaded, screwing back his tears. He couldn't believe this was about to happen! He was about to lose his virginity to another boy! Don't think about it, he told himself desperately. Remember, you're Candi, and you want to make your date happy... All thoughts were driven from his mind as Tom entered him. He gasped at the sensation, feeling like he was being split nearly in two.

"There's the tip," Tom grunted. "Are you ready for the rest of it?" Carl began shaking his head, ready to plead for him to stop, but before he could open his mouth Tom shoved all the way in. Carl squealed in pain, tears welling up in his eyes, but Tom was far too caught up to notice. He began to pump away in a steady rhythm, making Carl gasp aloud with every thrust. He closed his eyes as tightly as possible, lips pursed in a small pink 'O' of consternation as his date had his way with him completely, ravaging him, hands kneading his buttocks as he moved in and out. Carl hoped silently that Tom was over-excited and would finish immediately, but he was to have no such luck!

"Oh, babe, this is so good," Tom groaned. "Oh, yeah. Oh, yeah, you're my little slut, Candi. Tell me. Tell me you're my bad little girl."

"I'm your bad little girl," Carl squeaked. "I'm your, your little slut..." His last word became a gasp as Tom thrust even harder. As he did, Carl suddenly felt

the pain lessen and an incredible feeling of pleasure go through his entire body. He let slip a moan of intense ecstasy as Tom thrust deep inside him once more, sending waves of delight through him. How could this be happening? He was being fucked like a girl, and somehow, it felt...

"Oh, my gosh!" Carl gasped. "Oh, Tom! Oh! Oh!" He was barely aware of what he was saying as he moaned and wriggled, moving backward with the motion of Tom's member, intent only on prolonging the sensation in his bottom. Tom moved so he could cup Carl's pendulous breasts from behind, massaging them expertly with his thumbs, and Carl turned to look over his shoulder, pretty blue eyes wide as dinner plates, moist pink lips parted in ecstasy, blonde hair in a sweaty, sexy mess around his beautiful face. That did it, because a moment later, he felt a shudder go all through his boyfriend's body as Tom finished.

"That was amazing, babe," Tom groaned. "Candi, that was the best I've ever had. You were so, so hot, babe." Carl's lips trembled as he said nothing, still shocked by what had just transpired as Tom wrapped his strong arms around his slender body and spooned him. He had never felt so weak and so vulnerable as he did in that moment. He had been able to rationalize the way he had sucked Jason's dick for him, and Tom's – he had had no other choice to maintain this crazy feminine charade – but he had hated every second of it! This, however... He blushed furiously as he remembered how Tom had made him moan as he entered him. How could he go back to being a boy knowing that he had let himself be used just like a girl? And worse, that he had liked it?



Tom seemed slightly drowsy from their antics, but after a half-hour of cuddling, he admitted that it was time to get going to the after-party. Carl minced his way back into the bathroom, walking stiffly, and repaired the damage to his hair and makeup before inspecting his bottom. Tom had definitely done a number on him, but he didn't seem to be bleeding or anything, just extremely sore.

Still not quite believing what had just transpired, and trying not to think of how he had moaned and gasped for Tom's erect member in his bottom, he quickly got back into his lingerie and dress. It would be obvious for anyone who looked what had transpired in the bedroom – Carl's hair was still mussed, his cheeks flushed, and he couldn't walk without a slight wobble – but Carl did his best to ignore the stares as his boyfriend escorted him back through the lobby to his waiting car. Even with Tom supporting him, he felt incredibly tender and had to bite his lip and fight back tears as he got into the passenger seat.

"After we put in an appearance, what do you say we head back for round two?" Tom asked, wriggling his eyebrows suggestively. "I have it for the whole night, sexy." He leaned across and kissed Carl firmly on the lips. Carl could

only smile weakly in answer. Most of him was disgusted by the very idea, but a tiny little part of him was remembering how good it had felt...

The after-party was at Miranda's house, and Carl could see from the limo pulled up on the driveway that all of the most popular kids had already arrived. Tom opened the passenger door and escorted his date up to the front door with an extra bit of swagger in his step, obviously still feeling the after-glow of sex with a gorgeous girl. Carl, for his part, was doing his best to walk normally. Miranda opened the door with a wide grin and ushered them both in.

"I wonder where you two were!" she shouted over the music.

"We had a little after-party of our own to attend," Tom joked, wrapping his arm around Carl's delicate waist and pulling him close for another kiss. "I'll go get us some drinks, gorgeous." He departed for the living room, where his buddies were already waiting to high-five him, and Carl blushed at Miranda's knowing smirk.

"Well, let's get you changed," she giggled. "I have your cocktail dress upstairs. Judging by that grin on Tom's face, everything went smoothly! Come on, you can tell me all about it!" She took Carl by the wrist and led him up to her bedroom, where the garment bag with his salmon pink cocktail dress was waiting. Several of the other cheerleaders followed as well, giggling madly as they helped Carl remove his Prom dress, remarking on his mussed up hair and late arrival.

"So, how was he?"

"Was he as big as everyone says?"

"Was he rough? Did you, like, orgasm?"

"I don't know what you're talking about!" Carl protested, blushing furiously as he stepped out of his designer gown. "There was just, um, traffic?"

"Get real, Candi," Miranda laughed. "Come on, tell us. Where does he rate? Best ever? Below average?" Carl's cheeks burned with embarrassment as he remembered the feeling of Tom's manhood penetrating him from behind. Miranda clapped a hand to her mouth. "Oh, my god," she exclaimed. "I forgot. Candi, that was your first time, wasn't it?" A chorus of oohs and aahs came from the other cheerleaders immediately, all demanding confirmation, and Carl, blushing now from head to toe, nodded his pretty blonde head.

"Losing it on Prom night, that's sooo romantic!" one of his fellow cheer-leaders sighed. "And to such a hunk, too! I hope he was nice and gentle to you."

"I can't believe you're a virgin!" another exclaimed. "Or, I mean, were a virgin!" She giggled. "You certainly don't dress like it!"

"Don't worry, Candi, it only hurts the first time," another advised wisely. "And after that, it's amazing!"

"Y-you don't think Tom's going to tell everyone, do you?" Carl stammered, cheeks still very warm. Miranda rolled her eyes.

"Come on, girly, you know how boys are," she laughed. "He's probably telling all his friends about it in detail right now. And from his side of it, you probably orgasmed like, twenty times. Now come on, let's get you into this cute little number so Tom can show you off again..." Still feeling numb with embarrassment, Carl quickly changed into the short, sexy pink dress and let Miranda help him re-do his makeup once more. The other cheerleaders all chattered happily about their own experiences and congratulated him on losing his virginity to such a stud, and with Miranda doing his lips, all Carl could do was blush and nod his head. When he finally rejoined the party, Tom was waiting with drinks.

"You look just as sexy in pink," he said, handing Carl a cup. "I've got to be the luckiest guy in the universe."

"Thanks," Carl said, blushing as he accepted the drink. He looked over, and noticed all of Tom's basketball team-mates staring at him with looks of undisguised lust. "Um, what were you talking about with your friends?" Carl squeaked. Tom grinned sheepishly.

"Oh, nothing," he said, rubbing the back of his neck. "You know, the basketball season. Sports. Guy stuff. Nothing that would be interesting to my hot little blondie." Carl blushed. Stuffed into a tight dress, mincing about on high heels, and sore from the length of Tom's manhood... He had certainly come a very long way from 'guy' stuff, that was for certain!



Carl was utterly exhausted by the time Tom drove him home. He'd managed to dissuade his horny boyfriend from taking him back to the hotel, using the excuse that his mother simply wouldn't allow it, and Tom did seem happy enough with the blowjob Carl gave him to finish off the night. Poor Carl was still fixing his lip gloss as he walked inside, only to find that his mother and aunt had both stayed up and were now expecting to hear every detail!

"That sounds very nice, dear," his mother said, waving her hand dismissively as Carl hastily recounted the dance and skipped immediately to the party at Miranda's house. "But what about you and Tom?"

"Me and Tom?" Carl echoed weakly. His aunt and mother exchanged sly glances.

"Come on, sweetie, you don't have to play coy," Aunt Kat laughed. "We're all women here – or, at least I think we all are now! I remember that I had quite a magical Prom night. I think your mother would say the same, and with that ingenious little gaffe of yours..."

"Absolutely!" Carl's mom smiled. "So come on, dear, spill! Was tonight the big night?" Carl could hardly believe his ears. All of the day's stress, confusion, and embarrassment had been building up, and now he felt just about ready to explode.

"Of course it was!" Carl shouted. "You saw to that, so it's not like I even had a choice!" He burst into tears, burying his face in his manicured hands as his aunt and mother exchanged shocked looks.

"Sweetie, whatever do you mean?" Aunt Kat asked gently. "We weren't sure if you were ready or not, but we certainly didn't want to pressure you, Candi!"

"Well, you got me that Brazilian wax, and put the lube in my purse, and I lost my phone so I couldn't call anybody..." Carl trailed off, sobbing gently. He had never felt so confused in his life. He had given up his 'virginity' to a guy, and was fighting the way it had made him feel inside.

"Oh, no!" Carl's mom gasped. She hurried to the other room and came back with her purse, rummaging inside. It didn't take long for her to pull out Carl's pink cellular telephone out with a grieved expression. "Oh, Candi," she sighed. "When I was dropping you off, you must have grabbed my purse by mistake!"

"Those matching mother-daughter purses sure seem like a bad idea now," Aunt Kat said. "Candi, I am so, so sorry! You mean he forced himself on you? Before you were comfortable with it?"

"Well, n-no," Carl stammered through his tears, trying to explain. "I mean, I asked him to... I mean... Oh, I don't know!"

"I'm sorry, dear," his mom said, putting a comforting arm around his slender shoulders. "I hope he wasn't too, well, too rough with you." Carl squeezed his cheeks together automatically, blushing. "Did it at least feel nice at all?" she asked hopefully. "After a little while?"

"Yes," Carl admitted in a tiny voice. "It felt... I guess... Yes." He sniffed, wiping his tears with the heel of his hand to avoid his long, sharp nails. "So you mean the lube...?" It was his mother's turn to blush slightly as Aunt Kat laughed.

"I'm not quite as young as I used to be," she admitted. "Everyone needs a little bit of help once in a while! But I'm glad you got some use out of it, Candi. Tom is a very loving, passionate boyfriend, and I really think you two will be happy together for some time!"

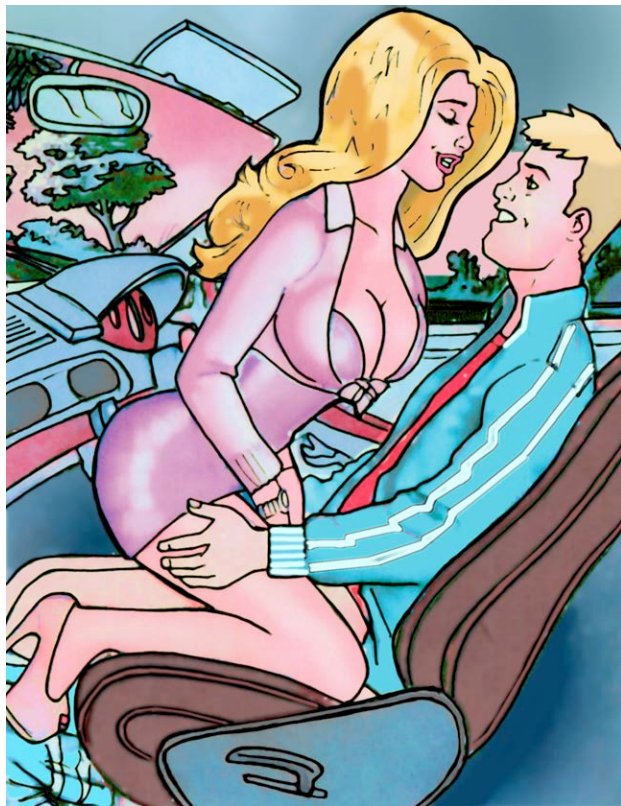
"And what a stud, too," Aunt Kat added with a laugh.

"I'm so proud of you, dear," Carl's mom said, pulling him close. "I just can't believe my daughter is a woman already!" Carl squeezed his eyes shut, tears still falling down his face. A woman 'already.' Is that what he had done? Had he sacrificed his manhood for good? How was he going to go back to being a guy when the memory of Tom inside of him would always be in the back of his mind?

JUNE

Despite his fears, the trauma of Prom night eventually lessened. Tom, content with his conquest, hadn't been particularly frisky as of late, and Carl had managed to plead off with homework, headaches, and a period to avoid an encore performance so far. However, as school entered its final stretch and May rolled into June, it had become common knowledge that Candi Wethers, Prom queen, head cheerleader, and most popular girl in school, also happened to like it when Tom used the "back door." This just added a new twist to the fantasies of most guys in their class. At this point, Carl hardly cared if he had a reputation as a bit of a butt slut – his birthday was only days away, and soon enough all of this would be over and done with like some long, terrible dream.

It was almost surreal to think about, as he went through his daily routines. Shampooing his long blonde hair, shaving his legs, using his creams and lotions, dressing from the skin out in expensive lingerie, designer tops and short skirts, high heeled sandals and stiletto pumps and preparing his purse for school. Fixing his makeup in the girls' washroom, giggling and gossiping with the other cheerleaders, cuddling with Tom between classes. Not to mention being cajoled by Tom into reluctant kisses, handjobs, and, lately, plenty of blowjobs in the back of his Jaguar on their dates. His feminine life had become so customary that half the time he forgot he was a boy at all, and only thought of himself as 'Candi,' the cute blonde co-ed and Toms' girlfriend. But in a matter of days, he would finally be able to put it all behind him for good! He was already pondering how much inheritance he could dedicate to some heavy counseling sessions with a trained profes-



sional. Speaking of which, like all the graduating seniors, he had to meet with Mrs. Buller to discuss “options for the future.”

As he made his way to her office after class on Friday, he reflected ruefully that they hadn't really gotten anywhere with her therapy sessions. Mr. Buller had agreed to put a stop to them after the events surrounding Amber's expulsion, and ‘Candi’ was going to this little meeting dressed as provocatively as ever. As he entered the office he tugged at the hem of his short hemline to no avail.

“Hello, Candi,” Mrs. Buller said, removing her glasses. “Please, come and sit down. We're going to have a little chat about your options, okay?”

“Uh-huh,” Carl said, sliding gracefully into the seat across from her desk. “About, like, college, right? I was thinking about it, and I really don't...”

“I have your grades right here,” Mrs. Buller said, holding up a stack of papers. “Your marks are very good, Candi. Well, surprisingly good, really. I don't want to make any assumptions about, er, preferential treatment...”

“My teachers all like me,” Carl admitted, blushing. “But I study lots, I swear!” He decided not to mention that Mrs. Buller's husband, the principal, had been adjusting all his grades in exchange for silence on the matter of an extremely compromising nature, that had involved Carl being all but ravished on top of his desk.

“Yes, and that seems to have helped,” Mrs. Buller said, ignoring the second part entirely. “Your grades are good enough to get into several very respectable colleges, Candi. Have you thought about where you might



want to go?" Carl took a deep breath, unconsciously playing with a strand of blonde hair.

"Well, um, I don't think I want to go to college," he said. "I mean, I don't really think I have to worry about getting a high-paying job..." He trailed off, thinking of the quarter million dollars soon to be all his. Mrs. Buller sighed and rubbed her forehead.

"Candi, believe it or not, I have met an awful lot of girls like you during my years here," she said.

"Not exactly like me," Carl interjected, crossing his legs even tighter.

"Yes, Candi, exactly like you," Mrs. Buller went on. "Pretty, naïve girls who are used to things being given to them on a silver platter, who have figured out how to get what they want by using their bodies, and assume that they will be able to marry a rich husband and live a life of luxury."

"That's not what I mean!" Carl protested, blushing, but the counselor held up her hand for silence.

"And yes, it may be true," she said. "But don't you want more from life than being some wealthy executive's little Barbie doll? Your grades aren't amazing, Candi, but you certainly don't match up to the 'bimbo' image you so carefully cultivate with your slutty way of dressing and airheaded, flirtatious behavior. You could do better than being a trophy wife, don't you see?"

"Airheaded?" Carl squeaked angrily. "And I don't dress slutty, I just... I... I dress *flirty*! It's totally different, I was reading in Cosmo that..." He trailed off, blushing furiously. Mrs. Buller thought he was skipping out on college so he could get married to some wealthy, handsome business-man who would be sure to take care of him.

"Maybe I was a little strong in my wording," Mrs. Buller acquiesced. "But my point stands, Candi. You can go to college, and maybe even do something with your life!"

"I'm not going to college," Carl said firmly, internally adding, 'At least not with breast implants!'

"Alright," Mrs. Buller sighed. "Well, then, until your Prince Charming comes along, would you like to discuss job opportunities? It's a bit of a tough market at the moment, but as an attractive young woman, I'll admit you do have plenty of options."

"I do?" Carl asked, confused.

"Nothing terribly dignified, of course, but I guess that's your prerogative," Mrs. Buller shrugged. "With your pretty face and willowy figure, you could easily be a cocktail waitress. I suppose you might even find that sort of glamorous, mincing about in stilettos and revealing costumes, serving drinks and flirting with wealthy, successful men, and it would certainly be one way to meet your

future husband! I know you've also had some success with modeling, so that could be the way to go, if you want to spend all your time tanning, dieting and posing for the camera in skimpy bikinis – or even less! And of course, I'm sure you've already been considering, er, dancing."

"Dancing?" Carl echoed. "I'm not very good at... Oh!" He blushed as he realized what she meant. Worse, he was sure she was quite right! He could probably make terrific money as a stripper, with his D-cup breasts and killer body. The mental image of himself cavorting and wriggling around a pole, smiling teasingly at a bunch of horny young men and allowing the cuter ones private lap-dances, brought a warmth to his cheeks. Mrs. Buller's idea of his 'future' was as a sexy, feminine plaything for men to lust after and grope in a strip club. As if! He would rather die than become a stripper!

"If that's what you want to do, I obviously can't stop you," the counselor sighed. "Whatever happens, I wish you the best of luck. You would, of course, have to wait until you turn eighteen for that sort of work."

"Tomorrow," Carl blurted despite himself. "It's my birthday tomorrow!"

"Well, happy birthday," Mrs. Buller said sadly, clearly feeling as though yet another young woman was going astray despite her best efforts. "And best of luck in life, Candi!"

"Um, thanks," Carl murmured. Don't worry, he thought privately. Life was about to get a whole lot better! He exited the office and dialed his mother's number on his little pink cellular phone, so she could come and pick him up. His mom's voice sounded oddly excited, and Carl could guess that her latest date with Jacques the photographer had gone very well, indeed.

Carl felt slightly dazed as he walked out of the high school's front doors for what he was sure was the last time. Once he had the inheritance money, his first order of business was seeing Dr. Nevsky, and he certainly wasn't going to bother finishing out the school year or his exams, not when 'Candi' would soon cease to exist! He had done it. He had survived the whole year as a busty blonde, and with the exception of one girl all but committed to a mental institute, not a single person had found out a thing – not even his boyfriend!

He felt an immense sense of freedom as stepped out into the sunshine, blonde hair gleaming, jewelry shimmering, frosted pink nails shining in the sunlight. He clicked his way to the front of the school on his stiletto sandals, feeling his short skirt brushing his smooth thighs and his breasts bobbing slightly in the comforting constriction of his bra, his long hair tickling his bare shoulders, his ears weighted by earrings and his eyelashes by mascara... He had become so perfectly accustomed to being 'Candi' that it all felt almost natural, but starting tomorrow, no matter how his Aunt and mother might try to spin things, he was back to Carl – permanently! Breathing a deep, happy sigh, Carl wiggled his fingers in a cute little wave as his mother pulled into the parking lot.

"How was your little meeting, dear?" she asked, as Carl slipped inside.

"Fine," Carl said evasively, not elaborating on the fact that Mrs. Buller seemed to think he was destined to be a stripper. "I can't wait for tomorrow!"

"I can't believe you're turning eighteen already," his mother sighed happily. "Your first boyfriend, your first Prom, your first... well... time..." Carl blushed furiously. "You're just growing up so fast, Candi," she continued. "I'm so proud to have you as a daughter!"

"And as a son?" Carl asked sharply. "What about then?" His mother looked slightly taken aback.

"Well, of course I had always wanted a daughter, but I loved you just as much back when you were, you know, all... boyish," she said evasively. Carl couldn't help but give a disbelieving sniff. His mom obviously had wanted a daughter all along, and now that she had one, the fact that Carl was going back to Maine as a guy probably was about the last thing she would want to hear.

He shook his head slightly as he looked out the window. He definitely needed a break from his mom, that was for sure, and maybe after a little space and time she would be able to reconcile with the fact that this year had been one crazy aberration, and Carl was absolutely not her daughter. Heck, maybe she could adopt some little orphan girl or something...

"Um, mom, aren't we going home?" Carl asked, puzzled as she turned off the proper road, heading instead towards the board-walk.

"Surprise!" his mom all but shrieked. "Happy birthday, dear. Your aunt and I were talking to Miranda the other day while you were getting dressed, and we all agreed that you deserved a big surprise party with all of your friends from school. Tom was in on it, too, of course – he got you two reservations at quite an expensive restaurant for tonight!"

Carl couldn't help but groan. Of course Miranda would be behind all this... But maybe he at least owed her that much, seeing her one final time, for all the help (not all of it very helpful!) she'd given him throughout the year. And, though he hated to admit it, he would kind of miss his cheerleader friends, as well. Well, he had gone for an entire year as 'Candi', he supposed he could handle one last day!

"But I don't have my bathing suit!" Carl offered, as one last protest. His mother only smiled and handed him a small bag with a skimpy silver bikini inside.

"Recognize that cute little two-piece?" she beamed. "It's the same one you wore to win the Miss Boardwalk Beauty contest!"

"How could I forget," Carl said weakly, holding up the revealing swim-suit between two fingers. Well, at least this time around, his dad wasn't going to be watching!



Once he had wriggled his way into his flimsy silver bikini, Carl joined the beach party, which was in full swing with a big banner saying “Happy Eighteenth, Candi!” in sparkly pink letters, a cake (low-fat icing, Aunt Kat assured him), and several coolers full of food and soft drinks. Tom was there to greet him with a big kiss, of course, and Miranda ran up to hug him immediately afterward, pushing their boobs together in a way that made Carl’s nipples tingle longingly. All of the other cheerleaders and their boyfriends were there too, naturally, and they all hugged him and congratulated him on his big day. Carl did his best to smile graciously and thank them, even though several of the guys lingered just a bit too long with their hugs!

The volleyball net was set up, and of course everybody insisted that the “birthday girl” play at least one game. The teams were boys against girls, and, much to Carl’s embarrassment, he found that he was about the worst player on the girls’ team! His boobs were constantly in the way, just like last time, and his coordination certainly hadn’t improved any, either. All the boys took great delight in teasing him when he squealed and ducked away from a flying serve that he had been certain was going to hit him right in his face. Tom’s team won easily, and he extracted his ‘winnings’ in the form of a nice long kiss from his ‘Candi’s’ pouty pink lips.

“You two are just so perfect together,” Miranda sighed, leaning her head against her latest boyfriend’s shoulder. “Aren’t they adorable together? I could even see them getting married!” Carl blushed brilliantly and all the cheerleaders tittered at the possibility, insisting they be given the honor of being his bridesmaids, just in case it happened. Tom seemed to take it as his cue to take Carl by the hand and lead him off down the beach a little ways, for some ‘privacy’.

“Do you remember the first day we met?” Tom grinned, wrapping his arm even more tightly around his girlfriend’s delicate waist. “Right over there on the boardwalk.”

“I remember,” Carl said, cheeks going pink at the memory. He had been ‘Candi’ for only a week’s time, receiving a crash course in femininity under Aunt Kat’s tutelage as she unfolded her plan to disguise him as a girl, sporting a cute blonde pixie cut and relying on a shaper and padded bras to give him a feminine figure. He’d still been in the process of mastering stilettos, and utterly terrified of being recognized as a boy in a skirt. Now, however, with his bombshell curves and sinuous feminine grace, he knew there was no longer even a remote chance of that happening!

“You caught one of your silly high heels in the slats of the boardwalk,” Tom chuckled fondly. “And I managed to catch you as you fell.” He stopped walking

and cradled Carl in his strong arms, looking him deep in the eyes. "But I was the one falling for you, babe. Happy birthday, Candi." He reached into the pocket of his trunks and pulled out a small velvet case. Carl pried it open with a hesitant smile, struggling to open the case with his long manicured nails. Inside was an expensive diamond necklace!

"Oh, Tom, it's gorgeous!" Carl squeaked, submissively looping his arms around his boyfriend's neck in an extremely feminine gesture. Tom grinned, and kissed him on the lips gently but firmly.

"Good," he said. "You can wear it when we go out tonight. What do you say we ditch the party a little early? We'll swing by your place, you can throw on a dress, and then we go out to dinner?" Carl swallowed. The last thing on his list of 'great birthday ideas' was getting all dolled up for a date with a horny teen-aged guy! Couldn't he just have a little time to himself?

"Without even saying goodbye to everyone?" Carl asked tremulously, as Tom lifted the blonde hair away from his neck to start nibbling at him.

"You'll see them all in school on Monday, babe," Tom said casually. "Besides, they're having fun. Come on, let's go!" He took Carl's small hand in his and tugged him towards the parking lot where his car was waiting. Carl sighed. He supposed he could deal with one final date.



Tom drove them back to the house so Carl could get changed into something a little bit more formal, although his boyfriend assured him he would take him out in his bikini if the restaurant would allow it, and invited himself into Carl's pink and purple room while his girlfriend showered. Carl took extra care to lock the bathroom door behind him. It wouldn't do for Tom to sneak in for some mischief and see what 'Candi' was packing between her legs! Although at this point, Carl thought ruefully, there wasn't much to see...at least, not until he got off these damn female hormones.

Carl stripped down and stepped into the shower, carefully washing his long blonde hair. With his soft skin and feminine curves, not to mention the melons on his chest, his manhood looked hopelessly out of place dangling between his smooth thighs. He tried to avoid even looking at it as he dried himself off and began doing his hair, instead reflecting on his last birthday, when he'd turned seventeen. It could not have been more different! If he remembered it right, he and his buddies had all gotten drunk at Brad's house, thanks to some booze courtesy of Jason, who had a fake ID. He'd called up a chick afterwards to try and get a little birthday action, but she'd been able to tell he was inebriated. Now, here he was getting all dolled up for his boyfriend!

"Oh, shoot," Carl muttered. He'd forgotten to bring his dress into the bathroom with him, which meant going back into his room, and right in front of Tom, wearing nothing but lingerie! Well, it was nothing he hadn't already seen, Carl thought, blushing. He made sure his gaffe was extra secure, then pulled his panties up, threaded his arms through the straps of his bra and did up the clasps with ease, and came out of the bathroom. Tom greeted him with a wolf-whistle.

"You look even sexier in real life," Tom grinned, setting down the photo he had been looking at. It was from the summer, when Carl had been crowned Miss Boardwalk Beauty in the big bikini pageant.

"Oh, that," Carl said, blushing. "My mom framed it, I told her not to..."

"Where are all the pictures from when you were younger?" Tom asked. "I don't see any around."

"I guess my mom forgot to pack any," Carl lied quickly. "You know, in the rush, I guess? I'll be ready in a minute, just let me get my dress..." As Carl minced over to his closet, however, Tom wrapped his arms around his waist from behind and playfully tossed him down onto the bed. Carl squirmed, but he was totally helpless as Tom began kissing his way down Carl's toned stomach.

"Um, Tom? What are you doing?" Carl squeaked, as Tom reached for the waistband of Carl's bikini-cut lace panties. "Tom, knock it off!"

"You look so hot in your underwear," Tom said huskily. "Come on, babe, it's your birthday. You go down on me all the time, so..." He shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm on my period still, remember?" Carl said desperately, heart beating quickly behind the silky constriction of his bra. If Tom pulled his panties down any lower...

"Still?" Tom asked, confused. "But I thought that was last week, wasn't it?" He started counting days on his fingers and Carl could think of only one sure-fire way to distract him.

"Can't I go down on you instead?" he squeaked.

"Really?" Tom asked, incredulous. He grinned broadly. "I mean, I figured I could return the favor, since it's your birthday, but if you want to..." The relieved smile on his face made it clear he had not been particularly looking forward to the 'favor.'

"I really, really want to," Carl lied, trying to give Tom a sexy smile even as his stomach dropped. To his relief, Tom got off of him. Carl quickly readjusted the waistband of his panties – he had never been so close to exposure, and only a day before his birthday... He shuddered to think of what a disaster it would be to caught out as a boy now, after everything that had happened.

"You're the best girlfriend in the world," Tom sighed happily.

"I know," Carl sighed tremulously, sliding off the bed and onto his knees. He was well-accustomed to Tom's manhood by now – his boyfriend was insatiable when it came to blowjobs – but he comforted himself with the knowledge that this was the last time, absolutely the last time, he would ever have to "please" another boy. Carl swallowed nervously, then put his lips to the tip of Tom's throbbing manhood and began to obediently suck him off.

His boyfriend made sounds of pleasure as Carl worked his way up and down the shaft with what was now a practiced skill, hoping to get him off as quickly as possible to get things over with. Carl felt a strange, fleeting sense of pride as Tom prepared to climax, but that evaporated quickly as Tom reached down and held his head.

"Swallow for me," he grunted. "Please? Come on, you've never done that before, it would be so hot, I promise you'll like it..." Carl's pretty blue eyes went wide and before he do more than make an indignant moan of protest, his mouth was flooded by Tom's seed. Carl gagged but inadvertently swallowed most of it down in one gulp, tasting the salty fluid all the way down his throat. Tears stung his eyes as Tom leaned back, spent and satisfied.

"Tom!" Carl gasped.

"Come on, babe, it wasn't that bad, was it?" Tom said, giving his 'girlfriend' the puppy-dog look. Carl swallowed his bile yet again, feeling sick. "Sorry. I'll make it up to you when you're off your period, okay? I thought you would like it!" Carl just shook his head, making his blonde hair bounce, and hurried to the bathroom to wash out his mouth.

He couldn't believe what had just happened! He felt a mixture of fury and helplessness as he looked at his pretty reflection in the mirror. A good little girlfriend, his mother had said, and now he certainly was! Steeling his resolve yet again, Carl calmed himself down as he did his makeup and got into his dress, reluctantly asking Tom to zip him up.

"Do you forgive me?" Tom asked, kissing the back of his neck.

"Let's just go to dinner, please," Carl protested, trying to pull away. Tom held him easily and planted another kiss on his cheek.

"Come on," he said. "I'm not letting go until you forgive me..." He began massaging Carl's sensitive breasts through the flimsy material of the dress, and Carl let out an accidental moan at the sensation. Tom chuckled.

"Okay!" Carl said petulantly. "I, I forgive you." Tom responded by kissing him firmly on the mouth. Despite himself, Carl swooned.

"Good," Tom grinned. "And I know you're on your period, but maybe when we get back, we can fool around a little more. You know, back there?" He gave Carl's taut buttocks a firm squeeze, making him blush furiously. His first instinct was to tell him no, no way in hell, but when he remembered the ecstasy he felt with Tom pumping away inside of him... It wasn't as if anyone would

ever know, and if he was really careful with his gaffe and the lights were off, Tom would never know, either. It was his last night ever as 'Candi', after all, and then it would be like none of this had ever happened in the first place... God, what was he thinking?

"Um, I think my mom and aunt will be home later," Carl squeaked. "Maybe this weekend?" Tom grinned, and put his arm around his date's tiny waist as they made their way down the stairs. He had a feeling his girlfriend's 'maybe' meant 'yes'!



When he woke up on the morning of his birthday, Carl was halfway through his morning beauty rituals before it struck him – he was eighteen. Dropping his mascara with a not-very-manly shriek of excitement, Carl hurried down the stairs. It felt like a dream, or maybe like a dream finally ending. He was finally going back to boyhood, and as far as he was concerned, it started today.

"Happy birthday, sweetie," Aunt Kat said, looking up from her coffee.

"Yes, I hope you enjoyed the party at least a little bit before you and Tom snuck off," his mother said sourly.

"I'm dressed, so let's go to the lawyer's," Carl said. "Come on, please? I can't wait to get out of these damn skirts!"

"Language, Candi," his mom chided, frowning. "And why would we go to the lawyer's?"

"It's, it's my birthday," Carl stammered, faltering. "I'm eighteen, so I get my inheritance now. Right?"

"But dear..." His mother trailed off, looking puzzled.

"Well, are we going to the lawyer's office or not?" Carl demanded, looking first to his mother, and then to Aunt Kat. "I have a quarter million dollars waiting for me, remember?" he pressed. The females exchanged a significantly horrified glance.

"Oh, no," his mother sighed. "Candi, you didn't think... You're not... You mean you haven't figured out about the inheritance money yet?"

"Figured out about what?" Carl asked tremulously, feeling an all-too-familiar sinking sensation.

"How could you not?" Aunt Kat asked, shaking her head. "Sweetie, come on. Please tell me you're joking. Even an airheaded blonde can figure out that financing your metamorphosis to 'Candi' was a very expensive undertaking. Dr. Nevsky's work is incredibly pricey, and he charged an exorbitant sum for the hormones, too."

"A full course of female hormones, plus those boosters," Carl's mother said, ticking items off her fingers. "Those beautiful boobs of yours, that surgery for your voice. As for the salon visits last summer..."

"We only went to the most sought-after beauticians in the city," Aunt Kat said. "Two-hundred dollars for a manicure, and that's per hand! I was taking you weekly at the very least. As for the pageant, Tiffany charged a fortune for those gorgeous extensions, too, and that airbrush makeup was a real Hollywood type cost for the Hollywood look. The wig alone was three thousand dollars, and surely you know that your wardrobe is chocked full of \$1500 designer stilettos – beauty doesn't come cheap!"

"Did you think all the shopping money just came from nowhere?" Carl's mother sighed. "All those gorgeous gowns, all that luxurious lingerie, all of your trendy outfits and darling heels – good taste comes at a price, Candi! And enrolling you in that prestigious high-school for the year wasn't exactly cheap, either. Makeup products, skin creams, hair-care... It adds up, dear."

"What are you saying?" Carl demanded tremulously, aghast. "You mean my inheritance..."

"Your Prom dress alone was a small fortune, remember! No, dear, there really isn't much left at all," his mother admitted. She decided not to mention that there was a nice enough nest egg for one more trip to Dr. Nevsky, maybe in a year or so. He did do the absolute best work, after all!

"You're crazy!" Carl screeched. "I can't believe this! You tricked me! You let me think this whole time that if I just waited until I was eighteen, I could get my inheritance money and go back to being a guy!"

"I said no such thing, and neither did your Aunt," his mother interjected. "How were we supposed to know you were so bad with numbers? Did you ever once express to us that you were expecting a quarter million dollars on your birthday?"

"Well, no," Carl protested. "But of course I was expecting it! That's what started this whole mess in the first place, remember?"



"I'm so sorry," his mother sighed. "I really had no idea you were so, well, oblivious."

"What am I supposed to do now?" Carl demanded. "You two crazy b-bitches have totally ruined my life! How can I get these big stupid tits removed, or, or my voice back to normal, if there's no inheritance money? How can I go back to being Carl?" Unable to hold it in any longer, Carl burst into tears and ran up the stairs to his room as quickly as he could in his teetering stilettos. He slammed the door behind him and collapsed onto his bed, sobbing. What was he going to do? Without the inheritance money, how was he ever going to pay for surgery to get his breast implants removed, never mind his vocal cords returned to their former state?

Trembling in frustration and anger, he got up and minced quickly to his walk-in closet, throwing it open to reveal the massive feminine wardrobe inside. He had let his inheritance money be converted into this, into sexy lingerie and pretty skirts and revealing cocktail dresses, designer stilettos and Gucci handbags and expensive jewelry and perfumes! Tears streaming down his pretty face, Carl began tearing clothes off of hangers and throwing them to the floor, looking for all the world like a teenaged Prom-queen throwing a tantrum. He tossed his shoes against the wall with little effect – his throwing arm was now practically non-existent – and pulled bras and panties out of his dresser to toss them onto the carpeting.

All of his money was now in this horrible wardrobe, in his baby-smooth skin, and long, carefully-shaped nails, his bleached blonde hair, his perfect makeup, and, most of all, in his jiggling D-cup breasts. He clutched them with his long-nailed fingers, feeling the weight and heft, and wished he could somehow tear them out. They were firmly a part of him, and he only managed to look as though he were fondling himself in the mirror.

With a squeal of frustration, Carl stamped over to the calendar and tore it down off the wall. An entire year, all spent as a silly blonde bimbo, cheerleading and attending slumber parties, and for what? He tore angrily through the pages...

He had started his nightmare in September, when he'd tried out for the *cheerleading* squad, so he could prance around in a skimpy uniform shaking his hips, his pom-poms, and his boobs for the home team. For October he'd let Miranda stuff him into a slutty nurse costume and had ended up being all but violated on a couch by Joe. In November he'd agreed to become Tom's cute blonde girlfriend to avoid being hit on by other boys

Then in December he'd dressed up in a Santa's helper costume and given his principal a hard-on in front of half the mall. January was when he'd had to endure that humiliating photo shoot, prancing around in a tiny bikini for the camera. For February, he'd dressed like a slutty schoolgirl to avoid blackmail and had given his 'boyfriend' a strip-tease for Valentine's Day. In March, he'd man-

aged to fool his best friend into thinking nothing was out of the ordinary, but at the steep price of giving his older brother a blowjob in a photo-booth.

By the spring, in April, he'd realized he was totally incapable of pleasing a girl anymore. By May, he'd been named *Prom Queen* – and what had happened in the hotel room would always be burned into his memory.

And finally, June, where he had circled the date of his birthday. The number seemed to mock him now. He had given up a year of his masculinity, he'd given up his pride, his dignity – even his virginity! The thought brought a flush to his cheeks. If his father could see him now, mincing around in his stilettos and short skirts, big boobs jiggling, batting his eyelashes at boys – or in the hotel room on Prom night, wearing nothing but his luxurious lingerie and bending over to give Tom access to what he wanted...

A tap came to his open bedroom window. That was just when he needed right now, some peeping tom trying to get a look at him! But when he looked, there was no one there. "Who is it?" Carl asked, scared and uncertain.

"It's me, Mark."

"Mark?" Carl replied, quickly leaping to look outside. Carl's window was only about six feet off the ground, and Mark was standing partially hidden behind some bushes. He was in a purple dress and heels, and made up like a girl.

"I wanted to thank you," he said.

"For what?"

"For helping me at Prom." He looked away, and broke eye contact. "And you need help, too."

"What do you mean?"

"I know you're not really a girl," he replied. "I found it all in Tiffany's salon. They took pictures of the whole thing. I found them when I was cleaning Tiffany's office."

"What do you mean? I'm a girl," Carl replied, trying to hold onto the disguise he had spent so much time protecting.

"It's okay! I know what they did!"

Too weary to fight it any longer, he slumped onto the window pane and covered his head with his long-nailed hands. "I tried to warn you," Carl said.

"You really did try to help me so much, and I wanted to return the favor."

"Look, I don't know about you, but I can't take another second of this. I'm getting out now."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm leaving. My mother won't listen to me, my Father thinks I'm gay, and Tiffany just keeps tricking me. I'm getting out of this crazy city and I'm heading west."

"You can't!"

"I... I have to! Do you want to let these maniacs have their way?"

"Why tell me?"

"You're in the same boat. And you've been nice to me. I just wanted to know if you wanted to come with."

"Run away?"

"Save your life!" Mark pleaded. "I got two tickets on the next train to Atlanta."

Carl looked around his pink-hued room and down at his breasts. Weeping, Carl slowly dropped back onto the bed. How could he have been so stupid? How had he let his mother and aunt do this to him? He'd been every bit as naïve as Mark in the salon.

Picking up his cellular telephone, he dialed his father's number with his glittery pink nail.

"Hello?" came his dad's voice.

"Hi, dad, it's Candi," Carl said instinctively. "I mean... It's Carl."

"Hi, uh, dear. What is it?"

"Dad, I want to come back to Maine and live with you," Carl said, voice trembling.

"Wow." His dad laughed nervously. "I, uh, I guess I wasn't expecting that. Are you



fighting with your mom about something?"

"I'm being serious," Carl squeaked. "I'm coming home, and I'm going back to being a boy. I'm going back to being Carl. Your son. I don't know how yet, but I will."

"You're... You're sure about this?" his dad asked, voice brimming with happiness.

"I'm sure," Carl said. "I'm done being Candi forever. I promise!"

"I had hoped that maybe it was just some crazy phase," his dad said. "I mean, I thought I was called to be a monk at your age! Alright, do you have enough to get up here?"

"I have five hundred dollars," Carl said, choosing not to tell him he had earned it modeling in a skimpy little bikini. "That should be enough, right?"

"Right," his dad said. "Call me when you need me to pick you up. Goodbye... uh... Son."

"Goodbye, dad," Carl squeaked. He hung up the phone with a deep sigh. Whatever happened, he was determined that he was done putting up with his mother's manipulating. He didn't know the how, or the when, or the where, but Carl Hutchens was going to become a guy again, and then it was so long to 'Candi' – for good! Feeling determined at last, Carl pulled out his suitcase and started to pack...

"So?" Mark called up to the window.

"I'm coming. Hold on." Carl thought about what he needed to do. "Uh, give me ten minutes."

"What! Why? We have to go!"

"I need ten minutes!"

"Why?"

"To do my hair." Carl got up and walked over to his vanity. There, he picked up a pair of scissors, and his hands trembling, he held them to his head. With a slight whimper, he clipped. A long mass of glistening blond hair fell to the floor. Gathering his breath, he clipped again. And again. He didn't stop until he had snipped it all off.

In his mirror, he looked like a mental patient, but he liked it. He could finally see a trace of the boy he used to be. With a sigh of relief, he smiled.

With another snip of his scissors, he cut the elastic of his gaffe from his hip and pulled it off. He continued to shred it with several more snips. He was having fun now. He gleefully picked up the bottle of nail polish remover and drenched his fingertips in it. In a minute, the nails were bare, cut stubby and short.

Walking over to his closet, he pushed a mass of high heel shoes and purses aside and found his old duffel bag, the one he had arrived from Maine with. He only had the clothes he had tricked Brad with, so that was going to have to do. Otherwise, he packed his duffel with those super-expensive stiletto heels and thousand-dollar outfits. He could sell those for good money when he got away. The wig alone was probably worth a couple of thousand, so he packed it too.

Twenty minutes later, Carl was finally ready. "Let's go."

"Took you long enough."

Carl hopped out his bedroom window, deftly landing on the ground in his stable, rugged sneakers. "I needed to get ready."

He was wearing the outfit he had used at the mall to meet Brad. His chest was bound up in bandages, which made him look a little chubby, and the parka covered any hint of his true body shape. His new short hair was under a beanie cap. He had washed his face raw and brought out his male features by cheating with a little to penciling to thicken his brows and dark shadow to hint at beard stubble.

Mark was slightly stunned at Carl's new appearance. "You might pass, actually."

"It's the best..." Carl tried to deepen his voice. "It's the best I can do."

"Let's get the heck out of here," Mark said.

"Lead the way."

From the Casebook of Harold Pennyworth, P.I.

Notes on Case #241-B: The Whereabouts of Carl Hutchens.

Addendum: This log is the only thing I still have left, but it sure isn't enough to serve as evidence. The files, the pictures, everything was lost.

It's like this: I fly on up to Maine, rent a car and find the Hutchens household. As I'm walking down the street, on my way to go see Mr. Hutchens, briefcase in hand, I ran smack into this kid and everything went flying. His backpack had been open so his notebooks were everywhere, and so were the contents of my briefcase. The wind was whipping things everywhere. I snatched up the duo tang with the pictures before he could see anything, and he was real apologetic about the whole thing, a real nice kid.

After I'd shaken hands with the kid and gone on to Mr. Hutchens' new place, I opened my briefcase and found out I was bringing him a duo tang full of math notes. Math notes! I ran back immediately, but the kid was gone. I suppose I can still go to Mr. Hutchens and tell him what I know, maybe tell him that Carl isn't as happy as he first thought. That there's something slightly fishy going on with his aunt and mother exerting their influence on him. But without the evidence, there's no pay-day, and I'm not in this for charity. Without that duo tang full of evidence, why bother?

Now, do I try and track this kid down? He looked a lot like that big football star over at LSU, Jason something or other, but he said he was graduating high school this year and then staying close to home to be with family. I like that, good solid family values. I just wish I could remember that kid's name. He told me, as we were picking everything up. Brett? Bert? Brad? Maybe. Hell, there are probably a hundred 'Brads' in this town. Maybe the whole thing is just karma, anyways. Either way, I solved the case, so there is a little bit of professional satisfaction.

But it's high time I found a new case, so I'm going to have to just let this one go. I just hope Brad, or Bert, or whatever that kid's name is, that he doesn't look too closely at those photos – I've got a feeling it wouldn't bode so well for blondie!



The train trip to Atlanta took about seven hours, and Mark and Carl both exchanged stories with one another. Both had deep, emotional sympathy for what the other had been through.

"When are you going to get out of those clothes?" Carl asked about Mark's dress and heels.

"Soon enough," Mark said. "When the cops aren't looking for a boy named Mark anymore, I guess."

The train rolled to a stop in the station, and both boys grabbed their bags, heading out to the evening light.

Mark turned to Carl, bashfully. "I guess this is where we part ways."

"Still headed out west?" Carl asked.

"As far as I can go," Mark replied. "Back to Maine for you?"

"My dad will know what to do. He's my best chance to get back to normal."

Mark's train started to clang and he grabbed his small bag. "I guess I'll be seeing you." Impulsively, Mark hugged Carl, and then, just as he was about to leave, gave Carl a quick peck on the cheek. "So long," he said as he sped away to catch his train.

"See ya," Carl said. He watched as Mark jumped onto the train, careful to keep his skirt from flipping up in the wind. Carl was grateful he'd never have to worry about that again.

He picked up his duffel bag and hoisted it over his shoulder. He headed toward the train station, but he couldn't find a train to Portland, his home town, that wasn't going to leave for another two days.

Carl reluctantly used his pink cell phone one more time. "Hey dad, can you get me a ticket to Portland? I'm in Atlanta."

"I'll have it waiting for you at the counter," his dad told him. A short bus ride later, he was at the Atlanta airport, at the ticket counter.

"Do you have a ticket for Carl Hutchens?" He asked the lady at the desk.

"Let me check. Flight to Portland, Maine? Yes, we do." She held up a boarding pass. "If I could see some ID?"

That phrase caused Carl to seize up in fear. He knew immediately he didn't have any ID on him that identified him as Carl. Against hope, he reached in his pocket, only to find his student ID card for Candi Wethers.

"I... Uh... Forgot it..." Carl said. "Is that really necessary?"

"I'm afraid it is."

"Listen I... I was just... um... mugged, and they took my wallet and..." The excuse he was trying to spin was having no effect on the lady behind the counter. "C'mon! The plane is leaving in ten minutes!"

The ticking agent frowned. "Sir, our policy clearly states that..."

"Carl!" said a girl who was standing not that far away. "Long time no see!"

Carl was befuddled, having never seen this person before. She was about eighteen or nineteen, and had been next in line behind him. She wasn't the most beautiful girl Carl had ever seen, but she had a nice smile, and a dangerous little piercing on her brow.

She continued to act friendly. "How have you been, Carl? We need to catch up."

"You know him, Tracy?" The woman at the desk said.

"Hi Angela. Yes, this is my old friend Carl. Carl..."

"Hutchens," Carl added.

"Carl Hutchens!" Tracy said to the ticket woman. "He's okay."

Somewhat tentatively, the boarding pass was handed over to Carl, and he took it without waiting for her to have second thoughts.

He waited around the corner for this Tracy girl when she was done. "I guess I should thank you," he said when she came by.

Tracy beamed a smile. "No problem. I like cute boys like you. Plus we Maine folks have to stick together."

"You from Maine, too?"

"Bangor."

"How did you get that lady to..."

"My dad works as a pilot for this airline. I take this route every week. They know me." They started to walk together as they headed to the gate. "You said your name was Carl?"

He took a deep breath. "Carl. I'm Carl Hutchens." It felt so good to say it. He almost wanted to shout it out loud.

"Well, you look like someone who could use some company," Tracy said with a mischievous grin. "God knows I do."

She was making a little bit of a play at him, and it took a second before Carl even realized it, as his male instinct had been so heavily buried for so long. "If we're seated together, I guess."

"We are," Tracy said. "I had Angela change it for me. Back of the plane."

"The back of the plane? But I..."

"Near the restroom," Tracy interrupted. "You ever hear of the Mile High club?"

Carl felt it coming back. He felt all the things he loved about being a man start to creep back into him. But he didn't want to dig himself a hole too deep. "I, uh, I'm recovering from some surgery. I'm all bandaged up."

Tracy shrugged. "I'm sure we can find enough to... Entertain ourselves... For only three hours."

With a newfound energy, Carl stuck out his chin and nodded. "Let's go," he said.



It was a strange thing to find out about himself. In just one short plane trip with Tracy, he had grown to realize that his masculinity was still with him. It wasn't something that a hormone shot, a surgical procedure or a pair of panties could steal. He was a man because he wanted to be a man. His confidence rose like a rocket over his trip, and minute by minute, he slowly began to realize that he could be just as much of a man as he wanted to be by simply believing it to be true.

Although he couldn't "close the deal" with Tracy, he more than satisfied her. His time as a girl had taught him what a girl wanted, and he kept Tracy in a constant state of dizzy ecstasy. He touched her like no man ever had, and knew what a girl wanted to hear.

By the time the plane landed in Portland, Carl was almost literally a new man. He stepped off the flight and had only gotten a few steps before Tracy had bear hugged him from behind. "I'll miss you," she said.

"Yeah? I know you will." Carl replied. His confidence was now turning into full-out cockiness. Because not only had he learned what girls want, his macho, self-involved former boyfriends had taught him a thing about men, too. All that conceit and arrogance had given him the lessons he needed to be just as big a jerk as they were.

Carl turned around and grabbed Tracy's face with one hand, pulling it to his. He kissed her angrily, with greed, fury and a tinge of disdain. Just the way his boyfriends used to.

"You really have to go?" She asked.

"Of course I do," Carl replied, with gravity to his tone. Somewhere over the last day, he had found his voice. His male voice. The growl and the depth were back. Not like they used to be, but it was a start. He enjoyed feeling his whole body vibrate when he talked, instead of the wimpy breathiness he had been stuck with. He had also started to feel the blood rush back into his groin. He

wasn't exactly hard, but for the first time in forever, he was reminded that he did have a dick in between his legs.

"I have another flight to get me home. Give me a call?" Tracy said. She stuffed a piece of paper with her number on it into his hand.

"Sure," Carl replied, looking away and ignoring her as he walked down the causeway. He never turned back to wave goodbye. As she walked to her next flight, he crumpled up the paper and tossed it away. There were better things than Tracy in his future.

No, he was back to being a man now, and that meant living it up like he had never dreamed before. He wasn't going to waste time on anything but the hottest girls around, and treat them like they deserved to be treated. Like trash. He had almost lost his manhood and now that he had it back, he was going to use it – with a vengeance.

The two days had given him time to think. He had been driven to the edge by his mother – his own *mother* – and he had nearly let her destroy him. Women, he had decided, were controlling, heartless bitches that would just as soon degrade you, humiliate you and even emasculate you if they had the chance. As far as he was concerned, that was never going to happen again. He was going to tell women what to do from now on, and if they didn't like it, that was their problem.

This wasn't just an escape for Carl, this was a new beginning. He turned to the sign that said *Welcome to Portland* and he took a deep, cleansing breath. "It's great to be back," he said.

The End

Titles by Sick Puppy Press

Sick Puppy Comics

Making Friends

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Three college students sign up for a six-month isolation experiment. Things start to get a little strange, and they begin to lose their masculinity day by day. Yet, they don't seem to even notice... Full Color Comic Book / 38 pages

The Pet Sitter

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Asked to look after a supermodel's pet for a while, James finds himself thrust out of his own apartment and into hers. Day by day, it seems like circumstances adapt James to become the resident of a supermodel's lifestyle. Full Color Comic Book / 29 pages

A Curious Curse

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. When teen goth Brandyn gets his drivers' license, he thinks it's a ticket to adulthood. Unfortunately, he's already cashed a ticket in the opposite direction. Full Color Comic Book / 27 pages

Teens Transformed

She Made Me Into My Sister

"A Little Too Clever" by Joe Six-Pack. Wyatt wanted to help his girlfriend get revenge, but at what cost? As it turns out, a cost greater than any boy could have imagined. Book / 88 pages / 20 illustrations

Gone Girly for Good

"Big in Japan" by James J Craft. Mike and Ken were one-hit-wonder rock stars. Then they discovered they had fans in Japan, so they left to become famous. Then they discovered that the Japanese didn't know they were guys. Book / 77 pages / 26 illustrations

Students, Exchanged

"French Dupe" 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 / 57 pages / 15 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

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 long-forgotten aunt is sick, and he goes to care for her. His calls back home leave his wife Janice confused and unsure about his return. So she goes to find him. But is there much left to be found? Book / 64 pages / 25 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

I'm Your Dolly

"Barbie-in-a-Box" By Joe Six-Pack. Tyler wasn't much of a boyfriend anymore. Jessica wanted to throw him out, but then a better idea came to her, in the form of the Barbie-in-a-Box service. Tyler better get used to pink. Book / 103 pages / 20 illustrations

His Life as a Trophy Wife

"The Puppy Mill" 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? Book / 210 pages / 16 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 rock-etxpert. 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

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

Stories of the Supernatural

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

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

Seriously Sissified

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

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



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