

ADULTS ONLY

70 pages 27 illustrations

BRIDE TO BE

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack



TEENS
**Trans-
Formed**
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J O E S I X P A C K

**BRIDE
TO BE**

**Story & Illustrations by Joe Six-Pack
A Teens Transformed Story**



2021 Market Edition

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BRIDE TO BE

Bounty Falls is a small town up north, on the border. It's about fifty miles from the nearest big city, and mostly isolated.

In the winter, it's frozen solid. The snow is deep and the icicles grow long. The two or three thousand people who live there bundle up and slog along in the frigid temperatures, just like any other northern town. They like their basketball and hockey.

In the spring, though, the snow melts and the temperatures go back to bearable. That's when the town comes alive. The trees go green, the lawns grow in, and birds come back and the river starts to flow.

That's why they call it Bounty Falls, of course. The town is built on the edge of the most spectacular waterfall in the Western Hemisphere. It's only 275 feet tall, but it's wider than any other in North America. It fills the lower part of town with mist, and bathes the whole area in a dream-like fog. Combined with the cliffs, the trees and all the natural beauty of the area, it's a magnet for tourists.

They pack the town every spring and keep coming and going until the fall, scared away by the first brown leaf. I was never sorry to see them go, even if the economy of the area depended on them. I was a kid, what did I care about an economy?

More importantly, Bounty Falls is so ethereally beautiful, it's a prime spot for weddings. We had more per day than any other city, except Las Vegas, in some years. They come from all over the world to little Bounty Falls, spend a day at a bed and breakfast, get hitched, take tons of photos, and are then on their way to a honeymoon somewhere else. There are quickie weddings and big, full-spread church events, and everything in between.

My dad owned and operated a small bar hidden away for the locals. "Tourists not welcome," said a sign above the door. He spent most of his time there, as did my mom, who handled the accounting and cooked the food. I rarely visited the place, because the laws in the state prohibited it until I was 21, so I had a lot of time to myself at home.

I wasn't a loner, but I wasn't the most social kid, either. That was kind of normal for Bounty Falls. The tourists kind of squeeze the natives out of the town and we didn't spend a lot of time outside, where we were bound to stumble across the dumb tourists who were always lost or asking stupid questions. We all tended to keep to ourselves.

My house was at the top of a hill, in between our two neighbors, the Kline-manns and the Shaeffers. They both had kids, so that was a plus.

The Klinemann family moved in about the time I turned 15. They had two daughters, Bridget, 19 and Laura, 15. Meeting Laura was, singularly, the moment I realized I was a male. She was the dream in my head when I stained the sheets at night, to put it bluntly. I remember spending most of my high school years trying to impress her, usually failing miserably.

She was a wonderful girl, smart, take-charge and assertive. Unfortunately, she had a thing for big, dumb jocks. Guys who were just walking sacks of meat. I was thin, in advanced classes and had athletic skills that went no farther than playing ball with my best friend, who lived in the house on the other side of ours.

The Shaeffers had lived in their house practically forever. They had been a pretty normal family, and their son, Cole, was my age, and we grew up together. Cole and I were practically brothers, and we kind of shared in just about everything we did. We spent the days, from the time we woke up, to the time we went to sleep, doing stuff together.

Cole had two sisters, Claire and Caroline, who were older. They didn't bug us much, because they were always doing girl stuff with their own friends, or helping out with the family business.

The family business was as wedding planners. That wasn't unusual for Bounty Falls, as a lot of the families ran little mom and pop businesses based around weddings. There was a lot of business to be had, you know.

Things changed, though, when I turned 12. Cole's parents divorced, and his mother moved away. It was an angry divorce, and the mother took custody of the girls and moved out. That just left Cole and his dad living in their house.

Cole's dad did some wedding photography, freelance, to keep the bills paid, but it wasn't long before he ran into health problems. It was just after my 15th birthday when he died of pneumonia, related to a circulatory problem. I didn't see Cole for a while. His mom had taken him in, and he was pretty devastated about the whole thing. We'd trade emails, but he didn't have a lot to say.

So it was a big deal for me when his mother moved back into the house, bringing my friend back with her. She got back into the wedding business, and started up a place in town called "The Precious Moments Wedding Boutique," a full-service shop, that handled everything – clothes, hair, rehearsals, hiring the priest, travel, and everything in between.



Like I say, weddings do good business in Bounty Falls, and they were always busy. That was cool, because his mom and his sisters were working the weddings, leaving us to do what we pleased.

Every day after school, Cole would be waiting for me, with some dumb idea or plan for the rest of the day. He was home schooled, so he had more free time than I did, and he came up with some weird stuff.

We built a car out of spare parts we found around town. It never ran, but it was a fun project. We told ourselves how cool we would look in our full-custom sports car that could go an estimated 200 mph, and seat 13 people with a hot tub and gun turret. Come to think of it, I don't think we ever got the motor to turn over.

We made probably a dozen music videos, all of them embarrassingly bad. We built the same tree house five times. It never lasted more than a few days before falling apart.

In the winter, we always tried to make a hockey rink, but I guess living on top of a hill without a pond made that difficult. We make some kick-ass snowmen, though, and a hill makes for great tobogganing.



As time went on, the family business got even more busy. I guess Cole's mom was good at what she did, and there was more and more pressure.

I knew this, because Cole started to talk about it more and more. I don't blame him, I'm sure he was just as bored with it as I was, but I also suppose it was all his family talked about. I was natural for him to mention it from time to time.

It started to become more of a serious thing that summer, when he mentioned his sister Claire was leaving for college. She was the younger of the two sisters, and her older sister Caroline was already attending a college out west.

"Your mom's gonna have to hire a girl or something," I said. Claire practically ran half the business, and even I knew they couldn't keep the place open without her.

"Yeah. Or something," he replied.

I should have seen it coming, but I didn't. As the weeks went on, I saw less and less of Cole. He was "pitching in" at the boutique, he said. His mom didn't give him much of a choice. I know he objected to it, because he told me, and I saw his arguments with his mom. But what can you do? She was his mother.

By the time July came, I hadn't seen Cole for days. I banged on their door this one afternoon, but the house was locked up, and nobody was home. So, figur-

ing that Cole was at the boutique, I decided to take a walk into town and hassle him at work.

It was a half hour walk, and when I got there, the place was just as busy as it usually was. In fact, I got all the way inside without Cole's mom even seeing me.

With no sign of Cole, I headed to the back.

"Hey, have you seen Cole?" I asked the girl steaming a dress.

"What?" Was the reply. "Derek?"

I then realized it wasn't a girl at all, but Cole. He was dressed up in this ridiculous apron, frills all over the place, with a big bow in the back. His head was obscured, and it looked like a dress to me, so I naturally assumed it was a girl. It wasn't my fault. He even had his hair drawn back into a stub at the base of his neck.

"What are you doing here?" Cole yelled back. He quickly dropped what he was doing and tried to hide behind a counter to obscure that dumb apron. I guess he was afraid I would make fun of him. He was right.

"Me? What about you? You look like a fairy."

Cole quickly fussed around, reaching back to try and untie the bow that held the apron on. "Shut up! Mom told me I had to wear it! I had no choice!"

"I'm sure. Heels and wig and you have an outfit."

"It's not a dress!" He yelled.

"What's going on back here!" Cole's mom said, sticking her head through the door. "I have customers!"

She took a look at me and nearly snarled. "Cole, this isn't a playground. Cole has serious work to do, and he doesn't need you distracting him. He has to get the wrinkles out of all these bridesmaids dresses before five!"

"Yes, Mrs. Shaeffer," I said, doing my hang-dog look of remorse. "Sorry."

She was quick to get rid of me. "Cole, please show Derek out the back way. You two can see each other when we get home." She then closed the door and went back to her oh-so-precious customers.

Cole stopped fussing with the apron. "Sorry, Derek. She says you gotta go."

"I heard her," I replied. "I'm standing right here."

He started to shoo me out to a back door loading area. "C'mon, don't get me in trouble!" He said.

"If you've got to wear that, you're already in trouble," I told him.



“Derek...” he whined.

“Fine, I’m going.”

He grabbed the latch of the door and unhooked it. Cole grabbed the handle and tugged at it, struggling to move it. He wasn’t that strong, you know. He was

a bit small and thin for his age, but that didn't stop him from acting like he was six feet tall.

I pulled the latch for him, undoing it.

"I was gonna get it," he said. "I nearly had it."

I took a step outside. "Yeah, okay. I'll see you back home, I guess."

"Okay. Sorry," he apologized. I guess for his mother, or maybe the apron.

"No big," I said. Just as he closed the big metal door, he turned his head around. I noticed that his hair, which he had pulled back into a stubby tail at the back, like he did from time to time, wasn't fastened with a rubber band. It was tied with a long violet satin ribbon.

Before I could ask, the door slammed shut.



That night, Cole got home some time after 6:30. Fortunately, it was the summer, and we still had a couple of hours of daylight left. But when I saw my friend drag his butt out of his mom's car like he was about to drop dead, I knew we weren't going to get much done tonight.

"Hey," was all he said, when he saw me. His eyes were half-closed. I also noticed his hair was untied. I let the question of the hair ribbon go.

Seeing how tired he was I had to say something. "Man, you got your ass whipped at work."

For some reason, Cole quickly, instinctively, covered his butt like he was about to get spanked. "No," he said, immediately moving on. "I'm just not used to working all day."

"Okay," I said, unsure of what I had just seen, or how to interpret it. "Yeah. You wanna just play some video games?"

"Hey, guys!" Said a voice off to the side. I turned to look, and bounding across my front lawn was Laura Klinemann, barefoot in cutoff jeans and a loose dress shirt. My God, she was beautiful.

I just kept staring at her, unable to really process anything. My crush on her just froze me up whenever she was around.

Trying to break the incredibly awkward moment, she spoke. "So... I hadn't seen you since school got out, Derek."

We were in the same grade, both Juniors next year in school. We didn't share any classes, but I kinda saw her in the halls from time to time. She was so pretty.

"Hey, Laura," Cole said, filling the silence. He was always smooth with girls. That guy never had any problem talking to them. I guess that's from living in a house with two sisters. "Derek and I were gonna kill off the rest of the day on his Xbox."

"Oh, can you teach me how to play?" Laura asked. "I can't play video games worth crap. I'm so bad."

If had been a more clever person, or just had a couple of functioning brain cells, I would have understood that she was making a very obvious pass at me. I didn't get it.

"We only got two controllers," I said. "Just for me and Cole." I'm such an idiot when it comes to girls. Not too many bothered with me, anyway. Like I said, I was a little bit of a science geek, and kinda gawky.

"No, I'll just watch you guys," Cole said. "I'll probably just fall asleep anyway."

So we headed up to my room, and I set it up. I spent the next couple of hours showing Laura how to play Call of Duty, and just like he promised, Cole fell asleep five minutes in.

I didn't realize it then, but my friend had just set me up on my very first date. I mean, not a date-date, but you know, being with a girl on something like a date. Not a mistake or random, but intentionally spending time with a girl. You get what I mean.

So, I guess Cole was my wingman that night.



Like I said, we were best friends.



It got to be a regular thing, me going down to town to see Cole. We eventually figured out that if I showed up at lunch time, his mom couldn't complain when he was on his break.

No matter how many times I got on him about the apron, he still wore it, working in the back. He took it off when we went out to eat, of course, but that ribbon in his hair stuck around.

I did ask him about it once, and he said that it was his mom's thing. She tied the ribbon every day, explaining that she didn't want to get his hair all over the dresses.

And the apron? "Because Mom says I'm a mess," he said. "She also thinks it keeps me more 'well behaved,' whatever that means."

It wasn't just the one apron, either. He had a few of them back there. One was pink and ruffled, another was powder blue, and a third was practically a dress. It was yellow and had sleeves.

The first time I saw him in that one, he blushed beet red. But he didn't stop wearing it. "It's Mom's favorite," Cole explained.

You know I also gave him crap about the hair. I yanked on his ribbons whenever he turned his head. "Knock it off!" He'd protest. "Quit it!"

We got in a few scuffles about it, while were hanging around outside the boutique. There wasn't much to do on his lunch break but make a short walk around the block. He didn't have lunch money, and the tourist restaurants were way too expensive anyway.

There was a small park not too far away, but we only went there a few times. When we came back from lunch one time covered in sweat from playing basketball there, Cole's mom 'banned' us from going back.

She fussed over him all the time. I mean, she wasn't this bad before the divorce, but ever since they moved back, she was always on Cole about his posture, his smile, his hair or whatever.

The first thing she did whenever we came back from lunch was to "fix" his hair. She'd pull out a brush from her purse, you know one of those round pink types of brushes only girls use, and comb it through several times.

Not that it didn't make an improvement, as his hair was always neat and clean, but really, who cares? He worked in the back.



Work was draining the life out of Cole, and I could see it every day when he got back home. He just didn't want to do any of the things we liked to do. No building stuff, no ball games, nothing. He even passed on video games.

We still hung out, but he was elsewhere, mentally. He wasn't into talking about things we liked to talk about. I was worried he was growing up or something, maybe leaving me behind.

I think he was more and more into the business. Again, it was probably unavoidable, given he spent almost all day immersed in it. When he did try to talk shop, it was my turn to not be interested.

One day, about the middle of July, I guess, I noticed he was wearing some new clothes. His ratty sports t-shirts he (and I) liked to wear were replaced by larger, wider-necked shirts that usually had horizontal stripes or other designs on them.

It wasn't the shirts that I noticed first, though. It was his jeans.

We both wore baggy jeans because we were active, even

though the trend was for "skinny" jeans. Skinny jeans are fine for posing in front of the school and looking cool and stuff, but too tight to actually do anything in.

“You’re caving in to fashion,” I told him, pointing at his jeans. He wore dark blue jeans that clung tightly to his legs.

“It wasn’t my idea,” he said. “I don’t need anything to emphasize how skinny I am.”

“You move around in them okay,” I said, tugging at one of his belt loops. To my surprise, the waistband of the jeans stretched. “That’s not...”

“They’re stretch denim,” he explained, “or something. They’re comfortable enough, but they feel weird. Look, the pockets aren’t even real.” He tugged at the pocket to show they didn’t open up. They were just for decoration.

“You gotta stop letting your mom buy your clothes,” I said.

“Like I could stop her.”

I didn’t think much about it until I was at school the next day. Laura was eating her lunch just a table away, and I was getting a good look at her. It was then I realized she was wearing the exact same brand and design of jeans Cole was.

My best friend was wearing girls jeans, and I thought it was hilarious. Boy, did I give him hell about that for a while.



The family and I went camping for a week at the end of the month, and I really wanted to bring Cole along, but he said that the shop was too busy, and he needed to help out. That was disappointing. I sulked for days. We always had a big summer camping trip, and we always went together, every year.

It was a dull trip. If you’ve ever spent a week with just your parents and a tent in the woods, you know what I’m talking about. Dad tried to get me into fishing, and Mom wanted to teach me all about birds native to the area.

I mean, seriously? I can’t fault them for trying to be good parents, but, come on. Fishing and birds?

Anyway, we got back, and I was never so happy to be home. The first thing I did was head on down to the Boutique and see what Cole was up to.

The good news was that he no longer wore those dumb aprons. The bad news was he was working in the front of the store, doing the work his sister usually did, showing customers photos of wedding locations and making catering arrangements.

It was a little spooky to see him acting all nice and smiling for customers. He never acted that way in real life.

I said he wasn't wearing the big poofy apron, but he was wearing a white smock that went down to his ankles. At most angles, he looked like he was in a skirt. He was also wearing a white polo shirt with "The Precious Moments Wedding Boutique" logo stitched on it in pink and gold.

Once the customers were gone, I went inside. "I leave for a week, and this is what happens to you," I said.

"Don't blame me! Claire's leaving in two weeks. Mom's giving me her responsibilities." He picked at the shirt. "This is the uniform, and she says I have to wear it."

"That sucks," I said. "How are you supposed to do what Claire does? Your mom has to hire a girl to do this."

"That's what I keep telling her," Cole replied, looking down at his feet.

"Lunch break?" I asked.

"Oh, I can't!" He said. "There's so much to do! I have dresses to clean, ceremonies to schedule, flowers to arrange... Mom is gonna kill me unless I get this all done!"

"Yeah, sure," I said. I knew he was taking this job too seriously, but I didn't want to argue with him. "Where is she?"

"She's overseeing a ceremony at the old church by the park."

"And she left you alone?"

"You don't think I'm responsible enough?" Cole said, as if I was trying to insult him.

"No, no. I just... She usually doesn't trust you like this."

"Maybe I earned it, did you think about that?"

"Fine, fine. Forget I said anything."



“Did you have a nice time camping?”

“It sucked,” I said.

Cole turned to put a box up on a shelf, and then I noticed something very odd about him. He was still wearing jeans, but he had rolled the cuffs up just under his knees, showing his lower leg. His t-shirt also had rolled up sleeves, and showed off his arms. Neither his arms or legs had any hair on them.

“What’s the deal with your skin?” I asked.

“Huh?” He said, puzzled.

I rubbed my arm to indicate what I was talking about. “No hair.” I then rubbed my leg as well.

I’d never seen anyone get so flushed so quickly. I thought Cole was going to burst like an old thermometer, his face was so red.

“The...” He stumbled through the words. “I... You see...”

“Let me guess,” I interrupted him. “Your mom made you.”

Cole just dipped his shoulders in sad acknowledgment.

My instinct was to rub his face in his shame, but I didn’t. I could see it in his eyes. He wasn’t just embarrassed, he was frightened.

“Is it obvious?” He asked, meekly.

“No. I guess not. Only if someone knows you like I do, I guess.”

Maybe that calmed him down, I don’t know. But all of the sudden it occurred to me that all these strange things that had been happening, like the aprons, the change in clothes and his new job weren’t just a bunch of random stuff. His mom was taking control of his life.

“Hey,” I asked him, “maybe you should come over to my house when you get off tonight.” Some time away from his mother would be the best thing for him.

“I can’t. My Aunt Virginia is coming to stay with us. We’re picking her up at the bus station after work.”

“Aunt Virginia?”

“She’s my mom’s sister. She’s coming to help with the business.”

I headed for the door. “See you later, I guess?”

“Yeah,” Cole replied, shooting out a quick breath of air to calm down. “See you then.”



Well, he didn't come over that night or the next. I don't think I actually saw Cole again for several days. I emailed him, even if he just lived next door, and he said that he was too busy, and his Aunt was still "settling in."

I don't know, maybe it was like a week later when I finally saw him again. He was out in his yard, sitting on a bench, just doing nothing. I saw him from my bedroom window and went down to go talk to him.

As I approached, he just had this kind of far-away stare in his eyes, and I don't think he actually noticed me until I was practically right next to him.

"Derek! What are you doing here?" He gasped.

"I live thirty feet away," I replied.

"This isn't a good time." He started to get up, but did it awkwardly, like his ribs were hurting. "I gotta go back in."

I poked him in the side. "You pull a muscle or..." I stopped talking when I felt something under his shirt with my poke. It was stiff.

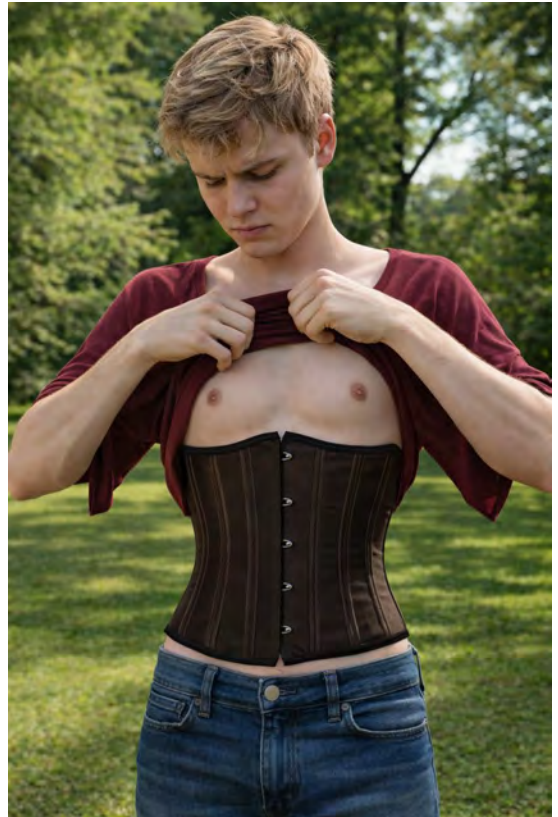
Impulsively, I lifted his shirt. Cole just as quickly tugged it back down. But I had seen what I had seen.

"What are you wearing?" I asked.

"Nothing," he replied. Realizing how pathetic he sounded, he came up with an explanation. "It's for my posture."

I knocked it with my knuckles. It was almost hard. "Looks uncomfortable," I said. "How's that supposed to help with your posture?"

"Aunt Virginia says I slouch." It looked like Cole tried to wriggle into a more comfortable position, but he didn't seem to find it. He was taking deep breaths in between every sentence, and it



looked like that he was having trouble. “Mom’s been saying the same thing forever. So they told me to wear this for a month. If I stop slouching, they’ll let me take it off, and I get a reward.”

“Yeah,” was all I could say. It sounded like punishment to me, but he made it sound like an opportunity. I lifted up the shirt again to get a better look. It was stiff, made of thick material and had a heavy shoelace-type deal up the back. I could understand about the posture thing, but it also had a pinch in the waist, like it was trying to cut him in half. It looked like torture. I had no idea how that would help.

“Cole!” I heard a woman shout from inside his house.

“Break’s over,” he said, and got up carefully.

“Break? From what?” I asked, “It’s Sunday.”

“I gotta go, okay? I’ll email you.” Cole scurried away to his back door. I noticed his steps were short and he was taking great care to walk, as if he were on a tightrope.

“When?”

“Cole! Now!” The voice from the house yelled, even louder this time.

“I’m coming, Auntie Virginia!” Cole replied.

“Email? When?” I wanted to know. I didn’t like being blown off.

“When I can!” Cole said, before leaving. I heard the door lock as he closed it behind him.

I hung around for a minute, just because I don’t like being told to leave. Heading back to my place, I saw the computer was free, so I got on. After a few minutes of searching, I finally found a picture of what Cole was wearing. A corset.

I didn’t know what a corset was, and by the time I was finished figuring it out, I wished I never knew. It was for “figure training,” or rather, to shape a woman’s body more “pleasingly.” In other words, it made a girl’s waist thinner and her boobs bigger.

There were some mentions of corsets for men, but they didn’t look anything like what Cole was wearing. He was wearing a women’s corset.

Why?

I asked myself that same question for several days. I didn’t come up with an answer I liked.





It wasn't always like that, fortunately. Cole would get to spend some time outside every so often, and as long as we didn't make a lot of noise, he and I could at least just talk for a while.

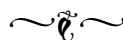
He was obviously having trouble with his mom, sister and Aunt Virginia, who I had avoided so far.

Yes, it was still summer for a few weeks, and a hot one, but I don't think that excused him for wearing the tiny denim shorts I had gotten used to seeing Cole in. He was a little self-conscious about it, too, and always curled his long, hairless legs under him when he sat.

They certainly weren't like any pair I'd wear. These were so small and tight they practically could be called briefs. I didn't say anything, because he had just been so fragile and defensive lately. I wanted to use what time we had together doing fun stuff, not arguing over dumb things like clothes.

In the end, though, we never really did much. We just sat there as I talked and Cole listened. At least, I think he was listening. It was hard to tell sometimes, as he had that distant look in his eyes all the time now.

I'd tell him about stuff going on around town, new video games coming out and other stuff, but he just smiled back from time to time, politely. I guess that's what scared me most. Not that he didn't seem interested in anything I had to say, but that he was being polite. That wasn't like him.



On one of the last weekends of summer, since I hadn't seen Cole around, I worked up the nerve to knock on the Shaeffers front door. Just as I feared, that was when I met "Aunt Virginia."

Claire had left for college last week, so it was a fifty-fifty chance of either Cole's mom or his aunt, and I rolled snake eyes.

She opened the door, keeping the screen door between us shut. "Is there anything I can help you with?" She said, coolly.

The woman looked just like Cole's mother, but much older and way more intimidating. She dressed differently, too. She wore much more jewelry, had much neater hair and, overall, looked much more... Well, there's no other word for it. Intimidating.

"Is Cole home?" I asked, trying not to sound scared.

"No," she said, and started to close the door on me. She stopped, and then re-opened it. "You're Derek, aren't you?"

"Yes," I said, adding a hasty, "Ma'am."

She stood there, looking me over. It was creepy. She examined me from head to toe. I had seen that look before. We used to have a cat who looked just the same way before she attacked a bird.

"Nice to meet you, Derek." She raised her head, pointing her nose in the air and smiled. "I'm afraid you're late. My nephew is already gone." She then closed the door without another word.

I had only known her for fifteen seconds and I already hated her.

"Who was that?" I heard Cole's mom say. The windows of the house were open, and I could hear them talk as I slowly walked away.

"Your neighbor's boy," Aunt Virginia said. "Surely he's not the one you were afraid of?"

Afraid of? Me?

"They've been very close," Cole's mom answered. "He's..."

Aunt Virginia interrupted. "I don't think we need to worry about him. He's not going to give us any trouble. There... Problems... Fine young lady..."

I could only hear selected words as I walked father away. I had to keep moving or be caught eavesdropping. I don't know what they really meant by me being "trouble," but Cole's mom had definitely called me worse over the years. I remember she called me a "reprobate" when we accidentally burnt that old shack down a couple of years ago. I had to look up what it meant.



If Cole wasn't at home, like his aunt claimed, where was he? The Boutique was closed today, so where else would he go? I thought maybe I was being lied to. It wouldn't have been the first time.

So I hung around my house for an hour. "Do you need something to do? Why don't you clean your room?" My mom suggested. That was her way of getting rid of me, and it sure worked.

I didn't have much choice but to wander around, and it eventually brought me by Laura's house. Her mom was out front gardening, and spotted me walking along the sidewalk.

"Hi Derek. I suppose I should have expected you. You're practically inseparable." Laura's mom was talking like I knew what she meant. I just went with it.

"Uh, yeah," I said.

"Well, go on up," she said, and went back to digging in the dirt.

I walked through the house timidly, unsure what I was missing. Upstairs, with her door open, I stuck my head into Laura's room. There, I found Cole, lying on the floor, kicking his legs in the air as he read a magazine.

"Hi Derek," Laura said, loudly and clearly. She said it more as a warning to Cole than a greeting to me.

Cole immediately dropped the magazine, and bounced up to stand. "Oh, hey," he said.



“Hey, guys...” I said, unsure what I had just walked in on. Laura was sitting on her bed, painting her nails, dressed in casual sweatpants and a t-shirt. She was breathtaking, even just like that.

My buddy was in his denim shorts, his new favorite thing, and a new loose short-sleeve shirt that was falling off one of his shoulders. He looked guilty for some reason, but I couldn’t figure out what for.

“I was lookin’ for you,” I said to Cole. “Your aunt said you were out.”

He was looking very guilty. “Yeah, I, uh, well...”

“I stopped by the boutique yesterday,” Laura interjected, “and we were talking, and someone said we should get together...”

“My aunt kind of arranged it,” Cole said.

Laura put her nail polish away. “She can be kind of...”

“Intimidating,” I said. “Yeah, I know. I got the feeling she didn’t much like me. Maybe she wants you to have new friends, Cole.”

Laura nodded. “Actually, that’s *exactly* what she said.”

“Laura!” Cole sniped.

“Oh, sorry,” she apologized.

“Figures. How long is your aunt staying?” I asked.

“Staying?” Cole replied. “She moved in. She lives with us now.”

“Great,” I said.

“You don’t get to pick your family,” Cole said.

He sat back down where he was and started to leaf through the magazine again. Laura was blowing on her nails to dry them. Suddenly, I felt like a third wheel.

“I’ll, uh, be home if you want to come by later.” I headed for the door.

“You should stay!” Cole said, again being polite.

“I got stuff to do. School’s coming up.”

Cole put on a pouty face. When the hell had he started to do that? “Okay, you sure you don’t want to stay?”

I glanced down at the magazine he was reading. It was full of pictures of fashion models walking the catwalk in dresses and skirts.

I then caught a look at his hair, which was perfectly combed, and had a slight flip at the end. I quickly took a look around Laura’s room, where I saw a hair curler resting by a mirror, and dozens and dozens of skirts and blouses lying around.

I then placed the loose shirt Cole was wearing – it was Laura’s. I’d seen her wear it several times before. It was one of my favorites.

My heart was racing. I was almost ready to drop to my knees in a cold sweat. “No, I gotta go.”

As I raced down the stairs, I was sure I heard the both of them giggle.

Giggle.



School started, and I barely even saw Cole for a month. Going back was like going into a whole different world, really. There were hundreds of people to deal with, a schedule to keep and assignments to complete. My head was way deep into it, and I guess I wanted it that way.

After a while, I did come by the shop. It wasn’t too far out of my way from my trip home, so there was no excuse to avoid it. I never brought up what I think he was doing at Laura’s house. I didn’t even know where to start, I guess.

“Five minutes,” his Aunt Virginia told him, when I came by. “Five minutes and back to work.” Her version of five minutes was about 90 seconds long.

I was surprised to see that although Aunt Virginia was involved with the family business, she didn’t actually do much. With her and Cole’s mom, you figure they’d run the front and Cole would be in the back doing whatever, but instead, Cole was still working the front of the store, and his aunt “supervised” by keeping an eye on him.

“Business should be slowing down soon,” Cole said. I had come by to find him in his white polo and smock, and his hair tied in a pink ribbon.

“Can’t be soon enough,” I said. They shut the store down in October, just a few days away, and kept it shut until March. Without the store, maybe I’d get so time back with Cole.

“You said it,” he replied.

I noted that something had changed in the store. “What happened to the tuxedos?”

The store had displays in the front of flower arrangements, gowns, dresses and tuxedos for the weddings. But now, it was just flowers, gowns and dresses.

“Mom and Aunt Virginia said we needed more space for the gowns,” he explained.

I didn't know much about the wedding business, but it sure seemed to me like most weddings did need something for the groom to wear. "Huh," I said.

"Actually," Cole said, "to quote aunt Virginia, 'Why waste space on men?'"

I looked over Cole's shoulder to see his aunt giving me the eye. She obviously had some beef against men. "That's not surprising."

"Is school fun?" He asked.

"It's school. Same old same old."

"You have customers," his aunt said, sharply. "Say goodbye to your little friend."

47 seconds. New record.

"But Auntie..."

"Say goodbye."

"I'll see you," I said, making it easy.

"Yeah. See ya," Cole replied.

His aunt immediately grabbed him by the shoulders and steered him to a couple waiting nearby. "These customers are interested in our 'Touch of Tus-cany' package," she said.

They were immediately too busy for me, so I just showed myself out. As I passed through the door, I could swear the couple called Cole "Miss," but I wasn't sure.

If they had, he didn't take the time to correct them.



The thing I never really realized about Cole was how isolated he was. I mean, I was always around him, but outside of me, his family and a few people up on our hill, no one really knew him. In Bounty Falls, life revolved around the High School, with games, festivals, plays and other activities. He wasn't involved in any of that. Since Cole was home-schooled, he never showed up on the town's radar. I'm sure few even knew he existed.

This became very obvious to me the next time I stopped by the store, a couple of weeks later. If I was worried about how he looked before, it was nothing compared to this.

His ribbon he had tied at the base of his neck had now migrated into becoming a hairband, leaving his now chin-length hair free. His white polo shirt, which

was just a standard cotton shirt, had been replaced by a very similar top, made of shiny, satiny stuff.



Cole was wearing giant white shorts, or “culottes” as he called them. They made his long skinny legs look even longer and slimmer. I figured that when the temperature dipped like it did in the fall, he’d want to be back in jeans as quickly as possible. I guess I was wrong.

He wore two small canvas shoes on his feet, without socks. Lastly, his long smock was now a tiny little apron he tied around the back. It had the store logo on it.

To me, I knew now there was no other way to say it – his mom and aunt were dressing him like a girl. I suppose it was obvious, with Aunt Virginia’s barely disguised hatred of men.

Now her deranged view of the world was taking its toll on my friend. Cole was paying for his aunt’s intolerance dearly, in my opinion.

“Derek!” Cole said, when he saw me. He walked right up to me, like nothing was wrong, and hugged me.

Yeah. Hugged me.

“I missed you!” He said with a smile.

Every other time I had caught him wearing something girlish, he had cringed and hidden himself away. No more. He acted like it was perfectly normal to be wearing girls clothing in public.

Like I said, I guess that’s when I realized how unknown he was in this small town. No one knew enough about Cole to realize this was wrong.

“We close down on Monday,” Cole said with a grin. “Isn’t that great? I’ll have so much

more time!”

I was a little fazed and was still trying to process the situation. “Great, yeah, great.”

“Five minutes,” his Aunt Virginia said from across the store.

“Let’s go outside,” Cole said, taking me by the arm out the front door. Once were there, he looked back inside the store, and only began to talk when he saw his aunt was distracted. “Sorry,” he said.

“You’re dressed like a girl,” I said.

“Thank you, Captain Obvious,” he replied. He glanced back inside. “She’s gonna interrupt us any second, so listen, I need you to come by tonight. Okay?”

“For what?”

“I gotta... I just gotta talk to you.”

He made it sound very serious. “Sure. Sure.” I picked at his shirt. “Weird.”

“Mom and Aunt Virginia say our customers relate better to girls.”

“Back to work,” I said, noticing his aunt was already coming for him.

“Please come over tonight. I don’t care what they say, just tell Mom you have to come up to my room, okay?”

“What about your aunt?”

“She’s going to be out. So you gotta come, tonight.”

“Yeah, I said I would.”

His aunt opened the door and put her claw on Cole’s shoulder. “Back inside,” she commanded. She never even acknowledged my presence.

Cole turned and followed her into the store, looking over his shoulder back at me, like a puppy in a kennel.



For the rest of the day, I drove myself nuts trying to guess what Cole wanted to say to me. I pretty much knew what had been happening to him, so I didn’t expect any news there. Maybe he was moving away again. Maybe he had been told to stop hanging around me.

About six thirty or so, I went on over to his house. I had waited for them to drive back up from work and given them time to eat. I didn’t want to make it look like I was planning this.

“Derek,” Cole’s mother said, as she answered the door. “I’m afraid it’s a bit late to...”

I took a step inside, dodging her block. “This’ll be real quick,” I said. “I just need to check with Cole on something.”

It wasn’t the best excuse in the world, and come to think of it, it was a really sucky excuse. But I was through, and I ran up the stairs before she had a chance to object.

Cole was peeking through his door when I got there. “C’mon! Quick!” He whispered.

Once I got in, he spent a full minute with his ear to the door, checking to see if anyone was coming. Apparently, it was clear. Cole was casually dressed, but not in a good way. His hair was in a tiny bun, with some strays framing his face. He was wearing cutoff sweat pants exposing leg from the upper thigh on down, and a t-shirt that hugged his body tightly, showing off the shape of his corset.



He went to his speakers and turned some music on, facing it at the door.

“This’ll cover our voices,” he said. “Go over here.” He pointed to the far corner of his room.

“Should we speak in code?” I asked. This was a lot of fuss for whatever he had planned.

“Shut up!” He spat. He then took a deep breath. “Look, I need you to help me. I need to run away.”

I was not expecting that. “Run away? Really?”

“You don’t know what they’re doing to me!” He said. The strain and anguish in his voice was convincing enough. I knew he meant it. “They’re not just putting me in girls clothes, my mom and aunt Virginia really want me to *be* a girl!”

“You can’t just make someone into a girl, Cole,” I told him.

“Yes you can! You take shots and pills to stop making male hormones, more pills to replace them with female hormones and then doctors can do the rest!”

“Pills? Shots? Well, you aren’t taking any pills, right?”

Cole pulled out a drawer, revealing three large jugs of pills.

“And shots?”

Cole turned his back to me, bent over and pulled down his cut-offs, revealing his butt, where several small dots indicated he had been getting injections.

I also noticed his underwear was pink and had a lacy edge to it. “You’re wearing panties, too.”

He stood back up and pulled his sweats down further to show it off. “You would notice that,” he said. “I’m also wearing a harness of some kind to keep my... Penis from showing.”

“Fuck,” I said. “How long have you been wearing this stuff?”

“Since August. I was too embarrassed to say anything.”

“What about the shots and pills?”

“Since June,” he said. “Mom said they were just vitamins to help me grow. But I looked it all up on the Internet. This is all to make me into a girl.”

“You’ve been taking them for five months? Why didn’t you say anything?”

“Like I said, I thought they were to make me bigger and stronger.” He looked away. “Like a normal guy my age.”

That explained it, I guess. He had always been a little scrawny. I knew it bothered him. He would have been incredibly embarrassed to admit he was taking something.

“I need you to help me make a getaway. They watch me every minute of the day, so I’ll need a distraction...”

I stopped him there. “You can’t run away, Cole. Where would you go? What would you do?”

“I don’t care, Derek!” He yelled. “I have to get out of here!” He started to tear up.

“If you run away, I’ll never see you again. You’ll be on the run for the rest of your life.” Believe me, I knew what he was thinking. I’d thought of running away from time to time. I hated Bounty Falls. There were times I just wanted to get the hell out of here and never come back. But I didn’t, of course. I’d lose the only real friend I had and never be able to come back.

“I can’t let them do this to me!” Cole yelled.

“Quiet!” I told him, worried he was too loud.

“I can’t let them do this to me,” he said, at a lower tone of voice. “You don’t even know. Aunt Virginia’s been training me on waking and talking like a girl. Mom drills me on fashion, makeup and and hair... They’re trying to make me into a real girl!”

“We just have figure out another way,” I said.

Cole was frustrated. He walked over to his closet, and opened it up. Inside were an assortment of dresses, skirts and high heeled shoes. “Look! They took all my old clothes away!”

He grabbed something off the rack and held it up. It looked like a white leotard and pink tutu. “They even have me doing ballet two hours a day!” He then tossed them on the floor in anguish.

He dipped his head, so I couldn’t see it, but he started to weep. Cole was one of the toughest little bastards I ever met. But he was crying.

“Stupid hormones,” he said, then sniffled.

I gave him a moment and then asked a question. “I can’t believe your mom would do this to you. That aunt of yours, sure, but your mom?”

Cole dabbed his tears with a tissue. “Where do you think she went after the divorce? She moved in with aunt Virginia. She started filling my mom’s mind with all this dumb anti-man stuff.”

“Yeah, I guess you aunt is the type,” I said.

“I don’t know what aunt Virginia said to convince her, but it worked. Mom doesn’t want to raise a ‘chromosomal mistake,’ as aunt Virginia calls them,” he said.

I'm sure he meant 'us,' not 'them.' "Still, it's hard to believe."

"So you... Won't help me?" Cole said.

"Look, your mom can't go along with this. If you just try and convince her that what she's doing is wrong, she'll stop."

"No she won't!"

"Have you tried taking to her about it?"

"Yeah, and whatever I say, whenever I try to convince mom about something, aunt Virginia always turns her back to her side."

"Then just refuse to take the pills. Don't let her give you a shot. Don't do the ballet. You have to stand up for yourself."

"You're not going to help?" He said.

"I didn't say that. But it has to start with you. You need to do everything you can to fight them. They can't force you to do anything you don't want to do."

"I don't know, Derek." If I didn't know better, I'd say he was afraid.

"You have to try," I said, as forcefully as I could. "Start now. No more pills. No more shots. Refuse."

"They won't like that," he said. "I'll be punished."

"Is it worse than becoming a girl?"

Cole bit his lip in thought. "I guess not." He then looked at me. "So what about you?"

"I'll work from the outside. You might be stuck here, but at least I can get around and check on stuff. There have to be laws that keep parents from doing stuff like this."

"Laws? Yeah, there have to be," he said.

"I'll check on the medications. Maybe there's like, an antidote for this." I really didn't know much about hormones back then. "If you need anything – Anything at all – I can get it for you. And, in the end, if nothing works, if everything goes wrong, I'll help you run away."

"You will?"

"As a last resort kind of thing, yeah. I will." I looked at his slender body and his severely pinched waist. "First, let's start by getting that corset off you."

Cole put his hands on his belly. "Actually, I'm not wearing it anymore," he said.

"Oh," I replied, looking at his torso. He had a tiny, tiny waist and a chest that bulged out. The corset had left him with an unmistakably feminine shape. All

of the sudden, I wasn't so sure they couldn't change him to a girl. "Well, uh, take the panties and that other dick-covering thing off, then."

He reached for his sweats.

"When I leave," I added.

"Oh, yeah." He stood up and smiled. "Thank you, Derek," he gushed. He started to advance on me. "Thank you so much..."

I held out my hand to stop him. "No hugging."

"Right," Cole said, looking very embarrassed.



I headed home, and just barely missed Cole's aunt, who drove up just as I left. Thank God for that, right?

So, now at least I knew the score. Cole wasn't just being dressed like a girl, there was a crazy plan to actually make him a girl.

When I got back to the house, the first thing I thought about was telling my parents. But you know how parents are, they were just going to take over and then mess things up. There was no way they'd ever believe me, anyway. I didn't really believe it myself, totally. Mom and Dad would probably go over and "talk" to Cole's mom and aunt and then come back and blame me for lying.

So I just went up to my room and decided not to say anything. I laid on my bed for a while, maybe for an hour or two, trying to understand everything.

I got up and checked my computer for any info on changing a boy into a girl. There wasn't a lot of info, but most of it was about something called "hormone replacement therapy," and it sounded really complicated. I printed a bunch of things out so I could read it later and figure it out. I then checked to see if it was legal, but I wasn't sure where to start.

"Hey, Derek." Mom knocked on my door. "Phone call."

I got on the hallway phone, expecting maybe Cole, or possibly aunt Virginia chewing me out, but it wasn't either of them.

"Hey, Derek, this is Laura," said the voice on the phone. I nearly dropped it. Immediately, I stretched the cord into the bathroom, so I could close the door and not be heard.

"H... Hi, Laura. What's up, huh, y... Yeah?" I was already stumbling over my words and stammering. Why was she calling me? She never called.

“I was just wondering if you had some time to help me,” she said. Of course I did. I was all about helping her. Yes, God, yes.

“What do you mean?” I asked. I was so scared to talk to her I thought any second I’d blurt out something stupid and she’d just laugh at my pathetic attempt to be cool.

“I’m having a lot of trouble with Algebra,” she said. “I know you’re in the advanced class. Do you think you could tutor me?”

“Y... Y... Yeah, s... Sure, Laura,” I spoke the words slowly, as I had to comprehend what she was asking as the words came out of my mouth.

“Can I come over?” She asked.

“Yeah,” I replied. “Oh, uh, now?”

“Yes, now, silly,” she said with a giggle. Oh my fucking God, she giggled at me.

“Oh... Okay!” I answered, and I must have sounded like the biggest doofus in the history of the world.

“Be there in a minute,” she said. “Bye!”

I hung up the phone and went to my room. It was a mess. I quickly tossed things around to try and get things out of the way. I was going to have a girl in my room. I mean, Jesus Christ.

I quickly turned off my computer, discarding all the searching I had been doing and shoved it to the side. I didn’t want to look like I was a computer geek. I was cool.

I tore up the printouts about the hormones and tossed them in the trash. She didn’t need to see that and think I was into weird stuff.

I then just had to wait. Laura was coming here! In my room! To see me!



I went to school the next Monday – with Laura. I can’t explain to you what that meant. Every guy in school knew she was the hottest girl there, and she was seen with me.

Me. Derek.

The tutoring session went very well. She was actually not that bad with math. Before long, she was sitting close to me, going over her work and looking up into my eyes, and...

She has the softest lips. They were like pillows.



It was just a kiss on the cheek, but it was amazing. She was the sweetest, most gentle, most special girl on Earth.

“Are you serious?” Her boyfriend, Chuck, asked her. It was just five minutes into the school day, and he was already trying to take possession of her for the day. He was big, played football and was the stud of school. “He’s a nothing!”

I was standing right there, a foot away. The ass just talked like I didn’t exist.

Laura wasn’t apologizing. “Chuck, please understand, it’s not...”

“This guy?” Chuck reiterated.

Laura “It’s not...”

“Fuck off,” the big jock said, walking away.

“Fine!” Laura said, coming over to me and grabbing me by the arm. “Fine!” She snuggled up close to be, pressing her soft breasts into my side. She then grabbed my face and kissed me full on the lips.

“Derek, walk me to class,” she said.

It took an hour for me to digest it, but it slowly occurred to me that I was Laura’s Klinemann’s new boyfriend.

I came home with her, directly to her house. We spent the whole afternoon and evening together. When I got up the next day, I met her at her house, we went to school, hung out at lunch, came back, and we didn’t split until I had to go home to sleep.

I was Laura Klinemann’s boyfriend!



So I was in town, picking up some stuff for Laura when I noticed something happening at the old church.

Like I said, in the fall, the weddings dry up until the spring. So to see any activity around a church this time of year was unusual. I also saw the Shaeffer car parked out front.

I checked the church activities sign, and saw there was a rehearsal scheduled for right now, and I was curious.

As I looked around inside, a small entourage of people were following the bride as she walked into place for the practice walk down the aisle. She had a makeup person, a hair person and two people fussing with the dress.

It was a huge gown, the sort you see in movies. It was an explosion of white lace and satin, the skirt was maybe four or five feet wide, and it had a tail about ten feet long. It must have cost a fortune.

As they walked past me, the bride stopped and turned.

“Derek!” She said.

I was socked and confused. Who did I know that was getting married?

“Okay, a quick break, just a few minutes.” The people around her then scattered away, leaving us alone. She lifted her veil. “Derek! I thought you’d forgotten about me!”

Then, I got it, as a sick feeling hit the deepest part in my stomach. “Cole?”

He covered his mouth to giggle. “Yes, it’s me,” he said.

“But...?”

“It’s a long story. We got this last minute job for a huge ceremony, but the bride can’t be here until the day before the wedding. So they needed a stand-in, and here I am.” He paused. “I guess that’s not such a long story after all.”

“Uh, okay. They let a guy stand in for a bride?”

“Shh!” Cole said. “They don’t know. They spotted me working at the store and I was the right size, so...”

“You didn’t tell them the truth?”

“We need the business! It’s thousands of dollars!”

I looked him over again, now knowing who I was dealing with. He was wearing makeup, his lips here a pale pink, his skin was obviously powdered and he must have had some blush. His hair was put up in an elaborate bun, with braids circling it.

The hair was probably just an attachment, but it was disconcerting to see it on my old friend.

He was holding a bouquet of flowers, with his hands half-covered in lacy white sleeves, and his nails were long and shiny. He was also wearing an engagement ring.

“They really wanted you to be realistic, I guess,” I said.

“I guess,” he replied.

Someone with a clipboard came over. “We need to get going, Chloe,” he said.

My head jerked back. I looked at Cole. “Chloe?”

“Aunt Virginia wanted...”

I cut him off. “That’s all you need to say.”



“Listen, I’m sorry I haven’t been in touch, but school, and stuff...” I didn’t have an excuse he wanted to hear. I was going with Laura, and kind of lost track of Cole’s situation. “Are you standing up for yourself?”

That was probably a stupid question, given he was in a dress and wearing makeup. I don’t know why I didn’t realize the seriousness of the situation. Was my relationship with Laura distracting me?

“Well, it’s been harder than I thought...” He said, trailing off. “But I’ll show them that I’m in charge of my life!” Cole said, with renewed enthusiasm. “I just have to wait until this wedding is over. Once we’ve cashed the check, I’m telling them to stop!”

My watch told me I was running late. I had told Laura I’d be back soon. “Good for you. Just call me if you need anything, okay?” I turned to leave, but before I could get anywhere, I bumped into his aunt.

“Derek...” she said slowly, with a wide smile, “I’ve been wondering where you’ve been keeping yourself.” The woman put her claw on my shoulder, keeping me from leaving.

“Hello, ma’am,” I said. I tried to slip out of her grasp.

“Oh, don’t say you’re leaving. We could use your opinion.” She bent down and lowered her voice. “I know it’s all a bit peculiar, but we’re pretending a bit today. Please remember to call my new niece Chloe.”

“I really gotta go,” I said.

“Nonsense. We’re just about to have some real fun.” She turned to address Cole. “Chloe, darling, the mother of the bride doesn’t like this gown at all. We’ll need to have you change into another.”

“Oh,” Cole said. “Which one?”

“Why don’t we let your friend decide?” She turned back to me. “Why, we’d be ever so grateful if you could choose Chloe’s next gown, Derek. Why don’t you come with us to the changing area?”

With her practically forcing me, I didn’t have much of a choice. If old have tried to make a run for it, but I would have had to push her down and run over her. She escorted me to a side room, Cole trailing behind us.

Inside was a makeup desk, plus an assortment of shoes, gloves, veils and other accessories. In the center were three bridal gowns hung on a rack.

“Now we have three choices,” Cole’s Aunt explained. “The first one is a very formal gown, meant for a very formal kind of girl. Someone who wears this gown would be a traditional sort of wife with an unquestioning, old-fashioned deference to the man in her life. Cooking, cleaning, looking after her man and

that sort of thing.” She frowned as she spoke, obviously offended by the concept. I also noticed the gown covered up the most, with only the head exposed.

She moved on to the next gown. “This one is more contemporary, shorter, simpler. The wearer of this gown is a modern woman, ready to tackle the challenges of matrimony on equal terms with her partner. It’s slightly daring, and it’s freedom from tradition echoes the bride’s sense of freedom in the way she lives life.” It was a strapless top with a short skirt, almost a white minidress more than a gown.

“And the third.” She ran her hand along the material. “This one is a mix of both the old and the new. The strapless top is fresh and youthful, and the mermaid silhouette of the gown is formal and refined. The bride who wears this gown is using her femininity to her advantage. She isn’t afraid to be...” She made the briefest pause, enjoying the moment. “...Decisive and commanding. Independent and vibrant.” It looked more like a fancy prom gown to me. Of the three, it was the least feminine.

“Now, why don’t you choose for Chloe?” She said.

“I really don’t want to,” I said.

“Choose.”

“Please, I don’t...”

“We’re not leaving this room until you choose a dress. I want to know which kind of bride you want Chloe to be.” Her hand was back on my shoulder, her nails digging in.

I looked back at Cole, to get any indication from him, but his eyes were cast downwards, avoiding my attention.

“Really, I...”

“I told you to make a choice!” She growled.

“The first one,” I said.

The look in the woman’s eyes told me I had gotten the shock value I had intended.

“Are you sure?” She asked.

I was sure. She probably wanted me to choose the third one, making it sound like that gown was the least offensive to me. She was definitely trying to manipulate me, and I wasn’t going to give her the satisfaction. Besides, the first choice would cover him up.

“This is more than just a choice of gown, Derek. This choice is about who the bride is going to be in her life,” she said.

What was that supposed to mean? Was she making me choose... Who they were changing Cole into?

I looked back at Cole, and even through the pale powder on his face, I could see he had turned white.

“Uh, well...” I started to say. I wanted to take it back. “Maybe I should...”

But I guess she saw how uncomfortable it made me, and how regretful I was now. She decided to turn the tables and stick it to me instead. “So be it. A traditional, happy housewife Chloe will be.”

Cole was taken behind a privacy screen, and was dressed in the new gown quickly, then made to stand before me.

“Do you like it, Derek? Isn’t she lovely?” His aunt smiled smugly. “As pretty as a picture.”

Cole looked away, pouting.

“Why are you doing this?” I said.

She turned to Cole. “Now let’s get you all ready for the next walk down the aisle, sweetie.” She headed out the door, where there were three people waiting. “All set for you to do your magic on my niece!”

They came in, almost pushing me aside. They selected matching heels, a long veil, and a new bouquet. One person was washing off the makeup to do another look for the new gown, and one was working on his hair.

You could see the dread on Cole’s face as he endured it all.

“Cheer up, darling,” his aunt said to him, lifting his chin with her long nailed finger. “A bride needs to smile!” She said it more as a warning than a suggestion. Immediately, Cole forced a weary smile on his lips.

“You can’t get away with this,” I said her.

She said nothing. She didn’t even acknowledge me.



The next forty five minutes were spent turning him into the image of the perfect bride. They used curling irons on his hair, pinning his hair this way and that. They fastened a hair attachment that gave him the look of a royal princess. They even cut his hair to match the style.

Even when he took the attachment off, there was no way to hide that he now had a girl’s hair style. They had already made it more “blonde” somehow. I knew that wasn’t going to wash out. When they flashed him a look at his own



hair in a hand mirror, he gasped in shock. He knew the truth just as I did. He had very pretty, unmistakably feminine hair.

“She’s going to look adorable walking down the aisle!” His aunt gushed.

They then went to work on his makeup. For a few minutes, at least, as they washed his face clean he looked like Cole. But it didn’t last long.

A foundation of pale makeup, powder and blush converted his skin to youthful female perfection. His worried eyes were lined with black mascara and pencil, making them appear desirably bashful.

I knew his eyes were pleading for mercy, but now they looked like they were pleading for the embrace of a loving man.

They gave his eyes a light application of eyeshadow, and tweezed his brows thinner. He was continually being admonished to keep his head perfectly still as they did their work.

“This color for the lips,” his aunt said, selecting a small wine-colored bottle.

He was told to open his mouth and they lined his lips carefully. His worried eyes looked down in anguish, unable to stop what was happening to him.

They were fitting him in a pair of white satin heels when his aunt turned to me. “Why don’t we head for the nave. We’ll have a wonderful view of the whole ceremony.”

I didn’t bother to object. She was going to get what he wanted, no matter what I did. I just followed her.

“Why hello, young man,” said an old woman who was seated at the front.

“This is Derek,” Cole’s aunt said, introducing me. “He’s been a long time friend of our stand in bride.”

“Chloe is a lovely girl,” the old woman said, “don’t you think?”

“This is Mrs. Dunham, the mother of the bride,” aunt Virginia explained. “She’s our client.”

The old woman had a glint in her eye. “Such a delightfully delicate and precious girl, Chloe. But I don’t suppose that’s escaped your attention, has it young man?”

I couldn’t answer.

Cole’s aunt broke my silence. “Derek here has chosen the next gown.”

“Oh, I can’t wait to see it. I’m sure you know what looks best on her,” Mrs. Dunham said with a smile of her yellowed teeth.

We waited for a few awkward, silent minutes. After a while, I could hear some conversations in the distance, and the voices were getting louder.



“Not in front of...” was one thing I heard Cole yell. “Degrading and humiliating...” was another.

“Excuse me,” aunt Virginia said. She quickly headed for the source of the argument. I could see from where I was standing that it was Cole, having some disagreement with one of his handlers. Was he finally fighting back? Mrs. Dunham didn’t seem to notice or be aware of it.

It only took a couple of seconds for aunt Virginia to stop the noise, and she was back with us very quickly.

Then the organ started up, playing the “here comes the bride” song. I couldn’t look. I just kept my head turned.

I wasn't sure who the groom was, whether he was real or another stand-in, but he turned to watch the 'bride,' and a look I can only describe as undisguised lust came over his face. That caused me to quickly swing my head around and take a look myself.

He was beautiful.

I mean, he really was. The effect of the gown, the veil, the hair and everything else created a vision heavenly perfection. It was almost like you couldn't quite see him all at once, because the mind refused to process so much beauty at one time. You had to just see one thing at a time. The dainty feet poking out of the gown as he took each step. The gauzy details of the gown drifting in the air. The hair, as if it was lit from within. The shape of the slim and contoured top, offering a hint at the stunning body it contained. Then the veil, partially disguising an idealized youthful face of innocence and beauty.

Cole was on the arm of a man in a suit, who was, I guess, the father of the bride. They took their time getting to the altar, taking each one step at a time.

"You have wonderful taste, young man," the old woman said to me. "She's lovely."

Once at the altar, the 'groom' lifted the veil, and Cole was looking up at his face with a demure smile on his face.

"Perfect!" Mrs. Dunham said. "This is exactly what I want."

Aunt Virginia made two sharp claps with her hands. "That's it everybody! Let's pack it up!" She yelled.

As they broke up, they all scattered to clean up their areas and do whatever they needed to do to leave. In the confusion, Cole was free to walk over to me.

"Thank you for being here," he said.

"What?" I replied, not understanding

Cole lifted his leg so he could remove the heels on his stockinged feet. "I would have felt miserable if I had to do this alone."

As he held his shoes in his hands, it suddenly occurred to me how short he was. He had always trailed me in height, but now the difference was stunning. I had grown three inches in the last year, two in just the last six months.

Cole... Well, he hadn't. Not a bit. The top of his head just met my nose.

I noticed this, because as he stood there, looking up at me like a little sister would to a big brother, I realized how different we were becoming. I was growing up into a man. Cole was not.

Maybe he was better off as a girl?



Swiftly, Cole was taken away by his aunt and I was by myself. I checked my watch again. Laura was just going to kill me. I was going to be so late.

I watched as Cole walked away. At the time, I wasn't sure if I was noticing the little hobble of his hips, the way he held his hands out to the side like he was balancing, or the bouncy hair, but just for a moment, I was worried Laura would be jealous.

Then, I had to erase that thought from my head, pray it would never cross my mind again, and get on with the rest of my day.



Laura and I had a good thing going, and I knew it. True, it started out as kind of a puppy love sort of thing, but it had gone way beyond that.

I had decided to enroll in as many of her classes as I could, just so I could be closer to her. That meant dropping out of my advanced English and Algebra classes, but it was worth it.

The schoolwork wasn't nearly as challenging in those classes, which meant I could spend more time being there for Laura.

She appreciated it, too. I know I wasn't really up to the level her previous boyfriends had been at, but she did everything she could to help my image. She got me to try out for the basketball team, and by the sixth game of the season, I was starting.

It sure helped that I dropped out of my physics class to enroll in weights & conditioning. I gained twenty pounds in two months. All of it muscle. When your girlfriend feels your abs, nothing is better than that. That rocks.

My dad even kidded with me that when I was 21, I could work as a bouncer at his bar. I mean, I used to want to go to college and get a degree in chemical science. But being a bouncer? Sure, I could see myself doing that, too. It was probably more fun than science, anyway.

We were called "Laurek" around school, as a mash-up of "Laura" and "Derek." I wouldn't say we were the "power couple" of the school, but we sure were close.

I came by one night to pick her up for a movie, and her folks just waved me on through. They were used to me being around.

Upstairs, Laura was sitting on a stool, and Cole was applying her makeup for her.

"Hey, babe," Laura said with a smile when she saw me.



“Uh, hey.” I had to digest this. I hadn’t seen him for a while. He was dressed in tight jeans and a big hoodie sweatshirt. It could have been clothes for a boy or a girl. “Hey, Cole.”

“Don’t be mean, babe,” Laura said back to me with a scowl.

“What?” I said, unsure what she meant.

Laura looked at me like I was an idiot. “It’s Chloe.”

“Whuh... What?” I replied.

“I just thought everybody should use the same name. I’m getting dizzy trying to figure out who gets to call me Cole and who uses Chloe. So for now, while all this wedding stuff is going on, just use Chloe.” He smiled, and shrugged.

“Okay?”

“Yeah, okay. Fine.” I wasn’t sure what to think about that. It seemed like an awfully serious thing to treat so casually, but I couldn’t argue with the logic. “Wait, I thought the rehearsal thing was over with.”

Cole smiled, looking like he was keeping a secret. “Guess what?” He said, with an impish grin. “I’m getting married!”

I just looked back at him and Laura, puzzled.

“It’s true!” Laura said. “Kinda.”

“The bride is sick, so they need a proxy bride for the wedding. Since I did such a good job at the rehearsals, I’m going to be the bride!” He actually looked happy about this. If it were me, I’d have been humiliated. “Tomorrow at the old church.”

“I told Chloe we’d come by for the ceremony,” Laura added.

“Please come!” Cole said, clutching his long-nailed hands to his chest.

I looked at Laura, who gave me a “you’re doing this whether you like it or not” sort of expression. “Uh-huh. I guess.”

Cole then squealed in delight.

“Anyway, you wanna go? The movie starts soon,” I asked Laura.

Laura turned to Cole. “How do I look?”

Cole dusted her cheeks. “Dazzling!” He proclaimed, and hugged her.

I assumed it was just hanging out with girls and wearing dresses that made him behave like this. I knew that once the wedding was over, he’d be able to assert himself and be on the road back to being the guy I knew he really was.

Maybe he’d even go lifting with me. Being big and ripped was awesome. He was going to love what it does for a guy’s confidence. Bro’s to the end!

100%. No doubt. Lock it in.



My old jacket was too small for me now, so I had to go out and get a new one. I don’t know when I’d ever use it again, but it’s not like I had a choice.

When Laura and I got to the church, you could see the crazy in her eyes. There’s something about girls and churches which gives them a lot of weird ideas. I mean we had only been together for three months, and she was already scheming.

“I want flowers like that for my wedding,” she’d say. “Would you want a traditional ceremony or something more contemporary?” She asked.

Why was she asking me? Marriage? Seriously? Girls are nuts.

We shuffled through the aisle, and took some seats towards the back. Why so many people were showing up for a sham ceremony I had no clue. I guess the money had already been spent, so they were going through with it.

Everything went along like it did last time. I had been through this before, but not with so many people. The whole town had turned out, it seemed. Hundreds of people.

“Ladies and gentlemen, due to an illness, the bride will not be able to attend the ceremony,” said an announcement. I’m sure everybody knew this already. “In her place will be Bounty Fall’s very own Miss Chloe Shaeffer.” Great. Now everyone in town was going to know there was a local girl by the name of Chloe.

The organ music started and down the aisle came Cole, standing proud, with a bright and lively smile on his face.

As he took his measured, short steps, he received a kiss on the cheek from the father of the bride, whoever he was, and Cole blushed.

It was a fantastically convincing act he was pulling off as the bashful, glowing bride. He wore the same dress he had during rehearsal, the one I had picked out, and he looked, well, I have to admit, he looked really nice.

Of course, his figure had to have been heavily padded to show the bosom and body the dress showcased. I imagine it was very uncomfortable for him. The shoes had to be killing him, too. The high heels he walked in must have been tricky to look poised in, but he did it very well, like he had been born in them.

As he made his way to the altar, I could see his mother and aunt waiting for him, seated for the best view. His mother took pictures.

Cole carefully climbed the three steps with the help of the groom. He faced his pretend husband with a bashful, slumped posture at first, but when the man lifted the veil, Cole suddenly stood up, straightened his back and stuck out his chest. He beamed a smile that lit up the large room.

When it came time to affirm the vows, Cole stuck out his hand, as the ring was held near, ready to go on his finger.

“...And do you,” said the priest, adorned in his best robes, “take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband, to love and to cherish, to have and to hold; and do you promise, forsaking all others, to cleave to him and to him alone, for as long as you both shall live?”



“I do!” Cole practically declared to the heavens, his voice echoing in the hall. As the ring was slipped on his finger, his knees seemed to give out a little, and he took a second to regain his composure.

“I pronounce that they are Husband and Wife, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit.” The priest closed his bible. “You may kiss the bride.”

Cole turned his face and accepted a peck on the cheek.

As the music started up again, and they walked back up the aisle, the crowd applauded. Cole hung on the groom’s arm like a life preserver, and was swept away out of my sight.

I just wanted to get out of there. “We’re done. Let’s go,” I told Laura.

“Not yet!” She protested. “There’s a little reception!”

We made our way a side room, that was busy and loud with tons of people. Most were hovering around the groom, shaking his hand and slapping him on the back.

A few were talking to Cole, who, because he was a stand-in, really had very few people to chat with.

Laura launched herself into Cole, hugging the daylights out of him.

“You looked so pretty, Chloe!” She gushed. “Oh my God, you made me so jealous!”

“Thank you!” Cole responded. His voice was light and airy, a tone or two higher than his usual speaking voice. He was trying to sound like a girl, I guess, as part of the disguise. “Gosh, every girl deserves a wedding like this! I felt like a princess out there!”

“Is that your hair? It’s so amazing!”

“Some of it, but most of it’s an attachment.”

“I have to get one of those! It looks amazing!”

Cole pointed. “Go talk to Gloria over there by the fountain. She’s a fabulous hairdresser!”

Laura went off like a guided missile, leaving me by myself. Before I could get a word in, a passerby inserted themselves in between us. “You make such a great bride,” she said. “What’s your name?”

“Chloe.”

“You were wonderful, Chloe,” she added, as she left.

I got close enough to talk without looking like I was. “Why are you telling everyone that your name is Chloe? You don’t have to tell every single person here.”

“How can I avoid it? Everyone wants to know,” he replied. “Wasn’t it a great ceremony?”

“You scare me, man. You’re acting like being a girl is no big deal. Like you *want* to be a girl.”

I was looking away, making sure no one was watching us talk. I heard him sigh. “It’s just easier, Derek.”

“Easy?”

“Easier to let it just be. I’m so tired of fighting it. So tired.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Nothing,” he said. “It’s just been a long day.”



What he said bugged me for days. I wasn’t sure what he was getting at, and I needed to talk to him. I was busy with Laura and my conditioning routine for a little while, but I eventually found the time to go visit him.

As I walked up the driveway, I noticed the name on their mailbox had changed. It no longer read “The Shaeffer Family,” it read “LeBeaux.” That was Cole’s mom’s maiden name. I smelled his aunt’s fingerprints all over that move.

“Welcome, Derek,” aunt Virginia said, as she answered the door. Instead of giving me the hassle I was expecting, she opened the door wide and invited me in. “I saw you at the wedding. We were so happy you could make it.”

“Chloe!” she called upstairs. “You have a guest!”

So she was calling him Chloe, even a week after the ceremony. In the privacy of their own home. This wasn’t off to a good start. I started to take off my winter coat, when Cole appeared, coming down the stairs.

“Oh!” He gasped in a sweet little yelp. “Derek!”

He we dressed in a long fuzzy sweater, and a pair of stretch leggings with ugg boots. His hair was tied in two tails, one behind each ear. He was wearing lipstick and mascara. At home. By himself. Cole would have never been questioned as a full fledged teenage girl.

“Let me get that for you,” he said, as he helped take the coat off my shoulders. “It’s cold out there tonight.”

“Yeah,” I replied. It was all I could say. Up until now, it had just been hints here and there. There were always excuses. Now there was no way around it. He was dressed, made-up, and behaving like a girl.

“Chloe, why don’t you take him upstairs,” Cole’s mom said. “Your aunt and I were going to watch some TV down here.”

“Yes, mother,” Cole said, dutifully. There was something even more off about his behavior. He appeared almost robotic, like he wasn’t completely awake or conscious.

We headed up the stairs and into Cole’s room. I was in for another shock, maybe not as big as the one I had just gotten, but his room was different.

The place was spotless. Every corner was sparkling clean, and every stray item had been picked up and removed. The carpet was freshly vacuumed. You could still see the tracks on it. His bed was covered in a soft red comforter. Every poster and item I was used to seeing had vanished. No car posters, no girl posters. His bat, his glove, and his beloved hockey stick were all gone.



“Do you want anything to drink?” He asked. “I made some hot coco a few minutes ago. There’s probably some left. I have marshmallows.”

“That’s all right,” I replied.

“Maybe something to snack on?” He continued to ask.

“I’m good,” I said, firmly. “They called you Chloe.”

“Yes?” He replied, like he was awaiting the real question I was going to ask.

“Oh. Well, it’s what I wanted.”

“What? You *wanted* to be called Chloe?”

“It’s a lovely name, isn’t it? It’s so... Lyrical. It means ‘fresh blooming.’”

“But you... Why would you do that?”

He walked over to his bed where he smoothed out a spot for him to sit on and then folded a leg underneath him. “It’s such a nice name. It really suits me. Did you know my aunt picked it out for me?”

I sniffed the air. I could smell the scent of perfume. I looked around, and saw the small table that used to have Cole’s old, cracked, crusty fish tank on it, and noticed it had a mirror and a hair dryer instead. Around the edges, it was packed with bottles of makeup, hair product and, yes, perfumes.

“I thought you were going to fight them, Cole.” I turned to face him. “You’re letting them win. You’re turning into Chloe.”

“No!” He said, protesting. “I... I.. I know who I am, I just...” His eyes seemed to drift, going in and out of focus. “I won’t let them turn me into a girl. I can beat them.”

I walked over to the drawer I had previously seen the jugs of hormone pills in. Opening it up, I saw the same jugs, but now mostly empty. Cole didn’t seem to notice what I was doing.

“I just think being called Chloe is right for me...” He said. “It’s such a lovely name...”

“Why are you dressing like a girl if you’re fighting it, Cole?”

“I am a girl, so why shouldn’t I dress like one?”

“What?” I snapped. “Cole, you’re my friend. We grew up here together. You’re just as male as I am!”

“Yes... Yes. Of course I am. I *know* that.” He seemed to be talking more to himself than to me. “I’m just doing this for the wedding ceremony.”

“The ceremony was last week, Cole.”

“Wasn’t it wonderful?” He said, his eyes suddenly alive. “All the flowers and dresses. People said I was the loveliest bride they’d ever seen!”

I got down on a knee in front of him, trying to keep his attention from drifting away again. “It’s done, Cole! You don’t need to keep pretending anymore. You can fight back and be yourself again!”

“You’re right...” he said. “I keep trying to concentrate but...”

“What’s happening? Why can’t you focus on fighting back?”

“I tried... I told mother I wouldn’t take anymore shots... But then she said I might grow all that ugly hair back on my body...”

“It’s part of being man, Cole!”

“And then I’d have to cut my hair short... Don’t you think I have nice hair? It’s so silky and long... I can style it so many ways...”

“Please, Cole! You have to stop this!”

A flash of fury came across his face. “My name is Chloe! There never was a Cole! My aunt told me so!”

“She’s not telling you the truth! Who do you trust? I’ve known you since we were babies! We’re brothers! You and me! Derek and Cole!”

His mood seemed to fizzle away. “Derek and Cole,” he repeated. “We’re brothers.”

“You got it, dude!” I said, punching him in the shoulder.

“Owie!” He yelped, and massaged the it. Despite that, he smiled back.

“You with me? We can still do this,” I said. I stuck out my fist for a bump. Like he was about to tap a live grenade, he bumped back.

When he realized he wasn’t going to get hurt, he gave me a winning smile.

“We can do this,” he said.

Finally. “Let’s do it now,” I said.

“Do... *What* now?” he replied, his face flush.

“Run away,” I told him. “You said you wanted to. I said only in an emergency. So, I think this is an emergency. Let’s go.”

I was expecting him to be excited at my decision. He had been so adamant about it when he first brought it up, and I had resisted.

“I can’t,” he said. He curled up a fist and bit on his knuckle in apprehension.

“Sure we can. I’ll crack open the window. It’s a short drop. You put on some snow gear. I have the keys to the car. We can be at the bus station in five minutes.”

“I can’t leave with you!”

“We’re brothers, Cole! We stick up for each other! I’ll get you out of this!”

“I won’t go with you!” he stated, crossing his arms. “I just can’t!”

I grabbed him by the shoulders. “If you don’t leave with me tonight, you’ll have to...”

He collapsed into my arms, sobbing. “I can’t! I just can’t! Don’t ask me any-more!” His crying made me sick, but the pressure on my chest made me sicker. I could feel a pair of breasts, pushing on me in warm softness. I peeked down the neck of his sweater to see a pale pink bra, suspending two mounds of flesh. No padding.

Disgusted, I pushed him away and headed out the door.

“I’m so sorry!” He wailed, as he fell onto his bed, in tears.

I ran down the stairs, where his mother and aunt were waiting for me, with my coat. “Going so soon?” Aunt Virginia said with a mocking pout.

I grabbed my coat from her arms and headed outside.

“It’s been delightful, Derek,” she said, with a thin, broad smile. “Do come again.”

I slammed the door behind me.



At school, I needed a little extra loving from my girl, so I had my hand up Laura’s skirt, fingering her pussy. She was running her fingers through my fresh buzz cut as I stuck my tongue down her throat. Anything to keep my mind off of... You know who.

Laura pulled away and checked her phone for the time. “Oh, hey, babe. I gotta go.”

“Classes don’t start for twenty minutes,” I said. We were out behind the trash cans, our secret spot.

“I know, but it’s her first day, and I said I’d be there.” Laura picked up her pack, adjusted her skirt and hair. “Don’t worry,” she said, massaging my chest. “I’ll be back.” She winked.

She then took off for the door.

First day? A new student? I was curious, so I followed behind her, careful not to be too obvious.

“Sorry I’m late!” Laura said, hugging a girl who had just turned around to greet her.

“No prob,” the girl replied. “How do I look? I didn’t want to look too flirty for my first day of school.”

She was wearing a square-necked pink top, a pair of black skin-tight pants, matching high-heeled boots and a purple bag slung around a shoulder.

I got closer, knowing I didn’t want to know who it was. Just by the voice, I could tell from the other side of the hall. But I clearly saw, through the passing students, who it was.

“I know it’s gonna be tough, but you’ll love going to a real school, Chloe. But don’t tell anyone you’re home schooled. Some think it’s kinda...”

“Weird?” Cole replied, his long-lashed eyes downcast.

“A little.”

Cole’s eyes met mine, and then Laura turned to see me as well. As soon as I was seen, I just turned my back and walked back out the door.



When I got home that afternoon, my parents were both waiting for me, seated on the couch. Usually, they were already at the bar, prepping for the after-five crowd. It was one of those “parenting” moments. I took a seat in the easy chair next to the couch, dumping my books.

“We heard about Chloe,” my mother said. Using that name stung my ears.

“Virginia came over from next door and told us,” my dad added.

“What’d she tell you?” I was curious to know.

Mom spoke. “That Chloe, formerly Cole, has decided that she’s going to live as a girl.”

“Stop calling him that!” I barked. “His name is Cole!”

“Don’t be emotional, Derek,” my dad said. “I know this has to be tough. But we have to be sensitive to his, um, her wishes.”

“Sensitive?” I snapped. “Sensitive!” I wanted to punch something.

My mom cleared her throat. “Honey, I can’t imagine how this must be affecting you. But Chloe is going to need help in school. I want you to do everything you can to support her choice.”

“Bullshit,” I growled.

“Derek!” Mom admonished.

“So that’s what she told you, huh? She probably said that he was a girl trapped inside a boy’s body or some crap like that!”

Dad tried to interrupt. “We have to respect his... Her...”

“It wasn’t like that! They did this to him! They’re forcing him to become... That... Girl!”

“Oh, Derek...” Mom said, condescendingly.

“They did! They made him take pills and get shots... They messed with his mind! They forced him into dresses!” I could see it wasn’t having any impact. “I’m gonna save him, even if you don’t help! He’s my brother!”

Neither my parents said a further word.

“Are we done?” I asked. There was no reply. “Fine,” I said, and left for my room.



It was nauseating to see Cole clip-clopping around my school in his heels. After a few days of wearing pants, he had started to wear skirts, and they were

repulsively short. I watched the eyes pop out of every boy in school, getting an eyeful of the new “girl.”

He must have been filling the wet dreams of every guy in school. His super-slim waist and prominently presented breasts were hard to ignore, and his shy, coy manner just drew people in.

I had missed the point where he had his ears pierced. I wasn't sure if they were new or not. I hadn't been paying close attention. His twinkling hoops and heart locket attracted all the attention he could handle.

“You should go talk to her,” Laura said. We were getting ready for class, and I guess I was staring. “She needs a friend.”

I saw the boys hovering around him. “He's got all the friends he needs,” I said.



No one but me and Laura knew the truth about Cole. I knew more than Laura would admit to, though. She was under the same delusion my parents were. They didn't know what I did.

As for the students, they all believed he was all girl, with no reservations. The faculty and everyone else, I guess, thought the same.

It didn't help that he was dressing the way he did. He was putting all the girls to shame. They were in heavy winter mode, in jeans and down jackets. Cole walked around like it was a sunny day outside, not the last frigid days of winter. His short skirts and low cut tops showed off feminine assets that were a cut above most of the girls, too.

I even noticed Laura was playing a little catch up, and she started to wear similar outfits. Cole was setting the trends, all of the sudden. The girls began to follow Cole's fashion lead.

The closest I allowed him to get to me was two weeks later, when he approached Laura. “Do you have an extra?” He asked.

I was busy finding a book in my pack, but I could see what they were doing. Laura grabbed a tampon from her purse and gave it Cole.

“Thanks, you're a peach!” Cole said. He then tucked it away and head for the restroom. The ladies restroom.

“What the fuck?” I asked Laura.

“She needs to feel like a complete woman, babe.” Laura said, kissing me on the chin to keep me docile. “It's all a part of her real-life test.”



“Real-life test?” I asked.

“She needs to live a full year, with all the things a woman goes through. Her aunt Virginia told me all about it.”

“Why are you talking to that old hag?” I wanted to know.

“She’s not as bad as you think she is.”

“So why does he need this test?”

“To have the sex change operation, of course,” she said.

I didn’t know what to say. I couldn’t even think.



I buried myself in my weights and playing basketball. Coach sure appreciated it, I know. I put on some more weight, and was about 220 and six feet two. I led the team in assists and was second in scoring. Of course, I fouled out of most my games, but that’s just the way you have to play the game – it’s not for babies.

Every time I saw Cole mincing up and down the hallways, I swore to myself I’d

just focus on my own stuff and try not to think about him.

I tried not to think that under his skimpy, flir-

ty outfits he was wearing silky bras and lacy panties. I wasn't going to imagine his pantyhose, caressing every curve of his legs. I wasn't going to think about him getting home, undressing, jumping in the shower and soaping up his smooth skin, jiggling his plump breasts.

I ground my teeth when I saw "Chloe LeBeaux" at the top of the grade list. I was a little lower on the list, about 98 out of a hundred and fifty, good enough to keep me from getting kicked off the team, which is all I cared about.

I was eating lunch one afternoon, when I spotted him at a table, surrounded by boys, as usual. He flipped three pills into his mouth and swallowed some water.

He was still taking them. No one was forcing him. Could I have been wrong? Had I just mis-read the whole situation?

I mean, maybe he was just too embarrassed to admit to me that he did, truly, want to become a girl. Maybe he really did feel like a girl trapped in a man's body. Maybe he made up all that "my aunt and mom are forcing me" to try and not hurt my feelings.

It was possible. Everybody else was convinced, so maybe I just had to accept it.

As he was eating, taking small, delicate bites, he was so girlish in appearance. He talked like a girl, walked like one, even was thinking like one. If you looked at it a certain way, it made sense. Cole was overcompensating for his masculinity, and was consciously trying to be all the girl he could be.

No 'training' could do this. His mind wasn't 'altered.' He had to know what he was doing, and he had to want it. That was the best explanation, if you thought about it.

He could have just been so humiliated about admitting it me that he was inventing the whole "forcing me" story. Maybe I should be more sympathetic.



One day, he was talking to Laura, and I had my back turned to them. She hated the way I was treating Cole, and was always harping on me to change. It didn't help that my girlfriend and Cole were always together, chatting and talking. The best I could do was ignore them and pretend like I didn't care.

For some reason, Laura stepped away, and that left just me and Cole standing next to each other. Very awkward.

I decided to just try and do my best. For Laura.



“How do you like the school?” I asked.

I’m sure he was shocked to hear me speak to him. “It’s... Different.” He tugged on the purse strap around his shoulder.

“Yeah,” I said.

“I was wrong,” he said.

“What about?”

“I should have run away. You were right.”

I lowered my voice. “You really did want to escape?”

“Mother and Auntie Virginia have so much control over me. I just panicked.”

“We’re still bro’s?”

He gave me a very, very weak punch in the shoulder. “Still bros.” He giggled.



I was putting up a double double against our rival school. It was a tough game, and we were holding the score, but it was back and forth. We had about ten minutes left, and I needed to pump up our team.

“Man up!” I shouted at the guys. “Suck it up and shove the ball down their fuckin’ throats, you sissies! Get out there and bash their skulls into dust!”

We ran back out on court, waiting for the ref to call time in, and that’s when I noticed Cole.

He was the third from the left, shouting cheers. He was in the full varsity cheer outfit, jumping, hopping, and kicking. “C’mon guys!” “Score!” “Let’s go!” they were all yelling in their high-pitched voices.

The game was a blur after that. Coach told me I scored twenty in the last minutes of the game, and we won by fifteen. He asked me what had “possessed” me to perform like that.

I shrugged it off and told him I didn’t know. I told myself I didn’t know, and *kept* telling myself that.

I watched Cole chatting and playing around with the rest of the cheer squad as they



broke up for the night. I wanted to go over and say something, but I couldn't.

Even when some of the other players came over to him and chatted him up, I didn't have the courage to move. I was petrified. For a lot of reasons. I found Laura, and took her away in my car, where I fucked her hard.



A few days later, I saw that Cole and one of my teammates were holding hands as they walked in the hall. It was one of the same guys what had approached him after the game.

"I wonder how it went," Laura whispered to me as we watched them.

"What went?"

"Chloe's date," she said.

I must have set a new record in the weight room that day. I felt like I wanted to burn away all the mixed-up thoughts in my head. The only thing that ever made me feel better was just getting physical.

Fortunately, I never seemed to lack energy and drive to get the most of my workouts. I was bigger than just about anybody in my school, and athletics was pretty much my whole world.

Most of the other guys found me intimidating, which was good, as far I was concerned. People didn't give me a lot of shit. Best of all, Laura just loved everything about my body.

"You filled out well for a nerd," she once told me.

Yeah, I don't think anyone would mistake me for a science geek anymore.

She liked to take me around town and show me off. It was fun. She did most of the talking these days, anyway. I just followed her lead and concentrated on what I did best, which was to look awesome.

"Show them your guns, babe," she liked to tell me. I gave them the full gun show every time.



Spring finally came around, and that meant that the wedding business was back in full swing. Laura liked to hang out and talk with Cole at work, so I spent a lot of time there. I didn't have much to say, so I just waited patiently to move on.

“Derek,” Aunt Virginia said to me as I was waiting one day. “You’ve built quite the physique.”

“You mean my bod? Yeah, It’s awesome,” I said.

“You and Laura must be very happy together,” she added.

“Yeah, she’s awesome,” I told her.

“How very nice for the both of you,” she said as she walked away. I bet she was put off by my muscles. You know, some women can’t handle it.

Cole walked around the store as if he was tip-toeing, weighing only as much as a feather. He was always dressed in the lightest of dresses, almost as if he were going to get married himself at any moment. I’m sure he was solely responsible for the surge in business for the shop. They had hired on a few girls to help, and were doing weddings every day.

Now that he was attending school, though, Cole wasn’t doing as much hard work. He was just there to look pretty, and he did a damn fine job of it.



Spring football practice was a blast. I mowed everyone down. The coach was all like “we gotta take advantage of your strength and size,” and “we’re gonna be unstoppable with you on the team,” and all sorta things like that.

Laura liked to watch me every day. I think it turned her on, the harder I hit people.

Cole was never far away, either. There was no cheer squad in the spring, so he was on the tennis team. I’d see him out there every day, making little squeals as he hit the ball hard. He wasn’t very good, but he liked to flounce around the court in his tiny skirt.

He continued to date guys, a new one every week or two, it seemed. I don’t know what he was telling them about having sex, but I guess he could only go so far before he had to move on. That’s probably why he always had so many dates.

I was waiting for Laura outside after practice, when Cole sat down next to me.

“I’m so in love with your bod,” he said to me. He ran a finger along my ribs, through my Malibu Muscle Beach T.

Yeah, I was all “seriously?” and he was all “Yeah, totally serious.”

And I had to tell him, “Dude, you and I, we’re like family. You can’t be thinking about me like that.”

“Don’t you think about me like that?” He said, “Don’t lie. I can tell.”

“C’mon, it’s totally different.”

He was all “no it’s not.”

“No way, we’re Bros!” I held out my fist for a bump.

He was looking at me like I was stupid or something. “What’s that?” he asked.

I had to explain it, I guess. “Derek and Cole. Bro’s forever!”

He fed some hair behind his ear. “Who’s Cole?” He asked, with a giggle.

I mean, what the hell? ‘Who’s Cole?’ Was he trying to shit me? He’s a guy. He knows it and I know it. Don’t try to con me, is all I’m saying.

“Oh, hi, Laura!” Cole said as he got up.

“I didn’t interrupt anything, did I?” Laura asked.



Fucking women, they always know. “No way, babe. Cole and me were just talking and stuff.”

“Who is Cole?” He asked again.

“You are!” I said.

Cole just left, waving me off like I was an idiot. “What. Ever.”

I turned to Laura. “Man, something is sure f’d up. Do you think he’s got something wrong with him? Should I tell someone?”

“Don’t worry about it, babe,” Laura said to me. “Get the car and we’ll go get something to eat.”

“I’m starving,” I told her. I had to eat, like, 10,000 calories a day to keep my weight up, and I hadn’t had anything for an hour. “But we really gotta tell someone about Cole.”

I picked her up and we headed into town. “Did you take your vitamins?” She asked.

The bitch is always on my case about these vitamins. “Yeah, I took ‘em.” Every damn day, she asks me!

“Pull over and I’ll give you your shot.”

So I pulled over to the side, and she shot me up like she does. She says they’re to keep me healthy. I started taking them after we started dating, and I haven’t been sick once, so I know they work. It’s just, you know, no fun to get a shot.

“Stop at the Boutique, I need to talk to Virginia.” I pulled over. She got out. “Wait here, I won’t take long.” So I waited.



Laura threw a cheery wave at Cole’s aunt Virginia, who was delighted to see her. “Sweetie, is it safe to do this in front of Derek? I think he can see us.”

“He’s no threat,” Laura said, tossing a dismissive wave in her boyfriend’s direction. “That lummoxx is so dumb, we could probably just talk in front of him and he’d never figure it out.”

“I don’t know what you see in him,” Virginia said.

“Then you’re not looking very closely. Your pills are miracle workers. Those male growth hormones have created an animal. When you first started to pay me to date Derek, I didn’t think much of him, but with the muscles, he’s my dream boyfriend. Sex with him is mind-blowing. That body of his is like my own personal playground.” Laura bit her lip and trembled.

“I just don’t see it,” Virginia replied. “So to what do I owe this visit?”

“Well, Derek and Cole were just talking.”

“Oh dear,” Virginia commented, genuinely concerned. “Did Chloe...”

“She came on to him like she was in heat.”

“Really? Her libido constantly surprises me. I suppose I should be pleased. The last traits of her old self must be completely gone for her to do that.”

“And that’s the problem. Derek still thinks Cole is faking it and he’s still fighting to go back to his old self. But Chloe just told him he doesn’t remember anything about Cole. So what do I tell Derek?”

“Did you give him the shot?”

“Just as we came over here.”

“He’ll be very suggestible. I’d just tell him that that conversation never happened or he misunderstood.”

“I guess he would buy that.”

“As long as the drug is in his system, just keep re-enforcing our programming. Remind him that’s he a dumb jock, he loves his workouts, that he always does what you tell him to do and Cole is Chloe – and always has been.”

“Will it take long before he finally forgets about Cole?”

“Dear, we’ve been drugging the both of them for more than eight months, and if there’s one thing I’ve learned it’s that reprogramming the human mind is unpredictable. It’s a stubborn memory. But if that drug can make Cole has forget about Derrick, Derrick might forget about Cole.”

“Okay. Thanks, Virginia.”

“Thank you for telling me about Chloe! Such wonderful news! I think we’ll have a little party to celebrate tonight. No more horrible male memories for my niece.”

Laura headed for the door. “Congratulations!” She said as she left.



“Congratulations for what?” I asked Laura when she got back.

“They got a new client. Big wedding soon.”

“Oh, okay,” I said. “So why did we come here?”

“Because I wanted to,” Laura told me.

“Oh,” I replied. Good enough for me.



When Mom and Dad closed down the bar, I turned it into a gym. That's what Bounty Falls was really missing, a good gym. Someplace to just hang out and pump iron. Laura handles all the money and paperwork stuff, and I do the training.

I got a ton of great equipment and got it all set up. It's the best gym for a hundred miles. It does okay as a business, too. Laura and I are even thinking about expanding, and we can, because she's so smart with business. People ask me how I made such an awesome gym, and I tell them I just do what Laura tells me.

It was hard to believe it had been five years since I finished high school. I was just thinking that we should try and see if we could do some kinda reunion or whatever, when Laura said she'd heard from her old friend Chloe. She had plans to visit.

A few weeks later, she came by, and Laura and her spent the whole week catching up. Once they get together, look out. They're inseparable.

She was showing off her new fiancée, a guy named Brett Sanderson. He's some kind of big shot executive in television. Chloe met him when she went off to college in New York. Worth a ton, from what Laura tells me.

Anyway, they came back to town to get married. I suppose if you were raised in the wedding capital, you have to come back here if you get married.

We got together at their rental cabin for drinks and dinner, and reminisced about old times.

"Laura was my best friend, growing up," Chloe explained to her future husband. "We were like sisters, never apart and always getting into trouble."

The two of them giggled conspiratorially.

"They must have been a handful," Brett says to me.

"Yeah," I replied.

Brett turned to Chloe. "Honey, I think we need more wine."

Chloe looked almost devastated. "Oh, forgive me! Here I am having a good time, and I'm neglecting my duties!" She quickly scurried to the bottle and poured us all a fresh round. "Can I get anyone more hors d'oeuvres? Oh, I'll check on the oven. Some should be coming out soon." She was off to the kitchen.

"Quite attentive," Laura remarked.



“Chloe is breath of fresh air,” Brett said, with pride. “She’s not afraid to be an old-fashioned housewife. A lot of girls would want an equal partnership. Chloe told me that she loves just being the little woman. She...”

“I wouldn’t have it any other way,” Chloe said, bringing in a tray of steaming puff pastries. “A woman’s place is by her man’s side.”

She certainly looked the part. She wore a dress straight out of the fifties. She had no problem with her five inch heels, her skirt was full and her waist almost eerily small. The top thrust her breasts out like ballistic missiles. Chloe kept her hair simple but pristine, her makeup immaculate, wore a ring of pearls around her neck and was always smiling.

“I was talking, sweetheart,” Brett said, sternly.

“I’m sorry, darling,” Chloe said, remorsefully.

“So when are you two tying the knot?” Brett asked me.

“I haven’t decided yet,” Laura replied. “Marriage is a serious thing around Bounty Falls and a lifetime commitment.”

Chloe tittered. “You were always so cautious, Laura. Ever since we were little girls!” She got up to check something in the kitchen. “I think dinner will be ready in about thirty minutes.”

“It smells wonderful!” Laura enthused.



Brett smirked at me. “If I were you, buddy, I’d tame that filly and make a woman out of her.”

“We’ve talked about it,” Laura said, frowning at his crude language. “I think I’m more than enough of a woman for Derek, married or not.”

I was watching Chloe swing her butt as she came out of the kitchen. Damn, why didn’t I tap that ass when I had the chance?

“You work out?” I asked Brett.

“I do a little work on the elliptical,” he said.

Pussy. “What’cha bench?”

“Bench?”

“Lift? Lifting weights?”

“Oh. I uh, couldn’t say.”

“Honey,” Chloe said to her fiancée, “could you help me in the kitchen? I have this jar that I just can’t open.”

Brett looked my way. “I bet Derek would be great at that.”

A chance to show off? You bet. “I’ll take care of it,” I said, and led Chloe back into the kitchen. I had the jar open without any effort at all. Chloe was as weak as a kitten.

“You work out?” I asked her.

“Oh, me?” She replied. “No. I’m so busy cleaning and cooking, where would I find the time?”

“You guys should. Keeping fit is important.”

“Brett does go to the gym to run.” She turned to me. “Isn’t he just wonderful?”

“He’s rich,” I observed.

“Oh, I’d marry him even if he was homeless. I just find him so... Commanding and decisive. It’s like he’s the captain and I’m his little cabin boy.”

“I’m sure he’s a nice guy.”

Chloe picked up a tray of tiny cocktail wieners and headed away. “Get the door for me?”

I held it open for her, but she still glanced off of me. I could have sworn she used it as an excuse to push herself on me.

Later, when we sat down to eat, I listened to Chloe and Laura go back and forth about their years growing up as “besties,” or best friends.

I was trying to think of some stories of me and Chloe, when we grew up as neighbors, but I was drawing a blank. Probably the wine.

“My sisters are coming in for the ceremony. You remember Claire and Caroline? It’s been ages since we were all together. Oh, I have the most wonderful gown for the ceremony,” Chloe said, relishing the chance to talk about her wedding. “Aunt Virginia says it’s quite traditional, and covers me from the neck down, but she says it has very special meaning to her. I haven’t seen it yet, but she says it’s going to bring back a lot of memories for her.”

I felt a stockinged foot run up my leg, and push against my crotch. I looked across at Chloe, who winked. I smiled back as I sipped my drink. I knew it. She wanted me. I don’t remember much about growing up with Chloe, but I know we had some sort of unfinished business. Maybe Brett was going to miss his chance, huh? Maybe I’d be the one who was going to make a woman out of Chloe.



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

Boys Will Be Girls

Story & Art by Fraylim, Script by KK, Ink & Color by Joe Six-Pack. The "Summer Blossom" camp welcomes anew group of young men. But although it may be an all-boys camp when they arrive, it's girls-only when they leave. Full Color Comic Book / 100 pages

The Step-Witch

Story by Joe Six-Pack. Dillon has a new step-mother. Problem is that she and Dillon don't get along. More of a problem for Dillon is that she's a witch — and wants a daughter. Full Color Comic Book / 17 pages

Double-Crossed

Story & Art by Joe-Six Pack. Jesse is on the run from justice. When he finds an old friend who can help him, that old friend seems more interested in helping Jesse become a woman. Comic / 24 pages

The Charm

Story by Joe-Six Pack, art by Osoku WARUI. Gavin is a student who laments his boring life. Then he crosses paths with Krista. Things are about to change, and not necessarily for the better. Comic / 24 pages

Candlewick Court Series

Welcome to Candlewick

By Joe Six-Pack. Book 1 in a series. Candlewick Court is looking for new residents. Residents who will find new lives and new genders in a suburban paradise with a mysterious purpose. Book / 149 pages / 30 illustrations

Surrender to Candlewick

By Joe Six-Pack. Book 2 in a series. Candlewick Court has found it's first homeowners, and the kids need a school to attend. What kind of bizarre transformations await them? Book / 152 pages / 38 illustrations

Brides of Candlewick

By Joe Six-Pack. Book 3 in a series. The story of Colin and Elliot concludes as we welcome Candlewick Court's next homeowners. Book / 159 pages / 39 illustrations

Teens Transformed

She Made Me Into My Sister

"A Little Too Clever" by Joe Six-Pack. Wyatt wanted to help his girlfriend get revenge, but at what cost? As it turns out, a cost greater than any boy could have imagined. Book / 88 pages / 20 illustrations

Gone Girly for Good

"Big in Japan" by James J Craft. Mike and Ken were one-hit-wonder rock stars. Then they discovered they had fans in Japan, so they left to become famous. Then they discovered that the Japanese didn't know they were guys. Book / 77 pages / 26 illustrations

One Year in Tokyo

By James J Craft, illustrations by Kwon Lee Tran. Mickey is forced to spend a year with his father in Japan. However things often get confused when words get translated from English to Japanese, as Mickey soon finds out... Book / 87 pages / 20 illustrations

Student Exchange

By Joe Six-Pack. Kelley Sue's convinced a French exchange student to disguise himself as a girl. What happens when she realizes he has no intention of returning back home? Book / 77 pages / 22 illustrations

He's a Valley Girl, Fer Sure

From the files of TGStories.com: "Corey Taylor's Big Bodacious Adventure" by Joe Six-Pack. For Corey, the only way he can get into college is to pretend to be a girl. But when does it stop being pretend? When he's cheerleader? A girlfriend? A beauty queen? Book / 78 pages / 17 illustrations

From Boys to Bridesmaids

"Always a Bridesmaid, Never a Groom" by James J Craft. Two spoiled and privileged boys are about to be put in their place by their new step-mother. And their place is by her side as her bridesmaids and daughters. Book / 77 Pages / 16 illustrations

Little Mis-ter Popular

"My Two Moms" by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Thanks to his aunt's "Confidence Club," Leon will find a way to become popular, and to get over all his hang-ups... Including his masculinity. Book / 77 Pages / 17 illustrations

Bride to Be

By Joe Six-Pack. Derek and Cole grew up together as kids. One year, though, Cole has to start pitching in at the family wedding business. His life will never be the same. Book / 63 pages / 25 illustrations

Winning is Everything

"Costume drama" by Joe Six-Pack. Seth made a funny little bet for Halloween. He needed to pull off the impersonation of a Cheerleader for a party. What's at stake? 100 million dollars and his manhood. Book / 215 pages / 37 illustrations

Creating Samantha

Story by Cheryl Lynn, illustrations by The Might Fenek. Samuel was under the tutelage of his legal guardian, only his guardian had no intentions of letting him grow up male. Book / 70 pages / 16 illustrations

Convicts to Co-Eds

Story by Courtney Captisa & Claire Bear, illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Three teen boys are sent to a reform school. What they can't know is that they are about to be "reformed" all the way into skirts... And beyond. Book / 154 pages / 31 illustrations

Mall Makeover Madness

"A Day at the Mall" by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Four boys are going to have one weird day at the mall. By the time the day is over, it's four girls who leave the mall to begin their new lives. Book / 109 pages / 25 illustrations

Crosley High Chronicles

By Joe Six-Pack. River is coming to a new school, and trying to fit in. The problem is the only way he's going to fit in is in skirts and heels. Book / 217 pages / 75 illustrations

Tales of Transformation

He's the Wrong Girl

"Office Chemistry" by Joe Six-Pack. James had to fill in at the reception desk. Problem is, the business is a bio-genetics company. And all of the sudden the coffee tastes funny. Book / 53 pages / 14 illustrations

City Boy, Country Girl

By Joe Six-Pack. Richard's successful city life is interrupted when a sheep he wants to fleece needs urgent care out in the country. But instead of returning home, all Richard's wife hears are a series of suspicious excuses. Revised in 2019. Book / 92 pages / 34 illustrations

Thames Greene

By James J Craft. Ira wanted something better for his family. A new start. But in Thames Greene, everyone's getting a new start, whether they want it or not. Book / 77 pages / 26 illustrations

Hiding in High Heels

"How Not to be a Sissy" By Joe Six-Pack. Vince was on the run from people who wanted their millions back. Howard was a friend with a funny little idea and a knack for making subliminal CDs. Mini-Pix / 48 pages / 15 illustrations

A Blessing in Disguise

By KK, illustrations by Kannel. Jay was a witness to a murder, and now he's the target of a vicious criminal. Resorting to a female disguise, he becomes trapped with no way out. Book / 84 pages / 16 illustrations

I'm Your Dolly

"Barbie-in-a-Box" By Joe Six-Pack. Tyler wasn't much of a boyfriend anymore. Jessica wanted to throw him out, but then a better idea came to her, in the form of the Barbie-in-a-Box service. Tyler better get used to pink. Book / 103 pages / 20 illustrations

His Life as a Trophy Wife

By Joe Six-Pack. Nick had a great life, but then it evaporated. Now he's down on his luck. In steps a wealthy executive willing to pay him handsomely to pretend to be his wife. What can it hurt? Revised in 2018. Book / 256 pages / 39 illustrations

Male Monday, Girl Friday

"Hey, Cutie!" by James J Craft. Daniel is going to be promoted from his average life to an exciting executive position. At least, that's what his bosses are telling him. They may not be telling him everything. Book / 58 pages / 20 illustrations

The Happiest Place on Earth

From the files of TGStories.com: "The Fairest One of All" By Joe Six-Pack. Will is a kid looking for a job. He gets one, performing as Snow White at a theme park. For Will, he doesn't suspect that playing the role and wearing the costume is slowly changing him, day by day. Book / 51 pages / 21 illustrations

Hello, Nurse

From the files of TGStories.com: "Quality Health Care". Dane is filling in as a nurse for his pal Jimmy at his new office. Although both are doctors, Dane begins to take to his new role as a nurse. Soon, he feels compelled to be the ideal nurse. Book / 44 pages / 15 illustrations

My Boss, The Bimbo

"If I Were a Betting (Wo)Man" By James J Craft, illustrations by blackshirtboy. CEO Lucas has a superiority complex. When his long-suffering secretary is able to feed into Lucas' competitive nature, he'll make any bet to prove his dominance over women. Book / 38 pages / 10 illustrations

He's the Girl They Want

"Rallies" by Joe Six-Pack. Spencer has a great new executive job in the food service industry, but first he's got to learn the ropes of the business by waiting on tables. He just doesn't quite fit in with the cheerleader theme. Yet. Book / 63 pages / 22 illustrations

Demoted and Degraded

"Trixie the Secretary" by Angela J. Cindy didn't much like Tom Jones attitude and his advances, so when she has the opportunity to help take the wind out of his sails, she takes it. But she had no idea that it was all designed to make Tom into Trixie the secretary. Book / 87 pages / 17 illustrations

I, Candy

"Sissy Sweets" by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Inheriting his family's bakery requires this young man to become the new face of the business. A female face. Book / 45 pages / 15 illustrations

Boyz II Girlz

"The Making of the Ballroom Brats" by Joe Six-Pack. The Ballroom Brats become the newest worldwide celebrity sensation. How did four unsuspecting guys at a fast food joint become the hottest girl group in music? Book / 113 pages / 34 illustrations

His Strangest Desire

"Employee of the Month" by Joe Six-Pack. Mick is declared Employee of the Month, and he's going to find himself hurtling headlong into facing his weirdest inner desire. Book / 59 pages / 19 illustrations

Hard Time or High Heels

"I'm Turning into My Mother" by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Colby got deep into debt to a local gangster. Before long, he's on the arm of that very same gangster as his reluctant girlfriend. Book / 75 pages / 20 illustrations

Seriously Skirted

"The Show Piece" by KK. Illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Mel finds work at a clinic as a secretary. He slowly begins to fit to role. Book / 75 pages / 19 illustrations

From Mister to Sister

Story by Melissa N., illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Dan just wanted to help guide his girlfriend's sister out of her depression. Instead, he's being guided out of his manhood. Book / 84 pages / 24 illustrations

The Russian Girl

Story by Melissa N., illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Casey's wife has had enough of watching him kill himself with work, so she forces him out of his comfort zone... Into the life of a female stripper. Book / 196 pages / 30 illustrations

Swindled into Skirts

"Beta Male" by Joe Six-Pack. Kyle inherited a multi-million dollar mansion in southern California. He begins to adjust to the Cali lifestyle, but his adjustments seems to have a decidedly feminine flavor to them. Book / 78 pages / 23 illustrations

Stories of the Supernatural

A Change for the Better

"Do-Overs" by Joe Six-Pack. Evan wants a chance to do over his biggest mistake. He gets the chance, but he keeps wanting his new life to be a little bit better than the last. Book / 59 pages / 18 color illustrations

Changed and Rearranged

"Wrongs Make Wright" By Joe Six-Pack. Chris and Matt were rivals. Then, Matt decided to show everyone how smart he truly was by impersonating a teacher. But the disguise becomes more and more real, much to Chris' dismay. Book / 74 pages / 19 illustrations

From Pals to Gals

From the files of TGStories.com: "Mandate of the People" By Joe Six-Pack. Teens Jeremy and Stewart are good friends, but a bit thick in the noggin. When they jokingly nominate each other for Prom Queen, they slowly become the perfect candidates, thanks to some magic. Book / 45 pages / 16 illustrations

A High-Heeled Halloween

Story & art by Joe Six-Pack. A costume shop has four spooky tales to tell this Halloween, where the price you pay for your costume is far more than money. Book / 128 pages / 34 illustrations

Crossed Fiction

If the Shoes Fit

"Hand Me Downs" By KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Sydney is a teen who is just trying to make it through the summer with no money. He finds himself wearing hand-me-downs from his sister, and that takes his life in a whole new direction. Book / 98 pages / 30 illustrations

Sisters for the Summer

"Camp Counseling" By Joe Six-Pack. Brock McCade always thought of himself as a real man, or at least he would be one, someday. After summer camp, he's no longer so sure. Book / 76 pages / 17 illustrations

They're the Girls for the Job

"Peace and Harmony" By James J Craft. Illustrations by blackshirtboy. Pete and Harmon need jobs bad. How far would they have to go to get them? Book / 64 pages / 19 illustrations

Blondie's Lost Summer

By KK. Illustrations by Fraylim. Carl's dream summer was about to become three months of dresses, heels and makeup. Book / 159 pages / 48 illustrations

Blondie's Lost Year

By KK. Illustrations by Fraylim. Book Two in the Blondie Series. Carl's trip to Florida has been horrible enough, trapped in dresses and makeup. Now, high school has presented a whole new level of humiliation for him. Book / 221 pages / 52 illustrations

Blondie He's Not

Story by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Mark got a job at a salon, and fell in love with one of the customers. Problem was that customer was Candi "Blondie" Wethers, and what happened to Candi was about to happen to Mark. Book / 151 pages / 40 illustrations

I Never Wanted to be a Woman

"Politically Corrected" By Cheryl Lynn. Illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Michael's politically active mother has decided she's going to make her hippie son over into the daughter she always wanted. Book / 64 pages / 19 illustrations

The Boy's Guide to Girlhood

Story by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Dweeb Kenny and cool Rex find themselves trapped in a Principal's twisted scheme, and only one of them is going to get out in tact. Book / 109 pages / 32 illustrations

Fashion Victims

Story by Lauren Bliss, illustrations by Fraylim. Teenage boy Jamie just needed clothes for school. Oh, he's going to get clothes for school. Just not male ones. Will he ever need male clothes again? Book / 67 pages / 26 illustrations

The Making of a Beach Bunny

Story by KK & Fraylim, illustrations by Fraylim. Before heading off to college, John wanted to spend his last normal summer at the old rental summer house with his friend Stanley. There was nothing about this summer that would be normal. Book / 134 pages / 58 illustrations

Seriously Sissified

A Family Femmed

"The Femmed Family Robinson" by James J. Craft & Cheryl Lynn, illustrations by Sortimid. The Robinson boys all had dreams of their own, once. Now they have new ones, thanks to their step-mother. Book / 96 pages / 29 color illustrations



Forever Femmed

Story by James J. Craft & Cheryl Lynn, illustrations by Sortimid. "A Family Femmed's" Deborah is still hard at work, flipping men into sissies and selling them to the highest bidder. But this time, there's a new wrinkle. Book / 108 pages / 28 illustrations

Auntie's Girl Time

By Cheryl Lynn. David was just a young teenage boy who wanted all the things in life a man could look forward to. His aunt, though, is going to make sure he never gets them. Book / 79 pages / 20 illustrations

Revenge of the Cheerleaders

"Pansy Cheers" By Angela J. Patrick Sears was a football player trying to sleep with every cheerleader at his small college. He'd have to pay for his conquests. Book / 116 pages / 19 illustrations

He's Got His Mind Made Up

By James J. Craft. Illustrations by kinkyrocket. Corey has just a sliver of a chance to get into college, but that chance involves becoming his stepmother's maid. And she wants him to fit both the role and the dress. Book / 68 pages / 16 illustrations

Fated for Femininity

Story by KK, illustrations by RocketXpert. When a web page shows Evan having sex with another boy, the poor kid is chased out of town — right into the arms of a gender therapist who has her own agenda. Book / 70 pages / 15 illustrations

Web Classics Revisited

Two Forms of ID

By Joe Six-Pack. Harvey had the unusual ability to convincingly imitate a teenage girl. In desperation, he has to use that talent to make some money. But when is enough enough?

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