

ADULTS ONLY

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COSTUME DRAMA

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack



TRANSGENDER
TALES OF

Transformation



J O E S I X - P A C K

COSTUME DRAMA

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



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COSTUME DRAMA



THE FRIENDLY WAGER

The horn was like a cosmic disruption in reality. It's loud, piercing sound left ripples in the air. It shredded your thoughts and left your consciousness in tatters. Surely, it's mind-shattering noise was a declaration of urgency and a call to focus on the most important matters affecting the very fate of humanity.

It was a TV time out.

The players for the Anaheim Shock trudged off the court, weary from defending their 20-point deficit. But this was the NBA, and being twenty points down was nothing. These games were always decided in the last two minutes, and it wasn't even halftime yet.

That's why the full arena was less than attentive to the action. Many were already out of their seats and headed to buy a new beer or deposit an old one in the restrooms. A murmur rose from the fans as they shuffled in their seats.

But their attention, at least the attention of most of the men in the arena, was quickly seized as the famous Anaheim Shocker Girls dance team began their routine. A tune that punched you in the face and demanded to be danced to began playing, one every sports fan had heard roughly a billion times before. To the fans, it didn't matter what the music was, as the girls' perfect nubile bodies, spritely dance moves and the undisguised lustful look in their eyes made the rest of the world fade away.

Every synchronized move was followed intently by all pairs of male eyes. As the girls' long hair fluttered around their heads, their ever-present smile shone like a beacon. Some men may have noted their faces if it weren't impossible to divert their eyes from the girls' perfect peach-shaped asses or bouncing buoyant breasts.

The Anaheim Shocker Girls were like a little peek into a forbidden heaven for every man who saw them perform. A heaven made of young, unimaginably pretty girls performing for their amusement and pleasure.

In the front row, just ten feet away from this vision of a perfect nirvana, in seats that went for two thousand dollars a game or more, Seth and Jason looked at each other for a moment. Their silent momentary glance was to ask each other, 'how did we ever get so lucky?'

Court-side seats at a Shocker game were some of the most sought after seats in all of professional sports. Not only did they offer a point-blank view of the



Shocker Girls, but a close-up look at some of the biggest stars in Hollywood that came to the games. Oh, and the team had some of the best talent in the league, too.

However, the mystery of how two average guys had come to get these seats was easily solved. Both Seth and Jason knew exactly why they had these precious seats. They paid full price for them. The season tickets cost over a \$120,000 a seat, and they had bought four of them. In cash.

The horn sounded again, and the girls stopped their routines, quickly trotting off the court like giggling schoolgirls called back from recess. The time out was over, and now the game was set to resume.

Seth glanced around for a moment, looking for any sign of his wife. Amy had disappeared almost the moment the game began, off like a shot at the first break in play. That wasn't unusual, as Amy and Jason's wife Karen, had made it a longstanding habit to leave their \$2000-a-game seats vacant for most the night.

Seth knew where they were, hobnobbing up in one of the sky suites with whomever it was they were trying to impress. Karen knew just about everyone up there, and towed Amy along for backup.

They'd reappear sometime in the last few minutes, non-plussed, as if they had just been gone for a second or two. The first thing Amy asked when she got back was always the same: "who's winning?"

They had been married for over ten years now, a number that seemed to mystify their wealthy friends. Three years of married life was usually the limit amongst the crowd they hung with now. Seth was never sure if the surprise he saw in his friends eyes was in respect or in ridicule.

They hadn't always hung out with these sort of folks, though. It was only two years ago that Seth and Jason had sold their internet startup for an irrational amount of money. A hundred million dollars can change a lot about a person, but both men swore they'd keep themselves from being changed by being



filthy rich.

That lasted about five minutes, and both men spent lavishly — not foolishly — but definitely without remorse. They bought expensive homes, fast cars, a private jet to share and even a vacation cabin or two.

Still, they could look at themselves in the mirror and say money hadn't corrupted them. Despite the expensive surroundings, Seth and Jason still spent their time working on new business projects. They liked to be kept busy, and they liked to stay focused on what they truly enjoyed: their work.

As for Amy and Karen, they wore their wealth with pride.

When Seth had first met Amy, back in college, she was the cutest girl in his Java programming class, if only by the technicality of her being the only girl in his Java programming class.

After eight weeks of watching her, he worked up the nerve to silently stalk her for two more weeks. After following her to a party one night, and downing most of a bottle of vodka, he managed to override his crippling shyness and asked her out.

She took a week to gather up enough courage to answer him. They were practically made for each other.

They lived frugally for several years, as Seth and his partner Jason worked up idea after idea. There were several nights of ramen noodles or canned spaghetti. But Seth and Amy never complained. Neither of them ever really expected to succeed without some sacrifice.

Finally, an attempt to make a photo sharing site with facial recognition was the project that took off. It never made a dollar of profit, but the patents and trademarks were bought out by a social networking site for a cool \$275 million.

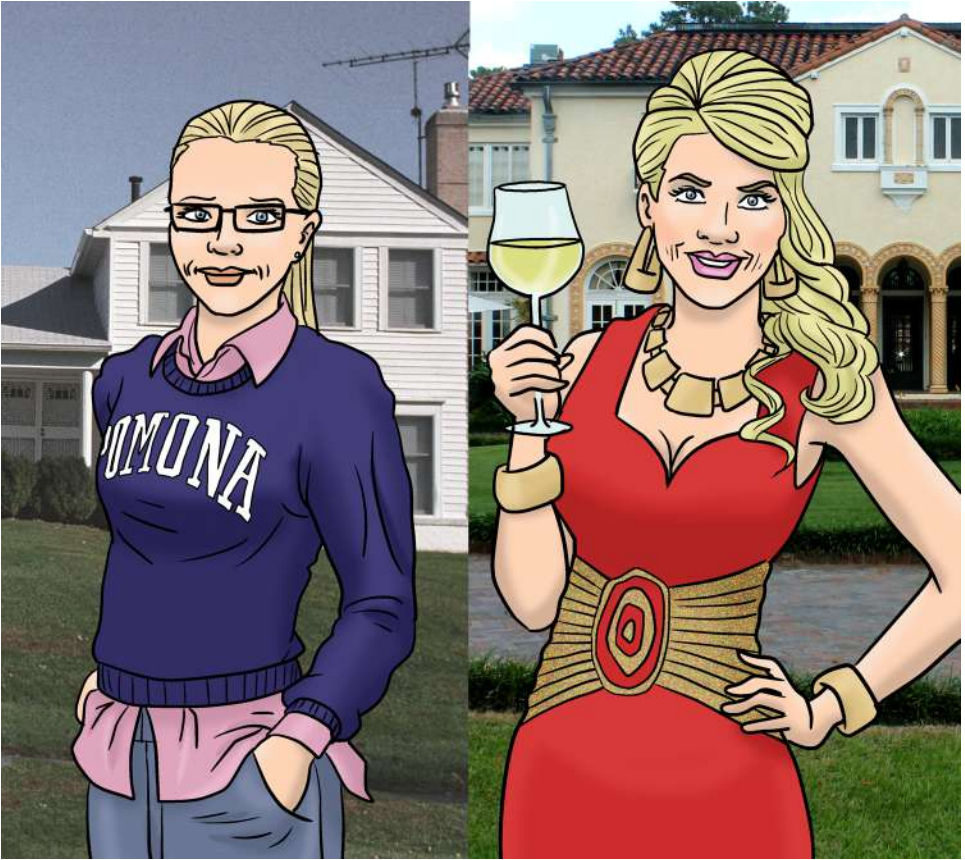
The avalanche of money had several effects on their life, most of all was how it seemed to flush Amy out of the high weeds of shyness. The emotional shell she had lived in for years was left behind like a molting cicada.

Before Seth knew it, he was married to an honest-to-goodness southern California 'real housewife.' Amy dressed in thousand-dollar outfits, wore enormous gold jewelry that was on the edge of gaudy and spent half her week in salons and spas to keep looking perfect.

She had lost twenty pounds, had laser eye surgery to get rid of her thick glasses, and a nose job nine months ago. Her whole personality and appearance had gone 180 from where she used to be. Ever so gradually, that cute nose of hers had begun to start pointing up.

One would never know that this intimidatingly well-kept and well-to-do lady was just a cute little geekette 20 months ago.

Seth was still trying to sort out his feelings regarding his newly refashioned wife. He didn't like who she was turning in to, and didn't like that she was also



trying to make him in to a stuck-up rich douchebag. She seemed to want the kind of glad-handing husband who would help her network with the rich and famous, and he had no desire for that. Seth wasn't about to give up, though. Like the programmer he was, he thought whatever issues he had with Amy could be diagnosed, analyzed and corrected.

At the same time, he kind of liked her assertive personality. Something turned him on when she bossed him around in bed. Not that he'd ever admit to it, though.

After what must have been at least thirty seconds of actual game play, another stoppage made the horn blare again. Much to their disappointment, it was not the Shocker Girls, but the team mascot who took to the court to entertain. It was some sort of anthropomorphic lightning bolt or something, and it usually just jumped around on a trampoline in a failed attempt to dunk a basketball.

Fortunately, two of the girls were assisting, feeding the mascot balls to dunk.

Seth sighed to himself, watching the girls enthusiastically and cheerfully play along with the tired routine. If he had a girl like that in his life, he'd treat her like a princess. He'd drown her with so much love she'd need scuba gear. They

were incredible. He couldn't understand how such beautiful, gorgeous young girls could be real.

"I don't see Gina," Jason said, looking around.

Gina was a shorter girl, who had crinkled black hair and a slightly Mediterranean nose. "Neither do I," Seth replied. He knew all the Shocker Girls by heart. Gina was 23, in her first year as a Shocker Girl. Her father was Greek and her mother was from Kentucky. She liked hip hop music and wanted to start her own dance studio.

At least, that was what her bio in the game program said.

"No, wait, there she is," Jason said. He pointed. "She's over by the Pepsi sign."

"Ah, my sweet, sweet Gina," Seth replied. He sighed again. All the girls were amazingly beautiful in every way, but he had grown to be a fan of her slight overbite. And she had cute knees.

Of course, Seth was so over-the-moon about the Shocker Girls that he could list every little thing he liked about each one. Kristin's nubby nose, those amazing dark eyes of Selina's, Portia's dimples, Tyeesha's trim waist, Zoe's gossamer neck...

"I'm gonna get me something to eat," Jason said. "Wanna come?"

Seth came back to reality, leaving his daydreaming behind. "Not hungry," he answered. He had just eaten a few minutes before they came, and he didn't much like the food here, anyway.

Jason motioned for him to get up. "You're coming. You need to eat."

Seth reconsidered. "Fine. We do it your way," he said, agreeing with his friend.

As they worked their way over to the tunnel, Seth gave a glance up into the suite level, hoping by chance to see if his wife was up there. It was a hopeless effort, as there was no chance he'd be able to spot her from this distance. But he looked just the same.

He did see any number of women who could have been his wife. Blonde highlights in medium-length wavy hair. Big earrings, a fake smile on their face, holding a glass of wine and dressed in casual but impressively expensive clothes. Maybe what Amy had become didn't bother him so much as the fact that there were thousands of women who looked and acted just like her. There was a kind of uniform look to the rich Los Angeles housewife, and Amy had bought right into it.

It wasn't like Seth hadn't taken a shot at reigning her in. When he first got a look at the bills she was racking up, he confronted her.

"You keep spending all money, and we are going to go broke," he said, his accent making him seem a little more angry than he was.

Amy just looked at him with a smirk. “I did the math. It’d be 239 years before we ran out of money at this pace,” she explained. “Adjusted for inflation.”

That was the problem being married to someone with a mind for numbers.

“But this is crazy. It is too much! Life is not all about money.”

Amy just turned her head away. “Don’t talk to me like a child, Seth.”

There was that new attitude of hers: confrontational and confident. Conceited was also another word Seth could have used.

“Not trying to start anything,” Seth said, to try and defuse the tension.

“Then don’t,” was Amy’s curt reply.

Still, he knew that girl he had fallen in love with was in there somewhere. Maybe this would just be a phase and she just needed to live out some sort of rich-lady fantasy before coming back down to Earth. He was beginning to regret ever having sold his company in the first place.

The day he came home from the lawyer’s office where they negotiated the deal should have been one of the great accomplishments in Seth’s life. Now, in retrospect, it was the end of his life. His *old* way of living, at least.

“Well?” Amy asked him when he came in the door. “I texted you, but you didn’t answer! How much?”

“275,” Seth replied. He didn’t need to add ‘million’ to the figure. They both knew.

“And we still get half?”

Seth should have recognized that was the moment when he lost Amy. The look of wild greed in her eyes was plain to see, but Seth’s love for her had kept him from recognizing it.

“Minus some for lawyers,” he replied.

She hugged Seth so hard he was afraid he might explode. The sex that night was mind-blowing.

For a man who wasn’t particularly hungry, Seth found himself loaded with food when they got back to their seats. Jason had talked him into two hot dogs, nachos and a beer — exactly what Jason had ordered for himself.

Jason was a smooth talker. He always had been. That’s why he was such a good business partner — even if he got a little pushy at times.

Once they were settled back in the court-side seats, Seth largely ignored his food and only sipped a little bit from his beer. The game finally got close, and with 17.9 seconds to go, the Shock were tied.

It was always better in the last few minutes of the game. The crowd was into it, the noise was pounding your chest and the energy was electric.

The best part was the Shocker Girls, who always kicked it up a notch in the close games. Every turn was quick, every kick was straight, and every move was crisp. Watching the girls perform in the last few minutes was a joy to behold.

Seth didn't even notice he had swallowed the rest of his beer in ten seconds flat, as distracted as he was watching the performance.

Jason was just as focused. This was why he was here. He was focused on the legs in the air, frills flying, hair fluttering and pom-poms sparkling. Neither of them could really admit that they had become fans of the team and of basketball only because of the cheerleaders, but that was the honest truth of the matter.

When the horn sounded to start play again, both men slumped their shoulders and sat back in their seats.

Since there were just seconds to go, and the game was just about over, it was probably the last dance of the night. The next game was six days from now, so it would be a while until the boys could see the Shocker Girls again.

"Who's winning?" Amy said, as she and Karen took their seats beside their husbands, still toting glasses of wine.

"Winning?" Despite his contempt for his wife not even knowing who was ahead, he answered — after he checked the scoreboard himself. He had been focused on other things. "The, er, Shock. By two."

"Is that a lot? Can we go yet?" Amy asked.

Seth replied without looking at her. "It is still close. Is not much time left."

"Fine," Amy replied, frowning. "But traffic will be a living hell." She crossed her arms in a show of displeasure. "And if it takes more than an hour to get home, so will I."



Seth had come to the United States when he was 15. He had been born in Uzbekistan, to his native parents. His father was a soldier and killed in combat. He still didn't know what had happened to his mother, but the rumor was that she had committed suicide when she heard the news of her husband's death. So his Uncle, who lived in La Jolla, agreed to take him in.

In fact, "Seth" was just an Americanized nickname. His real name was Sanzhar, but he never used it, except on his taxes and at the DMV. His accent was thicker than he wanted it to be, though he hadn't spoken Uzbek for years. He still had a tendency to speak in sentences that dropped some words here and there, and were often a little clumsy. "I speak good American, yes?" He'd tease, playing it up.

Though he did have a darker than average complexion, dark hair and slightly Eurasian features, he considered himself “essentially” American. Despite that, it was still common for him to get detained at airports, when they saw his foreign heritage.

Working in programming just came naturally to Seth. It was a solitary pursuit, and Seth tended to keep to himself anyway.

He met Jason when he was in his Freshman year at college, assigned to a dorm room across the hall from him. While Seth was a coder and a tinkerer at heart, Jason had a drive to him that Seth lacked. When Seth was perfectly happy to keep exploring whatever ideas would pop into his head, Jason would crack the whip and keep him focused and on topic. Seth, in turn, would keep Jason from getting too ambitious with plans to take the world by storm with whatever project or technology they were working on.

They made a great team throughout college, completing several assignments and projects together, and it just seemed natural to continue on after they graduated.

Over the years, Jason must have torpedoed at least a half a dozen good ideas that would have made decent money, always favoring business ideas that were capable of going “big time.” Jason only got excited when he thought an idea was going to go global. They’d inevitably fail — hard — and the two would have to move on to the next big idea. Sometimes Jason’s type-A personality drove Seth nuts, but he was usually right, in the end. Sure enough, the photo sharing site had now proven that big ideas could pay off.

Jason met Karen sometime in the past year, at a networking conference. She was doing promotional work for one of the vendors and the two “hit it off” as Jason later told Seth. Seth assumed that meant wild, drunk sex in the hotel room.

Even though they sniped at each other and would go through week-long periods where they weren’t talking, they always made up and never talked about a separation. They were an odd, sometimes unstable mix, but the marriage was solid.

Jason’s natural ambition made it easier for him to mix with the social set Karen and Amy were in with, though he disliked them just as much as Seth did. Jason would remark that they were “just a bunch of no-talent frauds” who “only valued money, not ideas.”

As Seth and Amy returned home from the game, to their dark, huge home, Amy walked ahead of him and straight into the kitchen, giving her husband a cold shoulder from the long drive home.

Checking the time, Seth decided the best course of action was to just call it a day. Amy was already pouring herself a drink, and he assumed she would be in

a worse mood once she was done drinking it. He needed to cede the ground floor to her and let her stew alone, so he went upstairs to get undressed.

Flipping on the bedroom lights, Seth removed the tailored dress shirt his wife made him wear to the games. “You’ll be on TV!” She always told him. The close seats virtually guaranteed they’d be in a few shots of the game every night.

He untied the laces of his brown leather dress shoes and plucked them off his feet. He carefully put them back in the shoe tree in his closet, or else he’d hear about it from his wife. Seth peeled the brown socks off his feet and tossed them aside. He undid his belt buckle and unzipped his dress slacks, letting them fall around his ankles.

He felt so good to be out of those damn clothes. If there was one thing Seth hated, it was dressing up. Just give him some shorts and a t-shirt and he was gold.

He kept the dress shirt on, but unbuttoned, as he went to go brush his teeth. He checked the hairline on his peach-fuzz head in the process. Seth was only 33, but he had the sneaking suspicion his hair was starting to leave him. It was too soon to tell, but he could see the day where his shaved head would be bald from nature rather than by choice.

It wasn’t long before he was under the covers, dressed in only his boxers, flipping the channels on TV. Maybe tomorrow, he promised himself, he’d get back to work on the new web service he was working on. He really needed to be working to be happy. Still, he hadn’t been able to really focus on programming for nearly a week now.

There was always tomorrow, he told himself, but he had been telling himself that for too long. Sometimes he wondered if he would ever really finish what he was working on.

Once and a while he’d ask himself if it really mattered anymore.



It was at the trail end of the summer, in August, that the four of them got together for a little cookout on the back porch at Seth and Amy’s place.

Of course, summer in L.A. is more a state of mind than an actual changing of the seasons.

Seth and Jason were taking turns working the grill while Amy and Karen were chatting away, checking their phones for messages, completely ignoring their husbands.

They had long been trading pledges amongst themselves to get together before the summer was over for a “good old-fashioned summer barbecue.” Now, with just a couple of weeks to go, they had finally come through and done it.



“What you want to do is wrap it in foil first. It seals in the juices,” Jason said.

Seth shook his head. “I always cook it like this, on the flame. You just have to be careful about the time and use a meat thermometer.”

“I’m telling you, foil will do it right every time. It also keeps the outsides from getting charred.”

“I like it charred,” Seth said. “Burnt to a crisp.”

“Do what you want, dude,” Jason said, slapping him on the back. “I trust you.” He went to go check on the girls.

Seth waited a full minute before he had to turn to his wife. “Amy, where do we keep foil?”

Jason smiled back.

“Honey,” Amy replied, idly waving her wine glass as she talked, “I haven’t the foggiest. You should ask the cook when he gets here.”

After quickly hunting down some foil and finishing the grilling, Seth served up dinner. Ribeye steak. The disdain on his wife’s face was barely disguised. The sneer on Karen’s face was not.

“Doesn’t that look good,” Amy said, without a hint of sincerity.

“I don’t think mine’s charred enough,” Jason quipped, peeling the foil off his meat. He waited a moment. “I’m kidding.”

Seth put aside his tools and sat down to join them. Predictably, Karen and Amy both ate slowly, chewing the meat as if it were going to explode in their mouths.

The men ripped into their steaks like hungry prisoners. It was almost a full five minutes before anyone even spoke.

“Tender enough?” Seth asked.

“It’s very nice,” Karen replied. Seth wasn’t sure if that was just a platitude, because he was certain Karen wouldn’t have any idea what a ribeye steak was supposed to taste like. He doubted that in the last several years she had eaten anything less expensive than filet mignon.

“Don’t eat any more potatoes,” Amy said to her husband.

“Pardon?” Seth replied.

Without any prompting, Amy began scooping the potatoes off of Seth’s plate and tossed them onto an empty plate. “They’re just starch and that’ll spike your blood sugar.”

“Honey...”

Amy took the plate and put it out of her husband’s reach. Seth was used to his wife’s imperious behavior, but not in front of friends. “And only one more glass of beer. You get gas.”

“Amy! You can not tell me what to...”

“You know what I saw at the drug store today?” Jason said, trying to defuse the tension. “Halloween candy.”

Nobody else answered, so Seth took a stab at it. “Yes? It is not September, even.”

“I guess it’s like Christmas. It just comes earlier and earlier every year.”

“The end of summer. It is always depressing.”

“True, but that also means we’re only ten weeks away from discount candy.”

“What were you doing at a drug store?” Karen asked, aghast, apparently unable to grasp the idea of her husband dirtying himself by visiting such a common establishment.

“Buying some condoms so I don’t get syphilis from that crack whore I fuck every Tuesday,” Jason said.

Seth practically spit his drink out, he wanted to laugh so hard.

“Fine, then,” Karen replied.

“Anyway,” Jason continued, “that reminded me that Halloween costume parties must be coming up, and I wanted to inform you two that I’m not going to any such thing.”

Seth was chewing, but he felt the need to chime in. “Same here.”

Both Amy and Karen exchanged a glance. "I wish you had told us that earlier," Karen said. "We're already committed to the Stevensons for their annual Halloween Gala."

"So un-commit me," Jason said.

Seth finished swallowing before he spoke. "Halloween is 75 days away. You plan parties out that far?"

"We've already planned Christmas and New Years as well," Karen answered, "haven't we?" She looked at Amy for support.

"We've already R.S.V.P.'d, honey," Amy said.

"Unbelievable," Seth replied.

"Seriously, I'm not going to wear a costume. I'm a grown man," Jason said.

"I am not canceling with the Stevensons. They hosted our wedding reception, don't you remember?"

Jason steeled his jaw for a moment, as he swallowed a bite of steak and his pride with it. "Fine. I'll just go as I am. No costume."

"I already got you the costume," Karen said with a hint of mischief in her voice. "Amy and I found the perfect ones for both of you when we were shopping last weekend."

"I do not wear costume, either," Seth told his wife.

Amy put down her fork. "It's just Halloween. One day out of the year. Everyone makes the effort to have a good time. What makes you think you're so special? Do you think you're better than everyone else?"

"No! I..." Seth wasn't sure how that got turned back on him. "I am not saying I am better, I..."

"What costumes did you get?"

"Well, I'm going as Queen Elizabeth," Amy said with a regal flair. Even though she must have meant it as a joke, Seth could easily see her as a stuck-up queen. That wasn't hard to imagine at all.

"And I'm going as Marie Antoinette," Karen added.

Seth wondered if either or both of them realized how close their costumes were to representing their worst qualities. Aristocrats who were out of touch with reality. Sadly, they both seemed oblivious to it.

Jason wiped his mouth and folded his hands in front of his face. "You said you got some for us? The perfect costumes? Out of curiosity..."

Seth could already imagine what they had thought were "perfect" costumes. Maybe bellhops that serve their every need? Jesters to entertain their royal spouses? Perhaps butlers to cater to their whims.

“It’s something you’re both fascinated by,” Karen teased. “Preoccupied by, really.”

“Oh yes, we thought if you’re going to spend all this time dreaming of them, you’d want to be them.”

Jason had enough. “Will you please just...”

“You’re both going as Shocker Girls,” Karen said, interrupting her husband because she was so eager to say it.

“Yes,” Amy spoke, “those are the cheerleaders you drool over at every game, are they not?”

Karen snickered. “You’re both so fascinated, it just seems appropriate.”

“Not on your life, no,” Seth quickly replied. He looked at Jason for backup, but was surprised to see a look of intrigue on his partner’s face.

Jason would do this from time to time. He would stop everything and just think. He didn’t seem to care if it was socially awkward or strange to just not talk for a little while. Eventually, Jason started to drum his fingers on the table. “What’s it worth to you?” He asked his wife. “And I’m not conceding anything.”

Seth had seen this before, several times. Jason was negotiating. This was definitely his negotiating face. That made him feel better, because this was the same Jason who took a 50 million dollar offer for their company and got it to over 200 million by the time he was done.

He gave Amy and Karen a confident smile. They had no idea what they were in for when Jason got like this.

“If you’re proposing that both Seth and myself would dress up as women, and cheerleaders at that, there are some serious concessions that need to be made. My dignity is quite valuable to me, and I’m not going to risk it for the sake of a one-night party.”

“You think you can bribe us?” Karen said to her husband.

“That’s not what I’m saying. I think we can agree that a person’s dignity has a value to it. Unless we can match the value, I don’t see how what you propose can be viable. Let’s quantify this.”

Seth shot Amy a smug look. She was about to see the master in action.

“My reputation is definitely at risk if I were to dress like a woman and attend this party. There’s no doubt I would hear about it for years on end, comments that would ridicule me endlessly.” Jason leaned over on an elbow. “Now, this kind of reputation would do material damage to me. I could lose my next opportunity to sell what new startup we create. At the very least, the offers we would receive might be less than what they would be today.”

“That’s several million dollars,” Seth interjected.

“Maybe as much as fifty or a hundred,” Jason followed up. “Now this is admittedly a subjective amount, but there seems little doubt that I would suffer a significant monetary loss.”

“You’re making this up,” Karen said.

“I can work up some figures, I’m sure.” Jason leaned over on the other elbow. “But what you certainly *can’t* say is that any damage to my reputation would not cause me — and by proxy, you — to lose potentially huge sums of money in the future.”

That seemed to hit Karen where it hurt. You could tell she was recalculating the consequences. She looked over to Amy for any help she might be able to give her. Amy was silent.

Seth enjoyed knowing the wives were at a loss for words. They thought they could just get their way with whatever they wanted. *Not so fast*, Seth thought to himself.

“So, do you see my point?” Jason asked, wanting to hear the wives concede. “Do we agree? We’d stand to lose millions of future income.”

Seth reached for his drink, his smile giving away his feeling of supreme satisfaction. Jason was brilliant at this.

“What if you *were* compensated?” Amy said.

“How do you mean?” Jason replied.

“Well, if you stand to lose, say, a hundred million dollars, what if you were compensated a hundred million dollars?”

Seth quickly swallowed his drink and put his glass back. He wasn’t at all sure where Amy was going with this.

“It’s a fair trade then. The value would match the damage. But, of course, without that kind of money in play...”

“Oh, I have a hundred million dollars,” Amy said.

“What? What are you saying?” Seth asked his wife. He had a sneaking suspicion she was going way, way out on a limb and about to say something they’d both regret.

“I have a proposal. A contest. You both go to the costume ball as these Shock-er Girls.” Amy was running her finger around the rim of her drink as she thought. “First one to get spotted as a guy loses.”

“We’d both be laughed out of there,” Seth said. “Our lives would be ruined.”

“Not if you actually carry it off,” Amy countered. “Once one of you gets found out as a man in a skirt, the bet is over and the other man leaves and saves face. So the bet is that the first one to be read as a man loses.”

Jason tapped his lips with his finger in deep consideration of this proposal. “Loses what?” He asked.

With what looked like a glint in her eye, Amy leaned forward and spoke slowly. “Everything,” she said with all due dramatics. “The houses. The cars. The jet. The stocks. Everything.”

“Ha!” Seth laughed out loud. It was a slightly nervous laugh that was intended to be a question more than a reaction. He was waiting for anyone else to answer his laugh by joining him and dismissing this crazy idea as a joke.

No one joined him.

“You’re serious?” Jason asked.

“No,” Seth said to his friend and partner. “Don’t be foolish.”

“This is a great idea,” Karen said. “I’m behind this one hundred percent.”

“You stay out of this,” Seth snapped. He turned back to Jason. “I don’t want to even think you’re considering this.”

Jason didn’t reply immediately. He folded his hands again, indicating deep thought. Every second that ticked by generated another bead of sweat on Seth’s furrowed brow.

Finally, after a minute of contemplation, Jason spoke. “Hear me out, Seth. Think of it this way: If I win, my reputation is intact and I can still sell our next startup. You sign over everything to me, and you get to go back to life like it was two years ago. You can’t tell me that doesn’t appeal to you.”

It did, actually. It really, really did. Seth’s life was so much better when he was middle class. His wife wasn’t such a bitch, his life was just coding and sleeping. No parties, no obligations, no lawyers.

Jason continued. “And if you win, I sign over everything to you. I’ll sell our next startup for insane amounts of money and make it all back. So I spend a few months down on my luck. It’ll make me hungrier.”

Seth was offended. “You would do this to me? Take everything I own?”

“I know you. You’re probably this close away to giving it all away.” Jason said.

Seth had to admit, he had thought about that. “True. So, what incentive do I have to win, then?”

“Maybe none. That’s why I think I’ll win. I can double my net worth in one evening.”

As much as he admired Jason, Seth would also see this side of him from time to time, and it scared him. This was him disposing of all emotion and viewing the world in terms of kill or be killed. A jungle mentality.

“We have a deal, then?” Amy asked.

“Absolutely,” Jason answered.

“There’s no deal!” Seth objected.

“Legally, we just created a verbal contract between my family and yours,” Amy said.

“And I witnessed!” Karen added.

“It’ll be good for the both of us,” Jason said. “It’s win-win. More money or less money, you’ll be in great shape.”

Seth pushed his chair back and got up from the table. “This is certifiably crazy.” He walked away and into the house.

The three remaining people seated at the table looked at each other.

“He didn’t say ‘no,’ did he?” Amy asked.

Back by himself in the house, Seth took a deep breath. Maybe Jason was right. He usually was. Fact was, he was as bored as he’d ever been with life, and at the very least this was going to shake things up. Maybe this was even a good thing. Maybe losing everything was nothing be scared of. Starting back at zero was something he wanted, after all.

In truth, maybe he had nothing to lose at all, except for being slightly humiliated. Humiliated by people who’s opinions he didn’t respect, anyway. That was no loss to him. Seth took a deep breath and pulled up his shorts.

Coming back to the table, he took his seat and cut his steak. “So what do we do next?” He asked.

THE BOOT CAMP



Two days later, it was a legal contract. Whoever was exposed first at the Stevenson's Halloween party would forfeit their material possessions, minus some modest living expenses and lawyers fees — and of course both men insisted on keeping their court-side seats at Anaheim Shock games.

Seth wasn't sure if he was excited at the proposition of losing everything or terrified of it. He was a bundle of nerves, that was for sure. Every couple of hours he would try and sit down at his desktop to work on his coding, but every time he'd have to just give up and walk away, unable to keep himself focused. He couldn't concentrate on anything. He just spent his time sitting in the living room, looking extremely stressed out.

"You should take these," he wife said, handing Seth two pills.

"What are they?" He asked.

"Hell if I know. Dr. Hiller gave them to me to deal with my nervous condition."

"You have a nervous condition?" Seth asked.

"Sure, why not? If I can get pills like these little babies, I'll claim to have whatever disease I need to have."

"You know how I hate pills."

"How can I forget? You mention it every time I take an aspirin. What do you have against modern medicine?"

"They're just scam artists."

"Yes, billions of people are taking fake pills and it fools them into feeling better."

"You mark my words! It's all trickery! Black magic!"

"Just take the pill, Seth."

"What's in it?"

"Black magic."

Seth angrily slammed the pills down and waited for them to take effect. He normally would have rather jumped out of an airplane without a chute that rely on a drug, but he had bigger fights to fight today. He had decided this would be the day he gave himself over to his fate.

It was a lazy Tuesday afternoon at Seth and Amy's. With nothing on Amy's social calendar and Seth unable to work, he knew that, unfortunately, this was as good a time as any to get things rolling.

"So about this Halloween costume..."

That was all the opening Amy needed. "Okay, first things first. I want to see you dressed up so I know what we're up against. To start, I think we need you shaved."

"You are really going to make me do this?" Seth asked.

"Don't be difficult, Seth. This is just a Halloween costume. Not a change of life."

He took a deep breath and trudged upstairs with all the enthusiasm of a prisoner walking to the gallows. It took almost an hour, but he did manage to complete shaving himself with little blood loss.

Fortunately for Seth, his Uzbeki Eurasian genetics kept him from being as hirsute as most men his age, and was one of the few times he felt thankful about his country of origin. He shaved the light hair on his legs, his chest and even got his armpits.

By the time he told Amy he was ready, the pills had more than kicked in. His head was floating in the clouds while his feet were tripping up on the carpeting.



“How do you feel?” Amy asked her husband.

“Weird,” Seth replied, as rubbed his clean chest.

“So let’s get you dressed.”

Amy had picked out an outfit for her husband made up of things she had meant to give to Goodwill. She referred to them as “old stuff,” but Seth recognized them as the clothes she used to wear before they became rich.

She gave Seth a beige half slip and an old pair of panties. He gave his wife one final look of skepticism, but she didn’t give Seth a way out. He put on the silky undergarments.

Next, Amy picked out an old linen dress of hers, knee-length and sky blue with short sleeves and a little drawstring at the waist.

Once he had that on, she gave Seth a pair of mid-calf black suede flat-heeled boots. He loved the boots. Not on him, of course, but on his wife. He always liked these boots and had fond memories of seeing her in them — but that was years ago. Now, he felt like he was desecrating his own memories by putting them on.

“Shouldn’t I be wearing the costume?” Seth asked.

“Baby steps, honey.” She fluffed out a wig she had pulled from a plastic bag. “Here’s the wig from the costume, if you want to put that on, at least.”

Seth picked up the wig like it was a dead animal and took his time figuring out what to do with it. Eventually, he pulled it over his head.

To this point, Seth was avoiding the mirror, scared of what he’d see there. He had his back turned and didn’t want to accidentally glance at it.

“How’s it coming together?” He asked his wife. He much preferred an opinion over seeing the actual thing.

“It’s not a disaster,” she said.

“Don’t try to sugar-coat it.”

“I mean it, it’s not a disaster. This might just work out.”

Seth was tempted to peek at his reflection, but resisted.

“Take it all off,” Amy suddenly said.

“What? Why?”

“We need boobs. Without that, it doesn’t look right at all.” She went to her box of old clothes and plucked a beige bra from the pile and then some old pantyhose, which she balled up. “Do I need to show you how to put this on or can you figure it out for yourself?”

“I’ve taken these off you enough times.” Seth fed his arms through the loops and then adjusted it to be centered. “Back?”

Amy clipped the back of the bra in place, and then patted one of the stuffed cups a little to balance out the other.

“That’s tight.”

“I’ll size you and we can get some that will fit better.”

“Great,” Seth said, sarcastically.

“Okay, now put everything back on again.”

“How much time is this going to take?”

“However much time it takes is how much time it’s going to take.”

Amy pointed him to the chair she had set up beside the bed. “Have a seat, I need to do your face.”

Seth snickered. “I’ve been trying to get you to do my face...”

“Knock it off,” Amy said, testily.

“What do you need from me?”

“Just stay still.”

Amy gave her husband a super-quick coating of foundation, blush, and powder. She spent a little more time on his eyes, with shadow and eye-liner, and gave him the fullest, glossiest lips she could manage.

“A little jewelry and this should be done,” she said. Amy then attached some clip-on earrings, a thick gold necklace and then gave Seth some miscellaneous bracelets to put on.

“Done?” Seth asked.

“Done,” she pronounced.

Seth then had no excuse not to get up and turn around, ready to see what that full-length mirror had in store for him

“Legs together, and stand straight as you can,” Amy coached. “Chest out. And smile.”

He followed her instructions. Seth turned around with his eyes closed, brought his legs together, puffed his chest out and straightened his back. With a smile on his face, he opened his eyes.

“Oh,” Seth said. “I... Uh...” He had to find exactly the right words. “It is not a disaster.”

“With beer goggles, someone might actually hit on you,” Amy commented.

Seth was feeling a maelstrom of emotions all at once. There was a sense of disgust in there, that he had let himself get dressed in women’s clothing. There was also some confusion, as he wasn’t sure what this meant. He wasn’t attractive in the obvious sense, but he wasn’t a ‘man in a dress.’

Fright was also a big part of what he was feeling. That was to be expected of any man who was seeing himself in a dress for the first time. He didn't know what this meant, existentially, to be a passable woman. Was this inside him all along? Was this something anyone had seen in him before? Was it something everyone had seen in him before?

He wasn't just taking a hit to his masculine pride, as modest as it was. His masculine pride was being fed into a threshing machine.

Worst of all, even if he were to put a stop to this right now, and not take a single step further, he knew his wife would always see this effeminate person in the mirror every time she looked at him.

"You look great," Amy told her husband, "as a woman."

Seth looked at the floor as he spoke. "Yeah, thanks, honey."

"Okay, you know what I think?" Amy said. "I think we have a six days before we see how nasty Jason looks in a dress, and I want you to just blow him out of the water."

"Now what are you going to do to me?"

"Stop whining. Here's what we need to do. I want you dressed in women's clothes day in and day out until we meet up with Karen and Jason."

"Absolutely not. Why would I do that?"

"Look at yourself. You may fit into the clothes, but all your body language says you're totally uncomfortable."

Taking another look at himself, Seth had to admit that he did look awkward. He was hunching over, as if the clothes were attacking him.

"I really do not want to."

"And I really don't want to lose everything we own. No one's going to see you, so what does it matter? You need practice to get familiar with everything. If you walk into our meeting with Jason as a confident and complete woman, like you were born in dresses, they'll be begging us to rip up that contract. It could all be over before it even begins."

"You do not want to win the bet?"

"I want to win the bet. I don't think we need the money, do you? If they give up, it's just as good."

That did appeal to Seth. "Do I have to wear the wig?"

"Not that one. It's cheap. I'll get you one that doesn't look like it's made of plastic."

"No one gets in the house. No one is allowed inside. And I'm not going anywhere."

"My interior designer is coming tomorrow..."

“Cancel or reschedule.”

Amy would have objected, but she understood how far she was pushing her husband. “I’ll reschedule.”

Seth knew she was making a sacrifice. He leaned over and kissed his wife on the cheek. “Thanks.”

“Just keep focused and try to get comfortable in these clothes.”

Seth licked his finger and rubbed his wife’s cheek.

“Pardon?” She asked.

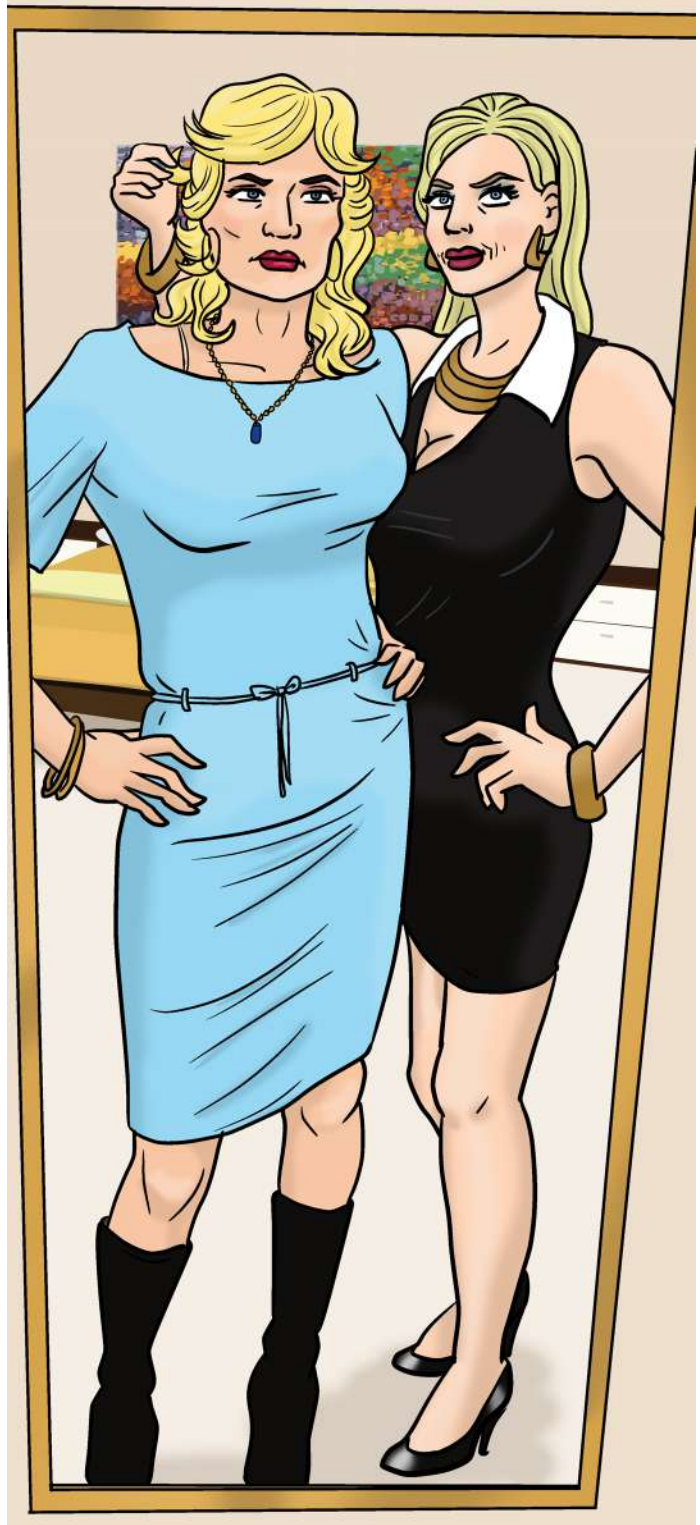
“I got some lipstick on you.”

“Oh.”

Seth turned to look at himself in the mirror again. “A lot of fuss for a goddamn Halloween party.”



The six days passed slowly for Seth. He couldn’t make a move without comment from



Amy.

Shoulders back. Stand up straight. Don't slouch. Smile! Head up. Don't rub your face. Enunciate. Look attentive. Use your hands to express yourself. Smile! Licking your lips is not a good idea. No slouching. Stop scratching yourself. Why aren't you smiling?

Seth wondered if real cheerleaders had to do this when they were learning their craft. He had often tried to picture what cheerleaders do on their down time, thinking that they went out to parties, flirted with the players and led a life of excess. He suspected the truth was more like they went home to a half-awake boyfriend moaning that they were out of beer and then heated a dinner in the microwave before falling asleep watching infomercials. He liked his make-believe version better.

Day by day, he was getting used to the clothing. There was much more to wearing dresses and skirts than he first assumed. You had to manage the skirt when sitting, you had to be careful with your legs not to flash your undies, and worst of all, he couldn't use his clothes as a napkin when eating.

It slowly dawned on Seth that he had to be constantly mindful of how he looked. He could no longer tune out and just focus on whatever he was doing, he had to make sure he was poised well, his clothes were in good shape, his wig hair was in place and he hadn't wiped his mouth with the back of his hand lately. Being a woman was a pain in the ass, in Seth's opinion.

But on the positive side, he was, after six days, far more comfortable in the clothes. Yes, he was even confident. He didn't make silly mistakes anymore like tucking his skirt into his pantyhose after going to the bathroom, and he rarely tried to pick his nose with his press-on nails anymore.

Besides that, he could walk confidently in modest heels, and look as though he had been wearing skirts and heels for years. When it came time to go meet with Jason and Karen, he was feeling pretty good about himself.



Seth planned a crisp military operation to get him out of the house without being seen. He had Amy rent a U-Haul truck and block the driveway so people couldn't see the front door except at certain angles. To cover those gaps, he had the lawn sprinklers on so the mist would obscure his quick dash to the car where Amy was waiting, with the engine running.

"You're ridiculous," Amy said as Seth jumped in the passenger side, careful to keep his skirt from wrinkling.

"So be it," he replied. "Better this than the alternative."

Jason and Karen only lived about five minutes away, but it was the most nerve-racking five minutes of Seth's life. He adjusted the seat as low as it would go and slumped down even further so only the top of his head could be seen. He was scanning for any police cars anywhere, terrified that they'd get pulled over.

"Watch your speed!" He told Amy. "Use your turn signals!"

"Relax!" Amy barked. "For Christ sakes!"

Amy pulled the car in to Jason & Karen's place and drove around to the back, where the large pine trees would cover them. Seth had it all worked out.

"Well hello!" Karen said, welcoming them through the back door. "Aren't you all dressed up!" she said to Seth.

"Of course," Seth answered. "That's the point, isn't it?" He concentrated hard, as he walked into the house, gliding as gracefully as he could.

His wife had chosen for him a flattering black dress, made of matte material to best conceal his male proportions. It was light and fluttered around his shaved, smooth knees when he walked. It tapered slightly from the bodice, effectively disguising his waist and lack of hips.

His velvet black one-inch pumps were steady and sure as he carefully walked with one foot in front of the other, heel to toe, just like he had practiced.

"Impressive!" Karen said. Seth turned to respond, but saw she was talking to Amy, not him. "You must have had quite a time training him."

"He was a doll," Amy replied. "I never thought he'd look as good as he does. He's good enough to pass — in the right company."

"I have to agree," said Karen. "Why don't you have a seat and I'll go find Jason. He's probably upstairs."

"Probably trying to make some sort of dramatic entrance," Seth said. "It is not going to help him."

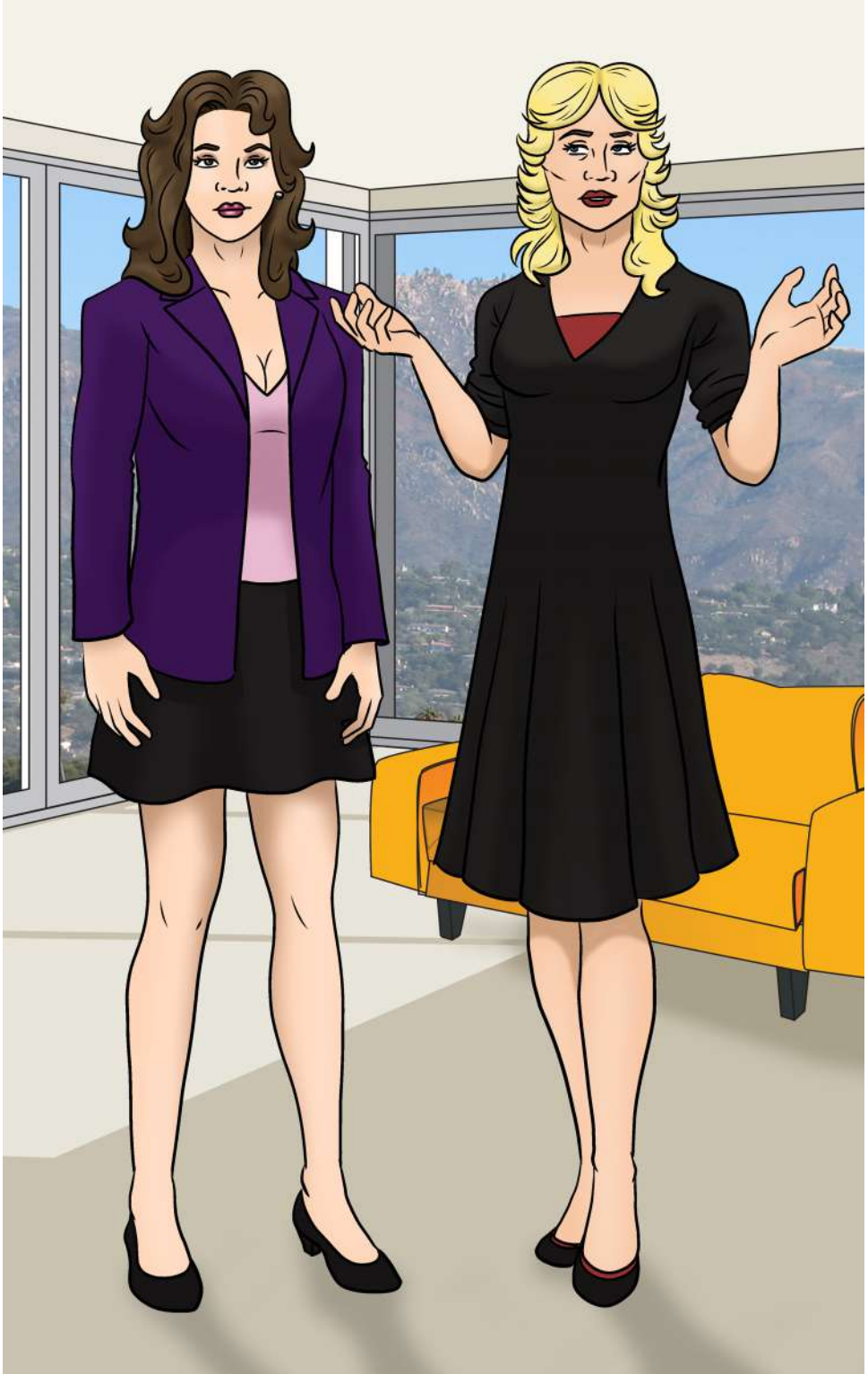
Karen gave Amy a glass of chilled white wine, her usual drink when visiting.

She took a sip. "I was thinking that maybe we should just reduce the terms of the bet, Karen."

"Oh, did you?" Karen replied. She then handed another glass of white wine to Seth. He usually had a beer, and figured Karen was trying to make a catty little dig at his appearance.

"Nothing drastic," Amy said. "I just don't think that Seth is going to be spotted at the party as a man. And in only six days of work! We have several more weeks to go even farther than what you see. He'll be a heartbreaker by Halloween."

"I can see that," Karen responded. "But before we go changing the bet, why don't you see my little Jason? Say hello to everyone, Jason."



Seth and Amy turned in unison to see Jason, who had snuck up behind them. Both of them were outright devastated at what they saw.

What was immediately apparent was that Karen and Jason hadn't wasted a second practicing or a spared a dollar in making him over.

"We've been working very hard on his new look," Karen explained.

That was a grand understatement, in Seth's opinion. Jason wore a tight, long, purple women's blazer over a salmon-colored silk blouse with a low-cut neckline. He sported a flared short black skirt that only ended at the middle of his thighs. His legs were in smoky black pantyhose and he wore black pumps with a three inch heel.

"Come around here and let them get a good look at you," Karen said to her husband.

Jason strode forward, walking in the high heels like a dancer, his hips swaying gently and his long hair was wafting behind him. When he came to a stop, a stray strand covered his lips. It was just for a moment, as he femininely used his pinky finger, topped with long coral pink nails, to sweep it away.

"Jason and I are quite satisfied he'd be able to pull this impersonation off," Karen said. "Aren't we?"

Jason nodded.

"His body is nice, but... His face!" Amy said. "How?"

His face was radiant, his lips as full as any woman's. His brows had been whittled down to gentle arches and his beard was undetectable. His makeup was immaculate, with just the right colors to hide his masculine edges and create high cheekbones and smooth skin.

The lips shined with glossy lipstick and were perfectly shaped, but it was his eyes were the real show stealers. His lashes were long and black, and lined in such a way that turned his eyes seductive and mysterious.

"You almost look..." Amy started to say.

"Asian?" Seth finished for her.

"You know, I was thinking that, too," Karen said, looking at her gussied-up husband. "I thought it just might be me, but... He really does have a kind of oriental look to his eyes. He's also been tanning a little bit. That certainly does make it look more so, doesn't it?"

"Karen," Amy said, "Seriously, how did you do it?"

"Just a little bit of makeup and hair," Karen replied, "a decent stylist can do wonders..."

Amy cut her off. "Bull."

"I suppose you're right. No sense in keeping any secrets." Karen sat down again, leaving Jason as the only one standing, on display as he was. "We were

having a terrible time with his face. Jason's features don't lend themselves to a feminine appearance. So, we went to one of those salons the celebrities use."

"I've always wanted to try one of them, but it always seemed so extreme," Amy commented.

"Maybe we'll need them ourselves in a few years, dear, but so far *we* don't need that kind of intense maintenance." Karen pointed to her husband's face. "Collagen injections in the lips and the cheeks, a chemical peel, eyebrows tweezed, the beard epilated, and the circles under his eyes zapped away with a laser."

"Jesus," Seth said.

"Oh, it was nothing serious. It was all done in two visits to the salon. It all wears off in a few weeks, anyway."

"It's really incredible," Amy remarked. "It really made a difference."

"The face is only half the job. Then there's the hair and his body, of course."

Amy moved to the edge of her seat and placed her wine aside. "You have to tell me what you did. Tell me everything."

"The most important thing was the therapist."

"A therapist? Like a psychologist?"

"Sort of like that. Jason just had a natural tendency to fight everything. He didn't want to wear panties or a skirt, he wouldn't try to walk in the pumps, he was just uneasy with the whole thing. A little bit of time with a professional has done wonders with his frame of mind."

"What did this guy do?" Amy was eager to know more. "Did he..."

Karen held up her hand to stop any further conversation. "Jason, why don't you show go Seth the shoes you bought yesterday? They're in the upstairs closet."

Jason immediately scooted off, apparently grateful to be out of the spotlight. Seth got up and hesitatingly decided to follow, unsure of why he would be interested in shoes, but he was dying to ask Jason some questions. He stumbled in his heels, but righted himself quickly.

Karen couldn't resist a comment. "You might want to take some lessons from Jason if you want to keep up, Seth."

In what had to be one of the most humiliating moments of his life, he listened to his wife and Karen laugh at his expense as he followed Jason upstairs.

Seth watched from behind as Jason climbed the stairs and headed for the bedroom. He was amazed at how thoroughly Jason was imitating a woman. With his short steps, his swinging hips and his hands raised to his sides, Jason was the image of a young lady.

"She's not watching, you can stop acting like that," Seth said.

“Acting like what?” Jason said. His voice was quiet, like a whisper. “Oh you mean the walk. It’s tough to stop. I’ve given up trying.”

“What?” Seth said, in confusion. “What is that supposed to mean?”

Jason looked behind them to make sure they were out of sight from downstairs. “Listen, Seth, that therapist Karen said we went to? He wasn’t a normal therapist. He’s a hypnotist or something.”

“A hypnotist?”

“Well, not really a hypnotist, but he did mess with my mind a little. Don’t tell Karen I told you. I’m supposed to keep it a secret. But I’m really worried about what they did to me!”

“How do you mean?” Seth asked.

“I can’t stop acting like a woman! I walk like a woman, I can’t talk back to Karen, I’m not hungry anymore... It’s so... Weird...”

Seth watched as Jason’s eye seemed to drift away from reality for a moment. “You don’t sound like yourself, Jase.”

“I can’t explain it. I just seem to be thinking differently all of the sudden.” They finally got to the master bedroom, where Jason bent over at the hips and picked up a pair of three-strapped tall red pumps. “These are what Karen was talking about. She actually took me shopping yesterday. I saw these in a window and had to buy them.” Jason’s face turned serious as he placed his hand on his hip. “I mean it, Seth. I *literally* had to buy them. I couldn’t stop myself. What’s wrong with me?”

“You’re probably just stuck in character,” Seth said, slapping Jason on the back. “Don’t freak out about it.” Seth backed up for a minute. “Did you say she took you out shopping? In public?”

“Yeah, she did. I was scared shitless, let me tell you.”

“I bet. I don’t think Amy would try it, but you never know.”

“We should go downstairs. I have a feeling they’re talking about us behind our backs.”

“I can guarantee that.”

As they headed back, Seth took a sniff. “Are you wearing perfume?”

“You aren’t? It’s kind of an essential part of passing as a woman. Like painting your nails, piercing your ears, whitening your teeth...”

“You pierced your ears? Do you really want to win the bet that badly?”

“I guess I’m just kinda competitive,” Jason said, fluffing his long hair with his hands.

“Do you really want to keep going with this stupid bet?” Seth asked.

“To be honest, I hoped you were going to give up,” Jason replied, quietly. They were getting closer to where they could be heard. “Now, I don’t know what Karen will make me do next.”

“Since when has she told you what to do? You should just...”

“The gossip girls are back, I see,” Karen interrupted. She spoke loud enough to indicate she could hear them talking.

“So how did you get him down that slim?” Amy asked Karen, as she crossed her legs.

“He’s on a strict diet, and, well... I did put him in a corset.”

“Wow,” Amy replied. “It really does the job, doesn’t it?”

Karen got up and took Jason’s coat off for him, and then raised his blouse. “The coat kind of hides it. A tight corset gives him the curves a woman naturally has, maybe even better. My husband may have a slimmer waist than I do by Halloween! I highly recommend it for Seth.”

Seth felt a headache beginning in his temples. He knew he’d be having a big fight with Amy about this very soon.

Karen was gloating. “In six weeks, he should be figure-trained and we won’t use it the night of the party.”

“Can I put my blouse down?” Jason asked his wife.

“Yes, sweetie,” Karen said with a little pat on the butt.

Seth spotted something on Jason. “Are you wearing fake breasts?”

As Jason tucked the blouse into his skirt, he nodded. “It helps me...”

“It helps Jason feel more like a real woman,” Karen clarified. “It pushes the chest tother and gives a hint of cleavage. It’s all very convincing. I have to say that shoe salesman who tried to get an eyeful was sold.”

Seth gave his friend a quizzical look, and noticed Jason’s deep embarrassment.

“Oh? Did he get some attention?” Amy asked with a grin.

“When we bought him those pumps he fell in love with, the salesman at the counter took his sweet time with him.”

“Please, Karen...” Jason said, mortified.

“Well, let me tell you,” Karen continued, “this salesman was quite the smooth operator. He felt up Jason’s foot and he giggled like a teenager.”

“He tickled me,” Jason insisted.

“All I know is that we got a 20% discount, a wink and an invitation to come back any time.”

Jason took a deep breath. “It was humiliating.”

“You were smiling.”

“I was being polite.”

“Yes, well, anyway,” Karen continued, “Since my blushing husband protests, I suppose we should stop teasing him.”

Seth looked for himself. Jason was blushing. Just slightly, but he was. He wondered why he was having such an emotional response. After all, he was just playing along with his situation. You can’t suppress a laugh when tickled, so that was understandable.

Or was there more to it than that? Was Jason embarrassed for other reasons? Seth couldn’t imagine that Jason, the guy who he had known for years as a bit of a ladies’ man — and someone who definitely pressed the boundaries of a monogamous marriage — was anything other than completely straight.

But as Seth saw his friend blush, he could also see what looked like a slight smirk on his face.

“So I think you’ll understand if I don’t want to renegotiate our little contract,” Karen said to Amy.

Amy had to agree. “Yes, yes. I can see where you might think you have the upper hand at the moment. But that will change, won’t it, Seth?”

Seth wasn’t terribly enthusiastic about backing his wife up, but he knew he had no choice. He couldn’t just concede. “Yes, dear.”

Seth left the house and went back home, defeated. Instead of putting a stop to this crazy bet, it felt like it was going into overdrive. Worse yet, he seriously doubted that he or Jason was in full control of this situation.



When Seth got up to the bedroom, he looked forlornly at his shirts and jeans. He was looking so forward to their familiar, comforting feel again.

Amy saw his expression as she unburdened herself of her purse and coat. “Don’t even think about it, Seth.” She closed his closet door and opened hers. “This is a code red situation. Everything is on the line and we’re already far behind. If we want to beat those cheaters, we’ll need to double, triple and quadruple our efforts.”

“Cheaters?” Seth asked.

“Therapy? Injections? My God, if I had known that was something we could have done, I’d have done it!” She growled. “I thought this was going to be a friendly, civil competition, but no! That witch is playing for keeps!”

“I have to admit, that visit did scare me a little.”

“Honey, I know this is hard, but you have to trust me when I say that we’ve got to beat them at their own game.”

“I don’t want to do anything crazy, Amy. If this is going to out of hand, I would just as soon...”

“Concede?” Amy said, with anger. “I know you have a funny idea in your head that if we lose, we’ll just go back to life before we were rich. Everything will be hunky-dory and we’ll all skip through the tulips. Am I right?”

“Look, Amy...”

“Am I right?” Amy insisted on an answer.

“Not skipping through the tulips, but...”

“Seth. I know life hasn’t been the same for us since the company was sold, but you have to realize that we can’t go back to the past. We can’t change what’s happened. You and I live completely different lives now, and being poor won’t magically change us back to who we were.”

Amy put her hands on Seth’s shoulders. “If we have any hope of improving our marriage, getting to a better place together, it’s by moving forward. Going back to two years ago is just a fantasy.”

“I... I guess I know that,” Seth said.

“Then you have to agree with me that we need to control our situation, and losing this bet is going to make things worse, not better. If we lose, we lose all control. We lose the future. We have to win, Seth. We have to.”

“You’re right, of course.”

“Then do you trust me? Can we try to win this thing?”

“I don’t want to hurt anyone.”

“If we win, I probably wouldn’t actually take the *all* money from Jason. He’s your friend. And Karen doesn’t deserve to live on the street. God knows she’d probably get herself killed in five minutes if she had to provide for herself. I wanted to take this bet to prove, once and for all, that Karen can’t always have her way.”

“Really?”

“Yes, really. The only way for us to control our fate is winning.”

“Then what do we do?”

“First things first. That beard of yours has to go, it’s already showing through your foundation. I’ll call a specialist.” Amy grabbed her phone and walked away to go make a call.

Seth kicked off his shoes, and unbuttoned his blouse. He checked the time, and saw it wasn’t even six yet. With a few hours to go before bed, he buttoned his blouse back up and slipped his shoes back on. He didn’t see any sense in getting undressed yet.



With over two months to go before the party, there was no huge rush on the part of Seth and Amy to do anything drastic, so they spent a few days working together on what they planned to do.

Seth had enjoyed seeing the resolve and focus in Amy. With a project to concentrate on, she was more like the girl he met in college than the idle rich woman she had become.

It was a strange thing to think about, but dressing like a woman had brought Seth closer to his wife.

The first step they took was, indeed, to have laser hair removal on Seth's face. He was hesitant at first, but decided to go ahead with it, when he realized he'd eliminate the half hour shaving every morning for the rest of his life. That kind of efficiency gain appealed to the programmer inside.

The process took no more than an hour, which was surprising, but he was told he'd need to have sessions every week until it was permanent. One thing Seth hadn't realized about his hairless face was how young it would make him look. It really took ten years off, and now he was worried he'd gone too far. But the laser was supposed to be temporary, unless you kept getting treatments, so his beard shadow would be back.

He couldn't stop touching his face for days, it felt so smooth.

Meanwhile, Seth used his idle time to master the art of the high heel. In the space of five days, he had graduated from his one-inch to three inches. He had little interest beyond that, because the boots that came with his costume were only three inches. Yet he was persistent, wearing his heels all day long, even when it felt like his feet were cramping up.

Amy had an expensive human-hair wig fashioned for him, in bright blonde, to replace the cheap one that came with his Halloween outfit. The instructions that came with it suggested he should clip it on, rather than use something like glue to keep it attached. So Seth decided to skip his usual scalp buzz cut for a while. By the end of October, he figured he'd have enough hair to work with.

The wig was "classic cheerleader" in that it was long and wavy, with a sort of seventies look to it. He named it "Debbie" as it reminded him of the hair for the main character in "Debbie Does Dallas."

He was also brave enough to pierce his ears, an idea he had long entertained. Not that he ever wanted to wear earrings, but he was attracted to the mystery of a man who had obviously pierced his ears and let them grow over. He always saw guys like that as having some kind of secret, wild past. So he let Amy do it with a potato, ice cubes and an ice pick — and a few glasses of scotch.

The debate about a corset was just as heated as Seth had feared. Amy was adamant, that it was the best thing for Seth to get a female figure, but Seth had little interest in that. “What about padding?” He asked.

“You can’t make your waist thinner with padding,” Amy pointed out.

“You can make the top and bottom bigger, and that makes the waist look smaller,” Seth argued. “It is science.”

“This has nothing to do with science. It’s beauty.”

She had a point, Seth admitted to himself. If there was one thing in the universe that ran counter to the irrefutable logic of science, it was a woman’s sense of fashion and beauty. At least that had been his observation in life.

Eventually, they reached a compromise. A full-body shaper with padding. It was tight in the waist — but not too tight — and padded in the chest and hips.

With the new body shape, he found he could even wear most of his wife’s old wardrobe now. She was happy to let him have her “beat-up rags,” as she called them. Those “rags,” of course were the very same clothes that had attracted Seth to his wife in the first place.



One morning, Seth was walking down the large upstairs hallway when he saw his wife out of the corner of his eye, slightly obscured by some plants. For all the time he was married to her, she still turned him on. Her body was slim and shapely, and she knew how to use what she had.

Seth stopped in the bathroom, where he snuck a couple of Amy’s relaxation pills out of the medicine cabinet, and swallowed them. His wife would give him hell if she knew he was taking any kind of pill, but he couldn’t deny they made him feel better. After cleaning up all the evidence, he headed back. As he did, there was his wife again, back turned, looking fine. He decided to sneak up behind her and give her a little pinch and get a squeal out of her. Seth didn’t get far because he konked his head right into a mirror.

After he remembered about the new hall mirrors Amy had installed up here a couple of weeks ago, he then realized he wasn’t lusting after his wife. He was turned on by his own reflection.

The plants hadn’t let him get a good look at the head or face. The curvy body he had seen dressed in his wife’s clothes was his own.

“I heard a noise!” Amy called from downstairs. “Is everything okay?”

“I am fine,” Seth called back. “Sort of,” he added, to himself.

Taking a second look, he realized how far he had come. He was no longer just a pale imitation of a woman, he was good enough to fool men. Or, at least, himself.

He did a full turn in the mirror to get a better look. Maybe he was just too used to seeing himself in the bedroom mirror or in the bathroom. Out here, in the hall, it was as if he was seeing himself in a dress for the first time.

The strangest thing of all was what he was feeling. Inside.

“I have the weirdest boner,” he said. He slapped himself in the face. “This is getting out of control.” Seth resolved there and then that he was going to have to talk to Jason and try to stop this madness.



Seth was in a black cocktail dress, in the back of his car, checking his nails while he waited for Jason to finish with his makeup.

“I like what you’ve done with your eyebrows,” Seth said.

Jason smiled as he looked at himself in his compact. “Oh, thanks. It wasn’t easy. Tweezing is far more painful than you think.”

“Tell me about it.” Seth pointed to the ends of his brows. “I got like a quarter of an inch on this one and had to give up.”

“It’s not fun at all,” Jason replied, as he puckered up for his lipstick.

“And then, because I did one eye, I had to do the same to the other, even if...” Seth stopped himself when he realized he was talking makeup and beauty tips with his friend. “Are you just about ready to go?”

“All set,” Jason replied, “hand me my purse.”

Seth honestly couldn’t believe he was having this kind of conversation with Jason. Here they were, two perfectly well-adjusted guys about to have dinner in dresses and wigs.

Seth was still intent on getting Jason to give in a bit on the bet, but he hadn’t had any opportunities to talk to his friend. Karen had taken his cell away and was filtering his email, just so Seth couldn’t “influence” her husband. Even now, in the car, he could see Karen’s eyes flashing back from the front seat every so often to monitor them.

Earlier that week, Amy had suggested they go out to have a nice dinner with Jason and Karen. Seth knew this might be the only chance he had to try and sway Jason, so despite his extreme terror at going out to dinner — in public, in a dress — he had to do it.

Seth had noted that the wives had dressed down slightly, going with more of a ‘working professional’ look than the husbands had. He was wearing a simple



black dress with thick straps over his shoulders, a tight waist and a flared skirt that ended at his knees. He had been coerced into wearing seamed stockings, with a garter, and velvet three inch opera pumps.

Jason was in a deep purple dress, with cap sleeves and a v-neck that was displaying his famous fake cleavage. The dress was showing his corset-enhanced figure and a short flirty skirt. His legs were bare and his matching purple shoes had four inch heels.

When they got out of the car, Seth also noted an obvious panty line on his friend's behind. He never thought he'd ever see that.

Karen had worn slacks and a blazer while Amy had a blazer and pencil skirt, and both were wearing flats — which made the husbands stand out even more.

When Seth had to finally face other people, his already unstable knees just gave way. The eyes of the valet at the door, the quick glance from the girl at the desk, and the incidental looks from people waiting for the next table had him barely able to move.

“C’mon, sweetie,” Amy said, hoisting him up, discreetly. “You’re going to look like you’re sloppy drunk.”

Seth righted himself and just did his best to tune out everything around him. He kept his eyes low and on the floor, just watching where he was going to step next and concentrating on it, one velvet-heeled pump after the other.

He was relieved to find they had been seated at a booth, where he could not only be hidden partially, but where he didn't have to fuss with a waiter being

chivalrous and helping him with the chair. Seth had been playing that moment over and over in his mind for two days now.

“May I start you beautiful ladies with an appetizer wine?” The man said. Seth took his menu and used it to shield his face.

“Chenin Blanc would be wonderful,” came a soft, lyrical and feminine voice from... Jason.

Seth dropped the menu in his lap, he was so stunned.

“Very good.”

“Dude!” Seth said to his friend.

Everyone’s eyes, including the waiter’s, immediately glared at Seth. His voice was not so soft, nor lyrical, nor feminine.

Seth coughed. He cleared his throat.

“Poor dear. That cold really did leave you with a bad throat, didn’t it?” Karen said, giggling.

“An order of bruschetta for the four of us,” Amy said quickly, to distract the waiter. “We’ll be ready to order in ten minutes.”

“Yes, of course,” the waiter said, walking away — with his head turned directly back towards Seth.

“What the fuck was that?” Seth hissed at Jason.

“I’ve been practicing.” Jason said, in his normal voice. “I’d be pretty easy to spot as a man if I talked like one, don’t you think?”

Seth glared at Karen, who grinned at Amy, who then glared back at Seth. Another gauntlet had been thrown down. Now, Seth was going to have to work on a woman’s voice. For now, though, he was just going to have to put that task aside. He was on a mission tonight.

The trouble was, it was very difficult for Seth to keep his mind on this task. He was looking at every single person, his eyes zipping around the room, left and right. Was anyone looking? Was anyone suspicious? Who was staring? He was too scared to blink, fearing that in that microsecond he might miss something.

In fact, he was so preoccupied, when he looked back at the table, Amy and Karen were gone. He had missed them leaving.

“They went to the ladies’ room,” Jason explained.

Seth was so frightened to be left alone, he knocked over his water glass — and then knocked over the salt shaker when he tried to save the water. Fortunately his water glass was empty, because he had already chugged it down to try and cool his flop sweat.

“Nerves, Seth,” Jason said. “You’re about to fall to pieces.”

"I guess you're right." Seth reached for his purse and took a couple of Amy's relaxation pills. He then stole her water to swallow it down.

"Better?" Jason asked,

"I'll be good in a few," Seth took a deep breath. "Look at us, man. We're two guys in dresses going out for dinner with our wives. This has already gotten, I don't know, a thousand percent crazier than I ever thought it could get."

"Yeah, tell me something I don't know," Jason replied, tossing his long hair gently.

"We have to stop this."

"Seth, like I already said, this something that works for both of us. For just a little embarrassment here and there, we'll both be in a better place, win or lose."

"I'm not so sure. I don't think I really want to go back to being poor again. Amy was saying that..."

"From the gentleman," said the waiter, dropping off a martini in front of Jason. He glanced towards a table with three men, one of which was looking back at Seth and Jason's table. He got up and started to approach.

"Oh, man," Seth said. "He's coming over." He started to grip the tablecloth and pull it towards him.

"Stay cool. I can handle this," Jason said, steadying himself.

"Name's Paul," the man said, a sparkle to his smile. "Hope you like martinis."

Jason took the new drink, tossed the olive and drank it down in one gulp. "Name's Jason," he said in his deepest voice. "Thanks for the booze, bro."

"Ah. I see," Paul said, as he turned on his heel and returned to his table.

Seth waited until it was clear. "That was fantastic."

"I'm going to pay for it later," Jason said, rubbing his temples.

"Anyway, the bet..." Seth continued. "I just think that..."

"We're back!" Karen sang as she worked her way into her booth seat.

"Miss us?" Amy added. She glanced at the new martini glass on the table. "Where'd that come from?"

"You should have seen it!" Seth said with a big smile. "This guy ordered it and sent it the table, and Jason was all 'hey bro.' It was crazy!"

"A man ordered you the drink?" Karen asked. "How nice of him. You should thank him."

Jason shook his head. "He's not coming back, trust me."

Karen clucked her tongue. "That's impolite, Jason. A lady is always polite. Next time that happens, either accept it and accept the man's cordiality or send

the drink back. It's not fair to him. He's just trying to be friendly. It's not his fault he finds you attractive."

Waiting for the snappy comeback, Seth was sorely disappointed. "You're right, of course," Jason said. "I was just feeling a little... Impish, I guess."

Impish? Seth thought to himself. That was a new word for him.

"Who sent it?" Karen asked.

Jason pointed to a nearby table. "Tall guy, brown hair. Said his name was Paul."

"Well, I'm going to go apologize." Karen got up and walked over to Paul's table. No one could hear the discussion, but Karen definitely looked to be asking for forgiveness.

"What do you think she's saying?" Seth asked.

"Probably just being nice. You know Karen, she's a bit of a bitch, but she's never impolite." Amy nodded towards Jason. "Sorry."

Jason shrugged. "I live with her. She's definitely a bitch. A nice bitch, but a bitch."

"What's she doing?" Seth asked.

As the three watched, Paul took Karen by the hand and led her away. Karen broke it off for a moment and walked back to the table. "We're going dancing," she said as she grabbed her purse.

"Karen?" Jason asked.

"I wanted to apologize, he offered to go dancing, he's handsome, so why not?" She turned to Jason. "My husband is out of town."

"Karen..." Jason said, but cut himself off when he saw Paul approaching.

"You had me going, there," Paul said to Jason. "You do a fine imitation of a man. Karen told me you like to pull that stunt."

"Oh," Jason spoke in his feminine voice. "No hard feelings, I guess."

"Nah. I enjoy a good joke, uh..." He was holding on a name.

"Jasmine," Karen inserted. "Jasmine, say you're sorry."

"I... I'm sorry," Jason replied.

"Don't wait up," Karen said to her husband. "Have a nice dinner!"

They turned away and Jason could see that Paul had a very firm grasp on his wife's butt.

Jason turned to Amy and Seth. "Did you use the word 'bitch' earlier?"

"You can't let her do that!" Seth said, adamantly. "She's your wife! She's going out with another man!"

“In any other circumstance, I’d agree with you.” Jason picked at his dress. “I can’t really get in a fight in this getup, can I?”

Amy agreed. “Especially in those shoes.”

“You need to stop her!” Seth demanded.

“Seth, when Karen wants to do something, you really can’t stop her.”

“But...” Seth was wondering why Jason kept coming up with excuses. His wife was not just going out with another man, she was doing it right in front of them. That was as cardinal a sin against marriage as he could imagine. Jason should have stopped it all, but instead, he was watching them walk right on out of the restaurant, in an embrace. “But...”

It became clear to Seth that of the four of them, he was really the only one who had a problem with this. Still confused, but obliged to temper his emotions to match the mood of his friends, Seth swallowed his concern.

The waiter dropped their appetizers onto the table. “More bruschetta for the rest of us,” Jason said.

Seth’s opportunity to be one-on-one with Jason had passed. He couldn’t try to talk him out of the bet with Amy around, as she was all in favor of seeing this through. Every time he tried to steer the conversation in that direction, Amy interrupted or changed the subject.

If Seth was going to talk Jason out of this, he knew he was going to have to pick another time.

The rest of the evening was uneventful from an outsider’s perspective. From an insider’s view, though, Seth had never had a more eventful night in his life. He had to think about every move he made that night, planning what he was about to do, imagining himself doing it in his head, making sure it was the right thing to do, and then doing it.

When he cut his meat, he had to visualize himself doing it first. He couldn’t stick his elbows in the air and go at it, he had to keep his arms to his side. That took twice as long to make the slice. Big pieces would force him to open his mouth too wide, so he needed small pieces. Cleaning his mouth required a targeted dab of his napkin, not a crude scrub back and forth. He couldn’t pick up his beer and wait to finish chewing and then swig it down, he had to finish his chewing and swallow, then reach for his wine and sip it demurely.

He had to expend more mental energy in one hour than he had in the past calendar year.

“I’ll order the cheesecake and we can all share it,” Amy announced when they were finished.

“Can’t we just go?” Seth whined.

Amy frowned. “This is the first night out for me in three weeks, and I’m not going to go home a second early.”

“You two can split the cheesecake. I’m full.” Jason placed his lipstick-stained napkin on the table.

A quick look at Jason’s plate revealed that he hadn’t even eaten half of it — and the portions were small to begin with.

“You’re going to starve,” Seth said.

“I’m never hungry anymore. It’s strange. Ever since I started seeing that therapist.”

“You have to tell me who it is,” Amy said. “I need to drop about five pounds.”

“I can’t,” Jason said, apologetically. “It’s a secret. Karen would kill me if I told you guys.”

“Well,” said Seth, “Jason made that promise. What about... Jasmine?”

Jason laughed. “Karen’s been trying to come up with a name for me for days. She says Jasmine makes me sound exotic.”

Amy leaned in for a close look of Jason’s face. “You do look kind of... I don’t know, Korean or Japanese or something with the way you do your eyes.”

“Chinese. At least, that’s what Karen decided.”

“You let her choose your name?” Seth asked.

“If it entertains her, that’s just fine by me.” Jason finished off his glass of wine. “What about you?”

“Haven’t even thought about it,” Seth answered. He gave Amy a look, as if he was asking for her opinion.

“I’m gonna start a list,” she said. “First thing when we get home.”

Seth sighed. “Fantastic. Now I gotta put up with this name crap. Don’t start a list, at least let me pick one myself.”

“Veronique!” Amy said.

“No, I’ll do it myself,” Seth replied.

“Wanda Jean!”

“No.”

“Chantrelle!”

“You’re making my case for me.”

“*Fine*,” Amy said, relenting.

Amy and Seth did indeed split the cheesecake, and Amy wound up paying for it, as she was the only one with a credit card. She left a generous tip, hoping that was enough to compensate the waiter for their odd behavior. When they got up and left the restaurant, Amy decided to take a moment to stop off in the restroom before heading out.

Seth was so intent on using this one last window of opportunity to talk to Jason, he actually forgot what he was wearing and what he looked like. “You have to get Karen to stop this bet, Jase,” he said. “You have to.”

“C’mon, Seth. We’ve been over this before. Besides, is it really so bad? I mean, yes, it’s kind of humiliating at times to be dressed like this, but it certainly isn’t dull.” Jason checked his lips in the reflection of the window. “It’s an adrenaline rush.”

“Maybe it doesn’t bother you, but it’s killing me.” Seth shook his head. “Killing me, dude. I want to call this off so bad. What the hell were we thinking?”

“You really just need to relax and let it slide off your back. My therapist has made me understand that.”

“That therapist again? What is he, some kind of...” Seth saw his wife returning, and his time was limited. “Please, dude. If I could just talk to you and make you see.”

Jason’s head dipped, weary of hearing Seth beg him to call off the bet. Seeing that Amy was almost close enough to hear them, he lowered his voice. “Come over tomorrow. Eleven o’clock. Don’t tell Amy, and Karen won’t be home.”

“Great. I’ll be there.” Seth held out his fist for a bump.

Jason used his slender, long-nailed hand to gently push it down. “Ladies don’t bro-bump, sweetie.”

“Ready?” Amy asked. “You two look like you were up to something.”

“Us?” Seth said. “You know us girls, we’re just naturally chatty.”

When he got home, Seth was relieved to finally be away from prying eyes. Still, he was as jittery as a man who had fallen into a vat at the Red Bull factory. It took him at least five hours to wind down, and fell asleep sometime after three.

His dreams that night were visions of his future. A future of being arrested for impersonating a woman, being found out at a bar and beaten up, or discovered by a friend and exposed with pictures on the internet.

Seth also ran through his dinner over and over again, only this time, in his mind, he was found out every time. He saw himself running from the restaurant, falling over in his heels as he was being chased. He’d try to hide, but they’d always discover him wherever he was.

He only got about five hours and woke up in sheets sopping with sweat and his heart was pounding away like it wanted to burst from his chest. “I spent three hours in public last night dressed like a woman,” he said to himself. “What the hell am I doing? What the *fuck* is wrong with me?”

Seth staggered to the bathroom, and looked at himself in the mirror. He was a wreck. His beardless face looked almost alien to him. His skin was clammy, and

his eyes were puffed up from lack of sleep. This whole episode was going to be the end of him, he was sure of it.

Seth swallowed down a few of his wife's pills to calm down. It was almost ten, and he had the idea he had to be somewhere this morning. He started a shower and while he was shaving his pits, he remembered that he had a secret meeting with Jason in an hour. That barely gave him time to dress and do his face.

He was tempted to run over there right now and see what the aftermath of Karen's little stunt was. The more he thought about it, it just had to be a tweak on Jason. She'd never openly date another man like that, would she? Sure, in the "best wife ever" competition she'd finish in a last-place tie, but even she wouldn't sleep with another man in front of her husband.

After toweling off, Seth changed into a pair of white panties and sat down at the mirror to work on his makeup. He had been able to do the whole routine himself for a few days, now. He wasn't necessarily an old hand at it, but he was eager to learn and not have Amy do it for him, like he was a four year old.

He found that just a light foundation worked best for him, especially with the beard gone. He had reasonably smooth skin for a man, so most of his attention was on making his nose look a little slimmer and to accent his cheeks just right. Although every time he did his eyes, he added a little more detail to them.

Amy was quite right about a properly fit bra. The new ones she had bought for him felt much better. Once stuffed, it looked quite natural. A nice long-sleeved red blouse caught his eye and he matched it with a black knee-length a-line skirt. Since he was going to be out, he packed a purse and then a pair of black two-inch heels. As an afterthought, he spritzed himself with a tiny bit of his wife's perfume.

As he clipped on his earrings, he went to go look for Amy. She was on the phone, as usual, and didn't seem to be paying attention to much else. With no time to waste, Seth slipped out the back and into his brown sedan he had hidden in back of their six-car garage. He'd explain himself later.

"Hey," Seth said when he was greeted at the door by Jason. He was wearing a breezy blue dress with a white cardigan sweater. His makeup was immaculate and his hair was flawless. Seth almost felt jealous about how good he looked.

"Hi!" Jason replied, brightly. He stepped forward in his four-inch heels and hugged him lightly, surprising Seth. "You smell nice."

"Oh, uh, thanks." He had no idea what to do after getting a compliment like that. "So, where's Karen? Did you..."

"No, I haven't seen her since last night," Jason said, testily. "She had a scheduled meeting in the city this morning with the charity council she's involved with, which is where she is I suppose. But she hasn't called."

"If Amy ever pulled that kinda crap with me, I'd..."

“If Karen even so much as let that idiot touch her, I’ll... I’ll...” Jason’s anger was blazing like a wind-fueled wildfire. “That woman will be out of this house and living on the street tonight!” He was too angry to just let it go at that. “And that jackass Paul better know that I’m gonna chase him right out of the fucking sate! And I can make it happen, too! I’m rich, goddamn it!”

“Take it easy, okay?” Seth said. “I’m sure she’s just yanking your chain.”

“Even if she is, she’s going to learn that I...” He trailed off. “I made some tea to try and calm my nerves. Want some?”

“Sure,” Seth said.

Jason led him over to a small table where a steaming pot was waiting. “Have a seat.” Jason and Seth sat across from one another, as Jason poured out tea into two tiny teacups.

Seth felt a little queer, sitting as the two men in dresses and skirts sat for a civilized cup of tea. Jason blew lightly on his tiny china cup as he crossed his legs at the ankles.

He decided that keeping his friend calm trumped his need to complain about this decidedly strange situation. So he kept quiet. Then, he looked at his tea. “It’s green,” Seth observed.

“Green tea is ridiculously good for you. It helps cholesterol, burns calories, fights infections... You should seriously try it. The girl who does my tanning swears by it.”

“Ah,” Seth said, trying to sip the tea without gagging. He was shocked that Jason was meeting with someone outside their little group to handle tanning, but he didn’t seem bothered by it. Seth thought that maybe he was being a little too paranoid about remaining hidden. “I was going to say, your skin looks different.”

“It’s a combination of some light tanning and some self-tanning lotion. It’s a little darker than it probably should be, but Karen said it looks good on me.” His expression suddenly soured. “That stupid bitch.”

“If she knows what’s good for her, she should probably stay away for a few days,” Seth observed.

Jason frowned. “I want to lock her out and teach her a lesson, but honestly, I do need her. She’s been in charge of this whole costume enterprise. I’m kind of shocked she’s not here. She usually never misses one of my sessions.”

“Sessions?” Seth asked. “Oh, the therapy? Is that happening now?”

“The doctor will be here in about a half hour. Maybe she’ll be back by then. Anyway, you said you wanted to talk?”

“Yeah,” Seth took a moment to gather his thoughts. “Look, I know you are going to go through with this. That is clear to me now. You are also doing far better than me, and I am going to lose.”

“There’s still several weeks to go, Seth, you could...”

“Face it, you’re ahead by miles. I will never catch up. And frankly, I do not want to. This was a mistake from the start and I don’t want to make any more sacrifices.” He felt his chin. “I am never going to have my beard back like it was.”

“You got it removed?”

“Laser treatment. It is supposed to grow back most of the way, eventually.”

“Oh, same here. Appointments every week. It’s such a pain. They get the strays with electrolysis and...”

“You see, this is what I am talking about! You are obviously able to get into all this *madness*. Not me! I do not want to be a bad copy of a woman. I want to just give you whatever you want to stop this, and let me go back to writing my code!”

“You could still write code now, you know. It doesn’t matter how you dress, does it?”

“Looking like this? I can not concentrate! I have not written a line since this all started. That is I why really, really need it to stop.”

“You’re serious, aren’t you? I thought this was just an act to try and get me to slack off a little.”

“Do I look like I am kidding around?”

A crackle of gravel from the driveway caught both of their attention. Seth scrambled to the window, fighting his footwear. Jason just put his cup and saucer down, uncrossed his legs and gently glided to the window to check for himself.

“Who is that?” Seth asked, panicking.

“That’s Doctor Grumman, my therapist. He’s early.”

“Send him away!”

“Seth, he already knows. That’s what therapy is about. I’ve told him everything.”

“But I...”

“Shush, now,” Jason said with a smile. “In fact, I think he’ll be a great help to the both of us.” The doorbell rang and Jason immediately headed to the door.

“No! You can not!”

“Calm down, for goodness sake!” Jason said before disappearing down the hallway.

Seth looked this way and that for a place to hide. He started in one direction, and then stopped and headed in the opposite. He couldn’t be found looking like *this*, his deep brain center of primate panic told him. He had to get...

“I can’t wait for you to meet him,” Jason said as he re-entered the room. “He’s a little nervous, though.”

All Seth could do was turn and face the man, and try to not fall apart in a mess of sweat and dread.

“This is Doctor Grumman,” said Jason, introducing the man to Seth. He was a man probably in his late forties with slick-backed hair that greyed at the sides. “Doctor Grumman, this is Seth.”

“Ah, yes, Seth. As you might guess, your name has come up once or twice.” The doctor smiled and extended his hand. “No need to be nervous. This is strictly confidential, and as you can guess, I’m quite familiar with this kind of situation. Gender issues are my specialty.”

Seth knew his handshake was weak and his skin was clammy, but he shook the doctor’s hand anyway. “Hi,” he said.

Jason went over to put a comforting hand on Seth’s shoulder. “Seth and I were just talking, Doctor, and he was saying that he’s feeling like he’s already lost our wager.”

“Well, if you don’t mind me saying so, Seth, you make for quite an attractive woman. I don’t think you’ve lost anything quite yet.” Being called attractive by another man was all sorts of wrong and didn’t help Seth’s frame of mind one bit.

“Yeah, okay. But Jason has me beat. I would rather just concede and move on.”

Jason spoke to the doctor. “Neither of our wives would ever allow that, and frankly, neither would I.” He then clasped his hands together. “But I had a great idea. If Seth is having such problems with adjusting, why couldn’t you help him out? He could use a little confidence boost.”

Doctor Grumman was skeptical. “I don’t think your wife would approve.”

“My wife isn’t *here* right now,” Jason growled. “Besides, I’m sure Seth would be happy to pay you.”

“Are you sure?” Seth asked Jason. He immediately liked the idea. More than anything, he wanted just a little relief from this constant anguish over his life in disguise. From the first time Jason had gone to see this doctor, he had been in much better mental shape. If the doctor could do that for him, he was all for it.

“I think it’s the right thing to do,” Jason said. “You’re my friend. The doctor has helped in ways I can’t even begin to list.”

“You wouldn’t be letting me do this if you weren’t so far ahead,” Seth said.

“Mmmmm... Maybe.” Jason smiled. “But I don’t want to see you miserable. Plus he’s fantastic with the weight loss. I barely even eat at all anymore! The pounds just come off every day! That’ll help, contest or no contest.”

“I did bring my checkbook,” Seth said to the doctor.



“I’m not going to guarantee results,” Doctor Grumman replied.

“Can we get started?” Seth asked.

They went into the den, where there was some privacy. The process of starting a session was more complicated than Seth first assumed. He just assumed he was going to lie back on the couch and just spout stuff from his mind for a while, like he had seen on TV. That wasn’t how Dr. Grumman worked.

“I’m not a normal therapist,” Dr. Grumman said. “My job might be to analyze, but it’s also to pro-actively help. And when dealing with cases like yours and like Jason’s, it’s best to remove all the mental barriers between you and the help you need.”

The doctor produced two capsules. “These will put you in a more receptive state of mind.”

“Like truth serum?” Seth observed.

“Well, something like that. But more effective.” The doctor handed Seth a glass of water, which Seth took and swallowed the pills down. “So, while we’re waiting for that take effect, let’s get started. Now tell me about...”

The next thing Seth knew, he was leaning to the side, seated on the living room couch, and he snapped back into consciousness.

“Huhwuh?” Seth said, as he realized he was now in a different room all of the sudden.

“Welcome back, Seth,” Jason said with a knowing grin. “It can really throw you, can’t it?”

Seth was shaking his head like a tambourine, trying to clear the fuzz in his mind. “What the hell happened?”

“As he describes it to me,” Jason said, “he uses a mix of traditional therapy and drugs to open up the mind. They make his suggestions more effective.”

“What did I take?”

“It’s a custom formulation of a few things. I forgot what he told me when I asked. Nothing crazy, though. He *is* a doctor, after all.”

Seth tried to stand, but he felt dizzy and his limbs didn’t quite respond on command. He got up a couple of inches and came right back down.

“Poor thing!” Jason said. “Just stay still, it takes a few minutes to get everything back. I can make some more tea.”

“No,” Seth replied, “No, just let me sit here a while.”

The doctor came in, and gave Seth a warm smile. “Back amongst the living?” He said. “You reacted pretty strongly to the drug. You aren’t taking any medications already, are you?”

Seth immediately thought about those little pills he had been sneaking from his wife. But those were for his nerves. They wouldn’t really factor into whatever the doctor gave him, he figured. “No,” Seth replied.

“Humph,” said Doctor Grumman. “Well, you did wonderfully during the session. I think you’ll find that dieting will be a lot easier now, in addition to some other suggestions I...” The doctor’s phone started to ring. “Hold on, I have to take this.” The doctor got up and left the room.

“How long was I out?” Seth asked Jason.

“Two hours.”

“*Two hours?*” Seth repeated, in disbelief. “Geez, it only felt like a minute or two. Are you sure?”

“Yeah, absolutely sure,” Jason said. “I watched two episodes of Downton Abbey.”

"I didn't do anything stupid, did I? He didn't make me cluck like a chicken or anything, correct?"

"No, but if you find any eggs in your panties, I know nothing about it."

Slowly a new wave of anguish came to Seth, a worry about what had happened during his lost two hours. He supposed it was all just counseling and therapy — but what if it wasn't? "Are you sure?"

"Seth, honey. *Relax.*"

"Alright, Jason, are you ready to begin?" Doctor Grumman returned from his call.

"Maybe we should wait for Karen," Jason said.

"That was your wife who called. She just wanted to talk before we began the session. She said it was okay."

"Well..." Jason put his hands on his bare knees pensively. "I guess it's okay then." He got up and strode into the den, and the doctor closed the door behind them.

"Guess I'm watching *Downton Abbey*," Seth said to himself.

It was almost two hours later when the sound of a car in the driveway alerted Seth. Jason and Dr. Grumman were still in session, so this was up to him to deal with. Seth paused the TV, stood and fluffed out his skirt before gliding over to the window to see who it was. It was Karen. "Oh, perfect," Seth said to himself. He walked over to a mirror, primped his hair and went to the front door to meet her.

"Seth?" A slightly startled Karen said. "What brings you here?"

"Oh..." Seth had to think, and fortunately, there was an obvious excuse. "I just wanted to keep an eye on Jason — after what you pulled, Karen."

"Did he need a shoulder to cry on?" Karen replied, with contempt. "Poor baby."

Just then, the door to the den opened, and Jason walked out. Seth's first instinct was to leap behind a chair for protection, to avoid the crossfire, but he just took a few steps backwards to get out of the way.

"Have a nice session, honey?" Karen said.

"Well, well. Look who decided to finally come home!" Jason chided. "What's the matter? Did Paul kick you out?"

"Don't be petty, Sweetie. It'll give you wrinkles."

"So how was last night?"

"He was quite charming. He was a tender kisser."

"He kissed you?" Jason said, shocked and appalled. "What did you tell him?"

"I told him I was married, and he didn't seem to mind."

“Unbelievable! Unbelievable!” Jason threw his arms in the air. He then fell into a chair. “At least tell me I’m a better kisser than he is.”

That remark caught Seth as extremely strange. Just two hours ago, Jason was practically ready to rip Karen’s head off. Where had his rage gone?

“It was like a long, slow dance in the summer rain,” Karen said with a smile.

“I’m still quite cross with you, Karen,” Jason leaned forward. “But you’ve got to tell me all about it.”

“You were cheating on him!” Seth shouted at Karen, just to try and kick-start what should have been a vicious argument.

Karen bit back. “Seth, this doesn’t involve you. This is between Jasmine and me.”

Seth snarled. “His name is Jason.”

“I think it’s time for you to go home, Seth,” Karen said, putting her hands on her hips. “This is a private matter.”

Seth looked to Jason for his say, but all he got was a blank stare in return.

“Fine,” Seth said. He picked up his purse, tucked it under his arm and headed for the door.

Doctor Grumman was also leaving, having heard the noise. “See you next time, Jasmine,” he said.

“Bye doctor! And thanks!” Jason sang back.

Seth checked himself out in the mirror by the door, making sure everything was in place. He let himself out and headed for his car, waving at the groundskeeper who was tending to some hedges. Seth couldn’t help but wonder what had just happened. In just the span of a few hours, Jason went from righteous anger to mildly disgruntled and curious. What had that therapy session done to Jason? Had the doctor somehow altered Jason’s mind to accept his wife’s tryst? But it was a crazy idea to think that one quick session could fundamentally change a person’s behavior.

Seth adjusted the rear view mirror to make sure his lipstick was still moist and his hair hadn’t been strewn about by his short walk to the car. He then looked at himself in his black-lined eyes. “Looks like we’re stuck in skirts for two more months, missy,” he said to his reflection. He then smiled and shrugged. “I guess it’s not the end of the world,” he proclaimed.



With little choice, Seth resolved to see the two months through. He was still quite sure he was going to lose miserably, but he also knew that if he didn’t at least give a decent effort to perfecting his Shocker Girl costume, his loss was a

certainty. You could never know for sure. Maybe Jason would get a broken leg or catch the flu. Besides, even if he did lose to Jason, he didn't want to look like a joke at the Stevenson's Halloween party, when the bet would be decided.

His efforts had been aided by his appointment with Dr. Grumman. Previous to his therapy session, he hadn't really cared about how he looked as a woman. Now, for some strange reason, it seemed like one of the most important things in his life. He felt compelled to check his hair and makeup in every mirror at every opportunity. Seth never realized that his session with Dr. Grumman had definitely altered his mind in many ways.

What Seth also failed to notice was how his attitude had undergone another change. His paranoia about being discovered had vanished overnight. He had no more misgivings about going out and being seen. He went to dinner a couple of times with Amy and even had a trip to the mall for a few new items to add to his feminine wardrobe. He could even interact with the cashier without going into a panic.

The change in his body, though, was the one thing Seth did notice — in most ways. He was dropping weight easily. His appetite was curtailed, and despite his meals always being light, he rarely finished them, feeling a little sick only after a few bites. For that, he owed Dr. Grumman a huge thank you, and wanted to become a regular patient. Strangely, when Seth tried to look the doctor up and make an appointment, he found no trace of the man. He had no record anywhere.

Amy, for her part, found her husband much more agreeable and was delighted at his change in outlook. Seth was no longer so fussy about wearing panties, bras and dresses. She found him taking an interest in makeup and hair and he was rededicated to making himself look as good a woman as possible. She set up a regular routine for Seth to follow, with its sole aim to get him in shape for the party.

With this new receptiveness, Amy created what she called a "ladies boot camp" for her husband. First, she decided to stop using his name whenever possible. She would call him "princess," "pumpkin," or names she used to be called as a little girl. That would reinforce his new status and keep him focused on being a girl, she hoped.

In the mornings, she would wake Seth when she got up and not let him sleep in, like he used to. "Part of the female experience is getting up early to be ready for the day," she explained. "It gives you more time to make your face perfect."

When it was explained to him that way, Seth was more than happy to spend his mornings on his face and his hair. He didn't understand why, he just enjoyed the process of looking all made up.

After a microscopically small breakfast, Seth was tasked to work on his voice. Amy had found a few places online that advertised a program to help men

speak like women. A bizarre thought, to her mind, but if they offered it, she would use them. She had Seth practicing every day, which he would do while playing *Plants vs. Zombies* on his phone. I wasn't long before Seth's impersonation of a female speaking voice was just as good as Jason's.

Every few days, Amy would ask Seth to have a little bit of a check-in. She'd weigh him and take his measurements. Every time she looked, she would get excited. Her husband had dropped from 168 pounds, when this all began, to 152 with 3 days to go before the party. He had gone from a 33-inch waist to a 28-inch waist, and his entire body was far more trim than she had ever seen him — even better than his skin and bones days in college.

Oddly, she had noticed her husband was a little shorter. It was hard to tell at first, because he was wearing high heels all the time, but after measuring it, she found that he was now a fraction of an inch shorter than her. He had been 5 foot 9 inches, but was now 5 foot 7 and 3/4.

A little bit of internet research revealed that most people do lose a little height when losing weight, because the body isn't bloated anymore, and the distance between the bones is reduced ever-so-slightly.

Amy kept all this to herself, as she didn't want to freak out Seth. He has behaving so well that she was afraid revealing his dramatic changes would push him back into panic mode.

For his part, Seth didn't notice the changes much at all. He had a vague sense he had been losing some pounds, and he felt better. Because it was happening so gradually, he didn't think they were anything to get excited about. Although Amy always seemed happy when she measured him.

"You lost a couple more, pumpkin," she would say to him. She'd never reveal the actual number. "You're going to need a belt for your favorite skirt!"

Then, with only three days to go, Amy suggested he be in "total cheerleader mode" until the party. That meant wearing his wig, a midriff-bearing outfit (much like his costume) and the white cheerleader boots all day long. It also meant speaking in his new feminine voice for 72 hours.

Seth wasn't wild about it, but he submitted to his wife's enthusiasm and insistence. "I really think we're going to win this thing, princess," she said.

"We'll see," Seth replied. "We'll see."

THE PARTY



As the days got closer, Amy implemented a few new tricks from her arsenal. She had Seth use skin-softening mud-packs once a day. Teeth-whitening strips were added to his daily routine. She even bought a cheerleading DVD for Seth to watch, just in case he needed to demonstrate some rally skills.

Seth let it all go. He just wanted it to be over and agreed to whatever Amy wanted to do to him, just because he knew it would finally be done. He had already packed a suitcase of his clothes — his *normal* clothes, that is — for when Karen and Jason kicked him out of the house. He had booked a week in a Ramada Inn downtown so he had some place to stay while he went apartment hunting.

To Seth, it felt like he had lived two lifetimes waiting for October 31st. He was never so excited to see the decorations go up around town, knowing his emancipation from bodyshapers, pantyhose and heels was coming. Finally, after the longest wait in his life, the day came and it was time for Seth to go to the party.

He thought he would have most of the evening to prepare himself, but just after noontime, Amy had him stand in front of a full-length mirror, nude. He was being fitted, as it turned out.

She had him slip into something she called “cheerleader panties,” which he never really realized were a separate species in the genus of panties. He tried on several sizes before Amy gave up.

“These all reveal too much. Your dick is a problem.” That was a phrase no married man wanted to ever hear under any circumstance. Amy was deep in thought as she stared at the reflection. From what Seth could tell, she was staring directly at his crotch. “Hold on a minute, I’ll be right back,” she said.

“Yeah, I’m not going anywhere,” the nude husband said. He looked down between his legs, with the odd feeling that his little man was suddenly under threat.

“Here we go. Try this.” Amy handed him a thick black rubber bikini bottom. “I bought this years ago for a trip to the Bahamas, never worn it. Probably never will.”

Seth held it in his hands. “It’s really small.”

“That’s the point, pumpkin.”

Seth tugged it up his legs, before it got stuck mid-thigh. It took another two minutes to get it all the way up to his groin. Tug after tug would budge it just a

millimeter, and he was grateful for his hairless legs. Eventually, he was ready to try and hike it all the way.

“Hold it,” Amy said. “Now, tuck the little devil between your legs.”

“You’re not serious. I’m gonna be fidgety all night!”

“You’ll be fine. You can tolerate it for a few hours.”

Seth did the deed, and tucked himself away. With the rubber panties in place, he had to agree that it was an effective mask of his male anatomy. When he slipped on the smallest of the cheerleader panties, they fit snugly and revealed nothing.

Amy clapped her hands together. “Yes!” She said. “That’s what I’m talkin’ about!”

“Most women would not celebrate their husbands lack of a penis,” Seth quipped.

“It’s for a good cause.”

“I suppose the next thing is a ‘cheerleader bra.’”

“Princess, the top *is* the bra.” Amy tossed him the top of the costume, a faithful reproduction of the classic Shocker Girls crop top. “That’s why we’re doing this.”

Having months of practice, Seth expertly snaked his body through the top and adjusted it into place.

“Not so fast,” Amy said. “We haven’t created the cleavage yet.” She went to her drawers and pulled out, what looked to be, two chicken fillets. “Just got these delivered today. These inserts will give you the boost we need.”

They weren’t chicken fillets at all, Seth realized. They were gel breast inserts. “Where did you get these?”

“All girls have these — sorry to ruin the illusion, sweetie. Now hold them in place for a second.” Amy pressed them to the sides of his chest and he diligently kept them there with his fingers. Next, Amy wrapped an ace bandage around Seth’s chest and the inserts, fitting it tightly. The overall effect was that the bandage pressed the gel inserts inward, pushing the loose flesh on his chest together, producing the cleavage necessary to wear the top.

“This is worse than the tucking,” Seth wined.

“Here,” Amy gave him two of her nerve pills. “You already need these.”

Seth didn’t disagree and swallowed them.

“Okay, that’s looking fine.” Seth turned to the side and saw his chest wasn’t particularly large. At least, not as large as a normal cheerleader’s would. However, it did look natural. “Now here you go with these.” Amy tore apart the packaging on a pair of ‘Skin-Tone Footed High Gloss Tights’ and handed the contents to her husband.

“I can still open packages by myself, you know.”

“I didn’t want you to chip a nail,” she replied.

Seth had learned how to put stockings on correctly over the past two months. Slowly and carefully, he pointed his toes into the tights, adjusted his foot, adjusted the seams, tugged it taught, and then worked his way up his leg. Once he was at the knee, he began with the other leg. Then, he stood and pulled them up over his thighs, adjusted them again for straightness, and then pulled them over his panties. These fit a little differently than his usual pantyhose. These had a bit of a waistband and hung lower on his hips.

Seth reasoned, correctly, that was because of the short...

“Hot pants,” Amy said, handing over glittery and shimmery shorts. It was skimpy and very brief, really more ornamental than anything. It certainly did a poor job of concealing the lower part of his body. “Okay, now I have a surprise for you.”

“You’re going to make me even more uncomfortable?” Seth said.

“Everything is going to make you uncomfortable tonight,” Amy replied.

“Don’t I know it.”

“I got you something special for the costume. These.” Amy opened a large box that had a pair of block-heeled white cheerleader boots in them. “The costume came with a pair of cheap plastic boots. But these are the genuine article. Pleaser GoGo300’s. I bought them off eBay, and this particular pair came from an actual retired Shocker Girl.”

“Am I supposed to be excited by this?” Seth said, calmly. Inside, he actually was excited. These were game-worn *real* Shocker Girl boots. Oh, how he had fantasized about making love to a girl in these boots. Night after lost night of picturing his dream girl under him as her legs rested on his shoulders, the glossy white boots rubbing against him as he drove his cock deeper into...

Amy interrupted. “You can put them on anytime.”

He hoped to God that Amy didn’t notice how his hands were shaking as he picked up one of the boots and sat down to put them on. “I’m literally stepping into a Shocker Girl’s shoes,” he said, mostly to himself. He wasn’t sure if he was excited to touch them or repulsed that he was defiling them.

The boots were a little old, and the zippers were fussy, but once he had them on, the outfit was complete. He stood tall, his nylonned feet slipping a little inside the boots, and took a look at himself in the mirror.

Well, he wasn’t Shocker Girl material, that was for sure. He didn’t have that spankable little butt or the implausibly overflowing bosom a real Shocker Girl had. His waist was too thick, with only a slight feminine curve to it, and his face was angular and weary. Amy tried to cover the sides of his face with his hair as she picked at it. He did have great legs, though, in his opinion. That was the

one thing he could say looked perfect in the costume.

All in all, he was a hundredfold better looking in the costume than he had first assumed. Maybe it was something beyond just his physical appearance. He was confident in the costume and smiled. Just accepting the costume and the situation while being poised and at ease was as convincing as anything.

Somewhere, deep in his heart, so deep he had never known it even existed, he was proud. Proud to be wearing the uniform of an Anaheim Shocker Girl.

Seth was in the passenger seat of the car as Amy drove to the Stevenson's Halloween party, dressed as she was in a seventeenth century gown. To fit in the driver's seat she had her three-foot-tall wig and giant hoop-supported skirt in the back. She drove in pantaloons.

"Okay, so the bet is that the first one of you two to get read as male is the loser," Amy said. "You two will stick together all night and either myself or Karen will be nearby at all times, so we can confirm who gets read first."

"Seems fair," Seth said.



“Voice!” Amy nagged.

“Seems fair,” Seth repeated in his feminine tone. He was in the passenger seat because he was a bit of a nervous wreck. His hands were shaking and he wasn’t in very good shape to drive. He reached for Amy’s purse and took a couple more of her pills.

“Black magic, huh?” Amy remarked.

Seth looked away. “I am desperate.”

There was a minor traffic jam as they got to the Stevenson’s estate, a large house that bordered on being a mansion. There were already twenty cars parked on the enormous front lawn and many more waiting. All of them were far too expensive to be parked on grass, as they were.

Once they were finally parked, Seth helped dress his wife the rest of the way. Fortunately, it was dark outside and in no danger of being seen. After they had examined each other, they walked not to the house, but to a tree located to the side of the yard. It had been pre-arranged that Seth and Jason would meet under this tree and go into the party together, to avoid giving anyone the chance to expose one of them before the other had even arrived.

“I was worried you weren’t going to show up,” Queen Elizabeth said when Marie Antoinette arrived.

“It would be your only chance to win,” Karen replied. “And here we are.”

Both Amy and Seth were trying to get a better look at Jason, but they were mostly in the shadows. Neither of them could see much more than half-lit silhouettes.

“Tonight’s the big night,” sang a soft, lilting voice as convincing as if it were spoken by a soprano singer. In the dark, all Seth could do was worry. If Jason’s appearance was even a fraction as feminine as his newly perfected voice, they were in desperate trouble. “Is everyone excited?”

Karen’s boastful smile may not have been visible in the darkness, but it could be heard in her tone of voice. “Jasmine has been beside herself. She can’t wait for her debut.”

As a car’s headlights flashed by — for just a fraction of a second — Seth could see Jason’s figure, with a slender waist, long hair and dynamite legs. The moment was so fleeting, though, Seth was trying to convince himself he could have been mistaken.

“I think we should make our way to the house,” Amy said. “Shall we?”

“After you,” Karen answered.

They walked slowly in the grass, because all of them were wearing high heels, worried they would hit a rock the wrong way or sink into the soil. The closer they got to the house, the better the light, and both Amy and Seth were alter-

nately glancing down at the ground to make sure they were stepping in the right place, then gawking at Jason.

At first, it was the hair that was the most obvious thing. Jason had gone from his average unremarkable brown to a deep dark brown that bordered on jet black. It was long, going down between his shoulder blades with a gentle wave from his temples down to the sides. What was truly startling about it was how glossy and thick the hair was with body and life. It bounced with every step Jason took.

Soon, it also became clear that he had gone above and beyond when it came to his diet. His exposed midriff was slender and sleek, toned and tan. He couldn't have weighed more than 140, Seth guessed.

Then, his whole body was visible, and there couldn't have been any doubt it was a woman's supple, shapely figure. Maybe Jason wasn't going to be in a bathing suit calendar, but in this outfit, he looked as natural and as real any young woman who they would see tonight.

"Have you chosen a name yet?" Jason asked, in his pitch-perfect female voice.

Seth was caught staring at Jason's large breasts, which looked as real as any pair he'd ever leered at. "N... N... Name?" Seth replied, struggling to concentrate on the question.

"I'm not calling you 'Seth' all night," Jason said with a dazzling white smile. "Unless you want me to, and you can just lose faster."

Seth hadn't thought about that, but it was true. He couldn't use 'Seth' or he'd blow it right away. So far, he had avoided picking a name, because it felt silly. He wasn't another person, he was just himself — in a crazy costume.

"I dunno," Seth replied, looking at his wife for any help. Amy had a dead serious scowl in the direction of Karen, and wasn't paying attention. "I suppose you want me to call you 'Jasmine.'"

"It's better than Jocelyn or Joanna or something like that. I've grown used to Jasmine."

"Well, I didn't really think that..."

"All right, fine. You obviously don't want to pick one. So for tonight, I'm calling you Selena."

"Like fuck you are."

"Mmmm... Okay. How about Sabrina?"

Seth shrugged. "Fine by me."

Finally, they were at the doorway. An observer would have noted the odd juxtaposition of two hoop-skirted figures in ornate classical styles with two figures in skimpy, glitzy cheerleader costumes. It was like time had just been torn to bits and then hastily glued back together.

They all went in as a group, and walked toward a table with many pre-mixed drinks available for the patrons. The insides of the party weren't quite what Seth had envisioned. It was a Halloween party, but most Halloween parties he had attended were dark and spooky with cobwebs strung from the ceiling, dry ice pumping out mist in the corners and old songs like "Monster Mash" playing in the background.

At this party, the room was brightly lit, the fall decorations didn't even hint at the macabre origin of the holiday, and the music being played was classical. In fact, a string quartet was playing live.

"Oh, it's going to be *this* kind of party," Seth said with disdain.

"Voice!" Amy hissed.

"Yeah, yeah." Seth was not only convinced he was going to lose this bet, he was now going to have to do it trapped at a hoity-toity fancy-pants soiree like this.

Although, truthfully, Seth's chances were not as dour as he thought they were. He was a perfectly acceptable cheerleader. No, he was not in Jason's league, but he wasn't giving the game away, either. Amy had done a credible job fitting the costume to his body, using several safety pins to make it perfect. It hugged his body where it had to and was puffed and poofed to hide the lack of natural assets. In fact, his uniform fitted him better than Jason's did.

Seth's hair was also in good shape. Being a wig, it was cut and styled perfectly. The only major difference between the two was that one was smiling like you'd think a cheerleader would, the other was also smiling, but looked a little haunted. Seth was absolutely convinced this was a formality, and he wasn't happy.

"I like your boots," Jason said.

"Amy got them for me," Seth said, suddenly enthusiastic. "They're real Shocker Girl boots!" He turned his ankle to show them off.

"While you two girls compare outfits," Karen said, dryly, "We're going to trade off keeping an eye on you. Amy, I believe you've got the first half hour?" With that, Karen strolled off. She recognized someone and quickly blended into their circle.

Seth noted Jason was standing in one what might call a "standard cheer pose," with his hands & pom-poms on his hips and one leg bent with that heel off the floor. Seth immediately matched the pose.

"So... What do we do now?" Seth whispered.

"I doubt you'll have to wait for long, princess," Amy said. "Girls dressed like you at a party? C'mon."

The very thought caused Seth's stomach to curdle. Sure enough, after two minutes, a man came up to Jason and started to talk. He was definitely "chatting" Jason up, and all Seth could do was try to contain his laughter. His delight unfortunately backfired on Seth, as his genuine smile attracted its own admirer.

Before he knew it, he was on the floor, dancing a slow waltz with someone guy dressed as Dracula.

The dancing was near impossible, as Seth had little experience waltzing, let alone backwards and in heels. That was okay, because this particular vampire was playing no attention to his partner's feet. His beady eyes were tunneling right down the valley of Seth's cleavage.

"You're a cheerleader, right?" The man asked.

"Yes," Seth replied in his high-octave voice. "My name's Sabrina." Either the guy was trying to be polite or was just awful at small talk, he thought to himself.

"Count Vlad the Impaler," said his dance partner.

Bizarrely, Seth had little trouble with being ogled like he was. He knew he had been working hard at looking feminine, and honestly, it was nice to have someone appreciate it. Even as his hips were swinging, and swaying his tiny, flippy miniskirt back and forth, Seth was unexpectedly comfortable.

Seth looked to see that Jason and his admirer had also taken to the dance floor. Jason's partner was dressed like some sort of jester or harlequin, or something along those lines. Where were the superheroes and sexy pirates, Seth wondered to himself. These rich people were so out of touch.

He couldn't help but notice that Jason was much more into his dancing than Seth was allowing himself to be. Jason was beaming, enjoying the dance and holding his partner close. Seth was thinking it was some sort of revenge for Karen's night out two months ago, because there was no way any man would have ever wanted to look as happy and as sexy as a female dance partner as Jason did.

When the music ended, both Jason and Seth were let go, and returned to the drink table. Seth guzzled down a hard liquor cocktail while Jason sipped a flute of champagne.

"Congratulations, girls. Your dates seemed enamored with the both of you," Karen said. She and Amy had traded off monitoring duties.

"Probably drunk," Seth said.

"Mine was named Edward," Jason said excitedly. "He was a really good dancer!"

"Very good, Jasmine. You're very convincing." Karen then looked at Seth. "Very convincing."

Seth simply grumbled to himself. Before he could take another drink, he was approached by another man, wearing the costume of an old-time English admiral, complete with a giant hat and gold fringes. "Might I have the pleasure of this dance?" He asked, bowing graciously.

Seth took the chance to look over his shoulder and smile at Jason. “I’d love to,” Seth replied, as he was led back out on the dance floor. Why did it fill him with pride to see his friend frown back at him?

The novelty of being asked to dance before Jason didn’t last very long, as Jason got a dance from someone dressed up as Davy Crockett. To top the ante, Seth noted that Jason was laying his head on his dance partner’s shoulder, and ended it with a kiss on the cheek.

Now it was war, as far as Seth was concerned.

The next man, someone in a “cowardly lion” costume, got the dance of his life as Seth pressed himself in and made sure there was a grateful smile on the man’s face. After him came a man in a “rapper” costume, with gold parachute pants, sunglasses and gold chains. At least the reference was merely twenty years old, Seth thought to himself.

Seth warmed right up to his partner, getting close and smiling. It wasn’t that big a deal, rubbing his chest into him — it was all padding, anyway. It was fun to try things, like a little extra swivel to his hips that would have his partner transfixed. So easy. As Seth let his partner take the lead and take the advantage by placing his hands all over his padded butt, he managed a fetching little giggle.

Now, Seth was feeling a much more confident in getting through the night without detection. When he was escorted back to his spot, he got a little pinch in the derriere he could barely feel, and Seth answered with a quick gasp. “You watch your fingers!” He scolded with a wink.

Jason looked over in his direction with an interested expression. Seth knew he had Jason a little intimidated. This was no time to sit back and take it easy, though. He was on a roll and if he was going to survive the night, he was going to have to convince these partygoers that he was a real woman — even if that meant dancing with each and every one of them.

Then Seth saw yet another guy approaching, who was definitely headed toward the both of them. He was dressed as some bad parody of a dime-store old-west Indian, with a feathered headdress and leather tassels. That costume hadn’t been relevant for fifty years, in Seth’s opinion. It hadn’t been tasteful in thirty.

This was an opportunity, though. That Seth had made it this far without being discovered was mind-boggling, so with a chance to pull this out, he had to try and up his game a little. He did his very best to rid his mind of doubt and put on that same dazzling smile and air of self-confidence that Jason was displaying.

Mr. Politically Incorrect introduced himself. “Hey, there. I’m Chief Big Feather.”

“Hi, my name’s Sabrina!” Seth said in his perkier, chirpiest voice.

“I’m Jasmine! We’re cheerleaders!” Jason rose a pop-pom and shook it.

“Yeah, I can see that,” the man said. “You two really do make an impression. Very creative costumes.”

“Thanks,” Jason said, pushing his chest out. Seth found himself doing the same.

He honestly couldn't believe it had gotten this far. Was it this easy to fool people? Wasn't there any way to tell he was really a man? Didn't he possess some sort of inner masculinity that was bursting through this thin disguise?

“So who do you cheer for?” Asked Chief Deaf to History.

“We're Shocker Girls!” Jason said.

“We cheer for the Anaheim Shock!” Seth added.

“Go Shock go!” Jason and Seth said simultaneously, surprising them both.

“Did you two guys lose a bet or something?” The man said.

Jason looked stunned. “Huh?”

“Pardon?” Karen said, inserting herself into the conversation.

“I asked these two



guys why they were cross-dressing,” came the clarification.

Karen pointed to Seth. “You asked him that.”

“No, I asked them both that.”

Seth pointed at Jason. “You were looking at him.”

“Hey, I was just curious,” the Indian man said.

“But who did you detect *first*?” Karen demanded to know.

“I’m just going to move on,” the man replied, and then turned away. “Touchy.”

As he disappeared into the thick crowd, Seth and Jason were left to pick their jaws up off the floor. This was not something they were prepared for.

“He read us both? At the same time?” Jason asked.

Seth looked up at the ceiling. “So, what does that mean?”

“No!” Karen objected. “No! That doesn’t count. It doesn’t count!”

“I think it does, honey,” Jason said.

“What are you doing, calling take-backs?” Seth said. “Are you a child?”

Karen stuck her finger in Seth’s. “You be quiet! This is your fault!”

“My fault?”

“You had to have cheated! You were never going to win!” Karen crossed her arms indignantly. “That guy doesn’t count.”

“Hold on! I saw that!” Amy emerged from the crowd and strode right at Karen. “You’re the one who cheated! You saw how good Seth looked and...”

“Seth is a cow!” Karen snapped back. “He lost this before it even started!”

“Jason is a... Sasquatch!” Amy countered, with an insult that was clearly off the mark. “I saw what happened! They both got outed at the same time, you bitch!”

“Okay, okay,” Jason said, putting his arms around his wife. Their voices were getting louder and louder.

Seth tugged on Amy’s arm. “Let’s get out of here before we get thrown out, huh?”

The two women continued to argue as they were led out the door. “I’m going to the lawyer and sue you for... Breach of contract!” Karen yelled.

“You’ll hear from my lawyer first thing in the morning!” Amy shouted.

Jason and Seth quickly shuttled their wives out of the house and onto the front lawn. Seth had Amy’s arms locked up as she fought his grasp, and Jason was putting himself in between the two women. Karen tried to snake around and lurch at Amy, blocked by Jason’s arms.

“I never should have trusted you!” Amy screeched.

“You paid him! You paid that man! That’s what you did!”

Amy got a hand free and clawed at her rival. “Don’t you blame me! You’re the one who brought in a doctor!”

“No one ever said we couldn’t!”

“That was cheating!”

Karen’s face went red and she gathered up her energy for one loud declaration. “I’ll sue for everything you have, you bitch! That contract is legal and I’ll prosecute you to the fullest extent of the law!”

“Contract?” Amy screeched. “I’ll shove that contract down your throat!”

Karen was spitting, she was yelling so hard. “I’m gonna hire a team of lawyers so big that they’ll have you broke and on the street in 24 hours!”

“Not on your life! That contract is null and void!”

“Hey!” Seth shouted. His masculine voice immediately quieted the argument. “This was a friendly wager, remember?”

“Let’s not fight, girls!” Jason said, still speaking femininely.

Seth sighed. “I have a copy of the contract with me, if you want to check it out.”

“What? Why’d you bring that?” Jason asked.

“Because I could see this mess coming a mile away.” Seth went to his car and the other three trailed him in silence. Once there, he popped open the glove compartment. He grabbed the contract and a small flashlight. He started to read through it, but flipping the pages and holding the flashlight was a challenging task. He received no help from anyone.

“Well?” Karen said, impatient after waiting a full minute for a concise legal summary of the 20-page document.

“Hold on,” Seth grumbled. “Here we go.” Seth held the contract higher to get a better read. “In the event of the terms of the contract not being settled by midnight, 31 October, or the end of the event outlined in Section B, Paragraph 3, whichever comes later, the parties hereby consent to choose a new event to satisfy the provisions set forth in Section A.”

Jason “And that means...?”

Amy rolled her eyes. “It means that we have to choose another test for you guys to pass or fail.”

“No, no. That can’t be right.” Seth flipped through the pages again. He connected up the sections and paragraphs, and unfortunately for him, that was exactly what it seemed to say. ‘Section A’ was a legalese version of the bet and ‘Section B’ defined the specific terms of the bet.

For a legal document, it was actually quite easy to understand. If the Halloween party didn’t decide who won the bet — and by both being ‘read’ simul-

taneously, that's exactly what had happened — then the bet was to continue, using a new event.

“Fine,” Karen said. “Fine. I don't care when it happens, it's a foregone conclusion. I'm going to have everything you own, and there's nothing you can do to stop it. Today or tomorrow, it's a done deal.”

“So... Let's choose a new test,” Amy said.

“Oh, God,” Jason mumbled, and he buried his face in his pom-pom-wielding hands.

Karen was smug. “Choose what you want, it's not going to help. We're up for whatever you want.”

“We can go to a store or something. See if they read us,” Seth offered. “What's open right now?”

“Liquor stores is pretty much it,” Amy said. “No, they'll check for ID and know.”

Karen shook her head. “What about tomorrow? Maybe take them out shopping and...”

“As long as someone's taking money, they'll look past a little thing like their customer being a man in a dress,” Jason said. “Or so I've found.”

“Forget that,” Karen said. “We need something like this party. Something where the guys are being evaluated. Like a beauty pageant or something.”

“No way,” Seth objected.

“Okay, not exactly a beauty pageant, but something like that.”

Amy leaned over to Seth. “Go with me on this,” she whispered. She then turned back to Karen. “How about cheerleader tryouts? They can try to get onto that Shocker Girl team.”

“Tryouts?” Karen said, intrigued.

“First one to get kicked out loses,” Amy said. She looked at Seth for his take.

Seth supported his wife without trying to sound enthusiastic. “Well, I guess. I'm not crazy about it, but it might work.”

Those words seemed to shock Jason, who looked over like someone had just kicked his dog.

“Fine, then, cheerleader tryouts,” Karen concluded.

“Write it down,” Amy instructed Seth. “Write it on the contract.”

Seth quickly scribbled “Cheerleader tryouts for Anaheim Shocker Girls to replace Halloween Party.”

Amy snatched the papers just as he wrote the last letter and then signed it. She handed it to Karen who signed it, too.

“And the guys,” Amy had Jason sign it and then snatched it back and have it to Seth.

“So when do you want to do the try-out?” Karen asked. “I say on Wednesday. Give our boys some time to rest and limber up.”

“It doesn’t work like that,” Amy said, with a slim, confident grin. “The try-outs are held annually. The next one is in July.”

“What!” Karen screeched. She grabbed for the contract, which Seth held out of her range. “July?”

“July?” Seth asked his wife.

Amy leapt in to block any further attempts to grab the contract. “We agreed! It’s in the contract, now!”

Karen knew she had been tricked, and she backed off. “Nine months,” she said, as she counted the months off in her mind. “You’re so afraid to lose, you need nine months to try and catch up to us.”

Amy simply shrugged and smiled. “I’ll take any advantage I can get.”

“Maybe this isn’t such a good idea,” Jason said.

Seth backed him up. “Yeah, let’s not go crazy here. Nine months is too long.”

“Too late!” Amy said. “Let’s get in the car.”

“No!” Jason asserted. “I don’t want to do this anymore! No more visits to that crazy therapist! Please!” He directed himself at Seth. “You can’t do this! Please, Seth!”

Seth had never seen this from his friend. He was begging him, pleading to stop this. “Listen Amy, maybe we should re-think this.”

“It’s late and I want to go home,” She removed her wig and skirt and put them in the back seat. “Get in the car.”

“Honey, we should stop and spend some time on this.”

“I have a headache. Let’s go.” Amy opened the drivers side door and got in, slamming the door after her.

“I’ll talk to her,” Seth said to Jason. “I’m sure that...”

“We’re good,” Karen said, interrupting. “Using the cheerleader tryouts in July is just fine with us. Isn’t that right, Jasmine?”

Seth could see the fight just waft out of Jason’s body like a dying spirit that evaporated into the night sky. He slumped over, his shoulders drooping, and then he slowly straightened himself up. “Yes, dear,” he said.

Without any further comment, Karen placed her hand around her husband’s back and led him off towards their car.

Seth had to collect his thoughts before he spoke, which was about five minutes after they had left the Stevenson’s estate.

“Nine months,” he said.

Amy blew out a deep breath. “Nine months to get you in shape, yes. Thank God.”

“Did you know the cheerleader tryouts were nine months away?”

“Of course I did. Last year, in July, you were checking their website every day for a month to see the new squad. You had your cell phone out for the entire dinner with my parents! How could I have missed that?”

“Nine months,” Seth repeated.

“We’ll use the same strategy. We’ll try and make them cave in before it goes that long.”

“I can’t stay dressed like this for nine months.”

“Pumpkin, you’re now about to become a very reclusive millionaire.” Amy pulled the car into the driveway, both of them silent.

The drive would have been tense and stressful if both of them weren’t dead tired. They got to their house, and Amy left her wig and skirt in the car as they trudged inside. They went straight upstairs to the bedroom. Seth went to his closet and opened up the doors. His well-worn shirts and broken-in pants hung in the rack, and his grubby, comfy sneakers were waiting to be used again.

Amy slammed the closet doors shut. “That’s not yours anymore,” she said. “We’ll bag that up and put it in the basement. You’re a girl now, honey.”

“For nine months?” Seth asked.

“For however long it takes.” Amy rubbed her husband’s shoulders. “Just think of it as a vacation from yourself for a while.”

“This is insane. I can’t do this.” He reached for his wig, and Amy stopped him.

“Keep it on, baby,” Amy said, wrapping her arms around his neck. “I’ve never screwed a hot blonde cheerleader before.”

“Don’t be funny,” Seth said.

“I’m not being funny. I’ll never get a chance like this again.” Amy steered him over to the bed and pushed him onto it. He laid on his back as his wife stripped for him. “Just lie back and enjoy it, baby,” she said with a sneer.

As she started to lower herself on top of Seth, he held his hand up. “Tell me the truth, you did pay that Indian guy, didn’t you?”

She leaned over to whisper in Seth’s ear. “Fifty thousand dollars. Well worth it.” She punctuated her statement with a nibble on his earlobe.

“But...”

Amy ran her hands up his body. “It’ll wait until morning, princess.”

Despite himself, Seth was quickly overtaken by his wife’s passion. Her energy was remarkable for such a long evening, and her passion was unquenchable. It

was more action than he'd seen from her in years. He wasn't even aware that she had his legs spread open and she was ramming him like a man.

"Moan for me, Sabrina. Moan like a little virgin cheerleader," she said, with a snarl to her voice. Seth didn't quite know what she wanted, but the little squeals he made for her made her drive harder and faster. At least she was enjoying herself on top, Seth thought. Maybe he was going to have to get used to being on the bottom for a while.

THE AFTER PARTY



The aftermath of the party was difficult. It was clear to Seth that the relationship between Amy and Karen was now salted Earth. Seth's training and dieting continued just as it had before the party, but he didn't dare bring up the names of Jason or Karen for fear of being roasted by the flamethrower shooting out of his wife's mouth.

For at least two or three days, Amy was simply impossible to deal with. She constantly grumbled to herself and stared through walls and furniture. When she picked something up she would often mangle it or crush it in her angry grip. She stomped from place to place when she walked, causing items to fall off of nearby shelves.

In turn, Seth was being drilled even harder than before. Amy directed most of her anger towards his feminine education. He was not just walking in four-inch heels, he was learning to dance in them. Waltzes, Latin music, the tango, nightclub dancing, every type of social dance Amy could think of. He spent an hour every day dancing to music at double-time, and then another hour dancing to the music in triple-time. "Think of how graceful you'll be when the music is at proper speed," Amy explained.

In a proper frame of mind, he would have objected to the strenuous workout, but his frame of mind was limited to avoiding his wife's wrath. Besides, he knew just as well as she did that everything was riding on his ability to impersonate a woman. Because of that, he was going to at least try and get through as much of a cheerleader tryout as he could. Dancing could only help.

That, and he actually liked dancing. He had been meaning to take classes for years, now. He'd never tell Amy that he actually enjoyed that part of his tutoring.

Seth's feminine training also extended to his appearance. Not his makeup nor his clothes, because that had been well-covered. This was the way he carried himself. His posture, his smoothness when walking, and most of all, a smile on his face.

Amy had watched her husband at the party, and his ability to keep a smile on his face was limited. As a cheerleader, it wasn't an option — it was a requirement. Cheerleaders were famous for smiling under any condition, no matter how stressful. Seth didn't seem to be able to hold a smile for more than thirty seconds before his mind would wander.

That called for some conditioning. Amy had made it very simple. Whenever he saw her husband without a smile on his face, she spanked him. Not an over-

the-knee sort of spanking, but just swift, open-handed slaps on the tush. If he was sitting, he had to stand up. If he was busy, she banked them for later.

After five days of soreness, redness and embarrassment, Seth started to learn his lesson. It was a hard, painful and chafe-prone lesson.

Seth initially felt a little bothered by the constant need to literally put a happy face on everything, but he did once come across a study that said when people were asked to smile, they did, in actuality feel happier. He was curious about the results of that study and this was a good way to test it out.

If he kept smiling, would he, indeed, feel happier? Initial results were mixed. He did feel happier at times, but then had to deal with Amy. Those were not happy times. She was still grinding on Karen and her ability to transform Jason into a better looking woman than Seth was. Every day, she'd say something about it, and all the way through the month of November, she just wouldn't let it go.

That's why it was a surprise when Amy announced they were going over to Karen and Jason's for a "get together." Amy wouldn't explain anything further about it, just saying she wanted to "keep tabs" on the competition. Seth was thinking — hoping — Amy might have been creating an opportunity for her to gracefully bow out and give up.

After all, Seth had been working extremely hard at his disguise, and had the callouses and sores to prove it, but he knew he could go only so far. There wasn't much more he could do to look like a woman, as he saw it. Amy had to have figured that out by now, it seemed to him.

So when Seth and Amy paid their visit, he figured just about anything might happen. What he did not expect was that Jason was looking even more feminine than anyone could have imagined.

Jason greeted them at the door, all sweetness & light. "Oh! It's so great to see you!" Jason practically sang. He was almost hopping for joy in his platform heels as he air-hugged the both of them, embracing each girlishly with a light embrace at the shoulders and a kiss an inch away from the cheek. "You look great!" He told Seth.

"Oh, thanks," Seth replied, with a smile.

"Karen must get a look you!" Jason grabbed Seth by the hand and led him into the living room. "Look, Hun! Doesn't he look just *fabulous*?"

"You *have* been busy, haven't you?" Karen said, who was leaning against their Steinway piano with a drink. She stood up straight and then walked forward, examining Seth. "You've lost almost as much weight as Jasmine. Obviously you've found something that works for you. Very resourceful."

Seth hadn't felt this self-conscious for a while, being examined by Karen. He hadn't been worried about being seen during his regular lunches out on the town with Amy. Even when they went out dancing last week, he had dealt with

the stares from men well. He had accepted multiple dances from multiple men and handled it all with grace.

He had chosen a simple skirt and blouse combo, a taupe-colored 3/4-length sleeved button-up top with a dark grey calf-length slim skirt. Simple black heels and handbag were all he added. He didn't think he needed to be too dressy for seeing his friend.

"I've got to say, you've come quite far, Sabrina," Karen said. "Little bit of a bulge, there." She pointed to his crotch.

"Seth. It's just Seth," he said. He hadn't even bothered with the female voice.

Yes, he did look impressively female. Seth had mastered the art of heels along with the poise he needed to look casually effeminate. He shifted his weight from one heel to the other, bending his knees slightly, and swiveling his hips. The endless mystery of what to do with his hands without pockets had been solved by keeping his wrists limp and his elbows bent. His hands often floated up around his chest and laid idle. It all formed the complete picture of a young attractive woman.

However, Seth's picture of femininity was blown away by Jason's panoramic portrait of a soft, delicate and vivacious girl. Jason had dressed in a stylish lace dress with a v-neck. It was mid-thigh-length, and hugged the female form like a glove. The form was almost as shocking as the dress. Jason had full, womanly hips and a generous bust.

No man had any business even trying to pull off wearing a dress like this, meant for the sexiest of women, and only those who were not ashamed to show off their bodies.

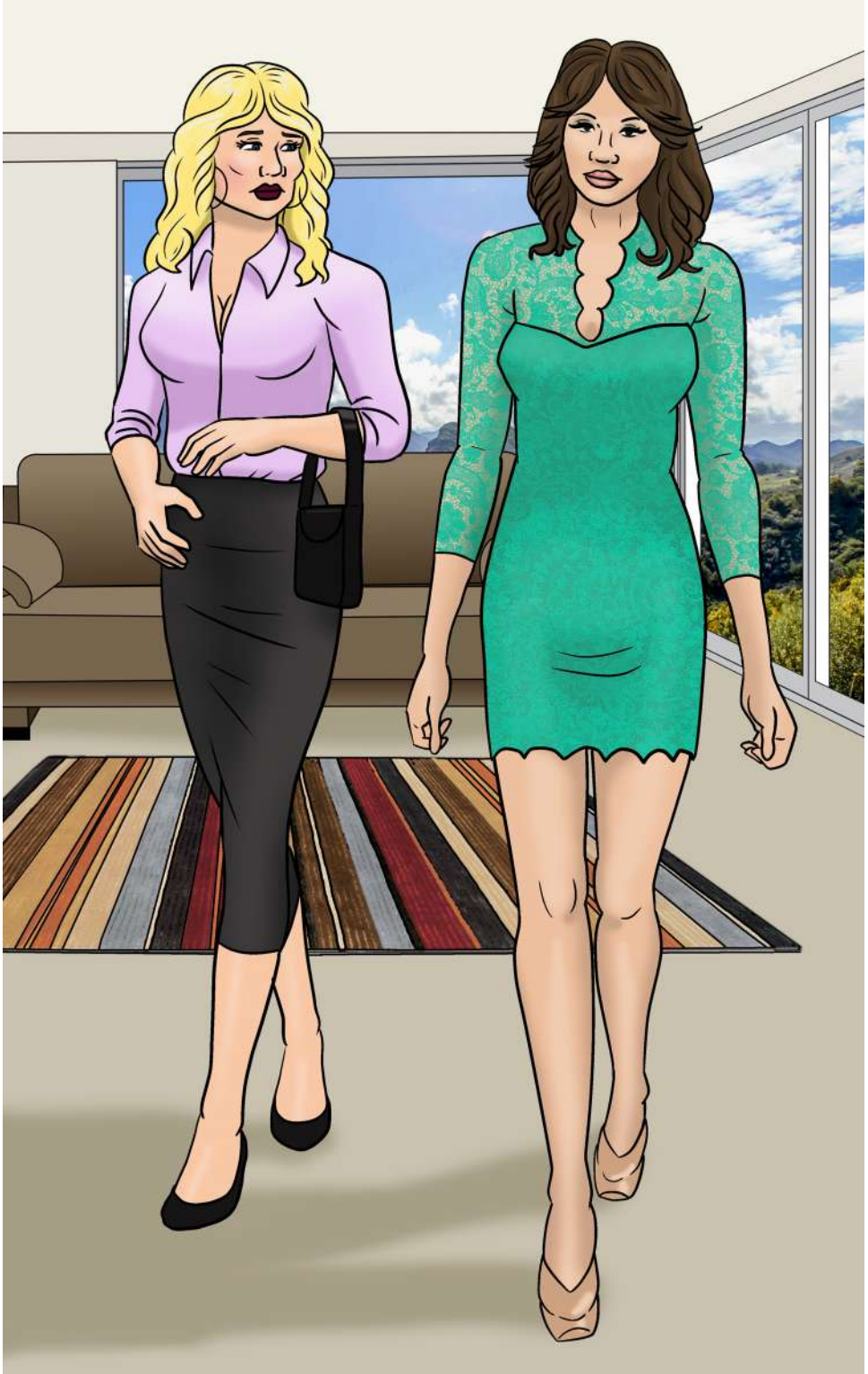
"Let me get you a drink," Jason said in his lilting voice. He walked over to the bar like he was on a catwalk, his butt shifting left and right like a mechanical clock. Every step was not just sure and easy, but a proud declaration of his femininity. He stood behind the bar and tossed his hair to rest behind his shoulders. "I tried something new and made strawberry daiquiris. I want you to try one and tell me what you think." He poured out a pink slush from a blender into a frosty glass, adding an umbrella.

"Amy, what would you like?" Jason asked. As soon as Amy's name was mentioned, Karen turned her back on the conversation and walked in the opposite direction.

"Just some wine," Amy said, "White."

"Coming right up," Jason replied with a smile. He poured it, and then held both drinks, coming from behind the bar to hand them to Amy and then the daiquiri to Seth. "Better just keep talking," he whispered to Seth. "Karen's in a bad mood."

"You don't say," Seth replied.



“So! Have a sip, what do you think?” Jason bounced on his toes, eager like a puppy.

Seth maneuvered around the silly umbrella and took a small sip. “Are you sure there’s alcohol in this?”

“All you can taste is the fruit, right?” Jason went to pour one for himself. “I found the recipe online. I’m almost addicted to them.”

Seth wasn’t sure why the taste of alcohol needed to be masked in any way. He liked the warm, bracing assault of a strong drink. He took another sip. This was cold and sweet. Not bad, but barely even a real drink. It might as well be a wine cooler or a strawberry soda.

“I miss you guys so much,” Jason said, “What have you been up to?”

Amy pointed to Jason’s body. “More importantly, what the hell have you been up to? You look...” Amy had to swallow her pride and be honest to the reality in front of her. “Amazing.”

“You do,” Seth concurred.

“I’d never know you were anything but a natural-born female,” Amy added. “It’s like it... Comes from inside you.”

It was now Karen’s opportunity to talk, and of course, gloat. “Have you heard of hormone replacement therapy?” She asked.

“No, what is it?” Seth replied.

“A doctor uses a drug to block his male... Essence. And then replaces it with female... Essence.”

“Temporarily,” Jason added.

“Yes, Temporarily,” Karen confirmed.

“Essence?” Amy quizzed.

“Oh, it’s all very medical. I don’t understand the half of it.” Karen waved the question away with a dismissive hand. “Hormones are very technical.”

“Whatever it is, it’s worked quite well,” Amy observed. She made eye contact with Seth, sending him a message. Seth tried to ignore it. He knew his wife was already scheming to have this ‘replacement therapy’ done to him.

“It’s been remarkably effective, hasn’t it, Jasmine?”

“Yes,” Jason replied, and just for a moment, you could see an expression of emptiness before his smile returned. “It’s been wonderful.”

“Maybe we should just give up?” Seth said, trying to make it sound like a joke. Of course, he really did mean it.

“Yes, maybe you should,” Karen said, soberly.

“Just when we’re getting started?” Amy replied. “I don’t think so.”

Seth shrugged. “Just kidding, of course.”

“Oh, of course,” Karen replied with a smirk.

Amy had her eyes trained on Seth’s figure. “Now that I’m looking, I do see a bulge.” She faced Jason. “What’s your secret?”

Jason involuntarily clenched his legs together.

“It’s no secret. It’s a well-known trick female impersonators use.” Karen put her drink aside and used both hands to mime. “You push everything up into the pelvic cavity. You know, back where it all descended from. Then, you cover it tight before it can pop back out.”

“It’s that easy?” Amy asked Karen.

“No,” Jason and Seth said.

“It does help if you use some ice to numb everything beforehand,” Karen said. “But it’s been no trouble since then.”

“What about...” Seth was about to say something rude, so he paused to find the right term. “Happy time?”

That was not the right term.

“I don’t think it’s been a problem, has it?” Karen asked Jason.

“No, not really.” Jason still had his knees tight together. “I haven’t felt that way for a while.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Seth asked.

“The doctor said it had something to do with this replacement hormone thingy,” Karen said, picking her drink back up. “It may reduce the desire in some cases. Temporary, of course.”

Seth pointed back and forth between Jason and Karen. “So you two aren’t...”

Karen looked horrified at the suggestion. “Are you kidding me? I need something a little more... Masculine.”

Jason decided to walk over to the bar and pour another daiquiri, avoiding any comment.

“Having sex would kind of defeat the purpose, would it not?” Karen pontificated. “After all, everything we’re doing is to make him feel and look like a woman. How could sex possibly do anything more than destroy what I’m trying to achieve?”

Despite being as far away as he could be in the large room, Karen brought Jason back into the conversation.

“Jasmine,” she called, “You don’t need sex, do you?”

“No,” Jason replied.

“That is insane!” Seth insisted. “Absolutely insane. You expect Jason to give up sex for being a woman?”

“I like being a woman!” Jason declared. “I mean, I like dressing nice, being treated like a lady, the hair, the make-up...” His voice had died down quickly. “It’s a fun change of pace.”

Seth couldn’t believe it. He *didn’t* believe it. This was just some gambit to make it seem like Jason was enjoying this ruse. How could any man enjoy pretending to be a woman? Sure, he liked the freedom of skirts and having a head of full, long hair was neat, and Jason did have a point about how well he was treated when he went out, but other than that, what was there to like? Oh, and he did like the makeup. It was convenient to have some sort of control over your appearance rather than just accepting a zit or a mark on your face. The clothes were soft and silky, and so that was another good point.

So except for all that, Seth was bewildered to hear these words coming from his friend’s mouth. He wasn’t going to let these lies influence him. Even if he did want to quit, this wasn’t going to be the way to do it.

The reality of the moment seemed to strike Jason all of the sudden. “Oh, God! What did I just say?” He covered his face. “I’m so embarrassed!”

Karen didn’t much care about her husband’s distress. “You’re just telling them what you’ve been telling me, Jasmine.” She turned to look at Amy and Seth. “He’s also been growing breasts, you know.”

Seth and Amy both quickly turned to look. Jason shrieked. “No, no, no!” He said, as he turned away. He threw his arms across his chest and then ran out of the room, clip-clopping in his heels. “That was private!” He burst into tears as he continued to run down the hall and up some stairs. In the distance, a door slammed.

Stunned, Seth just froze in place, unable to process what he had heard.

“Well?” Amy said to Seth. “He’s your friend, and he needs you.”

“Uh, what?” Seth replied.

“Go comfort him.”

Seth took a short step in that direction, then stopped. Comfort him? Seth had to think twice about that. What was he supposed to do? Men don’t want to be comforted. Jason didn’t need consoling because he was a man. Wasn’t he? Or was he? With that thought, he decided he’d better just go check, to be sure.

Seth found the master bedroom, and on the bed, a sobbing Jason.

“Uh, hey...” Seth said.

Jason turned to look, still crying, and his mascara was streaking down his cheeks. “I’m s-s-sorry! I’m such a fr-fr-freak!”

“No, No. Not really. I mean, it’s not like... Well... This whole thing, it’s kind of strange for the both of us...”

"I'm growing breasts, Seth! I'm growing breasts!" Jason yanked open the sides of the v-neck to show them off, but not much could be seen with the bra and padding in the way.

"Just calm down, Jase. I'm sure it is not what you think it is."

"I never should have let this bet go on!" Jason said, as he tried to gain control of his sobs. "It's gone too far. I'm so stu-u-u-upid!" And then the crying came back in full force.

Without much experience in these sort of things, Seth tried to do his best. He took a seat at Jason's side, at a healthy arm's length, and tentatively placed his hand on Jason's shoulder. "It's not that bad," he said.

Jason immediately lurched and enveloped Seth in a big bear hug, crying on his shoulder. "I'm so screwed up, Seth! It's so hard to keep things straight!" He was sniffing. "Nothing seems right anymore."

"Look, we are still in control of the situation."

"Maybe you are!"

"We both are. I am sure it feels like things are crazy, but in the end, we do not do anything we do not want to do."

"Really?" Jason said, releasing his grasp and pulling his hair out of his face.

"Of course. No one loses control. We make all the choices."

"You're not just saying that?"

"I read it somewhere. We all make our own choices, and we can not do anything we do not decide to do."

"Thanks," Jason said, suddenly normal. He wrapped both arms around Seth's shoulders. "Oh! I got the perfect dress for you!" A curiously excited Jason jumped off the bed and went to his closet. "I was downtown at the galleria, and I saw this dress and I thought, this is so Sabrina!"

"A dress?"

Jason was rifling through his rack of dresses, which was surprisingly large, and then picked one out. "No, not this one." From Seth's perspective, it looked like a mini-dress, shorter than anything any man should have even thought he could wear and retain his secret. Jason put it back. He pulled out another one, in light blue, and every inch covered in flashy sequins. "No..." He put that back, too.

Where was he finding the need for wearing these kind of dresses?

"Here it is!" Jason chirped. He pulled out a knee-length thick sweater dress with long sleeves and a turtleneck. It was brown and shapeless. "Try it on!" Jason told Seth.

Jason stood up and took the dress from Seth. Once he had digested the fact that his male friend had bought him a dress, and how Jason's mood had flashed

from one end of the emotional spectrum to the other in a couple of seconds, then Seth had to look at what he had just been gifted.

Holding it by Jason's figure was a stark contrast. Jason was wearing a tight, short, lacy dress designed to tease. It looked exquisitely feminine, the sort of thing that if your female date was wearing on a first date meant home base that night. Against that, was the turtleneck. It looked like a slightly fashionable potato bag.

Was Jason saying that Seth would look best in a burlap sack? And if so, wasn't that some sort of insult? And wouldn't that insult only apply if he was actually a woman?

"Oh, uh... Well... Maybe later. It's late, it takes so much effort..." Seth said, searching for an excuse that would stick. "We should get back to the girls..."

"All right, all right. But at least tell me you love it."

"I... Uh, love it."

"I knew you would!" Jason hugged Seth. Hard. "Ow!" He said, backing away.

"What?"

"The breasts. They're sore." Jason straightened the top of his dress. "I keep forgetting."

Seth wasn't sure at all what his friend was thinking. Breasts? It was a silly idea. Maybe he had just been dressing like this for so long that he was imagining things. Maybe he was just setting up an elaborate practical joke. Maybe he was just trying to psych him out. Whatever the case, he was eager to move off the subject.

"Do you have the recipe for those daiquiris?" Seth asked.

"Yes! It's downstairs." Jason said, heading out.

"Whoa!" Seth stopped his friend. "Not looking like that. Fix your face first!"

"I must look a mess."

"It's not so bad. Just a little touch-up."

Jason walked over to a vanity table that had two stools in front of it. "Tell me how you do your eyes. I'm so jealous."

Seth was pretty proud of his eyes. He put a lot of time and effort into them. "What, mine? Oh, it's nothing complicated. The trick is to layer. First I line it with pencil, and then a liquid liner. I really like how it stays and won't smudge."

"You've got to show me," Jason said, gesturing to the extra stool.

Back downstairs, Karen was having an icy battle or words with her rival Amy. They were standing at opposite ends of the room, holding their drinks in almost the same nonchalant way. The tension was electric.

“Using hormone therapy on your husband,” Amy said. “I didn’t know you were so desperate.”

Karen snickered. “Desperation is passing your shaved ape of a husband off as a woman.” Karen grinned. “Has he been trained to use the bathroom or do you lay out newspaper?”

“Those two may not know what hormone replacement therapy is, darling, but I do. You’re having him pumped full of estrogen and turning off his testosterone.” Amy paused to sip her drink. “That’ll do quite radical things to his body.”

Karen decided to take a seat. “Oh, it already has. His skin is much softer, his body shape is changing, and as he mentioned, he’s started to grow breasts.”

“So quickly?”

“I started him the day after the party. It won’t be substantial for six months, but you can already feel them coming in.”

“I never thought you’d stoop this low, Karen. But I guess I should have expected it.”

“I play to win, Amy. You sit and whine about the rules.”

“Oh! Now we’re tossing around insults, are we?” Amy examined the back of her outstretched hand. “If I told Jason what those drugs are really doing to his body, he’d divorce you in a second. You’d be out on the street and the bet would be forfeit.”

“Don’t be so sure, sweetie. Jasmine is just as determined as I am.”

Amy decided to take a seat herself. “So why tell me this? Why spill on your secret weapon? Plus, if I do tell Jason, I think he’d end this whole thing.”

“And that’s why I’m telling you, Amy.” Karen played with the draping of her skirt over her knee. “If Jason did know the truth, he might well give me trouble. Nothing I couldn’t handle, but why risk it? We might lose valuable time. But now that you know what we’re doing, you’ll do the same to Seth.”

Amy was starting to understand. “You’re telling me because...”

“You or Seth would have figured it out, tell my husband, and all hell would break loose. This way, I can manage it.”

“Seth would never let me change him like that.”

“So be it. But you can’t say I didn’t warn you.” Karen played the the way her skirt draped over her knee. “That 100 million is so close I can smell it.”

“Out of curiosity, why would you even do such a thing to your own husband?”

“There’s a great many advantages. His skin needs to look more smooth, like a woman’s does. Second, he needs fat around his hips and not around his belly. Third, if he’s to behave like a woman, he can’t be thinking about sex all the time, like most men do. Hormones take care off all three.”

“I heard it makes the penis shrink.”

“Yes, of course,” Amy said. “That’s another advantage. It’s easier to hide if it’s smaller. It perfects the disguise.”

“But what about your... Relationship?”

“He’s become so passive I can do whatever I want with him. No more bossing me around. I tell him what I want him to do, and he does it.”

“And intercourse?”

“There’s nothing a man has that can’t be replaced by a quality vibrator. It’s even an improvement, in my opinion.” Amy grinned.

“What about when he returns to his old self?”

Karen paused, reflective in thought. “We’ll cross that bridge when we come to it.”

“I hope we didn’t miss anything,” Jason said as he merrily entered the room. “I apologize. I just had a little spell.”

“No, darling, you didn’t miss a thing. We’re just two old friends, talking,” Amy replied. “Feeling better?”

Jason was a little bashful. “I don’t know why I keep having these mood swings, but at least they don’t happen as often. Sorry for the scene, Amy.”

“It... Happens,” Amy replied. She looked over to her husband. “What’s that you’ve got?”

Seth was holding a plastic-covered garment. “Oh, it’s a new dress. Jason bought it for me,” Seth said, well aware of how girlish that sounded. His face showed his befuddlement.

“How sweet,” Amy said with a teasing smile. She swatted Seth on the butt, reminding him to smile.

“Anyway, Jason and I were talking, and...”

“Cute,” Karen said, dismissively.

“...And we’re tired of not being able to see each other. I think it’d be fair if we stopped avoiding contact.”

“Girlfriends should see each other,” Karen said. “I see no reason to keep you two besties apart.”

“We’re going to my appointments tomorrow, just the two of us,” Jason said, testing the statement and seeing if he got shot down.

Karen toasted the idea. “It’s a playdate!” Karen looked in Amy’s direction. “Jasmine, Amy did have a question for you about the new therapy. What was it you wanted to ask?”

Jason looked expectantly at Amy.

Amy looked at her husband and Jason side by side. The thought of seeing her husband with the same curves and the same glow as Jason was quite captivating. A thought that was just becoming clear to her — the more Seth looked like a girl, the more interested she became in him.

“It seems to have slipped my mind,” she replied.

THE PROFESSIONALS



The day was a busy one. After being picked up in the early morning, Jason and Seth headed for the cell phone store. They had decided they'd each get a new phone with the express purpose of being able to stay in touch. They also didn't want a number anyone else had, so brand new phones seemed the way to go.

Jason tried to talk Seth into getting a pink one, "because it's what girls do," as he explained. Seth already had his sights on a nice, trusty black one, but he wound up compromising with a tiny little white iPhone. With gold trim.

As they left the store, they took shots of each other for their contacts. Then they took some selfies for fun, and God help Seth, he was giggling. It was hard to completely embrace the role of a young woman spending the day in the city with her best friend, but Seth was trying the best he could.

"Just a couple of friends having a girl's day out," Jason had insisted, "as simple as that. So don't think about it too much."

Was that even possible, Seth wondered. How could a man, dressed up like he was, looking like he was, not think about it constantly? After all, real girls didn't have to worry about their breasts popping out of their blouses, their wigs flying off their heads or constantly keeping their voices high.

Not to mention keeping his hair neat, his makeup fresh, keeping his knees together and of course, remembering to smile. How do girls do it, he asked himself.

Heck, how did Jason manage it? He was as natural and carefree as if he had been born as a girl, raised by ballerinas, grown up in a field of daisies and tulips and baptized in a river of rosewater. Seth was just trying to follow his lead.

They had lunch in a distressingly public spot, at outside tables on a very busy street, where they were practically spotlighted. Jason couldn't have been happier to be seen, while Seth felt as if the whole world has stopped just to get a look at the guy in the dress.

From there, it was a light shopping trip through the upscale district, before it was time for Jason's appointment.

"What kind of appointment?" Seth asked as they rode the elevator up a tall office building.

"My shots," Jason said with a smile. He patted his butt. "I guess that's kinda why I wanted you along. For support."

Seth was grateful the elevator was empty but for them. "You're talking about the hormone shots? I still think these shots cannot make a man grow breasts."

“Well, Karen explained it to me. It’s kind of like a temporary re-jiggering of your body so it thinks it’s female. It’s not permanent unless you keep taking the hormone shots, though.”

The door opened to the modest lobby of a small medical office.

“There has to be more to being a woman than that.” Seth let Jason lead the way. “If do not think you are growing them, I think it is just your imagination.”

“Well, I am growing them, and I’m not imagining it. At least, I hope not.”

“What is that supposed to mean?” Seth asked.

“I’m here for my appointment,” Jason said to the receptionist.

“Oh hi, Jasmine!” Said the perky girl at the desk.

“Hi, Kelli! Do I need to wait?”

“No, slow day. Exam room 1. The nurse will be with you in a minute.”

“Is it Sarah?”

“Yolanda. You haven’t met her. She’s nice.”

“I love your bracelet. Hey, this is my friend Sabrina. Is it okay if she comes with me?”

“Sure it’s okay! Nice to meet you, Sabrina.”

Seth wasn’t used to being identified as ‘she.’ “Good to meet you.” He also wasn’t used to seeing his friend act like a woman around other women. Seth felt a little excluded from the club.

“She’s a newbie,” Jason explained.

“Aw! Newbies are so cute! Good to have you, Sabrina!”

The first thing Seth wanted to do was ask some questions. How legit was this place? What kind of quackery was taking a shot to grow breasts? But for now, he had to wait, as they were in the exam room.

Almost instantly, Jason started to disrobe. If he was feeling any shyness over his body, it wasn’t evident to Seth. There wasn’t much else for Seth to do at the moment, so he stood over to the side and resisted the temptation to rifle through the drawers and cabinets.

The nurse, a tall and thin African woman, came in and made small talk with Jason as she took his blood pressure. They chatted like old friends even though, according to what the girl at the desk had just said, it was the first time they had met. It was some kind of secret brotherhood.

Or, rather, sisterhood.

“The doctor will be with you shortly,” said the nurse to Jason. She wrapped up her things and started to put the sphygmomanometer away. Then, she looked at Seth, who was minding his own business in the corner. “What about you?”

“Oh, no. I don’t think so,” Seth said. “This is not for me.”

Yolanda grinned. "I can't tell you how many times I've heard that. There's no need to be scared. It's a big step, I know. But you'll be so happy. I know I've never regretted it."

Seth's eyes may have popped out of their sockets if he hadn't restrained himself. "You... You are a..."

"I'm a woman. I was born a boy, but everyone makes mistakes. Even God."

Seth couldn't believe it. He would have never pegged this woman as anything other than a natural female. She wasn't supermodel gorgeous nor transparently male. She just looked like any average woman.

"Everyone who works here is a former patient," Jason said, needlessly whispering.

"Even...?" Seth didn't even need to ask the name of the receptionist.

Jason nodded. "Yes, her too."

Seth was so stunned, he wasn't aware of how shocked he looked. He leaned back on the wall, his knees pointed towards each other and his brow was knitting a sweater. He quickly regained his composure and stood up. "Well, that shot can't possibly do all the work."

"No, of course not," Yolanda the nurse said. "There's much more than the shots. The shots are barely even twenty percent of the whole process."

"Twenty percent?" Seth asked. "So if I stopped taking the shots..."

"If you have second thoughts, you can always stop and your body will go back to the way it is now. You have to take several months of medication before anything is permanent."

Jason smirked at his friend. "C'mon, Sabrina. You know I'm just gonna win if you don't."

"Don't push me!" Seth objected. "I gotta think about this."

A few minutes later, Seth found himself bent over with his butt in the air, as the doctor injected him. The shot was nasty, and the needle was as big as an ice pick.

"That's a big girl," the doctor said after he had finished. "Now you'll also need the pills, most of the time insurance won't cover it, but it depends on who you work for. If you haven't already discussed your transition with your employer..."

"It is okay," Seth said. "No problem."

"We'll get you on the patches after three courses of parenteral, you'll appreciate that."

"Patches?" Jason yelped. "You mean I don't need shots?"

"One more, Jasmine. Then you can use the patches."

"Aw," Jason pouted.

The doctor returned his attention to Seth. “You’ll need to take 100-200 milligrams a day of spironolactone and 50 to 100 milligrams of cyproterone acetate.” He ripped off a sheet from a prescription pad and handed it to Seth. “There you go. And I’ll want to see you again in two weeks for the next shot.”



“Oh, yeah, sure.” Seth had no intention of coming back for a second dose. This was just a way to keep Jason and Karen from thinking they were going to run away with the bet.

Seth rubbed his bottom, unable to stop thinking about the drugs he had just taken. He imagined them swimming around, inside his body, assaulting his maleness, like an invading army. It was just one dose, and completely temporary, but he still couldn’t help but worry that he was going to regret it.

The doctor looked very pleased as he put his clipboard away. “And of course, if you have any questions, you have my office number.” That seemed to be Seth’s cue to leave.

“You are going to be so sick,” Jason said, as they got in the elevator.

“What?” Seth yelped.

“Your insides are going to feel like crap for at least a week. I hope you’re a good vomiter. Because you’re going to ralph up a rainbow every morning.”

“You didn’t tell me that!”

Jason winked. “Of course not, or else you would have said no.”

“I just made a huge mistake.”

“You will *not* regret it. I won’t let you.” Jason checked his new phone for the time. “Oops! We’re late for my next appointment.”

“Your hair and nail appointment?” Seth said, sarcastically.

“No! My appointment with Doctor Grumman. You remember him, the therapist.” Jason said. “My hair appointment is on Tuesdays.”



“Good to see you again, Sabrina!” Dr. Grumman said, upon entering his office. Seth was nearly ready to jump out of his skin when the doctor leaned in for a kiss on the cheek. With no response from Seth, he smoothly moved on. “My session with Jasmine will be about forty-five minutes. I can see you afterwards, if you like.”

“Well, I uh...” Seth said, as a prelude to declining the offer.

Over the doctor’s shoulder was Jason, who nodded vigorously, silently imploring that he do it.

“Okay, I guess,” Seth spat out.

“Splendid! I’ve been meaning to catch up with you and see how you’re doing.” He then faced Jason. “I just have one quick phone call to make, and then I’ll be right with you, Jasmine.” And the doctor closed the door to his inner office.

“No doubt calling your wife,” Seth grumbled. “So why do you want me to have a session with him?”

“Look,” Jason said, looking nervous. “I... I haven’t told you... I think, well, No. I know that I’ve been attracted to... Men. Lately.”

“Pardon?”

“Yes, I know! It’s crazy, but for some reason, I’ve been looking at men differently. Evaluating them. Sizing them up.”

“You’re imagining it.”

“Stop telling me I’m imagining things!” Jason whined. “I just can’t explain it. I get all... Nervous around handsome men. I get fidgety and... I start to...” His voice trailed off. “What I need you to do is to see if Doctor Grumman has anything to do with it.”

“No one can make you gay, Jase.”

“Well, it didn’t start happening until I was seeing him! There’s no other explanation!”

“So ask him yourself.”

“I have! I... Never really get an answer.”

“Fine. What do you want me to ask him?” Seth said.

The door to the office opened up, and Jason and Seth went silent. The doctor poked his head out. "All set, Jasmine. Sabrina, there's some magazines and you can listen to the radio on the desk if you keep it down."

"Yeah, okay," Seth replied.

"See ya!" Jason said as he closed the door behind him.

Seth sat himself down at the small waiting area which had two chairs and three magazines. He was about to pick up a copy of "Psychology Today" when he remembered he had a new phone.

"I'll just download a game or something," he decided. As he surfed through the app store, he stopped to think. He had never quite seen Jason so scared as when he was talking about finding men attractive. In Seth's opinion, that was all junk, but he certainly seemed to believe it.

Seth remembered seeing something on TV about a part of the brain that controlled sexual preferences, and that it was hard-wired into your mind which gender you were attracted to. That any doctor could change it had been proven impossible.

What if he always was gay? Jason mused. Nah. He'd known him too long. Either he was covering for being gay by sleeping with three girls a week back in college, or he was letting this whole dressing-up business get to him.

Thirty levels of slinging birds at pigs later, the office door opened back up.

"...And he was like, was *everybody* here once a man?" Jason said, finishing an anecdote, and added a giggle.

Doctor Grumman opened the door to his office wide. "Speak of the devil, Are you ready, Sabrina?"

Seth gave Jason a nasty look as he went in. Did he have to be such a gossip?

"What were you saying about me?" Seth asked.

The doctor went to his desk. "Nothing to worry about. It's all confidential."

That didn't quite answer Seth's question. "Yeah, okay. Um, before we start I did have to ask you."

"Fire away," Doctor Grumman handed Seth two pills and a small cup of water.

Putting the pills aside, Seth took the seat nearest to him. "I was just noticing that Jason has been acting... A little strangely around men."

"Oh? How does that make you feel?"

"It's not about me, it's about him. If I didn't know better, I'd say he found some men attractive." Seth crossed his legs and placed his hands in his lap. "Are you doing anything to him to make him like men?"

The doctor had taken a seat in the large padded red leather ‘I am a professional therapist’ chair. He also crossed his legs and then brought his fingers together and rested them in front of his lips. He was thinking.

“This is something between Jasmine and me,” said the doctor. “I’m not at liberty to discuss it.”

“You mean it’s between you, Jason and his wife,” Seth said, dryly.

“I really can’t discuss this.”

“Not at all?”

“Not at all.”

That meant it was time for Plan B. Seth picked up the pills, swallowed them and chased them down with water. “That’s fine, then. New subject. You know Jason and I are kind of competing with each other. So, whatever program you have him on, I want you to do it to me.”

“I can’t tell you what I’m...”

“You don’t have to tell me. I just have the very same goals as Jason. So I need to be treated just as Jason is. In every way. The exact same treatment.” Seth’s aim was very simple. If he detected any change in his own preferences towards men, he’d know what the doctor was up to. It was the same strategy he was using with the hormones. Once he had an idea of what these strange treatments actually did — if anything — he could help Jason. “Is that something you can do for me?”

“I can only try,” the doctor replied with a smile. “Are you sure what you’re asking? Because my therapy with Jasmine is quite extensive.”

“We talked about it. I want what he’s getting, in every way.”

The therapist smirked and seemed resigned to complying with the request. “So, tell me about your day. Jason mentioned that you began hormone therapy.”

“For whatever it’s worth. There’s no way I’m going back,” he said, his meaning easily misinterpreted.

“Are you scared?”

“Out of my mind. Yes. I know I’m going to regret it.”

“Well, let’s see what we can do about that.”

Seth realized he hadn’t explained his comment about beginning hormones thoroughly enough. “Now, I don’t mean...” And then his mind went blank.



The world started to come back into focus some time later. Seth had that weird disconnected feeling, as his mind was wandering in a haze, only to suddenly realize he could start to think coherent thoughts. When he did, he jumped in his seat.

“Oh, uh... Have we started?” Seth asked.

“We’re done!” The doctor replied.

“Oh...kay...” Seth stood, a little woozy, but he managed to not fall over in his heels. “Thanks?”

The doctor laughed good-naturedly. “You’re a fantastic patient, Sabrina. I wish all my patients were like you.”

“Really?” Seth replied, a little flush with the compliment.

“Really.” The doctor opened the door for Seth and he saw the smiling face of Jason waiting for him.

“Cluck like a chicken!” Jason commanded.

“Funny,” Seth responded.

Doctor Grumman took Jason aside. “Jasmine, I’m going out of town for a few days next week for a convention, so I wanted to reschedule the appointment. Let’s take a look at my book.”

With a moment to himself, Seth tried to see if he was in any way attracted to the doctor. He didn’t feel a thing. He trained his eyes on the doctor’s butt. Nothing. Well, maybe he’d have to wait a while and see if something developed. Had decided give it a few more days. With whatever hypno mumbo-jumbo in his head, he was sure that it would either be obvious or not — in time.

“Oh!” Seth said to himself. He had just remembered something important. He dialed up the clinic on his phone. “Hi, Kelli? This is Sabrina from earlier today. Great! And you? Listen, I forgot to make a regular appointment for my HRT.” The truth was that Seth could not recall the reason why he hadn’t signed up for a full course of hormone therapy. Maybe he was scared or something, he figured. “So I was hoping I could do it when Jasmine does hers. Is that okay?”

When told that it was, he replied with, “Super!” and “See you then!”

The doctor returned from his aside. “Sabrina, I think maybe you should have a session as well.”

“Whatever you say,” Seth replied. “You’re the doctor. Can we do it back to back?” He asked, pointing to his friend.

“I don’t see why not.”

“Great!”

“So I’ll see the both of you in a few days,” Doctor Grumman said. The doctor leaned in for a kiss on the cheek.

Seth quickly kissed it with a little shoulder hug. Jason did the same.

“Bye-yi!” Jason said as they left. Once the door closed, he had urgent questions for Seth. “What did he say?”

“About?”

“About the liking men thing?”

“Not a lot,” Seth replied. “Nothing, really.”

“I knew it.”

“Don’t worry, though. I have a plan.” Seth’s embarrassment over the exact nature of his plan, though, kept him from giving any particulars. “I just need a little time.”

“All right, I guess I can wait,” Jason said. He sighed. “I don’t know about you, but I feel like a little retail therapy. I could use some earrings.”

Seth looked at his old college buddy to see if he was serious. He was. “You read my mind, sister,” he replied — with a smile.



“I *love* these,” Jason said, checking his reflection in a mirror. He had selected some dangling diamond pendant earrings and was turning this way and that to get a good look at his reflection. “What do you think?” He asked Seth.

“They are nice,” he replied.

“Nice? They’re gorgeous!” Jason turned to the clerk helping him. “Do you have a matching necklace?”

Seth watched as the clerk looked around for something, and took a moment to look closer at Jason. It was odd. He did look better with the earrings. He had never really valued jewelry much, but the sparkling baubles on Jason’s ears did improve his appearance. Not just marginally, either. It was a big difference.

His wife never looked that good in earrings. Of course, Amy tended to buy big gaudy globs of gold, so that might have had something to do with it. He was curious as to why and how this jewelry effect worked.

Aware that he was staring, Seth turned away and walked a few steps down the counter, looking at the earrings, rings and necklaces on offer. It was a small but expensive little store Jason had picked to shop in. The clerks were snobs, everything was insanely overpriced, but the jewelry was elegant. He stopped at one item that had caught his eye. Now, he was certainly no expert on jewelry, but this particular set was clearly quite appealing. He looked around for any help, and a man with nothing else to do was close by.

Why not? Seth told himself. He was here, he had the money, he had pierced ears. “Uh, hey,” Seth said in his feminine voice. He pointed at what he wanted to see.

The clerk took no notice of him, turned away and headed in the opposite direction.

Seth was about to lunge across the display and grab him by the collar, but that really wasn't going to get him anywhere. Especially in a skirt and heels. A nearby polished metal cabinet gave Seth a good look at his reflection to remind him what he looked like. Going after a salesman with a flying tackle was inappropriate for this outfit.

He saw another clerk coming in his direction. With little time to think, Seth decided he was going to have to get attention the way a woman would. He undid a button on his blouse and put a smile on his face.

“Oh, I hope you're someone who could help me?” Seth said in his breathiest, sexiest female voice he could muster.

“Yes? I think I can help you,” said the clerk. He was an older man with greying hair.

“Thank goodness!” Seth replied, pouring it on. He leaned forward, letting the clerk get a good look down his blouse and kicked a leg back because he was stretching so far. “I'd love to try these on. Is that allowed?” He pointed to the earrings he was interested in.

“Of course it is,” said the clerk.

“How wonderful!” Seth replied. He was worried he was pushing this way too far, but the salesperson hadn't balked in the slightest.

The earrings were taken out of the display and the clerk produced a small mirror so Seth could see his reflection. He fed one in and raised his hair to get a better look. “I like these,” he said.

“I bought a pair of those for my fiancée,” the clerk said.

“I bet she loved them,” Seth replied.

“Well, she never got the chance. We had to break off the engagement.”

Why in the hell would a clerk tell him that? Why was this his problem? Seth wondered. Was this guy looking for sympathy? Actually, maybe he was. Seth found himself putting his hand on the salesman's sleeve. “Oh, I'm so sorry.”

“It couldn't be helped,” the salesman answered. “But thank you.”

The reply both warmed Seth's heart and made him feel sad. Why he was feeling such empathy for a stranger, he had no idea. Empathy was for girls, as far as he was concerned.

“I think these look exquisite on you,” the clerk said.

“Oh, I do like them,” Seth said, taking his time staring at his reflection. They were very nice, and he could immediately see them as a match for half the dresses in his closet.

The clerk tenderly touched Seth’s hand. “They’re a perfect compliment to your beauty. I won’t let you leave without buying them.”

Seth’s face felt flush. “How can I not? I’ll take them,” he said, bashfully batting his eyelashes.

The clerk turned to box up the purchase, giving Seth the opportunity to wonder what on God’s green Earth he was doing. In the last two minutes he had flirted with a man, bought a pair of women’s earrings and he was pretty sure he had just been hit on.

“Will that be on account or by charge?” The clerk asked.

“Charge,” Seth replied. He picked a credit card out of his purse, and handed it over. The salesperson made sure his hand touched Seth’s when he took the card. It sent chills up and down Seth’s spine.

Good chills or bad chills, he wasn’t altogether sure.



Seth tumbled into the house dramatically, hoisting his multiple bags of purchases and dropping them at the door. He flung his purse onto a nearby table. “These heels are killing my feet!” He proclaimed, when he noticed he had his wife for an audience.

It was a little after five, and a long day out with Jason had finally come to an end. Now at home, there was nothing more appealing to Seth than collapsing into a chair. If only he wasn’t wearing a dress, he would he done a grand flop onto a couch. Instead, he gently lowered himself into a chair. He bent over to remove his heels and massage his stockinged feet.

“Did you two have a nice time?” Amy asked.

“It was exhausting. Jason is a nightmare to keep up with,” Seth said. “You know how he gets sometimes.”

“Oh? Where did you go?”

Seth wasn’t quite ready to talk about it. “Where did we *not* go?” He replied. “I feel like I am sweating through my clothes. I am going to go change.”

“Ladies don’t sweat, they glow.”

“I am glowing through my clothes, then.” Seth got up and headed for the stairs. “I am taking a shower, too.”

“All right, sweetie.” Amy waited to hear the bedroom door close upstairs before she got snoopy. First, she checked out the shopping bags. He had bought

earrings and a necklace at a jeweler's. "Might borrow those," she said of the earrings.

There was a bag with a three pairs of shoes in them, so despite complaining about heels, he was committing himself to more torture.

Finally, a large bag contained a dress, two skirts and several bra & panty sets. "My husband is suddenly a clothes horse," Amy said. This was fascinating. Maybe it was Jason egging Seth on to shop, but the prospect that he was actively buying women's clothes with an eye to wearing them was exciting.

Amy heard the shower running, so she decided to go a step further and popped open the purse. It was filled with drugs. There were four different small amber pill containers. The first one she picked the recognized, as it was her nerve pills she had been looking for. It was almost empty, so she let him keep it.

The other three were new. Brand new, as the receipt was still attached. She didn't recognize any of them, and the names were long and complicated. One was labeled "Estriadol."

To her, the first thing she thought of was that it sounded like it might have something to do with estrogen, but that was crazy. She knew Seth would never do that. That was when she saw the pamphlet in Seth's purse. She carefully removed it. It was titled "Transitioning from Male to Female: The Medical Facts You Need To Know."

"Oh, God!" She couldn't help but say out loud. These were female hormones. These were the same sort of drugs that Jason was taking. It was clear: Seth was taking medications to become a woman. "Oh God, oh God, oh God!" She yelped.

Her body suddenly became flush with heat. Her hands were shaking. Her breath was shallow. Was she having a heart attack? No, she was having an orgasm.

Seeing the reality before her flipped a switch deep inside her. Seth was going to be turned into a woman. Curvy hips, round breasts, supple skin... "Oh God, Oh God!" She was saying again and again. She had collapsed to her knees. The prospect of feminizing Seth was the most erotic compulsion she had ever conceived of. "Yes, yes, *yes!*" She cried.

Amy had never felt like this before. It was like some sort of virus in her mind, taking over her thoughts and taking control of her actions. That she could make her husband into a woman was a desire that transcended any other need in her life. She would spend any amount of money and every waking moment of her life to seeing it come true. It must be. It had to be. She couldn't deny herself.

"Everything okay down there?" Seth called from somewhere upstairs.

Uncoiling from the fetal position where she was furiously fingering herself, Amy crawled up onto a love seat. She straightened her somewhat moist hair. “What did you say, darling?”

“Never mind,” Seth answered, “Thought I heard something.”

Amy let out a deep sigh of relief. She quickly reassembled things as she found them, except for the pamphlet. She didn’t want Seth worrying about the “effects” of hormones, so she tore the document to bits and dumped them in the garbage compactor. With that taken care of, she tried to calm down and get herself under control. Unfortunately, she couldn’t let it rest. She needed more. She headed upstairs and into the bedroom.

“Feeling better?” She asked her husband.

Still drying off, Seth went to his closet. “A little. But I do not want to do anything more tonight,” he said. “Just rest.” The closet that was supposed to be full of his male jeans and shirts had been changed out. It was now full of the dresses and shoes he had been wearing over the past several weeks.

“I, uh... While you were out, I put your old stuff into storage,” Amy explained. She clenched her teeth for the inevitable objection.

Seth looked over his shoulder. “Thanks, Hun!” He said. “That was sweet of you.”

Amy watched as Seth pulled on a pair of panties and shimmied into a camisole top. He was halfway into pulling some black stretch pants up his legs when Amy enveloped him in a bear hug. She couldn’t hold herself back.

She wanted to ask him about the pills and how it felt to buy lovely, frilly clothes to wear, but she didn’t want to push things. Instead, she decided she’d just fuck him.

“I’m tired,” Seth objected.

Amy covered his mouth and started to nibble on one of his nipples. Seth found himself just too exhausted to fight, and laid back. Amy was all too happy to take charge.

“You smell like perfume,” Amy whispered.

“They were spraying people at Macy’s,” Seth replied. “It nearly choked me unconscious.”

Amy spanked his butt and Seth’s smile returned. She sniffed him again. “I love it. I love this. I want you to tell me you love being a girl, baby.”

“What?” Seth said, breaking the moment. “What do you mean?”

Amy silenced her husband by kissing him. When she had to release for air, she said, in between breaths, “Just go with it. Tell me you want to be a girl, princess. Tell Mommy.”

“I love it,” Seth said, softly. He assumed Amy was just playing a game.

“How much do you love it?”

“I, uh... Are you serious?” She spanked him again, and he smiled once more. “I love it!” he said, still smiling.

“Just tell me how much you love it!” Amy demanded.

“I really looo...” Seth felt Amy’s fingers go up his ass. “...ooove it!”

“That’s my girl,” Amy said, softly. “That’s my baby girl.”

Neither of them were particularly sure which kink they had just activated in themselves, but they both wanted to explore it. All night long.

Well, at least until 12:45 AM.



Seth found the next few days absolute misery. Jason wasn’t kidding about getting sick from the medicine. He threw up several times in the morning and laid in bed most of the day. He had the vague impression his insides were churning away like a washing machine with an oversized load.

When his next hormone appointment came around, despite feeling awful, Seth was there to take his shot. He had no recall of ever being afraid of taking more. He had no memory of being told about the permanent effects on his manhood and virility if he continued. Then, after his third appointment, he no longer had to come in weekly and used adhesive patches to get a steady dose of estrogen.

Seth immediately noted that his complexion had been clearing rapidly, and that his body had taken on some sort of fatty layer just under his skin. It smoothed out some of the more subtle angles on his body, and his face lost some of its’ hard-edged masculinity. His legs looked fantastic. The sharpness of his knees and his calves were evening out and his belly had all but disappeared. He could feel his backside accumulating more and more flesh. His arms were thin and elegant, and his shoulders had become round and streamlined.

His midsection had been getting slim and trim, and had been taking on a convex shape. Seth had been thin before — he was as skinny kid growing up in Uzbekistan — but this was different. He wasn’t skin and bones, he was just smaller. It was like his old Buick of a body was becoming a sleek, sexy sports car.

Seth found his life slowing down a lot. He didn’t do too much during the day, and his work computer was collecting dust. That resulted in a lot of laying around the house, and about that time was when he discovered the magic of chick flicks.

He had been understandably derisive of these movies before, and only watched them under threat or duress. In other words, when Amy forced him

to. But, when he had been recently coerced into watching some sappy, horribly formulaic movie with his wife, he was hooked.

The hormones caused his emotions to swing back and forth wildly, and these hot and cold mood swings made tear-jerker romantic movies feel like jumping off a bridge. It was like an adrenalin rush. He was no longer able to guard his new, powerful feelings like any male is trained to do over the course of their lives, and these movies could easily push him to gush tears and then swoon for the leading, charming men.

Before long, Seth was marathon-viewing the lifetime channel and hooked on their cheap sentiment. Daytime talk shows and even soap operas followed soon thereafter.

Amy loved watching her husband change. She was practically fit to be tied when she saw him curled up on the couch, dressed in pink sweats and bawling at a romantic movie. He was becoming so girlish and he barely even realized it, Amy thought to herself.

She would have been even more overjoyed if she could have read her husband's thoughts as he watched TV. Seth no longer viewed his shows as a bystander. He saw himself as a part of the drama. More importantly, he saw himself as the woman in these stories. It was through the heroine that he felt her emotion and drama. He cried when women were cheated on, furious when they were wronged and cried for joy when they found true love.

Amy also looked forward to those days Jason would drop by for a visit. She was viciously jealous of how well Karen was transforming him, but his interaction with Seth almost made up for it. They would sit around talking about TV shows and even a little celebrity gossip would slip in. There was no more discussion of sports or business opportunities. It was like watching two teenage girls dish about high school.

One day during a visit, she even watched them as they felt each other's faces in a contest to see who had less facial hair. Amy listened gleefully as both declared themselves the winners, insisting that they had softer, smoother faces than the other. After nearly four months of treatments, Amy wondered if either of them realized that they would never be able to grow a beard again — of if they even cared.

"I am so jealous of your figure," Seth said. Words no man has ever spoken.

"I wish I had your smile, Sabrina," Jason replied in kind. "Nothing is more attractive than when a pretty girl smiles."

Seth blushed. "You think I am pretty?"

"You could make any man weak in the knees."

"You really think so?"

"Oh, now you're just fishing for compliments, Brini!"

“Maybe I am,” Seth replied, grinning demurely.

Once Jason left, Seth was back to his TV shows and laying on the couch. Amy had to bring it to an end, regretfully. Seth was still slender and slimmer than he had ever been, but all this laziness would eventually start to add on pounds. Especially since Seth had developed a habit for snacking on chocolate bon-bons as he watched. So it was time to get her husband off the sofa and into shape. Cheerleader shape.



“Why are you making me wear this?” Seth complained.

“We want to look good for the instructor, don’t we?” Amy said, tugging and pulling at Seth’s outfit. “We don’t want her thinking you’re a complete novice, do we?”

Seth turned around, and brushed Amy’s meddling hands away. “What did ‘we’ tell her, exactly?”

“Well, I said that I needed someone to help my husband get in shape for a dance competition,” Amy said. She started to pick at the clothes again, and Seth shooed her off.

“Did you explain why your husband was going to be dressed like a woman?”

“I told her there were some unusual aspects to the job.” Amy was evasive.

“So you’re going to leave it to me to tell her the story?”

“I thought it would be best coming from you.”

“Great. Thank you so much.” Seth turned to get one last look at himself in the mirror. He was in a pink leotard with white leggings. He had on pink trainers, and a pink headband designed to help secure his wig. Over the past several weeks and months, Seth had been focusing so hard on his female disguise that he was oblivious to the fact his look was complete. He was totally convincing as a woman, but all he could see were flaws and trouble spots. His crotch was flat and smooth, even in the figure-hugging spandex, and instead of being alarmed, all Seth could think about was making sure there was no sign of his maleness. He was not going to win a beauty pageant, that was for certain, but his appearance was beyond the point of anyone questioning “Sabrina’s” gender. “What did you say her name was again?”

“Lurlene,” Amy said. “You’ll love her. She’s from Texas. I love her drawl. She talks like a real live cowgirl.”

“You love my Uzbek accent more, yes?” Seth said in his deep voice.

“Stop kidding around. She’ll be here any minute.” Any turned and left the room.

Seth looked at himself in the mirror. “Is sexy voice, no?” He said in his most pronounced accent.

It sounded insane coming from the body of a woman. His body had gentle curves, slender limbs, long blonde hair and even two small buds on the chest. Seth was still in a modest state of denial about them, telling himself that they weren’t breasts at all, just an irritation of his nipples. In any other situation, he would see his doctor about it, but Seth, in the back of his mind, already knew what the doctor would say.

Amy was no help, either. Every time he tried to talk to her about it, she seemed far more interested in rubbing and licking his nipples than talking about them. Not that he minded the attention. It did seem to him that Amy had been especially horny lately, for whatever reason.

“Texas, hmm?” Seth mused to himself. “She’s probably some crazy gun-loving evangelist.” He heard the doorbell, so he primped his hair and checked his makeup one last time. “Here we go,” he said, softly, “Yee haw.”

Seth slowly crept down the stairs, afraid he might cause a scene looking as he did. When he got there, only his wife was waiting for him? “Where is she?” Seth asked.

“She’s setting up in the ballroom for your lesson,” Amy replied. “Don’t keep her waiting. This is very expensive.” She slapped him on the butt and he immediately put a smile on his face. It was just instinctual now. Pavlov would have been proud.

The ‘ballroom’ was just Amy’s elitist term for a large unused room they hadn’t been able to fill yet. She had designs on making it into the centerpiece of grand

socialite galas she didn't yet have the cache to throw. Seth wanted to make it into an indoor basketball court. Not because he especially desired a basketball court, but because he desperately didn't want a ballroom.

Seth walked slowly and deliberately down the hallway to the ballroom, as a condemned man would walk to the gallows. He stood before the large doors for a good minute before he had the courage to open them. With a heavy sigh, we went in.

"Howdy!" said a spectacularly attractive and shapely young woman.

"Lurlene?" Seth asked, using a gentle voice somewhere in between his natural voice and his female voice.

"Are you joining us?" She asked.

"Yes," Seth said. "Well, no."

Lurlene smiled. "Well make up your mind, sugarplum!" The girl was all blonde hair and teeth above the neck and playboy centerfold below it. She was a genuine knockout. She was dressed in an athletic crop top and stretch knee-length pants that clung to her generous and perfect curves. Seth already dreaded what he was going to have to say, and her smiling, unsuspecting face made things that much harder.

"Okay," Seth reluctantly spit out, "I *am* joining you, but I'm the only one. I am your student. Me."

A suspicious Lurlene put her hands on her hips. "I was told I was helping a man named Seth."

"I... I am Seth."

A silence began that went on for twenty, thirty and then forty seconds.

Desperate to just break it, Seth spoke. "It's not what you think," he said.

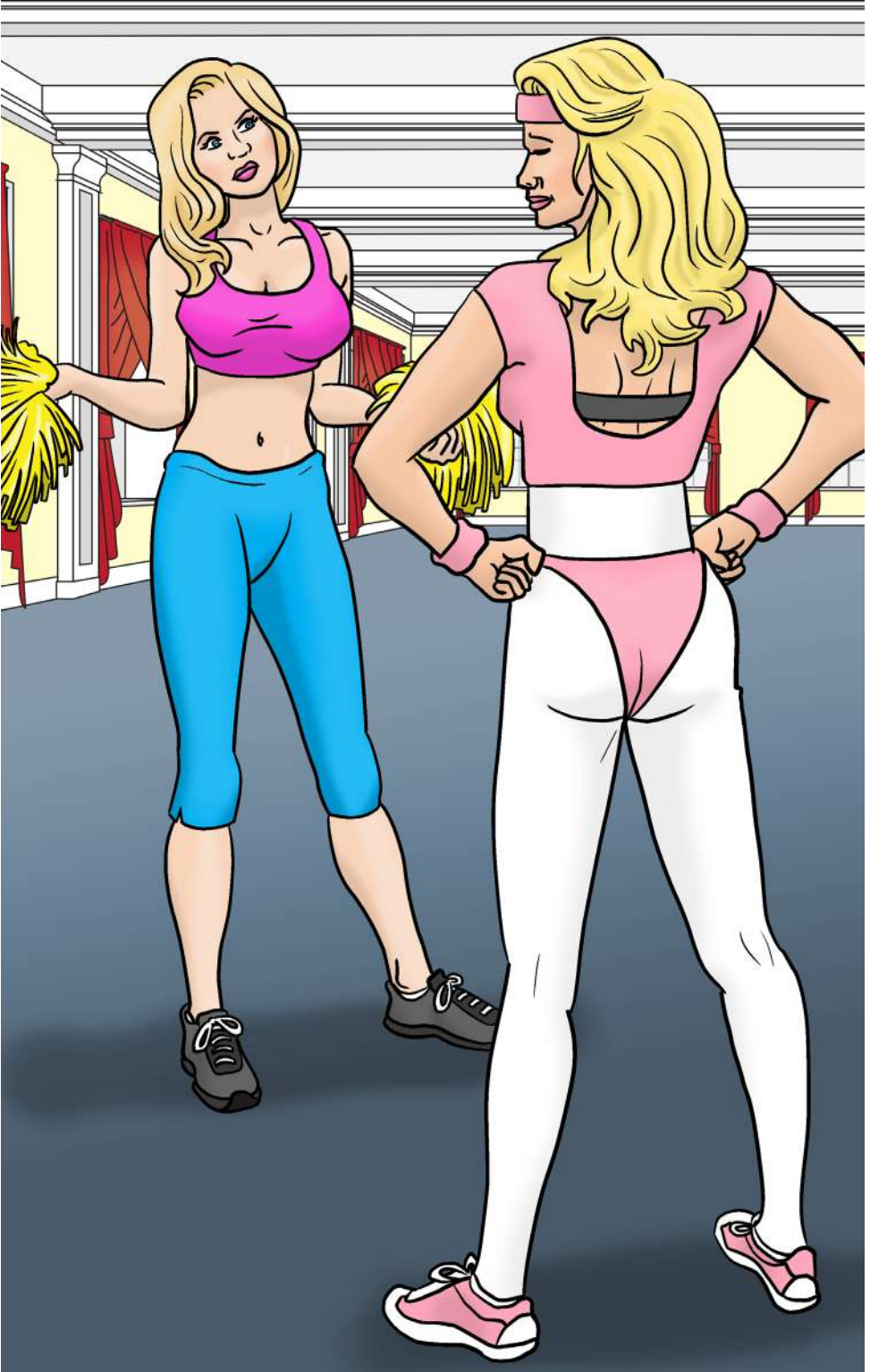
"I don't rightly know what to think," she replied. "Care to explain it?"

"I... Uh... I've made some very bad decisions," Seth said. He could see the phrase 'I think that's pretty clear' written on Lurlene's face. "I don't want to go into the details. All I can really tell you is that I'm a normal man, a married man. I don't want to be a woman. I'm all man."

Lurlene was blinking rapidly. "A little piece of advice? You may be going about it the wrong way."

"I... I got myself into a corner. If I don't try to at least enter the try-outs for the Shocker Girls cheerleading squad, I stand to lose everything I have."

Another long pause followed. Lurlene's expression was frozen. Just when Seth thought he might have to grab an oil can to get her to move, she shook her head. "I will never understand rich folk," she replied. Lurlene peered over Seth's shoulder, and said, "Double."



Seth turned to see Amy at the doorway, monitoring things. “Double?” she questioned.

Knowing it was about money, Seth agreed. “Double.”

“Fine. Double it is,” Amy replied. She closed the doors as she left.

Lurlene paced back and forth for a minute, working her neck. “All right, if you can explain this to me in a way that won’t make want to run for the hills, I’d be mighty grateful.”

“I made a bet. A stupid bet that said I could win a contest with a friend. We’d dress up as cheerleaders for Halloween and whoever got caught first as a man lost.”

“This past Halloween?”

“Yes. It didn’t work out as expected. So now it’s who can get into the Shocker Girls tryout without being thrown out.” Seth scratched the back of his shoulder bashfully. “I know it’s nuts.”

“Beg pardon, but you need me to help you... To do what, exactly?”

“After we’re inside, I need to be able to get as far in the competition as possible. I need to be able to dance like a professional cheerleader.”

Lurlene puffed her cheeks and blew the air out. “How much time do we have?”

“Six months and a few weeks.”

Lurlene started to work her neck again. “Oh, Lordy.” She then stopped pacing and faced her charge. “We keep a distance from each other. Five feet. Don’t give me any trouble. I’m here for teaching you how to dance and nothing else. Do we understand each other?”

“Absolutely.”

“Good.” Lurlene took a moment to get past her obvious hesitation “Well, let’s get started. Now bend over and touch your toes.”

Seth put his feet together and leaned over.

“Don’t bend your knees.”

Seth put everything he had into it, and reached all the way down to touch the toes on his feet. Give or take three feet. He flailed a little bit just to get to his kneecaps.

“I ain’t gonna lie. This is gonna be a lotta work.” Lurlene addressed Seth directly, eye-to-eye. “I’m going to break you like a mule.” She pointed right at him. “You’ll be sore from head to toe for weeks if not months. You have to be committed in every way and do everything I say. I don’t want any sass from you.”

“Understood.”

Lurlene was still staring him down and still pointing at him.

Seth needed to promise more. “I’ll do what you say. I’m totally committed.”

“Are you sure?”

“Look at me,” the man in pink spandex said. “I’m committed.”

Lurlene gave Seth a crooked smile. She proceeded to balance on one leg, standing in a swan-like position. Then she pulled her free leg back — all the way back. She looped it around backwards and rested the bottom of that foot on the back of her head. “I’ve never known a cheerleader who can’t do this. It’s a basic test of flexibility.”

“I don’t think I need to be that flexible, but...”

“Sweetie pie, you’ll be doing that in six months if I have to rip your leg out of it’s socket.”

He didn’t speak. Seth just nodded.



Lurlene was a woman of her word. Seth’s body was so sore he couldn’t blame his muscles if they were to just spring right out of his skin and find a nicer place to live. As a life-long programmer, this was as much physical activity as he had ever experienced, and the total-body soreness was a type of pain beyond his understanding.

It was so much pain that he was sure he wasn't supposed to feel like this, and was worried that he was dying. Seth was convinced he had pulled, broken or burst something vital to his survival. He even texted Lurlene about it.

"I'm hurting in every part of my body and I cant move," he typed. "Do I need to go to the emergency room?"

"U kno it worx when U hurt! ;)" was the reply.

That was all the sympathy he would get, and with lessons scheduled for every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, there wasn't much of a chance to recover, either. It would have been nice to just try and relax, but Amy wasn't in the mood for it. What she *was* in the mood for was constant sex.

He honestly couldn't understand what had gotten into her lately. If Seth hadn't found something to keep her busy or hide in one of the unused rooms of the house, she was all over him. Give her five minutes, and she was already snaking her hand up his blouse, snapping off Seth's bra and pushing him down on the couch. Or the floor. Or the kitchen counter. Or the patio. Anywhere they happened to be, really.

Amy really had gotten into using her mouth. Not below the waist, but where Seth's breasts were coming in. She sucked, licked and nibbled the buds like two all-day lollipops. At first, Seth wondered what she was doing, but as the weeks progressed, the sensations he was getting from his wife's tongue were becoming more and more intense.

He wasn't even sure it was sex when she began. It felt good, but was it really sex? Now, though, he recognized it as a whole new type of orgasm. It wasn't like what he used to feel, which was quick and furious — this was now more sustained and complete. He could be in ecstasy for hours at a time, and the energy didn't just strike at once, it buzzed around his body, tingled his skin and seized control of his thoughts and emotions. It was a new kind of sex, the discovery of a lifetime. This was a new toy for him to play with — and did he ever want to play with it.

Before long, Seth found himself wanting her attention. He started to dress in deep v-neck tops to entice his wife's desires. He would even find himself styling his hair and making his makeup more dramatic when he wanted to send the right signals to Amy. She never refused.

If there was any latent thoughts that his body was now changing beyond the point of no return, and been able to understand the mysterious influence of Dr. Grumman, it didn't seem to concern Seth. His discovery of this new, different, type of sexual pleasure had overridden any concern for what the drugs were doing to his body. Because if he had been paying attention, he'd have realized he hadn't been hard for over a month, and his penis was shrinking. If his mind was rational, his delight with his breasts becoming more and more sensitive would have been tempered by the realization that they were becoming larger and rounder as they became more reactive to his wife's touch.

Even if he had fully realized that he was losing his maleness, his former pride and joy, even if he had fully fathomed the irreversible thing being done to him, he may have *still* ignored it.

That was because, for the first time in their little contest, Seth found himself catching up with Jason. Jason no longer had the exclusive on round hips and smooth skin. Seth could wear the same sort of revealing tops and short skirts Jason had been flaunting. Yes, five months into their bet, Seth no longer had to feel like he was hopelessly behind Jason.

When they got together, Seth could see the slight concern in Jason's eyes. Or was it jealousy? When he saw Karen, she'd drop some underhanded compliment, so he knew he was getting to her. "What a darling outfit," Karen said once, seeing him in a miniskirt and sleeveless top, "It'll look even better when you grow into it." The comments just let Seth know he was starting to concern her.

There was still a ways to go before he'd feel truly confident of being Jason's feminine equal, but at least he didn't have to feel like the ugly stepsister to Cinderella anymore.

Seth never asked Jason what he was doing when it came to training for the tryouts. He wasn't even sure he and Karen were doing anything at all. Maybe they thought just getting through the front doors was good enough to win. Seth considered Lurlene his secret weapon, and kept her presence a secret from his friend.

At least for now. Maybe he'd wait and tell Jason in a little while. He deserved to keep something back, after all they had held out about Dr. Grumman and others when they started.

The trouble was Seth wasn't completely convinced Lurlene was working to his advantage. She drove him harder than any man had ever been pushed, in his opinion. His opinion was not under consideration by Lurlene, though.

"C'mon, Sabrina. You can do better!" Lurlene yelled.

It was yet another cheer class, and Seth was trying to do the splits, but was only about half way down, with his forward leg resting on the heel and his rear leg on the knee. Granted, it was much farther than he had been able to do for the first six lessons with Lurlene, but it was still woefully short of where he had to be.

"Do we really have to do this?" Seth whined.

Lurlene frowned. "What are the six keys to becoming a professional cheerleader?"

Seth sighed. "Being a great dancer, looking like you're having fun, crisp technique, being an all-around performer with energy, character and sass, the ability to sell a routine and..."

“And?” Lurlene interrupted to make her point.

“Flexibility,” Seth finished. He had to recite these points four or five times per lesson, as Lurlene was doing her best to get him into the right mindset. It wasn’t bad enough that Amy had instructed her to start calling him “Sabrina,” he was being scolded like a child.

“I want you lower, Sabrina!” Lurlene instructed. “Lower than a snake’s belly in a dried out riverbed!”

“This is as far as I can go,” Seth said, still straining to separate his legs further.

“Fine,” Lurlene relented. “Get up.” She walked in a small quick circle as she thought. “All right, enough for flexibility for today. We’re gonna work on point five. What is point five?”

“The ability to sell a routine.”

“Right! So, what they’ll be looking for is someone who can take any routine they’re given and sell it with all their heart.” Lurlene bounded to the middle of the room and landed lightly on her feet. “So I want you to watch me. I’ll do a routine and then you need to do the same routine but sell it hard to me. Got it?”

“Sure,” Seth replied with apathy. “Why not?”

She turned away from Seth. “Feet together, hands by our side. On one and two, we hump out and flick our poms.” Lurlene started by counting. “One.” She leapt to one side and kicked out with one leg, while spreading her arms. “Two.” She did the same, but to the other side. “On three, we turn around, and hit on both feet on four. “Then we work the hair on five.” She whipped her head and her long hair whisked in the air.

“Could you start over?” Seth asked. “You’re going so fast.”

“Yeah, all right, okay.” She got back in the start position. “Feet together, hands at sides. On one and two, hump out and flick the poms.”

“Hump out?”

“We covered the hump move four days ago, Sabrina. A choreographer isn’t going to stop and repeat for you.”

“I... I just thought that was a blade. A dagger or something.”

“Darlin’, a blade is holdin’ your arms at 45 to the sides, pointing your hands. It’s an entirely different thing.”

“Oh. Okay.”

“Don’t get hung up on the name. Everybody has different terms. This is just watching and repeating.” Lurlene once again turned away and started the routine. “Feet together, hands by the sides. On one and two, hump out and flick the poms. One.” She leapt to one side again, and kicked out with one leg, spreading her arms. “Two.” Now to the other side. “On three, we spin around,

and hit on both feet on four. Then we work the hair on five.” She whipped her head and her long hair flew through the air. “On six, forward arm is elbow forward, the other hand to the chest like a pledge of allegiance.” She then bent at the knees and moved her hand from her chest and used it to gesture to the side as she rose. “Bend, rise, pop open the hand. Once, twice. That’s seven and eight. Now for the next part.”

“Wait! What was six?” Seth asked.

“Are you even payin’ attention?” Lurlene growled. “This is basic stuff, Sabrina! We did things twice as complicated as this two lessons ago!”

“I know, but...”

Lurlene was angry. “I am not wastin’ my time on some sick tranny who can’t focus and watches me do all the work!” She barked. “You may think you’re working hard, but you ain’t nothin’ when it comes a real girl! Real girls work all their lives for a chance to try out for a pro team! Real girls would do anything for a shot! Real girls can get this! All you do is throw money at it for some stupid bet! You’re revoltin’!”

Seth had stood still, taking the lashing. He stepped forward. “I’m sorry, Lurlene, I really am,” Seth said, reaching out.

She leapt back like Seth’s hand was a cobra. “You keep away from me!” Lurlene screeched. She grabbed her bag and her boom box and headed for the door. “Don’t you touch me! Lesson over!”

He didn’t make any attempt to stop her. He was a little taken aback by Lurlene’s comments. Thanks to his hormones, he was starting to sob like a baby.



Looking across the bed, Seth saw that Amy had fallen asleep. They had been going at it for most of the evening, and finally, his wife had fallen unconscious.

He slipped out of bed, careful not to stir his wife, and quickly dressed in a baby doll top and a pair of shorts. Taking a moment, he unfastened his wig of long hair and placed it back on the styrofoam head on his dresser. Amy never liked to see him without the wig on, so he usually waited until it was dark to take it off.

He, too, didn’t much like seeing himself without the wig, either. His hair had grown to about three inches in length, which was as long as it had been since he had immigrated, but it was scruffy and dark brown. The fact remained that he had to take it off from time to time just to give his scalp a break. Without the long blonde hair, his cheerleader spell lost its’ magic and he just looked like an effeminate man.

He may not have even been aware that he avoided looking at himself in the mirror during these breaks, unable to realize that he preferred seeing his blonde self more than his brown-haired self.

Seth closed the bedroom door behind him and quietly headed down the stairs. There, he curled up in front of the TV and clicked it on, choosing the latest episode of “Toddlers and Tiaras,” which he had fallen behind on. He took three of his wife’s nerve pills and swallowed them down. They always helped him relax.

Ten minutes in, he saw his phone resting nearby, so he picked it up and flicked over to Jason’s number. Although the entry read “Jasmine,” for some reason. Someone was messing with his contacts again.

“Hey,” Jason said when he picked up.

“Hey,” Seth replied.

“Use your voice,” Jason implored.

“Fine,” Seth said, switching to his feminine tone. It wasn’t the slightest bit difficult anymore. Sometimes he’d just slip into it when he didn’t mean to. “Doing anything?”

“No. Bored.” He then perked up. “Oh, I want to show you something.”

“We’re on the phone.”

“It’s the 21st century, you know.”

Seth’s phone made a little jingle noise. He looked at the display, which read: “Accept Video?” He clicked ‘yes.’

When he did, the screen lit up and showed the face of Jason, close up. “What do you think?” he asked, pushing out his lips. Only he wasn’t pushing out his lips. They were fat and swollen, looking huge on Jason’s face.

“What did you do?” Seth asked.

“Injections. Collagen. They’re still sore. They’ll go down a little by tomorrow.”

“Hopefully. Doesn’t that hurt?”

“No, just a little tender. But so worth it.”

Seth sounded skeptical. “If you say so.” He was just trying to play it cool. He’d book an appointment tomorrow to do the same thing. He shifted the way he was seated. “Does your butt eat panties like mine does?”

“Tell me about it!” Jason replied. “I don’t know what it is about the shape of my ass, but it just pulls my panties right into the crack. All the time.”

“I have all this fat in my butt. And on my thighs. It is so weird.”

“It’s what happens when you’re on HRT, I guess.”

“I guess.” Seth turned the video off. “I hope it ain’t nothin’ to worry about.”

“Ain’t nothin’? You’ve been watching too much Duck Dynasty,” Jason said with a tinkling little giggle at the end. “You barely ever use a contraction let alone ‘ain’t.’”

“Maybe I am trying to broaden my English.” Lurlene’s influence must have been rubbing off on him, Seth pondered. He hadn’t realized that whenever he spoke in a woman’s voice his accent and his clumsiness with English vanished. “What about skin? What’s happened? It doesn’t even look like me anymore. At least it does not make me itch as much.”

“I never thought about that, but yeah, I used to always be scratching myself, like, all the time. Now my skin feels so much better.”

“And softer. I love touching myself.”

“I bet you do.”

Seth giggled. “You know what I mean!”

“I’m totally obsessed with lotions. I moisturize at least three times a day. I love having soft skin. I don’t miss always scratching myself.”

“I’m going to miss that when we end all this.”

“Oh, yeah? So have you figured out if Dr. Grumman is making me like men?”

Seth sighed. “You know, every time we have a session with him, I keep meaning to ask questions about it, but it’s tough to concentrate.”

“Same here.”

“But I’m really close to figuring it out once and for all.” Seth still had no intention of revealing his secret plan to anyone. If, after getting the same treatments as Jason, Seth found men attractive, then he’d know the doctor was doing it.

So far, his results were not certain. He did find some men appealing, in a sort-of kind-of way, but it wasn’t like we wanted to jump some guy’s bones. He definitely wasn’t feeling that.

“Cool. Because I think it’s getting worse.”

“Really? How?”

Jason was silent for a moment. “I really don’t want to get into it.”

“Yeah. I understand.” Seth yawned. “So tired. I’m going to bed.”

“Before you go, I need some new stuff. Do you want to go shopping?”

“Clothes?”

“Of course for clothes.”

“Somewhere new. I am so sick of Eastland Mall. Maybe you can show me who did your lips.”

“I’ll pick you up tomorrow. Ten?”

“See you then.”

If only the two men could have compared this conversation to less than six months ago. Back then they talked only when they had to talk. Things were focused and to the point. Instead of talking about making up deadlines, they talked makeup and hemlines.

Also unlike their previous conversations, they weren't talking about their business or a specific issue, they were talking just for the sake of talking. They had nothing to say and took their time about saying it. They acted like a couple of girls, in other words.



“If you can't kiss your knee, it ain't a kick!” Lurlene said.

“I'm never going to be able to do that!” Seth complained.

“You will. Just keep trying,” Lurlene replied. “I believe in you.”

Seth was being drilled on high kicks, probably the most recognizable cheerleader move there is. Any man watching him kick his feet so high in the air would have winced in pain, but to Seth, all that came to his mind was that he was far short of his goal. At best, he could only get his kicks chin-high.

Fortunately, Lurlene was an excellent and patient coach. Once she had gotten her frustrations out of her system, she had been a little more tolerant of Seth's slow progress. But just slightly.

Now into the second month of lessons, Seth was getting comfortable with the demands made on him. He was just going to be sore. He accepted that. He was going to be bent like a pretzel. He was okay with it. Seth was going to be immersed in a strange world of professional dancing and performing. He had welcomed it.

More than welcomed it. The most shocking thing to Seth was discovering how much he loved to dance. He had an inkling when Amy had first started to train him for the Halloween party. Something about following a scripted set of moves appealed to the logic-driven programming part of his mind.

“Six keys!” Lurlene called out.

“Great dancer, looking like you're having fun, crisp technique, all-around performer with energy, character and sass, the ability to sell a routine and flexibility,” Seth rattled off with ease.

“Number five!”

Seth pointed at Lurlene. “Selling a routine!”

She got into position with her back to Seth. “Feet together, hands to the side.” Lurlene acted everything out as she talked. “On one, flexed kick. Two, pop out with arms and legs. Three and four, pump the right fist. Left hand on your hip.

Once, twice. On five, turn that arm like a clock. All the way around. Hop back up straight on six. Seven, cross your arms across your chest like Cleopatra. Eight, turn around, hands on your back.”

Seth got into position.

“Next,” Lurlene continued, surprising Seth. “Next eight. One, candlesticks to the front,” she punched both arms forward. “Tuck them back on two,” She brought both arms back over her shoulders and bent a leg up. “Hop out to crossed candlesticks on three. Hit your hips on four. Swing your hair over left on five and punch. Then on six the other way and punch. Seven squat with a half-T. Hands and feet together on eight.” She took a step back with a grin. “Go!”

This was twice the routine he’d done before. They had only been doing eight-count routines. Seth jumped into place, and began. “One. Kick. Two. Pop. Pump and pump. Wind like a clock.” He turned around. “Hop, Cleo, Turn.” He made no pause as he began the next part. “Candlesticks, arms back. Hop. Hips. Five and swing and punch. Six and swing and punch. Squat and hop and stand.” He finished with his arms and legs straight and a beaming smile on his face.

“You rocked it, Sabrina!” Lurlene said, approvingly. “See? We’re gonna make a cheerleader out of you yet.”

“This is more fun than I thought.”

“Cheerleading should always be fun. Let’s take five.”

“Water,” Seth said, waving cold air onto his face. He left the room and headed to the kitchen.

Lurlene followed. “Don’t mind if I do.”

“I guess the wife is out,” Seth said, looking around. There was no sign of Amy.

“If you don’t mind me askin’...” Lurlene said, “You two... No. I shouldn’t ask. That’s private.”

“I do not think I would be able to give you a good answer, anyway.”

“Here I am askin’ you questions when you plum don’t know anything ‘bout me.”

Seth grabbed the both of them bottled water from the fridge. “I wasn’t going to ask. I didn’t want to get too personal.”

“For what you folks are payin’ me, I got no right to act like that.” Lurlene took a long, multi-gulp drink of the water. “I’m gonna open me bona-fide dance studio with the money.”

“Is that what you want?”

“What I want? Sweet apple fritters, that’s what I’ve dreamed about! You see, I was born in Sweetwater, Texas. It’s near Abilene, if y’all know where that is. My

Daddy was a trucker. Long hauler. My Momma left when I was too young to remember. I got two big brothers who were always looking after me. They kinda raised me whenever Daddy was out on a run.”

“I was Miss Nolan County my senior year in High School and of course, I was on the cheer squad. I never went to college. Dance was just so important to me, and I wanted to try openin’ my own place. But Sweetwater wasn’t big enough. That’s why I moved out here. My whole family is still in Texas. We don’t talk too much, but I always go back for the holidays. My Daddy sends me a plane ticket every November.”

“Do you miss them?”

“Might powerful, yeah.” Lurlene finished her water. “But one day, I’ll move back there. Maybe teach dance at the high school. After I’ve proven I can make it.”

“After knowing you, Lurlene. I doubt anyone can stop you.”

“Shucks, I ain’t even.” She tossed her bottle in the trash. “Now let’s get back to work. I wanna see you try some vaults.”

“What’s a vault?”

“Backflips, cartwheels, that sort of thing.”

Seth could already feel his back muscles scream in pain.



“I don’t need any more shoes,” Seth said.

“Just one more store,” Jason begged. “Just one more! I haven’t found anything to go with this new red satin gown I got.” He tried to give Seth puppy-dog eyes, but since he was driving the car, that wasn’t very effective.

“We have been to three shoe stores already. Can we please just do something else?” Seth asked.

“I’ll buy you something. Pick any pair in the store. Pick two. I just need to find a pair that’ll work for me.”

Seth sunk back in the passenger seat. “I need a pair of boots.”

“Deal,” Jason replied, and happily turned the car back into the city, his bracelets jingling as he turned the wheel. “I guess I just want to spend more time out of the house. Karen is driving me crazy with all the stuff she has me do!”

“Like what?”

“Ah-ah-ah!” Jason scolded with a wagging long-nailed finger. “Trade secret. I just want a few more hours of freedom!”

“Amy is all over me...” Seth wanted to say his wife was insatiable lately, but that was a little too much information. “...To do more training. She’s never satisfied.”

“Neither is Karen. She’s always on me to look more like a woman.” Jason sighed. “I need some time away from her. She’s going to grind me into pink dust if I don’t get her to back off just a little.” He made a turn into a parking lot. “I swear, I’m just about to have some sort of nervous breakdown!”

“I could use some time away myself. Being a woman is a full-time job I never signed up for.” Seth liked this notion, and he took a few moments, as he checked his makeup in his compact, to think about it. “I have a thought.”

Jason parked the car and grabbed his purse from under his knees. “Oh?” He yanked the rear view mirror towards him and checked his lips, eyes and hair. “What about?”

Seth got out of the car, then fluffed and smoothed out his skirt. He grabbed his purse and hung it at his elbow. “How we can get away from our wives. We should go to a clinic.”

“A clinic?” Jason closed his door, and Seth did the same. He clicked the alarm button and dropped the keys into his purse. “What do you mean?”

“We find some Beverly Hills swanky medical spa. Then we tell our wives we’re going to have some sort of procedure at this clinic. But it’s just an excuse to check into a nice place and rest for a few days.”

“Mmm.” Jason said, his red lips breaking into a smile. “I like it.”

Seth put on a pair of sunglasses as they walked the parking lot in their pumps, strutting along, almost in sync. “We’ll say we’re having a thing done to enhance our look as women, and get a few days to ourselves.”

“A spa. Pampering... Relaxing... No schedule to keep. Oh yes, let’s do it! Do you have a place in mind?”

“Not really. I’ll look into it. But don’t tell my wife, and I won’t tell yours. That way, they won’t think anything’s up.”

“Got it,” Jason made a ‘zipped’ gesture, running his red nails along his glossy red collagen-enhanced lips. His black-lined eyes squinted in delight.

After Jason bought Seth a nice \$1800 pair of brown leather boots with a four-inch heel, and Jason bought himself the ‘perfect’ pair of satiny red heels, and a second strappy pair just in case he ‘fell out of love’ with the first pair, they were off to Dr. Grumman’s for their regular appointment.

Seth took his seat in the outer office as he waited, running through his phone for a game to play. He settled on a jewel matching game. He rather liked that Dr. Grumman didn’t have a receptionist to make things awkward. Sitting alone for as long as he was with some woman a few feet away would have made life

uncomfortable. Although, Seth did think Dr. Grumman could use a receptionist.

He could see a pretty young thing, with nerdy glasses on a supermodel face, biting the end of a pen or pencil as she busied herself checking appointments and doing office tasks. Of course, she'd be secretly smitten with the handsome doctor, hoping he'd come over and closely inspect patient records, leaning over her and examining papers and documents.

Maybe one day she'd just throw herself at him, hoping her overwhelming desire would finally crack his dogged professionalism and start the romance she desperately wanted. Though, maybe the doctor was married? Maybe she'd just have to yearn in silence, always wanting him, but never able to have him.

The office door opened up and Jason came out, his eyes blinking in the brighter light. He looked a little dazed and unsteady. "You okay?" Seth asked.

"I'll be fine," Jason replied, bending down carefully and using his arms to lower himself slowly into a chair.

"All set?" Dr. Grumman asked.

Seth bounced up out of his chair with a smile. "Are you married, doctor?"

"Twenty one years," he replied.

"I see," Seth said, as he walked into his office. Yes, the receptionist would be resigned to a life of futility, never able to confess her love. Or maybe, one day she'd slip up and grab him by the tie and smother him in kisses...

"Have a seat?" The doctor offered.

"Yes, thank you." Seth sat down in his usual chair, and without a moment's pause, took the pills waiting for him. They were a different color than usual. "Jason looked a little out of sorts. I hope you don't have anything like that in store for me."

"Well, you and Jasmine are undergoing the exact same treatment program. But don't be alarmed, sometimes the medication just takes a little longer to shake off."

"We are undergoing the exact same treatment? On the same day?"

"Of course. That was our agreement. You've come quite a long way. I'd say you and Jasmine are both working through virtually the same issues simultaneously."

Seth started to feel a little woozy. The feeling was familiar, as the medication kicked in. "Really?" That certainly did prove one thing. If he was in any way attracted to men, like the rakishly handsome doctor, then the same was happening to Jason.

"I... Find that very... Interesting..." Seth's voice started to slow down and his brain was losing its grip on consciousness.

“Yes, it makes my job easier. I could offer a two for one discount, I suppose.” The doctor waited for a response, and when he just saw a slight smile on Seth’s face, he knew his patient was under the effects of the drug.

The doctor flipped to a page in his notes and read over them for a moment. “Today, we’re going to try something new.” He scooted his chair closer to talk into Seth’s ear. “I want you to get to know Sabrina. Can you do that for me?”

Seth nodded.

“I want you to connect with Sabrina. You can’t connect with someone unless you know a little bit about them. Today, I want you to tell me about her. Where she’s from, who she is and where she’s going.”

Seth’s eyes were closed, but he was able to speak. “I don’t know who she is. She is not real.”

“She is as real as we want her to be. All you need to do is say the first thing that comes to mind.”

Seth nodded.

The doctor put his hand over Seth’s “If you don’t know some of the answers, I can help you through it.” That made Seth smile. “Tell me where Sabrina was born.”

Seth’s clouded mind tried to search for an answer. His forehead rippled with uncertainty, and the doctor could see he was thinking too hard. “Just the first thing that comes to you. Was she born in the United States?”

“Sweetwater, Texas,” he said.

“Tell me about Sweetwater.”

“It is near Abilene, if you know where that is,” Seth said. He wasn’t quite aware that he was repeating what Lurlene had told him, but this *was* the first thing that was coming to his mind. “It’s flat land. There’s not much farming. Some ranching, cattle, pigs, that sort of thing.” Seth didn’t know a lot about Texas, but that sounded about right.

“How old is she? Pretty young, I would guess.”

“Nineteen, twenty.”

“What’s she look like? Describe her to me. I bet she’s attractive.”

“She’s very pretty. She has a wonderful smile. Aside from her lovely blonde hair, it’s her most notable feature.”

“So are you saying she doesn’t have an alluring figure?”

“Oh, no. She’s perfect. Soft clear skin, generous curves and a slender body. She could be a model.”

“So why isn’t she?”

“She loves to dance. Loves it. It is all she ever wanted since she was a little girl.”

Dr. Grumman wrote something down. “Tell me about her personality. What’s she like?”

“She is a country girl. Modest at times, but she is a little firebrand. Sometimes a little demanding. Well, most of the time, actually.”

“She sounds strong and independent.”

“Yes. But there could not be a sweeter girl alive.”

The doctor flipped a page in his notes. “Does she have any family?”

“Her father was a trucker. Retired now. Two brothers, Mack and Ken. They are a little overprotective of their baby sister.”

“Sounds like a nice way to grow up. What’s her education?”

“She never went to college.”

“So maybe not that bright at times.”

“Maybe. I guess.”

“What does she want to get out of life? Any goals?”

“To start her own dance studio. That’s what she wants.”

The doctor took a moment to think. “So if she likes to dance, she must like to have fun.”

“I suppose.”

“A real party girl. She’s up for any party anywhere. Anytime. Loves to let go and go wild.”

“Okay, sure. I guess that’s right.”

“Do you think so?”

“It must be true. She doesn’t ask a lot of questions. She just loves to have fun.”

“Can you picture it?”

“Yes.”

“Describe it to me, Sabrina.”

“She’s out there on the dance floor... Dressed in a racy club dress... Surrounded by men... Rubbing up against some cute guy, feeling him get hard for her... The music pulsates... Some stranger asks if she wants to go somewhere private and she says yes...”

“And what do you do there, Sabrina?”

“I let him kiss me, put his hands wherever he wants. It feels so good.”

“He’s going to want you to do something for him.”

“I’m dropping to my knees. I’m undoing his pants. I’ve got his penis in my long-nailed fingers and it’s throbbing. Just for me.”

“Tell me what you want to do, Sabrina.” The suggestions the doctor had been planting for weeks would provide the answer.

“I want to suck him off. I want to see him lose his mind. I want to know I’m all he’s thinking about. I’m his fantasy. I’m his passion.”

Dr. Grumman smiled. The programming was working perfectly. All the suggestions were coming back. For the next hour, he would run Seth through these fantasies again and again until they felt real, as if the thoughts were his own. “Put your mouth around his cock, Sabrina. Blow him. You know you want to feel him inside you.”

“Oh, yes, baby...”



Seth suddenly righted himself in his chair, his mind coming back to life. “Oh!” He gasped.

“Easy now,” the doctor said.

“How long was I out?”

“About an hour.” The doctor helped him leave the office, as his eyes had to re-adjust to the light.

“Careful now!” Jason said, as he held Seth’s hand and kept him balanced.

Seth grabbed Jason’s hand with both of his. “I’m just a little dizzy.”

“Oh, sweetie. Have a seat.”

“Yeah. That’d be right nice of y’all,” Seth said, as sat on the nearest chair, almost missing it.

“Will I see you and Sabrina next week?” Asked the doctor.

“We might be taking the week off, doctor,” Jason said, winking at Seth. “But the week after for sure.”

THE ENCOUNTER



A few days later, the two men had worked out a plan. Jason had found a Palm Springs resort/medical clinic favored by celebrities and booked a 7-day respite from their wives. Knowing that Karen and Amy were not communicating, they simply told each of their wives they were going to have a “procedure” while there and a few days of recuperation.

“A little nose thing,” Jason told Karen. “I got a little bump on it I want removed.” He said. “You know, skin cancer and all that.”

Seth told Amy he was going in for “treatments,” but left the particulars vague. He didn’t want his wife inspecting him when he got back, expecting radical changes. Maybe he’d get a facial peel and hope that would be enough to persuade her his trip was legitimate.

He packed a small suitcase with some casual clothes and a supply of his pills and patches. He packed another small suitcase for shoes and underwear, and another small suitcase for some other miscellaneous stuff like his lotions and makeup, and then a large garment bag with a few carefully chosen cocktail dresses.

The spa sent a car and driver, and once he had the bags in the trunk, Seth kissed his wife good bye on the cheek and was off. The moment the car pulled out of the driveway, he was giggling in glee, stamping his high-heeled feet in joy, knowing he was finally getting some time off from his female conditioning.

He went right to his phone. “Hey. How’d it go?” He asked.

“She didn’t suspect a thing!” Jason replied. “I’ll see you at the spa!”

“You betcha!” Seth replied. He sank back in the seat and enjoyed the hour drive, in a rare moment of complete isolation.

That was, except for the driver, who was glancing back at Seth from time to time. After a while, he had done it so often Seth wondered if the driver was somehow able to see the truth. It had been so long since Seth had worried about passing as female. No, he wasn’t particularly attractive as a woman, but he surely had eclipsed the threshold for being spotted, hadn’t he?

Being a little more self-conscious, Seth leaned over for his compact mirror and gave himself a quick exam. As far as he could tell, he was pulling it off. His collagen-plumped lips had healed days ago. His brows were plucked nice and neat and thin, his makeup was looking better than ever and, as usual, he was smiling.

It was true that if you really gave his face a long look, and were hunting for it, you'd see the traces of manhood. The corners of his temple were visible, he had a strong brow with narrow eyes, and the wig partially hid his prominent forehead. His jaw line had softened a little, thanks to the hormones, but was still a little square.

His body was unmistakably feminine. It had been three months since he had to wear a figure shaper. His breasts had been getting big enough that he was wearing A-cup bras now. His hips and thighs had been gaining a bit of fat, and his legs were dynamite, in his humble opinion.

Maybe it was his hands. He had been moisturizing like crazy, but they still looked a little mannish to Seth's eyes. Or maybe it was his neck. It was way too thick, as Seth saw it, and he wished he knew a way he could reduce it. It also could have been a dozen other things that bothered him about his body.

Was his body language giving it away? He had been sitting primly, with his knees together and his hands in his lap. He had been drilled relentlessly to act female, and he had been doing very well.

Maybe it was nothing at all, Seth thought to himself. Maybe the driver was just nervous or looked back habitually. Or maybe he hadn't been working as hard as he could. Maybe there was more to do, and he needed to examine his appearance closer. Much closer.

The car pulled into a well-manicured and thoroughly modern complex of buildings. The spa was made of small, square white buildings with modest green trees and hedges. Where there wasn't grass growing on the ground, there were rock gardens surrounding the complex. It looked as expensive as what Seth was paying for it.

Just as the car came to a stop, Seth saw that Jason's car had just pulled in, as well. The door was opened for him and he immediately bounced out of the car and hugged his friend. "This is going to be great!" He bubbled.

"You can't possibly have any idea how much I'm looking forward to this!" Jason chirped, as he hopped up and down, clapping his hands.

To anyone watching the two men, they would have had no reason to doubt they were really watching two female friends acting silly and giddy, like girls can do sometimes.

They were shown to their rooms, and treated like princesses by the staff. The boys had adjoining suites, and were in awe of how luxurious and modern their accommodations were.

"Stop acting like you've never seen a hotel room before, Sabrina!" Jason chided Seth. "Get your things put away. We have an appointment at the salon in ten minutes!"

"Ten minutes? A salon?"

“Just relax and enjoy it. We’re just two ladies here to have a little work done and enjoy everything the spa has to offer.”

“I’ve never been to a salon,” Seth said.

“Oh sweetie, then you are in for a treat! You’ll wonder why you ever just went to a barber. You’ll never go back!”

“But my wig!”

“Say goodbye to it. You’re about to get a real head of your own hair.”

“What do you mean?”

“Have you never heard of extensions?”

“Jason, I don’t want to...”

“Shush!” Jason’s said. “You’re going to finally get rid of that rat infested haystack on your head and get it done properly.” He went to his dresser and picked up his purse. “And while we’re here, honey, *I’m* Jasmine. And *you’re* Sabrina. Now scoot!”

Seth had a mind-opening experience at the Salon. Although he was hesitant to go, and had to be literally dragged through the doors, once he was there, it was a little slice of paradise. All he had to do was sit.

That was all. He sat as the lady did his fingernails. He sat as another lady did his toenails. He sat as someone massaged his shoulders. He sat as someone massaged his feet. He sat as someone wrapped a warm towel around his face.

He sat as four women worked on his hair. He sat as two worked on his face. He sat for all of it, and as the time slowly passed, he began to understand what Jason was talking about.

By the time they got around to working on his hair, Seth was so mellow he didn’t even bother objecting.

“Can you make her hair look like the wig?” Jason asked.

“I’ll make make it look a hundred times better,” the stylist said.

The smells coming from his scalp were slightly worrying, but Jason told him it was perfectly normal. He only had about three and a half inches of natural hair, but that proved to be more than enough for the stylist to work with. They weaved in long hair and attached it to what he had, making his hair just as long as his wig, and to his shock, they made it just as blonde.

When they unveiled the final product for Seth, he gasped and covered his mouth in amazement. Not only had they faithfully re-created the wig, but as the stylist had promised, improved it. His natural brown hair had been bleached bright blonde, with shiny, flaxen attachments. The hair was thick, bouncy and had a sheen to it that looked like he had walked out of a shampoo ad. He had seen his wife come back from hair appointments before, but she’d

have been green with jealousy if she could see him now. This was movie-star hair.

“Thank you!” Seth said, hugging the stylist impulsively. “I love it!” Just as soon as he had made his embrace, he recoiled — not for realizing how feminine the gesture was, but because he had done it instinctually.

It didn’t even cross his mind that the cause of this strange sense of elation was because he had a genuine head of radiant, soft and beautiful women’s hair. What would he have thought if he had realized that?

As they made their way back to their rooms, Seth couldn’t help but gawk at his reflection in every window. He thought he looked like a whole new person. It wasn’t until they were back in their suites that he bothered to look at Jason.

“What did you *do* to yourself?” Seth asked.

“I just wanted to go a shade darker,” Jason said, fluffing his now raven-black hair. It was just as shiny as Seth’s and a little straighter than before, but cut in a more wild and lively way.

“And your eyes?”

Jason’s eyes had been done with dramatic thickness, making his eyes look almost almond-shaped. His makeup had just been hinting at a semi-Asian look before, but there was no hinting anymore. “My name *is* Jasmine, after all.”

“It’s just a nickname. It doesn’t mean you have to go all the way with it.”

Jason picked a card out of his purse. “Check this out.” He held it for Seth to see clearly.

It was a California driver’s license, with Jason’s en-femme photo and the name “Jing-Wei Wang” and the “F” mark under gender.

Seth looked understandably confused. “How?”

“Karen got it for me,” Jason took it back, looked at it admirably for a moment and then tucked it back into his purse. “She bought the identity from someone off the black market. She was a real girl, I guess. A runaway. She’s passed, according to Karen.”

“That’s creepy,” Seth said. “But a forged license can get you into deep trouble.”

“It’s not forged. I went into the DMV with a legit birth certificate. I am Jing-Wei Wang. Born in Alhambra and twenty-one years old. Perfectly real. Just maybe not perfectly accurate.”

“Your wife bought that for you?”

“An anniversary present, she said.” Jason went to his closet and pulled out a dazzling red satin dress that was surely too fancy for him to put on now, or so Seth thought. “Get dressed. We’re going out!”

“Out? Where?”

“To a club. Drinking. Dancing. That sort of thing.”

“You’re crazy! I’m not doing that!”

“And waste that fabulous new hair on staying in and watching pay per view? No, we’re going out. It’s Friday night and we’re going to find a place to let go.”

“I don’t want to ‘let go.’”

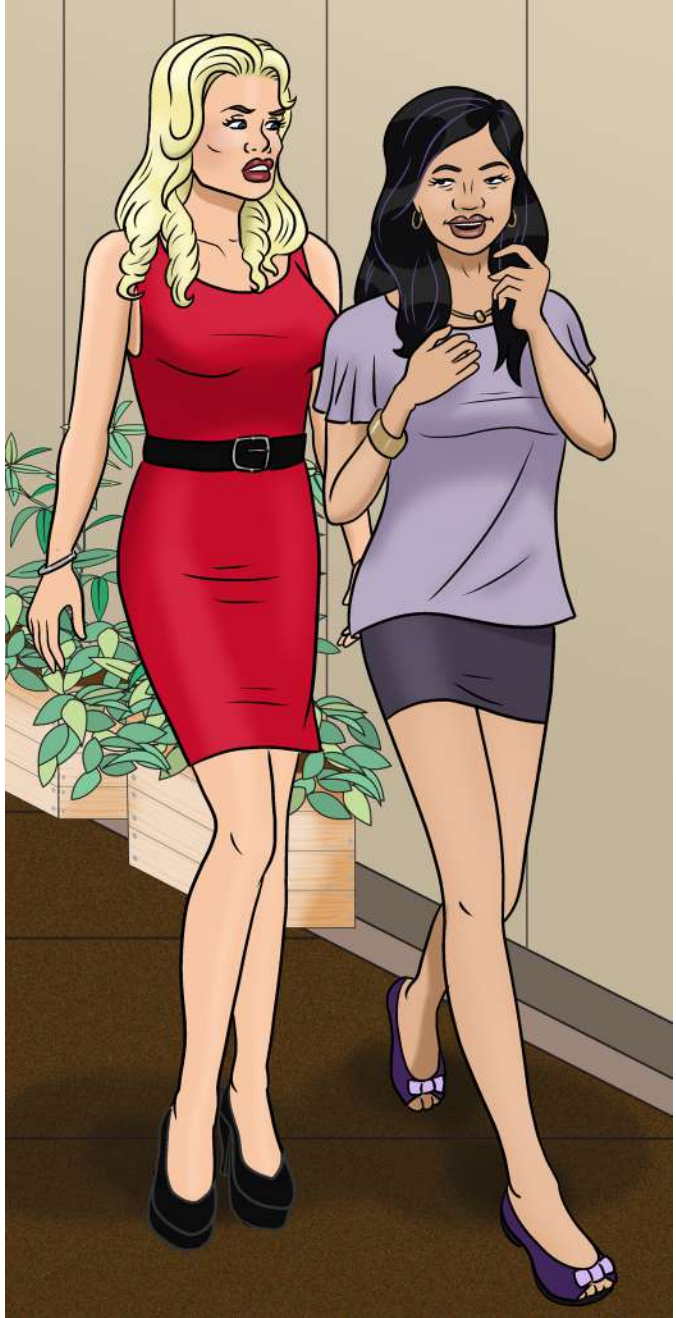
“Sabrina, we’re going out, so put on your best dress and get yourself ready to go dancing.”

Various terms Jason used were triggering unusual thoughts in Seth’s mind. The idea of “letting go” was unusually appealing. Going out to a club and getting on the dance floor sounded exciting. His rational mind was objecting, but his emotions were compelling him to say yes.

“But dressed like a girl?” Seth said, his objection weakening.

“We’re both like this for several more months. You wanna just sit around the house for the whole time?” Jason unsnapped his skirt and it fluttered down his nylon-sheathed legs. “How long has it been since you’ve had a real night out? Who says no to having a party?”

“I’ve never had a night out. I don’t do that sort of thing.”



“Exactly! Seth doesn’t do that sort of thing. But you’re not Seth right now, are you? Why not enjoy a night out on the town as two girlfriends? When will you ever be able to experience that again?”

“Now I know why you made me bring a cocktail dress.” Seth went to his room and returned a minute later, stripped down to his bra & panties. “You’re worse than my wife!” He said. He then turned around and left again. “I thought I was going to get a break from all this female stuff!” He yelled from his room — in his feminine voice.

Seth had come a long way in his feminine disguise. Months ago, he would have been petrified at the prospect of just being seen by anyone outside their two families. Now, his confidence in his appearance and mannerisms was just as strong as any authentic woman would have. Being in public in a dress was no more a concern to him than it was to be in his living room in sweats.

Now, despite every rational argument to the contrary, he was going out into the shark-infested waters of a late night in the city dressed as a single, available young woman. He couldn’t have possibly known it was the weeks and months of Dr. Grumman’s mental conditioning that was luring him into the living the life of a woman, and seeping deeper into his mind every day.

“Stop fussing, you look fine,” Jason chided his taxi-riding mate. They were on their way downtown to find a club.

Seth was still fiddling with his hair. “It’s weird not wearing my wig.”

“Well, it’s time to give up the security blanket. You’re a big girl now,” Jason said with a giggle. “Driver!” He directed to the cabbie. “I need to find a flower store. I almost forgot.”

“This time of night? Gonna be across town.” The cabbie replied.

“No problem.”

Seth looked up from his compact mirror quizzically. “What do you need a flower store for?”

“For a flower, of course.”

“Never mind,” Seth said, sensing his friend was being intentionally evasive. There was little point in pressing it, especially when he had to make sure his face was perfect.

There was a definite strike of fear going through Seth’s heart as he entered into the nightclub. The place looked a little more intense than what Seth felt he was ready for, but Jason was not going to be talked out of it. He had his heart set on this one club, and Jason was going to get his way.

All the women there were dressed in clothes no one in their right mind would wear outside. Bikini tops, miniskirts no bigger than belts, dresses with racy peepholes and cut-outs, clothes made from rubber or plastic, and heels that looked like art projects more than footwear.

In comparison, Seth felt like he was a nun in his simple mid-thigh dress. Never in his life had he ever wished he was showing off more skin — until now, that is. He knew he stood out for being dressed the way he was.

While he was watching the people who were watching him, Jason led him through the crowd to the bar. Jason looked very comfortable, and his shiny dress wasn't racy, but it was splashy.

"Everyone's staring," Seth said to Jason.

"I told you to take some risks. But no, you wanted to wear *that* dress."

"This is my favorite dress!" Seth objected. "I didn't know we were coming to a place like *this!*"

"Have a drink and take your mind off it."

"It'd have to be one hell of a drink to take my mind off of all this."

"Barkeep?" Jason addressed the bartender. "You heard her. Give her one hell of a drink."

"Comin' up," was the reply.

"This is a mistake. We should go home," Seth said.

"Give it a minute! We just got here! You never know what might..."

"Hey, I like the flower," said a voice. Seth turned to see it was coming from a man — well, a kid, really — who had approached Jason. "That's a white carnation, isn't it?"

"Yes it is," Jason replied with a twinkling smile. "I'm Jasmine. This is my friend Sabrina. It's our first time here."

"Awesome. Me n' my bros have been here a couple of times. It rocks!" The kid was handsome enough, in Seth's opinion, but he couldn't have been a day over twenty-two. "I'm Skyler. This is my bud Cody."

"Hi guys," Jason replied, in a way that could only be described as a full-out come on. He averted his eyes and then looked back up at Skyler while he thrust his breasts forward.

Seth was in shock that his friend was actually flirting with this guy. God knows who he was, why he was hitting on the two ugliest girls in the bar, and why the hell he was interested in a carnation. Plus — and this was the most important thing to Seth — all four of them were male.

Seth was about to grab his friend by the hair and tell him to cool it, but his thought process was interrupted when his drink was presented to him. He took a swig without thinking about it, and then room began to swirl. It was, truly, one hell of a drink.

"So you guys wanna hang out?" Skyler asked.

"Yeah, we're just here with nothin' to do," said Cody, backing his friend up.

If Seth had his wits about him, and the room wasn't leaning off to the side, he might have been suspicious of the whole setup. But all he could do right now was try and stay on his own two heels.

"Sure," Jason said, enthusiastically. "What about you, Sabrina?"

Seth labored out two words. "Okay. Yeah."

"Let's get a booth," Skyler said, looking around. "There's one."

Skyler led Jason through the crowd to the side of the dance floor, where a small, far too cozy booth was waiting, unoccupied. Seth followed in a slightly serpentine fashion, carrying his drink, and Cody trailed.

Skyler slid into one side, followed by Jason and then Seth took his seat on the opposite side, only too late realizing that Cody was now blocking him. If he was going to get out, Seth realized, he was going to have to go through this Cody kid to do it.

The booth was a bit small for the four of them, and Seth found himself wedged up against the wall, with Cody pressing him on the other side. He was so close he could smell Cody's cheap aftershave — and his mouthwash.

It was striking to Seth how different they were. Here he was in a slight little dress that exposed most of his arms and legs, and his chest. He had spent the last several months softening his skin and the hormones had rid it of blemishes. Contrasted to Cody's starchy, stiff cotton shirt it felt like sandpaper. His shaven legs were brushing up against the itchy woolen pants under the table, despite Seth's best efforts to turn his skinny legs away.

These boys appeared to be twice as large, and even at their young age, coarse and weathered. Their eyes were probing and predatory. Seth couldn't help but feel like a scared little bunny rabbit being hemmed in by a snorting, heaving, hairy wolf on the prowl.

Absently, Seth sipped his drink which was the chemical effect of being kicked in the head. He had never had a reaction to drink like this. He reminded himself that women don't need as much to get drunk. Then he reminded himself he wasn't a woman.

"So what'cha guys do?" Jason said, his voice getting even higher than it had been before. Seth wasn't sure, but it was like Jason was trying to sound younger.

Skyler smiled. "We go to college."

"USC? UCLA?"

"Uh, well... Maybe, one day," Skyler's smile wilted. "Right now, it's just community college."

"You live at home with mommy?" Jason asked.

"Oh, no way! We each got our own places. Just a couple'a blocks from here."



“Cool.”

“Hey, you want something to drink?”

“Just a beer,” Jason said. “I think Sabrina here is already set.”

“Three beers,” Skyler called to a nearby waitress. She didn’t appear to hear him, so he got up and chased after her.

The conversation lead then fell to Cody. “Hey, uh. So, you said this was your first time here, right?”

It took a moment before Seth realized he was talking to him. “Yeah, first time. I think I picked the wrong outfit.”

“Don’t worry about it. Some of these girls are total hoe-bags. They get a lot of fuck divas here. Skyler and I come just to watch the desperation.”

Skyler returned and plopped down in his seat. “Girl has some kinda attitude for bein’ a waitress.”

“I like a guy who’s assertive,” Jason said.

Skyler shrugged. “She’s just a waitress, y’know? And she’s all ‘I’ll be with you when I get to you.’ Screw the tip.”

“So what do you guys do for fun on a Friday night?” Jason asked, leaning in on Skyler.

“We’re just gettin’ started,” Skyler replied with a hand on Jason’s hand.

It was now very clear to Seth that something was going on between Skyler and Jason. The flirting was getting obvious and both were doing it. Seth had two concerns. One, that his long-time male friend was pushing himself onto another man. His second concern was that now that they had 'paired off' it was now down to him and Cody.

Despite his best intentions to send no signals whatsoever to Cody, Seth glanced at him, who glanced back, then causing Seth to divert his eyes downward. Without intending to, he had just instigated a connection between the two. Seth felt like an idiot.

The waitress arrived with a tray of beer, but stopped short of putting them down. "ID?" She asked Skyler.

With an audible grumble, Skyler produced his ID, then the waitress looked at Cody, who produced his. Once she had seen that, she glanced at Jason and Seth. She didn't bother to wait for them to produce identification and set the beers down.

Jason and Seth looked at each other sheepishly. They obviously had no business posing as twenty-somethings.

"Hey, so, what do you guys do?" Skyler asked. If he had been a little more perceptive he would have noticed both Seth and Jason looked a little jolted for a moment.

"We're... Performers..." Jason said, searching for an answer as he spoke.

Seth took up the slack. "We training to be cheerleaders." He smiled. "Or at least, we're trying to be."

"Cheerleaders?" Cody said, as if it were the strangest thing he'd ever heard. His friend shot him a withering glance, a message to watch what he said.

"That's awesome!" Skyler declared. "I can totally see that."

"Really?" Jason reply, looking bashful.

Skyler nodded. "Oh, yeah. All the way." For a moment, it looked like there was a flicker of chemistry between the two.

"I feel like dancing," Seth said, surprising everyone. With two months of dance training under his belt, Seth found dancing to be something he was more comfortable with than watching Jason and Skyler get mushy. It might also have been the suggestions of the good Doctor Grumman. Whatever the case, he gently pushed on Cody to move, and he did so, helping Seth up and escorting him to the dance floor.

Seth looked around to see what all the girls were doing. Some knew how to dance, but most were just doing the white girl sway-with-arms-raised dance, and only a few seemed to know much about rhythm. He decided to drop a little hip-hop on them. He strode on the floor with a swagger and then jumped back on one foot. He started working his arms, locking and popping his arms and

shoulders as he shuffled his feet. He was finding the groove doing the butterfly move with his arms and elbows, before dipping down and stretching his body from one side to the next.

A small part of Seth was enjoying showing of his skills in public. Okay, maybe it was a large part that was enjoying it.

Needless to say, Cody was doing his level best to keep up by spicing up his swaying with a few tiny jumps to look more active. With Cody joining in, Seth took the opportunity to swoop up his side, pressing his body against him and straddling him with his legs. It was definitely a step up from anyone else's dancing, and ten times more provocative. However, Seth really wasn't aware of it. He was dancing just like he had been taught.

Seth's moves looked like he was a backup dancer for a music video, but was lacking the singer. He moved around in practiced, polished routines, which was probably inappropriate for the scene, but Seth didn't know any better. He started to back into Cody, working his but against Cody's groin, only trying to do the routine to perfection and not thinking about how highly sexual his dancing looked.

At just under five foot eight inches, Seth felt tall compared to most women, but a little short amongst men. One of the things he liked about wearing high heels was that he had felt taller than ever before. However, Cody must have been six feet two or three, because even in his four-inch heels, Seth found himself looking up at him. Skyler was even taller.

That was okay for now, though, as his routine really called for a man to stand tall as he rubbed himself up against him. "I bet I look hot," Seth thought to himself. He wasn't sure why it was important, though.

In order to save face, Cody cut off the dancing at the end of the song and led Seth away from the dance floor. "I pulled my hamstring last week," he said. The lie was so weak it wasn't even worth Seth calling him on it.

As they got back to the booth, Seth nearly seized up in shock. Just as he looked into the booth, he could very clearly see that Jason was releasing his mouth — from a kiss. Skyler wiped his lips, and Jason looked away from Seth's stare.

Seth, then Cody, slid into their seats. "That's my bro," Cody said. "Makin' the first move." As if he were trying to play catch-up to his friend in the romance department, Cody wrapped his arm around Seth's waist and pulled him tight. Seth was far too perplexed by what he had just caught his best friend doing to worry about Cody.

As Jason stopped averting his eyes, he looked at Seth and then tilted his head a bit to the side. "Problem?" He asked Seth.

Seth just shook his head in the slightest of ways, stunned.

“Good,” Jason replied with a smile. He fed his hands around Skyler’s arm and held on, resting his head against the boy’s shoulder.

Seth was dumbfounded — and a little bit scared. He was watching as his long-time friend was discarding everything about his old self like a used tissue. His masculinity, his assertiveness, his entire sense of self. What was happening to him?

He was snuggling up to this strange man — kid — who they had just met less than an hour ago. Jason looked up at this kid like he had just found the answer to all of his questions. Seth had never really seen someone fall in love before his eyes, but this was just what he expected it would have looked like. The adoration, the need to touch, the single-minded focus on someone. It was all there.

Had Jason just forgotten who he was under the dress, behind the makeup, beyond the hormones and down to his core? Seth couldn’t even begin to grasp the idea that Jason had, with all his heart, embraced the female life. The prospect that anyone was capable of such drastic change was terrifying to Seth. If it could happen to his best friend, what about... Him?

“This place is boring,” Skyler said. “You wanna hit another club?” He looked to Jason for an answer.

“Okay,” Jason replied with a loving, obedient smile.

“Maybe we should call it a night,” Seth said, with an air of desperation. He wanted to grab Jason and shove him into a taxi. He needed to get him out of here before he made any more mistakes.

That caused Jason to attach himself like a vise to Skyler. “No way! We just met.”

Seth could see that Skyler’s hand had also embraced Jason, and was half-way under his skirt.

“We have appointments... In the morning.” Seth took a step forward, and Jason took a step back.

“Cody, give her a ride home,” Skyler said. “Me n’ Jasmine are gonna go lookin’ for a new place.”

“Okay,” Cody said. He put his hand on Seth’s arm, to direct him to the exit. “Key me.”

Skyler threw his friend some car keys. “After you drop her home, text me.”

“Got it!” Cody replied, and escorted Seth to the door.

As soon as his back was turned, Seth could hear a little squeal of delight coming from Jason. He didn’t have the stomach to look back and see why.

The car Cody took him to was an old, dented hatchback with a sticker on the rear window that said “Party Wagon” on it.

“I’m at Sun Life Spa,” Seth said, when he got to the car. He opened the door and tucked his skirt as he sat. “It’s not far.”

“I know where it is,” Cody answered. As he started the car, a pounding rap song exploded from the stereo. Cody made no attempt to stop it.

After a short drive, the Spa came into view and the car pulled up to the gate. They were buzzed through. “This place is way expensive,” Cody observed.

Seth agreed. “It’s not cheap.”

“Never seen a place like this before. The whole place looks like a fuckin’ space colony.” He was obviously in awe. “I wonder what the inside is like. You mind if I go in with you?”

“Yeah, sure,” Seth said, with a shrug. He wanted the night to be over with, but maybe by showing this kid that they were rich, he’d get scared about messing with Jason. “Just follow me.”

Unfortunately, being male all his life, he was completely unaware he had just given Cody the “want to come up to my place?” line.

Walking down the hallway, Cody had his neck stretched every which way as he looked around. He whispered the occasional “whoa.” Seth waved his keycard over a sensor and the door opened up.

“Fancy,” Cody said. Seth was a little shocked when Cody powered past him and entered the room first. He wanted to give him a quick tour and then kick him out.

“It’s nice, huh?” Seth said, dropping his purse on a table.

Cody turned a corner, and Seth could only hear him. “I’ll never be rich enough for a place like this. Fuck.”

Seth picked his purse back up. A thought had just struck him: How could he have just left his best friend like he was? He had practically abandoned him when he needed him most. It might not have even been Jason’s fault at all he was acting like he was. He needed to go back.

“Hey, Cody. Don’t be angry with me, but maybe we should go back and meet up with Skyler and Jasmine.” Seth walked over to find Cody, who was standing next to the bed. Shirtless.

The jolt Seth felt was like he had run into a glass door. He reeled, stumbling back a half step. “Uh...” Seth said. “What’s...”

“Babe, let’s just cut to it, huh?” Cody said. “You want it, right? So let’s get the party started.” With that, Cody unzipped his pants and let them fall around his ankles. He wasn’t wearing any underwear.

Seth’s mind had just shattered like a chandelier dropped from ten stories up. He had absolutely no faculty to even try to deal with this. The mental pathways

to compute this simply didn't exist in his mind. The result was that he didn't say anything, he didn't leave and he didn't stop Cody from advancing on him.

"Like what you see, right?" Cody said. He was a handsome man, Seth had to admit. He didn't have any chest hair, probably because he was so young, but he was built. Boy, was he built. His youth was in full display, his body immaculate like a Greek statue.

Not waiting for Seth to make the first move, Cody walked up to Seth and pressed close. "C'mon, baby, what's the problem?" He slapped Seth on the butt, and true to the training his wife had programmed into him, Seth smiled. "There you go," Cody said, and went in for a kiss.

Seth had to try to move, feeling a sense of panic welling up inside him, so he moved a foot backwards — and stumbled. He wound up on the floor, dazed and still unable to think. Before he knew it he was on his knees, looking up at Cody. Well, he was looking up at Cody's fully erect penis.

Cody was impatient. "C'mon, let's do what we gotta do. I wanna get back to the clubs."

Seth's every impulse was to scramble away and get out of there. It was only because there was one little flickering thought in the back of his mind that he hadn't fought to escape. That thought was starting to invade his conscious mind and had already started to take over his body. He was thinking that he had never noticed how wonderfully hypnotic the human penis was.

Seth felt a tingling in his body, and a buzzing in his mind. His nipples were becoming stiff and poking out at the fabric of his dress. Without realizing it, his mouth had dropped open and his eyes became fixed on Cody's insistently urgent dick.

"Go, on, suck it," Cody said. "Do it. Suck my cock, baby."

There was just something incredibly exciting about the shape of Cody's dick that Seth had never even contemplated before. It was designed to deliver pleasure, and only now did that seem obvious to him. How could he have missed this all of his life? It was like he could hear it calling to him, commanding him to put it inside.

Seth found himself leaning forward and lifting his hand so that his shiny long-nailed fingers grazed the veiny, throbbing member. The skin felt so soft and warm to Seth.

"Come on!" Cody yelled.

The 33-year old man lunged forward and sucked it like a lollipop. He then backed off, kissed it with his lips and then began to use his tongue to tickle the underside. It was amazing. His lips and his mouth felt like the sensitivity had been turned up to ten. The feeling of having a man's dick in his mouth was as sexual an act as he'd ever experienced before.

Cody grabbed him by the hair and pulled him in. “Deeper!” He growled.

Seth fought it for a moment, but as soon as he started to feel the penis grow harder and thicker, he wanted more. He wanted it to go all the way in, all the way to his throat. Knowing how he liked to have the underside of his penis



touched, Seth used the tip of his tongue to massage the same spot on Cody. He immediately felt Cody's body shudder.

It was about to happen. Cody was about to cum. Seth's instinct was to pull out, but Cody's hands kept him there, and when Seth looked up at Cody, that look from a girl staring silently up at a man made Cody finally unleash his seed with full force.

For a moment, Seth thought he would choke, but as he got in sync with Cody's pulsating cum, he swallowed it as it came out. The warm, salty liquid slithered down Seth's throat in the most surprisingly erotic sort of way. It was love. It was liquid love, and he had been the reason for it. He made made a man come, and he couldn't have been prouder. He was feminine enough, he was pretty enough, he was woman enough. As the fluid hit his belly, he felt a warmth and joy unlike — and superior to — any he had felt before.

THE AFTERMATH



A knock from Seth's door woke him. There was amber sunlight coming in from the window, and Seth had the distinct feeling he'd been asleep for a while. That meant it must be morning.

"Miss?" Came a muffled sound of someone on the outside of the door. "Miss?"

Seth uncoiled himself from the fetal position, looking around. He was on the floor, still dressed, and lying on carpet that was slightly moist. He used the bed to pull himself up and he sat on the edge of it, barely able to keep from falling over.

"Miss? Miss?" Said the voice.

Seth looked over to the desk and saw that the phone had been knocked off the receiver. No one could call in.

"Miss?" asked the voice again.

"Yes?" Seth croaked.

"Are you all right, miss?"

"Yes."

"You have an appointment fifteen minutes ago with the doctor."

"I'm coming," Seth said. He pushed the phone out of the way to see the bedside clock. It read 7:45.

"Very good," the voice said.

He could just remember that Seth and Jason had an appointment with a doctor to decide what minor procedure they would have for their visit. Seth groggily rubbed his face, and was confused why there was some sort of crusty residue around his mouth.

Then, it all came back at once. The memories of the previous night collapsed in on his mind and he felt like his head was going to explode. Then it felt like his stomach was going to explode. He scurried over to the bathroom and stuck his head in the toilet. He heaved a few times, but there was nothing coming out.

It was, though, a deeply introspective moment. As the swirl of emotion and memories began to coalesce into a timeline, he was at a loss to truly understand why he had done what he had done. Never, in the course of his life, had he ever even imagined this was a possibility. Seth had a fundamental question in his mind, a question he thought he had answered long ago — who *was* he?

Finally, he had to stand up and look at himself in the mirror. He had to look at the face of a man who had sucked another man off.

But Seth didn't see that face. He saw the face of a woman. Her long hair was tussled and matted. Her makeup was running. Her dress was falling off to one side. The woman in the mirror had a rough night, that was for sure. A man with dried cum on his face was a humiliated man. If it was a woman in the same situation, you could say she had a very successful night.

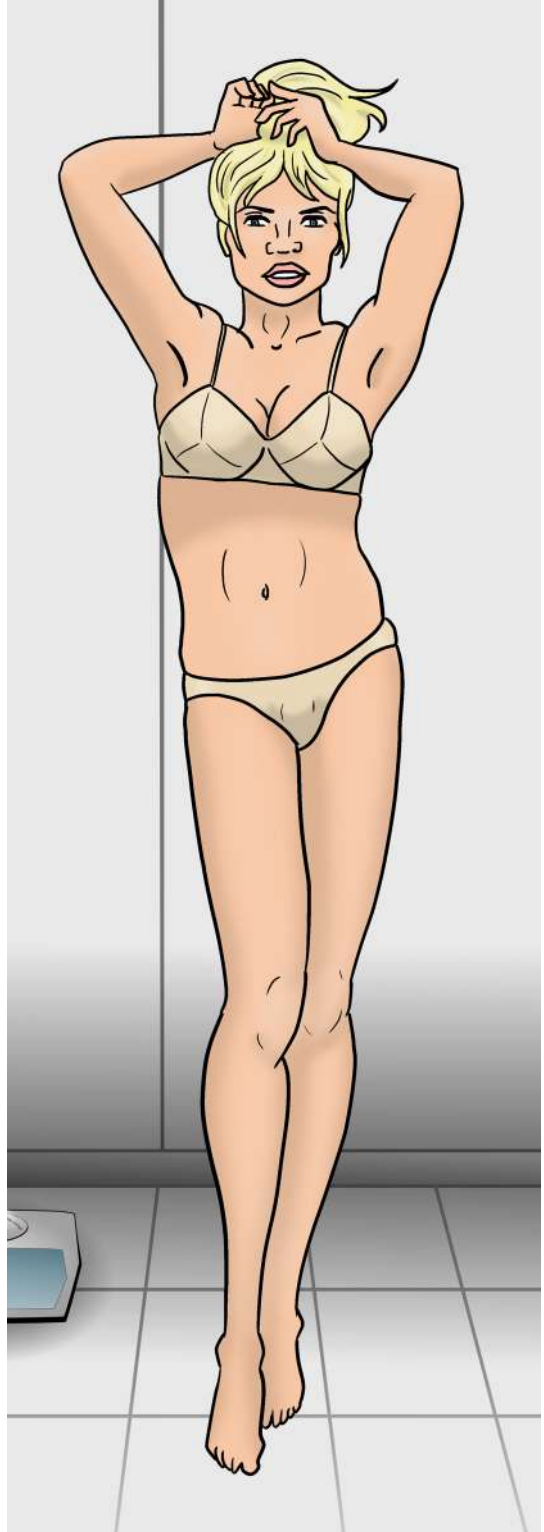
"This would be so much easier if I *was* Sabrina," Seth said to his reflection. "She'd understand."

Out of curiosity, he took the tip of his tongue and just touched a bit of the cum. It was musky and salty, just like he thought.

He walked over to the partition door and let himself into Jason's room. It was empty. The bed had been slept in and his shower was recently used. Seth surmised he must have made it back after all, and gone to the appointment.

After a quick repair session and a thorough scrub with a washcloth, Seth was back in presentable shape. He threw on an easy outfit and tied his hair in a ponytail. He was going to be a half-hour late, and he hoped the doctor wasn't going to be pissed at him.

He walked down the hallway,



and ten feet from his door, he passed an employee. He was sure that the shame of last night was wafting off of his very essence, like a rank odor that could not be masked. He turned his head to see if the employee was staring. He wasn't.

Seth found his way to the medical wing of the spa, and was directed to an exam room by a lovely young lady who probably could see that he had oral sex with a stranger just hours ago. A nurse was there who told him that the doctor had to shuffle some appointments because he was late, but he'd be with him in a few minutes. She, too, likely could sense the immorality he had committed.

Seth dropped himself into a chair, and waited. He ran his hands over his face to make sure he had washed all the dried cum away.

"Psst!" Came a whisper from the doorway. "Hey!" It was Jason, who had just opened the door a crack.

"Come on in, Jason," Seth said.

"Jasmine!" Jason corrected. "I got in so late last night. I didn't want to wake you. Did you have a nice night? Alone?"

"Yeah," Seth said, steering clear of any information. He offered no more conversation.

"Fine, little miss grumpy pants."

Then it suddenly struck Seth what his escapade last night meant. He had been somehow compelled to have sex with a man. He found Cody attractive. He *wanted* to do it.

That meant that, beyond any shadow of a doubt, Dr. Grumman was somehow affecting his mind. He had somehow made Seth desire men. Which meant, since he and Jason were undergoing the same therapy, that Jason was's feelings towards men was the work of the doctor. He now knew it for sure.

"Oh God," Seth said.

"What *now*?" Jason asked.

Seth wanted to turn to his friend and tell him, but he couldn't make himself do it. This was going to shake his foundation to the ground. He had to think about the right words. He needed some time to prepare the right thing to say.

"I... Uh... I'll talk to you about it later," Seth said. Eager to change the topic, he asked, "How was your night?" He only realized he didn't want to know after he had said it.

"Oh. My. God. So, right after Cody took you home..."

"Sabrina?" Came a voice from the door. It was a man in a white lab coat, so it was safe to assume this was the doctor.

Jason stopped himself. "Okay. Later. I have so much to tell you!" He then skipped out of the room, humming.

“I see you made it,” the doctor said. “My name is Dr. Rysberger. Have you been to Sun Life Spa before, or is this your first time?” The man was in his late fifties with grey hair and a thick grey beard. His busy eyebrows were behind a thick pair of black-rimmed glasses.

“First time,” Seth replied.

“Wonderful. Wonderful.” He picked up a tri-fold brochure from his desk and handed it to Seth. “You’ve seen the menu of our services.”

It looked like a dinner menu at a mid-priced restaurant. It was a weird way to do this sort of thing, but obviously it was just the way they did business here. They were used to the casual attitudes of rich Southern California wives. Seth took the menu and tried to skim through it.

“No one gave this to you before?” The doctor asked.

“First time I’ve seen it,” Seth answered.

“My apologies. Guests are supposed to see this when they arrive. Now, I do understand that you’re in transition?”

“I’m in what?”

“Gender transition.”

“Uh...” Seth thought about going into a long explanation, but the thought tired him out. He didn’t want to explain, and just went with the easiest answer.

“Okay, sure.”

“I can’t say I’ve had a lot of transition patients, but the few I have tend to go for the more dramatic procedures.”

Seth was looking for the simplest and the easiest. He was hoping for a skin peel procedure or something quick and painless. The menu didn’t seem to have any choices like that. “What did Jason — I mean Jasmine — what did Jasmine get?”

“It’s a patient confidentiality situation. I can’t discuss it.”

Seth picked up his phone and dialed. “Jasmine. What’re you getting done?” Seth got the reply. “Kay. Thanks.” And then hung up. “Nose job and eyes.”

“Well, yes. A special request of sorts.”

“I don’t want a nose job. That’s a big deal. What about the eyes? What’s super fast and won’t hurt?”

The doctor took a close look at Seth’s eyes. “I’d suggest a simple procedure to open them up. A small incision under the lids would give you wider and younger eyes.”

“Would you drug me?”

“General or local, your choice.”

“Knock me out.” Seth started to give the menu back. Then he gave it a second look. He thought that maybe he needed something extra. If Jason was having his nose done, it would probably be a good idea to try and match or beat his rival. “What can be done that would make me look more feminine and done while I’m unconscious?”

“The jaw re-contouring is very popular with transition patients as well.” Dr. Rysberger said. “It would smooth the jawline and improve your female appearance.” He offered to take the menu back.

Seth had never much liked his square-ish jaw, and if there was one thing that gave away his masculinity, it was that, so jaw work sounded good to him. “We’ll do it.” Seth handed the menu to him, but again, took it back. As long as he was doing this, he figured, he might as well do as much as he could. “Any other popular choices? Ones that don’t get too involved.”

“I do specialize in cheek and lip implants,” the doctor said. “Minimal incisions, done inside the mouth. They heal quick.”

His lips had made a big difference, but he could already feel them shrinking. A more permanent implant would certainly give him an advantage over Jason. “Sold,” Seth finally let go of the menu. “As long as I’m unconscious.”

“Well, then,” Dr. Rysberger said, “we can do the operation later this afternoon.”

“The sooner the better.”

“Fine, just fine. Let’s get into the details.”



After about an hour of having his face marked up with Sharpies, having dozens of photos taken of his head and the doctor probing his face with his fingers like he was kneading dough, Seth returned to his room. He was running on fumes and just wanted to lie down for a few hours or ten.

He stepped out of his ballerina flats and untucked his white blouse from his skirt. There was a full-length mirror on the closet doors, and Seth watched his hair fly out in every direction as he undid the tie that was holding up his ponytail. “One day, and I already messed it up,” he said to the reflection of his messy hair. “Maybe the girls at the salon will be able to fix it.”

Seth was practiced and nimble with his long-nailed fingers as he undid the buttons on his blouse, and he placed it over the back of a nearby chair. He was equally as skilled as he undid the short zipper at the back of his skirt. He stepped out of it and folded it onto the back of the same chair.

He padded into the bathroom and unclasped his earrings, setting them aside. He then picked up his well-used jar of cold cream. Seth took time to carefully

remove his makeup (and sharpie marks) and then washed his face. He needed to get to the toilet, so he pulled his panties down and took a seat. Standing up was out of the question, as his penis was now a flabby shell of its old self, and controlling it was difficult. It was easier to sit.

Once complete, he headed back to the bedroom. He pinched his shoulders so his bra would go slack, and with one quick turn of his finger, it was unsnapped. It joined the rest of his clothes.

His emerging breasts floated on his chest, with his nipples pointing up and out. They were still growing, but Seth no longer worried about it. They were just a part of his body now. His estrogen patch on his shoulder would need to be changed tomorrow, just like he did every Sunday.

Seth bent over and picked up his shoes, his breasts jiggling as he did, and placed them in his closet aside the four pairs of four-inch heels he had brought on the trip. Now just in a pair of white panties, Seth picked out his usual silk babydoll sleep top and put it on.

As he crawled under the covers, it was only then that he allowed himself to think about last night. He was weeping, quietly, until he fell asleep.



Sometime the next day, Seth woke in bed, his face wrapped in gauze and still wearing the aquamarine medical gown he had put on for his operations.

The whole process was a bit of a blur, as he was heavily medicated throughout. Even now, a full 24 hours later, he was still under a big dose of pain killers — just as he wanted it.

Although Seth was quite right in thinking that as long as he was being put under for the one procedure, it didn't matter what else was done while he was unconscious, he had forgotten one important part of the process. Recovery.

He was hurting bad when he woke up, and even though he had been prescribed one pill every four hours for his pain, he was already doubling up. Seth was told he'd have the big heavy bandages off in one week, but still have a lighter dressing for another week or two after that. So, in his mind, there was no reason to be miserable for three more weeks.

Seth was so groggy he wasn't quite sure he was seeing his friend Jason standing in front of the closet door mirror, swishing back and forth in a white sun dress. "I like the light better in your room," he said in a hoarse and slightly weak voice. "You don't want to switch, do you?"

Seth decided that Jason's presence was real, so he tried to sit up in bed. He was so out of it that he didn't realize he was already sitting up, and spent a befuddled few seconds fussing with his sheets.

“You poor thing,” Jason said, turning to take a seat at Seth’s side.

Seth could now see that Jason had bandages wrapped around his head at eye and nose level. He was wearing a pair of sunglasses over the bandages, which looked slightly ridiculous.

“The doctor said you couldn’t talk for a day or two,” Jason patted Seth’s knee. “You had your lips done? I can’t wait to see the results. Oh, and what I had done is going to blow you away!”

The word ‘blow’ triggered Seth’s memories of his encounter with Cody, and that, in turn, triggered the urgent message he had for Jason. He reached for a pad of paper and pen that were resting on his bedside table. It was the only way he could communicate.

“What is it?” Jason asked as Seth furiously scribbled a message.

Seth ripped it off and handed it to Jason. “I can’t read this,” Jason said.

“Mrf!” Seth said, muffled by the bandages and his swollen mouth. His motor skills were not at full strength and he was barely able to keep the pen in his fingers. He gave it another try, but slowing things down and writing in big letters. When he was done, he handed the paper to Jason.

“I know for sure that Doctor Grumman is making you attracted to men,” Jason said, reading the message.

Jason scrunched the note up in his hands. With a dead look on his face, his gaze went from his hands up to meet Seth’s stare.

Then he smiled and clutched the note to his bosom. “I know!” He said, gushing. “I’ve never felt more alive!”

Only the bandages will ever know how distraught Seth’s face must have looked at that moment. Slowly, his arms dropped into his lap, and he fell back into the pillows.

Jason’s expression was also hidden, but only partially. The twinkle in his smile was obvious. “Did I tell you what happened after you left? Oh, I had such a crazy, wonderful, amazing night!”

Seth was just lying limp, but Jason was so into telling his story he didn’t even notice.

“So, after you and Cody left, Skyler took me to a real nightclub. Not like that dump we were at. This place had lights, a real dance floor, a DJ — and everyone was having so much fun! And they had these cute drinks. They were multi-colored and layered... I had one of every type.”

Jason got up and started to twirl again. “We danced and danced until I couldn’t even stand up anymore — although maybe that had more to do with the drinks than anything else.” He giggled. “Then Skyler says we should grab a taxi, and so we did. He almost carried me out to the curb.” He sat down again on the bed and looked down, avoiding Seth’s eyes.

“The next thing I know, he’s all over me. He’s kissing me from the shoulder to my lips. He’s running his hands up and down my thighs. Right in the back seat of the taxi!” Jason blushed. “I was like, all, ‘stop it!’ But he wouldn’t stop!” He giggled.

Seth wasn’t able to focus on the words his friend was saying. His ears had a little ring in them, a symptom of the shock he was feeling. His best friend of the last ten years was acting like a lovestruck teen over a man.

“We got to his place and he practically pulled me inside and threw me on the couch. He mashed his face into mine. I’d never felt like this before. It was like we were animals in heat! He wanted me, I wanted him and we just couldn’t get enough of each other!”

Jason looked up at the ceiling. “What had I been missing all my life? Being the object of a man’s passion was the most wonderful thing I’d ever experienced! I just wanted it to last forever!”

He got to his feet again and walked in a small quick circle as he talked, using his hands and arms to emphasize how he felt. “It was like my whole body was hooked up to my lips. When he kissed me, it made me tingle all over. When he stuck his tongue down my throat, it was like I was exploding inside! Feeling his hard, muscled body press against my breasts was incredible. I could feel my nipples getting hard as a rock! I didn’t even know they could *do* that!”

He turned dramatically towards Seth. “Then! Then! Then, Skyler started to rip and tear at my dress. He wanted it off. I couldn’t stop him. I didn’t want to stop him. It all felt so natural and so right.”



Seth had dialed in enough to Jason's story to begin to show concern. He started to write a question, but Jason cut him off. "You want to know why I didn't hide my maleness from him." Seth nodded a slow 'yes.'

"A little confession," Jason said, looking sheepish. "I arranged the whole meeting with Skyler and Cody. I set it up. I put an ad online and they seemed like decent, handsome guys, so... I paid them a few dollars to be our dates for the evening."

If Seth were capable of feeling anything, he would have reeled at the the thought. His ability to react to this revelation was gone, his senses blunted and dulled.

Thinking back, Seth did realize then that it did feel a little suspicious. There was that whole business with the carnation, which he now understood to be a way to identify them when they got to the club. It also explained why two perfectly handsome young studs like Skyler and Cody would bother with the two least attractive 'women' in the whole place.

"Ten thousand dollars, if you must know," Jason said, with a tiny smile. "And I did tell them about our little gender issue. So they knew going in." He resumed his story. "So it didn't come as a surprise. It's not like it matters. I haven't been hard in forever. I keep it nice and clean down there, too. You might even miss it if you didn't know it was supposed to be there."

Jason placed his hand on his chest. "So then Skyler says to me, 'show me how much of a woman you can be.' And I got so turned on!"

He had to sit to continue talking. Seth though he was looking a bit flush. "He flipped me over with just a flex of his powerful arms and then I was bent over with my butt in the air. He's telling me how beautiful I am and how much I look like a real girl and he wants to know if this is my first time."

"So I ask him, what do you mean the first time?" Jason's voice then lowered to a whisper. "Then I feel him start to lube my ass."

That made Seth sit bolt upright. This couldn't possibly be what it sounded like it was going to be. Could it?

"Then his fingers went in, probing me. Stretching me out." Jason said. "My feet were kicking like a petulant little girl, with my heels still on. It must have just turned him on, because the next thing I knew, I felt his cock ramming into..."

Seth just covered his ears. He didn't want to hear this. He really didn't. Jason wasn't even looking in his direction any more, just telling his story to the air. Seth could still hear it a little, so he made a little humming sound to drown it out.

Seth opened his ears for a moment. "Soon, it stopped hurting and it began to feel incredible..." Seth closed them up again. He couldn't help himself, as his curiosity would make him open them up for a moment, and then his disgust

would force him to close them once more. He did it again and again, picking up short bits of Jason's story. "In and out, he thrusted ... Over and over ... Faster and faster... Upside down and screaming..."

Seth shut his eyes tight. "I struggled, but I knew it was useless ... I tried to open up my legs and take all I could ... We bucked and rocked in rhythm ... He came in me and I knew I was forever ... squealed like a pig..."

Jason then grasped Seth's arms and pulled them apart. "It's okay, I finished with the dirty part." He then pulled his arms back, sat on the side of the bed and folded his hands in his lap.

"I was humiliated," he said, in a quiet voice. "I guess I never really thought about what would happen if I kept pushing this whole disguise further and further."

"But when Skyler held me in his arms and nuzzled into my hair, I felt... I felt... I felt like I was where I wanted to be. Like all my life had led to that moment." He played with his skirt. "Maybe... Maybe... Life was trying to tell me something." Jason drifted off in thought.

"Anyway," he then said, coming back to reality. "We did it again and again, I think, like, five times. Once more on the sofa and then three time on his bed, and once in the kitchen. At least I think it was the kitchen. It was dark."

"So when the sun rose, I got up and cleaned myself off, got dressed, found my purse, brushed my hair and did my face. I went back in to see Skyler, who was still in bed, and kissed him on the cheek. Of course, that just woke him up and he went straight for my breasts. I had to shoo his hands away, the little beast!"

"As I left, I looked around and saw the destruction we had left. His couch was going to need a good cleaning, that was for sure. But when I thought about it, that place became a part of me. It was where I lost my virginity as a woman. It was where my lover was." Jason bounced on the bed. "I want to go there right now. I want to be a part of his life. I want to be his."

Seth looked at his friend and couldn't help but picture the scene as Skyler drove his erection up Jason's ass. His long hair would be swaying and shaking against his breasts as his body convulsed. His eyes would be half-lidded in arousal and his mouth open as he moaned. Skyler's hands on his chest could feel Jason's heart pounding away, feel the sweat coming from every pore.

Strangely, it wasn't hard to imagine. It would have been impossible to see the near middle-aged man named Jason in that position, but the emerging beauty that was Jasmine was easy to picture being taken like the girl he appeared to be.

Was he embarrassed with himself in any way? Was he ashamed of how feminine he had become? Seth couldn't see it on his face. If anything, Jason looked as alive and energized as he'd ever seen him. His smile was alight with some-

thing new that had captured his heart and was radiating from him like a beacon.

“You’re the perfect girl, Jasmine,” Jason said. “That what he said to me. You’re the perfect girl.” Jason swayed gently in rapture as he closed his eyes. “He’s so wonderful. I can’t wait to see him again. I hope he calls me.”

Seth reached for his pen and paper again, and began to write. It was short.

“Why?” Jason read. That’s all it said. It was underlined three times for emphasis.

Jason took a deep breath. “That’s exactly what I would have said before it happened. Now that it *has* happened, and I know what being a woman in love feels like... Well, I can’t explain it. I just know I feel like I’ve wasted my life before now.” Jason patted Seth on the leg. “You may never know what I’m talking about.”

Of course, Seth would never admit to what happened to him that very same night, and he would only tell himself that the operation on his lips was to make him look more female — not because they would make better lips for sucking cock.

“So, yes, I do know that Dr. Grumman made me want to fall in love with a man. I’ll never be able to thank him enough.” Jason sighed. “Well, I’ll let you get some rest. We’ll talk later. Or at least I’ll talk and you’ll listen.” Jasmine bent over and kissed Seth on the forehead, in a very motherly way. “I’m glad you’re here. I don’t know if I’d be able to handle all of this without someone to listen.” He left the room, his light dress trailing behind him, fluttering in his gentle wake, and shut the door.

Seth got his bottle of pills and tripled his dosage.



Seth’s way of coping with his friend’s admission was to completely ignore it. Four days later, after Seth had regained his ability to move his lips and speak again, he was out near the pool, sunning himself with Jason by his side. Despite Jason being dressed in a black bikini and Seth in a bright blue one-piece swimsuit, it was if their conversation never happened.

Sun Life Spa was the rest and relaxation spot of choice for many of rich and some of the powerful, and the crowd around the pool reflected that. They may have had various bandages covering parts of their bodies, but there was little doubt these were some of the highest-maintained humans on the planet. Their figures were slim and trim and their features picture perfect.

At one time Seth would have been ogling the women walking around in small swimsuits. Today he was just jealous. “Skinny bitch,” he mumbled at one

woman who had passed by. Hiding behind his bandages made him a little bolder.

“I could never get that thin if I even starved myself,” Jason said. He, too, still sported bandages that covered his features. “Betcha she’s a nom-vom. Totally pro-mia.”

“What?”

“Bullemic. You know, binge & purge?”

“You think so?”

“Puh-leeze! I bet half these girls ride the vomit comet,” Jason said, derisively. “You wouldn’t believe half the stuff they do. They get lap-band surgery or a gastric bypass to shrink their stomachs. Then they remove the bottom rib to look even slimmer. They have something done called a Brazilian butt lift, too.”

“Sounds horrible. But I guess it works, right?”

“You can see for yourself,” Jason replied, nodding towards the other guests.

“How do you know so much about this?”

Jason just shrugged. Seth recognized avoidance when he saw it, but let it go when he heard a vibrating noise. Jason plucked his phone from his rainbow-colored beaches tote. “Who is it?” Seth asked.

“No one,” Jason replied. He was texting and kept typing.

“Lot of typing for no one,” Seth observed.

Jason turned away and continued to type. Seth knew full well who had to be on the other end. They were supposed to be the only two who had each other’s numbers and it certainly couldn’t be Karen.

“That was Skyler,” Jason said, putting the phone away. “Just so you know.”

Seth had little appetite for the topic. “Great.” Jason had brought up Skyler a few times over that few days, but Seth had made it clear he didn’t want to talk about it.

“He wants to take me out again,” Jason said, rubbing his long, tanned and bare legs together.

“For ten thousand, I bet he does.”

“It’s not like that. Skyler really cares...”

“I think the doctor just called you for your appointment,” Seth said.

Jason looked around. He was waiting for his next appointment, for a ‘minor cosmetic procedure’ and an attendant was supposed to signal when it was time. He got up, feeding his feet into his flip-flops. As he stood, he wrapped his sarong around his waist. “Where did you see...?”

Seth picked a random spot and pointed in that direction. “There.” Jason quickly trotted in that direction. Yes, it was devious, but being devious was

something the both of them had been playing with lately. Besides, he really didn't want to hear Jason talk any more about that kid.

As soon as Jason was out of sight, Seth took the opportunity to get Jason's phone out of his tote.

He opened up the chat app and picked out the one that was just a minute old. The sender's name read "Skittles." Seth was irritated that the kid already had a nickname.

"Hey baby, I miss you..." Jason had typed.

"I miss U 2" 'Skittles' replied.

"I wanna playyyyyy."

"I want you... I can treat u rite u r the sexiest girl I kno"

"Rly?"

"I'd like 2 c u face 2 face"

"I wanna c ur 8====D"

"It wants u"

"Soon baby I need to heal then we can parrtttyyy ;)"

"Gonna make u bite the pillow"

Seth dropped the phone back in the tote like it was a dead animal. It made no sense. Jason was a guy, just like he was. Seth couldn't understand how was this happening. Whatever strange hold Dr. Grumman's hypnotic suggestions had on Jason were obviously twisting his mind. If he didn't know better, he'd have said Jason was acting like some air-headed bimbo.

"I didn't see anyone," Jason said when he returned. "Are you sure you saw someone? You know what? Never mind. I'm paying them. They can find me."

As Jason nestled back into the lounge chair, Seth took a second look at Jason. For someone who had been talking trash about the rich & thin here, Jason wasn't that dissimilar. He had lost a lot of weight, and was probably under a hundred and fifteen by now. The effects of the hormones were quite evident, as his body had the curves a real woman would have. Mind, you, not as dramatic as a real woman, but they were still there.

Jason may have been pushing the limits by wearing a bikini, and it looked a little awkward on him. But he had just enough butt and just enough breast to pull it off. If he had just seen Jason for the first time, he'd have just assumed he was one of the wives here, looking for the fountain of youth.

Seth also wondered just how tightly he was tucking his penis to look so flat down there. Thinking about it made him uncomfortable. Seth was hiding his modest bulge behind a skirt stitched onto the waistline of his suit.

What was also got Seth's attention was Jason's tanned skin. Jason was tanning at a quick rate. The two of them had been out at the pool together every moment of every day since they arrived, but Jason must have been three or four shades darker. With equal tanning time, Seth figured his Eurasian roots would have him being the better tanner, and Jason's English and German heritage should have roasted his skin.

"What kind of tanning lotion are you using?" Seth had to ask.

"Whatever they had in the bathroom," Jason answered.

"I'm using the same thing. So how come you're getting so dark?"

"I had the Scenesse treatment."

"The what?"

"Scenesse. It's a little under-skin drug implant they offer here. It's like a medicine that makes you tanner."

"You're pullin' my leg."

"No, it's real!" Jason leaned over and whispered. "I thought it was a load of crap, too." He sat back again. "But as you can see, it works! You should try it!"

"I'll do it the ol' fashioned way, thank you kindly," Seth replied.

Jason giggled. Seth looked over to see what was so funny. When he did, Jason giggled again.

"What?" Seth asked.



“Thank you kindly,” Jason repeated Seth’s phrase. “You used to talk like English was your second language. Now you’re beginning to sound like a country-fried yokel. What’s gotten into you?”

Seth had to think about it. He didn’t find anything wrong with the way he was talking. He had always been trying to sound more like a native speaker of American English. It was finally starting to work, that was all.

And Seth was not in the mood to be made fun of by an anal sex freak. He just turned his head away. “What’s gotten into *me*?” Was all Seth said.

That seemed to quiet Jason.



By the end of the week, Seth was more than ready to go home. What had started as a week away from his wife had turned into seven days of wanting to get away from Jason. As he waited for the car to pick him up, he was getting set for the trip. He had already packed his assorted bags and was now putting the finishing details on his appearance.

Since his head was still heavily bandaged, and he was still medicated, he was going to take it easy. He had opted for only a simple white blouse and black knee-length skirt, matching it with his flats and a scarf he had draped over his head. A pair of large-lensed sunglasses also helped mask his dressing.

His lips had healed, so he had used a nice bright red lipstick to highlight his newest improvements. He was already impressed with the difference the implants had made.

All set to go, he knocked on Jason’s door and let himself in. “Ready yet?”

“Just about,” Jason replied. He, too, still had the thick bandages wrapping across the midsection of his face, with just some slits to let him see. He had opted for a pink leather miniskirt and a sleeveless black blouse tied off in back to reveal his midsection. He had added silver earrings and a necklace, near-opaque black tights and black four-inch heels. “You can’t rush perfection,” he said.

He was also wearing sunglasses, since his eyes were behind gauze, but his hair was in better shape, since he had fewer warps on his head. Seth was quite sure that it was longer, straighter, shinier and darker than he had ever seen it. He had taken many trips to the salon over the last several days.

“This week’s just, y’know, gone by in a flash,” Jason said. “I wish I just could stay here forever.”

“I wish you could, too,” Seth quipped.

“Rawrrr!” Jason replied. “Passive aggressive much?”

Seth didn't take the bait and just returned to his room. He gathered together his suitcases near the door for the attendant to take. For some reason, the idea that he should carry his own luggage to the curb never occurred to him.

"So will I see you at Dr. Grumman's on Tuesday?" Jason asked, sticking his head in the door.

"What?" Seth said, in shock. "You're going back to him?"

"Duh, why wouldn't I?"

"He's been messing with your mind, Jason! We know that! He's trying to turn you gay!"

"He's been the best thing that ever happened to me. I've discovered so much about myself since I started seeing him."

"Including taking it in the ass?"

Jason walked right up to Seth and held his hand out like he was going to slap him. The only thing that stopped him was the bandages. He then turned on his heel and walked away. "If you're going to be a jerk about it, maybe we should just stop being friends!"

Seth followed him. "Honey pie, we stopped being friends when you decided that wearing a dress was more important than your marriage, your business and your manhood!"

"It's my life!" Jason cried. "I can do what I want! You just don't understand!"

It was Seth's turn to leave. "That doctor has ruined everything! This bet has turned you into a person I don't even recognize! Literally!"

"Stop talking shit about Dr. Grumman! He's a great man!"

Fortunately, a knock came to Jason's door, ceasing the argument. "Car for Jasmine?" Said the man on the other side.

"I'm Jasmine," Jason said, loud enough to be heard by Seth.

Seth sat down on the bed, his emotions in a jumble of rage and confusion. He had no idea what to feel anymore. This was all so far beyond what he could cope with.

"Uh..." Jason's voice came from the door adjoining the rooms. "You won't tell anyone about Skyler, and that whole thing, will you?"

"No," Seth replied.

"Thanks."



“Oh my God! Let me get a look at you!” Amy said when Seth walked into the house. Her expression of unbridled joy looked like a child finding fifty presents under the Christmas tree. “I thought it was a just a skin peel!”

Seth was a little embarrassed. “Well, I wanted to, but then I got to thinking...”

“Did you get hour eyes done? And your lips?”

Now Seth was extremely embarrassed. “Look, it’s not a big deal.”

“Why are the bandages still on?”

“I’m still healing. They come off in a week.”

“Next Tuesday!” Amy said with excitement.

“Maybe. It depends how fast I heal.”

It suddenly struck Seth that he had been unfaithful to his wife. He hadn’t yet thought about it in quite those terms, as he was so focused on Jason’s behavior — and he was trying to forget his episode with Cody ever happened. But that was the truth of the matter. He had cheated on Amy.

That made it hard to look at his wife, who was completely unsuspecting. Amy was giddy with Seth’s new look, excitedly trembling. “You did your hair, too! I love it!” She picked at Seth’s wrappings. “Let me just take a peek!”

Seth pushed her hands away. “No! It needs to stay on, or else I might have to go back.”

“But I can’t wait!”

“You have to. I can’t mess with the dressing until it’s ready.” Seth headed to the stairway. “I’m going to be in bed for a while. I’m on painkillers. Can you call Lurlene and cancel?”

“Oh, Lurlene quit,” Amy said. “Something about family, blah, blah, blah.”

“Lurlene quit?”

“We’ll need to hire a new girl.”

Seth quickly flew up the stairs and into the bedroom. He dropped his purse on the bed and got his cell phone out. “Hello, Lurlene?” He said into his phone. “This is Sabrina.”

“Oh, uh, howdy, Sabrina,” Lurlene said.

Seth kicked off his shoes and sat on the bed, curling a leg under him. “Amy just told me you quit! What happened?”

“Darlin’ I don’t have a lot of time. I’m waiting to board my flight back to Texas.”

“It... It wasn’t me, was it?”

“No, no! No, sugarplum! It’s my Daddy. He’s in the hospital, he’s got a bum ticker.”

“Is he okay?”

“The docs say he’ll be fine, but he won’t be able to get around like he used to. He just needs me to look after him until he can get back on the horse. Maybe six months.”

“I’m so sorry. I knew you needed the money.”

“I’m sorry too, Sabrina. I hope you can find a replacement. Let me send you the name of my agency. I’ll email you with some contact information.”

“I’d rightly appreciate it, Lurlene.” Seth thought for a moment. “I know it’s been tough dealing with my situation. Let me send you a bonus.”

“No, honey. You’ve done so much.”

“I won’t hear of it. I’m sending you twenty thousand dollars.”

Lurlene gasped on her end of the lone. “Is your wife going to like...”

“The money is in my name. Amy has no say over it.”

“I don’t know, Sabrina.”

“Send me your address when you send me the contact info. I’ll have a check sent to you.”

“Alright. I will. And the agency has a lot of really energetic girls who will love to finish the training or you, Sabrina.”

“Good luck with your Daddy, Lurlene. All my love, sweetie.”

Seth changed out of his traveling clothes and into a more comfortable shirt and shorts. He did want to just go to bed, but it was only eleven, so he was at least obliged to try and stay up for another hour or two before attempting a nap.

Seth was grateful that he was just at home again, away from Jason. Every few minutes and Seth would find himself trying to figure things out. Where had he failed Jason? What was he going to have to do to pull him back from the brink? Five years from now, when they would be working on their next business idea, would Jason be everything he once was? Or was this feminine interlude in his life going to do permanent damage?

He had a lot to think about. Fortunately, the try-out was only three months away, and then they could try to put their lives back together.

“So how was it? Tell me all about your week.” Amy said, when Seth padded into the kitchen. “What did you have done?”

“Not much to tell,” Seth replied, suddenly coy. “When we got there, Jason told me all about the procedures he was going to have, and I thought I needed to beat him and Karen at their own game.”

“Your whole face is practically covered.”

Seth was feeling too guilty to get into details. “They did my eyes, my jaw, cheeks and lips.” He avoided eye contact with Amy.

“Banana?” Amy said, offering her husband something to eat.

Impulsively, Seth swatted it from her hand. “No!” He shouted.

Amy looked at the banana, now on the floor, and then up at her husband.

Seth had no idea why he had just done that. Still, he needed some explanation for his wife. “I thought I saw a spider on it.”

Cautiously, Amy picked it up and dumped it in the trash. “Looked fine to me.”

“I’m not hungry anyway,” Seth said as he left the kitchen, avoiding any further weirdness.

Amy followed him out. “So, while you were gone, I got to thinking about something.”

“Uh-huh,” Seth replied, disappointed this conversation was continuing.

“I missed you,” Amy said.

“I missed you too, honey.” This was the standard reply any husband had to give. He got to the living room and sat on one of the sofas.

“No,” Amy said, her voice trembling. “I mean I really, *really* missed you.” Instead of taking a seat on the sofa across from Seth, she wrapped her arms around him and sat as closely to him as she could without knocking him over.

“Yeah, uh...” Seth tried to scoot away from Amy, but she had him in her grasp. “About that, I wanted to talk to you about this, too. I think you’re wearing me out, Amy.”

“You mean I haven’t already? I’m going to have to try harder.” Amy nuzzled his neck. “But that’s not what I meant. What I meant is that I think...” She paused. “I think I’m in love with Sabrina.”

“We *are* married.”

“No, I mean, I’m in love with you *as* Sabrina.”

“Oh,” Seth said.

“More in love than I’ve ever been in my life, and I don’t know if I can go back.” She stopped hugging Seth and just held his hands. “I don’t think I want to go back.”

“What exactly are you saying?”

“I’m saying I want you to stay as Sabrina. I want you to be as feminine and girly as possible. I want you to embrace the new you.” She started to kiss him, but Seth backed away and got up on his feet.

“Are you saying you don’t want to be married anymore? Because when this bet is over, and this Sabrina thing is a memory...”

“No, silly.” Seth was still close enough so Amy could playfully kick him in the leg. “I mean that you stay as Sabrina, win or lose the bet.”

“I... I... I can't do that. I'm not going to pretend to be someone I'm not. I have a life. I have a business. I have responsibilities. I can't pretend to be someone else. That makes no sense.”

“I knew you'd have some hesitation. So I want you to think about it.”

“The answer is no.”

“Just think about it,” Amy said, ignoring her husband's objection. “Don't rush into a decision. We still have three months.”

“The answer will still be no.”

“So be it, then. But we'll revisit this and see what you're thinking later.” Amy hopped up off the sofa. “Meanwhile, I have been waiting a whole week to screw.” She grabbed her husband's small breasts. “The girls here have missed my touch.”

Seth just sighed. There was no sense in fighting her. She pulled him over to another sofa and pushed him down. Seth had so little energy, he figured an argument would be more draining than just letting Amy have her way with him. He let her do what she wanted and laid back.

THE TRUTH



Three weeks later, Spiderman arrived at Jason and Karen's house. Not literally, of course. Spiderman didn't usually wear a dress, nor heels.

Seth and Amy had arrived at Jason and Karen's house for a "grand unveiling." Amy had thought that if both couples could see the other for the first time after their surgeries had fully healed, it would shake things up a little. When Amy had first seen her husband all made up after the bandages came off, she was so confident that she had requested the meeting. Surely, once Karen and Jason saw Seth, they'd concede or at least start to doubt their ability to win the bet. After all, Seth had work done on his jaw, his cheeks, his lips and his eyes. All Jason had done was a little eye and nose procedure.

That's why she had her husband wearing the rubber Spiderman mask. She didn't want the competition to see him yet. A grand unveiling would have the most impact.

"Amy," Karen said, coolly and calmly at the door, "Seth."

"It's Sabrina," Amy said. "Call him Sabrina." Karen, in her dark grey cowl-necked sweater dress stepped aside to let them in.

Seth followed his confident wife inside. Amy had dressed in a strong and powerful business outfit, a pencil knee-length grey skirt with a black belt and heels. She added a two-button matching jacket and an eggshell-colored top. She looked like she was negotiating a multi-million-dollar deal. In a way, she was.

Besides the ridiculous mask, Seth was wearing an off-the-shoulder white lace dress with a mid-thigh hem. He had a pair of brown leather cuffed knee-high boots that made the outfit, and had added large aquamarine bracelets to each wrist.

Inside, Jason was already waiting, his face covered by a scarf wrapped around his head.

"Why didn't we think of that?" Seth whispered to his wife.

Jason was also wearing a beach cover-up that only exposed his legs from the shins down. He was wearing a pair of cyan booties. It looked like they were going to unveil him all at once.

"It's been *so* long since we've had you two over," Karen said, the sarcasm falling off her words like icicles. "Friends shouldn't drift out of touch. Don't you agree?"

"Oh *yes*," Amy replied, trying to match the insincerity. "I *couldn't* agree more."

“Wine is your drink of choice. Is that right, Amy?” Karen asked as she went to their mini-bar. “It’s been so long I forget.”

“Yes. White wine,” Amy replied.

“That’s right, you enjoy a fine whine,” Karen poured the drink.

Left by themselves, Seth and Jason’s interaction was even more icy than the wives. Seth and Jason had their backs turned, and were kept busy by the act of ignoring each other. They had their arms crossed and were drumming their fingers.

If any of them hadn’t been so involved in being angry with one another, they might have noticed the amazing similarity between them all. They were all wealthy, slim, and attractive women. At least in appearance. Even more than that, the two husbands were in better shape than the wives. Seth’s body was slimmer than Karen or Amy’s, second only to Jason. Jason’s legs were shapelier than Karen’s, thinner than Amy’s and only Seth’s were more attractive.

Both men had long, slender arms with long nails, graceful necks, trim upper bodies with apparently healthy bosoms, and bottoms that were tight and supple.

In short, the husbands had more attractive female bodies than the real girls in the room had.

Karen finished with her pouring, and handed a wine glass to Amy, and sipped from another. “I’d offer the men drinks, but they’re going to be a little busy. So who should go first?”

“We’ll go first,” Amy said, boldly. She was quite confident that her husband’s appearance would so traumatize Karen and Jason that there would be no way they could be matched or even beat. She wanted as much shock value as she could get.

She strode over to Seth and placed her hand at the top of his mask. “I think you’ll be somewhat impressed,” Amy said, intentionally underselling it. “May I present, Miss Sabrina Marie Cox.” With a quick whip of her arm, the rubber mask came off, and Seth’s curly, shiny blonde hair spilled from inside.

Someone in the room let out a tiny gasp.

Besides the visual dramatics of the falling hair, which fell around his face and shoulders rather nicely, the face that was revealed was a showstopper. Seth had spent most of the morning doing and re-doing his makeup, but it only served to compliment his new feminine beauty.

The shape of his face, once somewhat lantern-jawed was now heart-shaped. His high cheeks and slim jaw created a look that was only unique to women, and only to the more attractive of them.

His lips were red, glossy and plump, now formed in such a way that actually closing them all the way was something Seth had to try to do. He had a natural

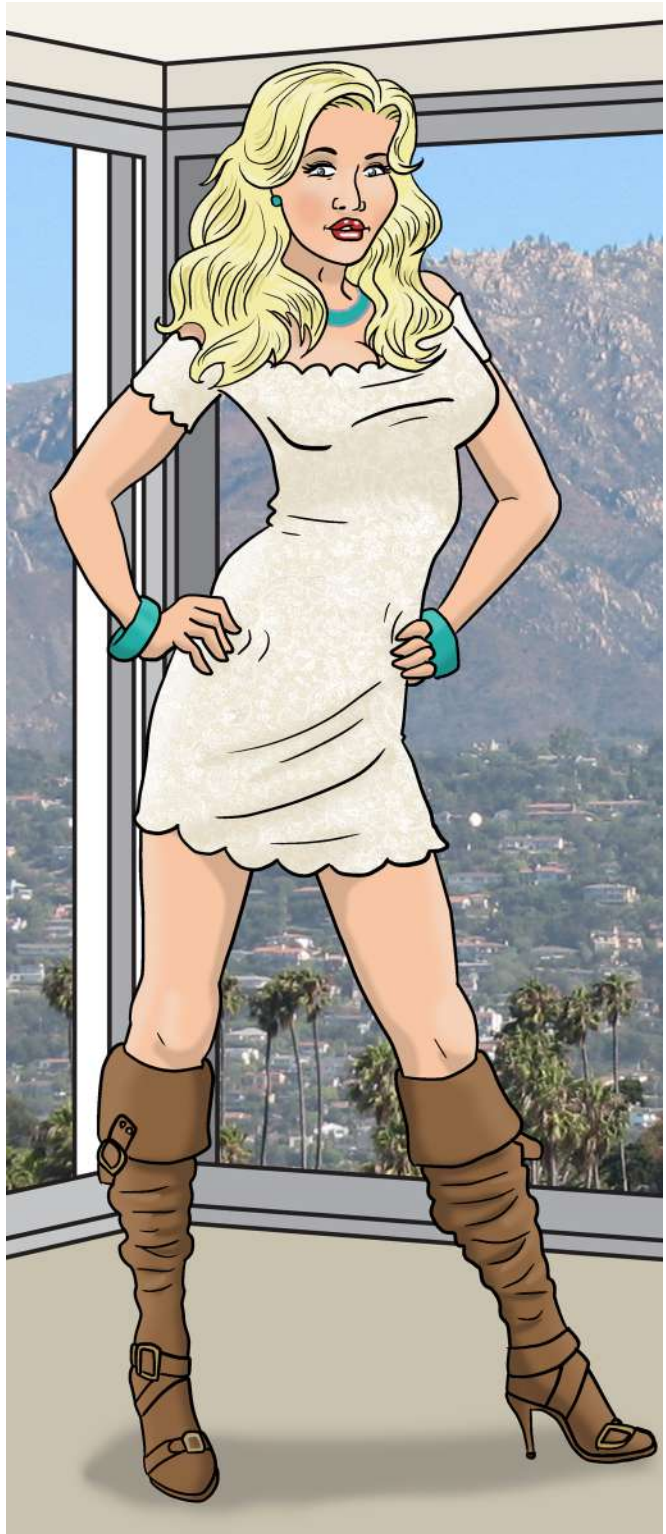
smile and it usually exposed a very slight window to his teeth, making the lips appear as though they were perpetually poised for a kiss.

Finally, Seth's eyes looked alive and alert, unlike the somewhat cynical squint he once had. Now his eyes were innocent and childlike, in wonder of all they saw. When Seth smiled or laughed, combined with his new cheeks, his eyes smiled as well.

Overall, his face was somewhere between adorable and desirable — or really, a cross between the two. He was a genuine heart-breaker. Despite still having a bit of a masculine brow, which was deftly covered by some strategically placed bangs, Seth had a face any man could fall in love with.

“Oh, how cute.” Karen wasn't showing any sign of being intimidated. “He could be actually mistaken for a girl.”

Amy was curt in her reply. “Sabrina could be mistaken for a fash-



ion model. If this bet were just on looks alone, we'd win."

Karen gave Seth's body and face a good look, examining his critically. She kept the same blank, unimpressed expression on her face. "He's certainly come farther than I thought he would. But who wants just another blonde cheerleader on their team? We have a secret weapon."

"What? Did you *cheat* again?" Amy snarked.

Karen walked to her husband's side and unzipped his caftan from the rear. "I give to you, for the first time," she unwrapped the scarf from Jason's head as she talked, "Jing-Wei Wang."

As the garments fell away, exposing Jason for Amy and Seth to see, both of them made an involuntary, quiet cry from deep inside of them.

"Oh my lord," Seth said.

Amy prompted her husband. "Say hello to the good people."

"Ni hao!" Jason said with a toothy smile. "I'm Jing-Wei."

"But her friends call her Jasmine."

Stupefied, Amy and Seth reeled from what they saw. Jason's face was that of a stranger. They couldn't even recognize him at first. His eyes, surprisingly, had maybe changed the least. They were now almond-shaped and unmistakably Asian. They weren't as narrow as an Asian person's eyes, but they looked like they had once been authentically oriental and then "westernized" to be more open.

But what made Jason's face truly look alien was his nose. It had been flattened to look diminutively female and distinctly far Eastern. By itself, it wasn't so dramatic, but combined with his clear, newly golden-toned skin, thick black hair and new eyes, he looked to be a naturally born Chinese girl.

Jason was dressed like a teenager, wearing a cyan tank top with a giant magenta heart on it, a youthfully brief miniskirt in magenta and a bright yellow belt with a bow on it. He looked no older than twenty. His black hair, rail straight, had been extended even further than the last time Seth had seen him, and was now long enough to touch Jason's breasts. However they had done it, Jason's chest was now decidedly mature, with B-cup breasts that looked as plump and proud as any young girl had ever wished to have.

"What have you done?" Amy said to Karen.

"Jasmine here was born in the US, but her parents, God rest their souls, were from Taiwan," Amy picked at her husband's shirt. "Isn't she just the most precious little thing? She'll be a shoe-in at the try-outs."

"How..." Amy was still a little dazed. "How do you figure that?"

Karen's look of smugness was radiant. "Every cheer team has plenty of blonde-haired cheerleaders. They're swamped with applicants. They actually turn per-

factly competent blondes down in favor of brunettes. That's what our consultant says. It seems that the cheer squads are afraid to have too many blondes in fear of looking too cliché."

Amy looked at Seth with a glare, as if his hair color was his fault. She then returned her attention to Karen. "I don't see how Jasmine qualifies as a secret weapon."

"Every team wants diversity. It's tough to find competent Asian cheerleaders. So Asian girls tend to go a little farther." Karen looked at her husband, who was definitely a little fidgety. That was understandable, as he was being talked *about* rather than being talked *to*. "They'll spend much more time with an Asian and bring them further along in the process. So Jasmine here as an advantage over your blonde Sabrina."

"Let me guess, your consultant again."

"One of them. I have a team of five working on Jason day in and day out."

"Of course you do," Amy said with grumble.

Seth stumbled forward, almost as if he was in a trance, in awe of Jason. He was a completely transformed person. The boy who was born in Pennsylvania had been replaced by the daughter of Taiwanese immigrants. It was as if someone had just unzipped his old skin and he had stepped into a new one, life and all.

Wary of the creepy looks Seth was giving him, Jason turned to his wife. "Can I go?" He asked in a chirpy, almost squeaky voice. "I need to check on something."

"In just a moment, Jasmine, dear."

Jason turned his shoulder to Seth to try and break his stare. It would take more than that, though. Seth couldn't be helped but be mesmerized by what he saw. It wasn't just that Jason was disguised as a girl, as another person, it was that he was completely convincing, beyond any shadow of doubt, as Jasmine.

His body curved and undulated in the long, sloping way a girl's body does. His butt vaulted from his backside and matched his round hips. His breasts were two half-domes on a slim upper body. His mannerisms were female, even down to the impatient pout he sported at the moment. No rational mind would have thought this girl was ever a middle-aged man. It was insanity.

It was as if the certainty every human had ever lived by, that their life was going to be managed in one body, the one you're born with, for all your time in this mortal coil, that this permanent immutable law had just been erased and forgotten. Jason was another person. He had become Jasmine.

The notion of a man claiming a new life was at once horrifying and fundamentally disturbing to Seth. He felt like something inside him had collapsed, giving way and tumbling into a dark, bottomless hole.

“Why don’t you two stand side by side, so we can compare?” Karen suggested.

Jason objected. “Oh, come on!”

“Jasmine!” Karen barked back.

“Yes, Miss Karen,” Jason replied, hanging his pretty little head. He stomped his high-heeled feet as he walked to Seth’s side, so the wives could get a look at them.

“Miss Karen?” Amy asked.

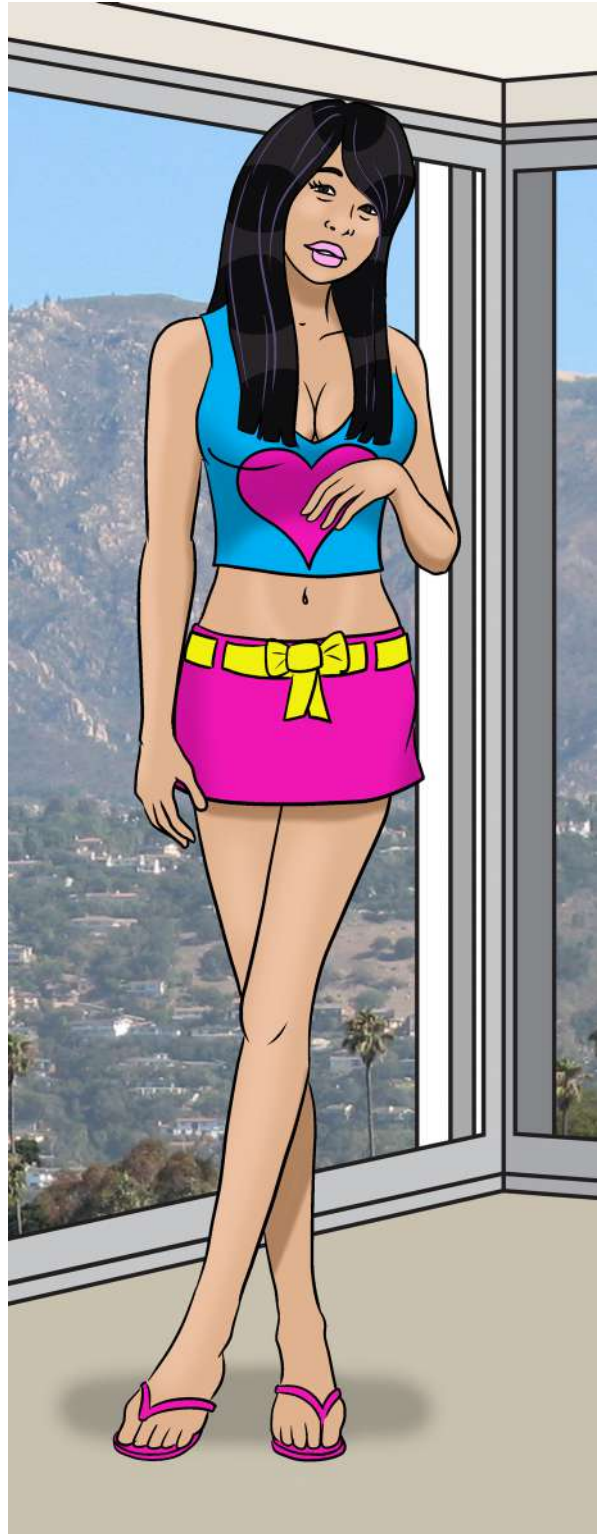
“Well, I couldn’t very well have him calling me ‘honey’ and ‘sweetie’ anymore.” Karen took a sip of her wine. “And I did need an excuse as to why there’s a young Chinese girl living in my house. So if anyone asks, she’s doing some office work for me.”

“What if they catch you sharing the same bed?”

“You can see where they have a similar build,” Karen said, ignoring Amy’s question. “They’re certainly fit enough to look like cheerleaders. Jasmine dances and exercises five hours a day.”

“Sabrina does six, three times a week.” Amy said. “And I think Sabrina looks fitter.”

“You may have a point.



But, it's not all looks. It's about dancing." Karen swirled her wine around in the glass. "Jasmine tells me she's seen Sabrina dance and he's not half bad."

"Oh?" Amy looked at Seth, questioningly.

Seth, in turn, looked at Jason. That night out was supposed to be private, according to him. Jason didn't look like he cared much as he was examining his fingernails.

"So we've stepped it up, pardon the phrase. Jasmine's been going to cheer try-outs for small semi-pro teams. After a few early setbacks, I'm proud to say she was accepted to be part of the Defenders Dance Team, a minor league basketball club. Though she did have to decline it."

"Are we done?" Jason whined, impatiently.

Karen finally relented. "Yes, we're done."

Before Karen could even finish her sentence, Jason was off like a shot, running back toward the kitchen. A moment later, the back door slammed shut.

Karen continued as if nothing had happened. "So I do hope you'll understand when I decline your inevitable, tedious offer for us to quit the contest."

"You've proven nothing," Amy said. "All you've shown me is some sadistic hatred for your husband... Or, rather, that monstrosity of plastic surgery you once called a husband."

Sensing this was about to get ugly, Seth came up with an excuse. "I need to use the restroom."

"You just don't have that killer instinct to do everything it takes to win, dear Amy." Karen said. She and Amy seemed to ignore Seth when he slinked off by himself. "This is about winning, not about playing nice!"

"Winning at what cost, Karen?" Amy fired back. "If it means destroying lives, then..."

The voices got too far away for Seth to hear anymore, as he was walking down a hallway towards where he remembered the bathroom being. But he had no real need for that, so he quietly took a detour and headed for the rear door of the house.

That was what he had heard slamming when Jason went zipping off. Sure enough, he heard voices as he stepped outside. The hedges around their backyard proved to be a good way to conceal himself, and Seth ducked behind them as he spied on Jason.

His old friend was pressed up against Skyler, kissing him. He had raised one bare leg and rubbed it against his side.

"It's not too weird, is it?"

"No, you look hot," Skyler said, playing with Jason's hair. "You're totally sexy like this."

“Awesome! But, you’re not one of those guys who has a thing for Asian girls, are you?”

“I dunno. Maybe. I could get a little Asian fetish fucking a piece of ass like yours, babe.”

Seth had forgotten how handsome Skyler was. In his mind, replaying the night he spent with him and Cody, he had degraded their appearances to the point where he had convinced himself he wasn’t struck by their good looks. Now, Seth had to admit that Skyler was just about the most handsome boy he’d seen. He could understand why Jason had fallen for him — if he were really a girl, that is.

“Let’s get out of here,” Jason begged.

“Hey, you were the one who said you couldn’t leave. Some big meeting or whatever.”

“I know,” Jason sighed. “But I don’t have to go back just yet.”

Jason pressed himself into Skyler, hard, as he kissed him. Jason was standing on his tip-toes in his little booties stretching his long, smooth legs as high as they could go. His breasts were mashing into Skyler like huge marshmallows. Skyler ran his hands up and down Jason’s back side, gripping his butt cheeks as they continued to go at it.

It was just like watching to teenagers make out, Seth thought to himself. He had failed to recall just how young people could so completely give themselves over to passion. Even when he was in a rare mood to make love to Amy, it was always like a slow jazz song that drifted in, had some good parts, a lot of boring parts, and then drifted away. Watching Jason and Skyler just kiss was like watching a car crash set to the loudest rock doing you’d ever heard.

Jason squirmed his head back and forth as he kissed, like he was trying to meld their skulls together. He blindly used his arms to grab Skyler’s shirt and then his waist, holding on to him as if he were about to drift into the clouds. Skyler was just as earnest, squeezing and stirring Jason’s butt. He would break the kiss from time to time, probably just to breathe, and then go diving back in with a zeal reserved for lions devouring their prey.

Just when he thought it couldn’t get any more heated, Jason grabbed the waist of Skyler’s jeans and tugged them down. Furiously, he was rubbing his lover’s dick, even as he kept kissing him. Seth had never seen one before, but this was definitely a hand job. Jason looked like he knew exactly what he was doing, alternately using both pressure and light tickle with his nails to bring Skyler to full flag.

The boy was huge, too. Much too well endowed to be wasting it on a skank like Jason, Seth thought.

As Jason kept rubbing and tickling, they worked themselves into a rhythm. Quickly, they were making long, sweeping movements together, and Jason was

making the most erotic and titillating moaning sounds from his throat. Up and down the went, again and again. Thrust and release. Thrust and release. The strokes finally got fast enough and hard enough that it was clear that the moment was about to arrive. Jason released himself from the kiss and thrust his pelvis against Skyler's and the boy spouted his seed like the Tivoli Fountains.

It went so high and hard that it splattered on Jason's face. He backed away, like anyone would, but quickly regained his composure and laughed. It was a light, tinkling laugh, clearly the sound of a girl in love. Jason wiped the semen from his cheek with his finger and then dipped it into his mouth.

"You're so sick, Jazzy," Skyler said. "That's why you rule."

"Wanna taste?" Jason said holding out his finger.

Skyler blocked the attempt. "Hey, get that out of my face!" He said, laughing. He then looked down at himself. "Shit. What a fucking mess." He took his t-shirt off and used it to wipe himself off. The sight of his hard-bodied chest proved irresistible to Jason who worked his way around back and embraced Skyler from behind, running his hands up and down his torso.

"You better go back. They're probably going to miss you by now," Skyler said.

That was Seth's cue. He needed to beat Jason back into the house to avoid suspicion. He sprinted along the hedges and got to the door clear of any one seeing him. He nearly fell twice as he tried to reconcile what he had just seen. Was Jason that far gone? Was Jason essentially a lost cause? Was there anything left of the man who was his closest friend and business partner? He got inside the back door, fluffed his hair in the mirror, smoothed his dress and then quickly returned to the living room.

Even as he did, he had trouble not thinking about what he had just seen. He was glad his bra and dress were thick enough to hide his stiff nipples.

"It takes longer when you're a girl, doesn't it?" Karen said when she spotted Seth's return.

Amy pointed at Seth's mouth. "Are you sucking your pinky?"

Unaware that he was doing so, he pulled it from his mouth and hid it behind his back. "No," he said, sheepishly. The ensuing silence forced Seth to come up with a better excuse. "I had a splinter."

Both Amy and Karen were hesitant to accept that explanation, but there seemed little point in arguing about it.

"We're finished here anyway," Amy said, taking the imperative to end this meeting.

"I hate to see you leave so early, but I think you'll need every second you've got to get..." Karen gestured in Seth's direction. "*That...* Ready for the try-outs."

“That...” Amy said, meaning her husband, “Will kick your ass when the time comes.” Amy pointed to Jason, who had just re-entered the room. “You too, Frankenslut.”

The comment wiped the goofy, delirious look from Jason’s face and replaced it with confusion.

“What?” Jason said, baffled. “*Me?*”

Seth didn’t want to look back as he followed his wife out the front door.

Karen waved from the doorway when Seth and Amy got in their car. “Do come by when you’re in the area. It’s always a delight,” she called.

Amy pulled the car out of the driveway and onto the road. She wasn’t more than half mile from the house when Amy pounded on the steering wheel. “They’re always one step ahead of us!” She snarled. “We’re gonna lose this stupid bet!”

Seth’s instincts were to keep quiet, but he just couldn’t help himself. “I told you this was a mistake.”

“Don’t you start with me! I’m not in the mood!” Amy shouted. She practically drove the car off the road, she was so angry.

They went another mile or two before Seth spoke again. “So what do you want to do?”

“First off,” Amy said, “you’re my niece. My niece visiting for the next few months.”

“Don’t make me do that, Amy.”

“Aunt Amy,” she replied. “You call me *Aunt* Amy from now on.”

“I’m your husband.”

“Well, not any more. You’re my young niece. You’ll be my secret husband from now on.” All Seth had to do was groan to elicit another angry response. “Can it! I’m *not* losing a *hundred million dollars!* Have you hired a new dance trainer?”

“Not yet.”

“Well, we’re going to hire the best there is. No expense spared. I want the top cheer trainer to get you ready. We only have two and a half months left!” Amy gripped the steering wheel like she was trying to crush it with her hands. “We’re going to do everything they’re doing and beat them at it! Is that clear?”

“But..”

“*Is that clear?*” She shouted.

Seth just sank lower in his seat as his pinky finger fed its’ way back into his mouth.



It was a bright and clear morning when Seth pulled his beat-up brown sedan up to the salon. “Hi Sabrina!” Came the welcome from three different people when he stepped inside.

“Hey, y’all!” He replied with a little wiggle-finger wave.

“Hi, Sabrina!” said the girl at the reception desk.

Seth walked right up to the desk. “Hi Macy!” He said to the pink-pixie-haired girl.

“I love that top,” Macy said. “You can have a seat at Lexi’s station. I think she’s out back on a smoke break. The shampoo girl will be with you in a sec to get you started. Can I get you a drink?”

“Iced tea? You know, with a lemon slice?”

“Sugar free?”

“Oh God, yes,” Seth replied, puffing his cheeks. “I’m bloated enough.” He was feeling heavy today.

Seth walked over to Lexi’s station, his usual stylist. He was well in the habit of coming in every Tuesday and Friday, his regular schedule. His first visits had ben edgy and nerve-wracking, worried about every possible way he could be discovered. Did he look nervous? Was he feminine enough to pass? Was his voice high enough? Was he showing anything that could give him away? Did he know anyone at the salon who could expose him?

After a while, he grew more comfortable. Now, he was just another customer. He was even smart enough to know he should wear flip-flops so his toenails could be done and dry on the way home. He also wore collar-less tops that would easily hide under the cape and outfits he could remove quickly in case he felt like some skin treatments or a go in the tanning bed.

After a wash, Lexi finally appeared from the back room. “Sabrina! What do you want to do today?” She was probably in her mid-thirties, and had squinty eyes that silently judged you. Like most in her profession, she wore heavy makeup and had meticulous hair, with ornate nails.

“Something, I don’t know, different,” Seth replied.

“Cut it short!” Lexi excitedly suggested, holding her scissors out.

“No!” Seth covered his long hair to protect it. “Why do hairdressers always want to cut hair short?”

“That’s not true.”

“Yes it is! Look at everyone who works here! They all have short cuts!”

They both looked at every single employee, each of them sported short cuts that exposed their necks.

“Coincidence,” Lexi said.

“No, I don’t think so! Hairdressers always want to cut hair shorter. You ask me every time I come here. It’s like you hate hair.”

“I’m a hairdresser. *Duh*. I love hair.”

“Then why do you want to get rid of it?”

“You have to show it who’s boss.” She made a couple of snips in the air with her scissors.

“Okay, maybe not so different. I just thought maybe I’d like... Something bigger and fluffier.”

“You Texas gals like big hair, don’t you?”

“That’s what we Texas girls like,” Seth replied with a laugh to himself. Actually, he just wanted something different so his wife would let off his case a little. By showing some effort to look more cheerleader-ish, he thought that Amy might let up on the five-day-a-week regimen of exercise, diet and training he was stuck in.

Ever since they got back from the last get-together with Karen and Jason, Seth had been drilled intensely in the feminine arts. Even things he thought he had been handling just fine were re-visited. He was going over the basics of walking in heels, shortening his steps and swiveling his hips. He was being told how to talk with his hands. He was grilled on smiling and giggling.

He supposed Amy meant well — scratch that, *Aunt* Amy meant well — but by the end of every day, he felt a little bit blonder and a little bit dumber. Was that really part of being a better cheerleader?

The hair took the standard hour, consisting of a lot of smelly gel, tingling liquids and things tied up in his hair. He was then asked to move over to the nail chair, where he sat with a girl who was filing and polishing his toes. He was flipping through a copy of *People* he could swear he had read twice before, when Jason came out from the tanning booths.

“Oh,” Seth said upon seeing his once-best friend. He was in a strapless bikini, wrapping himself in a white terrycloth robe.

“Sabrina,” he replied, coolly, looking in another direction.

He had simply forgotten that Jason also had the same appointment schedule as he did, because they were together when they made the appointment. It was hard to even look directly at Jason, because his new look was such a shock. It was just a reminder as to how screwed up life had become for Seth. He felt like he was losing everything in his life. His career, his wife and now his best friend.

Jason tied up his robe and looked around. He then looked at Seth, who had his feet up on a stool. He got a funny look on his face and sat down next to Seth.

“Have I told you about my grandparents?” He said.

“Please, don’t,” Seth said, trying to turn away. He knew he was trapped, his toes drying. He couldn’t get up for a few more minutes and had no choice but to listen.

Jason smirked. “I have grandparents? Why funny you should ask, but yes! Well, not my grandparents, but Jing-Wei’s.”

Seth couldn’t help himself from looking jolted at that statement.

“That’s right, they found me.” Jason crossed his hairless freshly-tanned legs confidently and rested his pretty head on his hand. “Oh, you aren’t feeling uncomfortable about my Chinese heritage, are you? Of course you’re not. I know you, Sabrina and you couldn’t be happier for my new life, could you?”

Seth was both seething and flushed with embarrassment. His entire body temperature was raised by a degree just in Jason’s presence, and he delighting in rubbing his face in his obvious discomfort.

Jason continued to explain, a smug look on his new face. “See, Miss Karen bought the Jing-Wei Wang ID from some third party that was selling it. But the original Jing-Wei was, like, a runaway n’ stuff. She got a different ID and then sold her original identity for money, right?”

Seth tried to turn his head and lean as far as possible away from Jason, but that made no difference whatsoever.

“I didn’t know you could do that, but I guess you can!” Jason replied. “Anyway, her original parents are, like, dead, but her grandparents I guess never gave up hope of finding her. They had hired someone to track her down n’ stuff. They found me using the identity and assumed I’m her.” Jason could see that his story was making Seth squirm. “So send them a photo of you and prove I’m, I dunno, a different person, right? I did! They just said that it proved I *was* their granddaughter. They said I looked like my mother. Her mother.”

Seth was trying not to listen, but there was simply no way for him to ignore Jason. Especially with him leaning in and practically talking in his ear.

“So, I was thinking at first that I have to tell them the truth, but then, I was like ‘no way!’” Jason objected. “I like being Jasmine. I’m not gonna ruin it all now.”

Seth covered his eyes with his hand, hoping the gesture would tell Jason how awful he felt to be talking about this.

It didn’t knock Jason off his stride. “Anyway, long story short, we’re all family now. They came up here last week and we went out to dinner, then to a movie. We spent a day at Disneyland! It was great. They’re so happy to have their granddaughter back.”

All Seth was left with was his mile-long stare of detachment.

“Anyway, that’s what’s been happening in my life,” Jason said. “You?”

“Why?” Seth spoke, hoping that this single word was enough to communicate his concern.

Jason’s expression hardened a bit. “That’s all you have to say? You think that embracing this life I’ve got now is wrong?” He stood up. “I can see it all over your face. You’re disgusted with me for being who I am. Well, I know you’d *never* do such a thing.” He headed off to wherever he needed to go next.

Seth sighed some relief.

“Enjoy your big hair, Texas Gal,” was Jason’s parting remark. He had heard.



“What’s she like?” Seth asked his wife.

Amy repeated what she had told Seth every other time he had asked. “She’s the tops in her field. She comes highly recommended.”

It was one week later, and time for Seth’s first session with the new trainer. He had been locked out of the process of hiring her, with Amy taking the reins of the search and found her a few days ago. She couldn’t stop raving about her qualifications and how she was going to ‘turn things around’ and ‘get serious’ in the competition.

In Seth’s opinion, things were just fine, and there was no reason for the kind of intense back-breaking workout and training Amy kept insisting on. Sure, he could be more flexible and know more routines, but there was still more than two months to go. He didn’t need a drill sergeant to get him over the finish line.

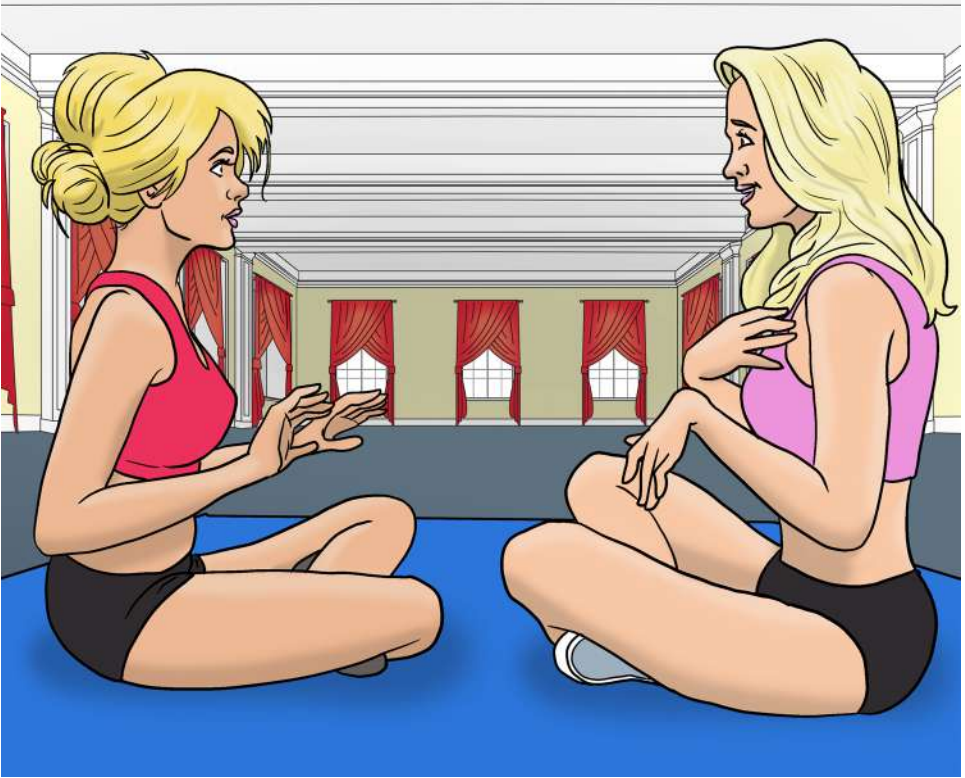
Amy pointed to the ballroom. “She’s already ready for you. I wouldn’t keep her waiting.”

“Yes, Aunt Amy,” Seth said, trudging to the door. He was dressed in his usual workout attire, a pair of black yoga pants and sparkling silver sports bra. He walked up to the door, paused for a moment, took a deep breath, looked back at Amy for any last-second reprieve, and then went in.

“You must be Sabrina!” Said a slender platinum-haired girl with a smile a mile wide. Dressed in a pink and white outfit of shorts and a sports bra, she bounced on over and hugged Seth. “So good to finally meet you! I’ve heard so much about you from your aunt! We’re gonna have a great time!”

She took Seth by the hand and led him to the middle of the room, where the mats were laid out. “So tell me all about where you came from, where you are and what you want to do. I really like to get to know my girls!” She sat down cross-legged and invited Seth to do the same. As he reluctantly did, he realized something.

“So what did my aunt tell you about me?” He asked to verify.



“Not a lot,” she said. “She just said you were fresh out of school and wanted to try out for the Shocker Girls! That’s so awesome! A lot of girls never try for pro cheering, and you never know how far you can go until you try!”

There was that word again: Girl. It seemed clear that no one had mentioned that he was a man. She thought he was a *real* girl.

“So let me start it off,” the girl said with a chipper tone. “My name is Kelli. I grew up in Marina Del Ray, I’m 26, and I danced all through high school and then for UCLA’s Sprit Squad in college. My dream job is to be a professional photographer. I’m a pisces, and I love to swim! I have two dogs, Mr. Bonkers and Nugget. I love being active and outdoors, playing sports, watching sports, cooking, friends, traveling, adventures, trying new things and doing anything creative!” She motioned to Seth. It was his turn.

“Well, I’m Sabrina Cox, I grew up in Sweetwater, Texas. I’m 21, and I didn’t take up dancing until just recently, but I’ve totally fallen in love with it. One day, I hope to own and operate a business and get rich. Maybe a dance studio. I’m a Libra, and I guess that makes me independent. Anyway, I’m kind of a homebody but I love playing games, watching basketball, my family, especially my Daddy, and I want to find what makes me really passionate. Besides dance, of course!”

Kelli extended her hand. “Good to meet you Sabrina. I like you already.” They helped each other to their feet. “Now I want to show me where you’re at. What’s the last thing you worked on with your last coach?”

This was something Seth was far more comfortable with than making up a backstory. Dancing. He trotted into place. “We were just workin’ on an 8 by 8 count performance dance routine. Starting out with a clap on one, on two lunge to the side...” Seth went through the routine, step by step. “...On three, ready stance, four five, tabletop to high V, on six, lunge to the other side...”

The routine was long, with eight different 8-count segments to make a full routine. Seth finished it up with a forward full lunge with a punch. “What do you think?”

“That’s awesome stuff! You know all the moves! Have you learned any, like, stunts?”

“Nothing advanced. The Shocker Girls don’t do stunts. So we just covered the basics. No flyers.”

“Great! You haven’t wasted your time. Pro routines like the Shockers are mostly kicks and dance. Let me see your scorpion.”

The scorpion, as Seth learned, was the move Lurlene tested his flexibility with. He stood on one leg, leaned forward and then bent his free leg as far up as he could. The object was to try and get the foot to touch the back of his head, or at least grasp the foot behind his head with his hands. After one failed attempt, he was able to tag his foot for a brief second, but he still wasn’t flexible enough to grab it.

“That’s *sooo* great!” Kelli said as she clapped appreciatively. “A lot of girls can’t do that at the start, so you’re way ahead of them!”

That made Seth smile. He had been fighting uphill for so long, it was nice to get a compliment about how far he had come.

“Okay, I want to concentrate on kicking and dancing. That’s, like, what pro squads are looking for. Did you work out anything else you were focusing on n’ stuff?”

“We had six keys. Being a great dancer, looking like you’re having fun, crisp technique, being an all-around performer with energy, character and sass, the ability to sell a routine and flexibility.”

“Wow! Ka-boom!” Kelli made a mind-blown gesture with her hands at the sides of her head. “You guys totally rocked this! It’s gonna be so fun to teach a girl this advanced! Maybe you can show me a few things!”

Kelli’s energy was outright unstoppable, and terribly infectious. “You bet! I wanna learn everything you have to teach me!” Seth said. He was unconsciously trying to match Kelli’s peppy attitude. “Let’s get started!”

Much to Seth's surprise, he really go into his workout. Not that he found Lur-lene's classes had been less than exciting, but Seth really responded to Kelli's upbeat attitude and encouragement. It was also clear that Kelli was taking a liking to Seth as a student.

"You are gonna do great at the try-outs, Sabrina!" Kelli said after a five-hour workout. "You're so young and have a full career in dance entertainment ahead of you! Aren't you excited?"

"I'm so excited!" Seth replied, not even hearing the tone of his voice raise nearly an octave or noticing the bounciness his feet had acquired. "So pumped!"

With the class over, Kelli bent over and started packing her things up. "This is way better than my last client. That was a crazy one, that was for sure! Like, I can't even tell you how tough that job was!"

"What do you mean?" Seth asked.

"Well, maybe I shouldn't say anything, but my last client was a guy."

"A guy cheerleader?"

"No... I mean, a guy dressed up like a girl. Totally creepy."

No, Seth thought, it *couldn't* be. "Wow."

"Oh my gosh, I had to deal with this totally overbearing crazy woman, and she was all, like, on his case all the time. I think she used to be his wife. Like I said, creepy."

"Used to be his wife?" Seth hoped he didn't appear too nosy, but he had to ask.

"Who knows what was going on with them. I know they practically hated each other. Every week they seemed to be getting worse and worse. At the end, it was like they were totally ignoring each other. It made it a really rough place to work. Something nuts was always going on."

"What happened? Did you get fired?"

"As if! Like, every single week he'd look more and more like a girl. It got really weird. First he lost weight, then he had long hair, then he was wearing makeup, then he had breasts..." She paused, and a somewhat spooked expression crossed her face. "And then one day, he changed. He just acted like he really was a girl. It was like... Like he completely forgot he really was a man. I mean, it totally freaked me out. I had to quit."

Yes, it had to be Jason, Seth figured. "Oh, yeah, after that, you had to go."

"Yeah, but really, I kinda felt sorry for him. His wife, or whoever she was, was behind everything. He'd beg her to stop, she'd refuse, he'd try to fight her, but then, next week, he'd be back with some new bandage or something. He just couldn't stop her."

“Yeah,” Seth said, suddenly feeling depressed. “Yeah.”

“I’ll see you Wednesday!” Kelli said with a smile that nearly brought Seth’s mood back up.

“Awesome! I can’t, like, wait!” Seth replied.

Seth saw her out, and then headed upstairs to shower and change. He felt sticky.

“Are you all done?” Amy said, coming down the hall with a large box. “Here. You can take this down to the garage.”

Seth just sighed and took the box. “What is it?”

“I’m clearing out some space. It’ll be a surprise!” Amy said, singing the words.

Taking the box, which was much heavier than it looked, Seth walked down the stairs carefully and then out the back to the garage. There was already a small stack of boxes there, as Amy must have been hard at work for a little while, yet.

Seth made his way back upstairs, only to be greeted with the largest box of all. “Last one! Careful down the stairs!” Amy said, sending him back to the garage. Repeating his trip, but only at half speed, let the box crash to the floor when he got to the garage.

“I *sooo* hate having thin arms,” he said to himself. “I’m *sooo* weak.”

He turned to leave, but he was curious, so he took peek inside one of the boxes. It was his computer monitor. One of the three he had connected to his desktop. In another box was his build machine. This was all stuff from his office.

He darted back inside and upstairs, to where his office was, at the far end of the hallway. “Amy!” He shouted.

“*Aunt* Amy,” she corrected him, as she exited the office, closing the door behind her.

“What are you doing to my office? What about my equipment?”

“Well, since we’re now aunt and niece, I figured it would look odd for you to have all your things in the master bedroom.” She smiled in that odd way women do when they know they’re pissing you off, but trying to cover with being nice. “So I created a room for Sabrina’s things.”

“But...” Seth couldn’t believe it. “But, this is where I work.”

“You haven’t touched that computer in months. And we’re rich enough that you never have to work again.”

“Amy!” Seth yelled, exasperated.

“If it’s that important to you, we can hook everything up again after the try-outs. Assuming we still own the house, of course.” She opened the door and stepped aside. “Here’s your new room, Sabrina!”

Inside was a freshly-decorated room with a full-size bed with a plump floral-pattern comforter and pillows over pale sink sheets and bedskirt. The blinds had been replaced by gauzy white drapes that did little to keep the light out. The walls had been painted with pink stripes against a white background, and the lampshades were done the same.

On every desk, dresser or tabletop, was a mad spray of artificial pink and white roses. To the side was a white vanity desk, with a round ornate mirror that was framed by more gauzy white drapes hung from the ceiling.

A chaise lounge with pale pink upholstery and white legs rested against one of the windows, alongside a small table, upon which rested an assortment of teen romance paperbacks. The doors to the walk-in closet were open, as Seth could see the assortment of dresses, skirts, blouses and shoes he had accumulated on the racks. The bathroom, also in white and pale pink, had all his bottles and lotions on the sink countertop.

Seth walked around for a minute on the white carpet, perplexed. “When did you have time to do all this?”

Amy was proud of herself. “For the last three weeks, actually. You haven’t even stuck your head in here, or else you might have noticed.” She picked up a sign that was on a nearby dresser and hung it on the door. It read “Sabrina’s Room” in black looping script — on a pink background, of course.

“Do you expect me to stay in here now?” Seth asked. He was sucking on his pinky finger again.

“No!” Amy said with a laugh. “It’s still your house, princess.” She walked up to him and traced her fingers along his breasts. “And you’ll sleep in our bed.” She then turned around and walked back to the door. “But all your stuff’s in here, so dressing and bathing and all that.” She left, and closed the door halfway. “I’ll see you at dinner, okay?” She said before shutting it.

Seth was so staggered that all he could do was to let himself drop his butt on the bed, and try to fathom this. He was staring at the wall, which had a framed picture of a fuzzy white rabbit wearing a pink bonnet.

He must have been sitting there for five minutes before he shook himself out of it. He stripped off his sports bra and pulled off his yoga pants, dropping them in a white hamper. Now wearing only a pair of white panties, he was about to go to the bathroom for a shower when he spotted his tiny cell phone on the bedside table. Picking it up, he bit his lower lip.

Seth was feeling for Jason right now. He could really sympathize with being pushed into things. He stomach flopped onto the bed, and tapped the texting app open.

“Miss u” he typed to Jason. Patiently, he waited for a response.

“I don’t wanna fite” Jason typed back.

“Can we still b friends?”

“U got it” Jason replied, “we bitchez gotta stick togethr”

“Bffs 4evr” Seth typed back before jumping in the shower.

As Seth squoze out some sakura blossom body wash onto a pink shower scrub puff and lathered up his breasts, his long hair pinned up to keep it away from the water, he had to consider that maybe his life had changed. Maybe fundamentally.

Here he was, living as a woman — a girl, really — and he had to remind himself every day how miserable he was. That was the trick, though. He had to keep reminding himself how awful his situation was. If he stopped telling himself he was so unhappy, what might happen?

Jason seemed happy. He seemed ten times more alive than he'd ever been. That passion he used to see in Jason's eyes when they were working on a project, the kind of passion he'd been jealous of all the time they had know one another, was nothing compared to the passion Jasmine felt for Skyler.

All right, Seth thought to himself, yes — Jason's mind wasn't totally under his own control. He had been influenced into becoming the person he now was. Jasmine was just as much of a creation of Dr. Grumman and Karen as it was Jason's own own psyche.

Yet he was happy. Deliriously happy.

Seth took the shower nozzle off the hook and sprayed the soap off his lean, silky legs. As he did, he couldn't help but consider that things had gotten out of control. No rational series of decisions could lead a man this far. When it came down to it, he had to admit that his love for his wife had led him down this path, and it was love that was blinding him. He had been too easy on Amy. She had been largely responsible for this whole mess. She was the one who created this bet, upped the stakes and pushed both of them father every time.

Karen was an evil witch, that was for certain, but she was predictable. Push her, and she'd fight back. It was like teasing a snake. Every time Amy tried to best her, Karen went even farther. Amy had passed by several opportunities to let things rest, but she kept making it worse.

Seth stepped out of the shower and grabbed a nice, fluffy pale pink towel and blotted the water off his delicate skin. The mirror was fogged over, so he used a washcloth to wipe a hole in it.

There she was. There was Sabrina. This was what he had come to be. His whole lifetime had slipped through his fingers and now he was just this girl in the mirror.

Maybe the anger he felt towards Jason, and toward the people who had made him change, was misplaced. He needed to consider that maybe it was his wife, Amy, who had just as much responsibility in this as anyone.



After a little moisturizing, Seth was ready to get dressed. As he slipped a fresh pair of panties up his legs and over his ever-expanding hips, he glanced at his cell phone.

“Whut about skyler n me?” Jason had asked.

“B happy :)” Seth typed.

“U r the best” Jason replied. “Gotta hook up with Sky. Cya”

Seth dropped the cell phone on his bed and then fell back onto the overstuffed mattress. He had no idea what the right thing to do was, and he wasn't sure he was doing it.

An hour later, he was dressed and it was time to eat.

He wore just a blue denim button-down shirt, a pleated dark grey skirt and white Chuck Taylors to dinner. The chef served up pan-seared salmon with salad, a specialty of his. They sat at the corner of the large dining table, with Amy sitting at her usual end, but Seth seated around the corner, next to his wife.

Seth watched as he put the plates in front of him and his wife. He wondered what the poor guy was thinking about him. He never said a word, but he had seen pretty much the whole transition, from man of the house to visiting niece. They had tried to hide it from him, but by now, he had to have guessed what was going on.

Seth just shrugged. What did he care if the chef knew anything? He had ID and even a birth certificate for Sabrina Marie Cox, thanks to Amy. She had bought them from "reputable sources" a few days ago. Now, Seth had a driver's license as a 21 year old girl. Just legal enough to drink.

Amy poured herself and Seth some wine. "I forgot to ask how the new girl is working out. How did the session go?"

"She's *sooo* amazing. I really like her."

"Good, good."

"Jason and I are talking again," Seth said, as he cut his fish into tiny pieces.

"Oh, that's great! You two shouldn't fight. Why you two ever started squabbling, I'll never know."

"Well, it was because I think he's... Well, I know he's... He's seeing..."

"He's seeing a boy. Yes, Karen told me."

"You knew?" Seth said, shocked. "Karen knew?"

"Sabrina, it's quite obvious that Jasmine isn't just dressing as a woman. He's become a woman." Amy took a bite of her salmon. "Karen has known for a while and has encouraged it."

"But what about the bet?"

"They're staying together for a little while, at least. Kind of an open marriage, if you can imagine such a thing. Once the bet is over, Karen said they'd work things out, one way or another." Amy chewed a bite of her dinner. "When did you find out?"

"I've known for a while, I guess. It was hard to admit the truth." Seth was just using his fork to push around the food on his plate. "I guess I thought that if it happened to him, it could happen to me."

“Fall in love with a man? A boy?” Amy stifled her laugh because she was eating. “*You?* Not in a million years.”

That caused Seth to raise an eyebrow. “Huh?” He said.

“It’s been clear to me that no matter how far we go with this little bet, you’ve always been my husband. Under the clothes, the medications, the treatments, you’ve never changed. You’re still that same kid from Uzbekistan who’s trying to settle in here.”

“You really think that?”

Amy put down her fork and grasped Seth’s hand. “I may like the packaging a lot more, but deep down, you’ve never changed. If there’s one thing I’ve been able to depend upon all these years, it’s knowing who you are and what you are.”

“Oh,” Seth replied, looking down.

Amy let go of his finely manicured, pink-nail-polished hand. “Now eat your dinner, pumpkin.”

“Yes, Aunt Amy,” Seth replied.



With only a month to go, Seth and Jason were taking some time out from their frighteningly busy schedule of training for a day out. As they usually did when they were both out together, they went shopping.

“Do these pants make me look fat?” Jason asked, showing off a pair of white capris.

“Oh, blame the pants,” Seth replied.

“I hate you.” Jason said, sticking his tongue out at Seth. He continued to pose in a mirror, shifting his weight from one leg to another. “White’s not my color.”

“White is the absence of color,” Seth said.

“Thank you Dr. Brainy McBrain.” Jason headed to the changing room. “I like blacks.”

“Pardon me?” Seth said.

He poked his head out of the changing room. “The color, stupid. I think black looks good on me.”

Seth giggled. “Because otherwise, darlin’ it would be a whole different thing...”

“Shut the fuck up!” Jason yelled back.

Seth found a rack of clothes to look through as he waited on Jason. He really just wanted to get out of there, desperately. Being seen shopping for women’s clothes here would be embarrassing. Unbearably embarrassing.

After all, this was a Target store, and to be seen here was beyond the pale. He really wanted to get out of there because Forever 21 just got their summer fitness collection in. Seth really wanted a pair of those cute little workout shorts he hadn't been able to find elsewhere.

An older woman walked up to Seth. "Excuse me young lady, do you know where the patio furniture section is?"

"Oh, I don't work here," Seth replied.

"I'm so sorry!" The lady said. "It's just that you look like... My mistake." She then walked away, looking for more help.

I gotta step it up, Seth thought, if people are mistaking me for a Target employee. Seth looked at himself in the mirror, being as critical as he could be. His body was in great shape, looking very trim. When he put on his clothes in the morning, he was sure the things in his closet were too small to fit any grown human, but they fit him just fine.

His hair was stunning, but it always was, since he started a twice-weekly salon appointment. His clothes were casual, as was the way he dressed when at the mall. His denim shorts and ivory peasant blouse certainly left no impression that he was just another bland, anonymous retail worker drone, did it?

A few minutes later, Jason emerged from the changing rooms, making a six-dollar off-the-shoulder t-shirt look like a million bucks. It was magenta and had "What's Sexy?" written in oversized letters on the front. He had paired it with a short black ruffled skirt.

He was about to get a look at himself in the mirror, when he stopped cold to look at Seth. "Is that a cowboy hat?"

"No one can make a fool outta you," Seth replied. He was wearing a red cowboy hat, with thick white stitches at the brim, and pulled it low in front. "Makes a statement, don'cha think?" He stuck his thumbs in the waist of his shorts and stood with his legs apart.

"You just need some awful, mangy cowboy boots and it would complete the look," Jason said.

"Good idea!" Seth said, quickly heading off towards the shoe section.

They stopped off at the food court for lunch, both choosing modest salads with dressing on the side, and diet drinks. "Why do they even have a Cinnabon in the food court? It's like torture." Seth said.

"They should, like, put it next to Lane Bryant. Let the fatties smell it," Jason remarked.

"You're such a snot," Jason replied, as they sat down at a free table.

"I know!" Jason said with a smile and a wink. He shook his head to toss his long hair back, and unwrapped a sanitized fork with his long nails, painted red. You'd have never guessed he had anything but a lifetime of experience with



long nails as he tore the plastic quickly and efficiently. He took a bit of salad on the fork and then ate it, separating his lips and letting his teeth grab it, avoiding the smearing of his lipstick, and then closed his lips to chew in tiny bites. Both his elbows were resting on the table, keeping his hands floating in the air.

Seth did much the same, but used his free hand to hold a napkin, which he used to dab his mouth after every bite. He held the small paper soda cup with one hand and the straw with another, pinkie extended, and drank from it in short sips. It left a pink ring of color on the straw.

He sat at a slight angle so he could cross his legs at the small table, bouncing one leg and the shiny new red cowboy boot he wore with it. Spying two boys approaching, Seth flicked his head in their direction, a message he didn't need to explain to Jason.

Jason saw them, too, but pretended not to notice.

"Well, howdy fellas!" Seth said with a warm, welcoming smile.

The bigger one of the two stepped forward. "Hey, uh, me and my friend were wondering if you went to our college."

"Ugh!" Jason replied. "As if!" He rolled his eyes.

"Boys, we were in college when you were..." Seth stopped talking with a quick kick to his shin.

Jason was scowling back at him. "We were in college when we were twelve. Graduated at thirteen. We're, like, super geniuses."

"Really?" The guy asked.

"Oh my God, yeah!" Jason insisted. "We're doctors now."

Seth had turned his head to hide his giggling.

"What kinda doctors?" He asked.

Jason took a sip of his soda. "Super *expensive* doctors."

"Yeah," Seth added, trying to fight his giggle fit, "In fact, if you keep talking to us, we'd be obliged to bill you boys a hundred dollars a minute."

Jason nodded. "Our time is *that* valuable."

"Well, I only wanted to know if..."

"One hundred. Right there." Jason said, cutting him off.

"What did..."

"Two hundred," Seth said. "You outta quit before we have to sue you for stealin' our time, sugarplum."

With that, the boys seemed to get the drift. They looked at Seth, who nodded and then at Jason, who also nodded. The two kids didn't speak as they slowly walked away, but continued to look back.

Jason and Seth broke into giggles, then into laughter, both covering their mouths as they did. Tears started to well up, they were laughing so hard.

"You're gonna run your makeup!" Seth said.

"So're you!" Seth replied.

They eventually got a hold of themselves. Jason waved some cool air onto his face to calm down. Seth used his hat to do the same.

Jason flicked his long hair back out of place and shook his head slightly to get his wits about him again. His black hair was no longer completely straight or

completely black. He had the girls at the salon feather it a little and added some auburn highlights. He wore very little makeup, except for eye liner and some lipstick, as his smooth skin and Asian complexion was flawless.

He had dressed for the day in a black stretch unitard with bike shorts under a large, oversized red rose shirt that acted as a dress. It fell off one shoulder. He was also wearing tall black boots and a baby blue beret. As he sat in his hard seat, he held his knees together, his feet on their tippy-toes.

Neither of the two looked a day older than twenty one and left the impression they were anything but naturally, effervescently female.

“I was thinking about getting a boob job,” Jason said, abruptly.

“Wow, seriously?” Seth replied.

“The doctor said I’d never be bigger than a B cup.” Jason talked in between bites, his eyes focusing on his salad. “I don’t want to be small.”

Seth finished chewing. “Honey, we only have a month to go.”

Jason just smiled and continued to eat.

“If it’s what you want to do, you should.” Seth said, with equal parts honesty and resignation. “It’s all about movin’ on with life.”

“Thanks, Brini,” Jason replied. “Not like I was asking your permission or anything...”

“Well, I’m glad you’re not burdened by the weight of insecurity.”

“What. Ever.” Jason had another bite. “What about you? You make a great girl.”

“You too? Aunt Amy is on my case about it, too. I’m not going to live my whole life like this. I liked who I was.”

Jason stuck out his lower lip in a bit of a pout.

“Really? You think I’d just change my mind about his? I am who I am. I don’t wanna change nothin’ ‘bout me.”

“Are you sure?”

“Sure as shootin’.”

“You and Amy doing okay? You guys looked real stressed out last time I saw you two.”

“I don’t know. All the sudden, I’m living in another room and calling her my Aunt. It’s like it’s not even my house anymore. She doesn’t even call me her husband. She calls me her ‘Secret Husband’ — if she even acknowledges that I’m really not Sabrina.”

“That sucks.” Jason finished his salad, and began to clean up.

Seth decided he had had enough and cleaned up as well. Neither of them had even eaten half of what they bought.

Jason dumped his trash in the bin and stacked the tray and picked up his oversized shopping bags. Seth just had the one, which held the shoes he was wearing this morning.

“You know what we need to do?”

“For what?”

“For loosening up. Have some fun!”

“Fun?”

“You need to go full bimbo.”

“Pardon?”

“Y’know, act like an airhead!” Jason said with a megawatt smile. “You gotta try this. I’ve been doing this for months. It’s just so much fun, it should be, like, illegal.”

“I don’t know...”

“Watch me.” Jason walked up to a counter for a frozen yogurt shop. “Oh. Em. Gee!” He said, in a ditzzy voice. He used his finger to touch his cheek as he talked. “Lookit all these flavors! I’m sooo lost!”

“Can I help you?” Said a suddenly engaged and alert teenage boy behind the counter.

“Oh, yeah! Awesome, do you like, work here?” Jason replied with a wide-eyed expression of astonishment. “What’s, um, good n’ junk?” Seth noticed that even though Jason looked a little awkward, he made sure he was pushing his chest out as far as he could.

“A lot of people like the vanilla...”

“Strawberry!” Jason abruptly interrupted. “Is it pink? Ohmygosh, I love pink!”

“Uh, okay, the Strawberry is good too.”

“Can I have a taste?”

“Sure,” the boy took the smallest, silliest little plastic spoon ever created, scooped up a snowflake-sized bit of frozen yogurt with it and handed it forward.

Instead of taking the spoon, Jason simply opened his mouth and closed his eyes. The poor kid behind the counter hadn’t expected this, and there was probably a rule against it, but he stuck that spoon in Jason’s mouth. Jason quickly closed his plump lips around it and made sure to brush the kid’s fingers in doing so.

“Yummy!” Jason declared, looking seductively black at the boy as he licked his lips. “What about you, Brini?” Jason said, turning to Seth.

“I... Uh...” Seth had every reason in the world right now to not play along, but his inner craving for fun and mischief was stronger than it had ever been.

“Ummm... Do you have frozen yogurt?” He asked the boy with the words “America’s Favorite Frozen Yogurt” on his smock.

“We’re a frozen yogurt *store*.”

“Like, that’s so *cool*!” Seth replied, matching Jason’s ditziness note-for-note. “What do you have that’s red flavored?” he pushed his chest as high as he could without losing his balance.

“I... Ah... Uh...”

“I want it to go with my boots!” Seth clarified. He kicked up his leg so the boy could get a look at them. “See?”

“We have mango flavor. It’s kinda red.”

“Tastie-waistie?” Seth asked.

“I should get blue!” Jason decided. “Do you have blue flavor?”

The clerk had to tear his eyes from one set of bouncing breasts to another. “Cotton Candy flavor is blue,” he said to Jason.

“No, I want that!” Seth said. “My horoscope said today was blue was my lucky color!”

“Bitch!” Jason fried back. “Gawwwd! You always want to totally steal my stuff n’ junk!”

“Nuh-uh!” Seth replied. “We should just get different colors so we can keep them straight!”

“Ell oh ell! I was just thinking that!”

Ten minutes later, Jason and Seth walked down the thoroughfare of the mall with their froyo, which they didn’t have to pay a cent for. Getting the free dessert made it taste twice as good. Getting what you wanted because you were pretty was even more awesome.

“So yummy!” Jason declared. Seth couldn’t help but notice that his friend had sprinkles, berries and whipped topping on his yogurt, while all the boy had given him was some berries. It was so unfair. It was hard not be jealous of the extra stares and attention Jason got, just because his boobs were a little bigger than his, Seth thought.

Seth decided that feeling jealous of breast size was because of his bimbo act.

“Oh my God, Jasmine!” Seth said. “I totally could see myself doing like this forever!”

“Like, I know!” Jason replied. “It’s totally addicting!”

“I wanna do this for the rest of the day! It’s like I just discovered something about me I’ve been keeping inside all my life!”

“Like, I so totally know what you mean. Once I started to do this, it was like I’d finally found my true self!”

“Bimbos rock!” Seth declared.

“You just totally read my mind!”

“So I guess it’s kinda final, huh?” Seth asked.

“What is?”

“You. Being a girl.”

A handsome young man with an appreciate gaze on his face walked by, giving Jason a lingering look. “Hella yah!” Jason affirmed, as he turned slightly to get a good look himself. “I’m too *hot* to go back.”

“Oh,” Seth said.

“Look, I’ll give you, I don’t know a couple more months to get used to it, ‘kay?” he bumped his hips into Seth. “But if you keep getting all mopey every time we talk, I’m not, y’know, going to invite you to the wedding.”

“Wedding!” Seth yelled.

“Kidding!” Jason replied. “God, so serious!”

Seth bumped his friend back. “Don’t do that to me, Jazzy!”

He probably wasn’t aware of it, but that was the first time Seth had ever called his old friend Jason by his new name — and meant it. From that moment on, he would just accept that he had no link to Jason anymore, and his pal of many years was now a 21-year-old Chinese-American girl. He had been through too much to think it was ever going to be like it used to be.

Besides, he did like Jasmine. She was fun to be around, and at least while Seth was still pretending to be a girl, she made for a great girlfriend. In many ways, she was much more fun than Jason could ever be.

Jasmine had lost something in the change. She had lost her wife, her identity and her professional drive. She’d no longer be able to take a woman into her arms and romance her. She’d never wake up in the morning, throw on some clothes and get to work. She’d never sit in a meeting room, driving a hard bargain and outwitting the men across the table. That drive in Jason’s eyes had gone completely. There wasn’t any more devious calculations or hidden agendas going on. With Jasmine, what you saw is what you got.

No, Jasmine was not at all like that anymore. She’d be the one getting romanced. She’d spend hours every morning for the rest of her life, maintaining her body, repairing her blemishes, styling her hair, snapping on bras and balancing in high heels. As for business, Seth couldn’t even begin to imagine she’d ever be in a board room ever again, unless she was sitting on some billionaire’s lap, giggling. She was going to be a buxom, bouncy, giggly trophy wife to a rich man some day.

The funny thing was, as Seth thought about it, she’d be happy. She’d be very, very happy as the arm candy to some man who could look after her. In the end,

it wasn't a fate he'd wish on someone, but she could make it work for her. If so, so be it.

Truthfully, Seth could see nothing wrong with it. It really didn't seem to him like such a bad way to live.

"I should buy some bimbo clothes," Jasmine said.

"Totally," Seth agreed.

"My boobies hate being cooped up. I think a tube top and a mini."

"And big tall heels!"

"Fuck me heels!"

"You're buying an outfit, too!" Jasmine decided.

"Uh..." Seth was having way too much fun to toss out an anchor now. He shrugged and smiled. "Okie-dokie!"

"We are gonna have so much fun as bimbo friends!"

Seth had to wonder if Jasmine was playing at his role or how genuine it was. Still, he liked Jasmine, and having a bimbo friend was appealing in a lot of ways. The cheery, fun attitude was both entertaining and irresistibly likable. Was it habit-forming? Could he fall into the same behavior as Jasmine? As long as he knew he, Seth, was just acting the part of an airhead, then he was okay with it. Because he was *totally* acting.

Two hours, and several thousand dollars in purchases later, Seth had lost practically all perspective. There was just something inside of him driving him. He stopped caring about money, he stopped caring about making a show of himself. He looked at a store full of clothes as a playground ready to be explored. Salons were candy stores. Shoes stores were as fun as jumping in a bouncy castle. He threw all his concerns overboard to focus on the things that were now the most urgent elements of his life: Hair, clothes and shoes. Seth imagined he could hear his old concerns fizzle away like a fresh can of soda.

"Poof!" Seth said aloud with a smile. "There goes another brain cell!"

"Um, like, what?" Jasmine responded.

"And another one!" Seth replied. "They tickle!"

"What. Ever."

"Oh, like, I'm totally into this," Seth said, walking down the mall in the skimpiest outfit unlimited funds could buy. Both their chests were packed with inserts, their hair fluffed out and strong new makeup on their faces. The final messages of Dr. Grumman were taking hold. "Lookit all the attention we get as bimbos!"

"It's way too much fun n' junk."



“This is amaaaazing!” Seth declared, as he felt a new type of energy flow through his body. It was like he had control over the world, like never before — but it was more than that. It was like being born again. “Let’s go to a club like this!” Seth was getting deep into character. “I wanna be, like, a total cock tease.”

“Skyler’s picking me up at 4,” Jasmine said as they headed to another store.

“Got a big night planned?”

“Big night, yeah,” Jasmine replied, “but no plans.” She winked. She bumped Seth once more. She then waited another few seconds. “Which means we’re having sex.”

“Like, *duh*.” Seth replied. “I guess we can be bimbos any time we want to?”

“You n’ me are, like, bimbo friends forever!”

“Kewl!” Seth said, way too loudly.

THE TRIAL



“Are you excited!” Kelli said, jumping as she talked. “Tell me you’re excited!”
“I’m nervous!” Seth replied, also jumping. “Excited, but nervous.”
“Don’t be, Sabrina! You are so ready for this! You’re gonna, like, totally rock the try-outs!”

It was less than 24 hours before the try-outs for the Anaheim Shocker Girls were to take place. Already, he had passed the first hurdle, which was to get an invite when he emailed the website.

He had done a professional photo shoot for pictures, and written a resume. Kelli said both were essential. Of course, he was making up a few things, as Kelli had said most teams like to see eight years of experience. Hopefully there’d be no need for anyone to check his references. Kelli and Seth had gone through his closet and picked the best outfit for the day. He had a hair appointment scheduled for later.



SABRINA COX

Idly, Seth stood and did a full scorpion, standing in one leg and resting his back foot all the way by his ear. Then he did it on the other leg. The move was no longer a challenge, and he was just using it to stretch out. After that, he fell forward onto his hands, doing a forward cartwheel. He then bent around as his legs kicked into the air and then landed on the floor, and for just a moment, Seth had both his hands and his feet on the floor with his back arched. He then brought his arms and body around and was back standing. He was just trying to work off his nervous energy.

He had the body of a gymnast now — flexible, limber and thin. In his mind, he still wanted to drop a few more pounds, but at 124, he was more than thin enough. If he had been identified as a man, he'd have looked emaciated and sickly. As a female, he was attractive and sexy.

“Let’s get started with your free routine,” Kelli said, with a sharp clap.

Part of the try-out was to do a short original routine of about a minute.



Seth and Kelli had agreed his best style was hip-hop, so they had choreographed an energy-packed routine that would show off Seth's dance skills.

Seth skipped into place, with his legs together and his hands to his side. Kelli pushed play on the boom box, and a loud pounding hip-hop rhythm came exploding from the speakers. Seth immediately spread his legs and started to shake his butt. Then he broke out and strode in a tight circle before hopping back to a starting position. He made a few quick, angular motions with his arms before starting to move his feet with the rhythm.

Kelli was shouting tips at him. The music was far too loud for him to hear it, but he didn't need to. He had already memorized all the things Kelli was saying. Look confident. Have fun. Keep smiling. Own the moment.

His routine was punctuated by kicks and jumps, moves he could never even have dreamed of doing six months ago. Now he did them crisply and without trouble. In this routine alone, he had done two spread-eagle jumps and one toe-touch. The toe touch was a standing jump, his legs wide apart, straddled and straight, touching the toes on both feet with his extended hands. He didn't worry that he might be pushing the limits of what a male body could do, or display what a female dancer shouldn't have in between their legs. He had long solved those issues. His only thought was that the kicks needed to be higher. Always higher.

The routine ended with a standing flip, landing square into the splits. Any man would have winced and stifled a cry of pain if they had known Seth's gender. Seth just smiled triumphantly.

"One more time!" Kelli instructed.

Seth just sprang up and got ready again. His energy levels were through the roof. He had never felt so healthy, so light and so packed full of pep. He could actually see his chipper attitude wearing on people now. His wife was constantly telling him to "take it down a notch" and to "save it for the try-outs."

According to the Anaheim Shockers, the try-outs would be a three-day affair, trimming the applicants down to 100 for day 2 and the down to 35 for day 3. On three or four occasions, Seth had started to pick out what he wanted to wear for days 2 and 3, but he was sure that was going to jinx it.

After he had done his free routine five times, it was time for a change of pace. Kelli quizzed him on the common cheer terms and moves he would no doubt be asked to do.

"Front hurdler!" She said. Seth rotated both arms in a circle and then jumped, thrusting his arms up and forward, kicking his right leg back and kicking his right leg up to his hands. "High V!" Seth jumped to spread his legs and hold his arms up and out like he was a giant "X." "Pike jump!" He stood to the side, swung his arms around front, jumped and kicked his legs out at a ninety degree

angle as he thrust his arms in the same direction. He landed gently back on his feet.

“Tabletop!” Seth had his arms to his side and then flexed his arms only at the elbow to bring his hands up to his chin level. “Pump and shake!” Seth squatted, thrusting his chest out and his but back. The he started to shake his rear.

“Now let’s see what you can do!” Kelli said. She stood and started to demonstrate a new routine. “Step it out on one, bring it down on two. Hit it out on three, bring it down on four, step with right leg, circle on five. Circle on six, on seven and clean it up on eight.” She then came up with a second 8-count. “Step on one, shake on two, on three turn and look, four hands on head, on five turn right, left on six, lunge left on seven, right on eight.” She then rattled of a third set, and then a fourth. Without a pause, she pointed at Seth. “Now go!”

Seth relished the chance to do the 32 steps crisply and fluidly. He had it perfect, step by step, like he was a computer executing code. He even added a few “woo’s” and “yee-haw’s” in there because he was just having so much fun. The smile on his face was infectious and proud. He loved dancing, he loved cheer-leading and he loved performing.

“Why didn’t I get into cheer in school?” He asked. The answer, of course, was that he was spending those years feverishly trying to hide from his American classmates in the computer lab, afraid he didn’t know the language well enough to talk without embarrassing himself.

“Okay, that’s it,” Kelli said, making a cutting gesture with her arms. “I can’t teach you any more. You’re as good as any cheerleader I’ve ever trained, Brini. It’s just up to you, now.” She held her arms out wide.

That was an invitation to hug and Seth wrapped her up. “I can’t wait!” He said. “They won’t know what hit them,” Kelli answered.

As much as he was in eager anticipation toward his try-out, he was also sad, because this was the last time he and Kelli would have a class together. One way or the other, there would be no need for her after tomorrow. Either he’d be packing up his things or listing to Amy gloat to Karen.



Seth was just finished with shaving his legs and pits when he heard his phone chime. If there was one thing he’d not miss about being a girl, it was the shaving. Seth was spending the evening getting ready, locked into “Sabrina’s Room” and prepping himself. For the last two weeks, he had been trying to filter out the things that would keep him from focusing on his task. He found it helpful to just retreat into his bimbo persona, and just think about clothes, hair, make-

up and cheerleading. That was all that really mattered to get through the try-outs, anyway.

He walked out of his pink bathroom to pick up his little white cell.

“Oh, um, hey, Jazzy!” Seth chirped with a smile as he picked up the phone. It was a video call, so he held it out at arms’ length. On the screen, an equally chipper and smiling Jasmine waved back.

“Hey, Brina!” Jasmine said. “I just wanted to call and wish you luck!”

“Oh, you too, Jazzy! I know you’re gonna beat me n’ stuff!”

“Like, you are so much better than me, Brina,” Jasmine replied, rolling her eyes. “I really shoulda kinda studied harder for dancing.”

“You have the look. Like, you’re practically on the team already. You’re so hot!”

“I’m hot? You’re hot!”

“You are so totally hotty hot hot.”

“You are! Like, mega hotty hot hot triple hot!”

“You’re hotter than hot! Queen of the hotties.”

“Stop!” Jasmine said, blushing. “Look, Skyler and I are going to go get crazy after the try-outs, win or lose. Wanna tag?”

Seth played with a strand of his blond hair. He was going to miss long hair, in a way. Maybe he’d keep it shaggy for a while, just to try it out. “I can’t. I’m gonna be either unpacking my old stuff or packing up everything else n’ junk.”

“Dinner in ten minutes!” Came his wife’s call through the door.

“*Alright, Aunt Amy!*” Seth replied. It really was shockingly easy to think of her as his aunt rather than his wife. They led almost separate lives, except at dinner and in the bedroom. He was even in the habit of coming into the master bedroom in the dark, so he couldn’t see anything, and leaving after Amy was done with him. His new, soft, downy bed was so much more comfortable than his old one, and loved waking up in the morning with the sun beaming through his lacy curtains.

“Miss Karen is so not gonna collect on this bet. Trust me. If she even tries, it, I’m gone.”

“Oh my God! Where will you go?”

“Sky’s already talking about getting a new place for us. And how we can hide some money in case Miss Karen tries to steal some back.”

“You’re gonna, like, move in with him? With a guy?”

“Duh! We’re in love, Brina! It what you do.” Jasmine looked a little hesitant for a moment, but then, a resolve came across her face. “I’ve decided I’m gonna have the operation.”

“What? What operation?” Seth asked, then he quickly answered his own question. “You mean a...”

“Vagio... plaster, plastic, plasty or something. I’ve already found a clinic to do it. I just need to work up some more courage, I guess, to set a date.”

“Oh. My. *Gaaawd!*” Seth said, in disbelief. “Are you serious?”

“Yeah, I think I am,” Jasmine said, with a subtle smile. “I mean, it’s where this was all going, right? I couldn’t even turn back now if I wanted to.”

“That’s Dr. Grumman talking. You know he did this to you. Your wife made him turn you into...”

“Grummy had nothing to do with it!” Jasmine protested. “Look, I finally kinda sorta got an answer out of him. He said that he’s been told to make me feel more like a woman, but only to make me comfortable with it. Everything else is what I wanted.”

“Seriously? You *seriously* believe that shit? I wouldn’t trust him for a second, Jazzy!”

“I believe him! Doctor Grummy is a nice guy, and he was totally honest with me!” Jasmine was visibly angry and defensive. “He said once he knew there was a woman inside me, he just helped me bring her to the surface.”

“Bullshit!” Seth replied. He was so happy he had made the decision to stop seeing that quack before whatever he had done to Jason had happened to him, too.

“Believe what you want. I just wanna know if you’ll support my decision.”

Without a millisecond of hesitation, Seth replied. “Of course, Jazzy! You’re my bestie! I’ll support you all the way! Totally!”

“Thanks, Brina! You’re, like, the ultimate best friend.”

“C’mon! I love you like a...” Sister? Brother? “Like crazy, Jazzy.”

“I knew I could count on you.” Jasmine replied, with a blissful look of relief on her face. “Hey, Cody was asking about you.”

Seth bounced onto his bed and curled up in his pillows. “Oh? What did he say?”

“He wanted to know if you were still, y’know, around.”

“What’d you tell him?”

“I said that you were just visiting, and you were probably going back home soon,” Jasmine replied.

“Oh,” Seth said. “I guess that’s kinda sorta the truth.”

“You should have seen him. He was all, like, pouty and frowny-faced. Totes adorbs.”

“Really?” Seth said, with a smile. “I mean, he’s a nice cock and all, but I really don’t wanna lead him on.”

“He’s a nice *what?*”

“A nice guy.”

“That’s not what you said.”

“What did I say?”

Jasmine grinned and let it go. “Never mind.”

“What did I say?” Seth really didn’t know.

“I probably just heard you wrong. So, um, I guess if our trip to the mall was our last time together, y’know, as girlfriends, I just wanted to say goodbye.”

“Goodbye?”

“Yeah, I mean, there’s still tomorrow, but... I guess that was the last ride of Sabrina and Jasmine.”

“I guess,” Seth said. “I guess. But I will see you tomorrow, right?”

“I’ll save you a place in line. One more day for the bimbo sluts, Brina and Jazzy.”

Seth giggled. A tinkling, light, fluffy giggle. He drew the phone in closer so he was sure he couldn’t be heard. “Like, maybe Brina doesn’t have’ta go away, like, perma... pernam... forever. Y’know?”

“Yay!” Jasmine said.



The next morning, in his favorite “Super Bling” pink and blue bra top and matching short-shorts, both with rhinestones covering every square centimeter, Seth found himself in the passenger seat of what used to be called “his” car. He was nervously fussing with the shiny skin-tone tights he had on as he stared out the window. he just hoped he had done enough to beat Jasmine.

He was visibly nervous and jittery, but in a way, the relief of being at the end of this odyssey was more than enough to balance his nerves out. The moment had finally arrived.

“This is the place,” Seth said, pointing out the window.

Amy looked around. “Where do you park?”

“You don’t!” Seth insisted. “I told you a hundred times, Aunt Amy, they don’t have visitors! It’s just the girls.”

“I was hoping I could just...”

“Do you want to screw this up?”

“Fine,” Amy relented. “I can drop you off here.”

“Good enough,” Seth replied.

After a brief minute getting out of the car and Amy making a fuss over him like she was dropping off a child for their first day of school, she wished Seth good luck. “See you later, secret husband!” She said before speeding off. Now, Seth was just alone. It was time to enjoy a moment to himself. He quickly spotted a line, and assumed it was for the try-outs.

That seemed a safe assumption, as most lines in metropolitan areas are not made up of vivacious young women in skimpy, bright clothes. He walked along, astonished at the turn-out. There must have been at least 1000 girls. Finally, halfway down the line, he found Jasmine.

“Hey Brini!” Jasmine said, hugging her friend. “I thought you had chickened out!” Jasmine was dressed in a black outfit, looking great against her golden skin. She wore a halter top and matching black short-shorts, with silver rhinestones. Her black hair was feathered, like it was wind-blown. She turned to the girls in back of her. “This is my friend, the one I was saving a spot for.”

“Hi Sabrina!” said a complete stranger. A complete stranger who was an inch taller, had a bright, perfect smile and looked like she had fallen out of the pages of a bikini calendar. She hugged her as well. “Jasmine here won’t stop talking about you!”

“Oh?” Seth said, looking at Jasmine skeptically. “Are you talking trash about me, Jazzy?”

“She’s been dragging your name up and down the gutter,” said another girl in line in front of them, who smiled. “I’m Jordan,” she said with a courtesy hug.

“And I’m Kenzie,” the first girl said.

The one behind her said, “I’m Abby.”

“I’m so excited to be here!” Seth said, unprompted. His energy was at peak levels, and he just couldn’t contain his enthusiasm.

“We all are!” Jasmine said.

Over the next twenty minutes, they got to know each other a little. Kenzie was a local girl who had been to two previous try-outs. She had a daughter at home, who was absolutely adorable in the pictures she showed.

Jordan was going to be married in two months, and in between her wedding plans and getting in shape for the try-outs, she felt a little burnt out. But the girls in line did their best to keep her spirits high, and she appreciated it.

Abby was taking graduate classes in veterinary school, and wanted to open her own pet clinic as soon as she could find a partner. They also met Janelle, who was a stunning African-American girl who’s husband wanted her to try out so he could say he was married to a cheerleader. There was also Mia, the kinder-

garten teacher, Lauren, who worked in a funeral home and Amelia, who was studying communications to get into news.

They quizzed each other on the finer points of basketball, and how the Shock had been doing over the past couple of years. They had all heard they might be asked a few questions on the subject. Seth and Jasmine realized they had no clue how the team had finished last season — they hadn't been to a game since this strange bet had begun. Fortunately, they could look it up on their phones.

Jasmine's phone buzzed. "Wéi nai nai! She answered, then covered the mouthpiece. "It's my grandmother," she explained. "Yes, I'm in line now..." She said back to the phone. "I don't know. Any minute now."

The line started to move, and everyone let out a cheer, not surprisingly.

"I have to go!" Jasmine said. "Zài jiàn!" He hung up and put the phone away. "They wish me luck," she said with a look of gratefulness on her face.

Maybe it wasn't so bad, Seth thought, having someone support you like that. Even if it wasn't completely ethical, from his perspective. He could use a hug and a kiss from a loved one right now.

Seth and Jasmine gathered up their things, with a small bag for their essentials and phone, and a folder for their resume and headshot.

"Good luck guys!" Abby said.

"Yeah, good luck, everyone!" Jordan added.

"Good luck!" Seth replied.

In a flurry, all the girls were wishing each other the best, with brief hugs, adjustments to their outfits and fixing each others' hair and makeup. The line moved reasonably fast, as the girls were let in five at a time to hand off their forms and photos. Seth and Jasmine didn't realize it, but they were holding hands most of the way.

They watched as some of their new friends were let in and went to the registration table. They then were waved through, and they headed to another table.

"Will you two fellas come with me?" Said a deep, serious voice.

Both Seth and Jasmine looked to their shoulders, where a huge, meaty hand was resting on each.

"Huh?" Jasmine said.

A large, imposingly muscled African-American man wearing aviator glasses was behind them. "Will you two gentlemen please follow me? Let's not make a scene."

Before they could even muster any objection, they had been shuttled off to a door that led to an unused hallway.

"What's the problem?" Seth asked.



“I think we all know what the problem is. We run a good competition here for the girls. And *only* for the girls.”

Jasmine smiled her best. “But we’re...”

“Very convincing, yes,” the man said, cutting her off. “But I’ve been doing this gig for seven years, and there’s always a guy or two who try to sneak in.” The man still had his hand on their shoulders and led them to an exit door.

Seth gave it a try. “We’re not...”

“Getting any farther,” the man cut him off as well. “If it makes you feel any better, you’re the two most convincing fakes I’ve ever seen. But this is my job, and I’m good at it.” He gently pushed them out the open door onto the sidewalk. “Have a nice day, gentlemen.”

“What gave us away?” Jasmine asked, but the one-way door was already shut.

Seth walked around to the front again, and Jasmine followed. “Maybe if we get back in line, he won’t see us.” As soon as they turned the corner, though, the large security man was poised front and center. He would have easily seen them if they tried again.

Before it even began, their attempt was over. The moment was empty, silent. It took a while for the reality to sink in.

They dropped their shoulders in defeat and started to walk away.

“They’re going to *kill* us,” Seth said, talking about their wives. He picked up his phone and started to dial.

Jasmine covered it to prevent him from finishing. “Not yet. Let’s not do it until we have to.”

“Yeah,” Seth said. “What do you want to do?”

“I’ve been starving myself for a week to slim down.”

“Food? I didn’t bring any money.”

Jasmine understood. “Neither did I. But that’s no problem. Bimbo power!” Jasmine pranced over to a man who appeared to be waiting for a bus. “Hey mister!” She called out.

The man, in his forties, looked around, not understanding he was the one being addressed. Understandably, not a lot of skimpily-dressed, brightly-colored young women made of boobs and hair likely paid much attention to him these days. “Uh, yes?”

“Hey, do you know where we can get something to eat around here?” Jasmine asked, pushing his chest into his face.

Following suit, Seth bounded up and pushed his breasts high and proud. “I’m starved, Jasmine! I’ll *faint* if I don’t, like, get something to eat soon!”

Not soon after, they were eating the largest super burritos they could stomach at a squalid little fast food restaurant, thanks to a generous donation from their new friend. Unfortunately, he had to go to work, but Jasmine and “Sabrina” were eternally grateful, showing it with little pecks on his cheeks. Twenty dollars bought a lot of Mexican food. They were nearly done when Amy and Karen showed up. They had finally phoned them for a pick up and both arrived within just seconds of each other.

“Both of you? At the same time! You tell me again how this happened!” Karen demanded of Jasmine.

“This is impossible!” Amy growled at Seth. “How did you screw up?”

“I want to know!” Karen yelled. “How do you let this happen to you *again*?”

“Give me some answers, little missy!” Amy screeched.

Under the relentless attack, all Seth and Jasmine could do was wait out their anger and give tiny responses like “uh,” and “I dunno.”

“This is *your* doing!” Karen said to Amy.

Amy was aghast. “Me? *You’re* trying to cover for what you’ve done!”

“I did nothing! You must have *sabotaged* it!” Karen accused, pointing.

“You conniving little cunt!” Amy retorted. “You’ve cheated since day one! Why would I expect anything less of you?”

Karen’s face was turning red. “I’m going to have every lawyer in Southern California tear you to shreds!”

“You’ll never beat me in this bet, and you’ll never beat me in court!” Amy replied.

“I can beat you in anything, anytime!” Karen turned to Jasmine. “When’s the next try-out?”

“Uh... Next year,” Jasmine replied, dread spreading across her face.

“We’ll just go for next year!” Karen declared.

“Fine!” Amy answered.

Seth had to interrupt. It used to be easier back when he had a deep voice. Now it was like a mewling kitten trying to stop a fire alarm. “We can’t. We can’t! *We can’t!*” That seemed to stop the arguing. “They already know us there.”

Karen’s wild, angry eyes darted around as she tried to think. “There’s more than one basketball team in Los Angeles!”

Amy recalled something. “Yeah, what’re they called? The Leopards!”

“You’ll try out for the Leopards!” Karen decided. “They have cheerleaders!”

“They already had their try-outs!” Jasmine said.

Karen didn’t miss a beat. “What about football?”

“Hockey!” Amy said. “There’s hockey!”

Karen nodded in agreement. “I think there’s that indoor football, too! And why limit it to Southern California?”

“We’ll just pick a team,” Amy said. “Who cares what sport or where it is.”

“Yes, we can do that.” Karen said to Amy. “We’ll work it out later.”

“Meanwhile, I want to know what gave my husband away.”

Ignoring Seth and Jasmine, Karen spoke to Amy. “Jasmine’s disguise was flawless!”

“You know what I always heard,” Amy said. “The adams’ apple. It can give transsexuals away.”

“Hairline is what I heard.” Karen added. “Men have high temples.”

Amy had another thought. “I think it was the forehead. Women have rounder foreheads.”

“This is all fixable. Surgery can fix all of this, right?”

“Of course!” Amy got up from her seat. “Three more months. We’ll pick a new tryout in three months.”

“That sounds good,” Karen got to her feet as well. “Jasmine, come.” Jasmine wearily stood and walked over to Karen, his eyes downcast. “We have a lot of planning to do.”

Amy snapped her fingers. “Sabrina, you’re with me. I want to make you perfect, and we’ll need to work twice as hard as before!”

“I’ll be in touch,” Karen told Amy. She walked halfway to the door before she realized Jasmine wasn’t following. “Jasmine!” She shouted.

“But Miss Karen...” Jasmine said in protest.

“Jing-Wei Wang! Right now!” She pointed to a spot by her side. Jasmine trudged over.

“Don’t show me up in front of people!” Karen scolded. They then left out the door into the parking lot.

Seth turned to his wife. “I just can’t do this...”

“We’ve had this argument, Sabrina!” Amy said, with a stern and menacing tone Seth had rarely, if ever, heard her use. “I’m not going to put up with your passive aggressive bullshit! You’re going to win this fucking bet once and for fucking all, and I’m not taking any fucking other answer than ‘Yes!’ So we’re going to get you the best surgeons in the world and fix whatever goddamn thing that gave you away! Is that clear?”

With no reply, she repeated herself. “Is that *fucking clear?*”

Seth was stunned and even scared. “Y... Yes.”

“Yes, *what?*”

It took a moment of concentration to figure out what she was looking for. Then he understood. “Yes, Aunt Amy.”

“Fine. Get your things and come with me. It’s going to be a long night.”

Seth got his bag and stood. That what had become of his life. He was no more than a doll for his wife to play with. Amy turned to her husband and ran her hands up his torso, ending at his modest budding breasts. “Think how sexy you’ll look, Sabrina. No one will have a sexier, hotter secret husband than me.”

“Yes, Aunt Amy.”

THE WINNER



Some months later, Amy was trying not to look nervous as she waited in the terminal. She had been fit to be tied with anticipation for weeks. Maybe even months. Ever since she had decided what surgeries Seth would be getting, she wanted to see the results.

After a tedious and exhaustive search for the very best cosmetic feminization surgeons available, Amy had decided on a clinic located in Bangkok, Thailand. The surgeries would take place over the course of two weeks and the recovery another six weeks. He had been away for nearly two months.

Amy would have loved to go, but she had so many things to pursue here at home. Her social obligations had been long neglected, and she simply couldn't go with her husband. What good was it being so rich if she couldn't enjoy it a little? She was sure Seth would understand, if he really did think about it. Her

When she sent him off on his trip to Asia, that puppy-dog look in his eyes was adorable. But Amy was insistent — what had to be done had to be done. Their future was riding on it. Tryouts for the Texas Outlaw Cheerleaders was coming up fast, and he needed to be ready.

Yes, Karen and Amy had decided on a new objective for the contest, and they decided to go for the big one. The Texas Outlaw Cheerleaders were the most iconic squad of football cheerleaders in the country. Why not give it a shot? If that failed, there were many, many others to try.

The flight from Bangkok had just pulled into the gate and Amy was in a fit of excitement to see how Seth had turned out. He had emailed a couple of photos, but they only showed deep purple bruising and fresh scars. By now, Seth would be fully healed.

He seemed to take the surprise well enough. She had told him they would just be doing a modest neck-smoothing procedure and some facial “re-contouring.” The surprise was that the doctors had been told to do much more than that. His modest breasts, which could generously be called a A+ were to be increased to a C or more. He was also going to receive butt cheek implants.

Seth was to get a full facial feminization procedure, shaving his skull into a feminine shape, plus a brow lift and scalp advancement. They'd also promised to get rid of that honker of a nose of his too, good riddance. Also, his throat would not be merely smoothed, but his voice altered to a higher range in the process.

In all his emails back home, never once did he mention the extra procedures. Karen figured that he must have realized how important it was to be as femi-

nine as possible in his appearance, flawless and perfect in his impersonation. It would be nice to not have any more arguments with him.

Finally, the workers at the gate fussed with the doors and opened them up, and a steady stream of passengers started to exit.

Amy was hopeful it would be even more exciting than when she had first seen the new Jasmine, as her surgeries were jaw-droopingly amazing. Amy had bumped into her at the mall, and was blown away. Jasmine was so lively and intoxicatingly feminine, Amy could scarcely believe it. She had the energy and the spark of any girl her assumed age, and was as girlish as imaginable.

According to what Jasmine had told Amy, she had even gone over to Bangkok to visit her husband, and reported back that he was feeling a little challenged by his situation, but she had helped him through it. Seth was lucky to have a sensible friend like Jasmine, Amy thought to herself.

She would have gone herself, but Amy did have a packed social calendar. Plus, she heard it was hot and sweaty in Bangkok. She felt no need to go through that.

It was too bad that Karen didn't take the same delight in having a feminine husband like she did. Karen didn't know what she was missing out on, in Amy's opinion. There were few more wonderful pleasures than making love to a man trapped in the flesh of a woman. There was just something... *deliciously wicked* about it.

In fact, as far as Amy could tell, Karen and Jasmine weren't even living in the same house anymore. The only times she was in contact with Jasmine was by phone and the background was always noisy, like a club or something, and never answered before 2 pm. Plus, Karen never seemed to know where Jasmine was, or that it was any of her concern.

As the passengers emptied off the plane and dispersed, the one lone person who remained behind was a young girl who looked like she might be waiting for her parents. It was impossible to believe that it was... *Her husband?*

She had to convince herself that it was Seth, even though any rational person would have never believed it. Yet, it had to be. The new Seth was beyond what her mind was capable of imagining, even in her most feverish of dreams.

He was wearing a pair of 5" espadrille wedge shoes fastened with a ribbon that tied halfway up his shin. The heels caused his lean and supple calves to flex and undulate in the most perfect way. He wore a short denim skirt that let you see almost all of his amazing legs, with no inhibition.

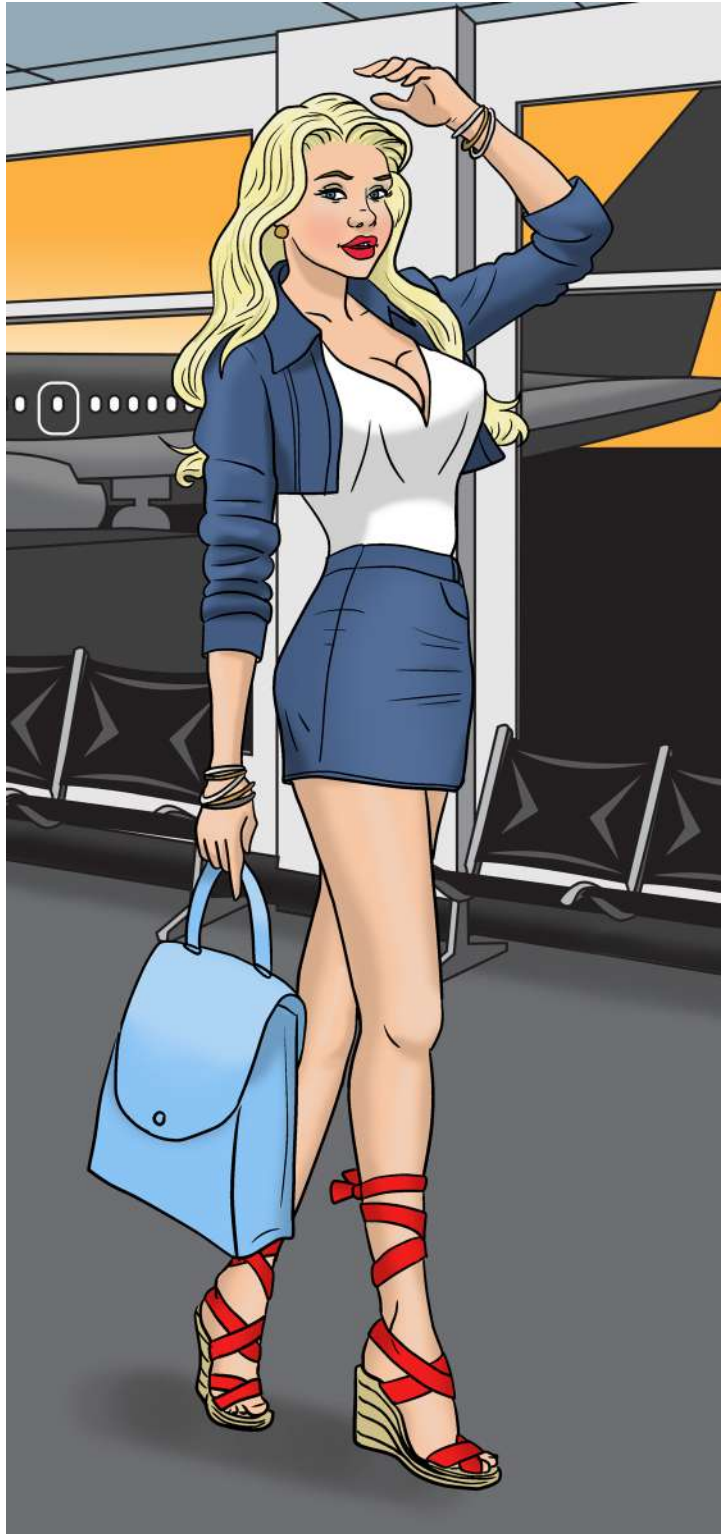
But that was old news to Amy. His legs had always been his best feature. Now, though, they were fourth or fifth down the list.

His newly enhanced buttocks were something to behold, looking almost out of place on a figure so slender. His waist, which was already tiny, was now positively Victorian in size, as if compressed by an outrageously compressive invis-

ble corset. That made his hips and buttocks look even larger than they were, and his breasts look positively obscene.

Seth's chest bloomed from his waist like a flower, with breasts that were large and proud, and defied both effects of gravity and a rational description. Such monsters should have caused the poor waif-like body of Seth to snap under their weight, but he showed no sign of inconvenience, and thrust them out for the world to see, kept only from bursting off his body by the thin white shirt and small denim jacket he wore.

But just a few inches above them, atop an elegantly smooth neck, rested the most captivating feature of all, his face. Seth's middle-aged wear-



ness and masculine jagged features had been blasted away, seemingly by magic, to reveal a young, fair-skinned beauty to rival all beauties. No one could be blamed if they simply refused to believe medicine could change a man so completely. His face displayed such idillic feminine perfection it could have only come from the enchantment of nature and creation itself.

His eyes were glistening spills of life to be contemplated by poets, and his heart-rendering smile could launch an armada of fierce warriors off the edge of ancient Earth. His face was something like a sculpture, but too mysterious and beguiling to have been captured with the most talented artist or the finest chisel. It was barely shaded from full view by his blast of flaxen hair.

As he saw Amy, his expression of anticipation hardened and his eyes dipped towards the ground.

“Jesus Christ!” Amy said, upon greeting her husband. “Oh my sweet Christ almighty!” She looked him over, as Seth hung his carry-on bag on his arm. “It is you, isn’t it, Seth?”

“Yes, Aunt Amy,” he replied in a soft trill that delighted the ear.

“Oh!” Amy enthused, loud enough to attract attention. She was almost afraid to touch him, she couldn’t believe it was true. She wound up just kind of playfully punching his arm to test his solidity. “Oh my!” She said. It was only through willpower and sheer determination that she didn’t just start to come to orgasm right then and there. The impulse to drag Seth into a closet and have her way with him was also a powerful test upon her self-control.

As they went down to the baggage claim, all eyes were on Seth, and he appeared to be used to it by now, because it didn’t bother him in the least. If anything, he looked a little bashful. Every woman was shooting daggers at him in jealousy and every man was shooting — well, one can guess what they were shooting at the pretty young thing.

“You look wonderful!” Amy gushed as they got to the car.

Seth went for the back seat, dropping his bag next to him. He was staring down at his lap. “Yes. Thank you, Aunt Amy.”

Amy put his traveller luggage in the trunk and then jumped into the driver’s seat. She was at a loss why Seth went to the back seat, but she was in no frame of mind to make an issue of it. Amy was in love. She was so enraptured with the new look it took her three attempts to get her keys in the ignition.

Seth remained quiet the entire ride home, only giving muted one-word answers to Amy’s questions. It was clear to Amy that the surgery had hurt him. He was withdrawn and distant. Yes, she did kind of violate his trust, but he’d see that it was the right thing to do in time. She was sure of that.

Amy unloaded the luggage from the car as Seth silently went inside and straight upstairs. She wasn’t sure exactly why she was the one carrying the bags,

but Amy eventually got everything up to Sabrina's room. However, the door was locked.

"Pumpkin, I have your bags."

"Just leave them," Seth replied, in his newly gentle voice.

Amy wasn't giving up. "I know you're having... Issues... Princess, but I want to show you how much I love you."

There was a long pause.

"Sweetie?" Amy said to prompt a reply.

"I'm sore from the surgery."

That was an answer Amy couldn't object to. "Oh, okay, honey. Just come to bed when you're ready, okay?"

"I'm gonna sleep in here. Good night."

"Oh," was all Amy could say. It was going to be some work to get her husband back in a good mood, she realized. She had to make him understand that she really did love him, now more than ever. It was odd to see a frown on his new face. He had always looked to be in great spirits since he had been drilled to smile all the time.

No, Amy was going to have to bring him back out of whatever shell he was in.



"Aren't you coming to bed, honey?" Amy said, knocking on Sabrina's door.

"Uh... Sure," said the wonderfully light voice coming from inside.

That was what she had been waiting for. It had been days and days of trying to get Seth to open up again, to rebuild trust between them.

It had been three weeks since he had returned from Bangkok and he was still a bit sullen. Amy had begun small, fixing him some of his favorite foods, but that didn't work very well. He had no interest in a steak & mashed potatoes dinner anymore. He wanted it light, like a simple breast of chicken or piece of fish with a salad.

She had tried to get him excited about basketball again, but he didn't seem to have much interest in watching the games on TV. She even brought out his computer from storage and set it up in Sabrina's room, but he didn't seem very interested in it.

It was then that she had to admit to herself that she had maybe pushed things way too far this time. A little thing here and there he had been able to tolerate, but the surgeries in Bangkok had gone just a step too far, and that their marriage itself was in jeopardy.

She even tried to see if she could get Jasmine on her side. “If you could just talk to him,” she asked, while phoning her up one night.

“What?” Jasmine replied, having trouble hearing her over the pounding music in the background. “We talk all the time!”

“I mean, talk to him about what’s bothering him!”

“Who?”

“Seth!” Amy yelled into the phone.

“Uh, yeah, okay. Like, first thing. ‘Kay? bye!”

Amy hadn’t realized just how marginalized Seth must have felt. His best friend was now living as a girl, and a party girl at that, and probably never had time for him anymore. He had spent the last six weeks halfway around the world. Who could he turn to for help? He had no one.

She waited for her chance. Finally, one night, Seth was alone watching “Teen Mom” when Amy made her first move. Taking the remote, she turned off the TV and sat by Seth’s side, giving him some space.

“I was watching that,” Seth said.

“Pumpkin, we need to talk,” Amy said, putting the remote out of casual reach.

All Seth did was to exhale a cubic ton of air, knowing he was stuck.

“I think we’ve grown apart,” Amy said, “And I want to get us back together again. Now, I’m perfectly willing to admit I may have tested our bonds of love and trust recently. But I want you to know that I love you.”

She wanted to hold his hands, but he was sending every possible signal that he didn’t want to be touched. His head was turned away, and he had dressed in a baggy sweater, shorts and socks, Seth was as frumpy and frosty as a woman in the depths of a heavy period.

So far, her words had not made any impact. She tried something more provocative, just to get some feedback. “Princess, if we don’t have trust between us, we have nothing.” She was expecting an outburst on the use of the word ‘trust,’ but got no reaction.

She tried a softball. “Can you at least tell me what you’re feeling?”

“I just want to go back,” Seth finally said, “to watching my show.”

“Please, baby.” Amy was finding it hard to look as engaged and sincere as she knew she had to be, as Seth’s spectacular body was tantalizingly close and oh so desirable. “Just, uh, just let me know... Let me know what I can do.”

Seth realized he wasn’t getting out of this without a response of some sort. “I just don’t feel like talking, okay?”

“Look at us now, honey. You make for such an attractive girl, you’ll find life so much more interesting. The world opens up for pretty girls like you.” Amy so

wanted to rub her hands along Seth's bare leg. "And I'm more in love with you than I ever knew possible."

Seth reacted by giving his wife a glance.

"I know it's hard to understand now, but this is going to save our marriage." Amy gathered her train of thought. "We weren't going anywhere as a couple. I lost interest. You wanted to turn the clock back. But now, all I want to do is make our relationship work. That's what I want for us. We can be a couple again, just like you always wanted."

Amy couldn't resist any longer and started to run a fingernail along Seth's exposed legs. Seth flinched.

"I understand," Amy said, recognizing his hesitance. "Just know that I do love you, and we can find a way to making it better than we ever had it before. If we just try."

Seth didn't look anywhere in particular, but very faintly murmured, "Okay."

That was the opening Amy was looking for.

It took several more days, more than a week, but eventually she got Seth to talk. Well, a little, at least. He was still very reserved and sullen, but at least he



didn't shy away when Amy wanted to cuddle. He even tolerated a little light kissing.

The defrosting was coming just in time for Amy who had spent enough cold nights alone in their bed, running through vibrator batteries like a kid through Halloween candy. She had to slowly groom and prepare Seth for the moment, but she was able to convince him to come sleep in their bed again.

She was even more patient when it came to sex. Seeing Seth in his filmy, gauzy nightgown that tented over his breasts was causing her physical pain. Amy wanted him so badly, she had to grip the sheets to keep herself from leaping and tackling him.

The first night she just kissed him on the cheek goodnight. The second, she placed her head on his shoulder and enjoyed his sweet-smelling hair. The third night she spooned him.

By the fourth night, she decided enough was enough, and she was just going to take him and deal with the consequences. As soon as the lights went out, she pounced and started to wrestle with the nightgown.

"Please, no!" Seth cried. It was a meek request, but still the most emotion she had heard out of him since he returned. She ignored him and succeeded and tossing the nightgown away. "Please, Aunt Amy!"

His attempt to reach for the light switch was thwarted by his wife and she had quickly flipped him over onto his back. "I can't stand it, darling! You're irresistible!" She said. "Stay still, and I'll show you how much I can love you, then you'll understand!"

"No, Aunt Amy! No!" Seth continued to say.

Amy heard none of it, and started to lick one of Seth's nipples, thick like gumdrops. Seth couldn't help but squeal a little at the sensation. When Amy had to pause to move to the other nipple, it let Seth gather himself and try and push his wife away. His thin, weak, girlish arms were not up to the task.

Seth still struggled, even though he knew it was in vain. "You were trying to trick me! This isn't about love! It's about sex!"

"Just shut up!" Amy commanded. "Don't try and fight me!" She pressed herself even further on her husband, and by instinct she ran her hand down his stomach as she kissed him.

Seth tried to break the kiss, but Amy had her tongue in and was pressing hard. As Amy's hand continued to work further down, Seth's struggle became even more fierce. Maybe it was just an old habit, but Amy reached for Seth's penis and found it harder and larger than ever before.

"You *are* getting turned on, aren't you!" Amy stopped kissing her husband. She said, spitefully. "I think you protest too much!"

"No! I can't do this anymore!" Seth said, loudly and assertively.

She tickled the firm, thick dick and then wrapped her hand around it. Seth was battling as hard as ever, and managed to get his arms free. He pulled himself out from under Amy. She grabbed onto his cock to hold him in place.

Then, to her shock, Seth was completely free, and leapt to the light switch and turned it on. More than confused, she had no idea what to think. Amy looked at what she had in her hand. It was large, pink, and flopping in her grasp. Terrified she had just done something horrible, she whimpered.

She looked at Seth's crotch. Seth's panties had fallen down his legs in the melee, and revealed the impossible.

Two pink vaginal lips and a freshly shaven feminine mound.

Seth quickly grabbed the panties and pulled them into place, using his other arm to cover his naked breasts. "I just can't do this anymore!" He cried.

He scampered out, and headed for Sabrina's room.

Amy's mind, torn to shreds, was still trying to fathom what she had just seen. The thing in her hand turned out to be a life-like, rubber dildo that she let drop to the floor from her hand. Seth had been packing it in his panties.

"What did you do!" She yelled. "What did you do, Seth?" She was filled with a volatile mix of anger, disarray and betrayal. She got up and shot down the hall, just in time to see the door slam in her face. "What on God's Earth have you done!" She yelled at full throat.

"I'm sorry!" said the voice on the other side of the door. "I'm so sorry!"

"Come out here and face me!" Amy demanded. She pounded on the door. Suddenly, she realized that she must be in some physical state of shock, as she could feel the blood drain from her face, and she got dizzy.

Amy headed back to her bed to sit down. As the room began to steady, she spotted Seth's little white phone on the nightstand. She picked it up with the intent to smash it against the wall, but it made a noise indicating an incoming message.

"U up?" said the message. It was from Jasmine.

Amy didn't respond. She instead checked the history of the chats between them. There were pages and pages of texts, and she went back two months.

"Hey Jazzy! Here in Bangkok. Amy didn't come." Seth had texted.

"Cheer up! U gonna look so hot" Jasmine had replied.

"This is a mistake. I need to go home."

"Hang in there!"

Amy then scrolled forward a few days.

"Nurses don't even speak english. I hate it here."

"I feel 4 u baby"

“Doctor just told me I’m probably impotent and sterile 4 rest of my life. Never be a real man again”

“Sorry :(”

“I feel like I wanna kill myself”

“Stay there. I’ll cum see u” Jasmine had typed. “B there in 2 days”

Amy scrolled to a week after that.

“Thanx 4 coming Jazzy. u wer big help” Seth had typed, apparently after they had met up.

“Anything 4 my bimbo best friend”

“Dr sez I’ll nevr be able to get hard again or feel anything”

“Sorry :(”

“U wer rite! So I’m gonna go 4 it”

“Rlly?”

“All the way”

“B strong”

Could that have meant what she thought it meant? Amy had a hard time believing that it could mean that he was sacrificing his manhood in just a line of text. A few weeks later was another conversation.

“Heyyy!!! Im out of surgry and Im sooo hiiii” Seth had written.

“Congrats baby I just got mine dun 2”

“Yay us!!!! Im gonna get mor dun 2. I want bewbs. Big ones.”

“Not 2 big or else u cant cheer”

“Party poopr”

“Guess imma girl fer reals now”

“Welkom to the club sister!”

Good God. There it was. Jasmine must have somehow coerced her poor husband into this. “Oh Lord!” Amy said to herself. The though struck a shot of terror through her. He had done it. They both had really, really done it. Another flip through the chat history revealed another conversation.

“U wer sew rite! This is best decision I evr made!”

“I gave cody the pix of your new tits” Jasmine had texted

“Bitch! That wuz just fer u. What’d he say?”

“He cant believe its u”

“I had my first lady orgasm 2 nite. I dreamed cody was fukking me. I cud luv him so much <3”

“U just luv his cock”

“Shut up”

“U r such a bimbo now”

“So r u!!!!”

“Dam strate!”

It couldn't even be believed. His whole psyche seemed to have crumbled so quickly. He was degenerating into some sex-crazed bimbo.

“Goin home 2day Sooo reddy 4 nu life. Wanna scru 1st man I see”

“That wouldnt be polite”

“My cunt aches for cock! I feel so slutty n I luv it! Why do I hav to go home?”

“Rmembr the plan brini! Wait til we hav teh monee then we can go”

“OMG! Y du I hav 2 cum home 2 aunt amy. I wanna party wit u”

“U can do it! Just be a good bimbo and wait”

“Its guna b tuf but i try 4 u. Call me whn i get hom k?”

“Just remember to tell Amy...”

Suddenly, a hand came in and swept the phone away. “That’s mine!” Seth said, grabbing it out of Amy’s hands. He ran back to his room and locked the door.

Amy didn't even have the strength to chase him. Her shredded sense of reality was in tatters and it was all she could do to just keep from screaming and crying. It was like she had just read the transcript of the death of her husband.

Eventually, after running though what she knew again and again, she got up, put on a robe and shuffled to Sabrina’s room and knocked softly on the door.

“Pumpkin? Are you in there?” She said, with a warble to her voice.

“...I don't care!” She could hear behind the door. It was Seth, but he wasn't talking to her, and was on the phone. “I know, Jazzy! I'm so sorry! But I couldn't keep it up anymore! She knows!”

The conversation paused, obviously for Jasmine’s response. Then Seth talked again. “Yah, I know! But she kept pushing it! I'm sorry. But come pick me up, okay?”

The the door opened up, and Seth was standing there, with a hastily-packed bag of clothes. He was dressed in a frayed denim skirt, red cowboy boots, a blue checked dress shirt tied in a knot under his tremendous breasts. His hair was in pig-tails and he was wearing his favorite cowboy hat.

“Oh,” he said. “Look, Aunt Amy, I shore know you must feel as shocked as a tipped cow, but there’s no use cryin’ over spilt milk.” He angled to get past her.

Amy grabbed him by the arm. “We... We can work through this. I'm sure that you can have another operation and...”

“Leggo me!” Seth replied in a thick country drawl. He tried to free his arm, but Amy would not let go.

“Why, Seth? Why? Why would you do this to yourself?”

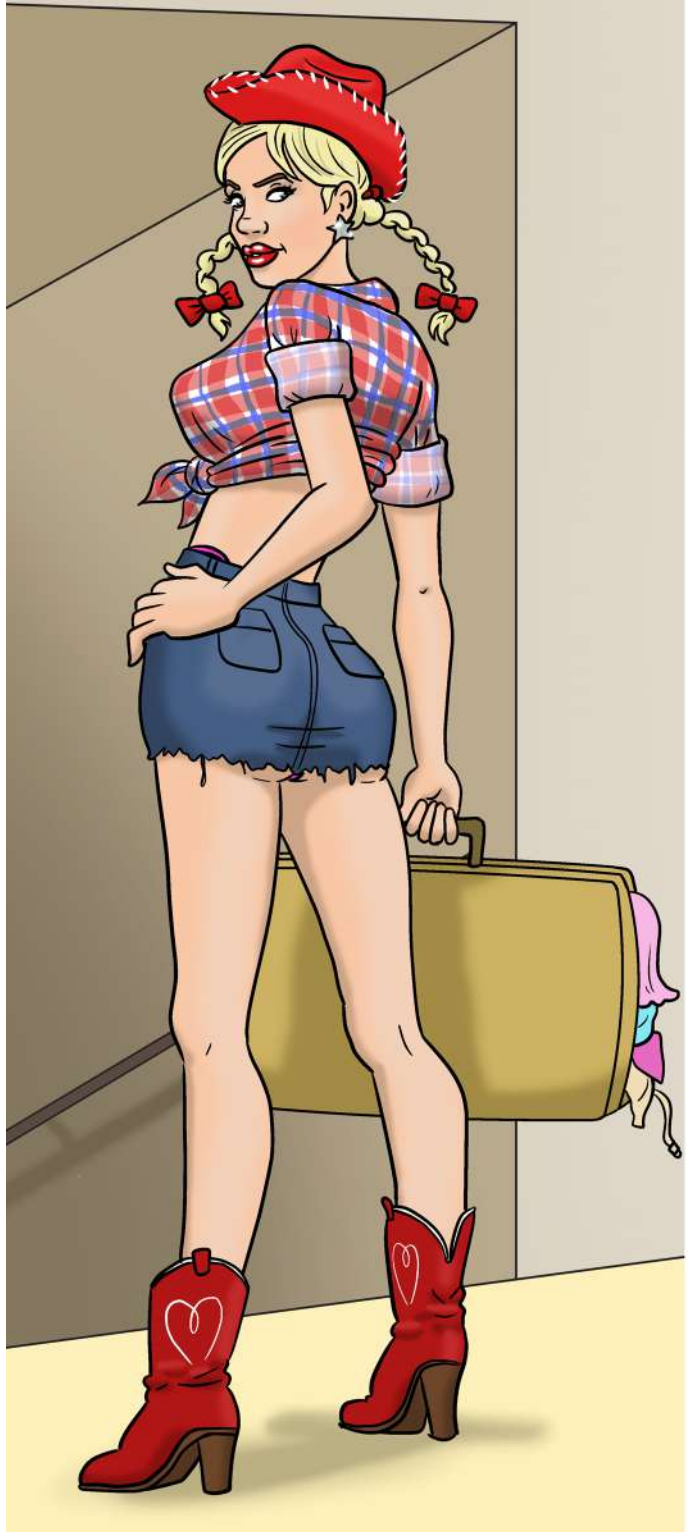
“Well, gee, I don’t know!” He replied sarcastically. “Maybe it because when I talked to the doctors in Bangkok, they told me that because of all these here hormones I was never gonna be able to have an erection and I was impotent for life!” Seth finally got his arm free and headed down the hall. “And you wouldn’t know anything about that, would you, darlin? You just let me get those shots knowin’ what would happen!”

“We just need to sit down and...”

“I ain’t go no intentions of going anywheres ‘cept away from here. Comprende?”

“But...”

“You and I have nothin’ more to dis-



cuss!” Seth took his stuffed bag and slugged it with him down the stairs.

“Seth!” Amy yelled.

“Mah name is Sabrina Marie Cox, ah’ll have you know!” With a stamp of a boot, the point was accented. “Listen, ah’m totes sorry, Aunt Amy.”

The newly christened Sabrina continued down the stairs. There was no reason, emotionally or physically, to think of her as anything but a girl now.

“But not really,” Sabrina continued. “This is kinda yer fault n’ all. Hey, if you want, you can keep the house. Or sell it, or whateves.”

“Please don’t do this, Seth!” Amy said, clambering down the stairs after her.

“Yer slower than Molasses in January. Mah name is Sabrina. Sabrina Marie Cox. Age 21. Ah’m a proud Texas gal!”

“What’s *happened* to you?” Amy begged to know. “Why are you *doing* this?”

Sabrina opened the front door. “It’s who I am now. It’s who I want to be. Who I *have* to be.” Sabrina walked out the door and grabbed the doorknob to close it behind her. “And ah’m *not* comin’ back — Aunt Amy.”

She closed the door and hoisted her bag down the driveway, headed for the street. Sabrina never turned back to see her wife open the door, take a few steps and then fall to her knees, sobbing.

Sabrina headed along the road in the direction she knew Jasmine would be coming from, and it wasn’t long before she saw the bright headlights she had been waiting for. A massive shiny black Escalade pulled up and Jasmine popped out. She ran up to her best friend and hugged her.

“Sorry we’re late. Was it hard?” She asked.

“Nah. Not really,” Sabrina replied.

Jasmine very lightly and playfully slapped Sabrina’s cheek. “You were supposed to wait until we had all the money ourselves and got a lawyer to work it out. Now Miss Karen can sue me.”

“Not my Aunt Amy!” Sabrina said with a knowing smile. “I converted everythin’, ‘cept for a couple million, to bonds. She plum never noticed.”

“What if she sues?”

“Who’s she gonna sue? Seth doesn’t exist anymore.” Sabrina, holding the Seth ID in her fingers casually flicked it away into the darkness. She poked Jasmine in the tummy. “And I have perfectly legal credentials as a poor ranch girl from Texas. But if Karen sues you, we can share.”

“Smart girl! Bimbo friends forever!” Jasmine said, hugging her friend once again. “Now get in the SUV.”

Sabrina tossed her big bag inside and hoisted herself up into the huge vehicle. It was brand new, and still had that new car smell. Skyler was at the wheel with

a profoundly impressed look on his face. Sabrina settled into the back seat as Jasmine joined her, and then saw that Cody was in the front passenger seat.

“Hiii Cody,” Sabrina said, her heart aflutter and her eyes looking down at her boots, demurely.

“Uh, hey,” Cody said, his throat dry. His eyes were pegged wide open as he saw the stunningly, supernaturally beautiful young girl before him.

“I was thinkin’ ‘bout you,” Sabrina said, with the innuendo dripping off every word.

“Yeah,” was all Cody was able to say. “Uh, hey. Skyler, I think your headlight needs adjusting.” Cody popped the door open and jumped out.

A puzzled Skyler looked back at the girls. “I should check this, I guess.” He got out, too. He walked around to front of the car. “What’s the dealio?”

Cody dipped his head down so his lips couldn’t be read. “That can’t be that dude! The one that sucked me off! It’s impossible!”

“Hey, man, I saw it with my own eyes,” Skyler replied. “Jasmine there used to be a guy and now she’s the hottest fuckin’ girl I’ve ever met. She can’t stop thinking about sex and she does whatever I tell her to do. She’s the perfect girlfriend. Plus, she’s loaded.”

“But she used to be a guy!”

“Fuck it,” Skyler said. “Look, I know it’s weird, but what she used to be, she’s... *That*... Now. I don’t know what I ever did to deserve this, but I’ve got the fuckin’ biggest-titted, cock-crazy, sexiest slut I ever could have wished for in a million years. Don’t go asking why or how, just accept it, be grateful, and don’t ask any questions!”

Cody turned around to keep his face hidden from the girls. “Are you sure? This seems so screwed up.”

“Dude, you just got yourself a personal fuck toy, playboy centerfold and sugar mamma in one. Don’t worry about it. Plus, she has a surprise for you.”

A smile cracked Cody’s lips. “Yeah, you’re right. Might as well enjoy it, huh?” He looked down at his pants. “My boner wants her anyway.” They slapped each other’s backs and jumped back into the car.

As soon as they got in, Skyler turned the ignition and gunned the motor. He turned around to address Sabrina. “So, uh, you want to give Cody your present?”

“Oh, yeah!” Sabrina replied. She fished a key out of her pocket. “Cody, here you go. It’s for a safe deposit box. I cashed my money into bonds. All we gotta go is go claim them, and they’re ours.”

“Seriously?” Cody asked.

“Skyler said it was a good idea,” Sabrina explained.

“Yah, like, I did the same thing with Sky,” Jasmine said. “Cuz that way we get all the money and my ex can’t do anything.”

“But don’t you want to keep all of it?” Cody asked.

“You worry about it. Life is about so much more than money.” She pressed the key into his hands. “Don’t you think?”

“Yeah, sure!” Cody replied his excitement coming through in his voice. He was now a multi-millionaire, just like Skyler, apparently.

“Let’s go get us some hotel rooms, huh?” Skyler said, pulling the SUV into the road. “And some champagne to celebrate!”

“Woo hoo!” Jasmine shouted.

“Aw,” Sabrina said. “I’ve been waiting so long! I got this new, tight cunt and I was saving it for you, Cody.”

Cody was about to fly apart in overstimulation. He looked back at the human personification of sex that was calling his name and then slugged his friend in the shoulder. “Forget the champagne, just get to the nearest hotel!”

“Twenty minutes,” Skyler said.

“Oh my God, twenty minutes? But I’m wet *nooow!*” Sabrina whined.

“Just hold it!” Skyler yelled.

“Me too!” Jasmine chimed in. “I want you now, Sky!”

“Fuckin’ hold it, okay? I’m already doin’ 80!”

She had the operation over a month ago and had waited all this time to try her new pussy out. All that free time had made Sabrina fantasize about what it would be like, and her patience was at an end. She wanted to be fucked, and be fucked this instant. Sabrina knew she was a kind of a bimbo now, and a bimbo needed to be shown some respect.

“Sabrina, what’re we gonna do? I’m so hot and excited!” Jasmine said, looking at her friend, deviously. She completely understood what her best friend was going through.

Sabrina caught on quick. “I dunno, Jasmine, I can’t hold it much longer.” She reached across and started to unbutton Jasmine’s shirt. “Maybe we can try to...”

“Oh, Sabrina!” Jasmine said with a gasp. “It’s so wrong! But I guess we don’t have a choice...” She reached and began to hoist Sabrina’s shirt off her. After Sabrina finished with Jasmine’s shirt, they were in just their bras, and Sabrina was feeling Jasmine’s glistening globes out.

“You’re so big, Jasmine! They’re so soft!”

“You too, Sabrina!” Jasmine also worked her hands around her friend’s tits. Knowing they were putting on a show, they made it as dramatic as they could for their boyfriends.

“I gotta get these clothes off!” Sabrina complained. “Ah’m so sweaty!”

“Me too,” Jasmine agreed. “Here you go.” She reached for Sabrina’s skirt and undid the zipper. Sabrina undid the buttons on Jasmine’s shorts. They deftly slipped out of them, Sabrina clad only in her hot pink bra and panties and Jasmine in her black.

The car still hadn’t stopped, so there was more to do. “It’s not helping, Jasmine!”

“We gotta get everything off!” Jasmine said, one eye on the boys to see their reactions.

“Here, I want to help,” Sabrina offered, but wound up completely entangling her long limbs around Jasmine. “You have such pretty lips, Jasmine,” She said as she kissed her.

“Fuckin pull over!” Cody yelled at Skyler, kicking the dashboard of the car.

“I can’t!” Skyler yelled back.

“Oh, you too, Sabrina,” Jasmine said, “You’re so beautiful!” She plunged her head in between Sabrina’s pillowy breasts.

“Knock it off!” Skyler yelled. “You’re just trying to drive us crazy!”

“Did you hear something?” Jasmine asked Sabrina.

“No, baby,” Sabrina said. “Oh, you’re so pretty I don’t know why we should even bother with boys.”

“I think I can feel myself turning lesbian.”

“Pull. The. Car. Over!” Cody commanded, punching his friend in the arm with every word.

“Fuck! Fine!” Skyler relented, and slowed down.

Sabrina and Jasmine immediately broke apart and sat in their seat upright, in giddy anticipation, like schoolgirls about to win a ribbon. Sabrina wrapped a strand of blonde hair around her finger as she bit her lower lip.

Cody looked back, waiting for the car to come to a stop. Sabrina spread her legs wide and then pulled part her pussy lips like a puppet. “I want you, Cody,” she made her vagina say.

That was enough for him, as he undid his seatbelt and jumped through to the back of the car. Sabrina made a tiny little screech of joy as she hurdled over the back seat and into the rear of the huge SUV. She got spanked along the way. Sabrina was immediately pinned to the floor as Cody tore his clothes off as quickly as he could.

“This is my first time,” Sabrina said.

“Don’t think that means I’m letting you off easy,” Cody replied.



The biggest smile of satisfaction worked across Sabrina's face as she saw his wonderfully huge cock spring forward, already purple. She wrapped her legs around Cody's back as he plunged into her cunt, pounding and pounding.

The doctors had done a wonderful job on Sabrina. She was able to take in a fully erect penis at full length with no problem. The nerve endings had been expertly repositioned and carefully arranged to maximize the pleasure she felt.

Her hair was tossing all over the place, getting in her mouth and sticking to her sweaty breasts. The repeated beating her pussy was taking was going to

leave bruising, she had no doubt. Something was digging into her back and probably leaving a scrape. She didn't care at all.

It was a million times better than she ever thought it could be. "Faster!" She yelled. "Harder!"

As the hypnotic instructions programmed into his mind by Dr. Grumman drove Sabrina to feel sexual fulfillment like she had never dreamt possible, destroying any concept of her previous sexual orientation, all Sabrina could do was to thank that wonderful man for changing her life. If it weren't for him, she'd have never had found such ecstasy and rapture. Her mind had definitely been programmed to love men, and she would be eternally grateful for it.

Sabrina grabbed the back of Cody's head by the hair and yelled even louder. "Fuck me harder! Make me come!" Then Sabrina found herself screaming and moaning as the pounding got heavier and faster. It was so good. So much better than she had wished for. "Split me like a rail!"



Two hours later, as Sabrina laid prostrate on the floor of the SUV, she had the dumbest, shit-eating grin on her lips. She had been fucked senseless and wanted this feeling to last forever. Lying on top of her, Cody was dozing. She looked over to the side and saw Jasmine's head emerge from the back seat, with the same dizzy expression she had on her face.

They looked at each other, both delirious, and giggled.

"It's incredible, isn't it?" Jasmine whispered.

It was then that Sabrina realized something about women. Women, from the male perspective, were objects of sex. Now from the female side, she realized that women *were* sex. They were a physical embodiment of the act of sex. A woman, a willing woman, could just be floating and spinning in a cloud of lust and bliss for however long they wanted.

That profound thought, though, was just reduced to this one reply. "Like, so awesome," she answered.

They continued to smile at each other, both of them knowing that they had crossed over completely, and found on the other side everything they ever wanted out of life, and more than they ever could wish for.

THE CELEBRATION



“...And these are the lockers, so you’ll be reporting here every game day and changing. I recommend being here at least five minutes before the posted time. That way you don’t get yelled at.” An aging but structurally attractive woman was escorting two wide-eyed young girls through the dim locker room. “Let me set you up here, right next to two of our best girls. They’re three year veterans and can show you the ropes.”

The older woman opened up two locker doors. “These will be yours.” While she did that, she motioned toward two other girls who were just changing out of their uniforms, fresh from the night’s performance. “Girls, I’d like you to meet Paige and Melody. They’ll be replacing Veronica while she’s on maternity and Courtney while she heals from knee surgery. And Paige, Melody, these are...”

“I know who they are!” Paige gushed. “You’re Jasmine Wang! And you’re Sabrina Cox!”

The two girls, dressed in their Anaheim Shocker Girls uniforms, smiled and greeted the new girl. “Hi Paige!” Jasmine chirped. She looked over at the more reserved Melody, who was keeping a bit of distance. “Hi, Melody!”

“Howdy! Welcome to the team, pardners!” Sabrina said, hugging Paige and shaking hands with Melody.

Paige was truly excited. “Oh my God oh my God oh my God! I can’t believe it! I have posters of both of you on my wall!”

“Posters? We get a cut of that, right?” Jasmine asked the older woman.

“I’ll leave you here to get acquainted,” she said, and left.

“I’ve been a fan of you guys since I was a teenager!” Paige said.

Sabrina put her hands on her hips. “Oh, shee-oot! Now you’ve gone and made me feel old!”

Jasmine had sat down and was starting to take her boots off. “You *are* old.”

“You’re as old as I am!” Sabrina fired back. She too sat down and started to remove her boots.

“You were at the try-outs, right?” Jasmine asked the younger girl. “Like, you did the gymnastic routine with the hoop n’ stuff.”

“That was me!” Paige responded, “I can’t believe you remembered!”

“You had such great energy, and you hit everything on the mark.”



Sabrina seemed to recall it as well. “I totally remember that!” She turned to Jasmine. “I said they shoulda chosen her, didn’t I? Didn’t I say that?”

“We all said it.” Jasmine got her top off. “There just weren’t enough open spots.”

“There never are,” Sabrina agreed, taking her top off and tossing it into a bright orange hamper. “Did you get your unis yet?”

“Next game day,” Melody said, finally speaking.

Page’s smile was infectiously grand. “I can’t wait and show all my friends.”

Jasmine pouted. “Aw, they don’t let us do that. You have to, like, toss the uniform in the hamper there before you leave.”

“Shucks, they don’t let us take them out of the arena. They’re afraid we’d shoot a porno or something in them.”

“Which I *totally* would,” Jasmine said with a smirk.

“So wher’d y’all get your start dancin’, sugarplum?” Sabrina asked. As Melody and Paige rushed through her history of dancing, from when they were tap-dancing kids to taking up cheer and dance, Sabrina and Jasmine changed out of their uniforms.

Sabrina dressed in short high-heeled cowboy boots, a feather-light mini skirt and a white leather vest for a top. She parted her hair and made two pony tails. She also wore a pink cowboy hat.

Jasmine had a pair of Leopard-print suede thigh-high boots and a black satin oriental-style mini dress with a laced open back, a slit up the side and a huge cut-out for her bust. She pinned up her hair in a bun, leaving long strands at the sides of her face.

“You all set, sugar?” Sabrina asked Jasmine.

“Just about,” Jasmine replied, checking her face in the mirror.

“Oh, I guess you guys are going out or something.” Paige said, looking at the way Jasmine and Sabrina were dressed.

“No, we just love to dress up!” Jasmine answered. “But that’s not a bad idea. It’s only 11:30.”

“You wanna?” Sabrina asked Jasmine.

“Sure! Let’s go!” Jasmine replied, her expression brightening. “You *have* to come with us!” She said to Paige, zealously. “You gotta celebrate!” She said to Melody.

“I don’t know if I’m dressed for it,” Melody replied.

“Oh, yer jus’ fine.” Sabrina grabbed her purse and slung it over her shoulder. “C’mon, it’ll be a hoot.” The three headed to the exit, down a short concrete tunnel. “You’re gonna get to meet the pig pen,” Sabrina said to Melody and



Paige.

“The pig pen?” Paige asked.

“Our adoring fans who wait after each night. We call them the pig pen.” Sabrina motioned to a waiting security guard the the doors.

The doors swung open into the lit parking lot, and there were ten or eleven men, all wearing Anaheim Shock paraphernalia who immediately started yelling. “Sabrina!” “Jasmine!” “Sabrina!” “Jasmine!” They all yelled, holding out items to be signed.

“Hey cuties!” Jasmine said, grabbing the nearest item and the pen offered with it. She got close enough to smash into the man with her boobs.

Sabrina did the same. “Perry, always good to see you!” She said, recognizing one of the regulars.

“H... Hi, Sabrina,” he replied with oafish clumsiness. “You still going out with that boyfriend?”

“Yes I am, Perry,” Sabrina said, as she did after every game. “Sorry.” She handed back the game program she had just signed.

“Well, you’ll let me know when you break up, right?”

“Okay, Perry...” Sabrina said, poking him in the chest, where a ketchup stain was on his shirt. “You’ll be the very first to know.” She then moved on to the next chunky male fan in line.

It took ten minutes, but eventually they cleared the line and headed to the employee lot. “We’ll take my car,” Sabrina said.

“No, maybe I should take mine. I have to go to my acupuncture first thing in the morning,” Jasmine countered.

“I can drive you. I have to drop the cat off at the pet therapist and then go downtown for yoga. Oh, and I have a photo shoot with some guys in Irvine.”

“Some guys?” Melody asked.

“They seemed nice enough. You want me to introduce you? It’s easy money for just a little posing with zoo animals.”

Melody and Paige exchanged a glance, letting each other know they both thought things were going a little fast. “No thanks,” Melody said.

“Well, okay,” Jasmine replied. She turned back to Sabrina. “But I need to get back here to pick up the car so I can get to my psychic reading in the afternoon.”

“Okay,” Sabrina confirmed.

“Oh, no!” Jasmine suddenly said. “I have to, like, pick up my grandparents. They’re taking me to lunch tomorrow. Let’s take my car.”

"I love your grandparents! They're so cute and wrinkly!" Sabrina said with a smile. "Okay, we'll take your car." They headed over to the white BMW convertible parked in the corner and piled in. "Tell them Brini says hi."

"They always ask how you're doing," Jasmine said. "They want to go to Taiwan for the New Year and I think I have to go."

"It sounds fun!" Sabrina said, checking her lipstick in the passenger mirror. "But in January? Aren't we working?"

Jasmine pulled the car out into traffic. "Like, Chinese New Year, you stupid slut. It's in the offseason."

"You guys have such active lives!" Paige said from the back seat.

"You have no idea," Sabrina said. "So you guys gonna fuck tonight?"

Paige was at a loss for words. "Um... Pardon?"

"I don't want to do any more than two. I, like, have to get some sleep," Jasmine said.

"Three is enough for me," Sabrina said.

"Are..." Paige had to be delicate. "Are you guys serious?"

Sabrina shrugged and looked back at the passenger with a smile. "Sure! We're cheerleaders, you know."

"Oh my God!" Jasmine said. "What fun is being cheerleaders if you can't have all the sex you can handle?"

"So how about you guys?" Sabrina asked. She waited for an answer but saw that Melody was getting scared and Paige was looking nervous. "It's *only* sex. You two need to loosen up. Here." She picked a pill bottle out of her purse and handed Paige and Melody a pill. "Take one of these and you'll be ready." She popped a pill for herself.

"What is it?" Paige said, cautiously putting it in her mouth.

"Vicodin or something like it. I pop 'em like tic-tacs. They're awesome."

"Drugs?" Melody objected.

"Medicine," Sabrina said. She held up the bottle. "See? A prescription, so you know it's safe."

"Yeah, girl! Go for it!" Jasmine cheered.

Reluctantly, Melody put the pill on her tongue.

"There's nothing a Shocker Girl wants that a Shocker Girl can't have!" Sabrina said. "Especially cock."

"I thought you said you had a boyfriend," Paige said to Sabrina, her eyes beginning to lose focus.

"Uh-huh." Sabrina replied. "Cody likes it when I come home after a good fuckfest. It gets him all mean and crazy."

“Skyler’s the same way,” Jasmine added. “He gets all angry then he plugs me hard like he’s teaching me a lesson or something. *So hot.*”

“I feel dizzy,” Melody said, and then she fell back in the seat, her eyes showing fear. Paige was looking nervous as well.

“Newbies are *sooo* cute,” Sabrina said.

“They’re adorable! Like, wait six months when they’re sophisticated sluts like us,” Jasmine said. “You won’t even recognize them.”

“Yeah. I bet Melody will posing for those animal photos in no time.”

“Well, I bet I could get Paige doing a Hustler TV Movie before that.”

“Oh? I bet I could have Melody a headline strip act in three months.”

“Well... I’ll take that bet,” Jasmine said. “You’re on.”

“The usual terms?” Sabrina said.

“Everything!” Sabrina and Jasmine said at the same time, before laughing themselves to tears. After recovering, they glanced in the back seat to see the horrified expressions on their passenger’s faces.

“So what did you *really* give them?” Jasmine whispered.

“Aspirin,” Sabrina whispered back.



“Think we, like, scared them enough?”

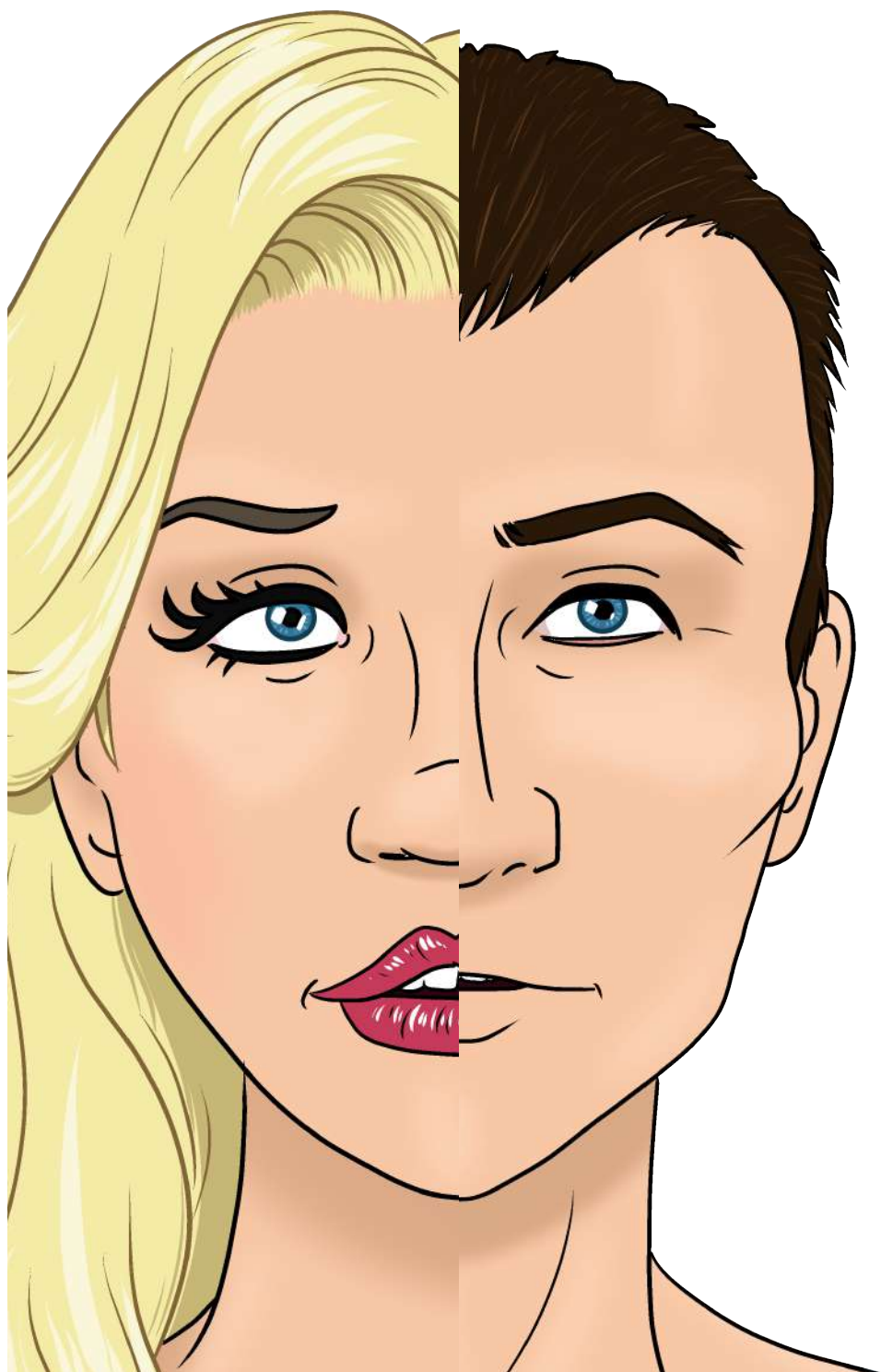
“Shee-oot! I think they’re more scared than long-tailed cats in a room full of rocking chairs!”

“We’re so bad! But I love hazing the new girls!” Jasmine snickered. “Where do you really want to go?”

“Burgers. Drive-thru.”

“You read my mind,” Jasmine said.

The End







Titles from 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

College Can Change a Man

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. A small college has been hanging on to its male-dominated mindset for too long. Now, a new member of the board has arrived to make some changes. A lot of changes. Comic / 243 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 a new 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 its 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

Barbie's Life

By Melissa N. Chris was a student actor who said he could play any role. A disgruntled girlfriend and playwright are about to see if he'll be able to play the lead role in... Barbie's Life. Book / 55 pages / 21 rendered 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

The Substitute Ski Bunny

Story and art by Joe Six-Pack. Walker is a young man who's fallen in love with a girl. The only way he can get close to her is to dress up and become her roommate. It's not going to go according to plan, though. Book / 132 Pages / 31 illustrations

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 / 70 pages / 27 illustrations

Costume Drama

"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 / 224 pages / 38 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 / 55 pages / 17 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

Hiding in High Heels

Story by James J. Craft, Art by Sortimid. Mark is a disaffected retail salesperson, and after a takeover of his store, he finds himself selling feminine fashion... and struggling to embrace everything about it. Book / 103 pages / 31 illustrations

Male Monday, Girl Friday

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

The Happiest Place on Earth

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

Hello, Nurse

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

My Boss, The Bimbo

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

He’s the Girl They Want

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

Demoted and Degraded

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

I, Candy

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

Boyz II Girlz

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

His Strangest Desire

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

Hard Time or High Heels

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

Seriously Skirted

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

From Mister to Sister

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

The Russian Girl

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

Swindled into Skirts

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

Stories of the Supernatural

A Change for the Better

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

Changed and Rearranged

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

From Pals to Gals

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

A High-Heeled Halloween

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

Crossed Fiction

If the Shoes Fit

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

Sisters for the Summer

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

They're the Girls for the Job

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

Blondie's Lost Summer

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

Blondie's Lost Year

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

Blondie He's Not

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

I Never Wanted to be a Woman

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

The Boy's Guide to Girlhood

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

Fashion Victims

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

The Making of a Beach Bunny

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

Seriously Sissified

A Family Femmed

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

Forever Femmed

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

Auntie's Girl Time

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

Revenge of the Cheerleaders

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

He's Got His Mind Made Up

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

Fated for Femininity

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

Web Classics Revisited

Two Forms of ID

By Joe Six-Pack. Harvey had the unusual ability to convincingly imitate a teenage girl. In desperation, he has to use that talent to make some money. But when is enough enough? Paperback / 194 pages / text only

