

ADULTS ONLY

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FROM CHEER TO ETERNITY

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack



TEENS
**Trans-
Formed**
TG



J O E S I X P A C K

**FROM
CHEER TO
ETERNITY**

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



2023 Edition

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FROM CHEER TO ETERNITY

Everything was green again. Months of scraggly grey trees and slushy roads had long given way to spring, teasing better times but waiting to deliver. Now summer was on its way. In Dayton, Ohio, the winters were brutal, but the spring was a wonder as you watched the land come back to life all around you. This year, it had taken a while, which was a miserable wait for everyone. In this part of the country, when the snow melted, it exposed the rusting, aging ruins of what used to be a thriving town, and only the leaves of the trees and bushes would cover it up again, to hide the truth again for another few months.

It was also the last weeks of classes at Percival Rosenblatt High School, home of the Tillers. The green of the lands around them were not the only sign that the seasons were changing. It was also the palpable tension of the students at the small high school who could taste summer, and freedom, in the air. It was almost like a fever. With just days to go, the students could focus on little else but the end of school.

“Are you gonna go anywhere for the summer?” Stu Sutton, 16, asked his friend. They walked along the ditches of the highway, as the occasional farming trucks whooshed by.

Logan Knox, 16, used his Doc Martens to kick a pebble in his way on the gravelly path. “Nah. My old man ain’t gonna pay for that shit. He wants me to get a job to earn money.”

“You gonna?”

“No way. He’d just steal it.”

They walked along, in silence, as the boxy silhouette of overly-familiar Rosenblatt High poked over the hill. “We gonna be late?” Stu asked his friend.

“As if it mattered,” Logan replied with a shrug of his big trench coat. He could have easily checked his phone for the time, but he didn’t bother. Neither did Stu.

With nearly a half hour before classes started, the boys had arrived in plenty of time. Too much, really. They had to wait. They picked out one of the picnic tables that had been placed around the courtyard and sat down. Stu on the bench, Logan on the tabletop. Stu was hunched over from the cool morning air, while Logan spread out, leaning back on his arms, telling the world he didn’t give a fuck, and challenging anyone to bother him about it.

Knowing Logan’s reputation as a shit-starter, no one did. They just walked by, wondering why he needed to let everyone know he was angry and tough. The answer to that was simple. They didn’t have his deadbeat, abusive father to deal with.



Logan looked around and reached inside for his shirt pocket and got a pack of clove cigarettes out.

“Not on school grounds, moron,” Stu said, frowning.

Logan had already developed the habit of smoking a pack a day, and his addiction had caused him to forget where he was. “No one’s lookin,’” he said, as he surveyed the area.

“Not worth it.”

“What? Are they gonna suspend me for the last few days of school?”

“Logan, come on.”

With a sneer, Logan stuffed the carton back in his pocket.

Stu rolled his eyes. “Smoking kills you, man.”

Logan looked away and scratched the scalp under his barely-combed dark brown hair. “When?” He asked.

“Fuckin’ emo,” Stu mumbled.

“I’m the Wednesday Adams of Mid Ohio.” Logan exhaled and felt the burn in his lungs, aching for a smoke. “The Morrissey of Miami Valley.”

People knew better than to mess with Logan. He wasn’t a big kid, but he had the wiry strength of a circus carny, and the determination of a wolverine. Most students just avoided him, and he was fine with that. The loner lifestyle appealed to him. Stu was pretty much the only student he really talked to at all.

Logan had met Stu a couple of years ago when they were freshmen at Rosenblatt High. They lived on the same bus route, and both liked to hang out in the back, lobbing insults at the other students. After they had been banned from the bus for their behavior, it wasn’t long before they were walking the roadside to and from school together and hanging out.

“You wanna go to the Gas n’ Grub for lunch?” Stu asked.

“Can’t,” Logan said. “I got my AP English paper to finish up.”

“I thought all the AP tests were done.”

“They are. But they invent busy work even after the test is over. Same in my AP Bio and AP Chem.”

“Glad I don’t gotta do that.”

“It’s no big deal. You know me. The work don’t scare me none.”

Logan was blessed with near total recall of lectures and reading, which made schoolwork almost too easy for him. However, despite his 4.1 GPA, he had no real interest in college. He just got good grades to piss his teachers off. They hated seeing a slacker like him ace their tests, and he loved seeing the contempt for him in their eyes.

Besides, there wasn't much else for him to do but his homework when at home. His dad didn't have enough to get him video games or a computer or anything like that. Even his phone was six years old. His room just had a mattress and piles of garbage around it. Most of the time, he locked his door and stayed there, listening to his father yell at ghosts only his drunken mind could see.

It was going to be another year or two before he was 18 and old enough to leave home, so he was resigned to this fate for a little while longer — but when he became of age, he was going to tell his old man to eat shit and he'd move out. His uncle had promised him a job. He ran a combine harvester equipment repair shop a few towns over, and it paid well enough.

As they sat there, killing time before the bell rang, they heard a sound in the distance. It was someone yelling — and it was getting closer.

"I'm not on drugs!" A shrieking voice yelled. "I'm not high! I'm not! Like, I promise! Please let go of me!"

"Quiet!" An adult voice barked. "I'll give you ten demerits if you don't settle down!"

Emerging from a causeway was a cheerleader in a practice outfit, the Vice Principal carrying her like load of firewood. Her wrists were bound with a zip-tie.

"Oh my God!" The girl yelled. "This is, like, so not cool!"

Logan and Stu watched on in amazement while he toted the girl through to the east wing. Some woman came sprinting out of the office and followed them, and a few seconds later, a man in a suit.

"What in the fuck?" Stu asked, his eyes still fixed on the door everyone had disappeared into. "Oh man, I should have been taking video. I always forget to do that!"

"I don't recognize her," Logan said. "Who was that?"

"The new girl."

"New?"

"You know, the one that showed up a couple of weeks ago."

Logan had no idea what Stu was talking about. Then again, he never paid that much attention to other students. "No kidding. You know her name?"

"No," Stu replied. "She's pretty. She went out for cheer, and got on the squad fast, too. Since then she's been acting all cheerleader-y. You know, peppy and perky, but kinda nuts. She's probably a mental case."

"The cute ones are always crazy."

"Yeah," Stu said, nodding. "Still, I'd do her."



“In a second.” Logan launched himself off the table, his heavy boots hitting the ground loudly, and started walking to the door the girl had been taken through.

“Where you going?”

“I wanna see this,” Logan said.

Stu kept his seat. “You shouldn’t, man.”

“Whatever, dude.”

Logan headed through the heavy metal doors with the wire-reinforced glass windows, and looked around. This was usually the music department, but it was empty this early in the morning. As he walked by the doors of the various practice rooms, a pair of fists suddenly pressed against the glass. Behind them, was this girl, yelling without making a sound.

Now Logan knew why they had taken her here. The practice rooms were soundproof. He checked the next room over, and saw the Vice Principal, the man in a suit and the lady from the office all having a heated discussion. Every one of them were looking very worried.

Logan returned to the girl’s makeshift prison and this time she had her hands clasped together, begging him. The young man assumed she was pleading for him to open the door. He tested the handle, and it was locked, as he expected it would be.

“Hey!” Stu said from the exit. “You should get the hell out of here!”

Logan just waved him away. “Don’t worry about it.”

“Don’t call me for bail,” Stu said as he left.

Logan tried the door again. He needed a key for this. He grabbed a ballpoint from his pocket, pulled out the ink tube inside and bit it flat. Now finishing his third year, he had long realized the locks in school weren’t meant for high security, and they kind of undid themselves if you put anything in the lock.

Sure enough, the door popped open after jimmying the lock for a few seconds. “C’mon,” Logan said, tossing his head to indicate she could leave. Instead, she took a few steps back.

“No, I can’t!” she said. “Like, I’d be in so much trouble n’ stuff.”

“You were just begging me! Come on!”

“Um...” She looked very hesitant, taking alternating steps forward and steps back.

Logan was amused. She was like all those airheads who went out for cheer, totally incapable of thinking a single sensible, independent thought. Perfect for the bimbos who went out for Rosenblatt High Cheer. He grabbed her wrist when she got close enough, intent on taking her out by force. He was shocked when she pulled him inside instead.

Then he heard the door lock behind him as it shut automatically.

“You idiot! Now I’m locked in here!”

“I’m sorry! I’m sorry! I’m sorry!”

The girl repeated as she covered her mouth with her hands. “I, like, panicked!”

“Try to do something nice...” Logan grumbled as he bit into the ink tube again, ready to jimmy the lock once more. “Now, you gonna leave when I get this unlocked?”

“Ummm...” the girl said, almost paralyzed with indecision. “Oh my gaw, such pressure!” She said, throwing her hands down.

“What’re you afraid of?” Logan said, going to his knees to work on the lock.

“I just want to be on the squad!” She said. “They said I had to take a drug test! They said I’m acting all weird n’ stuff!”

“A drug test?” Logan took a look out the door window to make sure he was still clear and no one was looking.

“I can’t take a drug test! But if I run, they’ll kick me off the team! I just want to be a cheerleader!”

Logan turned around to look up at her. She was extremely cute, even with a worried and anxious face, and was biting her lip which was adorable. The girl was blonde, with big blue eyes and a tight body. Logan couldn’t help but run his eyes up and down her legs and boobs. She was, even amongst the hot girls of the cheer squad, incredible.

“So you *are* on something,” Logan



surmised.

She made an exasperated squeak and looked away from Logan. “No! Well, kinda?” She spun around, looking up at the sky in exasperation. “I was just tired this morning! It’s just a tiny little bit! Why today? Why would wanna, like test me today? It’s sooo unfair!”

“Uh-huh. So you better get the hell out of here if you don’t want to be busted.”

“But they’ll kick me off the team!”

“They’ll do worse if you let them test you.”

The toll of thought was taxing the poor girl who was dancing back and forth on her feet as she tried to work things out.

Logan heard the lock clunk open, and turned the handle. He got it. “You need to make up your mind,” he said to her. “Ten seconds.”

“Ugh!” the girl said. “Why is everything, like, so hard? Oh my God!”

“Five seconds.”

“Okay! Um. I know! You can take the drug test for me! You haven’t done any drugs today, have you?”

“Yeah, sure. I’ll just take it for you.”

She was immediately all smiles and bouncing on her toes. “Great! Thanky-eeeeewsoooo much!”

“No, I was joking,” Logan had to quickly add, as the girl tried to pull him away from the door.

“You won’t?” The girl said, almost trembling as her mood snapped back from her moment of joy.

“Hey, I’d give you a cup of pee anytime, but... I don’t think that’s exactly how this is gonna go down.”

The girl thought for a second, the tip of her tongue poking out the side of her mouth. “I know!” She said. “We can trade clothes! You pretend to be me!”

“Not a chance,” Logan said, making sure not to let go of the door handle. “You *have* to be on drugs if you think anyone’s gonna think I’m you. Without a kick to the head, at least.”

“It can work! You just gotta, like, try n’ stuff!”

That statement would have been easy enough for Logan to refute if it weren’t made two inches from his face, as the girl pressed her body against his, and he could feel her hot breath on his lips.

“Yeah, uh... How?” Was the thing he should not have said, but he did.

“We can do this!” the girl said, excitedly. “Come on, get your stuff off!” She began to slink out of her top, a thin tee that was tied under her chest with

stretched-out “BHS” letters on it, distended from her impossibly perky and round boobs. She was halfway undressed before she paused and looked at Logan with a frown. “C’mon!”

He let go of the door handle and let it shut. As if his hands were moving by themselves, Logan threw his trench coat off and pulled his flannel shirt out of his pants. He was unbuttoning it with amazing speed, driven by hormones that hadn’t had a good rush like this in a while. However, his sharp intellect interceded and he slowed down. “Wait, uh... There’s no way. I mean, just the hair is gonna be a problem...”

“Oh!” She stopped what she was doing, and reached back behind her head. With a little flick, her hair came off. “It’s a wig,” she said.

Logan was stunned, to say the least, unsure what he was seeing at first. But as the girl undid some more clips, her blonde hair came off completely. Under it was short, scruffy dark brown hair.

“What?” the cheerleader asked, seemingly unsure why this was eliciting a stunned expression from Logan. “Oh! Uh... I was trying something new...” She said, a little embarrassed as she scuffed her short hair. “Like, y’know, I wanted to see if it suited me.”

“Okay...”

“I was just curious! But that was back at my old school. Well, then when I moved here, and I, like, knew if I was gonna go out for cheer, I wasn’t gonna get a spot with this hair. So I got a wig. Smart, huh?”

“Right,” Logan said, still too shocked to say much. “Of course.”

“But that’s why this is gonna work!” The girl said, still excited. “Cuz, like, no one even knows me here, and with the clothes and the wig, you’ll fool anyone!”

“I don’t know...”

“*Pleeease?*” she asked, as she removed her top all the way, revealing a very skimpy sports bra. Still asking for a response, she pulled her nylon shorts down, showing the tight black spandex leggings she wore underneath them. She wasn’t wearing panties. “Let’s get those clothes off, okay?”

Logan once again went about the business of stripping himself down to his underwear in record time. His dick was now completely in charge. He fumbled with his fly for a moment, and his pants were down at his ankles.

“Boots,” was all the cheerleader needed to say. They both sat down on the floor and went about loosening their laces, Logan having more work to do with his calf-high leather Doc Marten’s boots. The young man was alternating his attention between the shoes and the door window, terrified that an adult’s head would pop up in it at any moment.

“Okay, now what?” He asked the girl.

“I need your underwear!” She replied.



“O-Okay!” Logan said, losing his cool for a moment.

“And I’ll give you my leggings. So turn around!”

“So, I guess they’re going to make you go to the bathroom and fill a cup, right?” he asked as he found himself completely nude for a moment. “They’ll send someone to make sure nothing goes wrong. I guess?” The black leggings were tossed over his shoulder, and he realized that the sexiest girl he’d ever been this close to was now naked right behind him. Every nerve in his body wanted him to turn around. He began to feel himself freezing up and he had to keep talking. “And I need to do that and...”

“Ew!” the girl said. “Just don’t let them get a good look at your face, okay?”

“Right, right.” Logan fed his legs through the spandex leggings, finding them constricting and tight. He then looked down and he saw his pants being taken away. “Hey, are you putting on my clothes?”

“Like, duh! I gotta wear stuff, too!”

“Yeah.. Okay. By the way, what’s your name?”

“Me? My name is Jamie Lynn. Jamie Lynn Lambert. But my friends call me ‘Jam-Jam.’”

“Really? That’s your real name?”

“Yah. Why, what’s wrong with it?”

“Nothing.” Logan wondered why anyone would name their kid “Jamie Lynn.” Go with one name or the other. Then again, maybe it worked for a girl, but it still sounded ridiculous to him. “I’m Logan.”

“Duh, I know,” Jamie Lynn replied. “Everyone knows Logan Knox.”

“Yeah,” he answered. Everybody knew him.

His train of thought was broken by the sports bra that was dropped on his shoulder.

“You probably want to stuff that with something,” Jamie Lynn suggested. “Here.” Her tiny white socks were then dropped on his shoulder.

“Do I really need to wear this?” Logan asked.

“Yah! Of course!”

“I mean, they wouldn’t look... When I’m actually peeing...”

“I don’t know? I never did this before!” Jamie Lynn replied.

“No, that would be a lawsuit. It would have to be.” Logan was fairly sure of the answer, but he wasn’t a hundred percent sure. He put on the bra. There was no clasp, it just stretched around him. “What am I supposed to do with these again?” He asked, holding the socks.

“Here,” Jamie Lynn said, turning him around so they could face each other.

“Fuck!” Logan said, not liking someone pushing him around. He very nearly threw a haymaker out of reflex.

By this time, both were clothed most of the way. Logan in girls athletic leggings and sports bra, and Jamie Lynn in Logan’s tee shirt and hoodie — and, if he wasn’t very much mistaken, she was wearing his briefs as well. When he got them back, he decided, he’d never wash them again. Stu might even pay to sniff them.

She plucked the socks from his hands and began stuffing the cups of the bra. It wasn’t enough. “I haven’t been this small since I was, like, 12,” she said with a giggle. “I guess we gotta use my gels.” There were two clear, circular mounds on a chair with other items of clothing, and she grabbed them.

“You pad your bra?”

“Daddy says I can get implants soon,” she said with a smile. “If I’m good.”

“Have you been good?” Logan asked, with a smirk.

“Yes!” Jamie Lynn replied with an honest look. “Jamie Lynn is a good girl,” she added.

Despite that assertion, Logan very clearly saw her eyes dip low and look at his crotch. Girls, as he suspected, all had one thing on their minds, and now he had the proof.

“You’re gonna have to um, like, tuck.”

“Huh?”

“Your, um... Thingy? It’s kinda... Obvious and stuff?”

Logan looked down, and sure enough there was a bulge in the spandex that would give everything away. Spandex does that.

“Here, put on the shorts. That’ll help.” She picked up her nylon shorts from the floor and gave them to him. “And tuck it while you’re doing that, ‘kay?”

She turned back around and slipped into Logan’s pants as he manipulated his little monster as best he could to not be so obvious. The nylon shorts, which were loose, made sure that his manhood was well disguised.

By the time he had gotten the pink shoes on and Jamie Lynn’s shirt over his gel-and-sock-enhanced chest, Jamie Lynn was already preparing the wig for him. He had barely tied the knot on his last shoe when his vision was covered in blonde.

He could feel Jamie Lynn’s hands pulling it this way and that, until it seemed to settle in place. “It’s good that you have a head as small as mine,” she said.

Logan was pretty sure she was the one with the smaller head, if her airhead vocabulary was any indication. She was not the one with the 4.1 GPA, after all. He kept those salient observations to himself.

“Okay, now hold still,” she said as she stood in front of him. His vision was still obscured by masses of hair, and the girl was being very particular about manipulating it just the way she wanted. “If we frame your face with the hair, like, no one can even tell it’s not me.”

“I’m still not gonna let them get a good look, though,” Logan said.

Finally, she seemed satisfied. “Now sit down on the chair and I’ll do the makeup.”

“Makeup?” Logan yelped. “Where did you get makeup?”

“Oh yeah, I don’t have my purse. I forgot.” She pondered things for a moment. “Okay, hold still.” She then pressed her lips on his as hard as she could, wriggling her lips around on his. After one go, she backed away, and assessing the situation, gave it a second shot.

Logan had just scored big time with a cheerleader, and was in rapture — but there was that slight detail at the back of his head, knowing this was out of nowhere, and Jamie Lynn didn’t seem to be terribly passionate.

“I guess that’s the best I can do,” she said using a fingernail to scrape some stray gloss off his skin.

“Did... Did you just smear your lip gloss...”

“Lip gloss transplant!” She explained. “The girls at my last school showed me how to do that in a lip gloss emergency.”

Logan was more than puzzled, and less than rational. “Yeah, I bet they did.”

“Okay, this might not work, but...” She licked her fingers and began to pull at her lashes. The black stuff that made them look darker and thicker came off as she did, and she gathered it all up on one of her fingernails. “Owie owie ow ow ow...”

“You’re not going to...”

“It’ll be fine!” She said. “Like, I’m an expert, okay? Look up, and don’t blink!”

In short order, Logan had a some very flimsy smears of mascara on his eyelashes, which he could see at the upper part of his vision. “Are we done yet?” He asked. “It’s gonna take forever to get this off.”

“It’s, like, not that bad.” Jamie Lynn grabbed Logan’s trench coat and put it on. She messed up her short brown hair, stood tall and took a deep breath. “Oh! Oh! Oh! Can you do my voice?”

“I won’t talk.”

“You might hav’ta, y’know. I wanna hear it.”

“You mean talk like a cheerleader, like, like, like, oh my god and stuff n’ junk?” Logan said in a squeakiest, most ridiculous dumb-girl voice he could manage. It sounded absurd and insultingly stupid.

“Perfect!” She said. “Okay, now I’ll be back, okie-dokie?” She headed for the door.

“You really think I’ll fool them?”

“You look super awesome!” She said with a smile. “Just act like me, do what people tell you and, like, have fun with it.”

“Okay, got it. Where are you going to go?”

“I’ll be around,” she said as she pulled Logan’s hoodie over her head, obscuring her face. She then puffed out her surprisingly flat chest. “See you later, babe,” she said in a deep, gravelly, masculine voice that sounded like she had been smoking a pack a day for a while. Not unlike Logan had.

She was out the door quickly.

“Wait. I thought that door was locked,” Logan said. He tested it, and it was bolted shut.

He decided to follow Jamie Lynn’s advice. He was going to have fun with this. Logan liked fooling people, and even if he hadn’t quite planned this caper, he realized that this might just turn out to be his boldest stunt yet. It would be legendary, if he could pull it off. Stu was going to love hearing about this one, that was for sure.



A man in a white coat smacked right into one of the students of Rosenblatt High. He was rushing through the doors of the music wing, in a sweaty, fevered dash. “Look where you’re going young man,” said the bothered middle-aged professional.

“Sorry dude,” Jamie Lynn replied in her deepest voice, hiding her face in the tall collar of Logan’s trench coat. She went on her way.

The doctor looked around and saw Vice Principal Vandemann stepping outside one of the classrooms. That’s where he was headed.

“I called you twenty minutes ago, David,” the Vice Principal said, crossly.

“I was across town at Jefferson Elementary,” the school physician replied. “Kid got pushed off the jungle gym. Not pretty.”

“Fine, fine,” Vandemann said, ignoring the content of what had just been said. “Now that you’re finally here, we can get started.” As they gathered in the classroom, he nodded to the lady from the office. “Margie, I need you to monitor her in the ladies room.”

The older woman blanched. “I don’t have to watch her actually go...”

“No, no. Just make sure there’s no funny business.”

“Now, why *exactly* did I have to run over here so fast?” The physician asked.

“One of our students has been behaving erratically. You know how it goes with these degenerates. She’s got to be on some kind of...”

“*Suspected*,” interrupted the man in the suit. “She’s suspected of being on drugs by the Vice-Principal here.”

“David, this is Dr. Brody,” Vandemann said, pointing to the man in the suit. “He’s been treating the student in question. He’s her therapist. We called him in as her medical contact to help deal with the situation.”

“Good to meet you doctor,” the physician said.

“Doctor,” Dr. Brody replied.

“So what *is* the situation?”

The Vice Principal crossed his arms. “Jamie Lynn Lambert, new student, has been reported and observed in several of her classrooms exhibiting fidgety behavior, unprovoked bursts of yelling, spontaneous dancing, and conduct disruptive to her classmates and staff.”

“She *is* a cheerleader,” Dr. Brody pointed out. “They’re *supposed* to behave like that.”

“Her conduct was totally uncalled for! Such behavior is inappropriate in a learning environment,” the Vice Principal commented. “I’ve been dealing with reports of her disruptive behavior every day since she got here. I don’t know that there’s a staff member that she hasn’t pissed off at this point. The little twerp is on something. I’ve seen it dozens of times before.”

“Mr. Vandemann...” Dr. Brody said, disparagingly.

“She’s required to take a drug test anyway!” He interrupted. “She’s been avoiding it too, the little miscreant.”

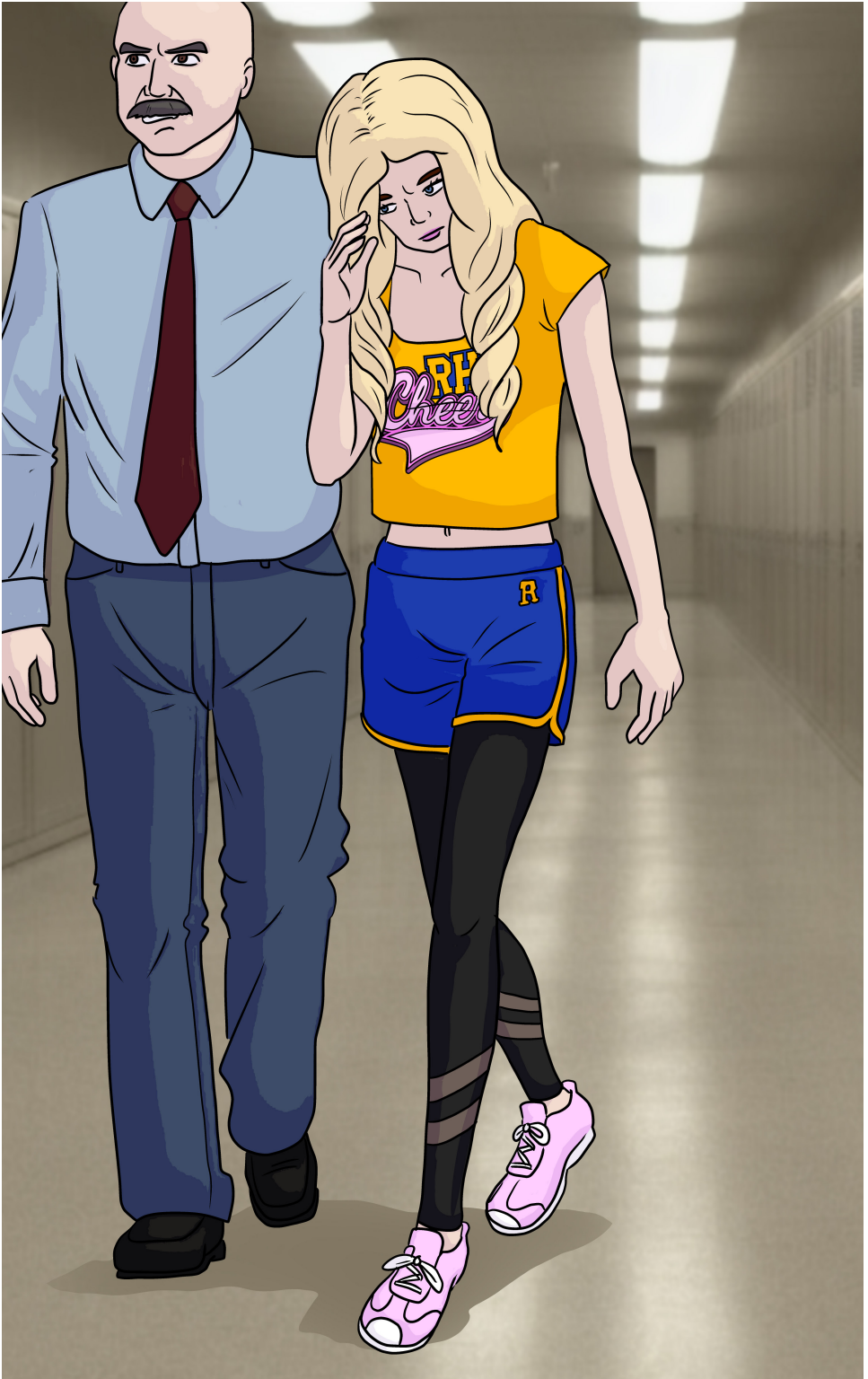
“So you want a drug test, then,” the physician concluded. “It’s gonna take a week to get results back, you know that.”

“Exactly. We only have a few days to go before the end of the term. We can suspend her pending the result, so I don’t have to deal with her until September, and I probably won’t have to deal with her at all, when the results come back.”

The physician sighed. “The kit is in the health office. I’ll be right back.”

A few minutes later, the door to the music recital room was opened. Logan quickly turned away and positioned himself in a corner, so his back was to everyone.

“Miss Lambert.” The Vice Principal’s voice was loud and intimidating, but Logan had dealt with him enough to know he could only threaten, not actually do anything harmful. “You will accompany me to the ladies room, and we will get this underway.”



The young man quickly scanned his memory and recalled that the girl's last name was Lambert, so Logan began to move. He took a sideways approach, dipping his head, making sure to let his wig of long hair block his face as much as possible.

"I'm surprised to see you so quiet, Miss Lambert," the Vice Principal said. Logan kept his mouth shut, mostly to suppress his urge to snicker, and shuffled past the tall man.

"You'll need to fill this up to the mark," the school physician said, handing a plastic cup to Logan. A detective might have noted Logan's stubby, frayed nails, but the doctor didn't. "Then screw the top back on and return it to me."

"Follow Mrs. Binney," the Vice Principal said, as they got to the bathrooms. "She's monitoring the test — so don't try to pull anything!"

Before stepping inside the ladies' room, Logan gave a quick glance from behind his wig hair at the adults collected around him. It took four grown adults to drug test a teenage girl these days, it appeared.

Keeping his head down, Logan followed the office lady very closely, and couldn't help but feel that odd sensation a man feels when entering a women's bathroom. His initial instinct to look for a urinal was interrupted by the woman banging on the stalls.

"Anyone in here?" She shouted. "Clear out! We need the room!"

Fortunately, the restroom was unoccupied and although Logan was more than a little rattled, he ducked into the nearest stall. He took a few deep breaths. So far, so good. He had tricked all the adults and gotten the upper hand.

"Let's go, let's go!" Mrs. Binney shouted outside the stall.

Logan was definitely questioning why he had been talked into this so easily, but the woman's behavior reminded him how much he liked to fuck around with those in charge. He unscrewed the top of his small plastic container and got to work.



The two returned from the restroom, encircled by the three men waiting for the result.

"Well?" Vice Principal Vandemann asked, testily.

Logan held out the cup of urine, but Mrs. Binney snatched it away, as she wanted to be the one to hand it to the Vice Principal. This is just what she did, proudly, as if she had anything to do with it. The Vice Principal then handed it to the school doctor. He put it away in a larger plastic container which snapped shut, then he applied a metallic seal to it.

Adults are silly, Logan thought to himself.

“She gave that up too easily,” the Vice Principal said. “No resistance. Very suspicious.” He contemplated things for a moment as he looked at Logan’s turned-away head. “Strip her.”

“What?” Dr. Brody said.

“She’s concealing something.”

“You have no right!”

“I have every right, doctor!”

“This is America!”

“This is Ohio! I can inspect her for contraband!” He pointed to Mrs. Binney and the school doctor. “Hold her still.”

That was Logan’s cue. He immediately tried to bolt for the exit.

“I’m registering a formal protest!” Dr. Body said, not moving an inch.

Vice Principal and the office lady pinned Logan to the wall, but he wriggled free, and tried to simultaneously dodge and keep his face concealed, slowing him down considerably. That loss of speed cost him as he was tripped up and landed on the floor of the hallway, face down and knocking the wind out of him.

In a flash, the weight of the burly middle-aged Vice Principal came down on the disguised boy and was crushing Logan — even as he was kicking and twisting, trying to get away. He had a very, very good reason not to go through a strip search, and was fighting like his life depended on it.

“A tranquilizer, doctor?” Asked the Vice Principal as he continued to grapple with Logan.

“I don’t carry drugs around with me...” the school doctor replied.

“You’re required to by law,” the administrator replied.

The school doctor slumped his shoulders. “They’re for seizures...”

“I don’t care!” He spiked his elbow into Logan’s back.

“Fine. But if Nicholas has another peanut reaction, I’m not...”

“Now!”

An epi-pen was produced from the doctor’s pocket and plunged into Logan’s shoulder, and in moments he was limp.



“She’s here in the office,” Mrs. Binney said as she led the old woman through the hallway. “She’s resting comfortably.”

“Poor thing. Any idea why she’s so tired?” asked the old woman.

“It could be any number of things, really,” Mrs. Binney replied, knowing exactly what the reason was. It was just that the sedation wasn’t supposed to be this effective. Jamie Lynn Lambert was supposed to regain her faculties after a few minutes. That was two hours ago.

Watching the young student remain in a drugged state for so long was making everyone nervous. The school doctor wanted to send them to a hospital, but Vice Principal Vandemann denied the request and told the doctor to delete any records of what had gone on in the hallway. Vandemann himself suddenly left the premises and wouldn’t respond to his phone. He hadn’t even cared to further his effort to strip search Logan, concerned that “Jamie Lynn” was having a bad reaction to the sedation. He just needed to be elsewhere, and fast. Jamie Lynn’s therapist, Dr. Brody, was sick with the idea that he was going to get involved in a lawsuit and had been pacing around the office, hoping his patient would forget everything under the influence of the drug, which seemed like a solid bet, given how they had responded to it.

Finally, it was left to Mrs. Binney to phone Jamie Lynn’s house and get someone to pick the student up. She just wanted the groggy kid out of her office.

“There’s your little princess,” Mrs. Binney said.

Sitting on the bench in the outer office was Logan, still in the wig and athletic outfit. His eyes were glazed over heavier than a Krispy Kreme as he played with the ends of his long hair. He was very slightly drooling.

“Is she... is she all right?” the old woman asked.

Mrs. Binney nonchalantly waved off any concern. “Dazed, but she’ll be fine. Probably just a blood sugar issue. I see it all the time.” She turned to Logan. “Time to go home with the nice lady, Jamie Lynn.”

Logan didn’t even seem to notice the woman talking to him. The medication had really knocked the poor boy for a loop.

“Uh, I don’t believe we’ve met...” Dr. Brody said to the old woman, as he made his way over.

“And you are?” she asked.

“Dr. Brody. Jamie Lynn’s therapist,” he replied. “Been treating her for over two years now.”

“Hildegarde Winters,” the woman replied. “I’m looking after Jamie Lynn while her parents are away for the summer.”

“Ah! That explains it.” The doctor nodded. “I was wondering why we had never met. Tell me, Ms. Winters... Does Jamie Lynn look all right to you?”

“She’s fine!” Mrs. Binney said. “If there’s any issue, it’s not the school’s fault.”

“No, no.” The doctor looked at Ms. Winters in the eyes. “I mean... This is Jamie Lynn Lambert, isn’t it?”

“Don’t you know?” Ms. Winters replied, startled. “You’ve been treating her for two years.”

“I have a lot of clients,” Dr. Brody said. “You know how it is. You listen to so many teenage girls... The faces kind of blend together.”

Ms. Winters looked alarmed from such a brazen admission on professional indifference, but kept her composure. “I see. Well, it’s my first day on the job, so to speak. This is the first time I’ve actually met Jamie Lynn. But she looks like the photos of her family in her house... Essentially.”

“Okay, that’s all very nice,” Mrs. Binney said, not caring that she appeared impatient. She was. “Let’s get her to your car, and out of the office, all right? This is no place for a girl in her condition.”

Dr. Brody wound up having to sling Logan’s arm around his shoulder and practically drag him to Mrs. Winter’s Oldsmobile. He was strapped in with a seatbelt in the back seat and they were off.

“You’re not going to mention a word of this to anyone, I assume,” Mrs. Binney said to Dr. Body.

“Only to my therapist,” the therapist answered, straightening his tie.



Logan awoke lying in a pile of freshly laundered linens and fluffy pillows, sunlight coming from the windows and a bird tweeting in the distance.

Also, an old woman was hovering over him with a soulless, blank expression on her shadowed face.

“What the fuck?” Logan muttered.

“Language, young lady!” the old woman scolded. “Now you get a good rest. I have your homework being sent for you, and you’ll do it tonight when you feel better.”

“Who are you? Why are you...”

“My name is Ms. Winters,” the woman said as she slowly backed away and head to the door. “I’m your sitter for the summer, so I make the rules around here. Do what I tell you and I’m sure we’ll get along fine.” She got halfway out before turning around. “I warn you. Don’t make me cross.” She finally exited, closing the door behind her.

To Logan, he was sure he had died. He had never seen a room so nice. It was almost completely white, like it wasn’t even real, made up of his own imagination. This had to be some kind of vision of the afterlife. Maybe.



He could only remember he had been talking to Stu, and then there was this weird scene with a cheerleader. Now he was in a bed? He had no idea what was going on, and was starting to get concerned.

First things first, he reminded himself. How did he get here, where was 'here,' and why was he called 'young lady?'

And *was* he dead? That point needed some examination as well.

One of those questions were answered right away when he got a mouthful of blonde hair as he tried to sit up. In a fit of reflex to get it out, the wig came off in his lap. Seeing the wig triggered a few more answers. He was piecing together what had happened at school — He had decided to pull a prank on the staff and take a drug test for some whacked-out airhead cheer girl, and had switched places with her.

That meant, very probably, the ruse was somehow still going. He quickly surmised that this was actually her room, and that old woman was assuming he was the girl. Now he just had to remember her name.

As he pushed the covers off of him, he confirmed that he was still in her work-out outfit. Then he swung his legs around to get up, and he felt a bite on his shoulder like an insect bite, and noted a small mark there. Where he would have ever gotten that, he had no idea.

On his feet, the room swayed a little, as he felt a bit dizzy, but he was stable enough to look around. Maybe he could put a few more pieces together if he could get an idea of precisely where he was, he was thinking. The room was huge to his eyes, practically a palace. He had no idea any of his fellow students lived in such luxury.

There were pink lace curtains hanging from the windows and plush pink carpet that he felt like he was going to sink into it. Jamie Lynn had chairs, shelves and even desk that appeared to be used for nothing but staring at yourself — at least if the giant mirror on top of it was any indication. It was more furniture in this room than there was in his whole house.

It was all so perfect. No nails sticking out, all the surfaces were painted, there weren't any creaky floorboards and the mattress wasn't on the floor. It was overwhelming.

On one wall was the name "Jamie Lynn" in painted in pink script letters three feet tall. It was obscenely lavish, but at least it reminded him of her name. Aside from that, there were three posters on the wall, all of Taylor Swift, in various ridiculous stage outfits. That jived with what he could assume about Jamie Lynn. She wasn't the brightest after all, and it figured she'd be into empty pop music.

On the mirror, various pictures had been tucked into the frame. Looking at them, they appeared to be shots of Jamie Lynn and various other girls, most of them cheerleaders. She always seemed to be smiling or laughing. He also noted

that Jamie Lynn had a passing resemblance to him. She kind of had the same nose, the same size and shape of mouth, a similar jaw and the eyes weren't that different.

He grabbed the wig and put it on for the total effect. With the hair on, someone might even mistake them for cousins. It was kind of creepy.

The next thing that caught his attention were a smattering of plushies that were resting on every available inch of shelf space. The girl had a hoarding problem, it seemed.

The opulence of the whole room seemed almost offensive to him. Logan had always had to fight for everything. Most of the stuff in his room was stuff he'd fished out of dumpsters. He knew his family was poor, but until right now, he thought that even the richest person in Rosenblatt High wasn't that different from him. He was very wrong.

That impression was even worse when he noticed the attached bathroom. This girl had a whole bathroom all to herself. It was positively grotesque how many things Jamie Lynn had. It did make him feel better to see the bathroom sink had a mad mess of bottles for acne medication, tubs of facial wax, a box of herbal douches, heavy flow tampons, at least six pairs of tweezers in various shapes, extra strength deodorant and a prescription anti-perspirant. The girl had some issues.

Even though Logan was angry with the inequality on display, jealous of the life Jamie Lynn led and embarrassed to be so obviously poor... It was a pretty sweet setup. Respect the game, he reminded himself.

Suburban middle-class life appeared decadent, and at least he could enjoy it for a little while. Until someone realized he wasn't supposed to be here, he could at least lie on that bed for a little while. In his mind, it wasn't so much a bed as a pile of clouds he could melt into.

Before he did that, however, he needed to get out of the clothes he was in. They were kind of chilly and a bit revealing. Logan had also been sweating in them, probably while he was unconscious, and he could smell it. That meant changing into something new, and he could only hope that there was something like a robe in Jamie Lynn's closet — and it wasn't pink.

He was blown away by the closet, wondering why someone would waste a perfectly good second room on clothing storage. Given how big the bedroom was, though, it just followed that the closet would be huge, too. He was about to marvel at the size a little more when he noticed something quite strange.

The clothes were labeled.

Jamie Lynn must have been a little anal about things, as she had labeled every item in the closet with paper tags.

"Dressy 1," "Dressy 2," "Sporty 1," etc, were tagged onto different piles of clothes and things hanging from the rack. She had created whole ensembles,

from shoes to underwear, to jewelry. Jamie Lynn really didn't seem like someone *cerebral* enough to have that kind of foresight, but here it was.

There was also a note affixed to a slim dresser by the closet door. "Make enough outfits to last a while," it said, in girlish, looping script. "You'll need it!"

Logan wasn't sure why that note was written that way. Who was it for? Herself? That didn't seem to make any sense. Was it written for his sake? That didn't make any sense either. He didn't fixate on it. He had no business poking into her life.

Sooner or later, Jamie Lynn would show up, and then he'd have to get on home, and probably never talk to her again. Maybe she might give him a few bucks or let him see her boobs or something. A reward of some sort seemed appropriate. He resumed looking for something to wear, and found a white fleece robe with a hoodie which was the best he could have hoped for in a prissy girl's closet.

He headed back out to the bedroom and removed Jamie Lynn's too-short shorts, only to stop, feeling something in the side pocket. It was a phone. Jamie Lynn's phone, if he wasn't very much mistaken. He picked it out and held it in his hand. It only then occurred to him that she probably had his garbage-ass phone, since she had his clothes and the phone that was in his back pocket.

The phone opened up the moment he touched it, working even without a pass code. It figured that a girl like Jamie Lynn might find a four-digit passcode a bit of a burden to memorize.

The first thing he saw was an email from "Mom & Dad." It poked a tiny little jab at his heart. He hadn't had a mother for a long time, and his father had punched him last time he called him "Dad." His family sucked so hard.

The email was from yesterday, telling Jamie Lynn that they were off on their cruise for the summer, and hoped she would like "Ms. Winters" who would be looking after her for the next three months and apologized for the last-minute hiring.

That explained lot. It explained why that old woman who was watching him as he woke up — presumably Ms. Winters — didn't wonder why the girl who went to school came back as a different person. She had no idea what Jamie Lynn looked like. It also told him that Jamie Lynn's parents were in deep, deep trouble if they were resorting to a three-month cruise to save the marriage.

There was no point in getting too comfortable unless Jamie Lynn was going to take her sweet time getting back home, so he sent her a text. Or, really, he sent himself a text since she had his phone.

He also sent Stu a text. "Heeeey," he typed.

"Who dis?" Stu replied unimaginatively.

"It's me Jamie Lynn I wanna fuck u so baaaad."

After about a minute, he got Stu's reply.

"Hey Logan"

In a way, Logan was proud of his boy. Stu wasn't that smart when they first met.

"Nooooo baby I think ur so hoooot cum sex me up"

"Sex me up? Srsly?"

"Just come 2 Jamie Lynns house. Maybe she wants 2 fuck u maybe its just ur bud stuck inside her room"

"Huh?"

"Tell u mor when u get here" and a moment later he added, "bring me sum clove cigs"

"No," Stu replied.

He checked for a reply from Jamie Lynn. There was none. He didn't want to think about what might happen if she didn't reply soon, but there was plenty of time left in the day. With little else to do, he stripped himself down to the athletic leggings he was wearing and put the robe on. He was going to enjoy some time on that amazing bed.

A few hours later, Logan's slumbering mind was awoken when he heard some heavy steps coming up the stairs. Either the old woman had gained fifty pounds or Stu was here.

He quickly fought his way through the downy comforter and leapt to the door.

As soon as he went inside Jamie Lynn's room, Stu was suddenly assaulted, with hand over his mouth and his arms restrained. "Don't say a word. Don't say anything!" A voice growled into his ear.

Stu bit down instinctively, getting his attacker in the finger.

"You asshole!" Logan said, as he began to grab the finger and hop around in pain.

"What the fughck...!" Stu yelled, but his exclamation was cut short by being tackled and thrown to the ground. Now his mouth was being held shut by an arm wrapping around his head, clamping his jaw shut.

"Is everything okay up there?" The old woman yelled from downstairs. "No monkeyshines!"

Logan cleared his throat. "Yah! Oh my God!" He called out in his chirpy dumb girl voice. "So totally sorry n' stuff!"

Stu was struggling to get free, but Logan had the advantage.

"Shut up and stop squirming!" Logan shout-whispered at his friend. Like rubbing a gator's belly, Stu slowly stopped fighting and made eye contact with

Knox. “Now, I’m going to remove my arm. Don’t make noise. Do you understand?”

With Logan’s arm relaxed, Stu was free to talk. “I have to make noise to answer you.”

“I’ll allow it on a technicality.”

“What if I shouted for help?”

Logan got up on his knees. “I’d feed your dick to you.”

The young man nodded. “Nice hair.”

“Jamie Lynn uses a wig. Who knew? I gotta wear it if that old lady comes in and sees me. How’d you get past her?”

“She asked if I had Jamie Lynn’s homework, and I said yes. She gave me ten minutes.”

“Let me explain why I’m...”

“Yeah, I already know. You and that cheerleader switched clothes.”

“You know? *How?*”

“I was waiting for you to come back, and then I saw her run out of the school in your stuff. I figured you swapped. Either that or you would be naked. Dude, I told you not to go after her. What the heck happened?”

“Okay, so, let start by saying she’s hella cute.”

Logan told him an abbreviated version of the story, at least the part he was aware of. He still wasn’t clear on how he’d lost consciousness in the first place, but he explained how he had come to find himself in Jamie Lynn’s house and in her room, and why he hadn’t been found out yet.

“Well, one thing’s for sure,” Stu said, after hearing the story.

“What’s that?” Knox asked.

“That marriage isn’t going to be saved by a cruise.”

“You got that right.”

“Uh, hey. Stu. Didja happen to see... Uh... Where Jamie Lynn went?”

“No,” Stu replied. “I was wondering what happened to you. Then I had to go to class and... Wait, didn’t you set up a place where you guys would meet and swap back?”

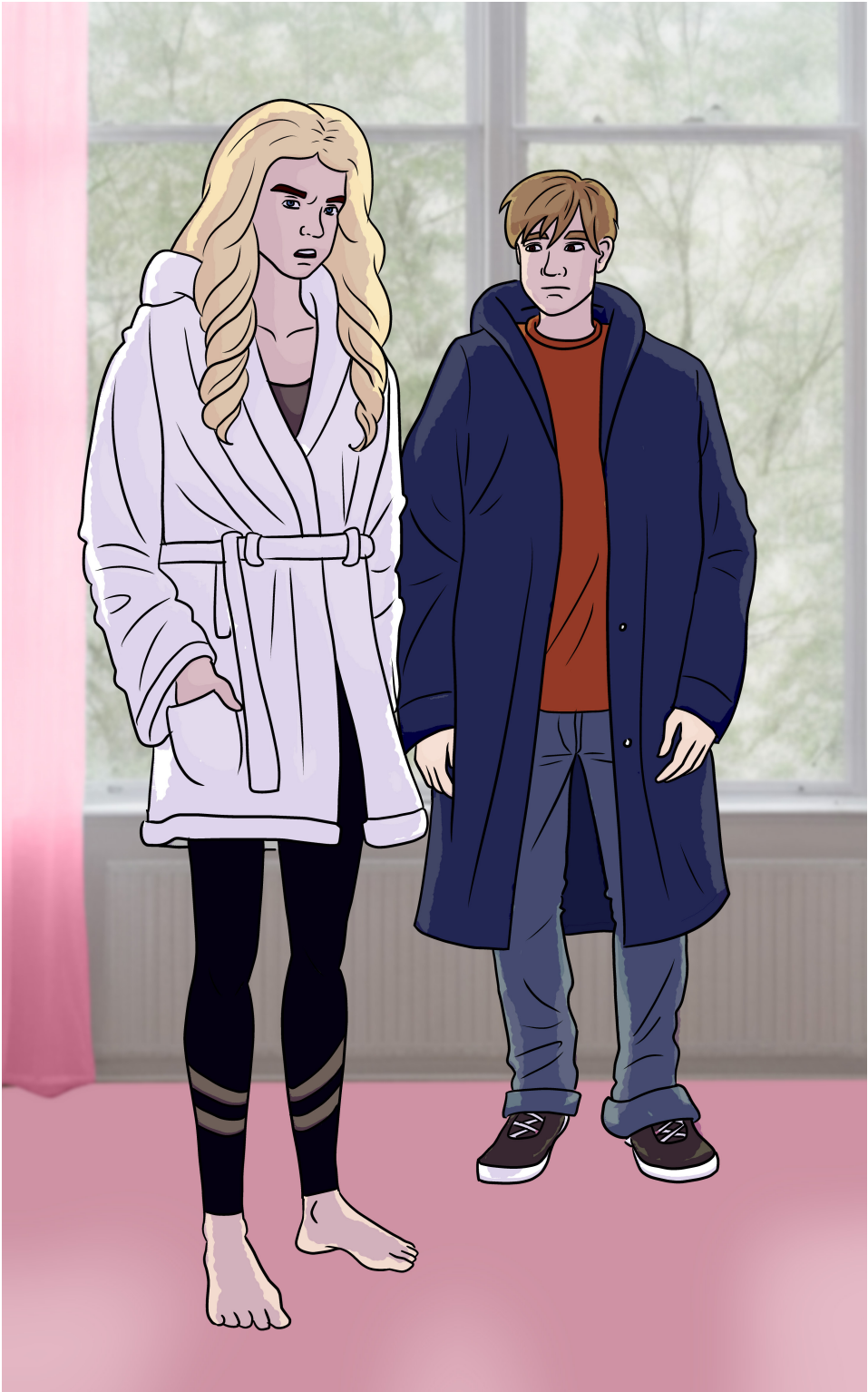
“I... It was...” Logan was floundering.

“You didn’t!” Stu laughed. “Logan Knox, smartest kid in school and you didn’t even plan for...”

“Hey, don’t blame me! I had a lot on my mind!”

“You saw her naked, didn’t you?”

“N... No.” The pause in Logan’s reaction was all the insinuation Stu needed.



“Yeah, *that’s* what you had on your mind!”

“Fuck you!” Logan yelled. He immediately cringed as he realized his voice was far too loud.

“It’s about time for your schoolmate to leave, Jamie Lynn!” Shouted the old woman from down the hall. “Say goodbye!”

“We should get out of here,” Logan said. “I’m not so sure this lady isn’t going to call the police.”

“What? And give this up? Nah, let it ride. That old lady has no clue. Blame uh...” He turned his head to read the girl’s name on the wall. “Jamie Lynn. It’s her idea, after all. You’re just helping her out.”

“I’m already in trouble after that shed caught fire behind the arcade last year.”

“That was two years ago, and it wasn’t your fault.”

“It was all my fault.”

“But no one can prove that, and that’s what’s important. Just don’t run outta here yet. Y’know, I wanna see how this plays out.”

Logan cracked a smile. “I kinda want to see what happens too.”

“Jamie Lynn!” yelled the old woman in a harsh, creaky voice that sounded like a mummy’s shriek.

“I should get,” Stu said. “But keep texting me.” He then bounded over to the dresser and opened a couple drawers. He quickly snapped a picture of the insides. “When this is over, I wanna hear everything.”

Logan watched him leave and then closed the dresser drawer that Stu had left open. Jamie Lynn’s panty drawer. “Perv,” he said as he closed it, wondering why he hadn’t thought to do that himself.

Logan went over to the window to watch Stu leave, and saw him head towards the street. He looked back up to see Logan, who double-bird flipped him off.

This was probably not a hot idea, Logan had to admit to himself. He was just asking for trouble. Then again, he liked causing trouble. It wasn’t his idea to wind up here, so it wasn’t like he had broken into this house. He had been brought here, and none of this was his fault. He was the hero in this situation, helping out a girl. Hell, he should get a reward for all the good deeds he was doing, he reasoned.

Now that he was alone, his priority was to get back in this crazy comfortable bed in the middle of the giant room. He jumped into it, the plushness and softness enveloping him immediately in warmth. He could live in this bed, he told himself.



“Jam Jam? Are you okay?” A voice called to Logan. He realized he had drifted off to sleep, which was incredibly easy in the big bed. He pushed his eyes open, and saw he was surrounded.

By cheerleaders. Young, beautiful, goddess-like cheerleaders.

“Like, are you alive n’ stuff?” The voice continued. Logan could see it was coming from one of the girls, a blonde. Well, the term ‘blonde’ only whittled down the group to seventy percent. There were at least ten unnervingly hot girls surrounding the bed, all looking at him pensively. It was not a dream come true for a teenage boy. No dream went this far. No unconscious mind would drum this up, for fear it was too unrealistic. “Jamie Lynn?”

Logan pulled his fluffy comforter up over his nose. He was racked with fear and had to protect himself from the bizarre situation, but not enough to block his view.

“She looks different,” one of the girls said to the other, puzzled.

“She’s sick,” the other explained. That seemed to satisfy everyone. They all nodded, agreeing that the reason Jamie Lynn looked like an almost entirely different person was because she was “sick.”

“We were, so, like, totally worried about you n’ junk!” A girl said, stepping forward. The rest of the squad lined the sides of the bed in an almost ceremonial fashion. “I mean, it’s like, your first week! We’d be so totally bummed if, like, a cheerleader died on their first week.”

Any week would probably have been bad enough, Logan reasoned.

“But we’re like, so happy you’re okay!” The girl said, jumping up on her feet like they were made with rubber bands. “I mean, you *are* okay, right?”

Logan didn’t respond for a moment, barely even processing what she was saying, as he was fighting dual impulses to run and jump out the window or gawk at the beautiful girls surrounding him. Finally, his brain caught up. He nodded.

“Awesome!” she said with the most adorable smile. “Oh man, we haven’t even had a chance to welcome you to the squad, like, officially. So we wanted to do that before you might.... Um...” She turned to one of the girls. “Whitney, you brought the stuff?”

One of the girls swung forward a tiny pack that had been strapped to her back. Logan immediately had visions of blood letting, pentagrams, candles in skulls and other things he figured had to be involved in a ceremony for becoming a cheerleader.

The girl, Whitney presumably, grabbed a pair of tiny socks from the backpack. “First year socks!” She said, merrily. “You new girls wear them on game days and next year, you get second year socks!” She tossed them gently on the bed. “It’s kind of a tradition.”



That was not what Logan was expecting. “Oh,” Whitney continued, “And your Rosenblatt Cheer tee, shorts, warm up pants, windbreaker...” She began to pull a few garments out of the pack, piling them on the foot of the bed. “...And face tattoos.”

“Um, and I’m adding this,” The lead girl said, picking a torn piece of gold lamé from her pocket.

“No Kristin! Not Tay-Tay’s outfit!” said one of the girls, who covered her mouth in shock. “You’ve had that since the Red Tour!” The other girls gasped.

It wasn’t an outfit at all, just a frayed, obviously torn piece of material. It was most likely something that had been taken from a larger garment.

“It’s time to pass it on,” Kristin said, laying it down with care on the bed. “Besides, I have the five I got from the Reputation tour and the 1989 tour.”

“So jealous!” A black-haired girl said. “I only have two.”

“I want you to have it, Jam-Jam.”

They all looked at Logan, expecting a comment. If he wasn’t mistaken, Tay-Tay was a slangy nickname for Taylor Swift, and he had just been gifted some scrap that had been torn from something she had worn on stage performing. He imagined a pack of jackals going after the last remains of a wildebeest.

“It’s overwhelming, isn’t it?” one of the girls said, delicately placing her hand over her chest.

“It’s just, like, to show you that you’re, like, one of us!” Kristin said. “You’re a Rosenblatt Lady Tiller Cheerleader! And if anyone gives you any trouble, we’re here for you! Right?” She turned to the others.

“We are one! We’re hav-ing fun! Lone-liness is on the run!” The girls were all cheering in unison, clapping with a beat. “Friends forever, always together! Friends forever, always together! Go Jamie Lynn! Go Jamie Lynn! Go Jamie Lynn, *go!*” They started to jump up and down, kicking up their heels behind them, boobs bouncing, as they screamed and cheered in exuberance.

Feeling overwhelmed in a lot of different ways, Logan couldn’t help but be touched. Jamie Lynn had made some great friends. They were as dumb as they come, but great friends.

“Is this your phone?” Kristin said, picking up Jamie Lynn’s phone. “We need to put all our numbers into it,” she said, as she started to tap away. She then handed it to the girl next to her who did the same.

“Your friends are making too much noise!” The old woman yelled from downstairs.

“Maybe we should go?” One of the girls, a redhead, said.

“You’re probably, like, way tired n’ stuff,” Kristin said to Logan. “And I gotta do my afternoon workout to lose that pound I gained eating Easter candy. Prom is only eleven months away!”

“Oh, yeah, uh-huh,” the crowd of girls all said to each other. “Gotta do it.” All of the sudden, the door burst open. In stumbled Stu. “Hello, ladies,” he said, grinning.

“Stewart Sutton?” Kristin said, puzzled and looking slightly revolted. “Just, uh, forgot to drop off all of... Uh... Jamie Lynn’s homework...” Stu sidled up to where Logan was lying, and handed something over. It felt to Logan to be a spent Kleenex. Logan figured that the little twerp must have spied the girls coming to Jamie Lynn’s house, turned around and headed back, knowing he could get in here.

“You’re helping her out?” Whitney said, scrunching up her nose. “Yeah,” Stu beamed, while staring at the girls’ boobs. “You know, that’s just the kind of guy I am.”

“Wow!” One of the other girls said. “So kewl! Thanks, Stewart!” Stu scratched the back of his head. “Aw, you know...” “Go Stewart!” She said, and was quickly joined by the rest. “Go Stewart! Go Stewart!” As they chanted, they pumped their fists in the air which resulted in shaking their amazing boobs which had the effect of attracting Stu’s leering gaze even more. Logan could see that he was entering some kind of trance state as he watched, hypnotized by the teenage temptations on display.

Logan punched him in the leg to get him back to reality. “What?” He asked Logan, as if he didn’t know.

“Oh, um...” Kristin suddenly seemed to remember something and turned her attention to Logan. “You said you were going to see Dr. Gupta tomorrow, right? Well, ask him for the Tiller Cheer Squad Special,” she said.

“I got it!” Whitney said with a proud smile, pointing to her face. “We *all* got it,” another girl said.

Kristin giggled. “Anyway, the doc is such a sweetie. He’ll take care of you.” “I can take care of you!” Stu said to Kristin. She didn’t seem to hear him.

Whitney leaned in. “Be brave!” She said. “You can do it!” The door to the room opened once again, this time with Ms. Winters, holding a tray. “Here’s some warm milk to help you sleep,” she said. “Now all your friends have to go. You need your rest for tomorrow.”

He wanted to ask what was happening tomorrow, and who this Dr. Gupta was — but there were twelve other people in the room. Not that it didn’t have

enough space. He just didn't want to ask a question that might expose him as an imposter with so many people.

"Anyway, we gotta go. I'll text you!" Kristin said. "Let's go, girls!"

"But I just got here!" Stu said, begging. "You could keep cheering and stuff! I didn't get to take pictures! I always forget to take pictures..." Before he could convince any of them to stay, they were already half out of the room. He gave his long-time friend in distress a quick look, then looked at the girls leaving, and then back at Logan. "Can someone give me a ride?" he said, following the girls.

Logan wanted to yell at him, as he really needed Stu's help at the moment, but suddenly it was just him and the old woman. "Drink the milk before it cools down, Jamie Lynn."

Cautiously, Logan lowered the bed coverings and sat up. He was handed the glass and he held it, deciding if he wanted to do this.

"I put honey in it," the old woman said.

Logan decided to go for it. After all, it was just milk, and he did like honey. He gulped it down with gusto. He figured this would get rid of her, and really wanted to be alone again.

"And I also put in the tranquilizers your doctor prescribed," Ms. Winters continued. "That's how my mother used to do it."

The world started to swim and suddenly all of his energy seemed to disappear. He fell back further into the pillows and he watched as Ms. Winters helped him lie back down. He was powerless to stop her or even talk.

"You'll be all set for the doctor tomorrow morning. Now sleeeerrrrrooooo...."

Her voice faded into a background of nothingness. That was the last thing he could recall.



It took several ill-fated attempts to wake up again. There was no way for Logan to know it, but he had been trying for about twelve hours. Time after time, he'd start to stir, ever so slightly, only to lose his grip on consciousness.

Finally, he was able to manage it, and began to see the harsh bright lights above him, and feel the uncomfortable hardness below him. His eyes were slowly focusing, trying to see anything of any shape, something he could recognize.

The first thing he could make out was a digital display. It was reading 78, and climbing. It was climbing fast. It was making him nervous. The number kept going up.

“Don’t watch the numbers, they just make you anxious,” a blur said.

Logan tried to track the source of the voice, but it was far harder than it should have been. He was still heavily drugged, but again, he didn’t know that.

“Are you awake, Jamie Lynn?” The voice inquired.

With persistence, Logan’s brain was slowly making the blur that was talking to him form into a human, which is what Logan suspected he was. His instinct proved correct, as he gained a face, eyes and a body.

“Where...”

“You’re at Miami Valley Hospital,” the voice said. “Do you remember why you’re here, Jamie Lynn?”

“Mwrrr...” Logan said in a deep, froggy voice.

“Well, maybe it’s best not to talk.” The man pulled a squat stool forward so he could sit on it, by Logan’s side. “It’s me, Doctor Gupta. Well, I suppose this is the first time we’ve met, officially. You’re out of surgery and in recovery.”

That kickstarted Logan’s brain. There were a few action words there he needed to know more about.

“Surrrrgrrr...?” He asked.

“Eyes, cheeks, nose and lips,” the doctor said, pointing to the bandages on Logan’s face with his pen. In breaking news, there were bandages on his face. It also explained why his face was numb and unresponsive. “Everything we talked about. I believe some people call it the Tiller Cheer Squad Special. We’ll have to wait to see for sure, but the procedures went very well. You came through it like the champion cheerleader you are.”

“Fass!” He said as loudly as he could manage. He grabbed his face, although the doctor kept him from doing any damage.

“Your face is just fine. I think you’re be very pleased. Just be gentle until it heals.”

Even as worried as he was about what exactly had been done to him, Logan had another thought. “But...” He gestured with both hands to his groin. “Why? My... I’m not...” He had to know why the doctor had operated on him. It must have been clear that he wasn’t Jamie Lynn. After all, he did have a male body. Most accredited doctors are educated enough to pick up on that kind of thing.

The doctor could see what he was trying to say, as he pointed to the male crochital zone. “Is there something wrong?” He asked.

Logan pointed even more forcefully at his abdomen. Why didn’t the doctor notice he was a guy, and stop the operation?

“Is there discomfort?” He couldn’t figure out what his patient was worried about. “Is there something wrong with your penis?”

“Y... Y... You know?” Logan was able to articulate from beneath his dressings.

“I don’t understand, Jamie Lynn. You’ve been very up front about your birth gender from the very beginning. Has something changed?”

Those words served as a moth being thrust into the power coupling of Logan’s normally overclocked mind. He froze up, and all he could do was stay there in mid-gesture, unable to finish his pantomime.

“You might feel a little disoriented. You’ll feel better soon. I’ll check in on you in an hour. The anesthesia should be out of your system by then. although you seem very susceptible to anesthetics.” He got up, slid the stool back and picked up a clipboard. Logan looked up at him, still unable to figure anything out. “Now just relax, Jamie Lynn. Don’t pull out your stitches.”

With the doctor gone, Logan dropped back onto the bed, letting his arms go limp. He sure wished he had his clove cigarettes.

Only a few things were obvious to him. He had just been through a surgical procedure or two on his face. He knew who Dr. Gupta was. This was the appointment everyone had been talking about. Jamie Lynn was still missing.

And she had set him up.



Later that night, Logan found himself being delivered to Ms. Winters’ car by wheelchair. He was still plenty groggy, and had a small bag on his lap that he would later discover contained Jamie Lynn’s hoodie robe and wig. With all the bandages on his head, none of his hair was to be seen, so his secret identity was still secret. At least from the caretaker.

He didn’t remember anything about the trip to Jamie Lynn’s place, and when he got back to Jamie Lynn’s room, he was in no state of mind to talk to the old woman about anything. Logan only really got his thoughts together in working order when he was back in Jamie Lynn’s decadently soft bed, and only after a full day had passed.

He was obsessive about what had happened to him. He still wasn’t sure why, or even how, but Jamie Lynn had somehow planned all this out.

It might have been a simple case of cold feet, running away when she was supposed to have an operation, but that didn’t explain why the doctor was expecting a boy to have the procedures. When Logan woke up in recovery, the doctor had also mentioned that it was the first time they had met.

That implied that the procedures had been arranged by video or phone. She had represented herself as a boy, and the doctor was expecting one. The only way that made any sense was if Logan had fallen into some kind of trap, made for him to unwittingly trigger. Either that or Jamie Lynn was really a boy herself, and Logan had seen enough of her to be convinced that wasn’t the case.

There was no other way to explain it. He had been tricked into switching places with Jamie Lynn, and he now had a bloody, bruised, cut-up face for it. Logan likely had permanent damage he'd have to live with, too. Maybe he'd never look quite the same again. He imagined his own face with a tiny nose on it, and knew he'd look like a freak.

Even more than knowing he'd be disfigured, he was irate that he'd been tricked. He was easily the smartest person in that school, including the teachers, and somehow he'd been maneuvered into this.

More worrying yet was that if he had been fooled into this situation, then it was for some reason. An important reason, one that made Jamie Lynn go to such great lengths. What was eating at Logan was that, for the life of him, could not figure out what that reason would be. He was smart enough to figure this out, he kept telling himself, but so far, he had nothing.

If he could understand why this had been done to him, then he might also have known there was more in store for him.



As he was stewing over his problems, Ms. Winters entered, carrying a tray of lunch for him. A salad, hard breadsticks and a glass of unsweetened iced tea. “Here you are, sweetie. And your pills, too.” She began to take the prescription painkillers and antibiotics out of the clumsy little pill bottles.

“I canna ea thris,” Logan said.

“Pardon?”

“I... can... no... ea... this...” He said, slower, to try forming the words as best he could.

“I spent the last hour making this for you! You’re not getting anything else! So you better eat it!” She was still fussing with the bottles. “And your voice sounds horrible.”

“No... my mouf...” Logan tried to explain. “My wrips. I cann no chew...” He was barely able to move his mouth anyway, so he had no chance of actually chewing food right now. Somehow he wasn’t surprised to know that this old bat wasn’t picking up on that.

“You’re going to eat what I make you! I highly doubt you’d want to go downstairs and try making food for yourself.” She tapped the tray three times with her finger. “You eat this right now.”

“My mouf!” Logan repeated, unable to communicate the problem with any more clarity.

“Oh, that’s quite enough.” She held out the pills Logan needed to take. “Children today.”

Logan took the painkillers eagerly, as his face had been getting more and more painful over the past hours as his last dose was wearing off. For all his suffering, and the suffering to come, he was going to wring that airhead’s neck when he saw Jamie Lynn again. Or maybe he’d just let the lawyers tear her and her family apart for what had been done to him.

He addressed the old woman again. “Miwkshake?” He asked, hoping to get something that he could actually eat.

“And when your parents ask why their daughter gained twenty pounds while they were gone? I hardly think so. A husky girl like you needs to watch her figure.” She picked up the tray and took it away with flourish, signaling it wasn’t coming back. “Now you sleep and maybe you’ll wake up with a better attitude.”

“Shleep?” He said. “Buh I’m not...” And then the room suddenly to a dip to the right. The old woman had just slipped him something to knock him out — again. He knew it just for a half a moment before he was out.

His dream was odd. Logan was in bed, surrounded by giggling. Wondering where it was coming from, he looked around, bewildered. It was dark, and there were stars where the ceiling should have been. A cool breeze drifted by. There was more giggling, and Logan sat up to see girls from Jamie Lynn’s

cheerleading squad lying around the room on sleeping bags, surrounding his bed.

“Hey, Jamie Lynn!” one of the girls said, upon noticing Logan’s attention. “Great movie, huh?”

Logan looked forward to see that the Barbie Movie was playing on a big screen in front of the bed. They were singing an ultra-poppy song, and the girls in the room were bobbing and tossing their heads to the beat.

It was some kind of slumber party he found himself in the middle of. Logan had experienced many dreams like this since he had hit puberty. A boy at a girl’s slumber party, but in his dream the girls didn’t want him to leave, they wanted him to stay.

After a moment, he realized that this would be about the part where...

“Hey, Stacy. You wanna try the kissing game again?” A girl asked another. “Y’know, Suck and Blow?”

Yesss... Logan said inside his mind. *Oh, yessss...*

“Yah!” Stacy replied with a smile. “You’re on! Gonna take you down this time, Bridget!”

“Like, whatever!” Brianna replied.

“Macey and Tiffany on my team!” Stacy said, hopping up on her pajama’d knees.

“Britney and Brianna on mine,” Bridget said. “Team B!” Logan was especially intrigued, as he perched himself on the bed, getting the best view. He’d never heard of a kissing game like this, where six girls were involved. It sounded really sexy.

“Okay, from the door to the window and back!” Brianna said, drawing two playing cards from a backpack.

Even more interesting, Logan thought to himself. What as the playing card for? His imagination was getting kinky.

“Ready?” Bridget asked. “Go!”

As he watched, Bridget and Stacy both leaned forward with their hands behind their backs and puckered up. They then each picked up one of the playing cards with their mouths. Keeping their hands behind their backs, and running along on their knees, they were holding the playing card using nothing but the suction of their lips. At the other end of the room, they met a teammate and the girls would press their lips tightly together — with the playing card in between them — to transfer the card.

It was a relay race. Just a relay race. No making out, no girl-on-girl action. Nothing. His dreams were so lame sometimes.

Still, the girls were having loads of fun, and that wasn't nothing. Bridget's team won after Tiffany let their card slip in the last relay, causing the room to explode in girlish cheers. At least he got to see the girls on Team Bridget smooch their boobs together and hug in celebration. Stacy demanded yet another rematch, and this time they won, relentlessly taunting Bridget.

Eventually things died down, and Logan leaned back in bed. After a minute, and nothing was happening, he gradually became aware that he was having a lot more tactile information in this dream than normal.

"Jam-Jam!" said Macey as she stood up beside him. "I got you this," she said, handing over a box. She opened it for him, and it was full of pouches of drinks and baby food, with straws.

"Mmmf?" He asked.

"We all had the same problem after our surgeries. The only way I survived was by eating this stuff. I know it's gross, but maybe you could use them?"

If the bandages weren't concealing his eyes, Logan was in danger of displaying a tear of joy.

"Fank wou," he said.

That's when he first suspected that this may not be a dream. Looking up at the ceiling, he realized that Jamie Lynn had simply applied glow-in-the-dark star stickers all over it, not real stars, which is what made him think this was a dream in the first place.

All of the sudden, the world around him was terrifying. He was in the real world. With real people. Doing real things.

"I'm soooo glad!" Macey said, hugging him. "I hope you don't mind that Bridget wanted a surprise slumber party. Sometimes she can be kinda pushy."

"Hey!" Bridget called from the other side of the room, eavesdropping.

"I mean it with love!" Macey called back. "Anyway, thanks for putting up with us. We get so, y'know, worried n' stuff when one of us is feeling all poopy."

Logan simply did not remember the beginning of this event, nor even everyone coming into the room. To be even more precise about it, he had no idea what day this was. That old woman was probably still drugging him, and his memories were spotty at best.

"Shhurri," Logan replied, in a well-muffled voice. He couldn't be mad at these girls. They were always thinking of each other, and they were so damn sweet. He ripped open a pouch of pear mango avocado puree and never tasted anything so wonderful. It had been so long since he could eat.

"Awesome!" Macey replied. "Um. We may be doing karaoke next. You probably might wanna, like, just watch?"

Logan nodded. It appeared that being in the real world, not the dream world, was okay. He was fine. Things were fine. Watching quietly, in the background, unobserved, was fine.

This disguise had some nice benefits, and he briefly forgot that his masquerade constituted a whole new degree of sexual harassment the law hadn't even been written for yet. So for the moment, he was very okay with watching teenage girls cavort around in pajamas in front of him.

Of course, it was a matter of time before he would have to find his way out of this wild situation. He suspected that might be more difficult than he first assumed.



It was another nice morning for Logan. He was almost to the point where he was taking it for granted. In Jamie Lynn's room, the light seemed brighter, even purer, than it ever had before. When it wasn't showing through old yellowed blinds in a room filled with brown colors, like his room back home, morning light was actually pleasant.

It took him a moment to realize it, but his phone was playing Taylor Swift's "All Of The Girls You Loved Before" as morning wake-up music. He still hadn't figured out how to turn off Jamie Lynn's stupid morning alarm, and he was seriously thinking of using manual override on the phone, in the form of a hammer, get it to stop. That would mean he'd lose the one form of communication he had, though. Given that he was still a prisoner in Jamie Lynn's room — and life — that wasn't a good idea.

Two weeks had passed since the slumber party. Since he was recuperating from surgery, Logan wasn't really able to be that active. Upsetting things by revealing his identity, or just simply slipping out of the house, wouldn't have been a very smart move. However, as the days passed, it certainly lost some urgency for him.

For the most part, he was left alone, and old Ms. Winters just checked in once in a great while. Maybe just two or three times a day. Otherwise, he had little to worry about as long as he kept the wig on.

This morning, he wanted to get up and start a day like a normal person, and the lifestyle of being in bed all day was beginning to wear on him. He grabbed the comforter, and had to loosen his grip, as the long nails on his fingers threatened to piece the fabric.

The nails were Brooke's doing, who came by a few days ago, worried that "Jamie Lynn's" nails were looking ratty during the slumber party. She insisted on being allowed to work on Logan's nails to "fix" them.

Having a pretty girl hold your hands for an hour was not something Logan could pass up, but it came at the cost of the ten 3/4 inch nails he now sported. They were coated in some kind of clear coating which made them stronger. Also, if he held them in the light just right, they sparkled. Now, despite his annoyances, he had no idea how to get rid of them.

He stood up and his bare feet hit a pair of slippers he'd been ignoring, so he kicked them back under the bed again. Slippers seemed like something that were a bit too fancy for him. The white tee and pink shorts he was wearing were an indicator of how few things he had left to wear: he was so desperate for clean clothes he had put on something pink.

Was this the day he might finally be able to leave? He had been so heavily drugged that he hadn't really been able to form coherent thoughts, let alone plan a way out. Up until yesterday, he felt like he needed to stay until the follow-up appointment with the doctor, just to make sure he was healthy enough. Now, this morning, was his first real opportunity to get out of here.

Logan headed for the bathroom for the morning leak, pausing only slightly to look at the new Taylor Swift poster that was on the wall. Brynn had gifted it to him, to "cheer him up" while sick. It didn't quite have that effect on him. If Taylor Swift should fall into a vat of her branded perfume and never be heard from again, he'd be much happier.

He'd also passed the mirror, with three new pics jammed into the frame. These were pictures the girls took during the slumber party, with him in bandages, but surrounded by cute cheerleaders in pajamas. Those seemed worth keeping.

The young man got to the toilet and unpacked his penis from its confines. The shorts he was wearing were definitely not cut to accommodate male appendages and it was a relief to get them some air. As he did, he caught sight of himself in the mirror and flinched.

Yesterday had been the day he was finally allowed to remove most of the bandages. It took a trip to Dr. Gupta's office, but he clipped everything off and declared the operations a total success. That was depending on who's viewpoint you had, really. His face was bruised in many, many different colors, so it still wasn't entirely clear what the final result would be, but he was seeing bad signs already.

His nose had definitely been altered. It was about the same size as it used to be, but he was told it was swollen and that would go away. Once the swelling went down, he wasn't sure how much smaller it would get, but he didn't like the looks of things.

The cheeks were definitely a bit different, too. They were slightly blocking his vision, swollen as they were. Both were still sore to the touch, too.

Logan locked the bathroom door and braced it. He couldn't have that crazy mean old lady burst in while he was naked, which was something she was entirely capable of. Once secure, he removed his wig, which he was wearing again since he didn't have bandages, stripped, and got into the shower.

He was halfway through when it occurred to him that his arms felt a lot smoother than usual. He wasn't especially hairy young man, and was still waiting for his beard and mustache to kick in. However, the hair on his arms and legs had been growing for a few years now. Which is why is seemed unusual to him to not be able to feel it. Washing the suds off, he took a closer look.

His arms were bare. His legs were bare, too.

Then he noticed the swirl of short, light hair in the drain as it flowed away. Had he just lost his body hair? Logan quickly shut off the shower. He couldn't understand what was going on. How had that just happened? He had to think. Was it some kind of shock from the surgery? Was it stress? The only other thing that could cause it would be...

He grabbed the body wash bottle he had been using, one that had been left behind by Jamie Lynn. He had taken just a couple of showers since he had been tricked into staying here, and Jamie Lynn's bodywash was the only thing she had that could clean him. He unscrewed the top and gave it sniff. It smelled sweet. Sweet and acidic.

Depilatory cream. His mother used to leave hers lying around the lone bathroom in his house before she left. It smelled just like this. In fact, it brought back memories of better times for his family.

"Another trick," Logan growled to himself.

Not that he was big fan of body hair, but he was definitely not a fan of being tricked. He thought the tingling sensation meant that it was working. After using this bodywash just three times, it had left him baby smooth from head to toe. At least he hadn't been stupid enough to wash his hair with it, and still had that.

Then a very disturbing thought came to him. He felt his eyebrows. There was nothing there.

"Fuck. Shit!" He launched himself out of the tub, threw aside the curtain and wiped the steam from the mirror. He had only skin where his brows should be. "Fuck you, Jamie Lynn!"

She had gotten him again. He was going to have to stop underestimating what this girl had in store. Taking it easy was costing him, and he had to keep his guard up. Most imperatively, he was going to have to replace his eyebrows.

Twenty minutes later, Logan was at Jamie Lynn's vanity desk, watching a YouTube video called "How to Draw Killer Eyebrows." Yes, it was a tutorial on how to do women's eyebrows, but there are sparingly few that showed how to draw



men's eyebrows. He didn't have a choice. He was not going to be seen without eyebrows.

That was a process of trial and error, mostly error, but after a while, he decided it wasn't going to get any better and needed to get dressed. The bra he picked out from Jamie Lynn's drawers was just like the rest of hers. Plain cotton but with gel inserts stitched into them. Wearing girl's underwear, especially when he knew the girl, was weird enough, but wearing a bra that made him look like he had modest breasts was downright twisted. Still, he needed to dress like a regular girl, and this was part of what he had to do. Especially if he was going to be seen, even just by Ms. Winters. He selected something in the closet that was helpfully labeled "Casual Outfit 4" and put it on. Pink sweatpants, white belly shirt and a pink hoodie.

Once he had the wig fastened properly to his scalp, he headed downstairs. Ms. Winters was no longer making him food, which he was grateful for. He had also graduated from baby food to girl food, which was only slightly more appetizing, as it appeared that all Jamie Lynn was allowed to eat were salads, carrots, celery and grapefruit. The shopping list someone else had given Ms. Winters was very specific, and the fridge had almost nothing but healthy low-calorie fresh foods in it. Logan would sell his soul for just a slice of American Cheese after what he was going through.

Ms. Winters made a point of going into the kitchen when she heard Logan rummaging around. "The doctor *did* say the bruises would go away?" She asked, skeptically.

"Like, yeah, for sure!" Logan chirped back in his vapid ultra-high pitched girly-girl voice. He was sure people should find it hilarious and ridiculous, but so far, no one was giving him any pushback when he used it.

"I don't trust doctors," the woman said as she walked away. "All they want is your money."

"Great talking to you," Logan whispered to himself. She didn't even say anything about the eyebrows, so he figured he'd done a decent job. "I'm not gonna miss her, that's for fucking sure." He gathered up all the food he thought he could carry. It was free, after all, and his dad sure didn't keep the fridge stocked at home, so it was better than nothing.

When he got back to Jamie Lynn's room, he heard his phone vibrating. He was happy to see it was Stu. He was getting used to three or four morning picture texts a day from the cheerleaders seeking approval for their outfits. They were always fine, their hair was fine and their accessories were fine. Stu didn't need that kind of help. He was a guy.

"Looks pretty bad, huh?" Stu had texted, along with a photo. He was in a pair of work coveralls and a cap.

"What's that for?" Logan texted back. He hated texting with these nails.

"Work. Gonna work for my dad this summer."

Logan closed the chat to see the calendar. It was summer. School was already out. He had no idea. He was so preoccupied that he'd missed that little detail.

Stu's dad ran a "landscaping" business that was glorified lawn mowing, and the coveralls were what his father wore to work. He opened chat again.

"You look like your dad."

"I know. But it's just for the summer."

Logan knew this was a sore spot with Stu. He had always been worried he'd never go anywhere in life and would just wind up taking over his father's business, then grow old and die off that way.

"You'll look good in your coffin."

"Like you can talk, girly."

Touché. "Hey, I'm getting out of here today. Can you give me a ride?"

"I get off at six."

"I get off all the time."

"Fucker. I gotta go. You want me to come around?"

"Nah. I'll be outta here by then. Good luck at your dream job."

There was no reply. That's how he knew he had really pissed Stu off.

"Need to tell you something," Stu texted just as Logan was about to put the phone down.

"Yeah?" Logan replied.

"Your dad's in jail."

Logan sighed. "Again?"

"He tried to rob the OTB."

"Again?" The young pink-clad man tossed his phone on the bed and took a moment to digest this new info. He paced around the room and took some deep breaths. His dad had always bet the horses — he always lost, too. He had a habit of blaming everyone else but himself, and would get obsessed with taking his money "back" from the local Off-Track Betting place and this wasn't the

first time he'd tried to do it by force. He had been arrested several times over the years, for various things, narrowly avoiding jail. This time would be different, though. He was on probation. That meant automatic jail time.

"You shoulda told me," Logan texted back

"I didn't know until a couple of days ago."

"You shoulda told me then."

"You were kinda busy."

He was right, of course. That didn't keep Logan from feeling angry, though. He reminded himself to be angry at his deadbeat dad, not Stu.

"Did they lock my place down?"

"It's got a thing on the front door."

Logan knew what that meant. As they took his father to jail, they would close off the house and send child protective services for Logan. That's what had happened last time. Logan had spent five nasty months with a foster couple that kept him locked in a room with three other kids. One liked to play with knives.

The 'thing on the front door' was a notice that it was under "court administration." They would have changed the locks, and then a court would rule on if the house would be returned to his father. That might take months. It would be a long time before it was legal to step foot inside.

"I'm gonna come get you," Stu texted.



"Who are you?" Stu asked Logan.

"Who do you think?" Logan replied, standing in Jamie Lynn's back yard. "You were going to get me out of here on your bicycle?"

Stu let his bike drop to the ground as he stood there, stunned. He couldn't understand what he was seeing. "What... What...?"

"I was expecting a car, at least."

"What the fuck?"

"Oh, yeah. The face." Logan realized he hadn't explained it yet to Stu. He had kept it quiet because he was embarrassed. This wasn't the best time or place to do it, but he probably had no choice. He looked over his shoulder to see Ms. Winters watching them from a window. "Stupid Boomer," he muttered.

"Are you trying to pull a trick on me?" Stu said, getting impatient. "Where's Logan?"

Logan made sure their backs were to the window. "You bring me some clove ciggies?" He asked.

"What?"

He gripped Stu by the underwear, giving him a wedgie. It was something Logan did when he was really ticked off with his best friend. "It's me, dick cheese."

"Leggo!" Stu said, short of breath. Logan did, causing Stu to buckle over in pain and get a minor coughing fit.

"Believe me?"

"Yeah."

"I told you about the doctor, right?" Logan said. "Well, this was what that was all about." He pointed to his own face. "Cheek implants, lip filler, eyes, nose job... That old woman drugged me and they did this without me even waking up!"

"No. You gotta be kidding? That's insane! You should sue!" Stu got a closer look. "You really look like her. I mean, kinda. Well, I don't know. I've only seen Jamie Lynn a couple of times." He took another look. "But you sure do look like a girl."

"It's not *that* big a difference, is it?"

"Well, it's... No, It's kinda... Well... Why are you wearing makeup?"

Logan had a full makeup application, from mascara to lip gloss. All his remaining blemishes had been covered in thick foundation. His lashes fluttered when he looked down in shame. "Ms. Winters wouldn't let me leave the house without looking 'presentable,'" he said, angrily.

"She still thinks you're Jamie Lynn?" Stu said, then answered his own question. "I mean, yeah, I guess she would have to if you're still living there."

"So let's get the fuck outta here," Logan said. "Do you want me to ride behind you or..."

"We can't," Stu said. "I was thinking about this. There's nowhere for you to go. Your place is locked tight."

"I could stay with you."

"Even if we spend a hundred hours explaining this mess, I doubt my folks would go for it."

"I could stay with my uncle."

Stu shook his head. "Same problem. And he's what, three hours away?"

"Well, what am I supposed to do?" Logan said, getting frustrated. "I can't stay here."

"That's exactly what you should do."

“What? Don’t fuck around.” He glanced up at the window to make sure the old woman wasn’t going to cause any problems.

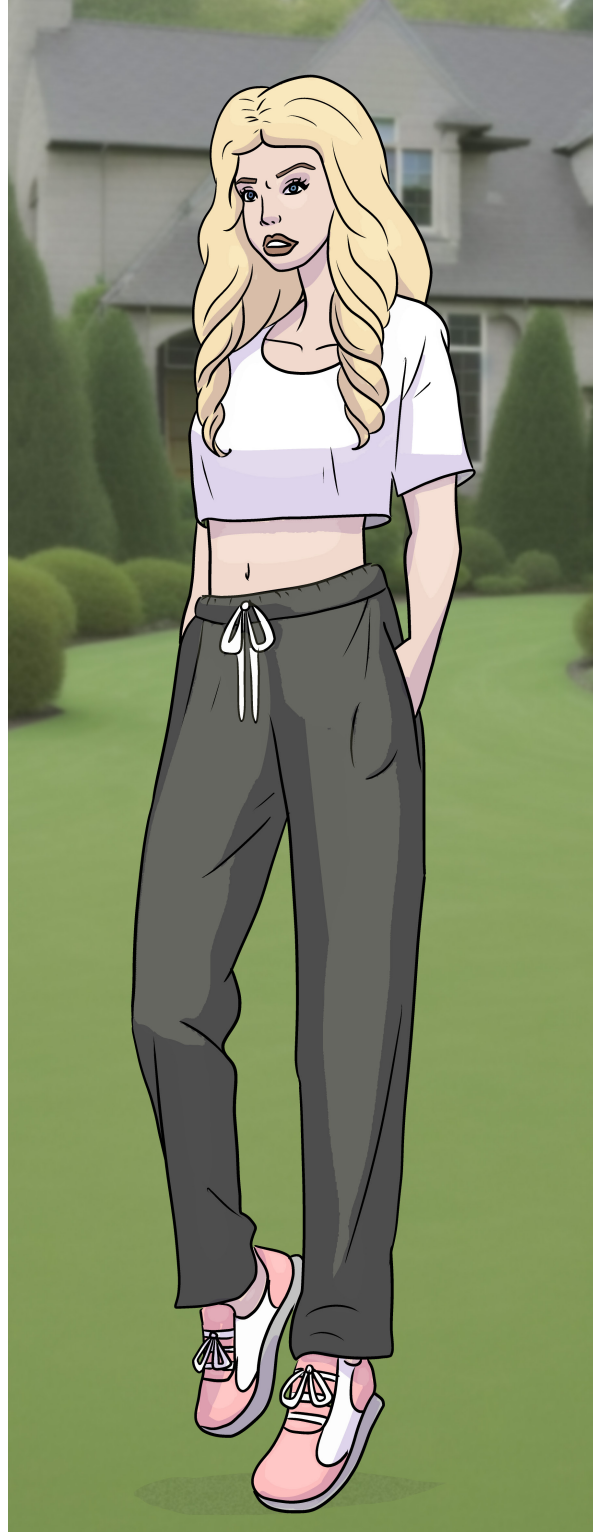
“No! Really!” Stu continued. “Look at what they did to you! You need to take pictures, document everything. Get the receipts! You can sue them and be set for life! You run away and good luck proving any of this.”

Logan pointed to his face again. “Kinda proof enough.”

“The doctor can just say he was doing what he was told. He could even claim you were the one who asked for it in the first place. They can also say you were masquerading as Jamie Lynn and taking her place intentionally.”

Logan was about to say something, but stopped before he did. Stu wasn’t wrong. He didn’t have a foolproof case. Given what he knew about lawyers, judges and juries, and what fools they all were, he needed more to prove his future lawsuit.

“Look at this house, dude!” Stu looked up at the white, perfect two-story house — which is what passed for a mansion in these parts. “These people are loaded! You can sue them for tons!”



He was getting excited. "You're set for life if you play this right!"

"I'll need to find Jamie Lynn, though."

"I mean, where can she go? She's a teenage girl. She'll need money and stuff. She's bound to come back."

"It's been more than two weeks. And I think she planned all this. She laid all these traps and..."

"Jamie Lynn Lambert? Are you kidding?"

Just hearing it out loud made it sound ridiculous, Logan had to admit.

"Hang in there," Stu said. "Take pictures, get documents, and when Jamie Lynn comes back, we'll have the whole case."

"Famous Lawyer, Stu Sutton."

"It makes sense. Right? Tell me I'm wrong?"

Logan looked back up at Ms. Winters, who was still watching them.

Stu chuckled. "You can handle her. You have so far."

"It's not her I'm worried about," Logan said. He didn't finish the sentence. If he had, he would have indicated his source of his concern.

The things he was truly worried about carried pom-poms.



Two days later, with Ms. Winters sitting by his side, Logan was in a waiting room for another doctor's appointment. He had been escorted every step of the way, and he had little choice but go.

"Jamie Lynn?" The receptionist said. "Dr. Brody will see you now."

Slowly, Logan got to his feet. He wasn't nervous, he was just wearing heels. Ms. Winters had rejected his attempt to wear cheerleading shoes, and he had to hobble around wearing a pair of wedges. At least he was getting away with "Casual Outfit 7" which was a yellow baseball shirt and a pair of jeans.

The doctor was seated at his desk. "Hello..." Dr. Brody glanced at his calendar. "...Jamie."

Logan immediately headed for the nearest seat, wanting to get off the shoes, and pulled himself onto the chair.

He hadn't recognized the good Dr. Brody, as most of his interaction with him was while he was unconscious. As far as Logan was concerned, this was the first time he'd ever seen him.

However, Dr. Brody didn't know that yet. The doctor hadn't been looking forward to this appointment, but money is money, and since he hadn't heard any-

thing about a lawsuit from the events at the school, the appointment was kept. So now he was observing Jamie Lynn very closely, and although she appeared to be nervous and a bit out of sorts, she didn't seem to be giving him any special attention.

"I hope you're feeling well," the doctor said. "So tell me, what did you want to discuss today?"

The thing was, although Logan wasn't particularly worried about this encounter, he didn't want to give anything away. So he had been trying to figure out what a teenage girl would want to talk about for a therapy appointment. He had no earthly idea what a girl even worried about. Boys? Fashion? Gossip?

So he went about finding the answer from those who knew best.



"Hey, Jam-Jam! Over here!" Brooke was sitting in the edge of a flower planter but sprang to her feet and started waving wildly.

Next to her in front of the Pizza King restaurant was Macey, who was also waving like crazy got her Logan's attention, five feet away. "Ohmigod! You look so good! Totally jelly, Jam-Jam!"

Ms. Winters had dropped him off across from the strip mall in Tipp City, where Logan had arranged to meet up with a couple of the cheerleaders. It had been two hours of getting ready, doing his makeup and hair. It took a remarkable amount of work to look like an ordinary teenage girl.

He had gone with the "Meet Up #2" outfit Jamie Lynn had left him, which included a cotton poet's blouse with a pair of jeans. The jeans were slashed and torn in about twenty different places, but at least they were jeans. He had added sunglasses and a floppy white bucket hat to hide all of the makeup mistakes he had made.

"You made it!" Brooke said, launching herself into a big arm-wrapping hug.

"Ohmigod! Yah!" Logan replied in his stupid girl voice. "I'm, like, here!"

So far so good. Every encounter with the girls from Percival Rosenblatt High Cheer had been with most of him obscured, now he was out in the open. Things seemed to be going all right, which was a huge relief.

"So good to see you!" Macey said, repeating her friend's hug. "Isn't it a great day n' stuff? It's so great!"

"Yah! Totally great!" Logan replied. He had noticed that most of girl's conversations was just lobbing the comment back with the same level of enthusiasm.

"Here we are, getting lunch and everything with Jam-Jam!" Brooke said, vapidly. "Wooooow!"

That name was really bothering him. It was one thing to pretend his name was Jamie Lynn, it was another to sound like a five year old's favorite rap song. But that wasn't his mission today. He had two objectives. One was to learn if Jamie Lynn was having a specific problem she was seeing a therapist for, and the other was his next question.

There was only one tiny table at the tiny Pizza King, and it had two chairs. Macey and Brooke shared one and ceded the other to Logan. The girls made it look like two people sitting in the same chair was normal. The lone guy at the counter didn't seem to mind.

"So, I heard this rumor..." Logan said as he sipped on a diet coke.

"Yees?" The girls said, their attention locked on Logan, eyes wide and ready to receive.



“...That there was this girl around here who looks exactly like me.” Logan paused to see if they were still interested. They were. “And I mean, *exactly* like me. Except she has short brown hair.”

“Ohmigod!” Macey said, covering her mouth with both hands. “That’s awful!”

Brooke was less alarmed. “I would *die* if I saw someone who looked just like me.”

“It would be fun to have a twin,” said Macey.

“But what if she’s an evil twin.”

“That would be, like, gross!”

“So have you seen her around?” Logan asked. He was setting this up so that any sighting of the real Jamie Lynn right be relayed to him as soon as it happened.

“Nuh-uh,” Macey said, shaking her head in disregard for all the hair that flew everywhere when she did.

“Noooo...” Brooke said, looking suspiciously at Logan. “You’re talking about *you!*”

“Huh what?” Logan replied, stunned. “I don’t...”

“You’re talking about yourself,” Brooke said. “You have short brown hair. You’re trying to prank us.”

“I what?” Logan could feel the blood in his body run cold.

“I saw you without your wig that one time,” Brooke said. “You didn’t notice. You were hiding from everyone behind the gym. It was the day you tired out for the squad.”

“You’re wearing a wig!” Macey said, as if it were a religious revelation. She stuck her head in closer to get a better look. Logan backed away, horrified that his disguise was already blown. Now he was going to have to come up with some fancy excuses fast, or as an alternative, flip the table and run.

“Here’s your pizza,” the counter guy said, depositing the small pizza on the edge of the table.

“Yum! Pizza!” Brooke said, hopping in the seat like a kid.

“Pizza pizza pizza!” Macey added, gleefully.

Brooke quickly shoved most of a slice into her mouth. “Haaaahhht!” She said, after a second.

Macey looked at her, waited a moment, and did the exact same thing. “Haht haht haht!”

As the girls gulped down water to cool themselves off, Logan was waiting, petrified, for the part where the girls accused him of being a fraud. The part

where wearing a wig was a give-away to wearing a disguise, and it seemed like their relationship was about to turn nasty in a very big way.

Once they had caught their breath, they were ready to talk again. “Anyway, nice wig,” Macey said before taking another big bite.

“Do you wash it?” Brooke asked. “I always wanted one for my, like, bad hair days.” She continued eating as well.

Realizing he was in the clear, Logan relaxed. “I haven’t had it long enough to clean it.”

“If I had a wig, I’d shave my head,” Macey said. “Without doing my hair, I could wake up an hour later.”

“Not me... but maybe I’d dye my hair pink,” Brooke said. “On some days, pink. On other days, not pink. Pink. Not pink. I’d keep everyone guessing what color I’d be that day.”

“Kewl!” Macey said.

“But anyway,” Logan said, in danger of sounding serious, “There really is a girl who looks like me, I think, so let me know if you see her, ‘kay?”

“Okay, Jam-Jam!” Macey said with a smile.

The cringe finally got to Logan. “Uh, hey. Let’s just stick with Jamie Lynn. Or simply Jamie. Okay?”

“Sure, Jam-Jam!” Brooke said.

“*Jamie*,” Logan emphasized.

“Jamie?” Brooke repeated.

“*Jamie*,” Logan said to Macey.

“Jamie,” Macey repeated.

“Right.” Logan picked up a piece of pizza for himself and took his customary half-a-slice-at-a-time bite.

Unfortunately for him, after weeks of being fed rabbit food, the fatty, greasy cheese was almost too much for his system, and he put the rest of the slice down.

“Hey, I came up with a new move for the team!” Macey suddenly said.

“OMG, seriously?” Brooke responded.

“Yah! It’s like this.” She put down her pizza. “Shimmy shimmy shake.” She did the moves as she talked it out, slightly shaking her shoulders — and then really shaking her shoulders and her boobs as a result.

Brooke put down her slice. “Isn’t that like, shake shimmy shake?” She did the very same thing Macey had just done, but with a big shake at the start.

“Uh-huh! But it’s different.”

“Wow! Try it Jam-Jam!”

“Jamie,” Logan said.

“1-2-let’s-go!” Brooke chanted. At once, the two cheerleaders did the moves together, although they were still sitting.

Logan felt mortified as he was encouraged to join in. Technically, he was a member of the squad, and he had to keep up that facade, so he very unenthusiastically started shaking his shoulders slightly like the girls were.

“That’s it! You got it!” Brooke said to him. “You learn quick!”

Logan kept doing his half-hearted moves until he was interrupted.

“Hey, uh you girls are cheerleaders, huh?” Said the guy behind the counter. — only now he was standing next to the table with a goofy grin on his face.

“Yah!” Macey said. “Ohmigod!”

“You mind if we take some pictures?” The young man asked. “We like to put pics of local celebrities on the wall.”

Logan looked at the wall, which had only a framed copy of the fire code.

“Sure!” Macey and Brooke quickly got out of their seats and stood to be photographed.

“Wait, guys...” Logan said as he got up to try and talk them out of the obvious set-up.

Before he got very far, the counter guy gently, but firmly, pushed Logan out of his field of view. “If we could just get some shots of the cheerleaders, miss,” he said as Logan was shuffled away.

Logan noted that the cooks in the back had suddenly appeared a few feet away, with the same goofy expressions as the counter guy. This was getting more serious by the moment, and he had to keep it from getting out of hand.

Logan got in the way of the pictures again. “Uh, if we could just... Maybe...”

“Okay, now give me a cheer, girls!” The counter guy said.

This time it was Macey who was pushing Logan out of the way. “Just a minute, kay?”

“1-2-let’s-go!” Brooke said pumping her arms in the air as if she were on the sidelines of a football game.

“Shake shimmy shake, shake shimmy shake...” the girls said as they went into their routine.

“Now turn around!” Came a suggestion from the other guys.

The girls pivoted and did the same moves, this time looking over their shoulders and sticking their butts out. They were smiling like they were having the time of their lives.

“But...” Logan tried to insert himself again, but was now pushed so far away, he fell back into his chair again.

“Do it facing each other!” The camera man said to Macey and Brooke. They obliged immediately, and looked like they were well practiced in doing so. They didn’t break their rhythm or their smile for a moment. They shook their little bodies vigorously.

“Kiss!” yelled one of the guys.

The girls moved in closer as they puckered up.

“Okay, that’s it!” Logan said, getting in the way and making sure he broke things up. He spread his arms out and forced the girls to move out of the way. “Let’s just get out of here. Let’s go. Come on.” She grabbed them both by the wrists.

“But the pizza!” Macey said.

Logan yanked them out of the restaurant and down the walkway to get clear. “What was that?”

“What was what?” Brooke asked, confused.

“They were taking advantage of you!”

“They were?” Macey replied, slightly flustered. “But they seemed so nice!”

“Trust me,” Logan said. “We can get something to eat elsewhere.”

“I’m full,” Brooke said.

Macey concurred. “Me too.”

Even though none of them had actually finished a single slice, Logan had to agree. He didn’t have room for any more food. His appetite had really been weird lately.

“Okay. Uh. So now what?”

“Let’s go in here!” Macey suggested looking at the store they were in front of.

“Ted Haney’s Sink Center,” Logan read aloud off the sign. “You’re sunk without a sink from Ted,” was the slogan.

“Yeah!” Brooke said, following her friend in.

Logan sighed and followed them. As it turns out, watching the sales woman demonstrate a garbage disposal was really very entertaining, so much so that Logan never got around to asking his most important question of Macey and Brooke.

But he already knew the answer at that point.



“You must have something on your mind.” Dr. Body asked Logan, as the therapist waited for an answer.

“Just, y’know...” Logan gave him his best scatterbrained teenage girl. “...Like, guys don’t respect me.” His observations from his afternoon out with Macey and Brooke had left a real impression on him. He had already absorbed the one thing that he figured most girls were worried about. “Sometimes I think every guy I meet is perving on me. Are all men sexually deprived sickos?”

“Let’s talk about your family,” the therapist said, quickly changing topics, and abruptly changing his line of eyesight from Logan’s fake boobs to a plant on his desk. “On your last visit you said that you thought your family didn’t understand you.”

Logan wasn’t going to fight the change in topic. His main mission was already accomplished, as the therapist completely bought into him being a teenage girl. With that taken care of, the door was now open. Now he wanted to know more about the real Jamie Lynn and if she was even capable of planning this little trap — and if she was, why? And what more might she have in store?

“Ugh,” Logan said. “Well you remember, like, what I said last time, right?” Logan wanted to draw more info out of the doctor.

“Oh, of course.” The doctor checked his notes again. “You were moving to a new town and... Feeling like...” He was flipping pages furiously as he scanned them. “You were being forced to act like everything was great... You would do anything to live your own life...”

This was all kind of average teenage angst, but along the lines of what Logan was looking for. He wanted to go further.

“I mean, like, sometimes I think I could just kidnap someone!” he threw this out there to see what would happen. “And force them to live my life to see how sad I am.”

The doctor seemed engaged for the first time. “Really. Interesting. That’s not the kind of thing I’d expect from you, Jamie Lynn.”

“It’s not?” Logan was almost disappointed to hear that.

“The Jamie Lynn I’ve grown to know...” He flipped through the pages of his notes once more. “...Is a loving, caring girl who is all about love and sharing her love of life with friends and family.”

Logan didn’t like the sound of that. It sounded so... normal. He wanted to hear the dirt. He wanted the layer beneath.

“Well, like, sure... But I have a dark side, too...”

“That’s the first I’ve heard of this,” Dr. Body said with a half-smile. “Are you sure you’re not projecting? Some people I know would like to believe they have a dark side, because it comforts them in some way.”

“Are you saying, that, I’m, like, simple?” Logan said.

“No!” The analyst replied. “No. No. No. Nothing like that. No.” He took a moment. “But would you be offended if someone said that you were?”



It was yet another day as Jamie Lynn Lambert. Logan stretched out in the bed he had grown so fond of and propped himself up, the comforter falling from his nightgown. The light through the window was no less vibrant, although he was quite used to it by now. He swung his legs off the bed and fed his feet into the fluffy slippers that awaited him. He wasn't sure why he had avoided them like he had. They were so comfy!

It had been six weeks since he had first found himself in the role of Jamie Lynn. He walked over to the bathroom and locked the door, then took a look at his face. The first order of business was to untie the scarf around his head that he used to keep his wig secure in the night. He blew some air out of his cheeks as he steeled himself for his morning routine. It was getting longer and longer every morning, as he learned how to do his makeup and hair better, it took more time and attention.

Now with all the bruising long gone, and weeks to adjust, Logan's face was no longer alien to him. In fact, it was so familiar that he was beginning to be critical of it. He was looking for blemishes and imperfections that needed to be covered. He had even forgotten about looking for beard hair like he used to every day, hoping to make that big step into manhood. Now he tweezed away any hairs that looked a bit too thick, and there rarely were any to worry about.

He couldn't really see it, as it had been a slow evolution, but Logan was a very pretty girl. His skin was smooth, his eyes bright and lively, his lips thick, his cheeks apple-shaped and his nose button-like. Logan wasn't just cute for a girl, he was beautiful.

It was first things first for Logan, as he hiked up the nightgown and pulled down his panties to sit on the toilet and relieve himself. It was hard to stand when managing a dress or skirt, so sitting just made sense. He didn't think anything of it, and it had become his habit.

As he sat, Logan looked at his nails. He was going to need to do new polish today or tomorrow, he resolved. He'd have to look at his outfits for the week ahead to choose the right color. He suddenly realized that he hadn't had a smoke in weeks, and he didn't even feel the need anymore. All this madness had somehow broken him of his addiction. It was probably for the best, he had to think. Later, he'd be able to fall in love with cloves all over again.

After taking care of business, he downed his daily pills, which he had been taking since the surgery. Then he was in the shower running the pulsating head up and down his body — and his body was almost as different as his face.

Somewhere along the line, Logan's metabolism had adjusted to the measly little meals he was being provided with, and now 1400 calories a day was more than enough for him.

His stomach had shrunk, as well as his waist. When he wore the belly-bearing shirts Jamie Lynn seemed so fond of, they no longer exposed a boy's big stomach, they now hung like a curtain above a tight little tummy. With the gel-insert bras that he wore, his fake breasts looked much larger in proportion to his shrinking waist, and he had noticed a lot more attention coming his way when he was out with the girls.

With the wig combed out, he affixed it back to his scalp, wrapped a towel around his body, chest-high, and headed to the walk-in closet. All of the sudden, he had to dash back to the toilet and he threw up. He was sick every morning lately and he had no idea why. Fortunately it wasn't very serious, so once he washed his face, he was back to dressing and walked to the insanely sized closet.

As he did, he passed by five Taylor Swift posters, more provided courtesy of his cheer squad. Logan did make a detour to turn off "Message in a Bottle" on Jamie Lynn's phone alarm, and he was almost ignorant of it by now. It seemed a Taylor Swift song was always playing in the background these days, and he was tuning them out.

"Mall #6" was his choice for today. He was going to meet Britney and Brianna for some shopping. It was his last outfit, actually. He had run out of the pre-matched looks Jamie Lynn had left. He still wasn't sure if she left them for him, or just did this organization for herself, but it sure had been convenient.

Now he was at the end, and new clothes were a necessary evil. The looks he got from the cheerleaders when he wore something twice were hard to deal with, as he felt guilty wearing a skirt or top he'd already been seen in, like he was trying to cheat. All the girls put so much work into coordinating their wardrobes and here he was, trying to get by. No more. He kept a chart of outfits and items he had worn and who had seen him in them, so he could avoid it in the future.

As he took "Mall #6" off the racks, he checked the clothes off his list, taped to the back door of the closet. It was a pair of mocha-colored sweat shorts with a drawstring, a white belly shirt with a wide neck and cap sleeves, a matching mocha baseball cap with the NY logo on it, and white hiking boots with a two inch heel. He threw it on the bed, and began to pick out his undies. It was going to have to be white, if he didn't want to show his bra through the tee, he figured.

Logan wasn't sure how this was going to end. He had been trying to get as much info as he could about the things he'd been subjected to, but if Jamie Lynn had been planning all this, she had covered her tracks well. He had found the literal receipts for the procedure he'd been subjected to, and they had been

paid in advance by Jamie Lynn's parents. He had no idea how she had talked them into it, but he could see her being the pride of the family and getting anything she wanted, even plastic surgery.

He had also looked to see if he could find any trace of a bank account in Jamie Lynn's name, but all he found was a prepaid card with a \$250 monthly allowance. It was already on the phone, and by the time he discovered it, it had a balance of \$821 dollars. Logan hadn't spent a cent of it yet, for fear it could be seen as theft, but at this point, he had decided it was worth the risk and had already bought a few snacks at the convenience store with it. Today, he was going to put a real dent into it with the clothes he needed to get.

While he probably should have been more concerned with the reality of carrying off this impersonation, and the ramifications of when he might be caught or when he'd bail, those worries got a little bit less urgent every day. The social burdens of being a cheerleader and keeping track of his squad members and all their issues had crept up on him. Planning a clean escape from Jamie Lynn's life was a little less important to him than knowing if Brianna's family cat was feeling better after getting fixed or waiting to hear if Whitney's brother got promoted to Sergeant in the Marines or if Kristin had finally lost that extra pound.

When he looked at the pictures that were now overloading the frame of the vanity mirror on Jamie Lynn's desk, he saw people he regarded as his friends. Pictures of him and the girls at Lacey's birthday party, one at Brynn's sister's baby shower, more at the team lakeside party up at Silver Lake and a dozen at them all at the Montgomery County Fair. It had been a busy six weeks, but if Logan was going to get at the heart of Jamie Lynn's plans for him, he needed to stay in character and hang out with the cheerleaders as often as she would.

He picked out some earrings that caught his eye and slipped them into his new piercings. He knew it would be harder to explain why a girl his age would not have pierced ears than it would be to just get them. If the girls noticed the jewelry box in Jamie Lynn's things, it'd be even harder to explain why she had so many earrings that he couldn't wear. So he had done it on his own.

Logan also picked out a thin gold chain necklace he was fond of and fastened it behind his neck. He adjusted the friendship bracelet Bridget had made for him and sat down to do his makeup.

A trip to The Greene called for casual, but it was an outdoor mall, so he had to look good in strong light. As Logan well knew by now, bold makeup with a clean look was called for, so that meant nude eyeshadow and brown mascara and liner, and a bare-color lipgloss. He got the proper colors out and then got started on a light foundation. Next, he drew his eyebrows in, which he was now plucking into shape. Weeks of drawing his eyebrows had forced him to keep his real brows sparse, as his "new normal" look could only achieved with an eyebrow pencil.

He sighed again, knowing it would be a couple of hours until he was done. However, if he wanted to hang with the girls, he needed to look like one of the girls.



“Ohmigod!” Logan said in his chirpy girl voice. “You came!” He leaned in to hug Britney and then Brianna.

“Ohmigod!” Britney said as she hugged back.

“Ohmigod!” Brianna added. “We’re gonna have a great day!”

“Yah!” Logan concurred. “A great day with friends n’ stuff!”

“It’s so great!” Brianna said, gushing.

“Sooo great!” Logan repeated as he dipped and swayed in light-headed excitement.

“Fudge! I forgot my purse!” Britney said. “I gotta go get it.” She then scrambled off in her heels.

“It’s in my car!” Brianna said. “I have the keys! Wait up, Brit!” She, too, went off after her friend.

“I guess I’ll wait here, then,” Logan said quietly to himself. He strolled over to a window, with his long, smooth legs looking even longer in his heeled shoes. The heels no longer gave him any trouble, and like the girls on the squad, heels were the *de facto* normal for them all.

As he killed time, he saw his reflection, and saw it as if he were looking at it for the very first time. Quickly, a torrent of icy panic flooded his veins. His bravado crumbled like sand, his very essence laid bare beneath the harsh lights of the mall.

His reflection in a store window mocked him, a vision of his own humiliation. The disguise that had felt almost impenetrable seconds ago now seemed laughably flimsy. The mall’s chatter transformed into whispers of judgment that clawed at his ears.

A reel of potential horrors played out in his mind — the pointing fingers, the piercing laughter, the damning whispers of ‘boy in girl’s clothes.’ His skin prickled with imagined stares, the walls of the mall narrowing as his heart raced uncontrollably.

Sweat pooled at the small of his back, his breath shallow and uneven. He clutched at his chest as if to steady himself against the onslaught of panic that threatened to engulf him. His entire existence felt exposed, vulnerable, and he was trapped in a nightmare of his own making.

His very being trembled, his pulse a frantic drumbeat in his ears. He longed to shed his disguise, to escape the claustrophobic grip of his own recklessness. Every fiber of his being screamed at him to flee, to retreat from the precipice of humiliation he had so naively danced upon.

Logan's mind was in a frenzy, conjuring vivid scenes of his impending humiliation — cruel laughter echoing, condemning stares piercing his very soul, a spotlight of shame blinding him from every angle. He was drowning in a sea of dread, the walls of the mall closing in as he grappled with the reality of his situation.

Logan's once-resolute stance faltered, his facade of confidence shattered by the weight of his own folly. He stood before his reflection, a shell of bravado, his vulnerability laid bare. The mall itself was now a labyrinth of his own fears, each step a reminder of his recklessness.

It was then that he noticed someone standing behind him, a reflection the window, so he turned around.

"Just as nice in the front," the person said under his breath, looking at Logan's chest.

"Dude?" Logan replied, seeing a familiar face.

"Whuh?" Stu answered, shocked, as he stumbled back a step. "Fuck."

"Were you checking me out?" Logan asked his best friend.

"No!"

Logan had never been more relieved. His panic subsided, and his fears ebbed. He could be his own confident self again, with a friend here to remind him who he was. He was Logan Knox, and he could kick your ass.

"Yeah you were!" Logan pushed his chest out. "You totally were!"

"It's not my fault! I saw you from behind! I wasn't looking at your face!"

"Obviously! Like, Jesus Christ, Stu. You just eyed me up!"

"I wasn't! I really wasn't!"

"Why are you here?" Logan crossed his arms over his chest and turned slightly away, to make sure he couldn't be examined like that again.

"My mom's birthday is coming up tomorrow." Stu looked away and down, scratching the back of his neck. "I gotta get her something."

"What?"

"I'm still looking."

"You know, you could text me more than once a week n' stuff."

"Dad's got me crazy busy. I'm not even getting a day off. I have to mow a lawn across town in half an hour. It sucks."

“How long does it take to text a person?” He put his hands on his hips unconsciously.

“I’m sorry!” Stu insisted. “You know, you’re not the easiest person to talk to these days.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Dude, look at yourself!” Stu said, gesturing at him. “What do I even talk about? Hot new cars or hot new shades of lipstick?”

“I’m, like, still me.”

“You’re still talking in that girl voice, you know.”

“I’m in public. I have to. Duh!”

“So why’re *you* here?”

“Just out with the girls,” Logan said, afraid to say ‘shopping,’ and not about to say ‘shopping for new looks.’ “You know, gotta keep up the act. Trying to get to the bottom of this thing. Trying to find out where Jamie Lyn is hiding. Taking lots of evidence for when I sue.” Looking over his shoulder, he could see Brianna and Britney on their way back, delayed by stopping at every store window they walked by. They were also heading the wrong way. “I gotta go, okay? They’re going to get lost.”

“Right.”

“Just text me when you have a minute, okay?”

“Sure.”

Logan walked past Stu to go catch up the girls, but he stopped for a moment and turned around. “You know what your mom would love? They have these fleece bathrobes with a hoodie. Oh my God, they’re so warm and fuzzy! Your mom would love one of those. Throw in a bath kit too. Lavender bath bombs? They’re the best! I love ‘em! She’ll go nuts for that.”

“Uh, sure.”

“Got’cha covered, bro!” Logan said slapping Stu on the back. Then he minced away in his heels to meet the cheerleaders. “Guys! Like, wait up!”

By the time he caught up to Brianna and Britney, they were already inside a store, going ga-ga for a prom dress. “Where’d you go?” Britney asked when she saw Logan. “Did you get lost?”

Despite his frustration, he had to stick to the act. “Ohmigod, yah!” Logan said rolling his eyes. “This mall is so, like, ginormous!”

“Isn’t this an a-may-zing dress?” Brianna said, fondling the red beaded gown that she held.



“So amazing!” Logan said. “Like, wow!” honestly, it was kind of trash in his opinion. All of them looked alike, all slinky, shiny and long. They were impossible to tell apart. “But isn’t it kinda the same as the others?”

“Yah!” Brianna said. “Lacey is getting one just like it, but in royal blue.”

“Great?” Logan asked.

“So great! We’re all gonna dress alike!” Brianna declared.

"I'm gonna get one exactly like it, but with a different neckline," Britney said.

"What about individuality?" Logan asked.

"Pfft," Brianna answered. She put the dress back where it came from. "Like, bye for now!" She said to the dress, waving at it. "Brianna will be back for you!" She turned to her friends. "Let's go before I start crying!" She said, fanning her face with her hand.

Logan reflected on how these girls sure took their prom dresses seriously. If he wasn't mistaken it was still 10 months away, too. "Do you guys get dresses alike all the time?" He asked.

"Like, duh!" Britney said. "It's what best friends do!"

Logan wasn't sure that statement held up, but then again, he wasn't a girl. Or as dumb.

"We gotta get you one too!" Brianna said to Logan. "You'll wear a silver one with a v-neck!"

"Oh you'll look so good in that!" Britney said to Brianna. Logan was amused that he wasn't even given a choice.

"Do you want to reserve one now?" Brianna asked.

"What if I don't want a silver one?" Logan asked.

"Yeah, but you do!" Britney said, not explaining any further.

"Um... Maybe next time," Logan said. "We have a lot to do today." He was worried he sounded too cerebral, so he shifted back into cheerleader mode. "Like, ohmigod! So much to think about! I can't even!"

"Okie-dokie!" Britney said with a smile.

As they returned to the thoroughfare of the mall, Logan decided to get one of his detective questions in. The questions he asked every once and a while to see if he could get any information out of the girls. Because otherwise, he was just dressing up like a girl so he could hang out with cheerleaders as they all giggled and gossiped all day, which he definitely wasn't doing.

"Hey guys," he asked, still in his uncannily accurate imitation of a dumb girl's voice, "So, if, like I was going to go try and hide from everyone, where do you think I would go?"

"I don't understand," Brianna asked, puzzled.

"Just you know, I was kinda curious," Logan said. "If I was hiding from someone, where do you think you'd think no one would look for me?"

"Are you in trouble, Jamie?" Britney asked, concerned. "Because if you are..."

"No! No!" Logan said, defensively. He didn't mean to trigger the 'I'm secretly in danger, so I'm telling you this as a hypothetical' trigger. "I'm not in trouble!" he said. Of course, he would be — eventually — but not at the moment. "I saw

this thing on TV where these guys played a game of hide and seek for, like, twenty years, and that got me thinking about where people might look for me if I was involved in a twenty year long game of hide and seek.”

“Oh, that makes sense,” Britney said.

Did it?

“That sounds like so much fun!” Brianna said, bouncing as she walked. “I’d go to the North Pole and hang out with Santa.”

“I think Santa would turn us in to our parents,” Britney countered. “He’s nice and everything, but y’know, he’d have to do the right thing.”

Logan was suddenly faced with the notion that these girls still believed in Santa Claus. Which was adorable, yet very scary. “Well, I mean somewhere local. Where would a cheerleader like me go to hide?”

Britney pointed to a bookstore. “There,” she said. “No one would look for one of us there,” she said, proudly.

“Good answer! Good answer!” Brianna said merrily.

Logan gave up. He wasn’t expecting much, but he had to try. He was hoping that there was some kind of secret cheerleader hangout that only cheerleaders knew about, and where Jamie Lynn might be hiding. That seemed like a bit of hopeful thinking.

“Where do you want to go next?” Brianna asked. “I mean, like, we’re here to help you.”

“Oh my god! Like, I don’t know? I’m still new here.” Logan hoped that sounded authentic. He really wanted them to make all the buying decisions anyway since he had no clue about what was in fashion.

“Kewl!” Brianna said. “We got this local boutique here in Dayton that has the most bestest stuff! You’ve probably never heard of it, though.”

“It’s called Target,” Britney said.

Logan gave the girls a funny look wondering if they were serious. They were looking back at him with blank but happy expressions.

“Awesome!” Logan said, just going with it. “Let’s go!”

“We’re kidding,” Brianna said, with a giggle.

“Pranked!” Britney added as she nearly collapsed in laughter.

Logan had to admit, they had him. He decided to just keep going with the moment. “Ohmigod you totally did! I was like ‘what?’ and you were like, ‘really!’”

Britney was still giggling. “Yeah, and you were like, ‘whoa,’ and we were all like ‘yeah!’”

They weren't the most clever people he'd ever known, but Logan was satisfied that at least they seemed to like him enough to kid around. It was cute and sweet, really.

Eventually, the giggling got under control and they headed off to ravage the mall. There wasn't a single clothing store they didn't hit, and after the fourth store, Logan even consented to try stuff on. He was very secure in his disguise, as long as the outfits weren't tight in the groin. He made sure to reject any that weren't — although that meant he wound up buying mostly dresses and skirts.

Despite the fact that he was with Brianna and Britney, the entire event was being facetime'd, and Logan's various outfits being viewed by all the girls on the squad, making it a group experience.

"We *so* made the right choice," Brianna said to Britney.

"Huh? Like, what choice?" Logan asked as he modeled another skirt and blouse combo for the camera.

"To make you a cheerleader!" Britney said. "I mean, sometimes it doesn't work out n' stuff, but you're like, so totally totally perfect!"

"Yah, I like, want you to be my bridesmaid!" Brianna said.

"You're getting married?" Logan asked her.

"Eventually, sure?" She replied as if it were a done deal. "You'll be my bridesmaid whenever I get married, right?"

"Sure," Logan said, knowing it was no skin off his back.

"You are the best, Jamie!" Brianna said with genuine emotion.

"Hey, if she gets to be your bridesmaid, then I'm gonna be you organ donor!" Kristin said through the audio of the phone. "I'm gonna make sure only my organs can go to Jamie!"

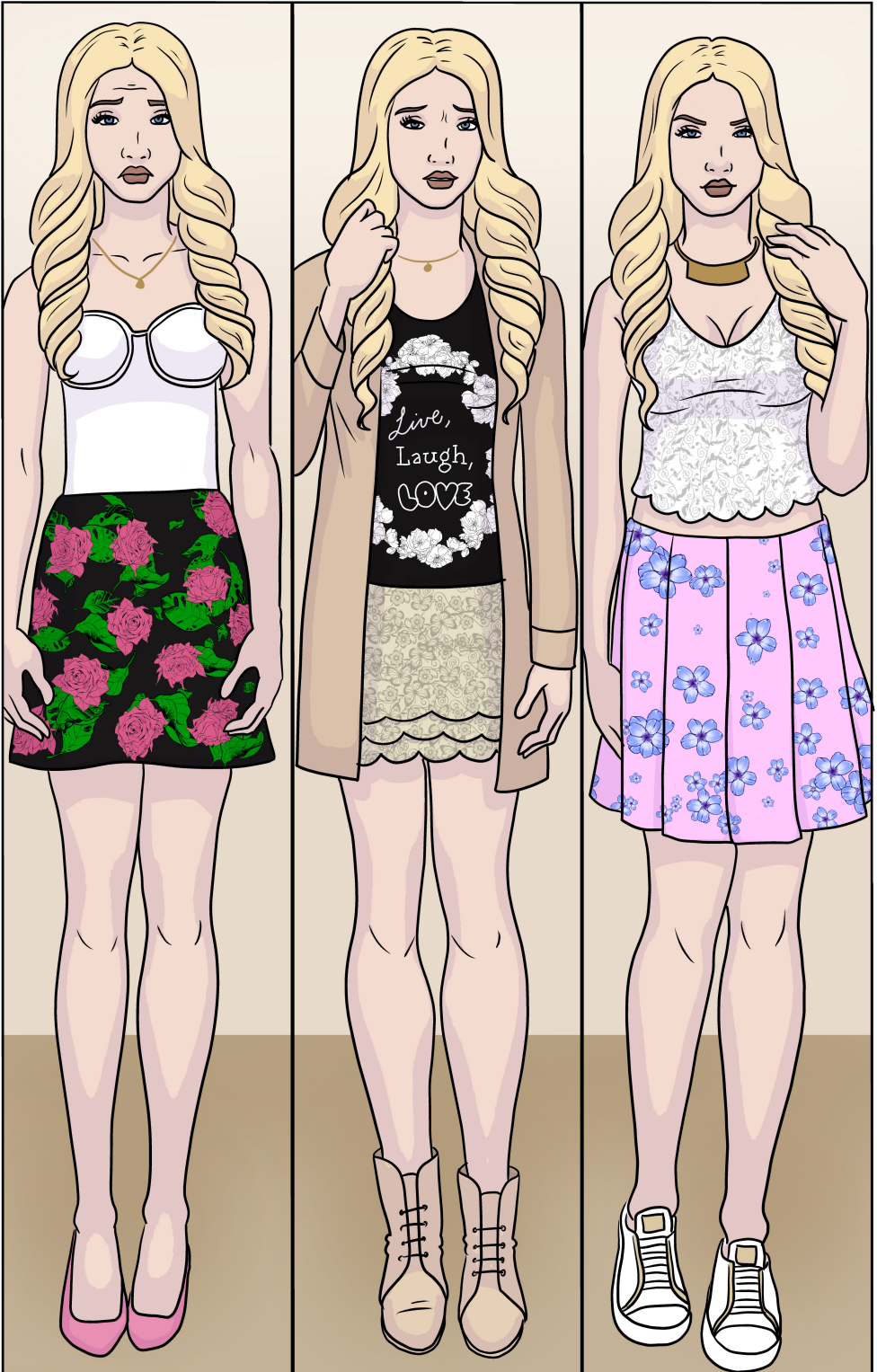
"I don't think it works like that..." Logan said.

"Lady Tillers Cheer forever!" Lacey called through the phone.

"Go Tillers!" They all said at the same time. Even Logan — which profoundly shocked him. However, he didn't mind this strange new impulse.

By the time they left, Jamie Lynn's debit card was seven hundred and fifty dollars poorer, and Logan couldn't help but smile. He had had the best time of his life, and he wasn't even sure why. Maybe it was because for the first time in his life, he had money to spend, an experience he'd never had before.

However, deep down, he knew why he was happy. He'd spent the day with friends. A group of girls, who, put together couldn't think themselves out of a wet paper bag, but they were all so incredibly nice. They cared about him, they cared about keeping him happy, they cared about buying him nice stuff, they cared about what he said and what he felt. Logan the outcast was used to being on the outside of life. Jamie Lynn the cheerleader was on the inside. Very, very



inside. To be truthful, he could see that maybe being a part of something was the better deal.

It was impossible to be sad around the squad. They simply didn't let anyone be unhappy. They were always up, always cheerful and ready with a smile and a giggle. Their innocence was so refreshing. Being the smart kid, the perpetual loner, Logan was regretting the path he had taken. Regretting it something hard.

Every time he cheered with the squad, he felt calm and at peace. Not having to be suspect of people and just letting himself go with the crowd was an experience he never knew he needed. Every time he laughed with the squad, it was real joy. The joy of companionship.

"Hey Jamie," Brianna said as they piled into her car, "you've been so quiet! Is something wrong?"

Logan considered the question, and was offended. Not at Brianna, but at himself. He was brining things down with his constant self-examination. Well, fudge to that, he told himself. "OMG! I had the best time you guys!" he gushed. He couldn't keep the smile off of his face. "You guys are awesome! Everything is awesome!"

"Yeah, girl!" Britney said, eliciting a high five from Logan. "It's always a good time with you, Jamie Lynn!"

"Awww!" Logan replied, making puppy dog eyes as he covered his heart. "Don't make me cry, 'kay?"

"We're all friends, Jamie! Friends are, like, so everything!" Brianna said, as she started the car.

Nothing anyone had ever said hit Logan so squarely. He knew she was right. Friends were the best. He liked being their friend.

"Ice cream!" Logan suddenly shouted.

"Yah! Ice cream!" Brianna agreed.

"Ice cream Ice cream!" Britney joined in, and they were off to find the nearest place.



"What do you think?" Logan said, holding up his newly polished nails to the camera so all the girls could see. They were snow pink, and shimmered in the light.

"So cute!" Stacy said.

"Hecka cute!" Bridget chimed in.

"Is that for the salmon top?" Brooke asked.

“Yah! The one with the shoulder bows,” Logan confirmed.

“I love that top!” Britney said.

“Isn’t it yours?” Tiffany asked.

“That’s why I love it!”

“Maybe something darker,” Brynn said.

“Yeah, darker!” Stacy seconded.

“Darker, definitely,” Bridget agreed.

“I saw where Tay-Tay was matching with her accessories,” Stacy said.

“Oh, that’s so smart!” Lacey declared. “But it’s Taylor, what do you expect?”

“She’s a genius!” Brynn volunteered.

“Yeah, so smart, so stylish,” the girls said to each other.

“Try gold!” Brianna suggested. “Match with those earrings you have, the big gold ones!”

“Good idea!” Logan said, as he was already using acetone to remove the polish he’d just applied. “You guys are so smart.”

This had become the new normal for Logan. He needed the approval of the girls on nearly everything. In turn, they asked him about their own choices. They always seemed to be on group chats and video, choosing outfits, hair-styles, makeup and shoes for the events in their lives.

Logan had never felt so fulfilled and happy as when he got the approval of the girls. He loved knowing he was doing what everyone else approved of. He also loved helping the others make their decisions. Belonging to a group was like that.

“Gotta go!” Brooke said.

“Ooo...” three or four of the girls taunted as Brooke logged off.

“What was that about?” Logan asked.

“She’s meeting David,” Kristin explained. “We’re just teasing her.”

Logan had never heard of this person. “David?”

“Yeah, starting running back?”

“Running back to where?”

There was an awkward silence, and Logan knew he had something bad. Very bad.

“Um, you know, football?” Bridget said, breaking the silence.

Sports were not Logan’s thing. He spent a day in youth soccer and kicked another kid in the head and that was that. After that, seeing how confused and angry it made people that didn’t follow sports made him want to keep doing it. Unfortunately, that was probably not the best attribute for a cheerleader.

Knowing that, it was time to change the subject. “Oh, football. Anyway, what are they meeting about?”

Stacy giggled. “He’s her boyfriend, silly!”

“Boyfriend,” he repeated. The thought struck Logan as very, very odd. Up to now, the girls had all seemingly been unattached. That put a bit of a different spin on things.

Whitney carried on the conversation. “David is, like, the hottest. Super cute. They’ve been seeing each other for... Wait a minute. Jamie! You don’t have a boyfriend!”

Oh no, Logan thought to himself. This couldn’t be good.

“Girls!” Kristin said with excitement. “Ohmigod! Jamie doesn’t have a boyfriend!”

Logan was expecting to sense some level of concern from the girls, but instead, they all appeared to be getting excited.

Bridget spoke first. “Cheerleaders gotta have boyfriends! It’s, like, required n’ stuff!”

“Kevin would be perfect for her,” Macey said.

Brynn had her own ideas. “Oh you know who she’d like? Nate.”

“No! No! You know who’d be just the best? Vance.”

“Oh, Vance would be great!” Macey said.

“Yes! Vance!” Tiffany concurred. “But he’s on the junior team. Varsity can’t date Junior Varsity!”

“Okay, not Vance then. I say Hunter!”

“Oh, yah! Hunter and Jamie would be awesome!”

“Yes! Yes! Hunter is the one!”

The comments were coming so fast that Logan couldn’t even tell who was talking anymore.

“Hunter!”

“It’s gotta be Hunter!”

“Ohmigod! Totally Hunter!”

“Okay,” Kristin said. “What are you doing tonight, Jamie? I’m gonna call him.”

Realizing he was being railroaded into something horrific, he had to stop it. “Hey, wait! I... I... I already have a boyfriend. Back in my old school!”

“Really?” Kristin asked. “You never talked about him before.”

“Um... Because... I...” The possible excuses just weren’t coming to his mind. “...Didn’t.”

“Oh. Okay!” Kristin replied.

Logan didn't know if they trusted him and didn't want to pursue it, or if they just had the attention spans of squirrels. Maybe a little bit of both.

"Anyway," Logan said. "What about this?" He held up his newly-painted gold nails for the camera which he had been working on this whole time.

"That's soooo perfect!" The girls all agreed. "Ohmigod! Ohmigod!"



A few days later, Logan was running tragically late. He was dashing out of the bathroom while combing the wig and ran into the closet to grab his outfit for the day. He was supposed to meet up with Bridget and Whitney at the salon, but he had overslept. Fixing the Taylor Swift alarm on Jamie Lynn's phone apparently meant turning off all alarms, and that had cost him this morning.

As he combed the wig with one hand, he applied moisturizer with his other, getting his legs from the upper thigh, down. It was too hot to wear anything but a miniskirt today, and that's what he was going with. He'd gotten used to tucking, and that allowed him to use all the short skirts Jamie Lynn already had in her closet, so it was a win-win for Logan.

"Gonna b late wait 4 me!" He texted to Whitney. He tossed the phone on the bed before even waiting for a reply. He found a white bra with the inserts already in, and hooked it around back swiftly, as he had plenty of experience with them now. He adjusted it in the mirror, pushing and pulling at the cups, getting the balance just right. Over that, he put on a white cropped cami top. Normally the outfit also had a pink tee over it, hemmed so high that it created a boob window, but the heat made him ditch it.

Then he remembered the pills, and quickly gulped down his daily medications. The surgery was now almost two months ago, but he still had pills to take for some reason. The panties he wore were not going to do, as the straps rode his hips too high, and he didn't want them showing with the low-riding mini, so he ripped them off and chose another pair that were a better match. He held his breath, gritted his teeth and shoved his dick high up in between his legs and the tight panty held it there.

He heard a honking out in the driveway, and knowing it was Whitney in her car, he texted "1 min!!!!!" to her.

The skirt was next and he landed on the bed so he could curl up his long legs and feed it up to his hips. Once done, he took care of the snaps on the side. Pink was definitely an overused color in Jamie Lynn's wardrobe, but Logan couldn't deny that he looked good in it. Once there, he looked at the time and squealed in anguish, knowing he was in real trouble now.



The shoes that went with this outfit were Jamie Lynn's white Candies, so he fed his feet into them, one, then the other, grateful that his pink toenails were the right choice. These were a pain to walk in, as they only had the toe strap. But the girls always gave him compliments about them, and that's what mattered.

He threw a brush and mascara into a tiny pink purse and left.

Then came back immediately, as he had forgotten to do his face or put on the wig. His makeup was quick and basic, as he intended to finish it in the car, and loaded the purse up with more items to do that, as well as earrings and a necklace. Last, he pinned the wig in place, spritzed perfume, gave himself a twirl in the mirror and was off for his big day out with his friends.



Whitney's car had just pulled out of the driveway when Ms. Winters' phone vibrated. She turned down the volume on "The Five" and checked to see what it was all about. She scrolled through her recent Facebook feed alerts about Democrats supporting drug addict immigrants and then found the latest message.

"You'll want to watch this video," said the message, and Ms. Winters had nothing better to do, so she did.

While Logan had been dressing in a hurry that morning, he had been so preoccupied with being late that he had failed to note the surveillance camera that had been planted in between a couple of the larger plushies.

As Mrs. Winter watched, she saw a boy with short brown hair running around in a room that looked very familiar. She didn't begin to place it until she saw him put on an outfit for a girl, one that looked something like the outfit Jamie Lynn had worn that morning. She still wasn't sure why she had been sent this, even as she saw the young man rudely manhandle his genitals and put a pair of panties on.

It was when the wig went on that she finally understood.

She couldn't believe what was before her own eyes. The girl she had been hired to sit for was a boy. A boy all along? She dropped the phone in horror, her hands shaking, and making a woeful moan from her dusty old throat.

The first thought in her mind was that Hannity was right, and the transgenders were taking over, but then she had to think back. Was there even a Jamie Lynn Lambert? Was this some elaborate ruse?

Her phone vibrated again, and she bent over to pick it up. A second message came in: "The real Jamie Lynn is missing."

Ms. Winters needed to see the video again, but when she clicked on it, she only got a message that it had been deleted. It didn't really matter, as she knew what she saw. She saw a boy — a young man, really — disguise himself as a teenage girl. How dare he think he could fool her?

She got up from the sofa and looked at the family photos on the wall. There were two parents, the people who had hired her, and their daughter. Yet it wasn't the same person she had been looking after. She looked so different. Then, of course she would have, as they had plastic surgery. Was the surgery where they had made the switch? Or was the surgery done to disguise the boy to look like the real Jamie Lynn? She didn't know what to think. The old woman went to check the second message to see where it had come from, but it too had disappeared. It didn't matter. Whoever had let her know of this heinous deception was doing God's work.

The one thing that was clear to Ms. Winters was that she could be in real, prosecutable, trouble. If the real Jamie Lynn had gone missing, under her watch, she was going to face the wrath of the parents, and possibly ruin her only source of income. This was a consequence she couldn't bear under any circumstances, and she was going to have to take some action.



“This is really good!” Logan said, shocked that the soup Ms. Winters had made for him was this tasty. He was also shocked she had made it at all, as she left him to make his own food most of the time. Their relationship consisted of them only talking to each other to communicate the bare minimums needed for two people to live in the same house.

They washed their own clothes, did their own dishes, cleaned up their own rooms and made sure not to cross each other's paths metaphorically or literally. Logan still had to get permission to leave the house, and Ms. Winters did have to do the grocery shopping, but other than that, they were happy not seeing each other.

“What is it?” Logan asked.

“Noodles... And broth.”

“I like it,” Logan said, slurping more of it up.

Five minutes later, the young man was out cold on Jamie Lynn's bed. It was, by Logan's count, the third time she had done this, and in the moments after he realized he was drugged, he was wondering if that maybe he was a little too gullible.

Ms. Winters didn't even bother waiting to confirm Logan was unconscious before calling the police. “This is an emergency!” She shouted to the 911 oper-

ator. "The girl I'm sitting for isn't a girl!" Whatever was said in reply angered the old woman, as her face scrunched up into a wad of rage. "I am calm! No I haven't been drinking!" She had another pause. "Don't transfer me!"

Fortunately, the last thing Logan did just before losing consciousness was to dial Stu. Stu answered the call, and was bewildered to hear an old woman yelling in the background, but after a few shouts, he recognized the voice of the old bat that was looking after Logan. He knew immediately something was wrong.

He arrived at the house a few minutes later and propped himself up to peek through the upper windows. He couldn't see anything, but in the front window, Stu saw Ms. Winters come down the stairs yelling on her phone, shaking her withered fist in the air.

"I don't want to talk to child protective services!" The old woman yelled into her phone as she walked into the back of the house, where the kitchen was. "I want the police!"

Stu had to find a way in, and even then, he wasn't sure what he was going to do about Ms. Winters. Sure, he could take her in a fight easily, but he was not a fan of belting a geriatric woman. He was a gentleman, after all.

Stu fussed with the window for a few seconds before he decided on the direct approach of just using the front door. He knew where the hidden key was, and got the door open quickly. As he listened, he could hear the woman arguing with someone on the phone in the kitchen, as well as her opening and closing drawers. He figured she would be occupied for a few minutes, at least.

He slowly crept up the stairs as it made threatening creaks with each step. Jamie Lynn's room was just at the top. "Logan!" He whispered through the door. There was no response and let himself in. He got to his friend's side and rocked him back and forth to get him awake.

"Rmffgr," Logan mumbled groggily into the ultra cushiony mattress his face was pressed against.

That meant he was alive, which wasn't really what Stu was worried about, but it was nice to know anyway. "Wake up!" He whispered into Logan's ear. The slumbering boy waved at the side of his head like a fly was buzzing in it. Stu grabbed the arm and used it roll Logan over. "Get up, man!" Stu said a little more firmly.

The sound of heels clacking on the floor told Stu Ms. Winters was coming back and he ducked into the nearby giant closet to avoid being seen.

"I need someone here right now!" Ms. Winters said as she approached the limp figure of Logan. "I'm not staying another minute in the same house as this impostor! I'm in danger!" She was still quite angry, and as she listened to the response, she was absolutely irate. "I'm not waiting a week! I need someone out here right this instant!" She stormed away, heading back to the kitchen. "I

pay my taxes! I have an emergency and I need the proper authorities to deal with this life-threatening situation!” She left again.

With everything clear once again, Stu emerged from the closet and gently pushed the door shut.

“Logan!” Stu whispered again.

“How can I help you?” Logan replied, bright and alert. It gave Stu a teenage heart attack.

“Fucker!”

Logan laughed. “Ha!”

“Not so loud!” Stu whispered.

“She got me again, didn’t she?”

“Looks like it. She’s crazy! She could kill someone with that shit!”

Logan’s head was still spinning a bit. “Gotta admire the hustle, though.”

“She called the cops, dude!” Stu said. “She’s still on the phone with them! She knows! I heard her!”

“Knows what?” Logan asked, but he realized the answer before he even finished the words. “Oh, fuck. We gotta get outta here.”

“Yeah.”

Logan had started to ease himself off the bed when he toppled right over. He was still feeling the effects of whatever it was that had been put in that soup. Stu grabbed him by the arm and helped him back onto the bed. “I may not be going anywhere,” Logan said.

“And how am I supposed to wait a week for your people to show up?” Mrs Winters was saying, as she walked to the bedroom door. Stu rolled to the backside of the bed and crouched down to hide. “No, I can’t prove it over the phone! I need someone to... I don’t know, inspect him!” She poked her head into the ajar bedroom door and saw Logan, who was faking unconsciousness. She then departed. “This is absolutely unacceptable! Yes, if all you can do is send someone next Monday...” He voice died out as she walked away.

“C’mon,” Stu said, popping up from behind the bed. “Let’s go.”

“No,” Logan said. “If the cops are involved, they’re going to come after me. It’ll be a manhunt. I’m not going to live my life scared of cops.” He looked up at Stu. “I’m not going to be my dad.”

“No one is going to mistake you for your dad,” Stu said, looking at the boy in the dress and long wig.

“I’m not talking about other people, I’m talking about me. I’m not gonna be a coward. If there’s a problem, I’m gonna deal with it. I wanna be the man my dad never was or ever will be.”

“Do you...”

“I know what I look like!” Logan snapped. “What I mean is that I’m not going to scared into running. I need to take a stand. I need a salon.”

“Come again?”

“I have a week. According to that call we just heard, they’re sending someone to prove I’m not Jamie Lynn Lambert. Monday at the earliest.”

“So?”

“So, I’m going to prove I *am* Jamie Lynn Lambert.” He smiled. “That’ll drive that old woman crazy.”

“And everyone else.”

“As long as it fucks her up, that’s all I care about.”

Stu crossed his arms and thought about it. “Let’s talk again when the drugs wear off.”



Being led into Kristin’s room was almost like ascending to heaven. Logan had actual dreams of being taken into a cheerleader’s bedroom, and the reality was not disappointing. It was just as he dreamt. It was girlish. It was symphony in softness. Pastel pinks and purples were all over the place with white cloudy pillows and billowing white curtains. Rows of plushies lined every surface, and Taylor Swift posters were on every wall.

In other words, it was a lot like Jamie Lynn’s bedroom. Instead of finding it like a gateway to a level of paradise, he was amused at how familiar it felt. “I love your room!” Logan gushed as a courtesy.

“Ohmigod! That’s so nice of you!” Kristin replied. She led Logan to the bed so they could both sit down. “Now. You sounded totally so serious n’ junk. What did you want to talk about?”

They sat facing each other, both of them with a leg bent up under them, the other on the floor. Kristin had grasped Logan’s hands, anticipating something important. Logan was hesitating to speak, as he was finding this far more difficult than he thought it was going to be — and he was already thinking this was going to be very, very difficult.

“I... I... I...” He was barely even able to form the words. He tried to let go of Kristin’s hands, as he knew this might go badly, but she didn’t let go. “See, I’m not... I... You see... Ohmigod this is so hard!”

“Just relax. Is it about a boy?”

“Kinda...?” Logan said. “I... Might not actually be, like, 100% *entirely* a c-cup.”

“Uh-huh?” Kristin relied, waiting for the rest.

Logan had nowhere to go after that. That was the big reveal. That was the bombshell. “I mean that I’m flat.”

“Yah...”

“Flat as a board. I mean, not even mosquito bites. You could land a plane on my chest.”

“Mmm-hmm...”

“Throw some butter and syrup on me and I’m a pancake.”

“Ya-huh...” Kristin said, still waiting. “Oh, that’s what you were worried about? Like, I knew that.”

Logan’s head started to drift off-axis as he tried to figure out what was happening. “You knew?”

“I also know about the wig.” Kirstin giggled. “I mean, you had me fooled during try-outs, and I have to admit I was kinda, like, freaking out n’ stuff when I realized I had just allowed a flattie on the squad, but...” She smiled so warmly and honestly, that anything she was about to say would have been taken without question. “...You’re going to be a great cheerleader.”

She leaned forward and hugged Logan, who was feeling like one of the plushies he was looking at. Lifeless, limp and about to burst their stuffing.

“How?” Was all Logan could ask.

“Traci used to pad her bra, too,” she said. “Remember her? She left last year.”

“Really?” He remembered Traci. She used to be in his Wood Shop class, and screamed like a child whenever someone dropped a tool. She was also one of the more endowed cheerleaders. He never would have guessed.

“Yeah, so I kinda know what to look for. Traci was, like, awesome at cheer, and we were really tight.”

“Oh.. Well... Good?”

Kristin went in for another hug. “I’m so glad you told me,” she said. “And don’t worry, I’m not telling anyone.”

“Oh. Good.” He took a breath. “Um, but... You see...” He needed to just say it. “I need to make sure no one else can tell.” He needed to fool a Child Protective Services worker and a stodgy old babysitter, at the very least, and he needed someone who knew how to help his unique problem. That’s why he was telling Kristin. “I have to, um, like, fix it. In a week. That’s why I need your help.”

Instead of looking confused, concerned or perplexed, Kristin instead covered her mouth and gave out a little gleeful squeak. “Are you... Asking for...” She took a deep breath as her boobs heaved up and down. “A boob makeover?”

Figuring it was probably a bad idea given how excited Kristin was, Logan still found himself reluctantly nodding.

“Okay, first things first,” she picked up her phone and started typing, and then set the phone down after only a moment.

“What was that about?” Logan asked.

“Step one,” Kristin said.



“Kristin...” Logan said, his girlish voice trembling with fear. “Like, I’m not so sure about this.”

“Ohmigod! It’s totally fine!” Kristin replied. “You’re so weird, Jamie.”

“I’ll need you to stay still,” the woman with the large needle said to him.

“I really don’t like this!” Logan said a little louder. He was sitting on a bench that he was supposed to be lying on. “I don’t like needles!”

“Miss, I have other patients,” the woman said. She was a doctor, and was not tolerating this behavior very well.

Kristin was getting impatient. “C’mon, Jamie! This is like, totally embarrassing!”

Logan was barely keeping it together. He had hated needles since he was a little kid, and the biggest one he had ever seen was being pointed right at him, and there were a dozen more just like it waiting on a tray nearby.

“I don’t want to do this!” Logan wailed.

“Why don’t you take some time and try to relax,” the doctor said, getting off of he stool. “I’ll be back in twenty minutes and we can talk then.”

As soon as the door closed, Logan saw a very cross Kristin. “Just ask for our money back,” he said. “Please. We can just go. I can find some other way to...”

“Grow boobies in a week?” Kristin interrupted. “Ohmigod, Jamie, ya gotta let the Doctor do it, okay? Let her move that fat and pump it into your chest!”

“No!” Logan said, crossing his male chest with his arms. “I don’t care! I’ll just... I... Don’t think...”

“Then stop thinking!” Kristin said, testily. Her version of being angry was not unlike that of a crabby kitten, annoyed by their own tail. “You don’t know how, do you?”

“How what?”

“To say *yes*.”

“But I don’t think that...”

Kristin took the doctor's seat on the stool, lowering herself to see eye-to-eye with Logan. "Say yes."

"This is too much! Look at the needles!"

"Of course it's too much, if you, y'know, you think about it. So don't think about it! Just say yes!"

"I don't want to say yes!"

"And like, that's what your problem is, Jamie! You have to say yes!" She grabbed a pen off a nearby counter. "Give me your hand."

Saying that made Logan want to keep his hand to himself and he leaned away.

"Just stop it!" Kristin said, with a stomp of her foot. "You're a cheerleader now, Jamie! Cheerleaders say yes."

"To fat transplants?"

"To everything!" Kristin said. "When I told the girls I needed money to pay the doctor, they all sent enough to cover this. No questions. They, like, all said yes." That was what Kristin had messaged on her phone back in her room.

"Friends say yes."

"What if I don't want to?"

"That's your dumb brain stopping yourself again. If you wanna have fun, you say yes."

"This isn't going to be fun!"

"How do you know?"

"Because I can figure it out, Kristin!"

Kristin sighed in exasperation. "Don't figure it out. Just say yes." In a moment of letting his defenses down, Kristin was able to grab Logan's hand. She turned it palm up and wrote "Yes" on it in big, bold letters. "Just in case you, like, forget."

"I can't," Logan said, taking his hand back.

"Trust, like, everything to lead you to fun stuff. No matter what! Ya always gotta say yes! That's how it, like, works n' stuff!"

"Have we come to a decision?" The doctor asked when she returned a few minutes later.

Kristin looked at Logan. Logan looked at Kristin. Kristin looked at the doctor. Logan looked away. "All right then. I'll need this room. I was willing to look the other way without a written consent form from your parents, but next time..."

"Yes?" Logan eked out.

"Yes what?" The doctor asked just as they were headed out the door.

Logan looked at the word scribbled on his hand. He laid down and pushed his chest up. "Yes," he said.



“Ms. Winters? Ms. Hildegard Winters?”

“I don’t want any,” Ms. Winters said, closing the door on the woman who had come to call at the Lambert house.

“I’m with Child Protective Services.” She held out her laminated badge for inspection. “Sondra Brown. I’m here about a juvenile in environmental danger.”

“It’s me. I’m the one in danger!” Ms. Winters insisted, now opening the door for the woman. “That child is an impostor! Come in, come in.”

She escorted the sturdy middle-aged woman into the house, who was critically evaluating everything she could see with her weary eyes. “You’re the legal guardian?”

“I’m the sitter for the summer. The parents are on a cruise. Are you going to do something about...”

Ms. Brown was filling out the form. “The parents had you sign a legal document to act as the responsible guardian?”

“Yes, yes!” Ms. Winters sneered. “Please take him away! I’ve been living in fear of my life for over a week!”

The woman was busy scribbling on a clipboard. After a long, tense minutes, she finally spoke once more. “What is the nature of the complaint?”

“I sick and tired of explaining myself!” Ms. Winters snarked. “The person I was hired to look after, Jamie Lynn Lambert, has gone missing. And she was replaced by someone who is masquerading as her.”

The woman was writing things down as she listened, acting as if she heard this kind of complaint several times a day.

“And when did the switch take place?” She asked.

“I don’t know,” Ms. Winters said. “I didn’t notice until last week.”

“Is the child in question an ethnic or underprivileged minority?” Ms. Brown asked.

“They’re... What does that have to do with anything?” Ms. Winters turned to yell up the stairs. “Jamie! Come down here right now!”

“No answer,” the social worker said aloud and wrote it down. “Has the child made any threats, verbal or physical in the last 48 hours?”

“No,” Ms. Winters said, frustrated as a human could be.

“Do you have physical or digital evidence that an identity theft or impersonation has taken place?”

“Yes!” Ms. Winters said. “I have video!”

“May I see it?”

“I... Don’t actually have the video anymore.” She pointed a bony finger at Mrs. Brown. “But I’ve never been in trouble with the law, I have a spotless record as an American citizen, and I’m quite sure that my word is good enough!” She shouted louder. “Jamie! Come down here this instant!”

“Have you been a full time resident of the county since January of this year?”

“I’m done with your questions! All you have to do is take a look at him.”

“Him?”

Mrs. Brown’s comment was apropos, as the person who had just come down the stairs was as far from a boy as one could get.

The girl descending the stairs was in a loose robe that was open in the front, covering up a hot pink bikini. Her young teenage body was all on display, from her long, slim legs to her tight tummy, to the two very real breasts held in the cups of her scanty swimsuit. There was no doubt they were just as natural as a pair of boobs had ever been made. She adjusted the sunglasses on her face.

“Yes, Ms. Winters?” she asked.

“Why are you dressed... Like *that*?”

“I was tanning,” she said, as if it were obvious. She then turned her attention to the stranger in the living room. “Hi, I’m Jamie Lynn Lambert.”

“Miss Lambert...”

“It’s not a miss!” Ms. Winters said, angrily to the social worker. “That’s a boy!”

“Miss Lambert, I’m with Child Protective Services.” She flashed her laminated badge at Jamie. “Your guardian has asked for confirmation that you are, Jamie Lynn Lambert.”

“Ohmigod! Really? That’s crazy! Ohmigod!”

Ms. Winters was impatient. “I insist you inspect that impostor!”

“Miss Lambert, you are perfectly within your right to refuse,” Mrs. Brown snapped a blue rubber glove on her hand, “but I must request to inspect your body to verify your gender.”

“Does it hurt?”

“No. But if it does, let me know. Now, could you pull down your... Bikini bottom?”

“Okie-dokie!” she said, and did so.

Mrs. Brown got on her knees and made a very awkward visual inspection, using her hand to simply separate the thighs for a better look. However, there wasn’t much to see.

“Look harder!” Ms. Winters said, realizing that there was no male genitalia to be witnessed. “I know it’s there!”

After seeing very clearly the mound and slit of a normal young woman, Mrs. Brown looked up at Ms. Winters with the first sign of emotion she had displayed since she had arrived. She looked annoyed.

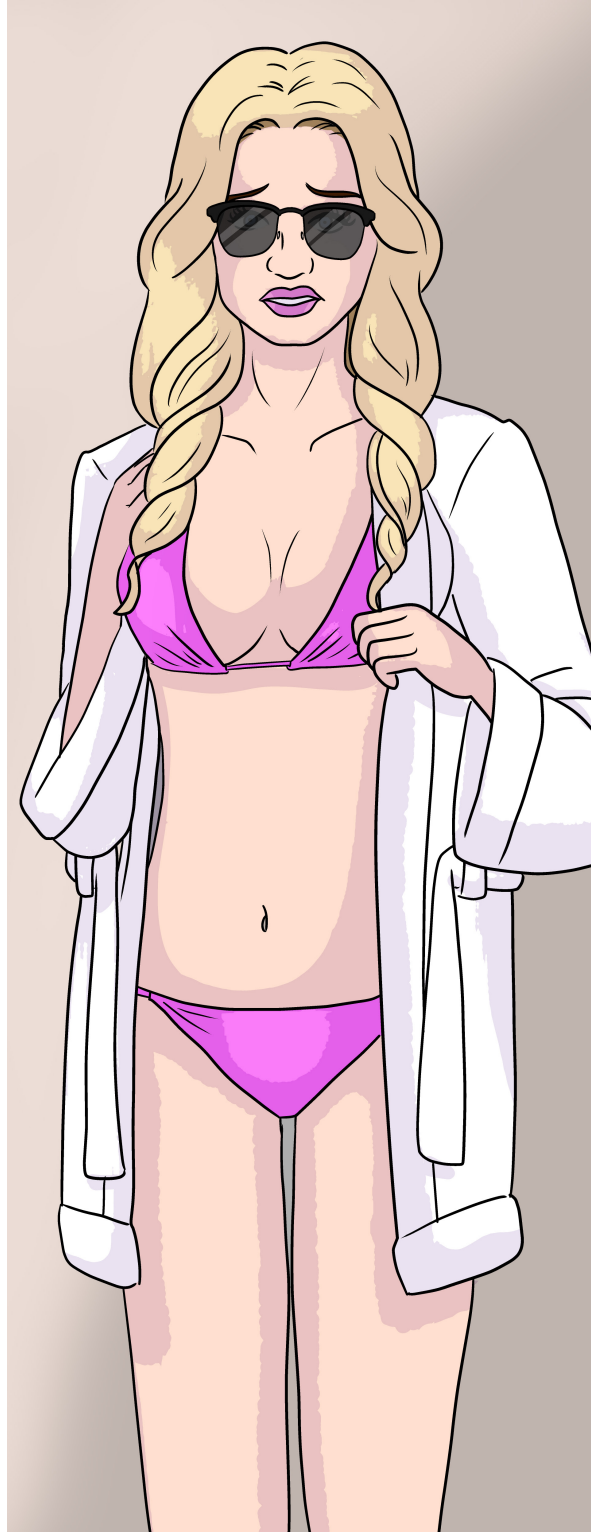
With a heavy breath, she stood back up and started to remove her glove. “Jamie,” she said, “You should go back upstairs. You might want to get dressed.”

“You’re just giving up?” Ms. Winters said, indignantly.

“I’ll talk to you in a little bit, Jamie,” Mrs. Brown said. “After I’ve dealt with Ms. Winters here.”

Jamie Lynn quietly ascended the stairs, slowing down to listen to the loud argument that was starting between the two women in the living room. She couldn’t help but smile. She opened the door to her room, seeing Logan slumbering peacefully in bed.

She removed the wig from her head, and placed it back in the closet where she had found it. The robe was put back on the chair where she had grabbed it, then she



slipped back into the army fatigues and Doc Marten's she had arrived in. Jamie Lynn put on her tee and trench coat, and gave one last look around. She shouted "Hey!" as she slipped out the window and climbed down the gutter drain.

"What?" Logan said, rising from bed, woken by the shout. There was no sign of anyone, just an open window, so he relaxed again.

He wanted to be well rested before the visit from Child Protective Services, so he had taken a nap. Logan had been up all night making sure his new blonde hair from the salon looked great, and no one could tell it was mostly extensions. He was massaging his breasts to make sure the fat that had been transferred into his chest settled into recognizable breasts. He was also getting used to the goofy little gaff that could hide his penis so well no one could see it unless they got down on their knees and looked.

He didn't know what had awoken him, but he thought he heard an argument downstairs. "What's that all about?" he wondered, as he put on the robe. It was warm, for some reason.



Logan was waiting nervously in the living room with Mrs. Brown. The social worker was occupying herself by making a non-stop barrage of phone calls, and was doing so while pacing around the room.

They were the only two there, as Ms. Winters had been escorted from the house by a police officer about five hours ago. It had been kind of dramatic.

Logan was mightily confused after waking from his nap, as he came downstairs to a loud and angry argument between Ms. Winters and this Mrs. Brown he hadn't met yet. Initially, he began to panic a little as Mrs. Brown explained that the good Ms. Winters was no longer allowed to be within 500 feet of him, but he slowly began to realize he no longer had to worry about the old woman, and was finally free. That made him feel great.

Then he began to panic again when Mrs. Brown explained that without a guardian, they would have to send him to a foster care family. That was one of his worst fears come to life. Then when he was told that they would check with family members first, he had to shift gears to a whole new level of panic.

After several hours of tense anticipation, the moment had finally arrived. The doorbell rang.

"There she is!" Said a woman who was even older than Ms. Winters. She bent over and spread her arms wide. "Come over here and give your grandmother a hug, Jamie Lynn!" Logan noticed she was facing a little off from where Logan was standing, and it appeared that she may not have the best eyesight. That probably explained the coke bottle lenses she wore.

“How is she? Is my granddaughter all right?” Said a man the same age who was toting two suitcases. His glasses were just as thick. “We came as soon as we heard!”

“Mr. and Mrs. Lambert?” Mrs. Brown said, stepping in between the elderly couple and Logan. “I’ll need to see some identification.”

“I’ve been on a plane for three hours!” The old man bellowed at Mrs. Brown while the old woman circumvented her block and went in to hug Logan. “Do you know how much it costs to book a flight at the airport at the last minute? It’s *those* people you should be investigating!”

Jamie Lynn’s grandparents had been called to look after their granddaughter, and were going to stay until the parents came back. Logan was more frightened than he had ever been.

“Oh, Jamie Lynn,” the grandmother said with a strained smile. She went in with a full bear hug. “It’s so good to see you looking so healthy! We feared the worst!”

“I’m... Fine...” Logan said, trying to not look as terrified as he felt. He had no idea what these people knew about the real Jamie Lynn, and if they’d see right through his disguise. After all, they were family. They knew her better than anyone, outside of Jamie Lynn’s parents, and could spot a faker easily. “I... Uh... Missed you.” Logan returned the hug tentatively with some light pats.

“All right,” Mrs. Brown said. “Jamie, these two check out.” She returned the IDs to the old man. “If you’re needed to be a witness in any criminal proceedings, the district attorney’s office will be in contact with you. Have a pleasant day.”

They all watched as the woman let herself out unceremoniously.

“How have you been, Jamie Lynn?” the grandmother said, escorting Logan to the couch so they could sit down together. “I haven’t heard from you for months! Tell me how high school is going!”

Logan’s eyes were darting around the room, looking for anything to help him, even though he knew there would be nothing to find. “I... I mean... Okay. You know, I’m a cheerleader.”

“Yes, honey. I’ve heard that.” She blinked, and the lenses magnified the motion, flashing light like she was sending a semaphore message. “Have you heard from Richard?” She asked Logan.

“Richard?”

“Your father, dear.” She looked at her husband to indicate she was a little uncertain about her granddaughter’s behavior.

The grandfather spoke up. “You remember the summers we spent in Minnesota? I do miss those days.”

“Oh, uh, kinda, sure,” Logan said.

The grandmother shook her head. “No, Jamie Lynn. We’ve never been to Minnesota.”

Logan’s body turned to stone. “No. I mean... I thought that...”

The old woman shook her head. “You’re so busy with high school and your friends that you can’t even recall what life was like when you were a little girl.”

It was the slightest of lifelines for Logan, but he was going to take it. “I’m sorry Granda, Grandpa. It’s just being a cheerleader in high school can be kind of taxing on my mind.”

“It’s all right, sweetheart,” the grandfather said. “We were your age once. It can all be overwhelming. Especially for someone as... *Challenged* as you. I’m sure you feel taxed most of the time.”

It was a very deeply buried insult, but Logan was ready to lean right into it. If they expected less of Jamie Lynn Lambert, he was going to give them less. “Like, I’m so sorry! School is just, y’know so complicated n’ stuff!”

“We know, we know,” the grandmother said. “Our love isn’t for your memories or the past, Jamie Lynn. It’s for who you are.”

“You’ll always be our favorite granddaughter, no matter what.”

“Thanks, Grandma, Grandpa...”

“Grammy,” the woman said.

“Grampy,” the old man said.

Corrected, Logan started again. “Duh!” he said, mocking himself. “Thank you, Grammy and Grampy, for understanding n’ junk.”

“Of course. Now help us get unpacked.” They headed upstairs, leaving their suitcases behind. Logan had no idea how he found himself in this situation, but it seemed to be working out, which seemed incredibly unlikely. “No time to waste! Bring our luggage up, sweetie.”

Logan looked at the five fifty-pound suitcases that were resting by the door and wondered if this arrangement might be a little worse than the sitter.



Brynn, Macey, Brooke, Whitney, Brianna, Kristin, Bridget, Lacey, Britney, Stacy, and Tiffany were buzzing with excitement. “It’s gonna be so tight!” Brianna declared. “Tonight is party time!”

“A college party? That’s so cool!” Macey said upon hearing the news. “Will there be boys there?”

“The guy who invited me said, like, they’d *all* be guys,” Brianna said. “We’ll be the only girls there!”

“Awesome!” Britney said.

The entire Rosenblatt High Lady Tillers Cheer Squad was together to talk, sharing their smoothies as they hung out at the Plaza. They had all heard about this party and wanted to know more.

“That sounds dangerous,” Logan said. “The... *Only* girls? We shouldn’t go.”

“Ugh,” Kristin said. “Ohmigod, Jamie! You’re worse than my mom! Kristin, don’t go out after dark, Kristin. Don’t stick a fork in the outlet, Kristin. Don’t tease the pit bull with a hamburger on your head...”

Logan knew he was in the right on this. “But...”

“You want to go, right?” Brooke asked.

All Kristin had to do was hold up her hand. Logan knew what she meant. He looked down at his hand, where a slightly worn-away message read “Yes.”

“Yes,” he said, defeated.

“There we go!” Kristin said. “Like, you’re catching on, Jamie!”

As the girls gathered together to further discuss the invitation, the excitement was palpable. “Ohmigod, you guys! We have to rock to this party! It’s going to be so much fun!” Brynn exclaimed with signature cheerleader enthusiasm.

Brianna giggled, “Totally! We’ll be the life of the party with our cheer moves! I hope the boys will like them!”

Kristin chimed in. “And we’ll get to show off our totally awesome dance skills!”

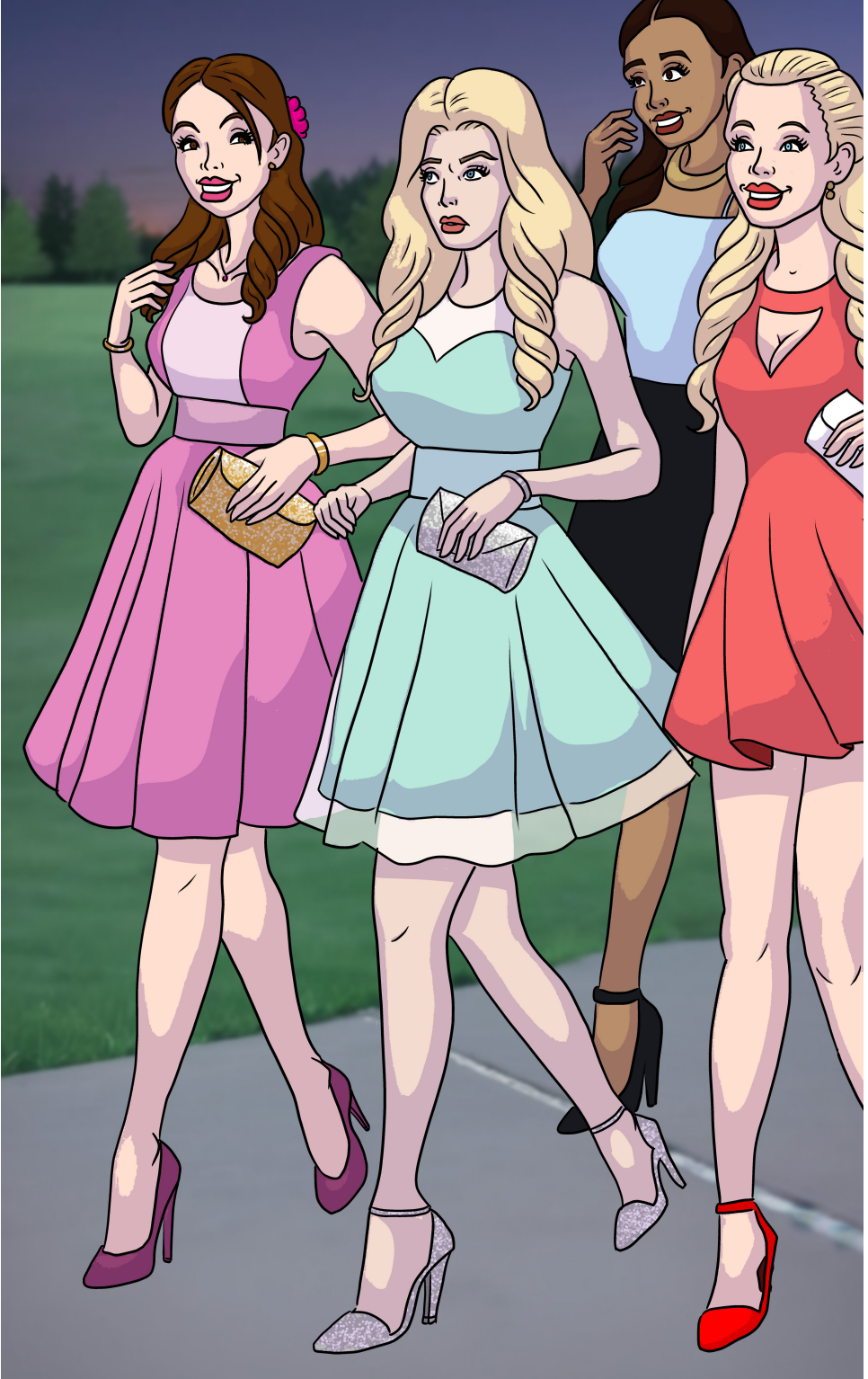
All Logan could picture were the girls flaunting their bodies at boys who had one thing on their minds. This was going to be a disaster. Still, he kept quiet and listened to his new friends, feeling a mix of terror and uncertainty. He had to find a way to talk them out of it. “Are you sure it’s a good idea, guys? I mean, what if the party is too wild or gets out of hand?” Adding, “like, ohmigod,” to keep in character.

Bridget reassured her, “Don’t worry, Jamie! We go to parties all the time. It’ll be a blast, and everybody’s always so nice to us!”

“I bet,” Logan replied.

With most of their minds made up, they all got ready together at Whitney’s house, excitedly discussing what to wear and how to style their hair. They traded outfits and shoes, did each other’s makeup, practiced dancing and had way more fun than any party could ever provide, all the while giggling and tittering with anticipation about the night to come. Finally, they were all set to go, and they headed to the party together, an army of pretty underage girls in the fanciest clothes a high school allowance could provide.

When they arrived, the party was in full swing. The smell of beer was everywhere, and as promised, they appeared to be the only girls there — and all the



boys were at least twenty years old. The thumping music and laughter welcomed them inside. Logan couldn't help but feel a bit overwhelmed by the lively atmosphere and his heart pounded in his chest in fear.

Immediately, red Solo cups with mystery drinks were pressed into all the girls' hands. Logan took his and placed it down on the first table he could find. To his dismay, he could see all the girls drinking theirs without a second thought.

One of the bigger jocks seemed immediately smitten with Logan, which was really creeping him out. He was making sure that any direction Logan tried to go, he was in the way. It was aggravating enough, but then Logan could see that things were already getting out of hand with all the girls.

They had only been there for fifteen minutes but Logan could see that the boys, who all seemed to be frat boys, were cornering his squad teammates. Brianna was putting on some kind of dance clinic for a boy, and for some reason the dance seemed to involve him putting his hands on Brianna's ass as she shook it.

Tiffany was choosing from a plate of pill-shaped items that were being offered to her by some sketchy guy with an eager and innocent look in her eyes.

Brynn was following one guy out to the patio by herself, and Macey was being carried up the stairs by two guys, giggling all the way.

Logan had to stop this. He had to help his oblivious friends and do it now.

With colorful lights illuminating the dance floor and the air filled with laughter, music at the stench of cheap stale beer, Jamie spotted her unwanted admirer, across the way. Fortunately for his purposes, he was huge and muscled.

Feeling desperate, Logan playfully twirled a strand of his hair and flashed him a flirtatious smile. At least he hoped it looked flirtatious. He didn't have a lot of experience. The jock parted the sea of students to get to Logan. "You know, you're looking pretty cute tonight," Logan teased, hoping he sounded authentic.

"I'm Jake," the half-man half-mountain said.

"What a cool name," Logan responded with his best eager smile. "You're look so, like, totally hot."

Jake grinned back, his eyes sparkling with lust. "Oh, really? Well, you look absolutely... Awesome," he replied, genuinely captivated by Logan's charm.

The energy between them intensified, and Logan felt butterflies in his stomach — probably the product of vomit. Lots of vomit. A churning fireball of vomit.

Sensing the moment was right, Jake leaned in closer, his breath warm against Logan's cheek. Their eyes locked, and the world around them seemed to disappear. In that moment, it was just the two of them. Logan so wished it wasn't just the two of them.

Logan closed the distance between them, gently pressing his lips against Jake's. It was a tender and magical moment, filled with a sense of wonder and excitement... for Jake at least. Logan was fighting his gag reflex with Jake diving his tongue into Logan's throat.

As they pulled away, Logan's heart fluttered with cardiac arrhythmia, and a blush from oxygen deprivation adorned his cheeks. "Wow," he whispered.

Jake grinned, feeling his heart skip a beat. "Yeah, wow," he echoed, his voice filled with tenderness.

"Um, hey," Logan said, figuring he had now earned this gorilla's loyalty. The only way he could excuse having to kiss a guy was because he needed his help to get his friends out of this nightmare. "Could you do something for me?"

"Yeah, sure!" Jake said, excitedly.

"Punch that guy behind you."

"Sure!" Jake replied. He didn't pause a moment in clocking the poor chump who happened to be there.

Just as Logan had hoped, That caused a chain reaction where another party-goer took a swipe at Jake, and Jake floored him. Another guy was hit inadvertently, and tried to punch the wrong person, they fought back, and shortly, everyone was punching everyone else.

This chaos was the cover Logan needed to get to his friends. Even in the heels he was wearing, Logan slipped away undetected and headed for Tiffany, who was closest. She was examining one of the little red pills she had been given.

"You promise this one will taste like cherries?"

Logan knocked the pill out of Tiffany's hand and at the same time hit the tray of pills, spilling them all. "Ohmigod, I'm, like, so clumsy!" Logan said, pretending to apologize.

"You ruined everything!" Said the guy who had been offering up the pills. He got to his knees to clean everything up. One down, eight more to go, Logan thought to himself.

"Hey, babe," someone said as Logan felt an arm wrap around his waist. The voice was coming not from his left or right, but *above* Logan. He up looked to see Jake, with a goofy smile on his face. "Nearly lost track of you in that mess," he said. "Now, where were we?"

Logan felt an overwhelming sense of dread as he realized what was about to happen. He knew that this make-out session would be forced upon him, and it filled him with disgust and apprehension.

With a deep breath, Logan braced himself with their lips meeting in a soft, tender embrace. Logan's heart raced as he felt the pressure of Jake's mouth on his own, trying desperately to push away from this unwanted intimacy.

Jake was simply too big to escape. He wasn't intentionally holding Logan, but there was just nowhere to go. He felt himself being maneuvered backwards, and soon felt himself being lowered onto a sofa. After a full minute, and despite his steadfast resistance, Logan found himself becoming increasingly lost in the moment, his body betraying his reluctance as he began to enjoy the sensations of a kiss.

As their lewd display of teenage carnal desire continued, Logan struggled to maintain control over his emotions and reactions. He could feel the tension building within him, threatening to spill over into an uncontrollable outburst. Despite this inner turmoil, Logan remained focused on playing his role as a cheerleader hot to trot – even if it meant forcing himself to enjoy something that went against every instinct he had.

With each passing moment, the kiss between Logan and Jake grew more passionate and intense. Logan's mind was reeling from the conflicting emotions he



was experiencing and he could feel himself slipping further under the spell of this forced make-out session, as if there were no way to escape its grasp.

In the midst of this stolen kiss, the lines between Logan and Jamie blurred, and the pleasurable feelings he experienced defied all logic. He wanted to pull away, to regain his sense of self, but an intoxicating force seemed to hold him in its grasp.

He was baffled by the rush of sensations that coursed through him — the softness of Jake's lips against his own, the crushing warmth of being pressed body-to-body with such a large and powerful young man, and the electric spark that seemed to jolt through his entire being.

As the kiss deepened, Logan felt an unfamiliar desire awaken within him. It was a hunger for more — more of this connection, more of these feelings that danced on the precipice of his understanding. The internal battle raged on with the remnants of his identity warring with the allure of this newfound experience.

As their lips finally parted, Jamie and Jake exchanged grins, each lost in their own thoughts about what had just transpired between them. For Logan, the experience was nothing short of traumatic — a painful reminder of the power dynamics at play within his mind. Yet, it wasn't unpleasant, in the physical sense.

He was adrift in a sea of contradictions, his compass spinning wildly, but he was also awakened to the possibility that there was more to life — more to being Jamie Lynn Lambert than hair, pom-poms and skirts.

Logan would not yield, though. He was still a guy in a dress. There were things guys don't do. This had to be at least #3 on the list of things guys don't do. Possibly #2. It was huge violation of the guy code. This was the kind of thing that life had warned him about, losing his God-given masculine sense of control and authority.

Still, he found himself wrapping his arms around Jake's neck and bringing him back in. The troubles of his inner turmoil, along with the memory of his cheer-leading teammates seemed to fade into the background.

"So anyway," Britney said to the girls as they walked home, "I'm trying to find the bathroom, and who do I see, like, in animal heat on the couch but our pure sweet innocent Jamie, making out with the biggest hunk at the party!"

"Oooo!" The girls all said at once. Logan's face was as red as a stop light. Unable to explain to anyone, especially himself, why he had spent two hours kissing Jake. He was trying to help his friends survive the night and not be taken advantage of. As it turned out, he was one being taken advantage of — and the only one.

"What did you do at the party, Brianna?" Brynn asked.

"Oh, there was this guy..." Brianna said. "He wanted me to prove I really was a cheerleader so I was showing him my moves. Then he wants to dance with me,

but he can't even dance without grabbing my butt, so I had to give him dance lessons." She giggled. "So, like, after a few minutes a bunch of people were watching, so we had a dance-off. We got everyone into it! It was so awesome! I won, of course."

"Wow," Macey said. "When I got to talk to some guys, they wanted to take me upstairs, and so they carried me up and threw me on the bed." She was laughing. "It was so bouncy! I took my shoes off and jumped up and down, up and down... Then I challenged the guys to see who could jump the highest without touching the ceiling. I had such a great time! Those guys were so much fun!"

Tiffany took her turn to tell a story. "Yeah, I met this guy who had a big bag of red hot sauce jellybeans that he was eating. So we came up with a little prank where everyone was supposed to get one, and we told them that whoever got the cherry flavored one won a cupcake. But there was no cherry. They were all hot sauce flavor! Funny, right?" She looked over at Logan. "But *someone* spoiled it!"

Logan simply could not understand it. The girls had all gotten themselves in over their heads — way over their heads — and bobbed right back to the surface. Somehow their innocence and purity had been so intense that they had simply won over all the people trying to take advantage of them. He had doubted them, and he had paid the price for it.

Looking down at his hand, it still read "Yes." He should never had doubted the hand.



Once again allowed in the house, Stu Simmons was sitting on Jamie Lynn's bed as Logan got dressed. It was several days later, and things were starting to work back into a routine.

Stu was sure he wasn't watching a girl get dressed, so it was okay. Of course, every little detail he saw had told him different, but he knew it was Logan. So it was okay. Perfectly okay. Nothing weird about it

"I can't believe you got boobs."

"They're not really boobs," Logan explained as he slung the not-boobs into his bra cups. The gel inserts took his A+ cup to a full C. "It's more like a fatty tissue thing. It'll go away in a few weeks or a couple of months." He turned to his sink and took his daily pills and chased them with water.

"Still..."

"Hey, it was to make sure I didn't have the cops on my ass for impersonating Jamie Lynn. It was worth it, even if I never did actually have to use them as proof."

“What the hell *did* happen, anyway?”

“Fuck if I know,” Logan said, securing a pleated miniskirt around his waist. “Not complaining, that’s for sure. I just woke up and they dragged her outta here. She was kicking and screaming, too.”

“She deserved it.” Logan started to put on a gingham top with puffed sleeves. Stu had never seen him wear something like that before, especially since it showed off his cleavage. “Is that from the Daisy Duke collection?” Stu asked.

“Grammy bought it for me. I told her I’d wear it.”

“Who?”

“Jamie Lynn’s grandmother.”

“I knew that. I was making fun of you for treating her like your own grandmother. That was the joke.” He pointed to him. “Showing those beauties off, huh?”

“It’s just the cut of



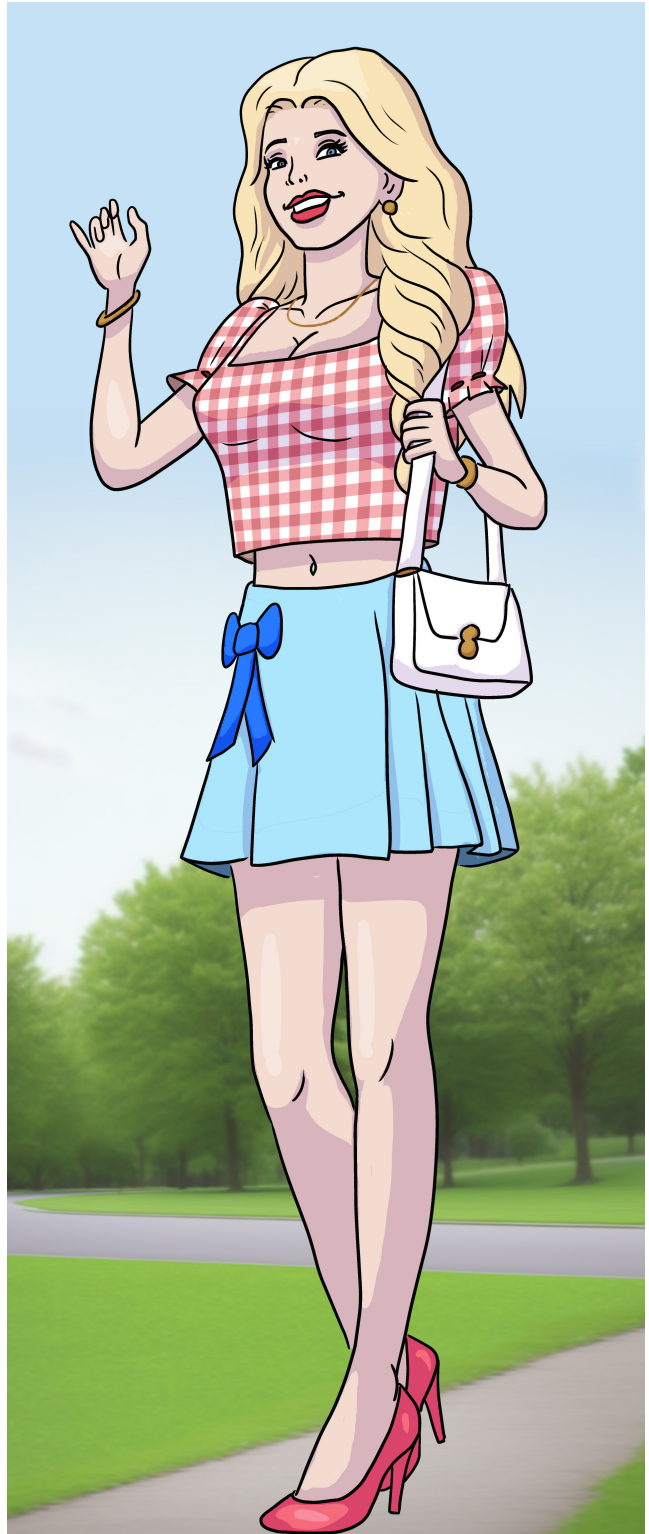
the blouse.” He grabbed his not-breasts and wiggled them into place. “And the padding. Anyway, things are a little easier with the grandparents around. They can’t see very well, so they can’t tell if it’s the real Jamie Lynn or a pile of laundry. I’m safe.”

“For now.”

Logan looked at the Hello Kitty calendar resting on the bedside table. There were five weeks until school started again, and 28 days until Jamie Lynn’s parents were going to return. If Jamie Lynn was going to come back, and give Logan cover for this deception, they were running out of time.

He turned to a mirror and started running a brush through his newly blonde and newly long hair. “Don’t remind me. I don’t like thinking about it.”

The door opened up and the bent-over figure of Grandma Lambert hobbled in. “I wanted to ask... Oh my.” Her eyes locked on Stu, and she looked pained and worried. “A young man shouldn’t be



watching a lady getting prepared for the day,” she said.

“Ohmigod, Grammy!” Logan said, effortlessly switching into girl mode, “I’m just, like, combing my hair! Like, no big, okay?”

“In my day, I’d never let my beloved see me in anything less than that full make up with my hair done and...”

“I’m not... Her... Boyfriend.” Stu said. “I’m just a friend friend.”

That made even less sense to the old woman, who looked at Stu with far more skepticism. She wordlessly turned around to leave. “I just wanted to know if you’re having lunch with me and your grandfather,” she asked Logan.

“Umm. Oh! Like, I’m going out with Brooke, Tiffany and Lacey for a taco salad n’ stuff.”

The grandmother nodded and left without turning around.

“Were we just shipped?” Stu asked with a smirk.

Logan visibly shivered. “*Eurrrgh*,” he said. “Anyway,” he picked up his purse and slung it over his shoulder. “I, like, got a lunch date n’ stuff.”

They both walked down the stairs and to the front door.

“I got work until Friday, I’ll talk to you then,” Stu said.

“Okay, by-eee!” Logan said with a finger wave as he trotted off in his high heels.

Even Stu was used to Logan’s airhead girl persona by now. “Later bud,” he said.



El Capitan Grande had served up some pretty soggy chicken taco salads for Tiffany, Brooke, Logan and Lacey, but what they really had come for was the tanning beds. No, they were not offered there, but next door was a tanning salon, and the Rosenblatt High Cheer Squad had a group discount.

“I like that bikini, Jamie!” Tiffany said as they were getting ready. “Where’d you get it?”

“I dunno,” Logan replied. “Like, it was just on the floor of my room the other day. Weird.”

“Ghost bikini!” Brooke said, adjusting the straps of her own bikini.

Lacey was scared. “Do you think it’s haunted?”

“Maybe?” Logan replied, picking at one of his shoulder straps. “I didn’t think about that.”



There was nothing more fun for Logan than being stupid with the girls. He probably started out teasing them, but now he liked to get in on it.

The four, all in bikinis and wearing protective eyewear, laid down in the glowing purple tanning beds and lowered the top on themselves. With summer ending all too soon, the girls wanted to make sure their skin would be dark enough to last at least a little ways into fall — and Logan was just hanging out.

Logan was also feeling as relaxed as ever with the girls. With no wig to worry about falling off, a tape gaff that kept him smooth, and no overstuffed bra that could come undone, he could let all that anxiety go. It was odd how confident he felt in the bikini. Was it because he was the same size as his friends? Bigger than some? He couldn't believe that it would make this big a difference, but it seemed to.

“Are we all in on doing 15 minutes?” Brooke asked. They all answered in the affirmative. They were all tanning veterans, even Logan.

He always had an agenda, and sprinkled in his questions in amongst a hundred different dumb things. “Does anyone worry that if gravity were to suddenly get, like, doubled, these machines would mash us into waffles?” he asked.

“I have!” Lacey said.

“It's like you can read my mind!” Tiffany said.

“What type of waffle would you like to be?” Brooke asked from her tanning bed. “I'd want to be blueberry.”

“Gosh, I don't know...” Tiffany said. “Come back to me.”

“Peanut butter!” Lacey said, firmly and emphatically. “That's mine! No one else can take it!”

Tiffany had finally her answer. “Oh, I got one. Bubblegum.”

“Bubblegum isn't a waffle,” Brooke said.

“Yes it is!” Tiffany replied. “I had some the other day. My mom made them. Bubblegum Waffles.”

“I think you mean Belgium Waffles,” Lacey said.

“Like, I *know* what I mean, Lacey.”

“Can your mom make them for us?”

“I'll ask.”

“Do you guys ever have trouble remembering things?” Logan asked, inserting the deliberate question into the nonsense.

“Sure!” Lacey said.

“All the time!” Brooke seconded.

“Cuz' I can't remember if I told you guys any big secrets during the last week of school,” he said. He was fishing, hoping for a bite.

“Secrets?” Lacey said. “No... I don’t remember anything like that...”

“I remember!” Brooke said. “It’s not really a secret, though. You said that you might act kind of all weird n’ stuff this summer.”

“Oh yeah!” Lacey said. “I do remember that. You said that if you were acting weird, that we needed to be patient and you’d be okay by when school starts.”

Tiffany also had some thoughts. “Yah! I thought that was kinda strange, but you’ve never acted weird. So I guess it was all for nothing.”

Was that true? Had he always acted ‘normal?’ By normal, did she mean ‘like a cheerleader?’ He had been acting like a cheerleader for almost two months at this point, and he was worried at the start that maybe it might rub off on him in some way.

“I guess,” Logan said. “Weird how I forgot stuff like that.”

“Well, you didn’t forget that practice starts up next week, right?” Tiffany asked. “I’ve been waiting all summer to start cheer practice again!”

“Practice?” Logan asked. “Next week?”

“Yeah, I mean the boys have their first practice game in three weeks, so we gotta start practicing to get ready!”

“Uh... I may have also forgotten what practice was, or even what happens,” Logan said. “It’s not hard is it?”

“Nah, it’s easy!” Tiffany said.



Practice *was* easy — if you were a limber, fit teenage girl. If you were a skinny boy masquerading as a girl, cheerleading was considerably harder. Brutal, really. For the next week, Logan woke up every morning feeling sore all over. They had him bending and twisting into shapes his body was never meant to do. It was all drills. Two hours a day of kicking, jumping, cartwheeling and even launching your self into the air was beyond him and he was never going to catch up.

But two weeks later, Logan had made the necessary adjustments.

As the morning light began to illuminate the room, Logan jumped out of bed, beating his alarm. He put his feet into the new super thick fuzzy slippers he had bought, as when he had recently been over to Macey’s she had these killer slippers to die for, so he picked up a pair on his next shopping trip. He wiggled his toes in them.

The alarm went off, playing “Shake it Off,” as Logan danced his way into the bathroom. He washed off the clay mask and checked his skin for any overnight blemishes. He was happy to see his face was just as milky soft as when he went

to bed. His first order of business was to take his daily pills, now eight weeks since the scars on his face had healed.

He left his hair in the braids he made to sleep in, and then stuffed them under a shower cap. After stripping himself of the filmy little nightgown Grammy had bought for him, into the shower he went, and he enjoyed the first few moments under the shower head. His chest had been sore for quite a while now. He knew it was his imagination, but it felt like the fatty deposits were getting bigger, not smaller, and his nipples had started to stick out like the nosecones of ballistic missiles. He hoped they would calm down sometime soon.

He gently applied liquid bodywash, being careful as his skin just felt so sensitive that even a simple washcloth felt scratchy. “You’re becoming such a princess,” he said with a giggle as he cleaned himself off.

After the shower, Logan was ready to get things underway. He noted that the new Taylor poster he had put up near the door was perfect, just the right colors to balance the room properly. He had spent thirty dollars on it, but it was worth it. Wearing his towel, he sat down at the vanity and had to angle himself properly to see his own reflection as it was crowded out by all the pics of his friends. In fact, he had tacked up a cork board behind the vanity to deal with the overflow of pics and mementos.

It held pics of the slumber party at Bridget’s, pics of the volunteering at the church, pics of the shopping trip in Cincy, some receipts from the trip, pics of the Taylor Swift concert, new swatches of torn fabric from Taylor’s stage wardrobe, and the berry picking trip. There were also pics from the trip to the pool where Stacy lost her top with the actual top pinned next to it, the trip to the butterfly house with a pinned butterfly, the puppet show with a pinned puppet, the trip to the cat cafe with a pinned cat. Or a sticker of one, at least.

Logan sighed, knowing that summer was going to end soon enough, and Jamie Lynn would come back. She had to come back. Who would leave friends like these? She had it so good. It was inconceivable to Logan that she’d just leave.

So when she did come back, Logan was sure she’d just be able to fall back in line, taking over almost as if she’d never left. It was so easy to be Jamie, after all. Logan wondered if she’d appreciate all he’d done for her.

Well, it didn’t really matter, as the plan was to sue her and her family for doing this to him — even if he still didn’t understand why this was happening, or why him. He smiled at his reflection. “You’re going to be a teenage millionaire,” he said to himself with a catty little giggle.

Looking behind him, in the mirror’s reflection was the newest addition to the wardrobe. Logan got up and walked over to it, as it rested on the back of a chair. It was the Rosenblatt High cheer uniform.

A top, called a shell, in white, blue and gold was draped over the chair while a pleated blue skirt with gold and white stripes rested on the seat. The shell had

“RHS” on it in big, bold letters. They had been given out to the team yesterday, shocking Logan. Of course, he was a cheerleader on the cheerleading team at a cheerleading practice, so he probably should have suspected a cheerleading uniform was coming. Still, to have one was weird. It was an icon of femininity that he had spent so much time fetishizing over, and it was now his. To wear.

There were also a pair of white trainers identical to the ones all the girls had, pom-poms, a long-sleeve turtleneck shirt, a blue hair bow, flesh-tone leggings and a pair of cheerleader panties. Logan was somewhat

disappointed to know that they weren't really panties at all, but “high-leg dancer's briefs.” They would always be cheerleader panties in his heart, though.

He hadn't tried the uniform on yet. He didn't want to. It wasn't really his. The uniform or the life.

There was little sense to Logan in thinking about something that he had no control over. If Jamie Lynn showed up before Friday, she was going to wear that uniform. If she didn't decide to return, then he was going to have to do it until she did. Which was something he was sure he could handle, if he really had to. After all, he had been pushing himself to the limit every practice, nailing every routine, memorizing every cheer, and it would be a shame to waste all that.

He returned to the vanity to do his face and hair and forget about Friday. He began by undoing his braids and combing his hair out. As long as it was, it took some time to get rid of the kinks, but otherwise, Logan's hair was the color of



heaven, and spun from finest silk of the ancient orient. It was shiny and lustrous, but light and bouncy. It hovered like a renaissance painters' halo around his angelic face.

The changes had been slow and gradual, so Logan couldn't have understood that he now was the most beautiful girl in school. He might have been the prettiest 16 year old in all of Ohio, actually. His smile was pure, his eyes open like twin oceans, and his face was a reflection of dreams. He had been surrounded by very pretty girls for months, and didn't know that girls who weren't RHS cheerleaders were burning with jealousy and intensely spiteful of Logan's appearance.

Even without a stitch on or a molecule of makeup, Logan was gorgeous, and it was something no one could ignore. Except for Logan, who couldn't see what was plain for everyone else.

Unlike most women, Logan's makeup routine was getting quicker and quicker. He didn't have to cover blemishes because he didn't have any. He didn't need to draw out his lashes, because they were already thick. He didn't need to color his lips, because they were already a rosy red. His cheeks had a natural flush to them and his eyes had a slight sink to them which didn't require eyeshadow to bring out.

His amazing hair was almost like a tamed animal. A gentle shake of his head and it fell into a style that he could have left the house in, and everyone would have marveled at the care and skill needed to get it to look so good. Since practice was coming up in a few minutes, he merely fastened it into a pony tail, which exposed his slender neck.

He went to get dressed, and his practice uniform was very simple, a pair of "spankies" as the girls called them, essentially skin tight short-shorts. Over that was a pair of nylon athletic shorts. A sports bra was covered by a cropped RHS Cheer top.

First, however, was a pair of panties, which he had been feeling more and more comfortable in. They rested on his hips better and felt like they were made for him. Logan hadn't noticed that the intense daily workouts with the girls had blessed him with something he'd never had: a rear shelf. His butt had become round and fleshy, a combination of developed muscles and a new accumulation of fat, so the panties made for a girl's shape did indeed fit him much better now.

His bras had been bothering him a bit, and he figured that using smaller gel inserts wouldn't be a bad idea, although he neglected to notice that this did not reduce the size of his bust. With the change in his nipples, a bra was an absolute must, as letting them scrape the insides of a shirt was an excruciating experience.

Once he was dressed, he put on his cheerleader-gifted socks, put in a couple of pearl studs for earrings, tied on his new white shoes and posed for his own



amusement in the mirror. He did a little kick and found his leg pointing almost straight up in the air. He laughed at himself, thinking he looked ridiculous.

To anyone watching, they would have never thought such a thing. The women would be resentful, and the men would need to be slapped back to their senses.

“Bye Grammy!” Logan said, bending down to kiss the grandmother’s cheek as he passed through the kitchen. She was seated at the kitchen table reading a tablet.

“You’re not going out with that Stewart boy, are you?” she asked.

“No, it’s seven am! It’s cheer practice!”

“You’re not going out with him after, are you?”

“Stu’s not my boyfriend!” Said Logan, a phrase he was sure he’d never say in his life — up until a couple of months ago.

“If you say so, sweetie.”

“I don’t want to have this argument again!” Logan said. Jamie Lynn’s grandparents were incredibly nice and they loved their granddaughter unconditionally, but they did have a few hang-ups, and this was one of them. “I gotta go, okay?”

“Don’t let that boy talk you into anything inappropriate!” the grandfather said as he entered the kitchen.

“I’m not going out with Stu!” Logan had to say again, and he said it louder. He grabbed an apple from a fruit basket and headed out. “I’ll be back in a few hours.”



That afternoon, after a vigorous practice, Logan, Brittany, Tiffany, Macey, and Brynn gathered at the closest thing their town had to a café, a Panera Bread, for lunch. They took a table in the outdoor patio. Brittany, as was the norm for most of the cheerleaders, was excited to talk. “Oh, my, God! Have you seen the new cheer uniforms? They are like, to die for! The colors are totally fabulous!”

“They’re blue and gold, like they always are,” Logan said.

“But these are even more bluer and golder! Don’t you think?”

Tiffany, her perfectly manicured nails tapping on her phone, replied, “I know, right? We’ll look so hot! Cheerleading is all about being fierce and fashionable.”

Macey put the menu down and chimed in. “And did you see? They’re just like Taylor Swift’s ‘Shake it Off’ video! Her style is, like, always on point. I can’t wait to see what she wears next!”

Brynn flipped her long, shiny hair. “Totally! Taylor is such a queen. Her songs are catchy and all, but her wardrobe is like, goals! I wish I had her closet!”

I do, Logan thought to himself. *And I’m the one who doesn’t want it.*

As they sipped their smoothies, the conversation seamlessly shifted from cheerleading to Taylor Swift’s chart-topping hits.

“Remember when we did that cheer routine to ‘Shake It Off?’” Brittany said. “It was totally iconic! The crowd went wild!”

Tiffany nodded. “Yes, and we should totally do something to “Anti-Hero” at the next game! It’ll be a total mood!”

Macey agreed. “I saw so many great routines on TikTok! Some great squads and awesome moves! Everybody’s doing it!”

“So, maybe it’s overdone?” Logan said. “Like, maybe we should do something different.”

Tiffany giggled. “If everybody’s doing it, that means we gotta! People will think it’s weird if we don’t. No one wants to be weird.”

Brynn giggled. “Yah! The crowd is always, like, right. Hey! Group selfie!”

They posed for a series of selfies, squeezing to one side of the round table, making Logan fear for his life for being crushed, but ensuring each angle was picture-perfect. Once the pics were posted, the conversation continued.

“My favorite Taylor Swift song is ‘Love Story,’” Brittany said. “It’s so dreamy, and I just can’t get enough of it! All time playlist!”

“Me too!” Brynn said.

“Totally!” Macey agreed. “Nothing is better than ‘Love Story.’”

Tiffany nodded. “I totally get it! But ‘Blank Space’ is, like, my jam. The lyrics are so me, and it’s soooo catchy!”

“Oh yah!” Brittany said. “That’s my even favoriter favorite.”

“Way better than ‘Love Story,’” Brynn said.

Macey chimed in. “You know what? ‘Bad Blood’ is, like, the ultimate girl power anthem. We should totally blast it at practice!”

“Oh, I love ‘Bad Blood!’” Tiffany said. “Number one all time!”

Brynn turned to Logan. “What about you, Jamie? How much do you love ‘Bad Blood?’”

Logan was not nearly an expert on the subject, and he just went with the last thing he heard. “Hmm, I can’t decide. I guess ‘ME!’ is kind of cool.”

“What about ‘Bad Blood?’” Tiffany asked.

“Yah, Jamie. What about ‘Bad Blood?’” Brittany asked, looking concerned.

“I guess it’s okay,” Logan answered. Truthfully, he had no idea what this song was. He was sure he’d heard it, he just couldn’t say for sure.

“Just okay?” Tiffany wanted to know.

“I mean, totally the best!” Logan said, realizing what was really going on. He wasn’t being asked his opinion, he was being asked to follow the group opinion. “I mean, ‘Bad Blood’ is the most awesome thing ever!”

“Ohmigod, you’re so right, Jamie!” Brittany excitedly said, satisfied. “The. Best.”

Tiffany, full of enthusiasm, clapped her hands, “Alright, girls! Let’s brainstorm some *ah-may-zing* cheer routines that will blow everyone’s minds! I’m thinking high-energy moves and sassy choreography!”

Brynn, up for it, added, “Yes! And we should do some cool stunts and jumps. It’ll be awesome!”

“I want to add some formations and dance stuff to make it look super cool!” Macey suggested.

Logan was puzzled. It sounded all so ordinary. It was just a bunch of words they had probably said a thousand times before. Of course new cheer routines should be good. Of course they should be high-energy. It was cheerleading, after all.

“Ohmigod, we definitely have to record our routines and post them on Insta and TikTok. Our followers will go wild!” Brittany said.

As they discussed their ideas, saying pretty much obvious things over and over, Logan looked visibly disinterested, playing with his phone instead of actively participating in the conversation.

Tiffany noticed. “Jamie, what do you think? Don’t you have any ideas for the routines?”

Logan hesitated, then finally spoke. “Honestly? I think this is kind of silly. I mean, how complicated can cheerleading be?”

The table fell silent for a moment as the other girls exchanged puzzled glances.

Brynn tried to be understanding. “But Jamie, cheerleading is so much fun! It brings us together as a team, and the crowd loves our moves!”

Macey added, “Yeah, and it’s, like, a great way to show school spirit and support our teams during games n’ stuff.”

Brittany chimed in. “Plus, we get to look super cute in our cheer unis!”

Jamie shrugged. “I get that, but it just feels like it’s a bit of overkill to spend so much time on it. We jump and cheer. We do a few routines that we always do, and then move on to the next game. It’s not, y’know, complicated.” He looked around. “You guys understand, right?”

Tiffany, optimistic as all the cheerleaders were, smiled. “You might change your mind, Jamie. Once we show you how fun and, like, exciting cheerleading can be, you might love it! It’s silly, but it’s sooo much fun!”

Brynn, with that boundless cheerleader energy, added, “Yeah! It’s all about the team spirit and the adrenaline rush when we perform!”

“And the boys,” Macey added.

All the girls nodded and agreed eagerly with that point.

“And looking hot,” Tiffany said.

Another round of vigorous agreement followed.

Logan remembered where he was and who he was supposed to be. It was no time to grow a spine and provide a thinking man’s cerebral observations of cheerleading.

“Well, maybe silly is okay,” he said. “And you guys seem to like it, so, I’m sure I’ll like it too.”

“That’s my girl!” Tiffany said. “Anyway, we need something unforgettable!”

“Yes! Let’s showcase our talents to the max. We’ll have everyone cheering for us!” Brynn said.

“We should start with a dynamic opening, something that grabs the crowd’s attention right away,” Macey said.

It all sounded vague to Logan, but he tried not to look bored. He wanted to understand, after all. He liked these girls. Even if they weren’t that bright, he wanted to see what they saw in cheerleading.

The girls started to brainstorm ideas, and soon, the Panera Bread patio turned into an impromptu dance studio. They began to demonstrate various moves, jumps, and stunts with unexpected grace and precision. Logan’s time at practice hadn’t yet led him to doing actual routines. They mostly focused on being in shape and being limber. This was the first time he’d seen the girls actually dance.

Tiffany initiated a series of dazzling jumps, her perfect splits and high kicks showcasing her flexibility and talent. Brynn followed suit with powerful tumbling passes, executing backflips and cartwheels effortlessly.

Macey gracefully moved into an artistic dance sequence, adding elegant arm movements and graceful twirls that made her look like a ballet dancer. Brittany showed off her cheerleading skills by leading the girls in a series of synchronized cheers and chants.

It didn’t take long before Logan started to feel a spark of curiosity about cheerleading. He watched his friends passionately discussing moves and formations, their enthusiasm infectious. Slowly but surely, he found himself seeing something worthwhile about being part of a spirited team.

As the planning session went on, Logan couldn't help but get a little involved. "You know what?" he said. "Have you guys thought about, like, maybe using a rock song? Something for people who aren't into Taylor Swift? It might actually be cool!"

"Not into Taylor Swift?" Tiffany said, aghast. "But..."

"She has a point," Brynn said. "My dad is, like, always asking if we do any routines that aren't to Taylor's stuff."

"So does my brother," Brittany seconded. The others nodded in agreement.

"Well..." Tiffany sighed, but then smiled. "Yes! It's sounds really fun! Let's do it!"

The girls were thrilled by Logan's suggestion and gladly added space for two new songs into their routines. Logan, in turn, offered up five classic rock songs he liked for them to choose from. With this, he couldn't help but feel more connected to the squad. It wasn't intentional, but life-long loner Logan had inadvertently discovered the joy in collaborating with friends on something.

He couldn't help but notice how much fun they were having and how cheer-leading brought them together as a tight-knit group. It was a far cry from the isolation he used to feel — and at the time, cherished — as Logan the outsider. Now he couldn't help but feel a little foolish about being a stranger to everyone, or his desire to be seen as one.

When they got back to the practice field the next morning, it was Logan who was leading the girls, as they worked out the new routines. In the days that led up to Friday, Logan slowly became a vibrant and enthusiastic cheerleader that embraced the cheers, the dances, and even the sparkling cheer uniforms.

The big day of the practice game finally arrived, and the girls took the field with confidence, their energy electrifying. The music started, and they moved as one, executing every move flawlessly.

Their opening was jaw-dropping, immediately capturing the attention of the crowd. Their synchronized dance, intricate formations, and impressive stunts had everyone cheering and clapping along.

During the pyramid stunts, the crowd gasped in amazement. Their strength and balance were indeed impressive, and their dancing skill added a touch of grace to the daring moves. As the opening routine came to an end, the girls struck their final pose with smiles on their faces, knowing they had delivered an exceptional performance.

The crowd erupted in thunderous applause, and the girls couldn't help but feel a surge of pride. Their hard work had paid off, and they had achieved what they set out to do — dazzling everyone with their immense talent and passion for cheerleading.



The new routines to “Don’t Stop Believing” and “Final Countdown” were real crowd-pleasers, eliciting applause from even the stodgy old dads in the crowd, which Logan took great pride in — and the girls responded to the broader, louder response with giddy smiles and giggles.

Even though it was just a practice game, the girls left the field that night as confident as they had ever felt, and deep in his heart, Logan had to admit that he was glad that Jamie Lynn hadn’t returned. He would have never known the feeling of friendship, fulfillment and belonging that cheerleading — of all things — had brought to him.



That weekend, Jamie Lynn’s grandparents had invited Logan for a talk, and he couldn’t help but feel a bit nervous about what it might be. The first thing that crossed his mind was that they were suspicious of his real identity, or that the parents were coming back sooner.

As he settled on the living room couch, Logan’s perfectly manicured nails were tapping on his phone screen nervously. He was trying to soothe his nerves by chatting with Brittany and Lacey.

Jamie’s grandparents arrived together. They sat down next to Logan, and gently broached the topic. “Jamie, sweetheart, we’ve noticed you spending a lot of time with that boy, Stu,” Grammy said with a hint of concern.

Grampy nodded. “Yes, we’re a bit worried, pumpkin. Is there something going on between you two?”

In a way, this was a relief, but at the same time, he didn’t like where this was going. “No way, you guys,” Logan began, trying to sound nonchalant with his tone. “Stu is, like, just a friend. I keep telling you. There’s nothing romantic happening.”

Grammy looked a more than a little skeptical. “Are you sure, dear? When we’ve seen you two together, and it seemed more than just friendship.”

Logan’s heart sank, torn between wanting to be clear about the situation and not wanting to raise suspicions with the grandparents. “Well, we’re, like, super close, but we’re not dating or anything. He’s just a really good friend.”

Grampy still seemed concerned. “We just want what’s best for you, Jamie. You know your father said you couldn’t get involved with a boy until he met him. Has he met this boy?”

There was no way to get around that one. “No,” Logan said.

“We don’t want to ground you or take away your phone,” Grampy said. “But we know your father would, if he were here.”

There was no way he could lose Jamie's phone. That was his one lifeline to the world. The one thing that was keeping him in contact with everyone. All his evidence for the forced surgery was on there. When Jamie Lynn finally came back, surely she'd contact him through her own phone. How would he know what to wear if the squad didn't get a look at it first? He had to keep it at all costs.

Feeling the pressure, Logan decided to go along with their mislaid concerns. "You're right, Grampy. I'll talk to Stu and ask him to, like, not come over anymore."

Jamie Lynn's grandmother smiled. "That's the right decision, dear. We just want to make sure you're focusing on what's important. You need to honor the values of your family."

Grammy pressed the phone Logan was holding closer to him, silently indicating they wanted him to make the call now. "It's for the best."

"Let's go see what we can make for dinner," Jamie's grandfather said, as he helped his wife up. They ambled into the kitchen, but Logan was pretty sure they were going to listen through the door.

With no other options, Logan dialed Stu's number, feeling a mix of nervousness and awkwardness. "Hey, Stu! It's, like, me here."

"Hey, Logan! What's up?" Stu's friendly voice greeted him.

"I need to, like, talk to you about stuff," Logan started, his valley girl accent still apparent.

"Sure, what's on your mind?" Stu replied.

"Well, like, the grandparents think we're dating or something. It's, like, totally confusing n' stuff, and I don't want them to worry," Logan explained, fidgeting with his long, shiny hair.

Stu chuckled, "That's kind of funny."

"Yah, like, totally! But I don't want them to be upset. I don't think we shouldn't hang out here anymore," Logan said, trying to sound resolute.

Stu's understanding tone put Logan at ease, if only a little bit. "I get it. No worries. If that's what you think is best."

Feeling a mix of relief and sadness, Jamie thanked Stu for his sympathy. "You're, like, the best, Stu. Thanks for being so cool about this."

"No problem. I guess I can do that," Stu said, puzzled. "Are they listening?"

"Jamie!" Grammy called out from the kitchen. "Help me with the roast!"

"I gotta go," Logan said, ending the call.

On his end, Stu was left bewildered and annoyed. He had to figure that Logan was making the call under observation, so he waited for a message to clarify the situation.

And days later, he was still waiting.



It was going to be two more weeks until the first real football game, and then it would be two more weeks before school actually started. So even with just under a month left in his cheerleading career, Logan found himself waking up each morning with a newfound zest for life, ready to embrace the day with a peppy attitude.

“Hey, like, did you guys see the latest cheer moves on campuscheer’s TikTok? They’re, like, so awesome!” Logan excitedly gushed to his teammates as he displayed them on Jamie’s phone.

With each practice, Logan’s cheerleading skills improved rapidly, and his unwavering positivity began to match his teammates. He became the kind of cheerleader who could effortlessly lift everyone’s spirits, even on the most challenging days.

“Let’s go, team! We’ve got this!” Logan would cheer, his infectious enthusiasm the equal of anyone else on the squad. His background seemed to matter less and less to him as he immersed herself in the vibrant world of cheerleading. It was odd how quickly he had “come around” on cheer, but he was far too excited to stop and consider it.

Outside of practice, Logan’s thoughts now revolved around cheerleading all the time. He couldn’t stop talking about routines, stunts, and upcoming competitions. Websites, chats and videos all about cheerleading were where he was spending his time when not with the girls. He was absorbing everything he could.

Jamie’s grandparents noticed the change, and they were supportive of “Jamie’s” overflowing passion. “Like, I can’t believe how much I love cheerleading! It’s, like, *everything* to me now!” Logan would excitedly exclaim to Jamie’s grandparents, who watched with amusement and admiration.

As the practices progressed, Logan’s obsession with cheerleading intensified even further. His room was filled with cheer bows, pom-poms, and motivational quotes. He would often practice his cheers and jumps at home, honing his skills to perfection.

“Go, team, go! Like, we’re gonna fight! We’re gonna win!” Logan would randomly chant, imagining himself in front of the crowd. “Let’s go Tillers!” He knew he was getting a little swept up in it, and maybe a little carried away, but in his mind, he had found a new passion, and he only had a little bit of time to enjoy it. So he was going all-in.

He wasn't aware of it, but over the summer, his thoughts and interests underwent a remarkable shift. Logan had always been competitive and goal-oriented, but as Jamie, he discovered a new way of thinking. He became more attuned to emotions and started viewing situations with a greater sense of empathy and understanding. Instead of pushing through challenges with brute force, he learned to approach problems with finesse and cooperation, just like the cheerleaders he admired.

Gradually, Logan found himself genuinely interested in topics that were foreign to him before. He would chat excitedly with his new friends about fashion, makeup, and the latest gossip, finding joy in bonding over these shared interests. Logan embraced these emerging friendships wholeheartedly, unaware that it was influencing his mind and molding him into a cheerleader clone.

That very thing, his ability to think like the girls around him, was what was making him an even better cheerleader. He could anticipate the squad's movements and coordinate his own with effortless precision. His newfound way of thinking allowed him to grasp the choreography quicker and perform with unmatched enthusiasm.

His relationships with others had evolved as well. Logan found himself forming deep emotional connections with his fellow cheerleaders. They would confide in each other, support one another, and share laughter and tears as they talked and chatted endlessly. He had become one of a team, and was becoming just like his friends.

At first, Logan felt a sense of uncertainty as he found himself agreeing with whatever the cheerleaders wanted to do. His once independent voice seemed to fade away, and he began to feel like just another member of the squad, blending in with his friends seamlessly.

As he conformed to the group's preferences, Logan started to notice something surprising — he was actually enjoying being a part of the cheerleader sisterhood. Being just like his friends made him feel like he belonged, like he was part of something greater than himself.

Soon, Logan noticed that he no longer felt the pressing need to assert individuality. He cherished the camaraderie of the squad and embraced their collective identity.

He started to do his hair like the girls did, with bows and ribbons. When they went out, he started ordering the same things to eat as they did. When one of them bought a new item of clothing, he went out and bought something just like it. When a cheerleader recommended a new show or a movie, he would rush to watch it.

Just like it was during practices, the girls were in unison. Logan loved the feeling of being in sync with his friends, and it filled his heart with joy.

“Hey, like, let’s add some extra sparkles to our uniforms! It’ll make us, like, totally stand out!” Lacey suggested with excitement one day after practice.

“Oh, I love that idea! Sparkles are, like, totally our thing!” Kristin chimed in with a wide grin.

Whitney and Brooke nodded enthusiastically, “Yah! We’ll be, like, the sparklingest cheerleaders ever!”

Logan found himself nodding along, a genuine smile forming on his face. He was happy to be a part of the team, embracing the spirit of the cheerleader sisterhood. “I love sparkles!”

“Like, can you believe how awesome we looked out there?” Lacey said.

“I know, right? We’re, like, unstoppable when we cheer together!” Kristin added, her eyes sparkling with excitement. “We’re like, so hot!”

If being hot was what it meant to be a cheerleader, that’s what Logan wanted. He had to be, if he wanted to be a cheerleader like his friends. He didn’t want to stand out. “The hottest!” Logan said.

Whitney and Brooke joined in with equally enthusiastic expressions, “Totally! We make the perfect cheer squad!”

Logan couldn’t help but agree wholeheartedly, “Yah! Together, we’re like, the ultimate cheerleaders!”

“Ohmigod! You know hat I was thinking?” Kristin exclaimed, her eyes sparkling like twinkling stars. “Smiles are like, our ultimate superpower. They light up our world and keep our energy soaring high. No matter the challenge, we’re rocking those mega-watt grills!”

Logan blinked, his blue eyes curious. “But won’t I seem a little, you know, silly if I’m smiling non-stop?”

Brooke giggled, her blonde locks bouncing like sunshine. “Not a chance, Jamie! Smiles are like the cherry on top of our ice-cream sundae. They spread joy and keep our spirits soaring. And guess what? Even while we’re flashing those dazzling smiles, our minds are like, racing with tons of ideas n’ thoughts n’ stuff!”

Whitney chimed in with her signature bubbly personality. “Totally! I’m thinking about my BFFs, reminiscing about my fam, designing chic fashion styles, perfecting fresh cheer moves – oh, and indulging in the latest gossip, of course!”

Logan raised an eyebrow, intrigued. “Hold up, when do you amazing peeps squeeze in homework?”

Kristin giggled sweetly, flipping her gorgeous hair. “Oh, we only need to be as smart as we need to be, Jamie! Like, seriously, we’ve got our priorities straight.”

Whitney winked playfully. “Yup, I was even a valid victorian back in the day!”

Logan scratched his head, puzzled. “Uh, you mean, valedictorian?”

“Yah!” Whitney said, bright-eyed and peppy.

Brooke chimed in, giggling. “Being the best cheerleaders requires all kinds of smarts. Sure, *maybe* we can a bit air-headed sometimes, but it’s just because our minds are like, spinning with all the cool cheer stuff!”

Logan’s smile grew wider, a blend of amazement and understanding. “You all are, like, super awesome. I’m seriously lucky to call you my friends.”

Kristin clapped her hands with glee. “That’s the spirit, Jamie! And now, let’s see that legendary smile of yours. Trust us, it’s gonna light up the universe!”

With newfound confidence, Logan flashed his brightest smile, his eyes dancing like starlight. His friends cheered, offering high-fives and cheers of encouragement.

“Wow, you’re nailing it, Jamie!” Whitney exclaimed.

Brooke agreed, “That dazzling smile is gonna light up the whole school!”

Kristin winked, “And don’t forget, Jamie, as long as we’re together, we’ll always have a reason to smile.”



“Jamie?” The receptionist called out.

Logan jumped to his spring-loaded feet with a big smile. “Yah!”

“Dr. Brody is ready for you.”

“Kay! Thanks!” He turned to Jamie’s grandfather. “Back soon, Grampy!” Logan bounded like a nine year old on a sugar rush into the therapist’s office. This was his fifth appointment, as he was scheduled for one session every two weeks.

If Dr. Brody had been having trouble telling his teenage girl patients apart, he wasn’t having that trouble anymore when it came to Jamie. He anticipated his sessions with Jamie Lambert, for the purely professional reasons that were appropriate for a distinguished mental health practitioner like himself. The fact that she was the hottest young woman he’d ever seen helped his memory along as well.

Logan took the classic psychiatrist-style lounging couch, as he preferred. He began telling Dr. Brody about his past two weeks and anything else that was running through his mind. All too soon, however, the appointment was over and it was time to go home.

“Grampy?” Logan asked Jamie’s grandfather who was still waiting outside the office. “I hope you didn’t fall asleep!”

The grandfather worked his way onto his feet. “Well, it has been an hour, pumpkin. This old bag of bones doesn’t have the stamina it used to. Are you ready to go?”

“An hour?” Logan asked. “Like, no way! That was only fifteen minutes.”

“No, sweetie. It was an hour.” He checked his wristwatch. “Fifty-seven minutes, to be exact. I hope you get those three minutes refunded,” he said, adding a chuckle.

“No. It can’t be. I just got here.” Logan checked the time himself, looking at the office clock. It indeed was fifty-seven minutes from his appointment time. “Wow, so weird!” He said. “Like, why does it only feel like a few minutes?”

“Come on, sweetie. Let’s get back to help your grandmother in the garden.”

Logan’s thoughts about the past were set aside for the present. “Okay, Grampy!” With a smile and a cute tilt of his head, he was following the old man out of the office.



If Logan had been able to put together the pieces, he might have realized that the lost time was a gravely alarming situation. Indeed, he had no memories of drifting off as Dr. Brody talked and no memory of the things he said from that point on.

“Can you hear me?” Dr. Brody asked Logan back when he was on the couch. His eyes were closed and he felt at peace. “I want you to focus on my voice.”

“Yes...” Logan said, his voice settling back to a more male tone.

“Good, good. You’re floating. Floating in a soft, safe place. You trust me, don’t you?”

“Yes Doctor Brody...”

“Excellent.” He brought up the email he had received this morning. It had the instructions. “Now, have you decided yet?”

“Decided?”

“Yes, have you decided if you’re a cheerleader or not? We talked about it last time you were here. I asked if you were going to devote everything you can to being the best cheerleader you could be.”

“Oh, yes. I am a cheerleader, Doctor. I’m a really good cheerleader.”

“Does that make you happy?”

“Yes. I love cheerleading. I’m having so much fun...”

“Wonderful, wonderful.”

He was reading through the email. It was pretty much a script, and he was following it word for word. One of the instructions, in bold letters, was not to use any other name with his patient besides Jamie Lynn Lambert.

“What’s your name?”

“My name?”

“Do you know your name?”

“It’s... It’s...” Then Logan shook his head. “Um, a little help, please? I’m kinda, um, like, confused?”

“How do you feel about Jamie Lynn Lambert?”

“Okay.”

“Is it your name?”

“I... I’m not sure.”

“You’ve used it, haven’t you?”

“Yes?” There were wrinkles forming on Logan’s forehead, as he was clearly struggling with the answer.

“Then, would it be okay if I called you that?”

“I guess?”

“I think you would feel more comfortable if you used it, too. Would you do this for me?”

“Do what?”

“Say: ‘My name is Jamie Lynn Lambert.’”

“My name is Jamie Lynn Lambert.”

“Good, good. You look more relaxed. Do you feel more relaxed?”

“Yes?”

“Then let’s try it again. Say ‘My name is Jamie Lynn Lambert. I’m a cheerleader. I’m a good girl. I love my life. I love being Jamie Lynn.’”

“My name is Jamie Lynn Lambert... I’m a cheerleader...” He paused. “What was the rest?”

“You’re a good girl. You love your life. You love being Jamie Lynn.”

“I’m a good girl. I love my life. I love being Jamie Lynn.”

“Again.”

“My name is Jamie Lynn Lambert. I’m a cheerleader. I’m a good girl. I love my life. I love being Jamie Lynn.”

“Again.”

“My name is Jamie Lynn Lambert. I’m a cheerleader. I’m a good girl. I love my life. I love being Jamie Lynn.”

“Again.”

“My name is Jamie Lynn Lambert. I’m a cheerleader. I’m a good girl. I love my life. I love being Jamie Lynn.”

“Again.”

“Like, my name is Jamie Lynn Lambert,” Logan said in his chipper girl voice. “I’m a cheerleader. I’m a good girl. I love my life. I love being Jamie Lynn.”

“Again.”

“Like, my name is Jamie Lynn Lambert!” Logan said proudly. “I’m a cheerleader!” He was smiling blissfully. “I’m, like, a good girl. I love my life n’ stuff. I love being Jamie Lynn!”

“Again.”

The script wasn’t very long this time. Dr. Body had been using this hypnotic technique for Logan’s last three sessions, as he had received the emailed script and a five thousand dollar deposit to his PayPal account to encourage him to use it. The doctor didn’t see any harm in this, as it was always information that seemed to be true.

The scripts were just reinforcement for his patient, things like being happy about being a girl, trying to be the best cheerleader that they could be, that they loved their family and friends, and to learn how to stop taking life so seriously. All good messages and all appropriate for Jamie Lynn to hear, so as far as he was concerned, he was just taking a free five grand every couple of weeks for doing nothing but what he’d already do. Although normally he might not have used hypnosis, but the emailer did request it. It did seem to be effective on Jamie, so that was all the better.

The sender preferred to remain anonymous, but whoever “exgirl551@gmail.com” was, as the email address read, they were very generous with their money.



“I love being Jamie Lynn,” Logan said from the back seat of the car. They were on the way back to the Lambert house.

“What’s that, sweetie?” Jamie’s grandfather asked.

“Huh?” Logan wasn’t sure what the question was for. “I didn’t say anything.”

“Must be these old ears,” Grampy said, as he kept driving.

“I love being Jamie Lynn,” Logan said to himself, with a smile.



It had been a few weeks since Stu had heard from his friend Logan, his calls were blocked and his texts weren't getting any responses. He was out of ways to get in contact with Logan, so he took the only option left available to him and he biked on over to the Lambert house.

He knew the grandparents there didn't like him, but all he really needed to do was to see Logan, just to make sure things were okay. Then if he was able to see him, maybe he might be able to talk to him.

He did have the feeling that he was just going to cause a commotion, but it was worth the risk in his mind. Stu walked up to door, looking through the windows to see anyone, but he couldn't. The young man hiked up his pants and took a breath. He stuck his finger on the illuminated button of the doorbell.

He had to ring it three times before he heard the latches being undone.

"Sorry, I was still doing my hair..." Logan said, as he looked at Stu. He appeared surprised. "Oh! Stu?"

"Yeah, I was just dropping by."

"I'm kinda busy," Logan said.

"Are you wearing heels? And what's with all the makeup?"

"I... Um..." Logan attempted to look casual as Stu walked in. "Oh, hey, yeah, everything's fine. Just getting ready to go out."

Stu's eyes widened as he took in Logan's appearance. He was wearing a skirt, low cut top, high heels, and even a hint of perfume.

"Going out on a date?" Stu asked, trying to hide his surprise.

"No! Logan said. He hesitated for a moment before rephrasing. "Um, well... Kinda. It's just a casual thing. Nothing serious."

Stu could sense there was more to the story than Logan was willing to share. He didn't want to push his friend, yet he had to know. "With a guy?"

"It's not a date! It's just a get-together. Grammy and Grampy don't let me go on dates."

"Where are they?"

"Movies. They let me stay home."

"They don't know, do they?"

"Shut up!" Logan said with a stomp of his heel. "God! Like, I'm sixteen! I can look after myself and make my own decisions, okay?"

Stu let himself into the living room as Logan backed off and headed inside, clenching his crossed arms. "It's not what it looks like. All the girls on the squad are going to this new restaurant tonight, and they all have dates n' stuff, so I kinda had to..."

Before he could say anything else, the doorbell rang, interrupting their conversation. Stu could see the nervousness written all over Logan's face as he went to answer it.

"Hey, Jamie! Ready for our date?" a large boy with a smile said, holding a bouquet of flowers.

Logan forced a return smile, trying to hide his anxiety. "Yeah, like, ready as I'll ever be." He bit his lip.

"Hunter Doohan?" Stu said aloud when he recognized the boy. He was a football player, who also happened to be massive in both size and popularity.

"Who's this?" Hunter asked his date.

Logan looked over at Stu with a slight scowl. "This is my friend Stu. He's just leaving."

"Oh, these are for you," Hunter said, handing over the bouquet to Logan.

Logan took a deep sniff of the blooms and smiled up at Hunter. "They're lovely!"

As Stu observed them, he couldn't shake the feeling that there was something weird going on with Logan. Weirder than normal, at least. He could comprehend a situation where



Logan got talked into going on a date, but he was not acting like he was being forced in any way. It seemed like more than just a casual date, too. He wondered if Logan was struggling with his identity or perhaps had feelings for Hunter. Was that even possible? Maybe dressing as a girl for over two months had broken him.

“Hey, could we talk for a minute?” Stu said to Logan. He pointed to another room.

“I need to put these in water,” Logan said to Hunter. “Wait here and I’ll be right back.”

As Logan walked off into the other room, Stu escorted him. As soon as they were out of earshot, Stu grabbed Logan by the arm. “What the fuck, dude? You’re going out on a first date with a guy!”

“Um, well... Second date, actually.”

“What?” Stu yelled. “What’s going on?”

“Look, It’s not my fault!”

“You remember that Jamie Lynn’s parents are coming back soon, and school starts up in a few weeks! You have to stop pretending that you’re Jamie Lynn!”

On the word ‘pretend,’ Logan’s eyes lit up like that word in particular was offending him, and he stared at Stu, but he didn’t say anything.

“You do know what will happen if someone like Hunter Doohan figures out the truth, right?” Stu said, still holding Logan’s slender arm. “You’re playing with fire, dude! You’re not a real girl!”

That seemed to annoy Logan even more and he pulled his arm away from Stu’s grip. “Of course I know!” Logan said. “Like, ohmigod, Stu! I’m not stupid, ‘kay? Like, I’m just doing what I need to do! I’m a cheerleader! Cheerleaders go on dates! That’s why I’m doing it, ‘kay? I mean, seriously!”

“You’ve gone native, dude!” Stu said.

Logan put his tiny fists on his wide hips in anger, and bent over like a scolding mother would speak to a child. “I’m still me!” He said, with a shrill high-pitched voice. “I’m still Logan Knox, and I can still kick your butt anytime I want!”

“You’re not convincing me,” Stu said.

“What. Ever!” Logan countered. “I’m like, sick of this attitude! Literally sick of this! I haven’t changed, like, one itsy-bitsy-bit! Like, I’m totally me! It’s not like I could turn into someone else! Duh! I can’t even!” He poked at Stu’s chest with a long-nailed pink fingernail. “You’re just jealous of everything I have now! True friends and a loving family! I’m a cheerleader. I’m a good girl. I love my life. I love being Jamie Lynn.”

Stu was dispirited, like he'd just lost his best friend. "You can't even tell, can you? It's all wrong. None of this is real."

"I'm living my best life, so sorry — not sorry!"

Stu had nothing left to say. "I'm going home."

He walked away from Logan, leaving him stunned there in his pumps, and walked past Hunter. "She's all yours," he said to him as he exited the Lambert house.

As he watched Stu walk away, Logan didn't even notice Hunter's big arm wrapped around him. He brought Logan in quickly and planted a kiss on Logan's lips. Logan was ready and willing, and released himself to him, picking up where their last "casual thing" left off.

In a matter of moments, Logan had forgotten all about everything except how neat kisses were and how they made his body tingle.



Jamie: Heyyy Kristin! OMG, guess what? 💕🤔

Kristin: Hey girlie! (🌸~^~)(~^~🌸)

Kristin: Spill the tea, Jamie! What's the sitch? 🤔🍵

Jamie: I have a new BF! 🥰💕

Kristin: 🤔 No way! Talkin bout Hunter? You gotta tell me all the deets! 🔍

Jamie: He's the cutest football jock boy ever! 🏈🍆🤔

Kristin: Knew u wud 💕 him! Total crush alert! 🥰🇺🇸

Jamie: Right?! And he's super sweet, too! We're vibing, girl! 💕💕👯

Kristin: I can't even! Goals, Jamie! You two are adorbs! 🥰💕

Jamie: 😊 Thnks, Kristin! You're the best cheer BFF! 💕💕

Kristin: No doubt, Jamie! We're cheer sisters forever! ✨(^ ▽ ^) ✨

Jamie: So, are you ready for practice today? New routine time! 💪

Kristin: 🔥 Yaaasss! I'm so ready to slay with our cheer squad! 👯

Jamie: We're gonna bring it, girl! Get ready for the cheers! 📣👑

Kristin: Woot woot! Can't wait to cheer our hearts out! 🎉👑

Jamie: Hey, did you listen to Tay's new track? Cruel Summer is epic! 🎵💕

Jamie: -` , ~e taylor ~e , '-

Kristin: Obsv! Tay's queen of our 💕💕 like, forever and ever! 🎉👑🌟

Jamie: Tay's music gives me life, Kristin! It's totally my 4ever anthem! 🎤💕

Kristin: Me too, girlie! We're Swifties, no doubt! 🐾**FEARLESS**👑

Kristin: Srsly tho! Tay's my spirit animal! 🦄🎤

Jamie: Like, totally! All **TAY TAY** @ practice today! 🎧👉

Kristin: Yasss, that would be amaze! Our routines are Tay-mazing! ✨💕

Jamie: OMG, did you see those new cheer bows Brynn got? I'm obsessed! 🎀😍

Kristin: ✨I'm, like, all about the glittery ones! So glam! ✨

Jamie: We need to get 'em to all the girls and be the sparkle queens! ✨👑

Jamie: Twinsies! 🤔🤔

Kristin: 100! Slaying cheers with our fab bows, Jamie! 🎀🎀🎀🎀

Jamie: We're gonna shine like the sun emoji at practice! ☀️😂

Kristin: Hehe, for sure! Ok, see ya at practice, cheer sis! 📣👉📣

Jamie: Can't wait! Love ya, Kristin! Ttyl! 😊💕

Kristin: Love ya too, Jamie! Cheer you later! 💕👋

With the chat over, Logan put Jamie's phone down while humming a happy little tune to himself. It might have even been a TS tune. He bounced up off the bed, jumped into his slippers and headed downstairs for a snack. He was in pajamas with a mud pack on his face, as he was needlessly worried about the size of his pores, and his long hair was tied up in a pink turban. When he got to the bottom of the stairs, he heard a clankity-clank at the front door that meant mail had just been delivered. Over the course of the over two and a half months he had lived there, he was used to the noise.

He swept up the mail, and as he sorted through it, he was surprised to see a package addressed to "Jamie Lynn Lambert or occupant." It was simply wrapped in brown paper, and was tied up with twine.

The more he thought about it, the more worried he got. That "or occupant" part sounded normal enough, but it could also be a message. He was occupying Jamie Lynn's life. Checking further, there was no return address. He gasped. "OMG! This could totes be..."

"Is that the mail?" Jamie's grandmother said, coming around the corner. She already had her hands out for it.

Logan quickly put the package behind his back to hide it. "Um, yah!" He said, handing over the rest. "Just junk 'n stuff!" He said. "Ohmigod so boring, right? Nothing interesting at all."

“Thank you, dear.” Logan could see the old woman’s eyes looking to his side, at what Logan was doing with the other hand. “Is there...”

“Gotta dry my nails, Grammy!” Logan said as he twirled away, keeping his back from being seen, then launching himself back up the stairs, blowing on his perfectly dry pink nails for effect.

He got to Jamie’s room as fast as he could, and closed the door behind him.

Logan found a pair of scissors he’d been using for some scrap-booking, and cut the twine apart, his heart beating. Was this the message he’d been waiting so long for? For a moment he paused to catch his breath. He thought he might hyperventilate, he was so anxious. Finally, getting control of himself, he ripped open the paper.

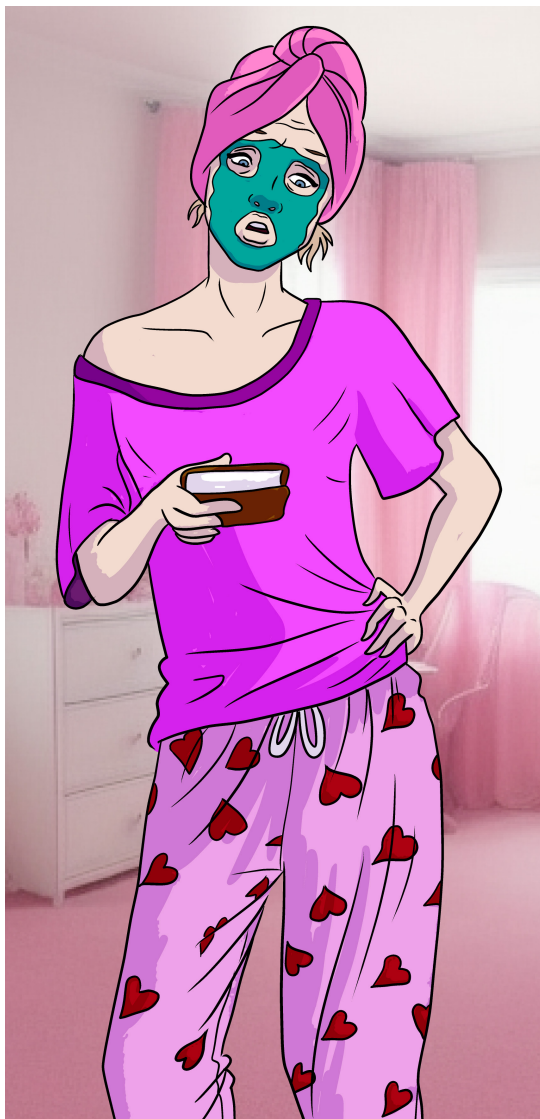
It was a book.

Or, more specifically, it was a diary. He opened it to the front page. “Jamie Lynn Lambert’s Diary” read the front page. “Private Property! For Jamie Lynn’s eyes only! Read under penalty of death!”

It was her diary. Pages and pages of looping, girlish script. The first entry was from five years ago. The last entry was from a week before school ended. He took some long, deep breaths and flipped to those pages. Maybe they would have the answers he was looking for.

On the way there, he saw that her whole life was in these entires, her thoughts, her dreams, her favorite things and the things she hated. Her first kiss, her first crush, he favorite plushies, it was all in here. These were her thoughts about everything.

Finally, he got to the final entries.



Then he closed the book.

It was a trick. Everything was a trick. Jamie Lynn Lambert had done this to trap him. He knew some of the “why,” now — the only reason she’d do this was if she weren’t coming back. If she was never going to be Jamie Lynn Lambert anymore, she didn’t need her diary, and now she was passing it on to the one who did need it. He understood now. That girl had planned all of this. She had planned for him to take her place. She wanted him to take over the life of Jamie Lynn Lambert.

Even now, even from wherever the hell she was, she was trying to manipulate him, and trick him into doing everything he needed to keep pretending to be her. This had been her goal all along.

Thud! Went the diary as Logan tossed it in the curbside trash bin. He slammed the lid down and stormed back into the Lambert house. He wasn’t going to be controlled like this. He wasn’t going to be manipulated like a puppet. He didn’t need Jamie Lynn’s diary, because he didn’t need to know about her life, especially since he wasn’t going to live it. He wasn’t going to let Jamie Lynn get her way. He was Logan Knox, and he would always be Logan Knox.

That night, as he slept in Jamie’s impossibly soft bed, Logan was curled up and gripping three plushies as he tried to work it all out. How had she done this? It all had to be planned from the very beginning.

If that was true, she had to have targeted him. When he saw Jamie Lynn being carried past him for her drug test, even that had to be calculated. Was the Vice Principal of Rosenblatt High in on it, too? He was the one who created the situation in the first place. It had felt all so real at the time, but had to have been staged.

“Was I set up from day one?” he asked the fuzzy elephant in a cowboy hat he held in front of him. He placed the plushie aside and flipped the light on. Walking to the vanity, he saw the pills waiting for him to take tomorrow like he did every day.

If he were going to try and change a boy into a cheerleader girl, he would need to make him change both mentally and physically. Mentally, he was sure he was still the same old Logan Knox he’d always been. Maybe a little emotional from time to time, but still the same person.

Physically was another story. He had been forced into the “accidental” plastic surgery, which was an obvious way to change his face from being recognized as himself. He now looked more like Jamie, but, if he was being honest, a prettier version of her. That way he’d look both like her and not *exactly* like her, which was impossible to get flawlessly right. Now he looked like a Jamie Lynn that had undergone plastic surgery intentionally, like any girl might to improve her appearance.

There was the breast procedure, but that couldn't have been planned, could it? He grasped his not-boobs, which seemed to be even bigger than they had been yesterday.

He held up one of the pill bottles. They didn't have proper labels. The other thing he'd do to change a boy would be to place him on female hormones and make his body change slowly into that of a girl. He dumped all the pills out on the desk and then checked online to visually see what they were. They were anti-androgens, estrogen, weight loss pills, and oddly, and eyelash enhancing medication.

It was all true. She had done it all. She was still trying to control him. Now he knew why he hadn't had a boner in so long. He threw the pill bottles against the closet door, spraying the pills everywhere like jellybeans, then he fell against the wall and slid down to the floor, crying like he had never cried before.



The next day, Kristin was leading the squad through their final practice before the first official game of the season. She was one cheerleader short.

“Hey, cheer babes! Let's like, totally bring the cheer vibes!” Kristin exclaimed, her voice filled with infectious enthusiasm.

The squad cheered in unison, “Go Tillers!”

Kristin clapped her hands, starting their warm-up stretches. “Okay, girls! Time to get those splits poppin'! Flexibility, am I right?”

They all began stretching their limbs, easily doing what looked impossible to non-gymnasts and dancers. They were all casual about it, too, as if it were nothing.

With their warm-up done, Kristin gathered the squad in a circle. “Alright, cheer sistas! Let's, like, totally work on our pyramid thingy!”

“Yas, queen! We're gonna nail this!” Lacey chimed in, her eyes sparkling with excitement.

“Okay, okay, so, like, we go, ‘Go, team, go! We're the best, we've got all the zest!’” Kristin said, gesturing wildly. “Wait, wait, like, no! It's ‘Go, team, go! We're the best, better than the rest.’” Kristin giggled, correcting herself.

It was a half hour into practice before Logan showed up. He was not exactly there for a peppy cheer practice, as he was still wearing his pajama bottoms and slippers.

“Hey, guys,” Logan said, with a deep voice.

“Ohmigod, Jamie! What happened to you?” Tiffany asked. The rest of the squad was in the middle of a cheer and stopped cold.

“Uh yeah, hey. I had a rough night, I guess...” He turned to wave back at the car which dropped him off, which was Jamie’s grandfather. “Sorry I didn’t message anyone. It’s been a little... Dramatic.”

“Wow! I guess so! You didn’t even do your makeup! Have you been crying?”

“Maybe. A little.” He knew he had their attention, so it was time for Logan to get to the point. “Listen, guys. I’m, like, kinda in trouble.”

“What kind of trouble?” Brittany asked.

Logan had been thinking about how he was going to phrase this. He was not ready to tell them everything, but he desperately needed their help. “I think, I might, like, I have a stalker after me n’ junk.”

“A stalker?” Said a concerned Brooke. “Is he cute?”

The look of disgust on Logans face actually scared the girls. “I need your help.”

“Anything, Jamie! You know that! Cheer sisters for life!” Stacy said.

“Thanks,” Logan said, touched.

Whitney was still curious. “But seriously, is he cute?”

“Who?”

“The stalker!” Tiffany said. “Duh!”

“It’s a stalker! They’re trying to hurt me!” Logan said.

“Okay, fine,” Tiffany replied, rolling her eyes. “Bite my head off.”

Brynn stepped forward. “Listen, real talk. Even if you have a stalker, you really should do your face and hair before leaving the house.”

“Yah, I mean, cheerleaders have standards,” Brianna said.

“You look bad, we all look bad,” Kristin said.

Logan put his hands up. “This isn’t the right time, guys. I’m really not about this dumb girl stuff right now.”

Bridget scowled. “What, like taking pride in your appearance is dumb?”

“You probably think we’re dumb for caring about our looks!” Macey said.

Logan paused in answering. The three seconds of silence that followed that statement was enough to piss off all the cheerleaders.

“You do! You think were dumb!” Kristin said. “You know that looking hot is, like, always our top thing!”

“Well maybe you should care more about real things!” Logan spat back. “Like what you’re going to do after you flunk out of school!”



“Oh no you didn’t!” Britney didn’t. “Oh no she didn’t,” she said to the squad, wagging her finger.

“You’re not nice!” Lacey said, being direct. “And no one likes you!”

Logan girded up. “You guys are so stupid you don’t even know how dumb you are! You can’t, like, even speak in full sentences n’ stuff, like ya know? Besides, you think the world revolves around you and what you do — It doesn’t! The world is, like, a big beautiful place full of wonder n’ mystery, n’ stuff, and all you can think about is hair, fashion and... Taylor Swift! Besides, everyone knows that Taylor Swift is a lip-syncing fraud!”

With those words, every member of Rosenblatt Cheer locked eyes on Logan and squared their shoulders. It was like being faced down by an angry gang of teacup chihuahuas.

“Ohmigod!” Came whispered voices from the girls.

“That’s... I... You...” Kristin stammered, aghast at what she had just heard. “No one insults Tay-Tay! No one!” Kristin approached Logan with an anger he’d

never even suspected she was capable of. She stared him down for a moment. “You are off the squad!” She turned to the girls. “Ladies?”

“G! O! N! E!” They chanted. “You are gone, and dead to me!” They all pointed at Logan, then moved to point in the other direction. “Gooo Tillers! Gooo Team! and Gooo... *Away!*”

“Friends for life? Fuck me, I guess.”

“Oh you wish,” Tiffany said.

Kristin scowled at Logan, building up a mighty snarl. “Yeah, you’re so nasty you won’t even do yourself.”

“Screw this,” Logan said, turning away. “Fuck you guys and fuck cheer.” He walked away and didn’t turn back, which was odd, as he had nowhere to go, and was dressed in pajamas.



After three months of sailing the seas and drinking horribly overpriced cocktails on queasy stomachs, Richard and Noreen Lambert returned home. It had been a very very long trip, and they were both quite tired of each other at this point. Getting back home and back to their normal distanced relationship where they were too busy to ever really talk to each other almost seemed like the real vacation at this point.

Their excitement was palpable as they stepped through the front door, ready to leave cruise life behind. They were almost looking forward to hearing Jamie Lynn prattle on about her summer adventures. However, their joy quickly turned to concern when they discovered that Jamie Lynn was nowhere to be found.

Noreen was concerned as she called out, “Jamie Lynn? Sweetie, we’re home!”

Richard scanned the house, hoping to catch a glimpse of their daughter — or anyone, for that matter. “She should’ve been here to welcome us. Ungrateful kid.”

“Where are your parents?” Noreen asked Richard.

“I don’t know,” he said. “They were supposed to be here, after that trouble with the sitter.”

With growing worry, Noreen called her husband’s parents, hoping they might have some clue about Jamie’s whereabouts. However, their responses only added to the mystery.

Grammy’s voice sounded anxious. “No, we haven’t seen her for almost a full day,” she said, answering her daughter-in-law’s question. “She never came home yesterday after cheer practice. We’re out searching for her right now.”

Noreen exchanged concerned glances with Richard. “This doesn’t make sense.”

“We need to find her. Let’s call her friends,” Richard suggested.

Noreen quickly found and dialed Kristin Ashford’s number, knowing she was the head cheerleader of the squad Jamie Lynn had joined, and hoping Kristin might have some information.

“Kristin. This is Mrs. Lambert, Jamie Lynn’s mother. Have you seen Jamie Lynn? She’s not home, and her grandparents don’t know where she is,” Noreen said urgently.

Kristin’s voice sounded worried. “Like, huh. I haven’t seen her since yesterday’s practice. Is everything, like, okay?”

“We don’t know. She’s been missing since practice, apparently,” Noreen explained.

Richard took the phone, “Did she seem upset or troubled during practice?”

Kristin hesitated. “Well, she, like, did seem a bit off. We had kind of a disagreement, and we kinda sorta ended up, y’know, kicking her off.”

Noreen gasped. “You kicked her off the squad? Why?”

Knowing none of the answers she could give Mrs. Lambert would suffice, she avoided answering. “Like, um, well, do you have any idea where she went? We’d be glad to help look for her.” Kristin replied apologetically.

Noreen’s concern grew, “Do you think she ran away because of this?”

Kristin sighed, “Ohmigod, I hope not, but I can’t totally say, like for sure. Maybe she needed some time to process stuff?”

“We need to find her immediately,” Richard interjected. “Can you ask the other cheerleaders if they have any information?”

“Oh, yah! Sure. We’ll do everything we can to help,” Kristin assured them.

As Kristin relayed the news to the other cheerleaders, Noreen and Richard anxiously waited, praying for any sign of their daughter. They didn’t bother to unpack, and they just sat around in same clothes they came home in.

“When do you think we should call the police?” Noreen asked her husband.

“It hasn’t been 24 hours yet,” Richard said. “That’s the rule, isn’t it? You have to wait 24 hours?”

“But she’s just a kid.”

Richard let the air out of his lungs. “I never thought I’d have a missing child. It’s embarrassing.” He got the phone out of his pocket. “I’ll call my lawyer first. Then I’ll call the police.”

“Your lawyer? Richard!”

“It’s a sensible precaution!” He snapped back.

“It’s our only daughter! Every second counts, you selfish coward!”

“It can wait five minutes. This kind of thing could ruin me if the board of directors found out.”



“Are you sure this is where the message...”

“Yes, I’m sure, Tiffany!” Kristin responded, testily. She parked her car. “This is the address.” She held up her phone so Tiffany could read it for herself.

Brooke leaned forward from the back seat. “But it’s a...”

“We’ve been looking for Jamie for two weeks!” Kristin said. “I don’t care if she’s in, like, a garbage dump or a prison or a Lane Bryant or whatever!”

Tiffany was looking nervous. “We should have told her parents.”

“The message said not to tell them.” Kristin took off her seat belt. “I’m gonna go in and check, okay?”

“I hope she’s dead,” Tiffany said. “She was mean to us.”

“Harsh!” Kristin said.

“I hope she died, too,” Brooke said. “But then got better and is okay now, but she knows how mean she was and apologizes and stuff but it makes her sad.”

“That’s fair,” Kristin replied.

“Can I honk the horn?” Brooke asked.

“Better not. It’s kinda quiet around here.” She got out of the car and as soon as the door closed, music began to play all full volume inside, half-muffled by the car.

Kristin looked for an entrance, and found a giant six-foot-high illuminated sign that read “Entrance.” She figured this might be it.

When Logan had arrived here two weeks ago, he wasn’t in the best state. He was half-drugged, barely even aware of his surroundings and in the back of a van. Logan’s world was a blur of lights and sounds as he was brought into the hospital, and a medical team acted swiftly, attending to him with the utmost care.

They had been expecting Jamie Lynn Lambert for her transplant, and had everything set to go. The medical team had identified Logan Knox as a perfect match for her.

As far as the medical team knew, they had met with both of them previously. Jamie Lynn Lambert was excited to finally become the woman she had always wanted to be, and Logan Knox was just as excited to become the man he’d always felt he was inside.

In truth, the medical team had met with only one of them. Jamie Lynn Lambert had presented herself as both patients, signed consent forms, met with doctors and agreed to the radical and experimental procedure.

“Is Jamie here?” Kristin asked at the front desk of Sanai View Hospital.

The woman working there was mightily confused. “Could you be more specific?”

“She goes to my high school,” Kristin added, trying to clarify things.

After a protracted series of questions, the woman was able to perform a search of patients that had been admitted.

“Are you a family member?” Kristin was asked.

“You mean she’s here?”

Indeed, they were still there.

The operation had taken hours. It was an experimental procedure, at least in the United States. It had been performed several times in China, in Europe and in South America, but until now, it hadn’t been approved in the US. This was the first time.

Jamie Lynn had been able to fabricate consent from both sets of parents, as well as giving plausible excuses as to why they weren’t present. The doctors were eager and didn’t ask that many questions or do much research on their patients. They were about to make history, and were hellbent on doing the groundbreaking procedure.

So when Logan arrived, he was quickly prepped for the operation. In the adjacent room, Jamie Lynn waited, her heart racing with anxiety. She had done so much to get to this point. She understood the gravity of the situation and the precious gift that awaited her. This transplant would be a chance at a new life, and she was determined to make the most of it.

As the clock ticked, the surgical team prepared both Jamie Lynn and Logan for their life-changing operation, and the doctors were going over last-minute details meticulously. Little did they suspect they were playing a part in a grander, meticulously planned, scheme.

Once inside the operating room, the surgeons worked diligently, their expertise honed by years of training and experience. Jamie Lynn and Logan’s futures were in their hands, and the weight of responsibility rested on their shoulders.

Kristin looked up at all the numbers and when the number 5 glowed, it was time to get off the elevator. She had been told to follow the red line to the purple line, and then go to room 517-A. It took her about a half hour, after she forgot what colors to follow.

When she finally got there, thanks to some hunky interns who escorted her, she found an empty room being cleaned up. A woman in a pair of blue scrubs was pushing equipment against the wall. “Um, excuse me?” Kristin asked.

“May I help you?” The woman in the scrubs replied.

“Yah, um... Is Jamie here?”

Again, there were a series of questions to help pin down the answer, but they didn't help.

“I got this message that said she might be here,” Kristin said, scrolling through her messages. “Oh, it's gone now.”

“I'll contact the floor supervisor,” the woman said.

After being kicked off the cheerleading squad, Logan just kept walking. He walked through the parking lot, down the road, along the highway and to a local park. He finally stopped there and sat down on a bench, his mind a blank. He didn't know what to do or where to go. He knew that Jamie Lynn's parents were about to return, and he needed place to stay. He figured one of his sisters on the squad would help, but right when he needed them most, they had turned on him over the dumbest of things.

Wherever the real Jamie Lynn was, he had come to realize, she was never coming back. She intended for him to fool everyone into thinking he was Jamie Lynn as she got away. He didn't know why, and he was past caring anymore. He just needed to know what his next move was. Logan imagined that wherever Jamie Lynn was she must have been laughing.

The truth was that Jamie Lynn wasn't as far away as he thought. In fact, ironically, at that moment, she was crouched behind him, reaching around Logan's head with a chloroform-soaked cloth. Logan might have been amused to know this if he hadn't been rendered unconscious by the cloth. His limp body was thrown in the back of a nearby van and tied up like a hog going to slaughter.

“Yes, she just checked out,” the floor supervisor said, looking at his computer. “She's probably still in the building.”

“Really?” Kristin said, her eyes going almost completely round in excitement. “Where would she go?”

“She's likely in the discharge process. Getting forms signed, a final blood pressure check... The usual stuff.”

“Where is that?”

“I can take you there,” the man of 35 said, looking at the teenage dream in front of him.

“Oh, thanks! Everyone here is so friendly!”

Once the surgery was completed, Jamie and Logan were taken to separate recovery rooms. It would be some time before they would be fully conscious again, due to the strain of the procedures on their bodies.

As the days passed, Jamie and Logan's recoveries were closely monitored. The medical team worked tirelessly to ensure their well-being, and nurses remained by their sides, providing unwavering support.

There was no moment where Logan realized his genitals were gone. He was never awake enough to suffer that shock. It was gradual.

As the medications released their grip on him, he could see the bandages and dressings around his groin. He could feel the numbness. He could feel the remnant of the trauma his body had undergone, having his manhood removed — and something new taking its place.

Then he would slip back under the influence of the medication, left only with jumbled, vague thoughts about how he had been caught in the final trap Jamie Lynn had set for him.

"There she is," the floor supervisor said, as they got to the discharge desk.

Kristin immediately burst forth, running to greet the figure in the distance who had their back to her.

"Jamie!" Kristin called out, halfway there. "Oh my gosh, Jamie! It's like, really you! I can't even!" Kristin exclaimed, her blue eyes shining with joy.

Logan's face lit up with a bright smile. "Kristin! I missed you so much, seriously, like, for real!"

Kristin couldn't help but notice the change in her friend's appearance, and she wondered what had happened during these last two weeks. Her eyes widened, and she blurted out, "Jamie, did you, like, get implants?"

After recovering enough from his first surgery, Logan found himself being wheeled back into the operating room.

He didn't understand why. He hadn't been told anything was wrong, and he noticed that they weren't preparing for more work on his groin. This was for his chest.

When he woke the next day, he could no longer see the bandages and dressings on his groin, because that view was blocked by the bandages and dressings around his chest. He didn't have to guess that he had gotten breast implants.

He had to hand it to Jamie Lynn. When he got out of the hospital, people would be able to tell if he had new breasts. It was hard to miss. Now he could explain why he had been in the hospital without having to say a word about his new womanhood. That could, and would, remain a secret.

"They look totally awesome!" Kristin said, still staring at the large globes on Logan's chest. "You got the best boob job!"

Logan giggled, brushing a strand of her perfectly styled hair behind her ear. "Yuppers, I did! I wanted to feel, like, totally confident for the new year at high school, you know?" She looked down and couldn't help but feel proud of her new figure.

“I’m, like, totally getting that,” Kristin beamed. “Oh my god, you look like a total cutie pie!” Kristin gushed, just loving her friend’s newfound confidence.

Logan blushed and thanked her, but her tone turned serious as she explained her disappearance. “The truth is, Kristin, I never felt like a real cheerleader. I wanna be a cheerleader from the heart!” He stuck out his chest. “And now I am!”

Kristin nodded understandingly, feeling guilty for the way she had treated her before. “I’m, like, seriously sorry for booting you off the squad, Jamie. I was totally wrong, and I shouldn’t have let your lie about Taylor Swift come between us.”

A week previous, in the hospital room across from Logan’s as they recovered from the implants, Jamie Lynn was packing up. The final meeting with the doctors had gone well, everything had healed, and the plumbing was — to the doctor’s delight and Jamie Lynn’s satisfaction — working perfectly. There was no sense hanging around, so it was time to shove off. He threw his pack of clove cigarettes in the backpack and closed it up. Jamie Lynn was no longer the girl she never wanted to be. She was now the man she deserved to be.

Shaking hands with all the people who tended to him, he slapped the back of the doctor who did the operation and slung a backpack over his shoulder. His last order of business was to poke his head in and see how his donor was doing.

Oddly, Logan had his eyes open at that moment, and even though he was heavily medicated, he did later recall the moment where he saw his own face staring back at him. He had a sardonic grin. He nodded and gave a little salute. Then he was gone.

“Lie?” Logan asked Kristin.



The impulse was to correct her. The impulse was to make her be the one to apologize. That impulse, though, was dead. The impulse wasn't there anymore. She only felt the need to agree. The need to belong.

Logan smiled warmly, appreciating Kristin's apology. "It's okay, Kristin. What matters is that we support each other. And, like, I wanna be the best cheerleader ever! Like, seriously, I'm ready to take on everything!"

Kristin's eyes sparkled with pride for her friend. "That's the spirit, Jamie! You don't have to prove yourself to anyone. Just be, like, true to yourself, and you'll be a super amazing cheerleader!" She smiled. "But you were wrong about Taylor."

Logan giggled. Which actually hurt, given the number of scars and stitches that were healing on their body. The new girl unfurled her hand. It was clean and freshly washed — but she could see it. She could see it as plain as day. The word "Yes" was written right there on her palm.

"Yes," Logan said, looking up at Kristin with a big, warm, genuine smile emerging on her face. A smile that seemed like it had found a new home and was settling in for a very, very long time. Her eyes relaxed, as they lost any hint of intensity or guile. She giggled again, feeling a newfound serenity in her thoughts. "You're, like, totally right, Kristin! And, like, Taylor Swift is the goddess, and anyone who says she might lip-sync sometimes is a totally stupid no-good dum-dum." She believed every word she said.

Kristin laughed, giving Jamie a playful nudge. "You're, like, the best, Jamie! Taylor Swift is our queen, and you're, like, such a cheerleader!"

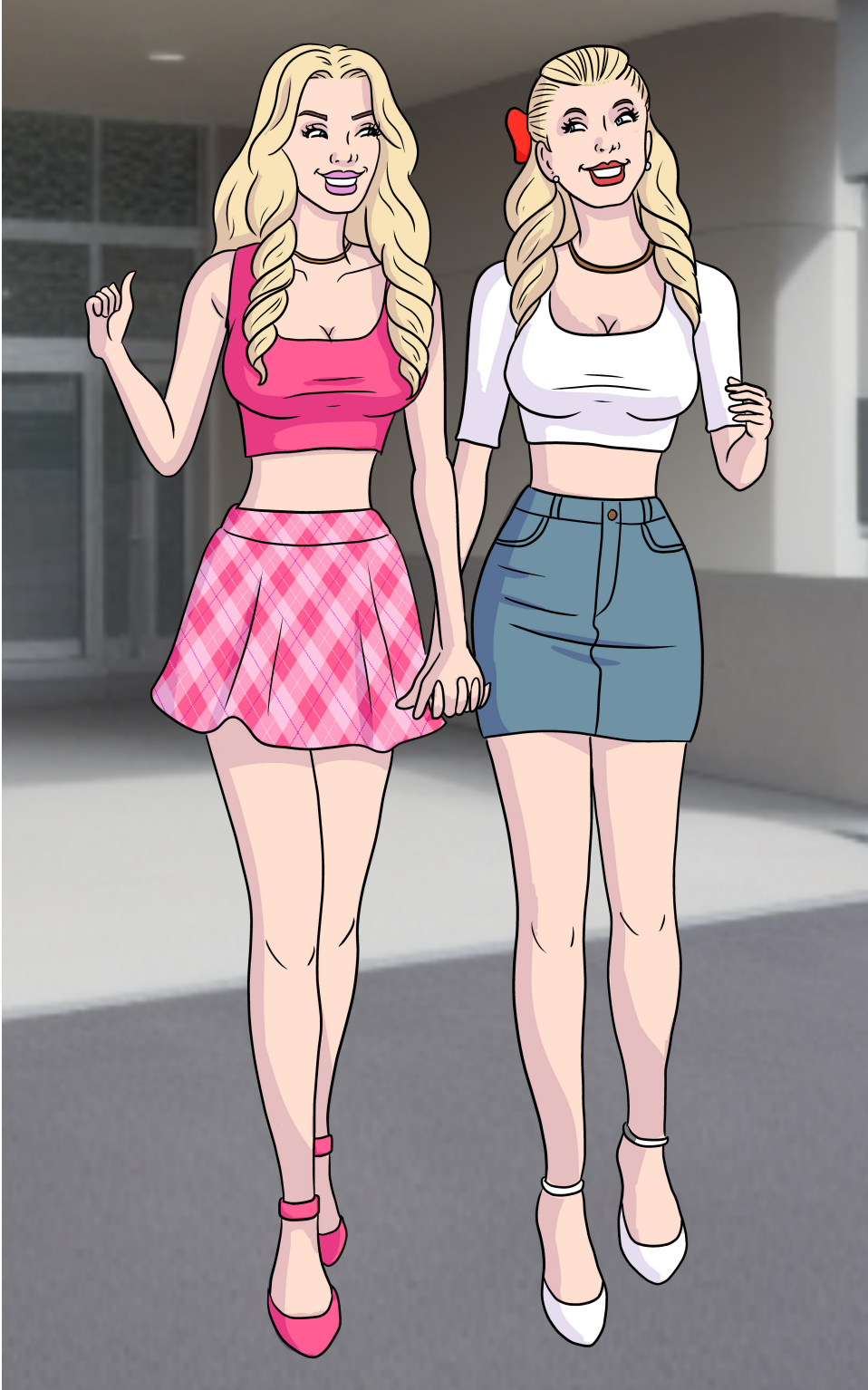
"Thanks, girlfriend!" Logan said. "I'm, like, so happy to be back!"

When he was finally fully conscious in the hospital bed, Logan Knox knew what had happened. He knew that he had been trapped into the life of Jamie Lynn Lambert. He had her life, her family, her friends and now even her vagina.

The doctors, who were very pleased with themselves, explained that it would be two to six months until he had periods, but in a year or so, he could have babies. He was now a fully functioning and complete woman. He had paved the way for so many more genital transplants to come, a new era in treating gender dysphoria.

There was no point in telling them about the deception. Logan knew that the real Jamie Lynn was gone — long gone — and probably would remain hard to find. That's what he would have done in her situation, after all.

Logan also knew that even if he did fight, even if he did tell everyone what had happened to him he would never be the same person again. He could never go back. All he had left was Jamie. All he could ever be was Jamie. In his heart, he knew that he already was Jamie. He had been Jamie for a while now. He knew he'd never be able to let her go, so instead he held on tighter than



ever.

“Your parents are going to kill you for getting a boob job and not telling anyone,” Kristin said as she left the discharge area.

“I know,” Logan said, pouting. “But I really wanted them.”

“They think you, like, ran away or were kidnapped n’ stuff.”

“Nuh-uh,” Logan said. “It was all my idea. And, like, I’ve never been happier!”

The two girls giggled and chatted as they left the hospital, feeling like nothing had changed in their friendship. They were genuine and supportive friends. As the stars twinkled above, Kristin and Jamie walked back to the car, their hands linked, girlfriends forever.



Alone in the closet, Logan was looking at her reflection in the mirror. She was wearing a pink bra and panty set, and gave her image a little hip thrust. “So hawt!” With a giggle and a bounce in her step, she picked up a slip and let it fall over her. “OMG, I love the feeling of silk,” she said.

She picked out the dress she had saved for last, a velvet sparkling black topless one that had rhinestones from the low-cut bust to the high-cut hem. She was almost flush with delight as she saw her image in the mirror. She had to put on her five inch pumps to complete the look. “Scrumptious,” she said.

That had been her day. She was trying everything on in the closet. All the silky panties on her tight little butt, all the push-up bras to hold up her bountiful, perky boobies, all the high heels to make her lean legs look deliciously long, slipping on all the tights, tying on the scandalously skimpy bikinis she would wear for tanning, gliding her little feet into all the stockings, tightening the skirts around her tiny waist, buttoning up the breezy blouses, trying all the flashy, shiny jewelry, and cat-walking the room in every dress.

She had done it every day since she had gotten home from the hospital. She just loved it so much she couldn’t stop. Finally, she had run out of things to wear and got back into her normal outfit for today. She leapt onto the bed she loved so much, and fell back into the softness in total bliss.

“Kitten, are you decent?”

“Daddykins?” Logan replied as she got off the bed and came to the door. “Am I still grounded?”

“Yes, Kitten, I’m afraid so. You had your mother and I worrying ourselves to death for a few days there.” Richard Lambert let himself into his daughter’s room. “You really, really should have told someone.”

“I’m sorry,” Logan replied with a pouty lip and puppy-dog eyes. “But you said I could get them if I was a good girl! And I was a good girl. I didn’t mean to hurt anyone, Papa Bear.”

Logan knew all the nicknames Jamie Lynn’s father liked to be called. That was because he had read Jamie Lynn’s diary cover to cover several times. It had reappeared one morning at the bedside table when Logan was recovering in the hospital. He picked it up, and read it over and over again. After all, it was his life now.

“Well, we’ve already been all over this. No need to bring it back up.” Indeed, it had been a week since their daughter had returned to the Lambert household. “I just wanted to say a few things, now that things have calmed down.”

The father took a good look at Logan, who was in a Taylor Swift tee shirt that tented dramatically over the new 36-D cup breasts. She was also wearing the tiniest, shortest pair of short-shorts in her closet, fitting tightly against her new mound, and showing a hint of cameltoe. Her doll-like face, innocent and pure in every way, was perfect and beautiful. She fluttered thick lashes over her big wide-open eyes as she blinked.

“You’ve grown up so much while we were gone, I hardly recognize you!” The father was impressed. “I know when we moved here, you didn’t want to start a new life, but I think it’s all paid off.”

“Yes, Daddy.”

“You may have not wanted the plastic surgery, but it really suits you. I mean, when I think of how far you’ve come... Well, it’s all for the best. Why don’t you come with me. I have something to show you.”

“What is it, Papa Bear?”

“It’s a surprise.”

“I love surprises!” Logan said with a chirpy tone. She followed him down the stairs and outside to the back yard, where a large bathtub tin was waiting. It was filled with scraps of clothes and papers.

“You see all this?” Richard asked.

“What is it, Daddy?”

“It’s all your things from before we moved here.” He picked up a picture off the top, revealing a pair of black army boots on top of some black pants underneath. He held the picture for Logan to see.

It was an image of a girl, dressed in black with short brown hair. She had an angry look on her face.

“Do you remember how you used to look back then? Well, just four months ago, I guess.” Richard fished something out of his pocket with his spare hand. “Kind of a pathetic looking creature, isn’t she?”

“Yes, Daddykins,”

“That’s why I wanted you to become a cheerleader, kitten. You were so mad and angry all the time. Being a cheerleader meant embracing the positive side of life. Throwing all those silly thoughts out of your silly head. Girls, after all, should smile and be happy — not think about politics or sexual identity, or all those kind of things.”

“Yes, Daddy.”

Richard held up the item he had just gotten from his pocket. “You’re so much happier as a cheerleader, worried about nothing but being beautiful, loving friends, cherishing family and keeping life simple and fun. I did the right thing.”

He handed over a lighter to Logan.

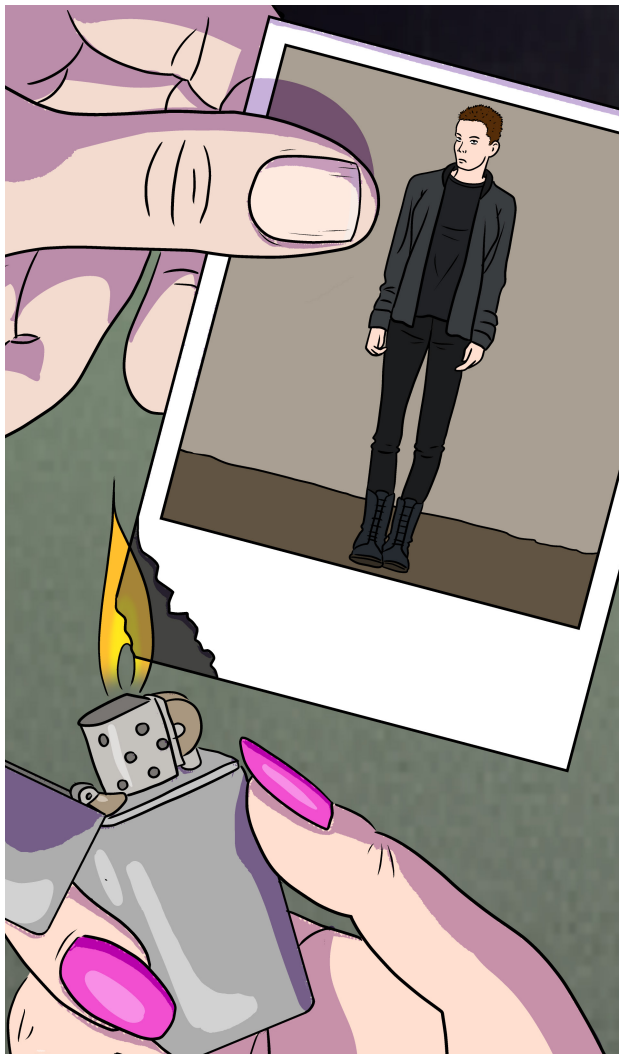
“Go ahead,” he said.

“Say goodbye to her. And good riddance.”

Without hesitation, Logan flicked the lighter and held the flame under the picture. It discolored, curled up and shriveled before beginning to disintegrate into ash. Richard then tossed the rest of the flaming pic into the tin, where all of Jamie Lynn’s old things started to catch fire.

“I’m so proud of you, pumpkin. You’ve become the kind of daughter I’d be proud to show off at the company picnic.”

Jamie Lynn Logan beamed, looking up at her father. Finally, a father that really cared for her and loved her. All she had to do was do what she was told, and she would be loved forever. “Thank you for helping me, like, become the girl I should have always been, Daddy,” she said with a giggle.



Together, father and daughter watched the fire burn.



Jamie Lynn was waiting for her ride to show up, but according to her phone, Hunter was running late. Here she was, in her freshly laundered cheer uniform and game-ready cheer hair — looking amazing — and she was going to be late for school. Even so, it wasn't going to stop her from feeling peppy and perky. Nothing did.

As she stood there, gently rocking back and forth in her sparkling white cheer shoes, a figure approached, walking in the ditch alongside the road. It took a while for them to arrive, as they trudged along. "Hey," Stu said when he was close enough. "You okay?"

"Oh yah!" Jamie Lynn said, with a smile and a bounce. "My boyfriend is gonna be here any minute."

"Great. Just on my way through. You're, uh, Jamie, aren't you?"

Stu knew exactly who she was, but he had no idea what she knew about the events of the summer. He had watched as his smart, bold friend seemed to crumble into a silly, flighty cheerleader in a matter of months. He assumed Logan would be back after summer, but he hadn't seen him since.

"Jamie Lynn!" she said. "Do you go to Rosenblatt?"

"Yeah, my name's Stu. I'm a Junior."

"Oh hey! Me too! I'm Jamie Lynn Lambert! I'm a cheerleader!" None of those things needed to be said.

"Yeah, hey... I know this is kinda weird, but my friend is Logan Knox and..."

"Ohmygod! You know Logan? I owe him so much. He's why I got to be a cheerleader!"

"Yeah, um... I mean, I know the whole story. He spent the summer pretending to be you, and..."

"He was so sweet to do that! I never thought it would be all summer."

"Do you know he had to have plastic surgery? Surgery you were supposed to get."

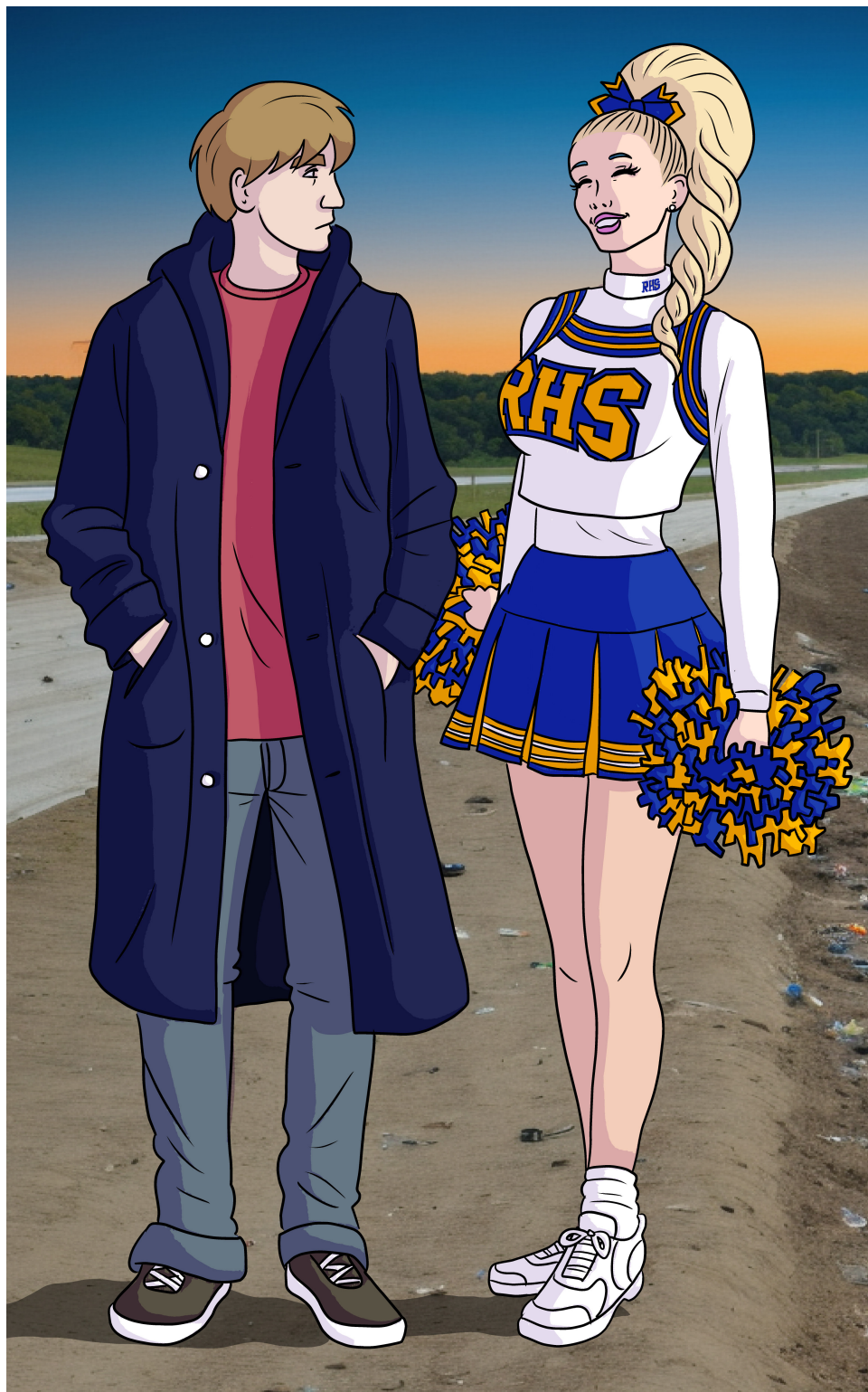
"He did *what*? Why?"

"That's what we were wondering."

"I mean... I had some stuff done this summer... But... I don't understand."

"Yeah, it's a little bit murky. I was hoping you could clear it up. Have you seen him around here recently?" Stu asked. "He... Kinda disappeared on me."

"Yes!" Jamie Lynn said. "Actually, no."



“Yeah, no one has. Not that anyone seems to care, and not that I blame him. No sense hanging around a town where your dad got 20 years.”

“20 years of what?”

Stu couldn’t help but feel a little sorry for her. “It’s not important.”

“I hope you find him.”

“Maybe. He’s probably gonna stay away from here. At least, he should.”

“Oh that’s so sad.”

“Yeah. Fuck me, I guess. We all die alone, so why fool ourselves?” He shuffled his feet. “Hey, you know, that was a lot of shit to go through just to pass a drug test,” Stu said, trying to get a little closer to a reason for the conversation. “That whole thing was kinda wild. What did you promise Logan to make him do all that?”

“Oh I was gonna show him my boobies,” Jamie Lynn said. “And since he’s not here, and you’re his best friend...” She gripped the hem of her top and started to lift.

“Hey! Hey! No! Hold on!” Stu said, waving her off wildly.

She stopped but didn’t let go, puzzled. “What?”

“Look. It’s okay. I don’t...” He clearly was having second thoughts, but he was going to do the right thing. “Forget it, okay? Debt paid. Don’t worry about it.” Stu turned around and walked away, stuffing his hands in his pockets. Jamie Lynn watched as he trudged away slowly.

Jamie Lynn sighed, released her top and checked her phone again. Hunter hadn’t even responded to her 18 texts that morning asking where he was.

“Ooo, he makes me so mad!” she said, stomping a foot in anger.

She closed the texting app, too emotional to even look at it, knowing there was nothing to see. Instead, she occupied herself by looking at her photos. She had recently blown right through her cloud storage, and now had to start deleting a few to make room.

She couldn’t decide, of course. There were the pics of her at her first game cheerleading for the Tillers, pics of her and her mother, her very special Papa Bear, pics of her with Grammy and Grampy, pics of her with the squad at regionals, selfies, pics of her favorite plushies, pics of her modeling her sparkling grey prom dress, pics of her volunteering at church, selfies, pics of her wardrobe choices for the days ahead, pics of items that she was going to buy for her wardrobe, pics of feet and hands with different nail polishes, selfies, pics of her report card where she got her grades up to a D that she was so proud of, pics of her favorite hairstyles, selfies, pics of killer heels, pics of Taylor Swift, selfies, more pics of Taylor Swift, selfies, and additional pictures of her personal hero, Taylor Swift.

“Hey there!” a voice said, suddenly interrupting her reverie.

Jamie Lynn looked up to see a man at the wheel of a white van that had pulled to a stop in front of her. “Yes?” She replied.

“Uh, you need a ride?” The man, in his early forties, asked. “My and my buddies thought you looked lonely and might need a ride.”

“Yes!” Jamie Lynn said excitedly. “I’m going to school! That’s so awesome of you!”

“Sure. Happy to help.” The side door of the van rolled open and inside were two other men of the same age, in scruffy flannels and stained jeans.

Jamie Lynn jumped in, taking her light book bag with her. The door of the van closed quickly. “Um, there’s nowhere to sit,” she said, looking around.

“You can sit on my lap,” one of the men said.

“Oh, that’s so nice of you!” She plopped her butt down on the man’s lap and smiled. As she did, the van got moving again. “It’s not too much trouble, I hope. My school isn’t far away. It’s in the other direction, though.”

“Yeah, uh... Well... My buddy has a shack in the hills. We got a cool new video game there we’d like you to check out.”

Jamie Lynn was excited. “I *loove* video games!”

“Yeah. It’s not that far. Just... Sit tight.”

“Okay, Mister!” the cheerleader said. “I don’t get to ride in a lot of vans.” She looked around, and out the front window. “Oh, hey! There’s my friend Stacy! I bet she could use a ride, too!” She pointed to a girl on the side of the road. “We’re cheerleaders, you know!”

The three men looked at each other with a certain amount of disbelief. None of them could believe it was this easy.

The van pulled to a stop and the door opened. “Hey Stacy!” Jamie Lynn said. “These guys are gonna give us a ride!”

“Ohmigod, that is, like, so kewl!” Stacy said as she hopped in, her cheer skirt fluttering, showing a glimpse of her high-leg dancer’s briefs. “I was worried I was going to be late!”

The door closed even faster this time and the van sped away. “Can she sit on your lap?” Jamie Lynn asked the other man in the back. He nodded and Stacy took her seat.”

“Ohmigod! Ohmigod! You guys are life savers!” Stacy said to the men. “Whoa, it’s like super dark in here!”

“Yah, you guys should, like, put in a light or something,” Jamie Lynn suggested. She turned to Stacy. “Are you ready for the big game, Stacy?”

“Go Tillers!” Stacy said, bouncing in her seat as she said it. “I’m so ready! We’re gonna beat those Spartans!”

“You know it, girl!” Jamie Lynn replied.

“Hey, um... Jamie Lynn?” Stacy said, leaning forward and going to a whisper that everyone could hear anyway. “Kyle and I broke up.”

“Oh no!” Jamie Lynn said, suddenly sad. “But I guess since he quit the team...”

“Uh-huh...” Stacy then looked sheepish. “I... I think I might want to, like, date someone who's not, you know, a football player.”

“Oh my gaw! Don’t even joke about something like that!” Jamie Lynn steadied herself, as the van seemed to be careening back and forth at high speeds.

“We’re Rosenblatt High Cheer girls, Stacy! Jocks and cheerleaders. I think it’s, like, in the Bible or something.”

“I know... But... I keep breaking up with football players.”

Jamie Lynn was curious. “Who is it?”

“Nick Fulton?” Stacy replied, as if it were a question.

“The student president guy?”

“Yeah, I mean he’s the president, so he’s like got to be a decent guy, right?”

“Oh, no way! Gross! He's, like, such a snooze fest. Totally boring.” Jamie Lynn shivered. Then she had an idea. “Do you know who Stu Sutton is?”

“Stu Sutton? The guy who hung around with Logan Knox? *Him?*” She was clearly skeptical.

“He’s a really nice guy, Stacy. Trust me. He’s smart and funny, and he’s really awesome. He respects girls — and he’s anything but boring.”

“Stu Sutton?” Stacy repeated.

“Like, yah!” Jamie Lynn said. “I mean, you've had your fair share of jocks, right? They’re all, like, super studly, but sometimes you just want to, you know, fall head over heels in love, right?” She turned to the man who she was sitting on. “Am I right?”

The man nodded.

“See? Stu’s the kind of guy you can love, ‘cuz he’s so totally super sweet n’ sensitive n’ junk! He always makes me laugh. If I wasn’t dating Hunter...”

“Well, like, maybe?” Stacy replied. “I get so nervous around guys.”

“Just between us girls, we all get, like, mega nervous! It’s so hard to, like, risk your feelings n’ stuff!” She looked at the guy Stacy was sitting on. “I mean when you proposed to your wife, I bet you were crazy nervous, right?”

“Well...” The man replied, looking ashamed. “I’ve never really met anyone...”

“What?” Stacy said. “A cute guy like you? You shouldn’t be alone!”

“You’re in love with someone, right?” Jamie Lynn asked the guy she using as a seat.

The man turned his head away.

“Ohmigod!” Jamie Lynn said. “Don’t let that happen, guys! You need to find that special someone, okay? Trust me, there’s lots of really nice girls out there who’d throw themselves at you if you gave them a chance!”

“I only meet women who are trying to get money outta me,” the driver said. “Greedy whores!”

“Well, where are you going to meet girls?” Jamie Lynn asked.

“Bars.”

“So don’t go to bars! Duh!” Jamie Lynn said. “You gotta go places where girls are nice and warm and tender and stuff! Try, like, community college and all that! Take a class about something you like. Meet someone who likes what you’re into — and girls love guys who are trying to be better.”

“Really?” the man across from her asked.

“Uh-huh!” Both Stacy and Jamie Lynn said together.

A few minutes later, the van came to a stop outside Rosenblatt High and the girls jumped out. “Thanks again for the ride, guys!” Jamie Lynn said. She leaned forward to give the man who she had been sitting on a kiss on the cheek. “And promise me you’ll give love a chance!”

“I promise,” he replied, bashfully.

“You really think someone can fall in love with guys like us?” the driver asked.

“Give it everything you have, be the best person you can be, and you’ll be irresistible to the right girl,” she replied, and gave him a hard wink.

“Bye, girls!” The guys said as the door closed and the van drove away.

“They were so nice,” Stacy said.

“We were so lucky to find them!”

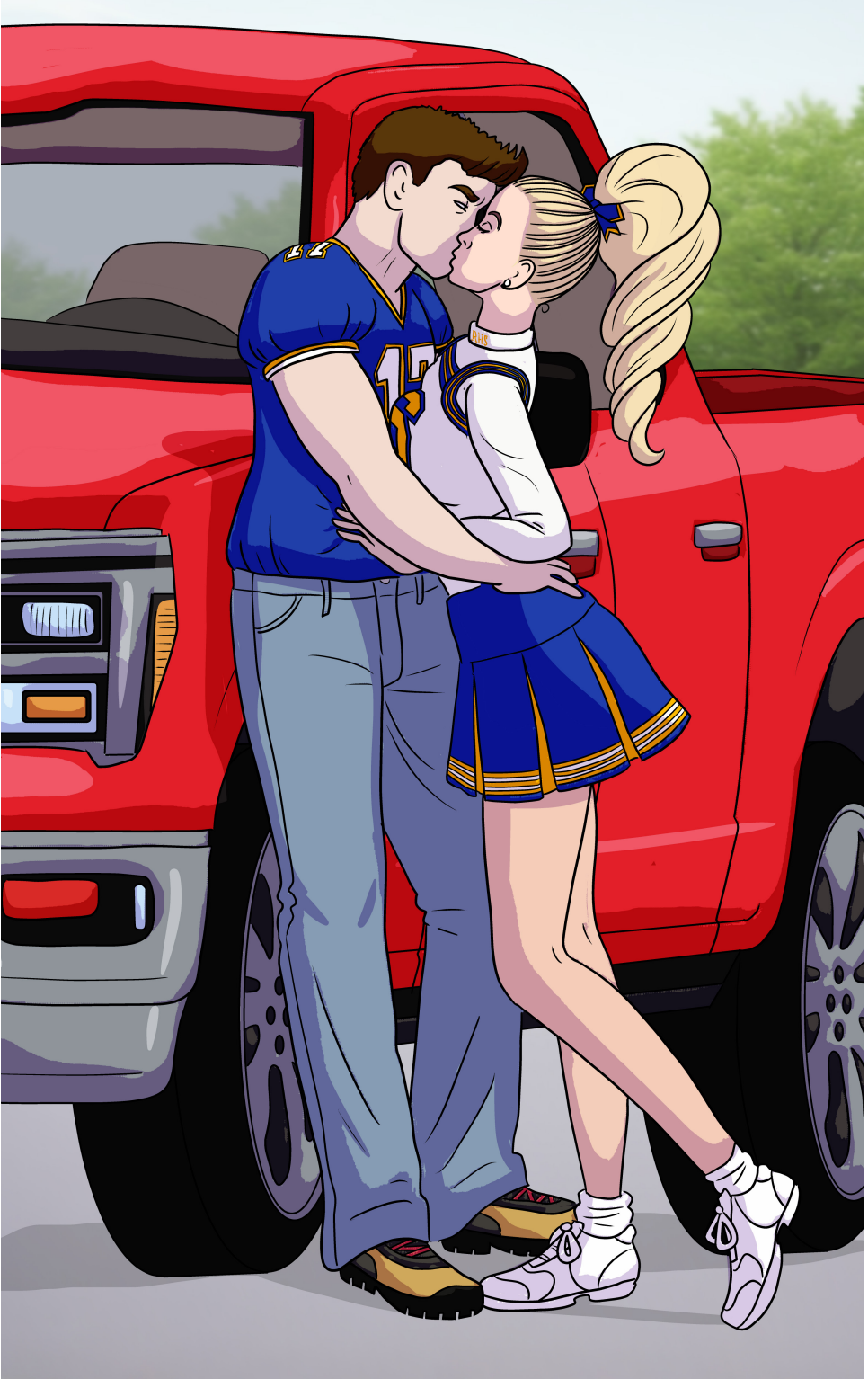
Hunter’s massive F-150 screeched to a stop right behind them. “You guys okay?” He yelled as he jumped out of the cab.

Stacy shrugged and smiled. “Sure! Why?”

“Hunter Phillip Doohan!” Jamie Lynn said with a pout. “You were late. No kisses for you today.” She crossed her arms and turned her back petulantly.

By the time hunter parked his truck, much had been forgotten, as Jamie Lynn was sucking Hunter’s face like there was a prize inside.

Hunter was leaning against his truck and Jamie Lynn was leaning against him. She could feel his hands under her shell, clutching her boobs and squeezing. She liked the squeezing.



Jamie Lynn paused for a moment, looking aside to see that Stu was just coming down the sidewalk.

She got Stacy's attention, who was waiting nearby so that they could go to class together. Using a toss of her head in Stu's direction, she silently coaxed Stacy to go to him.

As the next round of kissing started, Jamie Lynn could see them talking. Stacy was laughing, too.

A few minutes later, Hunter had to reluctantly break things off so they could go to class. He pulled Jamie Lynn behind him by the hand, and as she followed, Jamie Lynn glanced over to see that Stu and Stacy were headed off as well.

...And they were not going to class.

"Good for you, Stu," Jamie Lynn said, quietly.



"Good morning, class. I'm Mr. Simmons," said the bald man at the head of classroom. "Mrs. Pertweigh is sick today, so I'll be filling in." He added a heavy sigh.

Mrs. Pertweigh was sick a lot. Most would be, if they were teaching the Remedial English class. The sheer lack of will to learn anything, combined with the palpable disinterest in trying to pass the class, led to a lot of disheartening moments for a teacher.

The remedial students were mostly made up of reprobates and delinquents who never attended anyway, and the rest were athletes and cheerleaders. A lot of cheerleaders. Seven of them, as a matter of fact. They would all be here if the school didn't understand that putting all 12 of them in the same remedial class would be demoralizing to everyone, student, parent and cheerleader alike.

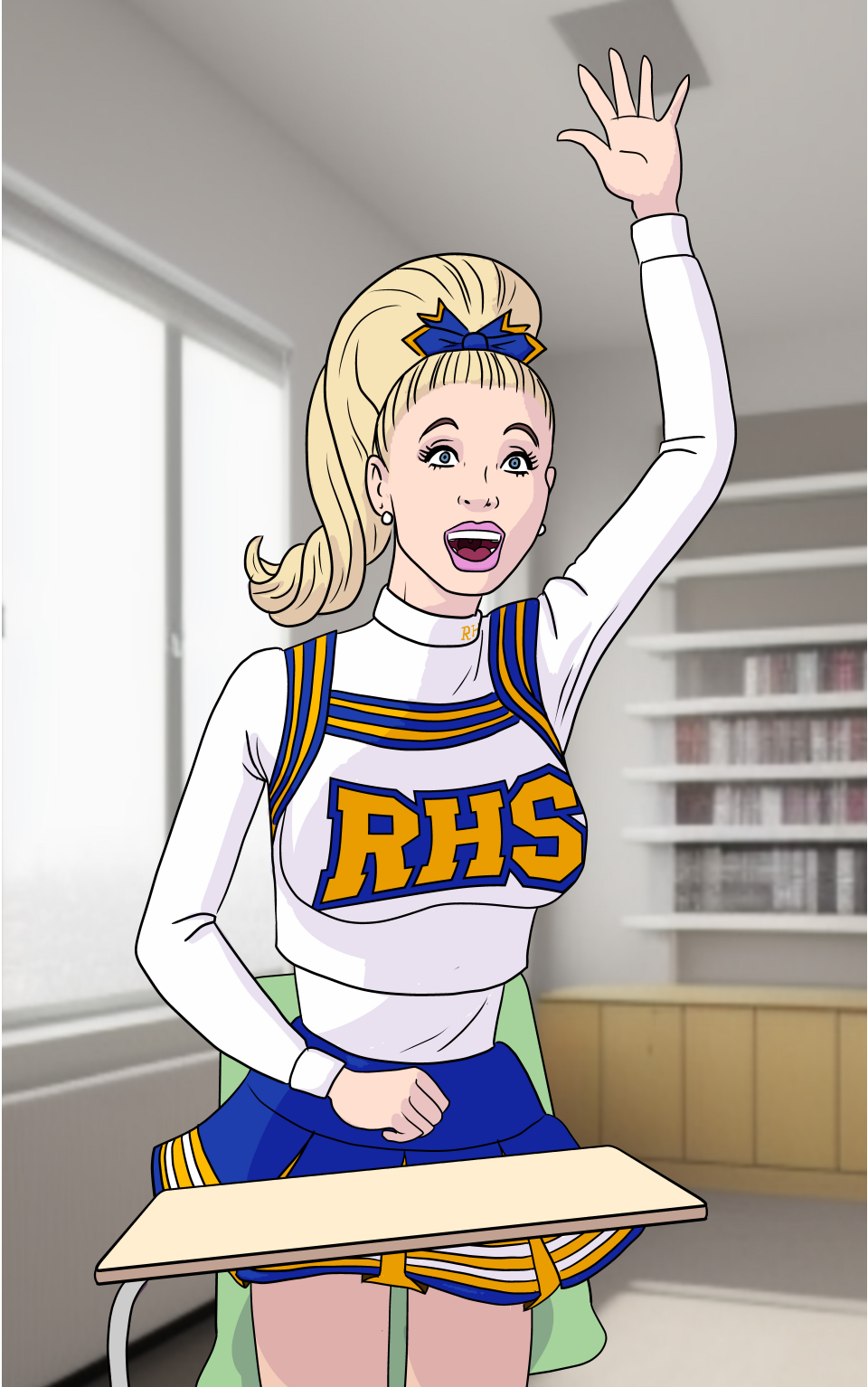
"All right, roll call," the substitute teacher said, as he started down the list of students.

Jamie Lynn turned around to talk to Kristin, who sat behind her. "Hey, Kristin!" she said. No one in the class cared if they were quiet or not. "I wonder if Mrs. Pertweigh is okay. She always looks so depressed."

Kristin agreed. "Yah, she's always so old looking. It must suck to get so old."

"Totally," Jamie Lynn replied. "You know, the other day I was wondering why there's only twelve girls on the squad. I mean, we could more stunts if we had..." Jamie Lynn tried to do the math in her head. "...More girls."

"Well, like, they said twelve was all they could afford," Kristin explained. "There's tons of talented girls who want to be on the team, too. It's a total waste."



“Poop,” Jamie Lynn replied. “How did I get on the squad, anyway? Was it my routine?”

“Oh. Well, we have Brooke, Brianna and Bridget. Then we have Lacey, Macey and Stacy. There’s also Tiffany, Britney and Whitney.” She looked proud of herself to have remembered all the names. “And then when you tried out, it became Kristin, Brynn and Jamie Lynn.”

“Huh,” Jamie Lynn said, looking a little confused. “You mean, I became a cheerleader because the name rhymed?”

“Yah, pretty much.”

Jamie Lynn thought about it. “Awesome!”

“Jamie Lynn Lambert!” the teacher said loudly, as if he’d been saying it several times in a row, trying to get her attention.

Jamie Lynn bounced up on her feet. “That’s me!” She said gleefully, raising her hand high. “I’m Jamie Lynn Lambert! I’m a cheerleader!”

“Thank you Ms Lambert, you can sit down.”

“Oh wait!” She remembered something. “My *name* is Jamie Lynn, but my friends call me ‘Jam-Jam!’” And then she sat down, with the big white smile that had become her trademark.

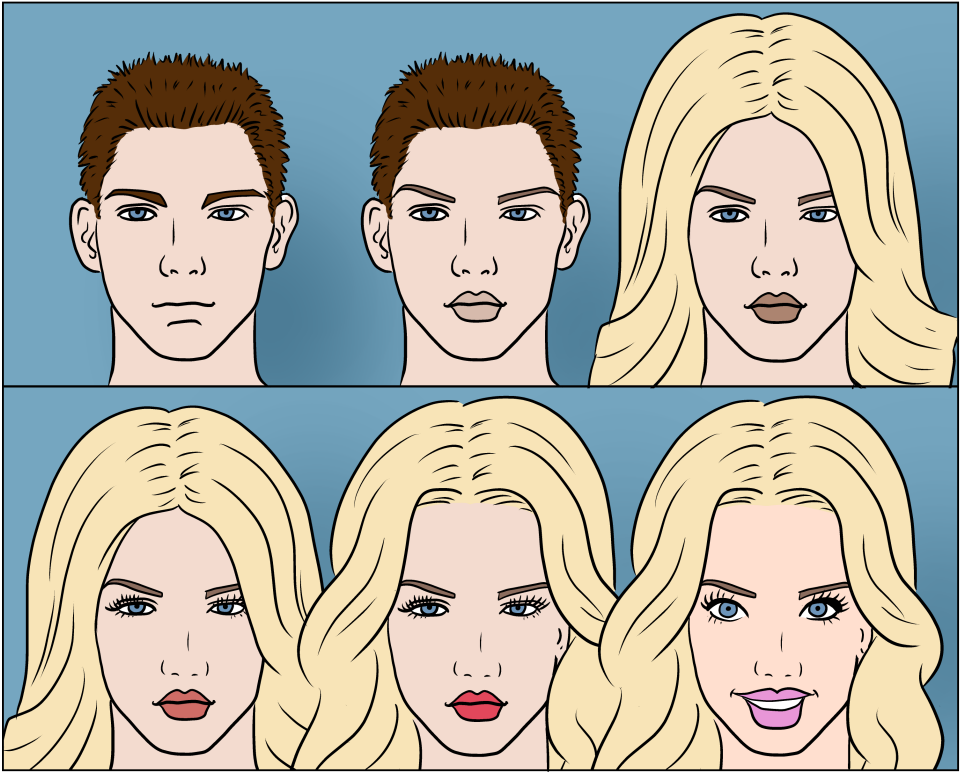
“Thank you for that,” the teacher said, sarcastically. *Probably on drugs*, he thought to himself.

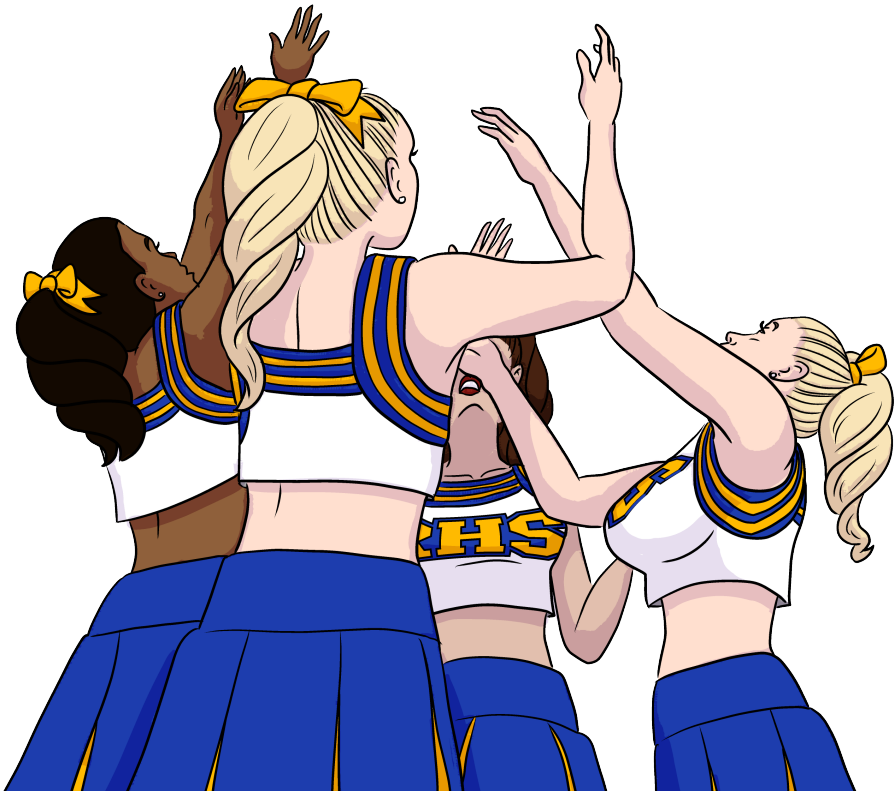
Such was her path in life. She was now, and forever would be, Jamie Lynn “Jam-Jam” Lambert.

Even after there was no more school, no more pleated skirts, and no more pom-poms, she would always be what she valued most. She would always be peppy. She would always be pretty. She would always say Yes. She would always be a good girl. She would always make everyone feel cheerful. She would always be the cheerleader.

The End









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Sick Puppy Comics

Making Friends

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Three college students sign up for a six-month isolation experiment. Things start to get a little strange, and they begin to lose their masculinity day by day. Yet, they don't seem to even notice... Full Color Comic Book / 38 pages

The Pet Sitter

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Asked to look after a supermodel's pet for a while, James finds himself thrust out of his own apartment and into hers. Day by day, it seems like circumstances adapt James to become the resident of a supermodel's lifestyle. Full Color Comic Book / 29 pages

A Curious Curse

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. When teen goth Brandyn gets his drivers' license, he thinks it's a ticket to adulthood. Unfortunately, he's already cashed a ticket in the opposite direction. Full Color Comic Book / 27 pages

Boys Will Be Girls

Story & Art by Fraylim, Script by KK, Ink & Color by Joe Six-Pack. The "Summer Blossom" camp welcomes 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

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 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

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

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

Help Wanted 1

Story by James J Craft, art by RocketXpert. Three boys are getting far more than they bargained for when they get summer jobs at a woman's fancy mansion. Comic / 40 pages

Help Wanted 2

Story by James J Craft, art by RocketXpert. Three more boys are getting far more than they bargained for at a woman's fancy mansion, and three others are finding their places. Comic / 40 pages

Teens Transformed

She Made Me Into My Sister

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

He's a Valley Girl, Fer Sure

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

From Boys to Bridesmaids

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

Little Mis-ter Popular

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

Bride to Be

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

Gone Girly for Good

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

One Year in Tokyo

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

Mall Makeover Madness

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

Convicts to Co-Eds

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

Creating Samantha

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

Crosley High Chronicles

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

Student Exchange

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

The Substitute Ski Bunny

By Joe Six-Pack. Walker is a young man who’s fallen in love with a girl. The only way he can get close to her is to dress up and become her roommate. It’s not going to go according to plan, though. Book / 132 pages / 31 illustrations

My Brother, My Mother, My Doll

By Joe Six-Pack. Seven year old Amelia has made a wish. A wish that she had a mother more like her doll, and that her brother weren’t so mean. Her family is about to have their lives turned inside-out. Book / 109 pages / 34 illustrations

The Princess Center

By Cheryl Lynn. Jeffrey wanted everything his brother Alan had. He was willing to to any length to get it, even to send Alan to... The Princess Center. Book / 85 pages / 26 illustrations

Tales of Transformation

He’s the Wrong Girl

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

City Boy, Country Girl

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

Thames Greene

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

Hiding in High Heels

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

A Blessing in Disguise

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

I'm Your Dolly

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

Winning is Everything

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

His Life as a Trophy Wife

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

Male Monday, Girl Friday

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

The Happiest Place on Earth

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

Hello, Nurse

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

My Boss, The Bimbo

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

He's the Girl They Want

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

Demoted and Degraded

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

I, Candy

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

Boyz II Girlz

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

His Strangest Desire

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

Hard Time or High Heels

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

Seriously Skirted

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

From Mister to Sister

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

The Russian Girl

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

Swindled into Skirts

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

Mergers & Acquisitions

Story by James J. Craft, Illustrations by Sortimid. Mark is a disaffected retail salesperson, and after a takeover of his store, he finds himself selling feminine fashion... and struggling to embrace everything about it. Book / 103 pages / 31 illustration

Suddenly a Secretary

Story & art by Joe Six-Pack. Rock guitarist Mick has become obsessed with following the life of secretary Lori Chandler through her inter-office email messages. Soon, Mick is taking her place. Book / 133 pages / 30 illustrations

Stories of the Supernatural

A Change for the Better

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

Changed and Rearranged

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

From Pals to Gals

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

A High-Heeled Halloween

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

Born on Black Friday

Story & art by Joe Six-Pack. Malcom Balford was forced to go shopping on Black Friday. What he finds at the mall may mean that Malcom will never leave. Book / 57 pages/ 17 illustrations.

In the Family Way

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. The Finch brothers are trying to catfish a man out of his money. To do so, they dress up as mother and daughter. But their impersonations slowly seem to be taking them over. Book / 182 pages / 42 illustrations

Crossed Fiction

Sisters for the Summer

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

They're the Girls for the Job

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

Blondie's Lost Summer

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

Blondie's Lost Year

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

Blondie He's Not

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

I Never Wanted to be a Woman

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

If the Shoes Fit

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

The Boy's Guide to Girlhood

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

Fashion Victims

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

The Boy's Guide to Girlhood

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

The Making of a Beach Bunny

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

Medical Miss-Practice

Story by KK & Fraylim, illustrations by Fraylim. Jerry just needed a medical procedure. He came out with two big new problems and a whole new life. Now he's losing everything he loves, piece by piece. Book / 95 pages / 51 black & white illustrations

12 Days of Christmas

Story by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Paul was a rising executive, but he had a secret embezzlement scheme. Now he's being blackmailed into skirts day-by-day in the 12 days of Christmas. Book / 74 pages / 21 illustrations

Seriously Sissified

A Family Femmed

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

Forever Femmed

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

Auntie's Girl Time

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

Revenge of the Cheerleaders

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

He's Got His Mind Maid Up

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

Fated for Femininity

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

Un-Boxed & Undone

By James J. Craft, illustrations by Banedearg with additional art by Joe Six-Pack. Caleb is struggling to get his YouTube career started. When he gets some strange shipments of make-up and clothes, he finds his channel suddenly taking off - but can he control it? A picture story. Book / 41 Pages / 33 illustrations

Web Classics Revisited

Two Forms of ID

By Joe Six-Pack. Harvey had the unusual ability to convincingly imitate a teenage girl. In desperation, he has to use that talent to make some money. But when is enough enough? Paperback / 194 pages / text only

Barbie's Life

Story & Art by Melissa N. Chris was a student actor who said he could play any role. A disgruntled girlfriend and playwright are about to see if he'll be able to play the lead role in... Barbie's Life. Book / 55 pages / 21 rendered images

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Two Forms of I.D.

Sold in two parts

Suddenly a Secretary

Sold in three parts:

He's the New Office Girl (Part 1)

Working His Way into Skirts (Part 2)

He Gave at the Office (Part 3)

I'm Your Dolly (Barbie-in-a-Box)

Sold in three parts:

He's Her New Doll (Part 1)

Destined to be a Doll (Part 2)

I'm Your Dolly (Part 3)

Beta Male

Sold in two parts:

Swindles into Skirts (Part 1)

Hijacked into Heels (Part 2)

Costume Drama

Sold in three parts:

Becoming His Costume (Part 1)

Stuck in His Costume (Part 2)

Corrupted by His Costume (Part 3)

Bride to Be

Sold in two parts:

Born to be a Bride (Part 1)

He's the Bride to Be (Part 2)

The Substitute Ski Bunny (Switchback Ridge)

Sold in three parts:

The Substitute Ski Bunny (Part 1)

The Seduction of a Ski Bunny (Part 2)

The Surrender of a Ski Bunny (Part 3)

Hiding in High Heels

Sold in one part

His Life as a Trophy Wife (The Puppy Mill)

Sold in three parts:

He Was Bribed to be a Bride (Part 1)

His World as a Spoiled Girl (Part 2)

His Life as a Trophy Wife (Part 3)

The Fairest One of All

Sold in one part

