

# FRIGHTENING FEMINIZATION

A COLLECTION OF HORROR TG STORIES



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# Frightening Feminization: A Collection of Horror TG Stories

Written by Courtney Captisa

Thanks to Sally Bend and vthunder42

Special Thanks to Patreon Supporter Jen Michelle!

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# Hit & Run & Feminized

*A young lawyer accidentally kills an 18-year-old female jogger in a drunk driving incident. Knowing his future career is on the line, he hides her body. After visits from her, he takes drastic measures to ensure she comes back to life.*

Zach Morton needed a night out. Working at the law firm had been stressful. He was only a year out of law school and had not fully expected the workload that would be part of the new respectable career. When receiving an invitation from his friend, Rodge, to join him and other friends at his apartment for drinks one weekend night, he wasn't going to turn it down. What started with a few craft beers quickly turned into doing shots while playing Cards Against Humanity.

The drinking continued until about 3 am when people passed out or left. Zach had been offered to crash on the sofa but declined since he had stopped drinking earlier than the others in order to sober up just a little. Uber was out of the question. He had done this a few times while in college and did okay with driving. Surely, this would not be any different.

On a county road, the sun started to rise, though it was barely visible due to the amount of fog. Zach had managed to do okay despite the blood alcohol content inside of his body. The sound of Pop Punk on the stereo had kept him awake and there were only about four miles to go till he reached his house. Because of the early morning hour, he had not seen any other cars on the road.

It was impossible to ignore the loud thud and Zach quickly pulled over and turned off the stereo. Did he run over a large branch? Hit a deer? He got out of the car to inspect what happened. Zach's heart skipped a beat when he

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saw the young girl on the road. Skinny blonde white girl probably about 18 or 19 years old. She was wearing jogging attire, neck broken, multiple lacerations on her body, heavily bruised, hips and shoulders dislocated. His stress level went up and asked her if she was okay.

“Miss?! Can you hear me?”

No response.

Zach went closer to her body and checked her pulse. Nothing.

He started to panic. What a major mistake. Not only had he put his life in danger by decisions that night, but just killed a person. What could he do now? Call the police? Vehicular manslaughter charge automatically, not to mention anything intoxicated related. His law career would be over. He needed more time to think.

Inspecting the area, he didn't see any blood on the ground. There could be no evidence. Her cellphone? Quickly turned off to avoid any location tracking. The option of putting her lifeless body in the trunk came to mind, but the prosecution would have a field day finding any DNA back there. Her body needed to be destroyed. Luckily, there was a shovel in his car and he sobered up digging her shallow grave hundreds of yards into the woods.

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The next week went by without incident. Zach had thought about the girl often but went about his business as if nothing happened. He did see multiple reports about the girl missing on social media and in the news. Her name was Lindsay Trainor. 18-year-old freshman who was living with her parents and attending the local state school. She was very athletic being on the volleyball and softball team and an active jogger. Seeing her parents cry in the news video made him feel like a piece of shit but the selfish part of him wanted this to become another mysterious case. The law firm was busy and he needed to focus on his own life, or so he thought.

Coming home to his apartment that day, he placed his keys on the table by the front door and took off his shoes. Traffic had been particularly heavy

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that day and luckily he had been able to get the dent out of the front of the car and went to a car wash to remove any part of Lindsay that may have been on there.

He went towards his bathroom and stepped backward when seeing someone in there.

It was Lindsay. She was wearing the same pink shorts and black sports bra she had on when she was murdered. Skull fractured and blood dripping from her head. Her body was slanted due to broken bones and was covered in blood. Her hair was in a ponytail and head tilted thanks her broken neck.

“What the fuck?!” he yelled as he closed the door.

Certainly, this could not be reality. After getting himself together, he opened the door again. She wasn't there. Must have been a figment of his imagination. A visual hallucination brought into the world because of his nightmares. He walked up to the toilet and relieved himself. Once turning around to wash his hands, he jumped in the air seeing the message written in blood on the bathroom mirror.

YOU KNOW WHAT YOU DID!

He closed his eyes and went into a fetal position on the cold bathroom floor. When he finally gathered the courage to stand up again, the message was gone from the mirror.

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Zach spent the next few hours debating on how to handle this. Maybe a psychiatrist? Though, he couldn't tell them her name. He had friends he trusted, but maybe not with this information. Maybe go back to her grave? No that's what serial killers sometimes do. Instead, he started to imagine what life was like before she was murdered. He found her Instagram account and it was full of pictures of her hugging friends, participating in sports, her dog, traveling places, just a young woman full of life... Well, was a woman full of life.



He found another social media account with many messages saying they wish she would come back safely and people saying that people love her. This was a popular, loving girl who had many people who cared about her. Had the roles been reversed, he figured he would maybe get a dozen people who cared about him missing. He scrolled through some more news stories with all of the updates still stating she was a Missing White Woman. Luckily, the body had not been discovered yet. Could it be she was still alive and somehow got out of the grave and found Zach's apartment? Unlikely.

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The next day at work, Zach was in a board meeting with other lawyers and partners in the firm. They were discussing operations and plans for the upcoming quarter. Zach sat in his chair wearing a suit and tried paying as much attention to one of the partners as possible, but his mental health was quickly deteriorating.

“And after the Hernandez case is over we are going too...”

Zach quickly tuned out of the speech when he looked down the long boardroom table to see Lindsay sitting in one of the chairs. She was still heavily mangled and wearing her jogging attire. She gave Zach an evil stare with her bright eyes. Her finger then pointed at him.

He started sweating and acting irrationally.

“Mr. Morton, are you okay?” asked the speaker.

“Her!” he said pointing towards Lindsay.

The entire boardroom looked towards where Zach was pointing but only saw an empty chair at the end as Mrs. Robins was seated across from where Zach had seen Lindsay.

“Mrs. Robins?” asked the partner.

“No! That girl! She's back!”

“Perhaps you need some water and breather,” said the speaker.

“Does anyone else see her?! She’s injured!”

“Please Mr. Morton. Excuse yourself for a break.”

Zach ran out to the bathroom and immediately vomited. Now Lindsay was stalking him at his job. How did she know where he lived? Where he worked? Was she trying to seek justice? Would it be a conflict of interest if her family hired legal help from the same firm he worked at?

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After having another breakdown once he was home, Zach concluded that he needed to go to the grave. Maybe Lindsay just wanted people to know her true whereabouts and have eternal peace. He had to remember the exact location of where he put her. There was a tree that was fallen over, just past a small creek. It took hours, but he finally found it when going there just before sunset. He had buried her phone with her and saw a white arm knowing he was in the right spot. Lindsay quickly rose her head from the ground and startled him.

“You think you can get away with this?”

“What do you want?!” asked Zach.

“For you to suffer!”

“I know sorry won’t bring you back to life, but I don’t know what to do. Just tell me what you want! Do you want me to turn myself in?”

“That would be great! But you should have done that the morning you killed me! Everyone wants me back, make it happen.”

“I can’t bring you back to life! I can’t work miracles.”

“Then figure it out...”

“How?”

“Become me...” she said.

“How is that even possible?” asked Zach as Lindsay laid back into her grave.

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Zach spent the next few hours debating what she said. How could he become an 18-year-old skinny blonde girl? Would she continue to haunt him until he did what she asked? His mental health was quickly going down the drain. This had to stop. He needed to do what she asked.

The case of missing Lindsay Trainor remained a mystery in the community over the next few months. Zach started dieting and lost about 30 pounds. He started growing his hair long and using feminine hygiene products at home. His co-workers noticed changes in him physically but didn't say anything. At least his mental health was improving. There were periods when Zach would not take efforts to feminize himself, at which point Lindsay would visit him again and remind him of his new purpose. He vigorously studied her old social media accounts. Getting down her mannerisms in videos, taking a liking to her interests, and getting to know all her family and friend's names. His plane ticket to Mexico was scheduled for the next month, just as he put his notice in that he was leaving the law firm. There was enough in savings to cover the operations, plus other things needed to make the transition.

Zach spent the next few weeks in Mexico at the cheap, unlicensed clinic recovering from getting breast implants, vaginoplasty, rhinoplasty, a trachea shave, Brazilian butt lift, and other things needed to look like Lindsay. Once the bandages came off, he looked in the mirror to see what he believed to be Lindsay's twin. He was wearing yoga pants and panties covering his new equipment with a bra that felt uncomfortable and a T-shirt. Dressing like a woman was something he would need to get used to, although he had been practicing makeup and hair skills to become the woman in his nightmares.

As he looked in the mirror at his new reflection, Lindsay came back for a  
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final visit.

“Aren’t you so pretty...”

“Yes... I look just like you...”

“Please go home. Mom wants you there.”

“I will...”

Once back in the town, the new Lindsay took care of the affairs left by HER deceased sugar daddy, Zach. The apartment lease was over, personal items sold or thrown in the dumpster, bank accounts transferred. Lindsay put on a casual outfit with ballet flats she bought and curled her hair after doing her makeup. It was time to go home.

She thought about her grand entrance. The old Lindsay was full of surprises and this shouldn’t have been any different. She rang the doorbell. Soon, Lindsay’s mom opened the door and covered her mouth.

Lindsay had prepared her speech. “Mom. I’m home safe. I missed you!” She immediately hugged her Mom.

“Oh my goodness!” said Mom.

“It’s a long story,” said Lindsay who had practiced Lindsay’s voice to perfection.

“Please, sit down.”

“Is Daddy home?”

Mom just led Lindsay to the sofa. “I’ll be right back.”

Lindsay continued crying. She had made it in. She had been accepted. Now for fully adjusting to her new life as an 18-year-old woman. Life would  
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be perfect.

In the next room, Mom dialed 911. “It’s Karen Trainor. I need someone over to 188 Elm Drive. Something is wrong!”

Lindsay’s blotched surgery was only perfection to her eyes and the old Lindsay who lied to her knowing she would be caught. Lindsay was still five inches taller than normal, had broad shoulders, and her nose wasn’t perfect. Her throat was still raspy and her hairline was receding. Breasts were uneven and her hands looked like a man’s. Karen knew this wasn’t the real Lindsay and someone was up to something. The original Lindsay’s spirit hugged her Mom as she finished the phone call with the police enough though Mom couldn’t see her. Lindsay now looked back to normal, no longer mangled and beaten. Justice would be served.

*The End.*

# Crossdressing Cabin

*Invited to spend a “girl’s weekend” at a cabin by the lake, Kevin is nervous, yet excited to be feminized by the group of young ladies. Once in femme, “Kelsie” is treated like one of girls. The hostess Clarissa discloses that her parents were able to buy the property for cheap because of the stigma of the previous owners and attendees being murdered. Unfortunately, the evil killer wants to put an end to their girls-only party!*

Kevin had three views during the long car ride to the cabin. Two were beautiful: the rustic scenery of a New England Autumn and his friend Jessica in the driver’s seat. The other was his phone which provided some entertainment, but also as a staunch reminder of why he was on this trip.

“The girls are SO excited to meet you!”

They met each other in high school and had remained in touch despite going to different colleges. Now in their mid-20s both were working on their careers in different parts of the state, but lived within an hour of each other. It was when they were hanging out last month that Jessica discovered Kevin’s secret. He had left his phone unlocked on a table when using the restroom and Jessica used his phone to look something up since hers was charging. She thought they were memes at first, but it turned out Kevin had been looking at TG captions!

Part of her didn’t want to say anything to potentially embarrass him, but curiosity got the best of her. He admitted they were just for fun, but for the last few years had thoughts of what if he were born a girl. She thought it was cute that he wasn’t afraid to express his femininity and said she would support him in anyway he wanted if he was curious about exploring feminization outside of graphics online.

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He was a slender guy at 5'11" and 145 pounds. No facial hair and his shoulders were less broad than other guys he knew. After careful deliberation he trusted Jessica enough to ask her to help him crossdress, just once. She smiled and figured that if he was going to dress as a woman, he should do something other than wear bras and panties while jerking off. Being around other women could influence him to not only dress like a girl, but act like one as well. She received an invite from her friend Clarissa whose parents had just bought a cabin by the lake in Vermont. Clarissa received permission to have a girl's weekend there inviting her close friends, Holly, Maddie, and Sarah. At first, they were apprehensive but Jessica made them more confident by explaining their friendship and claimed he would have to spend the entire weekend in girl mode once they gave him his makeover upon arrival.

Kevin looked out the window to see the curvy country road with nothing in view but trees and foliage. "Are you sure they are okay with this?"

"Believe it or not, Holly is most excited about it. She told me stories of when her and her friends dressed her little brother up as a girl all the time when they were younger."

"That sounds like something that happened to a lot of people. Is she really into it?"

"She picked out some things for you to wear! You should be able to fit in some stuff we have."

A few hours later, they arrived at the log cabin. There were a few other cars there meaning all of the girls had arrived. Kevin glanced at the side of the cabin which had a large patio with a great view of the lake. A large wooden dock lead to the water.

"Get ready for an amazing time!" Jessica smiled as she shifted into park and grabbed her purse out of the backseat.

Kevin nervously grabbed his bag which contained grooming items, his  
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phone charger, and some male clothes. Though, he didn't think he was going to need to be wearing boy stuff unless needing to go to the nearby town or something.

The two made their way to the door where Clarissa greeted them. She hugged her female friend and Kevin admired Clarissa's beauty. She had great tan legs and brown hair in a braided ponytail. He could see indentations of her bra through the thin white top she was wearing.

"Come on in! I'm so glad you all made it!"

Kevin nervously went in the cabin with the girls not fully knowing what to expect. The cabin had high ceilings and an old school look to it. Several taxidermy animals hung on the walls along with some scenic landscape paintings of rural lake life. It was the early afternoon, but the girls had already busted out the vodka, wine, champagne, and other alcoholic items to relax and have fun.

They placed their bags down and met the group in the kitchen area that had a very large table in middle and an open view of the lake. All of these girls were easily eight to nine on the hot scale. The ladies exchanged hugs and Kevin even got one from Holly. Her D-cup breasts felt nice against his chest. She had the somewhat cliché hot sorority girl look with her bleached blonde hair, massive boobs, and pearly white smile. Part of him was nervous that this was the girl who wanted to put a bra on him, but another part knew it was hot.

After small talk and getting to know the girls a bit, Sarah finally bursted out the question everyone was waiting for. "So Kevin... We heard you want to be a girl?" she said before putting a potato chip to her mouth.

His face turned red. "I wouldn't say I would want to be one everyday. It's all kind of new to me. Just... experimental."

"That's cool," said Holly. "So you've never dressed before?"



“Never.”

Jessica backed up her friend. “That’s what we are here for! To support you. It will be so exciting to see what you’ll look like as a female.”

“I can totally see this working,” said Maddie.

Sarah said, “Should we get started with this?”

It had been less than 30 minutes sine they arrived at the cabin and Kevin didn’t expect the feminization to start this soon. There was of course, worse ways to spend a weekend than crossdressing around five hot girls.

Clarissa showed Jessica and Kevin their bedroom on the second floor. It had two twin beds with basic looking blankets and pillows.

“I know it’s not fancy, but it’s left over from the last owner when they were using this as a bed & breakfast.”

“It’s cute,” said Jessica being nice. She had stayed in smaller places while traveling in Europe. The bedrooms meant for sleeping and changing. That was about it.

“Thanks again for inviting us,” said Kevin.

“No worries, just get comfy!” replied Clarissa holding his shoulder. “There’s a bathroom at the end of the hall and we put some stuff you’ll need in there.”

Kevin seemed a little confused. “A care package?”

“You didn’t tell him?!” laughed Clarissa.

“Figured it would be a surprise,” replied Jessica. “We all want you to take a shower and shave your legs and armpits!”

“What? I thought I would just be dressing in fun clothes.”

Clarissa smiled. “You are going to get the full experience of feeling like a woman for the entire weekend! That means looking exactly like us. After you get done in there, we’ll help you get dressed and do your hair and makeup!”

Something about that statement gave Kevin a bit of an erection. Hopefully the girls wouldn’t see it through his shorts.

“Do you need any help in there?” asked Jessica.

“I think I can handle it.”

For most people, a shower is a relaxing and relatively easy task. Kevin learned that shaving his legs was not the same as shaving his face as evident by several nicks and blood markings on his legs. His penis was hard the entire time just by thinking of feminizing himself. Hopefully he wouldn’t cum in his panties once these hot girls started getting in on the action. The pubic hair on his body had already been neatly trimmed, so shaving that was a bit easier. Same for his armpits. Clarissa and Jessica would have been grossed out by the amount of hair at the bottom of the tub. He finished his shower with using the floral scented liquid soaps and that shampoo that was supposed to add volume, whatever that means.

He came out of the bathroom smelling like a woman and having a towel wrapped around just his bottom. Chest hair gone and legs feeling somewhat vulnerable. Coming back into the bedroom, he saw Jessica there unpacking a few things and an outfit laid out for him on the bed. The panties were boyshort cut and from VS PINK of matching color. The bra matched the bottoms and there were two flesh-colored adhesive breasts next to them. Denim shorts looked like they would be tight on his body and the top was a soft shirt of peach cream color that would show off a little shoulder.

“Oh my god, look at you!” said Jessica in reference to his shaved body.

“I feel naked...”

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“You are! Before you get dressed, girly, lay down and I’ll glue the breast forms on you.”

“Whoa, breast forms? Getting a little fancy here?! What happened to chicks stuffing their bras with tissue.”

“That’s so middle school. Found a good deal on these on Amazon. Just had to match your skin tone and pick out what size I figured you would be if you grew your own titties!”

Kevin blushed. Shit was about to get real. He laid down on the bed and let Jessica apply the breast forms to his chest. Staying still for ten minutes was a bit frustrating, but at the end, he had 32C boobs that felt real. Being naked in front of his friend felt weird, especially with the random erections, but that was soon put to ease when she gave him instructions for how to tuck his dick using a gaff. No way she was going to touch that.

“You look so cute!” Jessica said complimenting Kevin’s new look. The female shorts made his butt look a little bigger and there was no signs of a penis in front. The top made his shoulders look more girly and he liked the idea of a bra strap showing. Even without the help of a wig or makeup yet, he was showing promise as looking feminine.

“Have you thought of a name yet?”

“Not really.”

“Hmm, if I ever had a little sister I would have liked her to be named Kelsie.”

“I’m your little sister now?”

“If that’s what you want!”

The group of girls downstairs erupted into applause and laughter as  
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Kelsie came down the steps.

“Look at you!!!” said Holly.

“Work those legs!” said Clarissa.

“How do your boobies feel?” Maddie leaned forward with her drink in hand from the table showing some cleavage of her own.

“A little weird...”

“Don’t worry, you’ll get used to them,” said Clarissa as the girls laughed.

“SHE even has a cute name now,” said Jessica. “Introducing... KELSIE!”

“Yaz, Kelsie!” said Maddie.

“Kill it, queen!” replied Sarah.

Holly smiled, “You look pretty femme now, but ready for your makeover, Kelsie?”

Over the next thirty minutes, Kelsie’s body underwent further feminization. Her eyebrows were plucked, ears pierced, eyelashes applied, foundation put on her face, lipstick applied, and some girly lotion put on her skin to make it even more smooth and girly. Rather than going with a wig, one of the girls had obtained two-foot long copper brown extensions that could be clipped into her existing hair of similar shade. It took a bit to get them in and she was told they would not come out easily. Sarah curled the bottom portion on one side and helped style it tied and over one shoulder.

Jessica continued taking pictures on her cell, which she promised would stay between them. Seeing her male friend with her legs crossed as she willingly let the girls feminize her was something she figured people only experience once. She loved that Kelsie was having the time of her life and it  
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was only the afternoon during the first day at the lake. After the transformation was complete with some rings on her fingers and toes, scrunchie placed on her left wrist, a necklace on her body, and perfume added; Jessica took a hand held mirror and showed Kelsie the final result.

“Oh wow... I look so... pretty!”

“Thought you would love it!”

“Hard to believe that you are really a man,” said Holly. She quickly corrected herself knowing the girls had agreed to treat and act like Kelsie had always been a girl for the entire weekend. “I mean, you ARE beautiful!”

Kelsie was overwhelmed with the positivity of gender exploration. “Thank you all so much,” she said holding her hands to her heart, though she was still getting used to the fact that she now had breasts.

“Shoot, none of these photos will upload.”

“PLEASE NO!!!” begged Kelsie.

“Lighten up princess. Damn the cell reception is pretty much non-existent.”

“That’s what I warned you about,” said Clarissa. “My dad said they were supposed to install another tower last week but it’s been delayed. Guess we have to entertain ourselves!”

The seven girls spent the next few hours having more drinks, dangling their legs off the dock by the lake, exploring the woods near the cabin, and had started a small fire in the pit at the stone patio. Since she got wet earlier at the dock, Kelsie had changed into a new outfit. She explained that she wanted the “dressy” look by wearing a short tight black skirt, cute floral blouse, and even wanted to learn to walk in heels! She sat at the fire pit with her legs crossed enjoying conversation with the other girls. Some of the others had blankets with them but she felt fine with the warmth of the

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atmosphere. She was even practicing talking like a girl and mimicking some of the speech patterns of her new friends.

“I can’t believe your parents only paid \$75,000 for this place. That’s CRAZY,” said Jessica to Clarissa.

Clarissa took a sip of her drink and starred into the fire, “Yeah, cool old log cabin on the lake plus twenty acres up this way? If you can live the weekend without a cell it’s great!”

“Mine works, but barely!” said Sarah since she was the only one on a carrier that was popular about 15 years ago, but feel out of favor in recent years. Perhaps that’s why it was working in bumfuck nowhere!

“I’m surprised the bed & breakfast did not work out,” said Maddie.

“Actually... it closed abruptly.”

“Why?”

Clarissa hesitated as she had not revealed this piece of information to any of her friends yet. “Okay everyone, please do NOT tell other people about this though. Can you all promise?”

Kelsie became highly interested as he heard the other girls agree.

Clarissa began her story not sure of how the other would feel. “They were open last year. Apparently one night, a maniac came here in murdered all eight guests who were staying here plus the owner.”

“Oh my god, that’s terrible!” said Sarah becoming frightened.

“What kind of sick person does something like that?”

“Terrorist?”

“Maniac?”

The girls kept guessing. Holly asked, “Did they catch the killer?”

“I’m sure they did. Don’t know much more about it, but I think my dad mentioned some other people were murdered here in the 2000s, ‘90s, and ‘80s.”

“And.... Now it’s safe for a bunch of young women to stay here,” said Maddie, half-joking half-not.

Clarissa smiled, “Yup! Nothing to worry about ladies. Plus there’s a shotgun in the main room if we need it.”

Kelsie knew her male privilege was erased. Maybe it was time for more ghost and creepy stories since they were at the fire. She started her story, “Back when I went to bo.....girl’s summer camp, there were rumors of this monster that...” She was suddenly interrupted by Sarah who stood up with cellphone in hand.

“Oh my god! He’s up here!”

“Who,” asked Maddie.

“Jayden, that really hot guy I matched with on Minder a few days ago. He said “Hey beautiful, you are up the Lake right now right? I’m staying in the art district if you want to meet up tonight.”

“Tonight?!” asked Clarissa.

“I’m not that tipsy. I can drive. Don’t worry, I don’t plan on putting out tonight.”

“Notice she said plan on...” said Jessica laughing.

“Are you really leaving?” asked Holly.

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“It’s just like ten miles away. Just going to grab a drink or two,” she said sending a confirmation message to Jayden and getting up to put on a new outfit and then grab her keys and purse.

“Be careful,” said Clarissa. “Let us know when you get there and when you are leaving.”

“Okay, MOM!”

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The rest of the ladies stayed at the campfire while Sarah happily got in her car and made her out of the long dirt driveway while putting in the address into Waze. It was having issues connecting and she figured it would probably given the proper directions once the modern app found the right signal. There were only a few roads in the woods in the area of the cabin and getting to downtown surely couldn’t be that difficult. Sarah sang along with the throwback songs she blared on her stereo as she tried navigating through the woods. As she was belting the lyrics to a song by Macklemore, she felt a giant bump thanks to the hole in the road. It had busted one of the front tires.

“SHIT!” she said.

Sarah checked her phone and it had gone down to one bar. She tried sending a message to Jayden since it would be a little hotter than having to call AAA if he changed her tire for her. The message would not go through. It then dropped to no signal at all. She estimated she had probably driven about a mile or two before the incident happened. The country road had no lights and walking back with just a cellphone as a light would be extremely dangerous. She decided to stay in the car for the time being, hoping the signal would come back to her cell phone only to be distracted when she thought she saw someone walking on the road.

It was only about 8pm, maybe someone was out for a nightly job. Sarah followed down the window and yelled out, “Hey, is someone out there?” She looked again, but saw no one. Looking down at her cell, she noticed she had  
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one bar again and it was a message from Jayden: “Just got here, see you soon.”

She tried sending a response to let him know she was having trouble, but the signal died once again. Her frustration started to show as she banged her hands on her steering wheel. The image of the dark human figure in front of her showed again in front of the headlights. She once again called out the window but there was again no answer or sight of the person she thought she could see.

Nervously, she looked at her cell again for any form of rescue. Panicking, she decided it would be best to try and turn around and drive the car slowly back to the cabin. She managed to find a turning point about twenty feet up, and placed the car in park but couldn't get into reverse before screaming at the sight of the man wearing a dark boiler suit and a clown mask holding a baseball bat. She tried quickly to throw the car into another gear, but he smashed her driver's side window with the baseball bat causing her to panic. Sarah screamed as the demented clown pulled open her door and dragged her out of the car while cutting off her seat belt with a knife he had on him. This evil son of a bitch was about 250 pounds and 6'4". Not a fair fight to an unarmed 110 pound woman in her early-20s.

Sarah continued screaming as she was dragged out of the car and thrown on the ground. “WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU?! WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?!”

The demented clown picked the baseball bat back up and hit Sarah's legs, breaking them in the process. She grabbed them in pain and was then hit in her chest with the bat as well. An innocent woman didn't deserve this, but the demented clown did not care as he continued hitting her with the baseball bat causing broken bones, bruises, bleeding, and other damage to her fragile body. Sarah was left lifeless as the clown ended the battle by bashing her head with the bat destroying her teeth and crushing her skull. He threw her lifeless body in the trunk like a piece of trash and got in the driver's seat. There was a destination in his mind. Sarah's body stayed in the trunk while the car arrived at the bottom of lake, with the clown jumping out before the  
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car was emerged in water.

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An hour later at the cabin, the girls tried texting Sarah to make sure she made it there but no messages would go through. They figured maybe she was just way into Jayden and would text them eventually. The group had moved back inside and put on a romantic comedy chick flick that Kelsie had never heard of, but was trying to think of herself always born a girl. The type of movie she would probably be into if that were the case. Some of the girls were still drinking and had run out of alcohol.

“We have more Moscato in the fridge,” said Clarissa to Maddie.

“I think I want something different. Did you say you have White Claw?”

“Yeah, it’s down in the basement,” just give me a few said Clarissa getting up as a good hostess would.

“Don’t worry about it Clarissa! I’ll get it! Where is it down there?” asked Maddie.

“There’s another fridge down there,” Clarissa replied.

Maddie smiled, “Does anyone else need anything?”

“Just bring a few of the White Claws up,” said Jessica who was sharing a blanket with her new BFF, Kelsie.

“Okay! I’ll be back!” said Maddie adjusting her bra strap as she left.

Maddie found the door that led to to the basement and turned on the light that barely lit the steps. As she was walking down the raggedy wooden steps, she heard the door randomly slam shut behind her. She looked behind her and said “Very funny girls.” Though, there was no one to listen. As she walked down the steps, she saw the white fridge in the corner next to some random camping items, sporting gear, and a work bench. Maddie held on to the wooden railing and made her way down the steps barefoot. Unfortunately, the  
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old wooden steps had some splinters, which soon found her way on her right foot.

“Ouch!” she screamed quickly bending down to grab her foot, though she lost her balance and started falling down the steps. Since a sex scene was playing on the movie upstairs, the sounds of panting and oohs was overbearing and no one could hear Maddie in the basement as she cried in pain.

Maddie had not broken any bones but was in pain and bruised. She leaned off the ground at the bottom of the steps and said, “Please, someone help me.” Unexpectedly, she hear a noise of something moving in the basement that must have been larger than a small rodent. She looked around but saw nothing. “Is someone down here?”

There was silence.

The injured young lady looked around once again to see no one and tried getting up but was in too much agony. In the basement was rectangular window that was accessible from the outside. It was out of view from her, but not out of view from the demented clown who had come in!

In an effort to get back to her feet, Maddie knocked over a set of golf clubs that was close to her and used one of them as a cane to prop herself up. She heard some movement in the basement and what sounded like glass knocking over.

“What was that?” she said out loud. She screamed once again for someone upstairs to help and had not come down to the basement with her phone, not that it would work anyway. The girls upstairs could not hear her even though the movie had ended and they had gone into the kitchen to get more drinks and play a game. Maddie was left in the basement in danger as she saw the demented clown.

“Get away from me!” she roared as she hit him in the arm with the golf club. It seemed to have no effect on the demented person. He inched closer to  
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her as she continued screaming and trying to hit him.

The sick clown picked up a wine bottle off of the shelf and quickly smashed it in her face knocking her to the ground. It was hit with such force that not only had the bottle broken, but Maddie now had a broken nose and missing teeth. The evil clown covered her mouth as he stabbed her multiple times using the broken wine bottle, pulled off her pants and underwear and shoved the top of the wine bottle up her vagina to finish the task allowing blood to start accumulating on the floor around her recently deceased body.

Upstairs, the girls had talked about their old college days and some of the shenanigans they got into when one of them brought up the idea of playing strip poker with each other. Kelsie wanted to put on female clothes, not take them off!

They were only five minutes into the game but the only one who had lost any form of clothes was Holly who had to take off her shirt and show her demi-cup bra to everyone. Kelsie figured that part of being one of the girls was being comfortable showing off underwear to each other. She had already been naked around Jessica today, so this wasn't as big of a deal, though she could probably get another erection if her penis wasn't firmly tucked away.

"Where is Maddie?" asked Clarissa.

"She is so blonde sometimes. Maybe she got lost!" said Jessica.

"I'll go check on her," said Holly getting up.

"Only because you don't want to take off your shorts!" said Kelsie feeling more comfortable with the ladies.

"Would you like to go down there, princess?" asked Holly.

"Umm, I'll stay up here," said Kelsie.

Holly then made her way to the basement door and luckily was wearing  
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sandals instead of being barefoot, perhaps she wouldn't be subjected to the same fate as her friend.

The other girls paused their strip poker game until she got back and some decided to go vape or smoke weed out on the patio.

Down in the basement where Maddie met her unfortunate demise, the floor was back to normal with no signs of blood or her body.

"Maddie, you still down here?" asked Holly walking down in her bra.

Silence as usual in the basement.

Holly walked down the steps as the door once again slammed shut. She ignored it figuring it had to do with air pressure between upstairs and underground. She continued to go down the stairs but so no evidence that there had been a violent altercation down there just 15 minutes earlier.

She saw the fridge in the corner and wondered why it was open. "Maddie, you must be down here. Stop playing games!" Holly turned around since she heard the sound of something falling to the ground. "What was that?" she asked herself.

The basement had the type of old school lighting with the long bulbs. Some type of florescent that buzzed. They started flicking before going out completely. Just like Maddie, Holly had left her cell upstairs and even though calling is useless with no reception, at least it could be used as a flashlight. Holly was frightened in pitch black. Not even the window provided any illumination.

"Maddie, was that you that just did that? This isn't funny at all, we are looking for you!"

What was in reality seconds, seemed like minutes as Holly stood alone in the dark with only the fridge as a light source wearing just a bra, sandals, and short shorts. She started getting fussy and losing patience. "Maddie, come  
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on!”

There was another bang in the room that made her jump. She started using her natural instinct of direction trying to find the steps, but just bumped into a few things. Eventually, she slightly tripped over something. She thought it may be one of the golf clubs she saw on the floor but when she leaned down and felt what it was, her mouth dropped open. The feeling was that of a human arm. The more she felt the body, the more her worst fears became true.

“Maddie! Oh my god what happened!”

Because it was dark, she could not see the damage that was done until she felt the blood and part of the glass bottle that had been shoved up Maddie’s vagina.

Holly screamed very loudly, this time, the girls upstairs could hear her.

“Did you guys just hear a scream?” asked Clarissa.

Jessica closed the fridge after grabbing another drink. “It’s probably the two of them tickling each other like they normally do.

Downstairs, Holly burst into tears realizing her friend had been violently murdered. What sick person would do something like this? She didn’t have much time for mourning however as she was grabbed by the demented clown and thrown across the room. Holly’s head hit the hot water heater. The devastation nearly knocked her unconscious. She was in a lot of pain and had very blurry vision to the point where she couldn’t make out the weapon the demented clown was raising.

Holly’s head quickly detached from her body and rolled towards the dryer as Jessica opened the door leading to the basement. “You all must be having fun down there with all that noise! When you two are finished fucking around, come back upstairs. We want to get in the hot tub!”

The three girls upstairs drank and smoked a little more before losing more patience. While wearing a bikini sounded exciting to Kelsie, she wondered if they would see her tucked penis from the back if she were to change in one. Her and Jessica went back to the room to pick one out. Jessica had packed several and figured at least one of them would fit her sissy friend. Clarissa meanwhile went down to the basement to tell her friends to come back up to the party. Just like Holly, she didn't notice anything out of the ordinary as there was no blood on the floor. The only thing that looked out of place were the golf clubs that had fallen down. The lights had come back on.

“Would someone answer me?!” she complained.

There was still no answer. Clarissa went to the fridge and shut the door. “Where are you two?” She looked around and saw no evidence of foul play. They weren't so drunk and immature as to hide behind storage boxes, were they? Clarissa became even more frustrated. “Will someone please just say something? You all didn't appear into thin air!”

Clarissa turned her attention to the rectangular window which was now open. Logically she figured they must have went out that way for some reason even though their cadavers laid in the large dryer thanks to the demented clown. The window was above another work bench and she started her way. It was getting foggy on the lake and the full moon provided some light on the outside. She first went to the window and said their names. “Maddie? Holly? Where did you both go?”

No answer.

Why didn't they just come up the basement door? Were they trying to play a prank or maybe thought it was a shortcut to the hot tub? Sneaking out of window was something Clarissa hadn't done since sneaking out of a boy's house when she was a teen. She got halfway through the window and looked all three ways. There was no sight of any of the girls. She called for them again before turning to her right again to see a figure walking towards them. It was too dark to make the person out.

“Holly? Maddie? Where have you been?” she asked. She tried getting out of the window but the belt hooks around her shorts had become caught on something around the window sill. “Hey, come help me. I think I’m stuck!”

The figure continued his path towards his topic as Clarissa continued to struggle with getting unstuck. The weight of the weed wacker in his hand had no effect on his ability to move in closer. Clarissa could soon make out that it was not one of her friends and in fact, some guy wearing a clown mask in a work-suit with a weed wacker.

“Who are you?! What are you doing here?” she asked.

Before long, the demented clown turned on the weed wacker and went straight towards Clarissa’s face not even giving her enough time to scream. Blood splattered in every direction reminding the demented clown that there are easier murder weapons.

“What was that sound?” Jessica said with her shirt off about to change into a bikini.

“Sounded like a lawnmower or something,” replied Kelsie.

“Who would turn that on this late at night?”

“Let’s go check it out.”

The two girls went down the steps and called for Clarissa and the other ladies. They checked the kitchen and looked from the inside out to where the hot tub was and saw no one. Attention was turned to the front door as they heard the door bell ring.

“Who could that be?!” Jessica said starting to get nervous.

“I don’t know. Did someone order a pizza?”

“Maybe! Umm.. You are the ma..... Nevermind, just grab something.”

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Jessica had to be reminded of the need to get rid of gender roles this weekend.

Kelsie grabbed a small chef's knife from the kitchen and walked with her friend to the front door.

"Who is it?" asked Kelsie in her girly voice.

There was no answer.

"Hey, who is out there? Clarissa? Did you get locked out?" asked Jessica.

"Holly? Maddie?" asked Kelsie.

"What should we do?" Jessica wondered since there was no answer.

Kelsie decided to unlock the door and open it with the knife hidden in her hand behind her back. Though both girls jumped back when Clarissa's body which was leaning against the door fell towards them. They shrieked seeing her mangled face, only identifiable by the clothes she was wearing.

"Oh my god! Oh my god!!!" Jessica said panicking.

Kelsie wanted to throw up. While a fan of horror movies, she had not seen a dead body like this in real life.

"Fuck... Grab the shotgun!" she asked.

"I don't know how to use that thing! Do you?"

Kelsie admitted to Jessica that she had not shot a gun since she was a kid playing with BB guns, but could figure it out. She grabbed the shotgun off of the mantle and found ammo in the bottom drawer of an end table next to the fireplace. He handed the knife to Jessica knowing she could easily stab a bitch if they tried attacking her.

“Why would someone do something like this?!” Jessica said as she cried knowing her friend and probably the other girls had been violently murdered.

“We need to call the police?! Is your phone working?”

Jessica looked down and saw that she still had no signal. “NO!”

“What about a landline? This seems like the type of place that would have one!”

They looked around together in the downstairs area, but could not find anything but the old ports that were meant for phone lines.

Kelsie didn't like seeing her friend cry. Tears were rolling down her face and she could not think straight. The female part of Kelsie knew it was time for a hug.

“What should we do?” asked Kelsie with her friend in her arms.

“Maybe we should split up,” said Jessica.

“That never works out well!” Kelsie's complained. “Grab your keys, we need to leave the property!”

Kelsie stood at the front door with the loaded shotgun as Kelsie quickly grabbed her keys from upstairs. She made it back down the stairs safely and the two went outside. Kelsie's ability to walk in heels had improved throughout the day and walking outside in the grass was no exception. Part of her knew they would be breaking the law going in the car with the loaded shotgun, but their lives had to come first.

“Go to the cabin for the weekend they said, it would be fun they said,” complained Jessica as they got closer to the car.

The situation of Kelsie seeking help while dressed as a woman didn't even come to mind as they were in fear for their lives. Crossdressing could be  
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explained later once the police found this maniac. Just as the girls arrived at the car and unlocked her car using the electronic key, the demented clown aimed an arrow at Jessica's head. He narrowly missed it, but did hit her in the shoulder. She ached in pain as the sharp arrowhead entered her back and yelped in pain.

"Jessica!" Kelsie screamed. She looked and saw the demented clown about twenty feet behind her friend and rushed over with the shotgun. The demented clown raised the arrow again but Kelsie raised the shotgun and fired one of the two shells in the chamber. He quickly fell to the ground and Kelsie grabbed her friend trying to get her in the car.

"Are you okay?!" Kelsie shrieked.

"It hurts!" said Jessica!

"We are going to get out of here safely girl!" said Kelsie.

"Please... hurry..."

"Where are your keys?!" Kelsie said as it was dark and they could not find the keys that were just in her hand that had fallen to the ground.

"LOOK OUT!" Jessica screamed as the demented clown came towards them.

The murderous clown had ditched the bow and arrow setup and now had a machete in his hand. He swung at Jessica but missed and hit the car. Another shot was made from the gun, but Kelsie missed. She managed to get Jessica away just in time and the two started running, as fast as they could in heels.

As they two hung on to each other, Kelsie tried comforting her injured friend. "We are going to have to get out of here another way. We need to take that rowboat and paddle to safety!" She said as they made their way to the dock.

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“Thank you so much, Kelsie. I love you.”

“I love you too Jessica.”

Moments later, they just reached the dock and the salvation of the rowboat became a reality. Kelsie sat Jessica down on the one stair and placed one of the paddles that was on the dock back in the boat but stopped as Jessica fell over thanks to another arrow hitting her body. This time, striking her in the back of her head with a metal arrow going through one of her eyeballs.

“NOOOO!!!” screamed Kelsie in the loudest female voice she had ever projected.

The maniac clown kicked Jessica’s lifeless body out of the way as he made his way down to the small dock area. Kelsie had met her worst enemy. The clown pulled the machete back out and walked closer to her.

Kelsie had a few choices. One, try to get in the boat and paddle away by herself in the dark water. Two, try to attack the demented clown with something on the dock. Or three, try to talk to the demented creature. The third option seemed like the easiest.

“What do you want?!” she asked.

The heinous clown did not respond and stood in front of her with the weapon about ten feet away.

“Do you speak English?! What have you done?!”

Still no response.

“Why don’t you take that stupid mask off so I can see who the fuck you are?!” asked Kelsie.

He didn't answer or respond to her action. The asshole in front of her had just killed her best friend and probably murdered the other girls, maybe the previous owners and all the guests in at the bed and breakfast, who knows how many other people. Then it came to her. She had one advantage the other girls didn't: male privilege. Maybe this idiot was killing people just because they were young females. If he dropped the sissy act, maybe he had a chance. Even though she was a slim man and the person in front of her was much bigger, perhaps there was a chance after all.

Kelsie finally took off the heels she was wearing and threw them at the clown's head. One hit him and had no effect on his stance. She then put her hand up her skirt and ripped off the gaff under her panties she had on letting her penis swing free. The breasts were a different story. They were heavily glued on and wouldn't come on. Kelsie screamed in frustration, but decided to flash the clown her penis as proof.

"I'm a man you fucking idiot! Let's go asshole!" screamed Kelsie in her male voice.

She watched as the person wearing the clown mask tilted his head. He still had a machete in his hand that he wasn't afraid to use, even if confused.

Kelsie tried talking to the killer again. "Now that I've revealed myself, why don't you take off that stupid mask?!"

The clown stood silent for a few moments before slowly reaching up with his freehand to take off the clown mask. He revealed himself to be a man of olive, battered skin. Looking about in his late-forties or early-fifties. His black hair was messy. Face emotionless.

She of course, did not recognize the person. But was happy to have an advanced physical description of him to report to police if she managed to escape. The sick clown started to inch closer to her and she picked up the oar as some form of defense.

His face was still emotionless as Kelsie yelled out things. "Why did you  
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kill my friends? What did we do to you?!”

“You lied to me... “ the clown finally muttered.

“What? Why would you kill all my friends because of that? Who are you?!”

The clown continued to come closer. “Not that you idiot. You lied to me. You are not female...”

“That pissed about it dude? You need to fuck off!” Kelsie said raising the oar in order to hit him if he came closer.

He did in fact move closer to him and she used the oar to wack the right side of his body. It had no effect on him other than causing the oar to break in half. Kelsie panicked about what to do and just let out a high-pitched scream. The clown in return threw his machete towards Kelsie’s private area. The blade managed to go straight through her tight skirt, taking her penis and testicles to the wooden dock with it.

The pain was sharp and bleeding down there started, but Kelsie managed to throw the sharp part of the broken oar directly towards the demented clown’s face before becoming unconscious.

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Kelsie slowly opened her eyes and could barely make out the room. She just heard a few people talking and some beeping. All of this was a dream.

Until Kelsie noticed the long hair in her face and the gown she was wearing. A hospital gown! There was pain, but only a little since she had been administered painkillers by the staff. The room was plain. One of the only colorful things in the room was the red button attached to her hospital bed for calling help. She pressed the button and within a few moments, an attractive girl in her twenties wearing scrubs came to the room.

“You are up! It’s a miracle!” said the nurse.

“Where am I?”

“St. Hadis hospital,” said the nurse. “Can you please tell me your name and birthdate?” asked the nurse to confirm Kelsie’s identity.

“Kevin Ames. April 12, 1996.”

“Okay, we figured you were a male from a blood test.”

Kelsie looked down lifting his hospital gown and noticed the breast forms were still attached. His pelvic area was heavily bandaged. IV needle attached to her left arm.

The nurse continued. “You are lucky to be alive. The paramedics said just a few more minutes and you would have bleed to death on the dock!”

“How did they find me?”

“A boater heard a girl scream and came to the scene. Call emergency services from their marine radio.”

“Did any of the other girls make it?”

The nurse hesitated slightly before delivering the bad news. “I’m afraid not.”

Kelsie teared up, but still had many questions.

“Does my family know yet?”

“We can make some calls now that we know who you are. There was no identification on you and the investigative team is probably still at the cabin. I do need to know... Are you transgender?”

“I’m not.”

“Why were you dressed as a woman?”

“It’s a long story. Why do you ask?” Kelsie was curious about the nurse asking such a personal question.

“In most non-voluntary genital removal, the body starts to reject hormones that are produced. The fact that it looked like a penis was once between your legs proved that you were male, but the investigative team even confirmed part of your anatomy was found on the dock, though, completely destroyed beyond any medical help. We put a heavy dosage of testosterone in your IV bag along with nutrients and could switch it to estrogen if you wanted but since you aren’t transgender, this will have to do. It’s your only chance of recovery for testosterone since if it’s not in your system, you’ll have to be on estrogen for the rest of your life.”

“That’s a lot to take in,” said Kelsie.

“Yes, but at least both survived! You are so lucky to have survived whatever sick person did this to you.”

“Wait... what do you mean BOTH? I thought you said none of the girls survived,” Kelsie asked in a weak voice.

The nurse smiled after making some marks on her clipboard. “I’ll be back shortly,” she said as she exited the room for another patient.

Suddenly, the curtain divider in the room was ripped by a rough looking man in a hospital gown laying in the bed next to her. His face was heavily scarred, but Kelsie recognized him as the deranged clown! If he had been less groggy, the entire wing of the hospital would have heard her scream. But there was only a gasp as he saw the killer rip the tube off of Kelsie’s IV bag.

*The End?*





# Blizzard of Holly

*Written by Courtney Captisa & Claire Bear. When his car is destroyed during a blizzard, James is rescued by a woman who wants a replacement of her teenage daughter.*

James Bowers, or has he had his friends call him ever since middle school, Jimmy, cursed loudly at himself in the red sedan. The snow was falling so thick even with his headlights at full beam he could barely see a few feet in front of him.

If only he'd had the foresight to check the weather forecast before leaving, then he'd never have been in this whole mess. Driving at a snail's pace up the winding mountain path he looked over at his GPS just as he'd thought. The cursor hadn't moved for a good ten minutes, meaning either he wasn't moving at all, or the blizzard was interfering with his device.

Still, it couldn't be that far now he thought to himself, all this just to check out a sight where a wealthy businessman planned to build a state of the art cliff face home. This was his big score though, finally after years of being an architect he'd been given almost full creative license and a budget that made his eyes water.

Speeding up a little on a straighter path, Jimmy looked over in the passenger at his concept art, rough sketches only so far but still he dreamed how it would look, even in a heavy blizzard like this. Turning his attention back onto what little of the path he could see, unfortunately too late.

Time seemed to slow down as the front of his car smashed through the small wooden barrier, the only thing keeping cars from tumbling down the cliff, and now it was gone. Coffee flew about his head as he shut his eyes as

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tight as possible, a few seconds of pure, excruciating silence before one last final, bang.

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Jimmy woke up several hours later in an excruciating amount of pain. His body was wrapped in a blanket and he couldn't make out much else except for the fact that the room was bright pink. He slowly made out a large figure which heard the slow moans coming from his mouth.

"Oh thank heavens you are finally conscious!" said a voice. One that sounded like a mature woman.

He slowly began to gain strength to make sense. "What happened... Where am I?"

"It's funny that one moment the weatherman will say it's 40 degrees and another moment there's three feet of snow on the ground and it's below freezing! What made you think your little car was going to make it up Blue Ox Path?"

"I was trying to get home.... Out here for work... Where is my car?" he asked.

"Your insurance will probably cover it. Completely destroyed and engulfed in flames!"

"What?!" he yelled. "How did I get out?!" he said with his head still spinning from the impact as his vision became a little better."

"I'm pretty strong from working out here on the farm and chopping firewood!" she said.

"Thank you... thank you so much," he said grateful for his life. "Who are you?"

"Helen Peters," she replied. "Luckily yours truly was a registered nurse!"  
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I'm going to make you all better!"

"How did you find me? Why am I not in the hospital?"

Helen laughed. "That flash out there caught my attention from the window. Luckily Rocky and I made it through the snow to put you on the stretcher," she said as Rocky, the Bernese Mountain Dog entered the room wagging his tail.

"But why not the hospital? I think I need to go."

"Not in this weather. The nearest one is 50 miles away. But don't worry. I have plenty of supplies here for taking care of you."

"Thanks, Helen. Where is your bathroom?"

"Oh don't get up now honey," she said reaching under the bed for a bedpan. The sight of it immediately turned Jimmy off but he saw no choice. Taking off the bedspread, he saw he was wearing lavender pajama pants with red lips over them. Must have been something Helen had around, although he was in shock for the fact that he had on pink boyshorts in place of the boxers he had on earlier.

"What happened to my clothes?!"

"Ripped and destroyed. Plus don't need to have you getting better in wet clothes."

"What are these?!"

"Just something I had laying around that were in your size."

Jimmy didn't want to look a gift horse in the mouth, however, he was less than pleased with his current clothing, wincing as he adjusted himself in the bed slightly, "Don't you have anything... Well, guys stuff?"

"I'm afraid not, it's just my clothes and my d...The clothes in this room." Helen replied, tapering out towards the end of her sentence with a hint of melancholy.

As Jimmy's vision came back, he noticed Helen was a large woman at least 45 years old who stood about 6' and probably weighed about 250lbs.

Deciding not to push what could be a sensitive subject Jimmy just nodded as he sat fully up with his back against the headboard, only then noticing the tightness around his chest, feeling it lightly before looking up alarmed. "Am I... Wearing a bra?!"

Helen's face seemed stunned for a second before she gave an apologetic smile, "Ah that, well you see..." Looking around the room, as if part of the furniture would finish her lie for her, "I ran out of bandages and needed to keep pressure on your chest!" She finally said with a flourish, almost proud of herself.

Jimmy just nodded his head slowly, realizing that of course, he'd have to be rescued by the eccentric mountain lady. "Did you find my phone or anything else in the car?"

Helen just shook her head, "I'm afraid not, I was in such a rush to get you back I didn't look."

"So it could still be out there..." Jimmy sighed to himself before asking his next question, "So how long till this blizzard passes and we can get out of here?"

"Oh not for a few days I'm afraid, it'll be just the two of us haha. And don't worry there's plenty of pretty clothes." Helen said with a pleasant smile.

"Right...Thanks...Well, I should get some rest, if you don't mind." Jimmy returned her smile with a faint one of his own, motioning to the bedroom door that had a poster of a kitten on it.

"Right yes, beauty sleep!" She said with a little giggle before stepping out and closing the door.

"This bitch is fucking crazy!" Jimmy whispered to himself, realizing he might just have jumped out of the flaming car, and into the feminine frying pan.

Jimmy went on to examine the room which looked like it had previously been inhabited by a young teenage girl. The white dresser had a bunch of jewelry and empty picture frames on it. He slammed the first drawer shut after seeing a ton of thongs, panties, and boyshorts while the next drawer held various small bras. Just clothes. He turned his attention to the closet and saw more feminine clothes. The one small window in the room was completely covered in snow. With no communication on the outside and stuck in a crazy woman's house, he knew there was only one way out of this.

He took off the bra and tried finding the most unisex things possible. Dressing in layers he found a coat and some UGG boots. There was no indication of time but he had a feeling it was still night time. He spent the next hour or two brainstorming and waiting for the TV sounds to stop to make sure Helen was asleep. The bedroom door had been locked from the outside!

Using what engineer or MacGyver skills he had, he managed to get the door unlocked and scrambled through the old log cabin. He ignored the family photos on the wall which showed Helen was once married to what appeared to be a doctor. Going through the kitchen he found a flashlight and metal bowl which could be handy. Jimmy carefully opened the creepy front door exposing a lot of wind and snowfall. The blizzard was still happening and there were at least four feet of snow in front of the door. Had the wind drift taken this much snow in the time it took to get rescued? How did Helen get back to the house so easily? Maybe there was another way. Exploring the house more, he went to the back and saw another entrance. There was still a lot of snow but he knew he had to take a chance. At least being able to get back to the car where he hoped to find his cell phone. Even if it was destroyed as Helen said, perhaps the emergency crew was out there. Surely

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she didn't have the means to get rid of the car as well as rescuing him.

Jimmy started going through the snow but the very cold temperature and wind hurt his face. Going through the snow was a harder challenge and making it only ten yards from the door, he turned around and came back in the log cabin.

He was panting and had his hands on his knees. Helen had to have a cell phone. Even with her rustic lifestyle, there must have been some form of communication.

"Little chilly out there?" Helen's husky voice echoed behind him.

".. Yeah.." he replied.

"Just where do you think you were going?"

"Helen... please... I can't stay here."

"I'm sorry Holly, but you don't have a choice."

"What?" he said wondering who Holly was.

"I get lonely every Christmas and the snow is like this each year. Please you must stay and be safe..." she said getting closer to him.

"Helen... seriously. I have to go!"

Suddenly, Helen jerked her right hand to his neck hitting him with a needle full of some liquid. The instant occurrence caused Jimmy to fall straight to the ground. Using her strength, Helen picked him up for a firemen's carry and took him back to the bedroom.

"Don't worry sweetie. Everything will be okay. Just know that I don't like being unappreciated and this household will only be for good little girls..."

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The following few weeks were a nightmare for poor Jimmy, now Holly, and Helen was meticulous in her planning and execution. Methodically each morning injecting him with what he assumed was an anesthetic. Whatever it was didn't matter much to him, more what it was doing.

Its obvious effect was to making pliable and weak, unable to fight back Helen or to disobey as he screamed each time his body willingly put on satin panties. The other side effects however were much more distressing. At first, he thought it was just his imagination but now after a few weeks he's certain, he was growing breasts.

Small and still in a puffy stage, but undeniable in the mirror each morning. Along with wider hips and larger thighs, whatever was in that liquid was feminizing his body, and fast. His shaggy hair now shoulder-length, and of course styled in a feminine way each morning by his "mother" Helen.

From what best he could ascertain, he was not the first Holly. She spoke in the past tense though, leading him to believe she had lost her daughter at some point in life and the grief drove her to this madness. A small ping of sympathy was felt but not for long as she cruelly treated him like her life-size dress-up doll.

Only the prettiest outfits for Holly she would often whisper under her breath as Jimmy shook internally at the mountains of frilly petticoats under a somehow even frillier dress. Tights were a certainty along with heels that were seemingly getting higher the longer this charade continued.

Eventually, though Jimmy had his moment, one night as they sat by the fire and Helen painted his nails, he felt a little more control over his body. Slowly at first then more and more as he glanced up at the clock and noticed she'd missed an injection.

Doing his best to play it cool he even thanked her his new pretty nails and redid his lipstick, something which thanks to muscle memory he was an

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expert at. The next hour was nerve-wracking for him as he searched for a chance to escape, eventually finding it when she went to the bathroom.

As quick as he could manage Jimmy grabbed her coat which hung by the back door, along with a scarf and sprinted as fast as he could in the pink Mary Jane heels he wore. The snow was still terrible and the cold wind even worse, still he continued. Determination filling his body with a heated desire to become a man again.

Jumping over the back fence he caught his dress a little before ripping the small part off, cursing his attire as he slogged through the snow. Making good distance before not realizing there was a drop, tumbling down face first into, thankfully soft snow.

Jimmy regained his balance and looked around. The closest road had to be somewhere. He started walking again but suddenly tripped again. This time over a stump. Perhaps from a tree. He looked back and saw that it was a stone. Thinking he could use it as a weapon in case he saw Helen again, he tried picking it up. Thanks to increased estrogen in his system, he was unable to pick it up from the weight. The snow was drifting thanks to the wind and he tried another stone he was that was uncovered. It was still too heavy.

A third stone appeared and he was able to lift part of it but noticed it was stuck in the ground. Brushing off some snow, he saw it had an inscription.

“Died 2012.”

“What?!” he muttered with his cold soft lips.

Brushing off more snow, he saw it read “Holly Peters.”

Insane. Helen had a daughter named Holly and Jimmy was going to be her replacement! He went to the other stone to see if Helen’s husband was there.

“Holly Peters. Died 2007.”

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A second stone. "Holly Peters. Died 2015."

"What the fuck?!" he said. Another stone he found read "Holly Peters. Died 2017."

"She's a fucking serial killer! How many guys has she 'rescued' and force feminized to be her daughter. What a sick woman!"

It then struck Jimmy that if Helen caught him escaping, he would likely end up in this snowy graveyard rather than back in the feminization room. What was the likelihood of him finding a safe place and then reporting this maniac? It was obvious that these other victims had tried to escape and failed. He had spent the last few weeks putting up with Helen's antics of making him look like a 15-year-old girl and training him to act like a lady. Could he pull it off until all the snow melted by summer and then escape?

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Moments later, Holly voluntarily entered the back door.

"What were you doing out there?" Helen asked concerned.

"Just getting some fresh air. It's cold out there, Mom."

*To be continued?*

# Old Towne Road

*Two men on their way to the casino are detoured into a town that seems a few decades behind the times. Where the women seem a little too submissive and old fashioned. Warning: contains racially subjective material given the theme and time period.*

“Two-hour delay?!” said Mark looking at the navigation app on his phone while on the highway. His friend, Darius, sat in the passenger seat and checked his app too.

“Looks like a bad accident up there. Traffic is backed up like a mother fucker. All lanes closed!”

“Shit, I was hoping we could make it there by 1 am to hit the bar and maybe do a few rounds of Blackjack.”

The two college-aged guys were planning a boy’s trip to the casino a few hours away from their town. Traffic delays weren’t the best way to kick off the trip.

“I’m going to take the next exit and try to get around this,” said Mark.

“Good thinking,” said Darius as he got off the navigation of his phone and launched TikTok.

The exit they took had a road that seemed never-ending. It was dark out and they saw no place to turn around. Just plenty of forest and a few abandoned gas stations.

“Bro, cell reception cut out,” said Darius.

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“Yeah, mine too. Maybe I should turn around and just take our chances with sitting in traffic.”

“Hold on. What those lights up there?” asked Darius seeing a street lamp and what looked like an open store.

“Let’s check it out.”

Mark drove his Civic up to the gas station. It had a few old pumps outside and a single-story shed that looked like it was built decades ago. There was only one beat-up pickup truck parked there.

“This place looks messed up,” said Darius.

“At least they are open,” Mark said as he undid his seatbelt and turned off the ignition. After exiting the car, they both felt the damp nature of the air and heard crickets. Both kept looking in all directions, feeling somewhat vulnerable.

Entering the store was worse, it was dimly-lit, dirty, old-fashioned, and sketchy. At the sound of the bell attached to the door at the entrance, an older woman with black hair and a simple white button-down shirt came out from the backroom.

“Hey, there was a bad accident on the highway and I think we are lost. Can you tell me how to get to Angel City?”

The older woman stared at them but said nothing.

“Hello?” asked Darius.

“What are you doing here?” the woman asked.

“We are lost,” replied Darius.

Darius would never forget the moment when the woman pointed to a wooden sign above the register: No Colored Allowed.

“Maybe it’s just a decoration they left up from the past...” Mark said trying to make his black friend feel better.

“No, we don’t allow colored people in here,” replied the racist woman behind the counter. “You can go wait in the car while your friend buys things.”

Darius threw his arms forward in anger. “Man, what the fuck is this? You are racist! No one has had a sign up like that since the 1960s.”

The woman still had a stern face and pressed a red button under the counter.

“Come on, man. Let’s just leave” Mark said touching his friend’s shoulder.

The two exited the racist, weird store and walked out to the car but were suddenly stopped when they heard a shotgun go off, directly into the back tire of their car. Looking to their left, they saw a large older man wearing overalls with a shotgun in hand. The left round went into the front passenger tire.

“Dude, what the fuck?!” screamed Mark. The two young guys were about to attack the older man until he aimed the shotgun at them.

Darius put his arms up and Mark soon followed. He then said, “Man, we don’t want any trouble. We are just lost.”

The old man calmly replied. “You boys come in the back...”

Rather than get shot to death, the boys obeyed his command and were soon led into an old barn. Outside of the barn were several abandoned cars. Some that had been there so long trees were growing inside of them, others that looked like cars from the 2000s.

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“Bro, I don’t want to die here,” Mark said to Darius.

“You ain’t the only one.”

Inside of the barn, the boys say a lot of hay, old farming equipment, and several old folding chairs.

“Have a seat,” commanded the old man with a shotgun still in hand.

“Look, what do you want? Money?” asked Mark.

He ignored the question.

“We don’t mean any harm,” said Darius.

“I said... have a seat,” said the old man again. This time, the guys listened to him.

As there were seated, the old man continued to not talk. He refused to give them any explanation about why he took them to the barn and was keeping them hostage. They heard a noise behind them and saw two men wearing all black carrying syringes. If they wanted to survive they had to act fast. The old man’s shotgun was knocked out of his hand as Mark used the steel chair like a weapon from a wrestling match. Darius attacked the two men in all black and the guys quickly ran out of the barn and into the woods. The lighting was poor but a waxing gibbous moon provided a little lighting. Going back to the car was no option. Both of their cell phones still had no reception. After going through the woods in what seemed like an hour, they arrived at an old farmhouse that had lights on.

They knocked on the door frantically.

“Who is it?” They heard from the inside. It appeared to be a soft-spoken woman.

“We have an emergency. Our names are Mark and Darius!”

The door slowly opened. The guys had a hard time guessing her age based on the way she was dressed. Her hair had large curls held back with bobby-pins, her outfit a light blue circle-dress with stockings and heels. Neither guy had seen anything like her other than in old TV shows.

“How can I help you?” she asked.

“We are lost and some nut job just shot up our car!”

“Oh my goodness,” replied the woman only looking at Mark and never Darius.

“Can we please use your phone?! Our cells don’t work,” asked Mark.

“Cell?” she asked curiously.

“A phone! Any phone! Or just please call the police for us!” asked Darius. His statement went without a response.

“Please, we don’t mean any harm,” said Mark. “Just a few phone calls to our friends and the police.”

“Of course, dear,” she said welcoming them into her home. She gasped as Darius entered the home, but something in her mind reminded her to not say anything. The lady took Mark to the black rotary phone in the outdated living room.

“Umm, how do I use this?” asked Mark.

The lady laughed. “Golly, I thought everyone had one of these. Just place your fingers in the holes.”

Mark soon figured it out. For some reason, 911 didn’t work. He managed to find a friend’s number in his contacts in his cell, but the call would not

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connect. Darius in the meantime expected the home. Everything seemed odd and very outdated. Why was this woman dressed like this? Why weren't there any modern conveniences?

"I can't get a hold of anybody. Can you please tell me where we are?" Mark asked the lady.

"Old Towne!" she replied.

"Hmm, we are from the west side of the state. Never heard of Old Towne. Is there a police station or anything close where we can talk to someone? We just had a bad incident at some store through the woods.

"Oh? Mrs. Edna's Store?"

"She was very rude to my friend," Mark said looking over at Darius who looked to be getting more uncomfortable in the house.

"Sorry to hear that. Were you boys injured?"

"No, but we were nearly shot by some big old guy there?"

"Mr. Thurston? He wouldn't harm a fly!" she said.

"Well, he shot up our car and then tried holding us captive in some barn."

She smirked. "I was going to say, my husband is a doctor if you needed attention."

"Thanks, but we just..." Mark was interrupted by the sound of his friend hitting the floor after being injected by a syringe. He soon found himself on the floor as well.

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The next morning, the boys woke up next to each other in a room with two old gurneys. They were groggy and even more frightening, were paralyzed from the neck down.

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Mark could barely talk. “What happened?”

“I’m not sure, did that guy shoot us?” Darius replied.

“I’m not sure,” but I can’t move!”

“Me either.”

“Where the fuck are we?!”

“Wish I knew!”

At the door appeared a very old man wearing a white lab coat. He had to have been in his 80s or maybe even 90s.

“Who are you?” asked Darius.

“Good morning gentlemen,” said the doctor smiling.

“How did we get here? Why can’t we move?!” asked Mark.

“It’s the first step in the process,” said the doctor.

“What are you talking about?” Darius wondered.

“I spend years of studying and trying to help humankind in the medical field only to see society decline.”

“Excuse me, sir,” said Darius. “But what does that have to do with us?”

The doctor ignored Darius. “I wanted to take society back to a more simpler time. Before protests, before gay marriage, back when women stayed at home and a man could provide for his entire family straight out of high school.”

“Before civil and equal gender rights?” asked Mark.

“You assholes are racists!” said Darius.

“Don’t worry. Your troubles will soon be over,” said the doctor.

“What are you talking about and why are you doing this to us?”

“You aren’t the only ones. There is a whole community in Old Towne living the dream. Living the way God intended America to be.”

“Just let us go. We haven’t done anything wrong.”

“Old Towne needs a population though. We are at 30 happy white families at the moment and plan on continuing to grow.”

“What do you mean white families? What are you going to do to me?” screamed Darius.

“Of course, with so many men coming through these parts I needed to find a way to make the balance. You’ve been injected with a chemical that has paralyzed your body while the modifications take place. By tomorrow, both of you should have developed at least C-cup breasts, lost most testosterone in your body, and have a new sex organ between your legs. For you, pigmentation in your skin should change causing you to look caucasian within a few days.”

“You are changing me into a white woman?!” asked Darius.

“Don’t worry, you will be beautiful,” said the sick doctor.

“Fuck you!” said Mark, pissed that he would soon have a vagina as well.

“That type of language and behavior will not be tolerated in Old Towne, which is why I have injected you with mind alternating chemicals too. Soon, you will forget about ever being male, any knowledge of modern technology,  
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and think of yourself as a young submissive lady.

The boys could do nothing but scream in angry and cry as they sat paralyzed in the hospital room just to sit and witness their own physical transformation into women.

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Two months later, Mary Anne stood at her kitchen sink washing dishes by hand. Despite having to do household chores, she was still in a nice purple halter-dress, with full coverage underwear and a pointy bra. Her dark hair was curled and she had on bright red lipstick, not something she would have worn when she was living as Mark. But that was a distant memory, barely even there thanks to the drugs the doctor had administered to her. She was now a happy housewife with a loving husband. Having children had been on her mind, especially since Betty Jo, her next-door neighbor probably a former male as well, had just given birth to a healthy baby girl.

She had been in touch with Debra, her former friend Darius, who seemed to have a more difficult time adjusting to the physical transformation but mostly the mental transformation as she kept mentioning how they needed to escape. Mary Anne did not understand her and thought it may have been some hallucinating or nightmare anytime she mentioned that they both used to be men.

Mary Anne looked out to see a few children playing kick the can and smiled knowing her house would soon have a few blessings. Suddenly, the doorbell rang.

“Coming,” she said as she dried her hands on a towel.

When she opened the door, she was shocked. There stood her friend Debra with men’s pants on and a black bomber jacket. Her hair had been cut very short.

“Golly, Debra. What happened?”

Debra made her way inside the house. “Mark! Snap out of it! We need to  
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get out of here right now!”

“What do you mean?”

“I just killed Ernest. Have his car out here right now. Jump in! We are going to escape this hellhole.”

“You killed your husband?!” asked Mary Anne in shock.

“He was NOT my husband,” said Debra. “They forced us to marry these brainwashed guys. He was abusive and demeaning. We need to get out of this town and back to civilization. Hopefully, someone can turn us back into men. Then get the National Guard or something to come here and help all the other former guys living as housewives in this fucking town!”

Because of Debra’s statement, some memories of being male came back to her head. She recommended parts of her former life but more thoughts of her forced feminization and treatment took over. The hormonal balance in her brain went more towards the housewife side instead of the part that was still a young man. Though, in her heart, she knew what was best.

“Okay, let’s get out of here. Can you please just wait down here while I grab some things from upstairs?”

Debra wanted to leave immediately, but agreed and waited downstairs as Mary Anne brushed off her dress and made her way upstairs. Once she was in her bedroom, she picked up the rotary phone and dialed a number.

“Hello? Dr. Sherman? It’s Mary Anne. I have an emergency. Did you say you are working on a formula that can turn someone into a little girl?”

*The End.*

# This House Is Roomy

*Lee inherits a house from an uncle that has gone missing under disturbing circumstances. While the common areas are empty, some of the bedrooms seem to be fully furnished with female items. Warning: contains brief adult scene.*

The house did not look as dilapidated or old as Lee expected. Just a white two-story Cape Cod with uncut grass in the front and weeds all over the driveway. Not bad for free. He wasn't complaining about inheriting a house in his twenties from his Uncle Larry who went missing two years ago and had recently been declared legally dead. His father, Larry's brother, had been gifted most of the assets and money in the bank in the will and figured Larry left the house to Lee as a good starter home, even though neither of the two had visited there before. Uncle Larry never lived there full time and used it as a rental property. For Lee, it was about a 90-minute drive from where he was living at his parents' house, and wanted to inspect it by himself.

The last tenant must have taken everything with them because the house was bare upon entrance. The living room looked spacious. Plenty of windows and a medium-sized fireplace. Lee heard that it had been vacant for a few years. His dad had lost touch with his brother in his final years to unknown circumstances.

Lee explored the rest of the downstairs which contained the kitchen and laundry room as well as a dining room, back patio, and one bedroom. He opened the door and was surprised that it seemed to belong to a teenage girl. The zebra print bedspread, vanity with makeup and brushes everywhere, and female clothing everywhere was a dead giveaway. It looked like she had left everything there. Why would a family move all their personal belongings from the common areas, but leave an entire bedroom full of contents?

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His curiosity took over as he went over to the closet and opened the door. It seemed like the girl had left her entire wardrobe in the house as well as evident by the dresses, blouses, shirts, shoes at the bottom, and accessories hanging. Then, he saw it. The girl's cheerleading uniform. A navy blue and white sparkly crop shell top with matching short skirt. Never before had he thought about wearing female clothes, but he was entranced by the outfit. He thought back to high school when the sight of a cheerleader would instantly bring an erection. Though, he never thought he would want to be dressed like one.

Part of him wanted to come back to the room later after looking at the rest of the house, but another part of him wanted to have fun after the drive. He was the only one in the house. No one would find out.

He stripped out of his jeans and t-shirt down to his boxers. The dresser was next to the vanity and he figured she had panties in there if she left everything. Sure enough, in the top drawer was a heaven of different styles and colors of underwear ranging from thongs to boyshorts to panties. He settled with the blue spankies that he figured went with the cheerleading outfit. They hugged his waist, penis, and butt very tightly since they were meant for a girl about a foot smaller than him and about seventy pounds lighter. Still, she was obviously gone and probably not coming back for this stuff. He first put on the top of the outfit which showed off much of his stomach. Probably only meant to show a little belly button on a smaller girl, then put the skirt on and instantly gained an erection resulting in him wanting to tuck his penis between his legs more. Did this girl have some of those cheerleading socks and shoes around here?

There was a large full-length mirror next in one of the corners of the room. He walked up to it to get a good look at his sissy self. The uniform was way too small for a grown man to be wearing, but started to look more in place as Lee's reflection started to morph into a cute teenage girl! He stood in shock as he noticed his eyelashes becoming longer, cheekbones expanding, breasts growing, and body hair disappear. He saw his hair extend and turn blonde and curly with a pink bow on top. Not to mention that erection was no  
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longer an issue. He placed his hands over his mouth as he noticed every other reflection in the mirror other than his new self turned black.

Lee was transported to the sidelines of a high school football field. He awkwardly looked around and saw other teenage girls in cheerleading outfits. There was a deafening sound of applause, a buzzing sound, and an announcer mentioning the end of the game. Lee continued looking around in confusion.

He was suddenly hugged by one of the cheerleaders. Another blonde girl who was slightly bigger in the hips and boobs department.

“Yay! We are going to State Championship!” she said.

“That’s... good.”

“Come on Ariel! Show your spirit!” said the girl hugging her jumping up and down.

For that moment, Lee figured it was the right time to act like a girl and mimicked the girls' gestures.

Behind Lee entered a football player in a navy blue and white uniform. He had his helmet in his right arm and was very sweaty. The other cheerleader stepped away as Lee felt the football player wrap his other arm around Lee’s slim waist and pull him in for a kiss!

Lee just accepted it. Not only had he turned into a teenage cheerleader, but now had to act like one for the time being. It disgusted him on the inside. Why did he have to crossdress so soon in the house?!

The football player said, “I love you, Ariel. This is the greatest moment of our lives!”

Lee felt like telling this dude that there was much more to life outside of high school but realized this was the biggest moment for them up until this point in their lives.

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“I think I need a moment...”

“Have that later!” said the other cheerleader who had come back over to Lee with others. “We are all going to Max’s Pizza to celebrate!”

Lee knew of Max’s Pizza. It was a small regional chain of pizza parlors that declared bankruptcy and closed all locations in 2015. Did he somehow go back in time?

Back in the girl’s locker room, Lee felt like a pervert seeing a bunch of teen cheerleaders undress, but the time change was confirmed when seeing a lot of now outdated cellphones. He assumed he was in high school sometime in 2011-2013. He felt ridiculous not having a penis when he took off his skirt and saw his spankies. More so when the top came off and his breasts were real. Once the entire uniform was off he saw the room fade to black. Was someone fucking with the lights in the locker room again?

Lee was thrown back into the girl’s bedroom wearing only spankies around his hairy pelvic region. He took them off and got back into his old clothes. That was scary! How in the fuck did he even change into a girl? Let alone go back in time? He looked out the window and the sun was setting leaving him unsure of just how much time had passed. He was planning on spending the night here and maybe this cheerleader had the only bedroom in the house! Part of him became curious as to what would happen if he changed into some other clothes she had on but figured it was for the best that he move on.

He made his way up the stairs with the wooden banister. There were indentations on the wall of where pictures or paintings had been hung, but none were left. Upstairs contained a bathroom at the end of the hall, two bedrooms, and a master bedroom with an attached bathroom. Lee figured it was a big house for just him as a single guy but could rent out rooms if he wanted. He was still struck by the odd occurrences in the teenage girl’s room downstairs, however.



The bathroom at the end of the hall held nothing unusual. There was no soap or toilet paper. Nothing under the cabinet beneath the sink not used in quite some time.

Lee opened the door to the bedroom closest to the upstairs bathroom. It looked like it belonged to another girl. One older though as it didn't look as juvenile. The blanket on the bed was feminine and there was a lot of jewelry on top of the dresser. The artwork in the room looked inspired by Paris and a few old school actresses. Once again, Lee went towards the closet. It contained many casual outfits that a woman in her 20s or 30s would wear, but then he saw some work uniforms. Ones that looked like they belonged to a housekeeper including a french maid dress.

Once he had on the black dress, he found black stockings in the dresser. The crossdressing felt uncontrollable and something that he needed to do. He couldn't help but feel like a sissy with a black thong on and sexy stockings on his legs. Lee had never walked in heels before, but there's a first time for everything. Once the black heels were on his feet, long red hair grew from Lee's head and his body feminized itself again as the room turned dark again.

Lee gagged as the man's cum dripped down his lips and chin, the guy's large penis still in Lee's mouth as he finished. Lee wiped the guy's cum from his lip and noticed he was on his knees in front of the man who was wearing a brown delivery service uniform.

"Gets better each time," said the man.

Lee continued to gag at the foreign taste in his mouth.

"Never seen you do that before though..." he said.

"It was a lot..." said Lee shallowing parts of semen for the first time.

Lee got off his knees and had a bit of trouble walking in heels at first but managed to catch his balance on the kitchen table. It was the same kitchen downstairs in the house, now completely furnished and looking much more  
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modern.

“I have to get going. See you next week, Estelle?”

“Sure...” said Lee lying.

After the delivery guy left, Lee did some exploring in the house. The pictures that once hung on the walls were back and showed a family. It was a white mother and father with two children that looked between the ages of 2 and 5. A young girl in the photo didn't look like the cheerleader he had seen. It must have been a different family living in this house. Why would both of them leave completely furnished rooms behind? Lee figured he had transformed into some form of housekeeper who lived with the family.

When he found a mirror, Lee noticed that he now looked like a red-headed French girl in her early-20s. There was still some cum on his chin, which he quickly cleaned off and washed his hands. He felt disgusted with having to do something like that and quickly took off the girly uniform.

Back in the bedroom, Lee considered getting in his car and leaving. It was now nighttime and a massive thunderstorm hit the area. Probably not the easiest commute back home. Terrified, he went into the next bedroom and turned on the light.

It was a pink nightmare with a canopy bed and decorated from floor to ceiling with dance, ballet, and girlish decor. He immediately slammed the door shut. No way in hell was he going down that path. Making his way to the master bedroom with noises from the thunderstorm in the background. It was very dark upstairs and the light switch in the hallway didn't work. He suddenly started to hear the sounds of a little girl crying.

He ignored the strange noises and tried opening the master bedroom door. No luck. It was locked. He checked the door panel for a key but there was nothing to be found up there other than dust.

The young girl continued to cry. Lee heard the phrases “Come back” and  
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“Help me” multiple times. It must be coming from the little girl’s room.

Lee tried to open the master bedroom door again, but it was still locked. Not even a card from his wallet could get it open.

“HELP ME!!!!” cried the little girl’s voice.

Little girl’s usually aren’t too terrifying. Even if she was in ghost form, she probably couldn’t damage Lee too much or frighten him.

With his hand on the doorknob, he slowly went back into the room and turned on the light. Nothing had changed. It looked the same. Like it belonged to a young pre-teen girl who loved ballet.

“Come closer...” said the little girl voice.

Lee looked around and did not see any girl.

“Where are you?”

“In here!”

“Where? The bedroom?”

“Duh! In here! On the vanity!”

“What?” Lee asked looking at the vanity and not seeing a little girl. The small white vanity had a few costume items like a frilly boa, oversized sunglasses, nail polish, glitter, and some girly printed clothing. The mirror had been shattered and glass was everywhere.

“Don’t you see me?” asked the little girl.

Lee was a little frightened to have to wear clothes meant for a small girl. Was she trying to manipulate him into looking in the mirror and transforming?

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“I don’t see you!” said Lee.

“Down here!” said the little girl voice.

Lee looked down at the vanity to see a figurine of a ballerina spinning in a plastic dome. It was still spinning with one leg arched and one foot on pointe with her hair in a bun and arms in a feminine position.

“See me now?”

“The figurine!”

“Yes! Lee... It’s me! Your Uncle Larry.”

This night was already fucked up and weird. Lee didn’t second guess for a moment that his uncle had been transformed into a figurine of a ballerina, but asked anyway.

“Are you serious?”

“I wouldn’t be joking about something like this!”

“How did this happen?!”

“I wish I knew!” said Uncle Larry in the girlish voice. “This house is haunted! I came back here for some maintenance one day and ended up being transformed into this figurine after fixing the power!”

“Do you know anything about the cheerleader? The housekeeper?”

“What are you talking about?”

“The ones that was living here.”

“Lee... the house was vacant when I came back here to work on things.”

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“There are definitely some furnished bedrooms including this one in the house! They must be from previous tenants! Who did you buy this house from?”

“Sheriff’s sale!”

“Uncle Larry, something is wrong with this house. Thanks for the gift and everything but some weird shit is going on here! Are you sure there wasn’t a little girl’s room when you came here?”

“There was only a vanity mirror in this room! I swear!”

“It’s broken!”

“I’ve noticed. I’ve been spinning in a non-stop circle for years!”

“I’ll get you out of here!”

“Don’t touch this! I’m trapped,” screamed Uncle Larry. From his perspective, he was a female spinning in a small space feeling fragile.

“What do you want me to do?”

“Bring back someone to perform an exorcism! I doubt the hospital or police are going to be able to turn me back into a grown man.”

“It’s a little dangerous to leave here right now Uncle Larry, but don’t worry I’m not going to crossdress into some little girl’s tutu.”

“What are you talking about?” asked Uncle Larry.

“Never mind... What’s in the master bedroom?”

“I could never get it open!”

“Maybe the answer is in there...” said Lee.

“DO NOT DO IT!!!” said Uncle Larry fearing for the worst.

Of course, Lee didn’t listen and left the figurine on the vanity.

Lee tried again to unlock the master bedroom door. The solution of coming in from the outside with a ladder to the window would probably be too dangerous in the storm, but he managed to find an axe in the garage and soon went to town on the door throwing shattered pieces of wood everywhere. Once he was able to reach his hand in and unlock the door from the other side he went inside.

When the light switch was turned on, Lee noticed it was different than the other bedrooms. The room was completely empty. No dresser. No Bed. No Vanity. He went to the closet and opened it. Just a bag of mothballs and an extra lightbulb. Going into the master bedroom, he saw that it was similar to the bathroom downstairs in that there were no amenities available. The only thing that stood out was the hand mirror on the floor. He picked up the mirror and looked at himself. Suddenly, the background turned black once again and his face started feminizing itself. Heavy eyeshadow appeared on his face and his eyelashes became longer. Lipstick and foundation was applied and his hair started to grow becoming shades of blonde and shades of light brown in different sections with slight curls on the end. She must have been slightly older than him in her mid-30s. It wasn’t him talking, but he saw the lips of his face move by themselves and say “Thanks for making this a home.”

Lee passed out on the bathroom floor. Now wearing a bra holding his D-cup breasts, panties covering his bubble butt and vagina, black leggings, and a cute white top with black ballet slippers on. When he awoke, the bathroom and bedroom was furnished. As soon as he opened the bedroom door, a small boy about 5 or 6 years old came up and hugged his leg.

“Mommy!” said the young boy.

Lee’s maternal instinct hit in and he put his manicured hands on the boys  
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back. “Hey there!”

“Can we go to the park today?!”

“Probably,” he said still wondering what just happened.

When Lee arrived downstairs he saw a man about his age and a very young female of about two or three years old.

“You look pretty today,” said the man.

“Thank you,” said Lee not knowing fully how to take that. He did assume he was now a mother to these young children walking around and the wife of the guy.

“Great news, Leigh. The realtor called this morning and we are closing on the house on Friday!”

“Umm, okay,” said Lee still in a daze.

“Honey!” said the husband slightly laughing. “You should be excited! We can finally move into that bigger house we’ve been looking at. And they said 2030 would be a terrible year for the market!”

Still unexplained, Lee knew that not only had he gone through a sex change again, but instead of going back in the past like he did with the cheerleader, he was in the future. He decided to try to toy the husband into giving more answers.

“Isn’t four bedrooms for us and the kids enough for now?”

“Ariel, don’t forget Estelle!” said the husband as the red-headed foreign girl appeared at the side of the kitchen coming out of the laundry room with a basket of clothes. She looked the same age as when Lee had been in her body giving head to that guy. It then occurred to Leigh that he saw this family before. They were the ones in the photo! As for the cheerleader, it must have

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been a younger version of his current self. Same with the little ballerina girl. Lee started feeling sick and knew he had to escape, but before he could excuse himself the husband said something else.

“And I’m sure you didn’t forget about needing a baby nursery in six months...”

Pregnancy started to hit Lee as he felt the need to use the bathroom. Once in the downstairs restroom, he sat down to take care of his business and then stripped completely naked. Taking off clothes this time didn’t help. No fading to black, no morphing back into a male. Just standing there admiring HER breasts and vagina in the mirror with a slight baby bump.

WELCOME TO WOMANHOOD!

*The End.*



# Hairspray of Horror

*Ryan needs a haircut. This creepy retro salon should be fine for a basic men's cut.*

“Do you do men's cuts?” asked Ryan to the old eccentric woman.

“Of course, hon!” she replied throwing her hands forward. They were manicured and had multiple rings on them. From her long purple dress and other jewelry, he could have sworn she was a gypsy.

The salon itself looked more like a magic shop than a place to get a hair cut. Sure, there were salon chair stations, but also oriental rugs, mannequins with retro wigs and clothing, and other odd decor.

“My old barber just retired and my hair has been getting too long. I'm glad you take walk-ins!”

“No problem dear, My name is Lorraine.”

“Ryan.”

“Come. Sit down!” said Lorraine in an excited tone.

“Sure you can do a men's cut?”

“Yes...” she said reiterating the fact that she did both women's and men's cuts.

“Just making sure. I haven't had a woman cut my hair since I was a kid.”

“I’m sure I won’t disappoint you.”

“How long have you been here?” asked Ryan while getting a nylon cape put around him in the chair.

“Going on almost forty years.”

“Wow, that’s almost twice as long as I’ve been alive.”

Lorraine smirked, knowing Ryan could be her grandson. “What did you have in mind today?”

Ryan looked in the mirror in front of him. His medium-length brown hair had been styled in the same way for about five years. “Just a short trim for now, but I’ve been looking for something new.” He wondered why he just said that to a woman who was entering her golden years. Probably not up to date on the latest trends in men’s fashion.

“Of course,” said Lorraine as she picked up some shears and hairspray.

“So tell me about yourself.”

“I’m from Seattle originally and work in sales right now.”

“Girlfriend?”

He laughed. “Not right now.”

“Ever thought about being a woman?”

“Excuse me?”

Lorraine only did a few snips with the scissors and then placed them down. She sprayed the purple can of hairspray on his head immediately making him cough. He tried moving his feet and arms but was paralyzed in the chair. After regaining his breath he was finally able to ask Lorraine to

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leave. “I don’t feel good! Can’t move! Please help me get out of here!”

“Sorry Ryan, but I have to test this hairspray I’m trying to perfect.”

“Why me?”

“The little cocky attitude isn’t going to work around here. I want you to respect women. May help to turn you into one for that to occur.”

“What?!”

More of the enchanted hairspray that Lorraine had developed using her knowledge of mysticism and chemistry was sprayed on his brown hair. His hair started to grow longer and turn into shades of caramel and ash blonde. Ryan watched in horror in the mirror as the spray caused his hair to not only grow tremendously in length but also start to curl itself into some type of perm. It looked like something his mom would have worn in the 1980s.

The transformation continued down his head as his eyelashes extended, eye shadow was applied, foundation and blush appeared, and his lips turned red from lipstick. He left out a gasp only to see laryngeal prominence go away causing a now girly voice. The mystical spray went under the cape to feminize his body, starting by creating a narrow frame and C-cup breasts. Ryan’s hips widened and his penis slowly started turning into a clitoris. If having a vagina wasn’t bad enough, his body hair disappeared and pink nail polish appeared on his hands and toes. Once wearing basketball sneakers, he now had on two-inch black heels. His jeans and shirt had morphed into a bloom pink-colored short sleeve midi dress. A few rings appeared on Ryan’s body in addition to a gold necklace around his smooth feminine neck. Lorraine then took off the cap to show Ryan the new feminine version of himself.

“Ta-da! Don’t you love it?!”

“I’m a woman!” yelled Ryan.

“Would you prefer the alternative?” Lorraine said pointing to the mannequins suggesting the fate of other men who had entered the salon.

Ryan lied. “No, that’s fine! I look so pretty. How much do I owe you?” Suddenly, a purse appeared in his hand.

“Just \$40. Hope to see you again young lady!”

*The End.*

# Have a Good Nightmare

*A young family man starts to have nightmares about the unfortunate future.  
Contains reference to another TG universe created by Courtney.*

“I’ve never met a grown man who is afraid of going to sleep.”

Justin Collins turned his head to the left to look at his brunette wife, Jena. Not a bad sight to wake up to every morning even if she had bedhead. Jena always had the girl-next-door look even if she was 29 years of age right now. Her full cheekbones and kissable lips were just a few qualities that attracted him to her in the first place.

“The nightmares have been getting strange lately.”

She turned towards him and propped her head on her arm. “They are just dreams.”

He thought of them as something bigger. They were starting to create stress in his life since he thought about them long after waking up. “My dream last night was about Gavin being held back in school.”

“Do they even do that anymore?” asked Jena in reference of their 6-year-old son.

“In extreme cases. That’s not the only bad dream I’ve had though. Ones involving Lilly,” he said mentioning their 3-year-old daughter. “And ones where you’ve had something bad happen to you.”

“Calm down Justin. They are just dreams. Bad things are going to happen in life. We can only prepare for the worst.”

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“But bad dreams every night?”

“Have you thought about talking to Dr. Mulligan?” It had been years since he had visited his psychiatrist. Probably last saw him seven years ago after suffering from post-marital blues shortly after their wedding.

“I suppose it couldn’t hurt.” Justin made a mental note to make an appointment the next day.

“I just want to see you happier,” said Jena using her free hand to touch his face. The two then shared a kiss.

“I love you so much,” he said as he kissed his wife.

“Love you too. Don’t worry, everything will be okay.”

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In his sleep, Justin was chastised by Jena in the kitchen while the kids were asleep. She wouldn’t stop going on about how he hasn’t gotten the promotion at work he was promised and that they can’t keep up with their bills. Jena wasn’t normally the type of woman to use profanity, so it was shocking when she called him a “piece of shit” and “fucking loser.” Never before had Jena acted like this which made Justin feel like he had done something so wrong there was no making up for it. Not that it was his fault. The company had been reorganizing and with other issues affecting the economy in the country, he had no idea when he would get promoted. Jena started throwing any object within reach at him. An apple. The toaster. Even a kitchen knife! Just as the knife struck his face, he woke up in a cold sweat.

Jena was sleeping like an angel right next to him. Just a dream.

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He didn’t bother to tell Jena about the dream he had. Instead, he went on business as usual. At least he made the appointment with Dr. Mulligan for next week. Maybe things could be answered then. To combat the stress of his career and mental state at home with the dreams, Justin started eating a lot.

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The dinner Jena made that night wasn't enough and he had to pull the Steaks out of the freezer to make a sub. Jena even commented that she had not seen eat this much in years.

A few nights later, he had a dream that must have taken place in the future since Gavin was playing on the high school baseball team and Lilly had developed into a tween wearing makeup. Jena was nowhere to be seen. He stepped on the scale and for the first time, it read over 300 pounds. How was that even possible? He was naked in the bathroom and huge. His belly so big he couldn't see his own penis.

Once again, he woke up in the middle of the night. Immediately, he got up and went to the bathroom. Good, penis was still there. Always a good sign. He stepped on the bathroom scale. 180. Perfect, just like normal.

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"And how often are these dreams occurring?" asked Dr. Mulligan with Justin sitting across from him in the office.

"Every other night. They are always in a very negative connection with all aspects of my life. In my dream last night, I lost my house and had to move into a small apartment. No idea where Jena went off to. Maybe we divorced and she took the children."

Dr. Mulligan didn't like how Justin was assuming the worst. "You were on Hypnocil before. Would you like to try it again?"

"It had a bad side effect. Is there anything else you can give me?"

The doctor prescribed Justin an experimental drug meant to help cope with dreams. He was told there could be a two to three week period before he saw any results. Jena supported him and suggested he not watch any shows, play games, or use his phone at least an hour before bedtime. Instead, he read a book. It didn't help.

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Justin sat in a black suit in the front row of the funeral home taking up two seats. Jena was nowhere. His teenage daughter Lilly sat near him

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wearing a black dress and crying. Gavin laid in the coffin in front of them as the pastor delivered the speech. Justin was breathing heavily and had gained about fifty more pounds. He was still confused about why his son had died at such a young age when the pastor mentioned the unfortunate addiction that Justin had picked up and how he had dropped out of high school. Wait a minute, Justin and Jena would have never allowed him to drop out, let alone if they found him using illegal drugs there would be serious reprimanding.

In his dream, he tried standing up and protesting to get answers but could barely get up out of the seat without the help of a cane. Why did he have a cane if he was only in his 40s?!

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“Another bad the other night,” said Justin.

Jena took a sip of her coffee and smirked. “Let’s hope this medication kicks in soon.”

“I haven’t even seen you in my dreams. Not since you threw a knife at me!” said Justin.

“See, you know that’s so unlike me. They are just dreams and this nightmare will be over soon.”

“I hope so.”

“What was it about?”

“I don’t even want to mention it. Dark. Very dark.”

“Any others since then?”

“The one last night was more positive. You looked older and wealthier. The only dream I’ve had with you in it in a long time. It wasn’t a first-person perspective though. Not sure where I was.”

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Two weeks went by. No serious bad dreams. Maybe the medication had  
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started working after all. Work-life still sucked though. At least he could enjoy his family at home. The dream of Gavin dying had caused him to spend more time with his young son outside in the backyard playing and helping him with his school work. Jena noted this as a possible change, but unfortunately, happiness would not last for too much longer in Justin's mind.

One night, he had a dream that took place in the future. Justin was bedridden and looked saw the news report on the television showing the time and date. It was roughly five years after Gavin's death. The news footage showed Lilly's body wrapped in plastic on a gurney going into an ambulance. The headline: "Another prostitute found dead by a serial killer." He had no idea how his sweet princess had ended up selling her body on the rough streets. Where had he and his wife gone wrong? Didn't she have the support she needed? Was it about the money?

After that dream, he admitted to Jena all of the nightmares that had occurred. She insisted that they go see Dr. Mulligan together. Because of the medical emergency, they were able to get an appointment the next day meaning both had to take off work and find someone to watch the children after school.

Justin tried to avoid conversation about his nightmares on the ride there since he knew there would be a lengthy discussion about the topic and he would probably be put back on Hypnocil. The side effects of decreased sex drive, rashes, and dizziness were minuscule compared to the effects that were happening in his mental state. Since Dr. Mulligan's office was a town away, they had to cross through the rural countryside.

Upon coming to a railroad crossing, Justin's car broke down right on the track. He tried restarting the car but to no avail. Their hearts sank as bells and lights started going off on the signs indicating that a train was approaching. They tried to get out of the car, but none of the doors would unlock. Justin even tried smashing the window and windshield in a fury with his feet but nothing work. Jena was screaming and crying as she saw the black train totting its horn coming in her direction. Unlike the nightmares, this was real.

Justin woke up in extreme pain. Even the drugs in his system could not help the pain in his legs. His left arm was in a cast and he could barely lift his right arm. He looked to be the only person in the room and called out for help.

A nurse soon arrived. "How are you feeling?"

"Like absolute crap. What happened?"

"You were in a very serious accident. You are lucky to be alive!" The nurse started checking his vitals.

"Where is my wife Jena? Is she okay?"

"She's in Shock Trauma right now, but is alive."

"Am I able to see her?"

"You have multiple broken bones, sir. I can't move your bed up there either as they are operating on her constantly."

"Please keep me updated."

Justin fell back into his sleep state. Not even being able to ask if someone was there to care for the children. He assumed they had notified both of their parents and hopefully a family member had taken care of them after the babysitter left.

Reality had matched the level of terrifying dreams. If matters weren't terrible enough, the dreams started again even when in ICU. In his dream, he was still in the hospital, but in a different room. His arm was not in a cast and his legs weren't in pain, but the rest of his body was and he had extreme respiratory issues and had difficulty breathing. His oxygen level on the monitor showed below 76%. Blood pressure extremely high. Pulse low. The hospital bed was special in that it could support his weight of 436 pounds.

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On his death bed, Justin looked around the room. There were no cards, no flowers, no bags belonging to any visitors. He took his large hand and weakly, pressed the red button for the nurse. It was obvious that Justin did not have much longer to live. The hospital staff was waiting for him to pass away at any moment due to his rapidly declining health.

A female nurse came to his bedside.

“What can I do for you?”

In his raspy voice, Justin asked, “Has anyone come to visit me?”

The nurse replied, “Who were you expecting?” The staff had noticed a decline in Justin’s mental health in his final days.

“I’m assuming my children... deceased?”

She had heard his life story before from when he told hospital staff about it a month prior. Justin was one of the youngest people they had seen in recent times. His condition was mostly seen in people in their 60s or 70s. Not for someone in their late-40s/early-50s.

The nurse replied, “Yes. Many years ago, Mr. Collins.”

“What about my wife?” asked Justin.

She had only vaguely heard the story but knew Justin had only been married once. It was assumed that he was talking about a woman named Jena.

“Justin. You were only married once correct?”

“As far as I know.”

“Your wife... She died in a tragic accident decades ago.”

“What?!” said Justin as the vital signs on the monitor quickly decreased.

Justin woke up in a sweat in his other hospital bed. He wasn’t sure how long he had been asleep. He quickly called a nurse not only on the button but also by screaming like a crazy person.

When a nurse entered, he quickly asked, “My wife! How is she doing?”

There was a look of heartbreak. “I am so sorry Mr. Collins, but you are the first to know that she will not make it.”

“NOOOOO!” screamed Justin. “Please! Let me switch places with her! Life will be terrible if I live!”

Suddenly, the entire hospital room turned white. Justin was still unable to move in the hospital bed as a woman in her 60s with grey hair walked up to his bed. She was dressed in a designer business dress with stockings and heels. The type of woman who looked like she spent the last few decades working her way up the corporate ladder. Or the type who may be the editor-in-chief of a national women’s fashion brand. Not the type he would have encountered as he did not recognize her.

“Oh, dear Justin,” she said coming towards the bed. “I see you learned.”

“Learned what?!”

“That it is better off that your wife lives. She has children to take care of, a household to run, a career boss babe as the youngsters say.”

“Is that what those dreams were about?! Who are you?”

“Shelia Pursley.”

“How do you know me?”

“I’ve been looking after you for quite some time. It’s unfortunate what  
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happened to Jena, but life is so unpredictable.”

“Please. Just bring my wife back.”

“As you wish.”

As the room started fading from pure white, Justin’s body started to change into Jena’s. His hair started growing and changing into her hair color. His legs were no longer in pain as they became slimmer and shorter. His testicles receded into his body and a vagina formed. Breasts grew on his chest as a uterus formed inside of his body. In the other room, Jena’s body was changing into Justin’s just as HE took his last breath.

The room faded to normal and the same nurse who was in the room previously with Justin now looked at the new Jena, who was still injured but not life-threatening anymore. “I’m sorry Mrs. Collins, but your husband has been pronounced dead.”

The new Jena closed her eyes. Premonitions had come true. No longer would she be raising two children as a single father, both of whom would end up dead while he would end up obese and die at a young age, alone, in poor health. She would now be a successful woman who would raise two outstanding members of society. She still had no idea who the woman was and would never see her again.

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“Hopefully this was a great learning experience for you, Sasha. We are like guardian angels,” said Shelia in her parallel dimension office.

Sasha continued to vomit in a trashcan. Her long dark hair was pulled back as she was sick from not only from the tragedy that happened at the hospital, but also the physical sex change that occurred on Justin.

Shelia continued. “That was one way of doing it. There are plenty more out there who need our help.”

“You call this help?”

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“SILENCE!” yelled Shelia as she slammed her hand on her desk. “You will do as I say. Is that understand?”

“Yes, ma’am,” replied Sasha in a submissive tone. Usually, she was in charge of things, but Shelia had a lot more power over her in the workplace.

“We have to visit many men. Offering our services of showing them the better side. Living as a female. Not all will be as drastic as this, but Justin would have gone down an evil path because of his wife’s death. The passing of a spouse can cause stress and overeating. Now, what do you think of this? Are you ready for your first assignment?”

Sasha wiped her tears. “Yes. That was a happy ending.”

*To be continued... in another Sasha story.*

# Found Footage

*Previously released on Fictionmania & TG Storytime. Successful fashion blogger and designer Allison Gilmore returns to her childhood home in New England to gather her remaining personal items before her parents retire to Florida. What starts as a trip back in memory lane turns into a nightmare as Allison discovers home movies in the attic that she was never supposed to see.*

“My mind wasn’t ready for this!” Allison Gilmore said, looking around the kitchen of her mother’s home. Only the bare essentials were displayed. A microwave. Some utensils. A stack of paper plates and plastic cups, since the dishes had been packed in the cardboard boxes on the counter.

“Aww, I know, sweetie. So many memories there!” said her mom on the other end of the phone.

Allison had just arrived at her mother’s house in Greenwich, Connecticut twenty minutes ago. The call to her mom had started as a safety notice, letting her know she had arrived safely from her apartment in the SoHo district of Manhattan, after going through the long process of getting to the rental place to get the SUV, getting through the headache of rush hour traffic, and making the hour drive up the highway.

She had been up here last for Christmas in December of the year before, but her mom wanted one last major holiday at the house before she and her husband, George, put the house on the market in order to retire early to Florida. The house had been packed with Allison’s stepfather, her mom, some aunts and uncles, and most of her close cousins, along with some family friends, for the holiday gathering. She had no memories of her biological dad, and only a few baby photos, since he had died when she was

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an infant. Being the only child, Allison had been extremely close to her mother, even to this day as a busy career woman.

A weekend trip in early October, back to her childhood home, seemed like the perfect getaway. It would be the last time she would be able to visit the house and gather the last of her remaining stuff, since her mom and stepdad were scheduled to leave for Florida in two weeks. Her stepdad had been in her life for as long as she could remember and was the closest thing to a father figure. He was going to be the man to walk her down the aisle on her wedding day.

Christmas in Florida this year didn't sound like a bad idea, but she wasn't sure about being alone in the house for the night... well, alone with plenty of storage bins and cardboard boxes. At least a bed, sofa, and television remained. She propped herself on the sofa to get more comfortable while talking to her mom.





*“We should be back tomorrow around six or seven in the evening, depending on traffic. You know how that’s always a mess! Speaking of which, there’s some junk in the attic I need to get rid of. Remind me tomorrow,”* said her mom.

*“Yeah, it felt so weird driving today! It’s been months since I’ve been in the driver’s seat of a car!”*

Allison moved to the big city from New England three years ago to further her career. Fashion had always been her passion, and she was ecstatic when her hard work had paid off to have every girl’s dream come true of landing a well-paying job in fashion design in the big city for a high-end brand. Having an above average income made it possible for Allison to put more resources into her fashion blog, which was currently getting 300,000

visits a month, leading to product endorsements, paid ads, and many partnerships. It was an amazing accomplishment for her, coming one step closer to her other dream of opening her own fashion line with the target market of young professional women who want to impress at both the office and on the street.

*“I don’t think I have too much here and should be able to fit everything in the rental. Of course, I could always make two trips but rather stay here,”* Allison replied.

*“It’s too bad Kyle couldn’t help you!”*

*“He’s out of town on business every weekend this month. It’s crazy, but it will definitely help our finances. Especially since our apartment rent is going up!”* Allison complained about typical New Yorker problems.

The engagement ring on her left hand was a firm reminder of the excellent decision she made saying ‘yes’ to Kyle Richardson. Her dream man had entered her life during a conference for young entrepreneurs a little over two years ago. Dating in the city had always been difficult, but there was something about Kyle when they first met. He was just the person she was looking for and, for him, it was the same, laying eyes on Allison. After nearly a year of dating, they decided to move in together in a nice apartment. He popped the question to her during a romantic stroll in Central Park, right before Christmas.

*“Alright honey. George and I are almost to the hotel. I’ll talk to you tomorrow!”*

*“Okay Mom. Love you!”*

*“Love you too!”*

After ending the phone call, Allison bent down to take off her ebony pointed pumps, exposing her pedicured toes. She walked out of the kitchen to the living room, where she put her tan ethereal heather cardigan sweater on  
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the white sofa. The house was warm and cozy, compared to the chilly weather outside, but she wasn't complaining. She did want to put on some socks though, and was sure she had some extra ones up in her old bedroom, since she didn't feel like digging through her weekender or designer tote bag right now. Allison turned on the television for some background noise, since she knew there was a lot of work to be done. She had always been the type of person to finish work and then take in the benefits of relaxation. Looking down, she knew she should probably change out of her white woven top and expensive designer leggings before digging through a bunch of stuff that most likely was coated with dust.

"Alright, this bra is coming off now!" Allison said announcing her freedom out loud.

Allison carried her bags up the stairs and entered the door on the left. Her bedroom was just as she had remembered it from her last visit. She last occupied this room full-time the summer before freshman year in college, nearly ten years ago. Allison stayed in the room when coming back from Cornell during holidays and some summer breaks, but she moved into an apartment with friends once graduating, until getting her own apartment for the job in New York City.

Because of the amount of time away and the fact that her mom liked to keep things as they are, the room still contained many things from high school and college, most of which Allison was planning to pack up in the SUV and put in a storage unit until Kyle and she bought a house in the suburbs. That was still about three or four years away, since the plan was to stay in the city after the wedding next summer, and then work on careers until they hit their financial and career goals. George had promised to put the big stuff like the bed, dresser, and vanity set in another moving truck to put in a separate storage unit. She placed her bags down and stripped out of her shirt, exposing her matching white bra.

Going to the closet, Allison opened the doors and noticed she still had a large amount of clothes there. Everything, ranging from winter coats, to sundresses, to tank tops, to that ugly purple bridesmaid's dress she was

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forced to wear at her cousin's wedding when she was twenty. What was that still doing in here?! At least there was one thing that could be sold instead of stored.

The pink VS hoodie with the white dog on the shoulder was the first thing she picked with her right hand, but after one sniff of the sleeve she decided against it and went back to her designer bags on the bed to retrieve the multi-colored socks, black yoga pants, and oversized gray top she brought for the trip.

"Ugh, I have too many clothes! Why did I keep all this stuff?" she said. Deep down, though, Allison knew the reason she had so many clothes. They were from her expensive hobby of shopping and trying to never wear the same outfit in the one month during her high school and college years.

Once her coin pendant was off her neck and on the nightstand, she unclasped her white bra, letting her 34Cs hang down, and changed into the comfy clothes. A large floor mirror was still attached to the lavender walls, which made it easy for Allison to walk to get even more comfortable. Her hair, which had a trendy color name of chai latte that her hairstylist explained was a mixture of creamy blonde highlights with cinnamon lowlights, was tied into a side ponytail. The ends of her hair that stuck out from the bottom of the side ponytail were slightly curled. Once satisfied with her comfy look, she placed her hands on her hips and examined the room for the best starting point.

The bed was soon holding every garment from the closet and her dresser drawers, organized into three sections. Store, Still Fits and Doesn't Look Dated, or Donations/Sell. In the drawers she found a few bras and undies but figured anything that looked too old could go right in the garbage. She felt the need to take a picture of all her clothes on the bed as some type of weird haul for her 150,000 Instagram followers. Hashtags: #packing #childhoodhome #throwback #whatwasithinking

Allison's extra dose of nostalgia came as she turned her attention to some decorations on the wall. One was of her and two sorority friends hugging

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each other with their legs popped after a formal where they were all wearing short white dresses. Her time in Alpha Phi had been one of her best experiences. Due to her perky personality and popularity Allison fit in with the other A-list girls at the university, known for their stunning looks, popularity, and success. The picture frame was placed in a clear plastic storage bin she had brought up from downstairs. The next picture frame was one that had been on the wall for about a decade. Allison was one of the two girls in the front of the group with her shaved athletic legs posed and propped with one hand on her hip showing her cute cheerleading uniform with the rest of the squad in the varsity team photo from 2008, her senior year of high school.

She smiled and brought the photo close to her face after taking it off the wall. Sixteen girls on the squad. Five she hadn't seen since graduation. Eight that she was friends with on social media. Two she thought might be following her Facebook account. Three that she had regular contact with - one being Melissa. She had been her best friend as long as she could remember. Even after graduating high school and going to separate colleges, they still kept in contact regularly and, of course, hung out when on break. She and Melissa also participated in the youth group at a local church throughout their teenage lives, as indicated by another photo that was framed and propped on the vanity in the room. The girl standing next to Melissa was Jenni Myers, a brunette who was Allison's other bestie in high school, who she met on the cheerleading squad. Unfortunately, she had moved to California, and they hadn't seen each other in about three years. A memory came back of the time the girls took a trip to Jenni's parent's beach house in the Hamptons in the summer when they were sixteen. It was there that the girls got matching friendship bracelets with all three names engraved.

"Gosh. I can't even remember where I left mine!" Allison said, talking to herself as if misplacing the bracelet she got when she was a teenager somehow made her a bad friend. Her conscience was cleared once she realized that the other two probably weren't wearing high school memorabilia every day.

She immediately turned her attention to one drawer in the white vanity  
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where she kept a lot of jewelry, but it was nowhere to be found. Then something clicked inside of her head.

“The attic!”

It had to be there. She remembered going up there with some boxes when visiting home her sophomore year of college. Other things up there would have included a few dolls she held onto and her collection of perfume bottles.

Although it would probably be creepy at night, the attic would be a nice change of scenery as she had already spent three hours in the bedroom packing things and organizing. She went downstairs to gather some cleaning supplies, if needed, some gloves, and a small towel with cleaning rags before pulling the string in the hallway to let down the attic stairs.

She made her way up the stairs with slippers on and used her iPhone flashlight to look for a proper light switch in the attic. Once it was on she saw that her mom had already cleared most of the stuff out. At one time, you couldn't walk up there, since there were so many boxes and holiday decorations stored. This time, however, she noticed about twenty cardboard boxes or so, a beat up fake Christmas tree that probably needed to be thrown away, broken exercise equipment, and an old dresser so big she didn't know how they got it up the steps. She didn't even remember the dresser being in any room in the house. It had probably been left there from the previous owners when her parents bought it right before she was born.

Allison pulled out the bottom drawer a little too hard and the entire thing came out. She bent down to catch it as quickly as she could, and then lifted it up to go back in the space. Why was this thing so difficult to get back in? This wasn't childbirth. It had to fit!

Bending down proved to be a better way of getting the edges of the dresser on the metal guiders. Although they looked so old they were probably rusted. Her attention was then brought to the large crack in the back of the dresser. The whole back paneling seemed to be missing for some reason on this part, and she could see the wall, but what was this crack? Using her

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trusty phone flashlight again, she put light onto the mysterious section and then saw that the crack was completely straight, in a vertical line. Her curiosity got the best of her as she took out the next drawer above it. Same thing. She continued until all drawers were out. Was this some sort of hidden compartment? Allison moved herself to the side of the dresser and used all her 5' 6" 110lb body might to move the old extremely heavy dresser slightly out of the way.

Once it was removed, this was enough space for her to look down. On seeing that it was a latch handle, she pushed the dresser out of the way more, so she could fit her body down there. As long as she had lived in the house, she was amazed that she never knew this was here.

It was coming. She knew it. Her eyes were expecting to be disappointed by some pipes or maybe something electrical, but instead she saw two rectangle objects. Placing her hands on the dusty gray case on the left, she was surprised at how heavy it was, then discovered it was a safe.

“Did Mom put this here?”

Part of Allison's conscience came to play as she didn't try to open it. She scooted it to the side and then examined the next box. It was a heavy duty black box with a four-number selector lock on the front. The odd thing attached to the top was an index card, heavily taped on. The amount of dust was unbelievable. Maybe a little more than what was on the safe, but she wasn't worried about cleaning all the dust and dirt off her dark yoga pants right now. She took one of the rags she brought up and rubbed some of the crud off to read it.

“Do not.... What are these other words?” Allison said before grabbing a spray bottle and adding moisture to the rag. She tried rubbing it, but there was still some brown and black muck on the card. She rubbed harder, but then accidentally put too much elbow grease into it and the card became engulfed with moisture, now completely unreadable.

“Oh shoot!” she exclaimed. The curiosity was getting the best of her, and  
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she was now determined to open the box. Throughout her entire life, she had always been one of the best at keeping secrets. She tried the home address first. 4531 was no luck. Next was her birthday month and date, but 0309 didn't work either. Then she thought about who may have put this here. It was highly likely that George or her mom put this up here, but just texting her mom and asking for the code didn't seem like a viable option. Hell, even texting her, telling her she found this by moving that dresser didn't seem like a good idea. Something in her conscience told her to just put it back and not worry about it but this was important.

What if this stuff did in fact belong to her parents? They could have forgotten about it, and the house was going to belong to someone else in just a few weeks! She couldn't risk that chance. Allison made the decision to try some other combinations, and if she couldn't open it, she would just leave it there in hopes that her mom would remember. Or should she just tell mom after trying the combinations? Too much was going on inside of Allison's head as she randomly selected numbers trying to find a magic match to open the box. Somehow, this black box seemed more important than the small safe.

Thoughts of her mom putting this up here came back into her head as something clicked. Literally. This was her mom. Known for being intelligent but also very simplistic. The type of person who makes 'password' their password. Allison oversimplified things and put 0000 as the combination. Clicks of the latches on the sides with both hands chimed bingo as it became unlocked.

"YAZ!" she exclaimed, raising her hands in fists of victory. Allison continued smiling with pride as she went down to open the box completely, mentally guessing on the contents. On the very lucky side, \$1 million in cash. At worst, empty...but this thing was kind of heavy. Maybe heirlooms? Antique jewelry? Weapons? Important documents? Finally, she opened the box.

Allison paused for a moment, not sure of whether to be excited or disappointed.

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“Why are these locked up in here?” she asked, pulling out one of the DVD cases. The label read: ‘Allison’s 16<sup>th</sup>’ on it. Under some other DVD cases, she found some VHS tapes. One of the labels read ‘Christmas 1998’ while another said ‘Class Recital 1999’ on it.

“Home movies? What are these doing up here?” Allison ran her manicured, yet dirty hands through a few of the other VHS tapes and saw that a few were out of the cases and had no side or front label on them. Just black tapes.

“Maybe Mom put these up here for safety in case of misplacing them or fire or something! Gosh she probably hasn’t seen these in years!”

Relief filled her body as she smiled and took out her phone. But she paused as soon as she opened the Messages App. Surely her mom wasn’t going to be angry or have any other negative emotion about her finding home movies. She was at her own home for crying out loud! But if her mom did forget about them, she didn’t want to lose all the memories. Allison thought this would be the perfect Christmas gift for her mom. Hopefully she could drop them off somewhere in the morning tomorrow and they could have them digitalized over the weekend before she left on Sunday. Allison became excited but nervous at the same time.

Taking a break from packing stuff would be a good idea. She wanted to lay down for a bit. Her current Netflix shows could be seen at any time. These home movies were something she wanted to check out tonight. Perfect for a visit back to the house. But where to find a player for these?

Allison started her next treasure hunt by looking in the few cardboard boxes in the attic. The first box contained winter clothes that hadn’t been worn in God knows how long. The second was heavy but just had some books in them. But the third time was a charm as she found the VHS/DVD combo that was downstairs until she notified her mother of the great advent of streaming.

Downstairs, Allison used her A/V skills to hook up the old VHS/DVD combo to the large television mounted on the wall.

“Wow, this is already bringing back memories,” she said in reference to having to physically touch a media platform and place into the DVD tray. The first one she decided to watch was one of the “newer” DVDs in the collection. The one from her 16<sup>th</sup> birthday. She prayed that it wasn’t scratched. It loaded with success and Allison placed her hand over her mouth, stopping laughter from the corny menu screen with random video clips circling around a birthday cake. The room lights went off before Allison curled herself up on the sofa with a blanket and watched the scenes unfold.

Her mom was obviously the one using what was probably one of those little camcorders from the mid-2000s that prized themselves on being HD. She heard her mom narrating what was happening on the screen.

“It’s March 9th, 2007 and my baby girl is turning SIXTEEN today,” her mom’s voice proudly announced.

The cake on screen had two tiers and was embroidered with two pompoms, a pink convertible, and lipstick with ‘Allison’s Sweet 16<sup>th</sup>’ featured prominently in the middle in white icing. The camera then shifted rapidly to George pouring some drinks and then to an aunt who was hanging decorations. A few minutes later, Allison’s mom had the camcorder on the door to the large porch on the back of their riverside house. She remembered this moment vividly since it was so embarrassing.

“Oh God!” she announced, pulling the blanket close to her face to almost cover her eyes like she was watching a horror film.

On the video, the DJ who was emceeing her party announced on the microphone.

“Everyone put your hands together for our Sweet Sixteen Princess: Miss Allison Megan Gilmore!”

“Fergalicious” by Fergie, Allison’s favorite song at the time, blared from the speakers and was very distorted on the weak camcorder speaker but Allison was paying more attention to the visuals as this moment had only been recalled in her head. She did remember slightly asking her mom to actually destroy this one part of her birthday video footage but never watched it again anyway and was only reminded of the incident by some very pixelated late 00s cellphone video technology that some other witnesses took.

Her hair back then was a different shade than her natural hair, or even today’s look. It was more golden and had been curled to death for this special party. She used Taylor Swift’s “Tear Drops on My Guitar”-era look as an example for the hair stylist who did her hair at the time, prepping her for the party. Young Allison on screen raised her arms in the air and bent her knees, her dancer legs posed, grinning from ear to ear in an over-the-top expression right at the doorway. She saw many flashes hit her body, which reflected off the bright sparkly sequin pink dress she wore. That dress was something special. Allison remembered picking it out of dozens of dresses when shopping with her mom and friends. Her mom complained that it showed off too much skin and was too tight on her, but that’s what Allison loved about it. At that time, she was becoming more confident with her body due to her breasts growing more the previous year, getting hips that other girls were envious of, and developing a bubble butt that many guys around school were probably looking at all day. This was around the time where Allison truly started thinking of herself as sexy and gained a lot of confidence with her body. Wanting to show it off at every opportunity whether it be a short skirt or dress the parents probably wouldn’t approve of, some skimpy bikini for poolside or the beach, or simply showing off her fully developed breasts which she nicknamed ‘the girls.’

The cheers and loud music continued as Allison on screen walked forward waving to people before disaster struck.

“Nooo!” Allison said trying to warn her past self.

The face of the girl on screen turned from smiling big to shock as she stumbled forward, losing her balance in the Barbie pink four-inch heels she

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decided to wear for the party. Her mom advised against it. Moms are always right.

Allison couldn't see what was happening next since her mom had taken the camcorder off center to rush to her aid. She only saw fast motions of the ground and flashed back to how she was feeling when the incident occurred. It hurt a little falling, but the true pain was in her mind.

*How could that have happened?! WHY NOW? I practiced walking in these things all week!*

Several friends and family had rushed around to help her, and tears had started to form at her eyes. She was lifted to her feet and the emcee used his skills to brighten the mood.

*"Let's keep it going for Allisonnnnnn!!!"*

All her friends cheered around her, which caused Allison's crying sad face to turn into happiness, knowing she was surrounded by people who cared and loved her. She waved and announced to all her guests *"It's time to party! Thank you so much for coming. I love you all!"*

For the next fifteen minutes of the video, Allison laughed at how immature she was acting with her friends, but hey, what teenagers aren't? Especially their dancing moves when they were twerking their butts on each other. And footage of her kissing Jenni directly on her lips. Something they did quite often. Her, Melissa, and Jenni had this secret kissing group session in 9<sup>th</sup> grade which made them think it would help with kissing and making out with boys in the future since the only experience they had were short kisses in middle school. But it was their little secret and there were no explicit lesbian fantasies happening.

There were some cute moments. Like the footage of her dancing with her boyfriend, Jason, at the time. He was wearing some dark blue shirt that was about two sizes too big for him and she had finally taken her mother's advice and wore flats on her feet.

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“Awww, we were sooo cute together!” Allison said after seeing her kiss her boyfriend, who probably had an erection since she remembered feeling it against her thigh at Homecoming dance that year, at the end of “You and Me” by Lifehouse, to a big applause.

The footage then skipped abruptly to when the cake was going to be cut. Allison was surrounded by her friends as people snapped photos. Wearing a tiara, Allison bent over, exposing her cleavage, and blew out the candles to everyone cheering. To her right was her boyfriend, and to her left was Melissa, who then gave her a hug.

While getting lunch with Melissa while she was back in town was on the agenda for tomorrow, she couldn’t wait to share her excitement. Melissa was driving down from Boston for the special occasion. She grabbed her iPhone and opened Messages to text her friend.

Allison: *Back in town! Guess what I’m doing right now?*

Melissa: ????

Allison shook her head lightly to get some of her long hair out of her face, selected video, and proudly pressed the center record button while aiming the phone at the television. The scene was of all the teen girls at Allison’s birthday party posing in various ways for the professional photographer her parents had hired. Her mom thought it would be great to have a video of them expressing their hands in various ways, pretending like they were fashion models in their now dated dresses and hairstyles.

Melissa: *OMG!!!*

Allison leaned her head back while laughing and then sent a reply: Look at those dresses! Gosh I loved that pink sparkly strapless dress even though it was so tight on my butt and hips!

Melissa: *Ewww... My hair!! Where did you find this?!*

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Allison: *Went up to the attic to make sure I didn't have anything up there and found a box of old videos! I'm going to try having them digitized as a Christmas present for mom!*

The next message wasn't responded to as quickly as the others.

Melissa: *What else did you find on video...?!?!*

Allison didn't have an answer for that and therefore didn't respond immediately. Here it was, getting later in the night, and she had only watched part of one DVD so far. These were the days before it would be considered lucky if someone watched more than two minutes of your highlights video. People back then kept footage rolling most of the time. Allison figured she would pop in a few more of these videos just to get an idea of what was on them and maybe label some things that didn't have any identification.



Putting her hand on one of the VHS tapes, she put it in the VCR and heard the gears start moving. The video started in the middle, since she didn't bother rewinding it. The tracking started putting the video in focus as the scrambled lines on the television revealed Allison's zoomed-in face. Her mom had been taking the video from her seat in the audience about ten rows back. The image then zoomed out showing more girls wearing identical sky blue with lavender and pink tulle leotards with matching tutus. The shoulders were poofy, and the front of the leotards were decorated flowers on the front of the chest and just above the hip. Each girl had other flowers in their hair and they wore sparkly white tights. As the girls danced in unison on stage to some classical piece, the camera zoomed back into Allison.

"Wow, my hair was super short back then," she expressed.

Allison's hair in the video was only a little past her ears. She didn't even remember it being cut that much and had never had it shorter than her shoulders. Even the actual dance performance she had vague memories of. Just that she had a hard time memorizing all the moves and that the girls in the class with her were very friendly and supportive.

Figuring that her mom just let the camera roll the entire time, she turned off the tape and made a makeshift label with a Post-It note saying 'Ballet Recital. 10 or 11 years old?'

Going back into the box, she pulled out the DVD 'Best Cheerleaders.'

"Oh wow! I remember this."

The video was a copy of a professional video, rather than something her mom took. It was freshman year of high school in probably 2005 or so. Allison had done some gymnastics in middle school and then had interest in cheerleading in 8<sup>th</sup> grade. To everyone's surprise, she made it to varsity cheer freshman year and was the youngest girl on the squad at the time. She watched as her team started their routine at the district championship. Allison was so excited she almost wanted to get off the sofa and do the moves right there for old times' sake.

What started with her head down with two girls in front of her turned into her sprinting her hands in the air before doing a cartwheel to the side as two groups of girls on both sides threw a flyer in the air. Allison then tumbled backward exposing her cheer bloomers and crossed her arms lining up in formation with the other girls. She moved her arms in motion and did a few jumps followed by more tumbles, handclasps, and T motions, and splits. The routine ended with Allison being lifted up with some other girls and holding each other, supported by the girls on the bottom. She was smiling with her blonde hair pulled to the side. This was when they won the championship and became school heroes. Not that Allison didn't already have attention from upperclassmen.

Allison looked through the VHS tapes and found one labeled 'Birthday  
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Party 1998’.

“Hmm, Mom didn’t have a camcorder back then,” Allison said curiously.

The VCR took forever to track the video. Only sporadic images came on the screen. There was a pixelated March 1998 stamped in the right corner, but no day. She saw a few kids, maybe 6 to 8 years old, playing games outside, but that was about it. She pressed fast forward to help the process and then came to a small portion where there was a boy shaking gifts. He was wearing some type of wrestling shirt with a slogan on it which looked like the start of a bible verse. The tape started playing normally as she saw the boy rip open a box containing some type of video game console.

“Who is that?” she asked. The kid didn’t look familiar at all, but some other people in the video did. That was definitely her cousin Julia in the pink dress and pigtails, and Julia’s mom, Allison’s aunt, was clearly there. The tape started to become distorted and Allison used her troubleshooting again. She pressed fast forward and the video jumped to the kids playing outside again. The boy featured in the video was pushing some kids to the ground before some adults went to grab him and then the video randomly shut off.

“I’ll have to ask one of them who that was later on,” Allison said ejecting the tape. Her excitement had worn off a bit from that mysterious tape, but she popped in another VHS labeled ‘Session 2.’ What the hell could this be? Who labels home movies like that?

The tape started like the others had, with similar tracking features after the blue screen with play and an arrow on top. But this wasn’t a home movie. Instead, she saw what looked like a psychiatrist office. She saw a woman behind the desk who looked to be in her mid-40s and, seated in front of her, was a younger looking version of her mom and the same boy from the birthday party footage that she didn’t recognize. Allison became more confused and started to squint her eyes, trying to make out the pixelated footage, which looked like it was taken from some type of security camera on the ceiling. The audio was completely inaudible, and she could only hear a few words being muttered.

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*“Detention... Medication... Memories...”*

Allison said to herself, “Ugh... the audio on this tape is terrible! I can only hear a few words and can’t make anything!”

The audio cut out as she saw the young boy and her mom get up with the doctor. He laid down on some sort of chaise longue and the doctor and Mom sat beside him. The curiosity was killing Allison. She reached for her phone to text anyone other than her Mom who may know who that boy was. Did Mom babysit some kid she didn’t know about?

Allison’s eyes flashed as she saw a gear spinning.

“Shoot! Where is my charger?”

After coming back downstairs from retrieving her charger and cord from her tote bag, she noticed the video was stuck on an image of the boy still laying on the chaise longue. It apparently broke. As she plugged her phone into the wall outlet, she thought of who else it could be. Perhaps a long-lost cousin? It was unlikely that her mom had a secret life. She started digging through the box once again and found another VHS labeled ‘Slumber Party!’

She noticed several girls, maybe 10 to 12 years old, in her bedroom. Back when she had a canopy bed full of stuffed animals, bright pink walls, and boy bands with teen stars on the walls. Some girls were holding each other’s hands while dancing standing on the bed while another had on a boa with way too much makeup on.

*“Do that dance!”* said the person holding the camera. Allison knew that voice. It was hers at that age. Memories came back of that night. One that she had forgotten about for years. It was Allison’s first time, to her knowledge, that she had a big slumber party with five other girls in attendance. The year was 2002.

*“Melissa! Do that dance!!!”* she repeated.

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Avril Lavigne's "Sk8er Boi" was playing from the small stereo in the room. Melissa, wearing a bright pink tank top, white Kentucky Derby style extra-large-brimmed hat, and sunglasses while using a hairbrush as an improvised microphone to sing the chorus while swaying her hips and then kicking her leg in the air causing all the girls to laugh.

This moment made Allison remember the origin of the party. It was Melissa, who was one of her first friends after she transferred to a new school. She didn't remember much before the transfer. Mom had told her she had been diagnosed with a rare syndrome causing memory loss before a certain age. Hence, why she didn't remember anything before the age of about 11.

Allison had been extremely shy before meeting her, and didn't really have any friends, but then felt like she could be herself around her. After a few weeks of adjusting to being at a new school for 6<sup>th</sup> grade, Melissa recommended that she host her own slumber party and invite a few girls from dance class and school. It was a success as Allison started developing a tight friend circle that would last for years.

She cracked a smile, watching Melissa's cheesy dance moves, and went back to her phone to try to take another video.

"Shoot! This thing is still charging?!" Disappointed that the phone wouldn't turn back on with such low battery she focused her attention back on the VHS playing.

There was now a truth or dare session happening.

*"I dare you to call Brandon Smith right now!"* said a redhead named Stacy to another girl from dance class named Courtney. All the girls erupted in giggles, put hands over mouths, leaned back, and did other things that tween girls normally do when getting overly excited.

Courtney pulled out her Nokia. At that point in time, she was one of the  
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few rich bitches at the school who had the luxury of owning a cell phone. She looked at the other girls as if they had answers on what she should say.

*"Come on, do it!"* said Melissa.

*"Don't be a little baby about it!"* said a heavy-set girl.

*"It would be fun if you called,"* Allison heard her younger voice say while still recording the action.

Courtney finally gave in, looked for his contact in her phone - which he had given her (though she hadn't used yet) - and brought the silver phone to her ear as the girls continued giggling, though Stacy brought her index finger to her mouth to shush everyone.

Allison zoomed in extremely close to Courtney's face on the video giving a great shot of her braces. She remembered that Courtney had been crushing on Brandon at school and finally had the balls enough to talk to him in the hallway about three days prior to the slumber party. At that point in life, Allison was completely uninterested in boys, but was becoming more enthused with the idea of at least holding hands with a guy thanks to her new friends talking about crushes constantly.

*"Hello?"* said Courtney who was turning red in the face.

*"Hey..."* Brandon said on the other line.

There were about thirty seconds of silence on the phone conversation while the girls tried containing the laughter.

*"What are you doing?"* said Brandon, who was now on speaker.

Stacy shook her head 'no' signaling to Courtney that she shouldn't admit she's in the middle of a slumber party at the moment.

*"Nothing..."* she replied. *"What about you?"*

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*"The same..."* he replied nervously.

*"Okay, well nice talking to you. See you at school on Monday. Bye!"* Courtney said quickly before pressing the red button on the cell phone.

The girls laughed extremely hard and the camera work became very shaky.

*"You two are SOO going to be boyfriend/girlfriend this week!"* said Melissa laughing, but also being serious.

*"He's soooo cute! Do it!"* said the heavy-set girl.

Stacy said, *"Okay, since you just went, it's now your turn to ask someone, Courtney."*

Allison watched as Courtney turned her head to look directly into the camera. *"Your turn, Allison!"*

The girls continued to laugh, but Allison felt her heart sink for the second time as she heard Courtney say that. She suddenly remembered what her reaction was to Courtney's question, and remembered how embarrassing it was.

Allison passed the Hi8 camcorder off to Melissa, who then focused the camera on Allison, who could be seen wearing light pink pajama pants with lipstick kisses on them and a Lizzie McGuire neon tank top with purple training bra straps showing. Her hair was tied up with a scrunchie and she was wearing eyeshadow and lipstick that didn't match at all, reminding her of how far she had come in her fashion journey.

Courtney said, *"Allison, Truth or Dare!"*

In Allison's 11-year-old mind, she knew she didn't want to go through the same torment that Courtney just went through. *"Truth!"*

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Courtney hesitated for a moment to try and think of a good question to ask. *“What is one movie from when you were a kid that you would be embarrassed to watch today?!”*

Allison had bad flashbacks to this. Why were people in her life filming weird moments all the time back then?

On the footage, Allison saw her younger self have a blank stare, which turned into a worried face. *“Ummm...”*

*“Don’t say Kazaam!”* yelled Courtney.

The other girls shushed her.

Allison’s face turned red on the low-res video then started to look worried. *“Pass...”*

*“You can’t pass on a question like that!”* said a black-haired girl sitting across from her.

*“Yeah!”* said Stacy.

*“Just think about it...”* said Melissa.

That was the problem. Allison couldn’t recall anything she watched back then. That syndrome had destroyed her life at a young age and made it hard for her, but now she had to adapt. She could just say something random or make something up, but she didn’t want to risk losing any new friends she just made. And how was lying a good start to new friendships?! Allison decided to give it to them straight.

*“Have any of you heard of phrenomalacia?”*

*“Phrensaywhat?”* asked Courtney.

“See... I...” Allison started hesitating.

“*Spill the beans!*” said a girl getting impatient.

The girls looked curious, yet supportive so Allison got the confidence to tell them. “*I have this condition. I can’t remember ANYTHING before last year.*”

“What?!” said one girl.

“*That’s crazy! Oops sorry!*” said Stacy.

The black-haired girl asked, “*How can you not remember anything?*”

“*My mom told me it was something I was born with and that I’m lucky I’ll be able to remember things from here on out!*”

“Well, *that’s good!*” said Stacy.

“Okay, time for your dare!” said Courtney.

“What?!” said Allison, opening her mouth wide in shock, considering she just admitted something very personal to her new friends.

“*She answered the truth!*” said Melissa.

Courtney filled her mouth with more buttery popcorn and then talked while chewing. “*Yeah, but she didn’t answer the exact question I asked, so that means it’s time for a dare and you HAVE To do it Allison!*”

“*You are such a B-word!*” Melissa said half-jokingly/half-serious as she hit Courtney on the thigh.

Courtney put an arm around Melissa, touching her stomach and causing the camera to go sideways, but Allison could still see herself.

*“Allison. I dare you to go make out with Ashton!”*

All the girls burst into extreme laughter and focused their attention on the Ashton Kutcher poster taken from a magazine on Allison’s wall.

*“Come on. Pucker up princess!”* said Courtney.

Allison gave a half-laugh as she watched the extreme close-up of her nervously pressing her lips against the poster while closing her eyes.

The girls started clapping.

One of the comments made adult Allison smile.

*“You are so fun Allison. Good job!”* said Stacy.

The video turned to a blue screen randomly indicating the end.

“I’m still going to have that digitized, but Mom isn’t getting this one!” said Allison out loud. She remembered her first big group of friends and all the great memories they shared together. From taking horseback lessons, to swimming in the pool at Stacy’s house, to going to the mall and trying on clothes for hours, to being very excited to tell the girls about her first kiss in 7<sup>th</sup> grade at the Homecoming dance.

Allison started to feel a little uneasy. She felt a little dizzy, but it soon went away. Part of her was sad that she had that syndrome and missed out on childhood. However, there was a beam of light after all. The photographs her mom showed her when she was a baby and child never triggered any memories. But perhaps some family friend or another family member used their camcorder at an event before Mom got hers and evidence would be in this collection.

Her process was interrupted by the fact that she felt a little wetter down there. “Ugh, already?!” she said referencing the fact that she just changed her tampon two hours ago. It was a heavy flow day apparently.

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After using the restroom and changing her tampon, Allison continued to rummage through the tapes. There were about 14 or 15 that she hadn't watched yet. Not all of these could probably be digitized in time, so she needed to find the best. She discovered one with very small black pen writing labeled 'Consultation Meeting.'

"What could this be?" Allison said popping the VHS tape in.

It was the same doctor's office. Though it was just young Mom and the doctor in the room.

The VHS suffered the same fate as some of the others, with having terrible tracking and audio issues. Allison had to impatiently fast forward through some of the idle footage. She stopped a part that looked like it would be decent to watch. The video was clear enough for her to notice a microphone on the doctor's desk that wasn't there in the last video she watched.

*"I understand that it's a life-changing decision Mrs. Gilmore. However, I can assure you the process has an extremely high success rate."*

She watched as her mom shook her head on screen as if she were acknowledging the facts.

*"There are so many questions in my mind I don't know where to start, Doctor Lynn,"* said her mom.

*"That is typical with my parents who come here seeking a solution to extreme behavior problems. Again, this is the last resort. You were referred to me from the other physicians for a reason. The other therapy sessions and medications haven't seemed to be working. It is time to start fresh."*

Allison watched her mother become very emotional on camera, staying silent for a few moments before replying. "How soon can we get started?"

*“As soon as you sign these consent forms, we can start the process of giving him a better life. You are making the right decision. There’s little else you can do.”* Doctor Lynn handed Allison’s mom a stack of papers on the footage. *“I have your video consent form already on file. All procedures leading up to the final transition phase will be recorded for liability purposes. You’ll be given a copy of some as well. Your son will have a better life.”*

“SON!?!?!?” Allison said out loud, jumping off the sofa to her feet. “Mom had a son?! I have a brother somewhere?!?! What the hell!?!?”

Allison started breathing heavily. Her palms were becoming sweaty. She placed her hand up to her hair and pulled on her side ponytail, something she normally did when she became nervous. “Why didn’t Mom ever tell me she gave her son up for adoption?!”

She was freaking out. This was no longer fun. No longer a creative idea for a Christmas gift. This was serious family business. The boy must have been given up for adoption before she was diagnosed with phrenomalacia. Why had she never been told about him? Why was there no reference to him ever by any family member? Was he her twin?!

Allison continued pacing back and forth as the video played, though she was no longer paying any addition to the conversation between Dr. Lynn and her mom. Hell, she had never even heard of Dr. Lynn. She and her mom had always had a close mother/daughter relationship, yet she failed to mention this one major detail about her life?! Allison had always been family oriented, and their family was very close. Why was this person given up for adoption and never mentioned again?! She wanted answers and wanted them soon, since her body was heating, more sweat was starting in places, and her heart was racing. Allison needed to talk to someone.

Racing to her phone, Allison continued to ignore the audio from the tape playing since there were many questions going on in her head. She muttered some of these things out loud as she reached for her phone and unlocked it.

Four missed calls from Melissa then two texts from people that she ignored and another text from Melissa:

*Please call me ASAP!!!!*

Allison followed Melissa's instructions as she went to press the buttons necessary to call her friend. However, this was interrupted by the sound of her mom crying on the video. The type of sound known to cut through the most brutal of sound barriers and boundaries. Without placing the call, she walked closer to the television to watch the shocking footage.

The boy was back on the sofa, and both the doctor and Mom were dressed in the same clothes, meaning it was probably the same day.

*"I'm NOT sitting here!"* yelled the boy trying to get up but being held by both adult women. He kept throwing a fit. Allison walked closer with her phone in hand, yet still had not placed the call.

*"Andy Michael Gilmore! You listen right now!"* she heard Mom yell. Same last name. Definitely a long-lost brother. *"You had your chances, but you've left me no choice!"*

Allison continued to watch, dazed and confused for several minutes, as the women tried their best to hold down the boy in the room, despite his kicking and screaming. Any kid would freak out knowing they were being put up for adoption, but this was insane.

*"I need an SR-4 in my office stat!"* said Dr. Lynn into some sort of walkie-talkie. Less than thirty seconds later Allison watched the footage as two burly men dressed in all white came in the room. One of them prepped a needle, which was put in the boy's arm, causing him to become completely sedated. The group lowered the boy into a laying position on the sofa and the two men left the room once things calmed down. Allison had her hand over her mouth, not believing the graphic footage. Suddenly, the tape ended.

Allison had tears running down her eyes. She looked down at her phone.  
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Melissa was just a phone call away. Surely, she wouldn't have known who Andy was, since she never met him, but she would be good support. She went to dial her again, but then started shaking. Her heart was beating rapidly, and she became very dizzy. The iPhone fell to the ground, as did Allison as her knees became weak. She caught her balance with her hands before completely hitting the floor and was confused about why her body was behaving like this. Definitely couldn't blame this on the heavy menstrual flow.

She reached for her phone, which was lying next to another tape. 'Session #8'.

"Who in the hell labels adoption processes like this?!" she yelled, yanking her hair tie out of her side ponytail letting her creamy blonde hair free. Allison clenched her fists, closed her eyes, and looked to the sky for answers. Taking a deep breath, she decided to do more investigation before talking to someone about this. The VHS tape was inserted into the player more slowly than the others. The player was blinking 12:00, which was surprisingly accurate of the current time. Allison went back to the sofa to watch what was on this footage.

More tears dripped from her eyes. She was devastated to see the boy on the sofa wearing a pink dress with a purple unicorn graphic on the front. Why was he wearing a dress? Allison leaned her head forward and turned up the volume. She noticed a calendar in the room that indicated it was June in the year 2001.

*"Fighting is forgotten. You will no longer want to push people at school. Fighting is forgotten. You will want to hug people as a greeting and be nice to people at school. Fighting is forgotten,"* Dr. Lynn said while touching the boy's forehead. Mom was sitting next to him, but not saying anything.

Dr. Lynn paused for a moment. *"He's under. His mind will be processing the emotions for a few minutes and he won't be able to hear us. I don't think you have to worry about him causing fights at school every week anymore."*

“Thank God,” said her Mom. “I was praying he wouldn’t turn even more violent and disrespectful to everyone this upcoming school year.”

Dr. Lynn had a serious expression on her face. *“He is going to be homeschooled for the first year, and then can return to whichever school you choose in the area when he is ready. I recommend starting him at a different school than before and gaining the support of your family and friends immediately. Everyone needs to be on board with this and agree to the circumstances.”*

*“Oh, I’ve already told his grandparents and my siblings.”*

*“Do you have any contact with his biological father’s side?”*

*“Not often. He only has one remaining grandparent left and she has dementia.”*

Dr. Lynn continued, *“Even though he is to be kept out of large groups of students for schooling, you can start to introduce him to various activities after a few months. Some small classes and things to help with socialization.”*

“WHAT THE FUCK ARE THEY TALKING ABOUT?!?!” Allison yelled at the television. She was usually very proper and professional. The type of woman to only use profanity in dire need or when forced to. The questions happening in her head were pestering. Why had her mom never brought this up? Who is that boy?!

The tape ended, and Allison threw herself on the ground, crawling towards the large black box of media. She grabbed the first DVD she saw ‘9<sup>th</sup>-grade Homecoming’ and threw it to the side. She grabbed another with her sweaty hands. ‘Allison’s majorette practice,’ ‘2005 beauty pageant,’ and ‘National Honor Society’ were thrown to the side. She wasn’t worried about seeing herself right now. She wanted answers on who the boy was and why her Mom had kept him a secret. A mystery. A skeleton in the closet, literally in the attic. Hidden away as a distant memory.

Allison continued going through the media collection in search of ‘Session 9’. Most of the rest of the VHS tapes were blank, though. Maybe they started putting them on the blank DVDs? NO! VHS transfer was much easier back in 2001. She wiped the sweat dripping from her forehead with the right sleeve of her gray top and followed that by removing the moisture in her eyes. After a few more sniffs, she found another labeled VHS. ‘Session #13’

There was no need to bother going back to the sofa to get comfy and relax. The night was beyond that. Allison sat there in the dark living room, isolated from society. Isolated from family. Isolated from herself since her mind was taking a life of its own to find answers.

‘Session #13’ started playing. By the calendar, she saw it was August 2001.

*“There is this program called Photoshop that I can have my assistant use to change all the photos of her formal male self in your collection. It will always appear to her that she grew up as a girl, though she will have no memory of any events. Doing it with video is much harder and I recommend destroying as much video footage of her as a boy that you can find,”* said Dr. Lynn.

*“It has been wonderful working with you Dr. Lynn. Our family has changed for the better thanks to you and the medical team.”*

Dr. Lynn smiled, *“The therapy sessions and medication work wonders, but there is still the final surgery. Are you both prepared for next week?”*

*“I believe I’m more nervous than she is,”* said Allison’s mom. *“She believes it’s just a birth defect and to my knowledge has been sitting down to urinate for quite some time now.”*

Dr. Lynn smiled again and leaned back in her chair. *“The process has been successful in prepping her mentally. Because she is at the age right before puberty, she will luckily develop into a woman just like any other genetic girl would, with smooth skin, breast development, wider hips, and*  
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*more. With this final experimental procedure, she will have a fully functional uterus, and thus have menstrual cycles. Her DNA will of course remain XY, however. I'll make a note for medical professionals who assist her in the future to never mention or question it, so she never knows. Though she's going to have to take the medication for a few months after the surgery and will, if we are fortunate, never remember anything prior than next week."*

Her mom smiled. "Wonderful. That's just what I want. I can already tell she will be the perfect angel."

"WHAT ARE THEY DOING TO THIS POOR BOY!?! " Allison yelled.



The footage shot to Dr. Lynn opening the office door and saying, "You

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*can come in now, sweetie.”*

Adult Allison had a bit of vomit taste in her mouth as she wept at the sight of the boy... if he could still be called that... walking in the room, smiling, wearing a white fluffy blouse, denim skirt, and wedges with shaved legs and his ears pierced. The feminized boy sat down next to Mom as Dr. Lynn took her seat.

*“Tell me. How are things?!”*

*“SOOO wonderful Dr. Lynn! This summer was so much fun, and Mom says I’m going to be homeschooled and out of that terrible school this year!”* said the boy, adjusting his bra straps on the sides.

*“That’s great!”* Dr. Lynn said, smiling. *“Many kids are excited about homeschooling but just remember, your mom is putting you in a private school next year once she has the money from the grant to cover tuition.”*

*“Yeah!”* said the boy with a very girlish tone in his voice. It sounded much higher pitched than one of the previous videos he was in. *“Mom said the private school will be the best thing for my future and it’s going to be sooo cool and fun!”*

*“I’m sure you’ll meet a lot of new friends.”*

The boy fidgeted in the chair with his legs crossed and hands on knees. *“Ummmmmm uHHHH.”*

Dr. Lynn looked at him awaiting an answer.

*“That part... ehhehh... I’m not the best at you know... talking to people... and I’m not going to see a lot of kids you know.. Homeschool? And like .... I”*

The doctor smiled, *“Your mom has a surprise for you.”*



Adult Allison continued to watch the footage, full of tears, on the edge of her seat. This was more dramatic than ANYTHING she had ever seen on Netflix.

Her mom turned to the feminized boy and said, *“Guess who is starting dance classes this fall?!”*

The girl gave a gasp with wide eyes and smiled. *“Thanks Mom!!!! GOSH!! THIS IS AWESOME!!!”*

The tape ended, causing a disappointment of a cliffhanger.

Allison clenched her teeth and angrily pressed the eject button harder than normal. As if it would help take the tape out faster. Was this going to change how she saw her mother? How could she turn her brother into her sister? And WHERE was this sister?! What bothered her the most was that the boy’s hair was the same length that Allison once had in the ballet recital video. Was he turning into her identical twin sister?! This was sounding like a plot to a potentially horrifying movie she would watch about a boy who is turned into his sister’s identical twin and given up for adoption only to come back later in adult life and try to take over!

She flipped her long hair and scrambled her hand through the black box, taking out all remaining media cases she could get her hands on. Suddenly, she felt a very sharp pain at the front of her head. Something like a migraine, but more painful. She leaned forward with her head in hand. The boy being hypnotized. She empathized with him. Maybe it was her maternal instinct. Maybe it was passion. Maybe it was sympathy. She put herself in his place, having to fight off adults forcing them to lie down. Having to be put under multiple times a month. Having someone feed you information you didn’t necessarily want to hear. Somehow, a memory of being dragged to the mall wearing a Hello Kitty shirt with a ruffled black skirt and going shopping for her first bra came to mind. Wait... that happened to Allison. Surely the boy didn’t suffer the same fate.

At the bottom of the black box she found another VHS tape. There was a  
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small yellow circular sticker on the front with just the label ‘?’ and FC’ on it. Why so vague? Did this retro media have something against her knowing stuff as well? The tape was in the middle, so she pressed rewind on the VCR but saw some of it playing. Some giant pink balloons in what appeared to be a hospital room and some familiar family members. She stopped at the beginning once it reached its point and took a deep breath fearing for the worst.

*“How are you feeling princess?”*

*“Groggy...”* said the girl.

*“Don’t worry. You did great!”* said Allison’s mom.

*“UGHHHHHH!”* complained the boy she saw in the last video on the hospital bed. He was wearing a pink hospital gown. Hair down past ears. Higher cheekbones on his face. Less defined chin. *“It feels weird... Down there.”*

Her mom smiled and shook her head ‘yes’ while holding her sister’s hand, who had been with her in the process. Other people in the room included a nurse, Allison’s mom’s brother-in-law, and her George who was taking the camcorder footage. *“It’s finally complete...”* said her mom.

*“.... Yay...”* said the boy placing his hands in the air in victory.

*“She should be ready to be released tomorrow,”* said the nurse, checking some vital signs. *“I’ll let the doctors know that she is up.”*

Her mom looked back at the former boy. *“Did you hear that Allison? You get to go back home tomorrow. The surgery was a success. I love you, my daughter!”*

Allison burst into tears and placed her hand over her mouth. She was breathing and crying very rapidly, and nearly about to enter shock. The absolute horror that she was the boy in the hospital bed was a reality. It

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started coming back to her. The pain down there and numbness all over her body lying in the hospital bed. Then later being released that day wearing a sundress and putting panties over her new vagina. The one she thought she had all her life. Memories started coming back of how she went through puberty, developing breasts, and the first time she got her period, despite other vague memories of having a penis in her youth, including standing up to urinate.

Balling her eyes, out Allison found enough strength to press fast forward, putting herself through more pain and humiliation, wondering what else was on this tape. Holding down the fast-forward button, she saw more of the hospital stay and the exact sundress she had just remembered going out of the hospital the next day. After a little bit of blue screen, she then saw Dr. Lynn's office again. The calendar on the wall this time let her know it was August 2002.

Allison was in the room wearing a polka dot skaters dress and short heels, sitting like a proper young lady next to her mom. Her hair was now down to her shoulders, and she had on a few bracelets and a necklace. Her breasts were starting to bud, requiring everyday training bra usage.

She just let the video play. The carpet on the living room floor acted as a makeshift pillow as she half-opened her eyes to watch the footage. The audio was becoming more of a blur as Allison's mental nightmare came back. Not from starting life as a girl, but from before the brainwashing took place. Watching the footage had reversed some parts of her brain that had mentally blocked them out... which was supposed to be forever. Memories of bullying other kids in elementary school. Scenes of destroying Christmas gifts as soon as he opened them if he didn't like them. Seeing himself stab the sofa his mom and George just bought with a knife when he was about seven.

Allison just laid there, numb all over, crying her eyes out, with her blood boiling. She tried regaining enough energy to get back to her feet but failed. She felt defeated. More memories came back of biting people and destroying people's property as a boy. Completely out of control. Fighting his mom at every opportunity and even telling her that he hated her and his stepdad. The  
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type of kid that would probably end up using drugs, in jail, or becoming a serial killer. Maybe all three.

After a few minutes of trying to calm down, Allison finally focused her attention back to the television, even though she still felt horrible physically and mentally.

It was at the part where Dr. Lynn had just asked Allison to leave the room so she and her mom could talk privately. Allison vaguely remembered this happening in her life, but then started recalling being in Dr. Lynn's office more often. The woman... the entire place... had been completely erased from her memory, but now was coming back full circle. How?!

*"And you said she is still having trouble making friends?"*

*"Yes," said her mom. "She's open around people she knows like the girls in dance class, but has a difficult time socializing, and I'm worried what's going to happen next month when she starts private school."*

Dr. Lynn smiled, knowing there was another solution for problematic boys. *"Yes, since this lifestyle adjustment is extreme, not all of the new girls are social butterflies. Even within a year. Especially at her age. They are finding themselves. However, the good news is that the program offers volunteers who help families with the transition even if total mental changes have occurred inside the patient's mind. Would you be interested in that?"*

*"What is involved?"* asked her mom.

Dr. Lynn replied, *"They are people who will assist with the social transition. A support system, if you will, that are educated in the program and have even helped fund it, since they believe turning problematic boys into sweet loving girls is one step closer to finding peace in life. I know one family is available right now. The Walstons are a wonderful Christian family who could mentor you and her through this. They have a lovely daughter named Melissa, who is her age, and entering the same grade at the private school you chose."*

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“WHAT?!?!?!?” Allison yelled at the top of her lungs. Her blood pressure was going through the roof to match her scream. Her body was sweating as if she just came from a hot yoga class or running a marathon. She had not cried this much since the passing of her pet Maltese two years ago. She angrily took the tapes and DVDs and started throwing them towards the unlit fireplace, much like she had thrown random objects as a child.

Allison started suffering a panic attack and couldn't take it anymore. She placed her hand over the mouth, bent over while standing up, and ran to the closest bathroom downstairs just in time for a clip of young Allison coming back into the room and hugging her mom before saying, “*Love you soooo much!*”

The yellow watery bile missed some of the toilet bowl and overflowed to the sides and floor. Allison closed her eyes and continued to vomit. Letting it all out. Probably the most since her sorority partying days. After tasting more of the Thai food she had for dinner, Allison started hyperventilating. The bathroom floor soon acted as a bed as Allison just let the entire world fall on her. Never in her life had she felt this much betrayal, this much agony, this much defeat. Once regaining her breathing, she managed to gain enough strength to lift herself up on the white sink. She pulled herself from the bottom, turned on the facet, and looked at herself in the mirror. Her face was red. Her hair was a complete mess. Mascara completely ruined. Liquid oozed from her nose. She looked at her reflection. The same one she had looked at for as long as she could remember... at least until a few minutes ago.



Was her entire life a lie?

She was born male.

Grew up as a male until she was 10.

Was hypnotized into acting feminine.

Given a forced sex change operation.

Completely brainwashed to forget her entire male life.

Given medication to go through puberty as a girl.

Developed natural C-cups.

Allison sniffed again. The person she was looking at in the mirror was the only person she knew. Her entire life had been based on being female. Inside her mind, she started to realize that the initial hypnotherapy sessions were done to make her think like a girl. However, over the years, Allison had developed her own personality. Her own likes and dislikes.

She looked down at her engagement ring. In a few months, she would be wearing her dream wedding dress and veil, holding Kyle's hands, saying 'yes' to the man of her dreams. Her entire life, she had been attracted to men. Here she was about to marry one of the top upcoming entrepreneurs in the country and was highly successful herself. She had the life many girls would always dream for... and never have.

Looking in the mirror in the bathroom, Allison tried to picture what she would look like as a man. It was impossible in her mental state. There was no getting rid of the highly attractive appearance she had as a woman. She grabbed her breasts as a reminder of what had naturally developed on her body. It all started to sink in. Maybe she was meant to be a girl after all. Had she stayed a man, who knows what she would be doing. Especially if the overly aggressive behavior issues were not corrected. He wouldn't have made a living in the fashion industry and modeled women's clothing online, that's for sure.

There was one person to 'thank' for this: her mom.

Was it abuse or did her mom do it because she loved her?

Allison started crying again, knowing she had a few decisions to make. She washed her face with water and started to cool down. Walking back to the living room, she saw the tape had ended and looked at the wreckage she had done by throwing the tapes. Some looked fine, especially the DVDs from when Allison was a girly girl teen, but some of the VHS tapes looked

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damaged beyond repair. She wondered if that was the way this was meant to be... just like it may have been right for her to go through extreme forced feminization in her youth.

Surely, she was not meant to ever see those tapes. They had been locked away and hidden for a reason. Now there were some decisions to make. Allison looked around on the floor for her phone.

Text from Kyle: *How are you making out up there?*

“God, my fiancé?! Does he know he is marrying someone who was born male!...” She said out loud. “Of course he will. He loves me no matter what.... But should I be honest with him and tell him? Does he need to know?”

She started thinking about all the sex they had. And there was a lot of it. From their second date to as recently as three days ago when he left for the city. She wanted to have children with him once they moved out of the city and settled down. Due to some type of sick medical miracle, she had a completely functioning female reproductive system that never had any issues... except for the occasional missed period. Allison rubbed her stomach. Would she be able to carry a baby healthy? That thought alone made her mind jump. She still had the genetic makeup of a male, at first, but it must have been mostly destroyed, thanks to the level of estrogen flowing through her body over the years.

“I still want to have a baby with Kyle. I want to be a mommy,” she said smiling, but also crying lightly.

She looked back at her phone. Her mom had sent a text.

Mommy: *“Can you please make sure the trashcan lids are closed? Thanks, love you.”*

Trashcan lids. That was the last thing on Allison’s mind. But that was her mother. Worrying about the most minuscule things and being forgetful at  
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times. She didn't send an immediate reply and decided to not contact her just yet. But the last statement sunk into Allison's soul. Her mom did love her very deeply. The footage was hidden up there for a reason, probably thrown in with other home movies since half of them were not labeled and forgotten about. Since some were now destroyed, her mom would find out eventually. Especially if she went looking for them before the move... or maybe she would forget about them completely. Then the thought of the next owners finding that stuff became a reality. Real horror sank in as that would mean possibly being outed by complete strangers. That is... if they recognized her.

"Hmm, what was in that safe?" Allison asked herself, thinking about the other thing in that location.

Out of curiosity, Allison ignored some of the notifications, mostly from Instagram followers liking her post from upstairs, and opened a web browser app.

She typed into the search bar: *Dr. Lynn Psychiatrist.*

The first result was a picture on the side that showed an older version of the woman Allison saw in the videos. Underneath read:

*Dr. Cheryl Lynn  
Psychiatrist and Hypnotologist*

"This woman is still practicing..." Allison said out loud, taking a deep breath. The star rating below said 4.5/5 with 75 reviews. She clicked on them to read more.

*Dr. Lynn has drastically improved our family life! She....*

*Our son was the child of Satan until we took him to Dr. Lynn's office.  
Within three months, he....*

*My husband is having a great time back in school thanks to sessions with  
Dr. Lynn. She is one of the most personable....*

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*BEST DOCTOR EVER! If you have serious issues with any males in your life, then...*

“I can’t believe it,” Allison said. “Who knows how many boys have been feminized by her!”

Being the selfless person that she was, Allison wondered if other boys had faced the same fate of being completely brainwashed, developed as girls, and went on to be successful women like her? Furthermore, since she had been put under Dr. Lynn’s control before, could she go back and confront her about the entire ordeal and how and why it really happened. Or was it better to have this memory erased on a visit to her?

Allison shook her head. Her body was still warm. She was still shaking a bit. She knew that transforming back into a man was completely out of the question. What would be the point in that? The thought of even having a penis triggered her gag reflex, since it made her sick to her stomach. She had very little memory of being a boy, and the memories that existed were very negative and violent. Completely toxic to her lifestyle and what she was about.

She made her way back to lounging on the sofa and put her attention on her communication with the outside world. The bittersweet moment of being back at her childhood home had turned into a personal nightmare chamber with feelings of isolation, though the support system on the outside was strong. Melissa had tried calling again twice and had left a text in the time Allison was caught up watching the videos and entering a state of shock.

*Melissa: Why aren’t you answering?! Is everything okay?*

Her longtime best friend had the natural instinct that something was wrong. She was right.

Allison closed her eyes for a moment of nirvana before doing the regular task of pressing her thumb on the green box with a white phone inside and  
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waiting for her friend to pick up. After two rings, Melissa picked up.

*“Hey girl. It’s about time you called! I was getting worried, about to drive down there to check on you! What’s going on?”*

*“Oh, what a night, Melissa... I need a friend right now... And you’ve always been there for me. Which is why I need you to promise. And PLEASE promise me... Can you tell me the truth about some things about when you first met me and Mom?”*



**The End**



We hope you enjoyed reading this story as much as we did writing it! If you found pleasure in this story, please be sure to leave us a positive review!

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Please join our mailing list so that we can notify you of our future releases! We have a LOT of great stories coming out soon!

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