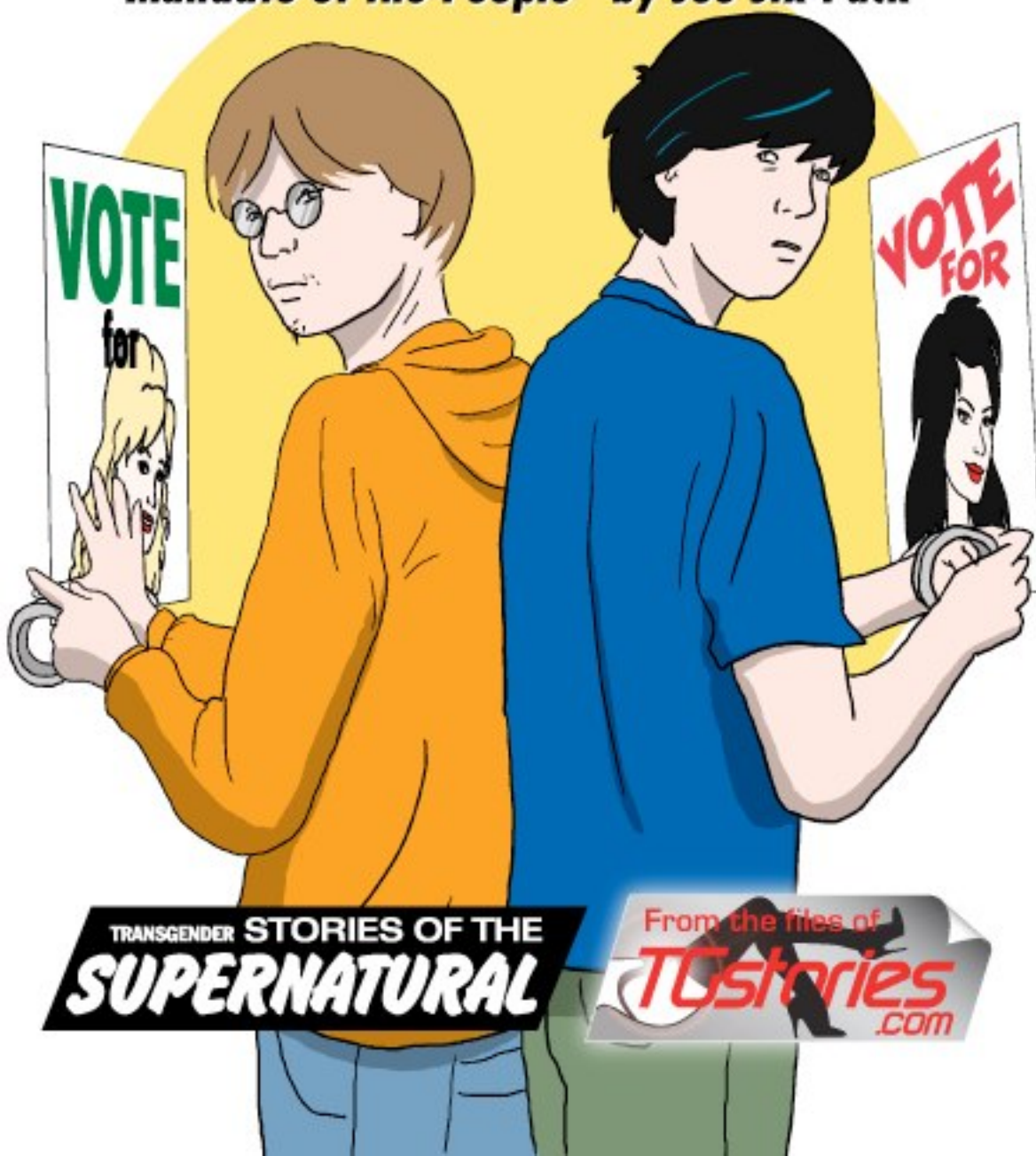


ADULTS ONLY

45 pages 16 illustrations

FROM PALS TO GALS

"Mandate of the People" by Joe Six-Pack



TRANSGENDER STORIES OF THE
SUPERNATURAL

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J O E S I X P A C K

FROM PALS TO GALS

“Mandate of the People”

As previously published at TGstories.com

A Stories of the Supernatural Story



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j6p@sixpacksite.com

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MANDATE OF THE PEOPLE

“Milton J. Mossley, Magic Man” Read the plain white business card. It was printed in that cheap raised ink that so many people mistook for ‘classy’ lately. It had a blobby clip-art picture of a magic wand and top hat in the corner.

“So what do you think?” Milton said, beaming with pride.

Jeremy flipped the card over in his fingers. He was hoping a punch line was printed on the back of it. It was blank. He glanced at his pal Stewart and they exchanged expressions of two boys who knew that they were in the company of true gullibility.

“Uh, guy, how much did all this cost you?” Stewart said, taking the card in his hand.

Milton looked around the small, cramped storefront. “You wouldn’t believe the deal I got, boys!”

Stewart and Jeremy looked around as well. They were just two teenage boys wandering around the ‘Woodland Creek Emporium Shoppes’ strip mall looking for cheap eats. They found an abandoned and forgotten little dump with only this one store open. It wasn’t actually open, either. The inside of the store was raw concrete, full of cement dust and bare wires, indicating that no one had ever actually moved into this unit in the strip mall. This, despite the fact that the building was obviously designed and built in the 1980’s.

The mall was convenient to an off-ramp and toxic fumes. This area of town was industrial, located under the freeway. It was miserable and isolated.

The store wasn’t empty, though. A pile of white cardboard boxes, all marked “MAGIXCOR MADE IN CHINA” were stacked along the back wall.

The two boys wandered in, curious, when Mr. Mossley had accosted them with kindness. He was tremendously happy just to see that only hours after he had moved in, he had customers. He knew then that this was a gold mine.

Milton patted one of his boxes. “It’s all here, the secret to instant wealth-building power!” He walked around his pile of boxes, admiring them. “With only a small investment, I received all this fabulous merchandise. And it’s all ready-to-sell!”

“So, you’re selling... what?” Jeremy asked.

“Dreams!” Milton proclaimed with enthusiasm.

“Dreams.” Jeremy repeated with well-deserved skepticism.

“Wishes! Desires! Power!” Milton said, projecting his voice to the roof.

Stewart sneered. “I think you’re crazy.”

“Crazy to be selling magic at these prices!” Milton proclaimed.

“Yeah, well good luck, guy.” Jeremy said, handing back the card.

Milton refused it. “No, no. You keep the card. If there’s one thing that helps getting a business off the ground, it’s word of mouth.” The two boys then shrugged and turned to leave.

“Fuckin chump ass loser.” Stewart mumbled to his friend.

Milton then had an idea. “Wait boys! Wait a second!” He turned to his nearest box, and opened it. He rooted around inside, and then picked out a musty burlap pouch. “You boys take this.”

The two boys both had their hands in their pockets and seemed too uninterested to take the item. They just stared at Milton.

“It’s magic!” Milton said. “Go on, think of it as a free sample.”



Finally Jeremy took the pouch, picking it with two fingers to avoid touching too much of the old thing. “Uh. Thanks.”

“Yeah, thanks.” Stewart said with enough sarcasm to kill a bull elephant. “Thanks a lot.”

Stewart and Jeremy exchanged another look and they left.

“You boys have fun with that! And let all your friends know!” Milton called out as the two boys got into Jeremy’s truck. Milton confidently returned to his store. He knew now that he had a bona-fide moneymaker on his hands. He would do this full-time. Tomorrow, he’d tell Mr. Blumsley to take his accounting job and shove it!



Thunk. Thunk.

“Quit it!”

Thunk.

“I said quit it!”

Jeremy tried to look surprised. “Me?”

Thunk.

The exasperated girl sitting in front of Jeremy picked up her books and moved to the farthest desk away.

The haggard low-wage teacher at the front of the class droned a warning. “Stop kicking people’s chairs, Mr. Tyler.”

Jeremy acted offended. “What?” He said. The teacher sighed deeply and went back to grading pop quizzes. Stewart, sitting next to Jeremy, gave him a low-five.

“Kggcch!” The ancient speaker above the classroom doorway choked to life. “Attention students. This is Vice-Principal Patterson.”

Stewart pretended to be the voice from the speaker. “And I like it up the ass.”

Jeremy and Stewart lost control of themselves in convulsive laughter.

“Mr. Tyler! Mr. Dantz! I don’t want to have to write you up!” The teacher said, trying to sound like he cared. The two boys calmed down. The rest of the class silently suffered through it.

The speaker continued to prattle: “...JV volleyball squad is to be dismissed at 1:15 for their game against Puttsville. I would like to congratulate Ryan Wells

for his third-place showing at the imagination fair. A big BHS cheer to Mr. Wells. And now the nominations for prom queen..."

Both Jeremy and Stewart started to chortle. "What?" Jeremy asked Stewart, suspicious of his friend's attitude.

"Nothin," Stewart said. "What's your problem?" He had a similar concern.

"Nothin," Jeremy said, grinning.

The Vice-Principal rolled off the names: "...Theresa Simmons, Virginia Derickson, Patricia Minniweather, and... last and certainly least, Jeremy Tyler."

Stewart laughed out loud at the top of his lungs. "Hah! Jeremy's gonna be the prom queen!" He slapped his leg while cackling.

Jeremy was not amused. He tensed his jaw in anger.

The Vice-Principal wasn't finished: "...and Stewart Dantz."

Now Jeremy had his turn at laughter. "Gotcha!"

"Dude, I nominated you." Stewart said.

"I nominated you." Jeremy snickered.

"Oh man." Stewart sounded disappointed. The two boys stared at the floor, in a masculine version of pouting. "Fuckin' ruined a good joke there."

"Yeah, no kidding."

The bell for the end of the period rang, and it was time for lunch. Stewart and Jeremy voyaged out into the sea of humanity pouring out of the classes into the hall. The students who knew them laughed as they walked by, making fun of the two unwilling candidates. But really, their popularity was limited in this school. Few knew who they were, and Jeremy and Stewart pretended not to care. They followed the prevailing current of the mob and went out into the commons.

The boys wandered out to the parking lot and jumped into Stewart's old Mazda and headed off for KFC. They punched Stewart's Metallica tape into the player and turned it up to eleven, letting everybody know who the big badasses on campus were.

Once they were out of earshot of their schoolmates, they turned it off.

Stewart put on his silver wire-rim sunglasses and opened the window a little more to let his brown unkempt hair fly in the wind. Stewart's pale, greasy face smiled. He thought he looked pretty cool. His thin, junkie-like physique inhabited a faded T-shirt that had an old 70's sports team logo on it, along with several small holes. His tattered cargo pants bunched up around his ankles around his retro jogging shoes. "Fuckin' ruined a good joke there." Stewart repeated.

"Yeah." Jeremy agreed. "Hey, you got enough for half a bucket? I'm starved."

"Lemme check." Stewart emptied his pockets of change, and tossed it to Jeremy. He sloooowly counted. Jeremy was the slightly more stable of the two. His brown hair fell limply around his head, in a modified bowl cut. His face was trying to grow a beard, but had not been able to get more than a patch of stubble on his chin and at the sides of his mouth. He liked to wear an orange pullover hooded sweatshirt, and desperately needed to wash it on a more regular basis. His carpenter's pants were slung low on his butt, which let an inch of his boxers elastic waistband visible. Such things were fashionable. Last year. He too, thought he looked pretty cool.

"Short a dime." Jeremy reported.

"Check the glove compartment." Jeremy suggested.

Jeremy punched open the glove compartment, and rifled through it. A map, a few burnt fuses, napkins, plastic forks, a sock, and an old burlap pouch. "Guy, you kept this?"

Stewart saw the pouch. "What is that?"

"The magic rock!"

"I guess." Stewart was uninterested. "What about the dime?"

"No," Jeremy said, "No money. Guy, I wish we had that dime. I'm so fucking hungry." Jeremy checked the empty compartment again. "Oh wait, here's a dime! Yes! Bucket!"

"Bucket!" Stewart chimed in.

Jeremy opened the old pouch and dumped out the contents, a smooth dark rock with a chinese glyph painted on the side. Some kinda magic, thought Jeremy. He remembered back to that night when they had stopped by that loser's magic store. When they got back in the truck, all that was in the pouch was this stupid round rock. They considered going back and tossing it through the guy's store window, but by the time they had come up with that brilliant plan, they were too far down the freeway to go back. They forgot about it, and somewhere along the line the rock found it's way into Stewart's glove compartment.

Stewart and Jeremy got their precious bucket of chicken after relentlessly hassling the poor girl on the drive-thru, and forcing her to count out five dollars in change. It was a nice day, so they stopped off at a local park to eat – and heckle the passers-by.

"I think you should run, dude." Stewart said, spraying a mouthful of crispy breading.

"Where?" Jeremy said, gnawing on a bone.

"No, dude. Run for Prom Queen!" Stewart said. "I saw this movie once..."

“Shut up.” Jeremy said. “Runnin fer prom queen. Stupid idea. You run.”

Stewart was bristled. “You don’t want me to run.”

“Yeah?” Jeremy tossed the bone at a squirrel.

“I’d whup yer ass.”

Jeremy sounded amused. “Yeah. Whatever.” He got up and flung the empty bucket off the table. “Let’s go.”

The two boys got back in Stewart’s car and made their way back to school. Jeremy had picked up the rock again, and started to pretend he was throwing a curve ball.

Stewart’s brain sparked up a thought. “Hey, if we ran and won, we could get on the news or somethin’, I bet.”

Jeremy nixed the idea. “Who cares?”

Stewart couldn’t fight that logic. But at least, he did figure out a new angle to irritate his friend with. “So you’re scared.”

“Scared of what?”

“Losing.” Stewart said.

Jeremy laughed at that. “Fuck that, man. I bet I get more votes than you do.”

“Dreaming.”

“You think you can get more than me? Try.”

“Yeah? Well, we’ll see.”

“Uh-huh.”

Stewart grabbed the rock from his friend’s hands. “By the power of the magic rock, I will be Prom Queen!” Stewart said mockingly. He tossed it back at Jeremy.

“You’re scaring me, dude.” Jeremy said. “You ain’t right.”

Stewart ignored his friend. “I bet I can get at least Tony, Dean and Kevin to vote for me.”

Jeremy wasn’t impressed. “No. No way Dean’s gonna vote for you. And I’ve known Kevin longer than you.”

“Yeah? So who’d be stupid enough to vote for you?” Stewart asked.

Jeremy thought. “Kevin would. And Chad. Maybe.”

“Not a chance.”

“We’ll see.”

Stewart peered at his delusional pal. “Yeah. Well, you better use the magic rock, cause that’s the only hope you have of beating me.”

“Hey, magic rock,” Jeremy said, shaking the rock awake. “Gimme some votes. I wish you could make it so I can get people to vote for me.” Jeremy paused for effect. “And fer Stewart too. Just so he doesn’t feel too bad when he loses.”

Stewart snickered.

“Whoa!” Jeremy yelled.

“What?”

Jeremy brushed his hands. “The rock. It just like... Disintegrated.”

“Huh. Cheap piece a shit rock.”



Dean Carslyle had been looking forward to this egg-salad sandwich for four long periods. Which is what set Dean apart from the rest of humanity. Otherwise, in every possible way imaginable he was average. He held no opinions on any subject. He had nothing bad to say about anyone, but nothing good either. He was so ordinary that he faded into the background, unseen and unnoticed by the rest of the student body.

Of course, since Dean had no real opinions about anybody or anything, it wasn’t long before Stewart and Jeremy had descended upon him. He was someone you could tease, embarrass and humiliate repeatedly without any objection. No one cared what you did to him, and he didn’t care much about being tricked.

So, he was not only the perfect victim, he was the perfect voter.

Dean had his mouth wide open, about to taste the wonderfully ordinary blandness of his sandwich when he noticed he wasn’t alone. On one side, Stewart sat looking directly at Dean. He had a wide smile on his face. On the other side sat Jeremy with the same expression. Dean didn’t move his head, he just looked to his left, and to his right, and back again.

“H... H... Hey, whassup, guys?” Dean said, with due trepidation.

“Hey Dean.” Jeremy said, menacingly.

“How’s it goin’, Dean?” Stewart said with the same tone.

“Gonna eat a sandwich.” Dean said, displaying it.

“Good deal.” Jeremy said. Dean was pretty sure whatever the two were gonna do to him would be done in the next second or two, so he just clenched up his body and waited for it.

“Hey Dean.” Stewart said, making Dean even more anxious. “Who you gonna vote for fer Prom Queen?”

“Um. Yeah. I heard that you guys were nominated. Pretty funny.” Dean gave a polite laugh.

Jeremy got in closer to Dean’s face. “You gonna vote for me, right?”

Stewart got in even closer. “No. Dean wants to vote for me, right Dean?”

Dean now had serious doubts about ever getting to his sandwich. “Um.” He pointedly said.

“We’re friends, right Dean?” Jeremy asked.

Dean stated the obvious. “I was gonna vote for a girl, actually.”

“Don’t waste your vote on a girl, man!” Jeremy shook his fist in the air. “Make a *statement* with your vote.”

“Yeah, dude!” Stewart seconded the idea.

“Look guys, I don’t think I’m gonna vote after all.” Dean said, trying desperately to extricate himself from the situation. He decided that was his best chance to get to his sandwich. He took a giant bite and laboriously chewed.

But the boys didn’t give up easily. Dean realized this when he started to run out of food in his mouth. He kept on chewing air in the hope that they’d get bored and go away. But they didn’t go anywhere. Finally, Dean had to stop acting.

“So, which girl were you gonna vote for?” Stewart asked.

“I dunno.” Dean said. “Maybe Wendy Fischer.”

“Why?” Jeremy wanted to know.

“I just, I guess, well... She’s got nice hair.” Dean was almost embarrassed to admit he found any girl attractive. That was just the way he was. A total wimp. “I like that short bobbed hair she has. I guess.”

Stewart was disappointed. “Oh.”

Jeremy, however, saw an opportunity to point something out. “Like my hair?” He said. He shook his bowl-cut hair back and forth.

“Yeah – like your hair.” Dean said. “Okay, Fine. Maybe I’ll vote for you Jeremy.” He took an even larger bite of his sandwich.

Stewart fumed in his seat.



“You won’t be disappointed, dude,” Jeremy said, slapping Dean on the back. Dean choked. “Polls say Jeremy has a one vote lead over his competition.” Jeremy gloated. He got up left. Stewart followed.

“Okay, well... Dean’s a homo,” Stewart said with not an ounce of resentment. “You can have his homo vote.” Jeremy and Stewart scanned the lunchroom for a familiar face.

“Chad!” Jeremy yelled, spotting one. He jogged across the lunchroom and went to go talk to his prospective voter.

Stewart stood around and looked around to see if he could spot someone he knew. He found the chubby frame of Kevin, the human lint trap.

Kevin always wore sweaters and corduroy pants, and seemed to generate his own field of static electricity somehow. Thus, all lint or fluff in his area would wound up on Kevin eventually.

“Kevin! My man!” Stewart said, cozing up to him.

Kevin was immediately suspicious. What he knew of Stewart told him that anytime he was nice meant that something fairly unpleasant was in the works. “Hey, Stew.” Kevin said. “Tryin’ for Miss America next?”

“That’s just what I wanted to talk to you about, Kev.” Stewart punched him in the shoulder. “Vote for me for Prom Queen.”

Kevin shook his head. "No way, Stew. I'm voting for Tamara Shays." Kevin lowered his voice. "She's got one fine pair of tits."

Stewart cursed at himself. He was in total agreement about Tamara. It would be a crime not to vote for such fine examples of mammarian perfection. If he had tits like Tamara, then even he'd get some votes.

"But, you know... You've got a nice rack as well, Stew." Kevin said.

Stewart arched his back a little to show off. "Yeah, I think mine are better, actually." He pulled his t-shirt tight to further enhance the large, pert breasts that were now on his chest.

Kevin rubbed his chin. "You make a good point, Stew. Two good points, actually. Sure. I'll vote for you instead."

"Cool!" Stewart said. "You rule, dude!"

Kevin laughed. "Anytime, Stew. Good luck."

Stewart looked around to see where Jeremy was. He was all tied up in votes with him now.

Jeremy returned from his campaign visit with Chad. "Well, Chad's not gonna..." Then Jeremy's meager powers of observation kicked in. "Guy, you have tits."

Stewart looked down at his chest again and shrugged. "Yeah? So?"

Jeremy looked at them. They must be fakes. His friend was pulling a joke on him. "Take those out, you look stupid."

"Ha. Ha." Stewart said, not finding this funny. "You take your head off, then."

Tony Pickens, a guy they both knew, walked by. "Hey." He said, noticing his friends. He continued on his way.

Jeremy was confused. Why didn't Tony say anything? It was pretty damn obvious, wasn't it? Maybe Tony was in on the joke. He looked around. Nobody else seemed to notice anything wrong. Was everyone in on this? He quickly grabbed Stewart's shirt and lifted it up, so that the fake breasts would fall out. Instead, two large globes of very real flesh shimmied there.

"Hey!" Stewart said, pulling his shirt back down. "What's your problem?"

Jeremy stood there for a minute as his tiny brain trembled, shook and shut down. Luckily, it then fired up again, and he grabbed Stewart by the arm and dragged him off behind a wall for privacy.

"You... what the... Jesus fuck!" Jeremy uttered.

"What the fuck is wrong with you, Dude?" Stewart asked.

"You have tits!" Jeremy screamed at a low volume.

“And?” Stewart said, “Don’t tell me you just noticed.”

Jeremy grabbed his friend by the shoulders and shook him. “Listen to me! You! Have! *Tits!*!”

Stewart seemed a little confused or possibly irritated.

Jeremy tried to state his case in simple terms. “You’re Stewart. You’re a guy. And guys don’t have tits!”



Stewart seemed to slightly comprehend the logic. You could practically hear the pistons try to fire in his brain. He rose a hand to protest, but was still too involved in thought to speak.

“Did you have tits yesterday? This morning? Five fuckin’ minutes ago?” Jeremy continued. “Think!”

Stewart’s mind was starting up like a car left in the snow for a week, inching its way towards reality. Then he made the connection. “Tits!” He yelled aloud. “What... I... Oh, Christ!” He grabbed at them in horror, felt them and then flung his arms back as if his chest was 10,000 degrees Fahrenheit. He tried to back up away from them, and then tried to shake them off. None of it worked.

Stewart let out a kind of whimper. So did Jeremy.

His fear was causing his hands to shake violently, but Stewart slowly convinced his arms to work and come around front. He gripped the collar of his t-shirt, and after many deep breaths, quickly lifted and looked under his shirt. Then again. And again.

He let go. With one hand flat, he tentatively patted the front of his expanded chest to see if it felt as real as it looked. It was definitely real.

He looked back at his friend in stark terror, unable to vocalize or even blink.

“I don’t know!” Jeremy said, answering the unspoken question. “I don’t know!”

Stewart looked back down at his impossible appendages. He looked all around him, as if there was someplace he could run to escape this. His head then snapped forward. "Rock!" he said. "The fucking magic fucking rock."

"No way." Jeremy said. "That thing was a stupid joke." Stewart made a vague, spastic motion at his chest, pointing out how real the situation was. "It was actually magic?" Jeremy asked rhetorically. "Fuck!"

Stewart finally found his voice. "W... we... you... I... wished that w... w... we could get votes f... f... for P-P-Prom K-K-K-Queen!"

"The rock gave you..."

"I asked K-K-K-Kevin to vote for me and he said he was g-g-g-gonna vote for Tamara." Stewart had to catch his breath. "Because of her tits. I thought that if I had those tits, I c-c-c-could get his vote."

"That was dumb." Jeremy crystalized the obvious.

"And neither of us..." Stewart tried to say.

Jeremy interrupted. "You guys didn't notice any change. Shit. It's like it changed reality on everyone."

Stewart suddenly realized something. "It was the vote! I got tits because I got his vote!" He started to roll his hands in circles, indicating that he was onto an idea. "Tell me you'll vote for me!" He said.



Jeremy didn't get it. "What?"

"Tell me that you're going to vote for me because you want a man as prom queen!" Stewart said with urgency. "Say it!"

"Uh."

"Say it! Now!" Stewart demanded.

"I... I'll vote for you..." Jeremy started to say. He then rose his voice so that any unknown presence in the area could hear him. "...Because you're a man, and I want a man as Prom Queen." He quickly added: "A man without breasts!"

As soon as he said it, they vanished from Stewart's chest. His shirt deflated and his body returned to a familiar shape.

They both stood there for a moment before they allowed themselves to feel relieved.

"Thank fuck." Stewart artfully said.

With that, the bell rang for the next period. The two boys stared at each other for a moment, until Stewart decided to move. They both then started to walk briskly, eager to leave the area like a bad dream.



The next day, Jeremy had been making a list of people he could get to vote for him. Oh sure, the two boys had just gone through the strangest incident in the whole of recorded human history, but Jeremy's pride was at stake. And besides, Stewart would never see this coming. It was an opportunity.

He looked at his short list of guys he could depend on for a vote, and he had a grand total of two. If he was going to make Stewart eat his words, he was going to have to get a whole chunk of votes at once.

He thought for a moment and came up with ideal bunch: The Mathletes Club. They were total losers, each and every one of them. But fortunately, they were all outsiders who would probably cast "joke" votes for cartoon characters anyway. It would be easy to get them to cast "joke" votes for him. He figured he could get five or eight votes that way.

The head of the Mathletes was Shaun Rimsdale, a pasty little kid who could sway the group in Jeremy's favor. He sought him out in between classes.

"Rimsdale, bud." Jeremy said, wrapping his arm around the smaller kid. "Have I got the funniest joke for you."

Shaun adjusted his coke bottle lenses to check to see who it was. He saw it was that jerk Jeremy Tyler. He started to squirm out of his grasp. "Just lemme alone, Jeremy." He whined.

"Here's a wicked idea Rimsdale. Instead of voting for Batman or Homer Simpson this year, vote for me for Prom Queen." He forced a laugh to indicate exactly how amusing it was. "Now that's funny!"

Shaun wriggled out of Jeremy's hold and started to run-walk away as fast as he could. "Don't hurt me!" Shaun whimpered as he tried to get away.

Jeremy went after him for a couple of steps, but then gave up. He wasn't worth the effort. "Man," he said to himself, "What does it take to get a vote around here?"

Then, a creepy little idea germinated in his noggin.



The next period, Jeremy tracked down Samantha "Sam" Wallace, the big dyke on campus. Sam was a stereotypical lesbian, short hair and buttoned-up collared shirts. The look was a kind curious androgynous turn on the outfit of the Hitler youth. Subtlety is not appreciated when you're seventeen years old, and Sam was not a subtle lesbian.

Jeremy applied the same lack of charm on Sam that he had applied to Shaun. "Hey, Sam I was wondering who you're gonna vote for Prom Queen." He smiled broadly.

"Get the hell away from me, jackass." Sam growled.

"I bet you're all pissed off about the tokenization of women this whole process encourages, am I right?" Jeremy had gotten those words off the internet.

A wave of surprise washed over Sam's face. "Uh... Well, yes..."

"And you probably were thinking of voting for a lesbian."

Sam was dumbfounded. This jerk actually had it figured out. "I... was..." How had this brain donor figured out her brilliant, subversive plan?

Jeremy was on a roll. "So a lesbian would get your vote, right?"

"Yeah, but..."

"Probably the most mannish, hardcore, tough-as-bullets lesbian around, correct?" Jeremy prodded.

"Uh... I guess."

"And every one of your lesbo friends would do the same, right?"

"I suppose..."

"Okay then." Jeremy said. He walked off, and exited the hall.

Sam looked around for the candid camera.

A moment later Jeremy returned. "Hey, Sam!" He called out.

"Hey, Jer!" Sam acknowledged.

"Can I count on your vote for Prom Queen?" Jeremy said.

"Fuck yeah!" Sam rose her fist in solidarity. "Let's show these people what dyke power can do!"

"Smash the status quo!" Jeremy replied, matching the fist gesture.

"Woo-hoo!" Sam shouted, as Jeremy proceeded on to his next class.



Stewart was waiting for Jeremy to show up for English, every few moments idly scratching his chest to make sure everything was still okay. Other than that, he had practically put yesterday out of his mind.

Jeremy came in and seated himself next to his friend with the sort of smile on his face that filled anybody who saw it with dread. He was up to something. "Hey." He said, plopping himself down in his seat.

"Hey." Stewart replied. He sensed something askew with the world all the sudden, but Stewart's blunted ability to interpret the world around him was getting in the way to figure it out. He puzzled over the situation. There was something definitely weird going on here. What was it? There was something different about Jeremy, but Stewart couldn't place it.

The teacher started to hand back papers from yesterday. She started down Stewart's aisle and dropped a "62" scored paper on his desk. The usual.

"Stewart, please try reading the assigned chapters." The teacher commented. She then continued on, and then returned to give back Jeremy's paper. "Jerrie, you also need to read the assignments."

Jeremy smiled nervously at the teacher and then avoided eye contact with Stewart by intently staring at his "65" on his paper.

Stewart was dumbfounded at his friend's behavior. Something was definitely very odd. He watched Jeremy open his notebook – adorned with gay pride stickers – and pretend to write things. He saw Jeremy scratch his ear – with the

five piercings in it.

Well, if there was something different about Jeremy, he couldn't quite figure it out.

Class went on as usual, the two muttering insults and put-downs back and forth like they always did. It wasn't long before class was over and it was time for lunch.

"Jeremy, you up for Burger King?" Stewart asked.



"Hey, why don't we try Subway today?" Jeremy suggested.

"You've turned yourself into a lesbian!" Stewart suddenly blurted out. "That's what you did!"

"Shhh!" Jeremy begged Stewart to be quiet.

"You turned yourself... *Into a girl!*"

"Hey, I can always turn back." Jeremy said under his breath.

"What are you *thinking?*"

Jeremy looked almost exactly the same as he always did, with the exceptions of the earrings. And maybe a little puffiness at the chest and hips. Did he actually do this? Was he that dumb? Stewart looked at his friend as if Jeremy had betrayed everything he had ever believed in. Which might actually be the case.

A girl by the name of Pat Fredrickson walked by, and gave Jeremy a high five. "Way to go, Jer!" Stewart carefully replayed that last moment in his head. Pat was suspected of being a dyke by lots of people. That she'd be friendly to the 'new' Jeremy made sense, but Stewart wondered: what was the high-five about?

Pat made it easy for Stewart by continuing: "What will they say when they crown the first lesbian Prom Queen!? They'll have to take us seriously now!" And with that comment, Stewart finally got it.

Jeremy nudged Stewart with his elbow. "I'm gonna feel myself up after school." He said, looking very pleased with his ingenuity. "And I get to go in the girls' locker room."

"Votes?" Stewart shook his head. "You want the dykes to vote for you?"

Jeremy beamed a wide smile.

Stewart was aghast. "You lost yer..." He pointed at Jeremy's crotch. "Deal!"

"It's reversible! And besides, I don't really notice it – much." Jeremy observed.

"You are sick." Stewart sneered.

"I may be sick, but I'm a winner."



Stewart spent his Earth Sciences class in a daze. He always did, but today it was even more intense than usual. He had just witnessed his good friend of many years turn certifiably insane in front of his eyes.

Certifiably insane like a fox, he concluded. Stewart realized that Jeremy had taken advantage of his momentary weakness and leapt ahead of him. He had been so preoccupied he had let the whole competition slip into the hands of his friend. This was now a war.

Jeremy had scored the votes of every lesbian on campus for Prom Queen, which totaled about six – maybe eight if all the rumors were correct. Stewart knew that he didn't have the numbers to match the lesbo voting block. What he needed was a master stroke. Something that Jeremy would never even consider he was capable of.



Jeremy was out in the parking lot, idling his car as he waited for Stewart to show. He was gunning the motor whenever anybody came within fifteen feet of him, just to see if he could get people to jump. Finally Stewart made his way to the car, and Jeremy shoved in the Metallica tape and they were off for parts unknown.

"Whattayawanna do?" slurred Jeremy. It was his usual after-school question.

“Ahem.” Stewart said, requesting attention.

Jeremy gave Stewart a quick glance to see what his problem was, and nearly drove right off the road. Jeremy regained control of the car, but then pulled over to the side and yanked on the emergency brake and gawked at his friend.

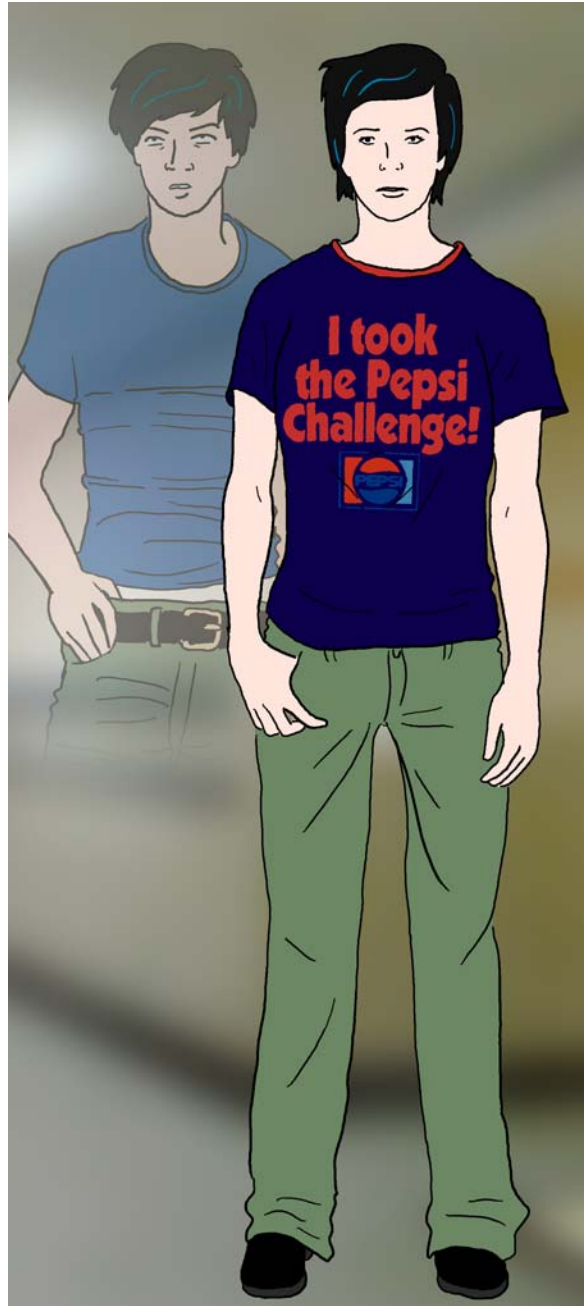
Stewart’s appearance had been modified in several little ways. His messy black hair had been neatly combed. And it now went down to his chin. His ratty T-shirt had been replaced with a newer T that proclaimed the virtues of Pepsi. His carpenter’s pants were now cut for a slimmer figure, and eyes were softer and really needed some makeup.

Aside from all that, Stewart was now a girl. He had bee-stings for breasts, broad shoulders, and thin hips. He didn’t exactly scream femininity, but he was still undoubtedly of a different gender. He wasn’t repulsively ugly, but not particularly interesting. Which is probably the way he wanted it.

“Wha...” Jeremy began to say. He was intent on demanding to know why Stewart had done this insane thing, but then it became pretty obvious. “Mathletes.” He said.

“Yeah.” Stewart said, his voice a little higher than it used to be. “All twenty votes. They wanted a Prom Queen who really understood the importance of math.”

Jeremy disengaged the brake, and pulled his car



back out into traffic. “And you were available.”

“Yeah. Whatever. All I know is that I have the lead now.” Stewart gloated. “And you’ve got no chance, bud.”



Stewart dumped his books on the floor of his room and leaned against a chair. The two temporarily-ex-boys had driven around a for a good long while, but were too afraid to get out of the car and be seen. After a few hours of driving, they just decided to head back home.

Stewart hadn’t really thought out what would happen when he stepped inside his house that day. The first thing that caught him off guard was his father calling him “pumpkin”. His father was usually using terms like “retard” and “fuck-up” when he talked to him, so to be called “pumpkin” or any other gourd was strange and uncomfortable.

Once Stewart had accepted that things had changed here at home as it had at school, he got very nervous and decided to lock himself in his room for the night.

That was until he got a good look at his room. The posters of rock bands and chicks had all vanished. He had now posters of unicorns and kittens. His room had been painted yellow and all of his precious clutter had been cleaned up. His bed was even made. It was bright and cheerful and very nauseating.

He felt very strange to be in what was really someone else’s room. He initially didn’t want to touch anything, but as he realized he had a long night ahead of him, he started to try and return the place to its more familiar state of chaos. He tossed clothes around, threw some of the many math books on the floor, messed up the bed and got rid of those stupid posters.

When he was done with that, he realized that he was alone with a girl in the room. Himself. And she was going to be as obedient as he could want. He took his time, trying to figure out exactly what he was supposed to do. The real truth was that he had no idea of what to do with a real girl, as he had never even been on a date. So when it came to coming up with ideas on himself, he had was doubly lost. Everything he was used to touching on himself was either gone or in a different place.

He decided to just go for it, and stuck his hands down his pants. The sensation he got was that of putting your tongue on a 9-volt battery – if your tongue was located between your legs. Stewart immediately yanked his hand back. He was stunned, embarrassed and scared. He wiped it off on a shirt. Had he broken it? Was it supposed to feel like that? Was it supposed to be that hairy? With no desire to answer any of these questions, Stewart zipped up his pants and then

hid from the world by going to bed. It was still light outside, and he was still fully dressed, but he didn't want to be awake one second longer.

In a different part of town, Jeremy looked around his room, seeing the posters of hot girls and cars he had on the walls. They were still there. In fact, looking around his room the only thing that seemed different was the addition of a weight lifting bench in the corner. Dykes need to keep up their strength, he supposed.

He had thought that things would have changed dramatically, but instead everything about his life seemed roughly the same. He looked around, hoping he could spot anything that had changed. There were some books next to his bed, which was unusual. He checked the titles and they were all lesbian-related things he didn't care about. His dresser held a surprise. His white cotton briefs were replaced by boxer shorts. He wore 'manlier' underwear as a girl than he did as an actual male.

Jeremy then decided to get to the matter at hand. He took off his sweatshirt and the shirt under it. He laughed to see that the binding he had felt all day was an old ace bandage. Pathetic. He unwrapped it to unleash his succulent young... nothing. He looked at his chest, and instead of the bounty he expected, it appeared to him like he was suffering from a minor infection. He was pretty disappointed, to say the least.

But still, there was hope. He unzipped his pants and pulled down his boxers to be rewarded with the lovely sight of... pubic hair. You would need a machete to get through the thick undergrowth on his legs and groin.

Just then, an odd feeling told him that he had postponed his trip to the bathroom for far too long. He put some clothes back on to go to the john. When he got there, he examined his face. It had changed a little – softer, no facial hair, smoother skin. He felt its' unfamiliar surface, grazing his hand over it.

As he stood, it suddenly became apparent to him that girls normally sit when going to the bathroom. What reminded him of this bit of trivia was the warm trickle down his legs.

By the time he had that all cleaned up, he was not only more familiar with the female anatomy, but he had seen enough of it to last him a while. He decided to put off exploring himself for another lifetime.



For both boys, waking up was horrible. Showering was a nightmare. Getting dressed was mortifying. Dealing with the family was beyond awkward. But they managed to do it. And now, they were back at school. It actually was a relief to be in the familiar halls, as nothing much had changed there. They were still as unpopular as they had always been, no matter what they looked like.

Stewart had gathered his books for the first class of the day when he spotted squirmy little Shaun Rimsdale, the Mathletes head honcho. He was about to approach him – to make sure that the Mathletes constituency was still behind him – when he saw that Rimsdale was talking to Virginia Derrickson, the dark horse in the Prom Queen voting.

But ‘talking’ wasn’t the appropriate word. She was flirting with him. She was laughing and tossing her hair, and even touching Shaun. To be touching Shaun was the move of a desperate girl. Virginia wasn’t especially attractive, so it was easy to see why she felt so desperate. Her long mousy brown hair framed a not-quite cute face. She was too tall, too thin and clumsy. Plus she had the most awful, shrill tone when she talked.

But Stewart was well aware that Virginia’s ho-hum looks were still better than anything Rimsdale was ever going to see this close up again. And it pissed Stewart off that he had gone this far in getting the Mathlete votes to wind up losing them to a girl.

Stewart resolved himself to get back those votes.



Jeremy had just endured an irritating class sitting next to Pat Fredrickson, listening to her drone on about gay rights and ‘womyn power’. Being a lesbian was deadly dull. But it only lasted until class was over and he escaped. Once free, he tried to find Stewart, but had no luck.

He did spot Theresa Simmons, one of the prom queen candidates. To his amazement, she was being so bold as to solicit votes with candy. She had a punch bowl full of hard candy that she was handing out, and asking people to vote for her. Jeremy thought that it wasn’t such a bad idea. He checked his pockets for something to give away, but he only had a couple of pennies and a shirt button.

“Well, fuck. Is that legal?” A girl said next to him. “If I knew we could do that, then I’d have bought some gum or something.”

Jeremy agreed. “Yeah. No one told me we could...” He froze. Then he slowly turned towards the voice.

She was tall and thin, with long black hair and a reasonably cute face. She was also Stewart.

“The hell?” Jeremy said.

“You say one fucking word.”

Jeremy baited him. “You’re getting into this.”

“Hey, Stephanie. Hey Jerrie.” Theresa said, as she approached Stewart and Jeremy. She gave them some candy. “I really admire you two for running. That takes a lot of guts.”

“Thanks.” Jeremy mumbled.

“Yeah.” Stewart added. Theresa smiled and went back to her campaigning.

“Jerrie?” Stewart mused.

“Stephanie?” Jeremy inquired.



Jeremy was sitting in his study hall, trying to kill an hour. He had been fooling around, signing his name repeatedly. He was amused to find that he could no longer just sign ‘Jeremy,’ but habitually signed ‘Jerrie’ instead. This magic thing had messed with his mind or something. Way weird. While he was doing that, he noticed that his nails appeared to be coated with a clear nail polish. He tried to scrape it off with his teeth, but the stuff was really strong. He gave up after a while and began to write a nasty note to Stephanie.

That was when he overheard the most bizarre, frightening conversation of his abbreviated life.

“I’m voting for Tamara,” some guy said, “she is fucking hot.” Jeremy silently agreed with that.

Another guy chimed in. “Shit, yeah. Hey if she wasn’t going out with Tucker, I’d...”

“Yeah, sure,” a third guy interrupted, “like you’d have a chance.”

“Hey, you know who even you could bag? That Stephanie chick.”

"She's not quite that desperate."

"I guess she's okay. I'd do her."

"Yeah. She'd probably be pretty good. She looks like a screamer."

"I might even vote for her."

"Might as well. Tamara will win anyway."

"Yeah."

Jeremy had broken a fist-full of pencils in anger. He had spent almost a full day as some fucking lesbian, and now he was gonna finish last. What was making it even worse was that Stephanie was going to beat him. And not by just a few votes, but maybe by whole lot if these guys were any indication.

Now what was he gonna do?



Stephanie was in her seat, trying to design the ultimate turbocharged Camaro in her notebook. It was Western History class, and to Stephanie, there was no more important development in the whole of human evolution than the classic 1978 Camaro. She had the flames, the giant exhaust pipes, the intake manifold out the hood of the car, and the giant dragster rear tires. What was missing? Ah. The spoiler.

"Ew." She heard from behind. Stephanie looked behind her to see what was up. She saw the slightly disgusted face of some girl she didn't know, who seemed repulsed by her presence on this earth. That was nothing new.

Stephanie just ignored her. Then he heard it again. "Ewww." This time, when Stephanie turned around, he got a little clue as to the complaint. The girl whispered "Get some ointment or something. Gross." Stephanie shot her a mean look and went back to her dream car.

As she then scratched an itch that had been bothering her, she realized what the problem was. She had been scratching an itch that had been bothering her. In her new crotch.

Stephanie was loathe to admit that the girl behind her had a point. Girls just don't do that sort of thing. Even if she wasn't really a girl. Maybe he could fix that by making sure he had all the stupid little unconscious things that girls know in his brain. Fortunately, all he had to do was wish it so.



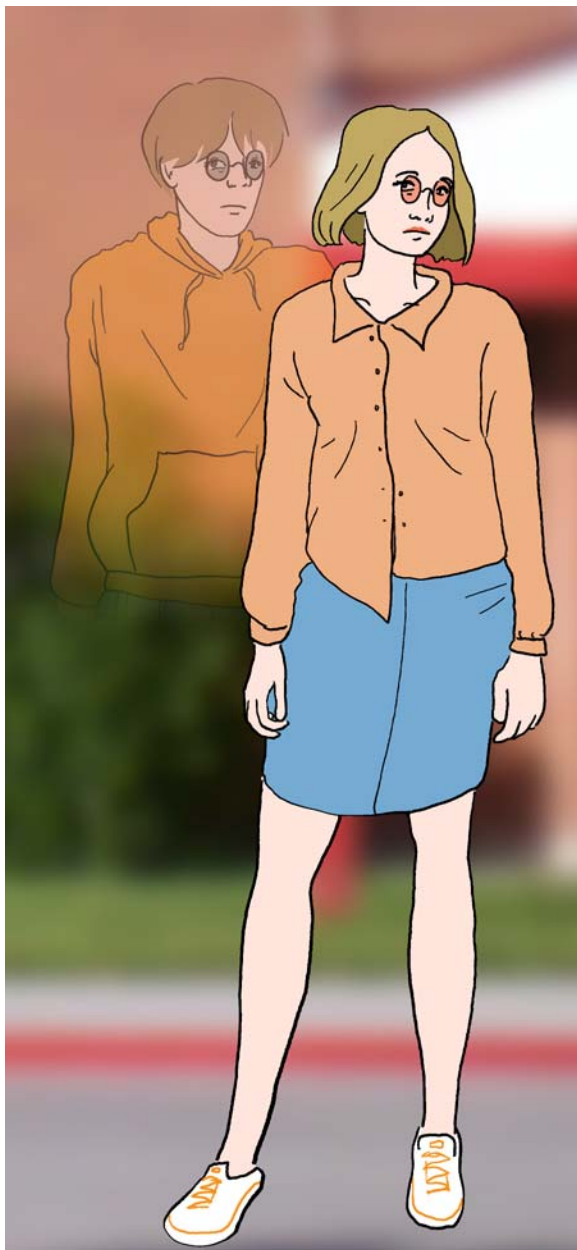
Jeremy was having an awful time of it. He was in a wicked struggle with pieces of clothing he hadn't ever known about before, and he was running out of time. He was sitting on the toilet, trying desperately to find some way to get all of his clothes clear so that he could do his business. Just in the nick of time, success. Once done, he went through about three-quarters a roll of toilet paper to get himself dry. It was the most embarrassing time he had spent on the toilet since he was three. And all this was being done behind enemy lines in the Girls' restroom.

He tried to get it all back on again: the bra, the panties, the thing that holds the other thing up, and the whatchamacallit that works with the doohickey. He met with limited success. Jeremy stumbled out of the stall hoping that the place was empty, but unfortunately there was some chick preening at the mirror.

Stephanie popped open her lipstick tube and refreshed her lips. Once she had rolled the color around, she capped the tube and checked her teeth for smudges. She saw the girl behind her in the mirror. She was a bit of a mess.

She was pretty enough, but it looked like she had spent a few minutes inside a tornado. Her long brown hair was unkempt and disheveled. Her blouse was half-tucked into her skirt. She pulled some hair out of her face and tripped out of her shoes when she tried to walk forward.

Stephanie caught her, and then helped her upright



again. "Here." She said. She grabbed the girl and un-tucked the blouse. "You need..."

"Hey-hey-hey!!!" Jer yelled. "What the hell are you doing!?" He slapped away the girl's hands.

"Jer?" Stephanie asked.

"Yeah. What?"

"New look?" Stephanie said. Jeremy's look had been updated beyond just clothing. He now had shrunk a few inches and lost a lot of weight. He had a pair of medium-small breasts and decent legs. He wasn't anything to look twice at, but he would no longer be confused with a lesbian.

"Whatever." Jer replied. He tried to get his blouse into his skirt, but wasn't getting very far. He looked up at Stephanie who was smirking a superior smirk. "Lipstick?" He asked.

Stephanie held up a purse. "It's just kind of built-in to me. I can't help it." He looked a little uncomfortable with himself. He pointed to Jer's clothes. "Hey, you can just wish that you understood clothes and any other girl stuff, you know."

Jer let out a deep sigh. "I really don't think so." He said. "If it makes me wear lipstick, I'm never going to be that desperate."

Stephanie smiled back nervously, and then left.



Stephanie was making her way to the next class when she spotted Theresa and her candy again. That was really beginning to bug her. Theresa was already a pretty girl, why the candy? Theresa was a tall, slender girl who had a cute face, long blonde hair and great legs. She was nice to everyone she ever met. She could have easily one on either her looks or her charm.

And candy could get anybody to vote for anything. The Pope would vote for free love for the right confectionary inducement. And it was cheating. Completely unfair. Between this candy and Jer's new look, Stephanie was beginning to think that there was no hope of beating her friend now. But, Stephanie mused, if she had what Theresa had, then she'd get a lot more votes.

No sooner had she thought it, then Steph found her arms burdened with a giant bowl of fun-size candy bars. Cool! She thought. Now, nothing can stop me! She pulled a strand of blonde hair out her face and staked out a spot directly across from Theresa. Now, Steph thought, we'll see who gets the votes!



Jer had been angry with herself, cursing and mumbling under her breath, because she had gone ahead and wished that she thought more like a girl. Sure, she now knew how to dress herself properly, but now she had this irritating habit of swishing her hips when she walked. She carried her arms bent, and smiled at all the boys that passed by. She was sick with herself, the way she was acting and what she was thinking.

It was driving her nuts. She wished that she wasn't having these problems, that they'd just go away.

Kevin walked by and gave Jer a polite nod. "Hi, Jerrie." He said.

Jerrie smiled and gave him a little wave. "Hi, Kevin! Oh! You've got a little..." She walked over to Kevin and picked a fuzz ball out of his sweater. "There you go!" She smiled again and brushed the sweater.

"Uh, thanks." Kevin said. "Still gonna vote for Steph, though."

Jerrie pouted, mockingly. "Oh, darn!" She patted the sweater again, indicating her thorough inspection was complete. "Let me know if there's anything I can do to change your mind!" She continued on her way and winked over her shoulder at Kevin.

She was happy to note that she was no longer having problems with her behavior. This magic thing sure made life easier – when used correctly.



"Hey!" Stephanie shouted at some loser kid passing by. "If ya vote fer me, I'll give you a Butterfinger!" He didn't move. "Two!" The kid then just wandered away. Steph tossed the candy bar back into the bowl with anger. What was the problem here?

"We've got cherry, lemon, orange, grape, and my favorite – watermelon! Mmmmmmm!" Theresa said, enticing another victim to vote for her. The guy picked out one and thanked her. "Don't forget, voting is tomorrow during eighth period! I'd really appreciate it if you'd vote for me. It'd mean a lot!" Theresa the gave him a warm smile.

"Sure." The kid said, snatching another candy and leaving.

"Bye." Theresa said, slightly curtsying.

Stephanie watched as another dumb sheep fell into Theresa's sweet trap. All it took was a cheap piece of sugar and a smile. Stephanie knew that she had more

expensive candy bars, so why wasn't she getting any attention? She looked herself over.

Her clothes were good: the short print skirt, the white tank top and the blue cardigan were all very nice and tasteful. They were just as nice as what Theresa was wearing. And the candy was superior. He was clueless as to the problem.

Well, she thought, whatever it is that makes people like Theresa – that's exactly what she needed now.



Jerrie wandered back over towards her locker to see if she had any leftover mascara. For some reason, she couldn't find just the right type in her purse.

Before she ever got there, she turned a corner to find the latest version of Stephanie. Jerrie backstepped and decided to spy on the competition.

Steph bent over and pushed her cheek out. "Just a little one." She said.

Chet Ralston, the soccer team captain leaned forward and gave her a little kiss on the side of her face. "How could I not vote for such a nice girl?" He said, laying it on thick. He started to walk away, smiling back at Steph.



"Ooo!" Steph said, realizing something. "Chet! wait, Chet!" She picked a pack from her bowl and shook it above her head to get his attention. "Don't forget your candy!"

Chet slowly walked back over to her, intrigued. He took the candy bar from her outstretched svelte hand. "Wouldn't want to forget that now, would I?"

Steph giggled and squeeze her shoulders together in a display of unabashed flirtation. Chet left again, slower this time. He was going to have to follow this up one of these days.

Jerrie was frustrated and angry. Every time she thought she had topped her rival, the stakes just kept going up. Not only did Stephanie improve on her looks – she actually was kinda pretty now, Jerrie admitted – but she was acting like some little slut! She was practically selling herself for votes!

Well, this was gonna stop right here. Flirting was too big a price to pay. But there were other ways to get votes.



Steph was doing the math in her notebook, adding up votes. If she just counted missing candy bars, she had at least forty votes. But she assumed quite correctly that only about half of that might actually be real. Most of them just wanted the chocolate. Or the kisses. She started to doodle a tiara in the margins, idly wondering how those things stay on your head. As she decided if she should switch from her pink-ink pen to the purple-ink one, she noticed that Jerri was finally showing up for class.

Jerri was coming in on the arm of a football player, who dropped her off at class before proceeding on. Jerri was wearing a plum colored tank-top dress made out of stretchy, shiny material. The hem ended at mid-thigh, leaving Jerri's long sculpted legs plenty of room to work with. She had on clear plastic mules with a four-inch heel that added even more definition to her legs and caused her back to arch and display her softball-sized breasts.

Her hair was styled and shiny, going down to her shoulders. Overall, she looked like she had stepped out of a fashion catalog, perfect in every way. She sat down next to Steph with an evil, smug smirk on her pretty face.

Steph's blood boiled as she watched Jerri take a compact out of her purse and examine herself. She played with her bangs a little, seemed satisfied and closed the little case with a loud clack and put it away. She crossed her legs and folded her hands on her desk, ready for class. Steph was furious. Jerri looked like a million bucks, and here she was looking like... like a buck fifty.



Steph started to sketch a little drawing of Jerri getting run over by a truck. She concentrated on it for a while, and then scribbled it out in anger. She got so angry that she audibly growled. "Arrgh!" she said, scratching her note book deeper with her pen. Jerri just slowly turned her head, smiled at Steph, and then went back to what she was doing. Which was letting every boy in the room get a good look.

Steph couldn't take any more of this.



When the bell rang to end class, a disgruntled Jerri strutted out the door and down the hall in a rage.

Behind her came Steffi, looking incredible in her sparkling halter top and black miniskirt. She had on a pair of calf-length black boots with four inch heels, and maneuvered in them like a dancer. Her lean, lithe body featured a tiny waist and breasts just slightly bigger than Jerri's. Her fair skin was tight and supple. Her face was young and cute, and she had the loveliest smile on it. It was a smile of satisfaction.

As she sashayed her way to her locker, she could hear in the distant background the heated slamming of Jerri's locker door. She finally had the goods to take this election from Jerri once and for all. She pulled out her catalog of prom dresses to whittle down her choices. Long and elegant or short? Definitely long. Black? White? White looked good. Pink?



No. Too girly.

Steffi looked at the catalog again, wondering exactly where she had picked it up from. She would have never ordered such a thing, but on the back of the catalog was the preprinted address label with her name on it. This whole magic spell thing thought of everything. But why the heck did she care about prom dresses? Well, because she'd look so hot in them, that's why!

Over at her locker, Jerri was being rough with her schoolbooks, still angry with Steffi. She was getting all caught up in this competition, and it seemed like she was losing parts of herself every time she made a change. It seemed to Jerri that the whole thing might be getting a little out of hand.

"Hey." She heard from behind. She turned around to see Chet. "Your friend over there gave me a pretty convincing argument to vote for her."

Jerri wondered if he was here to tease. "So?" She asked.

"Well, I was thinking," He put his hand on her hip. "I should give you a chance for a rebuttal."

Jerri was confused. "You mean, my ideas?"

"What I mean is..." Chet cocked his head and led forward with his lips. Jerri ducked out of the way.

"Hey!" Jerri exclaimed. "What!?"

"You're not scoring any votes here, babe." Chet scolded. He moved his arms to both sides of Jerri, trapping her in place. He started to approach again, closing in with his lips like a trash compactor.

Holy fuck! Jerri thought to herself. He's trying to kiss me! On the lips! She tried to struggle out of the way, but her now slender frame couldn't fight him. Jerri knew a real girl could have gotten out of this situation. A girl would know how to fend jerks like this off – after all they had all the experience with this sort of thing.

"Don't be like that." Chet said. He adjusted the angle of approach to match Jerri's movements.

How was she gonna get out of this? Jerri tried to think quick. Which wasn't her strong suit. But then she figured a way out. She would simply wish that she knew how to deal with this sort of thing.

Steffi finished up her primping in her locker's mirror, and hummed a quiet little tune of victory to herself. She gathered up her books and left for her next class. But then she decided to take the long way to class so she could pass by her friends' locker, to rub in her new look. Gee, she thought, it'd be a shame to see her cry.

Instead, she found Jerri and Chet in a lip-lock.

Jerri was hanging off Chet's tall frame, her arms wrapped around his neck. She only stood on one leg, the other bent femininely in the air as she kissed. Finally, after an eternity, they broke.

"A compelling argument." Chet said to Jerri.

Jerri traced her finger down an invisible line from Chet's lips down to his chest. "Just let me know if you need more... convincing." She cooed.

The bell rang and Steffi ran off for class, almost in tears.



"That bitch!" Steffi yelled in the empty restroom. Her voice echoed off the tiles. "That stupid bitch!" She felt both furious and betrayed. Furious that she had lost a vote, especially after pouring on the charm with Chet. And betrayed because her good friend of so many years was kissing another guy.

What happened? Was Jerri always like this, lying to everyone? Was she gay? Was she turning into a girl in spirit as well as body?

"Fuck!" She yelled at the top of her lungs.

She slumped against the wall and slid down to the floor, where she curled up in a ball of emotion. She sobbed a bit to herself, drained of energy and will. She was like that for a few minutes before she got to her feet and looked at herself in the mirror.

She knew Jerri too well. She hadn't changed inside. What she was doing was desperate. Jerri knew that she was the better looking of the two. And now Jerri was pulling out the last trick in her bag.

Fine. Steffi could still win. Let her do all the kissing she wanted to do. Steffi was going to take a different route.



At lunch, Jerri was going to try and find any more 'swing voters' like Chet. She had a powerful weapon at her disposal, and she was going to use that advantage all the way to victory. This would be the last chance to put in heavy campaigning, as voting would take place at the end of the day.

"Hi Jerri." Said the condescending voice of Steffi. "How's that swapping spit-for-votes strategy working out?"

Jerri angrily fired back: "Listen here..." She started. But that's as far as she got.

Steffi was dressed in a pink crop top and white miniskirt. She had on pink six-inch heel pumps that bent her feet and legs to maximum effect. She had a black choker with a tiny pink heart in the front. Her blonde hair was tied up in two pony tails at the sides of her head. She had shiny wet pink lips and huge blue eyes.

“Gonna get me some votes.” Steffi said. She then turned around and pranced off to canvass the electorate.

Jerri was aghast. What had her friend done? She felt lost and betrayed. She couldn't imagine Steffi acting so shamelessly effeminate. Her outfit gave her little more coverage than a swimsuit. Wasn't she aware of how strange she was behaving?

Well Jerri wasn't going to let that get in the way of beating her at the polls. “Hey Dean!” she called out to the passing Dean Carslyle. “Wait up a sec! I got something I wanna talk to you about!”



Steffi did her best, showing off her bod around the campus commons area. She didn't have to do much walking, as most of the boys seemed to seek her out. Still, she made sure she could walk a few steps here and there to show off her sexy strut. Out of the corner of her eye though, she could still see Jerri reeling 'em in.

Jerri looked to be going gangbusters at her side of the commons, the boys forming a line to get to her. If this continued, no amount of skin was going to win this election. Steffi didn't want to admit it, but it looked like Jerri's approach was going to win. Now Steffi was going to have to get extreme.



Jerri was working the crowd as best she could, letting every boy who wanted to get as close as they dared. She was winning a lot of votes, and she was really making a lot of people happy. And to tell the truth, kissing was a pretty good way to spend your lunchtime. But when she had the chance, she could look across the commons and see that it was Steffi who was really getting the boys' attention.

Steffi was packing them in, showing off her hot little figure to anyone who cared to look. Her technique, as it appeared to Jerri, looked like it was going to take her all the way. It was with a heavy sigh that she realized what she was going to have to beat Steffi at her own game.



The last few periods of the day were spent by the two girls scheming. At the end of the day, the last period was being canceled so that all students could gather in the gym and place their votes for Prom King & Queen.

Both Steffi and Jerri knew this was their very last chance to campaign. They had to make the big final push and get every last little vote they could by any means possible.

Jerri had put together a poster and was going to put it on the wall somewhere just outside the Gym entrance. She'd stand in front of it and remind everyone to vote for her. She also decided on the changes she could make in herself to beat Steffi.

Steffi's plan was almost identical, and she too was plotting on changes to make herself the superior candidate. As she started to wish the changes into being, she found herself more relaxed and confident. She knew she was going to win now, and she'd have fun gloating about it to Jerri.

Jerri was in her last class, looking up at the clock, watching the seconds tick away. She couldn't wait to show the that bitch Steffi how you really win votes. In her class, Steffi was doing the same.



No sooner had the bell rung than the two girls came sprint-mincing out of the hall towards the gym. Steffi picked a spot on the left, and Jerri a spot on the right. They put up their posters and placed themselves in front, ready to greet the voters.

Jerri waited for the first people to arrive when she looked over at Steffi. She was boggled to see how far Steffi was willing to go. Steffi had shrunked the size of her pink latex outfit to meet the minimum requirements for not being arrested in public. Her shoes were now seven-inch white booties that had her standing almost tippy-toe. She had added white fishnet stockings that ended well short of the hem of her skirt, where pink garter straps latched on to them in full view. Her hair had grown fuller and longer, into tight curls that poofed up four or five inches before spilling down along her shoulders.

Steffi looked over at Jerri in disbelief. She had no idea she would go this far. Jerri's clothes had been replaced by a shiny red latex halter top and black latex hot pants. Her shoes were black patent leather seven-inch heeled boots that ended just above her knees. Her hair was long and black, tousled and down between her shoulders. Jerri had enhanced her body to shrink her waist and swell her butt, and had increased her breasts up a couple of cup sizes.

When the first bunch of students came upon them, the two friends were sure that they had won themselves the election. But they hardly paid the two girls notice. It shocked Jerri and Steffi to see them just pass on by. What was wrong? Why weren't they looking? They couldn't believe that these people were so blind to true beauty! All their hopes and plans were going down the drain.

But then – the reason occurred to them almost at the same time. When they changed themselves like this, they were also changing reality. To the students, the two girls looked like they always looked. There was nothing new about them.

The girls racked their brains trying to think of a way to get attention. Jerri got the first idea. She needed a show-stopper. "Gimme breasts! Big ones!" she wished. Immediately, her already cantaloupe-sized boobs inflated to mammoth proportions. It did the trick. A pack of boys started to crowd around her. Even if the boys had seen this "every day", they were just too spectacular to ignore.

Steffi saw what she was doing and fought back. "Make mine bigger!" she requested. Her sizable breasts then became just larger than Jerri's. And then the pack of boys around Jerri started to migrate towards Steffi. She shimmied



and shook her new vote-making-machines in triumph.

“Hey!” Jerri shouted. “Don’t look at that little whore! Look at me!” She shook her tiny fists in anger. So then she went to plan B. She blocked the path of one boy and made sure to bump into him, mashing her breasts all over him.

Steffi saw this, and picked a boy to do the same with. She ran into him, and then grabbed his face to kiss it as well.

Jerri responded by kissing her boy, keeping her eyes trained on Steffi’s next move.

They repeated this on four or five guys, kissing them and tossing them aside to move onto the next one. Jerri, however, had to stop. She just couldn’t do this. It went against everything she believed in. Steffi, too, was having difficulty, but she had sworn she was going to beat that slut. Whatever it took, she was gonna do this.

Jerri saw Steffi was going strong, and she knew she had to get past her feelings. Too much was at stake. If only she could be less hesitant, she wished to herself.

Suddenly, Steffi saw that Jerri was moving through her crowd of boys at a blazing rate. She’d grab their heads and shove her tongue down their throats, moving one by one amongst the assembled mob.

Steffi needed an edge. Fast. She could see guys leaving her crowd and filtering over to Jerri. She then saw her chance. Down the walkway came Tucker MacKenzie, the starting quarterback and reigning stud of the school. He was flanked by most of the football team. Steffi knew that if she could sway his vote, the entire team would follow.

“Tucker!” She waved desperately to him. “Vote for me!” She bounced up and down to get his attention. Not being blind, Tucker turned his head her way. When he did, Steffi hobbled over to him and tried to plant kiss on him. But Tucker fended her off.

“Hey, what do you think you’re doing?” He asked.

Steffi continued to hop up trying to get her lips in contact with Tucker. “I need you to vote for me!” She pleaded. Tucker placed his hand on her shoulder to get her to stop jumping around.

Tucker then tried to dismiss her. “Yeah, great. I’m voting for my girlfriend, Tamara. You want to get me in trouble with her?” He sidestepped Steffi.

Steffi remembered that Tucker was going out with Tamara Shays, who was running for Prom Queen as well. But she had to get Tucker’s vote. If she didn’t, she might never catch up to Jerri. Steffi whispered to herself her latest wish.

Jerri was watching all this from the side, and when she put two and two together, she realized what Steffi was up to. She was going for the biggest voting

block of them all. As she tried to untangle herself from the groping crowd, she saw Steffi's pink crop top magically shrink into a bikini top. Then her blonde hair grew down to her ass.

Jerri made similar changes in herself, and then was able to get free to try and stop Steffi. She trotted across the walkway waving her arms in exasperation, crying out Tucker's name. "Tucker! Tucker! Tucker!"

She got to Steffi and shoved her out of the way. "Vote for me! Vote for me!!" She begged. "You gotta!" Then Steffi shoved Jerri. The two started to battle for position, screeching and yelping as they slapped, pushed and pulled each other's hair.

Tucker was momentarily phased by the two girls fighting over him. But he enjoyed the show. Finally, when it started getting rough, a couple of his teammates stepped in to pull the girls away from each other. When they could no longer fight each other, they turned to Tucker to plead their cases.



“Please! Tucker!” Steffi implored.

Jerri begged for it. “Pleeease?”

“Tamara never needs to know...” Steffi pouted.

“Just one tiny vote! Please please please!” Jerri whined like a little girl.

Tucker, though, was a smart kid. He recognized opportunity when it struck. “Guys.” He said, addressing his group – specifically the guys holding back Steffi and Jerri. “Over there.” He nodded towards a gap between buildings. He led the group out into a secluded area behind the shop room where they couldn’t be seen.

“Get on you knees, girls.” He said.

Jerri and Steffi looked at each other with confusion. Steffi tentatively put down one knee first, then the other. Jerri followed. They looked up at Tucker for an explanation.

He looked around to make sure they weren’t being seen, and unzipped his pants. He pulled his slightly stiff dick out and let it hang there.

Steffi and Jerri looked at it in stunned silence. Fear showed in their eyes at it dawned upon them what was happening.

“Well?” Tucker sneered. “The polls are open.”

Jerri and Steffi looked at each other wondering how to get out of this. There was no easy way to stop this, as it had just gone too far. Steffi was the first to try, as she made a move to get on her feet again.

One of Kevin’s friends tried to stop her.

“Hey. None of that.” Tucker said to his friend. “I’m not into rape or nothing.” He turned back to the girls. “It’s all your choice. Your decision. I’m just giving you an easy way to get my vote. If you want it enough.”

Steffi looked at her friend. She was starting to cry. “I...” Then she remembered about the magic. “I wish we didn’t have to do this.” She said with sorrow.

“I wish we’d never found that stupid rock too.” Jerri pouted.

The two girls then tried to shield themselves as a bright flash of energy enveloped them, the boys and their whole world.

Tucker looked sternly at the guy with the flash camera. “What?” the guy said. “I wanted a picture.”

Jerri and Steffi opened their eyes to see nothing had changed.

Tucker addressed the girls again. “Time to make a decision, girls. Who wants it more?”

The girls once more looked at each other, so desperate to get out of this mess. But the wishing didn't work. Their last chance had just died. It was hopeless now.

"All right, girls. That was your shot." Tucker reached for his fly, pausing for a moment to see if there weren't any second thoughts.

Steffi grabbed for Tucker's shaft. Jerri pushed Steffi's head away, and grappled for the dick. "Ow!" Steffi bit Jerri's hand and then elbowed her out of the way. "Yeowch!" Jerri fell on her side and kicked Steffi in the cheek. "Eeek!"

"Bitch!" Steffi yelled.

"Slut!" Jerri cried. She brought out the claws and tried to slash Steffi's arm.

Steffi dove out of the way. "It's mine! I'm gonna win!"

"No, I'm gonna win! I want it more!" Jerri screeched, lurching at Steffi.

If the girls had been paying attention, they would have noticed Tucker's swelling, stiffening member. Tucker's friends stepped in to pull the girls apart. They continued to flail even as Tucker spoke.

"Hey, hey, hey girls. I can only do one of you." He looked back at the crowd of his teammates and friends. "Tell you what. If the guys here all agree, we'll set it up this way. Suck a guy off, and he'll vote for you." He addressed the group. "Everybody okay with that?"

A general tone of earnest agreement arose from the group.

"Okay with you girls?" Tucker asked.

Steffi broke free from her restraints, lurched forward and grabbed at the belt of the nearest boy, unfastening it as quickly as possible.

Jerri then wriggled out of the arms of the boy holding her and turned around, digging into his pants, tugging them down as fast as possible.

Steffi was already busy deep throating her boy and pumping away. Jerri wrapped her lips around the tip of the guy she was doing.

"Oh. Ya gotta swallow it, or it doesn't count." Tucker added. The two girls nodded agreement as they sucked away.

Steffi finished first, wiped her mouth clean and waited for the next one. Jerri then backed away and pushed her boy out of the way, diving for the nearest crotch. Steffi then decided not to wait and grabbed the pants of the closest guy around.

As Jerri slurped on her piece of meat, she started to feel a little sick. She was slowing down. But Steffi was going strong. No, Jerri thought to herself, I can't lose now! If only I wasn't getting sick – If I could just keep going!

Steffi saw Jerri pause and then pump away with a tremendous increase in speed. She felt her stomach turn. If only I could go just as fast – and never get full! She wished.

Jerri finished up and pulled away. She swallowed what she had in her mouth and got her breath. “Give me cock!” she shouted. “I need your cocks!” The boys who were standing around in awe shuffled to get in position.

Steffi had finished as well. “I want cum! Let’s go! Gimme gimme gimme!” She dragged another boy into range and licked her lips.



All the crowd applauded Tamara Shays when they awarded her the tiara and scepter of the prom queen. She was aglow in happiness, delightfully joyful. She let the sash be put around her, and then she paraded around the stage. She was smiling and laughing, so ecstatic that she was the choice of her classmates.

The numbers were impressive. Tamara had won nearly fifty percent of the vote. The thing that the two friends had forgotten to take into account was that the voting for prom queen was a vote by all the students. And although they had effectively garnered every vote they could, they hadn’t really addressed one essential voting block. The girls.

None of the girls were going to vote for the sluts of the school, and so with few choices left, they voted overwhelmingly for Tamara. The remainder of the vote was split equally between Steffi and Jerri. It was a tie. A dead heat. Jerri and Steffi weren’t disappointed though. They never knew the outcome.

You can’t suck off fifty boys without word getting out, so by the time school had let out for the day, Steffi and Jerri found themselves expelled. And the girls found that since the election was over, their wishes were no longer working.

When they tried to go home, they found homes of people they had never met. Their reality had changed to the point where they had no family anymore. It was just as well. While they were sucking and slurping, a few final ill-advised wishes were made, and now it seemed that the two girls actually couldn’t eat or drink anything but cum. Which would have made family meal time awkward, to say the least.

Still, this meant that they had to find a way to get what they needed. Fortunately for them an entire industry existed that could use such people.





The man appeared to be very nervous, adjusting his tie and unable to let go of his briefcase. The room was small and under lit, bare but for a mattress and the chair he sat in. And it smelled of the strangest things. Jerri and Steffi strutted in, shaking their enormous tits in the face of their uneasy client. Steffi sat down on one of his legs and Jerri on the other.

“Nervous?” They both said at once.

He looked at the girls up and down. They were dressed in tiny bikinis and six-inch heels. Their makeup was dark and defined. Their lips red and shiny, and formed in permanent pout. As they both placed an arm around the man’s shoulders, they shook their manes of hair around, and looked him in the eyes.

“Don’t be nervous. I’m Jerri.” Jerri said, unbuttoning his shirt.

“And I’m Steffi. What’s your name?” Steffi asked, removing his coat.

“M-M-Milton.” He said.

“Well, just relax Milton.” Jerri whispered in his ear.

“We’ll help.” Steffi whispered in the other.

They undid his shirt and removed it, and then Steffi went at the pants.

“Tell me what’s on your mind, Milton.” Jerri asked. She put her arms around him and rubbed her tits on him.

Milton was transfixed on the actions of the girls. “J-J-Just going through some rough times.”

“Wife not treating you right?” Steffi inquired.

Milton felt his pants fall to the floor. “I think she’s going to leave me.”

Steffi rose to put her arms around Milton as Jerri kneeled down to remove socks and shoes. “She doesn’t deserve a nice guy like you, Milty.” Steffi said.

“I-I-It’s not her fault. I blew all our money trying to start my own business.” He snickered a bit when he felt his feet being tickled. “I never even sold a single thing. Not a single customer. Just a couple of stupid kids I gave a dumb rock to.” He clenched his teeth in anger. “Stupid kids.”

“Well, forget those boys Milty.” Steffi said, licking his nipples. “Forget about them.”

Jerri kissed the tip of Milton’s prick. “It’s easy.”



“Oh. By the way, Milty...” Steffi asked.

Jerri finished the sentence. “...Are you getting hard for me or my friend?”

“I think that’s a vote for me, Jerri,” Steffi said, smugly.

“No, it’s my vote!” Steffi replied with a pout.

“Mine!” Steffi insisted.

“Mine!” Jerri demanded.

“Ladies,” Milton said, “the polls aren’t yet closed.”

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