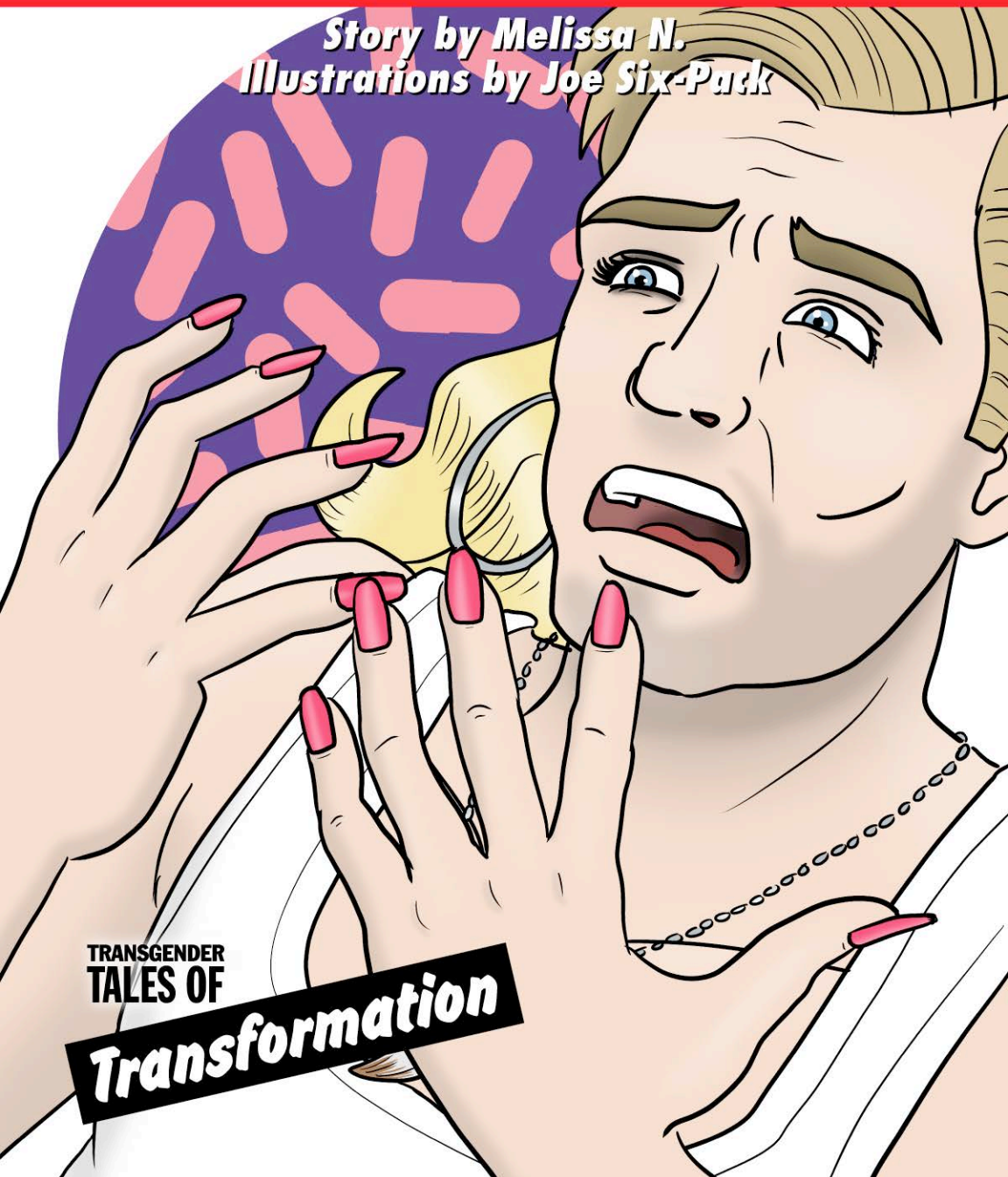


ADULTS ONLY

84 pages 24 illustrations

# FROM MISTER TO SISTER

Story by Melissa N.  
Illustrations by Joe Six-Park



TRANSGENDER  
TALES OF

**Transformation**

**M E L I S S A N .**

***FROM  
MISTER  
TO SISTER***

**Story by Melissa N.  
Illustrations by Joe Six-Pack  
A Tales of Transformation Story**



2015 Digital Edition

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[j6p@sixpacksite.com](mailto:j6p@sixpacksite.com)  
[www.sixpacksite.com](http://www.sixpacksite.com)

## FROM MISTER TO SISTER

She hit the buzzer, letting him in the lobby door of her apartment building. Immediately, Natalie Logan leapt in front of the mirror by her apartment door, smoothing out her blouse and primping her hair. Anxiously, she pushed all the stray strands of red hair in place. She breathed into her cupped hand and made sure the mint she had eaten had done its' job.

As she could hear the heavy steps come up the stairs, she actually could feel her petite body tremble, knowing he would soon be here. She rubbed her bare shoulders in anticipation of being held. She heard the knock at the door, took a breath, and opened it.

“Hey, babe,” Dan said to his girlfriend. He bent down to kiss her on the cheek. “Only a few more days to go! Are you ready for the trip?”

She bit her lip as she looked up at him, a more appealing man than she could ever imagine. His thick hair and unshaven beard complimented his muscled arms and chest. He was just what she wanted in a man. Hell, Dan Styles was what any woman prayed for in a man. “Hello, honey,” she said, returning the kiss. She held on to his hand. “I’m really glad you came. We have a problem.”

“What’s wrong?” Dan asked. That was one of the great things Natalie loved about him. He never hesitated to help.

“I think we’ll have to postpone the trip, Daniel. I’m very sorry.”

“Why? What’s the problem? We booked the cabin months ago, babe!”

“I know... The problem is...”

“Emily,” Dan guessed. Emily was Natalie’s younger sister. “Poor kid.”

“My sister isn’t in the mood to travel.”

“I had hoped she’d feel better. She’s been depressed for so long.”

“I think she’s a little worse these days,” Natalie said, with sadness. “I really don’t know what to do.”

“Oh, babe, I wish I could do something to help you,” Dan said, hugging his girlfriend, “And her.”

“You already do help me. I would be lost without your support.”

Natalie knew she really was a lucky girl to have found a guy as kind and understanding as Dan — especially since he worked so hard at maintaining their relationship. That wasn’t easy with the problems Natalie had with Emily.

When Natalie was eighteen years old, she and her sister Emily, who was nine years old at the time, were abandoned by their mother — the only living relative that the girls still had. That horrible woman (as Natalie referred to her since then, refusing to say her name) just said one day that she was tired of her

boring life. She told Natalie that she was already old enough to look after her sister, whom she referred to as “that annoying, whiny girl.” She then ran away with a truck driver, and was never seen again.

For many days and nights, Natalie tried to understand what had driven her mother to do that. She had always been a cold and bitter woman, but not a cruel person. Natalie couldn’t comprehend why she would abandon them. As for the girls’ father, all that Natalie knew was that he was an alcoholic who had abandoned his wife when she became pregnant with Emily. Since then, Natalie’s mother had worked in low-paying jobs to support the girls — until the day she decided to disappear.

Natalie soon concluded that trying to understand her mother’s motivations was a pointless exercise. What she needed to do was think about her sister, who depended on her. She then left school in order to work — there was no alternative.

Over the years, thanks to her hard work, Natalie was getting better and better jobs, until the day she got a salaried position as a secretary in a big pharmaceutical company. That was a symbolic achievement to Natalie, since before being forced to leave school she dreamed of being a pharmacist or a nurse.

The hardship of being abandoned by her own mother had been a traumatic experience for Natalie, but it was even more so for her sister. Emily had always been a little insecure and depressed, but after their mother left, it made her depression so much worse. Natalie tried and tried to convince her sister that it wasn’t Emily’s fault, but no matter how often Natalie said it, or how passionately she made her point, the girl unconsciously believed that her mother wouldn’t have gone if she had done something differently.

For many years, Natalie had to deal with this situation by herself, but six months ago, she had met Dan. He worked as a publicist for a chemical supplier that did business with Natalie’s employer. The two of them got to talking one day when one of the company directors was late for a meeting with Dan. They liked each other right away and Dan asked her out.

They had so much in common. In addition to the small difference in age, Daniel was twenty-six years old while Natalie was twenty-four, and Dan also had a tragic family history. His parents had died in a serious accident when he was just a child, and he had been raised by a grandmother who had passed away when he was nineteen years old.

Perhaps for this reason, the relationship between Dan and Natalie evolved quickly — they found in each other a safe haven; someone who understood the pain and could offer support that neither ever had.

Dan — Natalie liked to call him Daniel — was a very handsome guy. He had dark blonde short hair, expressive blue eyes and a pretty face; his body was athletic, just like Natalie liked.



Natalie had grown up to be quite attractive as well. Her hair was red and long; her face was round, with green eyes, a small nose and full lips. She had a fit body, though leaning on the full-figured side, but was a stylish dresser.

Since the beginning of their relationship, Natalie had made it clear that she had a very insecure sister who needed a lot of care and attention. She wouldn't be always available to meet Dan, since Emily took priority in her life. The young man was very understanding about this situation, and even tried to approach Emily to try and connect with her.

After a few months of seeing each other, Dan invited Natalie to come with him in July, when he would be on vacation. Natalie accepted the offer, but she said the only way she could go was if she could have to take her sister with her. As he always did, Dan said it was okay with him. He made a reservation for a cabin in a nearby beach town.

Now, as July was just around the corner, everything was ready for the trip, but Emily's mood could make the trip unviable, and put an end to Dan and Natalie's hopes for a vacation in the sun.

"I'm really sorry to hear that Emily isn't feeling well, babe," Dan said, "I know she comes first with you."

Natalie was glum. "Thank you, sweetie. You really are too good for me."

"But you know what? I don't want to sound selfish, but I think you should try to convince her to come, even if she is feeling depressed." Dan had his arms wrapped his girlfriend's waist. "I think it could be good for her. I mean, when was the last time she went out of town? I think Emily needs to know new places and people. It can't hurt."

"I totally agree, Daniel, but you know how much Emily has an aversion to strangers. It took months for her to be at ease with you. One wrong move and she might regress and get even worse, if that's possible."

"I know, honey, and I'm not trying to force a situation here. Just think about it. I'm sure it could be good for her. Also, I really would like to help bring her out of this. It's really important to me. I'll think about something I can do."

"You're so sweet! You're right. I'll talk to her." Natalie grabbed her boyfriend by the shirt and drew him in. "Meanwhile, I know what you can do to make *me* feel better." She stood on her toes and kissed him with everything she had.



At the high-rise offices of Celgen Pharmaceutical, the company where Natalie worked, she sat at her desk, looking at nothing in particular. She had been like this all day, totally preoccupied with the plight of her sister. Her thoughts were a million miles away when her phone buzzed.

“Did you drop off those reports yet, Natalie?” asked her boss.

“Oh, uh...” Natalie snapped out of her thoughts and realized she was actually resting her coffee on the stack of reports she had yet to deliver. “They’re on their way, Mr. Preston.”

“Thank you,” Mr. Preston said, with a dissatisfied grump in his voice. “Be sure that Ian gets them personally. Don’t leave them with someone else.”

“Got it!” Natalie replied. She quickly grabbed the reports and hustled off to the elevators.

Six floors below, where the labs of Celgen were located, Natalie came tumbling out of the elevator and searched for Ian McDermott, the new head of research. She hadn’t met him yet, but she’d heard good things. She found his office empty, but she couldn’t just leave the reports. She had been told not to. So she checked the lab rooms one by one.

“Have you seen Dr. McDermott?” She asked the first person she saw, a young man working by himself.

“I’m Dr. McDermott,” came the unexpected answer. He was so young, in Natalie’s opinion. She was expecting an older man with glasses. This man was anything but. “Are those my reports?”

“Oh!” Natalie forgot what she was doing here. “Yes. Mr. Preston wanted me to get these to you personally.”

“Fine. Fine.” The doctor was staring at a small cage that housed a few lab mice. “You can put them down anywhere.”

“What’s that?”

“Just another animal trial. My latest drug.”

“Oh?” That grabbed Natalie’s attention. She was fascinated by the work done down here, but never got the time to see for herself. “What does it do?”

“Something you’ll never believe. If only we could test it on humans. But the company won’t let me.”

“Why not?”

“They’re scared. It could change the world.”

Natalie put the reports down and took a chair next to Dr. McDermott. “Tell me more.”



In the following days, Natalie thought a lot about what Dan had said. He was a charmer, and if anyone could talk to Emily and really get through to her, it was him. All she had to do was find a way for him to use that charm and draw the

real Emily out from her shell. Unfortunately, Emily already knew Dan, and any attempt to try and reach her would be thwarted. She'd know she was being coerced and shut him out.

Slowly, a idea started to form in her mind. At first, it seemed absurd, even wicked, but the idea slowly began to make more and more sense. Once she had it all thought out, she became determined to see it through. She could help her sister once and for all, and although Natalie might have to give something up, it was more than a fair exchange. Natalie would do anything for her sister. She then decided to talk to Emily that day.

She poked her head into Emily's room, which was nearly dark, as she didn't like to have the lights on. "Are you feeling better today, sweetie?" she asked on entering.

"I would like to be alone if you don't mind, Nat," Emily said.

*You're always alone, Emily.* Natalie thought. *That's the problem...*

Emily was as beautiful as her sister. She had the same red hair and her eyes were even greener. Her body was already maturing into womanhood, although she was just sixteen years old.

However, because of her psychological problems, Emily was afraid to show off her beauty. Her hair was always disheveled and she wore old, loose clothes. She could barely even lift her eyes when she talked with Natalie, and every sentence she spoke came out like they were the last words she ever intended to speak. It was more than clear to Natalie that Emily felt like garbage since they had been abandoned, and that feeling was voiced by the way she presented herself to the world.

Over the years, Natalie had taken her sister to see many professionals, but the situation hadn't gotten any closer to being resolved. The girl had no social contact with people of her age. At school, she was considered a very strange person, a loner and a freak, who was ignored by most and mocked by all.

However, because Natalie was hoping that a new start might be what she needed, she had arranged for Emily to go to a new high school in the summer. She wasn't naive, though. She knew a change of scenery wasn't going fix Emily. Natalie needed to get Emily's confidence built up, and have her meeting and befriending girls and boys her own age. That was her big plan—and the plan she had drawn up was about to be put into action.

"I think you should come with us, Emily," Natalie said.

"I appreciate your good intentions, sis, but I'll pass." Emily didn't even turn around to look at her sister, her eyes just staring up at the ceiling. "You can go, though... I've already said I don't want to be a burden in your life. I just take up space."



“You are not a burden, sweetie. Don’t say something like that! And you know I wouldn’t leave you for a whole week.” Natalie was desperate. “Emmy, I’ve never done this before, and I never will again.” She got down on her knees before her sister. “I beg you to come with us. I’m literally begging you.”

Emily, on her bed, curled up and buried her head under her pillow. “Don’t! Don’t make me! Besides, what’s such a big deal about a stupid trip to the beach?”

“I have a surprise for you that I know you will like.”

“I *hate* surprises, Nat,” Emily snapped.

“I know, but this one will be different. Please, I promise I won’t ask you anything more... Ever again... Well... Until you’re eighteen.”

Emily still had her pillow covering her head. “How about twenty-one?”

“Agreed!”

“This is a bad idea...”

“But you’ll come?” Natalie said, jumping to her feet. She got no response from her sister, who remained still. “I’m not hearing ‘no!’ ”



“Daniel!” Natalie exclaimed, when she met Dan later that day. She hugged her boyfriend hard. She was in a good mood.

“Hello, Nat! So, did you talk to Emily?”

“Yes, and I have good... And bad news.”

“I’m listening.”

“Good news first. Emily will come with us.”

“That’s fantastic, babe!” Dan said with a surprised and delighted look on his face. “Hmm... Wait. What’s the bad news?”

Natalie sighed and looked down for a moment. She had rehearsed that conversation in her mind several times, but still she was extremely nervous — even knowing Dan so well, it was impossible to know what his reaction would be.

“The bad news is...” she began uncertainly. “Our trip will have to be a little... Different than we planned.”

“Different? What you mean?”

“Look, Daniel, you said you would like to help me to solve the issue of Emily...”

“And I really want to!”

“That’s nice. You really are a lovely man. I know what I’m going to ask is a little too much, but I don’t see any alternative.”

“No matter what it is, you know that I’ll do whatever I can, honey!”

“Don’t be hasty, Daniel. You might regret it.” She took a moment to center herself. “Do you know what the advantage is of being a secretary?”

“The fact that you’re always near the coffee machine?”

“No, silly!” Natalie said, laughing for the first time since the beginning of that conversation. “The advantage is that we know everything that happens inside the company. We can go everywhere and almost and no one bothers to avoid talking about important and sometimes confidential subjects in our presence.”

“I see.”

“So, recently I heard about a new drug that our company is developing. This is something revolutionary, which will be a huge success when it hits the market. It’s truly unbelievable.”

“A drug, huh? And what does this drug can do?” Dan asked, clearly interested.

“The technical name is something like Meltioxipan or something like that. But everyone just calls it PDL.”

“Why PDL?”

“It stands for Ponce DeLeón.”

“The guy who was looking for the fountain of youth?”

“Exactly! That’s what it does. It can’t make people rejuvenate for real, but it can slow and even reverse the external effect of aging a little. I mean, people can look younger.”

“That’s incredible! I mean, I suppose someone is always trying to make a drug like that, but... Does it work?”

“Yes! It’s not quite perfect, but it take years off someone’s appearance.”

“Wow! Amazing! How much younger are you talking about?”

“Ten years or so. However, for some still unknown reason, the drug’s effect lasts just seven days. All the test subjects returned to normal after a week. The scientists are trying to solve this issue, before they apply for larger testing.”

“All of this is really amazing, but I haven’t figured out what that has to do with our trip.”

“I got some of those pills, Daniel.”

“You did *what*? How? When? *Why*?”

“Because I’m desperate, Daniel, and I saw an opportunity. As I said before, we secretaries can go unnoticed in almost anywhere. After hearing what this could do, I knew I had to get some.”

“But you’re beautiful and so young! You don’t need...”

“Not for me!” Natalie said. “And thank you for the compliment,” she added with a blush.

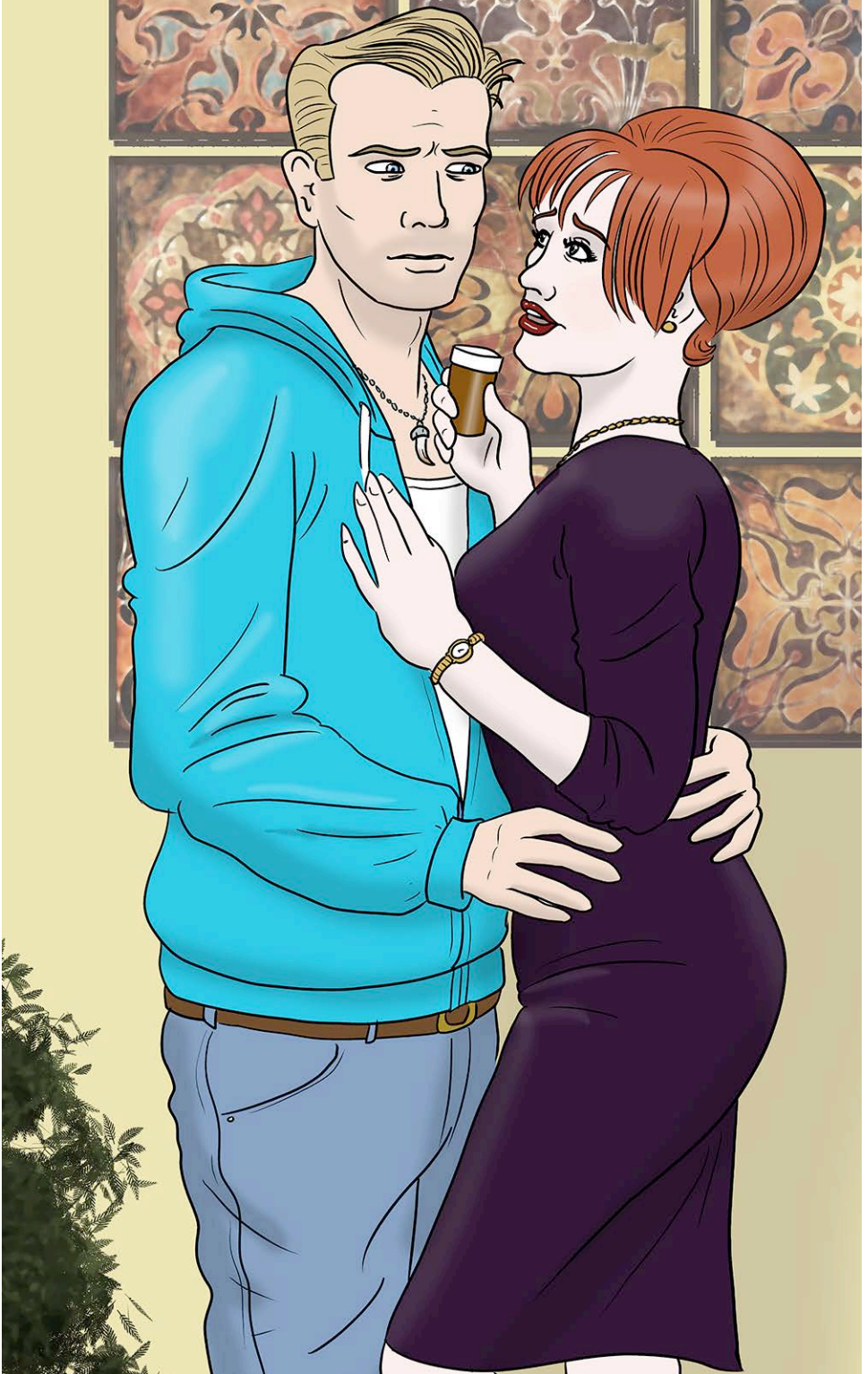
Dan was confused. “So...What exactly are you planning?”

Natalie took a deep breath. That was the moment.

“I want you to take it, dear.”

“Me? Why?”

“That’s my plan: by the time we get to the beach cabin, you will have already taken the pills. According to what I was told, the drug takes sixteen hours to start working and, once the process starts, the transformation takes about four hours. So, once we get there, you will pretend you received an urgent call from your boss and you have go back to work for two or three days. Once Emily is asleep for the night, you come back. By the next morning, you’ll be rejuvenated, and look like a sixteen year old boy. Hopefully. Then, you’ll go out again



before Emily wakes up and then you'll return later, as *your nephew*."

Dan was understandably hesitant. "Are you sure?"

"I already told Emily that I have a surprise for her, and this surprise will be the visit of *Kevin*. After a few days, I'll pretend I got a call from you, Daniel, saying that you're stuck at work and can't return. So, *Kevin* will be able to spend all week with Emily."

"How is that supposed to help Emily?"

"Don't you see? If all goes as I hope it will, she can get used to socializing with people of her age and feel less insecure. You can even help her to meet other teens. You can help Emily simply by not being an adult. She won't listen to anything we say. But someone her own age? That's something we've never been able to try. It's really her only chance."

When Natalie finished her explanation, the both of them were silent for a while. The nervous young woman watched her boyfriend apprehensively. His face was impassive. That was understandable. This was a lot of information to sort through. He'd have to trust Natalie completely, and if he didn't, it might mean the end of their relationship.

"I guess you've spent a lot of time planning it all," he finally said. "But tell me something, Nat. What you did... Isn't, it... Umm, unethical?"

"More than that, Daniel. I think it was a crime to take those pills from the lab, but..."

Her eyes filled with tears and she couldn't finish the sentence.

"Please, don't cry, babe," Dan said, hugging his girlfriend. "You just want to help your sister. I can understand that. But don't you think that your plan is a little... *extreme*?"

"Absolutely, Dan, but what else can I do? I'm really out of ideas... But I won't blame you if you say no."

They were silent again. Dan hated to see Natalie sad like this. He really wanted to help her, but her plan... He kept thinking about it for a few minutes.

"Do you think it's safe?" he asked. "I mean, do you think I'll run any risk to my health?"

"Oh my God, are you really considering doing it?"

"I already said that I want to help, Nat, and I wasn't kidding."

"You are amazing, Dan! I just can't believe it! You'll be perfectly safe, I assure you. As I said, the drug's effect is temporary. The testing hasn't shown any side effects. All of the test subjects are perfectly healthy and back to normal. The scientists are very optimistic, and they say that the only issue they need to solve is the fact that the drug's effect is still temporary."

Dan grimaced for a moment. “Okay, Nat. If you say so, let’s do it! Let’s make your plan work!”

“Oh, sweetie! Do you have any idea about how much I love you? I will never forget what you’re doing for me!”

Natalie had never felt so happy, but even so, something inside her was telling her that what she was doing wasn’t right.

She hadn’t been entirely honest with Dan. None of the volunteers had had any side effects, that was true — but what she didn’t explain was that all *volunteers* had hitherto been animals. The drug hadn’t been tested in humans yet.

With all the factors involved, what could happen to Dan when he took those pills was an unknown. Still, Natalie was confident that all would come out well. For once in her life, at least, things would come out well...



When the day of their trip finally arrived, Daniel took the PDL drug in the morning, just as he woke. Natalie gave him three pills just in case he dropped or lost one. It was quite obviously he was very nervous about it, but he tried to act natural the best he could. After all, he didn’t want his girlfriend to realize that he was reluctant. This was his chance to really prove himself to Natalie, and he wanted to do his best.

Then, after meeting up, the three of them got in Dan’s car and headed towards the coast. Emily, Natalie’s sister, was as depressed as usual. Daniel tried to start a conversation with the girl during the trip, but his efforts were in vain. Emily remained as impenetrable as a rock. She spent most of the trip in the back seat with a pair of headphones on and a blanket over her head.

The day was sunny and just perfect for a trip to the coast. They arrived at the town in the early afternoon and after a quick driving tour, they went to the cabin they had booked. The place was small, but cozy, with wood walls, antique furniture and large windows overlooking the sea. They unpacked their things, and then Dan invited the girls out to lunch.

“That’s a great idea,” Natalie said. “What would you like to eat, Emily?”

“*Whatever,*” she said. “You know, I’m not hungry. In fact, I think I’ll stay here.”

Natalie had to work hard to make her sister change her mind. She pleaded with her for a half hour before she finally relented. However, after lunch, it proved impossible to convince her to go to the beach. They then returned to the cabin, where Emily locked herself in her room and Dan and Natalie tried to relax a little. Natalie made some Margaritas and they sat at the porch, enjoying the sea breeze.

“Enjoy your drink, dear,” Natalie said with a mocking smile. “By this time tomorrow you won’t be old enough to consume alcohol.”

“Very funny!” Daniel said. “So I’ll have to raid your liquor cabinet just like an *authentic teenager*?”

“Don’t you dare, *young man!*” Natalie said, and the two laughed.

“Now, seriously,” Daniel started. “Do you think the drug will work? I’m still not feeling anything.”

“As I said, the drug will take sixteen hours to start to work. I’m sure everything will be just fine...”

That night, they did as Natalie had planned. During dinner, Daniel pretended that he had received an urgent call from his boss and left the cabin, saying that he would return as soon as possible. When Emily went to her bedroom to sleep, a little later, he snuck back in, careful not to wake the youngest sister.

The night wasn’t easy for Dan. He began to feel dizziness and stomach pain around midnight. He really didn’t know what to expect, and after that, the situation just got worse. The pain became so intense that Dan thought he would die. He broke out in a cold sweat, and Natalie tried to calm him, worried that Emily maybe could hear the groans of her boyfriend.

“Natalie...” Dan said, weakly. “Was this supposed to happen?”

“Yes, dear,” she lied. “All volunteers felt some discomfort during the procedure.” In fact, none of this was written in the report that she read. All the *volunteers* had been animals, after all.

Half an hour later, she was about to give up her plan. Daniel needed to see a doctor, and quickly. However, just as she was about to get him to the car, he suddenly stopped feeling pain. Then, the transformation began.

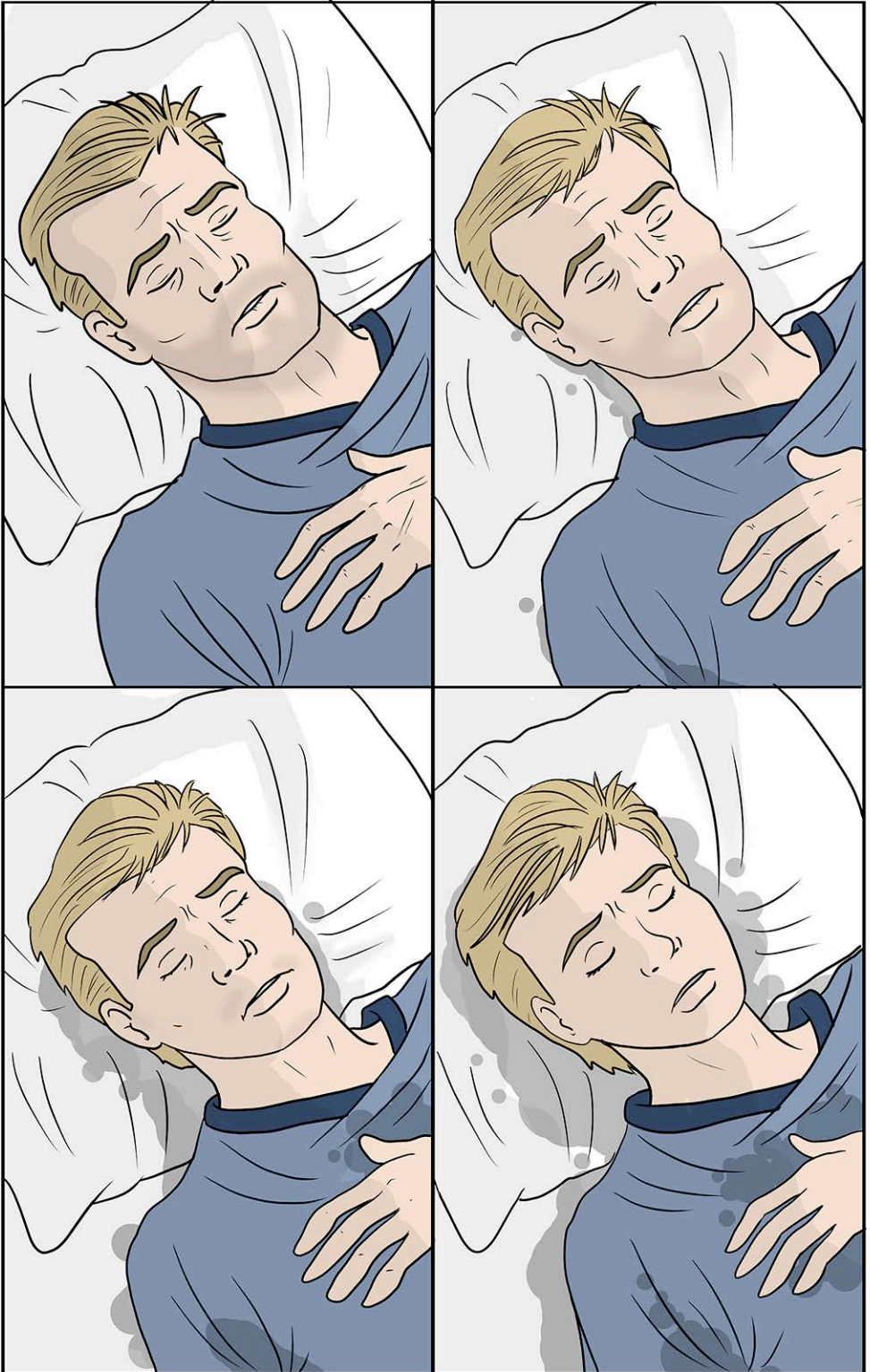
Right in front of Natalie’s eyes, Daniel’s appearance started to change. His face became younger, with no trace of facial hair; his dark blonde hair grew out a little down his neck; his body lost the muscle tone and he even shrank an inch or two.

She didn’t know that this would happen, but she was relieved. Otherwise, Daniel’s *nephew* would be a bit too tall to be a teenager.

His skin smoothed. The angular features of his face softened. Defying all rationale, the years were disappearing. At the end of the process, Natalie couldn’t help staring at her boyfriend in total disbelief. The man that Daniel had been was gone — there was now only a sixteen year old boy.

“So, how do I look?” Daniel asked. He was shocked with the tone of his voice. He didn’t sound like an adult anymore.

“You look perfect!” Natalie said enthusiastically. She then handed a mirror to him.



“Oh, crap!” he exclaimed. “I have to admit, I never thought that it would actually work. I haven’t seen that face for...”

“Ten years?”

“Yeah...”

They tried to get some sleep after that, but they were too keyed up. Natalie was very excited. Her plan was already off to a great start, and she believed she could finally help her sister. Dan was a little shocked. It was very strange to have the appearance of a teenager again, as if he had gone back in time.

A few hours later, while Dan was still trying to get used to his new body, Natalie told him it was time for the next phase of her plan.



Dan changed his clothes using some suitable teenage stuff Natalie had brought with her, a Chicago Bears jersey to start with. He left the cabin carrying a student backpack to look like most kids his assumed age. Dan had to wait before Emily was up, so he decided to take a stroll along the beach to pass the time. He was still very tense because of the transformation. It was too weird! For all practical purposes, he was an underage kid. He couldn’t drive or drink alcohol. At least he felt alive and full of energy – he couldn’t remember the last time he had felt so vigorous. Plus, his penis reacted with an astonishing speed and tenacity when he saw a sexy woman on the beach.

*Oh, I’ve forgotten what it’s like to be so full of hormones,* he thought.

After the walk, he returned to the cabin. He could hear voices inside, which meant that Emily was already awake. He then knocked and waited.

He soon heard footsteps and then Natalie answered the door.

“Hi!” she said, with a radiant smile. “You must be Kevin.”

“Y-yes, ma’am” Dan stammered. He was impressed by the act his girlfriend was putting on. It was almost as if she had really never seen him in her entire life. “Nice to meet you!”

“Oh, you’re such a lovely boy! Nice to meet you too, sweetie. And you needn’t call me ‘ma’am!’ Oh, you’re probably here to see your uncle! Well, Daniel unfortunately had to go back to work, but he’ll be back in a few days!”

When Dan entered the cabin, he saw Emily gnawing on a granola bar. The girl looked at him for a moment, and then looked at Natalie with an expression that said, *who is this boy and what the hell is he doing here?*

“Emily,” Natalie said. “Do you remember that I said I had a surprise for you? Well, this is Kevin, Daniel’s nephew. He’s on vacation, too, and we invited him to come. Of course, he’s here to see his uncle, but now you don’t have to feel



like you're the only teenager. If you want, you two can spend some time together. I'm sure you two will get along just fine!"

"I can talk to you for a moment?" Emily asked her sister in a cold voice.

Sensing this was going to be a testy exchange, Natalie excused herself. "Oh, I'd love to, honey. But I have to call Dan to say that his nephew arrived and to make sure he made it back to the city okay. So, make Kevin fell at home for a minute, okay? I'll be right back!" She then went to her room.

"Hey," Dan said, trying to keep his attitude low-key and disaffected, like any other teenager.

"Hey," Emily said, without looking at the boy's eyes.

"It sucks, right?"

"Huh? What do you mean?" Emily asked, raising her head. She really didn't expect this boy to say something like that.

"Erm... " Daniel muttered, pretending to be embarrassed. "Look, I know you must be a nice girl, but I just... I'm not good with people, you know? My uncle got on my case to come meet you... He said it would be good for me..."

Emily was eager to chime in. "You know how many times I've heard that? 'Go meet people, it'll be good for you.' "

"I'm fine on my own," Dan said. "Who needs people?"

"Yeah, you're totally right!" Emily said, expressing some emotion for the first time.

Daniel almost smiled, but he managed to stay in character. He had begun to start earning the girl's trust.

In the days leading up to this vacation, Dan had thought hard about several strategies to blend in with Emily. He concluded that the best way to do this would be pretending to be a shy, introverted kid, just like her. In fact, that wasn't a *complete* lie...

During his teenage years, Dan had been a very insecure, too. He only managed to overcome the issue through a lot of effort and the help of a few friends. Maybe that's why he was so determined to help Emily. She maybe just needed someone to guide her along to open herself up...

"You know," he continued. "What people don't understand is that they don't need to worry so much about me. I'm not a freak or something... I... I just like to be alone... If I want to meet someone, I can do it myself!"

"God yes! I'm so into that," Emily said. "Why is it so hard for adults to understand that?"



Emily and “Kevin” talked for many hours. The young girl even forgot about her older sister, who was overjoyed, listening to it all from her room. Natalie had never seen Emily open herself that way to someone.

She had to physically restrain herself from doing a happy dance, or else she could spoil everything she’d gained up to this point. Emily had to be kept in the dark about her plan, and Natalie needed to keep cool.

Even so, Natalie managed to convince Emily to walk with “Kevin” that afternoon at the local mall. The teenage girl even pulled off the hood from her hoodie, showing her head to the world for the first time in forever. In addition, to the utter amazement of Natalie, Emily allowed her big sister put a bit of makeup on her face.

*Oh, she’s so pretty*, Natalie thought. *I hope she realizes it today.*

Dan and Emily walked through the mall all afternoon. They talked a lot and Dan could finally discover what Emily liked, her favorite books and movies, the school subjects in which she was interested... He knew that Natalie would dearly love to know all this sort of information.

“Are you hungry?” Dan asked at some point.

“Now that you mention it... I’m starving!”

They then found the food court. The place was a bit crowded, but they managed to find a family who was just leaving and quickly swooped in to get a table to themselves. While they were enjoying their burgers and soda, two teenage kids approached them.

“Um, hey,” said a pretty girl who appeared to be the same age as Emily. “I know this is, y’now, a bit weird, but could we sit with you guys? There’s no tables available.”

“Why not? Go for it.” Dan said, before Emily could open her mouth. Since *Kevin* wasn’t going to be around for a long time, it was important to Dan that she also get used to chatting with other people.

“Thanks a bunch,” the girl said. “I’m Zoe, and this is my boyfriend, Ryan.”

Zoe was brunette with a cute face and green eyes. Ryan had dark eyes, a mop of dark hair and a friendly face. It wasn’t long before they started talking, and soon Emily discovered that the couple lived in the same part of town as her. Not only that, but they would go to the same high school as her this fall.

“That’s great!” Zoe exclaimed. “I was a little nervous because I didn’t know anyone in this new school, but now I’ll have at least one friend when school starts!”

“Hmm... yeah!” Emily said a little embarrassed. “The same for me, I guess.”

Did Zoe really want to be her friend? It was *that* easy to make friends? Her thoughts were almost visible in Emily’s expression. Dan was very satisfied, he

could see her defenses and her shyness dissipating by the minute. He believed that Emily would practically be a new girl very soon. After another half hour of conversation, she was already very comfortable, unafraid to be herself and express her personality. Dan had never seen her like that.

Then, as they were about ready to dump their trays into the garbage, two other boys appeared. "Hey, there you are, little sis," one of them said. "Did you think you could ditch us?" He appeared to be about seventeen years old. He had a trendy swirl of brown hair, a manly face and an athletic body. He looked like a pop star and a jock at the same time.

"Hello, Dylan," Zoe said to her brother, a hint of disappointment in her voice. "Where's Camilla, your girlfriend?"

"Oh, we had another fight, you know... Nothing serious, though. She can't live without me." He spoke with all the arrogance of one of the popular kids, Dan thought to himself.

"And how about you, Will?" she asked the other boy. "Didn't you have a date with Camilla's friend?"

Will appeared to be sixteen years old. He had dark, close-cropped hair, a handsome face and a charming smile.

"Hmm?" he murmured, distractedly. "Oh, yeah, that tall girl! Well, things didn't work out between us."

The fact was that all Will's attention was focused on Emily. Dan noticed that he had been looking her over from the first moment he had seen her. The two boys sat at the table, too, and Zoe introduced them to Emily and Kevin.



“So, *kid*,” Dylan, Zoe’s brother, said to Dan, since the two were sitting nearby. “Big Bears fan?”

Dan remembered he was wearing the Chicago Bears jersey that Natalie had given him.

“Yeah, of course!” Daniel said. “This is their year!”

“As if! The Packers are the champions! Only little kids root for the Bears. Maybe you’ll understand when you become a man, *twerp!*”

Dan couldn’t believe it. That dumb kid was treating him like a child. He was a twenty-six year old man, after all!

“Watch who you’re calling a *twerp*, *twerp!*” Dan shot back.

“What’re you gonna go about it, little guy? Call your mommy?” Dylan replied, with a sneer.

“Leave me alone!” Unfortunately, his anger only made Dan behave more and more like an immature teenager being teased by an older boy. Fortunately, no one else at the table was paying attention to their little squabble.

Meanwhile, Will, who had slipped in and sat himself next to Emily, was still lusting after the girl.

“Tell me something, Emily,” he said. He pointed at Dan. “Is this your boyfriend?”

“Kevin? Oh, no! He’s just... Hmm... My cousin!”

Emily didn’t know why she had said that. She could simply have said that Kevin was her friend. However, for some reason, she wanted to make absolutely clear that she wasn’t in a romantic relationship with him, and this *cousin* story came out of her mouth before she could think straight.

Yes, even though she wasn’t really aware of it herself, Emily was interested in Will, too. Kevin was a nice guy, sure, but Will seemed to be special... He was handsome, outgoing and looked to be a popular guy, with ton of friends. In other words, he was all that Emily deep down always wanted to be, but had never had the courage to try to. And a guy like that was interested in her! She had never believed that something like that would be possible.

A little later, someone at the table noticed that it was already getting late and they had to leave. Before they did, Emily exchanged phone numbers with her new friends.

“Will you be back in town next week, Emily?” Zoe asked.

“Um, Yeah. I think so.”

“That’s great! Would you like to come to my birthday party? It will be next week on Saturday night. And you’re invited, too, Kevin.... So you and my brother can continue this extremely interesting discussion about sports,” she added rolling her eyes.

“Of course I’ll go!” Emily said impulsively, hardly believing in her own words. She was going to a party. A party! It was so scary... But at least Will would be there...

“Fantastic!” Zoe said. “I’ll keep in touch with you, okay? See you guys!”



“So, did you two have fun?” Natalie asked when they returned to the cabin. “I was getting worried about the time!”

“We had a great time!” Emily said excitedly. “You won’t believe what happened...”

When Emily finished telling her experience at the mall, Natalie was open-mouthed. She was hoping that her sister would change with the help of *Kevin*, but what had happened exceeded her craziest dreams. Emily looked like a new girl. Her face had new life in it, her eyes wide and alive for the first time in forever. She had made friends! It was just perfect.

When Emily had exhausted herself telling her tales, she went to go take a shower. Natalie pulled Dan aside. “Once again, thank you for your help, dear. None of this would be possible without you.”

“It was’nt any big deal,” Dan said trying to sound humble, but he was clearly proud of himself, though.

“Now, I know that it might be too much to ask, but since Emily has this party to go next week... Could you keep being Kevin a few more days?” she asked, hopefully.

“What? I don’t think it’s necessary,” Dan said. “Emily will do well, even without me. You wouldn’t believe how she was at ease with those guys.”

“I guess you’re right, but...” Natalie said anxious. “I just want to make sure... She’s so happy now... If something goes wrong at this party and she doesn’t have anyone around... This could be her last chance, Daniel!”

“This is a lot to ask for, Nat. I mean, I have no idea what this drug is doing to my body!”

“Well, then you shouldn’t have let her accept the invitation! I can’t let her go alone! She’s so fragile!”

The poor guy really wasn’t happy with Natalie’s request, but he eventually had to agree. Natalie gave him three more pills. She wasn’t quite clear on the number of pills needed to keep him young, but she figured that three should be enough for him to continue as a teenager until next week.

“Three pills? Are you sure that’s the right dosage?”

“Of course I’m sure! Bottom’s up!” Natalie said with a smile. She presented a glass of water to him and stood by to watch him take the drug.

“I should probably get to bed in our room in case this starts to affect me...” Dan said, after taking the pills.

Natalie quickly blocked his path to the bedroom. “Oh, Daniel... *our* room? I don’t think that’s a good idea. That would be too risky. Besides...”

“What?”

“Please don’t get me wrong, but it would be very weird for me to sleep with you now... I know who you are for real, but you just look like... a teenager... Am I being insensitive?”

Daniel saw her point, but that didn’t stop him from getting a little upset. He also felt a bit humiliated by being forced to sleep on the couch in the living room that night, so far from his girlfriend. When she left him alone, and turned out the lights, she promised to reward him in the future...



Dan wasn’t feeling well when he woke up the next morning. His whole body was aching, as if he had been hit by a truck. He tried to get up, but he discovered a little too late that his legs were wobbly and he fell to the ground.

“Fuck!” he cursed, clinging to the couch to rise up.

He then went to the kitchen to drink some water. On the way, he realized that his shorts were a little loose. Had he lost weight overnight? It was hard to tell — especially since he also had a terrible headache that didn’t allow him to think straight.

“Good morning, *Kevin!*” Natalie said, walking into the kitchen.

“Keep your voice down, please!” Dan said, rubbing his throbbing temples.

“Are you okay?” the concerned girl asked.

“No, I’m not.” He was wincing. “Headache, body ache... Can’t even stand up straight.”

“Oh, I’m sorry, Daniel! I can see that you’re a little pale. This is probably happening because of the pills you took last night. Do you remember how you felt the first time, right? I wouldn’t worry about it. You’ll be much better soon!”

“Do you think so?”

“Of course! You just need to get some rest. I’ll prepare my bed so you can lie down in my room.”

Dan was relieved, but at the same time disturbed that Natalie referred to the bedroom like she owned it. He was paying for the cabin, after all, and he didn't like being treated like a child.

He spent most of the day lying in bed, in real discomfort. He felt like he had a bad case of the flu. Despite being covered by many blankets, he felt chills and was shivering throughout the day. In the afternoon, Emily spent some time with him, and it was obvious that she was still very happy about the events of the previous day. At least, Dan thought to himself, his sacrifice was paying off.

That night, Natalie told "Kevin" to continue using "her" bed while she would sleep on the couch. Dan tried to argue that it wasn't necessary, but the woman had already made her decision.



Dan wasn't much better in the morning. He was still in pain, and in addition, he was feeling an itch all over his body. He didn't like it, and it was driving him nuts. Would it be too much to ask for some good news? When he lifted the blankets, he soon discovered the reason for that itch... all the hair of his body had fallen and was spread out on the sheets.

"What the..." he started to say, but stopped in mid-sentence, startled at the sound he made. His voice sounded different. It was higher, as if he hadn't hit puberty yet. Daniel stood up, took off his black shirt and his olive green shorts, and looked in the full-length bedroom mirror. This time there was no doubt. He really was losing weight, and it wasn't his imagination. His body was very skinny, with no muscle to be seen. He raised his arm and made an effort to flex, but his biceps remained flat.

Dan was shocked. The first transformation had been hard on him, of course, but this time it was even worse. All the muscles he had worked so hard on, and spent so much time in the gym to develop – it was all gone! He had never been so thin, not even when he was a child! He rubbed his body and it only made him even more disturbed. His skin was so soft. Just like the skin of...

"Kevin, can I come in?" Natalie asked knocking on the door.

"Yes!" he answered, once again being surprised by how his voice sounded.

"Emily? Is that you? What are you doing in there?" Natalie asked, opening the door. She had mistaken Dan's voice for her young sister's. "Why are you... Oh my god!"

"Yes, I know! It's bad!" Daniel said, sounding even higher because of his desperation. His own girlfriend recoiled from his appearance. It was bad... really bad!

"What happened?" she asked, looking at his body.

“You tell me!” he said, feeling his eyes fill with tears.

“Oh, sweetie, don’t worry! Everything will be fine!”

She then hugged her boyfriend, as tears streamed down his face. Was he really crying? Dan couldn’t believe it. He had never been emotional, but at that moment he was just unable to control his feelings.

“What’s happening to me, Natalie?” he asked, sobbing. “Look at me! I...”

“Shhh... You need to calm down, okay? I’m here and I’ll fix it!”

“You... You promise?”

“Of course, sweetie! Just trust me!”

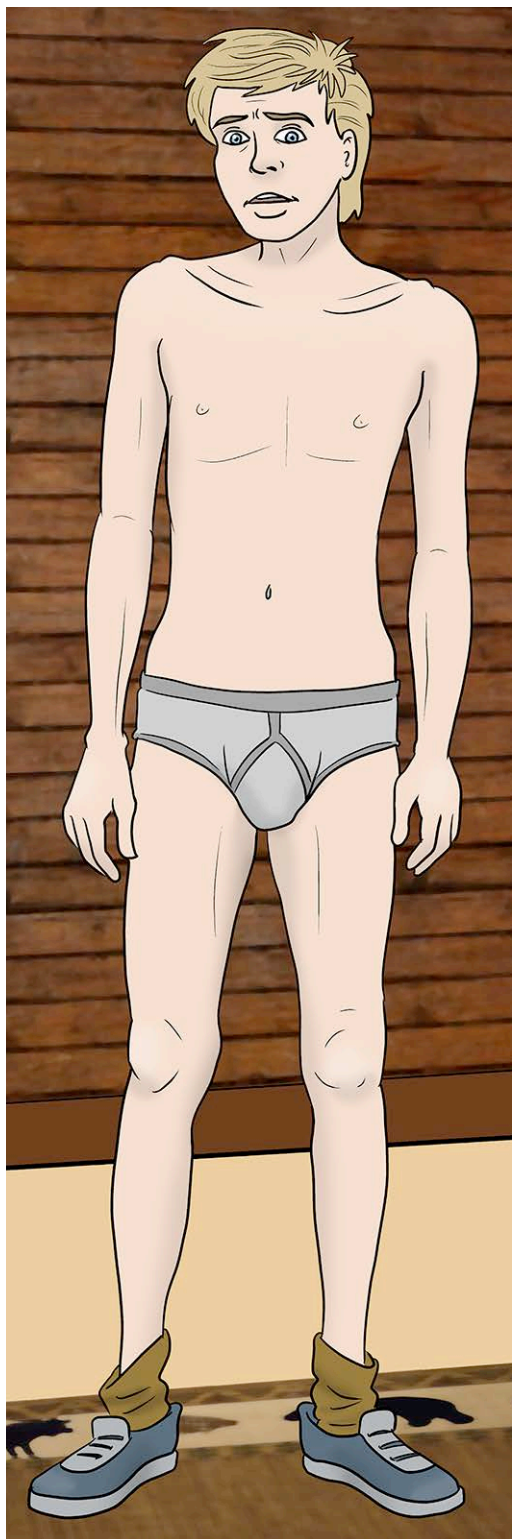
Dan couldn’t explain why, but Natalie’s confidence calmed him a little. She really sounded like someone who knew what to do – while he was completely lost.

“Now lie down again, and tell me how you’re feeling.”

Dan told her that he was still feeling as bad as the day before, and that he was very concerned about these new changes.

“I see...” Natalie said. “I’ll tell you what. If you don’t get better by tomorrow, we’ll go back home and then I’ll take you to see a doctor, okay? Just wait one more day to see what happens.”

Dan agreed, although somewhat reluctantly. He really wanted to solve this as quickly as possible. His body was still changing and it



sure wasn't supposed to. What other changes might happen?



That afternoon, Emily once again spent much of her time with Dan. The girl was worried about the “boy” and he tried to calm her by saying that he only had a cold and that he would be fine soon.

“That’s a relief!” she said. “Zoe invited me to go to the beach this weekend, and if you’re already feeling better you can come with us. Wouldn’t that be great?”

“Sure!” Dan said, just to please her. Spending a whole day at the beach with his new scrawny body was not his idea of a good time, and he would find some way to get out of it later.

In between conversations, he noticed that Emily and Zoe were texting just about all the time, which was great to see. Apparently Emily had made a real friendship.

Since Dan had to stay in bed all day, they watched some movies together. The movies were a little too girly and childish for Dan, but he didn’t complain. He was doing this for Emily’s benefit, after all, and at least he had something to distract himself from his situation. And so another day passed...



“How are you feeling?” Natalie asked Dan the next morning, while he was still in bed.

“Much better, in fact,” Dan said, a little surprised. He was no longer in pain and was feeling much more willing and able.

“I told you! You just needed a little rest.”

Dan got up. Since he was still a bit sleepy, he didn’t realize immediately that he was even slimmer and a bit shorter; or that his hair was a little longer, nearly reaching his back; or that his face was more delicate, with higher cheekbones, fuller lips and a button nose. Natalie, however, had seen it all, and she was looking at Dan with a shocked look.

“What?” Dan asked, puzzled, without realizing how much he had changed.

“Nothing, sweetie! I was just...” she tried to pretend that everything was right, with nothing to worry about, but it was too late. Dan had already begun to worry and approached the mirror. Upon seeing himself, he let out an extremely high scream.

“What’s wrong with me, Natalie?”

“Nothing, dear. You just look a little younger than before. But you’re feeling okay, right? That’s what matters!”

“Yes. But my chest...”

“What?”

He turned to the side to see if it looked as bad as it felt. “It’s a little sore.” He then took off his shirt — which no longer fitted him anyway, like he was wearing the clothes of a much older brother — and saw that there was a strange swelling.

“Oh my god!” he exclaimed. “Look at it!”

Natalie looked, and even poked the chest of her boyfriend.

“Ouch! It hurts!” he said. “What does it mean? Why my chest is swollen? Some side effect of the drug? Is this a tumor? Oh my God, do I have cancer? Will I die?”

Natalie realized that Dan was losing control again, which was very odd for him. Usually he was so level-headed. She certainly didn’t think Daniel had cancer. In fact, she recognized the problem Dan was having — she had had that same issue when she hit puberty. But this wasn’t possible, right?

She then asked Daniel to take off his shorts. Despite some embarrassment, he did it. She then saw that Daniel’s hips also were swollen, while his waist looked smaller.

“Now take off your underwear, dear.”

“But...”

“You don’t need to worry. I’m your girlfriend, remember?”

What she saw was not good. Not good at all. Daniel’s penis was very tiny, and virtually hairless, as if it belonged to a six-year-old child. Then there was his butt. Natalie didn’t even want to admit to herself that his ass was bigger and rounded. Could he be turning into...

“So, what do you think?” Dan asked, interrupting her thinking.

“I think everything is fine,” she said hugging him. As she bent over, it suddenly became clear that she was much taller than Daniel. “It’s all temporary, right? The pills are temporary. I’m sure that your body will return to normal pretty soon.” She patted him on the head. “I’m sorry that this is happening to you, but it’ll be okay.”

She didn’t know if that was true, but the last thing she wanted was to see Dan hysterical again.

“I’m so scared!” he whimpered.

“You don’t regret it, do you Daniel? No second thoughts, right? Do you think it was a bad idea to take part in my plan?”

“Of course not!” Daniel said stomping his foot and pouting.

*Oh, if he could see how adorable he looks doing that,* Natalie thought.

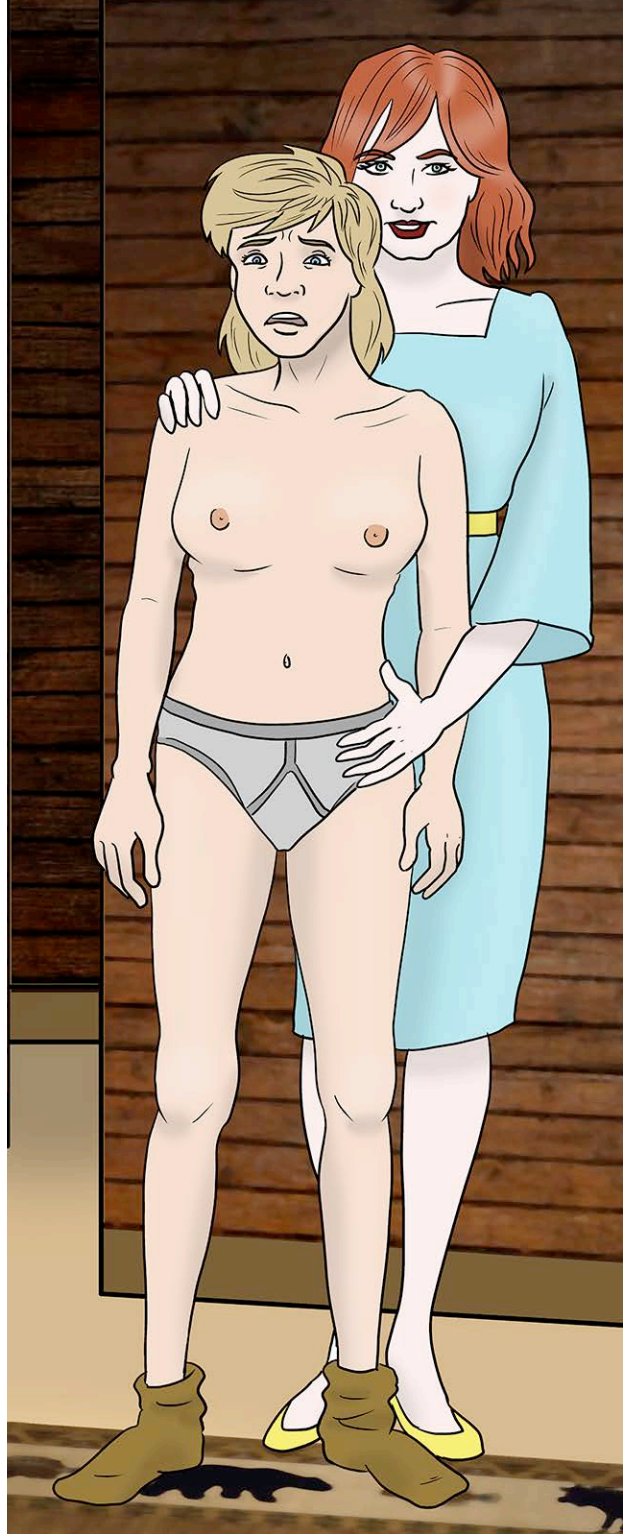
Dan was adamant. “I did it to help Emily and I’m not sorry! She needs our help! If I had to do it all over again, I’d do the exact same thing! Pretending to be Kevin was exactly the right thing to do!”

What they didn’t know was that someone was listening behind the door to everything they were saying... Emily had heard Daniel’s shout and, curious, she had put her ear to the door— and she had heard enough.

Emily suddenly entered the room, startling Dan and Natalie. The poor skinny man tried to cover his private parts, instinctively covering his penis with one hand while the other covered his chest.

“Emily?” Natalie gasped. “What...?”

“You!” Emily said pointing angrily at her sister. “How... How could you...” She was so mad that she could hardly get the words out. “And you...” she said, to Dan. “You... Look so... So pa-



thetic!”

“Don’t talk like that about *Kevin*, Emily!” Natalie said.

“*Kevin*? I heard everything, Natalie. I know that Kevin doesn’t exist. This boy is Dan, your boyfriend! I don’t know how, but it’s him! How could you make a fool of me like that?”

Natalie rushed to her sister’s side and tried to hug her. “We were just trying to help you, Emily.”

Emily stepped aside and pushed her sister away. “Are you saying that I’m such a miserable freak that the only way I can get a friend is if my sister’s boyfriend pretends to be a teenager?”

“Of course not! How about *Zoe*? She really wants to be your friend, right? You’re a great girl, Emily. You can have as many friends as you want. You just needed a little help from *Kevin*, I mean, *Daniel*, to take the first step. Please, let me explain it all to you.”

Natalie escorted her sister out of the room where they sat on the sofa. Natalie pleaded and begged her sister to listen. Meanwhile, Dan was left to himself, alone in the bedroom. He could only stare in disbelief at his reflection in the mirror. “What have I done to myself?” He asked his image.

Over the next half hour, Natalie told her sister everything that she and Dan had done. She revealed her plan to her in detail, hoping her sister would see not the deception, but the love behind it. Emily slowly, gradually, calmed down, but she still seemed a bit upset even at the end of Natalie’s story.

“I can’t believe you would do this to me!” Emily fumed. “I’m your own sister! I trusted you!”

“I put my job on the line for you, Emily!” Natalie said. “*Daniel* put his health in jeopardy for you! Don’t you understand how much we love you and want to help you?”

“I don’t need fixing! I’m not broken!” Emily insisted. “Maybe I’m not meant to be happy! I don’t want to be like all the other girls! I want to be myself!”

“No one is trying to control you, Emily! Just...” Natalie wiped away a tear. “We just don’t want you to be miserable because of what that horrible woman did to us. A piece of trash like that has no place calling herself our mother, and no right to make us hate ourselves.”

Natalie fell back into the sofa and had a long, deliberative minute of thought with herself. “What you did was very serious, Natalie, but I’ll forgive you this time,” she said. “But... And I want you to understand this... I don’t want you to try to manipulate me like that ever again, you got it?”

“Completely, sweetheart,” Natalie said, realizing that she was being forgiven. “I promise!”

“So... What will we do about him?” Emily said pointing to Daniel, who had dressed his own clothes again, which were draped loosely over his frame.

“We don’t need to do anything,” Natalie said. “Like I told you, he’ll return to normal in a few days when the effect of the pills goes away. After all, there’s no other way to reverse the effect of the drug. But I’m tired of talking about this. I need to blow off some steam, and right now, I think we should go out. Do you remember that I promised you I’d take you to a salon today?”

Emily had to think about it. “Well... Okay, I’ll go, but just because I’m going out with Zoe and the others on the weekend and I have this party to go the next week. I... I’m still a little unsure about it,” Emily admitted.

Despite everything, Natalie was overjoyed. She had never been able to convince her sister go to a beauty salon. Emily had been so careless about her appearance. “You don’t need to worry, honey. You’ll do very well. And since Daniel will continue as Kevin until next week, he can go with you to the party...If you want.”

“Have fun, girls,” Daniel said. “I’ll stay right here and watch some TV.”

“Oh, no. I think you should come with us, Dan,” Natalie said. “A breath of fresh air can be good for you.”

“There is no way I’ll go out now! “Kevin’s” clothes don’t fit me anymore.” He held up his arms to demonstrate how ridiculous he looked in his clothes. “I’ll look like a fool.”

“Well...” Natalie said, precociously lingering on the word. “Emily’s wardrobe is not *too* girly... I’m sure she can lend you some clothes...”

“Oh, that’s a great idea!” Emily said with mischievous eyes. “I’ll look for something for you to wear right now, *Dani...*”



When they got into the car an hour later, it was now Dan who was the one who was upset. The clothes that Emily had lent to him were outrageous, in his opinion, and he was letting Natalie know about it. Natalie said he was being childish, which made him even angrier.

He was wearing a lavender blouse which had short sleeves and was cropped, leaving a part of his belly on display; white short shorts which barely covered his new slender, smooth legs, and showcased his new round ass; and white sneakers with some pink details. Emily had also selected a pair of panties for Dan, but he flatly refused to wear them and kept his underwear that barely fit on his smaller body.

Dan tried to sit in the front seat, but Emily pushed him into the back seat, saying he was too young to sit up front. He then sat back and folded his arms over his chest, pouting.

“Wait a minute,” he said when Natalie started the car. “I need to get back to the cabin to pick up my phone.”

“And why do you need your phone now?” Natalie asked.

“I’m bored. I want to listen to music.” Dan wanted to block out the rest of the world with noise, and really didn’t want to take part of any conversations the girls might have. He especially didn’t need to hear any more about how cute he looked.

“Take mine,” Natalie said, handing her pink phone to Dan. Before he could complain, Natalie pulled away and headed out onto the road. Without a choice, Daniel put the headphones on. The songs that Natalie had in her phone weren’t exactly what he liked to listen to, but it was better than nothing.

Five minutes later, Daniel was listening to Selena Gomez. He was thoroughly entertained in the verses: *You made me uncertain / Told me I’m not good enough / Who are you to judge? / I’m a diamond in the rough / I’m sure you’ve got things / You wanna change about yourself / What about me / Would never be anyone else.*

Wow! Daniel had never realized before that this song’s lyrics were so *deep*. Hearing them really made him feel a little better. In addition, the beat was so good — he just felt like dancing! Why he had never stopped to listen to pop music before? He had missed out on so much good stuff.

From the front seat, Natalie saw in the rearview that Dan was keeping the beat by bobbing his foot, with his legs crossed in an extremely girly way while he twirled his hair with a finger. He was even singing softly with his high voice, completely oblivious to reality: *La na na na na la na na na na na / La na na na na la na na na na na / Ain’t no beauty queen / I’m only beautiful me.*

*Something very weird is going on, Natalie thought. But maybe I can use that to my advantage.*

They arrived at the salon a few minutes later. By then, Dan was listening to a Taylor Swift song, and was distracted by the catchy music as Natalie led him inside. Natalie approached the receptionist and told her that she had scheduled appointments for her and her sister.

“Oh, I see,” the receptionist said. “And how about you?” she said to Dan. “I have some girls free now. Would you like to have some work done, too?”

Realizing that the woman was talking to him, Daniel took off the headphones.

“What did you say?”

“She asked if you want a haircut,” Natalie said.

“Sure!” he said. Daniel thought his hair was a little too long after the effects of the PDL drug. He then put his headphones back on again, wasting no time – he really into an Ariana Grande song that had just come on.

Without Dan seeing, Natalie whispered something to the receptionist. The two women smiled and Dan was taken by a hairdresser to another part of the salon.

“So, about your hair, do you have something in mind?” the hairdresser asked when Dan sat in the chair. She was thirty-something, had long, black hair, and a beautiful, friendly face.

“Umm... Just, y’know, cut it,” Dan said, feeling a little silly to even have to answer that question. His usual barber never asked anything more than how long he wanted his sideburns.

“Nothing *too* specific, huh? Well, I know a haircut that will suit you perfectly, trust me.”

“Great?” Daniel said uncomfortably. He really didn’t know how to handle that situation. The woman then clapped her hands excited and said she would begin immediately. Just at that moment Dan noticed that all the walls of the salon were pink and everything in there was very feminine. Had he made a mistake by agreeing to get a haircut there? Perhaps, but it was a bit late to back out...

Another woman approached and began to spread an exfoliating cream on Dan’s face. She was blond with a beaming smile, and was about twenty years old.

“Hey, what? What are you doing?” Dan asked when she started to spread the stuff on his face.

“Just something to make your face even more beautiful and soft, sweetheart. Don’t worry about me. You can listen to your music if you want.”

Dan thought that could be a good idea. With the headphones on, he wouldn’t need to talk to these women, which was making him very nervous. He just hoped they didn’t do anything too girly to him.

Sometime after someone put some vegetable slices over his eyes, he couldn’t see what they were doing anymore. He was only able to feel some liquid being spread all over the top of his head and then he felt a blast of hot air on his scalp. Later, someone started working on his fingernails and toenails. He didn’t mind getting them clipped, if that’s what they were doing. He had noticed his nails had grown long over the past two days.

The process was taking forever, and Dan once again let himself be distracted by listening to the music. This time he was listening to Demi Lovato. The lyrics said: *It’s you / You make me act like a girl / I want to polish my nails and buy high heels / Yes you / Make me really anxious / When I can’t hold your hand.*

Dan wondered if that was how a girl felt when she was in love. However, he immediately tried to forget he'd ever thought about it. Why was he trying to imagine how the girls felt when they're in love? He was a man, and women were just mysteries. Who knows what goes through their minds.

*That's just a song, silly!* An inner voice told him. *You're being paranoid.* He relaxed and put the concerns away, and he even began to hum the song as the hairdresser cut his hair.

When the cream was washed from his face, Daniel felt someone plucking his eyebrows.

"Ouch!" he exclaimed. "Why are you doing that?"

"That's absolutely necessary," the younger woman said. "Your eyebrows are a little messy. You will see that you will be a much prettier girl when I'm done."

*Oh my gosh! Did she just call me girl?* Daniel frantically thought. Were they thinking that he was a girl? That was terrible. He thought about telling the truth, but that would be so humiliating at that point. He then just remained docile and silent, praying for this nightmare to end as quickly as possible.

To make matters worse, another woman began to put makeup on Daniel's face while the hairdresser gave the finishing touches on his hair.

"All done, sweetie!" the hairdresser said. "Are you ready to see the *new you*? I hope you like it!"

She then turned the chair and Daniel stood in front of a large mirror. So, all he saw was a beautiful teenage girl...

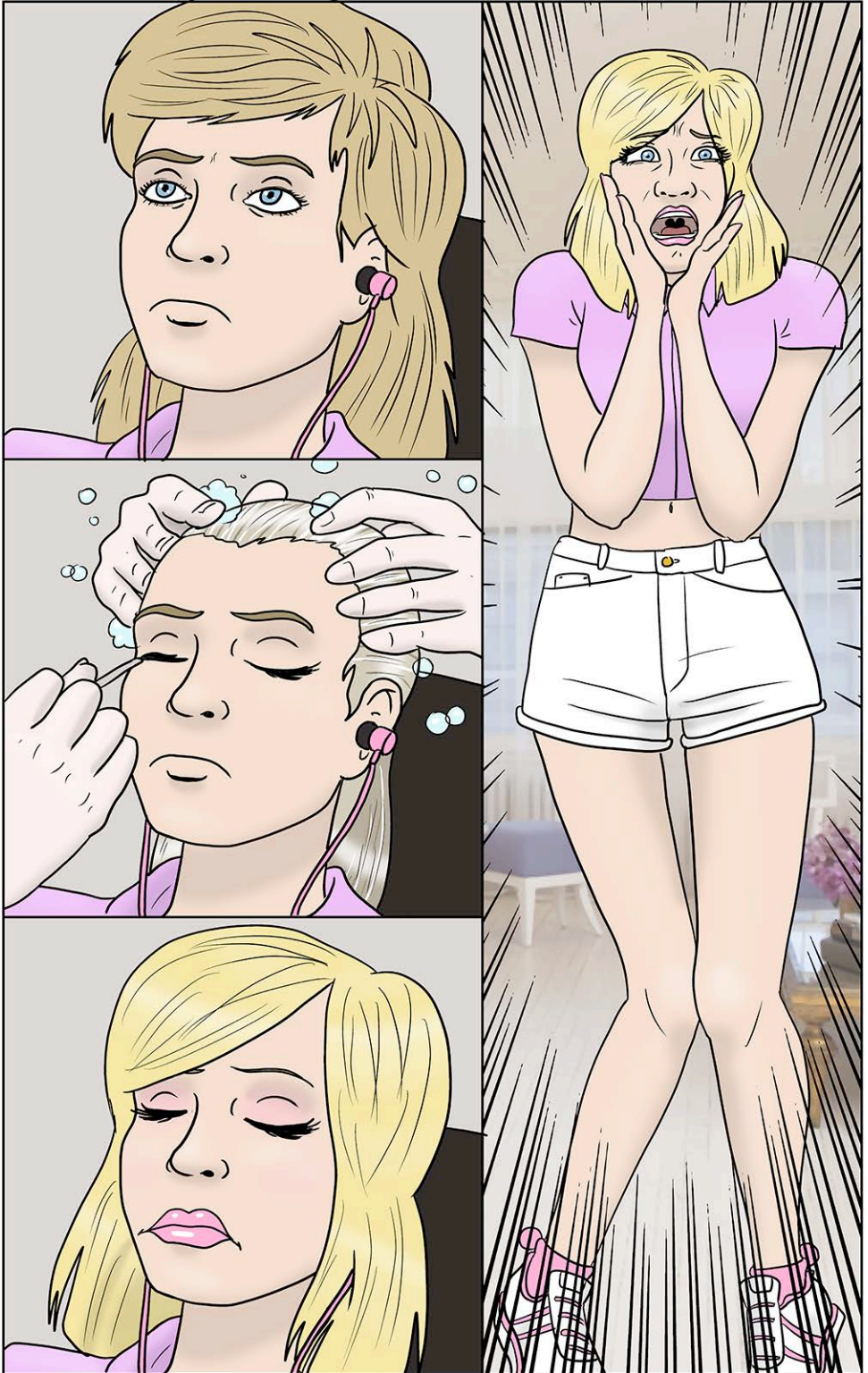
*Her* hair was platinum blonde. It came down to the height of *her* shoulders on the back and sides. In front, there was a sweeping bang that ended just above *her* eyebrows, which were two thin and elegant arches, highlighting *her* big blue eyes. That was an extremely feminine haircut. No man could explain having a hairstyle like his, and this fact hit Daniel like a punch in the stomach.

*Her* face was perfectly made up, with soft eyeshadow, mascara, blush and hot pink lipstick, enhanced by a coat of lip gloss. Long acrylic extensions had been attached to *her* nails, which had been painted the same color as *her* lips, just like *her* toenails.

Daniel kept looking at the reflection of a *girl* as if he were hypnotized. He assimilated the truth slowly, because it was very hard to handle at once — the fact that he was *that* girl.



"I can't believe it!" Natalie said when she saw Dan. "You look absolutely... gorgeous!"



Emily, who could hardly keep from laughing, just nodded in agreement. Dan was so angry that he said nothing inside the salon. He just marched out of the crazy place and waited for Natalie — there he could scream to his heart's content.

“Do you think it’s funny?” he shouted when Natalie and her sister showed up. He stomped his feet into the ground and shook his tiny fists in anger. “It’s not fair, Natalie! You shouldn’t have let that happen! I... I’m your...”

“My what, *Dani*?” Natalie said.

Dan had planned to say he was her boyfriend, but he didn’t dare say it there, in the street. His big scene had drawn the attention of a crowd of people, and he knew that everyone would cackle and laugh if he yelled out that he was Natalie’s boyfriend. He didn’t look like anything like the boyfriend of an adult woman, as anyone would say he was just a teenage girl.

Dan felt so helpless and humiliated that instead of answering Natalie’s question, his emotions got the best of him and he began to cry. Almost at the same time, Emily’s phone rang and she walked away, leaving Dan and Natalie alone.

“Everything is fine, honey,” Natalie said hugging Daniel.

“But why is this happening to me, Nat? The women of the salon thought I was a girl, and look what they did to me!”

“I think they did an amazing job! You look *so* pretty!”

“I don’t want to look pretty! Also, you didn’t answer my question. Why am I getting more and more feminine?”

“About that, I have a theory. I’m sure I told you before, but the drug has been tested only in females so far...”

“What?” Dan yelled. “You never mentioned that!”

“Oh, I’m sure I did. You probably just forgot,” she said casually, as if she were talking about the weather. “So, maybe the scientists have added female hormones in the compound or something... Who knows?”

Daniel’s eyes widened at that. The poor guy couldn’t believe that Natalie had hidden this information from him.

“If that’s true,” he started, “we have to see these scientists now! I don’t want to become a girl!” Dan gulped at the thought of his body getting even more feminine. And what if his penis... He preferred not to think about it.

“We can’t do that, silly,” Natalie said as if she were explaining something very simple to a child, making Dan even angrier. “If we did that, I could get fired or even worse. Besides, we don’t have to worry, since the drug’s effect is temporary. And don’t you see this incredible opportunity?”

“Opportunity? What opportunity?”

Natalie looked over Dan's shoulder and saw that her sister was still talking on the phone, completely distracted. "You can go to this party as Emily's female friend! It's perfect! She will feel much more confident that way!"

"What? Are you crazy? There's no way! I'm not going to this party, and I'm certainly not going as a girl!"

"Yes, you will, *young lady!* Even if I have to force you! I don't know if you looked at yourself in the mirror lately, but that's what you are now: a teenage girl!"

Natalie knew what she was doing was cruel. Dan, the man she loved, would probably break up with her when he got back to normal, but she couldn't lose this chance. Not when her sister was so close to having a happy life. *Not after what their mother had done.*

Dan tried to think of any rational argument to bring Natalie back to reason. He was a grown man, for God's sake, not a sixteen-year-old girl! However, his mind was no longer working quite like it did before. The impulse to be confident and assertive was gone. He could no longer impose himself, and Natalie had already noticed it. She now knew she could intimidate Dan — he was slowly beginning to think like a teenager. Not only that, but he was beginning to think like a girl.

From what she had been told, that drug wasn't intended to have any effect on people's minds. But that was why it was still in testing phase, right? Unpredictable results could happen, and this result was working in Natalie's favor.

"And since you're being such a *saucy girl,*" she continued, "I think you deserve to be punished!"

Seeing Natalie take out her bottle of PDL pills from her purse made Dan get even angrier. "Oh, no! I'm not going to take more of those!" Dan yelled, his cheeks glowing red with rage.

"Well, well, well, what's going on here?"

Dan turned around and saw that there was a police officer behind him. The man was thirty-some years, stout and intimidating. Dan was so happy to see someone who could stop Natalie and take charge of this crazy situation, before he realized what he was doing he had wrapped his arms around the man, like a frightened kid.

"Help me, officer!" he said, pouting with his eyes full of tears.

"What's wrong, sweetheart?"

Dan pointed at Natalie. "This woman is trying to force me to take pills that will turn me into a girl!"

The officer looked down at Dan with a puzzled expression.

"I don't understand what you said, my dear. Turn you into a girl?"



“Yes! I’m a twenty-six-year-old man, officer!” Dan said. If he had been thinking straight, he would’ve known that his statement sounded ridiculous, but he was too nervous.

“Oh, *really?*” The officer replied, with a smirk and a condescending tone. “I think that you’ve got a wild imagination, sweetheart!”

“Sorry, officer,” Natalie said. “*Danielle*, my niece, just wants to get away from her medicines. That’s why she is being such a *drama queen*. But you’re already a big girl, *Dani*. You shouldn’t be acting like a baby.”

“That’s right, my dear,” the officer said to Dan. “Now be a brave girl and take your pills. Your aunt knows the best.”

Daniel became so dismayed that he just stared at the officer, his mouth agape in shock. Taking this opportunity, Natalie pushed three pills in his kisser. She thought about it for a moment, and decided to make extra sure they would work and made him swallow another three. That would be enough... *for the moment*.

“Thank you, officer,” she said at the end. “*Dani* wouldn’t have done it without your support.”

Dan ran and hid away in the back seat of Natalie’s car, sobbing.



After that, Natalie took “the girls” to the mall, where they went to lunch at the food court. Dan was still very angry with all that was going on, but he just couldn’t react. He didn’t know it, but his mind was regressing back to his youth when, like most kids, he felt small and scared. Dan didn’t know why he felt so helpless... Moreover, without him noticing, his body continued to change. When they sat at the table, he was already a little shorter than he was just this morning, and his body was even more feminine, with breasts the same size as Emily’s.

Dan got his usual man-sized meal, but he soon realized that he could no longer eat as much as before. After only three bites of his steak sandwich, Dan was already completely stuffed. After two more, he was feeling sick.

“Oh, *poor girl!*” Natalie teased. “Next time you should order a salad or something. This will also help you keep your figure.”

Dan’s face was flushed with humiliation while Emily stifled a chuckle. Why couldn’t he stick up for himself to stop it?

After lunch, they went shopping. Natalie had suggested that Emily needed a new wardrobe for school and the teenage girl liked the idea. “Zoe says I could use some color,” she said. She also said that since *Danielle* would be around for a while, *she* would need new clothes, too.

Increasingly unable to exert any willpower, Dan used every bit of conviction he had just to say that he wouldn't wear anything girly. He wasn't sure if Natalie had paid any attention to him as he was dragged into a teenage fashion store.

"Can I help you?" a saleswoman said. She was a perky blonde and about twenty years old.

"Sure," Natalie said. "We're looking for new clothes for my sister and my niece. They have been tomboys for a long time, *especially* my niece, but now they want to change their style. They are discovering their femininity, if you know what I mean."

"Of course, Ma'am," the saleswoman said excitedly. She could foresee a big sale ahead, and, consequently, a big commission. "I think you girls have come to the right place. We have everything you need here!"

She made a quick evaluation of her two customers, and decided Emily looked more like the type to buy a lot of clothes. The other one looked testy and disagreeable. She then called a second saleswoman to help Dan.

"Hello, sweetie," the woman said to Dan with her best smile. She was about twenty years old, as well, had dark, middle-length hair and green eyes. "It's my pleasure to help you – but how could I ever improve on you? You're already so beautiful! My name is Amelia, by the way. Now, how about we start with the underwear?"

"Whatever," Dan said, grumpily.

She then took Dan to another part of the shop. There were seemingly endless shelves of bras and panties lining the walls.

"So, what's your bra size, sweetie?" Amelia asked, keeping her friendly tone.

"How the hell should I know?"

"Are you telling that you don't know your bra size?"

"Oh, you got it! I didn't know I was so hard to understand!"

"How old are you, Danielle?" Amelia asked. She was still smiling, but this time her voice was as cold as an ice cube.

"I'm sixteen, *I think*."

It was too much for Amelia — this girl was clearly mocking her. On any other day, she would have taken a deep breath and let it go. However, that little bitch had chosen the wrong woman on the wrong day to make fun of.

She then dragged Dan to a dressing room, where she knew there were no cameras around.

The saleswoman stuck her long-nailed finger in Dan's face. "Now listen to me carefully, girl, because I won't say it again. I don't know why you think you can me like this, but it's going to stop right now!"

Dan was about to say something back, but the larger woman was intimidating, and Dan's newfound insecurities kept him from coming up with the words.

"In fact," the sales woman said, with a hint of naughtiness in her smile, "I'm tired of spoiled little girls like you who come here and treat me like dirt. Do you think that I like this crappy job? Do you think I have a choice? I should be in college now, but my father has always been a useless drunk and I was forced to start working early. And now, guess what, my mother is very ill and I'm the only person who can support her. So get over whatever problem you're having, little miss bad attitude, because I'm not putting up with your little teenage melodrama!"

"I... I..." Dan stammered, without knowing what to say.

"I'll tell you what will happen now," Amelia continued. "I'll bring a bunch of clothes for you to try on and you'll tell your aunt that you want them all. And you'll emphasize that you *loved* all the outfits. You understand?"

"Y-y-yes," Daniel said, completely terrified. Once again he was acting and thinking like a scared teenager. He just couldn't see that the woman was doing was something completely unethical, no matter how annoyed she was. All he just needed to call the manager and she would be fired in a heartbeat. Instead, he was in fear of the aggressive adult.

"Yes what?" Amelia growled.

"Yes, Ma'am?"

"*Oh, you got it!*" Amelia mocked. "You said you don't know your bra size? Even being sixteen years old, I suppose?"

Dan just nodded his head, timidly.

"Very well. Take your shirt off."

He was reluctant at first, but he didn't want to piss off the woman any further. Feeling completely embarrassed, he took his shirt off and she could see his breasts.

"You're size is barely a B, as I suspected," she said, after a quick measurement. "Now let's find something to cover your little bee-stings."

While Amelia went to get some bras, Daniel looked at the mirror and he became astonished at the size of *his* breasts. They weren't nearly so big earlier in the morning. He was getting more and more feminine every minute, thanks to those damn pills.

Amelia returned, carrying at least a dozen bra & panty sets. Daniel noticed that all of them were sexy and provocative.

"Um... Don't you have something more... Modest?" He asked as politely and kindly as possible, but it was too late to gain the sympathy of Amelia.

“Nonsense!” she said dryly. “If you like to act like a royal bitch, I think you should also dress like one.”

She then helped Dan in putting on a red lace bra. The next item was a matching thong, and Dan became even more desperate. The last thing he wanted was for the woman to see the little thing he had between his legs.

“Please, give me just a moment!” he pleaded. “I promise I will do whatever you want after that!”

“Fine!” Amelia said. “But you’ll be sorry you made that promise.”

Relieved, Dan pulled on the panties and looked at the mirror again. It was just impossible to see his penis through the material. It was so tiny that his groin was perfectly flat. In addition, the thong had gone deep into his butt, which



was very uncomfortable, but the effect was fantastic. He looked like a sexy hot chick — a girl who would surely be wanted by all school boys.

All the clothes that Amelia forced Dan to try were just as racy and skimpy as the undies. They were sexy, short and tight, perfect for a girl who craved attention. An hour later, he had tried countless tops, pants, shorts, skirts and dresses, and Amelia told him that he would buy all of them! Even the shoes weren't any different. Although the saleswoman had selected some flats, most of the shoes were 3 inch – or higher – heels.

By the time they were done, Dan was wearing a pink sleeveless top, which flaunted his breasts and left his belly on display; a tight white miniskirt that clung to his even rounder ass; and 3 inch heels.

“Now let's see your aunt,” Amelia said.

Daniel followed the woman with some difficulty, since he had no practice with high heels.

“Oh my god, *Danielle!*” Natalie exclaimed, when Daniel approached. “You look so... so...”

“Stunning?” Amelia finished the sentence, realizing that Natalie was speechless.

“I think so,” Natalie said. “But I didn't expect that she would dress an outfit so sexy right now. That's a huge change!”

“I know!” the saleswoman said. “It surprised me, too! But Danielle just insisted... She said that it was exactly what she wanted.”

Dan looked at Amelia, dumbfounded. He wanted to scream that she was lying, but he just had no courage to do it.

Despite the silence of feminized man, Natalie was aware that Amelia couldn't be telling the whole truth. She didn't know what the saleswoman had done to get Dan to choose those clothes, but she was grateful. That would be perfect for her *new* plan.

Emily soon appeared, and she was carrying just as many pieces of clothing as Dan, however the outfits she had selected were far less revealing. When they arrived at the cash register, Natalie became shocked to find that they came to over \$3,000. She happily paid for Emily's clothes with her card and decided to pay for *Danielle's* clothes with Daniel's credit card, which she had tucked away in her purse. The clothes were now his, anyway, and Natalie thought *Danielle* wouldn't need that credit card anytime soon.

When they left the shop, the three went to a piercing and tattoo studio, because Natalie had an idea. She had to drag a complaining Dan into the shop so his ears could be pierced. He made a fuss, but Natalie scolded him into submission, at least keeping him still long enough to have the piercings done.

While the technician pierced Dan's ears, Emily approached her sister, shyly.

"Do you think I could have my bellybutton pierced?" she asked.

"What?" Natalie exclaimed.

"Well, Zoe told me that she had her belly button pierced and she loved it, so I thought that maybe..."

Natalie didn't like that idea so much, but she had to admit that this was another giant step of her sister. Bonding with a friend was exactly what she wanted for her little sister. If it would make her happy, why not? And, of course, if she could do it, someone else would have *her* bellybutton pierced, too.

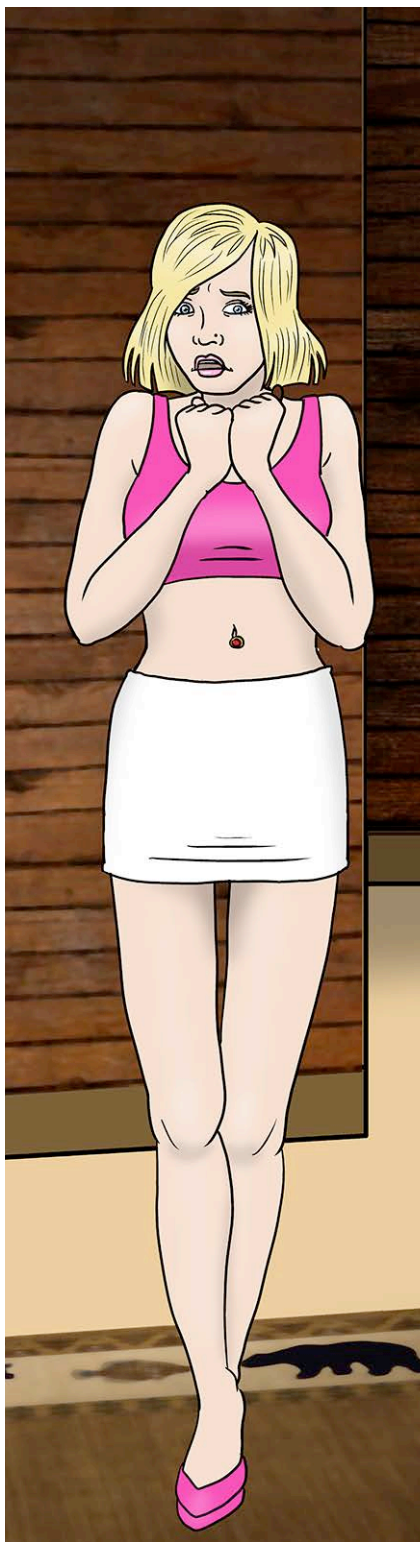
When they were done, Emily had her belly button pierced, just like *Danielle*. Furthermore, the feminized man had his ears pierced twice and had a nose stud! She hadn't planned it, but Natalie thought it would look pretty on *her* face.

They then went to a jewelry counter, where the *girls* got many earrings, necklaces, bracelets and rings. Emily had great taste, selecting a small assortment on tasteful items, and Natalie selected some gaudy and outrageous things for Dan, who was busy rubbing his ears in pain, staring at his reflection in a nearby mirror.

After such an eventful day, they finally got back in the car and returned to the cabin.



As if his humiliation weren't stinging enough, Natalie decided that Emily and *Danielle* would share a room. With his diminished masculinity, there was no hesitation to put them in the same small



space together. Emily was already treating him like a sister. More importantly, Natalie was certain that this experience would make Daniel feel emasculated even further. He would quickly realize that he had become someone harmless for females — someone with whom a girl didn't need to show any embarrassment or modesty. In other words, he would realize that he had become *another girl*. Why was this important to Natalie? She had some new ideas about Dan's future.

In his new shared bedroom, Dan just threw his shopping bags in a corner and flopped down on the cot that Natalie had added to the room. He struggled to not start crying again — he really didn't want to do it in the presence of Emily. He then heard footsteps approaching, and he realized that the young girl was standing right next to the cot. He turned and saw, to his surprise, that it was Emily who was crying.

"I'm sorry, Daniel," she said. "I'm really sorry."

Not knowing how to act, Dan just hugged the girl, who began to cry uncontrollably.

"What we've done to you today was a horrible thing. But I was so angry... You had fooled me by pretending to be Kevin and I really wanted to get back at you..."

Dan tried to be comforting. "It's not your fault. It was Natalie who convinced me to do it!"

"You were just trying to help me, but I just had fun at your expense with your suffering. I know I was wrong." She wiped away a snuffle. "All you were trying to do was be there for me and I should have never been angry with you. I should be angry with my sister."

"She keeps trying to control me! She treats me like a little kid! Today I felt so powerless. This is so frustrating!"

"Yes, I know what you mean. I felt like that for a long time. Nat has always tried to control every aspect of my life. How I should act, dress..."

"That's so unfair!" Dan said, genuinely alarmed.

"Oh, and let me tell you what else she does..."

As they chatted, Natalie was carefully listening to the conversation behind the door. At first, she was upset with the things her sister was saying about her. All she had done had been for the good of Emily. But then she saw this situation from a new perspective. *Who the hell cares if they're speaking bad about me?* She thought. If this was the way in which *the girls* would create an even stronger bond between them, it was fine for Natalie.

She was convinced that the presence of *Danielle* would be very positive for Emily. Her sister could finally have a close friend, a confidant, and it would

certainly help her to make new friends, even if the friendship between Emily and Zoe didn't work out.

In addition, the fact that Dan was feeling extremely vulnerable and fragile in his new persona would also help. With an insecure friend around, Emily would become a stronger person, because she would have the obligation to support her friend. So, the more uncomfortable "Danielle" was, the better. For this reason, Natalie was more than satisfied with the new sexy wardrobe of her "niece." She was sure that Danielle would be even more embarrassed to parade around with short, tight clothes.

She then interrupted her thoughts to continue listening to the conversation.

"...but I don't think Nat has done all this for evil," Emily was saying. "Despite sticking her controlling nose into everything, I think she was really trying to help me. That is why I am no longer angry with her... or you."

Natalie smiled at that. The things were getting better and better.

"Natalie also wants you to go to the party with me... I know it would be very hard for you and that you've already suffered a lot, but I'd really like you to do that."

"But, Emily, I..."

"Please, Daniell!" she said anxiously. "I'd feel much safer with you around... What you've done for me... No one's ever done anything for me like this..."

Dan realized that the girl was about to start crying again, and it left him heart-broken. Today, he had finally understood how she had felt all her life. All that insecurity and fear... no one deserved to live like that. It also helped that he was really starting to see her as a friend, and not just as the sister of his girlfriend. *Girls have to help each other, right?* He thought, unaware of how he had phrased those words.

"Okay, Emily, I'll go with you to the party!"

"Oh, that's great! Thank you so much! And just a last request..."

"Another one?" Dan asked raising his arched eyebrow.

"I promise it will be simple... Can I call you *Danielle* until the party? I mean, are you willing to be my friend *for real* for now?"

"That's it? Not a problem at all! I'm *already* your friend!" Dan said, without really realizing that he was accepting, for the next days, to be treated like a girl.

"Thanks again, *girlfriend!* Now how about a little fun?"

"What kind of fun?"

"I haven't even seen everything you got yet! I want to see you try it all on!"

"Well... As long as it's just you and me... I guess that's okay."

In the following hours, Emily and Dan tried on all the clothes they had bought at the mall. At first, Dan thought it would be boring like hell, just making sure everything fit, but slowly his girlish personality began to emerge. He paraded around the room with his new revealing clothes like a wannabe model, even putting his hands on his waist and wiggling his hips a little, which made Emily giggle.

The *other* girl paraded around, too, and Dan commented on her clothes, saying what styles and colors looked better on her. He just wasn't looking at her as a man looks at a girl. There was no sexual tension. Even when Emily was wearing only a bikini, Dan wasn't the least bit aroused.

"So, do you think I look good?" Emily asked, a little embarrassed.

"Are you kidding me?" Dan replied, as excited as a schoolgirl. "You look so sexy! That bikini really suits you!"

"Thank you, *Danielle*. That's really nice, because I'm thinking of wearing this bikini on the beach on Saturday. Zoe asked me to go there with her and her friends, remember?"

"Sure!"

"Do you think Will would like to see me in this?" Emily asked, blushing.

Dan had to think for a while to remember that Will was the boy with whom Emily had talked a lot at the mall.

"If he's a boy, he'll be wrapped around your little finger!" Dan said, giggling. "So, do you like Will?"

"Yeah..." Emily said slowly. "And what do you think about him?"

"Oh, I guess he's handsome... He's got such dreamy eyes..." Daniel said, day-dreaming. "If you don't want him, I know lots of girls who would!"

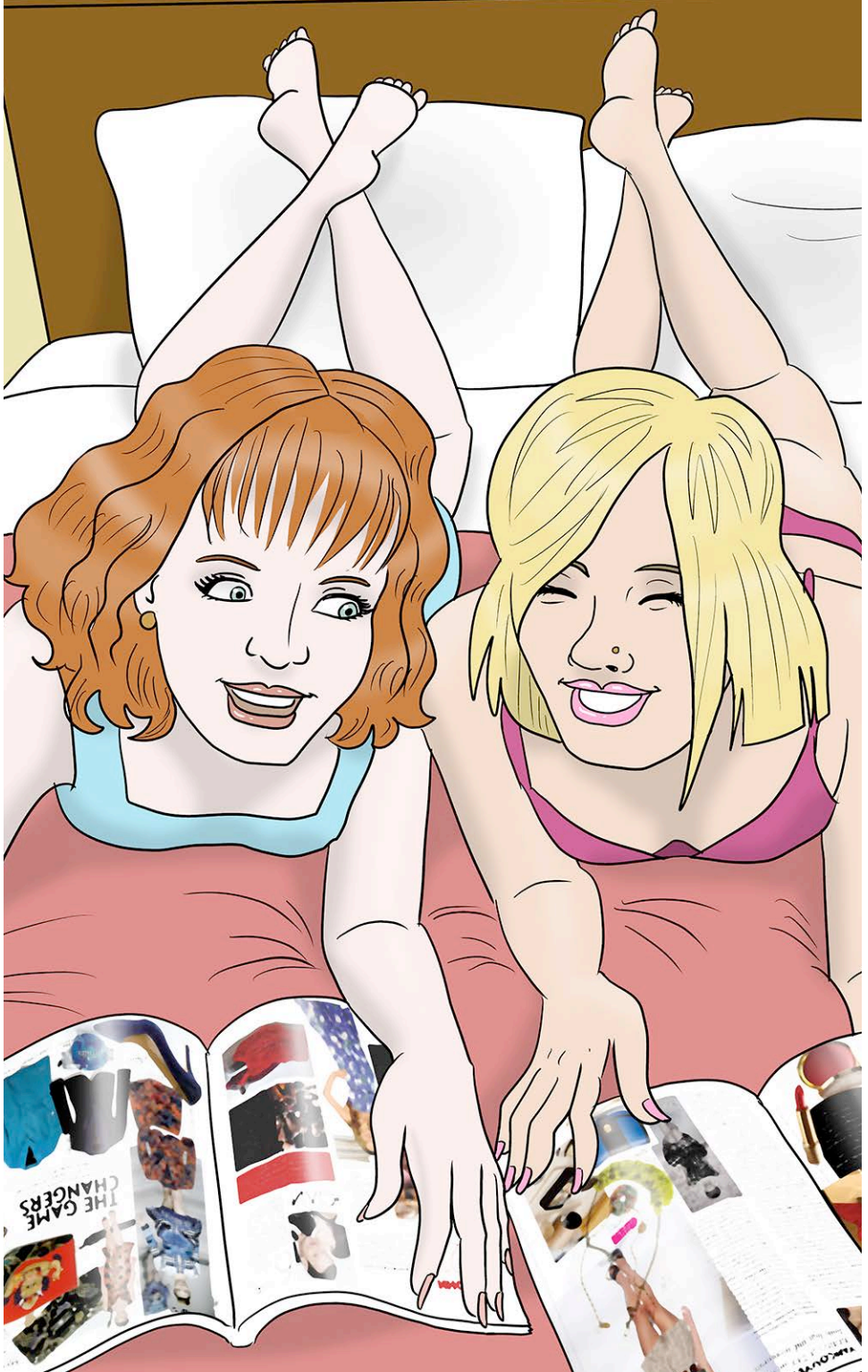
*What the fuck did I just say?*<sup>?</sup> Dan thought, shocked. *Now I'm interested in guys?*<sup>?</sup> *How's that possible?*<sup>?</sup> But he soon relaxed. He was just playing a role, right? That was it. Just to help Emily.

"Hands off, he's mine! But maybe we can find a nice guy for you, too. I want to see my *best friend forever* happy, after all!" Emily said, smiling.

"That would be... Um... great? I mean, okay, sure!" Dan said, just to not put Emily down — or at least he thought so.

After that, they dressed in sexy nighties — red for Emily and black for "Danielle" — and laid down on Emily's bed to talk a little more and leaf through some fashion magazines.

Natalie, who was still listening to everything, decided to open the door a crack, because she needed to see it for herself. The *girls* were so focused on each other that they didn't notice her peeking in. There they were, lying on their stomach, with their legs in the air, talking and giggling as if they had been



friends for a lifetime.

Natalie closed the door quietly, feeling ecstatic. Everything was going wonderfully well. Of course, she was being a manipulative bitch, but it was for a good cause.



“Is Dr. McDermott there?” Natalie asked, as she talked to her phone. It was late, but she knew that the head researcher at Celgen would be there, on the job.

“This is Dr. McDermott,” said the voice on the other end of the line.

“Hello, Doctor. No one’s listening, are they?”

“This is my secure line. Who is this?”

“A friend. A friend with some pills you might be missing.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about. Now who is this?”

“Doctor, I wanted to let you know that your first human trials of PDL are going extremely well.”

“You... You gave them to someone? You’re crazy!”

Natalie giggled. “No, I had faith in the drug — and you, Doctor. Besides, the patient is healthier than he’s ever been.”

“Don’t play God! Don’t take any more risks! I beg of you! Why are you doing this?”

“Simple Doctor. It fit my purpose. Now, if you’re done playing the concerned physician, I’d like to tell you about how he’s doing.”

“This is barbaric.”

“I can send you photos of all his changes.”

There was a long pause on the other end of the line. “I’m listening.”



On Saturday, Natalie woke up the “girls” early so they could go to the beach. Despite his situation, Dan saw it as an opportunity to get away from Natalie, at least for a little while, so he didn’t make a fuss. The day was beautiful and warm, and the beach was crowded. Even as dense as it was, after saying good-bye to Natalie, Emily and Dan quickly found Zoe, who was on the sidewalk of the beach, where they had arranged to meet.

“Hi, Emily!” Zoe said cheerfully. “You look amazing! New clothes?”

“Thank you, Zoe. You look great, too.”

Emily and Zoe were wearing light shirts and jean shorts. Dan was wearing a similar outfit, but his blouse was slightly transparent and his shorts a little shorter.

“And who is this beautiful girl?” Zoe asked, looking at Dan, up and down.

“This is *Danielle*. She’s my cousin, Kevin’s sister, you know, the guy who was with me that day at the mall, remember? Danielle is my best friend since I was little!”

“Hey, Danielle!” Zoe said, with a quick hug.

“Hey, Zoe!” Dan said, shyly. He still wasn’t quite used to the ritual of the female hug.

“Now let’s find the boys,” Zoe said. “They’re supposed to be waiting for us on the sand.”

Sure enough, they found the boys doing what boys do, laughing, pushing and shoving each other. The three stopped talking to watch the girls as they approached. There was Ryan, Zoe’s boyfriend; Will, the boy for whom Emily had a crush; and Dylan, the brother of Zoe with whom Dan had argued with. Dan groaned when he saw him. Emily greeted everybody and then Zoe introduced *Danielle* to them.

“Yeah, really nice to meet you, Dani,” Dylan said, clearly coveting the new girl. “I can call you Dani, right?”

“Of course you can!” Emily said, before Dan could open his mouth. “She *loves* nicknames!”

Dan wasn’t very happy with that answer. Just then, he suddenly realized that there were three boys and *three girls*. Since Ryan was Zoe’s boyfriend and Will was interested in Emily, Dylan... Oh, no. Dylan would probably try to get close to him, being the only girl left out. *But, didn’t Dylan have a girlfriend?* Dan recalled. *Where was she?*

“Bet you’re glad that Camilla broke up with you, right big brother?” Zoe said, nudging Dylan. It was as if she was reading Dan’s mind.

“She hasn’t broken up with me!” Dylan said, angrily. “I broke up with her. And don’t let her tell you differently! I was *way* tired of her. Why waste my summer on her? There are some really hot girls around this beach,” he said, looking at *Danielle’s* body.

“Right, but try not to scare Emily’s cousin, okay?” Zoe whispered into his ear, seeing Danielle blush. “She seems to be a shy girl.”

“I’ll try my best to make her comfortable,” Dylan said, grinning.

Ready to settle in, Zoe took off her blouse and her skirt, revealing her beautiful yellow bikini. Emily and Danielle were then compelled to do the same.

Emily felt a little ashamed, of course. This was the first time she had ever worn a bikini — but Daniel was far more embarrassed. Not just because it was the first time he was wearing a bikini, as a girl, in public, but because his bathing suit was much sexier than anyone else's. It was a very tiny hot pink bikini which didn't leave anything to the imagination. He felt terribly exposed as his boobs looked like they were almost jumping out of the bikini top, along with his slender legs and round ass fully on display. For the first time he felt happy about the ridiculously small size of his dick — otherwise, everyone would see that he wasn't *exactly* a girl.

While he was still cringing from embarrassment, Ryan and Will volunteered to spread sunscreen on the bodies of Zoe and Emily.

"Why don't you help Danielle with that, Dylan?" Zoe suggested.

"Sure!" the guy said, as happy as if he had won the lottery.

Dan had the sneaking suspicion that Zoe was trying to set him up with Dylan. He tried to say that it wasn't necessary, but he soon realized that Dylan wasn't the type to take no for an answer. Since Dan didn't want to make a big scene, he laid face down on a beach towel. Besides, it was no big deal, right? Just a bit of sunscreen.

Dylan splashed a shot of the sunscreen on Dan's back. *Oh, this cream is so cold!* Dan thought, feeling a chill all over his body. Dylan began to spread the sunscreen and Dan had to admit that it was a fantastically soothing feeling. His hands were so big and strong, but at the same time he was being so gentle.

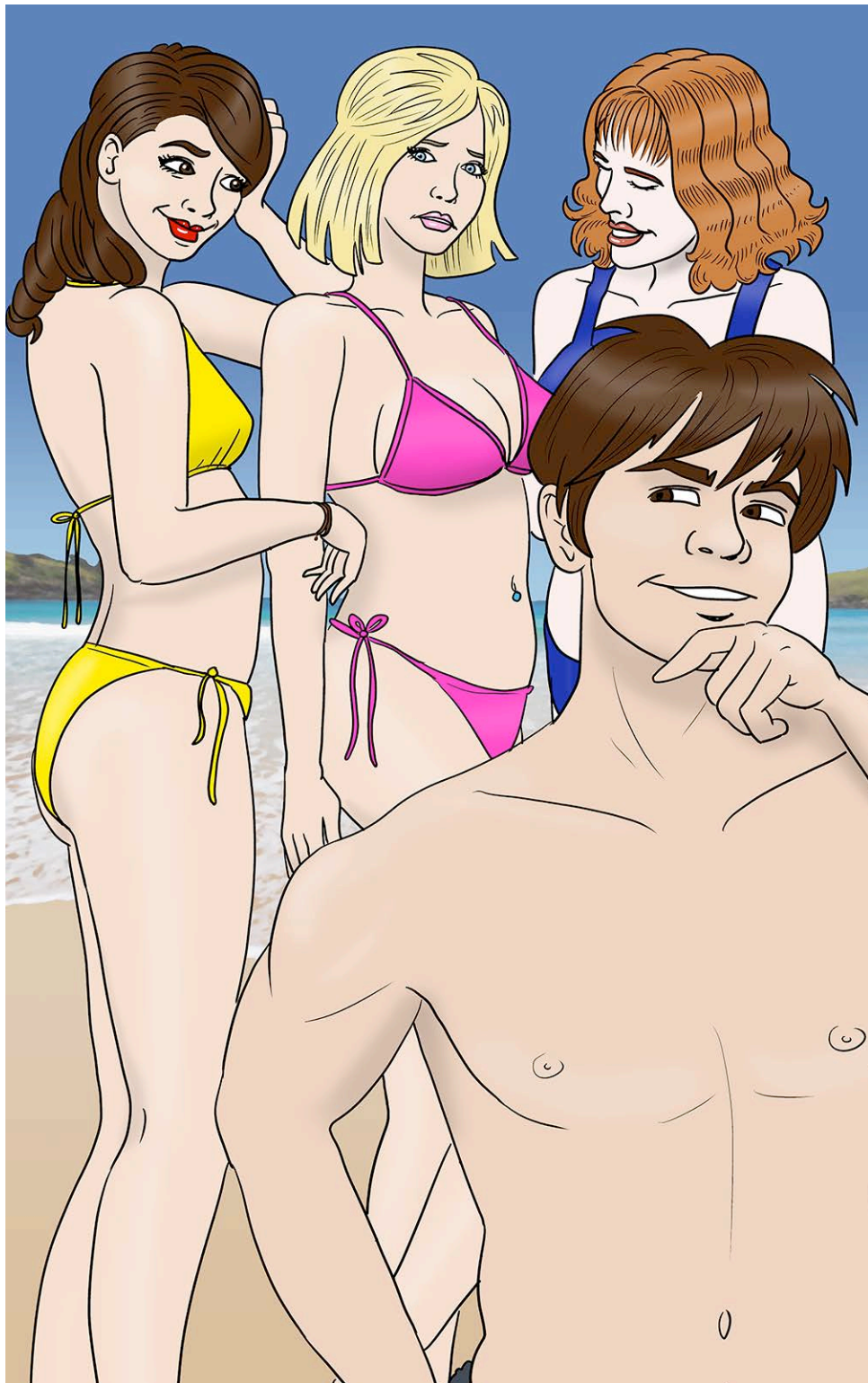
Dylan then went to "Danielle's" legs, starting at her small feet and slowly rising to her thighs. Dan began to get aroused, especially when the hands of Dylan reached his ass.

"I... I think that's enough," he said, weakly.

"Right, babe," Dylan said. "Now turn around."

Daniel did what he asked, but he immediately regretted it. His nipples were hard and Dylan could see it clearly through the thin material of his bikini. Dylan noticed, and smiled and winked at Dan. The man in a girl's body blushed further, and smiled back to be polite, unable to say anything — he was burning in shame.

Dylan began to spread sunscreen on the front side of "Danielle's" body, starting with the legs. He purposely lingered in the groin area, making Dan feel a tingling in what was left of his dick. Fortunately for him, it was unable to get hard. Dylan's hands worked their way up to "Danielle's" abdomen, and came dangerously close to "her" boobs.



Before something crazy happened, Dan had to stop it quickly, so he said the first thing that crossed his mind.

“Thanks, babe. Now how about I return the favor?” Dan held out his hand to grab the sunscreen.

*What?* Daniel thought. *Why did I say that?* *Now he’ll think I’m flirting with him!*

It was too late to change his mind. Dylan had already handed the sunscreen to Dan and was lying on the beach towel. Without choice, Daniel began to spread the cream over the boy’s body.

*Oh, he’s so brawny,* Daniel thought. *This is such a hot body. I would love to be embraced by those muscular arms...*

Daniel was shocked again. Why was he thinking those things? He was a straight man! He liked women, right? He looked at the girls beside him, but he felt nothing. Not a hint of arousal.

*That’s because they’re just teenagers,* he tried to convince himself. *I’m a grown man and I like adult women!* But if that were true, why was he feeling attracted to Dylan? Dan was very confused.

After he was done, the two sat beside each other. Dan couldn’t avoid it, really. Dylan gave a soda to him and they began to talk, as others were doing. Dan soon realized that the favorite subject of Dylan was talking about himself. He told him all his supposed feats on the school football team, stressing that he was good not only in football, but in virtually all sports.

“Five sport letterman,” he boasted. “All-star in four.”

Dan usually liked to talk sports, but for some reason he was starting to get bored. He then let his mind wander, and just kept smiling and nodding from time to time as if he was paying attention to what the boy was saying.

*Yeah, he’s, like, so damn cocky, but I have to admit he’s handsome,* Dan thought. *His face is so manly, and his body... Oh my gosh!* He discreetly brushed his hand on Dylan’s arm as he changed the way he was sitting. *He works out, too. What a tight bod!* Although he didn’t realize it, Dan flipped his long hair over his shoulder, like a girl flirting with a boy might do. *Yeah, if I were a real girl, I bet I could be his girlfriend. I mean, I know he’s totally into me, too. And he has such great skin and I love his smile. Our children could be sooo gorgeous!*

Dan then giggled as he twirled his hair with a finger. Dylan interpreted it as a green light and moved closer. *For God’s sake, this fucking hot chick is completely into me,* he thought, beginning to rub *her* smooth and soft legs. He moved his mouth in close, a prelude to kissing her. “You know you wanna,” he said.

But then, Daniel awoke from his daydream. His mind was trying to trick him. He couldn't let that happen! Bringing together the last remnants of his male ego, he decided to react for once. He would put that boy in his place.

"You know what?" he said a little too loudly, drawing the attention of Emily and the others. "I think you talk too much! I want to see if you're as good at sports as you say. You have a big mouth like all other Packer fans!"

Dylan was surprised by this sudden change of Danielle's behavior, but he quickly regained his composure.

"What? Don't tell me that you're a Bears fan like your loser twerp brother!" he said. "I bet you come from a loser family of loser Bears fans!"

"Here we go again," Zoe said, upset.

"Of course I support the Bears!" Dan said. "And my brother isn't a loser! You're a loser, you and your stupid Packers!"

"Oh really?" Dylan said.

"Yeah, really! You've got a big, fat, mouth! All star athlete? As if!"

"And who's gonna prove me wrong? You?"

"Why not? Are you afraid of losing to a *girl*?"

"I'll show you who's the top athlete in the state! We got a ball over here. How about a volleyball game? But don't say I didn't warn you."

To make teams, Zoe, Emily, Ryan and Will were forced to join the game. Dylan and "Danielle" decided they would be the captains of the teams, and Dylan said that the *girl* could choose the first player.

"I want Will," she said.

"I can't believe you didn't choose me first!" Emily said mockingly, with a pouty lower lip. Zoe laughed. Dan thought it was amazing how she was already at ease with these guys. However, that thought didn't last, because he had more urgent things to solve at the moment. Dylan then picked out Ryan. After that, Dan finally chose Emily and Dylan got Zoe. They then went to one of the beach volleyball nets.

"Get ready to be humiliated!" Dan told Dylan.

"Are you sure that Danielle and Kevin aren't the same person?" Zoe asked Emily. "She's sounding more and more like him."

Overhearing the comment, Dan froze for a moment, thinking that his secret had been discovered. However, he soon realized that Zoe was just sharing a joke with her new friend. He took charge of the first service. He struck it hard and he was sure he'd score an ace. However, he was about to find out that things wouldn't be so easy.

The ball didn't even reach the opposing side, falling gently to the sand, and everyone started laughing — even Dan's teammates. He was dazed. Had he really become so weak? Looking at his thin arms, he knew the answer. Dylan mocked "Danielle's" service, and felt even more humiliated. However, the worst was yet to come.

Dan had become a terrible athlete. He wasn't only weak, but he had lost all his motor skills and coordination, too. Besides, it was very difficult to play volleyball with those damn boobs bouncing all the time. He just could not understand how women dealt with that.

Dylan, on the other hand, really was a very good athlete. He scored almost all the points of his team, which won easily. To make matters worse, at the match point, when Dan tried to defend Dylan's powerful strike awkwardly, he broke one of his nails, causing him to scream and cry like a little girl.

"Are you okay?" the cocky victor asked, approaching.

"I'm fine! Leave me alone!" Dan whined.

"Hey, you don't need to be rude! I was just trying to help. Besides, now we know who was right... Your team was massacred," he said. "I think I'll go to the water now." Dylan cracked his knuckles. "There's nothing like a relaxing swim after a victory."

But Dan wasn't entirely defeated yet. Swimming was the sport he liked best and he believed that at least in the water he could beat Dylan. He then ran to the sea.

"Wait, Dani!" Dylan yelled. "I was just kidding! These waters are dangerous!"

The sea was really choppy, but Dan didn't care. He knew what he was doing — or at least he thought so.

"Catch me if you can!" he said, starting to swim.

*I'm doing great!* he thought, at first. However, he soon began to face real difficulties. Dan was a great swimmer, but not *Danielle*. "Danielle" began to have trouble keeping above the surface as the waves grew stronger. When a wave splashed water in his lungs, he choked and sank, but he managed to recover.

The relief was brief, though. His arms and legs were so tired. Even if it meant humiliation, he decided to return to the beach, but when he tried to do that, a wave struck him in full. He sank again and this time he swallowed lots of water. For a moment, Dan thought he was in real trouble. Real, life-threatening trouble. But then he felt an arm grab him around the waist.

When Dylan returned from the water to the beach with Danielle in his arms, there was already a small crowd watching the scene. People cheered his act as if Dylan was the hero of a film, and he clearly liked it. Then, as he had seen so many times on TV, he put Danielle on the sand and began to do mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. It wasn't *that* necessary. Dan had swallowed some water,

sure, but he wasn't unconscious or anything. However, Dylan would never let an opportunity like this pass him on by.

Dan, who was still a little dizzy, was taken by surprise by Dylan and had no time to avoid it. Dylan repeated the procedure twice, but the last time it wasn't a simple mouth-to-mouth resuscitation — he took advantage of the situation to kiss Danielle deeply. The feminized man's eyes widened when he felt Dylan's tongue hungrily invading his mouth. He tried to push the fellow man away, but he had no strength left.

People cheered with even more enthusiasm and some girls even cried *oooh* together, enraptured by the romantic scene. Dylan then held "Danielle" in his arms again, and carried "her" back towards their spot.

"Put me down, Dylan!" Dan said, between his clenched teeth. He was lightly kicking and thrashing with what little energy he had.



“Don’t worry, baby!” Dylan said loud enough for all to hear. “I’ll keep you safe!”

He then continued on his route, smiling at everyone — and especially down in his arms at *Danielle*.



On Monday morning Natalie and “the girls” returned to the city. “Danielle” had been informed that *she* would be staying in Natalie’s house until the day of Zoe’s party, since *she* was *too young* to live alone. Dan was surprised to discover that Natalie had even ordered a new bed and some new furniture, which were in Emily’s room. That way, they could share the room as if they were sisters, as Natalie put it.

Emily was quite happy with that, but Dan was worried. Why was Natalie was spending so much money on something that was ultimately temporary? He wouldn’t be “Danielle” forever, after all.

The girls unpacked their stuff listening to pop music and then they began to talk. They were getting closer and closer, and Emily just loved to pal around with her BFF. Of course, things between Zoe and Emily were also going well, but there was something special about Danielle that Emily couldn’t explain. Perhaps it was the fact that Danielle had no one else? Or it was because Danielle was experiencing a completely new reality, just as Emily?

“Umm... look, Emmy...” Dan said, sounding insecure. “I know I don’t have to remind you, but please remember your promise.”

“What are you talking about, Dani?”

“You know, Emmy... That thing that happened on the beach...”

As soon as they left the beach that day, Dan made Emily promise that she wouldn’t tell Natalie that Dylan had kissed him. The young girl agreed, and had kept her word so far.

“Oh, you’re talking about Dylan and you!” Emily said casually.

“Please keep your voice down, Emmy!” Dan begged.

“Don’t worry, girl. Your secret’s safe with me. But you know that eventually you’ll have to tell it to Nat, right?”

“What you mean?”

“Well, if you keep dating Dylan, she’ll discover it sooner or later, and it’s best that she hears about it from you, since she *was* your girlfriend!”

“I’m not dating Dylan, Emily! I don’t like him. He’s a boy! How can you even think that!”

“Come on, *Dani*! You were trying so hard to get his attention! That’s why you challenged him and then you pretended that you were drowning.”

“What? No, you got it all wrong!”

“You can try to lie to me, *Dani*, but you can’t lie to yourself, and you know that.”

Dan was appalled. What made it even worse was that Emily seemed to be so sure of her theory.

*Like she could ever be right*, Dan told himself. *Well, you really enjoyed that kiss, his cruel inner voice told him. It was so hot and you felt so excited... so desired and protected... his lips were so soft, but at the same time he was so virile... you loved the submissive role... you loved to be the prey... you loved so much to be the girl!*

*No!* Daniel proclaimed, trying to regain control of himself. *I am a man and not a teenage girl!*

*Are you?* That damned inner voice insisted. *So why are dressing in a blouse, a skirt and high heels, with your platinum blond hair neatly combed and your face perfectly made-up, talking to your BFF about boys?*

Daniel had to admit that his inner voice made a good argument.



In the following days, Emily and Dan spent almost their entire time together, even going to the mall a few times, since Emily was looking for something nice to wear to Zoe’s party.

“I really want to impress Will, you know,” she said, one day. “Perhaps this way he kisses me just like Dylan kissed you. Wouldn’t that be cool? We can go out on a double date! Or even a triple, if we invite Zoe and Ryan.”

“Emmy, I...” Dan started.

“I know, I know! ‘I don’t like Dylan.’” She said, rolling her eyes. “I’ll pretend that it’s true!”

They tried a lot of dresses. Dan had the impression that they had already entered into all the shopping stores... twice! Then, Emily finally found what she called *the perfect outfits*. She bought them with her own money and didn’t listen to Dan’s objections.

Dan thought his dress was a little too short and low-cut. However, Emily said Dan was being silly, and made him promise to wear it anyway. The feminized man was experiencing more and more difficulty in trying to say no to Emily. She was increasingly confident while Dan was still very insecure with his femi-

nine role. Then, she began to exert some leadership over him, not in an authoritarian manner, but as a *more experienced* friend.



“So, you agree that Natalie is a very beautiful woman, right?” Emily asked Dan on Wednesday.

“Of course she is,” Daniel answered without understanding why Emily was talking. After all, he had fallen in love with her. She was gorgeous.

“And she can be really sexy when she wants to... Don’t you agree?”

“Oh, yeah,” Dan said, remembering how Natalie knew how to be sexy. He thought about the sex with her. She was so good in bed... Still, Daniel couldn’t get aroused remembering that. It was like all the emotion of imagining her naked had somehow disappeared. Why was this happening? Feeling extremely frustrated, he pushed those thoughts out of his head and resumed listening to Emily.

“Good,” she said. “I was thinking that maybe Natalie could help us...”

“What you mean?”

“She can teach us how to act sexy, *silly girl!* I mean, how to properly walk in high heels, how to wear a short skirt, how to flirt with boys... I don’t want to turn us into sluts or something, of course, but we can sure use the help, especially at Zoe’s party!”

“I don’t know if Natalie will like this idea, Emmy.” Dan was still angry with Natalie and hadn’t spoken a complete sentence to her in several days.

“Nonsense. I’ll talk to her tonight.”

“But I...”

“Shhh! I already said that I’ll talk to her, right? Leave it to me.”

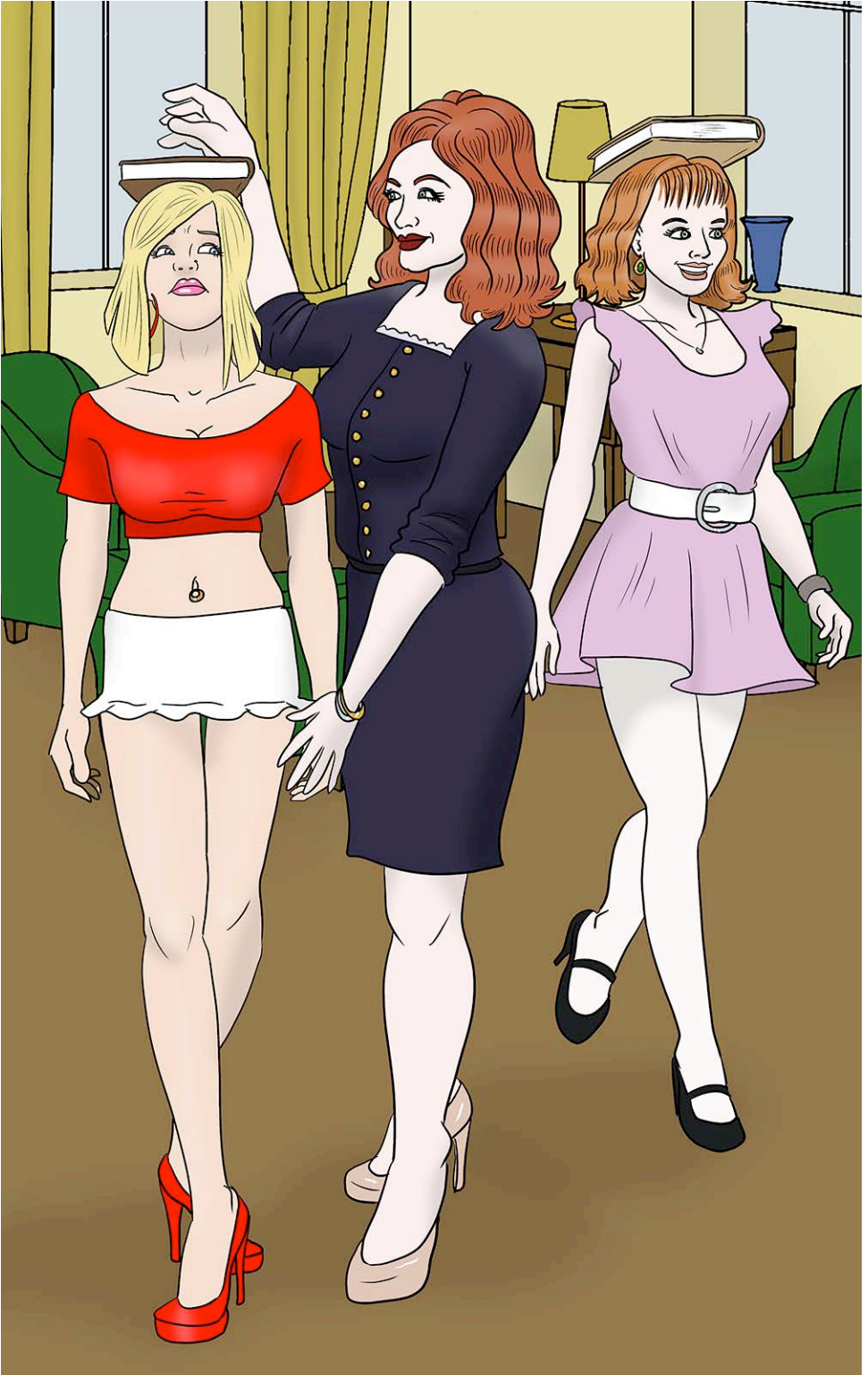


Natalie was delighted with the idea. She said they should start immediately. “So, *Danielle*,” she began, “do you want to learn how to act sexy, too? Are you interested in some handsome dreamboat?”

Dan flushed in shame. He then looked at Emily. “You promised you wouldn’t tell Natalie anything!” he said.

“I didn’t, *Dani*. But I think *you* just did!” Emily said giggling.

Dan tried to tell Natalie that this wasn’t true, but the woman was not interested in listening.



“You’re a beautiful *young lady* and there’s nothing wrong with *liking boys*,” she said. “You just need to be careful. Some guys might try to take advantage of *innocent girls* like you. “

Dan was so shocked and humiliated that he simply couldn’t say anything. Then, Natalie started the class.

First, Emily and Dan had to walk in sky-high heels, while Natalie told them what they needed to do to improve. “Heel first!” she instructed. “Heel to toe, and take smaller steps!” This process took more than an hour, and by the end, Daniel’s feet were killing him. Making it even worse was, as Natalie pointed out, that he was already beginning to develop a sexy walk. Dan noticed his hips were swiveling even when he wasn’t wearing the heels. He couldn’t help himself. *Oh, that’s great! What more could I want?* he thought, angrily.

Then they learned how to deal with very short skirts, which involved thinking about how you were going to move before you moved. Keeping the knees together was vital. Next, Natalie demonstrated how to show certain parts of the body without being vulgar, like using some carefully applied safety pins to make a top and a skirt skin-tight to show off their feminine curves. Finally came the part that Daniel hated most — how to flirt with boys.

And then, of course, they had new lessons every single day, until Saturday finally came, the day of the party.



The girls began to get ready three hours before the party. At first, Dan thought it was a bit of an exaggeration, but he soon realized that a girl needed a lot of more time to get ready than a guy. Also, for reasons he couldn’t quite explain, he wanted to look stunning at the party.

*I wonder what the other girls will wear?* He thought. *Oh my gosh, will someone be wearing a dress like mine?* Dan was terrified that someone might actually choose his dress and covered his shocked mouth with his perfectly manicured hands. *That would be sooo awful! And how about Dylan?* *I really hope he thinks I’m pretty tonight!*

Daniel then shook his head. He needed to control his impulses. They felt like they were getting worse. *Just one more night*, he said to himself. *After this party I’ll be on my way back to normal.*

The day before, he and Emily had gone to the salon for a last-minute touch-up. In addition, Dan’s hair had grown amazingly fast that week, probably because of those pills he had taken. And that wasn’t the only new change in his body.

When Dan began to put his undies — a sexy black set — he realized that the strapless bra was a little tight. It was weird because he had tried it just a few days earlier. What Dan didn't know was that his boobs were still growing, and with a bra a little too small they looked even bigger, and pushed them up.

*Oh, I look hot!* he thought looking at the mirror. *Smokin' hot!*

Next, he put on his red spaghetti-strap dress. His boobs were almost popping out of the dress and his fantastic legs were fully exposed, which looked even better when he put on his 4-inch red pumps.

Daniel was still a little insecure about those shoes, but that was just the natural insecurity of a *teenage girl* going out with such heels for the first time. The truth was that he had already mastered those high heels as if he had been in those shoes for a lifetime. Or a second life, in Dan's case. He was gyrating his hips back and forth like a finely engineered clock, putting one foot in front of the other, heel-to-toe, as Natalie had taught him.

After that, his girlfriend, Emily, helped him with his hair and make-up. At the end, his hair was neatly combed and silky, and his face was made up with black eye shadow, mascara, blush, lipstick and shiny lip gloss, making his lips even more full and kissable. To complete the look, he put large silver hoop earrings, a few bracelets and rings and a bright piercing in his nose. *Danielle* was just perfect, and *she* knew that.

Emily was very beautiful, too, dressing a metallic blue dress which ended just above her knees, and open-toe heels. The contrast of her red hair with the dress was amazing, and her face was perfectly made-up, with pink lips.

The girls then picked up their small purses, and Natalie took them by car to the party.

"Wow, that's a huge house!" Natalie said, as they approached the mansion where Zoe lived. "It seems that your friend's family has a lot of money."

She parked the car next to a fountain and then the group headed to the imposing front door.

They were greeted by a handsome middle-aged man. He had gray hair, a manly face — as an older version of Dylan's face — and a body still in good shape. He was wearing a blue dress shirt and black pants. His name was Thomas and it wasn't a big surprise when he said he was the father of Zoe and Dylan.

Thomas was very happy to meet Emily and *Danielle*, since their children had been talking about the girls all week, but he was even happier to know Natalie, because he thought she was a very attractive.

"I was planning on staying in my office during the kids' party, but..." he started, "would you like to go out with me to pass the time? I know a wonderful restaurant around the corner."

“Won’t your daughter mind if you go out during her birthday party?” Natalie asked.

“Oh, she would kill me if I stayed around,” he said smiling. “You know teenagers... One day she was my little princess and would never leave me alone, but now... She barely even admits I exist.” He shrugged and Natalie laughed.

“And are you planning to invite your wife, too?”

“I am a widower. My lovely wife passed away many years ago...”

“I’m so sorry!”

“Well, I think the worst is behind me, now,” he said charmingly. “So, do you accept my invitation?”

“Well, just this once... of course! It’ll be a pleasure!”

Daniel’s jaw dropped when he heard the answer of his girlfriend. Natalie going to go out with another man — and she was doing it in front of Daniel! He wanted more than anything to shout out that she couldn’t do that because she was his! But he knew this effort would be in vain. Thomas would probably laugh in his head off if he said such a thing. He was so manly and virile, while Daniel... he was just *Danielle*, a hot teenage chick. He had never felt so humiliated and emasculated.

“Take my arm?” Thomas offered.

“So chivalrous!” Natalie eagerly leaned in to Thomas and fed her arm though his. “I’ve always relied on the kindness of strangers,” she said with a giggle.

As the two walked off, headed down the driveway to a posh, pretentious Bentley, all Dan could do was stand there and fume. Not only was she seeing another man, she had done it right in front of him, flaunting her deceit. Dan stomped his foot so hard it threatened to snap off the heel.

Emily chimed in, sounding apologetic. “I... I’m sure she did that to... Help you?”

“She’s a grade-A bitch, that’s what she is!” Dan growled. “How would she feel if I did that to her?”

That question rattled around in his head as they went inside to the party. *Just how would she feel if I hooked up with someone?* He repeated to himself in his mind. *She’d be just as angry as I am right now! That’s what I should do!* He thought. *I should show her what this feels like!* So, Daniel decided to take revenge. Natalie would get so jealous that she would never do something like this again. He just needed to find the right person.



“Hi, Dylan!” *Danielle* sang out in an extremely high voice when *she* saw the boy at the center of the room, surrounded by other guys. *She* advanced swinging her hips as *her* high heels clicked on the marble floor.

Dylan gasped to see that stunning blonde calling his name and coming towards him. *Oh, Danielle is even hotter tonight*, he thought, smiling. *Had her boobs always been that big?*

“I missed you *sooo* much!” *Danielle* said, blinking her long lashes. *She* realized that all Dylan’s friends, who also seemed to be on the football team, were lusting after *her*. In fact, all teenagers present, and there were at least fifty of them, had stopped to talk to follow *her* flashy entrance. However, that didn’t bother *Danielle* at all — quite the opposite, actually, because it was just *her* goal. If everyone could see *her* with Dylan, Natalie certainly would hear about that.

“Good to know,” Dylan said. “I missed you, too, babe! But you don’t intend to start yelling at me again, right?”

“Oh, Dylan, don’t be silly... Sometimes a girl does funny things just to get your attention,” *Danielle* said, remembering Emily’s theory about what had happened. *She* knew it was the right thing to say at that time.

“Really?” Dylan exclaimed raising his eyebrows.

“Sure, dear! Did you believe I was mad at you for real?” she asked, pouting, with puppy-dog eyes.

“Hmm... I... Nah, of course not!” Dylan said, trying to sound confident.

“Awesome!” *Danielle* exclaimed clapping and skipping. Then, she put her arms around his neck. “I really, really missed you,” she repeated with a seductive whisper. Dylan felt his erection growing in his pants.

Without wasting time, he put his muscular arms around the slender waist of *Danielle* and kissed her deeply. This time she kissed him back and the kiss was passionate and thrilling. *Danielle* even kicked up her leg. *She* knew everyone was closely watching the show and she was very happy about it. *She* could already imagine word getting back to Natalie.

“Oh my god, Emily, look that!” *Zoe* said, pointing to her brother and *Danielle*.

“That’s wonderful!” *Emily* said, excited. “I’m so happy for her. Finally she’s listening to her heart.”

“What you mean?”

“She told me all week that she wasn’t interested in Dylan. Can you believe that?”

“Well, if *that’s* not being interested...” *Zoe* said. “Maybe they should get a room.” The two girls giggled.



She was right. The kiss lasted forever, as if the mouths of Dylan and Danielle were stuck together. At one point, Dylan even squeezed Danielle's butt in front of everyone, and she didn't seem to mind at all.

When the kiss finally ended, some friends of Dylan congratulated him, and Danielle looked a little embarrassed. Still, she continued to smile, keeping the act up. His "act" was quite convincing, even to Dan himself.

Danielle had enjoyed Dylan's kiss more than she could say. The kiss had been very warm. She felt an excitement that ran through all over her body — an excitement she had never felt before. Maybe... just maybe... she could get used to being Dylan's girlfriend... *No! She told herself. I'm just playing a role. That's all! Very soon I'll be a man again!*

She kept playing that convincing role all night long. She was hanging on to Dylan all the time and he took the opportunity to show her off as a trophy while he walked through the elegant rooms of his house and talked to people. Danielle was acting as a devoted airhead girlfriend, looking at Dylan in awe as he talked with the others, and laughing and sighing at the right times. It was remarkably easy for him to fall into this role.

When they were alone, she teased him a lot, shaking her blond, silky hair, showing off her generous cleavage and smooth legs and stroking his arms with her long red nails. That situation was very ironic. Without realizing it, Danielle was using all the tricks that Natalie, his girlfriend, had taught him to seduce a man. However, Danielle had apparently forgotten the part that said she should be subtle.

Many hours later, when some guests were already beginning to leave, Dylan and Danielle sat on the comfortable and spacious couch in the living room. The enamored young boy went on the attack again. He kissed Danielle until he left her breathless. He then started rubbing her big boobs. Danielle thought about asking him to stop it, but she was too aroused for that. She then began to moan and Dylan knew he was doing everything right.

"Come with me," he said.

"Where?" she asked weakly.

"That's a surprise, babe!" He took her by the hand.

Danielle was so horny that her legs were wobbly and Dylan helped her to get up. She then saw that Emily was in another corner of the living room, making out with Will. She had finally gotten what she wanted so badly.

The clicks of Danielle's heels caught the attention of the other couple and they looked around. Emily smiled at her BFF to see that she was leaving the room with her guy, and Danielle once again felt embarrassed — so embarrassed that she rushed ahead of Dylan to leave immediately.

Dylan took Danielle to his bedroom. The place was huge and spacious, had expensive furniture, and featured framed, autographed sports posters on the walls.

“Do you like it?” he asked.

“Absolutely!” she said. “This is, like, an awesome room!”

“Good. You can come here *whenever* you want. Now how about we pick it up where we left off?”

He kissed Danielle again while he used his hands to rub all over her body. Danielle knew it couldn't continue. Her original plan was to make Natalie jealous, and this bedroom had no one watching the scene. No one was there to tell his girlfriend what was going on.

Danielle's rational mind had already decided to stop, but her body seemed to think differently. She was so aroused. She just couldn't control herself anymore. Before she realized it, Dylan had already taken her to the bed.

“Oh, Dani, you're so hot!” he whispered in her ear, among a series of groans

“Do you really think so?” she asked, with a childish sense of delight.

Dylan's response was to take off her dress. He also took the opportunity to get rid of her bra, and began rubbing her boobs freely. Then, he kissed one of her nipples and Danielle went crazy. Her nipple was so sensitive... It was so good... But when Dylan began to take off her panties she knew she had to do something. Otherwise, he would find out her little secret and that would be terrible.

“Wait, Dylan,” she said.

“What's wrong?”

“I... I don't think that we should go too far right now.”

“What are you talking about? I know you want this as much as me. You teased me all night and...” Instead of completing the sentence, he sucked Danielle's nipple again and she moaned loudly. She knew she wouldn't be able to stop him at that moment. She really had teased him for hours. So, there was just one thing she could do.

“I don't want to have sex tonight because I'm afraid you'll think I'm too easy or something.”

“Nonsense, *Dani!* I would never...”

Even the tattered remnants of his masculine mind didn't want to stop. He had to find a way to bring it to a climax without exposing her secret. “But...” she said, biting her lower lip. “There is something I can do for you.” She then grabbed his dick with her small, soft hands, and he gasped.

“Do you like it?” she asked, with a perfect squeaky bimbo voice. “Oh, it is so big, and looks so yummy,” she said and giggled. For a moment, she tried to

convince herself that she was doing this just because she hadn't choice, but the truth was... Oh, God, she was *dying* to suck his cock!

She tried to do it as women did in porn movies, and apparently she was doing well. Dylan moaned and cried out in pleasure over and over. *That's so nice!* She thought. *I love to please my man. This way he will love me forever!* Danielle didn't try to stop those thoughts — not this time. Not while *she* was sucking a guy's dick. For once, she decided to fully embrace her feminine essence and enjoy the moment. She almost didn't want it to end, and she even swallowed everything, as a good girlfriend and cocksucker would for her man.



Natalie returned to get the girls soon after. When Emily and Danielle appeared, she could see that Danielle was a little messy. Her hair was disheveled and her makeup smeared, but Natalie said nothing about it. The woman then said goodbye to Thomas on the doorstep.

"That was a wonderful night," she said, kissing him on the lips.

"It was my pleasure. Can I call you?"

"I would kill you if you didn't." Then they kissed again.

Daniel was once again stunned. Natalie was acting as if he just didn't exist — as if he had always been *Danielle*, her *niece*. Moreover, he finally realized how ridiculous his plan had been. How could he make Natalie jealous if she didn't see him as a man anymore? And how could he compete with Thomas, that charming and confident man, if he looked just like a sexy teenage girl — and a girl who had just sucked the cock of Thomas's son? Perhaps all that had been just a trick of his mind, trying to make him embrace his femininity even further.

"So, girls, did you have fun?" Natalie asked when they got into the car.

"Oh, you have no idea!" Emily said winking at *Danielle*.



"So, what do you think?" Natalie asked Dr. McDermott.

"Incredible. Absolutely incredible." The doctor was peeking through the door at a slumbering Dan. Natalie joined him. "His body not only regressed, but his chromosomes were re-sequenced as female. The drug is far more powerful than I ever thought." He adjusted his glasses for a closer look. "What's that in his hair?"

“It’s not important. So your human trial worked,” Natalie said, gently and quietly closing the door. “And I want in.”

“In on what?” The doctor asked.

“Don’t play stupid. Adding female hormones to his drug cocktail was my doing. Now that we know it works, I want in on the profit.”

“You are a thief, and you’re lucky I don’t turn you over to Celgen security.”

Natalie laughed. “Don’t be like that, Doctor. We have a good thing going here. There’s plenty of money to be made for both of us.”

“You stole my drug!” He said. “Now give it back!”

That statement seemed to confirm Natalie’s suspicion. Not only had she had taken the entire stock of the PDL drug, but she had also grabbed the top secret formulation documents that would be necessary to make more of the drug, leaving Dr. McDermott with nothing. He needed her pills and her documents desperately, giving her all the leverage in this situation. “Let’s make a deal, Ian,” Natalie said. She sat down on the couch and crossed her long legs provocatively. She then patted the couch cushion to encourage him to join her. He did.

“I’ll give you five of the pills tonight if you do one thing for me,” she said.

“Five? I need them all!”

“Well, five is all you’re going to get for now. I’m sure that’s enough for you to study them.”

“Fine. What do you need?”

“I want to help out poor mixed-up Dan, once and for all.”

“In what way?”

Natalie reached across and started to unbutton the handsome young scientist’s shirt. “Later, Ian. Right now, I’ve been dying to get you in bed since I first laid eyes on you.”

“Just because you’ve got me over a barrel you think you can do what you want?” The doctor removed his coat. “Very well. But you’re a horrible woman.”

“Like mother like daughter,” Natalie said, smiling and licking her lips.



The next morning, Daniel woke up just sick. Sick about what he had done the night before, unable to understand why he had done what he had done. Where had all these impulses that made him do these things come from? Where had these tiny, whispering voices come from?

But as Dan's head started to clear itself of the fog of sleep, his outlook got brighter. With the party over, his life as a girl was over. He could finally go back to being a guy. He had gone to that damn party with Emily as agreed, and so he was free. "Danielle" would go away for good. He would probably lose his girlfriend, but he no longer wanted to have a relationship with that bitch, anyway.

Maybe he still had to wait a few days until the drug wore off and worked its way out of his body, but in the meantime he wouldn't have to fake acting like a girl anymore. No more skirts. No more high heels. No more make up. He would only use his own stuff until his body went back to normal. He wasn't sure, but down in his panties, it felt like maybe the process had already begun.

Daniel carefully double-checked to make sure that Emily wasn't in the room, and then he brought his hands to his crotch to check if his cock was already a bit bigger. That was when he started screaming in raw agony.

"What's going on in here?" Natalie asked, entering the room in a hurry.

"My... my... my dick is gone... my *fucking* dick is gone!"

"Oh, that's all?" She said, casually.

"What you mean by "that's all?" *My dick is gone!* Something's gone horribly wrong!"

"Why would that be, *Danielle*?"

"Because now I have a pussy! And stop calling me *Danielle*! I'm not a girl!"

Natalie giggled. "You're funny," she said. Since Daniel had now lost the last trace of his manhood, for all practical purposes, he was a *girl*. "I thought you would be happy about your *vagina*."

"Why the hell would I be happy about it?"

"Emily told me everything, *Danielle*. She told me that you kissed Dylan last night and that you two behaved like a couple in love all night. She also said that he took you to his bedroom later."

"It's... It's..." *Danielle* was dizzy. That revelation had hit *her* deeply. "It's not true!"

"Oh, really? So why did you have that stuff plastered in your hair last night? Do you think I can't recognize cum? You still have some of it. You're such a little slut, *Danielle*. I may have to punish you. You aren't supposed to suck cock on the first date, you know..."

"B-but why is my dick is gone?" Dan asked, trying desperately to get back on the subject.

"I suppose we couldn't stop it from happening."

"*What?* Why?"



“Because we still don’t know how powerful the drug is. Maybe it’s still not finished.”

“W-w-what more could it do?”

“Who knows?” Natalie said, nonchalantly. She knew it would infuriate Dan, and her face was a picture of rage. “But I was talking to Doctor McDermott last night. He’s the man who invented the drug.”

That got Dan’s attention. “Oh? What... What did he say?”

“Well, I found out that if a male takes more than five of those pills, he can become fully female. Also, it can take a while longer than we thought for the effect to be reversed.” She was lying about the number of pills, but Dan wouldn’t know that.

What Dan didn’t know was that even though he could remember taking only a handful of pills, he had in fact consumed several more, because Natalie was dissolving more pills in his drinks. It was why he kept changing at such an astonishing rate. She wasn’t about to let him know that this had all been her idea. It was better if it sounded like a miscalculation or mistake.

“How much time?” Dan asked.

“Not long. A year or so.”

“A year! How is that possible?”

“I could try to explain it, but you’ve been a little *airhead* these days. Let’s just say that this drug has very, very potent female hormones in its composition.”

“You’re, like, a monster, Natalie! A monster!” Danielle said, crying and screaming. “How could you do this to me?”

“It was an accident! I didn’t know any of this before! And as I said, I don’t know why you’re so upset! It’s *obvious* that you like your new life, so stop bitching at me about it!”



In the following days, Danielle refused to talk to Natalie. She couldn’t even stay in the same room as the woman. Still, the idea of leaving that house didn’t even cross her mind. She couldn’t see herself as an adult anymore, and it never even occurred to her that she had a place of her own. She considered herself a member of the family and totally dependent on Natalie.

Emily stayed by her side the whole time, and it made Danielle feel a little better. Despite everything, she really saw Emily as a true friend and loved being with her. They were closer every day, even to the point where they called each other “sis” in private.

Somewhere deep in that black burnt-out shard of charcoal she called a heart, Natalie was sad, too — but she didn't let the girls realize that. She couldn't falter now. She knew she had been cruel to Daniel, but it had been necessary. Besides, she still needed to have the inner strength to finish her plan, with one last box to tick off on her wicked agenda.



The next weekend, Emily invited Danielle to go out with Zoe and others. She only agreed because she couldn't bear to live under the same roof as Natalie all the time. Maybe she also agreed because she liked hanging out with her fellow teenage friends, too.

Emily let everyone know that Danielle would be staying in her house all year, and she would attend the same school as them. The gang was excited to hear the news, especially Dylan.

"Hey, that's awesome, babe," he said. "This way we can spend the whole year together."

Danielle shivered slightly at the thought. Yes, Natalie decided that she would have to attend school all over again. Natalie had told Emily that was illegal for a girl Danielle's age to be by herself in the house all day long, and she was required to go to school until she was 18.

So, most importantly to Danielle, did this mean that she would have to be Dylan's girlfriend? The eager young man certainly would want that to be the case, but Danielle wasn't about to oblige him. She might be forced to live as a girl, but that didn't mean she had to be the trophy girlfriend of some dumb jock.

*But that would be so bad?* That old inner voice asked. *You know you like him. You know you like how he makes you feel. So, why not? Why not be his girlfriend?*

Daniel was running out of arguments to refute it. The one thing he kept saying to himself was that he was a man, so he couldn't just act and think as if he were a teenage girl. *But was he really a man?* Everyone said the opposite. The mirror said the opposite. And, more importantly, his heart said the opposite.

In addition, Danielle thought, Dylan really seemed to like her. Yes, he was a little full of himself, but he didn't seem to be a bad person. Something about his cocky, confident attitude appealed to him. Girls always seemed to be attracted to the bad boys, after all. Dylan had always been by her side, he had even saved her life, and he wanted her. Natalie, on the other hand, only saw her as some little kid and treated him like such. He had nothing to gain by hanging onto the past and Natalie.

Danielle could see how much Dylan was yearning for her at that very moment. He looked at her like she was the most beautiful and desirable person in the world, and she knew that she liked it. Anyway, who wouldn't? She was feeling so sad and vulnerable — and realizing that someone desiring her so badly made her feel alive and anxious. She decided to be Dylan's girl just for one more night... only to see what would happen.



Things went pretty well. The group all went to the movies, selecting the latest big-budget action film from Hollywood. Neither Dylan nor Danielle knew what the title of it was. In the darkest back seats of the theater, they were too busy exploring each other to trouble themselves with the film. The ushers had been called three times to get them to stop.

After the movie let out, they meandered on the street for a little while. "I'm gonna go get some food," Will said to the group. Natalie was holding hands with him, swinging their grasp back and forth, playfully. "You wanna get tacos?"

"Yeah!" Ryan said, speaking for him and Zoe. "Lead the way."

"Uh... We'll catch up with you guys later," Dylan said to them as he lead his date back to his white sports car. "Text me when you figure out where you're going."

As the other two cars drove off into the night, Dylan was feverishly removing Danielle's clothes, as she tugged and yanked at his belt. Danielle finally accepted her fate. In the back seat of Dylan's car, she gave herself to him as a woman.

"Fuck me!" She demanded. "Fuck me hard, Dylan!"

"I'm working on it, okay, babe?" Dylan responded.

"But I'm so horny!"

The sex was amazing. Danielle had never before felt so full of love, so alive, so safe... Dylan really knew how to do it right, and they had an incredible orgasm, followed by another and another. Danielle hadn't realized it yet, but that was the night Dan died. She could never go back to being a man. Not because of something scientific or medical, but because she had gone too far, too deep into her feminine essence, to turn back. It was done.



There were three reasons Natalie began her affair with Doctor McDermott. First, he was a gentle lover who knew what a woman wanted, and he was an unquestionably interesting man. He was so handsome and so confident. She



still had feelings for Dan, sure, but Dan didn't really exist anymore, as she knew very well. Secondly, he was a genius who had made the medical breakthrough of the century. At one time, Natalie had dreamed of becoming a drug researcher, but the work was dull and tedious. So Ian McDermott was someone she admired for his dedication and intelligence. He was going to be rich because of his creation. Thirdly, he was vital in her plan to manage Dan, and in turn keep Emily happy.

It was Ian, through his connections with hospitals and government agencies that provided all of Danielle's documents, so she could legally be Natalie's niece, and became her legal guardian.

"I should just call the FBI and have you picked up," Dr. McDermott said to her.

"You could do that," Natalie replied as she wrapped a leg around her lover and cradled his head to her bosom. "Or we could just stay here in bed for a few more minutes."

"I hate myself," Ian said. "I hate you."

"I know you do, and I deserve all the punishment you can think of." She tossed the sheets aside and handed him a black leather paddle. "Your turn to spank me."

Soon, it was common to find Dr. McDermott sipping on a cup of coffee in the morning when the girls were getting up. They kept quiet, not wanting to know the grisly details.

When school began, the relationship between Natalie and Danielle was still terrible. The girl was resigned to her new life, but she was still bitter and never missed an opportunity to complain about her "Aunt Natalie."

Originally, Natalie hadn't planned to keep Danielle around indefinitely. However, Emily soon became so close to her new friend that Natalie couldn't afford to let Danielle go away. Emily couldn't lose someone close all over again. She couldn't bear to see her sister as sad and downcast as before. She knew she was probably being paranoid, since Emily had already other friends and even a potential boyfriend, but she couldn't take the risk.

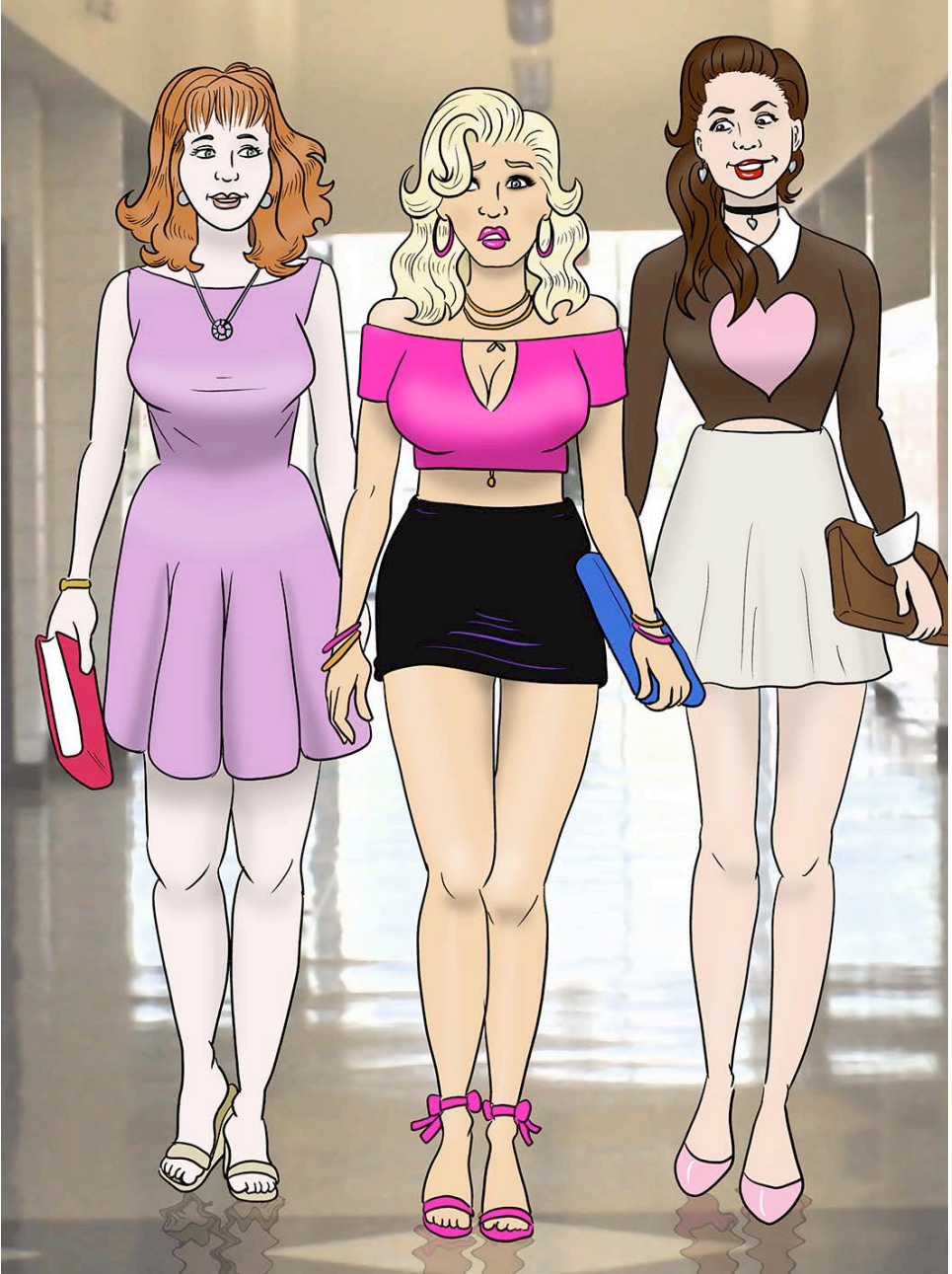
Truth be told, the control she felt in changing Dan to Danielle made her feel like a God. Every time she saw Danielle it reminded her of her power over him, and she liked it.



Danielle and Dylan's relationship soon became serious. The only times when the girl was seen away from her boyfriend was when she was hanging out with her friends, Emily and Zoe. The couple just couldn't be apart.

“Danielle, Dylan! Eyes up front!” Their teacher scolded. He had quite enough of their constant giggling and snickering as they pawed each other in the back row of class.

“Sorry Mr. Pangolin,” Danielle said in her sweet, mocking innocent voice. “We won’t do it again.”



“See that you don’t,” the harried teacher replied, much to the amusement of the other students.

In a matter of seconds, the two lovebirds were at again, playfully swatting each other’s attempts to grope their sweetheart.

“What did you decide about cheerleading?” Zoe asked after class. “Dylan really wants you to do try out.”

Danielle, dressed in the skimpiest clothes the school code allowed, tottered along in her heels while she chewed her bubblegum. “Like, I’m not really the cheerleader type,” she answered. “I’m not gonna.” She pushed back her giant mane of platinum blonde hair out of her eyes.

Emily, following along on the other side, gasped. “Oh my gosh! Good luck telling Dylan. He’ll be crushed.”

“It seems so, y’know, silly, being a cheerleader,” she said. “Well, I just have to tell him how I feel, and I’m sure he’ll, like, totally understand.”

That Friday night at the football game, Danielle bounced and kicked on the sideline in her brand new cheerleader uniform, rooting on her boyfriend. She just loved to jump and shout with her short skirt and glittery pom-poms, especially when Dylan scored or made a play, which he did often. Sure, she was against it at first, but her guy wanted it, and she just couldn’t say no to him.

Besides, cheerleading was so Danielle, and she knew it.

She loved showing off her totally hot bod for all the parents to look at. Did all those lonely, sad daddies in the crowd come in their tidy whities when they saw her? Did all those uptight mommies watch her and glow red with envy at how young and sexy she was and they would never be again? She loved thinking about it.

It wasn’t long before Danielle had become the ultimate cheerleader, her room stuffed with cheer trophies, pennants, photos, cheer-themed clothes and pom-poms. Dylan was so helpful, too. When the cheer quad did their annual fundraising, he had his family pay for free new uniforms for all the girls. Of course, the school board objected to the skimpy, risqué outfits the family had given them, but some generous donations made sure they were approved.

At school, Danielle wasn’t doing that well. She had already studied and passed all her classes as Dan, but for some reason, she couldn’t remember much of it, and she found it difficult to learn. Her attention span was down to microseconds.

The new girl’s test scores were dropping as the days and weeks went on, and she eventually found herself in remedial classes for English and math. All she could really manage to think about were her clothes, hair and Dylan.



“The drug does seem to have a negative effect on the cognitive functions of the subject,” Dr. McDermott said as wrote his findings down in his notes. Danielle gave him the best possible opportunity to observe an unwitting test subject, and he had noticed quite a lot.

“She’s become an air-headed teenage girl,” Natalie said, rephrasing Dr. McDermott’s notation.

“It’s getting more acute every day. I wish I knew if it was because of the drug or because of her new personality. I need more data points.”

Natalie poured him another cup of coffee, as they were in her kitchen. “You’ll have enough test subjects soon enough.” She kissed him on the top of the head. “The company will approve the trials thanks to your ob-



servations of Danielle.”

“One can only hope.”

“You’ll get it. I know you will.” She rubbed his shoulders to relieve the tension. “Did you get the new batch done?”

“They’re right here,” Dr. McDermott said, patting his shirt’s breast pocket.

“And you’re sure these new pills will make her change permanent?” Natalie asked.

“It works in the lab, at least. However, I can’t be sure it won’t make her current situation worse. I’d hate to think she might suffer even more or lose any more of her IQ.”

Natalie took the pills from Ian’s pocket and slipped a full, final dose of the pills into Danielle’s bedtime hot chocolate. “Have you seen her? I wouldn’t call what she’s going through suffering.”



“She is so fat,” Danielle said, as she was in conversation with Emily.

“I know! Jessa, Chloe and I even talked to her about it, and she was in total denial,” Emily replied. “She claimed she drank too much water and was bloating.” She was standing in front of the closet, considering some clothes on for the next day at school. “Does this go with these pants?” She asked.

Turning around briefly from her hair-brushing routine, Danielle gave her a look. “No,” she said. “Look, sis, if you wanna wear that, okay, but halters are so, like, last month. Loose over tight. That’s the shit now.”

“Really?” Emily asked, as she gave herself a second look. She didn’t fight the idea, though, because Danielle was always right when it came to fashion. She was always into the trends, and what was coming next. It was her thing. She tossed her top to the back of the closet.

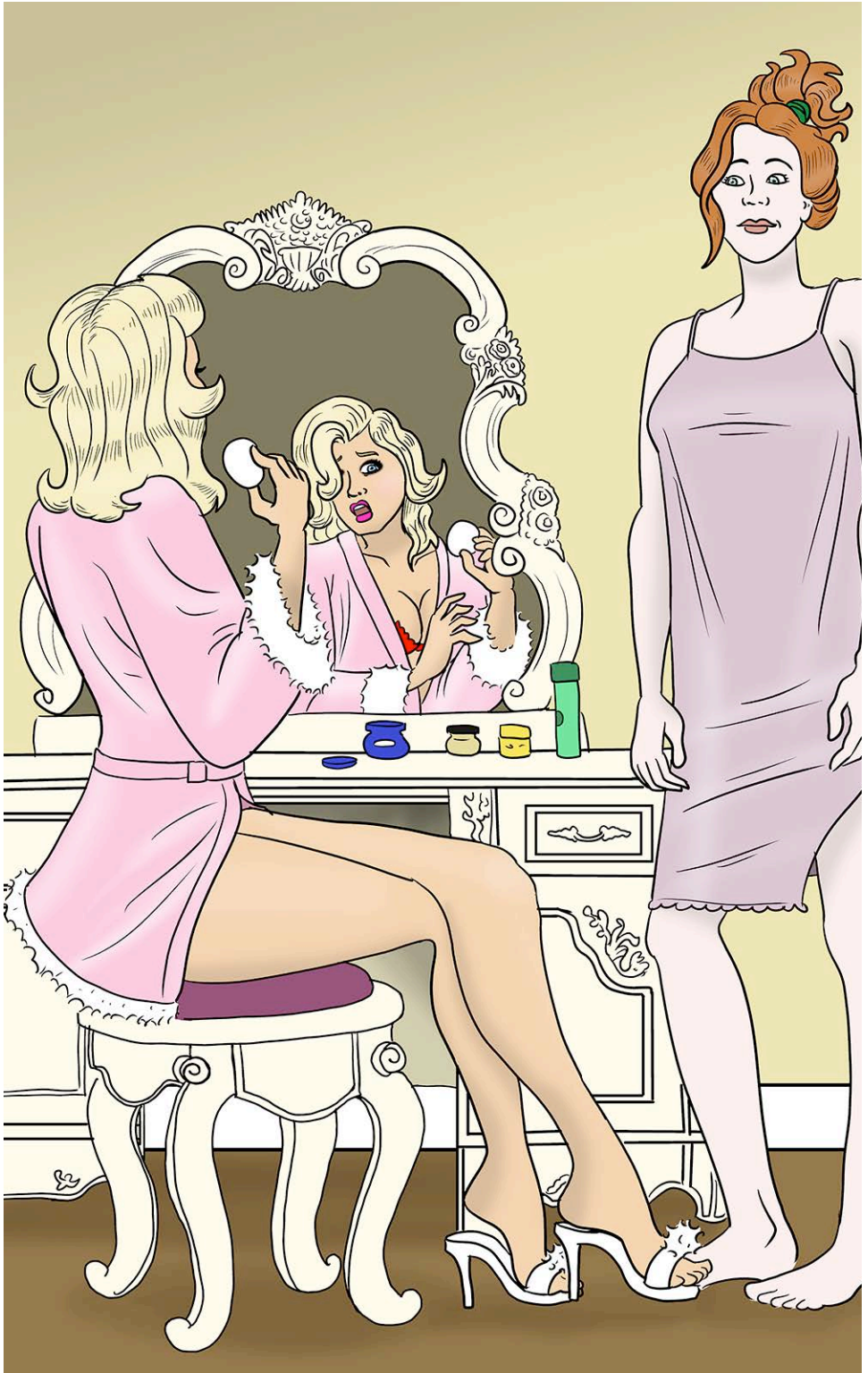
Danielle completed the 100 brush strokes on one side of her hair. She started in on the other side. In her mirror was a reflection of teenage feminine beauty that made men weep. She was absolutely gorgeous, but in addition, a horrible tease. Her ultra-bleached hair and expertly-made-up face were as sexy as any pole dancer in a high-end strip club, and her nothing-to-do-but-lay-in-the-sun tan was almost perfect. “Dylan gave me a present,” Danielle said.

“Oooh!” Emily said. “Will never gives me presents!” She pouted.

“That’s cuz, like, Dylan’s rich n’ stuff.”

“What did he get you?”

Danielle pulled a slip of paper out of the desk in front of her. “It’s kind of embarrassing.”



Emily snapped up the paper and read it. “Oh. My. God!” She said in utter astonishment. “This can’t be real! He can’t be serious!”

“Yah! That’s what I thought. But I think he’s majorly serious.”

“A gift certificate for a plastic surgeon? A free boob job?” She tossed the paper back at Danielle. “You’d never use that, right? I mean...”

“I’m not, like, *that* stupid,” Danielle replied.

“Knock knock,” Natalie said, from the other side of the bedroom door. “I have your hot chocolate, Danielle.”



It wasn’t long before Dr. McDermott proposed to Natalie. He said he didn’t want to waste any more time, and wanted to marry her as soon as possible. Natalie was really in love with Ian, so she accepted the proposal gladly. In addition to the love, and the money he was going to make off the PDL drug, she had another good reason to marry the man.

Celgen had already discovered that some pills of their experimental PDL drug had been stolen. It was possible that the ongoing investigation might incriminate Natalie eventually. However, they would think twice before accusing the wife of the lead researcher. It was just perfect.

The wedding took place that same month. Danielle, Emily and Zoe, the bridesmaids, were beautiful in their almost identical lavender dresses, although Danielle had modified her dress to show more cleavage and was noticeably shorter. She was the one who caught the bride’s bouquet, and then smiled and winked at Dylan.

After the wedding, Natalie, Emily and Danielle moved into Ian’s spacious house in the nice part of town, where they began to enjoy a life of leisure. The backyard pool was almost as big as Dylan’s, and the closets were big enough for Danielle’s entire wardrobe, even including her shoes.

She was also given a hefty raise in her allowance, and her very own credit card. It was a shame she wasn’t very good at math, as “Uncle Ian” would soon find out.



It was a sunny day and the whole McDermott family and friends were in the pool, enjoying a Sunday afternoon. From her pool chair, Natalie watched the whole scene, feeling overjoyed. Everybody was so happy. Everything was so right.



She then remembered, a little surprised, that everything had started exactly one year ago, when Dan had taken those pills for the first time. She checked the gold Cartier watch on her wrist. It told her that it absolutely had been a full 365 days. The time had passed quickly.

Besides Ian, her husband, who was resting at her side, Zoe, Ryan, Emily, Will, Dylan and Danielle were in the water, talking, splashing and laughing. Emily had changed a lot throughout the year, and Natalie couldn't have been prouder. She had turned into a cheerful, confident girl.

“Stop it! You’re gonna get my hair wet!” Emily playfully warned her splash-happy friends. “I’m serious!” She insisted, in an entirely non-serious tone of voice.

Emily had been dating Will for a long time and had more friends than she could count. She was involved in three different clubs at school and was in all the top classes. But despite her success, Danielle and Zoe were her true “Besties,” as she liked to say.

Those changes were virtually nothing compared to Danielle. Besides all the alterations caused by the PDL drug, a few months earlier she had gotten her boob job to please Dylan on his birthday. Natalie and Ian didn’t like the idea at first, but ended up giving in because of her constant whining, begging and tantrum-throwing behavior.

“It’s not *faaaair!*” She had cried into Ian’s lap, sobbing crocodile tears. “I’m almost, like, practically an adult!”

The unprepared doctor was putty in the hands of the petulant teenager. “I suppose we could talk to your Aunt Natalie about it,” he said, acquiescing.

“Oh, thank you, Uncle Ian!” She said with a big, fat kiss on his cheek. “You’re, like, the bestest Uncle a girl could ever have!”

Danielle could still remember his former life, but his days as Dan had become an embarrassment to her, something she refused to talk about. She just couldn’t imagine herself living as a man. She was a girl, and she felt like it was only now that her life was really beginning.

So there she was in the pool, in her tiny red bikini with her new D-cup boobs, left almost completely exposed. Her bleached blonde hair had also grown, down to the middle of her back. She had become irritatingly vain about her appearance, and could spend hours combing her hair, applying makeup on her face and choosing an outfit to go out.

“I don’t have anything to wear!” She complained to Emily just an hour ago.

“Just pick a bathing suit! It’s only a pool party with the gang!”

“Like, no way! Clothes is the mostest impor... Import...” Danielle tried to think of the whole word, but it kept dissolving into fluffy pink clouds in her mind. The syllables taxed her mind these days. “It means a lot to me, ‘kay? Clothes are huuuuge!”

“Everything is life and death with you, isn’t it?”

“Emily! We’re talking about clothes! It’s way more huge than life!”

“What about hair?”

Danielle had to put her two brain cells to work. “I guess, like, hair is even more huger than clothes, but clothes are bigger than hair sometimes. Unless it’s not.”



“What?” Emily said with a laugh.

“Don’t make fun of me! You’re so mean!”

No, she wasn’t a very mature girl, and probably would never be. At least Dylan really loved her and would take care of her in the future. A life spent hanging on his arm and having every whim catered to her was her only real chance of survival. She could never live on her own, but in a life where all she needed to do was just look pretty, she would thrive.

Her relationship with Emily and Zoe was a bond that would last a lifetime. The three became inseparable friends, like sisters. Obviously, Danielle was a little bit of an airhead, and sometimes the other two girls had fun with the disjointed things she said, but still she was treated with all the respect and love that someone as loyal and kind as she deserved.

*Everything ended well*, Natalie thought, smiling and relaxing in her pool chair. She knew that if there was a hell, she would probably go there one day — hand in hand with her mother. However, she didn’t regret what she had done, even for a moment. She had healed the wounds of her sister, which was what she had set as the one true goal in her life. If necessary, she would do it all over again.

And truthfully, so would Dan.

The End

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

### **City Boy, Country Girl**

By Joe Six-Pack. Richard's long-forgotten aunt is sick, and he goes to care for her. His calls back home leave his wife Janice confused and unsure about his return. So she goes to find him. But is there much left to be found? Book / 64 pages / 25 illustrations

### **Thames Greene**

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

### **Hiding in High Heels**

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

### **A Blessing in Disguise**

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

### **I'm Your Dolly**

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

### **His Life as a Trophy Wife**

"The Puppy Mill" by Joe Six-Pack. Nick had a great life, but then it evaporated. Now he's down on his luck. In steps a wealthy executive willing to pay him handsomely to pretend to be his wife. What can it hurt? Book / 210 pages / 16 illustrations

### **Male Monday, Girl Friday**

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

## **The Happiest Place on Earth**

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

### **Hello, Nurse**

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

### **My Boss, The Bimbo**

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

### **He's the Girl They Want**

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

### **Demoted and Degraded**

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

### **I, Candy**

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

### **Boyz II Girlz**

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

## ***His Strangest Desire***

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

## ***Hard Time or High Heels***

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

## ***Seriously Skirted***

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

## ***Stories of the Supernatural***

### ***A Change for the Better***

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

### ***Changed and Rearranged***

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

### ***From Pals to Gals***

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

## ***Crossed Fiction***

### ***If the Shoes Fit***

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

## ***Sisters for the Summer***

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

## ***They're the Girls for the Job***

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

## ***Blondie's Lost Summer***

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

## ***Blondie's Lost Year***

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

## ***I Never Wanted to be a Woman***

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

## ***Fashion Victims***

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

## ***Seriously Sissified***

### ***A Family Femmed***

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

### ***Auntie's Girl Time***

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

### **Revenge of the Cheerleaders**

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

### **He's Got His Mind Made Up**

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

### **Web Classics Revisited**

#### **Two Forms of ID**

By Joe Six-Pack. Harvey had the unusual ability to convincingly imitate a teenage girl. In desperation, he has to use that talent to make some money. But when is enough enough? Paperback / 194 pages / text only



**Reading is Fun de Mental!**