

genderella **PROM**

A close-up photograph of a person in a red dress, holding a bouquet of flowers and wearing a sparkling high-heeled shoe. The image is overlaid with the text 'genderella PROM' and gender symbols. The word 'genderella' is in a white script font, and 'PROM' is in a bold, yellow, sans-serif font. A pink male symbol is on the left, and a pink female symbol is on the right. A white decorative flourish is below the text.

C O U R T N E Y C A P T I S A

Contents

1. [Title Page](#)
2. [Copyright](#)
3. [Chapter 1: Slip of the Heel](#)
4. [Chapter 2: Have a Ball](#)
5. [Chapter 3: After Party](#)
6. [Chapter 4: After the After Party](#)
7. [Thank You!](#)
8. [Join Us](#)

Genderella Prom

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Chapter 1: Slip of the Heel

Logan Centopili continued to stare at the prom dresses in front of him. It was almost a dream come true. The way the navy-blue dress had silver beading going around the bust made him curious, while the giant white ball gown looked like something a princess would wear. This is what he should have been with tonight. Instead, he was home, alone. He got angry and threw his cell phone down on the bed. There was no need to see endless pictures of his female friends getting ready for dates with his male friends while he sat in bed by himself at 6:30 pm on prom night.

What was supposed to be one of the best nights of his life had since turned into a guilt-trip of loneliness.

The situation had been very different just a few weeks ago. End of junior year was looking very promising as baseball season was starting for the high school team he was on, his social circle had massively improved since becoming a great athlete during freshman year and, most importantly, his relationship with his girlfriend, Caitlyn, was three months deep and promising to make it to third base. Unfortunately, he discovered she saw things from another perspective. While she considered Logan a great guy, with the whole tall, muscular, good-looking blonde guy thing happening, she wasted no time when it came to finding someone else to go to prom with - some senior guy from another school who was slightly taller than his six-foot statute.

This was not supposed to happen. He was supposed to go to prom with his hot girlfriend and have a blast with friends. There was always next year. His high school had the junior and senior prom together, but another chance wouldn't happen for another year. Sure, he may have a new girlfriend buy then, but it seemed so far away. All of these pictures he was seeing of people dressed up, ready to have the night of their life, was just getting depressing. He had been invited to go solo, but what guy wants to do that? Seemed like something girls would do and have no problem with it, but prom was different for girls. All his friends were working hard to find him a date, but it seemed to be too late, considering everyone already had dates. The possibility of him going with his best friend Alex's cousin, who was in college, wasn't even a possibility. And freshmen students were not allowed at the dance, so there went going with his friend Nick's little sister!

Logan got off his bed and looked out the window, seeing his neighbor outside taking pictures with her group of friends, completely different than his set. Everything was a constant reminder tonight. Was there no escaping this? The school had scheduled an after-prom party that was open to all students, not just ones that bought tickets to prom, but he even declined that invitation, knowing he would still feel left out in some way, despite being with his friends. The girls would sure enough still have their prom hairstyles, and everyone else in his friend circle would be with a date. With no one to talk to but himself, Logan did the unusual and said out loud, "I wish I would have had the perfect prom night."

"Don't worry. It's not too late for that!" said an unfamiliar female voice in his bedroom.

Shocked, Logan turned around to see a very pretty woman. She appeared to be between 22 and 25 years old, with long, dark brown hair slightly curled in some sections. Some of her facial features made him believe she was of Jewish or Italian descent, but he couldn't help but be fixated on the amount of tan cleavage she was showing from the black blouse she had on. Her arms were crossed, and he noticed that she probably had a thick ass due to the way her hips looked in that white skirt. Never before had he seen this woman, and the only women her age he interacted with on a regular basis were some of his teachers at school. How in the hell did she just appear in his bedroom? Maybe she was heaven sent?

"Whoa, who are you?!" he asked.

"I'm glad you asked Logan! My name is Sasha! It's so great to finally meet you!" she said, still smiling. She walked closer to him and gave him a hug, as if she was excited to go on a first date.

"I mean, I'm not complaining that you are in my room," he said, eyeing her up and down, based on her attractive looks, "but how did you get up here? My parents didn't say anything."

This was starting to sound like the beginning of a porno. Sasha laughed, "They don't know I'm here."

"Even better..." Logan said, slightly erect from the touch of her hugs. He went to touch her again, but she took a step back.

Sasha spoke up. "In fact, if they were to come in here right now, not only would they NOT see me, but they would not be able to hear me either. It would just look like you are talking to yourself..."

Logan was confused. "Are you on drugs? Do you want to lay down...?"

"I'm fine!" she said, shrugging her shoulders. "It's you I'm worried about."

Logan asked, "What are you talking about?"

Sasha rolled her eyes with a smile. "I've known about you for so long, it seems. I know everything!"

"And..." Logan said starting to get impatient.

"I know that your bitch of an ex-girlfriend dumped you a few weeks ago, and you are sitting up here all sad and lonely, even though you had the opportunity to still go with your friends. Who knows... maybe you would have run into some cute single girl there who was dateless as well."

"How do you know all of this?!"

"I have my ways..."

“Enough with the cryptic details!” he said, losing all patience. “Who are you?”

“I told you... My name is Sasha.”

“Okay SASHA! Who exactly are you, and what do you want?”

Sasha reached for his phone and mysteriously unlocked it with her touch.

“Hey, that’s my phone!” said Logan, being possessive.

“Aww... I remember my prom!” she said opening a social media app and seeing pictures of his female friends bent over in prom dresses with duck faces. “I had so much fun. Until I blacked out!”

“That’s the last thing I want to hear about right now...”

Sasha put on a faux frown, “But that’s WHY I’m here silly!”

“Wait...Oh bro!!!! That’s so cool. I knew my friends would prevail!” Logan said getting excited and clapping his hands together.

“Oh really?” Sasha asked curiously.

Logan stopped for a minute to try to find some way to not offend her by mentioning the fact that she looked about five or seven years older than him, but decided to not bring that up. “Talk about a hot date! We are going to look amazing together. I’m assuming you brought us clothes to go to prom in? Wow... this is going to be fun. But... umm were you running late or something. They are all taking photos and about to go to Grand March right now.”

Sasha exploded into huge laughter and held her stomach, bending over.

“What’s so funny?” asked Logan.

“That would be cute if I was your date, but that’s not the case.”

There was a severe look of not only defeat on his face, but also disappointment and humiliation. “Wait... if you aren’t my prom date... then what in the hell are you doing here?!”

Sasha put her hands on her hips and looked up to the heavens. “There comes a time when everyone needs some help in life.” She paused to look at him. She walked closer. “I may not be your prom date, but I’m here to help you have a prom you’ll never forget.”

“How is that?” He still wondered if she was going to take his virginity right there and then. If that was the case, fuck prom.

“I’m one of those who are assigned to... look over people from a special place.”

[Knock knock] “Logan! Can I come in? I have something to show you!” said Logan’s mom from the other side of the door.

He looked for a place to hide Sasha, but before he could do so, his mom opened the door anyway. He started to freak out, but she did not look at Sasha at all. In fact, she continued to walk towards him with her cell phone as if Sasha weren’t even there. “Your cousin Andrew accidentally spilled Kool-Aid all over Allison’s prom dress a few minutes ago!”

Stupid family stuff he didn’t care about wasn’t at the top of his priorities. Here was this sexy woman in his bedroom, who his Mom wasn’t even acknowledging. Sasha saw the shock on his face.

“Don’t worry. Like I said, she can’t see or hear me,” said Sasha.

“Are you sure?!” he said.

“What else would that enormous red stain be on her white gown?!” asked his Mom.

“See, she doesn’t know! It’s just us here!” said Sasha.

Logan stopped for a moment, thinking he was going insane, but instead tried getting rid of his Mom. “That’s cool, Mom, but can I just get some privacy for a while?”

“... You are still upset about prom, aren’t you?” his mom asked sincerely. “It’s okay. You still have next year, and it’s not like you are losing friends over not going by yourself. You could have been with friends.”

“She’s right!!” said Sasha.

His mom continued talking over Sasha, “You are a wonderful young man and have a lot to look forward to in school and...”

“Okay Mom! Thanks... but please... just some quiet time?”

She paused and nodded. “Dinner will be ready in about thirty minutes,” she said before exiting the bedroom.

“How did that just happen?!” he asked Sasha, once he thought the coast was clear for him to speak out loud without his Mom thinking he was talking to himself. “Are you a ghost?!”

Sasha replied, “No silly... I mean... kinda... But like I said... I’m here to look over you.”

“Guardian angel?”

“Nope!” said Sasha as if it was a derogatory term.

“Fairy godmother?”

“I’m not Catholic!” she yelled.

Logan thought of more terms. “Spiritual advisor?”

Sasha replied, “Something like that, but I prefer the term: lifestyle consultant.”

“This is crazy...” he said not sure of what to expect.

“We are running out of time if we are going to do this!” Sasha said, looking at the watch on her hand. “Long story short, Logan... I know all about you. Popular jock Logan, hoping his pretty girlfriend Caitlyn was going to stay with him and go to prom, but she ends up getting another date just a few weeks after you break up, leaving you heartbroken that she’s a slut.”

“She slept with him already?! She knew I was looking forward to losing my virginity!”

“Oops... I guess you didn’t know that part yet. Anyways, you feel left out. You want to have a great time with your friends, but that’s not happening. The good news for you is I’m here to make you go to prom and have the best lifestyle experience ever!”

“How are you going to do that?”

“You have to put on these!” Sasha said mysteriously, holding up a pair of three-inch heels with multiple patterns on the front.

“What the fuck?! Those are heels girls wear.”

“Silver champagne diamante three-inch heels, Logan. All you have to do is put these shoes on and you’ll be transformed into the perfect prom princess!”

“This is the dumbest shit I have ever heard. Why in the hell would I do that?!” said Logan, trying to protect his masculinity at all costs.

“Come on, it will be fun!” said Sasha, as if this was a simple decision.

“Yeah, right. This makes no sense at all. Why would I transform into a girl for prom? This has to be a giant prank or something. Is someone filming this for their YouTube page?” he asked, looking around for evidence of any hidden cameras or spies.

“You just saw me pull those heels out of nowhere...” said Sasha.

“I still don’t believe you!”

Sasha used all her might to make a perfume bottle appear in her other hand. Logan saw the

yellow glow, and heard the almost angelic sound of its appearance, suddenly finding a pink perfume bottle in the shape of a diamond in her empty hand.

“Whoa, how did you do that?”

“It takes some work... Now come on! We are running out of time!”

“Hold up. This still doesn’t make any sense at all. I don’t know.... Why would you just have it so I have a suit ready to go and then make a hot female appear out of nowhere to be my date? Or maybe have one of the girls I asked after Caitlyn and I broke up, who denied me since they already had dates?”

Sasha shrugged her shoulders. “It’s more fun this way. We lifestyle consultants are called for just a thing. When a boy needs to experience life as a girl for a period of time.”

“This still sounds stupid... What straight guy would agree to this?”

Sasha gave him the type of look that he felt the female gender used to get what they want. “If I would have made it so you were going to prom tonight as a guy, with a date, your life wouldn’t change. You aren’t going to magically get a girlfriend from it. You had the choice earlier to go to prom as a guy with friends but you choose not to. That’s where I come in. Tonight is going to give you the chance to have fun with your friends, but also experience life as a girl for the only time. These heels will turn you into a girl, but you have to take them off before 3 am or you’ll be stuck as a girl forever! If you take them off at any point in the night, you will transform back into a guy. There is no putting them back on unless I say so, as they may not work the same. Meaning you should probably wait until you get home, or are somewhere safe, before doing it. Not in the middle of prom or anything! Doing it in front of someone else could be very dangerous. Ready to do this?”

“3 am? Isn’t it usually midnight for stuff like this?”

“You are thinking of another tale. Welcome to the modern age where people stay out later!” said Sasha.

“But what if my friends want to change out of their prom clothes and hang out? We were planning to do the after-prom party until it ends at 4. Unless it sucks. The prom is over at about 11 or something, and we may want to do something else in-between then. It’s a very busy night and we probably won’t be just at prom.”

“Maybe I can arrange something...” said Sasha.

“Hold on... this is a lot to take in. Not that I have any interest in doing it in the first place, but I’m still blown away that angels exist,” he said thinking that wouldn’t be as offensive.

“I can see your halo, halo, halo!” Sasha said trying to sing Beyoncé the best she could.

Logan was caught in confusion for a moment trying to figure out what she was singing before it came to mind. "Whoa, that song is old skool."

Sasha smirked, taking it as an insult to her age. "Again, it's your choice..."

"It's a pretty easy one... Not doing it."

Sasha became wide-eyed. "Wait, what? Most guys agree to this, no questions asked!"

"I'm not them!"

Sasha thought for a moment about more tactics that she could use. "Don't worry, you don't have to lose your virginity tonight."

"Funny..."

Bingo. Sasha knew what to say. "If you give this a shot though. I'll make SURE that you lose your virginity as soon as you get your dick back."

"What the fuck?!" said Logan. "I'm going to lose my penis?"

"Just temporary. No big deal. Having a vagina isn't as bad as most guys think. These heels are going to transform you into what you would have looked like if you were born a girl. Your same friend circle will be there, but they, your family, everyone in your life are going to think you have always been a female!"

"How do these have the power to do all of that?"

"You can't question magic sometimes... Do you have any other questions? Again, the choice is yours," Sasha said running out of patience.

"So, you are saying that as long as I take these off before 3, I'll be able to transform back into a guy?"

"Yeah! But, just to let you know.... Ah... never mind," Sasha said knowing she had him interested now.

"Wait... tell me!"

Sasha squiggled a little in place, her index finger on her lips. "All I'm saying is that, again, I would strongly recommend taking those heels off in a private spot. Make sure no one can see or hear you when you do it."

"What about after prom?"

"Wow, you must really want to go!" Sasha said starting to get a rush over the fact that he was

about to accept his sex change.

“I still don’t know. This is all coming at me so fast.”

Sasha put her hands on his muscular shoulder to try another method. She leaned into his ear to try her flirting methods. “It’s just for one night. I’ll appear at some points of the night to check on you.”

“And my friends will see me as a girl?”

“Everyone will always think you have been Brittani!”

“That’s my female name?”

“That’s what your parents would have named you.”

“Stripper name?”

“Kinda, but again the choice is yours,” said Sasha placing the heels on the floor in front of the bed. She stepped to the side to watch what he’d do.

It took a few seconds of thinking, but Logan finally had one of those ‘what the hell’ moments and figured he would try it. Worst case, he could just take them off real quick and transform back into a man. He threw off the Nikes he was wearing, took off his socks, and looked at the heels on the floor closely. How was his hairy foot supposed to fit inside of these? They seemed like they were made for some girl with a very small foot. He looked at Sasha, who was smiling, and she gave him the nod.

It was now or never. He carefully tried slipping his foot into the right heel. “It’s not going to fit!” he complained, knowing his wide foot wasn’t going to make it down these heels.

“Keep trying,” she said.

Sitting at the edge of the bed, he forced his foot into the strappy heels, catching part of it in-between his big toe and the next one. He already felt somewhat sissy just by having this on. His foot was being arched in a way he had never experienced before.

“Nothing is happening,” he said.

“Put on the other one and stand up,” Sasha instructed.

He followed the same procedure in putting on the left foot, then extended his hands to his sides for balance as he stood up in the tall heels.

Starting at his feet, Logan saw pixie dust and pink mist form at his feet. He watched in shock as his toes were painted a light purple with slight glitter as the hair on them disappeared. Since his

feet were too big for the heels to begin with, they shifted in shape to become a few sizes smaller, and became narrower too. They conformed to the way they should fit while wearing heels in an appropriate size for a girl. The magical formation continued up his legs as his jeans disappeared, revealing his masculine, hairy legs.

“What the fuck?!” screamed Logan knowing the transformation would continue, but also knowing it was his choice to wear those heels.

He watched as his legs became freshly shaved and his calves became slimmer. Definitely girl legs, almost like that of some dancers. As the pink fairy dust continued up his legs, he felt his butt and hips expand, along with the most disappointing thing he had ever witnessed. Having your testicles and dick slide up into your body is nothing most boys want to experience, but it was evident that happened not only by the feeling in his groin, but also seeing his boxers reshape themselves into a slim pink thong. The magical dust continued around his body, causing two C-cup breasts to form on his chest, his torso reshaping itself, while his overall height became about a foot shorter. Logan’s once-proud arm muscles started to reduce themselves to be more fitting for a 115-pound girl. The shirt he was wearing became too big for him, thanks to the height and mass reduction. His perspective on Sasha made it obvious that he was shrinking, becoming even shorter than her 5’8” height.

“Please make it stop!” he screamed, now regretting his decision. Why couldn’t this be like some of the shows he had watched before where he still looks like a guy, but everyone else sees him as a girl? This was the last statement he would be making with his male voice for now.

The shirt expanded to cover his body, but cut off the sleeves and part of his back to become strapless. A built-in bra helped support his new breasts, and silver beadings formed in the front of the bodice. The cotton fabric turned into part polyester and part tulle, as the strapless dress expanded outward, leaving a ball gown appearance. It freaked him out that he suddenly knew these terms, and recognized the material. The magic pink dust swooped around his body, turning the color into black cherry with some pretty princess accents on the tulle bottom area of the full-length ball gown. Laces appeared in the back of the bodice corset on his now feminized body.

Phase three of the transformation went into effect as the fairy dust swirled around his head, causing his cheekbones to expand, his laryngeal prominence to smooth, and his lips to change shape. Further feminization reshaped his eyes, brows, nose, and general definition. Makeup in the form of dark red lipstick, blush and foundation, mascara with fake lashes, three shades of eyeshadow, and brow makeup with some light glitter on his cheeks found its way onto his face, while long, silver beaded earrings formed on his now pierced ears to match the bracelet on his left manicured hand. A rhinestone necklace formed at his neckline, coming down a few inches above his slight cleavage. His hair grew at a rapid rate, while becoming a lighter blonde in some portions, with auburn highlights in others. Since no girl would wear her hair shaped and unbrushed to prom, his hair started braiding itself and curling part of the sides, eventually ending with a half-up prom hairstyle with most of his long blonde hair pulled to the right side of his body over his shoulder held tightly with the braids on the top of his head.

Once the princess transformation was complete, the magic mist disappeared into thin air.

Logan noticed the major change immediately. Not only did it feel strange standing in heels, but the heaviness of this ball gown was unlike anything he had worn before. He felt tinier, and the weight on his chest was uncomfortable. Having long hair styled like this was just as uncomfortable, although it was no match for what lay beneath.

He immediately placed both of his hands over the tulle fabric covering his crotch for confirmation that he no longer had a penis. His mouth was wide open as he felt nothing down there other than a gap. To double check, he placed his hands on his breasts, feeling the silver beadings over his new boobs.

“FUCKING HELL! I’M A GIRL!” **SHE** screamed.

“And a very pretty one at that! You’re welcome!” said Sasha as she stood out of the way of the bedroom mirror so **BRITTANI** could get a good look at **HERSELF**.

“NO!” screamed Brittani as she saw the prom princess looking back at her. This girl looked like the type who would be wearing a crown and sash by the end of the night. The type of girl that many guys at school jerked off thinking about. The type who was a probably a Daddy’s girl, and got everything she wanted. The beautiful, blonde, All-American girl that every guy wanted to be with, and most girls wanted to be like. A stereotypical smart, popular, cheerleader.

“Don’t cry. You don’t want to ruin your makeup!”

“Sasha! What did you do?!” Brittani asked with her newly adorned soprano-style girly voice.

“Just what you wanted,” Sasha said, coming towards her, and fixing a piece of hair that was sticking out before spraying him with the perfume bottle, causing him to smell a bit floral with hints of strawberries and kiwi.

Brittani started to pull up her dress to get a look at her heels. Nope, he was not going to go through with this now.

“No No! Not already!” Sasha said as she saw Brittani trying to take off one of the heels. “Just give it a chance.”

“Why?!”

“We’ve been through this! Like I said, you are supposed to have fun with your friends tonight. Everyone will think you have always been Brittani.”

“Then why does my room still look like this?!” Brittani complained with her hands showing the room that Logan had just occupied.

“Don’t worry, I’ll fix that!” said Sasha leaning forward and snapping her fingers. With the command, a bunch of pink glitter went through the room, surrounding both of them, and

disintegrated to leave a newly decorated feminine room with bright colors on the walls, a zebra print bedspread, vanity set, new dresser, lots of feminine clothes all over the place, some beauty pageant trophies, cheerleading medals and trophies, and other mementos of Brittani's feminine life.

"Oh my god! This is fucking crazy!" Brittani said looking around the room in amazement.

"We may need to work on your feminine demeanor before you leave here..." said Sasha.

"You can't expect me to instantly act like a girl all night!"

Sasha lifted her hand and was about to snap her fingers.

"NO!!! DON'T!!!" screamed Logan underestimating her powers.

"Ha-ha, it's just a joke. While I can change a lot of other things, your personality and behavior aren't one of them. That's all on you. Sorry, sister, but everyone is going to only look at you as a girl and remember you as a girl. Everything you do and say will be in reality!"

"How am I supposed to know how the female me acts?! I've never in my life thought about being a girl!"

Sasha replied, "I'll be popping in throughout the night to check on you. Again, you will be the only person able to see and hear me. Don't talk to me in front of others as it will look like you have an imaginary friend."

"And you said I can transform back at any point before three?" he asked.

"Yes, but there may be complications if you try to transform back too early, which is why I warned you."

"What?!"

"At least get through the actual prom. I have no idea what your plans are after that. Going to some party with friends to get drunk or something?"

"No... I wish... Again, we were all talking about the after-prom party but I don't...."

Brittani's speech was interrupted by a shout from downstairs.

"Brittani?! Are you almost ready?!" said her Mom's voice.

"Time for your debut!" Sasha said in an almost intimidating style.

Brittani sighed, now having to walk in her huge gown while wearing heels. She almost stumbled a few times.

“Heel down first, followed by the toe!” Sasha said, giving her instructions. “Hold the dress out with your hands if needed. OH! Don’t forget this!” Sasha said handing her a white clutch.

Brittani sighed and started walking out her bedroom door to face her new world of femininity. Her bedroom was the first door at the top of the stairs, so the first thing she saw when she looked to the left on stepping out the door were her smiling parents. They were wearing the exact same thing they had when she last saw them, so this was an alternate reality. Her mom was videoing her with her cell phone as she made her way downstairs, holding the railing for support, and feeling like a complete sissy wearing this ridiculous outfit.

“You are so beautiful, princess!” said her Dad.

What the fuck. No masculine jock boy wants to hear their dad say that! That is fucked up. Brittani didn’t want to hear any of this.

“Smile a bit!” said her Mom, expecting her daughter to be more enthusiastic about looking like a beauty queen.

Oh yeah. Not only was she supposed to pretend to be Brittani, she had to make it look like she was enjoying this. She tried her best to smile, hold on for dear life to the railing, and walk in heels at the same time. To make matters worse, she was greeted by family photos on the wall as she walked down the steps showing her as a little girl, at ballet, in a cheerleading uniform after a game posing with her parents, and even a picture of her in a dress with a boy holding her from behind at eighth grade homecoming a few years ago.

“What an angel!” said her mom, as both parents backed up a little so Brittani could get downstairs with her big ball gown. Her mom stopped recording to hug her. As Logan, she had last hugged her mom a few months ago, and was much taller than her, but this time, she was shorter and it felt way different hugging her as a woman. Then came the dreaded moment of having to hug her dad. They had a decent relationship as father and son, but now that there was a vagina between her legs, there seemed to be a different element as she could tell he was a little more emotional about seeing his little princess dressed like this.

Knowing her daughter, her mom asked her, “Is everything okay? You’ve been talking about prom for months and don’t seem very excited right now?”

“No, I’m good,” she said.

“Are you sure? I wish I could have been up there helping you get ready. I thought it was strange that you didn’t want your friends up there as well.”

“Maybe next year...” said Brittani trying to give a false promise.

“You did a great job on your own. This hair and makeup look like it was done in a salon.”

“Magic happens...” said Brittani.

“Come on, princess, let me get a photo with you and Mom,” said her Dad.

After a photo session with her parents and, worse, bratty 10-year-old brother that was roaming around the house, there was a knock on the door.

“That’s for you...” said her mom with a smile.

Brittani nervously went towards the door. Once it was open, she was greeted with a chorus of screams of excitement as she was hugged by the same five girls he had seen on Logan’s phone getting ready earlier. She knew them all by name: Hannah, Destiny, Emma, Kiara, and Jordan. They were either girlfriends of her male friends or longtime female friends.

Hannah immediately hugged her, giving Brittani the opportunity to feel another prom dress that night. Hannah’s blonde hair was styled with heavy curls coming down, and she was wearing a light pink V-neck tulle appliqué long prom dress that was similar in length to Brittani’s, although not as dramatic, and not sleeveless. She knew her well, as she was dating her best male friend, Alex. It was part of the reason she was plugged into these girls. Being a popular jock had its advantages, although she never thought she would be one of the girls.

She then felt the feminine touch of a brunette girl named Destiny, who was also a cheerleader, followed by Emma, the only redhead in the group. Kiara, an African-American girl wearing a short blue dress that complimented her. “That dress is SOO you. I see it now...”

“Thanks, so is yours!” Brittani said, trying to fit in with the girls. The last girl in the group was Jordan, who had very long brown hair and was wearing a slim, long red dress. Her makeup was dramatic, just like Brittani’s. She didn’t know this girl very well, but knew she was friends with Emma and Kiara. What she did know about Jordan was that she was the only white girl in the group dating a black guy, one of Logan’s male friends, Anthony. Brittani looked over to see a black Hummer limo parked in front of her house with six guys standing outside of it smiling and walking towards the door.

Brittani knew she was about to be in deep shit. These were all her male friends - Alex, Nick, Luke, Chris, and Anthony ... plus one guy she didn’t recognize at first, since he had sunglasses on. She hoped that was someone else’s guy, but this was an equal ratio of male to female at the moment. Would Alex be her boyfriend in this new world? Then again, this was supposed to be a reality where everyone knew her as a girl? Maybe something wouldn’t happen like in the Butterfly Effect?

“We missed you while we were getting ready!” said Emma, who Brittani remembered being a very sweet girl.

“Yeah, I just wanted some personal time,” Brittani responded.

“At least we are all here together!” said Kiara, while glancing over at her boyfriend Chris, the

smallest guy of the bunch at about 5'9", with shaggy brown hair walking towards her.

"Wait until you see this limo, Brittani. It is SOO crazy!" said Destiny. "Definitely not what our parents had back in the 90s! There are so many lights and it is HUGE!!!"

"Yeah! Deckerd out all the way," said Hannah, before bending over and whispering since the guys were getting closer. "And Daniel looked so lonely without you in there!" she said in a puppy-like voice with a sad face curling her lips and pointing her eyes down for expression.

What the fuck... Brittani now got a good look at her male friends, who were all wearing nearly identical styled suits, yet different colors, as if they came from the same rental store. She noticed they were wearing different color ties. Had she made a different choice a few weeks ago, she would be looking like them instead of wearing this huge girly dress with long blonde hair styled like a princess. She then saw who her date was as he walked up the front entrance steps and took off his sunglasses.

Daniel Pierson. A senior class guy who was not in her current friend circle in her male life. Not a jock by any means, but tall and muscular, thanks to just working out and being healthy. Extremely popular at school not because of sports, but because of his outgoing personality, environmental activism, and being very artistic, having started his own T-shirt and skateboard design company while still being in high school. He was the very tall, 6'3", and well-built type of handsome guy that girls had fantasies about. To Brittani's knowledge, he did not have a girlfriend at this time. What was he doing with Brittani? This guy didn't seem to be the type who would be dating some blonde cheerleader, but more than likely dating a girl who was about to enter an Ivy league school or the type to be starting her own Etsy craft business.

He leaned in and tried to give her a kiss, as he had probably done hundreds of times before, but Brittani luckily intersected it at the right moment to give him a hug, which he thought was weird.

"Brittani!" Daniel laughed. "You look amazing."

"Thanks!" she lied.

Alex kissed his girlfriend Hannah on the cheek. Brittani felt ridiculous standing in front of all her friends as a girl, but even more so with Alex right there, since they had been friends for the longest. What was she supposed to do? Compliment him on the heather gray suit he was wearing? What guy was going to do that? Then again... She was a girl now and could probably get away with it.

"Nice suit, Alex..." she said in an almost monotone voice.

"Thanks, Sissy! You look great."

Sissy?! Why the hell did he call me that? Brittani thought to herself.

"Huh?" she asked.

Some of the friends looked at each other confused, more so that it was a comment about her looks, and maybe not feeling perfect, although everyone except Brittani knew that 'Sissy' was Alex's nickname for Brittani since they met in elementary school and were put on a sports team together. It helped that their moms were friends.

Luke, who had his arm around Emma, had short hair and a navy-blue suit with a tie that matched her tight blue dress, showing off a little booty, since Emma was more confident about that than her small B-cup breast size.

"Ready to get the party started?" asked Kiara.

"Yeah..."

"Hold on.... Where is your mom?" asked Hannah, since she was like a second daughter to her.

"Don't you have more stuff to bring?" asked Destiny.

"Oh hey, everybody!" said Brittani's mom coming out with a camera.

Hannah and Destiny being Brittani's two closest friends, with the longest relationship with the Centopili family, gave her a hug together. After some brief banter, she then gave Daniel a kiss on the cheek, since she knew he treated her baby girl like gold. The gesture made Brittani even more uncomfortable.

The Centopili parents exchanged hellos and banter with the teens for a bit before it was time for more photos. Shortly afterward, the group talked about taking the limo to a river park where parents and friends would join them before Grand March.

As she was about to enter the limo with her friends, Brittani's mom stopped her. "Oh honey, don't forget this stuff!" She handed her a dress bag, along with a pink backpack.

"Thanks," she said, still questioning what was happening. Although, when she went in the limo, she saw a ton of other bags belonging to her friend circle.

Chapter 2: Have a Ball

Interaction in the limo was awkward at first, as Brittani was used to having a conversation with Alex, Luke, Anthony, Chris, and Nick the most often, but now it was the girls and Daniel who wanted to talk to her the most. Never before had she taken so many selfies and other types of photos with people in twenty minutes, but tonight was a special occasion. Part of her felt a little humiliated that the reflection on the phone screen was her own. She found that she had a new pink case laced phone in her clutch along with some money, tickets to prom and the after prom, mints, some makeup, tampons, prom emergency stuff, and some other things girls usually carried around.

Even though she was wearing a huge dress, she did enjoy the experience of being in an awesome limo that was decked out with various blue, purple, and pink lights, comfy extended seating and mini-bar section with tons of different sodas and mixers. What teenager wouldn't, no matter what they have between their legs?

Anthony had started the playlist the group compiled: "Lit Prom Night 2018." As soon as everyone was in the limo, the Spotify app that was linked to the speakers in the vehicle start pumping sounds. Most of the group casually bobbed around or sang along lightly until the group's Spring anthem came on.

"Oh shit! Here we go!" Anthony said, bending over while keeping his right arm around his date, Jordan's, slim body and cupping his mouth with the other hand. This song had a special tradition with the guys of the group who would practice their rap skills with it. Anthony had dreams of working in the studio after high school, and had taken up music production as a hobby.

Jordan smiled, knowing this was his passion, and gave him the special nod that it was okay to let go of her embrace in order to use his hands accent his spit rhymes. Some of the group clapped their hands and danced, and even Brittani was feeling it as these were her friends and a common fun connection they all had. When it came to the third verse, Brittani knew her cue to come in with the first part of her lyrics:

"Suck a nigga's dick or something, hoe..." she said four times before going into a verse that was on fire. The entire group looked at her at first shocked, especially Chris - who felt interrupted - but they all started getting into it as Brittani went on a perfectly timed rap.

The group was initially shocked, since the typical girly girl Brittani to them had hated misogynist hip-hop and preferred EDM or Trap and some cheerleading chant material from female artists like the rest of her friends.

"Oh shit, girl! That was hot!" said Anthony.

"I never knew you had that in you!" Emma said, smiling and squirming in her seat with her white legs crossed.

Daniel held Brittani tight, surprised himself, but also feeling proud of her. Having this guy touch her was not comforting at all, but she knew she had to play that game in order to pass things off. Especially after breaking character, since her friends apparently didn't expect some white girl to know all the words about a song dealing with gang violence and date rape.

Roughly, ten minutes after getting in the limo, the group arrived at the park meeting point, where some friends and family were going to gather to meet them.

Brittani had a bit of trouble being one of the girls when it came to just shots of them. It was helpful to just copy the way the other girls posed their bodies with goofy faces, hands on hips, bending over, putting arms up in the air... the kind of stupid girly stuff that turned her on as a male, but now made her feel ridiculous, especially while still getting used to wearing heels and a large dress. What was even more uncomfortable was having a corsage placed on her wrist by Daniel, and having to be held from behind. A moment of realization came when Brittani knew she was going to have to kiss him at some point. Didn't Sasha say this was supposed to be fun? So far, she felt ridiculous in front of her friends, and awkward having to pretend like she knew a lot about Daniel and had an obvious relationship with him.

The photos ranged from just girls to just guys to couples to all friends to groups with random assignments given by the professional photographer Hannah's parents had hired. Never before did Brittani feel special, but uncomfortable at the same time. The worst part was when it was time to do more shots with just her and Daniel. Having to place her hand on his chest, hug him, get kissed on the cheek, and other things were nothing compared to what happened once Hannah had to open her mouth.

"Why haven't y'all kissed yet!" Hannah asked as she watched them, wondering why her friend wasn't being as affectionate.

Daniel looked at her and gave a smile. Brittani on the other hand wasn't about to express a newfound sexuality especially in front of them.

"We'll wait..." said Brittani, not looking forward to showing any more affection than she had to.

The girls especially busted out in laughter.

"Wait for what?" asked Jordan.

Luke and Emma decided to give each other a kiss to show them how it is done. Emma said, "Gosh, you are acting so weird today."

"Come here..." Daniel said pulling her tightly and bringing her face to his.

As the group looked on taking photos of them, Brittani closed her eyes and just pretended she was about to kiss some really tall girl. It didn't help. This kiss felt like she was kissing a guy. As if wearing a dress, having long hair, and having her girly arms around his neck would really help

the situation. If she was a heterosexual woman, this would be appealing, but that wasn't the case. Or was it? This was still too much to take in for such a short time. His lips felt drier than when he had kissed some girls, thanks to him not having lip products on. Instead, it was her own lips that were now the tender, soft ones caught in the embrace of teenage romance.

"Get a room. Oh wait, that's later!" said Anthony before cracking up with Luke and Chris copying his motion.

Daniel stopped the kiss, giving Brittani a moment to breathe and take in the moment. She had not even been a girl for an hour and was already getting pressured by everyone to kiss her boyfriend! They had never done this when she was a boy, and in a relationship with Caitlyn.

Meanwhile, Nick felt inspired by his friend's magical moment and went to kiss his hot girlfriend Destiny.

"Great idea!" said the photographer, who was a woman in her late-20s, wearing all black. "Everyone get lined up with your dates for some photos of everyone kissing their dates!"

Once it was over, it was over. Hopefully, none of that would have to occur again, although in the back of Brittani's mind she knew that wouldn't be the case. It was prom night. Teenage hormones were running wild. Since in her mind she still liked girls, and had no attraction to guys, it wouldn't be her making the first move, but how would her sex drive work as a girl?

"See, that wasn't too bad, was it?!" Sasha said, reappearing out of nowhere, wearing dark sunglasses now and taking photos herself with an iPhone that looked smaller than the other ones people had been using in the teenage circle.

Brittani was about to respond to her, but didn't, knowing that it would be awkward in front of her friends. As if things weren't weird enough already. Instead she just shook her head.

"Why are you shaking your head?" asked Hannah, not being able to see Sasha.

"Was just thinking about something."

"Is something wrong?" asked Emma.

"No... let's just enjoy the night!" said Brittani realizing that if she was going to be stuck as a girl for a few hours, it was best to not raise questions.

Back in the limo, the teens were chauffeured to Grand March where, of course, more photos would be taken. This was the chance to show everyone in attendance what people were wearing and who they were with. Brittani didn't think much of it, after getting over the fact that she would be walking across the stage in her heels wearing this princess ball gown in front of everyone she knew... but they would all remember her as a girl. That's when the most curious thing came to her mind. She would be running into her ex-girlfriend Caitlyn and her date at some

point in the night! But now that she was a female, what was her previous history with Caitlyn?

Destiny asked Brittani, “I was meaning to ask you. What made you choose the dress you have on now over that Sherri Hill dress?”

Shit. Girl talk. Something Brittani knew she would have to keep getting used to. Instead, she decided to lie.

“This fits my body more, I think.”

“Ha, I thought you wanted something that was going to show more of that big booty you have going,” said Destiny.

Kiara laughed, “Girl, you know you were proud of the way that looked on you, with all those pics you were sending us the other week.”

Apparently, Brittani had a bubble butt that she had not seen yet, thanks to having on a huge dress. “I’m happy... I feel like a princess...” she said to avoid any further suspicion.

“Oh, you are one!” said Hannah playfully touching her hand.

“Thanks...” Brittani said, still trying to find out more about her female self, thanks to the friends she had always interacted with as a male. Due to the sudden sex change and events of the night, she barely had a chance to check her cell phone for any clues. Then again, would her life be THAT much different as a girl considering, she still had the same friend circle? Wait, why was she questioning all of this? Thoughts came to her mind about the end goal. To try and have fun with her group, rather than spending the entire night figuring out how to be a lady. This entire thing would be over before she went to bed, and she would never have to worry about having a vagina again.

She looked over and witnessed Anthony place his black hand up to Jordan’s white face and kiss her. PDA was common among the two of them. She hoped this wouldn’t be a trend with her and Daniel. This guy was the only part of the group that felt out of place, since he wasn’t usually with them, but Brittani watched as he mingled with Nick, Alex, Chris, and Luke, casually talking about what they were going to do move wise walking into Grand March.

Once at the high school auditorium for the event, Brittani saw other people from their high school. Walking in the ball gown was starting to get easy, although she was still being very careful about walking in the heels. She remembered hearing horror stories from some female friends about them breaking at the wrong time, and seeing it happen on some movies before. Hopefully, that wouldn’t happen tonight! It was time to be extra careful.

Her arm was wrapped around Daniel’s as they walked through the doors of the high school and found their place among the loud sounds of everyone socializing, waiting to be called in to line up for their introductions. There were no less than 600 students around.

She overheard Luke, Alex, and Nick talking about sports.

“McMayfield is definitely going to Boston,” said Alex.

“Nah, I think he’s staying in Austin,” Luke responded.

“Both of you are wrong! He’s coming to this state!” said Brittani.

All three guys looked surprised, along with the other teens who overheard her.

“Are you sure about that?” asked Alex.

“Yeah. Positive. Money signs are there and they need a player like him,” she said.

“How do you know?” asked Nick. “Do you know anything about the sport at all?”

Destiny overheard and laughed. “I thought it was just cheerleading, softball, and gymnastics for you Brittani!”

Cover blown slightly.... The new Brittani wasn’t supposed to be into masculine sports. Then again, there were plenty of girls who liked watching them, but maybe not the type to talk about draft picks and player stats. Back to girl mode, Brittani excused herself, trying to escape the conversation, and walked around a few feet just to examine her surroundings.

“Oh wow, Brittani! That dress is amazing!” she heard from behind.

She turned around and recognized the girl’s voice immediately. It was one of Caitlyn’s friends, Monica. “Thanks...” she said, surprised that Monica would still be talking to her. Then again, she assumed they weren’t lesbians in this new existence. “I like yours too!” Brittani said in reference to her short, lacy white dress. Brittani’s eyes then explored a 180-degree radius around Monica, trying to spot where Caitlyn was.

“Where is....” Brittani was soon interrupted.

“Oh sorry, I have to go give something to my mom before this starts. I’ll catch up with you later!” Monica smiled as she walked away. Before she left though, she gave Daniel a big hug and shook him a bit in their embrace.

“You look like a princess,” said Daniel smiling.

What the hell? Brittani said as Monica walked away.

The odd interaction was one that Brittani knew was bound to happen again. It was probably best to just be herself... although a feminized version of herself, and not ask too many questions. She quickly found her group of friends again and photobombed a photo of Destiny and Nick together putting her mouth wide open to show off her pearly whites with a goofy face.

“Oh, nice one!” said Destiny reviewing the selfie.

“Okay, everyone!” shouted a woman with a megaphone. Brittani recognized her as one of the teachers on the prom committee board advisors. “We are going to start lining people up in TEN minutes. Everyone needs to be in this hall ready to go, starting with the junior class.”

Hannah bumped against Brittani with her silky-smooth arm, and bent down to whisper in her ear. “We should probably use the bathroom before we go through this!”

Destiny, Emma, Kiara, and Jordan soon joined them as Brittani felt herself being pulled into the unknown abyss called the women’s bathroom.

Brittani had only seen the inside of this domain when the door had cracked open briefly, as someone was going in or out, or when some girl decided to take a selfie in there after doing her business and posted it on social media. Nothing glamorous. Same style tiles as the boy’s room, just a lack of urinals for obvious reasons.

Half of the girls went to the bathroom mirror first, while others selected stalls that were not being used. Since Brittani’s makeup skills were lacking, she opted for attempting to use the restroom in this ridiculous heavy dress. Getting in the stall was a challenge in itself, as she had to hold the ball gown towards her body and shoot herself in, being careful not to get her dress ripped or touch the toilet. Trying to squat over the toilet to urinate was something she knew wasn’t going to happen, so it was going to have to be sit down like a bitch.

She rearranged herself around the small stall, and tried lifting from the front, but then released that she was going to have to lift part of the back as well. This wasn’t working. How was she supposed to even get to her panties? Time was running thin, and she didn’t want to get in any trouble tonight, since she had enough on her mind. From the next stall over, Hannah noticed all the noise caused by Brittani’s sissy tulle dress.

“Oh my god, Brittani, what are you doing?!”

What the hell? Do girls talk to each other in the restroom? Guys did this normally in his high school, but not while in stalls next to each other. Usually when they were finished!

“Trying to use the restroom?”

“Open up!” yelled, Kiara trying to get the stall open.

Brittani thought about how fucked up this was. Girls seem to be a little more open with each other than guys were. NO straight male in his right mind would try doing this. She started getting more nervous as she heard heel clicks from other girls walking towards the stall.

“Are you okay in there?!” asked Destiny.

“I’m just trying to take a piss!”

The girls outside of the stall looked at each other, confused that they heard her say such a word, but then grinned it off.

Emma and Jordan finished putting on their lipstick and walked over to the stall, ready to take some photos.

Kiara knocked on the door again and put a dominate pose on with her hands and hips. “We aren’t trying to embarrass you, honey, but really?!”

“What are you talking about?” asked Brittani, still trying to struggle with getting the dress right so she wouldn’t urinate on it.

“Gosh, you are so blonde!” Hannah laughed.

“Umm... so are you?” said Brittani, now trying to pull the dress up from the sides while keeping her balance in her heels.

“Yeah, but at least I’m not dumb enough to try using the bathroom with a ball gown on without help! Open up, sissy!” she said with a playful hard bang on the door.

Oh, so that’s why they wanted to get in! Brittani’s eyes lit up. This female territory thing was seriously like a foreign country with major cultural differences. At least when it came to restroom habits. She unlocked the stall and Kiara and Hannah managed to squeeze themselves in despite Brittani’s cherry prom dress being in the way. Kiara lifted the back and positioned herself near the flush handle and Hannah pulled up the front of her ball gown to expose her pink panties. Brittani felt a little exposed as her shaved legs were visible to the girls.

“Stop taking video!” she screamed to Emma, Jordan, and Destiny. They just laughed.

“Come on Brittani, this is so funny!” said Destiny who pressed the button to stop the video and save it.

“Let’s get going,” said Kiara. “You aren’t expecting any of us to pull your panties down, are you?”

She gave it a thought but finally put her manicured fingers around the pink waistband and pulled them down her dickless body. The feeling was unlike having her normal boxers on, and there was still a feeling of emptiness with her lack of a penis. She slowly started to bend down to sit on the toilet and, with everyone still watching, started her business. The motion was similar to urinating as a man, but the feeling wasn’t. Especially the slightly moist feeling, and knowing she should probably reach her hand over for some toilet paper.

The girls erupted into a cloud of cheers and were clapping as if she was a toddler who was going through potty training.

“Thank you, thank you,” Brittani said jokingly as if she had just won an award even though she was red in the face and embarrassed having to urinate in front of her female friends. What if she had to take a shit at some point in the night?!

As the girls exited the restroom and looked around for their dates, Brittani was stopped by a familiar voice.

“All that was cute. You have such great friends. I bet you are glad you aren’t on your period right now!” said Sasha.

“What are you doing here?!” Brittani said turning to her right to see Sasha wearing a short little black dress showing off every curve on her body. Her dark hair was in a side braided ponytail, something similar to the hairstyle some of the other girls around school had chosen for their prom look.

“Just checking up on you. I wasn’t about to try balancing myself on top of that stall.”

“Funny... Things are going well just so you know...”

Hannah turned to Brittani. “Who are you talking to?” she said as in her eyes, it looked like Brittani was walking and talking to no one.

“Oh umm... just myself.”

“Okay, well just to remind you, you have friends here!” she laughed.

Brittani turned towards Sasha again but didn’t say anything.

Sasha continued, “Ah Grand March... little tacky and outdated, but the fun part is to come!”

“Please...” Brittani whispered.

“You know I can see EVERYTHING you are doing even when I’m not here right?”

Brittani gave her the look. The type that is usually only accomplished once you have XX chromosomes in your body or a heavy amount of estrogen going through you. Being a woman herself, Sasha got the hint.

“Fine, you are no fun. I’ll check on you soon. I’m going to go check out that hot male teacher over there who is chaperoning. Damn girl, where was this guy when I was in high school? All of my teachers were either old or ugly.”

Having to socialize with the girls, remain cool around her male friends, and act like a girl in front of the entire student body at prom was enough. She didn’t need a condescending highly-sex-

charged mid-20s woman intimidating her the entire night, especially considering she was responsible for the gender reassignment.

A prom advisor spoke on the megaphone again as the group felt themselves squeezed like sardines with teens wondering where they should go. "Okay everyone. Please stay organized and quiet down so that everyone can hear. We are going to start with the Junior class. For ladies with last names A through G, please line up with your date by Miss Penni," she said motioning her hand to her left where a pregnant teacher in her early-30s started waving while smiling with a sheet to break organize the couples in alphabetical order. The advisor continued other last names in separate lines meaning the group of friends would be broken up, but not for long as everyone had to go through the same line. Since Brittani, Emma, and Destiny's last names were all in this category, they took their cue and walked with their dates.

Daniel started talking to her. "Time for the big moment!"

"You aren't kidding..." she said still feeling uncomfortable holding his hand, but knowing she should at As the girls exited the restroom and looked around for their dates, Brittani was stopped by a familiar voice.

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Daniel started talking to her. “Time for the big moment!”

“You aren’t kidding...” she said, still feeling uncomfortable holding his hand, but knowing she should at least make an attempt to act like a good girlfriend for the night.

“Is something wrong Brittani?”

“No, why?” she said casually.

“Something is wrong.”

“No, it’s not!” she said starting to act like more of a girl.

“I mean, we talked about it a little earlier, but it’s starting to make me you know... concerned.”

“What?” she asked.

“It’s just that you’ve been literally talking about prom non-stop for weeks and I thought you would be a LITTLE more excited than how you’ve been acting tonight. It’s almost like you are disappointed that something isn’t going right.”

Yeah... you try losing your dick and being forced into a dress, she thought to herself. Instead, she opted for something else. “It’s just a little overwhelming. There’s a lot on me to be perfect.”

He laughed and put his arms around her in a small hug-like motion as they took their place in line. “Not everything has to be perfect. Be yourself. That’s who I love.”

Whoa, the L word?! They were in love?! When did this happen? Maybe she had a more affectionate relationship as a female. Who knew? Daniel leaned in for another kiss. Brittani closed her eyes again and just let him do his thing. Feeling his lips on hers made her feel even more like a girl, since he was much taller and taking control of the situation, though somehow making her feel more comfortable.

“Showtime!” said Miss Penni getting her cue to start the intros into the auditorium.

Faintly in the background, she could hear the person emceeing to announce the first couple of Madison Abudli and Bruce Kindle. About a dozen students later, and it was her turn to walk with Daniel through the corny decorations on stage and be greeted with hundreds of camera flashes and cheers.

“Please welcome Brittani Centopili, escorted by Daniel Pierson!”

The ground cheer was extra loud, confirming their popularity. Daniel extended their hands in the air as high as they could go, without lifting Brittani off the ground, and twirled her around, causing her ball gown to flow slightly into the air. They exposed the shiny heels to everyone cheering and taking photos and videos, and they somehow glowed a bit as she kept her balance. She walked with him around the stage, smiling big. Part of her felt ridiculous being introduced to the entire community as a female, but another part of her knew that it would be a fun night now that the hard parts seemed like they were over.

The prom was being held at a large hotel downtown. Getting back into the Hummer limo was less of a struggle this time, since Brittani was becoming accustomed to wearing the ensemble. In the limo ride to the hotel, she became more relaxed talking with her friends. She did start to question why she was the only one in the group with a huge ball gown. The other girls had talked about it during the night, and she was curious as to why she didn’t have on a similar style to Hannah’s, since it still had a bit of a flair and length, but wasn’t as bulky. What was her relationship like with these girls previously? Although she had never thought about living as a woman before, it was fascinating to think of a new existence, even if she was happy with her male life. The limo came to a stop, and Brittani’s heart started racing. They were here. They were at the place that was going to make the whole night. The reason why she chose to put on those heels and transform into a girl. She took a small breath as her friends exited the limo, and it was her turn to get out. She made a promise to herself, right then, that this would no longer be about trying to fight the feminization... at least until 3 am. It was going to be about making memories to last her a lifetime with the people who meant the most to her.

After checking in at the front entrance, the group walked into a beautifully decorated room with the ocean-theme prom and many blue and green lights provided by the entertainment company with a “PROM 2018” logo going around the floor, walls, and ceiling slowly. The sounds of a

current mid-tempo song graced the room as Brittani walked with her group to their table for the dinner portion of the event. She looked around to see various food stations, some with salad stuff, others with finger foods, another with a chef carving a ham, another with other types of meat, a place to get soda, water, and mocktails and other things that made her want to pig out. Surely, just because she was a girl, didn't mean she had to eat lightly. There were no diet concerns. The teens were instructed to wait for their table to be called and it wasn't long before Brittani was loading up on carbs and protein.

"Geez, Brittani did you eat anything today?" asked Emma.

"I didn't have lunch," Brittani said, placing about a quarter pound of Mac & Cheese on her plate."

Luke and Chris turned around, since they were standing next to their dates Emma and Kiara and laughed.

"What?" Brittani asked struggling their shoulders.

"Just never seen you eat like this," said Chris.

"Yeah, you... oh never mind," she said catching herself, before mentioning the all-you-can-eat taco challenge the guys had done just a few weeks ago. Surprisingly, Chris, the smallest guy in the group, had won, going twenty-five tacos deep.

"They got fried chicken up in here?" asked Anthony, peeking his head around.

Kiara playfully hit him with a utensil, "Why black people always gotta be asking about fried chicken!" Both being African-Americans, these types of jokes were common amongst them, although the rest of the group had a good laugh as well.

Once they had their plates full, they walked back to sit down at the large circular table that fit all ten of them.

"Oh, my god..." Hannah said cupping one of her hands underneath her mouth to catch any food that came out. "This crab dip is SOOOOO good."

That was one thing that Brittani seemed to forget. She dipped a piece of her bread into Hannah's meal, realizing that sharing food was common amongst all of them.

"I want to see you eat all of that..." said Destiny.

"You will!" she said, knowing that a great meal at a nice hotel was at the top of her list of things to do for prom... along with trying to put her dick into a girl.

But, of course, that wasn't happening tonight.

Meanwhile, Sasha walked around the room with a mocktail in hand. She opened her black purse and found a miniature bottle of Fireball to put in the fruit punch mix. Luckily, no one could see her... well... lucky most people couldn't, since Brittani was busy eating and chatting with her friends, but she did wish that hottie of a school teacher could see her. She would be all over that. When not admiring his tall statue with white, rolled up, long-sleeve, button-down shirt, she scanned the room, admiring the decor, everyone dressed up, and the mood of the room. Brought back some great memories. She then made her way from behind Brittani so she would stay out of her sight, but close enough that she could hear the conversation taking place at the table. There actually seemed to be about three of them going around, considering the number of people at the giant dining table.

"Let me get something..." Daniel said softly.

"Okay, I'll take another one of those Nojito drinks."

"No. This..." said Daniel placing his thumb up to her mouth to remove a bit of pasta sauce that didn't make its way to her mouth. He then put his thumb on a napkin to wipe it off rather than just putting the napkin up there to her face to begin with.

She smiled, not because she was attracted to him, but because it was funny and some other feeling that didn't come to mind.

"Cute..." Sasha said quietly, after taken a sip of her whiskey-laced drink.

An hour later, the party was in full swing, with the DJ blaring some of the most popular hits, a crazy light show, a hype man giving instructions, and glow sticks galore. Brittani had noticed that some girls had taken their heels off to dance, but that wasn't an option for her, unless she wanted to become a man again. Well, she did... but knew if she did it right on the dance floor there would be some questions raised, and perhaps she would be naked in front of everyone. She remembered a little bit of what Sasha had said earlier, and, during dinner, made sure to set a bunch more alarms for notification when it was about 1 am or 2 am to change back in time. She moved around the dance floor slightly and admitted it was fun shaking her butt against her friends and being touched in certain ways as a girl. This is what prom was about after all.

The only annoying part was these heels and, after dancing for a bit, Brittani was getting tired. "I'm going to get a drink and sit down!" she yelled at Daniel, who had found his way grinding against her. Touching a guy wasn't so bad, as she pretended they were playing sports rather than the fact that Daniel had a slight erection from touching his pretty girlfriend.

"I'll come with you..." he said.

"Nah, that's okay."

"Really?" he said surprised.

“Yeah, I just want a breather by myself.”

Destiny overheard and said something. “Again?!”

“Yeah...” Brittani said, trying to get away from the attention. She started walking through the packed, light-up dance floor, and Destiny said something to the other girls, who were about to follow suit. Instead, they stayed on the dance floor while Brittani took her personal time. Just as she was out in the open, in the room where people were walking around randomly, she ran into Monica again.

“Having fun?!” she smiled widely.

“Yeah!” Brittani said continuing to walk and just get her ass in a chair.

“How are things with Daniel?”

“Great, thanks for asking!” Brittani said still trying to move.

“Oh, Brittani...”

“What?” she said starting to get annoyed that she wouldn’t leave her alone. Back in her male life, she had hung out with Caitlyn and Monica a few times. She always seemed like a nice girl, and never needy, but now was not the time to strike a new friendship.

“Just to let you know... I’m not mad or anything that you are going to prom with Daniel.”

“What are you talking about?”

Monica looked surprised, and squinted her mascaraed eyes. “Daniel... you know... my best guy friend!”

What the fuck?! Brittani asked herself. She never knew Monica was supposed to go to prom with Daniel. She didn’t ever think they were together. Not in recent memory. Instead, she decided to dig just to get some answers. “You were dating?!”

Monica laughed, “Us? Date?! Are you seriously asking me that?! That’s the funniest thing I’ve heard all night!”

Brittani looked at her even more confused and now definitely needed to hear the rest of the story.

Both girls placed their hands on their hips expecting some type of clarity. Monica then continued the story. “Daniel is like my brother! We’ve known each other since we were really little, since our parents are good friends, and you know me being the princess I am made him PROMISE to take me to prom if I couldn’t find a date.”

Oh, so just friends. No worries here. Brittani didn’t see the big deal, and just assumed that the

story was written that Daniel and Monica were supposed to go together, but now that Daniel was her boyfriend, a fact she knew had been going on in a relationship for a few months, Monica now had to find another date. But was Daniel the type to break promises? He didn't seem like that type of guy.

She replied to Monica, smiling, "I know that was a long time to keep a promise! I'm surprised he said 'no' even though like... we are boyfriend/girlfriend."

Monica looked surprised... "Brittani... are you forgetting something?"

"What?"

Monica gave a shocked but small questionable laugh. "He was going to go with me, but he felt like he was letting you down, since you are his girlfriend, and he loves you. At first, I was going to be a third wheel, but you said no. But at least we came to that agreement."

What the fuck? Did Brittani have a secret bitchy side? But it wasn't her fault... Daniel agreed to it.

"What agreement?"

"Okay, you gotta be kidding me.... You don't remember introducing me to your cousin Jamie?!" She ended up smiling at the sound of his name. "Really. There are no hard feelings. He is so special. I'm surprised you haven't talked to him tonight. Then again, we've been all over the place, and he's outside right now, talking to someone he used to play football with."

Fuck, the last thing Brittani wanted was to pretend to be a girl in front of yet another family member. His cousin Jamie was a year older and a senior at another high school one county over. He was known for being a ladies' man, and even more popular than Brittani was at her school. Somehow, she had now played matchmaker and gave Monica a date since, she basically stole hers. Guess that was kind of nice? What else had been off-set? Wait... she wasn't supposed to be thinking about that at all. However, the can of worms was already wide open for someone to eat. The curiosity got the best of her.

"Monica.... Where is Caitlyn? I haven't seen her yet."

"Who is Caitlyn?" Monica asked.

Now this was getting weird. Had her ex-girlfriend just up and vanished?

"Your best friend... Caitlyn Parks?"

"Caitlyn Parks?!" Monica said surprised. "I don't think I've talked with her since middle school. You know, since that one incident..."

"Sorry, Monica... I think I had too much to eat and my brain is not acting right..." she asked

subtly looking for more clues.

Monica laughed and placed her hand on Brittani's shoulder. "It's okay. You remember that we used to be on the volleyball team and how you did better than her during try-outs seventh grade and took her place on the team. Gosh, she got so depressed over that. I tried my hardest to be there for her but, wow, I had never seen anyone get so upset over something like that in all my life!"

"Well, where is she now?" said a curious Brittani.

"Caitlyn is probably being Caitlyn.... You know how she is around school."

"Okay... thanks... I'll chat with you in a bit!"

Brittani made her way to the drink station, while checking her cell phone, which had been conveniently placed in the bra pads of her dress. At least having breasts had one advantage now. She looked for Caitlyn on her social media feeds and found nothing. Finally, she typed in her name, and what she found shocked her as she sat down at her table.

"No...." she said placing her other hand over her mouth. Before her eyes was Caitlyn... but a 70-pound heavier version of her. The girl in the photo had on glasses which Caitlyn never wore, a poor haircut, and not appealing clothing. She could tell it was Caitlyn, though, by some facial features. Scrolling through some photo, it looked like this girl had very few friends, was into some weird stuff due to the black and purple makeup everywhere, and black band t-shirts. This was a far cry from the preppy, skinny, highly attractive Caitlyn that Brittany had dated. One of the most recent pics was posted just about two hours ago, with her and a pint-sized ice cream tub labeled "#Häagen-Dazs is the best prom date!"

"Whoa, she looked like I did when I was like 14," said Sasha, now sitting next to Brittani.

She became shocked. "I hate when you do that!"

"What?" asked Sasha.

"Appear out of nowhere and just start talking!"

"Sorry, just wanted to see what was up. That was your girlfriend? Guess you like 'em on the plus side."

"She didn't look like that at all when I dated her! And Monica was just telling me all this stuff about how she was supposed to be going to the prom with Daniel, and how she isn't friends with Caitlyn anymore! Sasha... did all of this change just because I'm female?"

"Apparently...." Sasha said, using hand mannerisms, before taking another drink and eating a chocolate strawberry from the table.

“This isn’t going to change everything will it?”

Sasha was quiet for a few seconds. “It shouldn’t... but why do you care so much?”

“It’s a little unsettling...”

“Oh, I thought you were about to say you want to stay a girl now!” said Sasha.

“... Not at all...”

“Then why are you so worried about it?”

“I don’t know... It’s just a little.... Different,” said Brittani.

“Maybe it’s your feminine side coming out. You know... caring about people more,” Sasha smiled.

“You like this don’t you...”

“Hey, you seemed to be having fun before that.”

Brittani admitted, “I was! Hopefully no more drama tonight though.”

“That wasn’t even drama. Look at Monica. She is happy that you introduced her to your hot cousin.”

“How do you know he is attractive?”

“I just saw him out in the hall... Wait till he comes and gives you a kiss on the cheek.”

“PLEASE NO! How do you know all this stuff?!”

“I know a lot about you Brittani... Now, I suggest you put on your big girl panties and go back out there to have fun with your friends, rather than having hissy fights over things that aren’t a big deal. Look at it this way; you are with your friends, and yes there will be changes, but that’s part of you being a woman. As you may have noticed, having a vagina isn’t the worst thing that could happen.

After two more hours of dancing, giveaways, and fun with her friends socializing, dancing, and just overall having the time of her life, the prom was coming to a close. One of the seniors on the prom committee was given the microphone and the music was brought down as she started her speech.

“Thanks everyone for making this one of Jenner High School’s best proms EVER!!!”

The place erupted in teenage cheers and glow sticks and wands being waved in the air.

“It is time to announce our 2018 Prom King and Prom Queen. Our winners will come to the dance floor with their dates and everyone is welcome to join them halfway through the song!”

This wasn’t going to be the cliché, Brittani knew. It was impossible for her to be crowned prom queen, since she was a Junior, and only seniors were eligible. She hadn’t even bothered voting, but knew some of her friends did. She really didn’t care who was going to get this, and tuned out other things the girl on stage was saying until she heard.

“Our 2018 Prom King... Daniel Pierson!!!”

“WHAT?!” Brittani said. She had completely forgotten that Daniel had a good chance of getting it due to his popularity. She quickly realized she should probably play the good girlfriend role and hug him to congratulate him. Both walked up so Daniel could get his crown.

“And our Prom Queen for 2018 is... Lindsay McEntire!” Brittani knew her. Popular cheerleader type that her female friends knew. The cherished high school moment continued as Daniel escorted Brittani to the dance floor with all eyes in the room on Lindsay and Brittani’s date. Even though she wasn’t crowned, this felt like Princess City to her. She wasn’t going to admit it to Sasha, but the girl thing wasn’t that bad. Sure, she didn’t want to be dancing with some guy, but the energy level was high the entire night, and she liked the extra attention she was receiving from people, considering she was a highly attractive girl now wearing an extravagant gown and apparently in love with the most popular person at school. She rested her head right on Daniel’s shoulder as they swayed to the Ed Sheeran song, knowing this would be the first, last, and only time she could get away with something like this.

Not just being a girl, but being on-top-of-the-world happy with all eyes on her.

Chapter 3: After Party

Several hours later, there was an odd feeling in the room, once all the house lights came on and the music stopped, giving the students the cue that their prom had come to the end. However, it wasn't the end of the party and Brittani knew she had a few more hours to enjoy with her friends. She could play it safe, and leave to go back to the comfort of her bedroom to transform back into a male, but there was no promise she would then be able to return to the after party. One or two more hours tops. But now came the problem she was dreading all night, and what she had confided in Sasha.

The fact that she was going to have to take off her heels for the after party.

Even though they still had some party left in them, it was obvious the group had been a little worn out. Chris and Anthony had their ties loose, and Kiara was already walking with her heels in hand. Emma and Destiny complimented Brittani on her ability to wear them all night, something that made her feel proud even if she was almost forced to.

"Where is the after party again?" asked Alex.

"Hilbert Community Center, just down the road," said Hannah, as she held his body as they walked.

"There's another type of party if this thing sucks," said Nick.

"What is that?" asked Daniel.

Nick and Luke smiled at each other before Luke spoke up, "My cousin Nathan looks very similar to me. He lives down the street from here, so Nick and I are going to walk down and borrow his ID to get some stuff for the limo and guys night later! Do any of you want anything?!"

"I'll do whatever you guys are doing," said Daniel.

Chris said, "Only the best... Natty Light!"

Destiny and Hannah said, "Smirnoff" at the same time while the other teens yelled out orders like they were at a bar.

"Cool, we'll meet everyone at the center," said Nick as he walked off with Luke.

Brittani checked her phone again for the time. It read 11:15 pm. She double checked the alarm settings.

"Early bedtime?" asked Emma seeing her activity.

"I guess you could say that..." she responded

“Where are we getting changed again?” asked Jordan.

“They have rooms at the community center for us to use.”

Shit. Brittani thought to herself. Was she going to be expected to change in front of the girls? Taking off the heels would end in disaster. There must be somewhere she could do it.

Anthony held the door open to the limo to let the girls in before Daniel, Alex, and Chris hopped in. By this point, all the guys were sans-jackets, and some had unbuttoned their long sleeve shirts, having sweat so much from the dancing and having their girls grind and twerk on them during the dance.

Daniel once again felt the need to hold Brittani as soon as they got in the limo. The odd part was that Brittani had become used to this, thanks to being around him all night. She couldn't blame him, knowing that if the genders were reversed, she would be doing the same thing with a girl when out of supervision.

Kiara held Chris, since he was more tired than she was with her head resting conveniently in her lap.

Alex asked the group, “Worn out already?!”

“Just taking a breather,” said Chris.

“Me too,” said Brittani before getting an unexpected kiss on her forehead by Daniel.

Once at the community center, Brittani and the other girls walked to the designated area to get changed with their dress bags and backpacks with other clothes in the. The guys went their own way, with the idea to just get out of suits and throw on jeans or sweat pants and shirts. Brittani continued to look for some other escape. Then again, how could she trust Sasha to come back with other shoes? She hadn't even seen her since they discovered Caitlyn's new lifestyle.

Wait... Brittani thought to herself. *Prom is technically over... If I transform back into a guy here, won't I just stay a guy and be able to attend after prom? I mean... they even said students who didn't go to prom could come to the after-prom party.* Brittani saw a women's bathroom sign and headed that way insisting that her girlfriends go without her, and that she do this solo. Even when they brought up the previous issue with the dress, and being able to use the bathroom, she insisted on privacy. She had to go in there, take off the heels, turn back into a boy, and escape without any girls seeing her.

As soon as she swung open the door, she saw Sasha smoking a cigarette in the bathroom.

“Not so fast...” said Sasha.

“What are you doing here?!”

“What do you think I’m doing?!?” yelled some girl from a stall.

Sasha laughed very hard, but Brittani had to bite her lip, not having the superpowers that Sasha possessed.

“Are you sure you want to do this?”

Brittani came closer to her and whispered. “I can’t stay dressed like this. Please, tell me...” She paused as some girl came out of another stall to wash her hands, and waited until she left to continue.

Brittani took a breath. “Can I just take these off here and do after prom as myself?”

Sasha tapped her fingers in her palm. “I thought about that. Sure, you could have just shown up here as a boy, since you didn’t need to buy a prom ticket in order to go... but...”

“What?! Why all this cryptic shit?!”

“It’s more fun this way!” said Sasha. “The major problem is... all of your friends are going to remember you being at prom.”

“But that would be as Brittani... Not Logan...”

“I just think it’s too risky,” said Sasha, insisting that he stay a girl until the end of the night. “You need to go in there, take off your sissy panties... oh, and heels, and then right after I’ll give you these,” Sasha said as she randomly pulled out a pair of pink Chucks.

“Are these going to work the same with the rules?”

“Yeah... they should. You had until 3 with the heels, and these have the same amount of time. I can just transfer over the power or something...”

Brittani shook her head, trying not to spend too much time on the logic behind Sasha’s powers. She spotted a handicap stall she placed her hand on the lever to open the door, wondering what was about to happen. It took some effort, but she managed to undo the laces from her back and start to pull the dress up off her body causing her boobs to fall slightly and get a good glimpse of how it looked not having a penis down there in her panties. The dress was hung on part of a hook next to the other stall.

Brittani started to take off her heels anxious to see what would happen. As she expected, another pink dusty mist formed around her feet causing them to become hairy again and moved up her legs, turning her back to normal. Her clit started to grow, becoming her dick again, while her ovaries came down forming testicles.

Suddenly, during the transformation, she heard a person from the stall over ask. “Hey, is that you

Brittani? I can see part of your dress.”

Her butt returned to normal shape, while her torso became bigger and her breasts became smaller. Her long hair started to recede into her head and her face shifted itself to reflect male **LOGAN**.

After the transformation was complete, **HE** found himself in the same stall, curious as to what had just happened, considering there was still a prom dress hanging on the rack, and heels sitting there. But he wasn't wearing the panties, and was just in his boxers.

“Yeah,” Logan accidentally responded to the girl in the stall next to him in his male voice.

“Umm... Are you okay?”

“Yes!” Logan said in a fake female voice.

Sasha walked through the stall door, startling Logan.

“You were doing so well!”

Logan was careful to be very quiet coming very close to her ear. “Sasha! I'm in deep shit! What the fuck just happened?!”

“Aren't you having a wonderful time?!”

“It's been fun... But... can't I just get out of here now?! How can I get out of here now that someone spotted me?!” he said in the quietest voice he could do.

Sasha shrugged her shoulders. “I'm not sure what is happening. But what do you want to happen?!”

“I need to get out of here! Take back these Chucks. Just get me home!”

“I don't think it's going to be that easy,” said Sasha. “Why don't you just enjoy the rest of the night?!”

“Enough of this! I need to leave here!”

“I think that's a bad idea,” said Sasha. “Just put them on and be a girl again...then we can get you home and transform you back into this current state.”

“Ugh, fine,” said Logan submitting to Sasha's demands.

He put on the pink Chucks, barefoot, and the angel dust appeared once again to do his sex change. His legs became shaved again, the same panties were put around his developing ass, his penis was gone again, boobs came back, and hairstyle was back to the way it was styled as a girl

for prom night. The major difference was **SHE** was now wearing the after-prom outfit that was in **HER** bag that night. She rubbed her hand on her ass, since the tight light pink skater dress felt different than the large ball gown. Brittani was now sporting a pink bra to hold her boobs up.

“Look at you dressed all cute!” said Sasha playfully touching Sasha’s breasts.

“I somehow think you get a kick out of this,” said Brittani in her girl voice again.

Sasha gave her a smirk and eyed the stall door to introduce her little sissy back into the world. She took the clue and started to exit. Sasha then gave her one more piece of advice.

“Oh Brittani, one more thing... Enjoy the rest of the night. I know it’s still a little hard for you to think of yourself as a girl, but you only have a few hours left. J just forget about the fact that you have a vagina between your legs now. You are a pretty girl on the outside, but still their friend on the inside. Make the best of it!”

Brittani left the bathroom with her backpack and prom dress in her bag and took it back to the limo, where she saw the stuff of her friends, who were probably in the hall for the party. The driver gave her confirmation that they were looking for her. Going back into the building, she saw that the party was part amusement park game room and part dance, but not as fancy as the prom was. The room was light up with various colored lights as another DJ was in the room. She saw a popcorn machine, drink station, and photo booth with people wearing props and holding signs that said things like ‘Best Night Eva!’ on it.

“There you are!” said Hannah, grabbing her hand and pulling her towards their group.

“Brittani! We missed you,” said Emma.

Daniel came from behind her and kissed her exposed neck, which startled her. No girl had ever done this to her when she was a guy. She freaked out for a moment, but then realized it was him, and it somehow became acceptable, since she was being forced to play the girlfriend role all night anyway.

“Oh, I just threw my stuff back in the limo.”

“Yeah, we were looking everywhere for you, and you weren’t answering any messages,” said Daniel.

Alex chimed in, “We were all texting you just to be sure...”

Brittani laughed, “Wow, it wasn’t like I’m a missing person or anything.”

“You were gone for so long!” said Destiny.

Kiara smiled, “We thought you ran off with Daniel somewhere for some fun.”

Ew. Brittani thought to herself realizing what she meant. “Nah, let’s just get started with the party! I’m okay!”

“Started?!” asked Daniel. “Are you okay? It’s unlike you to do that.”

“I just haven’t checked my phone in a bit,” she said, getting her cell phone out of one of her butt pockets. As soon as the screen unlocked she put her hand over her mouth.

1:20 am.

How in the hell had that much time passed?!

She then saw Luke and Nick. “Did you guys just get back?” she asked.

They both looked at each other in confusion. “Nah, we got here like an hour ago. Fucking clerk at the store said it wasn’t me, and confiscated the ID! We took out and got an Uber here! No drinks tonight, unfortunately, but this isn’t as bad as we thought it was going to be,” said Luke.

“Yeah, but would help if we were buzzed!” said Anthony.

Chris said, “And would probably get kicked out!”

Destiny held Alex, “That’s okay. The night is still young.”

“Okay, let’s just go to the hypnosis show!” said Hannah, signaling the entire group. “Starts in ten minutes!”

Sasha followed the group, holding a paper plate with two large chocolate cupcakes on it. She was now wearing a white Indie band t-shirt that was a little tight for her body, showing off her bust and black denim shorts showcasing her tan thick thighs. “Umm, these are yummy.”

Brittani just stared at her, knowing she couldn’t speak in a whisper in this situation, surrounded by her entire group of friends.

“I bet you are wondering what happened,” said Sasha.

She nodded her head, wondering how she had lost so much time.

“Something went wrong... I knew it.”

Brittani squeezed her mouth and became wide-eyed, hoping there would be no more errors. She knew she had to leave right after this show if she wanted to be safe.

“You should be okay now. I would recommend being a participant during this hypnotism comedy show. It looks so fun!”

She knew deep down that it would be fun, but was starting to have second thoughts. There was a slight fear that she would be brainwashed into thinking that she was a girl, and forgetting that she was ever a boy.

The conversations the group was having were blurred as Brittani thought for a moment. She had heard two notifications go off already, and another just chimed. This was going to have to be quick.

Brittani wanted to enjoy herself more at the after-prom party, but the thoughts kept coming back of needing to leave to get back to the privacy of her bedroom at home in order to have this sex change be successful. That was probably the safest spot. It's where the initial transformation happened to begin with. During the course of the next thirty minutes, she enjoyed the comedy show, dragged some of the group to the photo booth, ate an ice cream sundae, played laser tag, and a few other things before knowing it was time to return.

"I'm sorry, but I just have to leave!"

"What the hell are you talking about Brittani? Your stuff is already at my house for the sleepover!" Hannah said getting slightly annoyed with her BFF.

"Yeah... I just ummm forget something at the house and need to bring it!"

"Booze?" asked Kiara.

"Yeah!" Brittani said knowing that if this were for real, she could steal some of the stuff from her dad's liquor cabinet but, in reality, the party would be over as soon as she transformed back into a boy. Going back to the house for liquor wasn't an option for the lack of alcohol earlier in the night.

"Do you want us to come with you?" asked Destiny.

"No, umm... My dress bag is in the limo. Just make sure that gets out of there before the end of the night!" It was 2:38 am. Yeah, there was no way she was going to be able to cram everything into thirty minutes. Laser tag went on for too long, since Alex and Daniel were hiding too well! She knew she had to haul ass out of there as soon as she saw her Uber had arrived.

Running was easier in these Chucks than in heels. They were like wearing boy shoes, other than the cliché gender-stereotype color of them. Once she spotted the black Toyota Camry, she ran to the back passenger seat.

As she opened the door, the dark-skinned driver said, "Brittani?"

"Yeah," she said slamming the door shut. Please hurry!"

"You have other friends coming?" he asked.

“NO! Let’s just get out of here!” she screamed.

The driver followed her directions, assuming that the fragile young girl may have gotten into a fight with her friends or just had her heart broken.

Driving from the community center was going to be about a 15-minute drive. Luckily, at this hour, in this part of the county, there was unlikely to be any traffic. She stared at her phone... even though it wasn’t really her phone. It was Brittani’s.

Still, it provided some entertainment for the first few minutes in the ride as she attempted to relax, but check the time as well. Her night as Brittani was coming to an end. She wouldn’t admit it to Sasha, but being a girl wasn’t that bad after all. Sure, she would have rather done it as a boy with a hot date, but she had fun with her friends and that’s what mattered. Wearing a dress while doing it did feel weird, but it was over. Fun while it lasted. There was no reason to want to stay a girl forever no matter what kind of sick fairy tale was in Sasha’s mind.

“Thanks, Harito!” Brittani said, running out of a nearly moving vehicle as the driver parked outside of Brittani’s house. She ran up to the door and unlocked it quickly running up the steps checking her phone.

2:56 am. Nothing in the way now!

She entered the same girly bedroom that she had been in earlier and slammed the door.

“Brittani? Are you home?” she heard her mom’s voice yell.

Instead of answering her, she started removing the pink Chucks from her feet. They were easier to unlace than getting those heels off in the bathroom stall were!

Brittani smiled as the angel dust appeared once again at her feet. She saw her pedicure disappear and her feet become larger again, while hair appeared on her legs. Her breasts started to deflate like someone was popping a balloon, while her feminine hair receded into her head, styling itself back to the way it was as a man. She became over a foot taller, and gained the weight she once possessed, thanks to a muscular athletic body. Now wearing a shirt and jeans, she looked down her pants.

LOGAN smiled while clenching **HIS** left hand in happiness. “GREAT... I have my dick back!”

Chapter 4: After the After Party

The next morning, Logan rolled around in bed. Luckily, it wasn't the infested girly bed he had briefly seen after his transformation into a girl yesterday. It appeared that everything was back to normal. He had his male body, was in his male room, his cell phone looked the same and, most importantly, he was happy. It was a stupid decision to not go to the prom as a man, but at least there was some way to make up for it. He thought about Sasha, and wondered about her a little, even though he started to distrust her for a moment last night. Why didn't he see her in the ride back or at home? She was usually around when he was alone as a girl. The more he thought about it, the more thankful he became though. In his mind, she was truly an angel.

Rather than getting out of bed, Logan first looked at his cell, which had dozens of unread messages. More than the usual on a Sunday afternoon but, of course, prom was last night.

Alex: Dude, last night was epic!!!! Can't believe you did that!!!

Hannah: You were the life of the party. Let me know if you need any help ever 🙋😊😊😊

Anthony: Man, Jordan can't stop talking about what you did. Hilarious! We need to put all that in a music video or something. 🎬

Kiara: I may have some old stuff that can fit you LOLLS. 🐾🐾

Destiny: So proud of you!

Emma: 🙋 My sister said you were so cute and she wants her brother to do that!!!!

555-555-5555: For some reason people are thinking we are in a relationship but that is NOT the case! 😞😞😞😞

What in the hell?! There were more messages from other people, in similar stylings, but he chose to ignore them. For now. Logan had no idea what they were talking about. Had they remembered him transforming into a girl? Or did they remember him as a guy? If it was the latter, what was the purpose of him turning into a girl again?

Pictures! There were plenty of them taken last night. He started from the most recent photos and said, **"WHAT THE FUCK!!!!!"** out loud.

Scrolling back, he saw things he remembered from after-prom party, the prom event, and the photo shoot from when they were getting ready to leave. Each photo felt like a punch in the face. Humiliation. There was Logan standing there, posed like the other girls, bending over with his hands on his knees wearing that stupid black cherry ball gown, with jewelry and makeup on. But instead of having a half up-do blonde hairstyle, boobs, and a girlish body, there he was looking like his male self with his regular boy hair!

Logan's palms became very sweaty and his dick shriveled a little. For confirmation on these activities, he looked on a social media page. Tons of likes with a photo of him and his group with Daniel having his hands around him. What the hell was this shit?!

Furthermore, he checked some snaps and saw one from Jordan that was sent to everyone on her list. The video was the first time he used the bathroom as a girl. There he was in the stall, with the girls holding up his dress, while the sounds of a guy pissing while sitting down hit his ears. The caption read: "He's squatting like a girl!"

Another snap from Emma had a filter with the lettering: "Look at this Sissy!"

He became angry, got off his bed, and threw his phone across the room.

"Little princess having a temper tantrum this morning?" asked Sasha, who was now laying on his bed wearing yoga pants and a VS PINK V-neck shirt with all her long dark hair pulled over her right shoulder.

"Sasha! What in the hell happened?! This is just fucking crazy! I look like a guy wearing a dress to everyone!"

"Yeah... about that..."

"This is fucking stupid! That one photo had like 1,500 likes and a text said it's going all around town. Did everyone last night see me as a boy?!"

"There was a problem..." said Sasha.

"What kind of problem?! Just straight up tell me and quit this cryptic shit!"

Sasha rolled her eyes. Why did guys have to get so emotional all the time when this kind of stuff happened? "It had something to do with taking off those heels. Special shoes-in-between things. It hasn't been done like that before, since most tales of gender changing prom stories don't consider that people have been going to after prom parties for a few years now, and it's not 1992 anymore, where everyone is getting drunk, high, and knocked up after prom."

"Whoa...What?" Logan asked.

"It was a problem for years."

"What does this have to do with me?!" he asked.

"Sorry, honey. Not everything is about you!" said Sasha rolling over next to him.

"I mean... this kind of is..."

Sasha rolled her eyes.

“How do we fix this?! Can we go back in time or at least change people’s memories?!”

“Sorry... I’m not sure.”

“UGH! What the fuck Sasha?!”

“You had a good night, didn’t you?!”

“Yes, but...”

“Like we said... that’s what matters!”

“But what the fuck is with these pictures?! Everyone is making fun of me! They are supposed to be my friends!”

“They are...”

“Then why send this to everyone?!”

Sasha laughed, “I think you are forgetting that everyone at the events last night would remember this as well! At least your friends said they would help you with any other girly stuff you want to do, now that they think you want to do some gender exploration.”

Suddenly, Logan’s cell phone chimed with a text message notification from someone labeled ‘Evil Bitch’, known to him as Caitlyn.

Evil Bitch: HAHHAHAHA you look soooo pretty in a dress!!!!   ♂ ➡ ♀

He immediately looked at one of the social media sites where she was still a friend, and noticed Caitlyn was back to her skinny, attractive self. What happened to that gross overweight nerdy girl he had just seen last night?

“Sasha, this is BAD! Fuck that bitch! Her loud mouth is going to tell everyone.”

“But everyone already knows... What’s your point?” she questioned.

“Can you please help me?!” Logan asked Sasha.

“I did help you!”

“No, you didn’t. You’ve ruined my life.”

Sasha stared at him, and then became pissed off. “After all I’ve done for you?! You had an amazing night because of me.”

“But now my entire life is ruined.”

“Now you ARE starting to act like a girl. You are blowing this way out of proportion. It just looks like you were a guy in a dress. There’s nothing wrong with that.”

“It’s not normal, and is very unlike me! You told me they would always remember me as a girl!”

“Yes, and they did.... Except...”

“What?”

“Like I said... something set things off balance. You broke the rules and you have to pay for it.”

“So, this is punishment?!”

“Maybe just wait a few hours and hope it blows over.”

He then watched as Sasha disappeared into thin air right before his eyes.

“Fuck...”

Getting frustrated, he used the bathroom, took a shower, and started to get dressed. In his closet, he noticed the giant dress bag there holding his prom dress. It looked bigger than it did last night, but maybe that’s because he was just about five feet tall as a girl and was now slightly above six feet back as a boy.

“What the fuck is that doing in here?!”

He then remembered that, in this new reality, he had in fact worn that dress as a boy. It was going to be a hard reality. The odd part was he found some other female clothes around the room. It wasn’t anything crazy, just a few blouses, a dress, and bra and panties, but they looked to be a bigger size than what he was wearing as Brittani.

Perhaps, in this new reality, he had a different ex-girlfriend who left her stuff there? He wasn’t giving up all hope.

After getting dressed, he was hungry and headed downstairs to the kitchen where he ran into his parents. Without saying anything, he opened the fridge to find some lunch meat.

“Hey honey!” how are you feeling asked his Mom.

“Okay...”

“Have fun last night?” she asked.

“Yeah,” he replied.

His dad stayed silent, knowing what had happened.

“I want to see all the pictures you took!”

“Maybe later,” he said, about to bite into the quickly made sandwich.

“Logan! Don’t forget to take your pills before you eat!” said Mom.

“What pills?” Logan asked, still pissed off, slamming a pickle down on his plate.

His mother looked surprised as she opened up two small white prescription bottles. She gave him the two pills out of the bottles followed by a glass of water.

They must be the antibiotics and supplements the doctor had previously talked about. Logan thought to himself, considering his athletic lifestyle. One of the pills was larger than the other, so he took that first followed by a swig of water, and did the same procedure with the second. Finally, he could eat without any other barriers stopping him.

Mom smiled. “It’s the start of a long journey, but we will be here with you for the entire way.”

“It’s not that big of a deal Mom. I’m feeling fine.”

“Yes! And that’s great, but I read that some teens have a hard time adjusting.”

“Trust me... I’ll be fine Mom. It’s not like I haven’t taken any of this before...”

“Excuse me? You haven’t been ordering anything illegal online have you?!” she asked as a concerned mother would.

“NO. Why would I do that with vitamins?”

Her worries were brought to a halt as she gave a small sign. “If that’s what you want to call them...”

Logan started having that feeling of the unknown once again. The kind he frequently had with Sasha, who was always speaking in some sort of cryptic language. He decided to examine the pill containers. The first part he read had the standard information of the pharmacy, doctor’s name, his name, date of birth, but the next information struck him in the heart.

“Casodex... Anti-androgen?!”

His mom smiled, even with his concerned tone. Logan picked up the next bottle and almost tossed it down the drain as soon as he read the name out loud. “FEMHRT?!?! Hormone replacement therapy?!”

“Why are you acting like this is your first time knowing about this?” asked his Mom.

“Because it is?!”

“I think it’s time to double the appointments with the psychiatrist...” Dad butted in.

“You put me on female pills?!”

His mom just hugged him. “I know it’s a big step, but we want to give you what you want.”

Logan wasn’t dumb. There was no way his parents would be able to get these pills out of the blue, on a Sunday morning especially. Something must have happened in this new timeline.

“We’ll talk about this later,” he said, looking for an escape from his parents. He nearly ran back upstairs without grabbing his lunch.

Going back to his room, he slammed the door shut. Since he was starving, he took a bite of his sandwich before calling out her name.

“SASHA?!! Where are you?”

His prayers went unanswered. In frustration, he ate the rest of his meal while watching some television and ignored his phone, since the notifications showed more people questioning his gender identity. Why wasn’t anyone listening to him when he claimed he didn’t want to be a girl?

About an hour later, Sasha finally appeared in his room, startling him again since he was playing a video game and she suddenly jumped on the other controller. “This is getting good, isn’t it?!”

“Sasha!” he yelled, barely noticing that she had changed outfits once again. She still had on yoga pants showing off her big ass, but now had on a gray Yellowcard band t-shirt. “Where have you been?”

“I was busy on another assignment! You actually got lucky last night. The other guy today is some guy your age who now has to join his little sister’s ballet class, since he is now her twin!”

Logan had a lot of questions about her existence, but didn’t bother asking them. Instead, he was still mostly concerned about what was happening in his own life, since today had been the worst so far. “Things have gone off the deep end. My mom fucking gave me male-to-female transition pills! How in the hell did she get those?”

“Some things are better shown than told,” said Sasha, as she shot Logan’s character in the head on the video game they were playing. He looked to see his side of the screen turn red but then Sasha pressed some type of controller password code on her controller to put a different image on the television.

He looked in amazement as he saw himself on screen. Caitlyn was with him, breaking the bad news. She wanted out of the relationship, and showed very little emotion. Meanwhile, he was heartbroken. The scene then went to him back in his bedroom that night looking up various things on a search engine such as:

*Why girls have it easier
What it's like to be a girl
Sick of being a man
Stories about boys becoming girls*

"What the fuck?! That never happened!" he said to Sasha.

"It did not... Hold on ... It gets better!"

A little text image on the screen indicated the date and time, which was just a few days later after the breakup. Logan was hanging out with Alex and Nick.

Alex asked him, "Bro, what are you going to do for prom now? I think maybe my sister may know someone."

"I still want to go."

Nick said, "That's cool man. I've heard of a lot of people that have rolled solo."

"Yeah, but they are usually girls."

"That's true," said Alex.

"Yeah," said Nick.

"But you know what would be crazy?"

"What's that?" the guys asked.

"If I went wearing a prom dress!"

The guys erupted in laughter. "That would be hilarious," Alex replied shaking his head.

"Good prank idea," said Nick.

Logan frowned "... I'm serious..."

"FUCKING BULLSHIT!" Logan said to Sasha. "That would have NEVER happened. You know I never wanted to dress as a girl."

“Believe it or not. I’m as confused as you are. I didn’t expect things to change this much,” said Sasha.

“And they just accept it? What about all those texts today where people are thinking it’s a joke?”

Sasha sighed. “I think what happened is all of your friends are still thinking you just did it for fun, but some feel like you may be having some gender identity issues.”

“All of this because of the breakup with Caitlyn?!”

“Not all, but some since there seem to be some things triggered from that as a result of breaking the code on prom night.”

“She wasn’t even there!”

“I know but, again, these things work in mysterious ways.”

“How do you explain my parent's behavior then?!”

“Oh, about that,” said Sasha. “This scene is so sweet! Look.”

The next scene on the television was Logan and his Mom in some dress store. Logan was posing in front of a mirror, wearing an Ivory Sherri Hill short dress with a high halter neckline and open back. There was a sparkling embellished belt that cinched his waistline, while a flowy chiffon skirt flared out. For some reason, his legs were shaved, despite being in boy mode, yet wearing a dress.

“That one is pretty, but a little short on you! We may need to size up,” said his Mom.

“Maybe I should go with a full-length ball gown.”

“That’s a great idea!” said the shop assistant helping them.

Cringing the entire time, Logan saw his own private fashion show as he tried on various ball gowns, two-piece long dresses, a mermaid style emerald dress, and others before arriving at the black cherry princess ball gown that he wore the other night.

“Ready to pick out shoes?” he saw his mom ask as she paid for the dress.

“Yes! Also, can we get my ears pierced?!”

Logan tried to calm his nerves. He noticed it in the bathroom earlier in the day. His fucking ears were pierced. Not that it wasn’t cool for many guys to have them, but it was the premise that made him mad. He got them pierced for the purpose of feminization. Completely unlike him. After some deep breathes, he came to some conclusions.

“Okay okay... There has to be a solution to this... You said you can’t take me back in time, right?”

“That is correct,” Sasha said, as she got off the bed and adjusted her bra straps.

“How often was I acting like I wanted to be a girl between the breakup and prom night?”

“Off and on,” she said, making the television show another image of Logan playing sports with his friends, acting like his normal male self, and showing no signs of wanting to be girly. Another scene had him asking Hannah and Destiny for advice on finding a female date, but the more rejection or brick walls he hit, the more he thought about going there as a girl.

“At least I’m not a full-blown sissy!” Logan said, noting the only positive thing in this situation.

“Hold on... I have to show you the best and sweetest part ever!”

Logan then saw on the screen of him asking out Daniel to the prom. Daniel seemed very confused at first, but something in Daniel’s mind flipped, and he said he would get back to him. He then talked to Monica about the situation and Monica, knowing Caitlyn had just ended things with him, thought that it was strange, and maybe Logan was in fact transgender. A few days later, Daniel came back to him saying he would do it. Monica thought it would be a great gesture of his character to do it.

“Hold up. That was probably him on the unrecognized number. Why didn’t I have that saved? Monica said something when I was a girl about the whole date thing.”

“Again... we can’t be sure of everything. Especially after you broke character while transforming into a boy at the after prom!” said Sasha. “Some of the clues are there, but others are going to have things changed about them. I strongly suggest focusing on doing what is right...”

“And what’s that?” he asked.

“You know...” she said smiling and tilting her head slightly.

Logan spoke up. “But these are my family and friends... Surely they will believe and support me when I tell them deep down NO part of me wants to be a female. Of course, I won’t take any more of those pills Mom got for me and not going to ever dress as a girl again!”

Sasha sighed. “Unfortunately, I think the damage has been done...”

Sasha was right. The next day at school, Logan’s problems didn’t end. Apparently, the entire school knew that he had attended prom as a boy in a dress, and was being constantly bombarded with questions about not only his sexuality, but gender identity. It was only fifteen minutes into the school day and he was already the talk of the school.

He tried to escape the questions from random people by finding his friends, and luckily ran into Nick and Chris shortly before first period.

“This is getting way out of hand,” Logan said to his friends.

“So, you are saying you don’t want to be a girl at all now?” asked Chris.

Logan said, “CORRECT!”

“That was a lot of prep just for that,” said Nick. “And the way you were acting…”

“What do you mean?”

Nick said, “You were acting just like you had always been born a girl. I’m not going to lie man, it was strange but of course we will support you.”

Anthony and Jordan soon joined the group. “What’s going on gentlemen?!” said Anthony in a cheerful mood, with his arm around his girlfriend, who was wearing a blue field hockey team hoodie.

“We’re just talking about prom night.”

“Hell yeah,” said Anthony.

“It was so much fun!! And, of course, was great getting to know you better Brittani.”

“It’s Logan…”

“Oh, I’m sorry,” said Jordan. “You just asked us to call you that all night, so I figured you wanted it to continue through school.”

Logan hid his uncomfortable nature as the group started walking down the hall to their respective classrooms. He then saw Destiny and Hannah walking towards him. Alex was right behind them, trying to catch up especially since he had not seen Hannah yet that day.

“Hey!!!” Destiny said in an unusual perky way for it being 7:35 am on a Monday. She and Hannah had always been the type to dress nicely to school most of the time. Both were wearing leggings with dresses overtop and heels.

Hannah was about to ask Logan why he wasn’t wearing leggings like them to school, knowing he wanted to dress more like a girl, but decided to respect his privacy for now. “Gosh, how amazing was the weekend!”

“Yeah, except for us not being able to score some stuff!” said Alex.

“We wanted alcohol too, but still had fun!” said Jordan.

“Maybe I can get my cousin to get some for us for that pool party in a few weeks,” said Hannah.
“Hopefully the weather holds up. I’m so ready to get into a bikini!”

“Are you coming?” asked Destiny to Logan, partially wondering if they needed to help him pick out a bikini.

“Maybe,” he replied, still feeling slightly uncomfortable about the situation. “Look, I just have to get this off my chest right now. No matter what happened on prom night, I just want to move past it. I’m actually happy being a guy and always have been. Any of you three want the prom dress?”

The group stood in silence for a moment with blank stares. No signs of emotion. It was like they didn’t speak English anymore and didn’t understand anything he was saying.

“Guys... did you hear anything I just said?”

No one spoke a word. Finally, Logan tried again, “It was fun and I enjoyed spending a memorable event with all of you, but the girl thing isn’t me. I’ve never wanted to go to prom as a girl, and things just got out of hand with people getting confused. Who you saw there at prom was just a different version of me. But I’m a man and will always be a man!”

The group was silent once again for a few seconds before Destiny opened her mouth. “Are you sure?”

“Yes...” he said wanting to end the conversation.

Hannah spoke up, “Have you told your parents?”

“I’ve been trying to explain it!”

Hannah used some hand gestures to help with their speech. “Okay, cause your mom texted me last night, asking if we could help you with makeup skills and hairstyles once you grew it out.”

Logan left off a heavy sigh. “I’ll talk to her more about it later. It’s just important for you all to know and UNDERSTAND that I want to move forward and not dress like a girl anymore... plus by this time next year...”

He was interrupted by Emma and Kiara coming towards the group frantically from the other side of the hall.

“BRITTANI!!!! Oh my god I’m excited!!!”

“Emma, hi... I was just explaining to everyone that I no longer....”

“Yeah... no longer have to live a lie! We are so proud!” said Kiara giving him a big hug. He felt her large black curly hair hit his face in the embrace.

“Please... Let me explain...”

Emma grabbed Logan’s hand and shook it up and down with hers enthusiastically. “Are you ready to be a celebrity?”

“What are you talking about?” he asked.

“The news station is here about to interview you! I think your parents are down in the office too. They are doing a full story about you on prom night for some type of segment! All of our prom pictures are going to be in the news!”

Fed up with the frustration, Logan ran into the nearest bathroom alone. The warm water in his hands soon found its way onto his face, splashed there as he tried to calm his nerves. How was he supposed to deal with this? The whole prom thing had basically ruined his life. Friends were not understanding him, and were somehow brainwashed in this new reality. Why didn’t any of his efforts work? They all obviously remembered prom, but why was the fact that he wanted to stay a boy for the rest of his life so hard to understand?

Suddenly, Sasha appeared.

“I didn’t think you would be this upset,” she said, coming to the next sink and starting to fix her mascara. He didn’t question why she was dressed in tight light jeans with a pink Aerostaple polo like it was 2004 or something.

“Sasha!” he said knowing no one else was in the boy’s bathroom. “It wasn’t supposed to be like this. I tried fixing things but they all don’t understand.”

“We have more complications than we thought...”

“Yeah, no shit... Did you come up with any ways of solving this?”

“I’ve had a way this entire time!” she said holding up a pair of soft pink ballerina flats. “This time, the change is going to be permanent... at least until I find a solution, but at least your shoe collection is growing.”

“Oh, fuck no!” he said. “I told you. I don’t want to be a girl! Never have, never will! How do you women deal with all that high maintenance stuff and having all that weight on your chest?”

Sasha walked closer to him, ignoring his pleas for masculinity. “You can transform back into Brittani. I know it’s not what you want, but it would solve a lot of problems. They will go back to thinking you have always been a girl. They won’t think anything different from prom, other than what really happened with you as a girl. Your parents will love you the same, people around school will still consider you one of the most popular people...even though you’ll be a

cheerleader, and you may find yourself a happier person.”

“Are you sure you don’t belong in a mental institution?!” asked Logan.

“I’m trying to help you!” said Sasha.

“Then help me get back to when things were normal!” he begged. “You can’t expect me to make a decision like this right now!”

Sasha came closer to him to get in his face. “Okay, let’s do that. Let’s go back to when you were heartbroken. Back when you were lonely. Back when you wanted to have the best time with your friends but felt left out. Back when people were willing to do things without you. When you were jealous. You know... I’m just going to leave these shoes here. This time, the transformation is permanent until there is something that can change you back, and change everything else in people’s memories. You know, they still care about you. That’s why your mom put you on hormone replacement therapy. It’s why your friends aren’t making fun of you, and some are even encouraging you saying they will help you learn makeup and how to dress like a woman. Not everyone has that opportunity, and it’s a little selfish of you not to take advantage of it. They are great friends, but maybe you’ll have even a better relationship with them living as a female. Plus, you are going to be in a relationship with a great person who loves you. The choice is yours... There MAY be a way to change you back into a male and forget this whole prom thing ever happened but I can’t make any promises. All I’m saying is that maybe it’s better for you to be a girl for the time being. I mean, you graduate next year, right? That should be plenty of time to figure things out, especially before senior prom. Again... the choice is yours. I’ll be outside.”

Minutes later, Sasha stood in the hallway of the high school and smiled as **BRITTANI** came out of the restroom. She was wearing the ballerina flats with tight black leggings that showed off her thighs and ass and a pink shirt showing off her C-cups breasts in a VS light purple lace demi-cup bra and some skin on her shoulders with her wavy blonde hair in a hair tie over one shoulder. She wore heavy eye makeup and strawberry lip-gloss with a few jewelry pieces on her ears and wrist.

“Happy now?” **SHE** asked.

Sasha smiled, “As a matter of fact... YES!”

“I hate you right now, but please... help me get through the rest of the things I need to know,” Brittani said in her female voice.

Sasha smiled, “Aww. Don’t worry. You won’t be needing me much anymore, since your friends will help. But I will tell you that you should be expecting your first period to start in the next few days, so make sure you learn how to put a tampon in your vagina. But, soon after that, you may not see me for a long time. I have another assignment. Apparently, someone is having some Daddy issues and needs my help.”

To be continued...

We hope you enjoyed reading this story as much as we did writing it! If you found pleasure in this story, please be sure to leave us a positive review!

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(We use Pinterest to gather ideas for characters, outfits, settings, and more. Look for the board dealing with the story and you'll see what ideas we had!)

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