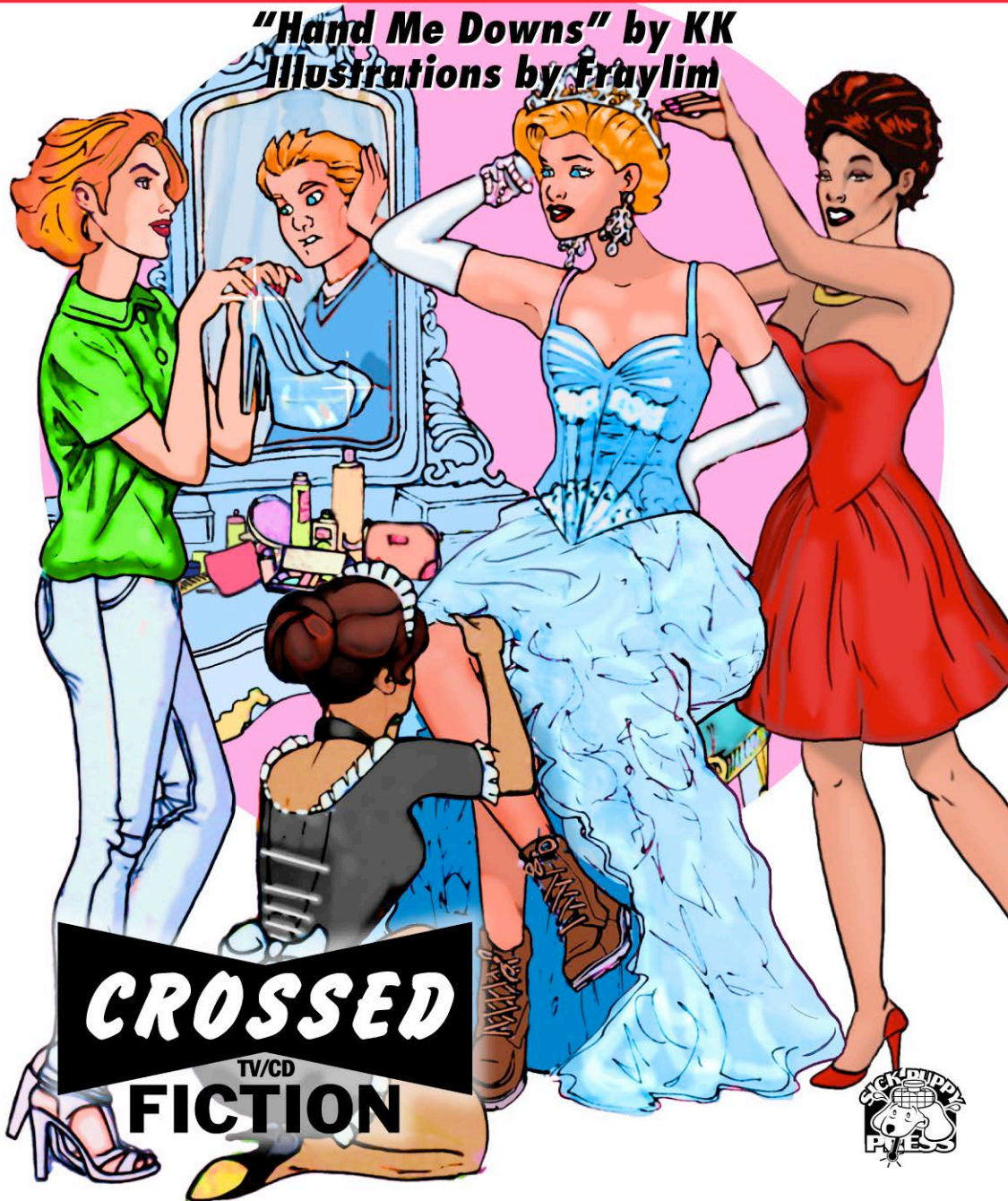


ADULTS ONLY

98 pages 30 illustrations

IF THE SHOES FIT

"Hand Me Downs" by KK
Illustrations by Fraylim



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IF THE SHOES FIT

**Story by KK
Illustrations by Fraylim
A Crossed Fiction Story**



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HAND ME DOWNS

Sidney Tremaine was wearing a powder blue T-shirt with “Princess” written on it. It wasn’t his first choice to wear this afternoon, nor his first choice to wear in on any afternoon in his fifteen plus years on this planet. But that was where he found himself on this day.

Growing up with his sister and father in the crumbling suburbs had presented him with many challenges. He had fought through most of them bravely. But this was not something he had prepared himself for, and he could certainly be excused for not having prepared himself for this situation.

He had out-grown just about everything in his closet, his last pair of pants had finally split at the seams, and his last plain shirt was torn to shreds. He had been hanging on to them for months beyond when they should have been thrown out. Where most people would have gone to buy replacements, Sidney wasn’t flush with cash. Neither was his father.

With his big sister studying abroad, and his dad without work for months, the family finances were dry. His father had just a few changes of clothing, and they were far too large to even try on. His muscular father was huge, and you could fit three or four slender Sidneys inside just one of his shirts.

That left Sidney with little choice but to dip into his sister’s old hand-me-downs, the only clothing left for him to wear.

So that was why Sidney Tremaine was wearing a powder blue T-shirt with “Princess” written on it in sparkly silver letters. And he was not happy about it. Not at all.

“Come on,” his dad, Marvin Tremaine, wheedled him. “It’s not that bad! It’s blue! Blue is a very manly color.”

“It says ‘princess’ on it,” Sidney said stubbornly. “And it’s about the only blue thing she has in that wardrobe! Everything else is pink or purple or, or see-through!”

“It’s just for the summer,” his dad reassured him. “Look, finances are tight, especially with your sister Ellie off on that exchange program for college, so we’re both going to have to make a few sacrifices. For me, that means no more beers with the guys on Fridays. For you, it means wearing a few of your sister’s hand-me-downs while we build up enough money to get you a new wardrobe in fall. It’s not my fault you wore holes in everything else you own!”

Sidney grumbled, but he knew his dad was right. It was his own fault he’d managed to lose most of his wearable clothes by tearing his pants and his shirts

falling off his skateboard. His in-line skating hobby had left everything he owned ratty and full of tears.

His older sister Ellie, away studying in France, had volunteered her wardrobe as a temporary measure – she'd taken everything she really liked with her, naturally. So yes, it was Sidney's own fault that he was in this predicament... but that didn't mean he had to like it.

“And these crappy pants are too short,” Sidney lamented, pointing downward. The jeans fit snugly and, though he would never admit it, a lot more comfortably than his ratty old ones, but they ended halfway down his calves. It was a far cry from his usual uniform of baggy jeans and hoodies, that was for sure.

“They're supposed to be, I think,” his dad said, frowning. “They're called... um...” He snapped his fingers. “Cut offs!” he exclaimed.

“Right,” Sidney said sarcastically.

“Nobody who matters is going to see you anyways,” his dad said. “Hurry up, will you? Some lady finally bought that big house on Oak Lane, and I want to make sure I get her business! Lord knows that place is in dire need of a good gardener. Probably some rich old hag with wrinkles and attitude...”

“I'm not going anywhere,” Sidney called over his shoulder, “until I find a shirt that doesn't sparkle – and isn't pink!” He ran back up the stairs to his sister's room, and scavenged through her drawers. “There's got to be at least one,” he muttered. “Aha!” He spotted a relatively unisex looking red T-shirt with a monkey on it. A little cutesy, but nothing too bad. His dad was already out the door, so he hurried after him, changing on the go. Sidney was already in the passenger's side of the work truck, halfway down the block, as he finished tugging the stretchy shirt over his skinny frame—or at least, tried to! “Aw, crap,” Sidney muttered, pulling desperately at the bottom of the shirt. He'd been fooled by one of Ellie's midriff-baring 'belly' shirts, and now he was showing off his navel like some kind of showgirl. Blushing fiercely, Sidney shrank down in the seat.



His dad looked over and laughed good-naturedly at the sight.

“Bet that blue shirt aint looking too bad now, huh?” his dad joked cheerily. “Don’t worry, I’ll explain your, uh, ‘situation.’ Don’t want to scare off a potential employer, now, do we?”

“Speak for yourself,” Sidney said sulkily. “Lawn care might be your favorite thing to do all summer, but it sure isn’t mine.”

“Well, if you had some other job, you wouldn’t have to help me out so much,” his dad pointed out. “And besides, you said yourself your buddies are all on vacation, so you’d be bored stiff just hanging around the house. And a summer of work will be good for you! It’ll put some muscle on those bones of yours!” Sidney tried his best to smile.

“Yeah,” he said. “Maybe you’re right.” But he knew, deep down, that as much as his former high school All-American dad might like, he was definitely not taking after him in the muscles department. At fifteen, Sidney was still skinny as one of his dad’s rakes, with slim shoulders and soft skin that he had inherited, along with his blue eyes and red hair, from his late mother, who had passed away when he was too young to remember.

Since then it had been him, his dad, and his big sister Ellie. She also took after their mother and was extremely good-looking, with a pretty face, killer body, and perfect smile. She had been popular all throughout high school, constantly the center of attention, and was now just as popular in college – whereas Sidney was pretty much a non-factor in school, socially. Although he was pretty good on his rollerblades, him and his skater buddies weren’t much for sports or school popularity. Heck, even the skateboarders laughed down at them. That definitely hurt in the girls department!

Sidney was trying to convince himself that maybe a summer of landscaping and gardening would make all the difference. Maybe he would finally get his



growth spurt, gain some muscles, a bit of a tan, and enough money to buy a good wardrobe for school in fall. He could finally be someone who at least existed to the opposite sex. Sidney kept that comforting thought in mind as they pulled up the drive of an extremely large house. Nobody had owned the Oak Hill mansion for years, and the lawn, although it had been given lip service by a contracting company, was in serious need of repair. Sidney sighed as he imagined a long summer of trimming bushes and planting flowers.

"I'll wait here," Sidney said, slinking down in the seat to hide himself.

"You're coming to the front door with me," Sidney's dad insisted, when his son made as if to stay in the safety of the car. "Tremaine Lawn and Landscaping is a family business, remember?"

"Okay, okay," Sidney relented, as he got out. This would be embarrassing, but it wasn't like his dad was going to get the job. He'd be seen for only a moment as the homeowner just shut the door in his dad's face like they always did. He'd be back in the car in ten seconds. Despite that, Sidney was red-faced as they made their way up to the porch, still trying to tug the silly shirt down. There were a few potted plants around already. His dad rang the doorbell and stepped back, slicking down his hair with one hand, ready to give his usual spiel.

Both father and son's jaws fell open, however, when a gorgeous Latina woman with an hourglass figure and tight white summer dress opened the door!

"Jes, hola?" she said, in a thick, sultry accent. "Jou are from the moving company, I am assuming?" Her spanish pronunciation made her "y's" into "j's."

"Uh... N-no," Sidney's dad stammered. "We're from Tremaine Lawn and Landscaping. I spoke to your, uh, your maid on the phone? You must be Mrs. Vasquez."

"Miss Vasquez, now," the beautiful woman said tartly. "Miss Isabella Daniela Vaquez." Sidney remembered his dad saying that she was a rich old widow... of course, he'd been wrong about the 'old' part. Ms. Vasquez didn't look a day over thirty-five, and she was stacked. Sidney did his best not to stare at her cleavage as she tapped her pouty lip with one fingernail. "Ah, jes, the gardener. Mia did mention. Jou are looking for work, jes? This place, it looks horrible. I want flowers in my flower beds!"

"That's one of our specialties!" Sidney's dad exclaimed. "I noticed you have a few chrysanthemums out here already, that's, uh, that's one of my daughter's favorite flowers. They're great. We could definitely work with that." Ms. Vasquez's eyes fell on Sidney for the first time, and she looked confused for a moment, then smiled.

"And how old is jour daughter?" Ms. Vasquez asked. "What is jour name, darling?"

Sidney's blue eyes widened as he realized what had just happened. With his floppy red hair, slim build, and sister's clothes, she had mistaken him for the 'daughter' his dad had just mentioned. He had been mistaken for a girl once or twice when he was young, but he'd thought those days were behind him. His cheeks blushing like beacons, Sidney opened his mouth to correct her, but his dad, who was still staring at Ms. Vasquez with stars in his eyes, cut him off.

"Oh, Sidney's fifteen," he said. "Maybe we could discuss your, uh, needs? In the gardening department, I mean."

"Of course," Ms. Vasquez said, giving that sexy smile of hers. "I would love to do that, but I'm afraid I'm on my way to the salon. Maybe another time, perhaps?"

The look on Marvin Tremaine's face could only be described as terror-stricken. He was watching the biggest job he had been up for in months just slip away. "Uh... Well... We could talk about it on the way?" He suggested. "I'll drive you!"

Ms. Vasquez replied with disinterest. "No, no. I must bring my boy, my little Rodrigo. I can't leave him here just with my maid." She started to turn, but then her eyes locked on Sidney. "My four-year-old son, he is such a lovely boy but a bit of a rascal. He needs constant attention." She then began to examine Sidney even closer, giving the boy the feeling a fly must have when in the web of a spider. "I am in desperate need of a babysitter. Perhaps your daughter could watch him for me? Only for two hours, and I would pay, of course. You can change out of your gardening clothes, too, darling."

Sidney gathered himself to protest in his deepest voice possible, but it betrayed him with a squeak as he stammered, "I'm not really a..." Before he could



finish his sentence, however, the sound of a young boy wailing made Ms. Vasquez turn back and snap something in Spanish.

“I am sorry, one moment,” she said. “I will be right back. Don’t go anywhere.” She gave Sidney’s father another dazzling smile and disappeared. Sidney turned to his dad, who was still staring dumbstruck in the general direction of the door. Of course, he could hardly blame him... Ms. Vasquez was without a doubt the most beautiful woman Sidney had ever seen outside of TV. However, that didn’t mean he was about to let this case of mistaken identity slide.

“Dad!” Sidney had to kick his dad in the shin to get his attention. “Dad, she thinks I’m your daughter!” he said in a furious whisper. “Set her straight, why don’t you?” His dad blinked, still slack-jawed.

“Oh,” he managed to mutter. “Oh, yeah. Right. Look, Sidney, I don’t want to embarrass her or anything, it was an honest mistake... that long ‘skater dude’ hair of yours, I told you it makes you look like a girl!”

“Fine,” Sidney huffed. “If you’re too ga-ga over her to say anything, I’ll tell her myself.” He swallowed, ready to set the record straight as Ms. Vasquez reappeared in the doorway, stiletto heels clattering appealingly, but then stopped as she fished two hundred dollar bills out of her designer purse.

“Two hours, two hundred dollars?” Ms. Vasquez asked sweetly. “I do not know how much babysitters are usually paid here in America, but I know everything is more expensive, jes? This seems enough?”

Sidney promptly shut his mouth. He didn’t know if he had ever held a hundred dollar bill in his life – never mind two of them, – and here he was being offered a hundred bucks an hour to watch some little kid. The wheels were turning in his mind. *What if he just came clean, and then immediately offered his services as a male babysitter? That wasn’t so outlandish, was it?*

“I am so glad to find a nice young girl,” Ms. Vasquez beamed. “Boys do not have the same motherly instincts, do they, darling?”

Okay, that settled that. Sidney gulped. With two hundred dollars, he could buy himself some brand new jeans and shirts, no problem. It solved his wardrobe problem, not just for summer, but for school in the fall, as well. And if that meant pretending to be a girl for one afternoon, well... in Sidney’s eyes, it was worth it.

“Two hundred seems fair,” Sidney said weakly, blushing and pointedly not looking at his dad.

“Good!” Ms. Vasquez exclaimed. “I will leave in a half-hour, so you can run home and change into your regular clothes, darling, instead of those old things, while your father gets the paperwork!”

“Paperwork?” Sidney’s dad asked. “You mean you’re hiring me on the spot?”

"Jou seem like a very strong, capable man," Ms. Vasquez said coyly. "Why not? I want you to get started as soon as possible, of course! Ciao, darling!" She wiggled her fingers in a wave and pulled the door shut again, leaving the Tremaine males stunned on the doorstep.

"Well, I guess I have a nice big summer-long project," Sidney's dad remarked, but his son could tell that he was thinking more of all those opportunities to see Ms. Vasquez, not about planting flower beds! As for himself, he was suddenly in a predicament.

"I have to make sure she doesn't figure this out," Sidney muttered. "I mean, it's just one afternoon... but what did she mean by *regular* clothes?"

"Something nicer than that, I'm guessing," Sidney's dad said, as he gestured at Sidney's clothes. "I mean, you look ridiculous."

Sidney want to punch his dad in the jaw, but he had long learned to suppress his anger at the things his father said. He was one of those people who spoke faster than he thought, and his thinking wasn't that quick to begin with. It drove Sidney nuts.

"I mean, she seems like quite a glamorous lady," Marvin Tremaine continued, "She's probably used to having well-dressed employees. Maybe I should put on a nicer shirt..."

"I don't have any nice clothes!" Sidney objected. "Unless you mean..."

"You can wear your sister's old school uniform," Sidney's dad said, snapping his fingers. "That should do the trick! Now come on, we'd better hurry so we can get back..."

"A skirt?" Sidney practically shrieked. "Are you serious?"



On the brief drive home, Sidney was too caught up in visions of brand new clothes. Maybe even new video games. *Heck, maybe I'll skip all of that and get a really nice new pair of rollerblades.* But that was before the situation began to really sink in. As he bounded up the steps to his sister's room, however, his steps got slower with each stair, and reality set in. He had to fool Ms. Vasquez and her maid into thinking he was a girl, and if they realized he wasn't, it would not only be humiliating, but probably a negative for Tremaine Lawn and Landscaping, too. And that meant wearing a skirt.

"Okay, Sid, you can do this," Sidney muttered to himself. "It's just a piece of fabric, right? And you're getting paid 200 bucks for a one-time thing. She already thinks you're a chick, so as long as you don't give her any huge giveaways, she has no reason to start thinking otherwise." Feeling only slightly more reassured, Sidney opened the closet he had recently been rooting through, and his

eyes landed on his sister's old school uniform. Well, he knew that went together, so there wouldn't be any question of him not knowing how to put together an outfit. Boy, if his buddies could see him now, he would definitely be ostracized for not only the rest of high school, but probably the rest of his life, as well. Sidney grimaced and took the blouse and skirt off their hangars.

It wasn't as complicated as he'd feared it might be: the plain white blouse was more or less the same as any button-up shirt, although the buttons seemed to be on the wrong side. The tartan skirt, however, was a heck of a lot shorter than he remembered it being on his sister! He reluctantly pulled off his pants and stepped into the feminine garment, wiggling it up his hips and doing the zipper. As he'd feared, it only reached to mid-thigh. Sidney blanched. The bizarre sensation of a breeze between his legs was just too weird. He had a fine layer of leg hair coming in, but it was soft and mostly on his calves, so he figured as long as he wore the long socks that accompanied the uniform, he would be all right. He pulled the white socks up to nearly his knees, then, with some difficulty, buckled his feet into his sister's old black Mary Jane shoes. They clacked loudly on the floor as he walked, but that was nowhere near as bad as the swirl of fabric around his thighs as the skirt swished with each step. Sidney planted himself in front of the full-length mirror and inspected his reflection.

No doubt about it, he did not look particularly girlish. He knew his posture was all wrong, and he looked hopelessly uncomfortable in the shoes, which had a slight lift to them, but he had no idea as to how he might correct it. Despite all that, as he brushed his hair forward over his forehead a bit, he *could* see how he might pass as a very, very tomboyish girl. He had rather delicate facial features, with big eyes and a dainty nose, and his small stature definitely helped. Maybe this wasn't so crazy after all...

"Whadda ya think?" he asked his dad, clomping awkwardly down the stairs with his skirt pinned down with both hands. His dad, to his credit, managed not to burst out laughing.

"Not the prettiest girl at the party," he said, restraining his mirth. "That's for sure! But I guess... from a certain angle, if the lighting isn't too good..."

"Let's go before I lose my nerve," Sidney groaned. "And dad... don't tell Ellie about this, okay? I'd never hear the end of it!"

"My lips are sealed," Sidney's dad promised. "Wow, that Ms. Vasquez is really something, isn't she? That dress! My God..."

Sidney rolled his eyes. It was obvious that his dad had managed to fall head-over-heels for the wealthiest widow on the block in a matter of only minutes. He hoped the infatuation wouldn't last too long... not that his dad didn't deserve to be happy, or find someone new, or anything, but it had been just the three of them for so long... and besides, Ms. Vasquez had to be a little out of his league, financially.

They trooped back to the pick-up truck, Sidney dashing inside as quickly as possible to avoid the possibility of some nosy neighbor catching sight of him, and then he hunkered down as low as he could in the seat as they drove. By the time they were back at Ms. Vasquez's place, a very expensive Bentley had pulled up into drive. Judging by the sunglasses and driving gloves, Sidney guessed the man waiting inside it was Ms. Vasquez's personal chauffeur! *Gosh, just how rich was this lady?* Sidney swallowed his nerves and got out of the car, managing to flip up his skirt and reveal his cotton briefs. Luckily, nobody was there to see it. Blushing, he followed his dad back up to the porch. Ms. Vasquez was just stepping out, purse on her shoulder.

"Ah! Just in time, my gardener and my babysitter," she smiled. "Where do I sign? Here? Very good." Sidney's tongue-tied dad indicated where to sign, and she scrawled her signature with a flourish. She sure wasn't one to read the fine print, but Sidney had the feeling his dad was going to make sure she had the best-looking property in town, irregardless of what she was paying.

"I can get started right away with the mower," Sidney's dad said eagerly. "It'll be looking ten times better by the time you're back!"

"That would be so lovely," Ms. Vasquez sighed happily. "And Sidney, darling, you look... um, how do you say? More... presentable." Her gaze took in Sidney's scaly knees and she frowned. "Your mother, she must be very busy."

"Sidney's mother, my wife, passed some twelve years ago," Sidney's dad said gruffly, Ms. Vasquez's spell wearing off for the first time. "It's been just us and his... er, her older sister, ever since." Ms. Vasquez's beautiful face converted into the picture of sorrow.

"Oh, how tragic," she said. "I am so sorry. No girl should have to grow up without a mother! Though I am sure you have done a very admirable job..." She trailed off.

"Marvin," Sidney's dad supplied. "Call me Marvin."

"Marr... vin," Ms. Vasquez repeated slowly, smile back in place. "Jes, well, I must be off. Rodrigo is playing inside, darling, I told him you would be watching him. My maid, Mia, is busy in the kitchen. Please, don't let him have too many cookies. Ciao!" She swished her way down the porch steps with one last seductive glance in the direction of Sidney's dad. With his considerable height, muscular build, and strong jaw, he had a tendency of attracting looks, and it seemed that even the ultra-wealthy Ms. Vasquez was not immune. But for the first time he could remember, Sidney's dad seemed *just* as interested in her.

"Okay," Sidney's dad said. "Uh, good luck, Sidney. I'll get to mowing. Just remember not to burp out loud, or anything like that, and I bet you'll be fine."

"I hope so," Sidney said weakly, watching the Bentley pull away. Taking a deep breath, he stepped inside. Ms. Vasquez's house was not yet fully furnished, but what Sidney could see included a crystal chandelier hanging from the ceiling

and polished oak banisters that looked extremely expensive. Feeling more anxious than ever, he slowly made his way towards the sound of a small kid making car noises.

Seated in the living room, in the middle of a vast variety of toys that Sidney would have been jealous of to the extreme had he been five or six years younger again, was a small blonde-haired boy of about four years old. He looked up as Sidney entered, then pointed questioningly to the race track.

“Play cars?” he asked. Sidney glanced around, but it sounded like the maid was busy in the kitchen.

“Sure,” Sidney said, sitting down awkwardly in the skirt. “I used to love playing cars!” And it was as easy as that – the two hours seemed to pretty much fly by as Sidney had quite a bit of fun building with Lego blocks, racing plastic cars, and having action figure battles. Rodrigo was a happy little guy, who didn’t seem suspicious in the least of his temporary babysitter, and didn’t start crying once. Mia, the extremely attractive brunette maid, gave Sidney a very curious look when she came in with snacks, and seemed to be trying not to laugh as she left, and Sidney spent the last ten minutes wondering worriedly if she’d guessed the truth. When Ms. Vasquez arrived with her hair and nails freshly-done, Mia didn’t say a word about it. Rodrigo ran up and hugged his mom, who managed to hold him far enough away so as to not mess up her immaculate hairdo, and showered him in kisses.

“Did he give you any trouble?” Ms. Vasquez asked, as Sidney very carefully got up, smoothing his skirt the way he remembered seeing his sister do.

“No, not at all,” Sidney said, in a soft voice. “Um, we had a lot of fun.”

“We played cars, and built a castle, and made a big super hero fight!” Rodrigo bubbled excitedly, going over to tug on Sidney’s hand. “Can Sidney come play tomorrow?” Ms. Vasquez raised one perfect eyebrow.

“Rodrigo usually despises babysitters!” she exclaimed. “My, my. I don’t know, Rodrigo. That’s up to Sidney! Now, run along and tell Mia to clean your face, honey, you have some chocolate on your chin.” Rodrigo toddled off, leaving Ms. Vasquez to fish the two hundred dollar bills, as promised, out of her purse. Sidney stood awkwardly, trying not to look too eager, or too much like a boy disguised as a girl, but just as Ms. Vasquez was about to hand them over, she stopped. “You know,” she said thoughtfully. “I will be going to the salon again on Monday, at this same time. Do you think you might be interested in, how do you say, a regular engagement? Rodrigo loved you! Most babysitters are too boring to play with him, they would rather read magazines and chat on the phone with their friends... or boyfriends! One hundred dollars per hour, two or three times per week? What do you think?”

Sidney’s mouth fell open. One hundred bucks an hour? On a regular basis? Forget buying video games, he could buy a plasma screen TV in a matter of

weeks! The prospect of that much money left him speechless, but there was, obviously, one big problem.

“Is that not enough?” Ms. Vasquez frowned. “Perhaps we could arrange a raise later on? I would hate to lose the only babysitter Rodrigo has ever enjoyed!”

“N-no, that’s really generous,” Sidney stammered, clutching nervously at the hem of his skirt. “I... uh...” He’d thought two hundred bucks was a fortune, and now he was being offered the chance to earn far, far more. He would have enough for a whole new wardrobe in fall, heck, maybe he could even save up enough to get a decent car when he turned sixteen and earned his driver’s license – if there was anything that could bolster his popularity with the girls, it was definitely having his own car.

If it was between this and a summer of hard labor for next-to-zero pay with his dad, well, what teenaged guy could say no to that much cash? Heck, he would be crazy to refuse! Even if it did mean that he was going to have to dress up to do it.

“Then jou accept!” Ms. Vasquez filled in for him, beaming brightly.

Sidney just let her assumption go. He wasn't able to muster up the fortitude to actually say the words out loud.

“Wonderful!” the gorgeous golden-skinned woman said. “I will see jou at the same time on Monday, then. Rodrigo will be happy to hear it. Ciao, darling!” With that, she handed over the two hundred dollars and scooted Sidney out the door. Feeling somewhat shell-shocked, Sidney stumbled his way off the porch, hardly caring that he was wearing his sister’s school uniform in broad daylight. His dad was just packing up.

“Well, you pulled it off,” Sidney’s dad said, raising his eyebrows. “And now you’re two hundred dollars richer! That’s not so bad, is it?”

“Dad, she offered me the same money to do it again on Monday,” Sidney groaned. “And I said yes! She wants me to be her regular babysitter!”

“Oh, jeez,” Sidney’s dad exclaimed. “You really have a way of getting yourself into things, Sidney. You’re really willing to pretend to be a girl twice a week all summer?”

“For that much money?” Sidney sighed. “I guess I am.”

“Not if you’re gonna lose me this job!” Mr. Tremaine said. “If she figures you out, you’ll cost me the biggest contract I’ve gotten in three years!”

“You were the one who got me in this situation in the first place!” Sidney pointed out.

“Yeah... You got me there.” Marvin pursed his lips. “So I guess we’re screwed.” He pondered the situation further for a silent three or four seconds. “Okay, if you’re gonna do this, you gotta do it right. You’re gonna have to work harder at this. Really make it convincing. Be all the girl a boy can be.”

Sidney was pretty sure no father had ever given this advice to their son. “Me? I don't know anything about being a girl! I'm a guy! I'm practically a man!”

“Pffft,” his father replied.

“Don't laugh.”

“Sorry, champ. Uh, if I could make a suggestion. It might be a good time to send Ellie an e-mail.” his dad suggested.

“Oh, God,” Sidney said resignedly. “She'll love this...”



As Sidney predicted, his sister Ellie laughed her butt off for about ten minutes straight when he asked for help. She laughed for a clear two minutes and when she had gathered herself and put on a serious face, she then broke down and laughed for another minute. When the tears of mirth finally subsided, however, she was ready to get down to business.

“This is serious, right? This isn't some sort of prank,” she asked through the screen of the beaten-up family laptop Sidney shared with his dad.

“No,” Sydney replied.

“Anna's not putting you up to this, is she? Are you hiding, Anna?”

“No,” Sydney said again, exasperated. Anna was Ellie's best friend from school.

“Seriously. What's the joke?”

“There's no joke!” Sydney said loudly and impatiently. “Just make this quick, okay?”

“Huh,” Ellie replied. “Okay. Uh... I think it's totally do-able.” She started to take the task seriously. “I mean, I still remember someone thinking you were my little sister at the grocery store once, and if you're borrowing my clothes it must mean you're still pretty shrimpy and haven't hit any growth spurts yet... no offense.”

“None taken,” Sidney muttered, deeply offended. As if he needed the reminder of his scrawny physique.

“And you start on Monday, huh?” Ellie mused. “So I only have a weekend to convert my brother into a dainty vision of girliness? It takes most fifteen-year-old girls fifteen years to learn everything, you know!”

“Crap, Ellie, it's not like I'm entering a beauty pageant,” Sidney griped. “I just have to be, you know, passable. She already thinks I'm a girl, remember? I just have to keep it that way.”

“Right,” Ellie said, sounding slightly disappointed. “Well, take me up to my room and we’ll get started. What does dad think about all this, by the way?”

“I think as far as he’s concerned, it’s just one more ‘in’ with Ms. Vasquez,” Sidney sighed as he carried the laptop up the stairs. “It’s about all he’s talked about for the past 24 hours. It’s worse than when you had your first big crush on Josh the quarterback as a freshman!”

“Funny you should mention Josh,” Ellie said mysteriously. “I was... No, we’ll talk about him later. Our priority is making a woman out of you.”

“Hoo. Ray,” Sidney said sarcastically.

“No attitude, missy!” his sister scolded. “I’m helping you out of the goodness of my heart, remember?”

“And not because you’ve been begging dad to let you dress me up as a girl for Halloween for the past, say, fifteen years?” Sidney shot back teasingly.

“Well, that might have something to do with it,” Ellie admitted with a sly grin. “Okay, set me down on the dresser. First thing’s first, I need to see what I’m working with, so strip.”

“Aw, come on, Ellie,” Sidney said, blushing. “I’m your brother!”

“My sister,” Ellie corrected. “And it’s nothing I haven’t seen before. Keep your briefs on, obviously, but everything else – off. Snap snap!”

“Fine,” Sidney acquiesced. It was true that there were plenty of old photo albums with the two of them running around butt naked, but he was fifteen now. Despite what his dad thought, that meant that he was practically a man... in age, if not in physical build. Reluctantly, he peeled off the monkey T-shirt (“Ooh, forgot about that one,” Ellie giggled) and then slid out of the jeans he’d found, standing bashfully in just his briefs in front of the laptop’s web-cam.

“Okay, no chest hair yet, that’s a good sign,” Ellie said matter-of-factly. “And your skin is still all nice and smooth. Yep, I think there’s some definite potential



here. Okay, if you're going to be a convincing girl, you're going to have to dress from the skin out as one. That means panties and bra."

"Panties and a bra?" Sidney yelled, then lowering his voice in case his dad overheard. "Come on, I'm not wearing your underwear! That's way too weird!"

"Well, I don't think you want to go buy your own, do you?" Ellie countered. "Besides, 'weird' and 'not weird' are just figments of our imagination made up by society. If you don't think it's 'weird,' then it's not." She giggled. "I just learned that in our philosophy class here. The teacher is such an old hippie... but, right. Back to business. Go check my top drawer, there should be some nice plain panties and some white cotton bras that I left behind." Sidney gulped. Even with his sister's express permission, breaking into her underwear drawers was a taboo it was quite difficult to overcome. He approached the dresser reluctantly, then opened it and pulled out the uber-complicated-looking contraption that he recognized from the laundry hamper (and from lingerie billboards and some magazines stashed under his mattress) as a bra.

"Wow, these cups are so small it might just fit me," Sidney said snarkily, hoping to add a little levity to the situation.

"Yeah, hilarious," Ellie exclaimed, but she laughed immediately afterwards. "Okay, panties first. I'll look away. And make sure you tuck!"

"Tuck?" Sidney echoed, bewildered.

"Yeah," Ellie said casually. "You know, tuck your 'equipment' up inside as much as you can, and push your pee-pee back between your legs so you're flat. Girls don't have a bulge when they wear jeans, and I'm assuming you don't want to wear a flouncy little skirt, right?"

"How do you know all this?" Sidney demanded, turning away from the laptop. "You're starting to scare me!"

"I have Google search open in another window," Ellie laughed. "Tips for cross-dressers and drag queens. There's tons of great stuff!"

"I'm not a cross-dresser!" Sidney contested hotly. "I'm just... uh..." He sighed. "Okay, I'll see what I can do. Close your eyes!"

"Trust me, I have no desire to see my little brother's tiny little—"

"Hey!" Sidney interrupted. "Come on, at least let me keep a little dignity!" Face red, he quickly shucked off his briefs and studied the nylon panties. They were plain, as promised, and probably only slightly more snug than what he'd been wearing a moment ago. Still, the fabric was definitely not what he was used to, and the fact that they were his sister's was more than a little disturbing. Deciding there was no sense in prolonging the inevitable, Sidney did his best to 'tuck' his soldier out of sight before quickly snapping the nylon panties into place. To his embarrassment, he seemed to have done a more than adequate

job in disguising his maleness – his crotch was a perfectly flat V in the mirror. It was, however, deeply uncomfortable.

“For the bra, you probably want to put it on backwards first, do up the clasps, and then spin it around,” Ellie suggested. “How are the panties fitting?”

“Not comfy,” Sidney groaned, beginning to struggle with the bra.

“You’ll get used to it quickly, according to what I just read,” Ellie said cheerfully. “And besides, you only have to do it for a couple hours a couple times a week, right? But the last thing you want is that sexy maid of hers’ noticing a little bulge when she bends over to clean things!”

“Ellie!” Sidney protested, blushing. Mia the maid *was* very attractive... but he wasn’t some love-sick loon like his dad. Sidney was only in this for cold, hard cash.

“Lighten up and let me look at you,” Ellie instructed. “Did you get the bra on?”

“I think so,” Sidney muttered, spinning it so the empty cups now hung over his chest, then slipping his slender arms through the straps. He was as red as a fire-hydrant by the time she’d instructed him on how to adjust the straps on his shoulders, use a pair of balled-up panty-hose to fill in the cups a little bit, and undo the clasps again. She wasn’t satisfied until he’d repeated the whole procedure about ten times, but Sidney had to admit by the last repetition that he thought he would be able to do it on his own in the future. “But do I have to use the pantyhose?” he complained.

“It’s okay if you’re flat-chested as a girl,” Ellie said. “You can claim that you’re just a really late bloomer. But flat-chested girls don’t enjoy it, Sidney! So yes, you have to stuff a little bit.”

“Speaking from experience...?” Sidney muttered under his breath.

“Heard that!” Ellie barked. “Okay, time to do something about that hair. I don’t really trust you with scissors...”

“Me either,” Sidney agreed.

“But there’s got to be something you can do to make it a little more feminine,” Ellie decided. “Sit down at the vanity... bring me with you! I mean, the laptop. And we’ll see what we can do.”

“This has got to be the weirdest night of my life,” Sidney muttered, walking over to the vanity with the laptop in hand. The bra cups protruded distractingly in front of him while he walked, even though he knew they were tiny compared to most, and the way the straps were digging into his shoulders was extremely distracting. *A hundred dollars an hour*, Sidney reminded himself, sitting down at the vanity. *A hundred dollars an hour...*

After helping Sidney in finding her leftover hair care supplies, Ellie instructed him on how to style his scruffy, bushy hair. With the aid of some pictures on

how to brush it out into a slightly girlier style, he used some hair-spray and a comb to tease out a semblance of bangs. A hair-band completed the look. It still wasn't particularly feminine, but a definite improvement over his usual shaggy mess.

Next came what Sidney was dreading most: a make-up lesson. If his buddies could see him sitting in front of a mirror in bra and panties, learning the difference between mascara and eye-liner, he would die of embarrassment. Luckily, Ellie had a light hand.

"You won't be good at it without tons of practice," she said. "And with your hair and mannerisms, I bet Ms. Vasquez already thinks you're definitely more of a tomboy, so a lot of makeup would just be strange."

Sidney exhaled a heavy, tense breath. "Good," he said.

"All you really need is a bit of blush for your cheekbones – your skin is already really smooth and clear – and then some lip gloss and a bit of mascara. Nothing drastic, I promise."

"Nothing drastic?" Sidney complained. It sounded like a death sentence to him.

Following his sister's step-by-step instruction, Sidney managed to do his mascara for the first time without clumping – or poking his eye out. The blush went on a little heavy the first time, making him look a little clownish, but on his second try it was better. Fortunately, the lip gloss wasn't sparkling pink or anything, and was more like a normal chap-stick. When all was said and done, his face did look a little bit different in the mirror. In fact, he had the sneaking suspicion that in poor lighting, with better hair, he might even be kind of, well... pretty – but still quite recognizable. He definitely didn't want to run into his buddies like this, so maybe it was a good thing they were all off on vacation with their families.

Ellie had him clip and file his nails next, having him apply a varnish she promised was 100% clear, and then, at last, the final hurdle had arrived: clothes.

"I'm going to go ahead and guess that you don't want to shave your legs," Ellie said, sounding slightly disappointed.

"Bingo," Sidney answered.

"Okay," Ellie sighed. "So that puts a lot of cute skirts and shorts out of consideration."

"Then I can wear jeans?" Sidney suggested hopefully.

"You're never going to learn how to move like a girl in jeans," Ellie said. "Too much like your regular clothes. No, I have a nice pair of palazzo pants that should work all right. Breezy and super-comfortable. You'll love them. As for your top... do you know what a camisole is?" Sidney shook his head wordlessly. Ellie sighed. "Bring me over to the wardrobe, I'll give you a tour..."

After some protest over the white camisole, on account of it being lacy, Ellie finally convinced him that nobody was going to notice it under the soft blue cardigan. Once he'd pulled on the pants, which were, to Ellie's word, quite comfortable, she had him slip into some socks and buckle on a pair of black shoes with a slight heel. With some final hemming and hawing, Sidney was finally declared 'complete.' Looking in the mirror, Sidney didn't know whether to be relieved or just slightly disappointed that there wasn't a more radical difference after so much work. When he expressed this to his sister, she laughed.

"Oh, the work is just beginning," she said. "The biggest indicator of gender isn't clothes, Sidney, it's body language! And there's a definite difference between 'tomboy' and 'actual boy,' so don't think I'll go easy on you. Boot-camp has only just begun..."



Truer words had never been spoken. Sidney was in for an exhausting evening, as Ellie set about drilling him in what seemed to be every feminine gesture or mannerism imaginable: one hour was spent practicing walking, sitting, and picking things up in a feminine manner. "Even if you're not wearing a skirt, girls are used to moving in certain ways," Ellie explained. The next hour was spent teaching him how to put together outfits on his own, another hour on speaking in a higher, more feminine voice, and so on.

He certainly wasn't the belle of the ball, but by the time his dad got home, Sidney could tell he had made some definite progress by the shocked look on his father's face.

"She really did a number on you, huh?" his dad said, finally breaking into laughter after an awkward silence. "Looks like I have two daughters, now!"

"Very funny," Sidney said darkly. "Ellie had to log off, but she left me a big list of things to practice and says there's more to do tomorrow. I didn't think being a girl temporarily would be so much work!"

"But it *is* work," his dad pointed out thoughtfully. "And you're getting paid a pretty penny! Please don't mess this up, Sidney. Ms. Vasquez is a really nice woman, and, well, she'd be mortified to find out her mistake, I'm sure..." Sidney only rolled his eyes. Once again, it seemed everything was about Ms. Vasquez. After following his sister's e-mailed instructions on make-up removal, Sidney was relieved to change into his old pajamas and crash into bed. He had some very odd dreams, one of which might have involved him wearing a skirt while his sister and his friends all laughed their heads off at him, but he didn't remember them come morning.

Day two of 'Girl 101' proved to be much the same, but had expanded to lessons on how to eat and drink in a more 'dainty' fashion as Ellie described it.

She thought it would be important for when Mia brought them any snack – he couldn't gulp down his food like a boy, wipe his mouth with his sleeve or talk while chewing, or she might start getting suspicious, if not of his gender, then of his manners. There was also more work on his voice; it still hadn't broken, luckily. Ellie coached him on raising his pitch, softening his breath, and using a more feminine vocabulary when he talked. *At least it was better than being out in the sun pulling weeds with Dad*, Sidney kept telling himself.

By the time the day drew to a close, Sidney wasn't sure if he was feeling more nervous or less nervous about starting his new job the following afternoon. He was certainly more feminine-looking than before, but he was also now aware of about a thousand different things to remember about being a girl. Sitting when he used the bathroom, for instance, in case Mia somehow managed to listen in, and sitting with his thighs held together. His sister assured him that he would be fine.

"They already think you're a tomboy, remember?" she said comfortingly. "So anything you do that's a little, well, boyish, they'll probably pass it off as you going through that particular phase of life, is all."

"I sure hope so," Sidney said. "If not, I have a feeling I have a long summer of gardening work ahead of me... with a very embarrassed dad."

"She can't be that beautiful, is she?" Ellie scowled. Sidney shrugged.

"I dunno, sis," he admitted. "I think she'd give some supermodels a run for their money!"

"Well, I bet her boobs are fake," Ellie giggled. Sidney laughed, and all his uneasiness slowly trickled away. He could do this. After all, "normal" and "not normal" were just figments of imagination made up by society, so there was nothing weird about pretending to be a girl for 100 bucks an hour, Sidney told himself. Nothing weird at all...



Despite all of his internal pep-talking, Sidney was nervous as a cat when Monday morning rolled around, to the point that he nearly did take his eye out with the mascara wand. But soon enough he was presentable, wearing a stretchy pink T-shirt that now showed the slight swell of his stuffed bra along with a pair of loose flowing pants with a floral design. The half-inch heel of Ellie's patent black shoes was no longer giving him much trouble. In fact, his main worry was someone he knew seeing him. The neighbors mostly kept to themselves, which was a relief, but Sidney still hunkered down as low as he could in the passenger seat as his dad drove them to Oak Hill. Just as she'd said, Ms. Vasquez was halfway out the door to the salon when Sidney came up the steps.

“Hello, darling, how nice to see you again,” she beamed. “Cindy, yes? Go on in. Rodrigo is watching a movie on the TV, that “Alice is Wonderful” movie, but I know he will be happy to see you again. I will be back in a few hours! You are such a savior to me, I really need the break! Such a handful, aren’t they? Boys? Girls are much sweeter and simpler to raise!”

“It’s... it’s Sidney,” Sidney stammered, but Ms. Vasquez was already swishing past him to greet his father, her ‘favorite gardener’ with a very coy smile. Sidney glanced back at the brewing romance and shuddered. Ms. Vasquez was gorgeous, yeah, but he didn’t even want to consider how complicated things might get if things actually went beyond flirting. The truth would definitely have to come out, and Sidney would be out of a job!

The movie Ms. Vasquez had been talking about turned out to be “Alice in Wonderland,” and little Rodrigo was so enthralled with it that he barely looked up when his new babysitter entered. By the sounds of it, Mia was once again doing dishes in the kitchen.

“Easiest money ever?” Sidney questioned under his breath, grinning despite himself. Sure, he was wearing his sister’s hand-me-downs, and a bra, and a little bit of makeup. But he was lying around in the shade, inside a true-to-life mansion, while a cool little kid watched his favorite cartoon and an attractive maid swished around in a terrifically short skirt and brought them cookies. And he was getting paid to do it! This beat gardening hands down, and probably beat his buddies’ summer vacations, too.

“Iced tea?” Mia asked sweetly, bending down to offer him the tray and incidentally giving Sidney a perfect view of her generous cleavage. Sidney blushed, knowing he couldn’t stare—it might give him away! Rodrigo, on the other hand, had barely even noticed her intrusion, still glued to the TV screen.

“Um, thanks,” Sidney replied, using the soft voice he’d been practicing with his sister. He took the tall glass of iced tea from her and gave it a small sip. Not bad at all.

“It is a special brew from my village,” the pretty Latina maid said shyly. “It helps young girls to find their husbands.”

“Oh!” Sidney exclaimed, blushing. “Um, well, I’m really... too young for boys... my, uh, my dad says...”

“You haven’t gotten big yet,” Mia said slyly, cupping her own very sizeable breasts with both hands.

“Um... nope...” Sidney said weakly, doing his best not to drool.

“Don’t worry,” Mia smiled brightly. “I was same! Very skinny and flat.”

“That’s hard to believe,” Sidney admitted, blushing again. “Thanks for the drink, though!” Mia smiled again and flounced off to start dusting the large oil portrait Sidney had only vaguely noticed on his first day in the house. It showed

a very beautiful looking and life-like Ms. Vasquez, smiling and holding the arm of a small, slender, dark-haired man that Sidney assumed was her late husband. It was obviously a few years before Rodrigo was born. Mia dusted the picture frame carefully with a wistful expression on her face, and Sidney wondered what exactly had befallen Mr. Vasquez. He didn't look like much next to his gorgeous young wife, but it gave Sidney a bit of hope. Maybe small, scrawny guys like him could still manage to end up with beautiful women with a bit of luck!



Looking away from Rodrigo as he sat quietly, Sidney caught a tiny flash of Mia's stocking tops as she went up on tip-toe, and there was an immediate stirring in his pants. He shifted uncomfortably, but he couldn't very well adjust himself in front of his young charge. "One day, you'll understand what I'm going through," he said, once Mia had flounced off once more. "Man, and she probably bathes you, too! Lucky little guy." Rodrigo looked up, grinning.

"Alice in Wonderland!" he shouted, pointing to the titular character as she ran across the screen in her blue dress.

"Sure is," Sidney said cheerily. Not the movie he would have guessed for boisterous little Rodrigo. When Sidney was little, he'd been more a fan of Superhero cartoons. So long as he was wearing a bra, Sidney guessed he couldn't sit in judgment!

The afternoon flew by without a hitch once again, and once again, Sidney left with a cool two hundred dollars in cash. He was in high spirits as he hung

around waiting for his dad to finish packing up. Some might have even called it gloating, but Sidney's dad was quite happy enough as it was, what with Ms. Vasquez revealing that she might be getting a pool installed. The chance to see her in a bathing suit was obviously on the forefront of his mind as he whistled merrily, shoving the rakes into the back of the truck. Sidney hardly cared, though. Not when he was going to be the richest kid on the block in a matter of months!



Sidney's new double-life as Sidney, the skater boy, and Sidney, the (female) babysitter, developed a pleasant rhythm over the following weeks. Aside from a brief foray to the mall to buy some new hoodies and jeans, he was stockpiling the money underneath his bed, saving up for something really big – a car wouldn't be out of the question by the time fall rolled around – and he counted it pretty much every night. Putting on some mascara and a stuffed bra was a small price to pay for this kind of dough, and he'd even worked out a fool-proof system for the days his dad wasn't working on Ms. Vasquez's property. He would walk to the public park in 'boy mode,' then quickly change in the family bathroom before leaving in his 'girl' attire, rollerblading his way to the big house on Oak Hill. On the way home, he swapped back. That way, no accidental observers would ever put together the fact that the red-headed tomboy and the red-headed skater punk were one in the same.

Life was great, and despite himself, he was growing pretty fond of Rodrigo, and had a substantial crush on Mia the maid, despite the fact that she was around twice his age. He could never say no to her iced tea, even though it seemed to make him slightly nauseous now and again. The only other thing

that bothered him was a certain itchiness around his chest area, particularly his nipples, which Ellie suggested was a mild allergy from the cotton bra. But putting that one little wrinkle aside, Sidney was definitely enjoying his highest-paying summer on record. Everything was so easy; girl for a few hours, guy for the rest of the week, then listen to his dad blather on about Ms. Vasquez while they watched TV or did the dishes.

He should have known that something was bound to give.



It was a Monday afternoon, and Ms. Vasquez was leafing indifferently through her mail as she waited for her babysitter to show up, when a brightly-colored advertisement caught her eye. She lifted it out, observing the glossy picture of a beautiful young woman wearing a tiara, and read the details. The town was hosting a regional teen beauty pageant in a matter of months, and searching for volunteers to help with organizing the event. Ms. Vasquez smiled distantly, remembering her many years as a beauty queen in her own country and how it had set her up for the rest of her life – there was a reason she'd married rich, after all. She had adored the glamor and thrill of competition, and was nothing if not a fierce contestant. Perhaps helping with a pageant would be a nice way to revisit those memories.

Of course, running around setting up chairs and asking for donations was nothing compared to the prestige of actually competing. She obviously couldn't enter herself, but she supposed the next best thing to winning a beauty pageant... Ms. Vasquez smiled to herself. Yes, the next best thing would definitely be grooming the winner! Coaching her, teaching her all the tricks of the trade, molding her into a vision of flawless femininity and grace. There was nothing Ms. Vasquez enjoyed more than a challenge, and what would be a bigger challenge than the babysitter?

The more she thought about it, the more enthusiastic she became about the idea. Sure, Cindy was making a bit more of an effort now, usually wearing at least some make-up, albeit clumsily applied. She was wearing outfits that, while bland and almost prudishly modest, at least didn't make Ms. Vasquez's eyes hurt. However, the 'tomboy' image was still firmly in place. It would be hugely rewarding to take Cindy from 'tomboy' to 'temptress,' and the gardener's child certainly did have potential with those pretty blue eyes, nicely-shaped lips, small nose and delicate features. Still flat as a board, of course, but that wasn't a problem that couldn't be solved.

With only a few minutes of deliberation, Ms. Vasquez was decided. She checked her watch and realized Cindy would be showing up in only a few minutes' time. Smiling slyly, she picked up her phone and dialed the salon. She needed to make a slight change to her appointment.



Sidney should have realized something was up when Ms. Vasquez answered the door smiling like the cat that swallowed the canary, but he was too distracted with the straps of his sister's bra to notice. He'd managed to do it up far too tight, and now it was digging into his shoulders.

"Cindy, darling!" Ms. Vasquez exclaimed. "How nice to see you. You are always so punctual. So trustworthy."

"Um, thank you?" Sidney managed, slightly confused. He hardly bothered to correct her about the name anymore.

"You deserve a reward," Ms. Vasquez said meaningfully. "Don't you agree?" Sidney slowly nodded his head. If it meant another infusion of cash, he wasn't about to disagree with her judgment. "So, that is why Mia will watch Rodrigo today," Ms. Vasquez beamed. "And you will come with me to the salon!" Sidney's mouth fell open. That was not what he'd had in mind at all.

"Oh, I... I couldn't," Sidney stammered.

"You can, darling, and you will," Ms. Vasquez said firmly. "I know you are still, how do you say, in your tomboy 'phase of life.' But you are becoming a woman

now, and with no mother or sister here to guide you, I see it is my duty to ensure you grow to be a lovely young lady and not a... well... what you are now.”

“I have high self-esteem!” Sidney protested. “I mean... I... I like how I look!”

“And it is wonderful to have confidence, darling, that will help you greatly,” Ms. Vasquez beamed. “But you will gain an entirely new sort of confidence when you are confident in your emerging womanhood, and your feminine beauty, as well. I see so much potential in you, darling! You are like a beautiful butterfly trapped in a cocoon of poor taste and poor grooming habits.”

“I... I groom myself,” Sidney said weakly.

“Darling, I will not, how do you say, make mince of my words,” Ms. Vasquez frowned. “Your hair looks like you allow your father to cut with his hedge clippers. And you are always wearing pants or long skirts because you neglect to shave your legs, no? This is a problem, darling. We will fix.”

“But won’t Rodrigo be upset with you?” Sidney demanded, making one final last-ditch effort to save his skin – or rather, his remaining sense of male dignity.

“Nothing that an ice cream or cartoons cannot fix,” Ms. Vasquez said, utterly dismissively. “Now, I will not take no for an answer, darling! I know you are intimidated, but you must learn to embrace your feminine side, not run from it! When the ladies at the salon have finished, you will love your new look. You will feel like a new person! And you will never want to go back, I promise.”

“Never go back to the salon, I bet,” Sidney muttered. But he knew he was stuck... Ms. Vasquez thought she was doing a poor girl a huge favor, rather than putting a poor boy in an extremely uncomfortable situation. A salon full of girls... what if someone from school was there? What if he was recognized? The thought was almost unbearable.

“We will have the entire place to ourselves, darling, I phoned to tell them,” Ms. Vasquez smiled. “I want their full team working on you. You, ah, need quite a bit of help.” Sidney blushed, unsure whether to be glad or insulted. But at least there wasn’t any need to worry about a pretty classmate seeing him having his nails done...

“Okay,” Sidney said bracingly, knowing he couldn’t turn down the offer without risking this cushy job. After all, if he offended her by refusing her ‘reward,’ she might decide she could find some other babysitter, and that would mean Sidney’s miraculous flow of cash would be cut short. “I’d, um, I’d love to come to the salon with you!” Sidney lied, doing his best to paste a smile onto his face. Ms. Vasquez gave a happy sigh.

“I knew I liked you, Cindy,” she beamed. “What girl does not want to look beautiful? Come along, darling, Peter will drive us. I can hardly bear the excitement, can you?”

“Hardly,” Sidney gulped. He had a feeling he was going to regret this decision, but there was nothing for it but to follow Ms. Vasquez to the waiting Bentley. He was infinitely glad he hadn’t chanced a skirt today – he was sure he would fail horribly at getting into a vehicle with Ms. Vasquez watching. His employer slid in gracefully from the other side, joining him in the expansive back seat. Sidney had never been in a car this nice before, but he was too busy dreading their destination to appreciate it much. He didn’t even have the heart to sneak looks at Ms. Vasquez’s gorgeous, perfectly-tanned legs. He might have been able to help him cook up some excuse, if only his dad had not been busy all day planting trees at the park, and that meant he was at Ms. Vasquez’s mercy.

“Jes, much potential,” Ms. Vasquez smiled, looking him up and down again in a way that made Sidney extremely nervous. He did his best to respond to her cheery small-talk, and fortunately, she didn’t need much help to keep a conversation running full-tilt. Still, his insides were churning with nervousness as they pulled into the parking lot of an upscale salon down-town. The chauffeur parked at the doors, then jumped out and ran around to open the door for them. Ms. Vasquez slid out as sinuously as any movie starlet, gracefully taking her chauffeur’s arm for support. Sidney felt like a sissy doing the same, but since Ms. Vasquez was watching, he accepted the chauffeur’s help and awkwardly thanked him. He couldn’t help but look forlornly behind him as the driver hopped back in the car and drove away, leaving Sidney stranded in broad daylight dressed as a girl. This was nothing like hiding inside Ms. Vasquez’s house, or even like rollerblading quickly down familiar and pretty much empty residential streets. Downtown was packed full of cars and people, and he felt sure that any one of them was just waiting for the chance to shout, Hey, isn’t that Sidney Tremaine?

“Cindy?” Ms. Vasquez questioned. “Are you not feeling well, darling?”

“You know, I’m, I’m really not...” Sidney started to say, seeing a possible life-line.

“Well, nothing will help more than a nice manicure and pedicure!” Ms. Vasquez beamed. “So relaxing! Now, come along. The estheticians are waiting.”

Sidney had no idea what ‘estheticians’ were, but he didn’t like the sound of it at all. Gulping nervously, he clumped after Ms. Vasquez, forgetting just about everything his sister had told him about moving in a feminine manner. As they passed through the sliding doors, Sidney was hit by a barrage of feminine scents: floral candles, nail polishes, bleaching solutions, perfumes – it was enough to make a guy’s head spin.

The interior of the salon was very expensive and stylish looking, but also, to Sidney’s great relief, as empty as Ms. Vasquez had promised it, apart from a collection of pretty but bored-looking girls wearing matching smocks. They brightened up immediately when they saw Ms. Vasquez, who glided over to them and exchanged enthusiastic greetings and air-kisses with each in turn. She

was obviously a favorite regular. Sidney was hoping that the gossiping and greeting would go on forever, but it subsided all at once when Ms. Vasquez pulled him forward.

“And this is Cindy, my hard-working and very loyal babysitter,” she beamed. “She has such a way with little Rodrigo, like you wouldn’t believe! They do share some, ah... boyish interests.” She smiled apologetically in Sidney’s direction, as if it were an insult. “But she is not so good at other things, as you can see. Hair, makeup, clothing...” The girls tittered, and Sidney felt his face go red. Here he was, ashamed of being too masculine! “She needs your help, girls,” Ms. Vasquez finished. “And I know you won’t disappoint me. Have fun, darling!”

“You’re... leaving?” Sidney squeaked. Suddenly, Ms. Vasquez had gone from slightly overwhelming to a shining beacon of familiarity and trust.

“I have to do a little shopping,” Ms. Vasquez said airily. “Do not trouble yourself, darling, I will be back before you know it. Ciao!” She wiggled her fingers in a goodbye wave and was out the doors in an instant, leaving Sidney now completely alone in a salon.

“First time, huh?” one of the beauticians giggled. “Don’t worry, Cindy, Ms. Vasquez was totally right. You have great bone structure, and such nice skin. When we’re finished with you, you’ll be gorgeous, girl!”

“Good?” was the best Sidney could manage, in such a small voice it set half the girls to laughing again.

“Gosh, I’ve never seen anyone so nervous about a little makeover!” the beautician laughed. “Okay, out of those clothes, Cindy. We’ll give you a little robe, don’t worry.” Sidney gulped. This was the moment of truth. If they didn’t peg him for a boy now, they never would. Slowly, Sidney removed his shirt, revealing his bra (he was utterly certain he’d stuffed one cup bigger than the other) and then his jeans (boy, was he ever glad he’d taken Ellie’s ‘tucking’ requirement to heart). But if the beauticians were onto him, they gave no sign of it, only smiling and handing him a short terry-cloth robe which he gratefully wrapped around himself. The air-conditioning in the salon was cold, and he could feel goose bumps growing on his legs. Of course, that wasn’t the only thing growing on his legs, and judging by the horrified looks on the girls’ faces, they weren’t going to stand for it.

“I, um, haven’t shaved them in a while,” Sidney stammered. “I get razor burn really bad?”

“Waxing it is,” the girls chimed in chorus. Before Sidney could form a rational argument against the idea, he found himself being ushered over to the waxing table, where he did his best to lie down without exposing his panties to the world. Two beauticians immediately began coating his legs, ankle up, with the warm goop Sidney guessed was wax. *Okay*, Sidney thought to himself. *Okay*, so

this would be a problem if you had gym class, but it's summer, and there's plenty of time for it to grow back... it does grow back, right?

"Hey!" Sidney squeaked, as one of the girls took a peek through his robe and tugged at the elastic waist of his panties.

"Sorry," she giggled. "Just checking your bikini line. At least that's nice and neat." Sidney's cheeks reddened. He didn't have much more than a bit of fuzz downstairs. Who would have thought that would turn out to be a good thing? His attention was diverted from that close call, however, as the girls working on his legs began pulling off the strips!

"Ouch!" he wailed, as what felt like half his skin got torn up along with the leg hair. "Can't you do that more..." But he was distracted yet again as each of his hands were seized and put into a sort of glove filled with lotion of some sort.

"You're in dire need of moisturizer, girl," one of the beauticians scolded. "You won't have this awesome complexion when you're thirty unless you take care of it, you know!"

"It's not like I have calluses..." Sidney began to protest, but another girl immediately appeared with what looked almost like a mouth guard.

"Two hour teeth whitening," she beamed. "We'll just pop this in and let it work while we do the rest of you, okay?"

"I guess I would like a whiter smile," Sidney relented. He opened his mouth and accepted the molded plastic. It was full of whitening gel that fizzed, not unpleasantly, against his teeth as he closed his mouth. The beauticians exchanged sly smiles and a wink or two. The mouthpiece meant that there would be no more complaints for two hours. Sidney saw the logic a few minutes later, when they began applying the same wax to his armpits. The best he could do now was wiggle uncomfortably and make a few small whimpers, and after a while he gave up on that, too.

He was totally resigned to his fate by the time they switched him to a salon chair, at which point his legs were smooth as a baby's bottom and thoroughly moisturized, along with his hands and feet. The manicure / pedicure came next, which, if he was honest with himself, Sidney did find rather relaxing, just as Ms. Vasquez had said. The girls bemoaned the state of his cuticles, but having his mouth occupied was now an advantage, as all Sidney could do was shrug in response to their questions regarding his usual nail-care regimen. Of course, they then struck back with eyebrow tweezing. He knew it would grow back, and his floppy hair could easily cover his eyebrows, besides, but it felt like they were tweezing them away completely. Much more enjoyable was the hair-washing, where he got to lean back and have his scalp thoroughly massaged by one of the prettier beauticians. When she finished blow-drying and reached for her scissors, however, Sidney blanched.

“Don’t worry,” she chided. “I’m just trimming it a little, to give it some shape. I’m not going to hack it all off or anything!” Sidney pondered it for a moment. It wasn’t as if they could make him look girlier by *cutting* his hair, after all. He made a noise of permission and she set to work, snipping here and there and using a comb and liberal amounts of hairspray simultaneously. Sidney looked at the clock and was shocked, he figured he must have dozed off some time during the manicure, because it had already been over an hour. Maybe there was something to all this salon stuff. Now that the waxing was over with, his skin felt kind of nice. His hands and feet definitely did.

“Time to do your makeup!” one of the girls announced, arriving with an enormous case of cosmetic products that clearly put Ellie’s to shame. Sidney eyed it nervously. He had a feeling that he was going to be getting a lot more than a bit of blusher and mascara soon. But makeup could be easily washed off, he reminded himself, so he cooperated as best he could. While two of the beauticians set to working their magic with their little powders and brushes, explaining the process as they went, they gave him tips on how to highlight his best features: “You want to get a boy’s attention with those gorgeous blue eyes of yours!” and “Flawless cheekbones, girl, you need to bring attention to those...” Sidney, still mute, could only make small noises of agreement. He closed his eyes when they told him to, pursed his lips when they told him to, and generally hoped to have it all over with as soon as possible. Ms. Vasquez had to be on her way back, didn’t she? When they finally popped the whitening dam out of his mouth, in order to properly apply his lipstick, Sidney’s teeth felt strange and tingly. At least there was one upside to all this – he’d have nicer-looking teeth.

“Are we done?” Sidney sighed, blinking rapidly as he tried to get used to the weight of the false eyelashes they had painstakingly applied to his upper and lower lids. His face felt totally weird all powdered and painted, especially the waxy taste of his lipstick coating his mouth. They’d also managed to make his hair smell like flowers. Despite his misgivings, however, Sidney had to admit he was slightly curious to finally look in a mirror.

“Not quite,” one of the girls said sweetly, approaching with what appeared to be a blue plastic water pistol of some sort. Jeez, they weren’t going to douse him with perfume or something, were they? To his surprise, she instead put it up against his ear lobe and he received a sharp pinch!

“Hey, I never said I wanted my...” Sidney began to protest, but she had already moved to the other side and repeated the procedure. “Ouch! Ears pierced,” he finished quietly. He put his finger up and found a small ‘keeper’ stud in his earlobe. Great, just great. How was he going to explain pierced ears when his buddies got home from their vacations?

“You’ll have to wear these little ones for a while, but don’t worry, you’ll be wearing all sorts of pretty hoops or dangly earrings soon,” the girl gushed. “Now, I think Ms. Vasquez should be back with your outfit any second, now...”



“My *outfit?*” Sidney echoed weakly. Right on cue, Ms. Vasquez came bustling through the automatic doors of the salon with several shopping bags in hand. When she came to a stop in front of the salon chair, she cut her cell phone conversation short and stared at Sidney with a huge grin across her face that made him somehow even more nervous than the shopping bags clutched in her hands.

“Girls, you are workers of miracles!” Ms. Vasquez exclaimed. “I knew you wouldn’t disappoint me. Cindy, darling, you look lovely!” Sidney grimaced at the umpteenth mispronunciation of his name, but he had to admit that his curiosity was rapidly growing. The beauticians had carefully kept him away from any mirrors, probably to build the suspense, and it seemed Ms. Vasquez had no intention of relieving the tension. “And now your new clothes!” she beamed. “Come, out of the chair, darling, I had to guess your size but I am a genius with clothing sizes, I assure you, I am nearly 100% correct most of the time.”

“Ms. Vasquez, you didn’t have to buy me clothes,” Sidney said, mortified. Boy, would his dad and sister be amused at this. An instant solution to the hand-me-downs problem – only a couple weeks too late, and in the wrong gender, to boot.

“But I wanted to,” his employer said angelically. “Now, come, behind this little curtain, and I will help you get changed.” Sidney gulped. Once he would have relished the idea of cozing up behind the little screen with a woman as gorgeous as Ms. Vasquez, but she was going to be dressing him, not undressing him, which made things more than a little different. Like a condemned man going to the gallows, Sidney awkwardly slid off the salon chair, clutching the terry cloth robe tightly around his body. Ms. Vasquez all but dragged him over to the screen, rummaging through the shopping bags as they went. “I think this top, yes, and this skirt will be simply adorable,” she said, picking out the garments as she spoke. “But first, your new underwear!” That stopped Sidney cold.

“New underwear?” he echoed dumbly. Oh, no, he thought. This was it. The jig was up!

“Well, new bras,” Ms. Vasquez said placatingly. “I know you are wearing those horrid plain cotton bras, and I thought, of course you do not feel comfortable in your femininity! How could you, wearing such garments? So I bought a few new ones, see?” She pulled out what resembled nothing so much as a scrap of pink frills and lace, and Sidney shuddered.

“But I like my bras,” he tried to argue. “They’re, uh, comfortable.” But even as he said it, he had to adjust the strap digging at his shoulder again. Ms. Vasquez pursed her lips in a sympathetic smile and shook her beautiful head.

“Oh, Cindy, you poor deluded girl,” she said. “Enough nonsense, darling! Off with this robe!” With a flourish, Ms. Vasquez divested him of the terry-cloth before Sidney could stop her, leaving him shivering in his underthings. “There

is no need to be shy, we're all girls here," Ms. Vasquez said lightly. "Bra off, darling."

"I really d-don't want t-to..." Sidney stammered, backing away.

"Nonsense!" Ms. Vasquez laughed. "Come on, now, let me..." She reached for the clasps of Sidney's sister's bra, but he managed to wriggle away.

"I'm shy!" Sidney squeaked, looking around for his clothes, wondering if he would have to make a break for it wearing nothing but girls' underwear.

"Don't be silly, Cindy!" Ms. Vasquez snapped, and grabbed Sidney's arm. She was far stronger than he'd anticipated, especially when angry, and judging by the stream of Spanish she was muttering as they wrestled, she was losing her patience. Sidney fought for dear life, trying to slap her hands away, but just as he thought he'd escaped, there was a tell tail sound of the clasp coming undone, and with his one arm pinned, Sidney could do nothing as the bra slipped down his pale chest and one balled-up pantyhose tumbled forlornly to the floor. He stared down at it in something like shock, trying to think up some way to beg for forgiveness, some excuse that would keep her from demanding the money back... Ms. Vasquez was staring at him, mouth open in surprise. The whole salon had gone silent. Sidney crossed his arms across his flat chest, wincing slightly at his newly-sensitive and puffy nipples, realizing with a vague sense of irony that he was acting like a girl who'd just lost her bra, rather than the boy he had now clearly been exposed as. He opened his mouth, still racking his brains for how to explain the whole charade, and then...

"Cindy, darling, why didn't you tell me?" Ms. Vasquez exclaimed. "Oh, you poor thing! Don't worry, muchachita, you are not some freak of nature!"

"I'm... I'm not?" Sidney stammered, confused as all get out.

"No!" Ms. Vasquez said emphatically. "Darling, you are a late bloomer, and that's nothing to be ashamed of! Some girls never get very large at all, you know, but they can still be very beautiful. And there are all sorts of little tricks to give the illusion of, how you say, 'bust!' Trust me, darling, I was not always so lucky as I am now. I understand everything now."

"You... you do?" Sidney echoed weakly.

"Jes!" Ms. Vasquez exclaimed. "This is the root of your insecurity, darling! You feel so ashamed of your flat chested body that instead of enjoying your femininity, you try to escape it and hide it altogether with your tomboyish clothes and behaviors! Well, I won't allow it to stand up, darling! I will come up with a solution! In the meanwhile, you can use these!" She dove to the bottom of her shopping bag and came up with two gel inserts that reminded Sidney of chicken cutlets in their size and shape. "Put your new bra on, darling," Ms. Vasquez said breathlessly. "Today, you are becoming a brand new woman!" Sidney gulped. She didn't know the half of it!

With trembling fingers, he took the frilly pink bra from her and put it on, struggling a little with his newly-long nails. She adjusted the straps for him with the ease of an expert, and Sidney shivered involuntarily as the soft silky fabric caressed his skin and his newly-sensitive nipples. Far worse, however, was when she slipped the inserts into each cup, filling them with a realistic heft and jiggle. They were ice cold, and he felt his nipples go hard immediately. Ms. Vasquez noticed his discomfort and suppressed a chuckle. "They'll warm up quickly, darling," she assured him. "I'm sorry, I did not think. Now, doesn't that feel better?" Knowing she would accept no other answer, Sidney blushingly nodded. He was still staring at the floor, unwilling to meet the encouraging gaze of the salon girls, or that of his employer. Wearing a frilly pink bra in front of a half-dozen pretty beauticians was not exactly a top item on his bucket list!

"Thanks," he said, in a barely audible whisper.

"Don't thank me yet, darling," Ms. Vasquez beamed. "We're only just getting started. Now, to dress you!" With a dismissive wave to the salon girls, who immediately got back to work cleaning up, she guided Sidney behind the screen and handed him his new outfit. The blue sleeveless top wasn't so bad – he remembered his dad's early words about blue being a masculine color and scoffed – but the matching skirt had a little slit and barely came to mid-thigh. "It's a miniskirt," Ms. Vasquez explained, slightly condescendingly. "It's supposed to be like that, darling. You need to show off your pretty legs instead of hiding them from the world. Now, for your shoes..." She handed him a pair of strappy platform sandals, and, swallowing nervously, Sidney slipped his feet inside, losing his balance almost immediately. He nearly toppled over at least twice as he did up the buckles, and when he was finally successful he felt shaky as a foal on the three-inch chunky heel. They totally changed his posture in a way the tiny kitten heels he'd worn before hadn't, pushing his chest and bottom out and exaggerating the camber of his back and length of his legs. He felt a strange tightness in his calves as he tried to find his balance. "Are you ready to see the new you, darling?" Ms. Vasquez asked cheerily. Sidney felt a fluttering in his stomach.

"Um... I guess..." he said, feeling an itching curiosity despite himself. Ms. Vasquez helped him towards a full-length mirror, with the beauticians all smiling to each other as he tottered along, hopelessly clumsy in the new heels, but as he caught sight of his reflection he lost all awareness of the salon girls or his surroundings. All he could do was gasp.

Sure, he'd looked like a girl before, but he'd still looked like himself, too. Just a slightly girlified version of Sidney Tremaine. Now, he was having a hard time recognizing even a trace of that teenaged guy in the girl he faced in the mirror. Perched on the platform sandals, where his painted toenails caught the light and gleamed prettily, his smooth-shaven legs looked slim and supple under the flirty hem of the miniskirt. The matching top hugged his small waist, and Ms.



Vasquez's inserts definitely did a better job than balled up pantyhose in giving his chest a noticeably feminine contour. The sleeveless design showed off his slender arms, each of which ended in a femininely-manicured hand with long painted nails. But the biggest shock was not his outfit, but rather his face: beneath the feminine arches of his tweezed brows, the beauticians' flawless makeup accentuated his pretty blue eyes with carefully-layered eye shadow and a thick coating of mascara on his long, luxurious false lashes, while also bringing

his delicate bone structure to the surface with blusher and foundation before capping it all off with a bright red lipstick.

They'd somehow managed to reshape his hair into a far more feminine style, as well, full of body and a bit of wave, and the overall result of the transformation was totally uncanny. He looked a little like his sister, but over all he found himself looking at a total stranger, a long-legged girl with red hair and a stylish outfit who was, undeniably, quite attractive! Sidney blushed incandescently as he tried to equate the pretty girl in the mirror with himself... that was him, and if he thought he was a cute girl... that meant so would other people! He swallowed nervously. This was all too much...

"Well?" Ms. Vasquez prodded.

"I look... um... different," Sidney managed weakly. "I look... pretty."

"Darling, you look gorgeous," said one of the beauticians, parodying Ms. Vasquez's accent, and all the women in the salon chuckled, Ms. Vasquez included.

"I agree," she said. "Cindy, you are now free to be your feminine self, darling! You can finally embrace your beauty instead of fearing it."

"Right," Sidney stammered. The shock was wearing off, being replaced by the urgent desire to get home and remove all this gunk, and definitely to get out of this skirt, which was doing nothing to warm his legs from the blasting air-



conditioning. “Thank you so much, Ms. Vasquez,” he said. “I do feel, um, really pretty... and free... and everything. I guess we’d better get going?”

“I knew you would love it,” Ms. Vasquez smiled. “And yes, darling, you are right, we must be off. My driver will be picking us up at the other side of the mall in only two hours! We must hurry if we are to find you everything you need, darling.”

“Everything I...” Sidney trailed away, open-mouthed, feeling like a broken recorder for the fiftieth time that day.

“Clothes, darling!” Ms. Vasquez exclaimed. “We’re buying you an entirely new wardrobe today! Don’t worry, I told your father. He knows you will be home a little later than usual.”

“You really think of everything,” Sidney smiled weakly.

“Of course!” Ms. Vasquez winked. “Now, let’s go spend some of that hard-earned baby-sitting money, shall we?” Sidney gaped.

“I... I don’t think I...”

“Just joking, darling,” Ms. Vasquez smiled. “That’s your money to do with as you see fit! Today, everything is on my card. My God, this will be so much fun, don’t you think?”

“Definitely,” Sidney squeaked. Who knew having a generous employer could end up being such a double-edged sword?



Sidney was burnt out and exhausted by the time he arrived home that evening, laden down with shopping bags. His dad greeted him at the door, but whatever he’d been planning on saying petered out as he saw his son’s new appearance.

“Holy cow,” he exclaimed. “You look... you look... you look like Ellie!”

“Full make-over, courtesy of Ms. Vasquez,” Sidney said, blushing. “Trust me, I can’t wait to get all this gunk off of my face and my feet out of these darn shoes.” He hesitated on the doorstep. “Uh, could you help me carry some stuff? There’s another load with the chauffeur.” Sidney’s dad’s eyes widened, but he trooped down the steps to go retrieve another dizzying array of shopping bags from the limousine. He seemed disappointed that Ms. Vasquez was no longer inside, as she’d returned home before instructing her driver to go drop Sidney off with his new purchases. He gathered up the many bags in his arms and gave the driver a curt nod before he sped off. Meanwhile, Sidney was depositing bag after bag onto his sister’s carpeted floor.

“She really did a number on you,” Sidney’s dad chuckled, coming up the stairs behind him. “I mean, I hardly recognized you at first. And all this shopping? Did you guys buy out the entire mall, or what?”

“Pretty much,” Sidney said sourly. “Whenever I tried to hint that I didn’t want something, she just found me two other outfits that were even worse! And she expects me to wear all this stuff from now on, too!”

“Jeez,” Sidney’s dad sighed. “Why didn’t you just say no? I mean, this is probably a couple thousand dollars’ worth of clothes, Sid! We can’t accept this!”

“I tried,” Sidney groaned. “But she wouldn’t take no for an answer. You know how she is, dad! She insists that it makes her feel so good to be ‘charitable’ to a poor girl who can’t afford to dress in nice things, and that more than makes up for the money. This has gone too far!”

“It is getting a little nuts,” Sidney’s dad said. “Especially because... well... son, I really like Ms. Vasquez. You know, romantically.”

“Yeah, I could tell, dad,” Sidney sighed.

“So, I would hate for her to think that I’ve been intentionally deceiving her about you...” Sidney’s dad continued, frowning.

“Time to come clean?” Sidney suggested, half dreading it and half-hopeful. It would mean returning all these clothes, which was a plus... but it might also mean giving back all the money he had earned as a babysitter. To his surprise, his dad vigorously shook his head.

“No way!” he exclaimed. “Sid, if I tell her the truth, I can kiss any chance I had with her goodbye! She’ll think we tricked her intentionally! No, what I’m saying is, it’s more important to keep up the façade now more than ever. In fact, I think you might as well move into your sister’s room, for the time being.” Sidney was stunned.

“Are you serious?” he demanded. “But that’ll only make it worse later on!”

“Well... yeah...” Sidney’s dad grinned sheepishly. “But maybe by then I’ll have... you know...” Sidney turned bright red.

“I don’t believe this,” he said. “I’m supposed to keep pretending I’m a girl until you get a chance to do the dirty with Ms. Vasquez?”

“Well, when you put it like that, it sounds kind of sleazy,” Sidney’s dad admitted. “But yeah, that’s the general idea. You keep earning money, too, don’t forget about that part!”

“But this is getting way out of hand,” Sidney complained. “It’s not just babysitting anymore. She was talking my ear off on the way back from the mall, and she wants me to enter in an honest-to-God beauty pageant, dad!” His dad put his chin on his fist appraisingly.

“You might be able to place, at least,” he said. “I mean, it’s honestly kind of weirding me out how much you look like Ellie, short skirts and all, and she’s almost as beautiful as your mom was when she was young.”

“So my own dad wants me in a beauty pageant,” Sidney exhaled, throwing up his hands. “The world is officially gone crazy. I’m the only sane person left.”

“Hey, you’re the one wearing the skirt,” Sidney’s dad quipped. “Come on, be a sport. If not for me, then for the money.” Sidney visualized the stack of cash growing underneath his mattress.

“For the money,” Sidney agreed resignedly.



His decision to keep the deception going marked the beginning of a very strange time in Sidney’s life. With his long nails and plucked eyebrows, not to mention his new hairstyle, going from boy to girl at the drop of a hat was no longer feasible. In fact, the few times he try it, he earned enough strange looks from passers-by that he stopped altogether, and realized that he had to commit to being a ‘girl’ twenty-four-seven. This was dictated, in part, by the fact that his bi-weekly babysitting gig had turned into something totally different. Ms. Vasquez wanted him over every single day, which had at first delighted Rodrigo, but the tot’s happiness had dwindled when it became apparent that ‘Cindy’ was not there to play. Oh, no – it was all work, where Ms. Vasquez was concerned.

The entry form for the “International Princess Pageant Regional Finals” was only a page long, and wouldn’t have taken Sidney more than a few minutes to fill out. Ms. Vasquez had given him the form with some gentle encouragement. When she found it in the trash the next day, she took it out and handed it back to Sidney, telling him he must have misplaced it.

When she found it hidden in her book case two days later, she again pressed it into Sidney’s hands. When Mia found it behind the couch cushions as she was fluffing the pillows, Ms. Vasquez decided to hand it off to Marvin Tremaine. “Your daughter is so forgetful sometimes,” she said to Sidney’s dad.

He, in turn, made sure that Sydney had it waiting for him when he came home that day. Marvin then spotted it poking out under a rug, and returned it to Sydney’s possession. When he saw it tucked inside a lampshade, he was beginning to get the idea that Sidney may have been trying to avoid filling it out.

So, as his dad watched over his shoulder, Sidney finally filled it out. Marvin quickly snatched it and mailed it in for him, “so you don’t forget,” he explained.

“I don’t understand why I have to do this!” Sydney whined.

“Because I’m earning more money than I have in years and you’re earning more money than you have in your life. Not to mention makes Isabella happy.”

“Oh, it’s ‘Isabella’ now?”

“Yes, it is.” Marvin said, challenging his skirted son to talk back to him on the subject.

So largely for the sake of his father, Sidney had committed himself to being a beauty pageant contestant – not knowing that it would immediately turn Ms. Vasquez into an evil slave-driver. He’d been reaping the consequences ever since. She was intent on ironing out every last bit of ‘tomboyishness’ from her babysitter, unaware that it was actually real ‘boyishness’ she was trying to eradicate in converting him into dainty feminine powder-puff.

That meant getting up, showering, doing his hair, and putting on his makeup every morning at seven o’clock sharp before heading over to Oak Hill where, as more often than not, he ended up taking off all his makeup and totally re-doing it, along with his hair, according to Ms. Vasquez’s instructions. If he’d thought his sister was bad, Sidney had a whole other thing coming. Ms. Vasquez demanded perfection, whether in his manner of sitting or how he applied his lipstick, and that meant repetition. A lot of repetition.

Sidney spent all day traipsing up and down a line of tape, until his hips swished just like a fashion model, or getting up and sitting down gracefully with his ankles crossed and a dime held between his knees, or being quizzed on fashion and color combinations, or whatever else Ms. Vasquez deemed essential to his ‘feminine education’ and the upcoming beauty pageant. He even practiced waving and smiling, for chrissakes! At least four or five times a day, Sidney came close to busting the whole thing wide open and admitting the truth – that he was a boy, and the absolute last thing on Earth he wanted to do was learn how to be a refined, mincing girly-girl. But every time he was just about to spill the beans, Ms. Vasquez found some way to remind him of the babysitting money, or called a break for some of Mia’s iced tea and cookies. He was limited to one cookie these days, because Sidney was now watching his weight religiously in order to lose another ten pounds by the end of summer.

Sidney supposed it wasn’t *all* bad. Sure, he was stuck in girly purgatory, but Ms. Vasquez was still paying him loads to babysit, plus she’d promised him a bonus for helping out at Rodrigo’s upcoming fifth birthday party. As for his dad, he seemed to have accepted the strangeness of the whole affair easily, – almost too easily. He pretty much treated Sidney as if he were Ellie, distancing himself when it came to ‘feminine matters’ such as when he’d pass by to see his son applying mascara, preening in the mirror, or trying on yet another new pair of shoes Ms. Vasquez had foisted on him.

Sidney’s friends were still away on vacation, so he didn’t have to worry about them showing up on his doorstep to go rollerblading only to find him mastering

stilettos, instead. He'd also been chatting regularly with his sister Ellie on the computer, but had declined to use the webcam ever since his 'makeover,' pretending it was broken. He didn't want her to know just how far things had gone. When Sidney's 'pageant' vocabulary kept slipping in, and he referred to things as 'precious' or 'simply darling,' he vowed to keep a closer eye on that. The thing that worried him most at this point wasn't the threat of being revealed – he was getting quite good at being a girl, he realized – but rather what was happening to his body.

It was the strangest thing: although he was losing weight, Sydney found his hips and buttocks were definitely now slightly heftier in comparison to his slimming waist and stomach, as if the pounds were migrating downwards rather than disappearing. Not only that, but his chest was puffier and puffier, especially around his nipples, and his body hair, which he had been faithfully shaving every few days, seemed to be growing in lighter and lighter. His skin was softer, too, along with his hair. Some days he felt weirdly emotional over the tiniest things, like when he spilled his dad's coffee one morning and nearly started crying over it. He tried to ignore it, but the thought persisted... was he somehow becoming more like a girl? Sidney knew it was ridiculous, but maybe, just maybe, the clothes and cosmetics he now wore were somehow dictating his body chemistry in some weird way. He wasn't a scientist, but he figured that maybe girls looked and acted the way they did was because of the clothes they wore. Wasn't that a possibility? Even if he wasn't sure, it was the only explanation he could come up for his crazy growth spurt. It was so outlandish he didn't dare tell his dad about it, preferring instead to ignore his slowly-developing curves, even as Ms. Vasquez applauded them, suggesting he was finally starting to 'develop.' *Gosh, that was a scary thought!*

On the morning of Rodrigo's birthday party, Sidney tried not to dwell on the subject as he got himself ready, even though his fleshy chest was definitely filling more of his lacy bra cups than they had at the start of summer. He had more pressing concerns, like the fact that Rodrigo wanted an 'Alice in Wonderland' themed birthday party, and that meant his favorite babysitter playing the role of 'Alice.'

He wrinkled his nose as he slid the starched blue dress and frilly white apron out of the garment bag. He didn't exactly relish the idea of dressing up as a female cartoon character and handing out cake to snotty-nosed little kids all day, but at least it was more modest than the miniskirts and three-inch heels Ms. Vasquez had him practicing in these days. Sidney pulled the dress over his head, adjusting the skirt which fell to just above his bare knees, then followed it with the apron and a pair of kitten heels. After the stilettos he'd been forced to wear, they were a total breeze. In fact, it almost felt strange to walk in shoes that didn't click noisily and force him to wiggle his hips with each step.



Sidney gave his makeup a final inspection, brushed out his hair and adjusted the black hairband, then hurried out to the truck where his dad was waiting glumly behind the wheel. Sidney knew very well the reason for his dad's recent moroseness. Ms. Vasquez's early flirtatiousness seemed to have cooled off of late and she had rebuffed most of his dad's latest advances – Sidney couldn't help but suspect that part of the reason was how caught up she was 'training' Sidney for the beauty pageant. Unfortunately, his dad was still determined to seduce her, and that meant Sidney was, under no circumstances, supposed to go against Ms. Vasquez's wishes. If that meant dressing up as Alice in Wonderland, so be it. Sidney got into the car with considerably more grace than he had a couple weeks ago, sliding in butt-first and smoothing his skirt out underneath himself. Ms. Vasquez had had him practicing everyday, after all.

His dad was balefully quiet most of the drive over, only speaking to say good-bye when Sidney got out. The front of the house was already festooned with balloons, and by the looks of it, a bouncy castle was being set up on the lawn. Sidney felt slightly silly as he made his way up to the steps in his 'party' dress, but little Rodrigo was ecstatic to see his favorite babysitter all dressed up as his favorite cartoon heroine.

"Cindy's Alice!" he kept screaming delightedly, as he raced around the various birthday preparations being made. "Cindy's Alice, Cindy's Alice!" Sidney sighed to realize that the mispronunciation of his name had rubbed off on Rodrigo, too, but it was nice to see the little guy so happy. Ms. Vasquez was busy directing Mia as she hung up the birthday banner, and before long Sidney was in the thick of the preparations, despite his being terrible at folding napkins. He got a reprieve from Mia's exasperated glances when the doorbell rang and all the five-year-old guests (and their parents) started arriving. Sidney got the not-so-enviable job of greeting each and every one of them with their party hat and a jolly "Welcome to Wonderland!"

One of the dads gave him a strangely lingering look, and Sidney was thrown into a momentary panic, wondering if he'd been recognized, but as the man's eyes trailed down his stockinged legs he realized that the truth was much worse, and blushed beet red. He was being checked out! He glared at the man, who immediately looked away, perhaps equally embarrassed. Sidney shuddered. What a creep! And at a children's birthday party, no less!

That one event aside, however, the rest of the party went very smoothly. Sidney joined in the games as best he could, though he now had to be conscious at all times of managing his skirt and keeping his body language 'graceful and feminine,' as Ms. Vasquez had drilled him so mercilessly on. He helped Mia hand out refreshments and birthday cake. He handed out the goodie bags when the little kids left, having finally worn themselves out, or were being dragged away by their parents on the verge of bursting into tears. In fact, Sidney was already counting up the hundred dollar bonus in his head, adding it to

his stash under the mattress and his babysitting earnings for the week, when little Rodrigo asked a question that would end up haunting Sidney for ages to come.

“When Cindy’s birthday?” he chirped. Caught off-guard, Sidney realized that with such a topsyturvy summer, he’d totally forgotten that his birthday was coming up the very next Friday.

“Friday,” Sidney answered truthfully. “My sixteenth!” Rodrigo looked wide-eyed at

the prospect of being so old, but Ms. Vasquez, who was trying to clean cake crumbs off her son’s shirt, looked up with a very keen expression.

“Your sixteenth birthday!” she exclaimed. “How marvelous, darling. Sixteen is very important here, yes? Sweet sixteen? In my country, it is the same, and I know what all the girls want for their sixteenth birthday.” She smiled. “We must celebrate on Friday! You and I will have lunch, and go to the salon, like... like... mother-daughter, perhaps?” She was now in a maelstrom of her own excitement. “I did always so badly want a daughter, you know, and I am so fond of you, darling...” Sidney gulped. Now he was her surrogate daughter? How was a guy supposed to turn down a beautiful lady when she gave him puppy-dog eyes like that?

“That would be... fun,” Sidney squeaked. “Thank you, Ms. Vasquez.”

“But of course,” Ms. Vasquez said graciously. “I already have it all planned out in my head! You are such a darling! Now, let Mia finish cleaning up, Cindy. Here is your bonus...” She rummaged in her purse and pulled out three crisp hundred dollar bills, and then, after a small deliberation, added a fourth. Sidney couldn’t help his grin, which was now, thanks to the salon whitening, quite dazzling.

“Thank you!” he squealed. “I’ll, um, see you tomorrow, then?”



“Bright and early,” Ms. Vasquez smiled. “We still have plenty of work to do before the pageant, darling!”



Over the course of the next week, Sidney found that Ms. Vasquez’s pageant preparation boot-camp was being thrown into an even higher gear. His days of



baggy jeans seemed like a distant memory, and even his ‘tomboy’ clothes were all but forgotten as he spent his time, day in and day out, in only the shortest, flouciest miniskirts, luxurious lingerie, frilly tops and high heels. He had to reflect, ruefully, that he now dressed like far more of a “girly-girl” than his sister Ellie ever had! And worse, people were beginning to *notice*. Ms. Vasquez had found various excuses to drag him to the mall for additional shopping or salon visits, and Sidney was now at the point where he had to admit it: he made an extremely attractive girl, and he was turning heads!

The first time he’d gone for lunch with Ms. Vasquez, he’d been utterly terrified at being discovered, and almost overwhelmed by the barrage of feminine sensations, like his femininely-styled hair brushing against his neck, the earrings swinging from his earlobes, the waxy taste of lipstick on his mouth, the cool air slipping up his skirt, and the loud clicking of his stilettos on the tiled floor. He still remembered how it was all he could do to keep his manicured hand from shaking as he readjusted the hem of his flirty dress, or the strap of his little leather purse, as he realized that a group of young men were staring at him.

“My, my, darling,” Ms. Vasquez had giggled. “It seems you have a few admirers!” Sidney gaped, but he realized as he saw the boys grinning at each other that she was right. They were looking at him with lust, ogling his body and fantasizing about what was underneath his flirty little skirt. Sidney had stared at his high-heeled feet in abject shame at becoming a piece of eye candy for horny guys.

“Hold your head up, Cindy,” Ms. Vasquez had ordered. “You’re a pretty girl and you should be proud of your appearance!” Sidney was anything but, but he tried to acquiesce to his employer’s request and keep his chin up, even though he kept his eyes down. His nervous body language ended up working to his advantage, giving him a demure, feminine appearance. He was distinctly aware of the way his bottom was swishing seductively from side to side as he clicked along in his heels. Having never felt so emasculated in his life, he felt himself blush from his face to his chest as the guys passed by, noticing their gaze lingering on his exposed legs and the swell of his chest. He had always loved ogling attractive girls in the mall, but now the high heel was on the other foot – his! The sway of his hips forced on him by the high heels, his short tight skirt, flirty black lashes and kissable red lips were all like magnets for male attention. By the time they had walked out of the food court, half a dozen different guys had wolf-whistled at him!

Now, weeks later, Sidney was slowly growing used to the male attention, even though the prospect of any of the boys coming up to talk to him still terrified him beyond measure. Fortunately, Ms. Vasquez never gave them any of them the chance! She was quite intimidating and very protective, so most would-be flirts were easily sent scurrying with a well-placed glare from the fiery Latina.

Fortunately, most of his time was still spent in the safety of Ms. Vasquez's house, being coached on various pageant aspects, quizzed with possible interview questions, receiving tips on how to work the judges, and other such information.

Apparently the "International Princess Pageant" was going to consist of three parts: swimsuit, evening gown, and talent show. Contrary to what one might think, Sidney wasn't overly worried about the swimsuit part. Sure, it wasn't most guys' dream to parade around in a bathing suit, but it wasn't as if he would be wearing a bikini or anything. He didn't have boobs, and that meant he was pretty much assured of wearing a modest one-piece – even Ms. Vasquez had admitted as much. And the evening gown, well, he could smile and strut for five minutes without any fear of tripping over his stilettos. The main problem was the talent show. Try as he might, he couldn't think of a single talent that was appropriate for such a competition. He was totally awful at singing, as Ms. Vasquez soon discovered, and not musical enough to learn even the simplest piano piece. It was all Ms. Vasquez could talk about on Friday, as she picked Sidney up from his house.

His sixteenth birthday was going to be spent in a salon getting hair extensions. The realization washed over him along with Ms. Vasquez's chattering as they sat together in the backseat. He had never imagined that particular image – he'd sort of assumed it would be a quiet affair with just him and his dad pigging out on ice-cream cake and watching action movies. Instead, he was going to have his hair and nails done at an upscale salon with the beautiful lady who was training him to compete in a beauty pageant. Life had certainly thrown a few curveballs, that was for sure.

Sidney greeted all the salon girls with a false cheery smile when they arrived – he and Ms. Vasquez were regulars, after all – and soon found himself side by side with his employer as they had their pedicures done. Ms. Vasquez was taking great delight in finding 'training' videos for him, mostly footage of various beauty pageants that she then broke down and analyzed with her charge. Once Sidney would have been delighted to watch endless clips of beautiful girls parading around in skimpy swimwear, but not when he was expected to note the angle of their heads towards the judges, the timing of their hair flips, et cetera.

"Look at her steps, darling, see how confident she is?" Ms. Vasquez said, showing her phone over to Sidney. He reluctantly took it, watching as a drop-dead gorgeous blonde in a barely-there silver bikini strutted her stuff across the stage in some big bikini pageant down in Florida.

"But I could never look like that!" Sidney muttered, blushing. "I mean..." The girl was stunning, but Sidney somehow doubted he could pull off that same 'confidence.' For one thing, Sidney was a boy, and for another, he certainly didn't have the jiggling D-cup breasts that let the blonde pull off such a revealing swimsuit. To his surprise, Ms. Vasquez yanked her phone back with a scowl.

“There it is again!” she exclaimed. “That horrible insecurity! And the root of it is still the same, yes? You think you can never be beautiful and confident, because...” She trailed off significantly, waiting for Sidney to fill the gap.

“Because I’m a boy!” he wished he could scream, but instead he just gave a helpless shrug.

“Because you have small breasts,” Ms. Vasquez sighed. “It is crippling your self-image, darling, and I won’t stand

for it. That is why I have arranged for you to have enhancement!” Sidney’s mouth dropped open as he tried to process what he had just heard.

“Oh, right,” he stammered. “The little gel inserts. Those are enhancement.”

“No, darling,” Ms. Vasquez said critically. “Those will never do. I have found a marvelous plastic surgeon to do your boobs for you. This is your present! In my country, when girls turn sixteen, they beg their parents for this! And now I will make sure you have the very best boobs that money can buy, darling.” Sidney felt his brain turning to mush with the terrifying image of himself strutting around in that very same silver bikini, breasts bouncing seductively. No way. No way was he getting a boob job.

“Uhhh... But it must cost so much!” was his first attempt to get out of it, but he should have known better. Ms. Vasquez tossed her hair and rolled her eyes.

“Darling, I am not sure if you have guessed, but I am very, very wealthy,” she said. “Money is no object, Cindy. This is a present, from me to you!”



“Maybe I d... don’t want to have big breasts,” Sidney stammered next.

“All girls do!” Ms. Vasquez exclaimed. “Please, Cindy, do not pretend. I have seen you look longingly at both my breasts and at Mia’s on several occasions. Can you deny that?” Sidney blushed bright red but mutely shook his head in the negative. “I would be very offended if you do not accept my generosity, Cindy,” Ms. Vasquez continued. “Why, after all I have done for you and your family! Your father would never make such money working on another estate, I assure you of that!” Sidney’s eyes widened. Suddenly it wasn’t just his babysitting job in the balance. Was she implying that his dad might lose out on the landscaping contract, too? They needed that money if Sidney was going to finish high school and go to college like his sister!

“But I’m really scared of surgeries,” he said in a whisper.

“I will be there the whole time, darling, and it is one of the easiest procedures in the world,” Ms. Vasquez said. “Both to do, and to undo! They put you under and you wake up a couple hours later as a new woman, darling.”

“To do and undo?” Sidney echoed, wheels in his mind turning. If there was no way to refuse this offer, but it could be undone later...

“Yes, darling, very simple,” Ms. Vasquez said. “You won’t even have to stay overnight!” Sidney gulped, but he also saw one final shred of hope.

“My dad would never allow me to,” Sidney said, trying to look regretful. “He wouldn’t think it was, um, appropriate... for a girl my age...”

“That is why I made the appointment for later this afternoon, darling,” Ms. Vasquez said with a conspiratorial smile. “It is easier to ask forgiveness than permission, no? And if he is angry with you, you have my full permission to say that I knocked you out and, and drugged you! Don’t worry, Cindy, men have a certain... shall I say... weakness, where I am concerned. One little phone conversation and all of his anger will disappear, I assure you.” Sidney swallowed nervously. The worst thing was, he had a feeling she was right!

Before Sidney could even really think about what was happening, he was being ushered into the back of Ms. Vasquez’s car. “I really don’t think I can do this...”

“Jou can, and jou will! Your confidence is at stake! We’ll be there in ten minutes... Oh such a lucky girl!” She was gushing with happiness, so much so that she couldn’t see the signs of terror on Sidney’s face. “I was already on my second husband before I could afford breasts!”

Sidney’s head was spinning so fast he couldn’t even think straight. After trying his very best not to sound like he was wracked with fear that this might actually happen, he had to try and find an excuse. Any excuse. “No... No... Really, I have to pass, Ms. Vasquez. I... I...” Sidney was testing the door handles, even as the car was speeding along at 55 miles an hour. “I faint at the sight of blood.”

“That’s what’s so wonderful! A quick shot and you feel nothing, see nothing! You wake up a new woman!”

That phrase hit all of Sidney’s panic buttons simultaneously and he started to look around for the escape. After taking a few deep breaths for courage, he made up his mind. He had nothing to lose. He grabbed for the door and sprang it open, only to discover the car had already stopped and the chauffeur was there to help him out of the car.

“So eager!” Ms. Vasquez said with a victorious smile. “I can only imagine how excited you must feel!” She grabbed Sidney by the arm and led him into the medical office building. “You are trembling with happiness!” She observed.

At that point, Sidney decided on a new tactic. He’d just wait until it was him and the doctor, and he’d talk him out of it. A doctor just wouldn’t forcibly operate on someone without their consent. That was illegal, wasn’t it? No, he’d wait until then and talk his way out of the operation. Worst case scenario, he’d reveal his big secret and hopefully the doc would keep it just between them.

“You will love these wonderful people at the clinic!” Ms. Vasquez enthused. “They are so nice. I have all my work done here.”

They were quickly buzzed through into the office and past the reception desk, directly into the exam rooms. He was asked by the nurse to take off his top and bra and be ready for the doctor. He tried to do so, but his hands were shaking so badly that he



couldn't keep them steady enough to even do that simple task.

“Poor thing! You is too anxious for your beautiful gift!” Ms. Vasquez turned to the nurse. “Something to help the poor girl relax?”

“Here we go,” the nurse said, plunging a string into Sidney’s arm before he even knew what was happening. Then, the room started to fall away before the light dimmed and he was asleep. “Goodnight, sweetie.”



When he arrived home that evening, still a little drowsy from the anesthetic and swathed in bandages and a support garment, Ms. Vasquez came inside with him to head off the inevitable mix-up with his dad. Sidney stumbled his way up the stairs to Ellie’s room, which was now pretty much his room, and collapsed onto the sheets. He could hear some raised voices, but when Ms. Vasquez followed him in about ten minutes later, she looked perfectly composed.

“I explained everything, darling, don’t worry,” she smiled, plumping a pillow and helping Sidney into a more comfortable position. “What a nice little room you have! Very... cozy. And small. I’ll send Mia over in the morning to baby you, okay? The swelling should be gone in a week or two, but you may feel a little sluggish, the doctor said. As for your father, he was very... understanding. Sleep well, darling!” She planted a kiss on Sidney’s forehead, first brushing his long red hair out of the way – the extensions had turned out beautifully – and then slipped away, leaving Sidney to rest.

“Are you, um, feeling alright?” came his dad’s awkward voice from the doorway. Sidney opened one eye and saw his dad standing there with his hands stuffed in his pockets, and unless he was very much mistaken, a smear of lipstick around his mouth the very same shade as that which had smudged slightly onto his forehead from Ms. Vasquez’s kiss.

“What do you think?” Sidney groaned. “I’m a 36-C now.”

“I can’t believe she sprang this without running it by me!” Sidney’s dad said, shaking his head. “I mean, even if, you know, you were a girl...” He trailed off, and there was a hint of a soppy smile on his face. “But she does have your best interests at heart,” he admitted. “She’s just impulsive. Wild. Passionate...”

“Jeez, you’re not going to try to marry her, are you?” Sidney croaked. “Just go away and let me sleep, dad.”

“Right,” his dad said. “Sorry. About, you know, your... uh...”

“Boobs,” Sidney sighed.

“Yeah,” his dad muttered, blushing. He needed anything else to talk about and got off this subject as fast as he could. “Oh, uh, hey! Good news! Your sister’s coming home early. She’ll be here next Sunday, just over a week from today. I

hope she doesn't mind you using her room." Sidney's mouth fell open in shock. The whole 'room' thing was the least of his worries! How about his big sister coming home from college and finding out her little brother now filled out a bigger cup size than she did? Sidney groaned and would have thrown his arms up in the in exasperation if that wasn't going to rip out his stitches. Maybe if he fell asleep, he would wake up back at the start of summer. Maybe it was all one crazy dream. A guy could hope, right?



When he woke up the next morning, contrary to Sidney's wishes, he was as the not-so-proud owner of two firm, nicely-shaped, symmetrical breasts. Mia came over, as promised, around the same time his dad headed out to work. She spent the morning and afternoon catering to him, plumping pillows, fetching him water, and leaning over him to adjust his blankets in a way that once would have been very arousing, but somehow seeing her jiggling breasts was a lot less appealing now that he knew a set of his very own were waiting under his bandages. Still, Sidney was sort of sad to see her go. Without anyone else in the room, he was alone with his thoughts.

He had boobs. There was no way around it. The two parts of female anatomy that had mystified and tantalized him ever since pre-pubescence were now his to hold, but unfortunately, they were also a part of him. When the bandages came off a week and a half later, Sidney immediately locked himself in the bathroom, staring at his new reflection in the mirror, clutching at the foreign additions to his body with his long, painted nails. Brushing his nipples sent a shock down his spine and he gasped, immediately retracting his hands as if burned. 36-C was a whole lot bigger than he'd imagined. These were the kind of boobs that he drooled over in lingerie catalogues, and they were his! He had a full-on rack that a Playboy bunny could be jealous of! Sidney cradled the jiggling breasts in his arms, careful to avoid his now ultra-sensitive nipples, and stared at his reflection in misery. Until he could get them removed, these firm, rounded, luscious breasts were his, like it or not. He could already imagine them squeezed together in a sexy lacy black push-up bra, and the thought made him flush to the tops of his new breasts.

The very next day, once Sidney was forced to admit that he'd recovered, Ms. Vasquez's first order of business was lingerie shopping. It was an embarrassing episode during which he spoke as little as possible as Ms. Vasquez and the salesgirl discussed which styles and colors suited him most. Wanting to get things over with as quickly as possible, Sidney approved all of his employer's selections, even though her tastes definitely leaned towards the more risqué: everything he found himself trying on was a push-up, demi-cup, scalloped or sheer, everything was dripping with lace and adorned with tiny fabric flower

patterns or cute bows, with colors ranging from sexy black to girly pink and every feminine pastel in-between.

He would stand shivering in front of the mirror as he did up a new bra, then let Ms. Vasquez observe the effect on his boobs and ask questions about how well it cradled him, how it made his cleavage look, and how sexy it made him feel. Sydney could only stare helplessly at his reflection, the lacy straps taut against his slender shoulders and silky cups cradling his cleavage, and tell her whatever

he thought would speed things up, which was usually that he loved it. Of course, most of the bras had matching panties to buy, including some very sexy thongs, and Sydney had to try them all. Fortunately, he had virtually no thought about keeping his boyhood tucked in between his legs. Ellie was right about him getting more comfortable with it, and lately, it began to feel like he was uncomfortable when he wasn't tucking. Thanks to that, even being this naked and close to Ms. Vasquez was no problem at all for Sydney. All he was worried about was when she was going to stop giving him things to try on. Even after they had gone through every bra & panty in the known universe, Ms. Vasquez wasn't content with letting him leave without a few little extras as well, like a sexy sheer teddy and a little black corset bustier plus garters.

But of course, it didn't end there. After buying up what felt like half the lingerie in the whole boutique, Ms. Vasquez guided him through several department stores, seemingly on a hunt for only the most revealing, low-cut tops: plunging Vs, scooped and sweetheart necklines, tube-tops, underwire cups... After suffering a life of flat-chestedness, Ms. Vasquez was determined that



Cindy was now going to get the most out of his new boobs!

“So?” Ms. Vasquez asked, having successfully bullied Sidney into wearing one of his purchases out of the last store. “What do you think, darling? Shoulders back, Cindy, do not be like a, how you say, like a clam!”

Sidney had been trying desperately to become invisible, but at his employer’s chiding he took a deep breath and rolled his shoulders back, putting his cleavage on full display. He was wearing a ruffled navy blue spaghetti strap top with an incredibly generous sweetheart neckline. Just seeing his reflection in the shop window made him blush, especially since his eyes, just like the eyes of every single man who passed by, automatically went to the nicely-nestled cleavage put on display by his new push-up bra.

“Isn’t it, like, a little... revealing?” Sidney asked morosely, as he received yet another lustful stare as he and Ms. Vasquez swished past on their stilettos.

“Nonsense, darling,” Ms. Vasquez beamed. “You are a beautiful young woman, and you deserve the chance to show the world this beauty, yes? Things will be much different for you now, Cindy. You will see how many advantages come with being, ah, how do you say, busty! A pretty girl with large breasts receives all sorts of special attention, darling. You will see. Many favors, many things free of charge. And why, when you become old enough to drink, you will never have to pay for yourself even once! Of course, you will also have to be careful, darling, that you do not allow anyone to put, how do you say, drugs, in your drink, in order to take advantage of you.”

Sidney swallowed nervously. His dad had always lectured him on respecting girls, but now *he was* one, and he was going to have to contend with the attentions of boys... especially with a rack like his! He was a roffie magnet if there ever was one.

“Oh, I have scared you,” Ms. Vasquez noted. “Darling, do not worry about such things. You are too young to worry. We will find you a nice, handsome, respectful boyfriend! But for now, you are tired from shopping, yes? Would you like to stop and buy a soda?”

“Yes, please,” Sidney said, remembering his vocabulary lessons. “Um, that would be so lovely.” Ms. Vasquez beamed at her young protégé, and led the way to a small coffee shop. Sidney’s attempt to steer them towards a more secluded table was in vain, as Ms. Vasquez marched straight to the middle of the busy eatery and an employee scurried to wipe down a table for their use. After depositing the shopping bags, and Sidney with them, she went to the counter and returned with two diet sodas.

“Cindy, you have an admirer, darling,” Ms. Vasquez trilled. “That poor boy behind the counter was breaking his neck trying to look at you. But he is not so much your type, I think. Too small and skinny. A beautiful young girl needs a big, strong man, *jes?*”

“I don’t think I’m ready to date,” Sidney said, blushing. He caught sight of the barista Ms. Vasquez had mentioned, who was, indeed, staring at his neckline. The boy blushed as bright as Sidney when he realized he’d been caught, and quickly averted his gaze. Small and skinny--just like Sidney had been. But Ms. Vasquez’s husband had been no Arnold Schwarzenegger either! “Mr. Vasquez wasn’t that big, was he?” Sidney blurted. “I mean, I’m sorry, I probably shouldn’t have...”

“No, no, darling, I don’t mind at all,” Ms. Vasquez cooed. “Jou are right. My last husband was quite small, quite delicate for a man. But tastes change, and so do people.” She smiled brightly. “When I was jour age, I wanted only, how you say, studs.” Ms. Vasquez flipped her hair. “Now, I have another job for you, Cindy.”

“I’m free to babysit all week,” Sidney said, misunderstanding. Ms. Vasquez laughed.

“Not that, darling,” she said. “I want you to go up to the counter and ask for something very stupid, yes? Make a silly complaint about your drink. Say it is too... bubbly.” She smiled conspiratorially. “And then, darling, ask for another. But while you do this, lean like so...” Ms. Vasquez demonstrated, leaning forward and folding her arms in such a way as to perfectly frame her perfect cleavage. “And sweep your hair like so,” Ms. Vasquez added, giving a dainty toss of her beautiful head. “It will be good practice for you, darling – think like it is a game.”

Sidney managed to delay for a while, but Ms. Vasquez made it abundantly clear that she wasn’t leaving until Sidney had his first taste of ‘the doors opened by endowments.’ So once the line had cleared, he nervously got to his feet and minced over to the counter. “Excuse me,” he squeaked. “I, um, I think there’s something wrong with my drink. It has too many bubbles in it.” He blushed brightly as he said it, feeling completely stupid, but the boy behind the counter snatched the soda way immediately.

“I’m so sorry,” the barista said. “Can I get you another? Any kind you want! Any... size...” His eyes darted down towards Sidney’s cleavage. “It would be my pleasure,” the boy gulped. “Really.” Sidney was slightly taken aback. He gave a nervous glance over his shoulder to see Ms. Vasquez nodding encouragingly. Sure, the boy was staring at his chest. But could he really blame him? Sidney had been caught ogling plenty of times himself. It appeared this whole ‘hot girl’ thing could have a few perks.

“Well, I see you guys make ice cream,” Sidney said chirpily, leaning forward ever so slightly. “I would looove an ice cream cone.” He gave a little shoulder shimmy he’d seen Ms. Vasquez do so many times, sweeping his hair away from his face flirtatiously with one hand. The boy was totally transfixed, and Sidney was struck by a bit of particularly daring inspiration. “So long as you give me plenty of napkins!” he added, smiling. “I always end up dripping on myself

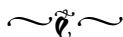


when it melts.” The barista’s jaw practically hit the floor, and about ten seconds later Sidney had the biggest ice cream cone he’d ever seen in his life clutched in his manicured hands, along with a whole stack of napkins. As he made his way back to the table, Sidney couldn’t help but feel a small sense of pride.

“Wonderful, darling!” Ms. Vasquez praised him immediately. “You are a natural! A, how you say, a little mink! Your poor father will have many, many boys to deal with.” Sidney’s smile faltered all at once. What on Earth was he doing? He was a boy! Here he was, flashing his cleavage at a barista to get a free ice cream cone and batting his eyelashes just like a dumb bimbo. His dad would be horrified. Sidney stared at the cone, having suddenly lost his appetite completely. Ms. Vasquez, of course, only congratulated him on thinking of his figure. The pageant was upcoming, after all, and training was back in session that very afternoon.

Although he’d recently graduated to four-inch stilettos, he now had to deal with new additions to his posture in the form of his newfound bust, which jig-

gled disconcertingly when he walked. Ms. Vasquez was certain he would be an absolute knock-out in the swimsuit and evening gown portions, and Sidney couldn't argue! With his long red hair, pretty face, and hourglass curves, he was constantly stunned by how gorgeous he appeared in the mirror. More distracting than that, however, and even more distracting than Ms. Vasquez's ongoing search for a talent for him, was the awareness in the back of his mind that his sister was going to be home in a matter of days! His dad didn't seem to have noticed Sidney's consternation, as his obsession with Ms. Vasquez had recently reached new heights. During the day at Oak Hill, she'd developed a habit of inviting him in for 'lemonade breaks' which always occurred when Rodrigo and Sidney and Mia were outside, and went on suspiciously long.



When Sunday afternoon rolled around, Sidney was nervous as a cat at the prospect of his older sister seeing the "new him" in full for the first time. He couldn't sit still without fidgeting, whether playing with his bracelets, fussing with his hair, or adjusting the finicky straps of his lacy black push-up bra. Of course, "him" was a bit of a misnomer at this point... he definitely looked all "her" at this point!

Sidney groaned, getting gracefully up off the couch and mincing over to the mirror for what seemed like the thousandth time in the past hour. By now he was a pro in his dainty four-inch stilettos, thanks to hours and hours of Mrs. Vasquez's merciless toe-the-tape-with-a-book-on-your-head drilling, and he also now had an unconsciously serpentine wiggle in his step as he walked that made his tush bob very appealingly in an extremely feminine, eye-catching way. Checking his reflection what he promised was one final time, he had to admit the teenaged beauty queen in the mirror was a far cry from the awkward tom-boy of a girl Ellie had helped him construct at the start of the summer. Just then, the doorbell rang.

"Okay, Sid, you can do this," Sidney murmured to himself. He made his way to the front door and opened it as if a hurricane-strength tsunami was on the other side. His sister was standing there with her bags, staring at him with a perfectly blank expression. "H-hi, Ellie," Sidney stammered, realizing he hadn't been recognized. Ellie's expression changed all at once.

"Sidney?" Ellie gasped. "Oh my God, is that really you?" Sidney blushed bright pink, managing only to give a small squeak in the affirmative. Ellie obviously couldn't believe her eyes. "Oh my God," she repeated once again. "You... You... You... You..." She shook her head out of the loop. "You... Look.... *Amazing!*"

Well, Sidney was hoping more along the lines of "You poor thing, I'm here to save you," or "I'm putting a stop to this right now!" and maybe even "We'll get

through this together.” Instead, he just got his sister’s wholehearted approval of his new status in life.

“Let me look! Let me look!” She said, skittering around Sydney as if she was seeing a girlfriend who had just gotten an expensive makeover. Her face was alive with joy and delight, her voice squeaking and squealing with noises of approval and admiration. She then froze, looking at his prodigious chest. “But... that can’t be all padding and tape tricks!” she exclaimed, pointing to Sidney’s now very-obvious cleavage displayed by his slinky blue dress. If possible, he blushed even brighter.

“It’s not,” he admitted. “I... um...”

“You got a boob job!” Ellie finished for him, utterly stunned. “Oh my God, I cannot believe my little brother now has a bigger rack than I do! What are you, like, a double D?”

“No!” Sidney said quickly. “Just a C-cup! Well, 36-C.” He ducked his head in embarrassment, well aware that his sister was probably more like a B-cup, and also for the fact that he knew his own bra size!

“That’s still so big!” Ellie remarked, shaking her head in amazement. “I mean, you could be a Hooters girl! But how? Why? What happened? Explain to me exactly why my little brother is now a sexy little centerfold, please!”

“Mrs. Vasquez wanted to give me a birthday present,” Sidney mumbled, still unable to meet his sister’s gaze. “And, well, she says in her country girls get boob jobs all the time when they turn sixteen, and she still thinks I’m a girl, right, so... well... I was scared of offending her, I mean, she’s done so much for us, like, financially, so...”

“And dad *allowed* this to happen?” Ellie demanded, still unable to believe her scrawny little brother had turned into a total bombshell.

“He kind of had to?” Sidney said, toying with one of his large silver hoop earrings in an unconscious feminine gesture. “He’s head over heels in love with her, Ellie, and she keeps saying all this stuff about how she always wanted a daughter, and he just can’t bring himself to tell her. Believe me, this has all gone way further than I ever thought possible! But I don’t know how to get out of it! I mean, I’m entered in a beauty pageant, for God’s sake! That’s why she wanted me to have these big stupid boobs, and why I’m wearing stilettos all the time, and...”

“Oh my God, you totally are!” Ellie squealed. “Those look so expensive! Are they Louis Vuitton?” Sidney nodded, totally humiliated as he shifted nervously on his glittery high heels. “Those are at least four inches,” Ellie remarked. “I would never be able to walk around in those, but you’re strutting around like you’re on the catwalk!”

“She wants me to wear them at all times for the practice,” Sidney said weakly. “God, it’s really getting out of hand. But I’m stuck! I can’t just reveal to her

now, out of the blue, that I'm really a boy... and she has her heart set on me being in this pageant..."

"I can't believe this," Ellie laughed. "I mean, I always knew you would make a hot girl, but this is something else completely. That Mrs. Vasquez really did a number on you. I don't know what kind of beauty pageant we're talking about, but, Sidney, I think you'd win!"

"I know," Sidney admitted, his cheeks red.

"That's the scariest part! I can't

even switch back and forth anymore... even if I could hide these boobs, I'd still end up wiggling when I walk, or playing with my hair, or giggling like a girl and being totally swishy..."

"Well, I always did want a sister," Ellie giggled. Sidney was not impressed with how seriously his sister was dealing with all this. "I just can't believe how gorgeous you look," she continued. "Your hair is so perfect! Not to mention your makeup... I can see Mrs. Vasquez definitely took over in that department!" Sidney could only nod in embarrassment. He had come a long way from Ellie's basic lessons on the difference between mascara and eye-liner. Now he was perfectly capable of applying his own makeup, blending his little powders and blushers in such a way as to perfectly highlight his high cheekbones and dainty bone structure. Not to mention how well he could accentuate his baby blue eyes with carefully-applied false lashes and voluminous coats of dark mascara, and how luscious he could make his lips, which Mrs. Vasquez insisted should look soft, wet, and kissable! It had become almost second nature to do his 'face'



every morning and freshen up several times per day before changing to a more dramatic evening makeup before supper.

"I know," he squeaked. "It's too much, isn't it..."

"Not at all," Ellie assured him. "It's a little more than I'd usually wear just around the house, but it goes with your 'look.' I don't wear low-cut minidresses and sexy black nylons that often, either, or expensive heels and flashy jewelry! You look totally glamorous, and very sexy. I bet you get tons of attention from the boys when Mrs. Vasquez takes you shopping!" Sidney didn't reply, but his pretty blush was the only answer his sister needed. "Aha," she said smugly. "I bet that's why you're having so much fun strutting around in stilettos and showing off those big beautiful boobs of yours! You like getting poor boys all tonguetied and drooling, don't you?"

"No!" Sidney cried. "Of course I don't!"

"Really?" his sister asked, raising an eyebrow. "You're not enjoying it even a little bit? Mincing around in four-inch heels with your butt wiggling like that, it certainly seems like you're asking for attention. And talk about flashing cleavage!"

"This is how Ms. Vasquez wants me to dress!" Sidney wailed. "I don't like guys, and you know that!"

"I know, I know," Ellie laughed. "Just teasing a little bit! Maybe I'm just jealous. It's not every day a girl comes home from college to find her little brother isn't so, uh, 'little' anymore."

"You have to help me find some way out of this," Sidney sighed breathily. "Trust me, having boobs like this isn't all it's cracked up to be." He morosely adjusted his cleavage, unintentionally making his breasts jiggle slightly in their cups, then minced towards the kitchen. "You must be hungry, here, I can microwave some leftover pasta that I made..."

Ellie watched in total bemusement as her utterly feminized little brother swished away, hips swaying seductively as he placed each foot delicately directly in front of the other, elbows in and wrists held girlishly limp, bracelets tinkling and luxurious hair bobbing on his shoulders. Every move he made was utterly feminine. She couldn't believe her scrawny younger brother had been so totally transformed into a buxom beauty in only a few months' time! And it wasn't only his changed body language that gave him a nice 'wobble' to his walk... unless her eyes were fooling her, Sidney was definitely developing curves, with a tiny, feminine waist and flared hips, and the tight fabric of his dress made it clear he was on his way to the pert 'bubble butt' so many girls longed for. Sidney glanced over his shoulder and his face went pink, seeing what had taken his sister's attention.

"Not padding, either," he said sadly. "I've been on a strict diet but for some reason all the weight just goes to my hips and, um, my butt." He looked down

at the floor through his long, fluttering eyelashes. "It's so embarrassing, I can't even fit into my old boxer shorts," he whispered. "I don't get it. It's like... it's like my body knows I'm wearing girls' things, and is trying to adjust? My body hair is hardly growing back, either! My skin keeps getting softer, and the hair on my head is shinier, too."

"Hmm," Ellie said thoughtfully. She had her own suspicions on that count, but decided to keep them to herself for the time being. "Don't worry about it," she said comfortingly. "I'm sure it's just all the moisturizers and shampoos, and as for the weight gain, I bet it's mostly in your head."

"I don't know what's in my head, lately!" Sidney moaned. "This has all gotten so out of hand. You have to help me figure out how to get out of this mess!" He wrapped his slender fingers around the refrigerator handle, long painted nails gleaming prettily, and tugged it open before bending gracefully at the waist to retrieve a container of left-overs, inadvertently drawing the thin fabric of his dress taut against the firm globes of his buttocks, a view which made it quite clear to Ellie, from the lack of visible panty lines, that her little brother was now wearing sexy thong underwear! She shook her head in quiet amazement as Sidney swished around the kitchen, microwaving the pasta, scraping it into a bowl, and fetching utensils. When she finally sat down to eat, she made an exaggerated noise of enjoyment.

"Mmmm," she said. "Hot, and she can cook? You're going to make some lucky guy very happy one day when you're a cute little housewife!" Sidney flushed.

"Please don't tease me, Ellie," he whined, with a catch in his voice that made it sound like he was near to tears. Was he sensitive as a girl, now, too?

"Sorry, I just couldn't resist," Ellie said apologetically. "Now, dad said he won't be home until late, right?"

"Yes, he's on a date," Sidney groaned. "With Ms. Vasquez, no less. I'm scared it's getting serious, El, and sooner or later the bomb has to drop, and she'll find out I've been pretending to be a girl this whole time, and who knows what happens then?"

"It's a delicate situation," Ellie admitted, checking her phone. She saw the reply she had been hoping for and a big grin spread across her face, rather reminiscent of Ms. Vasquez's, and Sidney looked at her suspiciously, tossing his hair in an effortless feminine gesture.

"What?" he asked. "Why are you smiling like that?"

"Well, if dad's out late, maybe the two of us girls could do something fun," Ellie smiled. "You don't have any plans with your friends, do you?"

"Are you kidding?" Sidney lamented. "They all got to do somewhere this Summer. I all I got was..."

“Boobs!” Ellie suggested teasingly. Sidney blushed. “So that means your evening is wide open!” Ellie deduced triumphantly. “So, how about we go out for dinner tonight?” Sidney sighed, shifting on his stilettos.

“Well... I suppose...” he said. “Ms. Vasquez is always saying that I need to be more sociable if I want to charm the judges...” He blushed bright pink, realizing what he’d just said. “It’s this pageant,” he sighed. “She’s totally obsessed with it, and I guess it’s rubbing off. But anyways, yes, maybe a dinner out would be nice, if we go somewhere without a lot of people, and if it’s just the two of us.”

“Awesome. I want to get the whole story from you before I hear Dad’s side of this. I have a few questions for him. How he could allow...” Before she could finish her sentence, he phone rang. “It’s Josh!” Ellie said with the excitement of a schoolgirl.

“Josh?” Sydney asked. “Who’s Josh?”

“Remember when you were teasing me about Josh Harms, the high school quarterback that I had that big crush on when I was a freshman?” Ellie questioned.

“Yes,” Sidney said hesitantly. “But what does that have to do with...”

“Well, we’ve been chatting a lot through IMs while I’ve been away at school,” Ellie said brightly. “And, well, he wants to grab dinner and catch up now that I’m back home for a while.” From the way she was beaming, and even blushing a little, Sidney could tell his sister’s feelings for Josh had clearly never gone away. Of course, he’d known as much ever since stumbling across her diary – boy, had she been angry about that one!

It finally made sense why Ellie was here in the first place. “Oh, so that’s why you came back from France so early...”

“Quiet!” She snapped, and then answered her phone. “Hiiii.... Josh.”

“Mrs. Ellie Harms,” Sydney said, just loud enough to make his sister worry it came through the phone. Ellie kicked him in the leg. “Just like you had written all over the inside of your diary,” Sydney continued to tease. To his surprise, Ellie didn’t seem bothered by the jab. On the contrary, she giggled.

“Yes, I’m at home right now...” Ellie replied to the phone. “No, not right now... I want to unpack...” She got up and wandered away into another room so she couldn’t be heard.

Sydney sighed and slumped down him his chair, but then immediately sat himself upright, with his hands in his lap, as he had been drilled to do my Ms. Vasquez. A minute later, Ellie came wandering back into the room. “Tonight?” She said, replying to Josh. She looked over at Sydney with doubt, but she seemed to make up her mind. “Five thirty,” she said. “I can’t wait to see you!” After a minute of them saying goodbye to each other, she finally hang up.

“What was that all about? Five thirty?” Sydney asked. “I thought you wanted to go have dinner.”

“Well, see... Josh and I haven't seen each other in so long...” Ellie said. “I couldn't say no. So you're going out with us!”

“Oh c'mon, Ellie!” Sydney whined.

“Look, I wouldn't ask, but Josh and I really wanted to go out tonight.”

“So I get to be a third wheel while you two get all mushy with each other.”

“Well... No... See, it's his little brother's birthday tonight, and Josh was supposed to take him out on the town. A third wheel is definitely not what I had in mind. But if there was a fourth wheel... as in, a double date... two couples...” As Sidney realized what his sister had in mind, his pretty painted mouth fell open in shock.

“No way!” he exclaimed. “I'm not going to be some guy's date! I might have to dress like a girl, but that doesn't mean I like boys, I told you that!”

“And you don't have to,” Ellie said soothingly. “Sidney, girls go on dates with boys they don't like that much all the time. It's not like I'm asking you to marry him or anything! Just get dressed up, have a nice dinner, and give me and Josh a chance to re-connect without his little brother jumping in every five seconds. You know? It'll be fun!”

“No way,” Sidney repeated firmly. “I'm not going to do it. I mean, what if he remembers you had a little brother, not a sister? I went to the same high school as him, remember?”

“Relax, Sidney, I already checked,” Ellie said. “Josh had no idea I had any siblings, and he accepted me telling him I had a cute little redhead for a sister without batting an eye. And his little brother is a grade above you, and last I knew you weren't friends with anyone on the football team, and no offense, Sidney, you're a bit of a wallflower, so the chances of him putting two and two together are tiny. No problem, see?”

“Forget it,” Sidney said, shaking his head and making his silver hoops dance prettily against his cheeks. “Just reschedule for another night, where you don't have to bring his brother along. I am *not* going on a date with a boy!”

“Okay, Sidney, you forced my hand,” Ellie said dramatically. “I was hoping you would agree to help out your big sister out of the goodness of your heart, especially since I spent a whole weekend on the webcam helping you become a passable girl for Ms. Vasquez...”

“And look where that got me!” Sidney exclaimed poutily. “A boob job, hair extensions, and high heels!”

“As if I could know all this would happen,” Ellie scoffed. “But the important part of that sentence was ‘webcam.’ I still have all of that recorded, you know!”

From your first pair of panties to learning how to walk like a lady. It's all on my laptop computer, Sid, and if you don't want to help me... well..." Sidney gasped.

"You wouldn't!" he exclaimed.

"I wouldn't want to," Ellie corrected. "But I might be so upset that I accidentally click 'send' and your little skater buddies receive a very interesting video, which I'm sure will crack them up." Sidney's face went pale despite his carefully-applied blush. The thought of his friends finding out exactly what he'd been up to all summer was enough to make him feel queasy. Even if he explained the exact circumstances, they would never let him forget it, and they definitely wouldn't be able to keep it to themselves, either. "Maybe it'll go viral!" Ellie chirped. "Skater punk to beauty queen! Pretty great hook, huh?"

"You're... you're black-mailing me!" Sidney sputtered indignantly, furious with his sister's scheming. Ellie pursed her lips thoughtfully.

"You know, I guess I am," she said. "But it'll be fun! I promise. Now, they'll be picking us up soon, so that gives us about two hours to get ready. Do you have an outfit in mind yet?"

"Of course not," Sidney snapped, but he knew he was now powerless in this situation. Ellie had managed to outwit him this time around.

"Good!" Ellie chirped. "Then I get to come and see your new wardrobe and help you pick out something really hot! Come on, sis, let's go!" She grabbed Sidney by the hand and yanked him towards the stairs. Sidney groaned. He had a feeling this was not going to end well.

"So what do you call yourself now?"

"Ms. Vasquez calls me... Uh... Cindy."

"Oh. My. God! That is soooo cute! Just like the fairy tale!"

Sydney groaned again.



By the time five thirty rolled around, Ellie's room (though Sidney, admittedly, had grown to thinking of it as his room) resembled the aftermath of a war zone, with discarded combinations of garments, undies, and shoes strewn all over the place, whether on the carpeted floor, the bed, or the backs of chairs. In Ellie's mind, however, the mess was completely worth it, because she not only was looking ravishing in a cute backless number she had borrowed from her brother, but she had also managed to coax her buxom sibling into a totally scandalous little black dress. Sidney was parked in front of the full-length mirror, as he had been for the past ten minutes or so, twisting this way and that as he inspected his reflection. His femininely-tweezed brows were wrinkled and he had a worried but undeniably cute pout on his luscious, bright red lips. Ellie

couldn't help but enjoy herself watching her utterly feminized younger brother primp and preen in front of the mirror, fussing with his hair and adjusting his cleavage. He'd once teased her about how long she took getting ready for dates, but now the high heel was on the other foot, and he was totally primped, plucked, and painted in order to be another guy's sexy date for the evening.

Ellie wasn't sure if his wide-eyed expression was because he was enchanted by his own reflection, or because he was absolutely terrified of the coming date, or perhaps simply because he'd applied his eye shadow and mascara so dramatically, managing to give him a slightly sultry yet innocent doe-eyed expression. Either way, there was no denying it: her little *sister* was a total hottie! From the gleaming red hair cascading in gentle waves around his perfectly made-up face and down his back, to his shiny red toe-nail polish showing through his smoky nylons and peek-a-boo high-heeled pumps, Sidney looked every inch a sexy, feminine young lady flaunting her emerging womanhood for a night out on the town.

His flawless makeup accentuated his pretty blue eyes with carefully-layered eye shadow and a thick coating of mascara on his long, luxurious false lashes, while also bringing his delicate bone structure to the surface and capping it all off with a seductive red lipstick that shone tantalizingly on his pouty little mouth. Small pearl earrings added a touch of innocence that offset the neckline of the dress, which was a little bit, or maybe a lot, too low-cut to be anything even approaching innocent!

The little black dress was a sheath style that clung to Sidney's new curves like a second skin, ending above his smooth-shaven knees, which were naturally clad in smoky sheer nylons that presented the feminine litheness of his legs quite nicely. However, it was definitely the neckline that would be attracting the most attention tonight – it dipped daringly low, so much so that Sidney had been forced to forego a bra, relying instead on the built-in support of the dress. It pushed his new boobs up and out while simultaneously squeezing them together into cleavage that would give a nun a heart-attack. They managed to quiver enticingly with even the slightest movement, which was certainly not helped by the four-inch stiletto heels his sister had insisted he wear, and now Sidney was full-on regretting every single step in the series of events that had led him to this moment. If only he'd told Ms. Vasquez the truth ages ago, if only he'd never agreed to babysit, if only he'd never gone with his dad to the property, if only he'd never been born...

"But it's... it's so... low," Sidney gulped, still staring at his sexy, feminine reflection in the mirror.

"Exactly," Ellie smiled. "This way your date's eyes won't be able to stay on your face long enough for him to even remotely recognize you – not that he would with all that makeup and your new hairstyle, anyways." Sidney blushed at the words 'your' and 'date' put together, and how they were not referring to a

pretty girl, but to a virile young man who would soon be escorting just that on his arm. Sidney had never been on a proper date, and now his first one would be on high heels and squeezed into a slinky black dress to best show off his full, firm breasts to advantage. “Here, have a little perfume!” Ellie instructed. Sidney obediently held out his dainty wrist for a spray, but Ellie instead gave him a liberal squirt down his cleavage and then a smaller one at his neck. “He’s not going to be nosing around your wrist, *Cindy*,” Ellie giggled. Sidney gulped, feeling utterly weak at the prospect of being close enough to a boy for him to smell this flowery, feminine perfume. When the sound of the doorbell rang, his nerves failed him completely.

“I can’t do it!” he squeaked, pretty blue eyes wide with terror. “Oh my God, Ellie, I just can’t! I’m s... so scared!” Ellie couldn’t help but be amused at how powerless her brother was, all dolled up and about to go on his first date with a boy, but she gave him a comforting hug, knowing the feminine gesture, and the feel of his boobs pushed against hers, could only reinforce his new feminine role.

“It’s okay, *Cindy*,” she said. “Just follow my lead, and I’ll take care of you, okay?” Sidney gave a sigh that shook his slender shoulders. “And don’t cry!” Ellie warned. “You’ll ruin your mascara!”

“I’m not crying!” Sidney protested indignantly, swallowing.

“Here’s your purse,” Ellie said angelically, handing him a tiny beaded clutch full of makeup, tampons, and little else. “Now, let’s go!” Sidney obediently let his sister steer him down the stairs and towards the front door, holding onto his purse as if it were a life preserver. He had never felt so terrified in his life as when Ellie pulled the door open, to reveal their dates standing on the front steps. Ellie’s date, Josh, looked vaguely familiar, and Sidney had to admit he was very good-looking if you liked them big, dumb, and muscly. From experience, Sidney knew his sister did. But he only gave the former quarterback a cursory glance before getting his first look at *his* date... Josh’s younger brother, Chris. Chris pretty much took after his brother in the looks department, and Sidney had heard all about his exploits on the gridiron through the usual school gossip. Chris had pretty much ignored him in the algebra class they had together the past year... Sidney was hopeful he wasn’t going to make the connection, especially since it looked like algebra was about the last thing on Chris’s mind. Just as Ellie had predicted, the poor boy’s eyes were having an awfully hard time staying away from Sidney’s proudly out-thrust cleavage – and his older brother Josh was having the same problem! Sidney’s face turned lobster red as he realized he was being ogled by both tongue-tied boys simultaneously.

“Hey, Josh!” Ellie squealed excitedly, giving her date a very lingering peck on the mouth to distract him from Sidney’s ‘assets.’ “And hi, Chris. I believe you haven’t met my gorgeous little sister *Cindy*, yet. *Cindy*, this is Chris, say hi!” Ellie dragged Sidney forward by the wrist, and he tottered forward on his sti-



lettos to keep from falling. Chris seemed to have recovered from his lock-jaw, and immediately placed a well-aimed kiss on Sidney's cheek.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Cindy," he grinned, taking Sidney's soft, manicured hand in his own large, callused one. "Your sister's right. You look completely gorgeous!" Sidney felt totally helpless and feminine, staring down at his

delicate manicured hand encased in Chris's masculine grip. His cheek was still burning where Chris's lips had been!

"Th... thank you," he stammered. "That's really... nice?"

"Cindy's a little shy around cute boys," Ellie said with a wink, linking her arm in Josh's. "Now, are we going to get going or what? We have a reservation for 7:15 and it's a pretty busy place..."

"Right," Josh said, distracted thoroughly by Ellie's charms. "Let's head out. Kids in the backseat." He gave his little brother a wink and Sidney's stomach turned. He realized he was meant to take Chris's outstretched arm just as his sister had, so he delicately laid his forearm onto Chris's and allowed the slightly taller boy to escort him down the steps. He was definitely checking out his slender nyloned legs as he did so! Ellie watched critically as Sidney, after having the door opened for him by Chris, got into the backseat, but she needn't have worried. Sidney slid inside butt-first, with his knees held tightly together, making the entire action as graceful and effortless as any Hollywood starlet. Someone had clearly been making him practice!

"Sorry," Chris said, as his hand 'accidentally' brushed Sidney's thigh, making his face burn red.

"It's okay," Sidney whispered. He slid over to allow Chris inside, wishing the backseat wasn't quite so cramped. Josh's car was barely big enough for the four of them, leaving Sidney pushed right up against his date. The feel of his muscular leg against Sidney's smooth nylon-covered thigh was exceedingly uncomfortable, but Sidney could do nothing about it. Even worse was when Chris draped his arm around the back, leaving his fingers dangling perilously close to Sidney's immaculate hair. The sheer proximity of his date was overwhelming knowing that as far as Chris was concerned, he was in a backseat with a beautiful girl!

"Don't get up to any mischief back there, Cindy," Ellie said teasingly as she closed her door on the passenger side. "I'll be watching!"

"Very funny," Sidney swallowed, blushing yet again. But despite her words, Ellie did nothing of the sort, instead being totally absorbed in chatting away happily with Josh up front. That left Sidney totally at Chris's mercy as he began flirting with his pretty, feminine date. Sidney did his best to fend off both Chris's questions and his roaming hands, which he did his best to wriggle away from while disguising the motion as searching for something in his purse. Ellie was being no help at all, totally caught up making moon eyes at Josh. That meant by the time they arrived at the restaurant Sidney had been forced to relent and accept Chris's strong arm around his small shoulders and his other hand just barely brushing against his nylon-covered knee. Sidney was practically shaking with nerves as he accepted Chris's help to get out of the car.

“You’re doing fine!” Ellie whispered quietly as Sidney, as the two boys engaged in a brief argument about the sports-car parked beside them. “You have nothing to worry about, Cindy, the poor boy is practically drooling over you.”

“That’s what I’m scared of!” Sidney hissed back. “He keeps touching my leg!”

“Ask him politely not to?” Ellie suggested teasingly, giving her little brother a wink. “Don’t worry, it’s just how boys are.”

“I know that, obviously!” Sidney said in a furious whisper.

“What’s that, Cindy?” Chris asked innocently. Sidney did his best to convert his expression of anger into a dazzling white smile.

“Um, nothing,” he squeaked. “Girl talk. Are we going inside?” he asked in a sweet, chirpy voice that Ms. Vasquez had insisted he practice for the judges. Judging by the expression on Chris’s face, he bought it without a hitch. He extended his muscular arm for Sidney to take, and, smiling reluctantly, Sidney took it. They let the boys escort them into the restaurant, which was a nice burger place Sidney vaguely remembered eating at with his dad and sister once. Of course, he’d been wearing his best shirt back then, not sexy lingerie, a slinky black dress, stiletto heels and makeup – and he had certainly not been on the arm of an increasingly horny young man who was barely bothering to hide the fact that he was staring at Sidney’s rack!

Sidney felt his face growing warm, but there was nothing he could do to stop the tantalizing jiggle of his breasts as he minced along in his high heels, taking two quick wiggling steps for each long stride of Chris’s. And Chris wasn’t the only one looking, either! The sight of two attractive red-heads managed to turn a lot of male heads as they entered, and Sidney found himself on the receiving end of an awful lot of ogling, not to mention jealous and catty looks from wives and girlfriends who had suddenly been upstaged by a gorgeous young thing in an exceptionally revealing dress. Sidney did his best to keep his gaze down, but staring into his own cleavage wasn’t a great way to keep his mind off his current situation. Chris and Josh led the way to the table, following the waiter in turn, and pulled out their dates’ chairs for them when they arrived. Ellie gave Sidney a mischievous smile as they both smoothed their skirts underneath themselves and took a graceful seat.

“We need to double-date more often,” Ellie giggled. “It’s so much fun seeing my little sister all dolled up on the arm of a big strong man. I can’t believe how much she’s grown up!” Chris didn’t understand the irony, but he definitely understood the compliment, and he sidled his chair up as close as possible to Sidney’s with a satisfied smile. Sidney smiled back across at his sister in the least genuine way possible.

“Super fun,” he said through his dazzling white teeth, vowing to kill his sister when the night was over and he was sure she’d deleted the incriminating footage from her laptop.

The waiter, who turned out to be a friend of Josh's, took their drink orders with a wink, assuring Chris he would get a beer, and Sidney would receive a white wine like his sister, despite them both being underage. Sidney thanked him, blushing as the young man took a good long look down his cleavage as he handed out the menus and departed. He figured a little bit of alcohol could only help him make it through the evening.

Ellie and her date wasted no time cozying up on their side of the table, and Chris seemed to take his older brother's cue, putting his arm around Sidney's bare shoulders and complimenting his perfume. Sidney silently cursed his sister even as he thanked Chris sweetly for the compliment, wishing there was some way he could remove Chris's arm without making a scene. Even worse, his date's other hand was now resting confidently on his upper thigh! Feeling the beginnings of a panic attack, Sidney took a deep breath, which made his breasts bob up and down attractively, and did his best to concentrate on the menu set in front of him.

"I think I'll just have a salad," Sidney said to the waiter when he returned, thinking of Ms. Vasquez's orders to watch his diet. His sister gave him an approving nod, which made him blush, and then placed her own order. The 'men' both ordered steaks, naturally, which made Sidney's stomach give a jealous and very unladylike rumble. Fortunately his date didn't hear it. No, Chris was still far too busy sneaking looks at Sidney's impressive cleavage to hear much of anything, much to the feminized boy's chagrin. He felt like a slab of meat with the way he was being eyed up, and the pure lust on Chris's face was totally humiliating and just a tiny bit frightening, as well. Sidney wished once more that he hadn't let his sister bully him into wearing such a revealing dress.

Despite his fears, however, Sidney's nerves slowly subsided as the evening progressed, to the point where he hardly noticed Chris's hand slowly stroking his thigh. This was mostly thanks to the white wine that the waiter was particularly keen on supplying him with. He had never drunk before, aside from a few sips of whatever his dad was drinking every once in a while, and the taste wasn't that pleasant, but he discovered after gulping down his first glass that it definitely made him feel more relaxed. Before he knew it, three glasses were gone and he was giggling at every one of Josh's stupid jokes.

"I think that's enough for little sister," Ellie said firmly, moving his fourth glass out of reach and using the 'you are embarrassing me and I will not stand for it' tone he remembered from their childhood. More than a little of her motivation may have also been linked to the way Josh was quite pleased at Sidney's bubbly little laughs, and was once again slyly checking him out when he thought Ellie wasn't looking.

"Don't be such a spoil-sport!" Sidney pouted. "I just like the taste, that's all!" But he managed to knock over the salt and pepper shakers as he reached for his napkin, and that sent him into a miniature laughing fit, making his boobs

jiggle ever so innocently in their cups, which in turn made Josh and Chris more than happy to laugh along. Ellie's smile was slipping into a frown at the way her date was progressing, and before long she suggested that they leave. Sidney was actually glad to have Chris there offering his arm, because his head was utterly spinning as he got to his feet, stilettos clicking against the floor as he stumbled slightly.

Before he knew it, he was in the backseat of the car again, this time having entered a little less gracefully, and inadvertently giving Chris a nice view of his backside as he scrambled in. Chris once again had his arm wrapped around him, but Sidney was too distracted by his favorite song on the radio to really care that much, as he sang along. Before long they were back at the house, and Sidney looked over at Chris and gave a happy sigh of relief. His first date as a girl, and he'd made it through alive and totally intact, with Chris none the wiser. Then he looked up to the front seat to see Josh and Ellie in the middle of an extremely passionate kiss. Sidney rolled his eyes, but worse was to come, because as Ellie broke away, still staring into Josh's big dreamy eyes, she had momentarily forgotten all about the particulars of Sidney's 'situation.'

"Do you two want to come inside for a little bit?" she asked breathlessly. Sidney's mouth fell open, but unfortunately Josh and Chris were both nodding like their chins were on springs. Despite the wine clouding his judgment, Sidney could feel a very clear sense of foreboding. This was not how things were supposed to go. He'd survived dinner as a girl in a low-cut dress, and now his sister was going to delete the incriminating evidence off her laptop and Chris would go home, never to see a redheaded girl named 'Cindy' ever again. Instead, Sidney was now being helped out of the car, managing to expose a brief flash of his red panties as he stumbled, and up the steps.

He felt Chris's hand migrating down to rest on his bottom, and he gave a squeak of surprise as he squeezed his cheek! Chris only chuckled slightly at his date's consternation, and a few moments later Ellie was leading them all inside. If she'd intended to keep things PG by having them all sit in the living room, that plan went out the window the second Josh kissed her again. Making some lame excuse about a music CD, Ellie tugged Josh off to the stairs, leading him to her bedroom – his bedroom, Sidney thought in his drunken state – and leaving Sidney and Chris very much alone in the dark living room. One of Sidney's stilettos snagged on the carpet and he stumbled, unfortunately giving Chris the perfect opportunity to catch him, wrapping one arm possessively around Sidney's small waist.

"I think we'd better get you sitting down," Chris grinned. "Someone's a little tipsy." Sidney flushed red but also felt a sharp thrill of fear, as well, as Chris led him to the couch and helped him sit. He crossed his long, slender legs on instinct, inadvertently giving Chris a nice view of his nylon-covered thighs.

“I, um, I don’t usually drink,” Sidney said quaveringly. “Maybe I should just go up to bed, I’m really sleepy...”

“Really?” Chris chuckled. “I had something *else* in mind.” Sidney opened his mouth to reply, but was cut off as Chris kissed him fiercely, snaking his warm tongue between Sidney’s pretty red lips and claiming his mouth as his own. Sidney’s stomach churned at the realization that another boy’s tongue was invading his mouth, but he was too weak to struggle as Chris cupped his smooth



cheek with one hand and drew him close. He was being kissed by a guy! Sidney made a muted moan of protest, but Chris seemed to take it as a sound of pleasure, because he began kneading Sidney's breast with his free hand. By the time the kiss broke, Sidney was panting for breath, blushing pink to the tops of his bosom. Chris had meanwhile managed to free his breast from the underwire support of his little black dress, and was now taking great delight in stroking Sidney's sensitive nipple. Sidney shuddered as a sensation of pleasure went through him.

"P-please stop!" he gasped. "I'm not... I'm not that kind of girl!"

"Don't play coy, Cindy," Chris said, kissing his slender neck. "The way you've been giggling and batting your eyelashes all night... showing off your tits in that tight little dress... I know you want this..."

"Chris, don't!" Sidney exclaimed. "You're going to really regret this when..." But he was once again cut off, this time by the sound of the front door banging open and his dad's jovial greeting, which turned into a cry of indignation almost immediately.

"Ellie?" Sidney's dad snapped. "Come on, you're home for one day and already bringing back some meathead to..." He flipped the light switch and the words died in his mouth. "Sidney?" he gasped. Sidney gulped, but there was nothing he could do but nod. Chris had somehow instantly teleported to the far end of the couch with an expression of innocence on his face, as if they had been talking about politics rather than playing tonsil-hockey, and now Sidney was left trying to pop his boob back inside his dress, straighten his mussed-up hair, and hide the smeared lipstick across his cheek.

"Dad... I..." Sidney's mind was racing a mile a minute trying to figure out how to explain what his dad had just seen without giving any clues to his overly-aggressive date that he had just been canoodling with a boy in a dress, but the wine was certainly not helping. Fortunately, Ellie poked her head around the corner at just that moment.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "Uh... hi, dad. Josh, Chris, maybe you guys better head out?" Josh, who was just doing up his jeans, needed no further suggestions, and Chris hurried out after him like a gunshot. Marvin Tremaine watched them both with a death-glare as they got into the car and drove away, then turned and slammed the door shut.

"Sidney? Ellie?" Their dad's voice was icy cold. "Care to explain to me what I just saw? For instance, why my only son was just making out with a boy on our couch?"

"It's not what it looked like!" Sidney wailed. "Really! He kissed me, not the other way around, and then... and then..." The evening's stress, not to mention four glasses of wine on an unaccustomed stomach, and the revulsion of being groped and kissed by a guy, and the shock of being caught out by his dad, all

made themselves known simultaneously as Sidney leaned over and threw up into an empty flower pot. Ellie was immediately at his side, rubbing his bare back and holding his long red hair out of the way.

“Have you been drinking?” Sidney’s dad demanded.

“It’s my fault,” Ellie said weakly. “I convinced Sidney to come on a double-date with me, because Josh had to bring his little brother along, and Josh knew the waiter so I thought a drink or two might help her, I mean, help him loosen up... but I didn’t keep an eye on how much he had, and I guess things got out of hand.”

“A date?” Sidney’s dad echoed. “You went on a date with another boy?”

Sidney nodded miserably, grimacing at the foul taste in his mouth as he sat upright. Ellie hurried to the kitchen to get him some water.

“I guess I should have seen this coming,” Sidney’s dad said forlornly. “This is really my fault, isn’t it? I was the one who gave you permission to keep going with all this girly stuff, and the one who signed off on your... uh... your...” His face had gone red.

“My boobs,” Sidney supplied.

“And now I get angry with you for wanting to go out with a boy and do a little romantic experimenting,” Sidney’s dad sighed. “Well... did you enjoy it?”

“What?” Sidney coughed. “No way! Of course not! Ellie made me, and then Chris just grabbed me and started making out with me once we were alone! That’s it. End of story. I swear!” Sidney’s dad slumped down into an easy-chair, visibly relieved.

“Thank God,” he muttered. “I guess you throwing up is proof enough of that. But this whole thing has gone too far, obviously, and it needs to end.”

“Finally,” Sidney moaned, accepting the glass of water from Ellie as she returned from the kitchen and taking a delicate sip. “You’re going to tell her the truth?” His dad grimaced.

“Ah... well... she really has her heart set on this pageant thing,” he said. “I mean, that’s only a few weeks away, right?”

“Don’t remind me,” Sidney muttered. “And I still don’t have my talent routine!”

“Maybe you could hold out until then?” Sidney’s dad suggested. “It’s just... well...”

“You didn’t manage to sleep with her tonight?” Sidney guessed. His dad gave an embarrassed wince as his ears went red.

“Second base,” he admitted.

“You and Chris both,” Sidney sighed. His dad’s eyes went wide, but Ellie couldn’t help but laugh, and pretty soon all three of them were gasping for

breath, unable to stop laughing at how bizarre the whole situation was, but it was all too much for Sidney. Before he knew it, he was passed out on his sister's shoulder, softly snoring.

Since Ellie had retaken her old room, she gently woke him up and helped him to his, first stopping in to get him makeup remover and a cute pink baby-doll nightie to sleep in. She couldn't help but stare jealously at his drawers and drawers full of expensive lingerie. This was the kind of collection she would have killed for in high school, but it was her little brother's! Ellie dragged her half-asleep brother to the bathroom and helped him remove his makeup, but even once his face was free of mascara, powders, eye shadows, blushers, and paints, she couldn't help but marvel at how feminine he still appeared. He had always had delicate features, and with his perfect complexion, plucked eyebrows, and gorgeous red hair, it was hard to imagine him as anything but a beautiful young teenaged girl. It was no wonder she'd always wanted to dress him up as a girl for Halloween when they were younger.

"El?" Sidney murmured faintly, as she helped him out of his dress and nylons. "You don't think I'm turning into a girl for real, do you?" Ellie frowned, looking at his dainty waist and budding curves, both of which were definitely out of place on a developing boy. She thought once more of voicing her suspicions, that maybe Sidney's benefactor was trying to 'help' him along with birth control pills, but instead she decided on a different tack.

"Would you *like* to be a girl for real?" she asked back.

"No!" Sidney mumbled. "No way. I just..." Ellie realized that her little brother had drifted off again. Once he was in his nightie, Ellie helped him back into his old bed, marveling at just how out of place he now looked on the Star Wars duvet with his long red hair tumbling around his bare shoulders, clad in a silky baby-doll that swirled gently around his smooth thighs. The skateboarding posters and old action figures looked equally foreign, too. Whether Sidney wanted to be a girl or not, he'd certainly come a long way from the boy he'd used to be.

"Goodnight, little sis," Ellie whispered, then left, gently closing the door behind her and turning off the light. Sidney, for his part, rolled over and began to snore softly again, blissfully free of any strange dreams.



When Sidney woke gently from his wine-induced slumber, seeing his familiar posters on the ceiling and a familiar Lego alarm-clock on his nightstand, everything felt more normal than it had in months. Except for a few strange things, like the smell of girly perfume, a slender hand with long painted nails beside his head, and locks of long, luscious red hair trailing over his face. In his still-

inebriated state, a huge grin spread over Sidney's face as he realized he'd finally managed to bring back a total hottie and spent the night with her, and now she was sprawled out beside him after a night of intense love-making...

Wait a second.

Sidney shifted slightly on the bed and felt the tell-tale jiggle of his breasts. He closed his eyes with a soft moan, as all the events of the summer came rushing back to him. The 'hottie' in his bed was him, and the only reason he

was back in his old room was because his sister was home from school... and because she'd persuaded him to go out on a double-date with a boy. Sidney burrowed his face in the pillow, a blazing blushing coming to him at the memory of Chris kissing him on the couch. He couldn't believe he'd let another boy do that to him!

"You awake?" came Ellie's voice. Sidney looked up and saw his sister waiting there. To her credit, she had brought him a glass of water and a couple of Advils to ward off an aching head from the hangover, as well. As she handed them over, she began to speak. "I'm really sorry about last night," she said. "I didn't realize Chris would be so forward, or that you'd be so, well, drunk. It was mean of me to blackmail you, but I think I realize now why I really did it."

"And that is?" Sidney asked, swallowing the pills eagerly and washing it down.

"I guess I was a little jealous," Ellie admitted. "Not just because my date was staring at your boobs all night. But because of everything. I come back and find out my little brother is prettier than me, with a stuffed wardrobe full of all the expensive clothes and shoes I could never afford, going to the salon every week, getting pampered, and having quality time with, well, she's kind of a mother figure, isn't she? Ms. Vasquez?" Sidney realized he had never even considered this particular angle. By complete accident, he'd managed to end up



with every single benefit to a girl having a mother that Ellie had had to grow up without.

“But I didn’t *want* any of this,” Sidney pleaded.

“I know,” Ellie sighed. “And it’s unfair of me to be jealous. Last night was a fiasco, and I’m sorry. But I have a suggestion that might make it up to you.”

“What kind of suggestion?” Sidney asked.

“Well, this pageant is really important to Ms. Vasquez, right?” Ellie asked. “To the point where she’s paid for all these clothes, and shoes, and underwear, and even your boobs. And she’s been having you practice every day for weeks!”

“She’s obsessed,” Sidney agreed. “I think me winning is her ultimate goal in life, for some reason.”

“So, since you didn’t want any of this in the first place, why don’t you do something to lose on purpose?” Ellie suggested, with a sly grin spreading across her face. “Something to really embarrass her, so much so that she doesn’t want anything to do with you or with dad.”

“You want me to throw the beauty pageant?” Sidney asked, confused. “Like, trip and fall over? She’ll just think it’s nerves!”

“I have something bigger in mind,” Ellie chuckled. “Something that’s obviously intentional.” She winked at him. “You still don’t have a talent for the pageant, right?” Ellie asked. “Well, how about you play to your strengths and do something you’re already good at?”

“But I’m not good at any girly things,” Sidney groaned. “Except for, like, getting in and out of cars, but I somehow doubt that will ‘wow’ the judges... not that I want to ‘wow’ them, anyways...”

“Have you ever heard of roller ballet?” Ellie asked slyly. Sidney’s eyes widened.

“Jeez, why didn’t I think of that before?” he moaned. “It would have saved me an awful lot of hours trying to learn how to spin plates...”

“I think you could probably put a little routine together in a snap,” Ellie said. “You know, something very graceful and feminine, set to classical music, with you wearing a cute, sweet, innocent, frilly, ugly outfit...”

“Yeah, yeah, I get the picture,” Sidney mumbled. “But how does me doing something I’m good at embarrass Ms. Vasquez and offend her enough to take her out of the picture for dad?”

“Well, first you put together a routine to show Ms. Vasquez,” Ellie smiled. “And then you do something a little bit different for the judges.”

“Okay,” Sidney said, sitting up. “I’m listening...”





With the help of his sister's dance experience and a few videos off the internet, it didn't take long for Sidney to throw together a five minute routine. He found a pair of retro roller skates nice and cheap at a garage sale, though Ellie insisted the discount was the same any gorgeous girl in a low-cut halter top and tight denim miniskirt would have received. Ellie managed to rustle up a purple leotard and leggings from her dance days that still fit, though Sidney's C-cups put some definite strain on it. Sidney got the handle of the roller skates quickly,

and most of the moves were a breeze compared to what he often did at the skate-park or on the street behind his house.

When his sister finally deemed it ready to perform, she helped plait his hair into a sweet little braid, complete with purple bows. Sidney was less than impressed with the hairstyle, but the ‘trial’ performance went off without a hitch, and Ms. Vasquez was sold that he finally had a talent worth displaying to the judges. Yes, the first half of the routine was in the bag. It was the second half that really took some convincing on Ellie’s part.

“I thought this was supposed to humiliate Ms. Vasquez,” Sidney complained, as Ellie showed him yet another ‘instructional’ music video. “Not me!”

“But it’s not you up there, remember?” Ellie countered. “It’s just some dumb bimbo named Cindy. Nobody has any reason to connect the two of you. It’s just playing a role, remember?”

“I guess,” Sidney agreed, blushing. “I just have the feeling you’re having way too much fun with this.”

“Well, maybe a little,” Ellie giggled. “Now come on, back to work.” Ellie was nothing if not determined, and by the end of the week, Sydney had mastered the routine to her satisfaction despite only practicing when his dad was not around. It was nice having his sister back in town, even if he was now her little sister, rather than little brother, and they ended up doing more ‘girly’ activities than usual, like going shopping or for tea or once to see a chick flick at the theatre. Ms. Vasquez, for her part, had eased off on the training, proclaiming Sidney ready to compete at last. A small part of that might have been related to the fact that she was now spending an awful lot more time with Sidney’s dad, which was worrisome. At least the pageant was soon, and he was at least relatively sure Ellie’s plan would work.

At the same time he was anticipating it, however, Sidney was also slightly dreading the approaching pageant. He was beginning to see flyers up all over town, and Ms. Vasquez’s pageant obsession seemed to have transferred over to him, as he practiced even on his own, and even had a few strange dreams where he showed up without his costume, forgot how to walk in heels, et cetera. In none of them, however, was he exposed as a boy. In fact, he couldn’t seem to remember being aware of his boyhood at all in any of the dreams... weird, right?



It was the Thursday before the pageant, and for the first time in what seemed like forever, Sidney was actually babysitting again. Ms. Vasquez was out running errands, and Mia was busy with chores, and that meant Sidney and Rodrigo were back in the living room, just like old times.

Well, not exactly like old times. The fact of the matter was, Rodrigo was sitting in the middle of the rug, playing with a toy fire truck, while Sidney was perched daintily on the edge of the couch, freshly-waxed legs crossed prettily under the daringly-high hem of his little miniskirt. His sweater molded nicely to the swell of his breasts while also exposing just a tantalizing strip of midriff without being too slutty. Sydney was currently totally absorbed in reapplying his lip gloss with the aid of his little compact mirror and the Cosmo magazine he'd been leafing through. He only looked up when the plastic fire truck went sailing across the room.

"What is it, darling?" Sidney asked, using the pet name without so much as a second thought.

"Cindy never plays!" Rodrigo said sharply. "You a girl now!"

"I was always a girl," Sidney protested, realizing how bizarre the words were only after he'd said them.

"But now you a big girl," Rodrigo sighed. "And you never play." Sidney opened his mouth to argue, but why on Earth was he arguing with a five-year-old? And heck, why was he so absorbed with doing makeup when the little kid he was being paid to watch was utterly bored sitting there on the floor?

"You're right," Sidney said decisively. "You're totally right! Hold on, Rodrigo, you and me are going to the park. We'll swing on the swings, and play tag, and all that good stuff. Okay?"

"Yay!" Rodrigo cheered.

"Just let me do something with my hair," Sidney added. "I know I have a ponytail somewhere in my purse..." He rummaged around until he found the elastic he was looking for, then gracefully drew up his hair into a high, feminine ponytail, leaving several strands loose to frame his face. He informed Mia where they were going, then Rodrigo stuffed his little feet into sneakers and Sidney buckled his feet into a relatively comfortable pair of red pumps with only a two-inch heel, and they set off for the nearby park.

Sidney had grown accustomed to a lot of things the average sixteen-year-old guy never did, like the clopping noise of his heels, the swish of his hips as he walked, the breeze between his legs thanks to his short skirt, and the feeling of lacy lingerie caressing his body and cradling his jiggling breasts. Even the feel of makeup on his eyelids and lipstick on his lips, and the tug of earrings in his earlobes, and the brush of his long hair against his neck, were no longer foreign to him. But he didn't think he would ever get used to being wolf-whistled at!

"Why he whistle?" Rodrigo asked, noticing his babysitter blushing as the car passed by.

"Um, he's looking for his pet dog," Sidney lied. Fortunately, the playground and park were occupied mostly by couples with kids. Sidney tried his best to follow through on his promise, but climbing around on playground equipment



was a tall task in heels and all but impossible when wearing a flirty little mini-skirt prone to flipping up at inopportune times. Managing his purse added a whole new level of difficulty, and his long manicured nails made a mess of tag – Rodrigo ended up with a small scratch on his arm that necessitated an ice cream cone apology. All in all, the playground was a lot less fun than Sidney remembered it from his childhood, or rather, from his boyhood. He had given up, sitting down carefully on a wooden bench to watch Rodrigo wander around looking at insects, when a familiar voice gave him a shock.

“Cindy?” came the masculine voice. “Hey!” Sidney turned his head, and saw that it was none other than Chris, clad in shorts and a T that showed off his

muscles. He had a football in one hand, and a bunch of his friends were a short distance away, jostling and laughing loudly with each other.

“Oh, h... hi!” Sidney stammered. “I, um, I didn’t think I’d run into you...”

“Your dad isn’t around, is he?” Chris asked, looking around with a fearful expression. Sidney couldn’t help but giggle.

“Um, no,” he said. “Just me and Rodrigo.” He pointed with one red-polished nail. “He’s the little boy that I babysit.”

“Hey, buddy!” Chris gave him a little wave, which Rodrigo shyly returned. “You’re lucky, little guy,” he grinned. “My babysitter was nowhere near this pretty when I was a kid!” Sidney’s fair complexion was suddenly rosy with embarrassment.

“We were actually just heading back home,” he said. “So...”

“Don’t run off,” Chris pleaded. “Look, I wanted to apologize about what happened. I didn’t realize you were so, well, tipsy, and I was just trying to impress my older brother. He’s always made fun of me for not being confident with the ladies, so I guess I tried to take a page out of his book and be ‘confident.’ I didn’t realize I ended up being a creep. Normally I never would have been so aggressive. You’re just so beautiful, and sweet, and I guess I read the signals all wrong. I’ve been trying to get a hold of you to apologize, but I guess your sister hasn’t been passing the messages along?”

“I guess not,” Sidney admitted, slightly peeved, despite himself. Who did Ellie think she was, censoring his messages like that?

“I totally understand if you want nothing more to do with me,” Chris said, shame-faced. “But if you ever want to get together again, just as friends, to hang out...” He was beginning to stutter and blush, and Sidney realized, with a funny sensation in his stomach, that Chris was nervous to be talking to him! It was almost, kind of... endearing.

“I’m really busy,” Sidney said, and then, because Chris’s face made it obvious he knew he was being blown off, he added, “Because of this big beauty pageant on the weekend. So I really don’t have much spare time. Sorry!” Sorry? Why was he apologizing? Sidney gave himself a mental slap. He had been reading too many Cosmo magazines, he was starting to act just like a girl would around a cute guy! And Chris was definitely ‘cute’ by all their criteria.

“Maybe I’ll come watch,” Chris said eagerly. “I’m sure you’ll win the whole thing, Cindy. You’re the most beautiful girl I’ve ever met. Even Josh admitted it, you’re way prettier than your sister!”

“Really?” Sidney asked, intrigued despite himself. He had never been better than his sister at anything before, and he especially had never been considered better-looking. Maybe Ellie had an ulterior motive for screening his calls. Jealousy, perhaps?

“Really,” Chris said, nodding his head. Sidney blushed.

“Well, thanks for the compliment,” he said. “But I really have to get going, so...”

“Play tag with me!” Rodrigo suddenly interrupted, bouncing to his feet. “Please? Cindy no like tag anymore!”

“That’s because Cindy’s a pretty girl,” Chris laughed. “It’s hard to play tag in heels, right, Cindy?”

“Chris has to get back to his friends, and we have to get back home,” Sidney said quickly. “Sorry, Rodrigo!”

“Hey, I have time for a quick game of tag,” Chris said. He turned and fired the football all the way back to his waiting friends. Even Sidney, who had never bothered to cultivate an interest in the sport, had to be impressed, and little Rodrigo was staring up at Chris as if he was now a super hero. “You look pretty quick, but I’ll do my best, little guy,” Chris grinned. Before Sidney could protest, the two of them were off into the playground, dodging and weaving around the slides and swings. Chris was obviously really good with kids, pretending to just barely miss Rodrigo every time, and Rodrigo was shrieking with delight. Sidney, of course, was stuck on the bench, slender arms folded and glossy lips set in a pout. Eventually, though, he couldn’t help but crack a smile at Chris’s antics.

“Be careful!” he chided, when Chris started swinging Rodrigo around by the arms. “You’re going to drop him!” He immediately flushed as he realized what he’d just said. Stuck sitting on the bench, scolding the ‘real’ boys for being too wild – it was just as if he was the mom, Chris was the dad, and little Rodrigo was their kid. Boy, was that a weird image.

“Okay, little guy, I’m all worn out,” Chris laughed, setting Rodrigo down. “Now make sure you listen to your pretty babysitter! Cindy will tell me if you don’t, and then I *will* drop you!” He turned to Sidney. “I should really get back to my friends now,” he said. “But maybe I’ll see you around?”

“Yeah, sure,” Sidney said, still feeling slightly put out over his total relegation to the feminine role, while also knowing full well that ‘Cindy’ would cease to exist in a matter of weeks. He and Ellie had already concocted a story in which she moved across the country to stay with a dying relative. “Maybe you will!” Chris gave a satisfied grin at that, and jogged back to join his friends. Rodrigo was looking up at Sidney with a huge, ice-cream covered grin.

“Cindy has a boyfriend!” he shrieked.

“What?” Sidney stammered. “No, I don’t! Don’t you dare let your mom hear that!”

“Cindy has a boyfriend, Cindy has a boyfriend,” Rodrigo repeated in a sing-song voice. Sidney groaned. It looked like Rodrigo had just composed his new favorite song.



On the morning of the big day, Sidney was far too nervous to eat breakfast. Ellie only managed to convince him to eat half a grapefruit by telling him that if he didn't eat now, he was liable to bloat later in the day. Ms. Vasquez arrived at the Tremaine house early that morning, proudly proclaiming that she had bought seats for everybody, and even suggested that they all go together in a rented limo. Sidney was a little uncomfortable with that arrangement, but he was more uncomfortable with the swimsuit Ms. Vasquez had just foisted on him.

Seeing it just in his hands was the most terrifying feeling he had ever experienced. How could he possibly ever be seen in public wearing this? She and Ellie both did their best to reassure him, but he was all but hysterical by the time he had seen himself in the mirror. It was easy for them to say he would do fine – they weren't the ones about to strut their stuff in front of an audience wearing what was practically dental floss! He wrapped the bathrobe around himself like a protective sheet of armor.

“Maybe I should have told jou about the bathing suit earlier,” Ms. Vasquez admitted. “But it is not a bikini! I did promise jou, after all.”

“How is this any better?” Sidney hissed, opening the robe to give a brief flash of what he was wearing. It was worse than what Ellie had managed to bully him into wearing for the second part of his routine! The garment Ms. Vasquez had selected for him was hardly more than a scrap of fabric, with the bandolier-style top providing less coverage for his breasts than the red hair spilling around his shoulders, instead merely squeezing them together into a generous valley of cleavage and somehow managing to make them look even larger. They jiggled dangerously with every movement, threatening to pop free entirely! The top was connected to the bottom by a tiny criss-cross of material that left his stomach and back almost entirely exposed, while the bottom itself was a bikini style that had necessitated a far more invasive ‘tuck’ than usual. Sidney was worried if he'd ever be able to retrieve his testicles from his body cavity.

“It's a teensy bit on the, um, teensy side,” Ellie said. “But you definitely have the body to pull it off!” Sidney blushed furiously at the backhanded compliment. She was right, though! The swimsuit was basically designed to transform the wearer into a walking advertisement for sex, and it presented his feminine curves to maximum effect. In a pair of high heels, he knew that not a single guy on Earth would be able to resist ogling his swishing rear end and bouncing breasts. The prospect was not exactly one he relished.

“You will be marvelous, darling,” Ms. Vasquez said firmly. “Now come! The limousine is waiting.” With one last peek in the mirror, Sidney wrapped the robe tightly around himself and let himself be ushered out to the car. His dad and Ms. Vasquez looked awfully cozy sitting together, but Sidney had bigger things to worry about at the moment, seeing as his breasts were attempting to escape the cups of his swimsuit!

The parking lot of the theatre where the pageant was being held was packed full of cars, which doubled Sidney’s nervousness as he was let out at the front. Ms. Vasquez assured him once more that he would be fantastic, and that she would be watching from the front row with the rest of his family, and then it was time to part ways. Sidney’s dad carried his garment bags and cosmetics case for him, slightly sheepishly. As soon as Sidney was signed in, as ‘Cindy,’ of course, his things were whisked away towards the back by some of the pageant organizers.

“Well, I guess this is it,” his dad said. “Um, break a leg out there, Sid. Cindy, I mean.”

“Thanks,” Sidney blushed, feeling slightly guilty about the unexpected turn the pageant was going to take. “I’ll do my best!” He couldn’t help but think how excited he once would have been to see the procession of pretty girls heading backstage, but it was a little different now that he was one of them! He stuck the number the organizer had given him to the hip of his swimsuit, as instructed. He took a deep breath and, with butterflies in his stomach, entered backstage. It was a huge hubbub of girls mincing around in their high heels and bikinis, most of them very exuberant, talking and giggling excitedly, many clearly fresh out of a tanning bed with their skin deeply bronzed, and all of them with teeth that were blindingly white. These were definitely some of the most gorgeous girls Sidney had ever seen, but rather than checking them out, he found he was instead appraising their looks in comparison to his own. One or two were some ‘cheerleader’ type popular girls who ran his high school, but he knew he didn’t have to worry about being recognized at this point, not when he was bustier than either of them!

The emcee got up on stage and, with music playing, began giving a small introductory speech. The organizers shepherded the girls into line, which meant it was time for Sidney to take off his robe. Most of the other girls had already stripped down to their skimpy bathing suits. Sidney no longer had the fear that girls, especially pretty girls his own age, might somehow sense something was off about him. In fact, everything about him was no so completely feminine that he was more girlish than most real girls – he walked with a sexy sway to his hips, elbows in and wrists flared prettily, stood with his hips cocked attractively and sat with his legs crossed seductively, fluttered his lashes, pouted his lips, and now, thanks to his extensions, played with his long red hair almost constantly.

Every trace of masculinity had been utterly eliminated thanks to Ms. Vasquez's efforts, and that became even more obvious as he undid his robe with his long painted nails and slipped it off his slender shoulders. The girl in front of his eyes bulged just slightly as Sidney adjusted the cups of his swimsuit, moving his cleavage around. He had already checked his makeup in the mirror, and it was just as perfect as it had been early that morning when Ms. Vasquez and Ellie had helped him with it.

"Now, you'll be entering the stage from the left and then making your way to the front," one of the organizers explained to the assembled beauties. "Follow the tape on the floor, and stop at the star in the front. Strike a pose, but not too long, and give us your best smile. Then you proceed to the right side of the stage and stand on one of the rows, five girls on each. Everything clear?" Everyone nodded, either excitedly or nervously. Music started playing once more and Sidney quickly checked his number..

One? Sidney gulped. There had to have been some kind of mistake! Why wouldn't they have handed them out in numerical order? He certainly hadn't been the first girl to arrive, after all! But before he could plead his case, the organizer gave him an encouraging nod and pointed to the stage.

"Get ready, honey, you're up," she said. "On my cue, okay?"

"Okay," Sidney said, voice trembling. He was really about to go through with this! Too nervous to breathe, he fluffed out his hair, adjusted his cleavage, and gave himself one final look in the mirror. Then, right on cue, he made his entrance. The crowd filling up the theatre was so big that he almost ran right then and there, but he knew he would only end up tripping on his high heels. So he took a deep breath, and fixed the smile on his face as he did exactly what Ms. Vasquez had drilled him on so mercilessly over the past few weeks. Manicured hands on his hips, gliding along like a fashion model with a seductive, almost serpentine wobble, each foot perfectly in front of the other, hips gyrating invitingly. The navy blue of his tiny scrap of a swimsuit gleamed in the stage lighting, drawing full attention to each sway of his hips and jiggle of his breasts in their flimsy top. From his long slender legs to his gorgeous red hair and angelic face, Sidney had every red-blooded male in the crowd drooling.

As he reached the center of the stage, he struck the sexy pose Ms. Vasquez had insisted on: back arched, exaggerating the camber of his chest and rear, one dainty hand on his out-thrust hip, and a coy smile on his lips. He cocked his head cutely and smiled towards the judges' table, his whitened teeth sparkling. Judging by the slack-jawed expressions of the two men, and the encouraging smile of the one woman, he had done it right! Blushing, Sidney lowered his eyes beneath the long, fluttering dark lashes and turned gracefully on his heels, making his way towards the steps.

Sidney had never heard so much applause in his life! Between his bouncing breasts, the air-conditioning caressing his all-but-naked body, the bikini bottom



wedging itself between his cheeks with every mincing step, the long hair tickling his cheeks, the weight of his false lashes and the taste of gloss on his lips, every sensation was incredibly feminine and intoxicating. By the time he took his place on the platform to await his scores, hand on his hip and pretty white smile fixed on his face, he found that his palms were sweating and his heart was going as fast as a jackhammer.

The judges raised their number cards simultaneously – and it was perfect 10s across the board! The crowd applauded once more, and Sidney heard several wolf-whistles. He gazed into the front row to see his father about as red in the face as he was in his hair, looking vaguely shellshocked, while Rodrigo was absorbed in his video game. Ms. Vasquez and Ellie, however, were both clapping furiously and squealing with excitement. Sidney almost felt guilty for what he was going to do in the talent segment. Two other girls managed to get two 10s out of three, but nobody else got them across the board. Sidney was in the lead!

All of the girls made their way backstage again to another round of applause, and then everyone began bustling to get changed into their costumes. Fortunately, or perhaps unfortunately, the order was now reversed, meaning Sidney would be the last to perform. He found the garment bag with his name on it and pulled out his costume.

“Congratulations,” a pretty blonde beside him said, rather reluctantly. “I’ve never seen anybody get a ten from Judge Smith, he’s a real stickler.”

“Oh!” Sidney said. “Um, thanks. I wouldn’t know, it’s my first time. In a pageant, I mean.”

“Really?” the blonde demanded. “Wow, well I’d say you’re a natural! If I don’t win it, I hope you do. If it’s your first time, you probably aren’t totally full of yourself yet!”

“Totally humble,” Sidney said weakly, giving her a smile. Once he would have killed to talk to a hot blonde in a bikini so easily, but he had never pictured these particular circumstances. The girl waved goodbye and made her way over to a mirror to re-do her makeup.

As the girls went out one by one to sing, dance, or play various musical instruments, Sidney took his time getting ready in relative privacy behind a screen, going over the routine in his mind. He did his hair in an innocent girly braid again, and put on his full costume, which was a little different than what he’d worn to show Ms. Vasquez.

“Remember,” he muttered. “You’re Cindy. You’re just some bimbo named Cindy who won’t exist after this afternoon. None of this can come back to haunt you...”

“Cindy, you’re up next!” the organizer interrupted his little pep-talk, putting a hand on his bare shoulder. Sidney gave a squeak of surprise. Time had really flown by, but he was ready, pink leggings, leotard and all. The last thing was the roller-skates themselves. As he laced them up, he felt his nervousness slipping away. He could do anything on roller skates! Sure, he didn’t usually do *this* kind of thing, but desperate times called for desperate measures, and this was a sure-fire way to make certain Ms. Vasquez would disown her favorite babysitter for good.

Despite that comforting thought, Sidney’s heart was still beating a little quicker than usual behind his gorgeous breasts as the soft, tinkling classical music began to play and he glided out onto the stage, making a graceful figure eight. He twirled and spun across the wood surface, trying to make his every movement dainty and swan-like. He could see that the judges were enthralled, and Ms. Vasquez, in the front row, was ecstatic. Sidney swallowed as he came to a graceful stop on the tip of one roller skate, with the music fading out.

Ellie gave him a nod, grinning like a maniac, and Sidney couldn’t help but grin nervously back as the music suddenly changed entirely. He leaned down and



ripped off his ‘tear-away’ style leggings, followed by his leotard, revealing a pink-and-blue polka-dotted bikini top with a matching micro miniskirt. As the speakers boomed out the lyrics of a salacious and particularly vulgar rap song, Sidney undid his braids and shook out his mane of red hair, letting it tumble seductively over his bare shoulders, and launched into the hip-hop routine that Ellie had put together for him, shaking his boobs, gyrating his hips, and stunning the audience into total silence with a ‘booty pop’ that would make some strippers jealous.

Sidney was flushed and breathless by the time he ended his routine on the floor, crossing one leg seductively over the other, and the look on Ms. Vasquez’s face was one of pure horror. With the profanity-laden rap song fading out, it was dead silent in the auditorium. Then Sidney’s dad began, awkwardly, to clap. It caught on, and suddenly the whole theatre was applauding wildly. Sidney caught Ellie’s eye – that hadn’t been part of the plan, but heck, it probably

didn't change things too much. He got up, managing to accidentally flash his panties to the judges, and skated backstage once more. The other girls, already in the midst of changing into their evening gowns, were utterly stunned.

"You've got some nerve making a, a total mockery of this competition!" one of them exclaimed, sounding as if she was on the verge of tears.

"Don't listen to her," another girl said. "Girl, that was impressive."

"Totally," the blonde from earlier chimed in. "And it took some serious balls!" Sidney blushed bright red.

"Thanks," he said. "Um, anyone want to help me with my evening gown?"



A mere fifteen minutes later, Sidney looked absolutely resplendent as he prepared to make his way back onstage. The shimmery silver lame dress fit so perfectly he might as well have been poured into it, clinging to his blossoming curves like a stretchy second skin, flattering his increasingly dainty waist and rounded hips, creating the classical 'hour-glass' figures that women killed for – and men drooled over! The utterly feminine creation had a knee-high slit to show off the slender, shapely calves Sidney had recently had waxed baby-smooth, while his dainty feet perched in open-toed stiletto sandals designed to display his pretty painted toenails. The strapless bodice, meanwhile, was so low-cut it necessitated going bra-less, meaning Sidney's jiggling 36-C's were pushed together to form a generous valley of cleavage while also managing to bounce alluringly with each high-heeled step.

Sidney felt slightly guilty knowing Ms. Vasquez had paid a fortune for this dress, not to mention the accessories: a chunky diamond bracelet and matching choker, along with exquisite chandelier earrings that tugged this way and that on his ears as he inspected his makeup one last time, freshening the shiny fuchsia gloss that gave his plump lips such a wet, kissable appearance – and the thought arrived, totally unbidden, that Chris would sure love to get his tongue between them! Blanching at the image, which was, of course, totally revolting and not in the least bit... exciting... Sidney gave his fiery red hair one final comb-through. With help from some of the girls, it now fell in a graceful cascade down one shoulder, pulled around the back of his neck to expose the graceful curve of his neck and the shining chandelier earring. He couldn't believe that the gorgeous, graceful, incredibly sexy redhead staring back at him had been a little skater punk only a few short months ago! Gosh, what would his friends think of him now?

Before he could reflect any further, however, it was his cue. Taking a deep breath, he gave the friendly blonde girl a weak smile in exchange for her thumbs up, and strutted out onto the stage. While the contestants had been

busy getting ready, the organizers had been busy setting up a sort of makeshift cat-walk that extended right past the judges table, meaning Sidney now had even further to walk in his four-inch stilettos while maintaining a seductive smile and perfect feminine poise – but fortunately, he was more than up to the challenge.

There were some whistles and catcalls as he sashayed down the catwalk, no doubt from some boys in the crowd hoping for a striptease encore, but the judges looked nothing but impressed! Ms. Vasquez, on the other hand, looked to be sulking in her front-row seat when Sidney chanced a glance in her direction. Even better, she was shrinking away from his dad's attempt to console her. He saw Ellie flash him a covert thumbs-up, but dared not return it, instead channeling his excitement into adding an extra degree of flirtatiousness to his performance by tossing his hair at the perfectly-timed moment and giving the judging table a scandalous wink. The crowd loved it!

Sidney felt a sense of exhilaration that he had never done before... For the first time in his life, he was far from a wallflower... No, he was the dead center of attention, and people loved him! Sidney made his way to his pre-ordained spot to wait for the other girls to strut their stuff, maintaining his pretty white smile as he stood with his hands on his hips. *Get a grip, Sid, he told himself internally. You're not a chick, remember?* he thought to himself. *Once this is over, it's baggy jeans or bust! Just think, no more waxing your legs... no more pain-in-the-butt long nails... no more guys talking to your chest instead of your face...* But as his train of thought continued, the perfect smile began to falter on his pretty face. *No more discounts just for being cute and sexy... no more sister-to-sister quality time with Ellie... no more popular people actually being interested in being your friend... back to being an anonymous nobody... no more spending time with Rodrigo...* He was so caught up in his thoughts that the girl beside him had to squeeze his hand to get his attention.

“The judges are about to announce the winner!” she hissed.

“Um, right,” Sidney said, managing to sound like a bit of a ditz. He supposed it was polite to watch and clap, even though he had pretty much checked out of caring who won the competition the second he agreed to Ellie's plan. Ms. Vasquez was sitting stiffly with her arms akimbo and a sour expression on her



face. Yes, Sidney realized. His time in skirts was definitely over. What a strange summer it had been, but it was only a summer... he could get these boob implants taken out, and he was sure that once he stopped dressing as a girl and using so many creams and moisturizers, everything else would straighten itself out as well. He couldn't wait to get back on his rollerblades, and *not* while wearing a bikini top! And with all that money saved up...

“And our winner is...” the emcee announced, with his characteristic flair, “the fiery bombshell who had our male judges picking their jaws up off the floor while flaunting her bod in the swimsuit portion... who wowed us and then wowed us again in a creative and edgy talent performance that showcased a free-spirited, independent young lady confident in her



sexuality... and finally enchanted us all with her grace and femininity while looking absolutely sumptuous in a lovely evening gown... yes, our winner is lovely contestant number one, Cindy Tremaine!”

He was barely paying attention, but the auditorium erupted into cheers, and a shriek of delight from Ms. Vasquez jolted him back to reality. They'd called his name! He'd won! Utterly shell-shocked, Sidney

let himself be pushed and pulled along by the other girls as they funneled him towards center stage, where a crown and a bouquet of red roses was awaiting him. He was completely stunned as they set the tiara on his head and placed the roses in his manicured hands, but through the flashing cameras Sidney could see Ms. Vasquez and his dad in the midst of a long, passionate kiss, and the whole plan was falling to pieces around his ears.



By the time Sidney was finally allowed to slip away to the backstage, Ms. Vasquez was waiting to sweep him into a bear-hug, mashing their respective cleavages against each other in a way that no longer seemed bizarre. She was already talking at full steam, and Sidney tried his best to keep up.

“Darling, you are so brilliant!” she yelled. “So, so brilliant to do this, this, how you say, impro-vis-ation! You knew they would love it, jes? But of course, how could they not, it was so brave and so fun, and you shake your bum so beautifully! I am so happy, darling, so, so happy! Mwah!” She planted a kiss on his cheek. “And I have good news, as well!” she continued. “Your father and I, we are dating now and I want you all to move in! Just think! I have always wanted a daughter, and now it is as if I gain two! Of course, your sister will be busy with school, yes, but you and I will go to the salon every day, and go shopping, and to yoga, and more pageants, naturally, of course more pageants!” Sidney found he had completely lost his voice, as a terrifying eternity of miniskirts, lingerie and stilettos stretched out before him. He looked desperately to his father, but Marvin Tremaine only had eyes for his new girlfriend, and as for Ellie...

“What am I supposed to do?” Sidney hissed, as Ms. Vasquez raced away to retrieve Rodrigo, who was getting up to mischief in the dressing room. “This is not how things were supposed to turn out!” To his horror, rather than commiserating, his sister went slightly pink, unable to meet his gaze.

“But maybe it all kind of turned out for the best?” Ellie suggested hesitantly, then gave a sigh. “Ms. Vasquez and I were speaking a little during the competition, and she’s actually so nice, and a really interesting, powerful woman... and the thing is, Sid... er, Cindy... she offered to pay the rest of my tuition for me. Like, in full.”

“Ellie...” Sidney trailed off helplessly.

“I can’t say no to that!” Ellie pleaded. “I mean, look, we both know dad was struggling to make ends meet, never mind pay for the rest of my schooling. This way I can get into a top-notch program and not have to worry about paying a dime. This is huge! And besides... is it really so bad, being Cindy?”

“W... what do you mean?” Sidney asked tremulously, feeling tears beginning to fill his big blue eyes.

“I mean you were never much of a manly man, you know, despite dad’s best efforts,” Ellie sighed. “And you were certainly never popular. But with a gorgeous face and a killer rack like that? Sid, you could practically *run* our high school! I’m talking head cheerleader, homecoming queen, dating all the hottest guys...”

“Dating the hottest *guys*?” Sidney squealed, outraged.

“Don’t jump all down my throat,” Ellie snapped. “You already let Chris do that! You two looked awful cozy on the couch before dad got home. Are you trying to tell me you weren’t at least a little curious about it? About him?”

“Of course I wasn’t!” Sidney shrieked. “I m... I m...” But as the tears began to slide down his face, he began to doubt himself once more. Had he purposefully flirted with Chris, showing off his nylon-covered legs and jiggling his cleavage

for him? Had he parted his lips willingly as Chris claimed his mouth with that powerful kiss?

“I think it’s clear to everyone but you,” Ellie said, more kindly. “You were just meant to be a girl all along. How else would this charade go on so long? How else could a smart lady like Ms. Vasquez possibly mistake you for a girl, not just once, but for weeks and weeks? It’s because you’re naturally feminine, Cindy, and you’ve just been hiding it.” The words rang in his ears, so close to what Ms. Vasquez had been saying for months now, but he’d never thought it could possibly be true... But then... Sidney thought about the increasingly high pitch of his voice, the way his body hair was growing back so lightly, or hardly at all, the way his body was gaining such girlish contours... Was this the reason? Was Ellie right? Had he really been meant to be a girl all along?

“I’m s... so confused,” Sidney gasped, sobbing now. His sister gave him a tissue and watched as he dabbed daintily at his eyes, trying to preserve his makeup. Just at that moment, Ms. Vasquez returned with Rodrigo on her hip.

“Your father is in the washroom, I think I may have given him a problem he needed to get rid of,” Ms. Vasquez said, giggling slightly. “Oh! Oh, my, darling. You are supposed to cry for the cameras, Cindy, beauty queens always cry for the cameras. Is there something wrong?” Sidney swallowed, looking across at Ellie. This was his chance. This was his chance to blow the whole thing wide open, confess the truth, tell Ms. Vasquez that he was really a boy...

“Cindy?” came a familiar voice. Sidney turned, and there was Chris, looking sharp in a button-up shirt and slacks with his hair gelled up. To his credit, he was doing his best not to ogle!

“Chris?” Sidney managed weakly. “Um, what are you...?”

“You were amazing, Cindy!” Chris exclaimed. “You were the most beautiful girl out there... and probably the most beautiful girl in the world!” Sidney flushed deeply, beginning to stammer out an answer.

“Cindy, I don’t believe I have been introduced to this handsome young friend of yours, no?” Ms. Vasquez chirped. “Who is he?” And of course, Rodrigo chose that exact moment to take an interest in the situation.

“That’s Cindy’s boyfriend!” he proclaimed proudly. “We see him at the park!” A huge smile broke across Ms. Vasquez’s face.

“You have a boyfriend, darling?” she demanded. “And you never tell me? So you sneak out to kiss-kiss with your boyfriend when you are supposed to be watching my baby! I should be so furious with you, but I just can’t! Oh, Cindy, I have done so much for you! You have gone from a caterpillar to a beautiful butterfly, and now you have a big, strong, handsome boyfriend to take care of you and appreciate your beauty! Oh, I am so happy I could die.”

“It’s not... I mean...” Chris was stammering himself, clearly hoping that ‘Cindy’ had referred to him as a potential boyfriend to Rodrigo, but also looking

slightly out of depth in the situation. "I just wanted to congratulate you," he said quickly, stepping forward, clearly screwing up his courage. Then without warning, he leaned forward and gave Sidney a brief but tender kiss on the lips before he could pull away. "Can I call you?" he asked hopefully. Sidney gulped. Ellie and Ms. Vasquez and even Rodrigo were all nodding as if their chins were on springs.

"I... yes?" he squeaked miserably, feeling more confused than ever at the rush of conflicting emotions. A grin broke over Chris's face, and he hurried away before his luck could run out, leaving Sidney in a daze.

"How handsome!" Ms. Vasquez giggled. "Cindy, you should have told me about him! Now, I was talking to the organizer, and they would like for you to make your first appearance on Wednesday..."

"Appearance?" Sidney echoed vaguely.

"But of course!" Ms. Vasquez exclaimed happily. "As a International Princess Pageant beauty queen, you must make promotional appearances throughout the year... It's all in that paperwork you signed, darling, remember?" Sidney did remember, just barely, but he'd never read the fine print! Everything felt like it was piling up on him, as if his old life was slipping out of his dainty, moisturized fingers..."And did I tell you, darling, I want to sponsor you to go to a very prestigious girls' school this fall!" Ms. Vasquez beamed. "Of course, you would still be able to see your boyfriend, even if you do not attend his school... a boy would have to be stupid to ever cheat on a beauty like you!"

Beauty queen appearances... prestigious girls' school... Chris... his boyfriend?

"Now, darling, what were you crying about?" Ms. Vasquez asked at last. Sidney looked at Rodrigo, then at his hopeful sister.

"Nothing," he said at last. "I was just... really happy that I won."

"As am I," Ms. Vasquez beamed. "As am I. Now, on to the national competition!"

Sidney looked down morosely into his cleavage as he reflected back to his earlier thought: baggy jeans or bust... It seemed that he had just picked having a bust!

One Month Later...

Summer was finally drawing to a close, but the weather was still sunny and pleasant, which was why Sidney and Ms. Vasquez were sunbathing by the newly-installed pool. Sidney had been a little leery at first because of the way the pool boy ogled him in his skimpy new bottle-green bikini, but he felt safe when Ms. Vasquez was there, too. Once he would have been taking every



chance he got to stare at her perfect rack and bikini bod, but now he was only concerned with his own, making sure he got a nice even tan all over. Ellie had gone back to college, back to France, and his dad was managing his own gardening company now, with the help of a little cash infusion from his soon-to-be fiancée. He was kept busy with work from dawn to midnight, and he barely even saw him much anymore. That meant it was often just Sidney, Ms. Vasquez, Rodrigo and Mia in the house. Mia had her ultra-addictive brew of iced tea always at the ready, and Sidney had just sucked the last of it through his straw, giving the poor pool boy quite an enticing image as his pouty, gloss-covered lips closed around the thick straw. At this point, though, it wasn't from being inexperienced with managing his femininity. He knew quite well he was flashing the poor boy. Ms. Vasquez noticed this with a smile, then stood up.

"I've had enough for the day, darling," she said, picking up their empty glasses. "Don't overdo it!"

"I won't," Sidney said softly. "It's just that I have to meet Chris tonight, and I wanted to wear that new yellow sundress, so I thought a bit of a tan..."

"Just don't let him see you in that bikini first," Ms. Vasquez smiled indulgently. "Or he'll never let you put on clothes again, darling!" Sidney blushed prettily as Ms. Vasquez stood up. "Have fun on your date!"

"It's not a date!" Sidney replied back, tartly.

"No, no. Of course not."

"It's *not!*" he insisted. He turned over and undid the tie at the back of his top to avoid a tan line.

The mature Latin woman made her way back inside. She found Mia cleaning in the kitchen, and set the glass down. "Is Cindy still, ah, is he being moody?" Mia asked demurely. The gender pronoun might have been chalked up as a grammar mistake by an unwary listener, but what came next was unmistakable. Ms. Vasquez waved a hand dismissively.

"Oh, *she* just needs time to adjust to being a pretty girl," she said airily. "She'll be much happier this way. And your iced tea worked wonders! The poor darling has so much estrogen pumped into her, it is no wonder she is 'moody' on occasion. But what a delightful figure she is developing – you should see the way the pool boy drools over her in her little bikini. Why, her breasts are almost as large as the ones I had you get, aren't they, my sweet little housewife?"

"Almost," Mia agreed, blushing.

"Oh, Mia," Ms. Vasquez sighed. "I hope you won't be jealous of Marvin making love to me, will you? You were a paltry excuse for a husband as 'Mateo,' but I would so hate to lose my pretty maid Mia."

"I... I won't be," Mia said tremulously. "I would never leave Rodrigo. And besides, you were right, I was meant to be a woman all along... wasn't I?"

"That's right, honey," Ms. Vasquez purred. "Now, I'd better go see my new step-daughter starts getting ready for her date! Back to work, Mia!"

She stopped at the sliding door to the pool with a satisfied smile on her face, watching 'Cindy' sunbathing obliviously, clearly trying to ignore the way the pool boy was lustfully ogling 'her' curves. And to think she'd doubted her abilities when the scrawny red-headed boy named Sidney first showed up on her doorstep! She had to make sure her suspicions were correct, but in a matter of days she had Sidney's masquerade figured out. He'd been unmistakably a boy, but now, three months later, Ms. Vasquez had the feeling that no red-blooded man would ever peg the gorgeous redhead as anything but 100% girl. Judging by the way he was progressing, in a little while, even he would forget about his manhood.

She had it all planned out. An innocent little mix-up, the maid walking in while he was dressing, and it would be done. And once Mia ‘accidentally’ discovered his secret, she would convince him that having the operation would be the only way to save the marriage, his father’s happiness, his sister’s college tuition and his now dignity. Simple enough. Then, a visit to a plastic surgeon friend of hers, to finish the job, soon he really would be her daughter!

“Baby?” came Marvin’s voice.

“My love!” Ms. Vasquez turned and smiled at her boyfriend as he came inside, still in sweaty work clothes. “You finished early today, yes? Kiss me!” Marvin was only too happy to oblige, but once they came up for air he noticed Sidney sunbathing outside in his skimpy bikini and Rayban sunglasses.

“She wants to look nice for Chris this evening,” Ms. Vasquez chirped, seeing the look of regret passing over her man’s face. “They have a very romantic evening planned, and she’s very excited for it. Why do you look concerned, my love?”

“It’s nothing,” Marvin said awkwardly. “Just... ah... Cindy’s growing up, I guess.”

“Yes, of course,” Ms. Vasquez said calmly. “Did you think she would be a tomboy forever? She has blossomed into womanhood, my love, and she is enjoying her femininity.” She ran a hand comfortingly over Marvin’s broad chest. “Don’t worry,” she purred. “Just because she is interested in boys now, does not mean your little girl is gone forever. Besides, you will have a real son soon enough. Rodrigo wants to learn to play baseball!”

Marvin broke into a smile. “Cindy never was much for baseball,” he admitted. “I’ll see if I can find a glove for little Rodrigo.” He took another glance at the buxom redhead outside and sighed. If Sidney was happy in his new life as Cindy, then who was Marvin to object? Clearly he was still too embarrassed to admit it to his father, but it was obvious by this point that Sidney truly desired to be a girl.

Across the pool, Sidney looked up to see his father, and soon-to-be step-mother, standing at the window, smiling and waving. He couldn’t believe how happy his father looked with her – as happy as he had always imagined his father had been back when their mother was still alive. And Ellie was happy, too, able to pursue her dreams without worrying about putting the family in debt. Clearly his dad preferred having a hot wife and two pretty daughters to one pretty daughter and one wimpy son... And Ellie obviously wanted a little sister instead of a little brother... And it really wasn’t *so* bad, being a pretty girl living in the lap of luxury. Maybe he would even get used to having a boyfriend.

“Would you like another iced tea, mistress?” Mia asked as she approached.

Sydney glanced over to see his glass was empty. “Jes, that that would be wonderful,” he replied. “Thank you, darling.”

He laid his head back down on his towel, and he couldn't help but smile ruefully as a thought came to him: whatever happened, one thing was certain – he would never have to wear hand-me-downs ever again.

The End



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Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Asked to look after a supermodel's pet for a while, James finds himself thrust out of his own apartment and into hers. Day by day, it seems like circumstances adapt James to become the resident of a supermodel's lifestyle. Full Color Comic Book / 29 pages

A Curious Curse

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. When teen goth Brandyn gets his drivers' license, he thinks it's a ticket to adulthood. Unfortunately, he's already cashed a ticket in the opposite direction. Full Color Comic Book / 27 pages

Boys Will Be Girls

Story & Art by Fraylim, Script by KK, Ink & Color by Joe Six-Pack. The "Summer Blossom" camp welcomes a new group of young men. But although it may be an all-boys camp when they arrive, it's girls-only when they leave. Full Color Comic Book / 100 pages

Teens Transformed

She Made Me Into My Sister

"A Little Too Clever" by Joe Six-Pack. Wyatt wanted to help his girlfriend get revenge, but at what cost? As it turns out, a cost greater than any boy could have imagined. Book / 88 pages / 20 illustrations

Gone Girly for Good

"Big in Japan" by James J Craft. Mike and Ken were one-hit-wonder rock stars. Then they discovered they had fans in Japan, so they left to become famous. Then they discovered that the Japanese didn't know they were guys. Book / 77 pages / 26 illustrations

Students, Exchanged

"French Dupe" by Joe Six-Pack. Kelley Sue's convinced a French exchange student to disguise himself as a girl. What happens when she realizes he has no intention of returning back home? Book / 57 pages / 15 illustrations

He's a Valley Girl, Fer Sure

From the files of TGStories.com: "Corey Taylor's Big Bodacious Adventure" by Joe Six-Pack. For Corey, the only way he can get into college is to pretend to be a girl. But when does it stop being pretend? When he's cheerleader? A girlfriend? A beauty queen? Book / 78 pages / 17 illustrations

From Boys to Bridesmaids

"Always a Bridesmaid, Never a Groom" by James J Craft. Two spoiled and privileged boys are about to be put in their place by their new step-mother. And their place is by her side as her bridesmaids and daughters. Book / 77 Pages / 16 illustrations

Little Mis-ter Popular

"My Two Moms" by James J Craft, illustrations by rock-etxpert. Thanks to his aunt's "Confidence Club," Leon will find a way to become popular, and to get over all his hang-ups... Including his masculinity. Book / 77 Pages / 17 illustrations

Bride to Be

By Joe Six-Pack. Derek and Cole grew up together as kids. One year, though, Cole has to start pitching in at the family wedding business. His life will never be the same. Book / 63 pages / 25 illustrations

Tales of Transformation

He's the Wrong Girl

"Office Chemistry" by Joe Six-Pack. James had to fill in at the reception desk. Problem is, the business is a bio-genetics company. And all of the sudden the coffee tastes funny. Book / 53 pages / 14 illustrations

City Boy, Country Girl

By Joe Six-Pack. Richard's long-forgotten aunt is sick, and he goes to care for her. His calls back home leave his wife Janice confused and unsure about his return. So she goes to find him. But is there much left to be found? Book / 64 pages / 25 illustrations

Thames Greene

By James J Craft. Ira wanted something better for his family. A new start. But in Thames Greene, everyone's getting a new start, whether they want it or not. Book / 77 pages / 26 illustrations

Hiding in High Heels

"How Not to be a Sissy" By Joe Six-Pack. Vince was on the run from people who wanted their millions back. Howard was a friend with a funny little idea and a knack for making subliminal CDs. Mini-Pix / 48 pages / 15 illustrations

I'm Your Dolly

"Barbie-in-a-Box" By Joe Six-Pack. Tyler wasn't much of a boyfriend anymore. Jessica wanted to throw him out, but then a better idea came to her, in the form of the Barbie-in-a-Box service. Tyler better get used to pink. Book / 103 pages / 20 illustrations

His Life as a Trophy Wife

"The Puppy Mill" by Joe Six-Pack. Nick had a great life, but then it evaporated. Now he's down on his luck. In steps a wealthy executive willing to pay him handsomely to pretend to be his wife. What can it hurt? Book / 210 pages / 16 illustrations

Male Monday, Girl Friday

"Hey, Cutie!" by James J Craft. Daniel is going to be promoted from his average life to an exciting executive position. At least, that's what his bosses are telling him. They may not be telling him everything. Book / 58 pages / 20 illustrations

The Happiest Place on Earth

From the files of TGStories.com: "The Fairest One of All" By Joe Six-Pack. Will is a kid looking for a job. He gets one, performing as Snow White at a theme park. For Will, he doesn't suspect that playing the role and wearing the costume is slowly changing him, day by day. Book / 51 pages / 21 illustrations

Hello, Nurse

From the files of TGStories.com: "Quality Health Care" Dane is filling in as a nurse for his pal Jimmy at his new office. Although both are doctors, Dane begins to take to his new role as a nurse. Soon, he feels compelled to be the ideal nurse. Book / 44 pages / 15 illustrations

My Boss, The Bimbo

"If I Were a Betting (Wo)Man" By James J Craft, illustrations by blackshirtboy. CEO Lucas has a superiority complex. When his long-suffering secretary is able to feed into Lucas' competitive nature, he'll make any bet to prove his dominance over women. Book / 38 pages / 10 illustrations

He's the Girl They Want

"Rallies" by Joe Six-Pack. Spencer has a great new executive job in the food service industry, but first he's got to learn the ropes of the business by waiting on tables. He just doesn't quite fit in with the cheerleader theme. Yet. Book / 63 pages / 22 illustrations

Demoted and Degraded

"Trixie the Secretary" by Angela J. Cindy didn't much like Tom Jones attitude and his advances, so when she has the opportunity to help take the wind out of his sails, she takes it. But she had no idea that it was all designed to make Tom into Trixie the secretary. Book / 87 pages / 17 illustrations

I, Candy

"Sissy Sweets" by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Inheriting his family's bakery requires this young man to become the new face of the business. A female face. Book / 45 pages / 15 illustrations

Boyz II Girlz

"The Making of the Ballroom Brats" by Joe Six-Pack. The Ballroom Brats become the newest worldwide celebrity sensation. How did four unsuspecting guys at a fast food joint become the hottest girl group in music? Book / 113 pages / 34 illustrations

His Strangest Desire

"Employee of the Month" by Joe Six-Pack. Mick is declared Employee of the Month, and he's going to find himself hurtling headlong into facing his weirdest inner desire. Book / 59 pages / 19 illustrations

Hard Time or High Heels

"I'm Turning into My Mother" by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Colby got deep into debt to a local gangster. Before long, he's on the arm of that very same gangster as his reluctant girlfriend. Book / 75 pages / 20 illustrations

Seriously Skirted

"The Show Piece" by KK. Illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Mel finds work at a clinic as a secretary. He slowly begins to fit to role. Book / 75 pages / 19 illustrations

Stories of the Supernatural

Changed and Rearranged

"Wrongs Make Wright" By Joe Six-Pack. Chris and Matt were rivals. Then, Matt decided to show everyone how smart he truly was by impersonating a teacher. But the disguise becomes more and more real, much to Chris' dismay. Book / 74 pages / 19 illustrations

From Pals to Gals

From the files of TGStories.com: "Mandate of the People" By Joe Six-Pack. Teens Jeremy and Stewart are good friends, but a bit thick in the noggin. When they jokingly nominate each other for Prom Queen, they slowly become the perfect candidates, thanks to some magic. Book / 45 pages / 16 illustrations

Crossed Fiction

Sisters for the Summer

"Camp Counseling" By Joe Six-Pack. Brock McCade always thought of himself as a real man, or at least he would be one, someday. After summer camp, he's no longer so sure. Book / 76 pages / 17 illustrations

They're the Girls for the Job

"Peace and Harmony" By James J Craft. Illustrations by blackshirtboy. Pete and Harmon need jobs bad. How far would they have to go to get them? Book / 64 pages / 19 illustrations

Blondie's Lost Summer

By KK. Illustrations by Fraylim. Carl's dream summer was about to become three months of dresses, heels and makeup. Book / 159 pages / 48 illustrations

I Never Wanted to be a Woman

"Politically Corrected" By Cheryl Lynn. Illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Michael's politically active mother has decided she's going to make her hippie son over into the daughter she always wanted. Book / 64 pages / 19 illustrations

Seriously Sissified

Revenge of the Cheerleaders

"Pansy Cheers" By Angela J. Patrick Sears was a football player trying to sleep with every cheerleader at his small college. He'd have to pay for his conquests. Book / 116 pages / 19 illustrations

He's Got His Mind Made Up

By James J. Craft. Illustrations by kinkyrocket. Corey has just a sliver of a chance to get into college, but that chance involves becoming his stepmother's maid. And she wants him to fit both the role and the dress. Book / 68 pages / 16 illustrations

Web Classics Revisited

Two Forms of ID

By Joe Six-Pack. Harvey had the unusual ability to convincingly imitate a teenage girl. In desperation, he has to use that talent to make some money. But when is enough enough? Paperback / 194 pages / text only



Reading is Fun de Mental!