

# Small BRATZ

BY  
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THE SEQUEL

AND LAUREN BLISS

ART BY DREAMLN



## Chapter 1

Lauren Brooks wandered around her apartment, trying to figure out what to do with herself. A morning off work came twice a week, but with another full time position elsewhere, those seemed few and far between. The young mother had been looking forward to spending some time with her son, but since he'd started that new job she hardly ever saw him anymore.

Emmanuel bringing home a paycheck helped the boy finally have some pocket money. Lauren was also spending less on groceries now since he'd been eating out every day at work. The new clothes were especially a blessing since she hadn't been able to buy him anything new in years while dealing with skyrocketing rents in the recent housing crisis. Luckily her son was one of those kids that went ahead and got all of their growing out of the way by the time he started high school. The single mom should have been happy about all this, but she couldn't stop herself from feeling guilty. Emmanuel worked so hard in school, and as far as she was concerned, bringing home good grades should have been his only responsibility. He was insistent on keeping the job though, and as long as his studies didn't slip she wouldn't complain.

The time off was a genuine boon, and the dark circles under Lauren's eyes had disappeared over the last few weeks, bringing back a youthful energy she feared was long lost. There was only one real problem. She was bored to death, unable to find a single thing to do around the house. Emmanuel was sweet, and helpful when asked, but he'd never once in his life taken it upon himself to clean their home. A little prodding got the boy to confess that some new girlfriend helped. No wonder everything was so clean. The little red lipstick she'd found left in the bathroom was top quality, so the girl certainly had standards. Lauren imagined a supermodel strolling up and down the catwalk, or a bougie trust-fund socialite. Hopefully they'd stick around long enough for them to meet. She loved spending time with her son, but there was only so much overlapping interests a mother could have with a teen boy. The prospect of having a girl around to talk to, and spend some girl time with added a little pep to her step. Until then, with nothing but time on her hands, she'd have to settle for finding out what *The Young and the Restless* were up to.

Tobias Ottensen sat in his hotel room, a picture pulled up on his phone just sent by his wife. It was his two favorite kiddos, his youngest, little baby Abner, and his oldest, his beautiful daughter, Emery. The girl might've looked like an elegant princess, but she was anything but, demonstrated by the image of her blowing raspberries on her little brother's cheeks, or as she called them, fart noises.

Only recently had she come out to her family as transgender, and the transformation seemed to happen over night. Everything seemed to happen overnight for the father, if he was being honest, due to his profession keeping him on the road most days, but still, breasts popping up in a day was quite fast. Still, he was grateful that the miracles of modern science could get the girl the body she needed without having to wait for a small eternity for the hormones to kick in.

Tobias' wife Rose had only just seen to scheduling the necessary appointments a few days earlier.

The more Tobias looked at his daughter, the more he saw his first wife, his first love now passed. The same big blue eyes, the same bright blonde hair, and the same ditzy antics. The girl had her mother in her, through and through, and Tobias was grateful that a part of her would always be around. One more look and he realized Emery also looked a lot like Rose. The burly man chuckled, musing to himself, 'I really do have a type, don't I?'

Jii Rim had spent the better part of an hour marching halfway down the stairs to finally have a hard conversation with his wife, only to lose his nerve, run back up, and sit back down on his bed. Grace wasn't the type of woman who was easily swayed. It was something he loved about her. That didn't mean it couldn't be an incredibly frustrating trait at times.

For the past month she'd had his son parading around town, dressed like some kind of miniature version of herself. After being told of Song's crime, his boy wearing dresses was far more preferable to him having to spend time in jail. The family couldn't have any more children. They even waited a little while for the first. Sooner or later they'd have to retire, and Song would be left to take care of them, and the family business.

As far as Jii was concerned, Song would never be able to do that effectively without a college education, and that was already hard enough without adding to the boy's criminal record. Song was a minor the first time, but anything from now on couldn't be wiped. "Makeup costs less than lawyers." Jii told himself over and over again.

However, the other night his only son left the house on a date with some trailer-trash boy. Only then did Jii realize how quickly things had escalated. Song was not only dressing, but behaving like a completely different person. There was no longer any trace of his willful progeny to be found. He even had breasts and curves now, a fact the father learned by opening the boy's bedroom door without knocking, finding him struggling to get a bra on. Both were too embarrassed to ever speak of it again. It was all too much for the man to put up with anymore, and he decided it was finally time to confront his wife. Summoning up all his courage, he headed down to the kitchen for an intense conversation over breakfast.

"Grace, we need to talk about something."

"You're absolutely right, honey." the imposing woman replied. "We need to start making some donations to grease wheels so our little star can get into a decent university. I won't have her going to some clown college like Central. We've got a long way, and probably a few transfers before the ivy leagues are willing to take another look at her, but there is a path. All hope isn't lost after that little incident when she was finding herself. Once that record is expunged, I think we should try for something as lofty as UCLA. Her grades might not be the best, but with a great essay about the struggles of being buried in a closet, and overcoming that with the love and support of her family, not only do I think she'll get in, but possibly even with a full scholarship."

“No, Grace, I mea...a full scholarship?” Jii was stopped in his tracks. He didn’t become pointlessly wealthy by spending money he didn’t have to.

Grace wrapped her arms around her husband's neck, and began to sway like the first time they ever slow danced, and her husband could only follow along. He placed his hands on her hips, and listened while she began to paint him a lovely picture. “Imagine it, Jii. You and I, sitting on the porch, retired. Song arrives for a visit, her handsome, fiscally responsible husband, and many children with her. Of course he’s on the board at Rim Cosmetics, but Song, your daughter, is running everything. They’ll probably have to adopt of course, but there’s nothing wrong with that. You should know as well as anybody that with genetics advancing like it is, they may even be able to have one of their own with a surrogate. When we’re feeble, we can move in with them, and she’ll take good care of us. I know she went through that hooligan phase, but she’s been so responsible lately. We’ll get to spend the rest of our days pampering our grandchildren. Doesn’t that sound nice?”

“A full scholarship.” If someone looked hard enough they might have been able to actually see the thought bubble floating above the man’s head, dreams of a swollen bank account, a well educated child, and a prospering business dancing along with the married couple. It was clear where his priorities lie. Grace smiled happily at her husband, whose fantasies had him far from the conversation. She almost didn’t notice a certain someone trying to sneak out the door without saying goodbye.

“What are you wearing, young lady?” Grace asked, genuinely shocked by the clothes, or rather lack of clothes, Song tiptoed down the stairs dressed in that morning.

It was a simple ensemble, as trendy as it was cute, consisting of a simple white halter-neck crop top, and a brown suspender skirt, over a pair of cute platform sneakers. What was a first, this particular outfit did little to cover the petite boy's slender figure, his navel on full display for the world to see.

“Please, Mummy, other girl’s dress like this all the time. It’s the style now. You’ve seen Emery and Mary at the shop, right? They wear things like this too.” Song was kicking himself for yet again referring to himself as a girl, but he’d learned it was the quickest way to get his mother to agree to a request. Truthfully, it was approaching one-hundred degrees outside in the summer California sun, and Song, like everyone else not blessed to solely exist in central air-conditioning, was seeking whatever relief he could find after leaving the house. That’s what led to his choice of coiffure for the day, a pair of adorable pigtails tied off with matching ribbons leaving his little dangling earrings to bobble back and forth whenever he shook his head.

The intimidating woman paused to think for a moment. She was pleased at the shift in personality her daughter was demonstrating, and was kind of surprised Song would choose something that so prominently highlighted his breast of his own volition. Deciding to take the win, she said, “How can I say no to my little star? You know, I think you actually look a little like

Jennie. Maybe you can be in the next Blackpink. You've been practicing that dance right? I want to record it soon. You took your vitamins, right?"

Drowning in the usual deluge of attention and interrogation from his mother, Song chose only to acknowledge the last question. He didn't enjoy the comparison of himself to the idol in the Kpop group. "Taking them now, Mummy. I've got to go though. Don't want to miss the bus and be late for work, after all." He popped open the two bottles his mother started him on just a few weeks before, tossed the pills into his mouth, and chased them with his usual tea. He kissed his mother on the cheek before darting out the door. 'She's so obsessed with my skin! It's so weird!' Inside he was greatly annoyed with her usual micromanaging, but he also kind of enjoyed the attention when he was home. It was a welcome change from mostly being ignored. The giant house used to be such a lonely place. Perhaps that was why he kept following her instructions to the letter, even when she wasn't watching. Whether he could admit it to himself or not, Song truly wanted his mother to be happy with him.

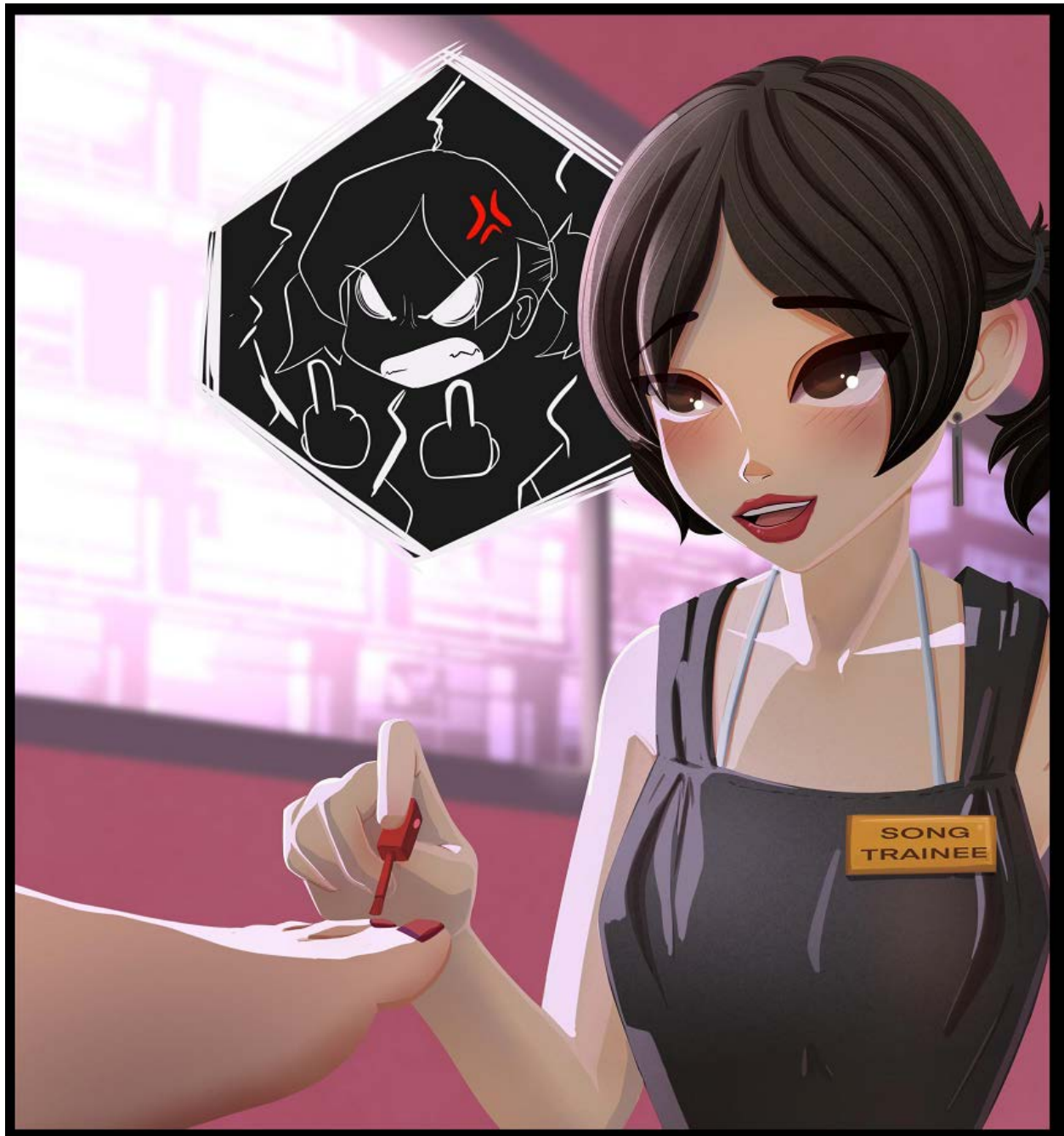
Grace watched her new daughter glide down the front porch stairs, before wiggling her hips as she hurried to the end of the driveway, pleased with all the progress made in such a short period of time. She wondered if it was too late to get Song enrolled in singing lessons, and perhaps a few auditions. It had been a long time since she had seen her child really put an effort into anything, and this punishment the strange woman came up with, while odd, had given her a glimpse into what her baby could have been. Just hearing Song's soft voice calling her Mummy made her heart sing. Grace wasn't sure why her smart and talented child stopped pushing themselves, turning to crime and mayhem, but it felt like she had a second chance with them. She wasn't going to allow herself, or her child to fail twice.

An hour later Song was wondering why he was in a rush to the hell that was his daily workload. He wasn't sure which was the lesser evil, his mom plotting a record career to vicariously fulfill her dreams, or Eun's rehearsal for a future career as a drill sergeant, while she criticized any little detail she could find. That morning it was the way he arranged the bottles of Chanel nail polish on his cart. Strangely, she also had him do some filing on an actual customer that morning, instead of one of the girls from the shop. It was under her intense supervision, of course. She didn't even find any faults though that might have been because the client attached to the pair of hands was in earshot, though usually in that case she'd just do it in Korean. A win is a win, and those were few and far between for the beat-down boy. At the very least he hadn't yet had to clean the toilet that day.

Three weeks under the boot of customer service, Song became familiar with the clientele, and had started mentally sorting them into boxes, a little game to pass the time. The nail-tech in training was putting a final topcoat, the finishing touch, on a pair of pedicures, two Fox News blondes as he categorized them. One leaned over to the other, and said, "Isn't she just the cutest thing, Mindy? Look at that skin. It's not fair they don't have to age like we do. She might actually be thirty for all I know. I have to draw my eyes to look like that."

“Hush, Mandy.” her friend playfully chastised, perhaps sensing that lines were being crossed, but not having the self awareness to realize her laughing at the ignorant nonsense was just as bad. “She might speak English.”

“DO...YOU...SPEAK...ENGLISH?!” Mandy yelled the words slowly, as though somehow volume and tempo alone could break down any language barrier.



“I’m from the hills...ma’am.” Song said, his face only briefly betraying his irritation with the casual racists he probably shared a zip code with, before twisting itself back to the practiced

customer service smile. 'Now I wish I could drive my car just so I could hit this bitch with it in the parking lot.' Song thought while imagining giving the woman the finger before getting back to task.

"So you are." Mandy replied, her sneer matching the bile eager to escape her mouth. It wasn't much, but enough passive-aggressiveness poked through for the hateful caricature of a trophy wife to recognize the bitchy comment when she heard it. Game recognizes game after all. It wasn't enough to merit a call to the manager, but she made it a point to bob her foot up and down a little more while Song finished up on the last two toes. If she was lucky then maybe she could goad the teen into making a scene before it was time to settle the bill.

"Thanks!" Song said, a little too cheerfully as he handed the two women their receipts and waved as they walked out the door, teeth clenched so hard one might have thought they'd crumble under the pressure at any moment.

As the pair of blondes exited the store Song could still hear them talking about him, his level of irritation only growing. "That Chinese girl spoke English good, but no way does she live in the hills. Like she could afford that with her job." Mandy said scoffing at the audacity of the employee to pretend she had money.

"She did, but I think she might be Japanese. I don't think they like being mixed up. I can't remember which, but one of those definitely does care if you confuse them." Mindy said while her friend rolled her eyes.

"Like it really matters." Mandy said as the two carried on, strolling far enough away Song could no longer hear the casual racism.

"Fuck that bitch." Eun said, startling Song who didn't know his supervisor had been standing behind him for almost the entirety of the awkward exchange at the register. "Every other Friday for the last three fucking years. I hope her implants pop. You handled that well." Handing her employee a sealed envelope, she said, "Here's your pay stub, you should already see the money in your bank account."

The sentence didn't carry the tone that usually accompanies a compliment, but Song wasn't about to look a gift horse in the mouth. "T-thanks" he sputtered, hoping the next words out of her mouth didn't somehow involve cleaning human feces.

Instead he heard, "Go ahead and take lunch. Be back in a half-hour, not a minute later, little sister."

Excited for the break, Song threw the envelope directly into the nearby wastebasket without opening it. Since the tender age of twelve he'd never gone with less than five-hundred dollars in his personal checking account. Why should he start worrying about it now?

Across the store Emer was putting the finishing touches on his fourth makeover of the day, with a few expert swipes of a mascara wand, all the while gabbing with his pink haired supervisor. "I'm telling you, girl, dinosaur shaped chicken nuggets just taste better. If you're not picking those, then you're missing out. It's like Covergirl vs TooFaced. If both are on the shelf, why would you not choose the best?"

"Are you done?" the customer asked, getting more and more nervous as the coated brush waved in front of her face.

"Oh right, sorry." Emer said, remembering what he was doing. He screwed the cap back into place and held up a mirror for the young woman to see.

"Oh my word!" The woman was floored. "I've never looked so good. What did you do?" she asked, turning her head from side to side, looking in the mirror.

"Oh..umm..." The apparently talented femmed teen boy picked up every product involved in the makeover, and stuffed it into the woman's hands, the pens, and tubes sticking out in every direction. He unhelpfully said, "I used this stuff." and then proudly pointed to the front of the store. "Somebody will ring you up over there. Have a nice day!"

"Right...?" The woman waited just a moment for the excellent makeup artist, and terrible salesperson to perhaps elaborate, but only received a blissfully ignorant smile for her troubles, so she took the mess of plastic to the front, and hoped she could figure it out at home.

Mary pinched the bridge of her nose, and tried not to snicker too loudly. She knew she should correct her employee, but if the customer didn't complain then she didn't see any harm in letting it slide this one time...or the many before. Emery's smile was just so infectious, it was hard for the mentor to bring herself to tear the protege down. "Good job, Emery. I'm proud of you. I love that dress, by the way. It's so fun and flirty. You look gorgeous."

"Oh this thing." Emer said, pulling both ends of the skirt of the blue floral print garment with the corseted bodice, and little strip of flouncy ruffles that wrapped around his biceps pretending to be sleeves. No shame evident, he said, "I like the way my boobs look in it." like that was a common opinion to share in the workplace.

Mary had to chuckle out loud this time. In spite of the complete lack of tact or a basic ability to be able to read a situation, Emery still managed to be one of her best sales girls. She had a way of making the customers look their best, and sometimes even feel their best with her relentless positivity. It was clear the boy turned girl had a crush on her too, and an eager to please employee was the best kind of employee. If the girl didn't already have a boyfriend, Mary might have actually made a move herself already. It wasn't like Rim Beauty had fraternization policies. She'd just have to settle for the cute grin every time she paid a compliment, at least for now.

"Payday, girls." Eun said, making that leg of her rounds.

“Is that an actual check?” Mary asked, surprised at the sight of the archaic document printed on dot-matrix printer paper.

“Somebody didn’t set up her direct deposit like she was supposed to.” Eun said, lightly swatting the pretty blonde on the head with the check. “It’s not two-thousand five anymore Emery, get your shit together. We had to get that printed specially so Mrs Rim took ten dollars out of your check. It will be twenty next time if you don’t handle it by then, understand?”

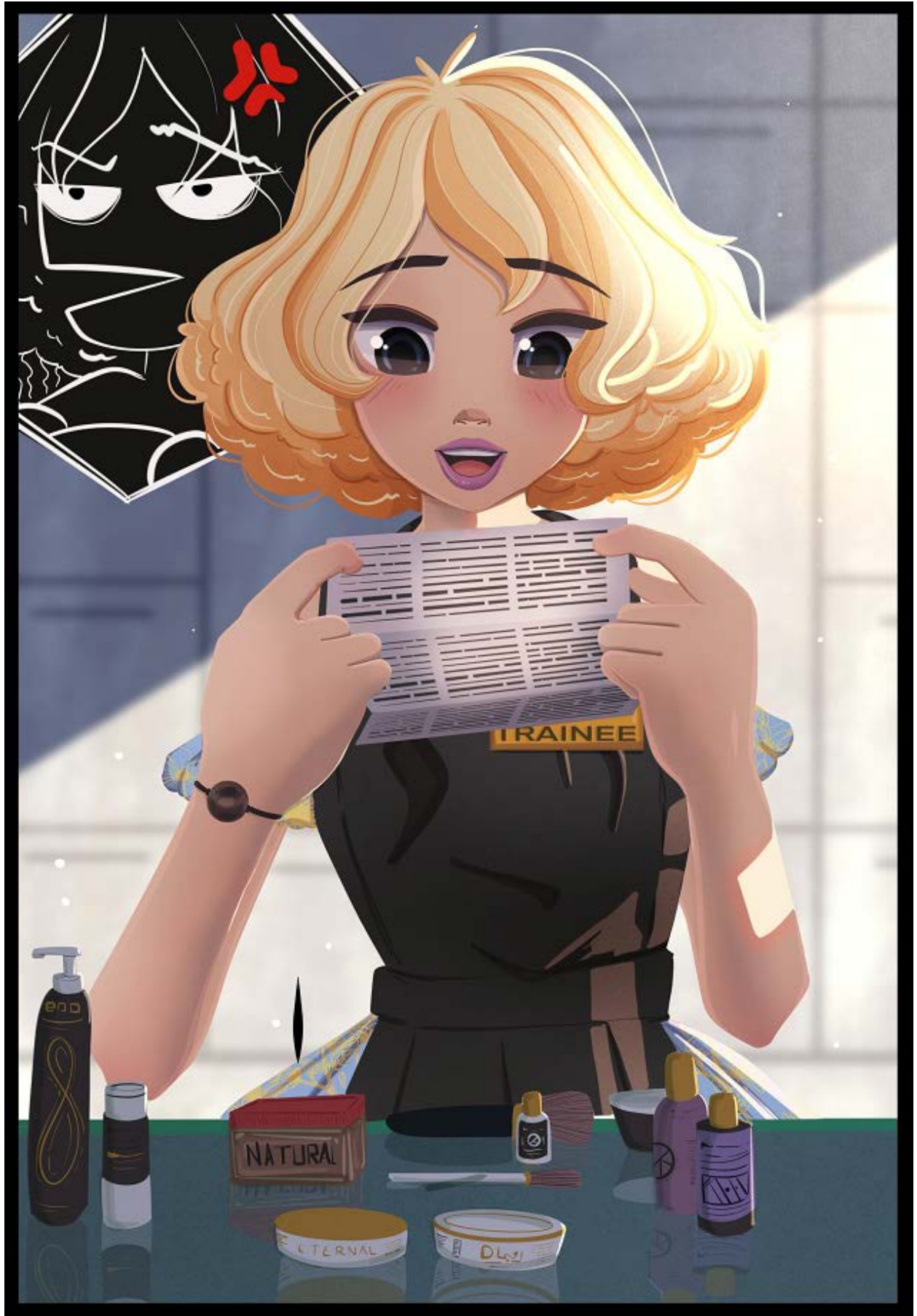
“Umm...yes...?” Emer said with a nod, having no clue what the scary boob lady was talking about, and making a note to ask Rose what direct deposit was when he got home. With the nature of his employment essentially being a punishment, though one he really didn’t seem to mind at all anymore, the idea of actually bringing home a paycheck for his labors never occurred to the youth. Once Eun was out of earshot, he turned to Mary, and asked, “I’m getting paid for this?”

“Of course, Princess.” Mary said, wondering how Emery didn’t get locked in a building every time a door didn’t actually tell her to pull instead of push. “It would be illegal otherwise.”

“Awesome!” Emer held up his long glossy fingernails, and started tapping them to his thumb as he attempted some simple addition in his head. “Okay, so I’ve worked here for, like, three weeks, so that’s like two-hundred hours. It’s gotta be a ton.”

“Three weeks is just one-twenty, Princess.” Mary explained. “Also, that’s just for the last pay period. You’ve got to wait an extra week for payroll to do their thing. It’s probably not that much, since you won’t start getting commissions until you’re out of training. Just California minimum wage.”

Undaunted, Emer flipped open the folded piece of paper. It might not have been that much but a few thousand was still more than he’d ever had at once. He might not have been that bright, but he knew enough to be disappointed when he saw three big digits next to the two little ones instead of four.



Mary's heart broke for the girl. At first, more so than usual, she looked like a Disney princess about to break into song, little birds following behind her showering rose petals, and chirping accompaniment. As Emery's expression turned to one of a girl whose puppy had just been kicked by an asshole that dared to tell her she wasn't cute, it was almost as much as the pink haired influencer could bear.

"I'm sorry it wasn't as much as you thought it was going to be, Princess." Mary said, placing a hand on Emery's shoulder to console her.

"It's okay. Who's got two thumbs, and is gonna buy some weed tonight?" Emer pointed both digits to himself, and again finding that spirited chuckle said, "This girl!" before catching himself and correcting, "I mean this boy. I'm a boy, lol. God I'm such a ditz, sometimes."

"Right?" Mary said, wondering to herself how long it was going to the slower Emery to figure out she was right the first time.

Still not quite believing they paid him enough, Emer kept trying to remember the multiplication tables, until he was interrupted by Song walking over from the register. "Miss Park just sent me to lunch. Do you want to eat? It's on me."

"Can I go?" Emer asked with his eyes, receiving a gentle nod and big smile for an answer, Mary having a hard time saying no to the girl's big baby blues. The two friends then headed out into the food court for some rare one on one time.

"Let's get Chinese." Song said, pulling Emer along to one end of the scoop-and-serve establishment. They made their way down the line, making their choices, as the employees passed their trays along to the register. Once there, Emer watched in a stunned silence as the cashier looked him up and down before greeting Song happily in a language the blonde didn't understand. The two chatted back and forth for a minute, Song twirling his pigtail around his finger while giggling at every other word the older man said. Without opening his purse once, Song waved his fingers gingerly to the fellow, and picked up his tray before turning around, and walking off. Once out of earshot, he pulled an expression showing the kind of revulsion usually reserved for wading through knee-deep sewage. "What a creepy loser." the Asian-American boy muttered.

"I didn't know you spoke Chinese." Emer said, still not quite sure what to make of what he'd just witnessed.

"That was Korean...He's Korean, Emery. He just owns a Chinese restaurant. Actually it's not even Chinese really. It's vaguely ethnic American. China didn't even have beef until well after western imperialism..." The vacant expression on his dimwitted friend told him he'd lost him somewhere along the line. "Look, he's Korean. My family is Korean. I speak Korean."

“Right.” Emer agreed, following that much. “What did he say?”

“Your friend is almost as pretty as you.” the pigtailed teen said, rolling his eyes.

“Well now I know he just wants to get in your pants.” Emer laughed. “You slut!” he playfully jabbed. “I like your outfit, btw.” The blonde said using the text-speak. “I never thought I’d see you dress that slutty without Bianca holding a gun to your head.”

“Shut up, bitch.” Song shot back, not angrily, but rather channeling his inner Regina George, the portrait of a queen bee from Mean Girls. “I didn’t want to deal with pit stains today, and this is definitely better than the alternative. I’m long past being ashamed of something as trivial as my clothes. There are worse humiliations, believe me. Do you remember in the Avengers when Bruce Banner said he didn’t turn into the hulk anymore because he was always angry? That’s me now. Emery, I’m always humiliated.” Song winced, a slight pain in his chest from waving his arms about while ranting. “And to top it all off, my breasts hurt!”

“Oh, right.” Emer held each C cup in his hands, giving them a jiggle while a few middle schoolers at a nearby table watched with their jaws on the floor. “My tits hurt a lot too. Probably from the shot thingies. I thought they were gonna shrink more before Eun had to do it again, but whatever. Saves me half a Saturday, right? Why are you so humiliated though? Like, this isn’t so bad, Song. You just got us both free food, and we didn’t even have to steal it. I don’t miss having to run all the time, that’s for sure. Also people are a lot more helpful when I get confused now. No one is as mean. I’m just saying, there’s worse punishments.” A brief moment of terror flashed across the lewd teens face as he imagined Bianca coming for Little Emer with a pair of hedge clippers.

“Men aren’t as cruel.” Song corrected. “But yes...At first that guy kind of scared me, but free sesame chicken is free sesame chicken. Once I realized the counter would always be between us, I just kept coming here. Suffering that lecher at the register is definitely preferable to having to do those things with Brooks.”

“You’re right about that!” Emer agreed, the memory of choking on Manny’s jizz still fresh in his mind. “I never wanna do that again, but what can we do? It’s not fair, but Bianca isn’t going to let us stop any time soon. Until then, I’m just gonna make the best of it. I’m hot. You’re hot too. Just like, enjoy it, or whatever.”

While Emer made a mental note to find his own cute cashier to flirt with, hopefully at a place that served tacos, Song absorbed the bimbo’s words. He had to acknowledge that even the village idiot could carry a few pearls of wisdom. Perhaps playing the part of the pretty girl he appeared to be could be the key to getting something he truly wanted. He certainly didn’t enjoy looking like he did, but honestly he didn’t really enjoy much of anything anyway, so if he had to, he could suffer through it for the time being. Right then some of those daydreamed fantasies began to take shape, and back to form, an actual plan started to form behind those big beautiful eyes.

## Chapter 2

“Happy Friday!” Bianca said cheerfully to her three unwilling disciples, sitting in their usual spots. Even Emmanuel struggled not to groan. No one was looking forward to a Saturday on the clock, but that didn’t matter to Bianca. She’d already checked out, and was looking forward to two days away from the prison that was The Hanger. She knew Emmanuel would sooner self-immolate than let anything go wrong with the rest of the sale, regardless of how reliable any of the other employees were.

‘At least I can just go home tomorrow, instead of doing this stupid dance for the millionth time.’ Song thought, his attentive expression indicating nothing of the sort. Instead, he just waited patiently for the crazy lady’s interrogation, so he could cross that stresser off the list and prepare himself for the next one.

The faux redhead sat on the edge of her desk, legs crossed at the knee, and leaned in close, resting her chin on her palm. With a mischievous air, she asked, “Did we all have a fun time on our dates this week?”

“I know Manny did when I sucked his dick.” Emer cackled, the sheer crassness of his statement amusing him to no end. He was his own target audience.

“I...” Song was caught off guard. He didn’t expect his comrade to dive in head first like that, and he struggled to match a similar level of confidence. “I-I did that...too.” he said with the confidence of a student doing an oral report on a book they’d never even heard of.

“Is that true, Emmanuel?” Bianca asked. It never once crossed her mind that Emer would lie to her, but Song was a different story. The boy didn’t even need to clarify.

“I don’t think she meant blowjob.” Emmanuel answered, trying to swoop in and save the day for his little girlfriend.

Shifting her gaze, Bianca looked over to what appeared to be a pretty Korean girl. “Miss Song, did you just lie to me?” Bianca enjoyed watching the teen squirm in his seat. The kids had been almost too compliant lately, and if anything, she was getting a little bored with her dolls being so easy.

“No, I didn’t lie!” Song half-shouted, failing to fully keep his emotions in check as he raised his voice, even partially, for the first time in weeks. His pleading eyes begged, “Tell her I didn’t lie, Emmanuel.”

“Well...I umm...actually...” The boy was struggling, torn between his desire to stay out of prison, and his longing to fix every problem for the beautiful creature who’d stolen his heart. “The

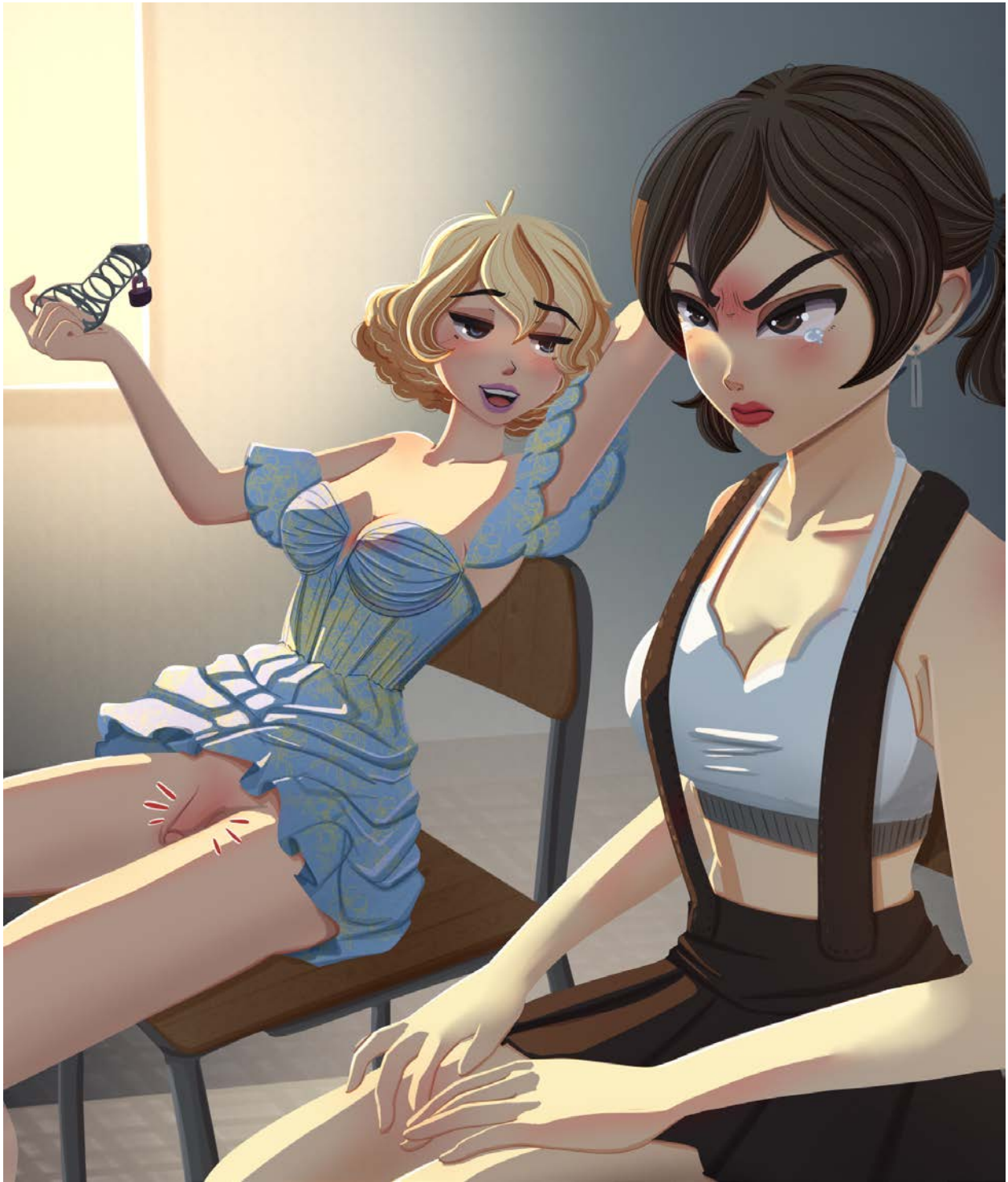
handjob felt really good, and the way she kissed me was amazing. I'd let her do that as much as she wants."

'Do it... as much as I want!?' Song felt like he could tear up. His emotions hadn't been fully under control recently, and the mention of the handjob as something he wanted to do hit hard. Bianca should have been more angry, but the machiavellian manipulator was thrilled Emmanuel was trying so hard to throw himself on a sword for his girlfriend. Love was in the air. Why wouldn't she be happy?

Song decided that just telling the truth, and pretending that was what he meant was the way to go. Tears already welling up in his eyes, he mumbled, "See! I, umm, pleased him and he liked it." To the rest of the room, the girlish boy sounded like a prude not wanting to admit a first trip to third base.

"Okie dokie." Bianca said, clapping her hands once, then hopped to her feet, and retrieved a small key from the locked drawer in her desk. "After this week's assessment, I believe a reward is in order." She approached Emer. and flipped up his skirt, the boy having no clue what was happening, but hoped Little Emer didn't spring to life in that cage with those nice boobs in his face. He paid very close attention to Bianca. She was an attractive woman, today wearing a black dress that would have been considered inappropriate in the workplace if it was any shorter. She paired it with a red blazer, dark hose that made him want to run his hands along her legs, and a pair of red slingback pumps. He'd fantasized about the woman, painfully thanks to the cage, more than once. Instead, a great relief washed over him when the woman unlatched the device, and handed it to him. Song watched on, his anticipation building at the sweet release coming his way, but was crestfallen when the key was returned to its place, his prison left right where it was. Bianca announced. "I think Emery deserves a round of applause, don't you all?"

While the others clapped, and Song pouted, Emer manspread for the first time in nearly a month, and examined the metal trap Little Emer had just escaped. "This thing is way bigger than I thought." he said to his fellow feminized compatriot, not at all eager to hear it. "As much as it squeezed, I was picturing, like, a roll of quarters or something."



“You’ve done a really good job, Emery.” Bianca said. “I’m proud of you. You know, I think you’ve earned a reward, honey. How would you like to take Little Emer out for a spin?”

"I'd love that!" he replied honestly, his eagerness palpable. His eyes drank in the woman in front of him once more, while he wondered if his naughty dreams were going to come true.

Turning her attention to the other girl, the scheming woman said, "Now, Miss Song, I don't want to, but since you lied, I think you need to be punished. I had considered something extreme, but instead..." She drew out the word, wanting it to sound like she had something much worse up her sleeve. "I know you didn't want to feel left out, and you're embarrassed by your inexperience, but even so, you have to tell the truth. You know, I've always been a two birds one stone kind of girl, so perhaps we can take care of both at the same time. It's been a while since you girls have given your boyfriend a proper show after all. You know, some girls used to practice kissing with their friends back when I was in school. I don't see why we can't do that for oral. Why don't you practice on Emery?"

Song was livid, but tried his best not to show it. Still, his reddening cheeks, and the scowl accompanying his far off stare were quite the tell. He thought, 'Why couldn't he just say I blew him? That brownnoser wanted me to get in trouble, I'm sure of it. They probably planned this out before we got here. Sooner or later, that asshole is going to pay for this.'

Emer, for his part, was too busy celebrating to realize anything else happening in the room. In his mind, it had been years since Little Emer had his freedom. The horny teen was practically salivating at the thought of his first bj in an eternity, and the wonderful night's sleep that would come after. A grin snuck onto his visage, his thoughts on Mary. He wondered if the girl would want to spend some quality time with him now that his junk was finally unrestrained. The only reason he hadn't asked her out yet was because he wasn't sure if she'd be interested, and he especially didn't want the crushing sensation of the cage on his struggling erection while he tried to chat her up. Since everything was coming up Emer, perhaps that could change.

Realizing her ditzy charge had no idea what was going on, Bianca snapped her fingers in front his face, pulling the blonde back to the conversation. She thought her blue-eyed doll might need Adderall, but that was outside of a clothing store manager's purview. Her only goal in the immediate future was pushing the three a little further down that path of no return.

"Oh!" Emer's eyes stopped drinking in Bianca, moving from her rear where he'd been staring since she turned to face Song, and then, with no subtlety, to her breasts after she'd turned back. "She doesn't have to do that. I'll take care of it when I get home...probably a couple of times." Emer didn't want to impose, but Bianca's glare was too intense for even him to miss. Suddenly it occurred to him that this wasn't for his benefit. "...or we could do that, sure."

"Come sit on my desk, Emery, so everybody can see." Bianca said, pushing her computer a little closer to her chair, and patting the exposed mahogany. A thrill ran through her as she prodded her dolls into having some fun, whether or not they wanted to.

Emer complied, his gaze meeting Song's, noticing the tears still welling up in the pigtailed boy. At first he was excited, but the pouty expression on what appeared to be an innocent

blossoming girl genuinely tore his desires in two directions. He might not have been the brightest, but he knew that Song was upset over being caught in a lie, rather than anything he should feel responsible for. That still didn't change the fact that he was a sucker for a pretty face, and would always prefer one to carry a smile. Rather than diving in headfirst, the blonde showed an uncharacteristic amount of restraint. Taking his fellow feminized friend by the hand, he walked with Song over to the designated place, and brushed away a drying teardrop, before whispering, "Just don't make this weird."

Song nodded, understanding there was no escape from the back office until the crazy bitch got what she wanted. Song wasn't dumb, or gullible. He knew there were other options, but between the underage girl in the changing room, their invasion being on camera, and Brooks' threat of confessing their many other crimes, it meant all those other options would have him being escorted to the police station looking the way he did. 'I guess... I guess...' His mind stumbled over the thought. 'If I've gotta put a penis in my mouth, I'd rather it be a pretty girl's. Maybe I can just pretend... jeez did they really blow Brooks?'

Emer gently guided Song down between his smooth spread legs, gently pressing his friend's head lower to the phallus bathing in the cool air, unrestrained for the first time in a long time. On every previous occasion, Little Emer would be ready to put someone's eye out by this point, but strangely it was taking its time to grow fully erect. The soft skin of Song's hands brushing his nude thighs turned out to be all of the motivation it needed to rise to the occasion. Emer could feel Song's manicured nail lightly glide along the flesh of his inner thigh, the warm hand touching the intimate area, causing whatever hesitation Emer had to give way to the physical stimulation. He couldn't help wetting his lips as the anticipation swelled. This wouldn't be the first blowjob he'd gotten and never in a bazillion years would he have imagined Song kneeling between his legs. His friend looked hot as hell recently. Song had become much softer, not just in appearances, but in how they behaved, and the way they wiggled their butt walking in heels hadn't gone unnoticed. Times were changing and right then his arousal was growing.

Song was frozen in place with shock and horror, only moving because of Emer's hand pressing him closer and closer to the erection. Internally he groaned. Wanting to turn away, he attempted to steel himself, remembering the phone call the white bitch had with whatever person was insane enough to be her friend, discussing further punishments. Hands on the feminine legs that encircled him, Song's lip quivered at the thought of what he was going to have to do.

Seeing Song below him, their hands touching the inside of his legs, how their bottom lip quivered, it felt like one of those moments where time slowed down. Emer's dick practically ached for the pretty Asian girl's touch, yet he knew who this really was. The memory of choking on Manny's cock was still fresh in his thoughts. Feeling the fleshy object, how it was so firm, and yet squishy at the same time, how warm it was, and how it pulsed... There was much more to the memory, and it made Emer wish Song wouldn't have to experience it, but at the same time he could feel their warm breath over his exposed flesh and it was driving him wild. Emer gently placed his hand on the back of Song's head, and eased the kneeling teen closer to the goal.

In two seconds, Song had fifty thoughts run through his head, running the spectrum from denial to acceptance by the time his lips touched the tip that was already damp with precum.

Song didn't watch a lot of porn, but he'd seen enough to know what a blowjob looked like. He wanted one from Eun...Miss Park for a long time before he learned how much of a bitch she could be. Not being spoiled for choice he didn't fight the guiding hand coaxing his mouth to touch the phallus in front of him. A gentle kiss, and the cock seemed to bounce in anticipation of what was to come. As though he was a contestant on a gross-out game show, Song decided the best way to approach the task was to eat the cockroach as quickly as possible, and worry about the consequences later.

His plump lips wrapped around the tip of the shaft while his tiny hand wrapped around the base. What was actually a nervous apprehension functioned well as an unintentional, but gentle tease. Unknown to Song, with how pent up Emer was, if he'd had started working the pole the same way the boy had for Emmanuel, then the deed would have been done in a matter of seconds. Emer was on a hair trigger, but tried to apply his will in order to take the time to enjoy and prolong the magic. 'Least they are smaller than Brooks...' The comparison between the cock in his mouth and the other dick he'd recently handled wasn't helping his nerves. 'You can do this, don't let that psycho bitch see you suffer! You are Song Rim, and you can do anything!' The pep talk only went so far, before his full mouth let out a muffled whimper. Brave thoughts couldn't change the fact that a derogatory phrase he'd regularly used to describe some girls now equally applied to himself... he was a cock sucker.

After a minute, the novelty wore off. Saliva built up in Song's mouth, mixing with precum as he bobbed his head up and down, letting the hand guide him. The flavor...the taste wasn't something he ever wanted to experience, but the repetition of the action and his own self-encouragement helped. Looking up, he saw Emery's pretty face. The only thing that broke Song's illusion was the package sliding in and out of his mouth. His jaw began to ache, things taking so long, he closed his eyes.

Soon Song was able to put his talent for compartmentalization to use and he lost all fear of the cock. He didn't know how long that would hold though so he needed the fellacio finished as quickly as possible. 'Just get him off and this will be over. I can do this. I can get her to cum.' he thought, feeling Emery wince when he accidentally scraped the dick with his teeth. Pushing himself harder he began to try in earnest, just get the whole thing over with. His shame, something he wasn't able to shut off, was so abundant that this particular act was just another drop in the bucket, so the teen's mind wandered.

Mechanically the job was no more difficult than his nightly skincare routine. Aside from the fact he'd really rather never have anybody's genitals in his mouth, his only major complaint was the chemical taste of coconut body lotion that snuck in through the corners of his lips. "Gulg, gulg, gulg, gulg." The sounds came from the feminized youth's mouth as he bobbed his head, The lotion, the precum and the deluge of saliva, all the flavors mixed together, all dripping down Song's chin.

“OOoooooh, OH, AHHH, ah, ah, ah...” Emer couldn’t help but vocalize the intense pleasure of the warm wet mouth that enveloped Little Emer with its light suction. It wasn’t a perfect blowjob, but he’d never been with someone who could be called experienced before, so other than Song’s occasional mishaps with their teeth, he loved every second of the experience. From the second he felt Song’s red plump lips around the tip of his dick he was ready to explode, doing everything in his power to hold it back. His fingers through his partner’s hair gripped the sexual creature harder than he intended, as he tried to control her pace, to make her go faster as his pent up seed begged to be released. “Oh...GOD this feels good!” he shouted as he gazed down at the person kneeling on the floor. Song’s eyes closed, their hands holding the base of his cock while it slid into her red lips. The girl’s short pigtails bounced around as she went to work. Gripping her hair even tighter he held her face down on his dick when she took him in deeper. The vision of Song working his cock was just too much for him, and he couldn’t hold back any longer. “Ah, ah, AHHH!” Emer closed his eyes, feeling the pressure build in his groin, the muscles in one leg spasming, causing his heeled foot to bounce off the front of the desk a few times as his seed erupted into the mouth and down the throat of his new sexual partner.



While Song choked down the salty unfamiliar substance, Emmanuel watched on enthralled. When the deed started he tried to keep his sights set anywhere else in the room, darting back and forth between the many flea market paintings, little knick-knacks, and anything else shiny enough to steal his focus from the two sexy girls in the throws of their passionate act. The intense blush on his face betrayed where his thoughts were actually focused, all his efforts for naught, as inevitably his gaze would be drawn back to the desk, and the two delicate creatures from his dreams, innocent or otherwise, every night as he lay in bed. His knees pressed firmly together, attempting to restrain his growing penis before it could escape and add to the thick cloud of humiliation permeating the room. The alluring scene was too much for his hormone-ridden brain, unable and unwilling to not enjoy what was unfolding, his swelling manhood unrestrainable. By the time both girls' faces flushed, moans sounding out, there was no hiding the lanky boy's boner, or his shame for that matter, regardless of how much he tried to conceal it.

Through all this, the desire to touch himself didn't dissipate, his hand only stayed by the certainty that he was the only person in the room subject to such despicable yearnings. In actuality his boss was equally enthralled, not at all aware of the stretched khaki fabric encasing and restraining his engorged manhood.

Pressing her lips tightly, Bianca's face flushed. She felt the flimsy fabric of her thong dampen, grateful her arousal didn't carry the same telltale signs of those with differing equipment, but nonetheless she chastised herself for the moment of weakness. She thought, 'I really need to get a new boyfriend...sooner rather than later.' Once upon a time, watching the sexual act would have filled her with shame, and she'd have fled the room. The first college party she attended after her newly gained freedom from parental supervision, the couples making out publicly on the couch brought a blush to her cheeks, as she squirmed uncomfortably. Now, what unfolded before her was due to her own machinations, her arousal from her control of the situation.

Emer melted into a puddle of afterglow, knocking every little thing from the desk as he leaned back, a series of girlish giggles escaping his lips. Song collapsed onto the dirty office floor covered in sweat, an almost palpable aura of shame encircling him. He was seemingly unaware of the few drops of cum dripping down from the corner of his lips as he stared blankly ahead, his mind numb from the experience.

Clearing her throat, Bianca did her best to center herself, and reclaim her confidence. Putting her best authoritative foot forward, she said, "Why don't you be a sweetheart, and go buy your girlfriends dinner while they freshen up, Emmanuel?" A glance to the blushing boy's crotch prompted her to add, "...once you calm down, I mean."

Filled with shame, and naughty fantasies, Emmanuel turned away from the three women, his mind moving his friends to the female category without him really noticing. He crossed his arms, and tapped his foot while trying to remember attempting to fix a broken kitchen table while his

mother was at work not long after his father had been sent to prison. His memory had little problem reminding him of the pain he felt when distracted, he put a nail through his palm. Phantom pain from the childhood mishap allowed his erection to somewhat subside, and without a word he bolted out the door. Unaware of what he was thinking, only seeing his actions, Bianca was amused to no end, but she herself had to find resolve. She couldn't let her reluctant proteges see her falter.

"Great job, girls!" she squealed, applauding in that way Song was growing to hate more and more by the day. "You can use the employees bathroom to freshen up, but I have a few things to go over first." Bianca took a seat on the corner of the desk by the two teens, and crossed her legs. She felt invigorated and her amusement showed. She grinned, not bothering to mention to her dark-haired doll what was drying on their face. She paused for a few moments before explaining, "You both have been doing well lately, and I think you should know, there's a light at the end of this tunnel. I'll be keeping track of your progress with something of a scorecard. Let's just say, when you get enough points, you're free; free of me, free of your jobs, and free of Emmanuel, though I'm not sure why you'd want to be. That boy is a catch. I'd throw my hat in if I was a few years younger." Back then she was much more of a mousy girl, aside from a little anger issue popping up from time to time. She considered the lanky teen, only starting to find confidence and come out of his shell. Shaking her head, she dismissed the drifting thought as something that could never be and made a mental note to update her dating profile.

Emer sat upright, and picked a few stray paperclips out of his curls. He breathed a deep breath full of contentment. "How do we score points?"

"Oh, you know." Bianca answered with a mischievous wink. "Little acts of love like you did on your last date, Emery. I know you both have fallen madly in love with your boyfriend, but you need him to feel that way about you too."

If the blond had any inkling of what she was insinuating, not a soul would have known. "Huh?"

"She's saying we have to blow him, Emery!" Song spat, scraping his tongue against his teeth, trying to rid his mouth of the taste of cum as he marveled at the density of his bimbo friend's skull. 'I feel like I could throw up.'

"Yes, I guess so, Miss Song." Bianca chuckled. "If you want to be so crass about it. You'll get extra points if you try the backdoor too, but that's up to you. I'll even throw in a prize for whoever's winning each week."

"You can't seriously expect us to believe that." Song said incredulously, still sitting on the floor, knees together and legs out to the side.

The auburn beauty laughed, explaining, "You don't have to believe it, but if I'm telling the truth, and you don't participate, you'll be stuck like this for the rest of your life. I know your mother will be thrilled. Besides, so far I've kept up my end of everything. It's been others..." Bianca

hardened her expression as she peered into Song's eyes. "...that haven't been entirely truthful. Now, going forward, once a week you both will write down your number, and I'll verify with your boyfriend. We won't ever have to actually discuss it again..." She glared down at the Korean youth pulling himself up from the floor. "...unless you lie to me again, Miss Song. I certainly wouldn't advise that. Speaking of which, I know you think it's unfair that Emery got her cage off and you didn't, so I'm going to give you one more chance. Tonight only. My mercy isn't infinite after all."

"What do you want me to do?" Song asked in a small defeated voice. He didn't want his desperation to show, but his paranoia told him even Emer knew he'd have sucked twenty dicks to get that thing off, no matter how disgusted he was after their little escapade.

"Give your boyfriend that blowjob you denied him." Bianca said, miming the act as she poked her tongue to the inside of her cheek with her mouth wide open. "And for good measure, I think you should do it without any bottoms on. No skirt, no panties. Send a photo, okay?" Bianca rose from the desk, and stood nose to nose with Song, her stare unblinking, making sure he knew she meant business. She wiped the dribble of Emer's seed crusting the corner of his lips, and said, "There's a good girl. Now, if you lie to me again, or try to play the role of negotiator instead of a perfect adorable girlfriend, mark my words, you will be wearing that cage until after you've graduated, maybe even a smaller one. Capiche?"

Song audibly gulped, the act an involuntary one causing more of Emery's taste to slide down his throat. He was unable to move any other muscle or back away from Bianca, thoroughly invading his personal space. He was more scared of the redhead in that moment than he'd ever been of anything in his entire life, only managing to nod a weak affirmation to her question with great effort.

Bianca lightly slapped her pretty doll's cheek twice, and with that same signature smile returned to her countenance, said, "Good girl! Now go get cleaned up, and fix your lipstick."

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"Thanks for the burger, Manny. I'll see you both tomorrow" Emer said, holding the little paper bag in his hands, as his transfer approached. The blonde gave his so-called boyfriend a peck on the cheek in gratitude, and was about to get on the bus before stopping, turning around and planting a peck on Song's cheek too, feeling like it was the right thing to do after what went down in the office. Then without another word, he hopped up the stairs and scanned his pass. The driver gave a jealous sneer in Emmanuel's direction, wondering what the hooligan could possibly have had that merited two pretty little things each dangling from an arm.

"I think your bus should be here soon, Song." the well dressed boy said, resting his arm around his girlfriend's shoulder. "I'm sure you probably want to get home after all that stuff in Miss Russo's office."

“Umm...actually,” Song really didn’t want to finish the sentence, but he desperately wanted the cage gone, not just to be able to touch himself again, but because the imprisonment of his penis was an ever present reminder of how much agency he’d lost. As much as he hated it, this was his only opportunity to regain that single ounce of freedom, a freedom he never thought could be taken till he encountered that white witch. “I was thinking we could hang out at your apartment for a little bit. By the time I make it home, my burger will be cold. Also, I think my mom would kill me if she saw me eating greasy fast food. Can I please hang out with you? My curfew isn’t till eleven, you know.”

“Oh, right, sure.” Emmanuel answered nervously, unconsciously wetting his lips as the pretty girl reminded him of how much time they had to spend together. He knew his mom wouldn’t be home, but couldn’t remember whether or not he’d left out anything embarrassing. His girlfriend’s puppy dog eyes were enough to melt any resistance he had left. By the time the next bus arrived, Emmanuel hopped on and found his usual spot, only this time the seat next to him wasn’t empty. A knowing wink and a nod from the bus driver in his rearview mirror, filled him with a newfound confidence. The pretty thing accompanying him squeezed his hand as the doors closed, and they were on their way.

The trip to Emmanuel’s apartment was more arduous than what the others had to endure, with quite a few more transfers, though shorter than Song’s lengthy ride up to the hills. Normally he would walk part of the way to save time, but this particular trip was much more enjoyable than usual. With one arm around the pretty girl sat beside him, the other holding her hand in his lap, he felt happy. Whatever was between them before, the arrogance of Jae bossing him around, didn’t enter the boy’s mind. When Song put her head on his shoulder Emmanuel felt butterflies in his stomach. All the while he had no knowledge of the turmoil flooding Song’s thoughts.

‘Just be a good girlfriend... super easy.’ Song thought sarcastically as he followed the instructions given, head on Brooks’ shoulder, holding hands with him. Looking at his own hand, seeing the perfectly painted nails, he tried not to think about what he’d become.

A few more stops, and the two were walking up the stairs to that same apartment. “Do you want to watch tv?” Emmanuel asked nervously while clearing a spot for the food on the coffee table. “We have, umm, Netflix.”

“Sure.” Song answered, trying to think of the fastest way to get the boy’s pants off so he could get home as quickly as possible, and wash his mouth out with bleach. He’d already sucked one dick today, and believed the shame from a second might kill him, if not whatever diseases poors like Emery and Brooks carried.

“Okay, umm, I’ll be right back.” Emmanuel hurried into his room to stash away the empty store brand soda cans, push some dirty clothes under his bed, freshen his deodorant, and change into something more casual and comfortable. Emerging from the bedroom, Emmanuel thought Song appeared lost in thought, only a single bite taken from her burger, and the rest left to sit. ‘Maybe she’s full, Mom says girls eat like a bird sometimes around boys they like.’

The pretty boy turned girl had gone so long without greasy food that the brief indulgence sat heavy in his little stomach. When his unwanted boyfriend took the seat next to him, so close that their legs touched, the requisite ten minutes was taken to find a show neither had ever seen before. The program playing, both failing to pay any attention, the teens preoccupied by the million mile-an-hour anxieties running rampant between their ears. While Emmanuel zoned out eating his own meal, he nervously wondered how to initiate physical contact without scaring Song away. She was clearly into him now, but he worried her demure nature required a delicate touch, and as much as he desired ripping her clothes off then and there, he wanted her to feel safe and comfortable even more. Fortunately for him, he didn't have to dwell on it long.

Song felt as if he was just about to pop. His emotions overflowed and he couldn't just shut them away, so he decided to suck it up and dive in head first. He was going to have to get used to the taste of Brooks' manhood sooner or later, so perhaps it was best just to take the plunge. Without a word, he reached down and unbuttoned the boy's jeans, slipping his hand beneath the waistline to find a fully erect penis. Somehow, in spite of this, Emmanuel grabbed his wrist, and halted the gentle stroking, saying, "You really don't have to do that, Song." The kind boy didn't want to pressure his girlfriend into doing something she wasn't ready for, even if he wanted it before and much more so now that he could feel her soft touch. His newfound confidence was a fragile thing and the fact that she'd done this just the other night didn't change the fact that he didn't want to put her in a position where she felt uncomfortable.

'Trying to trick me, Brooks? I think not.' Song thought, certain this was a ploy to trap him in that cursed cage for even longer. "I know I don't, but I want to. Take your pants off, sexy." He could admit the boy had soft brown eyes, but calling him sexy felt like a self inflicted blow.

That little prompt was all Emmanuel needed to ease his tension. In an instant he practically tore off the garment preventing his girl from reaching her prize, every second the anticipation building, ramping up his libido.

The erection unleashed, Song paused for just a moment. The feminized boy could swear it was even bigger than the last time. In response, he stood from the couch, and slipped the suspenders off shoulders before letting the skirt drop down onto the floor. Slowly, he slid his panties down, displaying his cock, cage and all, for Emmanuel to see.

Emmanuel's eyes grew wide in shock. The sight of the penis looked out of place on the tiny feminine body, and his expression showed it. Song having that piece of anatomy wasn't a surprise to him, but he had put it out of mind that the pretty girl was anything other than what she appeared to be.

"Is it gross?" Song asked, suddenly ashamed of his genitals for the first time in his life and feeling the need for reassurance.

“Absolutely not.” Emmanuel answered, jumping to his feet and taking the girl by the hands. The light reading he’d done on transgender girls told him that some of them could feel dysphoric when sharing that part of their body with someone new. Pantsless, with his erection pointing straight at her, he felt determined to get her to smile. He explained, “It just caught me by surprise. I’m happy you were comfortable enough to share yourself with me, Song.” He said her name, gazing deep into her pretty eyes. “You’re beautiful. Every single part of you.” Emmanuel bent down and kissed his girlfriend on the forehead, before continuing. “We can take this as fast, or as slow as you need to. You’re in charge here.”

Song didn’t want to admit it, but being called beautiful, being accepted like that did something to his head. For the briefest instant a lightness filled his heart, and he almost forgot how much he hated Brooks. “Thanks.” he said sweetly, before pushing his boyfriend back down into his seat and getting on his hands and knees next to him on the couch. Quickly digging through his purse on the floor, he pulled out his phone needing those pictures for evidence of what was about to happen. Handing the device to Emmanuel, the nervous but determined teen slipped the customer service smile onto his face. “Take a few pictures of me while I do this, okay?”

“You want me to do what?” Emmanuel couldn’t believe the same person who couldn’t bring herself to talk about their last romantic encounter earlier that day, was now asking for something bordering on making amateur porn.

“Yeah, just like a few pics...So I can, ummm...look at them later. I think it’s kinda like, umm...hot I guess.” Song then thought, ‘Are you really going to make me say it again, asshole?’

Emmanuel grinned, happy to comply. “Your wish is my command, gorgeous.”

Attempt number two began with Song wrapping his fingers around Emmanuel’s cock, and trying not to think about what came next or to compare the thick member in his hands to his own much smaller caged package. Opening his mouth the pigtailed teen touched his tongue to his bottom lip as he moved closer, able to smell Emmanuel as he kissed the tip. Being a typical teenage boy, Emmanuel’s junk didn’t come with the chemical taste of lotion, perfume, or whatever else Emery doused themselves in that morning. It sort of tasted like Brooks smelled, and while it wasn’t a flavor he’d want in an ice cream cone, it wasn’t as bad as he expected. Things didn’t go quickly with Emery, and just bobbing his head up and down hadn’t been enough. Wanting to hurry and get it over with, he dove in, and swallowed the manhood, every inch disappearing behind his plump lips. The sudden arrival of a large cock in his mouth caused the feminine boy to gag for just a moment, as he got used to the sensation of pumping the phallus in and out, doing his best not to choke on the fleshy member.

While it wasn’t as good as Emery, Emmanuel chalked that up to Song’s inexperience rather than any reluctance, and decided to rest his hand gently on the back of her neck to help her find her rhythm. Once tempo was achieved, he leaned back to relax, and snapped a few of those photos his girl requested. That job done, his attention returned to the beautiful creature trying her best to please him. The way her plump little ass stuck up in the air while she worked his sex

was too much for him to resist, and his hand found its way to the tender flesh, gently stroking the cheek, and giving the occasional squeeze.

'You fucking pervert!' Song internally screamed while fantasizing about biting down on the unwanted dick. Self control at an all time high however, he continued as though nothing was wrong, even with Brooks seemingly keen to touch every square inch of his body. Unlike with Emery, Song tried something new, flicking his tongue from side to side between sucks and turning his head slightly like he had seen a girl do in a video. Saliva started to fill Song's mouth, causing the sound of the blowjob to crescendo, reminding him of an important thing girls did to let their men know how much they were enjoying themselves. While he hated what he was doing, what he had become, Song wanted this over even more. "Mmmm, MMMM!" With the exaggerated moaning over done, he pulled the cock from his mouth with an audible pop as the member's tip slid across the inside of his cheek. "Cum for me." He practically begged before taking the tip of the erect dick back into his mouth.

As the foreign hand on his rear edged closer and closer to his smooth crack, Song wanted to scream. 'Surely he's not...' The pigtailed boy didn't get a chance to finish his thought before Emmanuel plunged his middle finger deep into his puckered sphincter. "Maaaaa!" He screamed with his mouth full. One might have thought Song would have lost it then and there, but the experience was so shocking he froze up instead, only able to bring himself to try that much harder to finish off the boy. The sooner Brooks orgasmed, the sooner he could get dressed, and run out the door screaming.



'Now she's getting it.' Emmanuel thought, suddenly experiencing a new level of pleasure as the beautiful girl seemed to reach a new tier of oral skill. She was working his shaft harder now, even gagging a little, but pushing through it for the sake of his enjoyment. Jae might have been a selfish asshole, but Song was a giver, and she was giving plenty. "Oh my god, oh... ah, ah,

ah..." The teen boy groaned. "Song! Oh, god you are amazing, oh go..." The sensation built, and built, and unable to prolong the magic any further, Emmanuel exploded into his wonderful girlfriend's mouth, his eyes crossing as his head collapsed back onto the back of the couch.

Pulling his mouth free from the now deflating member, Song tried not to retch, swallowing what he could. Wiping away the slimy trail that connected his lips to the cock in front of him, smile fixed in place, the humiliated boy asked "Was that good enough?" Song asked, pleading with his eyes for the ordeal to be over.

"That was stupendous!" Emmanuel reassured, then realized he'd had his, but Song was probably unsatisfied herself. "You didn't get to finish though. Don't worry, I'm not going anywhere." He offered a warm smile, and pulled his girlfriend across the couch to straddle his still naked lap, his finger never leaving her hole. Hand still in place he began massaging what a few lewd instructional videos taught him was the prostate, while kissing the girl's slender neck."

Being pulled onto the boy's lap with a finger still in his ass wasn't exactly part of Song's plan and he wanted to yell over being manhandled, but before he could he felt the tender touch of Emmanuel's lips on his neck. "You really don...huhhh...G-god dammit." Song's own moans interrupted his protest, as the sensation of Emmanuel's kiss felt far better than he'd ever be willing to admit, and the finger trying its best in his backside brought him closer and closer to a long delayed climax. Firmly, Emmanuel pushed him back, just enough to slip the halter over his pigtails, exposing his breasts, before moving his attention to the nipples, kissing and sucking them with gusto. It was a feeling Song had never experienced, and probably the greatest pleasure he'd felt not involving his junk is some girl's vagina. For just a moment, he relaxed enough to let Emmanuel have his way, and in an instant, for the first time in weeks, Song orgasmed through the cage, and all over Emmanuel's t-shirt, an erection never once being part of the equation. His legs shaking beneath him, he collapsed, his head resting on his lover's shoulder.

Wrapping his arms around his girlfriend, Emmanuel held her tight, whispering in her ear, "You really needed that, didn't you?" His warm breath caused her body to quiver. "You really are wonderful, Song." he continued to whisper.

'Fuck you...Brooks.' Song thought, though he didn't have it in him to even scream mentally. His plan to flee post climax was thwarted by his inability to stand. He could hardly even talk. All he could manage was to drape himself upright over the boy's chest, riddled with the kind of self loathing that could only come from the realization that Brooks gave him the best orgasm of his life, and not once did anyone have to touch his dick. Exhausted, he would've vomited if it didn't require effort. Instead he just wrapped his arms around his boyfriend's torso, feeling his tight abs, and resenting him all the more.

It only felt like a few minutes, but without realizing it, time sped by as the two embraced, getting to be almost ten before they even looked at the clock. Song still had to get home, or his mother might very well come over and kill Emmanuel herself. As the Asian teen stood, the dried semen

glued the cage to the boy's shirt, and they peeled apart like two socks fresh from the dryer. "Sorry about that." Song said, before thinking to himself that he shouldn't be apologizing to the asshole for anything.

"Don't you dare be sorry for anything, beautiful." Emmanuel said, having a newfound confidence in his relationship, the kind that can only come from a freshly drained scrotum. The comment caused Song to purse his lips and look down at the half naked boy. Being called beautiful wasn't exactly the type of compliment a teen boy wanted to hear, but he couldn't help but appreciate it. Though that was soon followed by a little self loathing for feeling anything positive about Brooks or the encounter.

They slipped their clothes back on, and Song ducked into the bathroom to fix his makeup. A quick touchup of his lips helped salvage the mess, but the pigtails were done for. Instead, he pulled out the ribbons, and ran a brush through his bob. Once he was suitable enough for travel on public transportation, Song took an extra moment to examine his reflection in disgust. 'How many more times am I going to have to do that?' he wondered, dreaming of the day he'd finally get his freedom.

As he went to leave without saying a word, Emmanuel jumped up from the couch, and cut him off before he could escape. "I had a really good time tonight. Let's do it again soon. I'm getting a lot of overtime this week, so I can take you to that fancy restaurant again if you want."

"Umm, yeah thanks, Emmanuel." Song said, his eyes darting back and forth between Emmanuel himself, the boy's lips and the door. "I gotta go. If I miss this bus, my mom might call the National Guard." he giggled nervously. 'Did I giggle? Stop looking at his lips! What is wrong with me!?' Song thought, as he put one hand over his chest so that his forearm was pressing against his breasts right where Emmanuel kissed only a short time earlier.

"You're even cute when you worry." Emmanuel said, causing Song to blush for reasons he couldn't quite grasp, doubly so when his unwanted boyfriend bent down, and gently kissed him on the lips. "I can't wait to see you tomorrow, gorgeous. Text me and let me know you got home safe."

"I will, I will." Song said, giggling again in spite of himself, before playfully swatting the taller boy on the arm. "I gotta run though. Talk to you soon." He surprised himself once more by kissing Emmanuel on the cheek, just the same as Emery had done earlier before getting on the bus. The entirety of the bus ride home he tried to make sense of the interaction, but couldn't, so instead he thought of a few dozen insults to call Brooks once they were free from that crazy bitch's control.

Lying in bed a little while later, Emmanuel got the text and a thought occurred to him. 'Why did Emery get her cage off today, but Song didn't?' The only answer he could come up with was Emery gave him a blowjob, but Song didn't. That didn't make sense though because he and Song just had the time of their lives, and she orgasmed...a lot. He had the laundry to prove it.

How could that happen if she wasn't into it? Hoping for an answer, he texted Emery a question. "The other day at the picnic...that was real, right?"

Emer checked his phone, and thought back to the picnic, trying to remember everything they did on their adventure. Just because it was a vape pen didn't mean there wasn't THC in it. The more he thought about it, he couldn't remember Manny smoking with him, but he must've, otherwise he wouldn't be asking if it was synthetic. He texted back, "Of course it was real, silly. I'm not into that fake stuff. Anyway, I love that you're open to trying new things." Manny had always been pretty uptight. The guy needed to relax and as far as Emer was concerned, weed was the best way to do that.

Emmanuel read that text, and his heart swelled in his chest. He asked, "So you liked it?"

Emer thought back and remembered the new strain. "Yeah, Manny, I was like, not used to it, but I loved it."

"Good to hear. Good night, beautiful." With that, Emmanuel closed his flip phone, and went to bed with a smile on his face, his only worry that he wouldn't be able to choose between the two beautiful, sweet, caring girls he was falling in love with.

### **Chapter 3**

It had been a week since that fateful night Song's backdoor was deflowered. He sat on a bench next to Emery, the two sharing their lunch break. Song's mind drifted to a few days before when Emmanuel, once again driving Song's car, took him to a little French bistro downtown. This time was more enjoyable for the feminized boy, his mind not trapped in a cycle of anxiety over impending sex acts. It was only when Song thought it was cute when Emmanuel tried and failed to order in French, an attempt at impressing his girlfriend, that he remembered how much he was supposed to hate his date.

'Stupid charming Brooks, and his stupid charming smile.' Song thought, wishing a baseball would come crashing through the restaurant window, and destroy the boy's stupid handsome face.

Blowjobs were no longer an issue, and while not an activity he wanted to participate in with another male, they had become normalized. The physical activity became an almost daily occurrence since Bianca announced the contest, losing their menacing aura, and becoming par for the course. That next day, Song called Emery and the two had a long discussion about their shared boyfriend. Both agreed that it absolutely wasn't fair for the boy to essentially get off scot free when they were expected to rearrange so much of their lives, and even their sexuality before their punishment ended. Agreeing to a pact, it was decided that they'd each give him a blowjob every other day, and therefore the so-called winner of the crazy redhead's contest

would alternate each week. The real benefit of the arrangement was neither of them incurring any penalty from the devious woman.

Bianca wasn't lying when she offered prizes, and sure enough, every week something would be chosen from the pile. A certificate for store credit at The Hanger, buy one get one from a shoe store, and even a discount coupon for any beauty treatment at Rim, actually a sizable amount stacked with their employee discount. This week Song would be the winner, and his prize was tossed in his ornate white nightstand to be ignored.

Staring into his vanity mirror, Song leaned a little closer to make sure his makeup was immaculate when his perfect red lips triggered a memory of another pair of lips around the nipple of his temporary breasts. He remembered Emmanuel kissing him goodnight before bolting for the bus stop when the sound of his mother's voice warned she was about to open the door. It brought a smile to Song's face for just a moment, only to be replaced with a far off stare, as he kicked himself, thinking, 'I gotta nip this boyfriend shit in the bud. I'm actually starting to crave his attention, just like my mother. What the hell is happening to me?'

"Earth to Song." Emery said, snapping her fingers in her zoned out friend's face, startling her back to the present. "Jeez! And you call me a space cadet."

"I think I called you a dumb bitch." Song replied with a wry smile. A term he often used to denigrate girls who wouldn't give him the time of day had morphed into a playful term of endearment with the blonde who through their shared predicament had become something of an actual best friend, as opposed to the sort of loyal but incompetent henchman he used to see.

Finished eating, Song sat in the metal chair, dressed elegantly in a long sleeved black turtleneck, and a red plaid pleated skirt that fell just a few inches above the knee. His legs looked sexy, encased in a matching pair of thigh high boots with three inch spike heels, shoes that would have killed him a month prior but now weren't even the tallest in his growing closet. The gorgeous Asian-American teen dug through his leather coach bag till he found his red lipstick, the same shade as his skirt, and repaired the damage from his meal with the aid of a compact mirror.

Just beside him, Emery, wearing a yellow dress composed of a pretty porous fabric over a sewn-in satin slip, was snapping a few selfies while making a few different expressions into the camera, each one just as sexy as the next, her chunky white bangles jangling with every click of the shutter.



Song noted her casual white sneakers, cute with the outfit, and wondered if his mother would ever let him get away with wearing similar shoes. She wouldn't. "Do you have to send those to Brooks?" Song asked, wondering if he'd missed one of the crazy white bitch's many humiliating homework assignments.

"Oh, no." Emery replied. "I just wanted a new wallpaper for my phone." Song felt pity for his friend, now thoroughly female in appearance, and self image. He couldn't fault the dimwit as suggestible as she was, but was determined not to fall in the same trap, even if it killed him. Emery continued, "So anyway, like I was saying, Rose, my stepmom, was talking about when she was young, she had slumber parties with her friends, and I was thinking we could try that. We're both off work tomorrow. Why don't you spend the night with me tonight?"

"I know who Rose is, but seriously, what are we, Emery? Ten? I'm not a little girl, you know." Song felt like the point was driven home by the sway of his inflated sensitive chest when he moved.

"I guess you're right." Emery sighed. "We're teenage girls now, I guess. Rose just made it sound like something she did in high school."

Choosing to ignore being called a teenage girl, Song said, "Neither of us should still be in high school." His cold heart almost melted, when in spite of an attempt to hide it, Emery's pout replaced her usual joyous demeanor, causing the angry teen's resolve to weaken, but not give in. Song knew fully who the person really was sitting across from him, but he looked, sounded and moved like a girl, an incredibly pretty one that he had spent hours making out with for the amusement of his warden. 'Why does she... NO! I am not going to give in and go to some pre-teen slumber party.'

That afternoon when arriving home, the first thing Song noticed was the karaoke machine already set up in the sitting room, forecasting what was becoming a common occurrence. Hearing her little star walk through the door, Grace came running into the foyer, phone in hand. "There's a new dance trending today, to go with that new ITZY song. Let's try it. I even got us some big plastic tacky pink earrings so we can match. Isn't that a hoot? Your Daddy is home early today too so he can hold the camera."

"Sorry, Mummy...I uhh..." Song searched his brain for any reasonable excuse she'd find acceptable, dreaming of the day when he could bring in six figures a year for a twenty hour work week.

Grace frowned, assuming what she considered the worst. "Don't tell me you've got another date with that redneck."

"No actually..." Only one thing came to mind, and the pretty boy cringed as the words escaped his lips. "Emery and I are having a slumber party tonight."

An hour later, Emery answered the door, giddy as a schoolgirl at her best friend's arrival. "I'm so happy you changed your mind, Song. Tonight is going to be a blast, I promise" Emery then gave Song a glomping hug before kissing their cheek. "I'm excited!" She took a few of her friend's bags, of which there were many, Grace insisting her daughter be prepared for any contingency. There would be no skipping the skincare routine, even for one night. The two friends tip-toed past Abner's toys as they made their way to Emery's bedroom, something they'd become quite skilled at with their taste in footwear.

"So...what's the plan?" Song asked, genuinely unsure of the kinds of activities friends did that didn't involve petty crime, or schemes.

Emery was excited to run down the itinerary, planned out with her step-mom throughout the week, and did so by babbling at about a mile a minute, like any other teenage girl. "I've got my Switch, so we can play Mario Kart, or watch that Emma Stone movie. Manny always says I sound like her, but I don't see it. Rose went to the grocery store, and got popcorn, and ice cream, and we're gonna order a pizza later, and I also got these new curlers I've been wanting to try out. Have you ever thought of curling your hair? I think it'd be pretty. It's just kind of a pain in the ass to have to do it every day, and..."

"Calm down, girlie." Song interjected, afraid if he didn't then the blathering teen might suffocate before she was finished, though feeling a little hyped up himself by Emery's infectious energy. "That sounds like a lot. Shall we play it by ear?"

"I don't know how to play any instruments." Emery said, her puzzled expression as adorable as it was confused.

"I mean, let's just see where the night takes us. Now, I think you said something about ice cream?"

The next few hours were spent with their fingers glued to controllers, while Emery crushed Song in almost every game they played, much to the egotistical teen's frustration. Once the pizza arrived, Rose and the girls sat at the coffee table, eating over paper plates, while little Abner crawled around exploring. Smacking his lips together, Song placed one hand over his stomach, content with the meal. Working in the mall meant he had access to pizza, but it wasn't something ever ordered at home. Once that was done, the girls changed into their pajamas, and curled up on the couch to watch LA LA Land. By the time it was over, there wasn't a dry eye in the house, though Abner was only crying because of a messy diaper.

Song definitely didn't expect to enjoy himself, let alone have the best night he'd had in years, hanging out at a place that didn't even have surround sound built into the sofa. He couldn't make heads or tails of why he teared up at something so ridiculous as a failed relationship. The boy didn't even cry at his grandmother's funeral. The sun long gone, it was time for the girls to retire to Emery's room so Abner could sleep.

After washing off their makeup, the two sat on the bed, and put each other's hair in pigtails while they chit-chatted, Song not even questioning the feminine activities anymore, just going along with them. He was wearing the short lavender nightgown his mom snuck into the bags in place of his usual fuzzy pajama pants, so it wasn't like he wasn't already dressed just as prissy as his pink clad friend. Curious, he did ask, "So your little brother's name is Abner?"

"Yeah." Emery answered. "Why?"

"Abner, Emer..." Song raised an eyebrow thinking of the girl's previous name, and asked, "Is your old man a nineteen thirties dustbowl farmer?"

"Girl, he's not a farmer. We live in this house." Emery answered, surprised her best friend would ask such a dumb question. "He's a traveling salesman. That's why he's never here. I mean, I do miss him lots, but he says he's gotta put food on the table because he loves us, so I understand...at least I think I do. Anyway, I've got Rose. She's been great since my Mom died. I don't think I would've learned to tie my shoes without her."

Song almost asked, "Was that last year?" but thought better of it after hearing the pain in Emery's voice, something she rarely showed. The concept of an adult held down by obligation was foreign, having grown up privileged, but he knew the other side of the coin could be just as bad. As grateful as he was that his mother finally took an interest in him, she could be quite suffocating. Deciding to be nice for once instead, Song said, "That's gotta be hard, I guess. I'm glad you got a good stepmom though. She seems...cool, I guess."

Almost on cue, Rose poked her head in the room after a light knock to the open door, and said. "I just wanted to say goodnight, girls. We're so glad to have you, Song. I'm glad Emery has a friend who can really understand what she's going through."

Song thought to himself, 'You don't know the half of it.'

The woman went on, "Okay, I'm gonna close the door. You're grown enough, I'm not going to tell you to go to bed, but please don't wake up Abner, okay. I just got him to sleep, and I really need the Z's myself don'chaknow. Be good, you two."

"Good night, Rose." Emery said sweetly.

"Good night Mrs Ottensen." Song said with well practiced skill in sucking up to parents.

As Rose closed the door, she joked, "Just don't sneak any boys in."

When Song turned back to face Emery, the blonde's mischievous smile said that's exactly what they were going to do.

For the next hour the pair sat on Emery's bed listening to music until suddenly a few taps rang out from the window. "I can't believe you invited Brooks." Song groaned, as the blonde waved the boy to the front door.

"It's cool, Song." Emery explained. "I made him get beer. Besides this is like a rite of passage, or something."

While Emery tip-toed to the front door to unlock it for their shared boyfriend, Song pondered how a boy so afraid of prison that he threw his two accomplices under the bus without a second thought, was now willing to stand awkwardly outside of a liquor store until he found a person just sketchy enough to buy alcohol for a minor but not so sketchy that they'd run off with the cash instead. The boy's eyes firmly glued to Emery's cleavage in her flimsy pink PJs answered that question for him.

"Hey, Beautiful." Emmanuel whispered, giving Emery a lingering kiss, before setting the twelve pack down on her vanity, and moving across the room to Song, making sure the smaller girl's lips weren't ignored. "Hey, gorgeous. I can't stay too late since I've got to open tomorrow." He opened a beer for each of them, and divvied them out, something he never would have dreamed of doing just a short time ago. He took a seat on Emery's little vanity stool and asked. "What have you two been up to, tonight?"

"Girl stuff." Emery said, finding her own seat on his lap and wrapping an arm around his neck, a position Emery often was told to take in the back office when they all came together. By this point the feminized boy didn't think twice about the act. "You know, chick flicks, and beauty stuff, and making out with each other." That last comment was said with a knowing wink to Song, causing Emmanuel to spit his mouthful of beer back into the bottle.

Song marveled at how confident Emery was dangling all over the boy like he was a jungle gym. In contrast, for whatever reason, the fact that Brooks was seeing him without makeup on made him want to throw the blanket over his head and die. The words of his mother ringing in his head, how a lady should never be seen without her face on were drilled in by the woman over the weeks.

"I think Song feels left out, Manny. Let's go sit with her." Emery pulled the boy by his fingers with one hand, and carried the twelve pack to her night stand before snuggling up close to Song.

Song, thinking Emery was trying to get him to move over, started to scoot, but when he turned his head to the side, he felt the cold glass of Emery's bottle pressing into the back of his neck, as the girl gleefully giggled at her little prank.

Hearing the girlish scream from across the house, Rose shot up from her bed, and grabbed a putter from her husband's golf bag. She quickly made her way to her stepdaughter's room, and swung the door open, ready to maul the monster who dared attack her baby. What she found was Emery rolling a curler into Song's locks, with some pop song playing quietly in the

background. "Are you girls okay?" she asked, relieved not to find the giant puddle of blood she imagined.

"Oh, sorry, Rose." Emery said, smiling widely, and continuing her work. "Song saw a spider, but I caught it and threw it out the window."

"Sorry, Mrs Ottensen." Song said nervously, fidgeting with his fingers. "They're just so umm...gross." he lied, feeling another self-inflicted wound after claiming he screamed at the sight of a little bug like some silly girl. He could admit spiders were creepy but he wasn't afraid of them...mostly.

"That's okay, dear. I guess I need to get them back out to spray soon. I'm just glad you two are okay, and I'm really glad your brother didn't wake up. Sweet dreams, girls. Don't stay up too late."

When the door closed, Emmanuel's sigh could be heard from below the bed, as he struggled to crawl out from underneath it with three open beers in tow. "I thought we were done for." he said through grunts. He pulled himself back onto the mattress, and handed his girlfriends their beverages, his eyes lingering on the door like it was going to swing open for Rose to catch them in the act. Song pulled the curlers from his hair, while Emery reached behind the nightstand, and placed the rest of their booze where it was. As the situation played out Song realized Emery might not have been the brightest but she was certainly clever in her own way.

An hour went by, then another, and the three were at the very least tipsy. That's when things started to take a strange turn. Emmanuel was making eyes at Emery, who was busy braiding, and rebraiding Song's hair, when he decided to take the plunge and surprised the girl with a kiss, this one of the french variety, his tongue pressing past her lips to explore her mouth. With one hand around her waist and the other up behind the blonde girl's neck he pressed himself into her, enjoying her scent, a mix of perfume, deodorant and lotion and really enjoying the feel of her supple skin.

Pulling back slightly, Emery gave the boy a look before rolling her eyes. Kissing Manny or any other boy for that matter wasn't even on the list of things she wanted to do, but could admit it was nice to see her normally stoic friend smiling. "God you're so bad at that. I mean, you're getting better, but like, C minus at best." She commanded, "Try again." Bianca had declared them a couple and the last thing Emery wanted to do was make the woman mad enough to lock Little Emer up again.

Most guys would have left right then, stuck in their feelings, but Emmanuel admired how much the beauty wasn't afraid to speak her mind. She knew what she wanted and she wasn't afraid to say it. He leaned in for one more kiss, but this one was cut short by her painted fingernail pushing his chest away. "No, you're trying too hard. You've got to leave room to breathe. You're sharing a kiss, not invading my mouth like it's Iraq. Be gentle. Like this." Emery turned to face the other person in the room and placed her hands on Song's cheeks, and pulled them in,

starting with a gentle peck, and building up to something a little heavier, their tongues touching for just the briefest moment before easing off, and starting again.

Song was the smallest of everyone, and his level of intoxication showed it. He actually swooned at Emery's kiss. Even with the taste of beer, he found it much more enjoyable than the sloppy mess Emmanuel tried when they hooked up. He giggled, and asked, "How do you know about Iraq?"

"It's just something my Dad says." she explained, blowing past the question, and turning back to Manny. "Do you see what I mean?"

"Umm, yeah, I guess so." the boy replied, his member swelling at the sight of his two sexy girlfriends in pajamas making out.

"Okay. Show me." Emery said, placing her hands on the backs of both her partner's heads, and pushing them toward each other.

At first the two's faces mushed together like when a child plays with Barbies, but caught up in the moment, Emmanuel relaxed, and tried in earnest to follow Emery's suggestions. He took his time, wrapping his arms around their waist and if Song's reaction was any indication, some of that lesson finally sank in. The diminutive teen got swept up in everything, and without even meaning to, wrapped his lithe arms around the boy's neck. He opened his lips to welcome the kiss, actually enjoying the warm sensation that washed over his body and inebriated mind.

Gleefully, as the two pulled apart, Emery asked, "Much better, right Song?" The Korean youth could only nod in response as his cheeks burned red, the color not hidden by a layer of foundation for once. Playfully, the blonde girl grabbed Emmanuel by the collar, saying, "I still need to check for myself." and pulled him in again, this time noticing the marked improvement almost immediately. She thought to herself that it was much easier to coach him when she could show him an example. As their lips parted she smacked her lips together twice., "Now I want you to show me how you're doing with that other thing we've been working on. She placed a hand on top of Emmanuel's head, and used the other to lift her nightgown to reveal she wasn't wearing any panties, and her lady-dick was already up and ready to go. As Emmanuel closed his eyes, and took all of Emery's sex into his mouth, she shot a knowing wink to Song, and made a silly face.

Song's jaw hit the floor. He couldn't believe what he was seeing. As shocking as it was, he was mostly pissed that he never realized that was an option. It had been ages, since anyone had taken the time to orally pleasure him. When Emery called him closer with a wag of the finger, the alcohol did its job just enough for him to go along with it. Once again the two were kissing, and while he had to admit in the last fifteen minutes Emmanuel had made great strides, he didn't have shit on Emery, the beautiful creature, causing his own cock to rise for only the second time since the cage came off.

While his girlfriends made out above him, Emmanuel continued to work the shaft in his own mouth. It was easy for him to forget Emery had the same type of equipment he did, if not smaller. At first he thought he'd feel appalled and disgusted, but earlier that week after she swallowed his seed, he wanted her to experience the same pleasure he had. It wasn't like he just blew her. Instead things had started with a handjob, the teen boy nervous and apprehensive, but the taste of her pink soft lips and the sound of her mewlings in pleasure had made it a non issue.

"Mmmm." Emery groaned, reaching down to run her long nails through Manny's hair as she broke the kiss, noticing the tent poking out from Song's satin pajamas, and signaled for the garment to be removed. "I guess I do owe you one." Leaning back completely, she had Song straddle her face, taking it all in her own mouth, while the teen basked in the sensation, trying to moan quietly, and praying they didn't wake Rose again.

The trio spread out on the bed, Emery laying on her back with Manny below her, her legs up on his shoulders, while Song sat, knees bent and straddling her face. Emery's cock in her boyfriend's mouth, and Song's nestled between her soft pink pillowy lips. The only one not in complete bliss was Emmanuel who felt like he could cum just listening to Song's soft, almost musical voice, her breathing shallow with a hitch in it as she squeaked little sounds of delight. The sounds from Emery's sexy husky voice were muffled, but her groaning and moaning was there all the same, while her legs pressed into his shoulders.

As Emery edged closer to climax, she worked Song's member with her tongue, the new girl having picked up the skill of fellatio with the same aptitude as her skills with makeup, and when she burst into Manny's mouth, one hand gripped his short hair so hard she pulled out a few stands, while her other hand dug nails into the porcelain skin of Song's buttcheek so hard, a few scratches raised from the skin for a few days. That little bit of pain mixed with the pleasure of Emery's tongue was all Song needed to be pushed over the top, his own seed, as little as it was, exploding into Emery's mouth. Emery, no longer surprised by the taste of cum, drank it down like it was ginger ale.

Emmanuel was practically drooling as the two girls lay in the bed before him, draped over each other in a mess of humanity. He wanted to let them bask, but that did nothing to assuage his arousal, as his dick tried to tear a hole through his brand new jeans. He unfastened his fly and pulled it out, stroking it slowly while biting his bottom lip, trying to be patient until the girls' legs started to work again.

Once Emery could open her eyes, she saw her boyfriend playing with himself, knowing just what was expected, and nudged Song with her elbow, saying, "This will get done faster if we tag team it."

Song was confused, but once he managed to pry his naturally long lashes apart, understood exactly what the blonde was talking about. He tried not to groan, remembering he had to play the part of the adoring girlfriend, thinking at least he'd get to take a day off tomorrow as this

should count as a BJ for the both of them. He found his way to his knees, and met Emery's face near Emmanuel's genitals, as the two prepared to worship their boyfriend's cock together for the first time.

'Oh...'

Emmanuel thought, already on the verge of orgasm as he stared longingly at the girls ready to apply their attentions to him. Thoughts of how this all started and who they were never crossed his mind. It started with Song. His dark haired girl always seemed more aggressive. He watched as she kissed the tip of his sex, her slim hands wrapping around the center of his shaft, her delicate digits always making him feel like he was bigger than he was. Then his blonde lover leaned in, her curls bouncing, her gorgeous blue eyes looking up to his face as she kissed the tip of his cock on the side, before sliding her tongue under the base of his member as she slowly shook her head. Without taking his manhood into their mouths he soon had his straining erection lubricated from tip to stem. "Yes..." he whispered, the night feeling some kind of lucid wet dream.

As if the pair wasn't doing enough to excite the erect teen, their hands massaged the boy's flesh, Song squeezing his butt cheek, thinking of his own ass that had been attacked a moment ago while Emery gripped at Emmanuel's abdomen. Eventually, someone had to swallow the thing, and Song, in an atypical act of selflessness, realized he was the only one who hadn't already had a penis in their mouth, so he took it in, no longer really disgusted on the same level. The act was now more of an annoyance than anything. The idea of being a cocksucker still plagued him, but he did what he had to in order to get by.

Running a finger across Song's cheek and down her neck, Emery smiled watching her Asian friend take Manny's cock halfway into their mouth right away, knowing she would already be choking on the thing, and that the boy she was forced to be with got off on the sound of such an act. "Little deeper." she encouraged before getting up off the bed to move to Manny's side with intentions of wrapping her arms around him, kissing his lips, and then down his chest to help things along. Things didn't go as planned though, and as soon as she got close the kiss happened, one more primal than she was prepared for. It was nothing like what she'd been trying to teach. When Manny's lips left her own she felt her top being pulled down as he latched on to one of her already erect nipples. Instantly a shock of pleasure bloomed and then shot through her body, making her completely oblivious to the thin strap on her pajama top snapping. "AH! Ahhhhh! OH! Manny!" Her body shuddered as she felt him suckle on her sensitive bosom for the first time. Turning the tables to get him to blow her had been an achievement that made Emery think she deserved more credit than she got, but she hadn't even considered what could come of playing with her more feminine assets.

It didn't take that long for Emmanuel to come to completion. The intoxicated boy couldn't believe he was living out his pornographic fantasies with two of the most stunning girls he'd ever seen. He ejaculated so fast, he hardly had time to enjoy it. Song swallowed down the seed with his lover's hand on the back of his head, fingers holding onto one of the braids Emery had put in his hair. The slimy, thick substance filled Song's mouth, drained down his throat and dripped from

the corners of his lips, making him wish it at least tasted like chocolate or something else sweet, rather than the salty mess it was.

It was fortunate Emery had her own bathroom since everyone desperately needed to clean themselves, and they were all already counting their blessings that Rose hadn't burst through the door a second time. Dressed again, they finished the last of their beers, Song particularly happy to have something to wash the taste out of his mouth right away for once. Emmanuel kissed his girls goodbye, spending enough time with each that he hoped they knew how much he appreciated them and desperately wanting to tell them he loved them, but thinking it still might be a bit soon. 'I should tell them... no they will freak out. It's too soon. Is it? Shit, I don't know.' Unable to answer his own question he left with his secret sneaking back out the front door, and deposited the trash in the bin on his way to his mom's Corolla he borrowed and parked down the street. He was so tired, this was the time he decided to take his upcoming giant paycheck, and finally buy a smartphone so he could take one of those Ubers, wishing he didn't have to drive in his drained, intoxicated state.

Back in the room the girls crawled into bed together, and as Emery almost immediately passed out, it was then Song learned she was a cuddler. Any day before this one, he'd have thrown a temper tantrum, and tried to make her sleep on her own floor, but the affection was nice, and that kind of intimacy wasn't unwelcome for a change, so he kept his mouth shut, and enjoyed being the little spoon. His drunk mind tried to digest the evening's events, from spending time with Rose to swallowing yet another load of cum, until he fell asleep.

The next morning after they were dressed, Song dug through his bag, and found the little pills in a ziploc bag he had to take every day. When Emer saw them she said, "Oh, I take those too. Those are your girl pills, right?"

"What?" Song answered with his own question, sure Emery must be confused. "These are my vitamins. A doctor gave them to me." Upon closer inspection, he realized Emery was right. The two little blue pills, and the big white one were the exact same as the blonde held in her hand.

She explained, "Yeah, Rose took me to the doctor to get these. They took my blood and stuff, then said I could have them. They're supposed to help me feel better in my body. I mean, I guess they work because I think I look fucking great." her voice chipper despite not being a morning person.

"My mom got these from a doctor...that was her friend..." As the words escaped his recently painted lips, Song began to fear the worst. "Let me see the bottle, Emery." In a panic he began to google the words Spironolactone, and Estradiol. "Oh my fucking god! These are hormones, Emery! They're supposed to turn our bodies into girls' bodies. That is why we haven't needed those tit injections lately. Our boobs are actually becoming our own boobs." Song collapsed down onto the bed, unable to even cry, as he tried to process the realization that even if they were ever free of Bianca's machinations, if his mother had anything to do with it, there might never be an escape from a very female future.

“Don’t worry, Song. I think you’re very pretty.” Emery said, trying to comfort her friend though not exactly understanding what the problem actually was. “Oh sorry, Jae.”

“Heh...Just...” The feminized boy didn’t even know how to respond to that. Deciding to just not open that can of worms, with a whimper, he said, “Just call me Song, Emery.”

“You’re right.” Emery agreed cheerfully. “Jae isn’t as pretty as Song. That’s a much better name for a girl like you.”

The pretty boy sighed. Unable to find the words, he changed the subject. “I like that nail color, Emery. You did a really good job.” With how much his skill had grown working at Rim, and the perfection that had been expected of him, Song pondered what Emery could do to do a better job, but felt rather hollow inside at the moment so he just let the compliment be enough.

“Thank you!” the blonde squealed, latching onto the rare praise from her friend. “I know I’m not as good as you, but I’m pretty proud of it. You can do them up real nice at work on Monday though. OH! And I can show you this trick I learned with blending, and contouring that is pure magic!”

## **Chapter 4**

Sitting on his rolling stool Song greeted a new customer with a smile on his face. “What can I do for you today?” he asked with the usual practiced sing-song voice. “We’re doing a special on gels this week if you’re interested. Or were you wanting anything outside of a simple manicure?”

The nail tech in training’s work ethic reached a new level over the previous few weeks. Taking on new responsibilities as an occasional shampoo girl, and front desk attendant, he covered for anyone and everyone whenever they took a break. The dedicated employee made it a point to learn as much as he could about every position in the shop, eager to prove his capability, and drive. His relationship with Eun had even improved. It wasn’t like she was any nicer to him, but he no longer had to clean the toilets, and whenever someone screwed up, or a customer was particularly heinous, it was Song she bitched to about it in the back.

That morning he realized his mother had been drugging him with medication for transgender girls, the entirety of the ride home in Rose’s van was spent seething with anger. Tired of her’s, Bianca’s, Emmanuel’s, and everybody else’s shit, he lamented his stolen independence, sexuality, and gender. The teen stormed up the driveway with tears in his eyes, and fingernails digging trenches in the palms of his hands. Fire burned in his belly as he swung open the front door, dropped his many bags onto the floor, and shouted, “Mom!!” Before, when he’d felt ignored, he would in turn just ignore his parents. When he felt hurt he acted out. This time things were going to be different. He was going to actually confront her.

Hearing the front door slam Grace came down the stairs, still wearing her pajamas, carrying her mug of morning coffee. She wasn't even halfway to the bottom when she saw the pain on her daughter's face, and the tears welling in her eyes. Instantly she dropped the little piece of porcelain, spilling its contents and ruining the white carpet, something she threatened to send Song to military school for once before. The mother literally ran, something Song couldn't even imagine her doing before that moment, wrapping her arms soothingly around her child. "Who hurt you, honey? Was it that hillbilly? I'll take his fucking balls!"

An actual hug. The last time that happened was Song's first day of middle school. The same day he was sent home early for running his mouth in the back of class. It had been so long he almost forgot what it felt like, the warmth of a mother's love. In an instant he forgot the speech he'd rehearsed in his head over and over on his way home, and instead hugged her back, unable to stop the sobbing. Through quivering breaths he explained, "Sorry, Mummy. I just got a little worked up. I don't know what came over me. Emmanuel didn't do anything. My feelings were a little too big, I guess. Your carpet, though."

Grace held Song's face in her hands, tears forming in her own eyes after hearing the pain in her child's voice. "Don't worry about the carpet, little star. That can be replaced. I only have one beautiful little girl."

'I don't want to be a beautiful girl.' the feminized teen thought, still clinging to his mother. Unable to say anything more, his body betrayed him and continued to sob.

It was over before it began. Song couldn't bring himself to start the fight. Instead he resolved to prove himself to his mother. 'Maybe I'm stuck playing a girl...for now, but that doesn't mean it has to be forever. I'm not going to let that white bitch win. I'm going to make Mom so proud, she'll be just as happy with me whether I'm a boy or a girl! Then things can go back to normal!'

Emotions overflowing thanks to keeping them bottled up for so long, plus the medication, the teen continued to cry, enjoying the warm embrace he didn't realize he missed. The crying boy's first idea was to prove himself at the shop. His mother always took an interest in people at work after they proved themselves. 'Why else would she care about Eun?' he thought.

After a few weeks, Song approached the front desk at Rim where the two women were going over the books. "Ummm...Ms Park, Mrs Rim...Could I request next Saturday off?" he asked.

"Why is that, little sister?" Eun asked. "Big plans with that lanky boyfriend of yours?"

Not long ago just alluding that he and Brooks were in a relationship would have brought embarrassment, anger, and a blush to his cheeks, but he took it all in stride. "No ma'am." Song replied, maintaining eye contact to let his supervisor know he meant business. "That's the next nail-tech certification exam. I'd like to get my license so I can apply for a promotion when one becomes available."

“Oh, really?” Eun said, crossing her arms and narrowing her eyes. “You know that’s taking on more responsibility, right? Things don’t get easier up the ladder here.” She wasn’t sure what Song was up to, thinking the same when the dress-wearing boy started putting in real effort.

Song persevered. “Of course, ma’am. Once school starts back, I’ll have to go part time, but I’ll work every weekend. I should be graduating this year so it’s only for nine months though.”

Grace surprised them both, a joyous smile spreading across her visage. “Eun, go get some petty cash from the safe to pay Song’s exam fees.”

“Actually ma’am,” Song interrupted, “I’ve been saving my paychecks, and I have enough to cover it myself. It’s pretty important to me that I do, honestly.” It still felt odd calling his mom ma’am, but it was how she wanted to be addressed at work and the last thing he was going to do was be deliberately disrespectful.

“Oh really.” Grace and Eun shared a knowing look, both incredibly proud, but neither willing to betray it. “Take the day. Just make sure you bring in a copy of your certificate so we can hang it at your new station.”

“Thank you so much!” Song gushed, but was stopped by a raised hand.

Eun said, “That’s enough, little sister. Get back to work. We’ve got a busy day ahead of us.”

After that Song returned to his duties, beaming brightly at his mother even acknowledging his presence in the shop. The pretty teen knew he’d have her approval sooner rather than later. He’d have his pants back in no time at all.

Since starting at Rim, Emery had quickly risen up to one of the top salespeople. If there was room for an upcharge, the customer invariably accepted it, and did so with a thank you and a smile. The blonde was a natural at sales, laid back, friendly and carefree. No one ever felt the hunger and desperation for a sale like they might at a used car lot. The outgoing teen even started doing her job happily once she learned what commissions were.

“You mean, the more stuff I sell, the more money I make?” Emery asked Eun after receiving her first paycheck fresh out of training. For everyone and their mother to hear, she continued, “That’s more than when me and Song sold pills.” The significant increase in her bank account would have been nice if she’d actually set up direct deposit like she’d been told twice before. Once again Eun swatted her on the head with a rolled up piece of paper for adding another task to the supervisor’s already heavy workload. She threatened to pay her in pennies if it happened one more time. She couldn’t be too mad, as the stress was well worth the blonde’s impact on the bottom line. Right after Eun walked away, Emery looked over her stub, then asked Mary, “Who the fuck is Fica, and why does she get any of my money?”

As the weeks went by, Emery slid into a routine. In the mornings that came too early for her, she would get ready, a process she felt was a lot of work, but worth the effort. It was a big change, someone who often didn't wash their hair becoming someone that got up early to put on makeup and often slept in rollers. She'd ride the bus with Song, Emmanuel, or both. There'd be a few pleasant kisses goodbye, the boy improving tenfold under her tutelage. Most of her time after that was spent gabbing with Mary, her favorite part of the day, while the two tried new products, Mary filming occasionally to "feed the content monster" as she called it. They had developed quite the rapport and Emery was smitten. Mary was as well, but tried to keep their relationship professional. That was at least until one fateful day.

One Saturday afternoon the cosmetics counter girls were discussing lipstick colors for the coming fall season, how darker colors like plum were in and glossy lips coming back. During this conversation Emmanuel strolled through the door of Rim Beauty. "Hey, Beautiful." the boy said with a smile, approaching his girlfriend with flowers in hand, daydream tulips as bright as Emery's joyous expression. "It's been two months since we started dating, and I wanted to do something special to mark the occasion. I saw these, bright and beautiful, and I thought of you."

Emery wasn't exactly thrilled about the two "dating" as the boy described it, or that it had been going on for two months. She didn't really like to kiss him. She definitely didn't like sucking his dick. Him blowing her was fine, probably the best use of his mouth if she was being honest. It wasn't like the gifts, and praise hurt, but they hardly made the whole ordeal worth it. Still, she knew it was probably best to keep her frustrations to herself. "Pretty!" she squealed, an honest reaction to her first time receiving flowers. Taking the bouquet, she tried to stuff it into the pocket of her apron. Emmanuel looked on in horror, thinking of the hefty sum he'd spent on the gift, but afraid to say anything that might hurt his cutie's feelings.

Mary swooped in to save the day, taking the flowers from Emery, saying, "The orchids up front are silk. I'll let you two chat for a minute while I steal their vase, and get these in water. You've got a good boyfriend." As the words left her mouth the pink haired girl thought to herself, 'I could do better though.'

"So, I've got my mom's car today. I can pick you up from work if you want to hang out after. When I leave here I'm going to Song's. Maybe the three of us could do something later." Emmanuel had plenty of dates with his two partners, an embarrassment of riches to the typical high school boy. He even went to the same movie twice, once with each of them, and still had no clue what it was about with all the hanky panky distracting the horny boy. What he truly desired though was a repeat of that night at Emery's slumber party, but the closest he'd come was a girlfriend hanging off each arm as he kissed them goodbye on his way to work.

Thinking of the free dinner that might come with those plans, Emery, tummy already rumbling, said, "That could be fun. I'm off at six. Don't be late." Her voice was playful, and cute, but she was basically pushing her suitor out of the store, eager to get back to her conversation with Mary.

"See you then!" the boy said excitedly, squeezing the well groomed hands pushing at his chest before turning and walking out with naughty imaginings of what could possibly be coming later.

Just as Emmanuel was leaving, Mary came from the back, and set the flowers on the front desk, brightening up the shop. She watched her protege kiss her boyfriend goodbye, thinking she should keep her mouth shut, but struck by impulse, she had to satisfy her curiosity. When she and Emery returned to the counter, she blurted out her question. "So you guys are in a throuple, right?"

"A throuple?" The concept of a portmanteau was a smidge beyond the airhead.

"Yeah..." Mary replied, realizing she might need to be more clear. "You, Song, and that boy, Elvis or whatever...you all date, right?" The makeup artist knew his name, but her jealousy prevented her from getting it right. "I've just seen you three kissing is why I ask."

"Who...oh, Manny?!" Emery asked, catching on. "I mean, I guess so. We've hooked up a few times, but honestly I think I like kissing Song more." Emery thought of her petite friend who had curves in all the right places. Song's breasts were slightly larger than her own and thanks to diet and consistent corset use now had a narrow waist to go with them. 'Yeah, Song is much prettier than Manny.'

"That's just..." The responsible part of her brain was telling Mary there were lines that shouldn't be crossed in the workplace, but her libido told that part to take the day off. "...so fucking hot! Like, really hot! I've always wanted to have a three-way!"

"It would probably be even hotter if I actually liked him like that. Like, I guess his oral is okay." Emery's face painted a picture of a girl reviewing a b-plus movie rather than one gushing over her lover.

Mary was very confused. "You don't like your boyfriend?"

Emery thought about it for a moment, then explained, "It's umm...complicated I guess. He's sweet, and the attention is nice. He doesn't talk a lot though. I don't mind the foot rubs. It's just like, a lot has happened in the past few months, and most of it hasn't been great...but the best of it all is I found my favorite person to spend time with." With those words, Emery's hand naturally found its way to Mary's while the two leaned on the glass counter. The pair looked into each other's eyes as they blushed sweetly, each knowing what the other was thinking without having to say a word. This hit Mary hard, most people finding her a bit much, but the object of her affections had just basically told her that she was her favorite person.

Like a child telepathically sensing their parents were about to get busy, and suddenly wanting a glass of water, Eun walked up to the counter and said, "Your truck is here, Mary. The driver's finished unloading, but he's still waiting on a signature."

The makeup counter girls pulled apart quickly, hoping they weren't caught even though they obviously were. As she went to the back, Mary daydreamed of a candlelit dinner with Emery before the two hooked up with their sexy waiter. Emery did something she rarely had occasion to. She thought hard...very hard, trying to come up with a way to end things with Manny without all the formerly delinquent boys going to jail.

As Emmanuel drove up to Song's house, he checked his reflection in the mirror a dozen times. The past few weeks had been fruitful for the boy, getting a phone that was made this century, its wallpaper being that adorable picture of his girlfriends Bianca snapped the day they got their breasts. He replaced his half destroyed wardrobe with clothing suitable for a Wall street stockbroker, and spoiled his two favorite ladies every chance he got. Pulling into the driveway, he parked the little sedan to the side, not wanting to get in the way, and give Mrs Rim another reason to hate him. As he approached the door, before knocking he heard the voice of an angel, singing in a language he couldn't understand, but filled his heart with warmth nonetheless.

The boy had to knock four times before someone finally heard him over the blaring bass beats accompanying the music. When the large walnut door swung open, it was Song there, as pretty as she always was, bringing a smile to his face.

"I didn't know you were coming, Emmanuel." Song said, a little miffed to not, at the very least, get a text first. The girlish boy cringed, hoping Brooks hadn't heard his skilled soprano on the karaoke machine.

"Today is our two month anniversary, and I uhh, got you flowers." Emmanuel held the bouquet out from his chest, the whole scene looking like an anime love confession.

"Ah..." Song looked at the roses, some breed he'd never seen before, sporting white petals with red tips. "You shouldn't have." Getting flowers was something he never thought he would experience. Boys gave them to girls they liked and now he was that girl. It was a thought he didn't find pleasant. Still, after all this time with the tall boy, having to hang off him, and please him, part of Song felt a need for his approval.

"Yeah well..." Emmanuel rubbed the back of his neck. "I was thinking about you and I wanted you to know it. I saw these and they felt perfect. Unique, beautiful, and a little bit thorny."

Song could feel the sharp barbs as he leaned in closer to smell them. The flowers hid the small blush that came unbidden to his cheeks. The gift wasn't just about getting something nice. Brooks had been thinking about him and picked out something that specifically reminded him of Song. For a second the flowers felt like a better gift than most of the things he'd been given over the years. Shaking his head, the feminine teen tried to dismiss the feeling. 'I'm even starting to think like a girl... get it together!' he told himself before taking another whiff of the bouquet in his manicured hands.

“Do you want to go out with me and Emery tonight? I was thinking we could maybe do something, the three of us for a change...like old times...”

“Oh sorry,” Song said, weighing which was the lesser of two evils in his head, as he accepted the gift. “Actually, I passed my nail-tech certification today, and I promised my mom we’d celebrate together.” Emmanuel couldn’t help but frown, causing Song to panic, thinking of the tortures that crazy bitch would inflict if Brooks told her of his rejection. He quickly added, “But, I really want to. It’s just, you know...moms.” Song, barefoot, stood up on his tiptoes and kissed the boy half on the lips, half on the cheek. “We can do something tomorrow, if you want though.”

Just then Grace came barreling around the corner, microphone in hand, singing, “Deo chumchugo sipeo l. eosaekan seollem jogeum seotulleodo. You make me crazy like I am.” then stuck the mic in Song’s face. Her child didn’t sing a word, instead making a face like they were going to die on the spot. Like the boy wasn’t standing on the porch, she said “The redneck has good taste at least.” she said, sniffing the red-white roses. “In flowers, and in girls.” She kissed her daughter on the cheek then said, “Hurry back, honey. I’ve already got the next song picked out for my Song.” The woman chuckled at her pun then glared at Emmanuel, saying, “No boys allowed.” before dancing her way back into the living room and leaving the kids to say their goodbyes. Song sighed, and tried to be grateful his mother had at least given up on landing him a record deal.

The following Friday, the girls once again sat in front of Bianca’s desk, going through the motions, until their tormentor finished her usual diatribe. Emmanuel had the day off, so this was one of those particular times when she could be more candid. She said, “Girls, I have to say, I’m very proud of you. Not only have you been keeping up with your homework assignments, but your attitudes have improved as well. You even had a slumber party all on your own. How adorable! You’ve both earned a little bit of trust, so I’ve decided to take a little vacation next weekend to go visit my friend in Florida. I’m only going to ask that you help Emmanuel clean his apartment again while I’m gone. He was telling me his mom has been pretty busy lately, and I know he could use the help. You both will be good, right?”

Neither opened their mouths, having learned saying as little as possible meant Bianca grew bored quicker, and when she did they could usually catch an earlier bus. Instead they’d nod their heads until being dismissed.

“Excellent. Disbehave and your boyfriend will teach you a little discipline and take you over his knee for another spanking.” she said, making sure they remembered there was a stick before adding the carrot. “Song this is for you.” She handed the envelope with the buy one get one coupon for the shoe store after the dark haired girl won the blowjob competition for the second week in a row. Song had given Emmanuel an extra blowjob, not keeping to the deal struck with Emery. “Keep this up, and you both will be free to return to your lives as boys sooner rather than later. Have a nice weekend, ladies.” She wanted to try and push them to take things further, seeing the now demure Song bent over her desk and being fucked was an idea that tickled her

fancy. A proper ending to the boy that had practically dared her to do her worse the first time they met. 'That can wait till I get back.'

Leaving the mall, and walking down the sidewalk to the bus stop, Song noticed Emery was crying. He asked, "Bitch, what's wrong?"

The girl said, "I don't want to go back to being a boy." tears and mascara streaming down her face.

It took a moment for Song to process that his friend wasn't like herself. "Girl, calm down." Song then pulled his bestie in for a hug, an unthinkable act at the start of the summer, but now the norm. "She's not going to make you be a boy. She's just saying you'll have a choice. Not that I think I will, yet. If my mother has her way, I'll wind up married to one of her business partner's shitty kids." He thought about how he'd gotten the nail tech certification, and how happy both his parents were. He should have brought up returning to manhood, but instead he thought of other certifications he could get, the teen not mature enough to understand he was unconsciously chasing a high.

"Oh...okay..." the blonde wiped away some of the mess, sniffing as she forced a smile. "I just wish I didn't have to blow Manny anymore. He keeps acting like I like it, and I hate swallowing his umm...you know, it's confusing." Bianca might have been able to turn Emery into a girl, but despite her best efforts she couldn't make her into a straight girl.

Pulling away, Song locked eyes with his bestie and said, "Actually...about that...I've been scheming a little. How would you feel about a little revenge?"

"Scheming?" Emery said, her mischievous grin returned. "Why Miss Song, I thought you'd forgotten how."

"I was thinking..." Song started to say before Emery spoke over him.

"Scheming!" Emery said, trying to correct her friend.

"We have to blow Brooks, clean his place, hang off him and pretend we are in love, and him...he tells that bitch everything. He even spanked me and almost you, all the while acting like we enjoy this. Trust me, babe. By the time I'm done, we'll never have to suck Brooks' dick again." Standing so close to Emery, Song resisted what had been so ingrained into him, turning his head so he didn't lean in to kiss his friend with her pretty doll-like blue eyes. After stepping onto their bus, Song pulled out his phone, and found his way to a particular dark-web site he'd used a lot in his drug dealing days. It was there he placed an order, rush delivery and all, and he thought to himself, 'If I have my way, *nobody* is ever going to have to suck that dick again.'

## Chapter 5

Song and Emery were sitting on the couch in Brooks' apartment facing each other, again in their full maid attire. Song had one leg crossed over the other, a position now taken without thought, bouncing his heeled foot. The idea of being a lowly maid still didn't sit well, nor did the fact the outfits were made to be sexier on the feminine form that both he and Emery carried. His own dress still had a cutout to show off his cleavage and Emery's skirt was still short enough to easily see the panties she wore when bent over. Of course they both wore those same impractically high heels that were certainly not intended for that kind of work. The apartment wasn't exactly a disaster area, but there was still plenty to do. Song had to sit his absent-minded friend down to discuss a plan of attack to do, Emery, not the best at keeping things in the right order, grabbed the vacuum first thing. "You can't do that first, Emery." Song said, sounding more like his mother than he'd care to admit. "We have to get the clutter gone, then dust, and then you can do that."

"Can't we just, I don't know, relax till Manny gets home and then we can do our thing?" Emery said dreading the dishes in the sink she wanted nothing to do with.

"And risk Brooks calling that bitch?" Song couldn't imagine Bianca being happy with that phone call, especially when she was on vacation, nor did he wish to relive the humiliating experience of being spanked like an unruly child. "No, we need Brooks to be happy." the Korean teen explained, feeling a subtle desire to see the unwanted boyfriend smile and give his approval. The stray thought wasn't a welcome one, but instead of visible revulsion, the smile on Song's face only grew. Practice hiding his real emotions behind the happy facade had created his new default expression.

"FINE!" Emery huffed. "I will be a good girlfriend, or whatever."

Soon enough the two were scurrying about the apartment cleaning. Unlike the last time, the pair of feminized friends were actually putting in effort. The same tasks that took them a full day before were easily completed in a matter of hours when neither was dragging their feet. There was much to be done after all.

It was a Saturday night, and Emmanuel had just finished his first shift running the store. Bianca had trusted him with keys, and he wasn't about to disappoint her. Even after counting down the drawer and checking it twice, he went ahead with a third time, not about to fail the woman he saw as having his balls in a vice grip. The proverbial stick was clear, but Emanuel didn't mind the alternative. Bianca had even given a raise to accompany the new responsibility, and without her the boy would still be wearing t-shirts one ruined thread from falling apart. The carrot option had been treating him rather well in his opinion. Everything in the store neat and tidy, he still managed to make it out the door long before his boss would have finished one of her nightly lectures. He ran for the bus, eager to get home to the two wonderful girls waiting for him.

Arriving, the boy was genuinely surprised to find a perfectly pristine apartment. The girls each greeted him with a kiss, and Song had his favorite soda ready in a tall glass with ice. Feeling the

petite object of his affections, pressing her chest into him as she gave a quick peck on the lips, only made Emmanuel want more. Those skimpy French maid outfits were plenty sexy after all. He wrapped one arm around her skinny waist so he could take his time to explore her mouth with his tongue, a thrill running through him when she returned the kiss with equal passion. "Gosh, you're beautiful." Emmanuel said, holding onto the girl, gazing deep into her brown eyes, wishing he could pick her up, and carry her off to his bedroom. It wasn't just the two of them though, so reluctantly he let go, and accepted the hug from his blonde girlfriend.

"I missed you too." Wrapping both arms around her midsection, Emmanuel kissed the blue eyed goddess with just as much affection, making sure she could literally feel how excited he was to see her. Accepting the beverage he looked the two over before examining their work. In that moment he felt a real sense of contentment that he couldn't remember feeling before. Ever since his father went away life felt like a struggle. While it wasn't perfect now, his mom not being around enough, things were getting better.

Trusting them with keys to his apartment was a big step, but one he didn't expect to pay off like it did. Emmanuel would have been lying if he said he wasn't worried about Song taking the few pieces of nice jewelry his mother owned to the pawn shop, and skipping town. It wasn't like he expected them to pull the same stunt that led to the spanking incident, an occurrence that still made him cringe when he thought about it, but this was on a completely different level. Even the ancient coffee table, once covered in rings, and scratches now had a glossy sheen he could practically see his reflection in. "Wow!...Just...wow! I can't believe the difference. You two didn't have to do all this, you know. I really do appreciate it." He kissed his girlfriends gratefully, then turned to face the glimmering residence, still not quite believing the difference. That was when he noticed Song had a particular look in her eye, one he hadn't seen in a long time. It was then Emery grabbed his arms from behind, pinning them against his back. Before he could react, Song held a rag saturated in ether, his recent illicit purchase having just arrived in the mail the day before, and pressed over his nose and mouth.



As Song dug through the struggling boy's pocket for his phone, the last thing Emmanuel heard the devious boy turned girl say was, "It's the least we could do, Brooks. You'll have plenty on your plate, soon enough. After all, we're about to turn your life upside down, just like you did ours." With that, the boy slipped into the darkness as his limp body collapsed onto the floor.

First, Song sent a text to Bianca from Emmanuel's new phone.

**Emmanuel:** Everything is going great. The girls did an excellent job cleaning, and they're perfectly under control. Hope you're enjoying your trip.

This was immediately followed up with a photo of the clean dwelling. That out of the way, a few more were sent to the boy's mother, making sure she wouldn't show up, and ruin his designs.

**Emmanuel:** Mom, there's something we need to talk about...

No reply came from the unconscious boy's mother as she wasn't able to check her phone on the clock, but Song continued sending several texts, spinning his web of deceit.

Once the bases were covered, Emery, and her much weaker friend managed to drag their soon-to-be ex-boyfriend's deadweight body into his room. "He's heavy." Emery said, thinking about how moving someone like they were on tv didn't seem like such a big deal. "Do you think bodies weigh more or less when someone is dead?"

Song had never been the muscle in his plans and his recent life changes seemed to have sapped him of what little strength he had, leaving him struggling with the unconscious teen. "What? Why would the body be... Emery, less talk, more lifting please." Words and phrases like please, may I, how can I help, thank you, were all ones Song didn't utilize often, but as he settled into his current role they became a normal part of his lexicon without him realizing. After a bit of a struggle the two managed to lay Emmanuel across his bed. When he started to stir, Song draped the soaked rag over his face once more, giving a sense of power and control not felt since that first day he was forced into a pair of heels. Their target didn't move a muscle as they moved on to the next stage of the plan.

The two stripped the boy naked, long being over the sight of his dick. They'd had it in their mouths so many times, so that kind of embarrassment wasn't anywhere to be found. Song took the clothes, and stuffed them into a garbage bag, along with everything in Emmanuel's closet and dresser as well. He took note of the quality garments, something rarely seen in the modern world of fast fashion, and wondered if he could stash them somewhere for when he returned to boyhood, but holding a pair of slacks up to his waist, it was plain to see the legs fell past his miniscule feet, spilling down onto the floor. Song pressed his lips into a straight line. Pants weren't something he had in abundance, but he also had one pair that covered his feet, designed to be worn with a pair of heels. Even if the waist size wasn't too large, the length would never work. The duo, having borrowed Rose's van for the day, spent their morning shopping, making good use of the so-called prizes for their blowjob competition. Those, plus Song's dense bank account, purchased a new wardrobe for the stylish fashionista they planned to create.

While Song kept busy filling the empty spaces with the new garments, Emery began plying her trade in earnest on the unconscious teen, first deciding the new girl's complexion best suited

neutral tones. She started with the eyes, that way the rag could stay in place. Browns and golds blended across the lids had Emmanuel's irises popping beneath them when the blonde pried one open to check. A smooth line of liquid eyeliner was next, and while that set, she went to work with a pair of tweezers, plucking away in a wild fury until the formerly bushy brows became a couple of well groomed arches.

The eyes completed, the makeup artist removed the cloth, and working diligently with a concealer stick, and foundation, covered Emmanuel's face, smoothing away every little blemish and discoloration. Contour and highlight followed, sculpting the boy's already soft features into that of a picturesque beauty, all the while her tongue peeking out while touching it to the corner of her mouth as she concentrated.

"God damn!" Emery lamented. "I was expecting a linebacker in a dress, but she's actually kind of pretty. I almost wouldn't mind making out with her now." The ditz continued to appraise her creation. "But not as pretty as me of course." Emery looked over to Song. "And you, I mean we are both hot. How long does this stuff last, anyway? Do you want to make out or something?"

"No, Emery, we have things to do." Song shook his head marveling at how quickly the girl went from himbo to bimbo.

An eyebrow pencil was next, Emery deciding to leave the little notch unfilled. That kind of look could be cute after all, a little piece of individuality. She remembered Mary telling her about Cindy Crawford's beauty mark, and how in the nineties everyone thought she was the most beautiful woman in the world. A few strokes of a mascara wand, and a neat application of red lipstick finished the project just in time for Emmanuel to once more begin to stir. Emery fumbled the chemical soaked cloth back into place before the freshly made up boy could regain his faculties. "Hey, does this smell like chloroform to you?" she joked, a light giggle escaping her lips.

"Focus." Song repeated, remembering the importance of having more than one minion. Finishing the replacement of Emmanuel's clothes, Song and Emery moved on to the next phase of their plan. They saved one souvenir from their time under Bianca's thumb, a cockcage, key and all. Gleefully Song fastened the device around the boy's member, and locked it down. Brooks couldn't be kept under forever, and eventually they'd need some method of control. Every other step checked off their list, it was time for the new girl to get dressed.

"She's a lot skinnier than I thought." Emery noted, enviously comparing her own waist to Emmanuel's.

"That just means he's..." Song paused, taking note of the pronoun Emery used and nodded, "...she's going to need a little extra help developing a feminine figure." He tossed a heavily boned corset to his accomplice. Turning the boy over, they slid the foundation garment underneath, and fastened the dozens of little hooks in the front. The pretty girlish boy felt an almost sadistic joy, as the two took turns, planting a foot into their victims back, and yanking on

the laces like their life depended on it. Once finished, Emmanuel now had an hourglass figure, a narrow hourglass like one might find in a cheap board game, but an hourglass nonetheless.

Gleefully, the two feminized teens worked together, rolling their new girlfriend around the bed, as they struggled to get the fashionable outfit on. Once they were done, their project was dressed in a tan top with a bertha collar in a simple dotted diamond print. This was over a very short brown pleated skirt, simply decorated by a brown leather braided belt. The skirt barely covered the silky tan panties covering Emmanuel's modesty, while the matching bra was stuffed full with several tissues, giving the passed-out teen the appearance of an ample D-cup bosom. While Song decorated the boy's wrist with a few matching bangles, Emery fought his women's size nine feet into a pair of matching brown three-inch heeled ankle booties with dark laces up the front. When all was said and done, the only two things that looked out of place were the small patches of fuzz on his legs, and a short cropped hairstyle, but those would be remedied soon enough.



Before moving to the next phase, the feminized feminizers changed from their maid outfits into something more comfortable. Both settled on pleats and windowed bodices, Song's being a black top, and a khaki skirt, and Emery's, a simple white dress. When it came time to drag Emmanuel's lifeless body to the van, they opted to leave their shoes off while navigating the treacherous aging stairs of the dilapidated apartment complex. The maid's dresses were stuffed into the same bag as Emmanuel's old clothes, and were swiftly deposited in a random dumpster, never to be seen again.

"I can't believe how smooth this is going." Emery said, clapping her hands together giddily. She cranked up the radio, and danced along lip syncing as she drove down the road.

Sitting in the back seat with his foe's head laying in his lap, Song made sure he stayed under till it was the right time, unconsciously running the tips of his nails across Emmanuel's scalp like he enjoyed. 'It'll be even smoother once we get him to the shop, and under anesthesia.' he thought to himself.

As they pulled the van into the loading dock behind Rim, Eun was standing there waiting, dressed for a night out, her arms crossed, tapping her foot impatiently. "Where have you been, little sister?" Eun asked as soon as Song stepped out from the back seat. "I'm going clubbing tonight, and the more time I spend here with you, the less time I have to find my new husband. You better be grateful."

"Of course, eonni. Incredibly grateful." Song replied sweetly, the way a Korean girl would typically refer to her older sister. It was slow coming but after work hours he no longer had to address the girl he once dated, his supervisor, as Miss Park, instead opting for the term of endearment. It was common for boys to call their older sister nuna, but beaten down, Song hadn't even questioned using the alternative.

Eun would never say the words out loud, but she was beginning to see her boss' daughter truly as a little sister, though the kind you never let live anything down. Song explained, "She was just a little heavier than we thought she'd be, so it took a bit longer than expected. Don't even get me started on the ether. I figured it would've lasted longer, but we had to stop three times dragging her down the stairs to stick a rag in her face again. I'm pretty sure Emery's going to have to redo her lips before we're finished."

"She's going to have to do them again, anyway, after I'm done with her. I guess I can let it go this time, but you owe me, yeodongsaeng." she said, using the Korean term for younger sister. "Someone's paying for all this, right? Your mother will flip her lid if the inventory is that far off from the drawer. Not to mention you have to pay me for my time, and I don't come cheap." In reality, Eun had filled Grace in on her daughter's plans, afraid of the woman's wrath should she find out they'd actually drugged and kidnapped someone, and then taken them to the salon.

It turns out the woman was actually thrilled, eager for Song to lose the deadweight redneck boyfriend, and move on to bigger and better things, though she couldn't help but wonder what had finally driven her child to such extreme measures. Whatever the case, she only had two requirements. One was that the security system be deactivated, knowing video evidence would do no one any favors. The second, Song was not to be made aware of her involvement. It was important that her progeny felt the pride of solving this little problem all on her own.

"Don't worry about the money." Song said proudly. "I intend to pay full price, and we have a thirty percent off coupon as well. To show our immense gratitude, the change is all yours." There was something incredibly satisfying taking rewards for blowing his perceived prisoner and using them to put them in the exact same trap.

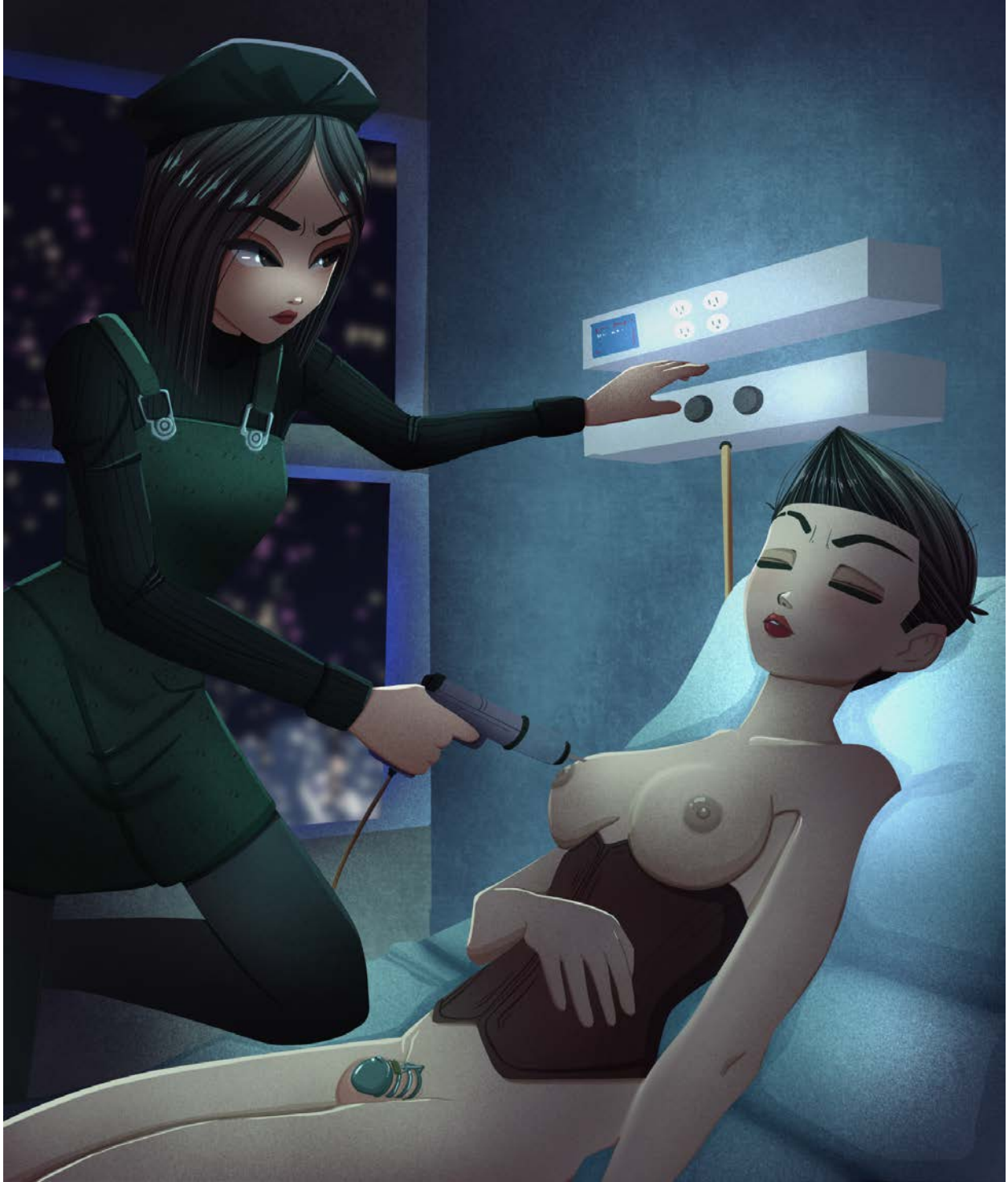
“Can you help us carry him inside?” Emery asked, already out of breath just thinking about the ordeal of getting the made-up boy to the van in the first place.

“Work smarter, not harder, Blondie.” Eun said, wheeling a rolling chair down beside the vehicle, already prepared for what came next. She may have acted like she had better things to do, but in reality the esthetician was eager to give another boy tits. She had the time of her life, doing it to Song and Emery, and like an addict chasing a high, she couldn’t wait to do it again. This time, since her client was so statuesque, she was going to make sure they were huge.

## **Chapter 6**

Lying back across the table while Eun did what she was best at, Emmanuel dreamed of better days gone by. His two favorite girls were feeding him grapes while they enjoyed a picnic together beside a pristine lake. While Song continued dangling the violet cluster above his open mouth, he felt Emery’s gentle grip massaging his shoulders. As he melted into a state of splendid relaxation, a crow cawed in the distance. The sky darkened, and the lake turned red, as it filled with blood. Song opened her mouth to speak, but instead of her soft beautiful voice he heard Jae, venom dripping from each word, saying, "No one ever liked you Brooks. You are alone." It was then that he saw the fire burning in Song’s eyes as she licked her lips. When he felt Emery plunge a hot knife into his back, he turned to find her giggling maniacally. That’s when he knew this wasn’t a dream, but a nightmare, one that was only beginning.

While her client was lost in his unpleasant imaginings, the skilled esthetician kept busy, sculpting a feminine form from the scrawny lump of clay she had to work with. After finishing the first round of injections in Emmanuel’s bony chest, she spent a little time expertly plumping the unconscious boy’s thin lips into something juicy and kissable. While they set, she marveled at how such a small change could transform a countenance that could at times best be described as mean, into a gorgeous visage most eighteen year old girls would kill for. A second round in the budding breasts took them from B-cups to C-cups, but Song’s big sister wasn’t satisfied. She’d have to wait though, otherwise there’d be too much bruising before she could begin round three.



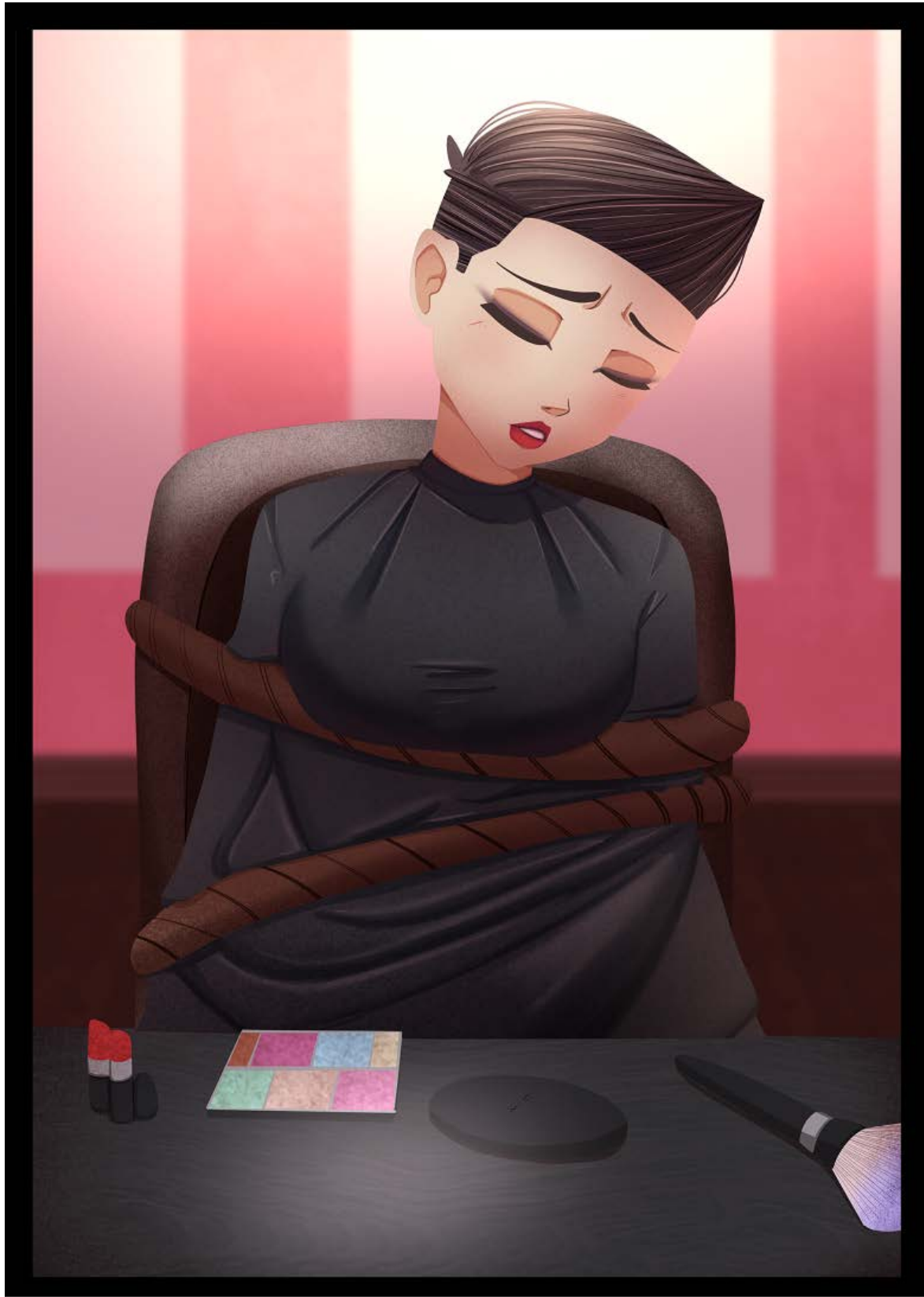
“Almost done.” Eun ran her fingers through the boy’s short hair, looking over his almost naked body. The only things the figure she estimated around five foot ten was wearing were a corset and a little cage around his dick. She didn’t care what the boy did for this to happen, just happy she got to be the one changing him. Giving some arrogant male that thought they ruled their little world breasts felt amazing. Without asking if the person deserved such a fate she projected

some of her own feelings. 'Next time, you can bring this one in during business hours, little sister, as you know the treatment will only last a few weeks.'

With a little time on her hands, Eun heated up a pot of wax, and removed the few sparse patches of hair from Emmanuel's legs, and armpits. She was surprised there was less body hair to deal with than even Song, and a far cry from the weekly appointments required to epilate Emery. The supervisor made a mental note to bring that up to the makeup artist the next time she showed up twenty minutes late to an appointment at her own place of employment. Her star salesperson's growth may have slowed dramatically since starting hormones, but the pretty girl still wasn't as fortunate as some when it came to denuding, and she was definitely sore about it.

After that, it was one more round of injections for the increasingly curvy new girl, and her breasts reached that full D-cup Eun envisioned from the start. That's when the thorough craftswoman realized that Emmanuel was a little top heavy. Fortunately, or unfortunately if you asked the sleeping beauty, there was a small amount of Rim Jii's greatest creation left in the device, so Eun's skilled hands used the remainder to give her client a few shots below the waist, adding a little more curve to the butt and hips to match.

While they waited on Eun to finish up, the two best friends busily scurried about the shop floor, moving all the necessary items from Song's workstation over to the salon area so they could streamline the rest of their efforts. After redressing their unwilling customer, and carrying his limp body to the chair, everyone had a job to do. Song, for the first time ever, was happy to ply the craft he'd dedicated so many hours to learning. Eun wasn't exactly thrilled to go back to hair, finding the whole process incredibly tedious, but she couldn't very well leave it to her inexperienced employees, or their new girlfriend might leave the shop with a few dozen cheap extensions glued directly to her scalp. The duties of keeping an incapacitated person upright in the chair fell to Emery, who employed her particular brand of cleverness by tying Emmanuel to upright with a few thick ropes she sweet talked from the overnight maintenance crew. They were powerless to say no to her winning smile, though if they'd actually met the girl before, they would have known that particular piece of equipment would never be seen again.



While Eun began the arduous process of bonding the dozens and dozens of strands of real human hair to the short cropped locks of their bound project, and Emery snapped a dozen selfies between handing the stylist whatever she requested, Song was busy cleaning the grime from under Emmanuel's nails, and pushing back his cuticles. The pretty Asian-American teen thought to himself, 'I wonder what would be hardest to adjust to for Brooks' here. We've got to cram our two months of misery into a much shorter time for him after all. It's only fair.'

At first he thought of two-inch pointed-tip acrylics, but after sizing the extensions, Song felt a little pang of guilt, not wanting to clown out someone he carried more affection for than he could ever admit. Deciding to scale that back to one, he adjusted the little plastic foundations and began gluing one to each of the ten digits. One layer of acrylic went on each nail, and the hands were placed under a UV light to harden.

Around the same time, Eun had just finished adding every last weft, each in place extending the boy's hair down to his shoulders, now with a feminine wave. "What kind of style were you girl's thinking?" Eun asked, unsure of the exact look the other two were envisioning.

"Oo, o, o, oooo!" Emery squealed, raising her hand like she was in school, though not something she ever actually did in any class.

"Bitch, you can just tell her." Song said, pretending to be annoyed, though actually quite amused at his bestie's infectious enjoyment.

"I've really thought this through," the girl began, though the others couldn't imagine that actually being true, "and I was thinking, she works in a trendy clothing store, so she should like, be real trendy, ya know. I know a lot of those girls I've been seeing in teen vogue and stuff have highlights and chunky streaks, so like, something like that."

Eun was flummoxed. She actually received a rationed and reasoned response. Without a word she looked to Song for approval. The nail-tech shrugged, and said, "Sounds good to me." before returning to applying another layer of acrylic before the next round of curing.

Rim Beauty's number two took a little time to mix a few chemicals till she'd created a thick, pungent paste to work with. One by one, she'd take a thin strand of hair and stretch it across a foil, before thoroughly coating it with a brush full of her concoction. After that, she'd wrap it up tightly, and move onto the next, repeating the process. This continued until she worked her way to the front, where extra attention was given. Once finished, the experienced beauty professional was grateful she had the forethought to bring a bonnet dryer from home. It would have been too much of a struggle to get the limp body of Emmanuel to one of the hood dryers on the other side of the shop.

While the chemicals worked their magic, Song was finishing up with the lengthening process on his now ex's nails. Nothing was taking the hard substance off short of a dremel tool, or a belt

sander. A pink gel polish came next, and after yet another round of curing was finished with a sponge pressed shimmering powder, adding glitter and shine to the extremely feminine slender fingers. They were pointed and sharp, sculpted with such detail, almost like Song was intent on creating something he'd never let himself want shoved up his ass again.

A half hour had passed when Eun checked the foils, and was satisfied with the level of processing. She said, "I've got to fix my face so I can get going as soon as we're done here, little sister. I need you to be my shampoo girl again. I know I don't need to tell you to be thorough."

"Well can you at least help me get her over to the sink?" Song whined, tired himself from his own labors.

"You've got Emery to help you, now quit complaining before all my good work is ruined."

"Huh?" Emery said, only just realizing she heard her name. She had been extremely busy herself, taking what had to be her twentieth selfie that day.

After a struggle getting Emmanuel's hair rinsed, the duo got him back into the chair, where the other two demanded Emery, pull her own weight, and blowdry the new girl's hair. Armed with a round brush and a hand dryer, the artificially curly hair beauty used her expertise to style the wavy locks into a center parted 'do, taking inspiration from the picture that gave her the idea for the color in the first place.

It took several hours, but the finished product was worth every minute. Gleefully, the girls untied the ropes, and removed the IV drip. While waiting for their new girlfriend to wake up and see the fruits of their labors, Emery added the finishing touch, slipping two gold hoops into Emmanuel's pierced ears, and then touched up the lipstick on the now kissably plump lips.

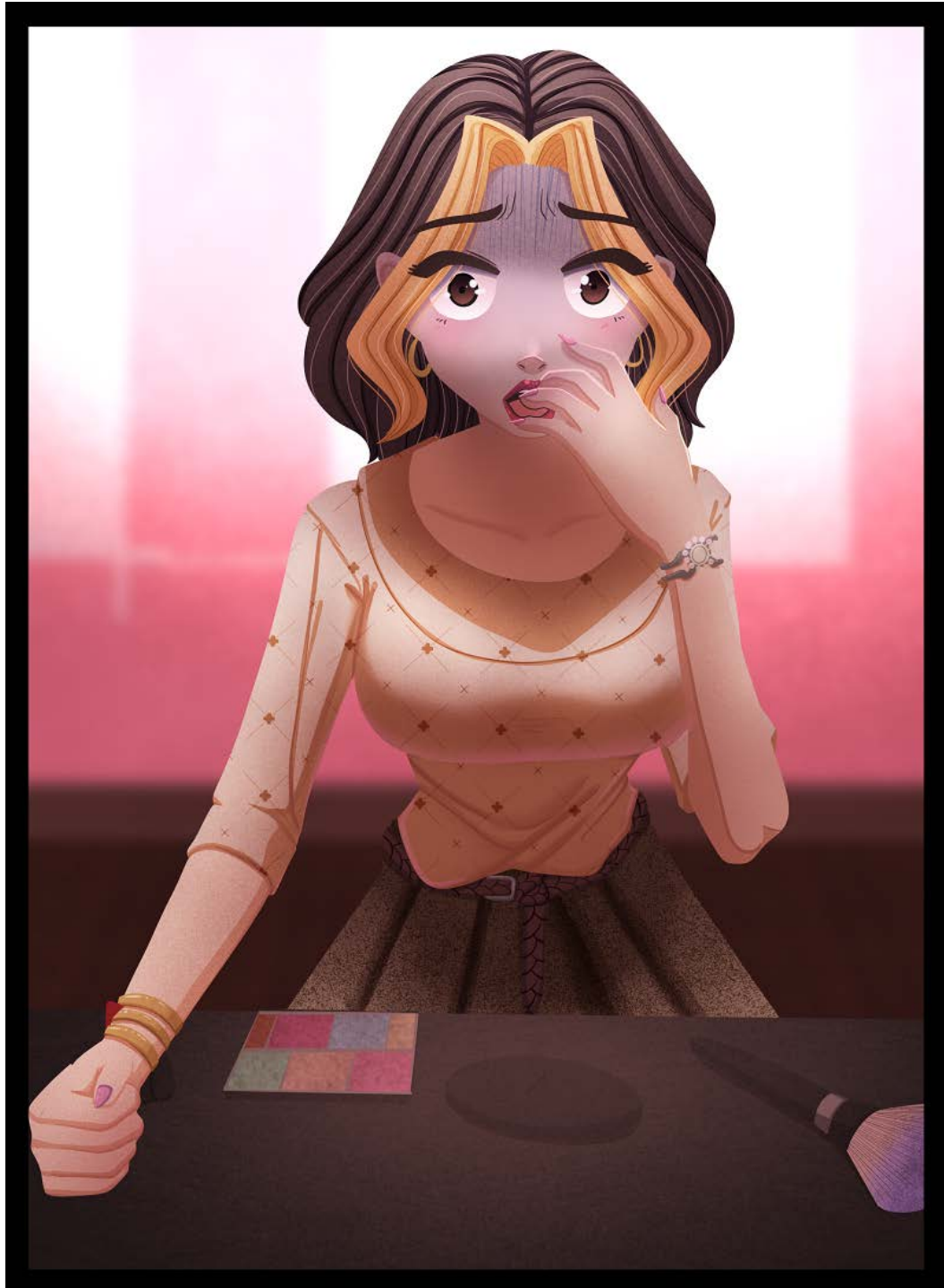
"Rise and Shine, Emily."

"Wha...?" The groggy teen heard Song's words, oozing a saccharine sweetness. He went to rub his eyes, only to have his hands swatted away. The clicking sounds when his fingers touched weren't the only things that seemed out of place. It was almost as though someone was tickling his cheeks with feathers. Emmanuel asked, "Who's Emily?"

"You are, Silly." Emery giggled. "Don't you dare mess up my work, either. I really don't want to have to do it again."

"Wait...what?" Reality came crashing back in as the smells, and the bright fluorescent lights, told the confused boy that he wasn't in his apartment anymore. He blinked through foggy eyes, his lashes feeling heavy, and foreign, like they'd doubled in length. As the world came into focus, Emmanuel saw before him a girl, one just as pretty as either of his girlfriends, though completely unfamiliar. Her perfectly made up face looked just as confused as he felt. Her brown

wavy hair was cute and trendy with gorgeous highlights and a blond streak in the long chin length bangs that parted down the middle. "I am?" As the words escaped Emmanuel's lips, the girl's mouth moved just the same. Only then did the befuddled boy realize that he was looking into a mirror, and that pretty girl was him. "Holy shit." It was only a whisper, but that phrase spoke volumes to the horror that flooded the new girl's mind. "What did you do?"



"We balanced the scales, EMILY." Song answered, putting extra emphasis on what was to be their victim's new name.

"How could you do this to me?" Emmanuel asked, tears forming in the corners of his eyes, eyes that darted back and forth between his reflection, and Song's face growing more red by the second.

"How could we do this to you?!" Song screamed, the question back into the boy turned girl's face, as incredulous as he was furious. "You did this to us! You and that psychotic bitch! You gave me, and Emery breasts, and had us parade around like vapid bimbos. Hell, you broke Emery!

"Yeah!" Emery agreed, then realizing she heard her name, and not quite getting why. "Wait, what?"

"Don't worry about it, beautiful. Just let me do the talking." Song gave his bestie a gentle squeeze on the arm for comfort, and then returned to his diatribe, he was calmer now but each word dripping with just as much venom. "Do you know how disgusting it was to have your thick cock in my mouth? Having you praise me for being a good cocksucker was humiliating. Like I needed your approval! God, I fucking hate you so much!" Though Song couldn't admit it, the only person he hated more was himself for letting it get this far, for letting himself feel those things he wasn't supposed to feel.

Emmanuel didn't know what to make of it. The whole speech coming from this diminutive girl, her adorable voice bearing so much hatred, seemed to indicate that she didn't want to be a girl, but at the same time seemed as though she'd rather have been someone else's girl. The now feminized teen's thoughts ran one-thousand miles an hour. 'She doesn't love me... she hates me... Wait! Does that mean I raped her!? No, no she had to have wanted it. She demanded my cock. She asked if she did a good job. She liked it.. didn't she?' He sputtered, "B-but...I...I love...I loved you." There was too much going on for Emmanuel's still foggy brain to grasp. He hadn't even come to terms with how he looked and what actual changes took place when Song laid into him. One thing he was very aware of as he shifted in the seat was the new heavy feminine assets on his chest. The recently created D-cup artificial breasts made his skin feel like it was stretched to the limit, like he'd been stung by an insect.

Song strolled across the room with an arrogance he thought he'd lost. In his mind, Emmanuel was James Bond, and he was Goldfinger, with the spy finally in his clutches. The way he sashayed across the room, and the chirp of his soprano voice, even his conflicted feelings towards his prisoner, instead painted the picture of a Pussy Galore. "Oh, please. You expect me to believe you, and that bitch playing Build-a-Bear with your new fuck dolls is love. Don't make me laugh. Pretend you're the victim here all you want, but the reality is, you were just as guilty as us that day, and yet somehow you've only benefited from it while we were the ones suffering. Bianca might be nuts, but she was right about one thing. I understand what it's like to be

objectified, and I will never do that to a girl again, even when I get my pants back. I just think it's only fair that you learn the same lesson."

"But I loved you...You loved me...I saw it..." Emmanuel's sentence trailed off as his heart broke into a thousand pieces.

"You saw what you wanted to see." Song spat back. "Let me make myself clear. You're not going to sweet talk your way out of this like I know you're so good at. It won't work on me anymore. I'm sure you've noticed we locked that disgusting cock up, and if you want its freedom then you better do as you're told. I've hidden the key away, and frankly I don't care if Bianca has us thrown in jail now. If she does, just know you'll be there with us, looking just as pretty as you do right now. It's mutually assured destruction, gorgeous." Song made a point to use the same pet name that his ex always used for him. "Now come along, Emily. My big sister is already outside waiting to lock up, and I don't want to keep her waiting. You've got a big date anyway, and it's rude to be late."

## **Chapter 7**

As the girls crossed the parking lot to Emery's stepmom's van, the fog began to lift for Emmanuel, and he tried to piece together exactly how his journey had led him to where he was. The day before, for what was the first time in his life, the boy considered himself one of the luckiest guys he knew. He had a good job, completely above board, making more money than he ever did as an accomplice to the petty, and now seemingly pointless crimes of his pseudo-gang. Things seemed to be going well for his mother at work, and lately they'd been able to spend more time together. The woman who'd held the perpetual threat of prison assured him their journey was coming to an end soon. Most of all, he had two beautiful girlfriends, ones he was head over heels for, a situation most high schoolers would kill to find themselves in. He loved them, and they loved him...at least he thought they did. That was until tonight.

In that particular moment, he was very aware things were different. The jiggle of his new curves bouncing up and down in the restrictive unfamiliar brassiere, and the cool stainless steel of the imprisoning cock cage told him those two angelic creatures may very well have actually been devils, and they most certainly did not love him. As they approached the vehicle, Emmanuel caught sight of his reflection, and as the newly created Emily stared back at him, any bravery he had left flew out the window. Fight or flight. He settled on flight.

As the feminized boy turned to flee, Emery noticed in the nick of time, and threw her arms around their captive, only for Emmanuel's fight response to kick in, and his set of pearly whites sank into her arm for her troubles. "She fucking bit me!" the blonde squealed.



Once released, the terrified youth turned and spilled backwards in the unfamiliar heels, landing on his inflated tuchus, the tender flesh still smarting from the injections just a few hours prior. The sight of Emery with tears welling in the corners of her eyes while rubbing her forearm only triggered that sense of guilt, regardless of whether or not she'd just drugged and dressed him as a girl against his will. That affection and adoration couldn't be erased instantly. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to." he whimpered, nearly crying himself from the stress of the situation and the realization he'd just hurt someone he cared about.

Song sighed, then strolled over to his new creation, squatting down to meet the now captive eye to eye. Almost sympathetically, he explained, "Look, Emily. We're not trying to hurt you. We just want to make things fair. You need to learn the same lessons we did." The pretty Korean teen offered a hand. The boy looked at it like it was a snake ready to bite. Cautiously, he let his now ex help pull him to his heeled feet. Song continued, "This will be much easier if you just do as told. Honestly, you probably want to get this over with as quickly as possible, given your predicament."

"My predicament? Why do you keep calling me Emily?" Emmanuel asked, wondering what more could be done to him at this point.

"Well, you don't exactly look like an Emmanuel anymore. I would say you can choose another name, but that won't work for what we've already set up." Song peered into the feminized boy's eyes for half a second practically tasting the look of bewilderment. "Your phone is at your apartment. The last text we sent to your mom was that you two needed to talk about something important. We left a note telling her how you were transgender, and that you were so excited to be going on your first date ever with a very handsome boy. If you'd rather explain yourself to her on your own terms, then you're going to need your keys back, and you'll need to get home before she does. Now, I know she gets off work late, but it can't be that late, so the fastest way for you to do that is to go on your date, and then get the fella to give you a ride home. That's what I'd do, anyway. This can be as hard, or as easy as you want, *Emily*." Song stressed the use of the feminine name. "I know which we'd prefer, but it's up to you. What's it going to be?" Song crossed his arms and expectantly tapped his high-heeled foot on the pavement, waiting for an answer.

Without a word, Emmanuel stood there, seemingly hoping a giant eagle would swoop down from the sky and carry him away, but when that didn't happen, he settled on climbing into the backseat with Song. 'Emily.' He rolled the name around in his head, the situation feeling surreal. Every move of his body caused his enhanced chest to bounce, causing him to reach up and cup his new assets, amazed by what he felt. 'How big are these?...they can't be real.' Emmanuel thought, not remembering the fact his male peers transformed into buxom girls over the course of but a few hours. He asked, "So what exactly am I supposed to do?" dreading the events to come.

“Well you certainly can’t talk like this.” Song replied, pointing to his mouth as he deepened his pitch, trying to find the sound of his old voice...Jae’s voice, but instead it sounded like a girl doing a bad impression of her shitty boyfriend refusing to put down the toilet seat. Hearing the words escape his lips, the diminutive teen cringed. Truly, the way he spoke before was just as practiced as his sing-song lilt now. Insecure of his voice, the youth made a special effort to deepen his pitch to match any other male in the room, fully monotone. Tough guys in movies showed as little emotion as possible after all. They always say, if you don’t use it, you lose it, and that was proving to be the case.

Upon hearing the instruction, Emmanuel’s thoughts drifted back to a time when he and Song were watching television on his couch, the pretty teen’s head laid in his lap. Something particularly amusing happened on the show and suddenly his girlfriend was in a fit of giggles. Her laughter made him want to kiss her and he felt compelled to tell her how much he enjoyed the sound of her being happy. “Your voice is so cute now. Like the change is just amazing.” The comment hadn’t come out as smoothly as he wanted, noticing something akin to shame spreading over Song’s face. He knew he’d just made a mistake. At the time he thought, ‘I must have just triggered her dysphoria.’ mentally kicking himself for being such an asshole. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to make you feel bad.”

“It’s okay.” Song replied, trying to brush it off. Deciding to try to turn it back on the boy he sat up, and placed his hands on his hips, haughtily replying, “I’d like to see you try.”

“Like this?” Emmanuel squeaked, trying to break the tension. At the very least, he was happy he brought joy back to that gorgeous face.

“Eww, no.” Song said, an exaggerated grimace barely covering his obvious amusement. He sat up from Emmanuel’s lap, then demonstrated, “More like this.”

What followed was Song doing his best impression of his mother and her victorian governess like elocution lessons. One instruction followed another, Emmanuel doing his best to keep up, and follow along. ‘Anything to make my girl happy.’ he thought.

“Raise your larynx.” “Breath with your diaphragm.” “Not so breathy.” “Picture your voice in the roof of your mouth.” “Speak clearly.” “Don’t focus so much on the pitch.” “Higher doesn’t mean more feminine.”

“But, your voice is pretty high.” Emmanuel said confused, again bringing a blush to the pretty youth’s cheeks. In response the drills were only that much more relentless. By the time Song was finished with him, the boy could speak in a halfway passable feminine tone, though it definitely didn’t match his appearance at all.

While Emmanuel had been unaware of Song’s true thoughts and motivations, to him this had always been a fond memory. Just another funny moment between the pair that were falling for each other, but in hindsight he wasn’t so sure anymore. His mind back in the van, while Emery

danced, and wiggled in the driver's seat, singing along badly and shamelessly to the radio, he gazed into Song's dark eyes, and asked, "Didn't we have fun? Did I really hurt the both of you?"

Song, not a complete monster, felt a bit of guilt in the moment. His hand moved to touch Emmanuel's face, almost saying they did before snapping back to reality. "Your finger up my ass wasn't fun, so yeah...let's go with hurt. Now you need to go through a little hurt too." The dress wearing boy cringed at his own poor use of grammar to drive the point home.

Emmanuel, ever the glutton for punishment, with his newfound perspective of his relationship with the girls, began to believe Song was right. Just like with his family, just like with his friends, this and everything else was all his fault. It wasn't fair for the other two to have to go through this when he didn't. It wasn't fair that his life seemed to be getting so much better when Song was actually miserable. It wasn't fair that he had the time of his life while his reluctant girlfriends were made to suck his dick. Accepting his fate, and desiring penance, Emmanuel found that same girlish voice, soft but not weak, not sharp but not deep, and said, "You're right. I do deserve this. I'm sorry."

It was then that Emery, not listening to a thing going on in the backseat, swung the van recklessly into a parking space, and then gleefully shouted, "We're here!" After jumping out of the vehicle Emery ran around to the side and swung open the sliding door. She tossed the keys to Song and grabbed Emmanuel by the hand pulling him to his feet. "Song, make sure I don't get towed again, or my dad will be so pissed, he won't take me shopping when he comes back home this week. C'mon, Milly! Let's go!"

Emmanuel cringed as he heard the girl do what she was best at, coming up with a nickname that was doomed to stick in her head. For a brief moment he considered trying to bolt again, to find a way home, but the new emotional weight on his shoulders kept him compliant. He only hoped that once he'd paid his debt, she'd stop using it. "What are we doing, Emery?"

As though suddenly realizing nobody was capable of reading her mind, she chuckled, spinning around to face the skirted boy while walking backwards, answering, "Oh right! There's this bar, restaurant, pool table place that some college kids go to around here. It's in the middle of the shopping center so we gotta do some walking. It's pretty here though. I'm gonna throw a penny in the fountain when we pass it."

The reluctant girl shook their head, the feeling of the large earrings, the hair, and the heavy chest coming to the forefront of their mind from the simple action, then clarified what they meant, "No, I mean like why. Like why are you taking me there? You guys were talking about a date, right?"

Emery bonked herself on the forehead, and laughed. "Sorry, Milly. I'm such a ditz, sometimes. I set you up with my friend, Theo. He's cool. Very handsome...if you're into that sort of thing." While the blonde went on, she found herself checking out the new girl, finding her much more attractive than she ever did Manny. Milly looked like a girl, and a pretty one at that. She

sounded like a girl. That was all Emery's brain needed to file Emily as a girl, right next to Song and herself. Every alluring curve drew her attention, biting her lip as her eyes made their way down to Milly's smooth creamy legs.

While Emmanuel followed along slowly, trying to familiarize himself with tall shoes, he suddenly became very aware of how he carried himself. Fear of discovery had him worried if the way he took steps was giving him away. Noticing how Emery swung her hips in front of him, the boy turned girl thought about how Emery walked backwards in shoes with a thinner and taller heel, with ease to boot, and tried to emulate her stride. He swung the newly gained mass in his backside cartoonishly, causing him to tumble to the ground like a fawn taking its first steps, all the while watching his more experienced friend bolt ahead. He cried out, "Emery, help!"

The girl finally noticed she'd been rambling to herself for a few minutes, and that Milly was sitting on the ground thirty feet behind her, holding her skirt down over her panties with both hands, a bright blush flushing her cheeks. "Oh you poor girl." she said, expertly sprinting in her pumps to help her the new girl up. "Rose, my stepmom," Emery clarified as she often did, despite Emmanuel being plenty familiar with the woman, "helped me walk better. She said I moved like an ogre, donchaknow, or something, and I was thinking about calling her Mom. I think she would like that. What do you think, Milly? Wait, we were talking about how you should walk." The embarrassed boy couldn't help laughing a little hearing Emery slip into and out of her stepmother's Minnesota accent effortlessly.

After being helped to his feet, Emmanuel rubbed his sore backside, trying to soothe the pain, feeling the feminine panties against his skin. "Yeah, I think I could use some pointers."

"My first day in heels I had stilettos, so you're lucky, I mean look at your legs, you know you're lucky." Emanuel definitely didn't feel lucky.

For the next five minutes the two walked up and down the sidewalk through the stucco alley until Emmanuel could keep up with his ex, though just barely. The whole time however, his ankles, toes, and calves were screaming at him. Good enough was good enough though, and eventually the pair found their way to the fountain Emery was so excited to visit. Sitting on the concrete edge, happy to get off the evil shoes for just a moment, Emmanuel had to ask, "Emery, you like being a girl, don't you? I mean, you're trans, right? I really never wanted to force you to be anything, I swear."

The beautiful creature pressed her finger to her lips, as she thought about it for a moment. Anyone gazing upon her perplexed expression would have had a hard time imagining she'd ever been anything other than the pretty girl she was now. "Like, I don't know if I'm trans. I just, like, know I like looking like this way more than I looked before. And um, also before, I kinda hated spending any time in the mirror, and I never got why people took pictures of themselves, ya know. Like, my body always felt kinda weird and outta place, so I just tried to ignore it and have fun, ya know? Still, it kinda sucked sometimes, but I don't really feel like that anymore, so...yeah, I like this better. Don't know about trans or whatever though. Still, I shoulda been

allowed to do this on my own. This poofy hair is really annoying and I wish I could wear shorts more like other girls. I really miss being comfy. Like, so what if I want to go to the store in my pajamas. Oh, but, like, sundresses feel great! You are going to love them!"

After hearing her explanation Emmanuel thought Emery was describing exactly what being trans was, but decided not to press the issue or take the time to correct her. He was positive he would not be wearing a sundress or any other type of dress after this night. One thing he was certain of after spending just a few hours in his new outfit was that having the freedom to take it off when one wanted to was probably a dream for the beauty as long as she'd been stuck living up to Bianca's rigid standards. Standards he also now realized the woman didn't hold herself to.

Finished with her side quest, Emery finally led Emmanuel the rest of the way to their destination. On the elevated patio, there stood a boy, one who appeared to be checking his phone over and over again. He only raised his head when Emery jubilantly yelled, "Hey Theo!" and then waved her arms around Emily as though she was a prize on The Price is Right, before shouting, "Ta-da!"



## Chapter 8

Theodore Hamilton, Theo to everyone but his family, was your friendly, though typical college jock. On the varsity basketball team at the local university, he was good enough to make the team, but not great enough for an athletic scholarship. He didn't see this as a mark of shame, easygoing as he was, but his Aunt Bethany was insistent that he had to work doubly hard on his academic pursuits, regardless of how affluent his family was. The woman was not someone to give anybody a free ride, and didn't make an exception for her nephew, so while she paid Theo's tuition, this didn't mean he could party through his college years for free. This was how he found himself working at a particular counter establishment in a particular mall food court.

"Do you guys have tacos?" The question came from a pretty blonde-haired, blue-eyed girl, startling the boy from his blank stare and boredom. Her infectious smile was enough to bring a little joy to an otherwise dreary day.

"Umm...no..." Theo checked his surroundings, just to make sure he didn't accidentally clock in at the wrong restaurant. "This is a pizza place. It's an easy mistake to make though." The dozens of photos of pepperoni topped slices, said otherwise. "I can fold a pizza in half if that helps." he joked, trying to soothe the disappointment that brought a pout to her kissable lips.

Evidently it worked, and as her face lit up, she asked, "Like a pizza taco? I've never had one of those before. Can you make me a pizza taco?"

"Sure!" he replied. A slice, folded or otherwise, would run the same price so he told the girl, "That'll be three dollars, and fifty cents."

"Can it be a free pizza taco?" Clearly subtlety wasn't her strong suit.

The giant of a boy chuckled, then rattle the tip jar to quickly guesstimate its contents. The sound seemed sufficient, so he said, "It can be a free taco pizza if you eat it with me on the break I'm about to take."

"Okay!" she answered excitedly.

"Why don't you have a seat, and after I get my manager to come cover, I'll bring it to you. How does that sound? My name is Theo, by the way." The athlete seemed to have charm to spare.

“That sounds great, Theo!” It was easy for the boy to think she was excited to meet him, but really the girl was more excited for free food. Almost as an afterthought, she added, “Oh yeah, my name is Emery.”

Over the meal the two enjoyed pleasant conversation ranging from Theo’s burgeoning athletic career to Emery’s wild theories on the secret lives of house cats. The clock ticking down to the despicable time when his return to work was required, the boy decided to take his shot. “So Emery, are you doing anything Friday night?”

“Oh, I’ve got a date with my boyfriend.” It was like a knife to the heart. For a moment, Theo almost lost himself in a puddle of despair when he noticed the disappointed look on her gorgeous face.

“Do you not like your boyfriend, or something?” he asked bluntly, hoping she wasn’t a lost cause after all.

“I guess I like hanging out with him.” the girl answered honestly. “I just hate sucking his dick. I have to pretend to like it though.”

Theo was left speechless. Typically girls that looked like Emery were uptight, and kind of prudish. This one was unapologetically crass, and he found that absolutely charming. The guy sounded like a real asshole though. Finding his voice again, he asked “Do you think you’re going to break up soon, maybe?”

“Maybe...I want to...I just have to wait for the right time, or whatever.” From her expression she certainly didn’t seem like she was into the guy. At that moment a look of shock flashed in her eyes, and she laughed so hard, it startled her conversational partner. She explained “My tuck just came undone. I gotta go fix it before it falls out the bottom of my skirt.”

Theo was confused. “Your tuck? Like...?”

Collecting her purse, the girl went on, “My tuck. You know. Gotta keep my junk stuffed between my legs. Sometimes that thing is really annoying, you know? Like, it just gets in the way. Anyway, I really had fun, Theo. We should do this again sometime.” And with that she was off, leaving the flummoxed boy in her wake.

‘Her tuck...?’ he thought to himself, connecting the dots. ‘Oh shit.’ As the realization swooped over him, he was left with a lot to think about. He’d never been attracted to a trans girl before, that he knew of at least, and it was a lot to process, but not thinking himself a bigot, he tried in earnest. Beautiful, check. Winning smile, check. Charming personality, check. Friendly demeanor, check. Funny, check. Nice tits, double check. In the end, he decided a pretty girl was a pretty girl, and this pretty girl was sexy as hell.

For the next several weeks, Emery was there every Friday like clockwork. They'd share their meal, and each time he'd enjoyed himself as much as the last. When she texted him about a date, he got his hopes up, only to learn she was talking about her, as she described the girl, insecure friend. He agreed, not minding a pity date with one of Emery's homely acquaintances, if it meant getting that much closer to the girl he was so smitten with. It should speak volumes then that after being introduced to the leggy supermodel called Emily, he could hardly remember the blonde's name. It was love at first sight.

"Theo, this is Milly. Well Emily, but I call her Milly." Emery said sweetly, nudging her friend towards the six foot five boy. "She's a little insecure about her height, but I told her that would not be an issue with you. See girl, I told you. He's like a backward or something on the basketball team."

"I'm a forward." Theo clarified, not taking his eyes off his date. She was stunning. Her plump lips looked perfectly kissable. Her made-up eyes glistened under the streetlights. She was curvy in all the right places. Incredibly stylish. Her hair alone was cooler than he'd ever be. It all had him worrying the goddess was suddenly going to realize she was way out of his league.

Theo was normally a confident guy, but standing in front of the girl that he expected to be unattractive, it all crumbled away like it was all bluster. It was only her timid demeanor, being unable to look him in the eye, that had him thinking she was probably one of those girls who went through an awkward phase in middle school before growing into her looks. This girl definitely didn't realize how drop-dead gorgeous she was.

"Nice to umm...meet you. Do you go by Emily or Milly?" he asked, trying to center himself, feeling thrown completely off by the girl with a notch in her eyebrow. When the only response he got was a small shrug, Theo couldn't help wondering if he had already stepped in it. "How about I call you Milly, if that is what your friends call you, and I uhh, would love to be friends with you." The college-age boy was kicking himself for not saying something smooth, like her name is just as beautiful as her.

It felt like the guy was looming over him as Emmanuel averted his eyes down to the sidewalk, feeling both physically and emotionally out of place. 'I would rather go by my actual name... or even Manny, rather than Emily or Milly... better yet I'd rather he not talk to me at all.'

The whole situation was kind of a mess when Theo tried for a hug, and got a hand held out waiting to be shaken in response. Embarrassed, he went to return the gesture, when she looked equally as embarrassed, and tried to hug him in return, his hand colliding with her breasts. "I'll leave you lovebirds to it." Emery said obliviously, as she turned and skipped away down the alley, completely forgetting this was all for revenge, patting herself on the back for perfectly playing matchmaker.

Manny clung to himself tightly, unintentionally putting his ample bosom on full display, while he blushed furiously, and hoped he'd just go ahead and die on the spot. Theo nervously stroked

the back of his own neck, letting the awkward silence hang for a second before saying, "I uhh, got us a booth already...if you still wanna...?"

"Oh, I do!" his date practically shouted, Song's veiled threat of keeping the boy happy still fresh in Emmanuel's mind. What he didn't realize was that Song never met this guy before, and was merely implying being sweet to a boy was the best way to get what you wanted from him, in this case a ride home. Instead, the anxious teen took this as a command to pleasure this guy to the best of his ability, lest he suffer the same hell he'd unintentionally reigned down upon the girls for the past few months. Not that Song wouldn't have preferred Emmanuel end the night with a dick in his face.

Inside, the two found that booth Theo mentioned, one of those big round monstrosities meant to seat half a dozen people. The nervous boy felt the need to explain, "My frat bros, and I are regulars here, so when I texted Roxanne, oh, uh she's the bartender, she's like real old, and not as pretty as you, anyway, when I texted Roxanne and asked her to save me a spot, I think she misunderstood, and gave me this, so sorry it's like, so big."

"No, it's fine." Emmanuel blushed from the embarrassment of being called pretty. The taller boy's words reminded him of Emery's ability to cram so many thoughts into a single sentence, and it put him at ease, at least just a bit. He then remembered his dates with Song, and how they always said couples that squeezed into booths next to each other were tacky, so he took the seat across from the stammering young man.

"So umm..." Theo frantically searched his thoughts, trying to find any topic of conversation the chic girl wouldn't find boring, "how old are you?" As soon as he finished his question he had to fight the urge not to literally kick himself.

"Oh, uhh...eighteen...you...?"

"I'm twenty-one." Mental math wasn't his forte, so after another extended pause, his brain finally came up with another question. "Are you gonna be a freshman?"

"I'll be a senior in highschool." Emmanuel answered, a little ashamed for being held back, and the sound of his own modulated voice. He felt compelled to explain, "I had some umm...family troubles...and I had to do eighth grade twice."

"That's rough..." Theo replied, the sentence hanging in the air. "I'm going into my junior year. Semester doesn't start till next week, but a lot of us have already moved back in. It was easy for me since my family lives in town, and all..."

A solid thirty seconds went by without either saying a word when the bartender finally got over to the table. They had no way of knowing, but at the exact same time they both shared the exact same thought. 'Oh thank god!'

“Hey Theo!” the thirty-something woman said excitedly with a well honed customer service voice. Clearly she was at the pinnacle of her profession. “What can I getcha?”

“Oh, umm, two waters, and...what do you recommend?” Normally the frequent party animal would have ordered a PBR and not thought twice about it, but he didn’t want to appear as unrefined as he actually was in front of the trendy cutie he felt blessed to actually get the time of day from.

Roxanne could actually see his eyes begging her for help, and with a wink she suggested, “We’ve got a nice red in the back. Let me bring the bottle with two glasses. Be right back.” This wasn’t the kind of place where someone would typically order wine, so the flagon was going to need a good dusting. The server disappeared for a minute, leaving the two to sit through another agonizing silence until she returned. “So what’s this pretty girl’s name?” she asked, setting the glassware on the table.

“Oh, this is Emily, but her friends call her Milly.” Theo answered, blushing just as brightly as Emmanuel was under the layer of foundation. Being introduced with the feminine name again felt like a physical blow to the feminized teen.

“Well, Milly,” she started as if it was a given that they were already friends, “let me tell you,” the woman wrapped her arm around Theo’s neck, halfway choking him, and pointed her finger at his scrunched up face, “this one’s a keeper. Honest as he is tall, and kind as he is handsome.” She released the boy, and continued, “I’ll leave y’all to it. If you need anything just wave me down.”

As Roxanne walked away, Emmanuel finally took the time to get a good look at the boy he found himself on a date with. What Emery said was right, handsome if you were into that sort of thing. Chiseled good looks, and cleancut hair, not dissimilar from what the feminized boy had woken up with that morning, but trimmed closer on the sides. His plain white t-shirt, and jeans said he wasn’t the type to worry so much about style, and his letterman jacket painted a picture of a person very proud of their athletic accomplishments. The pressure was on, and fearful of a worse punishment from the girls, Emmanuel did his best to strike up a conversation. “So you play basketball, right?”

That was all the prompting Theo needed. In an instant not an ounce of shyness remained, and he went on for twenty uninterrupted minutes about the previous year, how much he scored, his many assists, and his hopes for the upcoming season. Never one for sports, most of it went over the skirted boy’s head but he smiled and nodded just the same, afraid to cut the athlete off with any questions, though he really wanted to ask what the hell division three was.

The befuddled look on his date’s face told Theo he might be boring the poor girl to death, only then realizing he hadn’t yet offered her a glass of the wine which was still sitting full on the table? He poured for them both and slid one across the table. “Drink for milady.” As soon as the

utterance escaped his lips, he cringed, thinking he sounded like one of those fedora wearing incels.

Emmanuel looked at the beverage fearfully and said, "I don't think I can drink here. Like, I don't have my wallet, let alone a fake ID."

"Don't worry about that, pretty girl." Theo snickered. "I've been drinking here since freshman year, and they've never once asked. Pretty sure they'd go out of business if they did."

"Don..." Emmanuel closed his lips feeling his cheeks warm from being called pretty once more. He had really only started to feel confident in himself recently, but all of that went out the window the second he woke up with tits the size of melons. "Don't they ever get fined?" the boy turned girl asked, unsure whether or not to trust his date's confidence. Apprehensively, he picked up the glass, and took a little sip, then waited for the S.W.A.T. team to come bursting through the wall like the Kool-aid man.

The conversation between the two stuttered, making both not only feel awkward, but both also believing themselves the cause. A topic would be brought up by one of them, the other would make an innocuous comment about it, and then there'd be silence after. This process repeated itself for an extremely excruciating half hour. Theo didn't know whether to be embarrassed, or relieved when from across the bar came a voice shouting, "Theodore fucking Hamilton! You suave mother fucker!" Turning his head and feeling the shift of the long unfamiliar hair and the swaying of his earrings, Emanuel saw four college students making their way across the floor to the booth. Two guys, and two girls, each proudly wearing their greek letters stood at the table, when the one who'd been abusing his vocal chords looked Emmanuel straight in the face, and said, "Scooch, sugar tits. Move next to your boo, so we can all sit down."

"Jesus fucking Christ, Porkchop!" Theo yelled, covering his eyes, mortified that this obvious douchebag was actually his best friend.

"Yeah, Steven! God you're such an ass!" the redheaded girl in the short denim skirt agreed, swatting who Emmanuel could only assume was her boyfriend on the back of the head. "I'm so sorry about that. I swear one day I'll house train him." Clearly she was used to apologizing for the meathead.

"It's not a problem, really." Emmanuel said, feeling like it was somehow his fault. He stood up and found a seat on the outside of the booth next to Theo. Out of the corner of his eye, he caught the obnoxious boy getting a good look at his exposed leg peeking out from the very short skirt.

"It really is." the girl assured him. "Don't worry, he'll pay for it later. She then stuck her tongue out at the guy, and said, "I'm not sitting next to you now. You can make out with Jason instead." The four slid into the table, the two boys first, followed by the two girls. The one on the end, as far from her partner as she could manage, asked, "Aren't you going to introduce us, Theo?"

“Oh right.” Starting from the outside, he pointed to each person, saying their name. “This is Britney, Stacy, Jason, and this Asshole is Steven, but everyone calls him Porkchop. Guys this is...”

When the basketballer motioned towards Emmanuel to introduce him he jumped at the chance to curb the Milly nickname. “I’m Emily Brooks.” Saying it outloud in the feminine voice hadn’t lowered the impact on his masculinity. In fact it actually felt worse to say it himself. He wasn’t even sure why he added his last name.

“Hi, Emily!” the girls said in unison, while the boys gave a half hearted wave.

“I love your outfit!” It sounded like a scripted line a person would say to break the ice, but the jealousy in the black haired girl’s eyes said she truly wished she could steal it off the younger girl’s body. “Where did you get it?”

“Oh, umm...” The petrified boy shyly kept his eyes on the table. “The Hanger...in the mall...I work there, I guess.” As soon as he said it, he wondered why he felt the need to elaborate. He’d have a lot of explaining to do if they ever came in when he was working, and found a boy named Emmanuel instead. In reality they’d never have known they were one and the same. ‘Why did I say that!? Why did I give them my last name!?’

“Girl!” Stacy shouted, startling the feminized boy. “Are you a freshman at Central this year? Have you pledged yet? You have got to pledge Zeta!”

“Zeta?” Emmanuel was completely lost.

“Yeah, your boyfriend’s an Epsilon, right? We’re their sister sorority. Like, we do events together, and charity stuff...and parties!” the last part said with particular jubilation. It was clear where Stacy’s priorities were.

“She’s not my girlfriend yet, guys,” Theo clarified, clearly very embarrassed by his friends, but the implication that they were on their way there didn’t go unnoticed by Emmanuel.

Stacy gave her friend the side eye, before focusing on his date. “Well, you should scoop him up sooner rather than later, sweetie. He’s the hottest prospect still on the market after all.”

“Hey!” Jason, the giant boy with shoulders as wide as he was tall yelled. He was feigning anger, but the amused gleam in his eye told a different story.

“I said on the market, baby.” his girlfriend explained, lifting herself up the foot required to plant a tender kiss on his lips of who Emmanuel could infer was her boyfriend.

Britney nudged her bestie playfully, chastising her. "Bitch, you just want to take advantage of her discount."

"No, I don't!" Stacy replied in mock astonishment. A fit of giggles later, she clarified, "Okay, maybe a little, but just look at her. She's clearly Zeta material." She brought her attention back to the new girl, and looked her straight in the face. "Seriously, Emily. You should pledge. Rush isn't nearly the nightmare it used to be."

"I...uhhh..." Emmanuel searched his brain for any excuse, terrified of disappointing the two women he'd only just met, before realizing he could just tell the truth. "I'm a senior in high school. Not even sure if I'll be able to get into college now."

"Bitch, hush." Stacy scoffed. "Central is totally a party school. If you have a pulse, you're getting in. Next year is better anyway. Me and Stacy will be juniors, so we can sponsor you. You're a shoe-in."

"She's not wrong." Britney affirmed, though with a far more measured enthusiasm than her exuberant sorority sister. While this conversation was taking place, the guys were mostly grunting to each other about scores, and beer, but the whole time, Theo could hardly take his eyes off his date. This didn't go unnoticed by the redhead, who after a short while interjected, "Guys, I think we interrupted. They're trying to get to know each other, and we barged in head first. Let's go play pool." Not waiting for an answer, the girl stood up, and glared at the rest of her party till they followed.

"Okay, Britney. You're right." Stacy sighed, collecting her purse, and fighting her way out of the round booth. The boys followed, and soon the four were standing at the edge of the table while the girls said a long goodbye.

While this was going on, it occurred to Emmanuel that he'd just met these people and the girls were already much nicer to him than his friends ever were, at least when they weren't being forced to love him. The instant sense of inclusion felt good, though tempered by mention of trying to make him into a coed.

"Alright, y'all." Stacy said, mistakenly thinking the new girl's anxious expression was because she was too polite to ask them to leave. "I want shots! Let's get the fuck out of here!" With a knowing wink, and a playful smile she said, "Have fun, you two!" before grabbing her bestie by the arm, and heading to the bar.

"Later, bro." the boys grunted. Suddenly, again, the two were alone, only now Emmanuel was cuddled up close to his date with no idea how to get away smoothly. A look at the clock on the wall told him his mom was but an hour or two away from arriving home, and that was something he absolutely did not want.

“So, tell me about yourself.” Emmanuel asked, trying to keep the conversation going. The last thing he needed was this boy losing interest, and stranding him on the opposite side of town. “What’s your family like?”

“Oh, well...” Theo was hesitant. Dumping his complicated home life on this girl might scare her away before she had the chance to get to know him. A brief moment of pause gave him time to weigh the pros and cons. After realizing she’d been nothing but kind since the moment they met, he decided to take the plunge. ‘Better to rip off the daddy issues band-aid sooner rather than later.’ “Um, I was basically raised by my Aunt.”

Emmanuel’s ears perked up. If there was one thing he could relate to, it was an absentee parent. He asked, “Mom and Dad not around?”

“Not exactly.” The boy’s face fell for just a moment, the twinge of pain in his heart evident. “I never knew my mom. She died in childbirth.”

“Oh my god! I’m so sorry!” Emmanuel’s sympathy was genuine. Regardless of whether or not this guy was expecting something, that was a situation the trapped boy thought no one should have to deal with. “What about your Dad?”

“He’s a doctor. Actually, he was pretty overbearing when I was born. Since I was a preemie he was relentless making sure I stayed alive. Kept worrying that I was gonna be underdeveloped.”

Emmanuel peered into the giant boy’s eyes, his heartbreak for the youth evident. “Clearly he didn’t have to worry there.”

“Haha, yeah.” The pain softened a bit from the girl’s kind words. He ended up taller than he ever could have expected, and liked the fact the pretty girl was also an above average height, at least for her gender. Theo continued, “Anyway, aside from his obsession with my treatment, he was a mess. Not that I remember, but apparently that’s why we had to move in with my mom’s sister, Aunt Bethany. The woman is a taskmaster, but she’s great. I don’t know what my life would be like without her, and I don’t want to think about it. Once I got a little older, I started looking more and more like my mom, and my dad pulled away hard. When my Aunt said something about it he just told her my face broke his heart all over again.”

Emmanuel was at a loss for words. “That’s just...heavy...Where is he now?”

“Well,” Theo rubbed the back of his neck as he thought about his father, “he met my Mom doing Doctors Without Borders, so after a few years, he decided to go back to that. Closed his practice, and that was it. I stayed with my aunt, and he took off for Timbuktu or wherever. He still shows up sometimes, but it’s few and far between.”

“Wow...just...wow...” Emmanuel blinked a few times, his eyelids feeling heavy as he tried to wrap his head around what his date was having to go through.

The corners of Theo's mouth turned up in a slight smile seeing the girl flutter her eyelashes at him, like she was trying to use her charms to help cheer him up. "Eh, he's a great dude, but a shitty Dad. What are you gonna do?" Theo took a swig of his drink, and then forced a smile back onto his face. He turned to his date, and asked, "What about you? What's your story?"

Emmanuel didn't want to get into specifics, he had already given away too much, so he kept it brief. "Dad is gone, and even if he could come home again, there's no way my Mom would let him. Teenage parents made stupid teenage mistakes, but she makes it work. Bust her ass to take care of us."

"What does she do? Is she also a fashion expert?" Theo asked, unconsciously leaning in a little closer to his date.

Further probing caught the feminized boy off guard. No one had ever taken that much of an interest in him. When asked how he was doing, he always just shrugged or just said fine, knowing no one really wanted to know more, but on this rare occasion, this person actually did.

Emmanuel had no clue Theo'd already made up his mind to marry this girl. Every tidbit was another piece that made up the beautiful picture he was blessed to have met. "Oh, uh...no. She works at Target during the day as a stocker, and at night she's a receptionist at a hotel. She also does Uber and stuff. Gotta make ends meet I guess. It hasn't been as bad since I started working though." The skirt-wearing teen shrugged a little. He was happy to help his mom, even if she insisted he shouldn't have to work.

Theo perked up with an inquisitive look in his eye. "Wait, which hotel does she work at?"

"Ahuva Bahyeet. Why?"

"No shit!" the boy said excitedly. "That's where Aunt Bethany works. She's the operations manager."

"Wait." the teen coughed, clearing his throat after the feminine voice slipped. "Your aunt is Bethany Long?" Emmanuel had never met the woman before, but he'd heard that name from his mother plenty of times.

"Holy shit, yeah!" Theo replied. "It's a small world. I feel bad for your mom though. I hear Aunt Bethany is ruthless at work."

"Yeah, small world," the boy turned girl agreed, trying to hide that panic washing over him. His only experience with anyone with any type of clout was Song's mother, and he knew firsthand that if anybody hurt her little Star, she'd hang them by their testes. He thought, 'Holy shit, I'm gonna get Mom fired.' It was another layer of terror added to his already mountainous list of anxieties. Emmanuel had to do everything he could to keep this boy happy, especially now. For

the rest of the night, a smile wouldn't leave his face. He was going to be the happiest date this boy ever had. If Theo asked him to jump, he'd have asked, "Off what?" His mother worked hard, and he wasn't about to screw up her job over his own selfish behavior. Suddenly remembering his mom's imminent arrival, he checked the clock again, that smile plastered on, just like Song's used to be. What he didn't realize was that most people, not even Grace Rim, would fire someone just because their kid's relationship didn't work out.

"Everything okay?" Theo asked, noticing the girl's glances. He didn't want her to feel pressured to stick around, but she hadn't yet moved to the other side of the booth when he dumped all his family drama, so that was a good sign.

He felt a little relief when she explained, "Yeah, umm...I just left my phone...my umm purse...yeah my purse...all of it at home, and..."

"Oh, screen anxiety." He finished her sentence for her, completely understanding, or rather not, but he didn't know that. "I feel like that all the time. I got so wasted at a party last year, and lost my phone for like two days. I thought I was gonna die." Seeing a golden opportunity, Theo decided it was time to go out on that limb. It was strange to the boy that it was even taking this long. With Emery, and pretty much every other girl he'd been interested in, he had no problem diving in head first, but with this one, he didn't want to ruin his chances before it even got off the ground. Nervously, he draped his arm over Emily's shoulder, and prayed he didn't get slapped in the face for his troubles. When it didn't come he pushed his luck a little further. Moving his other arm, he rested a hand on the beauty's supple thigh, and found a firm muscle underneath that baby soft flesh. Leaning in and practically whispering in her ear, he asked, "Do you jog, or something? Like track and field?"



“Something like that.” he heard the bashful girl reply, her own voice a breathy whisper. In reality Emmanuel ran a lot, just in everyday life, like getting to the bus stop. Though it started with trying to avoid his many scuffles with the neighborhood toughs he frequently found himself in conflict with. If his date could have seen his face from where he was sitting, he’d have seen a person terrified, on the verge of tears, but desperate to not piss off the boy, and incur the wrath of his furious ex. His thoughts on Song, Emmanuel did his best to emulate the tiny Asian-American girl. He took a deep breath, and tried to create a cute, but seductive guise. Turning to face Theo, practically able to taste the jock’s breath, with a giggle, he asked, “Theo, you wouldn’t want to take me home, would you?”

In an instant, any fear the frat boy had of the beautiful thing’s rejection went right out of the window. He was ready to be patient, and end the night with a handshake and a hope that she’d call, but instead, she was basically throwing herself at them. She didn’t seem like the type to hook up on the first date, but here she was, asking to come to his house. Trying to contain his glee, and hoping he still looked cool enough to keep her attention, he cleared his throat, dropping his voice a bit, and said, “Yeah, babe. Of course. Just let me finish this bottle of wine, and we can go.”

“Right.” Emmanuel agreed, his eyes turning back to the clock, the countdown to his doom not stopping for anything. He looked at his own empty glass, saying, “Let me help you with that.” He poured two glasses, and started guzzling down his own. It was gone in a flash, and he was pouring yet another. That one went down just as quick, when he noticed Theo was still sipping the first. Compelled to hurry, he placed his well manicured hand on the bottom of the boy’s glass, and tipped it up into his lips, nearly choking the youth.

Theo, for his part, was only too happy to chug the dry beverage, glad this girl seemed to be in quite the hurry to get him into the bedroom. Another glass for the both of them, and then one more, and suddenly the two were in a very different state of mind. Any inhibitions he had left were utterly destroyed. That was when Theo decided to swing for the fences.

Emmanuel had drunk before, even been tipsy, but in what seemed like an instant, he was suddenly very drunk. Between the speed of consumption, and his empty stomach, the wine hit him hard. The room began to spin, and it almost got away from him, but instead he was given a new center to focus on when his date’s lips collided with his own. For just a moment, he began to panic, but knowing he couldn’t disappoint the boy, his mind threw up the best defense mechanism it could muster in his inebriated state. His thoughts drifted back to Emery, making out with her on that picnic blanket, and how his heart swelled. At the time, she was the greatest thing to ever happen to him, and compared to his present reality, it was a much better place to be. As the two parted, the taste of wine on his lips, he was brought back to reality when his eyes met Theo’s, and he managed to slur out the question, “Are you ready to leave?” Blinking heavily, a sense of worry shot through him. ‘Was that rude? Should I kiss him again? Do I have to kiss him again!?’

Theo, his heart exploding with joy, tried to play it cool, but failing completely, answered, "For you, babe, anythink." Luckily Emily was just as intoxicated as him, far too drunk to notice his gaff.

As they stumbled out of the establishment, Emmanuel began to make the long walk to the parking lot, only to be stopped by the wobbly boy, turning his date around, and pulling them in the other direction. "Car not this way?" he asked in broken English, tripping slightly in the block heels.

"It's at the house." Theo explained. "Like right across the street from campus. It's only a couple blocks. Do you want me to carry you?"

"I'll be okay." His date giggled, and it was almost too cute for him to bear. Wine hit him harder than beer and it seemed the girl was similar, or at least a cheap date. The way she moved and behaved was adorable. The smashed girl asked, "You live across the street from a Christmas monster?" while sitting down on the pavement, and taking off her footwear, apparently having decided to carry them for the rest of the journey. The long nails made unlacing them a virtual impossibility, so the drunken teen grabbed the shoe by the heel, and yanked it off. This repeated on the next, and both times Theo got a good look at those silky panties Emmanuel himself had yet to see.

"I live across the street from school." he answered, oblivious to the joke. It didn't matter to the lovestruck boy though. The sound of her laughter after such a rough start was a welcome change. "I also live across the street from a liquor store on the opposite corner. Do you mind if we stop by there on the way?"

At this point the teen was white girl wasted. His brain had decided to stop making new memories before they even left the shopping center. Struggling to focus, Emmanuel kept one thought in mind, and that was that he needed to keep this boy happy, no matter what. He was Emily, and Emily was supposed to be sweet after all. "Of course I don't mind." Still tasting the boy and the booze in his mouth, he asked, "Can you get me some gum though?" Trying to stand and failing, he noticed the matching polish on his toenails, and surprisingly the first thought that crossed his mind was, 'Pretty.' Emmanuel had to crack up at the absurdity of it all. Doing his best baby voice, he held up both arms and said, "Help please."

Theo pulled the girl up effortlessly, her feet lifting off the ground for a moment, before catching her between his chest and arms, giving her a quick kiss. While stunned, she blinked and kept her lips puckered. "Of course, babe." If Theo had had the money, he would have bought her the whole store.

While Theo was inside the liquor store, Emmanuel was left standing to the side of the building, just out of view of the cashier. Wobbling on unsteady legs, he nearly fell asleep upright, but then a car pulled up with a guy hanging out of the passenger side window. "Hey there, honey. You looking to party?"

At this point, the skirted boy had completely forgotten how he was dressed, and thinking back to the typically hostile interactions he'd had in parking lots such as this one, he dropped his shoes, and raised both fists, stumbling, ready to fight. In a voice drifting somewhere between Emmanuel's and Emily's, he asked, "You wanna go, asssshooole?"

The guy turned back to his buddy incredulously, and said, "This bitch wants to fight." then explained, "No, sweetheart. I want to fuck."

Drunkenly, the lanky teen snickered, and after dropping his hands, said, "Well then go fuck" Emmanuel paused for a split second to hiccup before continuing, "yourself!"

Ego bruised, the guy shouted back. "Whatever bitch! You're ugly anyway!"

That was when Theo came through the door, quickly believing he understood the situation, being slightly more aware of his surroundings than his date. "Is there a problem, fellas?"

"You need to get your girl, bro." the guy said. "We were just trying to be friendly." Brave enough to harass a teenager in a parking lot, but no more than that, the two men drove off without another word.

Standing there Emmanuel touched his tongue to his puffy lips. "They didn't wanna fight...my lips..." The sentence was left incomplete, his kisser feeling out of place and swollen.

"They didn't want to fight your lips?"

"What?" Emmanuel said, tucking some of the long hair to one side of his face behind his ear. "Fight my lips, that's funny, you're funny."

"Come here." Theo said, not exactly the image of sobriety himself. When his date came closer he used his free hand to cup her chin. "I will fight your lips." He spoke the words before leaning in, seizing the opportunity to kiss the pretty girl, feeling his heartbeat quicken as he did. "You ready to get out of here?" When she nodded he was about to hold her hand with his, but noticed she had walked away from her shoes.

After the encounter, and the kiss, Emmanuel had almost forgotten them, but Theo had enough sense to collect the pair before heading to the crosswalk. Only when at the mouth of the gravel driveway leading to the three story house occupied by a dozen young and horny idiots, did the shorter of the two realize going barefoot was a bad idea. He looked at the shoes in Theo's hand like putting them on would have been equivalent to passing the bar exam.

Theo chuckled, and placed them in his date's arms, then scooped Emily up, his hand under her butt, then carried her in one arm, and a six pack with the other, all the way to the front door. He

didn't stop there though. In the house, he effortlessly made his way up the stairs, and for the first time since middle school, Emmanuel felt absolutely tiny.

The frat boy was grateful his junior year allowed him his own room, and he was excited to christen it. Plopping the girl down on his dingy loveseat by the bed, he opened two beers with a lighter, handing one to Emily, before taking a seat next to her. The room spun for a moment, but his stomach settled, and after that, the only thing he could see was the beautiful thing staring back at him expectantly. "Sorry it's messy." His desire for her grew every moment she held his gaze.

"My room is always messy." Emmanuel said, looking around enviously at the giant space. It was then he noticed a little brown stuffed bear. He jumped up from the couch to pick it up, and make sure he wasn't hallucinating the out of place plush. "This is a little cuter than anything I was expecting to find here."

Seeing the pretty girl holding the stuffed animal caused his heart to sing. "Yeah, my Aunt gave it to me when I was little, so I wouldn't get lonely when she'd have to go to work. You know? Like Teddy Roosevelt. Because we have the same name."

It took a minute when suddenly the understanding dawned on the tipsy flirt. "Oh, your name is Theodore. Theo is your nickname. I'm so drunk, lol!" Emmanuel didn't even realize Emery had rubbed off on him a little, and he'd just spoken out loud in text slang. "So, Teddy Bear," the new pet name coming naturally, it was clear Emery had even more of an effect, and Emmanuel was pretty proud, as obvious as the comparison was. "What should we do?" he asked, holding the bear to his enhanced chest. 'Boys like it when a girl gives them a nickname.'

Theo patted his leg, and waved the cutie over. "I love how you call me Teddy Bear. God you're so cute. Why don't you come sit in my lap, and I'll show you."

Emmanuel's inner monologue was for once, kind of prideful. For once, he felt like he was nailing something, even if that something was playing the part of the flirtatious love interest to a college jock. He strode across the room, and plopped down on the athlete's lap, wrapping both arms around his neck. "You're tall." the drunken teen said like someone might say the sky was blue.

In an instant the two were sloppy kissing, and Emmanuel's thoughts drifted back to Emery. Those kissing lessons were apparently paying off, because Theo was clearly enjoying himself. Closing his eyes, Emmanuel was with the blonde girl again, as his tongue explored her mouth. The girl's grip was a lot stronger than before, but that was fine with the teen, and if anything was actually kind of a turn on. Someone wanting to tear off his clothes was sexy as hell.



Theo felt the hot babe's soft skin under her shirt, and as his hands found their way to the front, and reached second base, the girl shuddered, but didn't stop him. Her breasts were a masterpiece, and he had to fight the urge to squeeze them as hard as he could. The gum she'd been chewing since they left the store wound up in his mouth. Most people would find that gross, but Emily could have spit it on his floor, and he'd have thanked her for it. The kissing, just touching her even, had already started the process, but hearing her moan made his pants feel too tight and restrictive.

Still necking with Emery, Emmanuel melted into a puddle of lust. The girl had never been so rough with him, and even though his swollen chest hurt a little, it also felt so very very good. His lips moved down to her neck, and were met with a little stubble, something he was positive the lovely lady had never had to deal with before. If the feminized boy had thought about it, he'd have been incredibly grateful for the whiskey-dick saving him from a very unpleasant erection trapped in that cage, though the more turned on he felt, the more uncomfortable the feeling grew. Cracking open his eyelids, he remembered what was actually going on, and like a defense mechanism, his brain said, "Nope" and he closed his eyes again, trying to wow his girlfriend with the new level of skill his lips had reached.

Thoroughly turned on, Emmanuel knew what his girl liked, and that meant it was time for a little oral pleasure. After getting up, and finding his way to his knees he felt the throbbing erection pressed against the jeans with his well manicured fingers. Emery didn't usually wear jeans, so it was a struggle to get the restrictive garments down around his partner's ankles. "Oh, someone's big." Taking the cock into his mouth, only one thought crossed his mind and part of it had already slipped free from his mouth. 'When did her dick get so huge?'

"God damn!" Theo shouted, happy most of his frat brothers hadn't moved back in yet. Heaven forbid someone interrupt this gorgeous lady demonstrating her mastery of the craft. Never in his life had a blowjob felt so good, which was especially surprising given the amount of alcohol coursing through his veins. His hand found its way to the back of Emily's head, and gripped her hair tightly as she pumped up and down. Just when he was about to explode, he stopped, and pulled her off.

The meaty member being pulled free from Emmanuel's mouth caused his brain to give the drunken version of the blue screen of death before rebooting. "Did I do something wrong?" Emily looked like she was about to cry, and Theo's heart broke for her. Never in his life had he seen a person so dedicated to pleasuring another.

"Of course not, babe. I just want to save that for you." He picked the girl up, and tossed her on his bed, and after struggling to get his pants the rest of the way off, joined her. As quickly as she dropped to her knees and with how rejected she looked when he took his cock from her mouth, he promised himself that he was going to let her finish the next time. Feeling happy that short skirts existed, he threw up the fabric and grabbed the girl's panties, nearly tearing them as he slid them down her long smooth legs. The jock was expecting to practice cunnilingus for the first time in a while when he was surprised to find a penis not dissimilar from his own locked up for

safe keeping. 'Oh shit.' He took a moment to process, hoping his confusion didn't show, hurting the poor girl's feelings. It hadn't occurred to him that she could be transgender like Emery, and it came as a shock. A little self-talk helped him work through it quickly though, realizing that he didn't have a problem with Emery, so why would he have a problem now. Sooner or later, he was planning on crossing that bridge anyway.

From there, he decided to try something else, and after fumbling through his nightstand for a rubber, and some astroglide, he was prepped and ready to go, pressing his phallus slowly into the girl's puckering butthole.

'What the fuck is happening?' Emmanuel wondered. There was nowhere for his thoughts to flee. He and Emery had never done anything like this before, and his mind could no longer protect him from reality. He nearly screamed, but then the thought of his mother standing on the side of the road with a cardboard sign entered his thoughts. He shoved that to the back of his head, and meeting eyes with Theo, gave himself a pep talk. 'Okay, this isn't weird. You're not Emmanuel. You're Emily. Emily really likes Theo...like a lot. Of course Milly would want to have sex with him. You're Emily. You're Milly. You want to have sex with him. He is incredibly hot after all, and what a cock. Be a good girl Emily, and make this boy happy.'

Emily, a newly acquired shield, took over, and she started to relax her sphincter enough to let the rest of the engorged penis work its way in. It hurt at first, but less and less with each thrust. She cringed, clutching the bedsheets. 'Milly would want to be fucked...Mom needs Emily to make her date happy...she would be happy.' Feeling the weight of Theo pressing down on her - in her, she welcomed the girth with joy. As the pain subsided, the pleasure began to swell, and the new girl was actually starting to enjoy herself. "Err, errrr, er." The grunts started to subside as genuine pleasure washed over the feminized boy, their imprisoned member straining against the metal holding it. "Eh, eh, ehhhh, eh."

For a few seconds at a time, Emmanuel would poke his head back in to freak out about liking something he absolutely wasn't supposed to like, but Emily would stuff him back away, and moan, letting Teddy Bear know what a good job he was doing. "Fuck... fuck... fuck me, Teddyy, Teddyyy! Oh fuck, oh fuck." After that, it was easy. If she let the boy have his way, he definitely got what he wanted, and she could just let herself bask in the pleasure that washed over her body.

Pressing his condom-covered dick to the trans girl's hole, Theodore thrust gently but firmly with his hips, it taking all of his control to not just ram his cock all the way in. The fact that she had one of her own, locked away in a little cage thing or not, was a shocker, and if he wasn't so drunk and horny he might have paused to have a conversation first. How much he liked the girl, how connected he felt, would have him accept her, but his mind was thinking more about carnal desires in the heat of the moment like how tight her body felt. He could feel her squeezing her ass around his cock as though she wanted it to stay inside of her forever. The way Emily's groaning evolved, growing in pitch till she started to call out his name, begging him to fuck her. It was music to Theo's ears and it was all he could do while thrusting to not explode right there

and then. "Mmmm Emily, fuck yes...Emily!" It felt good to say her name as he felt her warm body writhe underneath him. She wanted him and he wanted her.

The only thing preventing them both from finishing immediately was their blood alcohol content. It couldn't hold off for long though, and as they crescendoed together, Theo spilled his seed into the condom while her's gushed out onto his sheets. It was Emmanuel's most troubling, uncomfortable, and painful orgasm of his life, thanks to the cage around his own dick and the new experience of his rear end being stretched.

Both their clothes covered in sweat, the boy kissed her on the lips, and then the forehead, before rolling over and laying on his back beside her, as the two breathed heaving breaths. If he'd have just been a little more sober, he might have stopped himself, but compelled, the words escaped his lips. "I think I'm in love."

Emily bathed in the afterglow, having just had the time of her very short life, but right behind her, Emmanuel was ready to scream. As a mental construct, a shield, it was her job to protect the mind from what it considered trauma. Between it, and being blackout drunk the teen boy wasn't about to remember cumming from being fucked in the ass.

## **Chapter 9**

The morning sun gleamed through the dirty windows of Epsilon House, this particular Sunday morning with an extraordinary vengeance. Emmanuel wanted nothing more than to sleep for another hundred years, but the birds that were outside chirping into a megaphone weren't having it. He opened one eye to find a floor covered in dirty socks and underpants, in a place he'd never been before. At least the sheets were clean, except the spot covered in his own drool. Unbeknownst to him, there was also a stain hiding just under the covers. An attempt at opening the second eye was thwarted by what felt like super glue. When his sharply manicured nail reached up to check, and stabbed him in the forehead, the substance was discovered to be mascara.

"Where am I?" The boy still wearing yesterday's makeup groaned out the question as he pushed himself up from the mattress, and his head started to thud with the same rhythm of his heartbeat. "Owwwwww!"

"First wine hangover?" Theo asked, startling the mess of a teen. He was sitting in front of his computer reading cliff notes of a book from his summer reading list, one he absolutely did not read.

The last thing Emmanuel remembered clearly was taking off his shoes in the middle of the alley, and after that it was mostly a blur. "Oh, god! I never went home! I had to go home!" The

realization hit him like a ton of bricks. Those same bricks felt like they hit him in the skull when he raised his own voice. Pressing his hands to his temples, partially covering his face, Emmanuel wanted the pressure to ease whatever was going on in his head. Piecing together the events that led him to his date, the boy felt the full effects on his body of the punishment he'd given himself the day before. He knew at home, his mother was waiting, and they were going to have to have a very complicated conversation. He didn't know the specifics of what Song wrote in that letter, but he knew it wasn't good. "How are you not dying?"

"I was a few hours ago, though probably not as bad as you. I do have about a hundred pounds on you after all." Theo got up from his desk, and brought a sports drink to his new girlfriend. I snuck out this morning and got this. It'll help, I promise. I got you a McMuffin, but it's probably cold by now. Greasy food helps though. It's on the nightstand next to some tylenol. He kissed the pretty girl on top of her aching head, and nudged her towards the sandwich. "I thought it was gonna be hard to get my arm from underneath your head when I got up, but you just plopped back down like a cinder block.. You're a real heavy sleeper, babe."

"Not normally." Emmanuel muttered. His first impulse was to pull away from the basketball player, but then he remembered his mother's employment was in the hands of this guy's aunt. Thinking twice, still pouting, he reached over to the bag with the golden M on it, and pulled out the breakfast sandwich. He's probably never eaten anything faster in his life. Food still in his mouth, he mumbled, "Thank you." before opening the blue liquid and using it to down the two little red pills. Only then did he realize that he was speaking with Emmanuel's voice, and not Emily's. He quickly corrected, and repeated, "Thank you!" trying to sound both chipper, and grateful.

"You don't have to worry about freaking me out with your voice, Milly. I know it's an adjustment for girls like you. It takes years of practice before you don't have to think about it, and I'm sure being hung over doesn't help."

"Girl's like me?" Emmanuel thought he was going to throw up the sandwich he'd just eaten, so he leapt to his bare feet, regretting the sudden movement immediately, but didn't let that slow him down as he hurried into the boy's private bathroom, slamming the door behind him. Looking into the mirror it was clear he still looked like a girl, just one who's makeup was smudged beyond repair. A few deep breaths quieted his stomach, and just then he finally noticed how bad he had to pee.

He was about to sit down on the toilet, not out of feminine inclination, but out of sheer exhaustion, when he realized he needed to lift his skirt as opposed to unbuttoning his trousers. Doing so revealed a lack of underwear, and then a few flashes from after leaving the bar flooded his thoughts. The feminized boy wasn't certain of much, but one thing he did know was that he'd had sex with a boy. Anal sex. He had anal sex with a boy, and the worst part was he knew a part of him liked it. He finally vomited, but fortunately got the seat up in time. At the very least he felt a lot better. He flushed after emptying his bladder, peeing with the metal contraption being another new experience. That's when he noticed sharp into his new D-cup breast under

his bra. It was the package of gum from the night before. It was a little soft from his body heat, but that didn't stop the boy from sticking two pieces into his mouth to cover the taste of his sick, and what he could only assume was Theo's cock. "I had a... no, no, don't think about that. It was in my mouth..." While it wasn't the first dick he'd had in his mouth, the fact that the other belonged to a pretty curly-haired blonde beauty made it a completely different experience.

Emmanuel felt like crying but he didn't have time for that right now. A deep breath in through the nose and out through the mouth. Another. And Another. Centered, he opened the bathroom door to face who he'd just remembered was his new boyfriend, after agreeing to make it official during a drunken session of post-coital pillow talk. "Theo, I need you to take me home." It wasn't a command but the tone let the jock know his girl was serious.

"Yeah, your mom is probably worried sick, since you haven't been able to text her. I probably should have gotten you up sooner, but you just looked so cute sleeping there." It had to be love because anyone with two eyes and a brain would have thought the girl passed out and drooling in his bed wasn't quite cute at that moment, but rather much more a hot mess. "Let me get my keys,"

The ride back in Theo's jalopy wasn't awful by any stretch of the imagination, even somewhat pleasant. The song that started playing over the stereo was one of Emmanuel's favorites, so at the very least they had similar taste in the classics. When the boy reached over to hold his girlfriend's hand halfway through the ride, it wasn't even that bad. They'd already done so much worse.

Theo had apparently spent the first part of the morning on the internet learning about the trans experience. He'd never been with a transgender girl before, but it wasn't a problem. He just wanted to be the best boyfriend he could possibly be. A lot of this was sounding very familiar to Emmanuel, and he wondered how a guy this nice could get wrapped up in one of Song's schemes. None of it was making any sense. Whatever the case, he thought it best to keep his mouth shut, and let the boy drone on. He'd have to figure out how to lose the beau without ruining his life later. First things first, he needed to explain things, as best he could at least, to his mom.

Getting out of the car, Theo caught him by the wrist, and pulled him in for a quick goodbye kiss before saying, "Don't forget about tomorrow, gorgeous."

"Tomorrow?"

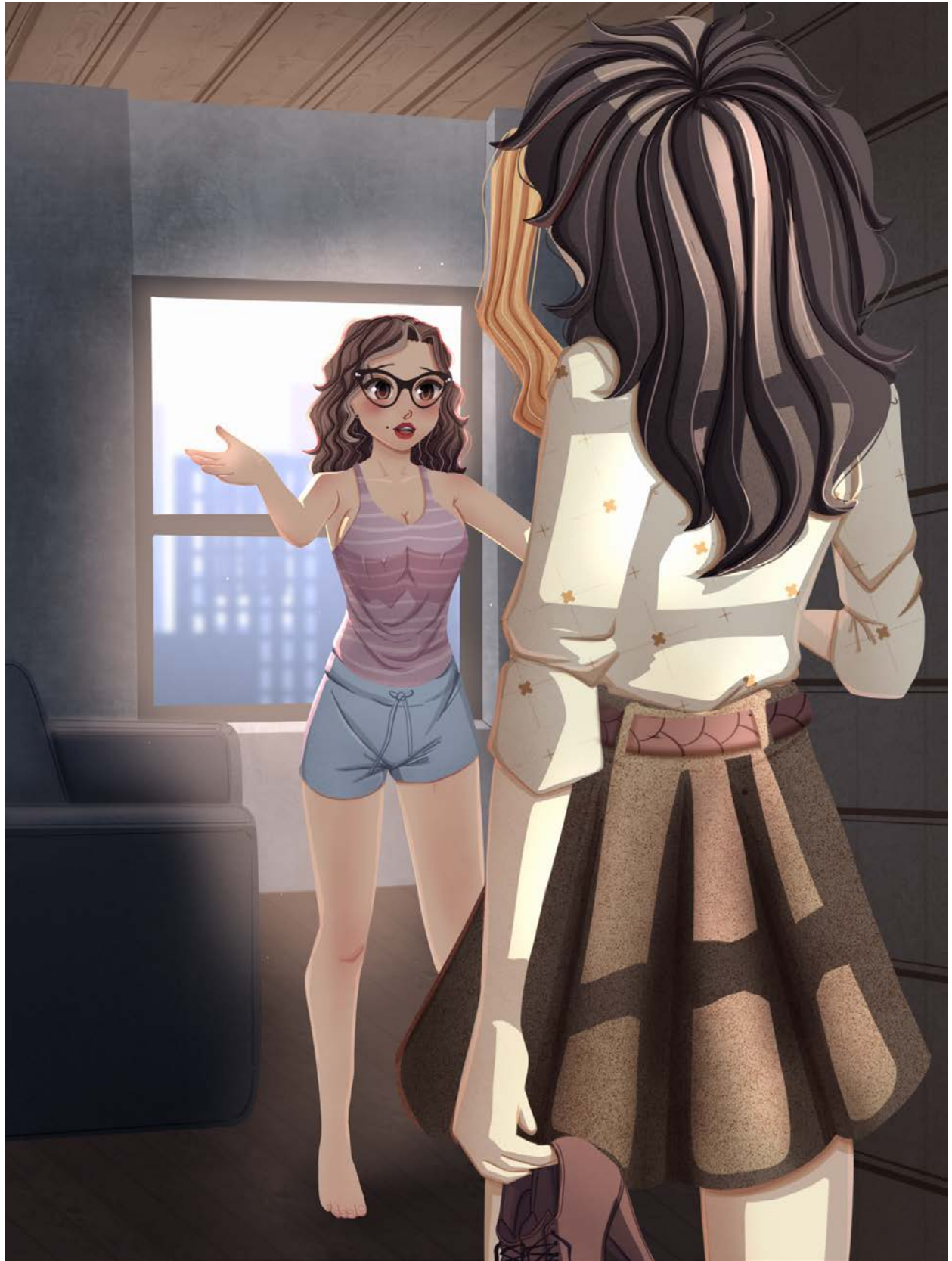
"Yeah, I'm picking you up from work, remember. That way you don't have to take that awful bus. Those things aren't safe, you know. I can give your friends a ride too. I don't mind helping however I can. I'm babbling, aren't I? Sorry, go talk to your mom. I'm sure she'll understand. The way you describe her, of course she will.. Bye, babe." He had to fight not to say the words his heart was singing, "I love you."

Not sure why, Emmanuel leaned back into the car, and gave his new boyfriend one more kiss, then smiled wide, an expression in direct conflict to the pounding in his head, and said, "Bye, Teddy." He blinked twice, not sure where that had come from till a vague memory about a teddy bear came to mind.

Plodding up the stairs, booties in hand, Emmanuel approached the door to the apartment. A few more deep breaths, and he tested the door handle. Without his keys there was no way to get in unless it was unlocked, or with his mothers help. Finding it unlocked, he swung the door open. Sitting on the couch, still in her pajamas, Lauren Brooks was anxiously awaiting the arrival of her child. It wasn't like her baby to not check in. They often weren't home at the same time, but there was always a text telling her where they were. When she found the phone on the coffee table, she just assumed it was forgotten, something she would have given Emmanuel an ear full about. They had saved up all that money from their job to get the phone and then just left it, but that wasn't her concern at the moment.

Seeing the teen standing there looking a mess, she still thought she was the prettiest girl she'd ever seen. The mother jumped up and immediately wrapped her arms around Emily, grateful that at the very least, her daughter wasn't going to have to deal with not passing like a lot of other girls did in early transition.

Emmanuel wrapped his arms around his mom, feeling safe again for the first time in a few days, and whispered, "Mom, we've got to talk."



"I know, baby. I read the letter." Lauren held her daughter at arm's length by the shoulders, and went on, "Let me get a good look at you honey. Oh you can't sleep in your makeup. It's bad for your skin. Don't worry, I'm going to teach you everything you need to know. Your hair...it looks so good and..." Her voice trailed off. She wanted to tell her child how wonderful they were, how brave they were and it all just jumbled up. "You know, it was so nice of your friend Song to pay for all of this. I only wish I could afford to give you everything you deserve, but I'm glad to know you've got other people looking out for you. So tell me, who's this Theodore boy? I want to hear everything. Don't spare a single detail. Wait, actually I've got great news I gotta spill first, and then we can talk about everything." The woman was talking a mile a minute, overwhelmed by the emotional magnitude of it all. "I got a promotion!"

"At Target?" the flummoxed teen asked, hoping there wasn't a different answer.

"No, I finally get to quit that hell hole. At the hotel last night, Bethany was staying late, and she called me into her office. I was freaking the fuck out, ya know, when she offered me the front desk manager position. It comes with a huge raise, and better hours. It's nine to five...well eight to five with an hour for lunch, but you know. Now I can actually be here for you again. I know it's been rough being a latch key kid since you father...well your father fucked up our lives, but I've finally managed to dig us out of that trench, baby." Having a mom only sixteen years his senior, Emmanuel was used to the potty mouth, that trait probably being one of the things that made him so fond of Emery.

That wasn't what got to him. Everything else was why he collapsed backwards onto the couch, and started crying into his well manicured hands. His mom had been promoted because he fucked Theo, and now she was going to get fired if he didn't stay with the boy. He really didn't want to be a girl, let alone someone's girlfriend, but even more than that he didn't want to break his mom's heart. At least that's what his self sabotaging brain told him. In reality the decision to promote Lauren had been made a week earlier, and they were just waiting for the position to officially come open before they made the offer. At this point Bethany didn't have a clue who Emily even was, at least not until her nephew texted her the good news whenever he got around to it. College kids are notorious for only reaching out to their parents when they need something.

"Oh, baby." Lauren said, sitting down, and comforting her daughter, rubbing the small of her back. "I know you're so happy right now you can't contain yourself. I'm happy too. I always wanted a daughter, you know."

In his fragile state of mind what Emmanuel heard was, "I've always wanted a daughter more than a son, you know." That was it. He was stuck, and there wasn't any way out. Emily was here to stay and it only made him cry that much harder.

"Emily, go wash your face, and put on some pajamas. We can have a girls day in, today. We'll get pizza, and watch movies. And we can talk about your plans for the future. You've got

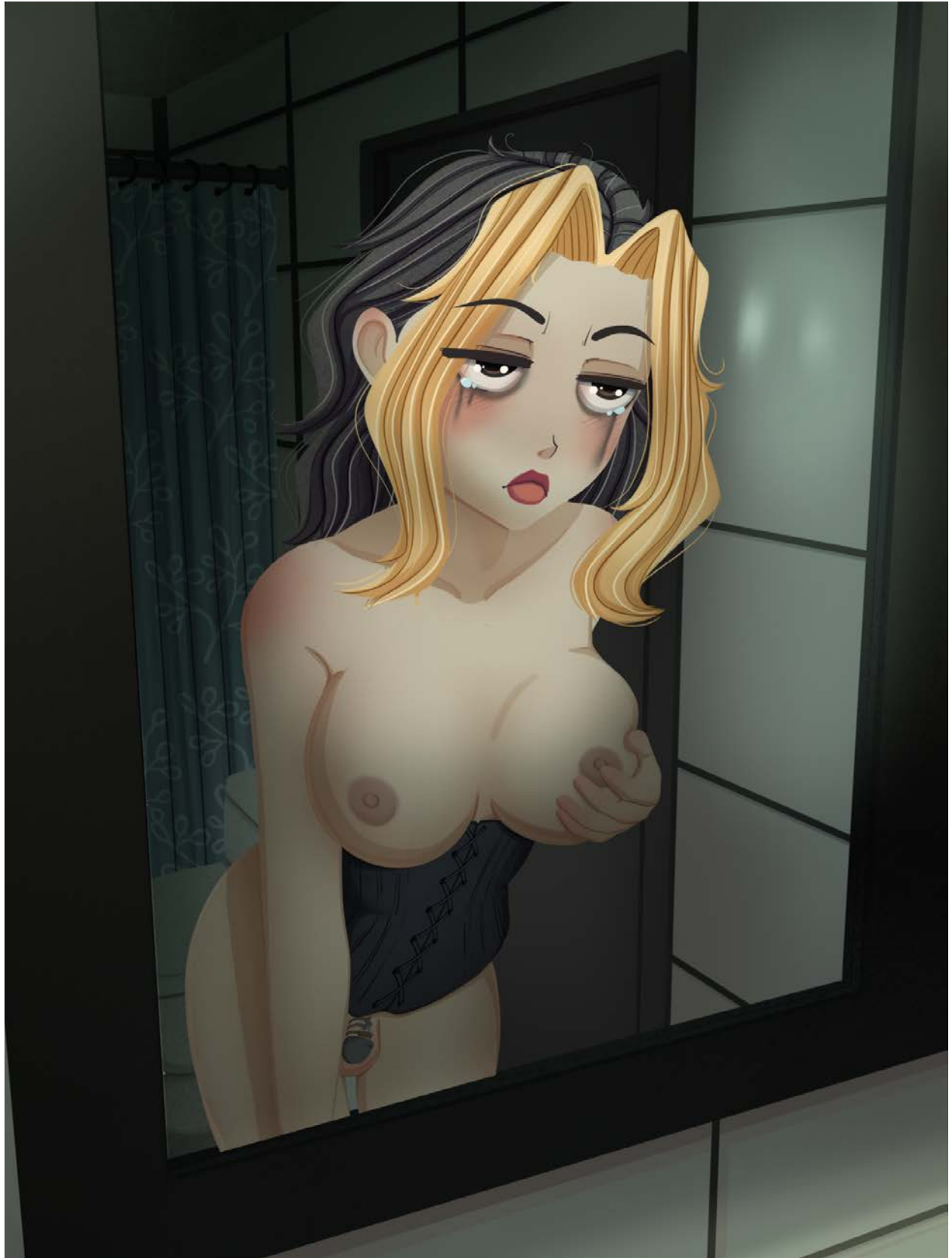
doctor's appointments we need to set up, I know. I looked up a few options, so we can figure out which sounds best to you."

It was strange hearing his mom call him by that name, but her voice soothed him just the same. He didn't say a word, just pulled himself up off the couch, and followed her instructions.

"Emily." Hearing his mom say it once more, he turned to face her, Lauren's own eyes full of tears, but a proud smile graced her lips. "I'm so proud of you."

Sniffing, he made his way back into his room, finding it clean thanks to the assistance of the feminized boys that were once his girlfriends. Opening his underwear drawer he saw an unexpected sight, none of his boxers or socks were in there. Rather, he found panties of different colors and styles and an equally diverse selection of bras. Opening another drawer, then another he wasn't able to find a single shred of his own clothing, instead every article replaced by something much more feminine. Incredibly drained, he dug through one, finding a pair of fuzzy shorts and a cami, not much different from what his mother was wearing. He glanced over at his closet before shaking his head, not ready to open that can of worms, or even spend what little mental energy he had left on questions like how and why. He had been promised that this was just for the night, or so he thought he remembered, that obviously wasn't the case. In the bathroom he striped down to the corset, and finally got a good look at himself in the mirror.

His naked form on full display, he reached up and cupped his breast, feeling the need to make sure they were actually real. Confirming they were, there wasn't much he could do about it. Right then, he felt dead inside. There was nothing else to be done, but give up, and give in. First things first, he sat down on the floor, knees to his enlarged bust, letting himself cry until he just couldn't anymore. The headache from the wine wouldn't let him. From there, he finally managed to wrestle himself out of the corset, the red indentions burning with relief as he did so. The simple act of washing his face did wonders, lifting his spirits enough to face the world again, if only just barely. His reflection still showed Emily though, only not painted up. The long hair, the thinned eyebrows with the notch he earned from that fight, and the long hair seemed to change his entire face. He still saw the same girl, though she seemed younger, more Emmanuel's actual age.



After slipping into the comfy clothes, he walked back out into the living room where his mom was sitting, her legs curled under her, as she pointed to the spot next to her. “Sit down honey, and I’ll show you how to put your hair up. Long hair is super pretty on you, but you’ll find out quickly it can become quite a pain in the ass sometimes.” She showed her new daughter how to smooth it back with a brush, and then tied it off in a perky pony at the top of her head, the bangs only left to hang down around Emily’s cute face.



The now very cute boy checked his phone finding a few missed text messages. One from a number he didn't recognize.

**Unknown number:** This is Teddy Bear <3 I'm told the rules say I have to wait to text you, but I had to say you are wonderful, and I can't wait to see you again.

Emmanuel didn't groan. Thanks to Song's machinations and Teddy's good will his mother had gotten a promotion and he wasn't going to take away the joy he saw on her face. He couldn't put that burden back on her and tell the kind giant that being friends was as far as he wanted to go. So instead, he copied, pasted, and a new contact was added to his phone. He messaged the boy back.

**Emily:** Ignore the rules. Thanks for making my life better.

**Teddy Bear <3 :** Mine got better when you I saw you for the first time

Ignoring the response he got right away, Emmanuel only partially meant what he said, but had to thank Teddy for getting his Aunt to allow his mom to quit her other job at the box retail store. Even if it was earned doing things...things he didn't want to think about, with the older boy. The next two messages he read, but didn't bother to reply. Taking note that his own name had been updated in his phone, he knew full well that they had no plans for this to be over after one night, especially with the letter they left his mom after swapping out all of his clothes.

**Song:** You're welcome

**Emery:** Theo seems like super happy!!!! I knew you two would hit it off!

A quick call was made, and a pizza ordered. Emmanuel was still starving after a lack of dinner, and losing his breakfast. The two spent the rest of the day watching the same chick flick he'd taken both his girlfriend's too, only this time he could tell you everything about it. A look through a few brochures, and they settled on a doctor that took Lauren's new insurance. Just reading the pamphlets, let alone selecting one, felt like a betrayal to who he was. Emmanuel had done so much damage to those around him, if he hadn't been born then his dad wouldn't have done something that criminal to get by. If it wasn't for him getting in fights his mom wouldn't have had to move to this area, and if that didn't happen... It all just escalated from there, so this time he was going to be the solution, not the problem.

Apparently Emily's drunken barefoot adventures had destroyed her pedicure, so Lauren absolutely had to fix the damage. She was just thrilled to share a new experience with her child. While they dried, she stared at her daughter's visage, marveling at how much they looked alike.

Emmanuel noticed, and immediately felt self conscious. "What is it? he asked, blushing and covering himself in shame. Feeling his feminine chest shift in the process made him want to cover himself even more. "Is there something on my face?"

Lauren playfully swatted her new daughter's hands out of the way, and said, "Quit that, goober. You're fucking beautiful. I was just admiring how pretty you are. You get it honest." She wasn't going to miss the opportunity to fluff up her own ego as well, if only just a little.

Her son, now daughter, blushed at the compliment, and for whatever reason it brought a smile to his face, and a warm comfort to his heart. His mother was the most important person in his world, and seeing her this happy, he couldn't help but enjoy it. "Thanks, Mom. I love you."

"I love you too, baby." Lauren wrapped her child in a tight embrace, holding her for five uninterrupted, wonderful minutes, before letting go. The moment passed, she was back to her usual crass self, and she brought up the question burning in her mind. "Who the hell is this Theodore, and am I going to have to put the fear of god into him? He's not a criminal, is he? Because let me tell you, they're not worth the fucking hassle."

Despite the weight of it all, and the stress bearing down on him, Emmanuel laughed wholeheartedly for what felt like the first time in a long time.

## Chapter 10

"Oooo!" Lauren was squealing as she dug through each of the high end garments hanging in her daughter's closet. Well, truthfully they weren't that fancy, but compared to most of the clothes the family had owned they may as well have been bespoke crafts imported directly from Paris. "It's unreal how much that girl spent on you, Emily. Does she wipe her ass with hundred dollar bills or something?"

'No, just with your heart.' Emmanuel thought to himself, his feelings for the miniature Machiavelli that was his ex-girlfriend conflicted even still. The previous night, in spite of everything that happened over the weekend, the recent conscript to femininity found himself wondering if he could find the right thing to say, or give her just the right gift to make everything go back to the way it was. As soon as he turned over and his ample bosom took the covers with it, he knew there was no way in hell.

"I'm thinking this brown dress, and those booties again, baby." the new girl's mother said, holding up the chic linen garment with its pleated skirt against her own slender frame. "At least until you get a bit more practice in those skyscrapers. God forbid you come home with a bruise or scrape after falling flat on that pretty face." Tossing her selection on the bed, she dug through the closet a little more, ready to plan out a new outfit for every day of the week. "I know you're excited to explore your new style, and all of this is gonna look great on you for sure, but you really oughta buy some pants. You know, for practicality."

"I agree, Mom. You're right. I guess I just got a little carried away." The boy watched his mother, as happy as she'd been in years, and as much as he felt trapped by the contents of his closet,

he felt trapped all the more by the joyous energy exuding from the thirty-two year old woman. "It'll have to wait till I get paid though. Besides, I don't think I can wear denim to work anyway."

"Hmm, that sounds like a plan." Lauren pulled out an ivory sleeveless wrap blouse from the closet, now second guessing her original pick. "How about we wear this..." she stopped, smirking to herself from the small slip up from a desire to raid her new daughter's closet for herself. "How about you wear this today instead? It will show off your new assets." Just looking at Emily's chest astounded her. The idea that science had come so far as to give temporary breasts like that was amazing. "Yes, I think it will go well with this skirt." she said taking a beige skirt off a hanger, wishing she had clothes like this when she was young.

While the newly feminized boy's mom was keeping busy, and drooling over all the clothes she'd be able to steal from her daughter, said child was doing his best to follow her instructions as he tried to apply his eye makeup. The shadows weren't too hard, if maybe a little over blended, reducing the intended gradient between the pigments. The winged eyeliner was a different story, even with the simple marker styled applicator. The right eye was just okay, drawn out a little long, but with no jagged edges, it was a decent enough application for a first attempt. The left eye was a different story. Starting on the inner corner, it went well enough, but by the end it was a job reminiscent of a toddler with a half-eaten crayon. Calling it a wing was generous at best, the final stroke better resembling a drumstick.

Emmanuel wanted to cry as he eyed his reflection, feeling like a clown. "Mom, I need help." he whined, the new voice well suited to that kind of prissy angst.

"Oh, it's okay baby." the woman said, hurrying over, and stroking her fingers across his cheek soothingly, then fetching a pointed cotton swab, and some makeup remover. She explained, "This is why we do our eyes first. Easier to fix any fuck-ups without all that foundation in the way." She pushed up her glasses, and then with a comforting smile, bent over and carved two proportional mirrored wings out of the mess. A few strokes to thicken up the right side to match, and suddenly there was a cat eye any girl would have been proud of. "Don't worry, Emily. There's always tomorrow, right? You'll get it eventually. You just need practice, is all."

Thoughts of tomorrow were usually a source of anxiety for the boy, and the idea of being better with cosmetics by then was not a comforting one. He immediately had a desire to do something boyish like go climb a tree or to throw rocks, but she was happy and he'd done enough to make her life difficult. Wanting to see that happiness on his mother's face, hear the joy in her voice, he held steady on his path. So he returned the expression, not wanting to think about tomorrow, only focused on today before moving on to the next step. Foundation didn't seem too scary, but that's only because he had yet to hear the words contouring and highlighting.

After a little more trial and error, a little more pouting, and a little more help, it was time to work on the hair. Still wrapped in a little terry cloth turban, the wavy brown locks were damp from the teen's morning shower. Lauren undid the little button fastener, and let them spill down onto her daughter's shoulders. "I'm glad you picked extensions with this texture, since they're pretty

similar to what you'll have to deal with once your own grows out. I don't know if you remember a few years back when I chopped all my hair off to sell because we needed groceries. I doubt it, but wouldn't it be crazy if these were made from that. Whatever the case, you'll have my curls eventually."

"Of course I remember that, Mom." Emmanuel said with a mixture of guilt, gratitude, and nostalgia. His mind briefly drifted back to those first few months after his father went away. "I'm sorry you've had to sacrifice so much for me."

"Hush." the kind mother said, placing her finger over his freshly painted lips. "That's not something for you to apologize for. You didn't ask for any of this. Besides, it's not your job to worry about me. You've got that backwards, baby." She kissed just beside her daughter's painted face, not wanting to ruin the girl's, and honestly more her own, hard work.

'Not asking for this... She is more right than she knows.'

Heavily emphasizing the importance of heat protectant, she liberally coated the extensions, and set to task with a blow dryer and a paddle brush, Emmanuel was genuinely fascinated by the sheer amount of craft required for something she made look so effortless. "Okay, now it's time to style it. I'll do it today, and then tomorrow I can watch you. First things first, set your part. It's easier for hair like ours to use the end of a rat tail comb. You just slide it right up the middle, and lift it up, and it should split perfectly." The overwhelmed boy felt like a cat watching someone pull a rabbit out of a hat. "Next, we need to coat it with a little texturizer or the frizz will be out of control. You're going to be very grateful we live somewhere that hardly ever rains. Anyway after that, it's all downhill. Just scrunch it up a little bit, making sure it's generally even, and then wait for it to set. Voila!" As she finished Emmanuel saw in the mirror, Emily had the same style as the day before, more or less, if perhaps a little sleeker.

Lauren watched her daughter heading towards the door with a similar feeling to the first day she dropped her off at kindergarten, though both her hair and her legs were much shorter back then. "I can drive you in today." the mother said, fearful of the cruel world her baby was heading out into.

Emmanuel paused, forced a smile to his face, and turned back to his mother, saying sweetly, "Mom, really, I'll be okay. I promise. Get some rest. Teddy's picking me up tonight too. See you at dinner." As the words spilled from his lips, he didn't quite believe them, dreading seeing the girls at the bus stop on the way.

"Well, hello there, Miss Brooks!" Song said, as Emmanuel stepped off the bus. "Sounds like you had a great time last night."

The newest girl didn't want to sit with the two, but the unfamiliar heels were already wreaking havoc on his calves, and the only seat available was right between the blond in the flirty orange

dress, fixing her lipstick in her compact, and the brunette in a powerful black dress, white vest ensemble, sitting proudly with a smug look on her face.

Emery clicked the little mirror shut, and excitedly turned her attention to Emily. "I texted Theo to see how he thought it went, and he told me it must have gone well, since you were still asleep in his bed. You little slut, you." She playfully jabbed her friend in the shoulder, proud of herself for setting up the new, happy couple.

"I don't want to talk about it, Emery." Emmanuel sulked, a blush showing brightly in his cheeks. "Can we just change the subject, please?"

"What's the matter, *Emily*?" Song asked, putting extra emphasis on the girl's new unwanted name. "Never kiss and tell?"

The skirted youth didn't answer the question, instead responding with one in kind. "This was never going to be just one night, was it?"

Furious, the Korean-American teen spit yet another question back. "Well, when is this going to be over for us, **EMILY**?!" Not having an answer, Emmanuel shut up, and retreated back into his own thoughts. He didn't feel comfortable. Just speaking in the feminine tone in front of Song felt like a defeat.



The next bus ride was spent in silence, each youth pondering the events to come. Emmanuel wondered if he could possibly fake his own death, and live in the woods forever. Certainly not with that manicure. It was the only way out of it he could come up with, but decided for the dozenth time that he needed to accept responsibility for his mistakes, and live with the consequences. Song spent the ride imagining the inevitable argument with Bianca when they

stormed into her office. He played the tape in his head, again and again, mentally preparing any comeback for whatever argument, or curveball she threw at him. He tried to summon up all that misplaced courage he'd lost along the way, not aware that he was coming off as a snarky bitch, rather than as the conquering hero he fancied himself. Emery just hoped she'd still be able to get free pizza tacos since Emily was Theo's girlfriend now.

Bianca sat at her desk, drinking one particularly huge morning coffee, feeling quite jet-lagged after an early cross-country flight home from Florida. It wasn't early enough though. When the plane arrived late, she was forced to head straight into work in an Uber, arms laden with densely packed suitcases, stuffed with what one could be forgiven to think was most, if not all, of her wardrobe, as well as a few new purchases made on the journey. The entire trip wasn't a complete waste, the store manager getting some time to clear her head, to get a new haircut, and to catch up with what was going on in her best friend's life. The problem was what had mostly been going on in her best friend's life was her new relationship with an up and comer at Megacorp, the company where Steph worked in the marketing department.

The walking two-hundred dollar haircut, with a dollar store personality, and a deficit of humility wasn't much different from any other junior executive at the company, but Bia didn't have to deal with those assholes, just the one who never seemed to leave Steph's apartment. Her bestie couldn't see it yet, but the traveler kept her cool, fantasizing about the day they'd happily make another girl from a shitty man, just like Ariel, and the teens back home.

The woman's foul mood wasn't helped by two of her recent converts barging into her office unannounced along with some strange girl she'd never seen before. "What the hell do you think you're doing?!?" she shrieked, as Song slammed the door behind them. "She can't be back here!"

The diminutive boy turned girl's red kissable lips spread as he grinned wickedly, then asked, "So you're firing Emily, then?"

"Firing who?" Bianca asked, glaring at her latest conquest, one who didn't seem to be as compliant as she'd believed. It was only when she had to crane her head upwards to look at the face of the unfamiliar girl, standing a little over six feet tall in her heels, with a mortified expression painted on her countenance, was there a flash of recognition.

"I like your haircut." Emery said sweetly to Bianca, seemingly oblivious to the situation that was playing out right beside her. "The straight bangs of that French bob really suit your bone structure. Did you have a good we...?" The question was stopped by a hand from the woman covering her lips, while trying not to literally explode.

She knew Emery must have somehow contributed to Emmanuel's transformation, but there wasn't a doubt in Bianca's mind who the real mastermind was. The woman grabbed Song and Emery by the ear, and dragged them to their usual spot and yanked them down into the chairs across from her desk. She bent over, her face mere inches from Song's, and somehow he

hadn't yet lost his nerve. She wondered where the meek little girl she'd worked so hard to create had gone. In her place there seemed to sit a person not that different from her mother, the woman Bianca had met once all those months ago. Enraged by this, the store manager did her best to hold it in, but fire burned behind her eyes. Slowly, and deliberately she asked, "What...did...you...do?"

"It's really not her fault, Bianca?" Emmanuel pleaded, surprising both his boss, and the Asian teen. "It's mine. Like, they said it wasn't fair for them to be punished like this, and they were right. I was getting away with things they were being punished for, so it's only right that I serve the same sentence, right?"

"Besides, I've locked up her cock, so you can't get off forcing us to suck it anymore, anyway." The taste of his lipstick was hardly noticed at this point, yet at the mention of Emmanuel's member, and an activity they shared almost every day, the phantom flavor of cock and cum danced across the teen's tongue as his stomach churned. "I've hidden the key, and you won't be getting it until you agree to let us go!" Fueled by a righteous fury, Song screamed the demand into his tormentor's face, far more confident than the first time he found himself under the magnifying glass in this office. His heart twinged as the good memories, far more than he'd care to admit, flooded his thoughts when Emmanuel threw himself on his sword just now. Perhaps that's why he felt the need to add, "...All three of us!"

Furious, Bianca made a sound the three had never heard before, some kind of combination of a grunt and a scream. Uncharacteristically, she let her anger get the best of her, causing the woman to pick up a paperweight from her desk, and throw it down onto the low-pile carpet, the heavy mass bouncing across the room. She hadn't been this furious since she found out her once boyfriend bought a picture of her off Ari from his hidden cameras. Back then she had kicked the man in the groin, and then set the oaf up with the feminized Ari a short time later. Pausing just a moment, the frustrated beauty took a deep breath, and tried to figure out a way to proceed that didn't involve killing the skinny teen now brimming with attitude. She turned her attention to her favorite employee, and his ample cleavage. "Emmanuel, don't worry, those breasts are only temporary. Just give it a couple of weeks, and we'll have you back to your usual handsome self.

"No!" the feminized boy shouted. His mind drew terrifying images of his mom losing her daughter that was giving her the happiness she so richly deserved, and Teddy being unable to love him with a crew cut, so he has his mother fired, and his family is once again thrown into the horrors of poverty. His mother quit Target over text after all, with no notice to boot, citing the lack of respect for her only being repaid in kind. He'd probably have to result to serious crime, the same as his father, and then he'd get arrested, and have to go to prison, ruining... If there was an Olympic event for overthinking, Emmanuel would have won the gold medal every four years until his retirement. He told himself, 'I have to be a good girl.' the thought accompanied by a shiver. "I don't want to go back." he whimpered, the words painful.

“See, she likes it!” Song said, gesturing emphatically to the new girl standing across the room. Though he did give his creation a second glance, unsure of their motivations.

Emery sat behind her friends, terrified by all the yelling, looking like she might start crying. Her easygoing thought process didn't leave a lot of room for disagreement, and in this room at present, everyone was disagreeing with everyone, somehow even themselves. “Do we have to yell?” she asked, a question no one answered.

Song stroked Emery's arm to comfort her, an increasingly common show of camaraderie from the spoiled youth, and then continued the diatribe. “What the two of us wanted was for Brooks to understand what it's like to be forced to adore a person and how it screws with your head. See, unlike you, we were even nice about it. I only joked about her sucking his dick. We didn't force her, and I absolutely didn't tell her to fuck him. She did that all on her own.”

“Emmanuel, is this true?” Bianca asked after picking her jaw up from the floor. “Sorry, I mean Emily. Emily, is this true?” She said the name out loud in her head several times over, trying to cement in the new information.

“Yeah, I guess I think this is best.” Emmanuel stroked his backside, the hazy memory explaining, yet not painting the full picture of his feelings during the act. The insecurity sent the anxious teen into a thousand yard stare, but in that painted visage it could almost have been read as a wistful young girl in love. The correction of his name to the new feminine moniker not having a chance to slam into his ego till later.

“See, she likes it!” Song exclaimed, “I rest my case!” The new girl just going along made Song feel like things were going well for him, but something in the back of his mind was still irking him. ‘Why is Brooks backing me up and acting like he enjoys it?’

Song's sentiment drilled a hole straight to Emmanuel's medulla oblongata. Outside he was quiet as always, but inside his thoughts were flying like a barrel going over Niagara Falls. ‘Is that true? Do I actually want it? There's no way I want it, right? I mean, why didn't I go home though? He didn't ask me to stay. He expected it though, didn't he? I mean, it was too easy, right. Song lies. Jae lies. Jae always lies. She sure doesn't sound like Jae though. Of course it's your fault. You did this to yourself, Emily. Better get used to that. That's your name now, right, EMILY? Emily, Emily, Emily. God, you're so stupid, EMILY!’

The internal self-hating tirade only halted when Emmanuel was snapped back to reality by the sound of Song's chirpy little voice, yelling, “You want to stick me back in that cage? Fine! It's not like I can feel anything down there, anymore anyway?!” and Emery emphatically waving her arms, and shaking her head, when she'd rather be hit by a bus than go back in that prison a second time. For the blonde, Song's plan was starting to sound like a terrible idea.

“**Enough!**” Bianca screamed, her voice booming through the enclosed space, splitting eardrums, and bringing doe-eyed silence to the room. Her words cold as ice, she said, “You

know, you two were so unbelievably close to your freedom. Honestly, I was going to cut you loose before you went back to school. My hope was that at least one of you would recognize a good thing, and stay with Emmanuel. A good man is hard to find after all." Closing one of her hands into a fist, her nails bit into her skin, not enough to bleed, but enough to feel a little pain. Her dolls dared to rise up against her. There was no way she was going to just let that go.

She wasn't lying, on both counts. True to her word, she kept a tally on her phone. Song and Emery were so close. All they had to do was keep their head down, and the irate woman would have moved on to Steph's new boyfriend. All she had to do was get her friend to open her eyes, and that train would be ready to leave the station. Florida seemed nice enough, and there wasn't much tying her to California anymore, definitely not the unfulfilling job.

As she opened one of her suitcases, out came a little package, the spoils of a fun girl's trip, one of the few moments she'd had with her best friend to herself. When making these purchases at the sex shop, it wasn't Song and Emery she was thinking of when imagining using her new devices. Unfortunately for them, she discovered they were both still a little too big for their britches, and in need of further instruction. Her work wasn't done, and Emily needed avenging after all. At least that's what she told herself. If the slightly unhinged woman was being honest with herself, she was furious the two had the gall to break her favorite toy.

"You know what girls? You're right. It should be fair, but since we don't have any strapping young men around anymore, we'll have to make do." Bianca slammed two strap-in butt-plugs on the table along with a tube of personal lubricant. "I'm going to need you two to bend over my desk, please."

Emery's expression was a portrait of shock, and horror, the only thing having ever darkened that door being a thermometer when he was little, and needed his temperature taken, so nothing pleasant. Song's thoughts drifted back to the last time he'd actually orgasmed when Brooks was knuckle deep inside of him. A brief sensation of pleasure followed, almost pavlovian in nature. Catching himself in the moment, Song hoped nobody noticed, and his scowl was quickly replaced, while he assumed the position without saying a word, feeling like his plan was at best equal to that of a certain coyote and his attempts on a certain roadrunner's life.

After a good bit of gunting by Song, and a little bit of crying from Emery, Bianca finished inserting the little rubber stumps, and tightened those belts till they weren't going anywhere. "You girl's head off to work, you don't want to be late." A swat on both their bottoms, and the two basically tip-toed out of the office, their legs stiff as a board. Song was equally stiff in other places as well for the first time in a while, though unfortunately that wouldn't last until he finally had a moment alone later in the bathroom.

"Guess I'm going to need to make you a new name tag." Bianca said, as she turned to her employee. She was already feeling better, that extra wiggle in her dolls' walk as they left giving her the sense of revenge she was craving. So much of life felt out of control, so being able to exert her will over Song and Emery helped.

Later that evening, after their shift, they both returned to find Bianca and Emily discussing the new girl making far more sales than usual that day. “Can we take these things out, now?” Song asked, his soft voice coming out as a whine, while Emery said nothing but had a light blush to her cheeks that had been present all day.

“Not quite yet, girls. You know, I thought we’d made a lot of progress, but clearly a little more punishment is in order. We’ll have to start all over, and there’s no time to start like the present. Methodically, she strolled behind the two, and before they knew what happened, both were clicked into a brand new pair of handcuffs, their wrists protected by soft padding. Clearly these weren’t intended for criminals, but as far as Bianca was concerned, that’s exactly what they were for.



Turning the boys turned girls to face each other, she put her hands on each of their shoulders. "Down." She didn't grip them hard, nor did she put venom in her voice. It was a simple command as she pressed lightly. Practically daring them to resist as she pushed them down on their knees. Like some kind of pornographic Darth Maul, Bianca brandished a foot long, double-sided dildo, and stuck one end into each of her horrified captive's mouths. Manically, she explained, "For starters, we're not discussing anything else, and you two won't be leaving until you two kiss for us. You'll just have to do it with your new toy in your mouth. You definitely won't be going home till then. Get to it, girls."

From there, like a scene out of a Japanese game show from hell, the friends attempted to touch lips, choking as the giant cock pushed deeper and deeper into their throats. As they moved closer, it was obvious Emery was doing the lion's share of the work, and Song was going to have to start pulling his weight if he wanted to make it home in time for dinner. Emily might have been able to leave when Teddy got there, but the sleep deprived torturer wasn't going anywhere.

While the two attempted their task, Bianca leaned over and whispered into her best salesperson's ear, "Sorry you have to suffer a little longer, but that cage should be off soon, don't worry." Then, loud enough for everyone to hear, she said, "Miss Song will be bringing that key tomorrow, I'm sure, because otherwise, she'll need to wear a diaper to work by the time I'm through with her."

Hands locked behind his back, and knees starting to hurt, the thin white thigh-highs doing little to protect his legs, Song struggled. Saliva ran down the corner of his mouth, and past his chin. He tried to breath through his nose, attempting to take more of the rubber phallus into his mouth. The thing was big enough that the only way his lips were going to meet Emery's was if both of them were swallowing the thing down their throats. His lips around Emmanuel's member, cum filling his mouth was a pleasant memory compared to the torture of what he was doing, especially with being impaled at the same time by the plug up his ass.

Beginning to truly comprehend the meaning of the word suffering, Emmanuel was very aware of the metal prison underneath his pleated skirt. As much as he hated watching, the sight of his ex-girlfriend's choking on that comical dildo was creating a situation that turned him on enough for the contraption to become quite uncomfortable. For the first time ever, the anxious boy turned girl was incredibly grateful he had a boyfriend, who'd be there to pick him up any minute. He didn't know what was going to happen, but one thing he was certain of is that life would never be the same again.



## **Epilog - Song Kelly Rim**

Song Kelly Rim was marching around the shop, barking orders like the second coming of Grace, positive that if he just kept it all up a little longer, his mother would finally respect him enough to let him be a boy again. 'You've got to try harder, Song.' he told himself every morning. The threat of an orchiectomy, or vaginoplasty, just some kind of bottom surgery occupied the concerned boy's attention, both words frequently on Grace's lips as of late, as well as her search history.

The other nail-techs in the shop had taken to calling Song the little-tyrant, Eun being upgraded to big-tyrant by default. No shortage of ego, the boy, who neither looked, moved, nor sounded as such, was officially number three in the business after all, though he thought himself the number two's number two, a way of artificially inflating his rank in his head. The more things change, the more they stay the same.

"Your senior photos arrived in the mail today, little star." Grace said as she swept in through the backdoor, as glamorous as always. She tossed the prints onto the desk, where each of the staff could come by, and praise her baby to her face. The women weren't lying when they said she was gorgeous, but that didn't mean they weren't resentful, each knowing that the girl they all knew had a penis was perhaps the prettiest one in the shop. The overbearing mother scrutinized each picture for the tenth time that day, finally asking, "Do you think we need to do reshoots, honey?"



*All our dreams can come true, even  
our nightmares*

“No, Mummy.” Song said, praying that would be good enough to slow down the bulldozer that was his mom. He’d watched her do this with the digital copies for two weeks leading up to today. She just didn’t quit. Yet again he repeated, “They’re all lovely, Mummy, and I just adore them. Can we keep these, please?” The growing empathy in the youth meant he didn’t want to put that poor photographer through another day of the callous businesswoman second guessing every decision he made, and Song’s residual selfishness meant he definitely didn’t want to do it either.

“If you insist, Song,” Grace said, still eyeing the eight by ten suspiciously, “but I don’t think they did you justice. You’re far more beautiful than this. It didn’t quite capture your essence. Maybe I should talk to someone who works with Vogue.”

He hated it, but it filled the girlish boy’s heart with pride as he listened to his mother gush over him like that, almost enough to let her do just that, but sense won out and one more time, he assured her the photographs were excellent. “You should use that money to treat you and Daddy to a nice date night.”

It had been almost nine months since that fateful day when he and Emery did their best impression of two dogs fighting over a sex toy. While the two finished up their performance, Theo texted he’d arrived and was waiting for Emily and her friends, so Bianca dismissed Emmanuel, saying he didn’t have to wait for the other two. After he’d hurried off, the co-conspirators were left to face the consequences of their actions.

The quota tally reset back to zero, and they were expected to start all over again, only without their boyfriend serving up his cock on a silver platter. They’d have to find the dick themselves from now on. When Bianca finally let the two leave, they were told that they could remove the butt-plugs when they got home, but it was made clear they could expect to suffer through another day each time they didn’t come back with the key. As Song stepped out into the parking lot, the last thing he expected to see was Emily, and Theo parked on the curb, waiting patiently while talking about whatever hipster music they were listening to. The person he’d just forced to be a girl, looking out for their friends, even after he’d been so awful seemed illogical, but the swelling in his backside was enough to push him out of his comfort zone, and into the backseat of two people he didn’t quite trust.

Maybe it was Theo being so incredibly nice when he introduced himself, and then opening the door for each of the girls, maybe it the fact that Emily had only shown sympathy since they got off the bus, and maybe just maybe it was just the realization that Emmanuel probably did actually love him for whatever that was worth, but whatever the case, once the car was cruising down the freeway, and the stereo was cranked as loud as the two up front singing along could stand, Song cried, a bigger cry than he’d let himself cry in a long time. Perhaps that was why the feminized youth told Emily they needed to talk inside briefly, leaving the other two to discuss other foods that could be made into tacos. Inside, there was no conversation to be had, just Song placing a key into his ex’s hand, and then shoving them out the door. He could have let

the asshole suffer one more day, but he didn't. Having completed his act of compassion for the decade, Song washed his makeup off, finished his skincare routine, popped out the butt-plug, and fell asleep early, his heart just a little lighter.

Before re-enrolling her daughter for her senior year, Grace had her name legally changed. It wasn't much, just the middle name from Jae to Kelly, the calculating woman using the same reasoning as when she changed her own. If her little star was going to take over the business, she was going to need to begin establishing herself as a brand, and that little bit of paperwork was the first step. Each certificate hanging in Song's station needed to be updated, of which there were many, the collection still growing.

A frequent occurrence was Eun coming over for a visit on the weekends, and the Rim family singing Karaoke till the sun set, all save Jii who tolerated the festivities as much as he could, reading science periodicals, and the like, while the women in his life danced around him as though he was a maypole. Though having to play the part of the perfect daughter, Song's family life had been going well overall. This was in stark contrast to his love life, though.

There was a month of procrastination after the quota reset, but that all changed when Grace started talking about how after a few years, with a good enough essay about persevering through the trans experience, her daughter could easily get into a top tier school regardless of how bad her high school GPA was. Hearing that, Song needed to be a boy again, and he needed to do it fast.

First, he set up a Tinder account, and started swiping. The goal being efficiency, one might think that the practical teen would say yes to everyone, and finish the quota as quickly as possible. For whatever reason, Song's ego wouldn't allow him to blow anybody he deemed as ugly though, so that slowed things down dramatically. Slowly but surely the boys added up, each date snapping a photo of the cute girl going down on them with her phone, some even capturing it on video. Song did this to send the evidence to Bianca, but it led to him gaining a reputation around the mall as the slutty rich girl with the exhibitionism kink, whose mom owned the salon.

Around the same time, everyday Song's mother was trying to arrange a date for him with the sons of many of the affluent Korean families that populated the area. Eventually he relented, and when prom rolled around, he was escorted by Junsu Yoon, a child of one of his father's investors. The boy was cute enough, and while there wasn't much talking on the date, Song gave him fellacio, killing two birds with one stone. One, there was another pic to send to the crazy white bitch, and two, Junsu could report back to his mom that Song was a pure, demure, young lady who was worth taking it slow for. That would hopefully save a few months of Grace's prodding at least. Unfortunately this problem solving came with a new frustration. Song's sex drive might have greatly diminished in the time he'd been on hormones, but a trickling stream will shatter a dam given enough time. The almost daily consumption of cum did little to appease his own libido.

So many cocks in his mouth had the boy more horny than he'd been in ages. Helping men get off, them grunting and groaning in pleasure, and then telling him how good it felt, was doing something to him. 'I don't like men!' he screamed in his head, while going down on the nerdy boy behind the dance hall. 'Sucking all these dicks is screwing with me. I really need to finish this quota as soon as possible. I don't think I can take this much longer.' He should have been worried about ruining the glittery poofy dress, since his mother would surely want to preserve the memento, but instead his thoughts were occupied by the stirrings in his loins. While there wasn't an erection, that didn't mean the thing was dead. The regal beauty had to fight the urge to stuff his limp noodle into the boy's mouth, lest the boy discover his secret, and ruin his mother's reputation. It didn't matter how much the woman doted on her little star, Song knew that was the quickest way to wind up living on the street. When the other kids were headed to the afterparty, Song was in the backseat of an Uber, moping about the night while slumped down in the poofy dress, tearing off his giant glittering earrings, and trying to figure out a way to fast track the rest of this nonsense.

Coming up with fifty different plans, some of which consisted of Ocean's Eleven levels of convoluted nonsense, only one seemed reasonable, and Song didn't like it one bit. He needed more points, and he needed them fast. There was only one way to do that...anal. Lying in bed with his hair in pigtails, face caked in a green mud mask, the increasingly girlish boy returned to the dating app with new fervor. When messaging back and forth with the guys, he probably should have known that the only honest answers he'd get were the ones he didn't want to hear, the question being, "How big is your dick?"

The first date was with a guy who seemed normal enough. Apparently he was a star athlete, and he didn't seem to have a problem with trans girls. Thinking of how good Theo treated Emily, Song hoped for the best, the path of least resistance being one guy, a few times, and then bam, done. That went out the window when the jock kept calling him mommy, and then cried after busting his load into Song's hole.

The feminized boy almost gave up right there, resigned to one day suffering through his mom picking out his wedding china. The soreness in his backside was a painful reminder of his shame, but his threshold had grown much more than he realized.

A couple of days later, Song regrouped and tried again, matching with a guy that worked at the phone kiosk in the mall. This time, Song refused to relinquish any control. The boy was ordered, not asked, to procure a hotel room. The previous excursion taking place at the jock's creepy trailer park home, with his nana sleeping in her armchair in the living room, was an experience the feminized youth didn't wish to recreate.

Arriving at the hotel, the Korean teen was all business, pushing the boy back onto the bed before he could properly introduce himself. Song unbuttoned the guy's jeans, yanked his pants down to his ankles, hiked up his skirt to reveal he wasn't wearing any undies, and then climbed on top. The date was already ready to go, and Song had made use of the butt plug still tucked under his bed, so slipping the boy's erection inside of him came easy this time. Instead of being

a pillow princess, Song took command, and started pumping himself up and down on the member. The feminized boy had no time for holding a cock or pushing it inside of him. He only focused only on two goals, desperately needing to satisfy the growing urge, and using the boy attached to the member as a way to get points so he could go back to being a boy. The phone came out, and in this new position, Song was able to snap the photo himself.

With a newfound sense of control, Song pressed his hands into the man's stomach as he rode hard for a couple more minutes, until a feeling swelled in his loins, one the pretty boy hadn't felt since Brooks. "Ah, ah GA! MMMM!" The Korean teen bit their bottom lip as they held in the scream. Finally reaching orgasm, his seed exploded from the little limp cock all over the boy's face, stinging the eyes. While the dude teared up, and squealed, Song was busy laughing to himself, basking in the relief that finally came, and the absurdity of it all. It was then that he realized he already had his photo, and he'd already had his nut, so he didn't need to stick around any longer. Collecting his purse, the girlish boy strolled out the door with a familiar smug expression, leaving the whining idiot behind him, blue-balled. This is how Song's reputation went from slut, to slutty cocktease. This didn't stop the next few from thinking they'd be the stud to show her what she was missing, but each found themselves in the same situation, blue-balled, and alone after watching her wiggle her ass as she walked away. Only one ever tried to stop Song, but quickly learned that was a mistake when he was slapped across the face for his troubles.

One month before graduation, Song received the text he was waiting for.

**Bianca:** Congratulations, Miss Song! It took a while, but you've done it. You set your mind to getting cock, and now you've earned your freedom!

**Bianca:** No more visits after work everyday. No more pics required. The next time you have sex with a guy it will be because you want to. That doesn't mean you can't come by and say hello next time you're out shopping.

**Bianca:** Just to make sure you understand though, the next time I see you in the women's dressing room, you better be wearing a skirt, or I promise you're going to regret it. Best Wishes <3

The very next night the Rim family was enjoying a pleasant dinner, when Song summoned up the courage to broach the subject with his mother. "Umm, Mummy..."

"Yes, little star?" Grace looked at her child, wishing they would stop using umm and ahh when speaking. 'Maybe I should sign her up for professional elocution lessons.' she thought.

His mother might have been smiling adoringly, but he was no stranger to the wrath that could hide underneath. It was now or never though. "Umm, Miss Bianca said I was good now, like...I don't have to be punished anymore. So I was thinking that maybe..." Grace clearly knew what

was coming as her face became expressionless. "...maybe I could go back to, you know..." One eyebrow raised on the woman's gorgeous visage, her chewing slowed. "...a boy...perhaps?"

Rather than responding to her child, Grace turned to her husband, and said, "You know, Papa. I was thinking about letting Song take over day to day operations at Rim East this summer, but she's clearly not grown up enough yet. We give so much, and she can still be this ungrateful. I guess she still has a long way to go."

Jii knew better than to open his mouth. He sat there chewing his food silently, letting his wife do all the talking.

"Mom, my gender shouldn't matter. I'm still just as responsible. I know if you gave me that responsibility, I wouldn't let you down. Please." Song wanted...needed to be a boy. His male ego felt so thin it was hardly there at all, yet the mention of being allowed...being trusted to run a store on his own sounded like a dream come true, especially when it came to her approval. He gazed at her hopefully, thinking surely she'd have to understand, but his heart broke when he was met with the same cold eyes he'd seen so often the year before.

"You can do what you want, daughter, but don't think that means I have to support you. And don't bother showing up to work if you're not in proper dress." Rim didn't have an actual dress code, but the boy knew exactly what she meant. Tears streaming down his cheeks, Song leapt up from the table without asking to be excused, and ran up the stairs wailing.

The next morning, when it came time to get ready for school, Song dressed in a pair of baggy jeans and a polo shirt he'd purchased the day before in anticipation of the pleasant conversation with his parents that didn't happen. Half optimistically, and half resentfully, the curvy boy thought to himself, 'She said I could do what I wanted, so that's exactly what I'm going to do.'

However it played out in his head, the next day at school wasn't at all pleasant for the youth. For starters the only tennis shoes left in his closet were pristine white with neon pink laces, having never been worn once up to that point. Walking through the building, his unencumbered breasts bouncing freely hurt not only themselves, but his back as well. Not to mention Song was still moving like he had been conditioned to over the last several months. During first period one guy asked him why he was wearing his brother's clothes. In second, this girl he used to gab with in the back of class asked if there had been a house fire. Stopping at a store on the way home for some of the greasy snacks he'd long been deprived of, as he checked out, the clerk asked, "Will there be anything else, Miss?" He'd made every effort to present masculine, and it just seemed like the world wasn't having it. Even trying to go back to his old voice was an exercise in futility, as he could hardly even make a sound anymore that wouldn't be described as cute.

The next day he was angry. Going to his closet, he began digging through the garments, ready to purge and start anew. The youth still hadn't purchased any other boy clothes, because clearly he needed to make room first. Pulling out a Dior dress he intended to toss, he looked it over, running his fingers through the fabric. 'This is a cute dress.' he thought, taking note of the quality

of the piece and deciding it would probably be worth saving to sell later. With that garment avoiding the garbage bag, he moved on next to a blouse. This one Emery gave him, and he knew if he got rid of it, it would hurt her feelings. After that came a pair of black capris. They were the first pair of pants his mother bought him, and he just finished his punishment so he'd finally be able to wear them. They couldn't go in the bin without seeing a single use. He could at least wear them around the house once. This went on and on, until at the end there were only a few pairs of panties in the bottom of the plastic waste bag, all having a few holes torn around the seams.

With a closet and drawers still full of feminine garb, and only a trash bag full of panties that were ready for replacements anyhow, Song didn't feel particularly proud of himself. He was ready to turn towards his shoe collection which had grown a bit out of control, almost all heels. "Emery might want some of these and..." Song put back the glossy black Louis Vuitton, red-soled pointed-toe, five-inch pumps on the shelf. His mother had said she wanted to spoil her little star when he brought home his first earned certificate, and it felt a bit wrong to even consider getting rid of the pair. His eyes traced over the rest of the collection. He let out a huff before giving up and taking the trash bag to the garbage bin.

That next morning, after finishing his skincare routine, he checked his reflection, and hated how pale his face looked. "I supposed I could just use a little foundation after all. Well, since I'm doing that then I need a little concealer underneath to hide the dark circles. Okay, now my eyes look sunken in, so I guess a little neutral shadow should be fine." When all was said and done, it wasn't quite the full face he was used to, but a person would have to have been blind not to notice the expert work of the pretty teen girl.

Another day went by, and feeling completely alone, Song struggled to get out of bed. It was the first time he'd cut school since the whole ordeal began, but unlike before he didn't spend the day loitering at the mall. Instead, he just stayed under the covers, and hoped to fall asleep without ever having to wake up again. An attempt at masturbation proved fruitless, still unable to get an erection and all. That might have had to do with him continuing to take his "vitamins" for fear of what the sudden onrush of testosterone would do to his skin. Thinking a little help might be the answer, he opened up Tinder again, complete with a new profile pic, and adjusted the settings to be interested in only women, but no one was biting. Not a single girl had any interest in the cute thing who was clearly a fourteen year old child pretending to be grown up.

In desperation, at one in the morning, two texts were sent out, one to Emery, and one to Emily. Emery responded immediately, saying something about having to ask, but probably not. Emily's text came in the morning, saying, "You know I have a boyfriend, Song. Are you okay? Do you need to talk?"

An attempt to talk to his mother didn't go well, her commenting, "I see you're still going through that phase, when he came down the stairs still wearing the same t-shirt and jeans, unwashed and stinky as they were. Back in his room, alone, and lonely, depressed, and worst of all, absurdly horny, Song knew what he had to do.

First came a shower, washing and conditioning his hair. He was going to shave, realizing he hadn't needed to in a long time thanks to the beauty treatments he got at Rim. Finding another reason to be sad, he realized not a single whisker had sprouted, and probably never would. He then moved on to moisturizing from top to bottom until he was as silky smooth as the day he was born. Next, Song spent twenty minutes in the mirror cleaning up his eyebrows, so dedicated to the task that his brows were the highest, and most pristine they'd been since that first makeover at the salon. A trip to Tinder came after, and the insecure boy matched with a guy cute enough to meet his rigid standard, almost as attractive as Brooks used to be. As the sun began to set, Song hurried out of the house, hair piled high on his crown while cute curls hung down around his face, itself perfectly made-up, and wearing a little black dress so small the bodice barely covered his pushed up cleavage.

'I just need to do this one night.' Song told himself as he took a graceful step in the very heels he'd considered throwing away. 'After that, it's back to being a boy. I can get a girlfriend to take care of me. It's gonna be great.'

At the end of the driveway, the date was waiting patiently, parked on the side of the road just as Song instructed. The two were off. For the first time in a while, Song found himself out with a guy, instead of meeting them at some establishment of ill repute. He licked his lips seductively, making eyes at the rando across the booth, making sure he felt like the beautiful girl across from him was hanging on his every word. The girlish boy stroked one of those manicured nails, in need of a touch-up but not so bad, across the small part of the date's exposed chest, poking out from the unbuttoned collar of his shirt. "You're funny." Song purred, lying to inflate the guy's ego. The last dates had all been about one thing, Song wasn't even sure why he was bothering being flirty.

The older boy was called handsome, smart, and funny, so much that both of his heads were swelling. The guy couldn't drive back to his dorm room fast enough. Once the girl was securely behind his door, he made sure twice the sock was securely fastened over the doorknob so his roommate absolutely understood they were not to be disturbed.

He watched as the girl slid the straps of her dress over her shoulder, and then wiggled it down, shaking her hips the whole way, only turning to face him once the small piece of lycra hit the floor. A wink, and a wagging finger was all the invitation he needed, and soon enough the pair were in bed together, their tongues exploring each other passionately as he wrestled to remove her bra. Her hand stroked his cock, and it swole more than he thought possible, eager to find its way into this beauty's puckering rosebud.

"Mmm someone is happy to see me." Feeling the reaction and seeing it gave Song a small thrill that this man did desire him. All week he felt rejection at who he was and here in bed with this young man, Song was wanted.

The gorgeous creature said she didn't want her sex touched, looking for anal first and foremost, and that guy was completely fine with that. She lubed him up, and then shoved him in, not even taking the time to use a condom.

While he thrust in and out, she spoke with her sexy little voice. "Pound me, Daddy!" He felt his firm member press into her while his warm hands grasped about her smooth porcelain skinned body. "Mmmm" The feminine teen clenched the muscles in her rear to hug the cock herself before letting go.

"Anything you want, darlin'!" he replied, feeling like he was going to bust almost immediately.

She wailed, "Tell me I'm sexy!"

Only too happy to comply, he shouted, "You're so fucking sexy!"

The rhythm accelerated, and she ran her nails through his hair, and down his back. "Tell me how bad you want me!"

Through panting breaths, he grunted, "I want you so fucking bad. I want you so...fucking...BAD!"

She squealed, flushing with pleasure, and wrapped her toned legs around his hips, as he continued to thrust inside of her. "If you want me so bad, then cum for me. You want to cum for me, don't you?"

Unable to speak, the guy nodded his head, and began pounding in earnest, her breasts bouncing up into her chin with each thrust. The pressure built up, and he couldn't contain it anymore. He launched his seed inside of her with the force of a rocket on its way to space.

Mid-orgasm, she shouted, "Tell me you love me!"

The guy didn't say a word. In an instant the situation had changed, and he was left speechless. A moment passed before he finally spoke. "Look, we just met. I mean you're cool, but..."

He could see in her eyes that the girl hated herself, as her tears welled up. When she rushed from the bed, and fought her way back into the dress, nearly tearing the flimsy fabric. Her expression turned to one of rage, and she spat the demand, "Just take me home!" before her voice softened, "Please."

After being dropped off at the end of his drive-way, Song stepped out into the nighttime chill, feeling the man's ejaculate spilling from his asshole into his panties. As he trudged to the front door, nothing could have stopped the tears. He cried like he never had before, not once in his life. If anyone ever believed Song had no soul, they would have changed their mind at that moment. Even Bianca would have felt pity for the feminized boy. At his lowest low, he struggled

to find the courage to open the front door, and was left at three a.m., standing on the porch, completely a mess, and just done. For the first time in his life, he was truly done fighting.

That was when the door swung open, and there stood Grace, her heart breaking. She could plainly see her child's suffering, and wanted more than anything for her to never have to feel that way again. Tough love had been necessary, and she knew it was for the girl's own good, but right now, she only wanted to take away the pain, and she'd have done anything. If she wanted pants, she'd buy her a factory. Anything for her little star. "I know we need to talk, little star. Just tell me what you need. Anything."

Lip quivering, Song threw his arms around his mom, and cried for a full minute before speaking. Eventually calm enough to talk, he asked, "Mummy, is that Yoon boy still wanting to set up another date?" The boy that took him to prom had been nice and he'd been the first person Song had dated that his mother liked. Arms around her, he needed her approval. He needed to feel real affection. "Also, I, ahh, really want to come back to work. I miss everybody, and I miss you. I love you, Mummy. I'll be a good girl from now on, I promise."

Two weeks later, we find ourselves back in Rim beauty, Song just having assured his mother the photos were perfect. As his shift ended, he sat down in the chair for a special makeover from his big sister, Eun. They wanted him to look his best for the arranged meeting with Junsu. A fresh cut would be needed when little Miss Song walked across the stage to finally get her diploma next weekend, so it was as good a time as any. Leaving the shop looking, and feeling like a million bucks, Song jumped into his BMW, and started the engine, then checked his lipstick in the rearview one final time. Both hands on the wheel, and a high-heeled foot on the pedal, he started to drive to the meeting with the boy's family.

He thought happily to himself, 'You're doing it, Song. Way to kill it. In a few months from now Mummy will see just how much you've matured, and she'll let you take over Rim East. You'll be just like Eun then. If you do that job well, she'll see how much you've grown up, and she'll be so proud of you, you can finally do it. After that, of course you can go back to being a boy again. Soon. Real soon. Just keep your nose down, and you can do it.'

## Epilog - Emily Brooks

“Hi, ladies! My name is Aster! What can I getcha today? Can I start you out with a margarita?” The waitress’ attitude was as exuberant, as her outfit was revealing. The uniforms at OWLS, a restaurant just across from The Hanger in the mall, consisted of nothing but a pair of skintight orange short shorts, and a tank top covering just enough to be legal. The cleavage from this girl’s double-Ds was on full display, as were her pearly whites. Clearly she wanted that tip.

“I’ll take a margarita.” Bianca said, returning the smile politely.

“Just a water for me, please,” Emily said, “and a house side salad.” She folded up the menu and handed it back to their server, signaling there’d be no entree. As she left, there might have been a smile on the woman’s face, but if someone looked close enough, they’d see the disappointment as she tallied up twenty percent of the small tab.

As soon as she was out of earshot, Bianca leaned in close to her bestie, and whispered, “You know, I heard that girl fucked Santa when she was one of the helpers last year.”

“You’re kidding.” the brunette replied, always excited to dish on some hot gossip with her friend, and boss. That day, the two had gone to the park to shoot Emily’s senior pictures, and now Bianca was treating her employee to a meal, not that she was expensive. The girl was a waif nowadays, though Emmanuel would never have been accused of putting on weight. They scrolled through the final results on Bianca’s tablet, settling on a photo of the outgoing teen

sitting across a tree branch, with the sun setting behind her. “Girl, you’re so talented.” Emily gushed, amazed the trained photographer could make her look so pretty when she felt anything but.



*Everyone shapes their own life,  
just be wary that those around  
you do the same.*

“Bitch, shut up.” Bianca shot back, pretending to slap the young girl across the face. “You make it too easy, you know. It’s no wonder Theo’s head over heels for you, when you got a kisser like that. How’d he do on his finals, anyway? I remember you saying he was worried.”

“Yeah, I just don’t think he was getting enough sleep.” Bianca filled in the blanks herself, her amused expression not hiding anything. “What can I say? The man is insatiable. Anyway, he did okay. Might need to retake a class. Next year he’ll be a senior, but he’s still pretty excited we get to spend one year at school together. I keep telling him I have to stay in the Zeta house every night while I’m pledging but that hasn’t dampened his spirits at all. He’s so good to me, you know?”

“I do.” Bianca replied, doing nothing to hide her jealousy. “Good men are hard to find. Don’t you dare let him go. You staying over there tonight?”

“It’s Saturday, isn’t it?” came the girl’s bubbly reply.

Nine months earlier Emmanuel walked out of Bianca’s office, not for the last time, but the last as her captive. Freshly feminized by Song and Emery, the anxious teen had suffered enough as far as the Bia was concerned. The person she now perceived as a girl said she didn’t want to go back to being a boy, and had begun dating a handsome college athlete to boot. The idea of that person ever displaying any predatory behavior in another dressing room seemed absurd.

Emmanuel’s first impulse was to tell the boy bolt when he got into Theo’s car, but unable to toss his feeling for his ex-girlfriends in the garbage, the guilt had him using puppy dog eyes to ask Teddy to wait. Sitting with the boy, and singing along to Dude Looks Like a Lady was kind of fun anyway, even if it was a little on the nose. By the time the girls came outside, he understood that he didn’t ever have to worry about Bianca again. After following Song up to her room, and getting the key, he knew neither of his exes would either. Only one major problem remained, and it was holding his hand as they made their way back to his apartment after dropping off Emery.

“Are you okay, Babe?” the boy asked as they pulled into the parking lot. “You know, if you’re thinking we rushed into this pretty fast, I understand. We can slow down. I want to go your speed. However you’re comfortable.” Theo said, worried he’d already fucked up something good.

Emmanuel knew a veiled threat when he heard one, or at least he thought he did. He hurried to put a stop to that train before it left the station. “Teddy, no! I want you, silly! Like...a lot!” The skirted boy spread his arms as wide as the vehicle would allow while somewhat doing his best impression of Emery. He wasn’t sure how Emily should act. The persona was still new, even if he was stuck with it, and he wasn’t really sure how girls behave most of the time. The fairer gender was a mystery to Emmanuel, and now he had to pretend he was one of them.

“Seriously, enough of that. I’ve just got a lot of new stuff going on, so I get trapped in my noggin sometimes. Of course I love you, Teddy Bear.” The terror on Emmanuel’s face came in an

instant as soon as the words escaped his lips. In trying to go for “happy girlfriend”, he overshot it, and landed on “clingy mess”. “What I mean is...” he started to explain, only to be interrupted by his new boyfriend holding both manicured hands in his own, and looking deep into eyes.

“You don’t have to explain that, Milly. I love you too. I just didn’t say it because I know it’s fast, and I was afraid of scaring you away. I love you. I’ll say it again. I love you. Knowing you feel the same way is more than I could ever ask for. God you’re so fucking beautiful.”

‘Shit, what have I just done!?’

Theo’s lips pressed into his own and the two shared a passionate kiss while Emmanuel tried to reconcile the gentle giant professing his feelings, and adoring the ground he walked on with the devious schemer currently plotting to trap him as his girlfriend, at least until he got bored with him. It was all too much to process, so Emmanuel checked out and let the boy have his way, locking lips until they both needed to come up for air. “Umm, I guess my mom wants to meet you.” Emmanuel said after they parted. “Wanna come upstairs?” Theo was only too happy to comply, him also wishing to meet the angel who gifted the world with this beautiful creature’s smile.

Bianca, having grown bored with her game, had started taking a more hands off approach to the other two’s punishment, satisfied to get a text from them, and that being enough. If one ever stopped suddenly, then she’d cross that bridge when she got to it, but now she needed a new project, and she found one in the new girl, Emily. “You know, you don’t have to be Emery, right?” she asked as she watched the girl walking across the sales floor one day after checking in with a customer.

“What do you mean?” Emmanuel asked in response, caught completely off guard by the comment.

“She taught you how to walk, didn’t she?”

Wondering if the girl a good five inches shorter than him was psychic, he answered, “Yeah, how’d you know.”

Bianca laughed, thoroughly amused by her own insight. “That girl is a flirty idiot, and everything she does screams it. You’re not a flirty idiot, are you Emily?”

“Umm, no?” It was more a question than an answer. A lot of people accused Emmanuel of not being bright, but he studied hard to show his mother how much he appreciated her sacrifices. It was his quiet nature that led people to the wrong impression.

“Of course you’re not.” his boss said kindly, walking over and scanning the new girl up and down. She was wearing a cute pair of flats today while Emily had on a pair of chunky heels, making the short woman have to crane her neck to look up to the eighteen year old. “You’re a

strong, confident young woman who knows what she wants. Sure, you need to learn to walk in heels, but you need to do that like Emily...not Emery, right?"

"Right." Emmanuel may have said that, but he didn't believe any of it to be true. Still, it wasn't in his nature to argue. He was much more likely to get swept up into other people's ideas, and boy did Bianca have some ideas. In an instant she moved from playing matchmaker onto a new game, build-a-bestie.

"Girl, from now on, I want you to start every morning in the mirror, and say, I am a beautiful woman. I am kind, I am smart, I am worthy, and I deserve happiness. Say it for me."

"Wai...wha...?" Not only was that something Emmanuel would never do, but it was also a mouthful.

"Emily, seriously. I promise it will help." Bianca bolted into her office, and came back with a post-it note. She wrote the script on top, and handed the stack to her employee. "Stick this on your bathroom mirror, and say it out loud every day. You need to remind those shitty voices in your head just how special you are, okay?"

"Okay." Emmanuel replied, looking at the little stack of paper like it might explode any minute.

The woman was proud of herself, thinking this would surely help the girl come out of her shell, and maybe just maybe stop blaming herself for everything. "Seriously, Emily. This is for your own good. Say it for me."

"Right now?" the nervous boy asked.

"No tomorrow...of course right now, girl. Do it. You'll feel better after, I guarantee."

"Okay umm...I'm a beautiful woman. I am kind, I am smart, I am worthy, and I deserve happiness." The feminized boy might have sounded like an actor in a local car commercial as he read the words, but the effect was there in a sense. Saying it, he realized that Emmanuel might have been a stupid, selfish, trouble magnet, but that didn't have to be the case for Emily. She might have been harassed walking home from the bus but nobody outright tried to fight her. She could be a new person; a better person. She could be the selfless daughter her mother needs. She could be the shield that protected Emmanuel from the cruel cruel world. He didn't quite remember it, but she'd already done that once the night he lost his virginity to Theo.

"That was great! Use that pad to write some other nice things about yourself, and stick them up next to it." Excited that her new student actually said the words, and didn't just sputter into a puddle of self hatred before the sentence left her mouth like Emmanuel would have, Bianca eagerly looked forward to helping this girl figure out exactly who she was. That started with the rest of the shift consisting entirely of Emily walking back and forth across the store until that waggle in her hips moved from overly erotic to just a little suggestive.

Over the next couple of weeks Theo took Emily out for dinner a few times, but mostly the two would hang out after work, and watch tv while cuddling. Occasionally they'd share a meal with Lauren, but otherwise the routine went unchanged. That was all until one night the couple was invited to go out dancing by Jason and Stacy, after the two barged into Theo's room unannounced, interrupting the young couple as they were about to get handsy.

This came as a relief to Emmanuel, having not yet gotten used to the sensation of the much larger boy's cock in his mouth, but when he realized that meant an outing into a public place, a night club no less, that came with a whole new bag of worries. The perils of deciding on an outfit, and fretting over bad hair were a frightening prospect, and made no less awful by Teddy's assurances his girl would look good in a paper bag.

A quick trip home, and Mom was there to help. A slinky blue number was the ensemble of choice, and after Lauren took a flat iron to those curls, the result was a sexy young lady, ready for a fun night out. Emmanuel still felt the need to invite Emery to tag along, the girl being a good bridge since she was friends with Teddy as well, and the increasingly girlish boy was pretty sure if the blonde fell into the tiger enclosure in the zoo, she'd be besties with the cat before anyone showed up to rescue her.

When the three youths pulled up to the club, Emmanuel was clearly very nervous. Emily had mostly been relegated to work, and home, and those felt like mostly safe spaces where things could stay under control. This was something else entirely. Who knew what waited on the other side of the door besides pounding bass beats?

"Milly, you gotta calm the fuck down." Emery said when she noticed the droplets of sweat forming on the girl's forehead. The beautiful blonde wasn't looking too shabby herself, in her highest pink heels, and a matching neon tube dress. She dug through her little clutch as though it was ten times its actual size, and pulled out the all too familiar vape pen she'd used to smoke on her dates with Manny. "Seriously, hit this. Just like once. Otherwise you might get more weird."

Emmanuel would never have done that in a million years, but Emily decided now it was time to step in to play protector. One little puff was all it took for the teens shoulders to relax for what was probably the first time in weeks. As the soothing sensation washed over him, Emmanuel took a step back, and let the girl out front. She leaned into her boyfriend's arms, and giggled at how naughty she'd just been. Theo hit it once too, and the three were off to see what all the hullabaloo was about.

One of Bianca's many lessons was dancing. Not that Emmanuel was very much of a dancer, but from time to time people were going to expect Emily to cut a rug, so the self appointed tutor gave a few lessons. It wasn't about learning any steps, just understanding that you can move every part of your body, and how to follow the beat. Most of those sessions Bianca would lead while Emmanuel would hold her shoulders stiffly, and move like the tin man at the start of Oz.

Apparently that was a good enough foundation because, unencumbered by self consciousness, Emily actually enjoyed swaying and moving beside her boyfriend to the rhythm of the thumping music, Teddy clearly being the more awkward of the two. As the evening progressed, a handful of Zetas introduced themselves, each blown away by the girl's aesthetic, and moves. She tried to brush it off as her mom's doing, but Stacy, Britney, and even Emery were adamant the girl knew her stuff, toting her tenure at The Hanger. She must have promised to pledge Zeta to every one of them at least twice.

Emmanuel knew it was expected that he play the role of adoring girlfriend to the boy who held the feminized teen's fate in his hands. Being arm candy was a must, as was praising his skills on the court no matter how the game went. If Theo looked like he was sore, he got a massage. If he seemed bored or frustrated, it was time for a blowjob. Sex was becoming more frequent as well, but the reluctant boy tried his best in those situations to take a step back, and let Emily take over.

It wasn't all bad for sure. The young couple never ran out of things to talk about. Theo could be incredibly caring. As many massages that were given were received in kind. Singing along in the car became a part of their routine, and one Emmanuel looked forward to as his shift ended. The free pizza didn't hurt either. Sometimes when he was able to forget all of the baggage associated with the relationship, the trapped boy had the most fun of his life with his beau. If only he could have realized he was trapping himself. Theo was exactly the kind, caring, horny sweetheart he appeared to be.

Theo adored his girl, wanting nothing more than to give her the world, and he'd certainly die trying. She made him feel valued, like for once in his life someone besides his Aunt could say they cared, and then not actually disappear right after. She might have been clingy sometimes, but she'd obviously been hurt as well, especially after her dad was shipped off to prison. Sometimes she pawed at him endlessly until he relented, like when he was trying to do a take home exam.

Emmanuel sat on the bed, feet crossed at the ankle while watching an amusing video on his phone. Looking over to his boyfriend, him sitting at his desk in the corner of the room, the feminized teen was going to share what he was watching when he saw the look of frustration on Theo's face. "Teddy, are you okay?"

"Yeah, just... I will be fine." The college boy said without looking away from the exam question that was taunting him on his laptop's screen.

'He doesn't look happy. I need to be a good girlfriend... ' the teen thought, his stomach churning. "I know what will cheer you up, how about a blowjob."

Theo blinked twice, glancing at his girl. 'God I love her.' he thought before turning back to his school work. Theo was almost failing the class and as much as he wanted to say yes, he had to focus. "Not right now." The reply came out a bit shorter than he intended, but he wasn't fully

considering what he was saying.

'Is he mad at me? Is this a test? He would expect Emily to suck his cock...' Scooting off the bed onto his bare feet Emmanuel scratched Theo's back with his long nails before slipping onto the floor and crawling under the desk. Theo tried his best to focus. He didn't notice what was going on until he felt his girlfriend's hand on the crotch of his pants. Looking down he saw a sly smile on her face as she pulled down his zipper and unclasped his pants. 'She asked if I wanted a blowjob, but she wasn't really asking. Girl gets what she wants... I guess this is a kind of clingy I can deal with.'

As the weeks went by, Emmanuel found it easier to let Emily drive, taking the backseat and watching his life play out like a movie. She was better at it anyway. Work was going great, and his bank account actually had four digits in the balance for once with all the commissions she was bringing in. Bianca was talking about making the girl assistant manager once she graduated.

Their friendship had blossomed, and slowly but surely Emily had assimilated a chunk of Bianca's vernacular into her own. She became Bianca's favorite model, as the fashion photographer rediscovered her love for the craft without torture, or professional fulfillment being involved. She just took pretty pictures of her pretty friend, and that was good enough for the first time in a while. Emily had even talked her into coming out with the crew one night, and while she had a good time, she felt a hundred years older than she actually was the entire night. It probably wouldn't happen again for a while, but she promised to go out for the girl's nineteenth birthday.

Just before Christmas that year, the semester was winding down at Central, so the guys in Epsilon house decided it was the perfect time to throw a party. Unfortunately for Emmanuel, that really meant it was time for a party to be held where almost everything but procuring a keg would fall to the girlfriends. The guys tried to dress this up as a sister sorority thing, but most of them didn't even date Zetas, and yet somehow their partners would inevitably get dragged into the mix. It definitely wasn't fair, and absolutely sexist, but the reluctant girl was at least blessed to have one of the few guys self aware enough to realize he should at least drive his lady around to pick up whatever she needed. Emily was placed in charge of the decorations, a simple enough job for the highschooler. She was given a budget, and a list, then on the day of the event, she'd be responsible for hanging up the banners, streamers, and the like before people started showing up. Pretty sure she was given this task because of her height, she willingly accepted, knowing it was expected for her to be a good girlfriend after all.

Struggling to get the last of the little paper decorations taped up over the door, Emily, on her tippy toes, straining to reach, suddenly felt a pair of hands around her hips lifting her up to finish the job. Expecting to turn around, and find her Teddy Bear, she discovered his best friend instead.

“Oh, uh...Hey, Porkchop. Thanks.” Emily was a good shield for Emmanuel, but even she struggled to fake liking Steven and all the sexist bullshit that came out of his mouth on the daily. Nervously, she moved back into the living room, hoping someone else would be around to join the conversation so she wouldn't be forced into an awkward unwanted conversation.

No such luck, and the buffoon was right behind her, trying to make small talk. “Damn girl, looking good.” he said, scanning the girl up and down in her off the shoulder, magenta minidress, and skyscraper heels.

Feeling obligated to respond in kind, Emily checked out the boy's t-shirt, for once clean, and free of stains, and said, “You too...uh...buddy,” An uncomfortable silence permeated the room as the brute tried to meet eyes with the young girl while she pretended to check behind herself and her work. The guy kind of reminded her of Song, and he was how she imagined he'd have wound up if he wasn't doomed to be the same size as a seventh grader for the rest of his life. Girl Song could be a bitch sometimes, but Emily would never wish this asshole on anybody, even her. Whatever Britney saw in him would never make sense to anyone but herself, and even then the new girl wasn't so sure.

Fortunately, at that moment, Theo came in through the back door, done tapping the keg on the porch. Emily couldn't throw her arms around him fast enough, squealing, “Teddy! Take me upstairs, Babe. I want a little alone time before people start getting here.” That was all the reason the boy needed to scoop his girl up in his arms, and bolt to his room.

A short while later, people started trickling in, and the party was under way. The music was so loud, no one could hear anyone speak, but somehow people were having the time of their lives. On the back porch by the keg, a beer pong tournament had spontaneously started, even though no one really knew who was winning, or losing, or even who was on the same team. Even when campus police rolled by slowly to make sure their presence was known, they didn't get out of the golf cart, probably thinking the kids deserved to cut loose after the particularly hellish finals that semester.

Emily wasn't a Zeta, and she definitely wasn't an Epsilon, but her people pleasing instincts kicked in, and she appointed herself de facto party hostess. Nobody's drink was empty, and everyone felt welcome, like they were the life of the party. She joshed with all of the boys, and complemented every girl's outfit, making sure they felt as sexy as they should have. It took mental effort to not stare, and check the coeds out, but by now Emily was getting as good at compartmentalization as Song.

As the evening waned into the wee hours of the night, the crowd thinned, and the volume turned down. A few folks were still going strong at the beer pong table, determined to tap out the keg before they succumbed to alcohol poisoning. The core group was sitting around the coffee table just talking about life, and the kind of dumb pointless shit people talk about at that age. The twelver of PBR had just run out so Emily took it upon herself to jump up from her boyfriend's lap, a light buzz helping her deal with her sore feet, and head out to the garage for another. As she

came back in through the empty kitchen, that's where she was cut off by Porkchop blocking her path.

"Hey, sugartits. Whatcha doing?" he asked, his words slurred by the many beers he drank, as he leered at the object of his transparent desires.

"Hey, Porkchop." the girl said, trying to be nice. "Just getting more beer."

"I know. I came to help." He stepped in closer, and she could feel his pungent breath on her forehead.

"You came to help...carry a twelve pack?" Emily didn't want to be rude to Teddy's best friend, but he was making her uncomfortable on a whole new level, and she wanted more than anything to get away from the creepy linebacker.

"I saw the way you were looking at me in the living room earlier." the drunk said, wrapping his arm around the slender figure and forcefully shoving his tongue down her throat. If he'd thought about it for a minute, he might have expected her to bite down. What he definitely didn't know was that this girl was a former street tough with far more experience fighting than he'd ever see. That's how he wound up with two bleeding black eyes after she bit his tongue, when she popped him twice, the stones set in her rings tearing the flesh on his face. Overcome, she slapped him across the cheek for good measure, and then screamed at the top of her lungs, drawing everyone left at the party into the room.

Emily left the moment Emmanuel balled his fist, and had yet to return. The panicked boy was left in her place with two-dozen eyes fixed on him, Porkchop, or the blood splatter between them. This was it. The skirted boy felt weaker than he had when he attacked the larger man, but the outcome was the same, and now that he stood there wobbling slightly in his heels he felt more exposed and vulnerable than ever before. Manny knew he'd pushed it as far as he could, and now he was about to pay the price for his sins. Theo was going to dump him, his mom was going to be fired, and one fear he'd never thought about before, he was going to lose all his new friends he'd made in Zeta. Horrified by it all, with tears and eye makeup streaming down his cheeks, Emmanuel wailed, pleading for understanding.

"I'm so sorry I fucked up your best friend, Babe! You have to believe me! I didn't mean to! I guess I somehow made him think I was into him earlier, and when he tried to kiss me, I freaked out! I would never cheat on you, I swear! Please don't break up with me! I can't lose you!" As far as Emmanuel believed, every word was true. Once their relationship was over, his life might as well have been forfeit. That way at least his mom wouldn't have two mouths to feed after she lost her job. She could at least get by doing Uber again for a while, and hopefully after that she could find a better job, and a better husband to have a better child with. He was so distraught, the boy collapsed down on the floor, and started weeping.

That was when, for the very first time, Emmanuel saw Theo angry. His usually jubilant expression was scrunched up into a red mess of strain and fury. Bracing himself for the worst, the terrified teen heard the jock ask, his voice as cold as ice, "What the fuck happened here?" Peeking through one cracked eyelid, looking up at him, that's when he realized his boyfriend wasn't talking to him.

"You heard the crazy bitch," Porkchop said, gesturing to the crying mess on the floor, "she fucking attacked me, bro. Yeah, get the fuck out of here, EMILY. Nobody wants you here." Clearly the idiot couldn't read the room, as every angry eyeball was fixed on the asshole, unable to believe the gall.

Theo moved slowly toward the guy he used to consider his brother, each step firmly resonating through the floorboards of the old house. "You're telling me Emily...kind, sweet Emily...girl next door Emily...the one person nobody ever has a negative thing to say about Emily...the Emily whose one single goal in life seems to be bringing a smile to people's faces Emily...that Emily walked into the kitchen with a twelve-pack from the garage, only to the throw it on the floor, and then bite your tongue as you walked by before kicking your ass for no fucking reason?" That's how Porkchop left the party with a broken nose as well.

"Okay show's over, everybody. Time to go home." It was Jason who cleared out the party, and then roused the unconscious prick enough to get him into his car, and on the way to the emergency room.

As he was being dragged away, Britney made a special effort to spit in his wounded face, making it very clear they were through, before sitting on the floor next to Emily, and pulling the girl's face into her chest tightly, letting her cry it all out. "I'm sorry he did that to you, girl. It wasn't your fault. He's been kinda like this all year, but I just chalked it up to everybody getting used to him pushing boundaries, so he needed to move the goalpost a bit. I can't help but feel like this is somehow my fault...actually you know what, it's not your fault, or mine. Fuck that guy!"

It took a minute for Theo to calm down, before he felt comfortable enough to talk to his girlfriend. The anticipation terrified Emmanuel, as he couldn't fathom what the boy was thinking standing in the corner by himself. Sure, he'd just heard the same speech as everyone else, but that kind praise felt like it had to be for someone else entirely. Like a baby with a tax form, he just couldn't make sense of it. Only when the giant turned back around with that same warm expression as always did it start to sink in.

"I'm so sorry you had to see that, Milly." Teddy said, taking the spot of the other side of the emotional teen. "I doubt he'll be back tonight, and he's definitely not coming back to the house next semester. If you don't feel safe, I can take you home, or, if you want, you can stay here with me. Whatever you need, Babe. I love you so much." He kissed her on the top of the head, and let his face rest there, buried in her scent.

"But he's your best friend?" Emmanuel muttered, confused. "...and you're choosing me?"

“He was my best friend, Babe. Definitely not anymore. Even then, the guy who was my buddy grew into that. He’s not even the same person now. We all grow. Some of us grow apart and some of us grow together. Regardless, I will always choose you, Milly. You versus anyone else on the planet, and it’s you. For the rest of my life if I can help it. If I’d walked in to find his corpse, and you were standing over him with a bloody knife, I would have helped you bury the body in the woods.”

Emmanuel lifted his head, and looked Theo in the eyes. “You really do love me, don’t you?”

“Of course,” he replied, “how could I not?”

For once in his life, somebody besides his mother told him they loved him, and he believed it. Somebody else’s blood was running from his mouth, ruining his dress, and even with that craziness, he still believed them. Theo was, in fact, the wonderful guy he seemed, and there was no ulterior motive, nobody’s schemes, absolutely nothing behind it. He just was what he was. In that moment, Emmanuel decided that even though he wasn’t worthy of love, maybe Emily was. He decided to get in the backseat, and fucking stay there.

Emily threw her arms around her boyfriend’s neck, and still sobbing, said “I love you too, Teddy Bear.”

“I know you do, Babe.” he said, stroking her hair soothingly. “Do you want me to take you home?” The girl pulled away so he could see, and dramatically shook her head, no. “Let’s get you cleaned up, then.” For what wasn’t the first time, and definitely wouldn’t be the last, Theo scooped his girl up in his arms and carried her up the stairs to his room, saying goodnight to everyone along the way. What did happen for the first time was Emily initiating sex, and enjoying herself so much that she didn’t give a shit if anyone else in the house knew.

For the next semester, the lovebirds couldn’t get enough of each other. The newly prescribed hormones were working wonders on Emily’s body, and her lips were somehow fuller than when she was getting injections. This didn’t bother Theo one bit when he kissed them, and especially not when they kissed his cock. Lauren got used to her daughter’s bedroom being empty on the weekends, and especially enjoyed when Theo would join the family for dinner, sometimes cooking, himself. He was pleasant to be around, and as far as potential son-in-laws go, it could be much much worse. A man that not only could, but would cook for you was hard to come by after all.

The frat unanimously voted to remove Porkchop for behavior promoting and reinforcing toxic ideas of masculinity that men were long past needing to leave behind. This was pointed out by the Zetas the next time the guys wanted to throw a party without helping. It was basically smooth sailing all the way to this day, Emily especially dolled up for her senior pictures, enjoying a meal with her best friend before going to spend the night at Teddy Bear’s.

That night in Theo's bathroom Emmanuel popped in again, as he did from time to time to remind Emily that if she broke up with the boy, then even if he wasn't actually an asshole, his aunt would still fire Mom, and their lives would be ruined. What was essentially the manifestation of his mental breakdown responded with, "Sure, whatever you need to tell yourself, honey." before turning her attention back to the mirror, and fixing her lipstick, and saying, "I'm a beautiful woman. I am kind, I am smart, I am worthy, and I deserve happiness. Now let's go give your man some happiness too, Emily." The girl smirked as she performed a quick twirl in the mirror, making sure Theo's jersey she was wearing like a dress was hanging right, and covering everything. She wasn't wearing any underwear underneath, but that was supposed to be a surprise.

## Epilog - Emery Jean Ottensen

Emery checked her reflection in her vanity. One smooth stroke of lipstick and the artist was finished. Two long pigtails danced around, as she shook her head to make sure they were secure. It had been almost six months since she was no longer required to maintain that poofy hairdo, but in spite of herself, she still spent hours on her style every day, excited to try everything from ponies to buns to braids to waves, seemingly never able to decide after trying at least three different options. A twirl in front of her full length mirror, and she knew her outfit was perfect. Tasteful pink knee-length dress with a billowing skirt, check. A white cardigan with pearl buttons buttoned at the top, check. Simple white tights, pink round-toed heels, cute plastic bangles, check check check.

In the living room her parents were sitting on the couch watching television while Abner ran back and forth on the floor, moving expertly on two legs. He was even more of a handful now, but the girl didn't mind helping with her little brother nearly as much as she used to. He was so adorable after all. "Mom, Dad, Mary's on her way. We've got plans after dinner, so don't wait up. Do you need me to get anything while I'm out?"

"No, sweetie," Rose answered, her heart swelling at the sound of being called mom, just as much as the first time. Emery was her daughter after all, and she loved her just the same as the child she birthed. "Just be quiet when you come in. I'll try and clear a path to your room, Miss Clumsy."

"Come give me a big hug, Kiddo." Tobias said, his gruff voice befitting the prideful father who adored his little girl. The girl skipped happily across the room, glad her dad would be home for the rest of the weekend. She wrapped her arms around his neck, and let the man with the lumberjack build lift her up off her feet.

When she felt something tapping on her leg, Emery assumed it was little Abner, but peeking over her dad's shoulder, she realized it was Rose trying to signal something with her eyebrows. The blonde was confused for a minute, but then remembered a conversation that took place just a few days prior. "Umm, Daddy, can I have twenty dollars?"

"Of course!" the man gleefully replied, pulling his wallet from his back pocket, and taking out a bill. "Here, take fifty."

Emery didn't actually need the money anymore, making more from commissions in a month than she'd probably spent the entirety of her junior year...at least of her own money anyway. Rose told her that her father was kind of bummed out that his daughter was growing up so fast, and she didn't seem to need him so much anymore. She suggested that if Emery asked for a little cash like she used to, it might let the man know he was and would always be her father, regardless of how old she got. She kissed the side of his scruffy gray beard, and said, "Thanks, Daddy!"

Just then, there was a knock on the door. Emery couldn't seem to answer quickly enough. Her face beamed when she saw Mary, wearing a sexy black lace wiggle dress, dolled up and ready for a night out. "Well, hello there, Princess." she said, leaning through the doorway and gently kissing her girlfriend on the lips. Stepping in, she faced the two adults in the room, and did her best approximation of a curtsy, "Your Highness, My Liege." The pierced, and tattooed girl had never really clicked with anyone's parents before, but the Ottensens adored her, finding her over the top antics hilarious.

"Hey there, Killer!" Tobias said, picking up the teen in the same bear hug. The nickname came from a night out bowling with the family. He'd made the mistake of talking smack, and after she beat the brakes off of him on the lanes, he learned her trash talk was just as ruthless. The girl had moxie to spare. "Kick anyone's ass lately?"

"No, but I can make time if you wanna go, old man." the girl joked back, putting up both hands.

Catching her breath from laughing so hard at the two, Rose asked, "What are you girls doing tonight, anyway? Big Plans?"

"I'm taking my favorite lady out for a candlelit dinner, and then I've got a surprise after." Mary snuck Emery a little wink. "Speaking of which, we need to hurry out. Don't want them to give our table away."

"Sure, let me walk you out. I don't get to see my Kiddo enough, so I need to squeeze all of the quality time out of her I can get."

"Have a nice time, girls!" Rose called out as the door closed behind them.

Mary hopped in behind the driver's seat, and just before Emery could follow, Tobias gave his daughter another big hug, and then looked her in the eye, asking a simple question, "I know I'm not around a lot, and I'm proud of you for handling everything on your own. You've grown up so much this past year, Emery. I just have to ask, are you happy with who you are?" His eyes flicked down to the leaf necklace that once belonged to his first wife and then back up to Emery's blue eyes, seeing so much of her mother in the girl.

The blonde thought about it for a second, then replied, "I could use a cookie or two, but yeah, I guess... OH! and a glass of milk!"

The proud father chuckled. "Kiddo, you're adorable." He always thought the same thing about Emer, but there was only so much a man could say to his son past a certain age. Now he could gush all over his daughter as much as he wanted. "Tomorrow we'll have some milk and cookies. It's a date."

"Thanks, Daddy." Emery said, as the man kissed her on top of the head. I'll see you tomorrow." With that she jumped in the passenger seat, and the young couple were off.

Riding down the road, Emery suddenly realized she'd forgotten something. "Oh, yeah! I got my senior pics back. I gotta, like, pick one for the yearbook, and I can't make up my mind. Mom told me to ask your opinion, because you have a great eye for stuff like that. What do you think?" The blonde held up her smartphone by her girlfriend's face, nearly blocking her from seeing the road.



*Happiness can only exist in  
acceptance*

Mary took a deep breath, and said, "I'll look at them in a minute, Princess. Please move your phone." Early on in their relationship, the Vietnamese American teen learned that yelling wasn't the best way to stop the girl from accidentally killing herself, or engaging in some other self destructive behavior. It only seemed to confuse her more. She had to ask herself if it was worth it, falling in love with such a ditz, but when Emery said the words, "I love you" then tickled her sides right after, instigating a wrestling match the blonde knew she was going to lose, Mary knew it absolutely was. She fully and completely agreed with Mr Ottensen. Emery was absolutely adorable. At a red light, she scrolled through a few of the photos, and then landed on the one she thought best, Emery sitting on a stone bench looking as beautiful as the picturesque scene behind her.

Right then a notification rang on the phone. Emery checked and the reminder told her what she'd forgotten. It was a new thing she was doing at her girlfriend's suggestion. It actually got her to set up direct deposit. "Oh right! Last night Song texted me. She's being real weird for some reason. Wants to know if we want to hook up, or something."

"Eww...no, Princess. I know she's your friend and you have a history, or whatever, but she violates my 'No Asshole' rule."

That day at work following the creation of Emily, behind the counter with the buttplug still stuck in her backside, Emery stood all day, never once using the stool, something Mary found strange given the blonde girl's notorious laziness. She leaned on the counter, playing with the sign that said not to do that very thing like she often did, watching while her normally lazy coworker kept themselves busy cleaning. The ditzzy girl was balancing an eyelid pencil between her lips and nose, not the first time she had seen that behavior, but something was off.

Something wrong, Princess?" she asked, concerned for her employee, who'd easily charmed her way into being her friend as well.



“Oh umm...Well, I've got this thing stuck in my butt, and me and Milly broke up too, but I think that's probably a good thing, actually.”

Mary had to spit her morning coffee back into the cup, unable to swallow it. “Who's Milly?...wait you have something in your butt? Are you okay? Do you need to go to the doctor?”

“Oh, no. It's supposed to be there, I think.” the bimbo chuckled, jostling the plug in her rear, bringing a mixture of pleasure and discomfort to her expression. “I meant Manny, by the way.

It's Emily now, though, but I call her Milly. She's super pretty. Not as pretty as you of course..." Emery eyes shot to the floor in a rare act of shame, as she realized she'd just shown her entire hand.

"Emery, I'm taking you out Friday." It wasn't a question. It was a command. The same as when she told the girl to restock the counter. While Mary and Emery were very different people, neither was well versed in the art of subtlety.

In response, the blonde blushed, while an usually shy smile spread across her lips. She nodded her head yes, and for the rest of the day, the girls quietly flirted, looping their pinkies together underneath the counter, and occasionally bumping one another with their hips. Every time Emery quivered with pleasure when the little rubber plug shifted inside her.

At a quaint little taco shop, the two girls sat across from one another, both experiencing first date jitters. Trying to break the ice, Mary asked what happened with Emmanuel, where Emery told her the whole story, top to bottom, sparing no details. It didn't come as much of a surprise. Given how they met, Mary knew the girl was supposed to be a boy when she did her makeup for the first time, and was somehow being coerced into taking the gigantic step of starting life on the other side. Whatever the reasons, she found herself, and became one of the few lights in the Vietnamese girl's workday. Emery was obviously Emery, however she got there, that wasn't the question. Whether or not she deserved such a severe punishment though, the girl wasn't sure.

"Emery, I'm pretty sure that's blackmail. Like, if that woman tries to have you thrown in jail for peeping a year before, I'm pretty sure the cops would have some questions about why she didn't come forward earlier, and she'd be in a world of shit, herself. You probably don't have to listen to her anymore. You can just, like, live your life or whatever." Mary was astounded that something like this happened. It didn't sound like real life, that this Bianca Russo was so fucking nuts.

"Ehhh," Emery considered the prospect for a moment, but then surprised her date when she said, "I think it's fine. Probably more trouble than it's worth not doing it. I mean, eventually I'll blow enough dudes, right? Besides, cops suck so I'd really rather not."

Mary had to agree. Rarely did the police make situations like this better. Plus Emery wouldn't survive a day in prison, or worse yet, she'd take over by accident somehow, and never want to leave so long as there was a taco Tuesday. Thinking back to the girl talking about her three-way, Mary was struck with an idea, perhaps egged on by her own erotic fantasies. "Okay, so if you're gonna do that quota thing, do you think it would be fun if maybe we did it together?"

"Like a race?" Emery asked. "Because like I'm getting good at it. This one time with Manny..." Emery's words trailed off when he saw the look of amusement and barely contained laughter on the pink-haired girl's face.

Mary continued to giggle, covering her face for a moment to regain her composure. “No, dummy. I mean, we tag team the guys. Like, we get off with each other, and use them for some bonus fun, as well.”

“I mean, I don’t really like blowing dudes. If they wanna blow me, that’s fine, I guess. I really like girls though. Mostly I just like you...” Mary could almost see the gears slowly turning in the blonde’s head until the light bulb finally switched on. “...so if you were there, then it would definitely be more fun. Do you really want to do this with me? It’s weird but, like, I want you to be happy more than me. You know, so...like, you don’t have to.”

“Princess, I promise, I want to.” Mary grabbed Emery by the collar of her blouse, and pulled her in for a passionate kiss, catching the girl by surprise. Emery’s eyes slowly closed as she began to realize this was the beginning of something amazing.

The couple’s first task was snapping a few suggestive photos, dressed seductively lying in bed, with the use of Emery’s selfie stick. Mary set up a shared Fetlife account for them, where those pics were posted, as well as a description of what the girls were looking for.

“Two sexy eighteen year old hotties, one trans, one cis, seeking playpals of all genders. We’re not looking for a third, and definitely not a unicorn. Only fun, pleasure seeking individuals need apply for a good night with two of the most bodacious babes this side of the Inland Empire. Must love dogs. Otherwise, we can’t trust you. Condoms are non-negotiable.”

“Okay, posted.” Mary said, after the last few dramatic strokes on her laptop’s keyboard.

“Did you use bodacious?” her girlfriend asked, looking up from polishing her toenails.

The beauty influencer rolled her eyes, and groaned. “Yes, though I don’t know why it’s so important to you.”

“Because ninja turtles.” came the reply as though that was enough of an explanation.

Needless to say there was no shortage of young gentlemen jumping at the chance to spend a night with the two. Tall, short, fat, skinny, they ran the gamut, but the girls didn’t discriminate. Emery didn’t really care one way or the other, and Mary’s one requisite was that they couldn’t be an asshole.

Like clockwork, the girls moved through the list effortlessly. It became another fun thing they did as a couple. The guy would show up, usually very nervous, and the two girls would guide him through it, and show him the time of his life. There’d be some fourplay, and heavy petting. Sometimes Emery, and the boy would take turns fucking Mary while she blew the other. Different positions were experimented with. Not once, as though by some kind of miracle, did the couple not enjoy themselves. Mary obviously had a kink, and Emery loved the look on her

face when she got to enjoy it. The only consistency was that at some point Emery would be blowing the guy while Mary snapped the picture.

Though tasked with their quest for Emery's freedom, that didn't mean the couple didn't enjoy some one on one time. One night, when Mary was sleeping over, from her overnight bag she pulled a strap-on, and looked to her princess with pleading eyes. Emery's only similar experience was that day at work with the buttplug. It didn't seem so bad, and she'd do anything to make her girlfriend happy. She was a little uneasy, but still nodded her agreement, and quietly the two tried the thing out.

Emery quickly learned that buttplugs could feel good, but they were mostly for training. Getting pegged was a completely different story. The phallus entered her rear, heavily lubricated, but that did little to help with the reflexive flinch that followed the cool sensation of the Astroglide chilling her puckered hole.

"Are you okay?" Mary asked, sensing the pain in her girlfriend's expression. "Do you want me to stop?"

Emery shook her head no. She trusted Mary completely, and the beautiful woman she was falling in love with said this would be fun, so eventually it was going to be fun. It took a minute, but boy did she discover how right she was. The pleasure began to swell, and in an instant, the blonde was fully erect. The prosthetic cock massaged her prostate, and that was that. Almost immediately the girl had cum like she'd never cum before, spilling the fluid all over her hiked up nightgown, the moan escaping her lips clearly heard by Rose across the house, though this time the woman knew it definitely wasn't a burglar, and she really didn't want to go check on the kids.

Being the little spoon, Emery kept going on about how amazing it was. "Seriously, I've never felt anything like that before. I want to do it again. If I'd known it felt like that, I'd have been doing it to myself...like the whole time. Like, I'd have stuck all kinds of things in there."

"Please don't." Mary interrupted, seeing where the train of thought was heading. "Just clean sex toys, Princess. No vegetables."

"That's it?" the girl replied, obviously disappointed.

"Well that and..."

From there, the girls started incorporating Anal for Emery when playing with others. The flirty teen still didn't care much for the men, and if her girlfriend wasn't involved she'd have had absolutely no use for them, but their dicks were a different story. She quickly learned most guys didn't have a clue what to do with their donges, but was blessed to have a partner who knew exactly what she liked, and had no hang-ups with giving orders. Emery's quota was filled in a month.

At first after gaining her freedom, they mostly spent time together, getting to know each other better outside of primarily sexual escapades. They got to know each other's families, and their friends. Mary would cook for her partner, and Emery would try to repay in kind, even though every time she did they wound up ordering pizza. The fact that the girl tried at all meant the world to her love.

Eventually, the itch crept up, and the couple were back on Fetlife "scouting new talent" as Mary called it. No longer an almost daily occurrence, it became a little treat every now and then. Their relationship continued with this dynamic through the rest of the year, and when Emery finally graduated in a few weeks, they were going to get their own place together, ready and eager to move onto the next milestone. Who knows? Maybe one day, wedding bells.

After finishing their taco dinner, the girls hopped back in the car, both gnawing on a piece of minty chewing gum. They arrived to the "surprise" Mary had arranged. Inside they met with a fresh piece of meat named, whatever it didn't matter, and they found their way to the gentleman's bedroom. Inside the girls stripped off their outfits, both in matching lingerie, garters, crotchless panties, and all, though Emery's was a pristine white, while Mary's was a midnight black.

A short time later, Emery found herself bent over the guy's bed, looking into a mirror, and watching herself get railed from behind. Mary stood next to the guy, with a stern expression, and a riding crop in hand. She loudly commanded, "You better fuck my Princess correctly. She is royalty, and she deserves to be treated as such. If you fail to do so, well...let's just say you'll really wish you hadn't. Mary swatted the guy on the buttcheek with the crop, and he winced in pain, but his cock grew that much harder as it thrust in and out of Emery's backside.

Emery locked eyes with Mary in the mirror, and loved everything she saw. This person was the most beautiful thing she'd ever known, and their time together was never anything that could ever be called boring. Though it didn't resemble any happily ever after she'd ever read in a storybook, the young ditzy blonde wouldn't trade her life for anything.

"I love you." Mary mouthed in the mirror before whacking the guy again for good measure.

Emery tried to say, "I love you too." but she couldn't because her eyes rolled back into her head, and she exploded all over the guy's bed, completely ruining his comforter.

From mischievous boys to mostly well behaved girls, the trio's lives seemed set to go down the feminine path, some more willing than others.

**The End**

THANK YOU FOR READING...



# Mall BRATZ



THE END