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Art by DreamLN

Chapter 1

Boys will be boys, or so the saying goes. Now what that expression means can be incredibly subjective. To some it's an excuse to roughhouse. For others, it's the go to excuse for inexcusable behavior.

Song, Emer and Emmanuel were sitting at the bus stop, waiting to make their last transfer before a lazy summer day at the local mall. Song checked his watch, impatiently tapping his foot as the afternoon sun beat down on the trio who were all eager to sit in the air conditioning of the public transport while they finished the last leg of their journey.

Emer leaned back on the uncomfortable bench with the same peaceful expression as if he was home watching television. "Chill out, Song. It'll get here when it gets here. There's nothing you can do about it." Emer said with an easy smile offered to his friend. Song was just a little shorter than his own five foot six short self, but he figured that was more typical for people of Asian descent, not that it really bothered him much. The world was full of stress and there wasn't any benefit worrying about things he couldn't control. Today Song was dressed in khaki beige pants, a blue short sleeve button up shirt with his long hair falling just below the collar. The Asian-American teen looked suitable for a school picture day, but that was just how he often dressed.

"How many times do we have to go over this, Emer? I told you to call me Jae." Song snapped as he glanced over at the blue-eyed blonde teen next to him on the bench. He wondered how freeing it would be to be as dimwitted as Emer was. The least he could bring himself to acknowledge was that Emer had style, and the charm to match. Song wasn't sure if that was his own doing or from the influence of his parents. Today the laid back man-child was wearing green cargo pants, an untucked orange polo, and a black and gray hoodie. Like some of the beach bums the boy kept his blond hair long enough to fall just below his chin, but unlike their unwashed supposed peers at school, Emer kept himself and his hair clean.

"Right, Jae. My bad, dude. You oughta calm down though, man. It's not like we gotta be anywhere else. Ain't that right, Manny?" The blonde looked over to his other friend, sitting on the back of the bench with his feet up on the seat, before resting his hands behind his head, and closing his eyes. His mostly silent friend was more than a few inches taller than himself, standing around five foot ten with a wiry build. Emer would describe him as mostly plain with large brown eyes, and a brown faded crew cut that had grown a month's worth of shag. The thing that stood out most about him though, was the notch in his right eyebrow and the state of the clothes he wore. Like most days Emanuel's outfit was beat up, though his blue jeans weren't ripped for fashion, nor was his brown shirt. The wear and tear on his friend's clothes were come-by honestly much like his well worn work boots.

The quiet boy snapped out of his thousand yard stare when he heard his name. "Huh?"

The three wouldn't have normally been friends, but being the only students at their school past their eighteenth birthday, not having yet started their senior year, they were bound to group together by being generally othered by the rest of the students..

Song Jae Rim could best be described as entitled. The first generation in his family born in the US, one might think his was a triumphant immigrant story. That couldn't be further from the truth. His father, a chemist and inventor, was much better described that way. He was responsible for creating some of the most revolutionary cosmetic surgery equipment in the world. There was plenty of money to be made in South Korea, the country having an atypical fondness for plastic surgeries as a whole, but he knew the best place to make the big bucks would be in the vicinity of Hollywood, Malibu, and Beverly Hills. If anyone was willing to pay top dollar for cutting edge procedures, it was the notoriously decadent rich of southern California.

It wasn't long after the Rim family arrived in America that they were with child. The day he was born, his father decided that the little six pound, seven ounce baby was never going to go without. He worked hard, long after he'd already amassed a decent enough fortune, and now the family owned several boutique spas, frequented by the west coast elites who populated the area. Unfortunately, in his endeavor to give his son a life where he would never go without, he overshot the mark, and spoiled his child.

Song was the quintessential trust fund kid. It's been said that a crime where the penalty is a fine means it's only a crime for the poor. He believed this to be a good thing. One might think he knew that no matter what he did in the short term, at the end of the rainbow there'd be a giant pot of gold, and he'd be set for life. The truth was he didn't need to find the end of the rainbow, the young man already had his pot of gold.

One day, when a bottle of xanax went missing, his father chalked it up to forgetting where he left them, since it wasn't uncommon for him to be absent minded after a particularly stressful week at work. When his wife's adderall disappeared as well, they had an idea of what was happening, but neither knew how to broach the subject with the increasingly delinquent youth. Perhaps if they'd dealt with the issue sooner, Song might still be welcome at that exclusive preparatory school his parents spent so much money on. It was no wonder that almost as soon as he'd received a BMW for his sixteenth birthday, it was taken away until he could learn some responsibility.

Kicked out for selling pills just before the end of his junior year, Song had to repeat the grade at a public high school. One glance across the commons that first day told him everything he needed to know about kids in the valley. Give him a week and he'd be ruling over the dumb hillbillies. The one thing he didn't take into consideration was that no one in the school cared an ounce about how much money his parents had.

When the teacher called Song's name in homeroom that morning, and he stood up to introduce himself, two jocks sitting in the back of class were doing nothing to hide their amusement.

“What a pretty name, for such a pretty girl.” one snickered, the other following with, “Too bad she’s dressed like a boy. You might want to wear a skirt tomorrow, or everyone is gonna think you’re a lesbian.

“Why don’t you just shut the fuck up, oaf!?” he shot back, unable to believe the disrespect and ignorance of the larger boys. Names had a meaning, a legacy to them. His name, Song Jae Rim, meant success, talent, and beauty.

“Detention! All three of you!” Not even eight in the morning on the first day, and the teacher’s face was already bright red..

The boys marched out into the hallway. Once out of earshot, the jocks seized the opportunity for a quick punch to Song’s gut, leaving him crumpled over on the floor behind them as they walked away. He knew then and there that if he was going to survive a public education, let alone take over the school, he was going to need some muscle. It was that day in detention when he met Emmanuel, and Emer.

Emmanuel Brooks wasn’t a typical hooligan. He had a reputation as a tough guy, having been in a fight with someone almost every week for the past few years. His typically stoic expression played its part in keeping people afraid as well. Song was quite intimidated with the boy, but he’d never in a million years let anyone know that. Plans already forming in his mind, he channeled his inner sense of superiority and when it was finally time to go home for the day, Song introduced himself to the intimidating youth.

“Hi. I’m Jae Rim.” he said, offering his hand for the taller boy to examine with suspicion before shaking it with a look of skepticism.

“Emmanuel.” the boy said quietly.

Undaunted, Song continued, “Today’s my first day here, and I already spent the whole day in detention. Bullshit, right?”

“Sure.” Emmanuel said with two slow nods of his head.

“You seem like a guy who knows what’s up. I’m thinking we should check out the mall. You busy?”

A voice from behind Song called out boisterously like they were part of the conversation. “Oh, hell yeah, bro! I can get a blizzard.” This was how Song met Emer, a boy with a knack for wandering into conversation, seemingly unsure of how he got there.

“Sorry, I was asking Emmanuel.” Song said through gritted teeth.

Emer caught sight of a dot on the ceiling, and while staring at it intently said, "That's cool. Manny's a good guy. He's in here all the time with me. We talk a lot. I don't care if he comes with us." In reality they'd maybe spoken three times, one of which was Emer trying to cheat off of Emmanuel's homework when he wasn't even doing the same assignment.

Somehow, through a comedy of errors, the youths found themselves sitting in a food court together. Song never managed to get rid of Emer. He tried. The hints he dropped became less and less subtle, but to no avail. To Emer, Song was just another guy with a mean sense of humor. Every time he was insulted and told to buzz off, he thought it was the funniest thing he'd ever heard.

Later that afternoon, when the sun was low in the sky, when Song was almost to the point of giving up and storming off, he finally took notice of something that had been happening the entirety of the day. Almost every single person who walked by stopped to have a chat with the carefree boy. Emer Jean Ottensen smoked, and played frisbee with the stoners, he posed for the art class, he played basketball with the jocks, and he even gossiped with the cheerleaders. Song knew that kind of charm couldn't be taught. The boy was a social savante. Emer was everybody's best friend, and that was useful to Song, so he decided to let young burnout into the new clique he'd created, though Emer was probably going to keep hanging around regardless.

The entirety of their junior year, the three boys became inseparable, though not in a Little Rascals kind of way. They'd return to the mall nearly every day where Song and Emer committed various petty crimes, both drunk on the feelings of immortality that come with a person's teenage years. Emmanuel followed along, quiet as usual, but still always there.

Emer heard Emmanuel's stomach growl one afternoon, it ringing like a dinner bell in the blonde kid's ears. He declared it was lunch time, but the taller boy shook his head and tapped his wallet knowing there was no money in it. The quiet teen insisted he was fine despite his stomach letting its protests be heard.

Teasing the bigger boy, Song said, "Don't worry. Look at all those free samples over there. You won't have to pay a thing." That was when Emer's eyes got large as he looked around the food court at the four different people giving out free samples on that busy day.

"Okay, okay." Emer held his hands out to his sides. "I got this. Just listen to my plan and follow me." Explaining nothing, he started walking deeper into the food court until he reached the guy giving out samples of bbq pulled pork.

"Would you like to try a sample?" the pimply-faced teen asked, holding up a toothpick skewering a little chunk of meat.

"Yeah man." Emer said with his easy smile, before taking the tray in his hands. "Let me get this real quick." There was no good reason for the worker to let go, but before he could think to

tighten his grip, Emer was already passing it to Emmanuel. "Manny, you got it man, run. Yeah RUN!"

The worker watched in astonishment while the two boys that walked up with the blonde bolted with his stolen tray, while the blonde that was about his age just stood there in front of him.

"Sorry man, they were hungry." Emer gave a small shrug. "Gotta eat, ya know?"

It wasn't long before Song and Emmanuel saw Emer rushing up to them with a different tray of food in hand, also full of samples from a different restaurant. The two shorter boys were laughing, very amused by their miniature crime spree, while Emmanuel checked over his shoulder for security guards that could've possibly followed them.

It didn't take too long for him to relax though, and the smell of the food was quite inviting. The boys dined on a feast of little egg rolls, and a chicken dish the restaurant vaguely described as "Cajun".

"This shit is gross." Song said with a chuckle, continuing to stuff his face. "Next time I get to pick the food."

Somehow, through nonsense like this, the trio managed to finish junior year, and headed off to vacation, where they now found themselves sitting at this particular bus stop, ready to waste away their summer.



Chapter 2

At the mall the boys killed a little time strolling around the concourse under its angled glass ceiling. The daylight beamed down where they stood leaning over the railing, while Emer tried to spit in a garbage can on the lower floor. The sun moved across the sky, illuminating every speck of dust floating through the recycled air. It was there that Song noticed the light reflecting off of Emmanuel's skin through half a dozen little holes in his t-shirt.

"I don't understand how you're not ashamed to be seen in public in those rags, Brooks. That shirt is one of the nicest I've seen you wear, and it's already half destroyed. When are you going to get new clothes?"

Putting a finger through one of the small holes in his shirt Emmanuel tapped his exposed flesh and answered the asian boy without looking in his direction. "Mom's gonna take me shopping before school starts back. Why do you care?"

"I'm just thinking if we talk to some attractive girls, they're gonna think we're trash. You need to get a nicer shirt before we start making our rounds." Song was thinking more along the lines that the potential girls would think the taller boy was trash, and their proximity to one another, let alone their association could cause a problem.

"Dude." Emmanuel stressed the word without raising his voice. "I haven't got the money on me. I'm just gonna wait."

"Absolutely not. I'm not gonna let you ruin my chances with some chick before the conversation even starts. Go. Get. A. New. Shirt."

Emer watched this back and forth, not for the first time. He loved hanging out with his buds but like clockwork, every few days they'd start bickering like this. He knew Song was an ass, but to Emer, it was just part of his charm. Often he'd find himself doing damage control, when his diminutive friend would start running his mouth. "Hey, calm down, guys. It's all gravy. It's like twenty bucks for a new shirt, Manny. You gotta get a new shirt anyway. Why not just get one now?"

Having grown up in a decidedly middle class household, Emer rarely went without. Years of comfortable living, and having anything he could ever want did the boy a disservice when it came to finances. It wasn't that he didn't understand how much things cost, but that the spending power of a sales position like his father's didn't go nearly as far as he thought it did. The blonde had a D in remedial math after all, not doing much to help push back against the stereotype. Emer's step-mother left her teaching position to raise his baby brother; a half brother though he never pointed that out. Everyone in his family got along, but when they sat him down and had a conversation about tightening their belts, he just smiled and nodded, then asked his dad for fifty bucks to buy a new skateboard.

"I don't have the money...like at all." Emmanuel explained to the befuddled himbo who nodded his agreement, but his puzzled expression told the other boys he still didn't really understand.

"Just steal it." Song said bluntly, blowing past Emer's confusion, "Just walk in the store, grab it, and walk out. What are they gonna do, really? Call mall security?"

"I'm not gonna steal it." Emmanuel countered. In the year since he'd started hanging out with the other two boys, he'd get in spats with Song, but eventually he'd back down, because it wasn't worth the effort to keep the fight going. For this though, he dug his heels in, refusing to budge an inch.

Song didn't know how to respond to this. He was used to getting his way, and a world where that didn't happen didn't compute in his egotistical mind. It was just a stupid t-shirt, but he couldn't let it go. If the 'help' didn't know their place, then they might try to take his spot from him, and he couldn't have that. Plus he didn't want to go to the trouble of finding two more kids to help him with his endeavors. The only move that came to mind was to push back just as hard.

"Just steal it." Song flicked his wrist like what he said was both obvious and no big deal.

For the first time in the conversation Emmanuel turned to face Song and replied not harshly, but with a little bit of steel in his voice. "No."

Hearing the firmness of Emmanuel's voice, Song shook his head slowly, his long hair spilling about as his own frustration grew. He didn't understand why Brooks was acting like it was such a big deal. "Why are you being a little bitch about it? Just steal the fucking shirt."

"I. Said. No."

"He's not gonna steal it, bro." Emer interjected between slurps on his fountain drink.

"Yes he is." Song said defiantly, now glaring at Emer.

"No he isn't." Emer snickered.

"Yes he is!" Song's blood had risen. He actually spit a little bit, shouting loud enough to turn the heads of some shoppers walking by.

"I bet you twenty dollars he isn't." Emer countered, then he sucked on his straw for the last drops of his beverage, the gurgling noise nearly giving Song a stroke as he seethed.

"Fine! Deal!" Song stormed over to Emmanuel and leaned in close, whispering, "Look Brooks, what's it going to take for you to just steal the damn thing?"

When the two boys met, Song made a lot of assumptions about Emmanuel. He'd met the type before. One of those bruisers who didn't have two brain-cells to rub together, but could carry his own in a fight. His 'business' needed muscle, not that the taller boy looked all that strong, but Song had both seen and heard he can carry himself in a fight. Emmanuel was just the guy for the role. He'd be easy to placate, and even easier to manipulate if the need arose. A silent hulk was a good thing to have by your side in almost any circumstance.

As Song hadn't yet come to understand, Emmanuel was one of the smartest kids in school. A quiet guy by nature, and with a reputation as a killer, he gave the impression to some, namely Song, that he was a bit of a dumb brute. In actuality, each and every second, the kid was thinking about something, too torn up on the inside to care much about what was going on around him. He liked Emer enough, thinking him a good buddy when all was said and done. He thought Song was a Jerk, even though he kind of pitied him. They were kindred spirits in loneliness as far as he was concerned. They just handled it in different ways, him learning to spend most of his time in his thoughts, and Song trying to force people into liking him. In this particular moment however, he was pissed. Emmanuel figured he might as well take advantage of the little jerk while the opportunity presented itself. Maybe he could even blow past Song's narcissism enough to make the snobby boy actually second guess himself.

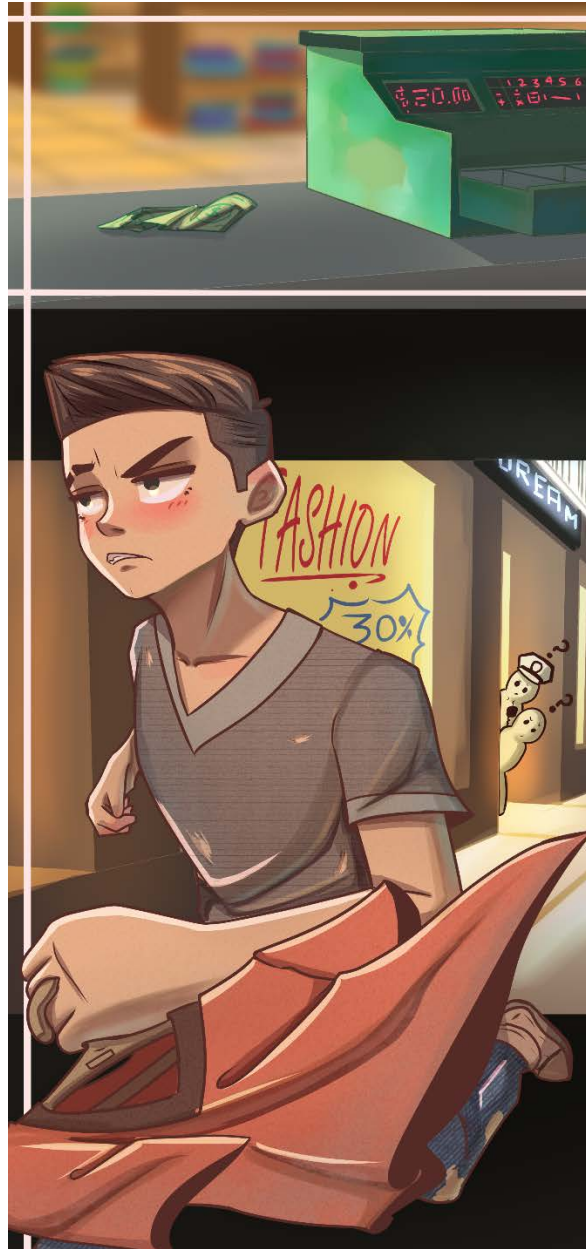
"It will take forty dollars." Emmanuel answered. Knowing full well that Song had just bet twenty dollars for the task to be completed, he was determined to take the whole pot for himself.

Song's first instinct was to flat out say no, but a glance over his shoulder seeing Emer's prideful grin behind him, set him off. He rationalized to himself, 'I suppose this works in my favor anyway. Two birds with one stone. I can put Emer in his place, and I can let Brooks here know who's got the money. I know he doesn't have any. Gotta keep 'em coming back for more.'

"Fine," he relented. "Just make sure you get out fast. I don't feel like dealing with the rent-a-cops today."

Song pulled two twenties from his wallet, and gave them to Brooks. Without a word, Emmanuel turned, and marched into the store. From where they stood, the other two boys couldn't see inside, but that was by design.

Emmanuel searched the racks for only a few moments till he found a simple orange t-shirt that fit his needs. At the counter he handed the clerk one twenty dollar bill, the other tucked away in his pocket for safe keeping. He also handed her a hastily written note that said, "I'm going to pretend to steal this." The employees all wore a puzzled expression as they watched a lanky teenager run full speed from the store, with other two trailing behind him after he turned the corner.



“Wow, Manny. That was fucking crazy. Way to go.” Emer was thoroughly entertained by the whole affair, laughing hysterically as he tried and failed to catch his breath.

“I told you he’d do it, don’t ever doubt me.” Song bragged. “Now, pay up.”

“What?” Emer said, not sure what his friend was referring to.

“The twenty dollars...for the bet...”

“Oh right. Sorry bro, I don’t have twenty bucks on me.”

"Then why the hell did you bet me twenty dollars?" Song was fuming again, this time directed toward the air headed blonde who by this point had moved on to other things.

Moving his hand to the back of his neck Emer's fingers moved up to scratch the back of his head before running them through his long blonde locks while he thought about it. Coming to an answer, he gave Song that easy smile and a shrug. "I dunno. Cause that's what you bet, right?"

The corner of Song's mouth twitched as he stared at the dimwit in front of him, making a mental note to expect less in the future. "Fine." Song huffed. "You'll just have to pay me back some other way."

It was a couple of hours later, and Emmanuel was wearing the orange shirt. The boys were still wandering around the concourse with little aim when Song caught sight of a girl who struck his fancy walking into a higher end clothing shop on the second floor, The Hanger. He followed her in, dragging his friends along, where he saw her carry a dress into the women's changing room.

"I'm gonna sneak in there, and take a peak." Song said nefariously, still riding the high from the adrenalin earlier. "Come in there with me, Emer. I might need a boost."

"I dunno, dude." Emer said, waving it off. "That seems like a bad idea. I don't want to go to pervert prison."

"It's not pervert prison, you buffoon. It's just prison. Like one prison." Song said sharpley. He almost shouted it, but remembered the goal just in time to quell his temper. "Look, you owe me, bro. Just shut the fuck up, and come in there with me. I already peaked a little. There's private doors in all the stalls. We just need to be quiet and we can peep over them."

Emer wanted to argue, but he did owe Song. He knew that the relentless teen wouldn't let it go either, so he relented. In his mind it didn't hurt that he'd get to see some boobs as well. "Alright, man. You twisted my arm. I'm in."

"Good." Song said matter-of-factly. He commanded, "Wait out here Brooks. We need a lookout. Just shout if you see anybody coming." The entitled boy didn't wait for a response, before he walked off leaving Emmanuel behind.

People made a lot of assumptions about Emmanuel. His quiet demeanor, and lack of passion for anything didn't really give people a lot to work with. Most assumed he was just another hooligan. Growing up on the wrong side of the tracks meant a need to know how to defend himself. He'd get in a fight at least once a week, most of the time losing before he got to highschool. The worst fight led to the little scar that now split his eyebrow.

What his friends didn't know is that when Emmanuel was in middle school, his father went to prison. After that his very young mother was rarely home, having to work multiple jobs to make ends meet. She wasn't around as much as she needed to be to help her son process the

trauma of having a parent ripped away at such a formative age. As a result the boy had to repeat eighth grade that year. He retreated into himself, rarely sharing his thoughts or opinions with anyone. It was easier to not get attached to people, because you never know when someone is just going to up and leave you.

In high school the administration wrote him off as another delinquent with no future, despite the regular glowing reports from his teachers, and his exemplary academic performance. Emmanuel spent many nights home studying, eager to please his mother as he was aware of just how much she did to keep them afloat. He wanted to do her proud. His reputation for fighting had the younger kids in his grade thinking of him an ogre, ready to use his oversized muscles to smash whoever dared cross his bridge. In reality the boy was a string bean, his five foot ten inch frame nearly all skin, bone, with enough lean muscle to not get his ass thoroughly kicked anytime someone tried to start something. He didn't learn to fight to be a badass. He did it to survive.

Emmanuel knew people didn't think much of him, especially Song, but he was still surprised that the entitled ass would ever think he'd be dumb enough to go to prison for something as stupid as the most childish of sex crimes, peeping in on a girl changing. While Emmanuel was angry with his father, he still hated that he wouldn't see him for years to come, but he wasn't in any hurry to join him in the slammer before then either. Of course when Emer, a person who genuinely didn't understand real consequences, decided it would be a good idea to try and flirt with the girl they'd been peeping on and was slapped in the face for his troubles, hard enough to leave a glowing red handprint, the girl screaming bloody murder, Emmanuel took off running as fast as his long legs could carry him.



Chapter 3

"Here you go, Bianca." one of two security guards said, pressing down on Song's shoulders, forcing him to take a seat between his two cohorts in the back office of The Hanger. "It's a good thing we happened to be walking by." The large man then rested both hands on Emmanuel's shoulders, giving them a quick, but firm shake, making sure the only boy he thought would give him any actual trouble was thoroughly intimidated. "We came right in once we bumped into this one when he bolted out of here like the place was on fire."

The auburn haired young woman, and manager of the store, Bianca Russo, handed the guards a little bag of sugar donuts with a smile. "Thanks for not taking them in, guys. I'm not sure these three understand how bad they've screwed up, but it'd be a shame for them to have to go to jail. They're only eighteen." she said, glancing over at one of the boy's open wallets on her desk. "Practically babies. Of course they'll need to be dealt with, but we can take care of that in house. No need to involve the police if we can help it." She made sure the boys heard each and every word.

"Oh, for sure, hon, and thanks for the treats, by the way. You just let us know if you need anything else. I'll give Marvin your best."

"Please do." Bianca's dimpled smile won a lot of hearts, and the older guard was no exception.

The younger one bent over to meet the boys at eye level. "Listen punks, we're going to be right outside for a little while just to make sure you don't run off. I promise you, if we catch you trying to run, we'll make sure the cops bury you, and there'll be nothing this sweet lady can do to save you, understand?" He didn't wait for an answer. "Good."

Bianca was twenty-six years old, two years removed from college, now managing the store where she'd worked since her junior year. A few years earlier, her childhood family-friend, Ariel Serra, also worked there with her. Life after graduation had not exactly gone according to plan. The decline of print fashion magazines, and the paltry wages that were paid to freelance photographers by their counterpart websites didn't help. She had to settle for good enough for the time being so the top position in her store wasn't the worst circumstance she could find herself in, but without a sense of fulfillment it was like time slowed to a crawl.

Bianca tried to spice things up a little with a new dye job, transforming her chocolate brown hair into a bold shade of red the last time her best friend Stephanie was in town for a visit, but it didn't do the trick. She was stuck in the same repetitive cycle with no end in sight. The bored young woman was actually sort of happy when the three young hooligans had done what they did, breaking up the monotony of her day, though at the same time she was incredibly furious at the toxic level of entitlement displayed by the three teens.

It was barely June, and already swaths of wild teenagers destroyed her store nearly every day. They never hung up anything where they found it, they tried on a hundred things they were

never going to purchase, and if anybody dared asked Bianca about the current hygiene of the dressing rooms, that's what they'd be talking about for the next twenty minutes. She'd seen these three around the mall, and had a rough idea of what they were about.

She'd heard about the loud, demanding one who behaved as though he owned the mall and was a pain to deal with every time on the rare occasion he actually made a purchase. Then there was the blonde idiot who'd hit on anything with breast and a pulse. He proved himself to be just that as he was actually dumb enough to try and chat up a girl while he was supposed to be peeping as though she'd actually take it well. The third however was a bit of an enigma. She'd just heard a few hours earlier, chatting in the corridors with a few of the other managers, about the lanky kid who pretended to steal a t-shirt for some inexplicable reason. He also wasn't in the dressing room with the other two little perverts, but wherever the other two went, he was there, so he couldn't be completely innocent.

Just a few years prior, her friend Ariel went by the name Ari, and Ari was another young sex-criminal in training. When she found out Ari was selling not only pictures of her, but also dozens of other girls around campus in the privacy of the girls' locker room, she was distraught. She was furious, and wanted him punished, but didn't want to throw a hand grenade into the relationship between her parents, and their best friends, Ari's. Fortunately Stephanie had a different punishment in mind, one she knew Ariel definitely learned a lot from. By the time they were done with him, he was basically a different person. It seemed like she was going to have to teach that lesson again, but fortunately for her, and unfortunately for the boys, she didn't have much else going on, and she needed a project anyway.

"So you just heard the cops haven't been called yet, but I can and will do so if I must. That's up to you." Bianca had done this a dozen times before. There was always some creepy old man trying to take a peak at a poor girl, usually old enough to be his granddaughter. The police would come, the man would be charged with a meager misdemeanor, which came with at most a year in jail. It was a punishment she believed fell short of what true justice demanded, but usually just a thousand dollar fine, hardly impacting the perpetrator beyond the inconvenience. This knowledge frustrated her to no end, but with it, she knew she'd have to inflate the crime if she was to have her way with the hoodlums now at her mercy.

Bianca pulled the identification from the boy's wallets. "You three ought to be glad that I talked that girl's mother into not pressing charges. She was a minor after all." She paused after adjusting the truth, her steel blue eyes taking the three teens in. "From what I see here, you three are all freshly eighteen. That makes your little adventure a felony. A third degree felony to be specific. I'm not a betting woman, but I'd guess that none of you want to spend your freshman year of college in the state penitentiary."

The normally relaxed boy was feeling more than a little nervous after being corralled in the cramped room. "We're actually still in high school." Emer explained, eliciting a kick to the shin from Song.

"I see." Bianca said with a smirk as she continued to work out the details of her plan. "Then I'd say you're doubly screwed.' She gave a small shrug of her shoulders, like it was no big deal to her. "I doubt your school is going to be too keen on letting three registered sex offenders return to finish and graduate after five years locked away. It isn't all bad news though." She paused for a bit of dramatic effect, wanting to raise their hopes just a little before taking them away. They'd need desperation to accept her lifeline. "Five years is a long time, but with good behavior I'm sure you will get out in two...two and a half, tops. If that doesn't sound like good news to you then you might want to consider what even a year behind bars would be like."

While she spoke, each boy behaved far differently from their companions. Emmanuel sat quietly, hearing every word, but his mind was off somewhere else as his thoughts turned to his parents, and that dark day years ago. Emer kept fidgeting, wetting his lips every few seconds, his mind not able to stay on one subject for long. In the blonde boy's mind his father was looking at him with disappointment, and then worse, his step mom with a look of pity and disgust. He had seen prisons before, at least on tv shows, and it terrified the boy. Meanwhile Song sat there in the uncomfortable chair with a smug grin on his face while he calmly held the gaze of the woman. The topic bored him and had already been dismissed as far as he was concerned. In the past he smoothed things over with the rent-a-cops using his bank account, and if it cost a little more money, he would end up getting his parents involved. That was unfortunate for the random white lady, and if she really pushed matters, well that was why his family had a lawyer on retainer.

Trying to stay in the present and not think about the fun she was going to have, Bianca shifted her weight before continuing with the real push. "The good news is, I managed to convince her you three could be redeemed given the right instruction. As such, she'd left it to me to see to your punishment. It's your choice though. You can either take your chances with the police, or you can all agree to spend the rest of the summer going through my little training exercise. It's got to be all three of you though. I'll give you a minute to discuss it amongst yourselves." She sat on the edge of her desk and crossed her legs confidently while she waited for the youths to play right into her hands.

"You can't pin shit on me." Song said calmly, just about done with this bitch. "Call the cops, call the national guard, or the army, or whoever. Why not call Old Navy while you are at it, I don't give a shit. My family has the best lawyers in town. You fuck with me, and I'll sue this shitty little shop out of existence." In reality he was scared of how his mother would react, but still he was her precious baby. She wouldn't let him go to jail.

"I don't know about that." Bianca replied, grinning wickedly. The flippant attitude irked her, but she wasn't done playing her cards. Flipping the monitor on her computer around, showing the boys the security feed, a ten second loop of Emer getting slapped in the face while Song stood there laughing.



Eyes going wide, Emer peered over Song to his taller friend before looking back to the woman who held his fate in her hands. “Woah, I’m not like Manny! I wouldn’t survive one minute in jail. I’m too handsome!” Emer was so scared his knees were literally knocking together. It was to the point that both Song, and Emmanuel could hardly believe what they were seeing. The usually easygoing do-nothing was far from his typically unflappable self. “I’m not the convict type. My dad is gonna kill me! Let me do a uhh-a plea deal thing.”

“This isn’t Law and Order, and she’s not a cop, you nitwit!” Song snapped, his calm voice gone, unable to keep his composure any longer. Between the situation, and the dumb blonde’s antics, his face flushed red with rage.

"Bro, you said your parents have a good lawyer. It'll be fine for you!" Emer then looked back up at Bianca like a lost puppy. "It was all Song's idea." He nodded several times rapidly like he was agreeing with his own statement.

"Not cool, **bro!**" Song made a point to emphasize Emer's favorite word as he spit it back at him. "And how many times do I have to tell you!? It's Jae! Call me fucking Jae!"

This outburst was enough to rouse Bianca from her seat. She stood and placed her hand between the two frantic teens' faces, all five red fingertips splayed open. "That's enough of that, now. Calm down. Also, you can go ahead and forget about that whole Jae thing. It doesn't suit my purposes. I need an answer, you three. If you agree to my terms then please stand up and wait by the wall over there." She then turned her attention to Emmanuel, who'd been sitting quietly with his head in his hands. "What about you, stringbean? Does this sound like a good deal to you?"

Throughout all the commotion, Emmanuel hadn't said a word. He sat frozen, thinking of the day his father went to Jail, and the chaos it reigned down on his mom. As he lay in his bed that night, not having yet processed the whole situation, he heard his mother out in the living room crying to herself all the way up until he finally managed to fall asleep. At the same time this scene played over and over again in his mind, he had to listen to Emer slandering him, and Song refusing to take things seriously. The troubled youth knew he couldn't hurt his mother like that, and continue to live with himself. She'd be left alone in that empty apartment, and who knew what would become of her. "Ok, I'm in." He stood up and found a spot against the wall.

"Are you kidding me?" Song practically hissed, he was so pissed. He couldn't believe the brute had the gall to defy him, especially when so much was on the line.

"Just shut up, Song. For once in your life shut up." Emmanuel was deathly calm, his words cutting into the Asian boy despite their low volume, showing just how serious his words were. "I do shit I don't want to do all the time for you, but I can't go to jail."

Without having to be asked, Emer jumped up, and found a spot right beside Manny. To him the deal was a no-brainer. Anything was better than prison.

Ecstatic with how easily everything seemed to be falling into place, Bianca turned her attention back to the most vocal detractor. "Looks like it's up to you...Song."

The boy of Korean descent crossed his arms defiantly, and turned his pert little nose up to the ceiling. Trying to regain control of his emotions after the outburst, Song scrunched his face. His focus allowed his normal smug grin to return as he thought about his family's lawyer suing her and the store for false imprisonment. His devious mind was already formulating a plan. He'd just say he thought he was in the boys dressing room. The help might have momentarily moved against their leader, something they would regret later, but he knew before anything went to court that he'd have them back in line.

"C'mon, dude!" Emer pleaded with his friend. "Just like...be cool!"

Emmanuel stepped forward, and leaned down to meet the stubborn boy's uncaring gaze, standing much closer than he knew Song was comfortable with. "Do you really think you could weather the storm with the police once they find out about what you were selling all last year at school?"

"You wouldn't!?" Song's soft voice sounded hoarse. He was so angry that tears started forming in the corners of his eyes. One look at Emmanuel's expression told him that he would, completely ruining his schemes to take the woman down a peg or two.

"Oh, the plot thickens." Bianca mused while she tapped her fingers together giddily like a cartoon villain as she watched the soap opera unfolding before her.

Song searched the faces of everyone else, trying to find a weakness to attack, or an exploit to take advantage of, but for once he couldn't even dream of a way out of this. Finally relenting, he looked Bianca in the eye, and said, "Fine, we'll take the deal." He stormed over and stood with the other two boys, refusing to so much as even glance at anyone else while he stewed in his little pity party. With a hateful thousand yard stare locked to the corner of the room, he asked, "What did you have in mind?"

Bianca had done nothing to hide her glee throughout the culprit's deliberations, and once she knew they were in her clutches, her countenance was beaming with joy. It appeared she'd have an exciting few months to look forward to.

"Well..." She clapped her hands together one time to accentuate her point. "...since you like to peep in on girls so much, I've decided to help you discover what you've been missing. You poor things. After all, why else would you do that? You must want to explore your feminine sides. I mean, if that wasn't the case then you'd have to just be plain ole perverts, and perverts get the cops called, wouldn't you agree?"

"Huh? Pervert jail?"

Song's thousand yard stare was interrupted when he glared at his moronic companion. 'Of course Emer is befuddled.' Song thought, admitting to himself that he was too, but he wasn't about to let anyone know that. Instead he maintained a stern face, making sure everyone was aware of just how unhappy he was.

Bianca explained, "You want to know what it's like for girls, so you're going to be girls. I'm going to help you with your shopping while you enjoy being pampered, getting makeovers at Rim Beauty. It's a cute little boutique salon in the mall, very upscale. Now, say thank you." she said, not connecting the store's name with Song's surname.

"Absolutely not!" Song reacted like she'd just suggested he go swimming in a portable toilet.

"Dude, calm down." Emer said. He might not have been the sharpest tool in the shed, but he was smart enough to know Bianca was serious. "You wear a dress. You wear some makeup. What's the big deal? I'd rather do that than go to jail. Quit being a jerk and don't ruin this for us. If the three of us have to be girls then we're gonna be girls."

"Let me correct you, there" Bianca said, cutting him off. She pointed to Emmanuel and said, "That one isn't getting off scot free, but he's off the hook for this part of our deal. He wasn't in the dressing room, and didn't assault a naked minor, ergo he gets a more lenient sentence. He's only an accessory. It's just you two, but he'll still go to jail, the same as you, if you don't agree. So what's it going to be, Song? You do want to find out what life is like for a girl, don't you? That's the last time I'm going to ask that question. I'm going to need to hear an answer in five...four...three...t-"

"Okay, fine." Song fumed.

"That's not what I asked for. When someone offers to help you with something it's only ladylike to thank them. What do we say, girls?"

"Thanks." Song mumbled.

"Huh?" Emer was eager to please, but befuddled, like a dog in training desperately trying to figure out which trick earned the treat. "Oh, Thank you!" He sounded like the kids in R.O.T.C.

With an exaggerated frown she playfully chastised her new reluctant proteges. "We're going to have to try again. Try to act like the young ladies you are this time. Clearly, and sweetly. Be specific, and gracious. Now say, thank you for teaching us to be young ladies, Miss Bianca."

Song briefly thought about snapping again, but a stern glare from his tormentor told him she meant business. The two boys meekly said in almost perfect unison, "Thank you for teaching us to be young ladies, Miss Bianca."

"Excellent, girls! Shall we get going? If you're good, you'll get your phones back before it's time to go home."

For the first time since she'd watched Ariel get proposed to by her ex-boyfriend, and that ring was slipped on her finger, Bianca was thrilled. She was already formulating the kind of girls her new toys were going to be. The blonde was well past halfway to bimbo already, really just needing a pretty coat of paint and big enough hair to make up for what she lacked in brains. The little Korean girl served resting bitch face like it was her job, so perhaps she could be the hot and cold temptress type. The possibilities were endless.

"Come along, Emmanuel. I'm going to need your help picking out some things for your little girlfriends." She sized up the quiet youth one more time. All the evidence said that he wasn't the same kind of ignorant, selfish asshole as his friends. As best she could tell by the state of his pants, shoes, and the shirt that he 'stole', he probably only hung out with them because Song's money was a means to an end. Still, she thought if you profited from the devil you were culpable. He'd have to play his part in Bianca's new little game, but if he did as he was told, he was probably going to enjoy himself. It could even be good for him. She'd start by giving him a job, and some new clothes. Bianca told herself all this, but truthfully it boiled down to one simple desire. She was going to enjoy having two new Barbies to play with, but this time she also really wanted a Ken doll.

Chapter 4

"Hi there!" Bianca said, chipper as a chipmunk, her dimples on full display as she smiled brightly. She strode into the salon, Rim Beauty with the prisoners of blackmail in tow. The situation Emer found himself in didn't stop him from appreciating the view as he and his friends followed. "I've made appointments for Song, and Emery. We're a little early, but I wanted to make sure they were here when you were ready for them."

"You're kidding." the receptionist said in disbelief. She peered past the redhead to see the two standing behind, beet red in their embarrassment.

Bianca was puzzled. "I thought you frequently served the transgender community. That's what the reviews led me to believe. Was I mistaken?"

"Oh, no no no." the girl replied. "Please don't misunderstand. I just mean...nevermind. So you're here for a spa day topped off with our makeover package, right?"

The question left hanging in the air, Song looked to Bianca with pleading eyes. The stern expression he got in return told him it was best to just comply, or he'd probably end up regretting it. "Yes." he answered through clenched teeth.

"Okay then, come along...*girls*." She giggled to herself as she walked to the back leading her boss' son, and his idiot friend who, for whatever reason, seemed more curious about the decidedly foreign experience of a ladies' salon than concerned over what exactly a boy like him was doing there.

The girl thought back to just a few days earlier when these same two particular young men were waiting in the lobby. The one thing Bianca hadn't realized when she booked the appointment, that the salon, a high end establishment catering to the cream of the crop in southern California, was owned and operated by Grace Rim, Song's mother. Song regularly turned up to the shop in search of his mother when he needed cash, or a ride home, or anything else the selfish boy wasn't willing to try to do for himself.

His most recent visit ended with the entitled youth accidentally knocking the receptionist coffee onto the floor, shattering the mug, only to laugh at the mess and then walk right out without so much as an “I’m sorry” let alone an offer to help clean up. The dumb one with him had his nose buried in some game on his phone, seemingly unaware of anything that didn’t directly affect him. The young girl had no idea why she was now bringing the brats to start a full round of beauty treatments, but she wasn’t one to look a gift horse in the mouth.

“Eun, your two o’clock is here.” the receptionist said, knocking on the door to the private room.”

“Do come in ladi...what the fuck?” Eun’s customer service voice gave way to her typical over-it demeanor. “What is this shit?”

“I have no idea.” the girl answered with a laugh and a shrug “Some white lady came in here, and said she booked this appointment for them. For some reason they’re just going along with it. They looked scared of her.”

Emer may have been distracted by the dozens of little pots, and all the tools splayed out on the many tables, but Song was very aware of the two workers talking about him like he wasn’t there, when they should have had more reverence. He’s the boss’ son after all.

“Can you bitches not pretend I’m not standing right here?” Song spat. “Let’s just get this over with.”

“You know what? No.” Eun said bluntly, holding her hand in Song’s face. “I don’t have to deal with customer abuse. Your mother has made that very clear. If you’re rude to that extreme, you can just get out.” The bob-haired Korean woman in the brown scrubs opened the door, and stepped back out into the hallway where she could see Bianca gabbing away with another staffer, while Emmanuel sat awkwardly in one of the waiting room chairs staring at his feet. Eun didn’t know the specifics but she was smart enough to know that the spoiled child she’d had to suffer on far too many occasions must have finally screwed up in a way he couldn’t just laugh off. “Looks like that woman is still out here. You both can go explain to her why you’re taking your business elsewhere.”

“No, no, no! Emer shouted, his self-preservation instinct kicking in and pulling his attention back to the present. “He’s just joking. Right, Song?” his pleading gaze darting back and forth between the aesthetician, and his friend who he was only just now beginning to understand never knew when to shut his mouth. **“Right, Song?”**

Song first crossed his arms defiantly, and pouted, but a second glance at Eun’s face told him she meant business. “Okay, fine...” He drew out the word. “ I’ll be nice.”

"No, I don't believe you." Eun said, not an ounce of sympathy to be found, positive she could hear the air quotes around the word nice when he spoke. "If you meant it, you'd ask nicely. Say, please Miss Park, won't you please make me pretty?"

"I'm not gonna do that, Eun." Song replied, the idea of acquiescing to someone he thought so far beneath him was impossible.

Coldly, the scornful woman said, "No, you don't deserve to call me by my first name. Call Me Miss Park. Try again."

He was shocked when Emer, a guy who only ever pushed back with the strength of a field mouse, swatted him in the arm nearly hard enough to leave a bruise. "Okay, fine." He huffed. "Please, Miss Park, won't you please make me pretty?"

Eun stepped back through the threshold triumphantly, while the receptionist left, eyebrows raised at the surreal display she'd just witnessed, closing the door behind her.

"Okay girls, strip. I'm betting you two haven't been keeping up with your grooming, so this is going to take a minute.

"I'm not getting naked in front of you!" Song shouted, while Emer had already removed his shoes and shirt. Without a word, Eun took a single step to the door prompting Song to quickly comply. He clumsily struggled with his shoelaces begging, "I'm sorry, uhh...Miss Eun. I uh...don't know what came over me." Try as he might, his scowl told the esthetician how he really felt, but she enjoyed watching him squirm to conform to the servile behavior she expected. Fortunately for the angry teen, that was good enough for her.

With a calculated glint in her eye, Eun chose Emer first. The cruel intention was clear: to let Song witness the torment to come, amplifying the anticipation and prolonging his suffering. It was a twisted game of psychological torture, designed to savor every moment of Song's impending agony.

Emer sat upright on a little stool with a small towel covering his crotch. Song stood off to the side, holding a similar sized towel around his waist, it barely covering his privates, while he watched on, horrified. Emer's body hair was also blonde, though a few shades darker than the strands on his head. While he was still growing hair in new places it was surprisingly sparse across his body, only densely packed in a few select areas, his chest, thighs, and the small of his lithe back.

First, Eun slathered a warm layer of wax across Emer's chest, then she spread a strip of cloth along the length of the application, before waiting for it to suitably cool. Emer actually found this pleasant, the warm sensation luring him into a false sense of security. That didn't last long, however. As soon as it was ready, without any warning, Eun ripped the strip from his chest against the direction of his follicles.



Eun couldn't believe it. She knew men couldn't handle a little thing like waxing without revealing themselves as the frail little creatures they are, but this one was actually crying. All she did was pull out a little hair, and here he was, tears streaming down his cheeks. She actually took pity on the poor boy, and quickly followed up with two more strips of wax, and using the old ripping of the bandaid mentality, pulled them as soon as they were dry. The process repeated on his back, though Emer was grateful it only required two applications. By the time she started on his legs his endorphins were working in full force, the process no longer really bothering him beyond the initial sting.

Emer's lack of reaction towards the end did nothing to assuage Song's worries. He was shivering, partially from the cool air-conditioned room, but also from the terror he felt, being that vulnerable to a person he knew despised him. Emer did squeal a little with each armpit but after the thick application of a soothing lotion, he relaxed and counted his lucky stars the torture session was finally over.

It wasn't the first time Song had seen this procedure being done, but it was the first time he had seen a male sit for it. Emer was a nitwit, but his reactions could be trusted more than his opinions. The cries of pain and tears falling from the blonde's face had him feeling a sense of dread. That combined with the freezing cold air in the room, made the entire experience feel like both physical and psychological torture.

Once it was Song's turn, Eun could hardly wait to get started, but once she had him under the lamp, much to her displeasure she could see there wasn't nearly as much work to be done as there was for his airhead friend. With only a little bit of fuzz down his scrawny legs, it was hardly an effort for the depilation expert. That didn't stop Song from grumbling, "Bitch" louder than he intended. As soon as the word escaped his lips, he knew he'd screwed the pooch.

Eun had known Song for almost the entire time she'd lived in the U.S. She came over on a student visa, excited to spend time in a foreign country. For a while, she was doing okay, making friends, and putting down roots, in spite of her plan to return home once school was over. During her sophomore year, Eun came down with a terrible case of mono, and was trapped in bed for months, wishing she'd at least caught it from kissing a hot guy. Anything was better than the shame of your kinkiest recent activity being sharing a soda with your dorm-mate.

Because of the absence, Eun was forced to drop all of her classes, and sit out the rest of the semester. Unfortunately for her, the board in charge of her scholarship was less understanding than the university and they promptly rescinded her funding. It didn't take long for the federal government to get wind that she was forced to drop out, and soon after she received a letter notifying her she had forty days to leave the country, a place she'd called home so long, her accent was hardly noticeable anymore.

Having built many relationships, and with no desire to return to a home that always felt empty despite her parent's presence, Eun spent a lot of time in the library trying to find a way to stay without being forced into under-the-table jobs that didn't pay what she was worth, while hiding

her presence from any official databases. She discovered that she could be sponsored for a work visa by an employer, and after asking around, found out about Rim beauty, meeting with Grace herself to discuss employment.

Grace was impressed by the young woman's work ethic, and felt an amount of sympathy for her story, but she couldn't risk going to bat for someone she didn't know. She did however offer her a job where she could earn a fair wage, sweeping up the shop, and answering phones, all so she could have the opportunity to prove herself. Eun gratefully accepted the position, and arranged to stay with friends while she got her life sorted so she didn't have to risk putting her signature on a lease.

It was an anxious year for the poor girl, constantly looking over her shoulder for I.C.E. and trying occupy as little space as possible in her friends' homes, hoping not to wear out her welcome too quickly. The effort paid off when Grace decided Eun had not only met, but exceeded her expectations, offering her a permanent position as the shop's newest Esthetician. Of course Eun gleefully accepted. Grace paid for her enrollment at a local beauty college where she quickly picked up the skills she'd need to succeed in her new career. With a new visa application sent off, containing both the signature, and glowing recommendation of Grace Rim, it was only a matter of time until Eun could finally live out a peaceful existence. If she stayed with Rim beauty long enough, she'd even be able to apply for citizenship in a few years.

That weight off of her shoulders, Eun's defenses were down for once when her boss' son, who happened to be in the shop that afternoon, asked her out on a date. Through the grapevine she'd heard about his recent eighteenth birthday, and also what a giant prick he was, but at that moment he didn't seem so bad. Sure, he was a couple of years younger than her, but he was cute, and at least through her rose colored glasses, and he was charming enough. At least from what Grace had shared she knew this would be, as he introduced himself, Jae's first date, so why not give him a chance.

Excited to go out for the first time in almost a year, Eun accompanied Song on a night out to the movies. At first things seemed okay, and she didn't really mind when he draped his arm around her. When he leaned in closer, and started breathing heavily into her ear, his arm around her neck, was when she realized a boundary needed to be set.

"Let's slow down a little, Jae." she suggested, leaning as far away as she could get from the boy without getting up from her seat.

The would-be casanova grinned, and said, "You know, my mom was telling me about your situation the other day, while she was filling out those forms you needed. You must be pretty antsy right now. I mean, if the wrong person called the I.N.S. you might get deported before your hearing."

He didn't use so many words, but Eun knew a threat when she heard one. Feeling like she lived on the darkest timeline, she couldn't think of a way to be rid of the little pervert without blowing

up everything she'd been working towards. She was pissed but she let him kiss her sloppily all over her body, and he even seized an opportunity to cop a feel when it presented itself. One makeout session with a guy who kissed like he'd only ever seen it demonstrated in porn was worth his silence, but she knew that if the opportunity ever presented itself, she'd get her revenge.

Now, her slate was clear, she had that boy in her chair, and she was certain he hadn't suffered nearly enough yet. "That was hardly any work for me at all, **Song**," she said after tearing the last little remnant of hair from her former blackmailer's underarms, making sure to put the right amount of emphasis on that name she knew he just hated. "You know what? I don't want you to feel ripped off, Miss Song, so I'm going to throw in an extra service, on the house."

Eun snatched the towel from Song's lap, exposing his little pecker for both her and Emer to see. Looking down between his legs she gave the naked teen a sly grin as he moved his hands to cover himself.

"It's cold in here!" Song said, positive he knew what the girl he once dated was thinking.

The grin still on her face, she tapped the smooth flesh of his thigh. "I didn't say a thing." Eun's voice had a playful tone to it. She was having one of her best days at work in a very long time. "Move your hands, little Song, I have work to do and you need me to make you pretty." She dove right in with the wax the second he moved his hands away from his crotch, thoroughly coating the little black patch of pubic hair, giving the panicked boy no time to react. Once the strips were all put in place, and the substance started to cool, Song knew just how screwed he was. There was only one way those things were coming off, and there wasn't anything he could do to prevent it. All he could do was brace himself for the excruciating pain that came with a full brazilian wax.

After the process was done, Song was through the worst, now left with only a strong burning sensation, and a little blood dripping from a few follicles, but his psyche had taken a firm beating. He muttered "bitch" under his breath again, but sounded out as only a pathetic whimper that fortunately for him, Eun didn't notice this time. The two freshly denuded boys were covered in a thick application of a soothing lotion. Nude as the day he was born, and just as smooth, Song winced when Eun offered him a little pink silk robe. Once he and Emer had donned the flimsy piece of cloth that barely covered their butt cheeks, the last little punishment Eun could inflict was an eyebrow wax shaping the two's into perfectly sculpted arches precisely to suit each of the denuded youth's unique face shapes. Satisfied with her work, the esthetician pulled them out into the hallway, and turned them over to the ladies in the spa.

Once she was alone again, she collected the boys' clothes from the floor, and stuffed them in a garbage bag, before dumping it into the chute that led to the dumpster down in the basement incinerator. "They won't be needing these," she thought to herself, laughing maniacally, glad to have finally gotten an ounce of revenge against the little asshole who'd done her wrong.

While Song and Emer were left in the hands of the salon's staff, Bianca was off at a department store with Emmanuel in tow. She would love to do all the shopping in her own store, as it wasn't her money she was spending. Purchasing two entire wardrobes worth of clothes would make her numbers look fantastic to corporate. While Bianca could get a lot at The Hanger, she couldn't get everything. Thinking about it to herself, she shrugged at the thought, a playful grin firmly in place. 'Besides, wandering around shopping in the mall like this is fun!' Gliding her fingers across a rack full of garments, her eyes scanning the sizes and comparing them to the mental image of her new dolls before turning her attention to the one standing with her. "So tell me, Emmanuel," Bianca was flipping through the racks, trying to decide which style best suited her new toys. "What kind of girls do you like? What's your type?"

"Umm..." The quiet boy wasn't sure how to answer, feeling like it might be a trap.

"There are no wrong answers, hon." Bianca explained. "Like, what kind of girls do you think are pretty?"

"Oh well..." Emmanuel pondered the question. He'd always heard about a so-called type some people would say drew their attentions, but he'd never really pondered his. If he thought a girl was hot, then she was hot. Still, he didn't think that would satisfy Bianca so he tried to come up with something. "I guess I like girls who dress real nice. Like, fancy makeup and stuff. You know, like, classy."

"Oh, so you like fancy girls then. I'm surprised, Emmanuel. I guess I pictured you into more...carefree girls."

"Oh, I do like carefree girls." Emmanuel said, praying this response would be to the fashionista's liking. He took a moment to look at the clothing she was wearing. White tight jeans, some sort of white top that showed plenty of her impressive cleavage that was hard to ignore with his hormonal brain, a pink blazer with its sleeves partially rolled up, and a pair of pink pointed-toe heels. "I like when they're like, real feminine, and uh...soft and stuff." He considered saying he liked girls dressed like her, but didn't think telling the girl... the woman that was punishing him, and holding the threat of jail over his head, that she was pretty would have been a good idea.

Bianca couldn't help but snicker to herself. "That's very specific, Emmanuel. Don't worry, I think you've given me plenty to work with."

"Umm...Okay..."

"You've never been on a date before?" Her expression betrayed a little concern for the boy once she realized his genuine ignorance.

"...no..." The lanky youth seemed genuinely embarrassed as his cheeks burned red when he answered. She couldn't believe her first impression of the boy had been so wrong, especially when she was spot on about the other two.

Bianca offered a pleasant smile, and said “Well, don’t you worry about a thing. By the time I’m done with you, you’ll be an old pro.”

‘Old pro at what? Dating?’ Like most of the time he kept his thoughts to himself.

After an hour spent in nearly every store up and down the concourse, Emmanuel’s arms were loaded with a dozen shopping bags as he followed Bianca back to The Hanger. The store was on the first floor and above it was the food court, so as they got closer Emmanuel could smell the food, his stomach rumbling in response. There was money in his wallet courtesy of Song, when the wealthy boy had paid him off earlier and now it felt like it was burning a hole in his pocket. The desire to go order the number seven at the badly named Chinese restaurant, Big Wong, was strong. The problem was that he didn’t have his wallet on him. It was sitting on Miss Russo’s desk. ‘It will be fine, I’ll eat when I get home. I think there was some balogna left in the fridge.’

Upon their return, Bianca had the boy drop the bags off in the back while she checked on her employees. One was wearing a loose tie with his work polo, a fashion statement. One he said he wore ironically. That part didn’t matter much, but it did help her decide to give her new charge his own makeover. Hopefully that would boost his confidence, if only just a little.

Chapter 5

It being the two boys’ first time in a spa, they had a picture in their mind probably picked up from movies. An image of two girls sitting in a tub, soaking in warm fragranced water, wearing mud masks while they sipped on cucumber water to match the slices over their eyes. Instead what they discovered was between the exfoliating scrubs, and excessively thorough rinses, a spa day had more in common with refinishing old furniture than any beauty ritual they pictured. Once finished, Emer no longer carried an ounce of the lingering body odor he neglected to thoroughly scrub away as often as he should, and Song was smooth as a baby’s bottom, smelling far more like cherry blossoms than the tacky aftershave he never actually needed to use.

Holding up one arm, Emer sniffed his now smooth armpit, breathing in the peaches and cream scent that seemed to cling to him. ‘I smell like food.’ he thought before leaning closer to his friend and taking in a whiff. “Song... I mean Jae... err. Song? You smell good, but I think I smell better. What do you think?” the blonde asked, pointing his elbow to the ceiling once more so that his friend could get a sniff, not considering the fact that his entire person smelled of the body butter used on him.

“Just stop it.” Song said in a small voice as he pulled away, not wanting to smell anybody’s armpit no matter the odor. He really didn’t want to deal with Emer right now, but he was stuck with the situation and the nitwit.

Once the two women performing all their spa treatments finished, they wrapped the boys in a fluffy bath towel over their chest in a manner befitting the two young ladies the trapped boys were quickly becoming. Song searched around for a minute, hoping to find his garb but they were long gone. 'I know my clothes were over here.' He thought to himself, a sinking feeling taking hold that had little to do with the only a bath towel between his body and the world, and more about his dashed hopes of escape. He was planning to make a run for it once dressed again. His mother wasn't coming into the store today, at least not this location, so he'd have to find another way home without his phone or wallet. His plans for freedom no longer seemed viable, especially without both Emer and Brooks. They would drag him down with them.

When the disgruntled teen found Eun sitting by her station, thumbing through a magazine, Song asked if she'd seen the garments, which only got a maniacal laugh in response. The feeling of dread grew worse. He couldn't actually get away safely, not without getting into the bitch's office to get their stuff, but just having the option was somehow giving him hope and now... that was gone.

The petite South Korean girl peered up from her magazine, fully expecting another rage-filled tirade from the spoiled brat. Instead, she saw the boy was clearly angry, though in a far more pathetic state. He looked like he was about to cry his little heart out. Eun almost felt sorry for him before she remembered the little terror was getting everything he deserved. She handed him another cover-up, said "Smile, sweetie," then slammed the door in his face.

Meanwhile, unprompted, Emer had already slipped on his little pink robe, and was out on the salon floor asking, "What's next?"

It wasn't long before the two scantily clad youths were wrapped in capes, and sat down for the stylists.

Emer didn't often brush his hair, nor wash it for that matter. He'd let it slide until his boyish good looks could not compensate for his greasy mop. His stylist was almost offended, having to work on the neglected locks. First things first, she had to wash his hair, scrubbing out a week's worth of dandruff, and grime. Emer certainly didn't mind, thoroughly enjoying the attention.

What he did mind was the boner he popped when the woman rinsed his hair, and then started the whole process for a second time. Suddenly extremely aware of the flimsy piece of fabric between his penis and the rest of the salon, the frustrated boy crossed his legs at the knee like he'd seen girls do, where he crushed the soldier standing in attention between his thighs. The boy was desperate for it to shrink before he'd be forced to stand again. He began to relax, once his hair was rinsed a second time, but as he was about to rise, he learned of a little thing called conditioner the stylist began working through the ends. It was the first time in his life he could remember being angry with Little Emer.

Fortunately for the blonde himbo, save the professional reluctantly salvaging the mess he called his hair, everyone else in the facility was enthralled by the sight of the boss' asshole son asking,

angrily asking, but asking for a girl's haircut. A few employees were nervous about what might happen should Grace find out, but the vast majority couldn't contain themselves. The debate as to what style would suit him best gleefully raged between the women. Some were in favor of a cartoonishly feminine spiral perm. Others, more reasonably fearful of Grace's response, decided it'd be best not to clown the boy out, and instead go with a style more suited to his soft delicate features. The best revenge they could imagine was making it so no one in their right mind would ever mistake this adorable creature for a boy.

"Would you just fucking pick already?" Song said, loud enough for only a few to notice, but they disregarded him, and returned to their gabbing. It was hard to take the boy seriously when they knew that white lady had him over a barrel, and also that he had no choice but to wait for her to show up with something for him to wear. He scowled at the women through the mirror, but no one paid him any mind. Settling on his new look, his stylist took him over to the wash basin where Emer was finishing up.

Still a little chubby, Emer stood from the reclined chair, and hoped there was enough materiel in the cape to successfully mask his little indecency. Back in the seat, the stylist went to work with her sheers, snipping away half an inch right off the bottom to deal with the countless split ends. Afterwards the cuts grew more precise as she snipped away all around the length, paying special attention while trimming vertically into the hairs she'd combed down in front of his eyes, till he could once again see.

The entire time she was doing this Emer found himself fascinated by what was going on in the mirror. The only reason his hair was so long was because he never thought much about it. He'd let it grow until living with it became so frustrating he couldn't be bothered anymore, and he'd chop it all off, usually a buzz cut, before starting all over again. It was a process that required the precision of a sledgehammer. This was the moment he learned just how much of an art the craft was, gaining a new appreciation for the pretty hair he liked to see on a pretty girl.

Once Song was finished in the wash basin, he was brought back to his stylist chair where in the mirror he caught sight of his dripping wet self, realizing just how pathetic he was in that moment. His face and neck burned crimson with shame. When two of the workers noticed and couldn't contain their laughter, he shot them the meanest glare he could muster, but strangely kept his mouth shut for probably the first time in years.

It was decided a short bob would suit his face shape, so the stylist started clipping away, taking extra special care with the layers forming the shape that would frame his cherubic face. While she worked away, Song caught sight of Emer in a mirror off to his side, and if he didn't know better, he'd have thought Emer was asking questions while he inquisitively watched the professional roll his hair up in a few dozen curlers.

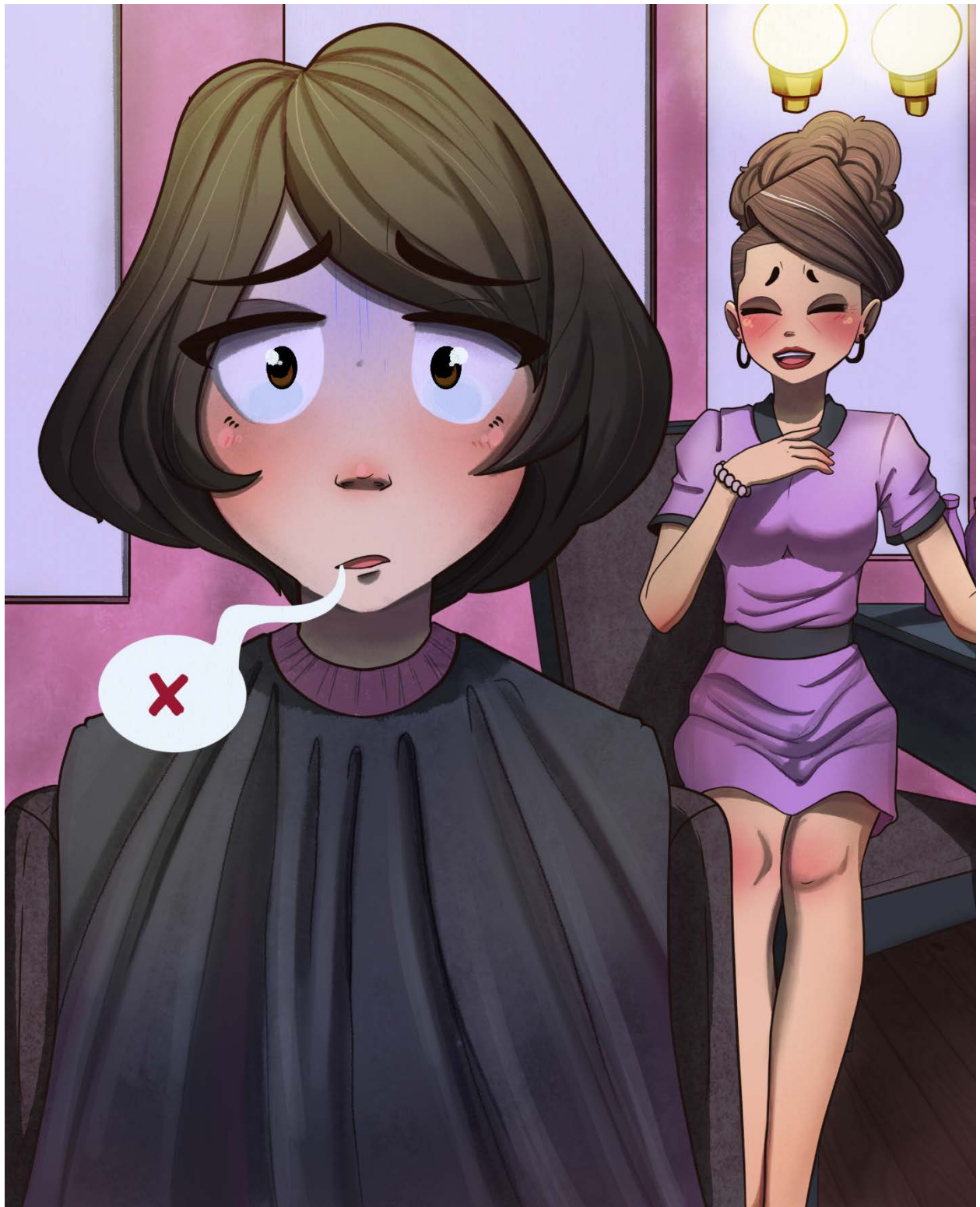
The blonde was curious about the process, and seemed to have no shame about asking questions. However, he was ashamed when for the third time Little Emer started to stir, just

before he was whisked away to sit under a whirring dryer where he dreamed of the thorough fapping he'd partake in when he was finally allowed to go home.

Around when Emer was finished under the dryer, Song was experiencing the new sensation of a person running a flat iron through his hair, twisting it at precise times to shape the ends, with little regard for the tenderness of his scalp. Satisfied with her work, she stepped aside to give Song a look at his brand new hairdo. Even without a hint of makeup, his shaped eyebrows, and the soft side-parted bangs that swept gently across his forehead went miles towards presenting a quite girlish picture. When Song saw one of the older stylists laughing at him for staring slack-jawed at his own reflection like he'd just seen a ghost in the mirror, his voice failed him. He couldn't even bring himself to scowl at her. For the first time in a long time he felt completely vulnerable. It was only now beginning to dawn on the brat just how screwed he really was. Cheeks burning, he only then realized his stylist was going over the ins and outs of maintaining his new look.

"...and you really need to make sure you dry the bangs in place after you shower, otherwise they'll never listen until you wash your hair again, but otherwise you can let the rest air-dry sometimes for some nice natural waves, though you seem more the sleek type. A flat iron every morning rolled under at the bottom, and you're golden. That's why I think this is such a good style for the girl on the go. It'll be next to impossible for that cut to look anything like boy's hair, and you'll hardly have to try."

At first Song's stylist was laughing with the others at the feminized boy's predicament. It was after they decided on a style that she remembered the reason the little prick was such a terror was because he was the owner's son, thus his mother would be going over her efforts with a fine-toothed comb. The seasoned professional made sure that, at the very least, the little shit's hair would be stylish and feminine in spite of anything he did or didn't do to keep it up.



In The Hanger, Bianca made a few more purchases for the new girls, swiping the little metal card she found in Song's wallet for the tenth time that day. She'd seen the type of folks with that same card coming into the store, so she could infer Song was another entitled rich kid with more money than brains. Not that he was stupid but the idea of un-skirtable consequences he couldn't comprehend. Whether he liked it or not, the fed-up store manager was going to give him a crash course.

After boxing up all the new purchases, she was finally able to focus on Emmanuel for a little while. One would have thought from the look of him that Emmanuel was just another grimey street kid. Everything he owned had at minimum half a dozen holes throughout, but he was actually pretty ritualistic. Bianca was surprised to discover he smelled strongly of Irish Spring bar soap, and a dollar store bottle of Head N' Shoulders shampoo. The boy might not have had the nicest things, but he clearly cared about his hygiene. It wouldn't be too hard for her to turn him into a stylish young man, ready to conquer the world. All he needed was a new coat of paint.

Armed with a tape measure, a notepad, and a pencil, Bianca set to task sizing the lanky teen. She was surprised to find he wasn't nearly as large as she was expecting. Something about Emmanuel's grizzled expression, and the way he carried himself gave off the impression of a muscular brute, but her tape measure was telling Bianca that he was actually quite lean, possessing a smaller frame than many of his peers. Her fashion education, and knowledge of silhouette told her, a nice tailored suit was the most flattering garment for a body like his. Not what she expected going in, but the result actually delighted the eager artist who was already dreaming of the stylish gentleman she was going to create.

Up on a pedestal, Emmanuel stood patiently, eyes locked forward while he waited for the other shoe to drop. He had just watched this crazy lady hand over his friends to be turned into girls like it was just another Tuesday. Now she was measuring and placing sharp little pins all around his body, though he was most aware of the ones around his crotch. The auburn beauty worked diligently moving from garment to garment, each now ready to be sent off for alterations.

Once Bianca finished pinning and chalking the last piece, she gave Emmanuel one last outfit to change into for the day. When the boy saw his reflection, he trusted the store manager's sanity even less. He was wearing the fancy gray slacks that weren't perfectly fitted, but tapered in at the ankles to create a nice enough line. The pants were matched by a vest in the same color, cinched in the back to create the same effect as the tailoring would when those pieces were altered. All of this over a simple ivory button-down, and Emmanuel was the kind of stylish you could see in either a teen heartthrob magazine, or a Death Cab for Cutie video.

"Stay here, and don't go out onto the floor. You can wait quietly in the office and think about what you've done while I go get your girlfriends." Bianca said while she made the final adjustments to the knot of Emmanuel's gray necktie. "Don't move a muscle from that seat." The boy didn't. He didn't trust the strange woman who'd just taken over his life, and was perplexed as to why so much of this so-called "punishment" felt like a reward to him.

While walking back over to Rim Beauty, Bianca logged into each boy's phone. Song's high-end device, and Emer's generic rectangle suited her purposes fine, as she set them both to share their locations with the calculating beauty. Emmanuel somehow still had a flip phone that actually worked, so the same treatment was out of the question, but she doubted she'd need it since the poor boy hadn't so much as raised his voice once since this whole situation started. She did jot down his mom's phone number as well as the other two's parents just in case any of her three new toys decided to try and disappear on her.

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Emer watched intently as a pink haired girl was diligently painting a face, fascinated by the entire process. He'd always thought of makeup like clothing, simply requiring one just to put it on then get on with their day. However, he was surprised to discover not only how much labor, but also how much craft went into the pretty faces upon which he was so fond of gazing.

His eyes darted back and forth between the gorgeous looks of the artist painting her canvas, and in a nearby mirror, the gorgeous face she was creating. The girl, intensely focused on her task, occasionally lost her composure, unable to ignore the goofy faces the curler-headed boy would make trying to sneak glimpses, like a vain girl preparing for a big night out. She'd chuckle, earning her a smile from the captive youth, demonstrating just how cute he could be sometimes.

Neutral tones shaded the creases of Emer's eyelids, accentuating his baby blues nicely, followed by a dusting of a shimmering white into an equally shimmering pink over the lids, really making them pop. Black liquid liner was used to create a cat eye effect, shaping his eyes into something far more sexy than their typical glazed over droopiness. Makeup remover on a pointed cotton swab had the wings sharp as a razor before the pink-haired beauty started with a base layer of primer before coating the rest of his face in a light and silky creme foundation, only a shade lighter than his natural skin tone. She used its brightness to start with highlights for the base, and then shaded in the necessary contour with a chocolate bronzing powder that actually smelled like real cocoa. When Emer inhaled the cosmetic's delightful odor for the first time, he found himself dreaming of a Starbucks hot chocolate, a fact he felt inclined to share much to the amusement of the technician. He was almost too cute the way he scrunched up his face when she vigorously attacked it with a big fluffy blending brush. The girl was a whiz with said brush, and after a strategic placement of blush on the cheeks and a few other key places, Emer could see the girl in the mirror was going to turn some heads, even with her lips unfinished. She definitely turned his.

Song sat nervously in his seat while a different esthetician worked on his own crimson face. He was far more red than normal, but everyone in the shop was more familiar with the little asshole's normal face than they'd liked to have been. It didn't mean it was less of a struggle, but she'd take the challenge over having the sheepish youth arrogantly running his mouth like his usual self.

She began with a bit of concealer to cover the slight dark circles under Song's eyes, the only features she believed did anything to help to masculinize the brats face. Her plan required an initial application of liquid foundation as the base, thin but encasing, covering every inch of his youthful complexion. Once it dried just a touch, she dusted the blank slate with a coating of translucent powder to reduce the shine. Eye shadow primer followed, where she could begin to create the *pis de resistance* of the work of art she was creating, a rich smoky eye.

A lighter shade of red eye shadow, then a deeper burgundy. Blend, blend, blend. Then a deeper shade of crimson. Blend, blend, blend. Finally a deep violet down to the lash-line. Blend, blend, blend. Song wondered if this was his hell, having to sit through his tormentor repeating the same beauty process for all eternity.

Satisfied, the makeup artist continued, lining the upper and lower lash-line with a black kohl eyeliner pencil, then roughly smudging it to blend with the intricate mix of shadows. A white pencil on the waterline and the whites of Song's eyes stood out beautifully between the deep tones of his eye makeup, and the dark pools that were his irises.

The girl continued her efforts, lightly contouring the feminized boy's pert nose, thinking it only needed a little definition so the cute feature wouldn't be too cute in contrast to the sexy visage she was creating. A shimmering highlight the t-zone, and a burgundy blusher pulling double duty for both cheek contour and shading, and she closed the compact and smiled to the reluctant client, briefly forgetting that the gorgeous creature before her was actually the most arrogant eighteen year old she'd ever had the displeasure of meeting.

While Song sat meekly, unable to meet the gaze of any of the women now gathered around showering him with compliments they knew he didn't care to hear, Bianca was arriving with a single shopping bag draped over the crook of her arm. She stood off to the side, pleased with the results, also grateful for the ladies of the salon doing her work for her in helping to break down the arrogant youth's ego piece by piece. The boy had a reputation, so he must have done something to earn their ire before this, but still it was far more of an onslaught than she was expecting. She also wondered if it just would have been easier to take Ariel to a Salon first, if he'd have been this thoroughly broken when they came back to pick him up.

"Well, don't you look lovely, Miss Song." she said, interrupting the choir of teasing. "Did we thank everyone for all their hard work? You know that's a must for a young lady such as yourself."

"Thank you." the small Asian child said, contrasting like night and day from when they arrived just a few hours earlier.

A cursory glance around the salon, and Bianca spotted Emer, getting his hair unrolled on the opposite side of the room. Much to her surprise he was asking questions as the process unfolded from a mess of spirals ready for smoothing, teasing, and hairspray. The blonde coils

were transformed into a ball of fluff, as adorable as, and invoking the image of an innocent baby sheep.

“Time to get dressed, girls.” Bianca squealed, clapping her hands together excitedly. “I can’t wait to see the finished product. I decided to go with a virginal theme, since this will be your first time out. Do you mind if the girls change in the spa dressing room?”

Eun, who had come out of her cave to see how the person she most loathed turned out, was quick to answer. “Of course, ma’am. Use our facilities to your heart’s content. All of us are excited to see how the umm...ladies turn out.”

Song exited first, only struggling slightly with the black thigh-highs which now encased his slender little legs. The silky white panties were no trouble at all, but the strapless bra was foreign. The clasp was simple enough, but navigating it with his newly extended acrylic fingernails was a different story. The red tips fumbled with the unfamiliar device, but succeeded out of sheer spite, the very pretty boy refusing to give his tormentor the satisfaction of acknowledging his incompetence. Once the undergarment was in place, the little gel inserts sent with it were self explanatory. A white dress followed, backless, exposing his delicate creamy shoulders. It started with a halter, Song’s décolletage covered by a sheer mesh netting connecting to the pure white fabric hugging his bodice firmly, then ending in an a-line shape with a skirt flowing prettily as it hung down to his knees. Bright red, pointed-toe pumps went over his black stocking feet, enclosed by a wide ankle strap decorated by a theatrically large cross shaped bow, a decidedly feminine accent on a decidedly feminine outfit. A black bangle, a red bangle, and a little silver heart shaped necklace accessorized the outfit, Bianca feeling that a heart was one thing the little dick she met earlier that day was sorely lacking. He only left the dangling needle shaped earrings in their package, unsure of what to do with them.

In contrast, Emer was struggling with the unfamiliar garb from the get go. Almost immediately he asked for help, and Bianca was left to fix the strapless bra the simpleton had already placed the gel inserts in for some reason. She felt like the mother of an uncooperative toddler when she had to hold open the mock turtleneck of the pink cold shoulder top so he didn’t completely destroy the three hours of work that went into his flawless makeup, and perfectly coiffed ‘do. It was a pretty top, with lacy floral embroidery decorating the upper bodice which masked the feminized youth’s lack of cleavage well enough.

Bianca assumed he’d be able to figure out the skirt on his own, but quickly discovered she was wrong when Emer tried to drop it on the floor like his blue jeans. Fortunately she caught him and explained it should go over his head so the virginal white piece of fabric wouldn’t get dirty and wrinkled from being crumpled on the floor. The mid length skirt fit snug at the waist where it flared out over the boy’s thick thighs ending in floral embroidery cutouts that danced around his knees.

The white platform pumps were simple enough to figure out, however once Emer had them on he cartoonishly wobbled to catch his balance for a solid forty-five seconds before he was able to exit the little dressing room with Bianca trailing behind him, exasperated by the whole event.

After the two were dressed, they were marched back to their chairs where the girls put the finishing touches on their makeup. Before the final results were revealed, the staff decided it would be best to cover the mirrors so they could do a dramatic reveal once everything was perfect. Emer's lips were outlined in a shade perfectly matching the pastel pink of his nails, then filled in with a lipstick that was more of the same, but with a glossy kissable wetness that was almost too inviting. Song on the other hand was outlined with a red so deep the color was almost black, but filled in with a much lighter shade matching the brightness of his accessories, then blended leaving a gradient of dark to light in a glossy ruby.

Eun noticed Song fumbling with the silver pair of earrings between his fingertips. "Let me help you with that," she said, snatching the jewelry, and forcing the little hooks through the mostly closed holes that were barely there in his earlobes. He'd tried pierced ears a few months earlier, attempting a K-pop boy band look, but the little diamond studs only had the effect of making a few strangers believe he was a girl from time to time until he finally relented, deciding to remove them and pretend it never happened. He regretted it even more now as he felt the sting while little shimmering metal bars dancing around his ears as he turned his head, tickling his cheek.

Seeing Song's newest additions, Bianca remembered out loud, "Oh, right. Emer needs to get her ears pierced." She handed a little package to the beautician, and said, "I got these for her, if you could do the honors?"

Happy to comply, the woman readied a small sterile hypodermic needle and marked two dots on Emer's earlobes while the boy clad in pink winced in anticipation of the excruciating pain to come. He waited, and waited, until he heard the technician say, "All done!" and he opened his eyes. He also felt an unfamiliar sensation around his earlobes, and found himself curious to see the results.

Finally, the time had come. The two had seen one another, but not yet themselves, each wondering in spite of their crumbling male egos how they compared to the other. Two full body mirrors were pulled out onto the main floor, covered by a couple of fluffy towels. The girls in the salon were a little frustrated by the lack of tips on such a slow day, but were now grateful, the lack of customers not getting in the way of the greatest show many had seen in years.

Upon the big reveal, Song wanted to die. He was an alpha. He was dominant. He always got his way. He was the smartest guy in the room. None of that matched up with the image of an adorable Asian-American princess that was reflected back to him in the mirror. Unable to deal with the cognitive dissonance attacking his very sense of self, Song broke, at least for the time being. He tried to make himself as small as possible, clutching one arm with the other across his chest under his padded bosom, unintentionally putting his new assets on full display. It painted quite the demure picture in contrast to his usual obnoxious and boisterous self.

Emer wasn't quite sure what to make of his reflection. He rested his chin between his fingers while he examined the girl, trying to process all the new information. She was hot. Cute, but also hot. As far as the girl's looks he liked what he saw. "Dude, I'd go out with me." he said out loud for all to hear.

The would-be casanova didn't want to walk away from the image before him, but didn't have much of a choice, when after settling the tab, again with a swipe of Song's credit card, Bianca tapped him and his equally pretty friend on the shoulder, and said, "C'mon girls, we need to leave. There's still much to be done, and not many more hours left in the day." She then ominously grinned and said, "I also think it's time that Emmanuel got to meet his two new girlfriends."



Chapter 6

A quick phone call to the store, and Bianca had Emmanuel sitting out on a bench in front of The Hanger, where he was waiting patiently as she approached with her other two charges. When he first caught a glimpse of Emer, and Song as they walked towards him, his eyes continued onward. It didn't even register that the two gorgeous girls were the same two friends who were dragged off to a fate unknown just a few hours earlier. Once he realized who the pretty little Korean girl in the white dress, and the hot blonde with the cotton candy hair were, his jaw hit the floor. He wasn't sure if they'd gotten makeovers, or if somewhere in the back of the mall there was some mad scientist forcing people into some kind of space age sex changing machine.

The devious beauty introduced the kids once again. "Emmanuel, I'd like you to meet Song, and Emery."

"Why doesn't he get a new name?" Emer complained, pouting his sparkling glossy lip.

"Because little Miss Song's name was already pretty enough, Emery." Bianca explained.

"What happened to you two? I mean...What?" Emmanuel asked, still not believing these two were the same guys he'd arrived with earlier that day, even though he clearly heard Emer's voice come from the blue-eyed goddess.



"What happened to you, Manny?" Emer said, chuckling to himself, though hardly breaking the illusion. "You look like a fuckin' dork."

"I said be nice, Emery. Is that anyway to talk about your boyfriend? Especially when he tried so hard to look his best for you this afternoon."

"Come again?" All day Emmanuel heard Bianca use the phrase, "girlfriends" when discussing the other two. In his mind he just chalked it up to teasing the others while they were off suffering god knows what. Hearing her call him Emery's boyfriend was a different story. It put all of their earlier conversations into perspective. Further examination of his new girlfriends' outfits and he realized they were all things he'd said he liked when Bianca was giving him the third degree earlier. "Are you saying Emery is my girlfriend-girlfriend?"

"Of course she is silly." The young woman stated it as a point of fact, and while her tone was sweet, the appearance of his accomplices told him it was probably better not to push back.

"They both are. Little Miss Song here too. The three of you need to be nice to each other from now on, being that you girls are in a friendly competition for this young man's heart. Sort of like Bettie and Veronica, but very modern if you ask me. If you don't however, somebody might have to call the cops, and nobody wants that after all. I know you won't disappoint me."

While he was more certain that Emery was the same Emer that they left in the salon, Song was another story. The little demure girl Emmanuel was reintroduced to had yet to say a single word. He would only have been sure the delicate flower was in fact the arrogant twit he knew and tolerated if the girl would have come around the corner spitting fire with acid dripping from her pores. Instead she stood sweetly, if shyly, seemingly waiting to be spoken to before she dared speak.

"You three stand over here where the lighting is good." Bianca said, pointing to a spot out in the middle of the concourse. "I want to get a picture of you three for the relationship scrapbook. Emmanuel, you stand in the middle, and you girls get one each side of him."

The fashion photographer hadn't had the opportunity to practice her craft in a long time. She'd rather use her DSLR to take the pictures, but didn't want to miss the opportunity for shots on day one. She settled on making due today, but knew tomorrow would be when the real fun began. Not even making the request, she physically rearranged her new models as though they were mannequins, Emmanuel with his arms around the feminized boys, and the two curled up to him in mirrored positions, their fingertips touching their hearts like they'd break at any moment without their strong man to hold them. She had them kick back their legs like they were being kissed in an old movie, and then stepped back to frame her shot. Each of the three boys was beet red, but Emer and Song hid their shame a little better under a few layers of cosmetics.

With everything finally to the perfectionist's satisfaction, she announced, "Allright girls, kiss your man on the cheek like you're so happy to finally see him after a long day at work."

Emmanuel froze. He wanted to keep the woman blackmailing him and his friends happy, but at the same time he felt pity for his two femininely clad cohorts, even Song, though he was positive Song deserved every bit of what he was getting. The innocent femininity the two were displaying didn't help matters, him almost feeling like he was taking advantage of two innocent girls.

For Emer it was a different story. The boy had a reputation as a bit of a dare devil and it was well deserved. Some might have thought him brave but a lot of it came from his ignorance to the consequences should something go badly. He was the kind of guy who'd eat a spider if you paid him the right amount of money, and he definitely valued his freedom more than twenty dollars. Kissing Manny was just another bug that went down unpleasantly, but went down all the same. "Don't make this weird, dude." he said before closing his eyes, and diving in, planting his lips right on Emmanuel's cheek and waiting. He couldn't help but notice that he and the taller boy were actually the same height while he wore his new pumps.

Without a word Song did the same, so embarrassed he was blushing from his exposed shoulder. Outside, he might have had a peaceful expression, but inside he was screaming. He was screaming at Emmanuel for letting him do this. He was screaming at Emer for being so stupid. He was screaming at the stupid bitch holding him hostage, and he was screaming at himself for screwing up bad enough to wind up in this situation in the first place. He complied with every request, and every time he hated himself that much more for digging himself deeper into the trap, his actions drifting further and further from the flawless self image his ego had spent the better part of a decade building up.

Bianca snapped a dozen shots while they held this pose, each from minutely different angles, trying to make sure she got the perfect shot. Emmanuel tried to smile for each one, but his face looked more like a kid who just got his first erection in class and was hoping nobody would notice.



The eager shutterbug finally gave the trio permission to relax, while she scrolled through her pictures, loving how the three's photographic chemistry showed. "Okay, let's head back into the office. I want to get a few more private photos, and we've got a lot to discuss before I take everyone home."

The three followed Bianca into the back of The Hanger, the employees behind the desk snickering at the sight of the new girls walking past while they rang up customers. The door closed behind them, and the three terrified boys stood quietly awaiting Bianca's instructions.

Emmanuel was blushing profusely, stealing glimpses of the other two for moments at a time, infatuated by their beauty, though ashamed by the knowledge of what was underneath. He thought to himself, 'I mean, I'm not gay, but they're so damn sexy. It's doing weird things to my head. God, I hope this is over soon. She bought so many clothes today though. Song's gonna flip when he finds out how much money she spent.'

Song had officially given up. The witch who was holding his feet to the coals now had photographic evidence of him dolled up like a princess while he dangled off the arm of his new boyfriend like a lovesick puppy. She even got him kissing Emmanuel on the cheek. There was no turning back now. A melancholic expression adorned the petite boy while he inwardly prayed Bianca would get bored with them sooner rather than later.

Emer was standing next to a mirror hanging up on the office wall, where he returned to examining his reflection with extreme scrutiny. He shifted his head from side to side as though he was trying to examine the back until suddenly it was like a light bulb went off over his head. He said out loud, "Dude, I'm like a really fucking hot chick. Like, look at her." He was still afraid of Bianca but his shit eating grin also told everyone just how funny he thought the whole situation was. He turned to the others, laughing while honking his false breast in his well manicured hands.

"We're going to get some couple shots now-er throuple shots, I guess." Bianca explained as she pulled a chair into the center of her office floor. "I figured I'd cut you a break and give you a little privacy, but if anybody makes this any more difficult than it needs to be, then we can take this back outside for everyone to see."

While Emer was still stuck in the mirror like a bird seeing its reflection for the first time, Song's face painted a portrait of panic one would find unimaginable if they'd met the spiteful brat just a few hours earlier. This was all the reassurance Bianca needed that things were going exactly to plan.

She pulled a chair into the middle of the floor, then pointed over to Emmanuel, and then back to the chair. "Have a seat." He quickly complied, then the devious clothier called Song over with a wiggle of her finger. "The first thing a good girlfriend needs to know is how to turn her man on."

Song nervously complied, stepping closer to the woman he thought was demented, unsure of what was in store for him. He only knew he wasn't going to like it. The boy in the gorgeous white dress stood in front of Emmanuel, shifting slightly in his unfamiliar red heels and awaited instructions. Without making eye contact with anyone in the room, his eyes kept downcast, he asked in a small voice just barely above a whisper, "What now?"

"That's a silly question. I wouldn't think you'd need to ask me how to please a man, Miss Song. Aren't we the prim little thing? Well, it's okay if you want to be a lady out in public, but in private you've got to let your man have something, otherwise you just might lose out to Emery here before the game even begins. What can we do to help break you out of that prudish shell?" Bianca tapped her finger on her chin inquisitively, though she already knew the answer. "Hmm...what to do, what to do? What is the opposite of a classy lady like prim, little Miss Song? Oh, I know! Give him a little strip tease!"

"Without music?" Song asked. He felt so out of sorts, so vulnerable, beaten and small. Because of that he couldn't bring himself to even raise his voice to its normal volume, wishing this lady would just forget about him. He was desperate for any means to not comply but also not get punished. All he received in response was Bianca's grin, and her pulling his phone from her back pocket, and playing a smooth R&B playlist. The strip tease was bad enough, but now he'd have to do it to the sounds of a cheesy soprano saxophone. He thought, 'Now she wants me to dance around like some kind of hooker. What's next? Is she going to bring a pole?' Of course, from the ivory tower he grew up in, he didn't truly understand the difference between the professions. He didn't even really know how to dance. He only knew that if he didn't try his best and strip tease Brooks like he meant it, then there would be hell to pay.

In earnest, Song began gyrating his hips. The sensation was so foreign, he nearly lost his balance. The skirt of the dress fluttered around at his slightest movement, in fact everything about what he wore felt off as he moved. The earrings danced about wildly, but after a minute he started to get in the rhythm of things. In the trapped youth's mind, the process was very mechanical, him trying to stick with the beat, and emulate some of the moves he'd seen in a Blackpink video. All the while, he tried not to be present in the slightest, hoping his thoughts would let him drift away to some island paradise, but it wasn't in the cards. He was very aware of the fact that he was standing in front of the boy who was supposed to be his muscle, but the only muscle Emmanuel seemed to be flexing was one barely stopping the drool from escaping his lips.

"No, move your hips more. Yeah, like that. Work it girl! No, like you were just doing it! You had it!" It was hard to tell from the tone if Emer was shouting this to be genuinely helpful, or because he thought it was one of the funniest things he'd ever seen, and just couldn't resist the jeer. Song knew it was the latter without any clarification. Normally that was the kind of thing that got Emer punched in the arm, but instead, the pretty little thing followed his advice, and went back to the particular hip gyrations he'd been doing just before. Anything to make this hell end sooner so he could go home and die of shame, never to be heard from again.

"This isn't a strip club, Emmanuel. She's your girlfriend." Bianca said, noting that the feminized boy hadn't taken off a single article of clothing in their so-called strip tease. The entire time she'd been snapping away with her phone's camera, but the pictures were starting to get repetitive, and if she didn't guide them along, the two boys would be stuck in this awkward stalemate until everyone died of starvation. "Reach out and grab her. Pull her close so she knows just how badly you want her."

'Grab her?' Song thought in horror, his thinly arched eyebrows shooting up as his eyes went wide.

Emmanuel complied. It wasn't planned, but their height difference, and Song's position mid move left the pretty Korean teen's firm little ass in the perfect place for Emmanuel's hands to make contact. Nervously, the seated boy squeezed hard into the soft mounds of fat and muscle that made up his private dancer's backside. He pulled the delicate boy turned girl onto his lap, knowing what was happening was wrong. His participation in it was at best partially voluntary, but Emmanuel couldn't help enjoying the feel of the skirted rear he'd grabbed onto. What he saw was different from what he knew, but seeing is believing so his mind rewarded him with a shot of dopamine.

Song splayed his legs, and allowed himself to be slotted into place, lest he and the boyfriend he did not want smash their foreheads together. As his legs drifted apart to wrap around Emmanuel's waist, the skirt of his virginal white dress found its way up above his own, held aloft by the unenthusiastic suitor, Song's red panties on full display for Emer to see.

"Good job, Casanova." Bianca praised. "Now, give her a kiss."

The two entwined boys looked to her with pleading eyes, but her expression told them, don't even ask. Song closed his eyes, trying not to throw up all over the room, while Emmanuel did the same, trying to pretend that it wasn't the boy he found most obnoxious he was sharing his first kiss with. The two touched lips with the grace of a little girl smashing two dolls faces together right after she marries them.

"Was that okay? Can we stop now?" Song asked, literally begging. He didn't think he'd begged for anything since he was four or five.

"Not if you think that's a good kiss!" Bianca answered. It was amusing how clumsy the whole ordeal was, but that wasn't doing her portfolio any good, with not one usable photo of the exchange. "Have you turned him on yet?"

The question didn't require an answer. Song knew exactly what the psychotic redhead wanted, and the only way he could see out of the situation was to give it to her. He wrapped his arms around the well dressed boy, and closed his eyes once more, firmly locking lips with Brooks, slowly opening his mouth, and letting the tongues explore each other. At first Emmanuel was shocked, but without meaning to, he found himself enjoying the sensation. He could feel the creamy texture of the lips he was kissing, the weight and warmth of the body on top of his own and could smell the cherry blossom scent clinging to them. His eyes closed as he relaxed, and for the first time he was full on making out with a hot girl. He just wished the hot girl wasn't actually the idiot who got him into this mess in the first place.

All those thoughts floated away as biology took over. The two teens were grinding against each other, Bianca's flash flickering away, while Emer found himself swept up in the moment, his Jeers giving way to a silent disbelief as he watched his best friends tear at each other. This went on for a few more minutes, until Song was rudely pulled back from the dreamland he'd sent his mind to when he felt his makeout partner's swelling sex pressing into his own. This was enough to cut their kiss short, and Song spilled backwards onto the floor with a horrified expression on his face. He looked up to Bianca practically begging, and said, "He's definitely turned on now. Did I do a good enough job?"



"You did an excellent job, Miss Song," came the response full of genuine praise. "I'm so proud of you. I knew you could do it." The defeated boy found his way back to his feet, wishing the world would open up and swallow him whole, while the boy he'd just given an erection sat nervously in the chair, his hands hovering over the little tent in his pants while all the blood in his body simultaneously ran to his cheeks and chub. "Alright, Emery, you're up."

"Wait...what?" The entire time Emer was watching his friends get hot and heavy, and he was lapping up the schadenfreude from their misery, it never once occurred to him that he'd be next. "Do I really have to?"

"Are you seriously asking?" Bianca replied, answering his question with her own. At first she thought a lot of it was a bit, but as the day progressed she was learning that Emer really was just as dumb as he seemed. "Come on, Emery sweetie. You don't want Miss Song to outshine you, do you?"

Emer let out a huff, but resigned himself to the task. 'It can't be that different from kissing a girl, right?' he asked himself. 'I mean, Manny's probably still got half a boner anyway, so let's just get this over with.'

The blonde strolled over to the seated boy, and sat sideways on his lap, like he was about to give Santa his list. He wrapped one arm around Emmanuel's neck, and without a second thought, something he was undoubtedly the least likely to do, he kissed him with the same expertise he'd kissed a dozen girls before at this point in his life. The only difference being this time he was the one in the skirt.

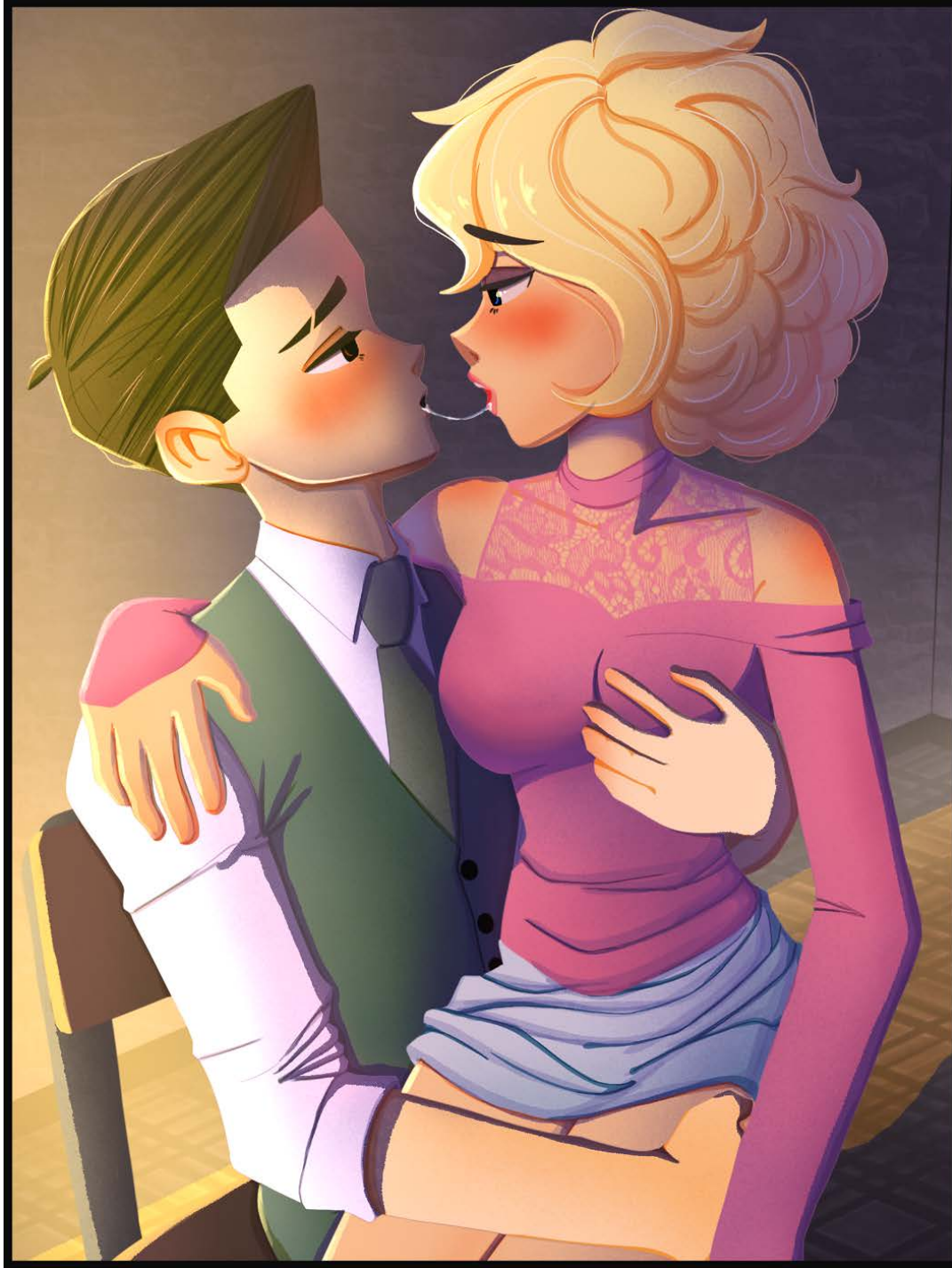
When Emmanuel kissed Song, it was one of the worst experiences of his life at first. Neither wanted to do it, but after a few minutes, when his teenage hormones had fully taken over, it became easier to forget that the demure girlfriend in his lap wasn't the same twit he'd ripped off for forty dollars just a few hours early. This girl was pretty. She wasn't full of herself. She smelled nice. Without his sudden erection scaring her off, he may very well have forgotten Jae ever existed.

Once Emer kissed him, he tried to pause, and make sense of it all. 'This is your buddy,' he told himself, but the effort was for naught. He liked the way his buddy smelled. He liked the way his buddy's lips tasted. He liked the way his buddy's nails felt as they ran through his hair. Without meaning to, he reached around and held his buddy's breast in the palm of his hand. 'She's such a good kisser,' he found himself thinking.

Unfortunately for Emmanuel, his new dream girl broke the kiss, and his eyes opened longingly as he watched her face drift away, just a string of saliva still connecting the two. In that moment she could have asked him for the moon, and he'd have spent the rest of his natural life trying to get enough rope together to reach the thing. That's why it was especially heartbreaking when the next words out of her mouth were, "Manny, you're such a bad kisser." One last kick to the

ego was when she pulled a disgusted expression, scratching at her tongue with her newly extended nails, then begged for a soda to rinse her mouth out with.

“Be nice, Emery.” Bianca laughed. “You’ll have plenty of time to help him with that.”



Chapter 7

"My mother is going to kill me." Song was loading the last of the shopping bags into the trunk of Bianca's car. As slow on the uptick that Emer was, when he saw the giant pile of purchases waiting in Bianca's office, even he knew that Emery and Miss Song would be sticking around for a while.

"Okay, girls. Get in the back. Time to head home. Emmanuel, you sit up front with me." The redhead checked her rearview mirror to see Song staring out the window despondent. The contrast of the shy creature with the arrogant ass she'd met earlier that afternoon was striking. Bianca couldn't help but be a little disappointed with Emer though. A new girlish hairstyle, and an excessively feminine little outfit didn't seem to break his spirits in the slightest. The only thing the reflection told her was that Emery was going to have to learn to keep her legs closed. She thought, 'She's going to need some deportment lessons at the very least, and she's definitely going to need a stronger motivation. It's a good thing I had Ariel to practice with.'

Emmanuel's was the first stop. He heard Bianca's instruction to wear his new outfit tomorrow well enough, but otherwise the boy was elsewhere, still thinking of the sensation of making out with his only two friends. As he trudged up the stairs to the empty apartment, he couldn't help but wonder what would become of his two cohorts once their parents got a look at them.

The entire length of the drive to Song's house, he sat in the backseat, formulating a plan for when he was able to escape the crazy white lady's clutches. First he'd have to sneak around back, and strip down. Then he'd use the garden hose to destroy his hair and makeup before his mother got a good look at it. Sneaking up to his room may present a problem, but nudity would be easier to explain than his present appearance.

However, all his plans were for naught when the clever woman stepped out of the car with the feminized youth, and after collecting his packages, Song was made to stand next to her, ringing his own doorbell while they waited for an answer.

"Can I help you?" Grace Rim answered the door. For a moment she didn't recognize him, but with a quick glance at the two young ladies darkening her doorstep, she knew the delicate feminine creature standing nervously with arms loaded full of shopping bags was in fact her unruly son. "Song, what's the meaning of this?"

"Good evening, ma'am. My name is Bianca Russo. I'm the manager at The Hanger." Bianca said warmly, her bright smile on full display. "Unfortunately, this evening I have come as the bearer of bad news." The affluent woman crossed her arms, and skeptically listened, not knowing how to make heads or tails of what she was witnessing. "To put it bluntly, at the mall today, your child and a couple of friends were caught peeping on an underage girl in the dressing room at my store."

"I see." Grace nodded, her stoic expression telling the other two nothing.

"We've all heard the expression boys will be boys, but lines were crossed. It did seem like a shame to send them up the river for this, but a lesson needs to be learned, so after much discussion with all parties involved, he and his friends have agreed to an alternative punishment instead. This way, once their debt is paid, they can go on to live happy ordinary lives where they'll continue to make better decisions. With your permission, Song will be acting as your daughter for the rest of the summer, and finding a job at the mall. I think it'll be a good opportunity for them to get some hands-on experience with how the other half lives."

This was news to Song. As far as he knew, this was a one time thing. If this crazy bitch had said anything else, he must have been too distracted by the extreme humiliation he was still presently suffering. His state of dress suited Bianca's purposes however, perfectly demonstrated by the fact that he kept his mouth shut while this internal monologue raged on.

While listening to the tale, Grace peered out into the driveway, and noticed the moron her son felt the need to keep bringing around, despite her protestations. He was quite pretty like Song, well nearly as pretty, she thought, though it took a lot more than some trash to outshine the beauty of her progeny as far as she was concerned.

"I can't believe you, Song." the mature beauty said with what might have been perceived as cold indifference, but inside she was fuming. "This is the last time your actions will bring disgrace to this household, mark my words." She took her son's chin in her fingers, lifting his downcast eyes to meet hers, where she then turned his head side to side, examining the expert application of makeup, taking his already cute face to downright beautiful. It reminded her of herself when she was younger before coming to America. She smiled her approval, and said to Bianca, "At least she's dressed in a manner befitting my daughter."



"Oh, yes ma'am." Bianca agreed. "I'm not out to clown her out. The girls had full makeovers today at Rim beauty. It's an elegant little salon and spa. Very classy."

"I'm aware." Grace said pridefully. "It's mine."

When the Rims lived in Korea, all those years before her son was born, her husband was wasting his life away working as a chemist for a major Korean cosmetics corp where he developed many groundbreaking products, and procedures. Despite the flood of revenue his company would see, Mr Rim never saw an extra penny for his labors, which his wife found completely unacceptable. The man might have been exceptionally bright, but it was a young Rim Hyejin who had what he'd been sorely lacking. She was ruthless.

Like a dog with a bone, she poured over his contract till she found a loophole that allowed him to leave the company, taking his intellectual property with him. While this might have effectively blacklisted him from finding work again in the industry in Korea, this was fine for Hyejin who had already moved onto bigger and better things.

A move across the Pacific was step one. Step two was applying for FDA approval, and all the necessary permits. Step three didn't go quite as smoothly though. When her husband was rejected, trying to sell licenses for his patents, half a dozen times by various practices across the state, all citing no demand for the extremely expensive new procedures, she decided to take matters into her own hands. She changed her name to Grace, trying to elicit memories of a glamorous Hollywood long past, then she found an affordable boutique location in the nearby mall, and set up shop. If no one was going to offer her husband's products then she'd just have to do it herself. She'd prove to every plastic surgeon, and luxury spa just how much the elite would pay to stop the flow of time once they saw the results. In short order, Rim Beauty was up and running, and was a runaway success. Now her husband charged ten times as much, and business was booming.

"You little scamp." Bianca said playfully, nudging Song, though internally pondering the punishment best suited for her charge's omission. "She didn't say a word. No wonder the girls in the shop got such a kick out of it."

"Did they at least give you a discount? I'd hate for you to have wasted your money."

"No ma'am, but that's okay. Miss Song here paid for it, so it didn't cost me a dime."

Grace clicked her tongue, and shook her head. "They should have charged you less. They know better. Still, they did a good job on her."

"Well of course. You run a lovely salon after all." Bianca, the most polite of her schoolmates, was always the one to chat with parents when her and her friends were up to no good. Those skills would serve her well on occasions such as this.

"You know," Grace tapped her cheek as she dreamed up what she could add to her problem child's punishment. "My husband developed those dissolvable saline injections for temporary cosmetic enhancement."

"I'm sorry, but I'm not sure I follow." Bianca replied, confused but curious.

Grace explained, "They're basically temporary breast implants. They last for a few weeks then breakdown in the body, and pass."

"You don't say." Bianca said, nodding along with a wicked grin. "I wonder why Miss Song here didn't suggest that. You know she'd look great with a little enhancement. Nothing cartoonish of course, but something suiting that delicate little frame of hers would be perfect."

Song wanted to die right there. He wasn't sure how this summer was going to go, but judging by the look on the two women's faces, he was definitely going to have breasts all the way through. The feminized boy was white as a sheet. "Can I go to my room?" he asked for the first time in years."

"Not yet, Song. Don't be rude." Grace said, brushing off his concerns. "I'm sure she won't be long" Song rolled his eyes, knowing that when two women were talking like these demons incarnate, that was never true.

Grace continued, "You know when my husband developed those, practically no one was interested in the procedure. I don't know why to this day. It's so safe that a technician can get certified. No doctor required. You can even do the same for pretty much anywhere on the body. They said, if people wanted something like that done, they'd want it to be permanent, but you and I know that's nonsense. A girl wants to try things out. Anyway, we opened our own shop, and proved them wrong."

"I'll say you did." Bianca agreed. "I'd kill for a house like this."

"You know what?" Grace had very much taken a liking to the firecracker. She especially had to respect how the young lady had managed to finally take her obnoxious brat down a peg for once. That was something neither she, her husband, the school faculty, nor anyone else had been able to achieve over the last few years. "I'd like to help with the girls." She didn't miss a beat once, taking every opportunity to refer to her son in a feminine manner. "Bring them to the salon tomorrow, and we'll see what we can do to give them some enhancements, on the house, I insist."

"You're so gracious...Grace." Bianca said, chuckling to herself.

"Thank you. It's the least I can do for Rim Beauty's two newest employees. There's no point in them hunting for jobs when I need two girls in the shop. You're actually helping me as well.

Clearly I need to be keeping a closer eye on her anyway. It's time she learned some responsibility."

"That's great!" Bianca agreed, gleefully checking another box off in her mind.

*

"Please don't tell my parents what I did!" Emer begged as he and Bianca pulled up outside of his family home. On the last leg of their journey, she decided to be nice, and let the pretty blonde move to the front seat once they left Song's but in exchange she had to watch the nervous wreck fidget more and more as they got closer to their destination.

"Well what should I tell them then, Emery, you looking the way you do?"

He gave a nervous shrug, and answered, "I dunno. Maybe tell them I lost a bet or something. I dunno. I'm not good at thinking about things like this. I dunno."

Though not exactly what the terrified youth meant, Bianca had never heard truer words. If Bianca was to use Ari as a measuring stick, Song was definitely worse. His attitude left to run amok, the malevolent boy could very well grow up to be some kind of criminal, or worse, a politician. He needed to be nipped in the bud before that vile nonsense could bloom.

Emer on the other hand was different. Rather than a malicious demeanor, he was cursed with a baffling ignorance. Like he almost might not be as dumb as he was if he'd felt the need to try at all. He wasn't a bad kid. If anything, he seemed to like everyone. He just had a hard time empathizing with anything he hadn't experienced himself, and unfortunately for half of the world that included the struggles of the feminine persuasion.

"Sorry, but that's definitely not going to work. Listen Emery, I've got an idea, but for it to work you're going to have to agree with everything I say in there. Seriously, no nay-saying, no contradicting, understand?" The wide eyed hooligan turned hottie nodded. "Okay, let's go inside."

"Oh my lord! You look so precious, don'chaknow!" the blonde woman said, pinching the embarrassed boy's made up cheeks. She then realized she hadn't yet introduced herself to her guest. With a thick midwestern accent she said, "Hi there! I'm Rose. Emer's stepmom." She shook Bianca's hand, but after that, nothing could stop her from doting all over her gorgeous stepchild. "What happened, Emer? Did you lose a bet?"

"Actually," Bianca said, trying to politely cut off the excited woman before they had to sit through another five minutes of this. "*Emery* has decided to spend the rest of the summer living as a girl. She's trying to figure some things out. I'm Bianca, by the way. I was working at the mall today when she came in and begged me for help. She was afraid she'd be ugly. Hopefully I proved to

her that she's anything but. Now she's afraid you and your husband are going to reject her, and I told her I'd come in and sit with her until we proved to her that that wouldn't be the case either."

"Well bless your heart. Aren't you just the sweetest thing? Of course we don't care. In this house we believe trans women are women. He should... Sorry, she should know that." Rose bent down to pick up the toddler crawling around her feet. "It'll be nice to have another girl around here for a change. Maybe I can get some help babysitting this little gremlin."



"I'm not ummm...not sure if I'm trans yet, Rose." Emer said blushing, his masculine pride conflicting with his instructions from Bianca. It was a rare display of insecurity for the boy, but even he had to acknowledge walking a verbal tightrope was not his strong suit.

Bianca quickly added, "Of course she knows you both love her, but these things can be scary once you say them out loud. Once you do that it's real, you know. Give her some time. She was worried about being a burden on you both as well, but today she got a new job at Rim beauty to save you the cost of her new wardrobe. Tomorrow's her first day."

"You're kidding me?" You could have knocked over Rose with a feather. "Well, I'll be. Not only is she coming out of her shell, but she's finally got a job too. Her father will be so proud!"

Of course this was news to Emer, but he did as promised and kept his mouth shut. Employment had never been a priority to the perpetually immature teen. If he needed money, he'd just ask his parents for it, and failing that, he just asked Song, or whoever else happened to be standing nearby. It wasn't that he was a sponge, so much as the thought literally never occurred to him that he could possibly be a burden. To him, asking for twenty-five dollars was like asking for twenty-five cents. It was just as minuscule.

Bianca said, "She needs to be at the mall tomorrow by noon, and she may need some help getting ready in the morning, this all being new to her and all."

Rose nodded that she understood, but her eyes stayed locked onto the adorable visage of her new step-daughter, her gleeful smile doing nothing to hide the maternal pride swelling up inside her. "I can't wait to tell your dad tonight, Emer-y. You have to know he loves you so much. I promise, this is going to be the best summer of your life."

*

The following morning when Emer awoke, the thought of not doing exactly as Bianca instructed never occurred to him. She was scary enough without disobeying her that he didn't even want to try the alternative. While he sat in front of his step mother's vanity mirror, his head full of curlers, he genuinely tried to learn from her, but nearly every word that came out of her mouth from bronzer, to eyelash curler made so little sense that she might as well have been speaking an alien language. The blonde thought, 'I wonder if I should ask her about tampons or whatever.' having no clue what a period actually was.

Rose was digging through her husband's sock drawer. "I talked to your daddy last night, sweetie, and he said to give you this." With an "Aha!" she pulled out a little felt covered box and flipped it open, presenting a necklace Emer remembered, but hadn't seen in almost ten years. She looped the jewelry around his neck and fastened the little clasp. "This belonged to your Mom. Your dad told me he wanted you to have it. When I sent him those pictures we took together last night, he almost cried. He said you look so much like her. I know I could never replace her, but you know if you ever need me for anything, I'm here, and lord willing, I'm not

going anywhere. I love you. Your dad loves you too, and I'm sure he'll tell you himself when he gets back from his business trip."

"Love you too, Rose." Emer replied, though his mind was already elsewhere. Rather than freaking out about the day ahead, he played with the little charm in his fingers, and thought of heavier subjects than he was used to.



In contrast, Song was still trying to think of any escape from his current predicament. That morning, he couldn't figure out what to do with his hair, so he pulled it back into an attempted man bun. Unfortunately for him, with his thinner eyebrows, and bangs, he still looked like a teenage girl having a casual day. Unhappy with the results, but unable to do anything else, he slipped into his boy clothes, and tried to sneak out the door before anyone caught him.

"Where are you going, son?" his dad asked, as he tried to slip past him on the staircase without saying a word.

"Umm...to work...bye..." the girlish boy curtly responded before darting through the kitchen.

"That's great!" his dad shouted after him.

Sitting at the table, his mother was working away, going over the books for the previous month on her tablet. His ambition was to bolt past before she had a chance to notice, but without looking, she caught him by the ear as he walked by.



"Where do you think you're going?" she asked, her expression unchanged.

"Umm...to the bus?" His answer sounded more like a question.

She turned her attention to her child and said, "Your father and I talked about this last night. He should have stopped you. Don't try to get one over on him again." The frightened boy's eyes wandered around the room, but his mother fiercely snapped her fingers, bringing his attention right back to her stone cold eyes. "Why am I seeing my son in the house? My son should be in jail, if not for the kindness of that Bianca girl. Either I'll be seeing my daughter in the house from now on, or I'll be taking my son down to the police station myself, understand?"

"You wouldn't!" he shouted, trying to stand up to her, and make himself as big as possible. All it took was a raised eyebrow for him to feel exactly as small as he was, and know that she absolutely would.

Chapter 8

If a passerby was to notice the three friends waiting at the bus stop together they'd have no clue they were the same as the three hooligans who'd sat in the exact same spot only a day prior. Emmanuel was the first to arrive, but when you compared his morning to the other two, it was no wonder. Not that he wasn't better dressed than his usual ratty attire, but the amount of effort involved paled in comparison to the two gorgeous cohorts sharing the bench.

Song's plan to sneak out of this house in his boy clothes had obviously failed, demonstrated by the exceedingly feminine, flowy, red polkadot dress, belted at the waist by an adorable matching hand tied bow. His mother made sure the outfit was perfectly put together, accessorized with a few pieces of jewelry from the day before, just adding a pair of white mary-jane heels, and a matching handbag, only able to be carried in the extremely feminine way of those ladies who lived in the mid nineteen-hundreds. One final detail was her own sparkling star-shaped hair clip for her little star. Grace Rim was exceptionally proud of her work. Beauty was her business after all. With her expertise she'd created the perfect teenage daughter for a family of their status. The shoes he wore today were far better than the pair from the previous day. The heels were slightly shorter and they didn't have bows, but the difference was just a matter of a few degrees. When Song slipped his feet into the white shoes, clasping the tiny buckle on the strap, he realized just how tiny he actually was. It wasn't a new revelation that he was smaller than his peers, but this was different. He didn't just look small, he looked feminine and it pressed on him like an emotional weight.

The night before, after Bianca left, with the same ruthlessness she displayed in the business world, Grace went from cutthroat business woman to drill sergeant as she educated her new daughter in the ways of womanhood. It was incredibly important to her that anyone carrying the family name carry themselves correctly and right then that meant as a lady should, soft and delicate, but strong enough to never break under a man's thumb.

Song was made to sit, stand, walk, sit, walk, stand again, and walk again, each time his mother finding some small detail that didn't measure up to her rigorous standards. By the time she was satisfied with his progress, though those words were never actually uttered, the cruel taskmaster moved on to elocution.

As an immigrant trying to make her way in the American beauty industry she found it incredibly important to make sure she spoke clearly and concisely, that being a method of curbing the racism of the mostly white male investors she had to deal with daily, if only a little. All that vocal training did wonders, but half her life spent growing up elsewhere left a slight accent when speaking English she'd never been able to fully get rid of. Fortunately for Song, or rather unfortunately from his perspective, that was something her baby would never have to deal with.

"The rain in Spain stays mainly on the plains." The exhausted youth repeated the phrase, over and over again like he and his mother were a gender-swapped version of Henry Higgins and Eliza Doolittle, though like Audrey Hepburn, he still wore a very pretty dress.

“Raise your inflection at the end. Make sure to fully enunciate every word. Young ladies don’t mumble. Softer. Sweeter. Not too sweet. You don’t want people walking all over you.” The irony was lost on the mother turned governess as she continued to walk all over the beatdown teen. As much as he hated the task, in the back of his mind Song actually enjoyed just how much attention Grace was showing him. It wasn’t that she didn’t love her son, but they didn’t have much common ground to stand on, and with her usually busy at the office, it’s no wonder he regularly felt ignored. She definitely wasn’t ignoring him now. He was incredibly grateful when he was finally “allowed” to change into one of his brand new nightgowns before washing his makeup off and crawling into bed. Lying there, he schemed away, trying to weasel his way out of his comeuppance, but as he drifted off to sleep his mind wasn’t on sneaking out in boy clothes, or finding his freedom, but rather the phrase, “The rain in Spain...” repeating in his thoughts.

Song begged his mother to drive him to the mall, or let him drive his own BMW but she insisted he take the city bus because he needed to get over going out dressed as he was, and more time in public would only accelerate the process. Like the day before, the outfit seemed to have a profound effect on the normally brash boy. Gone was the entitled sneer, replaced with a demure beauty, sitting just as a little lady should, demonstrating her modesty. The same could not be said for Emer.

The blonde delinquent sat confidently in his new outfit, though that meant every person who drove by slow enough got a good look of his new silky panties while he demonstrated a perfect encapsulation of the term man-spreading. Still it was a cute outfit picked out for him by his stepmother. It was a blue bodycon dress with a little pink floral pattern dotted throughout over a simple, but tall pair of brown leather strap slingbacks. It was a tender process but tolerable when Rose swapped his freshly pierced pearl earrings for a pair of little gold drop hoops that better matched his mother’s necklace.

The night before Rose was practically gushing over her new stepdaughter. “Emery, I just can’t believe how pretty you are. Those baby blues are too much. You’re gonna break a lot of hearts, sweetie.” The two were sitting on the couch in matching pajamas, at the excited woman’s insistence. She had two sets of fuzzy pajama pants covered in little hearts sitting in her dresser drawer, and while the packrat didn’t know exactly why she saved the repeat Christmas gift, right then she was glad she did.

“You can still call me Emer.” Despite his absurdly easy going nature, he was still a little embarrassed at being addressed with the feminine version of his name. This only got him a glomping hug in response.

“Yeah no, Emery, don’t you dare feel guilty for being who you are. You don’t have to go by anything else to keep other people happy. It’s sweet of you, but this is a situation where I think it’s perfectly healthy for you to be a little selfish. I’m sorry I didn’t see it before, but it’s perfectly clear to me now. You don’t have to pretend anymore. I’m making it my mission from now on to

help you feel exactly how you look, and like exactly what you are, the prettiest girl on the block, both inside and out. You know, funny enough, when I was pregnant I so wanted a little girl, not that I don't love little Abner of course, but I've been thinking about talking with your father about trying for another baby, but now I don't have to. Rather than giving Abner a new little sister, he can get to know his older sister instead. Besides, when they are babies it's just cleaning up the same messes. Now I get to skip to the good part. We're going to have so much fun gossiping, talking about boys...or girls, you can love whoever you want." Rose said all this knowing how popular her step child had been with the ladies with their easy smile and charm. Now thinking part of it might have been because they felt a kindred spirit in the teen. Oh my gosh, prom is going to be so much fun. I'll have to hold off gaining the forty pounds that comes with forty so we can keep sharing clothes. You betcha, I'm excited, I mean for you... with you. Yes! Excited with you!"

The midwestern blonde was giddy as she dreamed of her family's future. Emer thought about protesting, but decided against it when the thought of Bianca chopping off Little Emer with a pair of scissors popped into his head. It all went down a little easier with the pint of Ben and Jerry's he and Rose shared as they got settled in for the evening.

It's not like she minded having a stepson, but she was relishing the girl-time she got to spend with her husband's firstborn, painting his nails a bright shade of orange while the two sat on the couch watching tv the night before, while Emer's baby brother crawled around on the floor. When Rose handed Emer a matching brown leather, shoulder-strap purse before he walked out the door, he was confused since it wasn't like he carried anything in his pockets anyway, but she insisted, telling him they couldn't afford to replace his phone if he broke it. When he noticed the twenty dollar bill she'd slipped in he decided not to complain and gladly accepted it.

"You're giving everyone a free show. Close your legs, Emer." Song said, chastising the carefree youth, though not with his usual arrogant tone, but rather like he was the blonde girl's prudish friend trying to teach her a thing or two about elegance.

Emer didn't know what Song was talking about, but he found it extremely funny that the spoiled rich kid was behaving so out of character. It wasn't like they swapped his brain out with some debutante. "You need to calm down, Song." he said, though not spitefully. He was actually trying to help his friend relax. "It's just clothes after all. Like, we've got nothing to worry about. We're really hot. I mean, I'm definitely hotter but you're hot too. Just remember, the only way out is through." It was an exceptionally wise remark from Emer, quoting Robert Frost, though he'd actually heard it on some TV show the night before.

Throughout this entire interaction Emmanuel was his usual quiet self, though rather than lost in a deep depressed introspection, this time, he was just plain dumbfounded by how easily Emer was taking all this. It was like he actually enjoyed being hot. He was almost jealous of the two as they went on about their experiences at home. His evening was spent alone eating reheated meatloaf, and looking at an empty chair across the kitchen table. The lonely youth was grateful his mom always made sure he had a healthy meal to eat, but he'd rather she be there, than off

working one of her many jobs to keep said food in the little apartment. He wanted to tell her about the insanity that was his day, but changed his mind when he realized her reaction might not be so pleasant. Fortunately for him, he didn't have to think too hard about it as the bus arrived to whisk away the trio to start the first official day of their punishment.



Chapter 9

"Why aren't you holding your girlfriends' hands, Emmanuel." Bianca chided, as her three dolls walked in the door, not wasting a second before barking out instructions. "Also, you clearly didn't hang up your shirt." She squinted at the boy, frustrated with his lack of regard for the new clothes she worked so hard to select. "Your girlfriends clearly put a lot of effort in today. We can't have you letting them down like that."

Momentarily Song let a vengeful smile creep onto his face when Emmanuel was finally dressed down the same as he had been for the last twenty-four hours. That was at least until he felt Emmanuel take his hand, the misplaced confidence slipping away. Bianca's attention on him terrified the boy, who quickly complied and interlaced his fingers between both of his feminized friends, then followed the bottle redhead into the office. "I'm sorry, but I didn't have anything to hang them onto." he explained.

'You don't have any hangers?' She didn't ask the question out loud, thinking it might be a lie, but then remembered the state of the boy's vestments before she'd gotten her claws into the three hooligans. "Okay, you get a pass for now. The tailor dropped your new things off an hour ago. Make sure when you get home tonight, the first thing you do is put them away nicely. I'll send some hangers with you. Now, you two..." She turned her attention to the new girls, Song glaring at the taller boy's hand clamped onto his with repulsion, and Emer letting his hand hang limply in Emmanuel's grasp while still doing his best parrot impression in the wall mirror. She clapped her hands loudly to get each of their attention before continuing, "We've got another busy day ahead. First we need to stop by Rim again for a few more procedures, then I'll be taking you both out for a little photo shoot before you start training at your new positions. Speaking of which, follow me to the register, Emmanuel. Ready for a crash course in retail?" Emmanuel started to trail behind Bianca, tugging his reluctant girlfriend's behind him. Bianca snickered, saying, "I know you love them, but you can't be showing that kind of PDA when you're on the clock."

The embarrassed boy realized his error, and released the other two, much to Song's relief. "I'm going to be working here?" he asked out on the floor.

"You will, and I know you'll do an excellent job. Otherwise, well...I'm sure you don't want to find out." Bianca knew that Emmanuel was the least guilty of the three, so his punishment would be the least degrading by far. If anything, she thought she was doing him a favor. Clearly the boy had a troubled home life, an assumption she made at the sight of his tiny little apartment in the dingy complex. Some spending money might do him some good, though if she had her way, he'd be spending most of it spoiling his ladies. Once she was confident he could scan a barcode and swipe a card without somehow burning down the store, she said "I put my number in your phone. Call me if you need anything. Any burning questions before I leave?"

The teen looked down at the register, a feeling of unease bubbling in his stomach before he looked back up at the woman. "You're seriously leaving me here alone?" he asked incredulously. Emmanuel hadn't even had a job before, let alone been trusted with this level of responsibility.

"It's sink or swim, Emmanuel." Bianca replied with a smirk. "I hope you don't sink, but you aren't alone. Just ask..." She waved her hand in the direction of one of her employees that was refolding shirts on a table. "Trust me, you'll have two...well four new rewards to play with once we get back. She then opened the office door and shouted, "Come on girls! We've got an appointment to keep!"

As the two faux girls followed behind their blackmailer, Bianca would steal the occasional glance behind them as they strolled along the concourse. The sound of their footsteps, click, clack, click, clack on the mall's tile floor was music to her ears. She was incredibly pleased with Song's overnight progress, the way he took small graceful steps and kept his elbows tucked in closely, no doubt Mrs Rim to thank for that. Emer on the other hand was another story. He looked like the ghost of a lumberjack had possessed the body of a teen beauty queen. She noted to herself, 'Miss Emery is in need of some stern instruction.' Considering Emer's footwear she was surprised he hadn't twisted his ankle, but thought it best to save that discussion for later, the start of their day being full enough as is.

When they arrived at the Salon, Eun was standing happily by the front desk to greet them. "Bianca, it's such a pleasure to see you again." she said, grinning evilly to the woman she saw as a kindred spirit. She didn't know much about the white woman except she was perhaps a little crazy, and she definitely shared the same distaste for her boss' vile progeny. "I was ecstatic when I came in this morning and saw Miss Song, and Miss Emery on the books. Can I have someone bring you a cucumber water? This whole process does take a couple of hours."

"Thank you Eun." Bianca replied warmly. "I'd love that. I do have some paperwork to catch up on, so I'll be working on my laptop, but I'm right here if the girls give you any trouble." She then shifted her body slightly, placed one hand on her hip, and raised an eyebrow in the two dressed up boy's direction. Part of her expected to see defiance on Song's face and at least reluctance on the blonde's, yet all she saw was Song standing slightly pigeon-toed, hands clasped in front of him and his eyes downcast. Meanwhile, Emer was leaning slightly to the side, his eyes following one of the female staff, no sign of fight or flight in his posture, not that she thought he could run in the slingback heels he was wearing.

"Oh, I'm sure they'll be just fine." Eun said, resisting the urge to wring her hands together like a villain. "Mrs. Rim called this morning and made it perfectly clear what was in store for little Miss Song if she wasn't anything but a perfect little lady. Alright girls, come with me."

Song almost winced at being called little miss, and while he would normally let the girl know exactly how he felt, the threat of his mother hit home. The feminized boy knew she was a force

not to be trifled with, and he pushed his limits in the past knowing most of her and his fathers attention was always on their careers. After the night before though, talks of him needing to read poetry out loud and the threat of trying a belt around his thighs so that he could walk with poise...he was not willing to test his mother, at least not now. Song winced as Eun started to walk away, the girl he once dated seeming much more intimidating. In the salon, walking just outside, were people and drawing anyone's attention...the idea of it alone made him feel exposed.

Seemingly compliant, the pretty boys followed the esthetician into the back, one of them reluctant, the other not understanding what was in store for them, but both extremely nervous. Song knew exactly what was coming, but didn't care to share it with Emer, deciding the clueless idiot could figure it out for himself. In the back they were unceremoniously told to strip, and lie down on two hospital style beds, both shivering from the cold and their anxiety.

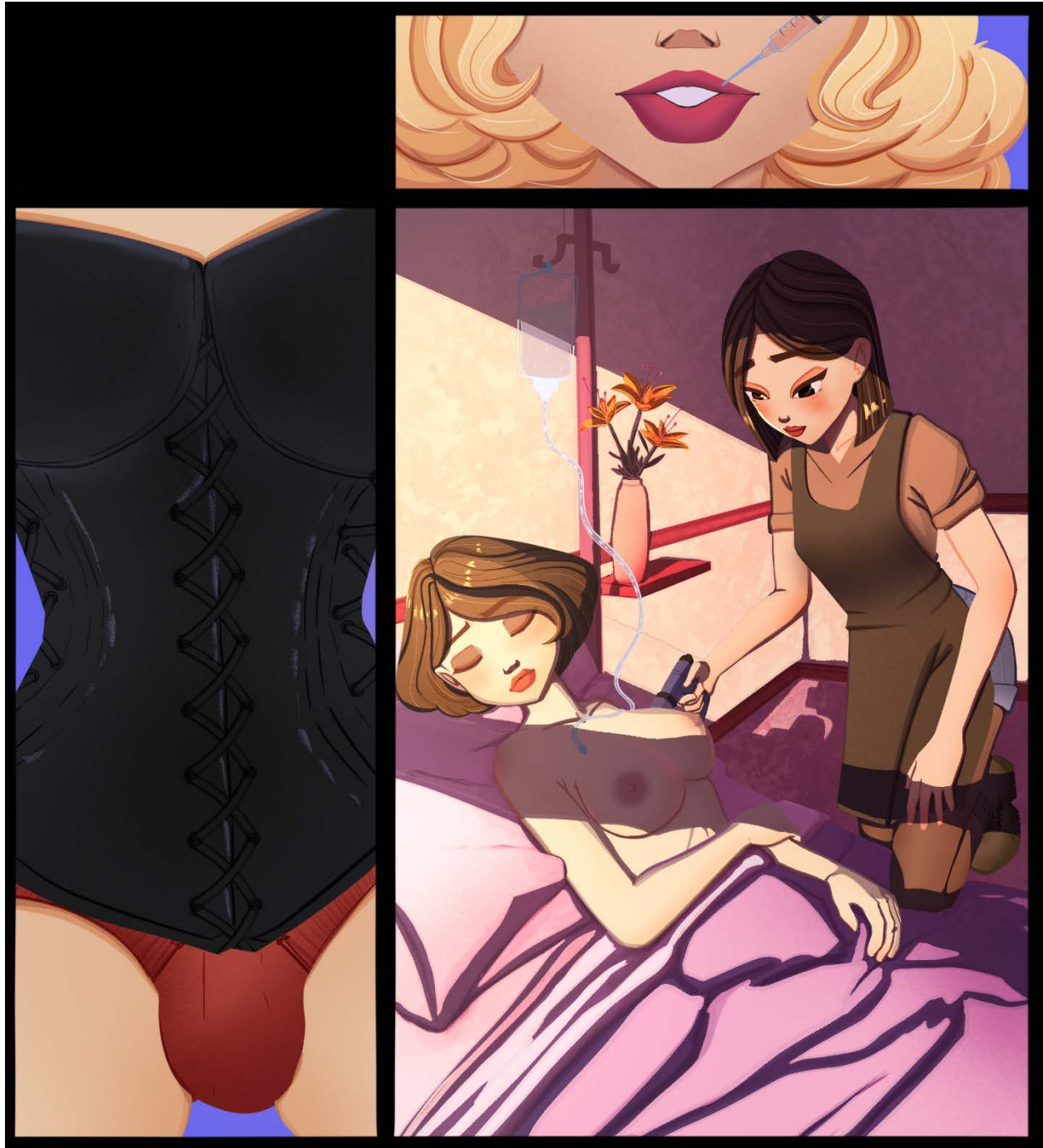
"What's that for?" Emer asked, startled by the sight of the two IV drips the Korean woman rolled in next to them.

"Don't worry, Emery." Eun explained. "This isn't like surgical anesthesia. I'd have to be a doctor to use that. This is just something to keep you asleep through the procedure. Like when you get your wisdom teeth out. Trust me, you don't want to be moving around while I work. I'd hate for things to come out...crooked." The scorned woman gleefully giggled, unable to help herself, as she slipped the hypodermic needle into both boys' arms, and in almost an instant they drifted off.

Rim Cosmetics injection technique was groundbreaking, but took time and great precision. Eun first started with the boy that tormented her, Song, taking the time to savor each time she got to stab the unconscious prick with the little injection gun containing the patented solution. Even though they weren't going for the cartoonishly large breast she'd have preferred he get, the modest cup size was still a large jump from the zero starting point of the boney teens flat chest. As she worked her smile held firm. She wasn't heavily endowed herself and had tried the procedure before. deciding Song, with his sense of entitlement, deserved...well, was entitled to breasts bigger than her own. He wanted to touch and play with her chest, so the bastard could play with his own when she was done with him. It would take a few rounds so as not to cause any bruising or even worse, misshapen results. After finishing the first round, the two boys had little breasts of similar size to the mosquito bites so many tweens concealed under their training bras.

She had to wait forty-five minutes for everything to set, but that didn't mean Eun could sit and twiddle her thumbs. As pretty as they already were, the girls needed a little help in the lip department. Emer was easy enough, already having a pretty plump pout to begin with. Only a very small injection was necessary in his bottom lip with the bulk of the effort being setting his top to match. Song's pencil thin slivers were overlined and filled both times his face was made up, but the vindictive woman was going to make sure that would no longer be needed. She took great joy in creating a pair of DSLs that would make Anna Nicole Smith proud.

After the second round of injections, the increasingly feminized youths each now sported their own pair of post pubescent breasts, each would have loved to see on anyone but themselves. Eun didn't remove their IVs for another hour, just to make sure that everything stayed perfectly formed, while she cleaned up around them.



Song awoke first, knowing what had happened, but the blow to his increasingly fragile masculinity wasn't softened one bit. Another piece of his manhood died a little when he reached up and touched his swollen areola, and a wave of both pleasure and pain raced through his body. As Emer stirred, he yawned, stretching his arms high above his head only for the soreness to hit him like a ton of bricks. He screamed like Goldilocks waking up to find the three bears at the foot of her bed "What the fuck!" His chest felt like it had been stung by a bee the size of a volkswagen, only then noticing the tightness around his mouth. He cupped his new boobs in his hands, a little too rough at first, but then gently explored the foreign appendages now weighing down his chest.

"Good, you're up." Bianca said happily as she stood from a seat in the corner. Eun came and got me once she thought you'd be rousing soon. What do you think?" She asked cheerfully.

"I have tits!" Emer said, still shouting loud enough for everyone in the salon to hear, but rather than sounding horrified, he just seemed surprised. He kept bouncing them back and forth in his palms till he'd wince, only to then do it all over again, until Bianca swatted his hands away.

"You have breasts." she clarified, before continuing, "Aren't they marvelous? The miracles of science. They only last a few weeks so we'll have to do this a few more times before summer is over. We've also added a little extra motivation under your panties." The two frantically fondled their crotches, afraid that they might find their genitals had somehow magically been swapped for their feminine counterparts, but weren't quite relieved to discover two metal cages encasing them, and locked into place instead. "These chastity cages worked wonders on my last project." She smiled brightly at the memory of Arial and all the fun she had using her feminized childhood friend as a model for her photographic endeavors. "Be good, and you might be able to get them off soon, otherwise you won't be spending any quality time with yourselves for the foreseeable future."

Even after his hand was swatted away, Emer was far from done with his new assets. They seemed to have grown on him like magic. His fascination came to an end, at least momentarily, as he cupped his imprisoned privates in one hand, trying to pull the contraption off. All while Song stared at the cage, jaw hanging open, reaching the conclusion that he didn't actually know what was going to happen, at least not everything.

Eun came in with corsets, rationalizing the new girls wouldn't be used to the unfamiliar weight, and needed all the support they could get, but really she just wanted another way to torture Song some more. "Good news! For being my favorite customers I have a gift for the two of you!" She spent good money on the corsets, of course planning to make Song pay her back for the expense. The price was worth it, or it would be once she pulled Song's skinny waist into a perfect hourglass. Bianca fastened one around Emer's waist, pulling the laces tight, while Eun did the same to the little nightmare, pulling them that much tighter. The Asian-American teen thought the witch was trying to split him in two. Emery and Song were now two girls that could boast enviable figures to their peers. After getting dressed again, their clothes now prominently

displaying their new assets. This was especially true for Emer whose bodycon dress tightly hugged his tightly nipped figure, making his plump rear look even bigger than where he started.

“Alright girls. Say thank you to Miss Eun.” Bianca commanded.

“Thank you, Miss Eun.” the defeated teens mumbled in unison. Clearly they didn’t mean it.

“No problem, girls. It won’t be so bad next time...at least if we don’t go up a cup size.” Song knew a warning when he heard it, so he kept his mouth shut. “Remember.” the small South Korean woman said to Bianca, “it’s best to take the corsets in a little more once the girls get used to them.” She shrugged her shoulders as her eyes drifted over to Song. “Or when they give you back talk.” Her eyes grew a little harder as she glared at the feminized boy. She enjoyed paying him back, but it didn’t feel like enough. His friend was collateral damage, but there was no burden of guilt, since he was dumb enough to be Song’s friend. “Remember to mind your elders, little sister.” She said in her native tongue which she knew the boy had at least passing understanding of.

Bianca walked to the door, gesturing for them to follow. “You girls get to see the view from the roof today. Isn’t that exciting? The parking lot is nothing to write home about, but the skyline is to die for. It will be perfect for our second photo shoot, and this time I’ve brought my camera.” She held up the Nikon D5600 that she pilfered from Ari those few years ago.

At their destination the spirited photographer snapped a few pictures of each new girl, but really this was just a warm up for the group shots she’d planned. At first, the two stood awkwardly next to each other, but that was far from what Bianca had in mind.

“Song, Emery, you two are best friends, practically sister wives, so act like it.” Both wanted to comply but clearly had no idea how to do so. She had to pose them like they were mannequins. The boys turned girls were made to face each other, pressing their tender new breast into their counterparts while cheek to cheek. They held each other’s hands like two inseparable BFFs, and gave gawky smiles to the camera. Bianca kept snapping photo after photo, charging through the awkwardness until she could finally land the shot she wanted.

Eventually they stumbled onto a winner. Song was mid blink, eyes gently closed rather than appearing mid sneeze like so many others would in the same scenario. At the same time a bird flying by caught the attention of the easily distracted Emer, causing him to look off the side. All together this miraculously painted the picture of two sharing the kind of romantic friendship so many young ladies experience growing up. No one would think that once the camera was put away. With a disgusted expression Song pulled away from the blonde like he was made of bees.



Chapter 10

“Welcome to your first day, ladies!” Eun said with a predatory grin on her face as she looked between the two dolled up teens. Revenge on Song was one thing, but she was actually starting to find a little joy watching the feminized boys get pulled further and further into their new girlish roles. When the two faced their warden she gave a slow shake of the head. It was Clear to Eun, they had the duo on edge. She wasn’t sure why they would even bother looking to Bianca for help. Obviously the white lady wasn’t about to do them any favors. Eun scoffed at how pathetic they were. It had been made clear that exemplary job performance was to be expected, and if not, then they already knew the consequences.

The redhead had to get back to work herself and check on Emmanuel, leaving the vindictive woman to take the boys into the back where they were assigned lockers to stow their purses. After filling out their new hire paperwork, and giving them their aprons, and name tags, she instructed, “Emery, you’re going to be training at the makeup counter with Mary, and little sister, you’ll be coming with me. Your mother wants you to start training as a nail tech today.”

Emer just nodded and walked out onto the floor, no clue where he was actually going, while Song meekly stood behind Eun as she collected a handful of supplies. It took him a minute, but he finally managed to summon up the courage to ask a question after a few false starts. “So, I’m going to be doing pedicures or something?”

“No, you’re going to be an apprentice. It takes one-hundred eighty hours to get certified as a nail-tech, so you’ve got at least two months before you’ll be trusted to do anything like that on your own. Until then, you’ll be painting nails while you observe, and occasionally you’ll be learning the more complicated tasks under direct supervision when we’re slow. Don’t be in such a rush little sister. You know in Japan, master sushi chefs spend ten years learning to toast seaweed before moving on to just learning how to make rice. If you work hard, and diligently you can get certified. No need to be in a rush.”

He almost said, ‘Yeah, but we’re Korean.’ before thinking better of it and keeping his mouth shut. ‘I’m going to be back in my boy clothes by then. Why would I need to know all this?’

A bottle of red polish in hand, Eun started walking and talking. She gave no indication that Song should follow, but he knew if he didn’t there would be hell to pay. “First we need to test your skills. Normally when a girl starts here, they at least have some experience, but given your...unique situation, well, we’ll try to be patient, but don’t expect any special treatment. Your first customer is already in the chair waiting, and I’m going to warn you now, she can be very demanding.”

Around the corner Song saw a row of elevated chairs with just as many stools lined up in front of them. In the very last seat, waiting impatiently was his first customer, the owner of the salon, and his mother, Grace Rim.

“Mom!” Song nearly shouted, startled by the sight of her.

The wealthy woman didn’t take her eyes off her cellphone, just saying, “Eun, tell your new trainee that she’s to address me as Mrs Rim when on the clock.”

“Of course, Grace.” Eun said, then immediately reiterating, “Little sister, you are to address her as Mrs. Rim when you’re here. That will not change unless you prove yourself to be an indispensable asset, understood?”

“Bu...” Song started to say before nodding, thinking it best to not speak unless being told to. ‘Keep your mouth shut or she might make you read poetry or sing again.’ he reasoned, making staying quiet feel more like his own choice.

“Okay, girl.” the boy’s mother said coldly, “Get to it. I have a meeting in two hours, and I’m wearing sandals so there better not be a single glob or streak.”

Not enjoying the way his mother was treating him, but not willing to voice the thought, Song unscrewed the little cap, and pulled the brush out along with it. He started to move it towards his mother, turned boss’ big toe, his nervous hand shaking like a leaf, when a drop of polish slipped from the brush, and fell onto the tile floor. A look to Grace was only met with a sneer, while Eun stood beside him, shouting to clean up the mess and start again. A second attempt left a sizable amount of polish streaked across the tip of the woman’s toe.

“Absolutely not.” the owner said, contempt dripping from her words. “Clean it off and do it again.”

“Look, I’m only going to show you this once, so pay attention.” Eun said, snatching the little bottle from his grip. She demonstrated, while explaining, “Apply a slight pressure so the brush fans just a little bit above the cuticle and then push it down to the bottom before pulling it back in one smooth stroke. Make sure to maintain the same speed, and don’t rush. That should prevent any rough spots or globs from forming. No naked spots. Not one.” She then cleaned off her work with another paper towel, and handed the nervous youth the bottle once more. “Try again.”



Song did just that, his hand still not quite steady, but the method he was taught helped the polish go on smoothly, and after the first stroke, he looked up to the two women for approval. His mother still hadn't taken her eyes off of her phone, and Eun stood there silently. He decided to take the lack of admonishment as a good sign, and continued. It took ten minutes, but he managed to get on the first coat, his hand cramping a little from the unfamiliar task. The second coat went on with only one errant stroke, but it was minor, and Eun explained that that could be cleaned up with a cotton ball and some acetone. If Song didn't know better, he'd have sworn she almost sounded encouraging.

Once finished, Grace finally broke away from her emails, and inspected the fruits of her child's labors. To Eun, she said, "That's satisfactory, but she'll need to be doing it in a quarter of the time by tomorrow. I trust you'll make sure of that, Eun. Don't let me down."

"I never do, ma'am." the senior esthetician replied, while Song did his best to not show how much it irked him to be talked about as if he wasn't there, let alone being referred to as a girl.

The store owner slipped on her shoes, threw her purse over her shoulder, and without another word walked out of the store, leaving Song behind to dwell over the fact that this was only the beginning of what was shaping up to be a very long summer.

After Emer walked out of the back office, he stumbled around the floor with no clue where to go. "Hey, Blondie!" someone shouted, bringing his attention over to the little glass counter on the far end of the shop. There stood the same pink haired girl that had done his makeup on that first visit to the salon, waving both arms over her head to get the dense boy's attention. "Get over here, girlie!"

The pretty boy strode across the floor with the grace of a wounded sloth, his heels clicking on the glossy tile. At his destination, he leaned on the counter, and channeling his inner Joey Tribbiani of Friends, asked, "How you doin'?"

The petite Asian-American girl giggled, flirtily brushed her colored hair behind her ear. She picked up a sign that read, "Please don't lean on the glass" and then bopped him on the nose with it.

"I'm Mary, your new supervisor. Any questions?"

Emer was confused. He asked, "Aren't we, like, the same age?" He couldn't comprehend how one of his peers could possibly be in charge of anything, when he struggled to match socks.

Mary started pulling items from the display case, and set them out in front of a small mirror, while she explained, "Say what you will about the old witch, but this place is a meritocracy."

"Meroacrcy?" Emer said, butchering the word. "What does the government have to do with your job?"

"Oh god!" The mischievous makeup artist laughed with a small snort that brought a happy smile to the feminized boy's face. She said, "You're going to be a lot of fun, I can tell." before going back to retrieving an assortment of products.

Mary first got her job at Rim's not for the paycheck, but because she needed a sponsor for her Youtube channel. That and quality cosmetics were expensive. The firstborn daughter of Vietnamese immigrants in a house containing four generations, she fell in love with makeup while watching her aunt get ready for work as a bartender every evening. Unskilled as one would expect a child to be, she practiced her craft on her little brothers, sisters, cousins, uncles, and anyone else who would dare sit still long enough in front of the precocious child.

MarySue, the name of Mary's social media, named so because she loved the idea of actually being the trope of a girl who was good at everything. The account had been steadily growing over the course of a year when she hit a plateau in her subscriber count, and the newer and trendier products' price tags kept going up, so she formulated a plan to get things moving again. She'd shopped at Rim Beauty plenty of times before, it being one of the few boutiques that catered to women of Asian descent. It was the only shop she could find a few choice imported Korean cosmetics she couldn't get anywhere else without having to pay ludicrous shipping costs. After a long day of googling she got a good idea of the kind of woman the store owner, Grace Rim, was, as well as a look at a picture in some article from a business magazine she normally wouldn't have cared about in the slightest. Armed with this knowledge, she camped out on the bench in front of the shop until she finally saw the elusive owner standing behind the desk.

Rim beauty only accepted inquiries on their website, but that didn't stop her from finding a template for a job application online, writing up one of her own, and filling it out like that was a thing people did. Confidently, though half faked, she strode up to the intimidating woman and slapped the piece of paper down on the desk. Grace looked at the brazen teen incredulously, and Mary's first instinct was to turn around and run, but she stood her ground, and placed her cellphone on top of the piece of paper. The phone was playing a video from her channel, the girl gushing over her most recent haul from Rim. What caught Grace's eye was the over two-hundred thousand view count on a video posted only a day before. She was impressed, but she certainly didn't show it.

"So you want a job. What can you bring here that I haven't already got?" Grace asked.

Mary never once broke eye contact. She'd been accused by family members for being intense before, but now it took much of her effort to not look away or start fidgeting. The girl knew the worst possible answer she could hear was no, and that would definitely be the case if she turned tail and ran like her nerves were telling her to. "You have a great shop, but as far as your makeup sales go, you're cutting out a huge chunk of the market." She picked up her phone, and typed in a few key search terms and then showed the results. "Rim has a great selection if you're Asian, or white, but black girls are probably the largest demographic in the youtube beauty scene right now, and I know that with the quality of service, and products here, they'd shop at your business before anywhere else if you carried their shades. Expand your inventory, and I guarantee the return on investment will be well worth your effort."

"I see." Grace said, scrolling through the girl's phone. "You start Monday afternoon, but if I don't see the kind of profits you've promised then your first paycheck will be your last, understand?"

"Yes, ma'am!" the excited teen squealed, momentarily forgetting the professionalism she'd displayed just moments before. It goes without saying sales went up, the previous department head was canned, and within two months, Mary found herself with the title of supervisor.

“C’mon pretty girl, I need to see what you can do?” she said to the baffled youth. “Your makeup could use a touch-up. Show me what you’ve got.”

Emer fumbled around, picking up each of the cosmetics and staring at them like they required a doctorate to use. “Ummm...This is lipstick...for lips, right?” He had seen girls spread it across their lips countless times in real life, on tv and in movies, but he’d also heard girls he hung around with talk about lip gloss, lip balm, and lip stain as well, and didn’t really understand the difference, but he knew he liked the effect. Holding the little container he pursed his own lips. They still felt funny after what was done earlier that day.

Mary laid across the glass case, and watched the hapless boy struggle, finding the whole situation incredibly hilarious. She knew it was going to be a lot of work, teaching her new employee things girls learned at the edge of their teen years, but she found the whole thing thrilling. It was going to be a hoot, and if anything, taking the bumbling himbo turned bimbo and turning him into a proficient artist would make great content for her channel.



"You know, if you had a button nose you could pull off working for Disneyland as one of the princesses. Hmmm, I could do that with the right contouring." She thought to herself, calling a blonde Barbie was too obvious. "I think I'm going to call you Princess."

"You know, I'd rather be called Prince." Emer replied, disheartened, not understanding why his usual charm seemed to have no effect on the pink haired girl.

"Ha...yeah, right! You're far too pretty for that. We're gonna have to clean off your mess and try again a dozen times I'm sure, so get to it. When I'm done with you, you'll be the second best makeup artist in this shop, mark my words."

*

It had been a long day, but Emmanuel scraped by and made it through without any major incidents. Bianca only poked her head in briefly before disappearing again for a couple of hours, not having been much help at all. His legs hummed with the day's exertions, a welcome ache that eclipsed the dull gnaw of worry that usually clung to him like a second skin. Eight hours ago, this prospect had filled him with dread, a conscription orchestrated by the iron-fisted Bianca, but somewhere between deciphering the auburn-haired tyrants scrawled inventory codes and wrangling unruly hangers, something miraculous happened. He'd swum, not sunk.

The cash register, once a looming sphinx, had yielded its secrets one sale at a time. He'd fumbled, sure, cheeks burning as he counted change with clumsy fingers, but he hadn't drowned in a sea of angry customer glares. And by some stroke of blessed fortune, not a single soul had attempted the dreaded return, that retail hydra with multiple receipts. By lunchtime, he was humming along to the store's tinny playlist, the rhythm of folding sweaters a hypnotic mantra.

For those stolen hours, the troubles that shadowed him like alley cats slunk away. His personal issues at home, the whispered rumors about his alleged criminal past, the ever-present weight of Bianca's blackmail, they all receded, replaced by the satisfying tang of accomplishment. His fingers, calloused from the day's work, felt strangely lighter, no longer shackled by anxieties. Emmanuel's mother always told him that she didn't want him to work, to focus on school and spend time just being a kid. People always complained about work, so even if he was the type to argue with his mom he wouldn't have on the topic. What he found funny though was how much working distracted him from the thoughts that often plagued him.

Unfortunately that didn't last long, as just as it was time to pull down the steel gate, and lock up, a process which he had no idea how to do, Bianca came bursting through the door with his two friends in tow. She gushed, "You've got to see the cute photos your girlfriends took for you today. Lock up and meet us in the office." The redhead tossed him the keys, and pointed to the electronic lock on the wall for him to figure the rest out.

After wrestling with the mechanism for a minute, his mind distracted by just how much curvier his friends looked, he was finally able to get the gate closed. With that done Emmanuel poked his head into the office, to see Song, and even Emer sitting in two chairs, unusually silent. He couldn't quite put his finger on it, but it seemed to him like the two feminized boys' dresses were clinging that much tighter to their bodies than when they left that morning, and he wanted to kick himself for finding Emer's lips that much more kissable. That and the fact he couldn't stop himself from checking them both out. Needing some answers he asked, "Did you guys get some new padding, or something?"

Bianca answered for her dolls, "They have some new assets for you to play with," before turning her attention to the two blushing boys, "isn't that right, girls?" She hadn't felt that same rush Steph did when they helped Ari become a pretty coed, or at least not at first. Now though, just thinking about the before and after photos of the two and the control she had over them made her feel powerful. The ambition she had fresh out of college had dwindled, but now it was flying high with a new goal.

"They're just temporary." Emer said with a pout, while Song couldn't make eye contact with anyone in the room. He just tried to cover himself, but every position he sat in only brought more attention to the nearly c cup breasts protruding from his diminutive frame, not that he could sit in many positions comfortably with the corset crushing his waist and his chest bouncing with every breath.

"Wait, those are real?!" Emmanuel shouted, exasperated, his eyes going wide as they were drawn unabashedly to their chests.

"Aren't they nice?" Bianca interjected. "Come look at these photos. Some of my best work if I do say so myself." She folded the four-by-sixes out like a hand of cards, the sweet picture of the two holding hands out front. "Don't you think they're pretty?"

"Ummm, yeah...sure." Emmanuel answered, still not quite sure what to make of the sudden pubescent metamorphosis in his cohorts. Admitting that felt wrong to him, even if it was done so hesitantly, but saying otherwise would have been a bold faced lie.

"Oh no, girls." Bianca said, playing at mock heartbreak. "It looks like Emmanuel is losing interest in the two of you. Looks like you're going to have to try a little harder to keep his attention. You need to learn, especially at your age, it's easy for a boy's eyes to wander if you let them. Why don't you two put on a show for him? I'm sure he'd appreciate that, wouldn't you, Emmanuel?"

"Umm, what?" he asked, with no clue what his absentee boss was even talking about.

"*You'd like it if the girls would put on a show, isn't that right?*" she asked again, stressing each word.

"Yeah...sure..." he answered, his voice trailing off while internally he prayed he was giving whatever answer she wanted to hear.

"You heard him, girls. Get to it. Put on a show."

"Huh?" The subtext was lost on Emer. He was exactly one of those boys that had a wandering eye, going from girl to girl and yet here he was not able to make heads or tails of exactly what Bianca was asking for. Song on the other hand understood exactly what the crazy bitch was saying, but all he could muster up in response was a pleading look, begging with his doll-like eyes not to suffer yet another humiliation.

Ignoring Song, Bianca popped her hip to the side and rested her hand on it. "Emery, what does a heterosexual teenage boy like Emmanuel want to watch two girls do more than anything?"

"Wait...Oh!!" The realization pummeled the blonde like a champion boxer, as he turned to face Song, who looked like he was about to cry.

The new nail-tech in training finally summoned up enough courage to fight back, though barely. "I'm not gonna make out with Emer." he said, trying for firm, but landing on meek and childish.

Bianca raised an eyebrow at the feeble attempt at protest. It would have almost been amusing if it wasn't so pathetic. "I'd think twice about that little Miss Song. I'd suggest you do anything I ask with *Emery*, no arguments, or neither of you will be getting those little cages off anytime soon. Shall we try again?"

"Cages?" Emmanuel muttered to himself, still completely ignorant to his new reluctant girlfriends' ordeals."

The idea of depriving Little Emer didn't sit well with the now busty blonde so he stood from his seat, almost a little too quickly, nearly fumbling in the unfamiliar slingback heels. Once on solid footing, he grabbed Song by the arm and pulled him closer, his baby blue eyes meeting the shorter boy's. Song begged him not to with his eyes and just a single word. "Please..."

Emer pulled a determined face, looked firmly at his terrified friend, and said, "Don't make this weird." then planted a big wet one on the Asian teens lips. The exchange, to Bianca, was amusing. Without context it sounded like the South Korean girl was begging her friend to makeout, while her bimbo friend was being dismissive, right before giving the girl exactly what she seemed to want.

At first the two struggled to find any kind of rhythm, Emer practically trying to ram his tongue through Song's pursed lips, but eventually the boy in the red dress relented, and allowed his friend to explore. For Emer it was far more preferable than making out with Manny the day prior. Song wasn't nearly as bad of a kisser as their quiet compatriot, more along for the ride than anything else. His soft lips, still extra puffy from the procedure earlier, and the scent of Chanel

Number Five, generously applied by Grace that morning, didn't hurt as it filled his nostrils and reminded Emer of a bougie girl who'd taken him to the movies just a few months prior. He closed his eyes, let his thoughts drift to those better times, making it easy to forget who he was actually kissing. "Hmmm" The sound came from Emer as he started to enjoy kissing the girl he was holding, his hand raising up to cop a feel. When she didn't pull back he gave it a gentle squeeze, moving his hand over the girl's chest, feeling her bra under the dress and rolling his thumb over her nipple beneath it.



"Oh, he definitely likes that." Bianca encouraged, while Emmanuel stood off to the side, trying to shift and lean in whatever way he could think of to hide his steadily growing erection, but to no avail. "Touch her back, Song. Also, you should be talking to your boyfriend. This is for him after all."

Emer broke away for a moment, his eyes roaming over Song's body, trying to hold it in his mind that this wasn't the person he knew. This was a pretty girl. Considering what he saw it wasn't much of a leap in his imagination. Channeling from his spank bank, he turned to Manny and asked, "You like that, don't you, Daddy?" then winked, closed his eyes, and went back to the difficult task of getting a satisfactory performance out of his petrified partner. He grabbed Song's hands, and placed them firmly on his ass, before closing his eyes, and returning to his makeout session, groping and all.

Song for his part didn't argue, but remained stiff as a board, eyes wide open while his brain struggled to process exactly what was happening. Emmanuel now pitched a full tent, hating how much he liked what he was seeing, but fortunately everyone else was preoccupied, the new girls with each other, and Bianca with her camera freshly loaded with new film, snapping picture after picture.

Moving his hand to the front of his pants, Emmanuel wanted to hide his growing problem, and to rub one out. His mind told him it was wrong to even be turned on by what he was seeing. Those were other guys. They just didn't look like they were. All he saw was a pair of girls making out, one of them calling him daddy. It was like a wet dream, but he was awake. Swallowing hard, he wasn't able to tear his eyes away from the softcore porn happening in front of him. Hating himself for it and yet desiring to join in at the same time.

Chapter 11

"This is bullshit." Emer muttered, dangling a freshly washed pair of Emmanuel's boxer shorts from his fingers. He looked at them with disgust, despite their clean state. "That asshole gets busted with us, but not only does he not have to pretend to be a girl, he also gets us cleaning his house. How is that fair?"

"I know, right!" Song said in rare agreement with something coming from his dimwitted friend's mouth, while he angrily swatted a duster around an end table. "...but it's an apartment." The lesser categorization was important to Song as he was grasping at anything to prove he was somehow above his impoverished friend, especially now that he was basically at the boy's beck and call. Never one to believe anyone ever did anything without ulterior motives, the heir turned heiress lamented, "He's basically that crazy bitch's lackey now. Like he pretends he's just as embarrassed as we are every time we have to kiss, but you've seen those erections he gets. I can't believe I have to do this work, like a poor. This is what the help is for."

In reality neither had even so much as rinsed a dish in the sink before, and it showed in the quality of their efforts cleaning their shotgun boyfriend's two-bedroom apartment. Their performance at their new jobs at Rim Beauty over the past week was a different story. With someone constantly looking over their shoulder, and the ever present torture that was chastity cages, the two would-be felons were forced to comply with every single whim of nearly every other person in their lives.

For Emer, every morning started with him doing his own makeup a minimum of two times over a video call with Mary. His new boss was insistent that he practice his skills, as opposed to letting his step-mom do it every morning as he would have liked. The ambitious teen decided her new employee would benefit by having her as an example, so their morning routine was from then on done in stereo. For his part, Emer at least began to develop some measure of skill in spite of himself, finding it easier to perform the task when he had a cute girl to attempt flirting with. Though his long list of cheesy pickup lines seemed to do no good. By Friday Mary hardly had to correct any little errors once she finally saw Princess, as she'd grown accustomed to calling him, in person. While his lines did nothing, the praise his instructor heaped on him pulled him deeper into her glamorous web, and without realizing it, Mary's new project was that much more eager to please.

Rose however did help with a few aspects of Emer's presentation, like the voice and other things that her step child desperately seemed to be in need of. One night after work, the boy waddled in like a cat in socks, and for the hundredth time since his ordeal started, complained of back and foot pain. The kindly stay-at-home mom spent much of her downtime on the internet, and with a head full of articles on helicopter parenting, and trans people being allowed to explore their new identities, she tried to let her new stepdaughter figure it out on her own, but after hearing the same struggle again, and again, she had to interject. "You know, Emery, I always say it takes all kinds, but maybe if you're gonna wear shoes like that, you might wanna try walking like...well you know..." She could understand Emery wanting to wear cute footwear, but the poor dear just looked like she needed all the help she could get wearing them.

"Huh?" The pretty blonde was genuinely befuddled.

"Like a lady, dear. You oughta try walking like a lady. You'll probably feel a lot better...in more ways than one." Rose imagined not only would a little change help with the girl's pain, but also she might feel a little more confident in herself.

In reality Emer had never noticed that different people walk differently in any way shape or form. The most he ever thought about when taking a step was where he was trying to go and nothing more. "There's a way I can walk where my feet won't hurt?" he asked, optimistically.

"In those shoes, probably not entirely, but it'll help." Rose explained. "Honestly sweetie, I'm surprised you have such high class taste."

The next two hours were spent in front of Rose's full length mirror with Emer walking back and forth across the room to Rose's polite but explicit instruction, all the while little Abner served as a training obstacle crawling around on the floor. From the first gentle step he took without a shooting pain running up his spine, though twice as short as his usual gait, Emer resolved to never walk differently in heels again. The relief was almost orgasmic. An actual critical inspection of his form showed him he already appreciated other things about the female form beside tits and ass. He just never had any real awareness of it. Though it may have been

because he liked the way girls looked that meant, in his current reflection, he liked the way he looked too. 'I shouldn't like what I see in the mirror, but... damn I'm...' He looked himself over again, imagining sitting down with his legs crossed at the knee and dangling a heel from his toes. 'Yeah...Emery is hot. I'm hot!'

Around the same time Song's home life was altogether a new experience for the privileged youth. For the previous several years his parents had all but given up on him. His legal troubles were just seen as another bill by the time he started his senior year. While his dad at best could muster an awkward hello and maybe a clumsy dad joke before scurrying off and muttering something to himself in Korean, Grace's parenting style was similar to a totalitarian dictator dealing with a peasant uprising. If Song did as told, there wasn't much love given, but in general the delinquent was left to his own devices. However, when he broke the rules his mother would verbally carpet bomb him until his ears bled.

It wasn't said, but Grace had long given up on her son, but it turned out her new daughter was a different story. At home, she'd heap praise on her progeny for his perfect corseted figure, or smooth milky skin, saying how back home when she was a teenager with extremely bad acne, skin care was a luxury she didn't have. Grace's mother, a tyrant in her own right, was adamant that money could be better spent on other things like her education. It wasn't like they were poor, but Song's grandmother was a skinflint nonetheless. The education did work in Grace's favor, her being the capable businesswoman she was, but she still considered it a tragedy that she never got to experience being, what she considered, beautiful until she was too old to fully put it to use. If she had anything to do with it, that would never be something her perfect porcelain little girl would never have to experience.

Every night Grace was in her little star's bathroom, walking her through each and every step of a fourteen step skin care routine, while Song began to fear if he kept it up he'd never stop getting asked for ID when he tried to casually buy beer from even the sketchiest of gas stations. It didn't stop either as by the time he woke up, there was another twenty step routine ending with the boy sporting the most fabulous and feminine of hairstyles, and makeup. He hated every minute of the rituals, and definitely wasn't a fan of the end result, but the mountains of praise his mother showered upon him touched a part deep inside that seemed long dead. It was a warmth that if he could, the small boy would have kept in a bottle for the next time he screwed up.

One night, just before bed, Grace was nowhere to be found, caught up watching some crime drama on television when Song, without thinking too hard about what he was actually doing, walked into the living room, and almost pouting, asked his mother when they were going to do their routine. He was actually proud when she explained since she knew he knew all the steps, she trusted him enough to do it himself. In the bathroom Song realized he could have probably gotten away with fudging some of what was required, but for reasons he couldn't make sense of, he meticulously checked each box of the to-do list before turning in for the night with a smile after his mother once more praised him. He could have done without the "good girl" comment, but all the same he felt that warmth for being recognized and appreciated.

While Rose might have been attempting to avoid so-called helicopter parenting, Grace had no such concern. Whereas before Song could have slumped down the stairs, hair uncombed, dragging his feet, and sat at the kitchen table for a bowl of pure sugar without a second thought, now pigs would sooner fly. His mother had a comment for how he sat, how he stood, how he walked, how he spoke, what he wore, what he ate, and if she was a psychic there'd have been a few words about what he thought, though some of her comments made the eighteen year old boy consider she might have such latent abilities. He wasn't to come down the stairs until he finished his morning routine, and was dressed and presentable for the world. "A girl has to care about such things after all," she'd say. By Friday morning he knew there wasn't any way he'd be getting his bowl of fruity pebbles back. The starving boy would have to settle for half a grapefruit and a cup of green tea instead. Not even coffee was safe, the drink being off limits because of something to do with it being bad for his skin, while green tea was supposed to be good for it.

At the shop it was a different story. Grace had a reputation of not giving anyone the time of day until they proved their worth, and she was definitely not going to be accused of nepotism. On the rare occasion she made an appearance at Rim Beauty, Song may as well have been a ghost. The new situation at home had done something to his brain, and without intending to, he found himself craving his mother's approval all the more. The indifference she showed professionally was like a knife to the heart. Whenever she was there, he bent over backwards to do a good job, even performing the most ridiculous and demeaning of tasks Eun could throw at her new punching bag with fervor. He scrubbed the toilet making sure to plaster a giant smile on his face when he thought Grace might be watching. When Eun told him about Grace often watching the wireless cameras setup in the store, something he remembered her having up on a screen when she was in her home office, but hadn't given it much thought, that made the plastered-on smile a permanent fixture. Making the job all that much worse was having to look across the store, and watch Emer skating by, getting away with merely windexing a glass countertop, and playing around with Mary.

That Friday, after putting in more effort than Emer and Song ever had at any point in their lives, they sat down for the typical end of day meeting with Bianca. A routine they unfortunately were becoming accustomed to. Eagerly awaiting a two-day reprieve from the redheaded torturer, they sat through her usual spiel, then made out with Emmanuel without uttering one word of protest. All their hopes were dashed in an instant when Bianca announced, "I know you girls want to please your boyfriend, so I thought up a way you two could help. Since Emmanuel's mother is so busy with work, I'm sure things have been piling up around his house. Why don't you go over there tomorrow, and help him clean up?"

"No way!" the two shouted almost in unison, Emer adding, "I was gonna watch TV tomorrow." like it was the most unbreakable of commitments.

"Calm down, ladies." Bianca said calmly, but not at all hiding the threat that lay beneath those words. She was surprised that the two had enough fight left in them to raise their voices like that. Though she thought it was forgivable considering the boys sounded like protesting teen girls. "You two are going to help your boyfriend tomorrow, and you'll do it without complaint. If

not, I'm positive he'll let me know. Otherwise there will be hell to pay for all three of you, understand?" The quietly angry beauty let the question hang in the air. The two girlish boys said nothing in response. "Understand?!" she asked again, this time with the kind of emphasis that demanded a reply.

"Yes." they both pouted, their eyes resentfully cast down to the floor.

"Good," Bianca continued, "and for that little outburst I've decided there's going to have to add another little requirement." The requirement was already going to happen, she had already spent money on it, but it never hurt to remind her dolls that there were ramifications for resistance.

Now the two stood in Emmanuel's home, half-assing their chores and commiserating in their frustrations with the situation. Emer complained, "Like, I have to work super hard before I even go to work every day, with, like, the makeup and stuff, and Manny gets to work at that easy ass clothing store. I bet he's in there with that lady coming up with all this stupid shit."

Song added, "At least your boss likes you. I'm pretty sure if she was certain my mom wouldn't have fired her for it, Eun would have cut off my genitals by now. Not to mention, your breasts aren't on full display for Brooks to ogle right now."

The extra punishment Bianca had mentioned turned out to be two maid outfits with Emery and Miss Song's names embroidered on the tags. The pair were ripped from a Japanese maid cafe as they set about their unwanted chores. Their outfits were mostly the same, from their frilly white caps, to their wildly impractical heels, fortunately strapped around the ankle to provide just a modicum of support. It was their dresses that differed. Emer's dress covered his new assets, but his long legs were on full display, clad in the opaque white tights that complimented the black and white outfit, while Song's dress was long enough to cover his backside, but proudly showed off his new cleavage like he was, as he described it, "some kind of low class street walker".

Emer tilted his head inquisitively as he listened to his friend go on his rant about modesty and proper dress, when he giggled to himself.

"What?" Song asked sharply, his patience already thin.

"Nothing, dude." Emer replied, still snickering.

"Seriously, what?" Song said with a huff, internally cringing at how his new feminine figure not only moved, but jiggled as he did.

"Okay, don't get me wrong. I'm glad you're talking again. I don't think I've ever gone that long without hearing you say anything. You were kinda scaring me, bro. I'm just glad you're back to

your usual stuck up self, you know? But...don't get mad...I just realized you kinda sound like Karen Glenwood now."

"I don't sound anything like that hussy." Song spat, not doing anything to help his case. The pretty Asian boy was so angry that when he flailed his arms the little duster in his hand knocked over a vase, smashing onto the laminate floor beneath it.

"What are you doing?!" Emmanuel asked, panicked. He ran into the room at the sound of the crash. The boy was sitting in his bedroom, trying to keep ample distance between his eyes, and Song's breasts. He hated what the transformed boys were doing to his brain, but the introvert hadn't had a lot of experience with women so he had little defense, at least in the physical sense. Like many eighteen year olds, that boner was showing up whether he wanted it to or not. "That's my mom's favorite vase. Are you guys even trying right now?"

The tall boy gestured around the room at the mess that had been at best been moved around a little. "You're supposed to be cleaning, not..." He couldn't find the words, instead just waving his arms at the green t-shirt Emer seemed to be intentionally burning with an iron. All this got in response was a raised middle finger from Song.

"I'm not going to jail for you two." Emmanuel huffed before running back into his room, and calling Bianca.



“What’s going on Emmanuel?” Bianca answered.

“Song and Emery aren’t doing their chores right, and you told me to call you if they didn’t. I’m doing just like you said, Bianca, honest.” the boy nervously praddled, taking special care to use the feminine version of Emer’s name. His boss hadn’t been too thrilled the few times he’d messed that up at work.

"You did the right thing, hon." Bianca replied. "The girls will need to be punished. Since I'm not there, that's going to have to fall to you, understand?"

Emmanuel was confused. "Punish...how?"

With a plan already in mind for just such an occasion, a smile graced Bianca's lips as she responded, "I'd say a good firm spanking will do. You can do that, can't you?"

"Umm..." The idea of putting his hands on the other two was the last thing from his mind, but he knew that if he didn't, he'd have hell to pay.

"Good." Bianca said, not waiting for an answer. "Send me a video so I know you followed my instructions, okay?" and without another word, she switched back to her previous call with her friend in Florida. "Girl, I'm telling you, it would have been a thousand times easier with Ariel if we'd have had someone to play her off of. These three are almost taking the challenge out of it"

"Bia, I can't believe how good you are at this now." her friend Steph replied. "I figured you'd need my bad cop to compliment your good cop, but it looks like I was just dragging you down. You're such a badass, girl."

"Emmanuel is definitely helping. I don't know what happened to that kid. In spite of how he looks, I've never met anyone more scared of the world. I know his home life is kinda rough or something, so I'm really doing him a favor, and giving him some extra pocket money if you think about it. I mean, he's absurdly compliant. Just then a little chime went off on the store manager's phone. "Speaking of which..." The bottle redhead looked down at her screen to see a fresh text from her employee containing a photo, and attached video. The video she would watch later, but the picture depicting a teary eyed Song bent over Emmanuel's lap, his skirt hiked up above his waist, while his unwanted boyfriend was mid swat, and the icing on the cake was the horrified expression on Emer's face as he stood behind them, knowing he was next.

Back in the apartment thoughts ran through all the boy's heads. Emer was wondering if he'd break anything if he jumped out of the second story window. Emmanuel was hating every moment of it, but at the same time couldn't stop himself from being incredibly turned on after having someone he made out with on the regular across his lap and his hand touching their bottom, hating himself for being a trouble magnet in the first place. He wouldn't even be in this situation if he didn't hang out with the other two. While outside, Song's eye makeup was streaking, inside he was anything but the feeble little girl he'd been playing all week. The only thing keeping him from truly breaking were the daydreams of the devious ways he'd be getting his revenge as soon as an opportunity allowed.



Chapter 13

That following Monday the captive trio were sitting in Bianca's office while they waited on her to finish submitting the previous week's payroll. While they were by no means comfortable in those seats, the room had become all the more familiar, and whereas before they would have sat in absolute silence, now there was room for the type of workplace venting between the two unwilling girls that typically happens after hours.

"I can't believe I have to work Saturday." Emer complained. "What am I supposed to do by myself all day tomorrow? I really don't want to be stuck home changing Abner's diapers again. I don't know why, but since all this started, all of the sudden Rose is asking me to, like, wash dishes and stuff. I gotta get the hell out of that house. I thought we could hang out this weekend like old times, ya know?" the blonde boy said, like it was them hanging out was some event from a time long passed.

"Sometimes that's just how the schedule works out, Emer-y." Song replied, catching what was almost a fatal error should Bianca hear him call the blonde anything else. What he failed to catch was that he just defended the management of a place he'd rather not be working himself either. "I've gotta work Saturday too. I'll be off Thursday, and my mom is talking about us taking the day to try and do a tik tok dance together." The thought of his middle aged mother's obsession with k-pop music caused him to visibly cringe. Emmanuel actually thought the idea sounded fun. He also thought it would be embarrassing, but doing something like that with his mom sounded like a great time.

"Actually," Bianca interjected, a new devious plot forming in her mind upon hearing this information, "next week we're having that big Fourth of July sale, so the assholes at corporate have me running a short staff this week, to save labor for it." She finished with a few dramatic clicks on her keyboard, before standing and looming over the three teens with her usual practiced dominance. "Emmanuel, I've got to cut your hours some this week. Your next shift won't be till Friday, okay? You'll have to be here overtime after that though."

"Umm...yeah...okay." The idea of a few extra days off was appealing, but by now he knew there'd be some kind of catch.

Tapping her finger on her chin, Bianca considered what had been discussed and exactly how she could take advantage of things. Her friend Stephanie had been the one to come up with a lot of their plans for dealing with Ari, so she simply asked herself, 'What would Steph do?' as a way of helping kick start her own creativity. "You know, I was thinking, it's such a lovely summer, and Emery's right. It's a shame that for the past few weeks you haven't been able to enjoy it. I'm thinking it's time for you girls to get to do what everyone your age enjoys at this time in your life."

"What's that?" Song asked, knowing no good would come from the crazy bitch's mouth.

"Dates with your boyfriend of course." she squealed, clapping her hands excitedly. "You're both still competing for his heart after all, so I think it's best if you two really give it your all and try your best to please him. Emmanuel can tell me all about it when we all meet up again Friday night after work. I know he'll provide a thorough detailed account, won't you Emmanuel?"

The increasingly wicked woman asked the question with a smile, but behind that was a threat, and the three teens all knew it. Emmanuel nodded his head up and down furiously, terrified of anything that could possibly set Bianca off. He knew how easy he had it compared to the others and he wasn't going to give her a reason to lock up his privates...or worse have them all locked up in jail as a collective punishment.

"Good. Tomorrow you and Emery can spend the day together, and you and Miss Song can make other plans later this week. Don't forget to send me pics, okay?"

"Of course, Bianca." Emmanuel agreed, while the other two side-eyed the suck up, wanting to punch him in the face right then and there.

"Excellent." Bianca said, happy with her scheme's continued momentum. "Normally I'd need you to practice kissing some more, but you'll have plenty of time to do that on your romantic excursions. You all can go, but Emery, I'm going to need you to hang back for just a minute. It won't be long, I promise. I'd hate for you to miss your bus." She waved dramatically to the other two as they got up to walk out the door. See you tomorrow, Miss Song. I'm looking forward to our first one on one conversation."

Song waved back, a happy smile on his face that was there more often than not these days, it being a fixture for work, not to mention his mother's insistence on how a girl should always smile unless she had a reason not to. It was some nonsense about a smile being like armor or shield... or something. All the while the resentful you did his best to quell his rising anger, as he wondered if he'd ever truly get a free moment to himself again. Meanwhile, Emer stayed in his seat, blissfully ignorant to the plans Bianca was dreaming up, instead wondering what Rose was making for dinner. He asked, "What's up?" but his mind was partially elsewhere, as was the norm. 'Maybe it will be pot roast...or maybe a taco night!'

"How would you feel if I told you there was a way to get that cage removed?" Bianca asked, subtly pointing down to the seated boy's crotch.

"You're gonna free Little Emer?!" he asked, his eyes lighting up like a kid getting a Nintendo Switch for Christmas.

Bianca almost corrected the name, but after a moment of thought, she found it humorous that even with everything the bimbo was going through he still kept the same pet name for his penis. "I'm saying you can free Little Emer if you can prove to me you've learned how to please someone else just the same as I can see you're eager to please yourself."

"Sure, I'll do, like, anything." Emer said, unable to make sense of the flowery language Bianca was using. Whatever she was asking, he didn't care. It's not unusual for a boy of Emer's age to masturbate daily, but for him it was a requirement, or so he felt. From the first time he'd touched himself in the shower at the tender age of twelve, nary a day went by where Little Emer had gone without attention from Emer himself, if not somebody else. Since his privates were locked up, to say the boy was frustrated would be an understatement. He was starting to think he might actually die, or even worse his balls might explode from the backed up load. When he said anything, he meant it. "If you want me to jerk Manny off so I can jerk off, then I'll do it."

"Not quite." Bianca said with a chuckle, briefly unable to maintain the stern taskmaster image she'd so carefully cultivated. Emer's readiness to masturbate his friend was just too amusing. "You need to really show me that you can give it your all when pleasing someone else."

"So like...my mouth?" he asked earnestly, now fully engaged in the conversation, the thoughts of food completely forgotten.

Bianca clarified, "Or other things. The choice is up to you, sweetie. Just not your hands."

"Right." the blonde said with a nod. Internally he was trying to decide if Little Emer's freedom was worth it. The image of exploding testicles replaying in his brain convinced him it was. "So...I can go?"

"You can go." Bianca said, waving to the door. "I'll see you Wednesday. Looking forward to hearing all about your date, Emery. Be a good girl for me, okay?"

"Okay." Emer answered with a far-off stare, his mind dwelling on the task ahead as he collected his purse, and walked out the door with his now well-practiced wiggle.

Bianca watched the blonde go. She had heard her Emery doll complain about their heels hurting their feet, about how much work it was to keep their hair full of curls, but what she didn't hear was a complaint about needing to sexually please their friend. "Well... that was easy." She wondered if the cage had worked that well or if it was something else considering the lack of resistance.

On the bus ride home, after a quick discussion with Emmanuel, it was decided that the two would be sharing a picnic in the park the next day. Simple, cheap, and requiring little planning, it was the most appealing option for Emer, the event being something he'd do with his buddy whether it was a date or not. The only drawback was the secret homework assignment Bianca gave him.

At home, Rose was ecstatic hearing the news. Her little girl had only just accepted herself, and she already had a date with a boy, and from the pics she'd seen of Emmanuel, a handsome one to boot. Emer was left to babysit Abner while the eager stepmother took care of the next day's shopping much later than was typical. That way Emery could borrow Rose's minivan for her

date without having to suffer the two hour bus ride across town. She'd be damned if the picnic basket she was already mentally curating was going to spoil before the kids got the chance to enjoy it. Instead of their nightly television ritual, the excited parent spent the evening in her stepchild's room, the two digging through the ever growing wardrobe for the perfect afternoon outfit, stylish and cute, but not over the top for a day outdoors.

After much deliberation, and half a dozen combinations tried on, the two blondes settled on an orange, sleeveless, mock turtleneck shell top paired with a black wrap skirt, decorated with four gold buttons on the front. The pieces were hung on the closet door with care. Before bed, Rose decided to treat the teen with a little pampering. The two shared an application of a charcoal face mask packet so her stepdaughter's face would be pristine and glowing, radiating with her natural beauty.

Emer, for his part, was along for the ride. Trying on all those clothes felt like a lot of work, but Rose seemed thrilled so he didn't complain. He did wonder how many outfits a few of the girls he'd been out with tried on before their dates. After that he wasn't sure what the point of the goopy ordeal was, but when it was washed clean, even he recognized just how smooth his supple cheeks were as his hand grazed them while he sat brushing his hair in his little pink babydoll nightgown.

On the drive to the park the next day, the atmosphere was pleasant, though a little unfamiliar. It wasn't often Emer and Emmanuel got to hang out without Song there dominating the conversation. At first the quiet boy didn't say much, while the gorgeous creature next to him spent the better part of the drive babbling about Power Rangers, solar flares, chocolate cake, or whatever else popped into his brain. Emmanuel was pretty sure most of what Emer was going on about was probably incorrect in some fashion, but found himself fascinated anyway. It wasn't what Emer was saying, but instead how he was saying it.

Emer had never had the deepest of voices, his pitch barely dropping lower after the start of puberty. It never bothered him, the boy speaking with just the right amount of vocal fry to sound like a California beach bum, or a frat boy in training. Always the social butterfly, the pseudo surf bro migrated from clique to clique all throughout his school years, picking up new vernacular every time he did. Over the past few weeks, without realizing it, he'd done the same thing all over again. The only difference was this time he'd spent all his time with his stepmother, and a bunch of women in a beauty shop. The only two boys he'd talked to were Emmanuel and Song, and with the latter's rigid instruction from his mother, it wasn't really like talking to a boy at all.

First he picked up a few of Rose's little cutesy names for things, calling Abner's diapers nappies, and such, and even calling his little brother precious every time he picked him up now. After a week of working with Mary he'd already started mirroring her inflections, speaking in a more singsong manner, especially when trying to make a sale to potential customers. Unconsciously slipping into another clique, he was suddenly complimenting the girls in the shop for their hair, outfits, or just their general style rather than just calling them hot. It definitely got him a better response and that experience repeatedly pushed the reward button in his simple

brain, reinforcing the behavior, especially when Mary praised his cute outfits. Even though he still called everyone dude, or bro, unintentionally, the new feminine manner of speech painted him in a very different light.

Emmanuel had a cousin, his favorite, a tomboy who spent her childhood as the only girl in the neighborhood. She wore t-shirts and shorts almost every day, perfect for playing basketball with the boys. Her vernacular wasn't much different from Emer's in fact. A lot changed for the girl when she started high school however. Gone were the beat up rags replaced with frilly tops, and short skirts; tennis shoes traded for high heels. She was becoming a woman and she wanted everyone to know it. This didn't do anything really to change how she spoke, but none of that detracted from the beautiful flower that bloomed.

At first with Emer, despite how pretty he was, Emmanuel still saw a boy in a dress, especially with the way the hairless chimpanzee stomped around in pumps as though they were combat boots. Slowly over the past couple weeks though, little things changed. Emer was now walking with practiced grace, much better than most of the girls in school who'd throw on the occasional pair of heels when an impulse struck them. With the subtle changes in vocabulary, as well as the new upward inflection that ended every sentence, all of the sudden Emery was becoming the same kind of girl as that cousin. She could still hang with the guys, but that didn't do anything to detract from the feminine beauty she grew into. Emmanuel thought Emer sounded a little like Emma Stone, and it was a change he didn't find all that unpleasant, as he hung on every nonsensical word.

"What do you think of that, Manny?" the pretty thing driving the van asked, snapping him out of his dreamy daze. Emer had called him that nickname a thousand times before, but something about the way the beautiful teen said it now had Emmanuel wrapped around their little finger whenever he heard it.

"What do I think about...there being bugs on the moon?" he asked, trying to keep up.

"Yeah, like little cute bear bugs or whatever. Ptarmigans, I think. I know they're in space or something now. Do you think they're on the moon? Like could they take it over since nobody else is up there?"

"Ummm, yeah sure, I don't see why not." Emmanuel could think of a million reasons why tardigrades, the micro-animal that had survived all mass extinction events, wouldn't colonize the anaerobic moon, but didn't argue. He knew it was Emer underneath all the pretty clothes, and perfect makeup, but he just couldn't bring himself to break this beautiful girl's heart with his naysaying.

After finding a parking space, Emmanuel retrieved the little basket from the back seat, and the pair walked out onto the grass to find a spot to lay down their blanket. Unfortunately for Emer, with that first step his heels sunk deep into the soft ground, and he nearly fell on his face for the first time since mastering the challenging footwear. The heels of the shoes were chunkier than

some of the others he wore, but his lack of experience in them caused a problem. Taking it in stride the feminized boy giggled, then asked, "Manny, you're real strong right?"

"Ummm, I guess so. Why?"

The blonde didn't answer. He just jumped on Emmanuel's back and squealed, "Piggyback ride!" with the same kind of grin his little toddler brother would have doing the same thing. The weight wasn't nothing, and Emmanuel wasn't really that strong, so the extra mass made the rest of the trek to a nearby shady spot under a tree a struggle, doubly so with all of the picnic gear to boot. However Emmanuel persevered onward, fueled by the adorable giggle coming from the smooth skinned beauty clinging to him. He tried to play it cool when they finally reached their destination, but he was clearly out of breath. Still, the rare smile on his face didn't fade.

"I just realized I probably could have taken off my shoes." Emer said, feeling a little guilty while Emmanuel tried to brush it off as though his face wasn't beet red for at least five minutes afterwards.

"It's fine, I ahh, don't mind." he replied happily, while internally he continued to struggle with enjoying being touched by Emery, knowing she was still really Emer.

The little finger sandwiches were delicious, each one crafted by Emer himself, though under close scrutiny by his expert cook of a stepmom. Rose even slipped in a bottle of sparkling grape juice so the kids could feel a little more grown up. When Emer pulled out a folded game board and laid it out across the blanket, Emmanuel was surprised. He asked, "You play chess?"

"This is a checkerboard, silly." Emer explained as if it was the most obvious response, then dumped out the little red and black pieces on top.

They played ten games in total, each one Emmanuel victorious. He actually tried to throw the last three but in spite of his efforts Emer couldn't scrape a win together. The quiet boy tried to apologize over and over again, but his date assured him it was fine even though his scowl at the board betrayed his frustration. After stuffing all the things away, he pulled out his purse, and began to dig through it until he found a long red battery with a little cartridge screwed to the top of it. "Do you wanna smoke?" the blonde asked, offering the device to his date.



“Is that weed?” Emmanuel asked, picturing a cop leaping from the tree on top of him the moment he held it in his hands.

Emmanuel saw Emery’s pretty blue eyes light up in amusement. “Lol, no” Emer answered with a grin, and a small shake of his head causing his curls to bounce from the movement before putting the device to his lips and pressing the little button on the handle. “It’s just, like, a THC vape. It doesn’t smell like anything. Everyone smokes these outdoors now.”

“Did you just actually say lol?” Emmanuel asked, noticing yet another little phrase picked up from Mary. Clenching his jaw he tried to ignore how perfect Emery looked with the sun hitting

her just right so that her blonde hair illuminated as her curls bobbed up and down in the wind. 'This is just Emer... Emer and...' After reminding himself his eyes were lying to him and that he knew the truth, he finished his thought out loud. "I really don't want to go to jail, Emer. Where did you get that?"

"Dude, it's like, half a crime. I know we're not old enough, but my stepmom got it for me. We're only like a few years from being able to buy it ourselves. Seriously, you wouldn't go to jail. Just, like, a ticket, or whatever."

"I think I'm okay." Emmanuel said with a wave of his hand, not willing to take the risk of having to pay a fine, or something worse happening if the cop was in a bad mood.

"Suit yourself," Emer replied, taking another hit off the pen. He'd made sure to bring the device today, needing a little crutch to get himself through what he was about to do. He slipped it back into his little handbag and said, "I really did have a great time today, by the way. You're pretty fun, ya know. You just gotta lighten up, dude. We should go to the van now. We gotta do a thing before I lose my nerve."

"Umm...okay." Emmanuel collected the blanket and stuffed it back into the little wicker basket. The walk back to the vehicle wasn't nearly as arduous with Emer walking beside, his black pumps dangling from his fingers.

Chapter 13

After opening the sliding door on the side of the van, Emmanuel set the basket on the floor, but before he could turn around, he felt Emer pushing him from behind into the seat. The blonde quickly followed and closed the door behind him. "What are you doing, Emery?" the startled boy asked.

"Shut up and take your pants off." his date commanded. "I've got homework."

Emmanuel had no clue what Emer meant by that, and he tried to brush him off, but couldn't bring himself to argue once those well manicured fingers slid down his zipper and then popped the button open with practiced expertise. 'What are they doing!?' His eyes grew huge as he watched, so shocked by the situation that he didn't move. His cheeks started to warm as his face flushed. Seeing the blue eyed girl with bouncing blonde curls command him to remove his pants, and then proceed to tear them off, turned on his teen hormone saturated brain. With his shorts and underwear around his ankles, Emmanuel's phallus sprang to life, almost poking the feminine Emer in the eye. "Emer..." Emmanuel said his friend's name, regretting it immediately as it took him out of the moment.

With a dick literally in his face, Emer glanced up at his friend. His eyes blinked slowly as he tried to keep himself from losing his nerve. "Don't make this weird." Taking in a deep breath, Emer got a good look at the manhood in front of him, and then breathed out slowly. 'Just do what

Brittany Hutchens did on our date and then I can be free.' he told himself, leaning in, opening his mouth to take in the dick, but stopping just before. Hesitation gripped him. Emer wasn't gay, and he definitely didn't want to be touching the thing. Thanks to the hard hitting contents of his vape he wasn't panicking, but the situation hadn't felt good at all. Trying to think of his own member, trapped and unusable, he remembered waking up in the middle of the night more than once from how uncomfortable to downright painful the cage was when Little Emer tried and failed to grow out of his confines. It wasn't like he could help it. Little Emer had a mind of its own and while he was asleep, what little control he had was gone.

Resolute to not spend a minute longer than he had to in the contraption, his plumped painted lips wrapped around the tip of the shaft. The musky smell filled Emer's nose as he tasted the spongy flesh of Manny's cock. He had meant to rub his tongue under the tip of the cock in his mouth like Brittany had done, the memory of it causing his own member to grow a little stiffer, though with the cage it had nowhere to go, leaving Emer with not just a dick in his mouth, but an uncomfortable reminder of why it was there. Still, the feeling between his legs caused Emer to stop moving in hesitation. A brief flash of memory, some fun he'd had with one of the girls at school, wouldn't normally cause him to grow hard, but he had been so pent up from the denied release that the smallest thing could set him off. Even just Manny touching his hand earlier had felt almost sensual when by no means it should have.

Emmanuel called his friend by their name, and it already didn't fit the person he was looking at, but when they said to not make it weird he slowly nodded. The situation was weird and made only weirder by the fact the pretty blonde was holding his manhood in their hands, then blowing on it. His eyes were still bulging, he was so turned on, but also felt really uncomfortable. The light breath over his exposed cock, followed by the blonde holding their mouth open above it, feeling their hot breath over the tip just before they took him into their mouth. The eighteen year old boy's eyes practically rolled back into his head when he felt the warm wet mouth take in his sex. The flick of something slightly rougher, Emer's... no Emery's tongue, rubbing against it felt better than anything before. The kissing in Bianca's office with Emery and Song felt good. Touching their new assets had been wonderful even, but nothing had prepared him for what a blowjob actually felt like.

"Emery...that feels...that feels so good." Emmanuel said, feeling like he could cum already.

Shame for what he was doing should have consumed Emer, as his friend's met his ears, but they didn't. The vape was doing its job, but unfortunately for Emer, his attempt to dull the humiliation backfired. The dispensary didn't have his usual strain, so Rose, the extremely infrequent cannabis user, decided to treat the girl, buying a much more expensive cartridge. What she didn't realize was that this particular one was quite potent, leaving her stepchild far more stoned than he intended to be. Cottonmouth can be a bitch, and Emer quickly learned that was doubly so when you had a dick in your mouth.

Still holding onto the cock, Emer pulled his mouth free from the member that was a little thicker and longer than his own, a fact he really didn't want to think about. Moving his mouth around to

rub his tongue on his teeth, he tried to build up some saliva. At best, it partially worked. Getting back to it, he reminded himself of his goal. Emer closed his eyes, turning his head slightly from left to right with each bob of his head, something he'd learned first hand felt incredible. He worked the boy's shaft, bobbing his head up and down. Emer suffered through the experience he so loved watching in porn, and especially being done to himself. What little experience he could boast, he put to work to get this to end all the faster.

That first salty taste soon hit Emer's tongue, the creamy texture only partially noticed as he got himself into a rhythm. The sound of his own breathing syncing with Manny's own, heaving rapidly in shallow breaths the more worked up he got. He could feel the cock in his mouth growing firmer, pulsing, and hoped it would be over soon. Picking up the pace Emer tried to end things, but when Manny grew nearer to climax, he felt the boy put his hand on the base of his neck. Manny wasn't pushing down, but the presence of it, and the teen boy he was blowing thrusting his hips, made Emer feel even more trapped in the situation. He almost threw up twice as his friend, his current sort-of boyfriend, got swept up in the pleasure of the experience. Unintentionally, Emmanuel shoved himself deeper and deeper with each pump hitting the blonde in the uvula more than a few times.

"Hmmm... mmmm, MMM!" Emmanuel groaned in pleasure, having no idea Emer's closed eyes were watering, not from some deep shame, but rather simply as a part of his gag reflex, though the tears built up all the same. Emmanuel instinctively moved his hand to the back of the pretty girl's head, wanting to pull her further down on his member. He wanted to control their pace, but resisted the urge, just as he was resisting the urge to blow his wad into her perfect mouth, all while repeating one phrase over and over in his mind, 'Oh my god... oh my god!' The pure pleasure did get interrupted, not that things stopped, but concern soon joined the elated feeling running through the brunette teen. The boy was soon mortified, not a fun feeling to have mid blowjob, when outside the van's window, he saw a couple and their dog pass by. Emmanuel knew they could see him. They may not have been able to see what was happening below the window frame, but they had to know exactly what was going on, the van rocking as it was. Fortunately for the two, the couple found it extremely funny, rather than deciding to call the cops about it. None of this pushed him any closer to telling Emery to stop, as he was currently having the time of his life. It felt like a selfish call, but Emmanuel couldn't bring himself to stop before finishing. Emer was far from his mind. Only thoughts of Emery, her blonde hair glowing golden in the sunlight, her laugh, her touch remained...he was really enjoying her touch.

"Gulg, gulg, gulg."

The sound filled Emmanuel's ears. He felt a warm pressure building up as he came closer and closer to an orgasm he could hold back no longer. "Ah, ah... AH! Emery... I'm gonna, I'm gonna..."

The entire encounter only took just over a minute, though to Emer it felt like an hour before Manny was exploding, oozing cum into his pseudo-girlfriend's mouth while Emer tried and failed to swallow it. Instead the thick, milky white substance spilled from his lips, leaving a big stain on

the hem of Emmanuel's t-shirt, and a small stain on the back seat of his stepmom's minivan. Cum was dripping from Emer's mouth as he tried to catch it, but when it landed in the palm of his hand, he wasn't sure exactly what to do with it. The dick that had just been in his mouth shrunk, its load now spent. Emer found himself breathing hard, his mind still feeling the effects of his vape. He just sat there blinking, not exactly sure where to go from here.

"Emery... wow, you are incredible!"



Chapter 14

Song took a long look at his reflection, hating everything he saw. It wasn't only his outfit for the night that bothered him, but also the white, antique, Elizabethan full length mirror with brand new glass, freshly installed, itself. It was part of a complete set of very bright, very feminine, and very expensive bedroom furniture Grace had delivered just a few days after learning of her son's predicament. When Song feebly protested that he didn't need all of it, in response he got what was quickly becoming his mother's new catchphrase, "Nothing is too good for my little star."

She sat in a chair appraising her new daughter's selections for the evening, a privilege she'd just begun affording the boy turned girl, and one that would be just as quickly removed if the ensemble didn't prove up to snuff. It consisted of an ornate blue camisole blouse decorated with gorgeous lace around the seams, and cute little bows on each of the pencil thin straps, paired with a shimmering rust colored skirt, short and youthful, leaving plenty of Song's supple legs on display. The pieces were of such quality that they met Grace's standards of what was appropriate for a Michelin starred restaurant, but what she adored about the ensemble was the black, embroidered chiffon capelet taking everything from the sexy side of classy to age appropriate sophisticated chic. It wasn't a classic color combination, but making her name in the beauty industry, Grace understood that trends changed, and one day clothes like her own would be found in museums. "Your legs are so beautiful. Just like mine were when I was your age. You probably won't have to worry about varicose veins either by the time you grow up, if technology keeps progressing like it is." That comment had the feminized teen checking out smooth legs. They did look good, and felt soft thanks to the waxing and frequent use of lotion. It was a sight he liked to see, but not when they're his own legs. That he hated quite a bit.

As far as the capelet his mother liked so much, the reality was that when he saw his breasts on full display in the mirror, Song panicked, darting back to his growing closet, and grabbing the first thing he could find to try and cover himself. After floating around for a week in a state of shock, only a little more functional than a marionette, the fog started to lift, and the delicate boy finally began to process what had been done to him. Every night getting ready for bed, he'd spend ten minutes in the mirror marveling at, and loathing how barely plumped lips could change his appearance so drastically. He almost didn't recognize himself, but the angelic teen queen made the same befuddled expression he wore, and he despised it. If the face was that hard to swallow, Song's new bosom was incomprehensible. He counted his lucky stars that Grace thought a more modest presentation suited his new persona, and when given the option, he chose the same.

On this night however, once his makeup and hair were finished, procrastination took hold, and the boy turned girl lost an hour to some pay-to-win war game on his phone, the last vestige of his crumbling masculinity. Once he realized his mother was coming up the stairs for his inspection, Song panicked and threw on the first two things he could find that passed as fancy.

This backfired hard when after making sure everything was sitting right, the built in bra of the top put those loathsome boobs and the cleavage between them front and center, forcing him to truly confront his girlish form for the first time. He couldn't close his eyes, like he did when he washed quickly in the shower every morning. He couldn't wear modest pajamas like when he removed and applied his makeup. The boy was staring right at them, and with the recent touchups he and Emer got at work, they were just as big as that cursed day he was stuck in the dreadful maid's outfit. That was bad enough, constantly catching a peak in his periphery ever time he looked down, but here he found himself adjusting them into the satiny soft cups of the feminine garment, so pressed together in that come-hither way, himself unable to pretend it wasn't happening. He'd have had a heart attack if he was just twenty years older. Unfortunately the little coverup didn't actually cover much and his cleavage would be perfectly presented to anyone who wanted an eyeful. The whole picture dealt a deathblow to his crumbling residual self image. With just ten more seconds to his name, Grace's little star would have stuffed himself into a turtleneck sweater if the woman didn't just open his bedroom door, her heart swelling with pride, reflected in her beaming smile.

That smile was just as new to Song as the sensation of bouncing breasts on his ribs, and was so welcome in an otherwise unwelcome situation. Upon seeing it, he knew that there was no way he was leaving the house in any other outfit that night. The practiced smile returned to the unwilling girl reflexively when he heard his mother say, "Those strappy black platforms will go nicely with that, sweetie, but you're definitely going to need some nicer earrings to match. I have just the thing." She hurried across the hall then returned with a pair of dangly gold bobbles from her own collection, and replaced the silver hoops in her child's ears. "Just make sure you don't lose them. Aren't they lovely?" the proud mom beamed.

"They're great!" Song agreed, still unable to disappoint his mother whenever she dotted over him like that.

"What do we say?" Grace asked, leaning over, and tapping one finger to her cheek.

"Thank you, Mummy." Song answered like a posh little British child, as he'd been trained. He bent down with his arms by his side, his fingers fanned out, and gently pecking her cheek, extra careful not to leave an imprint.

"Nothing's too good for my little star. I hope that trailer trash doesn't show up in a shirt covered in canned bean stains or something. I don't even know what you see in him, sweetie. You could do better." Grace complained, trying to think of something poor people eat.

"Mom, he lives in an apartment." Song said, defending Emmanuel in a rare display of humanity. Really he was trying to take his own stock any lower than he already felt.

"Either way, honey, he's not good enough for you." Grace continued, giving her progeny barely a few words to express his own thoughts, disingenuous as they were. "We should make an appointment with a matchmaker for you sometime soon. I'll expect you to have this little crush

out of your system by graduation, okay. The boy will look good in your prom photos, though. He may be poor but at least he's handsome. Just so long as Gomer wears a tux."

"His name is Emmanuel, Mom!" Song replied, appalled, not at the hateful things the woman was saying, but because she was talking like he had chosen to date Emmanuel, not that his parents approved of anyone he'd ever dated before. Then there was the matchmaker comment. He didn't even realize arranged marriage was still a thing, and he still thought he was definitely too young to be worrying about engagement, let alone him marrying some boy. Just then the doorbell rang.

Song went to rush down the stairs, eager to escape one of the most painful conversations of his entire life, but was caught by the wrist before he crossed the threshold. "A lady has to make an entrance, Song. Also your father needs to have a scary talk with Gomer."

In the parlor, a room usually reserved for cocktail parties, Rim Jii sat across from his child's date, sizing up the boy, and attempting to be as intimidating as possible. Earlier that day, Grace had insisted he rehearse his speech a dozen times. She even tried to get him to buy a gun to polish while they talked, since that was something rednecks did all the time to get their point across, or at least that's what she assumed. She wanted the poor boy to understand just how far they would go to protect their little girl's virtue. Fortunately for Emmanuel, a gun in the house was a step too far for Song's father. A compromise was reached where instead, Mr Rim sat in the armchair, polishing the sword from his dress uniform from his mandatory military service before leaving Korea. It was a thin piece of metal, not sharp in the slightest, a blade in name only serving a ceremonial purpose instead of a practical one, but Emmanuel didn't know that. It was enough of a threat that he sat hanging on the father's every word, as clumsy as they were.

'Song's Dad is actually scary.' Emmanuel thought to himself, adding one more thing to his seemingly endless pile of nightmare fuel. Originally he'd pictured a twig of a man, not dissimilar from his date, before this whole ordeal started. While he wasn't wrong about the man's size, he couldn't believe a parent would go so far to protect his little girl's heart.

From Jii's perspective though, it was more about protecting his child's chastity, having no delusions about his progeny's well guarded, ice cold ticker. 'I don't want my son going out with this boy...or any boy for that matter.' he thought, shuddering at the idea of what Grace would do to him if she'd ever heard him say that out loud. "Your car has passed inspection, and you've paid your insurance premiums, right?" Jii asked, checking another box from the questionnaire his wife had stuffed into his brain that morning. "It's not stolen, is it?"

"Umm...No...?" Emmanuel answered, petrified. Every response he thought up to the simple question sounded like the wrong one. "I took the bus...sir..."

Jii didn't say anything, just placed his face in his hands, and sighed.

Almost as if on cue, Grace descended the stairs, and both men were thrilled for an escape from the strained dialogue. Song followed behind, pretty as a picture, and for the briefest of moments, to Emmanuel his date was the only other person in the room. It felt like that moment in the movies when the girl came down the stairs and the world slowed down. Emmanuel's eyes grew large, matching the smile growing on his face, at the sight of the beautiful creature he'd be spending the evening with.

"What do you mean you took the bus?" Grace asked, hearing the tail end of the conversation.

"It means he took the bus, Mummy." Song said, cheeks burning. "That's not slang." He didn't want Brooks hearing him refer to his mom like that, but it was what she liked and it just slipped out.

Grace crossed her arms and raised an eyebrow. Tapping the toe of her pump on the floor, she said, "One does not take a bus to Il Bel Capriccio." Song begged her with his eyes. There would be hell to pay with Bianca if they didn't make it out the door. His mother huffed, but her frown softened. Not wanting to disappoint her little star, she said, "You better say, thank you." before opening the drawer to the hutch, and pulling out the keys to Song's BMW.

"Oh thank you, Mummy!" Song squealed, clapping his hands together girlishly. His visage lit up in a way it hadn't in weeks, only to immediately fall when the woman handed the keys to Emmanuel instead. "Young man, the car has a LoJack so don't even think about stealing it. You make sure she's back by ten, and there better not be a scratch on the car or my daughter, understand?"

"Mom!" Song whined, heartbroken at his ride once again being dangled in front of his face, only to be ripped from him just a moment later.

Grace said, "Okay fine, honey. But you better show me you've earned the trust I'm giving you." Song began to reach for the keys but instead, his mother turned back to Emmanuel and said, "You can have her home by eleven, but not a moment later."

With the keys in hand, Emmanuel nodded vigorously. "Yes Ma'am. Thank you, I will and..." He then turned to the woman's shorter husband. "Thank you sir, I will make sure to bring her home safe, sound, and happy!"

The drive to the restaurant was spent in silence with Song staring out the window forlornly. He hadn't been allowed to drive his own car in what felt like forever, and he had definitely never been in the passenger seat. While Emmanuel, a little nervous being responsible for someone else's vehicle, and a nice one at that, kept his eyes on the road, and his hands at ten and two. It was only at stops that he'd allow himself to glance, if only briefly, at the classical beauty accompanying him. He wondered if he should put his hand on her leg, or take her hand in his own, but rejected the idea in favor of keeping both hands on the wheel.

Song's thoughts drifted back to that afternoon and his conversation with Bianca. The bane of his existence had him seated in his usual chair, but without the comfort of his cohorts by his side. Song had always imagined himself as tougher than most, but his supposed fearlessness generally came from the numbers he kept himself surrounded with. It wasn't that the boy wasn't smart, but truly he inherited his mother's sense of superiority without the years of experience and struggle that provided her with acumen to match. He was certainly smart enough to know a veiled threat when he heard one, even one not spoken directly to him.

Bianca answered the phone, leaving Song to sit, and listen to the conversation, whether he wanted to hear or not. "Hey Steph. Yeah, I can talk...just have one of my girls here. We were about to have a little chat...No, I haven't had the chance to take them to that new kink shop you were telling me about. I did check and they're still open...No, I guess you didn't move away that long ago. It just feels like it's been forever...Oh nothing special, maybe one of those double sided dildos...I'm not sure about that...No, I don't think smaller cages are necessary, not yet at least...Okay, girl, love you too. Good talking to you." She hung up the receiver and turned her attention back to Song. "So where were we?"

"My date with Emmanuel." Song softly answered, dying a little more inside as he played up his new girlish role, blushing from having to say that sentence alone.

The overt menacing from the store manager had given way to friendly banter mostly since Song started playing by her rules. The feminized boy's mother being an enthusiastic participant didn't hurt. It was almost hard to believe that the vile, cursing, entitled, misogynist Bianca met just those few weeks ago was one in the same as the demure, sweet, and frankly cute teenage girl sitting across the desk, her hands in her lap, and her legs crossed at the ankles with knees together protecting her modesty.

Snapping the fingers on her left hand Bia pointed her index finger in the direction of her Asian-American Doll. "Right! Thanks, Miss Song. So tell me, how's it going between you three? Do you think Emmanuel is going to fall in love with you or Emery first?"

"Oh, me of course." Song dutifully responded, playing his part well, but wanting to vomit at how saccharine sweet his answer was. "It's not like Emery isn't a delightful girl, but I know Emmanuel appreciates maturity."

"That's great to hear, girl." Bianca said, playing the part of the gossipy friend. One thing she was grateful for was that she didn't need to be as explicit as she was with Emer. This way she could ham it up a lot more, and that was definitely more fun. She leaned in, and with a conspiratorial wink whispered, "Don't tell Emery but I'm rooting for you too." The faux redhead stood from her desk and strolled around Song's chair, standing as tall as she could. "Now, I know you've been saving yourself for the right guy, and I agree, rushing into things with your boyfriend could lead a girl to heartbreak, but you've got to keep your man's attention. Maybe it's time you gave him a little oral pleasure. I'm sure he'd appreciate it."

"You think I should..." Song's voice trailed off. He fully comprehended the true meaning of her words.

"Only if you want to." Bianca continued, holding both hands up defensively. "I do think a good report from the BF could go a long way towards getting that cage off though, and I know you'd appreciate that. Sure, your first time with a man can be scary, even if it is someone you really care about like Emmanuel, but we've all been there, girl. You can do it. In no time, you'll be an old pro."

"Right...of course." Song said, the same plastered smile in place, but accompanied by a thousand yard stare. Immediately the conniving delinquent, still rooted deep within Miss Song's pretty little head, set to task, scheming a way to get the cage off without having to actually put Emmanuel's genitals anywhere near his painted lips. By the time he found himself riding down the road with Emmanuel, in a car he was incredibly pissed not to be the one driving, that plan had not yet completely formed.

Dinner was more of the same drawn-out hell for the gorgeously dressed youth. Emmanuel was no slouch himself, applying all the skills he'd picked up at The Hanger, making sure to wear the shirt Bianca suggested. The all black outfit would definitely make it easier to hide any stains should the worst happen. They'd been texting back and forth all day, the boy wanting to make sure he didn't do anything to embarrass his date. He wasn't used to establishments of this caliber, but with a nice commission check for two weeks of good sales, he wanted to treat the privileged girl. It was hard for him to see Song as anything other than the blossoming young lady he appeared to be. The change was so radical and swift, to Emmanuel it was almost like the spoiled dick he'd spent the better part of a year hanging out with had been replaced by a pod person, and while he felt guilty for the guy, he definitely preferred the pod person. Aside from that day he had to spank Song at the apartment, he'd definitely never seen her smile so much before. Pod person may have been a good comparison since it had a negative connotation. The girl sitting across from him, the way she smiled at him, and laughed at his jokes, made the term feel wrong. It was more like Song, or Jae as he liked being called, had a beautiful twin sister and she seemed to be enjoying his company as much as he was enjoying hers.



On this night Song seemed more worried than anything though, not having said much. To Emmanuel, his date seemed to be checking his reflection in the window over and over again. The reality was that Song's mind was firmly fixed on the unwanted task at the end of his proverbial plank, and whatever means could help it be avoided. Assuming the Asian-American teen was worried about being discovered, Emmanuel tried to assure him, "You look very pretty, tonight."

The practiced instinct kicked in. that same smile returned, Song looked him in the face, gushed, "Thank you." and then his attention would drift elsewhere.

"I'm having a great time tonight." Emmanuel offered as he found himself peering into what he felt were warm comforting brown eyes. He couldn't help comparing Emery's bright blue eyes that embodied joy, and the freedom of an open sky, while Song's were brown and of the earth, making him feel like they kept his feet on the ground, like he was welcomed.

"Me too!" came the pleasant response, as Song reached out and touched his date's forearm, the color of his well-kempt nails making his hands look so feminine. The touch was the first of the night after the many hours of having to practice, what his mother called, proper etiquette. Song's mind was already somewhere else just a few seconds later.

Some variation of this interaction happened a dozen times, and the main takeaway for the inexperienced Emmanuel was that his date was happiest when showered with compliments. This didn't come as much of a surprise since before this whole ordeal, Song's head swelled when the smallest positive statement was thrown his way, anything that reinforced his sense of superiority. After that realization, Emmanuel made it a point to compliment Song at every opportunity, enjoying the way the boy-turned-girl's face lit up whenever he did so. For Song, it would have gotten annoying if his mind was anywhere near their booth, but it was elsewhere, and he'd left his body on autoreplay before they'd even arrived.

At no point did an actual conversation happen, but having only one other date to compare this too, it never occurred to Emmanuel that this wasn't really normal. Everyone in the establishment actually seemed kind of stuffy and reserved. It was the quietest place he'd ever dined by far.

The meal went by without incident, save Emmanuel overhearing the waiter complain that he never gets a good tip when the rich kids play grown-up. When Song excused himself to the restroom after noticing the lipstick imprint on the rim of his glass, Emmanuel pulled out the calculator on his flip phone, and struggled to figure out exactly what twenty percent was.

In the bathroom, Song was alone. Trying to psyche himself up in the mirror, he again noticed his lips, and the slight imperfection drove him crazy whether he wanted it to or not. A lipstick stain on a glass was a decidedly feminine thing, and when it was his own it cut like a knife. Song was decent at compartmentalization, and this experience allowed that ability to shine. A lip print triggered a need to make himself presentable, to look perfect like his mom wanted. Praise was a hard thing to get from her and he never stopped craving it now that he'd had a taste. The cap came off his lipstick, and as he repaired the damage, a few older women walked in. One complimented the color, and asked where he bought it. His drilled customer service brain switched on, and before he left, his sales skills had gained two new clients for his mother's business.

The bill paid, Emmanuel held Song's hand as he stood from the booth, surprised by how small it actually was, and the two headed back to the car. Thinking of what he wanted to do, he ran his thumb over the back of his date's hand. A little bit of color flushed his cheeks as he opened the passenger door for her. The two had already kissed, they even made out, but he was trying to

work up enough courage to kiss her. His desires and hormones gave Emmanuel the idea of pressing the pretty girl up against the car, and kissing her. As he readied himself to put thought to action, an older woman walked by with a tiny dog on a leash. She reminded him of the couple walking by the van that day, and before he knew it the moment was gone.

Song sat down in the seat, and he closed the door behind her. The dashboard clock read eight forty-five. Emmanuel said, "I really did have a great time tonight. Thank you for coming with me. I guess I'll take you home now." He really did have fun, but he was kicking himself for letting a shared moment slip through his fingers.

"Umm, actually my Mom said, eleven!" Song said, not eager to return to the inevitable inquisition awaiting him. He hoped a little conversation with Emmanuel might help his cause if he could get the boy on his side. He asked, "Do you know somewhere we could just go and...hang out for a little bit?"

Song bit his inflated bottom lip nervously after asking the question. At that point Emmanuel was struggling to remember the sexy gesture was coming from the worst person he'd ever met. He'd always pitied Jae before, the boy being unable to truly connect with anyone. Everything he did seemed to be a screaming cry for attention and validation. He still felt bad for the brat but now in a way that kicked in Emmanuel's typical teenage hero fantasy. His impulses were telling him to sweep this girl away from her overbearing parents for just a little while.

"Uhhh...my Mom doesn't get off work till midnight...so we could go to my place...if you don't mind, of course." The nervous boy was certain the pretty thing wasn't going to spend another minute in, as she called it, "the trash heap" if she could help it. He was surprised, and strangely happy when Song nodded yes, and flashed the same winning smile he was growing quite fond of. The rest of the drive back, he mentally checked off areas of the house, making sure he didn't need to run in and clean up, or toss porn under the bed discreetly before switching the lights on.

"Can I get you something to drink?" Emmanuel asked. Song was sitting on the couch, legs crossed at the knee, with a pump dangling off the toes and the foot bouncing up and down gently. It was playfully seductive, though unintentional. The ogling boy continued, "We have water, and um...water?" Emmanuel waited for Song to seize the opportunity to find some new and inventive way to call him poor. He waited, but it never happened.

Instead the beautiful creature patted the spot on the opposite side of the little loveseat, and said, "Emmanuel, sit and talk with me for a moment, please. I have something I need to discuss with you."

Jae didn't have a deep voice, but he always felt like there was an edge to it. Even giving a compliment, the wealthy boy still talked down to him, while Song... his thoughts interrupted as he tried not to laugh at equating Song's voice to the sound of soft music. Anyone saying they wanted to talk he knew meant something bad, or at least, from his experience, it usually did. Her

saying it made him jump to help her. "What's up?" the boy replied, quick to do as told, and genuinely concerned.

"Okay," Song pushed himself up straight on the cushion, proffering his breast to Emmanuel's gaze, struggling to maintain eye contact, and not take the bait. Operating under the assumption Emmanuel was aware of Bianca's latest orders, he explained, "I was going to give you a blowjob, but I don't want to do that. It just seems so extreme for me. I mean, I've never even touched another penis before. You had a good time tonight though, right? You'd tell Bianca I gave you one if she asked right. She scares me so much." It was a rare moment of honest self assessment from the typically arrogant brat.

"Of course I had a good time." Emmanuel replied. He placed his arm around the fidgeting girl to comfort her. Clearly she was anxious. He couldn't blame her. She was obviously struggling inside, unable to make sense of the complicated feelings. He wondered if this inner turmoil was why Jae was so hateful in the first place. Still, deceiving Bianca was out of the question, even if it would have reassured the girl. "I can't lie to her though, but you don't need to worry about that. You don't have to do that if you don't want to." After a gentle squeeze Emmanuel went to stand and give the girl her space but was stopped by a tiny hand gripping his pant leg.

When another boy put his arm around him Song didn't pull away. His instinctual reaction had been replaced with the impulse to lean into the touch, after all the practice sessions in Bianca's office. The closeness felt more like looming to the feminized man, a physical act of intimidation, to Song's mind. "Wait!" he shrieked, startling the boy. He'd grown accustomed to Bianca's subtext, and his nature did not allow for much trust. The end result was him thinking Emmanuel was just making the same threats he'd already heard once today. "What if I gave you a handjob? That would feel good, right?"

"You really don't have to do that." Emmanuel said, his hand gently squeezing his nervous friend's, trying hard to not give away how much he loved the idea of her doing just that. He wasn't about to make the girl feel pressured into it.

"No, I really want to." Song lied, putting a finger to the boy's lips, and unfastening his trousers with the other hand. Once all obstacles were removed, Emmanuel's rigid sex pointed straight up to the apartment's popcorn ceiling. Song wrapped the little manicured fingers of his right hand around the base of the boy's member, trying not to noticeably wince. The way he felt, he may as well have stuck his hand in a bag of pig organs, but he wasn't about to let that crazy bitch's errand boy see that. 'Can't believe he won't just tell the woman that I...shit, he is hard. Is he gay or something?' Song thought, not considering how he appeared and behaved at all. Steeling himself, and finding his resolve, Song slowly worked his hand up and down, gently twisting it back and forth as he did so.

"Well...if you insist." Emmanuel said, pulling his pretty date in snugly. He didn't consider there was nowhere to put her head, but in the crook of his shoulder as he leaned back, and watched Song's hand perform the familiar, yet so very unfamiliar task.

At home, in the privacy of his bedroom, Song could finish himself off in under two minutes flat, no pornography required. He assumed it should be the same for anybody else. Keeping up his pace, he felt the rigid fleshy object in his hand, its warmth, and how it pulsed. The usual time passed, but nothing happened. Emmanuel just sat there moaning, but not much else. Frustrated, the diminutive teen began working the phallus faster, trying to hurry to the finish line.

For his part, Emmanuel tried to keep his mouth shut, not wanting to hurt the poor girl's feelings, but the friction was starting to burn, and he was forced to grip Song around the wrist and stop the pumping motion.

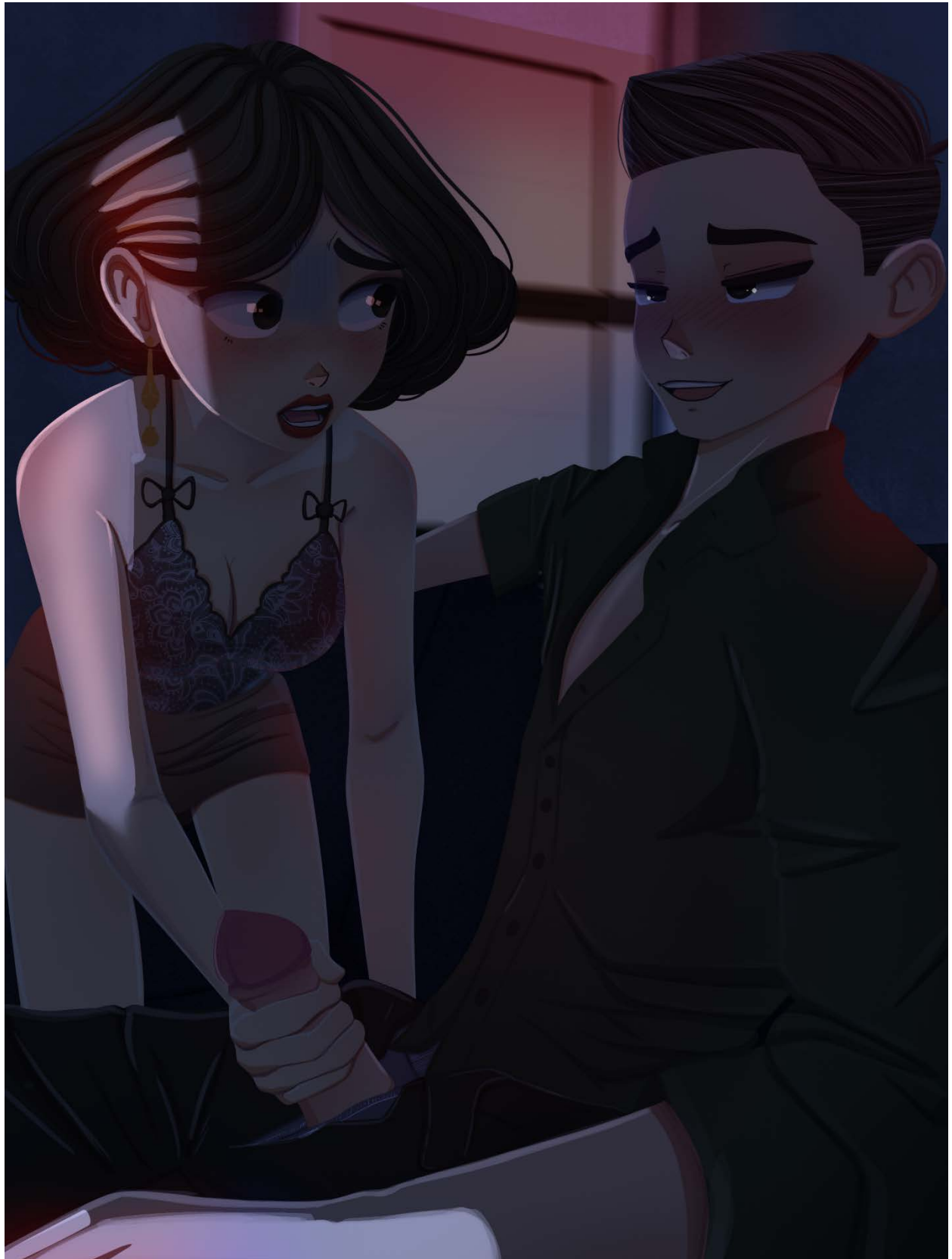
"It doesn't feel good?" Song asked, practically begging for that not to be the case.

"No it does..." Emmanuel answered, melting at the sight of those gorgeous pleading lips, and puppy dog eyes. "It's just kind of rough, you know?"

"Oh sorry, um..." Song searched the immediate area for anything to help, and finding no lotion or anything else, he decided to try something he'd seen on youporn. Spitting into his hand, the feminized boy found it the most disgusting experience of his life. Still, he returned to his performance with gusto. That cage had been on for two weeks. That was ten thousand, eighty minutes and counting; far too long.

For Emmanuel what he just witnessed happened to be the third sexiest thing he'd ever seen. The first had been Emery's pink lips around his member, the second, Song holding his dick in her soft hands with such force that it was like she was trying to claim his manhood belonged to her. With the lubricated glide it almost felt as good as what he'd done with Emery the day before. His eyes rolled back in his head, and he leaned back on the couch. After removing his hand from the girl's shoulder, Emmanuel clasped his fingers behind his head, while he half whispered, half shouted, "Oh my god, OHHH my GOD!!"

Feeling Emmanuel's dick pulse, somehow swelling up firmer in his palm, Song stood up, and swung around to the other side of the loveseat, leaning over to get better leverage. He opened his hand, and spat one more time, finding himself wishing he'd accepted that glass of water after all. "This feels good, right?" Song asked. "You'll tell Bianca how good this feels right?"



"Why would I..." Emmanuel began to ask how something like that could ever come up, but Song had already finished the sentence before it ever left Brooks' lips. He heard, 'Why would I ever tell her that when it doesn't?'

Before the boy could get the words out, Song had already pressed those soft crimson lips into his own, and their tongues were swirling around each other's mouths while the handjob continued, the pleasure escalating. Still occupied in the familiar activity of locking lips, Emmanuel groaned into the sexy girl's mouth, wanting to cum so badly for her, and at the same time for this moment to never end.

It was right then that Song found a new apex to the towering levels of shame building up in his life. Dressing, and acting like a girl were now so low on the scale that they barely registered. Still, he persevered, and the volcano finally started showing signs of erupting. Pushing through the cramp forming in his bicep and forearm, Song kept at it until he suddenly felt a warm sticky substance coating his hand, palm, fingers, and all. Before he started kissing the brown-eyed boy, Song was able to see how small and feminine his hand looked wrapped around the cock and now feeling the cum saturating it made him shudder.

The passionate kiss breaking, Emmanuel and Song were face to face. The freshly milked boy could barely string a sentence together, as the mental fog that always washed over him after getting off set in. He just grinned like the village idiot, and with his mouth hanging open collapsed back into his seat. A brief moment of refraction later, he pulled himself back up, noticing the giant mess he made, his ropey seed stretched out like webbing between Song's fingers. "Umm...Let me get you a towel." he said, simultaneously thinking, 'God that is so fucking hot.' He imagined the pretty girl licking her hand clean as while in reality, he took care of his own mess himself in a far less erotic fashion.

The drive home was another silent affair, this time Emmanuel full of bliss instead of nerves. It was no longer an issue, finding the confidence to touch his date's leg, to hold her hand, or to lean over for a quick kiss at a red light. Helping Song out of the car, he walked his date to her front door with his hand on the small of her back, enjoying every click-clack of her heels on the perfectly aligned stones that made up her driveway. "Song, tonight was perfect. You are perfect." He didn't mean that literally, but he was riding so high that he didn't consider the weight of the complement till much later. Stepping closer, Emmanuel placed one hand on her slim waist, and the other touched her chin lightly, as he gave a soft, but lingering kiss.

Song remained quiet. He was dwelling on so many things, none of them good from his point of view, that he hardly noticed the time passing. When the car was parked, and Emmanuel placed the keys in his hand, his face lit up after not being able to hold the status symbols for so long. The happy moment was put on pause while he had to play up his role. Not taking much conscious effort at all, the feminized boy lifted one leg, like the love interest in an old movie when her lips met the hero's.

Epilog

Right after the date Song hurried upstairs, and stripped before jumping in the shower and letting the steamy water beat down on his head. He felt dirty. Much to his disappointment he discovered that it wasn't the kind of dirty a person could wash away with a little soap. Scrub as he might, that sensation wouldn't dissipate.

All through the next morning, and into the afternoon, no matter how many times the feminized boy brushed his teeth, no matter how much garlic he'd eaten, He could still taste Emmanuel's kiss. This was supposed to be his day off. Finally he had the house to himself.

His mother was in meetings all day, so nobody was shoving a karaoke mic into his face, or making passive aggressive comments about his lack of makeup. His father was who knows where, not having been around the house as much lately. Song wondered if the man was busy dreaming up some new creation, or if he simply couldn't bring himself to set eyes upon the sissy his son had become.

Whatever the case, it was the ideal situation. Song could do whatever he wanted. The tv was all his. So were the potato chips his dad stashed in the garage. Even the girlish pajamas could at least be described as comfy. He was supposed to be free, but Song just couldn't relax. Dwelling on his circumstances, he didn't realize the day faded into night, and while the tv had been on the entire time, he couldn't have told anybody a single thing that had been playing.

It was all too much. Even the orgasm, a thing he'd been craving for weeks, was twisted into a perverted version of pleasure. Sure, it felt good, but that didn't mean it was supposed to. Song thought Emmanuel sure seemed to like it. 'Is Brooks gay?' Song wondered trying to make sense of how a guy could get off with a boy like himself and not be. 'Wait, am I gay?' The realization that he was equally guilty of cumming with a guy slapped him across the face.

Song didn't have time to be mortified, as all throughout the house, the landline started ringing, the caller ID popping up on the tv. 'Marling?' the youth thought, trying to place the surname, before remembering where he'd heard it before. April Marling was a girl Song dated for a few months in prep school. Her family was upper-middle class with a strong desire for social advancement, and at a young age she learned the most efficient way to do that was marrying up. The girl was relentless. When Song dumped her, he wasn't quite the callous ass he'd later become, so he tried to soften the blow with a simple, "I still want to be friends." His "friend" still called him so often, the boy had to change his phone number, and then for the rest of that school year he had to dodge her in the halls. It was a situation where being a head shorter than most of the other kids didn't hurt, the teen easily blending into a crowd.

Song's first thought after seeing her name, was to lament his parents' desire to hang onto to something as archaic as a home phone for reasons he couldn't make sense of. The only people who ever seemed to be on the other end were telemarketers, and now one gold-digger who

didn't know how to take a hint. As the device continued to ring, Song waited for it to go to voicemail, but as he did that the gears started to turn. Maybe he should answer. He didn't have to meet the girl or anything, but a little harmless flirting might help him feel a little more like the young man he was. Why not?

"Hello. Rim residence." he answered, the scene already playing out in his mind. In just a minute, he'd have all the validation he needed, and then he could blow her off. No harm, no foul.

"Mrs Rim, is that you? This is April Marling. Long time no see! You sound so young! I can only hope I age as gracefully as you. Is Jae around?" The girl didn't remember the near fifty year old's voice being that bright, but with no other women in the home, who else could it be?

Song immediately slammed down the receiver, and shuddered. Right then it dawned on him that Emmanuel wasn't gay at all. Whether the girlish boy liked it or not, he knew nobody looked at him and saw anything but female anymore. The sky had begun to darken, and through the window out to the backyard, he could see his reflection. Even without all the makeup, he himself didn't even see a boy. Then and there, he knew this had to stop, and as counterintuitive as it was, the quickest way for that to happen was to keep Brooks happy. Remembering he'd been silent all day, Song rushed to his smartphone to send a text.

Song: Hi Emmanuel! I hope your day went well!! Just wanted you to know, I think you're a great guy, and I know you'll always look out for me. Bianca can be so mean, but I know you'll protect me. Have a wonderful evening! <3

Emmanuel: Always! Can't wait to see you tomorrow. My day was pretty empty without getting a look at you, gorgeous

'Did I lay that on too thick?' Emmanuel thought to himself, immediately after pressing send. He was lying in bed, his mother was working late, so he had the apartment to himself. His flip phone in hand, the youth started scrolling through the text conversations between him and his girlfriends. In each there were dozens of pictures, at least one sent every day, all flirty selfies. At first he just assumed this was another of Bianca's torments, but now he wasn't so sure. The low-res photos might not be very clear, but the boy could swear there was affection, or at the very least the lust in the girl's eyes.

The previous night with Song turned out to be a lot more fun than he was expecting. Even though it started kind of rough, the black button-down in his laundry hamper assured him she had a good time. The transformation seemed to happen overnight, but he'd take the new Song over Jae any day. Emmanuel always thought his friend must be in a lot of pain to feel the need to act out like that. It was practically a tired cliché that short guys felt insecure in their masculinity, but Song seemed to take that to another level. For Emmanuel, it was now extremely clear as to why. If he had anything to do with it, she'd never have to feel that way again. He'd make sure she knew she was allowed to, and appreciate for, being the elegant, blossoming young woman that she was. At the very least the concerned boyfriend could take

solace in the fact that she was starting to demonstrate real positive emotions. He'd never seen her smile so much before.

Emery certainly didn't need any help with that. That girl knew just how beautiful, and desired she was. Emmanuel wasn't the type to feel like less of a man because his girlfriend wanted to steer the ship. Still, he didn't expect to enjoy being dragged around at some lady's whim, especially as erratic as Emery's were. Though it didn't hurt when one of those involved giving the teen his first blowjob, and best orgasm of his life. The girl could be exhausting, and nearly impossible to keep up with. Stopping her from drinking bleach must've been a constant worry when she was a child. Honestly, it was kind of a worry for him now. All she had to do was wink, and say that pet name he was finally starting to like, "Manny" and suddenly it was all worth it.

Emmanuel wasn't sure if the two were really in love with him, but he was definitely starting to fall for both. As he stared longingly at the photo of the blonde, his hand started finding its way underneath the waistband of his boxers, when suddenly that all too frequent guilt swooped in and ruined his fun. His mind reasoned that it wasn't right to jerk off to a girl without, at the very least, telling her goodnight first. He decided to shoot his other girlfriend a quick, equally cheesy, text.

Emmanuel: Hey, beautiful! Missed seeing you at work today, but I wanted you to know I was thinking about you. I hope your day was as wonderful as you. I had the time of my life on our picnic. Can't wait to do it again

Emery: Me too! That was a lot of fun!! ;P I've got my hands full, but I'll see you tomorrow at work.

Emery: well not your work but the building we both work in

Emery: or on the way maybe?

Emery: ok I gott

Just then Abner spit up on Emer's nice new dress. The ditzy boy pressed send without thinking about it, and then set the baby in his playpen, leaving him to scream while he changed into fresh pajamas.

It was one of those rare occasions when Emer's father passed by home on his sales route that week. That meant a Wednesday where he could get a little extra time with his family. Emer thought it was old people cute when his dad and stepmom were sitting on the couch making eyes at each other. However, when he suggested they take advantage of the situation and enjoy a night out together, that didn't mean he was volunteering to babysit.

It wasn't like he didn't love his little brother, but he definitely didn't love the work that came with him. The baby somehow ate more than he did. For the longest time, Emer would say hello to

Rose, pick up his baby brother, and blow a fart noise into his tummy, then put him back down and get back to the important work of slacking off with his friends. Lately however, Rose was suddenly talking about how much he'd matured. Getting a job, taking steps to find happiness, it all had the woman thinking Emery was ready for more responsibility, and some of that was helping out with familial responsibilities. That didn't mean anything to Emer though. It just felt like a punishment he wasn't sure why he was getting.

That day at work was long, and taxing. Mary's days off were usually the hardest after all, and people expected him to pick up the slack. All he wanted to do when he got home was play video games, but after opening his big mouth, the older sibling instead had to make airplane sounds while sending spoonfuls of mush into his brother's gaping mouth. At least the mush kind of tasted good.

Things seemed to be going without incident after that, and the bottle of formula was easier to deal with than the little jar of strained carrots. Burping wasn't so hard either, but getting the milky white stain out of that garment certainly was. Emer thought about shoving toilet paper in his ears as the baby screamed bloody murder while he changed clothes. He just didn't understand why. The kid was fed, and burped. What more could he want? When Emer picked the tot back up, and caught a whiff, he had his answer.

Emer could beer-bong a six-pack without vomiting, but he nearly tossed his cookies the second that diaper came off. "Is this my life now?!" he lamented, wanting to cry just as much as the tiny boy he was cleaning. Abner freshly changed, Emer picked him up and bounced him around until he stopped crying. Slowly but surely the child fell asleep, and soon he was off to dreamland, his head resting on who mommy kept calling Big Sis' shoulder.

Moving very carefully, trying not to set off the small human alarm that was Abner again, Emer strained to pick up his controller from the coffee table, and find a seat on the sofa. The system sprang to life, but by the time the Super Smash Bros title card was flashing on the television screen there were two people drooling on that couch.

Will our heroes reclaim their masculinity? Find out in part 2!