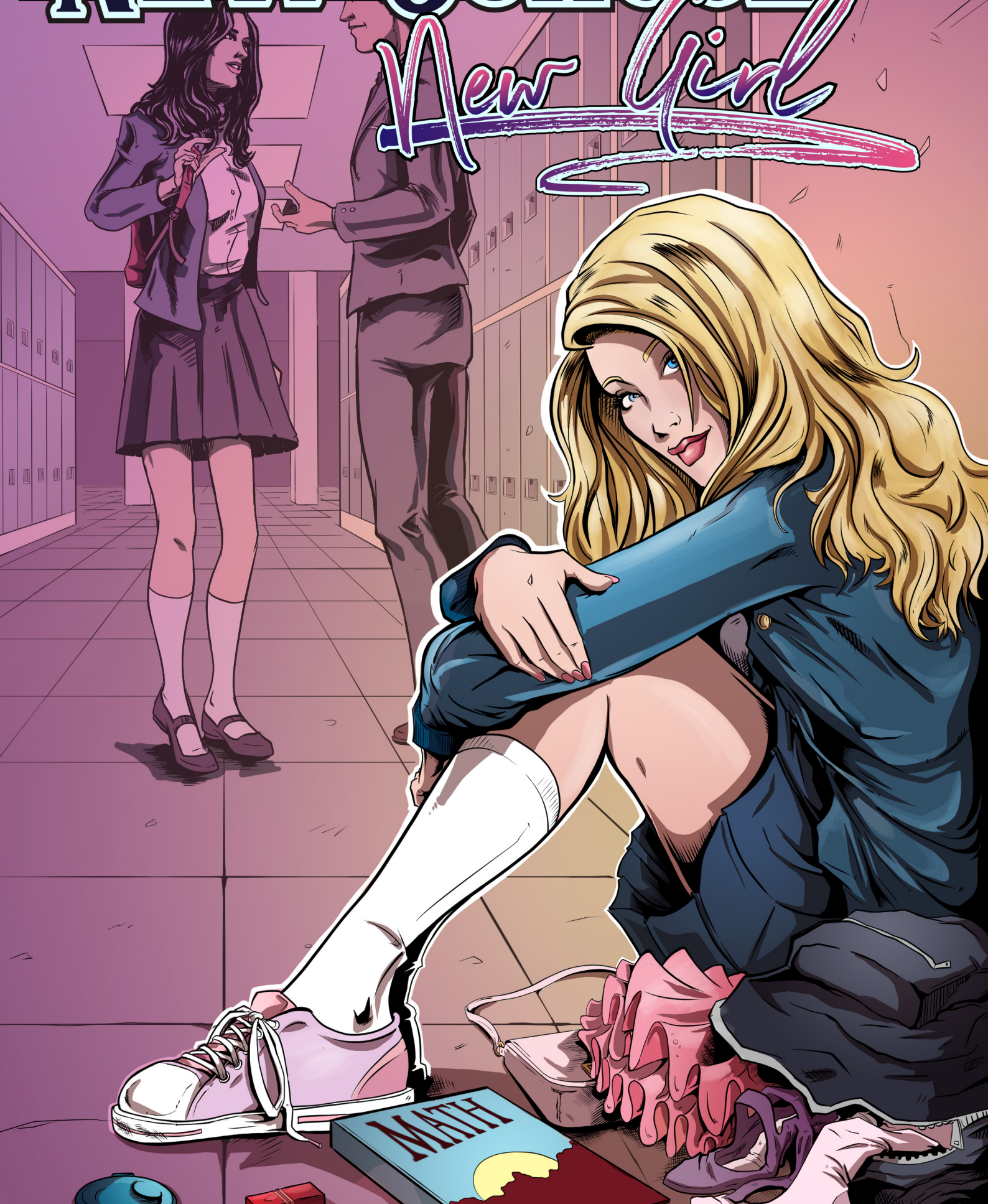


# NEW SCHOOL:

## *New Girl*



# NEW SCHOOL: NEW GIRL

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*Dedicated to all our followers!*

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## WHEN DOESN'T SCHOOL SUCK?

*"This school fucking sucks..."*

Nathan's first day at Pleasant Side Academy had been anything but jubilant. Before their move to this new town, Nathan had participated in multiple arguments with his parents, Jeff and Heather. He had grown up in the city of Southedge all his life.

Unfortunately, some industries had suffered from an economic decline and outsourcing in the area, forcing the family to move across two states seeking work security. Jeff and Heather had debated the move for the past three years, and mostly stayed both because of their two children and to stay close to family. However, in the last year, Jeff felt like he was going to lose his job due to a massive number of layoffs and decided to start looking elsewhere.

Pleasant Side was growing rapidly, and real estate was much cheaper than in Southedge, so the choice was obvious. Concerns arose about the children, as Nathan was 16 and his sister Riley was four years younger. They had already been in school for weeks in Southedge before their parents told them they were moving during the next month.

Saying goodbye to friends was not easy, but Nathan figured he might be able to see them more often once he got his license and was able to make the four-hour drive. The move was a little harder on Riley who cried every night for a week. The biggest shock was that their Dad's new job at Walter M. Investments paid about \$60,000 more a year than his previous job, and Heather found a position in a career that she wanted to return to that paid slightly more than she was making previously.

These financial improvements in the family's fortunes let them afford to send Nathan and Riley to private school for the first time in their life. While public education had not been terrible for them growing up, it had

always been the parents' dream to send their children to a private school as they heard it helped with college admissions and character building. Both schools were co-ed Nathan was sent to Pleasant Side Academy, and Heather was enrolled at the Hawkings School. After she graduated eighth grade, she would attend Pleasant Side for grades ninth through twelfth.

Several days before, on a warm Fall day in October, the family pulled their car into their driveway to meet the moving company. Nathan was curious to explore the neighborhood, but only saw a bunch of homologous suburban houses in the somewhat upscale neighborhood.

There were a few baby boomers jogging, and a few kids riding bikes, but nothing out of the ordinary. The area was a little more reserved than Southedge, but more prosperous.

Over the next few days, Nathan's family was introduced to their neighbors. Some were his age, but they seemed like they didn't have anything in common. Most talked about subjects that Nathan never brought up such as science, books, and computer programming hobbies. He was more into video games, lacrosse, and Trap music. It was assumed that once he went to school, he would be able to find others with similar interests or with whom he could at least have a better conversation.

Unfortunately, that was not the case. Nathan could not define the feeling he had in his first few classes, and while walking around the school. While he was introduced by all of the teachers in classes as being new, it was like he was being ignored the rest of the time. People acted as if they did not need any new friends in their lives and the circles they had established were going to be it for their socialization.

Some of the students he ran into he considered snobbish, others socially awkward, and others maybe just plain shy. A few people did talk to him, but he noticed their friendship would probably not likely because the conversation felt forced. The situation with girls was worse. Some of the preppy girls were so hot, he could cum in his pants right then but of course was too nervous to talk to himself.

Some girls seemed more friendly than the guys, but were overweight and not very attractive. Not his type at all, but at least it was someone. Others just acted like some guys did: as if having a giant shield around their social circles.

It was already a few hours into the school day and time for lunch as Nathan kept muttering to himself. He felt uncomfortable walking to the cafeteria. He thought, "Wearing a blazer as part of this uniform along with a backpack will take some getting used to." He ended up sitting with a random group of people, and he wasn't really involved in their conversation at all. However, when he asked a question of someone, they usually answered him.

As an ice breaker, he asked certain questions about the school, like which teachers were evil (there were more than a few), if the school had a lacrosse team (it didn't), and how often students came in and left the school (frequently). He figured that was probably because of the economy of Pleasant Side. Or maybe it was because they didn't fit in and left? The frequent turnover might have nothing to do with financial factors.

This led to a series of questions. If there were so many people coming in and out of the school, why did he feel so isolated? Did it have something to do with him personally? Did people just find him repulsive? Nathan never had a huge social group back at Southedge; however, he usually hung around a group of a few individuals.

He had only dated two girls if you could call hanging out at each other's house and having your parents drop you off at movies once dating. He was thinking one benefit of moving could be a better dating life and maybe actually losing his virginity, but it wasn't looking very promising at this point. Perhaps he needed to change his approach.

After lunch, Nathan had two other classes in which he was more vocal. He met a few other people, but they displayed the same personalities that he'd seen before. Learning some new names was handy, and some people recommended that he join a club or two since the student body was very active. That seemed a good idea, however more clubs social causes and less involved with artsy things that he enjoyed.

The only sports the school offered were ones he had never played on an official team, but he considered trying out just for some chance of having fun at Pleasant Side. Nathan was not stupid. This was the just first day, and he knew things would probably change, but it was a rough start after all. He wondered how Riley was doing, even though he didn't have the closest relationship with her.



Nathan was called to the office right before the last bell rang. The teacher asked him to grab his belongings on the way out, since he would not have time to return before school ended.

As he hurried down the hallway, Nathan wondered why they had called him in. Entering the office, he was greeted by one of the secretaries.

"How was your day Nathan?"

"Could have been better," he said honestly.

"Oh... sorry to hear that. Is there something I can help you with?"

Nathan shook his head, "Nah, I just was expecting a different type of students."

"The first day is always the hardest! You'll fit in soon enough I'm sure!" she said. "Anyway, I called you in because with all the commotion this morning, I completely forgot to give you your locker assignment!"

"I was wondering about that. This book bag is heavy. I can't believe this school still uses text books."

The secretary grabbed a piece of paper and pen, and said as she wrote, "Your locker is A74. It is down the main hall, to the left, then a right, then another left by the bathrooms. You should have time to get down there right now before the final bell rings and still catch the school bus."

"Great, thanks," said Nathan as he grabbed the piece of paper and walked out the office door.

Nathan had been through these well-lit halls several times throughout the day. The school was modern, yet the decor had an older feel with dark browns and exposed bricks typical of some college campuses. Overall, it was a step up from the public schools previously attended.

He passed several trophies in display cases and banners hanging get on the walls as he made his way quickly. The lockers in the school looked brand new as opposed to Southedge ones that were probably 25-years-old. Finally, he saw A90 and knew he was close.

The hallway was still empty. He checked his watch and noted that the final bell was still about five minutes off. Locker A74 was blue like all the rest. The major difference was that it had no combination lock on it. Nathan unslung and unzipped his backpack in preparation for placing some textbooks in his new locker. He figured he would try to find a PDF or eBook online later that night, like the rest of the 21st century.

“What the...?” Nathan said out loud.



There must have been a mistake. This locker already had someone's stuff in there. Did this locker belong to a boy or a girl? There was a pink backpack hanging from a hook, but also some photo of a girl in a bikini. Looking at the bottom of the locker, he found some random papers. Probably trash.

There was also a large mirror on the back of the locker door. Nathan glimpsed a flash of light and saw a blonde girl smiling in the mirror. He looked behind him but saw no one, then he looked back and saw only his reflection. A typical high school boy with short brown hair, an oval face, and acne.

“Da fuck was that?” he said, “This place is weird.”

Nathan stepped up and found the top part of the locker empty. He was expecting to see an old, rotten milk carton back there or something like that as a joke, but there was nothing, no smell.

He wondered if someone may be using this locker as a place to hold extra stuff. It was a strong possibility, but why would they put a mirror in their second locker and rather than their main one? Maybe they had mirrors in both? he wondered.

He had no answers to these questions, so he decided to go to the office again.

"Did you find it okay Nathan?" asked the secretary.

"Yes, but I think there's a mistake. Someone's stuff is in there right now."

The secretary looked surprised, "Really? Let me take a look.

She walked down the hall towards the locker with Nathan, briefly engaging him in small talk, asking about things such as his family and what he wanted to do at the new school. Nathan was more concerned with just going home.

When they arrived at the locker, the secretary opened it and saw the same contents that Nathan saw earlier--minus the strange apparition in the mirror. Nathan looked at the mirror again and again just saw a normal reflection of him, standing behind the secretary.

"Oh my, you were right."

"Do you know whose stuff this is?" asked Nathan.

The secretary thought for a moment, "There was a young lady who had this locker right before you. Her father is in the military, and they had to move abruptly. It may belong to her. I'll see if I can contact her family."

"But why wasn't there a lock on it? Why would she unlock it, but leave her stuff here? Maybe she took her things out and then someone else took over?"

As Nathan ended his sentence, the final bell rang and the secretary looked somewhat panicked.

"I'll find out soon Nathan! I'll ask a custodian to clean this stuff out. I have to get back to the office right now. It will be clear for you tomorrow!" she said as she walked back frantically trying to get to the office quickly before hundreds of students would be clogging the halls.

Seconds later, that was the case as the hallways filled with the raucous conversations and laughter of teenaged students. Nathan just stood in front of the locker, curious about the whole strange situation. Surely, if this junk belonged to that girl who previously had the locker, her name would be on the papers at the bottom?

Nope. He examined them, but all he saw were a few drawings of some mystical creatures and other fantasy stuff. Lots of stars, rainbows, and some unicorn drawings, but no name. Not even initials. He left the papers in there as the sounds of lockers opening and slamming shut all around him filled his ears.

Nathan decided that whoever was going to clean out this locker would probably just throw all of this stuff away. If the backpack belonged to that girl, she should have taken it when she moved away. Why would she leave it here? Maybe it was filled with stuff that other people would consider trash as well.

If it belonged to another student who was using the locker as additional storage, this should teach them a lesson. They should've put a lock on the door. "Finder's keepers!" Nathan's thought, hoping this backpack might contain something valuable like an iPad, money, drugs, or other things he could sell.

Nathan knew his time was limited as he had to get to the bus in time, but walking out with a pink backpack? That would be embarrassing and send off the wrong message to his new schoolmates.

There wasn't enough room for all of this stuff in his backpack, and he couldn't leave any books in the locker. Custodian would probably throw them out. He had to find a way to get this pink backpack to the bus to take it home and examine it.

Looking around, he saw a few students taking off their jackets and figured it was causal time.

*“Perfect, don’t need this blazer anymore.”*

## FINDER'S KEEPERS

Throughout the bus trip home, Nathan mostly stared out the window observing parts of the town he had not seen before with the occasional break of doing things on his cell phone. Socialization on the bus had not increased as he sat by himself near the back. The kids on this bus were a little more reserved than the ruckus he experienced back home. But home was here now..., He still struggled with that acceptance as he had only been living in Pleasant Side for a few days.

Once the bus stopped in front of his house, he got off with his possessions that now included a light blue backpack. His dad's Audi was gone, meaning he was still at work, but his mother's Tahoe was still in the driveway. He entered the house, still hiding the light blue backpack under his blazer. Before he could even reach the stairs, no less than ten feet from the front door, his mother greeted him.

"How was school, honey?"

"Can we please move back?"

"Funny... it couldn't have been that bad," said his mother, Heather.

"I met some people, but the students are different there!" Nathan complained.

"You'll make some friends. It just takes some time. Remember that this is a much better area than where we used to live. Things will improve."

Nathan rolled his eyes, "I'm just going to go upstairs for a bit...."

"Not so fast," said Heather.

"What?"

"I've been here moving things by myself all day and could use your help."

"Mom! I've had a rough day and...."

Heather took on a more serious tone, "Nathan.... put your things upstairs and come help me! We need to put up some of the furnishings in the living room at least, then you need to work on your room."

"Fine...." said Nathan as he made his way upstairs.

Nathan's bedroom was more spacious than at their previous house. The moving company had placed the furniture in the house, but just left all the boxes around the house in the rooms as labeled. He had managed to unpack his TV, video game systems, and some clothes in the Previous few days, but there were still a dozen or so boxes strewn around the room.

He threw his backpack down on his bed, along with his new acquisitions. He wanted to look through the light blue backpack, but he knew that Heather would keep yelling for him if he delayed. He assumed he could at least change out of his uniform at least.

Heather had made significant progress on the house after working on it all day. The kitchen was finished, so he went to help her with the living room. About ten minutes later, his younger sister came in the door, her huge smile exposing her braces. Riley skipped towards them, throwing her backpack down on a chair in the process.

Her mom smiled back at her daughter, "Someone looks excited."

"This place is so awesome!" Riley pronounced as she went towards her mom to give her a hug.

Heather placed her hand on Riley's back pulling her close and smiled. "That's great to hear sweetie."

"I met so many great new friends, and they said we should hang out this week, and their choir is amazing so I'm going to try out, and the classes are so much more fun!" she gushed in a breathless stream of words.

“What?” said Nathan in shock. How was it that his younger sister had a much better day than he had?

“I love it Nathan!”

“That’s good....” he said.

Heather frowned slightly knowing her son wasn’t happy but changed the subject. “Riley, we have a lot of work to do around the house. I want to be finished by tomorrow. Can you please go upstairs, get changed, and come down and help your brother and me?”

“Of course Mom!” she said as she made her way upstairs.

---

They spent the next few hours organizing the house. Their team of three finished the living room just in time for a dinner break, just as Jeff returned home from work. Everyone shared their experiences of the day, except for Nathan who remained discreet. Instead, he mentioned how he had a lot of homework to do, and said he was going to unbox some more things in his room.

“Moving is always difficult, but unboxing is the worst,” said Jeff as the family ended their meal.

“Tell me about it,” said Nathan.

“If you kids finish organizing your rooms, there will be a treat for you this weekend,” said Jeff smiling.

“What?!” Riley asked excitedly.

“Your mother and I will take you to Bushy Mills!”

“YES!!!” said Riley.

Nathan had heard of Bushy Mills before. It was a highly-acclaimed amusement park just 30 minutes south of where they now lived. They had never been there before, but in their old town, they frequently traveled to



other theme parks. The news was exciting. He wanted a break, and it would be nice to go on rides while the weather was still great.

"I'll try to finish my room tonight," said Nathan.

Heather smiled at Nathan's sudden excitement.

After taking his plate to the kitchen, Nathan headed upstairs. The light blue backpack was still there, but going to an amusement park was more important than that thing right now.

He made significant progress over the next two hours, hanging up some wall decorations, putting more clothes in the closet, unpacking some music gear, setting up speakers, and putting some things on the shelves. He threw the empty cardboard boxes and plastic tubs in the hallway for someone else to deal with. Only two boxes remained, but they could wait.

Some of his other things were still in the garage, but they were not necessary for everyday. Things like collectibles and old memorabilia he could sort through later. He went downstairs to grab a can of soda, and returned upstairs to hear music coming from Riley's room.

Her door was open, so he peaked his head inside and saw her talking on her cell phone. Her laptop and a book next to her, apparently she was doing some homework. Her room had a few decorations on the walls, a vanity, and dressers with clothes hanging everywhere. Many boxes were still stacked.

"How is it coming?" asked Nathan knowing he had almost finished and it looked like Riley had barely started.

"It's coming..." she said.

"You better finish this. If not, it will just be three of us this weekend."

"Yeah right! You know they aren't going to leave me here by myself."

"Maybe not, but get on it!" Nathan demanded just trying to show control over his little sister.

"You gonna help me?" she asked.

“Yeah right, I’m mostly finished and beat! I’m Going to relax for a bit,” he said as he walked back to his room not expecting a response from Riley.

Finally, there was some time to sit back and do something fun. He opened his laptop to play some songs and threw the light blue backpack on his bed eager to finally explore the contents.

There was no iPad, no wallet, no textbooks, no cell phone. Only some girl’s personal stuff. Covering most of the contents was a pink jacket. He noticed that the school’s initials PSA were monogrammed on the front. Under the letters was ‘CHEER SQUAD’ written in a different font. Didn’t most girls have their names on these things? There wasn’t anything to identify the owner.

Smaller items appeared under the jacket. The fabric of the black Nike Pro shorts felt different than anything he had ever worn, and unfortunately he never had the chance to feel up some girl wearing anything g like them. They looked small, so whoever wore these was much tinier than him. The waistband was pink.

Just of curiosity, he smelled them, and noticed there was no scent, so they either weren’t worn or else were just washed before they were thrown in there. Beneath the shorts he found a black thong that the girl must have worn with it. It was basic. Nothing lacy or anything since these were apparently workout clothes.

A hot pink zebra print sports bra completed the outfit. The nylon and spandex material made him get an erection especially thinking that some hot girl’s boobs may have been in there recently. Still, this piece of material was useless to him otherwise.

What else? A hairbrush with a few stray blonde hairs? Garbage.

Ballet slippers? Who would buy these? They looked well used. Why did she have ballet slippers in with her cheerleading shit? Why not some athletic shoes?

Finally, something he could use. A plastic bottle of D&G Body Blue. It was a unisex fragrance popular with teens. He sprayed some on his arm to get a scent, and it still smelled like fresh ocean air. Must have been new as the bottle was full. Eh, this stuff is like \$30 he smiled.



The final item in the main part of the bag was a zipped plastic bag that had thick material covering the contents so the unsuspecting eye couldn't see the contents. He threw it to the side and undid the zippers on the rest of the bag. Just a necklace that had 'BFF' on the end of the chain. Maybe he could sell this and make \$10 or something, but who would buy only one BFF necklace? Wasn't that something that girls purchased in pairs in order to give one away as a gift?

He picked up the pink plastic bag and unzipped it. Maxi-pads held in a pink swirly wrapper. Pantyliners. Wipes. Headache and stomach pills. Tampons. A hair tie. Chapstick. Chocolate. Gum. Mini bottle of lotion. Hand sanitizer. What the hell is this shit? What was Nathan going to do with what he assumed was some girl's period kit?

Nathan angrily threw the now empty bag across the room and it hit one of the closet doors. All of this stuff was completely useless. The easiest thing he could do was throw it away downstairs, but what if his parents found

it? Riley could probably use the period kit since she got hers last year, but how awkward would that be? An older brother giving his little sister special things for her time of the month? Gross!

Next option was packing everything up and taking it back to school, but what was he supposed to do with it then? His new locker was to be cleaned out, so all this junk would just be taking up space. Or perhaps he could just find another vacant locker and throw it in there. Maybe he could just leave it in the hallway? Or take it to the office in case the administration found the girl it belonged to? Of course, there was nothing of real value other than probably that necklace, Nathan thought to himself.

He put everything except the body mist back in the bag, and just threw it in the back of the closet. This had been a long day and he didn't have time to consider what to do with these things at this point.

Nathan walked through the house, socializing with his family, spent some time texting old friends, and did a little homework before crashing for the night. It was difficult to fall asleep as he kept thinking of what he should do the next day to make sure things improved. Surely it couldn't be worse than what he had experienced today.

## CHAPTER THREE

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### SECOND DAY

There was only one thing more annoying than Riley in Nathan's mind; the alarm clock that had to wake him up for school. He was always groggy and stuck in a dream state although there were not any memorable dreams from last night. Just some scenery from school and then some imagery of being at a concert for some random band. After four minutes of the annoying alarm, Heather knocked on his door.

"It's time to get up Nathan!"

"Five more minutes!" he yelled.

"You are going to be late! Get up right now!" she demanded as she closed the door.

Nathan finally agreed and threw the black comforter off his bed followed by his sheets. As he took the sheets off, his arms grazed his legs, and something didn't feel right. Looking down, he wasn't expecting to see that his legs were completely hairless. Nothing had changed in shape or definition, but there was no hair anywhere between his waist to his feet.

He looked down on the gray fitted sheet and saw no hair was there. Where did it go? He rubbed his legs more, and his skin felt softer. Realizing his arms were now different was another shocker. They were not shaved, but the hair was lighter, more blonde in color. He wanted to scream for help, but nothing came out of his mouth.

Scrambling out of bed, he threw on PJ bottoms and made his way to the bathroom which luckily Riley had used already, since she was in her room putting on the little makeup her parents allowed her to wear.

In the bathroom, he was happy that nothing else on his body had changed. The hair on his head was still the same, and there was still some peach fuzz developing on his face. He wanted to tell his mom that he couldn't go to school because he was sick. He wanted to stay in bed. Most of all, he wanted to figure out what caused his hair loss. But a voice told him.

*Get in the shower and get ready!*

There was no rush to get to school. Especially after that shitty day yesterday. But today wasn't off to the best start so far either. What if someone saw him like that today? He made a note to keep the sleeves of his shirt down the entire day no matter how hot it got, and luckily he didn't have gym on his schedule that day.

Nathan threw his PJ pants off, took his shirt off, and threw his boxers in the hamper. What the fuck? Why was his pubic hair gone too? Something told him just to keep getting ready as Heather was probably going to be bugging him more.

In the shower, he noticed that his armpit hair was gone and became even angrier. At his age, no hair had developed on his torso yet. Rubbing soap over his smooth skin felt different. More abrasive strokes hurt a little, so he used Riley's loofah instead of the Axe scrub that hung from the faucet. Hopefully, she wouldn't notice some guy's scented liquid soap on her stuff.

Getting dressed went the same as it had the day before. After drying himself off, and putting on boxers and socks, he dressed in the official school uniform. Public school had been so much more casual. There was no need to put on an undershirt, much less a dress shirt, nice slacks, a blazer, or proper shoes. Good thing his dad finally taught him how to put on a tie, since the school would probably raise hell if he came in with a clip-on. He made a note to wear his sleeves down in case anyone saw the lack of masculine hair on his body.

He grabbed his regular backpack and was about to head downstairs until a sudden voice came to his head:

*Don't forget something!*

What was he missing? He had packed everything he needed in his backpack the night before. Just the standard stuff and nothing fancy. Wallet? Check. Keys to the house? Yup.

*Turn around. Closet!*

What the hell could be in that closet that he needed to take? When he looked, the light blue backpack he angrily threw in there the night before was on the floor in front of the closet.

How did he not notice that when getting dressed? He opened it up knowing he had randomly tossed all that useless shit in there last night, but unzipping it, he saw that everything was neatly organized. Had his Mom found it? Worse yet, what if Riley found it?! But why would they neatly organize it and not mention it to him? Was this a sign that he needed to return it to school?

Nathan knew he didn't want to be sneaky taking in the feminine bag. The voice came into his head again:

*Just essentials! They are needed today!*

Nathan's hand reached into the bag and pulled out the Nike Pro shorts. These could fit in his regular bag easily. Maybe he needed to leave them in the locker, and someone would know to get them? But what about the other stuff? Anyway, who was this talking to him? Was he going crazy?

"Nathan, come get breakfast. Your bus will be here in 15 minutes!" yelled his mom from downstairs.

Breakfast could wait. This bag had to be hidden. After putting the female workout shorts in his bag, he found some coats, a set of sheets, and other personal items to wrap the backpack in. He put it in an empty plastic storage container, and concealed it under his bed behind other boxes. Finally, he made his way downstairs, being careful to conceal his secrets from his family.

---

Entering the school was more nerve wrecking today than it was yesterday. The last thing any new kid wanted was for people to see he had shaved legs or feminine hair on his arms. However, to Nathan's surprise, he received a cheerful greeting.

A boy who was slightly taller than Nathan and had light brown hair approached him as he was walking to his first period class.

“Hey!”

“Hi,” Nathan replied, excited that someone was approaching him for a change.

“You are new here right?”

“Yes, yesterday was my first day,” Nathan responded, unsure of this guy’s intentions.

“Cool, my name is Connor. I just got here last semester.”

Nathan smiled as he walked with Connor. “Really? How were your first days here?”

“Not bad. Took a while to get things going, but once they were, it was great. How was yesterday for you?”

Nathan didn’t want to show a lack of confidence. “It was alright.”

“Great! People are friendly here for the most part. Few snobby people and assholes who think they own the world, but other than that it’s fun. Have you been to Quad Street yet?”

“No what’s that?”

“We should go sometime. It’s a great place with all these shops, a cool fountain, sights on the river.”

“Nice, do you skateboard at all?”

“You skate? No way!”

Nathan smiled at his newly found bromance. “Sounds great. I’m sure I’ll see you around school later.”

Connor smiled, “Yeah, if not text me.... What is your number?”



Both boys got out their phones and quickly exchanged numbers before entering separate classrooms. Maybe today would be a better day after all.

There had been no time to visit the locker in the morning, but Nathan managed to get there during the break after second period. By that time, he was feeling much more confident at Pleasant Side Academy. People seemed unfriendly the day before, acted like they wanted to get to know him. He discussed his interests with them, and learned more about the school's culture. He even laughed a few times, and learned a few new names.

Arriving at the locker, he opened it nervously because of the weirdness that happened the previous day. The papers at the bottom had been removed, but the mirror still remained. Maybe the custodian forgot it? Hopefully, they didn't notice that the bag was missing. He placed a few books and some personal items in it. Putting his book bag into the locker, he tried to discreetly get the Nike Pro shorts out when he was interrupted.

"Hey neighbor!" said a brunette with glasses standing at the locker next to him.

"Oh hi!"

"World class accommodations right?"

"Hmm?" he replied.

"Small lockers! I'm Melody by the way!" she said extending her hand.

"Nathan, nice to meet you."

Melody was pretty, but not hot. More of the girl-next-door type. She didn't smile while meeting him, and seemed somewhat stoic. Yet, she had initiated the introductions.

"Where did you move here from?" she asked.

"Southedge. Have you ever been there?"

"Never even heard of it," she replied showing her ignorance of geography.

Nathan admitted, "Not missing much."

"Pleasant Side has its own special charm," she replied. "I have to get to class, but nice meeting you."

"You too, by the way, who had this locker before me?"

"No one, just some snobby bitch," she replied as she walked away.

She was going to class, but Nathan's schedule called for lunch. There were still a lot of students in the hallway, so maybe the shorts were better off in his possession, so he slipped them out of the bag and into his pocket. He placed a combination lock on the locker, and started his journey to the cafeteria.



Along the way, Nathan felt sharp pains in his stomach. He grabbed it in agony as other students ignored his situation. The piercing agony in his abdomen went down his urinary system and to his butt as if he had to use the bathroom immediately. He ran to the nearest boys' room as fast as he could without being yelled at by faculty. Luckily, there was an open stall. He pulled down his pants, but it was already too late for his boxers.

He felt like he had to shit, but this stuff all over his boxers wasn't poop. It was dark red and much thinner than fecal matter. He was able to clean up some of the mess using toilet paper, but his boxers were ruined. Going commando was the only option until the voice returned to his head.

*You have backup protection.*

Nathan thought about its meaning. He didn't have other boxers on him. What guy brings extra boxers to school? Then it dawned on him. The Nike Pro shorts. Then again, what guy wears those?! Maybe bikers?

Without hesitation, he slid them on, feeling a different type of fabric grace his smooth legs, thighs, and butt. The shorts fit him, barely. They were very tight, exposing his penis in front. He hoped no one would notice them as long as he turned the waistband inward to help conceal the logo. Embarrassing....

Perhaps he should go to the school nurse? The pains were gone, but what was that stuff that came out of his butt? Nervously, he opened the stall and washed his hands. There was nowhere else to go besides lunch, and there were only 15 minutes left to eat. Even though he'd suffered sharp pains and had an accident, he was suddenly very hungry. Looking in the mirror at his butt, he was relieved to see that the feminine shorts did not show through his pants, so he was good to go.

By this time, the lunch line was practically down to nothing. Walking through the cafeteria, he noticed there wasn't anyone around who he had befriended that day. After grabbing his tray, he figured he would sit alone until someone yelled at him from behind.

"Hey, where are you going?"

He turned around to see a hot blonde he had checked out earlier. She was his type with a perfect athletic body and perky breasts that showed through her shirt. She was partially standing, and waving him over. Some other girls were sitting at her table. They weren't laughing, but were smiling.

"Me?" Nathan said weakly.

"Yeah, where are you sitting?" she asked.

He did not want to admit that he was about to sit by himself to a girl like this. "Where I sat yesterday?!"

"Come sit with us!" she demanded as she patted the table to the right of her.

When was the next time some hot girl was going to ask him to sit by her? He walked over nervously, not knowing what to expect.

"Welcome to our table!" she announced, expanding her arms, and acting like it was some kind of paradise.

"This is Haylee, Paige, and Hannah, and I'm Ali," she said placing her dainty hand to her chest.

"Nathan," he replied, still nervous about being around this many hot girls. Some looked like basic blondes, but Hannah had dark red hair.

The next few minutes were spent with basic introductions and discussing how Nathan was new at the school. Although some people have the idea that all pretty girls are stuck up bitches, that was not the case with this group. He learned that they were all on the school cheerleading squad and enjoyed things like dancing, artwork, crafts, and even some sports like football.

Their musical tastes were different, but there was a common bond on a social level. Nathan did not feel out of place, and wondered if this would be his permanent spot at lunch. Not that he was complaining about it. He felt like he had made some new friends after only eating with them for about 10 or 15 minutes.

Right before leaving for leaving for the next class, Ali asked him, "Are you coming to practice after school?"

"Practice?"

"Yeah, we have cheerleading practice in the gym on Tuesdays and Thursdays after school. You can come see what we are all about."

Breasts bouncing, hot asses in short shorts, ponytails waving in the air; what was there not to like about that experience?

"I would love to but I have to take the bus home and...."

Ali interrupted him, "That's fine, I'll give you a ride home."

"You have a license?"

"Only a learner's permit," she replied. "But my older sister lets me drive home on practice days."

"That works!" he said.

"Great! See you then!" she replied.

The other girls said their goodbyes and Nathan walked away confident that the girls who wear feminine shorts all day failed to recognize he was wearing something girly under his pants. When he was able to use his cell, he texted his mom and let her know that he was going to be home later, and getting a ride with some new friends.

---

The day had been a complete 180 from the day before, Nathan thought as Ali's sister pulled into the driveway of his house. At cheerleading practice, Nathan sat in the bleachers, occasionally ate a snack, and worked on whatever homework he could get out of the way so he wouldn't have to do any that night. He also had a hard time keeping his eyes off of the girls.

When they went on breaks, the girls would come up to him and explain what they were doing and what they were prepping for. He learned not only did they cheer for the football team in the fall and basketball in the winter, but they also appeared at cheer competitions. They were very detailed in their routines and mentioned terms that sounded like a foreign language to him.

After saying their goodbyes, Nathan entered his house with a smile on his face and about 25 more contacts in his phone than he had before. His mother greeted him in the hallway.

"How was your day honey?"

“Actually very good,” he said as he put his backpack down. No matter how good the day was, he was also eager to take off those damn shorts, and so he wanted to keep conversation with his mom to a minimum.

“How are your new friends?” she asked peeking out the window to see an Audi pulling out of the driveway.

“Very friendly. I have no idea why they weren’t like that yesterday.”

“Maybe it was just the first day blues,” said Heather.

“I’ve been invited to a few places,” he said as he made his way upstairs.

“Oh... when?” asked Heather trying to remember the curfew time her and her husband had agreed upon.

“I don’t know. Just some time, nothing concrete,” he said as he curtly ended the conversation and went to his bedroom.

Opening the door was like entering the Twilight Zone. This wasn’t his bedroom! Gone were all of his personal belongings minus what was left in the closet which was most of his clothes and a few boxes. His bed was now a queen size and had an ivory comforter covering it. He didn’t make his bed this morning. Never did. What was the point? How many people actually see your bedroom? This bed was neatly made and had about three times as many pillows as previously.

Some pillows didn’t have boring white pillow cases, and instead had different fabrics and designs on them. Next to the bed was a lamp with a zebra print shade on it nearby an ornament that said “DREAM” hung on the wall. Several inspirational signs and paintings also graced the walls that were now a light pink. A larger, feminine dresser with a jewelry tree and bracelet holder stood where his masculine chest of drawers used to be. He saw several other girly objects and decorations.

There was a still a TV in the room, but there was no video game system hooked up to it. The desk had a laptop neatly placed along with some bottles he couldn’t identify from where he stood by the door. As he walked closer to the closet, he noticed all of his male clothes were still there, but that fucking backpack was right in front again.

He opened the dresser drawers frantically and saw several pairs of girlish underwear next to bras. Did his mom find the backpack?! Did she think he wanted to be a girl? How in the hell did she do all of this in such a short time since she worked that day. God forbid it was his dad?

Nathan started to freak out. He dashed back into the hallway to scream, "MOM! WHAT THE FUCK HAPPENED TO MY ROOM!"

Heather ran up the stairs, "What is the matter? Why the language?!"

Nathan motioned with his hands for her to go into the room.

Heather looked around then calmly said, "What exactly is wrong?"

"This has to be a joke! Did you find that bag?!"

"What bag? Is something missing from the move?"

Why was his mom playing dumb? All of a sudden, nosey Riley came running to the entrance of the bedroom. "What's going on?" she asked curiously.

"Riley! Did you go through my stuff?" he asked angrily.

"NO! I swear I didn't."

"Nathan... be nice to your sister."

"Someone did this...was it Dad?"

"What are you talking about?" she asked.

"This isn't my room!"

"Are you feeling okay? Are you sure nothing happened today."

"I got sick earlier but it was nothing...." he said, now realizing he was still wearing cheerleader shorts.

Riley skipped back to her room, now uninterested in her brother. The phone rang from downstairs and Heather excused herself, "I'll be right back Nathan."

Nathan shut himself in the room and locked the door. He examined the room in more detail while taking off his uniform. He threw on a t-shirt and looked for boxers, but could not find any. Why in the hell was there female underwear in his room? The fuck he was going to put any of that on.

There were some red sweat-style shorts that he couldn't remember buying, but he just threw them on not thinking about the fact that he had shaved legs. He looked on top of the dresser to see what else was there, and noticed some empty photo frames. This was getting weird.

Nathan wasn't expecting the voice to come back.

*Yup, still here!*

What the hell did that mean?

It spoke again:

*The bag...*

Nathan found that stupid light blue backpack and opened it. Everything in there looked as it did that morning when he left it. Whoever touched this bag did not go through the contents. He picked the hairbrush out of the bag and saw it had a few more hairs on it than before.

"What the fuck is this?!" he said. Never before had he been this angry. This had turned from the best day ever into the worst day ever. Looking around the room again, he spotted the big framed mirror near his bed. His hair was a mess and he was red in the face. Something came over him, making him want to brush his hair. Instead, he threw the hairbrush into the mirror causing it to crack and shatter.

He proceeded to knock everything off of the dresser, and pull out all the drawers to throw everything in them against the wall. He knocked bottles of fragrance from the desk, and they ended up broken against the door, releasing an amalgamation of scents. . He kicked the lamp, and cracked that stupid "Dream" ornament in half.





During his tantrum, his phone chimed indicating a text message. It was from Ali and said:

*So great to meet you!!! <3*

Was she hitting on him? His phone probably wasn't broken at least. He grabbed his phone and went downstairs. His mom looked as if she did not hear any of the noise.

"Something is wrong Mom...." he said as he entered the kitchen where she was preparing dinner.

"You know, you can tell me anything, sweetheart."

Sweetheart? When had she ever called him that? That was a term reserved for Riley.

"Please tell me what is going on! You know that my room didn't look like that this morning."

"I know there are still some things in boxes, but we will find them," she said as she stirred butter into the pasta.

There was no hope in this conversation. Maybe he would have better luck with his dad who was set to arrive home in the next few minutes. Rather than returning to the feminine nightmare of his room upstairs, he found a place in the living room to use his phone. At one point, he checked the laundry room in hopes of finding some of his clothes but there was nothing of his in sight. Surprisingly, neither Heather nor his sister mentioned his smooth arms or legs, so he figured his Dad wouldn't either.

Family dinner went as normal, and Nathan found that his Dad had no clue about what happened to his room. He showed that he didn't care either by focusing on the food.

Riley was the talkative one, mentioning her new friends and how she felt about certain teachers. Nathan added that he also made some new friends and that was the bright side of his day, but that didn't change the fact that his bedroom was feminized, and now trashed. At the end of dinner, he spoke to his dad privately.

"Dad, seriously...this is the stupidest prank ever."

"Is anything ruined in this house?"

"Other than my life? Right now, no," said Nathan. "But my room, someone messed it up today. I need to know where all my stuff is! I don't have time to keep organizing that room how I want it just to have someone keep going through my stuff."

"I'll have a talk with Riley," he said as he took a drink.

"So it WAS her!"

His dad replied, "I didn't say that. What could your sister do anyway?"

Nathan thought about it. Surely his little sister could go through his personal belongings, but it was unlikely she could paint a room and she sure couldn't lug a 300-pound dresser up the stairs.

"Can you at least come upstairs and see what I mean."

"Sure," said Jeff.

Nothing could prepare Nathan for what he saw entering his bedroom again. It was the same thing he had seen when first arriving home today. The room had no signs of his outbursts at all. Everything was neatly placed, exactly as before.

"I think I'm going to pass out."

"Again, what is wrong with this room? Is the temperature okay in here?" he asked, wondering if he had to adjust the thermostat.

The whole family had been downstairs the entire time. Obviously, no one broke into house to practice their instant clean up and interior decorating skills. Nathan felt lightheaded and wanted to lay down, but instead of heading to that girly bed, he went back downstairs with his Dad.

He found his space in the living room again and laid down while the rest of his family found other seats. Riley and Heather had already started watching some show on WebFilms.

"I give up...." Nathan said, feeling he had run out of options.

"What?!" said Jeff.

"I know we just got here, but I'm not ready for this."

"You just started. Give it a chance," said Heather edging closer to comfort him.

"Can I move back...? Maybe I can stay with Aunt Courtney?"

"You are here now, and we are all going to have better lives," said Heather. "Just give it a few more weeks and you'll become more comfortable with it."

"So you do know about this...?"

"We have all been through something like this before."

"Know about this...what?" Nathan asked.

"Fitting in can be hard, but look at how things are already improving. There's always two sides to the pancake."

Nathan shook his head out of confusion.

"We'll have fun fun!" said Riley bouncing up and down slightly.

"Can I stay home tomorrow?"

"We'll see how you feel in the morning," said Heather.

Nathan made his way back upstairs since he didn't want to socialize anymore, and even being alone in this girly room was better than being with his nonsensical family at this point. He found comfort only in texting his friends...his new ones. He tried to get clues about why the fuck his room had changed into one that should belong to a girl, but nothing materialized.

Ali and Hannah provided comfort in letting him know that they couldn't wait to see him the next day. But what would that day bring?

## THIRD ISN'T A CHARM

The morning alarm went off again, having the usual effect on Nathan. His grogginess was still there as he looked at his cellphone, trying to hit the snooze button on the touchscreen. Curious and fearful, he examined himself looking to see if any more changes had occurred. This was a serious concern, especially considering the dreams he had that night.

Nathan ran his hands down his body to explore. His penis was still there thank god, but his legs and body were still smooth. There was no hair growth anywhere else either. The surprise came when, after he hit the snooze button again, he noticed that his closet had changed.

Nothing of his male life remained in the house except for the clothes he had on. Instead of Rock band and skater shirts, hoodies, and some lame suit that he never wore anyway, a collection of girly t-shirts, dresses, blouses, barrettes, and the kind of tank tops he saw girls wore to festivals filled his room.

Some hoodies remained, but they were like the VS PINK one he had seen previously. At the bottom of the closet was a shoe rack containing about a dozen shoes ranging from trainers to heels. Where his school blazer had hung yesterday, another blazer hung, but this one was cut for a woman's shape. The matching skirt was on another hanger next to it.

Considering this and the fact that he was looking up more, Nathan figured he had lost about three inches of height. Shocked, he freaked out again. In moments his mom would come up and tell him to get ready. Procrastination had always been a hobby for her son, so she made sure to prod him.

There was no way he could go to school today. He sure as hell was not going to go wearing a girl's school uniform. Sickness. That is the way out. He practiced his best expression:

"Mom.... I'm about to throw up...."

Nathan grabbed his throat. That wasn't his voice. He sounded just like the girls he sat with at lunch the day before. How in the hell did his voice change overnight? He spoke again to confirm the feminization:

"What the fuck!"

The bedroom door opened. "Is everything okay, Brittany?"

"Mom! Fuck my life! Why did you just call me that?"

"What did you just say young lady?!" asked Heather, getting angry at her 'daughter.'

"Why did you just call me Brittany?"

"Are you alright? What is wrong?" asked his concerned mother.

"I'm sick.... I'm going to throw up.... Can't go to school...." he said.

"Honey, you just started this week. It is important that you attend classes. You don't look sick at all."

"Mom...do you have the slightest clue what is happening? I'm turning into a girl!"

The words scrambled in his mom's mind, since the imagery did not match what he was saying. Somehow, the words were transformed so that Heather heard other things.

"Start getting your things together. I'm making pancakes downstairs!"

Heather exited the room, leaving Nathan alone to contemplate his next move. Surely there had to be an escape route. There were still no answers about why this was happening. He then thought of another person outside of the home he could turn to who wouldn't act weird.

*"Hey Grandmom!" Nathan said into his iPhone. "I'm so glad you are up!"*

*"Brittany! So nice to hear from you. Is everything going well at school?"*

*"OH NO! NOT YOU TOO!"*

*"That's good to hear! I'm surprised you are calling me this early on a school day."*

*"Grandmom, I don't know what is happening, and this sounds weird, but I've been turning into a girl since we moved here. I don't know what to do or how to turn back, but all of the family believes I am a girl!"*

*"Yes yes. Making new friends is always a positive thing, especially when moving to another area. Your mother told me last night how you are excited."*

*"What the... NO! NO NO NO!"*

*"Can I speak to your mom?"*

Nathan hung up the phone in anger. Then he started crying, something he rarely did. The pressure was on, and all his escape routes were failing. At this rate, when would he have a vagina? Would he always remember being male? Knowing he would be forced to go to school, he stepped in the shower.

Gone were all of his male bath products. The number of feminine soaps and shampoos had doubled. That was the least of his worries, though. He thought back through everything that had happened over the previous few days, and then placed the blame on either the locker or the backpack.... Maybe both. Did this school have some sort of feminization curse? Did that girl whose backpack he took even exist?

Back in his bedroom, he took off the towel around his waist. His penis was a little shorter than before, which helped him fit into his panties. He picked the ones that looked more like a guy's swimsuit his dad would have worn in the 80s. He had to think carefully to remember everything that girls wore to his school. Putting on tights took some practice, but he was instantly feminized once he felt the nylons against his legs.

Skirt, blouse, and blazer followed. He made no attempt to select jewelry. He figured there was no point in wearing a bra since he didn't have breasts,



luckily. Just as he was about to brush his hair, he remembered there was none of his old boys' stuff left. The first brush he saw was the one that came from the backpack. His new bedroom had several mirrors in it, so he went to the closest one and started brushing.

*Be careful of knots! Even strokes all around...*

Why was that voice back? The statement was followed by a response as Nathan followed the directions. He flinched when he saw that his hair was becoming lighter and longer with each stroke. He could not stop his hand movements as he continued to style his hair with the brush, with each stroke turning it more blonde.

After a few minutes, Nathan's hair was down to his nipples. There were a few darker strands, but it now matched the same color that his sister had. Why was it uncontrollable? This was the last thing he needed today, and he hadn't even arrived at school yet.

Nathan continued to fight back tears, especially when the makeup products on the desk caught his attention and the voice came back in his head. applied foundation to his face, which in turn caused his features to change into a cute feminine shape with higher cheekbones and a more upturned nose. Lipstick made his lips become fuller, and mascara made his eyelashes longer. The end result was Nathan looking like a flat-chested but very pretty blonde girl who had a special surprise "down there."

---

No one on the bus or at the the school was surprised that Nathan was wearing makeup. His days as a boy were limited, Nathan knew that. It was evident that no one was listening to him, and so there was no way out. Reviewing the events, knew where he had to go first. But before he could reach the office he was startled by a light tap on his butt.

Nathan grabbed the back of his skirt and turned to see Connor.

"Hey Brittany! Great to see you this morning."

"Why did you just do that?!" Nathan said partially angry and completely nervous.



“Just something to get you started today, cutie! Are we still good for Friday right? Were you able to get the okay from your parents?”

“What are you talking about? Is this about going out with you. Fuck no!”

“Perfect! I have to run and pick up something from Mr. Anderson’s office, but I’ll see you around later today or text you later on.”

“Ok, I’ll pretend like a care!”

Luckily for Nathan, Connor didn’t come in for a kiss. That was going to wait until their hot date during the weekend. It was obvious the boy wasn’t listening to a word Nathan said.

With time running out, he managed to get to the office despite obstacles such as other guys hitting on him and girls trying to talk to him, which usually wouldn’t have been a problem.

Nathan saw that the secretary he talked to the other day was on the phone, and he impatiently waited for her to finish telling someone’s mom that they understand that someone else was picking them up that day.

“How can I help you today, Miss Brittany?”

“Can I please talk to you privately?” asked Nathan.

The secretary leaned forward a bit and replied, “What is your concern?”

“Do you know who I am?” Nathan whispered in his feminine voice.

“Of course I do, Brittany.”

“My name is NATHAN! I’m a guy! You just helped me the other day when you walked me down to my locker.”

“Which locker are you again?” asked the secretary typing Nathan’s full name into the computer?

“A74.”

After pulling up Nathan's information on the computer, she shook her head confirming that Nathan had the proper locker assignment. "It's all here, Brittany, now what is the issue?"

"...Can I see that real quick?" asked Nathan.

The secretary turned the monitor so that Nathan could view it. He was shocked at the information. His first name was listed as Brittany. His middle name had changed as well, but the last name was the same. The address remained the same for this new house, and the enrollment date for the school was the same, meaning that even if changing genders, as indicated by the 'F' sign, he was still a new person around the school.

His schedule remained the same, but it listed a few activities that Nathan wasn't participating in as a guy, such as cheerleading and dance squad. A note showed that he tried out for cheerleading on Tuesday and made it, but he had been sitting on the bleachers just watching them. What was with that?

Nathan asked, "This isn't right?! Were you able to contact that girl whose locker that was before me?"

"Yes I did," said the secretary. "She said she did not have a backpack there and just a few papers.

"Can I have her name and contact information?!"

"I'm sorry Brittany, I can't give you that because of privacy concerns and school policy."

Was this secretary lying to him? If it wasn't her backpack, then maybe it was someone else's who was using the locker as extra storage after all. But it had cheer squad stuff in it, and since he was becoming closer to the girls on the squad, wouldn't one of them say something if her stuff was missing?

"Please Miss...."

"No Brittany," said the secretary shaking her head no and not letting go of her position, but still with a friendly attitude. "I'm not even sure where the backpack is right now. The custodian may have thrown it away for all I know."

"I HAVE the backpack! I took it that day."

"Why would you do that?" asked the secretary.

"Because I figured no one would leave anything valuable in it and maybe I could give it to my sister as a gift," he lied.

"What was in it?" she asked.

"Some girl stuff like cheerleading shorts, some body mist, and a hairbrush, but I have been talking to the girls on the squad, and none of them have mentioned anything about missing a bag. Why would someone else in the school have that kind of stuff and just throw it in there?"

"I'm not sure Brittany. I can't even remember if the last girl who had that locker was on the cheer squad. I don't think so. Plus, she said that stuff is not her's."

*Maybe she is lying... Nathan thought to himself.*

He excused himself after thanking her, knowing there wasn't any other choice at the moment. Walking down the hall to first period, he considered the situation again. The girl who had that locker was either lying about the backpack, or it wasn't hers.

There could be several reasons why she was lying; like if she was once a boy who was feminized by that stuff as well. But then again. She is still a girl, and it's not like she would be turning back into a boy after another one is transformed. Or would she? How could he know? Either way, Nathan figured he had been watching too many movies.

The other option was trying to discover this girl himself. If she were in fact on the cheerleading squad, then Ali, Paige, and Hannah would have known her. Surely he could just ask them if they knew anything about her. Maybe if he showed them the items, they would be able to identify them.

---

The first two classes went as usual, except Nathan was still feeling awkward with his long blonde hair, and he was still sitting like a boy even though he was wearing a skirt. Everyone referred to him as Brittany, and

seemed to want to chat with him more than even in the past two days. That proved he was popular as a girl. Still, some words became jumbled and, no matter what he said, his meaning became twisted.

Finally able to get to his locker, he looked in the mirror hanging on the door. The girl looking back at him was the same one that he had a glimpse of on the first day. His normal backpack had turned into a girly one since the original light blue backpack was still at his house. Throwing his stuff in there, he heard Melody's voice.

"I love what you did with your hair today Brittany!"

"Melody! I just brushed it out, and this happened."

"Exactly."

"Wait, do you know something about this? Whose backpack was that? Is this locker haunted?"

"Did you smoke something before coming to school today?" she asked laughing.

"I'm serious! Surely you must believe me! I'm getting scared."

"Wow...." said Melody.

"You must know something about this."

Melody smiled, "It's always difficult to fit in, but you seem to be doing so well. Don't start acting weird."

Nathan considered Melody to be a little crazy and not the other way around. "The entire universe is changing!"

"Yes, I know; politics and social change is happening to hopefully make the world a better place! Are you part of the hashtag #thefutureisfemale movement?"

Apparently, Melody was a feminist. Nathan responded, "Please help me."

"Sure! What is your SnapTalk and InstaPic? I'll send you all the stuff to get involved."

"It's bigckguitarguy17."

Melody spent some time fiddling with her phone; then notifications ended up on Nathan's phone, which had transformed into a smaller model in a pink case shaped like a cat. The account for InstaPic popped up with the username as "cheerhugschick."

Scanning through the account briefly, he saw pictures of him as female from the previous few days. Still flat chested, but with the same blonde hair. The number of pictures on the account was much more than his previous one. Time was running out.

---

At lunch, Nathan sat with the other girls and tried his hardest to get some clues from the squad. The conversation about Hannah and her boyfriend having oral sex for the first time seemed to dominate the lunch table. Nathan was surprised that girls talked about sex just as much as guys did, however, their reactions and feelings about the situation were much different. The typical guy response was about wanting to fuck someone.

Finally finding a moment of opportunity, Nathan asked: "Do any of you know some girl who may have had my locker before I came here?"

The girls looked clueless.

Ali finished a bite of her tater tots and replied, "No, why?"

"There was some artwork at the bottom of the locker and a cheerleading bag in there when I got here. The secretary said it might have belonged to the person before me."

"What kind of stuff?" asked Hannah.

"There was a pink cheer hoodie that said, 'Cheer Squad' on it and had the initials of the school. Surely it had to belong to someone from here. There were Nike Pro shorts, a sports bra, and some personal stuff in there too."

"Does it fit?" asked Ali.

"I haven't tried on the hoodie, but I wore the shorts the other day!" said Nathan.

"Good, keep it!" said Paige.

"Yeah, I don't know whose that could have been, but if it fits you, you should definitely keep it," said Hannah.

This isn't helping.... Nathan thought.

Ali spoke up, "Do you have all your stuff ready for later tonight?"

"What is tonight?"

"Are you crazy?!" asked Paige. "You've been talking about how excited you were about it all day yesterday."

Ali said, "You do have a leotard ready, right?"

"What do I need a leotard for?" asked Nathan. Somehow, this mixed up in the minds of the girls and turned into, "Of course! Never mind, I'm just scatterbrained today."

"It's okay," said Paige. "It happens."

---

Lunch let out, and Nathan kept planning his escape from feminization. His family, friends, and people at school had been no help in his effort to regain his masculinity, even though they seemed increasingly friendly to him. Meanwhile, his life was increasingly moving in its own more feminine direction, completely out of his control.

Hours later, Nathan found himself at a dance studio holding a pink zebra print bag. He had no idea where the bag came from, but somehow it was waiting for him upon his arrival back home after school. Even more alarming, Nathan learned he was enrolled in several dance classes. Mondays and Wednesdays he had dance recital practice with Ali, Paige, and a few other girls he first met that night.

He wondered, “Why didn’t all this happen on Monday? Was it because the transformation was just starting?” He learned that the dance schedule included two themes on each night. Mondays were Lyrical and Pointe (whatever that is), and Wednesdays were Jazz and Ballet.

Nathan felt these dance lessons were possibly the most frightening escalation into femininity. Not seeing any alternative, he had no choice but to go along with the girls. Even if he tried to resist, the voice in his head kept demanding that he have fun and be with his friends. It also ominously told him to how to properly get dressed.

Compelled by the mysterious voice, Nathan felt an uncontrollable urge to change out of his panties and to slip into a black thong. Then, he was forced to put on a camisole-style sports bra. Once the bra was on, his flat chest started to go through accelerated puberty. He watched in horror as his emerging breasts became fuller, reaching B-cup size. Stunned, Nathan grabbed them confirming that his newly nubile body now featured perky boobs.

Despite his emotional distress at this latest unwanted feminization, touching his sensitive areolae sent waves of electric pleasure through Nathan’s body. He moaned in frustrated interrupted ecstasy when that infernal voice told him there would be time to play with them later, but now it was time to put on his white dance tights that would look perfect under his leotard.

These tights felt a little different than the other nylons he had on before. They were both thicker and stronger, Nathan guessed that was since he’d be doing a lot of stretching and bending later that night.

Nathan somehow knew had to put on A dark purple leotard next, even though he had never even touched one before. Last, he pulled on the pink cheer hoodie over his small body, so he would be more comfortable in the car and between breaks at practice. He sighed noting that the little girly top would’ve never fit him just days ago when he stood close to 5’10” and weighed 185 pounds. It fit him perfectly now that he was only about 5’1” tall and 105 lbs.

Nathan brushed out his lustrous hair to remove the snarls. One hand methodically moved a circular brush through his tresses, while the other held his long hair together. He put it up in a tight ponytail secured by two

bright pink hair ties. The ponytail went into two slots of a clip as he wove it into a bun. While Nathan was finishing his hair, Riley came into the room with a dress.

“What do you think Brittany?!” she yelled in excitement holding the dress to her body.

“Riley, you can’t just bust in here!” Nathan said, both in a defense of his privacy and provoked by his sister calling him by a girl’s name.

“Oh come on! You always tell me what you think of my new clothes?!”

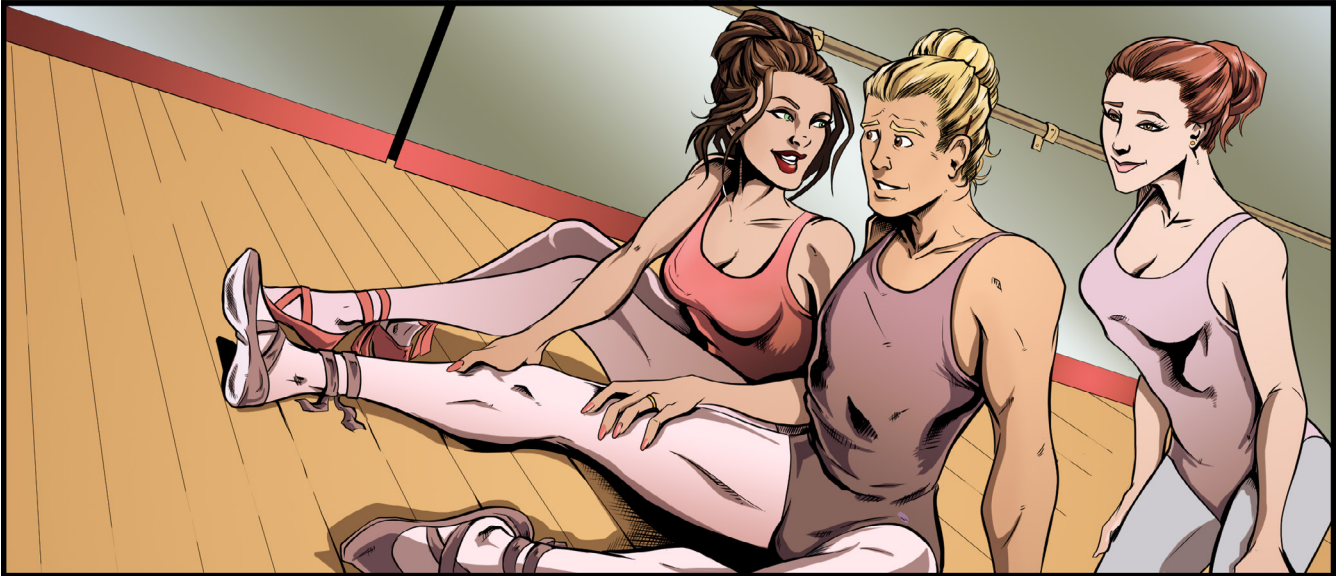
Nathan said, “Just give me a minute,” while the scent of hairspray filled the air.

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Looking at the girls at ballet practice, Nathan was dismayed that he felt no sexual attraction to them. Usually seeing tight, feminine bodies in dance gear would have aroused him, but he felt nothing despite the small penis under his thong. His mind was focused on other concerns, like why the fuck did he have dance training already? He had no idea why he was able to hold himself in a passé position with excellent balance skills. In fact, he had no idea what a passé position even was!

Nathan continued to work through various positions, warming up with the girls. Then, he joined them practicing the dance routine their little troupe planned to perform at a recital. He found Moving gracefully around the room to music and counting the steps out loud boring, although the girl named Brittany who was developing inside of him apparently found enjoyment in it. Why was the girl these people knew so into this stuff? Is this what he would have been like if he had been born a girl in the first place?





Nathan miserably realized that these weren't even the type of girls he would want to date. They were more the kind he would check out and fantasize about. He liked alternative girls who were more diverse in their activities and who liked playing music and edgy art. Although that unknown girl who had had his locker before him was into art, so maybe some of these girls were too? The subject had not come up yet, especially since all of these girls were busy filling Nathan in on the upcoming recital and other dance-related details.

Despite having surprising dance training, Nathan still had trouble getting his leg up for a leg hold. He assumed this difficulty was probably caused by the useless penis between his legs. Ali and Paige came over to help him, and showed him some stretching exercises he could do before attempting it again. He was surprised that his legs could spread so far apart while lying on the floor.

Afterward, Paige got behind him for support and Ali was in front helping him lift his foot above his head. Although he felt strange with their supporting him in such a girly activity, it made him realize that they really cared about him and were his true friends. Nathan as himself had no friends in Pleasant Side...but now Brittany already had dear companions.

He wondered what would happen if he broke off friendships with these girls. After all, he became friends with them only one day after the transformation started. Would he just be stuck as a girl with no friends, or would separating from them somehow break the feminization curse

and return him to completely male? Since all his other options had been exhausted, he desperately decided to try it.

He pushed them off of him and yelled, "GET AWAY!?!"

"Wow...what?" asked Ali, blinking her beautiful eyes in surprise at the sudden outburst.

"I don't need your help, I quit!" said Nathan.

"Fine. Fine. Sorry! Geeez! We just wanted to get you ready." Paige said, with her bottom lip pushed out looking like she was about to cry.

"I hate you all, I've been extremely pissed lately. I hate ballet! Don't think I'm going to cheerleading practice tomorrow either. Fuck you bitches. Pussy smells bad anyways."

Because of his increased anger level and the curse, Nathan's words became blurred in the minds of everyone in the room. Rather than hearing that furious statement, they heard:

*"I'm sorry, I've just been soooooo emotional lately with the move and being so busy. I love ballet and I can't wait for cheerleading practice tomorrow. I totes appreciate your help like soooooo much! OMG I'm so sorry! Please help me? I'll stop being mean! Promise!"*

Nathan watched as the girls smiled and said "Awww" before approaching him for a group hug. What teenage girl would do that after he insulted them? Obviously, they'd heard something else. This was useless.

In horror, Nathan realized the feminization would not end no matter what he did. What else was left? Getting DNA tests done on the backpack at the police station? Burning down the house when the family wasn't inside? Committing suicide? NO! That was too much. The voice came back to him as he felt the strong emotional support from the group of girls.

*It's where you belong. You will make a much better girl than a boy. Life will be best with your besties!*

---

Later that night, Nathan went to sleep trying to brainstorm other ideas despite essentially giving up hope. Considering how fast his feminization was progressing, he knew he had a day or two at most before he was completely a girl. Then what could he do?

He never asked for this. If someone else was responsible, why would they do this to him? The best case scenario he could imagine was having a female body and trying to live a boy's lifestyle. Even that hope seemed unrealistic. His whole family and all his new friends acted like he had always been a pretty girl named Brittany, even as these crazy changes were forced upon him.

Before he fell asleep. The voice came into his mind with the most definitive statement yet.

*After tomorrow, your words won't be blurred anymore, and your true nature as Brittany will come through. Everything you say will be heard. You won't be hearing from me again! Remember all this happened for a reason. Enjoy!*

Nathan was barely awake, but he whispered, "Who are you?" There was no reply.

## THE END?

Nathan's alarm went off earlier than normal, because it takes much longer for girls to get ready in the morning. He grabbed his penis-- the first thing he thought about--"Good! still there!" he thought with relief. Without too much hesitation, he got out of bed.

The photo frames that were once empty were now filled with scenes of Nathan as a girl. With a jolt, he realized they dated back years and were taken with from his hometown. He recognized them, but he was never close to them in his male life. There was also a photo of him hugging Riley at what looked like a birthday party. What teenage boy has a photo of him hugging his sister in his room? When he looked closely he saw what he was wearing. What teenage boy has a photo of him dressed in a camisole top and a flirty skirt in his room?

He went to his mirror. Even though he was not wearing any makeup, and even with a bad case of bedhead, he had to reluctantly admit That he looked hot as a girl. His penis felt smaller when he grabbed it again, and he knew that this was probably the last day he'd have any remaining male parts.

His mind whirled into a frenzy, as he frantically tried to think of anything he could do. Then it came to him. Maybe if he tried to do something masculine, the curse of feminization would be reversed! If he could somehow reassert his manhood, he might revert back to being a male. Even though his relationships and activities had developed in a decidedly feminine fashion over the previous days, surely he could start fresh as a guy in Pleasant Side. His male belongings were gone. Video game systems, guitar, etc., but there was one thing remaining....

The voice came back for final words:

*Go ahead and touch it Brittany.*

Back laying down in his bed, Nathan started stroking his penis while thinking about some of the hottest girls he knew naked. Nothing. Even sensuously rubbing his nubile breasts didn't help. It had been days since he masturbated, and he had not even achieved an erection since the waves of estrogen had entered his body. He continued to pull up and down on the tiny shaft, and he played with his testicles, but he could only get a little hard. He pulled on his long blonde hair, pretending it belonged to a sexy girl he was having sex with, but nothing helped.

He began stroking himself harder, trying to get a full erection, but instead he felt his testicles slipped back into his body. His shaft shrank in his hand. Grabbing on for dear life, his thumb and finger followed as his penis folded in on itself and the tip turned into her clitoris. The ultrasensitive bud slipped inside *her* vaginal lips, completing *her* transformation into *Brittany*. She looked down at *herself* in fear, as spots of blood on her *fingertips* confirmed that her penis was gone, her masculinity was a thing of the past.

"What the fuck?!" Brittany said, realizing that the tampons she'd found in the pink bag would finally go to good use.

Brittany remembered everything about being male and the feminine knowledge she recently obtained was useful not only for cheerleading and ballet but also for cleaning up. She examined her vagina while taking a shower. After that, she dried off, inserted a tampon, and began dressing for her first day as a school girl.

She made sure her period kit was in the backpack she carried to school that day, along with her cheerleading bag.

School that day went along by routine, as if Brittany had always been a girl. She walked through the halls brushing her long blonde hair from her eyes, feeling the short skirt brushing against the tights that covered her sexy legs. She checked her makeup in her locker mirror, and once again saw the beautiful girl she'd only glimpsed that day. This time, the girl's reflection didn't disappear. It stayed in the mirror until Brittany closed the locker door.

This was how things were going to be for now on. All options had been exhausted, and Brittany went along with the day trying to look happy. She

couldn't hide her annoyance when guys hit on her or when Connor sent annoying, flirty texts, however. Every girl has her limits.

Melody sent her links introducing her to feminism, and Brittany wondered how far she would be pulled toward that point of view. Unlike Brittany, Melody seemed somewhat intellectual. Maybe she would believe this insane sex change odyssey and maybe even understand the situation if Brittany were to tell Melody the truth? No, she'd already tried that. Now, she had boobs, a vagina, and even a period. What would it matter even if Melody believed her?

Only about one week into life at a new school, and she was already pulled in different directions. Standing in the gym after school for cheerleading practice with a tampon in her new equipment, wearing a thong under her Nike Pro shorts, and a gray PSA cheerleading shirt with her long blonde hair in a side ponytail, she wondered what would have happened if the transformation never occurred? She sighed realizing that wearing a bra didn't seem weird any more, in fact it felt odd not to wear one to hold up her new breasts.

Brittany stood in the ready formation with the other cheerleaders. Feet planted together and fists on both sides of her hips, she held her breath waiting for the captain to yell a chant to start the routine. She had picked up the moves quickly, and realized she was fitting in perfectly with the other girls. This easy inclusion was pulling her mind in different directions.

She wondered, "Would her social life have sucked if she'd stayed as Nathan? Maybe she would have met some different friends, but these girls seemed high on the social status totem pole, and were friendly."

After clapping her hands together multiple times and almost losing her voice chanting with the other girls, Brittany took a quick break with the rest of the squad. Breathing heavily, she took a drink from her pink water bottle, as she moved toward Ali, Paige, and Hannah.

"You are doing great Brittany!" said Ali.

"Thanks!" Brittany replied, not sure if she should take that as a compliment or not. Her personality as Nathan was still strong, trapped inside and feeling ashamed of the shapely feminine body and the increasingly girlish behavior.

Hannah said, "First game is Saturday. We'll be ready for basic stuff by then! It's still near the beginning of the school year, so we don't need to have anything elaborate."

Paige responded, "We should all get together this weekend and practice."

"Sleepover at my place?" asked Ali.

"Totes," replied Paige.

"You haven't been to my house yet Brittany. We have a workout room in the basement, a giant pool, and a hot tub! Be sure to bring your bikini."

Sadly, Brittany had a feeling that she probably had a sexy little bikini at her house. Seeing these girls in bikinis would have been a great thing for Nathan, but she didn't want to wear one herself. From deep inside this beautiful female form, in a burst of resurgence she lied, "I don't think I unpacked any yet."

"Oh, you can borrow one of mine. We are probably the same size!" said Hannah in a perky tone.

"This is going to be so much fun!" said Ali.

"Wait Brittany, isn't your date with Connor on Saturday?"

Brittany suddenly remembered her "planned" evening with Connor for Friday night. Her mom even said something about it, and gave her the thumbs up as long as she was back before 11 p.m. Although the boy had been texting her a lot, he had other things to talk about besides the date. Her responses had been very minimal, and her "date" was the last thing on her mind right now. She didn't even know her sexual orientation, and sex itself was a sore subject, considering what happened the last time she masturbated.

It was all very confusing. She had thoughts of liking girls, yet felt no sexual chemistry with any girls in the last few days. But she also felt no attraction to men. She wondered. "If I have to play along with this feminization curse until hopefully, I get some explanation, should I still go on the date? Or maybe I should just continue my lifestyle as is and forget about dating side?"

"No, it's Friday night," said Brittany waving her arms in different cheerleading motions.

"Oh great!" Ali said. "So you can come to my house Saturday night. Have you picked out something to wear for your date yet?"

"No, it has been the last thing on my mind," said Brittany.

"Really?" asked Paige.

"Actually, I'm going to cancel the date. There's just a lot of stuff going on with me right now. It's my first week here," said Brittany.

"That's understandable," Hannah replied, "but that's what we all do, just date around and have fun with guys."

Paige said, "I went out with my current boyfriend my first week here just to try things out and look at us now! Go have fun!"

Ali smirked, "If you cancel, it's not like you can't get another date with him or anyone else. Guys hit on you like 24-7, but maybe you should just feel him out a bit."

Those words hit the emotional part of Brittany's feminized body. It confirmed that she now had to live as an attractive teenage girl. But what about possibly trying something with a girl?

"What if I told you I liked girls?" Brittany said.

"That's completely fine!" Ali smiled.

"Yeah! It's okay." Hannah agreed.

"Girls too," Paige said. They were all interrupting each other and supporting their friend.

Ali spoke up, "None of us are gay or bisexual, but yeah we're fine with whatever."

Although her attraction to men wasn't apparent, there had to be some explanation about why Brittany had lost Nathan's strong physical attraction



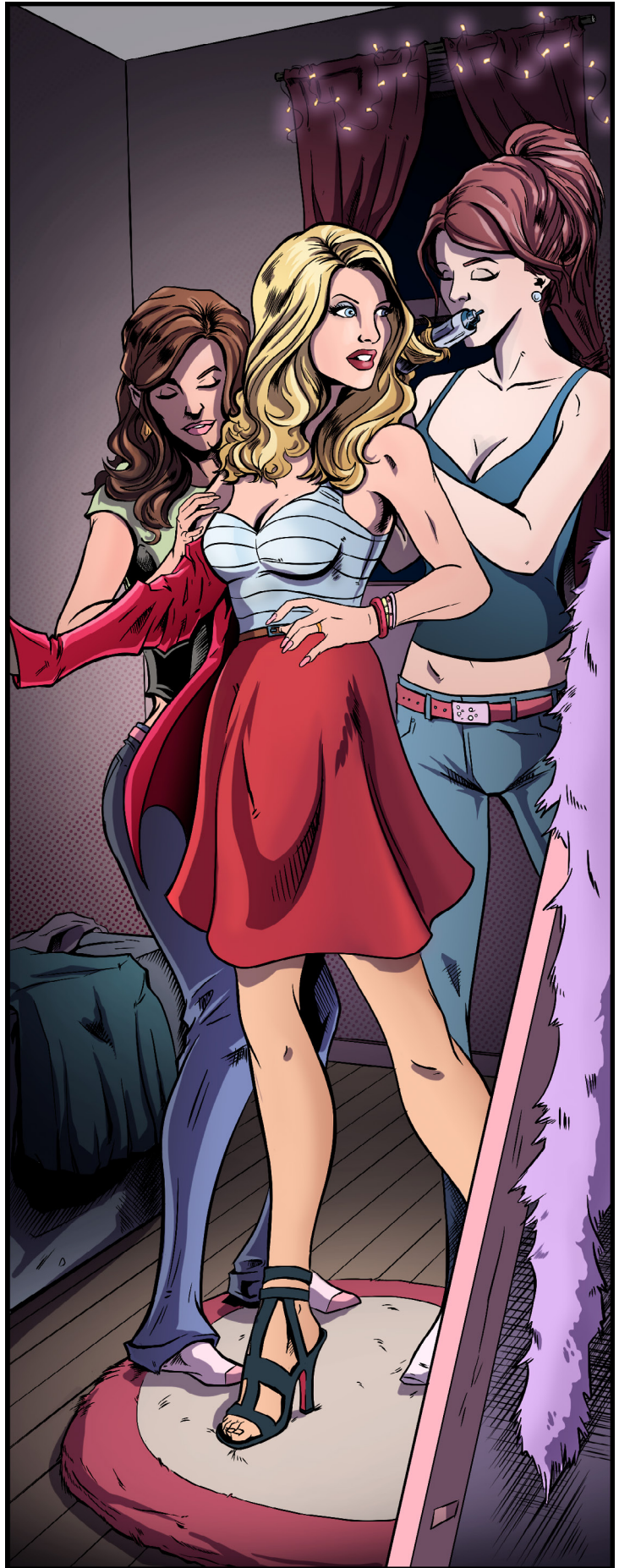
to females. The thoughts of having sex with one of her friends seemed weird now. None of these girls were attracted to other girls. There was nothing wrong with being bisexual or lesbian, but the points they made about Brittany dating boys stuck with her. She needed to be one of them.

Brittany smiled, "Okay, who wants to come over and go through my outfits?"

---

The kiss was unexpected, but a welcomed surprise. It was only a peck, but it was confirmation that Brittany was where she belonged. Throughout the date, Brittany felt a growing attraction to Connor. She thought he looked cute in his nice jeans and a button down shirt--even though it was one size too big for him.

Their date was nothing fancy given their ages, but just walking around Quad Street talking to Connor was fun. It seemed right. Their conversation flowed, and she loved it when he complimented her frequently, especially about how pretty she looked.



Despite her initial reluctance, Brittany enthusiastically glammed herself up for her date. She and her girlfriends went through all of her clothes, and they eventually agreed on a flirty red skater dress embellished with delicate embroidery on top. She also wore black three inch heels and a matching red cardigan. Laughing and talking with the girls at her house, Brittany felt so relaxed and natural. Hearing her laugh for the first time in weeks, her family loved seeing her so happy again.

Hannah curled Brittany's hair into a sophisticated wavy look, something that her date had not seen before, unless you counted the pictures he saw online. Brittany couldn't even remember taking them, but there they were on FacePage and ChatSnap: hundreds of selfies, group shots, and more showing a typical, happy teenaged girl.

Brittany wore a pink push-up bra to get the most out of her B-cups. She wore dangling gold earrings and her helix piercing gave her a modern trendy look. She applied Vera Wang Princess perfume to her neck, which also displayed a delicate gold chain necklace, and she wore matching bangle bracelets on her wrists.

Connor was playing with her wavy blonde bangs as he said, "I had a great time with you tonight."

"Me too," Brittany admitted while smiling up at her date, closing her eyes. Just then, her mom arrived to pick Brittany up.

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**Option #1:** Brittany shares one last kiss with him before getting into the car and then texts her friends telling them every detail.

**Option #2:** They hug each other goodbye and Connor jerks off as soon as he gets home.

## OPTION #1: KISSIE

"How was your date?" asked Heather, very excited to see her daughter was smiling with a dreamy look on her face.

"He's really cool!" said Brittany paying more attention to her pink iPhone than to her concerned, but relieved mom.

"Did he treat you politely?"

"Yes, Mom!" Brittany said, rolling her eyes, still surprised she had such a good time.

"That's great to hear, Brittany."

Moments of silence followed as the blonde teen texted away, and then Heather spoke again.

"I forgot to tell you earlier today, but I accidentally gave away that light blue backpack that was by your trash can."

"WHAT?!" cried Brittany, reminded of the backpack's appearance and feminization that occurred once Nathan lifted it..

"Riley's school is having a school supplies drive next week. They gather stuff students need and leave them in a locker to welcome new people to the school. I was cleaning your room, and it was empty sitting by the trash can, so I figured you wanted to get rid of it."

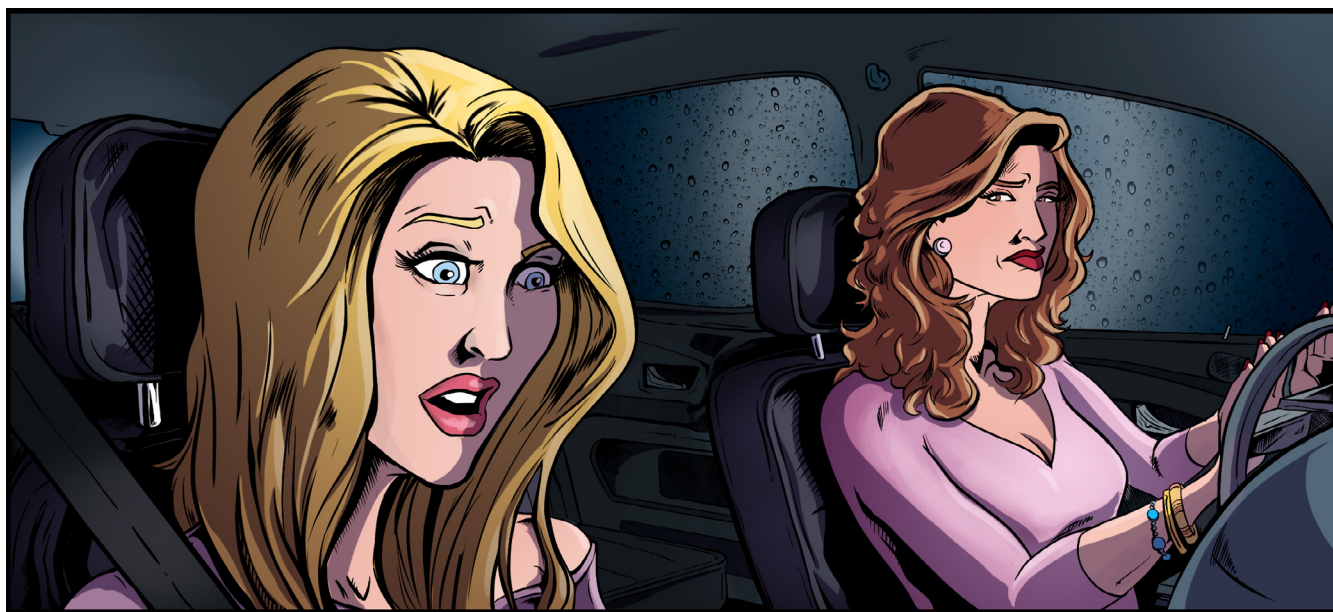
"That's my stuff Mom!" yelled Brittany, fearing the worst.

“Sorry honey, I’ll buy you a new one, if that means anything. I haven’t even seen you use that backpack. What did you even have in it? You had different bags for school, cheerleading, and ballet. Surely it will go to good use for a person in need.”

Brittany put down her phone, ignoring the frequent chimes announcing new text messages. The backpack had specific feminine items in it. Would the drive include that kind of feminine hygiene stuff or things like pencils, composition notebooks, and so on?

Maybe it would have no effect since it was empty. Or was it? Brittany remembered the bag’s weird abilities.

“Wait, how do they know if the person is male or female?” she wondered.



*The End?*

## OPTION #2

"I'm telling you, it will work!"

"I have to see it to believe it."

The conversation paused as the two boys entered the mall on the following Saturday afternoon. A red-haired woman with dark lipstick smiled at the boys, recognizing one of them.

"Oh! You are back!" said the woman in a welcoming manner.

"Yeah, this is my friend Ryan. He doesn't think that it will work."

"How did it work out for you?"

Connor smiled, "Perfect! It took a few days, but sure enough, he turned into a beautiful girl!"

"This is crazy," said Ryan. "You mean to tell me that hot ass cheerleader you went out with last night used to be a guy?"

"Yes!"

"That's just fucked up," said Ryan.

"Hey man, whatever you gotta do to land a girl at that school," Connor replied smiling with the woman. "For \$350, it's a steal."

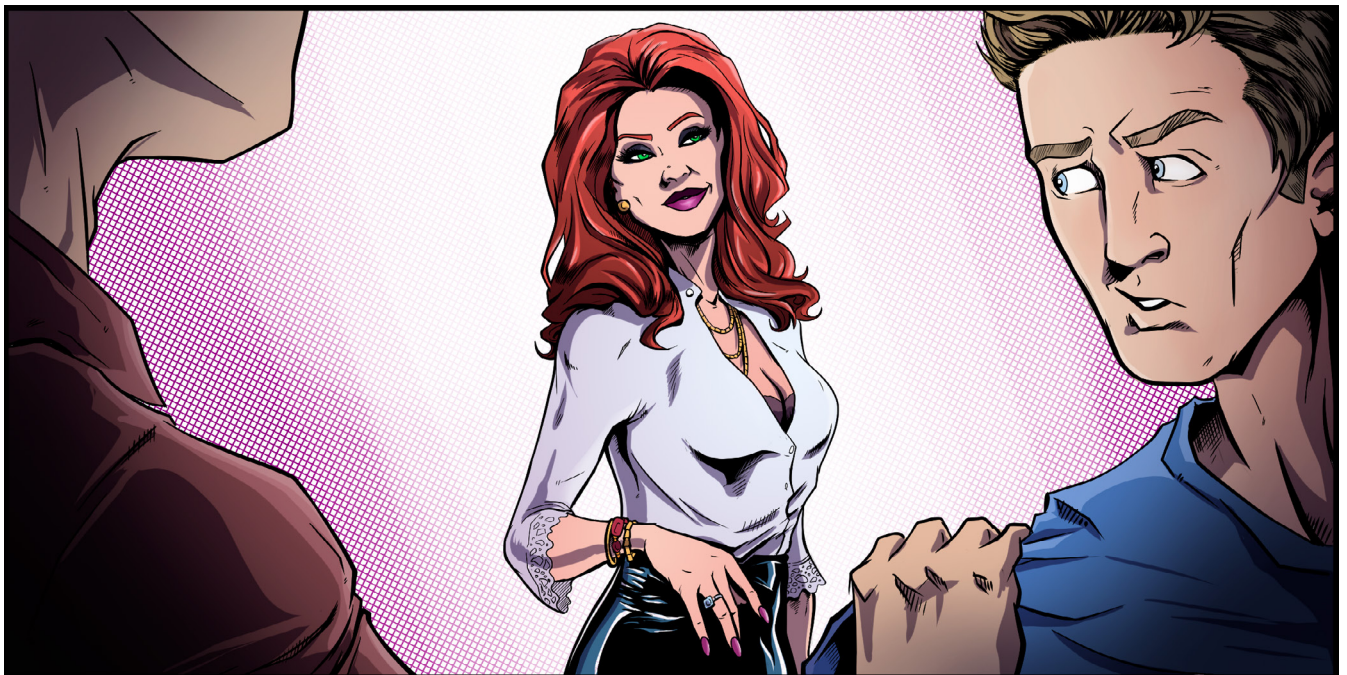
"So you are saying they can sell a backpack that will turn any boy into a hot girl as long as it is planted in a locker at school?"



“It’s best to put it into an empty one, because of all the new kids coming to the school. You have to target it carefully and find out who takes it. You can usually tell by their feminization. The only people who have any memory of that person being a boy is the guy and the person who bought the bag or helped buy it. Reality completely shifts, and it’s like they were always a girl.”

“You mean there are others?”

“Of course. You know that girl Paige on the cheerleading squad, right?”



*The End?*

Gosh, that was fun! If you found pleasure in this story, please be sure to leave a positive review!

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

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