



*Pageant
or
Prison?*

*Written by Courtney Captisa &
Claire Bear*

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Prison or Pageant?

Written by: Courtney Captisa & Claire Bear

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“... And hopefully, this will be the last time you do something like that,” said Anthony’s mom while driving to the community center.

Three months ago, Anthony was arrested by town police with two of his friends for throwing eggs on parked cars. What seemed like good fun for teenage boys turned into a nightmare. In the mind of the judge, it was a simple misdemeanor. They were each given a requirement of 8 hours community service. His friends Bill and Ryan were able to fulfill this by cleaning up trash in the city park, however Anthony was on vacation the week they were on assignment.

Since they were given a deadline for completing their service, Anthony and his parents searched for anything in the town that was on the eligible list. That’s when his mom found an advertisement for ‘Volunteers needed for assistance at Miss Heartland County Pageant.’ Although Anthony got excited about seeing ‘hot’ girls from school all day long, he had a surge of disappointment when he was told he would mostly be setting up chairs, painting signs, cleaning up after the girls, and more demeaning activities.

Looking out of the car window, he saw they were fast approaching the dreaded venue. His mom was still fuming after all these weeks, not at the least because her friend’s daughter was going to be in the pageant while her son was doing community service there. “You have everything they told you to bring right!?” she asked for the fifth time.

“Yeah mom, it’s just the paperwork for them to sign off on and I have some snacks in my backpack,” said Anthony.

“Good, now remember, you got lucky to even do this here so don’t mess it up, be polite, and do everything they say got it Mister?” she ordered, driving into the near empty parking lot.

“Yeah, I guess,” Anthony said rolling his eyes.

“Do you need me too come in with you, or are you fine?”

“NO Mom, it’s already embarrassing enough. I’m 16 and can do this myself.”

Anthony got out of the car’s pleasant air conditioning, into the humid warm July day. Although it was hot, he was wearing tight black pants, a band t-shirt, and his trademark black rimmed glasses. He had been to the community center before for a few band shows with some friends and the occasional birthday party, but had never seen the Miss Heartland County Pageant. It was an annual event for the small town for girls ages 14-17. The winner would be ambassador for all community events and receive a \$1,000 scholarship towards college.

Walking towards the front door he looked back to see his mom smile and wave before turning back and seeing a middle-aged woman standing at the door. Tall, thin, and looking like she had a no-nonsense demeanor, she was obviously the one in charge.

“Mr. Anthony?” she asked adjusting her glasses.

“Pleasure to meet you. I’m Mrs. Rassoni. Do you have your paperwork?” she asked, still remaining stern in her tone.

Anthony meekly handed over the pieces of paper before standing back awkwardly holding his left wrist in his right hand.

“Oh perfect, I’m so glad that you are here to help us today. There are many things to be completed before the girls arrive here in a few hours. You must prep everything on the list,” Mrs. Rassoni said as she handed Anthony a white piece of paper completely filled. “You’ll be here all throughout the pageant. Doors open at 7.”

Anthony scrolled down the list with his eyes, paint the sign, change lightbulbs in the back room, put up signs in the building as well as the usual cleaning and maintenance. “Got it, should I start on anything first?”

“Yes, the ladies will be having their photos taken in the gazebo out in the back later on today. I need you to put a few banners up in there and make sure there is no trash around.”

Smiling Anthony just replied, “Can do,” Before trudging off grabbing the banners she pointed out.

Anthony walked out to the gazebo holding 2 folded banners. He ignored the walkway, to take a shortcut through the grass. Luckily, there was no trash to his eyes in the gazebo and putting up the banners only took about 10 minutes. He looked out onto the river for a break from the hard work so far.

After nearly slipping on the ground thanks to the sprinklers, he figured he best get started on the other things. ‘This isn’t so bad,’ he thought to himself as he walked back inside the building towards the stacked chairs.

He continued his work inside until interrupted by Mrs. Rassoni, “ANTHONY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?”

Anthony almost dropped the chairs as he jumped up, “Wh...what? Am I using the wrong chairs?”

“Yes, but that’s not what I’m mad about. Look what you did!” she said pointing to the trail of muddy footprints going from the middle of the auditorium to the doorway.

Anthony let out a heavy sigh. Usually he would complain that it wasn’t that bad but remembering what his mom said he tried apologizing, “I’m really sorry, I’ll leave my shoes outside and clean it up.”

“HURRY!” said Mrs. Rassoni.

Carefully walking outside the front door, he took off his shoes using the other foot then walked back inside to look for a mop.

After cleaning up, Anthony returned to the room barefoot. Mrs. Rassoni sighed, “Anthony, you can’t work here barefoot. Not only is it against health code, but it’s also a safety hazard for you. Please follow me.”

Anthony sighed again but followed her just annoyed that he didn’t put socks on that day because he was wearing TOMS shoes.

He followed Mrs. Rassoni into a room that seemed like it would be the dressing room for the girls. There were many mirrors with lots of lights and a few empty clothing rack hangers.

“These shall do,” Miss Rassoni said.

“Miss Rassoni? Are there any other shoes?!” Anthony asked only seeing one pair.

“No, you are to wear heels. I think it will be good for you.”

“Fuck that, I’m no faggot!” Anthony said, his voice rising and his cheeks turning red.

“ANTHONY! That is completely inappropriate language and is for grounds of dismissal. Do you know what that would mean for you?”

“Y..yeah...” He knew full well what that would mean, longer community service or worse; actual jail time and a criminal record.

“Then I suggest you follow instruction,” Mrs. Rassoni said as she handed him the 3” sparkle heels with ribbons and pearls on the side.

“Are you sure there’s nothing else I can wear? Sandals or something?” Anthony tried to reason.

“These are also to help you learn what the girls will go through today. Look at it as a learning experience. It looks like you have small feet, so these should fit gracefully.”

Anthony almost cursed at her again from the small feet comment but bit his lip, snatching the heels away he went to return to the main hall.

He had never worn anything remotely feminine in his life. Although he had a girlfriend and sister, they never once mentioned anything about wearing their stuff, even in a joking fashion. Miss Rassoni followed him back into the hall, “Just have a seat and slip on your princess heels...”

“Can you please not call me that?” asked Anthony.

“Oh come on, be a good sport. We really do appreciate your help today.”

“Have an odd way of showing it...” he muttered as he slipped his feet into the heels. Much to his annoyance, she couldn’t have been more correct. They fit perfectly on his dainty feet.

Anthony stood up and gripped his balance. The shoes added an extra three inches of height, which brought him to 6’1”. Mrs. Rassoni smiled, “Those shoes are very cute. Any girl would be lucky to wear them.” Anthony’s penis shriveled at her humiliating and demeaning comment.

“Can I get back to work now?” Anthony asked, flustered.

“Of course, just be careful,” she added while walking back into the back room.

Anthony stumbled as he tried to walk in the heels but managed to walk naturally after practicing, placing one foot in front of the other and arching his back a tad. After assembling all the chairs, he looked at the next thing on the list and saw that he needed to touch up the paint on a wooden sign at the front entrance of the building.

Walking out the front door nervously, he sat down to put his regular shoes back on, but was furious to learn they had disappeared. ‘No doubt, this her idea of a joke,’ Anthony thought too himself.

Standing up less than gracefully he set about painting the sign, managing too hide his girly heels underneath himself as he sat on his knees. After about 10 minutes in the boiling heat Anthony had to take his shirt off in fear that he would have to wear a dirty, smelly, sweaty shirt all day long.

After another 5 minutes, he saw a group of cars come as girls around his age stepped out and gave him a glance.

For fear of being spotted, Anthony took off and hid the heels in nearby bushes and continued painting the sign shirtless. Several of the girls walked by toting gym and garment bags.

“Ewww, that’s disgusting,” Madison, the blonde busty cheerleader, said she walked by.

“He’s so pale,” said Kaylee.

Anthony was soon left alone again as he finished painting the sign before walking back to the main hall shirtless and shoeless, looking more like a hobo than a maintenance guy.

Amber, a tall Italian girl that Anthony knew from school, came over to him with a white bra with pink polka dots, “I think this is for you”

“Haha, very funny,” Anthony laughed sarcastically, “Where’s Mrs. Rassoni?”

“I’m right here Anthony,” Mrs. Rassoni said coming back into the room with a tablet. Did you finish the sign? How far are you along today? We only have 5 more hours until the doors open.

Where are your heels? Have you meet all the girls here?"

"Yeah the signs all done, I only have a few more things to do so I should be done with plenty of time. And about my shoes, I couldn't find them outside, did you move them?"

"Why did you take them off? Were you afraid the girls would see?"

Anthony blushed and tried shrugging the question off, "So if you could just give me back my real shoes..."

"He won't wear my bra Mrs. Rassoni... He won't even put his shirt back on and it makes me feel weird and I don't want to feel that way. Not today!" said Amber.

"Of course I'm not putting on a bra. Guys don't wear bras!" Anthony said, annoyed that she was being allowed to talk that way.

"Well, you didn't say that when you asked to wear those heels earlier Anthony," Mrs. Rassoni added, slyly winking at him.

"Just put it on and stop being a wimp," said Madison.

"Yeah, my brother tries on my bras sometimes. It's no big deal," said the short redhead Dawn. There were 10 other girls in the room and Anthony felt intimidated.

As he thought of something to say to get out of this situation, Amber moved behind him unseen and slipped the bra around his chest, "There! Now just put your arms through the straps."

"Fine, bittc...." Anthony said, managing to cut himself off. Amber gave him a slight spank on the butt as she clasps the bra on him... "Little sissy..." she said as she walked away and grabbed her gym bag to remove hair products.

"Now go back and fetch your heels Anthony. If I catch you barefoot again you can beat the judge will be hearing about you not cooperating," demanded Mrs. Rassoni.

He managed to find the shirt he was wearing and the shoes outside and quickly threw the shirt on in fear of being spotted wearing a bra in public. He waited until he was back inside to put the heels on. The feeling of wearing that stuff angered him. The end of the night could not come soon enough. The feeling of the girls humiliating him wasn't nearly as bad as the thought of them telling people what happened around town, especially if word got back to his friends and girlfriend.

After a few cleaning tasks and hanging a few more signs up, he was assigned to make sure all the dresses and other clothes were in order and hung up on the racks properly. By now, the girls had calmed down and were too focused on themselves to tease him anymore. Though there was the

odd, “Oh your heels look adorable” and “How does it feel wearing a bra Anthony?”

Mrs. Rassoni asked him to touch up another sign with paint and as he returned, had some left on his hands. Dawn noticed that her red long dress now had white stains on the side. She put her hands over her mouth while getting her hair curled and started crying. Other girls who were doing their makeup quickly noticed her reaction. “Dawn, what’s wrong?” asked Amber.

Unable to get any words out, Dawn pointed to her dress with Anthony in nearby sight.

Oblivious to what he had done Anthony just looked at them angrily, “What now!?”

“LOOK AT HER DRESS!” yelled Amber.

“How the hell am I supposed to know which one is hers!” Anthony said while looking at the rack confused.

Amber moved and grabbed the stained dress and held it up too him, “Look! You ruined it, wait till Rassoni hears about this.”

“GOD NO! I didn’t mean to! It’s just she has me doing lots today. I loaded in a shit load of other dresses. Can’t she wear one of those or something?”

“Those dresses are for the fashion showcase and charity portion of tonight, other models have those and it may not be her size!” Madison informed.

“Surely she wear a different one, please just keep it down. I could get in massive trouble if this doesn’t go well,” Anthony pleaded for the second time that day.

Dawn continued crying. Kaylee went and hugged her friend. Other girls made comments towards Anthony such as ‘loser’ and ‘hater.’ Miss Rassoni came back into the room, “What’s all the commotion?”

“Nothing Mrs. Rassoni, Dawn just got a little too excited over her” Amber said.

Mrs. Rassoni smiled and sighed at the same time. “Oh my goodness I was worried. I’ll be back in about 30 minutes from now. Can’t wait to see how pretty everyone looks when hair and makeup is complete. The models for the fashion benefit will be here in about one hour, then it’s show time! Anthony, please check in with me in an hour. I expect all programs to be on chairs, dresses out of the bags and all stage props ready to go.”

She left the room and Anthony said, “Oh my god thank you SO so much, I really couldn’t afford for her to find out about that, it would have terrible,” thinking he had finally gotten the girls on his side.

“I think my plan will be much worse...” said Amber trying to intimidate him.

“What the hell Amber? Seriously, why are you being such a bitch?”

“Because I don’t want some fucking sweaty guy in my way for pageant!”

“I’m being forced to be here!” Anthony said.

“Yeah... well... you are going to be forced to do a lot more than painting shit and putting props up...”

Anthony kicked off his ridiculous heels, “Screw it, I’m out...”

Madison jumped in to the conversation, “You are leaving and facing jail? Guess you really do want to get butt fucked.”

“After I tell them al this shit that happened today, this pageant will be a thing of the past and all of YOU will be arrested,” Anthony said in defense.

Amber smiled, “My dad is a lawyer and can get me out of anything. You are the one who is a joke.”

Anthony shook his head and looked at all of the girls who were smirking at him. So much for the fantasies of seeing hot girls in swimsuits. They all were against him.

“Is it just because I’m a guy?”

“No,” said Amber. “It’s because you’ve been messing things up all day! Look at her dress! It’s ruined.”

“LIke I said! I’m SORRY I just don’t know what to do.”

Dawn finally stepped in, “Do you really want to make it up to me?”

“Yeah, of course.”

Anthony drew the razor up his thin and wiry legs. ‘All done’ he thought. He never really had much body hair, but he was still annoyed at having to shave. Though apparently, all male models are hairless from the waist down, which he couldn’t really argue with. He’s never seen male models with much body hair.

He had been handed a bag with feminine soap products and shampoo and was instructed to be super clean in the showers of the community center’s locker room. Putting on raspberry deodorant on his freshly shaved armpits was definitely something not on Mrs. Rassoni’s list, or so he thought.

Stepping out of the shower, he grabbed a fluffy yellow towel and quickly dried himself off. Moving over to his clothes his jaw almost dropped. Instead of his street clothes, he saw the bra he wore earlier with matching white and pink polka dot panties, "You girls are real funny..." he called out.

Amber came into the room, walking in on Anthony naked, "I'm pretty sure they will fit over your small penis."

"It's not small!" he responded.

"Well then prove it Mister! If you put the undies on and they don't fit because it's big, then you won't have to wear them..." she said laughing to herself.

"Deal!"

Anthony picked up his embarrassing panties and pulled them up his newly shaven legs. To his amazement, although there was a noticeable bulge, his penis fit snugly in the bikini style undies.

"Damn it..."

Turning him around Amber laughed even louder, "I knew it, I'm always right. But try like, tucking it back a bit it might help."

"That's going to hurt my balls."

"Stop being such a baby and WOMAN up," Amber said again giggling at his humiliation.

Anthony reached his hand, touching his penis and pulled it back towards his asshole, giving him the image of a pussy for a boy.

"Holy crap I thought you were small but I mean, wow. You like just like a girl down there," she said patting the front of his panties.

His face turned red, "Can we just get this over with?" he said reaching for his bra. Amber found two breasts silicon cups from an unknown source. "Oh so cute, our little Anthony is going to grow boobies. You need to wear this though," she said giving him a strapless bra in lieu of his old one.

After the bra was in place and secure Anthony looked for his clothes while Amber moved behind him. .With one quick push the off balance boy went through the doors and into the room filled with all the girls.

Many of the girls giggled and made snarky comments. "Presenting Amelia!" announced Amber.

"We need to do something with that hair," said Madison.

“And his face too,” Dawn added.

“Do you have contacts on you so you don’t have to wear those nerdy glasses?” asked Kaylee.

“Oh, I don’t need glasses I just wear them for fun.”

“Such a hipster...” said Amber.

“How come there’s no bulge? What did you do Amber?” Madison asked, bending down to take a closer look.

“Special method, and aren’t his boobies cute?” Amber commented.

“Can you please stop this fucking embarrassing talk!” said Anthony.

“What did you say her new name was Amber?” Dawn asked, ignoring his comment.

“As much as I want to call HER Anthonia, I think ‘Amelia’ is a great fit. That was the name of my guinea pig growing up.”

“Cute, though we have a long way to go till she looks passable. All ready for your makeover Amelia?” Madison teased.

Anthony hesitated and debated the situation in his mind. As much as he tried to fight the women throughout the day, they seemed to always prevail in their mission to humiliate and feminize him. He wanted to run out the door, but knew Mrs. Rassoni would never sign off on his paper to confirm he had completed his community service. Working outside in the humid sunny day and doing boring setup work was much harder than having them give him a makeover, which was considerably easier. The biggest fear he had was being spotted as a boy and that’s something he definitely did NOT want to happen.

“Are you sure I won’t look like a freak?” asked Anthony.

“Trust me Amelia, when we’re done with you, you’re going to look like a princess.” Amber said, with a wicked grin.

The ladies took turns putting make up on him, as they had to get ready themselves. Other models for the benefit portion showed up and were not let in on the secret that Amelia was really a boy. He tried his hardest to keep his mouth shut and not let his obvious male voice become present. The first step of the transformation process was Amber contouring his bust to help with the illusion of cleavage, the bristles of which tickled him.

Foundation was carefully applied to cover over what little peach fuzz he had and to make his face clearer. Next was his eye makeup which was an ordeal. Not only was there lots of it to

apply, but his constant blinking made it near impossible.

Amber took authority, "She's really shy, it's one of the girls' sister. She's mostly a tom boy"

Some of the other models noticed him in the chair and approached the group of girls, "Hey, what's your name?" asked a slender girl.

Amber took authority, "She's really shy, it's one of the girls' sister. She's mostly a tom boy and needed a lot of makeup and hair advice.

"OH! Well, glad you are helping her out!"

Amelia let out a sigh of relief that he wasn't outed.

There was a towel over the mirror in front of him, obviously to keep his transformation a surprise. But it just fed his fear, Were they really making him look like a girl or have him look like a circus clown? Not that it mattered, he couldn't get away type of transformation at this point.

Amelia was unaware of the exact techniques used during his transformation, but he felt like they were putting a lot of products on his eyes and lips with the occasional feel of a brush on his cheekbones. He also felt some near his Adam's Apple. He was startled when Amber forcibly put his hands on the table in front of them and was instructed to spread his fingers.

Spreading them apart he had an idea on what was coming next. Shaking a small, clear bottle with pink liquid inside Amber smiled as she started with small, delicate strokes from the base to the tip of his finger nails. Watching his hands go from thin and normal looking to dainty and feminine scared Amelia. He remained still against his will however as they added a second coat of white across the tips.

Dawn complained at Amelia's feet, "I need to trim these nasty toe nails if you want me to paint them Amber!"

"Here," she responded passing Dawn a clipper.

Moments later, Amelia had been pedicured and manicured. In his mind, he wondered 'How easily can this stuff come off?!' since he was scheduled to hang out with his girlfriend, Emily, at her house later that night.

Before he could ask, Amber came around behind him with a curly iron and brush. The assistants started clipping long, realistic looking blonde hair extensions on the back of his head, underneath his hair to hide it. Adding more and more, she embarrassed him by commenting that his regular boy hair was nice and soft after using her shampoo.

Amber smiled, proud of her creation, "Almost done girly!" Amelia felt the mist of strawberry perfume on his neck and clip-on earrings that dangled from his small ears.

“Ready to see the new you?” Amber whispered in his ear.

He started to speak, but caught himself mid-breath when remembering there were people unaware of his true gender. Instead, he slowly shook his head.

Ignoring his reluctance, Amber pulled the side of the towel, revealing the mirror and Amelia.

Amelia let in a sharp breath as he saw the ultra feminine figure staring back at him. Every detail, every feature was feminine. Every male trace had been destroyed. Although several facial features were left, he resembled more of a ‘hot cousin’ than he would some guy in drag.

Staring back at him was a blonde teenage girl in her strapless bra with skillfully applied heavy makeup. She looked like the type of girl who would easily be head cheerleader... or a beauty pageant winner. Her hair came down to her breasts and was curled half way, with the top being in a wave that accented her glittery eyes. Her faux diamond earrings were in 3 circles and came down 2 inches past her ears. Still unable to speak, Amelia started to get a little teary eyed.

“Be careful not to cry Amelia. It would take us ages to redo your make up,” Amber said handing her a tissue.

Amelia carefully wiped the small tear and remembered that boys don’t cry. She wasn’t happy that she looked beautiful, but more of the fact that she was embarrassed of being able to pass as a girl.

As she sat transfixed in the mirror, Amber slipped away and had a small conversation with someone Amelia couldn’t see. After a few more moments she turned around and saw Mrs. Rassoni smiling down at her.

“You make for a very pretty young lady,” said Mrs. Rassoni, “The girls did an amazing job helping you, did you thank them?”

Amber walked to the rack of dresses that Anthony had helped organize earlier that day, “It was so nice of Misty Designs to donate all gowns for this event this year! Amelia, all of the contestants have their dresses already, but there are extras here for all models in the charity showcase. I think this one is totally you...”

Amelia would have been in heaven... if she was a real girl who actually wanted to feel like a princess. The dress to the other girls was amazing and ‘goddess’ level. How a boy would wear a strapless dress was solved due to Amelia’s new breasts. It featured a sweetheart bodice that glittered with bubbled rhinestones and crystals. The aqua color of the dress would shine with the lights of the stage and bring attention to Amelia’s assets. Starting at the low hip, the skirt ruffled. Part of the dress was split, which would show most of Amelia’s left leg until about 6 inches past her well-hidden penis.

Looking at Mrs. Rassoni’s reaction to her downright disgusted face Amelia feigned interest.

Standing up eagerly she moved over towards the dress and looked it over, feeling the soft fabric. How would she even put this thing on let alone walk in it she thought to herself.

“We have about 45 minutes to the show begins. I suggest you put your heels back on and practice posing and walking. Mashana, can you show Amelia how you all are walking on stage and what to do?” Amber said to one of the African-American models.

“Sure thing! Do you need help getting into your dress?” Mashana asked.

Amelia shook her head yes. Two of the girls held it up for her as it the silk fabric touched her soft skin. Amber helped zip her up and Amelia noticed how tight the bodice was. Looking in the mirror, her breast appeared to be at least a C-cup now. The ruffles of the skirt were what really made him feel like a girl since it also exposed his newly smooth legs.

Looking down at her bright pink toes surrounded by ruffles caused an odd stir inside and outside of her. Breaking her from the moment however was Amber handing her the heels she had been wearing for the most of the day.

She put her heels back on, as Amber came over, “Oh I forgot something...” handing her a necklace with a silver heart on it.

Awkwardly clasping it behind herself, Amelia let it fall into place in the middle of her new, and ample chest.

Hearing her phone go off in a bag underneath where she sat and got her make up done, Amelia found a text from her girlfriend saying that she was coming along to the pageant and was bringing Anthony’s two closest friends.

Letting out a small scream, Amelia thought about running away.

Amelia watched from behind the curtain as the other models strutted their assets down the runway as the MC of the pageant described their dresses. Knowing her girlfriend and friends would be in the crowd was the most nerve wrecking part. She hoped they were FAR in the back and wouldn’t recognize her face, although there was a large screen above the stage. The best thing she could hope for was that the illusion of makeup and extended blonde hair, together with her new feminine walking and mannerisms skills would stealth her true identity.

Figuring her best bet was to fully embrace her femininity so they couldn’t figure it out, she adjusted the bodice of her dress, getting as much cleavage shown as she could but remaining modest. A few more deep breaths came in between the models walking off until she finally heard, “And next up, we have the lovely ‘Ocean Goddess’ dress being modeled by Amelia Thompson.”

Putting on her best fake smile, Amelia swayed her hands back and forth and walked with her

heels in front of each other while arching her back. Halfway down the runway, she placed a hand on her hip and turned to smile at the left side of the audience. Her pacing was a little faster than the other models.

Amelia blinked a few times before gaining her composure and strutting down the rest of the runway. Being extra careful to place one foot in front of the other and still add a sexy sway to her hips took up all of her willpower. As she approached the front she struck out a few poses that the girls had taught her and gave a sly wink before turning back around walking back.

Amber met her backstage, "That was great Amelia! See, not so bad..."

Amelia broke her silence, "Thank you... that was quick... but a lot of prep work! I'm going to rip these extensions off right now and get out of this dress!"

"Not so fast Amelia, you are on dress duty. You have to help all the girls that are changing outfits," Amber said, swatting his hand off his extensions.

"Wait what?"

"Just stand by the dress rack and take off the dresses in order. Help the girls into them. Simple!"

Mrs. Rassoni came to Amber's aid with her tablet, "She's right Amelia, it's the last task of the night for you. Then I'll sign off your papers. There are three more wardrobe changes for the ladies tonight."

"Okay, I guess I can help," Amelia said before adding. "Can I get changed out of this dress and heels first?"

"No can do Missy. You didn't come with any extra girl clothes today and I'm sorry but since you have a skinny butt, none of my stuff will fit you."

"What the hell kind of excuse is that?"

Amber placed her red manicured index finger on Amelia's lip, "What did I say earlier...?"

"Yes Amber, sorry," A depressed Amelia stated, her head looking down.

Slapping her butt playfully as she walked away, Amber returned with a few other girls on the stage. Taking up her position next to the dresses, Amelia waited for the girls to return, leaving her alone with Mrs. Rassoni for the first time since the morning.

"You are doing a great job Amelia," said Mrs. Rassoni.

"I'll just be happy when this is done!" said Amelia.

Since the dance recital portion of the pageant was the first in the program before the charity

modeling, the girls were to model swimsuits followed by evening gowns. They were getting changed in the locker room, out of sight from Amelia who although was considered part of the 'girls club' now, had to stay out of there for legal reasons.

As they all came out wearing the brightly colored swimsuits, some of which were bikinis, Amelia couldn't help herself as she checked out a few of the girls.

Dawn was wearing a white polka dot purple bikini with lace ruffles around the hip, "What do you think Amelia? Ready to model one of these on stage?" she said in a sarcastic tone.

Amelia wanted to tell her to shut it, but couldn't with all the other girls around, so instead just shook her head.

Amber walked out of the locker room wearing a white one-piece that had a small gold-chained belt. Amelia noticed how large her breasts actually were and loved seeing the way her long brown hair sweep across the right side of her body. Amelia could feel a sensation down by her privates.

Being your average teen boy, though in odd attire, Amelia couldn't help imagine sexy thoughts as her tucked member strained against the soft material of her panties.

"What do you think?" asked Amber.

Amelia just nodded eagerly, enjoying her current view. Her girlfriend Emily was pretty, but Amber was model material. He knew, based on looks, Amber had a good chance of winning that pageant.

By the end of the pageant Amelia's feet were killing her, standing in heels all day was taking its toll apparently. Helping with the dresses was pretty easy, most of the models could do it themselves and she was just on zipping duty. Watching from behind, she saw Amber did indeed win the pageant and was crowned Miss Heartland County. As the crowd left and some of the girls had gone home disappointed, Amber and Mrs. Rassoni finally gave him back his clothes and signed his papers. They also thankfully, after much begging, cleaned of the nail polish on his hands. Only after he agreed to keep wearing the panties, however.

Later that night at Emily's house, the teen couple were watching a movie in the living room. "I'm really bummed you didn't get to see me," said Emily.

"Oh yeah, I was busy and everything and was just trying to get out of there cause it sucked so much," Anthony said, fully back in boy-mode.

"We got there pretty early, and got some nice seats," she said snuggling up too him.

"... Oh really? Have fun?"

“Was fun, the boys just sat and talked about the hot girls but I just liked the gorgeous dresses. They really liked one girl in particular.”

“Let me guess... it was that snobby girl Amber who ended up winning?” replied Anthony.

"No actually, it wasn't even one of the pageant girls."

Anthony's palms became sweaty as he tried changing the subject, “So do you think you will enter the pageant next year?”

“No, but YOU should considering how you looked like a blonde bombshell tonight on stage wearing that sissy faggot dress.”

Anthony couldn't believe what he had just heard, how could he have been so stupid. Of course she could recognize him! “I.....how... Please, I can explain!”

“No need to Anthony, I texted Amber and she explained everything.”

“She did!? Oh thank god...” Anthony said, sighing in relief.

“Yeah, she told me how they caught you trying on one of the dresses and how you begged them to give you a makeover!” Emily shouted, clearly annoyed.

“What the fuck!?! That's NOT TRUE AT ALL,” Anthony protested. “That bitch coordinator there made me wear high heels, then those girls basically gang raped me into dressing like a girl. Everything about it was forced and it sucked!”

“You damn well looked like you enjoyed it! Though Amber has always been a bit of a bitch, so if you tell me you've never dressed like a girl I'll believe you,” she said, trying to work it out.

“Of course not, I would never wear girls stuff! You know me, I'm not into any of that shit,” Anthony said, thankful his girlfriend was believing him over Amber.

“You may have been wearing a lot of makeup, but I definitely know my boyfriend's face. The others didn't recognize you but I did. So how did it feel dressing like a princess?”

“Ugh, it was dreadful. The dress was too tight so I couldn't breath, the hair kept getting in my face. Don't even get me started on the heels or the panties...”

“They made you wear panties!?” Emily giggled out.

“Let's just drop it. I want to forget about tonight forever.”

“Haha, okay, okay. You've obviously suffered enough you poor baby. Did you at least get a tan from working outside?”

“A little bit. Had my shirt off and everything and was wearing shorts.”

“Ohhh, well take the shirt off and let’s see.”

Anthony started to pull up his shirt when Emily noticed a pink-laced band on his hips. She also noticed that some of his normal body hair was missing. “WHAT THE HELL!!!!!!?”

“What?” Anthony mumbled as he looked down and saw what she was yelling about. Dropping his shirt as quickly as he could, blushing furiously.

“Why do you still have girl undies on!?”

“Don’t freak out, they wouldn’t give me my boxers back is all,” Anthony said sincerely.

“You could have changed before you came here?!”

“I honestly just forgot I was wearing them...”

“How do you just forget something like that!? Unless, wait. Amber was telling the truth, you really are a little sissy! This is unbelievable, my boyfriend wants to be a Princess huh? Well, don’t worry, you WILL become Amelia.”

The breakup was one of the simplest things that had happened over the course of the year. Although Anthony wasn’t happy about losing his girlfriend and the benefits that came with having one, he had retained a close female friend. Although Emily was pissed that her boyfriend had to be feminized, she couldn’t help but ‘help’ with the matter and let him try on a few of her bras. This eventually led to shopping trips together at the mall and Anthony growing his natural blonde hair out. After several months of hormone replacement therapy, ‘Amelia’ became closer to Amber who shared more secrets of feminization. After having a tracheal shave and facial feminization surgery funded by her parents, her voice and speech pattern almost identical to Amber’s.

Amber’s ‘training’ had been rigorous and daunting but Amelia was really starting to see the benefits of her guidance. She had now been living full-time en femme for eight months and was seeing a noticeable change in how people treated him, especially the boys. Although she still fancied girls Amber had been pushing her to try dating boys, and she would be lying if she hadn’t thought about it occasionally late at night while playing with something.

None of her friends would have imagined for a second that the former boy Anthony would have voluntarily enrolled in the Miss Heartland pageant, but Amelia felt like it was her calling based on her experience the year prior and how well she had developed. Amber consulted her on how to carry herself as a princess, how to answer interview questions, talent tips and even bikini modeling. Throughout the early summer, Amber and Amelia were known for sunbathing on the

back deck and hanging out by the lake, blushing at cat calls from teen boys from school.

The praise, prior to the pageant Amelia got from Mrs. Rassoni was tremendous, with constant compliments boosting her ego. Stepping into the dressing room she couldn't help but giggle out how this had all went down and ended up. From scoffing at the idea of wearing heels in this very room, to asking for her bikini in a size up cause her breasts were getting bigger.

For the swimsuit competition, she chose to wear a black bikini with small rhinestones around the hip. The bikini barely met the standards for the competition, but she felt like a princess showing off so much skin. The sexual reassignment surgery she had two months before was painless and left no scars around her vagina. Touching up her wavy curls in the mirror, she remembered how she no longer needed extensions unless she decided to start stripping when she turned 18. The round of applause when she entered the stage on during the swimsuit competition was loud and the most for any girl who graced the stage. She felt most confident with her body, but there were still other portions needed to win to take home to crown.

After the wildly successful swimsuit competition was the talent competition which sadly for Amelia didn't go quite as well after a few mistakes during her standup comedy routine. Her interview afterwards went over well with the usual praise of the school team and other things to get the crowd on her side. Now she stood in her short, strapless white dress, her glittery heels shining and a massive smile on her face as she and the other girls awaited the results.

Although Amelia didn't win the title of Miss Heartland County for that year, she did walk away with being crowned 'Miss Photogenic' as her natural pearly white smile and natural poses filled the hearts of the judges. Amber, being the winner from the year prior, returned to crown the title-winners. Amber was proud to put the sash on her new best-friend.

Amber gave Amelia a kiss on the cheek, "So proud of you!"

Amelia smiled, "Thanks for all your help! I couldn't have done any of this without you."

"No problem sweetheart, it took a little practice but I love helping boys. See that girl at the end?"

"You mean Mandy?!"

"Yeah, do you remember Gary from the hockey team?"

About the Authors

Courtney Captisa has been creating gender transformation art for over three years. She has a bachelor's degree in Pre-Law with a minor in Business Writing. She enjoys spending time on the beach near her residence in the Mid-Atlantic.

Claire Bear is a writer based in London who has been making gender transformation art and fiction for two years. Being a teen when she started writing, she tries to make her work fit with the younger generation.