The hallway after last period was almost empty, just the tick of a dying fluorescent and the squeak of Liam's sneakers as he dug through the junk under the lockers. Tyler hovered, backpack slung one-shoulder, waiting on his best friend the way he always did.

Liam came up grinning with a cheap pink rhinestone bracelet pinched between two fingers. The little metal tag caught the light: *Property of Derek — Brittany.*

"Dude," Liam said, already looping it around Tyler's wrist before Tyler could yank back. "There. Official girlfriend material. Derek's been slobbering after that cheer bitch all semester. You'd look hotter on his arm than she does."

It was a joke. It was always a joke with Liam. The clasp clicked anyway.

Heat punched up Tyler's arm like he'd grabbed a stove. The rhinestones flared white. His breath snagged. A blush stormed across his cheeks so fast it felt like a fever, and sweat sprang along his hairline, down the valley of his spine, into the waistband of his jeans. His lungs started dragging air in thick, audible pulls.

"Liam! Get it off-"

The bracelet wouldn't come off anytime soon.

Tyler's sneakers scuffed as his legs lengthened in a sick, stretching rush. Ankles shoved down past denim hems. The graphic tee that had been sloppy on him yanked tight across a torso that was suddenly climbing, ribs stacking, spine drawing him up toward the lockers until the world sat lower. He grabbed for his

own hair in a panic and felt it slither through his fingers, brown strands bleaching from the roots in a platinum flood, shooting longer, heavier, gathering itself into a high swinging tail that smacked between his shoulder blades.

“Liam?! What did you do?! I- I’m getting taller?! M-my hair- make it- *STOP*-”

The voice cracked on the last word and came out higher, breathier, a girl’s

startled yelp wearing a boy’s leftover panic. Liam’s face went gray. He backed into the lockers hard enough to boom the metal.

Clothes gave up. The tee split down the sides. Jeans shredded up the thighs.

What hung on him now were tattered, shredded, undersized old scraps: a ruined collar, a strip of navy cotton across the ribs, denim reduced to frayed white threads that bit into lengthening hips. He was blushing, visibly aroused against the dying denim, sweating in sheets, breathing so hard the scraps fluttered.

Breasts arrived like a punishment that had been waiting. A dull ache behind the pectorals turned into a shove from the inside. Soft, heavy tissue poured forward, hot and tight, filling his palms when he slammed both hands to his chest in horror. They squished against his fingers,

kept coming, nipples dragging raw across torn cotton until the last of the shirt burst and pale cleavage shoved into the open air. Lactation glands knotted into being beneath the swelling, a secret glandular itch that made his new chest throb in time with his pulse.

"They're...Liam, they're- I can feel them- oh god, please- I don't-"

Hips blew wide. Ass rounded in a lush, bouncing lift that yanked the last of the jeans into useless ribbons. Inside, lower, the change that made his knees buckle: boyhood drawing inward, shrinking, tucking, unfolding into a slick unfamiliar cleft. A womb settled behind it like a second heartbeat, a hollow warm weight that had never existed and now demanded blood and heat. Female hormones dumped into the bloodstream in a nauseating sweet rush. Skin went hypersensitive. Every brush of shredded fabric felt filthy.

It felt kind of good.

That was the worst part. The dread sat right next to the pleasure. He hated that his new nipples beaded. He hated that the fresh folds between his thighs were already damp. He hated that his

pleading had gone full girl, high and wet and breaking.

“Please, Liam, I don’t want—my voice—I can feel—inside, something's forming, I can feel a—oh god—"

Derek hit the corner at a jog, drawn by the locker boom and the screaming. Varsity jacket, ugly grin already loaded, the school's favorite problem. He stopped dead, took in the wreck in the hallway — platinum ponytail, baby-blue eyes blinking into existence over a face that was softening, lips plumping, jaw melting — and laughed once, sharp.

"The fuck? Brit? Why are you half-naked in the hall?"

Tyler tried to say *I'm not her* and heard Brittany's voice do it wrong. Clothes finished their theft while he shook. Scraps restitched in a shimmer into a tight baby-pink crop that barely covered the new undercurve of his breasts and white shorts that bit into an ass he could feel moving when he breathed. Eighteen. The number landed in his head without permission, a caption on a body that had just finished arriving: Brittany Cole,

eighteen, platinum-blonde ponytail, baby-blue eyes, bitchy bimbo girlfriend. He was wearing her. He was her height. He was her chest, her hips, her wet new sex cooling in stolen shorts.

He still knew his name. That was all he had left that fit.

Derek slung an arm around the new waist like he'd paid for it. "You good, babe? You look wrecked. Hot, though."

Babe. Tyler's mouth opened to correct him and only a shaky little laugh came out. Liam made a noise like he'd been punched.

The next few days were a special kind of hell as his new body refused to be a costume.

Peeing sitting down. The first time Brittany — Tyler — locked a stall and stared at the smooth split between his thighs, he cried without sound. Tampons in a box under the sink at home because the new womb had opinions, a cramp

that wasn't pain so much as proof. Bras that his mother (had he always had this mother? the house had a vanity now) left on the dresser without comment. Makeup that his hands knew and his mind did not: mascara wand shaking, lip gloss making his mouth look kiss-ready in a way that made him nauseous and warm.

He told himself he would explain. *Derek, I'm not your girlfriend, Liam did something, I'm—*

Then Derek would walk into a room and the comfort hit first, uninvited, like sitting down in a chair that had always been his. Tyler hated it. Tyler also stopped leaving when Derek showed up.

Liam watched it rot in real time. The staring. The way Brittany's new voice went singsong when Derek talked. The way she started calling Liam *babe* by accident and then *loser* on purpose, like the word had been waiting behind her teeth.

On Thursday Derek caught Liam at the vending machines, dumped his books, shoved him into the corner hard enough to rattle the glass. “Pick that up, dork. You’re in my girl’s way.”

Brittany stood there in the pink crop and the white shorts with her ponytail swaying and felt her brand-new pussy clench.

It was reluctant. It was humiliating. It was so hot she had to lock her knees. Liam’s scared eyes found hers, looking for Tyler, and she heard her own voice say, light and mean, “God, Liam, you’re so dramatic. Just get your stuff.”

Derek grinned at her like she’d done a trick. She grinned back before she could stop it. Between her legs, traitorous and slick, the body applauded.

Saturday night Derek said, “Come on. Truck.” Liam stood on the porch and looked at her like he was watching a funeral. She almost told him. The new memories were leaking — a first date at the diner, Derek’s jacket on her shoulders, the nickname *Brit* in his mouth — and they fit too well to fight in front of the house.

“I’ll be back,” she told Liam, and it sounded like a lie even to her.

The truck smelled like cologne and old victories. Derek’s hand landed on her thigh and stayed. She noticed the thick shape of him straining his jeans and hated that she noticed. Her own arousal answered anyway, folds going wet in the tight shorts, a pulse in the little pearl of nerves she still didn’t have a boy-word for.

“You’ve been weird all week,” Derek said, not unkind. “C’mere.”

The kiss started clumsy on her side and expert on her body's. His tongue was in her mouth and her boy-mind screamed while her spine arched into him like it had a script. Mutual lust didn't ask. It just closed the distance. Clothes came off in the cramped dark of the cab and then they were in the bed of the truck under a borrowed blanket, night air on new skin, and Derek was on her, big, certain, the bully from the hallway filling the whole sky.

She felt him notice her noticing. She felt herself go slippery enough that the head of him slid against her on the first push and she made a sound she didn't own.

"Wait—Derek—I've never—I mean I—"

"Brit. Relax."

He pushed in.

Alien. That was the only word that survived. A man's cock opening a place that had been a boy three days ago, thick and hot, stretching brand-new walls that fluttered in helpless welcome. The pressure went deep, deeper than made sense, kissing the mouth of the womb that had grown in him like a secret. Clit dragged against his body on every grind. She did not understand the shape of the pleasure. It wasn't a boy's sharp line. It was a spreading, blooming, humiliating full-body yes.

"It's—it's inside—I can feel you in—oh—oh fuck—"

Words died. Moans took over communication. His hands on her breasts, on the ass that had ballooned in a school hallway, bouncing her on him until the new curves looked obscene even to the mind still trying to be Tyler. She watched his face the way she'd watched

him shove Liam and the same dirty heat spiked. Her boyfriend. The thought arrived uninvited and stayed.

She came without recognizing it. The wave hit from the clit and the stuffed, stretched cunt at once, a female climax that didn't ask for translation. It rewrote as it broke. Brain chemistry went white.

In the afterglow she lay naked and shining and could not find Tyler anywhere that mattered.

Memories arrived in a warm filthy stack: two years of being Derek's girl. Making out behind the gym. Laughing when he dumped some nerd's tray. Sitting in his lap at parties. The mean little thrill of being the hottest bitch in the building and knowing it. Cheer practice sweat. The way Liam used to be some quiet kid she barely clocked except as easy prey. Shared history sealed over the hole where a best friend had been.

Her personality tipped, slow and then all at once. Softness curdled into pout. Panic thinned into vanity. The last honest fear in her chest sweetened into something bitchy and bright and loyal only in one direction. She was dumber on purpose and sharper where it counted. She liked her tits. She liked her ass. She

liked that Derek's come was cooling on her stomach and that her brand-new pussy still fluttered around the memory of him.

Tyler tried one last time, a ghost with no throat. Brittany stretched, pointed her toes, and giggled at how wrecked she looked.

"Mmm. Babe," she murmured, baby-blue eyes half-lidded, heart-stupid and sure. "You wrecked me. Like, oh my god."

Monday she wore the pink crop like it had always been hers. Derek had Liam by the locker again, palm flat on the metal beside his head, voice low and ugly. Brittany twirled her ponytail, popped her gum, and watched.

It was still a little wrong. That was what made it delicious. Some buried boy-splinter flinched at Liam's face — and the flinch melted into heat, into the squeeze of her thighs, into the lazy cruel thought that her old friend looked better scared. She waited until Derek slapped the books out of her old friend's arms before she intervened.

"Don't be gross, Liam," she said, sweet as gloss. "Derek's just playing. You're so sensitive."

Derek glanced over his shoulder at her and she blew him a kiss. Eighteen, platinum, packed into the outfit, already

planning how to drag him somewhere private sixth period. The boy who had stood in this hallway was gone, happily eaten, and the girl who remained liked the taste.