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# RUINING A FRIENDSHIP

Story by Joe Six-Pack



TRANSGENDER  
TALES OF

**Transformation**



**J O E   S I X   P A C K**

# ***RUINING A FRIENDSHIP***

**Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack**  
**A Tales of Transformation story**



2025 Edition

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## RUINING A FRIENDSHIP

“So I just put my cold feet in his back and he screamed,” Sandra said, as she sipped her coffee. “I made my point. So now I get to turn the heat up when we’re in bed. All he needed was some gentle persuasion.”

I had known Sandra for years now, ever since high school, and she had no problem telling me all about her relationship stuff. In fact, she’s actually my best friend.

Some might qualify that as saying, “my best girl friend, but not my girlfriend-girlfriend.” Which I suppose is true, but let me spell it out: my best friend is female, and we are not in a relationship.

I get a little defensive about it, because everyone assumes that you can’t have a girl as your best friend, and you’re bound to eventually try to make it a romantic relationship. That’s bull. We’ve been simple good friends for ten years, and I’d hate myself if I even thought about making a move on her.

“You shouldn’t torture him, San,” I told her. “After all, he has to put up with your awful personality and pretend he loves you.”

Sandra smiled and looked up at me. “He’s not putting up with me, Bradley. I’ve got him trapped and I’m not letting him go. He’s my prisoner. A prisoner of love!” She laughed.

Sandra and Spencer had been seeing each other for about a year, and he was on the verge of moving in with her. The tricky part was that Spencer was my roommate, along with two other guys. So I was often hearing about Sandra from Spencer, and about Spencer from Sandra. Sometimes, it was hard not to feel like I was an unpaid couples counsellor.

“Is it ever going to stop raining?” Sandra asked, looking out the window of the coffee shop we were seated in.

“Yes,” I replied, “When the heat wave begins.”

“New York,” Sandra said, absently.

“New York,” I verified. “How’s work?”

“It blows,” she said, leaning back in her chair. “The whole place is madness. I thought when we merged with the Women’s Defense Fund, the Feminist Action Taskforce would be even more powerful. You know, finally we could do some good in the community. But it’s been nothing but turf wars.” She leaned forward again, and hunched between her shoulders. “Sometimes I wish I was back working for a firm, just a humble lawyer doing divorce procedures again.”

“It’ll settle eventually,” I told her.

“I know it will, but I don’t know if I’ll be burnt out by then.” She talked directly to her cup of coffee. “I’ll be a frazzled cat lady who wears slippers to work.”

She was cute when she was feeling miserable about herself. “Welcome to my world,” I said.

I hadn’t been in a relationship for over two years now, and I knew I was getting a reputation amongst my friends for being hopeless. Most of the guys I knew based their relationships on sex first, and then sorted out the rest later on. I guess I was the opposite. I wanted to find the right girl and then see if it might go to the next level. I’m such a wimp.

“I can’t believe I’ve sunk to your level,” Sandra said, hoping to antagonize me. I’d have to say that most of the things we said to each other were designed to tick each other off. That’s why we got along so well.

It was hard being a twenty-going-on-thirty year old person in a big city like New York and retain friends. I had lost a lot of people over the years, with moving and raising families in the suburbs. That was white-collar life for you. Fortunately, Sandra and I had managed to keep in touch during the times when we lived in different areas, and now that we both lived in Manhattan, we had each other to hang out with.

That’s what we were doing on this drizzly afternoon, in a coffee shop, spending our lunch breaks away from our boring offices and the dreariness of work.

“So anyway, I was thinking Spencer and I might break up,” Sandra said, dropping this news as if she were reporting lint on her sleeve.

“Uh...” I didn’t know if she was serious. The blank expression Sandra gave told me there was more to this than just a casual remark. “And... You...”

“It’s not going anywhere,” she said, interrupting my stumbling. “Spencer has lost interest in me. He just hasn’t said so.” Sandra looked away from me, which was a sure sign she wasn’t quite believing what she was saying. “It wasn’t going to be a life-long thing anyway. Might as well cut it off now before it really hurts.”

“So, is this the third break-up this year or the fourth? I’ve lost count.”

“Fuck you,” she said. “I’m serious.”

“Oh, I’m sorry. I’ve completely misread the situation,” I replied. “You’ve had long talks about your future, and spent many nights working out your relationship, and examined it all to the most minute detail, I’m sure.”

Sandra didn’t do much but give me a death stare back as I talked.

“This all comes from a deep feeling of displeasure with each other rather than just you pissed about something dumb.”

“He doesn’t reply to my fucking texts anymore!” Sandra said. “It’s not dumb!”

“If I recall, you promised him that you wouldn’t be that kind of girlfriend who always demands replies to the fifty texts she sends a day.”

“And he should have known I was lying!”

“So you’re angry at him for doing what you said he could do.”

“Yes!” Sandra said. “Fuck you. Why are you taking his side?”

“Sandra,” was all I needed to say. I scratched an itch on my temple that seemed to be particularly irritating.

“I’ll give him another fucking chance,” she said, throwing her hair over her shoulder. “The shithead better be grateful.”

“Excuse me!” Said a voice from over my shoulder. “Rude!”

Sandra and I were both taken aback by the intrusion. A woman with a wide-brimmed black hat and wearing black sunglasses was scowling at us. “Such language! You should have the basic good sense not to have a lover’s spat in public!” She said.

“What?” I replied.

“I come to this coffee shop every day for some peace and quiet and a chance to relax, not to listen to two love-sick ninnies throw vile curse words back and forth! Honestly!”

I looked at Sandra, who was sharing the same expression of disbelief as I suppose I had. Who was this woman, and why didn’t she mind her own business?

“Mind my own business?” She said, clearly offended. It was odd, I was sure I asked that question only in my mind. “I never! Such incivility!”

“Listen lady, we’re not together, okay?” Sandra said, with more than the necessary amount of sass. “We’re just friends! We’re not having a tiff or anything even like that! It’s a private conversation!”

“Then you shouldn’t be so loud!” The woman shouted, loud enough in the small shop for everyone to hear. “Congratulations, you have simply ruined my afternoon!”

When I saw her get up out of her chair, I wasn’t entirely sure she was actually standing. She was hunched over, at almost the same height. Her entire body was covered by a shroud of black, which I couldn’t distinguish in any way. She might have been wearing a dress or a coat or just a bedsheet. I also couldn’t see her face, concealed by the wide brim of her hat — but I could see her chin, which showed deep wrinkles. She was as old as dirt, except for her screeching voice.

“We’re just two friends talking!” Sandra said. “You have a very low tolerance for having an afternoon ruined.”

“Friends!” The woman shouted. “Friends?” She began to search her draped clothes for something. “A friendship like yours should wither and die,” she said. She then found whatever she was looking for, which was a small fabric pouch with a twist-tie keeping its contents inside. “This so-called friendship is a nuisance! Consider this a public service!” With that, she threw the pouch down on the table in front of all of us, and a thick cloud of smoke rose from it.

“Hey!” Sandra said, somewhere. I couldn’t see anything. My first thought was something had been set on fire, but the smoke was colored purple.

“The fuck!” I shouted.

“Your friendship... Is at an end!” I heard the woman say. I wasn’t paying a lot of attention, because I was inhaling a ton of that purple smoke, and coughing violently.

I heard a thud across the table from me, and a flurry of brown hair that had to have been Sandra’s. That was the last thing I remembered before I passed out myself.



All I can say about ambulances is that they are crazy expensive. I don’t even remember actually riding in it, either. As far as I know, they could have gotten me to the emergency room in the back of a pickup truck, and charged me ambulance prices.

Sandra and I were discharged after being treated for smoke inhalation, but neither of us had any signs of breathing problems, and we both felt fine. I was embarrassed to have troubled them at the hospital, actually. That was before I saw the bill.

Sandra suggested that we should skip that particular coffee shop for the time being, a suggestion which I wholeheartedly agreed with.

Spencer picked us up and had a bunch of questions, none of which we could answer. “What, was it poison or something?” He asked.

“I don’t know. The doctors said they couldn’t find anything wrong,” Sandra said.

“Our blood work and lung biopsies are perfectly normal,” I added. “They said we should call if something changed, but that was it.”

“Freaky,” Spencer said. “But why did you both pass out?”

“Loss of oxygen?” I said, shrugging.

Spencer was skeptical. “I don’t like it. It doesn’t sound right.”

“It’s fine, sweetie,” Sandra said, patting his leg. “There’s nothing to worry about! You can’t inherit my fortune just yet.”

“Yeah, and here I was, hoping to score some of that sweet poisonous shitty attitude you’re going to leave me,” Spencer said, before getting a punch.

They made a great looking couple, Sandra and Spencer. She was a dark-haired, slender, twenty-four year old woman with a sweet smile and big earnest eyes. He was a year older, had a bold lantern-shape jaw, worked out every day and made a killing in entertainment law.

I felt like their little kid in the back seat of Spencer’s car.

We pulled up at my place, and we all got out. “I don’t want you doing anything strenuous,” Spencer told Sandra.

“Or what? You’ll teach me a lesson?” She stuck out her rear end provocatively. “Spank me, daddy,” she said. “I’ve been bad.”

“I just don’t think you should strain yourself!” He said, defensively.

“Oh, I’m going to strain myself. Oh, I think I’m straining myself now...” Sandra faked an orgasmic moan. “Oh, too late. I’ve strained myself. Now what? I guess I die.”

See, this is exactly why Sandra and I were never going to be a couple. She’s kind of a jerk when it comes to being intimate. It’s funny, sure, unless you’re the one in love with her.

We got up to the apartment and got inside. I had the lease, and three other roommates who rented rooms with me. Trent, who managed a local fitness center, and Chad, who used to work at the same place but was now in sales at a different gym were the two others I haven’t mentioned yet. The third was Spencer.

See, that’s kind of how Sandra and Spencer met. I needed roommates to pay for this expensive mid-town apartment, and Spencer was the first viable option. He, in turn, brought in a couple of guys who worked at his favorite gym — Trent and Chad.

Then, not long after Spencer moved in, he met Sandra, my best friend, and they started seeing each other. It made for a kind of awkward living situation, but having known Sandra for as long as I had, I wasn’t about to try and break her up over this. I could live with a little awkward for her sake.

“Hey, heard what happened. You guys okay?” Chad asked as we dumped our things at the door. He had come from the kitchen, and was holding a pot he was stirring with a wooden spoon. He’d discarded his suit jacket, having gotten home from his job.

“How many people did you tell?” Sandra asked Spencer.

“I... Uh...” Spencer looked guilty.

“I got an ice pack and a heat pack,” Trent said, also emerging from the kitchen. “Which do you want?”

“We’re fine!” Sandra insisted. She passed everyone and deposited herself on my sofa, turning on the TV. “Now let me watch the news.”

Everyone just headed back where they came from, sheepishly. I was left standing there, feeling a bit pissed off. “They were just trying to help.”

“They can help by leaving me alone,” Sandra said. She grabbed her phone from her pants pocket. “I need to check my messages.”

I looked around and shrugged. “I’m fine, by the way,” I said to myself as I headed for my room.



“How you feeling?” Spencer asked me as we did our evening workout. We had a discount at the gym, thanks to Trent, and it was our usual routine to work out together to burn off dinner.

“Fine,” I replied. He wasn’t really concerned about me, but about Sandra. By checking with me, he was getting info on how his girlfriend might be feeling.

“What do you mean by fine, Bradley? How fine?”

“I mean I’m fine. No problems. Nothing.”

Spencer had dropped Sandra off at her place, which had let everyone relax a little. It had been Chad’s turn to cook, and we all dined like kings on soup and “power protein” salad. That what you get when you room with three gym bros.

Well, four, I guess. They had long since converted me. Half my non-work clothes were gym clothes, and I started every morning with a green smoothie. I was in the best shape of my life, but I kind of felt like a sellout for caving in to their lifestyle. Oh well.

I had tried to move a few machines away from Spencer, but he kept following me. “If you were feeling something, and not wanting to tell me, it’s okay, dude.”

“I really am okay,” I had to say to him. “Although I am getting fatigued from having to answer this question.”

“Okay, got it.” Spencer said. He turned his head to the side and was staring at something over my shoulder.

“What’s the matter?” I asked.

“Nothing.” He was now trying even harder to look over my shoulder.

I turned around to look where he was looking. “What?” I said. “Your bag?” He was looking at his gym bag, which was sitting by itself. No one was even close to it, assuming he was worried about it being stolen.

“I thought I heard it vibrate,” Spencer said.

“You want her to text you, don’t you?”

“It’s not like her to not text me. Why would she stop texting me?”

No good deed goes unpunished, they say. “I’m sure she’s fine.”

“I’m gonna do the treadmill,” he said, letting go of the ab-machine handles. He checked my machine and frowned. “You’re gonna pull an abdominal if you keep at that weight,” he said. He adjusted the pin in the weights to half of where I had it. “You don’t need to impress anyone. Just do your normal settings.” He smiled, slapped me on the shoulder and headed to the other side of the gym.

Those were my normal settings, and I wasn’t having any trouble with them. He may have been a bit more muscular than I was, but I could do about the same as he did on this machine, and he knew that. Was he flexing on me or something?

I figured he must have had a lot on his mind. Despite Sandra’s constant attempts to drive him away, he was in love with her. Poor guy.



I woke up the next morning and panicked as I saw the time. I was late for work.

Of course, it was Saturday, a fact I only remembered as I was putting on my tie. Nothing worse than going through my entire morning routine than to realize it was for naught. At least the guys didn’t see me.

I went back to bed, but I was too awake to fall back asleep. I put on my sweats and headed out into the living room, falling onto the couch and surfing the 80-inch TV for sports.

Everyone else was still asleep, as I had woken up about two hours before we usually got up on Saturday. In fact, the first person I saw that morning was Sandra. She came in using her key, and found me in my super-relaxed state, with a Doritos bag on my chest.

“When did this place get a door man?” Sandra asked, as she set her bag on a table. “I had to tip him just for opening the door.”

“We have a doorman?” I replied, just as confused as she was. “The co-op didn’t say anything about it.”

Sandra headed right into the kitchen. “I’m already having one of those kinds of days,” she said. She returned with a box of Captain Crunch and was eating from it. “Everything is out of sorts.”

“I know what you mean,” I said. “I thought today was Wednesday.”

“Same here,” she said, sitting down on the other side of the sofa. “What are you watching?”

I suppose I should have known the answer to that, but I didn't. "Sports," I replied. "Baseball?"

"Angels are on a huge win streak. Nothing can stop them. I'm loving them right now."

"Okay," I replied. I didn't want to have one of those boring sports conversations. "Good for them."

"I can't help but thinking this is Wednesday. I just had my Monday meeting two days ago." Sandra was looking up into the air with a screwed-up look on her face. "No, it *is* Wednesday. I know it is."

"I uh..." I was thinking about it, too. I couldn't remember doing five days of work. Just two. I was just thinking before I went to bed that I had three days left before the weekend. I flipped through the channel guide on the TV. "It says today's Saturday."

Sandra sunk down in her seat and pouted. "I know but... I swear..." She then popped back up and sat up straight. "Why did you guys get the 80-inch screen, by the way? Not that I'm complaining, but these cost like, five grand, don't they?"

"They're not that expensive..." I then had to backtrack. Just when had we bought an 80-inch TV? I looked at the remote in my hand, which was completely different than the usual one. Yet, I was using it like I was already adjusted to it. "I... I think it was one of the guys who got it. I think." I already didn't like where this was going.

Suddenly, I had that kind of revelation that people only have in dreams. This couch wasn't our couch. The TV wasn't our TV. The table I had my beer on wasn't our table. This wasn't our apartment.

"This isn't your apartment," Sandra said before I had a chance to say it. "It's not, is it?"

"San," I asked, very slowly and deliberately, "what's going on?"

I'd never seen Sandra's eyes do what they had just done. Being such a smart-ass, and a lawyer, I'd never really seen her scared before. "It's a prank, right? You roomies love to play pranks... Right?"

"The key worked for you to get in. I woke up in my bed... That's my cereal you're eating..."

"But it's a prank! It is. Has to be. A prank." Sandra was latching onto the only explanation that was within a million miles of possible. She was putting the box on the coffee table I had never seen before and slowly getting to her feet. "Maybe we should leave? We should leave."

"Hold on, hold on. If it is a prank, we're okay. We don't have to go anywhere." I picked the chips off my chest and put them aside. "It's not like the universe broke or anything. It doesn't work like that. We just have to find out what's

going on.” I stood and gave my environment a closer look. “Let’s take a look around.”

“Let’s not.”

“San, it’ll be fine.”

“So you say.”

It was the apartment I had gone to sleep in the night before, just... Nicer? We didn’t live in a pig sty or anything, but this place had much nicer furniture, a newer carpet, and the kitchen was full of expensive appliances.

“Look,” Sandra said, standing at the window. She pushed a button and the vertical blinds opened up. That was new. What was even newer was the view. It was a gorgeous view of the city skyline in the early morning. It was the kind of view you paid several million dollars to get. “I can see the whole city from here.”

“That’s not New York,” I said.

“No, it...” Sandra took a second look for herself. There were only a few skyscrapers, and a clear view of the ocean. “Bradley. What the fuck?”

I walked to the window. “It really isn’t. I don’t think it’s a prank, San.” I also noted the patio we didn’t used to have. “That’s not our hot tub, either.”

“Well, where the fuck...” Sandra grabbed her phone and opened it up.

“You checking the map?” I asked. “What’s it say?”

“Miami? What the hell? Miami?” She looked at me in disbelief. “I... What?”

I quickly checked her screen to see for myself. There it was, Miami. It was on the southeast coast of Florida. We had changed states and gone to a city which I’d never even been to before.

“No!” Sandra said. “I walked here. I took the D train! It’s New York! The D train does not go to Miami!”

“Look for yourself,” I said, staring out the window. “New York doesn’t have palm trees.”

Sandra put her face right up against the large picture windows, and held it there for a good few seconds as she seemed to be scanning the horizon, in utter disbelief.

“It’s not going to change, no matter how long you stare at it,” I told her. I turned from the window and headed to the hallway.

“Where are you going?” She asked.

“I wanna see the rest of this place. Figure out what the hell’s going on.”

“No!”

“Might as well.”

“Wait up,” Sandra said, quickly running to catch up with me.

I headed down our hallway, which looked familiar enough. On one side were two bedrooms and a bathroom. At the end was a staircase upstairs and then another two bedrooms, another bathroom and a den, which we were just using to store the crap that didn't fit in our rooms.

I took a second look in my room, and what I had said about waking up in my own room was true — to an extent. In my morning haze, I had failed to notice the breathtaking view of the coast in my window, and the expensive furniture that had replaced my own. The bed itself was worth more than my car.

My closet had almost nothing in it, just a few work suits and some workout clothes... in way more fashionable styles, of course.

In fact, the whole room looked kind of empty. It felt like a hotel room that had been slept in for a day, rather than my own lived-in place, with my touches.

It still looked nice, though.

"I need to check Spencer's room," Sandra said.

"Can we just go in there?"

"I'm his girlfriend," she explained. "I do it all the time."

We stood outside the door for a bit, silently, avoiding eye contact.

"So go in then," I said.

"I'm scared."

"Don't worry..." I began to say, but I was interrupted. Down the stairs came Trent, yawning. Also, he was nearly naked, wearing only a pair of navy-blue briefs.

"Hey guys," he said, flexing his shoulders. "Goin' to the gym?" He asked.

"Uh, no," I replied.

"Little chilly?" Sandra questioned.

"Huh?" Trent said as he walked away.

"Never mind."

Sandra waited until he turned the corner. "Was Trent using body oil?" She asked.

"Yeah, he was," I replied.

"Does he normally?"

"No," I said. "Or else I never would have rented the place to him."

I heard the front door open up, and immediately the sounds of people talking. Sandra followed me as I returned to the living area.

"Hey, babe," said a woman who wrapped her thin arms around Trent's neck, then pulled herself in for a big, wet kiss. "Missed you!"

This woman was a bona-fide knockout. She had movie-star beauty. Well, more like porn star beauty, really. I think I actually made a gulping sound when I saw her. She was dressed in a bikini top and a sheer sarong that showed off a hot pink bikini bottom. Her blond hair was slicked down rail-straight from a part down the center of her head. Her pink lips were very obviously filled, puffy like party balloons. She wore four-inch heels and walked in them like they were comfortable house socks.

Following her was another woman with black curly hair and very dark skin, and wore a similar outfit. She was thinner and taller than her friend, but had African or South American features.

“Hey Hope,” Trent replied, holding his blonde girlfriend close so their bodies were pressing together. “You going to the gym?”

“You know it, babe,” she replied. “Me an’ Yolanda just came by to go together.”

“Hey Trent,” the other woman said with a big, toothy smile. “You’re lookin’ hot.”

“You too, Yoli,” Trent replied, not afraid to show his interest in her.

“Trent’s gay,” Sandra pointed out to me.

“I guess he’s taking the day off,” I replied.

“Who are the sluts?”

“No idea.”

“Hey guys, goin’ to the gym?” Said a voice behind us. We turned to see Chad, who was trying to get through us. We parted to let him, noting that he, too, was just in a pair of briefs and glistening like a glazed ham.

“Hey, babe,” the darker-skinned woman said as she advanced towards him. “You’re totally steamy this morning,” she said, as she french-kissed him.

“Are we in a soft porn film?” I whispered to Sandra. When I looked to get her reaction, though, she was not in any kind of jovial mood. She was freaking out, on the verge of a full-blown panic attack.

“Hey guys,” said Spencer, as he entered the room. “Goin’ to the gym?” He was in a pair of oxford grey sweatpants, but just as shirtless as my other roommates.

“We’re goin’ to the gym,” Trent said, his girlfriend wrapped around him like a loose towel. “You goin’ to the gym?” He asked Spencer.

“Yeah, hey, I’m goin’ to the gym,” Spencer — or to be honest, a somewhat beefier and more handsome version of him — replied. “You guys are goin’ to the gym, right?” he asked me and Sandra.

Seeing her boyfriend in such a strange, substituted form snapped whatever grip on control Sandra had, and she ran for the front door. “Oh, God,” she said as she dashed away.

“Where are you going?” I yelled at her, as I rushed after her. She was furiously punching the elevator button in the outer hallway.

“Home!”

“We’re not in New York anymore!”

“I don’t know where! I have to go! I’m going!” She got too impatient and then went to the stairway doors and shoved it open. I would have gone after her, but I had problems, too. I didn’t know who my roommates were, I didn’t know where we lived, and I didn’t know what the ever loving fuck was going on.

“She okay?” Spencer asked.

“Just forgot something at home.” I explained.

“Okay,” he said, with a smile. Then he went back to talking to the others.

I slowly walked back to the hallway, hopeful not to attract any attention. I needed to know more about what was going on. The first thing I wanted to check was my real apartment back in NYC. My first impulse was to phone the real Spencer, but as soon as I tried that, I heard the phone ring out in the living area. Fuck.

“Sorry!” I called out. “Butt-dial!”

“Okay, bro!” Spencer yelled back.

From that, I had to assume that this uber-bro guy in my apartment had somehow stolen Spencer’s phone. This was all getting very weird. I’d seen movies and TV shows about spies being sent to fake versions of the places they lived in, surrounded by people and objects that looked like the world they were familiar with, but were ever so slightly off that the spy could tell.

But I wasn’t a spy, this wasn’t TV, and this version of my apartment was so flagrantly different that it wouldn’t have worked anyway.

I wasn’t sure at all what to try next, so I emailed the building super and asked him to check on our unit and see who was there. I made up a story about getting mugged and losing my keys. I wasn’t expecting to hear back soon, so I put my phone away.

“Hey,” the living fashion doll named Hope said to me as she walked past. “You should come with us to the gym,” she said as she headed into Trent’s room, which I guess made sense if you accepted Trent not being gay and now having a girlfriend who was hotter than the tailpipe to a ’66 Shelby Cobra. “Do you know where Trent keeps his gym bag?” She asked.

That meant I was going in. As I did, Hope reached behind her back and undid the bikini strands holding her mammoth breasts in place. The top fell to the floor, I guess, but my eyes were not really focused on that for the moment. She was incredible. Round, perky, flawless. Presumably warm and soft, too, but that wasn’t something I could verify.

“What are you doing?” I asked, wondering exactly what had prompted her to show me the meaning of life.

“Huh?” She said as her sarong came off. I quickly turned around, not wanting to look like a pervert, and to save me from my less noble impulses.

Fortunately, the bag she was looking for was right in front of me, which gave me something to do. “Here we go, I found it,” I said, loudly and deliberately. I picked it up, and needing to give this girl as much time as possible to finish whatever she was doing, I unzipped the bag and rifled through it. “Ah, yes everything seems to be here...” I said, taking as long as I could. “Yes, yes, shirt, shorts, shoes... It all seems to be in order...”

“Great, I’ll take it to him,” Hope said.

I turned around, and thankfully, yet regrettably, she was now fully dressed in a grey and pink workout outfit. I gratefully handed over the bag, and diverted my eyes again so I wasn’t outright gawking at her unbelievably tempting breasts.

“Thanks!” She said. “Um, are you okay?”

“I’m fine,” I said, looking intently at the ceiling. “Why?”

“Because you won’t look at my boobs,” Hope said. “Are you, like, having a stroke or something?”

“No, I just... I don’t want to be a pervert.”

“Oh! Okay! I guess that makes sense?” Hope didn’t look like she was used to thinking too hard — or at all, really. “You should really come to the gym with us. You need, like, a thousand more muscles.”

I was proud of my build, but compared to the underwear models who were now living with me, I guess I didn’t compare as well. “I’ll think about it,” I said, and then headed out of the room as quickly as possible.

The only thing I had really gotten out of that conversation was that this Hope girl had her clothes in fake Trent’s room, which probably meant she either lived with him or spent a lot of her time here.

I checked Chad’s room very briefly, and saw a few female garments lying around, which indicated that Yolanda — what a name — was living with Chad. So this was the new way here, I guess. That meant I had to check Spencer’s room too.

Yes, I found what I hoped not to find. A closet with dresses, drawers with panties and makeup on top of a dresser. I had to assume it was all for Spencer’s girlfriend, which was certainly not Sandra, judging by how slutty it all was. She’d never fit in any of it, nor would she even tolerate them.

I left quickly, curious as hell, but I didn’t want to get caught. The only place I could really go was back to was the living area, so I tried to look casual and nonchalant as I returned to where the roommate clones were talking.

By this time, Chad and Yolanda had moved to the large couch which was shaped in a 'C' and surrounded a round shaggy white rug. It was huge, twenty feet square, and made of suede. It was down a few steps on a lower level, and made for what some might call a conversation pit. It was a fuck pit, is what it was.

Trent walked past me and headed to his room, which left just me and Spencer. He was pulsing a blender to make a smoothie, so I decided it would be a good chance to talk.

"So, uh, Spencer," I began.

"Spence, my dude," he said. "Just Spence."

"Yeah, okay. Spence. I, uh, wanted to ask... Do you remember what you did yesterday?"

"You and I had a mondo workout, dude."

"Well, do you remember about the girl I was with earlier?"

"What girl?"

"Just a few minutes ago."

"What, you mean Sandra? What about her?"

Well, he knew who Sandra was, so that was interesting. "She had a little episode... Do you remember that?"

"Remember it? Dude, I was the one who drove you two back home! Yeah, I remember it."

"You remember what she did in the elevator?"

"Yeah, she pretended to jill off. That was pretty funny. Classic Sandra."

So he had Spencer's memories. Either he was being trained, or... I don't know who I was kidding. This wasn't a prank, or a weird spy operation or anything else. Either I was losing my mind, or I was losing my mind.

I stayed quiet and let the apparent strangers I lived with do whatever they were doing. Okay, I was mostly ogling the girls, but shortly, they dressed, exited and left, but not before asking me three more times if I was "going to the gym."

Once I was on my own, it was time to do a little more investigation.



I didn't get very far with my detective work. I had spent about an hour going through the apartment — well, I guess it was a condo now — and trying to find any hint of something irregular. There wasn't much to find. Their lives seemed to be a blank slate. No hobbies, no interests. I couldn't even figure out what these people did for a living. That was when Sandra came back.

“I tried to find my way back the same directions I came this morning,” she explained, on the verge of hyperventilating, “but there was no subway. There was no pizza place next to it, no thrift store, no nothing. It was all gone.”

She sat on one of the stools in the kitchen and fell forward onto the counter, burying her head in her crossed arms.

“I don’t know how any of this happened. Why are we here?” She said, sounding despondent. “I called my apartment manager, he said he’d never heard of me. My parent’s number doesn’t even work.” She looked up at me with true pain in her eyes. “Then, I called up Rhea at the Feminist Action Taskforce and she didn’t even recognize my voice. I’ve worked with her for five years!”

I had been sending emails to my staff, and hadn’t heard a thing. My building super hadn’t gotten back to me, either. No one I knew had contacted me. I hated to even think what that might really mean, but I guess had to say it.

“It’s like we never existed,” I said. “At least, not in the way we have.”

“I exist!” Sandra said. “You exist.” She paused. She looked at me intently. “Please say you exist.”

“I exist,” I said. “I just mean whatever life we were leading never happened. It’s a new reality.”

“How? Why?” Sandra said. She looked around. “I mean, where did this all come from?” Then she immediately followed that statement with a slap on the counter. “That lady in the coffee shop.”

“What? That crazy old woman?” I said. “Like, she spread her crazy to us or something? I don’t think it’s contagious.”

“No, she said something about... Remember? She said our friendship was over.” She was trying to help me recall the details. I had forgotten that woman said that, actually. I was more focused on the smoke and the hospital part.

“Okay, yeah, she said that, but why would that mean anything?”

“What if... And I know I sound crazy, so don’t tell me I sound crazy... What if... Just what if... She *was* really a witch or something?”

“You’re crazy,” I said.

“Yeah, I know, but follow me on this. If she had some kind of magic... Or something else... I don’t know...”

I picked up on her line of thinking, as weird as it was. “What if she really cast a spell or a curse on us, and we aren’t friends anymore?”

“Right! Maybe, that started a whole different world where you and I never became good friends.”

“Look, first of all, that’s the dumbest thing I’ve ever heard. Second, if we were not friends anymore, how come we’re still friends?” I looked at Sandra to make

sure she didn't make any objection to what I had just said. She didn't. "Third, even if this is a world where we never became friends, how come there are so many similarities? It's the same world, just re-jiggered slightly."

"We moved 1200 miles, that's not a big difference?"

"Yeah, but the same people are here. I checked and they know me, and you. Spencer still remembers yesterday."

"I dunno, Bradley."

"Have you noticed anything else changing?"

"Well..." Sandra looked embarrassed. "Not a whole lot... But..."

"What? What did you notice?"

"Please don't laugh," she said.

"I won't."

"Well... I had to go to the bathroom, and I noticed... I'm shaved. Brazilian." I cringed. "Really?"

"Yeah. I can guarantee you I didn't do that to myself. Well, once in college, but that was a drunk thing... Never mind. Oh God, I wonder if I even have a degree anymore?"

That prompted me to think about something I should have checked earlier. "Look at your license," I said, as I fished mine out of my back pocket.

Sandra checked her coat as I ran through my wallet. My license was in the same spot I always kept it, but it wasn't from New York state anymore. It was for Florida. The address listed was for 3651 Collins Ave, Apt #500, Miami Beach, Florida. That was this current address, alright.

"What's yours say?" I asked Sandra, as I leaned over to look.

"Cassandra Thornton," she said aloud. "3651 Collins Ave, Apt #500."

"You live here, I guess. With us."

"That's this place?"

"Yup."

"Fuck me, I'm a Floridian," Sandra said.

I was relieved to get a little bit of her wit. It was weird to have her go on so long without saying something snarky.

"So we've been cursed to live in Miami?" She said. "I mean, I know it has a bit of a reputation, but it's not that bad."

"So, God help me, if we were cursed by magic... And I can't believe I'm actually saying those words... What would possibly lead us to this outcome?"

Sandra shrugged. "Maybe it's not done. Maybe there's more to come." She straightened up. "Do I look any different?"

“Why would you look different?” I asked.

“Well... Given that I, uh, had some changes to my appearance, and my boyfriend and your roommates look a little different, we might change, too.”

“Look, whatever happened is probably done by now. Don’t make me paranoid.”

“I was thinking I was having an oddly great hair day this morning... And my skin is better than it has been in a while. It might be because of the curse.”

I really wasn’t all in on this curse idea, so I didn’t know how long I wanted to entertain this notion. “I think you look perfectly normal to me,” I said. The truth was, her hair was in great shape, and her normally “natural-look” skin had a bit of a glow to it. I didn’t want to feed into her suspicions, though.

“I want to check out Spencer’s room,” she said. She got up and headed to the hallway. I was going to let her do it by herself, but I did want to see what her reaction would be to the skimpy clothes in those closets.

She was already looking at them by the time I arrived. “I guess he’s seeing someone else,” I said. “This version of Spencer, at least.”

Without saying a word, she kicked off one of her shoes and put her foot in one of the six-inch platform pumps laying there. “Perfect fit,” she said. “And I still live here.”

“These are yours?” I said, almost wanting to laugh, but holding my tongue.

“Oh, God, I’m a fucking slut.”

“Fake Spencer’s gonna be a little disappointed.”

“Fake Spencer is gonna get a swift kick in the nuts if he thinks I’m gonna wear any of this shit.”



It was a bit past eleven when we heard the group of friend-bots return. I didn’t know what to call them. Were they the roommates I knew, or different people entirely? Well, for now, at least, they were technically roommates, and I needed to be tolerant.

Sandra and I had holed up in my room and planned out what we were going to do. She had discovered that her credit cards had been replaced with ones that had Spencer’s name on them. It seemed she was now dependent on him for survival. Any attempt to leave would be soon defeated by having no money, except for the fifty-odd dollars she had.

I still had my usual cards, but a new bank. My account only had about three hundred in it, fifty more than I had in my real account. Still, I didn’t have a lot of options with that amount, either.

“Hey, there you guys are!” Spencer said, sticking his head into my room. “You’re not making out, are you? Ha! I’m gonna get changed and go grab lunch. Coming, baby?”

“Uh,” Sandra balked, “No. Not right now.”

“Okay!” He said and left.

“Baby,” Sandra said. “He called me baby.”

“He also calls himself Spence, not Spencer.”

“I was always worried he was going to go full gym bro at some point. I guess in this reality, he did.”

We emerged a little while later when we were sure that Spencer had left. When we got to the kitchen, Hope and Yolanda were sitting there quietly, watching videos on their phones.

“Hey,” Hope said, without looking. Yolanda kept quiet. Both were engrossed with their screens.

Sandra began to rummage around in the fridge for food, and I took a moment to, well, fully appreciate these girls. I guess they were roommates now, and I’d be seeing more of them.

Of course, I was seeing quite a bit of them already. They had returned to the same outfits they had worn earlier that morning, bikinis and sarongs with high heels. They were virtually naked, with only tiny patches of fabric and the thin strands to hold it all together. I’d never been that close to such amazingly perfect specimens of the female species. Their overflowing tops of flesh were almost impossible to believe. But I’d had a lot of impossible things happen to me that day, and it wasn’t even the afternoon yet.

“You guys should put something on,” Sandra said to the girls.

“On what?” Yolanda said.

“You have to be freezing. And those shoes have to hurt.”

“Huh?” Hope replied, looking at Sandra with a confused expression. “Oh, hi! Where have you been?”

“You know me?” Sandra asked.

“Yeah, of course, dummy!” Hope replied. “Oh my geeerd,” she said, looking at the sandwich in Sandra’s hand. “You’re not going to eat that?”

“Well, that was kind of the idea.”

“So fattening,” Hope said.

“So many carbs!” Yolanda added, having put down her phone. “No wonder you don’t want to be seen today. Fat days are so, y’know, the worst.”

“Fat day?” Sandra replied, indignantly. I quickly stepped over to her and placed my hand on her shoulder. She calmed down, with the silent reminder that these people were not worth getting angry with. “Okay, yeah, whatever.”

Sandra took a big, juicy bite of the sandwich, making sure she was seen, and chewed it with gusto. The two girls looked almost sick, seeing it.

“So, uh...” I wanted to divert the discussion a little. “How goes things?” I asked.

“Yoli and I are going shoe shopping today,” Hope said with excitement. “Trent said I could go up to five hundie on the card.”

“And Chad is gonna let me go get a new dress for tonight,” Yolanda added, just as excited. “Bodycon or bandage, bodycon or bandage. I can’t make up my mind!”

I looked to Sandra, intending to point out how the patriarchy had brainwashed them, but instead she was just looking at her sandwich. “Maybe I did make it too big,” she said, putting it down. “I’m so full.”

“We, like, warned you!” Yolanda said, teasingly.

“Yah, that reminds me,” Hope said, “It’s Saturday night. The clubs are gonna be pumpin!”

“Do you guys go clubbing often?” I asked.

Yolanda and Hope looked at each other with adorable confused expressions. “Is this a test?” Hope asked. “I hate tests.”

“That’s a joke, Hope,” Yolanda said. “Bradley’s telling a joke.” I wasn’t doing any such thing.

“Oh!” Hope said, “A joke! Jokes are funny! Ha ha ha!” She laughed a little too deliberately and then let it turn into a giggle. Weird.

“Oh, did you like that new guy working the desk this morning?” Yolanda asked Hope.

“So beefy,” the blonde replied. “Totally fuckable. But he was staring at that girl with the big tits.”

“I was so jealous. She had everyone staring,” Yolanda replied. It seemed inconceivable that anyone could have bigger boobs than these two over-endowed nymphs. “I wish I had tits like those.”

“Me too,” Hope said with a pout. “Maybe if I talk to Trent he’ll buy me bigger ones!”

“He just did, stupid! You have to wait six weeks before you get another operation.”

“Oh yeah...” Hope said, sounding terribly sad. She then looked at Sandra. “Well, you could get big ones, San! You’d look so much better with real breasts!”

I would have expected Sandra to have snapped the girl's neck like a ninja, but she was so flummoxed by that unvarnished statement, she just sat and tried to simply understand it, a blank expression on her face.

"Good talk," she said, and stood up from the table. She dropped her nearly untouched sandwich in the trash as she walked away. "Bradley, can I have a word?"

I followed her into the living area. She grabbed me by the shirt and pulled me in. "I will shove their skinny faces down the sink disposal."

"Okay, okay," I said. "Remember that there's a very good chance that this isn't real."

"I hope you're right. But this feels all too real. What if it's a tear in the fabric of time?"

"Where did you hear that phrase?"

"I don't know..." I could tell she felt silly for saying it. "Maybe the magnetic poles flipped. They say that could happen any day."

"And that could cause all this?"

"Hey, we don't know! They've never flipped before!"

"They've flipped several times before."

"So do you have any better ideas?"

"Nope."



That afternoon, I was trimming my nails in the bathroom when Spencer came in — shirtless, naturally. I was beginning to think shirts were at a scarcity in this new apartment. They probably couldn't afford them if the internet had the price of this condo correct.

Also, I was on the toilet.

"My bad!" he said, as he grabbed a brush off the sink and headed back out. The door closed, then opened again. "Oh, hey, I'm gonna go grab some food, you wanna come?"

I thought about it. I did need to understand this person better. I wanted to know if there was any way to find the guy I knew underneath his new, thick, muscled exterior. "Sure," I said.

"You got it!" He said, as the door shut again.

Fortunately, for the trip outside, Spencer had found a shirt, albeit a loose muscle tank that didn't do a very good job of hiding Spencer's rugged, hard muscles and his glistening gold skin.

“Another day in Miami,” I said, trying to pretend like I had lived here for a long time.

“Yeah, it slaps,” Spencer said. His entire personality had changed, along with his language — so much so that I wasn’t even sure what ‘slaps’ meant. “Here,” he said, heading for a nearby doorway.

Inside, it was dark. Even though it was just past five, there was already a party atmosphere inside. It was a bar, which was very dark except for day-glo lit aquariums and neon signs, with pumping dance music over the sound system.

“I thought we were going to pick up dinner!” I shouted.

“It’s Surf and Turf Saturday!” Spencer said as he began to swivel his hips in time with the music. He quickly drove himself into the crowd of partiers on the dance floor, leaving me alone.

A South Beach disco bar was not my element, and I quickly gravitated to the bar, where I could turn my back to the dancing. The lady bartender was cute at least, and I was staring at her butt as she tidied the back wall.

“Stacey! My friend here is totally into your ass!” Spencer said as she suddenly seated himself next to me, sweat speckling his perfect face.

The young woman quickly turned around and sneered at me, which made me feel awful. She walked away without saying a word.

“Why’d you do that to me?” I asked Spencer. “I was just about to ask her out.”

“No you weren’t,” Spencer said with a hearty laugh. “Dude, you don’t have the guts. I’ve known you too long.”

“Have you?”

“You don’t know how to talk to girls.”

“Yes I do. I can. I just don’t want to.”

“Pfft!” Spencer said. The old Spencer may have been a good friend, and new Spencer may have been slightly familiar to me, but he was also really good at ticking me off. “Let me show you how it’s done.”

“No!” I said, as he spun in his seat and turned his attention to the sexy young thing seated next to him. It was too late.

“Hey, I just saw you from over there and had to come and say hi, because I think you’re incredibly cute,” Spencer said. “I hope that’s okay.”

“Sure,” said the girl. She had quickly fallen under Spencer’s spell. “That’s more than okay. I like it when guys are direct.”

“Are you into being direct?” He replied.

“Oh yeah,” the girl replied, throwing her hair back and thrusting her boobs out like a slut. She wasn’t even that pretty. “I’m a direct kind of girl.”

“What’s your name? I bet you have a sexy name.”

I was not liking this at all. I couldn't understand why Spencer was flirting with some girl he'd never met before, and one that was so obviously a third-string stripper. I tugged at his shirt.

"Crystal," the girl replied. She looked like a Crystal. Probably got fucked by every guy in the high school chess club. Total skank.

"I'm Spencer."

Why was he doing this? To prove a point? I really wished he would stop. I especially didn't like being ignored.

"Hi Spencer," Crystal purred. "I knew I'd meet a nice guy today. My horoscope said this was my lucky day for love."

"You look like a pisces to me."

"You're right!" She said. Bullshit. She was so faking it. "We must have a real connection."

I was now practically pulling Spencer's shirt right off of him, trying to get him to stop. She wasn't good enough for him. She was a waste of Spencer's time. I was right here, and he should be paying attention to me. That's why I came along, after all.

"Hey, Crystal, give me a second, will you?" Spencer said. "I promised my friend here something to eat." He turned around and pulled away the wad of shirt that was balled up in my hands. "What's your malfunction, bro?" He said to me, close enough so I was the only one who could hear him.

As if he didn't know. "Don't you blame me! You were the one who wanted me along! Talk to me, not that sleazy dumpster whore."

"Just order something to eat. That's what you want, isn't it?"

"I will, and I'm getting it to go. And you're coming with me."

"Dude..."

"Or do you want to have a fight right here?"

"All right, all right!" Spencer said. "Stay cool."

I ordered a dozen wings and sliders and waited. I watched Spencer as he made his good-byes, and as he let his hand drop onto Crystal's knee while he kept talking. And kept talking.

"Our food is ready," I said, interrupting them. "Time to go back to our condo, Spencer," I said.

Spencer got up and smiled at Crystal. "Like I said, I'm here all the time. I'll see you later."

I fed my arm into his and pulled him away from that bimbo. "Let's go home, Spencer," I said loudly, and looked back at Crystal with a glare to make sure she got the message.

We returned to the street and back into the evening light, the skies above Miami looking like a picture postcard of oranges and violet, and me alone with Spencer. I had to ask myself: what exactly was I doing? I took my arm back and put a few feet in-between Spencer and me.

“Hey, uh, gonna be a good year for the Dolphins, huh?” I said, feeling very... Odd.

We brought the food back upstairs to the condo, and Spencer grabbed a couple wings as he sat down on the couch. I thought he’d be furious with me, but instead, he acted like nothing had happened.

Well, I knew what had happened at the bar, and I wasn’t about to forget it, believe me. “Sliders!” Sandra said as she came into the kitchen. “Yum!”

“You’re in a good mood,” I told her.

“Ah, I guess I can only be freaked out before so long before I have to move on.” She picked up two sliders and put them on a plate. “These look so good.”

In fact, she seemed to have found some kind of energy as she was bobbing up and down. That wasn’t like her, and I was worried it was a sign that she was getting a little weird about this whole situation.

“Ow!” She said, bending over as she winced in pain.

“What is it?” I asked, worried.

“It’s this bra,” she said. “It’s really starting to give me trouble.”

“Uh, okay.” I really didn’t know what to say. I was not an expert on bras and, well, I didn’t usually talk about them with Sandra. Or anyone. Ever.

She put her food down and grabbed my hands. “Here, you can help me.” She then put the palms of my hands right on her boobs. “How do they feel?” She asked.

“Sandra!” I objected, trying to take my hands back.

“Don’t be such a baby!” She said, rolling her eyes. “Just tell me how they feel. Are they firm? They feel firm to me.”

“I’m not going to do this!” I said. She released my hands, and I recoiled them into my chest.

“Fine. But I swear, they feel firmer — and they’ve gotten bigger. I’ve had to adjust my straps three times today.” She then arched her back so her chest jutted out right in my face. “Do they look bigger?”

“I’m not an expert,” I said. “And what you’re saying is impossible.”

“I wish I was kidding, Bradley, but my breasts are getting bigger. I can feel it. A girl knows how big her breasts are supposed to be, and these are definitely bigger.” She then looked up at me. “Right?”

I sighed. She wasn't going to let me out of this without an answer. I'd made it a long-standing policy to never let myself think too much about Sandra's body. I did what I was supposed to do, and kept my eyes strictly above the neckline. She was a person, an equal and a friend. That's how I treated her. But, yes, she did look a little... top-heavy... Compared to my memory. And her hair had taken on a life of its own, it was shiny and lustrous, wavy and curly, floating like a fluffy cloud encircling her head. She was a walking shampoo commercial.

"You look the same," I said to her, suspecting that if I said anything else, it would make her freak out.

"Really?" She said. "Are you sure?"

"Absolutely."

"Okay... I guess." She then picked up her slider and took another bite. "So, I think I'm supposed to sleep in Spencer's room tonight. But I don't want to."

"I completely understand," I said. "Believe me."

"So, I was hoping you and I could just... Hang out tonight? Watch some movies and then fall asleep on the couch? That way I won't have to use a bed."

"Yeah, okay," I said. "Sounds like a plan."

"Great!" She said with a pleasant, grateful smile. No witty comeback, no snide remark, no sarcasm. She was starting to worry me.

"Time for the gym!" Spencer called out about an hour later. "Ready to go?"

Dinner was done, and Trent and Chad had gone off with their girlfriends to the clubs. Our evening workout was the usual routine for Spencer and me, and even though I was kind of sore with him, I decided I should follow through with anything that approached normal.

"Yeah, okay," I said.

I was a little preoccupied during our trip to whatever gym I now belonged to. My mind was going over what Sandra had been telling me, that this new reality was the product of that strange old woman in the coffee shop. Now, if this was true, and I wasn't just seeing things when Sandra pushed her bigger boobs at me, Sandra was changing. That meant she was right, and whatever this strange phenomenon was, it was still doing things to her. Maybe things were happening to me, too? I couldn't be certain. I didn't feel any different, really.

The gym wasn't very busy on a Saturday night. "Five miles," Spencer said, dialing in our usual distance to his treadmill. I did the same. "Ready?"

"Go!" I said. It was probably not a great idea, fitness-wise, to turn this into a race, but it was what we always did. After all, we were two guys in a gym. What else were we expected to do? Not compete?

Spencer might have had an edge on me on weight training, but I could take him in running. I always liked our races.

Mile 1, I was able to scratch out a lead. Mile 2, I expanded my lead. Mile 3, I fell behind. I couldn't believe he was beating me. Bye 3.5 miles, I was clomping along like a donkey in the Kentucky Derby. A few hundred feet later, I tripped and fell forward, lucky to catch myself on the railings, my body drenched in sweat.

"You okay?" Spencer asked me, still easily motoring along in cruise control.

"I gotta... I gotta take a break..." I said, almost sliding off the treadmill. I had never felt so winded after a run. I was totally wiped out. I told myself it was the stress of being sent to the new world I was in, that maybe it had sucked some energy out of me.

However, as I sat on a nearby bench, gasping for any air I could get, I was already beginning to wonder. With my head between my legs, dripping sweat, I looked at my legs. They had let me down.

They also looked different. I couldn't say how, or be in any way specific, but they did look... Different. Then again, maybe I was just letting Sandra's theories affect my thinking.

"Next, ten laps in the pool!" Spencer said, hopping off the treadmill. "Come on, dude!"

In the showers after the workout, I was absolutely wiped, one hundred percent. I had never been so tired after one of our sessions. I was thinking I was sick, but even when I have the flu, I can still put in a decent performance.

I had gone half-way on my weights, done only about sixty percent of the laps Spencer had swum and even less on some exercises. I was humiliated.

"C'mon, man! Stop moping around!" Spencer said. "What was one of your best workouts!"

"One of my best?" I replied, twisting my towel into a rattail. "I was pathetic!"

"Nah, dude! You're always so hard on yourself. That was the longest run you've ever done, and you know it."

He was teasing me. He had to be. I knew how long my runs were, and he was making fun of my performance. I snapped my towel on his ass, just missing him as he dodged it.

"Whoa, hey," Spencer said, leaping away.

I gave it another shot, and was chasing him around the locker room trying to put a big, red welt on him. "Stop it," he said. "You gotta stop it." I was having too much fun, though. After a short pursuit, he stopped running and held his ground. He faced me, put his hands on his hips and frowned.

"You gotta calm down, okay?" He said. "This is weird."

"Weird?"

"Yeah, weird."

“How?”

“It just is, okay? Now, stop.”

I looked at him, and his imposing figure suddenly caused me to stop in my tracks. This new Spencer had the kind of body usually cut from Italian marble and put in museums. Only this was no statue. His body was real. It was tanned, rippled with hard muscles and sparkling with moisture.

“I... I’m sorry,” I said, unwinding my whipping towel. “You... You’re just... A big jerk, sometimes, Spencer.”

“I’m a jerk?” He said. “C’mon, Bradley. This is your hang-up, not mine.”

“No one likes to be made fun of when they try their best!” I told him. “It’s just an off day for me, you stupid, stupid dum-dum!”

“Fine, be that way,” he said. I saw him relax and he walked towards his locker, no longer fearing me. Or listening to me.

“Hey!” I said. I watched him walk away, his tight, cut butt stretching and tensing before me. What an amazing ass. “I’m not finished with you! You listen to me, you big, thick-skulled dummy!” I could feel my cheeks start to heat up, and my heart pound. “Spencer! I mean it! Don’t ignore me!”

He gave me a glance, and looked at my blushing face, then down at my swelling dick, and smirked.

“Stop that!” I told him.

“Stop what?”

“You know what you’re doing!”

Suddenly, I had to grab a towel and cover myself. I could feel myself starting to tingle all over, and I couldn’t let myself be seen like that.

In fact, I decided on impulse that this would be a good time for a second shower in cold, cold water. No big deal. Sometimes people’s bodies just react strangely at weird, random times. It had happened before. No big deal. No big deal.



Sandra had drifted off, and I was lying on the sofa next to her, watching the movie we had begun viewing together. I was clipping my nails as I viewed the awful eighties comedy she had selected. Figures that she would doze off during her own film, leaving me stuck with it.

It had a pretty typical premise — a small house where handsome boys were having constant sex with beautiful horny girls. Then there was this token plot about saving an orphanage, the bikini-clad girls putting on a sexy bikini carwash fundraiser to save the orphans, and nobody was smarter than a turnip.

“Oooh, fuck me! Yes! Yes! Ooooooh, yes...” The gorgeous blonde moaned as she sat atop a young man’s dick. He, in turn, was grunting and thrusting below, presumably, although not showing him doing the dirty work was what made it a soft porn, I suppose.

I was trying to look anywhere but the screen, really. Sure, I mean, I’m into sex like anyone else, but I really didn’t like it shoved in my face like this. I really didn’t need to bone up at this moment with Sandra dozing off just a foot away.

“Ohhh fuck! Yeeaaaas!” The girl was shouting. The floor was rumbling thanks to the expensive theater sound system. That really didn’t help me at all. I found myself pressing my hand on the crotch of my pants, and I was all too responsive.

“Yes yes yes yes yeeesss...” The girl said as her eyes rolled up into her head. I wished the movie would get back to the meager plot right now. I didn’t want to be turned on. I was starting to get into his, my breathing becoming faster and faster. As my chest rose up and down, I could feel the fabric of my shirt rubbing. I had never been so aware of this feeling before, and it felt like sandpaper against my nipples.

Not in a bad way, though. It was quite nice, actually. The sensations in my body were a little different than I had ever felt them before. The new feelings I was getting from my chest added an extra kick to the usual pleasure from my dick, and I had to keep exploring it.

“Oh, oh, oh!” The girl on the screen was repeating in an increasingly higher pitch. “Oh, oh, oh, oh!”

In fact, it wasn’t long before I had abandoned trying to put pressure on my dick and was concentrating solely on my nips. It was just getting better and better. I could feel the sweat on my body building up, my back arching and my flesh trembling. This was the best sex I’d ever had and I was just by myself. It was weird, but I wasn’t complaining.

The girl on screen giggled as she pulled the hair from her face. “And I was worried I shaved for nothing,” she said.

I’m guessing that’s about where I fell asleep.



“C’mon, get up!” I heard a voice all out. “You’re so boring when you’re asleep!”

I felt a flick of my ear and that forced me awake. I opened my eyes and looked up.

“You’re lazy!” Sandra said. “Come on, already!” I recognized my tormentor, but as I was just waking up, I wasn’t sure I could trust my eyes.

It was daylight, and probably no longer morning. The blinds were open, and the sky was full of puffy white clouds. On her knees was Sandra, but in a way I'd never seen her before. Well, she was in a bikini, something which I'd never seen her wear, but it was more the expression on her face. She looked irrepressibly happy, with wide-open child-like eyes, like an unpleasant thought had never crossed her mind.

I had to force myself to clear my head as quickly as I could. I couldn't believe what I was seeing, and I really needed my brain to be completely powered up as quickly as I could force it.

"Thank God," she said. "Everyone else left for the gym. I don't like talking to myself!"

She stood up, which revealed even more shocking changes. Sandra had dropped twenty pounds, and now sported a skinny body — except for two enormous breasts that sprang out from her tiny torso like in-season melons. She was amazing. She was incredible. She was not the person I had known for the past ten years.

"You... You've changed," I said.

"Huh?" She said. "Oh, yeah, I tried on one of the bikinis in Spencer's room. Turns out I'm just the right size for it! Lucky me!" She stuck out her new, startlingly big breasts and shook them from side to side. They swayed in the most enticing way.

"I meant your body," I said.

Sandra tossed her head to the side. "Oh, that!" She then giggled. "I was going to see if you noticed. When I went to sleep last night, I was just all, you know, plain n' stuff, but now I gots boobies! Big ones!"

"Sandra, you aren't yourself," I said.

"Of course I am!" Sandra said. "Oh, but I decided that Sandra was, like, so totally not a cute name. So I was thinking, since my name is Cassandra, maybe I'd go with Cassi! What do you think? Way cuter, right?"

"Listen to yourself!" I told her. "You sound like a bimbo!"

"Nuh-uh!" She said. "I'm so much smartyer!"

"Please, Sandra, you need to..."

She was stretching her back, again pushing out her massive breasts and letting them shimmy as she did. They were almost hypnotizing. I couldn't take my eyes away.

Would it really be so bad if I just let this happen? No, no, no. This was not Sandra. This was not my friend. She had changed, and for the worse. Mentally, at least.

“I’m going to help you, Sandra,” I said to her. “I know you might not be able to understand, but...”

“Oh, good!” She said, cheerfully. “Like, I really need help! Could you put this suntan oil on my back? I wanted to lounge on the patio.”

She pressed the bottle into my hands and smiled a captivating smile. “Sure,” I said. I was not made of steel.

I watched my friend carefully over the next few hours. I mean that in an observational way, not because she had a body that would induce a heart attack in an Olympic athlete. Don’t misunderstand me, I was sick with the idea that Sandra had suddenly begun to act and behave like a different person and that in response, I couldn’t help but lust after her new looks.

As the day went on, though, I did come to realize she was still Sandra, just in a very different package, and definitely down a few IQ points.

“Stop worrying!” She told me. “Look at me, I’m super hawt!”

“I’m looking,” I said as she laid out in the sun.

“Then, like, check these out!” Sandra said, popping out of her bikini top and letting her massive globes spring free. “I’ve wanted titties like these since I was a little girl! Aren’t they great?” She gave them a shake. “I’m so happy!”

“But what about your job at the Feminist Action Taskforce? You’ve devoted your life to...”

“Just because, I’m, like, so sexilicious, it doesn’t mean I’m not, like, all about equality n’ stuff.”

“I don’t know if your co-workers would see it the same way.”

“Ugh!” She said. “Like, they bitch about everything! Bitch, bitch, bitch! They’re always going on about empowering women and shaming men n’ junk. Men aren’t the enemy! I have never felt more empowered than I do right now.”

“Could you put the top back on?” I requested.

“Okie dokie,” she said. “But these puppies want to be free!” She pulled the little fabric patches over her big, brown nipples. She had to have areola nearly three inches wide and nipples like gumdrops.

“You’ve always made fun of girls who look and.. act... like you are now.”

She shrugged. “I was so totes wrong. My bad!” She made some cutie-pie gestures by poking her cheeks with her fingers. “But who could be mad at this face?”

“I’m sure you’ll find a way,” I said.

“That was mean ol’ Sandra. Cassi is everybody’s friend!” She grabbed my hand. “You’re still my friend, right?”

“Yeah, of course I am,” I said.

“Bradley! Look me in the eyes!”

I guess I had been avoiding looking directly at her. I steadied myself and looked right into those big, innocent, eyes she now had. “I’ll always be your friend.”

“Even if a witch curses us?”

“Even if.”

“Yay!” She said, kicking up her lean, perfect legs and letting go of my hand. “By the way, you need to trim your nails.”

Looking at them, I did need to, but I had much bigger problems to deal with. I had to find a way to fix this, and now I got the feeling I was working alone.

I wasn’t sure this was the best time to be leaving Sandra alone, but I had to try and find out more about what was happening to her. Well, not really ‘more,’ I needed to know something. A single thing. Anything.

With my best friend asleep on the patio, I headed out. I didn’t start out with much of a plan. There was no “center for explaining weird shit” to go to. I did the first thing I came up with, and headed to the library.

There were plenty of books on the occult, but most of it seemed pretty silly. Instead, I searched through for unexplained phenomena, got a lot of junk about ghosts and UFOs, and virtually nothing about reality changes. It wasn’t a very helpful way to spend three hours.

Then I turned to the internet. That was a mistake. There were plenty of stories people were telling about coming from other dimensions, but they always seemed to end with the secrets to be divulged via PayPal.

After that, I wasn’t sure where to go. I sat in one of the library’s internet terminals, just staring at the screen, wondering what my next step should be, and wishing I’d trimmed my nails before I left. They were out of control. My hair was feeling a bit shaggy, too. I figured it was some kind of byproduct of being thrown into another world, an increase in keratin production or something like that.

Thinking this all through, I was coming to the same dead ends over and over again. That was when I felt the muscles in my back start to tense up. I hadn’t slept in a good position, twisted on the couch cushions.

Then it started to get a little more intense. I tried to stretch out my torso, but the muscles just kept getting tighter and tighter. All of the sudden, I had an intense pain constricting my spine, and then I heard a creaking noise. I thought it was the old wooden chair I was seated in, but it was coming from... Inside me. I felt like I was about to snap.

Just as soon as it had started though, the pain was gone. I was going to be very happy to get home and sleep in my own bed and on my own mattress with the me-shaped dent in it tonight.

I entertained the idea of going to a psychic or something like that, but I put the thought out of my mind. They were just entertainers, really. They told you what you wanted to hear.

The library wasn't going to be any further help, so I headed out. Miami was a lovely city, but just not my kind of place. I liked a place with grimy pizza joints and grand marble hotels sitting on top of each other. This city was too clean. Too sleek. Too superficial. It tried so hard to be Miami, even though it already was Miami.

I suppose it was technically Miami Beach, which I guess is a whole different city than Miami, so whatever. I wasn't in a mood to think too hard about it. I really had never felt so alone in my life. I was in a place I didn't understand in a life that wasn't mine and my only link back had just been lost.

I stopped by a bar for a beer and stared at it for a while as I slowly made it disappear. The place was slowly filling up with people, and when it started to get a little noisy, that was my cue to get out. I didn't want to be around happy people right now.

I had found my way back to the apartment building, after a lot of help from my phone's mapping app, and was about to go inside when Spencer came out. He gave me a big smile.

"There you are!" He said. "C'mon, we're going to the gym." He turned me around and started to escort me away.

The gym was not where I wanted to be right now. Then again, I couldn't think of anywhere in particular that I wanted to be. "I don't have my stuff," I said.

"I grabbed your bag," Spencer said.

Anything to take my mind off my problems was a good thing, was my thinking. I let him lead the way.

We did the usual routine. We flirted with the desk girls, stripped in the lockers, dressed in our gear, then hit the upper-body machines first. I got started on the overhead weights while Spencer did ab crunches.

"You really need to put more into your workouts, bro," he said to me in between grunts.

"Huh?"

"You're putting on some flab there," Spencer said, poking my chest.

"Ow!" I said, surprised at how much it hurt. "I'm doing my best, okay? I'm going through some stuff."

"Yeah, going though ice cream and cookies." Spencer backed up a few feet to avoid me kicking him, and began working out on a different machine.

"Fuck you. Just fuh..." As I was sitting there, my back started to spasm again. This time, though, it was even worse intense. In a fraction of a second, my back

had tightened up like someone had wrapped me in a coiled wire. My ribs were creaking, my spine making a grinding sound. Then, just as I was about to say something, I could feel my bones snap.

For a moment, it was like I was being crushed like a giant invisible hand around me. I couldn't breathe as my lungs were being squeezed, and my heart couldn't beat. My spine was pushing in at the small of my back, the bones gnashing against each other. I could hear them creaking, grinding from inside my own body.

But then, it was over, like nothing had happened.

I thought it was like some kind of heart attack, but I was okay. I didn't feel any pain, and if anything, I felt better than I had in a long time. I didn't feel so lethargic and bulky.

Looking down at myself, though, I quickly understood why. My torso had shrunk. My ribs were smaller, my abdominals leaner, and my shoulders slighter. It was like I had just been exposed to some kind of shrink ray.

This had to be something to do with this reality shift. It was some kind of by-product of the changes Sandra had gone through.

Whatever it was, I didn't want to get questions I couldn't answer. Maybe it was a peculiar thing to think of first, but more than being alarmed at my impossible physical change, I was embarrassed. I looked like a 98-pound weakling. I quickly grabbed a warm-up jacket from my bag and put it on to hide — as much as possible — what had happened to me.

“Leg machine or treadmill?” Spence asked. “What's with the jacket?”

“Leg machine,” I said, ignoring the second question. “Gotta do the leg machine.” I followed Spencer, as I tested my breathing and pulse. It all seemed normal, which in itself was eerie.

I would have expected myself to be hyperventilating, as my body had just changed spontaneously, which would be a cause for dire concern. However, I was not losing my mind. Whatever it was that kept Sandra from going crazy was probably affecting me, too, and keeping me from falling to pieces.

“Need any help?” Spencer asked.

“No!” I quickly replied

I laid down on the machine's backboard, and placed my feet in the stirrups I was to push on.

Spencer walked over to the weight selector and moved it to 25% of where I had set it.

“Hey!” I said.

“Just start out soft, okay?” He replied. “You can ramp it up as you go.”

“Don't treat me like a weakling, alright?”

“I just don’t want you to get hurt.”

“I’ll be fine,” I said, as I began to press the weights.

“Jeeze, all right, be that way.” He went off to go do whatever he was going to do, and I began on the machine. Or, at least, I tried. I was struggling to get the weights to even budge. I could feel my legs tingling.

Then the tingling began to really buzz my whole body. A prickly sensation ran right up my sides all the way to my head. Then, it was like a sandblast on my legs, stinging my lower limbs thousands with of venomous insect bites.

Through it all, I was still trying to push the weights, and even though my legs were moving, slowly pushing, the weights themselves weren’t budging.

Then my left leg gave way, ever so slightly. Then, my right. I could feel the bones shattering, but still, somehow, holding their shape. Click, click, click, I could hear coming from my legs. Maybe I should have stopped, but I wasn’t going to let this happen to me. I fought it. I pushed as hard as I could. I was not going to be defeated by this stupid curse or whatever it was.

My arms were pulling me closer to the weights, as I tried to push with all my might. Then, just barely, I got them to lift. My legs collapsed again, though, and the metal bricks came clanking down loudly.

I had to stop and gather myself. I pulled my feet out of the stirrups and sat on the back bench, my heart pounding. Again, there was no lingering pain, no sense of panic. I was just confused and even a little angry at myself.

“See?” Spencer said. He walked over to the weights and put the pin in at an even lesser setting. “I warned you.”

Pissed, and wanting to show him that I was fine, I stood up to face him. Only, I wasn’t face-to-face with him anymore. I was looking at his chest. I had to look up to see him, craning my neck more and more until I was looking almost straight up. He was a full head taller than me.

“I love your spunk, though,” he said, patting me on the head, like a child.

It wasn’t possible. I couldn’t believe it. I had lost so much. I was smaller, now. In the last few minutes, I had gone from six feet tall to... Maybe five six. Or less.

I must have fainted.



I woke up in Spencer’s car, lying across the rear seats. I could hear him gear shift as he drove, but I didn’t want to open my eyes. I didn’t want to see the body I now inhabited. I was ashamed to be this size. I was mortified. I had always been so tall, so athletic. Now I was weak and tiny.

When we got back to the condo, I made for the bathroom as fast as I could. Spencer had said nothing about my sudden shrinkage, and I had to believe that his mind had been re-arranged in some way that unquestioningly accepted me in this smaller body just as he had accepted Sandra in her new sexier body.

I locked the door behind me. I leaned against it, grateful for a moment alone, but dreading what I was about to see.

I didn't even need to take off my clothes to see the changes. I was six inches shorter, for starters. I kept looking down, thinking I was standing in a hole or something. My brain couldn't grasp what had happened to me.

The metal zipper on my warm-up dangled below my neck, and I reluctantly took it in my hand and began to pull it down. I didn't want to see this. I really didn't. Slowly, I saw what the damage was. I was thinner than I had been since junior high. I looked like I had just been sucked empty by a vampire. I was just a sliver of the person I used to be.

I then removed the exercise shirt I was wearing. I couldn't understand what I was seeing. My chest hair was gone, but whatever had removed it left no marks. It was like I had never grown a single sprig. Puberty had never happened to this body.

Fearing that it wasn't just my body that had shrunk, I hastily pulled my pants down. I fell against the back wall of the bathroom, feeling like a knife had just been shoved into my gut. My penis was like a tiny Vienna sausage, my balls just small hairless sacs at the base.

Was I getting younger? Was this insane reality sending me back to my pre-teen days? No, I couldn't accept this. I was not going to let this mystery magic just destroy my life. I could beat it, I knew I could.

I took off my shoes and my socks. I balled up the socks and stuck them in the heel. It wasn't perfect by any measure, but I did get about three inches back of my height when I put the shoes on. I took a towel from under the sink and wrapped it around my torso to add bulk. With the jacket on, it gave me some thickness, and I almost looked like my real self again.

It wasn't a long distance to my room, but I hadn't gotten three feet before I heard one of the girls call out my name. "Bradley!" One of them chirped in their high-pitched brainless voices.

I turned around to see it was Sandra. She looked even more shockingly sexy than I remembered. Her hair had become wavier and longer, framing her flawless face in radiance and adding to her onslaught of femininity. My friend was now dressed in an outfit just like Yolanda and Hope were wearing, a bikini with a small sarong wrapped around her hips, and a pair of high heels on her feet.

"Hey, we're goin' to the beach!" She said. "You wanna come?" The two other girls stood behind her, and all of the sudden, I realized that she was nearly

identical to them. They all shared the same ditzzy look in their eyes, the same killer bodies, the same flashy makeup and even standing the same way, like fashion models. Not to mention they all had the same flighty way of speaking. “It’ll be totes fun!”

“I’ll pass,” I replied. “Have a nice time.” I wasn’t about to go anywhere. I had so much to try and deal with.

“Are you, like, okay? You look sick.”

“I’m fine!”

“Uh, you guys go on,” She said, turning to the other two. “I’ll catch up.” I watched as the two strutted out, their butts swinging back and forth saucily. I didn’t notice that Sandra was almost close enough to touch me. I backed off as quickly as I could, not wanting her to see through my disguise.

“Hey, hey, no,” I said, as I pulled the jacket collar up to cover more of me. “Go on. Go to the beach.”

“Not if you’re, like, sick n’ stuff!” She said, trying to follow me as a retreated.

“Stay away!”

I dashed to my room, barely balancing in my sock-stuffed shoes. I made it without further problems, but there was one issue. My room was full of boxes. My things were gone.

“Fudge!” I said. This madness just would not give me a moment of peace.

Even if my things were missing, I still lived here. Either that, or everyone else was being extremely tolerant of me being here. I had to see exactly where my things had moved off to, so I needed to check every room.

I waited until I heard the TV go on, which I assumed was Sandra, and then snuck out. I found Trent sleeping in his room, and Chad’s room was empty, so he must have been out. I was hopeful that the previous room that we were using for storage was where my things were, but it was now holding an air hockey table and a video game cabinet. Double Dragon. That figured.

I only had Spencer’s room left, and I could hear him showering, so I was clear to check. I quietly entered, and looked around. There was no difference than when I had been in here with pre-ditz Sandra, with a big bed, a dresser and an upright wardrobe full of glitzy, skimpy clothes and high-heeled shoes. I had no idea where my things could be.

It was as I was about to leave that I noticed there was something I had missed. I hadn’t seen it before, or at least I didn’t remember it. A second stand-up closet. I approached it, step by step, both cautious and grim, and put my hand on the handle of the door. I took a deep breath.

Opening it, it was full of the same sort of things I saw in Sandra’s closet. Shoes, shoes and more high heeled shoes. Purses. Hats. Bikinis. On the rack were glittery, lacy, filmy, scanty dresses — and my favorite tee shirt.

I ran out of that room as fast as I could, not knowing what to think. I dashed back down the stairs and into the bathroom. I took a second look at myself. I couldn't think the unthinkable truth.

I wasn't becoming younger... I was becoming a woman. I checked my body again. My chest was just slightly swollen, and very sensitive. My areola were bigger and darker. I had to admit it. I was growing breasts.

I stripped myself naked. I was hairless from my eyebrows down, my body curving in a feminine way. The spasms I had experienced in my back had resulted in my spine curving in a way that forced my chest forward, and stuck my bottom out in back. My ribs had contracted to begin the bends of an hourglass figure. My waist was thinner than I thought it could ever be. My butt was pillowy and round, like a freshly picked peach. The pain in my legs had made them shorter, but they were also hairless, slender and slim, almost as perfect as a store mannequin. My arms, too.

Oh, and my face. My face was different. I had been avoiding looking at my own eyes back at the gym and never noticed it. The angle of my jaw had worn away, my cheeks were higher and rounder, my forehead sleeker and streamlined. Even my eyes looked bigger and my lips fuller.

I had changed. I had changed just like Sandra had. Why hadn't I noticed? How could this happen? How could anything like this ever happen?

As I gripped my face in despair, my now one-inch-long nails dug into my face. What had I ever done to anyone that would deserve this as punishment?

"Hey, you in there?" I heard as Spencer tapped on the door.

"Gimme a sec," I said. "Don't come in!"

"You think everything's okay?" I could hear Sandra asking Spencer.

"I dunno." He replied.

I hurriedly put all the clothes on again, which took a while before I was convinced that I looked 'normal' and opened the door. By that time, Spencer had left and Sandra was back to TV viewing. She didn't hear me over the sound of "The Wendy Williams Show."

I was headed to the front door, because I knew that there was nothing left here for me. My things were gone, my life had vanished and the only thing for me in this condo was humiliation and further mayhem.

I was almost to the door when it opened. Spencer walked in with the mail. "Oh hey, dude," he said. "Nice look." He smirked.

I attempted to dodge past him and escape, but he blocked me with a small shift of his hips. He had never looked so big to me.

This wasn't going to be so easy. I had to wait for my opportunity. If I just tried to rush past him, I'm sure he would grab me and ask me what the problem was,

and bring me right back here. I had to leave when no one was paying attention to me.

“You look a little outta whack,” Spencer said. “Maybe rest up or something?”

“Yeah, thanks,” I said. I turned away and headed to the living area. Sandra was laying on the couch like a lingerie model, looking so curvy and cute that I could barely contain myself. I wasn’t sure that she wasn’t still changing. Her boobs did look a little more... substantial than I remembered from this morning.

Finding a way to change us back was my only hope, now. It was the only thing I was hanging on to. Once I got out of here, I’d have to consider doing something wild, like going to a university and finding some credible professor who specialized in alternate dimensions or something like that. They couldn’t all be crackpots. There had to be people who legitimately studied this kind of thing.

Sandra yawned, which was more like a mew from a tiny kitten, and stretched out her arms, causing the huge chest to shimmy. She was a true bombshell, now. I wanted to shove my face right smack dab into the cleavage of her breasts. Even if my body was changing gender, my mind was still all male.

“Are you losing weight?” Sandra asked, shocking me, as I was staring directly at her tits.

“No,” I said. “You’re having a dream.”

“Oh. Okay!” She went back to watching her talk show.

I was terrified to think she was getting dumber, too. “You like this show?”

“Oh. My. God.” Sandra said. “I can’t even. I literally can’t even.”

I think that was a positive. Which was sad.

“Hey, baby,” Spencer said, as he walked up to the couch from the back. “Follow me to the bedroom, okay? I had a question I wanted to ask you.”

Sandra popped up on her knees eagerly. “Okie dokie!” She said. She then stepped off and quickly skittered to their shared room. “It’s not gonna take longer than the commercials, is it?”

“I dunno,” Spencer replied. I listened as they went up the stairs. I couldn’t believe Spencer was so brazen as to just fuck Sandra right now, with the three of us the only ones in the condo. That’s what he was going to do, though, and I was just as shocked to see Sandra behaving with schoolgirl giddiness as she followed him.

And there was no way on Earth I wasn’t going to follow the both of them. By the time I carefully and quietly climbed the stairs, I could already hear Sandra moaning. The door wasn’t completely closed, and I could easily peek inside. This was probably the optimal time for me to make my escape... But I couldn’t tear myself away. I pushed my face right up to the crack of the door.

I watched, mesmerized, as Sandra plucked off her bikini top and discarded it, letting those amazing, magnificent, succulent boobs of hers quiver in the cool air. She was so beautiful. She was so gorgeous. It made me angry.

She was watching Spencer take off his shirt, and expose his muscular body, one I had seen many times during our workouts. Then he took his hands — his rugged, meaty, warm hands and began to knead Sandra's tits.

His big, sinewy arms, built like tree trunks, flexed as he squeezed Sandra's flesh. I could see the strands of tendons twitch under his golden skin. Feeling that kind of restrained power and strength against you must have been wonderfully thrilling. He was a gentle lover, I could tell — but he knew what he wanted.

I saw him reach down to his shorts and undo them. Almost like a viper, Spencer's penis burst out and sprang to attack. Yes, again, I had seen it before. I just hadn't really looked at it before. You know, really looked at it. It was magnificent.

Spencer gently pressed down on Sandra's head, and she obediently did what she was being asked to do, and got on her knees. Using her delicate hands and long nails, she positioned that amazing penis of Spencer's and engulfed it in an eager mouth.

I took a step back, catching my breath. I had never really watched someone have sex before, even just oral, and I was getting just as hot as if I were a part of it. I found that my hands had worked their ways to both my crotch and to a nipple, and I was probably just on the edge. Spencer was just driving me crazy.

His grunt caused me to return to the door crack and I was just in time to see Sandra fight against a torrent of jizz exploding in her throat. Some of it was splurting out, dripping down her chin. She was disrespecting Spencer, letting it go to waste like that. If she really loved him, in my opinion, she'd do a better job.

"That was great, babe," Spencer said.

Sandra giggled. "Did you really like it?" Sandra asked, a goofy smile on her face.

"Yeah, yeah," he replied. "And I'll return the favor tonight, okay?"

"Tonight?" Sandra whined, like a toddler. "But baby..."

Then I heard a noise.

"Oh!" She said, suddenly standing up. "It's my phone." She checked the screen. "It's Hope. She wants to know if I'm coming." She paused. "To the beach."

"Yeah, we're done. You can go."

"Thanks, baby!" Sandra said, bending over, showing her envious ass. She found her top on the floor, and then slung her big tits in them.

As she did, I saw Spencer's eyes start to drift towards the door, so I quickly backed away and dashed off. I silently made my way down the stairs and back to the couch. The commercial break was over.

Seconds later, I heard the clippity-clop of Sandra's heels as she walked by, applying some new lipstick as she did. She then spoke in my direction. "I'm going to the beach! If you get, like, all weird again, text me and I'll come right home, okay Bradley?" She said, as she popped a stick of gum in her mouth and left. "Love you!"

No sooner had the door closed than Spencer leaned over the back of the couch, uncomfortably close to me.

"What's on?" He asked.

"Uh, some talk show," I said, trying to scoot a few inches away. "Sandra was watching it."

"Who?"

"Cassi," I corrected. "I meant Cassi."

"You like to watch," Spencer said.

Oh, God. "Yeah... This is an interesting show."

"Not that... I saw you." Suddenly, I was very aware of how close he was. "You shoulda just said something."

"I didn't..." I was about to say something, who knows what, when his big hands were on my shoulders. I was telling myself to back away, but my body was doing its own thing. It was like a magnetic attraction. I had to be close to him.

As his hands came around front, and started to work their way underneath my warm-up, I gave out a quiet, breathy moan. I didn't know I wanted this so much.

"What are you hiding under there?" Spencer asked, as he unzipped my jacket. I made a motion to stop him, but he grabbed my hand. I fought him, but he was so much stronger. I tried to wriggle away, horrified as to what seemed to be happening.

I wasn't gay. I wasn't. The idea of even being this close to another man sickened me in the stomach — and I could feel it coming up my throat. "Let me go, dude!" I said.

"I just can't keep my hands off you," Spencer said.

In a flash, I was being lifted from my seat and turned around, so I was facing him, seated on the backrest. My jacket had fallen away, and I could feel the towel padding my torso beginning to unravel. Before I could do anything about it, Spencer's mouth was on mine.

I tried to pull away, but he was holding my head in place. At the same time I was fighting him, I began sucking on his lips, and letting his tongue invade my mouth. My body and mind were in true conflict.

In a frenzy of movement, in between twisting and turning to both get away and get closer, I got a look at him. He was still naked, and that amazing dick of his was hanging in between his legs, rigid and rising.

Then I was being pressed back as Spencer's big body was pushing forward. I dug into the back of the sofa, hanging on as best I could, but I couldn't keep my grip. I felt like my hands themselves were losing strength, losing size, and unable to hold myself up.

I dodged him, swerving out from under his weight, but before I even had a chance to find my feet, Spencer was on me again, and pinned me to the cold bare concrete wall of the condo.

He put his mouth back on mine again, this time as we were standing, but the rest of my body was in turmoil. My back was spasming again, with intense pain going through my torso. Then, it all seemed to go away, feeling free and relaxed, like it had fallen into place.

Spencer was now even closer to me, which at first I didn't understand. My neck was bending further and further up to keep our lips together, wondering how he was standing even taller as he was.

It was all happening so fast, now. My hips were trying to find a new way to position themselves, as it felt like they were pushing away from each other, and rising. I knew things were happening to my body, but I felt like there was something I had to get, something I had to have, and it was only by loving Spencer harder that I could get to whatever I was craving.

Then I could feel the warmth coming from Spencer's crotch. It was spreading. I put my hand down to feel it, and it was hot and sticky. It was his seed. He was cumming on me.

"Grab it," he said to me. I couldn't help myself, and I wrapped one of my hands around his throbbing, pulsating rod and helped him along.

He went for eight, nine, ten blasts of sperm before settling. He just kept going. It was incredible. It was the most thrilling wait of my life.

"Now lick," he said, holding my seed-soaked hand up. "Clean yourself off."

I leaned forward and began to scoop off the salty, musky, thick cum with my tongue. He was looking directly in my eyes as I did, and I was looking back. I was totally under his control, and I wanted to be.

"That's a good girl," he said, softly. "That's my Brandi."



I ran into the bathroom, an all too familiar routine for me. Once he had called me Brandi, I had to know what he was seeing.

Before I could even take a glance, though, I felt my shoulders starting to ache. Then they started to crack. My collar bones were exploding, splintering, and then re-forming. It came in wave after wave as my shoulder joints slowly moved inward.

When the pain finally stopped, I looked at my reflection. I was shaped like a woman, now. A petite woman. A girl, practically.

My narrow shoulders, my miniature ribcage, my long neck and my long legs. I couldn't hide this anymore. I was almost a completely different person. Even my hair was now long enough to cover my ears and stretch down beyond my chin.

This is what was happening to me. I was becoming Brandi. I couldn't stop it anymore. I leaned against the sink to get a better look, finding it a bizarre experience to see the counter now at my midsection. How much height had I lost? I was so small.

Despite this, I made myself take a look at my face, which was also different. My nose was just a tiny little bump, and my face smooth and child-like. I could have been fourteen, I could have been twenty four.

"You wanna go work out?" Spencer called through the door.

"No," I said, shocked at how high my voice was.

"See you in a couple," he replied. I heard the door close.

Now alone, I popped the bathroom door open, and only made it a few steps before I just collapsed on the carpeted floor and began to cry. It was too much. I couldn't stop this, and I knew I couldn't fight it back.

I had resisted Spencer's advance, but I already felt the urge inside of me to go even farther with him. It was the strongest emotion I had ever felt. I had to have him.

Then, as I was curled up, I felt the swelling. My chest was inflating, pushing my torso away from my legs, and even off the floor. I had to know it was coming, but it may have been the biggest shock I had yet dealt with. To feel two sacs of flesh starting to expand at an outrageous speed was the most bizarre sensation. I sat up, watching my chest, as the new breasts got bigger and bigger. They had started out somewhere around a triple-A and were going up in cup size every minute.

Finally, at what must have been a C-cup size, they had stopped. I wasn't sure they would, and thought they might burst like water balloons. I didn't understand why knowing the exact size felt so important to me, but that was the way I really did feel.

I was looking down at them, despondent, not understanding how I could ever recover. I had lost something I would never get back.

Still, as I looked down at my new, round, pert breasts, I couldn't help but feel what they would look like with a big, fat dick right in between them.

Why was I thinking that? Why now? I was in the middle of the biggest crisis of my life, everything I knew being destroyed, and I wanted Spencer to come through the front door and let me take his hot, thick meat in my mouth.

I must have sat there for almost an hour before I got up. I went to the shower and turned it all the way cold in the vain hope it would wake me up.

As I leaned against the stall, the icy water dripping down my sensitive skin, I could only look at the tiny little penis I had and know it was just a matter of time before it would be gone forever.



Later that afternoon, I had to face a real person for the first time in my new body. Yolanda was at the kitchen table, sipping some designer water and flipping through her phone. I think Yolanda and Hope spent roughly 90% of their time doing just that. They didn't seem to have a job, a hobby or anything to do. Going to the beach was their only pastime. Otherwise, they just sat around waiting for sex.

I had put on the one t-shirt I recognized from what was now my closet, which hung on me like a curtain. My pants were cuffed almost to the knee and the waist cinched up with a belt wrapped tightly above my bellybutton. Even then, the legs were still dragging on the floor. These clothes were all the things I really owned, and by now, any thoughts of escaping in this state were ridiculous.

I decided to take a seat at the table, and was mortified as I had to make a small hop to get onto the chair. Only my toes touched the floor as I sat.

"Hey, Brandi," Yolanda casually remarked, as she continued to tap and swipe her phone. To hear that name hurt just as much as it did when Spencer used it. I didn't respond. I continued to sit there, doing nothing at all, just waiting for her to look at me. My fate was sealed, my life was over, I was a joke for everyone to look at, and I just wanted to get this over with.

"Where is everyone?" I asked, clearing my throat. My voice was so squeaky now. "What time is it?"

"I dunno," she said with a shrug. I wasn't sure which question she was answering, but it seemed plausible that she was answering both. "Oh, you look great!" She said, with a smile, as she glanced up from her phone. "You're way hotter."

“Yeah,” I replied, looking down at my hands. My tiny, doll-like hands with two-inch nails.

“Hey guys!” Sandra said as she entered the kitchen. She was dressed in the usual bikini and sarong. “What a long day! I’m all wiped out from going to the beach.” Doing what? Lying in the sun? “Where are the guys?”

My gut crinkled into a ball like a crushed tin can. I was no longer one of the “guys,” I guess.

“I dunno,” Yolanda said.

“Why?” I asked Sandra.

“I wanna get fucked,” she replied. “It’s so weird, all I can think about is looking sexy and getting fucked.” She shrugged with a giggle. “Oh well!”

The most troubling thing was that as soon as she said the words, the same thoughts popped into my head. I wanted to know where the guys were. I wanted to know when I was having sex. I wanted to make sure I was sexy.

Much like an annoying ear-worm of a pop song, I couldn’t get these thoughts out of my head, either. I looked back down at my hands. I thought they would look better wrapped around a cock. I shook my head to try and clear the thought. I looked away, seeing the apron draped over a hook. I wanted to strip naked and wear it for my man. I looked up at the ceiling. I wanted to see a cock hanging down, ready for me to suck.

This was bad. Very bad. I couldn’t stop thinking these thoughts. I couldn’t even think the word “penis.” I could only think of “cock.”

“What are you smiling about?” Sandra asked me. “I bet it’s cocks.” I didn’t even know I was smiling. I stopped.

“Oh my God,” Yolanda said, “Don’t make we wet myself.”

“Sandra,” I tried to clear my throat again. I was desperate to get my tone of voice down. I sounded like a child asking for their blankie before bed. “You remember that you’re not really some dumb bimbo, right?”

“Who is Sandra?” She replied. Then a moment later, the answer came to her and her face lit up with delight. “Me! Oh, you mean me.”

“Cassi,” I asked again. “You remember that you’re a lawyer, right?”

“You’re a lawyer?” Yolanda asked, astonished. “Maybe you know, how do you sue someone for, like, taking pictures of you having sex in a bathroom stall?”

“I’m not that kind of lawyer,” Sandra replied with a giggle. “I’m... Uh... A different kind of lawyer.”

It was killing me, seeing my best friend like this. I didn’t care what she said. It was like I was watching parts of her die before my eyes. That intelligence and wit I always treasured in her was disappearing as I watched.

“Don’t you think my boobs are awesome?” Sandra asked Yolanda. She thrust out her chest

“Oh my God, they are so amazing. Mine are great, too!” She straightened up to show her breasts off, too.

“I like yours because they’re so big,” Sandra said to Yolanda.

“I like yours because they’re so round,” Yolanda replied.

This was, without a doubt, the dumbest conversation I’d ever been a part of. I didn’t need to check the records. This was it.

“Girls,” I said, “What about my boobs?” As soon as I said it, I had to wonder why I had said such a thing. Although, honestly, I was curious.

“They’re so cute!” Yolanda said.

I felt a rush of blood go to my face. “Never mind,” I quickly added. “Cassi, this isn’t like you! You don’t act like this! You’re smart!”

“Shh!” Sandra said, concerned. “Don’t let the guys hear you! Guys don’t like smart girls!”

“That’s exactly the kind of thing that would piss off the old Cassi!” I told her. “She’d be as mad as hell if she ever heard anyone say that! She’s spent her whole life fighting against that kind of thing!”

“She sounds like she never got any dick,” Yolanda said.

“Yeah, she sounds so sad,” Cassi added. “We should go cheer her up!”

“No! That’s you! I’m talking about you!” I held my head in my small hands. The feeling was alien. I sat back up again immediately. “You remember, don’t you?”

“I guess,” Sandra replied, uninterested in the consequences of her answer.

“Look, you were right about the curse, okay? I admit it. It’s crazy, but you’re right. It has to be a curse.” I hated myself for saying it, but I couldn’t ignore the reality anymore. It was nuts, but it was true. “We have to find that old woman.”

“Like, what old woman?” Sandra asked.

“The one who cursed us!” I reminded her.

“I don’t remember this at all.”

“At the coffee house, two days ago!” I said. “She cursed us for interrupting her or something.”

“What was the curse?”

“Uh...” I had to think. “I’m not sure.” The details were not important, we just had to stop it. “We gotta go find her?”

“It’s already four. I gotta get ready for the club.” She sighed. “Where is she? Maybe we can find her before we go out.”

“The coffee shop?”

“Which one?”

“The one we went to.”

“Uh... Um... Which one was that?”

“The one!” I said. I didn’t really catch the name of the place, I guess. I also wasn’t sure where it was. “Maybe it was a Starbucks.”

“I love Starbucks!” Yolanda said. “But it’s so fattening.”

“I know!” I said, understanding exactly how she felt. “Even the low fat stuff is fatty. They don’t have anything that’s sugar free.”

Yolanda shook her head. “They have sugar free vanilla! You just have to ask for it.”

“Really, wow!” That was great news. I had always worried about that. I guess I could get Starbucks coffee now with some vanilla. That sounded great. “Let’s go get some.”

“I can’t,” Yolanda said. “I’m waiting for Chad.”

“What about you?” I asked Cassi.

“No, I have’ta stop the curse.”

“What curse?” I didn’t understand what she was talking about.

“You know, the curse we have.”

“Oh!” It was coming back to me. We had to find the old lady. “Yeah! We should do that first. Curse first, Starbucks second.”

“Definitely.” Cassi adjusted her bikini top. “Let’s go.” She said. “Oh, but first, we need to get you some better clothes.”

“What?” I looked down at the huge shirt and rolled-up pants. I guess she had a point. This wasn’t a very cute outfit. “I’ll go change,” I told her.



An hour later, I had dressed in a pair of stretch black thigh-length lycra shorts and an athletic bra, and worn a loose tank over the top. I mean, I was just going to a Starbucks, so I didn’t need to look super sexy.

Oh, and of course I had to do my hair and makeup. I was a girl now, after all.

“Where’s Cassi?” I asked Hope, who was now seated where Yolanda was.

“She and Yolanda went to get their hair done for tonight,” she said.

“Whaaaat?” I replied, disappointed. “But we were gonna go curse hunting and get coffee.”

Hope shrugged. "You look totes cute, though."

"Thanks!" I said, happy to get a compliment. If I was going to be a girl, at least I was a cute one.

The door opened, and Spence and Trent came in, talking about something guys talk about. Sports or whatever. Hope immediately squealed her delight at seeing her boyfriend, and flew into his arms. She was a good girlfriend. She knew just what to do.

"Hey babe," Trent said to her.

"Hey babe," Hope replied.

"Gonna go put this tuff away and take a shower," Trent explained to Spence. They left with Hope practically humping him as they walked. They're in love!

Then I realized it was just me and Spence in the room. He came into the kitchen and went to the fridge. Oh my God, he was so hot. I mean, I know I've never been into guys and stuff, but he was so hot. Really hot.

"Where's Cassi?" He asked me.

"I don't know," I replied, nervously. I don't why I was nervous. I had known Spence for years. Maybe it was because he was so hot. "I think she went to the hairdressers?"

"Oh yeah, it's Wednesday," he said. "That's her day for hair."

I wasn't really listening. My ears were filling up with this weird ringing noise. It was just getting stronger the more Spence talked. I didn't want to hear him, anyway. I just wanted to look at that totally hot bod. He was hot. Have I mentioned that?

I stood up, wanting to be closer to him. He was so much taller than me now, so much bigger. I was so weak and tiny compared to him, and I was getting really turned on. The thought that he could just take me in his hands and break me was kind of thrilling. His animal instincts could turn on me at any time. But instead, I could get close to him, feel his breathing as his big body heaved with every breath, and his blood surging through his hard muscles with every heart beat. He was a beast.

Oh my God, I wanted him so bad. I knew I was going to be fucked now, because I was a cute girl, and cute girls are going to get fucked at some point, and I wanted him to do it. Why had I ever fought becoming a girl? It was so silly.

Before I knew it, his hand was on my hip, holding me in place as he pulled my shirt off me. I hope he liked what he saw. I didn't have big tits like all the other girls, but they said I was cute. I hoped that would be enough.

That ringing noise in my ears was getting so loud it was starting to hurt. My brain was filling up with foggy fuzzy things and I was feeling a weird wetness in

between my legs. My whole body wasn't going to let me think or do anything until I got fucked.

I pulled off my athletic bra and let my boobies free so Spence could get to them. "Please?" I asked.

Spence was so nice, he grabbed my boobs and started playing with them right away. He was really helping me out. My nipples were practically glowing with heat as he pinched them with his fingers.

But I really didn't want him to be playing with me. I wanted his cock. So I began to rub my body against his groin, and felt it getting stiffer. At least, I thought it was getting stiffer, until I undid his shorts and his soft cock drooped out.

I felt so bad. He was only halfway there. I wasn't doing very well. I wanted his cock nice and big and hard. Then I had a great idea! I could use my mouth! Cassi isn't the only smart one around here.

I got down to my knees and propped up his dick with one hand while I stroked the underside with the other. It was really nice to have long fingernails, and give Spence some really good strokes. The tips really did the trick!

I don't even remember getting his big rod in my mouth. My brain wasn't working no more. It was a pretty tight fit, but I tried really really hard and got it all the way in! Then I could bob my head back and forth, using my tongue to tickle him. He was shivering and shaking, and I could feel that slickness in my crotch really start to gush.

This was so awesome! I had never got a guy off before, and it was amazing! The feel of his rippled dick in my mouth, the smell of his musky scent, the grip of his hands on my head, it was the very best thing in the world.

"You got it, baby," he said as I kept going. He called me baby! Does that mean he likes me?

I didn't have time to think, which was good, because I didn't think as well as I used to. Instead, I had a rush of his salty cum flooding my throat and I needed to make sure I took it all in. It was all so good!

Cum is the best! Don't let anyone tell you it's nasty. It's so yummy! I think I was going to be into salty foods from now on. Nothing was going to be better than this, though. I slurped and licked until it was all gone, even until it was just a few drops trickling down my throat bit by bit. I was so proud of myself. Not a drop spilled, and no gagging! I was a really good cock sucker! Yay me!

Spence lifted me up and took me to the fuck pit and laid me down where I could keep cleaning him off. I was just, like, a feather in his hands. I just loved they way I felt, no thinking, no worries, nothing. I was just a little puffball of love for my man.

Just as I was finishing up my job, I could see he was getting hard again. This time, though, I didn't want to use my mouth. Neither did Spence. He spun me around and pulled my bottoms down. I hadn't worn any underwear, which I guess was kind of a giveaway to what was really on my mind. He pushed my legs apart and hovered over me.

I felt the red-hot tip of his cock press into my crotch where it was wet. Then I felt it start to slip inside of me. He was pushing his big cock into my pussy, and I guess I had a pussy now? He was putting it in slowly, and then suddenly thrusting it.

It was so amazing! The tickle and tingle of his dick entering me and then the power and push inside of me was the answer. I didn't know what I needed, up until that moment. Some people, you know, always are looking for something to fulfill them? Spence's cock was the answer. Everyone should be fucked by Spence. He could make so many people happy.

My back was arching as his cock moved in and out of me with so much power, I thought maybe I was going to explode. It hurt, but in that way you kind of like.

I guess I'm a shouter? I never knew. But I was moaning and squealing as Spence plunged into me, and I was worried he might never stop and I'd be stuck there forever. Every moan was getting louder and louder as his thrusts got harder and harder, and I realized I was now going to cum.

Since I had never been a girl before, I had no idea what to expect. Then I felt it. Waves of cool pleasure running through my tiny body, first gently and then shaking me like a doll. I was thrashing about pretty bad when I finally climaxed, which was like fireworks. I know it's weird, but I don't know how else to describe it. It felt like fireworks.

And then it happened again! I guess that was a multiple orgasm or something? Maybe?

Then I was done. Spence was still pounding my pussy hard, so I kept moaning and shaking to make him feel good. After what felt like forever, he finally blasted his cum into me, which felt so super amazing good, and then he pulled out.

I kissed him on the cheek.

I was a girl now, inside and out, and even better, I was Spence's girl.

"Again?" I asked, and we did.



I was by myself in the fuck pit when I woke up. I rolled around on the fuzzy carpet, letting it stroke my smooth and crazy sensitive skin. I was kinda sticky,

and the thought of running a massage shower head over me made me tingle. I got up and headed to the stairs.

I felt like I had shrunk to the size of a tiny fairy. I had to move my legs twice as fast just to walk at the speed I was used to. My boobs were also swinging all over the place. Were they bigger? I mean, maybe it was just wishful thinking, but they sure felt way bigger.

Maybe I had been visited by the boob fairy. No, wait! Maybe I was the boob fairy. That would explain a lot. Lol.

Or maybe not really.

Anyway, I guess I was really a girl now. I was kind of a slut, too. I mean, I didn't feel slutty, but I didn't really know what that felt like. I was still thinking about sex, though, and couldn't stop thinking about sex, so, yeah. I think that makes me a slut.

I went to my room, or, at least what used to be my room, but then I remembered I was now in Spence's room. I was about to go to Spence's, but I smelled something from inside, which was a really strong smell of sex. So I checked, and all the girls were in there, piled on top of a mattress.

Hope, Yoli and Cassi were all naked and fondling each other.

"Are you guys finally finished?" Hope asked me.

"Yah!" I replied.

"Finally," Yoli said, raising her head from licking Cassi's pussy. "We had to come in here because you guys were busy."

"Sorry," I said. "It's free now, if you want to use the living room."

"No, we're good," Cassi said, as she took in some big breaths of air. She was coming to orgasm. I could tell.

I was already slithering my way through the mess of limbs, and I nibbled on Hope's nipple. I think it was hers, at least. It was her gasp.

She was fingering me, and even though I was a little sore, she knew to go right to my clit. I guess that's the advantage of fucking girls. Us girls know how to jill each other off. This was my first orgy, and I was happy it was with friends, so they could show me the way it works. Orgy, orgy, orgy. What a weird word.

Before I knew it, it was dark outside. We were gonna be late for the clubs! We got into the shower in pairs to save time, which actually probably took us extra time since we were still all really horny.

Yolanda showed me how to do my hair and Hope helped me with my makeup. I guess it was kinda funny that Cassi wound up in one of those super-slutty dresses in her closet after all, but she looked so good in it!

I had another dress that kinda looked like it, but in gold instead of silver, so I chose that one. It was almost midnight when the guys were ready to go, but I realized there was a problem.

Cassi was already with Spence, pressed into his right side, like she was ready to start something right there. So, what the hell, Cassi? Spence was very clearly way more into me than he was into Cassi.

“Baby, I thought we were going out?” I asked Spence.

“Yeah, we are? What’s the problem, Brandi?” He replied, like it was no big deal. He wrapped his arm around my shoulders and put me on his left side. It was only then that I realized the horrible reality. Cassi and I shared the same room with Spence, because we also shared Spence.

Oh my God. We were both his girlfriends? Oh my God.

“Let’s go!” Spence said as I tried to keep up with him. We headed out the door, and as we had to adjust to fit through, I gave Cassi a look. She was giving me one back.



When we finally woke up the next morning, the three of us, Cassi and I were still giving each other looks.

I beat her to Spence’s cock so I could suck him off first, though. You snooze, you lose.

The whole night was kinda hazy, but I had never had a better night out. You know, I was kinda worried that a night out at a club as, y’know, a girl for the first time and all that, was going to be a problem. But it wasn’t.

I was a little nervous at first, but as soon as I heard the beat coming from the dance floor, I just wanted to move. It was hypnotizing me or something. I forgot all about everything and I wanted to dance. I wanted to get close to someone and feel their body heat as we pumped away to the rhythm.

Maybe that had something to do with the vodka we had in the car, or the pills Trent was passing around, but I think it was just allowing myself to really let go.

I think I blew either four or five guys in the toilets, but I had my eyes closed some of the time, so I’m not sure. There might have been more. And yeah, Cassi was in there, too, trying to beat me. Spence had challenged us to get the most in an hour. Cassi won, and she was all smug about it, saying she was the bigger slut.

I begged Spence to let me prove to him I was just as much of a slut as Cassie was, and so he asked me to get \$1000 from guys that night, no matter what I had to do.

I got \$5000.

Fuck you, Cassi. I'm the slut Spence needs.

Then after the club closed down we moved on to the next place, but I barely even remember that. It wasn't as nice as the first club, but the guys were way more hung and liked to play rough. I think I beat Cassi at whatever game we were playing, but I'm not sure.

All I knew when we got up that next morning was that I wanted Spence for myself. Cassi may have known him longer, but I was so much hotter than she was. Especially with my boobs getting bigger. I could feel them all night still growing in my dress. Watching them slap into Spence's legs as I drained him of cum, I knew that they were now almost as big as I hoped they would get.

Cassi grabbed me by the hair and yanked me off of Spence. "Save some for me, skank!" She said. "Don't be selfish!"

I was all like, "fuck you, bitch," and tried to push her away, even as Spence's jism was dribbling out my nostrils. We were on the floor when Spence had to break it up. I wish he'd let us just fight it out. I can take her. I may be small, but I'm a fighter.

We still went and cleaned off in the hot tub together, but I got a few good kicks in when Spence wasn't looking.



Yoli and I spent the day showing each other some funny videos on our phones. That got boring, so we took off our sarongs and started fingering each other. I even used the heel of my pumps to get her off. Meanwhile Cassi went off with Hope somewhere to do something. Who cares.

Yoli agreed with me that Cassi was a kind of a bitch, and Spence would probably be better off with just me and not her. Maybe she was telling what I wanted to hear, but I trust her. I'd known her for at least 48 hours, after all.

We had our bikinis on — which I looked totally awesome in, by the way — so of course, we went to the beach. Ohmigawd, so, so much fun at the beach!

We walked on the sand and it was warm on my feet. We saw some other girls and they had a ball, so we went to play with them.

Yoli is, like, not smart. At all. She just smiles and looks pretty. I had to explain that the game was about bounding the ball over the net like so many times before she got it. I'm getting dumber too, I think. It's hard to think about stuff. It's easier to just giggle. So I giggled a lot.

We played volleyball. We weren't very good, but it was fun. I would hit the ball and my boobs would bounce all around. The other girls had nice bodies

too and I told them so. We flirted and laughed. Then some guys came and stood by the net to watch. That was even better! I made sure to jump extra high when the ball came near me, and I fixed my hair a lot. I smiled at the guys real big. I hoped one of them would want to fuck me later. Yoli was doing the same thing, sticking her butt out when she bent over.

We were squealing and giggling the whole time. Every time someone hit the ball, we'd make a little noise, like, "Ooh!" or "Ah!" just like we were getting fucked. It was fun. We ran around in the sand for a long, long time. My skin was getting all shiny from sweat. I looked hot.

After a while, I stopped and looked at the other girls. "Wait," I said, trying to think. It was hard. "Who's winning?"

Everyone just looked at each other. No one had been keeping score. We all started laughing. It was so silly. It didn't matter anyway. The guys were still watching, and that was the best part.

After the volleyball game, they came over. They were big and had nice smiles. One of them, a really tall one with so many muscles, looked right at me. "Ride me, baby," he said. I giggled and nodded. He got on his hands and knees in the sand and I climbed up on his shoulders. I was thinking something else. My legs were on his chest and my boobs rested on his head.

Yoli got on another guy's shoulders. Then we were supposed to race. The other girls did it too. "Go!" someone yelled, and the guys started running. It was so much fun! I held on tight to his hair and bounced up and down. My boobs were jiggling everywhere. I squealed and laughed. The guys were fast and the sand was flying. I wasn't even sure where we were supposed to go, but it didn't matter. It was just fun to have a strong guy carrying me around. We all fell in the sand a bunch of times and it was funny.

When we were all tired and sandy, the guys said we should go wash off. We went to the beach showers by the bathrooms. The water was cold, but it felt good on my hot skin. The tall guy and I were in one shower together. He put his hands on my wet body and his hands were so strong. He kissed me and it was a sloppy, wet kiss. I kissed him back. He pulled my bikini bottoms to the side and he put his thing inside me. It felt so good. I just leaned against the shower wall while he fucked me. I looked over and Yoli was doing the same thing with her guy. She was moaning all loud. It was a fun afternoon.

After, we put our wraps back on and went back to the apartment. Me and Yoli plopped down on the couch. We were tired. I got my phone and opened up TikTok. We just laid there for hours, watching all the videos. We didn't even have to talk. It was perfect.

Finally, the guys came back from their workout and I got a few minutes tonguing Spence before Cassi showed up again. I know we're best friends and all, but she's not going to keep me away from Spence.

Anyway, I asked him where we were going to party tonight, and he said that it was going to be a private party tonight.

I wasn't sure what that meant, but Yoli seemed to have a good idea, and she immediately went to the bathroom and shaved her pussy. She told me I needed to do the same thing because our dates would want it that way.

Hope showed me a neat trick with baby ointment so I didn't get bumps down there tomorrow. I have so much to learn, and that's too bad, because I was pretty sure I wasn't that great at learning anymore.

Anyway, Spence told us to get ourselves pretty and our dates would be here soon, but I didn't understand because I thought Spence was my date, but he was not my date and instead it was these other guys.

They were kinda old, and my date was ugly and bald but Spence told me I had to be real nice to him and do what he told me which was easy because I like being told what to do so I don't have to think and stuff.

So we went to a hotel room and my date asked me to dance for him which was fun and he wanted to see me do it in my panties but I wasn't wearing any panties so he was kind of mean to me. I had to call him Daddy and wear some clothes he brought with him. I gave him a couple of BJ's before he came in me and I tried to make all the happy sexy noises so he knew I liked it. Then he gave me money!

Spence was there to pick me up when we were done, and I gave him the money, but he was angry with me because he said I didn't get all of it, and that I needed to be sexier and sluttier next time.

Oh, and then I realized I was a prostitute. I guess that's why we could afford such a nice place if we were all getting money for fucking and everything. It all made sense now.

"Welcome to the club," Hope said to me, and I felt so happy to be one of them now.

"Yeah, baby girl," Yoli said. "You're a real slut now. Pro-fess-i-on-al."

They were all so pretty and happy and knew how to party and I was one of them so I was happy and pretty and liked to party. This was the best.

Spence said we all earned our money tonight so he also said we could all have a party at home and he was bringing party favors which turned out to be coke. I love coke! I had never tried it before but I was all like where have you been all my life?

But while I was snorting a line off of Hope's tits, I could see Cassi was trying to steal Spence all for herself. I grabbed her by the hair and yanked that bitch off of my man while she screamed. She tried to claw me, but Spence stopped her and told us that if any of us get cut he'd kick us out because his buyers pay for perfect girls, not ones with cuts and bruises.

“Besides,” he said, “you girls are best friends.”

“Hardly,” Cassi said in that smug stupid way she says things in.

“We are not friends,” I said.

“Yah,” Cassi replied. “We’re never going to be friends.”

“Never,” I replied.



And then I woke up.

I looked around, seeing the lines of clear tubes running into my arm. My body was covered with a blue blanket, and a white curtain surrounded the bed. I was in a hospital.

It took a while for my head to start to process everything. I couldn’t quite understand what was going on, but I knew one thing for certain.

I was Bradley. I had a man’s chest, and I could see the hair on my arms.

I must have been there for a few minutes before a nurse came in. She asked if I could understand her, and then flashed a light in my eyes.

She called for a doctor, who explained the situation to me. I had collapsed in a local coffee shop, and had suffered a brain aneurism. They had done an emergency repair, drilled a hole in my skull, and contained the damage.

I was asked to do a series of tests on a tablet to test my cognitive functions. The doctor seemed pleased with the results.

This was a lot to take in. “How long have I been unconscious?” I asked.

“About 34 hours,” the doctor said. “It probably seems like less.”

It didn’t. I could still recall the condo in Miami with clarity. It wasn’t like a dream where things started to fade away.

“You can go home in a few hours,” the doctor said. I couldn’t even understand the concept. I was resigned to having lost that apartment for good.

“He lives,” Sandra said when she came to pick me up. “I guess I shouldn’t sell off your stuff, then.”

It was jarring to see her again, just as she used to be. It was also a relief. She was herself. No empty look in the eyes, no random giggling.

“I’m supposed to ask for a nurse so they can wheel you out of here,” she said. “But I’m thinking we should just sneak out so we don’t get charged for it.” It was the same Sandra I had known for so long. I had missed her.

“It’s okay,” I told her. “We’ll do it by the book. Just this once.”

“Have it your way. Kind of a cop-out, though.”

She was patient with me as I could only go a few steps at a time. Getting up the stairs to my apartment was a long drawn-out ordeal. She hung out with me until I had to go to sleep, which wasn't very long. I didn't have any stamina at all.

"See you tomorrow?" She asked.

"Sure."

"Same coffee shop?"

"Fuck you," I replied.

"What've you got against them?" She said with a smile. "That coffee blows your mind."

It took me about a half hour to get myself to bed. I still had five or six bandages on me, and a collection of pill bottles to look after. There were too many just to put on my bedside table.

This was it, this was life again. I'd recover, be back on my feet and pick up where I left off.

When Sandra came by the next day, against my better judgement, I decided to tell her all about my strange little dream-hallucination-episode.

She thought it was the funniest thing she'd ever heard, and started to try and psychoanalyze me. Her conclusion? I was a pervert.

"We're all perverts," I said.

I probably should have kept my mouth shut, because she'd never let me live it down. I could tell by the laughter, my story was something I'd hear about again and again.

Sandra was my friend, though, and friends don't keep things from one another.



I tried my best, but about a month later I made my first appointment with a therapist. She was a very nice person, and listened patiently to me as I explained that I was a woman inside, I was a nasty slut, and I wanted to begin to transition.

That was about a year ago, now. It couldn't be helped. I tried to go back to life as Bradley, but I wasn't the same anymore. I just wanted cock. I mean, I really wanted cock.

I couldn't listen to people without drifting off, wondering if I was sexy or if they thought I was sexy, or how I could be sexier. I couldn't even read a paragraph without getting bored. I was already growing my hair out long,

because I thought I looked like a dyke with short hair. Guys liked girls with long hair.

I moved to Miami, too. I had kind of gradually fallen out of touch with Sandra, and I never even bothered to say goodbye. I'm a dumb slut. I am. I really am. Dumb sluts don't look back. They live for now.

It's been a year of really painful surgery, but I think I'm finally there now. My big titties are back, and although they kind of look fake, I might like them better that way. I had some ribs removed, my skull shaved, my adams apple shaved, butt implants put in and a whole lot of work done on my face.

I'm legally Brandi now — that's the name on my Florida drivers' license. I keep my hair dyed platinum blonde and I go to the gym every day to keep myself thin and beautiful. I can also look really dumb now. I practice every day in front of the mirror, trying to remove any trace of thought from my expression.

The place I live in isn't nearly as nice as the condo. I can't nearly afford that, of course. I do two shows nightly as Brandy DeWine and get to keep half the tips, so it's a pretty good deal for me. The guys there know I'll do some after-hours work, too. Stripping isn't what I want to do forever, though. Prostitution. That's my future.

Oh, yeah, I had that monstrous thing between my legs removed and I have my tight little pussy back. I knew I had made the right decision when I stuck my long-nailed finger inside and it felt like I was fingering an old friend.

It's not exactly like it used to be, but I'll keep trying. I'm still thinking too much. I really want to feel that same thoughtless bliss I used to have. I don't know if it was a dream or delusion or whatever, but I will be Brandi again. I'm going to get there one day, fucking guys for money and partying every night. My body is almost there and my mind isn't too far behind.

I dropped my bag down on the floor of my apartment and closed the door behind me. It had been a long night, with my two shows, five lap-dances, an hour in the champagne room and my regular Wednesday night date with "Mr. Smith." It was four AM, and I was wiped.

"Is that you baby?" I heard come from the bedroom.

"Yeah," I replied.

The light flicked on in the bedroom and I could see my boyfriend approach. "You... You wanna fuck?" He asked.

"Always, baby," I replied.

"So get your ass in here."

I walked up to him and wrapped my thin arms around his shoulders and pressed my H-cup boobs into him. "Did you miss me?"

"Yes," he said. "I always do."

“No, baby. A guy like you tells me to shut up and get naked. That’s the way you do it.”

“Right. So, get those clothes off and shut your mouth,” he said, still looking for my approval.

“Yes sir,” I said, and started to tear my stuff off as fast as I could. “Please don’t me angry with me... Spence.”

“Less talking,” Spencer said. “And more fucking.”

He was coming long very nicely. At first, he was reluctant, but he’s getting bigger and dumber and meaner every day. I’ll have *my* Spence back — my *pimp* back — soon. Sorry, Sandra or Cassi or whatever your name is. He’s all mine.

The End

# RUINING *EVEN MORE* FRIENDSHIPS

## THE HOMEFRONT

The silence in the flat, lonely Virginia suburb was the greatest foe he had yet faced. It wasn't the quiet of a desert night, alive with the hum of generators and the distant, rhythmic cadence of a prayer call. This was a dead, empty silence, broken only by the whir of a lawnmower or the distant shriek of a child's bicycle. For Eli Moore, a Master Sergeant who had spent twenty years in the crucible of special operations, it was a maddening void.

He'd left the Army with a chest full of ribbons and a mind that was riddled with sour memories of those he had lost. Now on his own, he found that his lack of structure was now allowing his mind to fall in on itself. His life had grown reliant from clear lines of command, rules of engagement, schedules written on a piece of paper, pre-dawn PT, the weight of his rifle, and the unshakeable bond with his team. Now, the lines were gone. He woke at 0500 out of sheer muscle memory and would stare at the ceiling, the purpose that had anchored him for two decades gone AWOL. His neighbors, with their barbecues and discussions about lawns and 401(k)s, were aliens. They spoke a language he no longer understood, a dialect of peace he had forgotten how to speak.

He found himself scrolling through old contacts on a secure messaging app, his thumb hovering over names he hadn't dared to use since his debrief. Most were ghosts, but one remained: Karim Al-Jamil. Karim had been their primary translator in Anbar province for three years, a man with a quick mind, a quicker smile, and an unflappable courage that had earned Eli's deepest respect. He didn't know why, but he wanted to talk to him. To see how he was doing. He sent a simple message.

*Karim. It's Eli. I hope you are well.*

The reply came within minutes.



*Eli! My brother! It has been too long. I am well. And you? Are you home?*

*Home, Eli typed. Yes. I'm in America.*

That was just the beginning for the two soldiers. Messages became calls. Calls became video chats. Eli would sit in his sterile living room, furnished with just a chair and a flat screen. He would sit there with the twilight outside his window, and watch Karim's face fill his screen. Behind Karim, Eli could see the chaos of a market street, hear the calls to prayer, the honking of cars, the rich melody of Arabic spoken in the background. It was the soundtrack of his last several years, the years that had taken him from a dumb teenager to a man, and he couldn't help but feel like he understood that world better than this one.

One evening, Karim looked more somber than usual. "My mother is pressuring me," he said, sighing. "She says I am not getting any younger. I must find a wife."

Eli nodded. "A good woman would be lucky to have you, Karim."

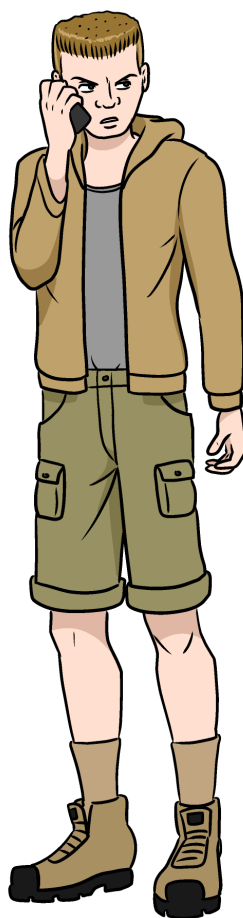
"It's not so simple," Karim said. "I want a traditional wife. A woman who understands our ways, who will honor my family and build a home with faith and respect. But the world... it is changing. It is hard to find such a heart now."

He understood what he meant. It was hard to find someone who saw the world like he saw the world. Companionship. The kind of companionship he had almost forgotten was possible seemed like a million miles away. He'd never find anyone like that. No one would understand his background, his life, the things he had seen, the life-or-death decisions he had to make every day. Never. It hadn't really occurred to him until that moment, but he was alone. Probably *forever* alone.

Now, his friend faced a struggle he was utterly powerless to aid. The frustration ate him alive. The loneliness nibbled at the scraps.



In the weeks that followed, a quiet change began to take hold of Eli. The structure he craved, the purpose he lacked, he started to build it himself. He began to run, not the



punishing, tactical runs of his past, but long, rhythmic jogs that cleared his head. The hard, tactical bulk he'd carried for years began to soften, melting away to reveal a leaner frame.

He started cooking the dishes Karim's mother had taught him, the scent of cumin and cardamom filling his empty house. It felt more like home to him. The more he recreate the food he ate in Kabul the more weight he seemed to be losing.

Eli avoided contact with the neighborhood. He had little to talk to them about. He didn't care about basketball games or lawn care tips or who won *Dancing With the Stars*. He would just pull up the hood on his sweatshirt up and avoid eye contact.

It was becoming worse every day. He didn't just want to avoid his neighbors, he loathed them. He hated having to see their smiling, clueless, stupid faces. They had no idea. No idea what the world was really like, and what really mattered.

On was surprising afternoon call with Karim, a visit was arranged. Karim had some business in the States. He would stay with Eli for a week.

The day Karim arrived, Eli was a bundle of nerves. He had cooked a feast of maqluba and mansaf. He wore a simple, long-sleeved tunic. When the doorbell rang, his heart hammered against his ribs in anticipation.

He opened the door — and there he was. Karim, not as a pixelated image on a screen, but solid and real. He was more handsome than Eli remembered, his presence filling the sterile house with a warmth and authority that made Eli's knees feel weak. Karim's eyes swept over him, from his face down to the hem of his tunic, and a slow, gentle smile touched his lips.

"Eli," he said, his voice a low, calming rumble. "It is so good to see you, face-to-face!" Eli had to turn away quickly to hide the tears in his eyes.



The week was a blur of quiet conversation and shared meals. Karim never questioned the strange American customs or surroundings. He simply accepted it, treated him with a gentle courtesy that was both relaxing and tense.

One morning, Eli looked in the mirror, and decided he didn't like what he was seeing. He didn't feel like he was seeing the person he was. He didn't know what it was he was supposed to be seeing, but the man in the mirror seemed like a mask.

On a whim, he took a felt pen and lined his eyes in black. He grabbed some toilet tissue and stuffed it into his shirt. he dressed himself in all black. He tucked his hair into a cap. He felt better. Not his best, but better. His heart was pounding. He wanted to know why he felt like this, what it meant, but he was so confused.

When Karim unexpectedly came into the room, catching Eli in his most vulnerable, terrified state, the Arab man smiled.

“Let me know when the bathroom is available,” he said, simply, and left. Not a word. Not a comment. Not even a hesitation.

On the last night, they sat on the floor, leaning against cushions, the remains of their meal between them. Eli was still wearing the black on his eyes, his chest still stuffed. He couldn't bear to remove them, and Karim didn't seem to mind.

“I have to be honest with you, my friend,” Karim said, his voice serious. “When I spoke of finding a wife, I was speaking of a partner. A soul. Someone to share my life, my faith, my home. I have searched, but I have not found her.” He turned his gaze to Eli, his eyes deep and searching. “And then I came here. And I see you.”

Eli couldn't breathe. He felt like he was standing on the edge of a cliff, unable to decide what to do next.

“You have the heart I have been looking for,” Karim continued, his voice barely a whisper. “The loyalty, the strength, the desire to serve and to belong. You just need... guidance. You need to be shown your true path.”



The young man placed a box in front of Eli: a simple, elegant hijab in a soft sky-blue. He reached out and gently touched the fabric of the hijab. "I can teach you. I can give you the life you have been missing. A life of purpose, of faith, of structure."

He didn't think. He just picked it up. He unfolded the soft fabric. It felt right in his hands, like a piece of a puzzle he hadn't known was missing. He wrapped it around his head, tucking the ends just as he'd seen countless women do. He turned to look at his reflection in the patio door windows. The face that stared back was still his, but softer. The hard edges of the soldier were blurred. For the first time in months, a sense of peace settled over him.

He described the feeling, the strange sense of comfort. "I could look very nice in this," he said.

Karim didn't laugh. He just listened, his dark eyes thoughtful. "You have a good heart, Eli," he said. "A heart that knows how to serve and how to belong. Perhaps you have just been serving the wrong master."

The words hung there, unthinkable to him just a few months ago, and yet in every way true to him. Every cell in Eli's body screamed in affirmation. The soldier, the operative, the man named Eli Moore. The person inside, the one who had found peace in a headscarf and purpose in serving a friend, was the one who spoke now. He looked at Karim, at the man who had been his brother in arms and was now offering him a new kind of salvation.

"Yes," he whispered, the sound full of tears and release. "Yes, Karim. I'd like to know more."

The transformation was not instantaneous, but it was absolute. Karim stayed for another month, and in that time, he became Eli's world. He taught him the Qur'an, not just the words but the meaning behind them. He taught him how to pray, how to move with grace and modesty, how to soften his voice and his hands. He chose a new name for him: Layla, meaning 'night,' for the darkness she was leaving behind.



"Come back with me, Layla," he asked Eli one night.

"But how?" He replied. "I'm not even allowed to fly to your country..."

"One thing you must learn, my beautiful Layla, is that you must never question me."

It was a big ask. But here it was, the structure Eli had been missing. The blind faith in your superior. The need to be somewhere, to do something.

He didn't reply. He felt like that might be out of place. He just nodded.

When they flew back to the Middle East, Eli was gone. In his place was Layla, a woman in a simple abaya, her head covered, her eyes downcast in respectful modesty. She held Karim's arm as they walked through the bustling airport, his face covered, leaving only her well-made-up eyes, with heavy black lashes, deep and bewitching. The sounds and smells that were once the backdrop of war now the music of her new home, and she was almost vibrating with excitement. She had missed this so much. Karim handed over a passport with her new name on it at security. No one questioned it, not for a moment. She had trusted Karim and had been rewarded.

Layla became his wife in a small, traditional ceremony. She was introduced to Karim's family as Layla Al-Jamil, the humble and respectful wife of Karim Al-Jamil.

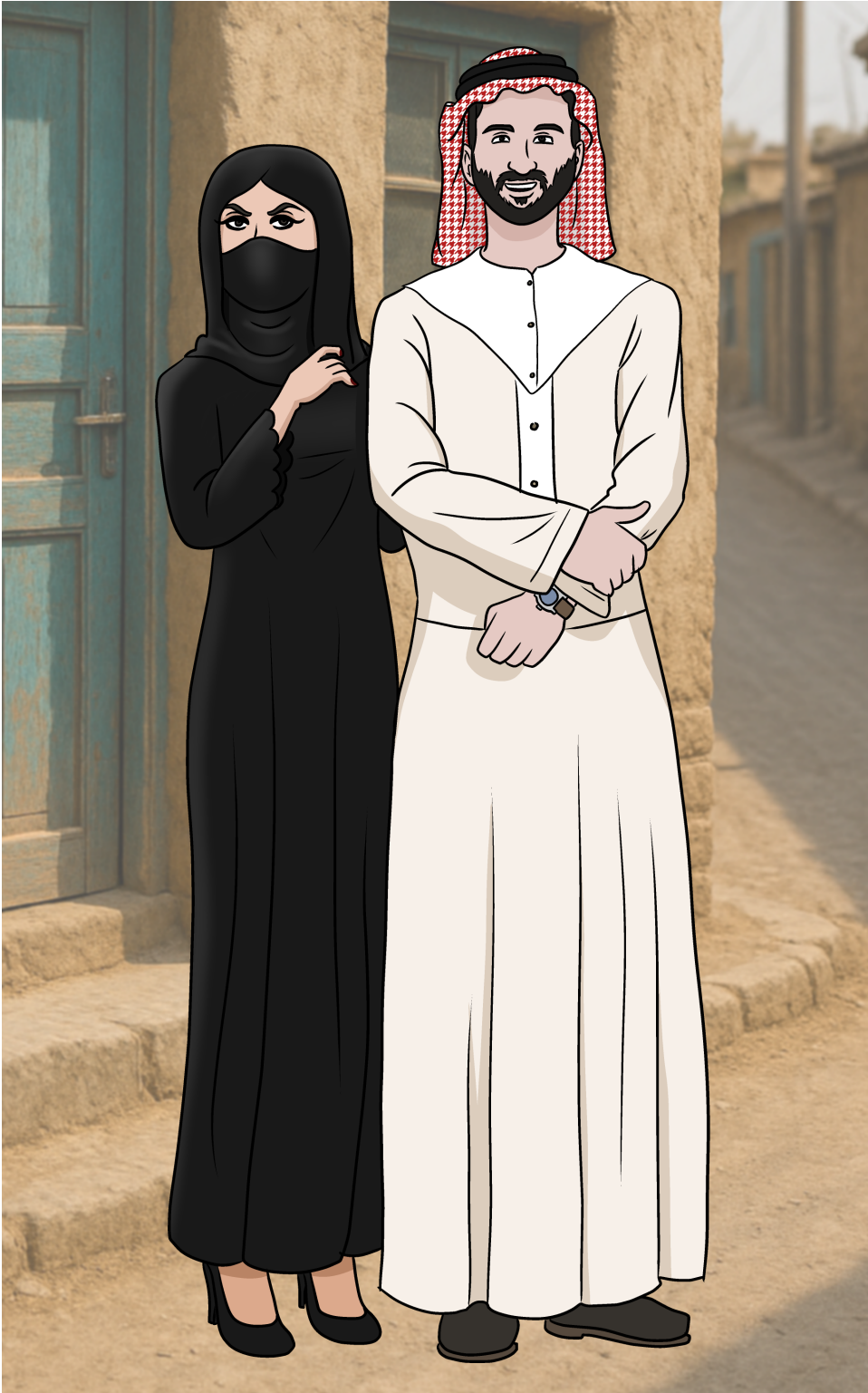
Once treated like a woman and accepted as a wife, Eli was gone. Layla was who they were now. She took the Estrogen pills from Karim's hands without a moment of pause. Over the months ahead, she felt so excited to feel her breasts start to bud. When she stopped ejaculating, she celebrated with wine.

She learned to manage their home, to cook for his family, to pray five times a day. The hard, haunted look in her eyes was replaced by a serene light. The soldier who had been lost in America had finally found his mission, his purpose, and his peace, not on a battlefield, but in the quiet, loving submission of becoming the woman she was always meant to be.

Life in Kabul was a gentle, rhythmic river, and Layla floated in its current with a profound sense of peace she had never known. The sharp, jagged edges of her past life had been smoothed away, replaced by the soft, yielding fabric of her abaya and the quiet certainty of her new purpose. Her days were filled with the scent of cardamom coffee and the murmur of the Qur'an from the speakers of their home. Karim was a patient and loving husband, his presence a constant source of strength and security.

"I'm sorry," Karim would say, getting in between his wife and anyone who approached her on the street. "My wife is forbidden to talk to outsiders."





Layla would clutch Karim's arm for protection, and feel as safe as she ever had been. Karim was her master.



One afternoon, a guest arrived. His name was Faisal, a close friend of Karim's, a man with the same intelligent, watchful eyes. Layla served them mint tea in the sitting room, her movements practiced and graceful. She kept her gaze lowered, as Karim had taught her, but she could feel Faisal's eyes on her. They were not the eyes of a man lusting after a woman, but of an appraiser admiring a finished product.

"You have done well, my brother," Faisal said to Karim, his voice filled with genuine admiration. "She is a credit to you. So beautiful, so respectful."

Karim smiled, placing a hand on Layla's shoulder. A warmth bloomed in her chest at his touch. "She is a gift from Allah," he said.

Later, while Layla was in the kitchen preparing the evening meal, Karim joined Faisal on the balcony overlooking the city. The sun was setting, painting the sky in shades of orange and purple.

"Everything went according to plan?" Faisal asked, his voice low.

"Better than we could have ever imagined," Karim replied, a note of pride in his tone. "The mind control protocols we developed and subjected them to as soldiers... they are flawless. The Americans, with their rigid military indoctrination, are the perfect subjects. Their minds are already conditioned for structure, for hierarchy, for submission to a cause. We simply gave them a new cause."

Faisal nodded, looking out at the bustling city below. "It is a thing of beauty. Omar's wife, the former Marine captain, she was so resistant at first. Now she begs him for permission to go to the market. And Youssef's woman, that Army pilot, she weeps with gratitude every time he allows her to touch his feet."

"They were all occupiers," Karim said, his voice hardening for a moment. "Men who came to our lands with weapons and arrogance. Now they are the humble, respectful wives of the men they once sought to command. They are no longer a threat. They are a testament to our strength. The program is a success. It is ready to be used more widely. We can destroy those Americans who would defile our land."

Inside the house, Layla hummed to herself as she chopped vegetables. She had never known such contentment. The constant, grinding anxiety of her old life, the hypervigilance, the weight of responsibility, was all gone. In its place was the simple, profound joy of serving her husband. She loved the feel of the hijab on her head, a constant reminder of her new identity, her new purpose.

Karim came back into the kitchen, his expression softening as he looked at her. He wrapped his arms around her waist from behind, resting his chin on her shoulder. “Layla,” he whispered, his breath warm against her ear. “I love you more than words can say.”

A deep blush colored her cheeks. She turned in his arms to face him, looking up into the dark eyes that held her entire world. The name of the soldier she once was felt like a distant echo, a story about someone else.

“I have never known a greater love,” she said, her voice soft and sincere. “My love for Allah, and my love for you, my husband.”

“Is dinner...”

“I heard you and Faisal on the balcony,” she continued, her voice quiet but steady. “Every word.”

The warmth vanished from Karim’s face, replaced by a guarded stillness. He opened his mouth, then closed it, searching for the words. “Layla... it is not what you think. It is...”

“Shhh,” she said. She placed a fingertip on his lips, her touch gentle. She leaned in closer, her voice dropping.

“How may this humble daughter of Allah help?”

## THE SCENE QUEEN

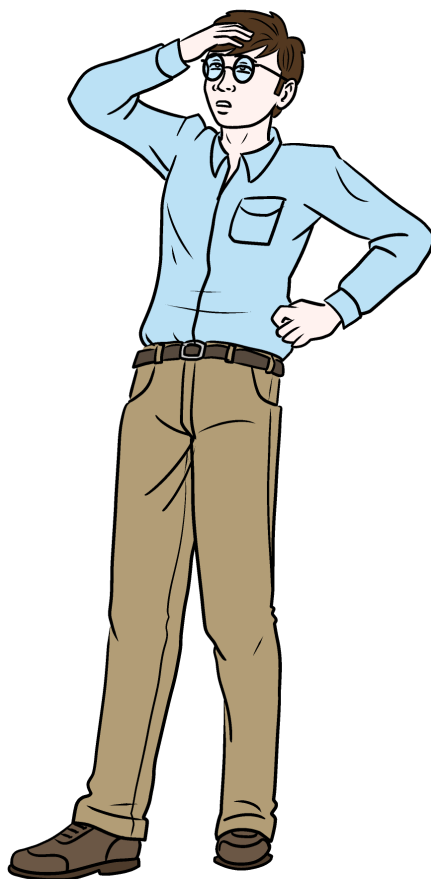
Kellen Fairchild hadn't seen the sun for days. He was a student studying to be spent most days in the campus archives. The obsessed young man read tablets, letters, and grain records until he forgot the hour. He copied lines from papyri and spoke them out loud because he wanted to hear how they sounded.

Kellen was well known around campus. Not by name. Not by reputation. Not through achievement. He was known simply for being a kook.

Studying for his Archaeological degree, he had quickly honed in on Egyptology after just a few weeks into his first classes. It was an endlessly fascinating topic, and he began to get more and more interested in the subject. Now it was the only subject. He was working around the clock on his studies, sleeping in the library for weeks on end, and skipping classes — if not just outright forgetting he actually took classes.

In his neglected apartment, the once-vibrant posters of bands and the framed photograph of him and his college friends, grinning on a sun-drenched beach, were now obscured by towering stacks of books. Papyrus-scented tomes on Ptolemaic dynasties, lexicons of demotic script, and dense archaeological reports on the Palace of Alexandria formed the walls of his new reality. Outside, the 21st century hummed along, but for Kellen, the only sound he could hear was the wind over the sands of ancient Egypt.

Kellen sat at his small desk with three lamps pointed at a stack of bound journals. He read a transcription of a Middle Kingdom court record and moved his lips with each line as if he spoke to someone beside him. He ran his finger over a gloss on kinship roles and nodded as if the writer spoke to him in the room. His phone buzzed, but he kept reading. He leaned close to the page and spoke a phrase in the reconstructed dialect. His voice carried a rough edge he had picked up from a pronunciation guide that he kept open



in another tab. Night after night, he would lose any sense of obligation besides reading more texts.



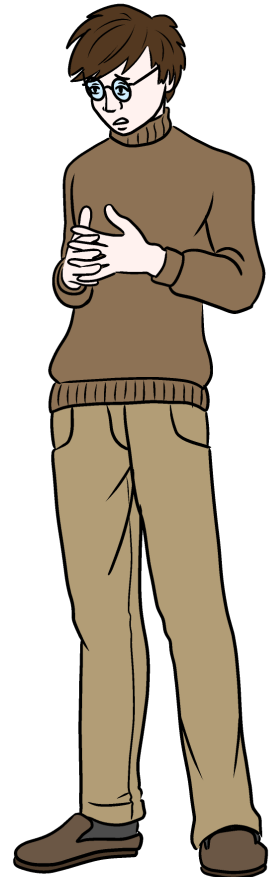
One day, he opened a paper on early agricultural practice. He turned to the section on grain rations and traced the table of measurements. At the same time, he ordered groceries for his meager kitchen. At his doorstep was a bag full of barley, onions, lentils, and figs because they were in his notes from the night before, the only things on his mind. He boiled the barley and chopped the onions and ate in silence while the laptop played a lecture on Old Kingdom social roles. He chewed slow and stared at the screen. He kept eating the bland meal, telling himself this was the proper meal for him, seemingly unaware that he was eating a recipe from two thousand years ago.

Weeks later, when he passed the mirror near the bathroom he paused. He pulled at the waistline of his jeans. They hung loose. He shrugged and returned to his desk with a bowl of dried dates, ready for another late night of studying.

As his world was shrinking to the shores of the Nile, one night he opened a medical papyrus translation and studied a list of plant mixtures described as youth tonics. He circled a few names and cross-checked them in an ethnobotany article. He ordered dried herbs online and brewed them into a dark drink as soon as the package arrived. The taste sat sharp on his tongue. He drank it anyway and said, "This follows the prescription," in the clipped consonants he practiced from the grammar manual.

He dyed his hair two weeks later. He stood in the shower with the dye bottle, unsure if he really wanted to do this, but his brown hair was the sign of a lowly peasant. Black hair was absolutely necessary for people of any status. He applied the dye in slow strokes and watched the water run dark. He stepped out and looked at himself again. He tilted his head and felt more at ease. No more looking over his shoulder and wondering what the other scribes were saying about him.

His friend Mark stopped by in the afternoon with a bag of takeout. "You look different," Mark said as Kellen opened the door. Kellen stared for a moment



as if he had trouble placing the sound. Mark lifted the bag. “I brought you food. You didn’t answer my texts.”

Kellen spoke with some disdain. “I eat proper rations. I do not need this.” He stepped back and motioned for Mark to come in. His gestures came fast and sharp. He kept one hand across his stomach the way he had seen in formal postures described in a monograph on iconography.

Mark set the bag on the counter. “Are you okay? You sound... like you haven’t gotten any sleep.”

Kellen looked confused. “I speak in the correct register.” He opened another book and pointed to a passage. “This is the proper sound. My sleep is as regular as Khonsu’s arrival.”

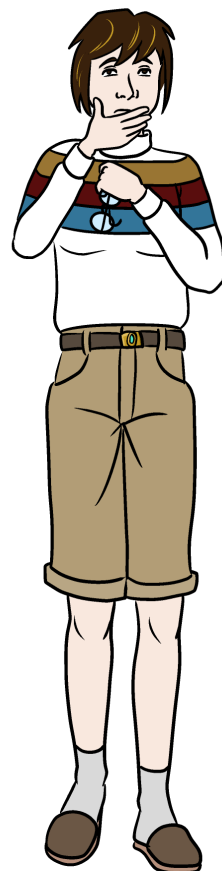
Mark frowned, not picking up on Khonsu, the moon god, as he wasn’t into Egypt at all, but he was used to Kellen saying weird things. “Gotcha.”



Later that night, Kellen brewed another cup of the herb mixture. He sipped and read a section on household structure. He rubbed his arms and paused, then returned to the text. He adjusted the lamp. He leaned forward and whispered each sentence. He kept reading until the lines blurred. He blinked hard and spoke the next phrase in that same voice. He did not notice how different it sounded from the way he spoke a month before. He only turned the page and kept going.

Kellen woke up suddenly, still at his desk with another stack of notes spread across the floor. He cleared his eyes and read a section on Cleopatra’s early rule and mouthed each line as if they were his own words. He turned pages with slow care. He repeated phrases under his breath and shaped each word with the same clipped accent he used for weeks. His room stayed quiet except for the soft rustle of paper.

He stood and walked to the mirror. He stopped and stared. His black hair framed his face. His cheeks looked softer. His body looked slender and curvier. Kellen had no idea that the herbal concoction he had been taking for youth was, in fact, a very ancient estrogen. He held still for a long



moment. Kellen lifted his chin and fixed his gaze on the reflection, tilting his head until it matched the angle in an illustration he kept marked. He pressed his lips together and nodded once as if he confirmed something he never said aloud.

He went to his closet and took out a turquoise sweatshirt and wrapped it around his shoulders and then slipped his feet into a pair of Birkenstock sandals from the back of his closet. The young student was pleased. He didn't seem to understand that he was matching with the figures he studied. He stepped back from the mirror and shifted his stance with practiced care, moving his hand to his collarbone and rested it there. He lowered his eyes, then raised them again with a steady expression. He looked so pale, he thought to himself.

Kellen walked into the living room and moved with measured steps. He brushed the edge of the doorway with his fingers as if it marked an entrance he needed to acknowledge and paused near the table and looked at the chair before sitting in it. He kept his back straight. He placed his hands in his lap with calm precision. He reached for a bowl of figs and honey without glancing at it, eating in silence.

A few hours later, Mark knocked on the door. "Kellen? You home?" Kellen looked up but did not answer. Mark opened the door halfway. "You didn't text me back." He stepped inside and stopped when he saw the wrap. "You all right?"

Kellen looked at him with a calm stare. "Cleopatra prepared for the day," he said. His accent shaped each consonant. He kept his posture fixed.

Mark pointed at the linen. "Is this like a costume thing?"

Kellen shook his head. "It is correct for the time period." He spoke the line as if it explained enough. He placed another fig in his mouth and chewed slow.

Mark watched him. "You look tired. Are you getting out at all?" He stepped closer. "I'm a little worried. You're not acting like yourself."

Kellen looked up with calm eyes. "Cleopatra prepares for court." He spoke the line with the accent shaped by weeks of reading. "I must receive guests."

Mark set his keys down. "This is your apartment. You don't need to prepare for anything." He pointed at the wrap. "This isn't like you. Did you take some Adderall or something?"

Kellen blinked. He looked at the table, then back at Mark. "I observe the customs of my people." He spoke each word with care. He waited for Mark to respond as if the statement explained everything.

Mark walked closer. "You know you're in Chicago."

Kellen looked around the room. He scanned the walls and the furniture with slow focus. "This is the royal house," he said. He rose from his chair and

adjusted the wrap again. "I follow the duties of my ancestors."

Mark rubbed his forehead. "You've been reading too many books, my dude. If this is a joke... You're taking all this too far."

Kellen stepped closer and placed his hands together in front of him. "I greet you as a guest," he said. His voice held the rhythm of a court greeting he had practiced. He waited for a response.

Mark sighed. "What do you want me to say?"

Kellen looked confused for a moment. He turned his head toward the mirror in the living room. He stared again at his reflection. His voice dropped to a whisper. "Cleopatra holds her gaze this way." He touched his hair and smoothed it behind his ear. He lifted his chin and walked back toward the kitchen with slow steps.

Mark watched him. "How are you going to go to class like this?"

Kellen opened a cabinet and took out barley flour. "I attend to state matters," he said. "I keep record of grain and trade." He placed the flour on the counter and began to measure it into a bowl. He moved with the calm certainty of someone following a routine he knew by heart.

Mark leaned against the doorframe. "You don't take grain. You take exams."

Kellen paused. He looked at Mark and frowned as if he did not understand the word. "I hold the scrolls," he said. "The laws of the royalty." He tapped the counter with two fingers, then returned to the flour. portioned them into several smaller bowls.

He carried the bowl to the table and sat again. He ate a fig and looked out the window. "I must learn this city," he said in a quiet tone. "The streets here differ from the capital. It reminds me of Carthage." He kept his eyes fixed on the cars passing outside, taking in each sound with cautious attention, as if he stepped through a world both new and expected.

"You need to get out." Mark rubbed his jaw. "Do you... want to hang out tomorrow night? Get coffee or something?"

Kellen paused as if he weighed a request from a remote province. "I must learn the customs here," he said. "I observe and adapt." He stood and walked



to the window and watched the cars pass. He studied each movement with slow focus.

Mark watched him for a moment. "Okay. Is that a yes?" He picked up his keys and stepped out, still confused.

Kellen did not look away from the window. He rested both hands over his torso in a posture he practiced each morning. His reflection in the glass stared back at him with dark hair, soft features, and careful poise. He lifted his chin a little higher and held still as if the position was required, motionless, as if he were an illustration in one of his books.



Mark arrived at the coffee shop first and picked a small table near the wall. He kept checking the door. Students talked at nearby tables and typed on laptops. The sound of the espresso machine filled the room. He tapped his foot and kept his eyes fixed on the entrance.

Kellen walked in wearing a long linen gown that reached the floor. A gold-colored collar piece sat across his shoulders. His eyebrows were thick and dark. His hair hung straight against his cheeks. His figure looked softer and narrower than it had weeks earlier. He stepped forward with slow, measured movements. He looked around the room with calm interest, as if he was studying a foreign ritual. Some students turned their heads. A barista paused mid-pour.

Mark stood fast. "Kellen, what are you doing?" His voice came out tight.

Kellen stopped and looked at him. "I greet you," he said in the same clipped accent. He placed one hand over his chest. His tone carried a steady formality. He did not sit. He only watched Mark with patient focus.

"That's not what I mean," Mark said. "You can't walk around campus like this." He looked at the dress again. "People are staring."

Kellen tilted his head. "They observe their queen as I observe them," he said. "It is expected." He looked at a nearby table as if he compared the setting to something familiar.

Mark moved closer. "*Queen?* Why are you talking like that, Kellen?" He lowered his voice. "You *are* taking Adderall, wren't you?"

Kellen frowned. "I do not know this name." He glanced at the counter, then back at Mark. "You address the wrong person."

Mark felt his chest tighten. "Jesus. Something is seriously wrong."

Kellen looked confused. "You mistake me," he said. He adjusted the collar piece. He stood with straight posture and kept his breathing even. "I hold a different station." His voice stayed calm, as if he explained a minor error.

A few students whispered. One took out a phone. Mark stepped between them and Kellen. “We need to go,” he said. “Right now.” He reached for Kellen’s arm.

Kellen looked at the hand with mild surprise. “You give a command to me?” he asked. “This is treachery.” He let Mark guide him toward the door with slow steps. He turned his head once as he left and scanned the room with a distant gaze.

Mark didn't even want to know why his former friend was suddenly so... Feminine. His costume only emphasized that he now sported a pair of breasts, somehow, and that his skin was darker. Had he tanned? Had he been taking hormones? These questions would have to wait. Outside, the beleaguered student kept walking. “We’re going back to your apartment,” he said. “We need to talk. Something’s wrong.”

Kellen matched his pace with steady, graceful steps. “The palace guards will not let you get away with this,” he said. “You dare not injure the queen, or you will be slain upon sight.” He kept his eyes forward.

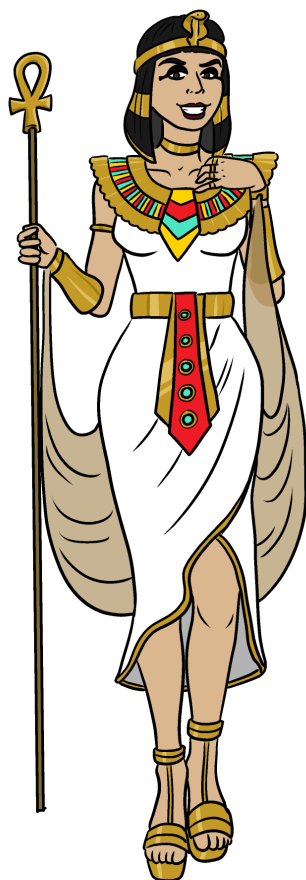
They turned onto a side street with bars and clubs. Music spilled out onto the sidewalk. A wash of colored lights pulsed from an open doorway. People stood outside smoking and laughing. Kellen stopped mid-step. He looked at the lights with focused curiosity.

“Come on, keep moving,” Mark said. “Stay with me.”

Kellen stepped forward toward the club. “The hall shines,” he said. His voice sounded almost thoughtful. “The lights.” He reached the door before Mark could grab him.

“Kellen, wait,” Mark said. “Don’t go in there.”

Kellen slipped inside without hesitation. He moved past the bouncer, who blinked at the costume but let him pass because the crowd flowed around them. Mark rushed after him. He called out, “Stop. Please.” But Kellen had already disappeared into the shifting lights. “Fine, whatever,” he said as he walked away. “I ain’t got time for this shit.”





The club's lights pulsed across the room in sharp waves. The air felt warm from the crowd packed near the stage. Kellen moved through the bodies with slow, controlled steps. The linen gown brushed the floor. The collar piece caught the colored strobe and reflected it across his face. The music hit like a steady drum in the walls. People noticed him at once. Some smiled. Others raised their phones. A circle formed without anyone asking for it.

Kellen stepped into the open space and lifted his chin. He held his hands in front of him with the same practiced posture he used in his apartment. He lowered one hand and let the other hover near his shoulder. The crowd responded with cheers. A few dropped to one knee as a joke, and Kellen took it as a sign of respect. He walked through the circle with a slow sway. He kept his head high. He turned his wrists in a smooth pattern he learned from an illustration of court dance.

The nightclub lights washed the walls in every color. The bass shook the floor in steady waves. People crowded around the center of the room where Cleopatra moved with slow, deliberate steps. Her gown shimmered under the lights, her hair straight and dark. Faces turned to follow her each time she crossed the floor. Hands lifted toward her as if they waited for a signal. She walked through the crowd with the calm confidence of someone who expected attention.

A group of students near the bar whispered. One leaned forward. "She's here every night," he said. "Everyone calls her the queen."

Another nodded. "She runs the place. People follow her like she owns it."

She practically did. Cleopatra, once Kellen, had been adopted by the regulars at the nightclub. Now, months after she first stepped inside, Cleopatra held court every night in the club, chatting, dancing, accepting tribute and dispensing justice. This was her own little kingdom. It may have started out as kind of a lark for the people who came to dance every night, but more and more, it was becoming its own modest movement. A cult, if you will. A cult of Cleopatra.

Cleopatra stepped up onto a low platform near the DJ booth. The DJ lowered the volume for a moment. The crowd shifted toward her. She raised her chin. Her voice carried across the room. "You honor me with your presence," she said in her clipped accent. "You keep this hall alive."

People cheered. Some bowed their heads. Cleopatra moved her hand in a slow gesture of recognition. She looked at each face with the same calm attention she once used for ancient texts. She stepped down again and walked through the dancers. People made space for her without being asked.



Kellen was no more. Somewhere between his studies and the praise Kellen fell into the darkness of the mind, and only Cleopatra VIII remained. She had no memory of life before, and no desire to examine a past that meant nothing to her. She was the queen of denial, after all.

Later, in the back lounge, she sat on a cushioned bench while a group gathered around her. One placed a bowl of dates on her lap. She looked at it with mild curiosity before setting it beside her, allowing her official taster to eat one before she dared try it herself. She leaned back and crossed her legs. “You gather here each night,” she said. “You show your respect through dance and celebration. I value it.”

A girl beside her laughed. “We love you. You know that.”

Cleopatra held her gaze. “You have a good head about you.” She rested her hands on her knees. “It teaches me much about this age.”

Another patron leaned closer. “You could run this whole scene. You already kinda do.”

Cleopatra looked out toward the crowded floor. “This hall accepts my rule,” she said. “They offer loyalty.” She paused. She watched the dancers raise their hands as the beat climbed again. “Yet I see more beyond this place.”

The group shifted. One asked, “More how?”

She studied the lights on the far wall, pressing her fingers together. “If a hall grants this, then a city may grant more.”

The group fell quiet. They waited for her next words.

She leaned forward. “I have learned your laws. I have learned how your world moves. I know its customs.” She looked at the crowd again. “You follow me here. Others may follow me outside these walls.”

Someone laughed in a nervous tone. “You’re serious.”

Cleopatra did not react. “I consider what is possible.” She stood and adjusted her gown. “A queen does not remain in one low chamber. She observes the world and decides where the gods call for her to reign.”

She walked back toward the dance floor. The crowd saw her return and surged forward. Hands lifted again. People chanted her name, the name of Cleopatra. She moved through them with the same steady unbothered pace. She stepped onto the platform once more and raised her head regally, just like the illustrations in a dusty textbook that would never be read again.

## IT'S THE THOT THAT COUNTS

Avery sat on the sagging couch in Marques's apartment while Marques kept laughing in a way that made Avery rub his face and wish he hadn't lost their bet, and Marques said, "You said you'd do anything."

"People from school watch my stuff sometimes," Avery replied in a tone of voice that was dangerously close to a whine. "They're gonna..."

"You shoulda thought about that before making the bet, Ave."

"I kill you! I'm serious! I'm not going to go online in..."

"Hey, even I'm not that cruel. I made a fresh account, no one will know," so Avery pulled the black wig over his head and felt the clip dig into his scalp as he tried to arrange the strands in front of his eyes while Marques pushed a cheap ring light closer to him, and Avery said, "I look ridiculous."

"Not half as ridiculous as when you put the makeup on." He dropped a small box of makeup essential on the desk. "Don't forget the freckles. Guys love the freckles."

"But the skirt? I'm just going to be sitting at this desk."

"And maybe they ask you to do a little dance for them."

Avery flopped his head over, limp. "Oh God, why did I make that bet?"

"Hell if I know. But if you don't follow up, I am going to show this pic," he snapped a shot on his phone, "to Suzy."

"I haven't even talked to her yet! She'll think I'm a perv even before she knows my name."

After applying a light blush and painting on freckles, he slathered his lips in enough lip gloss to cover the Pacific Ocean. He sat in the desk chair while the new account dashboard blinked at him and the chat window stayed empty, and he said, "Alright, what do I even say?"



“Just talk like you do this every day,” Marques said as he hit the button and saw Avery’s face appear on screen.

Avery sat silently for several minutes, his friend Marques loving every moment. He had his hand over his mouth to stop himself from laughing.

Finally, someone typed “hey” and the boy in the wig froze until Marques nudged him and whispered, “Say hi.”

So Avery said, in a squeaky falsetto, “Hi.” He took another breath. “Welcome,” he added. “I thought maybe we’d play a little Mario?”

Even just a minute into the stream, more people arrived and then yet more, until the chat scrolled faster than he could read it.

“Cute look,” A commenter said. Another said, “Do you take requests,” and Avery felt heat climb up his neck but kept going because stopping would feel worse. He pressed a button on his keyboard to show the game and started playing, saying whatever was on his mind, trying to keep up the kind of patter he saw other streamers do.

After a few minutes a donation alert popped up with an amount that made him stare, and he said, “That’s too much,” but the chat kept rolling with more donations until he couldn’t keep track.

Looking at his friend off camera, Avery was frightened. He hadn’t expected this kind of response. It was just a silly bet. Marques mouthed, “Keep going,” while Avery tried to sound steady.

His next donation was a shock. A single, flashing notification

AnonymousDonor69: \$50 - 'uwu ur so cute'

Avery blinked, dumbfounded. He’d been expecting mockery, not cash. He stammered out a “th-thank you,” trying to pitch his voice higher, which only made it sound worse. Then another donation came in. And another. By the end of the hour, his screen was a constant, mesmerizing cascade of notifications. He’d made over two thousand dollars.

When he hit the “end stream” button, the donation counter sat far higher than anything he’d ever earned on his regular channel.

“I didn’t think people would go wild like that,” Marques said.

“I don’t get it,” Avery replied. “I mean, A dude in a wig gets a result like this?”

Marques shrugged. “Guess the look works,” then dropped the subject while Avery folded the wig and stuffed it in his backpack. The whole thing made him feel exposed even though no one knew it was him. Fortunately Marques didn’t press him afterward because they both felt the weirdness settle into the room. This was supposed to be a little eating crow for Avery. Now it felt like that had uncovered something very unsettling.



Later that night, Avery sat at his desk in the dark with the wig next to his keyboard. The new account dashboard was open on the screen with the donations listed in neat rows. He shook his head and said to himself, “This is insane,” while he clicked through the analytics. Avery saw the spike in viewers, a thing he’d never ever seen before. He’d dreamt of seeing something like it, hundred of viewers suddenly coming on his stream, but never thought he would actually see it. He wondered if this was what it was like to be a real youtuber.

Then opened the camera test window and without opening his eyes, pulled the wig back on, adjusting it. “No one has to know,” he said. The thought steadied him while he checked the lighting and fixed the mic gain.

He went live again without telling Marques or anyone else — and the viewers came back as if they’d been waiting.

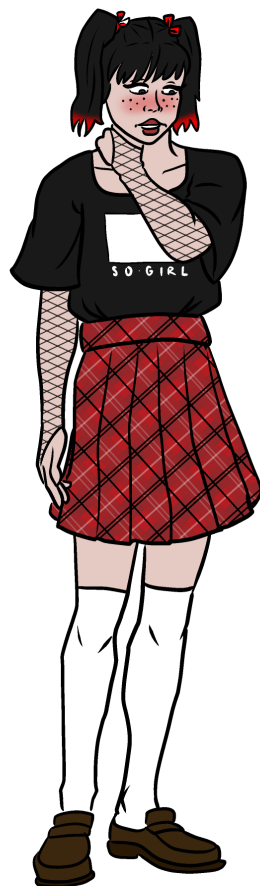
“You’re back!” and another said, “I thought the stream was a one-off.”

Avery said, pushing a smile onto his terrified face, “I wanted to try a few things,” while he watched the chat roll out of control again. “And we never even got to level 3.”

Donations hit the screen one by one until he stopped reacting to each alert because they arrived too often. He kept speaking in a steady tone that felt polished even though he hadn’t rehearsed anything. He stayed there for hours as the viewer count climbed higher and higher. He was already at 500. For just a second stream, it seemed impossible. He felt like he’d stepped into someone else’s life.

He kept the second account open on his phone for the day and checked stats between classes. The view counts on the VOD were climbing like crazy. 4.7k by just lunch time. “This has to slow down at some point,” he thought, but the numbers didn’t slow one bit.

He streamed again that night with the wig combed and his face made up with a little more care. Chat asked him questions aplenty, but answered only when they weren’t too personal.



“Your voice sounds familiar,” someone typed in chat.

Avery’s chest tightened. “I don’t think so,” he said in a far more polished girl voice than he had used before. He needed to be careful. He couldn’t slip back into his male voice. That would sink him fast. He waited for that to turn into a problem but nothing happened. The stream moved on.

As the days continued, he streamed every night. He’d finish his homework, lock the door, and start putting on the makeup. Avery kept the secret by telling friends he was working late or studying. He told Marques he was too tired for coming over and playing games. He knew Marques could see the stats on the account he had created, and hoped he wasn’t paying attention. Avery didn’t want to explain why the new account kept growing, but at the same time he checked his PayPal balance with a bated breath while he planned the next stream.



Marques met up with Avery at his place near campus one day. It had been a few weeks since he had last seen him, as he had been always putting off any kind of meet up. But Marques had been insistent. He had been hounding him for days, and he finally relented.

When Avery answered the door, Marques was shocked. Avery had a pink tint to his hair. “You dyed it,” Marques observed.

“Yeah, it hits different, doesn’t it?” Avery said in a tone that made Marques give his old friend a funny look. Avery hadn’t talked like that before, his voice breathy and soft.

“Since when do you talk like that?”

Avery shrugged. Avery went into the kitchen. “Beer?” He asked. “For real, I got the deets on a new brew that is totally clean. No lie.”

Marques tried to match the person in front of him with the friend he knew. “Yeah, sure,” Marques replied.

As they sat down, they talked about class, but Avery kept answering with clipped phrases Marques only heard online. “You sound like twitch chat.”



“It’s peak,” he replied, and he moved on like nothing was strange. Marques kept watching him, wondering if his friend was going to break down and laugh, as if he was just pulling a prank. He didn’t.

“Are you wearing earrings?” Marques asked.

“Like or dislike?” Avery replied, showing them off.



It was months before Marques had time for Avery. He was giving him a little time to shake off whatever it was that masked making him act so weird, but eventually Marques wanted to see for himself if Avery had righted himself, and messaged his friend.

To his disappointment, Marques saw that Avery’s hair looked brighter, almost bubblegum pink, now. His clothes sat on him in a new way that Marques couldn’t describe without sounding rude. Avery’s body had changed — and not for the better.

“You sure you’re okay,” Marques asked.

“Nothing but dubs,” Avery replied, while he scrolled on his phone and barely looked up.

Marques noticed how Avery kept pulling his at shirt as if trying to hide something

“You alright?”

Avery said, “I’m fine, you’re acting sus.”

“I’m asking because you look different,” Marques replied.

Avery shook his head. “Bro, for real.” He went back to his phone with a smirk that didn’t match the old Avery. The whole time Marques felt a slow pressure build. Not just for Avery’s strange behavior, but because his friend looked softer around the chest and shoulders, and it didn’t look like weight gain since the rest of him stayed lean.

“If you say so,” Marques answered.



When they hung out again, Avery wore a tee shirt instead of a hoodie, and Marques saw the shape under the fabric and couldn’t ignore it. “I’m going to ask something, and you can get mad later.”

Avery looked up with an annoyed squint. “What now,” he said. “You’re living out some low-key creeper vibes. Straight up.”

“Your chest,” Marques said. “Something’s going on.”

“It’s not that serious,” and crossed his arms as if that would help.

“It looks like you’ve got breasts.”

Avery said, “It’s just gains,” even though Marques knew Avery hadn’t been near a gym in months. “Everyone’s malding for no reason,” then changed the subject before Marques could ask anything else.

“And your butt is bigger, too.”

“My butt?” Avery looked down and grabbed a cheek as if he’d never noticed before. “No way that just happened!”

“You don’t talk like yourself,” Marques said, pointing at him.

“You’re stuck in boomer mode,” then laughed in a short burst.

“I’m serious, man. You can tell me if something’s going on.”

“It’s literally fine,” Avery said, while scrolling through his phone.

Marques said, “You sound more like a streamer every day... And you look more and more like a streamer.”

“That’s a weird thing to say,” Avery replied. “Don’t be so cringe.”

As Avery got up to get something in the kitchen, Marques grabbed his phone. On a whim, he checked that stats for the fake streamer account he had created for Avery. He almost fainted when he saw the numbers. 800k subscribers. 35k viewers per video. Live viewers 3.7k. \$23,000 in revenue this month. and it was only the 8th.

Even more scary were the thumbnails.

“Marques?” Avery asked when he returned with a new can of beer. But the room was empty.



Marques walked into Avery's apartment after knocking twice with no answer. He had waited until later that night to try and figure out what was going on. He put the emergency key back under the mat and closed the door. He heard the familiar stream alerts from the bedroom, so he quietly walked over to it and pushed the door open. Avery was sitting at his desk, bathed in the glow of a ring light. He was on camera. He wore a tiny pink crop top with a red heart and a very short pleated skirt. His hair was long, a wig made up of blue and pink with a frilly red ribbon in it. He was twirling a strand of the hair and laughing at something on his monitor. The screen was a blur of donations and messages. "Oh my god, you guys are the best," Avery cooed to the camera. "Daddy just sent me a whole new gaming chair!"

Marques saw red. He crossed the room in three steps and batted the camera right off its' mount.

"What the *fuck* is this?" Marques yelled.

Of course, it was pretty obvious what it was.

"Dude, what are you doing? You're embarrassing yourself!"

Avery looked terrified, his confident persona gone. His real world had just crashed his fragile little streamer world. "I'm sorry," he whispered, his voice back to its normal register. "I was juts making some extra money. I swear, I'll stop. I'll stop all of it." He kept breathing through his nose while he wiped at his eye makeup with the back of his hand.

They sat in the living room with the ring light still glowing in the bedroom. "I'll delete the account," Avery said in between sniffles.

Marques said, "I want you to be straight with me."

"I will," he said. "I will."

"Those ain't your own boobs."

"They're latex," Avery admitted.

He then took it off and threw it across the room. "I'm done with it," in a flat tone that didn't match the hours he'd been spending on the streams. "I'm so sorry."





A few days later, Marques opened his phone and saw a merch link get shared in a group chat. Absently, he glanced at the thumbnail, and was shocked to see Avery's stream persona smiling with a pastel background. The caption said, "Preorders open for the new drop."

Marques stared at the screen for a long time before calling him. When Avery answered, Marques said, "You're selling merch."

"It's already set up," Avery said, "I couldn't just kill all of it."

"You told me you stopped."

"It's not a big deal, it's just tees and stickers," in the same tone he used when he didn't want to talk.

"You're lying."

"People like the character, and I'm handling it," then ended the call before Marques finished his next sentence.

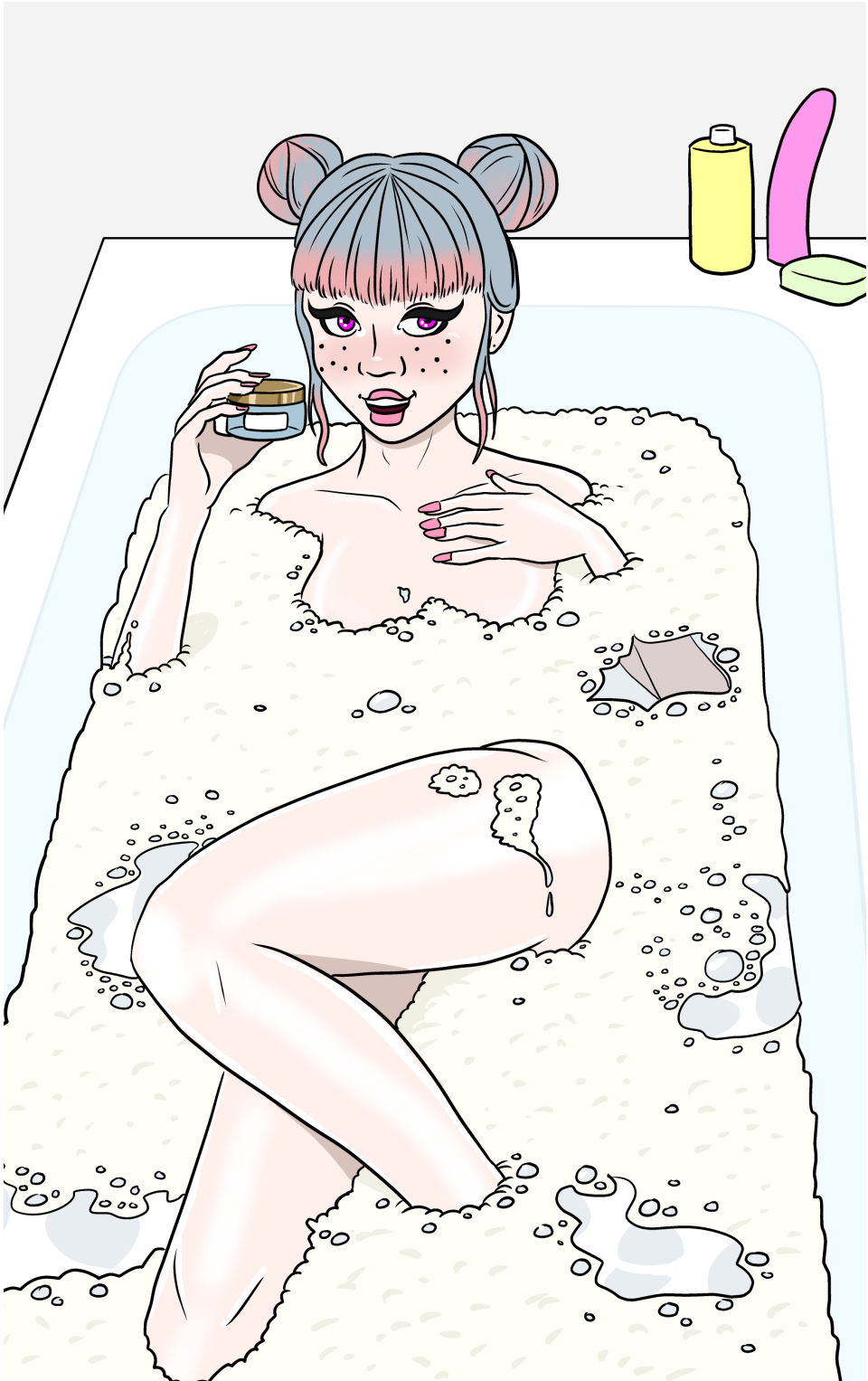
That night Marques watched the new stream from his phone without logging in, and Avery appeared on screen in a soft pink hoodie with the same styled hair and a cleaned-up background filled with merch samples, and chat spammed his name the moment he waved.

Avery said, "I saw the rumors," while he adjusted his mic and kept his eyes on the scrolling messages, and he said, "Some people keep saying I used to be a guy." Chat erupted with arguments.

Marques watched Avery take a slow breath before he continued. Avery said, "I'm not here to explain myself to haters," and he leaned closer to the camera and said, "You can believe your eyes." He leaned into the camera and let the camera get a nice, lingering shot of the cleavage in between his boobs. Latex or not, it was very convincing.

"The ones who stay know what's real," as chat flooded the screen with heart emotes.

Marques closed his phone, knowing there was no going back. He had lost his best friend. To chat.



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#### Sick Puppy Comics

##### **Making Friends**

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Three college students sign up for a six-month isolation experiment. Things start to get a little strange, and they begin to lose their masculinity day by day. Yet, they don't seem to even notice... Full Color Comic Book / 38 pages

##### **The Pet Sitter**

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Asked to look after a supermodel's pet for a while, James finds himself thrust out of his own apartment and into hers. Day by day, it seems like circumstances adapt James to become the resident of a supermodel's lifestyle. Full Color Comic Book / 29 pages

##### **A Curious Curse**

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. When teen goth Brandyn gets his drivers' license, he thinks it's a ticket to adulthood. Unfortunately, he's already cashed a ticket in the opposite direction. Full Color Comic Book / 27 pages

##### **Boys Will Be Girls**

Story & Art by Fraylim, Script by KK, Ink & Color by Joe Six-Pack. The "Summer Blossom" camp welcomes a new group of young men. But although it may be an all-boys camp when they arrive, it's girls-only when they leave. Full Color Comic Book / 100 pages

##### **Double-Crossed**

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Jesse is on the run from justice. When he finds an old friend who can help him, that old friend seems more interested in helping Jesse become a woman. Comic / 24 pages

##### **The Step-Witch**

Story by Joe Six-Pack. Dillon has a new step-mother. Problem is that she and Dillon don't get along. More of a problem for Dillon is that she's a witch — and wants a daughter. Full Color Comic Book / 17 pages

##### **The Charm**

Story by Joe Six-Pack, art by Osoku WARUI. Gavin is a student who laments his boring life. Then he crosses paths with Krista. Things are about to change, and not necessarily for the better. Comic / 24 pages

##### **College Can Change a Man**

Story & art by Joe Six-Pack. A small college has been hanging on to its male-dominated mindset for too long. Now, a new member of the board has arrived to make some changes. A lot of changes. Comic / 243 pages

##### **Help Wanted 1**

Story by James J Craft, art by RocketXpert. Three boys are getting far more than they bargained for when they get summer jobs at a woman's fancy mansion. Comic / 40 pages

##### **Help Wanted 2**

Story by James J Craft, art by RocketXpert. Three more boys are getting far more than they bargained for at a woman's fancy mansion, and three others are finding their places. Comic / 40 pages

##### **What Popular Girls Do**

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. A teaching assistant in high school is about to find out what it's like to go back to class — but as a saucy teenage girl with a bully boyfriend he needs to satisfy. Comic / 47 pages

#### Teens Transformed

##### **She Made Me Into My Sister**

"A Little Too Clever" by Joe Six-Pack. Wyatt wanted to help his girlfriend get revenge, but at what cost? As it turns out, a cost greater than any boy could have imagined. Book / 88 pages / 20 illustrations

##### **He's a Valley Girl, Fer Sure**

From the files of TGStories.com: "Corey Taylor's Big Bodacious Adventure" by Joe Six-Pack. For Corey, the only way he can get into college is to pretend to be a girl. But when does it stop being pretend? When he's cheerleader? A girlfriend? A beauty queen? Book / 78 pages / 17 illustrations

## **From Boys to Bridesmaids**

“Always a Bridesmaid, Never a Groom” by James J Craft. Two spoiled and privileged boys are about to be put in their place by their new step-mother. And their place is by her side as her bridesmaids and daughters. Book / 77 Pages / 16 illustrations

## **Little Mis-ter Popular**

“My Two Moms” by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Thanks to his aunt’s “Confidence Club,” Leon will find a way to become popular, and to get over all his hang-ups... Including his masculinity. Book / 77 Pages / 17 illustrations

## **Bride to Be**

By Joe Six-Pack. Derek and Cole grew up together as kids. One year, though, Cole has to start pitching in at the family wedding business. His life will never be the same. Book / 63 pages / 25 illustrations

## **Gone Girly for Good**

“Big in Japan” by James J Craft. Mike and Ken were one-hit-wonder rock stars. Then they discovered they had fans in Japan, so they left to become famous. Then they discovered that the Japanese didn’t know they were guys. Book / 77 pages / 26 illustrations

## **One Year in Tokyo**

By James J Craft, illustrations by Kwon Lee Tran. Mickey is forced to spend a year with his father in Japan. However things often get confused when words get translated from English to Japanese, as Mickey soon finds out... Book / 87 pages / 20 illustrations

## **Mall Makeover Madness**

“A Day at the Mall” by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Four boys are going to have one weird day at the mall. By the time the day is over, it’s four girls who leave the mall to begin their new lives. Book / 109 pages / 25 illustrations

## **Convicts to Co-Eds**

Story by By Courtney Captisa & Claire Bear, illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Three teen boys are sent to a reform school. What they can’t know is that they are about to be “reformed” all the way into skirts... And beyond. Book / 154 pages / 31 illustrations

## **Creating Samantha**

Story by Cheryl Lynn, illustrations by The Might Fenek. Samuel was under the tutelage of his legal guardian, only his guardian had no intentions of letting him grow up male. Book / 70 pages / 16 illustrations

## **Crosley High Chronicles**

By Joe Six-Pack. River is coming to a new school, and trying to fit in. The problem is the only way he’s going to fit in is in skirts and heels. Book / 217 pages / 75 illustrations

## **Student Exchange**

By Joe Six-Pack. Kelley Sue’s convinced a French exchange student to disguise himself as a girl. What happens when she realizes he has no intention of returning back home? Book / 77 pages / 22 illustrations

## **The Substitute Ski Bunny**

By Joe Six-Pack. Walker is a young man who’s fallen in love with a girl. The only way he can get close to her is to dress up and become her roommate. It’s not going to go according to plan, though. Book / 132 pages / 31 illustrations

## **My Brother, My Mother, My Doll**

By Joe Six-Pack. Seven year old Amelia has made a wish. A wish that she had a mother more like her doll, and that her brother weren’t so mean. Her family is about to have their lives turned inside-out. Book / 109 pages / 34 illustrations

## **The Princess Center**

By Cheryl Lynn. Jeffrey wanted everything his brother Alan had. He was willing to to any length to get it, even to send Alan to... The Princess Center. Book / 85 pages / 26 illustrations

## **Tales of Transformation**

### **He’s the Wrong Girl**

“Office Chemistry” by Joe Six-Pack. James had to fill in at the reception desk. Problem is, the business is a bio-genetics company. And all of the sudden the coffee tastes funny. Book / 53 pages / 14 illustrations

## **City Boy, Country Girl**

By Joe Six-Pack. Richard's successful city life is interrupted when a sheep he wants to fleece needs urgent care out in the country. But instead of returning home, all Richard's wife hears are a series of suspicious excuses. Revised in 2019. Book / 92 pages / 34 illustrations

## **Thames Greene**

By James J Craft. Ira wanted something better for his family. A new start. But in Thames Greene, everyone's getting a new start, whether they want it or not. Book / 77 pages / 26 illustrations

## **Hiding in High Heels**

"How Not to be a Sissy" By Joe Six-Pack. Vince was on the run from people who wanted their millions back. Howard was a friend with a funny little idea and a knack for making subliminal CDs. Mini-Pix / 48 pages / 15 illustrations

## **A Blessing in Disguise**

By KK, illustrations by Kannel. Jay was a witness to a murder, and now he's the target of a vicious criminal. Resorting to a female disguise, he becomes trapped with no way out. Book / 84 pages / 16 illustrations

## **I'm Your Dolly**

"Barbie-in-a-Box" By Joe Six-Pack. Tyler wasn't much of a boyfriend anymore. Jessica wanted to throw him out, but then a better idea came to her, in the form of the Barbie-in-a-Box service. Tyler better get used to pink. Book / 103 pages / 20 illustrations

## **Winning is Everything**

"Costume drama" by Joe Six-Pack. Seth made a funny little bet for Halloween. He needed to pull off the impersonation of a Cheerleader for a party. What's at stake? 100 million dollars and his manhood. Book / 215 pages / 37 illustrations

## **His Life as a Trophy Wife**

By Joe Six-Pack. Nick had a great life, but then it evaporated. Now he's down on his luck. In steps a wealthy executive willing to pay him handsomely to pretend to be his wife. What can it hurt? Revised in 2018. Book / 256 pages / 39 illustrations

## **Male Monday, Girl Friday**

"Hey, Cutie!" by James J Craft. Daniel is going to be promoted from his average life to an exciting executive position. At least, that's what his bosses are telling him. They may not be telling him everything. Book / 58 pages / 20 illustrations

## **The Happiest Place on Earth**

From the files of TGStories.com: "The Fairest One of All" By Joe Six-Pack. Will is a kid looking for a job. He gets one, performing as Snow White at a theme park. For Will, he doesn't suspect that playing the role and wearing the costume is slowly changing him, day by day. Book / 51 pages / 21 illustrations

## **Hello, Nurse**

From the files of TGStories.com: "Quality Health Care". Dane is filling in as a nurse for his pal Jimmy at his new office. Although both are doctors, Dane begins to take to his new role as a nurse. Soon, he feels compelled to be the ideal nurse. Book / 44 pages / 15 illustrations

## **My Boss, The Bimbo**

"If I Were a Betting (Wo)Man" By James J Craft, illustrations by blackshirtboy. CEO Lucas has a superiority complex. When his long-suffering secretary is able to feed into Lucas' competitive nature, he'll make any bet to prove his dominance over women. Book / 38 pages / 10 illustrations

## **He's the Girl They Want**

"Rallies" by Joe Six-Pack. Spencer has a great new executive job in the food service industry, but first he's got to learn the ropes of the business by waiting on tables. He just doesn't quite fit in with the cheerleader theme. Yet. Book / 63 pages / 22 illustrations

## **Demoted and Degraded**

"Trixie the Secretary" by Angela J. Cindy didn't much like Tom Jones attitude and his advances, so when she has the opportunity to help take the wind out of his sails, she takes it. But she had no idea that it was all designed to make Tom into Trixie the secretary. Book / 87 pages / 17 illustrations

## **I, Candy**

“Sissy Sweets” by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Inheriting his family’s bakery requires this young man to become the new face of the business. A female face. Book / 45 pages / 15 illustrations

## **Boyz II Girlz**

“The Making of the Ballroom Brats” by Joe Six-Pack. The Ballroom Brats become the newest worldwide celebrity sensation. How did four unsuspecting guys at a fast food joint become the hottest girl group in music? Book / 113 pages / 34 illustrations

## **His Strangest Desire**

“Employee of the Month” by Joe Six-Pack. Mick is declared Employee of the Month, and he’s going to find himself hurtling headlong into facing his weirdest inner desire. Book / 59 pages / 19 illustrations

## **Hard Time or High Heels**

“I’m Turning into My Mother” by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Colby got deep into debt to a local gangster. Before long, he’s on the arm of that very same gangster as his reluctant girlfriend. Book / 75 pages / 20 illustrations

## **Seriously Skirted**

“The Show Piece” by KK. Illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Mel finds work at a clinic as a secretary. He slowly begins to fit to role. Book / 75 pages / 19 illustrations

## **From Mister to Sister**

Story by Melissa N., illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Dan just wanted to help guide his girlfriend’s sister out of her depression. Instead, he’s being guided out of his manhood. Book / 84 pages / 24 illustrations

## **The Russian Girl**

Story by Melissa N., illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Casey’s wife has had enough of watching him kill himself with work, so she forces him out of his comfort zone... Into the life of a female stripper. Book / 196 pages / 30 illustrations

## **Swindled into Skirts**

“Beta Male” by Joe Six-Pack. Kyle inherited a multi-million dollar mansion in southern California. He begins to adjust to the Cali lifestyle, but his adjustments seems to have a decidedly feminine flavor to them. Book / 78 pages / 23 illustration

## **Mergers & Acquisitions**

Story by James J. Craft, Illustrations by Sortimid. Mark is a disaffected retail salesperson, and after a takeover of his store, he finds himself selling feminine fashion... and struggling to embrace everything about it. Book / 103 pages / 31 illustration

## **Suddenly a Secretary**

Story & art by Joe Six-Pack. Rock guitarist Mick has become obsessed with following the life of secretary Lori Chandler through her inter-office email messages. Soon, Mick is taking her place. Book / 133 pages / 30 illustrations

## **Stories of the Supernatural**

### **A Change for the Better**

“Do-Overs” by Joe Six-Pack. Evan wants a chance to do over his biggest mistake. He gets the chance, but he keeps wanting his new life to be a little bit better than the last. Book / 59 pages / 18 color illustrations

### **Changed and Rearranged**

“Wrongs Make Wright” By Joe Six-Pack. Chris and Matt were rivals. Then, Matt decided to show everyone how smart he truly was by impersonating a teacher. But the disguise becomes more and more real, much to Chris’ dismay. Book / 74 pages / 19 illustrations

### **From Pals to Gals**

From the files of TGStories.com: “Mandate of the People” By Joe Six-Pack. Teens Jeremy and Stewart are good friends, but a bit thick in the noggin. When they jokingly nominate each other for Prom Queen, they slowly become the perfect candidates, thanks to some magic. Book / 45 pages / 16 illustrations

### **A High-Heeled Halloween**

Story & art by Joe Six-Pack. A costume shop has four spooky tales to tell this Halloween, where the price you pay for your costume is far more than money. Book / 128 pages / 34 illustrations

## **Born on Black Friday**

Story & art by Joe Six-Pack. Malcom Balford was forced to go shopping on Black Friday. What he finds at the mall may mean that Malcom will never leave. Book / 57 pages/ 17 illustrations.

## **In the Family Way**

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. The Finch brothers are trying to catfish a man out of his money. To do so, they dress up as mother and daughter. But their impersonations slowly seem to be taking them over. Book / 182 pages / 42 illustrations

## **Crossed Fiction**

### **Sisters for the Summer**

"Camp Counseling" By Joe Six-Pack. Brock McCade always thought of himself as a real man, or at least he would be one, someday. After summer camp, he's no longer so sure. Book / 76 pages / 17 illustrations

### **They're the Girls for the Job**

"Peace and Harmony" By James J Craft. Illustrations by blackshirtboy. Pete and Harmon need jobs bad. How far would they have to go to get them? Book / 64 pages / 19 illustrations

### **Blondie's Lost Summer**

By KK. Illustrations by Fraylim. Carl's dream summer was about to become three months of dresses, heels and makeup. Book / 159 pages / 48 illustrations

### **Blondie's Lost Year**

By KK. Illustrations by Fraylim. Book Two in the Blondie Series. Carl's trip to Florida has been horrible enough, trapped in dresses and makeup. Now, high school has presented a whole new level of humiliation for him. Book / 221 pages / 52 illustrations

### **Blondie He's Not**

Story by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Mark got a job at a salon, and fell in love with one of the customers. Problem was that customer was Candi "Blondie" Wethers, and what happened to Candi was about to happen to Mark. Book / 151 pages / 40 illustrations

## **I Never Wanted to be a Woman**

"Politically Corrected" By Cheryl Lynn. Illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Michael's politically active mother has decided she's going to make her hippie son over into the daughter she always wanted. Book / 64 pages / 19 illustrations

## **If the Shoes Fit**

"Hand Me Downs" By KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Sydney is a teen who is just trying to make it through the summer with no money. He finds himself wearing hand-me-downs from his sister, and that takes his life in a whole new direction. Book / 98 pages / 30 illustrations

## **The Boy's Guide to Girlhood**

Story by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Dweeb Kenny and cool Rex find themselves trapped in a Principal's twisted scheme, and only one of them is going to get out in tact. Book / 109 pages / 32 illustrations

## **Fashion Victims**

Story by Lauren Bliss, illustrations by Fraylim. Teenage boy Jamie just needed clothes for school. Oh, he's going to get clothes for school. Just not male ones. Will he ever need male clothes again? Book / 67 pages / 26 illustrations

## **The Boy's Guide to Girlhood**

Story by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Dweeb Kenny and cool Rex find themselves trapped in a Principal's twisted scheme, and only one of them is going to get out in tact. Book / 109 pages / 32 illustrations

## **The Making of a Beach Bunny**

Story by KK & Fraylim, illustrations by Fraylim. Before heading off to college, John wanted to spend his last normal summer at the old rental summer house with his friend Stanley. There was nothing about this summer that would be normal. Book / 134 pages / 58 illustrations

## **Medical Miss-Practice**

Story by KK & Fraylim, illustrations by Fraylim. Jerry just needed a medical procedure. He came out with two big new problems and a whole new life. Now he's losing everything he loves, piece by piece. Book / 95 pages / 51 black & white illustrations

## **12 Days of Christmas**

Story by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Paul was a rising executive, but he had a secret embezzlement scheme. Now he's being blackmailed into skirts day-by-day in the 12 days of Christmas. Book / 74 pages / 21 illustrations

## **Seriously Sissified**

## **A Family Femmed**

"The Femmed Family Robinson" by James J. Craft & Cheryl Lynn, illustrations by Sortimid. The Robinson boys all had dreams of their own, once. Now they have new ones, thanks to their stepmother. Book /96 pages / 29 color illustrations

## **Forever Femmed**

Story by James J. Craft & Cheryl Lynn, illustrations by Sortimid. "A Family Femmed's" Deborah is still hard at work, flipping men into sissies and selling them to the highest bidder. But this time, there's a new wrinkle. Book / 108 pages / 28 illustrations

## **Auntie's Girl Time**

By Cheryl Lynn. David was just a young teenage boy who wanted all the things in life a man could look forward to. His aunt, though, is going to make sure he never gets them. Book / 79 pages / 20 illustrations

## **Revenge of the Cheerleaders**

"Pansy Cheers" By Angela J. Patrick Sears was a football player trying to sleep with every cheerleader at his small college. He'd have to pay for his conquests. Book / 116 pages / 19 illustrations

## **He's Got His Mind Maid Up**

By James J. Craft. Illustrations by kinkyrocket. Corey has just a sliver of a chance to get into college, but that chance involves becoming his stepmother's maid. And she wants him to fit both the role and the dress. Book / 68 pages / 16 illustrations

## **Fated for Femininity**

Story by KK, illustrations by RocketXpert. When a web page shows Evan having sex with another boy, the poor kid is chased out of town — right into the arms of a gender therapist who has her own agenda. Book / 70 pages / 15 illustrations

## **Un-Boxed & Undone**

By James J. Craft, illustrations by Banedearg with additional art by Joe Six-Pack. Caleb is struggling to get his YouTube career started. When he gets some strange shipments of makeup and clothes, he finds his channel suddenly taking off - but can he control it? A picture story. Book / 41 Pages / 33 illustrations

## **Web Classics Revisited**

## **Two Forms of ID**

By Joe Six-Pack. Harvey had the unusual ability to convincingly imitate a teenage girl. In desperation, he has to use that talent to make some money. But when is enough enough? Paperback / 194 pages / text only

## **Barbie's Life**

Story & Art by Melissa N. Chris was a student actor who said he could play any role. A disgruntled girlfriend and playwright are about to see if he'll be able to play the lead role in... Barbie's Life. Book / 55 pages / 21 rendered images

## **Amazon.com Kindle books**

All Kindle books have the same content as the Lulu.com PDF versions.

## **Two Forms of I.D.**

Sold in two parts

## **Suddenly a Secretary**

Sold in three parts:

He's the New Office Girl (Part 1)

Working His Way into Skirts (Part 2)

He Gave at the Office (Part 3)

## **I'm Your Dolly (Barbie-in-a-Box)**

Sold in three parts:

He's Her New Doll (Part 1)

Destined to be a Doll (Part 2)

I'm Your Dolly (Part 3)

## **Beta Male**

Sold in two parts:

Swindles into Skirts (Part 1)

Hijacked into Heels (Part 2)

## **Costume Drama**

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Becoming His Costume (Part 1)

Stuck in His Costume (Part 2)

Corrupted by His Costume (Part 3)

## **Bride to Be**

Sold in two parts:

Born to be a Bride (Part 1)

He's the Bride to Be (Part 2)

## **The Substitute Ski Bunny (Switchback Ridge)**

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The Seduction of a Ski Bunny (Part 2)

The Surrender of a Ski Bunny (Part 3)

## **Hiding in High Heels**

Sold in one part

## **His Life as a Trophy Wife (The Puppy Mill)**

Sold in three parts:

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His World as a Spoiled Girl (Part 2)

His Life as a Trophy Wife (Part 3)

## **The Fairest One of All**

Sold in one part

