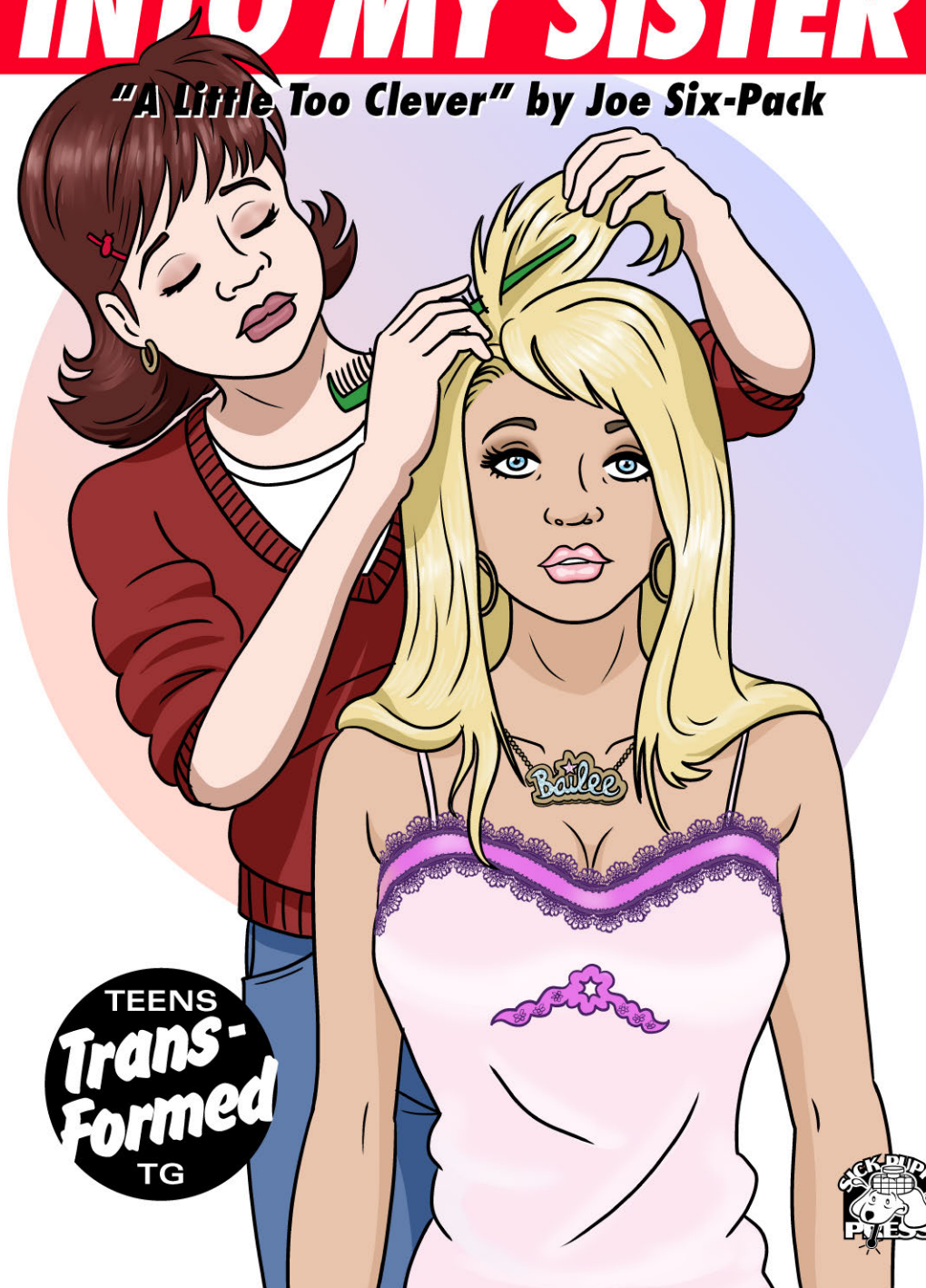


ADULTS ONLY

97 pages 25 illustrations

SHE MADE ME INTO MY SISTER

"A Little Too Clever" by Joe Six-Pack



TEENS
**Trans-
Formed**
TG



J O E S I X P A C K

***SHE MADE
ME INTO
MY SISTER***

**“A Little Too Clever”
Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack
A Teens Transformed story**



2020 Revised Edition

Introduction, story text, design & cover © 2006, 2011.
All rights reserved.

The body text is printed in New Caledonia.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in or introduced into a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means (electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise), without the prior written permission of the copyright owner. All characters and situations are fictional.

Printed in the United States of America.

j6p@sixpacksite.com
www.sixpacksite.com

A LITTLE TOO CLEVER



Everything stopped. From the corner of my eye, I saw a blur. The first thing I heard was the loud, ear-shattering clang of the sheet metal. It sounded like a trash can struck with a baseball bat. What it turned out to be was my ex-girlfriend.

She had been thrown against the lockers that lined the hallways at my school, with the back of her head hitting first. Ashleigh then fell to the ground like a sack of dirt. I scanned the crowd, refocusing my sight to see what had precipitated this. I already had a good idea, and I was not wrong. It was Josh Farmer. He had a mean look on his sweaty, flushed face and turned to leave.

“You *asshole!*” Ashleigh cried from the ground.

That’s all I needed to see. Josh had slammed Ashleigh into the lockers for some reason, and his football physique had used every ounce of his animal strength to do it. There was even a dent left in the locker she had been thrown into. At that moment, I was convinced he had just broken a shoulder or something worse.

Then, for some stupid reason, I got in Josh’s way. Maybe it was instinct – at least I hope it was, because I’d hate to think I rationally decided to go up against the school’s human equivalent of the Incredible Hulk. Standing where I was, I made it so he was going to have to go through me to get away with this.

Which is exactly what he did, as he threw me – with one arm – back into the assembled crowd. Now back then, I wasn’t much of a wimp, as I played basketball and I was also on the wrestling team. But compared to Josh, I was just a leaf blowing in the wind.

And as I found my feet again, Josh turned around and had a second go at Ashleigh. He had barged back through the crowd and flipped her the bird. “You’re fuckin’ *crazy* if you think I’m *fuckin’* gonna do what you *fuckin’* tell me to do!” He yelled. And with that bit of wisdom imparted, he left the hallway.

That was when I saw the streak of blood coming across Ashleigh’s forehead. That made me more angry than I’ve ever been in my life. Maybe anger is the wrong word. It was anger, fury, sickness and fear all at the same time. Josh hadn’t just hurt her, he had damaged her. He had made my Ashleigh bleed. I would have said and done anything to get back at Josh, and that’s how this all started. It was my anger that did this to me.



The first thing I did was to keep Ashleigh from getting up. She obviously had been hurt pretty badly, and the bleeding was starting to get ugly. I yelled at some other guys to go get the school nurse, and they scrambled off. Meanwhile, I stripped off my sweatshirt and bundled it up to apply to her forehead.

Ashleigh and I had gone out for almost two years, from when I was a freshman until the end of my sophomore year. We really were good together, and we liked each other a lot. And I'm not talking in terms of sex or anything. We just liked to spend time holding hands, going places and doing things. So after two years of non-stop togetherness, Ash kinda got burnt out with me. Technically, I had broken up with her, but that was only because I knew she was starting to see Josh. I didn't want to have to wait for someone else figure it out and make a

big deal about it. I had already known she was drifting away from me anyway. And yeah, despite all that, I still loved her.

“Lemme up,” Ashleigh said, trying to get a foot under her. I just held her down and kept her from moving. She was hurt.

“Just wait for the nurse.” I told her. And when she looked into my eyes to see if I was serious, that bond of trust we had between us flickered to life again for a brief moment. She stayed put, completely putting herself in my hands. I missed her so bad.

It wasn’t more than a minute before the nurse showed up, bringing with her a few teachers and the vice principal. I was pushed aside as the hallway was cleared, and sent on my way to class. I don’t remember much else about that day. I don’t know how I made it through classes with all that rage flowing through me.



I do remember sitting in my Calculus class and watching out the window as an ambulance pulled up to the side of the school. I wanted to bolt from the room and run outside, to be there. But I just had to wait, and keep my seat.

Revenge fantasies consumed me. I wanted to tear Josh to shreds. I stewed in my own feverish dreams of annihilating him. Burning him. Shooting him. Skewering him. Running him down in a car. Any way to kill him in the most gruesome, painful, public way I could imagine.

When the bell rang, I went straight home, blowing off my friends. I was really far too wound up to be social. I wanted to lock myself in my room and just work things out on my own.

“Hey, *freak!*” My sister, Bailee, yelled at me when I stepped in the door. She was nibbling on a mint chocolate chip cookie, her favorite. “Mom wants you to clean up your room!” I didn’t much like my sister. She was a year younger than me and always took every chance she could to make sure I was kept miserable. “And your old *loser* girlfriend called.” She added.

I was a little shocked. Ashleigh had told me explicitly to stay out of her life. But maybe something had changed. Maybe she had come to her senses when I was there for her. I ran right up to my room and grabbed the phone.

“Ashleigh?” I said when she picked up. “Are you okay?”

“Can you come over, Wyatt?” She said.

I don't remember if it took me more than a few seconds to run halfway across town to get to her place. What I do remember was that by the time I had gotten there, Ashleigh's parents didn't want me inside. They didn't want anyone to talk to her, and thought I was part of the problem – what with me being a guy and all. I begged and pleaded, but there was no convincing them. I just had to leave.

“How's your old girlfriend? Still *fat*?” Bailee said, as I returned to my house. She had no idea just how far her snobbery was pushing me. I just wanted to throw my fist right through her perfect face.

I just went back up to my room, fighting the impulses running through me, the ones that were begging me to release that anger on anyone and everyone.



After a minute, the phone rang and I grabbed it halfway through the first ring. “Ash?” I said.

“Sorry, Wyatt. My parents are on the warpath.” Ashleigh said, apologizing to me. I felt like an ass for even feeling like she needed to be sorry for me. Not now.

“Whatever. I don't care. Are you okay?”

“I'll be okay.” She said. “There wasn't anything serious to worry about. I had a few stitches in my scalp. Nothing big.”

“Stitches!?” I screamed into the phone. “That fuckin' prick!” I was gritting my teeth so hard, my molars could have cracked in half.

“Listen, I need to talk to you. I'll be back at school tomorrow. Can we meet up?”

I was there a half hour early. The grass was still wet as I waited behind the old boiler room for her to arrive. When Ashleigh finally got there, she looked better than I expected. She looked perfectly normal, except for the addition of a baseball cap on her head.

“Stitches.” She said, pointing to the hat. “They had to cut some of the hair away.”

“You're okay, though, right?” I asked.

She made a good show of putting on a smile, but she really couldn't fool me. I knew it had hurt her, down deep inside. “I'm fine,” she claimed.

“Is there anything I can do?” I said. It struck me funny that I was sounding so mature about the whole thing. I didn’t feel very mature. I just wanted to go hit someone.

“I was hoping you could help me.”

“Anything, you know that.”

“I... I want to get back at Josh.” She said. “He...”

“What do you want me to do.” I said, not even waiting for the explanation. “I’ll do anything to get him.”

“Well...” Ashleigh had a look of fear on her face. “I have an idea. I thought that maybe you... If you really want to help... I mean, if you’re as angry as I am...” She was starting to blubber. She was definitely a little unstable, emotionally. “Remember when... I was just hoping that you... Since you live with her and all... I mean it’s kinda weird...”

“Take a breath.” I said, holding her by the shoulders. “I’ll do everything I can. Just tell me what you want to do.”

She regained her composure and brushed her hair back behind her ears. “Okay. Sorry.” She then took a moment to think out what she was going to say. “The reason Josh and I were having a fight. I know he’s been going out behind my back. He’s been seeing girls. I’ve known that for a long time.”

“Most of the school does.” I added.

She looked at me with a brief look of shock, but it passed. “I guess it wasn’t a secret then. But it came down at Todd’s party at the quarry last week. That was when I caught him in the act.”

“I’m sorry.” I said, thinking it was the right thing to say.

“It was... He was... He was making out with your sister.”

I guess she thought I’d be surprised, but I knew my sister Bailee’s reputation pretty well. She was always bringing home a new guy every time she went out. “Yeah, I thought she was seeing him,” I answered. Of course, I thought she was seeing anyone with a pulse and a wallet. And I was probably right.

“So I told him to stop being so selfish. I told him I could be everything in his life if he just let me. Whatever he wanted in a girl, I could be that for him.” She sighed, heavily. “And he told me that if he wanted to screw other girls, he’d do it anyway, no matter what I wanted.”

I winced at hearing this. It was so cruel. How could anybody have said this to her? To *my* Ashleigh?

She was just staring at the ground, now, lost in her own misery. “And that’s when I told him to stop or I’d leave – and tell everyone why. He laughed, he dared me to do it, and then he threw me into the lockers.”

A long silence passed as I digested it.

“My sister’s a *whore*.” I told her to make her feel better. Ash smiled weakly for a moment.

“She’s also now Josh’s new girlfriend.” Ashleigh said. “Which makes her the most popular girl in school.” She said with bitterness.

I always suspected that’s why Ashleigh had left me for Josh. She wanted the popularity and the attention. She was a very pretty girl, and for Josh to want to make her his girlfriend wasn’t a surprise. What always bothered me was why Ash had hooked up with him. She just liked being the focus of the school, I guess.

And Ashleigh wasn’t wrong by saying my sister would now take her place. Bailee was easily the most beautiful girl in school. She worked hard at it, too. She shopped every damn day and was always dieting and working on her hair. Yeah, I mean she hated me and I hated her, but she was still a hot babe.

I honestly think she was pretty enough to be a model or an actress. I mean, Bailee is thin & blond, has an angelic face, and is filled out in all the right places. All the boys drool and the girls are envious. She’s a bombshell.

“So, I got a stupid idea.” Ashleigh said. “You want to hurt Josh and I want to hurt Josh.”

“Yes. More than anything.”

“But, I was thinking...” She started to study the palm of her hand. “If we y’-know, went after him, he’s just too big to hurt... physically.”

“Yeah. Even if we could break some bones, he’d just heal. Unless you’re thinking... something more... permanent?”

“No!” Ashleigh said, surprised that I’d even suggest it. “No. I mean, sure, I want him to die, but not, like die *for real*.”

“Yeah.” I agreed, hesitantly.

“I was just thinking that he’s such a big shot, always walking around campus like he owns the place. He’s just a big guy who can push people around because they’re afraid of him.”

“He’s the size of a house,” I pointed out. He was already being scouted by big colleges. At six foot five and over two hundred and eighty pounds, he was already assured of a scholarship in football.

“Even someone like him can be made into some pip-squeak if we do it right.” She looked me in the eyes for the first time that morning. “His reputation has to be ruined so badly no one even wants to talk to him again. I want him *radioactive*.”

“Cool. What do you want to do?”

“I think I should set him up. Here’s what I was thinking. I make up with him, lure him to a motel room or something, then get a camera and some gay guys...”

“Make up with him?” I yelled. “He’s just gonna hit you again!”

“As long as I can take him down a peg, I don’t care.”

“No!” I objected. “No way are you doing that. I’ll go to your parents. I’ll go to the school. I’m not going to let you do that!”

Ashleigh countered. “We need to trap him. I’m the bait.”

“If you try and go out with him again, he won’t even think twice about beating you even worse!”

“But you agree we’ve got to take him down, right?”

“Yeah, absolutely.”

“We have to make him pay!”

“Pay *big time*.”

“So, we need to do this!”

“I’m not going to let you put yourself in danger. It’s not going to happen.”

“Then what are we gonna do, Wyatt? We can’t let him just walk away from this.”

“I don’t know.”

Ashleigh then got a funny smirk on her face. “You could do it.”

“Do what?”

“You could make him pay and humiliate him into shame no one could ever recover from if you pretended to be a girl and then we’d destroy his whole conceited, jock life!”

“Humiliate, him, yeah!” I said, and then almost comically stopping when I realized what she had said. “But...”

“If it’s the only way, it’s the only way, Wyatt! You can lure him into our trap!” She then hugged me close and kissed me on the cheek. “Say you’ll help me, Wyatt!”

All she needed to do was touch me. I loved her so much. I guess I must have said yes or something. As to what I had agreed to, I wasn't even thinking about that. Obviously.

"Okay, here's what we do." Ashleigh said, checking her watch. "After school, we'll meet at my place. I've got this all planned. My parents will be out. See you then!" She said, before leaving for her locker. She did turn and wave at me with that smile on her face that I still saw in my dreams.

I didn't actually think about what I had just promised to do until the fourth period. What was I, *insane*? Or was Ashleigh? By the time I was on the way to Ashleigh's house after school, I knew I had to get out of this. I had already thought of a sly way of getting out of my promise.

That went down the tubes the second I went into her room. "Okay, strip down to your underwear," She said to me. Whatever was on my mind evaporated in an instant.

"What?"

"Strip!" She said again. A pretty girl doesn't have to tell me twice to strip, so I took off everything except my underwear. Ashleigh then stood directly in front of me and gave a good look over. "I want to see what I have to work with."

"You could tell me that I'm just too big a stud to be ever mistaken for my sister and we could move on," I said, half-kidding.

Ashleigh just grinned at the suggestion. "You're about an inch taller than Bailee, but I don't think anyone would really notice that." She then started to stare at the rest of my body. "Weight loss, okay. What do you weigh?"

"155." I said. Ash looked at me skeptically. "Maybe 145." I revised.

"This Hollywood diet thing I found on the internet says it can take 15 pounds off in a week. If we take three weeks, we can have you down to Bailee's weight easy." She put some jugs of some tangerine-colored liquid and some boxes of dehydrated food by the door. "You take this stuff home when you leave, and don't eat anything else, okay?"

"Okay." I answered. There was no way I believed that was going to work, anyway.

"Great. Next thing is your hair." She said. "We've got to get rid of all the stuff on your arms, legs and face."

I didn't have much of a beard, but it was looking promising for the future. Heck, I was only seventeen, anyway. So Ashleigh gave me a couple of razors and showed me the way to the bathroom.

“Get it all,” she said, “and then use this.” She handed me a tube of cream labeled ‘Vaniqa.’ “This will keep the re-growth down to a minimum. I can get you more tomorrow.”

Ashleigh then closed the door behind me and stayed in her room. “Run the bath with the stuff on the sink after you’re done!” She shouted. On the sink was a container of bath beads. I never had quite understood what those were for, but I used them.

After about an hour, (forty minutes with the razors, ten in the bath, ten more to work up the courage to open the door as a hairless pink fool,) I was ready for what Ashleigh had planned next for me.

“Okay.” She said, upon seeing me. “I’ve got everything ready for the next step. First, you can wear this.”

And with that, she handed me a corset. It was red, with some sort of boning in it to make it incredibly restrictive and stiff. I wrapped it halfway around my waist and asked where the other half was.

“That’s the whole thing,” she said, much to my disbelief. But ten minutes later, after she had tied the two ends together behind my back, I wasn’t so much as amazed as I was writhing in agony.

“What...” I had to take a breath. “How...” Another breath. “Am...” Breath. “I...” Ashleigh rolled her eyes in impatience. “Look, it will just take a few minutes to get used to. Okay? Take short breaths and don’t get all panicky. You’ll just need to draw more oxygen that way.”

She then hoisted out something that looked like she dressed dolls in. It was pink, flimsy and tiny. “What...” Breath. “Is...” Breath. “*That?*”

“It’s a leotard. Put it on so we can do your exercises.” She answered.

“Exercises? In...” Breath. Cough. Wheeze. “In this stupid thing?”

“If we don’t get you toned and built up, you’ll never be able to trick Josh.” Ashleigh said, making sure I didn’t lose track of the goal.

“*Josh.*” I said to myself. “Show me what I have to do.” I pulled the leotard on over my body.

“We’ve got to develop the legs and buttocks, while leaving everything else to become atrophied.” She got her chair and started to bend her legs backward. “I’ll show you leg curls, crunches, step exercises and some Pilates.”

“Sounds like fun,” I mumbled.

“Don’t be such a grumpus.” She went through the entire routine and had me repeat it. It took about an hour. She watched me do it myself once, and the told

me to do it every day for one hour before I went to bed. And most important, she said, not to do any other exercises at all. Reluctantly, I agreed. All I had to do was think of Josh tossing her across the hallway and I could agree to just about anything.

Whenever I tried to bend over, which was physically impossible because of the corset, Ashleigh just sighed. She didn't seem particularly impressed with the pain I was going through. "You have no idea the sort of discomfort girls go through just to look nice." She told me, indignantly.

"So, you wear a boned corset?" I asked her.

"Don't be silly." She replied.

Since we were done with this, I flopped down on her bed and took some deep breaths. Or at least I tried to. "Can we just watch some TV or something? I'm wiped."

"Sure, Hercules." Ashleigh said. She zapped on her set with the remote.

"I suppose I have to watch girly shows and soap operas now. I'll have to join Oprah's book club." I said, mockingly.

"Wyatt, you don't have to do anything you don't want to." She was serious all of the sudden. "I don't want you to do this unless you're a hundred percent into it. It's just going to get harder from here on out."

I had to make sure she didn't think I was wussing out. I really, really wanted to help her and get that asswipe Josh. And what was the worst that could happen? I took the remote from her and started flipping channels. "You get the Lifetime network on here, right? If there's a disease of the week movie, I'm wathcin' it."

"That's my guy." Ashleigh said. "Now sit straight up and don't slouch. Keep your knees together and your eyes straight forward."

I just sighed and did as she said.

There actually *was* a movie on, and we caught the last half hour. It was something about a woman being raped and looking for revenge by ruining the guy's life. It seemed oddly appropriate for the evening. I got my jeans and T-shirt back on over the leotard, because, well, because I didn't want to undress again. And the leotard over my hairless body was kinda weird feeling. Weird... but... interesting.

Once the movie was over, she flipped off the set and tossed the remote. "Time to teach you how to walk." She said, grabbing a pair of her high heels.

She handed them to me and I remember taking them like they were going to attack. "You want me to *wear* these?" I said.

“No, I want you to fry them up with butter and eat them,” she said with a smirk. “See if they fit.”

I grit my teeth and pulled my socks off. I slid my foot into the pump pushing with all my might. “You don’t need these anymore, do you? I might just ruin them.”

“Consider them a gift.” Ashleigh replied. “Just what every boy needs. Do they fit?”

I got my heel tucked into the back of the shoe, but it felt like I had to fold my foot in half to do it. “Not really.” I said.

“Then they fit like they do for every woman. They’re perfect.”

She had me stand up and pace back and forth several times, giving me some aching feet. My calves were working themselves into knots.

“Okay. So. Yeah.” She said, on evaluating my walk. “Let’s forget everything you know about walking. For heels, you have to walk almost on your tip-toes, take shorter steps, swivel your hips and let your arms float by your side.”

I looked at her like she was insane.

“Um, we’ll take it step by step over the next few days. We have three weeks.” She said.

“Why three weeks?” I asked.

“That’s when the prom is.” She replied, like I should have already figured that part out by myself. “Let’s do something else before we run out of time.”

“Yeah, I don’t want to waste any more time in making me a girl.” I said, sarcastically.

Ashleigh shot me an angry stare.

I tried to laugh. “Sorry, no complaining, I remember.”

“I want you to sit down at my makeup table,” she said, pointing to it. “I’m going to show you how to make yourself all pretty, Wyatt.”

I couldn’t help but groan. But I sat down on the little padded stool, before a gilded mirror and a thousand little bottles and tubes.

“Oh, before I forget, chew this.” Ashleigh said, handing me a small bottle.

“Bust-Up Gum?” I said, reading the label.

“It’s Japanese. It’ll make breasts bigger and fuller.”

“I don’t have breasts.” I pointed out to her.

“That’s why you need the gum – *duh!*”

I looked at the bottle and couldn't find anything that reassured me that it was in any way safe. "What if I don't want breasts?"

"You do for the next few weeks, so take it. It's gotta wear off after time, don't you think?"

I opened the bottle and chewed on a piece. "It probably doesn't work, anyway." I told her.

"Probably not, but it can't hurt." She then picked up a tube. "Pucker up."

I did, and she applied a clearish gel to my lips. It felt funny. Kind of cold and tingling at the same time. "What's this?" I asked.

"It's for your lips. Hydro-something. It makes them puffier by swelling them up a little. Wait like a minute or two and check it out." Then she picked up another container of something and started to dab it over my face with a piece of sponge. "Foundation first." She said, explaining it to me.

"Is this gonna be on the test?" I quipped.

"Yes." She replied. "Concealer." She showed it to me to remember it. She dabbed a little of that in the corner of my eyes with a tiny brush. She picked up a larger brush and started to go into my eyes with it. "Powder."

"Next, eyeshadow." She looked amongst her things for something she needed.

I gave myself a quick examination in the mirror. "Hey my lips!"

"See, it's kinda cool, huh?" Ashleigh smiled.

Looking in the mirror, my thinnish lips had puffed out fuller and thicker, just like she promised. "Weird." I said.

"Keep your eyes open and don't blink." She told me. "Stare up at the ceiling. I have to do the eye liner and mascara."

So I did what she told me and kept my eyes open and looking upwards. From my point of view, a large spider attached to a stick was being wiped along my eyelashes. "Ow!" I said, as it went into my eyeball. "Watch it!"

"Sorry." She apologized. "It's hard to do this on someone else."

"Be careful. That hurts." I looked in the mirror and saw a thick coating on each eye. "isn't that enough?"

"No." She answered. "Your sister likes it stripper thick." And then she spent another two minutes on the lashes. "I'm finished." She patted me on the shoulder. "Now, I'm going to pluck out some strays on your eyebrows."

"Pluck?" I asked, not sure what she meant by that.

"With tweezers." She replied. She then went to my eyebrows, and *yanked a hair out by the root!*

“Yagh!” I screamed. “What was that for?”

“I’m plucking your eyebrows into shape.” She said, “Like I said.”

“That doesn’t mean you have to pull them out of my head!”

“Yes it does!” She took the next few minutes and proceeded to pluck dozens more. It got easier as she did more, fortunately. “Okay, a little blush...” She said, grabbing another large blush and going over my cheeks. “And then the lips.” I puckered up again and she applied a glossy pink goop to my lips. “And teenage tramps like a little glitter, don’t they?” She then took another brush and put some glittery stuff on my temples.

“Are we done?” I asked.

It took her a moment to decide. “Okay, have a look, Peaches.” Ashleigh said, pointing me back to the mirror. I had been avoiding it, fearful of the results.

“Shit!” I yelled.

“Holy shit!” I looked a lot like my sister. With the makeup on, I didn’t just look “kinda” like her or “sorta” like her, I was unmistakably her. I had the same features. The high cheekbones, the little button nose, the big, innocent eyes and the smooth, creamy skin. I had always hated that boyish look about me, but now it became clear to me exactly why I hated it. I looked like a girl.

“Okay, open your eyes for a sec. I wanna put in contacts.” Ashleigh told me. She took out a small case and sprayed



some liquid in it. "Tilt your head back." She then put in some lenses. "I got these for myself a few years ago, but chickened out."

As I tried to blink my way back to seeing straight, Ashleigh stopped me from using my hands to rub my eyes. "You're going to ruin your makeup." She told me.

So as I sat there, trying to get the world back into focus, she put something on my head. "And this wig is the final touch."

So when my eyes finally started to work right again, I was even more frightened and shocked by what was in the mirror. It was my sister. Bailee was sitting where I was. It was her face, her lips, her eyes. Her blue eyes. It was her hair. Her blond, straight hair. The reflection was Bailee, through and through.

I was afraid to talk, fearful that it was her voice that was going to come from my throat. "Shiiiiit," I whispered.

"I knew this was gonna work!" Ashleigh said, excited. "You know, we could just have you pretend to be Bailee. It's that close. What do you think?"

"Huh?" Was what I think I said. I was a little out of it.

"Okay, we have a lot more work to do." She then looked at the clock. "My folks are coming back in a few minutes. You better get cleaned up and head home," she said, dejectedly.

"I better." I said.

Ashleigh went to town on my face with some cream and a wet towel and we got everything off. She whipped the wig off and threw it in her closet, and I took the contacts out. I slipped out of the leotard and tossed it away. Then I had to deal with the corset. I reached around back for the straps and couldn't reach. "A little help?" I asked.

"No, don't take that off!" She said. "You need to keep that on for the next few weeks!"

"What?" I cried. "Weeks?"

She put her hand on my shoulder and looked at me with those dumb big eyes of hers. "I can only do this with your help, Wyatt."

I grumbled under my breath, remembering that this was something I volunteered for. "I'll make up an excuse to get out of P.E., I guess." I answered, putting my T-shirt back on, over the corset.

She kissed me on the cheek. "Be back here tomorrow. I'll just tell my parents we're working on a project for school. Which is kinda true, I guess."

And then I gathered up my stuff, put my trainers on and left. At the time, I didn't even think of how Ash had assembled all of this stuff so quickly. Looking back, I should have been more suspicious, I guess.

Walking home in the dark, I was still in a bit of pain, and frikin' sore, but when I remembered why, I knew it was for the best.

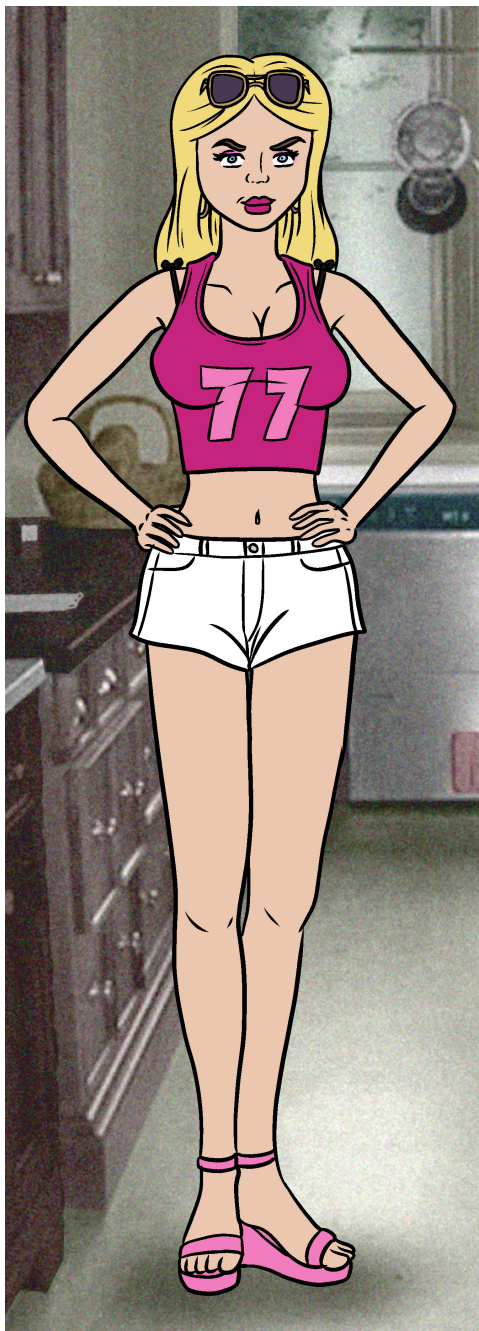


When I got up the next morning, I felt like I had been beaten around the body with a two by four. But I didn't mind. When I got down to breakfast, I had already poured my bowl of cereal out before I remembered the diet. So instead, I poured a glass full of that strange diet juice for myself. Tasted like raw eggs and lemons. It was awful.

"Hollywood Juice Diet?" Bailee said to me as she passed by on the way out. "You weigh, like, one hundred and *nothing* pounds and you're on a *diet*? Oh my God, you are *such* a freak."

"Leave me alone." I replied. It was early. I wasn't up for insults for another hour yet. "Don't you have someone to do? I mean, something to do."

"Yeah, good comeback." She grabbed a tangerine from the fruit bowl on the table. "Har har har. It was so funny I forgot to laugh." Fortunately, that was the limit of our exchange as a car horn beckoned, causing her to skitter on out of the house. I wouldn't have been able to take much more of her razor sharp



wit.

I decided it was probably a good idea to wear a button-down shirt to try and cover up anything that showed I had a corset under my t-shirt. And I fashioned a note for my P.E. teacher that said I was under a doctor's care and couldn't participate in class. I actually got my mom to sign it. I caught her as she was heading out the door, talking to one of her real estate clients on her cell phone. She was far too distracted to even notice what it was. As usual.

When school started, I just tried to avoid Josh. Well, I always was avoiding Josh. It was a survival skill. Most everyone who knew what was good for them did the same. He was huge and had a hair trigger.

I did see in the hallway that he had my sister on his arm, just like Ash had predicted. It didn't take my sister long to move in, did it? Of course, this time, I didn't mind if she got swatted around. Just a little. Well, maybe 'swatted' is a bit harsh.

Lunch was a thermos of that juice drink, which I choked down. After that, I tried to meet up with Ashleigh. She brushed me off, and ignored me. At first, I thought maybe she was angry with me or something. But when I tried to ask her about it, between fifth and sixth periods, she just whispered "keeping up appearances. I don't want anyone getting suspicious."

I thought that was overkill, but I went along with it. After all, it was my ass in a sling if we did get found out.



We met at her house after school, just as we planned to do for about every day from now until we sprung the trap. "Welcome to Miss Ashleigh's Ladies Finishing School for Wyatts." She said to me when I got to her front door.

We walked right past her mom who gave me the evil eye. I knew her parents didn't trust anyone after what had just happened to their daughter. I don't know what she told them to convince them I was okay. And not only okay, but okay enough to be left alone for hours with her every night. But then again, Ash was pretty convincing when she wanted to be.

She immediately put me through the routine of doing my face, and I was trying to remember what she had done the previous night, step for step. It took me nearly two hours, but I eventually got it close enough for her to be satisfied. She had me do the contacts and the wig as well. It was pretty strange being my sister from the neck up. I mean, I pretty much looked exactly like her.

After that, she gave me my heels and I tried to walk in them a little. The first thing she had me do was adjust the way I was shifting my weight. Ash wanted me to put the weight on the balls of my feet, and not the heels. Which was a good idea, as whenever I tried to land on the heel, I twisted my ankle.

“I want you to use these every night,” she said, giving me two large, oversized boots. “Sleep in them.”

I examined them. “What are they?”

“They keep your feet pointed while you sleep. Over a few days, they’ll stretch out your Achilles tendon and make it easier to stand in high heels.”

“Great!” I replied. My feet were killing me. Any help I could get was much needed. “I’ll use them tonight!” Finally, some relief, thank God.

“So, I was thinking...” Ashleigh said, a little impishly. “Since we’ve established that Josh goes for girls who look, act and behave like your sister, I think we should use her as a template for you.”

“I can’t argue with that.” I answered. No, I didn’t particularly want to act like my stupid sister, but she was a really hot chick that guys like Josh couldn’t keep their hands off of. And if I wanted to get this done and over with, the only chance I had was to make myself as irresistible as possible.

“Today, the new thing is gonna be your voice.” Ashleigh announced. “We need to get you talking kinda chirpy... Kinda like your sister.”

“Ohmigawd, Ashleigh, like, my sister has a really, really, reeeeeeally weird way of taking n’ stuff, y’know?” I said. Hey, I had lived with her all my life. I certainly had picked up on how she talked.

She burst out laughing. “Okay, so you know what to say, but we’ve got to work on how you say it.”

“This where I have to make my voice higher, like Bailee’s, right?” I asked.

“Yep,” she confirmed. “You’re not going to try and get out of it, are you?”

“No, I was just waiting for that. I knew it was coming sooner or later.”

“Okay, so, here’s a recording of your sister doing her social studies oral presentation. I downloaded it off the school website.” She then clicked the mouse on her computer and it started playing.

Bailee’s voice came from the computer. “Alexander Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson had totally different visions for America. Hamilton wanted an industrial society while Jefferson dre...” She stopped the recording.

“Okay, now you.” Ashleigh said to me. “Alexander Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson had totally different visions for America.”

I cleared my throat. “Alexander Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson had, like, totally, totally different visions for America, n’ stuff. Even if they were, like, *freaks.*”

Ashleigh giggled. “You already sound a lot like her,” she said, not realizing it was an insult. “We’ll have you talking like her in no time.”

Was this good news?

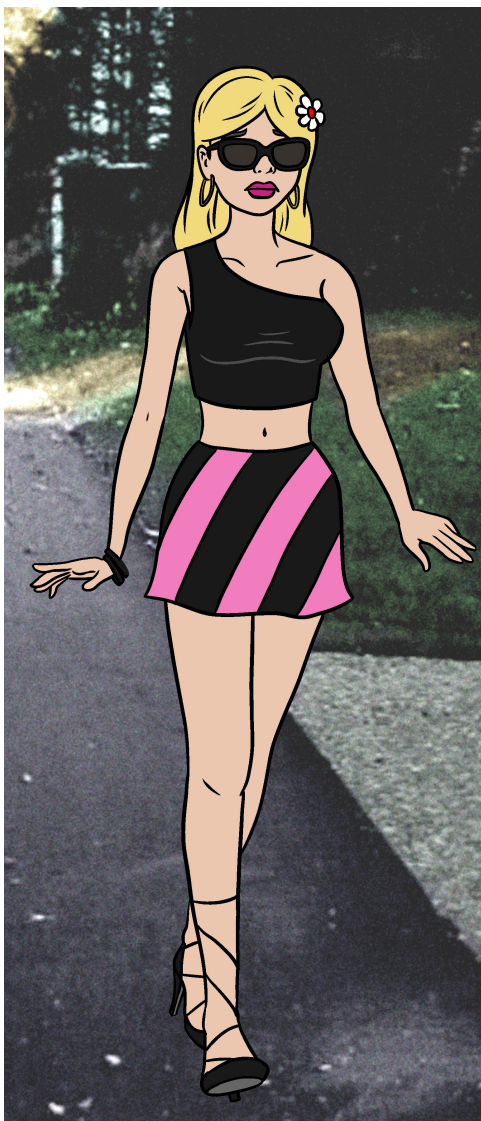
Soon enough, we were done for the night, but I was assigned some reading from *Cosmopolitan*, *Vogue* and *Elle* to get up to date on fashions and things. I had no idea where I was going to hide these magazines from my prying parents.

At home, I had my juice drink, ate my dehydrated dinner, and did my exercises. I read the magazines as I went to sleep, remembering to put my feet into the tendon-stretching boots. I locked my door to make sure no one would find me like this. Hopefully the house wouldn’t catch fire tonight.



Getting up in the morning, I felt a lot better than I had yesterday. Still sore, but not so much. At least, until I got out of bed. Only then did I remember about the boots and I fell over head-first onto the floor. A great way to start the day. I took off the boots and hid them away with the magazines and the rest of the stuff Ashleigh had given me.

As I got around to taking my shower, I saw Bailee arrive. She did this more and more lately. She was hanging around with a fast crowd, and I wouldn’t be surprised if she were taking drugs or something. It was six thirty in the morning, and she was



just getting in from being out all night. Maybe my Mom or Dad would “talk” to her about it, but she always seemed to get away with anything. Me, if I was ten minutes past ten getting home, I was answering a hundred questions and threatened with a grounding. While all Bailee had to say was that she was “sorry” and “it would never happen again.” Twenty minutes later, she had changed and was out the door, meeting Josh in the driveway for a ride.

I had the juice thing for breakfast, and I was off to school myself. It was sometime that day when I realized that the corset wasn’t really bothering me that much anymore. Which was great, because that meant that I could stop wearing it.

“Hey, I think I can take this off now.” I told Ashleigh when we met at her place. “It’s almost loose.”

“Yeah, we should take it off.” She agreed. “But I just want to wash it. It smells pretty ripe.”

“I need to put it back on?” I growled.

“How thick is your sister’s waist?” She asked.

“I dunno. Yay big.” I said, making an imaginary circle with my hands.

She then pointed to me. “So, how big is yours?”

I used my hands to compare the circle I had made with my midsection. “It’s close enough,” I decided.

“Close is gonna get us found out. It has to be perfect!” She demanded.

“Yeah, but how do we know when it’s perfect? I say it’s pretty close.”

“I think you have a way to go.”

“That’s my point, how do we know?”

“Why don’t you get a pair of her jeans? Just grab a pair from the laundry and see if you fit into them. When you can, we’ll know when to stop.”

I blew some air out of my lungs. “Sounds fair.”

“Meanwhile, we can get this thing clean.” She said, pulling up my shirt to get to the corset. She undid it, letting my midsection breathe for the first time in days. Surprisingly to me, it didn’t really seem to want to. It kept its shape, which was strange. My sides pinched inwards, just like a girl’s would. And my jeans had a few inches of slack. They were 30-inch waist pants. So while Ashleigh took the corset out of the room to go clean it, I undid the buckle on my pants and pulled it tight around my waist. It had three inches of overlap. I measured twenty-seven inches there.

I stepped onto Ashleigh's scale in her bathroom and saw I weighed one hundred and thirty one pounds. I had already lost five or six pounds in three days. Which was pretty good, I thought. My stomach was growling at me every day, but I could live with that for a while – this would be over before it drove me nuts.

Without wanting to wait for her, I just went ahead and did my own makeup for the night. It took me about forty-five minutes, and I had to start over at one point, but I think I was beginning to catch on.

When Ashleigh came back, she had a mischievous look on her face and was hiding something behind her back. "Every girl grows up, Wyatt." She said to me. "And maturity is something every girl craves at a certain age. The need to be a woman, a real woman. And there's one thing above all others that they want. Most have to wait for mother nature. But today, Wyatt, I give you the gift that mother nature can't give you."

"Are you filming this, or something?" I asked. She was making quite a production of this, whatever it was.

"Today, Wyatt, you are a woman. I give you... your breasts." She said, producing a white shoe-box. She opened it up, and removed some tissue paper. It revealed a pair of women's breasts, as if they had just been plucked off some poor girl somewhere.

"What the hell? Where did you..." I then put those questions aside for a more important one. "Do you mean I have to wear these?"

"Wyatt, don't think of them as something you wear, think of them as your two new best friends." She smiled wide. "Because you're going to get to know each other real well over the next few weeks."

I didn't object. I was wondering exactly when we'd get to this point, it only seemed obvious that I was going to have to fake some breasts, so I just shrugged and did it. Ashleigh said she'd got some glue that I could use when we finally sprung the trap on Josh, but for now, I'd just wear them in a bra during our training sessions. Which is what I did.

It changed my center of gravity a bit, and my balance was way off when I tried the heels again. Just simple things, like bending over, were a new adventure as my fake chest had it's own agenda as to where it was going and when it would stop moving. I was a long way from getting used to these things.

When I got home that night, and soaked in the bubble bath, I just started to laugh. How had I gotten myself here? It was pretty silly when you thought about it. But, all things considered, it was a labor of love. Not only to crush Josh but to be that close to Ashleigh. I had good thoughts that night as I did my ex-

ercises, read my mags and fit my feet in the special boots. I didn't even mind the corset, which was now even tighter around my waist.



As I rubbed the sleep from my eyes the next day, I finally remembered to take the boots off before I got out of bed. What was kinda weird was how my feet now just seemed to “relax” in a different position. They wanted to point down. In fact, it was a little uncomfortable to walk around with my feet flat, like normal. I guess that meant it was be working.

I snuck down to the laundry room and grabbed a pair of my sister's jeans, just like Ashleigh suggested. I tried to slip into them, but couldn't really do it. Forget the waist, I couldn't even get my legs into them.

Obviously, I still had a ways to go. My legs were too thick. I was probably going to need to lose all the weight I could, just like Ashleigh said. Looking at myself in the mirror, I thought I already looked skinny, but I guess I wasn't thin enough.

I had lunch at school with my bud, Derek. I had been kind of avoiding him the past few days. Kinda because I was mortified to be doing what I was doing, but also because I didn't want anyone too close to me right now.

“Hey, want my pork chops? I ain't gonna eat 'em.” He said to me.

I just scoffed at them. “Do you know how many *calories* those are?”

“So, what's the deal?” He said, his eyebrows twisted in confusion.

“Deal?” I replied.



“Yeah, are you on some sort of diet or somethin’?”

“Um...”

“You look like you’re getting thinner.”

“I’m just trying to eat healthier.”

“And you’ve shaved all the hair off your arms.”

I could feel a bead of sweat drip down my forehead. “I... I’m trying to make weight for wrestling.” I said. I quickly realized that didn’t explain the shaving. “Or swimming. I’m thinking about going out for the swim team, too.”

“That’s not until next year.”

“Wanted to start early.”

“And you know you’re walking like a fag.”

I’m sure my face went white. “Uh, what do you mean?”

“When you walk, your hips swish back and forth like a girl’s.” He took a bite of his sandwich. “You have a sexier walk than your sister does.”

“It’s a limp.” I said. I was going to have to watch that.

“And where’ve you been lately? I haven’t seen you in days.”

I really had to think. I hated to lie to my friends, but they were bound to get suspicious, if they weren’t already. “I’ve been grounded.” I told him. “Dad caught me drinking.”

“Oh, *dude!*” Derek said, slapping on my back. “Rough break!”

I went back to my thermos of juice stuff and tried to keep to myself for a while. “So what are you guys doing these days? Turning yourselves into your sister? Yeah, I’m doing that, too!” I wasn’t much for conversation right now.

“So, Eddie and maybe Rick are going out to the car show down at the fairgrounds tonight. I told ‘em you could drive, but your Escort’s in rough shape...”

“Actually, I can’t go.” I said, knowing this was going to be a problem. “I have to do some work tonight. I have a project. A school project. Gonna have to work on it late tonight.” I probably should have said that with more conviction and looked Derek in the eyes, but I didn’t.

“You’re not *going?*” Derek said with surprise. “You’re telling me you’re not going.” He rolled up his brown paper bag and crushed it into a ball. “Well that’s just fuckin’ great.” Without looking back, he got up from the table and left the lunchroom. He dunked his bag in the trash can hard. He was really ticked off.

I could hear my stomach growl in anger as I finished that measly little juice drink.



The days started to blend together after that. I'd show up after school every day for my special "training." I went pretty much through a regular routine. I had to do my face, practice my voice, walk in the heels and work on my hair and nails. Every day, Ash would have a new "focus" for me to work on. Sometimes it would be vocabulary, sometimes it would be fashion, maybe music and other stuff. But as time went on, she was getting more and more specific about things.

"Today," she announced one day, "we're going to work on your friends."

"What have my friends got to do with anything?" I asked.

Ashleigh looked cross. "No, I mean your *new* friends."

Then I figured out where she was going with this. "Bailee's friends." I corrected.

"Your friends. Think of them as *your* friends." She got out the yearbook, and showed me their pictures. "You not only have to know who they are, but you have to get to know what's going on in their shallow little lives."

"Okay..." I said, trying to understand what she was saying, but failing.



"I bought this little device at Sharper Image. It taps a cell phone line, and you can listen into all their conversations."

"Look, Ashleigh, is this really necessary?" I had to know exactly why I was doing all this. "I'm only going to pretend to..." And then it hit me. I didn't really know what the plan was, anyway. "Exactly what do we have planned anyway?"

"To trap Josh."

"Yeah, but lay it out for me step by step."

Ashleigh sighed and dropped down onto her bed. "Whatever." She said, exasperated. "Here's the plan, if you must know." She brought out a notebook from under her bed. "After we get done with the training, we get your sister to leave town, suddenly. We then have you take her place at school..."

"Wait a second!" I interrupted. "What do you mean, *take her place*?"

Ashleigh looked at me like I was a moron. "Well, that's what we agreed, right? That we'd just have you pretend to be Bailee."

I wasn't sure we'd ever "agreed" to this plan. But I had already gotten the sense that I wasn't really being consulted about this. The whole plan was Ashleigh's revenge, and I was just happy to be a pawn. Josh deserved all he was going to get.

"What we'll do is find a way to get Bailee out of town for a few days, without anyone knowing. Then, we tell the school and everyone else that it's Wyatt who's actually left town. So then, you go to school in her place. You spend a day or two hanging on Josh's arm, being popular and stuff, and then suggest to him that after the prom, you have something special planned. We set it up so you lure him to a motel room, turn out the lights, and a bunch of guys we hire come in and strip down naked. Then we turn the lights on, snap some photos and stick them on the internet."

"Shit." I said, a little repulsed by the details. "Where do we get the guys?"

Ashleigh just waved that off as if it were nothing. "It just takes some money. We'll hire them from a male escort service or something. Leave that to me."

"I don't think I can actually take the *place* of Bailee, Ash. I mean, pretending to be a girl is hard enough, but being someone else is going to be really... I mean, I think it's impossible to really try and convince someone close. My parents would know, her friends would know, Josh would know..."

"They'll know only if you give it away. I totally agree with you. It's going to be difficult. But I think you'd be surprised what we can get away with. Think about it, how closely have you ever looked at anyone you know?"

I closely looked at Ashleigh. I knew her atom by atom. “When you’re in love, you notice everything.” I said.

“Oh, I don’t think so. How many times have you heard someone say ‘I thought I knew them, but I was wrong’? People really don’t pay that close attention to other people. They think they do, but they don’t.”

“I pay attention.”

“Sure you do. But most people, if they cut their hair you never pick up on it until someone tells you. On the other hand, if you had your teeth bleached, your hair dyed, and been working out, you would look totally different. Nothing like you used to. But you tell someone who you are and they believe you without even batting an eyelash. They just take your word for it.”

She had a point there. But that wasn’t what I was thinking about. “I’m not talking so much physically, but as personality, and behavior. They’d believe me because I’d act like me, and talked like me, and laughed the same way and all that stuff.”

She turned to me and touched her finger to my nose. “And that’s what we’re going to fix.”



A couple of days after that, I must have been as bored as hell, because I switched on that little device Ashleigh had given me. It worked kind of like a police scanner, scanning the air for a signal. It went up and down the dial a couple of times before it picked up our neighbor’s phone.

“Looks like Summer’s finally going to hit,” and “Lawn’s going to need mowin’ this weekend” were some of the insights from that conversation. Then I heard the unmistakable trill of Bailee’s ring tone coming from her room. She had gotten a call.

Sure enough, the little device found it, and I was listening in.

“...annot *believe* she would wear that to school. It was *so* five years ago.” I could hear Brittany-Anne say. “Who’s picking out her clothes, her *mom*?”

Janessa was so eager to talk she practically shouted Brittany-Anne down. “I know! I know! I know! I know, it’s like, ring ring, it’s the year 2006 calling!” They all shared a good laugh over that.

Bailee finally spoke. “This town is so *stupid*. If I lived in the city, I’d never have to worry about this. Maybe I should just get up and leave. Living in LA would be so much better for me.”

“Ohmigawd, it would be *so cool*,” Brittany-Anne said, “with all the parties, going to premieres, sunbathing on the beach...”

Janessa was just as enamored. “I want to get a job, like being a lawyer or a veterinarian or something, and have a really cute boyfriend with an apartment forty floors up, looking over the city, and a white BMW, and I’d have a dog, I’d call him Corky...”

Bailee interrupted. “All I want is just for someone to realize all the *potential* I have in me.” She said, dreamily. “And if I have to leave this dumb little town I’ll do it. You guys understand, right?”

“Yeah, sure,” Janessa said.

“With you all the way.” Brittany-Anne added.

“So why didn’t someone tell Hannah I was going to wear my plaid skirt today? I thought I told you guys to *tell* her!” Bailee said, whining.

“You never said that to me!” Janessa said, defending herself.

“I know I told you, Brittany-Anne!”

“I would have told Hannah you were wearing the skirt if you had told me, Bee!”

Bailee was angry. “I told you guys just last week that Wednesday was my plaid day, and *no one* wears plaid but me on Wednesday!” She then quieted down. “Because she was wearing her plaid skirt, and I was wearing my plaid skirt, and Josh was all like ‘I like hers better than yours...’” She actually started to sob a little. “This was my plaid day, and it’s my *special* day...”

I clicked off the scanner thing, and stuffed my face in a pillow. I was trying to stifle my laugh. I don't know why I found it so funny, but it seemed hilarious to me at the time.

By the time I had composed myself, they were on to another topic.

"Do you like gum?" Bailee asked. "Because I really like gum. It's so... *chewy*."

Janessa was in total agreement. "*Really* chewy."

I listened for a little while longer, but I was just breaking up and couldn't keep from laughing. I had to go out and do something before I completely lost it.

I called up Derek to see if he wanted to meet up. "Hey." I said, when he picked up.

"Hey." He answered.

"What's up?"

"Nothin'."

"Yeah." There was a long pause.

"Was gonna go do stuff. You wanna?"

It sounded like Derek was thinking about it. "Homework."

"Oh."

"Went to that car show." He said.

"Any good?"

"Eh. S'okay."

"Cool."

"Yeah."

So I was tired of this. "Gotta run."

"Huh?" Derek said, a little startled. "But we were talkin'."

This was a conversation? I had to cut it off. "Yeah, sorry. Later."

"Fine." Derek said, and he hung up.

I don't know what his problem was. I know that was just kind of how we usually talked, but it was just so slow and pointless. I turned on the scanner device and got back into Bailee's call.

"I'm thinking of wearing my platforms tomorrow." Janessa said.

Bailee said, "Platforms are going out *so* fast."

"I know, that's why I want to wear them, before they go *totally* out of style."

Well, at least it was more interesting than Derek.



So, it was Sunday, and I got out of my place as fast as I could. Ashleigh had promised something special today, so I wanted to be on time. At her vanity, I had my face done in about fifteen minutes, and got my voice training out of the way quickly. All the while, I was waiting for Ashleigh to finish up her household chores. Even though her parents were gone all day, she said we'd be taking up the rest of the day and she had to get them done now.

I could still smell the breakfast they had eaten that morning, bacon and pancakes. Oh, my stomach craved food so badly. That diet was making me crazy for food.

By the time Ashleigh was ready, I was waiting for her, watching a little figure skating on TV. 'Michelle Singer's Ice Ballet' it was called. Yeah, I hated it, but I was dedicated to my task. Total commitment.

"Okay!" She announced she returned. "Today's a big day!"

"So I gathered." I replied, waiting for her to tell me why.

"Today we're going on a field trip!"

I didn't quite digest that when I heard it. "You mean... We... Will... Go *out*?" I scratched my head. "Outside?"

"That's what it means." Ashleigh said. "It's time to take you out into the world."

"Out there? You mean like, in the car?"

"No. I mean, walking around."

"Somewhere I can't be seen."

"No, somewhere where you *can* be seen."

"But..."

"Listen, we've been working at this for almost a week now. It's time to get you some experience outside these walls. You can walk like a girl, dress like a girl and talk like a girl. We need to put it all together and see what happens in the real world."

"I can tell you what's going to happen in the real world! I'll be spotted! I don't even look the part!"

"You've been practicing for almost a week. You can walk like a dancer in four-inch heels. You can talk like a vapid airhead blonde. What are you *not* prepared for?"

“I just don’t think I can do it.” I said. Two hours later, I was being pushed out of Ashleigh’s car at the Oak Pines mall, on the other side of town. I guess I wasn’t going to get out of this.

I had on some of Ashleigh’s things: a short gypsy baby-doll top to hide all the fake curves on my chest and the real ones on my waist, a pair of loose-ish jeans, three-inch stiletto boots, and a pair of huge-eyed smoke-tinted sunglasses perched in my wig.



As we walked away from the car, my legs just turned to rubber. I couldn’t stay on top of my heels. I had taken no more than half a dozen steps before I was falling over and using the parked cars to hold me up.

“Stop fooling around, Wyatt.” Ashleigh said, angrily. “People are going to pay more attention to you the weirder you act.”

“I can’t do this. I can’t go in there.” I said. I started heading back to the car, even knowing I couldn’t get inside without the keys.

Ashleigh grabbed me by the arm and got me back up onto my feet. Her grip was getting tighter. “Weeks of preparing and all it takes is ten seconds for you to screw it up.” She tugged my arm, causing me to follow her. “If you act normal, no one will suspect anything. The only attention you’ll get is because you look good.”

“I’m going to make a mistake, I know it!” I said, “and then everyone is going to...”

“Of course you’ll make mistakes!” Ashleigh said, exasperated. “That’s the point! You make mistakes, we figure out what to fix, and then we’ll be okay. That’s why this is a *test* run!”

Before I knew it, I was about fifty feet from the doors of the mall, in full view of a dozen people. My legs turned to jelly. I wanted to run away so badly.

“Everyone’s staring!” I yell-whispered to Ashleigh.

“The reason you get stared at is because you look good.”

“I’m going to make a mistake. I know it.” I said. I tried to turn and head back to the car, even knowing full well that I didn’t have the keys to get inside.

Ashleigh quickly grabbed me by the arm and pulled me back to the mall. “The more you act crazy the more people are going to get suspicious.” She said.

That wasn’t much of a comfort. “Oh God, oh God, oh God...” I said repeatedly.

“Shut the fuck up.” Ashleigh said, shaking me off he arm. “Just smile and *pretend* like you’re not falling apart like a five year old child without their mommy, okay?”

As I passed through the giant sliding doors into the corridors of the mall, I tried to look as confident and serene as I could. I probably looked anything but confident or serene, as I was barely able to walk, and my eyes were darting left and right looking at everyone. I was convinced they could all see the obvious.

“Kill me, please kill me, please please kill me. Kill me now, kill me now...”

Ashleigh elbowed me sharply in the ribs. “I told you to shut up.”

When we got to the main corridor, Ashleigh turned left and I turned right. I really wasn’t paying attention, and nearly twisted my ankle trying to turn around and follow her. I probably looked like Jim Carrey doing a bit, throwing my arms and legs around to turn back.

“Smooth.” Was all Ashleigh said.

I tried to match the pacing and calmness in her walk, but I was paying too much attention to it and collided with a few people. “Where are we going?” I asked.

“You need to get some new clothes.”

“I guess that was a ridiculous question.”

“Yes. And by the way, even though you think no one can hear us, you probably should be using your Bailee voice anyway.”

“What-ever,” I said, using the voice. “This is so boring!”

“What?”

“Nothing. That’s just what Bailee would say.” I said. “I was just trying to be funny.”

“Well, if Bailee was bored, what would she do?”

“Tell everyone how bored she was.”

Ash sighed. “Yeah, that sounds like her. Definitely.” She tugged my arm and pulled me into a store of some type. It could have been one of a hundred stores in the mall selling clothes to trendoid teenage girls. Who knows, who cares. All I knew was that it was a lot of pink, and everything cost three times as much as it should.

“What do I need? What do you want to get?”

“What a strange thing to ask.” Ashleigh said. “This isn’t about getting something you need, it’s about getting something you want.”

“What do I want?”



“Shut up, and look at the clothes.”

“I can see them fine. They’re all over the place.”

Ash rolled her eyes at me. “No. I mean, pick them up, feel them, hold them up against yourself in a mirror. Grab a stack and try them on. You know, the usual stuff a girl would do.”

“For how long?”

“Just do it.”

“This is going to take forever, isn’t it?”

“It’s going to take longer the more you whine about it.”

I sighed and tried to figure out what to do with myself. Bailee was so big on fashion, it seemed kinda silly to even try to figure out what she was going to be looking for. So I used some of my male instincts and just spotted the hottest girl in the store and went to go see what they were looking at.

The big thing back then was track suits. These kind of velveteen outfits that looked like pajamas with a hoodie. I went over to go paw my way through a rack of them, and nearly seized up when I saw the prices. Five hundred dollars. They couldn’t be serious.

But, this was fashion, and anything goes. And truth be told, once I knew it was five hundred dollars, I was kind of curious to try it on. I had never worn anything that expensive before, and I was interested to find out what it felt like.

I took a few sets that were in my size – and I was totally guessing what my size was – and went into the changing rooms. I was in the room when it suddenly occurred to me that a bunch of smokin’ hot girls were probably just inches away from me, with nothing but a curtain to keep me from seeing what I had spent most of my teenage years imagining. I had to sit down for a moment to catch my breath.

“How’s everyone doing in here?” I heard a woman say. “Just a reminder that there’s a limit of five garments in the booth at any time and a five minute limit in the booth.” I jumped to my feet, scared stupid that I was going to get checked on. I wanted to pick up everything I had brought in, and put it back.

Then I got paranoid that that was going to look suspicious. Then I started to think that trying the clothes on and taking this much time was going to look suspicious.

Ashleigh stuck her head through the curtain, which scared the crap outta me. She silently mouthed “get moving” to me.

I quickly changed into the track suit.

Slowly, oh was it slow, I emerged from the room and took some steps outside. I don’t know why they put the mirrors out on the floor, but that where they were. I had to walk all the way out there, take a look at myself and then return. I estimated the time I could accomplish this was about .042 seconds.

I got out to the mirrors and took a quick glance at myself. I thought I looked ridiculous. I took on half step back to the changing rooms and then someone said “hey Bailee” to my sister.

As I continued on, this person was persistent. "Fine, don't look at me Bailee." I turned the corner into the rooms and then realized exactly what was going on. She thought I was Bailee. The smart move would have been to keep moving, but I turned to look back at who was speaking. Dumb.

It was some girl from school. I had seen her around, and sometimes she hung out with my sister. I didn't remember her name.

"Uh... Hey," I said, trying to exit quickly. I continued into the changing rooms, thinking there was no way a girl was going to follow a boy into the rooms. They were off limits here. And if had been a boy at that time, this would have been a perfect plan. Instead, she just followed me.

"Pink's your color," the girl said to me.

"Pink?" I answered, a little offended. Then it came to me that I was in a women's pink track suit, pretending to be a girl. "Oh. Yeah." I added.

Ashleigh then hurriedly arrived, to my rescue. Or so I thought.

"Hey, Tanya!" Ashleigh said cheerily. "Here for the sale?"

"Uh, Bailee and I were having a private conversation, Ashleigh." Tanya said, rudely.

Ashleigh didn't budge or blink. "Yeah, Bailee and I are hangin' out today."

This Tanya girl looked at her incredulously. "You. And Bailee." She obviously didn't believe the story. "What *ever*." She just made a face and then continued on talking to me. "So I was down at the food court, and you'd never guess who I saw."

This was the point where I was supposed to guess.

"I... I don't know." I replied. How could she not tell I was a guy? She had to have been able to tell. I mean, I could barely talk. I knew she could tell. She could tell I was just faking it. Or maybe she just hadn't looked closely enough yet. I knew if I spoke again, I was going to blow it. If I shrugged or moved my eyes, she would be able to tell I was acting differently than Bailee. If it isn't obvious, I was scared out of my mind.

"*Curt Blundell*." Tanya said, as if it were the discovery of a lifetime.

"The quarterback who transferred out last year? He's *so* cute!" Ashleigh said, trying to force her way into the conversation.

Tanya just shot her a look and then continued to talk to me. "Oh my God, I think he's even more choice than he was last year!" She was swooning. "I'd totally do him." Tanya added.

“I would *so* totally do him,” Ashleigh said. “Bailee?” She said to me, wanting my opinion.

The blood drained from my face. Were they seriously... Was I supposed to tell... Did they mean...? Yes. Yes they did. And they were waiting for my answer.

“I g... I g...g... guess.” I replied.

Tanya interpreted that response to mean something more than it meant. “You haven’t!” She said, her mouth agape. “Oh my God, you did! What’s he like? Does he play rough?”

The floor had suddenly disappeared, or at least it felt that way, as I started to fall off to the side, in search of it again. Ashleigh grabbed my by the arm and kept me upright. “She’s obviously remembering. It must have been quite a night.”

“Obviously.” Tanya said, grinning in envy. “How many times, Bailee? How many times did you make him come?”

The rest of that conversation continued on without me, as my world went black. I had fainted. Which was a pretty girlish thing to do, really.



“So, I think we learned an important lesson today.” Ashleigh said as we got back in her car.

“That you can make emotional scars so deep even shock therapy can’t help?” I replied.

“No, that we need to be a little more realistic.” She suddenly got serious. “Imitating someone else in body and soul is far more involved than we thought. So far, we’ve been playing around. We need to stop fooling and get serious.”

“Great.” I half-mumbled to myself.

“From now on, I’m calling you ‘Bailee.’ I don’t want anymore screw-ups about your name. You have to get used to it. Bailee.”

“Just not at school, okay?” I whined.

“That’s another thing. We need to pull you out of school. You need more time to prepare.”

“How the hell are you going to do that without my parents discovering?” I asked, eager to know. I’d been trying to come up with a way to do that for years.

She thought for a moment. “Well, I’m glad you asked, Bailee.” She smiled at me while I sighed. “Leave that to me. Just don’t plan on going to school on Monday.”

“Well, I can’t miss school for too long. I can’t fail any of my classes.”

“Bailee, Bailee, you worry too much.” She patted me on my knee. “It’s going to be just fine. Leave it in my hands. Meanwhile, we’ve got to get you believing you’re a girl rather than just pretending. You have to be sure of yourself and confident.”

“What are you going to do, brainwash me?”

“Would if I could. But I’ll figure it out.” Ashleigh said, staring off into the sky. “Bailee.” She added.



As became habit, whenever I had a few minutes to spare and my sister was home, I flipped on the scanner and listened to Bailee and her friends on the phone.

“...and I’m like, what’s the deal?” Janessa was saying. “It’s not a volleyball game, this is a *school play!*”

“That is exactly why I won’t ever invite her to my parties anymore.” Brittany-Anne added, in total agreement of something I had missed.

Bailee decided to change the subject. It had become clear to me that both Janessa and Brittany-Anne were nothing more than sub-humans in Bailee’s eyes. Well, everyone was sub-human in Bailee’s world, but Janessa and Brittany-Anne were just there to pay homage to her and provide diversions until Bailee had something to say or wanted friends to go somewhere with.

“Peter Crane broke up with Shelley.” She said, proclaiming it as new information for the rest of the sub-humans to feed upon.

“When!?” Janessa said, excitedly and enthralled with the new information.

“I hadn’t head!” Brittany-Anne added.

Bailee was delighted to explain. “Well, they think they’re keeping it a secret, but I saw Shelley give him back his lettermans’ jacket.”

“They broke up!” Brittany-Anne confirmed. That was certainly proof.

Now that meant that Peter Crane was ‘available,’ right? I had been listening for a while, and this always seemed to be the point of mentioning break-ups.

“But that’s not all.” Bailee said, enticingly.

“Ooooooh.”

“What I heard was that Shelley has gone totally lesbo.”

Brittany-Anne and Janessa simultaneously yelped in glee. Such juicy gossip was thrilling.

“And I know who she’s seeing.”

“Who?” Janessa demanded to know.

“Who is it?” Brittany-Anne chimed in.

Bailee kept them hanging for a second. “Sarah Reed.” She declared.

“I knew she was gay! I knew it!”

“So *totally* gay n’ stuff!”

“So you see, the reason I know, n’ stuff, is because I was in the north hall bathroom...”

“Yes?”

“And I was just walking in the door when Shelley came out...”

“And Sarah was...?”

“Sarah was in a stall, cleaning up and putting her *shirt back on*.”

Now to me, this could have meant anything. Maybe she needed to adjust something. Maybe she was just buttoning her shirt. To get from two people in the same place to being gay lovers was a bit of a stretch. But oh my God, what if it were true? What a bombshell! I phoned Derek up immediately.

“Did you hear about Shelley and *Sarah Reed*?” I said, before he even had a chance to answer.

“Is this... Uh... Is this Wyatt?” Derek said, still catching up.

“They’re gay!”

“What? This is you, right Wyatt?”

“They’re lesbians, Derek! Lesbian lovers!”

I assumed Derek was too blown away by this stunning information to respond. He paused for a good long while before answering. “I don’t care.”

“How can you not care? Shelley and Sarah Reed?” I emphasized. This was just too wild not to care about!

“Listen, I’ve got some homework to do. I’ll call you later, Wyatt.” Derek said. He hung up.

Well, fine. If he didn’t want to talk about it, I could just get back on the line with Bailee. I activated the scanner again.

Unfortunately, by the time I was back listening to them, I had probably missed most of the good stuff. Thanks a lot, Derek.

“So who do you think Peter will hook up with?” Janessa asked. “He’s supposed to be a reeeeeealy good kisser.”

“Good kisser? Oh, that’s so high school.” Eleventh-grader Bailee said, mocking her friend.

Brittany-Anne was so happy to insult her supposed friend as well. “Oh my God, you are *so lame*.”

Janessa was silent.

“Anyway...” Bailee said, trying to get back to the subject at hand, “I put him about sixth on my list of hot guys.”

“I think he’s cuter than Jay Hollands but I don’t think he’s quite as hot as Kevin Parnell.”

“Kevin Parnell? He’s not even on my top ten!” Janessa said, now inviting herself back into the conversation.

“Oh, but he’s so good with the smoochies, Janessa!” Bailee teased.

“Kissy kissy,” Brittany-Anne said.

Janessa tried to soldier on. “You think he’s...”

“Peter, would you like to... *neck*?” Bailee taunted.

“You want to go *steady*, Peter?”

“Oh Peter, I think we should take it easy with *heavy petting*.”

They howled in laughter. Obviously the girls believed they were far too experienced and mature to be talking about mere kissing. Well, I sure knew Bailee was. She was probably already doing stuff you only see in porno films.

“Will you guys shut up?” Janessa finally requested. “And Jay Hollands picks his nose.”

Bailee was going to stop this any second, I could feel it. She obviously was going to tell Janessa and Brittany-Anne what the real list was.

But Brittany-Anne wasn’t finished. “Okay, it’s not like there’s a lot to choose from. My top ten list is really only seven guys. Maybe eight.”

“You guys are totally wrong.” Bailee said, just as I was thinking it. “Here’s my list: Josh Farmer number one. The rest are total freaks.”

“Oh, come on, Bee!”

“They’re all just total, farm-grown, small town, nobody-gives-a-shit freaks!”

“Tanner Ferguson?”

“Freak.”

“Perry Hanes?”

“Frea-kay.”

“Brandon Webb.”

“Gay.”

“Ryan Palmer?”

“Oh, so the freak.”

“You were just dating him last week!” Janessa pointed out.

“And that’s why I’m not dating him this week.” Bailee replied. “He’s totally in to swimming.”

“What’s wrong with...”

“Please!” Bailee interrupted. “It’s swimming! *Okay?* It’s nothing but freaks! If they were regular people, they’d play a sport with some kinda popularity. Like football or basketball.”

Personally, I could see Ryan Palmer on my list. I mean, not that I had one at the time, but if I did, I might have put him and possibly Tanner as well. But the more I thought about it, I could probably make a bigger list.

I turned off the scanner and grabbed a notebook. I numbered one through ten. Josh number one of course, and then I tried to fill in the rest.

But the more and more I thought about it, Bailee was right. Josh was pretty much the only guy in school who didn’t have something weird going on. And Josh was a way better guy to go out with, because he was popular, kinda rich and he could make a girl feel safe.

I mean, when he had his temper under control.



The next time I showed up at Ashleigh’s, it became clear that she was far more serious about this scheme than I first thought.

I had changed into my increasingly convincing imitation of my sister, applying makeup, the wig, and wearing some clothes I had nicked from the back of her closet. It was getting kinda spooky. I was very, very close to the goal. I wasn’t quite Bailee, but I certainly was no longer anything close to a Wyatt.

“Bailee, I’ve put a lot of thought into this and I think we need to focus on one important point,” Ashleigh said. “We need to get you thinking about being

Bailee. You need to be in her world, doing her things, living her life and thinking her thoughts.”

“Um, I thought we had actually been doing that,” I replied.

“No,” she corrected harshly, “we’ve been teaching Wyatt how to *imitate* Bailee.”

“Same thing.”

“No.” She said. She was sounding a little irritated with me. “No. What needs to happen is that we put Wyatt aside and let Bailee come to the front.”

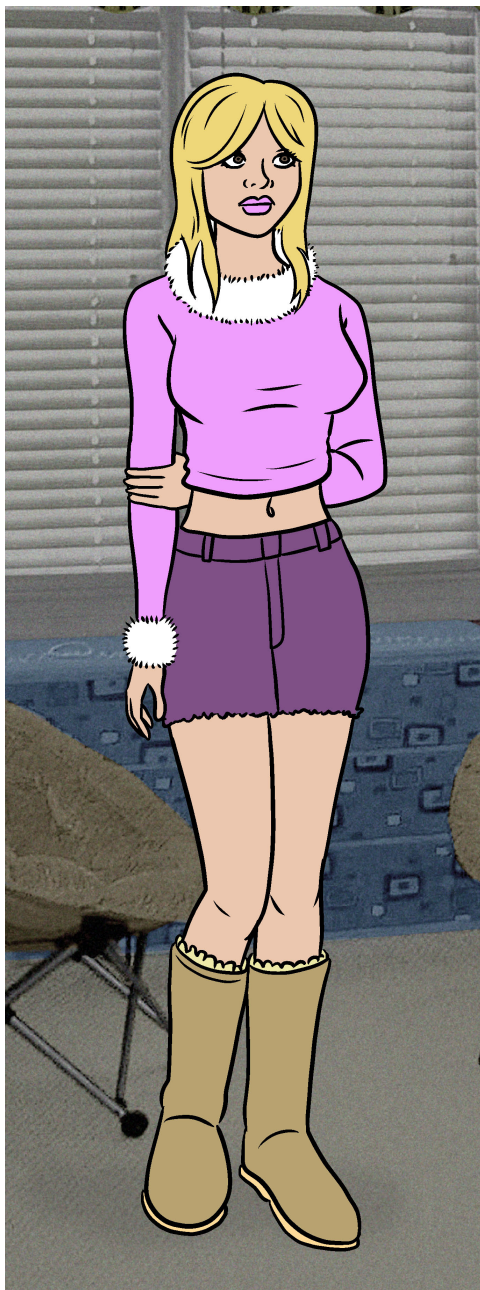
“That’s kinda creepy.” I told her. “There’s only one of me in here, you know.”

“But you’re wrong. You’ve watched Bailee grow up from birth. You know how she talks, what she likes, what she hates, what her favorite color is, what makes her laugh and what makes her angry. You know her secrets. You know why she acts the way she does. You know her motivations, and you know what drives her. You know how she thinks, like you were inside her brain.” She looked away from me and stared at the wall.

“More than anyone else in the world, you know why she’s so *fucking* popular.”

I wanted to lighten the mood with a joke. “It’s her tits.” I said.

“No shit.” Ashleigh said, with venom. “But right now, we have to get you to be Bailee rather than *imitate* Bailee. You know how she thinks and you have to think like that.”



“What if don’t want to think like that? I’m not keen on the idea of becoming someone else.”

“You’re afraid.” Ashleigh said. “It’s understandable. Society and family has told you over and over again, for years and years and years that you have to be all the man you can be. Men can’t wear pink, they can’t do dishes, they can’t make a bed. Anything even remotely effeminate is wrong and to be avoided. And if you ever see another man act like that, it’s your solemn duty to call them a fag.”

“Wait a minute here, Ash...”

“No. You’re *afraid* to be a girl. You’re scared *shitless* to act like your sister. A big, strong he-man like you is afraid of everything we weak little girls do every day.”

“I wouldn’t call it fear.”

“You’re afraid. You *fear* this.”

“It’s not fear!” I told her. “It’s called common sense!”

“Oh no, it’s fear. Fear of what you don’t understand.”

Now she was just pissing me off. “I understand girls *completely!*”

“Hardly!” Ashleigh snapped. “If you understand girls so well, answer this: If a girl wears a short skirt, what does that tell you?”

“It tells me that they... want attention.”

“Wrong! It tells you that they’re so lost in this world, their only hope for any love or compassion in this world is to attract every man they see into their lives in the hope of finding some sort of fulfillment!”

“That’s now how girls think?”

“It’s how every girl thinks! It’s desperation that drives girls to act like sluts! Pure desperation!”

“Well, why do they think that? That’s just going to get them into bad relationships and...”

“Of course it will, we know that! But we have to do it! We have no other options! It’s because we have no idea how to connect with people on a personal level! People scare us! People scare everyone, woman or man!” Ashleigh was sweeping me up in her whirlwind of emotion. “Just like you’re scared!”

“I’m not scared!” I repeated. “I told you that!”

“Oh, you’re scared. You’re scared of what people will do if they ever pick up on your after-school activities here, aren’t you?”

“Of course I am! It would ruin me!”

“And why would it ruin you?”

“Because I’m not supposed to act like this, I’m a man!”

“So you’re scared!”

“I am *not* scared!” I objected. “And you’re ugly!”

Ashleigh looked confused and bewildered. “What was *that* supposed to be?”

“A joke.”

“See, that proves my point! You joke when you’re scared, I know you! You’re scared now!”

“I am not scared of you or anything!”

“Boys hide, joke or get angry when they get scared. Guys like you joke, guys like Josh Farmer throw punches!” She paused to catch her breath. As she did, I could see the memory of her last encounter with Josh wash across her mind. “If a girl is scared, what do they do?”

“What?” I asked, not following her.

“I told you, they get desperate.”

“Yeah, but...”

“And what do desperate girls do? They lash out. They either try and fill the void with men, with humor or with food!”

“I don’t...”

“What does Bailee fill the void with?”

“She’s not...”

“What does she fill the void with?”

“She acts like a flirt?”

“What does Wyatt do?”

“He jokes.”

“What does Josh do?”

“He gets violent.”

“What do I do?”

“You... you...”

“I get even,” she growled. “And what does Bailee do?”

“Acts like a flirt.”

“She acts like a slut. What would you do if you were feeling alone and lost and you were Bailee?”

“She... She... She eats, actually.”

“Oh, but she gets over that pretty quick. What does Bailee do next?”

“Go out or something.”

“Where does Bailee go?”

“To meet people, I guess.”

“Bailee doesn’t want to be alone, does she?”

“Who wants to be alone?”

“Why is being alone so bad?”

“It’s empty. I know hate feeling empty.”

“You don’t want to be alone. Would people laugh at you behind your back if they knew the great Bailee was alone?”

“They would, they would laugh.”

“But they don’t understand, do they?”

“Yeah, they don’t understand anything. People are stupid.”

“And then what would you do?”

“I’d go and try to fix the problem.”

“What kind of clothes would you wear?”

“A short skirt.”

“What kind of makeup would you wear?”

“Dark. Heavy.”

“Why, Bailee? Why would you do this?”

“I don’t want... I don’t want people to laugh at me. I want people to pay attention to me.”

“They’d laugh at you for wearing skimpy girly clothes, wouldn’t they?”

“No, I do that to get guys’s attention!” I corrected her.

“You dress like this because you don’t want to give people the satisfaction, do you?”

“No!”

“You’re the one in control when guys look at you, aren’t you?”

“Yes!”

“Would you like a cookie, Bailee?” Ashleigh said, handing me a mint chocolate chip cookie. I grabbed it and devoured it. I hadn’t had food in so long. I tasted so good. It was ecstasy.

“Are you scared?”

“Not if I can attract any guy I want.” I replied. She gave me another cookie. It was even better than the first one.

We went on like that for a few hours. I pretended to be my sister and answered Ashleigh’s questions as best I could. Whenever I got one right, she let me have another one of those cookies. I know it’s obvious now, but back then I don’t think I realized she was doing this whole Pavlov thing with me. Right answers earned me a reward. The reward made me feel so good that I always wanted to give Ashleigh right answers, even after I had eaten the whole bag of cookies.

“Guys are the center of everything to you, aren’t they Bailee?”

“Yes!”

“And making them do what you want is power, isn’t it, Bailee?”

“Yes!”

Had she planned this? Had she deliberately starved me into this state where the sugary, fatty cookie would be so delicious and fulfilling that I’d act like a trained animal for her? Well, if she had, she couldn’t have come up with anything more effective. My self-will was completely gone. All my subconscious was telling me was that being Bailee was going to make me feel so good.



With only five days to go until we planned to make the switch, Ashleigh picked me up in her car in the morning, and said we’d spend the day doing girl stuff. To get me out of school, she told me she forged a note that said Wyatt was going to be on a hunting trip with my dad for the rest of the week. Mind you, we lived in southern California, but it seemed there was an old provision in state law that excused kids for hunting and fishing trips without suffering any consequences – or needing any real verification. Wish I had known that earlier in my life.

I did my makeup as we drove, which was a whole new skill to learn, and we stopped at a local salon-spa type place. I knew better than to object, so I just but a smile on and followed Ashleigh inside. “Hey, Bailee.” The receptionist said to me as we entered.

I waved back a little tentatively. “Ash?” I said to Ashleigh, looking for an explanation.

“This is her favorite salon.”

“Everybody knows me here!” I objected. “I mean, they know *Bailee* here!”

“Of course they do.” She said. “Why wouldn’t they... Bailee?”

I knew then I wasn’t going to get any help, so I just tried to relax and not panic. Ashleigh told me to take a seat while she went and made arrangements for the day. As she talked to the receptionist, I tried to not look nervous, failing miserably. I decided to dive into the magazines that were on the table in front of me.

“It’ll be a half hour.” She said to me, as she took a seat beside me. Ashleigh picked up a magazine and started reading to pass the time, just like I was. I decided that poking my eyes over the top of the magazine and looking around, worrying if people were staring at me was a losing proposition, so I just concentrated on the articles and made myself loosen up.

“You should do your hair like this one.” I said, showing a picture to Ashleigh.

“What?” She said, looking a little puzzled. “My hair?”

I pointed to the picture again. “You really should go a shade or two lighter.”

“You think so?” She answered with a smile.

“Trust me,” I told her, “That’s what Bailee would say. And have you ever thought about being a redhead? You could totally pull that off.”

Ashleigh looked in a nearby wall mirror and tossed her hair around. “Maybe.” She said, like she was deliberating it. “I can’t say I haven’t thought about it.”

“You should do it.” I told her.

“Bailee?” The receptionist called from her desk. “You’re up!” she said, cheerfully. “Go see Aimee, your stylist. She’s ready for you.”

“My stylist?” I said to Ashleigh. “I’m wearing a wig!”

“Don’t worry. I’ve got you covered.” She stood up, took my hand and led me over to the chair where a young woman who had the most insane hairdo was waiting. I mean, she looked like she was some kinda Asian pop idol crossed with Marilyn Manson. “Hi, Aimee. I’m Bailee’s friend, Ashleigh. I don’t think we’ve met.”

“Hey,” Aimee replied, cool as she could be.

“We had a little bet going last week and Bailee lost.” Ashleigh explained. “Well, the loser of the bet had to cut and dye their hair like a boy’s.” She then grabbed my wig hair and hoisted it off my head, right in front of Aimee and the rest of the salon. My short, shaggy Wyatt hair was plain for anyone to see.

“Ohmigaaaawd!” Aimee exclaimed. “You cut it all off! What did you do?”



I just sank in the chair, hoping to fall in between the cushions and down to the core of the Earth, where I was safe.

“So, think you can fix it?” Ashleigh asked Aimee.

“I can’t believe it! But... Wow... It’s going to cost.”

“My treat.” Ashleigh said. “After all, I won the bet, and I’m a good winner.”

“Some extensions, a fall, a weave.” Aimee said to herself, planning her strategy. “It’ll be some work, but I think it can be done.”

“Great!” Ashleigh said. “I’ll see you later at the tanning bed!” She gave me a Hollywood air-kiss and left me to my fate.

“You want to do anything new while we’re at it, Bailee?” Aimee asked me as I watched Ashleigh walk away.

I was so humiliated. I was shell-shocked. I had no idea if she bought the story Ashleigh told her, or if she suspected that I was really a guy. I felt so worthless. I felt like I had lost every bit of dignity I had. I felt like shit. I felt worthless.

“No, just make it look like Bailee’s hair.” I said, barely able to speak. “I mean *my* hair.”

Aimee sighed and pulled on some rubber gloves. “All right. Get comfortable. This is going to take a while.”

They gave me an iPod to listen to while Aimee and her assistants got to work. I decided to close my eyes and just let them do it. I wasn’t up for any talking. Plus, the more I talked, the more likely it was that I was going to make a mistake and screw up.

It was maybe an hour into the process that I started thinking to myself that the new hair was going to be a part of me now. Sure, it could be cut off after I was done standing in for my sister, but I still had a few more days as Wyatt until that was going to happen. Knowing Ashleigh, though, she had already figured this out.

The things I smelled while Aimee was working on my hair made me nauseous. On the rare times I opened my eyes, I saw plastic clips, tin foil, paint brushes, rollers, pins, long tendrils of hair and a heat gun. Despite my instincts, I kept my mouth shut and gripped the arm rests to make sure I didn’t run for the door.

“Okay, wakey-wakey!” Aimee said to me, tapping me on the arm hours later. My head was wrapped in a huge towel-turban, and I nearly fell over when I stood up because of the weight. “Steady!” Aimee cautioned. “It’s time for you to see Hannah for your waxing.”

“Oh. Um... thanks?” I replied. I was grateful to leave.

“I’ll see you back here in an hour or two.” She said with a smile.

Great. It was then that I realized what she had just said. “Waxing?” I said aloud.

I walked over to the other side of the salon, where I met Hannah. She was nice girl, but she was built like a longshoreman. The reason was simple. She needed the strength of a bodybuilder to rip off the long strips of wax from people’s legs.

I suppose every girl has a story about the first time she waxed her legs, and it bonds together every woman who’s had it done, all sharing the in the memory of the intense pain involved. I guess I was no different now. I now had the same story of excruciating pain endured for the cause of looking good.

I was convinced she was going to pull one of those strips and take a few square feet of skin with it. I honestly had no idea my skin could take this kind of a beating, and not be shredded to bits.

I thanked Hannah – for maiming me? – and went over to the next station. It was the tanning booth, and I was given a choice of bikinis and asked to strip

down and put one on. As my body seized up in fright, Ashleigh quickly swept in and took control.

“Bailee and I need some privacy, ‘kay?” She said pleasantly to the tanning booth attendant as she palmed a bill into her hand. The girl smiled and bowed out quickly, leaving the two of us alone in the room.

Ashleigh checked to make sure the coast was clear. “Okay, put this on,” She said, handing me the bikini.

“You’re *not* serious.” I said.

“Do it quick, before someone comes by!” She told me. “I know it’s embarrassing, but you need to wear it for tan lines!”

I looked at her with my head cocked, not believing her for one minute. But what was I to do, exactly? Walk out?

The top had too little to work with, but I was a little shocked to find the bottom snug against my butt and the sides arching above my hips. Somewhere over the last few weeks, I had developed a plump rear end. I blamed the cookies Ashleigh had me hooked on.

“Get on the tanning bed, quickly!” Ashleigh said. “Oh wait, I need to spray you with this” She picked up a spray bottle and started going up and down my hairless, bikini-clad body. “Tan accelerator!” She explained.

Once I was given a good coating, I eased onto the tanning bed and Ashleigh brought the top down on me. I felt like a grilled cheese sandwich.

Fortunately, I fell asleep. Otherwise, I probably would have spent the entire time worrying about who was walking by and what they could see. Worrying about Aimee, and if she knew the truth. Worrying if she had told everyone in the salon the story. Worrying if the moment when I stepped out of the tanning booth, every eye would be on me, knowingly.

It must have been a long while later when Ashleigh shook me awake. I sat up, trying to remember where I was – like you do when you wake up – and then figured I must be dreaming.

Ashleigh was carrying a tube of lotion in one hand, and rubbing me all over with the other. She worked that lotion into every square inch of my skin. Head to toe. Wow. I had actually dreamt of this happening one time. Maybe more than once...

So, I should have probably been suspicious when I wasn’t able to get stiff while she massaged me. I mean, if you couldn’t do it then, when could you?

“Is everything okay in here?” A girl said, coming into the room. I had my backside to her, so she couldn’t see anything, but boy, she gave me a heart attack.

“We’re fine!” Ashleigh said, quick to answer. She then suddenly realized what this looked like and blushed beet red. She was so cute when she blushed. “It’s not what you think.”

“Mmm-hmm.” The girl said. “Bailee, they’re ready for you at the nail station.” “Thanks.” I squeaked.

I was given a robe, a big, fluffy – and most importantly, *long* robe. Taking my spot on a stool in front of a table that smelled like an industrial chemical spill, I tried to smile and be pleasant. The girl at the nail table was doing her absolute best to try and start up a conversation with me, but all she wanted to talk about was which movie star was sleeping with which movie star. It’s hard to believe now, but I remember back then I used to find that all so boring. And I had no idea what she was talking about or what I should say.

That seemed to make her work faster, without being distracted by conversation. I wound up with French tips on my hands. As I got up from the station, the woman just winked at me. Maybe she realized no girl my apparent age would have a set of rough, untouched cuticles like I did, but who knows. Maybe Aimee had already told her about me while I was in the tanning room.

Back at the hair station, I was given the iPod back and I reclined into the chair as Aimee finished up my hair. She seemed to be avoiding eye contact with me, or at least it felt like it.

As I lay there listening to the music, I started running through my head what I was going to look like when I could finally see myself. I thought I’d look like my sister of course, as that was the idea. But would I look passable enough to fool Josh close-up? Could I fool my parents? Could I fool Bailee’s friends?

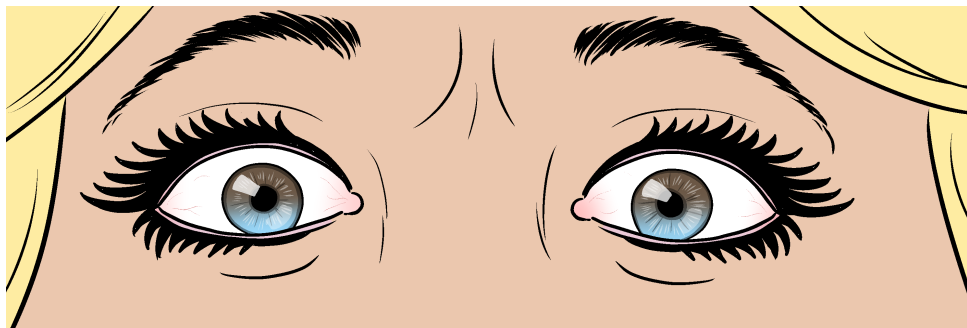
Aimee turned the chair away from the mirror as she brought somebody else over to do my make-up. Apparently, I was going to have a grand unveiling, like they do in those makeover shows.

And what about these nails? How could I possibly hide them from anyone? It was going to be pretty obvious what I was doing when I came home with polished French cut nails. And the tan. That wasn’t going to be easy to explain.

So when they turned me around in the chair, it became clear to be that I hadn’t thought this plan through very well. A baseball cap wasn’t going to hide this. A baggy shirt wasn’t going to disguise anything. There was no way I was going to be able to conceal what the mirror saw.

For all intents and purposes, Bailee had a twin sister. More than that. I was a clone. Wyatt was no more. Not only would no one ever mistake me for Wyatt, but no one would ever believe I was anyone but Bailee.

I didn't believe I was anyone but Bailee.



On the drive home, I was losing it big-time. Everything they had done was so permanent, and so obvious. “How am I going to explain this to my parents? What the hell is my sister going to think?” I said, jabbering on.

“Will you just shut up for a second?” Ash said, looking very cross with me. “You’re such a whiner!”

“Whiner?”

“You’re whining like a baby.” She said. “Oh, Ashleigh, what about my family? Oh Ashleigh, what about my friends? Oh Ashleigh, what about my pet hamster? Oh Ashleigh, what about blah de blah? Ashleigh, Ashleigh, Ashleigh!”

“This is fuckin’ serious!” I yelled.

“Of course it’s serious! It’s the most serious thing I’ve ever done, and you’re coming *apart* on me!” She gathered herself from losing her temper. “You’re going to take the place of your sister *tonight*. So there’s no problem with the way you look.”

“Tonight!” I yelled. “Tonight? I thought I still had until...”

“Plans change. Nothing I could do about it.”

“But *tonight*? I’m not ready!”

“You’re going to be fine.” She took a sharp left, sending me hurled against the passenger door with a thud. I knew she did it on purpose. “Just get a hold of yourself or you’ll screw up and get us both in trouble!”

“But you don’t...”

“I’m going to throw you out of the car right now. I swear to God.”

Then a thought struck me. “Where’s Bailee going to be anyway? What did you do?”

“It’s not important.” She said, suddenly not wanting to talk.

That sort of language makes me nervous. “Tell me what you’ve done.”

“She’s fine.” Ashleigh said, making me even more nervous. “She’s just going to be out of the way... for a while.”

“Did you kidnap her? Tell me you didn’t do that.” After all, Ashleigh seemed pretty capable of anything right now.

“No!” She objected. “I just made arrangements.”

“Tell me. You have to tell me. She’s a bitch, but she is my sister.”

“All you need to worry about is being the new Bailee. That’s what you’ve got to focus on.”

I wasn’t going to let her side-track me. “Please tell me what you did to my sister.”

She slowed the car over to the side of the road and pulled the brake. “Your sister is a total slut.”

“I know.”

“Yes. But what you don’t know is that she was doing some photo work on the side.”

“Photo work.”

“She was making extra money letting people take nude shots of her.”

“That doesn’t surprise me. She always had more money than she should have.” I had to think about it for a minute, and reconsider. “Maybe it’s a little surprising. But it’s certainly something she would do. She wouldn’t give a crap about doing that sort of thing for money.” I thought about it a little more. The more I thought about it, the more it fit. “Yeah. She’d definitely do that. But where is she now?”

Ashleigh shrugged. “Dunno. All I did was phone up a porn agent and tell him that he could pay her a lot of money and she’d go off and do it no questions asked. I sent them some of the photos that had been posted on the web and her email address. I left the rest up to her.”

“And she went,” I said, a little disappointed in Bailee. Or was I disappointed in myself? After all, I was trying hard to be her. Was I capable of that sort of bad judgment?

“She went. Last night. They sent her plane tickets and she cleared out. I told them she’d be willing to run away, and I was right, I guess.”

“She’s gone,” I said, without purpose. “She didn’t even leave a note.”

“She ran away. Leaving a note would have given the cops a head start of finding her.”

“You figured this all out, didn’t you? You knew she’d run away for money.”

Ashleigh didn’t even bat an eye. “She’s so not worth the drama,” she said, flip-pantly. I expected some sympathy, but there wasn’t any to be found in her uninterested, uninvolved eyes. After all this time, did I really know Ash that well either?

She started the car back up and pulled into traffic. It wasn’t but a couple of minutes before she was in my driveway. “Time to go home, Bailee.”

It suddenly struck me what I was about to do. “Just walk in?”

“And act like yourself, Bailee. No big deal. You’ve been at the salon, you’ve been out with a girlfriend, a normal day for you, Bailee.”

I tried to put myself into a Bailee frame of mind. I was just out kicking around like I always do. Doing my hair, a little shopping. Normal stuff. No big.

“Wait a minute.” I said, just as Ashleigh was pulling out. “What do I tell them about where Wyatt is?”

Ashleigh looked at me like I wasn’t even asking a real question. “That’s *his* problem. Why would you know anything about where your brother is?”

True enough. Ashleigh pulled out, but waited to watch me enter the house. I guess she thought I’d chicken out. I probably would have.

“Hey.” I said, seeing Mom in the kitchen. She was on the phone, and barely even looked up to see me come in. I grabbed a mint chocolate chip cookie and went up to my room. I took off my shoes and kicked back on the big bed. At the very least, I was definitely going to enjoy this while it lasted. This was the larger of two bedrooms. Wyatt had the smaller one, and Bailee got the larger one when we moved in. Girls get that kind of privilege. At least in our family, they did. She got away with a lot of things, really. And at the very least, I was going to enjoy getting the same treatment for a change.

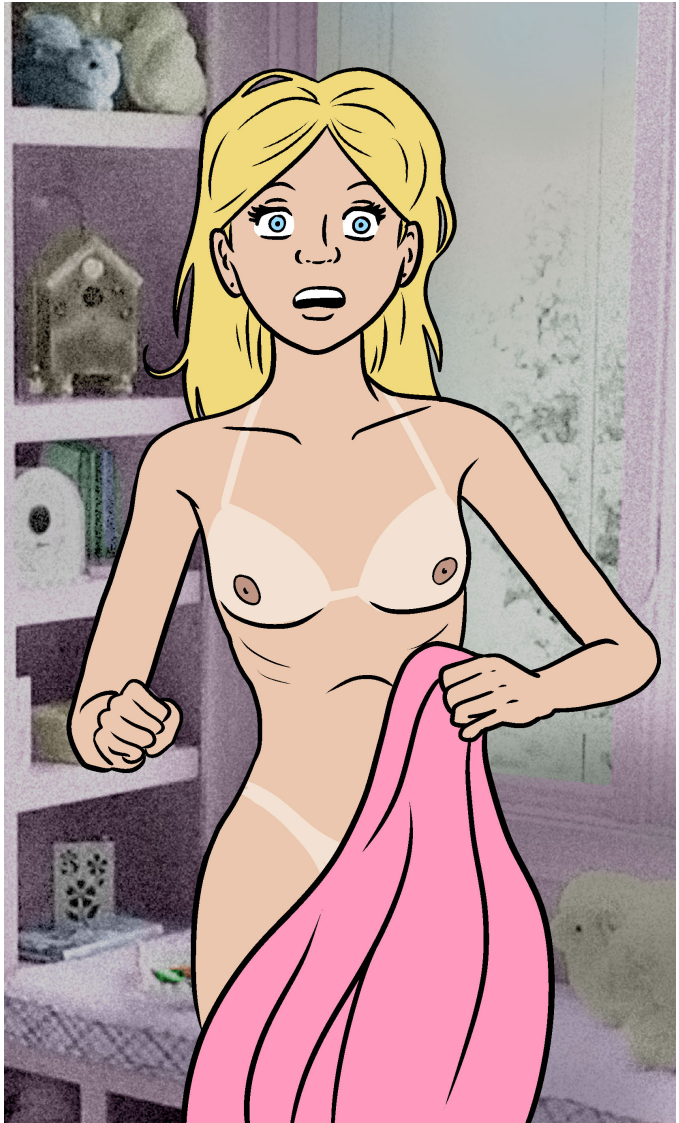
I stopped in front of Bailee’s big three-fold floor-length mirror. Was I really going to be able to get away with this?

I peeled myself out of the clothes, piece by piece. I shimmied out of those jeans I had stolen weeks ago. Not only was I able to fit in them, but now they were a perfect fit. I could wear her shoes, and her jeans. I was shaped exactly like her from the waist down. Her panties, smooth, pink and silky hung off my

hips just like they were supposed to. There was a curve that started at my ankle, and bent gently over my calf and pinched at my knee. But the second, uniquely female curve started at my knee and then swept up around my big hips and cut into my waist.

I took off my top, and I took off that corset. It was loose on me anyway. It was time to toss it aside. My entire midsection was no more than twenty inches around. From there, my constricted ribs flared up and out to my chest. And at my chest, it swelled out even more. As I removed my bra and the rubber breast forms they held, I saw them. They had been growing there for a while, now. I thought that “bust-up” gum had to be a scam. But there they were, two real breasts. They weren’t big by any means. Yet they weren’t small either. There were plenty of girls in school with bee-sting chests who would kill for what I had.

My nipples had migrated at first, then they started to grow in size and rest on top of some fat. The fat had just kept growing, until I found myself with what I had. I wasn’t sure why I hadn’t been more concerned, but I suppose I just didn’t want to think about it. I didn’t want to think about how permanent this whole thing seemed to be getting. How did they get this way? Well, that orange



puke drink that Ashleigh had me taking probably wasn't just juice, if you get my drift.

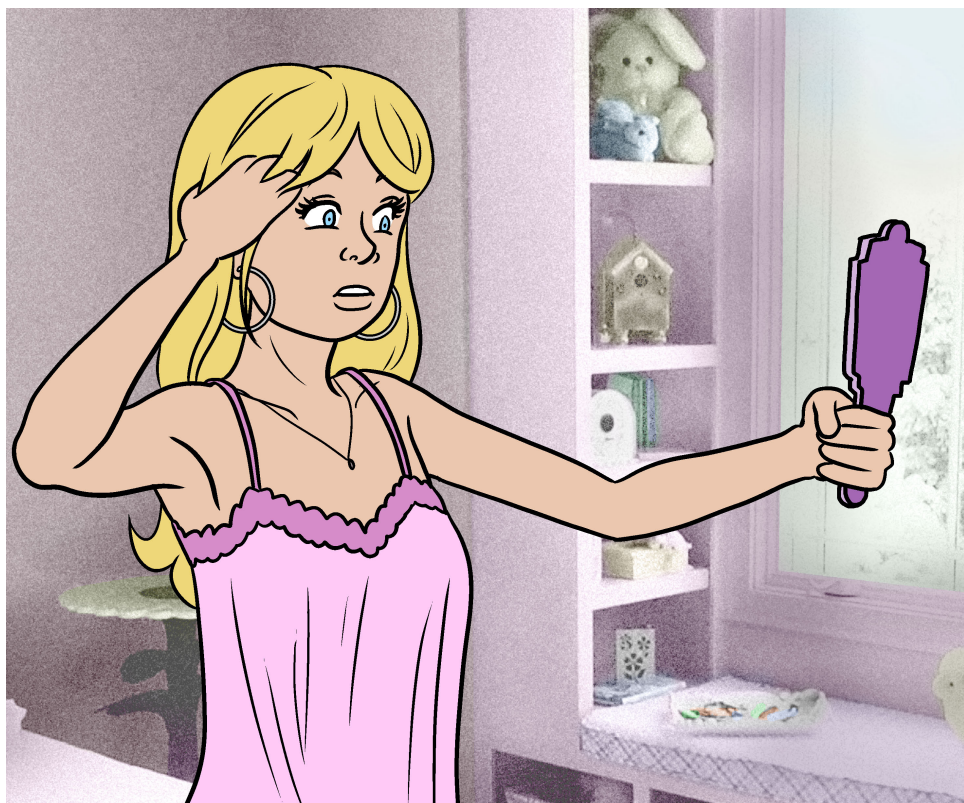
I moved on from my chest to my face. I still recognized it, it was still my face. But those blue eyes I now sported showed the difference. The lips I coated with moisturizing stick were full and pouty. My slim, small male nose could now be described as a cute button nose. You could say my youthful eyes were now bright. You could now call my healthy cheeks 'apple cheeks.' You could now just call my face a girl's face.

More than that, it was Bailee's face. I grabbed a picture from the yearbook and held it up against mine. I knew it was me in the mirror. But I couldn't tell you why. We looked the same.

There wasn't a real Bailee anymore. There was no one to lead her life. To sleep in her bed. To wear her clothes. That left a hole to fill in the world.

"I'm Bailee," I said to myself in the mirror, using her voice. And you know what? It was as true as anything I'd ever said.

My cell phone beeped in its' cradle, and I snapped it up, just like I was supposed to. It was Janessa.



“Hey, Bee!” She said, enthusiastically. She was always like that.

“Hey, baby girl!” I replied.

“I need some shoes.”

“Oak Pines?” I answered. After all, that’s where you went for shopping.

“Meet me at Dillard’s. 6:30.”

“6:45.” I said. And I jumped off my bed to change. Hey, you had to look good at the mall.



We hooked up and went to Steve Madden’s for some shoes Janessa wanted for a date. That’s when I noticed all the staring. I should have been prepared for it. After all, Bailee was a hot girl. The hottest girl in school. Heck, she was one of the hottest girls I had ever seen. So having guys stare at me was just going to happen. No reason to freak out. And I wasn’t stupid, so I knew that when guys were talking to me, all they were really trying to do was pick me up.

“I think you should go out with me,” one guy said, being pretty forward. But that was okay. Girls like Bailee weren’t going to be impressed by flowery language or delicate phrasing. She knew if she wanted to go with someone, and all one needed to do was ask.

Of course, I sort of had a boyfriend – Josh. So all I could do was find ways to say no. Although this wasn’t anything Bailee would ever actually say. She’s a girl who never says no. So the trick was to lead them on without committing. I would just tease and flirt a little and then leave things hanging.

“Why should you go out with me?” I would reply. “I don’t think you really mean it.” I could say. “Do you think I’m cute?” I’d ask in reply. It was fun to hear them describe the person they thought they were talking to. And I guess it was a little bit of an ego boost as well.

As fun as it was to tease the boys, Shopping had it’s own rewards.

Yeah, I know, it’s a cliché that girls love to shop, but oh my God, I can’t help it! You can go from store to store and try a bunch of stuff on, pick up things, act like you’re all rich and important and never actually get anything. You can do that store after store! And everyone working there has to be nice to you! I mean, that’s half the fun right there.

So we’d go all over the mall, toss around the merchandise, ask stupid questions, make a lot of noise and then move on. What I found was that no one really stopped you if you were a cute teenage girl – no matter how rude you acted.

And believe me, we could get pretty rude with people. In one store a man working at the skin care place was following me and my friends as we went around the store picking up things and messing around with them. Eventually, he came up to me and said quietly, "Please don't rearrange the display."

I just turned to him, and in the loudest voice I could use, said "Ohmigawd! I told you I don't date old men!" We left the store immediately, and I turned back as we left and said, "Doing that with *animals*? You are such a *perv*!" We all laughed because he was going to get in so much trouble.

Later, Brittany-Anne was getting all superior and stuff, saying that if she wanted to she could just take stuff from stores and no one would even stop her. Can you believe that? I told her it was because everyone was going to be looking at me, and that's why people didn't notice her. Then she dares me to take some cell phone covers from one of the kiosks.

Brittany-Anne and I would talk up the guy working there and then Janessa would pocket stuff when he wasn't looking. And I think I proved my point when the guy wouldn't stop hitting one me, just ignoring Brittany-Anne. Then, this *bitch* who didn't have *anything* to do with *anything* was passing by, and pointed Janessa out to the guy, but Janessa was able to drop the stuff and we got away. I swear to God, some people are just so nosy. I mean, what's up with *that*?

When we finally got bored, Brittany-Anne and Janessa called their parents to pick them up. That was something they would have never done with Wyatt, but I gave it a try. "Mom, come pick me up. I'm at the mall," I said, trying to say it the way I was supposed to. You know what I mean, all snooty like Bailee does.

"I'll be there in ten minutes," Mom said. Wow. She would have just told Wyatt to ride the bus or something. Things sure were different now.

"Have you seen your brother?" Mom asked me in the car.

I just acted like I didn't care. Which I didn't. "How would I know? Who cares what he does?"

Mom didn't sound concerned. She just sounded angry. "I just haven't seen him all day."

What did she want, anyway? Like she even noticed when Wyatt wasn't around. All she cared about was that real estate business of hers. If Wyatt dropped off the face of the Earth, she'd probably only notice when the school called.

I hadn't been in the car five minutes when my cell rang. It was Brittany-Anne. Wasn't I just talking to her face-to-face five minutes ago? Whatever. Bailee was this all the time, so I just chirped away, ignoring the rest of the world. I was getting pretty good at this, too. I would have never thought that I could talk for

an hour straight on the phone, but here I was, talking about other girls at school, hair, clothes, makeup, TV shows, anything at all that jumped into my mind. It was kind of therapeutic.

Well, the first thing Bailee would do when she got home was to go to the kitchen. I grabbed a handful of my favorite mint chip cookies and headed for my room. I didn't want to have to deal with mom and dad. They were all stressed about where Wyatt was.

"You should ground him until he's, like, in college," I said, knowing it was exactly the dig my sister would have slipped in while I was in trouble. "He *totally* doesn't respect you guys."

Once in my room again, I surveyed the place. It was a little odd, knowing that this was now all my stuff. Well, I mean, Bailee probably wasn't going to be back anytime soon, if ever.

Of course when Wyatt re-appeared or whatever, I'd have to give all this up, but for now this was all mine. I re-did the bed, went through the closet and planned out my clothes for the next few days. I rearranged my stuffed animals and put my makeup and hair stuff in places that I wanted it. There wasn't any sense in keeping it like she wanted it. And I wasn't going to pretend like I cared. I wanted to feel at home in this room, and so I basically messed around with everything – just a little. Even if it didn't need changing.

I logged on to her computer and got into the chat thing. She had a pretty popular myspace page. Of course, I already knew her passwords. After all, Wyatt picked those up months ago when doing the usual in-family spying. Apparently, I knew lots of people on the boards. I had the most friends on my page than any facebook page I had ever seen. Sweet. And they wanted to chat with me. They liked it when I talked dirty. My name was Daddiesbadgirl14, and you wouldn't believe the dorks on that board who got off to my typing a moan. Get a life! But I'd probably be back, as it's a little bit of a thrill teasing them. Freaks.

Before long, mom and dad called me down for dinner and again asked me like a billion questions about Wyatt. Where had I last seen him? Was he depressed lately? Taking drugs? Seeing a girl?

I mean, shouldn't the parents already know these things? Oh my God, how dense can you be? If I was Wyatt, I'd probably run away just to get away from these people. I cannot *believe* that they could be so totally going nuts about this. So I had to sit through this slow, boring dinner while Mom and Dad just got more and more worried. What would they tell people at work? Would they have to call the police? Should they contact a lawyer? Should they do TV interviews? They were so fucking pathetic.

Dad stayed up all night calling families to see if they knew where Wyatt was, and then he was bugging me, all getting in my face and asking me stuff like “are you sure you haven’t seen him?”

Please! Didn’t I just finish telling them this? If you were so worried about him, why weren’t you out looking for him instead of getting on my case? It must have been, ‘til, like, midnight before they left me alone so I could go to sleep. It was going to be a big day, going to school, and I needed as much sleep as I could get. But did they care? Of course not.

The next morning, Mom and Dad woke me early and said they were going down to the police to fill out some missing persons form, talk to some detectives n’ stuff. They said I should lock the front door behind me as I left for school. I was just glad to see them go.

Maybe Wyatt shouldn’t come back. That would show them.

So I picked out Bailee’s favorite sort of outfit for school, something low-cut, bare-belly and short. There was this great glittery top I hadn’t seen her wear before. Even I knew it was important not to wear the same thing to school twice. I was glad I didn’t have to wear that corset anymore. Now I could show off all that hard work.

I know the school didn’t allow the daisy dukes which would have gone super great with this top, so I had to go with a denim mini instead. This went great with the new boots I had just bought, and I was dying to wear them, so what the hey? Go for it, I told myself.

When I got to school, I was thinking about how I had all freaked out when I went to the mall that first time. Now, it was like I was dying to meet people. I couldn’t wait for people to see how great I looked.

Brittany-Anne was the first to say something. Of course it was about her. She’s so self-centered.

“I got this last week from the internet. Isn’t it great?” She said, talking about some homely looking camisole top she was wearing.

I smiled and nodded, as polite as I could be. “I’m so glad someone had the heart to buy one before they were put on clearance.”

Girl talk is so wonderfully vicious. I love it. We talked for a while about our outfits and hair, but then it was time to go to class. It wasn’t like I was in a rush, Bailee could be five minutes late and no teacher ever gave her a detention slip. So I took my time and went to my locker.

Then Josh saw me. I guess he was the one person I wasn’t really looking forward to seeing. He smiled at me, well maybe it was more like he was leering at me. I stomach felt like it wanted to retch.

So as I walked toward him, I just had to keep telling myself that I was a girl. I was a hot girl. I was Bailee. I was Josh's girlfriend. I was a girl. I was sexy. I wanted to kiss Josh. I ached for Josh. I was a girl.

He put his arm around my back and pulled me close. Quickly, he gave me one savage kiss.

I leaned back, and let him do what he wanted. After all, I wanted him to kiss me. I wanted him to like it. I wanted to like it. Any girl would.

I looked into his eyes and saw lust. Total lust for me. "You are so hot." He said. I smiled because I knew it was true.

So I know what you're thinking, it's like 'gross, two boys kissing.' But I just kept telling myself I was Bailee, I was a girl. So it was just like Josh was kissing his girlfriend. So it's okay, see?



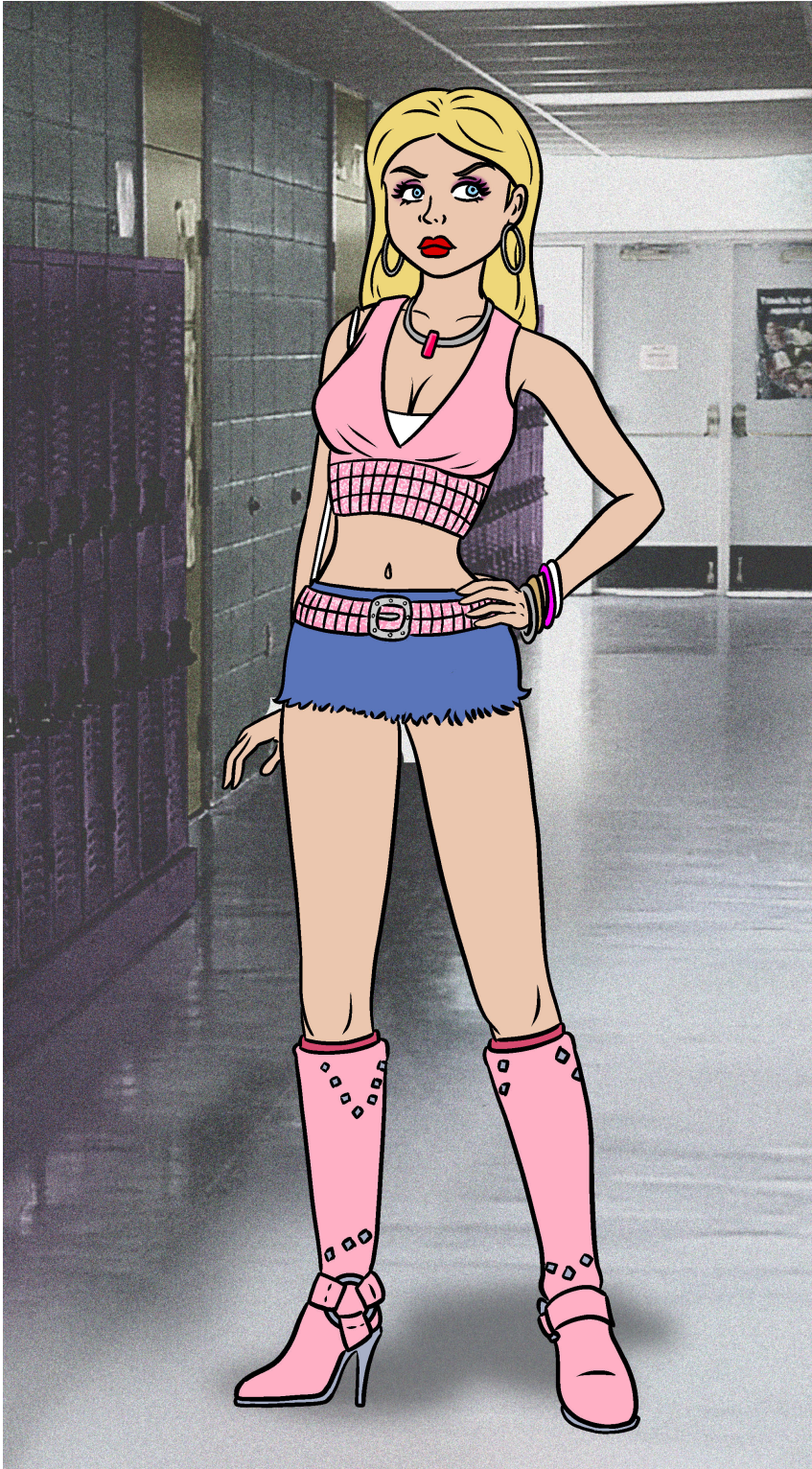
Of course I was a little nervous taking Bailee's place at school. But Ashleigh and I had worked pretty hard at it, and if anything I was a little over-prepared. As it turns out, being Bailee has one great advantage that makes it easy to live her life. She was so respected and revered by the other kids at school, no ever challenged her. If she dressed differently, talked differently or behaved differently, people were too much in awe of her to call her on it. So even if I was making any mistakes – and I wasn't – no one would have *dared* mention it.

My first class as Bailee was English, which was pretty easy. Bailee wasn't exactly in the top of her class, so I had already covered all of this stuff anyway in my talented and gifted courses. Two years before, actually.

I got bored real fast, and was just doodling my way through most of it. I also took the opportunity to practice Bailee's handwriting. I had to use my other hand to do it, but I was getting pretty good at it. Her handwriting was all loopy and round, and once you could do that, anyone could imitate it. Add a few hearts and smiley faces for dotting i's and you were gold.

Her Biology class came next, and it was dull dull dull. Now, I knew just about everything the teacher was talking about, and I really didn't feel like answering the same questions over and over again. Janessa was sitting right next to me, so with little else to do, I just talked to her for the entire class.

Turns out there's this whole art to talking behind the teacher's back, but I was a quick study. Janessa really wanted to know who was seeing who. Gossip, basically. Now, I didn't really know a lot, so I told her a story about Becky LaDelle



and Steven Lyons. I said that they were secretly seeing each other during lunch every day, and not only were they making out behind the gym every day at lunch, but they were going all the way.

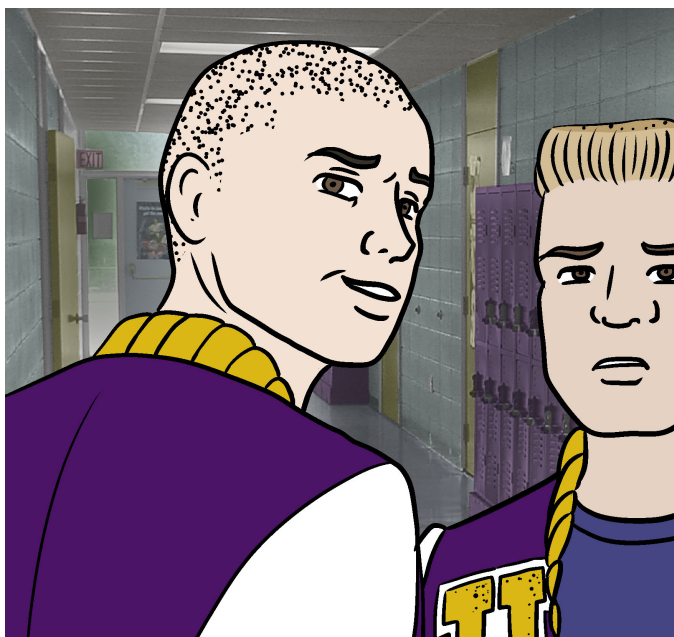
Janessa was so excited that even before the bell rang, she flipped out her cell phone and called up all her friends. Now Steven was a friend of mine, so I knew it was true about him seeing Becky at lunch, but the rest was a lie. By the time lunch came around, a crowd had formed around the gym, and I could see Steven and Becky being chased out and yelled at.

I mean, I felt kinda sad about Steven, but then again, they were sneaking around and they deserved everything they got. And it was cool to know not only did everyone pay attention to me for a change, but they believed and trusted me totally. That's a pretty intense rush.

The rest of the day was sweet. None of the teachers expected much of Bailee, which was such a relief. I mean, Wyatt was always being asked "What's the answer to this?" and "What's the answer to that?" I was always tense and nervous about having the right answers all the time. But no one ever asked Bailee any questions unless it was stuff like "Are you paying attention?" or "Do you mind keeping it down?" I never knew school could be so relaxing and... well, fun. Not like roller coaster fun, but way more funner than I was used to.

Josh showed up just as lunch was ending, and he had me sit on his lap while we kissed a few times. That may have been the first time I ever felt a guy get hard. I was so happy that I knew I was sexy for Josh. I mean, that's exactly what all this work had been for, am I right?

Anyway, he held me tight and I stroked his legs as one of his friends started to talk some football. You know, hearing someone else talk about football was just so boring. Especially if they're just kinda dumb in the first place. Yeah, I like football and I liked talking about it, but to hear dome dork go



on and on about big hits and who was bigger and who was faster was putting me to sleep. But I kept my place, knowing that this was where I belonged. I was Josh's girlfriend, and this is what girlfriends do. Even if it felt like he was paying less and less attention to me as the conversation droned on.

Finally the bell rung, and Josh and his friends shut up. To remind him what was important, I let him play a little tongue hockey when we kissed goodbye. He liked that. "I'll see you later, baby," he said as we left. I was his baby.

For every period the rest of the day, either Brittany-Anne or Janessa were in my classes, and sometimes even both were there. That rocked.

I made up a few new stories, just kind of seeing how outrageous I could take it. Was John Lowell really trying to get Zoe Charmichael to use birth control? Did Karen Klein stay late after school so she could do it with Mr. Dartley, the science teacher? And does Vice Principal Martin get off to things he secretly takes from the laundry hampers in the girls' locker room?

Every time I turned around, people wanted to know more. They couldn't get enough.

So here I am, I'm having all this fun, then Ashleigh comes along to ruin it. She must have been hearing the stories going around, so she came up to me between seventh and eighth period. "You're going to get in trouble," she told me. "Stop attracting so much attention!"

And I was telling her, "Bailee just attracts attention. It's not something I can help!"

Then Janessa and Brittany-Anne came up and wanted to know who's car we were going to take to the mall after school. Well, I guess we had talked about it all day, but mentioning it in front of Ashleigh was kind of awkward. My after school meet up was usually with Ashleigh, but today, I was thinking of just skipping. Ashleigh only seemed momentarily put off. I thought she'd be ticked. To my surprise, she was more interested in trying to join us.

"You guys are going to go shopping, right?" Ashleigh asked us. Janessa and Brittany-Anne kind of looked at me suspiciously when she said that.

"Yeeeah..." Brittany-Anne said, trying to get to the root of the question.

Ashleigh looked excited. "I've got a new car. I can drive you guys if you want."

Brittany-Anne and Janessa looked at me again, then at each other. "I think we'll be *fine*, Ashleigh." Brittany-Anne said.

"Yeah." Janessa added. "Why don't you mind your own *business*?"

Ashleigh then looked at me to make a decision. I might have been sweating. Just a little. "Um, maybe we'll..." I started to say.



Brittany-Anne finished my sentence for me. “We’ll give you a call if we need someone to *eat* something for us.”

“Or scare small children with their *face*.” Janessa said, with polite venom.

Janessa and Brittany-Anne grabbed me by the arms and led me off before I could really say anything in response. “Can you *believe* her?” Brittany-Anne said to me. “What *nerve!*”

“I mean, how sad! Doesn’t she have friends of her own? Pathetic.” Janessa said loudly – just loud enough to make sure Ashleigh could hear it. I turned around for a second just to see what Ashleigh’s response was, but instead of being her usual clever self, and coming back at us, she just looked sad and then turned away.

I mean, she’s got to learn to stick up for herself. Why couldn’t she be as smart and as clever with these girls as she was with me? Well, that was really her

problem. If she wasn't going to show some backbone, it wasn't my fault if we treated her like dirt. As far as I'm concerned, she deserved being laughed at.



When I heard the announcement, I don't know how I handled it. I may have just screamed, I might have just started to cry. The point of this whole Bailee thing was to get to the prom, so I could trap Josh. But when they made the morning announcements, they said something that *totally* ruined everything.

The principal announces, "Due to a scheduling conflict, the dance has been relocated from the Regent Center to the Biltway Plaza Ballroom." But that wasn't any big deal. That wasn't a problem. The problem was what came next: "And regrettably, we will be pushing back the date from this Friday to the Friday after next."

You know what that meant, right? It's two weeks later, isn't it? Two weeks! This stupid plan was only supposed to last a few days! Now I was looking at *sixteen* more days of being Bailee!

I flipped open my cell phone and got Ash on the phone immediately. I was like "What's the deal?" and she was all "what's your problem?" and just didn't even get it.

"Earth to Ashley! That's, like an extra two weeks! I'm so not ready for this! I'm gonna go all totally schitzo n' stuff, y'know? And now you want me, to just, like chill? That's so retarded!"

"Well, just deal with it!" Ashley barked. "I'm tired of holding your hand through this! So you have two more weeks. So you have to be the most pampered, spoiled, worshiped person in the school! Well, boo-hoo for you." Now she was just being *rude*. "If I hear you whining one more time, I swear to God I will come find you and kick your *fucking* teeth in!" She took a breath. "And tell you what. I don't want to hear or see from you. If I need to talk to you, I'll call you. But if you call me, I'm not answering, you got that?"

And the click I heard meant the line went dead. I was so majorly tweaked off.



My parents were just going to freak about Wyatt. I mean, now there was no way he could come back anytime soon, so it was going to be a living hell. My whole life was about to turn upside-down just because of Wyatt.

I wasn't disappointed, either. Before I knew it, Wyatt's disappearance went from a simple call to the cops to holding news conferences on the lawn for local TV stations.

"Please, Wyatt! We love you and we want you back!" My mom wailed into the camera. She'd cry and sob, being so convincing. Then, as soon as the TV lights were off, she'd run up to the reporter and make sure they spelled her name right. They were such stupid hypocrites. They didn't give a shit about Wyatt and what he was going through. All they wanted was to be on Larry fucking King.

And when they tried to get me into the act and beg for him to come home, I just had to stop all this stupid stuff. I mean, oh my God, this was just insane!

I snuck into his room and grabbed some old notepaper and a pen and wrote a kind of a suicide letter to my parents. It was tough to get back in the habit of writing like Wyatt again. He was left-handed, and now I was right-handed. But I managed it.

"Dear Mom and Dad, by the time you receive this letter I may be dead. I don't know. I'm going to try and start over somewhere on my own. Maybe I can live a life where people pay attention to me and don't ignore me. I will probably have to sell myself for sex and sell drugs to survive."

That last part would make them shut up. But I knew I could make it even better.

"I think I might even have to have sex with men to get money. But having gay sex would be preferable to having to spend one more minute living with you. I may never come home, but at least people will know who I am and not ignore me any more, even if it isn't for the right reasons. Do not come looking for me because I do not want to be found. Goodbye, Wyatt."

I dropped it in the mail and waited with glee for my parents to get it back. It was going to be so sweet. Of course, I probably should have written it with some kind of way to explain things when Wyatt returned, but that didn't seem as important as pissing my parents off.

Sure enough, they got the letter a few days later, and that was the last time they so much as thought of having another stupid press conference. How could you go to the media with that kind of a letter and still claim to love your kid? Not hardly.

And thank God, because I certainly didn't need the other girls at school to be looking at me like I was some kind of weirdo. You could tell they were already being all sensitive around me. But fuck that. It only took a few days before

everyone forgot all about Wyatt. And not a moment too soon, because prom was coming up, *finally*.

I had found a ticket in my purse that was for a local store, Kelly's of Beverly Hills. It was a cool little dress shop for formal stuff. It turns out Bailee had reserved a gown for the prom already, so I went down there to check it out. And oh my God, it was *so* gorgeous. Everyone would be so jealous when they saw me come into the prom with Josh in this dress!

I asked to try it on, and I could barely get into it. I was so disappointed. I was going to have to really go on a crash diet. And there were shoes that Bailee had chosen for the gown, and they just wouldn't do. They were way too low.

My stretched tendons made it impossible to walk around in anything but heels. I had a lot of them in my closet, fortunately, but it made PE rough. I had to put inserts in the heels of my gym shoes to make it halfway bearable. On the plus side, walking in the heels and boots is a snap. When I walk, you can see the other girls are so envious. I can walk better in four inch heels better than



someone else in flats. And you can always find the coolest stuff in shoes with four inch heels and higher. Nobody ever buys them that high anymore. So I tried on a few pairs until I found the perfect matching pumps for my prom dress. And they were these really sexy five inch stiletto heels that were going to look so cool. I couldn't wait for prom night.

Not that my parents cared much. My Dad was like, "Honey, with all that's happening with your brother, don't you think you should consider staying home that night? Out of respect?"

Oh my God, could he actually be serious? That would mess everything up! "But..." I had to turn that famous Bailee charm on. "But Daddy... The prom is, like, a once in a lifetime thing! I've been waiting all *year* for it! You *can't* make me miss it!" Then it was time for some psychology stuff. "If I stayed home, it would be, like, oh look at Bailee, she's all going to be messed up and stuff 'cuz her brother ran away. It would be like, saying to the world that I was going to be hurt and scared and weak n' stuff *forever!* But if I went, it would be like saying, we're tough, we're going to make it through and we'll *survive!* We're going to live our lives the way we want n' stuff. We're *survivors!* Isn't that what *Wyatt* would want?"

My dad looked at me for a minute, trying to recover from my devastating argument. "You'll always have next year when you're a senior." He said.

So I did what needed to be done. I cried on his shoulder. "Oh Daddy!" I wailed as I started to sob. "It was going to be such a special night for me! I was going to have a limo... and... and... I was going to have such a pretty dress... and... and..."

"Okay, pumpkin." Dad said. "I'll talk to your mother about it."

I win. "Oh thank you, Daddy!" I hugged him and smiled. "You're the best daddy in the world!" I gave him a peck on the cheek. He was so easy, it felt like I was stealing. No wonder Bailee always had anything she wanted.

So it was only like five days before the prom that Josh actually asked me to go with him, which was totally inconsiderate of him, but that's guys for you. Once that detail was out of the way, it was time to make my final plans. I was going to hire a big ling stretch limo, reserve a hotel suite at the most expensive hotel in town – no wait! A penthouse suite! That would have been killer! And I was going to get my hair done all elegant and upswept, and my mom had the perfect necklace to go with my dress, and... Well, I was all excited.

But then Ashleigh phoned up.

She was all like "You haven't forgotten about the plan, have you?"

And I was, "Duh! It's impossible to forget."

And that was the end of my prom. I was going to have to let Ashleigh take care of the details after the dance was over. So long limo, so long penthouse suite. How stupid. But until then, it was my show to run. Ashleigh couldn't tell me what to do *before* the prom. Or *at* the prom.

That's pretty much all we talked about at school. Who was going with who, what we were wearing, and of course hair. You know you want to do something special, and make a statement. But there's a fine line between looking like you're an individual and looking like you're trying too hard, y'know? I wanted to do the classic upsweep, but with a little twist. Because from what I could tell, more than half of the girls were going with an up-do of some sort.

I mean, I really really really wanted to do an upsweep, but how could I make it my own? I must have gone through a hundred magazines and thousands of web sites, But I still really didn't have any answers. I know, I know, I had so much time and I should have just made up my mind, and gone with something classic. But that's not me. Bailee had a reputation to hold up.

Then, it came to me! I was walking down the street, just y'know, not thinking about anything and doing some shopping, when I saw this doll in the window. And I thought, oh my God! That's so perfect! That's so exactly what I wanted! It was a Barbie doll, and when I saw the way her hair was styled, it was just so obvious. I mean, girls all over the place want to look like Barbie, so that's what I would do! She had the massive head of hair that went all the way down to her little butt. It was like this mane of hair that was just made out so huge it was twice as big as her head. So this is what I would do: I'd have my hair done in a pony tail – that way I'd have the upsweep I wanted – and then do some attachments for a huge head of hair that went as long as I could get it. Wow. This was going to look amazing.

And you know I didn't tell anyone. No one was going to copy me. I went to go see Aimee at the salon, and she said she could do it, and was really excited to try it. I was going to look so good, I almost couldn't cope with it.

I just kept quiet when Janessa and Brittany-Anne were going on and on about what they were going to do for prom. Janessa said she had this great robin's egg blue satin dress she was going to wear – please! Robin's egg blue? That's so nineties! And Brittany-Anne couldn't stop talking about the shoes she had found. I mean, come on, who wasn't going to be wearing thee inch strappies? Like this was something to get excited about? *Well, why ruin their fun now*, I thought. I was going to make it clear who was the best looking girl when we showed up that night. *Let them dream*.

Anyway, I adjusted to being Bailee pretty much every day. I was talking on the phone almost all of the time. And when I wasn't I was talking to Janessa, Brit-

tany-Anne and my other friends face to face. School was just a big stage for gossip as far as I could tell, and when you weren't at school, you were shopping. And Daddy never asked me how much I was spending or why the cell bill was so big.

Wow. Being Bailee was so much better than I had expected it to be. I was so nervous when Ashleigh was training me n' stuff, but now, it was like 'what was I worried about?' Bailee's life was a permanent vacation.

So I remember when I was walking from Algebra to Social Studies one day, and they were clearing out someone's locker. It had this way cool Byron Jackson basketball poster in it, and some other stuff that would have been great to have. I almost asked if I could take some of it, but I knew the only reason they ever clear out someone's locker is when they died or something. It would probably had been a little tacky to grab some dead kid's stuff from his locker.

So I waited until they had thrown it out, and I snuck into the dumpster to see if I could get the poster. Then I realized why I liked it so much. It was Wyatt's. It was the poster I had put inside of my own locker.



Finally, prom night came. I had my hair done in the morning, and paid Aimee extra for the reservation. Everyone wanted her for their prom night hair that day, but she was all mine. At least until noon. On the way home, I picked up the dress after doing one last emergency fitting. They actually had to pin it tighter. I had lost too much weight. The girl at the store told me I would be a size four if I wasn't so tall.

From about one until five, I did nothing but work on my makeup. To guys, that probably seems like a long time, but this was *the most important night of my life!* I wasn't going to just jab some lipstick and mascara on and go. I needed to do this right and take my time.

My skin was perfect. No zits, no bumps. I powdered my foundation and let it settle. I looked at my face. Well, what was now my face. A picture of my sister rested nearby, and I picked it up for comparison. I was convinced one day I'd have to have some plastic surgery done and make Wyatt look a little more manly. I mean, looking in the mirror, I was just like Bailee. I was a perfect teen princess. My cheekbones were big, my lips were plush and full, my eyes were big, round and blue, and my nose was cute and tiny. When I smiled, it was radiant.

Even when the time came, would I ever see Wyatt in the mirror again? Or just an unkempt, sadly inferior version of my sister?

Whatever. It was time for my eyes. I had tried out several things, but in the end, I went with the usual way my sister did her eyes for school dances. I used a smoky grey eye shadow and pulled it as far out from my eyes as I could get away with. One millimeter more and I would have looked like a goth or some-



thing. Then, I used a thick swash of liquid eyeliner on my lids. And of course, super-thick mascara on my lashes. I had this new stuff that said it would make them longer and thicker than ever before. They looked pretty sweet if I do say so. Seductive, but alive. A little bit of pink blush on my cheeks was all it took to bring out my face, and then I was on to my lips. I lined my lips with a pencil, and then used my new color. I knew pink looked best on me, but I needed to make my lips darker and redder on a night like this. The darker it was, the better it looked against my white, sparkling teeth.

And since I was going strapless tonight, a light dusting of powder over my shoulders and chest was completely appropriate for this night. I had to conceal my tan lines.

I spritzed my perfume on my neck and on my wrists. I knew Josh would be able to smell it when I had my arms wrapped around his neck as we danced.

I remember actually twirling in my room, drinking the sensations and emotions in and letting them take over. I mean, twirling? How swishy can you get?

With my dress on, my stockings and my shoes, I grabbed my purse and waited. I sat on the bed and waited to hear the doorbell when Josh arrived. My heart was racing. I imagined what songs they were going to play tonight. Would they dim the lights and use the ball to fill the room with sprinkles of light?

Then the phone rang. It was Ashleigh. I sighed and picked it up. She really knew how to ruin a good time.

Her voice was determined and steady. She was deep into her own thing. “Blah blah blah, plan, blah blah blah, revenge.” That was all I can remember.



So, as Josh led me into the hotel room, he turned on the lights. I immediately turned them off again. That was because I knew that Ash was hiding in here somewhere with her camera, as were the guys who were going to make out with Josh.

Of course Josh thought I was just being kinky. “Like it in the dark, huh?” He said. “Can’t wait, can you?”

The plan hadn’t really changed much. I was to lead him on as far as I could without being “discovered” and then discreetly exit. I didn’t really know how Ashleigh had arranged for the rest of it, but she assured me that everything was going completely as she planned.

I felt Josh pull the top down on my dress. Of course the waist was too tight for him to take it down all the way. Still, that didn't stop him for long, as he tugged harder. I felt the pins pop out, as the fabric gave way. Only an instant later, I felt his hand make it's way down to my panties. He certainly didn't waste any time. "Oh, Josh!" I said out loud, "I can't keep my hands off of you!" That was the signal. I took a few steps back, to let the guys move in.

I wasn't sure how they'd be able to find their way in the dark, but they could probably figure it out.

Suddenly, someone pushed me in the back, and I flew into Josh.

"Take it easy, baby. I know you want me." He said.

I struggled to get on my feet again, but I couldn't even really tell which side was up. It was so dark. Then, diving down my dress, Josh threw his hand back down into my panties. I fought him, trying to extricate myself from his hands, which were all over the place. It felt like I was a Christmas present that he was quickly tearing the wrapping off.

I managed to get myself on my own two feet again, but as I did, I felt Josh get to my bra. He undid the clasp in less than a split second. I grabbed my breast forms, trying to keep them in place, but they toppled out into the darkness somewhere. I knew I should have used the glue. I wasn't about to go after them, as I had to get out of there quick. I didn't want to get caught in the cross-fire.

At that moment, someone hit me in the back again, and I fell into Josh. I thought that whoever these guys were, they were sure clumsy. Without any warning, I could then feel my dress being given one last huge tug down. It wasn't supposed to come off that way, but Josh's brutal strength caused it to tear open. I could hear the loud rip as it finally came down around my knees. Then Josh's hand was down all the way into my panties, and I couldn't stop him.

He felt what was down there. It wasn't what he was expecting.

Then, the light went on. I was looking right up at Josh, who had the most confused expression on his face. Before I could think, a pillowcase was thrown over his head and tied shut. Then, a flash went off. I turned to see what the hell was happening. I thought Ashleigh had just royally screwed the whole thing up. But I didn't see Ashleigh. I didn't see the guys who were supposed to be seen with Josh.

There was just this one guy who I'd never seen before, dressed in an overcoat and wide brim hat. I couldn't get a good look at his face, and I think that was the idea. He was snapping a photo of me and Josh. He then took another shot.

Without any explanation, he then bolted for the door and took off into the darkness. Josh quickly grabbed the pillowcase from his head and tried to follow. Unfortunately, he was lost in the bed sheets he was entangled in. He fought his way out of it, throwing me to the floor, but he couldn't make it to the door in time to stop the photographer's exit. He was buck naked, and took a few steps outside before stopping cold. Josh just cursed into the night, unable to follow.

I had no idea what had just happened. I knew what I thought was supposed to happen, but something had changed, and no one had told me. I slowly put the pieces together. Instead of an incriminating photo of Josh and some gay guys making out, there was now an incriminating photo of – me. A picture of me dressed in women's underwear, making out with an unknown guy.

As soon as I realized what this meant, I made for the door. Just as I got to the outside, Josh took one look at me and then started to charge towards me. I headed off to the street, running as fast as my bare feet could take me. My stretched tendons hurt like hell.

I could hear him huffing and puffing after me, but I was able to duck into the shadows behind a building and he kept on running in the weak light. I had lost him.

I was so dead. Josh was going to kill me. And I wasn't thinking in metaphors. He would really want to see me dead. What the hell was I going to do? And where was Ashleigh?

But I had to think of more important things. I was standing there in panties and garters, with long blond hair and makeup – probably running – and stranded miles from my house. What was I going to do? I couldn't move from this spot until I saw Josh pass back this way. Only then could I make sure it was okay to leave.

Then, I had an idea. I thought that my only real way back was to go back to the Motel. If the door was still open, I could get Josh's keys and then use his car. That was my only way of getting out of here. I built up my courage and then made myself stick my head out. I didn't see Josh anywhere, so I quickly sprinted off back to the motel room.

I can't tell you how relieved I was to see the door still open wide. And Josh was still nowhere to be seen. I got into the room, and grabbed the keys. Then it occurred to me that I needed to grab any of my things and take them with me. Leaving evidence seemed like a bad idea. Not that I thought anything could happen, but it just seemed like the smart thing to do.

And then I saw her. Ashleigh's car was parked on the opposite side of the parking lot, hidden in the shadows underneath a tree. I ran for it, spotting a silhou-

ette in the driver's seat. Then I got closer, I could see what looked like the guy who had just taken those photos. But then as I got closer, I could see it was Ashleigh. She had a hat on, and was wearing an overcoat with a high collar to obscure her face.

She was the one who had taken the photos.

Ashleigh didn't see me coming and was startled when I banged on the window to get her attention. Her eyes went to hi-beams as the shock of seeing me seemed to horrify her. Then she smiled. She pointed at me. Her voice was muffled behind the glass, as she started to laugh.

"Oh my God, you look so *pathetic!*" Ashleigh rolled down the window just enough so I was able to hear her voice. "How do you like it, Wyatt? How does it feel to be *humiliated* like that?" How do you like it now?"

"What?" I said, not understanding. Did this mean she was looking for revenge? Looking for revenge – on *me*? "What are you talking about?"

She looked at me like I had just asked the most obvious question in the history of the known universe. "Your family ruined me!" She said, "Your stupid fucking family *ruined my life!*"

Had she just gone crazy or what? What in the hell did I ever do to her except love her? Was this a joke? A setup?

"You strung me along for years, just being this wishy-washy namby-pamby prude. You wasted the best years of my life! I wanted to just have fun. Going



out, doing stuff, hitting the clubs. But all you wanted to do was study. All you wanted to do was stay in and talk. You always wanted to talk. Talking instead of living! Instead of going out! You never even cared about going out! You never even cared about popularity! You never gave a shit about anything that might give you one second of fun in your fucking sad pathetic little life! All you cared about was college, and grades and being a fucking wimp!”

She was no longer smiling because she was laughing. She was laughing in cruelty. Ashleigh was laughing through the pained, wracked face that was a mess of emotions, all contorting her face same time.

“And your sister! That slut took my boyfriend away from me! When I finally got the popularity and the respect I always deserved, that fucking whorebag took it all away from me!” Now her face was nothing but anger. “Just when I thought I had gotten rid of you and your freak family, here comes your slutty sister and she takes my Josh away from me! She takes my only prize! I deserved to be his girlfriend! I deserved to be the most popular girl in school! And your sister took it away from me.”

She smiled to herself. “Let’s see how she likes being a porn actress, huh? She’ll be strung out on drugs fucking hairy old men in front of the camera until she dies! How do you like that, Bailee!” She shouted it out into the air. “How do you like that!?” Then, her attention returned to me. Her face lit up like fire. “You told her to do it, didn’t you!? *You* made her destroy my life! *You* wanted revenge on me!”

“Ashleigh, you’re not making any sense!” I told her. I know that wasn’t exactly a revelation at this point, but it’s all I could think of at the time. Maybe I heard it in a movie or something. “Please, Ash! I don’t understand any of this! I thought we loved each other!”

The expression on Ashleigh’s face shattered like plate glass. Maybe it was me, but it looked to me like she went from anger and laughter to complete madness. If she wasn’t insane before, this was the moment where it happened.

Ashleigh closed the window, she turned the ignition and pulled away.

She only made it about five feet before she stopped in a skid. The front bumper of her car was no more than an inch away from hitting Josh in the knees. He’s one of the only people I’ve ever met who could intimidate a car into stopping.

Ashleigh immediately blared the horn for a good five seconds. Josh didn’t budge.

“Fuckin’ Christ, you’re one crazy bitch.” Josh said. “You set this all up to get revenge on that little prick?” He said, looking at me for a moment. “Goddamn, you’re crazy.”

Ash opened the door and jumped out, her hands already clasped together to beg. “Please, Josh! I did this for you! I did this for us!” She said.

As she tried to grab one of Josh’s folded arms and latch on to it, she shook her off like a fruit fly. “Don’t you fuckin’ ever talk to me again. I got enough trouble without some crazy girl tryin’ to screw my life up for me.” He thought for a moment, and then got a familiar, cocky look on his face. “Tell you what. You give me back those photos, get back in that car, go home, and keep your mouth shut. And maybe I won’t call my uncle in the police department and have you arrested. How does that sound, sweetcakes?”

“You don’t *understand*, Josh! You know I’d never do a thing to *hurt* you!” Ashleigh pleaded.

“Like making me date some fuckin’ *faggot* dressed up like his *sister*? Like settin’ me up in a motel room and *taking photos of me naked* with a *sack* on my head?” Josh wasn’t buying it. “Nah, you ain’t nothin’ but *out of your fuckin’ skull*.”

“I’m *not* crazy!” Ashleigh shrieked. Her eyes were darting back and forth between Josh, me and the car. She leapt back to the driver’s seat and started the car up. “You can’t call me crazy! *You’re* the crazy ones!”

As she shifted into gear, Josh did the smart thing and got out of the way of the car. Ashley squealed her tires on the pavement, heading for the exit of the parking lot. I thought I could finally rest for a moment. Then, suddenly, she took a sharp turn and circled around.

Josh sensed it first, and made for his truck. Then I figured it out. Ashley was going to try and run us down. She had lost it.

Ashleigh went after Josh, trying to get him before he could reach safety. He was a step slow, and at the last second jumped out of the way as Ashleigh’s car smashed into the passenger door of the truck. It destroyed far more of Ash’s car than the truck, shattering her windshield and popping the drivers’ side door open. But the car was still running, and she pulled out of the wreck quickly. She lined up for another go at Josh, who was on the asphalt, trying to get back up onto his feet.

With the drivers’ door open, I did something stupid and ran as fast as I could at it. I think my idea was to try and physically grab Ashleigh and throw her from the car. That sounds pretty dumb, but at the time it made some kind of

sense to me. Anyway, I grabbed onto the inside of the door with one arm, while the other arm tried to grab Ashleigh by the jacket.

She was easily able to fend off my attempt, so I tried to just get my hand in her face to make her stop the car. I kept fighting the swing of the door, as it would pull me away from her whenever she turned right. But I guess I eventually got to her, as she let out a shriek. She then bit my hand, which hurt like hell. I swear it felt like she had just taken a chunk out of it. When I pulled it back, I saw it was bleeding, and pretty badly.

That really ticked me off and I used my last free limb to kick her in the side of the head, just before I let go of the door. It must have landed with full force. Her head hit the steering wheel sharply and I saw her slumped over, as the car pulled away, headed out of the parking lot into the street.

It had just reached the road and skidded to a stop when a delivery van side-swiped it and shot a cloud of sparks into the night. The sound of metal on metal was like an explosion. Glass was tinkling everywhere. The moment seemed unreal. I couldn't have possibly just seen what I had seen. I mean, she had to be okay, right? Someone just couldn't be killed like that – so quickly, without warning and so dramatically final. It didn't seem real at all.

I was hurt, landing on the pavement and skinning my knees and hip up pretty bad. But it didn't stop me from getting up and running to see what had happened. I saw just a cloud of smoke, as Ashleigh's car had caught fire, pinned under the front wheels of the van. It was just tangled metal now. It was no more than a couple of feet tall, crushed underneath the weight and force of the van.

I don't know how long I stood there, trying to understand the severity of what had just happened. There was just a mangled mush of metal, where Ashleigh had been. She was dead. Ashleigh was dead.

I felt someone grab me by the shoulder. It was Josh, who had managed to get his truck going. He had it idling behind him as he shook me back to reality. "C'mon, we gotta get the fuck outta here."

A moment later, I found myself in the passenger seat of Josh's truck, speeding away from the scene. My head was spinning. My ears were buzzing. I had never seen someone killed before. I haven't since, thank God. But I'll never forget the sick feelings that totally took over my body. I wasn't nauseous, but I still wanted to throw up. My whole body was shaking and I couldn't make it stop.

"You didn't leave anything back in the motel room, did you?" Josh asked.

I had to concentrate on every word he spoke and then form it back into a sentence inside my own mind. I just couldn't think straight right now. "No." I said.

“I grabbed all my stuff.” In fact, I was still clutching it all, tucked inside a pillow case.

“So did I,” Josh said. “I don’t think they’ll be able to track this back to me. I paid cash for the room. I used a fake name. Fuck.” He was driving, but I don’t think he was headed anywhere in particular – except away from that motel. I’ll never forget that stupid, run-down beaten little place. It’s burned into the inside of my brain forever.

“What do we do now?” I said.

Josh let out a deep breath. “Okay. We just need to act like nothing happened tonight. You and I went out and had a nice time, we ate dinner, and then I took you home.” He nodded his head, agreeing with himself. “Yeah, that’s going to work.”

I almost agreed to that when I had to point something out. “I’m not Bailee. I’m Wyatt.”

Josh stole a quick glance my way and it looked like he was going to throw up. “How long?” He asked.

“How long?”

“How long have you been Bailee?”

“A while,” I replied.

Josh struck the steering wheel with his huge, heavy hands. “I kissed *you*, didn’t I?”

I didn’t dare reply to that.



"Where is she?" He asked. "I know it wasn't you all the time."

"I don't know where she is. I think she's run away."

Josh wiped some snot from his nose with his hairy forearm. "Fine. Whatever." He tried to think, which had never been his strong point, but now he was under stress. "As long as you keep your mouth shut, we'll be fine. You just tell people we had a nice night."

I felt I needed to point something obvious out. "I can't keep being my sister."

"Like *fuck* you can't," Josh said. "You tell anyone who you really are, and they'll get suspicious right away. They'll realize that the dead girl's ex-boyfriend was pretending to be his sister, and it's going to sound so frikin' weird that we'll have every policeman and TV reporter in the country on our ass."

"I'm *not* going to be Bailee. I want to be *myself* again."

Josh pulled into a drive-thru burger place and looked me square in the eyes. "*You're* going to be Bailee as long as I *need* you to be Bailee. *You're* the only thing keeping me outta jail and being the accessory to a murder or manslaughter or whatever. *You're* not going to fuck up my future in football. *You're* going to do exactly what I tell you to do. And if you don't, I'll tell the police why your blood is on the inside of Ashleigh's car."

I looked down at my hand, wrapped in a little bit of cloth from the pillow. The blood was soaking through it.

"I'll tell them why. And I'll tell them how you were there too," I said, trying to turn the tables.

"I know people on the police force. They can cover for me." Josh was sounding more and more confident as he spoke. "And anyway, I was just caught in the middle. This whole thing was between you and Ashleigh. Even if they investigate, I get off. And maybe I can talk the college recruiters into believing I was just in the wrong place at the wrong time. It's a risk, but I might be able to get away with it. I don't want to have to take the chance, that's all."

"Are you blackmailing me?" I said. "Do you seriously think I'll keep being my sister?"

Josh turned his head to the little drive thru speaker. "Double burger with cheese, large fries, large coke. And a grilled chicken sandwich and a diet sprite for my girlfriend."

"I am not going to be your girlfriend!" I told him with as much of my flagging energy as I could muster.

“Yes you will,” Josh said, calmly. “Because I also have this.” He pulled out a disposable camera and showed it to me. I recognized it. It was the same camera Ashleigh had used.

I guess I was trapped.

An hour or two later, I had cleaned off the blood, fixed my hair and makeup and gathered myself together. At least I had stopped shaking. My makeup was a total mess, though. I concealed the rip on my dress with my purse and let myself into the house. But it was dark inside, and I was alone. Fortunately, my parents hadn’t waited up for me. They were probably out looking for Wyatt or something. I went up to Bailee’s room, tore off my dress and tossed it, sat down on the bed, and cried myself to sleep.

I had been waiting so long for my special prom night, and I was so scared I couldn’t even remember a moment of it. All I could think of was that crunch of metal that used to be Ashleigh’s car.



With nothing else to do, I got up the next morning and went to school as Bailee. My parents thought maybe I should stay home, what with them still looking for Wyatt, but I knew Josh expected me to be at school and keep up appearances. I knew where I stood. Josh held all the cards.

There were only a few weeks left in school for that year. I tried to make it through without putting up a fight, hoping Josh would soon tire of me and let me out of our arrangement. To the contrary, he made it a priority to keep me under his thumb.

Only two days after the accident, Josh had gotten me on a regimen of female hormones – the type that transvestites take to become women. He made sure I took them every day. Once in the morning when he picked me up and again at night when he dropped me off.

I remember when they announced Ashleigh’s death over the intercom. Hardly anyone cared. They called an assembly to pay respect to her. Everyone who sat around me just talked through it. Still, it was more than Wyatt would have ever gotten.

It seemed like every other night Josh would take me to parties given by his friends or friends-of-friends. He was a popular guy. And he’d have me hanging on his arm all night, swooning over him. Now that he basically controlled me, he made me be the girlfriend he had always wanted. Sexy, dependent, and I think I was supposed to be a little dumb, too.

The reason for this whole masquerade became perfectly clear when he'd leave me aside for a little while and sneak off with some girl somewhere. I was the perfect alibi. Whatever Josh was accused of doing, I'd say he was with me.

He was doing it with dozens of girls, and no one was the wiser. I was cover for his sex life, and he soon made it clear that he had no intention of letting me go. Why would he? I was the perfect scam. After all, why would Josh cheat on the prettiest girl in school?

Then when summertime came, my hope of being let out of our agreement faded quickly. Josh told his parents some big lie and they gave him twenty thousand dollars. I still don't know how he managed to talk them out of that money, but they gave it to him. They were pretty rich, so I guess they could afford it. Using that money, he took me down to Mexico where I had a ton of surgery done. My genitals were tucked away, I got a boob job, and my throat was shaved to get rid of the adams' apple. And while I recovered, they did electrolysis on my face and the rest of my body.

I pretty much figured that this meant we were going to be a couple for a while. At the time, I even thought it could be permanent. For a little while after the sedatives wore off, I was kind of freaking out, so Josh had me on a mix of anti-depressants which kept me reasonably stable.

After a while, I got used to the idea of seeing this person in the mirror who was now me, and I stopped taking the medication. Although sometimes I still pop some valium.

By the time senior year started, I was all ready to wear low-cut tops and the tightest jeans. I mean, I was kind of happy about the throat thing – now I could get rid of all those stupid scarves and turtlenecks I had to wear. Not having to shave every day was cool, but I definitely wasn't happy about the rest of it. That was just nothing but rude to ask me to have to do all that – even if I knew it was going to make me look really hot.



After a while, it became kinda clear to me that I was just a little bit better looking than most girls my age. I mean, I don't want to sound conceited, but I was a really white-hot sexy teenage girl. It didn't really matter what I wore. I could bear a burlap sack and I'd still look great in it. You just can't hide a figure like mine. Sure, it was a lot of hard work keeping slim and taking care of myself, but oh my God, I was so *sexy*.

I mean, yeah, I really wanted to be Wyatt again, but being Bailee had a lot of advantages. And one of them was that I could make any guy beg me to just talk to them.

Y'know, it kinda became a game after a while. Since I knew that Josh wasn't ever going to do anything to me, I'd dress as hot as I could and see if I could get anyone to cream in their undies. Even better were the times I could get a guy to try and chat me up or make a move, and then Josh would get all angry and beat the crap outta him. I *so* loved doing that.

I breezed through my classes that year without doing a bit of schoolwork. There was always some guy in class who'd do it for me. It kinda went that way through college as well. Another advantage to being a sexy girl.

Oh, yeah. College. Well, Josh got a full ride at Los Angeles State University, and of course he brought me along. I was just happy to get out of that stupid town and away from my parents. It was all "Wyatt" this and "Wyatt" that all the fuckin' time! Give it a rest, okay? Get a *life!*

LA was such a blast. I pledged to a sorority, made some great friends, and partied and partied and *par-tayed*. Yeah, did we know how to have a good time. I have a lot of stories from those days, most of them I'll tell when the statute of limitations runs out.

One time, me and my best girlfriend Valerie, who was my roomie, went down to Daytona for spring break one time, and... Well, you know those *Girls Gone Wild* videos? I was just lucky the guy never got a clear shot of my face. Val was a little less fortunate. They only got me lifting my tank top. Valerie was drunk enough to do a whole striptease. I still rub her face in that whenever I see her.

I was there for a couple of years, pretty much partying every day. You'd be amazed how many excuses college students can find to have a party. It was going pretty great, actually. Even though I had to go to all those football games, even though I had to go to all those public events to be Josh Farmer's girlfriend, most of the time I was on my own. I even thought for a while that Josh was losing interest in keeping me around. I was pretty hopeful there for while. Things were looking up. I was living by myself, totally independent and had great new friends in a kickin' city.

But then Josh declared for the NFL draft in his junior season. He didn't even attend classes his junior year, and neither did I. We were already living on an advance from his agent, who got his head filled up with dreams of living like a king with the money he could make in sports and endorsements.

Both Josh and the agent knew that having a woman by his side would make Josh just the sort of player anyone would want to draft. Finding a kid with

height, weight and speed wasn't difficult for teams. What could make the difference was a kid with 'stability' that knew what 'responsibility' was. So we got married in Las Vegas about a month before he had announced his decision to go pro. It was nothing fancy. I didn't even get a chance to buy a dress or do my hair or anything.

He eventually was drafted in the 3rd round by the Panthers and signed a contract for seven million dollars over



three years – so I guess the agent knew what he was talking about. I remember the night he signed, he hired six hookers and rented out a yacht for the weekend.

I wasn't invited, but then again, what was I going to do on board a ship with six other girls?

He eventually came home to the new house he had bought, and filled it with a ton of male crap like a pool table, air hockey table, two new motorcycles, about a dozen plasma TVs and an Escalade SUV. It was a frat boy's paradise.

He kinda ran the place like that, too. He'd have guys I'd never even met staying for weeks in the dozens of rooms in that giant house. They were just a bunch of losers who's only skill was the ability to drink and let Josh push them around. They'd be drunk almost all the time, and create one huge mess. I got Josh to hire a couple of maids to clean it up and try to make the place livable, but it just didn't feel like a home. It felt like a bus station. And smelled like it, too.

But I liked it better than living at home. My parents still called me from time to time to check in on me – and ask for money. They could go to hell as far as I was concerned. Now that your kid has grown up all successful, now you want to be all nice to me? *Now* you pay attention to me? All for money? Fuck them.

For most of the first year, that was kinda my home life. I just kinda did my own thing, shopped with an unlimited charge card and bought all kinds of cool clothes and stuff. Josh came and went on his own, and so did his friends, and I'd see him only from time to time. My worth in his life was to show up for the occasional charity event and make him look good to the press.

It's a kind of requirement if you're a pro football player. You have to be 'involved in the community' and that was my responsibility. Oh, and I took pride in doing it, even if it meant that I had to go smile and take photos with a bunch of retarded *freaks* every few months.

I'd even get to fly Valerie and some of my sorority girlfriends in from time to time. I'd put them up at a hotel, and we'd have a "girl's day out." We'd do some shopping, go out for a fancy lunch, do some shopping, go to a nightclub, y'-know, girl stuff. But Val had known me too long to keep her mouth shut.

"You never seem like you're happy with your life, Bee." She said to me. "I mean, you're rich, you can buy anything, you're on TV all the time and you have Josh – who is, like, the greatest catch."

"I'm fine, Val." I told her. "I'm just, y'know, not always... I can't always be all smiles n' stuff"

Val took a drag on her cigarette. She always seemed to be smoking. Not me. It stains your teeth. "You're always smiling until we start to talk about life with Josh. It's always been that way."

We were talking at the fountain at the center of the shopping plaza Val and I always went to when she was in town. I was staring at all the coins in the water. "It's just not where I thought my life was going." I admitted to her. And that's all I could really admit to, but it was accurate enough a way to describe things.

"So you never thought you'd see yourself as the trophy wife of an NFL player, huh?" She said, a smirk on her lips. The smoke from her cigarette drifted above her. "You probably thought you were better than that." Val looked around in the air, and took another drag on the cigarette. "You probably thought you were going to be an athlete yourself. You probably thought you'd be the one with the girl on your arm."

My jaw dropped. What had she said? "*Val!*" I said, shocked.

"You probably had the hots for girls when you were growing up, didn't you?" She said. I didn't say a thing. "We all have had moments when we thought we were going to be lesbians, Bee."

I sighed a little. She had lost me, but at least she wasn't saying what I *thought* she was saying. Thank God.

"I knew a couple of girls like you where I went to high school. For a while, we all thought they were going to be gay and play sports and be the big, dumb dykes they thought they were." Val giggled. "Then all the sudden, they started to wear pretty dresses and were kissing boys."

"Really?" I said, very interested.

"Yeah. Look, only like five or ten percent of people are gay. But when you grow up, you think it's like half the world or something. Sometimes you think you're going to be kissing girls, getting in bar fights and becoming gym teachers. Then, *wham!* You suddenly realize you're just a princess in the closet."

"Wow," was all I could say to that. "You *knew* girls like this?"

"I *was* one of those girls, Bee." She tossed her spent cigarette on the ground and smooched it with her boot.

"You?" I yelped. "You were a lesbian?"

"No, not really." She said. "But I thought I was one for a while. I played field hockey and basketball and even tennis. I remember wanting to be on the tennis team just so I could see under other girls' skirts."

I laughed out loud at that. "You? You're the most feminine girl I know! You've been to bed with more guys than I can count! You're lying to me!"

"Nope." She said, shaking her head. "I even gave myself a buzz cut and had that through my sophomore year."

"I would pay a million dollars to see that!" I said, laughing loudly.

"Over my dead body, Bee! Those pictures are burnt to a crisp. I was just kinda confused about my life. And one day... I saw this guy..."

"Yeeesss...?" I tried to draw the story out of her, since she was obviously asking for it.

"I saw this guy, and I'm all butched up with my short hair, my flannel shirt, hiking boots and stuff, and all the sudden... Well, let's just say I practically 'gassed right there in front of him.'"

"Oh my God!"

"And then like in an instant, all I could think about was having his hands all over me and him hold me in his arms and carry me over the threshold... Well, I

just lost it big time for him.”

“Did you ever...?”

“No. I was so stuck up about being a lesbian I never admitted it to anyone. Never told him, and I tried to deny it to myself. I kept on being the big dyke on campus until I went to college. And then – finally, away from everyone I knew – I just let the inner princess in me come out. And here I am! All rainbows and unicorns!”

“That’s wild,” I said. I was just blown away by that story. I would have never suspected.

“But you’re happy now? I mean, no more...”

“Girls are still pretty, but all I ever was was jealous, I guess. I never really fell in love with other girls, I just couldn’t deal with being one. I wasn’t comfortable enough to just relax and let nature take its’ course. Plus being gay really pissed off my parents.”

“And...”

“And that’s why we have so much in common, Bee. I bet you were just like me.”

“Well, um...”

“You played sports in school, right?”

“Uh, yeah. I did. Basketball.” Hey, it was the truth. I was going to be a big basketball star – at least in my own mind.

“And you wanted to tell your folks to go fuck themselves.”

“I guess so.” Hell, I still hated my parents.



“And you liked girls, didn’t you?”

“Yeah.” Duh.

“I bet you even hooked up a few times with girls.”

I didn’t say anything. Best friend or not, I wasn’t about to say.

“I thought so.” She said, seeing right through me. “And then – let me guess – someone came along, you fell hard. But you couldn’t go through with it. And then when another guy with everything going for him, like Josh came around, you hitched up with him and now you realize he was never the guy who was going to make you happy and fulfilled.”

Well, she had it mostly right. At least that was the closest anyone had ever come to the truth. I shrugged, not ready to say out loud she was right. I knew Josh was never going to make me feel complete.

“Bee, I say this as your best friend. I know Josh may not be everything you want in a husband, but... are you everything he wants in a wife?”

That kind of took me by surprise. I wasn’t expecting that. “Say what?”

“Look, you know and I know Josh is a jerk and a bully, but he’s best thing that could have ever happened to you.”

“Oh, I don’t know, Val...”

“I’ve known you for four years now and I’ve never seen you two in the same room together. So I know you guys don’t get along. That’s kind of like, duh!” Val reached over and put her hand on top of mine. I knew she was just trying to help.

“It’s not easy,” was all I was willing to say. How could I tell her how I felt? How could I tell her that this guy had ruined my life in every conceivable way? I mean, saying I hated him wasn’t even halfway to how much I truly felt.

“So, all I’m saying is that the only way you’re ever going to change your life is to stop being the victim. Make Josh respect you. Make him treat you with dignity. Make him love you.”

I really didn’t want to hear this. “I know you mean well, Val, but trust me, that is never going to happen.”

“Well, I don’t want to waste a perfectly good shopping trip with heavy stuff like this. Especially when I need shoes.”

I smiled. “When do we *not* need shoes?”

“Just consider what I said, okay? The only way to make life bearable is to make it the relationship you deserve.”

“Thanks, Val.” I said. “I’ll remember.” She was a really good friend, but oh my God, she could get preachy. Love her, though.



About a few months after that, things kind of went bad for us. Josh got caught in a drug sting with a couple of his pals and some hookers, and the press got a hold of the story. He was all over ESPN for a few weeks – remember? You couldn’t have missed it.

Anyway, when the team called him on the carpet for what he was doing, they made him promise to clean up his act, or they’d just cut him outright and he’d lose millions. That was enough motivation to stop living the life he was living. All the freeloaders were kicked out of the house and it made the whole place seem pretty empty. Definitely nicer, from my standpoint, but empty and lonely.

Josh came straight home every night after practice, and settled in front of the TV with a beer until he fell asleep hours later. I kind of felt sorry for him, as you could tell he was miserable. Yeah, I had a lot of reasons to hate him, but seeing him moping around every night was just depressing.

His birthday came up and I tried to be nice and stay out of his way, but even Josh needed to have someone to talk to that night. He poured me some drinks and we both got drunk. Maybe it was because of the things Val had said to me, but I was going to try and be pleasant to him. I was going to try. So here I am, trying to be nice to the guy, and he starts to get ‘friendly’ with me. With me! The person he ruined, cut up and sewed back together with boobs the size of volleyballs. The person he blackmailed into virtual slavery and turned into his own slutty little doll who covered for him whenever someone came looking to kick his ass. *Me!* I mean honestly!

So you’d think he’d have the sense to back off and not push it. But the next thing I know, I’m waking up naked on the floor of our house with dried semen all over my boobs. I must have passed out, and the idiot titty-fucked me while I was unconscious.

Well, I don’t have to tell you I was irate. I wanted to kill the bastard. If he still didn’t have all the evidence from the car accident, I would have walked right out on him. I’m serious! That’s *exactly* what I would have done.

So he knows I’m going to give him hell the next time I see him, so what does he do? He puts a box of cookies with an apology note on it. Does he think he can buy me off with such cheap tricks like that? If I wasn’t so damn addicted to those mint chip cookies, I would have thrown them back in his face. I mean,

I'm not just some girl he could wrap around his finger. "Dear Bailee, I just wanted to apologize for doing what I did. I hope we can get past this. I'm so sorry. Josh." The card said. Like he couldn't just be a man and tell me that in person?

When Val and I talked that night on the phone, I couldn't really tell her what had happened. But I did tell her I was angry at him and I wanted to leave.

"Don't ruin your one big chance, girl." She said to me. "You have to make it work."

So when Josh came to me the next day, I really just wanted to give him shit, but I told myself to keep it under control. After all, I knew I was going to have to keep living here.

"I want to make it up to you." He said. "I know what I did was wrong and I feel so guilty it's killing me." He gave me an envelope. I wasn't in the mood for games, but I opened it anyway.

"It's a certificate for Russeldorf's." I said, reading it. Russeldorf's was the finest restaurant in town. I loved going there, but even on our money, I couldn't go but once every few months. At least he knew I liked eating there. "It's for two." I said, reading the certificate further.

"Would you like to take someone?" He said. "Maybe a friend?"

"You know I don't have any friends around here."

"I could... I mean, I could go."

I thought that was highly unlikely. "They require a tux." I said, knowing he would never wear such a thing.

"I got one last night." He said. This whole thing was obviously his clumsy way of trying to get me to go spend a night with him. "And it's still early. We could reserve a table for tonight."

I looked at him, frowned and rolled my eyes. He was just being obnoxious and I wished he would just go back to his normal self and ignore me. Well, if I did this, maybe it would get him off my case. "Fine." I said.

"Great." He replied.

So when the evening came, I dressed up in one of my LBDs and did my hair up as elegantly as I could manage. Well, I thought it looked like hell, since it had been five days since my last salon appointment. Josh was waiting at the doorway, looking startlingly good in a new tuxedo.

"Did you rent it by the hour?" I asked him.

He smiled. “I bought it.” He then adjusted his tie a little. “I just thought I might use one at some point.”

“Where the hell do you get a tuxedo for a guy at your size?”

“It wasn’t cheap.” He said, then he changed the subject. “You look...” He seemed to stumble over his words. “You look... really great.”

“Are we taking the SUV?”

“I got a limo for the night.”

Dinner was great, as it always was at Russeldorf’s. Although Josh was trying his best by being friendly, eventually he gave up trying to talk to me and just ate his food. That was such a relief.

When I got home and went upstairs to my bedroom, Josh walked me to my door. Why couldn’t he take the hint?

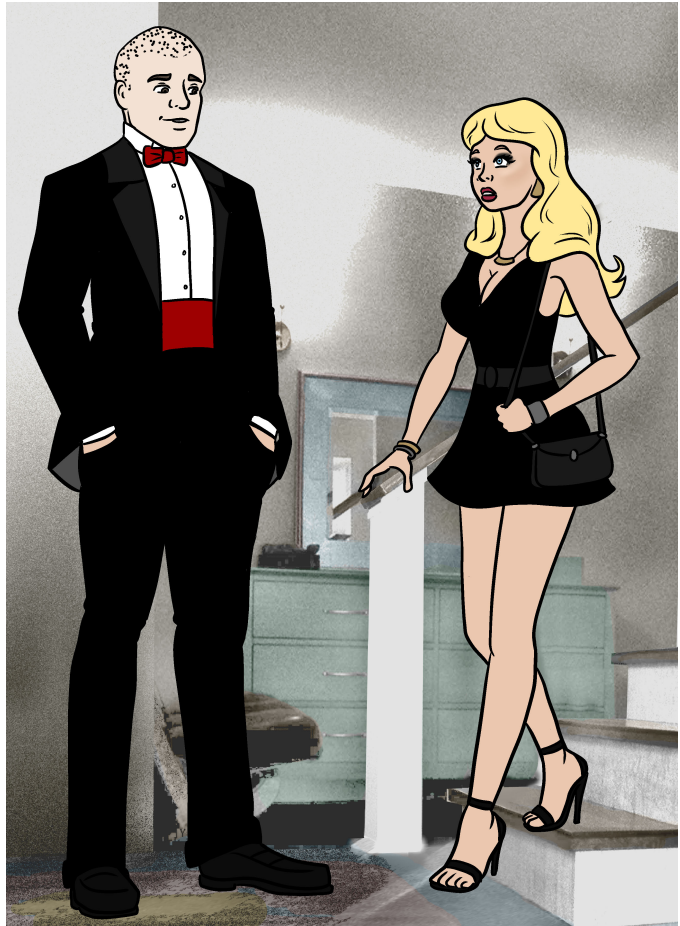
“Can we do that again some time? I really feel like I still owe you a lot,” he said.

“Uh, huh. Yeah, sure.” I just went inside and closed the door behind me. He was even more annoying than some guy trying to hit on me.

“You went out to dinner?” Val said, slightly astonished. I was calling her, telling her how the evening went. “And at Russeldorf’s? It sounds like he was getting serious.”

“I wish he’d be the old Josh again. The one who doesn’t give a crap about me.”

“You’re hopeless, Bee.”



I woke up the next morning to find the house empty. Josh had to leave for practice early every day, so this wasn't unusual. But what was unusual was that I found a red rose on the kitchen counter. "I really am sorry." The note attached to it read.

And to make that even worse, a full bouquet of flowers was delivered to the house that afternoon from Josh. I was beginning to really get angry about all this attention. I *liked* being left alone. I had grown used to it. I needed to live my own life. I didn't need to be thinking about Josh all the time.



For the next few days, everything got more or less back to normal. I didn't see Josh much – if at all – and to pass the time I did some photo ops down at the youth center. Things were going along great until I found yet another rose, this time on my bed. I had thought Josh had worked that out of his system by now.

Finally, I confronted him about this one night. "Look, if you're feeling guilty about that night we got drunk, fine. I forgive you. Stop feeling guilty, and let's just let it go. Okay?"

"Okay," was all Josh said.

"Good. Then we can drop this. It's done. Over." I turned on my heel and left him with his TV.

Then came Friday night. Normally, Friday is my best night because Josh is out studying game film and getting his final bits of the game plan from the coaching staff. It's my night to be alone. Then, all of the sudden, the doorbell rings. Which never happens by the way, we have a security gate so people never ring the doorbell.

It was a chauffeur. Not a limo driver, but a chauffeur. Like in horses. A two-horse carriage was parked outside in the driveway. "For the madame," the guy said. He was so classy. It was like a dream, some handsome gentleman comes to your house and whisk you away on a horse-drawn carriage. So romantic.

"Where are we going?" I asked the driver.

"A surprise. The gentleman will tell you when you arrive." Then it came to me. I knew this had to be Josh. It had his clumsy fingerprints all over it. But what the hell was I going to do? I let the driver take me onto the roads.

We live in the hills, and the carriage headed up to the peak above the house. There was nothing but grasslands up here. I hadn't really spent any time there, I had just seen it once or twice when I made the wrong turn coming home.

The carriage came to a stop in front of a table that had a rose in a crystal vase on top of it. A single chair was next to it. I was led out of the coach and to the chair, where the driver told me to “wait for the guest to arrive.”

I waited for a few minutes, gazing over the hillside, into the valley below and watching the sun set into orange and purple. It was really very nice up here. I’d have to remember to check it out on my own.

The grinding, popping sound of gravel being run over by tires attracted my attention. A limo pulled up alongside me and I sighed heavily, waiting impatiently for Josh to just get this over with.

The door opened, and out stepped...

“*Byron Jackson?*” Val said, confused. “Who the *hell* is Byron Jackson?”

“Who’s Byron Jackson? The golden boy of St. Croix? Only the greatest basketball player to ever play the game! Game four of the 1998 finals? Game two of the Division Championship in 1995? *That* Byron Jackson.” As I was telling this to Val later that night, I could tell she didn’t have clue.

“Oh. Well, that’s good.”

“Good? I always wanted to meet him! He’s my *idol!* I always wanted to be like him ever since I was a... a... a kid... growing up! He’s the best there ever was!”

“Sounds like you had a nice time.”

“He was *great!* You’d think he would never do such a thing, but he answered all my questions, signed a basketball for me and even gave me some tips on shooting free throws! Oh, man, it was the *best* night of my life! We talked for *hours!*”

“And Josh arranged all this?”

And then it hit me. Yes. *Josh* had arranged this.

“Hey, um, thanks.” I said to him when I saw him two days later. His team had lost to the Cardinals, and he was feeling awful about it. “For Friday night. I really appreciate it.”

“Yeah.” He said, not really looking at me. He was always down after losing a game, but even I knew that losing to the Cardinals was as low as it could get.

“Um, yeah. Well, thanks.” I repeated. Satisfied that I had done my duty, I walked away.

“Hey.” Josh said, just before I was out of earshot. “Could you get me a beer?”

You know, I almost did, but then I wanted to make it clear that we were even now. “Get it yourself.” I said, and went to my room.

The next afternoon, I had more to do at the youth center. I was arranging for the big charity ball I had every year, and having some more photos taken of me with those little dweebs. But as soon as I get out of the car, I see Josh's Escalade parked there. And sure enough, he's in the youth center, playing with the kids, as they swarmed around him, looking for autographs. "Hey, look who's here." He said when he saw me.

"What the *hell* are you doing!?" I demanded to know. A couple of kids looked to see who was yelling, but most ignored me.

"Hold on a second, kids. I need to talk to my wife for a moment." He shed himself of his fan club and took me aside. "Look, I just thought..."

"You just thought you'd stick your nose in my business!" I shrieked at him. "Like, it doesn't even matter to you that I have my own life doing my own things!? Now you've got to ruin what little private life I have?"

I stamped my high heels into the ground. "This is my private place, in my private life, and now you're... Now you're..." I was crying, and I knew I didn't want to let Josh get to me like this. "Just get out of here!" I said, dabbing my tears with a tissue.

Josh's face was just kind of blank. I felt this was hurting him, but I had to stand my ground.

"These little *freaks* are hard enough to cope with without you coming in and making them all hyper!" I said, fiercely. "My God, do you know how much I hate having to be here anyway? Do you know how much these kids get on my nerves even when they're calm and under control?"

Josh looked at me and then back at the kids. "Thank God, I thought it was just me. I can't stand these kids either." He turned his back to make sure no one could read his lips. "I thought this would be a good idea, to help you out and stuff, but Jesus Christ! These kids are fucking driving me crazy!"

"Come on, I'll get you out of here." I told him. I escorted him to a nearby doorway and to his car. He checked his pockets for his keys, finding his pockets empty.

"Those kids!" He barked. "They stole my mother fucking wallet!" He wanted to go back in, but I stopped him.

"What, are you going to shake them upside down until they key fall out?"

"Maybe." He replied.

"Okay," was my answer, "as much as I'd like to see that, we need to go." I dug into my purse and pulled out the keys to my little Porsche. "I'll drive you home."

We'll call a guy to tow the car, make new locks and we'll pick it up later. We'll probably have to cancel the cards, too."

Josh looked one last time at the youth center, still mulling over going back in, and then turned back towards me.

"I'll drive."

"Fine," I said, giving him the keys. It was useless to argue with him like this.

We were halfway home when he pulled the car into a drive-thru and ordered up some food. "Double burger with cheese, large fries, large coke. And a grilled chicken sandwich and a diet sprite for my wife."

I know I had heard that somewhere before, but I wasn't sure where. Then it hit me. "That's what you ordered that night."

"That night?" He said to me.

"*The night. That night.*"

It took a moment to register with him. "*That night.*"

He pulled the car up to the drive thru window, paid for the food and took the bags and drinks into his lap. He looked at them for a second and then placed them in the back seat.

"Not hungry? That's a first."

"I never told you I was sorry," he said to me. He pulled the car into a parking spot and shut off the engine. "I never really thought it through and I don't know if I can live with myself anymore."

I wasn't sure he was actually talking to me about this. He had never said a single word about it since that night. "Thought *what* through?" I said, like an idiot.

"I never thought through making you be my girl. I was just so scared that you'd go to the cops. It was stupid and it was wrong. I don't know how I could have ever done that to anyone. It doesn't seem like something anybody with any self respect could do. It was... inhuman."

I wasn't sure what to say.

"I can't even say I'm sorry without feeling like I can never even come close to making it up to you. I can't ever ask for..." He turned away, and didn't let me see his face. Was he... was he crying?

"So you had a talk with him?" Val said, as I retold the story. I left out the history, but I told her the essential parts.

"We talked for a while."

"Did you work things out?"

“We just talked.” Was all I really felt like saying about it. “Then we moved on.”

“Moved on?” Val puzzled. “What does that mean? What happened?”

“He took me driving for a while. He showed me some houses around the city he was thinking of buying. He wants to move into a smaller place.”

“Oh.”

“He said he wanted to settle down and make another go of it.”

“Of what?” Val asked.

“Stuff. We just really kept talking.”

“And that was it?”

“Yeah.” I said. “The ring and stuff.”

“He gave you a ring?”

“We never really got around to getting a real wedding ring, so he bought me one.”

“Sounds romantic.” Val observed.

“Well... It was a pretty nice ring.” I looked at it on my finger. It was gorgeous. *And expensive.*

“You’re not telling me everything, Bee.”

“There’s not much to tell.”

“Don’t hold back. You *know* you want to tell me.” The temptation was irresistible. I had to spill. Why couldn’t I just come out and say it? Why was this so hard?

“We had a nice night.”

“Tell the truth, baby girl. Tell me.”

“He... he... he was... “ And I don’t know what pushed me over the edge, but maybe I was just too tired of fighting it. “He was *wonderful!*” I gushed.

Oh, what a relief that was. I could finally say it. “He took me out dancing, and we went to all these clubs, and then we watched the sun rise over the hills, and I fell asleep on his shoulder. And when I woke this morning, I felt his big, strong, loving arms holding me tight.”

I was just so stupid. Here he was, the man of any girl’s dream, and I had just been so wrapped up in the past that I couldn’t just admit that I loved him. I really always had since... Well, since we kissed.

Since he first held me in his arms. I remember it so clearly. That first day when he told me I was hot. I remember how my heart beat when he smiled down at me, totally wanting me. No one had ever looked at me like that before.

“Tell me all about it, Bee.”

“I’m in *love*, Valerie. I’m in love with Josh Farmer. All I ever want to be is his wife and love him as hard as I can!” Oh I felt so great. I finally knew my place in the world. “He’s in love with me and I’m in love with him. I don’t know why I kept telling myself anything different!” I had wasted so much time! Why had I been so silly about this? *Why!?*”

“Good for you, girl.”

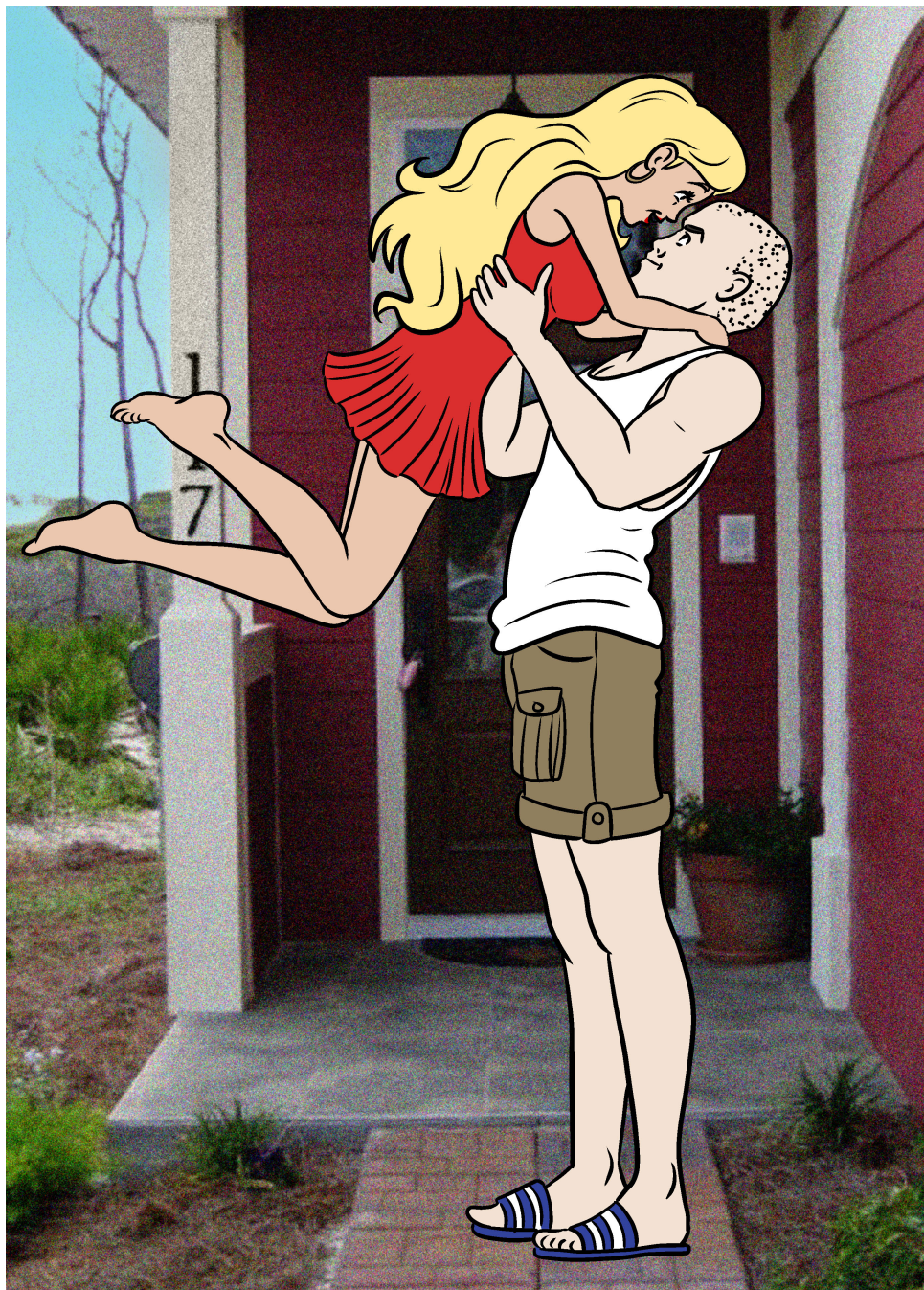
“We’re going to get married! This time, in a real church and everything! Oh God, Valerie, I’ve never felt like this about anyone in my life. I’ve never been happier! Please tell me you’ll be my bridesmaid!”

I wore white at the ceremony. I had the most beautiful gown. I was a lovely bride. Everyone told me so. Val was my bridesmaid, my sisters from the sorority were there, my parents were there, even Janessa and Brittany-Anne were there.

We spent the honeymoon in Hawaii and we went at it like rabbits. We really did, too. Because I got that last little operation which made me a real wife for my big Joshie bear. Best decision I ever made. He’s got one the size of a tennis ball can, and he loves to use it. It’s like riding a bucking bull all night long.



You know what I love most about Josh? Well, his great taste in girls, of course. Also, I think it's because he sees all the *potential* in me. I have so much potential. It's not about yesterday but who I can be for him today.



Maybe it was inevitable he'd fall in love with me, after all, I'm the best looking girl he'll ever see. I don't want to brag or anything, but who *wouldn't* fall in love with a drop-dead awesomely irresistible girl like me? I mean, that's like a total no-brainer. Josh never had a chance.

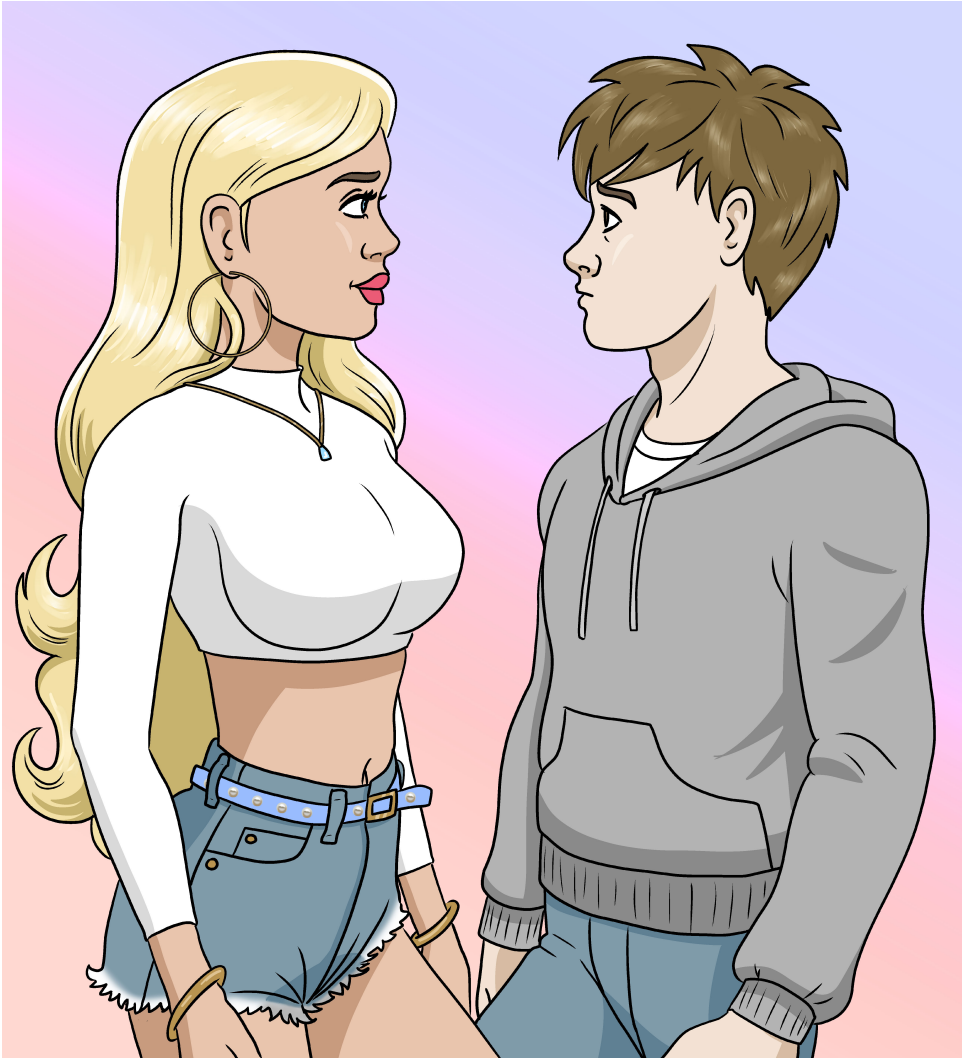
We hardly spend any time apart from one another, now. I go to all the games and cheer him on, and I make him feel better when he loses – or even when he wins. The only time I spend alone is when I'm shopping for sexy things to wear for my guy. Sometimes we go out for dinner but most of the time, we stay at home. That's the new home with room just for us. I remember the real estate agent called it "intimate." She had no idea how intimate we would make it.

Oh my God, I can't believe it. Here I am, the happiest girl in the world, Mrs. Joshua Farmer. I'm rich, thin, young, married, and loving it. I mean, that's just too strange to even think about. It hurts my brain. I used to be this nobody person and now, people ask me who I am and I just show them the huge diamond on my finger and say, "I'm the wife of a famous millionaire jock. Who are *you*?"

Anyway, I guess the whole point of writing this was to get it out of my head once and for all. All that old 'Wyatt' stuff seems so like a million years ago. I don't want to even remember any of it anymore. It has nothing to do with my life now.

Consider this whole... memory thing... a dream. No, more like a *nightmare*. I don't even really believe it. It's someone else's pathetic life. Or better yet, a life that never existed. As far as I'm concerned, I was always the person I am today, and if any stoned porn actress tries to tell you different, tell the bitch she had her chance and blew it.

The End



Titles from Sick Puppy Press

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 anew 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

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

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 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

Candlewick Court Series

Welcome to Candlewick

By Joe Six-Pack. Book 1 in a series. Candlewick Court is looking for new residents. Residents who will find new lives and new genders in a suburban paradise with a mysterious purpose. Book / 149 pages / 30 illustrations

Surrender to Candlewick

By Joe Six-Pack. Book 2 in a series. Candlewick Court has found it's first homeowners, and the kids need a school to attend. What kind of bizarre transformations await them? Book / 152 pages / 38 illustrations

Brides of Candlewick

By Joe Six-Pack. Book 3 in a series. The story of Colin and Elliot concludes as we welcome Candlewick Court's next homeowners. Book / 159 pages / 39 illustrations

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

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

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

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

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

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

Convicts to Co-Eds

Story 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

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

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

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

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

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 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

Crossed Fiction

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

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

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 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

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 Made 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

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