



UNDER THE POMS

BY

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Join Us

Under the Poms

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CHAPTER ONE

#careergoals

Bright sunlight was shining through the windows of the Federal Investigation Agency building where Mark Brown stood, almost shivering with excitement. He had landed his first job, and what a job! Unlike many of his fraternity brothers, Mark was well on his way to the top just a month after graduating from the Pennsylvania State University in May. This was a dream come true for Mark.

Walking into the intimidating building, wearing a light pinstripe navy blue suit, the new hire took off his sunglasses. Overcoming his nervousness, he approached the front desk and smiled at the guards while showing his ID. After getting waved through, Mark headed for the bank of elevators. Strolling through the large metal door

of the elevator and pressing the button for number twelve, Mark checked his tie in the mirrored surface of the glass and took a deep breath. Today was the day he'd been waiting for. Soon, he'd be in the field investigating criminal syndicates and solving tough cases.

Moving out of his home state of Pennsylvania to Arlington, Virginia was overwhelming, but Mark knew the FIA was a great opportunity for him, as well as the best fit for his background: a dual degree in Criminal Justice and Information Technology. He was hired in March of his senior year, and started the transition from college life to the real world by getting an apartment and coming down to Virginia every weekend for orientation. As of now, getting used to wearing suits and ties every day seemed to be his biggest struggle.

So far in his six weeks as an official FIA agent, he'd been stuck doing boring desk work. He felt like a glorified secretary filing papers and making phone calls. He expected this would continue for the first few weeks, but it still was making him feel a little down, not like his usual upbeat and confident self. His cocky, perky attitude earned him the nickname 'pompoms' at his frat. He hated when his brothers called him that, but it stuck.

All that, however, was about to change. He knew he had a solid chance of getting this exciting mission assignment. He needed this opportunity to get into the big time, and he was sure that given the chance, he was going to ace it.

The elevator doors opened to the cubical-filled level where Mark spent his entire nine-hour work days. Very few people said hello to him as he walked to his station and put down his laptop briefcase. He glanced at a recent Swimsuit calendar hanging from the wall by a small thumbtack. Its entry for today read: 'Meeting with Agent Steele: 9:20 a.m.'

This meeting would determine whether or not he'd spend the rest of the year languishing at a desk, or out in the field doing something more productive. The office memo he received the previous week was vague. However, it sounded like this assignment would do wonders for his career.

The agency announced they were looking for three rookie agents for an investigation in South Carolina. It would require two to three months of field training, plus an estimated operation time of six months to a year. The thought of spending that much time away from his girlfriend Rebecca and new apartment was gut-wrenching. Still, it was very tempting to spend that much time outside of office-land.

Glancing over his left shoulder, he saw the small cubicle he had started to hate. There were very few personal touches, aside from the calendar and a framed picture of himself and Rebecca.

He had been looking forward to this meeting the entire

weekend. Now that it was just minutes away, he couldn't help but feel more than a little nervous.

Mark sat in his chair and ran his fingers across his light beard as he often did while thinking to himself. He still had some time before he had to report to Mr. Steele's office. He used the forty minutes to review his presentation, and check his work e-mail.

Thirty minutes passed while he rechecked the presentation, though it felt like hours as Mark impatiently watched the minutes click by slowly. Knowing that Mr. Steele hated his agents to be late, he decided to make a move. Putting his suit jacket back on and grabbing his briefcase, he silently left his small cubicle and headed back towards the elevator, trying to hide his growing nervousness.

While riding up to the thirty-first floor, Mark rubbed his hands on his slacks trying to wipe the sweat from his palms. 'You've got this,' Mark thought to himself.

Looking up as the number slowly rose, he did his best to compose himself, put on a smile, and act like he was the only one for this job. As the elevator bell chimed and the doors slowly parted, he stepped out. Taking a deep breath, he made a quick sweeping glance, then headed towards the reception desk and the attractive secretary that was Agent Steele's right hand.

"Hello, I'm Agent Brown and have a meeting with Mr.

Steele about the South Carolina assignment,” Mark said smiling at the blonde, who was wearing designer glasses and an expensive women’s suit.

“Fill this out,” the secretary said with a serious expression, after only briefly looking at Mark.

Any other day and Mark would have tried his chances on chatting her up, but he thought about Rebecca and decided to leave it alone. With the prospect of a long out of town mission ahead, he felt it best to wait until next time, after he got back from a successful assignment. Sitting down on one of the chairs near a window just left of the elevator, he set about filling out the form. He pulled a pen out of his shirt pocket and used his briefcase as a desk.

After answering the annoying and seemingly irrelevant questions on the form, he stood back up and returned the papers to the pretty blonde. But before he could say anything, she held up her finger showing she was on the phone and pointed to the double doors behind her.

Mark approached the expensive dark brown wooden doors, unsure if he should knock, or just sit at one of the chairs beside the doors and wait. Without the passage of another moment, the doors were opened by a middle-aged man with salt and pepper hair wearing a tailored navy blue suit. “Agent Brown, please come in,” said Mr. Steele in a very stern voice.

Nodding eagerly, Mark followed the tall, intimidating man into a large office with glass windows looking over the city. On the other side was a small bar and in the middle of the room, an old, mahogany desk commanded Mark's attention.

Mr. Steele walked behind his desk and picked up a manila folder, "So tell me about yourself Brown."

Taking his cue to sit down on one of the chairs in front of the desk, Mark cleared his throat before saying in a less than commanding tone. "Everything to know is in my file sir."

"Son," Mr. Steele said looking straight into Mark's face through his glasses "When I ask you a question, I need direct responses. Of course, I have your basic information, but this job is NOT about filing out forms. I suggest you try again... unless you want this interview to end right now."

Shaken, Mark did his best to compose himself and tried to continue as if nothing wrong had happened. "Yes, of course, sir, well I've recently joined the agency, and I have been dying to get some opportunities to get out of the office for some field work."

"I need more from you," Mr. Steele said glancing back down at his folder.

"Well, I graduated from Penn State a few months ago. I

was on almost every sports team, and I received top grades. I joined this agency to become an active agent and I know I can make a real difference in American society.”

“Please explain more about how you can make a real difference?” asked Mr. Steele.

“In whatever capacity, you need me to sir. Whether you need me to go deep under cover and live a new life to catch a drug lord or if you need me to go in secretly and find information on a potential terrorist. I’m ready for anything,” Mark replied, feeling confident with his answer.

Mr. Steele paused for a moment, thinking that Agent Brown had potential as a young agent. Although having excellent grades at university and on the entry examinations, he did not seem to have analytical and logistic skills up to par.

“Agent Brown,” Mr. Steele said leaning back in his chair, “you just said you’d serve ‘in whatever capacity’ and you are ‘ready for anything’ to go ‘deep under cover,’ is that right?”

Mark nodded, trying to present as confidently as he could.

“Let me explain to you what makes an agent successful in the FIA,” Steele continued. “We are facing a lot of

threats in America right now, and the FIA has always been the cornerstone of preventing crime, investigating disputes and dangerous situations, and thereby creating a better society for our citizens. Our training programs, as you have seen, can be very intense including mental and physical strain.”

Steele grimaced and shook his head solemnly, “I won’t lie to you, Brown, if we pick you for this mission, it will push you up to and beyond your limits. However, it will also mold you into being the type of agent we need you to be. In return, you will be rewarded with a long-lasting position and receive the emotional benefits that come with that.”

Mark’s heart rate climbed significantly; this was exactly what he was waiting for. “Yes, I understand completely what’s expected of agents and the amazing job the FIA has been doing for America in the background. I am up for anything.”

“I won’t waste our time here going over the basics of the training program and the South Carolina assignment. You’ll find more details in all of the documentation we’ll provide. I wanted to meet with you today to get a sense of what position to put you in to best benefit everyone involved. You should realize that you would be the youngest person ever accepted for an operation of this kind.”

Mark couldn’t help but smile at being the youngest field

agent in the history of the agency. No, make that the youngest ever 'successful' field agent, this was great! "You mean you're accepting my application, sir?"

"This is not something to take lightly Brown. We were highly interested in your application because you have some qualifications that we need. Although we have other young agents here, many of them are married and have children. For the situation you will be in, you could be away from your friends and home for a year, if not longer. How does that make you feel?"

Mark froze. More than a year... That was a long time; no friends, no family, no Rebecca. It was a tough decision, but he just couldn't pass up an opportunity like this. "Obviously it will be tough, but I'm very determined, and I know I can handle it."

Steele smiled slightly and said, "We will work with you to put your life here on hold. We'll handle any type of financial considerations and other obligations you may have such as your apartment rent, car payments, credit cards, etc. Your life here in Arlington will basically be put on hold, and you will be living as a totally new person, an undercover agent where we send you."

Steele's smile faded and he became grim as he said, "Under the terms of your contract for this impending covert status, you must NOT under any circumstances tell anyone about the details of this mission. Not your parents, not your girl friend, no one at all. Failure to

comply will result in your immediate termination, substantial fines, and a possible jail sentence for you if the mission is aborted.”

Mark gulped almost deafeningly, and his heart beat nearly as loudly. Jail time?! He felt that was a bit much, but he knew better than to tell even his Mother the details of this job. “Understood sir, can you at least tell me SOME details about what I can expect from the mission?” Mark stammered out.

“Are you familiar with the D.A.R.E. program Brown?”

“I remember it from back in middle school Mr. Steele.”

“Drug Abuse Resistance Education... Very common program in today’s schools, but I wish this were only so easy.... We’ve been called on by a sheriff’s department in a small suburban town to handle a problem with narcotics distribution in South Carolina.”

“And you need undercover agents to act as teachers? Find out who’s distributing it?” Mark answered.

“Please don’t jump ahead of yourself. I realize that as a rookie agent, you are excited to embark on all of the adventures you may have dreamed about, however you must remain completely calm. To answer your question, at least in part, you will be sent to the town of Angel Falls, South Carolina with two other agents. Both of them have more experience than you do, but not the extensive

field time we need you to have. We are looking at this not only as an anti-narcotics operation but also as a training exercise for you young agents who need field training. Other inexperienced agents are being sent on similar assignments throughout the United States right now."

"Angel Falls, South Carolina. And do I know who my undercover persona is, or will I be finding out closer to the time?" Mark asked.

"That will be disclosed at a future time. We match agents with the positions that make the most sense for them within the context of the mission. For instance, you won't be going undercover as someone who is my age and an electrical engineer. There would be too much involved with that scenario. However, this IS an undercover operation which means we will provide you with all the training and necessary cover to complete the mission. There must be NO reveal of your true character because this could result in the deaths of yourself or your fellow agents, as well as severe damage to the integrity of the FIA. Unfortunately, this has happened before."

Mark nodded, "Trust me, sir, I fully intend to stick to this new cover, and I won't break cover, you can be sure of that. When exactly would I have to leave for assignment?"

"Due to some complexity and the logistics of the criminal operations you'll be investigating, we must send

you under cover as soon as possible. You would need to report to our transition facility by 8:00 a.m. Saturday morning.”

This Saturday? This operation was moving quickly. Mark couldn't back out now, however, so he just nodded and asked. “Will I meet the other agents before the assignment?”

“Yes, there will be a briefing meeting where a plan will be discussed with Agent Sully, the head of our Modified Resemblance Division. Look for a memo tomorrow morning about the meeting that will be held on Thursday. In the meantime, I suggest taking care of any loose ends in your personal life. Agent Moller will talk to you later today about your current living situation and any outstanding obligations such as your apartment lease.”

Mark shook Steele's hand and said, “Thank you for this opportunity Mr. Steele. You will not be disappointed!”

CHAPTER TWO

Sorry Girlfriend

To Mark, Rebecca was not only a sexy companion but also the type of girl he could relate to. He enjoyed talking to her for hours, and he felt comfortable just being with her. Their relationship was only in its third month, but he felt she was something special.

Mark held Rebecca's hand as they sat drinking their wine. The knowledge that he'd soon be leaving her behind to work under cover was making the evening somewhat painful, despite the otherwise romantic mood. Mark expected that he'd occasionally have to deal with long separations from her, but he didn't think it would be so soon or last for so long. He wanted to stay with her, but he knew that he couldn't. Not if he hoped to advance

in his career. He realized it would be unfair to ask her to wait over a year for him, even though he wanted to. This was one of the sacrifices he'd resolved to make to be a successful agent.

Mark wanted to make this 'good-bye' dinner special. He had heard great things about Fellicio's, an Italian restaurant in Arlington, and wanted to bring her there, both to enjoy her company and to celebrate his job promotion. The restaurant was very romantic, dimly lit with candles on each table, and quiet even though most tables were full.

Rebecca was always a vision, but she looked even more beautiful than ever in her new black dress. Mark hadn't seen it before, and wondered if she'd bought it just to celebrate the special occasion. It wasn't usual for her to show this much cleavage, but she clearly wanted to flaunt her assets. Her ginger, shoulder-length hair was stylish with its auburn highlights, and she wore it parted on each side. Her makeup was alluring, and she had chosen sparkling earrings and a matching necklace for the evening.

"It sounds like a great opportunity for you," said Rebecca, taking a sip of her Merlot.

"Yeah, I almost couldn't believe my luck when they told me I got it," Mark replied, using all of his energy trying to stay upbeat.

“Did they say where they’re sending you?”

“Sorry babe, can’t tell you that. It is confidential information and all...”

“Come on; you can tell me!”

“Trust me if I could tell anyone it would be you, but if I did I’d probably be sent to jail. These people don’t mess around.” He said taking a swig of his drink.

“Okay,” Rebecca sighed, “Will you at least be able to call me?”

Mark grimaced. “Afraid not, I have to keep it one hundred percent under cover.”

“Doesn’t this make you feel uncomfortable?”

Mark frowned, “Of course it does, but after a while, I’m sure I’ll get used to it.”

“How much can you tell me about this?” Rebecca said swirling her wine slowly in her glass.

“Just that it could take around six to twelve months, maybe longer, and that I can’t make any contact with anyone I know.”

“But it could end more quickly, right?”

“Yes, I suppose. Anything is possible.”

“So you are basically going to be just sent somewhere, pretend to be someone else, fight crime, make a lot of money, then return here?”

Mark smiled, “That sums up.” He liked the way she made it sound.

“Wow, I wish I could do something like that. Waitressing is great money but it is annoying at times!”

“At least it’s stable, and safe, plus you won’t have to go undercover anytime soon,” Mark said, in an attempt to reassure her.

“What are you doing with the apartment?”

“The agency is going to lease it out I think; my life is pretty much going on hold until I come back.”

“And....”

“And...what?” asked Mark.

“What about us?” Rebecca said smiling coyly while rubbing her foot up his leg under the table.

He took a deep breath before saying, “These past three months have been great, and I’ve enjoyed it.... But, we’re young, and I know I can’t ask you to wait what could be

over a year for me.” Mark said, trying to keep the conversation focused despite the sexy distraction of her foot riding higher up his thigh.

“When exactly do you leave?”

“Saturday, at the end of this week....”

“Wow, they really want to send you out right away.”

“Yeah, it was a last minute thing, I guess another agent must have pulled out for some reason.” Mark wondered what exactly that reason could be.

“Are you trying to break up with me?” Rebecca asked with a serious, sad face.

“Not break up! But not be together either, It’s complicated. I can’t expect you to wait for me, not knowing when I’d get back. But... if you haven’t met anyone when I do return, I’d love to pick up where we left off,” Mark answered, doing his best to make the separation as painless as possible.

“How would you feel about dating other people while you are gone?”

“Me dating anyone? I don’t think that will happen, at least if it’s not part of the job.”

“No... I mean... How do you feel about me dating other

people while you are gone?"

"As I said, I'm fine with it. It will hurt no doubt, but you have to do what is best for you."

Rebecca leaned forward, "Okay, well let's just play it by ear and see what happens. Since this is your first year and all, I don't know why they would send you out for a very long assignment."

"Yeah, sounds good," he replied, upset that he'd have to let her go, at least for now, while trying not to upset her. He stared into her eyes for a painful moment, before taking a longer sip of his drink.

"Am I going to be able to see you any other time this week before you leave?"

"I'm going to have a lot of meetings and prep work, so most likely not, I'm afraid."

"Then it looks like we need to have some fun tonight..."

Mark raised his hand to summon a passing waiter, "Check please."

CHAPTER THREE

Another Meeting

Placing the last piece of tape on the last cardboard box was bittersweet for Mark. The past few days were a blur, and here he was putting his life into cold storage on Friday morning. Everything in the apartment had been packed, and he was set to go to work that day for the last briefing before embarking on his adventure. Calling his parents the night before to say good-bye for weeks, or months was difficult, but they understood. They knew that he was entering his professional life, and with that came sacrifices.

Walking through the familiar glass doors and showing his ID card to the front desk guard, Mark thought to himself, "I won't have to deal with this every day." Coming into

work to do secretarial tasks like filing and filling out forms was a thing of the past. No more women's work for him. Now, he was finally going to see some action.

Mr. Steele's secretary told Mark to have a seat in the meeting room, and informed him that the others would be in shortly. He took the few spare minutes to reflect on everything happening. All of his belongings were in storage, Rebecca agreed to put the relationship on hold after an amazing night of sex, his parents knew of his leaving, and his friends understood his work with the FIA was highly classified. On the bright side, he knew his bank account would be very healthy by the end of the mission, so much so that he could buy an Audi RS 7 with cash.

He was soon shaken out of his daydream of driving his dream car when the secretary announced that everyone was ready. Feeling slightly nervous about meeting the agents he would be spending at least six months with, Mark stalled a little. Would he know them? Were they rookies like him or more experienced agents? He figured there was only one way to find out.

Mark's jaw dropped slightly at the sight of Fred Smith walking into the room with Mr. Steele. They were accompanied by an attractive, slender, brunette woman who appeared to be in her early 40s.

"How are you doing today Agent Brown?" asked Mr. Steele.

Still shocked to see his old fraternity brother from Penn State, it took Mark a while to compose himself and answer, "Very good, thank you sir. I'm ready to get some more details about this mysterious mission."

"All in good time, Brown. First things first. Please meet Agent Smith and Agent Myers. They will be your partners for this assignment."

Mark extended his hand towards Fred Smith, wondering at the odds of working with someone he knew on his assignment.

Both were in the Phi Delta Theta fraternity when Mark was a freshman and Fred was a senior. Mark constantly made fun of Fred for his short stature and goofy nature. Mark hoped his fellow agent wouldn't hold a grudge against him over that collegiate immaturity, however.

"Agent Smith was telling me he knew you from your college days Brown. He has already successfully completed two undercover assignments with us, and is proving to be one of our top young field leaders. I thought that he would be a good partner and mentor for you in this journey. Agent Myers is in charge of our new Operation Angel program, this will be our first covert mission in that category. I won't be rude and announce how many years she's been with us at the FIA."

"Thank you Mr. Steele," said Agent Myers with a slight

smile.

Mark had no idea that Fred even worked for the agency let alone was already well on his way up the ranks. Their assignments with the agency seemed to confirm the rumors that Phi Delta Theta's had a great chance of getting government jobs because of their network of connections. Fred had a few years of extra experience as an advantage, but Mark knew he could get to where the older agent was, if not even higher in the same amount of time.

"You are all here, so I can start on the mission debriefing," said Mr. Steele, obviously not enjoying the pleasantries.

"Angel Falls, South Carolina. Population: 10,503. Quiet suburb that is currently being used as a meth and heroin distribution point. Our Special Intelligence Narcotics Division has confirmed that the center of the illegal drug activity may be the local school, Hamilton High, and/or the local businesses within 1.5 miles of the property," Agent Steele stated in a severe voice.

"How far is the distribution going at this point?" asked Agent Myers.

"We believe the central hubs of distribution are within the town and a few neighboring cities. However the ring could extend as far as New York City, DC, Chicago, and Miami which is why going undercover is critical.

Especially since we frequently send agents to those particular metropolitans," answered Mr. Steele.

This made Mark think about how far this could go, do a good enough job and he could be breaking the biggest drug ring in Eastern America. He would surely be fast-tracked for promotions then.

"What roles will we play in busting this action?" asked Agent Smith.

"To be honest with you, I don't foresee this being a very complicated mission," answered Mr. Steele. "But for ease of operations, all of you will be set up in the same living quarters."

"Just like the ole college days, replied Mark.

Fred just nodded though he didn't seem too happy at the mention of their time at college together , with all of the bitter memories.

"This operation will be deep under cover. Your contact with headquarters will occur on very rare occasions. You will have to be self-sufficient," Agent Steele said, interrupting Mark's comments.

"How much will we have to change physically?" asked Mark.

"Physical changes should be the least of your concerns

for this assignment. There are much more important matters on the table. Our facility will take care of all the changes to your appearance for you. To state one of the more important topics, since Agents Myers and Smith are of a higher rank and have more experience than you, I suggest that you listen to their instructions throughout the mission.”

Mark felt a little annoyed at that comment, although this was his first assignment, he was still every bit as much of an agent as Fred. He never said any of this of course, instead opting to nod and feigning eagerness.

Agent Myers smiled at Mark, “I’ve known about this mission for weeks now. Mr. Steele and I had a meeting at which he informed me of all details. I’ll help teach you all things you need to know along the way Mark, so don’t worry.”

Agent Smith smiled as well, “Just remember that all of your dedication to your training for this job won’t go unnoticed by us. We just expect you to do things as we need you to do them, including everything expected of someone like you with your level of expertise.”

Mark noticed the slight insults Fred added in, no doubt he was still a little angry over the jokes he’d often made back at the fraternity. Surely he wouldn’t let that get in the way of the mission, or in his assessment of Mark’s job performance which no doubt would come at the end of the mission and go straight to Steele.

“Thanks,” was all he could manage to mutter in the end.

“Now for the part I’m sure Agent Brown is most curious about; position assignments. Myers and Smith have been debriefed, but just as a reminder; because of Agent Myers’ diverse background, she will be accepting a teaching position at the Witmyer Academy which will hopefully put her in close administrative proximity if the illegal activity is at a different school,” said Mr. Steele.

“I’ve already been preparing for the role sir, I believe I can flawlessly cover as a teacher,” she added.

“Outstanding,” said Mr. Steele, “because of his background in criminal justice and security, Agent Smith will be employed as a security guard at a tech company three miles from the school. He will act as the new boys’ soccer coach as well.”

Smith just smiled at this, without feeling the need to add a comment.

“As far as you Brown, I see that you have also had an interest in sports, so we are putting you with an athletic activity at the school as well.”

“That sounds great. Will I have a job too?” asked Mark.

“Since this is your first assignment, we are not giving you an actual job in the community because you still need a

little more experience. However, you may be placed in some other social situations.”

“So like a community manager or youth center worker? Something along those lines?” he asked, desperate to find out his position.

“The youth center is very close,” said Agent Myers.

“A few tips for you Brown, remember above all that this is a deep under cover assignment, and that the citizens of the United States are placing their trust in us to make a better tomorrow. When in disguise, you must think of yourself as this new person, and view yourself how people within your new life there will view you. Your lives here in Arlington are on hold until the assignment is complete.”

Mark was beginning to get pretty angry and have second thoughts. Why were they not just coming right out and telling him his role? Why all the riddles? He made one last attempt, “But sir If I know the role surely I can study up on it, like the other agents?”

“Again, all your training will be provided,” Mr. Steele said as he closed his binder, “Any other questions?”

Mark looked at the other two Agents who seemed to already know everything even before this meeting. Despite the horrible feeling of being set up, Mark replied. “No sir,”

CHAPTER FOUR

Deep Undercover

With only his wallet and a small suitcase in his possession, Mark looked out of the window of the passenger van en route to the facility. He was nervously sweating bullets, yet also excited. He still wasn't sure why they were being so secretive about his position on the team, but he was still enthusiastic about his big break. Whatever job or persona they wanted him to perform, he was one hundred percent committed to becoming that new person.

Agent Myers looked back from the front passenger seat, "Once we get to the facility, we will split up and won't be able to talk to each other, just a heads up."

“Will we be able to recognize each other afterward?” asked Mark.

“We aren’t going to change too much, just subtle small differences. Don’t worry, you’ll know it’s us. You...well...we should be able to notice you straight away,” Fred said calmly, with a hint of smugness added in.

The van pulled into the circular driveway of the FIA’s Transition Facility, which closely resembled a corporate hotel. The agents got out with their luggage, and entered the building, where they met by Agent Steele’s colleague, Miss Patterson.

While Patterson handed out passes and a few pages of paperwork, Mark checked behind him and noticed his fellow agents’ bags and luggage being taken away while his remained on the van. Before he could bring up this point, he heard Miss Patterson’s voice calling his name.

“Agent Brown, did you get all of that?” she asked, tapping her low heeled shoes on the floor.

“Yes ma’am,” answered Mark.

Miss Patterson was dressed in a black pencil shirt with matching blazer. Her dark hair was tied back in a bun. She appeared to be in her late 20s, only a few years older than Mark. She extended her hand with a serious face, “It’s a pleasure to meet you, Agent Brown, Mr. Steele has

told me all about you. Please call me Miss Patterson.”

Without waiting for Mark’s response, she continued, “Right now, please leave all your belongings here, including your wallet and ID.” Two huge security guards came over to take his suitcase. “Follow me. I want you to meet Dr. Kreviner who will be assisting with your disguise.”

“DOCTOR?! I thought it was just going to be a clothing consultant or something,” said Mark, slightly confused.

“No need to be alarmed, it’s just a check up to make sure you are ready for the procedures,” she replied turning on the balls of her feet through a doorway and into a corridor.

Mark looked nervous as the two guards walked away with his luggage, with neither of the giants saying a word and looking rather evil.

“Please follow me, Agent Brown,” Miss Patterson instructed as she turned and began to walk down the hallway.

After a short distance, Mark found himself in a regular looking office that one would find at a general physician’s practice. There were cotton swabs and rubber gloves on the counter, as well as a lot of other medical equipment that Mark couldn’t identify. Miss Patterson took off her blazer, revealing her slim arms,

and put on a pair of medical gloves. With a stethoscope placed around her neck, she commanded Mark, "Open your mouth please."

Rather reluctantly, he opened his mouth, starting to have second thoughts about the whole thing again.

Miss Patterson looked into Mark's ears and pointed a light in his eyes, noting that they were healthy. "Please take off your shirt Agent Brown."

"Are you a nurse as well?" asked Mark as he followed her instructions.

"Yes, Mr. Steele was impressed with my medical and criminal justice background, so he asked me to help get this project underway."

Happy enough to take her word for it, Mark took off his tie and then unbuttoned his shirt, placing it next to him on the examination table.

Miss Patterson measured his heart rate through his hairy chest, then went to the counter to grab two plastic cups. "I need samples."

"I had a cup of coffee this morning; that was it!"

"Urine and semen Agent Brown..."

"Semen! Why in the world would you need that?!" Mark

questioned, feeling more like a guinea pig than an agent.

“We need it for our records to analyze. I’m sure you will thank us later.”

“Why would you be sure I’ll be thanking you later?”
Mark had had about enough of all the cryptic talk.

“Semen samples can help us analyze risks for things like certain types of cancer. I will leave the room. A young boy like you shouldn’t need any help,” Miss Patterson said as she placed her hand on her hip and walked out the door, closing it slowly.

It didn’t take long for Mark to produce both samples before asking for Miss Patterson to return. Five minutes later, Mark heard a knock on the door, “Are you finished, young man?”

Miss Patterson walked in the room with a tall, slender gentleman in his late 50’s wearing a white coat. “Agent Brown, this is Dr. Kreviner.”

“Hello son, how are you doing today?”

“Fine I guess, just not sure why I need to do all of this,” Mark said, his annoyance apparently evident in his tone.

“It’s all part of the procedure. Nothing too major. I just want to ask you some basic questions,” Dr. Krivener said trying to comfort Mark.

“Okay.”

“Have you ever had a heart condition?”

“No.”

“Have you ever been tested for any STDs?”

“Yes.”

“How long ago?”

“Six months.”

“The results?”

“Negative.”

“Are you currently sexually active?”

“Yes.”

“Do you smoke, drink alcohol, or take drugs?”

“Occasionally, yes, and not since applying for this job.”

“Have you had any homosexual desires?”

Mark just looked at the doctor in shock before snapping out an answer. “No!”

Dr. Krivener smiled and looked over at Miss Patterson, who was finishing up prepping for an injection. "He's ready Miss Patterson. Mark, that's the end of our Q&A session. Look at this as a booster shot. Nothing painful..."

Mark felt the small pinch in his arm before pulling it back annoyed. When he came back from this mission, he would be sure to tell Mr. Steele about these two weirdos, he thought.

Within seconds, Mark's head starting spinning to the point where he was losing vision. He fell straight on his back on the table, staring at the ceiling. His stomach was in so much pain, he tried speaking, but no words came out. Suddenly, it was lights out.

"Wow, the drug worked perfectly," commented Miss Patterson.

"Same thing we've used on some people during interrogation," said Dr. Krivener, "Please call in security, we need to move him to the operating room.

After standing in the doorway and signaling for security, Miss Patterson returned to stand beside Mark. "We best get started then, going to take a lot of work to get him ready."

CHAPTER FIVE

Becoming Someone New

Mark laid unconscious on the gurney as facility staff walked with Dr. Krivener and Miss Patterson to the operating room. For the first time that day, Miss Patterson had a smile on her face, looking as if she had already accomplished something important. She had put on traditional surgeon's attire, as did Dr. Krivener. She began removing Mark's pants and, with a little too much enthusiasm, pulled off his boxers too.

One of the assistants, wearing scrubs and a surgical mask, cut off Mark's shirt with a pair of scissors while the other used an electric razor to shave Mark's head completely bald.

The staff all noticed that Miss Patterson was enjoying this operation a lot more than previous ones, although no one mentioned it. After they had used the razor on the rest of his body, trimming all the hair to essentially nothing, the doctor stepped forward.

Dr. Krivener was handed another needle by Miss Patterson, which he inserted into Mark's testicles, completely numbing the area. The doctor then reached for a scalpel. Miss Patterson smiled as she took photos for the hospital's records.

While the Doctor and Miss Patterson worked on Mark's lower half, the other assistants and nurses set about his upper body. Using a black marker, they drew curved lines underneath his nipples and a few dotted lines on his face in various places. Brace devices were put on his legs, feet, and arms, which would shorten them within a few hours. The assistants were planning to replace his teeth, and insert injections to change his eye color to blue.

One assistant set to work on getting rid of the tribal tattoo he had on his right bicep, using a laser, they erased the thin layer of ink until his arm was free and clean as a baby's.

Removing Mark's testicles took several hours. They were disposed of as medical waste in the trash can by Miss Patterson. Dr. Krivener set to reshape his penis into a vagina for his soon to be shorter body. This was only the

first steps of a long night of medical miracles.

The Doctor soon moved up the body and, using his scalpel, gave Mark new breast implants that would fade as time went by so his new breasts could replace them, and even grow bigger.

“It’s amazing Miss Patterson...”

“What exactly Doctor?” she asked.

“Non-silicone. They are made of hydrocomatia which is a new material meant to emulate actual breast tissue. He will have completely natural breasts, and they will grow with time.”

The operation didn’t stop there. Hours and hours of careful facial reconstruction surgery were remaking Mark’s, formerly butch and masculine face into a perfect feminine shape.

Heavily bandaged, Mark was moved to a patient recovery room where he was placed under top level security. During his coma state, Miss Patterson came into the room to keep watch and make notes into her field journal:

‘June 4: Agent Brown’s first stage operation was a success. Penis and testicles have been replaced, and he was given breast implants. Head was shaved to make way for hair transplant that will occur tomorrow.’

Miss Patterson looked up to see Mark still passed out with his head completely covered in bandages.

'His teeth have been removed to ensure if the mission fails and there are casualties, his dental records will not identify him as being Mark Brown. Specially tested replacement teeth will be inserted in the next stage.'

The beep of Mark's heart rate on the computer monitor beeped in a steady motion as Miss Patterson continued to write:

'Procedures on the agenda tomorrow will help ensure that this undercover operation is never busted. He will look like any girl his age on the outside and the inside. His voice box...'

Miss Patterson stopped writing as she heard Mark making sounds.

She watched him, transfixed as he moved slightly, his fingers moving before settling down.

She continued with her journal. "The uterus implant and other sexual organs will be implemented so even biologically there will be no way to tell. Periods and pregnancy will both be fully possible."

Mark's head moved from left to right and his heart rate escalated. He was able to open his eyes but could barely

make out anything in the room due to his eye color change operation. Miss Patterson looked up and opened her mouth; she alerted medical staff via a button near her chair.

“Agent Brown, can you hear me?”

Mark laid unresponsive and closed his eyes again; the heart rate monitor reverted to what it had been previously.

Medical staff arrived at the door shortly afterward, “What is the problem, Miss Patterson?”

“He just woke up I think...”

Staff checked Mark’s pulse and other signs on monitors, “That is strange... He’s been under constant feed of the sedative in his I.V. mixture. Everything looks normal now. Please let us know if it happens again.”

“Thank you,” said Miss Patterson as the staff walked out.

She walked closer to Mark, “Can you hear me?!” she asked again.

Mark remained quite.

“I think you can hear me actually, at least I hope so. I want you to hear what we’ve done, what we’re making you.”

Walking over to his head and placing her hand on the pillow next to him she whispered, "Don't worry honey, when you wake up you're going to be the perfect little girl. Whether you like it or not."

Some of Mark's masculinity remained, However, it would soon be a thing of the past. Early morning the next day, Mark was brought back into the operating room. This operation consisted of the transplant of his new female sexual organs, his new teeth and long blonde hair.

The braces from the previous operation transformed his skeletal structure to a new height of 5'2", his arms, legs and feet were left much thinner and dainty. His torso and head remained the same due to other operations needed, but would be regressed by the end of the day.

Under Miss Patterson's explicit orders, bright pink braces were added to his new teeth. It wasn't necessary for anything, but she seemed to delight in it after it was completed.

An assistant walked in with Mark's new hair. He would be fitted with light blonde hair which would come down to seven inches past his shoulders.

The surgery for his sexual organs was complicated and took several hours, but it went off without any problems and he was soon wheeled back to his room with

Patterson close behind to document the procedures.

“I don’t feel as though I should refer to him as Agent Mark Brown anymore, but procedures tell me I have to. I shall start referring to him as a female though, since nothing of his male anatomy remains. **HER** new vagina looks just like mine did at that age, and she will begin to menstruate as well. Her torso, frame, and other body elements have reverted themselves down to her 5’2” stature, and she has new teeth with very cute braces. Her hair transplant was complicated, but after three hours, she has blonde hair down past her shoulders and will have the ability to keep growing hair which will mean trips to the salon. Her vocal operations will produce a new feminine voice.”

Miss Patterson glanced at Mark who was now wearing a hospital gown, bandages on her nose, and a diaper.

“Her throat operation went off better than expected, when she wakes up, she’s guaranteed not to be able to even attempt a masculine voice. Nothing is left of Mark at all, all masculinity was erased and replaced with perfect feminine features.”

Dr. Krivener walked in the door, “I just wanted to check up...”

“You did amazing work Doctor,” Miss Patterson complimented.

“Thank you, but nothing I’m proud of...”

“What do you mean?”

“Miss Patterson, this is highly unethical to some degree.”

“Yes, but just look at her. The perfect teen princess isn’t she?” she replied, looking over Mark smugly.

“This perfect princess just cost the taxpayers of America about \$200,000 Miss Patterson...”

“It’s for a good cause, as I’m sure the mission will be successful, and NO one will discover she ever was a man,” Miss Patterson smiled.

“Yes, we made plenty sure of that,” the doctor said as he left the room dejectedly.

Miss Patterson left an hour later to go home and watch something on Netflix. During the night, Mark started gaining the ability to move her arms and head a little. At 2:12 a.m., she woke up very nauseated. Still unable to open her eyes completely, her hearing was completely fine. She tried looking around the room to notice anything familiar, but was still having a hard time comprehending things.

Throughout the night, Mark came in and out of sleep. The final time, she was finally able to see what was in front of her and make out that it was some room in what

looked like a hospital. Her entire body felt numb below her neck. She tried to speak but couldn't make any words out as the procedure to remove her Adam's apple had still left her sore. She remembered arriving at the facility and meeting Miss Patterson, then going into the office with Doctor Krivener, but couldn't remember anything past her question and answer time.

Her entire body felt like crap. She looked down and could notice things didn't seem right. She saw a wristband on her left arm which looked much smaller.

She was unable to read the markings on it, but she also noticed an IV needle in her right arm that was hooked to some monitoring system as well. Moving her left arm across her body, she felt her breasts for the first time by accident. In way too much pain to do a further inspection, Mark cried herself back to sleep.

CHAPTER SIX

The Denial

“CHANGE ME BACK RIGHT NOW!” Mark shouted at Miss Patterson, not holding back any anger.

“All in good time, Agent Brown,” she responded coldly.

“I will sue you. I will sue the FIA. I will have you all arrested...” Mark threatened from her hospital bed.

“We both know that you promised Mr. Steele that you’d accept anything necessary for this mission. Also, you signed a contract agreeing that this mission and all its details would be kept top secret. There’s also the fact that you’d have a hard time convincing anyone about any of this. And of course the jail time if you divulge the secrets

of this operation...”

Mark reached for the phone next to her bed and frantically pressed the red button which would hopefully signal a proper nurse, “Let’s see what the officials have to say about this. WHY THE FUCK would you make me a girl?”

Moments later, Ashton, an African-American male wearing a white lab coat walked in the door. He was wearing dark-rimmed glasses and had a smile on his face, “It’s great to see you awake. How are you feeling Miss?”

“I FEEL LIKE SHIT! How do you think I feel? Do you know WHY I’m here?”

Ashton’s smile did not fade, “Of course, I was in the operating room with you. We’ve been keeping very good track of your progress over the last few days. Now how can I help you today?”

“Well, for starters...you can change me back and get me the hell out of here!”

He stole a quick glance at Miss Patterson before turning back to Mark, “Well I’m not sure about getting out today, but tomorrow is when you’re scheduled....”

“So you ARE changing me back?” Mark asked more calmly.

Miss Patterson butted in adding, "Of course! Maybe, after the mission."

"Fuck the mission! I didn't agree to be a girl," Mark said as she grabbed her breasts.

"We made you like this for a reason," Ashton replied. "The results of the surgery exceeded our expectations; even a trained physician won't be able to tell you were once a man. It's the perfect under cover disguise."

"I don't care if it's perfect for the mission, It's a terrible idea. It'll never work!" she squealed in her high-pitched, girlish voice.

"Your full cooperation is required," Miss Patterson commanded. "I'll be with you for the first phase of your identity training, which will start today and continue for two weeks.

"Identity training!?! What does that even mean!" she yelled, trying with all her might to sound intimidating.

Miss Patterson removed her glasses, "You have spent 22 years living in a male persona and having a masculine lifestyle. You must now consider yourself a young sixteen-year-old girl 24/7. Don't worry, the training will be painless."

"No fucking way you are going to get me acting like a

chick, let alone a teenaged girl.”

“The job requires you to interact in society with the public... Social skills are needed. You really have no choice in this matter at this point. Lives are in danger if you break identity, Agent.”

Mark realized Miss Patterson didn't use her first or last name, “Why didn't you call me Agent Brown?”

“Because you are now Kimberly Saxon.... A carefree, All-American beautiful sixteen-year-old girl,” Miss Patterson said as she smiled.

Mark's pretty little jaw dropped, ‘Did she just say, Kimberly.... 16 years old?’ No words came out, just a small grunt.

“Is there anything else I can help you with?” asked Ashton.

Miss Paterson answered for him, “I'm sure that's all Kimberly needs, thank you.”

“Excellent. The team will be back in a few hours. We still need to test all of her mobility skills,” Ashton said, then walked out of the room.

KIMBERLY shook her head at the ‘**her**’ references and swore to keep herself bed-ridden.

Once he left the room, she turned back towards Mark smiling, "Are you ready to start training or are you going to keep up this temper tantrum, young lady?"

Kimberly crossed her arms and gave Miss Patterson an evil stare. Miss Patterson noticed a tear coming from Kimberly's left eye and walked towards her.

"Look, I know this is a drastic change. But it was necessary for the mission. Look at it this way, the quicker you train, learn and complete the mission. The sooner you return to being Mark Brown."

"I really don't want to do this," Kimberly said before completely breaking down into tears.

Miss Patterson remained stern, "We had to inject extra levels of estrogen to help create your adjusted anatomy, so you will experience fluctuating emotional levels for the next few weeks."

"Is that why I just feel like crying?" she said through the tears, still angry.

"We didn't give you a sex change to make you miserable Kimberly. The program is meant to help you, which is why you will receive the highest level of training needed to excel with the agency. Maybe you need to think about the overall picture of the mission rather than yourself in these circumstances."

“Why? Why do this to me?”

“How many times must I explain?!” Miss Patterson shouted.

As she stood closer, Kimberly realized just how much bigger she was than her now, for the first time in years she was intimidated by a woman.

“It’s just a lot on me right now,” Kimberly replied.

“I am well aware, Kimberly,” Miss Patterson said as she glanced at her wrist watch, “I must be going to a five o’ clock appointment. I’ll check on you in a few hours when we test how you can walk. If everything goes well, as Ashton said, you will be released tomorrow, and I will take you home. I suggest NOT to do anything stupid, such as trying to fail the tests on purpose, they will only delay the mission.”

Miss Patterson walked over to the chair she was sitting in and grabbed her bag, “Here, you need something to keep you occupied,” she said as she handed Mark two recent magazines, one of Teen Vogue and the other of Seventeen magazine.

Mark glanced at the headlines ‘45 Coolest Things To Do This Summer’ and ‘Guy Secrets’ and felt like throwing them across the room, but she knew there was nothing else to do. “Where is my cell phone?”

“You think we would give you the same one? You’ll have a new one soon...”

Miss Patterson returned later that evening around 9 p.m. to find Kimberly reading her magazines, “Find anything interesting?” she asked.

Looking up she saw that she was still extremely mad, throwing the magazine down on her table she answered, “Course not, it’s teen girl bullshit.”

“I guess that’s the first thing we should work on: attitude and vocabulary. Young ladies don’t curse like sailors unless they are trailer trash like you see on some talk shows. For now on, no more profanity, is that understood?” asked Miss Patterson.

“I’ve heard teens cuss all the time,” Kimberly replied.

“Not you!”

Miss Patterson walked over and sat on Kimberly’s bed. She pulled her towards her, as she tried pushing her off. She then put her over her lap and started smacking her butt very hard.

“Get the fuck off me, are you crazy!” She screamed, struggling against the now much stronger twenty-something-year-old woman.

“Are you going to be a good girl?” asked Miss Patterson as she continued to spank her.

The smacks intensified and were now becoming much more painful; Kimberly, however, was determined not to give in, keeping her mouth firmly shut.

Miss Patterson grabbed her by her long blonde hair and dragged her as she stood up, “Come here you little brat,” she said as she pulled her into the private bathroom.

“What the hell are we doing in here!?” she screamed, careful about pulling back too much from the pain in her head.

She pulled her hospital gown up, exposing her ass and new vagina then pushed her down on the toilet, “Urinate. Right now!”

As much as she didn't want to do anything she told him, the pure fear mixed with the new anatomy made her instantly go, making the loud splashing noise.

“That's a good girl...” Miss Patterson said in a condescending voice, reaching for some toilet paper.

“What's that for?” Kimberly questioned as she handed her a few sheets of toilet paper.

“Little girls need to take care of themselves, Kimberly.

Place this to your vagina and wipe in a circle.”

“Stop calling me Kimberly, and don’t ever call me a little girl again,” she spat back, taking the toilet paper before hesitating.

Miss Patterson grabbed Mark’s long hair by the sides, forming pigtails and pulled her close to her face while she leaned down, “Let’s get this straight, you ARE Kimberly you little sissy bitch. Now wipe your vagina!”

Tired of all the hair pulling she moved her right hand down and winced as she wiped the foreign area before saying sarcastically. “Happy now?”

“Don’t forget to flush...”

Standing up, Kimberly slammed her hand down on the flusher before turning back towards her and the door, “Now get the hell out of my way!”

“We aren’t done yet...”

“I’m done.”

Miss Patterson grabbed Mark’s hair again and pulled her close to her, “What’s your name!?”

“Mark Brown, it’s on my birth certificate, passport, and drivers license,” he responded smugly.

Miss Patterson smacked Kimberly in the face, "Your name is Kimberly Saxon. What's your name?"

"Mar...."

"What's that?"

She was caught mid-sentence by her hand around her chin squeezing while her other hand pulled the left pigtail. Eventually, she decided just to say it so she could get away and back to her bed. "Kimberly..." she whispered.

"That's much better," Miss Patterson complimented while still holding on to him. She then put her hands up her skirt and slowly took off her panties, letting them fall down her legs to her heels, as she kicked them off.

"Put them on..." Miss Patterson asked kindly.

"You're kidding, right? I'm not putting on girls underwear," Kimberly scoffed.

"Do I seem like I'm the joking type?" Miss Patterson asked Kimberly as she placed her hand on her hip and slanted her head forward.

"Do I seem the type to give in that easy?" Kimberly replied, feeling a renewed sense of defiance.

Miss Patterson placed her hand under Kimberly's chin

and pushed it up so that she could look her directly in the eyes, "Don't worry, you'll have your own little panties to wear tomorrow.... Now put them on...."

Looking into her eyes, she saw she wasn't going to stop until she got exactly what she wanted. Sighing heavily she bent down and slipped both her feet between the openings, then with one swift tug she got them all the way up. Wincing again at the feeling of the material not hitting her penis or balls.

Miss Patterson smiled at the embarrassment of Kimberly's face, "They are a little big on you, but the ones coming in tomorrow have already been specially sized for you; you will have to wear a bra."

Kimberly didn't say anything, but her denial was clear on her face.

"You can keep those," Miss Patterson said as she grabbed her bag, "I'll be back bright and early tomorrow morning, get plenty of rest it will be a big day."

As she started to leave, Kimberly quickly slipped the panties off and threw them over her shoulder before following her out.

"Miss Patterson..."

"Yes?"

"I quit..."

"You can't."

"I quit.... I'm done with the agency... I just can't..."

"Kimberly... do you really think if you quit, the agency would change you back?"

"They'd have too, right?"

"Trust me on this Kimberly, the only way you're getting your penis back is if you act the part of the perfect teen princess."

Miss Patterson left the room, as Kimberly stood there dumbfounded. She laid back on her bed, reminiscing on the past events of the evening, her butt still sore from the spankings of Miss Patterson. 'Perfect Teen Princess' she thought to herself, 'Why me?' Then she thought, 'Were Fred and Agent Myers transformed into teen girls as well?'

CHAPTER SEVEN

Training Brief

Kimberly's eyes slowly peeled open, the bright light shining through the window causing her to turn her head over to the closed door he could hazily see. A faint voice was repeating a phrase from the foot of her bed. It took him several minutes before he could comprehend it. "Rise and shine princess."

She wiped her eyes, "Five more minutes..."

"NO," Miss Patterson said, "We have a very busy day ahead."

"Ugh, don't yell," she said grabbing the pillow and putting it over her ears.

“Come on Kimberly. You need to take a shower and get dressed,” Miss Patterson said as she ripped off Kimberly’s bed sheets, exposing her smooth legs.

Still in her early morning dazed state, Kimberly was much more open to orders. Without really giving it too much thought, she huffed out a small, “Fine,” before sliding her small, shapely legs out of bed.

Miss Patterson stood behind her and placed her hand against her back, walking her into the bathroom. She started the water in the shower and checked the temperature as Kimberly observed the room, finding it odd there was no bathroom mirror.

“I trust you can do the next part on your own young lady?” Miss Patterson questioned.

“Can you please leave me with some privacy?”

“No, I’m here to guide you through the ENTIRE process.”

Kimberly sighed as she took off her hospital gown for the first time. Glancing down, she could see her B-cup perky breasts and complete lack of her beloved male member that had been there for so many years.

“Don’t worry Kimberly; you’ll get used to it soon I’m sure,” she said as her hands pushed her into the shower.

Kimberly wet her body as Miss Patterson handed her a wash cloth and a small, liquid soap bottle. She washed all parts as she normally did, but felt humiliated doing it in front of another person.

“Start wetting your hair Kimberly,” Miss Patterson instructed.

Kimberly moved under the water, unused to her new long hair getting wet. Her hair covered her face making her unable to see. Miss Patterson handed her a bottle containing a feminine shampoo, which she then applied to her blonde hair. Kimberly could smell the kiwi scent immediately.

After she rinsed the last of the shampoo out of her hair, she stepped out of the shower, feeling much more awake. And her usual anger at Miss Patterson growing.

Handing her two plain white towels, she left the room mentioning she needed something. Kimberly now felt a lot less submissive. She wanted to throw one towel on the ground, after tying the other one around her waist.

Miss Patterson walked back in the room holding a hair dryer and brush, “Now that’s not very ladylike...”

“Good, and if you think you’re going to be using that stuff on me....”

“Kimberly, seriously... This is getting old. Do you think

you are going to live out the rest of the mission in this hospital room?"

"Until you change me back, yes."

"Sorry, not happening," said Miss Patterson as she plugged in the hair dryer and started drying Kimberly's hair.

As much as she hated to admit it, even in her head. The attention from her on her hair was pleasant and actually quite relaxing. Kimberly forgot her predicament a few times, only to be reminded with a glance down at her new breasts.

After drying her hair, Miss Patterson brushed out her hair, the end of which was making a natural curl. "You have very pretty hair. Once we get to the house, we are going to have a lot of fun with it."

"Stop saying shit like that, acting like I'm a girl, and that I could enjoy any of this," Kimberly replied bitterly.

"Do you remember what I said about profanity?" asked Miss Patterson.

"Something about it being unladylike, I agree actually. Ladies shouldn't swear."

Miss Patterson took Kimberly's towel off and rubbed the hair brush across her left nipple.

“What the hell was that for?!” Kimberly said as she grabbed her breast in pain.

“Punishment is needed to correct actions.”

“Correct what? I did nothing but tell the truth.”

“The truth is, you are a little girl,” Miss Patterson said as she walked the naked girl out of the room. “Now for what to wear... I brought you the cutest prom dress to wear home.”

“You can’t be serious...”

“Actually I am!” Miss Patterson smiled for the first time that day, “I don’t think a two-hour plane ride in a prom dress would be that comfortable. I brought these for you instead,” she said as she handed Kimberly a small black bag.

“These better be jeans and a jacket,” Kimberly snapped, unzipping the bag.

“Close,” she said as she saw Kimberly discover a pair of feminine jeans, a feminine cut pink floral shirt, and a light purple cardigan. She was happy to see the jeans, up until she held them up and noticed all the details. Light blue and cuffed on the bottom.

“I also have shoes for you,” Miss Patterson said as she

handed Kimberly a white pair of women's Converse shoes.

"Oh thanks, soooo much..." she replied dropping them on the floor.

"Don't forget your socks," Miss Patterson said as she pointed to the bag.

Kimberly found simple white socks in the bag and bent over to put them on along with the shoes. Having hair hit her face was a completely different feeling.

"Here, let me help you out," She said as she moved behind her and started bunching up her long blonde hair behind her. Grabbing a pink hairband out of the black bag, she set about giving her a high ponytail before grabbing some glittery hair clips to keep it out of her eyes.

Kimberly felt bound by Miss Patterson's control of her appearance, "Can I see..."

"Not yet cutie, wait till you're all dressed," Miss Patterson said putting the bag on her lap again.

Kimberly hesitated before slipping on the white cotton bikini panties Miss Patterson picked out for her.

"Do you know how to put a bra on?" asked Miss Patterson.

“What the hell do you think?”

“Did you ever crossdress at all?”

“Of course not, that shit is for sissies,” Kimberly said, still looking disdainfully at the bra.

“I’ll show you how to put this on,” Miss Patterson said as she reached her arms around Kimberly and placed the bra cups onto her breasts, then clasped the back straps. “Pull the top straps on now,” she said.

After a few long seconds of ignoring her, she eventually decided it was pointless to fight this small thing and moved her arms through each strap.

The bra was ivory white, with red linings on the edges. Kimberly put her hands on it to feel. He had felt the material before with former girlfriends, but feeling her breasts react was a completely new experience.

“You’ll have plenty of time to explore your body later, Missy,” said Miss Patterson. “We really need to get going, so put on the rest of your clothes.”

Feeling that sitting in her white underwear would be worse than jeans and a shirt, she almost eagerly got up and slipped the jeans on. Buttoning them up, she began feeling a little better.

Kimberly examined the floral shirt. She hated pink, but at least it wasn't overly girly. Knowing Miss Patterson a little by now, she was just happy that she didn't pick out something with Disney Princesses on it or something. She put the shirt on, and noticed it came to a little past her belly button.

Grabbing the cardigan, she turned and faced her before, with a great effort saying, "Ready."

The flight to the airport in South Carolina was easy. Miss Patterson and Kimberly traveled with two male security agents and a pilot in a small private plane. Kimberly occupied herself during the flight just by looking out the window and thinking of what she had gotten herself into. She reminisced about her early college days when she was just looking for a major and career field which would pay the most amount of money. However, maybe an Art History degree would have been better after all at this point.

The van drive from the airport to Angel Falls was a long and boring one. Again the only thing she had to do was look out the window, that or re-read her copy of *Seventeen*. As they approached the small suburb, Kimberly saw a few farming fields and a fairly big stream leading downhill and into the main part of the town.

Driving through the main square area of the town, she

noticed a few shops and the run of the mill small town folk. No suits, just t-shirts and shorts galore. Driving right past a group of teenage girls, Patterson made a snide comment about how they could be her future friends. Finally, they arrived at the main neighborhood. The typical American suburban area, white picket fences and green lawns all over until they drove up onto the curb and into the driveway.

The house had about two acres of well-landscaped grass and a large front porch with a swing. The two other agents, who remained silent throughout the entire drive, helped get only one bag out of the back. Miss Patterson and Kimberly entered into the house with a key she had, where they found a large staircase and well-lit walkway.

As the agents shut the door behind them, Patterson turned towards her, "Welcome home, Kimberly."

Kimberly examined the room and said nothing. It appeared to be fully furnished, and there were even some pictures on the wall. "I'll give you the grand tour honey," said Miss Patterson.

"You've been here before?" asked Kimberly.

"I oversaw the interior design myself, I'm sure you'll love your room; it's perfect for you."

"If it's decorated all stupid, I'm just going to throw away stuff," said Kimberly who was still getting accustomed to

the light breeze on her midsection due to the shirt showing her naval.

Ignoring her macho comment, she led her to the right and into the living room, "Here's the main living room, pretty standard as you can see."

The house tour was fairly brief; it was your typical suburban household with a living room decorated with a few sofas and chairs all pointed towards a flat screen TV. The kitchen was fairly large with plenty of counter space where Miss Patterson urged Kimberly to 'bake some cookies occasionally.'

A small family dining room with a large table was next, with a bathroom opposite. After heading upstairs Kimberly's heart dropped as she was taken to see her room. Her stomach started to turn as they approached the room down the hallway upstairs which had beads hanging from the awning. She saw a pink plaque on the door with the name 'Kimberly' written across it and with hearts around it, If the door was any indication, this was going to be bad.

Miss Patterson placed her hand on the doorknob, "You know what they say: A girl's room is her palace". Opening the door, Kimberly blinked her eyes at the amount of pink and glitter shining in the room.

With a more than a slight push on her back, Kimberly stumbled into the room. It was worse than she could

have ever imagined.

As if the pink bed with ten pink pillows and white comforter with pink designs and a white teddy bear wasn't enough, the pink blinds and rug were a little overboard. There were also posters of Supernatural, One Direction, and a shirtless Justin Bieber.

The light pink walls and white fluffy carpet made the room look bright, especially with the large hip height window fully open. To her left was a full vanity with what seemed like thousands of bottles, jars, and drawers she could only imagine were filled to the brim.

The vanity held a large mirror and Kimberly glanced at herself again. She really was a pretty girl, the type of blonde Miss America teen that every boy wanted to date. "Miss Patterson, why did they make me look pretty?"

She smiled at the fact she was calling herself pretty, "Well, Kimberly. You are going undercover as a cheerleader, and we needed you to be perfect for that cover."

"My high school had some ugly cheerleaders...."

"Well like I said, we couldn't leave anything to chance. We had to make you perfect cheerleader material."

"Isn't that too stereotypical? Plus I don't know crap about cheerleading!"

“Don’t worry; the training will cover all things you need to know and learn, including how to use all those beautiful things you have on your vanity there.”

“Yuck,” replied Kimberly looking back over at her vanity.

Miss Patterson walked over to a double door in the room and opened it up to reveal a walk-in closet. “Kimberly, you are one lucky girl. Every teen girl on the block dreams of having a closet this big full of clothes.”

Walking over to it Kimberly closed the doors before going back and sitting on her pink bed, her feet resting on a fluffy rug. “Well, I can just give the clothes to them then.”

“Then what will you wear? I’m sure you’ll have girlfriends come over and borrow their clothes as well.”

“I’ll buy new clothes... new room decorations while I’m there too,” Kimberly said, happy with her idea.

“Why are you so against this, Kimberly?”

“Why wouldn’t I be?! You may have made me look like Kimberly Saxon. But I’m still thinking like Mark Brown, and I always will.”

“This conversation needs to end right now. Remember what I said on the plane? There is to be ZERO discussion

about who you used to be. It's a serious security risk. Someone could be listening right now."

"What makes you think I care anymore? Look at what you did to me! You people are absolutely crazy, and there's no way in hell I'm going to sleep in a room like this," as he said the last part he stood up grabbing the bin and started putting everything on the vanity into it.

"Kimberly, you are going to need those things..."

Throwing the bin down he yelled out, "Stop fucking calling me that, now!"

"Your attitude is going to be the most difficult part of this transition I see. Kiss my heels," demanded Miss Patterson.

Kimberly gawked at what she was telling him to do. "You're crazier than I thought."

"Do as I say," said Miss Patterson.

"Or what huh? You've already done your worst."

Miss Patterson walked into the closet and searched through the endless racks. She returned with a special surprise for her.

"Oh no..." she said.

The sleeveless cheer uniform was white with red sequin outlines. Across the chest it said 'HHS'. The skirt seemed extremely short even for a girl of her height. "Ready to try it on?" asked Miss Patterson.

"I'm ready to burn it in a bonfire then go buy some real clothes!" she yelled back, still defiant.

30 minutes later, Kimberly sat at the vanity table with her legs crossed in her cheer uniform. Blue eye shadow and mascara had been applied to her face as well as glittery powder around her temple and pink lip gloss. Miss Patterson was working on curling part of her hair and putting bows on two sides. "So what's your name?" she asked.

"... Kimberly Saxon..." she replied, holding back her emotions.

"That's a good girl, and how do you feel?"

"Like a little sissy princess, because I am one..." Kimberly stuttered.

Miss Patterson smiled, "Do your knees still hurt?"

"Y... Yes Miss, a little," she replied meekly.

"I'm sure you'll feel fine when you wake up tomorrow. And trust me, there should be a lot of running around."

“Part of your training will take place at Camp Chikala.”

“Is that a military base in the South? I’ve never heard of it Miss,” Kimberly replied.

“Of course not, we couldn’t send you to a place like that could we angel? No, no we’re sending you to the perfect training camp with others like yourself.”

“And where is that?”

“A training camp for high school cheerleaders Kimberly. Isn’t that exciting?!”

“What?! You can’t be... I can’t go....” Kimberly was in panic overdrive now.

Miss Patterson finished curling Kimberly’s hair, “Stand up and take a look at yourself sissy.”

Without a moment’s hesitation, she stood up, not wanting a repeat of what Miss Paterson made her do. Looking in the mirror, she couldn’t help but cringe at the crazily over the top girlish figure that stared back at her.

“Ta-da! What do you think?”

Kimberly just looked down miserably at her feet while Patterson stood next to her awaiting a response.

“Aww, don’t be shy. You look amazing. All girls at the camp are going to be envious of you. Just remember to be friendly. The best way to learn how to be a teen girl is to interact with them. Most of the people there ARE real teen girls and don’t know about this, so remember.... Kimberly, Mark Brown is a thing of the past that shall never be thought of for as long as you are living as Kimberly Saxon. I’ll tell you more when you get back in eight weeks or so.”

“TWO MONTHS?!” Kimberly shouted.

“Now, what did I say about shouting young lady?!” Miss Patterson said, approaching Kimberly menacingly.

Kimberly quickly blurted out to stop her, “I... I’m sorry Miss. It’s just that... Well, I’m super excited about it being most of the summer... it’s going to be so much fun,” she added, the strain it was causing on her evident in her tone.

“Are you being sarcastic?” asked Miss Patterson.

“I’m just trying to make you happy Miss Patterson because I know what can happen when I’m not acting like a good girl...” Kimberly said in fear.

“So is that what you’re going to do, act like a good girl?” Patterson asked, pushing her.

“Yes, but may I ask a question, Miss?”

"Yes, you may girl."

"... Are you in on this whole thing as well? Like... are you my Mom?"

"No Kimberly, I'm just here to help you to get adjusted and ready for school in the Fall."

"It seems so far away..."

"A few more days of basic training with me and then two months of cheer camp will go by fast Kimberly."

"I'm just hoping this is all solved soon..."

"Just enjoy your youth," Miss Patterson said as she pulled on both of Kimberly's curled pigtails lightly.

Kimberly didn't smile.

"Now, let me see you do a split. I'm sure it can't be too hard now that that nasty deformation has been removed."

"Thanks for the reminder..."

CHAPTER EIGHT

Practice

“I’m a blonde girl, in a fantasy world, Dress me up, make it tight, I’m your dolly!” Kimberly sang as she placed her hands on her hips and leaned forward, hoping to mimic the exact motions as described on the video Miss Patterson showed her.

Kicking up her leg she was careful with the way she moved; it was about 6 p.m. now and she was training for this performance all day. Knowing that Miss Patterson would be extremely annoyed if she messed up.

Even with a maxi-pad covering her new equipment, Kimberly felt a little more comfortable moving around in yoga pants and her cropped white tank top with Mudd

bra.

It had been a hard, and long day for Kimberly. Full of plenty of humiliating and painful training exercises. The first, and probably most difficult were makeup.

Kimberly's eyebrows had been plucked by Miss Patterson. Which was a completely new experience for her, and a painful one at that. They had a non-confrontational bonding experience for the first time when Miss Patterson painted Kimberly's toenails red, then made her do her own finger nails. There were a few mistakes for Kimberly's first time, but with the guidance of Miss Patterson they were easily corrected.

Mannerisms were the most painful lessons, and Kimberly's butt still ached from the spanking she got for not sweeping her yoga pants underneath her as she sat, or for not crossing her legs.

Her hair, although still somewhat curly from the night prior, was held in a side ponytail. She could still taste strawberry from her lip gloss and forced a smile every time Miss Patterson instructed. It made sense that cheerleaders are supposed to be happy.

As the song was rounding to its end, Kimberly steeled herself for the big finish she had planned. Blowing a big kiss, then with an even bigger smile, she dropped down with her legs as far apart as she could manage. Closer and closer she got to the ground, almost managing it but

unfortunately one leg buckled and she collapsed, failing to do the splits.

“Kimberly... these need to be perfect before you leave,” said Miss Patterson.

A huge frown came over her face, after all, that work and still not even a hint of appreciation.

“I’m trying very hard to get up to your expectations...”

“I can’t! I’ve only been trying for a few hours!” Kimberly shouted, getting back up to her feet, the red polish shining brightly.

Kimberly stretched her arms out and spread her legs to the crowd, successfully completing a split. She tried holding her balance in her position.

“There you go girl!” clapped Miss Patterson.

Kimberly forced a smile, showing her bright pink braces.

Hours later, Kimberly cuddled up to Miss Patterson as they watched *Orange is the New Black* on Netflix. She remembered the last movie she saw at the theater with Rebecca that was a chick flick and being bored most of the movie, but this was a little different.

Against her will she was starting to picture herself as the female characters, putting herself in their positions. It might have been because of the clothes, or her new body. Most likely though the fact Patterson kept asking her questions about it.

“Miss Patterson, may I ask a question?”

“Yes girl.”

“What were you like as a teen?”

“I used to be a lot heavier than I am now. People would make fun of me and call me names, but in return, it made me strong and a better person. Had to strive through all the hate and learn to dominate the world myself.”

“Well that’s my teenage years,” she added before smiling. “How about you Kimberly, how are you enjoying being a teenage girl?”

“Kimberly what did I say about always keeping cover, and smiling?”

The doorbell rang, and Miss Patterson smiled, “That must be our pizza, can you take care of this?” she asked handing Kimberly a \$20 bill.

Kimberly grimaced at the idea of meeting someone dressed, and looking the way she was. But knew it was

better than a punishment from Miss Patterson, so she got up and trudged towards the door. Opening it up shyly she saw a teen boy around her age and the pizza in his hands.

“Oh....Hey...” said the 18-year-old boy shyly.

Kimberly didn't dare say anything and just held out her hand with the money while taking hold of the box with the other.

“One medium cheese pizza with half sausage. Umm.. What's your name?”

“Yes, that's us. Umm Kimberly...” she said awkwardly just wanting to grab her pizza and slam the door.

“That's a pretty name... my name is Brandon,” he said smiling.

“Thanks, I um like yours too...”

“Do you go to school at Hamilton? I haven't seen you around.”

“I just moved here yesterday. Can I have my pizza...”

“Oh yeah, umm it's \$12.99,” he said as Kimberly passed him the \$20 bill, “So what are you doing tomorrow night? I can show you around town.”

"I'm leaving tomorrow for... cheerleading camp. So I can't."

The pizza delivery boy looked disappointed, but quickly came back. "So where are you from? You don't have a southern accent."

"Up north." Kimberly said grabbing her pizza and waiting for the change.

Brandon made change from his bag, "So you are a cheerleader? That's SOOO hot. You know I have a car and everything. I guess I'll see you when you get back?"

Kimberly cringed from being called hot but just wanted it done with. "S... Sure, I guess. Bye."

Brandon placed the tip in his pocket and wrote his number on the pizza box.

"Oh my gosh, what are you doing?!" asked Kimberly.

"Just in case."

"Yeah right!" Kimberly slammed the door and walked into the living room with the pizza.

She almost jumped out of her skin when she saw Miss Patterson standing up with her arms crossed and tapping her foot.

“THAT took a lot longer than expected...” said Miss Patterson.

“The damn delivery boy was hitting on me!” Kimberly yelled, angry that she was being seen as a hot girl.

“What did you say to him?” she asked.

“I told him as if and slammed the door obviously!” She said, slightly pleased with herself.

“You shouldn’t have done that! You could have just broken a lead!”

“Broken a lead?!... Well, he did say he went to the local school...”

“Exactly! So regardless on whether or not you think he is cute, you shouldn’t break any connections. You need to be the girl that everyone wants to be friends with, date, or even be.”

Miss Patterson’s comments hit Kimberly in her heart. This was the entire purpose of the mission. This was the reason she had been transformed to look like this.

“I do have his number...”

“You do work fast girl... Though considering what you were wearing when you answered the door, I’m not surprised.”

Miss Patterson smiled, "Good girl. This isn't the normal diet for a cheerleader trying to stay in shape, but I didn't feel like cooking. Do you have my change?"

Kimberly handed over the money and was eager to tuck into some pizza after all the horrible hospital food.

Miss Patterson confiscated the pizza box.

"What are you doing?" asked Kimberly.

"We are going to play a game..."

"Fine, whatever as long as I get to eat," Kimberly replied.

"Exactly," Miss Patterson said as she opened the Seventeen magazine that Kimberly was given in the hospital, "For each question you answer as 'Kimberly' you'll be allowed one bite."

"What does that even mean?" she asked confused and hungry.

Miss Patterson turned to page 78, "Do you prefer boys taller or shorter than you?"

"What the hell?! I don't like boys any height!"

"No eating then!"

Kimberly frowned.

“Next question, what makes you feel prettier, a stunning outfit or visit to the salon?”

“How can I answer that?! I’ve never had either of those; this is stupid just get me the pizza.”

Miss Patterson took a slice pizza and started eating herself.

Kimberly face grew red with anger, “Next question!”

“Would you prefer a date with a guy at the park or at the beach?”

“I’d take a girl to the beach.”

“NOT A GIRL!” Miss Patterson said as she took another bite.

“These questions are stupid, find a normal one.”

“You really do want to lose weight don’t you?”

“Real funny, you’re doing this on purpose.”

“If a boy tells you he has never kissed anyone before, do you make the first move?”

“Yes,” Kimberly whispered, desperate for pizza.

Miss Patterson handed her a slice, "Remember, ONE BITE."

Kimberly took the biggest bite she possibly could before reluctantly putting the slice back down.

"When your parents say you can't stay out past 9 p.m., but the dance goes until 10 p.m. and your friend invites you to her house afterward what do you do?"

"Stay at the party then go to her house and sleep in her room..." Kimberly added slyly, reaching for the pizza.

"That's kind of wrong Kimberly; you should always ask your parents if they give you a curfew. NO PIZZA."

"Ugh, these are trick questions!"

Miss Patterson glanced back down at the magazine, "Should you wait till marriage to lose your virginity?"

"I didn't," Kimberly said honestly shrugging.

"Technically, you are a virgin right now Kimberly.... Uh oh, those were all the questions."

"What?! But I barely even got a bite?!" Kimberly yelled, angry and hungry.

"That's not my fault, is it? Though we can't have you

starving.... How about this, For everything you can say you like about being Kimberly, you get a bite?"

"I like that this will hopefully be over soon, does that count?" asked Kimberly.

"Nice try but for that comment, you have to say two for your first bite."

Kimberly frowned, "I guess I like that I get a whole house to myself and that I didn't get turned into a fat girl."

"I guess that's a start, okay one bite," hearing this Kimberly quickly grabbed her slice and took another bite, not as big as the first. Before placing it down and thinking about the next answer.

Miss Patterson tapped her index finger against her mouth, "How do you feel about wearing skirts and dresses?"

Kimberly caught herself before she blurted out that they were stupid and uncomfortable. She was hungry and she knew exactly what Patterson was doing but at this point she didn't care anymore. "I like it," she muttered out eventually.

"Very good sweetie, you can take another bite."

The night ended with Kimberly feeling sick to her stomach, though not through hunger.

CHAPTER NINE

See Ya Later

The pink razor running up Kimberly's leg felt smooth compared to her previous experience shaving her face. Having Miss Patterson in the bathroom with her again was something she still hadn't gotten used to.

Though she didn't have any break from it, Patterson was like her shadow. In the bathroom was the worst, telling her how to put her hair in a towel and to use the dozens of lotions she had.

Kimberly had been in training mode all day to prepare for leaving for cheer camp the next day. Learning to put on makeup and do her hair in different styles was easy compared to the embarrassing tasks of crossing her legs

when she sat, forcing smiles, adjusting her bra, and flipping her hair over her ear.

The hardest and the most tedious part of training was changing her speech patterns. Although she had the high pitched voice of a teen girl, the words that came out were still very butch and manly. Swearing was punished with a painful spanking while saying sexist or things a typical guy would say lead to her having to say a sentence designed by Miss Patterson.

Some of Kimberly's 'boy thoughts' stayed in her mind. Part of her wondered if Miss Patterson was in fact, a lesbian since she got a little grabby at some points while helping her get into bras and dresses. Miss Patterson did not disclose much personal information at all. Kimberly had not been aroused since having sex with Rebecca when she still had her penis, although thoughts of lesbianism surprisingly did nothing for her at this point.

Patterson's cruel, yet ingenious training methods didn't stop at any time of the day. Creeping up on Kimberly and surprising her, trying to change her reaction from "What the fuck was that?!" to a loud girlish squeal wasn't too tough considering Kimberly was scared about cheer camp.

"How often should I shave these?" asked Kimberly, pointing her legs while climbing out of the shower.

"When you start feeling prickles," said Miss Patterson.

Miss Patterson took her to the vanity and started complimenting her.

“You have turned out to be a very pretty girl,” Miss Patterson said while watching Kimberly brush her hair.

Knowing better than just to shrug off her comment, Kimberly replied half-heartedly with a ‘thanks.’

“I’ll cook breakfast for us tomorrow before dropping you off at the bus stop for Camp Chikala. Your suitcase is already packed, and I’ll give you something special for tomorrow.”

“What is it?” Kimberly asked, not a fan of all the surprises she has had so far.

“It’s a surprise! Don’t worry, it’s a good one, it’s something fun... You’ll need to be entertained because it’s a 90-minute ride to the camp from here.”

Although she didn’t trust her at all, she still held out hope the gift would be something she could actually enjoy. After her hair had dried and she got dressed in the nightie Miss Patterson picked out, she got into her new bed and after a short talk from Miss Patterson was left in complete darkness.

Kimberly debated to wear or to rip off her panties and nightie and sleep naked since she felt like a little sissy

wearing that stuff, especially laying next to a white teddy bear. Instead, she burst into tears thinking of what she had gotten herself into.

Small flickers of light danced across Kimberly's eyelids, making her blink them back without fully opening her eyes. It was impossible to ignore the sound of curtains pulled apart quickly and the intense sun shining straight through. Turning over and feeling annoyed she yelled out, "Hey! I was sleeping."

"Are you going to act like a prissy bitch this entire time?" asked Miss Patterson.

"You're the one acting like a bitch..." Kimberly muttered rubbing her eyes.

"Excuse me?!"

"There was no need to wake me up like that, what part of the preparation was that?"

"Rise and shine time sweetheart. This is like a daycare compared to how you'll wake up tomorrow! You'll be in a cabin with seven other girls and a bugle horn as an alarm clock!"

"Ugh, don't remind me about this stupid camp..."

“Why are you so negative? It’s going to be a great learning experience, and you may actually have fun! Being at a summer camp sounds a lot better than being stuck in a cubicle at an office, right?”

Kimberly knew she was making fun of how eager she was for this mission, but thought it best just to ignore her and got up, stumbling her way towards the bathroom.

One hour later, Kimberly emerged downstairs wearing a light blue tank top and black shorts with her hair in a braid as Miss Patterson finished cooking french toast.

Kimberly sat down at the table as Miss Patterson walked over with a plate and put it down in front of her. Looking at her face she smiled, “Good job with the light makeup, Kimberly.”

Kimberly smiled, showing her braces, “Thank you Miss Patterson. Breakfast looks so yummy.”

“Eat up, you’ll need plenty of energy today,” she reminded her before moving back to the sink.

“You said I’ll be able to call you?” asked Kimberly taking a bite of a strawberry.

“Yes, the phone I’m giving you is an issue which only allows certain calls and access to specific outside sources. Just reminder, there is to be NO discussion of anything discreet over non-secure lines.”

"Then why do I need to call you?" she asked confused.

"Wouldn't it be a little odd if you were the only girl not calling someone?"

"Yeah I guess, good point. So how long do I have?"

"What do you mean?"

"Until I go to this damn thing," Kimberly said taking a bite out of her toast.

"We are leaving in 20 minutes!"

Kimberly sat in the front seat miserable; her mood made even worse by Miss Patterson's cheery attitude. "So why am I going to this stupid camp anyway? Why aren't I doing some investigation undercover work?"

"We've been through this before Kimberly, the training we have done together to better adjust you to your new role has been good, but you need more. It needs to stop being an act and start being your typical mannerisms and behavior. And what better way than cheer camp?" she scolded her, while still keeping a cheerful smile.

"So you're treating it like a training camp for my cover, that makes a little sense, but what about the real

investigation, when does that start?"

"Agent Kelly and Agent Oinor are currently looking into a few leads and trying to set the groundwork for you so that your investigation will be easier and quicker. Now what I didn't mention is we've infiltrated the staff at this camp, you will be being watched and judged. So if you don't make the grade, well..." she shook her head cutting the sentence off.

Getting a little nervous Kimberly squirmed, "Well what? It's not as if you can do much more...."

"True, though it's more what we won't do. Like, turn you back to the way you were before." Her wicked smile returned almost as if it was her way of encouragement. Kimberly wasn't happy though, and still had a lot more questions.

"So why are there so many other agents involved when there was just the three of us at the meeting debrief?"

"I wasn't there either was I? The FIA has various agents around monitoring other activity. We have to take care that our agents in the field aren't in danger, especially because your new frame would hinder you in a fight."

"And whose fault is that?" Kimberly scoffed as she turned her back on Miss Patterson, staring out the passenger's side window, and still wishing this was all just a nightmare.

Kimberly's stomach turned as they pulled into the bus station in Miss Patterson's rental car, "Now give me a hug, sweetie,, and remember if anyone asks, I'm your Aunt Karen Patterson."

"Yes M... Aunt Karen," Kimberly replied, her stomach crazy with butterflies.

Once roll call was complete outside of the bus, Kimberly hugged her 'Aunt' goodbye. "Have a great summer. Love you!" said Miss Patterson as she gave Kimberly a kiss on the cheek.

"Thanks, love you too!" she called out as she was walking away, waving with her red nails shining. Turning around she saw teen girls all clambering to get into the bus.

Kimberly's large suitcase was taken by the bus driver to put under the bus in the cargo bin, while she boarded and quickly found a window seat armed with only a purple backpack, still unaware of the contents.

Taking one strap off her shoulder and swinging it around onto her lap, she sat down on the seat careful to be 'ladylike' as Miss Patterson would say.

Kimberly sat with the backpack in her lap and just stared

out the window, watching Miss Patterson drive away. “Is anyone sitting here?” asked someone, startling Kimberly.

Turning around Kimberly saw a girl her own apparent age smiling down at her, “Oh, no. It’s free.”

“Oh great, what school do you go to?”

“I just moved here, I’ll be going to Hamilton High.”

“Oh my god me too!” the brunette said smiling and exposing that she wore braces as well, “we’ll be on the same squad together, I guess you used to cheer at your last school? Where are you from? I’m Hope by the way, what’s your name?”

“I’m Kimberly, and yeah I’ve always been big into cheerleading ever since I was little. Hopefully I can make it on the team with you.” Kimberly answered trying to deflect the ‘where did you move from’ question.

“Oh wow and school just let out like last week. So I guess you literally just moved here, and yeah you don’t like have an accent or anything. Are you a Yankee? Where did you come from? Did you finish school last week as well? Where do you live?”

Kimberly kept her smile under the barrage of questions, trying to absorb them all without screaming before composing herself. “Yeah I finished sophomore year and then moved down here with my parents from New

England, though we have been moving quite a lot in recent years so my accent is kinda from everywhere.”

Hope took a drink from her water bottle, “I really hope we get to go on a scavenger hunt again this year, they are so much fun. How are camps in New England?”

“OH KIMBERLY! You have to meet everyone else!” Hope said before Kimberly could answer. Hope exclaimed overly enthusiastically while looking behind her, “April, this is Kimberly, Kimberly meet April! Lindsey this is Kimberly, Kimberly Lindsey! Caroline this is Kimberly, Kimberly, Caroline...”

Kimberly looked out the window again, trying to avoid further questions. She was getting overwhelmed with all the names and just smiled and nodded at each one.

“Are you going to be on the team with us this year?” asked Lindsey checking her nails.

“Yeah hopefully, it would be amazing!”

April smiled, “There were eight people on the team last year, but coach said she wants to add more soon. What grade are you going into?”

“The eleventh grade, you?” Kimberly replied carefully to remember her new age.

“Great that’s our year! This is awesome.” Caroline

shouted out smiling.

The small talk and chitchat about music, photos on Instagram, clothes, and boys lasted for a long time, much to Kimberly's peril. Eventually, she managed to seclude herself a little and finally checked what Patterson had put in her bag. Hopefully a magazine.

Inside, Kimberly found a brown paper bag with a juice box, fruit roll ups, and a sandwich which she would eat later for lunch, also in the bag was the iPhone Miss Patterson had referred to. Scrolling through it, she saw limited apps and a music collection filled with a bunch of teen pop and some female EDM singers.

Her sigh was loud enough for the whole bus to hear yet, as she overheard the girls talking about what boys they liked at school, she saw the music as the lesser of the two evils.

Kimberly decided to listen to the Ariana Grande songs since she didn't really mind them. Rebecca would play some female singers in the apartment all the time, and she thought about how much 'Mark' missed her.

From that point, the bus journey didn't take too long, eventually reaching it's dreaded location "Camp Chikala."

After stepping down off the bus, Kimberly and the other girls were greeted by friendly camp counselors. She was

assigned to Cabin 8 'Hen House' as it was nicknamed with counselor Becky Arnold. She followed Hope and her friends into the main building for a rather long, tedious speech about what would be happening and focusing on the safety rules. Kimberly knew she should have paid attention but couldn't.

Upon entering the cabin, the girls made their claim for bunks. Kimberly used what little strength she had to throw her massive suitcase onto her bed, finally discovering its contents, including a pink garment bag neatly folded on the top.

"What the hell is this for?!" she wondered.

CHAPTER TEN

Memories at Camp

Kimberly held up the skimpy white formal dress in disgust. It was made from a light rayon and cotton fabric with silver lining around the bust and hemlines. The spaghetti straps proved there would be a high amount of cleavage. It looked like the type of dress a girl would wear to a Spring formal like a prom. Hope smiled as she saw Kimberly across the cabin and came up behind her, "That's SOOOO pretty. I guess that's for the dance right?"

"The dance?!" Kimberly squeaked out.

"Ha, yeah! It's one of the biggest events ever! It's so much fun. Like, I know you weren't here and everything

last year, but did you like see what's happening here and everything like that?"

"I don't really know what we're going to be doing, I thought it was just cheer practice. My Aunt must have packed the dress...." Kimberly said truthfully.

"It's so much fun and our only chance to see the boys this summer really until like we have the water balloon fight the last week of camp. You went to Homecoming and all that stuff at your last school right? It's kinda like that. We get all dressed up and they have like food and music there and all the guys from the camp down the street come over and it's so fun as long as they aren't dorks or anything. And most of those guys go to Hamilton also, so you'll get a sneak peek at what boys will be the cutest when we go back to school."

Kimberly's face went from curiosity to horror to despair from what she was hearing. Boys? Cute? Fun? This was crazy, act like a girl he could do. But pretending to like boys was not part of the deal. "I'm not sure the dance is my kind of thing...."

Hope placed her hand on her hip and tilted her head to the side, giving Kimberly a frown. She figured Kimberly, although attractive and on the cheer squad, may still be a little shy when it comes to social settings with boys involved, she smiled, "It's not for a few weeks..."

Noticing Hope's disapproval she tried to cover up her

reluctance. "I guess we'll see in a couple weeks then."

After unpacking, the girls were lead to the giant fire pit with wooden logs for seating where they were introduced to all the camp counselors and given the basic rules to follow for camp. Kimberly sat there bored. It was somewhat like boot camp, except without the yelling.

Hope was up her ass the entire first night, while Kimberly just wanted to be left alone for a few minutes. Back at the cabin, she was given a schedule with the other girls by their counselor Becky. That's when she saw the dreaded 'Cheerleading Team Training: 9 a.m.' listed.

The small amount of humiliating dance practice Kimberly had underneath Patterson would come nowhere near enough for cheer practice. Kimberly knew that she would have just to try and copy the other girls.

Getting dressed into her white PJ's was less of an ordeal than she thought it might be, with a quick change into the tank top and shorts, she was ready for bed and the long day ahead.

Kimberly would have never imagined that cheerleading would be so difficult. Running wasn't difficult. However, she was still getting used to having boobs and wearing

sports bras. The lack of a penis did make running easier though, especially with tight Nike Pro shorts on.

She was slightly dizzy from being jilted in the air by the girls who were more experienced, and bigger. During the two-hour practice, she tripped a few times and was obviously out of sync with 'easy' dance moves from the other girls.

Drinking from a water bottle and having a towel around her neck, Kimberly followed the other girls as they walked out of the gym. As they were going to the locker room, Kimberly was stopped by a camp cheer coach, Miss Mallory Hawkins.

"Kimberly, may I have a word with you?" she asked.

Feeling like she was in trouble, she dejectedly followed her aside from the group. "Yes Miss?"

"Please, call me Coach Hawkins," she smiled as she corrected Kimberly. She looked around the room to make sure all other girls were gone.

"Right, of course, Coach Hawkins, sorry."

"It's okay darling. I just wanted to see how you felt after today."

"Erm... fine I guess, why?"

“I know your story Kimberly, and I just want to say it’s a pleasure to have you on our team....”

“You do?! What’s wrong?!” asked Kimberly who was panicking slightly.

Coach Hawkins was confused on why Kimberly seemed hostile but then sighed, “It’s okay Kimberly, I know you’ve been through a lot, and it’s not always easy to share these types of things. Legally, they had to let me know for your safety.”

For my safety? What the hell was she talking about Kimberly thought. “Let you know what exactly?”

“I know the whole story Kimberly; it’s okay... I realize that you may not be 100% ready for cheerleading, but we are going to work as a team and make sure you can keep up with the other girls. How are you feeling after the surgery?”

“It’s a big change, to say the least...” she said honestly, still confused about who exactly Hawkins was.

“Oh dear, I didn’t know it was that serious of a recovery,” said Coach Hawkins with a frown. “Just let me know if anything down there hurts at all.”

“Hurts? No, I haven’t had any pain or anything.” Kimberly said even more confused than before.

“That’s good Kimberly, I know breaking a leg is a cheerleader’s worst nightmare.”

Kimberly could almost hear the light bulb in her head click on, of course, she didn’t mean her sex change. Patterson must have just made up the leg break story as an excuse. “Oh right, yeah. It was tough, but I think it’s all good and healed now.”

“Your Aunt told me all about it. Star cheerleader freshman year. Broke leg during competition. Depression set in. After a year, you’re ready to return and need camp to get you into shape. Don’t worry darling,” Coach Hawkins said as she placed her arm around Kimberly’s shoulders and pulled her in for a side hug, “We all love each other here, and you will be part of our family.”

Kimberly couldn’t help but smile at the warm embrace she received; people did treat girls nicer she thought. “Thanks, Coach. That’s sweet of you. I should probably get changed now though.”

“Of course dear. Relax a bit and have some fun with your new friends. They are all outstanding young women, and I’m sure you’ll fit right in.”

Kimberly walked back to the locker room with ‘GIRL’ being embedded in her mind thanks to Coach Hawkins. There was truly no escape from this nightmare of an assignment. The Agency had created an entire identity and lifestyle for her whether she liked it or not. They

couldn't get rid of her male memories, however.

She walked into the locker room expecting to find a dozen teenage girls showering in the nude together, rubbing soap on each other's breasts, playfully giggling and smacking each other with towels... like in the movies she used to watch as Mark on the Internet late at night. Instead, she found individual shower stalls and all of the girls chatting.

Over the next few days, Kimberly managed to fit right in. No one noticed any difference between Kimberly and everyone else. Besides the horrible cheering skill and the occasional odd movement. Hope continued to stick close though it was becoming less and less a hassle. She wasn't so bad, Kimberly decided.

"I wasn't expecting that ending at ALL it was so good; I wonder if they are going to make a sequel!" Kimberly said as she smiled sitting next to Hope on the dock by the lake, her feet in the water.

"I know right! I was so shocked; my brother couldn't believe it either." Hope replied noticing her plain nails next to Kimberly's red ones.

Kimberly was wearing her hair in braided pigtails with a pink cami and denim shorts. During her first week of cheer camp, she had become more comfortable with

letting the other girls style her hair and show her some new 'tricks' that she could do with makeup.

They also commented that they loved her clothes and she was lucky that her parents bought her all the best name brand stuff. Kimberly was thinking she was being thrown into the 'rich bitch' stereotype although she promised to be nice to the other girls since they would be the ones to bring her truly into passable girlhood.

"I love horror movies so much, a lot of them are corny, but that's why they are fun and like if your parents let you have boys over it's fun to pretend to be scared and curl up with them. Did you have a boyfriend at your old school," asked Hope.

"NO!" she shouted. "I mean um, no. I've never had one." 'And never will,' she thought to herself.

"That's surprising actually, I mean, you could date a senior boy if you want when we go back to school. That would be cool cause he'll have a car and everything. Do you think it's just because like guys feel intimidated by you or like you just don't want a boyfriend right now?"

"I just don't want a boyfriend really, what other horror movies do you like" Kimberly answered trying to be honest with her new friend and switch the topic back to horror films.

"Oh ALL of them. My parents don't care if I watch R

Rated movies, so like the Chainsaw Massacre on the 13th, the Freddie movies except the second one, anything from a Dean King novel, The Conjoined Twins 3...”

“I just watched The Conjoined Twins 3 the other week! It would be scary if that was real and there was someone like that at our school.”

“Well, you have the goths and they are close enough,” Hope laughed.

Kimberly laughed along, never being a big fan of goth kids back in school, she was glad Hope wasn’t either. “I doubt they’re like that, but you never know haha.”

Kimberly and Hope were inseparable over the last few days. For the newly transformed girl, she was surprised to learn that the girls were in cheer instruction for only about two hours a day a few times a week. They practiced on their own a few hours later that day, but the camp was mostly about doing activities such as arts and crafts, canoeing, archery, and playing games.

Back when Mark was a teen, he had a good group of friends, but he was learning that interacting with teenage girls was very different. They still talked about the same stuff that boys did, such as music, movies, school, sex, etc. however it was in a different style. They emphasized their feelings more often and showed a more nurturing attitude. Kimberly used this to her advantage, considering

it would help her stay undercover.

The highlight of the week came at the end of week one, Kimberly returned from to the cabin to see the girls panic and hide something, then relax when they saw it was her.

“What’s going on?” asked Kimberly, expecting it to be some sort of prank in planning.

“Shhhh, keep it down. You aren’t going to believe what we found,” Hope said smiling.

“Is it a turtle?” Kimberly asked, walking closer.

“No! Much better.” The girls moved apart and Kimberly saw a bottle lying on the bed.

Kimberly put her hand over her mouth. She had not seen a bottle of liquor since getting drunk with Rebecca a month ago, “Where did you get this?! We are going to get in trouble!”

“Only if you keep yelling stupid, and we managed to sneak it away from the kitchen. I guess one of the counselors misplaced it.”

April smiled, “We are going to have so much fun with this.”

“It looks half empty...” Kimberly said picking it up.

“Half FULL! Look at the bright side,” said Chastity.

“There’s about a shot for each of us left I think” Hope added.

Lindsey grabbed some Dixie cups and started pulling each girl a little bit from the bottle of cheap Vodka.

Kimberly frowned, “Umm do you have anything to mix this with?”

Chastity looked confused, “Water?”

“No like, orange juice or something?”

“It should taste just fine without anything. It’s alcohol,” said Hope.

“It’s vodka? It tastes horrible.” Kimberly said, careful about saying too much.

Lindsey passed each girl a Dixie cup full of straight vodka, “To a wonderful summer and even better cheer season!”

They all held their cups together before they bravely all in unison drank from them. Kimberly grimaced a little, having not had it in a while, but took it well. The other girls however didn’t cope so well.

“EWWWWW,” Hope announced.

Lindsey smiled, “I’m SO DRUNK!”

Chastity smiled, “That was good. I want more!”

Kimberly went weird, especially knowing what straight vodka was like. She, however, was feeling dizzy. This was unusual since before; it took at least four drinks to get her even buzzed.

“That was the first time I’ve ever had alcohol, I hope it doesn’t always taste like that,” said Hope.

It was then that Kimberly realized these young girls were having life changing experiences at camp. There would be memories created that she would be a part of.

“We better get rid of the bottle before Becky comes in...”

Kimberly checked her hair in the mirror for the thousandth time, the butterflies in her stomach going crazy. The messy up-do that Hope had helped her with made her look much more mature, added to the subtle nude makeup, she had to admit she looked and felt glamorous. Over the past few weeks, she had become more accustomed to living as a girl, especially with being around them every day during camp.

A golden heart necklace came down to a little past her cleavage. Kimberly learned that her ears had been pierced during the surgery and was sporting matching earrings as well. She had silver bracelets on her wrists and felt like a little sissy standing in the two-inch heels Miss Patterson had packed for her.

Feeling a little self-conscious about her body being on display, she stood up as calmly as she could and looked down at her dress. Annoyingly, she felt the little giddy feeling when someone sees something they like, a feeling she was not used to when looking at feminine things. Grabbing the dress she stepped into it then put her arms through the straps before carefully zipping up the dress.

Kimberly looked into the mirror once again and started to get a little teary eyed. She was beautiful. There was no doubt about it. She thought about faking illness in a last ditch effort to get out of attending this stupid dance, but she knew her going would mean a lot to Hope and the other girls. They had been talking about it non-stop for the last 48 hours. Kimberly had managed to memorize the names of several boys who she would end up meeting.

Just then a scream behind her broke her concentration, "Oh my god, Kimberly! You look like a fricking princess."

Kimberly turned around to see Hope wearing a purple dress with her hair curled, and wearing heavy mascara,

“Thanks...”

“Well? How about me, how do I look?” Hope asked.

Kimberly sighed and smiled, “You are a beautiful girl.” She wrapped her arms around her friend to give her a hug.

After the two girls had their bonding moment, they met up with their friends and made their way to the dance. Kimberly walked nervously, though steadily thanks to the few hours of practice she had in two-inch heels with Miss Patterson back home.

Entering the banquet hall, Kimberly noticed it was fairly dark in the room and that all the girls were on one side and all the boys on an another. Tables of snacks, food, and beverages were in the middle, and a few camp counselors could be seen around the room, behind the food tables, and near the sound system.

The music had already started. Kimberly realized getting ready had taken longer than she thought it would, another side effect of being a girl, she was finding out. Taking their place on the girl’s side, they looked over at the boys and their awkward stares.

Lindsey walked to the food table and grabbed a paper plate. She took one of the small ham sandwiches, some potato salad, and a few blocks of cheese. “Are you getting anything Kimberly?”

“Not at the moment no, I think I’ll just have a drink for now,” Kimberly said as she ladled some punch from the bowl, then made her way with Hope to the folding chairs on the girl’s side of the room.

“No one is going to dance till later...” Hope said.

“We only know a few guys here,” said Chastity.

After a short while of idle chitchat, Hope waved over one of the boys, and he came over with his friend. “Hey Kyle,” she said as he approached.

“Hey, haven’t seen you in a while, how has summer been? Who is your new friend?” Kyle asked, nodding toward Kimberly. The boy Kyle was with said nothing and looked at Kyle who was more confident as Hope made the introductions. Kyle extended his hand, looking Kimberly in the eyes, “Nice to meet you Kim, I’m Kyle.”

Kimberly noticed that his hands were extremely sweaty when she shook them.

Kimberly felt humiliated and almost puked from the looks Kyle and his friend were giving her, and the occasional glance at her chest when they thought she wasn’t looking was getting on her nerves real fast. She made a mental note not to do that when she was back as a man again.

“You want to dance with me?” Kyle asked.

“Not right now...” Kimberly replied.

“Please.”

“Not Right now...”

“Pretty please...?”

“NO!”

Hope cock-blocked, “Maybe later....”

“Great, I’ll come back in like five,” Kyle said leaving them alone, acting triumphantly.

Kimberly sat down and, after an hour, saw some of her friends dancing together which made some boys start coming on the dance floor. She remained seated, knowing that from when she went to clubs, that some boys would hit on her as soon as they saw her on the floor. Even Hope slow danced with a boy named Jason. She was asked to dance several times but declined all of them.

“Having fun, Kimberly?” asked Chastity.

Looking up from playing with her bracelets, she put on a fake smile. “Yeah, I like the music, you?”

“We should have tried to find more vodka and spiked the punch!” replied Chastity.

Kimberly chuckled at her friend’s comment, “Would have helped liven things up no doubt.”

Tom noticed Kimberly’s laughter from across the room. He had been staring at her all night, although she never noticed.

“That blonde girl is fucking hot,” said Tom’s friend, Alex.

“I think I’m going to make a move.

“But what if she says no?”

“She’s already turned down every other guy, so it’s not like I’d be alone,” he said before taking a deep breath and walking over towards the pretty blonde girl who looked rather bored.

“Umm hey, I’m Tom. What’s your name?”

Kimberly saw Chastity smile and wink at her as she walked away, before she looked at Tom, “Hey Tom, I’m Kimberly,” she said with as much effort as she could muster.

“What school do you go to?” asked Tom.

“I’m starting at Hamilton this year,” she answered.

“Oh, so you are new in town? Cool. I go there as well, so we should see each other pretty often. I’m on the football team and everything.”

“Good for you...” Kimberly said a little sarcastically.

Tom took a breath, “Do you mind if I sit next to you?”

Surprised that it wasn’t a request to dance, Kimberly decided to try and be nice, “Sure, if you want.”

Tom sat next to her and pulled the folding chair closer; he could smell her floral perfume. “You smell and look nice tonight.”

“Thanks, took me ages to do all of this. Feels a little stupid,” she replied.

“Why stupid?”

“It’s not really for anything, just seems a little silly to me.”

“I know, some of these dances are lame. What do you do for fun?”

Remembering that she wasn’t allowed to say drinking and clubbing she answered with what Kimberly would like, “The usual stuff like cheering, music, movies.”

“What kind of music?” asked Tom.

“Girly stuff...” replied Kimberly, “What about you?”

“I like hip-hop and some Indie bands. I’m sure you’ve heard of Wetty Fap. He is big right now.”

Kimberly looked around the room, trying to show disinterest to make Tom go away without seeming like a bitch.

A slow Usher song then came on. Kimberly noticed Hope on the dance floor with some guy and smiled at her, nodding.

“I guess you want to dance...” said Kimberly.

Kimberly stood up. Tom grabbed her hand and led her to the dance floor. Standing next to Hope and her partner, Tom put his hands on Kimberly’s hips while she naturally put her hands around his neck and stared away from his face.

It was clear Tom was nervous and had no idea what he was doing. This awkwardness added to the fact Kimberly kept trying to lead.

Tom pulled Kimberly close. She felt something odd strike her leg and looked down. Tom had a major erection poking through his khakis. It was utterly disgusting and embarrassing; she looked at Tom with a frown.

He asked, "Can I kiss you?"

CHAPTER ELEVEN

More Memories at Camp

Kimberly sat down in the counselor's office with her arms folded, looking angry and more than a little upset. Her arms pushed up her small chest in her dress, and her pouty face made her look adorable despite her foul mood.

Her cabin counselor Becky sat next to the camp manager and head camp counselor.

Becky said, "Kimberly, you just can't punch people!"

"Why not?! You didn't see what happened!" Kimberly protested.

The head counselor, Mrs. Ketton, jumped in, "Miss Saxon, there were numerous chaperons on duty in the hall. There were several reports that you were smiling at the boy for a while before the incident occurred. I have no choice but to notify your parents in the morning."

"No way! At least let me explain what he did?" Kimberly said, seriously worried about this getting back to Miss Patterson.

"That's why we are here Kimberly, although just so you know, the camp has very strict policies about assault," said Becky.

"I was dancing with him, even though I didn't want to. When I felt something on my leg...."

"What was it?" asked Mrs. Ketton.

"He had an erection!" Kimberly yelled, still annoyed that it even came near her.

Mr. Clonisky, the camp owner, broke his dead pan stare and burst into laughter. Both women sitting next to him looked at him in disgust. "That's the reason you slapped him in the face?" he asked.

"Ladies, if I may..." said Mr. Clonisky, turning his attention to Kimberly across the table. "Kimberly, there's an old saying that the Twingelia Tribe used to have. 'To be with nature is to be human' Tom's reaction is highly

common with young adults of your peer group. With all due respect ladies, I believe this is a harmless occurrence. Kimberly, let me ask you this: How would you feel about getting kicked out of camp?"

"It would be the worst thing ever..." Kimberly said honestly knowing Miss Patterson would kill her.

So you do love being here?" asked Mr. Clonisky.

"Of course!"

"That's outstanding to hear. Ladies, I believe we are being a little overly emotional about this incident. I looked at Kimberly's records. She has no prior history of fights or suspensions in school. I'm sure this was a one-time incident and one-time incident ONLY. I would prefer NOT to have to notify parents over this simple matter, especially since I've noticed guardians becoming more demanding over conditions here at camp for some reason. However, with all of this being said, Kimberly, there are a few tasks I think you should do."

"Great, thanks so much. What do you want?" Kimberly asked, just happy that Patterson wouldn't know.

Mr. Clonisky grabbed a nearby walkie talkie, "Please send him in."

A few seconds later, Tom walked in with an ice pack on the right side of his face, accompanied by a male

counselor.

“Kimberly, I believe you owe someone an apology...”

Kimberly didn't feel like she owed anyone anything, but swallowed her pride and muttered out, “Sorry.”

Mrs. Ketton smirked, “Kimberly... Mr. Clonisky is very serious about character... I suggest you try again, unless you do want us to contact Mr. & Mrs. Saxon.”

“I'm sorry I hit you....”

Becky stared at her, “Kimberly!”

“I'm really sorry I punched you. Tom, it won't happen again.”

Tom smiled slightly at Kimberly, “It's okay... I forgive you; I think you were just nervous or something. I hope we can still be friends.”

“Yeah, sounds good,” Kimberly said behind a fake smile.

Mr. Clonisky smiled, “See everyone, this is what camp is all about. Problem-solving and coming together as a community! Tom, you are a fine young man for accepting Kimberly's apology. You both may go now.”

Tom looked over his shoulder while walking out with his counselor and smiled at Kimberly. She rolled her eyes

and looked back at the three supervisors at the table.

“Can I go now?” asked Kimberly.

“Not so fast,” said Mr. Clonisky.

Kimberly stood by with one leg curved, trying to look innocent.

Mr. Clonisky continued, “Now that the first part is taken care of, I’ll go to your final task. I believe that since you caused a scene at the camp’s most anticipated event tonight, you should give something back to the camp. Ladies, please make sure that Kimberly is on work duty tomorrow. I’ll leave it up to you two to decide what she does.”

Mrs. Ketton smiled, “Well, we do need to completely repaint the outside of Cabin 4 and the laundry team has been behind lately.”

Kimberly’s face dropped, “Oh man.”

Work duty completely sucked for Kimberly the next day. She had paint all over her skin and was sweaty the entire day. She thought to herself that this had to be some violation of child labor laws, but sucked it up. Because Becky was putting her under close supervision, she was unable to tell any girls what happened until the next day when she and Hope were in the bathroom together.

“WHAT HAPPENED?!” asked Hope.

“It was crazy. I got in trouble for him getting a hard on,” Kimberly whispered to her, careful about Becky overhearing.

Hope burst into laughter, “HAHAHA, I mean my date had one as well, it’s cute but like I think he knows I’m waiting until marriage. I know it sounds kind of slutty, but it makes me feel..... you know.... “

Kimberly stared at her friend.

“Pretty... and wanted.”

“But, but...I mean it’s disgusting...” Kimberly said, confused at how Hope could like it.

“He’s a boy duh; those things are going to happen. What did they say to you when you got pulled out of the room? We were all like afraid that like you were going to be sent packing, and your parents would come pick you up!”

“They just warned me not to do it again, and that I had to do all those chores.”

“Wow you got off easy, must be your good looks,” replied Hope. “Well, maybe you two will make up. You are going to see him once school starts, and he’s one of the cutest boys on the football team,” Hope said as she

finished touching up her hair in front of the mirror.

Kimberly started feeling very sick in her stomach and went into one of the bathroom stalls.

She first bent down, thinking she had to vomit. Hope noticed her on the floor, "Wow, I guess you REALLY didn't like him...."

Kimberly tried gagging herself, but nothing came up. Feeling a sharper pain under her naval, she stood up and pulled her shorts and panties down, then sat on the toilet. After urinating, she noticed droplets of blood in the toilet and some still on her vagina.

"HOPE!!!!!"

"Yeah? Is something wrong?"

Kimberly started to panic, "Something is very wrong!"

Hope opened the stall to see Kimberly bent over, "OMG!!! What's wrong?"

"THIS!" Kimberly said, standing up exposing her bloody vagina.

"SHUT UP! That's disgusting! OMG never do that again; I was worried about you," demanded Hope.

Hope's reaction startled Kimberly until the sudden

realization dawned on her. She was having her period, but how? Sex changes didn't usually lead to this, did they? How did they even do this? Why?! Did they implant a real uterus inside of her or was it something prosthetic? Thinking quickly Kimberly asked, "Do you have anything I can use?"

"Yes!" Hope scrambled through her day bag and gave Kimberly a tampon, "Wow that was way dramatic, you act like this is the first time you've had a visit from Aunt Flow or something."

Miss Patterson's brief period training had only minimally prepared for her this experience. Although she was forced to wear maxi-pads, putting a tampon in would be a new experience. She wiped her vagina clean with toilet paper and placed the applicator to her opening. After it was in, she really didn't feel anything in there, but still had cramps. "Can I get a maxi-pad as well?" she asked Hope.

"Wow, that heavy already?"

"I just feel safer with it really," Kimberly said honestly.

Kimberly sat on her bunk, opening up the diary that Miss Patterson had put inside her backpack with only a Post-it note on top saying, 'Must write in every night; Aunt Karen'. She still didn't know why she had to write in this

book and call her every night, but she just kept saying, 'keeping up appearances.'

July 19th:

Dear Diary, Today... I officially became a woman. I had my period in the bathroom with Hope. It was really embarrassing. My stomach felt like crap and I thought I had to throw up, then pee. It was disgusting. And to think this is going to happen every month until I'm free...I never would have thought they had gone this far, but I guess they did. I'm worried about what else they have done, how much my body can do is scary. It still hurts a little but thankfully Hope and all the others have been so nice, I can honestly say they've been more friendly to me than anyone ever was before...

I've learned sooo much about cheerleading. To be honest, it's actually kind of fun although wearing that uniform again is going to be a little embarrassing. There's one more week of camp left. I'm going to miss some of the friends I've met. Mostly everyone in the cabin is going to my school though. Just hoping this will all be solved soon. I've been keeping my eyes out, looking for clues. I really thought that I would see some old "friends" here who are like me.

So far though nothing, no one acting odd or suspicious or anything, well apart from me. I think I really have improved at cheering though, yesterday I managed to do a flip and my splits are getting really good.

I'm sure my Aunt is going to be really proud of me. I can see myself 'growing up' as soon as this is taken care of.'

Kimberly closed her diary and shut the light off, but was still thinking of what further embarrassment she would have to endure.

Kimberly dashed across the dusty ground next to the lake being careful not to make a noise; she couldn't afford to be seen at any costs. Diving under cover of a tree stump she caught her breath and, taking a quick glance over her shoulder, she saw her targets. Four of them, all close together. It was going to be tough but she knew she could do it. Leaping up and sprinting alongside the water's edge, she snuck up on them before hearing a loud crash of water and someone shout...

"Got YA!!!" Lindsey yelled.

"I knew I shouldn't have worn a white shirt..." Kimberly said.

Looking down the outline of her yellow bikini top shone through her soaked top.

The water balloon fight went on for a good while, with Kimberly enjoying herself. She was good, no actually great at sneaking up on everyone. Part of her training,

she thought. Eventually, she was chasing down Lindsey who was wearing shorts and a tank top, both thoroughly soaked.

They ran around the back of the cabin and into a little-secluded spot until Lindsey yelled out, "I surrender, I'll do anything haha."

Kimberly smiled, "Just promise that you will help me when I need you to later on with something..."

"Sure thing girl, let's get back to the lake!" Lindsey said pushing Kimberly lightly.

Lindsey and Kim sat on the dock together, and finished braiding each other's hair. Lindsey leaned in close to Kimberly, "There's been something I've meant to ask you..."

"What?" Kimberly asked, concerned.

"What really happened with that guy Tom at the dance?"

"Ugh, nothing much really. He just got a stiffy then asked to kiss me."

"Eww, that's so gross. So did you just not like him like that or like... do you just not like that type to begin with....?"

"Are you kidding me? I hate him," Kimberly said

laughing.

“Yeah but I mean like...what if that happened with another boy...?”

“I’d still say no, though probably not punch them haha.”

“Ah, a girl that likes things her way. So how many boys have you kissed?”

“Erm... none, really. You?” Kimberly asked curiously.

“Oh my god really?! Um, I’ve kissed a few but none of them really felt special.”

“I guess they just weren’t very good kissers...”

“Or just not my type... you know what I mean?” Lindsey asked while lightly bumping her shoulder into Kimberly’s.

“Or that yeah, so what is your type?” she asked, wondering what type of guys she liked.

“You know, I just totally like good people who are smart and do things,” said Lindsey vaguely, as she normally replied to questions. “I’m just surprised you’ve never been kissed because you are really pretty and everything....”

“Aww thanks, you are like crazy prettier, though,”

Kimberly said nudging Lindsey back.

Lindsey smiled, "You really think that?"

"Yeah, of course!"

Lindsey's smile got bigger as she went to give Kimberly the biggest hug ever, then SMACK. Two huge water balloons hit Lindsey and Kimberly.

Kimberly turned around, "HOPE!"

"Oh my god, that was too funny! Sorry, I just couldn't help myself!"

Watching the camp out of the window Kimberly had mixed emotions, although it was probably the most traumatic place she had ever been, it had also been great fun towards the end. She had found her enjoyment of cheering there and met some great friends; it was even the place she had her first period.

During the bus trip back, Kimberly partook in various kinder teen girl activities such as singing along to pop hits, taking photos together with a phone, and playing with each other's hair. This was also used as a stress reliever since Kimberly would know within the next few hours who her 'parents' were after all.

Soon, they had all done each other's nails, Kimberly's in a light shade of blue. Due to the summer heat, she decided to wear a peach colored ruffled tank top and black and white aztec pattern shorts in a very soft airy fabric. Her bra straps showed, but since she was familiar with the feeling of having breasts, it wasn't too much of an issue.

They finally reached the bus depot where they were going to be picked up. After they all had shared emotional hugs and goodbyes, Kimberly saw the last car, a black sedan, and took a deep breath before approaching the driver side window.

The window rolled down, and a woman in her mid to late-30's with blonde hair and glasses said, "Welcome back, Kimberly, please get in..."

After putting her luggage in the trunk, Kimberly got into the car silently; she knew exactly who it was.... Agent Myers. They looked like they could be sisters.

While riding down the road, Kimberly started asking questions from the passenger seat, "Can you please tell me why I went through this whole transformation and you basically just dyed your hair and got glasses?!"

"Kimberly, all of our covers are made to fully accentuate our talents and skills," Agent Myers said.

"This is totally not fair at all, Agent Myers!"

“Kimberly! You can absolutely never, call me that. My name is Nicky Saxon, your mother. You can call me Mom, or Mommy whatever you prefer.”

Kim crossed her arms and looked out the window, “Mom is fine....”

Noticing Kimberly’s sour mood, Nicky tried cheering her up, “So how was cheer camp, precious?”

“Can we please just not talk the rest of the night?”

“Young lady, you do not tell me what we can or can’t do. I am your Mother, and you will listen to what I say, now stop being a brat and answer me.”

“It was okay....” Kimberly said as she wiped away a few tears from her left eye.

Stopping at a red light, Nicky turned towards her, “Look, I know this isn’t what you wanted, but this will be fun, you’ll see. We can go shopping, watch movies sometimes, how about a mother-daughter day tomorrow? You could get your hair done.”

Kimberly looked back at the agent posing as her mom and asked, “Aren’t we supposed to be getting something done? Why waste time getting my friggin’ hair styled!”

“School hasn’t started yet, so I suggest you slow down.

Besides, I was trying to do something nice for you.”

The rest of the ride home was miserable. Kimberly barely spoke when not spoken to. Pulling into the driveway, Kimberly noticed a brand new Lexus. “Whose car is that?” she asked.

“Your Daddy’s.”

Nicky heard a grunt from her new daughter as they both stepped out of the car, the front door opening.

A man in his mid-30’s with a well-groomed light beard and short brown hair came down the stairs. His facial features were very recognizable. Although he looked about ten years older, Kimberly recognized him as Fred. Her stomach pain was worse than when she got her first period.

“There’s my little girl....”

CHAPTER TWELVE

Homecoming

“I told you to leave me alone!” yelled Kimberly to her mom through her bedroom door as she laid on her bed crying.

“Come on Kimberly; I’m alone! Daddy’s downstairs. Please unlock the door,” replied Nicky.

Kimberly ignored her mother’s plea, instead burying her face into her pillow with her arms wrapped around her teddy bear. She was in no mood to have a conversation about this right now. She felt completely backstabbed since Fred of all people was now going to be her Dad. She wondered why he wasn’t chosen to be transformed into a teenage girl rather than himself.

“I just want to talk, Kimberly, I won’t tell you off or anything. Just let me in and we can talk about this?” Nicky tried to reason with her.

“THERE’S NOTHING TO TALK ABOUT!” Kimberly screamed.

“You can’t stay in there forever honey.”

Kimberly didn’t respond; she knew that she had to come out of her room eventually. She wasn’t stupid; she just wasn’t willing to talk about what just happened. Not yet.

In frustration, Nicky walked downstairs to talk to Fred, who was now going by the name Andrew. He was sitting in the living room recliner with a cup of tea watching ESPN.

“She’s not listening to me Andrew, do you remember where the key to the door is?”

“You can’t just walk in there Nicky... and she’s not going to listen to me.”

“She’s obviously really upset.”

“Of course, I would be too.”

Nicky frowned, “Can you please just go up there with me?”

“She does NOT want to talk to me. She needs a mother’s touch. Tell her that you will answer all her questions if she just lets you in. Teens want to fight too often and hold grudges.”

“You could have been more subtle and understanding with her,” Nicky said, annoyed that this whole thing happened in the first place.

Nicky walked back upstairs and knocked on Kimberly’s door again, “Kimberly...please open the door. I’ll tell you why all of this happened.”

“It’s UNLOCKED!”

Surprised to find it was indeed actually unlocked, Nicky slowly opened the door and entered, seeing Kimberly laying face down on her bed. Walking to the bed, she sat down next to her placing her hand on her shoulder.

Although it felt somewhat awkward, Kimberly’s natural reaction was to hug her Mom. She continued crying while in Nicky’s lap. “There there. Everything will be okay. We are going to be a happy family,” said Nicky with a smile.

“I will never be happy with him here; I hate him!” Kimberly said, her face still red.

“Everything happens for a reason. He hasn’t done

anything wrong.”

“Why are you taking his side?!”

“I’m not taking anyone’s side Kimberly, I’m just trying to keep everyone happy,” Nicky said, still stroking her hair.

“I just want to know why it had to be me?” said Kimberly, clearing up a little bit.

“We can’t talk about this out in the open Kimberly; I need to show you something downstairs.”

“I don’t want to run into Fred!”

“Please, don’t mention that name again. He is your father, Andrew Saxon,” Nicky said, correcting her daughter.

“Andrew then, I don’t care what his name is I don’t want to see him!”

“He’s in the living room sweetie; you won’t see him.”

“What do you want to show me anyway?” Kimberly asked curiously, now sitting up on her pink bed.

“It’s important, and we can talk down there. Now please come,” Nicky said as she stood up.

Kimberly followed Nicky down to the den, which had a

few sofas and large bookshelf in it with an old-fashioned fireplace. As Nicky pulled back a certain book on the top shelf, Kimberly was amazed as a secret stairway opened up on the floor.

Frightened, she held Nicky's hand as they walked down a narrow stairway into a secret hallway with three doors. In the end, Kimberly saw a room that looked much like the meeting rooms at the FIA. It had white walls with a large table in the center and a few chairs. There was a computer and large TV.

"It's completely sound proof. The house was custom built in this neighborhood for the sole purpose of this mission. No electronic signals can be sent in or out. The TV only works with a special device. We will be having meetings with Miss Patterson down here as well. This is the only chance you will have to talk openly about things related to the mission."

"So down here I don't have to act like Kimberly?" She questioned, slightly hesitant.

"You will always be Kimberly...."

"Ugh, well here's what I really want to know. Why did they pick FRED of all people to act as a parent?! Why couldn't I just have you as a single mom or something?"

"Your cover needs to be foolproof, and we're in a very religious part of America, so divorce was out of the

question. He's also backup in case anything goes wrong for you."

"Why couldn't HE be the girl then?!"

"Because he's more experienced and has already been under cover on other projects, Kimberly. You are a newbie to the team and have closer experience to being someone your current age. You know, you are lucky that he does take things seriously. He only wants the best for his daughter."

"I think I need to throw up again..."

"Oh come on Kimberly, like Agency has always told you, the less you complain and refuse, the quicker this mission will end and the quicker you get back to normal," Nicky said trying to get her motivated.

"I guess..."

"As my grandmother used to say, the mushroom with the rain is away from the dandy lions."

Kimberly shook her head at what made zero sense to her, and asked the questions that were tormenting her. "Why did this mission need a cheerleader, and why did it have to be me?"

Nicky said, "We needed someone who would quickly be popular among the school kids, someone they'd never

suspect of being an agent.”

“That makes sense, but why not just send in a real female?” Kimberly asked.

Nicky sighed and looked her in the eye before saying, “That’s more complicated. The short version is the last time they tried this....”

“Wait! This isn’t the first time?” Kimberly interrupted.

“Let me finish, young lady!” Nicky snapped. “As I was saying, the last time they tried this they did send in a young woman, but she...lost focus, fell in love with a suspect... Long story short, the Agency couldn’t risk that happening again. We needed a special agent like you, a beautiful young cheerleader who wouldn’t lose control over her girlish impulses and give in to the temptations of hunky high school jocks. Your reactions to the cute boy at the dance proved we made the right call picking you.”

Kimberly opened her mouth to object, but when she saw the knowing look on Nicky’s face, she blushed and looked away. They sat together without speaking before Kimberly broke the silence, changing the subject.

“How old is Fred now?” asked Kimberly.

“He’s 38. I am now 35.”

“Why would he want to progress in age?! He just lost

over ten years of his life?! That also means if you both are my parents, you were really young when you had me!”

“All of this is just for the assignment, Kimberly. You have to understand that and accept it.”

Kimberly shook her head yes in disgust.

Nicky smiled, “Be honest with me....How much did you love cheer camp?”

“I didn’t love it at all?!” Kimberly protested.

“So you just cried and complained the entire time?” asked Nicky.

“Well no...”

“What did you do there?”

Kimberly gave her a quick overview and considered showing her the journal she’d been keeping.

“So you are confident with joining the cheer squad?”

“Oh yeah, I’ll ace it,” She said confidently smiling.

“That’s good. Did you make any friends?” Nicky said smiling as well.

“Yeah, quite a few good ones,” Kimberly said, starting to

open up.

“That’s great! I’m so happy to hear that. I think you are going to start really enjoying yourself, Kimberly.”

“I guess it won’t be as bad as I first thought, maybe.”

“Just be your new self Kimberly. The more you have these little hissy fits, the harder it will be on yourself.”

“Yeah...I know,” she admitted, feeling like a child being scolded.

“Are you ready to talk to your father?”

“No way!”

Nicky gave Kimberly a stare that frightened Kimberly.

“If I have too, I guess I can, he better not say anything though?!”

“Do you want to talk to him down here or upstairs?”

“Upstairs I guess, this place is kinda creepy.”

The ladies went upstairs and closed the hidden entranceway. Andrew turned down the volume on the TV as Nicky entered the room with her arm around the much smaller Kimberly.

“Great to see you again Kimberly. Are you feeling better?” he asked.

Wanting to yell abuse at him Kimberly, swallowed her anger and just nodded.

“I showed her the ‘basement’ Andrew and we had a little girl talk,” said Nicky.

“So you understand now why we are a happy family?” asked Andrew while looking at Kimberly.

“For now, sure,” Kimberly replied, still angry at him and everyone else involved in the mission.

Andrew smiled, “That’s great, Princess. I know you’ve had a long day so it’s probably best you get some rest. We are going to spend some quality time together tomorrow.”

“We are?” Kimberly asked confused.

“It’s going to be a surprise after we go to the salon,” said Nicky.

“Oh great....I can’t wait,” she responded sarcastically.

Taking off her bra was the best feeling that day. Kimberly put one of her sleep shirts on and cuddled herself back

into bed, grabbing her diary on her nightstand:

'August 7:

Today was the longest day ever. Soooooo tired from the bus ride back and all that drama that just happened. Bus ride was fun and I already told Hope that we are going to hang out later this week. I met 'Mom' for the first time and 'Daddy'. UGH it's so horrible that it's Fred. I really wish that asshole would have been feminized instead of me... or at least both of us or something. Mom/Nicky seems sweet, though. Unfortunately, we are going to the salon tomorrow and 'Daddy' said he has a surprise for me... Ugh, I don't want to know!!!'

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

"Home"

No one forced Kimberly to wear the light black dress with various flowers throughout the design. After digging through her closet earlier that morning, she thought she would look her best for a day out with her mom. The dress showed off her developing breasts, which were still a B-cup but some bras she had seemed to fit better than others.

Wearing panties had become natural, and the dress showed off her freshly shaved tan legs. She looked in the mirror and held out the skirt of the dress slightly, posing a little. These moments were not ones she wanted to share, or even admit to doing, however being around the girls at camp had positive effects on her attitude and

demeanor.

After slipping into sandals and having a small breakfast, Nicky drove her to the salon by the mall.

Although she pleaded with her mom and the stylist to cut her hair shorter, they were insistent on having her keep a similar style, but adding more flair. Her hair had grown considerably over the summer since no one at the camp would cut hair the way she wanted. Her hair was layered in various ways and given a wavy texture throughout. Some balayage highlights were added, giving her mostly blonde hair various light and dark hues throughout.

“Are you planning to grow your hair out?” asked the stylist.

“Wasn’t planning on having hair at all...”

“Ah, trendsetter! Most girls are moving away from that. I can’t wait to see you in a few weeks. You have really great hair! Very healthy.”

“Thanks. I think,” Kimberly said.

Looking in the mirror as the stylist put her finishing touches on her hair, Kimberly couldn’t deny she was beautiful. The new hair style made her look a few years older, like 19 or 20. She knew for a fact that boys would be checking her out, which she wasn’t happy about, but it seemed inevitable.

After her mother had paid for the haircut, Kimberly followed her out and back into the main area of the mall. Thinking that was it, she headed for the exit doors before being tugged on the hand gently and pulled toward another store. "What now?"

"I have a special treat for you. We have an appointment to get our nails and toes done."

"How is that a treat?!" Kimberly complained.

Kimberly's comment hurt Nicky's feelings slightly. She had been trained on raising a teen since she had no biological kids of her own, but was still taken back that Kimberly hadn't fully accepted her femininity yet. She hoped that after more forced feminization, she would stop making such negative statements.

"I am trying Kimberly... I thought it would be something fun for us to do together... Yes?"

"I'm fine with us having fun together, I just guess I haven't gotten used to...well, all this girly stuff yet," she replied, feeling guilty about upsetting her.

"Remember sweetie; it's all for an important purpose. Just relax, you may have fun looking beautiful."

"Anything is possible I guess..."

Kimberly did end up having quite a fun time, although she'd never admit it. Having the foot bath and being pampered was a new experience and she was loving it. Nicky picked out the nails she wanted, after her idea of black polish was rejected. A soft, light pink with long, white French tips now adorned her nails.

Having the same nail style did bring Kimberly and Nicky closer together. Hopefully, Nicky was also going to show her how to handle things more properly with long nails. After their appointment, they started to walk through the mall when Kimberly heard her name yelled from behind them. When she turned around, she saw Hope running downwards with her arms open, breasts bouncing as she moved.

"Kimberly?! This is awesome. How've you been? I mean it's been one day but still?"

She ended the hug from Hope and noticed she was with a woman who looked to be about Nicky's age who was walking closer, "Good! Hope this is my... Mom, Nicky."

"It's very nice to meet you Hope," said Nicky turning her attention to Hope's mom, "Hi, I'm Nicky," she said extending her hand.

"I'm Marilyn," said Hope's mother, taking her hand, "Hope has been going on and on about her new friend from cheer camp, I understand you've just moved here?"

“Yes, we just moved to Angel Falls from New England last month. Kimberly has spoken highly of Hope as well.”

“I LOVE your nails Kimberly!” said Hope.

“Thanks, I just got them done. My mom got the same,” Kimberly replied happily. Nicky noticed her change in behavior around Hope.

“That’s so cool?! Mom, can we get our nails done together? I also love your hair!” Hope said touching the end of Kimberly’s blonde locks.

“Thanks,” said Kimberly flattered by Hope’s comments.

Marilyn smiled, “I wish we could Hope, but we have to get your pick up your brother from baseball practice in 30 minutes.”

“Darn!” said Hope.

Nicky jumped in, “I believe Kimberly said something about Hope coming to the house on Friday?”

Marilyn replied, “Yes, I can drop her off at 6:00 p.m. if that works for you. Can I get your address and number?”

The ladies exchanged information and bonded while Hope and Kimberly chatted. Seeing Hope did make the day a little better for Kimberly. After several minutes, the girls parted ways, and Nicky and Kimberly continued

walking, although in the opposite direction they came from.

Kimberly said, "I thought we parked on the west wing?"

"There's another surprise for you...." said Nicky.

Just as Kimberly was about to ask what the surprise was she saw it in the distance. To her great annoyance, her 'Dad' was waving to them both smiling.

After a hug between the two grown-ups, Andrew turned towards his daughter, "You look perfect, Princess, that hair suits you better than your last haircut."

"Thanks," Kimberly muttered back after a nudge from Nicky.

"And no, the surprise isn't just seeing your Dad," said Nicky.

"Since Back to School time is upon us, I'm going to buy a few outfits for you today princess," said Andrew.

"WHAT THE HELL?! Why would you do that? There are PLENTY of clothes in my closet, and I'm sure they are all brand new!"

"Well yes, but your father and I thought it might be nice if you picked out some yourself," Nicky said, digging her

fingers into Kimberly's shoulder, "wouldn't you prefer that?"

Kimberly felt the growing pressure becoming painful, and thought about it for a minute. She wondered if using reversal psychology would stop the shoulder pinch if not the embarrassing activities, "OH Daddy! Thank you so much! I can't wait to try on some dresses that will make me feel like a sissy girl!"

"Well if that's the case we can go dress shopping right now!" he replied, calling her bluff and fully intending to follow through with it.

Soon Kimberly had made her choice. She did love the dress. It was very comfortable and fit her body very nicely. The Juniors' glittered lace ruffled dress had a full tulle skirt filled with corkscrew ruffles. The tulle skirt was a light teal in color and had a golden ribbon around the waistline.

The sleeveless style showed off her toned, athletic arms and body shape in the A-line silhouette. The bodice was glittered and lace in a soft white shade. It reminded her of a semi-formal dress, and she wasn't sure where she would eventually wear it.

"What about the other pink one I picked out for you?" Andrew asked.

“That dress is going to make me look like I’m 12!”

“Nonsense, it was in your size, so some girls your age would buy it,” he reasoned.

“I think she looks very pretty in her current dress,” Nicky chimed in.

Andrew said, “Very well. We can get you both. How about this shirt?”

The baby pink ‘Daddy’s Princess’ lettering in glitter sparkles on a white shirt made Kimberly want to throw up. Was he trying to age-regress her even more?

“No way am I even trying that on....” Kimberly said, stubbornly shaking her head from side to side.

“If you try it on, I’ll get you the dress you really like,” said Andrew.

“Fine,” replied Kimberly.

Snatching the horrid shirt she turned and went back into the changing room and slipped it on before reluctantly coming back out wearing the monstrosity.

Nicky smiled, “That actually does look very nice on you, although it does come well above your naval....”

“It looks dreadful! And I’m not his princess!” Kimberly said, stomping her foot.

“Kimberly! That was mean! Apologize to your father!” Nicky said in a stern whisper, trying not to cause a scene.

“No way, he’s trying to make me dress like a sissy!”

“But you were just acting happy about the experience moments ago,” replied Andrew.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

End of Part 1

A few weeks had passed, and things weren't any better between Kimberly and her daddy. He seemed to want to control many aspects of her life and constantly belittled her clothing. Her relationship with her mom was much better.

Although she still hated the idea of living as a teenage girl, Nicky at least make her a little more comfortable in her role. She was reminded every day of the entire purpose of the mission. Kimberly hoped that when school started, their efforts to uncover the drug ring would quickly end.

The other person making her feel somewhat more

comfortable was her friend Hope. The girls had been hanging out every few days. They were watching the horror film, *Cheer Bitches*, in Kimberly's bedroom on a dark and rainy night in late August the week before school was to begin. The streaming stopped just in time for the teenage girls to witness a cheerleader sticking a pom-pom down the janitor's throat, killing him slowly.

Kimberly rolled her eyes about to complain about how lame it was when she glanced over at Hope holding the pink comforter up over half her face, her shaky eyes poking over the top. Smirking a little Kimberly stealthily moved her arm behind her BFF and pushed her a little while whispering "Boo," then giggling at the reaction.

Hope shrieked, "AH, don't do that!" She lightly slapped Kimberly who was laying down on her stomach facing the TV.

Her knees were bent and her feet were up in the air, naturally in the typical teen girl pose. Doing something that feminine took a great deal of time to get used to, but with Nicky's help, or rather instructions, she was now doing it instinctively.

"Sorry, couldn't help it; you just looked so frightened!"

"This movie is scary! You know, in a fun way, though! We could totally dress up as evil cheerleaders for Halloween this year."

Looking over at her friend Kimberly's face showed the full contempt for the idea she had, "Ugh, god no. It's bad enough we have to wear that uniform for school let alone free time...."

"I have like seven ideas already of what to dress up as. You are going to love the Halloween dance at school. They always have like a haunted forest and fog machines and a DJ and candy corn and food with spooky names. I was thinking of being a dead prom queen or Fairy Princess or that bitch from Twilight or a dead prom queen or Norticia Badams. Or did you want to dress up as something together?"

A wicked smile crept over Kimberly's lips as she rolled over hugging a bright pink pillow close to her, "Or how about we go as, I dunno... boys?"

"Haha, you should totally go as a contestant from that drag race show. That would be so funny," said Hope with difficulty controlling her giggling. She turned to her side from laughing promptly showing her braces.

Frowning a little at her plan being nearly foiled Kimberly interrupted her laughing fit, "No not go as a drag queen! Just as a normal guy!"

The curiosity of Hope gets the best of her. "What do you think it would be like to have a dick?"

She closes her eyes and thinks back she replies with a

sigh... 'It was the best...'

"What was that?"

"Huh oh I mean, it would be the best don't you think? Wouldn't have to sit down to pee and stuff...."

"I think it would be weird, but you know if we dress up as guys I'm totally going to put a cucumber wrapped in foil in my panties."

"Oh my god you can't do that?!" Kimberly exclaimed, hitting her softly with the pillow.

"Ha, maybe I'll dress up as a guy dressing up as a girl and wear like a tight leather mini-skirt with leopard print crop top and stuff my bra all big and have like a wig that comes down to my butt. That's some weird crap right there!" Hope laughed.

"Sounds more like a hooker... Still do you think it would work? That I could go as a guy and fool people?" Kimberly asked, hoping against all hopes she would say yes.

"Ha YOU should do it if you really want to go as a boy cause that's what those people are on that show. I'll have be dressing as something fun. You may be able to do the whole like top hat thing and put your hair up, but you always look so girly to begin with."

Letting out another sigh, this time in disappointment, Kimberly nodded, "Yeah you're right, it wouldn't work...I guess I'll just go with what you pick."

"You know I would hate living life as a boy. I mean there goes cheerleading kind of and like they always wear baggy clothes and stuff. It's hard enough finding some guys who wear like name brands around here and look cute and all you know?"

"No, I do not!" She replied defensively, raising her high pitched voice.

"Says the girl showing off her belly button and hair in a french braid right now," Hope said giggling and covering her mouth.

"It's not my fault! Andrew picked out these clothes; I didn't pick them...." Kimberly shouts, pulling at the top.

"Ew, your dad picks out your clothes? That's weird."

"Tell me about it..."

"And I've noticed you've always called your dad by his first name. He doesn't yell at you for that?"

"All the damn time. Doesn't mean I'm gonna start calling him Daddy, though...." Kimberly said rebelliously.

"What about your mom? I've noticed you call her Mom

though.”

“Cause she’s okay, Him on the other hand....”

“Daddy issues?”

“You have no idea....” Kimberly said, turning her attention back to the film.

“My dad annoys me at times too,” said Hope putting her hand into the bowl of buttered popcorn and taking a greasy mouthful.

“I doubt he’s as bad as mine, I really do....”

While focused on the movie, Kimberly noticed Hope getting slightly more involved with the film and increasingly nervous as the cheerleaders on the screen tied up one of their teachers on an X-shaped platform with candles lit around her.

“You okay? You’re getting all shaky and nervous?” Kimberly questioned, worried about her frail friend.

“I love horror films, but I get scared really easily! I hope this doesn’t get too violent. Oh my god, she has a knife!” Hope screamed as she slid closer to Kimberly.

“Want me to turn it off or something?” She asked, putting a comforting arm around her.

Hope shook her head and whispered, "No.... I'm just a baby. I really wish I had a boyfriend to hold onto, but you'll do for now!"

Even knowing she looked like the typical teen cheerleader, Kimberly still took it hard hearing she was seen as a girl and not a boy. Not wanting her friend to be sad however, she hugged her a little, "Oh thanks..."

"There are a few guys at school I like, and maybe we can find you someone as well once school starts!" said Hope.

"Ummm no thanks, I'm good!" Kimberly couldn't say quick enough.

"I guess your parents won't let you date anyone?"

"Yeah that's it, they're super overbearing...." Kimberly jumped on the excuse.

"That sucks. Maybe they'll change their minds once you are in school and all that. I'm sure you are looking forward to meeting a bunch of new cute guys."

"Yeah sure... Though I'm sure they won't change their mind, not until college."

"Or until you get married!" Hope laughed.

"Probably!" Kimberly grimaced at the thought of herself in a white gown.

“Well, there’s a lot of growing up to do before then, and hopefully, we’ll get to experience a lot of things together!” Hope said to Kimberly while turning in her direction.

Kimberly looked at her friend nervously, “I... Umm... What?”

“You know, there are a lot of exciting things coming up, and I’m glad to have a new friend and someone new on the squad!”

“Oh right, I thought you were about to kiss me or something...”

“Oh my God!” Hope laughed. “I would never do something like that, eww!”

“I guess I have a lot to learn...”

As was her habit now, Kimberly laid down on her front, with her knees bent, and her feet up. She knew it was the classic teen girl pose, but she couldn’t help that it was now a lot more comfortable than it would have been before. Opening up the diary, she grabbed her pen and started writing:

‘August 27:

So far getting into my role has been tough, but I think I'm doing well. All the other girls seem to question nothing, but I'm not sure how a whole school will be next week. Especially the guys! I swear if one of them even looks in my direction, he's waking up in agency prison!!! The other agents, aka my parents have been pretty scarce on details so far. Neither of them would even tell me what they did while I was at the camp, probably not much since they didn't have the lead agent.

The only cool thing to happen so far is meeting Hope. She is right by me since she stayed over tonight and is really awesome! People keep saying I can't talk about why we are here, but who else is going to read this diary but me really?

I should be able to bust this operation pretty quickly, how smart can these people be anyway if the Agency is already onto them? I'm thinking, just a few days of high school and then I'm out and back to my old life. Richer and more respected, then I'll be the one heading on missions in Brazil, wearing a tux and sipping Martinis. Right now though, I have to think about what outfit I'm going to wear to school on the first day. Oh shit, what am I going to wear?!?!?!?!'

To be continued...!

We hope you enjoyed reading this story as much as we did writing it! If you found pleasure in this story, please be sure to leave us a positive review!

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