

VOICES!

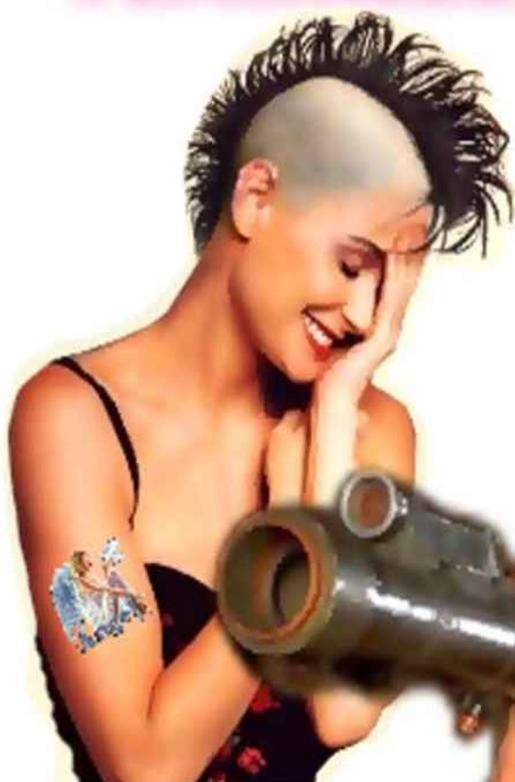
Jocks

FEMINIZED!



Punks!

FEMINIZED!



Soldiers

FEMINIZED!



Surrender
Media

The Voices Collection Sample

Every morning for the next week, Gary woke to find his breasts had gotten bigger, that his hips had widened, and his waist had grown narrower. All the guys were developing figures just like women, just like the ones they had lusted after in their girlfriends and wives, in their porno magazines and websites. And, just like tomboys, they hated what was happening to them, the betrayal of their bodies, turning soft and round and feminine, but they slowly realized something else very strange and new and frightening—girls were going after the guys with the great figures, they were getting attention for their nice, round asses and their blossoming breasts.

By the end of the week, guys were strutting around campus in tank tops that hugged their bouncy new assets, their bra straps showing against the smooth, tan shoulders. I was walking down the hall when I heard it for the first time: “Ummm... I’m up here,” a guy said petulantly to a girl he was talking to while she stared down the top of his shirt. He was wearing a push up bra, his blouse was unbuttoned halfway to his belly button, and he was wearing a necklace with a shiny locket that nuzzled right in his impressive cleavage. Like he didn’t want the attention!

Two weeks later, I had Gary down to his bra. We were in the front seat of my car, kissing and hugging, trying to cop feels off each other. He would squeeze my breast, and I’d slap his hand away, and then squeeze his. Finally, he was reaching around, trying to undie my bra, and I stopped him. “If you want to see mine, you have to let me see yours first.”

“Okay,” he said nervously. I reached back and unclasped his bra, then helped him slip it off. He sat there with his arms at his sides, his face turned to the side, eyes lowered, his full, round breasts swaying free, the nipples tiny pins. I reached back and undid my bra, and then we came together, our soft naked breasts pressing against one another.

Gary closed his eyes and moaned softy, and I slid my hand down, cupping his naked breast, squeezing it. His breasts were slightly bigger than mine, and definitely perkier. I was a little jealous.

“Pinch my nipples,” he whispered, running his hands through my hair.

“What?” I said, surprised.

“Pinch my nipples,” he almost begged.

I took his nipples between my fingers and pinched. He arched his back and gasped, then squealed, “Harder. Harder!”

Voices

It started with their voices. It was the first football game of the year, and the boys took the field, not realizing it was the beginning of the end for them. They did their stretching, their drills. They pounded on each other's shoulder pads, grunted and growled. The bands blasted away, horns and drums, blaring their fight songs, and the cheeased up marching band arrangements of popular songs. The crowd gathered, the other kids, the parents, the locals with nothing better to do on a Friday night in a small town in the middle of Iowa cornfields—pretty much everyone.

We won the toss and elected to receive. The opposing team kicked the ball off with a WHUMP, Darren Kohler fielded it and ran it back to the 27-yard line, and the offense ran out onto the field and huddled. I glanced at Winnie, a fellow member of The Daughters, and she smiled. We knew what was about to happen, and though we could hear it, we watched as my boyfriend, the quarterback, reached up and grabbed his throat, shook his head, and the rest started milling around uneasily, reaching to their own throats. In the defensive huddle they were doing the same thing. We knew what it meant: they now had the tiny, high-pitched voices of little girls, sopranos one and all.

The play clock was running out, and Coach Jones shouted, "Get to the line..." stopping as his own flutelike voice echoed prettily across the field. In the stands, shocked men were clearing their throats, spitting, only to find that they still spoke in the diminutive voices of female children.

The official called timeout. They gathered to discuss the situation, ignoring the sound of their own altered voices. Given their druthers, the men and boys would have called the game off, run to the doctor to find out what was wrong, but we had used powerful magic, and they all found themselves agreeing, despite their shame and embarrassment, to continue on as if everything was normal.

It was a necessary condition of the spell. They would do just keep going on with their lives through this change and all the changes—it would prevent them for seriously pursuing a cure—or a cause. It wasn't that they would easily accept it, but despite their shame and consternation, they would just stick to living their lives and dealing with the changes.

The game started. It was like a poorly overdubbed movie. Everything was the same, but for the voices coming out of the boys. The offense broke huddle, and the lineman lined up along the ball in their three point stances. The receivers split out and Gary, my boyfriend, looked over the defense and called out the signals in his soft, musical voice: "Red, Red, 120. 120. Hut, hut, hut."

He handed the ball to the tailback who made a cut at the line to shake a tackler, ran forward for about six yards and was decleated by the safety who hit him so hard the "POP" echoed across the field. "Oooooohhhhhhh," the crowd said, but with all the voices now girl's and women's, it sounded more like a crowd at a fashion show gushing over a pretty dress than a football game. The safety huddled over the tailback as he struggled to his feet, "I laid you out," he said, the boast sounding ridiculous in the teakettle little voice of his. "I've been hit harder," the tailback squeaked back, sounding equally absurd.

Winnie and I shared another triumphant smile. The other girls on the squad, they weren't among The Daughters, and at first they reacted with confusion and dismay at what was happening. Ordinary women, they had no interest in seeing the men they all had crushes on speaking like little girls, but gradually our spell worked on them, as well, and by the end of the game we were talking about how cute the boys sounded now, how sexy with their small little voices.

We won the game, and Gary found me on the sidelines in my skirt, my pompons on my hips. "Nice game, Tiger," I said with a smile. He leaned down and kissed me, one strong arm around my waist. "I don't know what's happened to us," he said in his new Tinker Bell on helium voice.

"I think it's really sexy," I said.

"Really?' He answered, surprised and pleased.

"Really," I said, drawing him in for another kiss.

The spell was cast by our sisters throughout the world that day, popping off in different time zones and different places whenever the sisters wanted, but within 24 hours all the men in the world had found their speech altered. The news was full of talk about how it had happened and what it had meant, men in dark suits sitting in their news rooms chatting prettily about the strange change, while the female news anchors looked on, bemused, sometimes teasing them, sometimes consoling.

It was the same at school. The air was now filled with the soft, pretty voices of the boys, and the lower voices of the women and young women. It would make an interesting study for sociologists and psychologists, because though the spell had not yet affected any magical change in behavior, the sound of their

voices alone did change them. In mixed groups, the embarrassed boys spoke less now, deferring to their girlfriends. In class, they spoke with less confidence and authority.

Gradually, finding that they could no longer command our attention with their deep, growling tones, they began to speak more musically, prettily, using their new voices to charm instead of challenge.

I loved chatting with Gary now, more than ever. I always tried to get him to talk about guy stuff—Ultimate Fighting, football, it was sweet hearing him get all perky and excited, chiming on about the badass fight he'd seen in his pretty little voice.

It was the same at home. My Dad and little brother, Kevin, watching football games, squealing and squeaking, and I mercilessly teased little Kevin every chance I got, telling him he should join the choir because they needed someone to sing soprano, that kind of stuff.

That was the only change for the first two weeks, and then we unleashed the second wave of the spell. Winnie and I chose to do it at another football game—this time the game against our nearest rival, Old Town High School. This time, we took their muscle. As the first quarter progressed, their bodies became more slender, their arms and legs losing their bulk and becoming thinner and thinner, more and more small and tiny. Winnie and I couldn't help but laugh as they, one after another, struggled to keep their pants up, running off the field begging the equipment managers for smaller belts. As Gary's arms shrunk down, as slender as a tween girl's, he could barely throw the ball, taking little jumps trying to get more behind the passes, but his girl throws fluttered through the air, and after the second pick, he ran to the sidelines and I heard coach scream, "we're running for the rest of the night." The other team grew thin and weak, too, and it was cute watching them now, trying to tackle and block, cursing prettily at their lost strength, stomping their feet in frustration. At halftime, I ran over to Gary as he was heading toward the locker room and handed him one of my belts—a slender, white leather belt with a gold clasp. "To help you keep your pants up," I said. He took the belt in a small, slender hand and chirped, "thanks."

As we finished our halftime cheers, we stopped and talked with the other squad for a while, laughing at what was happening on the field. One of the other girls said, "They're kind of cute, trying so hard." Winnie and I smiled. As we walked back to our side of the field, Winnie said, "If they think the boys are cute now, just wait until we get done with them."

"I can't wait until Gary gets his breasts," I said. We both giggled.

A trainer ran out from the locker room and begged the girls on the squad for belts, any belts small enough for the newly slenderized males. We all obliged, as did some of the girls and mothers in the stands. The men in the stands were chagrined at their own loss of strength, and I smiled as I saw them looking at their puny arms and tiny waists, each and every face a mask of confusion, shame and—fear. Yes, it was fear. They had always counted on their strength, it had made them feel confident, secure, and now it was gone.

And it was flowing into us. This time, as the boys and men grew weaker, we grew stronger. Our bodies didn't bulk up, no girl wants that, but our arms and shoulders grew harder and more powerful, and by halftime there wasn't a girl on the cheerleading squad who couldn't beat any boy on the football team in arm-wrestling.

The team ran out onto the field for the second half, many now with girl's belts holding up their pants. It helped, and our team ran better than theirs, so we ended up winning. Don't get me wrong, it was like watching a stoppable force meet a movable object, but our guys ended up beating their guys in what looked and sounded more like a powder puff football game than anything else.

Gary came up to me after, and I could see he needed a hug. "I don't know what's happening," he said softly. "Look." He held up the little pipe stem for an arm I had given him.

I squeezed his bicep—or what passed for one now, and gave him a kiss. "You're as sexy as always to me," I said.

"Really?" He whispered.

"Really."

"I played so bad tonight."

"You played well for a boy, and anyway I don't care about that," I answered, mussing his hair. "I love you no matter what."

He smiled.

The next day, I walked into the kitchen and my father was struggling to open a jar of sauce. "Let me try," my brother Kevin said, taking the chair and making pretty little noises as he struggled helplessly with it.

"Let your sister do it," my mother said.

"No," Kevin said. "I can..."

But I pulled the jar from his hands and popped the lid off with a flip of my wrist, handing it back to him. “Boys are so weak,” I said.

He and my father slunk from the room.

Gary was having a hard time with it as well. “My little sister can lift more than me now,” he said. He was wearing shorts and a tank top, showing off his long, willowy limbs and small, round shoulder. “It doesn’t make any sense.”

“I heard on the news it may be a virus of some kind,” I said.

“I hope so,” he said. “Because then maybe there’s a cure.”

We were sitting under a tree in the park, and we made out. It was just as great as I had thought it would be, being the stronger partner. As we kissed, we wrestled, and when Gary found himself on his back, his arms pinned above his head, he struggled to push me back and get on top, but I kept him pinned, smothering his objections in kisses until he just lay back with a sigh and accepted his new position.

Our spell still hadn’t done anything to their minds, but give a man the voice of a little girl and the strength of a pre-teen female, and it changes him. All over campus I saw it as the boys found themselves a little more clingy, a little more compliant, a little more—well, let’s just say it—feminine.

The next change would alter their minds a little bit, and Winnie and I could barely disguise our glee as it happened. Once again, we were at the football game, and once again as the game started the boys found themselves changed, this time as long, girlish locks suddenly poured down over their shoulders. The guys on the sidelines immediately put their hands to their heads, burying them in their thick, wavy or curly hair, looking like a bunch of shampoo models, while the guys on the field stopped and pulled off their helmets. I watched as Gary pulled off his helmet and shook his head, full platinum waves of hair swirling around his face. It was like one of those old commercials where a kid takes off a baseball hat, the long hair falls out and you realize that it’s a girl, but these were all boys, shocked and confused, again. Up in the stands it was the same, and I smirked as I saw Kevin with glossy strawberry curls halfway down his back. My father was brushing his own chestnut bangs out of his eyes, and the whole stadium was filled with the pretty chirping of the men.

The coaches rushed out, their long hair bouncing, and they gathered with the officials, but the spell took hold and again the decision was made that things must go on. Having learned from the belt incident, the equipment manager came to us right away asking for scrunchies or rubber bands or anything that

could be used to manage the boy's long hair. We obliged, and watched, giggling, as the players sat down to have their hair put into ponytails. The change the spell had made was that as humiliated as embarrassed and confused as they were, the boys and men all suddenly found that they not only wanted to keep their beautiful long hair, but became fascinated with styling it.

That weekend, Gary asked me in a very small voice if I could help him with his hair. I sat him down at my dressing table, and braided his hair for him, telling him all about the different kinds of braids, and then he eagerly practiced and then I introduced him to the world of bobby pins and barrettes and all the other little things he would need to know.

When he left my house, he had his hair up, tendrils hanging down to either side of his face, and he smiled and hugged me and said thanks in a gushy, girly voice.

The same scene was played out in houses all over town, as husbands and boyfriends sat down with the women in their lives to learn all about hairstyles. I offered to show Kevin, but he just walked away, and that night he sat down with my mother for a little mother son session of hair care.

Monday morning was sweet. Father was in the kitchen, his hair up in a perfect style for a professional woman. Kevin was sullen, a thick red braid hanging over his small shoulder, bangs down to his eyebrows. "You look really cute," I said.

"Mom!"

"Don't be mean to your brother," she said, but we each exchanged a bemused glance.

Winnie had gone all out with her boyfriend, while I was content to let things take their course with Gary, she had been working hard on breaking Dan's confidence, and he showed up at school with his long raven hair in pigtails, each pigtail tied off with a little pink bow. "Hey, Dan," I said, playing with one of the bows. "I love your hair."

"Thanks," he almost whispered, taking Winnie's hand defensively.

"He likes to be called Dani now," Winnie said. "Don't you Dani?"

He smiled prettily. "I guess so."

Gary walked up. His platinum blonde mane was down, framing his face in waves, rolling over his shoulders and down his back. "Hey, cutie," I said, putting my arm around his waist and pulling him to me.

“Hey,” he said, leaning down to give me a peck. “Does anyone have a brush?”

It was a fun week, watching the boys fuss with their hair, brushing it and primping. One day I walked by a boy who was sitting, smiling as another braided his long brown hair, and as I passed I heard him say, in his small little voice, “she has a nice ass.”

It wouldn't be long until he would have one of his own.

In the cafeteria, Gary sat with a brush in one hand and a little mirror in the other. Dani was on his third hairstyle that week, as Winnie insisted he keep trying different looks. Now, his jet-black hair had been French braided. He was telling Gary how he might get highlights put in.

“Oh,” Gary said. “But your hair is so pretty.”

“That's what I said!” Dani answered.

“Dani is getting highlights,” Winnie said. “And he'll look really sexy. Trust me.”

Gary and Dani exchanged a glance and rolled their eyes. I knew what they were thinking—women! Who do they think they are bossing us around?

I decided to join in the fun. “Maybe you should get your hair dyed red,” I said to Gary. “You'd look really handsome as a red-head.”

“No waaaaay!” he said girlishly, tilting his head side- to- side, looking at his hair in the mirror. “My hair is perfect.” Setting down his brush, he buried his hands in his thick blonde hair and started to fluff it. “Do you know how many guys would kill to have hair like this?”

“Boys are so vain,” I said, giving him a little kiss on the cheek.

That week, we unleashed our spell during the cold, dark hours of Friday morning. The Daughters had agreed to unleash the spell in waves within a 24-hour window, and as much as we loved doing it during the football games, this one would need to be done sooner so the boys would still be able to play. At long last, we took their height. Men and boys all over town woke up to find themselves 5 feet tall, to maybe 5' 6" or 5'7" at the tallest. There had been taller women than that, but we wanted them all to be small, and meanwhile the girls were now all taller—5' 10 to well over 6 feet.

I went downstairs to find my father and brother in their now over-sized pajamas, looking glum, whispering in their soft voices about what they should do. I was now over 6 feet, and I could see the irritation on Kevin's face as he saw how I would literally be able to lord it over him now even more than before. The spell was pushing them to keep to their routines, but there was a problem now—none of their clothes would fit.

"Kevin," I said, "I have some jeans and stuff you could wear," I said.

"Girl's clothes?" He said sourly. "I don't think so."

"Jeans and t-shirts are jeans and t-shirts," I answered. The spell was designed to make the boys inclined now to start wearing girl's clothing, but Kevin was fighting it.

"Forget it," he said, getting up and stomping off. "I'll just roll up my pant legs."

When my father came back down, he was wearing a pair of my mother's slacks and a plain white blouse.

At school, about half the guys had shown up wearing clothes they had gotten from their sisters or mothers. They were as androgynous as you could find, but the fit told the story. Meanwhile, the rest were wearing their old clothes, looking like little girls dressed up in their daddy's clothes. Gary came up to me. He was about 5' 2" inches and glanced up sheepishly at me from beneath his platinum bangs. "Look at me," he said. "I had to wear my little sister's clothes to school today." He was wearing hip-hugger pants, a blue sweatshirt and a pair of girl's running shoes. Other than the pants, it wasn't all that girly, but he was clearly humiliated facing the reality that he was now no bigger than his little sister—or bigger than she used to be. I gathered him in for a hug and a kiss on the head. "I'll always love you," I said, just as I always did.

"Really?" He said.

I reached down to sweep him off his feet. He squealed and threw his arms around my neck, and I carried him to his class, shouting, "I will always love this boy!"

"Put me down!" He said, his face a mixture of shame at his own diminutive state and pride at the strength of his girlfriend. I carried him right into class and set him on his feet next to his desk before bowing. "Go away," he said.

But instead I put my arm around his waist, pulled him to me and bent down to kiss him on the lips. He pushed away at first, but then surrendered,

leaning into me and running his small hands up my back. “Miss Night this is not appropriate,” Mr. Johnson said, standing at his desk in his wife’s clothes.

When I got done I turned and walked out, smirking at Mr. Johnson and saying, “I like your blouse.”

The boys in the room rushed to Gary, chattering excitedly about the kiss.

Coach ran over to the middle school and borrowed uniforms that would fit our team. Our rivals did the same, and we all laughed and giggled as they ran out at the start of the game, looking for all the world like a football team of little girls, their pony-tails bobbing, their small bodies, their slender arms. The game was comical, the little boys running prettily around the field, confused and dismayed and unsure of themselves.

It was almost too much for Gary. It took him forever to get ready after a game now. He used to shower and be out in no time, but now he had to fuss with his hair, so when he and the other guys finally came out it was pretty late. Gary had a bow in his hair. “Good game,” I said to him.

“No it wasn’t,” he answered. I saw that he had been crying.

“You did great, considering...”

“Considering that I am turning into a girl?”

“Turning into... don’t be silly.”

“Look at me,” he said, grabbing a hank of his long hair. “Look at my hair. Look at my... arms. I’m wearing my sister’s clothes. Listen—I sound like a Barbie doll. I’m turning into a girl, and you know it.”

“Gary, everyone is changing. All the guys. It’s...”

“It’s horrible,” he said, stomping his little foot. “Horrible.” And with that he spun and ran.

I looked around. Winnie and Dani were standing nearby, both looking shocked. “Well,” Dani said. “Go after him!”

He was right, so I dutifully trudged off after Gary, irritated at his feminine little outburst, but resigned to playing my part. You wanted this, I reminded myself. So now you have to deal with it.

I found Gary and we went through the routine. Me comforting him. Him crying. Him throwing a second hissy. Me being strong and confident, telling him that everything would be all right, wiping away the tears.

Him smiling prettily, giving me a big hug, me walking him home, and then—thankfully—the payoff, as we sat on the porch swing, and I gathered his little body into my arms and kissed him until he almost fainted.

Gary came over to my place on Saturday to “watch football.” He snuggled up against me on the couch, and we kissed a little. Then, halfway through the first quarter, a commercial came on, and I took the remote from him and flipped to reruns from the last year’s national cheerleading competitions. “What are you doing?” Gary said.

“Just till the commercials are over.”

At halftime, we flipped over and never went back to football. Gary found himself fascinated with the dance routines, the precision cheers, the pretty uniforms. He asked me all about my experiences as a cheerleader, and we argued about which cheerleading team was best and hissed the judges when they didn’t vote for the teams we liked. It was sweet observing Gary as he stared at the screen, his eyes glittering with girlish excitement as the girls did splits and cartwheels and handstands, and when I offered to teach him to do a cartwheel he got all bubbly and excited and practically dragged me to the basement where we had mats laid down.

After, I said, “We need some guys for the winter sports cheerleading team. Maybe you should come out for cheerleading this winter. Cheer on the basketball team.”

“Cheerleader?” He said derisively. “Me? No way.”

But I could see he really wanted to do it, and I knew it was just a matter of time before I had him out there kicking and tumbling and dancing for the crowd.

Finally, and this was the sweetest part, I led him up to my room and started giving him clothes from my closet. “You don’t want to wear your little sister’s clothes,” I said. “And these won’t fit me anymore.”

“I don’t know...” he said, biting his lip.

But I bullied him into taking a whole suitcase of my blouses and slacks home, even throwing in some skirts and dresses over his objections.

It was planted in all of them now. The desire to dress in girl’s clothes—or what were boy’s clothes now—and it would just be a matter of time before Gary

simply had to see what he looked like in a dress.

Winnie had done even better. She showed me a picture of Dani in her cheerleading outfit. He was on his knees, pon pons in hand, smiling up at the camera. His sweater was fulsome, as if he had full, round breasts. "I stuffed his bra," she said, giggling. "He didn't like that too much."

"You've really brought him along quickly," I said, wishing I had gotten Gary into a bra so soon.

"Wait until you see him today."

A little while later when Dani walked up, I saw what she meant. He was wearing a pink hoodie and a pair of tight white sweat pants with the word "Juicy" across his butt. Pink sneakers, and across his slender shoulders, bouncing from his hip was a purse. It was Dior shoulder bag with pretty buckles on the strap and the bag itself, and I felt jealous of him right away because I had wanted that bag for the longest time. I fingered the purse strap and said, "I love your bag."

Dani's face became clouded. "It's not too girly, is it?" He said, glancing at Winnie for reassurance.

"Not at all," Winnie said, giving him a little kiss. "Is it?"

"No," I said. "I gave him a pat on the head. "You look very macho."

"Thanks," he said, smiling with relief. "I'm glad, because I really do love this bag." And with that, he proceeded to open it and show me all its little features.

I became determined to do the some of the same stuff with Gary before his mind was fully changed and he wanted to do it, so that day after school I lured him up to my room. We started to kiss, but then I pushed him away.

"What is it?" He said.

"Nothing."

"Tell me."

"Well, it's just that there's something... but no."

"What?"

"Let me show you something," I said.

He followed me over to the dresser, and I opened it up to reveal a baby doll nightgown. It was white lace with blue trim and blue bows under each breast. Gary swallowed. "It's really... sexy."

"Touch it," I said. "Feel how soft it is."

He touched it with his fingertips, then picked it up and rubbed it against his cheek. "Oh! It the softest thing I've ever felt."

"So, the thing is, I wanted to ask you something."

He looked up at me searchingly. "What?"

I turned my back. "Forget it," I said.

"Do you want to... wear this when we make out?" He said.

"No," I said. "I want you to wear it."

"What?"

"See!" I yelled. "I knew it."

"I'm not a girl," he said, still clutching the baby doll, but when I turned around I could see the struggle in his eyes. On the one hand was what was left of the young man he'd been, and then there was the feminine creature he was becoming, and the desire to please me and please himself by putting on something sexy was at war with who he'd been.

"You don't love me," I said. "You never did."

"Just because I won't..."

"Just go," I said. "I finally ask you for one little thing, and it's too much. This relationship is always about you, you you."

"But..."

"Go."

"Fine," he said.

"And give me my ring back."

"You mean?"

“I’m breaking up with you.”

Finally, I looked back at him. His lip was trembling, and his eyes were filling with tears. He had the baby doll in his left hand, letting it dangle from his fingertips. In short order, he was sitting in the baby doll with his eyes closed while I carefully applied eye shadow. When I was finished he opened his eyes and smiled. “How do I look?” He piped.

“Incredibly sexy,” I answered, and when I turned him so he could look at himself in the mirror, he grinned and, putting a hand on his hip, turned this way and that, puckering up and blowing a kiss at the mirror. “Gosh, I do look really handsome.” The baby doll was sheer and you could see his bra and panties, and I scooped up my camera and started taking pictures, getting him into classic model poses, giggling and laughing the whole time until I finally tossed the camera to the side, threw my arms around him and kissed him to his knees.

When I walked Gary to the door, he was wearing a pair of panties under his sister’s jeans, and a bra under her t-shirt. He didn’t need the bra yet, but I’d pushed him over the threshold, and his feminine nature was taking over. He also had one of my purses over his shoulder. Kevin walked in as I was kissing him goodbye, Gary on his tiptoes. “Hi Kevin,” he said prettily. Bye!

“Was that your boyfriend with a purse?” Kevin said.

“Yeah. Isn’t he cute?”

“More like a homo,” he said. He was still fighting his new urges, wearing his old clothes. I toyed with the idea of twisting his arm and making him put on some girl’s clothes but thought better of it.

Two days later, I came home early and caught him in my mother’s wedding dress. He was sitting at her table putting on pearly pink lipstick when I opened the door, and he leapt to his feet with a high-pitched scream. He shrieked. “Get out!”

I sauntered in, laughing. “My, don’t you look cute.”

Lifting his skirts, he tried to rush past me, but I grabbed him by his slender little arm and effortlessly tossed him onto the bed. “Relax,” I said. “I won’t tell anyone.”

“You won’t?” He said prettily.

“I won’t.”

“Thanks,” he said. “Sometimes you’re not half bad for a big sister.”

“You do look really cute,” I said. “You’ll make a gorgeous groom.”

He kicked his feet. “I don’t know what came over me.”

“It’s okay, little bro. If you haven’t noticed, most guys are finding themselves in girl’s clothes these days. It just seems like the trend.”

“I know,” he said. “But I’ve been making fun of them all week. If they found out...”

“Well, they won’t find out from me. But, maybe you should just be who you are and stop pretending you’re someone you’re not.”

The next day, Kevin went to school in a skirt.

I was really proud of him.

Winnie and I had a good laugh over the pictures of Gary in his baby doll. “He looks really sweet,” she said. “How did you do it?”

I told her the whole story and she laughed. “You’re learning. It’s good, isn’t it?”

“What?”

“Being in charge.”

Finally, it was time to give the boys their figures. It has been decided by The Daughters that we would let their figures develop over the period of a couple weeks, as it that way they could all experience training bras. Later, of course, boys would all develop similarly to girls as they went through puberty. I could barely sleep that night, and when I woke up in the morning I showered, dressed and got down stairs early, eager to see the reactions from my father and, especially, Kevin. My father was wearing a tailored jacket that hid his breasts. Kevin was slouching and wearing a one of his old, now baggy jacket as he came down the stairs. He had his arms crossed self-consciously over his chest. My mother came down behind them, smiling.

“Why are you wearing a jacket?” I asked Kevin sweetly.

He looked away without a word.

“Don’t forget,” Dad said. “I’ll pick you up after school.”

Kevin just rolled his eyes.

At school, Winnie led Dani by the hand. His denim jacket was open, revealing the tight-shirt he wore, through which I could see the outline of his bra. “Doesn’t Dani have the cutest little boobs?” Winnie said.

It was too much, and I felt for him a little, but I smiled and said, “You look really cute.”

Dani blushed and turned away.

Gary came along, his old lettermen’s jacket hanging over him, zipped up to the top, his arms also crossed over his chest defensively. I put my arm around me and pulled him to me, but he lifted his arms and kept them between us so I wouldn’t feel his soft new chest.

“Gary, I know,” I said, looking him in the eyes.

“I... don’t want you to feel them...” he whispered.

I kissed him on the forehead and, giving his arm a squeeze said, “I’ll see you at lunch.”

He nodded, and then he and Dani slunk away.

“You’re being too easy on him,” Winnie said.

I shrugged. “I’ll have my fun at lunch time.”

It was hilarious. All the males—teachers, students, janitors... they all kept their jackets on through the morning, humiliated by their bouncy little breasts. The girls teased them, and on more than one occasion I heard a squeal as someone snuck a quick hand in and gave a guy a nippletwist. I was amused but distracted. I kept picturing Gary opening up his jacket to reveal his pert little breasts.

Lunchtime came. We found a secluded spot behind A Building. Gary sat uneasily next to me, and I brushed his hair back from his face and, holding his smooth cheek, kissed him.

Then, I sat back and looked at him sitting there, so small and pretty. “Show me,” I said hoarsely.

“No... I just don’t...”

I reached over and grabbed the zipper that rested just below his chin. He grabbed my arm with his tiny hands, but I easily overpowered him, pulling the zipper down halfway. With a shriek, he grabbed the flaps of the jacket and pulled them closed.

“Don’t!” He said.

I frowned, picked up my book bag and stood up. “See you.”

I made it ten steps before I heard him say, “wait.”

I stopped. Turned. He nodded, then opened up his jacket. He was wearing one of his little sister’s t-shirts, and it hugged his little breasts tightly. I could see his swelling nipples.

“You look so beautiful,” I said, walking slowly back to him.

“I look... stupid!” He said, his eyes filling with tears.

“No... Gary... don’t cry....” I pulled him to me, his soft breasts pressing into my own. I kissed the tears away, and then held his small, soft body against mine, loving having him like this, and knowing that it wasn’t over for him or the rest of the guys.

Every morning for the next week, Gary woke to find his breasts had gotten bigger, that his hips had widened, and his waist had grown narrower. All the guys were developing figures just like women, just like the ones they had lusted after in their girlfriends and wives, in their porno magazines and websites. And, just like tomboys, they hated what was happening to them, the betrayal of their bodies, turning soft and round and feminine, but they slowly realized something else very strange and new and frightening—girls were going after the guys with the great figures, they were getting attention for their nice, round asses and their blossoming breasts.

By the end of the week, guys were strutting around campus in tank tops that hugged their bouncy new assets, their bra straps showing against the smooth, tan shoulders. I was walking down the hall when I heard it for the first time: “Ummm... I’m up here,” a guy said petulantly to a girl he was talking to while she stared down the top of his shirt. He was wearing a push up bra, his blouse was unbuttoned halfway to his belly button, and he was wearing a necklace with a shiny locket that nuzzled right in his impressive cleavage. Like he didn’t want the attention!

Two weeks later, I had Gary down to his bra. We were in the front seat of my car, kissing and hugging, trying to cop feels off each other. He would squeeze my breast, and I’d slap his hand away, and then squeeze his. Finally, he

was reaching around, trying to undie my bra, and I stopped him. "If you want to see mine, you have to let me see yours first."

"Okay," he said nervously. I reached back and unclasped his bra, then helped him slip it off. He sat there with his arms at his sides, his face turned to the side, eyes lowered, his full, round breasts swaying free, the nipples tiny pins. I reached back and undid my bra, and then we came together, our soft naked breasts pressing against one another.

Gary closed his eyes and moaned softy, and I slid my hand down, cupping his naked breast, squeezing it. His breasts were slightly bigger than mine, and definitely perkier. I was a little jealous.

"Pinch my nipples," he whispered, running his hands through my hair.

"What?" I said, surprised.

"Pinch my nipples," he almost begged.

I took his nipples between my fingers and pinched. He arched his back and gasped, then said, "harder. Harder!"

It was all I could do to keep from laughing.

After, I rolled down my window and lit a cigarette. Gary fished his compact out of his purse and fixed his make-up. I watched, smiling, as he carefully applied his bubblegum pink lipstick. When he was finished, he got out a brush. "Do you have to get home soon?" He asked.

"And baby sit?"

"Yeah."

"No. Kevin does the babysitting now. Boys are better at it."

"My dad..." Gary started, but stopped.

"What?"

"He's nursing my baby sister now."

"That's sweet. That'll be you nursing our baby someday cutie pie!"

After I dropped Gary off, I went home and swaggered into the living room. Kevin was sitting on the couch with his legs tucked under him. He'd put his long, curl red hair up, and his face was all blue, covered in some sort of facial

cream. He was wearing a blouse that showed off the C-cups I'd especially blessed him with. I smiled and gave him a wink. "How was baby-sitting?"

"Fine," he said, not taking his eyes off the television—he was watching *Dancing with the Stars*. A tall, handsome woman was effortlessly lifting a pretty little man off his feet and then twirling him in the air.

"He's really pretty," I said.

"Yeah," Kevin said.

"But not as pretty as my little brother."

That week was the last football game of the year, and the last ever for the boys as they were really too small and weak for the sport. I was the most laughable and ridiculous of all. The boys spent more time worrying about their hair and clothes these days than anything, and Gary, Dani and the rest of the players were so busy with cheerleading practice, field hockey and gymnastics they barely had time to think about football. It was cute to see them in their little uniforms, their ponytails streaming from under their helmets, their tight little, rounded butts in the football pants, swishing around the field. Whenever our team made a good play, Gary and the other cheerleaders would do flips and cartwheels, high kicks and generally bounce around the field prettily.

It took the team over an hour and a half to get ready for the big dance. When the locker room finally opened, they came out wearing tight little dresses that hugged their new figures, their hair was all primped and sprayed in place, and they had expertly put on their make-up—smoky eye shadow, glossy red lipstick. Gary now had full, C-cup breasts that he proudly showed up in a low cut little black dress. He was wearing heels and had a little black purse tucked under his arm. I wrapped my arms around his narrow waist and picked him right up off his feet.

Dani was wearing a silver mini-dress and was equally dolled up. Winnie had given him an improbable pair of D cups—very rare in a boy his age, but enough to make him the envy of half the boys in school—and Winnie the envy of all the girls.

And that's how it went through the spring. I was a star on the basketball team, and Gary was there at every game in his little pleated skirt, kicking and dancing and shouting out cheers, rushing up to me after every game and looking up at me with wide, pretty eyes full of

girlish pride at his big, strong athletic girlfriend. We double-dated with Winnie and Dani, and when the prom came I found myself pinning a corsage to Gary's dress, my fingertips just brushing the soft, round flesh of his breasts, while his parents looked on, beaming with pride at the beautiful young man they had for a son. He looked so pretty it almost broke my heart, and I proudly slipped my arm around his tiny waist and led him into the gym, which had been transformed into a fairy tale castle.

"I'll always love my little princess," I said, taking him in my arms.

"Really?" He said.

"Really."

It was during the summer that we are started to get tired of it. I came walking up the beach, my surfboard under my arm, saltwater streaming from me. Gary was sitting in his white bikini top and boy shorts, his breasts soft and round, his long legs smooth and tan. He'd been my little beach bunny, and I'd loved seeing him trying to play volleyball, his breasts always in danger of bouncing out his top, giggling as he bungled shots and fell in the sand. But as he came up to me that day and gushed "you were so great," in his pretty little voice, giving me arm a squeeze, I realized that I missed GUYS. Big, strong, dumb guys.

It had been fun changing them and letting them see what life was like as the weaker sex.

But now that we'd done it, I wanted a MAN again.

It turned out the other daughters felt the same way. We were all free, in our areas, to leave any guys we wanted in their feminine forms. But is was agreed that with exemptions only for the sleaziest sexist pigs, wife beaters and others we selected, we would undue the spell and get our men back.

And so it was that as we headed off to college together, I found myself snuggling against the hard, flat chest of my man, running my fingers over his rock-ribbed abs, and being glad that he was what he was, and I was what I was. But I was glad, too, that for one year the guys had been the weaker sex.

It was a fun change, and gave us all a new perspective.

END

Voices II— The Outcasts

We were at a concert when it happened. It was in an old warehouse in the boarded up crap town we lived in out in Iowa. Speed metal. None of that pussy emo. Not for me, Cassady, and Ty, my boyfriend. Not for any of the freaks at school.

The band sucked. But in the best way possible. A bunch of stoners and drop outs. They played loud and hard. Heads shaved. Tattoos covering every inch of their bodies. We were dancing, the air smelled sweetly of grass and booze and sex.

“I wanna kill some jocks,” the singer growled. “I wanna bring down Ragnarock... I...” and then the strangest thing happened. His voice suddenly changed from a deep, animal growl, into a high, squeaky screech, like Minnie Mouse on the rag. He stopped singing. Shook his head. “This is the end of....”

We stopped dancing. The band stopped and gathered on the stage. “What the hell?” Stone said, in a soft, high-pitched voice. I laughed, thinking he was joking, but when I turned to him I saw the shock on his face. “My voice!” He chirped. And all around the room I heard the same thing from all the guys, all suddenly sounding like little girls.

The singer came to the mic. “I don’t know what’s going on,” he said in his little voice. “None of us really do. But what we do know is this- - nothing is going to stop us from rocking!” And with that, the drummer slammed out a wild beat on his kit, the guitars blasted in and we all shrieked, sounding like a bunch of pre-teen girls at a Taylor Swift concert.

After the concert, Ty and I sat in his car, smoking grass. He kept clearing his throat. “What the hell?” He kept saying. “This is bullshit.”

I can’t explain it, but for some reason I found him sexier than ever. I kissed him. Kissed him again. “I like it,” I said.

He just grunted and stuck his hand up my shirt.

It was the same everywhere. My step father. Teachers at school. All the other boys. It was so strange hearing those cute little voices coming out of them. And it made me.... it... I couldn’t explain it, but then I was talking to my friend Cassie, and she said, “It makes them all seem to cute and adorable, doesn’t it? It makes we want to protect them.”

The next week we went to the football game. We never watched the game. We just went behind the bleachers and smoked and snuck booze while ducking all the dickish teachers who came around to try and hassle us. It was all just a ritual leading up to the point where Ty would end up fighting someone. That was when it happened.

“Why don’t you shut up?” Ty said to Kevin.

“Why don’t you make me?”

We all started forming a circle around them. I looked at Cassie, who smiled, knowingly. The tough talk sounded like a comedy routine coming out of them now in those little girl voices.

Ty shoved Kevin. Kevin threw down the plastic cup he’d been drinking out of, and after two quick punches they grappled, but as they wrestled we all watched, amazed, as their bodies began to... shrink... each becoming more and more slender, Ty’s arms, which had been roped with muscle, grew thin and round, his pants started to fall off. Kevin grabbed at his own pants and Ty took the opportunity to deliver an awkward punch to his head, but his little fist seemed to have no power, and Kevin, pissed, punched him in the gut, equally without force. They both looked shocked and ashamed, but then charged at each other, shrieking in girlish fury.

Then Cassie stepped in. “Knock it out.” She effortlessly shoved Kevin to the ground, then put Ty in an arm lock and forced him to his knees. “Let me go!” Ty squealed.

I could feel myself growing stronger. More powerful. But I just watched. It never occurred to me to rush in and protect Ty from another girl, at least not yet. Plus, and I didn’t fully understand this until later, I was kind of getting off on seeing Ty dominated like that by little Cassie.

“Tell me your my bitch,” Cassie said.

“Fuck you,” Ty said, but Cassie twisted harder and he screamed.

“Okay. Okay. I’m your bitch!” Cassie let him go, and I ran to him and put my arms around him. He was crying. I put my arm around his waist and led him away, to someplace private. He hugged me and put his head on my shoulder. He felt strange in my arms. His body so thin.

“Stop,” I whispered. “Hush. It’s okay.”

“I just got beat up by a girl,” he said. “It’s not okay.”

But I kissed his tears away. Later, we sat in the car down by the reservoir, smoking a joint. I had driven. Ty had been too upset. We were listening to a CD, not talking, both trying to get used to this strange new reality.

The next week was brutal for Ty. He had always been a little bit of a bully. Constantly picking fights. Now, the girlfriends of all the guys he's ever beaten up were seeking him out at school. They didn't usually hit him or start fights. They would just block his path, yell at him, grab his wrists and push him against a wall just to show them how weak he was, while their boyfriends looked on, laughing. His little sister also had her fun. He'd always been mean to her, mostly because she was a little bitch, and now she was paying him back, wrestling him to the ground, pushing him. Taking his things. One day I came to his house and found him in his room wearing a pink floral dress and crying, his mascara running down his face. "Ann," he said, covering his face in shame. "She beat me up and made me wear this. She says from now on when I am at home I have to wear a dress and make- up."

I went downstairs and took care of Ann. I was three years older than her, stronger and taller. She backed down, though it wouldn't matter in a little while. In any case, she then taunted Ty for needing his girlfriend to protect him. It was the same at school. Ty clung to me, usually holding my hand as I walked him to class. I got in a couple fights, and soon word got around not to mess with Ty's girlfriend. He was humiliated, and it all took a toll. Everything about him became more... girly. Instead of, "we're going into town. Come on," he would say, "Um, can we go into town? I think it might be fun?" Half of everything he said came out as a question.

And it especially changed when we made out. I was the aggressor, making all the moves. Ty struggled prettily, but surrendered, sighing softly as I made out with him, pushing him onto his back, pinning his slender wrists over his head.

We went out into the cornfields one night and made love. I kissed him and teased him, and climbed on top and took him while he squealed and moaned just like a girl, and as I rode him, the strangest thing happened— his hair just seemed to grow, flowing out around him in thick, black waves, framing his face so prettily as he lay on his back, eyes closed, lost in please. I finished and rolled off, and Ty drifted off to sleep, like he usually did. I looked at him there, his long black hair glossy in the moonlight, and decided I liked this latest change.

Ty woke later. Sat up and was surprised at the mass of thick waves and curls that now hung halfway down his back. "Now what?" He said. He reached up with his slender arms and ran his hands through his hair, pulling it back over his shoulders. I watched. Smirking.

"What?" He said.

"You just look so sexy when you do that," I answered.

"Shut up!" He said, playfully slapping my shoulder.

I sat up and gently took a lock of his hair in my fingers. With my other hand I brushed his bangs from his eyes. "I love your hair," I said.

Ty's eyes grew soft. We kissed some more. After, he started rummaging through my purse.

"What are you looking for?"

"A brush," he said, pulling my brush from the bag. I watched, blissfully, as my boyfriend sat with his knees pulled up to his chest, contentedly brushing his long black hair beneath the moon and stars.

He was humming a song. I searched for the melody and realized it was Beyonce. Not that I would ever admit to knowing such a song to the rest of the stoners, but it was a good song, and so sweet that Ty was humming it.

The next day, he came over to my house, plopped down in front of my vanity and perkily said, "show me what to do with all this hair!"

I am hardly the girl to really show someone a whole bunch about hair, but I could show him how to braid it, so I did. I never thought I would bond with Ty over hair styling tips, but it was a sweet, intimate afternoon, with me carefully braiding his hair, and then pulling it down and letting him try, the whole time his face lit up with feminine pleasure and excitement. I showed him a French braid, too, and then we tied his hair back in a ponytail with one of my scrunchies, and climbed into bed to make out, Ty giggling prettily as we kissed.

I guess the whole, like, world or whatever was totally flipping out over what was happening, but we were never really into the news. We just saw it where it was happening in our lives. My step dad had hair down to his waist, and it was two days before he dyed it all blonde to cover the gray. All the guy teachers at school now had long hair, pinned up in sensible professional styles, and boys, including Ty, were fascinated with websites and magazines about hair styles, and what was trendy and pretty. I got sick of listening to him talk about different stars and their new hairstyles sometimes.

And then something else happened. I woke up to find out I was six feet tall. I'd been 5 feet, 6 inches. I went downstairs and found my mom was about the same height, while good ole step dad was now a tiny little 5' 4". "Everyone?" I said, though I figured I knew the answer.

"Everyone," my mother answered, putting an arm around Step-dad's shoulder and kissing him on the head.

"You look cute," I said to him.

He smiled bitterly. "Thanks."

I wonder now that I didn't wonder more then. It was all so impossible, and yet each time there was shock and surprise, but also just a calm kind of acceptance. It was like my brain was saying— of course all the guys are small and weak and have long hair— that's the way it was supposed to be. So, we all just went with it as best we could.

For example, you would think all of these little boys would have stayed home, cowering in their rooms, but they all came to school, all blushing and ashamed and humiliated, but they came. And, much to my surprise, many of them came wearing girl's clothes. Not dresses or skirts. Yet. But girl's jeans. And in some cases even shirts, though the most androgynous ones they could find. Others were still in their old clothes, or clothes that had belonged to their little brothers.

The ones in the old clothes looked silly— like little kids playing dress up in clothes that now hung like sacks from their diminutive bodies, pants and sleeves rolled up. The only boys who really weren't affected were those poor little guys who still hadn't gone through puberty. They looked about the same but for their hair. I waited for Ty over where he always got off the bus, and when he stepped gingerly down I saw him looking apprehensively around, his dark glossy bangs in his eyes. He looked like he was five feet tall now.

Just. As soon as he saw me, he got a big smile of relief and ran over, throwing himself in my arms. He was wearing his old clothes, of course. But he looked totally like a girl now. A skinny girl, but a girl.

"Ty," I said, brushing his hair back from his eyes, leaning down to kiss him on the forehead. "What's that all about?"

He clung to me, and it was good to hold him in my arms, so small and dainty. "Look at me," he said. "I've been turned into a child."

"You probably would get carded trying to get into a PG-13 movie now," I said. Later that week, he did.

"Shut up," he said.

And then I did what girls all over campus were doing, impulsively. I picked my little boy friend up and threw him over my shoulder. Ty shrieked. "Put me down! Stop it." He threw pretty little punches at my back, but I carried him all the way to class and then set him gently at the door.

"Thanks for adding to my humiliation," he said with a pout. I gave him a little chuck under the chin. "You loved it." "Like hell," he answered, but his ears and nose were pink, and I could see how thrilled he had been.

Gradually, more and more males started to wear girl's clothes as the week progressed. I couldn't help but tease my step-dad a little the first time I saw

him in one of my mom's skirts. Ty resisted. He told me his sister had offered him some stuff, "but I am never going to start getting that girly, no matter how much I change. She'd love that."

I didn't say anything. I just smiled and waited for what my instincts told me was inevitable. I could see him checking out what the other guys were wearing, looking wistfully when some guy passed in a cute pair of boots, or a really pretty blouse.

I was surprised later, when we were making out, to find that his tats had vanished. Or rather been replaced. Skulls and dragons had given way to flowers and hearts.

We were sitting around outside during lunch break one day, and Cassie came walking up with Kevin. He was clinging to her arm, his face framed with brown curls, wearing a wool, tartan skirt, knee length high-heel boots that hugged his slender calves, a white blouse and the cutest little jacket. "Ohhhhh," Ty said, greeting Kevin with a hug.

"I love your outfit! And those earrings!"

Kevin did a half-curtsey, and said, "thanks!"

Cassie smirked at me, and when Ty looked back I could see the shock and shame on his face at his reaction. "You should dress prettier," Kevin said, trying to be helpful.

Ty was wearing some of his old, too big clothes. "Yes," Cassie said, "you should."

Ty looked at me. He often looked at me, taking cues from me on how he should react. I took his soft little hand in mine and pulled him onto my lap. "Ty is just fine as he is." He kissed me gratefully and slit his eyes at Cassie.

In biology class, Mr. Smith was standing in front of the room talking about primary and secondary sex characteristics. I don't know if he planned it all along, or if things had just made him feel the need. He'd been one of the football coaches— a big, burly guy with a barrelchest and huge biceps. The girls had all been in love with him. Now, he was about 5' 5" in his heels. He stood in front of the class with his blonde hair pinned up, bangs and curls surrounding his face, earrings flashing, a tight little black skirt and a black turtleneck that emphasized his long, slender neck. Frosty pink lipstick that matched his nails. I could kick his ass now, I thought, looking at his puny arms. But I would rather just fuck him.

"So," he continued, "while things like height, hair and muscle mass can be associated with a certain sex, they are not primary sex characteristic. In other words, as far as our biology goes, men are still men, and women are still women."

“I like your skirt,” a girl said from somewhere behind me.

“Oh,” he thanks, smoothing the front, “thanks! My wife....” then he stopped, realizing it had been a joke. The class laughed, while he stood there blushing prettily.

By Saturday night I decided to take charge. Ty and I were supposed to go to another show at the dungeon, so when I picked him up, I told him I had forgotten something. I led him to my room, where I had laid out his outfit for the night on my bed. “No way,” he said. “No!”

He argued. He pouted. What was left of the male in him screamed and wanted to run. But I won out. Ty put on the black lace panties. He put on the black taffeta skirt. He put on the red and black, embroidered bustier, the garters and the stockings. And then he sat as I did his make-up, turning him into the hottest little metal boy in town. When he was done, I led him by the hand to my full length mirror. His mouth fell open. He stared. And then a big, pretty smile spread across his glossy red lips as he threw his arms around me and gave me a hug. He turned back and looked at the mirror again, putting a hand on his hip and another to his cheek. “I look... wow! Thanks.”

“I put my arms around his waist and lifted him off his feet. “Let’s rock,” I said.

Later, after we’d made out for... I don’t even know how long.... Ty was touching up his lipstick in the vanity mirror. He’d been showered with compliments all night, and gotten so much attention from all the other girls I was a little jealous. He looked at me and smiled. I’d done his eyes with dark eye shadow and heavy mascara and eye-liner, and they really popped in the dim light from the dashboard. “I’ve been wanting to, you know.”

“What?”

“Dress like the other boys. Wear prettier things. But I just couldn’t.”

“Because your sister would make fun of you?”

“Because you never dressed sexy. You were always in jeans and t-shirts. I thought you would think I was a woose.”

I should have. I should have thought of him as a woosie the first time he ran to me and wanted me to protect him from a girl who was going to beat him up. Or, for that manner, when he started talking like a anime chick. But, I didn’t. I just wanted him to be the sweet, sexy feminine boy he was meant to be. And I told him so.

I walked him to his door. He took my hands. “Kevin and I are going shopping tomorrow.”

“Maybe you should wait,” I said.

“Why?”

“There might be more changes.”

“What more changes could there be? About the only thing left would be...” and again there was that pretty look of surprise as it hit him.

“Boobs,” I finished, glancing down at his slender, hairless chest.

He crossed his arms defensively over his chest as if they were already there. “You don’t really think...”

“I kinda do,” I said, then kissed him. “Goodnight.”

Was it a premonition? A lucky guess? It felt to me like a truth.

Like something that was going to happen as sure as the sun would rise. And so it was only a partial surprise and delight to me when I woke up, went downstairs and saw my poor little step-father standing at the counter, the outline of his bra visible beneath his blouse, little pert A-cups on his chest. Not surprised, but disappointed. I was hoping the jerk-off would sprout a pair of DDs.

It became known as Coat Day. All the boys showed up, hiding their pretty clothes under baggy old jackets. The girls had a field day, teasing them, reaching under their coats to snap their bras, all in all hassling them. And another delicious little factoid spread through the school like wildfire: dads with young babies were now breast feeding.

That would be a boy’s job from now on. Or at least one we could share. And that led to a whole new round of teasing.

Of course, I couldn’t wait to get Ty back to my bedroom. I bullied him into taking off his blouse, and we made out for awhile with him just in his little white training bra. Several times, I reached up and squeezed one of his new boobs, and he squealed and slapped my hand away, or put it back down on his smooth, rounded thigh. Before too long, I sat and watched as he reached back and undid his bra, letting the straps slide from his shoulders and looking away bashfully as his perky young breasts swayed free. I felt a rush like I never expected and whispered, hoarsely, “you are so sexy.”

Ty smiled and leaned forward for a kiss, accepting this latest change, he took one of my hands and placed it on his naked breast. I caressed it. Squeezed it. Played with his nipples. He sighed softly, his eyes closed, earrings flashing as he threw his head back and gasped.

For a time, it seemed like that would be it, as the boys gradually got over their shyness, and started to walk around campus without hiding their little breasts. But then they started to blossom. Those little girl boobies swelled, becoming B and C cups, and in a few cases even Ds. Meanwhile, their hips fleshed out, nice and wide and round, and their legs took on an even softer, rounded appearance, even as their faces grew prettier and more feminine.

I saw the former captain of the football team walking across campus one day in his cheerleader’s outfit, a tight sweater showing off his full breasts, the little pleated skirt his slender, tone, tan legs. He had platinum blonde hair and was all made up in glossy bubblegum pinks, looking for all the world like a real-life Barbie doll.

Ty ended up with a perfect pair of C cups, a size bigger than mine. And my step-dad? He got the DDs I had wished for him, and then I almost regretted it as he never stopped complaining about backaches. And so it went as the school year ended and summer began. We got used to the new order of things. Men adjusted to being pretty and vulnerable, emotional and insecure. Women got used to being big and strong and taking care of the sweet little men in their lives.

And then, almost as suddenly as it had started, it all ended. Gradually, almost all the guys returned to normal. So did all the girls. I did say almost. Ty and I didn't. Ty was shocked, confused, angry and embarrassed at first, scared even, as all his guys friends put away their purses and their dresses, their lipstick and their blush, and went back to being men— big, tall, strong men. But there was Ty as the summer ended, a pink and white summer dress clinging to his curves, a white straw hat and a matching purse dangling from his slender arm as was walked along the beach. "Why are we stuck like this?" he said. "Why?" "I don't know, sweetie," I said, putting an arm over his smooth, slender shoulders, comforting him. "But let's just make the best of it."

And we did.

END

Voices III: Charlie Bravo

Lt. Kyra Rodriguez saw the flashes coming from the valley, and called out "Hostiles at 1 o'clock."

"I see it," Captain Hal Fine answered in a calm, bemused voice. "Light 'em up." He pulled on the controls to the Apache attack helicopter to position it better for the gunner to send a barrage of anti-personnel missiles at the targets. It never ceased to amaze him how they would open fire with small arms at such a distance, doing little more than advertising their presence and inviting...

"Movement at 6 o'clock!" Rodriguez called, having scanned the perimeter as per protocols.

Gunner Jamal Purcell had lined up his sights on the area where the small arms fire had been coming from and was ready to launch, but the fire had stopped, and he could see the tiny figures of the rebels fleeing into spider holes.

“Get us out,” Lt. Candace White, the navigator, yelled. “Get us out!”

“Negative,” Captain Fine said, shocked to hear the word come out in a sweet little tea-kettle voice. He cleared his throat and repeated “negative.”

“They have an anti-aircraft weapon, sir.” Rodriguez said.

“I’ll take ‘em out,” Purcell shouted swinging the gun around, his own voice now tiny and flutelike.

“What the hell? This is not the time for games,” Candace said.

Fine coughed and said, “I don’t know what’s....”

They heard it. All of them. The distinctive pop and then steamy hiss as the anti-aircraft missile launched.

“Taking evasive action,” Fine said pulling back on the controls and causing the helicopter to shoot up and away from the incoming missile.

No one had time to worry about the men and their voices. They all turned instinctively to their assigned tasks, their years of training kicking in. Purcell swung the gun around and fired desperately in the direction of the missile, hoping against hope to knock it out of the sky, while Candace pulled up maps of the area and plotted an evasive course out of the valley and over the ridge and Rodriguez got onto the radio and said, “Apache 215. We are taking evasive action...”

The copter floor of the helicopter buckled, and black smoke poured into the cockpit as it lurched to the side and fell with stone line certainty. “Fire control...” Fine screeched in his new voice.

“We have been hit,” Rodriguez said. “We have been hit.”

“West- southwest ... there is a plateau in the mountains...” Candace said.

“I see it,” Fine said, pulling, straining against the controls, fighting to keep the copter from rolling and crashing. Sweat poured from his forehead as he pulled, watching the green and brown, jagged faces of the steep mountain walls racing toward them as the copter sank closer and closer to the ground, gaining speed, and they could smell plastic burning and melting, hear the shrieking as the metal began to tear apart, the entire machine struggling to stay in the air.

“We’re not going to make it,” Rodriguez said, seeing the plateau, looking so far away, sensing her own inevitable death, surprised and disappointed that it would end so soon.

““We’re gonna make it!” Fine said in his pretty little voice, sounding like a cheerleader. “Hang on everybody!”

Impossibly, they just managed to make it over one last ridge before the chopper seemed to rise against the laws of gravity and all expectations, and

Purcell said, “make it you bitch,” and everyone laughed because it sounded so ridiculous in his tiny little voice, and then the chopper almost seemed to gasp and then plunge the final ten feet, crashing on the one flat surface they’d seen within 15 miles.

The four of them sat there, stunned, still strapped into their seats, but the oily black smoke was rapidly filling the interior of the ship, and Candace began to feel the heat of the fire below them, so she unclipped her safety belts and lurched to her feet, finding Gunner and helping him to his feet and out of the chopper.

They tumbled to the ground, gasping as they sucked the clean air into their lungs, crawling away from the crippled ship on their bellies. Turning back, they saw a pack throw from the door, then another, and then Rodriguez threw herself out the door and rolled away from the ship.

“Yes!” Candace said.

“Captain?” Gunner said.

And then they heard it—or him. What sounded like a little girl inside the chopper shouting “Help me! Help!”

Gunner tried to stand, grabbed his leg and hissed. Rodriguez, her face covered in soot, was puking on her knees, so Candace climbed to her feet and rushed back to the chopper, ignoring the pain in her side, her knee. She climbed back in, her arm over her mouth, and followed the shouts to find the captain trapped in his chair.

“Thank God,” he said. “The belt’s stuck.”

Candace nodded, found a pair of steel cutters in the emergency supply kit, and cut the Captain free before helping him to his feet. The two of them made their way, arm in arm, out of the chopper, and soon they joined the others in the bright mountain sun, gasping and breathing.

As soon as he caught his breath, Captain Fine grabbed one of the packs Rodriguez had pulled from the chopper and said, “Let’s move, people. The Afghan rebels will be here in no time. We need to get clear.”

“Roger that,” Candace said, helping Gunner to his feet.

“Maybe you should leave me behind,” Gunner said.

“Bullshit. We’ll carry you if we have to.”

The others nodded, and Rodriguez grabbed the second pack, and they headed off into the mountains, determined to survive.

They moved, fast, took evasive action, and as soon as he felt they’d put enough distance between them and the chopper, Captain Fine identified a small cave—almost more of a hollow—where they’d be hard to spot, and as the sun set,

the exhausted crew gathered in the small space and collapsed on the ground, sighing.

The issue they'd all been ignoring finally had to be addressed. "So, what the hell's the deal with the Tinker Bell talk?" Rodriguez said in her usually blunt way.

"I don't know," Captain Fine said, grimacing at the sound of his voice. "It just suddenly... changed."

"Maybe some kind of gas?" Gunner said, rubbing his throat.

"Maybe the stress?" Candace.

Both men bristled. "Negative on that," Fine said.

"But..."

"No." He stared her in the eyes, and Candace nodded and said, "yes, sir." But he could see the defiance and doubt in her eyes, and he knew he would need to make sure she understood that he was in charge and undaunted by his... high-pitch vocal state.

"Make it, you bitch," Rodriguez said, putting on a nasally, little girl voice like the men now had, mimicking what Gunner had yelled right before they had made it, and they all laughed.

"Screw you!" Gunner squealed, punching her on the arm.

"Make it, you bitch!" Rodriguez repeated, everyone laughing again.

It was good, and it broke up the tension, and then Captain Fine said, "Candace. Take first watch. Rodriguez and Gunner, I need a full inventory of our supplies and a list of our immediate and short term needs."

"Yes, sir," they all said, forcing their aching bodies to move, and Captain Fine stood up and stretched. They were good soldiers, and he felt confident they would keep their heads together despite the danger, and despite... the change.

It was strange, of course, with the two men now having smaller, higher-pitched voices than the women. But they adjusted, and though Captain Fine was sure he could see some doubt in Candace' eyes, they were in survival mode, and everyone was going to follow orders as long as they knew their lives depended on it. They had no communication with the rest of the world, so he decided they need to just move at night, avoid all contact with locals, and make their way to an allied air base. They were making their way to Delta Five, a British base.

What if this is permanent? He wondered. What would happen to his career if he returned to head-quarters not only having lost his chopper, but with the voice of Tinker Bell? The thought scared him, and he pushed it away.

For the next several nights they made their way gradually toward the base, carefully picking their way along the craggy mountain trails, working by the light of the moon, which waned smaller every night. They had to move slowly, and quietly, and they had limited food and water, but they just kept moving, and days passed, and they survived.

Males and females in danger, living together in close proximity for an extended period of time tend to find their way into each other's arms, and Gunner and Rodriguez soon found themselves making out, and then sneaking off to have a little fun. Captain Fine ignored it, and when Candace surprised him by sidling up next to him one morning and putting her hand on his knee it took all of his power to move it away and say, "You're a gorgeous girl, Candace. But it's a very bad idea right now."

And right at that moment, he felt it. His body shrinking, getting thinner, his strength and power flowing out of him and into Candace, and he looked down at his slender wrists and delicate, graceful hands and chirped, "What the hell?"

"Sir? What?"

"I don't know," he said, slipping out of his coat to look down at himself, he hadn't grown any shorter, but his body had lost practically all the muscle.

Candace looked at him, shaking her head. It wasn't possible. One minute before he'd been his usual muscled self, and now—he had a long, slender arms like—a girl. And he had to reach down and grab his pants, keeping them from sliding down his slender frame, a long, lean body like a starving teen-age model. "You look—" Candace started to say 'like a girl', but remembering how sensitive he'd been about his voice she said, "like a—like you've been starving."

Fine stared at his tiny wrists, his slender forearms, and he fought back tears. "This can't be happening," he said in a tiny whisper. "It's not possible!"

"You, too?" Gunner said, making his way back to their camp, his own body also shrunk.

"Yeah," Fine said, shaking his head, seeing the changes in another he could only partially perceive in himself.

Candace shot a look at Rodriguez, and she made a small nod. "Maybe it was some kind of gas attack after all," Candace said.

"Something."

"Then why weren't you two affected?" Gunner asked.

On impulse, Fine reached down and grabbed the pack he'd been carrying for the past week, and he found he couldn't lift it at all. He braced himself, determined to use his legs to get extra pull, but his tiny arms just weren't strong enough, and he made little chirping noises as he strained to even drag it.

“Oh, hell no,” Gunner said, and he tried to lift the other pack and found himself just as helpless.

Fine finally gave up, and stood there, stunned, looking down at his hands, and he muttered, “I’m so weak.”

Candace walked over and effortlessly lifted the pack, slinging it onto her own shoulders. “Well, the good news, sir, is that I seem to have gotten a lot stronger.”

“Me, too,” Rodriguez said, lifting the other pack just as easily. The two women stood there, reveling in their newfound strength, and Fine and Gunner shifted to stand closer together, feeling small and weak and scared at how weak they’d become.

The team moved that night. Made their way as far as they could, and when Rodriguez and Gunner went off to look for some water, Candace came over to where Captain Fine was sitting, grabbed him by the shoulders and kissed him. He tried to push her away, but instead she pushed him onto his back, and pinned his arms above his head. She was smiling and said, “God, you’re so fucking sexy.” Captain Fine struggled helplessly for a minute and said, “This violates the code of...”

And Candace kissed him until his cheeks turned red, and he started to kiss her back, and he surrendered, because he felt so vulnerable, and so alone, and she was strong and she made him feel safe.

And so Gunner and Fine both found themselves clinging to their strong girlfriends, feeling like they needed them for protection, and the team moved and moved, barely able to think about or imagine what could possibly be causing all these changes, and whether this was for a short time or for life. And then, what seemed like just a few days later, Captain Fine woke and sat up, and his long blonde hair tumbled into his eyes and over his shoulders. “What the hell?” He squeaked, reaching up to pull it back.

Candace woke and squinted, seeing the Captain wearing what looked like a blonde wig. She giggled and said, “Where did you get that?”

“How the hell should I know?”

Gunner, meanwhile, was struggling with his own mass of red curls that tumbled down over his shoulders and halfway down his back. “This is nuts!”

Rodriguez reached out and touched his soft curls and smiled, “I like it,” she said at once. “It makes you sexy.”

Candace, too, felt a rush of surprise at how aroused it made her feel to see Captain Fine with thick, wavy blonde hair, and she shook her head and said, “I would say it’s impossible, but it somehow doesn’t.”

“What am I supposed to do with all...? This?” Captain Fine said, tossing it back over his shoulders.

“Let me help,” Candace said.

“What?”

“Sit still.”

She sat behind him and gathered strands of her boyfriend’s long, shimmering blonde hair in her hands and started to weave.

“What are you doing?”

“Braiding your hair, silly,” Candace said, smiling. “Unless you want it in your face all night?”

“Braiding, wait...” but then, Fine felt a sense of comfort at the thought. He realized he wanted pretty hair, and it would be fun to have braids!

Soon, Gunner and Fine were kneeling together, whispering in their soft voices. Rodriguez had tied Gunner’s hair back into a ponytail, while Captain Fine now had a very pretty French braid trailing down his back.

“Can you believe this?” He asked.

“It’s – no—I mean? But, gosh, your hair is pretty!” Gunner said.

Captain Fine smiled, both at the compliment as well as how feminine Gunner sounded, and it rung like a bell deep inside him, and he said, “I love your curls!”

Gunner reached up and patted his hair. “It’s.... um... pretty, right?”

“So pretty,” Fine said.

“It’s weird, but I kind of—like it?”

“Me, too,” Fine said, and impulsively the men hugged.

Candace and Rodriguez watched, and the two women looked at each other in shock, rolling their eyes at the sisterhood antics of their men. “It’s hard to believe they’re soldiers,” Candace said quietly.

“It’s hard to believe they’re men.”

The women chuckled, and then Candace said, “I think he’s so fucking hot like this.”

“They are both are.”

“Do you think that’s it?”

“Maybe. I guess I kind of hope so, because the next thing would be what—boobs?”

“Oh! Can you imagine those two with boobs! Oh my god!”

“I bet Gunny would have bigger ones than Fine.”

“No way! He’s a blonde!”

“What are you girls talking about?” Gunner called out in his soft little voice.

“Boobs,” Rodriguez answered, laughing.

“What?” Fine said.

“Don’t worry about it, babe,” Candace said, so the two men shrugged and went back to chatting, while the women watched and smiled.

Over the next few days, Gunny and Fine became obsessed with their hair, constantly chatting with the two women about hair care and playing with different styles, to the extent it was possible in the middle of the mountains. It became a surreal and familiar sight—Gunny and Fine sitting on the ground, borrowed brushes in their hands, brushing their hair, then working on each other’s hair—different kinds of braids and pig tails, pony tails and even tearing up one of their extra t-shirts and making them into kerchiefs they could tie over their heads.

“What has gotten into you two?” Candace said one day as the men sat, brushing each other’s hair and giggling.

“Noth—ing,” Gunny answered in a sweet little sing-song.

“Okay, keep your secrets!” She said, and they giggled in amusement.

She looked at Fine, running the brush through his long blonde hair, smiling, his arms so small and round, his cheeks flush from all the laughing. He was not the man he’d been—not at all—and she loved him now, more than she’d ever loved any man. “I am a repressed lesbian?” She wondered. Because the more than man looked like a girl, the more irresistible she found him.

And she felt so protective of him now. He was so small... so helpless... if the Taliban attacked and tried to hurt him? She imagined him screaming, running to her, throwing his arms around her, and she felt herself getting wet.

And they did get their boobs. While they slept. They woke up one morning with small little breasts—just Hershey’s kisses—but soft and bouncy and smooth—and both men flushed with shame and humiliation at the latest change.

Rodriguez and Candace could see additional changes the men weren’t even aware of yet—the slight rounding of their hips and rears, their legs getting softer. They looked like teen-age girls now, and they acted like them as well. It became a fun little game, trying to cop a feel—to get the men to let them play with their breasts. Both of the guys were not only ashamed of their breasts, but

confused and scared of all the new feelings that had come with them, with how sensitive they were, how good they felt... and it frightened them that the women now not only seemed obsessed with touching and squeezing and seeing and playing with their breasts but that, themselves, increasingly needed and wanted and loved how it felt, and the extra attention, and the power their boobs were giving them over their big, strong girlfriends.

After a week, their little breasts began to swell, each day getting a little bigger, a little heavier, until each of the men found himself begging his girlfriend to borrow one of her bras so he could keep his swaying, bouncing, pendulous breasts in place and his nipples from getting raw from rubbing against his t-shirt.

“My God,” Candace said one morning as Captain Fine sat crossed legged in just his bra and Jockey shorts, his arms over his head as he teased and brushed his long blonde hair. His full, d-cup breasts were lifted and squeezed together, and she said out loud what she realized looking at him, “you have better tits than me now.”

“Don’t be silly,” he chirped absent-mindedly, the running the brush through his flashing blonde locks.

“I am serious as well,” Candace. “You’ve got better tits than Kate Upton.”

He stopped brushing and looked at his girlfriend, biting his lip. “Really?” He said.

“Swear to God.”

And then Captain Fine giggled and said, “Thanks!” Before he went back to brushing his hair, smiling to himself, surprised that his girlfriend loved his breasts, and that he loved having them now. In fact, his fears about the future had largely vanished. What if the Army did kick him out? Who cared? He didn’t want to be a soldier anymore anyway. No. He knew Candace loved him and would take care of him, and that was enough.

At long last, the weary band made their way back to the base, and four tired soldiers were greeted by what looked like a bunch of very tall women and their daughters, all chirping prettily that their comrades had survived the crash and made it home. There were hugs and tears, and shock, as they got the news—men all over the world had changed, had become small and pretty and grown breasts, just like Fine and Gunny, and all the women had gotten bigger, stronger.

Showers and clean clothes were followed by a big meal and a bed, and when Captain Fine work and slipped into his new uniform—a women’s size extra small which was still too big for him everywhere but in the bust, he slipped out bashfully to face a world that was both utterly familiar and yet completely changed. He was.... Small. So small now. Like a child. And it seemed strange and a little intimidating to walk among the towering women. And the women were

not only stronger, but they were now more confident, more swaggering... and he soon got used to the glance: as he was walking along, a woman would look him in the eyes, and then her eyes would drop down to his breasts, his hips, and as they walked past they would turn their heads and check out his plump, round ass.

It always gave him a little thrill. He knew he was one of the prettiest guys on the whole base, and with breasts as big as his, he just had to get used to all the attention. It was kind of fun and funny and strange to see women as obsessed with breasts as men had always been, and he was glad that if guys had to have breasts, he had a rack as good as any.

The military offered discharge options to all of the men in combat roles; they'd become too small, too weak, too flighty to be safe or even useful as combatants, and Fine took his buyout gladly, eager to get into civilian life where he could wear prettier clothes. Candace decided to stay in, as there was a huge need for officers, and she had been rapidly promoted as the pretty little men either retired or were shifted into secretarial roles regardless of rank.

Life was exciting and fun that summer as Fine slipped into heels and dresses, sandals and skirts, learned to do his make-up and spent days at the beach with him and Candace wearing matching hot pink bikinis. They entered a wet-t-shirt contest, and Fine won, and they made love in the sand under the stars and the full moon, rocking in rhythm with the rolling waves of the ocean, Fine on his back, digging his fingernails into Candace's back as she rode him and brought him to climax, shrieking in his little soprano voice sounding just like a woman.

And then it ended. He gradually turned back into himself, and found himself a man again, and Candace lost interest, and she transferred to the West Coast, while he found himself a civilian, alone and confused about who he was now, and what he wanted. Because though he had gotten his strength back, and his height, and his voice, he realized he'd been happier when he'd been small and pretty, and he missed his breasts, and he had loved wearing dresses and heels and doing his make-up and brushing his hair, and oh more than anything else he missed being held in Candace's arms, and feeling small and weak and safe and protected all at the same time.