



“Sssshh,” Trent whispered, terrified other kids would recognize him. “I’m trying to stay incognito.”

“Trent wants everyone to think he’s a girl these days,” Sandy said, her voice oozing with sarcasm. “He likes to be called Tabitha.”

“Oh. I’m so sorry, Tabitha,” Wendy said, smirking. “Wow,” she said, her eyes dropping and resting on Trent’s impressive cleavage, his breasts threatening to burst right out of his tiny little denim vest. As Wendy stared at his breasts, Trent felt like he just wanted to melt into the floor and disappear. Not only was his former girlfriend looking at his breasts, but his bra was clearly visible as well. “You’ve got incredible knockers. Cute bra, too.”

The food court at the mall was not overly crowded that day, but there were a few dozen people around, including a group of kids from their school, over in one corner. The court smelled good, with a mixture of oil from the deep fryers, tangy spices from the Chinese restaurant and the sticky gooey cinnamon sugar deliciousness of the Cinnaminbomb place, that made the best cinnamon rolls. Muted chatter and mall music filled the air, but if Wendy talked even a little loud, the other kids might realize that Trent was there wearing a mini-skirt and high heels, carrying a purse.

“Please don’t tell anyone about this,” Trent said. “It’s all- I lost a bet. I didn’t want to do this, but Sandy made me.”

“I won’t tell anyone anything,” Wendy said, still staring at his chest. “What was the bet, anyway?”

“He bet me he could beat me at tennis,” Sandy said, playing with Trent’s long, golden hair. “He thought he was such a big, strong man, but then, well, it turned he can’t even beat a girl at sports, so I decided he should dress up as one.”

“Tennis? That day at the court when his jugs popped out?” Wendy said. She actually knew the whole story, but she and Sandy had planned all of this. It was time for them to progress to the next step. “You got beat by a girl?” She said. “I can’t believe I used to date you.” Her eyes had not left his chest.

“Hey,” Trent said, annoyed. “I’d been sick. It was a bad day, and besides that I—I---” He was about to say something about how his boobs had distracted him, but he really didn’t want to talk about his new puppies with his ex-girlfriend, which he was also becoming extremely annoyed that she was talking to his boobs and not even looking at him.

“It’s okay,” Wendy said. “I’m just busting your balls a little. Just kidding around. I mean, anyway, look at you. You’re like a porcelain doll. My God, you shouldn’t be playing sports. You should be a model.”

“Right?” Sandy jumped in. “That’s what I keep telling him.”

In fact, Trent’s therapist had been dropping the subliminal suggestion into his mind for some time that he wanted to be a model—for girl’s clothes, but he was still fighting it, so the suggestion he pursue modelling was like the girls had somehow sensed what to him was his secret shame. “Yeah, whatever,” he said. “You guys are so full of it.”

“Actually, they aren’t,” a deep, silky male voice said. The man who spoke the words stepped into view and handed Trent a card. “I’m Gregory Daltanian. Talent scout. You’re just the girl I’ve been looking for.” He made a frame with his hands and framed Trent’s face. “You’re the perfect All-American girl.”

Trent giggled, feeling ridiculous and wondering if this was all a joke. "I'm not a model," he said, not willing to explain he wasn't even a girl, though he was American at least. "I've never done any modelling."

"Great. You won't have any bad habits to break. I run a modelling school, and we have an intensive summer camp coming up. I want you there. You know you want this. It's every girl's dream. Say yes." Trent found himself blushing and giggling again, tossing his hair. Gregory had charisma to spare, and there was an intensity in his voice and eyes that made Trent feel like the man was looking right into his soul.

"Gosh," he said, twisting his bracelet around his wrist, "I'm flattered but..." He was intending, actually, to go to tennis camp this summer, but before he could think up an excuse that might give away his identity. Sandy nodded. Wendy cut in on the conversation.

"Wrestle you for it," Wendy said, putting her elbow on the table.

"What?"

"Arm wrestle you." Wendy explained, then smirked. "If I win, you go to modelling school. That is, unless you're scared you might lose to a girl. I mean, another girl."

Trent knew he'd lost a lot of strength. His sister had worn him out in tennis. That's why he was sitting here now in a skirt, but Wendy? He'd easily overpowered her during their makeup sessions. Even with his having lost some strength, he would be able to beat her, right? After her "you got beat by a girl" comments he wanted badly to put her in her place. He put his elbow on the table. The two of them gripped each other's hands. Sandy put her hands on top of theirs. "3...2...1... Go!"

Slam! In a blur, Trent found his hand pinned to the table while Sandy burst out laughing. Wendy's superior smirk grew even bigger. "Were you even trying?" She asked. "That was too easy."

"My sister is a girly girl," Sandy sang.

Trent, indeed, had been trying, and he was shocked at how easily Wendy had beaten him. Wendy was not a big, athletic girl, and her easy win left him wondering if he was, in fact, weaker than most of the girls his age. Dr. Webster had already planted feminine anxiety into Trent's mind. He felt anxious every time he left the house alone, worrying constantly that he might get attacked, but his fears had been focused mostly on the threat posed by boys. Now that he realized most girls could beat him up if they wanted to, his grew even more worried. At least for now he didn't have to worry; Sandy was there with him, and Dr. Webster had programmed him to feel safe when his sister was around.

“I’ll get you signed up for Camp Catwalk,” Gregory said. “Welcome to the world of modelling, young lady.”

Trent forced a smile. “Lucky me.”



Chapter Two

“You’ll love modelling school,” Dr. Webster said to the deeply hypnotized Trent. “You don’t have to feel afraid there because the girls are all just as skinny as you.”

“That—sounds good,” Trent whispered. “I’m scared of boys and strong girls.”

“As soon as you get there, you’ll want to identify the Queen Bee. You’ll imprint on her and begin to talk, walk and act like her. She’ll be your hero and role model.”

“Um, I don’t, er—”

“Tabitha,” Dr. Webster said in a stern voice. “You know I’m right.”

“Y-yes. Yes, doctor.”

“You’ll want to be one of the girls, make friends. There’s nothing more important than being one of the popular girls.”

“Yes.”

When Dr. Webster brought Trent out of his trance, he sat up, blinking, tossed his long hair back, while slipping a thumb under his collar and adjusting his bra strap. Once he’d put on his first bra, he’d gotten hooked—no pun intended. He needed the support.

“Did it go well?” He asked. He could never remember what they talked about.

“Very well. You did good. Your hair is so glossy and full of body, and that’s a gorgeous blonde shade. It’s perfect for your complexion.”

“Thanks,” Trent said with a giggle. “Can you believe I actually thought about getting it cut off? I mean, talk about an airhead!”

“You always were a blonde, Tabitha,” Dr. Webster said, testing him.

Trent frowned. “My name isn’t really Tabitha. Maybe in our sessions...”

“It’s better to use your girl name at all times, so you don’t mess up. If people find out your really a boy...”

Trent’s eyes lit up with fear at the suggestion, and he instinctively clutched the pepper spray she’d given him and which now dangled from his key chain. He was terrified people would realize he was a boy. He just knew they would make fun of him— or worse.

It was the first day of modelling school, and Trent didn't have a single thing to wear. He couldn't wear the denim mini-skirt outfit again, but he couldn't wear his boy clothes, either. He really wanted to fit in, be popular. Trent poked his head out his bedroom door and listened. He could hear his sister talking to his mother downstairs, and he crept down the hall to his sister's room. Once inside, he tip toed to the dresser, pulling open the drawer and finding his sister's bras and panties. He grabbed a lacy white bra and a lacy pair of panties—he never even knew his sister owned anything like that—but the sight of that pretty lace made him ache with desire, and he knew he had to wear them. Then, he went to her closet. Sandy had been getting more and more tomboyish as she'd gotten older, but she still had some dresses and skirts. Trent swallowed as he looked at the dresses; they were so pretty. He desperately wanted to know how he'd look in one, but there was still some of him left to fight. Instead, he borrowed a pair of flair bottom slacks and a blouse, then crept out of her room, his arms filled with pretty, cute clothes.

Polished brass frame and black glass, the door to Gregory Daltanian Agency looked intimidating, and Trent lingered outside checking his hair, tugging on his sister's clothes. He had a much more dramatic set of curves than her, and the clothes were too tight across his chest and booty. He needed to look perfect. This was modelling school. As he fidgeted, a silver Porsche pulled into the parking lot, and SHE got out, the breeze tossing her long black hair. Tall, with high cheekbones and a haughty feminize confidence, she walked—more like floated across the parking lot, seemingly oblivious to all around her. *Omigod*, Trent thought, taking in her outfit, jewelry, makeup. *She's everything I need to be.*

Instantly, he had his first girl to girl crush as he imprinted on her exactly as he'd been instructed to do. Then, he started to freak out as The Girl started to walk toward him, then looked at him and took off her sunglasses. "You must be the new girl," she said in the affected, Mid-Atlantic accent that had become so popular on TikTok.

Trent giggled and blushed. "Um, yes?"

The Girl looked him over. "I'm Regan," she said. "You may follow me."

"Thanks," Trent said, feeling like this was the happiest day of his whole life.

"Say thank you," Regan said. "We are not ordinary girls. We are *teen models*."

Click. Click. Click. Sandy smirked as she watched Trent walking across the living room in his high heels. He wore leggings and an off-the shoulder top that showed off one of his tan little shoulders as well as his bra strap. "I can't believe my little brother is better in heels than I am," Sandy said.



“Thank you ever so much,” Trent said, taking her snark as a compliment. He now spoke in the same Mid-Atlantic accent as Regan and the other girls at modelling school.

“Regan says I’m coming along, but I’m not there yet. I do hope I can master heels before our fashion show.”

Regan says. Regan says. Trent never stopped talking about Regan. When diner time came, Trent sat and nibbled on his salad. Sandy dug into a steak. “My God,” she said, never able to resist teasing Trent. “You eat like a rabbit, little sis.”

“I’m a *teen model*,” Trent responded, putting extra emphasis on *teen model*. “I have to be skinny.”

Trent skipped rope, his big breasts bouncing. Sandy, doing curls with a barbell, couldn’t help but smile. When she and her mother had started all this, she never could

have imagined how well it would turn out. There he was with his curvy figure, big, bouncy

boobs, blonde hair. He'd been completely defeated. He wore a pair of tiny, skin tight short shorts and a high-impact sports bra with a floral print, but it wasn't enough to keep his honkers from bouncing.

Sandy, meanwhile, wore a black vest that read Hardbody. She'd also stolen one of Trent's



old hats. It read "Dude." She didn't figure he had much use for it anymore, and she was more of a guy than him, anyway. Then, unlike him with his skintight little shorts, she wore baggy board shorts. "Maybe you should lift some weights?" She called out to Trent, just to bait him. "Put some muscle on those pipe stems."

"Me? Lift weights?" Trent said. "I lift tiny weights but just for tone. It's quite important for me to have small, pretty arms. I am a *teen model*, after all."

Sandy loved it. He had embraced a feminine mindset. He wanted to be skinny, small, vulnerable. She'd never even really understood why other girls would want to be weak, and it was so great they'd made her brother crave weakness.



“Check this out,” Sandy said, putting down her weights, flexing, showing off her bulging bicep. She’d been lifting, eating lots of protein, getting stronger, bigger, even while her brother had been going the opposite direction.

“You are so muscular,” Trent said, putting a hand to his chest. “I bet you could even beat up a boy.”

“You bet I could.”

After they both got done working out, it was time for Trent to make a video for TockyTics. All the girls at the modelling school were required to be on social media to work on building up a fan base. Trent was flouncing around in a dress, all smiles and giggles. Sandy, who'd volunteered to be his cameraman and director, recorded it. "More girly," she said. "More sexy."

Trent did as he was told.

Trent took down his framed poster of Novak Starlinski, the top male tennis player in the world. "Sorry, Novak," he said, looking at the man's square jaw and stubbled cheeks. "I'm just not feeling it anymore." Setting aside his old hero, he raised a new one: Regan. It was from a cover shoot she'd done for Teen Vogue. She was so amazing, and Trent dreamt that he, too, would one day make the cover of Teen Vogue. What girl didn't?

Trent had come to spend a large amount of his free time laying out by the pool. He loved tanning. Seeing her brother lounging by the pool, Sandy came up with a plan. One day, he had drifted off to sleep. He slowly came to as he heard female voices—That's your brother? No way. He looks like us. I'm jealous.

What was going on? Still blurry, Trent sat up and opened his eyes, then screamed. A bunch of girls from school were there, including Wendy and a couple others he'd once dated, and they clearly knew exactly who he was. It was his greatest fear. He got up, adjusted the straps of his bikini and rushed toward the house.

"He's wearing a thong? I made out with him, but he didn't have tits like back then."

Sandy and one of her friends stepped in front of Trent, blocking his escape. "Where are you running off to?" Sandy said.

"I'm—I can't—look at me?"

"You look pretty," Sandy said. "Doesn't he girls?"

The girls all agreed, complimenting him on how pretty he looked. Trent couldn't help himself. He struck a pose and did a beauty queen wave.

"Look," Sandy said, putting a hand on the small of Trent's back and guiding him back toward the pool. "Stay. We're having a party, and you can be our waitress."

"Waitress?" Trent said.

"Everyone," Sandy called out. "This is my brother. He likes to be called Tabitha now. He'll be your waitress. You need anything, just let Tabitha know. Okay, be a doll and fetch us some drinks."



On orders from Sandy, the girls had all worn black bathing suits. Sandy herself wore a black one piece like a scuba diver might wear. Their dark clothes made Trent feel even more self-conscious in his pink swimsuit.

The girls teased and made fun of Trent as he clicked around in his stilettos and bikini, carrying trays of drinks around. They started asking him to braid their hair, give them makeup tips. He was, far and away, the most feminine girl there, and it was hilarious to all the girls from school that a boy had been brought down to this, mincing around in a thong bikini, his boobs bouncing with every step. He patiently sat and braided when asked, and since he'd spent hours learning how to do hair, he had no problem with halo braids, French Braids, Dutch braids. He could do every kind of braid, and since he'd been doing makeup

tutorials for his TockyTics channel, he loved giving the girls tips. Yes, whatever was left of the boy in him felt humiliated that he'd been reduced from being a guy girls wanted to kiss, to being the girl girls wanted to braid their hair, but there was one advantage.

As he served drinks, braided hair, allowed himself to be teased, he had took the opportunity. "Make sure to follow me on social media," he said to each of the girls as he delivered her drinks. He smiled his brightest, prettiest smile, the one he'd spent hours practicing. "I'm a *teen model*."

The End

Unused Pics

A version of the arm wrestling pic. Too grainy, so I reshot it.





This was the original practicing in heels shot, but I later decided I wanted to put him in another outfit since the bikini was used for the pool scene.



An alternate workout scene.