

Boys Trapped in

GIRLWORLD



BOYS TRAPPED IN GIRLWORLD

By

T.G. COOPER

Copyright © 2019

<https://genderfluidnews.com/>

INTRODUCTION

One of my favorite types of stories is the mass-transformation story. I have explored it in other ways and in other books, most especially in the Masculinity 2021 series.

And so, I return to that genre within a genre here with Boys Trapped in GirlWorld, where all of the men have been feminized, history rewritten, and the girls have taken over.

It's a new world, an alternate universe from all the others, but so much like our own!

I hope you enjoy!

LEGAL NOTES

This story is a work of fiction. None of these characters are based on real people. Seriously, folks. Isn't it obvious?

CHAPTER 1.

“Bronny!”

“Bronny!”

The two boys looked each other up and down, checking out their outfits, struggling against a confusing impulse to fist bump and hugged instead, pressing their soft bodies together, enveloped in their mingling perfumes.

“You look— amazing?” Brene said, glancing down at the way Kathy’s white blouse strained against his chest. His breasts seemed to have swollen at least two cup sizes. “Wow! Did you get? Um, I mean— you really blossomed!”

“Omigod,” Kathy said, tossing his hair, stepping out of the hug and throwing his shoulders back, thrusting his proud breasts out. “I know, right? It’s like everything I ate all summer went right to my boobs.”

Brene shrugged and said, “I’m so jealous.”

“Don’t be,” Kathy said. “I get the worst backaches. I can’t even tell you.”

Just then, two girls from the football team walked by, both of them letting their eyes drop right to Kathy’s

breasts. The leered. "Hey, boys," Brett said as she walked past. "Looking good."

"Fine ass little bitches," Paul added.

Kathy and Brene giggled, dropping their eyes bashfully, but as soon as the girls passed the stepped closer together and watched the two tall, athletic girls swaggering down the hall. "She's such a stud," Brene said, twisting a strand of his golden hair around his fingers.

Kathy felt his cheeks flushing as he looked at the girls, his mouth dropping open, but then, a buzzing, a small pain in his temples. "Bitches?" He said. "Is it. I mean, I don't like being called a bitch."

"She can call me whatever she wants," Brene said, his voice hoarse. "I just want her to kiss me so bad!"

Kathy shook his head, rubbed his temples. The buzzing seemed to clear, and he smiled, thinking about Brett taking him in her arms, cupping his chin, leaning down to kiss him as Kathy pressed his breasts against her body, squeezed her strong shoulders... "Come on," he said, flushing, "We'll be late to class."

The two boys hurried off, their patent leather shoes clicking against the school's tiled floors, just making it to the classroom before the bell rang. The class was all boys in their school uniforms- pleated skirts and crisp white blouses, white knees socks. Mrs. Hart stood got up from his desk, hooking his long, bleach blonde hair behind his ear, smiling, his earrings sparkling in his little ears. He was super pretty, and his husband was so handsome, all the boys admired him and wanted to be like him.

"Welcome back from summer, boys!" He chirped in a pretty little tinker bell voice. "So nice to see so many bright, pretty faces! Hi!"

"Hi, Mrs. Hart!" The boys sang back in their soft little voices.

Mrs. Hart had a great figure, and he always wore tight dresses that hugged all his curves. Rumors were always circulating that he was sleeping with Mr. Brown, but Kathy didn't think so. Mrs. Hart was a good boy. Kathy could tell which boys were sluts.

"We have a new boy joining our class this year, and I would like all of you to give him a nice, warm welcome. Ginger? Stand please."

Kathy looked back and saw a boy with curly red hair and a dusting of pretty freckles across his pale face. He stood, nervously smoothing his skirt, smiling, a kind of embarrassed hopefulness in his big green eyes. Kathy looked the boy over— little Hershey Kisses breasts, skinny legs, practically no hips— he wouldn't be much of a threat, so Kathy smiled and clapped, glad the new boy was only cute and not really pretty. He looked like he was 12, not like a senior at all. Kathy glanced at Brene, and they shared a smug look of satisfaction and relief.

The welcomes and welcome backs done, they got their smart pads out and got to work. Math for Boys. Kathy wondered why they couldn't do the same math the girls did. He knew, of course, that boys just weren't good at math, and it was boring and all that, but he just wondered. He wanted to try it sometimes. In fact, as he worked the household budget questions on his smart pad, all basic adding and subtracting, occasional division, he felt kind of sure he was good at math, but that couldn't be right. He wasn't at all girlish, and the thought someone might think he was kind of scared him.

Everyone knew boys who acted like girls would never find a husband.

Kathy looked around the classroom— pink and white, Mrs. Hart had hung posters around the room showing boys in scenes of domestic bliss: baking cookies, mopping floors, holding babies, cradled in the arms of their loving husbands. Why are they always wearing pearls? He wondered, idly playing with the heart-shaped locket he wore around his long, slender neck. He looked at the picture of the couple. The boy was pretty, and his make-up was perfect— wet red lips, long, thick lashes. Perfect skin. The girl looked so rugged, rough flannel shirt, five O'clock shadow. She stared down at her pretty little wife with hard, hungry eyes, and Kathy found himself imagining he was her, so strong, so confident, a pretty little boy in Kathy's strong arms—

No!

Kathy pushed the image from his mind. It was so wrong. He had to stop wondering what it would be like to be a girl. He reached into his backpack and pulled out his compact, flipping it open, looking at his heart shaped face, his wide, innocent eyes, plush lips painted a bubble gum pink, a little blush in his cheeks.

I love being pretty, he chanted to himself. I love being small and soft. I love being a boy! I love being a boy!

“Kathy?” Mrs. Hart called.

“Yes, Mrs. Hart?”

“Are you done with your work?”

“Oh, yes,” Kathy said, but he noticed the other boys still working, brows furrowed with concentration, and he felt embarrassed. He couldn’t have the other boys thinking he was good at math! “I mean, no. The math was soooo hard and all. I think I just needed a break?”

The other boys giggled knowingly.

“I don’t see why I need to learn math at all!” Fiona said, stomping his little feet. “My husband can do it for me!”

“Right?” One of the other boys said.

“It gives me a headache!” Brene said, tossing his hair dramatically.

The boys all giggled, nodding in agreement.

“Boys... boys... boys...” Mrs. Hart said. “Your husbands are going to busy at their jobs, and when they come home from work, they want to relax. They don’t want to have to worry about silly things like

grocery budgets! You all want to be good little helpmates to your husbands, right?"

The boys murmured agreement.

Kathy felt that buzzing pain again, a spike of anger. Why couldn't he be the one to get a job and let his husband stay home and clean toilets all day?

"So, I know it's hard, but you just have to learn a little math so you can be a good wife!"

The boys all nodded and went back to work, eager to make themselves worthy of a good husband. Kathy started to put his compact away.

"Of course," Mrs. Hart added, "we also have to make sure we make ourselves pretty and pleasing to our women, so go ahead, Kathy. Powder your nose. It's important to look presentable. And, Miss Verlane, you do look quite fetching!"

Kathy smiled. "Thanks," he said, with what he hoped was appropriate boyish modesty. And then he powdered his nose, pushing away the confusing thoughts that had invaded his brain. Him? Get a job and go to work? How silly. As pretty as he was, he would just find a good woman to take care of him, and besides, everyone knew girls were smarter than boys.

CHAPTER 2

At lunch, he and Brene invited the new boy, Ginger, to sit with them and their friends. He was so excited. Kathy wondered if he would ever realize they wanted him to be their friend because he wasn't very pretty, and they would look all the cuter with him around, but whatever. Brett and the girls from the football team sat at a table across from theirs, and Kathy noticed that Brett kept looking at him. He felt himself blushing, meeting Brett's gaze, holding it as long as he could, but always looking away, bashful, excited but shy. He'd been crushing on Brett since middle school, but Brett had never asked him out, and now? Well, his dad had been right. The implants had really made a difference. He just felt more confident now that he had D cups, and he was getting more attention from the girls than ever. The backaches would be worth it if he helped him get Brett. He didn't want to spend his senior year without a girlfriend—scratch that. He wanted the best girl, and Brett was the smartest, strongest and most athletic girl in the whole school.

Kathy had dated different girls all through high-school, gone steady twice, but— well, something was always missing. He was pretty, he knew, and lots of girls were always hitting on him, but as much as he loved kissing and cuddling, he'd always felt— some kind of lack. Like, well, it just wasn't ever quite right.

Brett would fix all that. He was sure of that. He just needed her, the perfect girl, and he was sure he would feel the way other boys felt when they were with their girlfriends. He glanced back at Brett, and she met his eyes. His heart fluttered and he smiled, tossing his hair. Brett's eyes dropped to the swelling of Kathy's breasts, and he pushed his shoulders back and turned toward Brene, pretending to listen to whatever he was chattering about, just letting Brett drink it all in. Kathy's dad had given him a lot of advice this summer about how to lure a girl in, and he, finally, had decided to listen.

The bell rang. Brene got up. "Later, bitches," he said.

The girls all giggled.

As he started to take his tray to the kitchen, Brene leaned down and whispered, "Brett wants to fuck you," in Kathy's ear.

Kathy giggled and shook his head. He got up, smoothed his skirt, and glanced back over his shoulder to see Brett staring at his ass. It sent a chill though Kathy's whole body, and as he walked away, he put a little extra wiggle in his hips. *This is what I want*, he said to himself. *It is. I just want to be a normal boy!*

Kathy and the rest of the cheerleading squad gathered after school in their short shorts and tank tops. Kathy looked at his slender little arms, round shoulders. It was important for a boy to have small, pretty arms. He lifted his arms and looked at his smoothly shaved armpits. He worried constantly about having someone see stubble under his arms, but they were smooth and soft, just like they were supposed to be. He felt the weight of his new breasts shifting in his sports bra, felt the weight of them pressing against his ribs, looked down to see how they swelled so fetchingly against his tank top. It felt good. It felt right. He wanted and needed them to feel— complete? To feel like the boy he was supposed to be. Anyway, lots of boys were getting them these days, ever since Sam Gomez had forced

Justine to get them, it had become a thing, lots of boys posting pictures to Instagram, bragging about their boob jobs.

“Okay, boys,” Mrs. Grant, the cheerleading coach called out. “Let’s run through our cheers, and then we’ll work on some new routines!”

The boys got into formation, and then Brene, the head cheerleader, clapped and called out, “Ready, okay!” Bright smiles spread across the boys’ faces as they clapped and pranced. “Go, go, Tigers score so fast, leave the other team on their... we can’t say that, you know what? If they fall down, then kick ‘em in the.... buuuuut that wouldn’t be nice, so we’ll say, love our Tigers or go awaaaaaay!”

The cheer finished, the boys hopped up and down, clapping, their ponytails bouncing. Kathy smiled and clapped his eyes drifting across the football field to where the girls ran plays, grunting, shouting, the “pop” of their shoulder pads slamming together echoing across the field. Kathy sighed. Football looked like such fun.

He focused his attention back to the cheerleaders, prancing, breasts bouncing as he smiled and clapped, then threw a hip out to the side and sang out, “Tigers,

Tigers you're so good, scored more points like we knew you would!"

CHAPTER 3

“Cheerleading is not a sport,” Nick, Kathy’s annoying little sister said, sitting at the kitchen table, eating a bowl of cereal.

“It is so,” Kathy said, fishing a container of fat free yogurt from the fridge.

“Dancing around in a little skirt isn’t a sport.”

“Oh, then what is it?” Kathy said, rolling his eyes.

“Dancing,” Nick said, wiping her mouth with the back of her arm.

“Ugh!” Kathy said. “You are such a jerk sometimes!”

Just then, he heard the baby start to cry upstairs, and he groaned.

“Kathy?” Their dad called from somewhere.

“Check on your little brother!”

“Why do I have to do it?” Kathy called.

“Kathy?” Dad said, his voice growing stern.

“Haha,” Nick said, picking up her bowl and slurping the milk.

Kathy huffed and stomped out of the kitchen. Dad was in the living room, on his tippy toes, dusting the

mantel with a feather duster. “Go and check...” he started to say.

“I am!” Kathy shrieked. He stomped upstairs and found his little brother in his crib, crying in his pink onesie. Kathy frowned down at the little creature, waving his little arms, his face all scrunched up. “Please don’t need to be changed.” He slipped a hand under the baby’s butt and felt the poopy mush, groaning. “Of course. Great. Come on.”

He picked up the crying baby and put him on the changing table. He always got stuck changing diapers and babysitting just because he was a boy, and it was SO UNFAIR! As he changed the baby, he held his breath, grossed out by the smell and sight of the baby pooh, then cleaned up Tina and put a fresh diaper on him. The buzzing pain returned. Kathy knew he was supposed to love babies, but he just—didn’t. They were gross and annoying, and all they did was cry and poop. Tina had quieted down as he was changed, but as soon as Kathy put the little beast back into his crib he started crying again, and Kathy sighed. He wanted to go downstairs and watch Sam the Teenage Witch, but he picked up the baby and cradled him, bouncing him. “There, there,” he said,

because that's what he thought he was supposed to do. "There, there."

"Kathy!" Dad called, his voice shrill. "Your mother will be home soon, and the house is a mess!"

"I'm doing it!" Kathy shrieked back.

Tina cried louder, and Kathy resisted the urge to scream at him. "What's wrong?" He asked. Tina started tugging at Kathy's shirt, grabbing at his breast. "Oh!" Kathy said, embarrassed. "Okay. Okay." He carried the baby down to the kitchen and got a bottle, sitting down with the baby in his lap, giving him the bottle.

"Is feeding babies a sport, too?" Nick asked.

"Shut up!" Kathy said, feeling strangely humiliated, not knowing why, even.

After dinner, Kathy went up to his room. He cleaned off his makeup, put on a facial, used a pumice stone to soften his feet and then rubbed lotion over his body before slipping into his silk nightie. He had gorgeous skin and these days he did everything he could to keep it soft and glowing. It was all part of his senior year resolutions. He got out his homework— romantic poetry, art appreciation, and

home economics, and then, he went to his computer and put the football game on, the sound down low. Boys weren't supposed to like football, but Kathy loved it and not because of all the cute girls in their tight pants. He liked the— violence.

He didn't know why, and so as he read Willa Shakespeare's love sonnets, making notations, he glanced up at the football game, eyes sparkling with joy as he indulged in his little secret, imagining what it would be like to be a tall, strong girl, crashing into someone, knocking them over.

He watched through halftime, but once it was 10 o'clock he turned off the computer, stretched, yawned and curled on his side, hugging a body pillow to his chest, slipping it between his legs. He used to sleep on his stomach back when he'd been a little boy, but it hadn't gotten uncomfortable as he'd gotten his boobs and now, of course, with his D cups, it was impossible.

He dreamt he was a girl, playing football, seeing the world through the orange bars of the face mark on his helmet. He was the quarterback, and the team huddled up around him as he looked over at the

coach, who signaled in the play. Kathy got the play, nodded, and looked into the eyes of his team mates, realizing with a jolt they were all boys he knew— Brene, Fiona,— but they looked like girls now, with stubbled faces, narrow eyes. They were all girls now, he realized, and it pleased him for some reason, it felt— right. “Utah 53 Right,” he said, surprised at the deep, resonant sound of his voice. “On three.” The boys all shouted “break” and jogged to the line of scrimmage.

Kathy barely resisted the urge to giggle. It was— so perfect, so fun. The boys across the line— tall and strong, got into their positions, glaring angrily at him, and he smirked because the defense had lined up stacked to the left, and he knew his guys were in the perfect play. “Hut!” He shouted, his breath steaming in the cool fall night. “Hut!” He could hear the cheerleaders chanting off to the side and, glancing over, he felt a thrill to see the cheerleaders were girls, now with the soft curvy little bodies of boys, wearing skirts and sweaters, smiling and dancing. He loved seeing them like that— all those girls who were so full of themselves, and now they had to wear skirts and worry about being pretty.

“HUT!” The center snapped the ball into Kathy’s hands. He felt the rough, nubby leather against his calloused hands, pulled back and ran to the right, the fullback leading, crashing into one of the boys from the other team, knocking him off his feet. Kathy accelerated through the hole, a single safety running up, the only person between him and the end zone, and Kathy faked pitching the ball to Brene, the safety biting on the fake, stepping toward Brene, and Kathy went to high gear, exploding down field, feeling the night air against his face, feeling like a stallion, racing down field and diving over the goal line, the canon firing as he scored, rolling to his feet and spiking the ball into the turf while the other boys ran up, fist bumping and high-fiving, celebrating the score. Looking over toward the sidelines, he saw Brett, a petite little blonde cheerleader, kicking and squaring and then— Kathy’s mouth dropped open. Was that his sister Nick, pompons at her hips as she dropped into a perfect split, a big, pretty smile on her face? Nick? A cheerleader? It sent a shiver of triumph through Kathy’ body, and he pumped his fist in the air as he ran back to the sidelines, feeling like— like a man?

The dream seemed to blur, the world tilted, and then the game was over, and Brett was there, staring up at Kathy, looking sweet and pretty and just like a boy, his face made up, wet red lipstick, mascara, and she looked so hot in her little cheerleader outfit. The sight of a girl — reduced to that made Kathy feel good, and she threw her arms around Belle, lifting her off her feet, and crushing his slender little body with a mighty hug. Belle squealed, and Kathy kissed her, squeezing her to him, then throwing her over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes, swaggering away while Belle giggled.

Another blur, and Kathy found himself standing in the bathroom staring at himself in the mirror, filled with horror as he examined his budding breasts, shaking his head— NO. It wasn't right. Boys didn't have breasts. Why was he growing breasts? But even as the thought consumed him in his dream it fought with another thought, one that told him boys were supposed to have breasts, that it was normal, they needed them to nurse babies after all...

An assembly at school. The principal announcing the new uniform policy— boys would now be wearing skirts and blouses. The boys protested— their

squeaky little voices raised in fury, as much as it embarrassed them to even speak since their voices had started cracking and getting softer...

Nicole snapping his bra strap and laughing when he shrieked “stop it!” at her.

“You sound like a munchkin!” Nicole laughed in her deeper voice, and Kenny had made a fist, but then Nicole had stepped right up to him. He had to look up at her now; she’d grown taller as he’d seemed to shrink. “What are you gonna do?” She taunted.

Kathy just turned away, his long hair flying, and ran to his room. She’d wrestled him to the ground twice, proving she was stronger now, and he was a little afraid of her.

He and Brian— no, Brene— crying as they sat painting their toenails. “How did this happen?” Brene said. “How did we let them do this to us?”

Kathy woke, head hurting, images from his dreams swirling around in his head, his temples pounding. He brushed his bangs from his eyes and sat up, surprised at the weight pressing against his chest, the way his chest swayed, and looking down he saw— breasts? Why? How? And why was he

wearing a silk nightgown? He felt himself panic, staring at his hands— taloned with long fingernails painted hot pink. What the hell happened to me? He pushed his covers off and swung his long, rounded legs out of bed, getting to his feet, wobbling, his body feeling wrong, everything feeling wrong, the weight of his breasts tugging at his collar bone. He walked toward his bathroom unsteadily— his legs felt too long, his hips too wide, and his breasts bounced and swayed with every step, his nipples rubbing against the smooth, cool silk of his nightie, getting hard, sending shock waves of shameful pleasure through his body. As he stepped into the bathroom he reached over and flipped on the light, stifling a tiny scream as he saw himself in the mirror, but it wasn't him— what he saw was a beautiful girl, her mouth hanging open, eyes wide— a pretty face perched on top of a body like a Maxim girl. Kathy covered his mouth with his soft little hands, holding back the urge to scream, staring in wide-eyed horror at those long, pink nails, feeling his breasts squeezing between his arms, like big. Soft cushions, the slender straps of the nightie he wore showing off his tan, rounded little

shoulders, strands of his long blonde hair tickling his shoulders.

He stared, shaking his head— no... no... no... it wasn't possible. This? He could NOT be this pretty little thing he saw in the mirror. It couldn't be true. He started to hyperventilate, his breasts heaving. Kathy turned away from the mirror and went back into his room, keeping his arms wrapped around his breasts so they wouldn't jiggle so much as he walked, and then he sat down on the edge of his bed, knees together, his soft, smooth thighs pressed together. Calm down. Take deep breaths, he told himself. Calm down. He closed his eyes and breathed, calming himself. Trying to tune out the impossible sensations of his feminized body. He stopped hyperventilating, and the urge to scream faded. The feeling of his breasts pressing against his folded arms started to bother him, so he uncrossed them and opened his eyes, looking around his room— it looked like the room of some kind of girly girl, right down to stuffed animals and a Twilight poster, only with the genders swapped.

What had happened? Kathy thought, struggling to remember, his mind webbed with confusion and

conflict— he remembered being a little girl— no. He'd been a boy, but boys had played sports and climbed trees, and they grew up to be men— tall and strong, and girls had worn make-up and dresses and skirts—

Something had changed all that. Somehow. The whole world had been flipped. Or, yet, was that right? Hadn't he always worn dresses and played with dolls? When he'd been little, he'd wanted to be a princess. He remembered it all, his tiara, his princess party, but—

No.

Yes.

He went to his pink laptop, brushing the long hair away from his face, and started to surf, seeing the world as it was now, remembering how it had been. Ariana Grande was now Ari. Justin Bieber was now Justine. Chris Pine was now Chrissie, and instead of Captain Kirk, Pine had played Nurse Chapel. All the professional athletes were now women— tall and strong, the way men used to be, and the only sports men and boys competed in were gymnastics, rhythmic dancing, croquet.

Donna Trump was now the pretty little wife to Ivan, the president of the United States. He looked like he had double Ds, and Kathy felt a twinge of jealousy at the other male's cleavage as he stood in a little black dress next to his husband, smiling, vacuous and pretty.

Kathy shook his head, started to search world history. Everything had been changed. Tom Edison was credited with inventing the lightbulb, but Wikipedia now identified her as a woman, likewise Michael Angelo, who had painted the Sistine Chapel. Every world leader throughout history was now listed as a woman, every business leader, every general and inventor. Boys barely appeared at all unless listed as the wives, mistresses or sons of famous women.

Kathy shook his head. He remembered a different world. On impulse he searched for Queen Elizabeth, but Google responded, "No Search results." He searched for a list of all the English monarchs and found she was now called King Elias.

George Washington was now a woman. Betsy Ross a man.

“Omigod,” Kathy whispered, his hand going to his throat at the soft, high-pitched sound of his voice. “They changed everything.”

A chat window popped up on his screen with a blooping sound. Floating above of was an avatar of a cute girl— no, boy. That IM window identified the speaker as Callie the Counselor. “You okay?” The chat box read.

Kathy’s heart started to pound. Something buzzed in his head, some warning. Memories from his new life. He’d been doing something wrong? Um, I’m fine? he typed back, his long fingernails rat-tat-tating against the keys.

You’ve been searching for some weird stuff! I mean, boys used to be girls? Whaaa?

Kathy gasped. He felt a sudden sense that he was in danger, and he recoiled from the computer.

Sorry! He typed.

What’s up with you anyway?

Kathy shook his head. He didn't know what to say, but he knew he couldn't tell the truth, so he typed back, I don't know. I'm such an airhead!

The response: This music will help!

Peppy electronic dance music started to play, and then a boy started to sing:

I'm a blond bimbo boy in a fantasy world

Dress me up, paint my lips,

I'm your dolly I'll give you fits

I'm always happy, always sweet

I need a girlfriend to be complete

I'm a Barbie boy in a Barbie world

Life in plastic, it's fantastic

You can brush my hair, undress me everywhere

Kathy found himself smiling, growing calm, then quietly singing along to the song...

I'm a Barbie Boy in a Barbie world....

And then the world went black as he fell
backwards onto his bed, asleep, one slender arm
stretched out, his long blonde hair draped across his
pretty face.

CHAPTER 4

A bread roll bounced off Kathy's shoulder and bounced across the table, landing in Ginger's lap. Kathy looked over to see Brett and her friends laughing. His mouth fell open and he shook his head, then turned his nose up with a huff.

"Bronny," Brene said. "It means she's into you."

"I know or *whatever*," Kathy said. "It's just so immature."

"Give her a smile," Brene said, "or she'll think you're stuck up."

"As if I..." Kathy stopped, his head filling with music, and he found himself chanting *I'm a blonde bimbo boy in a fantasy world...* He turned to look at Brett, smiling his brightest, prettiest smile, then put his little hand over his mouth, doing a little shoulder raise and giggling.

"Dude!" One of the girls from the football team said, punching Brett on the shoulder.

Kathy turned to Brene, giggling and blushing. "Omigod," he giggled.

"She's coming over," Brene whispered.

Kathy's eyes went wide. "Whaaaaa?"

“I think she’s going to ask you out.”

“Omigod... omigod... omigod... what do I do?”

Brene smiled, reaching over to unbutton the top two buttons of Kathy’s blouse, revealing the tops of his swelling cleavage. “Just smile, look cute and then say yes.”

“Yo,” Brett said as she walked up to the table.

All the boys stopped chattering, staring up at Brett with lustful eyes. She was such a stud.

“Hey, boys,” Brett said, letting his eyes drift across all the pretty boys.

“Hi Brett!” The boys all gushed.

Brett moved to a spot right behind Kathy, leaning over his, putting an arm on the table, letting it brush against Kathy’s arm. He was definitely invading Kathy’s space, making him feel caged in, and then Brett leaned down, bushing his fingers through Kathy’s hair and then hooking it behind his little ear. Where Brett’s finger touched him Kathy’s skin tingled, and he shivered slightly looking to the side, meeting Berne’s eyes, eyes that danced with excitement for his friend.

“Hey sweet thing,” Brett whispered into Kathy’s ear, her breath hot against his smooth cheek. “This Friday. You and me. Avengers Endgame. Say yes.”

The last bit was said as a command, in a stern voice, and Kathy giggled, nodding. “Omigod, Yes!” He chirped, his already high-pitched voice rising to an even mousier squeak.

Brett ran her finger along his ear, then leaned down and kissed him on the cheek. “Yeah. I thought so,” And then she swaggered away.

Kathy covered the spot on his cheek where Brett had kissed him, his heart racing, stomach fluttering. “Did that just happen?”

Once Brett was back at his table getting high-fives and fist bumps from the girls, all the boys started chattering with excited little voices. “That was so romantic! You’re so lucky! She’s like a girl from a romance novel!”

“Bitch! You are so lucky!” Brene gushed, throwing his arms around Kathy’s shoulders. “Omigod, I hope you guys get together so you and I can finally double date again and wear complimentary outfits and like totally have so much fun and...”

Brene chattered on, but Kathy barely heard a word of it. He felt like he was floating on a cloud, just a pretty little angel. The hottest girl in school had just asked him out, and he finally felt like— well, like he mattered, he had value. He was finally a real person!

The rest of the week flashed by for Kathy as he couldn't think of anything else but his big date. He and Brent spent hours talking about what outfit he should wear, how he should do his makeup. He went to Pinterest, looking at thousands of different outfit ideas, trying to find just the right look that said cute but also I so totally want to mosh your lips all night long.

The night of the big date arrived, and Kathy spent three hours getting ready, shaving his legs and armpits, doing his hair, his makeup, changing outfits, like, 42 times or something. Finally, as he sat at his dressing table touching up his lipstick— he'd gone with a deep, wine red he thought looked more adult, with a lighter shade on his inner lip, both shades wet and shiny. His lips looked kissable, like so kissable he could almost scream— he heard a rumbling engine and looked out the window to see Brett pulling up to the curb outside his house in her Trans Am.

“Shoot shoot shoot...” Kathy said, teasing his hair, standing, going to his full-length mirror and turning side to side, looking over his outfit— he’d decided to wear a pair of black leggings, knee high heeled boots, a pink sweater that strained across his breasts. “No!” He gasped looking at himself. “It’s too formal! Too slutty! Too casual! Too dumb!”

There was a knock on the door, and his father called, “Kath? Your date is here.”

“Tell her to wait! I can’t! I look so dumb.”

The door cracked open. “Baby,” Dad said, peaking into the room. “You look— wow!”

“Really?” Kathy said.

“Really. You look so beautiful. I’m so proud of you.” Dad walked up to Kathy, ran a hand through his long, golden hair, then put a hand on his shoulder.

“Go on. Have fun.”

Kathy took three deep breaths, smiled at her father, and nodded. “Okay. Okay.”

Dad smiled as Kathy headed out the door, perfect posture, a fluid and dainty walk in his high heels. “My little baby is growing up,” he said, proud of the elegant boy he’d raised.

“Dad!” Kathy said. Heading down the hall, he made his way to the stairs then started to walk down, smiling brightly.

Brett stared up at him as he descended like a princess, and her mouth dropped open, her eyebrows raised. “Wow,” she said. “Wow!”

Brett’s mom walked into the room, a rocks glass of bourbon in one hand, and took up position next to Brett, who glanced over nervously. She was still wearing her suit form work, though she’d loosened her tie. Brett reached the bottom of the stairs and put a hand on his hip. “Hi!” He said.

“You look— amazing,” Brett said.

“Sweetie,” Brett’s Mom said, giving him a peck on the cheek, then taking his slender little arm in hers. “Back by 11,” Kathy’s Mom said to Brett. “You hurt my daughter, and I will kill you.”

“Mom!”

Brett looked nervous. It was kind of cute. Kathy had never seen her so— well, whatever she was. “Um, okay?” She finally said.

Brett’s mom stared at her, then smirked. “I’m kidding.”

“Oh!” Brett said, laughing nervously. “You had me going there.”

“I won’t kill you,” Mom said, nodding, taking a sip of her whisky. “But I will have one of my guys break your legs.”

“Mom, stop!” Kathy said, slipping his arm free from his mother’s and walking over to Brett, standing next to her, letting her know he was her boy for the night.

“Okay then,” Brett said. “We better get going.”

“Have fun,” Mom said. “But not too much.”

“Yup! See ya!” Brett said, opening the door and gesturing for Kathy to go.

“You guys look so cute!” Dad gushed, coming down the stairs, slipping an arm around his wife’s waist.

“Bye!” Kathy said, rolling his eyes.

Brett closed the door and walked Kathy to the car, opening the door for him and taking his elbow, helping him slip into the passenger’s seat, then going around to the driver’s side, getting in, sighing. “Your mom hates me,” she said as she started the engine.

“She’s just being protective,” Kathy said, buckling his seat belt, feeling nervous sitting so close to Brett,

trapped in such a confined space. He wondered if she would try and kiss him now or wait until the movie.

“She threatened to break my legs,” Brett said, laughing as she pulled away, making sure to drive safely in case Kathy’s mom was watching. “So, I’m sorry, but tonight there will be no touching.” She turned on her stereo, the base thumping as Ari Grande sang, “Boys be bitches and they want to get laid but pretend like they don’t ‘cause they want to seem chaste.”

“No touching?” Kathy said, biting his lip.

“No. None.”

“Well,” Kathy said, feeling naughty. “Then I’ll break your legs.”

Brett looked over at Kathy, met his eyes and then looked down at his breasts. “You are a dirty boy, aren’t you?”

“Try me and find out,” Kathy said, shaking his shoulders, sending a little bounce through his chest. Seeing how Brett’s eyes went wide gave him a thrill. Ever since he’d hit puberty, he’d loved the way boys reacted to him and when they got all goofy it made him feel like he had— power. Pretty power. He

smiled and put a hand on Brett's knee, determined to lure the girl in, trap her with his beauty.

Brett just grunted and gunned the engine, tearing off into traffic, her head buzzing with desire.

Brett put her hand on the small of Kathy's back as they entered the theater lobby. "Omigod," Kathy said, looking at the huge line at the ticket booth. "It's going to take, like, forever so something."

"Nah," Brett said. "I preordered. We just have to go over the kiosk where there is no line and pick our tickers up."

Kathy was impressed but decided to tease Brett anyway. "You are such a nerd."

"That's the thanks I get?" Brett said, smirking.

Kathy could feel the eyes of the girls in the theater finding his body, checking him out. He knew he had a really hot ass, and in these leggings? Well, he couldn't blame them. He smiled to himself while Brett got the tickets, loving the attention. When Brett finished with the kiosk she turned, smiling, and then her face went hard and angry.

"What?" Kathy said.

"That girl is totally checking you out," she grunted, clenching her fist.

“Um, get used to it,” Kathy said, “because it’s going to be happening all night long.”

Brett slipped an arm protectively around Kathy’s slender waist and guided her toward the concession stand. “Girls stare at you like that all the time?”

“Um, yeah,” Kathy said, “but don’ worry. Tonight, I am all yours. Oh! Let’s get some candy!”

They bought some Hot Tamales, a diet coke for Kathy, regular coke for Brett, made their way into the theater. Kathy sat nervously as the movie started, wondering how long it would take before Brett made her first move. He wanted to grab her and just kiss her all over, but it wasn’t proper for boys to be aggressive.

He didn’t have to wait long. Brett popped some Hot Tamales into her mouth just as the credits finished, leaned over and kissed Kathy, her mouth full of the hot, spicy candy, which she pushed into Kathy’s mouth as she slipped her tongue between his lips. Kathy swooned, accepting the kiss, the sweet candy, loving the feeling of Brett’s tongue penetrating her, slipping into his mouth, their hot tongues meeting, sliding against each other. They kissed and kissed, bodies vibrating with pleasure, and neither one had

any idea what was happening in the movie at all. As they made out, Kathy slung his leg over Brett's, half climbing into her lap, and Brett slipped a hand under his sweater, along his soft tummy and then found the bottom of his bra, pushing up past the underside and then cupping his soft breast. The feeling of her firm, calloused hand against his soft skin made Kathy moan softly, and when she pushed her hand up further and covered his hard, aching nipple with her palm, he arched his back, closed his eyes and covered her hand with his own, urging her on, wanting, needing her touch.

"Hey," an older man said from behind them.

"That's um so inappropriate."

Kathy and Brett giggled, kissing more passionately than ever, each of them turned on by the idea people were watching them.

But then the woman with the little man barked "Knock it off!" And they both separated, stifling giggles, worried about making the woman mad.

Brett slunk down in his seat, taking Kathy's hand, pulling him down as well so they were below the seat line, where the older couple couldn't see them. They stole kisses and glances for the rest of the movie,

each of them glowing in the adoration of the other, and Kathy didn't think he could ever be happier.

As soon as the film ended Brett grabbed Kathy's hand and they ran from the theater, not wanting the older farts to see their faces when the lights came up, and then they ran to the car hand in hand, giggling and laughing, and then the next thing he knew Kathy was sitting across a diner table from Brett, wrapping his lips around the straw rising from a pink, whip cream covered milkshake, sucking seductively while Brett's mouth once again dropped open in awe.

They kissed again on the porch of Kathy's house. Brett put her hands on Kathy's hips, and Kathy put his around her shoulders, pressing his breasts against her chest, tilting his head back, and then Brett leaned down and the kiss was sweet and gentle, full of something more, something that made Kathy feel like their souls had met, entwined, and when Brett handed her her class ring and said, "You're my special little boy now," it was all Kathy could do to keep from screaming. They were about to kiss again when the porch light clicked on, the door opened and Mom stepped out, rocks glass still in hand, a half-smoked

cigar clenched in her teeth and mumbled, “Say goodnight, Kathy.”

“Goodnight, Kathy,” Brett said.

“Goodnight, Kathy,” Kathy said, clutching Brett’s ring against his chest, and then they both giggled while Mom took Kathy’s arm and led him back inside the house, pausing only to glance at Brett and say, “Say hi you your mom for me, kid.”

Kathy went upstairs and stood at his window, waving goodnight to Brett one last time as she got into her car, then he threw himself on his bed and went right to his phone where he found a text from Brene waiting for him:

So?

Kissed!

Was it badass?

Badass? Kathy found the word choice strange and not strange.

Yaaaass!

Is she a good kisser?

Omigod. Yes!

Tongue?

Brene!

Tell me!

Sooooo much tongue!

You gonna tap that ass?

Kathy shook his head again, felt the pain in his temples. Tap that ass? Was that something boys said? He shook his head. Yes. No. Don't think about it.

I think I'm in love! He texted

Gross!

Kathy clutched his phone against his chest. Something was the matter with Brene. He was acting almost like a girl or something. Kathy just couldn't deal. He hated how crude girls were sometimes, and it seemed even more wrong and annoying coming from another boy.

Tired. Goodnight.

He tapped out, then fitted his phone into his Cover Boy docking station and curled up with his pillow, imagining it was Brett.

CHAPTER 5

The next morning Kathy put Brett's ring on his favorite silver chain and slipped it over his head, feeling it settle in the swell of his soft cleavage. He went to his mirror and just— enjoyed— the sight of Brett's ring glittering there against his pale skin. He wore only his bra— a plain white t-shirt bra— and turned from side to side, admiring the ring, feeling— complete in a way he hadn't felt in since like forever. "I'm Brett Kelly's boyfriend!" He giggled. "Omigod! I'm the boy of the hottest girl in school!"

The semester continued on. Kathy and Brett spent more and more time together— sneaking off during lunch to eat, kiss and cuddle. Getting together after school, on weekends. They did whatever Brett wanted. Kathy sometimes suggested ideas— apple picking, hayrides— but Brett would just grunt "lame" and then tell him they were going to watch some football game at her or one of her friends' houses. Kathy just smiled and giggled. Sometimes he wished he had one of those girlfriends who would do romantic things with him, but then again, Brett was a badass, and she could kick any of their asses.

Now that he belonged to the Top Girl in school, Kathy found himself the Queen Bee among the boys. He strutted through the halls with a newfound confidence and the other boys looking at him with admiration and envy. They copied him— the way he walked, talked, the way he did his makeup, his hair. It made him feel powerful, pretty, perfect, and as the weeks rushed along and the Homecoming dance approached, he grew more and more excited. It was an open secret that he and Brett would be King and Queen— of course— and Kathy and his father spent hours and hours shopping for the perfect dress, deciding on the perfect hairstyle, the right make-up look.

One afternoon after Kathy's fitting at Mademoiselle's, THE dress shop in the city— super expensive, and his mom kept complaining about all the money Kathy was costing her, but Kathy knew how to manipulate her mom and besides, she loved having the prettiest son in town. It was — like— the dumbest status symbol for her and sometimes Kathy even had the weirdest feeling that his mom sometimes perved on him.

But, anyway or whatever, he and his dad went out for coffee after the fitting, and that's when IT happened. "So," Dad said casually, hooking his hair behind his ear, trying to seem totally nonchalant. "You and Brett are getting pretty close."

"Yeah," Brett said with a sigh, touching the ring around his neck. He always wore it, even in the shower. "She's so amazing." He took a sip of his coffee and then looked at the lid— seeing the smudge of his frosty pink lipstick.

Dad suddenly covered Kathy's hand with his own soft little hand— the diamond tennis bracelet Mom had given him flashing. Kathy looked up, surprised and tensing, as Dad suddenly had THAT look on his face— the serious talk look.

"You look so pretty!" Kathy said to his Dad, hoping to deflect whatever embarrassing talk was coming his way.

"Thanks," Dad said, smiling brightly, never able to resist a compliment, but the look remained, and Kathy swallowed. "So, the big homecoming dance? You and Brett getting so close? Any thoughts about... you know?" He raised a sculpted eyebrow suggestively.

“Dad!” Kathy protested, glancing around at the people hanging out at the nearby tables. “No!”

“You know, these modern times, I know boys in your generation are a little more— liberated than boys back in my day. I wouldn’t blame you if you—“

“Daddy!” Kathy huffed. “You know I’m saving myself for marriage!”

“I know, but...”

“Can we just stop talking about this?” Kathy said. He and his Dad talked about relationships all the time but talking about sex just seemed so weird and gross.

“I just have to say one more thing. Please. I know it’s embarrassing and— well, I’m your Dad, and you’re my little boy, so?”

Kathy rolled his eyes, then nodded. His Dad knew he was pretty much powerless to say no whenever she called him her “little boy.”

“You know as boys we are very emotional, and sometimes— well— we can’t say no to our hearts. So, all I am saying is, well, if you find your heart getting all flustered and a girl like Brett can be very persuasive, and you want at some point to please Brett...”

“Dad!”

“Just promise me you’ll use protection.”

Kathy felt his cheeks burning with embarrassment. Even the thought of sex made him feel embarrassed, and as much as some part of him longed for the day he could have that moment, the perfect union with the girl he loved, he was also terrified at the thought of it. “Yes. Okay. Sure.”

Dad chuckled. “Your face just turned into a tomato,” he said.

“What?” Oh, no!” Kathy said, cowering, drawing his long blonde hair around his face, hiding in the soft, wavy curtain. He couldn’t let anyone see him looking all red faced and embarrassed!

“I’m so proud of you, Kathy,” Dad said. The TALK over, he lifted his purse from its place next to the table and fished out his compact, checking his make-up, powdering his nose.

Kathy, relieved, fished his phone out of his jeans pocket and tapped out answers to a flurry of texts he’d gotten. Being the most popular boy in school and Brett’s boyfriend took a lot of time. He had to work constantly on his social life, responding to, like, everyone all the time, or people might start to think he’d become some kind of stuck-up little bitch. He

worked quickly while his Dad made himself pretty, responding mostly with emojis and OMGs.

“Weird,” he said, stopping cold as he came to a text that wasn’t just the usual boyish chatter.

“What is it?” Dad said as he finished touching up his face.

“Oh. Nothing,” Kathy said, slipping the phone back into his jeans and smiling his bright, everything is fine smile. “Just, you know, silly boy stuff.”

The text had come from the new boy, Ginger. The mere fact that Kathy and Brene had asked him to sit at their table had signaled to the other boys that he was okay, and he’d quickly become little mister volunteer for everything the way boys who weren’t that pretty did when they wanted to be someone. He seemed to be in on everything a not cute nerd could do — the recycling committee, student council, science club, glee club, theater— as a techie, of course, not on stage— and the jewel in the crown— Homecoming Committee, where he seemed to be doing almost all the work while the girls who

supposedly led the committee and would get all the credit did— of course!— nothing.

Kathy couldn't really be friends with a boy like that but was always nice to him and kept him around because, being in on everything, sneaky little Ginger had become the gossip queen on their high school. He always knew everything that was going on with everyone all the time, and Kathy loved gossip. I mean, not just like every boy loves gossip. He loved it like that, but also because he had realized gossip was a way boys could get power.

Ginger had texted him "Need 2 C U? Secret!" Kathy felt giddy. He couldn't wait!

He couldn't wait, but he had to wait. Mom and Dad were going out— Mom had some kind of work thing, and Kathy had to babysit. He texted back, tried to get Ginger to tell him the secret, but he wouldn't text it. "Smart boy," Kathy had to admit, though an annoying one! Still, the fact that Ginger wouldn't text the secret meant it must be something juicy, and as Kathy held his baby brother to his shoulder, patting him on the back, burping him, his mind raced with the possibilities of just what this juicy little secret could be

even as he raged sweetly about how unfair it was he always had to babysit just because he was a boy.

When the baby finally went to sleep, Kathy put him down and went downstairs, putting on *The Fault in Our Stars*. It was streaming on Hulu. He'd only watched it something like one billion times and had the Collectors' Edition Blue Ray, but he wanted to watch it again and there was something about streaming! He felt like he needed a good cry, and *The Fault in Our Stars* never failed no matter how many times he watched it,

Kathy bit his lip as the opening credits played. It was his own little secret that he often imagined Brett dying for him. It was so— well, he didn't even really understand it, but it was so romantic! He would constantly imagine Brett carrying him from a burning building, pushing him out of the way of an oncoming bus, and every time, while Brett died— so brave— Kathy would run to her side, and her last words were always, "I love you!" And Kathy would always cry, cry, cry! Even thinking about his little fantasies made Kathy feel like crying.

Brett had never told Kathy that she loved him, but he knew. He was pretty sure. His Dad had told him it

was hard for girls to express their feelings, so that was it or whatever. He thought that he and Brett were just like Augustine and Harry, but, like, totally different.

While the movie played, Kathy curled up with his iPad. Justin Bieber had gotten lip implants and blew up the Internet and Kathy couldn't get enough of the pictures of his even more kissable lips. And all the comments and tweets! He knew he had a pretty mouth, but now he was thinking about asking his parents if he could get his lips done for his birthday present. I mean, it couldn't hurt to be even prettier! Brett would love it. He was sure of that much.

The doorbell rang, and Kathy jumped, instantly feeling nervous. He wasn't expecting anyone, and what if it was some creepy girl come to stalk him? He thought about their gross neighbor. Her husband had left her, and she lived alone. She was always checking Kathy out, and one day when he'd been sunbathing in his bikini out by their pool, he'd even caught her looking over the fence, staring at him. The doorbell rang again, and Kathy started feeling really scared. He wished Brett were here, or her Mom.

It's probably nothing, he decided. No one. But Kathy froze, sitting as still as possible, barely even breathing. He thought about his baby brother, upstairs in his crib, and his eyes went to the baby monitor. What if the weirdo tried to climb into the upstairs window! But Kathy didn't move. Couldn't move. *I'm not home*, he willed the intruder to think. *No one is home! Go Away!*

The doorbell rang again— three times, urgent, angry? Kathy stifled a scream, curled up tighter, trying to make himself small. A knock. Then, Kathy's phone buzzed. He flinched, then grabbed the phone, thinking Brett! Help me!

The message was from Ginger.

It's me. Open up!

Kathy gasped with relief. "Omigod!" He squealed with relief, getting up, hurrying to the door, throwing it open to see Ginger standing there, looking confused. "Come in!" He gasped, glancing around, half expecting to see his creepy neighbor lurking in the shadows. "Hurry."

As soon as Ginger stepped through the door with a “what?” Look on his face, Kathy slammed the door and threw the deadbolt. “Omigod!” He said. “I thought you were...”. Suddenly, he realized he was being very uncool and in front of a lesser boy, and he regained his composure. “Never mind,” he said. “Come in.” His mind shifted back to the promise of gossip as he led Ginger to the living room. “Wow. You must really have some big secret!”

“Yeah,” Ginger said. “Are your parents?”

“Out,” Kathy said, tossing his hair. “I have the house to myself.”

“Good,” Ginger said, sitting down. “The Fault in Our Stars?”

“Oh,” Kathy said, grabbing the controller, turning it off. “You know.”

Ginger nodded, almost dismissively, like he wasn't into it. He seemed different. The way he was moving. Sitting.

“Let me get you something to drink!” Kathy said, remembering himself, heading toward the kitchen without even waiting for a response. His Dad had always taught him the importance of being a good hostess.

"I'm fine!" Ginger said.

"Tea? Soda?" Kathy called back.

"Water is fine," Ginger said, sounding annoyed.

"Ugh," Kathy whispered. Nerd boys. No elegance. Still, he fished a bottle of Perrier from the refrigerator and a glass, headed back to the living room, plopped the water down on a coaster and sat on the couch, cross-legged. "So, what's the big secret! Come on! Dish!"

Ginger gathered up his long red hair, and pulled it back, slipping a hair tie off his wrist and tying it back in a ponytail. Then he took a deep breath and fished out his phone.

"Omigod!" Kathy said. "Come on! Come on! Tell me!"

"Look," Ginger said, holding the phone toward Kathy. On the screen, fractal images spun, and Kathy's went wide as a shock seemed to run through his whole body. Then, the screen flashed.

Kenny stared at the phone. He felt like he was rising from a deep, dark pool, thoughts, beliefs, conditioning falling away as he rose, a whole identity that was not him, memories and habits and....

He became aware of an odd weight on his chest, the feeling of straps over his shoulders, across his back, and looking down he saw a pair of breasts swelling from the top of a tight pink tank top. “What the fuck?” He said, a hand immediately going to his throat as he heard himself speak in a squeaky little voice— like a girl. When he reached up, he felt his arm press against the soft side of his breast, felt it shift on his chest. A strand of blonde hair fell into his face. He looked at the girl sitting across from him, holding out her phone. “Who are you?” He said, wincing at the sound of that feminine squeaking. “What the hell do you do to me?” He stood, wanting to get a better look at himself, and he felt his breasts sway, his butt jiggle. He looked down to see he wore short pink shorts and looking back he saw a plump booty. Long hair swished against his back, his shoulders. He looked at his hands— saw long fingernails painted a glossy pink, bracelets dangling from narrow wrists.

“Stay calm,” Ginger said. “I’ll explain everything, just—“

“Calm?” Kenny screamed. “Look at me? This is— I have tits! Fucking tits!” He grabbed them,

squeezed, lifted. He could feel his hands against them, squeezing them, he felt what it was like to be felt up, and his mind reeled. He turned, ran to the mirror that hung on the wall next to the mantle— a girl looked back at him, her big eyes filled with terror and confusion, her face framed with long golden hair, earrings sparkling in her ears. “Oh, shit,” he said, reaching toward the image, the girl that could not be him. “Fuck no. I can’t..” But her mouth moved, speaking every word. He did not look like this. No. He pictured himself— square jawed, spiked black hair.

“Kenny,” Ginger said, getting up from the couch. “I know this is a big shock...”

Kenny spun, his long blonde hair swirling, and he stumbled, almost fell, unused to his long legs, wide hips and all the extra weight on his chest.

Ginger ran to him, lifted a syringe into the air, the tip of the needle flashing in the lamplight. Ken swatted at it, still trying to regain his balance, and Ginger plunged it into the soft flesh of his thigh. He sank into blackness.

CHAPTER 6

Kenny woke on the floor, a pillow under his head, staring at the ceiling. He remembered the phone, looking down to see he had tits. Of course, it had to be some kind of nightmare, he told himself, trying to ignore the feeling of the straps across his shoulders, the weight he felt on his chest, the cool air moving across his bare legs. He lifted his hands. Please, please please... he thought to himself. Let it all just be a dream. He settled his hands against his chest. They reached soft mounds of flesh what seemed like a foot in front of where his chest to be. He pulled them away immediately, feeling confused, shocked, embarrassed.

“Good,” he heard Ginger say. “You’re awake.”

He looked over to see Ginger sitting in a chair, cradling a baby in her arms, giving the baby a bottle. “Your little brother woke up while you were out. I do to....” She almost looked embarrassed.

“My? I don’t have a little brother,” Kenny said, still irked by the sound of his voice. He started to get up, felt dizzy and sank back to the floor. Shit. What would his friends say if they saw him like this? The

other guys? And football? Could he even play anymore? “I feel... weak,” he said.

“It’s the drug. Well, that and the fact you’ve been feminized. Just relax. Let me explain.”

Ginger explained it all. How a group of radical feminists had released a virus that had caused men to become feminized— developing breasts, losing upper body strength, finding themselves with hourglass figures like women. While shocked and embarrassed men had frantically search for some answer, they’d been too distracted to realize their minds were also under attack, as subliminal messages had been implanted into all forms of media. Groups of guys would sit down to watch a football game, and by halftime they’d have switched over to a cheerleader competition. They’d go out for beers and end up at a salon, having their nails done. At work they found themselves agreeing to take positions as secretaries, or even being sent home to be full-time housewives. They’d go to Amazon to order a shirt or a pair of cargo shorts only to find they’d been shipped a silk blouse and a pair of Daisy Dukes. They hated it, but they found themselves going along with it all, learning

to do makeup, wearing dresses, deferring to their wives.

As men acquiesced to their new status,

History had been rewritten. Men had always been the fairer sex. Women had always been the leaders, the great inventors, the warriors. Memories had been erased and rewritten so most everyone believed it had always been this way. The world had been remade. The feminist had won.

“But, a few of us resisted. And we found a way to strip away the brain washing. The conditioning. And we are determined to restore things to the way they were, to the way God intended them to be.”

“Wait, we?” Kenny said, looking over at the girl in her pleated skirt and knee socks. “You mean you’re a guy?”

“Yes,” Ginger said. “Just like you.”

“Great. But, this all seems impossible, the things you’re telling me. It sounds like bullshit.”

“I suppose you have a better explanation for why you look like a Playboy Bunny?”

“No,” Ken admitted, wincing at the truth of the description. “But that doesn’t mean what you’re saying is true.”

“Here,” Ginger said, setting the baby gently on the couch and walking over, once more holding his phone out to Ken, showing him a picture of himself— the way he remembered himself— a dude. He flipped through a series of pictures and Ken saw himself growing ever more feminine, his face losing its jagged edges, softening, eyes and lips getting bigger, nose smaller until he saw her again— the hot blonde from the mirror. He closed his eyes.

“Okay. So, let’s say I buy it. Why are you here? Why did you make me remember?”

“We have a plan, and we need you.”

“Why?”

“Because you’re going to be prom queen.”

“Me?” Ken said, chuckling. “Prom Queen?”

“That’s right, stud,” Ginger said, giving him a little punch on the shoulder. “Congratulations.”

They both looked up as they heard the sound of a car in the driveway. “Oh, shit,” Ginger said. “Who’s that?”

“How should I know?” Ken said. “You erased me memory, remember?”

“Damnit. Get up.”

“I can’t. The drug...”

“You should be okay now,” Ginger said, helping Ken to his feet. He instantly became aware again of the wrongness of his body, all the bouncy jiggling of it. He wavered, and Ginger grabbed his arm to offer some support. “You need to act normal,” Ginger said. “No one can know you’ve been woke.”

“Normal?” Ken said, gesturing down at his curvaceous body.

“Like a girl. Act like a girl.”

The door opened and Nick swaggered in, took one look at the two boys standing clinging to each other and chuckled. “Are you two lezzies about to make out or something?”

“Nicky?” Ken squeaked staring at what looked like a boy standing there in jeans and a football jersey.

“Did you just call me Nicky?” She said, then let her eyes drop appreciatively over Ginger. “Who’s your friend?”

Kenny stared at his sister, refusing to believe what he saw. She’d gotten taller, more angular, and the way she was undressing Ginger with her eyes? “Stop it!” He tried to shout, but it came out more like a squeal.

“Ginger,” the other boy answered. “We’re friends,” he said, smiling, tossing his hair and gesturing toward Kenny.

“Give me your number,” Nick said in a flat voice that assumed rather than insisted on compliance. She handed her phone to Ginger without waiting for a response.

Ginger complied, handed the phone back, then said, “Well, we were just going upstairs to study, right?”

“Yeah,” Kenny said, eager to get away from his sister, disgusted that she was so much more butch than him now as he stood there in his girl’s clothes.

“Yeah, study,” Nick said. “More like braid each other’s hair and pillow fight.” With that she sauntered into the kitchen.

The two boys made their way upstairs, and when Kenny opened the door to his room, he once again felt sick with shame as he looked over the feminine paradise that was his. “You have to be kidding me,” he said, as Ginger ushered him into the room and closed the door.

Kenny found himself drawn to the full-length mirror that stood next to a white dressing table cluttered with

make-up. He stared at himself, his hands rising to his impossible breasts. He touched them, then pulled his hands away and recreated from the mirror, his mind swimming with denial and confusion as he confronted not only the fact that he looked like a hot girl, but actually felt turned on looking at himself. “Why did you give her your number?” He asked, brushing his long hair back from his face, sitting on the edge of his bed, struggling to somehow deal with his impossible reality.

“What? Oh, it’s just easier. Don’t worry. I’m not into your sister.”

“I wasn’t worried, I just— this is all wrong. So wrong,” Kenny said, glancing around his room at the KPOP posters that looked like boy bands, the cheerleading trophies and dance recital certificates. He felt something on his face and reaching up he felt warm water on his cheeks and realized he’d started crying. The realization made him feel even worse, and the tears flowed more freely, his shoulders shaking with sobs. “Why the hell am I crying?” He said, turning away so Ginger couldn’t see his tears.

“Dude,” Ginger said, unphased. “Your body is saturated with estrogen.” He walked over to Kenny’s

makeup table, picked up a bottle of perfume and sprayed some on his wrist, sniffing. “Bitchin” he said, setting the perfume down.

“What now?” Kenny said. “What happens next?”

“You need to pretend you’re still a regular guy, meaning you need to act like a girl.”

“You want me to act like a girl?”

“Yup, but more importantly, you want you to act like a girl. Trust me. If they figure out you’ve broken your conditioning, you’ll be sent away and brainwashed back into being Kathy, the blonde bimbo.”

“Bimbo? Me?”

“You saw your reflection, right?”

Kenny groaned. “I’m a blonde bimbo. Shit.”

“Listen. I have to get home. My curfew is in half an hour. My Mom will kill me if I am out late alone. I’ll get here early tomorrow and help you get ready.”

“I think I can manage that, at least,” Kenny said.

He gone into a daze, barely able to think as he continued to struggle with the wrongness of his body, his room. He couldn’t stop feeling the weight of his breasts, and therefore he couldn’t stop thinking about

them, either, and that was just more than a teenage boy could deal with.

“You’ll need help with your make-up,” Ginger said.

“Make-up?” Kenny said, horrified at the thought.

“Oh yeah. Not that you need it with that pretty face, your skin. But, you show up at school fresh-faced and people will start to wonder.”

“I don’t know,” Kenny said.

“You need to trust me, babe,” Ginger said. “This is all very dangerous shit. Trust me.”

“Why?” Kenny said, looking up from beneath the shelter of his hair. “Why did you do this to me?”

“Because,” Ginger said as he headed out the door. “You’re the Queen Bee. See you tomorrow.”

The door closed and Kenny found himself alone. Crap. He looked at his hands, again, at his long, pink nails, the bracelets dangling from his wrists. Annoyed, he slipped the bracelets off and threw them across the room. He climbed onto his bed, just wanting to sleep, hoping this was all some insane dream and he would wake up to find everything normal again, but he tossed and shifted, unable to get comfortable. The feeling of his soft hairless thighs pressing together, the swerve of his hips, and the

maddening swell of his breasts, no matter how he shifted and repositioned himself he was reminded of his shameful body, and when he closed his eyes he kept seeing that girl in the mirror— she looked like a Maxim girl, or some bimbo posting duck-lipped selfies of herself wearing skimpy clothes. And he was her. That's what he'd become.

He was so lost in thought, he didn't even hear another car pull into the driveway, wheels popping pebbles on the asphalt. The door opened and closed and then he heard his mother shout, "Kathy! You get down here right away!"

Kathy? Who's Kathy? Kenny wondered, then remembered that was his name now. Kenny sat up. Shit. His parents were home. He didn't want to leave the room. Didn't want to see them, or them see him. Is my dad my mom now? He wondered, brushing his golden hair from his face.

"Kathy?" His mom yelled again.

Kenny got up, went to his closet and found a robe— white silk with little pink flowers. He looked further, thinking that surely there was something less— gay, but he found nothing, clipped the robe on and tied the belt around his slender waist. The robe

only came down to mid-thigh and pulled tight against his chest, and as he hurried downstairs, his breasts bouncing with each step, he wondered why make a robe that barely covered more than his pajamas, anyway.

As Kenny reached the bottom of the stairs, he saw his parents in the living room. His mom was holding the baby, which amazingly hadn't started crying despite all her screaming. "Oh, shit!" Kenny said, forgetting his feminized body for a moment. He walked into the living room thinking, to them you look normal. To them you look normal. Just don't think about it...

"Young man," his Dad said. "Watch your language."

"My— oh," Kenny said, staring at his father, then looking at his mother, the room tilted, threatened to spin as he realized they were the opposite— it was his father wearing the little black dress, holding the baby against his— boobs? And his mother wore a suit, even seemed to have a five o'clock shadow? "Dad?" He gasped looking at what to his eyes appeared to be a pretty, middle-aged woman wearing

smoky eyeshadow and red lipstick, long legs propped on stiletto heels. “You...?”

“How could you leave the baby on the couch unattended?” Dad said.

“Airhead,” Nick said, walking by, shoving a Hot Pocket into her mouth as she went upstairs.

“Shut up!” Kenny said. How could his little sister have turned into such an a-hole?

“I don’t know what to do with you sometimes,” Dad said, handing the baby to Kenny. “Take him upstairs and put him to bed.”

“Okay,” Kenny said, happy for an excuse to get away from them, from all of it.

“He’s just as scatter-brained as his father,” Mom said, slipping an arm around Dad’s waist and kissing him on the cheek. His Dad accepted the kiss like—just like a woman, and Kenny looked once more at his father’s wide hips, his cleavage bounding out the top of his low-cut dress, the string of pearls around his long, elegant neck. It was even weirder and more disturbing somehow than seeing himself. His father had always been a gruff, masculine man, and now he was— not. Not at all.

“Do what your father told you,” Mom said, grinning.

“Yeah. Right.” Kenny said, heading up stairs with the baby.

“And don’t forget to brush your hair!” Dad said as Kenny climbed the stairs. “You’ll get tangles.”

Brush my hair?” Kenny thought, wincing at the sound of his father’s voice, at the maternal, feminine advice being directed at HIM. “Okay,” he said, “thanks.”

How do you put a baby to bed? Kenny wondered. He had no idea, so he just put it in the crib and wrapped a blanket around it. That seems right, he decided. One of his bra straps slipped off his shoulder as he leaned down to put the baby in the crib, and he reached under his robe and tank top, finding the strap, pulling it back up. He didn’t think he would ever get used to wearing a bra- or needing one for that matter.

Retreating back to his room, he closed the door, sighing with relief, and sat down on the padded stool in front of the make-up table, glancing at the make-up, then looking away, feeling ashamed that he even had this stuff in his room. Fuck, he thought. Fuck. What the hell am I supposed to do now?

He would have to sleep. Somehow. Let Ginger explain it all in the morning. There was nothing else for him to do for now. He squirmed uncomfortably. His bra straps were digging into his shoulders, and he thought maybe he should take it off before he went to bed. Girls didn't sleep in their bras, did they? He honestly had no idea. He struggled with whether to take it off or not, but he found himself growing obsessed with looking at his boobs— seeing what they looked like— naked. The glimpse he'd gotten of them straining against his tank top had— excited him as much as it had terrified him. But no, he thought, it was too weird. On the other hand, he'd have to see them eventually, right? Why not get it over with?

Is it perverted for a guy to look at his own tits, he wondered? Yeah, he answered his own question. *Pretty much*. He sat struggling with the need to check out his own boobs, the feeling it was pervy, the fear he would like it a little too much, that somehow Nick would catch him...

In the end, curiosity won out. Ever since puberty he'd always loved a good pair of tits, spent hours online staring at them, downloading pictures of Kate Upton. Now that he had a pair of his own hanging

there from his chest, he couldn't resist the urge to check them out. They wouldn't let him the way they kept jiggling and bouncing overtime he moved, pressing warm and soft against his arms and against each other.

He got up and slipped out of his robe, letting it slip to the floor at his feet, then he grabbed the bottom of his tank top, struggling to pull it up and over his huge rack, and then he stood there in only his bra, looking down at the soft, round perfection on his chest. The bra he wore didn't have hooks or snaps but was more like a little mini-t-shirt. Biting his lip, he slipped the straps off his shoulders, then grabbed the bottom of the bra and pulled it over his head. It got tangled in his hair, and he tugged and pulled, his unbound breasts swaying, his nipples growing hard as the cool air caressed them. Finally, he got the bra free of his hair and looked down at his full, white breasts, his pink nipples hard, pointing up and out.

He could feel himself getting hard down below as well even as his body tingled with strange new pleasures. I can't believe I am doing this, he thought as he stepped to the mirror, feeling his massive chest bounce and away— I really do need a bra, he

thought, and heard himself giggle. Resisting the urge to get all shy and embarrassed he stepped boldly in front of the mirror, and his eyes went wide, his cheeks flushed pink as he stared at himself. My tits are fucking awesome, he thought, reaching up with a slender hand, touching the side of his breast, giving it a little push and watching how it jiggled. He giggled again. This is fucking unreal, he thought as he reached both hands to his boobs, cupped them on the sides and then pushed them together. The feeling of his soft breasts pressing against each other made him feel weak in the knees, and he made a small sound as the shock of the new pleasure created a fissure in his manhood. “Fuck,” that feels good, he murmured. “Goddamn.”

It was wrong. He shouldn't be doing this, but he couldn't stop. Still pressing his breasts together, he rubbed his thumbs across his nipples, once more gasping at how sensitive they were, how incredible it felt. Looking in the mirror he saw an image from a porno video— a gorgeous blonde, playing with her tits. He stared at himself, feeling hot and thirsty, and he licked his lips and whispered, “Hey, stud.”

A spasm of pleasure shot through him, and his knees came together, his legs feeling limp. He let his eyes drop to his soft, flat tummy, the flaring of his wide hips, then back up to those incredible melons, and he rubbed his thumbs over them again, squeezing them harder. “Fuck,” he gasped. “Goddamn.”

Lust consumed him, and he went over to his bed, not even thinking anymore, not worrying about what he was doing, if it was perverted or insane or anything else. He just loved the way he felt, and he wanted more, to find some way to increase the intensity. Laying on his back, he kept playing with his boobs, the same way he’d played with his girlfriends’ over the years, and he experimented, touching them in different ways, caressing, squeezing, running his fingertips along the soft, round swell of them down the middle... an urge came from somewhere deep within him, an impossible need, and pinched his nipples—gently at first, and at the rush of velvety pain he pinched harder, and harder still, squeezing his legs together, biting his lip to keep from crying out, letting the whole house know what he was doing.... He felt something deep inside him clench, and then a sudden

burst of pleasure from somewhere deep in his belly, and he gasped, his body growing tight and then limp as he sank into his mattress with a soft sigh, a tear escaping from the corner of his eye, rolling down his cheek.

He kept his hands on his breasts, gently kneading them, then just holding them, cupping them, euphoric as he basked in the afterglow of what he didn't even realize had been his first female orgasm. At least, his first as Kenny. Had he known he might have died with shame or run in terror from the feminine pleasure that he consumed him, but he was beyond all rational thought, and so he just lay there, a sweet, satisfied smile on his face as he stared at the ceiling and thought— I fucking love tits.

Purring, he curled up on his side. There was a body pillow on his bed as well as a regular, feather pillow, and he slipped the regular pillow under his head while he hugged the body pillow to his chest, slipped it between his legs. It just felt right, and as he drifted off to a blissful sleep, he promised himself that he would never tell anyone about his little— adventure.

In the morning, he couldn't help himself and lay in bed, playing with his breasts right up to the point his phone buzzed with a text from Ginger: Be there in 5. "Shit," Kenny said, giving his breasts one more squeeze before forcing himself to roll out of bed. He tugged his tank top back on, once more struggling to get all his hair through the top. Digging his hands into his masses of golden waves and curls, he pulled it back over his shoulders. Long hair was so impractical! It seemed like it was always in the way, getting in his eyes and mouth, and it felt like it weighed ten pounds. He wished he could get it all cut off. How did girls put up with it?

His nipples were still react, rubbing against the front of his tank top, and making him crazy. "Stop!" He said, putting his palms on his nipples, trying to push them down, but they only got harder, and he felt himself getting horny all over again. "This is why God did not give boys boobs!" He fumed, frustrated and annoyed at— everything.

He heard a knock on the door. "Kathy?" Ginger called as he turned the handle and opened the door. Kenny sat on his bed, trying to look nonchalant.

Ginger took one look at him and smirked, suddenly standing like a soldier and saluting.

“What?” Kenny said.

“Your nipples are standing at attention,” Ginger said, closing the door.

“God,” Kenny said, crossing his arms over his breasts. He flushed, remembering his night of experimentation, feeling ashamed.

Ginger said, “Come on. I’ll do your make-up.”

“I don’t—”

“Come on. It’s not an option.”

Kenny sighed and got up, going over to his dressing table and sitting down with his back to the mirror. He didn’t want to watch. “This is so humiliating,” he said.

“That’s why we need you,” Ginger said as he looked through Kenny’s makeup collection, selecting a tube of lipstick. “To help us start the revolution. Now, pucker up.”

Kenny sat, hands in his lap, while Ginger did his face. “Just some light make-up for school,” he said as he worked. He did Kenny’s lips, then added some eyeliner, a little eyeshadow and finally dusted his cheeks with blush. Setting the blush down, he dug

his hands into Kenny's hair and tsked. "Your hair is a mess," he said, grabbing a brush and starting to run it through Kenny's hair.

Kenny felt a warm sense of contentment spread through him as the other boy brushed his hair. It felt so nice, and yet so disturbing. He didn't know how to react to the feeling, so he said, "This is so gay."

"You think so?" Ginger said, voice dripping with sarcasm. Done brushing, he gathered Kenny's hair and tied it back in a ponytail. "There!"

Kenny turned and looked at himself in the mirror. He looked pretty. It was so gross. Ginger had gone over to his closet and came back carrying a pleated tartan skirt and a white blouse.

"You have got to be kidding me," Kenny said, for the first time noticing that Ginger wore the same outfit. He'd been so absorbed in his own humiliation he hadn't even noticed what the other boy wore, or that he'd done his own face. "I can't wear that," Kenny said. Ever since he'd seen an old Brittany Spears video when he'd been 12 or something, he'd had a thing for girls in their school uniforms. It was one of his top five fantasies. He couldn't become her, become his own wet dream.

“You have to,” Ginger said.

“I’ll play sick,” Kenny said, terrified at the thought of even wearing that skirt, the blouse, let alone going out in public, letting people see him like that. He thought of Nicki, imagined how funny she would find it to see him in his little skirt. “I’ll stay home from school.”

“Stop being such a girl,” Ginger said. “Put on your skirt.”

He handed the skirt to Kenny, who held it in his hands, twisting the fabric as he stared at the pleated shame in his hands. He shook his head. “I can’t.”

“You have to, *Kathy*,” Ginger said. “Wear a skirt today, so you can wear pants tomorrow.”

“Fuck me,” Kenny said, shaking his head. “I wish you’d never woke me, never made me realize what they’d done to me.”

“To us,” Ginger said. He plucked at the hem of his skirt. “If I can do it, you can do it.”

“Shit,” Kenny said, standing up. “How do I even put this thing on.”

“Just step into it,” Ginger said.

Kenny opened the skirt, lifted one leg and slipped it through the skirt, then slipped the other through,

swiveling his hips as he pulled the skirt up over his plump rear, felt the hem settling against his legs. He zipped it up, feeling like he was losing something, surrendering something, becoming something.

He grabbed his bra from the floor, but Ginger stopped him. “That’s fine for lounging around the house at night,” he said, going to Kenny’s dresser and finding his bra drawer, selecting one for him— a white bra with lacy cups. “To haul those massive hooters around all day you need an industrial strength bra that really gives you support.”

“You sure?” Kenny said, crinkling his nose in disgust at the sight of the lace, the little silk bow at the yoke. At least his other bra had been plain fabric, almost like a little t-shirt.

“Trust me,” Ginger said. “Your girls need an underwire.”

Kenny took the bra, turned away from Ginger, pulled his t-shirt and determined to just get it over with he slipped the straps over his shoulders, pulling the cups up to his breasts. Ginger grabbed the back straps and hooked them together, and Kenny felt the shoulder straps pull tight as the bra pulled tight around his body, lifting his breasts and pressing them

against his body. He hoped, and while he could still feel his breasts bounce, they definitely seemed more— secure. He put on his bra, followed by white knee socks and a pair of Mary Janes that completed his feeling of total shame and defeat.

Standing there in his Mary Janes, cool air against his legs where they emerged from his skirt, breasts thrusting out from his chest he felt— vulnerable, meek, cute, confused. “I feel like a girl,” he said.

“You look like one, too,” Ginger said. “Wanna see?”

“No,” Kenny said. “I think if I saw myself now, I’d go insane.”

Ginger laughed. “You’ll be all right, bro. Just remember, we are only just playing along for now so we can get free of all this before we end up housewives.”

The boys went downstairs. The house smelled of salty bacon and sweet, golden pancakes. In the kitchen they found Kenny’s Dad— wearing a dress, heels, pearls, fluttering around the kitchen. “Morning, boys!” He sang out prettily. “Sit down, and I’ll get your breakfast.” Kenny couldn’t wait. The bacon smelled so good! His tummy rumbled.

Nicki was already there, wolfing down bacon and pancakes dripping in butter and syrup.

Kenny and Ginger sat, and Dad placed a half grapefruit in front of each of them along with a container of cottage cheese. Kenny looked at the meager offerings. "Could I get some of those pancakes?" He asked.

"Oh! You're so funny!" Dad said. "Eat up, sweetie. You'll be late."

Kenny fumed but picked up his spoon and started to eat his grapefruit. Ginger took a napkin from the table and tucked it into Kenny's collar. "You don't want to get anything on your blouse!"

Nicki gave Ginger the eye, then a little chin chuck. "Wassup?" She said.

Ginger giggled like a lovestruck girl.

Kenny tried not to vomit while he picked at his grapefruit, wishing he were a girl now and could eat whatever he wanted.

CHAPTER 7

When they got to school, Kenny climbed out of the car and wrapped his arms around himself, crouching, wishing he were invisible. “Come on,” Ginger said, striding boldly onto campus, his bare legs flashing in the morning sun, earrings sparkling. Kenny could barely believe Ginger was even a boy. As they walked onto campus, his eyes went wide. The school grounds were swarming with what looked like a bunch of hot ass babes, busty and with plump asses, all in sexy schoolgirl outfits, short little skirts, tight blouses. “These are all guys?” Kenny whispered as his eyes played across all the hot little bodies.

“Yeah,” Ginger said. “I know, right?”

“If those are guys, I think I might be gay now,” Kenny said, eyes falling to one particularly gorgeous boy with long, tone legs and thick, curly black hair. He was reaching up to adjust his messy bun, causing his firm breasts to thrust out from his chest, pushing his butt back, a pretty sway in his back.

“We all are,” Ginger said, grabbing Kenny’s arm and giving it a squeeze. “Now, time for you to meet your girlfriend.”

“Kathy!” The hot boy with the long legs called.

“Kathy!”

“He’s talking to you, *Kathy*,” Ginger said.

“Oh! Um, hi!” Kenny called back, his heart fluttering. He waved.

“Text me!” The boy said, with a big smile.

“Yeah,” Kenny said. “Okay.” His eyes fell briefly to the other boy’s breasts, then those incredible legs and he pulled his eyes away, embarrassed at what he was feeling. “Who is that?” Kenny asked, feeling himself getting hot and thirsty.

“Your BFF, Brene,” Ginger said, grinning. “Why, you wanna kiss him?”

“NO!” Kenny squealed. “Gross. He looks kind of familiar, though.”

“You remember him as Brian.”

“Brian? What? NO WAY!” He looked back. Brian was standing with one hand on an outthrust hip, while he twisted his ponytail with the other. “My poor bro. What have they done to you?”

“This is why we need you,” Ginger said. “Why Brian needs you.”

“Yeah,” Kenny said, looking at the way Brian’s skirt hugged his firm, toned ass. “I have to... save him.”

His phone buzzed. A text from Brett, who he understood was his girlfriend— actually she had been even before the changes. The text read: Get here. Now.

“Jerk,” Kenny mumbled. Who did she think she was, anyway?

As Kenny and Ginger made their way over to the picnic tables where Brett and his gang hung out, Kenny could feel the eyes of all the girls playing over his body, mentally undressing him. He shivered, hugging himself even tighter. “I feel like these girls are all staring at me.”

“That’s because they are.”

“So, anyway, how am I supposed to act around Brett now? So she doesn’t figure out.”

“Just act the way she used to act around you,” Ginger said.

Kenny thought back to the way Belle had acted— silly, really, and life she was dumb. His stomach turned at the thought of acting like —THAT.

“Oh,” Ginger added, “and when in doubt, just giggle.”

“Yeah, right,” Kenny said. “As if.”

As they approached the picnic tables, Kenny saw what looked like a group of guys standing around, vaping, talking loud. He knew they were really girls, but with their short haircuts and sharp blazers, bushy unplucked eyebrows, they looked like a group of young men, and he felt uneasy and humiliated walking up to all these butch guys in his skirt, ponytail bobbing with every step. He looked over the handsome faces, trying to figure out which one was Belle, and at the same moment he caught her eyes and felt a shock of recognition, Belle, now called Brett, called demanded, “Where you been?”

There was a small group of what looked like hot girls sitting off to the side, chatting while playing with their phones. These, Kenny knew, were the guys, probably the boyfriends of the group of girls.

Kenny stood in shock, staring. Brett had gotten taller and her shoulders were broader. Her chin looked a little more square and she even had stubble on her face. Ginger nudged him and whispered, “Go over and give her a hug already.”

“Hug? But she looks like a guy.” Kenny’s mind swam with confusion and fear. His girlfriend looked like a dude? It just wasn’t right. He could be her boyfriend anymore, especially since he was the one with the bigger boobs now.

But Brett was staring at him now, clearly angry, and all her girlfriends watched, hands in their pockets, curious to see how this would all play out. “Get over here!”

Once more nudged by Ginger, Kenny walked over to Brett, super conscious of his breasts seemed to be two feet in front of him, kind of swaying side to side in counterpoint to his swiveling hips. He didn’t have to play the part of the insecure female. He felt every bit of it. He opened his arms for a hug, a nervous smile spreading on his face as he cringed inwardly at the thought of letting their bodies touch, and he planned to just do a quick friendship hug, keeping his hips and body as far back as possible. Brett had other ideas. She grabbed him and yanked him right off his feet, crushing his soft body against hers as she wrapped her arms around him like chains and then planted a kiss right in his mouth, tilting him backwards until he was almost parallel to the ground. Scared he would

fall, Kenny threw his arms around Brett's neck and struggled to escape the kiss, but Brett forced her tongue into his mouth and refused to let him free until finally something in him went soft and gooey and Kenny just surrendered.

"Bro!" He heard one of the girls say in her deep voice.

"Man, oh, man.!"

When the kiss ended, Brett lifted Kenny up and placed him on his feet, but his knees felt weak and he felt himself collapsing against Brett, throwing an arm around her to steady himself. Blushing, feeling ridiculous, he dropped his eyes as he tried to recover himself, his breasts heaving. "Sometimes I have to remind this little one who'd the boss," Brett said to her buddies. "Isn't that right, doll face?" As she said the last words, the arm she slung around Kenny's waist grew tighter.

Kenny wanted to tell her to shove it, but he knew he was supposed to be playing the femme right now. What to say? What would a girl say in this situation, but not a feminist just a regular ditzzy teen-girl? He couldn't think of a thing that wasn't some form of "Go Fuck Yourself," so he remembered Gingers advice

and, mortified, he giggled, a high-pitched, feminine giggle.

“You are such an airhead,” Brett went on. Then turning to her friends, holding court, she said, “Seriously, it’s a good thing his tits are so big, or he would just float off like a hot air balloon.”

The girls all laughed. Kenny seethed. Making fun of me in front of her friends? What the hell? He started to say something, but one glance at Ginger, who shook his head “no,” and Kenny remembered he had a role to play. He remembered how Belle had reacted when he’d teased her like this, so he just put his hand on her shoulder and said, “Oh, you.”

Suddenly seeming to have grown tired of Kenny, Brett dislodged him, patted him on the ass and said, “Okay. Go sit with the boys and talk about ponies.”

Ponies? Seriously? Once more, he struggled to keep his mouth shut as Ginger grabbed his arm and dragged him over to the table where the other boyfriends, likewise having been dismissed, sat ignored. They all said “hi” and then went back to whatever they’d been doing.

“She’s a jerk,” Kenny fumed, crossing his legs. The girls instantly looked over, and realizing he’d just

flashed them his panties, he gasped and sat up, uncrossing his legs and slamming his knees together.

The girls all chuckled, and he thought a couple of the boys gave him looks that seemed to say— slut!

“I hate being a boy,” Kenny said, sitting there with his knees together, wishing he could just close his eyes and disappear. Everything sucked now. Everything was wrong.

“I wish I could say it gets better,” Ginger said. “But it doesn’t.”

On his way to his first class, having accepted another hug, kiss and squeeze of his ass from Brett, Kenny texted Brene. They’d been friends since 2nd grade. Played hockey together. Built a tree fort where they played pirates, read comics and, as they got older, porn. It was so strange to see him now looking so cute, but Kenny wanted to meet his friend now as he was— they made plans to get together after cheerleading practice, and Kenny felt— happy. It would be good to connect again. The image of Brene with her hand on her hip, playing with her— No. His hair, Kenny reminded himself. She was a guy. Ugh!

School went by. Kenny daydreamed through his classes. He spent most of the day struggling with his bra, which seemed to ride up under his boobs, or the straps slipped down his shoulders. His panties felt bunched, and he went to the bathroom twice to tug and adjust them, and all day he tugged on the hem of his skirt, wishing it weren't so short. The eyes of the girls were forever on him— they usually glanced at his face, then slid down to his breasts, and as he passed, they would drift down to his ass and then his legs. Sometimes he heard them comment— fuckable... I'd do him...

It made him feel a little like he was under threat, that he was surrounded by predators just waiting for a moment to strike. He didn't like that feeling, and yet there was something else building in him as well— a kind of pride that he was so hot, that he was driving all these girls crazy. It was almost a high, so that by third period when he left class, he dreaded and loved and needed and feared the fact that every girl would be looking at him, lusting after him, wanting his body. Only half-consciously he threw his shoulders back, thrusting his breasts out, and put a little more wiggle

in his walk. *That's right, bitches*, he thought. *I am hot as hell, and you can never have me.*

He and Brene crossed paths a few times, exchanging smiles and hugs. The feeling of their soft breasts pressing together sent a thrill through Kenny's whole body, and the other boy's perfume was intoxicating. As lunch approached, Ginger hurried to Kenny's side and said, "You ready? Need a mint or anything?"

"A mint? What for? Maybe after I eat."

"After you eat," Ginger said. "That's what he said!"

Kenny looked at the other boy. Shrugged.

"What?"

"You don't know. Of course. You— during lunch— you and Brett always go and make-out."

"Not today," Kenny said, remembering the feel of Brett's rough, bristled skin against his, the taste of her lips.

"Especially today. You have to keep up the act."

"I have to make out with a bitch who looks like a dude and treats me like shit?"

"Yeah. You do. Anyway, she's not *that* bad."

Just then, Kenny's phone buzzed, and he pulled it out, rolling his eyes and holding it toward Ginger. On

the screen was a picture of a vagina and a caption that read, “Got Milk?”

“Okay. She is that bad. But— well—” He patted Kenny on the shoulder. “Time to take one for the team.”

“God!” Kenny said, stomping a foot, sending a quake through his boobs. “Why did you have to wake me? Ugh!”

“Get in there, private,” Ginger said. “Throw yourself on that grenade.”

Kenny adjusted his skirt and tucked in his blouse as he headed off to meet with Brett. He stopped halfway, gazing at the parking lot, thinking he could just get in his Miata and— run. Get away from all this. But, then, he had cheerleading practice, and Brene was counting on him, and they were supposed to meet afterward. He fished his phone out of his skirt pocket, stared at the screen, started to text....
Feeling sick. Frowny Face.

But just as he was about to send it, he felt hands slip around his waist and then slide up squeezing his boobs, even as they pushed their hips against his soft butt. Kenny screamed in shock, almost dropping his phone, and wiggled in the other person’s arms,

feeling violated, trapped, and then he turned his head and said, "Brett!"

"Did I scare you, babe?" Brett said, keeping her hands-on Kenny's tits, squeezing, while she leaned down and nuzzled his neck, kissing him just below the ear.

"Yes! You... um.... oh!" Kenny's mind went fuzzy as he felt a rush of pleasure washing over him... the sensation of his girlfriend playing with his breasts while holding him in such a submissive position lit up all the pleasure centers in his brain. He hated it, and he needed it.

Brett put her hand on the small of Kenny's back and guided him to their secret make-out spot. He found himself looking up at her, eyes bright with feminine admiration. She was so confident! They sat down on the ground and Brett cupped Kenny's chin, tilted his head back and smothered him with a hot, passionate kiss that curled his toes. By habit, he started to climb onto her, to push her onto her back, but she easily flipped him onto his back, kissing him. Kenny felt an excitement he'd never felt before as she seized the dominant position, and he playfully fought

back, just so she could pin him down and make him feel deliciously helpless.

Brett grunted, unbuttoned Kenny's blouse and then showed her hand down the top of his bra, her rough hand against his soft skin made him swoon, the ridge of callouses that ran along the top of her palm grazed his rock-hard nipple and he arched his back, moaning softly. Brett just mauled him, kissing him, pawing at him, squeezing and needing his soft body, while Kenny found himself laying back, moaning and cooing, just a helpless toy in the arms of his badass girlfriend, and when the warning bell rang he gasped, staring in wonder at Brett as she tucked in her shirt, toking on her vape pipe, her eyes distant like she was all of a sudden a world away. Kenny couldn't think, didn't know if he could even walk. His ponytail had come undone during their make-out session and he had hair falling across his eyes, pooling on his slender shoulders as he sat, huddling his knees to his chest, one side of his shirt having slipped off his shoulder, leaving a bra strap exposed. It had been— Oh! He couldn't even say, but now that Brett had suddenly gotten up and seemed to have just— forgotten him—

he felt an intense emptiness and loneliness, a longing to be cuddled, held, adored.

Brett took a long drag on her vape pipe, the ending lighting up a bright red, and then blew out a massive cloud of twisting tendrils. “Catch ya later,” she said as she sauntered off toward class.

Kenny stared after her, tall, angular, and he thought, *She’s such a stud*. It made him feel all tingly to realize that he was hers, that his girlfriend was such a — man? The second bell rang, and Kenny gasped, slipping a thumb under his bra strap to pull it back up on his rounded shoulder. Then he started to button his blouse back up, thinking about the feeling of their chests pressing together, Brett’s hands so expertly making him feel— all the feels. It kinda made sense why “Kathy” had stuck with Brett despite the fact she was kind of an asshole— she made up for it all just by being such a fucking amazing kisser!

When Kenny hurried into class, just getting the dickie straightened, the other boys took in the way his disheveled hair floated around his head, the bangs draping across his eyes, the smeared and smudged make-up, and they exchanged knowing little glances. Kenny spotted Brene and they both smiled. Kenny

went over to sit by her— him, and Brene had a cat that ate the canary look playing on his plump lips.

“What?” Kenny said, brushing the bangs from his eyes.

Brene lent toward Kenny, cupped his hand and whispered into his ear, “You look totally slutty right now.”

“I do?” Kenny said, embarrassed.

Brene turned his phone to mirror function and held it toward Kenny. He stared at the sight of a gorgeous blonde, her make-up all smeared, hair in disarray, and he felt himself getting hot. He did look exactly how he felt— like a hot slut who’d just been ravaged by his girlfriend. But seeing that hot blonde— the tip of her nose was all pink as were her ears— He gasped, realizing how obvious it must be to everyone. He wanted to run to the bathroom, fix his make-up and pretty himself up— but he couldn’t. One, the final bell had rung. Two, he had no idea how to do it.

Class started, and he tried to just hide under his hair, mortified. At the same time, he twice pulled out his own phone and used it to look at himself, then to snap a picture. He couldn’t believe how hot he looked all mussed up and messed up, post-make out

session, and not only did it turn him on looking at himself like that, but it reminded him of how amazing the whole thing had felt, especially when Brett had climbed on top, pinned him down.... He squeezed his legs together just thinking about it and felt his nipples getting hard against the stiff cups of his bra.

He looked at Brene sitting next to him— the curve of his little upturned nose, the elegant length of his long, slender neck. Kenny could smell Berne's perfume, and he found himself wondering what it would feel like to kiss those lips, to nuzzle in his long, thick hair...

Okay. I need to stop, Kenny thought. I'm not gay, or a lesbian, or whatever it would make me to want to kiss a guy who looks like a girl. I'm still me. I like girls who look like girls and that's all!

Once class ended, Brene grabbed Kenny's hand and dragged him into the Boy's Room— which now sported a figure with a triangular skirt, just like the girl's room used to. "What?" Kenny said.

"Emergency make-up repair," Brene said, grabbing Kenny's backpack and fishing out his foundation, mascara, lipstick as well as a box of wipes. "You can't go around school looking like

Roberta Downey Junior the morning after the Golden Globes.” Kenny laughed even though he didn’t get the reference.

Brene went to work, cleaning up the smudges with a wipe, and then touching things up. As he sat having his friend work on his makeup, Kenny once again felt a feeling of warmth and happiness come over him. He found himself casting furtive glances at Brene, drinking in the sight of his big, bright eyes, his perfected sculpted eyebrows, the expert blending of colors on his wet, red lips that made them seem so much fuller and plumper and.... kissable. He was so pretty and so put together. Once more, Kenny felt himself getting turned on, but not only from how pretty Brene was, but also the simple fact that Brene was grooming him, taking care of him. Make-up done, Brene had turned his attention to fixing Kenny’s hair, and the feeling of the other boy’s hands touching his hair, brushing it, fixing, gave Kenny a glow he couldn’t describe. So, he sighed. It was good to have such a good friend.

“There!” Brene said as the second warning bell rang.

“You’re the fastest mascara wand in the west, bro,” Kenny said.

Brene made a gun out of his hand and blew on his finger.

Seeing Brene pucker and blow made Kenny shiver, and he couldn’t resist— he threw his arm around his friend and hugged I’m tight, their soft bodies pressing together. Kenny felt all the feels, and when the hug ended, he worried Brene would sense his deeper feelings, and he felt nervous and tried to cover it up. “Just for— being such a good friend! That’s all!”

Brene smirked. “Whatever, bitch. Did you know boys need at least four hugs a day just to survive?”

“Then we better hug three more times,” Kenny said. “Right?”

“Sorry. As much as I would love to get to feel those big ass boobs of yours pressing up against mine, I have to have to get to class. See you at practice. Tata!” Brene waved and hurried off, hips swaying, long legs flashing.

Kenny watched, then hurried off to class, thinking— what? Could Brene be into me? He

thought about that line “I would love to feel those boobs of yours...” and it made his heart flutter. He wants me, Kenny said. We could totally get together. But then, what if I’m wrong? What if I try to kiss him and he freaks, and we’re no longer friends?

But if he is into me and waiting for me to make the first move and I don’t, Kenny thought, then he’ll think I’m not into him?

Kenny dreaded cheer practice. His memory erased, he knew none of the cheers. The dread grew into anxiety as he found himself in a boy’s locker room full of what looked like nubile, bare-breasted girls. He tried not to stare as the other guys changed, focusing on slipping into his sports bra, tank top and short shorts. He checked himself out in the locker room mirror— his ass looked really great in those tight little shorts— and so did all the other guys. Kenny couldn’t help but admire all the perfect ass he saw on the boys— he knew that whatever had been built into their genes during the change, these boys had spent hours in barre, Pilates, yoga classes, sculpting those glutes and tone, athletic legs. They looked like they could dance all night long!

Once practice started, Kenny got in the backline and just followed the other boys as they danced and pranced. He was always just a beat behind, but no one seemed to notice. The main note he got from Brene, his cheer captain was— “Smile, Kathy! Smile pretty!”

He kept forgetting to smile. Smiling pretty all the time had never been a guy thing, and he was also struggling to focus on the dance moves while his eyes kept falling to all that perfect ass shaking in the front line. Each time Brene shouted out for him to smile, Kenny smiled, meeting his friend’s eyes— and he was sure he felt sparks flying between them. That and all these hot bodies probably would have driven him insane with lust, but the fact these cuties were all dudes blunted the edge— a little. Besides, as he leaned forward, shaking his breasts, or thrust his hips back and started twerking, he didn’t exactly feel very macho.

It was all pretty humiliating, and he was just glad there wasn’t much of an audience watching his wiggle his hips and skate his tits — just a few kind of plain, dorky looking girls sat in the stands ogling Kenny and the other boys, which was kind of gross. They didn’t

have the shark—like predatory stare of most girls but seemed almost scared of the boys while also exhibiting a fawning admiration, as if the boys were all goddesses. There was something about their meekness that made Kenny hate them.

After practice, the guys all stripped down and showered. Kenny couldn't help it. He glanced over as Brene slipped out of his shorts, pulling them down his hips, shaking them side to side, then bending over as he slid his shorts and panties down his long legs. Kenny's whole body flushed as Brene stood. He had a perfect, heart shaped booty, firm and toned, swelling out from beneath a narrow waist, the curve at the base of his spine — he reached up, gathering his hair, piling it in a messy bun, and Kenny could see the rounded perfection of his breasts on either side of his slender back, beneath those long, delicate arms...

Brene glanced back over his small, rounded shoulder and stuck his tongue out at Kenny, who dropped his eyes, feeling his face get even hotter. When Kenny glanced back Brene was gone. Kenny stripped out of his own clothes, holding his towel over his body as he hurried to the showers, trying not to

look at all the sexy boys coming and going. The room swam with steam, and Kenny rushed into an empty stall, pulling the curtain shut, sighing with relief. He turned on the water, grabbed his body wash and luffa, sudsing it up, running it over his soft, smooth skin, lifting his breasts, washing underneath, thinking about how Brene looked the next stall over as the white foam sluiced down the length of his gorgeous legs.

He half hoped Brene would come into his stall, kiss him, run his hands over Kenny's soft, wet body. But nothing happened, and when Kenny got out of the shower all he knew was that he was super thirsty.

And then they were at the mall. They sat at a table in the food court, leaning forward, smiling and nodding as they chatted, occasionally sipping their skim milk lattes. "I know we're both so busy now with boyfriends and everything, but I miss you!" Brene said.

"I miss you, too!" Kenny gushed, covering Berne's hand.

"Let's not be those boys who, as soon as they start dating, forget all about their bros and just spend all their time hanging out with their girlfriends," Brene

said. “I mean, like, we’ve always been BFFs, and I don’t want us to lose that.”

Kenny could see his old friend Brian trapped within the pretty face sitting across from him. He remembered long nights playing video games, hours playing sports, hanging out watching football, going to games with their dads. He didn’t know what their friendship had been built on since the change, what false memories Brian had about their childhood. But they had never sat staring into each other’s eyes as they talked like this, had never felt this— close. He liked it. “We won’t lose it,” Kenny said softly.

“We will unless we make the effort,” Brene said. “I think we should pledge to get together once per week. Just some boy time.” He took a sip of his latte, and when he put the cup down there was a tuft of foam clinging to his upper lip. He licked it away, and Kenny felt his heart flutter.

“I need boy time,” Kenny said, his voice suddenly hoarse. He dropped his eyes, idly tracing his fingers along Brian’s knuckles. His skin was so soft.

Brene shifted, his knee now touching Kenny’s. “Remember how we promised to be bridesmaids at

each other's weddings?" He asked. There was something new in his voice. A vulnerability. A need?

Kenny looked up again, meeting Brian's eyes. They both felt it, and they leaned forward, the heat building, and then they both felt scared, pulled back, sliding their seats back a few inches, sitting up, breaking eye contact, glancing around the mall. Kenny tugged at one of his earrings, hooked a strand of hair behind his ear. Brene suddenly needed to check his phone.

"So," Brene said, taking a deep breath.

"Shopping!"

CHAPTER 8

That night after dinner Kenny sat on his bed cross-legged wearing a lavender night shirt that read “Boy Power” across the chest. He opened his laptop and went to YouTube. He really wanted to watch baseball. It was playoff season, and the Yankees were playing the Red Sox, but he’d been super embarrassed at how slutty he’d looked after making out with Brett. He needed to learn how to do his make-up, fix his hair. So, he started watching tutorials, at first with the embarrassed self-consciousness of the bro he’d been, adopting an ironic, this is so dumb attitude.

Two hours later as he watched some boy who called himself Cutie2000 demonstrating how to do Butterfly eyes, he was mirroring the boy’s moves, waving his hand around his face as he practiced ghost makeup, fascinated, totally absorbed in learning how to make himself more pretty.

Ginger showed up again to help, and Kenny sat down, strangely flushed with pride as he announced, “I think I can do it myself!”

“Okay, dude,” Ginger said. “Show me what ya got.”

Kenny went to work, and with the occasional tip from Ginger, did a decent job painting his face. The ponytail was child’s play for him, and when he finished, he turned to Ginger, gushing with pride and said, “Not bad, eh?”

“You’re assimilating rapidly,” Ginger said. “I didn’t expect it to happen so fast.”

“What do you mean?” Kenny said, turning back to the mirror, looking at himself from different angles, practicing his smile, brushing a little more blush onto his cheeks.

“Would the old Kenny have ever worn make-up, let alone gotten so— excited— at his ability to put it on?”

“No, but— Oh,” Kenny said, confused. “I mean I thought I should—” But Ginger was right. He would never have allowed himself to be this much of a girl. “What’s happening to me?”

“Don’t feel too bad,” Ginger said. “We think it’s part of our biology now. Something built into us.”

“What? How?”

“Endorphins. Oxytocin. When we do our make-up, fix our hair— we feel pleasure, calm, a sense of

well-being. It's designed to make us want and need to do it— like an addiction to femininity.”

“Shit,” Kenny said. “But it's only been a couple days.”

“It's okay,” Ginger said. “Just be aware of it, but you need to be feminine to avoid detection, so there's that.”

“I guess,” Kenny said. “But— I don't like them controlling me. I feel violated. Disrespected.”

“Me, too. That's why we need to fight back.”

“And so how are we going to do it? What's your big plan? Tell me.” Kenny shrieked.

“Keep it down.” Kenny said. “Sssshhh. If your Mom or your sister hear us, they'll report us and then— you don't want to know.”

“My Mom? My sister? You mean— they know?”

“Of course. All the girls know.”

“And they're okay with us— like this?” He gestured down at his breasts, even as he thought about how his sister mocked and teased him, about how Brett insulted him and put him down in front of her friends.

“They love having us like this,” Ginger said, acid in his tiny voice. “They love being in charge.”

“This is bullshit,” Kenny said. “We have to stop it!”

“We are. We will.”

“How? What is the plan?”

“Okay,” Ginger said, getting excited. “So, when you are named Homecoming Queen, you will go out to the middle of the football field to get your tiara.”

“Ugh,” Kenny said, rolling his eyes.

“Right. But, then, you pull out your special cellphone-- remember the one I used on you? --and wake the entire stadium.”

Kenny stared at Ginger, sitting there in his schoolgirl uniform, his red hair in pigtails. “That’s it? That’s the plan?”

“Yes. Well, phase one. I mean, you’re the queen bee, the prettiest boy in school. Once all the boys are woke, they will never dare move against us! The other boys will follow you, and so will the women!”

“Omigod,” Kenny said. “You’re an airhead! This plan will never work!”

Ginger insisted. As Kenny squirmed into his skirt, put on his blouse, they debated. Kenny pretended, in the end, to agree, but he was full of doubt. “They feminized the entire planet!” Kenny said. “Hugh Jack Jackman is now playing Tinker Bell in Peter Pan Live

on Broadway! What makes you think they won't just sweep in and girl us mentally again?"

"They won't," Ginger said, his eyes bright with the lunacy of the radical believer. "They wouldn't dare! And we plan to do the same thing at Homecomings all across America!"

"This is ... we're a nothing suburb no one cares about. We're ants to them."

"A single pebble can start an avalanche!" Ginger said.

"And I'm the pebble?"

"Right!" Ginger said, punching him on the shoulder. "Dude, you have to trust me."

"I do," Kenny lied. "Bro." They fist bumped. Ginger pulled out his phone and checked his make-up. Kenny watched, more convinced than ever that Ginger was just another scatter-brained boy. If I'm a pebble, he thought, he's a fruity pebble.

"You ready?" Ginger said.

"Yeah, bro," Kenny said. "By the way, you look really cute with your hair like that."

"Thanks," Ginger said, completely missing the irony in Kenny's voice.

CHAPTER 9

The day of the big Homecoming game and dance arrived. The boys were all giggles, gossiping about who was going to be totally hooking up with who, which boys didn't get asked— always with voices oozing fake compassion. What are you wearing? How are you doing your hair? It was all the boys could think about, and the teachers pretty much surrendered, showing movies, handing out dittos, hiding behind their desks, just biding their time until the hormonal storm raging through the halls of their school subsided, and they could get back to actually teaching something.

Kenny and the cheerleaders all wore their uniforms. Kenny found himself strutting along the halls in a tight sweater that read Tigers across his breasts, a miniskirt, saddle shoes. He had a big, blue silk ribbon in his hair. He was now dressed as his second favorite porn fantasy after schoolgirl, and had gone through the same cycle of mortified arousal as with his schoolgirl outfit. Once more, girls openly ogled him, reminding him he'd become the wet dream.

Wet dream. He froze at the thought. Were these girls doing themselves, imagining him naked? God. Gross.

But, and he pushed this feeling deep down inside, kind of hot, too.

Brett and the girls on the football team ate lunch together on Homecoming Day, a big steak lunch paid for by the school even though they claimed they had no money to get new uniforms for the boys' volleyball team, so of course all the boys had been doing bake sales and car washes to raise money. Because that was soooo fair or whatever.

As much as Kenny found his body aching to be touched, held, kissed, he was happy to spend lunch with Brene — and the other boys, of course. They stole furtive glances all the while they chattered on about the game and the dance. The cheerleaders from Central were supposed to be really good this year, and all the boys were determined that whoever won the game, they would win at cheer.

Time passed. Kenny was in the locker room, tightening his ponytail, touching up his make-up, adjusting his bra straps. He was so focused on out cheering the boys from Central he'd almost forgot

about Ginger and his mission until Ginger came into the locker room and slipped him a cell phone. “Be brave,” Ginger whispered. “Free yourself from all this feminine tyranny.”

They fist bumped. Kenny looked at the phone, turned it over. It had a cute, sparkly pink case. Weird choice, Kenny thought, for a device that was supposedly meant to save us from feminine tyranny. He sat down, knees together, the cell phone in his lap. Would it work? Would all the boys be woke? He looked at all the slender, happy boys around him, excited about the game, the dance. Would they be happier woke? He remembered how he’d felt when Ginger had woken him- shocked, humiliated, embarrassed by the swelling of his breasts, his tiny voice. No, they would not be happy, not to mention all the dads in the crowd. How much of a kick in the nuts would it be for them?

And yet, wasn’t the truth always better than a lie?

Kenny glanced over at Brene, once more in his classic pose with a hip thrown out to the side while he twisted his ponytail, those long, stunning legs of his. How would Brian react to finding himself a bouncy little cheerleader?

“Oh! Omigod!” Brene suddenly squealed, noticing the time. “Let’s get out these and kick some ass!” He squealed, prancing, grabbing his pon pons.

Kenny hopped to his feet and started prancing as well, slipping the cellphone into his duffle bag, which he slung over his shoulder as he grabbed his pompons and started to shout out the cheers in his sweet, pretty voice. The boys pranced their way out of the locker and onto the sidelines in front of the home stands. “Hey! Who loves the Tigers? Hey! We love the Tigers! If! You love the Tigers yell loud loud loud!” The crowd stood and cheered. Kenny looked over his shoulder at the rival cheer team and slit his eyes. *Get ready to go down, bitches!* He thought. *Get ready to have your pretty little asses kicked, boys!*

Halftime. Brene and the boys gathered around Kenny, gushing, fixing his hair, his makeup. They announced Brett as the Homecoming King first, of course, and she strutted out, fists raised in triumph as the crowd cheered.

“And now, this year’s Homecoming Queen, the lovely, the radiant Kathy Verlane!”

The boys all squealed and clapped. Kenny put his hands to his cheeks, tears rolling down his face, and he walked across the field, meeting Brett's eyes. Even through his years Kenny could see how hot his girlfriend was. She wore her football uniform, had gotten dirty and sweating during the game, grass stains on her pants, the eye black under her eyes smeared. She looked so rugged and handsome, and she stared at Kenny, eyes full of pride and admiration, sending a jolt through him. The crowd cheered; cameras flashed. Kenny glanced back at Brene and all the boys, back at Brett.

Ginger's cellphone, which he'd had in his hand, slipped from his fingers, dropping to the thick, green turf. Kenny climbed onto the stand next to Brett, who threw an arm around his waist and kissed him on the cheek. "Congratulations, babe!"

"You too," Kenny whispered, gazing up in awe at his girlfriend. Mr. Green, the principal, held a glittering tiara in his hands. It was so pretty! He reached forward, and Kenny bowed his head slightly, felt the tiara being placed on his head, raised it, chin up, smiling his prettiest smile and waving at the

cheering crowd. He felt just like a princess, and he was a guy and all, but anyway it kind of didn't suck.

He spotted Ginger standing along the fence that surrounded the field. He had his hands clasped under his chin, and his eyes glowed with that same fevered madness. Do it! He mouthed, nodding.

Now!

Instead, Kenny reached up and put his hand to the back of Brett's head, pulling her down for a kiss, kicking his leg in the air as the crowd howled, whistling and barking. When the kiss ended, Kathy saw Ginger turning, running off into the night.

Oh, well, Kathy thought, skiing and waving, accepting a bundled dozen roses someone placed into his arms. We were never really friends.

Finally, standing there feeling prettier than he'd ever felt in his life, Kathy looked over at Brene. *In for a penny in for a pound*, he thought as their eyes met, and they both felt the heat.

CHAPTER 10

After the game, the cheerleaders all hurried back to the locker room, showering. Ponytails came down, hair came down. They slipped into their bras and panties— not every day cute little things— but special purchases from Victor’s Secret, lacy and sexy and adult, and then they wiggled into hot little dresses. Kathy and Brene helped each with their hair, their dresses. It gave them plenty of opportunities for gentle touches, casual caresses, running their fingers along each other’s soft skin, touching their earrings, tugging on their ears. They decided to wear the same perfume. They almost kissed, right there in front of all the boys, but they each pulled back, blushing. Finally, Kathy slipped into his stiletto pumps, proudly doing a little twirl. He’d been practicing, and then he and Brene minced over to the full-length mirror, heels clicking on the tile floor.

Brene wore a tight little red dress. Kathy black. Neither dress left much to the imagination. They’d both opted for sultry, smoky eyeshadow, thick lashes that practically dripped mascara, and dark red lips. “Goddamn you are so fucking hot!” Brene said.

“Me? You’re the hottest bitch in this place,” Kathy said, putting a hand on Berne’s bare back, gently scratching with his fingernails.

“Your boobs! So perfect,” Brene said.

“I feel like they might pop out of this dress at any second,” Kathy said, looking at his D-cups straining against the thin material of his little dress.

“Let’s hope so!” Brene said, giving Kathy’s plump ass a squeeze.

“Stop!” Kathy giggled, and then the two boys took each other’s hands and hurried off to the gym, looking forward to seeing the face of their girlfriends when they saw how hot they looked.

The girls did not let them down for a change. As Kathy and Brene made their entrance, a little extra sway in the hips, walking sexy in their heels, their girlfriends froze, mouths dropping open in stunned appreciation. Kathy walked right up to Brett, thrilled at how his beauty was affecting her, and he pressed his soft body against hers’ put a hand on her chest. And then he smiled and just waited.

“You’re gorgeous,” Brett finally managed, staring down into Kathy’s face in wonder, taking her in her arms. “You look like a goddess.”

Kathy giggled. “Thanks, handsome,” he said, and then accepted the kiss he needed so badly.

They danced. One of the girls spiked the punch—girls were so bold! Arii Grande was singing some song about her guns. Taylor Swift sang about fighting some girl on Saturday night, winning the hottest guy. When the Jonas Sisters song “Pretty as we Wanna Be” came on Kathy found Brene, took his hand and pulled him out of the gym, down the hall to the science lab. Brene seemed scared, but Kenny was a little drunk, totally hot and determined to get what he needed. He buried his hands in Berne’s thick curls, pulled him in and kissed him right on his soft lips.

When the kiss ended, Brene reached out and put a hand to Kathy’s cheek. “Kath,” he whispered, voice full of fear, need, confusion. He looked so sweet, so vulnerable, it drove Kathy mad with desire. “I... I don’t...”

“Yes, you do,” Kathy said, pushing Brene against one of the black lab tables, kissing him again. Brene stiffened, resisted, pushing weakly against Kathy’s small shoulders, but Kathy put a hand on Brene’s breast, knowing how good it felt, knowing how it... opened him, and he squeezed, and Brene seemed to

experience a full body sigh, surrendering, leaning back, accepting the kiss and then pawing at Kathy, kissing back, eager and hungry.

Dresses got unzipped. Bras slipped off amid sighs and giggles, and the two boys got lost in each other's soft flesh, kissing each other all over, caressing, squeezing... until they both felt that glorious tension building somewhere inside their bodies, and then "Oh! Oh! Oh!" It burst, waves of pleasure rolling through them as they sank to the floor, bodies entwined, staring into each other's eyes as they lay together, basking in the afterglow.

They lay like that, panting, soft bodies pressed together, idly playing with each other's hair. Kathy thought about the phone slipping from his fingers, falling to the moist, green turf. This was why he'd done it. Brene was why he'd done it. If Brene had been woken, they never could have had this moment together, never could have held each other like this, been together. If they were still boys, the way they used to be boys, all of these feelings would have gone unexpressed, curdling, dying. They'd have been too insecure and afraid to ever tell each other how they felt. But now?

“Kathy,” Brene whispered. “I love you. I’ve always loved you. For all these years...”. He looked scared having said it out loud, and Kathy knew just what Brene needed to hear.

“I love you, too,” Kathy said. “And I always did.”

“It makes me so happy to hear you say that,” Brene said.

They kissed. Hugged. Loved.

Kathy didn’t know if he would ever really learn to accept his new body, his new place in the world. He had D-cups now, needed a bra. His sister and girlfriend teased and belittled him. People thought he was just a blonde airhead. His life would be all skirts and dresses now, tight little clothes that showed off his curves. He’d have to put up with the stares of girls, the comments, the come-ons. But it would all be worth it, all of it, as long as he got to be with Brene.

THE END

Boys Trapped in

GIRLWORLD



Boys Trapped in

GIRLWORLD

