



Trent felt the cool air swirl around his long, bare legs, his pleated skirt fluttering in the wind. Across the tennis court, his sister tossed the ball in the air, brought her racket around and sent a missile of a serve screaming at Trent. Trent lunged and managed to slap the ball back, making a small, high-pitched squeak as he did so. Ultimately, the most important thing for Trent these days was to always look cute. Ever since his body had changed and he'd gotten his curves, he wasn't very good at sports. His sister always beat him. But, as pretty as he was now, Trent always drew a crowd, and he made sure to let them see just how sweet and fun he was. He was a social media influencer, after all, and people would be posting pics and videos of him prancing around in his little skirt. It was so important he was always on brand.

Sandy, on her side, couldn't believe the skinny, flirty, silly girl on the other side of the net used to be her brother—and a pretty good athlete. Leggy and curvy with radiant skin, he'd given up fighting the new life she and her mother had planned for him. He'd given up on ever being a boy again, now focusing his blonde ambition on building his career as a teen model and fashion influencer. A **female** teen model. When Sandy had sent a booming canon of a forehand down the line for the win, Trent had just giggled, made a cute little shrug with his little, round shoulders and said, "you're so strong! I can't even!"

"You did okay," Sandy said, then added, "for a boy."

Trent crinkled his nose, slit his eyes and tilted his head to the side. It was such a feminine act of defiance Sandy had to stop herself from laughing. As for Trent, glancing down at the swelling his chest, feeling his long blonde ponytail tingling the skin at the back of his neck and glancing at his long pink fingernails, he didn't really consider himself a boy anymore. "Um," he said with all the sass he could muster. "I'm a girl, okay?"

"Okay, Tabitha," Sandy said, coming around the net and offering her hand. Trent took it, and his sister helped him get up. "You up for a latte?"

"I'm always up for a latte," Trent said with a smile. "What girl isn't?"

Flashback!

Jane heard the snap, and then the shout of outrage from her daughter, Sandy. “You’re an idiot,” she screamed. Her son, Trent, laughed. Jane closed her eyes. Trent never stopped picking on Sandy, and it reminded her too much of the way her ex-husband had treated her. Trent had seen it his whole life, he clearly had absorbed the idea it was okay to pick on girls. Meanwhile, Jane had watched as Sandy’s self-esteem had slowly wasted away under her brother’s merciless attacks.

No doubt, in some ways, Trent probably also felt like he was only getting payback. Trent was two years younger than Sandy, and she and her friends had teased and tormented him for years. In the last year he’d hit puberty, undergone a growth spurt and after years of being the little brother he was now bigger and stronger than his big sister. It had gone to his head.

More shouting. Feet stomping upstairs. Jane shook her head. If only there were some way she could put a stop to the teasing.

It was slightly over a week later that she paid a visit to her old friend, Erin. They had coffee and caught up. “So,” Jane finally said when she felt the time was right. “I did have an alternate agenda when I texted you.”

“Don’t we all?” Erin said, leaning forward, eager to dive in and help her friend with whatever problem she was having.

“It’s Trent. He’s just—he’s an ass. He won’t stop teasing his sister, and it’s really hurting her emotionally. I’m at my wits end. I remember you had the same problem with Bobby. How’d you handle it?”

“Well,” Erin said, “you wouldn’t believe it but...”

Just then, the porch door slid open, and a girl came bopping in. She was blonde, pretty and wearing just a sports bra and a pair of tiny little, short shorts, her smooth skin glistening with sweat. “Hey, Jane,” she said, leaning down to give his mother a kiss, then bopping off into the house, ponytail swaying from side to side.

“Who’s she?” Jane asked. “She’s really pretty.”

“She,” Erin said with a wicked smile, “is Bobby.”

Chapter Two

Trent felt like he suddenly had a 120-degree fever. His face had lit up first, then his neck and chest, and sweat had broken out on his forehead and then began to pour down his face. He'd begun to fan himself with one hand, his breathing growing shallow. It had been the middle of history class, and Miss Paulson, the hottest teacher at his school, had noticed, staring at him for a moment then saying, "Trent? Do you feel okay?"

"I don't know," he said.

"Maybe you should go see the school nurse."

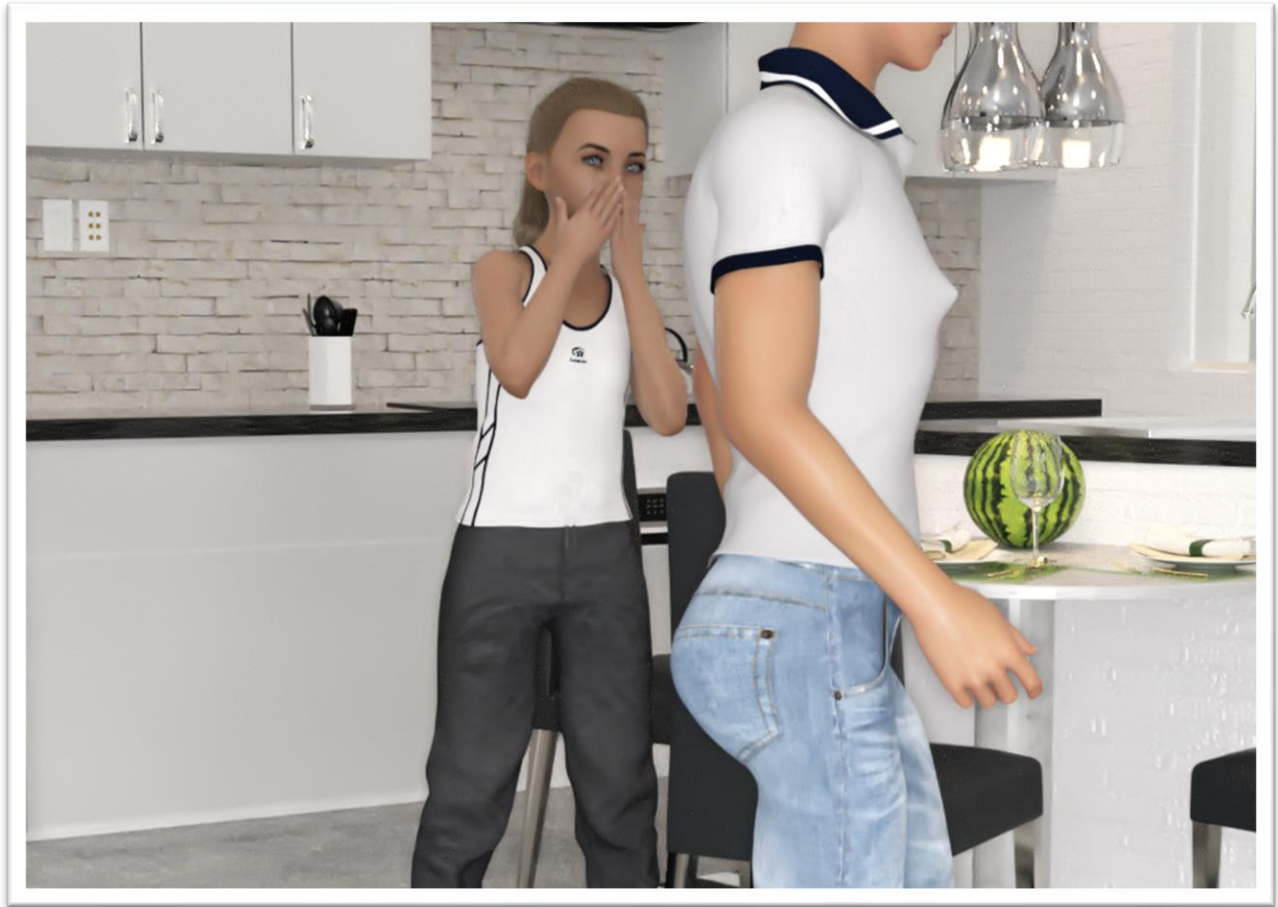
"Yeah. Yeah," he said. Getting up, he wobbled, feeling dizzy, then stumbled out of the room. By the time he got to the nurses' office, his t-shirt was drenched with sweat, but the sudden hot flash had gone away, replaced by a chill that made his nipples get hard. Trent was one of those guys whose nipples never got hard, and it felt strange to have them poking out, his wet t-shirt clinging to them. When he got in to see the nurse, he wrapped his arms around his chest and explained what had happened. The nurse took his temperature, felt his forehead. She was puzzled, because it sounded like the boy was describing a hot flash, but that made no sense.

Everything seemed fine, so she sent him on his way. Trent stopped in the bathroom on his way back to class and checked out his chest, his nipples still hard. It looked puffy. He would need to do more pushups.

Trent grabbed a gallon carton of milk from the fridge, opened it up, lifted it to his lips and guzzled until the carton was empty, rivulets of milk dripping from the corners of his mouth, which he wiped away with the back of his hand. His Mom and sister, who'd been sitting at the kitchen table talking, had stopped, and they were now staring at him with slightly bemused looks on their faces. "What?" He said. "I've been craving milk like crazy lately."

"A blossoming boy needs lots of fat," Sandy said with a giggle. Trent's body had been craving fat, and most of it had gone right to his hips and booty. He now a plump, round behind and soft, curving hips.

"What the hell is that supposed to mean?" Trent said, swaggering off. Hmmmmn, he thought, aware of a feeling of awkwardness in his walk that had been growing for some time. His jeans felt too tight, especially in the ass area. In fact, he found it hard to swagger the way he used to. He had to concentrate to keep his hips from swiveling side to side.



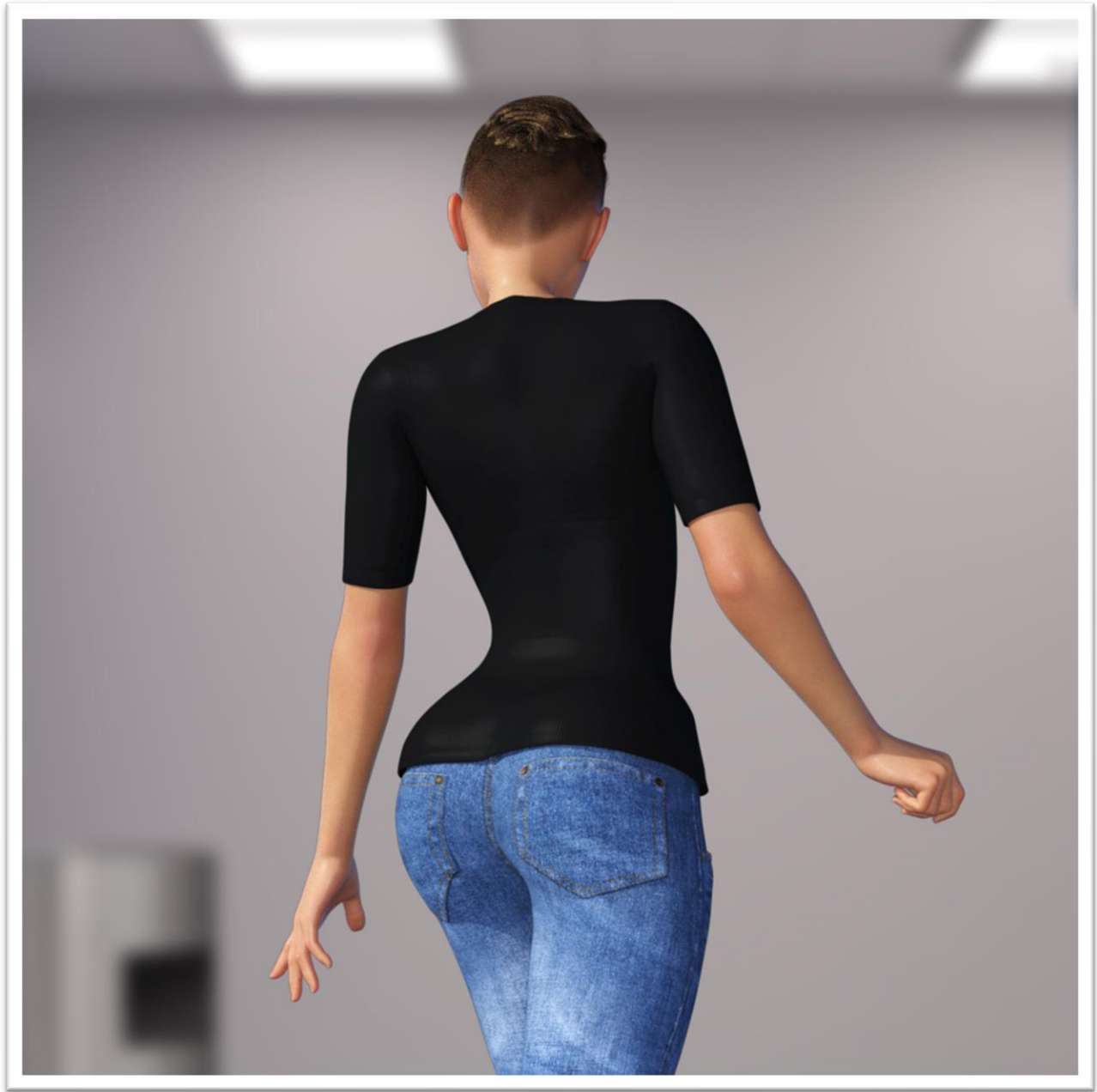
Trent went off to school, not thinking much of it until two further incidents occurred. First, he'd been walking down the hall, late to class as usual. He'd forgotten about the need to control his walk and had been letting his rounding, softening hips sway side to side, even as he balanced that out by letting his arms swing more than usual. He wasn't even thinking about it until he heard Parker Paul say, "Nice ass. I'd tap that." Confused because there was no one else in the hall and eager to see whatever hottie Parker had been talking about, Trent had stopped and looked back. Parker had frozen, his face turning red.

"Dude. Shit. My bad."

"What the fuck?" Trent had said, going and punching Parker on the arm—as hard as he could.

Parker flinched away. "It was an honest mistake."

"Don't let it happen again," Trent said, throwing one of his soft, round hips out to the side without even thinking about and planting one hand on his hip. "Get out of *here*." His voice had cracked on the word "here." Trent put a hand to his throat and grimaced.



He put the incident out of his mind. After school he and Wendy had gotten together and the two of them were making out a little. She put her hand on his chest, expecting rock hard muscle, and instead felt a soft swelling. Her touch woke up Trent's nipples, which had been popping up like crazy ever since that first time. "You need to do more push-ups," she said, giving his budding tit a squeeze.

Trent pushed her hand away. "Don't start," he said, kissing her again. He'd found himself getting really into kissing lately. "The weirdest thing happened today," he said between kisses.

“Yeah?”

“Parker was checking out my ass. Do you think he might be gay?”

Wendy giggled. “No. You have a bubble butt,” she said, letting her hand dart in to give his chest another quick squeeze. “From the backside, you maybe look like one of us. The girls are all a little jealous.” She slipped her hand back up and cupped the soft swell of his chest.

“Stop it,” Trent said, annoyed at how he was sounding like the girl now, complaining about her grabbing his tits. They kissed some more, Trent slapping Wendy’s curious hand away, and then he was hit with another hot flash, his face flushing, his neck, his chest. He pushed Wendy away as he began fanning himself.

“That hot thingy again?” Wendy looked on, thinking he was acting just like her great aunt when she’d been going through menopause.

“Yeah. I don’t know what the hell is going on.”

Wendy thought about his swelling chest, his bouncy, heart-shaped ass. It was time. “Um, so, I’m thinking we should take a break,” she said.

“What? Are you serious?” Trent felt himself overwhelmed with emotions and to his horror, he felt his eyes sting, could feel the tears building. “Where did this come from?”

“It’s not you,” Wendy said. “It’s me.”

“Fine!” Trent huffed, stomping a foot, his chest quavering. He turned and stormed off, then found a corner, curled up into a ball and wept, hugging his knees to his chest. What the hell is wrong with me? He wondered. He hadn’t cried since he’d been little, and his dad had told him “Boys don’t cry.” Now, it seemed he cried twice a day. Maybe, he thought, I’m losing my mind?

He couldn’t know he was just hormonal.

Once Trent stopped crying, he dried his tears and waited around until his eyes weren’t red and puffy anymore—he couldn’t let everyone know he’d been crying. At home, during dinner, he’d started to tease Sandy. After his strange and humiliating day, he needed to do something to make himself feel strong and picking on his sister never failed. “Girls just can’t beat guys at sports,” he was saying, returning to one of his favorite themes.

“Do you think you could beat a professional MMA fighter just because she’s a girl?” Sandy had asked, shaking her head. Her brother was such a jerk, but it amused her to be having this debate now while her brother still had no idea **he** was turning into a girl.

Trent nodded, shifting uncomfortably. When he sat anymore, he could feel his plump rear end spread under him like a pillow, and it made him remember Parker’s comment. “The thing is *guys*—“ his voice cracked on the word *guys*. He cleared his throat. “*Guys are...*” His voice. He sounded like a girl. A little girl. “*What the hell?*”

Sandy laughed. “You sound like a girl,” she said, giggling.

“Drink something,” Erin said, and glancing at Sandy. Not yet.

Trent, his whole body seized with panic, drank. “*Do I sound... normal?*” His voice had cracked back down to its former level. “That was weird.” Just then, he got hit with another hot flash, his face turning bright red as he started fanning himself. Sandy looked on, barely able to restrain herself as she watched her annoying brother suffering something only girls were supposed to go through.



Trent stripped down to his underwear and checked himself out in the mirror, horrified at what he was seeing, having had his state of denial exploded. He saw rounded hips, and a big, round bubble butt. No wonder his jeans felt so tight. His waist had slendened, and he’d lost muscle, his shoulders now round, his arms like they’d been when he was a little boy and before he’d started working out. Turning to the side, he saw he had

a sway at the small of his back—like a girl. And, he had boobs. It was more than just tenting. They were clearly small, breasts, like Hershey’s kisses. Back in middle school, girls had been very excited to have less.

Trent had spent hours in the gym, pumping iron, making his body big, lean and angular. He'd been proud of his bulging arms, rock hard pecs. Now, he felt only terrible shame as he looked at his soft curves, his tiny little arms.

Something was going very wrong. His body— it belonged on a girl, not a guy. Trent felt the tears coming again. “No... no... no... Boys don't cry.” He remembered his father telling him. “Boys don't cry.” Yet a tidal wave of emotions washed over him, and as he struggled to hold back the years, he felt himself start to hyperventilate, the straps of his tank top pulling and slacking as his little breasts rose and fell. Finally, he lost the battle. The tears rolled down his cheeks, which made him feel even more powerless, small and-- girled. He threw himself on his bed, hugging a pillow to his chest, thinking, “my life is over!”

When his crying spell ended, he cleaned up as usual. He needed help. Needed a doctor. He pulled on his terrycloth bathrobe and, blushing with shame, went down to his mother's room. He knocked. “Yes?”

“Can we talk?”

“Sure,” Erin said, putting down her book and patting the mattress. She'd been watching the changes in Trent. Not just physical but mental. As his body had softened and he'd found himself getting more emotional, his confidence had begun to sap away. It would have worried her to see the same lack of self-esteem settling into him as she'd seen in her daughter, but Dr. Webster had assured her that after he'd been broken down and freed of his toxic masculinity, they would rebuild Trent as a bright, bubbly, confident young woman.

Trent walked in and said, “there's something wrong with me.”

“Why would you say that?”

Trent opened his bathroom and let his mom see his slender, curvy body. “I think I'm turning into a girl.”

She pretended to be surprised. “I'll get you appointment to see a doctor, sweetie. You'll be fine. I promise.”

Trent once more found himself sniffing, then crying. He sat down next to his mother, and they hugged, Trent crying while his mother comforted him. Sandy walked by and, hearing the sniffing, poked her head in the door, smirking at the sight of her brother weeping like a girl. His robe was still open, and she saw small breasts straining against his tank top. “Um, bro?” Sandy said, pointing to his chest. “Do you realize you're growing boobies?”

“Shut up!” Trent shrieked, his emotions out of control, his voice cracking. “*Shut up!*”

“Women,” Sandy said. “You're all such drama queens.”

“Go!” Mom said. She was slightly behind Trent, so he couldn’t see her mouth “too soon.” Sandy huffed and walked away. Seeing her brother crying, the way his body was changing, she felt a sense of triumph. She was back on top.