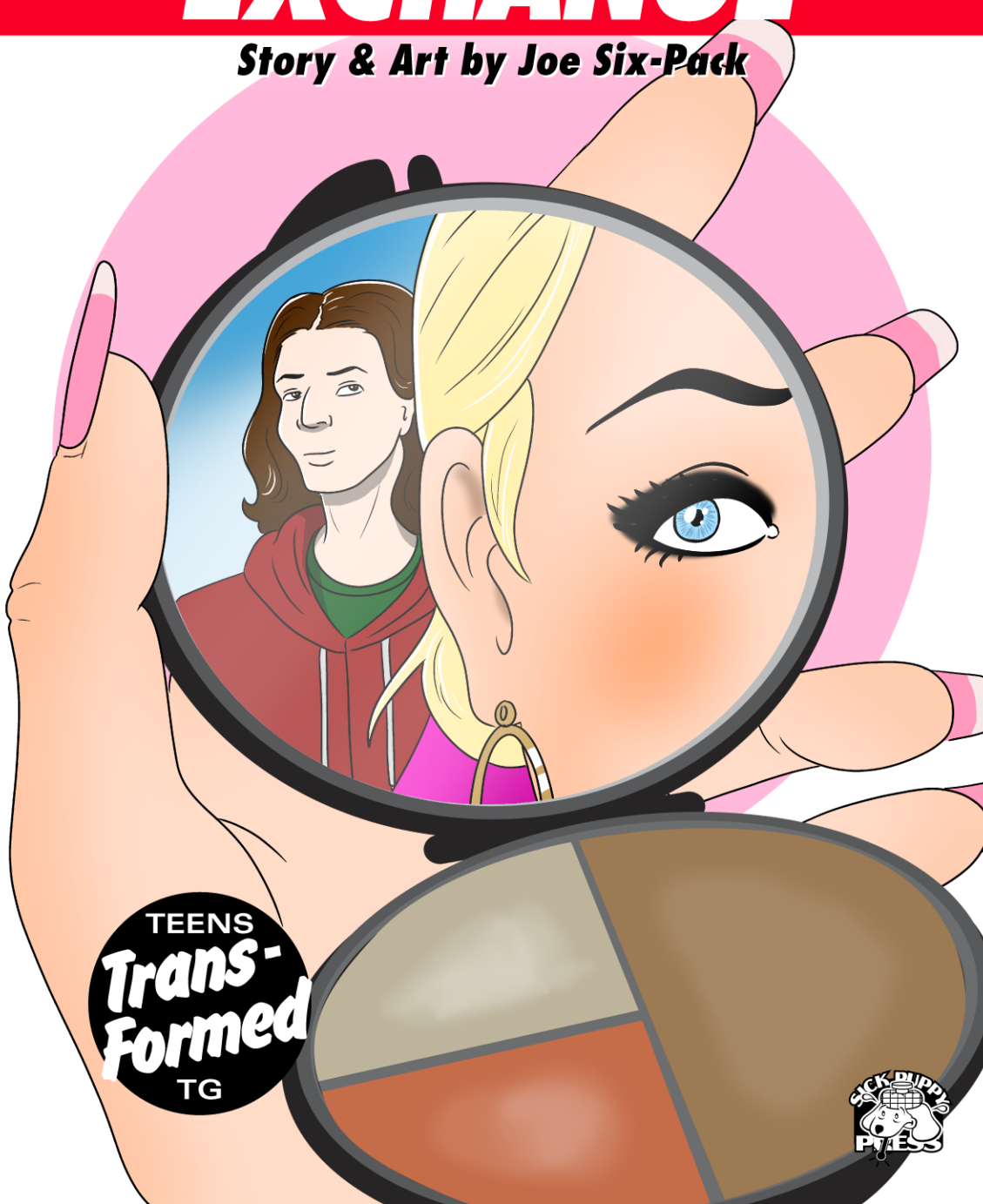


ADULTS ONLY

77 pages 22 illustrations

# STUDENT EXCHANGE

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack



TEENS  
**Trans-  
Formed**  
TG



**J O E   S I X   P A C K**

# ***STUDENT EXCHANGE***

**Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack  
A Teens Transformed story**



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## STUDENT EXCHANGE

The terminal at Will Rogers World Airport was mostly empty on this night. The vendors had closed down, and only a few of the seats were occupied, mostly with dozing business travelers. A vacuum cleaner could be heard off in the distance somewhere, the only recognizable noise to be heard. The lights were dim, the sun had set for the night, and the gate area was dark.

A man dressed in a powder blue suit and cowboy boots was laying straight in his seat, trying to nod off. He adjusted the cowboy hat on his head to take a look around. What he saw, amongst the metal and the black seats was a young teenage girl, holding a sign that said "Welcome to America!" on it. She was dressed in a purple and turquoise sequined mini dress held up with spaghetti straps, and wore a pair of knee-high high-heeled boots. Her blonde hair had been pinned up in an intentionally messy bun and her face shined with a fresh coat of makeup.

The man in the powder-blue suit placed the hat back over his eyes and tried to go back to sleep. He had lived in Oklahoma long enough to recognize hick white trash when he saw it. The poor girl would get married in a few years, probably to some jock football star, raise some bratty kids, divorce her husband, live off alimony, and spend all her money on plastic surgery to stay young looking. She'd be a burnt-out cheerleader with a smoking habit. Same old story. Hell, he'd married that sort of girl. Three times.

Kelley Sue Crawford, holding her sign and bubbling with excitement, had a different view of her life. Yes, she was a cheerleader dating the school's starting quarterback, and yes, she wanted to get married soon, but there was no way she was staying in her home town. Winstonville only had ten thousand people living there, and she was determined to get out of that tiny town. She was just too good for them. She knew she had the looks and talent to go far. More than once, people on the street – people she didn't even know – would ask her if she was a model or a beauty queen or something the like.

"Not yet," she'd reply, with a flashy smile and a shake of her blond hair.

Her plan for her future was centered around a television show, "Top Model USA," which was scheduled to come to nearby Stanton Valley. There, they'd tape a show where area girls would compete to go to Hollywood for a chance to be a part of the national finals in the Summer. She had made that her mission. She was going to win that show if it killed her.

Key to this plan for success was aboard the plane she had just seen land off in the distance.

On it rode Michelle Bouvier, the French exchange student she was hosting for the rest of the school year. She was going to give Kelley Sue the advantage in the Top Model USA competition. If there was one thing Kelley Sue knew, it

was that she needed to have an edge over her competition. In the one spark of truly innovative thought that she might ever have, it occurred to her that she was just another country girl who was going to compete against others exactly like her. To win Top Model USA, she needed something more. She needed the style and sophistication she couldn't get in Winstonville. That's why she brought the exchange student in. She was going to teach Kelley all about international sophistication. She was from France, after all. *Paris*. The ground zero of all things style.

How much more sophisticated could you get?

Michelle came from the country that invented fashion and style. Now, she was going to benefit from Michelle's expertise and wow those judges at Top Model USA. It was like she had just hired her own personal style consultant.

Kelley Sue bounced with excitement as she saw the Delta commuter flight pull up towards the gate. It wouldn't be long now. She was on her way to stardom.

She wasn't shy about her plan, either. Kelley Sue had bragged to her friends about how she now had the secret weapon to win. "Y'all ain't gonna recognize me after Michelle teaches me all about elegance and culture," she told Randi and Joelle her closest friends. "I'm goin' to be one high-class lady," she told her family. It wasn't uncommon for her to say to her schoolmates and teachers, "I wouldn't be surprised if Michelle didn't make me so sophisticated I'll be modelin' dresses n' stuff in Paris by the end of the year."

As the plane pulled into the gate, some folks gathered around, ready to welcome whomever it was they were waiting for. Nervously, Kelley Sue looked around for her parents, Ron and Chandra, but they were still absent. "Probably got lost parkin'," Kelley Sue said to herself. "Either that or they're still poutin'."

Her parents didn't really like the idea of hosting an exchange student this year. They were against it. That was probably because Kelley Sue hadn't told them about it until three days ago. She had made all the arrangements, and fed the forms into a stack of other things she had her Daddy sign for school. When the student exchange rep called to schedule an interview, Kelley Sue had made sure that it would just be too long a drive and her parents were just so gosh darn busy that an interview wasn't possible. That technicality didn't sand in the way of being approved. Just two weeks ago, Kelley Sue had been phoned to notify her that an exchange student was on the way from Paris by the name of Michelle.

Her parents might have strongly objected, but her parents would do what she wanted. She had her ways.

"Darlin', you know you need to tell us about these things," her Daddy had said. "This is goin' too far!"



“Oh, but Daddy, you won’t have to do nuthin’!” Kelley Sue protested. “She’ll be with me all day and she’ll sleep in the guest room next to mine! You’ll never even know she’s here.”

“What your father said, Kelley Sue!” Her Momma snapped. “You have no right! We’ll have to just call and cancel! We can’t just put some... *Foreigner* in our house! We don’t know anything about her! What if she’s a terrorist?”

“Well I can call the student exchange people and tell them our family can’t host a student,” Kelley Sue replied, “and I just hope they won’t blame us for some sort of international incident!” She put on her best expression of innocence and concern. “If some other family in Winstonville should try and get an exchange student and be rejected, I certainly hope they won’t be told they can’t do it because they don’t trust Winstonville. Imagine! They’d say, ‘We all can’t send an exchange student to you folks, because of what the Crawford family did.’ Wouldn’t that be just *horrible*?”

That was all Kelley Sue needed to say. She knew that her parents were touch sensitive when it came to their social status in Winstonville. Why, her mother was the president of the booster club, and jealously guarded her high position of status. Her Daddy was especially thin-skinned, as the family made good money from being the only tool & die shop within 100 miles of Winstonville. It had bought them the biggest home in town at two whole stories. Ron Crawford Tool & Die made the biggest float in the 4th of July parade, and every year Ron Crawford waved to the community like he was the mayor.

No, she knew her parents would never jeopardize their social standing.

So that was why, as the gates opened up and the passengers came off the plane, Kelley Sue knew that she had already won. She always won. That was the fun of being Kelley Sue Crawford, the Queen of Winstonville.

As the about twenty or so passengers disembarked from the small commuter plane, Kelley Sue imagined showing her new possession off to the people of town, and most importantly to her schoolmates. She’d let everyone know how it was her family and her family’s good reputation that awarded the exchange student to them. Michelle would be a walking trophy to display, shined and polished for people to admire.

Then, as they saw Michelle and Kelley Sue around, they’d remark how much more worldly and stylish Kelley Sue looked. They’d notice as she started to dress in modern fashions and carry herself with European grace and poise. In six months, she’d be unrecognizable as the country girl she was now and she’d walk and talk like an elegant supermodel, the type you see in beer posters.

As the crowd started to thin out, it suddenly occurred to Kelley Sue that she didn’t see her exchange student. There were nothing but haggard business travelers in beaten suits. No one was left behind. Not a soul. Except for...

Oh, no, thought Kelley Sue. It couldn't be. She turned to the only passenger that was still standing around, waiting. She approached, still holding her sign. "Scuse me, darlin..." she began.

The young man raised his head and nervously smiled. "Allo. I am looking for Kel Eeee Craw-ferd?"

"Oh, uh," Kelley Sue was reluctant to confirm her name. "Who are you?"

"I am Michel," he handed over his forms from the student exchange organization. "Michel from Paris."

"Yes!" Kelley Sue replied brightly. "Where is Michelle?"

The boy blushed. "Non. I am Michel."

Kelley Sue, confused, took a glance at the papers she held in her hands. The name read "Michel Jean Bouvier."

This couldn't be. She shook the papers angrily. "This is not right!" She looked around for any assistance. Seeing the clerks at the gate, she stomped on over to the ticket desk. "Excuse me!" she said loudly. "Excuse me!"

One of the clerks turned to face Kelley Sue and he gave her a courtesy smile. "Miss?" He asked.

"Yes, hello. How are you?" Kelley Sue replied, sweetening her smile just as much as the clerk. "We have a situation." She produced the papers from the student exchange. "There's been a little mix-up? You see? I have graciously consented to share my home with a French female exchange student by the name of Michelle."

The clerk gave Kelley Sue's papers a cursory glance. "Yes..." he said, unable to put together the pieces yet.

"Well, as you can see..." She pointed to Michel, still standing where he was, dressed in his skinny black jeans and baggy pullover. "That's not a girl named Michelle."

"Yes." The clerk pointed to the papers. "It's pronounced the same as..."

"I have not finished my story yet. Please do not interrupt me." Kelley Sue straightened her posture. "I have no need for a boy. There's obviously some sort of error."

The clerk replied by silently nodding.

"So, you need to send him back," Kelley Sue concluded. "Okay? Thank you!" She began to turn away.

Blinking rapidly in a sign of total non-comprehension, the clerk gathered his incredulity together. "I don't understand."

"I don't want this student," Kelley Sue re-stated. "I'm returning him. You send him back to France."



The clerk decided against just walking away and laughing, and stood his ground. “Miss, we don’t have any way of doing that. We have nothing to do with the student exchange program.”

“I’ll sign whatever you want me to sign. Just put him on the plane and send him back. Do you need me to write a note?”

The clerk needed to end this. “Miss, this is not an issue for the airline. I can give you our customer service number if you’d like, but if you have a problem with the student exchange program, you’ll have much better and faster service if you contact them directly.”

Kelley Sue considered this. “You think so?”

“Oh yes, miss.”

Kelley Sue then saw her parents approaching from the far side of the terminal. She didn’t want to be seen having a problem, as if something wasn’t completely under control. “Thank you for your help, then.”

“Thank *you*,” the clerk replied before swiftly escaping through a door.

Kelley Sue hurriedly returned to Michel to make sure she had time to think of something before her parents arrived. As she did, Michel smiled, and undid the tightly bound stubby pony tail at the base of his neck. “Veree long flight,” he said, shaking his long hair free. Now unrestrained, his brown hair was past chin length and very healthy. “I would ask a shower, no?”

The new appearance of her exchange student caused Kelley Sue to pause momentarily, as that long hair made him look like the girl she wished he was. In fact, he had a very effeminate face, except for the large beaky nose on him. She started to think that maybe, since he already looked kinda female... That... Possibly... But before she could get her thoughts in gear, Ron and Chandra were there.

“Bon Jor No!” They said together in a loud Texan drawl.

“How Dee,” Michel replied, returning the gesture of speaking in the native tongue.

Ron, Kelley Sue’s father was the first to venture into conversation. “So, welcome...” he paused, as if to consider who, exactly, he was talking to. “...Michelle.”

“Welcome to Oklahomla!” Chandra said, giving Michel a hug. “Um... Michelle.”

Both parents seemed to be a bit skeptical, so rather than create a scene, Kelley Sue filled in the doubt with a lot of activity. “Michelle’s luggage is coming in, Daddy, so why don’t you go down to the basement to see if it’s arrived. Momma, I promised Joelle I’d pick something up from the gift shop, so here’s twenty dollars, please find something nice for her. Meanwhile, I need to take Michelle to the ladies room to freshen up.”



With orders, the group broke up and headed off in separate directions. Kelley Sue knew well that the luggage claim was not down in the basement, and that all the vendors were closed. That would have her parents wandering round for a while, buying her some time.

She was shocked that her parents still seemed to think that Michel might yet be a girl, but looking at him, she could understand their hesitation. Michel didn't seem to have much in the way of masculinity. He was small, had long hair, no beard, and spoke in a soft voice. Knowing that she was living on borrowed time, she whipped out her cell phone.

Kelley Sue argued for about ten minutes, loudly, with the student exchange people who refused to even acknowledge that sending Michel back was an option. Even her usual brand of intimidating charm wasn't making a dent in their denial of her simple, reasonable request. As she suspected, she was stuck with Michel, and it was time for a new plan. Frustrated, she clacked her phone shut and dragged Michel into the empty ladies' room.

"But eet is not for me!" Michel objected, as he was being steered to to bathroom with the skirted figure on the door. "I am not..."

"Stop complaining, Frenchie!" Kelley Sue commanded, as she shoved him inside.

Michel covered his eyes with his hands. "This eez embarrassing!" he cried. Kelley Sue ripped his hands from his eyes.

"Knock it off!" She barked. She rubbed the temples of her head for a few moments, and then made paced a few feet left and right before she put her hands on her hips and took a deep breath. "Okay," she said to the air. "Okay. Look. I don't have a choice."

She turned to Michel and then dropped to her knees. "Please pretend to be a girl!" She said, her hands clutched together to beg. "Pleeeeeease!"

"What?" Michel replied, astonished at this girl's unhinged behavior. "Non!"

"I told all my friends and teachers I was going to have a French girl!" She cried. "I can *not* go back and tell them Kelley Sue Crawford failed! I can *not* do that! Failure is *not* an option!"

His exit blocked, Michel backed away from Kelley Sue as far as he could, to the other end of the bathroom. His horrified expression spoke volumes. He was just on a plane from his home country and in the first five minutes of landing, he was in the middle of some bizarre scene beyond his imagination. "Please do not hurt Michel," he said.

"I will pay you anything! Good American money! I will do anything! I *have* to have a girl to show everyone!" Kelley Sue pleaded. "I will *not* be the laughing stock of Winstonville!"

“Je prie...” Michel started to say. He tried to speak another word, but knew he was lost. He grabbed a small book from his pocket titled “Expressions Anglaises” and flipped through it. “Please, where... is... the consulate?” he said, haltingly. “I would like... to see... The embassy.”

“The embassy?” Kelley Sue said. “Darlin, there ain’t...” An idea struck her, as if a light bulb had gone off above her head. She then stopped talking for a second and then her expression changed from compliant to commanding. “Oh, no!” Kelley Sue said with mock concern, as she stood up. “Oh, Darlin!” she placed her hand over her lips, in a dramatic display of concern.

“Quel set..?”

“When I was told that a French student named Michel was coming, I assumed it was a girl,” she said. “Now this is my fault and I do apologize. But I told the immigration people that our houseguest was going to be female.”

“Im eh gray shun?” Michel tried to repeat.

“The government, honey. You know, the people with the guns and tanks?”

Michel’s expression was suddenly stricken with horror. He rightfully feared the American government. The dangerous reputation of what the border police did to foreigners was on the news every night.

Kelley Sue approached Michel and placed her hand on his shoulder sympathetically. “I’m afraid that the government is expecting a female to be living with us. If they should find out that you’re not who they think you are...” She held Michel’s hand, and held it close. “I do not want to think what they might do to a foreigner. Have you heard of waterboarding?”

Michel jolted back into the corner, his eyes open wide with horror. “Quoi!”

“Now I am begging you, Michel, if you don’t let me help you, you’ll be thrown in jail before we even leave this airport!” She removed a tube of lipstick from her purse. “We can do this together, Michel. I won’t let them take you!”



Ron Crawford checked the road sign that indicated 65 miles as it flew by. The Chevy crew cab truck careened down the highway at 70, meaning it was going to be another hour until they got back home. He looked over to his wife, who was already halfway through a pack of Marlboro Lights. She dangled her lit cigarette out the window to keep the smoke out of the cab.

“So is it Spring in France?” Chandra asked, looking at Michel in the rear-view mirror. “I heard that when it’s Fall here, it’s the opposite over there.”

“That’s Australia, Momma,” Kelley Sue said, exasperated.

“They’re all in the same place, aren’t they?”

“No, Momma!” Kelley Sue stared at Michel, as did both Ron and Chandra in the mirrors.

“You might be thinking of Austria?” Michel said, softly. He made his voice even quieter and softer, even though he really didn’t need to. He ventured a smile to try and seem sociable.

Chandra was interested to note that Michelle wore the same shade of lipstick as her daughter. Perhaps Kelley Sue was more in style than she had given her credit for. She also noticed how Kelley Sue seemed to be constantly fiddling with Michelle’s hair, brushing it and spritzing it.

“Do you like chicken? We can stop by KFC,” she asked Michelle. “They have these wonderful things called Famous Bowls where they take mashed potatoes, gravy, chicken and corn and pile it all in a single bowl.” Michelle looked unable to respond, and seemed to well up with tears as her mascara ran. “Poor dear,” Chandra whispered to her husband, “homesick already.”



“And is this Michelle?” The teacher at the head of the class asked. Everyone in the classroom who already wasn’t looking at Michel turned to see the arrival of the famous, lauded, French exchange student. Every nerve in Michel’s body was buzzing and he depended on Kelley Sue’s hand at his back to keep him from collapsing.

It wasn’t that many people. It was Kelley Sue’s smallest class of the day, her first period English class, with about ten students, and not everyone had yet arrived.

Kelley Sue steered Michel over to his seat, which was difficult, as Michel was taking tiny, tiny steps in his modestly-heeled shoes. Kelley Sue had dressed Michel in something that was going to get him through his first day at school. In America. As a girl.

He wore a huge, oversized white dress shirt stolen from Ron Crawford’s closet, with the collar left loose as were the cuffs unbuttoned and the tails untucked. With that she had him wear her own black dress slacks and as much jewelry as Kelley Sue could load him up with. His hair was teased out as high as she could get it, and all that left Kelley Sue with barely even enough time to do his makeup.

“Really?” Said Carla Langer, a girl who was well known for her acute love of hassling people. She was going to be a cop someday. “This is the student they sent you?” She turned to a friend sitting nearby. “*Really.*”

“It was a long flight,” Kelley Sue protested. “She’s got a lot of jet lag.” She took a long look at Michel, who was visibly sweating. The slapdash makeup made him look so uneven, he looked sickly. Michel’s eyes were popped open like turkey timers, and his face was locked into some sort of permanent state of dissociation. It looked incredibly creepy.

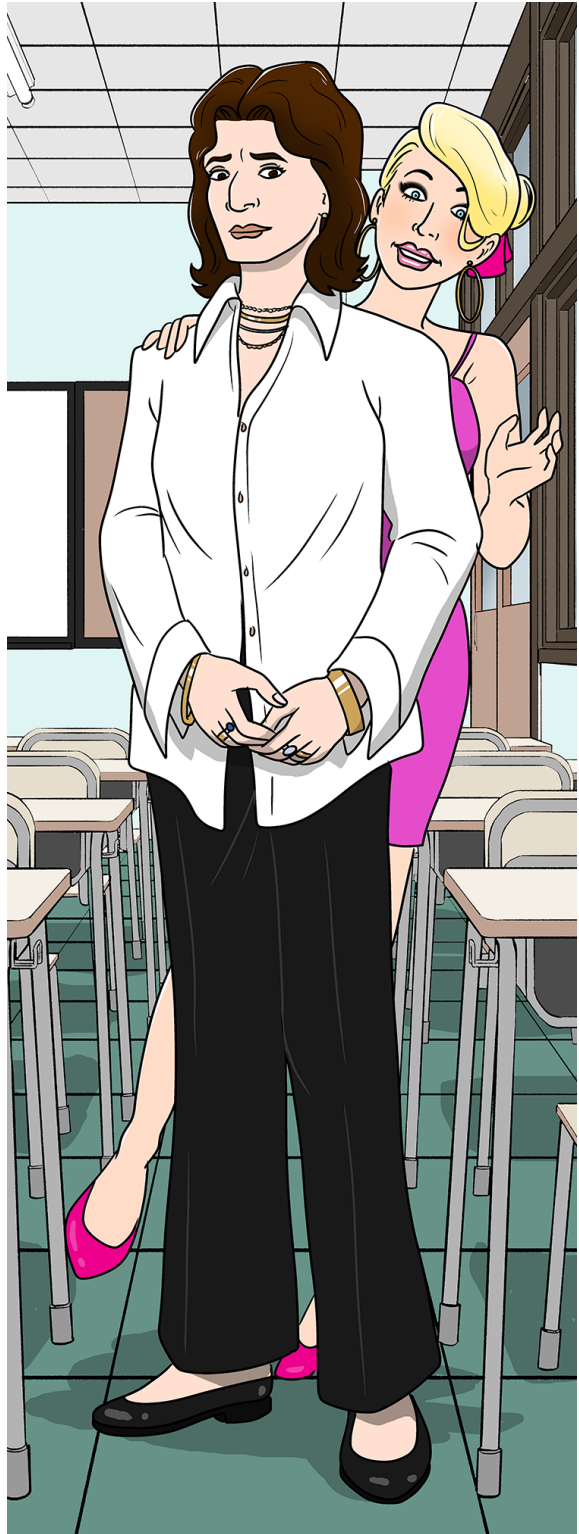
“That’s Michelle?” Kelley Sue overheard another person say from a few rows away. “She’s a mess.”

“Welcome. To. Amer-i-ca.” said the teacher, slowing things down so Michel could understand it. Michel just blankly stared back, unable to process anything at all.

Kelley Sue saw this situation quickly bucking out of control. “What’s that?” She said to Michel, as if he had spoken words to her. “What did you say?” Kelley Sue leaned in closer to ‘hear’ what Michelle was not saying. “Miss Newman?” Kelley Sue got the attention of the teacher. “Michelle says she’s very sick.”

Miss Newman was alarmed. “Oh, dear! Does she need to see the nurse?”

“Oh no, ma’am,” Kelley Sue said, gathering up both of their books. “She needs to go back to my place.”



“The nurse is quite capable...”

“She needs her special... *European* medicines,” Kelley Sue explained. She then tugged Michel to his feet and shuffled him out. She needed to spend much more time to train and sculpt Michel into a passable female. It was going to take a while.

“Your government would only put me in jail...” Michel said as he was being escorted hastily into the parking lot. “I hear the jails are nicer here than in France.”

Kelley Sue groaned. She was looking at several days of training. What was she going to tell people? How could she invent an excuse to hide Michel for two weeks and train him to be female?

Maybe she could call it a quarantine or something. She decided that she’d just tell her parents that the school needed to quarantine all foreign visitors for two weeks as a precaution. Oh, she prayed she could come up with a better excuse.

“We are gonna need to do lots more work,” Kelley Sue said, stuffing Michel into the passenger side of her cherry-red Mustang. “But as the good Lord is my witness, I will have my Michelle!”



“Slide it around,” Kelley Sue instructed Michel. The boy reluctantly slid the bra he had fastened around his ribs around so the cups faced forward. “See? It’s so much easier that way.” She handed over some pantyhose stuffed with birdseed. “Put these in the cups.”

“You have to explain eet to them, Kel-ey Sue!” Michel begged. “Explain the err-or!”

“I will!” Kelley Sue promised. “But I need time, Michel. Now I want you to put on these panties.”

“Panties?” He asked, his face wrinkled with stress.

“These,” Kelley Sue held up a silky, lacy pair of black panties.

Michel took them, sighed, and then stepped into them. He slid them up his now hairless legs and adjusted them as they rested on his hips.

“They fit you pretty good,” Kelley Sue observed. She also observed that Michel rubbed them with his hands, feeling the silky material. He continued to adjust himself and move the panties around. “You like the way they feel?” She asked.

Michel looked up and blushed. “Non,” he replied. “Non.”

Kelley Sue gave him a pair of black stockings. “On your legs.”

Taking them, Michel slid each stocking over his legs. The first one he had some trouble with, and fought with it a little. The second one he took his time with and slowly pulled it up, letting it slide against his bare legs. One all the way up, he ran his hands up and down his legs.

Kelley Sue smiled to herself. She had a sissy little panty boy on her hands. *He just may grow to like this*, she thought to herself.



Two weeks later, Michelle Bouvier strode down the hallway at Winstonville high school, laughing with her best friend Kelley Sue Crawford. She threw her head back, letting her long, shiny hair flutter in the wind behind her, attracting the attention of every boy.

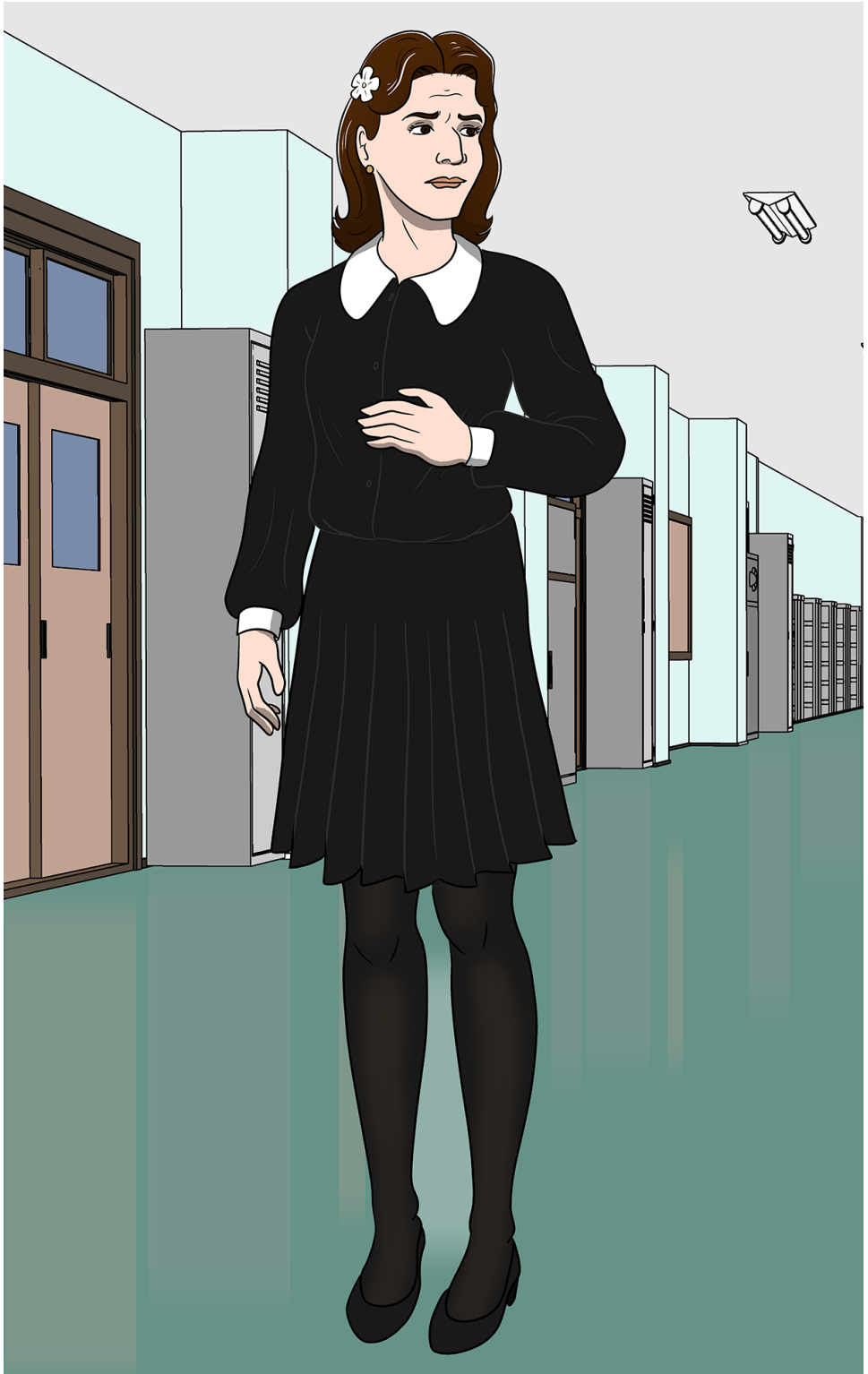
There was little doubt Michelle was a carefree spirit from a foreign land. Everything about her spoke of growing up in a different environment, a different culture. The very way she carried herself suggested that she possessed a view of the world that the students of Winstonville high could only try – and fail – to understand.

She was exotic. A living exhibit of a world well beyond the borders of the city, even the borders of the county, say nothing of the state. The glances from her knowing eyes both attracted and terrified a man, promising rewards of lavish attention and the threat of being hopelessly inadequate.

At least, that’s the way Kelley Sue imagined it. The truth was that two weeks of fairly intensive training wasn’t going to achieve miracles, and Michelle’s







second debut at Winstonville High was only marginally memorable.

That was good enough, really. Considering the debacle of the first attempt, just being able to slip the new Michelle into the school without anyone suspecting Michel's true identity was a major victory.

Michel was dressed in the best of what Kelley Sue's closet had to offer. A few days into the training revealed that he was almost exactly the same size as Kelley Sue, if not a bit smaller. She didn't have much that could be passed off as Paris fashion, so she had kept it basic for Michel, with a black silk blouse, a black knee-length skirt, black tights and black flats. Black was always in fashion, Kelley Sue told Michel.

Fourteen whole days of drilling Michel hadn't made much of a dent in his personality, as he was still very quiet and reserved. All that Kelley Sue had been able to do was try and get rid of that "terrified beyond imagination" bad attitude of his. Kelley Sue found it helpful to make constant reminders of being exposed, picked up in an unmarked van and never seen again.

"I've never met anyone from France before," said Joelle, one of Kelley Sue's best friends. "Go on, say something French." They were sitting at the lunch tables, Michel poking around some bizarre mess of meat and lettuce called a "cobb salad" despondently.

Michel looked at Kelley Sue who just nodded back, prodding him on. "Faut péter dans l'eau pour faire des bulles," Michel said in his soft voice.

"Oh!" Joelle said excitedly, "It sounds so romantic!"

Michel looked around, seeing that that a small crowd of people had gathered just to stare at him. He would be excused if he felt like he was the latest freak at the circus. Turning away to stare at his salad, he didn't seem interested in entertaining the audience.

Still, as despondent as he felt, he didn't give anything away about his true gender. He didn't slouch in his seat. Michel kept himself sitting straight upright, like he had been instructed to. When he sat down at the table, he had swept his skirt underneath him and kept his knees together. If he had been eating his salad, he would have taken small, lady-like bites. That was what Kelley Sue had instructed him to do, and he was doing his best to comply.

"She really is quiet, isn't she?" Commented Randi, Kelley Sue's other close friend. "I don't think she's very happy."

"Michelle is a little down. It's her first day," Kelley Sue remarked. "I'm sure she'll cheer up when she gets adjusted to life in America." She spied someone a short distance away. "Colt! Oh, Colt!" She called.

A strong, well-muscled young man with a neck slightly thicker than his head turned around. His name was Colt Bradford, and he was Kelley Sue's boyfriend. His hair was cut short, was rakishly unstyled, and he wore the thick

letterman's jacket he earned from being the starting quarterback and All-State wrestler for Winstonville High.

"Hey, Kelley Sue," Colt said, in passing. He turned to go sit with his friends, but didn't get very far.

"Come meet Michelle!" Kelley Sue requested, in a commanding way. Colt was powerless to do anything else but follow orders. He ambled on over to the table, where he only got a clear look when he was close enough.

"Hey," Colt said to Michel, with a flinch of his head. It was his customary greeting. He then noticed that Kelley Sue had turned her cheek and stuck it out, and Colt stretched over the table to kiss it.

"Say hello to Colt, Michelle. He's my boyfriend." Kelley Sue said.

Michel raised his head. "Bonjour, Colt."

"Oh! The French girl!" Colt said, suddenly realizing what the circumstance was. He sat down, across from Michel. "Say something in French!"

"She just did, Colt," Kelley Sue pointed out.

"Something else!" Colt quickly added.

Michel put his fork down and looked at his lap. He sighed. "J'aimerais pouvoir retourner dans le ventre de ma mère."

Colt smiled. He looked at Kelley Sue. "I didn't understand anything."

"Le cerveau il etait en option chez toi," Michel replied.

A look of childlike glee spread across Colt's face. "This is awesome!"

That actually caused Michel to smile back. He looked back down at his lap, but the red lipstick he wore made the grin he was trying to conceal obvious. At least it was to Colt.

"Don't worry," Colt said to Michel. "Pretty soon you'll just be another student like any one of us. You'll be fine."

Michel raised his head just enough to see Colt. It was probably the only bit of comfort he had received since he had gotten off the plane.

"Oh, is that the French girl?" Said one girl passing by. "Sharon! Darlene!" She yelled into the lunchroom. "Kelley Sue's French girl is here!"

"Let me see!" said a voice from another side of the lunchroom.

"I gotta see that!" another voice yelled.

Detecting that the situation was getting out of control, and that an ugly scene was about to take place, Kelley Sue stood up and held her hands in the air.

"People! Whoa! Let's not be uncivilized! Now take it easy!" She then blocked off any contact with Michelle by throwing her arms out. "She is not a zoo animal!"

Kelley Sue tugged on Michel's arm, getting him up from the table. He was then led through the crowd by Kelley Sue who bravely held her hand out to fend away the crowd, even if they were just standing back and giving her plenty of space.

As they walked, Kelley Sue wrapped a protective arm around Michel, making sure he was extra safe. Kelley Sue loved seeing the glances and stares Michel was getting. No one suspected a thing. They all just assumed that Michel was a real girl, and not even questioning it.

The truth was that Michel's natural appearance did nothing to combat that female impression. He was rakishly thin to begin with, and his hair was at least three times as long as the longest male student in rural Winstonville. His light skin and near-hairless young face was clear and smooth. His speaking voice was almost musical. His body was seemingly unthreatened by any male puberty. There was virtually nothing to indicate his true gender, save the bound and tucked package in his French-lace panties.

With just a touch of makeup, a spritz of perfume and a hairstyle, Michel was a convincing female. Add in some birdseed in his bra and put him in a skirt, and the disguise was perfect.

Kelley Sue felt like a god. She had virtually created this "girl" out of nothing. The rush of power running through her veins, if tapped, could fuel a small city. She felt untouchable.

She watched as Michel walked gracefully, bashfully glancing at the students, just as she had taught him to do. "Some of the kids here have parents that work for the government," she had reminded Michel earlier this morning. "You wouldn't want them to suspect, would you?" He learned his lessons well, with the right motivation.

Finally, Kelley Sue had her Michelle. She had her prize. Everyone envied her. Even if she didn't have the fashion-savvy French girl she wanted, she still had someone from France, and that was still something. She could yet get that sense of international style she was looking for, even if it wasn't exactly, 100-percent, totally on-target what she had in mind.

All that mattered as that all eyes were on her.



Three days later, a lonely Kelley Sue sat at the lunch table, watching Michel peel away the breading on a fish fillet before he ate it. She rested her bored head on her hand, looking this way and then that, waiting for someone – anyone – to make notice of her and her guest. A feeling in the pit of her stomach

told her that Michel was no longer the sensation he once was. The novelty had worn off.

Finally, Joelle and Randi came to sit with Kelley Sue. “Hey guys,” Kelley Sue mumbled.

“Bon jor,” Joelle said to Michel.

Michel smirked back. “Bonjour.” He had learned to at least be polite. Michel tried to take a small taste of the fish before taking a full bite. He looked to be having a difficult time.

“Did you understand that assignment in English today?” Randi asked Kelley Sue. “How many stories do we have to read? That was...”

“Yes!” Kelley Sue said, interrupting Randi. “Stories! Did I ever tell you Michelle’s story?”

Randi and Joelle looked at each other, sharing a moment of awkwardness. “She has a story?” Joelle was compelled by courtesy to ask. Michel also looked over at Kelley Sue, his eyes asking the same question.

“Oh, yes! And it’s so sad!” Kelley Sue said, her mind already racing. She suddenly realized how she could get that attention back. All she had to do was give Michelle a back-story that make her even more interesting and fascinating.

“Well, tell us,” Randi said to Michel. “I bet it’s...”

“Oh, let me tell it!” Kelley Sue quickly interjected. “Okay. So.” Kelley Sue tried to think of where to start. Flashes of Lifetime Cable movies, soap operas, romance novels and hallmark greeting cards flashed through her mind at light speed. “Michelle was born to a mother out of wedlock. Her father had abandoned her pregnant mother at the altar and ran off to join the French foreign legion.”

“Zis is not...” Michel tried to say.

“Shush, Darlin’!” Kelley Sue said, cutting him off. “So, in the hospital, her mother had a problem. Ever since she had lost the love of her life, her heart was broken, and she was really, really sick. She was given a choice of having an abortion and living, or giving birth and dying. She chose to have Michelle. And she dies without ever seeing her baby.”

Both Randi and Joelle’s eyes became teary, as they both said “Awwww.” Kelley Sue realized she may be laying it on a bit thick, but they seemed to be swallowing it.

“So then, then!” Kelley Sue was excited. “Then, she was raised by her grandmother, but she wasn’t very healthy either, so Michelle had to beg on the streets to feed herself and her ailing Gram-gram.” She paused for what might have seemed like dramatic effect, but really, she was trying to come up with the next part. “So Michelle eventually worked as a waitress at Paris’ most fa-

mous cafe. There, she met a guy who was the most famous fashion model in France and they fell in love.”

Kelley Sue slowed down as she had to think some more. “So... Then, they got engaged and...”

“At sixteen?” Randi asked.

“It’s Europe!” Kelley Sue pointed out. “Anyway, um... No, they didn’t get engaged. Actually, see, what happened was that this guy was going to propose to her, but he... Died... In a tragic... Fashion runway accident.”

Kelley Sue looked expectantly at her two friends. She wanted to get some sort of feedback.

“That is *soooo* sad!” Randi replied.

“Ohmigod! That is... Tragic!” Joelle said.

Kelley Sue felt like throwing a fist pump in the air. They had bought it.

“Why haven’t I heard this before? Randi asked. “I’ve got to tell people!”

“They need to make a movie out of this! Or a TV show!” Joelle chimed in. “What was his name?” She asked Michel.

“Who?” Michel replied

“The guy who was going to marry you!”

Michel nonchalantly threw his hands in the air and shrugged. “Gustave?”

“Guuustaaave...” The girls sang emotively.

“I mean Sebastian.”

“Sebaaastieennn....” The girls sang again.

It wasn’t but five minutes before Michel had to tell the story himself. “It’s so sad! Tell us the story!” some of Joelle’s and Randi’s friends begged.

Now that Kelley Sue had made it up, she left it up to Michel to repeat. She just sat back and enjoyed the show.

“My mother was born in ze south of France, a peasant girl who met a man from rich family of power in ze north...” Michel said as he told his version of the story. “They fell in love in just a zingle day...”

Michel also found himself telling the story for some more of Randi’s friends in Algebra class. “My father was a powerful man, who was ze last in a long line of wealthy landowners...”

“My mother walked fifteen miles just to gather drinkable water for her family...” Michel added.

In wood shop, he was compelled to tell it again. “The doctors gave her a choice. Either swallow the pill that would stop her heart and have her baby... Or swallow ze pill zhat would kill her baby....”

Then, he told in in the hall as he got ready for class. “My father was hunted like a criminal. He had not killed ze old man, he had tried to save heem, but it was his blood on his clothes. My mother helped him escape to Africa, but knew she would never see him again...”

In homeroom, Michel was still telling his story. “Grand-mère loved me with every bit of her heart, but she was not well. She was blind and could not even stand for long without tiring...”

“Tell the part about the model!” One of the students in a growing crowd shouted.

“And then there was Sebastian. When he first saw me, I was dressed in a tiny skirt and blouse as I waited tables... He asked me to sit and said he wanted to know more about me...”

“I could see in his deep, loving eyes my entire future. I would be hiz wife, hiz lover, hiz mistress. I would grow old with him and we would live in the country, watching our children play in ze fields.”

At lunch the next day, he was still telling the story. “And zen one day, as he walked ze runway for the biggest fashion show in all of Paris, Sebastian was struck by a heavy light fixture as it collapsed on heem...” Michel dabbed his eyes with a tissue. “When zey took him to the morgue, zey found a ring in hees pocket. An engagement ring.”

“For you, Michelle?” A student asked.

“Oui,” he replied turning his face away as he melodramatically brought the tissue to his eyes again. “It was for me.”

The bell rang to start class again, and Michel dashed away, as if he couldn’t bear to talk about Michelle’s tragic history one moment longer. His short, flirty skirt fluttered behind him as he ran, whisking against his bare legs. He was surprisingly sure-footed in the three-inch heels he wore, and his small black vest he wore over his leotard top drifted in the wind he created.

“Hold up!” Kelley Sue called after him. She was much less mobile in the four-inch heeled boots she was wearing. Michel dipped into a small alcove and Kelley Sue soon caught up.

“They love zat storee,” Michel said with a grin.

“Well, every time you tell it it gets even more outrageous,” Kelley Sue said as she panted. “I think maybe you need to take the sauce off that tall tale, Darlin’.”

“What?”

“Tone it down?” Kelley Sue clarified. “I didn’t make you ‘Michelle’ to steal all the attention, you know.”

“Oh, I think people like it. Who knows if zey believe it? I zink it is just fun.”