

**K K**

# ***BLONDIE'S LOST SUMMER***

**Story by KK – Illustrations by Fraylim**  
**A Crossed Fiction Story**



2013 Digital Edition

Design, illustrations & cover © 2013.

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## BLONDIE'S LOST SUMMER

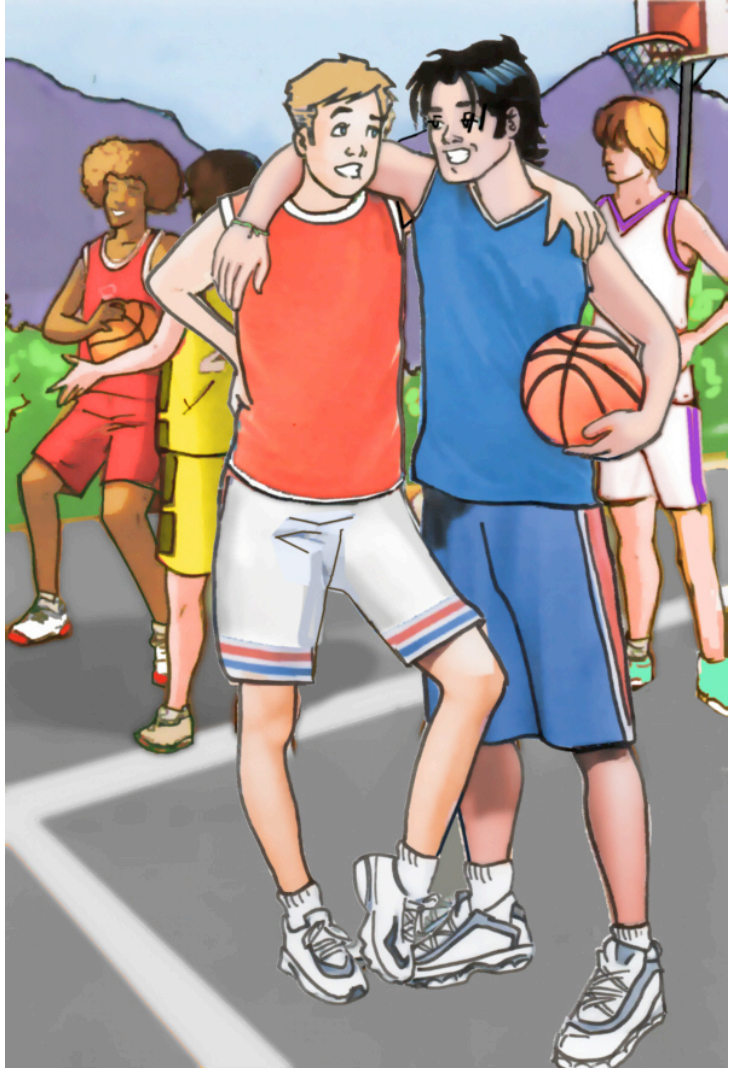
“So that’s about the size of it, dude,” Carl Hutchens said, setting down his soda. “My grandmother has a stroke right in the middle of my parents’ big divorce, they read her will, and suddenly getting custody of me is the most important thing in the universe for both of them.”

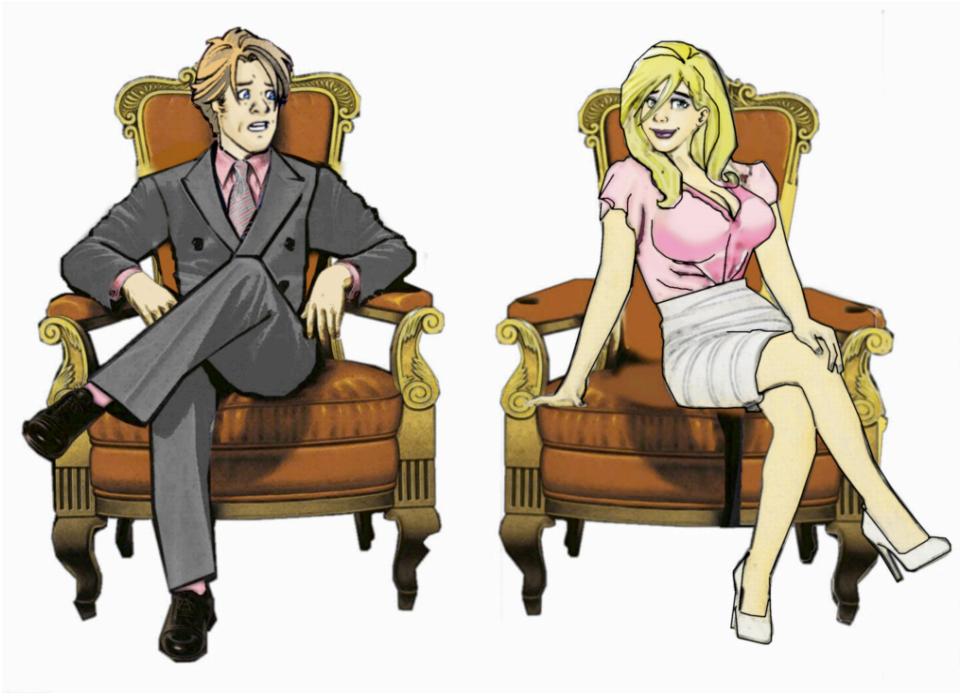
It was Carl’s last chance to see his friends for a while. School was out, and he was heading south for the summer. They guys had gotten together for a loose game of basketball, and to tell stories about how great their summer was going to be.

Of all of them, Carl’s story was definitely the most interesting.

“Sounds like a real mess,” his best friend Brad said sympathetically. “She really left you a quarter million dollars?”

“For when I turn eighteen,” Carl sighed. “Whole lot of good that does me now. A year is going to seem like forever, and in the meanwhile, whoever has custody of me gets access to the money. They’re battling it out in court right now. Pretty ugly.” Carl hadn’t been there for the reading, but he could imagine the scene it had caused when the lawyer turned over the custody clause in the will. His father, who he only saw a few times per year, had probably nearly





jumped out of his skin with the news that there was a quarter million in it for him if he could win custody of Carl from his wife, who had not exactly provided a stable home for Carl, what with a string of less-than-upstanding boyfriends.

“Hey, at least you get to go to Florida for the summer,” Brad said. “Look on the bright side. Jason was down there checking out schools, and he says the babes there are smoking hot.”

Jason, Brad’s older brother, was a hometown football star heading for a full-ride scholarship at a big university. He’d been Carl’s sporting idol for as long as he could remember. Even if Carl didn’t have the build for football, he still watched whenever he had the chance. Much more, Jason was a total lady-killer. Both Carl and Brad had heard enough of his exploits to last a lifetime.

“Is that where he’s been?” Carl shrugged his shoulders. “The three of us never hang out anymore.”

“Well, you know, he’s graduated now and he thinks he’s hot stuff,” Brad chuckled, but it was easy to detect a hint of jealousy in his voice. “Anyways, you’re going to be picking up hot chicks for the next three months while your parents are up here duking it out. And if I remember it right, your aunt Kat is smoking hot, too!”

“Yeah, dude, but she’s my aunt,” Carl said. “I can’t wait to hit the beach and see all those babes in their bikinis, though. How many do you think I can bag in three months?” They both laughed, and Carl ran his hand through his floppy brown hair, looking pleased with himself. Both friends were typically horny teen guys, though their “conquests” thus far had been greatly exaggerated.

Brad was tall and broad-shouldered with a muscular build and wavy hair, taking after his big brother, whereas Carl was pretty short and slim. But, with his baby-blue eyes and charming smile, he didn't let that stop him from hitting on every attractive girl in his field of vision.

"All this legal stuff will blow over before you know it, dude," Brad said encouragingly. "You're a lucky dog, spending vacation in Florida. And I'll be sure to call, alright?"

"Sounds like a deal," Carl laughed. "Here's to hot chicks and a great summer!" He raised his soda and Brad did the same.

Divorce or no, Carl wasn't going to let the whole messed-up situation with his parents get him down, not when there were Florida beaches to enjoy and hot babes in bikinis to ogle! He could hardly wait...



Katherine Wethers smiled and waved as she caught her sight of her nephew Carl stepping out of his terminal. She hadn't seen him for a few years, but fortunately he hadn't changed much. He was still slender and slightly small for his age, with cute blue eyes. Thankfully, he'd let his hair grow out a bit and didn't have that awful buzz-cut hairstyle any longer.

One thing, however, was definitely different. Carl's libido was in control. He completely ignored her waving, caught up as he was talking to a cute blonde girl of about his age. She watched as they exchanged telephone numbers, and then frowned slightly at the obvious way Carl watched the girl's swaying butt in her tight white short shorts as she sashayed away towards the luggage carousel. Running a hand through his hair, Carl grinned and sauntered over at last.

"Hey, Aunt Kat," he said. "What's up?"

"Good to see you, sweetie," she smiled. "Who's that lovely young lady you were speaking to?"

"Just some chick or whatever," Carl bragged. "Typical dumb blonde, she almost got on the wrong flight. What a great pair of tits, though – and that ass!"

"Yes, you made it pretty obvious you were impressed with her bottom," Aunt Kat said, one eyebrow raised. "You seem to be taking after your father in that respect."

"Aw, come on," Carl said, switching over to his puppy-dog eyes. "I know girls check guys out the same way! Besides, you can tell exactly what she's goin' after in those tight little shorts." He grinned lecherously at the thought of what was waiting underneath. He could hardly wait to call her up!

"And where is your luggage?" Aunt Kat asked, deciding to change the subject.

"Oh, some kind of mix-up," Carl sighed. "They put it on the wrong plane, if you can believe it. Hopefully it turns up by tomorrow. I've only got the clothes on my back for now."

"Oh, don't worry," Aunt Kat said with a smile. "I'm sure it will show up right away. Shall we get going?"



Carl flipped his sunglasses on, rolled his passenger side window down, and enjoyed the ride from the airport as much as he could. Palm trees and skimpy-dressed girls everywhere... this was paradise! The weather was perfect for hitting the beach. Maybe he would even run into a few pals he'd made a couple years back.

The only old friend he absolutely didn't want to see was Miranda. He'd met her the last time he visited Aunt Kat and had hit it off. She was hot, to be sure, but she hadn't quite filled out. Carl had led her on, telling her they were a couple, but in the end cheated on her with a bustier chick. He fervently hoped he wasn't going to see her on the beach, but then again, she'd probably forgiven him by now. Girls were stupid like that.

"Baby!" Carl exclaimed, leaning out the window as a truly beautiful brunette jogged past. He wolf-whistled loudly, prompting his Aunt to hit the power control to roll his window up.

"You're embarrassing me," she said sternly. "Haven't you ever seen a pretty girl before?"

"Hey, I was watching that," Carl joked. He peeked over at his Aunt as her gaze returned to the road. The view inside was just as good! He felt a little pervy checking out his own aunt, but it was hard not to. She had beautiful brown hair and was completely stacked, with the kind of figure most women her age would kill for. Carl could never remember how much younger she was than his mother, but it had to be by quite a bit.

"Eyes off the merchandise, Carl," Aunt Kat said dryly. "I guess I should have known this would happen to you eventually, what with your father being the horn-dog he is."

"Sorry," Carl said, blushing a little. He hadn't meant to get caught checking her out. He returned his attention to looking out the window as they drove toward Kat's condominium. It was near enough to the beach that he would be able to walk over. Carl grinned to himself in anticipation of calling up the girl from the airport for a swim. That was a body that deserved to be shown off!

Almost as soon as they arrived at the condo, Carl was digging his swim trunks out of his bag. The sun on his face felt great, and before long he was going to have a bit of a tan going on.

"The guest bedroom looks a little different from your last visit here," Aunt Kat informed him, opening the door. "I was putting up a friend's daughter for her first year of university, and, well, she definitely left her mark on it. Hope you don't mind." She stepped aside and Carl viewed the room he would be staying in for the next three months for the first time. His eyebrows raised immediately. It had a pink carpet, frilly curtains, a makeup table, vanity, two large mir-

rors, and a walk-in wardrobe. There were even a few posters of boy-bands on the walls.

"It's way pink," Carl said, making a mental note to take the posters down as soon as possible. There was no way he was inviting a chick back to this pad, but maybe that was what Aunt Kat had had in mind. No big deal, he thought. The real action on the beach was under the boardwalk...

"Yeah, sorry," Aunt Kat said, without sounding terribly apologetic. "Now, you're probably itching to hit the beach. I'll let you get changed."

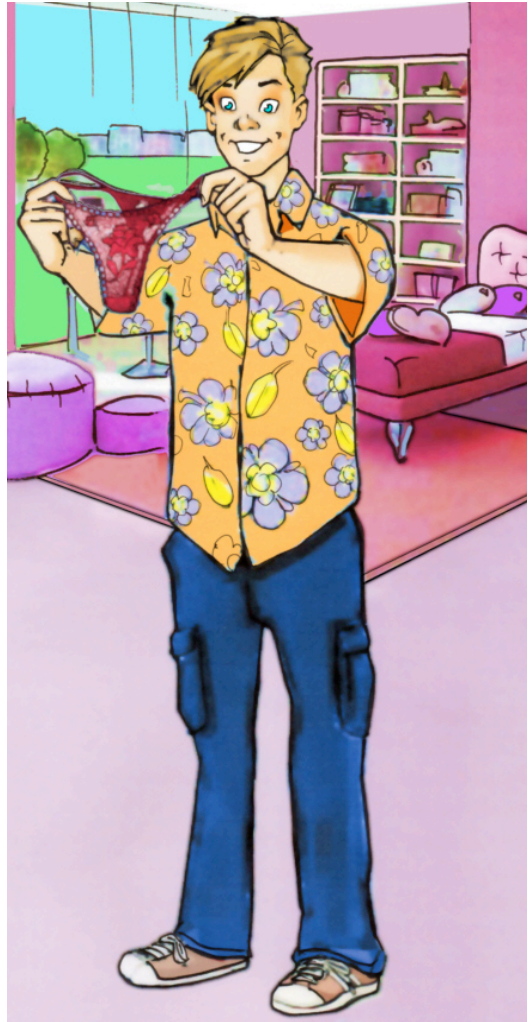
"Heck yeah," Carl laughed. "Are you going to come?" He certainly wouldn't mind seeing her body in a bikini – she really knew how to take care of herself.

"I'll pass," Aunt Kat said. "Let me find you some sunscreen, though. Your skin looks nice, and it would be a shame to burn."

"So long as I can still get a good tan," Carl said. She left the room and Carl, after setting down his bag, checked out the drawers and closet. There was way more space than he would ever need, but, more interestingly...

"Wow," Carl muttered. "I'd love to get a load of some cute little hottie wearing these." He held up the extremely sexy, lacy red bikini-style panties and felt his blood flow redirecting pretty quickly. Whatever girl had been boarding with Aunt Kat must have left a few things behind in the move. If she was half as sexy as her underwear, Carl was disappointed he wouldn't get to meet her!

Putting the panties back in the drawer, Carl quickly swapped his pants for his swim-trunks and unbuttoned his only shirt, a colorful Hawaiian-style article of clothing. He frowned as he caught sight of himself in the mirror. He'd been hitting the gym with Brad, but wasn't seeing any of the same results. He was still slender without much muscle, but that wasn't what was bothering him. Carl glanced furtively towards the door and



opened his shirt to inspect his chest. His nipples were still itchy, and worse, the flesh around them seemed to be slightly puffier than usual.

When he came out, it was wearing his swim trunks, shades, and, once more, his baggy Hawaiian shirt.

“Why the shirt?” his aunt asked. “I thought you wanted a tan?”

“I’ll, uh, I’ll take it off when I get to the beach,” Carl said. “Thanks for the sunscreen. See you later, Aunt Kat.” He snatched up the bottle of sunscreen and his towel, then headed off for the beach and the beach bunnies sunbathing there. So what if he wasn’t quite as built as his buddies? There were tons of girls to choose from, and the Hawaiian shirt probably just made him look like a cool, relaxed kind of guy. Still, he definitely needed his lost suitcase sooner rather than later...



It was late by the time Carl dragged himself back to the condominium, exhilarated from a day on the surf. The boardwalks were teeming with cute girls and Carl had taken full advantage of the view, finding a great place to watch them wiggle past in their tiny little bikinis, strutting their stuff. He’d joined a few guys playing a game of beach volleyball and introduced himself to a few really hot babes, and when he finally took his shirt off nobody said anything about his nipples... Although he did think he caught a smirk or two between the other guys. Well, whatever – he had been killing it with the ladies. One totally stunning girl in particular, Amber, had really been warming up to him. Apparently she was the Miss Boardwalk Beauty winner three years running, whatever that meant. Carl had paid a lot more attention to her body than anything that had come out of her mouth!

“Hey, Aunt Kat, I’m home!” Carl called loudly, letting himself in with the key she’d put in his bag.

“I could tell from the stomping,” Aunt Kat said crossly, appearing in her nightie. Carl did his best not to wolf-whistle. She looked like a wet dream in that little scrap of fabric. God, why did she have to be his aunt?

“Sorry,” Carl said sheepishly. “It got later than I realized.”

“What did you do for supper?” Aunt Kat asked. “There are some leftovers in the refrigerator. Chinese food.”

“Oh, I bought something,” Carl said with a shrug. “That’s the last of my pocket money, though. Shouldn’t have bought these shades at the airport. Anyways, I’m beat. See you in the morning.”

“Not just yet,” Aunt Kat said, frowning. “Let me look at you for a second.” Carl’s face turned red. He’d forgotten to button up his shirt again, and in the harsh kitchen lights the swelling must have looked a lot more obvious.

“What?” Carl asked defensively.



"Sweetie, it looks like you're... well... budding," Aunt Kat said, laughing. Carl grimaced.

"Look, I know," he snapped. "Not funny, dude. It's been going on for a few weeks and it's getting worse. I told my mom about it but that bitch couldn't even make the time to make me a doctor's appointment, and I didn't want to tell my dad, that's for damn sure."

"Watch your language," Aunt Kat said mildly, but she was still smiling and shaking her head. "You know how busy your mom's been with all the legal stuff. Divorcing that pig is the best decision she's ever made, between you and me."

Carl shrugged sullenly. He didn't like his dad that much either, and he knew that he'd definitely cheated on his mom before a few times, but he didn't think Aunt Kat should be talking that way about something that wasn't any of her business.

"How about this?" Aunt Kat said. "I have a great doctor here in the city. Tomorrow afternoon, you and me can go visit him. And I won't say a word about it to anybody."

"Thanks, Aunt Kat," Carl said grudgingly. "That'd take a load off my mind. I looked it up on the internet, and I think it might be called, uh, gynaecomastia. Sometimes guys get it when they go through puberty. It's not even that big a deal, I don't think."

"I'm sure it's nothing," Aunt Kat said soothingly. "Now, let's both get some sleep."

"Yeah, see you in the morning," Carl muttered. He stumbled into the guest bedroom, hardly caring at this point about the feminine décor, and was so exhausted he fell asleep in his swim trunks. What a day! And to think the summer was just getting started...



Carl only realized he'd fallen asleep in his clothes when he woke up the following morning. He remembered his missing suitcase and made a mental reminder to ask Aunt Kat if the airline had called. After finding a fluffy white towel on the foot of the bed, he made off for the shower. He used the time to think about the girl he'd met on the beach, Amber, but for some reason he wasn't getting quite as hard as he usually did. Maybe it was because it just felt weird to be doing it in someone else's shower!

The bathroom held a dizzying array of shampoos and conditioners, but Carl saw that two had been pushed forward from the rest and so he used those. The floral scent wasn't what he'd had in mind, but his hair certainly seemed to have some shine to it when he dried it.

Once he exited the bathroom with his towel around his waist, he realized that his clothes were nowhere to be found. The same went for his swim trunks and Hawaiian shirt! Frowning down at the nubs on his chest, which had been tin-

gling annoyingly in the shower, Carl covered them with one arm and slouched into the kitchen.

“Hey, where are my clothes?” he demanded, seeing Aunt Kat seated at the table with a bowl of granola.

“I tossed them in the laundry,” Aunt Kat said innocently. “They were a little smelly.”

“Well, what am I supposed to wear?” Carl asked sharply. “Unless... did the airline call? About my suitcase?”

“Not yet,” Aunt Kat said. “I’m sure they’ll find it soon. In the meantime, you can’t come to the doctor’s office in a towel. Hmm...” She gave him an appraising up and down look. “I’ll think of something after breakfast,” she said. “Here, have some yogurt.”

Carl sat down reluctantly in his towel and looked at the meager breakfast that was laid out. Granola, half a grapefruit, and a tiny cup of unsweetened yogurt. He guessed he should have figured this was what Aunt Kat had to eat to maintain that awesome figure. He still felt hungry when he was finished and made a mental note to buy some real food as soon as possible. Except... The rest of his money was in the suitcase.

“Ugh,” Carl muttered. “That lousy airline is lucky I don’t sue.”

“That’s definitely your mother coming out,” Aunt Kat remarked. “Here. Vitamins.” She held out a pair of small yellow pills in the palm of her hand, orange juice in the other. Carl recognized them immediately.

“You and my mom both, huh?” Carl laughed. “She’s been on this crazy health kick lately. I have to take them like, every morning.”

“Well, have you gotten sick?” Aunt Kat asked.

“Not once,” Carl admitted. “But I mean, I have a pretty good immune system anyways...”

“That’s what they all say,” Aunt Kat sniffed. “As a matter of fact, just about everyone I know takes a vitamin supplement in the mornings. Health is very important around here. People like to take care of themselves.”

“They have to,” Carl grinned. “Nobody wants to see a fattie on the beach.”

“True,” Aunt Kat admitted. She handed him the pills. He hesitated for a second.

“I usually just take one,” he said.

“Your mother,” Aunt Kat sighed. “Always skimping.”

“Got that right,” Carl laughed. He downed both the pills and washed them down with the OJ. It tasted like it was fresh-squeezed. He smacked his lips loudly.

“It must be doing something for you,” Aunt Kat said. “Your complexion is great, and your hair has some nice shine to it now. You look the picture of health.”

“I try,” Carl said. “Now, what am I supposed to wear, Aunt Kat?”

"I was thinking about that," Aunt Kat said slyly. "And, well, you're pretty small. I'm sure between my clothes and the things Julia left behind, we could find you something nice and unisex." Carl blanched immediately.

"Come on, girls' clothes?" he scoffed. "No thanks. I'll wait for the laundry."

"The only slot I could get is in half an hour," Aunt Kat said. "So, no."

"I'll wear them wet?" Carl suggested, but he knew he was losing this particular battle.

"Not in my car on my upholstery," Aunt Kat laughed. "Don't be a baby about it. Come on, I'll find you a nice-looking pair of pants and a shirt and nobody will know the difference."

"I'll know," Carl grumbled. He scraped out the inside of his bowl morosely while Aunt Kat disappeared into her room, then the guest room. At least he was getting his little "problem" checked out at last. He just didn't relish the idea of going to a doctor's appointment wearing a chick's clothes, particularly when he was there because he appeared to be growing boobs.

"Carl?" called Aunt Kat's voice from the guest room. "Come see what I've found!" Carl dragged himself off the kitchen stool like he was heading to the firing squad. Aunt Kat had laid out a bunch of clothes on the bed, but before he could remark on them something blue and silky flew into his face.

"Hey!" Carl exclaimed. He pulled the piece of fabric away and realized he was holding a pair of blue panties. "No way," he said. "Uh-uh. I'm not wearing these."

"Oh, come on," Aunt Kat said, rolling her eyes. "They're practically briefs. Unless you mean you wanted to wear those sexy red ones you obviously found in the drawer already." Carl blushed furiously.

"I was just looking," he exclaimed. "Not my fault she left her stuff here!"

"No, it's not," Aunt Kat said, smiling slyly. "Now, put those on and quit complaining." She made a show of covering her eyes while Carl, grumbling all the while, dropped his towel and slid the silky blue panties up his legs. The slippery fabric felt cool on his crotch, and if he was honest, not entirely bad.

"You better not tell my mom about this," Carl said firmly.

"I wouldn't dream of it," Aunt Kat said, opening her eyes. "My, you cut quite a cute figure in those panties. You'd look *really* cute with a matching bra."

"Very funny," Carl snapped. But Aunt Kat didn't seem to be laughing at him! On the contrary, she was looking him up and down appraisingly. Wait a second. Was his own aunt checking him out?

"Anyway, here are the pants I found," Aunt Kat said, holding up a pair of baggy black jeans. "I know the style is skinny jeans these days, but oh well," she said. "At least you can't accuse these of looking feminine, can you?"

"I can accuse them of being too big," Carl said, sizing them up. "Do you have something to hold them up?"

"Right here," Aunt Kat smiled, handing him a purple-pink belt. Carl looped it through the holes, confident the shirt would cover the feminine color, and found the problem partially solved. The legs were also far too long for him, though. Aunt Kat handed him the shirt next, and he blanched. It was striped purple, and he could tell from the way the buttons were on the left that it was definitely a blouse, not a shirt.

"Doesn't this girl own anything that's not pink or purple?" Carl whined, beginning to button it up reluctantly.

"Plenty of guys wear purple now," Aunt Kat admonished. "You're not the most fashion-conscious young man, are you? People down here are a little more in touch with the latest styles than they are back home, sweetie. You look fine." She blocked his hands from buttoning up the shirt all the way. "Stop, that's enough buttons."

"Really? Doesn't it look kind of..." Carl trailed off.

"It looks very trendy," Aunt Kat said. "Here's the finishing touch." She produced something from behind her back and when she was finished, Carl had a delicate pink scarf tied around his neck. "Hmm..." Aunt Kat murmured. "We should do something with your hair." She teased it out with a comb, then, nodding in satisfaction, stepped back.

"I feel stupid," Carl whined. "This is a blouse, not a shirt. And these jeans are still way too long."

"I have just the solution for that," Aunt Kat smiled triumphantly. "Here, these shoes should be perfect. They're meant to be worn with heels, see?" She handed him a pair of cork sandals, but with one major addition: a four-inch platform heel.

"Oh, no," Carl snapped. "No way. I draw the line at high heels, Aunt Kat. Are you *trying* to make me look stupid?"

"You'll only look stupid if you don't wear the whole outfit," Aunt Kat sighed. "Look, just put them on. The jeans cover the shoes, and the shoes make the jeans the proper length. See? And it's a sandal, for God's sake, not a stiletto! All it will do is make you look taller."

"Can't I just roll them up?" Carl suggested.

"And then what? Wear those ratty old falling apart sneakers?" Aunt Kat raised her eyebrows. "Just put them on, it's only a quick trip to the doctor's office. Which, might I remind you, has us penciled in for about ten minutes from now."

"Shit," Carl muttered. "Fine. Alright. I'll do it." He worked his feet into the cork sandals and stood up reluctantly, feeling a slight shift in his balance. It felt like was on stilts! Aunt Kat smiled at the full effect.

"You look great," she said. "Have a look for yourself!"

Carl clumped over to the mirror and grimaced at what he saw. Unisex, yeah right! He looked completely femmy in this get-up. Was this really what the dudes in Florida wore, or was she pulling his leg?

"You have got to be kidding me," Carl muttered, reaching for his sunglasses.

"Maybe the scarf was a bit much," Aunt Kat said sweetly. "But, no time. Get your butt into the car, or we're going to be late."



Carl didn't enjoy the ride to the doctor's office half as much as he'd enjoyed the one from the airport. He felt silly wearing some chick's girly clothes and so he slouched back in his seat for the whole time, barely scoping out the chicks at all. He didn't want any of them seeing him wearing a purple shirt, fashionable or not!

"You're being ridiculous," Aunt Kat said, when he complained again. "Look, there's a young man in a bright pink shirt right now." Carl looked out the window, and, sure enough, a muscular young man was walking down the street in a pink button-up, with his arm around the waist of a very pretty girl.

"I guess," Carl said grudgingly, but he had the feeling he didn't look half as manly in his current get-up as that gym rat did.

The doctor's office was an ultra-cool, ultra-modern clinic with glass doors and plasma screens in the air-conditioned waiting room. Aunt Kat checked them in using a screen by the door, then led him over to some cushy seats. Carl couldn't help but notice the clicking noise his new shoes made on the tiles, and apparently so did the one other woman waiting there. She looked up, smiled briefly, and returned to her magazine. Huh. Maybe it wasn't as bad as he'd thought – maybe the unisex look really was "in" down here.

Just then, a gorgeous nurse in a tight white skirt stepped into the waiting room. She had a rack to die for, cradled together by the cups of her bra to create enticing cleavage, and Carl didn't even hear her calling his name until his Aunt Kat nudged him.

"That's me," Carl said, standing up abruptly.

"Oh, good," the nurse said, looking him over with a smile. "Dr. Nevsky is ready to see you." To Carl's annoyance, Aunt Kat stood up as well and followed him into the doctor's office. He wasn't some little kid who needed a grown-up with him... Especially when there was a smoking hot nurse, the kind he'd thought only existed on television. The nurse took him by the arm, long nails gently scraping his skin and sending a shiver down his spine. She smiled and patted the examination table. Carl sat down, hoping he wasn't about to pop a stiffie right in front of her and Aunt Kat, as he had his blood taken. Once she'd left, Carl shook his head and let out a low whistle.

"Brad's brother was dead on about Florida," he said. "Man, I forgot how many awesome babes there are here. Everybody is in killer shape."

"You might want to get rid of that before Dr. Nevsky comes back," Aunt Kat said dryly. Carl looked down, horrified to realize he was sailing at half-mast. Aunt Kat giggled at his expression.

“What kind of a name is Nevsky?” Carl asked, trying to hide his embarrassment. “Is he one of these back-alley Russian doctors with a fake certificate or what? I hope he knows English.”

“Dr. Nevsky is one of the most sought-after surgeons on the West Coast, and a personal friend,” Aunt Kat said primly. “So I suggest you keep that stupid talk to yourself.”

“Wait, he’s a surgeon?” Carl frowned. “You think I’m gonna need surgery for this?”

“I’m sure you won’t,” Aunt Kat said. “But let’s leave that to the trained doctor, shall we?”



As she said it, the nurse re-entered with a tall, balding man with a heavy mustache and wire-rimmed glasses. So much for the "handsome doctor" stereotype, thought Carl.

"Hello, Kat," the doctor said, in a thick accent. "How are you? This is Carl, yes?" Carl rolled his eyes, then went back to slyly checking out the nurse's tits. The doctor turned to him and offered a handshake. "My name is Dr. Nevsky," he rumbled. "I see that you are admiring my handiwork, yes?"

"Huh?" Carl tore his gaze away. "Uh, hey." He shook hands and the doctor's grip nearly snapped it. At least if he broke his hand, there would be an X-ray machine around... Wincing, Carl took his hand back and looked over at his aunt. This 'sought-after' surgeon wasn't inspiring a whole lot of confidence!

The nurse gave Carl a cute little wave and sashayed out of the office, leaving the three of them alone.

"Now, your aunt has told me briefly of your problem," Dr. Nevsky said. "Take off your shirt, please." Suddenly timid, Carl reluctantly unbuttoned his borrowed blouse and let it fall to the table. "And also your, ah, how you say, your ribbon," the doctor said, pointing to the girlish scarf still tied around his neck.

Turning deep red, Carl tore it off hastily, glaring at his aunt. She smiled apologetically back at him. Dr. Nevsky began inspecting the small lumps underneath Carl's nipples, occasionally massaging the irritated flesh with his thumbs. To Carl's shock and embarrassment, he could feel them hardening and tingling slightly under his touch. Next, the doctor produced a measuring tape, brusquely wrapping it around Carl's trim waist, followed by his hips. Instead of frowning, Dr. Nevsky gave what sounded to be an approving grunt.

"Very interesting," the doctor said. "Yes, it is as the blood test shows. You have a hormone imbalance in your blood, I am afraid."

"Hormone imbalance?" Carl demanded. "Why? How?"

"Turn around," Dr. Nevsky instructed. Carl didn't like the doctor's pushy manner, but Aunt Kat gave him an imperious nod and so he acquiesced, turning on his heel. As soon as he did, he felt a cold swab and a sharp jab of a needle.

"Ouch!" he hollered. "Hey! What's up with *that*?"

"Hormone booster," the doctor explained. "You will get this weekly. And make sure to also take your, ah, how do you say..." He trailed off, looking over at Aunt Kat for help. "Oh, yes," he laughed. "Vitamins. Be sure to take your vitamins every morning. This problem should solve."

"This quack barely knows English," Carl hissed, resentfully rubbing his buttock as the doctor busied himself with some paperwork.

"This 'quack' was extremely well-respected in Europe and is already one of the top cosmetic surgeons in America," Aunt Kat frowned. "Don't tell me a big strong guy like you hates needles."

"Whatever," Carl muttered. He wasn't about to admit it, but whatever was in the booster shot was making him feel slightly woozy. He barely even ogled the

nurse on their way out of the waiting room. Aunt Kat could only smile. Carl was going to come around to Dr. Nevsky eventually, she was certain. After all, this wasn't the last time they were going to see each other!



When they arrived back from the doctor's appointment, the last thing Carl felt like doing was hitting the beach. He was weirdly tired, and the way his nipples had gotten hard during the examination was more than a little worrying. What if that happened in front of a chick? She would be sure to notice. He thought about calling up the blonde from the airport, or maybe that sexy Amber chick from the volleyball game, but when Aunt Kat came back from work that evening, he was still slumped on the couch in a total funk.

"Still feeling worn out?" she asked, shrugging off her suit jacket.

"Yeah, I dunno," Carl muttered moodily. "I've been hanging out by the phone waiting for the airline to call about my damn suitcase. And I guess I just want this chest thing to go away. He said it should clear up by the end of the week, right?"

"Something like that," Aunt Kat smiled. "You sure you don't want to check out the boardwalk? Pick up some, uh, hot babes?" She made sarcastic quotation marks with her fingers.

"Get off my case, Aunt Kat," Carl said. "When a girl dresses like that, she's asking for it. That's what my dad always says, anyways."

"Your father says a lot of dumb things," Aunt Kat said dryly. "How would you feel if you had people checking you out constantly, looking at your body and fantasizing about it instead of bothering to think of you as a real person?"

"Dunno," Carl shrugged. "I'm not a chick." He let out a long sigh. "Man, I feel like crap."

"I can tell," Aunt Kat said. "How does a movie and some popcorn sound?"

"Yeah, alright," Carl muttered. "If you want." He lay prone on the couch while Aunt Kat prepared some popcorn in the kitchen. It was some kind of low-carb stuff with no butter, but it wasn't too bad. While Carl flipped through the channels, Aunt Kat changed into a snug pair of shorts and a comfy T-shirt that looked like it would easily slip off her shoulders. Carl straightened up as she sat down beside him. That body of hers just wouldn't quit!

"So I guess you didn't mind the panties that much after all?" she asked.

"Huh?" Carl asked, confused. "Oh! Shit. I guess I forgot to change. I've kind of just been out of it here."

"I don't blame you," Aunt Kat said mischievously. "They're really comfy. I have some just like it." Carl gulped at the thought of her wearing panties and nothing but, then mentally slapped himself. *She's your aunt, dude*, he reminded himself. But damn if it wasn't difficult, especially when she sat so close to him on the couch as the movie started. Aunt Kat let him pick the film, so it was an



action movie, but she didn't seem particularly interested in it. Most of her attention was going into painting her long nails.

"It's really relaxing," she said matter-of-factly, "I always paint my nails or go for a manicure if I'm feeling down. It helps so much."

"Yeah, my mom is the same way," Carl remarked. Without warning, Aunt Kat took hold of his hand and inspected it.

"Hmm, yours could really use some work," she remarked. "You don't take good care of them at all."

"Of course not," Carl said indignantly. "I'm a guy!" Aunt Kat rolled her eyes at that particular remark.

"You really think all the guys in Hollywood are secretly women?" she demanded. "It's not weird to take care of yourself and take pride in your appearance. You really need to get with the times, sweetie. Here, let me clean up your cuticles a little bit."

"If it makes you happy," Carl said sarcastically, secretly enjoying the smell of her hair close to his face. Man, she smelled amazing. He went back to watching the movie as Aunt Kat "worked" on his hands, trimming his nails with a tiny pair of scissors and buffing his cuticles. He drew the line, however, when he smelled polish and looked down to see her applying a transparent coating to his nails.

"Hey, no thanks," he said, jerking his hand away.

"It's just a clear cover," Aunt Kat said. "It'll protect your nails, that's all."

"Totally clear?" Carl asked suspiciously.

"Scout's honor," Aunt Kat said. "Now get back to watching the movie. You're missing the fiftieth dramatic shoot-out."

Carl shook his head as he leaned back. Chicks just didn't appreciate a good action movie.



Over the next week, calling the airline about his suitcase became Carl's new hobby. Until he got his clothes, his only options were lounging around in swim trunks and a Hawaiian shirt – or Aunt Kat was "more than happy" to dig a few things out for him to borrow. Yeah, right. Carl opted for the first option every time, even if the trunks were getting a little ratty. It didn't matter, since he wasn't going out much. The few times he did hit the beach he was sure to keep his shirt on at all times. He'd also taken to wrapping his chest with an Ace bandage since, contrary to Dr. Nevsky's prediction, the swelling seemed to be getting worse, not better! Even more disconcerting, as Carl inspected himself in the mirror, he noticed that his hips seemed slightly more rounded than usual, especially in contrast to his flat stomach and small waist... more like a girl's...

Glum and angry that he was missing precious time that he could have been using to pick up chicks on the boardwalk, Carl spent most of his time lounging

around Aunt Kat's place. She didn't have a whole lot of entertainment options. Her TV channels were sadly limited, and on the shelves nearby he found mostly fashion magazines and romance novels. It wasn't all bad, however. Aunt Kat seemed to be warming up to him, always giving him tips about his hair and lately about his nails, too. She seemed to really like a well-groomed guy, and Carl didn't mind the skin-care regime she put him on. It left his face feeling baby-smooth, another reminder that he was probably a good year away from growing facial hair, but it sure felt nice after a shower.

"Well, that's it," Carl said angrily on Thursday night, slamming the phone down. "They finally owned up to it. The airline has absolutely no idea where the suitcase is and it's probably lost for good."

"I guess we knew that was coming," Aunt Kat sighed. "Well, you can't wear swim trunks forever. How about this? I have tomorrow morning off work, so why don't we go to the mall and buy you an entirely new wardrobe? Your parents will pay me back later, don't worry, I'll make sure of it! You can get a new look, too. Maybe trim up your hair a little? Or get a bleach, for that surfer boy look. It'll cheer you up, take your mind off..." She nodded to his chest and he blushed. "Off those little beauties," she finished. "What do you think?"

"Well, I definitely need new clothes," Carl said hesitantly.

"Come on," Aunt Kat wheedled. "It's time you quit moping around feeling sorry for yourself. What happened to the vivacious young teen who I met at the airport?"

"I guess the mall is probably full of hotties..." Carl shrugged his shoulders. He definitely wanted to get out of the house, and if they went shopping on Aunt Kat's budget, he was sure he could get some really nice threads that would detract all the attention away from his "problem." Maybe a change in hairstyle would have a similar effect. Aunt Kat was right, there were an awful lot of surfer dudes with blonde hair around at it was a pretty good look. Besides, what would his buddy Brad say if he knew Carl was spending all his time in Florida hiding inside when there were tons of babes around?

"It's settled, then," Aunt Kat said firmly, seeing the change of expression on Carl's face. "Go wash up and use that facial mask I bought for you, I think you'll love it. Same kind Brad Pitt uses, believe it or not."

"Not," Carl said. "But I know the girls like a guy with smooth skin."

"That's right," Aunt Kat smiled. "See you in the morning, sweetie."



Carl was feeling slightly better about everything when he woke up the following morning. The weird tired feeling that had been plaguing him was gone, and he was finally going to get some new clothes. He hopped into the shower and tried, half-successfully, to convince himself the lumps were getting smaller. After drying off he wrapped the Ace bandage as tight as he could, despite the itching, then snuck back to his room, hoping Aunt Kat wouldn't catch a glimpse

of him. That Dr. Nevsky didn't know anything. Or, Carl thought as he closed the door behind him, maybe he just needed to give it more time.

Aunt Kat had laid some clothes out for him to wear to the mall on the bed. Carl frowned as he picked up the pair of white shorts. They were a little on the short side, but at least they weren't Daisy Dukes. And besides, they would be the first thing to go! He slipped into his lone pair of briefs, which were worn from constant trips through the laundry, and pulled the shorts up after them. The lack of fly was a little disturbing, but on the whole they were more comfortable than he'd expected, especially in the rear, though the fit was a little too snug for his taste.

The long-sleeved top was blue, which Aunt Kat had probably thought would make him happy, but it had a feminine cut-out neckline. Fortunately, she'd also provided a bulkier sweater with red stripes. He slipped one, and then the other, over his head, confident it would cover any trace of the little mounds completely. Carl slipped his sandals on and walked out to where Aunt Kat was setting out breakfast. Eating healthy felt a whole lot like dieting to Carl... He was already slender, but he still felt like he'd lost a couple pounds over the past week.

"So I thought we could hit the salon first and get your haircut, then we'll work on the wardrobe," Aunt Kat said, handing him his vitamins and OJ.

"Works for me," Carl said, downing both pills and washing them down in a quick gulp. After another meager breakfast, Carl followed his aunt out to the car. She was already dressed for work, wearing a tailored suit and pumps, but she still managed to look good, especially with her hair down.

As they drove to the mall, Aunt Kat explained that they were going to be the very first appointment. Her friend Tiffany, who owned the salon, had apparently even agreed to open a little early.

"That way we'll have enough time to shop before I head off to work," Aunt Kat smiled.

"Can't you just give me the money?" Carl suggested.

"Definitely not," Aunt Kat said sternly. "What, are you embarrassed to be seen with your old lady aunt?" Carl had to chuckle at that idea. Aunt Kat was definitely a long, long way from an old lady.

The shopping center was even bigger than Carl remembered it, and it took a long time to find parking. When they finally came to the salon it appeared to be closed, but after Aunt Kat knocked on the glass door, someone came over to unlock it. The lady who Carl assumed was Tiffany was a gorgeous redhead with a chic hairstyle, a small waist accentuated by a fashionable leather belt, and an incredible pair of knockers showed off by a stretchy scoop-neck top in navy blue. Aunt Kat hugged her in greeting.

"You look great, Tiffany!" she exclaimed. "It's been way too long!"

"I know!" the hairdresser agreed. "Is this him? Definite potential, girl!"

"I think so," Aunt Kat said, smiling slyly over at Carl.

“Great! Well, let’s get started,” Tiffany said. “Come on in, honey, and hop up on the chair. Chop, chop, I opened up early just for you!” She exaggerated a pretend yawn and directed him to the pale green salon chair. Near the back of the salon, Carl saw two other purple-smocked women working. He had to double take – they were both gorgeous, blonde, and definitely twins! If it weren’t for the fact that one had a pony-tail and the other two pig-tails, he would have thought he was seeing double. They were both chattering away in a foreign language, but Carl was more concerned with their impressive racks than their moving mouths.

“Inga and Helga,” Tiffany said, by way of introduction. “They’re pretty much fresh off the plane from Sweden, but they do fantastic work, all my clients just love them. Extremely friendly, too.” She turned to Carl with a smile. “Would you like them to do a little work on you later?”

“Would I ever,” Carl muttered. Aunt Kat rolled her eyes.

“What’s that?” Tiffany asked sweetly. “Here, up in the chair.” Carl hopped up on the chair and she spun it away from the mirror.

“Remember what I was suggesting for his hair?” Aunt Kat asked.

“Definitely,” Tiffany smiled. “That would look fantastic!” She set to work draping a plastic barber sheet up around his collar, and Carl grinned as he felt her breasts brush the back of his neck. He had a feeling he was going to enjoy this haircut a lot more than he usually did.

“I’ll be back in a little while,” Aunt Kat said mysteriously. “I just forgot something in the car.”

“Well, you’re going to need your wallet,” Carl joked. Tiffany giggled and Carl’s ears turned slightly red, pleased to have made her laugh. Aunt Kat left the salon and Tiffany started running her hands through Carl’s light brown hair.

“Surfer boy, huh?” she said conversationally. “I see you got a little bit of sun already. By the time we’re done, you’ll definitely be getting some looks on the beach. Just lie back and relax, honey.” Carl did his best to do just that as Tiffany snipped and sprayed. Her hands felt amazing massaging his scalp, but he opened his eyes when it felt like she was sectioning out his hair.

“What’s that?” he asked apprehensively.

“We’re doing some color work,” Tiffany said. “Don’t worry, honey. You’re going to look great.” She continued wrapping his hair in the foil and applying peroxide. Carl didn’t like the smell much, but he definitely liked Tiffany’s chest being at eye-level.

“I see you’ve been taking care of your nails,” Tiffany purred. “That’s great. Not a lot of people realize how important that is. Mind if Helga and Inga come over and give you a manicure slash pedicure? You got the all-inclusive deal, after all.”

“Uh, sure, whatever,” Carl said, shaken from a day-dream about exactly what he would like to do to Tiffany’s breasts given the chance, and more than happy to be surrounded by three beautiful women. The Swedish twins came over, smiling bright white smiles. One of them, Inga – if Carl wasn’t mixing them up

– slipped his sandals off and started with the pedicure, trimming and cleaning his nails and cuticles. It didn't feel so bad, and Carl was much too distracted by Tiffany to notice she was also applying a polish. As he tipped his head back into the attached sink, Helga started on his hands. He felt something cold and hard pressing down on each nail, but by that point Tiffany was rinsing his hair out in the sink and his hands were the last part of his anatomy on his mind.

Before long Tiffany was drying his hair and fluffing it out, and Carl was eager to see his new look. As she spun him to face the mirror, however, he winced. It wasn't the shaggy sun-kissed blonde of a surfer dude. Instead, the bleached blonde style looked sort of... well... feminine.

"What do you think?" Tiffany asked, pouting her generous lips. "Don't you like it, honey?"

"Uh, yeah," Carl lied. "Yeah, I do... Just different, that's all." He wiggled his fingers. Helga had put little foam wedges between them, and now they were covered by small dryers so he couldn't see exactly what they'd done. They felt kind of strange.

"Great," Tiffany smiled. "And don't worry, I know what you're thinking. I'll trim it up a bit and make it shorter, okay?"

"Yeah, that would be awesome," Carl said quickly, relieved. To his slight disappointment, however, the Swedish twins both sashayed off to put their nail kits away, chattering in Swedish once more.

"While I'm thinking about it..." Tiffany ruffled her fingers through Carl's hair. "Kat said you were thinking about getting a piercing?"

"Yeah, I was thinking about it," Carl admitted. A lot of the cool guys had diamond studs these days, it was definitely back in style. "Do you do that here?" he asked, curious despite himself.

"I can do it right now," Tiffany said. "But if your Aunt asks, you made me do it! How's that sound?"

"Sounds fair to me," Carl said. "So long as they're not girly-looking. Just studs, okay? I kind of have it figured out that you guys don't cater to men that often!"

"Never," Tiffany giggled. "Here, hold still." Carl felt a sharp pinch in each ear, then Tiffany got out her comb and scissors once more.

"I think I see what needs doing," she said, inspecting his head. "Take that big bulky sweater off first, though, you'll be much more comfortable." Carl reluctantly peeled off the sweater, revealing the slightly feminine blue shirt underneath, and hoped that the Ace bandage was doing its job. "What a cute top," Tiffany remarked. "Very trendy." Carl blushed furiously at that particular remark. Tiffany was one hot broad, but she obviously wasn't that smart. It was a girl's shirt, after all. Hopefully she wasn't smart enough to notice the little bumps on his chest, either!

Tiffany snipped and teased his hair here and there, boobs rubbing up against the back of his neck, and he found himself wishing he could look in the mirror to make sure she wasn't going overboard. She snipped and sprayed and snipped again, then stopped with a look of vague concern.

"Hmm." Tiffany tapped her nail to her lower lip as she inspected his face. "Great complexion, honey. You have nice smooth skin, but I'd love to exfoliate a little. Oh, and your brows could use a bit of shaping. You don't mind, do you?"

"Uh, I guess not," Carl shrugged, watching Helga bend over on the other side of the room and give a generous view of her perfectly-shaped backside. "So long as it doesn't take too long."

"Not long at all!" Tiffany assured him. "Anyways, let's tackle those brows." She brandished a pair of sharp-looking tweezers, which looked a lot more dangerous than Carl had been expecting, and set to work before he could protest.

"Youch, that stings!" he exclaimed, as the first hair was yanked out.

"Come on," Tiffany laughed. "Don't tell me a guy you can't take having his brows plucked. Girls go through this all the time!"

"Exactly, only girls... *ouch!*" Carl was interrupted by another tug. Inga looked over and giggled, which made Carl determined not to utter another sound. To his relief, Tiffany worked quickly but smoothly, alternating brows each time, and before long she set the tweezers down with a satisfied smile.

"There!" she beamed. "That opens your eyes up so much. No more scragglies. Now, close your eyes and let me exfoliate a little." Carl, brows still smarting, was having second thoughts about any more "extras" by this point.

"If you're done trimming the haircut, how about you just let me have a look and I get out of here," Carl said. "I wanted plenty of time to buy stuff."

"Well, Kat's not back yet," Tiffany pointed out. "And she's paying, isn't she? Until she gets back, you can't leave anyways. You're my prisoner." She ran her fingers over Carl's neck teasingly and he felt a stirring in his briefs. Woah!

"Sure, why not," Carl said weakly. "Exfoliate away."

"Great!" Tiffany chirped. "Just lean back and close your eyes, honey," she said soothingly. "Don't open till I say so, okay?" She quickly wrapped a white cape around his neck, pulled his hair back with a head band, and began rubbing what felt like some kind of cream on his face. Carl closed his eyes again with a sigh. He was beginning to wonder if this was all worth it, even with a smoking hot chick like Tiffany constantly touching him. He could feel her tapping at his face with a sponge, then rubbing at his eyelids and brows, and then his cheeks. He was about to ask what she was doing when all of a sudden he felt her hand sneak up under his shirt. Carl stiffened immediately.

"Hmm," she smiled. "It looks like you're hiding something, sweetie."

"Hiding something? What do you mean?" Carl demanded.

"Those cute little boobies of yours," Tiffany giggled. "Why don't you let them breathe a little?" Without warning, she reached up under his shirt and undid the Ace bandage with one quick motion. Free from their constriction, the two little swellings bounced free and it became undeniable that they were exactly what Tiffany had called them!

“Hey!” Carl snapped. “Hands off!” He wanted to make a grab for the Ace bandage, but his hands were still trapped in the dryers.

“Honey, I was only teasing,” Tiffany said soothingly. “You Aunt told me all about your little problem. Don’t worry about it! It happens to more guys than you’d guess. Your main problem is that you’re using that horrible bandage! I’d bet you anything it’s irritating your skin and making the swelling worse.”

“Really?” Carl asked, frowning.

“Absolutely,” Tiffany said. “Why don’t you let me go have a look around in the back for something that’ll work better? I can let Inga and Helga finish you off.” Carl swallowed at the idea of the beautiful twins “finishing him off.” Even though he was sure that wasn’t what she’d meant, he nodded like his chin was on a spring.

“Great,” Tiffany said. “Girls! Get over here, you two!” She tapped her fingernail against her lip. “Now, what’s next on the list?” she murmured. “Ah! Waxing.”

“Huh? You mean, like, to get rid of chest hair?” Carl squeaked. He did not want to take his shirt off in front of two gorgeous blonde women and fully expose his “condition” to the world.

“Do you have any?” Tiffany asked pointedly.

“Not really,” Carl said, for once relieved to be telling the truth on the subject. “Not yet, anyways.”

“Legs, then!” Tiffany beamed. “Helga will get you all set up. I’ll go hunt around in the back.”

“Hey, hold on,” Carl protested. “I don’t think I need...”

“Nonsense,” Tiffany said. “How many guys do you see on the beach with nasty hair all over their legs? It’s called manscaping, sweetie. Everybody does it now. It looks sooo much better. Now, don’t move an inch.”

“Wait a second!” Carl pleaded, but Tiffany had already hurried off, leaving him with the twins. Helga was already preparing the wax in a small bowl, while Inga inspected her nails idly. They both were still chattering in Swedish, occasionally glancing back at Carl and giggling, either perplexed or amused by something. Finally both of them nodded, apparently making some kind of agreement, and Helga approached with the wax.

“Over here,” she smiled. “More comfortable.” She took his arm to lead him over to a padded white waxing table. Her hand was so smooth and warm on his, nails prickling his arm, that he couldn’t quite bring himself to refuse. She smiled at him again as he sat down, but he realized he was going to have to draw the line here.

“Hold on now, I don’t think I want my legs waxed,” Carl protested. Helga shrugged.

“Yes,” she said. “Legs waxed. I start now.” Before Carl could say anything else, the purple-smocked beautician tugged his shorts up as high as they would go and began spreading the warm wax all down the length of his legs. Realizing



she didn't speak English, and not wanting to make a huge scene for when Tiffany came back, Carl gritted his teeth and submitted to the procedure. As Inga removed the covers from his hands, however, he noticed that the "manicure" had in fact given him acrylic false nails in bright fire hydrant red!

"What's this?" Carl demanded.

"Catwalk Crimson," Helga said with a smile. "Very nice. Hold still." Before Carl could object to the very feminine manicure, Helga ripped the first strip of wax off his legs.

"Youch!" Carl screeched. Along with the first strip of wax, it felt like half his skin had been torn off with it! His eyes started watering immediately. Inga and Helga just laughed.

"Beauty is pain, sometimes, yes?" Inga smiled.



"It's not that bad," Carl choked, but he still whimpered a little for the next strip. How on Earth did girls go through this regularly? When his legs were completely waxed, he opened his eyes and looked down. They looked very feminine and shapely with all the hair gone, and when he rubbed his hands along his thigh, careful of newly long nails, his skin was silky smooth to the touch. These were the kind of legs that really attracted attention, that was for sure. The only problem was, they were his! The manicured toenails with their soft pink sheen only enhanced the feminine picture. He couldn't help but think that they would look even sexier if he was in a pair of heels!

"Back to chair now," Helga said, slapping some lotion and rubbing it vigorously onto his now silky-smooth legs. "Inga takes over, yes?" She smiled and directed him back to the pink salon chair. Relieved that the waxing ordeal was over, Carl tugged his shorts down as far as he could and scurried back to the chair to await Tiffany. Inga was waiting for him, however, and she had other plans.

"Close eyes now," she said sweetly. "Time for face."

"I don't have any hair on my face!" Carl protested. Usually he didn't like owning up to that fact, but if it saved him another strip of wax, he was more than happy to admit to his prepubescent-smooth face. To his frustration, the Swedish girl called her sister over, frowning. They said a few word back and forth, then just looked at each other with matching expressions of confusion.

"Close eyes, please," Helga repeated. "We are careful. Okay?" She smiled her bright white smile and stroked Carl's cheek. Leaning in close like this, he had a perfect view of her cleavage.

"Uh, alright?" Carl squeaked, shifting a little on the chair to conceal his slight arousal. He shut his eyes, reluctant to lose sight of Helga's beautiful breasts, and tipped his head back as Inga went to work. Instead of



wax, it felt like they were brushing some kind of powder onto his face, rubbing his eyelids and blending something onto his cheekbones. He felt something tugging at his eyelashes and opened his mouth to complain, but was distracted by Inga's breath tickling his ear.

"Relax and give big smile," she said breathily. "Your lips chapped." Carl submitted to her instruction, first smiling, then pursing his lips together in a pout as he felt something creamy being applied to them. It tasted way too waxy to be normal chapstick, but they probably had some special kind here in the salon. He did his best to keep still as they brushed something over his eyelids yet again.

"Old trick from my youth," Helga said, and Carl suddenly felt a brush down the collar of his shirt.

"Hey, that tickles..." Carl whined. "Knock it off."

"You'll like!" Helga assured him. They prodded and brushed at his face for a while longer, fiddling with his new ear studs, too, and then Carl heard the sound of high heels coming back towards the chair.

"Nice legs, girl," came Tiffany's voice. "It looks like... Oh! Oh, my."

"Girl?" Carl demanded.

"Sorry, honey, I'm just so used to calling my clients that," Tiffany said, sounding as if she was stifling a laugh. "And in any case... Now..."

"What?" Carl demanded, eyes still squeezed shut. "Are we done yet?" he asked, beginning to get slightly frustrated. "I think I've had enough 'extras,' thanks. Your assistant put false nails on me by mistake! Doesn't she get that I'm a guy?"

"Oh, did she?" Tiffany asked, giggling slightly. "Gosh, I'm sorry. I guess she just assumed it was the regular. Don't worry, girls, you did a good job. Everything looks very nice."

"Thank you," Carl heard Helga say. "Legs all waxed now. And face is done. Accessories?" Carl felt her tugging at each earlobe again, then something cold and metal settled against his neck.

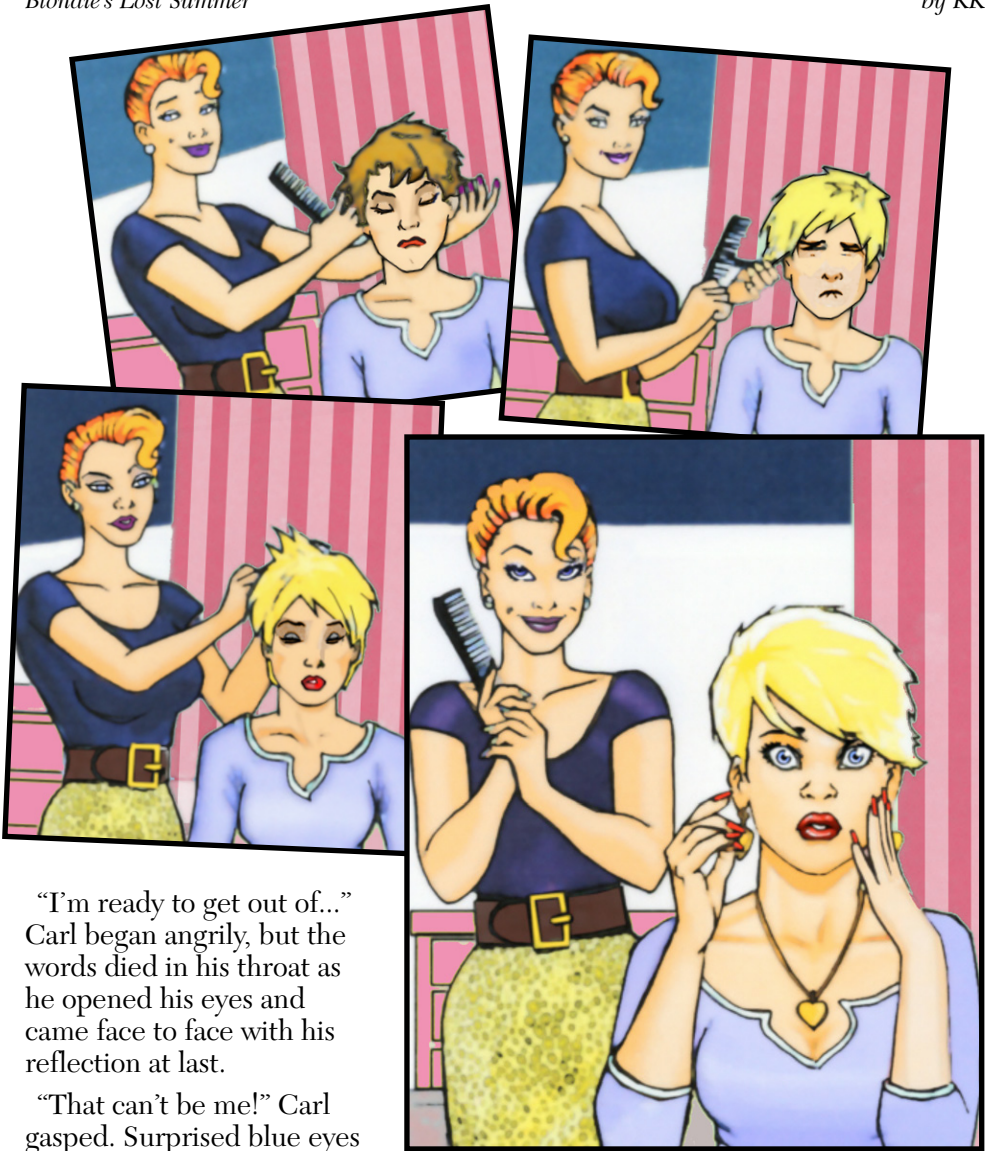
"They look great, too," Tiffany said. "Um, why don't you both go sweep up the back a little? I'll call you when I need more help."

"Can I open my eyes yet?" Carl groaned. "Those two hardly know English!" he complained. "I told them I didn't need my face waxed!"

"Sorry, sweetie," Tiffany giggled. He could feel her spin the chair around. "She must have been confused. I think I understand what happened now."

"Can I open my eyes?" Carl asked again petulantly. Where on Earth was Aunt Kat? He'd been in here for at least an hour!

"Very nearly," Tiffany promised. He felt her fluffing her fingers through his hair and touching his lips. "Okay. Ready to see the new you, honey?" Carl was well on his way to furious at this point. It was one thing to give him a slightly girlish hair color, it was another to strand him with two Swedes who had accidentally given him bright red false nails and waxed his legs!



“I’m ready to get out of...” Carl began angrily, but the words died in his throat as he opened his eyes and came face to face with his reflection at last.

“That can’t be me!” Carl gasped. Surprised blue eyes accented by liquid eyeliner, luscious red pout, heart-shaped pendant dangling into what was definitely a hint of cleavage... The girl in the mirror was a cute, sexy blonde! What had they done to him?

“Oh, it is, sweetie,” Tiffany giggled. She was behind him with a slightly incredulous smile on her face, shaking her head with her comb clasped between her hands, but he hadn’t even noticed her. “What do you think?” she asked.

Carl was far too stunned to reply, staring open-mouthed at his reflection. True to her word, Tiffany had trimmed his newly-bleached blonde hair, but instead of making it look more masculine, she had given him an extremely feminine pixie-style cut that swooped over his forehead. His brows, meanwhile, had

been plucked into high, feminine arches and accentuated with pencil. That, together with coal-black eyeliner, soft lavender eye-shadow, and a generous coating of mascara on his curled lashes, made his baby blues look wide, innocent, and undeniably sexy – not to mention the deep red lipstick slathered over his pouty lips in the perfect shade to match his claw-like new nails! Tiffany's expert makeup work brought forward his delicate bone structure, and with his small chin and pert little nose he looked like the kind of girl he lusted over on the covers of fashion magazines. Carl touched his fingers to the side of his face, still unable to believe that the teenaged girl in the mirror was actually him! With heart-shaped earrings dangling from his earlobes and a matching pendant hanging in just such a way as to emphasize his chest (which the cut-out neckline and carefully-applied blusher certainly did no favors in hiding) he looked every bit a blonde beauty.

"What did you do?" Carl finally screeched. "You made me into a... I look like... You made me..."

Just then, Aunt Kat hurried back into the salon, putting away her cellular phone. "Carl?" she called. "I just got off the phone with your mother and it looks like... Oh, my God!" She stopped dead in her tracks as she saw her nephew.

"I am so sorry, both of you," Tiffany said, shaking her head. "This is all my fault. I wasn't clear enough with Helga and Inga, and they got, um, confused. With your outfit and the blonde hair ... and especially those little lumps ... well, they thought you were a girl and so they gave you the works. I'm so, so sorry!" Aunt Kat opened her mouth, shut it, then opened it again with a look of dawning realization in her eyes.

"Wow," she muttered. "Wow, I need to think for a second. Wait."

"Think about what?" Carl demanded. "Those crazy broads waxed my legs and gave me a damn makeover! Tell them to wash this stuff off!"

"Maybe not yet," Aunt Kat said thoughtfully. "Carl, I just got off the phone with your mother," she explained. "That's what took me so long. I've got some bad news... Your father just won custody." She looked Carl up and down again. "Did your mother get you your flight long in advance?" Aunt Kat asked.

"What does that have to do with anything?" Carl frowned.

"It was very last-minute, at least on my end," Aunt Kat said. "In fact, I'm willing to bet she never even told your father you were coming down here. Not that he'd pay attention anyways, with his head up his ass as it is."

"But... But why does it matter?" Carl stammered, shaking his head. His earrings bounced against his cheeks. He tried to reach for a towel to wipe his face clean, but Tiffany stopped him.

"Because your father's just won custody of you," Aunt Kat sighed. "Remember, when you turn eighteen, you're getting that quarter million from our mother. But if your father has his hands on it, you know as well as I do that he'll gamble it all away or blow it on women and wine. You don't want it all to go to waste, do you?"



“Well, no,” Carl said. “Of course not!”

“So this little makeover accident might just be the best thing that could have happened!” Aunt Kat exclaimed. “It’s given me the perfect idea!”

“What?” Carl sputtered. “How does me being dolled up as a chick...?”

“As soon as he can, he’ll have a fleet of private investigators looking for you. No doubt he’ll be sending someone down here to look for you. They may already be here! But what if your mother tells him you’ve run away from home? And when he sends someone down here to ask me about you, what if I have no idea where you are?”

“What do you mean?” Carl gaped.

“You need to disappear. Carl can’t be found.”

“Disappear? Where? I can’t go anywhere.” Carl was still trying to fight through the twisted logic. “They’re going to find me sooner or later.”

"Of course they will. But, they aren't going to find a boy," Aunt Kat said triumphantly. "They're going to find a beautiful, feminine young lady who's staying with me for the summer. Someone who'd never, ever, be mistaken for Carl. Then, once they give up looking for you, you go back to being Carl and in a few short years, your mother will sign over the remainder to you, and you exclusively. It's flawless!"

"Your plan to keep him from the inheritance is to disguise me as a girl?" Carl gasped. "That's completely ridiculous! The whole idea is crazy!"

"Is it?" Aunt Kat smiled. "Have another look in the mirror, sweetie. I never would have believed it, but you could make an absolutely stunning girl with a little more help. Heck, when we're done with you, even *you'll* have a hard time believing you're a boy!"

"No!" Carl snapped. "I'm not dressing as a chick! I refuse!"

"Sweetie, if your father has custody of you, that inheritance is going down the drain," Aunt Kat said. "Remember, he's got connections with some of the best lawyers in the country at his disposal."

"I don't give a crap," Carl growled. "I'm not going to let you turn me into some kind of sissy. Forget it!" He yanked the earrings out of his ears and threw them to the salon floor, followed by the pendant necklace. Aunt Kat's mouth thinned to an angry line as her nephew attempted to remove the false nails with no success.

"I see," she said. "So you're not going to do the right thing for your mother, and for your own best interests, too, solely because of some inflated macho ego of yours? Is that it? Why are you so against the idea of being a girl, sweetie?"

"Why do you think?" Carl demanded. "It's, it's insane! It's humiliating, it..."

"So it's humiliating to be a female?" Tiffany interjected for the first time. She had folded her arms and was looking none-too-pleased. "I think you could use a little lesson on what life is like for the other side," she said. "Don't you, Kat?"

"I think it will be an excellent experience for you," Aunt Kat said firmly. "The best thing possible, in fact."

"I'm getting out of here," Carl said shakily. No longer did he look furious. Instead, he had a look of fear in his prettily-made-up eyes.

"You only have two options, sweetie," Aunt Kat said coldly. "You can leave like that, with that darling manicure and makeup-job, and try to find your way home without any money whilst hoping to high heaven that nobody realizes you are a boy... Or, you can let us finish making a girl out of you and leave the salon as just another pretty girl. Understand?"

Carl stared out of the salon window to see that the mall was now positively packed with people. He couldn't go out there looking like this! Were those really the only options? The look in his aunt's eye seemed to say yes.

"But it'll never work," Carl said faintly. "I mean, I can't... I can't pass as a girl... it's..." Aunt Kat smiled, sensing his will caving in. She took him gently by the arm and turned him to face the mirror again, confronted with his feminine re-

flection, his trendy bleached blonde hairstyle and seductive bright red lips. She couldn't help but smile as she saw his lower lip begin to tremble. He had just been dealt a major blow to his masculinity, not only looking like a real girl, but like the kind of babe he would check out on the street! How could he look like such a gorgeous, feminine blonde?

"That's what I thought," Aunt Kat said, smiling. "Now, how to dress you..."

"My daughter left a bunch of her shopping in the back room!" Tiffany said excitedly. "She's must be about his size, of course, she's a terrible little flirt and some of her clothes might be a bit on the revealing side..." Tiffany hurried to the back and returned with several white shopping bags from various clothing boutiques. "She probably won't even notice," Tiffany scoffed. "I spoil that girl... but a young lady can never have too many clothes, now, can she?"

"That settles it, then," Aunt Kay beamed. "Go on, just step behind the curtain and Tiffany will help you get ready for your debut... Okay, sweetie?" Carl's knees knocked together as Tiffany slid the curtain along its metal rod to give them a bit of privacy.

"Don't be nervous," Tiffany smiled. "You're going to look fantastic." She quickly peeled away his blue-sleeved top, and then yanked down both his shorts and his briefs in one quick motion. Completely naked, Carl stood shivering with the bags in hand, feeling utterly shell-shocked. He could only watch helplessly as Tiffany opened the Victoria's Secret bag. Normally he would have relished the idea of getting naked behind a curtain with a voluptuous beauty like her, but he had never fantasized about these particular circumstances!

"Let's tuck this little thing away," Tiffany said slyly, and before Carl could protest, she had seized hold of his manhood (which was not enjoying the cold air-conditioning) and forcefully pushed it back along with his testes so it was crammed painfully up inside. He gasped at the sensation as she used a little bit of tape to secure him in place. "That should give you a nice smooth front," Tiffany giggled. "One of my hairdressers does drag and he told me all sorts of little tricks like that." She then proceeded to step Carl's hairless legs into a pair of silky, lacy pink panties. Carl gulped, feeling a tear trickling down his cheek. It was either from the intense pain in his testicles or the shame and confusion of the entire process, but it made him feel even more embarrassed. He never cried, especially not in front of a chick.

"Wait a second," he croaked, as she pulled something white and padded out of the lingerie bag. He vaguely recognized it as something from various lingerie catalogues and the Pirates of the Caribbean movies, but he had never expected to wear one. "That's not a corset, is it?" he asked weakly.

"It's just a shaping garment to give you nicer contours," Tiffany explained. "It's what I was thinking of grabbing for you before, to help give your chest the proper support. Don't worry, it's not made of whalebones or anything!" Without further ado, she wrapped it around his midsection and began doing up the snaps. Carl had to suck in his breath as she tightened it, and by the time the last snap was closed it felt like his waist was being pinched in two! Even worse,

the garment's built-in bra seemed designed to lift his puffy chest up and out, squeezing it together in a semblance of cleavage.

"Oh, honey!" Tiffany clucked her tongue, having found the tear rolling down Carl's face. She wiped it away delicately, chuckling. "Don't worry, I used waterproof eyeliner. Just relax, honey. You have the kind of bone structure most girls would kill for! You're a natural beauty, just watch. By the time we're done you'll have to beat off the boys with a stick." Carl felt himself blush bright red, unable to speak as Tiffany adjusted him here and there, teasing his hair and touching up his makeup, then helped him slowly work a pair of sheer white nylons up his freshly-waxed legs. They were cool to the touch, especially on his newly hairless skin, and he shivered as she showed him how to hook them properly into his shaping garment's garters so they pulled taut on his thighs.

Carl couldn't believe this was happening. He gritted his teeth as Tiffany unzipped a larger garment bag and produced what was unmistakably a dress. He felt like bursting into tears as she carefully guided it over his head, careful not to touch his made-up face or carefully-styled hair, then directed his arms through the straps. It was a tight fit, but with the waist cincher already in place the dress hugged him in all the pertinent places. Carl's head was bowed with shame as he felt the silky-soft material swirl around his nyloned thighs. The dress was so light and airy that he hardly felt like he was wearing clothes at all, and the breeze between his legs was making him shiver!

"Foot up, honey," Tiffany directed, and Carl glumly let her place his right foot into a pink high-heeled pump before doing up the straps around his ankle. A second one followed, and Carl stood shakily, trying to find his balance again. They were much like the ridiculous cork sandals his aunt had foisted on him back when he'd first arrived, but the heel was much narrower and seemed to drastically change his posture, forcing his chest up and out, exaggerating the camber of his back, and thrusting his backside out invitingly. He took a hesitant step and realized that just as with the cork sandals, he would have to sway his hips and place one foot in front of the other in order to walk properly.

"I see you've had a little practice!" Tiffany beamed. "Fantastic! Now, just a finishing touch and then you're ready for your big debut..." She produced a pair of pink hoop earrings. Carl's face flushed yet again as she attached the symbols of obvious femininity to his earlobes. "Since you didn't like those heart pendants," she explained. "Don't worry, I thought they were a little tacky myself. These are much more stylish. Now, let's see what Kat thinks."

Without further ado, Tiffany pulled the curtain aside.

"Oh, my gosh," Aunt Kat said. "You look gorgeous!" She broke into a big smile. "Tiffany, that color is perfectly adorable on him." Carl stared down at his feet in abject shame, still stunned by his transformation. His pink pumps and stockinged feet looked utterly feminine, and the hem of the dress did almost nothing to cover his slender nyloned legs.

"Have a look, honey," Tiffany said, and pointed him towards the mirror. Carl took an unsteady step towards it, still readjusting to the height of the heels, and gasped at what he saw. He had been hoping against hope that he would look



stupid, ridiculous, like a guy in a dress ... the momentary humiliation would be worth it if it meant Aunt Kat would abandon her insane idea ... but nothing could be further from the truth. She was right! From the hoops dangling in his ears to the matching pumps encasing his feet, he looked one-hundred percent a gorgeous teenaged girl!

Tiffany had fluffed out his new feminine blonde hair-style to frame his made-up face, with his long, dark eye-lashes fluttering nervously and gleaming red lips set in an anxious pout that, unbeknownst to him, looked adorable, while the large pink hoops brushed against his cheeks with every turn of his head. The dress was a flirty little

sleeveless number in blue floral print with black edging, flattering his slender arms and shoulders, and its scooped neckline dipped suggestively towards Carl's pushed-out boy-boobs. With the shaping garment taking in his dainty waist, the dress hugged him in all the right places before ending in a short, flouncy skirt that barely reached mid-thigh. The gossamer-sheer white nylons, far from covering him up, made his legs look even more slender and shapely, the kind of willowy gams that most girls would envy, while his feet looked com-



pletely delicate encased in their three-inch pink pumps. Carl's lip trembled once more and he felt tears sliding down his face.

"Sweetie, what's wrong?" Aunt Kat said, putting her arms around him. "You look so beautiful!"

"But I don't want to be beautiful!" Carl sniffed, utterly humiliated. "I don't want to be a girl, Aunt Kat!"

"It's only temporary, sweetie," Aunt Kat said, wiping his tears away. "And besides, if you have to be a girl, isn't it better to be a very pretty one? Sweetie, you have everything a girl could want: a gorgeous face, small waist, slim figure, sexy legs..."

Carl looked up at her in confusion and distress, then slowly lowered his long dark lashes and nodded in submission. "I... I guess..." he murmured. "If this is really the only way..."

"That's my girl," Aunt Kat smiled, hugging him gently. "Now, obviously this pretty young thing is no 'Carl,'" she said thoughtfully. "We'll need a female name for you from now on..."

"Carli?" Tiffany suggested. "Or Carla, maybe?"

"Those are both too close," Aunt Kat frowned. The Swedish twins, who had been watching the entire thing with vaguely amused looks, turned to each other and giggled.

"Candi," Inga said. "Because now she looks so sweet. No more tomboy."

"Candi," Aunt Kat beamed. "That's perfect." Carl blushed furiously, still staring at his reflection in the mirror. Not only did he look like a cute blonde, he now had a bimbo name to match!

"Please, I can't do this," Carl begged one final time. "I don't want to be a girl!"

"Sweetie, if there was any other way, I'd tell you in a heartbeat," Aunt Kat said reassuringly. "But the moment I saw you all dolled up in that salon chair... Well, I had no idea you were a boy. Your own mother would barely recognize you, let alone your good-for-nothing father." Carl cringed at the very idea of his father seeing him in this feminine get-up. He looked miserably at his reflection, searching for some trace of masculinity, but there was none to be found. He really was 'Candi!'

"W-what happens now?" Carl asked in a strangled whisper.

"Well, I'm not going back on my word," Aunt Kat said. "We came here to go clothes-shopping, remember? I said we were getting a whole new wardrobe for you." She gave him a smile but Carl was far from returning it. He was lost in the horrifying picture of spending his entire summer dressed in short skirts and high heels!

"But I can't go out there like this!" Carl said tremulously. He looked out through the glass windows of the salon, where the interior of the mall had filled up with people during his makeover.

"Why not?" Aunt Kat asked, taking his arm and turning him back to the mirror. "Do you really see anything other than a cute, sexy girl?" Carl blushed.

"Kat's right," Tiffany laughed. "The only thing you have to worry about his beating the boys off!"

*Why did she have to keep using the term 'beating off'?* Carl thought to himself. "But..." He tried to protest. He couldn't walk through the mall in a skirt and heels! Everyone would see him!

"You're a little nervous about presenting yourself as a pretty teenaged girl," Aunt Kat guessed. "I understand. Those heels are a little scary for a first-timer, even though you did so well with the cork sandals last week. We can practice a little first, if you want, Candi."

The sound of his new female name kept ringing loudly in Carl's ears as he obediently traipsed from one side of the salon to the other, Tiffany and Aunt Kat giving him pointers as he went.

"Smaller steps and keep your elbows in, Candi!"

"Don't be afraid to let your hips roll, honey. There you go!"

"Place one foot directly in front of the other, Candi, remember? It gives you that cute little sway as you walk."

Carl teetered back and forth, gradually getting the hang of it, taking smaller steps, one foot directly in front of the other. He would have been burning with embarrassment to see the distinct feminine wobble it gave his hips as he swished from side to side. The sensation of his smooth nyloned thighs rubbing together and his dress swirling flirtily around his legs with every step was bad enough! Aunt Kat was surprised but pleased by how well her nephew was doing in the heels—she still remembered how long it had taken her to get the hang of them as a young lady.

"You're getting the hang of them," Aunt Kat said encouragingly. She had him walking up and down in the heels for another ten minutes, stopping to practice picking things up, sitting down gracefully, and turning around, all the while giving him more hints on how to keep his legs together and not expose his panties at any time.

"Why do girls wear these?" Carl moaned during a short break, rubbing his ankles.

"Now you know what a girl in heels goes through to look good," Tiffany laughed. "They make your legs look long and slender, and improve your feminine posture. Don't worry, pretty soon you'll be mincing around like you grew up in stilettos, attracting all the boys with your sexy strut!"

"I'm surprised at how you took to heels and a short dress so quickly, I swear you were meant to wear them," Aunt Kat added. "But we do need to work on your voice."

"What's wrong with my voice?" Carl asked, flushing at the backhanded compliment.

"It's not quite feminine enough," Aunt Kat said. "You need to speak more softly and use your head more than your chest. Otherwise, someone may be able to guess you're really a boy."

"How's this?" Carl asked in a squeaky falsetto. The Swedish twins, who were sweeping up around the salon chairs, immediately started giggling.

"Not like that," Aunt Kat said. "Just speak a little lighter and breathier. Remember, you're Candi, now. You should have a sweet, feminine voice." Carl swallowed and tried again.

"Okay, I'm trying," he said softly in a slightly higher register. "How does that sound?"

"Perfect!" Aunt Kat said, clapping her hands together. "You're ready!" She turned to Tiffany. "Thanks so much, Tiffany," she said, handing over a credit card. "I know this wasn't what you expected at all, but your help has been invaluable!"

"Any time," Tiffany smiled. "And don't worry, my lips are sealed. My gosh, he's such a doll! Or 'she,' I mean."

Before he knew it, Carl was being steered out of the salon with Aunt Kat's hand on his upper arm guiding him. "No girl would go shopping without her purse," Aunt Kat smiled. "For now, you can have mine." She handed him her small white leather purse, showing him how to position it in the crook of his arm, leaving his wrist flared in a distinctly feminine manner to show off his gleaming manicure.

They walked into the main part of the mall. Carl felt like he was floating. His femininely-styled hair brushing against his neck, the earrings swinging from his earlobes, the waxy taste of lipstick on his mouth, the cool air slipping up his skirt... He couldn't believe he was doing this! It was all he could do to keep his manicured hand from shaking as he readjusted the hem of his flirty dress. The sound of his stilettos clicking on the tiles seemed unbearably loud. Carl was still stunned by the sudden turn of events, trembling in his high heels. His heart was beating furiously behind the tight constriction of his shaping garment. Everything felt so wrong, from the wispy nylons caressing his legs to the long red nails scraping against the strap of his purse.

"People are staring at me," Carl whispered, flushing. "You don't think... You don't think they can tell that I'm a..."

"Please!" Aunt Kat laughed. "Sweetie, you know exactly why those young men are staring at you. You did it often enough yourself, didn't you? It's perfectly normal for a pretty little blonde to attract some male attention." Carl gaped, but he realized as he saw the boys grinning at each other that she was right. They were looking at him with lust, ogling his body and fantasizing about what was underneath his flirty little summer dress. Carl stared at his high-heeled feet in abject shame at becoming a piece of eye candy for horny guys.

"Hold your head up, sweetie," Aunt Kat said. "You're a pretty girl and you should be proud of your appearance!" Carl was anything but, but he tried to acquiesce to his Aunt's request and keep his chin up, even though he kept his eyes down. His nervous body language ended up working to his advantage, giving him a demure, feminine appearance. He was distinctly aware of the way his bottom was swishing seductively from side to side as he clicked along in his heels, and he was definitely attracting attention – from boys! He felt himself

blush from his face to his chest as they passed a group of college-age guys who couldn't take their eyes off of him.

Carl had never felt so helpless and emasculated in his life, noticing their gaze lingering on his exposed legs and the swell of his chest. He had always loved ogling attractive girls in the mall, but now the high heel was on the other foot – his! The sway of his hips forced on him by the high heels, his short tight dress, flirty black lashes and kissable red lips were all like magnets for male attention. By the time they had walked out of the food court, half a dozen different guys had wolf-whistled at him!

For Aunt Kat's part, she was delighted to see her chauvinistic nephew squirming under the gaze of interested males. She'd observed the way he ogled girl's bodies like sides of beef in a butcher shop time and time again, and now he was finally getting a small taste of what it was like to be viewed as an object, not a person. She could hardly wait to see him all dolled up in a skimpy bikini...

"I thought 'Candi' would be a hit with the boys," Aunt Kat smiled. "Any one of those guys back there would have killed for your phone number, sweetie!" Carl flushed. He was very, very conscious of how many guys were ogling him. The three-inch heels gave him a very feminine posture, exaggerating the camber of his back and pushing out his chest – when boys saw an attractive girl dressed like this, they would assume that she liked the attention! He wished the dress didn't swish so much with his hips when he walked, it seemed to turn every male head in the mall to watch him mince by in his heels and admire his butt. Aunt Kat was obviously extremely pretty herself, but she was wearing her work clothes – a tailored suit and sensible heels – and it was clear that 'Candi' was getting all the attention. He had never felt so helpless or humiliated!

"This is our first stop," Aunt Kat said, coming to a halt. "I don't think a girl should have to borrow underwear, do you?" Carl nearly had a panic attack when he recognized that they had stopped outside an expensive lingerie boutique. He'd walked past the store slowly many times before, admiring both the underwear models displayed on large signs outside it and also the attractive women shopping within, but he had never thought he might one day be stepping inside, much less to make a purchase for himself, of all people.

"But why do I need girl's underwear?" Carl whined. "I mean, nobody will see it... Can't I just wear... You know, normal briefs?"

"Absolutely not," Aunt Kat said strictly. "Candi is absolutely not the type of girl to wear boy's underwear, and besides, it would make your clothes sit all wrong. No, lingerie is an utterly essential part of any young lady's wardrobe, and I expect you to pay great care and attention to it."

"But what if they..." Carl dropped his voice to a whisper. "What if my..." He tugged anxiously at the hem of his dress.

"Your little thingy?" Aunt Kat guessed. She pursed her lips. "You're right, sweetie. I guess I was forgetting about that little problem. We'd better not risk it today! Julia's things will have to do for now, I suppose, and fortunately you seem to be about the same size." Carl breathed a sigh of relief as they continued past, but any sense of relief was quickly eclipsed by their next destination,

a trendy upscale clothing store aimed towards teenaged girls. The only upside was that he would finally get away from the lustful looks of admiration... It seemed to be only girls inside.

The clothing store was gigantic and obviously very expensive. Pop music played softly in the background while a combination of stained hardwood and white marble covered the floors. Mannequins displaying various skimpy outfits were everywhere, and rows upon rows of stylish clothing went all the way to the back of the store.

“Oh, look, there’s a sale on,” Aunt Kat beamed, pointing to a green “Summer Sale” sign. Carl had an extremely limited knowledge of girls’ clothing, but he knew that the hottest girls all shopped here and bought tons of provocative outfits. The thought made his stomach turn as he realized that he would soon be one of them! Carl shifted nervously on his high heels as his aunt reached through the racks.

“What do you think of this one, Candi?” Aunt Kat asked, emerging to drape a flimsy halter-top against him. “Doesn’t it match your skin tone beautifully? The deep red really offsets your tan.”

“I, I don’t know,” Carl said, flushing. “Can’t we just...”

“Hi!” came a cheerful voice. “Can I help you find anything?” Carl looked over and saw a very pretty girl of about his age, wearing hip-hugger jeans and a trendy top. Once he might have tried to make a pass at her, but dressed as he was, there was no chance of that happening!

“Please do,” Aunt Kat said, with a welcoming smile. “My niece is staying with me for the summer, and I’m afraid the lousy airline lost all her luggage, can you believe it? She needs an entirely new wardrobe, and I’ve decided to treat her.”

“Oh my gosh, I’m so sorry about all your clothes!” the girl squealed sympathetically. Her smile quickly returned. “Don’t worry, though, we’ll find you all sorts of delicious little outfits! Do you shop here often?”

“Actually, no,” Aunt Kat interjected before Carl was forced to think up an answer. “Believe it or not, Candi has always been a bit of a tomboy. Isn’t that right, Candi?” Carl nodded his head, blushing furiously. “In fact, she’s just now finally realizing that it’s so much fun to wear pretty skirts and dresses,” Aunt Kat went on. “Her mother’s a bit of a prude at times, but her aunt knows how important it is for a young lady to feel feminine ... sexy ... desirable.” She flashed Carl a conspiratorial smile, as if the pair of them were holding one over on his mother. “That said, I think it’s time for a completely new wardrobe,” Aunt Kat finished. “I do so hope you can help us. Trust me, price is not an issue!”

“Ooh, I always love to hear that,” the salesgirl said mischievously with a twinkle in her eye. “That means you’re going to look like you’re fresh off the runways! We have so many adorable new tops that just came in, come on, let’s have a look...”

She pulled Carl towards the rack of feminine finery, taking his reluctance for the shyness of a former tomboy finally blossoming into a beautiful young

woman and feeling embarrassed to be so unknowledgeable about fashion. She and Aunt Kat were chattering away happily about color coordination and body type as Carl stood anxiously with his arms piling up with dresses and tops to try on.

Aunt Kat, in particular, seemed to have very specific ideas about how 'Candi' would be dressed, adamantly insisting on flirty dresses, short skirts, and feminine blouses. Every time Carl tried to pick out something more conservative, she would laugh and point out a cute spaghetti-strap or miniskirt instead, saying that it was summer and girls who had "it" weren't shy about flaunting it! It didn't stop Carl from looking longingly at the jeans and slacks, thinking that even a pair of tight-fitting hip-hugger girls' jeans would be better than nothing. Unfortunately, the closest he would get to jeans was a cute white denim miniskirt!

"You have such great legs," the salesgirl beamed, holding it up. "I bet your boyfriend just loves you in a short little miniskirt. We have some adorable looks, too!"

"I don't have a boyfriend!" Carl protested automatically. "I mean, um, not at the moment?" He blushed, trying to remedy his slip-up.

"Well, that definitely won't last," the salesgirl giggled. "Here, let's get you trying a few things. This one first, alright?"

Trembling slightly with nervousness, Carl relented and closed the door of the changing stall behind him. What would Amber from the beach think if she saw him trying on a skimpy halter-top? The thought was unbearable. Worse, as soon as he was alone in the stall, he realized he wasn't able to unzip his dress on his own. Feeling ready to burst into tears from shame and frustration, Carl peered out of the changing booth.

"Excuse me?" he called tremulously. "I, um, I need help..."

"Oh, well why didn't you say so!" the salesgirl said cheerfully, sliding into the changing booth with him immediately. She set her latest acquisition on a hook and ordered Carl to turn around. Blushing, Carl acquiesced, thinking how he would have loved to be in a cramped little changing stall with a pretty girl under other circumstances... But now she was helping him out of a dress! Once it was off, the salesgirl smiled at him.

"Ooh, so that's how you got such a tiny waist!" she giggled. "Cheater. No, I'm joking, shaping garments are definitely coming back into style, they make such pretty ones now, and comfy, too! I don't need one, of course, but..." She trailed off, looking slightly smug. She helped Carl into the slinky halter-top, body rubbing up against his, and he felt his cheeks go red. She was extremely attractive, and the smell of her perfume was having a definite effect on him! If he got an erection now, he was going to die of humiliation. He closed his eyes tightly, but was sure she could tell something was up from the quizzical look in her eyes. Did she think he was a lesbian?

Feeling dazed and frightened, Carl stepped into the skirt she had picked out to accompany the top and let her adjust it snugly around his hips.

"You look hot," the salesgirl smiled, although she still looked slightly puzzled by 'Candi's' behavior. "Let's show your aunt!" She took Carl by the hand and led him out of the changing booth, where Aunt Kat was waiting.

"Oh, that looks darling on you, sweetie," Aunt Kat exclaimed. "Very summery!" Carl looked at himself in the mirror and flushed. She was right, the top looked wonderful on him, molded to each and every one of his feminized curves with a teasing scooped neckline that left his petite shoulders bare, along with the alluring camber of his slender back. The sun-kissed tan he had begun to develop offset the ruby-red color perfectly, and the skirt, a short, black, ruffled affair, bobbed appealingly as he sashayed back and forth, twirling at Aunt Kat's request.

Carl had no idea how to put on or take off most of the clothes, so he was completely at the salesgirl's mercy as she explained each garment as if he was a particularly airheaded blonde or a little girl. He found himself going through a flurry of new outfits, wriggling in and out of minidresses, spaghetti-straps, girlish blouses, and pencil skirts.

"It's really a shame you're so flat up top," the salesgirl frowned on one occasion. "These little low-cut tops would look so darling on you if you were only filled out a little more."

"Well, some girls bloom later than others, dear," Aunt Kat said diplomatically, as Carl's face went red. "Of course, there are ways of helping that along..."

"Oh, definitely," the salesgirl giggled. "Two of my friends got their boobs done last year, and they both look great! Candi, have you ever thought about getting a boob job?"

Carl shook his head, mortified, and mercifully she dropped the subject as she found a little red dress that would just be perfect on him. Between each change of clothes Carl had to go out and model the outfit for Aunt Kat, who was enjoying the fashion show immensely. She and the salesgirl debated and argued as he minced and spun in front of them, deciding on the best combinations. By the end he had worn more clothes in a few hours than he had worn in the past five years, and Carl felt both physically and mentally drained.

"But why can't I buy any jeans?" Carl whispered, as the salesgirl started ringing up their purchases. "Girls wear jeans and slacks all the time! You're wearing a pair right now, Aunt Kat!" He looked dejectedly at the pretty skirts and dresses being folded up for him even as they spoke.

"Isn't it obvious?" Aunt Kat frowned. "Look, sweetie, if you were a real girl, of course you could buy a few pairs of pants. But since you're a boy, we have to make you as feminine as possible. That means frilly lingerie, short skirts, cute blouses, dresses, and high heels at all times. Since the last thing we want is anyone discovering your true gender, we have to make every effort to make you as dainty and girlish as possible. By the time anyone comes looking for you, you will be a beautiful, feminine, complete and total girly-girl, and nobody would ever dream you could possibly have once been a boy!"



Carl had to admit that it made a twisted kind of sense, but even so, he felt utter terror at the idea of being paraded around in revealing outfits for the rest of the summer. And what did she mean by “once been a boy?” He still was!

“And besides,” Aunt Kat said slyly. “I know how much you like seeing girls in revealing tops and short, tiny skirts. I thought you might like to try it out for yourself, and see what goes into wearing sexy, feminine outfits. I think it will be a very good experience for you.”

When all of the purchases had been rung up and placed into bags or boxes, Aunt Kat thanked the salesgirl profusely for his help and she and her nephew left the boutique weighed down with the foundations of an entirely new wardrobe. If Carl had hoped the nightmare was over, he was to be disappointed.

“You’re going to need new shoes,” Aunt Kat said briskly. “That’s essential for a young woman learning the ins and outs of femininity.”

“Aunt Kat, I’m exhausted,” Carl pleaded. “My ankles are killing me.”

“That’s why you need more heels, sweetie,” Aunt Kat said. “Practice makes perfect, after all.”

So, for the next hour, Carl found himself trying on pair after pair of strappy sandals and stiletto pumps

in the women’s shoe store on the top level of the mall. Aunt Kat had him mincing up and down in a wide variety of styles and colors, still giving him pointers on how to move gracefully as a girl. She’d explained to the male clerk that ‘Candi’ was moving out of her tomboy phase and was finally ready to learn how to be a pretty, feminine, well-



dressed young lady in order to attract guys, but the clerk only had eyes for 'Candi's' sexy nyloned legs, and Carl seriously doubted he heard a word that Aunt Kat had said to him. Wishing he didn't have an audience, Carl sat down, gracefully smoothing his dress and keeping his knees together, and began putting on a pair of single-strap beige pumps with a chunky four-inch heel.

"Why can't we buy some flat shoes?" he asked his aunt timidly. "I mean, I see real girls in sneakers and flat shoes all over town!"

"Sweetie, us real girls have had about five years practice negotiating in heels by the time we're your age," Aunt Kat said matter-of-factly. "You have a lot of time to make up for, so even your bedroom slippers will have to have heels. Oh! That reminds me. You need slippers!" Carl could only moan softly as she came back with a pair of fuzzy pink slippers with a kitten heel. This was, without a doubt, the longest day of his young life! To make matters worse, the sales clerk kept running his hand up Carl's leg whenever he helped him out of a new pair of shoes! He blushed at the young man's touch, averting his eyes and hoping to avoid a scene, unintentionally looking extremely flirtatious and submissive with his eyelashes fluttering prettily. By the time they left the store, with more shoes than Carl had ever seen in a lifetime, Aunt Kat had a sly smile on her face. She was enjoying this more than she'd ever expected!

They made a mercifully brief stop at a drug store to pick out a wide variety of cosmetics products, which Aunt Kat assured him she would give him intensive lessons on how to use, and then at a jeweller's shop to buy new earrings. By this point, Carl was utterly overwhelmed and it was all he could do to submit to his Aunt's suggestions and agree that the chandelier earrings were "to die for."

Loaded down with purchases and his head swimming from the sample perfumes he'd been made to try out, Carl was relieved when noon rolled around and Aunt Kat told him she needed to get to work. "I nearly lost track of time, I was having so much fun," she said. "Let's get you home, so you can put all your pretty new things away."

At this point Carl could only nod his head weakly, utterly overwhelmed by the rapid turn of events that had seen a trip to the mall for new clothes turn into a complete erosion of his masculinity, replaced by makeup, nail polish, dresses and high heels. He followed his Aunt Kat out to the car, still blushing furiously whenever he noticed admiring looks from men and boys. He was completely silent on the car-trip home, even as Aunt Kat chatted away happily about how perfectly he had passed as a girl and what a little heart-breaker he would turn out to be with a little more work. Carl's head was still spinning with the realization that all of these packages and bags full of feminine finery were now his, and he would be expected to wear them!

After multiple trips, all of Carl's new wardrobe was inside, and Aunt Kat was adamant that he not sit down and rest his aching ankles until everything was put away. She was delighted with how quickly he was taking to the high heels, mincing around quite gracefully, and she even witnessed him bending from the knees to put away his new shoes, rather than bending from the waist and risking a flash of his lacy panties to the world.

"It's so lucky that I didn't redecorate this room immediately after Julia left," Aunt Kat pointed out. "I think it's just perfect for a girl named Candi, don't you?" She was right about that – the pink and purple color scheme and frilly accoutrements were ultra-feminine, and before long the vanity was stocked up with cosmetics and the walk-in closet was bursting full with blouses, skirts, and minidresses. Carl was utterly exhausted by the time they had finished hanging up all of his things, and he sank to the edge of his bed with a soft moan.

"My feet feel like they're going to fall off," he groaned.

"Knees together, sweetie," his aunt said. He snapped his legs shut immediately, embarrassed. "I know this is overwhelming for you, but I really do think it's our best chance!" Aunt Kat continued. "I never would have thought it, but you make a really natural girl. I suppose that hormone imbalance ended up working in our favor, didn't it?"

Carl nodded miserably. If only that damn suitcase hadn't been lost... Aunt Kat never would have had to find out about his little "condition..." He never would have been wearing unisex clothes to the salon, and those Swedish twins never would have mistaken him for a girl, and this whole plan would never have come about at all!

"How long do I have to pretend to be a girl?" Carl asked miserably. "I can't spend my whole summer like this!"

"Just as long as it takes for your father to give up looking for you, sweetie," Aunt Kat said. "He'll be sure to send someone to check down here in Florida, in case he thinks your mother is trying to hide you and I'm in on it, but I'll be sure to give a big sob story about how your mother and I had a huge falling out and she barely even calls anymore. And if they look around the house for clues, they'll only find a girl's room full of clothes, makeup, and stilettos, shortly before meeting a pretty, vivacious young blonde named Candi. Your father is so old-fashioned and homophobic that he would simply never suspect the possibility of you disguising yourself as a girl. It's perfect!"

"And once that happens, I can go back to being a boy..." Carl said wistfully.

"That's right," Aunt Kat smiled. "But for now, why not just enjoy the ride? If you have to be a girl, at least you get to be a girl with a slender figure and a beautiful face. Most teenaged girls your age would love to have your legs, your slight frame, and your pretty features. Enjoy it! Now, how would you like to get out of that shaping garment?"

"Would I ever!" Carl exclaimed. Aunt Kat laughed at his eagerness. She helped him out of his dress, lifting it carefully over his head, then began the process of loosening the cincher. Carl took a deep breath and sweet air filled his lungs. He had become accustomed to the pressure, but now that it was gone, he felt like a scuba diver coming up to the surface. She peeled it off and Carl gave a sigh of relief, massaging himself. His chest was still puffy, but without the shaping garment cradling them and pushing them to prominence, his small "boy-boobs" were a lot less noticeable. It made him feel slightly better as he unbuckled his high-heeled pumps and unhooked his garters, then followed Aunt Kat's instructions to carefully remove his nylons so as to not put a run in

them with his long, feminine fingernails. With the wispy nylons peeled away from his legs and his posture no longer altered by the heels, he felt slightly more like himself, except for the lacy panties, hairless skin, swinging hoop earrings and expertly-applied makeup.

"Turn around, sweetie," Aunt Kat directed. "Let me see what we have to work with." Having spent the entire morning modeling clothes for her, Carl made a slow circle with only a hint of embarrassment at his beautiful aunt seeing him in panties and nothing else. "You have a nice slender figure," Aunt Kat said thoughtfully. "And that naturally small waist, too! With a little more time using the shaping garment and a bit of dieting, it will be just perfect for a young man to put his hands around. I'm afraid your only real deficiency is your flat chest. Even with padding, I don't think we can hope for more than an A-cup."

"That's okay, isn't it?" Carl said hastily. "I mean, plenty of girls are small-chested. Aren't they? There's nothing wrong with that at all!"

"My, my, what a turn-around," Aunt Kat said dryly. "I seem to remember you treating small-chested girls rather poorly. Didn't you dump darling Miranda because she wasn't, um, developed enough for you? That was quite heart-breaking for her, you know. I thought you loved big breasts!"

"On girls!" Carl exclaimed, exasperated. "Not on me!"

"Sweetie, until this custody situation blows over, you *are* a girl," Aunt Kat said firmly. "And a very attractive one, too. The sooner you get used to thinking of yourself as 'Candi,' the easier this will be for you, understand?"

"I understand," Carl muttered, determined to do no such thing. He might have to dress like a girl, but there was no way he would start behaving like some dumb blonde bimbo!

Aunt Kat went to the bottom drawer of Carl's dresser and started rummaging through it. "Now, I'm sure that Julia left it behind... Let me see... No use buying you your own yet..." When Carl saw what she had pulled out, his pretty blue eyes went wide.

"A bikini?" he said faintly, but all the fight had left him about three miniskirts ago.

"That's right," Aunt Kat smiled. "Julia was a little small on top herself, so this one has a nice underwire support to give you a bit of help." Carl stood dejectedly, raising his arms to allow his aunt to position the tiny top over his chest. The small red triangles had underwire support, as she'd said, and it cradled his small puffy boy-boobs together to give the appearance of real breasts. He watched helplessly in the mirror as Aunt Kat adjusted him, tying the strings into a pretty little bow in the center of his shoulder blades. He then obediently stripped off his panties and held the back part of the bikini bottom against his bottom as Aunt Kat slid the front part between his legs, lacing the strings together against his slender hips.

"We'll have to come up with a better solution for this little problem," Aunt Kat said conversationally, tucking his small manhood back to present a smooth crotch. "But for now, that will do. Thank goodness you haven't grown yet in

that particular area.” Carl blushed furiously. Aunt Kat fluffed out his hair and freshened up her nephew’s lipstick, then turned him to face the mirror.

“What do you think?” she asked innocently. Carl could only stare in terror at his reflection. Small chest or no, there was no way a blonde wearing a skimpy red string bikini, showing off slender arms, flat stomach, rounded hips, and legs for miles, wouldn’t break necks on the beach. It matched his nails and pouty red lips perfectly in shade, as well!

“God, look at the time,” Aunt Kat groaned. “Alright, I really have to get going. Now grab your sunscreen and hop outside, sweetie. You need to catch a few rays.”

“What? Why?” Carl squeaked. “I can’t go outside like this!”

“Just on the back deck,” Aunt Kat said, rolling her eyes. “You need to fix your tan-lines, dear. Right now you have pale skin to the knee and an even tan on your entire upper body. A girl like Candi probably doesn’t go sunbathing in board-shorts, although she might go topless if she’s feeling mischievous enough.

Either way, it would be best to correct them with a little sun. Go on!”

With great reluctance, Carl walked to the sliding glass door to the balcony and opened it. He didn’t think anyone would be able to see him on the lounge, but even so...

“You’ll need a good two hours at least,” Aunt Kat said. “Here, I want you to read



through these while you suntan. I'll be quizzing you later, okay? It's important for a teen girl to know about the latest styles, fashions, and celebrity gossip." She handed him a stack of Cosmo and Seventeen magazines, full of colorful print and articles with titles like "10 ways to please your boyfriend." Flushing, Carl reluctantly bundled them in his arms as he stepped outside. Though he was accustomed to going shirtless, wearing a string bikini somehow made him feel far more exposed than he ever had in his life. Luckily, nobody was going to see him. Carl began applying his sunscreen by habit as his Aunt Kat hurried out to the car. It felt so strange on his smooth, hairless legs.

Aunt Kat glanced back as she was leaving, to the sight of her feminized nephew rubbing sunscreen into his slender legs. She smiled, imagining the intense feelings of emasculation and confusion her sexist nephew had to now be experiencing. He'd been completely disguised as a beautiful girl, dressed in nothing but a tiny, sexy red bikini, and directed to suntan until he gained yet another signifier of his new femininity, enticing female tan-lines. Kat wondered how much more his fragile male ego could possibly take. It had to be a very humbling experience for him, but after a week of watching him blatantly disrespect girls and ogle their bodies, she felt he definitely deserved the chance to see what it was like to be nothing more than a pretty face and a sexy body. Although he still wouldn't know what it was like for a man to talk to his chest rather than his face...

Carl leaned back on the lounge, lost in his own thoughts. The entire day felt like some crazy dream, some bizarre nightmare, but every time the sun gleamed on his painted fingernails and the straps of his bikini rubbed against his smooth skin, he knew that it was all very much real. How had he let this happen? How had he let his aunt turn him into a chick? He shuddered to think of what his father would think of all this. Aunt Kat was right on that point, Carl's homophobic father would never ever suspect that Carl would agree to disguise himself as a girl so his mother could maintain custody. His buddy Brad would be equally shocked, he was sure. Carl had told him he was going to Florida to pick up beach babes, but now he was well on his way to becoming one, instead! And his idol, Jason, would probably bust his gut laughing if he knew that Carl was currently sunbathing in a little red bikini. Jason the football star, lady-killer, and all-around man's man would have never allowed himself to get caught up in a crazy scheme like this. He would have told Aunt Kat to screw right off!

In order to distract himself, Carl started looking through the magazines. It was mostly girly garbage, tips on makeup, accessorizing, hot colors, and boy advice. There was even an article on house-cleaning, which Carl read hoping for pictures of girls in maid outfits, but was disappointed. Finally, Carl pushed the fashion magazines away and closed his eyes. He didn't want to think about the coming weeks, adjusting to his new identity, answering to 'Candi' and dressing in short skirts and high heels. It was simply too much. Carl was exhausted from the day's events, however, and so despite his many frantic thoughts, it wasn't long before he fell asleep on the lounge.