

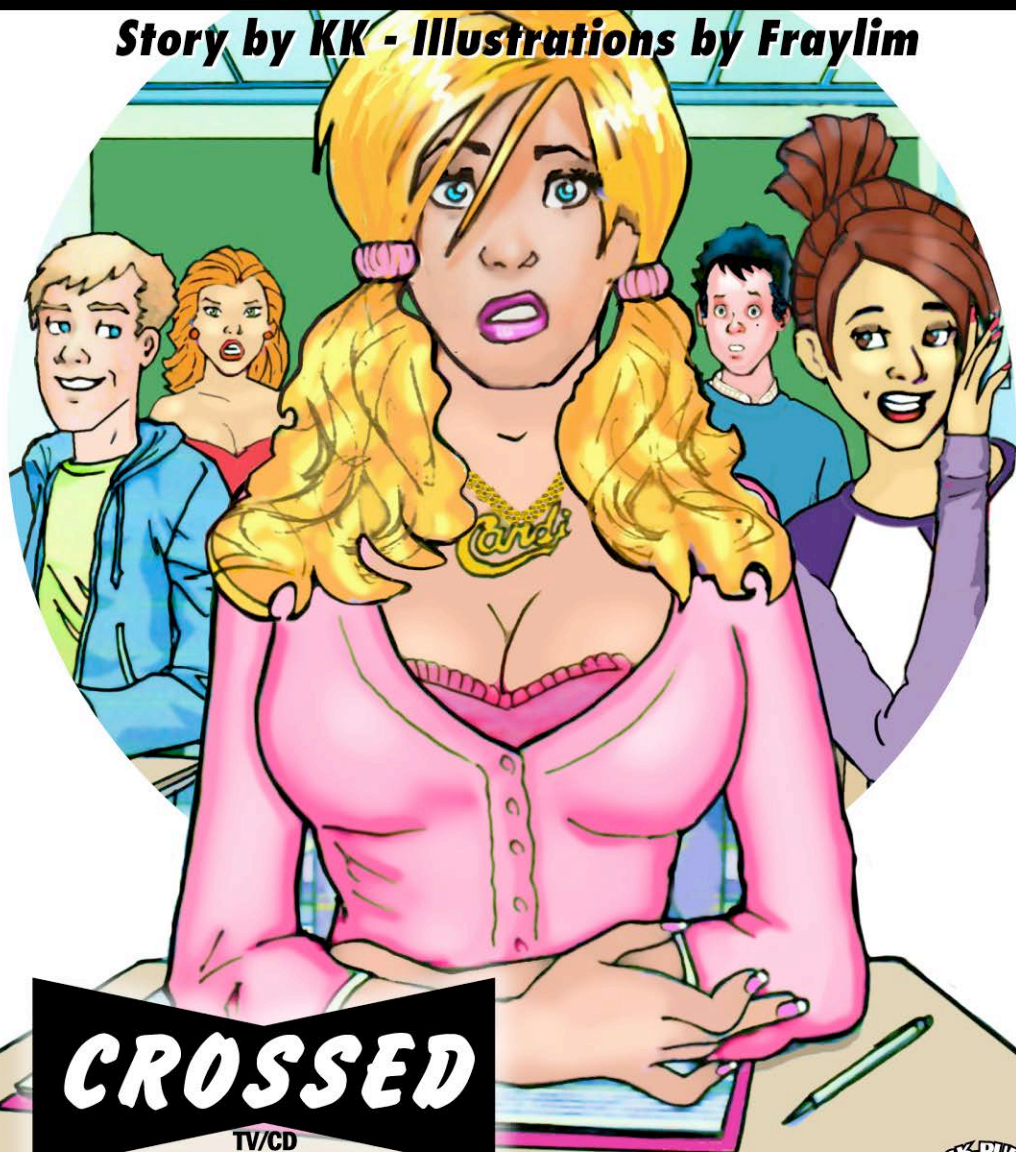
ADULTS ONLY

221 pages 52 illustrations

BLONDIE'S LOST YEAR

THE "BLONDIE" SERIES: BOOK 2

Story by KK - Illustrations by Fraylim



CROSSED

TV/CD

FICTION



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BLONDIE'S LOST YEAR

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



2013 Digital Edition

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BLONDIE'S LOST YEAR

From the Casebook of Harold Pennyworth, P.I.

Notes on Case #241: Disappearance of Carl Hutchens.

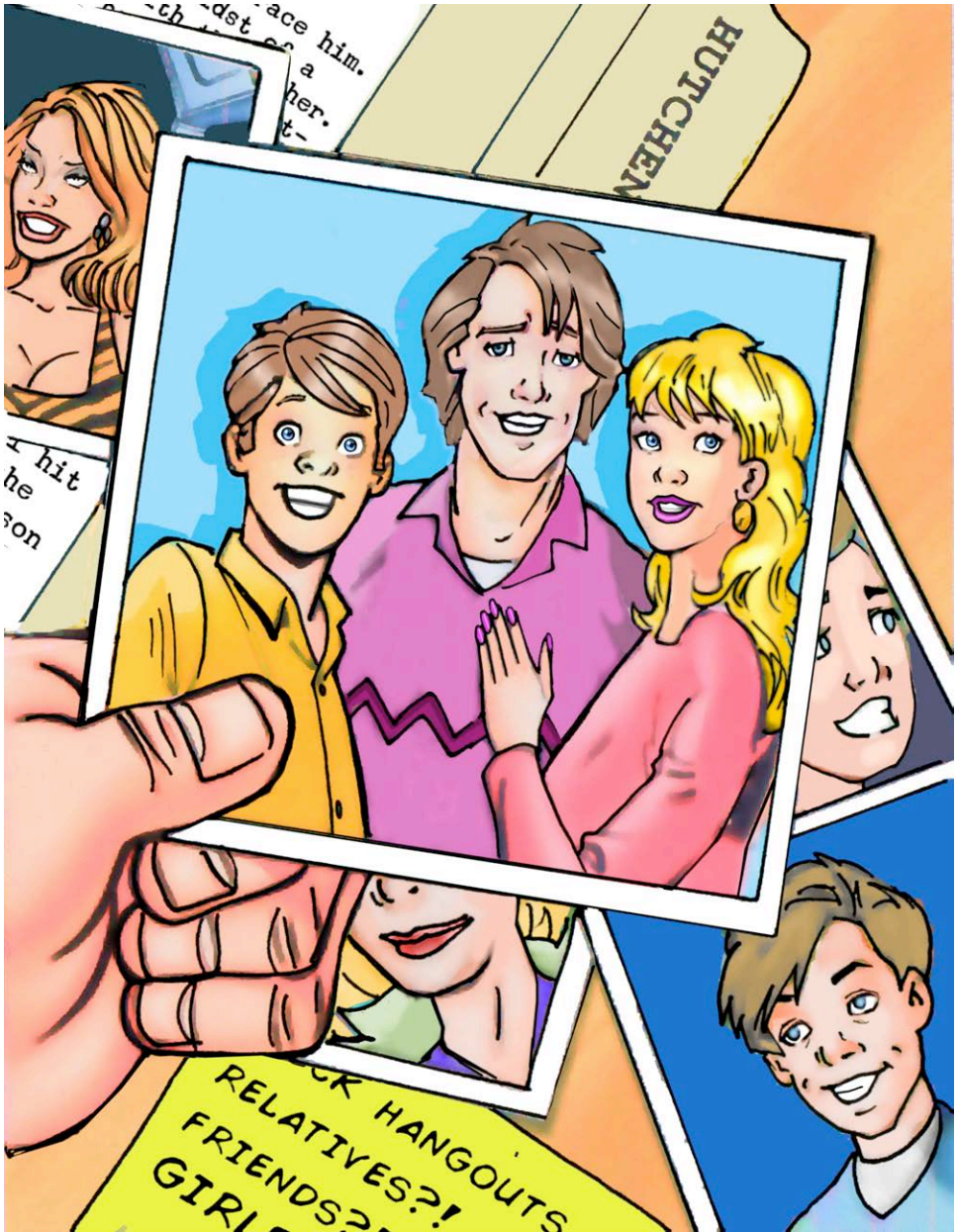
Carl Hutchens, Caucasian, Age 17, Height 5'7", 155 lbs. Sandy brown hair, no tattoos or other identifying marks. Hired by the kid's dad, August. Mr. Hutchens: nice guy, but a gambler ... no wonder the family's money was down the tubes. Client is in the middle of divorcing his wife of 18 years, who, according to photos, is quite the looker.

The case: According to the client (Mr. Hutchens) his son Carl flat-out disappeared off the face of the Earth during the summer. Last contact was before a planned trip to Florida. There was some kerfuffle going on over his inheritance ... apparently he was getting a cool quarter million from his deceased grandmother upon his eighteenth birthday, and whoever had custody in the meanwhile had full control over the fund. Mr. Hutchens wants custody to reconnect with his son, so he claims, though I don't think the fact that his ex-wife was going to be mighty pissed off hurt his motivation, either. He also claims to be free of his gambling addiction. He was awarded legal custody in court, but that's when he realized Carl was nowhere to be found.

The former Mrs. Hutchens, now Wethers, claims the kid had run away from home due to stress. The story doesn't check out. No missing persons report was filed, nor any notification of the police or social services. Upon interviewing her by phone, Mrs. Hutchens/Wethers was putting on a big show of being upset, and appeared to be overselling it. Mr. Hutchens had the same impression. The likely conclusion is Ms. Wethers is likely hiding Carl somewhere to prevent the inheritance from going to Mr. Hutchens.

A cross-reference of public records revealed Mrs. Wethers has a sister, Katherine Wethers, who resides in Florida. A phone call to Katherine Wethers only resulted in getting some very evasive responses. I had come to the conclusion that Carl's trip to Florida had likely led him to Katherine Wethers, working in concert with her sister to conceal Carl's whereabouts. I was set to make my report to Mr. Hutchens when Mrs. Wethers did it for me. On 26 August she called up Mr. Hutchens and told him to fly down to Florida with her to see Carl.

Upon hearing that the case had come to a conclusion, I was about to writeup a report and send it Mr. Hutchens with my bill. On the afternoon of 28 August, the client strolled into my office looking like he'd seen a ghost, and told me to destroy all records regarding the case. He was not responsive to my questions, only mumbling something about Carl being "happy" in Florida. This raised more questions than it answered, and my experience and gut feeling told me there was much more to this than the client was willing to divulge. Further, he



declined to pay my fee, claiming that he found his son all by himself. But that wasn't the way it works in this business.

Pennyworth Investigations never leaves a case unsolved, or a fee unpaid, and this is far from over. If I want my full fee paid, I'm going to have to get the dirt on this whole affair.

I've booked a ticket on a Delta flight for Miami. Time to head to Florida and get a little sun.



In a small but immaculate office with a breathtaking view of Miami Beach, Carl nervously smoothed his miniskirt as he awaited the return of his aunt's doctor, Dr. Nevsky. Dr. Nevsky was one of the most sought-after plastic surgeons on the west coast, and the man at least partially responsible for several small changes that had changed poor Carl over the past summer, like the estrogen-induced sheen of his blonde hair, his soft skin, firm pear-shaped buttocks, trim waist, and the feminine swell of his hips, and he was also 100 percent responsible for two very large changes currently nestled in Carl's sexy lace D-cup demi-bra. Carl gave a deep sigh, and his boobs bobbed up and down on his chest. Just as Dr. Nevsky walked in, he forlornly adjusted his cleavage, wishing for the billionth time that they weren't quite so big.

Carl had spent too much time in this office over the past three months. He had seen his life turned inside-out over the course of the summer and it was hard to believe he had let things get this far. Hiding from his father and blending in to the beach life in Miami had led him down this path, and he had reluctantly agreed to every crazy thing his Aunt had proposed. There was no doubt in his mind that he had done all the wrong things for all the right reasons. Candi Wethers, the girl he was pretending to be now, was safe. Carl Hutchens, the boy he really was, had a quarter of a billion reasons to fear he'd never be given a chance to inherit his fortune. Hiding as Candi was the smartest thing to do, according to his Aunt Kat.

"Good morning... ah... Candi," Dr. Nevsky said, double-checking the name on his clipboard. It was hard to blame him! The Carl Hutchens who had come in with his aunt to simply have a small hormone imbalance checked out all those months ago hardly bore any resemblance to the blonde bombshell before him. Carl was sitting with legs daintily crossed, high heeled foot bobbing impatiently, and toying with the bleached blonde tresses falling gently across an angelically pretty, perfectly-made-up face. It was hard to believe that such a beautiful, feminine creature had never even considered wearing girls' clothing just a few months prior.

"Good morning," Carl replied, in the soft soprano that had been so thoroughly drilled into him by his Aunt Kat's training sessions. He averted his eyes with embarrassment as the doctor approached with his clipboard, remembering how his last visit had ended with him getting a boob job. His Aunt Kat had intended to surprise him with it, thinking it would both complete his feminine disguise and free him from the hassle of using a padded bra with inserts constantly, but a mix-up in surgery (Carl's plea had been for more anesthetic, not more sili-

con!) had landed him with D-cups instead of much more manageable A's. Just one more aspect of femininity Carl had had to grow used to over his very strange summer...

"Your blood test is very good," Dr. Nevsky said. "Any nasty male hormone are kept in check, yes? You are nice and full with estrogen now. You are, how you say, blossoming? Yes. You are blossoming into a lovely young lady." Carl blushed as Dr. Nevsky cupped his breasts, examining each in turn. "Undo bra, please," the doctor instructed, completely business-like. Looking away, Carl bit his lip and peeled off his top before gracefully undoing the clasps of his lacy pink bra. The feminine gesture had become so natural for him that he hardly even considered it strange! As his pendulous breasts bounced free of their silky constraints, Dr. Nevsky nodded his approval. "Very firm, very high," he smiled. "My best work, I say. No sign of leakage from the silicon. Perfect, yes? Your boyfriend, he must love."

"But, but they're still removable, right?" Carl asked anxiously, choosing to ignore yet another assumption about his having a boyfriend. Just because he had to wear all this feminine stuff and conduct himself as a girl – and the fact that he looked like a total blonde bombshell – still didn't mean he liked boys! Sure, he'd had to do a few things to maintain his disguise that still brought a pretty blush to his cheeks, but he certainly wasn't in the market for a boyfriend.

"Well, of course, yes," Dr. Nevsky frowned. "Is a simple procedure. Skin has stretched some, but can easily be corrected, like most cosmetic procedures. Easier to do, easy to undo, yes? Except, of course, the snip-snip." He smiled and made the snipping gesture with his fingers as the scissors, making Carl's mouth drop open in horror as he realized what was being referred to. "But why would you want these beautiful gifts removed?" Dr. Nevsky asked, frowning deeply again. "Are you not happy with them?"

"Oh, yes, I am," Carl squeaked, knowing better than to offend the man with the syringes, especially since it would most likely be Dr. Nevsky he went to to have all these procedures reversed. Just as soon as he could get his hands on his inheritance, get out of Florida, and return to boyhood, that was exactly what he'd have done. "I love them," Carl lied, blushing. "I was just, um, just curious."

"Very good," Dr. Nevsky said, smiling once more. "Bend over now, Candi." Carl obediently slipped off the examination table, refastening his bra and adjusting his cleavage, then lifted his skirt and bent forward to expose his buttocks for his usual hormone injection – and, he realized far too late, the lacy little scrap of his panties. His shrunken manhood was completely tucked up out of sight by a flesh-colored gaff, letting him wear even the skimpiest lingerie, which Aunt Kat and his mother insisted he buy in voluminous quantities! ("It's important that you feel sexy and feminine at all times," they told him. "This way you'll always be reminded that you're a beautiful, dainty girly-girl, and act



as such.”) As if he needed yet another reminder with his D-cup breasts, long blonde tresses, manicured nails, makeup, and constant imprisonment in high heels!

After yet another dose of the hated female hormones, Carl straightened his skirt, politely thanked the doctor, and minced back out into the waiting room

where his Aunt Kat was waiting for him, leafing through the new fall fashions in a magazine.

"There you are!" she exclaimed. "I was just finding the most adorable new styles in here. Oh, to be a girl your age again. What do you say to a bit of last minute shopping with your mother and I before school starts? You must be so excited for your first day!"

Carl gulped, thinking that there was nothing on Earth he was less excited for. He had been enrolled at the Polytechnic High School for the following year... As a girl. Over the course of several tearful conversations, his aunt and mother had eventually talked him around, as there was simply no other alternative. He couldn't go back to being 'Carl' after winning the Miss Boardwalk Beauty pageant and expect anybody to believe that 'Candi' had an effeminate twin brother with suspicious tan-lines and a cute hourglass shape, and both of them were adamant about staying in Florida. That meant that until Carl could get his hands on his inheritance (his eighteenth birthday) he would have to stay as 'Candi', for at least the full school year.

"Miranda very kindly offered to come over and help you get ready for your first day of school," Aunt Kat went on. "Isn't that so nice of her?"

"You spoke to her?" Carl asked weakly.

"Yes, and she said you've been dodging her phone calls!" Aunt Kat frowned. "Sweetie, there's nothing to be embarrassed about. I know she used to be your girlfriend, but you need to forget all about that now. She's completely willing to accept the new you, and you need to be appreciative of that! How many girls would be pleased to find their ex-boyfriend now has a bigger rack, a nicer body, and a prettier face than them? Not many, Candi! You're quite lucky."

"I know," Carl murmured, blushing furiously. That still didn't mean he wanted to hang out with her all the time while she gave him makeup tips... And painted his nails... And quizzed him about his transformation... And asked when he was going to get the 'final operation'... Or find a boyfriend!

"So, I expect you to take her up on her offer," Aunt Kat said sternly. "You're going to want a friend for your first day of school, sweetie, and Miranda is the only person who knows the particulars of your, um, your situation." She waved the magazine in front of his eyes, smiling again. "Now, look at these cute new patterns..."

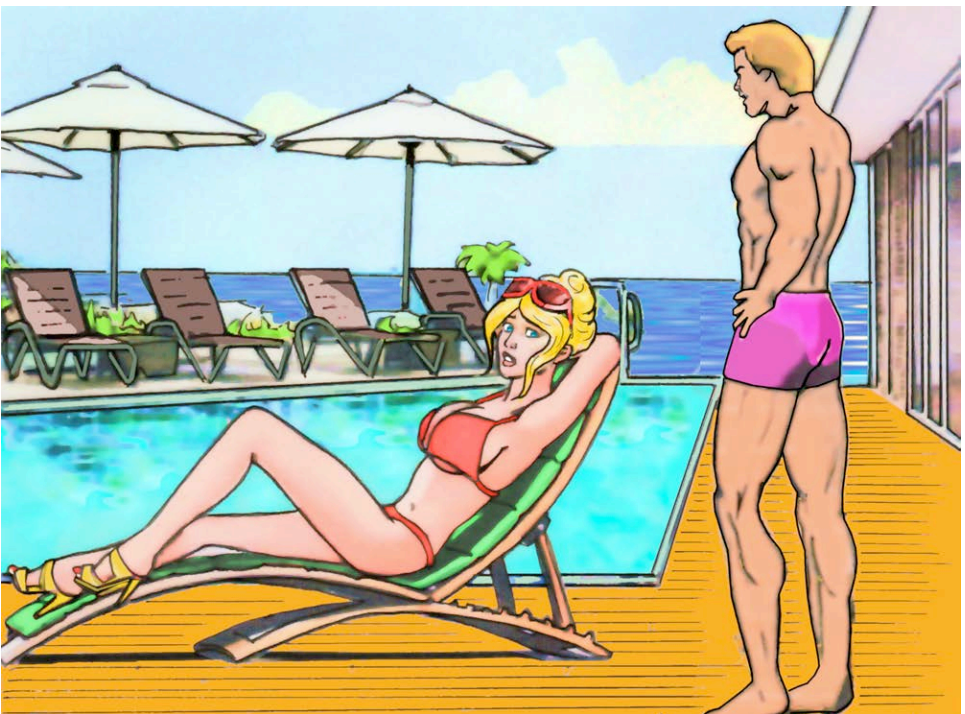
Carl sighed anxiously as he accepted the fashion magazine. Despite himself, he *did* want to look his very best on the first day of school...



The past few months had been stressful on poor Carl, to say the least. Ever since his father had seen him in his feminine guise – not only being crowned *Miss Boardwalk Beauty* – but being forcefully kissed by another boy, his life had moved in a whole new direction! He wasn't merely disguised as Candi to just keep his father away from his inheritance... Now that his mother had enrolled him at the local high school as a girl, he had no choice but to be 'Candi' for the coming school year, until his eighteenth birthday finally arrived and he could use his inheritance to get out of Florida and back to manhood.

In order to prepare him for school in September, his aunt and mother had spent the summer feminizing their hapless charge to the fullest extent possible. While he had been trained to walk, talk, speak, and act like a cute, sexy teenaged girl for the purpose of his disguise, and the bikini pageant, he was now being trained to behave as a girl not just for a summer, but for a whole school year... With a school full of peers!

Aunt Kat and his mother poured out all kinds of information Carl once would have loved to get his hands on, the secrets of femininity. The keys to knowing how women truly thought. Except now, he was expected to use this knowledge to be a convincing teenaged girl! He was taught bathroom etiquette, always to sitting to pee (obviously) and wiping to avoid suspicion, never going to the washroom alone, and how to discretely discuss that particular 'time of month' so he wouldn't be caught out as never having had a period. They also loaded him down with tips on how to greet girlfriends, talk about clothing, shop, put



together outfits, and giggle over boys. To facilitate all this, he was only allowed to read fashion magazines and articles from *Cosmo* or *Seventeen* about flirting and makeup.

Since Carl's mother, still dealing with the aftermath of the custody decision and the move to Florida, was busy with financial concerns and finding a job, it was Aunt Kat who once again took the lead in transforming perfecting 'Candi.' His makeup lessons continued, and Carl became even more skilled at picking out colors to compliment his outfits and skin tone, depending on time of day. His strict skin-care regimen continued to help him develop his soft, smooth complexion, and he was still expected at the gym every morning, where a legion of male admirers enjoyed drooling over his bouncing beauties and incredibly tight, figure-revealing yoga pants.

Carl hated, detested and despised his new status as a sex object, but no matter how he begged and pleaded, Aunt Kat would only let him dress in the most feminine, revealing styles. She pointed out, over and over again, that the most sure-fire way to ensure he was accepted as 100% girl was to be as feminine as possible. That meant he was decked out day after day in only the silkiest, frilliest lingerie, and skirts or dresses were the only options. That meant 'Candi' was still being presented to the world as a complete and utter girly-girl. With his pretty face, slender curves, and stylish, sexy outfits, not to mention the D-cups quivering in the cups of his lacy bras and proudly displayed by his low-cut tops, he was now a walking boy-magnet wherever Carl sashayed in his heels!



As Aunt Kat had made him promise, the day before school started Carl reluctantly called Miranda, his ex-girlfriend, to invite her over. He bit his lip as he dialed her number with his long, glittery pink nails, anguishing over another encounter with her.

On a previous trip to Miami, Carl had a summer fling with her, but ended up breaking up with her to find a more 'well-developed' girlfriend. Having a girlfriend with great rack was the minimum, as far as his ego was concerned.

Then, just weeks ago, he had the terrible luck of running into her while shopping for new lingerie to accommodate his big new boobs. What were the chances that he would end up being measured for luxurious D-cup bras by that very same ex two years later while disguised as 'Candi'? He still blushed with embarrassment remembering how she had oohed and aahed over his gorgeous new breasts and giggled at his sensitivity as she drew the measuring tape taut across his nipples. Things had only gotten worse from there, as she managed to put two and two together and realized she was helping her ex-boyfriend buy lingerie. The humiliation was intolerable. Then, in some sort of sense of revenge, she had proceeded to set him up on a double date with a football-

playing lady-killing stud – who also happened to be his best friend's older brother from back home! What a truly horrible summer it had been.

Despite all that, as Aunt Kat said, Miranda was now his only confidant...

"Hello?" Miranda's voice chirped.

"Hi, it's, um, it's Candi," Carl stammered, remembering how he had once called her up for dates, and now he was calling her up for fashion advice. "I was wondering if you would like to come over in the morning to help me pick something out to wear? You know, for the first day of school?"

"Of course, girly!" Miranda exclaimed happily. "You must be so nervous and excited all at once, aren't you? Finally you get to be one of the girls!"

"I don't *want* to be one of the girls," Carl sighed anxiously. "It's like I keep telling you, Miranda, I have to keep up this silly charade until I turn eighteen and get my hands on the inheritance..."

"Uh-huh, sure, whatever, Candi," Miranda laughed. "Just like you *have* to wax your pretty legs, wear frilly lingerie, strut your stuff in sexy high heels..."

"I do!" Carl squeaked in protest. "My Aunt Kat makes me, and now that my mom's here, they're even worse! I can't even remember the last time I wore pants!"

"Well, this way you get to show off your sexy legs," Miranda giggled. "It would be a crime to cover those up! It's funny, I used to day-dream about Carl moving to Florida for good so we could go to school together – but I never, ever imagined you'd be competition!"

"Competition?" Carl asked, confused.

"For boys, Candi," Miranda sighed. "Honestly, you're such a ditz, sometimes. Every guy in school is going to want a piece of you! Come on, you really think the hot new blonde on the block isn't going to attract a bit of attention? Especially since you won Miss Boardwalk Beauty right under that bitchy Amber girl's nose. I'd bet you anything the boys are already placing bets on who can get into your panties first!"

Carl gulped fearfully as he realized exactly what the year was going to hold for him. Wearing these awful clothes and comporting himself as a feminine, dainty girl was one thing, but dealing with the attentions of lecherous boys still terrified him like nothing else. And Amber was going to the same school...

"Candi? Are you still there?" Miranda asked quizzically.

"Oh, yes," Carl squeaked. "Um, I'll see you tomorrow morning, then?"

"That's right," Miranda assured him. "We're going to make sure you make a splash on your first day, don't worry!"

"Great," Carl said weakly. "Bye." He hung up the phone with a deep feeling of dread in his stomach. He had almost managed to forget all about Amber Sweet,

the girl who seemed to despise him for no reason whatsoever.. Well, perhaps because her boyfriend Tom kept making advances on the cute blonde he knew only as 'Candi.' Not only would he have to deal with horny boys, but also a girl who would love nothing more than to discover Carl's little secret and ruin everything he and his aunt had worked so hard to maintain. This was definitely not how he'd pictured his senior year!

Sighing, Carl minced over to the wall where he had hung up a large calendar (filled with puppies and kittens – his mom's selection, of course). His birthday was on June 10th, and that meant he had to survive ten whole months before the inheritance was his. Carl looked at the first day of school, circled as September 5th, and grimaced. Ten months. Could he make it? What was that quote... "the journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step..."

"Well, whoever said that wasn't wearing stilettos," Carl muttered.

SEPTEMBER

On Monday morning, Carl got up extra early to give himself plenty of time to prepare. He couldn't help but think wistfully, as he ran a dainty little pink disposable razor up his smooth calves with practiced strokes, how it had once taken him all of ten minutes to throw on a shirt, jeans, and run a comb through his hair before heading off to school. Now, between hair, makeup, jewelry, and clothing, it felt like he spent practically half his life in front of his vanity mirror! He was still blow-drying his long blonde hair, clad only in his towel, when Miranda came in, beaming.

"Hey, girly," she chirped. "Oh my god, you're still not dressed? Someone spends a little too much time admiring themselves in the mirror!"

"I'm still not used to having long hair," Carl said lamely. "It takes so much longer to dry!"

"Well, you keep doing that and do your makeup while I find you something to wear," Miranda said decisively. "Ooh, your mom already bought your school supplies?" she asked, pointing to the bed where an assortment of pink notebooks were lying.

"Oh, yes," Carl said anxiously, combing out his blonde tresses with smoothly practiced motions. "But she didn't get me a backpack to put everything in..." He set down his comb and began doing his makeup smoothly and efficiently, expertly blending his little powders.

"Oh, Candi," Miranda giggled. "You're so lucky I'm here for you. No fashion-conscious girl lugs a backpack around. You can keep some pens and things in your purse, and as for the books...well, what do you think guys are for, silly?" She smiled teasingly. Carl blushed, fluttering his lashes as he worked to even out his mascara.

"I can carry my own books!" he protested cutely, observing the effect in the mirror. He added a tiny bit of pencil to his manicured brows, then a hint of blush to his cheeks and a pink gloss to his lips.

"Trust me, Candi, you won't have to," Miranda smiled. "I love your room, by the way! So girly!"

"It came that way," Carl sighed nervously, finishing off his makeup and going to his dresser to rummage for lingerie. "I'm not going to ask a boy to carry my books, Miranda!"

"You say that now, but just wait until some big strong hunk asks you," Miranda giggled. "We all know your type, Candi, face it. Especially since that little video!"

"People aren't still talking about that, are they?" Carl asked miserably, blushing. The candid video, which had been recorded on someone's cellular phone, was titled "Miss Boardwalk surprised by sweetheart backstage," and it showed Jason taking him in his strong arms, leaning him back, and kissing him deeply, right in front of Carl's stunned father.

"Let's just say you're going to be quite the popular item with the guys at school," Miranda said sweetly. "Have the people from Radiance Suntan Lotion called you? Are they going to use the photos from your little shoot?"

"I don't know yet," Carl admitted, picking out a lacy black demi-bra with underwire support and matching little black panties. "Could you, um, turn around?" he asked, flushing.

"Why ever would I do that?" Miranda asked. "We've seen each other nude before, Candi, and I've definitely seen those big boobs of yours when I was measuring you for all your gorgeous new lingerie, remember?"

"I remember," Carl squeaked, thinking back to the particularly humiliating episode in the lingerie boutique. He had certainly never imagined he would be getting naked with his ex-girlfriend again under these particular circumstances... Realizing she wasn't going to budge, Carl divested himself of his towel and struggled into his gaff as quickly as possible while Miranda watched with healthy curiosity. He hoped she couldn't tell how small and withered his manhood had become thanks to the powerful female hormones pumped into his buttocks each week.

"Ooh, this is such a cute little skirt," Miranda cooed, holding up a tiny white pleated mini. "It will really show off those sexy legs you're so proud of!" Carl blushed. He was the furthest thing from proud of his feminine appearance, but it was hard to argue with her when he was currently rubbing a little bit of extra moisturizer onto his soft skin. He was expect to ply himself with creams daily to make sure his complexion stayed clear and baby-smooth... His mom and his aunt were always reminding him that no guy wanted to run his hands up dry, flaky legs – he needed to be soft and touchable!

"That's the one that always tries to flip up!" Carl protested, seeing her selection.

"Then you'll just have to be extra careful, girly," Miranda smiled. "Here, put it on. And this top, it's going to look so good on you."

"Okay," Carl sighed, absent-mindedly adjusting the clasps of his bra. "I guess you know better than I do..." He obediently wriggled into the tiny little mini and then the hot pink stretchy top, as well. It had three-quarter length sleeves and hugged his curves like a glove, while the scooped neckline gave a generous view of Carl's cleavage. The skirt swirled flirtatiously around his thighs as he minced back to his closet to find a pair of matching open-toed heels.

“Looking good, girly,” Miranda smiled, as he smoothed his miniskirt and turned in a dainty circle for her inspection. “Let me just make a few touch-ups to your makeup.” Carl obediently pursed his lips while she applied a liberal coating of a sparklier gloss, then an extra coating of coal black mascara and liquid eyeliner. She also mussed his carefully-styled hair a little. Then, to his surprise, she leaned forward and undid another button on his top, revealing an enticing hint of his lacy black bra to the world. He blushed bright red as her hands moved his boobs around, then pulled back.

“People will be able to see my bra!” he whined.

“Barely,” Miranda scoffed. “And besides, if you’ve got it, flaunt it – and you definitely have it, honey! There’s nothing wrong with dressing a little sexy for the first day of school.” Carl flushed. “In fact,” Miranda mused. “Hmm... Yeah, let me fix this for you...” She grasped the band of Carl’s miniskirt and folded it down twice, leaving a teasing strip of skin exposed of his hips and midriff. “Very sexy,” Miranda smiled. “You’ll agree when you look in the mirror!”

Carl minced over to the full-length mirror, hips swaying appealingly from side to side. He looked dejectedly at his reflection. With the tiny skirt showing off his sexy legs and the clingy top, there wasn’t a single boy in the school who wasn’t going to be checking him out! His bountiful breasts, nestled in the push-up bra and thrust up and together to form perfect cleavage, were practically spilling out, and the tiny hint of black lace was almost unbearably provocative. The teasing tanned strip of toned midriff, thanks to Miranda’s adjustment, would be moving up and down enticingly with every step he took. With his slutty outfit, fluffed hair, pouty lips coated in glistening pink gloss and eyes accented by thick black mascara, he definitely appeared to be a girl who knew how good she looked and enjoyed flaunting it.

“You are one foxy little blonde,” Miranda smiled, satisfied. “The boys will really be drooling, don’t you think?”

“But I...” Carl stared helplessly at his sexy, feminine reflection. “Isn’t there a dress code or something?” he whispered anxiously.

“Not one that anybody pays attention to,” Miranda said casually. “Besides, it’s worth it. You have to make a splash on your first day, girly.”

“I can’t believe I’m really doing this,” Carl moaned, looking at his reflection and being struck yet again by the realization that he had an entire school year ahead of him. Could he really last this long? Could he really remain undetected as a boy? And what kind of things would he have to do to maintain his charade? He blushed, remembering his lips wrapped around Jason’s throbbing manhood. *Anything but that!*

“Isn’t it so exciting?” Miranda squealed. “You finally get to show everyone the real you! The flirty, feminine, sexy little blonde you were meant to be all along. I know you’re just going to be great!”

"I'm so nervous, though!" Carl said miserably, picking up his notebooks and clutching them to his chest as if they might shield him from the lustful gazes of his male classmates, which he was sure to be experiencing quite soon.

"Just stick with me and do what I tell you, and everything will work out great," Miranda said confidently. "And don't be afraid to act a little ditzy. People might think you're a bit of an airhead, and from what I can guess, you were never that smart in class, so play it up a little. Guys love a cute confused blonde, believe me."

"Okay," Carl sighed. "Aunt Kat offered to give us both a ride to school..."

"I know, she let me in," Miranda laughed. "She must be waiting in the car by now. Come on!"

This was all for his disguise, Carl told himself. It was all for the inheritance, and that made it worth it, he kept telling himself.



Aunt Kat and Miranda chattered happily the whole drive, leaving Carl to squirm in anxious silence and check and re-check his hair and makeup. As they finally pulled up to his new school, the Polytechnic High School, a big and expensive-looking building of bricks and glass, he couldn't help but think of how very different everything could have been if he hadn't come to Florida or agreed to his aunt's ridiculous idea of disguising him as a girl...

For one thing, he would be showing up to his old high school in Maine with all his buddies, wearing a new pair of sneakers, maybe, but certainly not dainty four-inch stilettos. He would be laughing and joking with his buddy Brad, eager to check out girls and try out for the sports teams, instead of being given a pep-talk by his ex-girlfriend and aunt on how to act feminine and demure at all times! He would have been ruling the school as a popular, athletic senior, but now he was utterly terrified, attending a brand new institution as a hot blonde bimbo named 'Candi!'

Brad had been confused and disappointed to hear that his best friend was staying in Florida for the following year, but over the course of several emails and a brief phone call in which Carl pretended to have a head-cold in order to excuse his habitual high soprano voice, he had managed to convince him that there was no changing his mom's mind. Carl would absolutely die of humiliation if his best friend knew how utterly feminized he had become, from his big bouncing D-cups to his sexy feminine strut. Once he got his inheritance and went back to boyhood, however, he would be able to move back to Maine with nobody the wiser...he hoped.

Miranda asked Aunt Kat to pull up right in front of the main entrance, now swarming with kids. Carl was suddenly paralyzed. The moment he stepped out

of this car, he was no longer Carl – he was going to have to be Candi Wethers, one-hundred percent, because only one other person in the entire school knew he was really a boy!

“Let’s go, Candi,” Miranda giggled. “Time to knock ‘em dead.” Carl got gracefully out of the car and instantly felt as if all eyes were on them – and to be



honest, he was pretty much correct. The appearance of a gorgeous busty blonde, dressed to kill, who nobody had ever seen before, was enough to turn an awful lot of heads in the direction of her flirty miniskirt and her bountiful breasts proudly displayed at the top of a stretchy pink top, not to mention the seductive swivel of her hips as she was walking gracefully in heels beyond her years. It was no wonder that the males on campus had immediately developed jaw disorders.

"I told you you would be a hit," Miranda giggled, as a passing boy wolf-whistled loudly.

"I'm rolling my skirt back up," Carl said, blushing as he went to make himself more modest. Miranda slapped his hand away.

"Oh, no, you don't," she smiled. "It's the style, Candi. See?" She pointed out a passing girl and Carl noticed that she had her skirt similarly low on her hips, although it wasn't half as short and her top was nowhere near as low-cut! "And besides," Miranda continued. "I seem to remember a horny boy named Carl loving it when I showed off a little midriff, so I think it's only fitting that you get to put it on display for all the boys, don't you think?" She smiled sweetly and Carl could only nod miserably in submission. Just then, a tall boy wearing a leather jacket smoothly intercepted them.

"Hey, there, Miranda," he said, grinning charmingly. "Who's your friend? I think you must be new here. I try to keep track of all the cute girls." Carl blushed.

"This is Candi," Miranda smiled. "She used to be my good friend a few years ago. We were really, really close." She giggled, and Carl knew exactly how 'close' she meant. He smiled weakly as the boy, who introduced himself as Joe, took his much smaller hand in his.

"Pleasure's all mine," Joe said suavely. "How about I hold those for you?" He pointed down to Carl's chest and the hapless feminized boy gasped, face turning pink. "Your books," Joe clarified.

"Oh!" Carl squeaked. "I thought you meant... Oh!" He blushed even more deeply, reluctantly handing over his books.

"You thought I was asking to cop a feel?" Joe chuckled. "Well, I wouldn't say no to that, either."

"Joe!" Miranda exclaimed, playfully slapping him on the shoulder while simultaneously giving Carl an 'I told you so' look – he was already having guys offer to carry his books! "You have to excuse Candi, she's such a ditz sometimes," Miranda continued. "Especially when she's around cute guys, isn't that right, Candi?"

"I'm not a ditz!" Carl protested weakly, knowing that he looked like a complete blonde bimbo and now was acting like one, too.

"I'm sure you make up for it with other talents, gorgeous," Joe said suavely. "And after all, blondes have more fun, don't they?"

"I had it bleached," Carl said, blushing as the three of them began to walk. He focused on managing his stiletto heels and ensuring his skirt didn't flip up, and was grateful to not have to lug his books around as well.

"Then you like to have fun," Joe said, winking at him. Carl knew exactly what kind of 'fun' Joe had in mind! He would have once been having the same lustful thoughts himself upon meeting a gorgeous stacked blonde in a slutty skirt and top, not to mention the sky-high heels and seductive makeup. He looked desperately to Miranda for help, but his ex-girlfriend only smiled, delighted at 'Candi's little predicament. It was quite something to see her former boyfriend now squirming under the attentions of horny young men, breasts jiggling enticingly and heels clicking alluringly with every gyrating step. She couldn't believe how much he'd changed and how thoroughly feminine he had become!

"Since you're new, I'd love to show you around," Joe continued. "Help you get adjusted and everything." His leering look made it obvious that he would love to 'adjust' Carl's clothing right off! As they walked towards the cafeteria, Carl noticed most of the guys looking wistful, as if they hadn't expected anything else, and that the girls were giving his revealing outfit catty, spiteful looks. Carl gave Miranda another pleading look and his ex-girlfriend finally relented.

"Oh, I think I'll be able to show her around, Joe," Miranda said, rolling her eyes. "Look, they're handing out our schedules. We'd better head over!" Joe reluctantly handed Carl's books back, eyes still roving lustfully up and down, and Carl squeaked out a thank-you before hurrying away with Miranda, hips swishing appealingly from side to side as Joe stopped to enjoy the view.

"Thank you," Carl sighed. "He just wouldn't stop touching me!"

"Well, with the way you were flirting, it's no wonder," Miranda said matter-of-factly. "Acting all coy and demure like that... You seem to really know what gets a guy like him going! But I want you to be careful around him, okay? He's a bit of a player, and he always gets what he wants. Some of the girls say that he's a little *too* aggressive, if you get my drift, even if he's incredibly handsome. You don't want to just be another notch in his bedpost, okay? Trust me."

"I wasn't flirting!" Carl protested, tugging at his top to cover up his midriff, but only succeeding in exposing even more of his lacy black bra. Of course, who should show up at that moment but non other than Amber Sweet. The girl arrived on the scene just in time to see 'Candi' apparently trying to tug her low-cut top even lower.

"Aren't you showing off enough of your boobs already?" she asked with a cold smile. "I know you're trying to get your daddy's money's worth, but really..."

"Candi! Hey!" Said Tom, Amber's very handsome boyfriend. He arrived a split second behind her, wrapping his arm around her waist – even as he gave Carl's

cute little outfit a hungry up-and-down look, lingering, as everyone did, on the extremely low cut of his top and his perfect cleavage. "I was pretty fired up to hear you were coming to our school this year," he grinned. "Our volleyball team needs the help!" Carl blushed furiously, knowing he was referencing his disastrous attempt to play beach volleyball over the summer. Only a week after getting his boobs done, he had been hopelessly uncoordinated and they had gotten in the way constantly, but the male members of both teams had been far too enthralled watching him jiggle and pout to even think about the score.

"I don't think Candi is trying out for that," Miranda giggled. "She thinks sports are a little too complicated for her." Carl's cheeks turned even pinker. He'd only said that trying to keep a very horny football star from inviting him to a game! Only a few months ago, he'd been a very capable athlete, but now, as 'Candi'...

"Oh? Then, are you trying out for cheerleading with Miranda?" Amber asked imperiously, one eyebrow raised haughtily. "Because just having a friend on the squad isn't going to get you on. Now that Amanda's graduated, we all know who the head cheerleader is going to be, and I'm only going to allow the very best girls on the squad."

That was a challenge to Miranda, one she couldn't let pass. "As a matter of fact, Candi is a fantastic cheerleader," Miranda said cattily, looping arms with Carl. "I'm really excited to have her try out for the squad! And the coach decides who the head cheerleader is, unless I'm mistaken."

"We'll see about that," Amber said coldly, glaring daggers at Carl and unconsciously gripping her boyfriend's arm tighter. "Come on, baby. Let's go."

"Congratulations on winning the Miss Boardwalk pageant again!" Miranda said sweetly, unable to resist one parting shot at Amber. "That's four running, isn't it? Oh, wait... You didn't win! Candi did!" Amber gave a little gasp of indignation and practically dragged Tom away, fuming.

"See you around, Candi!" Tom said, waving. Carl winced and wiggled his fingers cutely in a small return wave. He tugged nervously at his skirt as they approached the line-ups for schedules.

"Why did you say that?" Carl whispered furiously. "I'm not trying out for the cheerleading squad!"

"I guess I just wanted to get under her skin a little," Miranda said sheepishly. "She's just been unbearable ever since you won Miss Boardwalk, you know. But you can't back out now, or she'll think she owns you, girly."

"What do you mean?" Carl asked, confused.

"If she knows she can intimidate you, she's going to make your life hell, Candi," Miranda said matter-of-factly. "She's that kind of girl, as you well know. Don't worry, though, I'll make sure you get on the squad."

"But I... I don't want to be a ch... ch... cheerleader," Carl stammered, blushing.

"Why ever not?" Miranda asked quizzically. "Don't you want to be popular? Or are you worried about the tryout being too hard?" She smiled comfortingly. "Don't worry, Candi, she's full of hot air. Only a few of the girls actually have much gymnastic experience. Mostly we just need girls who can look cute and sexy for the football players, and I know you can do that! You'll be just perfect, don't worry."

"Miranda, I'm not trying out for the cheerleading squad!" Carl exclaimed. Didn't she understand how totally humiliating that would be? Going from being an athlete on the field to being a silly little bimbo jumping around on the sidelines, waving pom-poms and shaking his boobs, cheering on the real boys who he could no longer possibly compete with?

"Well, don't decide right now," Miranda said. "We'll talk more about it later, okay? Here, come get your schedule. What are you taking this year?"

"I, I'm not sure," Carl admitted, looking away shyly as yet another guy whistled at him. He wished he hadn't let Miranda bully him into wearing this skirt, it always gave him so much trouble... "Um, I just let my mom pick out the courses, because I didn't want to have to come in and speak with the counselor, or whatever," he squeaked.

"Well, let's find out what we have together," Miranda said brightly. They were now at the registration office, where schedules were being handed out. Carl nearly went to the wrong line – he had been about to go for the H section, for "Hutchens," until he remembered that officially, his last name was now "Wethers." The lady at the desk handed him a pink sheet of paper.

"Wait a second, this can't be mine!" Carl exclaimed, staring down at the courses.

"Are you Candi Wethers?" the lady asked.

"Yes, but these classes are..." Carl began.

"Talk to the guidance counselor about changing classes," the lady said wearily. "Next!" Carl minced dejectedly away, staring down at his schedule. Along with the basic math, english, and history classes, his electives were home economics, fashion, cosmetology, and hairdressing!

"What do you have first period?" Miranda chirped, waving her own schedule.

"English, but I don't want to take all these courses," Carl said weakly, pointing to the paper. "Hairdressing? Fashion?"

"Then I guess you should have picked them out for yourself," Miranda said. "Ooh, we have Home Ec together, too! Fun!"

“Fun,” Carl echoed miserably. He sighed. Not only was he stuck as a girl all year, but he was once again the girliest, most feminine girl imaginable. Cosmetology! Really!

“Let’s go get freshened up, and then I’ll introduce you to everybody,” Miranda said, checking her phone. “My friends are all in the cafeteria. Don’t worry, I’m sure they’ll like you, although a few might be a bit jealous of how pretty you are... and your boobs... and the way every boy in school wants to get their hands on them.” Blushing, Carl followed after Miranda towards the bathrooms. Without thinking, he nearly entered the men’s room before she caught him by the wrist.

“Old habits die hard, huh?” Miranda suggested, wrinkling her nose. “That was close!”

“I was distracted,” Carl sighed nervously, following her into the ‘correct’ bathroom. He was glad to finally be hidden from the lustful stares of horny teen guys, so he took his time redoing his lip gloss, fluffing out his hair, and adjusting his cleavage in the mirror. How could he blame them for staring? ‘Candi’ was utterly gorgeous, and the way she dressed made it clear she liked the attention! Carl blushed, staring miserably at his feminine reflection. He never once would have guessed his senior year of school would be spent in miniskirts and high heels as a sexy blonde co-ed. And he hadn’t even made it to his first class yet...



After being introduced to all of Miranda’s friends, most of whom were on the cheerleading squad, Carl and Miranda headed towards their first English class. He had never been very good at English, but it was nearly impossible for him to concentrate now with his tiny pleated miniskirt constantly riding up, boys ogling him, and having to look past his own cleavage whenever he looked down at his pink notebook. It was no wonder all the boys in the class were equally distracted! Carl desperately wished he could sink into the floor and disappear, but his feminine training ensured that he spent the class crossing and uncrossing his legs, playing with his hair, and engaging in other feminine mannerisms. Not a single guy sitting behind them learned anything – they were much too busy checking out the new hottie!

The next class, arithmetic, passed in much the same manner. Carl was feeling totally overwhelmed, swamped by eager guys asking to carry his books or telling him they’d watched the Boardwalk Beauty pageant and thought he was the most beautiful girl they’d ever seen, and nearly all of them trying to get his phone number. He couldn’t think of excuses fast enough, and ended up letting several guys punch it into their phones with suave grins, thinking they were

making progress with the hottest new girl in school. Someone even groped his buttocks in the hallway, but he couldn't see who the perpetrator had been.

By the time he had found his new locker and lunch had rolled around, Miranda arrived to rescue him from the amorous attentions of yet another young man eager to date 'Candi.' He ended up eating with her and her friends, which meant sitting at a table in the very center of the cafeteria where athletes were free to come by and flirt with the girls. Once Carl would have been ecstatic to be sitting with a collection of beautiful teenaged girls, but not now that he was one of them! All they could seem to talk about were the upcoming cheerleading tryouts, and which boys were cutest. Everyone seemed to agree it was Tom!

"Plus he's the captain of the basketball team," Miranda added.

"It's too bad he's dating such a bee eye tee see H," one of the girls said. "He deserves a nice sweet girl...Don't you think so, Candi?" She gave Carl a sly smile.

"W... What do you mean?" he stammered.

"Isn't it obvious?" Miranda giggled. "We all know you keep flirting with him, girly. And the way he looks at you, I think he's definitely ready to upgrade."

"Don't you think he's handsome?" another girl demanded. Carl blushed furiously.

"Um, yes?" he squeaked. He had to give the answer they expected to hear. "He's... He's really cute..."

"I knew it!" she smiled triumphantly.

"Someone has a crush," Miranda teased, mistaking his embarrassment for attraction. Fortunately lunch ended before they could make much more of it, meaning it was time for fashion class. Carl could only sit and listen in dismay as the teacher outlined the course. They would be studying fabric, clothes, and how to model them! This was what he was going to be doing for the next year?

Carl still couldn't get used to the way guys were ogling him in the hallways. He had once been one of them, strutting around like he owned the school and checking out all the hot girls, especially in short skirts and low cut tops, but now the high heel was on the other foot and he was experiencing exactly how it felt to be lustfully looked over at every opportunity. The way his heels clicked on the linoleum immediately drew attention – not many of the girls went through the trouble of wearing high heels to school, and the male population certainly seemed to appreciate the sexy wobble it lent to his hips and bottom. The day seemed to last forever, and Carl had never been more relieved to see his mom waiting for him outside in Aunt Kat's car.

"Tell her I said hi," Miranda instructed. "And tell her about the cheerleading tryouts!"

"Look, I'm not going to be a cheerleader," Carl said forcefully for what seemed to be the hundredth time, though his high girlish voice didn't lend him much credibility. "I just don't want to!"

"It's going to be fun, and you're going to make friends," Miranda said firmly. "Come on, don't tell me you always dreamed of being a wallflower in high school. I can tell by the way you dress and the way you wiggle that you love the attention, girly, so quit trying to deny it." She paused, mulling something over in her mind, then broke into a smile. "Well, if you don't want to go out for cheerleading, how about a sports team? The girls' soccer team has tryouts tomorrow after school."

"Soccer? That's barely a real sport," Carl scoffed, adjusting his miniskirt. "Especially girls' soccer!"

"Then it should be easy for you to make the team, right?" Miranda probed.

"Probably," Carl said, sighing as he wondered if playing girls' soccer was better than playing no sports at all. At least he would be able to recoup a tiny bit of pride...

"Okay, so how about a bet?" Miranda asked slyly. "If you make the soccer team, great! But if you don't, you have to come to cheerleading tryouts with me. Not only that, but you will be the perkiest, sexiest little blonde on the squad, understand?" Carl relaxed slightly. This was her bet? He had never played a whole lot of soccer, but he was certain he was good enough to make the girl's team. "Well?" Miranda asked impatiently. Carl looked over and saw his mom waving to him.

"Okay, it's a deal," Carl sighed. "If it gets you to stop pestering me!"

"Oh, shut up," Miranda giggled. "Bye now!" She leaned forward to exchange pecks on the cheek, and Carl blushed to feel his breasts brushing up against hers. Now the only way he would ever be kissing his ex-girlfriend was as *girl-friends*! He waved goodbye and hurried to the car, books clutched to his chest, and managed to slide inside before Tom or Joe or any other guys could intercept him to offer him a ride home.

"Well, how was the first day?" his mom asked.

"I can't do this for a whole year," Carl moaned. "I just can't. The way the guys are all staring at me..." He blushed furiously.

"Can you blame them?" his mom chuckled. "Candi, dear, you're a knock-out. As a pretty girl, you simply have to get used to the attentions of men. In fact, before long I'm sure you'll start to enjoy them. And I certainly didn't make you wear that adorable outfit for your first day! What did you expect, flaunting your body that way? It seems strange to say it, but I think you have a lot to learn about boys, dear."

“But I don’t like boys,” Carl said miserably. “I certainly don’t want to date one! I’m still a boy, remember?”

“Not from what I or anyone else can see,” his mom said. “But I’m not going to pressure you into anything, dear. Now, tell me about your first day! Are you joining any clubs? Teams?”

“I’m trying out for the girls’ soccer team tomorrow,” Carl said, blushing.

“Really?” his mom asked skeptically. “I really don’t think that’s you, Candi. Wouldn’t you have more fun on the cheerleading squad? Besides, you’ve never liked soccer that much.”

“I’m not going to be a cheerleader!” Carl protested. “Why does everyone keep suggesting that?”

“Because you look the part, dear,” his mom smiled. “I think you would just be adorable dancing around with your pom-poms waving. Although I’d worry about the poor boys all being distracted from the game. Now, let’s get you home. Your aunt and I want us girls to all go out for supper tonight, to celebrate your first day of school, and you’ll need something nice to wear...”

From the Casebook of Harold Pennyworth, P.I.

Notes on Case #241-B: The Whereabouts of Carl Hutchens.

Sept. 1: I got into town and set up operations while I'm checking things out. Luckily, a buddy of mine needed a house-sitter, so I'm it. Not too far from the beach, and, incidentally, not too far from Katherine Wethers' house, either. With the free room and board and a pantry chock full of cans, I can concentrate on digging up the dirt on the Wethers sisters and their missing kid... and if my hunch is right, it could take a while.

On the morning of 2 Sept, the weather was warm, go figure, so I thought I would take a drive in my rented car down to Katherine Wethers' neighborhood and walk around a bit, as sort of a first reconnaissance. Get the lay of the land. Maybe catch a glimpse of Carl and his mom, too, since I assumed they were living with her. Unfortunately, it seemed Katherine had dinner plans, because she was leaving right when I pulled in across the street to watch. The private eye's best friend, a trusty pair of binoculars had always served me well. I focused in on the driveway to Katherine Wether's house.

I knew from the pictures I had tracked down on Facebook that Carl's mom was one hot skirt, despite her age, so I should have guessed that her little sister would be more of the same. Katherine Wethers and her sister were both coming out of the house, all dolled up in classic LBD fashion, which is Little Black Dress, of course. Both were smoking hot. Carl was nowhere to be seen, so he was obviously not invited, but as the two dames got into the car a blonde-haired third member of their party came shimmying out of the house, still scrambling for her purse. From what I could see, she was a hell of a looker, too. It wouldn't surprise me if she was a cousin or other relation. Note: check records for any Wethers family members 16-17-18 years of age, female, blonde, 5'7", 110 lbs.

I watched the three females get into the car, distracted enough by their collective beauty that I almost forgot to put down the binoculars as I trailed them in the car. Though I was here to find out about Carl, I would only be able to do that through his Aunt and his mother, and maybe through this mystery girl. It might also be that the blonde there could also be Carl's girlfriend, but I don't think he's anywhere close to being in her league.

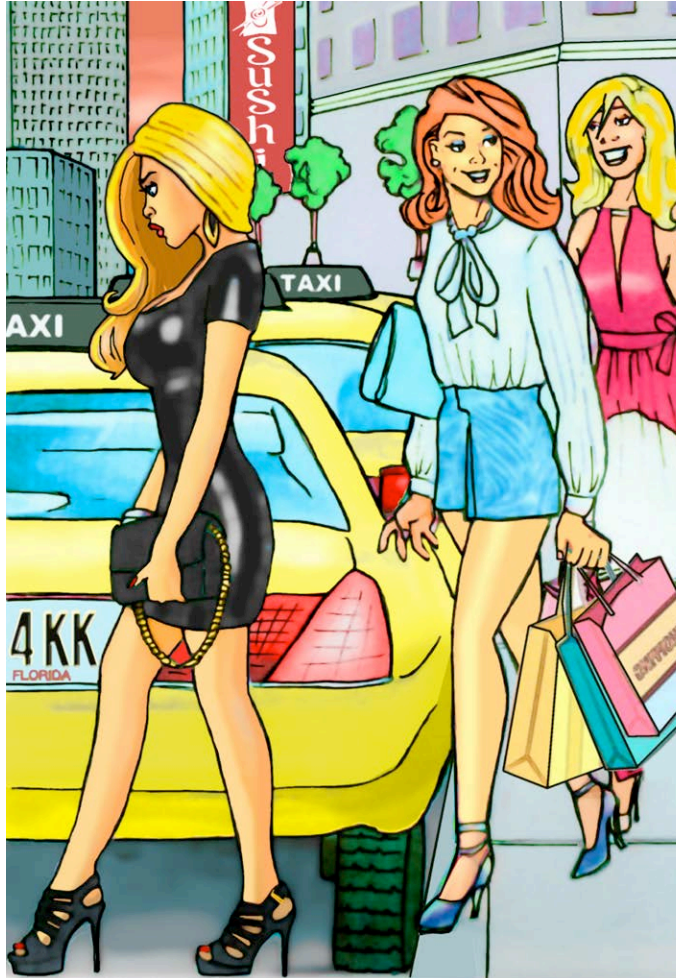
These ladies have some expensive taste. They drove to one of the nicest restaurants in town, and I had little choice but to try and follow them inside. I parked and watched them wiggle their way inside – the little blondie in particular had a nice little sway to her ass – and waited a few minutes before going inside, so as to not seem suspicious. The staff gave me crap about not being dressed and not having a reservation, so I slipped them a twenty, which got me a table in the rear. I still had a hell of a good view. That sexy little blonde was a real knock-out. The other two looked gorgeous, of course, but the blonde was dressed in this shimmering little black number with one of those necklines so her

tits were practically spilling out. Perfect cleavage, legs a mile long, long blonde hair and a face like an angel. She was as hot as any broad I've ever seen, with those big perfect tits and a dress that was nothing if not mature, but I could tell by the way she carried herself, a little shy, a little nervous, that she was at least relatively new to "the game," if you know what I mean, and that meant she was probably younger, sixteen or seventeen, tops. Practically jail-bait.

I got some idea of their conversation by discretely listening in, but I'll be honest,

I was more than a little distracted by the perfect view the blonde kept offering me of her tits whenever she bent forward with her fork. It was like this girl had never worn a low-cut top in her life or something. Their conversation centered around attending school, which served to verify the young girl's age. The rest was women talk. Nothing about Carl. I leaned back with my glass of water and complementary bread, still trying to piece together the blonde's identity. Maybe a friend's daughter? I vowed to find out... For the sake of the case, of course.

One thing I did manage to learn: either Katherine and her sister were having an in-depth discussion about the little dinner mints – or the mystery girl's name was Candy. Cute.



Carl's second day of school as 'Candi' passed in much the same way as the first, although he was displeased to discover that Tom was in his math class, and took full advantage of the opportunity away from Amber's prying eyes to sit right next to him and hit on him all class, under the guise of helping him with the problems. Everyone seemed to assume that Carl was a total airhead, but since he had never been very good with math, he wasn't doing himself any favors in that department. As far as his peers were concerned, he was a blonde bimbo who got by on a pretty face, killer body, and big boobs! At least he would be able to get a tiny bit of pride back by making the girls' soccer team and telling Miranda that cheerleading was out of the question...

Even though he knew he would make the team, Carl still couldn't help but be a little nervous as he waved goodbye to Miranda and a gaggle of her friends before making his way towards the girl's locker room. None of them were trying out, as they considered it to be a 'butch' sport. Carl paused anxiously at the door, hearing laughter and joking from within. It felt so wrong to be entering the girl's locker room after a lifetime of avoiding it... He swallowed deeply and pushed the door open with one manicured hand, mincing inside on his teetering stiletto sandals. It was full of girls in various stages of undress, most of them wearing either black sports bras or jerseys, and he was fully aware of the snide looks his backless halter top and white denim miniskirt were receiving, not to mention his high heels. Once again, he was far more femininely-attired than any real girls in the place! Blushing, Carl quickly found an empty space and began to change, trying not to meet anyone's eye.

"Just because you have shirtless posters of David Beckham on your wall doesn't mean you know how to play soccer," one of the girls said in a stage whisper. The others all laughed and Carl blushed even brighter, determined to show her a thing or two on the field. He might not have played much soccer, but he was still a boy, and he was utterly certain he would be able to shut them up with a goal or two. He had borrowed a pair of shorts from Aunt Kat, meaning they were very tight and short, and a pair of cleated shoes and shin guards from Miranda's little brother. They were almost like his baseball cleats, which was comforting as he laced them up. He didn't have a single top that would be appropriate for sports, and that meant replacing his lacy blue push-up bra with a hot pink sports bra and nothing else. His boobs felt like they were ready to spill out with the slightest provocation, but he knew from experience that the bra provided more support than it first appeared to. Finally, Carl combed his long blonde hair back into a high, feminine pony-tail, automatically letting a few strands fall free to prettily frame his face. The other girls gave him disdainful looks as they realized he was going without a shirt or jersey, but what other choice did he have? Face burning, Carl put his clothes into his bag and carried it out with him towards the field, since he did not yet have a gym locker.

On the field behind the school, a grumpy-looking man with a buzz cut was setting out bright orange cones for practice drills. Once everyone was assembled, he blew the whistle around his neck.

“Alright, girls, everyone in!” he barked. “Line up! The boys’ tryout is starting in one hour on the dot, so we don’t have the field for very long.” Carl jumped to attention with the other girls, stepping into line and wishing his boobs didn’t stick out so much further than anybody else’s. The coach walked up and down the line, handing out colored practice jerseys, and as he arrived at Carl his eyes widened slightly and he got a far-away smile on his face, one that Carl had seen many times before (heck, he’d once done it himself) and knew meant the coach was planning to enjoy the view. Carl blushed, grateful to be able to pull the shirt over his bra and cover up a bit more. The coach had them all give their names and jersey numbers, and then what followed was the most humiliating hour on a practice field of Carl’s young life.

It started with the warm-ups, where the coach had everyone jog around the field with occasional sprints in between. Usually it wouldn’t be a tall order, but poor Carl had long since given up on the treadmill in exchange for yoga classes and cross-trainer, and as he started to jog he remembered exactly why. His D-cup breasts bounced exuberantly with every step, practically flying up into his face, and Carl was terrified of one – or both – popping out of his little pink sports bra. He could no longer clench his fists, thanks to his long feminine nails, and so he was forced to swing his hands girlishly from side to side as he ran. He remembered that if he locked his upper arms to his sides he could control the bounce of his breasts a little better, but this made his gait even more restricted, and he was forced to run like a complete sissy! Between his restricted stride and the additional weight he was lugging around on his chest, he was sweating and sore not even halfway through, forced to stop to wipe the sweat trickling down his face and into his cleavage. He could see the other girls smirking at him as he readjusted his pony tail, still unused to the way it bobbed up and down with each step. The coach didn’t make any remark, but Carl could tell he was enjoying the sight of ‘Candi’s’ constantly jiggling breasts and sculpted buttocks in Aunt Kat’s tight white little shorts, no matter how hard he was trying to be professional. Carl blushed furiously as he hurried to catch up with the other girls. The drills would go better, he was sure!

The coach had them start doing skill evaluations, in which they dribbled balls through the cones he had set up, but here Carl made yet another frustrating discovery. With his out-thrust boobs in the way, there was simply no way he could keep his eye on the ball. He lost control of it practically every other step, trying desperately to peer over his rack while still keeping the ball close to his feet. The other girls seemed to be getting through the obstacle course with no problems at all, but Carl took practically twice as long as anybody else. His face was burning with embarrassment when he finally finished. Next were shooting and head-butt drills, both of which were perfectly disastrous. Carl couldn’t get

used to his new balance, with his girl-ish hips and heavy breasts, and it threw him off every time he tried to kick the ball or leap to hit it with his head.

When it finally came time for them to play a game, Carl was embarrassed and exhausted. Hardly anyone passed the ball to him, not trusting him to make a play without messing up, and the crowning moment of humiliation came when a flying ball struck him right on his left boob, making him gasp in pain.

“Ow!” Carl squealed involuntarily, clutching at his sensitive breast as the ball rolled on. He felt his eyes stinging with tears at the pain of it.

“How are you going to ever chest-trap the soccer ball if you start crying every time it touches you?” one girl on his team asked, exasperated at Carl’s poor performance. Carl blushed, mouth open in a small pink O of consternation, but was unable to come up with any excuse. A moment later, the coach called him over to the side line.

“Look, Candi, I really hate to discourage my girls, but this might not be the best sport for you,” the coach said awkwardly, rubbing the back of his head. “I can tell that you played a little soccer when you were younger, but, well, being an athlete just isn’t in the cards for everyone. Mother Nature doesn’t seem to want you being one, at least.” He gestured to Carl’s heaving rack with an expression of remorse. “I’m sorry, but you’re just not going to make the cut. I don’t see how your conditioning or coordination are going to improve much.



But if you like sports, why not go out for the cheerleading squad? I'm sure a pretty little thing like you would get taken on the spot, and that way you can still be involved in the school spirit, and I'm sure you have a boyfriend you want to cheer on, don't you?"

Carl's face blushed brilliant pink to the tips of his ears. He was being cut from the girls' soccer team before the tryout was even over! And much more, the coach thought he would be happier as a cheerleader in a skimpy uniform, jumping up and down on the sidelines and cheering for real boys.

"Chin up, Candi, okay?" the coach said kindly. "You'll feel better after you hit the showers and think things over – pretty girls like you don't like getting all sweaty and dirty, anyways, I know. Thanks for trying out!" Carl could only nod in abject misery before mincing over to the side-line to retrieve his bag. The other girls all exchanged knowing smiles as he passed. As he took his bag and marched back towards the school, he was trembling all over from humiliation. He couldn't believe it! He had once been a capable athlete at any sport he so desired, but now he was completely unable to play sports as he once had. 'Candi' was a pretty blonde bimbo and nothing more. The thought made his ears burn and his stomach feel sick to the very bottom. He had not only been robbed of his manhood, but everything he had once enjoyed so much as a boy.

As he crossed the field, he couldn't hold it in any longer, and began to sob girlishly until tears were streaming down his face. He couldn't decide which he hated more, the fact that he was cut or the fact that he was crying about it openly, just like a girl. Why was he so emotional now? Was it like his aunt and mom kept saying, that he was really meant to be a dainty, feminine girly-girl all along, and any success he might have had as a sports player was nothing but dumb luck?

Feeling more upset and confused than he ever had in his life, Carl strode right past a surprised-looking guy on his way into the locker room, setting down his bag on the bench. The other occupants were giving him shocked looks, but Carl was too upset to even register them as he pulled the practice jersey over his head and threw it angrily – it barely made it more than a foot before fluttering to the floor – and then shucking off his short-shorts as well. He was just beginning to remove his bra when a strangled noise of surprise brought him back to reality... He was completely surrounded by drooling teen guys, all preparing for their own soccer tryout.

"Holy crap!" one of them said faintly. "Keep going! Please!" The other boys were all nodding in dazed agreement, roving their eyes lustfully over Carl's exposed rack. Gasping, Carl picked up his bag and ran for the door, breasts bouncing with each step. When he was finally in the safety of the correct locker room, the girls', his face was burning with embarrassment. He couldn't believe he had gone into the wrong room out of habit – hadn't Miranda warned him about that? And now every guy on the soccer team had seen him topless! Carl



changed as quickly as he could, even though he knew his mom would hate for him to get any sweat stains on his pretty new top, reasoning that he could shower at home, and hopefully beat any of the boys out of the change room, as well. Feeling more miserable than he ever had in his life, Carl snuck out of the change room as quietly as he could in clicking four-inch stiletto heels.

After removing his makeup, showering, moisturizing, and getting ready for bed, Carl changed into the new lavender lingerie set his mom had recently made him purchase. He sighed as he observed his feminine reflection in the mirror, noting the way the underwire cups pushed his breasts together to make them look even larger, and he tried to remember what his life had been like

before boobs and bras and being a girl. If this was day two, he could hardly imagine he would survive the week!

Carl had done his best to put the disastrous try-out out of his mind by the next morning, but he was to get a very sharp reminder of what had transpired afterwards. Almost as soon as he was out of Aunt Kat's car, Miranda was there grabbing his arm and steering him towards the bathroom.

"What exactly happened yesterday in the locker room?" she demanded. "Candi, people are talking like crazy!"

"What?" Carl squeaked. "What are they saying?"

"Only that yesterday you went into the boys' locker room and did a strip-tease for the entire soccer team!" Miranda exclaimed. "And Amber says you were down on your knees ready to suck them off before you got caught!"

"Ready to *what*?" Carl stammered, going white as a sheet. "Miranda, that's totally a lie! I walked into the boys' locker room by accident and started to get changed before I realized..." Tears sprang into his eyes once more as he realized that Amber was determined to make him out as the school slut during his very first week of class. He should have known she would want revenge for beating her in the Miss Boardwalk Beauty pageant! "Miranda, you have to believe me," Carl begged, voice trembling. "I wasn't thinking and I walked into the wrong room, but I never did either of those things!"

"Oh, Candi," Miranda sighed, reaching forward to give him a comforting hug. "I believe you, girl, but nobody else is going to. Girls don't just accidentally walk into a room full of boys and start stripping their clothes off. I really thought by now you would be past making silly little mistakes like that."

"I was upset," Carl sighed nervously. "I... I didn't make the soccer team."

"Good!" Miranda exclaimed.

"Good?" Carl echoed feebly.

"Yes, good," Miranda repeated. "That means you're coming to cheerleading try-outs. Believe me, Candi, you're going to need it to help your reputation. When the girls see how nice and ditzy you are, they'll be a lot less likely to believe Amber's lies, and they might even be able to write it off as a blonde moment. Otherwise, people are definitely going to think the worst!"



"I'm not ditzzy!" Carl protested. Miranda only sighed.

"Maybe Carl wasn't, but Candi certainly is, and that's what people expect from a cute blonde," she explained. "So work it! I'm sure you've realized it certainly attracts the boys, and it will help the girls to see you as less of a threat at the same time."

"I'm not going to go acting like some bimbo just because Amber is telling lies about me..." Carl began, blushing red, but he was interrupted by the crackle of an intercom system microphone.

"Candi Wethers, to the principal's office, please!" came the voice of the school secretary. "Candi Wethers, to the principal's office!"

"Oh, no," Carl moaned softly. "Do you think it's about..?"

"Probably," Miranda said bracingly. "Don't worry, Candi. The principal may be a total prude, and his wife the student counselor is almost as bad, but he isn't too hard on kids. You'll be fine."

"I hope so," Carl murmured anxiously. He smoothed his flouncy little skirt and adjusted his top, then took a deep breath and walked with Miranda halfway to their class before splitting off towards the principal's office. He had been in trouble before with his buddy Brad, but he would never have imagined he would be sent there for supposedly giving the boys' soccer team a strip-tease! He knocked nervously on the principal's door.

"Come in!" came an imperious voice. Biting his lower lip anxiously, Carl minced inside, hands clasped daintily in front of him. The principal was a bald man, but when he caught sight of his ill-behaved student he ran his hand across the top of his head as if he still had hair, eyes immediately struggling to stay away from Carl's prominently-displayed rack.

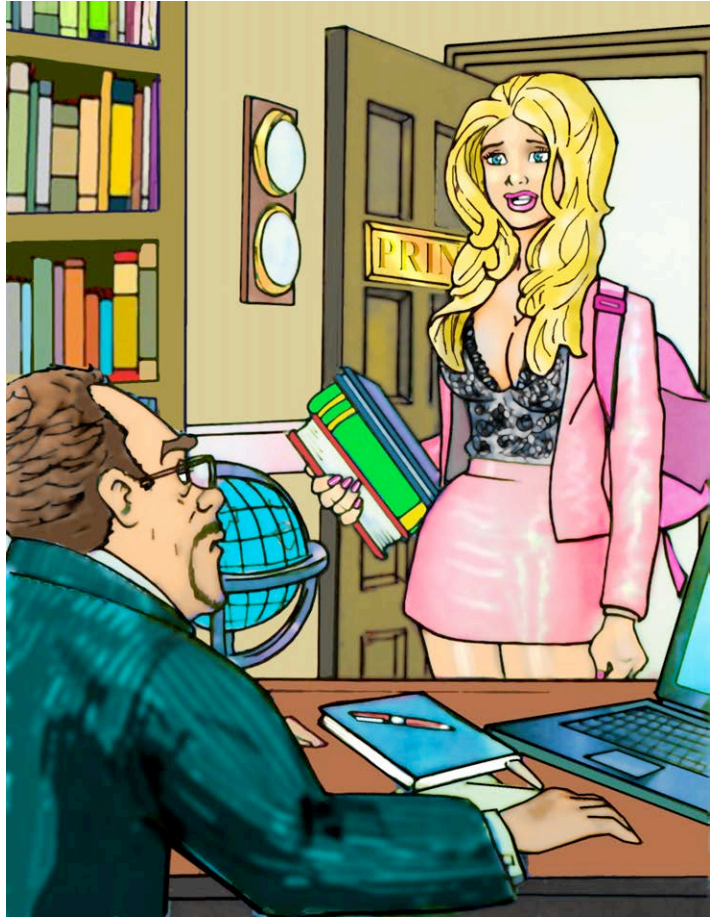
"Yes, have a seat, please, Ms. Wethers," the principal said, gesturing towards the other side of his desk. "I don't believe we've met. My name is Mr. Buller. I'm afraid we need to have a little talk about what transpired yesterday in the boys' locker room." Carl bowed his head, trying to think of what to say as he settled carefully on the edge of the chair and crossed his pretty legs. His skirt rode up slightly on his tanned slender thigh and the principal definitely noticed! Carl blushed as he realized the effect he was having on the sweaty middle-aged man.

"It was an accident," he said. "I, um, I walked into the wrong change room by mistake. I'm new to the school, remember?"

"I'm well aware of that, Ms. Wethers, but I have to question whether or not it was an accident," Mr. Buller said sternly. "According to two eyewitnesses from the soccer team, you walked right past them on your way into the room, and began taking off your clothes in full view of the rest of the team."

"I was distracted," Carl said pitifully, well aware of how lame his excuse sounded. "I was coming back from the girl's team's try-out and I accidentally walked into the wrong change room. I swear!"

"As for these other rumors, that you, er, well, offered sexual favors..." Mr. Buller trailed off nervously, tugging at the collar of his shirt. "Completely inappropriate, and I certainly hope there is no truth to them."



"There isn't!"

Carl protested, blushing furiously. "Amber Sweet is lying about me because her boyfriend flirts with me in algebra!" He covered his mouth with his painted nails as he realized what he'd just blurted out... even though it was true.

"Ah," the principal said. "I think the problem is becoming clear now." He swallowed. "Er, Candi, I'm well aware that girls at your age can be a little, how do I say this... boy-crazy. And I'm sure it must have seemed very romantic to you to go throw yourself at this crush of yours right in front of all of his friends, but it really is not the best course of action."

"But Tom's not even on the soccer team," Carl gasped.

"And I know that pretty girls who have just recently, er, developed..." the principal continued, as if he hadn't heard Carl's protest at all. "Well, they enjoy showing off their bodies. That much is clear by your current attire. I swear, it seems that nobody reads the dress code rule book these days at all. And it must have also seemed very exciting to give them all a bit of a show. But it's simply absolutely inappropriate behavior, Ms. Wethers, and I'm going to have to

schedule you some appointments with my wife, Mrs. Buller, who serves as the student counselor here.”

“Amber Sweet made that up,” Carl begged. “I was only changing! I wasn’t, like, shaking my butt at them and dancing around!” The principal gulped, open-mouthed, and Carl realized he was now imagining ‘Candi’ doing just that. He flushed with embarrassment.

“Amber Sweet is a perfectly charming girl whose father is a valuable member of the school-board,” the principal finally managed to say. “Please, don’t make things worse by trying to drag your friends into it. I’m scheduling you an appointment for Friday afternoon, after school. Alright?”

“Okay,” Carl said softly, utterly miserable.

“Don’t worry, Ms. Wethers, I’ll schedule it early enough that you may still try out for the cheerleading squad,” the principal said. “So long as you promise to use the right locker room.” Carl nodded his pretty blonde head and gracefully exited the office with his eyes downcast and cheeks red. Things were only to get worse, however, because Amber was waiting outside.

“Oh, was that you in there?” she asked smilingly. “Whatever was that about?”

“You know exactly what it was about,” Carl sniffed.

“Are you going to start crying, honey?” Amber asked cruelly, voice dripping with mock sympathy. “Are you sad you didn’t get to suck on everybody’s thingy before you got caught? I hear you really worked it in there, Candi. Maybe you should become a stripper?” Carl’s ears burned with shame, but also with anger. He clenched his fists, forgetting his manicure for the moment.

“When are cheerleading try-outs?” Carl asked furiously. He had gone through enough. He wanted to wipe that look of smugness off Amber’s face, and he didn’t care what he had to do to make it happen.

“Friday at four,” Amber said, frowning. “Why? I thought you were too scared to try out anyways.” Carl rearranged his features into a pretty smile.

“Think again, honey,” he said sweetly. “I’m going to be head cheerleader this year, because the coach decides, not you. And because I’m prettier than you.”

“Huh!” Amber gasped, affronted.

“And sexier than you, and I have bigger boobs than you,” Carl continued. “And people like me more, because I’m not a crazy stuck-up bitch like you. See you Friday!” Setting his lips together in a determined pout, Carl minced past her, heels clicking and buttocks swaying suggestively, before she could utter another word.

What was it about her that got under his skin so badly? He always said the worst things in the heat of the moment, and now he knew he would *have* to try out, no matter what! Sighing nervously as he freshened up his makeup before heading to class, Carl couldn’t help but think he was going to need all the help

from Miranda he could get before Friday. He knew she would be all too happy to show her formerly athletic ex-boyfriend exactly what went into being a cute, sexy cheerleader... and like it or not, it seemed that he now had no choice in the matter!



The week passed by far too quickly for Carl's taste. After he told Miranda he was going to the try-outs, she had predictably squealed with excitement, hugged him, and then proceeded with the most comprehensive cheerleading boot camp ever invented. Every day after class, Carl immediately went home with Miranda in order to practice. She was a merciless drill instructor, and by the time Carl's head hit the pillow each night it was full of various chants and cheers. He even dreamed cheerleading!

"See, those would be a disadvantage in any other sport," Miranda said cheerfully at one point, pointing to Carl's bountiful breasts. "But in cheerleading, that extra little jiggle is exactly what draws everybody's eyes and keeps their attention. Don't be afraid to shake it, girly."

Carl blushed furiously, but tried his best to keep her advice in mind as he practiced. He wasn't seeing much of his aunt or his mom, since work was picking up for the former and the latter was still trying very hard to find a job, and he didn't want them to know that he was trying out to be a cheerleader after denying it so vehemently earlier. For their part, they were just thrilled that 'Candi' was making friends with girls her own age, and so didn't pry too much. Though on Thursday his mom did surprise him by revealing she'd scheduled the pair of them to get their nails done together, at Tiffany's salon...

He still had tiny panic attacks thinking of his trips to that awful salon. The place held quite a bit of significance for Carl, seeing as it was there he'd first been coerced into becoming 'Candi.' He'd gone there with his aunt for a haircut and nothing else, but then, due to a misunderstanding helped along by his hormone imbalance, the hair-dressers two assistants had ended up giving him the works... he'd left with bleached blonde hair cut in a fashionable girl's style, waxed legs, a manicure, pedicure, pierced ears, and full makeup!

He'd also gone there for a full make-over on the morning of the Miss Boardwalk Beauty bikini pageant, where they'd given him his current mane of long blonde hair via extensions, and later that day he had not only won the contest, but unknowingly did so in full sight of his dad, who immediately dropped his custody request, stunned by the fact that his only son appeared to want to live as a girl. And after that, Carl's aunt and mother had dropped the news that she intended to stay in Florida for the foreseeable future, meaning Carl would have to remain 'Candi' and be enrolled as a girl for his senior year of high school!

Needless to say, Carl did not have good associations with Tiffany's salon, but Aunt Kat was close friends with her and his mother was rapidly becoming equally close, meaning Carl found himself dragged in about once a month, whether for a relatively benign manicure, a touch-up for his hair or some simple skin treatments.

On this particular Thursday, though, Carl was getting his most hated treatment of all, a fiercely uncomfortable bikini wax. As always, Tiffany had been overjoyed to see him, and probe him with questions about when he was going to find himself a hunky boyfriend as she led him and his mom over to a few padded chairs. As he slipped into the by now all-too-familiar seat, he was a little shocked to see someone new at the salon. Every new face he saw at the salon was just another horribly humiliating exposure of Carl's secret. Every time Tiffany got a new

female employee, she seemed to find some reason to make Carl tell them his story. But this time, it wasn't a female, it was a slight, dark-haired boy that was sweeping up hair from the floor.

"Oh, that's our new employee, Mark," Tiffany chirped. "I thought Helga and Inga could use a bit of help with the more menial things, you know, and he's a real dear, they just love him."

"H-hi, Candi," the boy said eagerly, eyes going like mag-



nets to Carl's cleavage. "We, um, we go to the same high school... I'm three seats behind you in the English class we have together!" Carl folded his arms across his bust, blushing slightly, and looked Mark over – he was short, slim, and unassuming with floppy dark hair falling into his eyes and hiding his face, definitely not the type to stand out in a crowd, and Carl certainly hadn't noticed him in English class. And surely Tiffany hadn't told him...

"Don't worry," Tiffany whispered, as her new employee reluctantly moved away to clean out the sinks. "As far as he knows, he's the only boy to ever set foot in this place!" She gave Carl a conspiratorial wink, which Carl smiled weakly back at. "Between you and I, I think you're the main reason he agreed to work here when the twins asked him! He has quite the crush on you, but then, who could blame him? Of course, he's a little bit shrimpy. We all know you like your men tall, strong, and handsome, like that Jason character!"

Carl blushed furiously at the memory, but he knew by now that it was useless trying to argue with Tiffany. He leaned back and did his best to enjoy the pedicure, reciting the cheerleading chants in his mind...



All week, he was far too nervous to pay attention to his classes, leading Tom to talk him into a little tutoring session for the following week. Carl was too nervous to care about Tom's less-than-honest intentions. He knew the kind of 'study session' Tom would want with a girl like Candi, and it was biology, not arithmetic! But that was a problem Carl would have to address at the proper time, because before he knew it, it was Friday, the day of both his try-out and his first counseling session.

"Don't worry, you'll be great," Miranda assured him as the final bell rang. "And I'm sure the counseling thing won't be a big deal, either! See you at four, girly."

"See you," Carl returned, giving her a girlish hug. Miranda and her friends waved goodbye, and then Carl started off towards the office, high heels clicking noisily. The sound must have been like a magnet, because it drew Joe, the handsome lady-killer Miranda had warned him about on the first day, right to him!

"Hey there, gorgeous," Joe said suavely. "Are you heading to the office?"

"Oh, yes," Carl squeaked. "Hi, Joe."

"Let me hold those for you," Joe said with a wink. Carl smiled weakly, and reluctantly allowed Joe to carry his books for him on the way to the office. "I heard you're trouble," Joe teased. "Up to mischief in the boys' locker room? And here I thought you seemed so sweet and innocent." Carl blushed red, staring down at the floor. "Don't worry, Candi," Joe whispered. "I like it." He

tipped Carl's chin up with one finger and gave him a firm peck right on the lips! Carl gasped in surprise as Joe handed him his books back, then took advantage of Carl's occupied hands to give him a sly grope on the bottom. Carl squealed in surprise, but Joe was already heading off, grinning in a satisfied sort of way.

"Candi Wethers?" came a soft woman's voice. Carl turned and saw Mrs. Buller, the counselor, waiting in the doorway, and it was clear from her expression that she had witnessed the entire encounter. Already dreading what was to come,

Carl nodded and followed her into the office. The counselor gestured towards a comfy padded chair and Carl sank into it gracefully, crossing his slender legs. He nervously smoothed out his skirt as Mrs. Buller settled into the seat across from him, giving him a long up-and-down look without speaking. Carl found himself wishing his V-cut top wasn't quite so low...

"I'm Mrs. Buller, but please, call me Janice," the counselor said. "I want you to feel comfortable talking to me – that's my job, after all – and anything we talk about in here is totally confidential, okay, Candi?"

"Okay," Carl agreed, wondering just how comfortable Mrs. Buller would feel if he told her that he was really a boy named Carl who'd been pumped full of female hormones and given a boob job for the purpose of a crazy scheme to disguise him as a girl, and was now being forced to stay as 'Candi' until he turned eighteen. Probably not very!



"I'm sure you've had to talk about what happened in the locker room too much already, so let's talk about you, okay?" the counselor said kindly. She leaned forward with a concerned expression. "Candi, why do you feel the need to dress this way?"

"Dress what way?" Carl squeaked, subconsciously hunching his shoulders to make the low cut of his top less prominent.

"Don't play dumb, Candi," the counselor sighed. "Short skirts to show off your legs, flashing your cleavage for anybody who wants to look, strutting around in stilettos when most girls wear flats... Why do you feel the need to put your body on display?"

"I don't!" Carl protested. "I mean, those are the only sort of clothes that I have!"

"*Really*," the counselor said skeptically. "You don't own a single pair of jeans? Or flat-bottomed shoes? I understand that girls like to make a bit of a splash on their first day, but it's been a whole week, Candi, and I get the feeling you are used to dressing like this all the time. I know getting a boyfriend must seem like the most important thing in the world to you right now, but you want a boy who will respect you, Candi, not treat you like a piece of meat." She lowered her voice to a 'serious' tone. "Between you and I, that Joe is no good. I've seen him go through tons of vulnerable young ladies, and you're certainly making it easy for him."

"It's not like I like boys staring at me!" Carl sighed anxiously. "But my aunt does most of my shopping with me, and, well..."

"She makes you buy nothing but miniskirts?" the counselor asked. "Sorry, Candi, but you're seventeen and I find that a little hard to believe." Carl blushed. How was he supposed to explain that the reason he dressed this way was because his aunt and mother had decided he needed to be as feminine as possible in order to stave off any suspicion? Or that they bought his clothes for him because he didn't know the first thing about female clothing only a few months ago?

"She says guys would look at me anyways, so I should, you know, flaunt it a little," Carl said, blushing even brighter. "I'm not a slut or anything! I don't care what Amber says!"

"I'm not accusing you of being a slut, Candi," the counselor said. "And your aunt is right... You're a very beautiful girl. But, you're clearly also very insecure. You need to find your value from the inside, instead of trying to get attention with your appearance from men. Finding a boyfriend is a good thing, but you don't want to attract the wrong type of boy, Candi."

"I don't want a boyfriend!" Carl protested.

"You're not sure what you want," the counselor said sadly. "But I know you won't get it by showing off your body and letting the wrong kinds of boy have

their way with you. You have a need for attention, a need to have everybody's eyes on you, perhaps."

"No, I don't," Carl said firmly. "Can we wrap this up, please? I have cheerleading try-outs."

"Of course you do," the counselor smiled sadly, shaking her head. "Okay, Candi. I think we made a little progress today, even if you don't want to think so. Best of luck in your little try-out."

"Thanks," Carl murmured, adjusting his miniskirt as he stood up. The click of his heels seemed far louder than usual, and as he passed his reflection in the window he paused and inspected his cleavage. "It's not *that* low cut," he whispered. He blushed suddenly, realizing that Mrs. Buller was on the other side of the window, watching him play with his boobs. She shook her head with a knowing smile.

Carl made a mental note to beg his mother for a few slightly more-modest shirts, but now that she was living with Aunt Kat and him, and struggling to find a job, the shopping had dropped right off. He wasn't likely to have much luck, and besides, what he needed to worry about right now was the cheerleading try-outs...

"Hi? Miranda?" Carl said, after punching her number into his little pink cellular phone.

"Hey, girly," came her reply. "How was it?"

"I don't know," Carl sighed. "I guess it could have been worse? Are you still coming early to help me rehearse one last time?"

"Of course, Candi," Miranda laughed. "What are girlfriends for?"

"Okay," Carl said nervously. "See you soon!" He turned off his cellular phone and hurried towards the locker rooms, double-checking to make sure he was entering the girls' one. Realizing that he had the place to himself, he opened up his locker and began to strip down. His breasts bobbed appealingly as they swung free from his bra, and, on a whim, Carl minced over to look at himself in the bathroom mirror. With his manhood tucked up out of sight in the gaff, he looked one-hundred percent a gorgeous blonde bombshell with a killer body, the kind of girl Carl had once fantasized about – but never about being! There was no longer any need for padding or a waist cincher to give him his deadly curves, Dr. Nevsky had seen to that, and so long as he wore the gaff, nobody would ever mistake him for a boy, even stark naked. Carl stared miserably at his reflection. Was he really going to be able to go back to being a guy, after everything that had been done to his body?

"It's just hormones," he reminded himself. "And everything is reversible, so Dr. Nevsky said." Glancing around furtively to make sure he was still alone, he quickly slipped his shriveled manhood out of his gaff. It seemed much smaller

than it had before, but maybe that was because of his wider hips or the fact that he could never get hard.

Frowning, Carl took it delicately between two manicured fingers and tried to coax it to life, focusing on the gorgeous pair of tits in the mirror, the hourglass shape, the pouty lips and bedroom eyes – but even though he was now an incredibly sexy girl, he couldn't even appreciate it! Feeling more miserable than ever, Carl tucked himself away once more, creating a smooth feminine profile, and started to change into the small pleated skirt and top that Miranda had supplied him with, to make sure he had a full range of movement for his high kicks. Before long, other girls began to trickle in to get changed as well. Amber stopped and sneered on her way past.

“Are you sure you're in the right locker room?” she asked sarcastically. “There aren't any boys in here for you to give blowjobs to.” Carl's cheeks flushed and he didn't reply, keeping his eyes on his sneakers. A few of the other girls laughed snidely, but others looked sympathetic, as if Amber was being too mean. Carl was just lacing up his pink shoes when Miranda arrived, already fully dressed.

“Feeling ready, girly?” she chirped.

“As ready as I'll ever be,” Carl sighed.

“Then let's go,” Miranda smiled. “Time to knock 'em dead!”



An hour later, Carl was tired, sweaty, a little stinky, but also just the tiniest bit excited to be going home with his brand new cheerleader's uniform. The try-out had gone even better than he could have imagined. Carl couldn't do much in the way of gymnastics, but Miranda's constant practice sessions meant that he knew every step of the choreographed dance routines by heart, and his bright white smile, gleaming blonde hair, pretty face and D-cup breasts did the rest. Amber could only stand by in sour disappointment as Carl made the team with ease. The humiliation of bouncing up and down, shaking his boobs and gyrating his hips while waving his pom-poms and maintaining a sexy little smile, was in stark contrast to the expression of fury on Amber's face when the coach began gushing praise upon Carl.

“Girly, you were fantastic!” Miranda exclaimed as they headed home. “You must have practiced even without me, and you even got the cartwheel at the end! I don't know why you ever bothered with that silly soccer game, Candi, you're a natural cheerleader.” Carl blushed at the backhanded compliment, but he couldn't help but preen a little at her praise.

“You really think so?” he asked.

"Aw, of course! The coach loved you!" Miranda beamed. She pulled up to Carl's Aunt's house. "Say hi to your aunt and mom from me, okay?"

"Okay, bye!" Carl said, hugging her and then waving goodbye as she walked on towards her house. Carl rushed up the steps into his aunt's. His mom stuck her blonde head out of the kitchen.

"Hi, dear, how was school today?" she asked.

"Um, it was good," Carl said, hiding the uniform behind his back. "I'm just going to go have a quick shower before dinner, okay?"

"Okay, honey," his mom said absent-mindedly. "What sort of salad dressing do you want?"

"Any is fine!" Carl chirped back, hardly caring that he would be eating yet another skimpy salad. He'd gotten used to 'watching his weight', though he never gained a single pound. He hurried up the stairs and hung his new uniform in his closet, then hopped into the shower. He might not have made a real sports team, but being a cheerleader was better than nothing – wasn't it? And if he really could beat out Amber to become the head cheerleader, well, that would certainly take the sting of embarrassment away a little bit...

"Candi, what's this?" he heard his mom's voice ask. Carl wrapped his towel under his smooth-shaven armpits and came out of the bathroom to find her holding up his skimpy little blue-and-white cheerleading uniform. He hadn't been planning on telling his mom or aunt that he was now a perky little cheerleader, but he supposed they would have had to find out eventually.

"I, um, I made the team," Carl said, blushing.

"Oh, *honey!* I am so, so *proud* of you!" his mom exclaimed, pulling him into a hug immediately. "I was a cheerleader in high school myself! I'm so happy that you want to be one, too, and I know you're going to be just great. I'm so proud of you for finally starting to accept your femininity and who you really are, dear. You're the most beautiful daughter a mom could ever ask for!"

"Um, thanks, mom," Carl squeaked, awkwardly patting her on the back.

"I've got to go tell your Aunt Kat!" Carl's mother said, excitedly and darted out of the room.

As he later crossed the first week of school off his calendar, with a mixed feeling of triumph and anxiety, he tried to wrap his head around what had just happened. Trying to get back at Amber, he had somehow ended up making his mom's dream of having a cheerleader daughter come true! Didn't she understand that he was only doing this for the year, and then he had every intention of going back to being a boy? She couldn't be fooling herself that badly... could she?



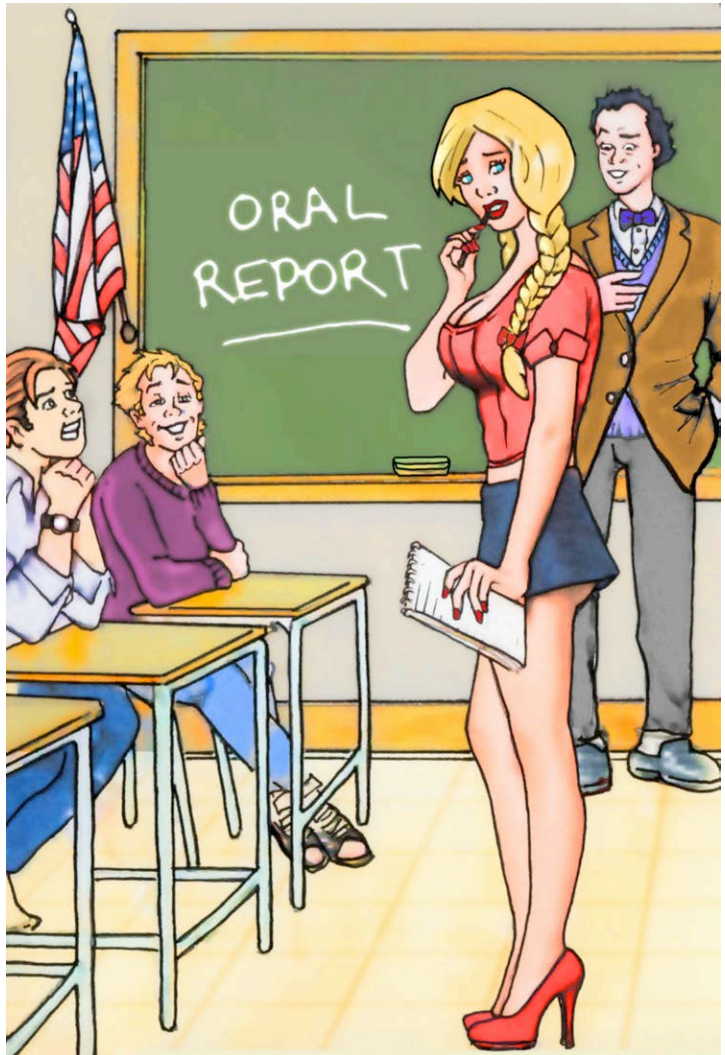
Over the next few weeks, despite his best efforts, Carl gradually adjusted to the life of a pretty young co-ed. Cheerleading practices were quite regular, and although Amber did her best to make life difficult for Carl, the coach and the other girls on the squad all seemed to have taken a shine to him, realizing he wasn't nearly as stuck-up as most beautiful girls, though they all did consider 'Candi' to be a bit of a floozy. As Carl crossed off September and turned to October, he had to learn all of the cheers and several choreographed dances that mainly seemed to involve shaking his hips and drawing attention to his bust, all the while giving the crowd a sexy smile. To his embarrassment, he learned the new dance steps very quickly and gracefully – after four inch stilettos, everything else seemed easy.

OCTOBER

Because he was now a member of the cheerleading squad, Carl found he was constantly surrounded by the most beautiful and popular girls in the school, but dressed as he was, he wasn't in any position to take advantage of it. Instead, he had to engage in gossip and discuss music, celebrities and fashion with them constantly. It was getting very hard to think of himself as a guy at all, in fact, when his daily routine included makeup, flirty outfits, fashion classes, girlish gossip, and cheerleading practice!

His aunt and mother were both thrilled with how Carl was finally "accepting" his enforced femininity. His sullenness and defiance were bit by bit being removed. Aunt Kat could tell that he still didn't like his circumstances – what guy would? – but at least he had given in to them. The whole matter of boys still terrified him, however. Since being in school, he'd had guys asking him for dates, flirting with him, and stealing sly touches almost non-stop.

"I know why you're so nervous



about going out with a boy,” Miranda said one day, as they were freshening their makeup in the washroom. “But you really don’t have anything to worry about, Candi, so long as you don’t let him get too frisky. You’re scared he might put his hand up your skirt, right? Because you still have your little thingy?”

“I don’t want to go out with a boy because I *don’t like boys*,” Carl said staunchly, blushing as he reapplied his lip gloss. “I keep trying to tell you that!”

“Really? You expect me to believe that after the way I’ve seen you flirting with every guy you meet?” Miranda giggled. “You’re always bending over to show off your boobs, playing with your hair, fluttering your eyelashes...”

“Not on purpose!” Carl protested. “Those are just things girls do! Aren’t they?”

“Girls who want to get a guy drooling,” Miranda smiled. “Oh, Candi. You’re such a bimbo sometimes.” Carl blushed furiously. “You shouldn’t be scared to go out on dates,” she continued. “After all, there are plenty of ways to please your man!” Carl swallowed, remembering the feel of his lips wrapped around Jason’s manhood. He had hated every second of it! But, at the same time, he couldn’t deny that he had loved the way Jason’s hands had felt on his sensitive breasts...

“I really don’t want to,” Carl said tremulously. “It’s not my fault they keep asking me!”

“Candi, I hate to say this, but people are going to start thinking you’re weird or frigid, if you don’t start dating.” Miranda sighed. “Or worse, they might start wondering about other things, like how shy you are in the locker rooms while changing, or how sometimes you stare at a girl’s boobs a little too long, or how you clearly have no idea how to deal with the attentions of cute, interested boys. For your own good, you need to get yourself a boyfriend, girly!”

“You mean they might figure out that I’m...” Carl trailed off, terrified of even the possibility.

“Well, I was going to say they might think you’re a lesbian,” Miranda said casually, doing her mascara. “But that’s also a possibility, if things go really really wrong! You don’t want people getting suspicious, do you? Either way, it’s high time you started going on a few dates. Right now I’ve managed to convince everybody you’re just pining after Tom, who’s taken, but that can’t last forever. Want me to set you up with somebody?”

“I don’t like *boys*!” Carl protested, for what seemed like the millionth time.

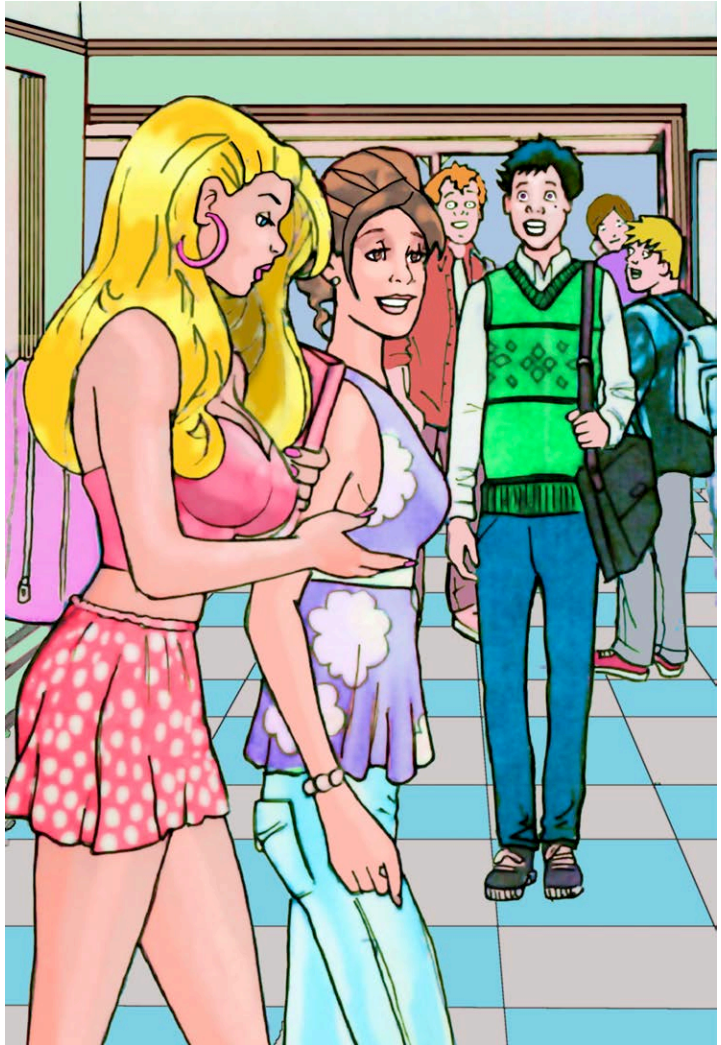
“Mmhmm, I’m sure,” Miranda said, rolling her eyes. “Candi, everybody saw that lovely little video of you swooning in Jason’s big strong arms backstage after the pageant. You looked like you were in heaven, girly. And think about this: if you have a steady boyfriend, all the other guys will have to stop hitting on you. Wouldn’t you like that? So, as long as you keep your beau happy, you wouldn’t have to worry about being groped in the halls or cornered for dates or

things like that. See the advantage?" Carl was far too worried by the prospect of keeping a guy 'happy' to see any advantage whatsoever. But if people were going to start getting suspicious about him... If they started asking questions, like why he was so fuzzy on his girlhood experiences, and why he never talked about his period...

"I just really wish you would stop with this whole denial thing," Miranda sighed. "It's been going on long enough that it's just ridiculous. I've put up with it for a long time, but it's really starting to irritate me. I'm sure you've shared your real feelings with your mom and aunt about wanting to be a girl, so why do you constantly have to annoy me with your silly pretend stories about going back to being a boy? I get that you're embarrassed to tell me that, I suppose because we used to date, but I'm perfectly ready to accept you as a girl, Candi. You need to do the same!" Carl put

away his lip gloss, mouth set in a cute pink frown. It was no use trying to persuade Miranda, and he was beginning to sound like a broken record. Why didn't anyone believe that he really wanted to go back to being a guy, and that he was only dressing and comporting himself as a girl because the alternative was being revealed as some kind of pervert and ruining his life?

"So, can I set you up with someone or not?" Miranda asked pointedly. Carl sighed nervously.



Now, unless he wanted to lose Miranda's help, he was going to have to give in a little. "Oh... Oh, okay," he squeaked. "Just please, someone nice, okay? I mean, someone who will be a gentleman." Carl immediately blushed, realizing he had just agreed to doll himself up to be yet another guy's pretty, feminine date. Gentleman or no, that meant he would soon enough be kissing a boy again, which he had sworn never to do again.

"Well, obviously I'll look for someone handsome and ripped first," Miranda giggled. "But I'm sure I can find someone who knows how to treat a lady like a lady...even if she doesn't dress like one." Carl blushed even brighter, adjusting his top.

"It's not *that* low-cut," he protested.

"Keep telling yourself that, girly," Miranda smiled. "The principal's eyes nearly fell out of his head when he saw you today. Poor guy."

Poor guy? Carl thought. What about *me*? He sighed, snapping his purse shut.

"Of course, maybe you can find someone on your own this weekend," Miranda said casually, putting away her mascara.

"This weekend?" Carl frowned. "Why?"

"Well, Amber is throwing a really big Halloween party on Saturday," Miranda said. "Do you have a costume yet?"

"No," Carl said, shouldering his purse. "And I don't really like costume parties..." He had completely forgotten about Halloween. Had it really been two months of girlhood already? He wasn't sure whether to be happy about the month he could soon cross off his calendar, or disturbed by how quickly he had adjusted to life as a busty blonde cheerleader!

"Girly, everyone who's anyone is going to be there," Miranda said.

"Are you sure I'm invited?" Carl blushed. "Amber hates me!"

"Candi, she can't *not* invite you," Miranda said, rolling her eyes. "We're all cheerleaders. Now, as for a costume..." She had a twinkle in her eye, and Carl could tell that she would be content with nothing less than something completely sexy and revealing.

"Please don't make me wear anything too slutty," he sighed, resigned to his feminine fate. It was just no use arguing with Miranda once she had an idea in her head – it had been the same way years ago when he had been her boyfriend!

"Candi, Halloween is the one time of year where you can dress like a complete slut, and nobody will be able to say anything," Miranda giggled. "I'm going to make sure you look really sexy in your skimpy little outfit and have your pick of cute guys."

"Can't I go as something traditional?" Carl asked, blushing. "Like a ghost?"

“And hide that killer figure?” Miranda clucked her tongue. Carl sighed. It was the same talk he’d gotten from his aunt months ago.

“Sweetie, all that dieting and your little hormone pills and Dr. Nevsky’s beautiful work all go to waste if you don’t flaunt your body, most girls would kill to look as good as you!” She had said. He’d tried to tell her that wasn’t much comfort, as he was a boy, but it didn’t stop her from filling up his closet with short skirts and low-cut tops.

“So long as you’re wearing the same costume,” Carl said anxiously.

“Sounds like a deal, girly,” Miranda smiled. She linked arms with him as they sashayed out of the washroom to go to English class.