

ADULTS ONLY

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FROM CHEER TO ETERNITY

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack



TEENS
**Trans-
Formed**
TG



J O E S I X P A C K

**FROM
CHEER TO
ETERNITY**

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



2023 Edition

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FROM CHEER TO ETERNITY

Everything was green again. Months of scraggly grey trees and slushy roads had long given way to spring, teasing better times but waiting to deliver. Now summer was on its way. In Dayton, Ohio, the winters were brutal, but the spring was a wonder as you watched the land come back to life all around you. This year, it had taken a while, which was a miserable wait for everyone. In this part of the country, when the snow melted, it exposed the rusting, aging ruins of what used to be a thriving town, and only the leaves of the trees and bushes would cover it up again, to hide the truth again for another few months.

It was also the last weeks of classes at Percival Rosenblatt High School, home of the Tillers. The green of the lands around them were not the only sign that the seasons were changing. It was also the palpable tension of the students at the small high school who could taste summer, and freedom, in the air. It was almost like a fever. With just days to go, the students could focus on little else but the end of school.

“Are you gonna go anywhere for the summer?” Stu Sutton, 16, asked his friend. They walked along the ditches of the highway, as the occasional farming trucks whooshed by.

Logan Knox, 16, used his Doc Martens to kick a pebble in his way on the gravelly path. “Nah. My old man ain’t gonna pay for that shit. He wants me to get a job to earn money.”

“You gonna?”

“No way. He’d just steal it.”

They walked along, in silence, as the boxy silhouette of overly-familiar Rosenblatt High poked over the hill. “We gonna be late?” Stu asked his friend.

“As if it mattered,” Logan replied with a shrug of his big trench coat. He could have easily checked his phone for the time, but he didn’t bother. Neither did Stu.

With nearly a half hour before classes started, the boys had arrived in plenty of time. Too much, really. They had to wait. They picked out one of the picnic tables that had been placed around the courtyard and sat down. Stu on the bench, Logan on the tabletop. Stu was hunched over from the cool morning air, while Logan spread out, leaning back on his arms, telling the world he didn’t give a fuck, and challenging anyone to bother him about it.

Knowing Logan’s reputation as a shit-starter, no one did. They just walked by, wondering why he needed to let everyone know he was angry and tough. The answer to that was simple. They didn’t have his deadbeat, abusive father to deal with.



Logan looked around and reached inside for his shirt pocket and got a pack of clove cigarettes out.

“Not on school grounds, moron,” Stu said, frowning.

Logan had already developed the habit of smoking a pack a day, and his addiction had caused him to forget where he was. “No one’s lookin,’” he said, as he surveyed the area.

“Not worth it.”

“What? Are they gonna suspend me for the last few days of school?”

“Logan, come on.”

With a sneer, Logan stuffed the carton back in his pocket.

Stu rolled his eyes. “Smoking kills you, man.”

Logan looked away and scratched the scalp under his barely-combed dark brown hair. “When?” He asked.

“Fuckin’ emo,” Stu mumbled.

“I’m the Wednesday Adams of Mid Ohio.” Logan exhaled and felt the burn in his lungs, aching for a smoke. “The Morrissey of Miami Valley.”

People knew better than to mess with Logan. He wasn’t a big kid, but he had the wiry strength of a circus carny, and the determination of a wolverine. Most students just avoided him, and he was fine with that. The loner lifestyle appealed to him. Stu was pretty much the only student he really talked to at all.

Logan had met Stu a couple of years ago when they were freshmen at Rosenblatt High. They lived on the same bus route, and both liked to hang out in the back, lobbing insults at the other students. After they had been banned from the bus for their behavior, it wasn’t long before they were walking the roadside to and from school together and hanging out.

“You wanna go to the Gas n’ Grub for lunch?” Stu asked.

“Can’t,” Logan said. “I got my AP English paper to finish up.”

“I thought all the AP tests were done.”

“They are. But they invent busy work even after the test is over. Same in my AP Bio and AP Chem.”

“Glad I don’t gotta do that.”

“It’s no big deal. You know me. The work don’t scare me none.”

Logan was blessed with near total recall of lectures and reading, which made schoolwork almost too easy for him. However, despite his 4.1 GPA, he had no real interest in college. He just got good grades to piss his teachers off. They hated seeing a slacker like him ace their tests, and he loved seeing the contempt for him in their eyes.

Besides, there wasn't much else for him to do but his homework when at home. His dad didn't have enough to get him video games or a computer or anything like that. Even his phone was six years old. His room just had a mattress and piles of garbage around it. Most of the time, he locked his door and stayed there, listening to his father yell at ghosts only his drunken mind could see.

It was going to be another year or two before he was 18 and old enough to leave home, so he was resigned to this fate for a little while longer — but when he became of age, he was going to tell his old man to eat shit and he'd move out. His uncle had promised him a job. He ran a combine harvester equipment repair shop a few towns over, and it paid well enough.

As they sat there, killing time before the bell rang, they heard a sound in the distance. It was someone yelling — and it was getting closer.

"I'm not on drugs!" A shrieking voice yelled. "I'm not high! I'm not! Like, I promise! Please let go of me!"

"Quiet!" An adult voice barked. "I'll give you ten demerits if you don't settle down!"

Emerging from a causeway was a cheerleader in a practice outfit, the Vice Principal carrying her like load of firewood. Her wrists were bound with a zip-tie.

"Oh my God!" The girl yelled. "This is, like, so not cool!"

Logan and Stu watched on in amazement while he toted the girl through to the east wing. Some woman came sprinting out of the office and followed them, and a few seconds later, a man in a suit.

"What in the fuck?" Stu asked, his eyes still fixed on the door everyone had disappeared into. "Oh man, I should have been taking video. I always forget to do that!"

"I don't recognize her," Logan said. "Who was that?"

"The new girl."

"New?"

"You know, the one that showed up a couple of weeks ago."

Logan had no idea what Stu was talking about. Then again, he never paid that much attention to other students. "No kidding. You know her name?"

"No," Stu replied. "She's pretty. She went out for cheer, and got on the squad fast, too. Since then she's been acting all cheerleader-y. You know, peppy and perky, but kinda nuts. She's probably a mental case."

"The cute ones are always crazy."

"Yeah," Stu said, nodding. "Still, I'd do her."



“In a second.” Logan launched himself off the table, his heavy boots hitting the ground loudly, and started walking to the door the girl had been taken through.

“Where you going?”

“I wanna see this,” Logan said.

Stu kept his seat. “You shouldn’t, man.”

“Whatever, dude.”

Logan headed through the heavy metal doors with the wire-reinforced glass windows, and looked around. This was usually the music department, but it was empty this early in the morning. As he walked by the doors of the various practice rooms, a pair of fists suddenly pressed against the glass. Behind them, was this girl, yelling without making a sound.

Now Logan knew why they had taken her here. The practice rooms were soundproof. He checked the next room over, and saw the Vice Principal, the man in a suit and the lady from the office all having a heated discussion. Every one of them were looking very worried.

Logan returned to the girl’s makeshift prison and this time she had her hands clasped together, begging him. The young man assumed she was pleading for him to open the door. He tested the handle, and it was locked, as he expected it would be.

“Hey!” Stu said from the exit. “You should get the hell out of here!”

Logan just waved him away. “Don’t worry about it.”

“Don’t call me for bail,” Stu said as he left.

Logan tried the door again. He needed a key for this. He grabbed a ballpoint from his pocket, pulled out the ink tube inside and bit it flat. Now finishing his third year, he had long realized the locks in school weren’t meant for high security, and they kind of undid themselves if you put anything in the lock.

Sure enough, the door popped open after jimmying the lock for a few seconds. “C’mon,” Logan said, tossing his head to indicate she could leave. Instead, she took a few steps back.

“No, I can’t!” she said. “Like, I’d be in so much trouble n’ stuff.”

“You were just begging me! Come on!”

“Um...” She looked very hesitant, taking alternating steps forward and steps back.

Logan was amused. She was like all those airheads who went out for cheer, totally incapable of thinking a single sensible, independent thought. Perfect for the bimbos who went out for Rosenblatt High Cheer. He grabbed her wrist when she got close enough, intent on taking her out by force. He was shocked when she pulled him inside instead.

Then he heard the door lock behind him as it shut automatically.

“You idiot! Now I’m locked in here!”

“I’m sorry! I’m sorry! I’m sorry!”

The girl repeated as she covered her mouth with her hands. “I, like, panicked!”

“Try to do something nice...” Logan grumbled as he bit into the ink tube again, ready to jimmy the lock once more. “Now, you gonna leave when I get this unlocked?”

“Ummm...” the girl said, almost paralyzed with indecision. “Oh my gaw, such pressure!” She said, throwing her hands down.

“What’re you afraid of?” Logan said, going to his knees to work on the lock.

“I just want to be on the squad!” She said. “They said I had to take a drug test! They said I’m acting all weird n’ stuff!”

“A drug test?” Logan took a look out the door window to make sure he was still clear and no one was looking.

“I can’t take a drug test! But if I run, they’ll kick me off the team! I just want to be a cheerleader!”

Logan turned around to look up at her. She was extremely cute, even with a worried and anxious face, and was biting her lip which was adorable. The girl was blonde, with big blue eyes and a tight body. Logan couldn’t help but run his eyes up and down her legs and boobs. She was, even amongst the hot girls of the cheer squad, incredible.

“So you *are* on something,” Logan



surmised.

She made an exasperated squeak and looked away from Logan. “No! Well, kinda?” She spun around, looking up at the sky in exasperation. “I was just tired this morning! It’s just a tiny little bit! Why today? Why would I wanna, like test me today? It’s sooo unfair!”

“Uh-huh. So you better get the hell out of here if you don’t want to be busted.”

“But they’ll kick me off the team!”

“They’ll do worse if you let them test you.”

The toll of thought was taxing the poor girl who was dancing back and forth on her feet as she tried to work things out.

Logan heard the lock clunk open, and turned the handle. He got it. “You need to make up your mind,” he said to her. “Ten seconds.”

“Ugh!” the girl said. “Why is everything, like, so hard? Oh my God!”

“Five seconds.”

“Okay! Um. I know! You can take the drug test for me! You haven’t done any drugs today, have you?”

“Yeah, sure. I’ll just take it for you.”

She was immediately all smiles and bouncing on her toes. “Great! Thanky-eeeeewsoooo much!”

“No, I was joking,” Logan had to quickly add, as the girl tried to pull him away from the door.

“You won’t?” The girl said, almost trembling as her mood snapped back from her moment of joy.

“Hey, I’d give you a cup of pee anytime, but... I don’t think that’s exactly how this is gonna go down.”

The girl thought for a second, the tip of her tongue poking out the side of her mouth. “I know!” She said. “We can trade clothes! You pretend to be me!”

“Not a chance,” Logan said, making sure not to let go of the door handle. “You *have* to be on drugs if you think anyone’s gonna think I’m you. Without a kick to the head, at least.”

“It can work! You just gotta, like, try n’ stuff!”

That statement would have been easy enough for Logan to refute if it weren’t made two inches from his face, as the girl pressed her body against his, and he could feel her hot breath on his lips.

“Yeah, uh... How?” Was the thing he should not have said, but he did.

“We can do this!” the girl said, excitedly. “Come on, get your stuff off!” She began to slink out of her top, a thin tee that was tied under her chest with

stretched-out “BHS” letters on it, distended from her impossibly perky and round boobs. She was halfway undressed before she paused and looked at Logan with a frown. “C’mon!”

He let go of the door handle and let it shut. As if his hands were moving by themselves, Logan threw his trench coat off and pulled his flannel shirt out of his pants. He was unbuttoning it with amazing speed, driven by hormones that hadn’t had a good rush like this in a while. However, his sharp intellect interceded and he slowed down. “Wait, uh... There’s no way. I mean, just the hair is gonna be a problem...”

“Oh!” She stopped what she was doing, and reached back behind her head. With a little flick, her hair came off. “It’s a wig,” she said.

Logan was stunned, to say the least, unsure what he was seeing at first. But as the girl undid some more clips, her blonde hair came off completely. Under it was short, scruffy dark brown hair.

“What?” the cheerleader asked, seemingly unsure why this was eliciting a stunned expression from Logan. “Oh! Uh... I was trying something new...” She said, a little embarrassed as she scuffed her short hair. “Like, y’know, I wanted to see if it suited me.”

“Okay...”

“I was just curious! But that was back at my old school. Well, then when I moved here, and I, like, knew if I was gonna go out for cheer, I wasn’t gonna get a spot with this hair. So I got a wig. Smart, huh?”

“Right,” Logan said, still too shocked to say much. “Of course.”

“But that’s why this is gonna work!” The girl said, still excited. “Cuz, like, no one even knows me here, and with the clothes and the wig, you’ll fool anyone!”

“I don’t know...”

“*Pleeease?*” she asked, as she removed her top all the way, revealing a very skimpy sports bra. Still asking for a response, she pulled her nylon shorts down, showing the tight black spandex leggings she wore underneath them. She wasn’t wearing panties. “Let’s get those clothes off, okay?”

Logan once again went about the business of stripping himself down to his underwear in record time. His dick was now completely in charge. He fumbled with his fly for a moment, and his pants were down at his ankles.

“Boots,” was all the cheerleader needed to say. They both sat down on the floor and went about loosening their laces, Logan having more work to do with his calf-high leather Doc Marten’s boots. The young man was alternating his attention between the shoes and the door window, terrified that an adult’s head would pop up in it at any moment.

“Okay, now what?” He asked the girl.

“I need your underwear!” She replied.



“O-Okay!” Logan said, losing his cool for a moment.

“And I’ll give you my leggings. So turn around!”

“So, I guess they’re going to make you go to the bathroom and fill a cup, right?” he asked as he found himself completely nude for a moment. “They’ll send someone to make sure nothing goes wrong. I guess?” The black leggings were tossed over his shoulder, and he realized that the sexiest girl he’d ever been this close to was now naked right behind him. Every nerve in his body wanted him to turn around. He began to feel himself freezing up and he had to keep talking. “And I need to do that and...”

“Ew!” the girl said. “Just don’t let them get a good look at your face, okay?”

“Right, right.” Logan fed his legs through the spandex leggings, finding them constricting and tight. He then looked down and he saw his pants being taken away. “Hey, are you putting on my clothes?”

“Like, duh! I gotta wear stuff, too!”

“Yeah.. Okay. By the way, what’s your name?”

“Me? My name is Jamie Lynn. Jamie Lynn Lambert. But my friends call me ‘Jam-Jam.’”

“Really? That’s your real name?”

“Yah. Why, what’s wrong with it?”

“Nothing.” Logan wondered why anyone would name their kid “Jamie Lynn.” Go with one name or the other. Then again, maybe it worked for a girl, but it still sounded ridiculous to him. “I’m Logan.”

“Duh, I know,” Jamie Lynn replied. “Everyone knows Logan Knox.”

“Yeah,” he answered. Everybody knew him.

His train of thought was broken by the sports bra that was dropped on his shoulder.

“You probably want to stuff that with something,” Jamie Lynn suggested. “Here.” Her tiny white socks were then dropped on his shoulder.

“Do I really need to wear this?” Logan asked.

“Yah! Of course!”

“I mean, they wouldn’t look... When I’m actually peeing...”

“I don’t know? I never did this before!” Jamie Lynn replied.

“No, that would be a lawsuit. It would have to be.” Logan was fairly sure of the answer, but he wasn’t a hundred percent sure. He put on the bra. There was no clasp, it just stretched around him. “What am I supposed to do with these again?” He asked, holding the socks.

“Here,” Jamie Lynn said, turning him around so they could face each other.

“Fuck!” Logan said, not liking someone pushing him around. He very nearly threw a haymaker out of reflex.

By this time, both were clothed most of the way. Logan in girls athletic leggings and sports bra, and Jamie Lynn in Logan’s tee shirt and hoodie — and, if he wasn’t very much mistaken, she was wearing his briefs as well. When he got them back, he decided, he’d never wash them again. Stu might even pay to sniff them.

She plucked the socks from his hands and began stuffing the cups of the bra. It wasn’t enough. “I haven’t been this small since I was, like, 12,” she said with a giggle. “I guess we gotta use my gels.” There were two clear, circular mounds on a chair with other items of clothing, and she grabbed them.

“You pad your bra?”

“Daddy says I can get implants soon,” she said with a smile. “If I’m good.”

“Have you been good?” Logan asked, with a smirk.

“Yes!” Jamie Lynn replied with an honest look. “Jamie Lynn is a good girl,” she added.

Despite that assertion, Logan very clearly saw her eyes dip low and look at his crotch. Girls, as he suspected, all had one thing on their minds, and now he had the proof.

“You’re gonna have to um, like, tuck.”

“Huh?”

“Your, um... Thingy? It’s kinda... Obvious and stuff?”

Logan looked down, and sure enough there was a bulge in the spandex that would give everything away. Spandex does that.

“Here, put on the shorts. That’ll help.” She picked up her nylon shorts from the floor and gave them to him. “And tuck it while you’re doing that, ‘kay?”

She turned back around and slipped into Logan’s pants as he manipulated his little monster as best he could to not be so obvious. The nylon shorts, which were loose, made sure that his manhood was well disguised.

By the time he had gotten the pink shoes on and Jamie Lynn’s shirt over his gel-and-sock-enhanced chest, Jamie Lynn was already preparing the wig for him. He had barely tied the knot on his last shoe when his vision was covered in blonde.

He could feel Jamie Lynn’s hands pulling it this way and that, until it seemed to settle in place. “It’s good that you have a head as small as mine,” she said.

Logan was pretty sure she was the one with the smaller head, if her airhead vocabulary was any indication. She was not the one with the 4.1 GPA, after all. He kept those salient observations to himself.

“Okay, now hold still,” she said as she stood in front of him. His vision was still obscured by masses of hair, and the girl was being very particular about manipulating it just the way she wanted. “If we frame your face with the hair, like, no one can even tell it’s not me.”

“I’m still not gonna let them get a good look, though,” Logan said.

Finally, she seemed satisfied. “Now sit down on the chair and I’ll do the makeup.”

“Makeup?” Logan yelped. “Where did you get makeup?”

“Oh yeah, I don’t have my purse. I forgot.” She pondered things for a moment. “Okay, hold still.” She then pressed her lips on his as hard as she could, wriggling her lips around on his. After one go, she backed away, and assessing the situation, gave it a second shot.

Logan had just scored big time with a cheerleader, and was in rapture — but there was that slight detail at the back of his head, knowing this was out of nowhere, and Jamie Lynn didn’t seem to be terribly passionate.

“I guess that’s the best I can do,” she said using a fingernail to scrape some stray gloss off his skin.

“Did... Did you just smear your lip gloss...”

“Lip gloss transplant!” She explained. “The girls at my last school showed me how to do that in a lip gloss emergency.”

Logan was more than puzzled, and less than rational. “Yeah, I bet they did.”

“Okay, this might not work, but...” She licked her fingers and began to pull at her lashes. The black stuff that made them look darker and thicker came off as she did, and she gathered it all up on one of her fingernails. “Owie owie ow ow ow...”

“You’re not going to...”

“It’ll be fine!” She said. “Like, I’m an expert, okay? Look up, and don’t blink!”

In short order, Logan had a some very flimsy smears of mascara on his eyelashes, which he could see at the upper part of his vision. “Are we done yet?” He asked. “It’s gonna take forever to get this off.”

“It’s, like, not that bad.” Jamie Lynn grabbed Logan’s trench coat and put it on. She messed up her short brown hair, stood tall and took a deep breath. “Oh! Oh! Oh! Can you do my voice?”

“I won’t talk.”

“You might hav’ta, y’know. I wanna hear it.”

“You mean talk like a cheerleader, like, like, like, oh my god and stuff n’ junk?” Logan said in a squeakiest, most ridiculous dumb-girl voice he could manage. It sounded absurd and insultingly stupid.

“Perfect!” She said. “Okay, now I’ll be back, okie-dokie?” She headed for the door.

“You really think I’ll fool them?”

“You look super awesome!” She said with a smile. “Just act like me, do what people tell you and, like, have fun with it.”

“Okay, got it. Where are you going to go?”

“I’ll be around,” she said as she pulled Logan’s hoodie over her head, obscuring her face. She then puffed out her surprisingly flat chest. “See you later, babe,” she said in a deep, gravelly, masculine voice that sounded like she had been smoking a pack a day for a while. Not unlike Logan had.

She was out the door quickly.

“Wait. I thought that door was locked,” Logan said. He tested it, and it was bolted shut.

He decided to follow Jamie Lynn’s advice. He was going to have fun with this. Logan liked fooling people, and even if he hadn’t quite planned this caper, he realized that this might just turn out to be his boldest stunt yet. It would be legendary, if he could pull it off. Stu was going to love hearing about this one, that was for sure.



A man in a white coat smacked right into one of the students of Rosenblatt High. He was rushing through the doors of the music wing, in a sweaty, fevered dash. “Look where you’re going young man,” said the bothered middle-aged professional.

“Sorry dude,” Jamie Lynn replied in her deepest voice, hiding her face in the tall collar of Logan’s trench coat. She went on her way.

The doctor looked around and saw Vice Principal Vandemann stepping outside one of the classrooms. That’s where he was headed.

“I called you twenty minutes ago, David,” the Vice Principal said, crossly.

“I was across town at Jefferson Elementary,” the school physician replied. “Kid got pushed off the jungle gym. Not pretty.”

“Fine, fine,” Vandemann said, ignoring the content of what had just been said. “Now that you’re finally here, we can get started.” As they gathered in the classroom, he nodded to the lady from the office. “Margie, I need you to monitor her in the ladies room.”

The older woman blanched. “I don’t have to watch her actually go...”

“No, no. Just make sure there’s no funny business.”

“Now, why *exactly* did I have to run over here so fast?” The physician asked.

“One of our students has been behaving erratically. You know how it goes with these degenerates. She’s got to be on some kind of...”

“*Suspected*,” interrupted the man in the suit. “She’s suspected of being on drugs by the Vice-Principal here.”

“David, this is Dr. Brody,” Vandemann said, pointing to the man in the suit. “He’s been treating the student in question. He’s her therapist. We called him in as her medical contact to help deal with the situation.”

“Good to meet you doctor,” the physician said.

“Doctor,” Dr. Brody replied.

“So what *is* the situation?”

The Vice Principal crossed his arms. “Jamie Lynn Lambert, new student, has been reported and observed in several of her classrooms exhibiting fidgety behavior, unprovoked bursts of yelling, spontaneous dancing, and conduct disruptive to her classmates and staff.”

“She *is* a cheerleader,” Dr. Brody pointed out. “They’re *supposed* to behave like that.”

“Her conduct was totally uncalled for! Such behavior is inappropriate in a learning environment,” the Vice Principal commented. “I’ve been dealing with reports of her disruptive behavior every day since she got here. I don’t know that there’s a staff member that she hasn’t pissed off at this point. The little twerp is on something. I’ve seen it dozens of times before.”

“Mr. Vandemann...” Dr. Brody said, disparagingly.

“She’s required to take a drug test anyway!” He interrupted. “She’s been avoiding it too, the little miscreant.”

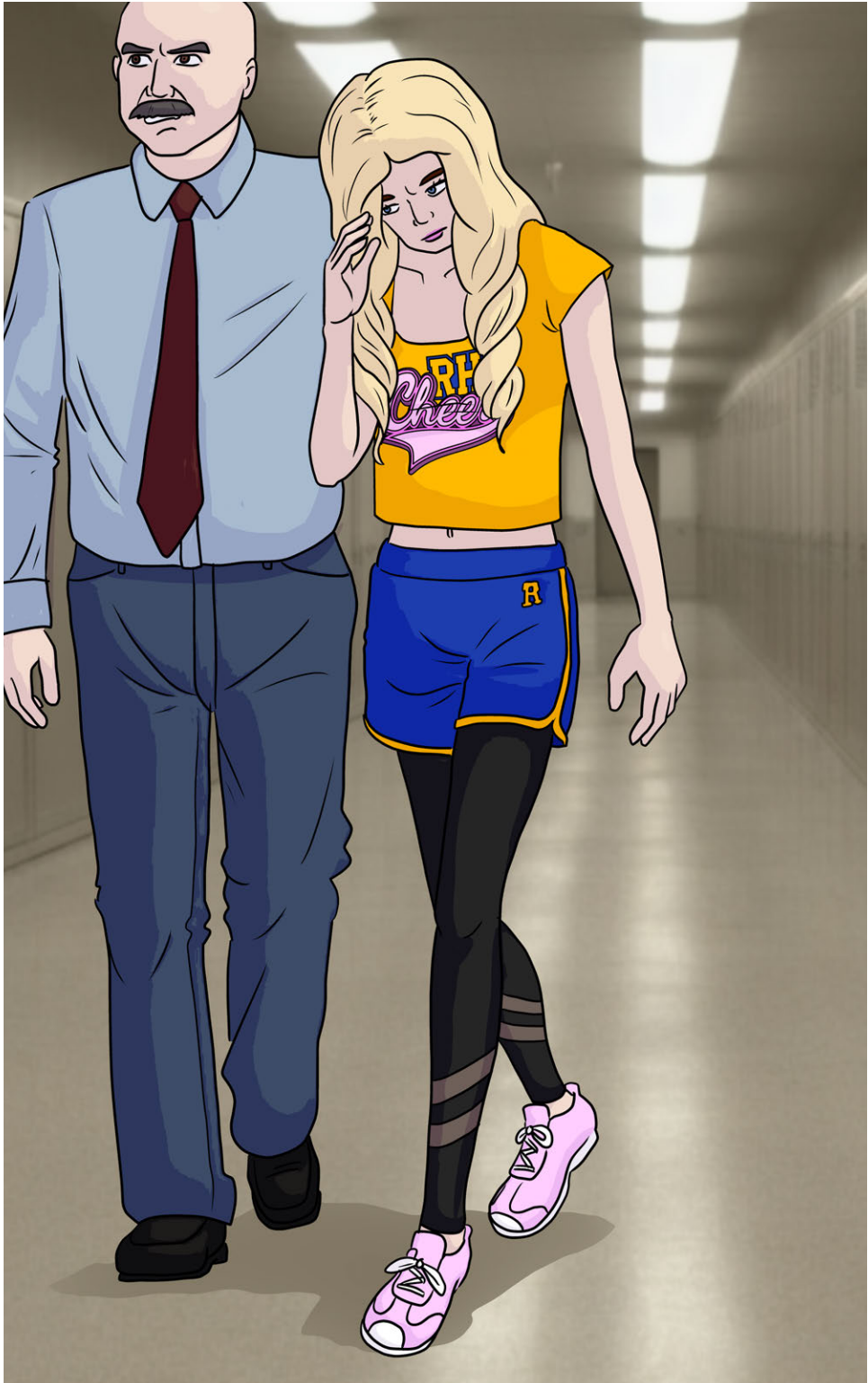
“So you want a drug test, then,” the physician concluded. “It’s gonna take a week to get results back, you know that.”

“Exactly. We only have a few days to go before the end of the term. We can suspend her pending the result, so I don’t have to deal with her until September, and I probably won’t have to deal with her at all, when the results come back.”

The physician sighed. “The kit is in the health office. I’ll be right back.”

A few minutes later, the door to the music recital room was opened. Logan quickly turned away and positioned himself in a corner, so his back was to everyone.

“Miss Lambert.” The Vice Principal’s voice was loud and intimidating, but Logan had dealt with him enough to know he could only threaten, not actually do anything harmful. “You will accompany me to the ladies room, and we will get this underway.”



The young man quickly scanned his memory and recalled that the girl's last name was Lambert, so Logan began to move. He took a sideways approach, dipping his head, making sure to let his wig of long hair block his face as much as possible.

"I'm surprised to see you so quiet, Miss Lambert," the Vice Principal said. Logan kept his mouth shut, mostly to suppress his urge to snicker, and shuffled past the tall man.

"You'll need to fill this up to the mark," the school physician said, handing a plastic cup to Logan. A detective might have noted Logan's stubby, frayed nails, but the doctor didn't. "Then screw the top back on and return it to me."

"Follow Mrs. Binney," the Vice Principal said, as they got to the bathrooms. "She's monitoring the test — so don't try to pull anything!"

Before stepping inside the ladies' room, Logan gave a quick glance from behind his wig hair at the adults collected around him. It took four grown adults to drug test a teenage girl these days, it appeared.

Keeping his head down, Logan followed the office lady very closely, and couldn't help but feel that odd sensation a man feels when entering a women's bathroom. His initial instinct to look for a urinal was interrupted by the woman banging on the stalls.

"Anyone in here?" She shouted. "Clear out! We need the room!"

Fortunately, the restroom was unoccupied and although Logan was more than a little rattled, he ducked into the nearest stall. He took a few deep breaths. So far, so good. He had tricked all the adults and gotten the upper hand.

"Let's go, let's go!" Mrs. Binney shouted outside the stall.

Logan was definitely questioning why he had been talked into this so easily, but the woman's behavior reminded him how much he liked to fuck around with those in charge. He unscrewed the top of his small plastic container and got to work.



The two returned from the restroom, encircled by the three men waiting for the result.

"Well?" Vice Principal Vandemann asked, testily.

Logan held out the cup of urine, but Mrs. Binney snatched it away, as she wanted to be the one to hand it to the Vice Principal. This is just what she did, proudly, as if she had anything to do with it. The Vice Principal then handed it to the school doctor. He put it away in a larger plastic container which snapped shut, then he applied a metallic seal to it.

Adults are silly, Logan thought to himself.

“She gave that up too easily,” the Vice Principal said. “No resistance. Very suspicious.” He contemplated things for a moment as he looked at Logan’s turned-away head. “Strip her.”

“What?” Dr. Brody said.

“She’s concealing something.”

“You have no right!”

“I have every right, doctor!”

“This is America!”

“This is Ohio! I can inspect her for contraband!” He pointed to Mrs. Binney and the school doctor. “Hold her still.”

That was Logan’s cue. He immediately tried to bolt for the exit.

“I’m registering a formal protest!” Dr. Body said, not moving an inch.

Vice Principal and the office lady pinned Logan to the wall, but he wriggled free, and tried to simultaneously dodge and keep his face concealed, slowing him down considerably. That loss of speed cost him as he was tripped up and landed on the floor of the hallway, face down and knocking the wind out of him.

In a flash, the weight of the burly middle-aged Vice Principal came down on the disguised boy and was crushing Logan — even as he was kicking and twisting, trying to get away. He had a very, very good reason not to go through a strip search, and was fighting like his life depended on it.

“A tranquilizer, doctor?” Asked the Vice Principal as he continued to grapple with Logan.

“I don’t carry drugs around with me...” the school doctor replied.

“You’re required to by law,” the administrator replied.

The school doctor slumped his shoulders. “They’re for seizures...”

“I don’t care!” He spiked his elbow into Logan’s back.

“Fine. But if Nicholas has another peanut reaction, I’m not...”

“Now!”

An epi-pen was produced from the doctor’s pocket and plunged into Logan’s shoulder, and in moments he was limp.



“She’s here in the office,” Mrs. Binney said as she led the old woman through the hallway. “She’s resting comfortably.”

“Poor thing. Any idea why she’s so tired?” asked the old woman.

“It could be any number of things, really,” Mrs. Binney replied, knowing exactly what the reason was. It was just that the sedation wasn’t supposed to be this effective. Jamie Lynn Lambert was supposed to regain her faculties after a few minutes. That was two hours ago.

Watching the young student remain in a drugged state for so long was making everyone nervous. The school doctor wanted to send them to a hospital, but Vice Principal Vandemann denied the request and told the doctor to delete any records of what had gone on in the hallway. Vandemann himself suddenly left the premises and wouldn’t respond to his phone. He hadn’t even cared to further his effort to strip search Logan, concerned that “Jamie Lynn” was having a bad reaction to the sedation. He just needed to be elsewhere, and fast. Jamie Lynn’s therapist, Dr. Brody, was sick with the idea that he was going to get involved in a lawsuit and had been pacing around the office, hoping his patient would forget everything under the influence of the drug, which seemed like a solid bet, given how they had responded to it.

Finally, it was left to Mrs. Binney to phone Jamie Lynn’s house and get someone to pick the student up. She just wanted the groggy kid out of her office.

“There’s your little princess,” Mrs. Binney said.

Sitting on the bench in the outer office was Logan, still in the wig and athletic outfit. His eyes were glazed over heavier than a Krispy Kreme as he played with the ends of his long hair. He was very slightly drooling.

“Is she... is she all right?” the old woman asked.

Mrs. Binney nonchalantly waved off any concern. “Dazed, but she’ll be fine. Probably just a blood sugar issue. I see it all the time.” She turned to Logan. “Time to go home with the nice lady, Jamie Lynn.”

Logan didn’t even seem to notice the woman talking to him. The medication had really knocked the poor boy for a loop.

“Uh, I don’t believe we’ve met...” Dr. Brody said to the old woman, as he made his way over.

“And you are?” she asked.

“Dr. Brody. Jamie Lynn’s therapist,” he replied. “Been treating her for over two years now.”

“Hildegarde Winters,” the woman replied. “I’m looking after Jamie Lynn while her parents are away for the summer.”

“Ah! That explains it.” The doctor nodded. “I was wondering why we had never met. Tell me, Ms. Winters... Does Jamie Lynn look all right to you?”

“She’s fine!” Mrs. Binney said. “If there’s any issue, it’s not the school’s fault.”

“No, no.” The doctor looked at Ms. Winters in the eyes. “I mean... This is Jamie Lynn Lambert, isn’t it?”

“Don’t you know?” Ms. Winters replied, startled. “You’ve been treating her for two years.”

“I have a lot of clients,” Dr. Brody said. “You know how it is. You listen to so many teenage girls... The faces kind of blend together.”

Ms. Winters looked alarmed from such a brazen admission on professional indifference, but kept her composure. “I see. Well, it’s my first day on the job, so to speak. This is the first time I’ve actually met Jamie Lynn. But she looks like the photos of her family in her house... Essentially.”

“Okay, that’s all very nice,” Mrs. Binney said, not caring that she appeared impatient. She was. “Let’s get her to your car, and out of the office, all right? This is no place for a girl in her condition.”

Dr. Brody wound up having to sling Logan’s arm around his shoulder and practically drag him to Mrs. Winter’s Oldsmobile. He was strapped in with a seatbelt in the back seat and they were off.

“You’re not going to mention a word of this to anyone, I assume,” Mrs. Binney said to Dr. Body.

“Only to my therapist,” the therapist answered, straightening his tie.



Logan awoke lying in a pile of freshly laundered linens and fluffy pillows, sunlight coming from the windows and a bird tweeting in the distance.

Also, an old woman was hovering over him with a soulless, blank expression on her shadowed face.

“What the fuck?” Logan muttered.

“Language, young lady!” the old woman scolded. “Now you get a good rest. I have your homework being sent for you, and you’ll do it tonight when you feel better.”

“Who are you? Why are you...”

“My name is Ms. Winters,” the woman said as she slowly backed away and head to the door. “I’m your sitter for the summer, so I make the rules around here. Do what I tell you and I’m sure we’ll get along fine.” She got halfway out before turning around. “I warn you. Don’t make me cross.” She finally exited, closing the door behind her.

To Logan, he was sure he had died. He had never seen a room so nice. It was almost completely white, like it wasn’t even real, made up of his own imagination. This had to be some kind of vision of the afterlife. Maybe.



He could only remember he had been talking to Stu, and then there was this weird scene with a cheerleader. Now he was in a bed? He had no idea what was going on, and was starting to get concerned.

First things first, he reminded himself. How did he get here, where was 'here,' and why was he called 'young lady'?

And *was* he dead? That point needed some examination as well.

One of those questions were answered right away when he got a mouthful of blonde hair as he tried to sit up. In a fit of reflex to get it out, the wig came off in his lap. Seeing the wig triggered a few more answers. He was piecing together what had happened at school — He had decided to pull a prank on the staff and take a drug test for some whacked-out airhead cheer girl, and had switched places with her.

That meant, very probably, the ruse was somehow still going. He quickly surmised that this was actually her room, and that old woman was assuming he was the girl. Now he just had to remember her name.

As he pushed the covers off of him, he confirmed that he was still in her work-out outfit. Then he swung his legs around to get up, and he felt a bite on his shoulder like an insect bite, and noted a small mark there. Where he would have ever gotten that, he had no idea.

On his feet, the room swayed a little, as he felt a bit dizzy, but he was stable enough to look around. Maybe he could put a few more pieces together if he could get an idea of precisely where he was, he was thinking. The room was huge to his eyes, practically a palace. He had no idea any of his fellow students lived in such luxury.

There were pink lace curtains hanging from the windows and plush pink carpet that he felt like he was going to sink into it. Jamie Lynn had chairs, shelves and even desk that appeared to be used for nothing but staring at yourself — at least if the giant mirror on top of it was any indication. It was more furniture in this room than there was in his whole house.

It was all so perfect. No nails sticking out, all the surfaces were painted, there weren't any creaky floorboards and the mattress wasn't on the floor. It was overwhelming.

On one wall was the name "Jamie Lynn" in painted in pink script letters three feet tall. It was obscenely lavish, but at least it reminded him of her name. Aside from that, there were three posters on the wall, all of Taylor Swift, in various ridiculous stage outfits. That jived with what he could assume about Jamie Lynn. She wasn't the brightest after all, and it figured she'd be into empty pop music.

On the mirror, various pictures had been tucked into the frame. Looking at them, they appeared to be shots of Jamie Lynn and various other girls, most of them cheerleaders. She always seemed to be smiling or laughing. He also noted

that Jamie Lynn had a passing resemblance to him. She kind of had the same nose, the same size and shape of mouth, a similar jaw and the eyes weren't that different.

He grabbed the wig and put it on for the total effect. With the hair on, someone might even mistake them for cousins. It was kind of creepy.

The next thing that caught his attention were a smattering of plushies that were resting on every available inch of shelf space. The girl had a hoarding problem, it seemed.

The opulence of the whole room seemed almost offensive to him. Logan had always had to fight for everything. Most of the stuff in his room was stuff he'd fished out of dumpsters. He knew his family was poor, but until right now, he thought that even the richest person in Rosenblatt High wasn't that different from him. He was very wrong.

That impression was even worse when he noticed the attached bathroom. This girl had a whole bathroom all to herself. It was positively grotesque how many things Jamie Lynn had. It did make him feel better to see the bathroom sink had a mad mess of bottles for acne medication, tubs of facial wax, a box of herbal douches, heavy flow tampons, at least six pairs of tweezers in various shapes, extra strength deodorant and a prescription anti-perspirant. The girl had some issues.

Even though Logan was angry with the inequality on display, jealous of the life Jamie Lynn led and embarrassed to be so obviously poor... It was a pretty sweet setup. Respect the game, he reminded himself.

Suburban middle-class life appeared decadent, and at least he could enjoy it for a little while. Until someone realized he wasn't supposed to be here, he could at least lie on that bed for a little while. In his mind, it wasn't so much a bed as a pile of clouds he could melt into.

Before he did that, however, he needed to get out of the clothes he was in. They were kind of chilly and a bit revealing. Logan had also been sweating in them, probably while he was unconscious, and he could smell it. That meant changing into something new, and he could only hope that there was something like a robe in Jamie Lynn's closet — and it wasn't pink.

He was blown away by the closet, wondering why someone would waste a perfectly good second room on clothing storage. Given how big the bedroom was, though, it just followed that the closet would be huge, too. He was about to marvel at the size a little more when he noticed something quite strange.

The clothes were labeled.

Jamie Lynn must have been a little anal about things, as she had labeled every item in the closet with paper tags.

"Dressy 1," "Dressy 2," "Sporty 1," etc, were tagged onto different piles of clothes and things hanging from the rack. She had created whole ensembles,

from shoes to underwear, to jewelry. Jamie Lynn really didn't seem like someone *cerebral* enough to have that kind of foresight, but here it was.

There was also a note affixed to a slim dresser by the closet door. "Make enough outfits to last a while," it said, in girlish, looping script. "You'll need it!"

Logan wasn't sure why that note was written that way. Who was it for? Herself? That didn't seem to make any sense. Was it written for his sake? That didn't make any sense either. He didn't fixate on it. He had no business poking into her life.

Sooner or later, Jamie Lynn would show up, and then he'd have to get on home, and probably never talk to her again. Maybe she might give him a few bucks or let him see her boobs or something. A reward of some sort seemed appropriate. He resumed looking for something to wear, and found a white fleece robe with a hoodie which was the best he could have hoped for in a prissy girl's closet.

He headed back out to the bedroom and removed Jamie Lynn's too-short shorts, only to stop, feeling something in the side pocket. It was a phone. Jamie Lynn's phone, if he wasn't very much mistaken. He picked it out and held it in his hand. It only then occurred to him that she probably had his garbage-ass phone, since she had his clothes and the phone that was in his back pocket.

The phone opened up the moment he touched it, working even without a pass code. It figured that a girl like Jamie Lynn might find a four-digit passcode a bit of a burden to memorize.

The first thing he saw was an email from "Mom & Dad." It poked a tiny little jab at his heart. He hadn't had a mother for a long time, and his father had punched him last time he called him "Dad." His family sucked so hard.

The email was from yesterday, telling Jamie Lynn that they were off on their cruise for the summer, and hoped she would like "Ms. Winters" who would be looking after her for the next three months and apologized for the last-minute hiring.

That explained lot. It explained why that old woman who was watching him as he woke up — presumably Ms. Winters — didn't wonder why the girl who went to school came back as a different person. She had no idea what Jamie Lynn looked like. It also told him that Jamie Lynn's parents were in deep, deep trouble if they were resorting to a three-month cruise to save the marriage.

There was no point in getting too comfortable unless Jamie Lynn was going to take her sweet time getting back home, so he sent her a text. Or, really, he sent himself a text since she had his phone.

He also sent Stu a text. "Heeeey," he typed.

"Who dis?" Stu replied unimaginatively.

"It's me Jamie Lynn I wanna fuck u so baaaad."

After about a minute, he got Stu's reply.

"Hey Logan"

In a way, Logan was proud of his boy. Stu wasn't that smart when they first met.

"Nooooo baby I think ur so hoooot cum sex me up"

"Sex me up? Srsly?"

"Just come 2 Jamie Lynns house. Maybe she wants 2 fuck u maybe its just ur bud stuck inside her room"

"Huh?"

"Tell u mor when u get here" and a moment later he added, "bring me sum clove cigs"

"No," Stu replied.

He checked for a reply from Jamie Lynn. There was none. He didn't want to think about what might happen if she didn't reply soon, but there was plenty of time left in the day. With little else to do, he stripped himself down to the athletic leggings he was wearing and put the robe on. He was going to enjoy some time on that amazing bed.

A few hours later, Logan's slumbering mind was awoken when he heard some heavy steps coming up the stairs. Either the old woman had gained fifty pounds or Stu was here.

He quickly fought his way through the downy comforter and leapt to the door.

As soon as he went inside Jamie Lynn's room, Stu was suddenly assaulted, with hand over his mouth and his arms restrained. "Don't say a word. Don't say anything!" A voice growled into his ear.

Stu bit down instinctively, getting his attacker in the finger.

"You asshole!" Logan said, as he began to grab the finger and hop around in pain.

"What the fughck...!" Stu yelled, but his exclamation was cut short by being tackled and thrown to the ground. Now his mouth was being held shut by an arm wrapping around his head, clamping his jaw shut.

"Is everything okay up there?" The old woman yelled from downstairs. "No monkeyshines!"

Logan cleared his throat. "Yah! Oh my God!" He called out in his chirpy dumb girl voice. "So totally sorry n' stuff!"

Stu was struggling to get free, but Logan had the advantage.

"Shut up and stop squirming!" Logan shout-whispered at his friend. Like rubbing a gator's belly, Stu slowly stopped fighting and made eye contact with

Knox. “Now, I’m going to remove my arm. Don’t make noise. Do you understand?”

With Logan’s arm relaxed, Stu was free to talk. “I have to make noise to answer you.”

“I’ll allow it on a technicality.”

“What if I shouted for help?”

Logan got up on his knees. “I’d feed your dick to you.”

The young man nodded. “Nice hair.”

“Jamie Lynn uses a wig. Who knew? I gotta wear it if that old lady comes in and sees me. How’d you get past her?”

“She asked if I had Jamie Lynn’s homework, and I said yes. She gave me ten minutes.”

“Let me explain why I’m...”

“Yeah, I already know. You and that cheerleader switched clothes.”

“You know? *How?*?”

“I was waiting for you to come back, and then I saw her run out of the school in your stuff. I figured you swapped. Either that or you would be naked. Dude, I told you not to go after her. What the heck happened?”

“Okay, so, let start by saying she’s hella cute.”

Logan told him an abbreviated version of the story, at least the part he was aware of. He still wasn’t clear on how he’d lost consciousness in the first place, but he explained how he had come to find himself in Jamie Lynn’s house and in her room, and why he hadn’t been found out yet.

“Well, one thing’s for sure,” Stu said, after hearing the story.

“What’s that?” Knox asked.

“That marriage isn’t going to be saved by a cruise.”

“You got that right.”

“Uh, hey. Stu. Didja happen to see... Uh... Where Jamie Lynn went?”

“No,” Stu replied. “I was wondering what happened to you. Then I had to go to class and... Wait, didn’t you set up a place where you guys would meet and swap back?”

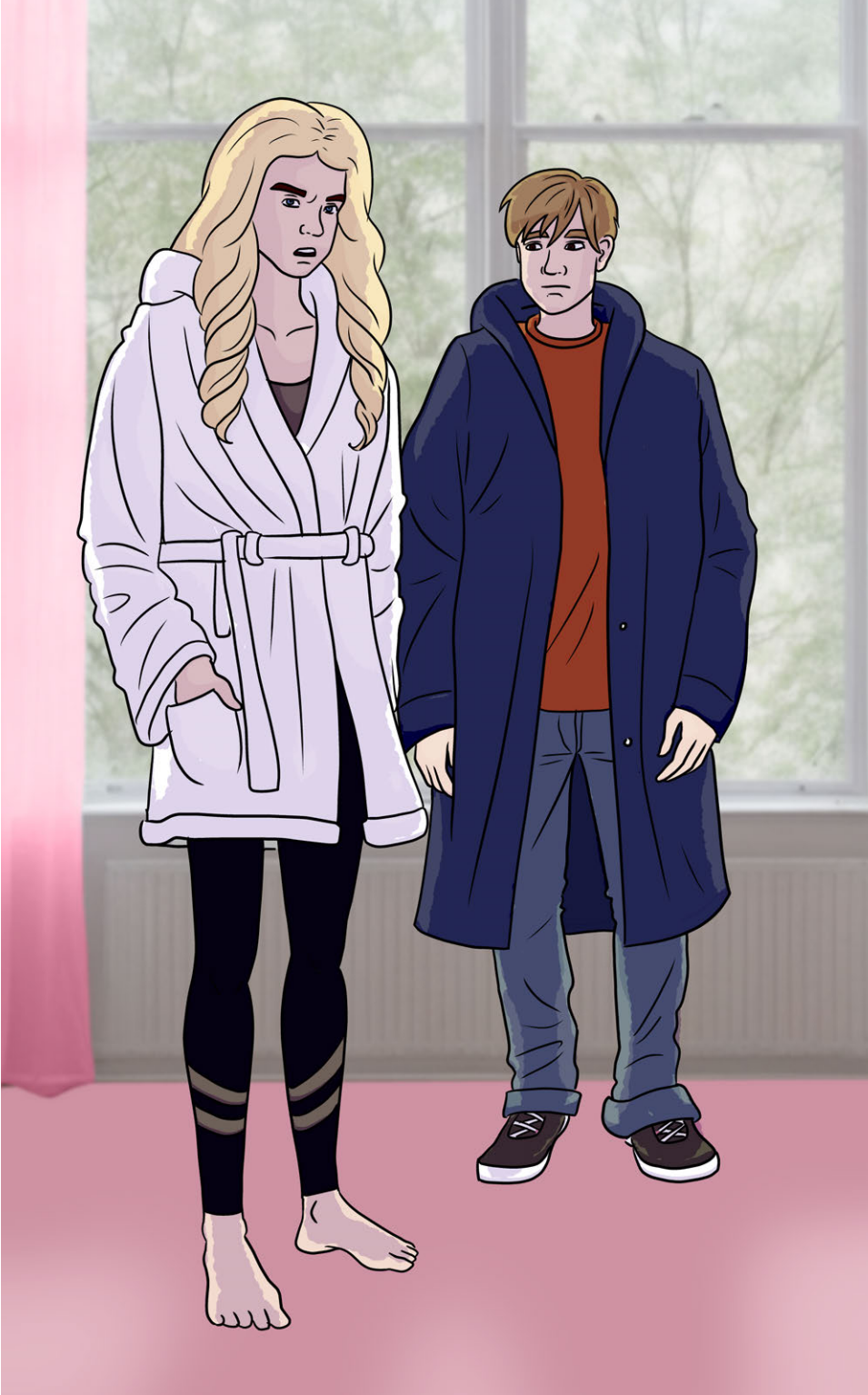
“I... It was...” Logan was floundering.

“You didn’t!” Stu laughed. “Logan Knox, smartest kid in school and you didn’t even plan for...”

“Hey, don’t blame me! I had a lot on my mind!”

“You saw her naked, didn’t you?”

“N... No.” The pause in Logan’s reaction was all the insinuation Stu needed.



“Yeah, *that’s* what you had on your mind!”

“Fuck you!” Logan yelled. He immediately cringed as he realized his voice was far too loud.

“It’s about time for your schoolmate to leave, Jamie Lynn!” Shouted the old woman from down the hall. “Say goodbye!”

“We should get out of here,” Logan said. “I’m not so sure this lady isn’t going to call the police.”

“What? And give this up? Nah, let it ride. That old lady has no clue. Blame uh...” He turned his head to read the girl’s name on the wall. “Jamie Lynn. It’s her idea, after all. You’re just helping her out.”

“I’m already in trouble after that shed caught fire behind the arcade last year.”

“That was two years ago, and it wasn’t your fault.”

“It was all my fault.”

“But no one can prove that, and that’s what’s important. Just don’t run outta here yet. Y’know, I wanna see how this plays out.”

Logan cracked a smile. “I kinda want to see what happens too.”

“Jamie Lynn!” yelled the old woman in a harsh, creaky voice that sounded like a mummy’s shriek.

“I should get,” Stu said. “But keep texting me.” He then bounded over to the dresser and opened a couple drawers. He quickly snapped a picture of the insides. “When this is over, I wanna hear everything.”

Logan watched him leave and then closed the dresser drawer that Stu had left open. Jamie Lynn’s panty drawer. “Perv,” he said as he closed it, wondering why he hadn’t thought to do that himself.

Logan went over to the window to watch Stu leave, and saw him head towards the street. He looked back up to see Logan, who double-bird flipped him off.

This was probably not a hot idea, Logan had to admit to himself. He was just asking for trouble. Then again, he liked causing trouble. It wasn’t his idea to wind up here, so it wasn’t like he had broken into this house. He had been brought here, and none of this was his fault. He was the hero in this situation, helping out a girl. Hell, he should get a reward for all the good deeds he was doing, he reasoned.

Now that he was alone, his priority was to get back in this crazy comfortable bed in the middle of the giant room. He jumped into it, the plushness and softness enveloping him immediately in warmth. He could live in this bed, he told himself.

