

**J O E   S I X   P A C K**

**HE'S A  
VALLEY GIRL  
FER SURE**

**“Corey Taylor’s Big Bodacious Adventure”**

Based on “Just Another One of the Girls”  
previously published at [TGStories.com](http://TGStories.com)

**A Tales of Transformation Story**



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# COREY TAYLOR'S BIG BODACIOUS ADVENTURE

*Ever wish one of those 80's teen gender-bending films would go the way you really wanted them to? You know the story – a boy meets a hot girl, and for some convoluted reason the only way he can get close to her is to dress up and pretend to be a chick. There must have been a half dozen of those movies made. In the end, he'd get the girl and then, disappointingly, everything would go back to normal. Well, here's a story to find a different way to end the movie.*

The harmonizing, smooth tones of the Casio MT-45 filled the room with a warmth of 8-bit sound. Orchestra hits and simulated violin-esqe noises went off left and right, and a pingy drum track paced the song. As he tapped away at his synthesizer, sequencing his latest tune, Corey suddenly realized he had forgotten something very important. His form. He needed to get that form signed. He checked the due date. It was May 25th, 1984.

Or *today*, in other words.

If he was going to get into the music school, he needed not only to finish his latest and greatest track, but he needed to get that form in on time. His music was what he was going to be evaluated on, after all. It would be his entrance test, in a way. Corey got up and searched frantically for a pen. The form did say something about getting an extension, but he didn't want to chance it. Not with something he'd been working his whole life for.

He knew his dad would never sign his form. His dad wasn't into music, per se. More accurately, his dad wasn't into anything you couldn't get from an aluminum can or TV. When it came to music, he thought Corey was "wasting his miserable life," in his words. Simply asking him to sign the papers to get into music school was never going to get results.

Fortunately, after living with the man for years and managing to get by, Corey knew how to get his dad to sign anything. He had to wait until he was drunk. As Corey checked the clock, it was right about now that he would be mentally lubricated enough to get his John Hancock.

He slipped the freshly-made cassette of his newest song in his backpack and slung it over his shoulder, leaping above the junk in his room as he left. He had to make it to the school as quickly as he could.

Corey found his step dad, half dressed, unshaved and slumped on his easy chair in front of the TV. He shoved the pen and paper into his hands. "We win! You need to sign this, dad. They're here to deliver the big screen TV."

"Wahhr?" His father muttered.

"Ed McMahan and the prize patrol is dropping off the speedboat. You just need to sign the deliv..."

"Don't tell me what to do!" His dad said, drunkenly spilling the tip of the pen over the paper. "There!" He said, loudly. "'Bout time we won something from those goddamned crooks..." Then just as quickly, he was out again.

It was an overcast day in this small town in Southern California. Corey had lived here for most of his life, and had but one ambition all those years. He wanted to be a musician. Which was lucky for him, because he happened to live about three-quarters of a mile from the Bardsley College of Fine Arts, with one of the biggest music schools in the midwest. As far back as he could remember, he had always wanted to go there. He sprinted along the sidewalk, knowing that his dream was about to finally come true. If they liked his song, that is.

Impatiently, Corey waited in line for an hour, turning in his project to the music department office at Bardsley. Full of mixed, but raging emotions at reaching the one goal he had set in his life, he heard exactly what he didn't want to hear.

"Another one?" The exasperated and indifferent girl at the counter said. "Do you know that there's been five hundred submissions for the music school? Where are you kids coming from?"

"It's a good program," Corey said, "How many slots are open?"

"Fifteen," The girl said. She took Corey's cassette and form and put them in a heaping pile beside her. "I hope you have a backup plan."

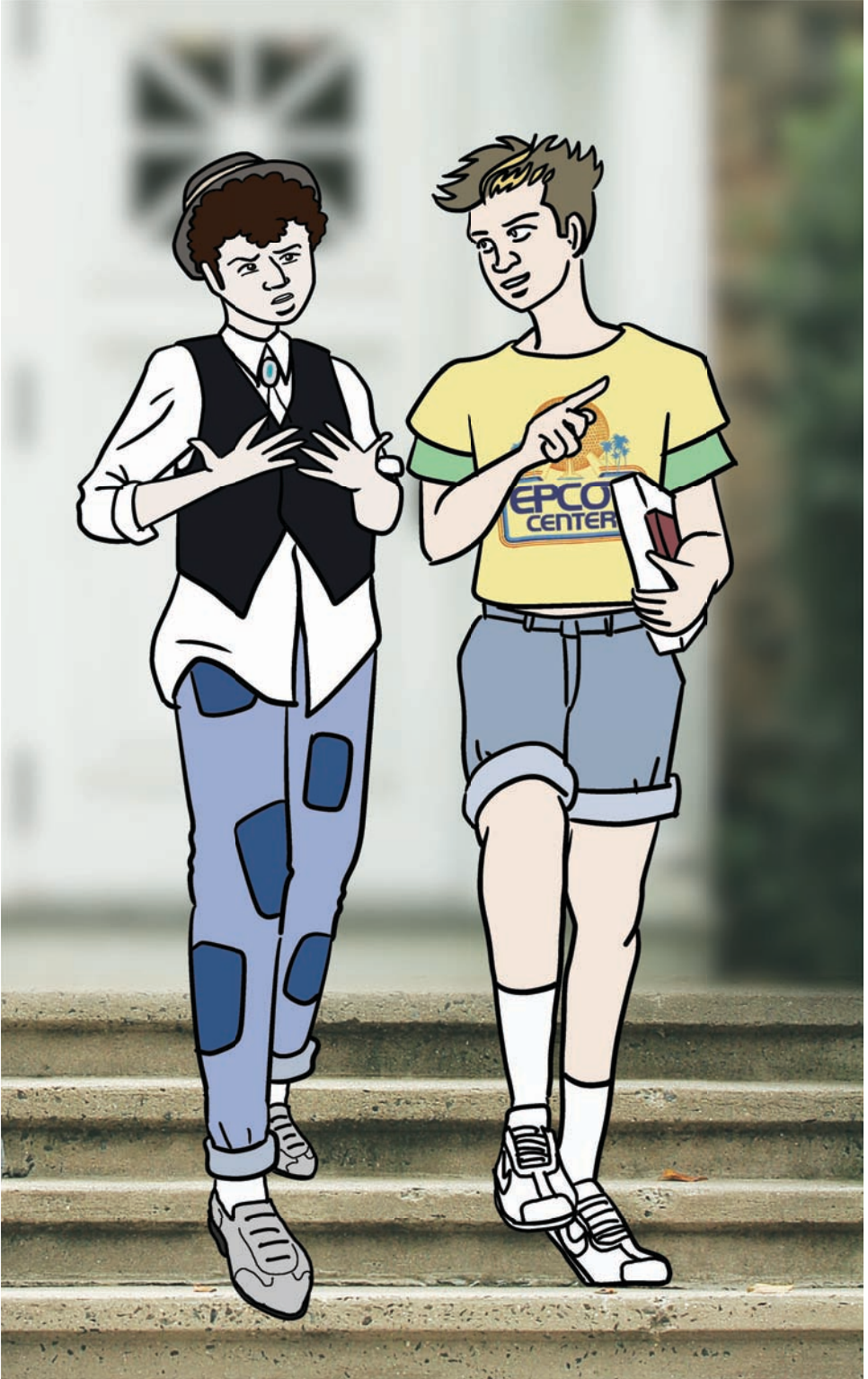
"Oh man!" Corey whined. "Look, I'll just keep working on this." He took his cassette and form back. He had to make it the best thing the professors had ever heard if he was going to get in. "I can get an extension until next week, right?"

"I guess. Like it'll matter," The girl said, shrugging. "Next!" She called to the long line.

Once he got out of the office, he was pouting and sulking. His friend Rick was waiting. "I gotta get into Bardsley! I gotta get into this school! I've been working so hard!" Corey said, unprompted. "I mean, just look at this place!"

As they walked down the corridor they passed the ultramodern sound studios, expensive top-of-the-line professional equipment and the sound of a rich tapestry of all types of music faintly emanating out of each door. It was a paradise for him.

"Maybe next year," Rick said. It was easy for him to say, Rick was a year ahead and already in the program. He and Rick had grown up together in this part of Southern California. They were best buds. Rick was marginally older, but just enough to be a year ahead. They had both been planning since they were ten to go to Bardsley together.



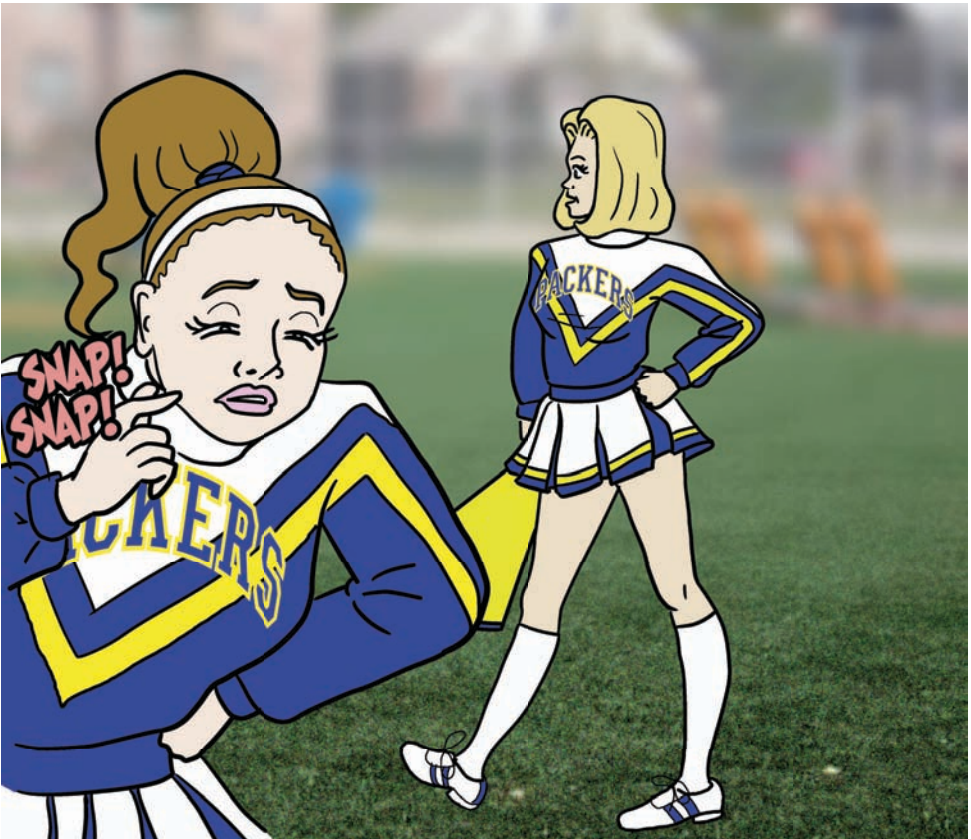
"No way, man! I can't wait another year," Corey said gruffly, "I gotta do *something!*"

They walked though the doors outside, and down the cement steps. Corey was still angry, anxious and emotional when he stopped dead cold in his tracks. That was because he saw *her*.

Her, as in the most amazing, incredible, gorgeous girl he had ever seen. She was a colorful mix of blond and tan and her curvy body was packed tightly into the sweater & short skirt of her uniform. She looked hotter than the roof a Trans Am on a summer's day in El Cajon. At the moment, she was supporting three other girls at the bottom of a human pyramid. That made sense, because she was a cheerleader, practicing with the squad.

Bardsley wasn't much of a school when it came to athletics, fielding just a Division-6 basketball team and a ragged frisbee golf crew. It just happened that they had an overload of dancers from the dance school, and forming a cheer-leading squad just seemed unavoidable.

Corey was well aware of this, as his older step-sister Sharlene, unfortunately, was the captain of the Bardsley cheerleading team. He hadn't shown a whit of



interest in her pastime over the years. She liked cheerleading, and therefore that meant it must be useless and irrelevant. That was the case with everything else in his sister's life, at least to Corey's understanding. She was a prissy, uptight preppie who believed she was just better than Corey in every way. She walked around with her nose in the air, dressed in a pristine polo shirt with a sweater tied around her shoulders and penny loafers. Her long hair was in a white headband, always pulled back on her scalp as tight as her emotional make-up.

For once in his life, though, Corey hadn't even really noticed that Sharlene was standing three feet away from him, despite her snapping her fingers in front of his face to try and get his attention. She had suddenly become invisible as he gawked at the girl. However, being the pain in the ass she was, Sharlene noticed Corey's interest in her fellow squad member, so, nonchalantly, she strolled by and "accidentally" kicked out the girl's foot and caused the pyramid to collapse. Sharlene was a royal prick, who always needed to be the center of attention, and everyone knew it.

That was the moment when Corey fell in love. Because the next thing that girl did was to fire a roundhouse punch right at his sister. She was held back at the last second, but there's no doubt she would have caved Sharlene's face in. Unfulfilled, the girl just stomped off in anger as Sharlene laughed and taunted. Corey smiled, swooned and sighed, but the blonde girl was too pissed to notice.

"What a fuckin' hot chick!" Corey confided to Rick. Rick nodded agreement.

As Corey continued on, his eyes never left the backside of that girl's butt. That is until the two of them walked into a brick wall. A brick wall wearing a leather jacket. "Hey, Ricky," the wall said tauntingly, "I see they let the babies out of kindergarten for the day." Rick tried to sprint away, but was already firmly grasped by the arm, and was pulled up off the ground. "What say we chat?" The guy threw him up against the side of a building.

"Hey ass clown!" Corey said, using every inch of his guts, "You leave him alone!"

"Yo!" the guy called into the air. Instantly, three more tough guys appeared from around the corner. "Put him on hold. I gotta get this one first." Corey was slammed against the wall as well.

Even though his face was ground into the stucco of the wall, Corey was still fighting. "Stop pushing him around, maggot!" He yelled.

The leather-jacketed guy's head popped up and twisted, like a dog hearing a silent whistle. "You say something? Did you say something?" He quickly grabbed Corey by the shirt and threw him down on the ground, laying his knee into his back. "I'm a sensitive guy, you know. You could hurt my feelings saying stuff like that."

The crushing pressure on Corey's back forced him to give. "S-S-Sorry," he said.

"Apologies are nice. But my therapist always told me that when you're truly..." The knee was driven deeper into Corey's spine. "...*Truly* sorry, you can feel it." Corey's hair was grabbed and used to slam his face into the sidewalk. "And I'm not feelin' it."



"Dude!" One of the tough guys said. "Check it oooooout!"

Just in the range of Corey's vision, he spied four college girls looking on and giggling in approval. That was what had distracted the gang. "Oh, yeah. Daddy likes!" The tough guy said, releasing his knee a little. He then talked into Corey's ear. "I don't know who you are, jackoff, but we're not through here. Yer lucky I got better stuff to do right now." With one final slam of his head into the ground, they gang left Corey and Rick to groan in pain, as the tough boys strutted over to talk to the girls.

After hacking and coughing for a minute or two, Corey gained enough presence to speak. "Who..?" Corey asked his friend.

"His name's Slaughter," Rick answered. "He started picking on me in typing lab last year. Since then, he's been a living nightmare."

"Yeah." Corey agreed. "I can see college life is going to be more of the same as high school. Man, I haven't even made it to the buildings and I've already made enemies."

"You shouldnt'a helped me Corey, now I'm in even *bigger* trouble."

Corey managed to pry his body from the ground. "You're welcome," he replied.







“I’m very disappointed, Corey,” his father said sternly. He was in a rare sober moment, which meant that instead of being both drunk and angry he was able to focus on just being angry. “We discussed this, and you’re going to Crumington Community College. Just like all the men in our family. Not some frivolous Fine Arts School.”

“Do we have to fight about this dad? We’ve been arguing for the last two weeks. I’m tired of it.” Corey said.

“We’re going to get this settled!” His dad barked. He shoved another mouth full of food into his mouth. “When you start having me sign forms without asking me, you damn well know we’re going to get this taken care of! You will *not* be going to Bardsley. Period. End of discussion.”

“It was good enough for Sharlene!” Corey said, trying to point out the obvious.

“Sharlene’s choices were... limited,” his father said, spooning more macaroni and cheese onto his plate. It was a polite way of saying that Sharlene was a shallow idiot, but Corey already knew that. “You have so much potential, Corey, and you’re going to waste it all on music! I should have never bought you that damned keyboard!”

Corey’s father, Tom Taylor, was a beaten man. He was a man who had lost most of what he cherished in life due to his bad temper and narrow thinking. Few liked him, most hated him. Friends were of the drinking variety, and he had no other social habits. He had been out of work for many years, but due to the fact that his second wife – and Corey’s mother – had now remarried, his alimony was enough to live on. Still, the money wasn’t too generous and it was a meager existence, but he never would have to lift a finger again, and he rarely did.

The alimony, though, was for supporting Corey through college, and was enough to fund a room and board full tuition at a good school. Therefore, keeping Corey out of an expensive school was Tom's top priority. By having him go to a cheap school that had him live at home, Tom got to pocket the difference. So if it seemed like he was sabotaging Corey's life, that was probably an accurate assessment.

"You don't understand!" Corey wailed, standing up from the dinner table.

"I understand perfectly. You've wasted everything God gave you, and you're going to screw up your life! You want to become some flaky musician? I won't let you screw it up! You'll get a sensible job and study for a career in business! Even if it means living here with us for years and years! Do *you* understand *me*?"

Corey threw down his fork onto the table and started to walk away. With surprising speed, his step-father had already blocked his path. "You're not going to ruin everything I've done for you! You're going to Crummington Community College, and that's the end of it!"

"No!" Corey shouted. He took a quick step back, dodging the slap his father had already launched. Corey then turned and ran from the room, snatching up his backpack and leaving the house. It's all he could do in these situations.

His ears venting steam like a locomotive, he walked down the street, practically half way to the Bardsley campus when he heard the screech of tires behind him. A red Trans Am had screeched to a halt and started to back up – headed in his direction. Corey's instincts told him to get a move on, but as he did, a dark figure got out of the car.

"Hey, fuckface! We got something to settle!" Said Slaughter, the guy who had gotten out of the car. He was quickly on Corey and grabbing him by the collar. "You look like an honest guy who pays his debts," he said. "So we're gonna get some pay back."

At that, he slammed his leather-gloved fist into Corey's stomach. Corey dropped like a bag of rocks and convulsed on the ground, desperately gasping for air into his aching lungs. As he had fallen, his cassette of music flew from his pocket and landed softly in the grass.

Slaughter shattered it into shards with one quick stomp of his boot. "Oops," he said.

Corey was crushed. His life was gone in that instant. That was his only copy. The masterpiece was gone. All he had worked for. All his hopes.

"C'mon, guys!" Slaughter called back to the car. "Let's all get a turn!" The car unloaded its' passengers – the gang of bullies Corey had already met earlier. Yet, as Slaughter's back was turned, egging on his pals, he failed to notice Corey had regained his feet. Corey kicked him in the ass, sending the big guy face-down into the ground.

It was a one-in-a-million lucky shot. But it felt good.

For a microsecond.

Realizing what he had done, and realizing how much of a beating he was in for, Corey scrambled to escape. The gang of thugs quickly got things together and jumped back in the Trans Am to chase him down. Corey needed to find a place to hide, and fast.



“Aaaaaaaa!” Mallory yelled, trying to dispose of the trash. She dropped the lid and ran off.

Corey heard a commotion from outside. He could guess what it was about.

The lid was lifted again, and instead of Mallory, Corey looked up into the face of his pal, Rick. “What are you doing there, man?” Rick asked his friend.

“What?” Corey replied. “*Whaaat?*” Of course, he knew what. People don’t usually spend free time inside garbage cans.

“See? I told you he was in there!” Mallory, Rick’s girlfriend said from a short distance away. “Why do you have to have such freaks for friends?”

“Slaughter caught up with you?” Rick asked Corey, already knowing the answer. “Come on inside.”

Rick shared a small cabin-like house that was once a two-car garage. He had decided to share it with a roommate, a girl by the name of Mallory who was in the cosmetology school. That roommate arrangement lasted about a month before they started to refer to each other as ‘boyfriend’ and ‘girlfriend.’ Corey went on into Rick’s house figuring that the coast must be clear by now. Those guys didn’t have the attention span to keep looking for more than two hours, and they’d never look for him at Rick’s place. Well, maybe they would. But not in the garbage.

After explaining what had happened, Mallory offered simple advice. “I’d just go to Community College like your dad wants you to. Get as far away as possible from this place as you can. Slaughter is never gonna let you live after what you just did to him.”

“No way,” Corey said. “Bardsley is the only one for me. Right, Rick?” He asked.

Rick shook his head. “I’m with her, Corey.”

“Whipped!” Corey accused.

“She’s right, dude! You’re gonna be a marked man.”



“I can stand up to him. He’s just a coward. Without all his friends and his muscles, he’d be a scared little kitty cat.” Corey air-boxed an imaginary punching bag. “And all I need to do is show some backbone.”

“Right.” Rick said, laughing. “*Riiiiight.*”

“I could take him. I just need to get in shape.”

“That’ll only take a few months.” Rick snickered. “You’re what they model lincoln logs after.”

“I’m a hundred and twenty-eight!” Corey objected. “And I got a wicked left hook!”

Mallory wasn’t being kind. “You’re a hundred and ten and you’ve never thrown a punch except to beat off,” she said.

“Fuck you,” Corey murmured.

“Let me tell you something about Slaughter. He’s as mean as they come. The girls may like him, but he’s dangerous. Truly dangerous. He doesn’t care what anyone thinks and he doesn’t care who he hurts. He breaks rules and breaks bones. Don’t think you can try and stop him.”

“You know what I think? I think you give him too much respect, why, if he were here right now, you know what I’d tell him?”

A loud rap came from the front door. “Hey Ricky! Your pal here?” It was the unmistakable voice of Slaughter. Shock and fright shot through the room as

they all froze in horror. He continued to pound the flimsy door. "I know he's here!"

Corey started to dance around like a trapped rat. "I need to hide! I need to hide!" He screeched, bravely. "Hide me! Hide me!"

Mallory tugged at his arm and pulled him out of the living room. "Come on!" She yelled. "Come on!" And Corey followed.

"Where is he??" Slaughter yelled as he barged into the house. The tiny, low-rent shack was barely enough to contain the huge man. "He's hiding here somewhere!"

"Who??" Rick lamely played dumb. He was tossed to the side as Slaughter checked the kitchen, the laundry room and then, the last room. The bedroom.

"Face it like a man!" Slaughter yelled at the top of his lungs. He waited for the bedroom door to obey his command and open. He waited for only a second and then opened it himself.

"No!" Rick yelled.

"You're making it worse! I'm gonna..." And Slaughter's booming voice trailed off quickly.

"Get out!" Mallory objected. She sat on the bed, clenching the bed sheet around her naked body to hide.



Slaughter actually was at a loss. "Whoa." He said. He was in awe. Because not only was there this naked chick in Rick's bed – a feat which Slaughter had never even thought the pisswipe was capable of – but then there was a second girl as well. He slowly turned to face Rick. "You... Dawg!"

Without prompting, he headed for the front door to leave, with the goofiest look of respect on his face. His head bobbed approvingly as he walked on out.

Waiting for the sound of the car pulling away, Rick investigated the reason for this strange behavior. He then noticed his girlfriend and the other girl on the bed with her. He did the math and came up with a weird answer. "Corey?"

"Just shut up," Corey's voice said, coming from the other 'girl.'

Mallory swiped the blonde wig off Corey's head and placed it back on top of the styrofoam model she kept in the corner. She then handed him a cotton pad. "You'll need this to wipe everything off." She said.

"Wow," Rick said, stunned.

"It was an emergency," Corey clarified. "Nothing but an emergency." He wiped the lipstick off his lips.

"Wow," Rick said again.

"You're just lucky I'm studying cosmetology, Corey. Otherwise, you'd be hamburger now," Mallory said, smugly. "I didn't hear you say 'thank you' yet..."

Corey wiped the blush from his cheeks. "Thank you, Mallory," he said, mockingly.

"My pleasure," she replied. "Let me know when you want to get really serious. You have great bone structure."

"Shut up," Corey said again.

"Oh, man," Rick said, still standing frozen in the same spot. "I mean if I didn't know..."

"I said shut up."

"Wow," Rick said again.



"Like I said, dude," Rick said, "You should have gone to Crummington." He and Corey were walking up to the college on the first day of orientation.

"Bardsley or nothing," Corey stated flatly, "It's my future."

"Your future is going to be exactly three more minutes from now. Slaughter is gonna pound you the second he spots you on campus. You know he's waiting for us."

"He's dumber than shit. He's forgotten all about it," Corey said confidently. "He probably won't even remember what we looked like. Two weeks is a long time."

"Not long enough," Rick said. "I figured you'd have given up when you didn't get into the music classes."

"I can still get in at semester, if I have some really good stuff for them to listen to." Corey was accepted on probationary terms, having failed to overcome the numbers game at the music school. Now, he was technically in the 'language arts' degree program. "I'm making this insane demo tape. Ten times better than anything I've done before. It'll get me in for sure."

"What did you do with your last tape? I really liked it. Can I have it?"

"I mailed it off to a record company. I wanted to see if they liked it."

"Do you have a copy of it?"

"Copies? I don't have time for making copies! I'm an artist!"

"Why do artists always believe that making art is an excuse to not think rationally?" Rick stopped walking. Corey turned around after passing him. Rick suddenly looked worried. "Look, not that I'm not there for you man, you know I am, but..."

"What?" Corey asked.

"I'm just gonna take long the back way onto campus, okay?"

"Yeah. Whatever," Corey said, peeved at his friend's lack of faith. "I'm tellin' you, everything will be fine."

"No doubt in my mind." Rick said, cutting across the lawn and away from Corey. "Don't forget to sign in at the registration desk! Later!"

Corey shook his head and pulled up his pants. Rick was just a worrier, he told himself. As he turned off the sidewalk onto the large cul-de-sac of the front gates, Corey stepped with confidence onto the campus of Bardsley. His future had arrived.

"Get him!" Came the voice of Slaughter from the steps of the school. A rush of big, angry leather-clad tough guys trailed behind the near-foaming-at-the-mouth leader. Corey ran away for his very life.



Mallory was brushing her teeth when Corey pushed his way past her into the house. "It's okay, I don't think they followed me!" Corey said in a panic. He hid behind the couch.

"Not again!" Mallory said, rolling her eyes into her head. "Why did you have to come *here*?"

"Check to see if they're out there!" Corey demanded. Mallory took a step towards the window. "No! Wait! Don't! They'll see you!" Corey then lunged into the bedroom as if he were under enemy fire.

"Get out of my house!" Mallory yelled as she stomped angrily. "Get *out*!"

She waited patiently for a reply, or action, but none was forthcoming. She took a purposeful step forward heading to the bedroom, ready to throw him out on his ass. She didn't have the tolerance for this crap.

But before she could do anything, Corey came out with Mallory's hairdressing practice wig on, giant sunglasses and Mallory's favorite long coat. "I'm just gonna borrow this!" Corey said, making for the doorway.

Mallory jumped in right away. "That's *my* coat." She said, like a mother protecting her young.

"Come *on*! They want to *kill* me!" Corey said, pleading.

"I don't care, Corey." Mallory said. "I just want you..." She stopped. "I just want..."

"What?"

She grinned. "You *like* that wig, don't you?"



Now in just a short robe, Corey was looking even more nervous than when he was being chased by goons. He was now at the mercy of Mallory. She sat him down on the edge of the bathtub and handed him a pink razor. "Shave." She pointed to spots on her body. "Here. Here. Here. And here."

He flinched on that last one and crossed his legs accordingly. "This isn't what I wanted." Corey said. "I gotta get to the registration desk and..."

Mallory pretended to hold a phone to her head. "Information? I need the number for a John Slaughter."

Corey held up his hands to stop her. "Okay!"

Mallory reached over to turn on the water in the tub. "Don't waste time. If you don't sign up for your classes by four, you're not going to college anytime soon."

"How did you know that?" Corey asked.

"I had to do it last year." She crossed her arms. "*Shave.*"





Running the razor up and down his legs, he never would have guessed how many square acres he had to cover to get the job done. By the time he was done, the blade was as dull as a rock.

Next, Mallory gave him a small tub of skin exfoliant. He did as he was told, and rubbed it all over his skin and waited for it to do its work. "Tell me why I'm doing this again," He asked Mallory from behind the frosted shower door. She was leafing through an Elle for makeup ideas.

"I'm gonna kick your scrawny ass!" She said, imitating Slaughter as best she could.

"Right," Corey said, rededicating himself. "How much time left?"

The exfoliant was washed off his skin, leaving it smoother and softer than he thought skin was ever supposed to be. Mallory then handed him another bottle, a spray bottle. "Self tanning. Spray it everywhere. And I mean *everywhere*." It was an electric sensation, spraying it over his own body. The skin was so sensitive to everything.

After waiting another few minutes to let the lotion work, he washed it off. He had never felt more naked as he stepped out of that shower. He quickly wrapped the terry cloth robe Mallory had provided for him tight around him. His skin was just alive with sensation, and when he looked in the mirror, he saw the lotion had done its magic. He was a very pleasing bronze color.

When he got out into the bedroom, he found that Mallory had left her underwear on the bed. "Hey!" Corey shouted, "You left your panties here..."

"Those are yours, stupid!" Mallory said from behind the closed bedroom door. He was confused. This didn't make sense, unless she meant... "Oh, *come on!*" He shouted, realizing what this meant.

"Tick tick tick!" Mallory countered.

"You're out of your mind!"

"Corey, you have 60 minutes to get from here, across campus and to the registration desk," Mallory said, yelling through the bedroom door. "If you'd like to leave right now and hope to God you don't get beaten to a bloody pulp, miss the deadline and end up in the hospital, we can certainly do that. Or you can try the disguise."

Dejectedly, he picked up the panties. They were plain and white. Not some girly frilly thing. As he lifted them up, they were heavier than he expected – that was because they were padded. "Yeah. Wouldn't want to not have an ass," he said. Corey stepped into them, and tried to find a comfortable spot for them to rest. There was none.

"I'm not doing this!" Corey yelled.

"The front door is open! You can leave any time!" Mallory replied.

So then he picked up the bra, and it was the same thing, plain white and with pads. But these were huge, two or three pads stuck into the pockets. It was to make up for having nothing to pad, he supposed. After putting it on seven different ways, he managed to place it about where he thought it should go.

There was one last thing on the bed. "What's the tape for?" he called out.

"For little Corey!" Mallory answered. "He needs to hide away."

Little Corey? Did she mean...? "No!" Corey growled. "Not a chance in hell!"

"Tick tick tick!" Mallory said. On the other side of the door, she waited until she heard the unmistakable sound of tape being ripped from a roll. She snickered. She had guessed right. Corey was actually putting on the clothes.

"I'm coming in! You better be decent!" She said. "Good. Tucking it away is really all we can do right now. I'll look into other options as we go on."

"Just how long do you think I'm going to do this?" Corey said.

"I'm sure it will just be for today," Mallory replied, her words drizzled with sarcasm syrup. "Now for the corset."

"What's a corset?" Corey asked.

"Let me show you!" Mallory answered with a cheery smile.

Several broken ribs, burst internal organs and severed arteries later, Corey had no need to ask what a corset was, nor what it was used for.



The next step was to work on his face, and Mallory plopped him down in front of her makeup table. Corey was understandably slow in sitting. One wrong move and he was going to have to take a very embarrassing trip to the doctor. The table was decorated with the myriad of tubes, cans, jars and brushes one would expect from a cosmetologist in training. Mallory adjusted the lamps and mirrors. She then tore a page from a magazine and stuck it on the mirror.

Corey looked at the picture, a young model with impossibly delicate features and the face of an angel. He was sure of one thing immediately: He'd do her.

But Corey gave Mallory a look to question why she had put it there. "That's the 'after' shot." She said. She then took a quick snap of Corey on her Polaroid camera. "And a 'before' shot."

Corey gulped.

Mallory savagely attacked his face. She plucked the eyebrows, pulling the



hairs one by one by one. She scrubbed it with cleanser, then dotted on some moisturizer. She covered the face in foundation and sponged it over and over until it was invisible. She brushed on the lightest bit of blush. She picked the lightest shade of eye shadow and sponged that down as well. She lined the eyes darkly. She applied mascara to the lashes, and drew them out longer and longer. She penciled in the edges of the lips and filled them in with a pale pink. She glossed them to a glaze. Then she powdered the rest of the face until all the shine was gone. Finally, Mallory placed the wig of long blonde hair on his head.

Looking closely, Corey was almost laughing. For all that work, he didn't show any sign of having makeup on. His skin was just as clear when they started. All that for nothing.

Of course, when he refocused his eyes and saw the total image, he nearly suffocated for lack of breathing. The girl in the picture, it was identical to the girl in the mirror. Or was the girl in the mirror the girl in the picture? For a moment, he wasn't able to say. But the happy girl in the clipped page was a near twin of the frightened girl with the stupid, shocked expression in the mirror.

"What did you do to me?" Corey said, enraged. He got up, ready to bolt.

Mallory whapped him on the butt with a hair brush, and Corey yelped in pain. "Don't go all freaky on me now, Corey!" She said. "You knew exactly what we were doing here!"

"But I didn't think you'd be so *good* at it!" He said.

Mallory gathered up Corey's wig hair and made a very loose, low pony tail out of it, tying it with a small red ribbon. "I guess that's a compliment," she said. "Okay. Clothes."

Corey winced, knowing what was coming. "Yeah. Great."

"It's all my stuff, but you're just about as thin as I am, and only a little taller." Mallory went over to her closet. "I don't think we'll have a lot of trouble."

She picked out more than a few items, and threw them on the bed for further consideration. She looked over her choices and then presented Corey with his first item. "My Heidi top. That'll work."

Corey looked it over. It was a long-sleeve v-neck thin sweater in maroon. The neck had a suede tie-up laced at the bottom of the V. A slight detail of white lace went around the collar. It wasn't quite as conservative as he wanted, but at least it wasn't a pink tube top. He pulled it over his head.

When he was done, Mallory already had the next item ready, blue denim shorts. He picked them up with two fingers, as if it was going to bite him. "Great." He sat on the bed and pulled the skirt on up his legs. And kept pulling. And pulling. Finally, it got up to his waist, but it now left more of his legs exposed to the world than they had ever seen before. His swimming trunks

weren't this short. He looked up at Mallory pleadingly. "Isn't there something to cover the..." He ran his hands down his legs to the knee and shin. "Just a little..."

"That's describing something Corey would wear. The point is to make you look as un-Corey-like as possible." She went to rooting through the closet again.

"Mission accomplished, I guess." He stared in disbelief at the mile of tanned leg he was showing. At least six inches from the knee to the edge of the shorts. Tugging at the edge didn't help, either.

Mallory gave him a pair of navy blue canvas sneakers. Corey looked at them and waited. Mallory figured out what he was waiting for. "No socks," she said.

"Oh." Corey put them aside. "I just wanna see what I look like." He headed for the mirror.

"One last thing," Mallory said, stopping him. For the final touch, Mallory clipped gold hoop earrings to his ears.

Mallory spritzed a shot of her perfume in his face. "Done!" She proclaimed.

Corey, after inhaling most of the perfume mist, was coughing and squinting, waving the spray from out of his face when he turned toward the full-length mirror. "Holy fuck!" He said, looking at himself. "I make for a pretty hot chick!"





“If you do say so yourself,” Mallory snidely added. She took yet another shot on her Polaroid camera. She had quite the collection of Corey’s transformation.

The top hugged him tightly at the top of his skinny torso, making his arms look slender and long. His scrawny neck somehow looked slender and elegant when put into a female context. And his legs! His legs which would normally be described as lanky twigs were tantalizingly long and exquisitely beautiful.

“I wasn’t expecting this,” he said.



Mallory’s car pulled up in front of campus with little time left. If Corey didn’t sign in by four o’clock – in ten minutes – he wasn’t going to be allowed into the school until next semester. Despite the desperate nature of the situation, Corey was gripping the passenger side seat firmly and not budging.

“No!” He said, as Mallory tried to undo the seat belt.

“Don’t be silly!” She said, prying a hand from it’s death grip, only to have the hand grab another part of the seat. “You *have* to do it!”

“I’m *not* going!” Corey objected. “*Never!*”

“Okay,” Mallory said with a smile. She then leaned on the horn.

*Hooooooooooooooooooooooooonk!*

“Stop that! Everyone’s going to look!” Corey yelled in fright. Mallory just smiled. “*Stop, please!*” He cried.

*Hooooooooooooooooooooooooonk!*

“You get out. No one pays attention to just another girl in a big college.” Mallory said.

*Hooooooooooooooooooooooooonk!*

“*Stop!*” Corey shouted. He considered his options quickly. He unbuckled the seat belt and jumped out of the car. And the honking stopped. He smiled nervously at two or three people who were staring. “No problem! We’re just playing a joke! Ha ha!”

Mallory rolled down the passenger window and stretched over to look at Corey. “Voice,” she said, simply. Corey grabbed his throat. He had been using

his regular voice. He turned around to see if anyone was still looking, shocked to see the boy in girl's clothing. No one was.

While Corey kept looking, facing the school, he heard the car behind him pull away. He then turned around just in time to see Mallory zoom down the road. He fought the feelings of cowardice and fright that was commanding his muscles to run like the wind. *Go. Now. Before it's too late*, he was being told. Using all of his willpower he took slow, nervous steps towards the menacing exterior of the registration building and the walking land mines that surrounded it. Any one of these people could spot him, and ruin his life in an instant. He just had to keep calm and move on.

Like the cosmos had nothing better to do but just conspire to make his life a nightmare, Corey had taken no more than five steps before he saw them. Slaughter and his pals. Just standing around, waiting for him to show up.

Corey could U-turn. He could risk attracting attention and reversing course. But that wasn't an option. He had already wasted too much time. There only minutes left. He had to get inside and sign in. So he continued on.

If he could have seen himself, he would have known that his attempt at showing a sincere, genuine smile on his face looked more like the expression one would make if they were getting a piercing of a very private part. Marching on, Corey did his very best. To his horror, Slaughter had spotted him. Somehow. He was following Corey with his eyes. He was fixed on him. Just as he was only a few feet away from the door, Slaughter had chosen a path of idle walking that brought him closer and closer.

But Corey was already past him, and into the building. Sanctuary.

"Hey!" Slaughter's voice came from behind. Every nerve in Corey's anatomy lit up like Christmas tree lights. But he kept walking. For his life, he kept walking.

Slaughter caught up and irritatingly walked backwards as he kept pace with Corey. "Don't I know you?" He asked. Then recognition registered on his face. "Ho, ho *yeah!* I know you!" he smiled like the devil. "Oh yeah." He laughed menacingly. "When I was looking for that little turd, what's-his-name, you were in that twerp Ricky's bed..."

Emotions flashed over Corey stroboscopically. Fear. Embarrassment. Shame. Fright. Horror. Nausea. Pain. Humiliation. When he finally figured out where the cards of fate had landed, he surmised that in some way, his imitation womanhood had been insulted. So Corey did what he figured came natural to a girl in his position. He slapped Slaughter across the face. Slaughter stopped trailing along and just laughed. "Yeah. Well, if you ever want to try a choice cut of real man meat baby..."

Then, thankfully, Corey could hear him walk away. So close. So very close to being spotted. But he was clear. Finally.

He had made it to the sign-up table with no time to spare, disapprovingly eyed by the clerk behind the desk. He handed over his coded registration slip. Now that this was taken care of, it was time get...

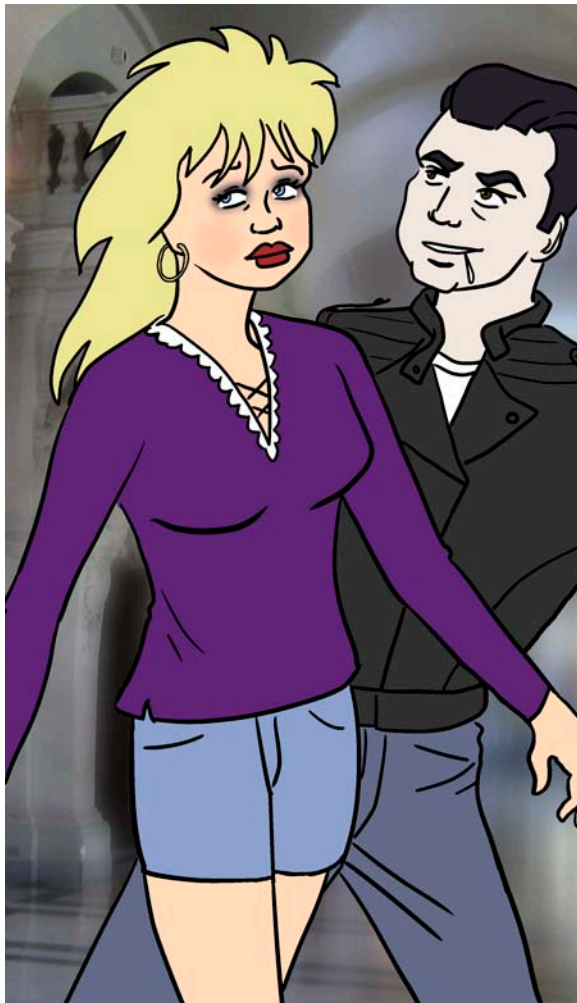
“Corey Kennedy.” The clerk said.

“What?”

“You are ‘Corey Kennedy?’ That’s *your* name?” The clerk asked again, looking at a piece of computer print-out. Then it hit Corey. They were expecting a male.

“Y-y-y-y-yes?” He replied.

The clerk looked at him with the expression reserved for civil servants who have spotted something that requires the slightest bit of effort outside of their normal duties. He sighed audibly, as he had done so often in his professional life. “Damn computer.”



The clerk took a red pen from his pocket and circled something on the print-out. “We should have upgraded those systems back in ‘78, like I begged them to do...” He wined. “The computer has you assigned to wrong dorms.” He made more notations on the printout. “How do you spell it?”

“What?” Corey replied.

“The computer has obviously screwed up – *as usual* – and this can’t be right at all. Spelling?”

Corey still had a heavy impulse to run for his life. He was just barely able to pay attention. Now something on that computer had messed up and Corey had to fix this mess. How? “Corey... C-O-R...” No no no. Wait. “I need to...” Not looking like this. He needed to try and see if he could sneak his real name to the clerk without causing a scene.

“C-O-R-I. Got it.”



"No, that's not what I..." Corey tried to say. "I meant..."

"Kennedy?" The clerk interrupted, uninterested. "Says here Taylor is your last name."

"Yeah. There was, a um... My parents divorced and... I registered under my mom's name so my step-dad... Um..." No. He was making a huge mistake. He needed to stop this before it got crazy. "Look, I really have to tell you something..."

"Done! Okay, Cori." The clerk said, ignoring him. "Here's your dorm assignment and your food service vouchers. Don't lose those. You'll need them to eat until your Campus ID is processed. Go over there to have your picture taken." He checked his watch. "And that's my shift. Have a nice day." And he quickly grabbed his forms and exited through a nearby door.

Leaving him in mid-sentence with his hand raised and finger outstretched, waiting to make a point he would never be able to make, Corey slumped his shoulders and dipped his head in defeat. This wasn't what Corey wanted. Now he was going to have to step in front of a camera dressed like a girl. He couldn't be photographed like this. He wasn't going to be at school all semester like this! He had to stop it.

"Last call for photo ID!" Came a shout from the room the clerk had pointed to. Surely, he could talk to whomever worked the camera and explain what had just happened. *Surely.*



Trudging up the steps of the co-ed dorm, Corey held the temporary ID limply in his hand. It featured the digitized black and white image of the girl he was pretending to be, along with her name, "Cori." How the heck was he going to fix this wreck? Now he was going to have to wait until tomorrow, at least.

At the top of the fourth floor, he found the room he was looking for. His new dorm room. He let himself in and dropped dead on one of the beds. He let it all go limp. Wait a minute, Corey thought. Two beds. He had a roommate.

"Hi!" Said a voice from the doorway. Corey popped up, surprised. "You must be my roommate. They told me they'd assign someone before the end of the day."

It was her. It was *that* girl. The cheerleader he had fallen in love with when he first visited the campus. The same sweet face and the same great smile. She put out her hand for a shake. "My name's Melissa," she said.

Corey was frozen like ice. He couldn't move. If he were to believe his brain, it was telling him that this love goddess was living in his dorm room. But couldn't be real. Could it? "Thank you, God!" Corey said to the sky.

"What?" Melissa said.

"Oh." Corey hopped off the bed and shook her hand heartily. "My name's Corey. And I guess we're roommates! *Yes! Jackpot!*"

"Corey with an I, E-E or I-E?"

With that, reality hit like being slapped in the face with a fish. "Yeah." He adjusted his voice again, bring it back into a high, feminine range. "With... An I..." Cruel fate. Cruel, cruel fate was toying with him again. Sharing a room with the girl of his dreams, and he was in drag. He sighed heavily.

"You're new here, right, Cori?" Melissa asked. She bounced down onto what was to be her bed, apparently. She wouldn't stop smiling and melting Corey's heart.

"Freshman," Corey said. He thought he had made a faux pas. "Woman, I mean." The he realized he hadn't. "No, I mean..."

Melissa giggled. "It can be pretty overwhelming, the first day at college. It's like a whole different world."

"You have no idea."



Rick was stretching his back out as he walked home, weary after orientation. He had been serving as a volunteer guide for the incoming class, figuring it was an easy credit. He was wrong. So many questions from those freshmen. They were just so naive it was sad. They needed to have their hands held to go to the bathroom. He walked along humming something to himself when he noticed he had been joined. He turned his head to see.

She wasn't that bad looking, really. A little tall, she walked funny and had the strangest expression on her face, but he'd do her. If he wasn't already attached. The funny thing was, is that she had the exact same hair his girlfriend's practice wig had.

"Rick, bud. It's me," Came Corey's voice.

Immediately, Rick forgot how to walk and tumbled like a party clown onto the sidewalk, his books flying everywhere.

Corey bent down to help him and handed him back a book. Rick scuttled away from him. "What? Wha.. How?" His brain was broken for the moment. "Why?" He pointed with a nervous finger. "For God's sake – why?"

He was hoisted into his house by Corey, who had answered the same question from him at least thirty times as they walked the rest of the way. "Why?" He asked again.

"Have a nice day at school, dear?" Mallory asked Rick. "Anything interesting happen today?"

"I thought you loved me!" Rick shouted at Mallory, pointing to Corey.

"Well, I guess not." Mallory replied with a shrug. She went back to watching TV.

"Why?" Rick cried.

Corey threw his hands up. "I told you! I was going to get..."

"I know why," Rick calmly interrupted, "but what I'm asking you is – Why?" Corey just dumped himself on a chair. He had no answer for that question, even for himself.



"Don't worry about it, Corey," Mallory said. "Rick was like this when I told him about Santa Claus. He'll calm down in a minute."

"And you!" Rick turned to Mallory. "Why would you *do* this?"

"Homework. The ultimate cosmetological challenge," she said. Mallory turned to Corey. "So why are you still dressed like that, sweetie?"

"Uh, see, it's gotten a *little* more complicated," Corey said, nervously. He explained the day's events to Mallory and Rick, much to their amusement and derision respectively. Corey told them about the ID, the dorms and everything else. Everyone thought he was a girl, and it was a little too late explain things simply. The school would surely throw him out.

Then he told them about his dream girl. Her smile, her hair, her body, her eyes... He sounded like a boy in love. "She's perfect, man, and she's my roommate. I can't just bug out on this!"

"You can't possibly mean you're going to go back tomorrow like this?" Rick said, shaking his head.

"Not in this outfit, no..." Corey replied. "That would be tacky."

"Absolutely." Mallory agreed.

"So I need your help. I need anything you can give me. I need girl's stuff."

"I've got some junk I was going to give to Goodwill." Mallory got up and went into the bedroom. "I think it's back here somewhere..." She returned with a box of stuff. "This should help."

"I'm going to clear my calendar for therapy," Rick said, leaving for the kitchen. "I'll book some for you two as well."

Mallory looked through the box. "It's all pretty old..."

"That's okay. I just need stuff to make it look like I have a life." Corey picked up some shoes and looked them over. "I'll buy what I need when the financial aid check clears."

"I'm not hearing any of this!" Rick called from the kitchen.

Corey was getting a little ticked. "I'll be like a spy in the house of girls! I'll get to know her, be her best friend, and figure out all the things she wants in a guy! And then she'll be mine!"

Mallory shook her head. "Guys think like this? Good God."

"You are in such trouble, Corey." Rick said. "Wait until your dad hears about this."

"He thinks I'm at Crummington."

"What? You told him..."

"I had to get him off my back!" Corey said. "I just mail him something every week, and he thinks I'm going to his school."

"This is getting worse by the second." Rick was trying deep breathing to calm down. "Could you at *least* take that stupid wig off?"

He ignored his friend. "Mallory, can you teach me some stuff about makeup and all that?"

"No."

"I'll pay."

"Did I say no? I meant yes."

"Great. I'll be here early tomorrow," Corey said enthusiastically. At least he had some help now.

"Bring cash," Mallory said, changing the channel.

Corey winked at Rick to get his goat. "I'll see you at lunch tomorrow, handsome."

Rick's jaw clenched tightly. He popped open a beer and gulped it down in one go. He needed the assistance only alcohol could deliver.



Corey arrived back at his new dorm room with a duffel bag full of his new "personal" effects, courtesy of Mallory. Opening the door, he found his new roommate practicing her cheer routine. In a tiny t-shirt and panties. She was alerted to Corey's presence when he fell against the wall with a thud, in dizzy delight. "Hey, Cori!" She smiled. "Did they find your luggage?"

"Just the one," he said, holding up the bag. "They don't know where the other one is."

"That's totally bogus," Melissa said. "Hey, You don't mind if I practice here a little do you? We've got that big game coming up in a couple of weeks."

"No, no! Go ahead. I'll watch."

"Um... Okay?" Melissa said. She shrugged and went back to the routine, sending Corey back into happyland. "You ever do any cheerleading back in..."

"Alaska," Corey answered. "No. I wasn't much into sports."

"Cheerleading isn't a sport. It's like dance. That's why I do it. I always wanted to dance, but I was never that good at the steps. Cheering is easier. And *way* more fun."

"It sure is," Corey said, dreamily. "I like the kicking."

"Yeah. You want to try out for the squad? We need a couple more girls."

"Nah," Corey said, watching Melissa bend over backwards. "This is just fine."

"Well..." Suddenly, for some reason, she felt a little uncomfortable. "Uh... I'm gonna take a shower and go to bed."

"O-kay!" Corey said. He got up and followed her into the bathroom.

"I can do this alone," Melissa said.

Dejectedly, Corey watched the door close. He dumped the contents of the duffel onto the bed and started to put things away. It was mostly old junk, but there were a few useful things in there. Most important, it had an old giant T-shirt that he could use to sleep in. He changed into it and stowed everything else away. He hoped that the wig wasn't going to come off in the night.

A knock came at the door, sending Corey a few inches into the air. With little else to do, he answered it.

"Yes?" He said, poking his head out the doorway.

"Sweetcakes!" Slaughter said, smirking. Corey's stomach flipped, flopped and fractured.

"H... H... Hello," he said.

"Wow, is this like karma or what? This is Missy's room, right? Is she here?" Slaughter said, pushing the door open.

"Melissa!" He yelled.

"She's in the shower," Corey said, trying frantically to find any way to get him out of here. Every second was a possibility of being discovered.

"Fuck," Slaughter said. "I wanted to... See her. Before I went to bed tonight."

"See her," Corey repeated, unscrambling the code. "Well, she's a little busy I guess."

"Yeah... Hey. My name's Slaughter. But you can call me John. You haven't



told me your name.”

“C-c-c-c....” Oh shit. Had he actually told this guy his real name? “Corey?”

“What – You don’t know you own name?” He laughed. “Well, uh... hey. I’ll be around. You and Missy are gonna be roomies? Awesome. If you ever wanna just hang out or do somethin’. I’m sure you’ll see me.”

“You and Melissa?” Corey said, stunned.

“She’s my girl,” Slaughter clarified. “Been like five months now. Though, you know...” He dragged a finger along Corey’s chin. “Nothing’s permanent.” With a cheesy little point-and-wink salute, he was gone, out the door. Corey let about a cubic ton of air from his lungs in relief.

“Who was that?” Melissa said, entering with only a towel wrapped around her.

“Slautghteeerrrrrrwoweeryiiiiiii!” Corey answered, losing his motor skills as he saw her. She was just that gorgeous.

“Johnny was here? I swear to God, he’s so damn protective. He probably just wanted to make sure you were a girl.”

“Huwuh?” Corey said, giving himself whiplash with a vicious neck snap. *What did she mean by that?*

“He said he was gonna check and make sure I wasn’t rooming with a guy. I told him they don’t allow that here, but he just had to check for himself.”

“He would do that? Why would he do that?” Corey replied, trying to get a handle on things.

“Because he’s a lame-oid.”

“Really?” Corey had hope. Melissa really didn’t act like a girl in love. She didn’t seem to like Slaughter much. Maybe there was an opportunity to drive a wedge in between them. “He didn’t seem entirely, completely rude.”

“Well then he was probably trying to score with you. He’s a jerk to anybody he can’t screw.”

There *was* hope. Quite a bit. “Why go out with him then?”

“I don’t know.” Melissa grabbed a nightshirt and retreated to the bathroom. “I just seem to go for the guys who are bad for me.” She returned in the nightshirt and kneeled at the side of her bed. She said prayers and eased under the covers of her bed. “Lights off?” She asked.

“Oh. Okay,” Corey said, walking to the switch.

“You gonna sleep in that?” Melissa asked.

Corey turned around, confused. “What’s wrong with it?” he said, picking at the shirt.

“Not that. The bra. I can see it under the shirt.”

"Uh..." Didn't girls sleep in their bras? "No?" He answered, hoping that was right. Melissa dismissed the remark and set her head down. Corey flipped off the light. Well, he was going to sleep in the bra, because that's what his chest was made out of right now. He'd have to fix that little detail, somehow.

"You ever date anyone that was bad for you?" Melissa said in the darkness.

"Can't say I have," Corey replied. Fact was, he had never dated anyone at all.

"You're lucky," she said. A minute or two later, she continued. "Cori, did you ever have to commit to a relationship based only on sex?"

Corey was almost sure he had audibly made a gagging noise in reaction to that comment. "Uh, uh... What do you mean?"

"Nothing." Melissa answered. She was silent for the rest of the night.

Corey could say that definitively because his eyes were sprung open wide the entire night.



Very early the next morning, before Melissa woke, Corey was at Rick's house. He figured he should have Mallory do another round with the cosmetics. He had learned a lot overnight: His dream girl was going out with the one guy on Earth who just happened to want to kill him, bras are very uncomfortable to wear all night, and makeup is best washed off before sleeping. He woke up looking like Lucille Ball in a wind tunnel.

"Can't you do this elsewhere?" Rick moaned from the bed. At the makeup table at the other side of the room, Corey was seated in a robe and being made over once again. It wasn't a big house, with just a bedroom, kitchen and living room. The makeup table, of course was located in neither the kitchen nor living room, which meant Rick had to share this morning in bed with a guest.

"It'll only be a minute," Mallory snapped at her boyfriend. "Okay. Step three. You want to blend the edges of the eyeshadow just as much as the foundation. Just keep doing it until you can't stand the boredom anymore. You can never do it long enough."

"Tell me about it." Rick said.

"Shut up!" Mallory and Corey said in unison.

Rick buried his head under his pillow. Of course, he had hoped no one noticed that he has just able to peek out from under, keeping an eye on what was going on. It was fascinating, really. His old friend was going from geek to goddess before his eyes. Embarrassingly enough, he was trying hard to keep his little pal from saluting.



They finished up with the makeup, nails and hair. Rick watched while they selected another outfit for Corey. Mallory gave Corey a large, oversized top, one Rick recognized. It was a black & white wide-striped shirt with a wide neck that exposed a shoulder. He had bought it for Mallory for her birthday. He had always suspected she didn't much like it, and this was the proof. She was giving it to Corey, basically. Most irritating of all, it looked great on him. Even better than he imagined it would on Mallory.

Corey then slipped into a very tight, stretchy knee-length neon pink skirt. It just looked like it was made just for him, Rick thought. Very tight. Corey caught the white flats Mallory tossed at him, put on a denim jacket and then he evaluated himself in the mirror and seemed pleased. As for Rick's opinion, he had to roll over in bed to keep something very embarrassing from being seen.

Mallory and Corey moved into the living room to let Rick finally have some peace. "I meant to ask you," Corey said to Mallory, who was eagerly counting the cash she had just been paid. "Do girls wear a bra when they sleep?"

Mallory made a face. "Ouch! No!"

"Cause I need something to wear at night... with a roommate and all..."

"There are always options... How long are you going to keep this up? I mean, a couple more days, a week, what?"

"Yeah... I dunno. All I know is I need to look a little more... Real. Without padding or underwear."

"I mean... I guess it's *possible*." Mallory tapped her chin thoughtfully. "Because, there are things you can do..."

Corey checked the time.



“Well, I gotta get. If you could come up with some ideas.”

“It’ll cost.”

Corey slung his backpack on his shoulder. “With you, Everything does.”

“Hey, I’m just trying to earn a living!”

He stumbled down the street back to school, getting the hang of the shoes. As he strode along, he was able to get it mostly right, that is until he found himself trailing behind a girl. She was absolutely gorgeous, and happened to be wearing the tightest little miniskirt. So of course, Corey had no problem just enjoying the view. After a block or two, it occurred to him that she was doing a lot better in her three-inch heels than he was in his measly little flats.

She swung her hips from side to side, keeping her legs straight. It was amazing to Corey. As it was, he could barely keep from falling over on his face. So he watched and he copied. It wasn’t all hips. There was a lot of stuff you had to do with your shoulders. Also, you had to keep your arms out for balance. Step for step, he began to match the girl’s stride. Block after block, he got better and better at it. By the time he was back on campus, he was on his way to mastering the art.

“Cori!” Melissa called from the field. The cheerleaders were out in full uniform, manning a recruiting table with a crude banner for the incoming students. It wasn’t as if they were hard to miss, jumping and screaming in their tiny skirts. Corey had to adjust the way he was walking again — for different reasons. “Cori!” Melissa shouted again, as she came skipping down the walkway to greet him. She pulled the hair from her face with her pom-poms. “Where’d you go so early? I never saw you leave!”

That’s just the way he wanted it, thank you. “Oh, I just wanted to go get something to eat before it got crowded.” He looked over the assembled group of cheerleaders, wary that his sister was in there somewhere. “Where’s Sharlene?” He asked.

“Sharlene? Do you know Sharlene?”

Uh-oh. That was a big mistake. Make up something! Fast! “Uhhh. Yeah. She was my... uh... orientation... leader?” If only he had a quicker mind, Corey thought to himself.

“Really? That doesn’t sound like her at all. She hates helping out.” Melissa looked quizzed for a moment, then brightened again. “Well, we voted her off the squad yesterday. She was such a jerk.”

“Really? Oh man, she is gonna be so majorly ticked off!”

“You *do* know her,” Melissa said. “Hey! We’ve got a sign-up sheet if you want to join.”

All Corey could do was chortle at the idea. "Yeah. Right." Although the thought did cross his mind that there was an attraction to idea of replacing his sister on the squad. He could throw that in her face.

Melissa was too enthusiastic. "No, it'd be great! We could practice together..." Corey shook his head. "...Go to the games together..." Corey was still shaking his head. "...Cheerleading camp coming up..."

"What?" Corey asked, suddenly interested. "Camp?"

"Yeah! All of the girls go up to the lake for a local cheerleading camp! We elect the team captain and do all sorts of cool stuff! It's just before classes start! It's great!"

"Nothing but cheerleaders?" Corey inquired. "Nothing but cheerleaders." He answered himself.

Melissa grabbed him by the hand and without Corey really noticing, had dragged him all the way to the table, where she handed him a piece of paper and a pen. "Just sign here, and we can go!" Corey signed it, thinking only of falling into a pile of giggling, pom-pom-waving girls.

"Great!" She said. "Let's get you a uniform!"

"Oh shit," Corey said, immediately realizing what he had gotten himself into.

A short time later, he stood in his room, perplexed at the outfit laid out on the bed before him. A white, blue & yellow school sweater with the word "Packers" emblazoned on it, and the super-short blue skirt with yellow pleats. Maybe – just maybe – he had bitten off a bit more than he could chew. What this meant, simply, was that he had to focus. If he could just fake his way through the next two days and get to the cheerleading camp, then he could bail on it when they got back. There was *no way* he was going in front of a crowd like this.

Right now, though, he needed a few things. He needed some workout wear for the practice he'd have to go to tomorrow morning. And Mallory wasn't going to give him much more in terms of clothes. So he dialed up the bank and checked his account. The financial aid check had finally cleared. He now had 3,000 dollars courtesy of the US government, to spend on the things that would help him become a productive member of society. Like a sports bra.

He grabbed one of his pre-written letters to his dad to drop in the mail. He had written up a few dozen that told of his times at good old Crummingtom Community College. Corey figured that as long as his dad got these 'updates' and an occasional phone call, he'd be in the clear. With the envelope in hand, and a final check in the mirror, he exited the dorm room.

He hadn't gotten just out the door when the horrifying silhouette of Slaughter appeared on the wall behind him. Oh, it was easy for him to tell who it was even without seeing him. It was an animal instinct shared by prey being stalked.

“Corrrrieeeee...” Slaughter said, stretching it lasciviously. “Looking goooood.” He said.

Corey steeled himself and turned around and tried to be pleasant. He had already learned his lesson about ticking him off. “Hi, John,” he said.

“Slaughter. Johnny Slaughter.” He made that stupid pointing motion and then slicked back his dark hair, grinning ominously all the time. “Missy... Melissa around?”

“No, she’s out,” Corey said, and tried to continue on past. “Bye!”

Slaughter stepped in the way. “Hey, hey, hey... Where you going so fast?” He dropped both his hands on Corey’s shoulders. It was more than enough to keep him from moving. “You know, I get the feeling you don’t like me, Cori. You’re hurting my feelings. You know I have feelings, don’t you?”

“I’ve heard that somewhere,” Corey answered. “I really have to get going.”

“Relax, babe. Missy’s not here. What are you worried about?”

Suddenly, Corey realized that to Slaughter, he appeared nervous not because he was scared – but because ‘Cori’ was ‘attracted’ to him and ‘playing’ shy. His stomach threatened to return its contents up the way it came.

“You a new student here?” Slaughter asked.

“I really have to go.”

“Okay, Cori,” he said, removing himself and letting him pass. “I’ll see you tonight.”

“Tonight?”

Slaughter straightened his jacket and put on his Ray-Bans. “I’m taking Mel out to a movie. Gonna see that new movie.”

“Return of the Jedi?”

A pause. “Sold out. I’m takin’ her to see Doctor Detroit. Sounds like an *awesome* film — to make out at.”

Corey couldn’t let this jerk do this to her. Melissa was so wonderful, so special. How could this idiot not treat her like the princess she was? But what could he do?

Slaughter tugged his leather jacket down. “So do you know when she’s gettin’ back?”

Corey could simply not let this jackass go out with his Melissa. It was inhuman. “Actually, you know, John, Melissa said she was going to be gone all night.”

“All night?” He considered this. “She said that?”

“Yeah. All night.” Corey wanted to see the look of disappointment of Slaughter’s face.

Instead, he was met with more a ominous smirk. "Oh, I see. I got ya. If you wanted to go out with me that badly, babe, all you had to do was ask. I'll be here at five." He then turned around and left, strutting like the cock he was. A stunned and speechless Corey was left behind to ponder the most frightening question of his short life. Had he somehow gotten himself a date with Slaughter?



Corey had his hand spread on the glass separating himself from the keyboard on the other side. His hand so wanted to break through and touch it. Try it out. Play with it. Make music. But he couldn't. He was busy. We wasn't here to play music.

Mallory and Corey walked along the many glass-encased window displays of the local mall, already having spent a fair amount of money and toting a couple of bags' worth of sportswear. He turned and walked away from the instrument store and heaved a sigh. Corey was trying hard to look natural, and failing. To make it worse, Mallory was singing softly to herself. "Cori and Slaughter, sittin' in a tree..."

He was getting tired of this. "I really mean it this time – shut the hell up." Why had he even mentioned the date to her?

"I'm sorry. I know how special love is."

"You think I'm kidding." Corey was so nervous walking along in the mall, that he wasn't as irritated as he should have been with Mallory. He was preoccupied on a few different levels. He had been able to convince her – with the help of a couple twenties – to help him pick out some things for a temporary wardrobe. She suddenly made time for him, and became a fashion consultant for the trip. So far, all he had learned was that in his opinion, the sales ladies at these stores were the most patently insincere and sycophantic breed of human he had ever met. He could have draped himself in a hefty bag and they would have said it looked great on him.

"So what are you wearing on the big date?" Mallory asked mischievously.

"It's not a date."

"I think you'd look good in a sweater dress."

"It is not a date."

"Jeans would be too casual."

Corey sighed heavily. "I'd prefer chain mail or an astronaut's pressure suit."

"There's this great ruffle dress down this way somewhere. It's knee length, ruffle sleeves and skirt. Put on a jacket and that's a good basic date outfit."

"This is not..."

"Is *is* a date!" Mallory barked. "Get over yourself, okay? You're going on a date, and you had better dress like you mean it."

"I'd be insane to dress up for this."

"You'll be dead if he spots you. Oh, and we'll have to get a body shaper, too..."

"Just get what you want and leave me out of it. I can only emasculate myself so much today."

"Oh, yeah. Speaking of tomorrow. I got a guy who can help you out for the long-term. You said a few months like this, right?"

"I did?"

"I'm pretty sure you did. Anyway, come over extra early tomorrow we'll I'll get you all squared away." Mallory stopped at a window. "Oooh! That's the dress I was talking about. It's so cute! And sophisticated!"

Corey turned to look at it. It was a nice dress. It showed off a very feminine figure. He'd love to see it on someone. Anyone except him.

"Who is this friend of yours, anyway?" Corey asked.

"Met him at cosmetology school. He runs a little company using advanced biology stuff for what he calls 'cosmetic enhancement'." Mallory steered the two of them to another store. "He's always hanging around, asking for volunteers to test out his experimental stuff."

"What does that mean?"

"Come over tomorrow and we'll both find out."



"Hey, that's a nice dress, babe," Slaughter said, arriving at the dorm to pick Corey up. He had told a little fib to get Melissa out of the place, so there'd be no chance of these two crossing paths. Now, tonight, it was up to him to split Melissa and Slaughter forever.

"Thanks," he mumbled. "Let's get going." He pulled the tiny purse strap over his shoulder like he was hauling lumber. "Don't want to miss the movie."

"I love it when a girl takes charge," Slaughter said. "Just tell me where to go."

Corey tried to isolate the sexual innuendo in that statement, because he knew damn well there was some in there somewhere. But by the time he had it worked out, they had arrived down in the parking lot. "Which one is your car?" He asked.

"Car?" Slaughter laughed. "That's my bike, over there." Corey hoped that slaughter couldn't hear the groan he must have made. "Here. You can wear the helmet."

Slaughter jumped on the bike and started it up. He revved the engine, showing off, and waited for Corey to join him. Corey had actually taken a few steps backwards, hoping there was some way out of it. Slaughter just smiled and patted the seat behind him.

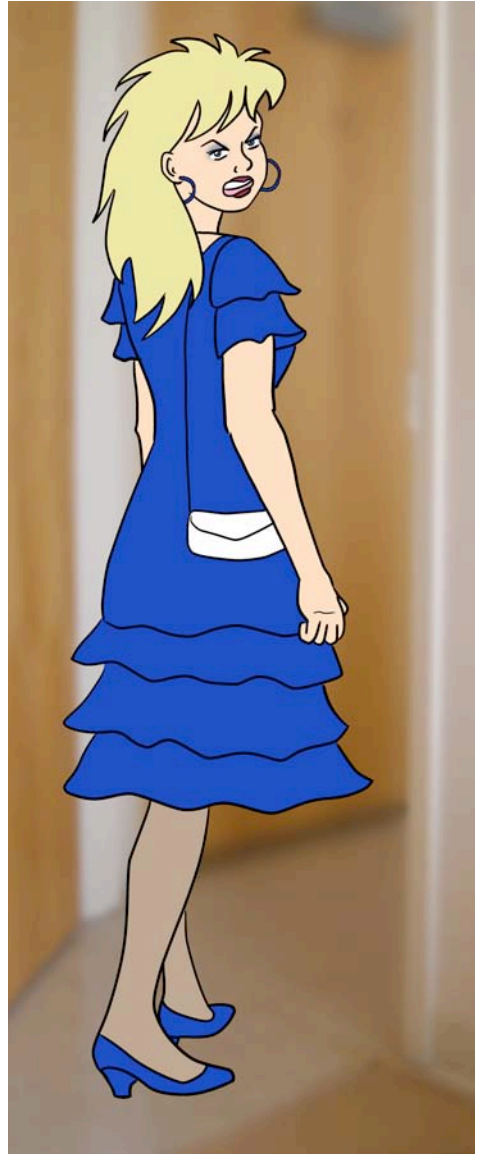
Corey had little choice. He tentatively approached the bike and tried to straddle it, letting his dress ride up to do so. Once he was in position, tried to find a spot to sit that didn't involve touching.

"Hold on tight!" Slaughter yelled over the engine noise. Corey only then realized he was doing to have to actually wrap his arms around this guy. "C'mon!" Slaughter hollered to the hesitant passenger.

Corey leaned over forward, sliding right into Slaughter's backside and winding his arms under Slaughter's, and trying to loosely grasp his jacket. "Tighter!" the driver yelled. "Real tight!" Corey eventually tightened his grip, but Slaughter then grabbed Corey's hands and put them where he wanted them, wrapping around his chest. "That's right! Tight as you can!"

Corey couldn't believe he was this close. He was literally hanging on to the person he feared most in his life. It was evil incarnate, danger personified and certain death and dismemberment in human form. Yet here he was, pressing himself harder and harder into it. "Oh *yeah*, that's right, baby!" Slaughter said, making it so much worse.

The engine fired up and they were off. Slaughter gave the bike a wheelie just to scare the shit out of his date. As they sped along the road, Corey could feel a hand start to massage his knee. If there was anything on this earth he could



have done to stop it, he would have. He thought about leaping off at 55 mph. Tumbling on the pavement might be survivable, after a few broken bones, he thought. But there was nothing he could do. He was trapped on an island and stuck in this position. He just prayed they got to their destination soon. Then he felt the hand try to tickle him.

“And then what?” Mallory asked the next morning, listening intently as Corey retold his story. “Let me guess – you made mad, passionate love all night.”

Corey looked away. “I threw up all over him and he took me home.” That was somewhat embarrassing, but the truth. He knew his nausea had probably saved him from something horrible, something he’d regret for the rest of his life.

Mallory laughed like a hyena. She finished a light application of makeup on his face and then stuck a bow in his hair. Rick was still trying to sleep, making intermittent moaning sounds to indicate he really wanted to sleep instead of listening to the two talk. It was early morning, and Corey had shown up, as per Mallory’s request.

Corey’s attentions kept drifting back to the so-called date last night. He was still sick to his stomach. The more he thought about it, he came to realize he had basically survived a near-death experience. He had gone in to enemy territory incognito and been saved by pure, stupid, luck. He was starting to sweat again, for the fifth time this morning. He desperately needed something to take his mind off last night.

“Okay, let’s get going.” Mallory declared, grabbing the purses. She took hers and handed the other one to Corey.

“Where, exactly?” Corey asked.

Mallory got her car keys. “Industrial district.”



It was just a quick ten minute drive before Mallory’s little Japanese import car pulled up to a building. It was stout and made mostly of rusted, corrugated sheet metal. A painted sign on the outer wall read “Beautronix Inc.”

“Beautronix?” Corey asked. “Kind of a sucky name for a business. Sounds ominous.”

“Here’s the door, I guess,” Mallory said, pointing to some lightly groomed shrubs framing an ancient glass entryway. It opened easily enough and inside was a nicely maintained office straight out of 1953. The furnishings and decor were ancient, but still looked brand-new. Low tables and upholstered chairs, florescent lighting and angular designs. The only thing missing was a secretary in a tight skirt and white gloves smoking a cigarette. In fact, the office was missing any people at all. It was empty.



There was a small little ringer bell on the desk, which Mallory gave a swift three hits.

Crashing through a door, came a man dressed in a bright yellow lab coat made of rubber. He wore what looked like aviator goggles instead of glasses, and his hair was a shock of dirty blonde that spiked off in every direction, as if it had frozen in the midst of exploding off his scalp. Beneath the lab coat, which was untied, was a purple suit. "Ah! Melanie! You're two minutes early!" He said, checking his watch against the metal clipboard in his hand.

"Mallory," Mallory corrected. "Thank you for seeing us, doctor."

