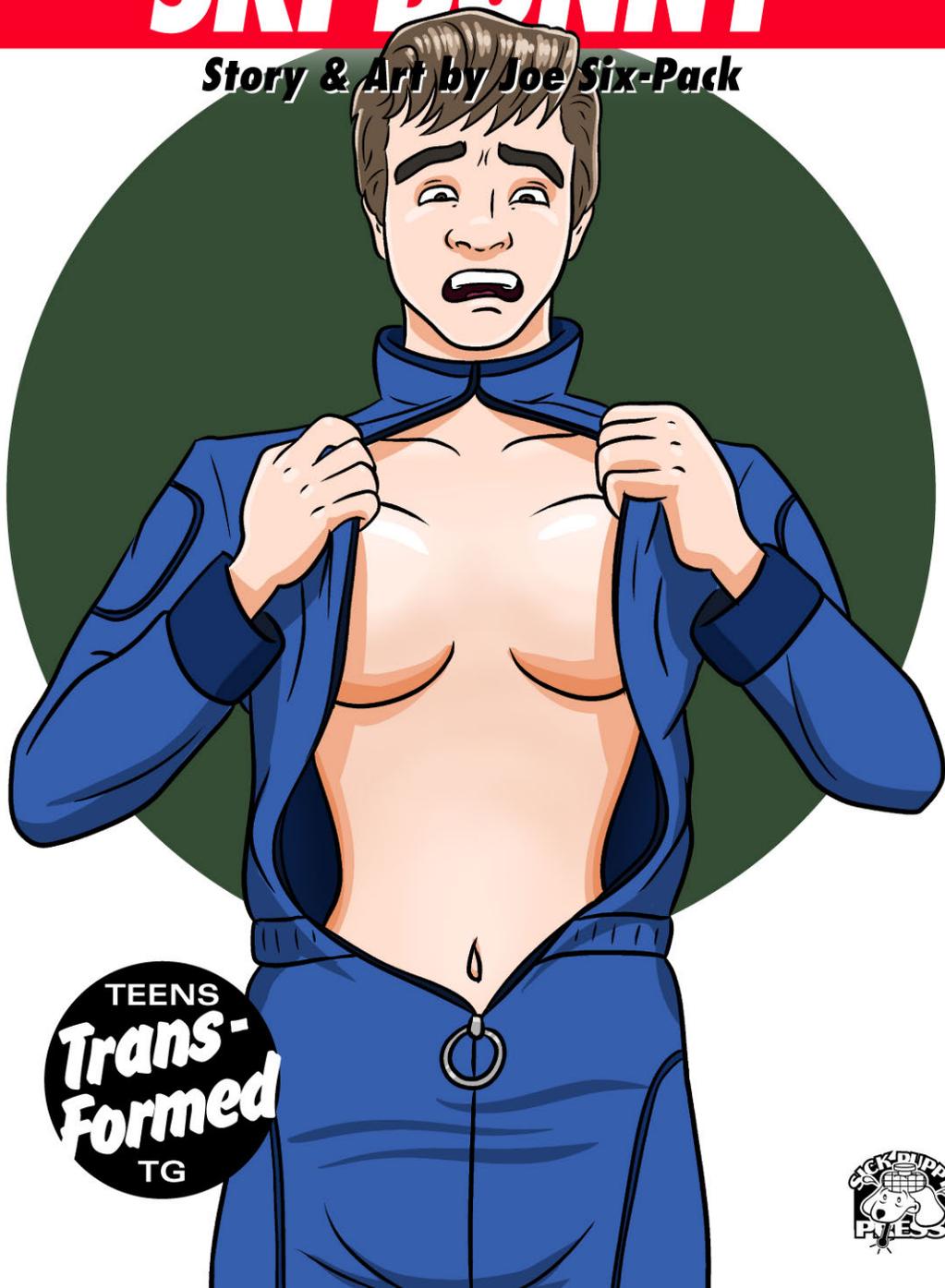


ADULTS ONLY

132 pages 31 illustrations

THE SUBSTITUTE SKI BUNNY

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack



TEENS
**Trans-
Formed**
TG



J O E S I X P A C K

**THE
SUBSTITUTE
SKI BUNNY**

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



2020 Digital Edition

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This story is loosely based on the film *Nobody's Perfect*, a story by Steven Ader.

THE SUBSTITUTE SKI BUNNY



“Now, I don’t want to hear you, see you or even think about you again,” Walker’s father said. “At least until Spring.”

“But Dad...”

“You’re nineteen, Walker,” The fifty-six-year-old man said, sternly. He looked like the sort of person who said a lot of stern things. They, father and son, were standing in the driveway of their modest rural house, a duffel bag slung over the arm of the son. “...And you need to learn how to survive on your own. I’m not going to be here to bail you out anymore.”

“I know, Dad. I know.” Walker responded, sighing. He had heard this exact same phrase a thousand times before.

“You don’t know anything!” his father replied. “You kids act like I’m some kind of gold mine, made of money! Well, from now on, you gotta dig up your own gold, you got it?” He turned his head back into the house. “Karen, you want to say anything before Walker sets off?”

“Tell him not to get into trouble!” They both heard, coming from deep in the house somewhere.

“Oh, you’ll get into trouble,” the father said to his son. “Trouble follows you around like a starving jackal.”

The young man, Walker Simmons, tugged his duffel strap higher up on his shoulder. “I gotta go, Dad,” he said.

“So go. Nobody’s stoppin’ ya.”

“See you later,” Walker said as he turned to his car.

“Does he have chains?” His mother yelled from inside the house.

“Not our problem, honey. He knows he can’t call us if he doesn’t,” the father said, as he walked inside the house. “He’s on his own now.”

Walker’s loosely held together car rattled to life and he headed backwards out of the driveway, for what he assumed, would be the last time for a long time.

He was headed on to the next step, his high school graduation literally and figuratively behind him. He was not, however, headed to college. No, Walker Simmons, track star, 3.5 gpa, student body rep, was headed to the mountains. He may have been sure college material, but he had no money. So he would spend the fall, winter and some of the spring working at a ski resort in the mountains to save up cash.

He was headed to Switchback Ridge, the 5th best ski resort in the state — and most importantly, owned by his Uncle Hank — to get a job as an employee at the sprawling resort lodge.



“A bet’s a *bet!*” Hank growled into his phone. “You don’t stand a chance, Constantine! I’ve already won!” He hung up the receiver with a loud crack. He then looked at Nikki, his secretary, and put his head in his hands. “I’m so screwed!” He yelled.

“What did you bet now, sir?” The young woman said in her New York accent. She wore thick black-rimmed glasses on a very pretty face. Her tightly curled black hair obscured one of her eyes.

“Everything,” he said. “Everything!”

“It’s not like you have much to lose, sir,” Nikki said, poking at her phone with her well-polished red nails.

This was true. Hank was already in deep debt to Constantine Dolukulas, his rival who ran three ski resorts in the area. Switchback Ridge was in hock, and his only chance to save it was to appeal to Constantine’s sporting side. He had bet the deed and contract to the resort in a last-ditch attempt to cancel his debt.

In a lifetime of gambling and taking insane risks, this had been the riskiest play Hank had ever made. “Whisky, Nikki,” he requested of his secretary.

“No thank you,” she responded.

Hank sighed and poured himself a drink. The nozzle of the bottle clattered on the glass, his nerves causing him to shake.

“The same bet as always, sir?” The distracted secretary asked.

“Same bet as always,” Hank confirmed. “The Powderpuff Rally.”

The annual Powderpuff Rally was a where the seven ski resorts in the state came together to compete in skiing, and all the competitors were female employees of the resorts. It wasn’t terribly enlightened, but it was very popular. There were food, carnival rides, music and cutthroat competition. The Powderpuff Rally trophy was hotly contested every year, a matter of pride amongst the big-shot ski resort owners in the state. Hank had never won it in the 27 years it had been held, but his rival, Constantine, had won it 21 times. Hank wanted that taste of victory. He was thirsty for it.

More to the point, he was ready to take a huge bet on winning it, and it was Hank’s only chance to get his debt-ridden resort back into the black. If Switchback Ridge won, Constantine would forgive the 8 million owed him. He was a

rich man, he could afford it. If Hank lost, though, he'd be giving Constantine the keys to the resort, and then walk away with nothing.

"I think someone's at the door," Nikki said, rising to her feet. She minced out of the office in her tight skirt, letting Hank enjoy a fleeting glance of her firm little butt wriggle away as she left.

Hank knew he was in trouble, more trouble than he'd ever been in. If he didn't win the Powderpuff Rally, he'd be back at square one. Fifty-five, still single, not a penny to his name. He'd mortgaged everything twice over to try and keep his resort afloat. He'd sold his yacht, his Lambo, his real estate holdings, his stocks and even his private jet. He had nothing left to sell, and felt like he needed a miracle.

"Just a kid," Nikki said, as she returned to the office. "He says he's your nephew."

"Walker?" Hank said, suddenly brightening up. "Where?"

"I told him to go away," Nikki said.

Hank erupted from the seat of his chair, almost knocking over his entire desk in an effort to run to the door, nearly falling twice. He wasn't about to let his ace in the hole get away from him.

He quickly led his beloved nephew back inside, pushing Nikki out of her chair to make room for the 19-year old boy. "How've you been, my boy? How've you been?" He patted the seat of the just-vacated chair and handed him a glass of water. "Sit down, sit down! Tell me all about life in... Wherever it was you grew up in. Second thought, the past is the past! Why bring that back up? You know, you're young! You're thinking about the future! And your future, my boy is in resort hospitality! The fast growing industry in this resort!" He slapped Walker on the shoulder hard enough to dislocate it. "At least that's what the girls tell me, all the foxy young lasses are looking for men in the hospitality business! Can't get enough! You don't want to disappoint the ladies, now, do you?"

Walker had only been able to pick up every third or fourth word, with his Uncle was motoring on at light speed. He didn't even know how to respond. Last he had heard, he had been promised winter employment, and he didn't think anything his uncle had just said changed that.

"I guess?" Walker replied without an ounce of conviction.

"Spectacular!" Uncle Hank said. "Now, how good are you at making cocktails?"

"I'm 19," Walker answered.

"Right, right, it takes about twenty years to be a good mixologist. Tell you what, I bet you can prep food like nobody's business."

"I don't even know what that means."



“Modest!” Uncle Hank said. “I can spot food prep skills with the best of them. Spotted some of the best food preppers this side of culinary academies of Paris! We’ll get you started before the guests arrive in a few days. Sound good?”

“Sure.”

“Fine, fine. Now. I want you to get settled and be sure to get some skiing in.” Uncle Hank stood and quickly prompted Walker to rise. “We have employee housing all ready. You’ll be rooming with someone, but remember, get out and have fun. And be sure to tell your mother what a great time you’re having!”

This was at the sole reason for Uncle Hank’s patter of compliments. He had always let his sister and her family come up to the resort for a free week of skiing, and watched their only son, Walker, grow up from a sprout. He’d treated him like a son — or like a prince — here at the resort.

That was because Walker’s father had a ten percent ownership in the resort, made back when a measly \$10,000 was enough to get that kind of percentage. It was now worth approximately 3 million, if you didn’t count debt, and if his father actually knew that, he’d sell and put the resort out of business immediately. Plus, there was a slight chance that Hank may have sold stakes in the resort that totaled 300%, which was extremely illegal. Hank had been sweet-talking Walker’s dad for years, hoping he’d not ask about his investment into the resort.

“Nikki, take care of the details, would you?” Uncle Hank asked. “Nikki?” He looked around, but the woman had just up and left at some point. “Uh, probably out... taking care of the details.” He pointed Walker to the exit. “Just go upstairs to personnel, and they’ll get you in a room and settled. I’ll check in with you later.”



“And you are?”

“Your roommate, I guess,” Walker said, as he stood outside the room that had just been assigned to him. “Mind if I dump my stuff?”

“Depends of what you mean by ‘stuff.’” The young man replied. “My name is Jeff. You can have the far bed.”

“Thanks.” Walker dragged his roll-along suitcase behind him and dropped his duffel bag on the mattress. “I’m Walker. First year here?”

“Yeah,” Jeff said, going back to watching a video on his tablet. “Just trying to get away from the folks, really. They don’t like cold places.”

“Cool. I’m saving money for college.” Walker laid out on the bed, grateful for the rest.

“You’ll be working here for ten years to save up that much.”



“Just enough to show my folks I’m serious,” Walker said.

“They’re gonna have a party tonight downstairs. You in? Twenty bucks to chip in for food.”

“The resort isn’t paying?”

“Nah. They’re the ones charging for it. The guy who runs this place is a total cheapskate. I bet he keeps half the money for himself.”

“Half?” Walker said. “Oh, he’s keeping way more than half.” He began to unzip his suitcase and dug out his own tablet. “What’s the wifi password?”

“Ten bucks a day for wifi,” Jeff said.

Walker put his tablet back in the suitcase. Having this job was going to be expensive.



Walker spent his first day at Switchback Ridge trying to look interested as the finer points of chopping lettuce were explained to him by the assistant to the head chef in training. The resort had three eateries, a café, a family restaurant, and a fine dining establishment on the top floor that was for the high rollers.

The family restaurant was where he was being trained, and Walker couldn't help but feel like he was already on the wrong track. He hadn't planned on coming all this way for a job he could have taken at his hometown Dairy Queen. Still, he needed the money.

Once he had learned all there was to learn about washing vegetables, he had the rest of the day to himself. He bumped into Jeff, and they decided to head to the shopping area to kill a little time.

Fortunately, Walker was well familiar with the resort, and was able to give his new roommate a guided tour. The lodge included a thoroughfare of small stores, not unlike a mall, but selling mostly overpriced things to people too lazy to go down into Leyland in the valley to get.

There were lots of other things to show off, like the exercise room and spa, the outdoor hot tubs, the spacious alpine lodge area, the indoor snowsports simulator, the theater, and the childcare facilities.

"Childcare?" Jeff asked. "You've run out of things to show me, haven't you?"

"Well, I can show you the laundry room, if that interests you more."

"You know the place real well."

"Been coming here a long time. Used to be in better shape, though." Waker then quickly diverted his attention. "Speaking of better shape..."

Jeff was pushed out of the way as Walker trotted up to a girl and put himself in her way.

"Hey, you working here? So am I! My name's Walker. What's yours?" He said, with a winning smile.

Once he had gotten a polite brush-off, Walker and Jeff headed upstairs to change out of their work clothes and into something for the employee party.

So, all dressed up in button-down shirts, they headed to the party. Just as Walker had promised, the snacks and soda provided probably cost about five percent of whatever the resort collected from the two hundred or so employees.

The music was loud, though, so no one could be heard complaining. The lights were dim and various lights were strobing and swirling, creating a standard-issue corporate party atmosphere. Jeff was getting prom vibes, and he wasn't a fan of it. He had more to worry about though, as every time he turned his back, Walker was missing. He wasn't hard to track down, though, as you just

had to figure out where the prettiest girl was, and you'd find Walker getting shot down.

"You can't chase every girl on day one, dude," Jeff advised. "Save something for day two."

"You're just afraid," Walker said. "You gotta get your foot in the door, even if you get rejected."

"Were you like this back where you came from? The girls must have hated you."

"They loved me," he said as he began to head towards the next girl in his sights. He didn't get very far. "Let go!"

Jeff had a grip of Walker's belt, and was keeping him in place. "Just cool your jets, Romeo."

"Well, at least someone wants to get in my pants," Walker said.

"I'm rooming with a predator," Jeff said to him, letting go. "Great."

"And you're a prude. The Prude and the Predator. Only on Netflix."

"Holy shit," Walker said, grabbing Jeff by the shirt. "Dude."

"It's not that clever."

"No, not that," Walker said. "Look."

Directly in Walker's line of sight was a girl, but not any girl. It was like she was being lit from the inside. She was radiant, almost glowing. Her bushy brown hair was soft and silken. Her face had that amazing mix of sexy and cute that was like winning two lotteries at once. She was dressed simply, in a short linen skirt and a ski jacket, an outfit any girl might wear, but on her, it was as exciting as if she was wearing a gown spun from gold.

"Whoa," Jeff said. "Why's a girl like that slumming in a place like this?" He turned back to notice his roomie had already vacated his spot.

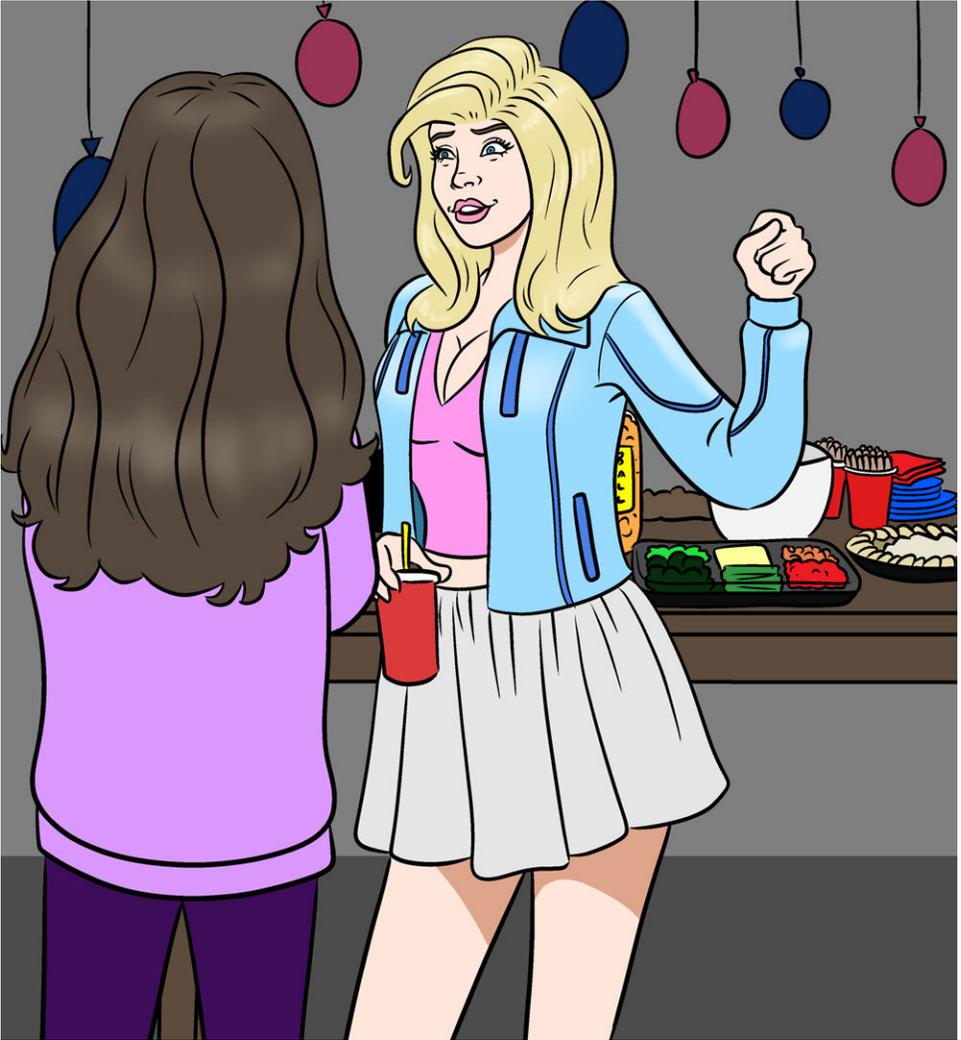
"Hey, my name is Walker," the young man said, wedging himself in front of the girl she was already having with a friend. "You're beautiful."

"That's nice," she said with the most precious of smiles. "Now fuck off, would you? Thanks."

"You're my kind of girl," Walker said.

"How horrible for me, then." The girl turned her back to him and headed off in another direction, clearly used to this kind of annoyance in her life. Her friend followed her, and blocked Walker from getting any closer.

"I'll see you around," Walker said, as he decided not to pursue. Jeff was right, there was plenty of time. For a girl like that, he could wait. 8, maybe 10 whole hours.



“Faster, kid!” Walker’s supervisor said, as he slowly ran a head of cabbage under a faucet. The words actually shook him awake. “Time is money!” He had drifted off there, imagining he was running his fingers through his mystery girl’s hair.

That was no worse than when he was slicing fleshy firm chicken breasts and getting a little turned on. That was before he was peeling potatoes and imagining his mystery girl spinning as he pulled off her bathing suit.

It had not been an easy morning for Walker. A tablecloth being flung over a table from the laundry was fluttering like the girl’s tiny little skirt. Boiled

spaghetti reminded him of her hair. Hard boiled eggs glistened like her eyes in the light.

Walker had left the kitchen, almost unaware that he had just wandered away from his new job, picturing this girl in his mind. He walked down a hallway until he hit a large window, and slumped into it, letting the cool glass hit his fevered forehead.

He was lovesick. He had never felt like this before, literally driven a little crazy about a girl. Although, he'd always imagined he had this very effect on girls, though.

Then, he realized what he was looking at. A group of girls were standing a few feet away, in a semi-circle, around an older woman. He recognized one of the girls straight away. Even in a pair of ski pants, a parka and a wool hat, he knew this was the girl he'd been daydreaming about.

He quickly looked for the nearest door outside, and panicked as he didn't spot one immediately. Despite knowing the building well, in his panic, he couldn't remember where the exits were.

As he scurried around, he noticed that the gathering outside was breaking up, and his dream girl was starting to walk away. One by one, the girls were setting up to ski, and zipping off down the incline. He had to get to her before she got away.

Finally, he remembered where the exit was and dashed as fast as he could to get there. He burst out the door, not dressed at all for the cold. She was the last one left, standing by herself. "Hey! Hey!" he shouted. "What's your name?" He shouted.

That was when he ran into someone. Someone much larger and far denser than he was. "Who the fuck are you?" this person said. "And you stay the fuck away from her! She's my girl!"

Walker found himself being slammed against a tree, shaking a small avalanche of snow from it. Despite this, his attention was still focused on the girl as she sped away on her skis. "No!" Walker said, reaching out for her.

"What did I just tell you?" The large young man gripped him by the jaw with his huge hand and turned it back to look at him. "You don't want to piss me off!"

"Uh," Walker said, as he began to re-calculate the position he was in. He did not have the advantage in this situation. "Oh, uh... I was waving at someone behind her."

The big, thick-necked, over-muscled lummoX squinted in skepticism. "There's no one there. It's a mountain."

"Yeah, uh... What's the name of the mountain? That's what I wanted to know. I thought I'd ask it."



“How stupid do you think I am? Fuck you!” He then backed off and headed back to the door. “And stay away from Bridget!”

Walker sighed. Despite being a hair’s breadth from being pummeled into rice pudding, he was in bliss. “Her name is Bridget,” he said, enraptured with the new name.

Then he shook himself from his daze. He needed to know more. The only person left in the area was the older woman the girls had been listening to. Still only in his t-shirt and kitchen smock, Walker sprang through the snow to get to her. “Hi, uh... What were you folks just doing?” He asked. “Is this some kind of class?”

“None of your business,” said the stout woman. She was in her fifties, with a frown permanently etched into her face. She was in a pair of ancient skis and a faded navy blue ski outfit. A name printed on the front breast of her parka read “Helen Blunderbuss.” Walker recognized her from his yearly visits, but had never met the woman. “Why should I tell you? Go on, get back inside before you freeze.”

Walker was too infatuated to do the sensible thing. “I have to know! Are you going to meet here again? Is she coming back? What are you all doing? You have to tell me!”

“I don’t have to tell you anything,” the woman said, and then turned around. She positioned her skis to glide away.

“No, please! I have to...” As he watched the woman ski away, he couldn’t help but notice the large white lettering on the back of her parka that read “Switchback Ridge Ski Instructor Supervisor.”

“Oh,” Walker said. He then began to rub his bare arms. “That was helpful.”



Bridget was one of the ski instructors. Now he knew what to do.



“There you are,” Jeff said as he opened up the balcony door. “Where did you get a pair of binoculars?”

Leaning over the railing, Walker was peering through the lenses, fixed intently on Bridget. Even hundreds of yards away, she was easy to spot in her pink ski outfit. “You can ask for them at the front desk. For looking at wildlife.”

“You’re not looking at wildlife.”

“Sure I am.”

Jeff looked around. “You’re spying on Bridget again. That’s three days in a row.”

“How do you know her name?” Walker asked, puzzled.

“You moan it in your sleep.”

Walker didn’t respond, as he tracked his dream girl sailing along in the snow, without a care in the world.

Jeff leaned over the rail next to him. “Your supervisor said not to bother showing up for work.”

“Oh, good. I was worried he might fire me.”

“He *did* fire you stupid, that’s what he meant.”

“Uh-huh,” Walker replied, entirely uninterested.

“You got it bad for this girl, don’t you?”

Walker actually put the binoculars down. “I think I’m going to fall to pieces, Jeff. I can’t stop thinking about her.”

“There are other girls here, you know. You used to be interested in them.”

“They’re not Bridget.”

“Walker, you gotta get a hold of yourself. If you don’t have a job, you get kicked out — and you don’t have a job. You need to go back to the kitchen and beg...”

“I’m going to go talk to her,” Walker said, heading back inside. Jeff tried to follow.

“Man, that’s not...” But before he could even complete his thought, Walker had already exited the apartment. He turned to a plastic plant on a table. “Hey, maybe you can be my new roommate!”



Downstairs, and just outside the rear deck of the resort, the girls of the Switchback Ridge resort were hopping off the ski lift, skimming in the snow to the steps and taking their skis off. They were all chatting and laughing, looking especially cute in their pink ski uniforms, each of them almost unbearably attractive.

Bursting out of the door came Walker, looking for his obsession. “Bridget!” He called out. “Bridget!” Unsurprisingly, he hadn’t really thought this out, and trying to run in deep snow was a problem.

She was too far away to hear much, and Walker was trying to attract attention to himself by throwing his arms around wildly. It wasn’t working. He was fighting his way through the other members of the team as he continued to high-step his way towards the object of his teenage desires.

“Hey watch it,” one of the girls said.

“Yeah, watch it!” Another said, diving out of the way.

His wild gesturing was causing havoc for everyone in his path. He didn’t seem to care much, as long as Walker could get to the beloved Bridget.

“Stop right there,” said another girl, who positioned herself right in front of him. She had only one ski on, the other in her hand.

He simply pushed her away, causing the girl to drop her ski and start to slide away backwards on her one lone ski. That didn’t give her a lot of ability to steer or stop, something she was quickly aware of it, and screamed.

Everyone looked, except for Walker, who was still trying to advance on Bridget. After a few moments, though, even he had to turn and look, as everyone else was starting to gasp and yell.

He watched as this girl screamed her way right over the crest of a hill, and dropped completely out of view. As all this was happening, up in his office, Uncle Hank pushed his windows open to see what all the fuss was about.

“Paula!” Bridget called out, watching her friend drift away, out of control.

That activated something inside Walker. Knowing that this other girl, presumably named Paula, was important to Bridget, it made her urgently indispensable to Walker. He could also see she was gaining speed, already too fast to stop, and headed to the steepest part of the mountain.

Walker grabbed two skis from the hands of one of the girls, jammed his own sneakers into where the boots should have gone and went off after her. He didn’t need any poles, and he gained speed by expertly pushing against the snow with the skis just enough to go faster but not enough to lose traction.

Quickly, Paula was going down a very steep incline. Walker knew that below the incline was a craggy, rocky a drop-off of fifty feet. He needed to get to her quick.



He had two choices, to follow Paula's path, or take a shortcut through a dense pack of trees, and opted to do just that. He slalomed through them, left and right, like an Olympian. He then was on a direct intercept course for Paula, but wouldn't have the time or the space to grab her or push her off course.

The only thing he could do was throw himself at her, stopping her dead, inches before the mountain became a granite face, and rubble below. He had stopped her, but at a cost. He could hear her leg snap as he rolled over on it, and she cried out in blood-curdling pain.



"Broken in two places," Uncle Hank said to Walker as he drooped his shoulders. He was watching over the rescue scene below. "Her family will probably want to sue us."

"I'm sorry," Walker said. "I was..."

"It's not your fault, Walker." The older man said. "I saw everything from here," he gestured to his large windows which had a panoramic view of the land around the resort. They were still tending to Paula, strapping her to a gurney. "You did everything you could."

"She's gonna be okay, right?"

“She’ll be fine.” Uncle Hank was pacing around his office as he spoke, staring at the floor. “She’s being airlifted down to the hospital in Leyland. I have to go meet her parents tomorrow and plead with them to not drop a lawsuit on us. That’s the last thing I need.” He looked up to see an empty chair.

Walker had gravitated to the window, and had his hands up on the glass. He was staring out at the scene of the accident. They were loading Paula into the helicopter, and watching intently was Bridget, her hands anxiously clutched at her chest. It was safe to assume that Walker was not paying any attention to the helicopter, just Bridget.

“You did what you had to do,” Uncle Hank said.

“Huh?” Walker replied, briefly forgetting what they were talking about. “Oh, yeah.”

“You... Uh... You were awfully good on those skis. You were very fast.” As he stood beside his nephew, he couldn’t help but notice that as the loud, almost deafening sound of the rotors revving up didn’t distract the boy. In fact, the spectacular sight of a medivac helicopter taking off from a few dozen feet away didn’t seem to do much for Walker.

“I’ve been coming here every year since I was a kid. I’ve done a lot of skiing. I’ve gotten pretty good at it.”

“You’ve gotten very, very good at it.” Just as he said those words, Uncle Hank was looking at two Powderpuff 5th-place trophies. He then looked back at Walker, and followed his eyes to the girl he was very obviously staring at. “You, uh... Sure are interested in those ski instructors.”

“Uh huh,” Walker mumbled.

“One in particular.”

“Yeh.”

Uncle Hank had a pretty good guess it was the blond, as he had noted her youthful beauty when he had met the new hires a few days ago. His nephew had good taste, at least, but he had fallen harder than he’d ever seen anyone fall for a girl — and he immediately began to think about how he could use this to his advantage. He rubbed his chin as he contemplated his thoughts. “I heard you got fired,” he said. “You *are* going to need a job.”

“Yeah, yeah.”

“We’ve pretty much filled all our spots for the season. I’m going to have to send you home.”

“What?” That got Walker’s attention. “No! I can’t go!”

“I don’t have any other choice, really. I don’t have any other spots open. There’s really no possibility of staying here.”

“No, no, no!” Walker’s brow was furrowing. His face was flush. He couldn’t even conceive of being unable to see his precious Bridget.

“Unless...” Uncle Hank continued.

“Yes!” Walker said. “Whatever it is... I’ll do it.”

“Well, I do have one open spot.” He was polishing a 4th place Powderpuff trophy with the sleeve of his shirt.

“I can do it. Please!”

“It’s Paula’s spot.”

“Yes! I can teach skiing! I can do that!”

“Paula was a *female* ski instructor, Walker. I have one open spot for a *female* instructor.”

“But I’m not...”

“No, you’re not.” Uncle Hank was looking at his other assorted participation trophies from the all-girl Powderpuff Rally. Having a skier with Walker’s skills competing amongst the girls would give him a near lock on winning it, and he could save his resort. “But you *could* be.”

“What? That’s insane!” He turned back to look at his Bridget.

“Hear me out, now. I could make it so you could keep an eye on that girl down there. You could be alongside her, every day.”

“No!” He then saw the hulking figure of Chaz, Bridget’s protective boyfriend wrap his big arms around her shoulders and comfort her. Walker’s blood was boiling. “Okay, what do I need to do?”



“He’s all yours, Nikki,” Uncle Hank said, pushing his nephew out of his office. “Do whatever you need to do. Spare no expense.” He paused. “But don’t spend more than a grand.”

Nikki Castellano had already been briefed by her employer. Strangely to Walker, she didn’t even blink as he instructed her to make him over as a girl, with wigs, makeup and a ladies’ Switchback Ridge official ski instructor outfit. Nikki just took it all in like she was doing a lunch run for her boss.

“I’m sorry,” Walker said. “This must be embarrassing.”

“It’s no big deal,” Nikki said. She was chewing gum as she grabbed her purse. “Besides, it beats listening to him whine for an entire afternoon.”

“This is a bad idea.”

“Sure it is! But it’s gonna be good for laughs, so let’s get it over with, okay?”

The first stop was at the small salon inside the resort, which, thankfully for Walker, had a curtain to block the public.

“A wig?” The woman who ran the salon said when Nikki asked her if they had any. “Of course I have wigs,” she said. She then removed a pin from her scalp and pulled her hair off. “I have one for every day of the week,” she said, proudly. “And holidays.”

“How wonderful for you,” Nikki said, deadpan. “What Hank wants to do is make this kid here into a pretty girl.” She gestured to a very nervous walker. “Hair, makeup — the whole mess.”

“It’s not some kind of kink, is it?” The woman asked.

“I think it’s just some kind of prank or something,” Nikki said. “But who knows with Hank?”

“And what’s it worth to me?”

“Two hundred.”

“Five.”

“Three.”

“Done.” The woman stood in front of Walker, who was cringing. “All right, let’s see what we have to work with. What’s your name, hun?”

“Walker,” he said.

“I’m Patty,” the woman said. “Welcome to my salon!”

“Great to be here,” Walker replied, very quietly.

The woman pulled her wig over Walker’s head, crudely. “We are gonna have some fun!”

“I’ll be back in an hour,” Nikki said.

Patty leaned in to whisper to Nikki. “Make it two. Uh... Three. I’m gonna need some time.”

“You got it.”



The first thing Patty wanted to do was to find the right wig for her client. She had a shockingly large variety of wigs in the back room, presumably her own personal stock.

She used several on Walker, from black to brown to red and even white. She tried curly, straight, long, medium and short. Finally, she found exactly what she was looking for. Mostly because she had run out of options.

“What do you think?” She asked her client.

“I guess?” He replied, looking in the mirror. The wig Patty had settled on was long, straight and blond, with flat bangs that came down to his eyes. It covered up a lot of his face. “It itches.”

“That’s ol’ Bertha,” the woman said. “You’ll get used to her.” She started to take it off. “But first, we need to do your makeup. Now, I want you to pay attention. You’ll have to do touch-ups during the day and do it all over again in the morning.”

“This isn’t going to be a lifestyle, you know,” Walker said with a grumble.

“Even if it’s just for a day, you don’t want anyone to know who you really are, do you?”

The thought of Chaz and his battering-ram-like forearms punching a hole through him drove that point home. He gulped anxiously. “No, I guess not.”

“So you want to watch me.” She rolled up the sleeves on her top and opened up a tackle box full of makeup. “Now first, we have to do something about that beard, so I’m going to use a depilatory. That’ll keep you smooth for a few days, at least. You may want to have some more thorough hair removal done to do a better job.”

“Maybe in another life,” Walker replied.

“Fine. So I’m going to show you how to do it, and we’ll start over I’ll watch you do it for yourself, as you repeat what I did. Make sense?” She didn’t wait for the wisecrack reply to continue. “Good.”

Patty went about her work, quickly learning that unlike her female clients, Walker was not into small talk. In fact, he didn’t really want to talk at all. “First we’ll start with a primer. That’s vital for you, since you’re going to be active.” That left her to describe the use and application of foundation and then concealer, and how to set them.

Walker couldn’t help but notice that the minor blemishes and specks on his face were disappearing, as well as his face becoming slightly more tan.

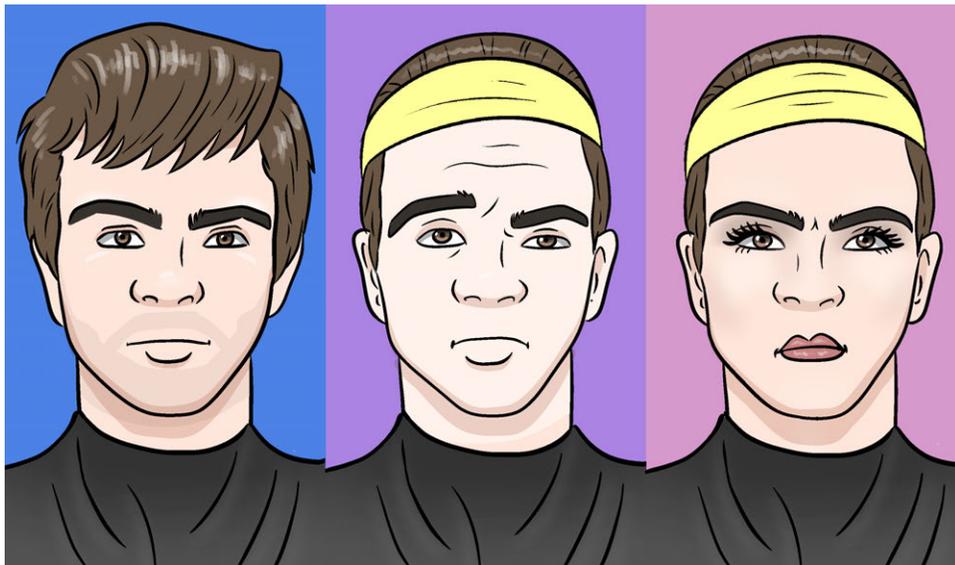
“Now that we’ve applied the base, we have to add your features back in,” Patty continued. “We’ll use highlighter first, at the top of your cheeks, at the corners of your eyes, and one little dab between your eyebrows... And another at the top of your lips.”

“It’s not working,” Walker said. “Nothing is happening.”

“It’s subtle, all right? What do you expect, magic? Let me continue.”

“All right, all right.”

“Next, we add depth and contouring. You want high cheeks and a defined chin, so we’ll brush some darker powder under your cheekbones and the underside of your jaw. Then a little on your forehead, just to tone it down. Now you start to see it, right?”



“A little, I guess.”

“You guess. I’m an artist!” Patty said, indignantly. “So on to color. Since we’ve taken the natural color from your skin, we have to add it back. But we get to choose where. So, a little blush right on your cheeks. Very, very lightly applied.”

“I still don’t see anything,” Walker said.

“I said it was subtle! Pay attention!”

“Now some detail work. We’ll thin your eyebrows with some tweezing and...”

“No, no. No tweezing. I still have to look like myself after this is over.”

“It would be a lot more convincing...”

“No chance.”

She sighed. “We’ll start with an eyebrow pencil to darken the brow. You want to fill in the lighter spots and draw in the same direction of the hair. You wash it all out.”

She went into the details on how to handle the eyes, which involved primer on the eyelids, then powder. Then came the proper eyeshadow, followed by some brow-bone highlighting.

“For you, I think you should use a thick line of eyeliner on the top lid, and just a little on the bottom, in the outside corner. Then, we’ll use the thickest, darkest mascara on your lashes we’ve got to really make those eyes pop.”

“My eyes are going to pop?”

“Yes, I’m popping your eyeballs, darlin’.” Patty said. “Just calm down.”

“Now, lips. First, balm, then color, then liner. Easy easy.”

“This takes forever,” Walker complained. “Now what do we do?”

“Now, it’s your turn,” Patty said, as she backed away. “Do you remember how it goes?”

Walker sank in his chair and gurgled faintly. This was not fun.



“I think she did a great job,” Nikki said, as she looked at Walker’s face. She had returned three hours after dropping Walker off, with a large garment bag and some other smaller bags.

“Don’t thank me,” Patty said as she brushed out the wig. “That was all his work. Took us three tries, but we got there.”

“Huh,” Nikki said, upon closer examination of Walker’s made-up face. “I should ask you for some tips.”

Walker sighed in despair. He wanted to look passable, of course, but he didn’t understand why he had to be made fun of.

“Let’s top it off,” Patty said, as she carefully laid the wig over Walker’s slick-backed hair. After a few tugs, it settled in very neatly on his head, almost like it clicked in place. As it did, both women were taken aback.

“What?” Walker asked, noting their reaction.

“It works,” Patty said.

Nikki agreed. “Yeah, it actually works.”

Walker turned around to get a better look at himself in the three-paneled salon mirror. “Oh,” he said. “Ohhhh.” He leaned forward and made some gentle adjustments to his bangs. “I don’t want to look this good!” He declared. “Take the make-up off!”

“Well, it’s not all make-up, sweetie,” Patty said with a sly smile.

“Okay, let’s get you dressed,” Nikki said. “I got a uniform, I don’t know if it’s in your size. I grabbed the biggest one we had.” She unzipped the large garment bag to reveal the one-piece pink Switchback Ridge ski instructor uniform.

Walker took it and held it up. It seemed tall enough for him, but it looked very thin. “How... How do you put this on?” He asked.

“Ugh, men,” Nikki said. “If is isn’t a shirt and pants you’re lost.”

“And you probably want to disrobe first,” Patty added.

“Here?” He asked. “Now?” He already knew the obvious answer to that. “Can I get some privacy?”

“No,” Nikki said, sensing this was a delay tactic. “Now, get moving.”

A few minutes later, after Walker had removed his pants and shirt, he put his legs into the insulated uniform, noting that both of the older women were

watching him with extreme interest, and even a little bit of a smile. It made him feel very uneasy.

It was like a pair of giant onesie pajamas, really, and Walker had it on quickly. The insides of the uniform were lined with faux fur, and feeling it against his bare chest was unexpectedly stimulating. He was given a pair of matching pink mittens with fur lining.

The fluffy edge of the hood looked ridiculous, in Walker's opinion, as did the mittens. He felt like a stuffed doll more than a person. Nikki gave him a pair of sports goggles to wear around his neck to complete the package, and frowned.

"It needs padding," the woman said.

"I was just going to say the same thing."

"Off with the outfit, sweetie," Nikki said. "We need to give you what mother nature ain't gonna."

"Huh?" Walker said.

"Boobs, darlin'," Patty clarified. "You're going to need to know how to wear a bra."

"I got just what we need," Nikki said, pulling a lacy black bra from one of her bags in on hand, and a pair of foam rubber falsies in the other. "Remember these? I used to wear these in high school."

"Oh, yes," Patty said, sentimentally. "So many memories. All girls try them at one time or another. Just think, you get to try these out for yourself, Walker! Imagine the stories you'll be able to tell your kids."

Walker was not amused. "No one is ever going to know about this! You can't tell anyone!"

"Mum's the word," Patty said.

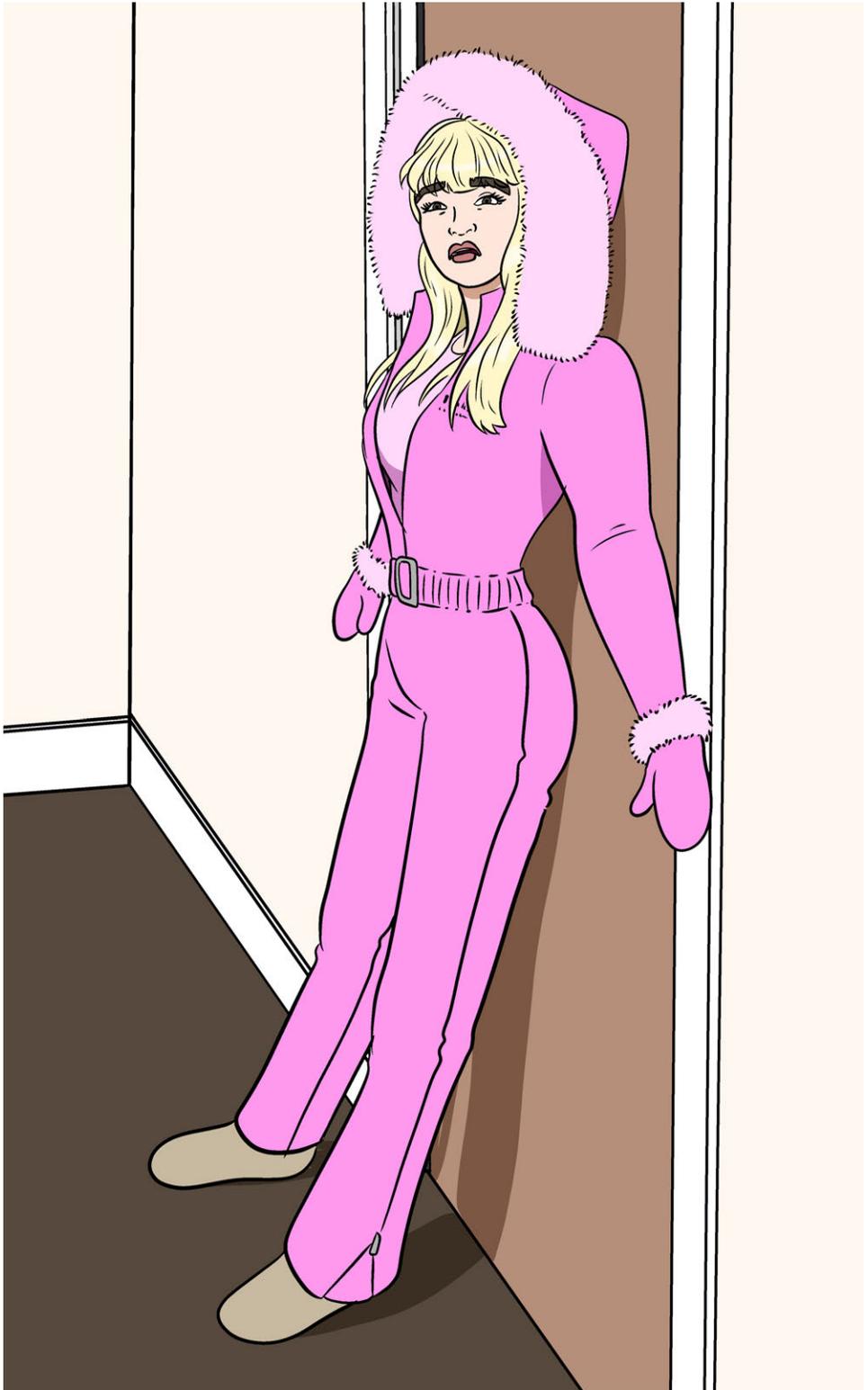
"No one would believe it anyway," Nikki agreed.



"Uh, excuse me?" Jeff said when the girl entered his room. "I think you have... The wrong room... Uh... I uh... This is gonna sound strange, but do you have a brother by the name of Walker?"

"I *am* Walker!" Said his roommate. "It's me, jerk."

"Wait, wait, wait..." Jeff said, backing away from Walker. "No, no, no." He only had to look at his roommate to understand what he was doing. His obsession had just gone way faster into insanity than he'd anticipated. "You're going to kill her and take her place."



“What? No!” Walker said, twitching even at the thought. “I just need to talk to her. Get to know her. Find out what kind of person she is...” He started to drift away, thinking about Bridget, but he had way too many things going on right now to let that happen. “See, I can’t get past her dumb boyfriend. This is perfect!”

“I’m not letting you do this. I have to tell the guy who runs this place.”

“It was his idea,” Walker said as he strode to his suitcase and began to rifle through his things.

“Oh.”

“You said it yourself. I need a job to stay here, and now I have one. Well I will, once I try out.” He had found a box of bite-size cookies and ripped it open. Walker then started to pour them into his mouth, spilling crumbs all over the place.

“Uh, you think you can carry off pretending to be a girl?” Jeff asked, watching the display in front of him. “There’s a phrase I never thought I’d ever say.”

“Sure. How tough can it be? Just act like a fairy.”

“There’s more to it than that. I lived with three sisters and my Mom. There’s a lot of things girls do that make them... Well, girls.”

“Like what?”

“Like not eating a mouthful of cookies with your mouth open.”

“I didn’t have lunch!” He explained, defensively.

“I’m just saying you gotta do... Forget it, you’ll never get it right.”

“Says who? I can be a girl!”

“Take a seat,” Jeff said.

Walker took his cookies with him as he landed in a chair and waited to see what his roomie was going to say.

“See, that’s not how a girl would sit in chair.”

“I wasn’t prepared! You didn’t warn me! Besides, who cares how girls sit?”

“You don’t realize it, but the way girls act, the way they talk, the way they gesture, the way they walk and... Well, everything is a little different. When you see a girl *not* act like a girl, it really sticks out, doesn’t it?”

“I guess,” Walker was reluctant to admit.

Jeff nodded. “You have to to think like a girl all the time.”

“You don’t believe I can think like a girl?”

“It’s not that don’t believe you can’t, it’s that I *know* you can’t.”



“Think like a girl... Think like a girl... Think like a girl...” Walker was repeating his mantra over and over again in his head as he rode the elevator down, in his disguise, clutching a pair of skis and poles.

Jeff had decided to accompany him, as Walker was supposed to be trying out for the woman in charge of the girls ski instructor team. Jeff figured this was worth a laugh, so he offered his “support” when his roommate mentioned it. He made sure to grab his phone for pics, too.

When the elevator stopped and let on a girl their age, Jeff watched Walker to see what his reaction was, and was not surprised to see him evaluating her ass. He quietly bumped his friend to try and get his attention. “Stop it,” he mouthed.

Walker looked back, unable to understand what his friend was trying to do, and was kind of ticked off about it.

Jeff was forced to take a chance and lean in to whisper, “girls don’t check out other girls.”

Then he understood. He quickly diverted his eyes upward at the ceiling and started to whistle to himself. The elevator stopped and Walker made the first move, brushing the girl aside as he was eager to get to the try-out.

“You just pushed that girl out of the way,” Jeff mentioned as he headed to the back of the lobby.

“Huh? What, I gotta get to the try-out.”

“You have plenty of time,” Jeff pointed out. “And you’re walking like a gorilla. Take shorter steps.”

“Stop telling me what to do, asshole!”

“You are not getting this whole ‘think like a girl’ thing.” Jeff checked his phone. “This is gonna be one epic fail.”

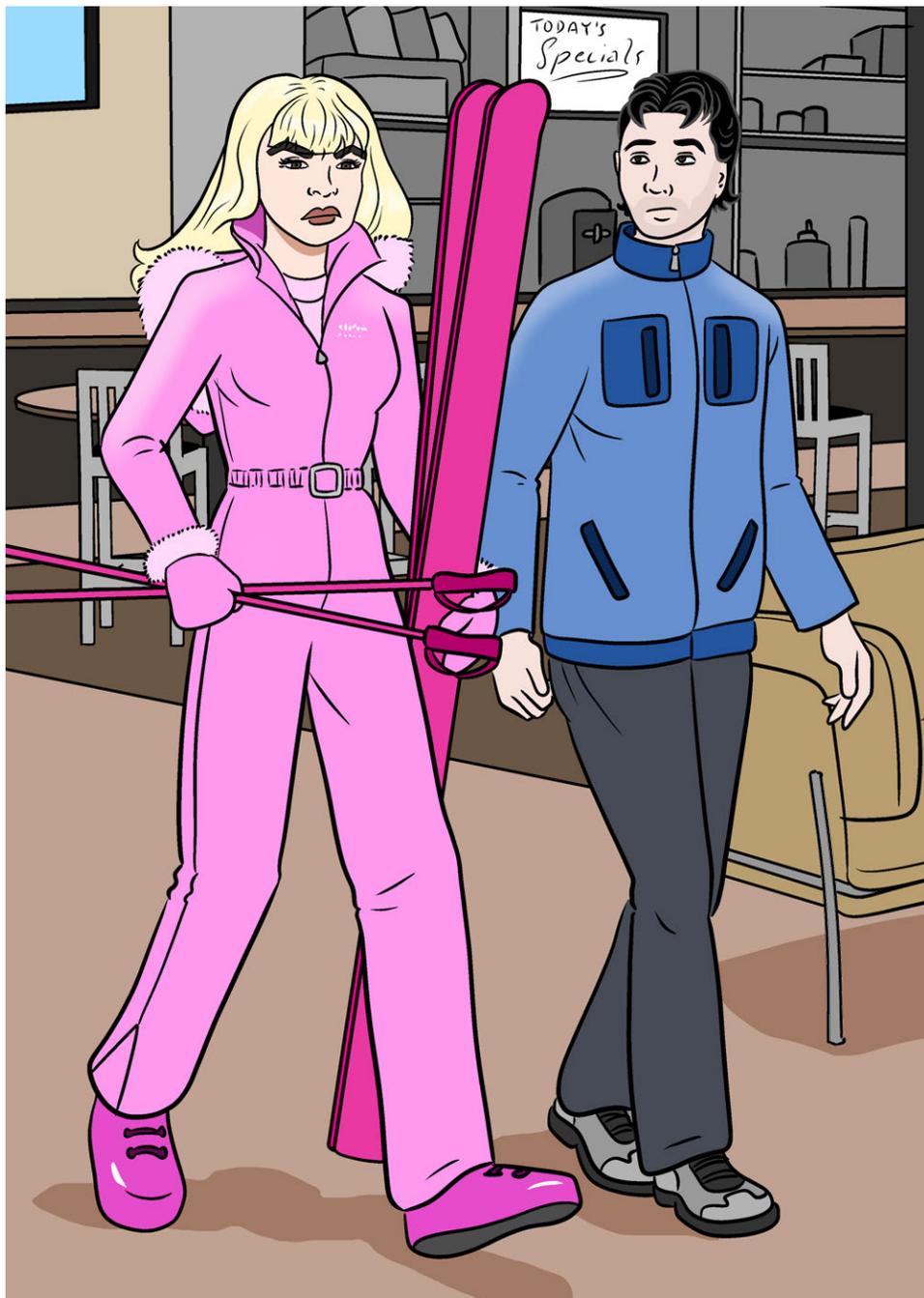
“Fuck you, dude, I’m gonna be an awesome girl.”

“You just aren’t getting it.”

As much as he didn’t want to do it, Walker had to stop himself and do just what Jeff was telling him to do. He had to think like a girl. He had to act like a girl. He had to get this job, and he had to convince everyone he was just like any other teenage girl looking for a winter skiing job. It was that, or go home a total loser.

Walker stopped striding along, and halted himself. He closed his eyes and took some deep breaths. He knew he could do this. “I can fuckin’ do this!” He growled.

“First, girls don’t growl,” Jeff said. “Next, they don’t say ‘fuck’ every other word.”



“You got a point.”

“Third, they don’t look like they’re going into battle. Stop scowling. Relax.”

“This is intense stuff!” Walker protested.

“Yes it is! But you can’t *look* like it is. Girls keep smiles on their faces, even when they’re feeling tense. Try it.”

“Yeah, okay okay okay.” Whatever expression Walker put on his face scared Jeff enough that he took a step back.

“Try harder.”

Walker gave it another shot.

“Okay, technically, you have a smile going. But let go of those eyebrows.” Jeff waited for Walker to manipulate his face. “Next, stop tensing your neck.” He watched things settle. “Right, now relax your eyes.”

“Well?” Walker asked through his clenched teeth.

“Put your goggles on,” Jeff said. “Maybe that’ll hide you enough.”

“Good idea.”

They didn’t have to go far before they saw a girl in the same pink uniform Walker was wearing, and they figured that was a good person to ask about what to do.

“Hi, I’m looking for the try-outs?” Walker said in a wince-inducing falsetto.

“Oh hey... I’m Rita,” the girl said, with a very suspicious tone to her voice. “You must be the new girl? Um, what’s your name?”

“I, uh... I... My name is...” It was at this moment that Walker realized they hadn’t yet worked out this one tiny detail. He blurted out the first girl name that came to mind. “Bridget.”

“Oh, we already have a Bridget. Do you...”

“No, not Bridget!” Walker corrected. “My name is...” He looked to Jeff for help, but he was clearly enjoying the moment too much to stop it. “Is... Briiii...” He was so fixated on Bridget that he just couldn’t recall any other female name. He just started forming random noises with his mouth. “Nnnllldarh.”

“Brineldarah?” The girl named Rita said, skeptically. “Whatevs. Mrs. Blunderbuss is waiting for you. Go through the locker room. That’s where her office is.” She then pointed to the door she was standing near and headed off in the other direction.

“The locker room?” Walker repeated.

“Dude, go for it!” Jeff encouraged.

“Come with me!”

“Yeah, I don’t think so.” Jeff pushed Walker to the door. “Ladies first!”

“Stop it, stop it!”

Walker stumbled into the ladies’ changing room, and immediately froze up. He’d seen soft porn movies like this. Steam was in the air, laughter echoing off

the walls and the hissing of showers in the distance. Topless teenage girls were strutting about, and undressing at their lockers.

Walker immediately tried the door he'd just been forced through, but someone was holding it shut from the other side. "Fucker," Walker mumbled.

"Oh, hey!" Said a girl with black hair and pigtails. Her friendliness was only overtaken by the large, bare c-cup boobs on her chest. "You must be the new girl! Thank goodness! After Paula broke her leg, we thought we'd have to put in extra shifts."

"H-h-h-hey..." Walker replied. He was a teenage boy, so all of his brain was focused on the two gloriously perfect mounds jiggling in front of him, and left his speech processing center underpowered. "Hi..." He said.

"Do you need a locker? Oh you'e already got a uniform on, don't you?" the girl said, with a bounce that gave Walker a bigger thrill than a six-story rollercoaster drop. "In that case, you can go on through to see Mrs. Blunderbuss."

"Yeah..." Walker said.

Noting her new friend wasn't moving, the girl pointed the way. "Right on through there," she said, unfortunately pressing her fleshy bits right into Walker's side.

"There..." Walker said. He was still tracking the girl's breasts with his eyes and doing nothing else.

"Yeah-huh, right through there. You don't want to be late!"

"No... Don't want that..." Walker said, still not taking a step.

"Okay," the girl started to turn away as she got the feeling she was being ogled. "Good to meet you?" She said before speeding away.

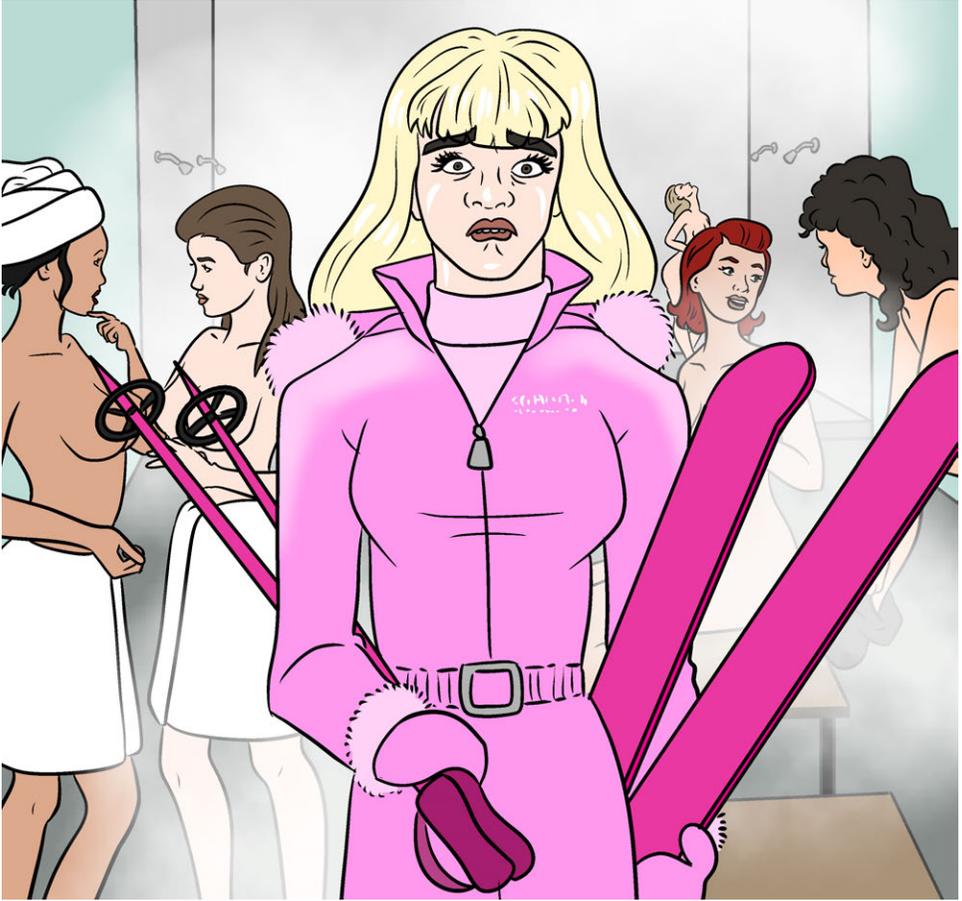
As she left, Walker was forced to break his eyes from her obscured boobs and migrated his attention to the girl's butt. He sighed as she turned a corner and then began to scan the room for the next beacon of feminine beauty for him to enjoy.

He then noticed the girls in the room were all looking at him. That was not a good sign. He decided to move on quickly to see Mrs. Blunderbuss. After he collided with a locker, a wall and a post, he made it on to the exit.

"Yes?" Said the stout woman named Mrs. Blunderbuss. She had a sour face that Walker recognized as the ski instructor he had spoken to about Bridget not too long ago. She was still just as surly as he remembered.

"I... I'm here about the job?" Walker said in a very quiet, high-pitched voice. He was desperate hoping she didn't recognize him.

"The ski instructor job? Yes, Hank told me... Did he already give you the uniform?" She sneered at the sight of the pink ski outfit Walker was wearing. "He knows I need to approve all the girls before they're hired. I need to have an-



other little talk with that man.” She opened a door behind he which led to the snowy white outdoors. “Let’s see what you can do. What’s your name, kiddo?”

“I... Uh...” He was having the same problem again. “Briii...” No, he told himself. He had a shot at fixing this. “Helen.”

“That’s *my* name,” she said, pointing to her name on her parka.

“Oh, right. Nervous. My name is...” There was a long pause, which should have tipped off anyone that this person was making something up, but somehow Walker was getting away with it. “Briiii... Breee...” The he found something. “Carpenter,” he said. It was probably inspired by being surrounded by hundreds of fir trees as far as the eye could see. “Krista...” he then blurted. He didn’t know where it came from, it was just the most girly of girl names he could come up with. “Krista Carpenter.”

“Krista Carpenter,” the woman repeated. She wrote it down. “That question usually isn’t that difficult.”

“Just... You know, first time interviewing for a job.” Walker put his new pink ski boots with daisies on them into the bindings and stood ready to go. He

didn't want to give the woman too much time to think. "What do I need to do?" He asked.

Mrs. Blunderbuss brought out a pair of binoculars. "I want you to go down the slope here, and take the first left. Start with your stance, initiate and push off. Then change your edge as you turn, and serpentine down the rest of the way. Control your speed, fast and slow, give everyone else right of way and then come to a safe stop. When you're done, catch the lift back up here and I'll tell you what I saw."

What she saw was a smooth, expert demonstration of skiing skills. She understood, about half-way down, why Hank had essentially given the job to this girl, because she was an amazingly talented athlete — who would cinch their victory in the Powderpuff Rally. She also knew that there was a lot riding on the rally this year, and her own personal investment of nearly a million was at stake as well. She had mortgaged her house to get that cash, and she needed it back.

There was a lot more to being a ski instructor than skiing skills, but even before Walker had reached the bottom of the slope, Mrs. Blunderbuss had already marked down "Krista Carpenter" on her list of instructors.

She wasn't alone, either. The girls of the squad had filtered out of the changing room and were watching as well. "She's so good," one of them said, in a whisper. "I wish I could look so under control doing that," said another.

Bridget, standing with Rita, had both been watching as well. "She's a natural," Bridget said.

"I guess she's okay," Rita said. "Still something off about her, though."

Above them, through his picture windows, Walker's Uncle Hank walked away from the view of his nephew whisking down his mountain and dashed off an email to his debtor. "Want to up the bet?" He wrote to him, feeling very cocky.



"Wait, you're, Krista, aren't you?" Bridget said, as Walker tried to make his way back through the changing room. He did want to stay and linger, but he was having a bit of a problem restraining his enthusiasm. His boner was about to pop a seam on his ski uniform — it had not been tailored for this eventuality.

He was holding his skis directly in front of him, trying to keep his raging teenage excitement restrained, and needed to urgently leave as fast as he could. "Uh, yeah," Walker replied in his silly falsetto. He was almost ready to jump out of his skin, with his dream girl actually talking to him. "You're Bridget."

"Yeah! How'd you know?" Bridget said, intrigued.

"Oh, everyone knows who you are."

“Wow, really? Cool, I guess.” She shrugged. “Anyway, you were pretty good out there. Who am I kidding? You were incredible!”

“Really?” Walker replied, stunned to be complimented by his dream girl. Still, he was moving to the exit, taking very tiny steps, trying hard to get out and save his disguise. “Thanks, I’ll see you...”

“Do you want to do shifts together? I’d really like you to give me a few tips.”

“Work with you? Uh, uh, uh...”

“Well, let’s go get some hot coco and talk about it.” She hooked her arm through Walker’s, and began to carry him along.

“Buh... Buh... Buh...” Walker bumbled as he was being lead by the most beautiful girl in his world out on a... Date?



Bridget had treated them to to steaming mugs of whipped-topping-topped coco and brought them back to a cozy little table. Walker hadn’t calmed down much, and in fact, was beginning to think he’d just have to come right there and then if he was going to survive the next couple of minutes.

“This place makes great hot chocolate,” Bridget said, as she cradled the mug with both her hands.

“It’s always the best,” Walker replied.

“Oh, have you been here before?” She asked.

“I... Uh... I’ve been here with my family before.”

“Your parents are here?”

“No, I’m by myself this year. I came to see if I could get a job to pay for college.”

“I bet you miss them already.”

“Not really...”

“I gotcha,” Bridget said, adding a wink. “I used to go by myself to sleep-away summer camp every year, but this is my first time, you know, now that I’m... *Of age.*”

“Oh,” Walker said, his heart seizing up at the implication.

“I expect to get into all kinds of trouble here,” she said, licking some whip from the mug. “And I’m kinda looking forward to it.”

The pressure in Walker’s groin was downright unbearable.

“Whazzup, babe?” Chaz said, sliding into the seat next to Bridget. “Looking sexy in that uni.”

“Hi, Chaz,” Bridget said, as Chaz leaned in and tried to start kissing her. “This is Krista.”

“Yeah, hey,” Chaz said, still trying to get to Bridget’s mouth. She realized her folly in resisting and just let it happen. Chaz smothered her lips with a sloppy, crude kiss that lingered.

All of the sudden, Walker’s hard on softened, replaced with some burning anger in his chest. Chaz was an ape, and Bridget was so much better than he deserved. Walker knew he’d be better for her. He knew how to treat a beautiful, special girl like Bridget.

After some time giggling, nuzzling, and doing something under the table, Bridget tapped her boyfriend on the shoulder, prompting him to release her. “Hot,” Chaz said, presumably evaluating the kiss.

“Anyway,” Bridget continued, as if she hadn’t been interrupted by a long, awkward, messy make-out session, “Have you met my boyfriend?”

Walker didn’t know what to say to the person he now hated most in the world. “Uh...”

“Whuh?” Chaz said, suddenly aware of another person besides him and his girl. He turned to see Walker, as if for the first time. “What’s with the goggles?” Walker was still hiding behind his ski goggles, something Bridget had been too nice to bring up. “You got like a freak face or something?”

“Chaz!” Bridget said, scolding him.

“I’m just sayin’,” he responded.

Walker didn’t have much choice but to take it off, as he didn’t want anyone to think he was hiding something. Even if that was exactly what he was doing. “I forgot I had them on,” he said, as he took them off and let them hang around his neck.

“Wait a minute!” Chaz said. “I know you! I remember you!”

Immediately, Walker could feel his body start to recoil in fear. Chaz was looking right at him with a skeptical expression that was slowly gaining more and more confidence.

“Uh... No... I’m sure I’d remember...” Walker said.

“I know your face!” Chaz said pointing “Yeah... I’m 100% positive.”

Sensing an odd tension, Bridget derailed her boyfriend. “Did you have something you wanted to talk to me about?”

“Oh, yeah!” Chaz replied. “I talked to my supervisor, and he said he’s totally cool with you moving into my apartment! Since that Paula chick mashed her leg and had to leave, you don’t need to stay there, right?”

“What about your roommate?”

“He’s toast. Kicked him out this morning and he’s getting sent home. The little wuss cried.”

“Chaz, that’s not nice.”

“So get your shit packed, babe!”

Although she was smiling, Bridget didn’t seem to be as delighted with the idea. “Oh, but... I was already assigned a new roommate... And I can’t leave them stranded.”

“Yo, Bridge! I went through so much trouble!”

“I’m sorry, sweetie, but I already told... Krista she could move in with me.” Bridget turned to look at Walker with what he could only interpret as a ‘pleading’ expression on his face. Even if he felt like this was all kinds of wrong and it put his life into jeopardy, he could not refuse a request made by his own personal goddess. “Right, Krista?”

“Y-y-y-yeah,” Walker replied. “I already moved out of my old place.”

“C’mon, babe!”

“I’m sorry, Chaz,” Bridget said with the sweetest smile one could imagine. “It’s already done.”

Chaz’s head snapped in Walker’s direction with a flash of animal anger in his glare. Walker’s blood was running cold, and he brought the mug of hot chocolate up to block the stare he was getting.

Bridget stepped in. “Anyway, Krista and I were going to go get our nails done. You know you could come and...”

“Oh, no can do. I gotta go,” Chaz said, quickly getting up. “See you later tonight, okay?”

“I’ll see you then, baby,” Bridget said.

Chaz quickly left, heading out hurriedly, almost like he was scared.

“I, uh... don’t need my nails done,” Walker said.

Bridget was still smiling. “A little white lie. He can’t stand salons. Whenever I need a break from him, I just say I’m going to the salon.” She grinned. “I think maybe he was teased as a child by a gang of ruffian hairdressers.”

“You don’t want to move in with him?” Walker asked.

“Honestly, just between us girls, I’d love it. He’s amazing, but I would never get out of bed. It’d be just, turn me into your personal fuck-toy, daddy.”

“Really.”

“Mmmm-hmmm,” Bridget said with a sip of her drink. “But there’s way more to life than sex. I’d hate to only live life for fucking.” She mused on it. “Although Chaz seriously makes me think about it.”

“Oh, yes, I see.”

“But anyway, that’s not a bad idea. Why don’t you move into my place? It’s been really empty since Paula left.”

“Me?”

“Unless you already...”

“No!” Walker said, cutting off all debate. “I mean, I’d be happy to. I think we make a great team.”



Jeff arrived back at the apartment to find a small pink tornado ripping through the place. On closer examination, he recognized it as his roommate, still dressed in his ski instructor outfit. He appeared to be grabbing random piles of clothes and stuffing them in his suitcase.

“What’s going on?” Jeff asked.

“You’ll never believe it,” Walker said, excitedly. “She asked me to move in with her. Me! I’m going to move in with Bridget!” He continued to hoist piles of clothes into his suitcase.

“Stop, stop, stop...” Jeff said, waving as he got into Walker’s way. “Buddy,” he said. “C’mon.”

“What? What?” Walker was still trying to get around his friend.

“Hold up. First, half of the stuff you’re packing up are my clothes,” Jeff said. “I also think you got a couch cushion in there. Second, you don’t pack your male clothes when you’re pretending to be a girl.”

“Uh... But... But...” Walker really couldn’t think much beyond ‘moving in with my dream girl’ and wasn’t really taking this in.

Jeff pushed Walker back to make him sit down on the bed. “Third, and this is the most important thing...” He snapped his fingers a few times in front of Walker’s dazed face. “You listening to me? You with me?”

“Yeah, yeah... I just... Gotta...”

“Walker!” Jeff barked. “You can’t move in with a girl when you are pretending to be a girl!”

“What do you mean?”

“Walker, you can barely control yourself when you’re in a different building than her, think about when you’re sharing the same bedroom!”

“Or the same bed!” Walker said, enthusiastically.

“Walker! No!” He clapped three times an inch from his face. “You’re going to get caught. You’ll be arrested. You’ll be locked up, and in prison, you won’t be *pretending* to be a bitch anymore — if you understand me.”

Walker seemed to be following this logic, and looked up in the air, as if he could see this line of thought like a thread drifting in the air. “Ohhhh...” He said. He suddenly came to a realization. “You gotta help me!”

“Look, normally, I wouldn’t... But I do like the idea of having the whole pace to myself, so... Okay.” Jeff thought for a moment. “The first thing that’s going to give you away is your hormones. You’ll be trying to rip her panties off in the first five minutes after you’re alone.”

“Yeah,” Walker said with a smile.

“That’s bad!”

“Oh, yes. Bad. So, what do I do?”

Jeff thought and thought. He paced back and forth. He sat down and looked out the window. He then turned to his roommate, and put his hand on his shoulder. “You’re fucked.”



“What can I do for you, miss?” Hank said from behind his desk.

“It’s me, Uncle Hank,” Walker said. “And you gotta help me.”

“Walker?” Hank said. He hadn’t yet seen the result of his nephew’s disguise close-up. It was more convincing than he thought it would be. “That’s quite a disguise! Have any handsome guys made a move on you? Heh-heh.”

“Come on, Uncle Hank! I’m in real trouble!”

“Has someone seen through your disguise? They know your identity?”

“No, uh... I uh...”

“That Bridget girl saw right through it, I bet. She’s one sharp cookie.”

“No, actually, she... Invited me to move in to her apartment.”

“Oh!” Hank said. “Oh. So you told her no, and...”

“I told her yes.”

“I see.”

“I can’t continue with this. She’s gonna know. Even if I call it off, she’s gonna realize...”

“Yeah, that’s for sure. You have no self-control around girls...” Then it looked like Hank had a bright idea. “Leave it to me, Walker. I can take care of this.”

“Really? How?”

“Let me make some calls. Meanwhile, I need you to talk to Nikki. She’ll take care of some of the details of your new identity.” He picked up his desk phone.

“No time to waste.”

Walker left his uncle's office, and found the reception desk just as empty as when he arrived. He wasn't sure exactly what Nikki did at her job, but it appeared to involve a lot of not being around. It was probably due to Nikki being way too attractive to be working such a crap job. She was a slim yet busty woman, who wore tight dresses and short skirts, and was always wearing pumps. As long as his uncle was getting an eyeful every day, he probably gladly tolerated the lack of all actual work.

"Hello, Doctor?" Hank said, back inside his office.

"Yes, this is Doctor Francis Hawtorne," said a voice on the other end of the line.

"It's me, Hank."

"We settled, Hank. I returned the donkey to the monastery and paid off the Circ de Soleil people to keep it quiet, just like you told me to."

"No, no, Frank. It's not that. I... Uh... Need a little bit of your expertise, that's all."

"What about?"

"It's hard for me to put it into words..."

"Hank, I'm the highest-paid doctor in the state. This call is already costing you money."

"Right, right. I'll get to the point. I need to tame a young man's raging hormones. Throw him into a cold shower, so to speak. What can I do?"

"Well, there's hormone therapy. That's the usual path for this kind of thing. Someone harassing one of your girls?"

"No, its... Well, it's complicated. Tell me what I need."

"I'll send you some meds. Some anti-androgens. But no more than few doses. Anything more than that needs a physician."

"Make 'em strong, Doc, this kid has a sex drive that could crack the Hoover Dam."

"You'll have them within the hour," the doctor replied.

Back out in the reception area, Nikki made a rare appearance, returning from her lunch break at four o'clock in the afternoon. "Are you waiting to see your uncle, sweetie? You can just go right in."

"No, actually, he wanted me to talk to you."

"To me? Why?" The phone on her desk buzzed. "Hold on one second." She answered the call. "Yes, Hank?"

For a brief moment, Walker wondered how his uncle knew that Nikki had returned to her desk at just the right moment, and looked around for a camera.

“Okay, sweetie,” Nikki said to Walker, hanging up the phone. “Looks like you and me are going on a little shopping trip.”

“For what?”

“Everything.”



“It’s really not me,” Walker said, standing in the outfit Nikki had chosen for him.

“How do you know?” Nikki said, evaluating Walker. “You don’t even exist.”

Walker was in a pink long-sleeve athletic tee, with a white down vest. He also had a grey above-the knee skirt with a quilted stitch. A pair of pink quilted hiking boots with white hiking soles and grey fur trim were on his feet. It was extremely cute.

Nikki nodded. “We’ll get all of that. Take it off and try the next one.”

“How many things do I need?”

“Like I said the last ten times you asked, as much as any girl your age would bring to a ski resort. You can’t just pretend to be a girl and not dress like one.”

“I hate this,” Walker mumbled.

That was quite the statement, considering what Walker had to go through just to get to this moment. He had to strip down naked as Nikki watched on.

A former beauty contestant, Nikki had several tips and tricks for her new student of the female arts. She had used clear tape to hoist up Walker’s buttocks and give him a fleshy rear end. She had also chosen a bra for him to wear that would pinch in his ribs while also giving him some padding. A further stuffing of the bra gave him a 34-B size.

Walker also had a bit of a belly. He wasn’t overweight, but he looked like he hadn’t worked out very often in his lifetime. For that, Nikki had Walker wear a “tummy tamer” panty that would cinch his waist.

It wasn’t working miracles by any means, but the combination of some subtle alterations of his body and Walker’s youthful appearance was more than enough to persuade someone he was just as female as he claimed to be. Of course, wearing the right clothing helped, too.

“Another skirt?” Walker complained. “It’s winter.”

“You’re indoors, and skirts look much more feminine than pants.” Nikki was seated on a very comfortable looking chair, in the changing room of Switchback Ridge’s one clothing store. It catered to the wealthier guests of the resort, and was well-stocked with fashionable women’s winter clothes that seemed to all share a cozy/sexy theme.



“I feel ridiculous,” Walker said, looking down at his newest selection of clothes. This was a skin-tight nordic sweater in red, with white snowflakes. It went down to his mid-thigh, where a pair of shiny black leggings disappeared into huge grey boots with fur lining and criss-cross laces.

“You look great,” Nikki said. “Try the hat.”

The woolen cap with ear flaps and dangling pom-poms was adorable on him. “I don’t want to wear this.”

“Fine, don’t wear it. But we’re buying it. Your uncle’s orders. Next outfit.”

“How long do I have to do this?” Walker pleaded.

“Not long.”

“Great.”

“I’m just killing time until the salon opens, anyway.”

“The salon?”

“Yeh, Patty has a client until five, then she’s taking you.”

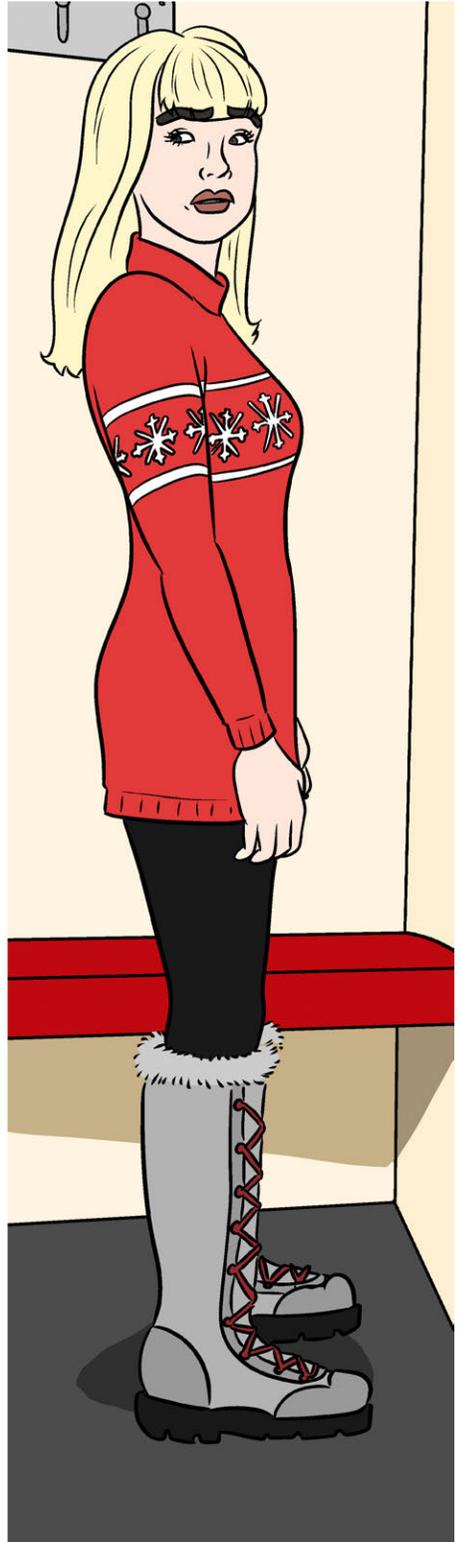
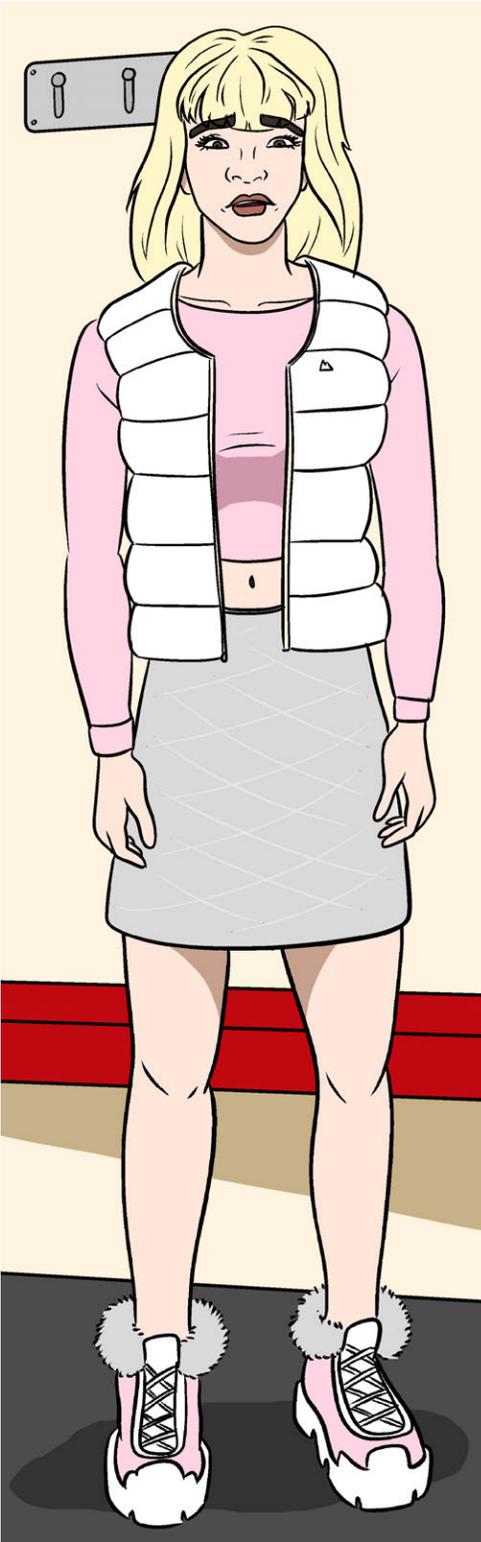
“I already saw her today.”

“And you’ll see her again.”

At five o’clock, Nikki dropped her charge off at the Salon.

“Hank told me what he wants,” Patty said, talking to Nikki and almost ignoring Walker’s presence. “It’s probably going to be an hour.”

“Great. I gotta do some work at the office.” She turned to Walker. “You said the name you’re using was Krista Carpenter, right?”



“Yes,” Walker said, despondently.

“I’ll take care of everything, then,” Nikki said as she walked away.

Walker didn’t get it. “Take care of what, exactly?”

Nikki just trotted off, her heels clacking on the floor, ignoring the question.

“Now take a seat, and let me do all the work, hun,” Patty said. “This isn’t going to take too long.”

“What isn’t?”

“You’ll see.”

One hour later, Walker returned to the office, where Nikki was tapping away on her computer keyboard, and his uncle Hank was looking over her shoulder holding a half-eaten sandwich. “Look at you!” Nikki gushed. “You look gorgeous!”

“If you say so,” Walker replied. “That hurt like hell.”

“What’d you tell Patty to do to him?” Nikki asked, looking up at her boss.

“Botox,” Hank answered with half a mouth full of food. “Walker was kind of freaking out. I figured the only way to get him to stop looking so worried was a few quick hits of botox.”

“Oh I have that,” Nikki said to Walker. “I love it. Don’t you love it?”

“Not so much. I can’t move my forehead.” Walker said, feeling his noggin. “And then she electrocuted my chin.”

“She what?”

“Electrolysis,” Hank corrected. “To get rid of that shadow on your chin.”

Walker moved to rub his skin. “She pulled out all the hair with a needle. I have to come back tomorrow to do more, too.”

“You’ll thank me later. If your roommate caught you shaving your face you’d be in deep shit. This way, you won’t grow anything back... For some time.”

“I suppose that’s okay,” Walker said. “But you could have told me about it before she started. My lips are sore, too.”

“You got fillers!” Nikki said. “That’s what I was thinking looked different. You are going to *adore* the way they make you look. I get mine done every three months. My lips have never looked sexier.”

“Great,” Walker said with a sigh.

“We’re just working up your employee badge,” Hank said, pointing to the computer. “Krista Carpenter?”

“I got a little nervous.”

“It’ll work, I guess.”

“Oh, what’s your weight, sweetie?” Nikki asked Walker.

“158.”

“129,” Nikki said as she typed it in. “Every girl lies about her weight. Let’s see... Hair blond... Eyes blue...” She gave Walker a momentary examination. “Height five foot seven...”

“Five nine and a half!” Walker objected.

“Sure, honey. Whatever you say.”

“Smile!” Hank said, taking a picture of Walker.

“Wait, what?” Walker said, his eyes fight off flash-blindness.

“For the badge.”

He left the office with twelve shopping bags of clothes, four jars of pills, a new Switchback Ridge employee badge for Krista Carpenter, and one numb face. Walker trudged back to his apartment.

“Where have you been?” Jeff asked when Walker came in. He then got a better look at his new outfit and the cuter face Walker sported. “And what happened to you?”

“You were right,” Walker said. “I’m fucked.”



Early the next morning, Walker woke and immediately regretted it. His pillow was covered in smeared mascara, lipstick and flesh-colored makeup.

“Yeesh,” Jeff said when he saw it. “You’re supposed to take it off before bed, stupid.”

But even that couldn’t sour Walker’s mood. This was the day he was moving in with Bridget. He went about packing his new clothes into his suitcase, careful to fold them. Jeff had pointed out that girls would fold their clothes, so Walker took the time to do it right. Then he unpacked everything when Jeff asked him if he had taken off the tags to all his new stuff.

“You better start thinking like a girl,” Jeff teased him. “You’re going to a land of no return. One screw-up and you’re dead meat.”