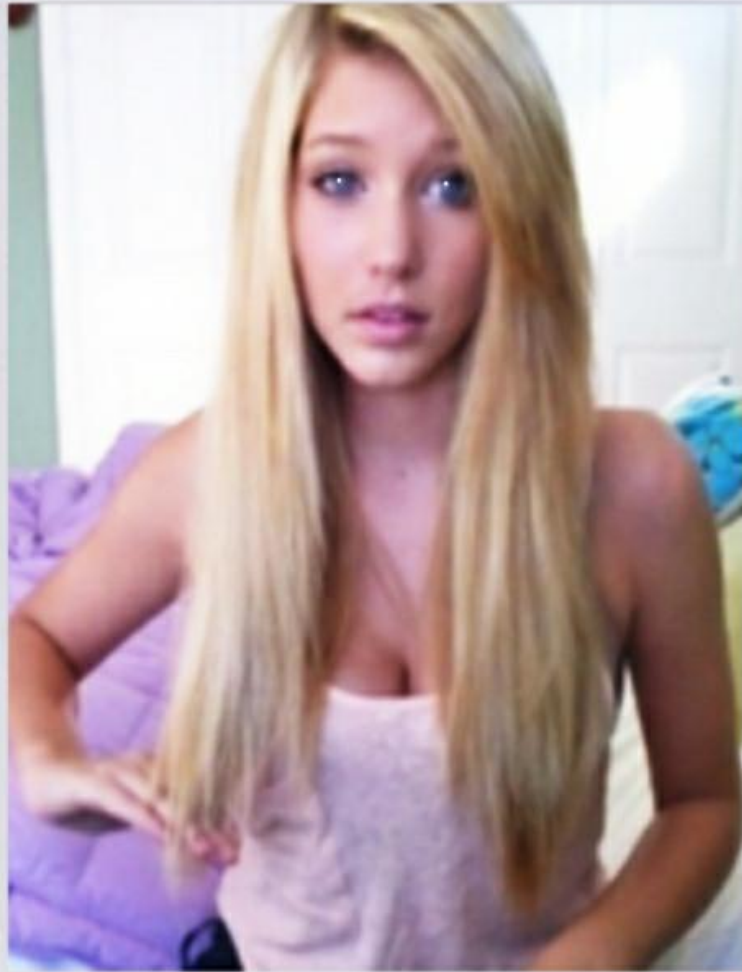


# Boy Gone Blonde



~~OGG~~  
*Brittany*

T.G. Cooper and Anonymous

## Boy Gone Blonde

by T.G. Cooper and Anonymous

"Why are you breaking up with me?" Madison said. "I love you."

"You're getting fat," Jed Heddick answered, "and I don't date fat chicks."

"Me?" Madison said, looking down at her perfectly healthy body. "Fat?"

"Yeah. And you're gloomy, and a drag to be around." Jed, tall and lean, looked down at her, over the top of his shades.

"Please. Don't. I'll change."

"Babe, the voice in my head is telling me you won't. Anyway, I've already found someone else. A lot of things opened up for me when I made varsity, babe. I don't have to settle for girls like you anymore."

"Girls like me?"

"You know. Gothic weirdos. The voice in my head it telling me I need to upgrade!"

"The voice in your head?" Madison clenched her fists. It was his favorite stupid saying, and he used it to justify every dumb thing he did, all the dumb things she'd ignored because she loved him, and wanted to be with him, and now that she'd been there encouraging him and supporting him

the whole time he was working to make varsity he was just going to dump her?

Just then, Katie Chris, dressed in her white and blue cheerleader uniform, the pleated skirt swirling around her long, tan legs, came up and slipped an arm around Jed's waist, giving him a quick peck on the cheek. "Who's this?" She said in a breathy voice, smiling brightly.

"Nobody," Jed said, kissing her back.

"That's not nice," Katie said. "I'm Jed's girlfriend, Katie! You are?"

"The girl he just dumped."

"What? Jed!"

"I'll explain," Jed said, turning them both around and walking away. Looking back over his shoulder, he called back, "Peace out!"

Madison slit her eyes as she watched him walk away. Maybe it was time for Jeddie to get a new voice in his head, she thought. One that would take him on a whole new path. She looked at Katie. Yes, she decided. That's exactly what he needs.

That night, Jed suddenly woke up to the sound of a window being open. He sat up in bed, and looking over saw that his second story bedroom window was open, and the curtain fluttering in with a cold breeze that gave him chills. He looked around the room, but saw nothing, and was about to lay back down when he felt a pair of cold hands cover his eyes. He shouted and tried to bat the hands away, but there was nothing there, and as he

thrashed about her heard a silvery giggle coming from somewhere in his room. "Who's there?" He said.

"You are," a squeaky, high-pitched girl's voice answered.

"Who's that?"

"You." Now, from the shadows emerged a ghostly blonde girl. She was wearing the white blouse and pleated, checkerboard mini-skirt the girls at his school, Rumson Country Day, wore, along with blue tights that shimmered along her shapely legs.

Jed found himself checking out the girl, and especially her legs. He loved girls in tights. The girl was super cute, and yet terrifying, because he could see through her. "Are you a ghost?"

The girl giggled again, tossing her long blonde hair. "I'm you, silly," she said, climbing onto his bed on all fours.

"Stay away," Jed said, kicking his feet against the mattress, pushing himself back and against the head board of his bed.

"You're cute when you're scared," the girl said, crawling forward until she had her hands on Jed's legs.

"I'm not scared!" Jed said, pulling his sheets up to his neck.

"It's okay. Girls are allowed to be scared. It's too bad you don't have a big, strong boy here to protect you."

Jed kicked at her, his legs passing right through her ghostly body. "Get away!"

The girl just kept crawling until she was looking Jed right in the eyes, her pert little nose nearly touching his. "Oh, Brittany," she said. "You're such a girly girl!"

Then she grabbed Jed's face, holding his cheeks. He lay there, paralyzed, unable to fight back, as she leaned forward, her eyes turning black and hollow, and kissed him on the lips. Jed felt himself slammed back against his head board, and then he felt the ghost girl push her tongue into his mouth, and then he felt like she--all of her--began to flow into him, swirling into his body, his mind, every part of him, and he grabbed the sides of his mattress and cried out "Oh my God!" just as he fainted away into blackness.

Jed could hear his alarm beeping.... Beeping.... And then he heard a squeaky, breathy voice in his head chanting...

Every single night and every single day

I'mma do my thing, I'mma do my thing

So don't you worry about me I'll be okay

I'mma do my thing, 'cause I'mma do my thing

Blearily, Jed sat up, reached out and turned off his alarm. He shook his head, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes. The voice kept singing:

I'm a southern belle crazier than hell

Getting wild up in here

Getting live up in here

"What the hell? He muttered.

Good morning, Brittany! The voice chirped. Look at all the pretty sunshine!

"Am I going insane?" Jed said, remembering fragments of the dream he'd had the night before.

Girl, the only thing insane about you is how insanely cute you are!

Jed looked at the clock. He was already running late, so he jumped out of bed, grabbed a towel and stumbled down the hall to the bathroom. Stepping inside, he turned on the shower and then while he waited for the water to get hot he went to the sink to brush his teeth and--what the heck?

His hair had turned platinum blonde. Zeke rubbed his eyes. His hair stylee hadn't changed--spikey on top, tight on the sides, but the hair now glistened a white blonde color instead of his black, and then he noticed that his eyebrows were now white gold.

Omigod, you look so sexy with blonde hair, Brits. The boys will love it!

"I don't care about--what the hell are you?"

I told you. I'm you. Now, better get ready, girlie!

Jed showered, dried off, got dressed. Looking at himself in the mirror, he wondered if there were some way he could just shave his head bald, but looking at the clock, he knew he didn't have time. His parents would kill him if he were late to school.

You have got to post a selfie to Instagram with your rockin' new hair.

"No way," Jed said. "Get out of my head." He started toward the door, but found his feet frozen.

Selfie!

"No way!"

Giggle. Then I'll do it for us! You'll thank me later!

Jed found himself watching as if in an out of body experience as his hand reached into his pocket and grabbed his phone. Then, he lifted it, tilted it to the side, made duck lips and a peace sign and snapped away. The message his traitorous hands typed in to go with the picture was "Girl gone Blonde! Just like Katy Perry!" Followed by a string of heart shaped emojis. His finger hovered over the Post button.

"No," Jed said. "Please don't."

Okay. I won't then. Since you asked so nice.

"Tha----"

Psyche! The voice giggled as his finger pushed send. Everyone needs to see how cute you are, Brits!

"That's not my name," Jed mumbled, mortified.

Sorry, Brittany.

Mercifully, the voice seemed to stop, and Jed got in his Camaro and drove to school, left to struggle with the question in his own mind; have I gone crazy? Did I get up in the middle of the night and dye my hair? Am I imagining this voice? The ghost? As he approached school, his thoughts turned to the more immediate problem of his blonde hair and his post, and he swallowed and decide he had only one choice: brazen it out. He would act like this was all some baddass choice he'd made, and everyone would just go along with it.

He hoped.

He saw his usual group of friends, mostly guys from the basketball team, standing around in a cluster near the admin building and resisted the urge to avoid them, instead walking right toward them, putting on his confident swagger.



"It's Katy Perry," Pat called out, seeing him.

"Screw you," Jed said.

"Nice duck lips," Kyle said, mimicking Jed's selfie pose.

"Don't make me hit you."

"What were you thinking, bro?" Pat said. "Blonde?"

"Eminem dyed his hair blonde."

"Eminem is older than my dad," Kyle said.

A cute boy made a joke. You need to giggle! The voice in his head said.

No way.

But then he heard himself giggle, a high-pitched giggle like a girl, and he heard himself say, "You're so funny!" In a falsetto.

The guys stared at him liked he'd gone nuts.

"Just messing around," he said, coughing into his fist.

"Yeah, well, cut that stuff out," Pat said. "You're acting like a freak."

The guys turned and walked away.

Oh! He's got a really cute butt! The voice said.

I don't care.

Of course you do! You love checking out cute boys!

Get out of my head!

What would it be like to kiss Pat?

"Shut up!" Jed shouted out- loud.

"Who are you talking to?" Katie asked.

Jed spun around. Katie was looking at him like he was a crazy person.

"Oh. Hey. No one," he said.

"What's with the blonde hair?" Katie said, looking him over.

"Oh. You know. Just a crazy impulse. I figured you would like it."

"We should talk about these kinds of things," Kartie said. "And that post? Your reputation is my reputation, you know."

"Yeah, but it looks good, right?"

"It looks.... cute.... But not in a good way."

"What do you mean?"

"It's the kind of blonde a girl would get."

See that? The voice said. You are a girl!

The rest of the day went like that. Jed endured some teasing and razzing about his hair, the voice kept trying to get him to check out guys, kept talking about which ones were good kissers, which ones were lame. At basketball practice she jabbered non-stop, running her mouth constantly on how sexy all the guys were, how good they smelled, and Jed was so distracted he performed terribly, and the coach screamed at him non-stop. No matter how much he yelled and pleaded, the voice wouldn't stop talking, driving him crazy with her airheaded chatter.

When he got home, he slammed the door in frustration, and the whole house shook. His mother immediately came into the kitchen and said, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing," he said, going to the refrigerator and digging around for food.

"It doesn't seem like nothing."

Tell her you're having your period, the voice teased.

Jed just ignored the voice, grabbing some lunch meat and cheese.  
"Nothing," he said.

"Problems at school?" His mom said. She really wanted to be part of his life, and it hurt that she had pushed her away since becoming a teen-ager.

Tell her you're having your period, and I will leave you alone for the rest of the day. I won't say a word!

Yeah. Right.

I promise!"

Jed slumped his shoulders. His Mom put her hand on his shoulder. "Talk to me."

"Maybe," Jed whispered. "Maybe I'm just having my period." The voice giggled.

"Don't be a smart alek!"

"I'm going to my room."

True to her word, the voice remained silent. It took about an hour for Jed to come down from his rage, but then he did some homework, texted Katie, checked out social media. He googled hearing voices. An article came up from a website in the UK. It said somewhere between 5% and 28% of the population reports hearing voices, and that many do not have any mental illness. He skimmed down, and then got a chill when he read, "The essential first step is accepting that the voices belong to you" and "Voices can express what the hearers are thinking or feeling."

The voice kept telling him she was him, but if that was true what was the message to himself. That he was a girl? Could it be true? Was he like Bruce Jenner. He searched back through his memory. No. He'd never liked girl stuff, never wanted to wear girl clothes, and he liked girls. He liked making out with them, looking at them naked. Should he tell his parents? See a shrink?

But then everyone would think he was crazy.

No, he decided. He would fight it, and he would win. He went down and ate dinner when the time came. His dad was reading on his Ipad while they ate, his mother and big sister talked. Jed answered any questions with grunts and one word answers, then went back upstairs and played video games until bed time.

## Chapter Two

In the morning, Jed woke, stretched and immediately became aware of the slender straps on his shoulders. Looking down, he saw he was wearing one of his sister's nighties, white with little purples flowers. "What the hell?"

"Good morning, Brittany!" The voice called out gleefully.

Go away.

Time to get pretty, girly girl!

Jed got up and pulled the nightie off, at the same time becoming conscious that he was wearing panties as well. You freak! Jed said. Stop doing this crap.

The voice just giggled. Wait till you see the other improvements we made last night.

Jed froze, his stomach turning. What do you mean?

Look in the mirror!

Jed hurried to the bathroom, and when he looked in the mirror he yelped. His eyebrows had been plucked into feminine arches, and they had been darkened as well. In addition, his hair had grown. No longer spikey, it was now parted on the side and came down to his jawline. It had a rounded shape, like a girl's haircut, and bangs that brushed down to just over his delicate new eyebrows. Oh no, Jed thought, looking at himself. No.

You look sexy, the voice said. Time for another selfie!

Wait. No! Please!

We kinda look like Miley Cyrus now!

Stop!

But the voice wouldn't stop and soon Jed was smiling up at the phone as he snapped another picture, then posted it to Instagram with the message: Do My Thang!

I can't go to school now, Jed thought. It's too humiliating.

You have to go to school! The voice answered. Let everyone see your sexy new look!

"No," Jed said. "I'll just tell my mom I'm sick." But instead of getting into bed, his body skipped over to the shower, and then after showing with some kind of flowery body wash, he found himself walking over to his dresser, where he opened his underwear drawer and found himself pulling out a white, t-shirt bra, which he slipped on mumbling "Stop! Please!" Before stepping into a pair of white panties.

Why are you doing this? Jed said to the voice. You're making a fool out of me!

Oh, stop being such a crybaby! No one will even see your bra and panties. Of course, if we stay home, we could take some selfies in our underwear!

No!

Well, then, missy, let's get to school.

Jed's phone was buzzing with texts all the way to campus. Katie was pissed. His friends were all mocking him. He didn't have the courage to face them, so he parked in a different spot and slunk to his first class, ignoring the giggles and comments he heard from the other kids. As he was walking, he found his eyes roaming over a boy's broad shoulders and his firm little butt, shown off by a pair of tight jeans, and Jed thought, I would love to squeeze his hard, little ass!

I know, right? The voice answered. He's such a stud!

Jed realized what he'd been thinking and pulled his eyes away, his cheeks flushing. What the hell is wrong with me?

Nothing. You just need a boyfriend!

Once Jed got to class, he sat down, legs spread. Close it up, sister. Cute girls like us don't man spread.

I'm not sitting like a girl.

Hmmmmnnnnnn.... Maybe I should tell that boy sitting next to you I think he's cute?

Dammnit! Stop messing with me!

Close the gates, honey!



Sighing, Jed crossed his legs at the knee, his calves overlapping. It felt like he was crushing his balls, and he squirmed a little trying to ease the pressure.

Much better. Now make sure you sit like a lady from now on, or I'll get up and start twerking in the middle of class.

When class ended, the voice made Jed clutch his books to his chest like a girl, and he walked to his next class feeling humiliated and shy, sure that all the students were laughing at him. He'd turned his phone off, and was doing his best to dodge all the people he knew, but when the day ended and it came time for basketball practice, he found himself terrified of the thought of going into the boy's locker room.

He'd been struggling all day to stop himself from checking out cute guys. Now, he was about to enter a room where they would be getting naked. He pictured it for a moment--the hard, flat chests, the rippling abs, the bulges in their underwear... and as he imagined it all, he felt his nipples getting hard, pushing out against his cotton bra.

I can't go in there.

Okay, the voice said.

Really?

Yes. Quit the team already. Duh. A girl shouldn't be on the boy's team anyway.

I'm not a girl!

Right. Even though you would rather be doing ballet or cheering than basketball.

Ballet? You're nuts. Jed took a deep breath, and covering his hard little nipples with his books, he went into the locker room, keeping his eyes to the floor, trying to avoid looking at any of the hot young guys undressing around him. The room seemed to swim in testosterone and Jed felt dizzy as the smell surrounded him and he slunk into a shower stall and pulled the curtain, falling back against a wall.

It smells like man in here, the voice said. Yummy!

Jed pulled off his shirt, and was starting to slip out of his bra when the voice screamed, What do you think you are doing, young lady?

I can't practice in this, Jed thought. The guys'll see it when I start sweating.

No. You need to get used to wearing a bra all the time.

Why?

Because you'll need one when you get your boobs.

When I get--what?

Your boobs. I think you should practice in only your bra! That would be so sexy!

Please. Don't.

Well, then you have to promise me to shave your legs tonight.

Okay. Okay. Anything.

Fine, then you can be a naughty girl and practice without a bra--today.

Jed pulled off his bra and wiggled out of his panties, pulling on his gym clothes. Then, he hurried out to the gym and started to warm up, dribbling the ball and taking some lay ups. His bangs kept flopping into his eyes, and he had to brush them out constantly.

It's so cute how you keep brushing the hair out of your eyes! So girly. The boys will love it.

I don't care about boys! And I'm not being girly!

You don't have to be so shy about it! It's fun you like to flirt so much.

Once practice started, the voice teased Jed once more about how cute all the guys were. He did a better job ignoring her, but now he found a new struggle. As he fought for position, he found the guys pushing him around, easily overpowering him. He couldn't get in position to rebound, and when he tried to defend the boys just backed him under the hoop and easily shot over his head. Jed got more and more frustrated, clenching his fists and stomping his feet, furious that he couldn't seem to match up physically with guys that just a couple days before he'd been dominating.

Worst and most disturbing of all, as the guys physically over-powered him, he found himself getting turned on, his skin tingling and once more his nipples getting hard, poking hard out of his sweat soaked t-shirt. During breaks he found himself wrapping his arms around his chest, trying to hide his hard, little nipples, his cheeks blushing.

You're getting so hot and wet! You love being dominated by these big, strong boys!

I do not!

Don't tell me. Tell your rock hard nips, girl!

Late in practice, he found himself in the lane, and Pat came barreling toward him. He felt scared and started to back away, and when Pat crashed into him as he leapt toward the hoop to slam the ball home Jed went crashing to the floor, hitting his head.

"What the hell is wrong with you?" The coach screamed, charging at Jed and leaning down and howling right into Jed's face. "You're playing like a girl!!!!"

"I'm trying my hardest!" Jed wailed, horrified as his eyes filled with tears.

"Crying?!! You're crying!!!!???"

"Stop yelling at me!"

Awwwww, the voice purred. Poor girl!

Just then, Pat pushed between the coach and Jed. He reached out his hand and said, "Come on, bro."

Jed felt his stomach flip as he reached up and took Pat's hand, and then he felt a smile spread across his face as Pat pulled him to his feet and gave him a slap on the butt. "Thanks," Jed said softly.

"No problem."

Someone's got a crush on Pat! The voice said.

Jed ignored her as he headed back to the locker room, his head swirling with confusing emotions. He bashfully made his way to the shower, finding Caress Body Wash in place of his Irish Spring. He wasn't even surprised anymore, but just washed, and then dressed, putting his bra back on, his panties, and then his regular clothes before bolting from the locker room, stepping outside in relief only to find Katie standing there waiting for him, her arms crossed, face angry.

"Why haven't you been answering my texts?" She said.

Jed hooked his hair behind his ear. "Um, I just, like, was busy?"

"Too busy to text?" Katie shook her head. "Don't lie to me."

Tell her you like boys now!

"I'm going through something weird." He looked at her in her pleated skirt, those tights on her perfect legs, and he wished he had legs like her, that he could wear tights like those.

"What's happening? Talk to me?" Katie stepped forward.

Jed looked down at her. "You look so pretty," he said, then thought, I wish I could be as pretty as you.

The voice giggled.

Katie reached up and brushed Jed's bangs back, then put one hand on the back of his head and pulled him down for a kiss. Jed kissed her back, though he felt kind of gross. Katie's hand slipped down from his head to his shoulder, and then she pulled away even as she grabbed at his bra strap with her fingers. "Are you wearing a bra?" She said, putting her other hand on his chest, her nose crinkling.

"No," Jed said, pulling away in a panic. "That's crazy."

"Omigod," Katie said. "What's wrong with you?"

"Nothing!" Jed said. "It's a tank top!"

Katie took the necklace off from around her neck, Jed's class ring flashing in the sunlight. "I don't want to go out with you anymore," she said, holding the ring out toward Jed.

Jed took it, his eyes filling with tears again as he turned and ran off, not wanting anyone to see him cry. As Katie watched him run her mouth fell open. He was running like a girl.

### Chapter Three

Jed found himself sitting on the edge of the bathtub in his bra and panties, one of his sister's Bic Silky Touch razors in his hand, his leg covered in shaving cream. "Why are you doing this?" He asked idly as he began to shave his legs. "What are you, even?"

I'm the voice in your head, the voice said in sing song tones.

But why are you doing this?

Just 'cause.

Just cause?

Just 'cause.

"Tell me for real," Jed said, running his fingers over his smooth, hairless calf.

Feels good, doesn't it?

No, Jed lied.

You are a pretty little liar.

Once his legs were smooth and hairless, Jed wiped some shaving cream into his arm pits and began to shave them as well.

I didn't say you had to shave your pits, Brittany, the voice said.

Yeah, but You were going to.

True, she said. But you're going to love being smooooottthhhhhh!

When Jed woke the next day he was not surprised that he had to pull a curtain of long blonde hair away from his face and toss it back over his shoulders, but he was stunned when he felt his chest jiggle and looked down to see firm little breasts filling out the cups of his nightie. "Omigod!" He said. Too distracted to even realize his voice had shifted into a higher register, he reached up to touch them, feeling their soft yet firm weight in his hands, his head swimming as he felt his hands squeeze his boobs, the boobs he shouldn't have because he was a boy.

Finally! The voice said. No more flatty Patty!

Jed hopped out of his bed and hurried over to the mirror, and when he looked at himself he made a high-pitch squealing noise because he was not there. Looking back at him was someone who looked much more like a girl than a boy. He now had a pert little nose and big, innocent looking blue eyes, his heart shaped face framed by long, glistening straight blonde hair. His skin was pale and radiant, and as he reached up and put his hands to his pale cheeks he saw that he now had skinny little arms, completely



devoid of muscle and narrow, round little shoulders. The front of his nightie tented with the small breasts, and with the sun shining through the window behind him he could see the shadow of his figure through the thin cotton-- a narrow waist that swooped out into rounded hips.

He shook his head, biting his full, soft kissable lips. He cupped his breasts again, his knees together. This isn't possible, he thought. It can't be real. He tossed his long blonde hair back over his shoulders. I can't let people see me like this!

What? You're super cute. All the guys will be drooling over you!

That's what I'm afraid of! Jed admitted.

He took a quick shower, being careful to keep his hair from getting wet and ignoring the tingly feeling he got when he rubbed soap over his nipples. When he went to dress, he slipped into a pair of panties without even thinking twice about--or noticing how small he'd gotten, but then his eyes fell on a pair of blue tights and his mouth felt open. He had always loved seeing girls in tights, and now he wanted to feel those tights against his smooth legs, to see his own sexy legs encased in the translucent material. But, what if someone saw him?

Just put them on cutie pie! You want to soooo bad.

Jed reached out with a trembling hand and ran his finger-tips over the cool, silky material. Omigod, he thought. These are so sexy. He grabbed them and sat down on the edge of his bed, giggling with excitement as he slipped into the tights, pulling them up his long, slender, rounded legs and then running to the mirror, putting a hand on his hip and looking at his legs, which looked so hot. Just as sexy as any girl!

It pained him to pull on a pair on the dress slacks over them, but he also felt giddy at the thought that he would go to school wearing his tights, and it would stay his own little secret. His secret! He loved secrets. His excitement turned to apprehension when he found himself running his fingers over the lacy cup of a white bra. Unlike his t-shirt bra, it was feminine as well as functional, with silk straps and a little pink bow between the cups. Worse, he knew it would lift his breasts and make them more visible.

That's good, the voice said. More attention for you from guys!

You know I don't like boys! Jed insisted petulantly.

Whatevs, girly girl. Are you going to put on that cute little bra, or do I have to do it for you?

Well, since you're making me do it, Jed thought, fitting the cups over his breasts, then reaching back and hooking it on as if he'd been doing it his whole life. He felt the shoulder straps pull down as they lifted his boobs, and he pulled on a white blouse and then ignoring the objections of the voice, he pulled on the blue blazer that was always optional for the boys. Looking in the mirror, he was pleased to see it did a pretty good job of hiding his boobs, but he felt another shock as he realized that the blazer now pulled in tight at the waist, and it also seemed to have altered to suit his new dimensions in other ways, with sleeves that hugged his thin little arms. He fluffed his hair again. "I still look like a girl," he said, finally noticing his voice. "Even dressed as a boy."

That's because you are a girl!

Stop it, Jed said, grabbing his Burberry backpack. I'm going to get rid of you! You are not going to win! You will not make me into a girl! He stomped one little foot to emphasize the last point.

We'll see.

When Jed went downstairs, no one seemed to notice anything different about him. He ate in silence, several times getting strands of hair in his mouth until he figured out how to hold his head to keep his hair out of his face. When he went outside, he got another shock. His Camaro was gone. In its place waited a rose colored mini-Cooper.

"Omigod," he said. "Are you kidding me?"

Such a cute, pretty car! Perfect for a ditzy blonde cheerleader like you!

"I'm going to kill you for this!"

Jed went to the car and slipped in, but when he tried to put his seatbelt on it got tangled in his long hair, and then once he got it untangled he felt the strap settling in between his breasts, and for a moment he almost cried again, but then he turned the tears to anger. "I am so getting this stupid hair cut!" He said, as he pulled out. "Right after practice!"

I don't think so, the voice said.

I'm stronger than you, Jed said. I'll do what I want.

We'll just see about that.

As Jed drove to school, his phone started buzzing. He fished it out and saw a message from Madison. Meet me. Usual place.

Madison? Jed thought. I wonder what she wants? He glanced in the review mirror, saw the blonde girl looking back. No way am I going to let her see me like this, he decided. In fact, he didn't want anyone he knew to see him like this.

Stay away from her! The voice said. She's bad news!

Wait, what? You want me to stay away from her?

Yes. She'll probably just make fun of you for turning into such a bimbo.

I'm not a bimbo!

Are, too!

Hmmof. Well, then I am going to see Madison for sure.

Jed slumped in his seat as he drove into the student parking lot, his cheeks burning with embarrassment. As soon as he parked he got out of the car, grabbed his backpack and starred toward the stream behind the agriculture building. There was a little bridge there where he and Madison used to meet. After he'd taken three steps, his legs froze.

NO! The voice said.

Jed bit his lip and slit his eyes. "Yes!" He said.

No!

Jed focused all his will, and then he took a step, and another, and soon he was running toward the meeting point, one arm waving awkwardly out and away from his body, the other crossed over his breasts, which were bouncing with every step. I told you, Jed thought triumphantly. I am stronger than you!

You bitch! The voice said.

And this hair is coming off! Jed said, giggling.

Madison saw Jed running around the corner of the admin building and she smirked seeing how much like a stereotypical girl he was running, his long blonde hair flying out behind him, flashing in the sun. "Jed!" She said, pretending to be surprised as she checked out his slender new little body and his pretty face. "What happened?" She and Jed were now close to the same height.

"I don't know," Jed answered in his soft new voice, tossing his hair back. "There was, like, a voice? And then my hair totally changed to blonde, and she made me start acting like a girl, and I was so bad at basketball and stuff, and then I suddenly had boobs and I was like--omigod!"

"You have boobs?" Madison said, reaching out to pull Jed's blazer open, seeing his perky little breasts swelling against his white blouse.

Jed pulled his blazer closed, blushing.

"I think I can help you," Madison said.

"Really?"

She's lying! Get away from her!

"This has to be magic. Some kind of spell."

"Magic isn't real!"

"Look at yourself," Madison said. "Can you think of any other explanation?"

"Um, like, no or whatever?"

"I know this is going to sound maybe a little crazy, but I am a witch, Jed. I know some magic. Maybe I can undo the spell."

She probably did this to you!

"You're a witch?"

"Yes. My mother taught me."

The bell rang. "Okay. I'll see what I can find out." She handed Jed a pink bangle bracelet. "Put this on. It will keep the voice from controlling you."

No! Noooooo! The voice wailed.

"Thanks for helping me! Omigod. I never should have broken up with you!"

"I forgive you," Madison brushed Jed's hair back from his pretty face and gave him a hug. "Be a good girl now and run off to class. Meet me at lunch."

"Kay," Jed said, not even noticing Madison had called him a girl. Slipping the bracelet over his slender wrist, he hurried off to class, the voice grumbling in his head. He hurried into class just before the late bell rang, slipping into his seat and sitting with his knees together. Tossing his long blonde hair, he twisted his bracelet even as his eyes fell onto Tobey Green, and he thought, I bet he's a really good kisser.

See? The voice said. "You're still getting the hots for boys. It isn't me!"

You made me like this, Jed said, reaching into his jacket to adjust his bra strap. And Madison is going to save me from you!

Tobey Green the teacher said, calling role.

"Here." He answered, and Jed felt his heart flutter a little at the sound of Tobey's deep voice.

"Brittany Heddick," the teacher said. Jed was checking out Tobey from the corner of his eyes, looking at his square jaw and pretty eyes.

"Brittany?"

Jed imagined himself opening up his blouse, letting Tobey see his boobs, and then Tobey grabbing him, pulling him in for a hot, wet kiss...

"Miss Heddick!" The teacher yelled.

Jed looked up, his eyes wide, to see the teacher staring right at him. "What? Me?" He squeaked.

"Unless there is someone else named Brittany. Yes, you."

"Brittany?" Jed said. "Sorry?"

Hehehehe, the voice giggled. I told you that was your name.

"It's okay," the teacher said. "Just try and pay attention, girly girl."

"She is such a blonde," Jed heard one of the girls whisper, and then the class laughed.

Jed hung his head. Omigod, he thought. Tobey probably thinks I am a total freak now! He glanced back at the girl who'd whispered about him and saw it was Summer Park. Hmmmpfff, he thought, slitting his eyes at her. I am way prettier than her anyway!



God, the voice said. You even think like a girl now.

Not for much longer, Jed answered, tossing his hair and giving Tobey another longing glance. Not for much longer.

The rest of the morning, everyone called Jed "Brittany." Some seemed to think he was a girl, while others treated him and talked to him like he was a guy. He didn't even know what he was anymore as he found himself constantly comparing himself to girls, feeling threatened by the pretty ones, and obsessing over different boys. Once or twice he caught a guy checking him out, and he flushed with pleasure at the male attention. The voice kept teasing and mocking him, but it didn't seem to matter so much anymore. He had his magic bracelet to protect him from her mind control attempts, and Madison would find a way to turn him back into a boy!

When he met Madison at lunch, her eyes were bright with excitement. "I used some spells to find out who did this to you. I know who it was and how to change you back!"

"Yaaaaasssss!" Jed said, hopping up and down, clapping his little hands.

"Okay. So, it was actually Pat. He was jealous that you got Katie, so he decided to take you out of the picture."

"Pat? But, he's so cute?"

"Well, the thing is, for me to cast a spell that will change you back, you need to do something that you may find a little embarrassing."

"What?"

"Kiss him."

"I need to kiss Pat?" Jed said. The suggestion made him feel kinda gross, but also all tingly.

"Yes."

"How am I supposed to do that?"

"Just walk right up to him and kiss him. Catch him by surprise."

"Why do I have to kiss him?"

"You need some of his saliva to break the spell."

"isn't there any other way?"

"No. Kiss him, or get used to being a blonde bimbo. Sorry." Madison reached out and touched Jed on the wrist. "It really is the only way."

I can't wait for this! The voice squealed. Pat is so hot! Once you kiss him you'll forget all about ever wanting to be a boy!

Shut up, Jed said, looking at Pat sitting with the basketball players and some cheerleaders on the other side of the cafeteria. He bit his lip and put a hand on his hip, a dreamy look coming over his eyes. I don't LIKE BOYS!

Whatever you have to tell yourself.

"I'll do it," Jed said in a soft, husky voice. "After practice. I guess I don't have any choice."

"You're going to practice?" Madison said. "Like that?"

Jed stood his hip thrust out to one side, idly twisting a hunk of his pretty blonde hair in his fingers. "I have to or the coach will, like, totally demote me and everything!"

"Can't you tell him you're sick or something?"

"Basketball is the most important thing in the whole world to me," Jed answered. "I have to go."

"Okay," Madison said. "But make sure to kiss Pat right after. We have to get to work breaking the spell!"

"Okay," Jed said, throwing his arms around Madison and giving her a girlish hug. "Thanks for being my BFF!"

Madison smirked as Jed pranced off, his blonde hair bouncing. Then, she started looking around for a place to charge her phone.

Jed felt even more terrified than before when he thought about going into the boy's locker room. All day, people had been calling him Brittany, and half of them thought he was a girl, so what would happen if he walked in there? And would all the boys be totally checking him out?

Finally, he went to his car and pulled on his shorts, then his practice jersey, being careful to make sure his bra straps were hidden underneath the jersey straps. Pulling his hair back, he managed to bunch his hair into a pony tail and slip a hair tie around it. He took a quick glance in the mirror. A pretty blonde girl looked back, and he loved and hated it at the same time. Looking down at this car clock, he gasped. Practice started in 5 minutes!

Jumping out of the car, grabbing his bag, he jogged off to the gym, rushing in at the last minute as the team was lining up to start doing lay-up drills.

"Brittany!" The coach shouted. "Get your ass in line!"

"Omigod!" Jed gasped, dropping his bag and then running awkwardly over. The boys all looked him over as he jogged over, and then got in line. Jed started to feel all tingly.

When it came his time to do the lay-up drills, Jed took the ball and stood confused. He couldn't remember how to dribble.

"Hustle! Hustle!" The coach yelled.

Jed started to dribble the ball with both hands, then stopped under the basket and swinging the ball down between his legs tossed it up, granny style. The ball bounced off the bottom of the rim and then hit him on the

head, and Jed shrieked and fell down on the court. Hahahaha! The voice laughed. You're such a girly girl!

The boys all burst out laughing, too, and Jed looked up through the bangs in his eyes, and then he started giggling. Pat ran up and once again helped Jed to his feet. "Thanks," Jed whispered.

"Keep going," Coach said clapping. "Brittany! Over here!"

Jed ran over. "Coach?"

"Brittany, look, I know you are trying as hard as you can..."

Jed felt his heart sink. "Oh, no..."

"And I don't want you to think this is because you're a girl."

"I'm not a girl," Jed said, his eyes stinging.

"Sorry. Young woman. So, look, you just aren't ready for varsity."

"No," Jed said, "Please. I know I can do it."

"You need to go down to the Junior Varsity and work on your game."

Jed's eyes filled with tears. He covered his face.

"Now, now," Coach said, patting Jed awkwardly on his back. "It's not the end of the world. Michael Jordan didn't make the team the first time he tried."

Sobbing, Jed turned and started to walk away.

"And, Brittany? I'm talking about the girl's Junior Varsity."

"It's so unfair!" Jed shrieked, then ran from the room before he found a corner to curl up in and cry.

Omigod! The voice said. Demoted to girl's junior varsity? Why don't you just admit you aren't a real athlete and go cheer? It's what you were born for anyway.

Shup up, slut! Jed murmured, pulling his hair tie out and shaking out his long hair. I'm totally getting rid of you! Then, everything will get back to normal. Oh, and for your information, cheerleaders are real athletes!

Right. Okay. So, your plan is to kiss the hell out of Pat and magically turn back into a boy. Great.

Jed went around to the front of the boy's locker room and found a place to sit down. After about an hour, Madison walked up and sat down next to him. "Why aren't you at practice?"

"Um, well, I kinda got kicked off the team."

"Why?"

"The coach thinks I'm a girl," Jed sighed. "Are you sure this will work?" Jed said, turning to Madison, taking her hand and squeezing it. "I can't stand what's happening to me! I'm losing everything that matters to me, and I just want what I deserve."

Madison smiled. "Oh, I am sure you are going to get everything you deserve. Just kiss him like you mean it, and make sure to give him lots of tongue."

"Tongue?"

"You need to get his saliva into you."

"Really?"

"Yes," Madison looked him right in the eyes. "Really."

Practice ended and the guys started to come out of the locker room. Jed watched, tapping his foot, twisting his bracelet around his wrist. Finally, Pat walked out. Jed hopped to his feet. "Go get him," Madison said. As Jed hurried off, Madison pulled out her phone and started recording.

Oh, this is so perfect, the voice said. You are totally going to kiss a boy!

I have to! Jed thought, putting a bright smile on his face. "Pat!" he called in a high-pitched voice. "Pat!"

Pat turned and smiled. "Brittany! Are you okay?"

"I'm fine!" Jed said walking up to Pat, looking up at him. "Thanks for asking." He felt himself blushing. Pat had such pretty eyes. "Um, can I tell you something?"

Pat smiled. "Sure?"

Jed gestured for Pat to lean down. "It's a secret."

Pat leaned down. Jed summoned up all his courage and said. "Um, well, the secret is... this." He slipped a hand behind Pat's head, and standing on his tip toes, pressing his lips to Pat's and then pushing his tongue into Pat's mouth. Jed's whole body felt like it had been hit by an electric charge, and his fingers tingled. He pulled away, shaking his head. "Sorry. I mean, I'm such a dork, I guess?"

You little slut! The voice said.

Jed started to back away, but Pat grabbed his waist, pulled him close and kissed him back, and when the kiss ended Pat tapped him on the nose and said, "You're the prettiest dork I know, Brittany."

"Me? Pretty?"

"Do I have to kiss you again?"



"No," Jed whispered. "I mean, but I want you to."

Pat did, and then he gave Jed a little pat on the ass and said, "I'll text you later."

Jed stood there flushing with pleasure and hormonal confusion as he watched Pat walk away.

Still want to claim you don't like boys? The voice said.

Jed shook his head. I am so thirsty, he thought. Omigod, what just happened?

Madison walked up, giggling. "Wow," she said. "You, um, looked like you were really into that kiss, girlfriend."

"No," Jed said, looking at his feet. "I just did it cause I... want to be a boy again?"

"Are you sure?" Madison said.

Jed wasn't sure. His head was swirling with strange feelings, but then he thought about what had happened at basketball practice, and how much he had always loved basketball, and he nodded. "I think? Yes. I do want to be a boy."

"Oh," Madison said. "Well, that is totally awesome because, guess what? I was totally lying! I'm the one who turned you into a girl in the first place!"

"What?"

"I just wanted to trick you into kissing a boy so as to wake you up to the fact that you are a total boy crazy bimbo now!!"

Hahahaha, the voice laughed. I told you. You are such an airhead!

"What the hell?" Jed said, furious. "How could you do this to me?" He wiped the back of his arm across his lips. Spit.

"You dumped me, remember? Oh, and I got the whole thing on my phone!"

"What?" Jed gasped. "I'm going to kill you!"

"No, you won't," Madison said, walking away. "Because you are so sweet and feminine now, I would beat your butt." She raised her hand and Jed flinched away. "Enjoy your new life as a blonde bimbo! And remember, tonight, when you are obsessing over your first kiss? I did this to you."

Jed stomped his foot in feminine fury as he watched Madison walk away.

Pat is such a good kisser, the voice said. And you were so cute!

"That's it!" Pat said. "I'm stopping this now! Time for a buzz cut!"

What? No!

Pat felt his feet dragging, the voice in his head trying to stop him, but he marshalled his willpower and forced his body to move, eventually even managing a trot.

The bracelet! The voice shrieked. It's real!

Jed jumped in his car and drove to the mall, feeling triumphant. Madison's whole little plan was about to backfire because she forgot about the bracelet! Jed marched into the mall and went into the hair salon, the voice cursing and threatening. When his time came, he marched to the chair. The girl, Alyssa, said, "What can I do for you today?"

Jed smiled and opened his mouth to ask for a buzz cut, but instead he said, "I want to get my ears pierced." His eyes went wide. What did I just say? He opened his mouth to take it back and heard himself say, "And a mani-pedi. My nails are soooo totally gross."

"We'll fix all that," Alyssa said, then she tossed his hair and said, "Your hair is super pretty!"

"Thanks!" Jed chirped, but inside he was raging. What the hell is going on?

Psyche! The voice said. That bracelet never did anything!

What? No!

God, you are such a blonde. Did you really think Madison gave you a magic bracelet then tricked you into kissing Pat? You really need a boyfriend to do your thinking for you.

Stop it. Please, Jed said. But even as he begged, he found himself thinking that he would probably look pretty cute with earrings, and his nails were gross!

When Jed left the mall, he had little gold studs flashing in his ears, and long, oval nails painted a glossy pink. He had stood helplessly as the voice had forced him to buy a bunch of bracelets which now joined his pink bangle on his tiny wrist, and a couple delicate chains that hung around his slender neck. He felt like a Christmas tree, his whole body sparkling and flashing as he moved, and in his hands he carried bags filled with make-up, bath salts and hair care products.

This is forever, he thought catching a glimpse of himself in the glass doors that led out of the mall. You're never going to let me change back, are you?

No, the voice said. I'm not. So, the sooner you accept it, the better.

## Chapter Four

In the morning, Jed found his breasts had gotten bigger, his waist smaller, and he was no longer male. He sat down to pee, feeling queasy, and then he wiped himself and took a shower, trying his best to ignore his strange new body. When he went back into his bedroom he stopped, staring at the outfit that hung from his closet door: pleated skirt, sweater with school name across the chest. A cheerleader outfit. It was, to him, the absolute embodiment of femininity, the ultimate insult to a male athlete. No longer

would he be competing on the court, but he would be shaking his pom-poms, cheering on the boys as he danced in his little skirt on the sidelines.

Aw, the voice said. It's not so bad. At least you get to wear tights!"

Humiliated, Jed slipped on a bra and a pair of panties, then his tights and his skirt before pulling on the too small sweater that stretched across his firm, voluptuous breasts. He put on some eyeliner and mascara, some lip gloss and just a little blush. Boys liked to say they liked the natural look, but Jed knew that even a girl as pretty as him was a fool to go outside looking anything but her best. At least if she wanted to keep her man.

And Jed wanted to keep her man. She couldn't deny it anymore; she was boy crazy, and she was in love with Pat, and even though everyone told her that it was just puppy love and would never last, she just knew they would get married and have kids together. Their love was real!

Jed settled into his busy new life. He and Katie were friends again now that he was a cheerleader, too, and they hung out and gossiped and helped each other with their homework--and their boyfriend's homework, too. After school he had cheerleading practice, then after dinner he went to dance class, slipping into a leotard and joining the other girls to do ballet, though his boobs were too big for him to ever be really great. Then, it was home to check out social media and listen to Ariana Grande and Taylor Swift before bed and then doing it all over again.

Jed found himself wearing skirts all the time. On school days it was either the girl's uniform skirt or his cheerleading uniform. On weekends at least he could put on yoga pants. He loved to go to the mall with Katie and walk around. He had a really cute butt, and it drove all the guys crazy to see him in his tight little pants, his bra straps gleaming against his tan, slender shoulders.

The voice in his head was there all the time, chattering away, but now he sounded just like it, and when it urged him to be girly he did so willingly because he loved being cute and feminine all the time. It had become his nature, and though he could remember being a boy and sometimes looked back on those days with a little sorrow for what he'd lost, whenever he and Pat were making out, holding each other, kissing, staring into each other's eyes, it made him forget all about those days and that life. Or when he was dancing, or when he was kicking and cheering on the sidelines while the boys played basketball. He was a girl now, and he kinda loved it?

And so it was that one day as he was sitting in his bedroom taking selfies, his phone rang. He looked at the screen and saw that it said, Madison. He swiped and said "Hey, girl."

"Hey, Jed," Madison said.

"Omigod! My name is Brittany."

"Oh. Well, that's kind of what I came to talk to you about."

"Okay. Well, then, yeah. That's my name."

"No. I mean, I wanted to say I think you've learned your lesson, and if you want to be a boy again, I will turn you back now."

Jed found himself twisting his long blonde hair around his finger, shaking his head. "Why would I want to be a boy?"

The line was silent for a time, then Madison said, "You don't?"

"Um, no! Not with prom coming up in like two weeks! Plus, don't you think it would make things a little awkward between me and my boyfriend? Gosh, Madison. You can be so dumb sometimes."

"Oh. Okay, then."

"Okay. Anyway, I got to go. I have ballet in a little bit."

"Have fun, then, Jed."

"It's Brittany."

Jed slipped into his leotard, then went and looked at himself in his full-length mirror. He loved the way the leotard hugged his firm, curvaceous body, showing off his breasts, his tiny waist and his plump, heart shaped rear as well as his long, lithe legs. I am so pretty, he thought, tossing his long blonde hair, smiling at himself from different angles. Grabbing his phone, he took a couple more selfies, making sure to get his cleavage into the shots, then glancing at the time on his phone he gasped. "Omigod!"

Grabbing his dance bag, he hurried downstairs and giving his mom a quick kiss jumped in his car and raced off to the studio. Miss Kollick was really strict, and if he was late he might lose his solo in the recital! If he didn't get to dance he would just die!

Omigod, the voice in his head said. You ooze estrogen. You are such a girl.

I know, Jed answered. Right?

They both giggled, and then Jed tossed his long, blonde hair, and drove off into the sunset, thinking about kissing Pat, sunbathing in a bikini, dancing, cheering, and all the other sweet, pretty things that made up his new life.

The End