

Oliver had decided he could date three different girls from three different towns and get away with it-- and he did, for a time. But, well, social media. When the girls found out, they delivered a dire threat: "We hope you had fun because you'll **never** date another girl."

Oliver laughed it off. Girls. So dumb. He didn't care if they told the whole world about how he cheated on them. He could always find another girl with low self-esteem he could manipulate.

Or, so he thought. Over the next week, his chest began to ache, and by the end of the week he'd popped out a pair of breasts. His arms and shoulders shrank.

He called the girls, desperate for relief. "You need to appreciate what a girl goes through," Avery explained. "So, you need to wear a bra all the time and girls' clothes. " Ollie hated it, but what just did he have? He spent all his time in his room, humiliated by his skinny, feminine body, but knowing he would get back to his old self soon, he spent a lot of time on Tinder looking for his next girl. He played mind games with them, softening them up.

"We know what you've been doing," Avery said. "There's one more thing you need to do. Get hair extensions, and from now on you will sport a flirty ponytail."

Ollie's mother was a hairdresser. Ollie couldn't tell her the real reason he needed extensions, so he lied and said he was "exploring." He'd kept his breasts hidden, but she'd noticed, of course, that he'd been wearing her clothes. Quite open-minded, she happily did Ollie's hair and taught him how to braid it. Ollie took some selfies of himself in his bra with his new hairdo and sent them to the girls. He was sure they would hold them over him forever, but what choice did he have?

Sitting around bored out of his mind, Ollie was surprised and happy when he got a text from Jane, a girl who he'd dated a few years before but had moved out of town. Ollie swore her to secrecy and went to work with his usual gaslighting. There was no way the girls would ever know about this.

Of course, they'd gotten Jane to text him as a test. "There's one more thing. This really is the last one. You need to start wearing makeup everyday." She texted him a picture of a teen girl with her face all done up in soft pinks. "We ordered the cosmetics for you, girly. They'll be delivered this afternoon. I'll text you some links to videos as well."

This time, Ollie refused. "Go to hell," he shouted. "I'm going to call the police. This is all bullshit."

"Go ahead. They'll think you're insane and laugh at the boy with boobs. Also, if you do that you will stay as you are forever. Wait no. You know what? When you wake up tomorrow morning, you'll get a surprise. Remember, this is just a warning." With that, Avery hung up.

Ollie raged. The hell he would put up with any more of this. He started to dial the police, but he stopped. Avery was right. They would never believe him. Overwhelmed, he threw himself onto his bed and punched and kicked, screaming into his pillow.

He fell asleep. Later, he woke to the sound of his mother knocking on his bedroom door. She came in carrying a makeup kit and sat next to him, brushing the bangs from his eyes. "I can explain.." he started to say, mortified.

"Oh, I totally support your desire to explore your feminine side." His mom said.

He almost told her everything, but he knew she would be really mad if she knew how he'd been treating the girls. He took the makeup kit and smiled.

In the morning, Ollie woke to discover his breasts had gotten bigger, his waist more narrow, and his hips wider. "Those bitches!" He said, but then gasped. His voice had changed. He now sounded like a girl. He took the picture they'd sent, watched the videos and painted his face.

When he was done, he felt terrified to look at himself. With his hair and now lipstick, eyeliner, mascara and the rest, he looked like a girl.

He texted pics of himself to Avery. She and the girl texted back telling him how pretty he looked, how he should stay a girl. "No, thanks," he answered. "How long until you turn me back?"

They texted back: There's just one more thing.

Ollie now had to make a dating profile pretending he was a girl. They'd told him his girl name was Cassie, and he would need to spend at least three hours per day flirting with boys. Ollie had agreed. He was in so deep now what did it matter?

He came out of his room wearing his bra and short shorts, his face all glossy and bright. He finally told his mother the whole story, hoping she could save him. Instead, she smiled and said, "I've known all along sweetie. I think this is all an important lesson for you. Now, put on a top and we're going to the mall."

Ollie lost all confidence in himself and the world. Even his mother was against him, and at the mall he was forced to see himself as a girl in the world as he could feel the eyes of the boys scanning his body.

At least it would be over soon. Or, so he thought.

There was always just one more thing.

Tattoos. Earrings. The girls made him go clubbing with them, dancing with guys, and even kissing a boy for the first time. His mother took him out for mani-pedis and spa days.

Finally, the day came when Avery called and said, "We think you've learned your lesson, Cassie. We're turning you back into a boy.

Cassie giggled. "Actually, um, can you turn me into a real girl?" He tugged on one of his earrings.

Avery smiled. This is what they'd been bringing him to. "Of course, doll," she said. "Anything else?"

"Well, since you ask? Can you give me bigger boobs?"