

# Miss Teen Trans

**VOTE FOR  
CATHY**



Book One

# Deena Gomersall

A "Young Adult TV" Novel



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For information address  
Reluctant Press  
P.O. Box 5829  
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413  
USA

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# Miss Teen Trans

## Book One

**by Deena Gomersall**

Billy Joe Bailey, often referred to as BJ, and his best friend Matt Harrison, were walking together, passing a football back and forth to each other as they walked along the grounds of their High School. Both had cigarettes dangling from their lips.

Most students kept their distance from the pair as they were known troublemakers and bullies, prepared to do anything just for the laugh. Adam Spencer wasn't so fortunate; he was rounding the corner of a building as the pair approached from the opposite corner. They practically walked into each other.

Adam was a quiet kid who many teased for being gay. Adam, however, felt he wasn't so much gay as transgender. From a very early age he had always felt different from other boys. He believed he had been born in the body of the wrong sex.

“Watch where you are walking, Spencer, you little homo,” Joe taunted as he threw the ball at him and caught it as it rebounded off Adam’s head.

“What have you been doing? Getting your ass fucked in the toilets, you little queer?” Matt demanded to know as Adam rubbed his head.

“No... I’ve just been collecting an entry form from the secretary’s office,” he replied in a trembling voice.

“What entry form?” Joe demanded to know.

“It’s for a competition that the school is running. There’s a poster up outside the office door,” answered Adam, not wishing to aggravate the two boys.

Joe and Matt decided to let Spencer go on his way in favour of looking to see what the school competition was all about. If there was a competition, and a prize, they should certainly be entering it themselves. They were bound to win, especially if a little sissy like Spencer was entering.

Inside the school the two ruffians found another boy standing outside of the secretary’s door, reading through some papers that he was holding. This was another sissy, Edward Glanville, who always wore campish, even effeminate, clothing when not in school.

“What’s that? Where did you get it from?” Matt asked in an aggressive tone.

“From in there,” Edward replied timidly, indicating the office with his eyes.

Joe pushed the boy out of the way as he was covering a poster that was taped by the door. Joe began reading it:

**BELMONT HIGH will be competing for TEEN TRANS, OHIO**

This competition is open to all of our students who identify as transgender and will be competed in by High School students across Ohio. As well as a cash

prize and title, the winner of the State title will then be eligible to enter for the national title of Miss or Master Teen Trans USA. Please see Miss Ryan for application forms.

“What the holy fuck!” Joe stated to his friend. “This competition is for Sissies and Faggots.”

“What? I didn’t think we would have so many, unless they all hide away in the closet. I mean yeah, you have that mincing prick, Spencer and Glanville just now. Then there’s Corey Wyatt...”

“Benjamin Priestley...” Joe added.

“This would be piss easy to win,” Matt then stated.

B.J. looked at his friend in astonishment.

“Joe. Think about it. You could easily beat that set of sissies.”

Joe’s face turned red in anger. “Hey! I’m no queer. What are you implying?”

Matt just laughed. “Calm down, girl. I bet most of the school will look at this idea as one big joke. Of course, though, they would only have the sissies to choose from and so one of the sissies will win, unless you competed. They would vote you for sure, taking this thing for the farce that it is and kicking the sissies in the teeth, denying them from what would probably be the only thing they could ever win in their whole sorry lives.”

“And explain to me again... why is it me that is applying and not you?”

“Because I am the hardest of the two of us... The Alpha!” Matt stated with a laugh. “Oh, come on, stop being so serious. It’s just for a laugh; all you will be doing is disrupting some weirdo competition. Nobody is going to think you are really a girly boy.”

Joe thought about it and grinned. “You know, you’re right. What is the school even thinking? Putting itself forward to compete in something so disgust-

ing? And it will be a real laugh to see the look on those sissies' faces."

With that, the two boys entered the secretary's office.

Mary Ryan was sitting at her desk typing when the two boys entered her office. She eyed them suspiciously, being well aware of their reputation.

"Yes, boys? What can I do for you?" she asked.

"I need an application form, Miss." Joe stated, grinning.

"An application for what, Bailey?" Mary asked with a sigh.

"For that competition; it mentions it on the poster outside," Joe then replied smugly.

"The teen trans competition?" Mary then asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Yes Miss Ryan, that's the one," Joe confirmed, smirking, Matt trying and failing to suppress laughter next to him.

"You are aware, Bailey, that the competition is open to those of our students who identify themselves as being transgender?"

"Yeah, of course Miss. I. I have bottled up my inner feelings all of my life, even though I have always had this overwhelming feeling that I am a girl trapped inside this male body. As soon as I saw this competition, I told myself, this is the chance, the opportunity I need to come out in the open at last."

"And are you also aware that there is certain criteria that must be met when entering this competition? This is a competition not run by the school but by a much larger national organisation and by entering you will need to show your true commitment."

"Yes Miss Ryan, I fully understand all that."

Mary handed over a multi-page application form and the two teenaged boys left her office, rolling around laughing once they were outside.

“You were so fucking good, dude. ‘Oh! I have this overwhelming feeling of being a girl trapped inside this male body,’” Matt imitated.

Back inside the office, Mary lifted the receiver of her desk phone and pressed an internal call number. “Mr. Phillips, I think we may have a slight problem,” she told the school principal.

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The boys were still laughing as they made their way home after school, via a café that they liked to frequent, in spite of the fact that Joe’s Mom, Shelley, had specifically told him not to be late as she wanted to visit her sister on the west side of the city.

As they sat and drank their sodas, Joe glanced at the stapled thirty-four page application form which lay out rules and regulations concerning the competition.

Much of the print was small and boring and Joe just thumbed through it. Towards the back the applicant had to fill in personal details such as age, height, weight, hobbies, etc. There was a line which asked the applicant to write in his or her preferred name and blank lines asking for a written description of how and when the applicant realised that they were the wrong gender.

“Shit, Matt. How do I write in this stuff?” Joe asked.

“Easy dude, just do a web search. I’ll bet there are tons of stuff written by Nancy boys describing their back stories. Just copy one.”

“What about having a girl’s name?”



“I dunno. The name of any girl you actually enjoyed being with rather than her just being a sex object, name of a female family member, a favourite actress or singer...”

Joe paused to think. “Actually there is a girl in Mr. Bell’s class that I’ve always fancied. The stuck-up bitch thinks she is too good for the likes of me.”

“So what’s her name?”

“Cathy. Cathy Hopkinson.

“Right, there you go then. Write down that you like to be called Cathy.”

At the end were lines for signatures and date, not just from the applicant but also by a legal parent or guardian. In fact, there were requests for signatures in another four areas of the form, such as the rules and conditions page, ensuring that all parts of the form had been read and understood.

“Crap, I need Mom to put her name down on the form,” Joe expressed to his friend.

“Can’t you just forge it? It’s not like we are taking this thing seriously. We are just disrupting it or just tell your Mom it’s an application for something else,” Matt suggested.

“That’s not a bad idea. I need the name of a sponsor or referee; too. It says that the sponsor can be a close friend or partner.”

No problemo. I’ll sign that for you,” Matt immediately offered.

Before leaving the café, the two boys had written their signatures in each of the relevant places. None of the legal jargon had been read; it just needed Joe’s Mom to sign now.

“What time do you call this, B.J.?” Joe’s Mom blasted as he finally walked in through the side entrance of the house. “I asked you not to be late to-

night; I told you I was going to the club to play bingo with your Aunty.”

“It’s not my fault if you won’t trust me with having a key to the door ‘in case I lose it again,’” Joe spat back.

“Whatever. Your meal is in the microwave, set it for four minutes,” Shelley informed her wayward son as she checked her appearance in the mirror, and sprayed a second helping of lacquer onto her hair, “I’ve got to get going or I’ll be late.”

Joe saw an opportunity that he needed to seize. “Oh, wait, Mom. I’ve got a form from school that I need you to sign.”

“It’ll have to wait, I’m already running late.”

“But Mom, it’s got to be handed back in first thing tomorrow morning.”

“Well what is it? What’s it for?” Shelley asked irritably.

“It’s for... It’s your consent for me to go on the school’s summer holidays.”

“Summer holidays! I can’t afford for you to go on a holiday with your school. You know we have been hard up since your father walked out on us.”

“No, it’s free. It’s been subsidised by the local council. If I don’t take it in tomorrow, I’ll miss out. Please, Mom.”

Of course, if she hadn’t been in such a rush and thinking rationally, Shelley could have read through the form over breakfast the following day but instead, with a sigh, she put pen to paper in the five areas requiring her consent and agreement.

Joe smiled smugly to himself. He was going to turn this competition into the laughable charade it really was.



The following afternoon the principal of Belmont High School sat in the boardroom with some of his head teachers and two directors from the National competition.

“We’ve had ten applications for the teen trans competition in the school; nine boys and one girl,” he stated.

“I understand you have cast doubts on one of the male applicants, Mr. Philips?” asked one of the national pageant directors, Mathew Oliver.

“Yes. Billy Joe Bailey. He is a known bully and repeat offender in the school,” Mr. Philips replied.

“May I take a look at the application form?” asked the other director; William Clayton.

The application form was passed along and Clayton perused the contents. “This form has been signed by Bailey’s parent as well as himself. There is a good composition of his history growing up, feeling wrong in his body, not being able to join in the activities shared by other boys in his peer group, feeling like a loner. He is the only remaining child in a broken family where the father walked out of the family home with a woman he’d been having an affair with four years ago. Two years ago he lost his elder brother in unfortunate circumstances. I think she has already suffered enough traumas in her life to be now denied her rights for gender acceptance,” Clayton stated as he read what Joe had written.

“Believe me, Bailey is nothing but trouble. I would put down my last dollar that he is not transsexual. This application is a sham.”

“She has applied, Mr. Phillips. We cannot just exclude her from the competition without good reason. Who is this Matt Harrison?”

“A fellow trouble maker and the only friend that Bailey has,” Phillips answered.

“You say Bailey is a trouble maker, Mr. Phillips, but many trans people hit out at society in different ways because they feel different and because they feel society treats them differently That’s all on top of the major disruptions this girl has suffered in her life. It’s an expression of their anger, at how they are treated because of what they are. This is why we have created this competition, so that they can feel that they are noticed and that they are a part of society,” Oliver stated.

“If Bailey is transgender then she probably has attraction towards what she sees as the opposite sex but what society would see as a same sex relationship. This Harrison may well be the boyfriend and sexual partner of Bailey. He has signed as being a partner. They are likely try to keep the relationship hidden to avoid any aggravation.

“Bailey’s mother has also signed the document in all specified areas, about which we can only conclude that she is aware that her son is transsexual. Throwing Bailey out of this competition is going against what the competition stands for. Can you imagine the poor girl’s feelings when she stands up and says, ‘I want to finally come out as what I am’ only to have that thrown back in her face?” Clayton then added.

“It is interesting; too, that Bailey has written her name as Billie Jo Bailey rather than Billy Joe Bailey,” Oliver pointed out.

There were mixed feelings around the room from the school teachers in attendance. Some thought they may have pegged Bailey wrongly, now that the situation had been explained to them. Others continued their belief that Bailey and Harrison were up to no good.

“The end point, Mr. Philips, is that yours is one of a large number of schools across Ohio competing for this competition. If you are correct about Bailey and

he is merely trying to disrupt the competition, he will be found out early on. Your students will have more sense than to vote him and you will have a worthy winner to put forward for the Teen Trans Ohio competition,” Oliver said with a reassuring smile.

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It was Thursday morning, two days after a grinning Joe had surrendered his completed application form to Mary Ryan, that his teacher told him that he was to go down to the school’s assembly hall. Joe’s classmates all watched him leave, wondering what he had gotten himself into now.

As he entered the hall he saw that there were ten chairs, some already occupied, set out in a semi-circle and that one of the younger female teachers, a teacher that Joe had a secret crush on, Vanessa McKay, was in the room handing out papers, placing some on them on the empty chairs.

“Ah! Hello Joe. Or should I refer to you as Cathy now? Please take an empty seat,” Vanessa invited.

Joe blanched at the question, especially coming from such a hot teacher. The five people that were already in the room were looking at him with open mouths, hardly able to believe he was invited to this group.

The students present included Adam Spencer and Edward Glanville; eventually all of the seats were filled including one by Teresa Dillon, a pretty girl with long straight light brown hair. Joe puzzled over why she was amongst this group of fags.

“Right students, you are all here,” Vanessa began to speak with a bright smile. “Firstly, congratulations. All of your applications for the Belmont Teen Trans competition have been successfully accepted. Well done.”

At this point most of the others looked uncomfortably towards Joe, wondering why he was there... and accepted. One or two wanted to ask the question but decided it was best and safest to keep their mouths shut.

“This will be the first of several meetings that will take place with all of you to keep you informed and to guide you through. You all have your guideline sheets in your hands and we shall go through the contents together,” Vanessa began again. “But first I think you should all introduce yourselves... and give your preferred name. “et’s start with you, Adam, then go left to right. Stand up, please.”

Adam stood up. “I am Adam Spencer and I like to be called Avril.”

The next boy then stood. “I am Corey Wyatt but I prefer to be called Cassie.”

“I am Edward Glanville, I go by my femme name of Edwina; my Mom chose that for me.”

“Benjamin Priestley, Miss. All my friends call me Betty.”

“I’m Teresa Dillon. I will call myself Terry once I transition.”

Joe was next but he missed his cue. He was momentarily stunned. Teresa wanted to be a boy! What a waste of good prime pussy!

“Joe, you are next,” Vanessa prompted.

“Oh. I’m BJ... Billy Joe but I want to be called Cathy,” Joe stated, feeling humiliation sweeping over him as he spoke. He wished Matt was there to support him. It was so embarrassing referring to himself as Cathy.

Again, everyone but Vanessa looked towards him and gasped. This couldn’t be right.

Eventually everyone gave their names. Timothy Powell who went by Tina, Stanley Hunt who was

Stacey, Eduard Milano who was Jessica and Paul Stropps who was Pauline.

“Now competitors, the competition is three weeks away. During that time you should all be campaigning for your right to become Belmont High School Teen Trans. You can make posters to put around the school and the local community, you can form a campaign team using up to five of your supporters and generally build up support for yourselves.

“The winner of Miss or Master, Belmont High Teen Trans will be automatically entered into the state’s Ohio Teen Trans competition. There is a cash prize which can be used to campaign for the State competition and for buying yourself new outfits and having enhancing procedures done to improve your chances of winning the State competition.

“And good news, competitors, Principle Phillips has announced that all of our Teen Trans competitors will have the school uniform policy relaxed and you can all attend school in the clothing that you feel comfortable in. This includes wearing skirts, bra and panties, tights, sensible girls footwear and basic makeup for our trans girls and shirt, tie, pants and boys shoes for you, Terry.

“Now we at Belmont High would be thrilled if our school representative went on to win the state competition, therefore we will give you all of the backing and help that you need. The winners and runners-up in the State competition will then compete for the America’s Teens Trans competition. This competition comes with a ten thousand dollar cash prize and will pay for your gender dysphoria corrective surgery by one of the leading surgeons in that area of medicine.”

Nine of the school’s assembled competitors could only gasp at the incredible prize that was achievable; a dream come true. Joe however was disinterested and hardly bothered to listening to all of that. His sights were set on destroying any hope this set of poofers had of even advancing to the state competition.



Joe sat in his bedroom with Matt that evening, looking at the handouts that Miss McKay had given out to the competitors.

“So Phillips has told all the faggots to come wearing clothes of the other sex. I’m not wearing a fucking dress, man!”

Matt laughed at his friend. “You won’t have to. It’s the trannies that dress over-the-top in all the feminine gear. Transsexuals just want to be like ordinary girls and ordinary modern day girls dress in jeans, pants and shit.”

“So, you think I can get away with wearing my normal clothes then?”

“Well, maybe something made for girls like skinny jeans and a cotton top, stuff like that. Although my sister is older than you, I bet she is around the same size. I’ll see if I can grab some of her old stuff that she doesn’t wear anymore.”

Joe wasn’t happy about wearing anything feminine but Matt’s proposal seemed like the best option.

“They invited us to get a team of supporters to help with the campaign but I reckon it will just be us two. Nobody likes us,” Joe said.

“It won’t be hard to print off some posters and I still bet that on the day, most of the students will be voting for you over the sissies. They’ll see what a cool idea this is and stick one up Phillips,” Matt replied, truly believing his friend had the better chance.

Matt backed up his belief the following day. He was one of the first to the school computers and bullied any others away from the big printer so that he could start printing out posters and leaflets. It suited him well as, helping his friend with his campaign let him off of the normal day’s school lessons.



By lunchtime several posters were up with a photo of his friend taken the previous evening, with the main header reading, 'Vote for Cathy.'

During the afternoon Joe excused himself from class to go to the bathroom and he walked down the corridor towards the toilets.

Walking towards him was Lacy Finnegan, one of the school geek crowd. Lacy may have been regarded as being quite pretty if it wasn't for her thick round glasses, the braces she wore over her slightly buck teeth, and her mousy hair tied into bunches.

"Hi," she greeted, revealing the braces. Lacy never normally spoke to him. None of the geeks did.

"Oh. Hi," he replied, taken aback. Normally he would have answered with something more like "Don't talk to me, you stupid geek."

"I think you are so brave, coming out after hiding away for so long, putting on that horrible false persona," Lacy told him, clutching her hands to her heart.

Joe was now even more surprised. He hadn't been aware that Matt had been busy that morning. He just looked at Lacy questioningly.

"I've got one of your campaign fliers in my desk," Lacy went on. "I've always believed there is hidden good in everybody. Troubled people quite often build up a false exterior in order to hide their true selves. Can I give you some advice though?"

Joe was totally bemused, looking daft at the geeky girl.

"What advice is that, Finnegan?" he asked.

"Your photograph on the flier. You are coming out as trans in a competition for trans people and yet you have a photograph showing how you present in every day life. You'd get so much more attention if, say, you were wearing lipstick and a touch of mascara," Lacy



suggested awkwardly, unsure as to how he would react.

Joe didn't respond; he didn't know how to. He didn't know what he should say.

"If you wish, I can help you. I can help with your campaign. I heard that contestants can form a campaign group. I'm fairly sure my best friend, Alice, will help too if I ask her."

Joe couldn't believe it. Finnegan, one of the school's leading geeks, had bought his deception and was offering her help in his campaign. This was a huge game changer; she was clever and had a lot of friends.

"Oh, Lacy, that would be wonderful. I've felt so alone in doing this. I don't expect to win; it was just an opportunity to come out and finally reveal who and what I am. I've only got Mattie to support me."

Under her glasses, tears welled up in Lacy's eyes. She reached out and stroked Joe's arm comfortingly. "We can win this... Cathy, I'll talk to Alice this afternoon. We'll get our heads together and form a strong campaign group," she told him.

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Matt had left school early under the pretence of doing work for Cathy's campaign. He wanted to look for any suitable clothing that Joe could wear from his sister's bedroom. He wanted to get it done before she came home from college.

He felt wrong about going in her underwear drawer but she had two whole drawers full of panties and brassieres. He knew his friend would go ballistic if he had anything too fancy or lacy so he was looking for something plain.

“Twerp! Just what do you think you are doing rummaging around in my underwear drawers?” suddenly came the raised voice of Matt’s sister, Bethany.

“Uh... Beth! What are you doing home? I thought you were at college.”

“Obviously. I’m having a heavy period so didn’t go in today. So, I’ll ask you again... why are you putting your grubby hands all over my clean underwear? I didn’t take you to be a crossdresser.”

Matt’s face reddened instantly. “It’s not for me... honest!

“So?”

“It’s for BJ; he’s coming out as transsexual,” Matt announced, not knowing what else to say and knowing his sister would not approve of the prank they were pulling.

“BJ? Transsexual! Pull the other one, Matt.”

“It’s true... honest. There is this competition being held at school for all the transsexuals and B.J. decided it was time that he came out, I’ve know about his secret for ages. He doesn’t have many things to wear and I was just looking for any of your old stuff, honest.”

Beth’s eyes suddenly gleamed. “BJ? He’s transsexual? Wow, that is like, so cool. You better sit down, twerp, and start telling me everything.”

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Joe received the call on his cell phone from Matt the following morning. He had not long since woken up and he was still lazing in his bed.

“Matt. Wassup?”

“Can you get to mine before twelve, buddy?” Matt asked.

“Eh! Why? You know I like to lay in on a weekend.”

“It’s regarding the competition, BJ. There is only three weeks and if we are going to take this thing seriously, we need to be moving on it.”

“I thought we were doing it for a prank. It’s you that’s getting all serious about it.”

“Even a well-executed prank has got to be taken seriously, pal. I’ll see you at nine, ok?” Matt unceremoniously ended the call, leaving Joe feeling put out.

At twenty-past-twelve, Matt’s Dad, Frank, answered his front door. “Oh, hello BJ. I think Matt is expecting you. He’s in his bedroom, just go on up.”

“Thanks, Mr. Harrison.” Joe answered, walking into the house and then heading for the stairwell.

Joe pushed Matt’s bedroom door open and made his way in. He suddenly stopped, frozen on the spot. Matt’s sister Bethany was sitting on his bed, looking directly at him with an unusual look on her face.

“Don’t freak, BJ, Beth knows all about you being trans and entering the school competition,” Matt quickly informed his friend.

Joe felt his face burning up. Beth knew! Beth was an attractive girl with a great figure and she had a bunch of smoking hot friends, Joe hated the idea of hot girls having the wrong idea about him. He wanted to quickly put the record straight. He was *not* trans-whatever. He was *not* a sissy!

“I found it so hard to believe when Matt told me,” Beth began. “I think you are being so courageous to reveal who you really are. I had you wrong. I thought you were just an asshole like my kid brother. I want to help you with this competition.”

Joe felt too embarrassed to respond and remained stoic.

“I’ve found some clothes that I no longer wear to help you, both for the competition and for your use

after you come fully out, if you like any of it,” Beth offered.

Beth lifted up two carrier bags that were packed with a variety of clothing and spilled them out onto Matt’s bed. There were tops, skirts, a light material dress, Yoga pants, leggings and a pair of jeans, plus a couple of bras and panties and a few pair of ankle socks. “You can take all these clothes home with you and just use the things you want.”

“Th...thanks,” Joe could only mumble.

“Oh, and some footwear. Slip your feet out of your sneakers and try these for size.”

There now was presented a selection of footwear; two pair of ballet shoes, a pair of girl’s sneakers that were mostly pink with white embroidery on the sides, a pair of low-heel ankle boots that zipped up the side and a pair of lace-up shoes.

Joe couldn’t believe where this ‘prank’ was going. He had never expected any of this when he had been cajoled into it by Matt. He couldn’t wait for the day when it finished and he could reveal it had all been a set-up and just laugh it off.

“Matt said that he made some posters with your photo on but some girl said you needed better presentation of your feminine self. Is that right?”

“Uh, yeah... geeky Finnegan,” Joe answered, “She wants to help with the campaign.”

“I agree with her so I’m going to give you a makeover. We’ll take some photos and Matt can replace the posters on Monday.”

“What! Now?” Joe exclaimed in sudden shock.

“Yes. I’ve got my makeup kit with me here so you don’t have to go into my room or anything.”

“But there’s some place I need to be,” Joe responded in a bid to get out of it.

“It’s just a touch of makeup. It’ll take no more than twenty minutes. If we get this done now, the new posters can be up by Monday afternoon.”

Joe was horrified that pictures of him wearing makeup could be plastered all over the school from Monday on. He wanted to reveal to Beth the truth of what they were doing but she would probably be so angry at being deceived that she would report him and Matt to the school board and they may get into a lot of trouble. He decided to consent.

First Beth had him remove his hoodie top and replace it with a mostly red, floral patterned top and fastened a little necklace with a pendant around his neck.

Joe had scruffy light brown hair that he usually wore just past collar length and growing over his ears. Beth brushed it all back and used an Alice band to hold it back off of his face, She used a facial wipe to clear any grease from his skin and then began making up his eyes.

He had to close his eyes as she used some kind of little sponge brush over his lids. He had to keep his head still as she used some kind of pencil to draw around his eyes. He had to sit with his eyes half open and his eyebrows raised as she began brushing something onto his eyelashes with small flicks; he was warned not to close his eyes or blink.

She selected a lipstick that was a medium pink colour, then had him half open his mouth as she applied it. It felt oily on his lips.

Once she was happy, Beth removed the hair band and brushed his hair down so that it was straight rather than tussled. She then took several photos on her cell phone. Joe was aware of Matt gawping at him with an openmouthed look. He didn’t want to see the photos himself, which surprised Beth.

“I would rather wait and see the full effect on the posters and be surprised,” he stated.

Beth was happy with the excuse. “I think you will be very surprised,” she told him, beaming.

Beth thought they should include Matt’s Dad on what was happening and see what he thought of Joe with his makeover.

“No, please. I’ve only just started to come out and I need to do things slowly,” Joe begged. Beth relented, then wiped Joe’s face clean. She was really excited to be part of Joe’s adventure in coming out as female to the world.

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On Sunday at Joe’s house, he and his friend were playing computer games and smoking, even though his Mom had forbidden him to smoke in the house. Matt kept on talking about the competition and trying to think of things they could do to help with the campaign rather than concentrating on the game.

“Geezus, Matt! What is it with you? You seem to have become obsessed with this freaky competition, I just want to have a day off from it. In fact, I wish I never let you talk me into it,” Joe blasted.

“You don’t want to get beaten by a bunch of sissies do you? Think of their faces when you whip the prize from underneath their feet... and the prize money,” Matt retaliated.

Joe decided to ignore his friend. He had three weeks at school to endure the competition and wanted to make as little effort as possible.

Back at school on Monday morning, Matt once again had been busy. Joe was blissfully unaware of his new campaign poster efforts... until he met Brad and his friends. Brad was the quarterback for the school football team.

“Give me a kiss with those big sexy lips of yours, Bailey,” Brad teased, making kissy lips.