

# THE HARDY BOYS

Maison Enchantée



When last we left the Hardy Boys, they'd decided to flee the Cursed Mansion before their bodies could be further feminized. Let's join them now as they continue their misbegotten adventure.

"We have to run before she changes us completely," Frank said.

Joe nodded, brushing his bangs back. "You're right. Let's go." Meanwhile, each boy felt a different part of his body begin to tingle. What next? Joe wondered. What next?

"Which way?" Frank said, realizing he'd lost his bearings and wasn't sure which direction would lead to the front of the house. There were four hallways leading off from the room they were in.

"I don't know. I dropped the compass," Joe said, holding his palms out and shaking his head.

"You dropped the compass?" Frank said. "Where?"

"I don't remember."

"You really are a blonde," Frank said, deciding he would just have to pick a direction and hope for the best. His feet and ankles were not tingling intensely. "Come on. Hurry." He started to run down the hall, feeling all awkward and hip crazy, still not used to his big caboose and wide, round hips. Joe, meanwhile, draped an arm across his bouncing breasts, trying to keep them in place as he ran along behind his brother.

The running stopped as they found began to wobble and stumbled against the walls, their ankles rising in the air as they found themselves pitched forward on their toes even as the hall filled with the sound of clicking. "What the heck?" Frank squeaked, leaning against the wall with one hand, trying to steady himself. Looking down, he first saw the pumps on Joe's feet, and then his own.

Joe was also absorbing the fact that they were both now wearing high heels. "This is stupid," he said, kicking his leg back, reaching down with his hand to try and slip his heels off. His cute new shoes had a strap across the ankle, though, and he found he couldn't seem to get the buckle to loosen.

Frank was struggling as well, which is when they each heard the little girl's wicked giggling once again. "We better keep moving."

The two boys began to walk. Joe continued to keep his boobs from bouncing while Frank held his arms out to the sides, trying to maintain his balance. "Heel to toe..." they heard the little girl call from what sounded like somewhere upstairs. "Heel to toe..."



"Shut up!" Frank screamed, sounding even more like a little girl than the little girl.

"I think she's right," Joe said, walking heel to toe, finding it easier, though he was still hobbled.  
"Yes. It works. I remember now."

Looking at Joe, Frank instantly thought his brother was walking just like a girl. "You look stupid. I'm not walking like a girl."

Joe clicked past his brother, his chin held up, which helped keep his bangs out of his eyes. "Suit yourself." he said. "I forgot about that time we did the gender swapped version of Oklahoma at school. I spent weeks square dancing in heels." He did a twirl then, effortlessly spinning on his stilettos. "I'm better than you, slowpoke."

"Slow poke?" Frank said, sneering. "Anything you can do, I can do better." He started to imitate Joe's heel to toe walking and rushed to catch up with his brother. "It's not so hard," he snorted.

The boys minced along. They had to concentrate on their walking, which distracted them enough that neither one paid much attention to the fact their bodies were still tingling. However, they couldn't help but notice when the house began to grow larger and larger around them, the ceiling rising and rising. They froze, looking up and up, confused.

"The house is getting bigger?" Joe said.

"Or are we getting smaller?" Frank wondered. In either case, they were each unnerved by this latest impossible event. "Are we stoned on some of those drugs I've heard about? The ones hippies use?" It seemed a logical explanation, more than the only alternative he could conceive of, which was magic.

"It could be.... Hunh?" Even as they paused, Joe suddenly felt cool air swirling around his bare legs. Looking down, he saw he was wearing a short skirt that came down to his mid-thigh. "Oh, come on!" He said, plucking at his skirt, feeling the same sense of emasculating humiliation he'd suffered from with the other changes.

"Haha," Frank giggled, pointing at Joe. "You have great legs. Hahahah." As Frank laughed, Joe's shirt transformed into a tight tank top. Meanwhile, Frank's shirt turned into a blouse. In fact, it was the exact same style of blouse their mother loved to wear.

"Nice blouse," Joe said, glad to have something he could use against his annoying brother. "I always said you were a Momma's boy," Joe said.

"Shut up."

"You shut up."

The house seemed to lurch and grow again—or rather, since I am the narrator, allow me to relate that they, in fact, were growing smaller. "Let's go," Frank said, and the two boys once more began to click and sway their way down the hall, each still struggling to adjust to his new body and clothes. Joe's skirt in particular was short and almost as bouncy as his chest. As he felt it constantly threatening to flip up and expose his underwear, he further shortened his steps, his clothes, which as a boy had been little more than an afterthought, now making him feel vulnerable and insecure in the most appalling manner.



For Frank, it was more psychological. First, the fact he was now wearing what seemed like his mother's clothes. Indeed, Joe had always accused him of being a Momma's boy, and he had sometimes felt he was a little too close to his mother, whereas Joe had been closer to his father. Now, his insecurities redoubled. Had the house somehow sensed his affection for his mother? "Am I turning into my mother?" He wondered, shivering as he had to admit he now had the same hair color as her.

Secondly, Frank had developed a bit of a fetish for high-heel shoes as he'd come of age. There was something about a woman's foot, raised at an angle, looking so delicious, and the way the heels induced greater helplessness in women, making them more dependent, less capable of

even the basic act of walking, it all gave him chills. He'd frequently pestered his girlfriend to wear them even when it made no sense. He also appreciated the design on a level few men could comprehend from the little boys to the buckles, from the shape of the heels to the straps. High heels were, to Frank, the embodiment of everything fascinating and female.

Now, teetering along in own pair of heels, his mind reeled.

Finally, to their mutual relief, coming to the front door. "Thank the stars," Frank said, pulling open the door, the two boys looking out with big, round, happy eyes as they gazed out on the lawn, the forest beyond and, they felt, salvation.

Just as they were about to step over the threshold, however, a massive bolt of lightning ripped across the lawn and struck the ground, starting a small fire. An epic thunderclap shook the house. Blinding rain hammered the earth, while the sky flashed and rumbled and jagged lightning crashed down all around the house.

"Holy galoshes," Joe said as a powerful wind blew a blast of rain against each of the boys, soaking them. "We can't go out in that."

"No kidding," Frank squealed, struggling to push the door closed. "Help me."

Joe joined Frank, and the boys managed to push the door shut against the wind. The rain was cold, almost freezing, and the boys began to shiver. "I hate this," Frank said, looking around. "What are we supposed to do now?"

"I don't know," a humiliated Joe said, his arms wrapped tightly around his puppies, which had reacted to the cold rain in a dramatic and most unmanly fashion. "I'm cold."

Just as he said those words, he heard what sounded like someone striking flint on stone. The boys looked in the parlor, where they saw a fire begin to smolder in the ornate fireplace, then grow into a happy blaze. Neither of the boys spoke. They just moved to the warmth, each one finding a comfy chair close to the blaze, curling up beneath an Afghan as the shivering slowly receded.

As they grew warm, their eyes began to grow heavy. "One of us should probably take guard duty," Joe said, yawning.

"That's a good..." but Frank and Joe drifted off before anymore could be said. Yes, readers, our brave men fell into a very deep, very restful sleep, but a sleep filled with the most wonderful and disturbing dream. As they dreamt, the mysterious little girl walked into the room and covered her mouth as she whispered, "more girl."

## **The Dream**

Joe and Frank had always been good at sports and spent their youth playing just about all of them—basketball, football, soccer, martial arts. Their favorite sport of all, though, was America's pastime: baseball. Joe and Frank excelled in all phases of the game—hitting, pitching, fielding, and they each had many blissful memories of warm, breezy summer days spent flashing the leather.

It's not entirely surprising, then, that as our Hardy Boys drifted off to sleep, they shared a dream in which they found themselves back on Old Mill Field from their younger days. Joe was on the mound, getting ready to deliver a pitch, while Frank stood at the plate, bat ready, staring down his brother in the latest edition of their lifelong rivalry. Joe went into his windup, raised his leg, pulled back and then sprung forward, hurling the ball with all his might... only to watch it land meekly only halfway to the plate. "What the hell?" Joe said, horrified as the crowd began to laugh.

"You throw like a girl!" Frank shouted.

The catcher ran out and grabbed the ball, then tossed it to Joe. Determined not to humiliate himself again, he took extra time to set his feet on the rubber. While he was doing that, Frank stepped out of the box and swung the bat, then stretched, bending his back, pushing his chest out.

"Frank has boobies!" Someone in the audience called out, and once more everyone laughed.

"What are you..." Frank started to protest, but then he looked down to see he did, indeed, have little cones swelling out the front of his shirt. Worse, he became aware he was wearing a bra under his shirt. "Eeee!" He said, hunching his shoulders, trying to hide his chest.

"Batter," the umpire said, "get in the box or you're out." Frank did a double take. How come the umpire looked like Taylor Swift?

"Are you afraid to face me?" Joe called, tossing his hip to the side.

"As if." Frank got into the batter's box and raised his bat. Joe got ready to pitch. This time, he threw the ball underhanded, sending it toward the plate in a great, looping arc. The crowd laughed. "A boy throwing underhand? Hahahaha."

Frank focused on the ball, but his lip and slit his eyes, which were lined with eyeliner. As the ball approached, he took a huge swing, hoping to hit a homerun, but he missed the ball completely, spinning in a complete circle and then falling on his butt. Once more, the crowd roared, and Hardy Boys blushed with shame. What the heck was happening? They were usually the best athletes on the field.

Coach Jenkins came out of the dugout. Bald headed with a perpetually grizzled, unshaven chin, all the boys looked up to him. He waved for Frank and Joe to meet him at the plate. "I promised

I'd give you a try, but obviously you're not good enough to play with the boys. Why don't you girls run off and skip rope with the other little girls?"

"Little girls?" Joe said, his hand going right to his throat as he heard a chirpy, Tinker Bell voice come out.

"We're boys," Frank said, raising his slender, sculpted eyebrows as he heard a similar squeaky little cartoon voice come out of his mouth. "We have short hair."

"Hahahaha," Coach said as the crowd laughed along. "Yeah, right." He grabbed each of the boys' baseball hats and pulled them off, freeing their thick, wavy hair to tumble down over their shoulders and sway halfway down their backs.

Both boys squealed in shock. "We have long hair?"

"So, you say you're boys," Coach said. "Hahaha. "Yet, you're both wearing bras. Boys don't wear bras."

"We're wearing bras?" The boys said, both of them now shocked to realize he was not only wearing a bra, but needed one.

"Your ears are pierced."

"Pierced?" Their dainty hands went to their ears and they each felt studs in their earlobes.

"You're wearing girl's shorts, and you shaved your legs."

"Shorts are shorts. There's no such thing as girl..." Joe started to protest. But then he looked down and saw he was wearing the tiny, little, short shorts with white trim like the girls wore to gym class and which drove him and all the other boys crazy.

"We're wearing girl shorts!" The boys screamed as the crowd kept laughing and laughing.

"On top of all that," Coach said, still laughing, "you're wearing shirts that read '100% girl' in PINK letters."

Joe looked at Frank, who looked back, and they each confirmed they were wearing shirts exactly as coach described.

"Now, ladies, this is a boy's baseball league, so best you head on out. You wouldn't want to break a nail."

"But we..."



“You’re not boys,” the crowd chanted. “You’re not boys. You’re not boys.”

“We are boys...” the Hardy Girls cried out, humiliated and ashamed they were being sent away from boy world. They were rough and tumble boys. They loved to get dirty and muddy, to explore and have adventures. When they thought of a girl’s life, they thought of a girl sitting under a tree on a blanket reading a book all passive and sweet. This, of course, was a most outdated notion, but the boys were outdated. They thought all girls were afraid of mice and spiders and wanted nothing more than to bake cookies in their Easy Bake Ovens.



“We’ll never be girls!” They sang out in their soprano voices, terrified and outraged.

FLASH!

Suddenly, there they were curled up beneath the protective arms of a huge, ancient oak. They wore dresses and bonnets, earrings sparkled in their little ears. There was a picnic basket, a tea service on their checkered picnic cloth. Each of the boys held a romance novel in his white gloved hands. “No. We’re boys,” they whispered in small, frightened voices. “We’re boys.”

\*\*\*\*

“We’re boys!” Joe and Frank shouted as they suddenly snapped awake, finding themselves once more in the parlor of the cursed mansion. “I just had the strangest dream,” Joe said, running a hand through his hair. They got out of their seats, tottering once more on their high heels, which they’d forgotten they were wearing. Frank immediately became aware he was now wearing a long, flowing skirt much like the ones his mother favored.



Frank was staring, even as he smacked his lips, which seemed sticky for some reason. "You're wearing makeup," he said, waving his hand at Joe. "Like, all over your face."

"Your nails," Joe whispered, looking at his own hands to see he now had long, polished nails. Like a girl. Each of the boys now had long, pink glossy nails, and he was wearing lipstick, blush, eyeshadow and mascara. The nails, though, were the focus of their shock and shame. Girls had an insane obsession with long, painted nails. It was one of the things that made them so impossible for a boy to understand. Now, each of the boys agonized as he stared at his own markers of a blossoming female identity.

"Maybe we need to solve the mysteries here after all," Frank said, turning his hands side to side so the light flashed across his nails.

"Like, who is that mean little girl? And, what about the treasure?" Like Frank, he was gazing on his long nails, marveling at how they made his fingers seem more slender and feminine.

As the boys stared in horror at their manicured fingers, they heard a voice called to them from somewhere upstairs. "Help! Help! Is anyone down there? Help!"

**To be continued!**

Bonus

