

Chapter One

It all started just about a week into summer break. Becca had gone to Jordan's house to get their summer homework done. But Jordan's little sister Angelica was being annoying so they decided to flee to the library so that they could actually accomplish something. That and Becca had to pick up some books that were on hold for her. After about twenty minutes both girls got bored and since neither of them wanted to go anywhere they decided to just hang out. Becca called her parents and told them that she wouldn't be home till late in order to buy them some time.

"Let's look around downtown for a while." Becca had said. "It's not like our parents are really gonna care."

"Mine might." Said Jordan.

"They won't know till we get back." Becca reasoned. "Besides we'll get something for Angie to make up for it." Jordan agreed to this and they left the library and made their way to the main downtown area. The girls looked through several shops before finally finding one that looked like it would have something that would suit theirs and Angelica's interest.

It was a doll shop. A hidden building that was new to them both, which was strange because both girls had been down this street many times before. It looked like a nice little shop with an upstairs area that looked like it would be the area for the owners of the shop to live in.

"Shall we go in?" Becca asked turning to look at Jordan. "It looks like a nice shop and I think that your sister might like a doll."

"Sure why not." Jordan opened the door and they entered the shop. Once they got in they were surprised to find that while the shop looked tiny on the outside it was at least the size of an apartment building on the inside. And every single wall was covered in shelf after shelf full of dolls.

"Should we go? I don't think anyone's here." Becca whispers stepping back.

"Don't be such a baby! Were already here so we might as well look around. Don't tell me you're afraid of dolls!" Jordan pushed Becca farther into the store.

"No I'm not it's just that this place-"

"Welcome!" The girl's were interrupted by an old man who had appeared out of nowhere. He looked to be in his mid-nineties at least and he had gray eyes that somehow still

held a young-at-heart type of glow in them. He was wearing a white shirt with a gray vest and gray pants. His face had a kind look to it that calmed the girls down quite a bit. They slowly approached him and went to the front counter where he was standing.

“Um... yeah hi we're looking for a doll for her little sister?” Said Becca motioning towards Jordan. “We sort of need to get one or we'll be in deep trouble.”

“Ah, yes. A gift for a seven year old. I would recommend this one.” The old man turned and took down a pink cloth doll from the shelf behind him. “This one will do nicely for her. It can withstand nearly anything so it's perfect for a seven year old.”

Jordan never said how old her sister was. Jordan and Becca looked at each other confused. But Becca shrugged and paid for the doll. The man placed it in a fancy pink box with ribbons and then handed them the doll. Jordan shutters at the color and motions Becca to follow her out of the store. The old man, however, stops them.

“Come upstairs and have some tea with me. Don't worry there's still daylight you'll both be home by eight. And it won't be dark till nine so neither of you needs to worry.” Both girls looked at each other with confusion again but they didn't want to be rude so they walked upstairs with the man and followed him into what looked like a large living room.

The place was really quite nice. The upstairs wasn't a home – it seemed to be a workshop of sorts. It looked like it was well furnished from practically every time period and Becca was really impressed with all the Victorian era crap that was there. The old man motioned for them to sit down and the girls made themselves at home. The chairs were really squishy. Jordan really studies the wall that seemed to be home to medieval weapons from Scotland; she was over 1/3 Scottish blood.

“Come and enjoy yourselves! Help yourself to all of the food and drink!” Said the old man pushing not even god knows how many refreshments in front them. Becca took a plate and began to pile it high with food. Jordan did as well but not nearly as high. While both girls ate, the old man went into another room. Both of them looked at each other funny when they thought they heard talking in there but they decided that it was just the floorboards and continued eating. A couple of minutes later the old man reappeared and sat down in one of the old armchairs.

“My sons simply must meet you. You girl's are simply delightful!” He said happily.

“Uh... thanks! We appreciate your sharing with us.” Jordan said without spitting food all over. Both of them were trying to ignore the odd and slightly muffled noises that were coming from the next room. Becca thought she heard something break in the distance.

“Joseph is the oldest.” The old man began with a smile that neither girl was sure had ever left his face. “He’s such a charming boy but he fears about the choices he has made...” For a moment the man’s smile faded but it returned within the half second. “Christopher is the second one. He and James are both such nice boys. James is quite the gentleman and Christopher has a very quick wit. Both are very clever. And they’re quite the charmers.”

“They sound kind of cute.” Becca looks at Jordan giggling. Jordan rolls her eyes but smiles a bit. Again with the muffled noises and another crash. The girls looked up in the direction that they were coming in and the old man got up to inspect. After a couple of minutes he came back and sat down and began talking again.

“Then there is Joshua. He and Justin, the youngest, are both a little different though. They’ve never been attracted to girls that much you see. Same with Joseph, well at least I believe he is.” Both of them got the idea. Joseph’s fears became clear to them now.

“Well I need to get going and give this doll to my sister.” Jordan says standing up after finishing her plate of food. Becca stands up as well and they shake the man’s hand. They walk out hearing even louder noises in the other room that slowly dims as they get farther and farther away. The old man went into the back room and that was the last they ever saw of him.

Late that night Jordan was watching her sister playing with her doll. Becca was sitting by the heater reading a book. There was a knock at the door. “Wonder who that could be.” Jordan grunts as she stands up from her chair. She opens the door finding only a box with a note attached to the top. She bends down picking it up. The box shakes. “Holy shit, I mean crap!”

“What?” Becca and Angelica run over to her.

“Angie go play.” Jordan jogs up the stairs with Becca behind her. They reach her room and lock the door behind them. Jordan sets the box on her desk and it shakes again.

“What is it, a rat?” Becca says going to touch it. It shakes yet again and the box falls over onto its back. Something screamed.

“Becca read this.” Jordan shoves the note that was on the box into her face. She pulls it from Jordan’s fingers and scans it quickly but carefully.

“Girls these are my sons. They can explain everything for you. Take the key that is taped under the lid; they can also explain that. I know what I am doing. I don’t have much time left and they need you. Don’t worry, they are easily handled.”

Becca and Jordan look at each other. Jordan goes over and sets the box up right, feeling movement and more screams. She takes a deep breath and opens it. They look inside.

At the bottom of the box, five men were piled on top of each other in uncomfortable positions. They were groaning and struggling to get to their feet. Becca covers her mouth. They were like men, real life men, only the size of dolls.

“Ugh I hate this stupid box!” The one with curls looks up and squeaks. “Chicks!” The other boys unscramble and look up at them. “Hi ladies.” He mumbles shyly popping back out his top hat that had been flattened by someone’s butt.

“Um... Becca?” Jordan looks at her. “I see tiny people.”

“So do I.” Becca mumbles removing her hand slowly from her mouth and resting it at her side.

“Excuse me?” They look into the box hearing a very thick southern accent. The boy with blond hair and bright hazel eyes is staring at them. “You read the note didn't you?” They nod. “Let me explain-” He is suddenly interrupted by the man who was wearing a kilt. He burps so loudly it wakes Jordan’s cat on the bed.

Chapter Two

Italy, 1443...

"Joseph, you'll be late!" Joseph fled down the hall and out the door. Kissing his mother, he ran down the street. He was meeting with Kelly, his fiancé, for wedding plans. He felt very unsure about everything, but he had to. It was culture. Joseph turned the corner, already late and deciding on a short cut through the alley way between the bakery and newspaper. He found a dead-end and pouted. Now he really was screwed. He felt a gust of wind and spun around.

"Who's there?" He called out. No one answered. He turned back around but another gust of wind made him spin around and scream out, "Hey let me go!" like someone had hold of his arms. A ghostly figure appears and Joey squints. The thing mumbled something and Joey cried out in pain as he felt everything in his body tensed and he fell to the ground howling in agony... a tiny little doll with a pained expression was left once the fog faded away.

Hours pass and there was no word from Joseph. Kelly felt that Joseph ran off on her. His mother thought he was dead. A young boy, the son of a shoe maker, came down the alley to see if there were any empty boxes. Instead he finds the doll. He picks it up.

"I will fix you right up." He places the doll in his pocket and heads home. He decides to work on the doll in the morning, since his face was just too scary. Right at midnight, just as the boy dosed into a deep sleep, Joey awoke screaming. The boy runs to him.

"Sir?" Joey clung to the boy not knowing what to do. He didn't know where he was or what had happened. The boy pats the man's back and decides he will help him.

Scotland, 1667...

"Mum? Where's Eleanor? She was to help me with the sheep!" Christopher skipped down the stairs, finding his mother in the kitchen kneading dough.

"Out with Eric. You can do it yourself." Christopher groans. "Hurry. We have family arriving soon."

"Going mum." Christopher headed out the door and ran out to the barn. He was getting all the sheep into their pens when a gust of wind blew through the barn doors. Chris growled and ran to shut them. "Damned storms." They were almost closed when the wind blew again, only harder. It sends Christopher all the way into the back of the barn and he fell to the ground. A fog appears around him. Chris thrashed, feeling arms on him. He was trapped.

“Devil, be gone!” He screams. It was too late and everything tightens up on him until there was nothing. The fog faded quickly and a doll remained in his place. The storm that night got worse and a lonely stranger stumbles upon the open barn doors. The sheep were scared and the house only over the hill seemed chaotic. He shuts the doors behind him and tries his best to calm the sheep.

That is when he finds it. He stares at the pained doll on the ground. He slowly bends down and picks it up. He sighs deeply, knowing that face. He places the doll in his bag. “Joseph has a friend...”

Mississippi, 1851...

"James!" Laura flew into his arms and she kissed his lips sweetly. "I've missed you darling!"

"I know. I've missed you too." James held onto his fiancé and slowly walked back through town. The richest boy and the richest girl - everyone knew they would marry someday. Now both eighteen, James came to her father to ask for her hand in marriage and he accepted.

"How was your trip?" Laura's arm hooked through James' and he smiled.

"Wonderful. I've missed you so." They entered into the country side and James pulled her gently to the side of the road so no one could see and kissed her neck, breathing in her rosy scent.

"James!" She giggled and he licked lightly below her earlobe, moving to her lips. Laura pushed him to the ground behind a bush and tree pulling off his shirt, kissing his chest. James pulled her against him so they could kiss some more. Her dress came down, revealing her tight corset. James placed his hand on her breast and her breathing quickened slightly. He went to remove it from the back, lips planted on her neck, when a huge gust of wind blew against them.

"Laura!" James quickly covered her and she stood, helping him stand. A storm quickly began to form. James' shirt was back on and Laura's dress back up when another gust of wind blew and James was pulled back into a tree where he hits his head. Laura screamed and he went unconscious landing with a thump on the grass. Laura then watched in horror as a white fog enveloped him. It vanished along with the storm, almost immediately, with a strange sound wavering in her ears. Laura screamed and fled when a doll lies in a little puddle of blood.

Meanwhile, a middle-aged man is taking a detour through the town. He dips into the woods so he can collect some leaves for his collection when he sees blood on a tree close to

the road. He ties up his horse and looks at the road, then back at the tree running his eyes down to the base. A doll soaked in red was lying in grass that was also stained red. He picks up the doll in a handkerchief. "My poor boy, what happened to you? I will fix you up right away." He wraps the doll up carefully. He pulls a box from his bag and opens it. "You have a new friend my sons."

London, 1902...

Joshua hummed a tune of his own, one he had been working on for quite some time, walking through the trees on a mid-summer afternoon. His flute was in hand and he skipped along the path. A few men eye him suspiciously. They stand up as he passes by with a wave.

"Jolly good day fellows?" He chants turning back around and humming again. Just then, the men shove him off of the path into the trees. That is where they snap his flute in half and shove him against a tree. "Hey my mum just gave me that!" One man hits him square in the nose.

"Well your mum doesn't know how much of a pansy her son is now does she?" All the men begin to hit him in the gut, face, arm, leg, you name it. They dust themselves off and leave Joshua on the ground a mixture of black and blue.

He lays on the ground, shaking and unable to move. The sky begins to become dark and the wind howls in his ears. He shuts his eyes. "Please be a dream; please be a horrible dream..." He didn't understand why he was always treated so bad. He loved music and wanted to look pretty. He shuts his eyes and his breathing softens as a dark fog wraps around him.

He wakes up under a bright light. He lifts his arm up to cover his eyes. It felt heavy. He looks to the right of him and sees an aged man sowing up some tiny pants. The man seemed giant to him. "Where... where am I?" The man looks at Joshua.

"Your awake. Here my boy let me explain."

New York, 1929...

"I'll make you proud mom." Justin walked down the streets of New York. He loved his life: a great job, a wonderful girlfriend, and a great family who supported him. Nothing could ruin it.

"Hey, pretty boy!" Justin got those comments daily, all because of how he has curly hair when it was a rare occurrence. His family and girlfriend liked it; that's all that mattered. He didn't want to think about shaving. "Want to blow me?" Justin turned around.

"What the devil are you talking about? Blow you? You sick minded man." Justin was appalled they would suggest he was 'that way'. They were sick in the head, not him. Justin keeps walking down the street. Suddenly several arms grab him and throw him into an alley.

"You like it boy now start sucking." He is forced to pleasure each man until they orgasm onto his clothes. Then they rip off his clothes and force themselves inside him. Justin screams but it doesn't help with the pain. It makes them go faster, go harder. Soon they leave him naked and cold and aching in the alley.

He doesn't know when he passed out, but when he wakes up he has four guys looking at him. "Hey he's awake!" The accent was very unfamiliar to Justin. "Hi my name is Christopher!" He offers a hand. Justin scrambles back and suddenly a large head comes into focus. Justin screams and the man next to him who starts to talk in gibberish covers his mouth.

"Joseph I don't think he understands Italian." The hand is removed from his mouth. "Son, calm down and I can explain everything. Just breath me boy." Justin takes a deep breath and holds his legs to his chest.

Chapter Three

The clock strikes twelve. Jordan sat up in bed. Quickly looking around, she shook Becca awake who was the bunk above her. She climbs out of bed and reaches to the box under her mattress and sets it in front of her. Jordan turns on the light staring up at Becca, who rolled over ignoring her. "Lazy bum." She unlocks the box. It shot open and the five dolls scrambled out trying to breath. Joey falls to the hard floor kissing it, mumbling praises in Italian.

"Oh god Chris, what did you eat?" Justin's curls bounced on his head as he coughed and dramatically hung over the edge of the box with his tongue hanging out of his mouth, eyes blankly staring at the Italian's butt.

"Drama queen." Jordan picked him up by his shirt collar and placed his limp body on her palm. She puts a finger to his chest and pressed down several times until he spazzed out and stood.

"Trying to kill me here lady?" He brushed himself off and fluffed his curls. "Chris ate a taco and the gas has built up all night!" Becca laughed and finally rolled out of bed, sliding to the ground and gently getting on her knees. She crawls over to the blushing doll in the box.

"I shouldn't have given you that." She grabs him by the arm lifting him out.

"Sorry. Forgive me?" She placed him on her shoulder and nodded. Chris got on his knees and kissed her shoulder. Becca nearly flicked him off, hiding her blush with her hair that was all over her head and face. "Sorry again"

"It's okay." She rests her hands at her side sitting down on Jordan's bunk.

Jordan places Justin on the ground so he could help Joey who had kissed the floor so much that when he stood up he slipped in his spit and landed on a sock. Jordan searches the ground for the last remaining doll. She looks back into the box smiling, lightly petted the sleeping blond who was still in the box unaffected by what was going on. She lifts him so he lies on her palm and he hovers in front of her pale freckled face.

He opens his hazel eyes slowly and smiles. Stretching, he walks over to the edge of her hand as she moves it near her shoulder. He jumps onto her shoulder and stumbles slightly. She brushes the hair away from her neck and he grabs her finger before it can get away. He places a light kiss to the tip. She pats his head flattening his spikes.

"Thank you." Lance bows.

"Such a southern gentleman."

"Jordan, help!" Jc struggles to get his lean body from the box, pouting and taping his foot every time he falls and gets back up. Jordan lifts him to her opposite shoulder.

"You're a dork Jc."

"Love you too cat."

"Speaking of which... Becca is my-" Archie jumps from the top buck and sniffs at the little people still of the ground. Their tiny screams echo out and Archie licks up Joey who is sucked into his mouth. "Justin I wouldn't..." He screams at the cat tugging on its whiskers.

"Archie!" The cat looks up at Becca, his paw now pinning Justin to the ground that squirms for freedom. "Don't eat the little men." Archie meows and the Italian falls from his mouth. "You okay Joey? Jordan's cat is a retard." Archie walks off nearly squishing Justin completely.

"Do I still have my body?" Joey feels around his saliva soaked clothes and falls to the ground with a smile. Justin gets on his knees. "I still have it Justin." Justin crawls over to Joey.

"Good or we would be out of-" Justin stopped short when the others looked at them confused. "A Joey since he would be dead without his legs." Justin laughed softly and helped Joey stand so he could get cleaned up.

"Gay!" Jc whispered into Jordan's ear. She pushed him jokingly with her finger and he nearly fell off grabbing to her red hair. She yelps as hairs are pulled out of her scalp. Roughly, she yanks him off and glares at him as he pouts from where he hangs from her fingers hands still holding strands of her hair. "Sorry?" She drops him. Everyone gasps but he gets caught in her hand down by her waist. To him, that was the longest fall in his life. "God, you bitch." She placed him back on her shoulder and stood to put her shoes on.

"Ready to go Becca?" She nodded and stood from where she was crouched. Jordan grabbed Justin and placed him next to Jc. Becca grabbed Joey and they sneak out of the bedroom. Chris played the pink panther tune in Becca's ear and she started to giggle. Joey smacked Chris and he stopped so no one would hear them. Jc started up in Jordan's ear and Justin harmonized. Lance just rolls his eyes sitting calmly. Her head bounced to the beat and they were soon out the door in no time. They wandered down the road; soon Jordan's watch went off, sounding one o'clock. They ran and put the boys on the ground. Jordan turned so she could set her watch to go off again later.

Quickly arms went around her waist and a light breath blew across her ear and she smiled. Becca was giggling when a life sized Chris tickled her to the ground. Jc sighed, glad to be tall again. Only a couple of hours of this every morning. "Oh, man I'm glad we're big again." Justin and Joey kissed lightly but stopped when Jc looked their way.

They hiked up to Market Street, then up Adam's Street, then beyond to the very top. Halfway, Lance pulled Jordan onto his back despite her protests. "My mother taught me to be kind to all ladies no matter what." His southern accent was thick.

"That was in the mid 1800's Lance. It's the 2000's. Times change."

"Still, I like to carry you." Jordan sighed and climbed onto his back anyways, happy to relieve her thighs of such hike. They arrived at their destination hours before Jordan's watch is set to go off. Chris collapsed dramatically at the door. Becca opened it and walked in, her footsteps echoing throughout the halls. Lance set Jordan on the ground and bows. She bows back and he shook his head. She smiled and curtsied.

They look around the dark mansion. The furniture had been covered with white cloth. It was silent, except for Chris's whistling. Becca hit him in the back of the head and he winces. Jordan walks over to a wall where a large portrait was. Jordan has this weird urge to touch it. She grabs it from both sides trying to pick it up; instead it cuts her hands.

The photo was the old man who took in all of these cursed men. Lance quickly covered Jordan's hands and smiled hopefully. Jordan then saw Becca point up the stairs. Chris looked frightened. Jordan peered up the stairs and Justin whispered, "Father? Is that really you?" A figure was at the top of the stairs and it seemed to move down the hall. It was creeping Jordan out.

"Help, this way...." The voice sent shivers down Becca's back. Chris, followed by the other guys, runs up the stairs. Lance leaves a bloody hand print on the wall as he rounds the corner following Joey closely. Becca and Jordan slowly follow. Jordan's hands dripped blood on the stairs. She felt dAngie.

"Dad?" Chris yells bursting into the far room. The room had what seemed to be a dresser and bed covered in white cloth. The figure hovered in the room. The girls finally make it in there.

"What the hell is-" Jordan looks at the figure. It turns into a dark fog and a wind goes through the room. "Who opened a window...?" She goes pale and falls to the floor and the fog envelopes her. Becca screams but is pulled far away, into the closet on the other side of the room with the others.

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“Jordan?” Yo, Jordan! Are you okay?” Jordan tried to open her eyes and look around. She could immediately tell that something was wrong.

“Umm...guys? Did we break the curse? You all look normal size... and Becca I think you need to go on a diet. You look really big.”

“It’s not me Jordan.” Becca said kneeling down next to the others who moved out of her way. “It’s you. You’re a doll.”

Joey and Jc helped Jordan up. Becca got a mirror out from her pocket and showed Jordan. Jordan had to bite the back of her now plastic hand to keep from screaming. Sure enough she was a doll now. From her shiny face that now looked like someone had frozen it with Botox to her hair that she was sure was now in clumps and left her bald on one half of her head. She remembered it from when she and Becca had decided to pop the heads off of Barbie dolls and shave their heads as kids.

“Yeah that about sums up our reactions when it happened to us.” Chris said. Justin nodded.

“Don’t worry you get used to it. But we need to hurry and get home. It’s almost morning and your parents are gonna be worried about where you are.”

“It’s not my parents I’m worried about.” Becca said as she scooped the dolls all up and put them into her bag. “It’s mine and Jordan’s older brothers. Aj and Brian can be real pains in the neck.”

“I wanna ride on your shoulder Becca!” Chris whined pouting. Becca shook her head.

“No Chris I don’t want you to suddenly go all stiff and limp on me and get broken.” Chris was about to argue but stopped himself. She was right.

They managed to get back to the house before the sun was up. The guys and Jordan all got into their box and curled up getting ready to freeze up again. Becca pulls out her English homework.

Jordan was scared. She had never felt something like this before. Being turned into a doll was one thing but she wasn’t even able to move or feel. She didn’t need to breathe which made her quite uneasy and she was sure that there was some summer homework she needed to get

to work on like Becca. And it certainly didn't help that she was in a box with five guys. She wished that night would hurry up and come so she could move again. She could barely hear Chris's light snoring while in another corner Lance mumbled something in his sleep.

There were some feelings that she knew she needed to get in order. She liked Lance fine and all. But she didn't like how old fashioned he could be. It was so annoying how he had to always treat her like a princess. Most girls like that kind of treatment in small doses but there comes a time when it gets old. And then there was the matter of getting the curse broken. Now Jordan had an even bigger reason to want it gone. It was bad enough that there were only two more months till school started again for them. But that thing that turned her and the guys into dolls. Something didn't sit right with her about it. It didn't seem evil. No; something told her that this was bigger than just evil. Was it even evil? She closed her eyes. There was no way for her to be sure at the moment. She needed to sleep though. Keeping her eyes shut she let herself slip into sweet oblivion.

Becca puts her English work away that was due the first day back at school. After the nights events she couldn't bring herself to sleep. She had a lot going through her mind. How were they going to break the curse? Was it going to happen to her? How was Jc going to manage with Justin and Joey being together? What was she going to do if AJ or Brian found out about this? And why was Chris so keen on being with her all the time? Did it have something to do with the curse? She liked him but she wasn't really sure entirely about her feelings. Shaking her head she went to sleep.

Chapter Four

“Jordan! Wake up!” Aj yells from downstairs. “Brian is gonna be here soon to take you home!” Becca groaned and rolled over. As if she needed more things to worry about.

“Can’t she stay a little longer?” She called from her room. “Please big brother?” She knew using her cute voice would work against him. Sure enough...

“Alright fine I’ll call Brian and let him know. But he and I have that road trip we were gonna go on and he needs her to look after the house. Her parents are gonna be back with ours in three weeks. You know that right?”

“Yeah I’ve known since they left Aj. Now go away! I’m trying to sleep.” She curled up under her blanket though it was a futile effort since sunlight was already flooding the room. She heard Aj go back downstairs and head into the kitchen. After years of staying in that house she had learned the sounds of people going into certain rooms. Which floorboards creaked and who made what kind of footsteps. She still had to fully learn the guys' footsteps but she figured it would come to her in time.

The box rattling finally got her out of bed. She still was getting use the fact they were living dolls during the day, but frozen at night. Unless they are in their human stages from 1 AM to 2:30 AM, which makes it more confusing. Grumbling she opened the box and let the others out.

“Finally.” Jordan said climbing out of the box. “I was getting really bored in there. I think that Chris was about to rip one again.”

“Oh shut it.” Becca said. “Look. Aj said he was going to call and get Brian to let you stay longer but we need to remember to clean your house every now and then.”

“We can do that.” Justin said helping Joey to his feet. “As long as we do it at night. I don’t think he’s really going to care what time of day we do the job, as long as we do it.”

“You’ve got a point there Juju.” Jordan said. “Though I’m probably going to slack off.”

“And have us guys do all the work?” Lance said raising an eyebrow. Jordan grinned mischievously.

“Hey I’m an old fashioned girl. I was taught that men do the housework and the women have the babies.” She said sarcastically. Lance groaned.

“Well either way, keep the volume down until AJ and Brian leave.” Becca said. “Once their gone we can do whatever we please. I’ll go grab us some breakfast.”

“I want cereal!” Justin said jumping up and down.

“I know. I’ll go grab you some. The rest of you are getting a bagel.” Becca called heading down the stairs.

“Who were you talking to sis?” AJ asked as she came downstairs.

“My brain in the jar.” AJ rolls his eyes.

“I called Brian. He and I are gonna be leaving later today. He’s just gonna give Jordan the key to the house when he picks me up.” Becca can see AJ’s things on the couch. Thank god for their road trip. “Is she still asleep?”

“Yeah. You know her.” Becca heads into the kitchen. “I’m gonna take her some food. That should wake her.” She makes several bagels and a bowl of cereal. AJ chuckles as she takes everything upstairs.

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“So how exactly do we plan on going about and ending this curse exactly?” Justin said though a mouthful of rice kipsies. Jordan smacked him over the head.

“Manners please?” She scolded. “And to answer your question I have no idea. And where does Chris think he’s going?”

“He’s had his eye on Becca since you two showed up at Father’s shop.” Jc said shrugging. “I really don’t see why though. I mean he’s never been good at expressing his feelings to people. It makes no sense that he would try now.”

“Someone’s feeling a bit jaded.” Lance said.

Jordan watched Chris climb up Becca’s jeans to get into her lap. She was indeed curious about their relationship. She was certain that they were going to be an item but she wasn’t sure how that was going to happen. She really didn’t want to get involved and start playing matchmaker but Becca had a bad habit of needing a bit of a push to really get moving on something. While the others continued talking Jordan kept watching.

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“What are you looking for?” Chris asked hoisting himself up onto Becca’s lap panting. Becca had her laptop out and was typing on some sort of search engine. Chris knew that technically he was hundreds of years old but he had never felt mentally that mature. He often wondered if that was the reason he never felt entirely sure around computers. Or any form of technology for that matter. Ever since he had become a doll he and the others had always been drilled by their ‘father’ on the latest technology. None of them were really certain as to why. At least up until that point anyways. Chris had only just now realized that father merely wanted them to be ready for when the curse was broken. If it was broken anyways. They’d need to know how to function in the world.

“Well I’m trying to do some research right now but it’s a little distracting when a little doll is crawling into your lap.” Becca said. “If you want to get on my desk you just need to ask and I’ll pick you up.”

“But I wanna be in your lap.” Chris said grinning. Becca rolled her eyes.

“Why are you so keen on being around me all the time?”

“Because I know you won’t let the kitties eat me for one thing.” Chris said sitting on her leg straddling her knee. “That an I also like being around you. You’re an interesting girl.”

“Well that’s flattering. But really I’m not the coolest girl to be around.”

“I wouldn’t know that since I haven’t been around another female in hundreds of years. I’m pretty clueless around other people. Even though Father tried to teach us all social skills. I think he wanted us all to be more like Lance. Not that I blame him. Anyways.” He said trying to hoist himself up onto her desk. “What are you researching?”

“Well I want to find out more about this thing that has turned you and Jordan into dolls.” Becca said. “I don’t think that this ‘force’ as I’m going to call it is necessarily evil. If it were I think that it would have done more damage.”

“As in it would have killed us?”

“Yeah something like that.” Becca said. “But yet you guys not only stayed alive but have remained alive for hundreds of years. By all logic you guys should have been dead ages ago. Something else is at work here. And I think figuring out what it is will help get you guys back to normal.”

“Well good luck with that.” Chris said. He sat there on the desk for a while starring at

Becca. He liked being around her. She was pretty. At least as he saw pretty. He had seen girls on magazine covers and in the magazines. He had t admit that as beautiful as they were there was something about them that didn't sit right. Becca had more of a natural beauty to her. He wondered why she didn't have a boyfriend already. He wondered if this was how Lance felt about Jordan. Or how Justin and Joey felt about each other. And then he wondered about Jc. He wondered how his brother was going to handle life in general. And then there was this force that Becca wanted to know more about. Was it really going to help them become human again only permanently? He sat there watching her for a while and began swinging his legs around on the desk.

“So Jordan?” Lance asked finishing his last bite of bagel. “What do you wanna do when you get rid of this curse?”

“It’s a little early to be thinking about that.” Jordan said.

“Not for us it isn’t.” Joey said. “We’ve all been having this conversation ever since we were turned. What’s the first thing we’re gonna do when we get rid of this curse.”

“Well what did you have in mind?” Jordan asked.

“Well I was hoping to eat a whole plate of french-fries.” Joey said grinning. “I mean ever since I tired one for the first time I’ve been in love with them and well...”

“I’ve done it before. It’s nothing special.” Jordan said. “What about you Jc?”

Jc shrugged. “I was thinking about getting a new flute.” He said. “The one my mother gave me was broken.” He looked down on the ground and went back to picking at the bagel. Jordan could tell he wasn’t comfortable talking about his past.

“I’m thinking about going into music.” Justin added in cheerfully. “I’ve always enjoyed it and I think it might be fun.”

“Sounds like a good idea. Maybe I can help you.” Jordan offered smiling. “What about you Lance. You’re technically the one who got us all started on this conversation.”

“I’m honestly not sure.” Lance said. “I think I’m like Chris in the sense that I’m indecisive about things.”

“Really? You don’t seem like that kind of person.” Jordan said. “Well I know I just want to get my summer homework finished. Schools gonna be starting up in a month and a half and I want to get good grades. I’m graduating at the end of next year and I need to get into a good college if I want to go into medical school.”

“But you’d have no time for friends. You’d forget all about us.” Justin said. Jordan could tell that he was genuinely worried. “And you wouldn’t be able to start a family or anything like that.”

“First of all Justin what makes you think I want kids? Second of all I have no intention of forgetting you guys at all. Heck if I have to I’ll take you guys in your box with me to college.”

“I wanna stay with Becca!” Chris yelled out indignantly from his perch on Becca’s desk. Becca rolled her eyes.

“It appears that I have a little leech.” Becca said sarcastically.

“What do you want to do when you get rid of the curse?” Jordan called to Chris. Chris grinned.

“Stay with Becca.”

Becca growled. “Not before I file a restraining order on you.”

“Alright you two give it a rest.” Joey called. “Chris keep it in your pants buddy. Remember all those etiquette lessons father taught us.”

“Becca! Who’s up there! Are you alright? I’m coming up!” Everyone froze. Becca stood up her brain desperately searching for a plan. Picking Chris up off the desk she held him not knowing what to do. As AJ’s footsteps drew closer the other’s all scattered hiding in various places. Jc let out a small scream when he saw a giant spider in his hiding place. The door began to open and not knowing any better place Becca put Chris up her shirt.

Chapter Five

“Uh...What are you doing sis?” AJ asked his eyebrow raised quizzically. “I hope I’m not interrupting anything. Where’s Jordan? And why are there Bagel crumbs everywhere and HOLY MOTHER FUCK! SPIDER!” AJ jumped out of the way and Becca let out a small scream upon seeing the large repulsive creature come out from behind Becca’s bed. The fact that such a thing was even living there made her resolve to vacuum her room later that week if it was the last thing she did.

Taking her hand out of her shirt letting Chris hang on for dear life Becca ran forward and stomped on the eight legged abomination. AJ let out a sigh of relief upon seeing the wretched thing curl its legs for the last time.

“Anyways as I was saying what is going up here? Where is Jordan and why is there a lump in your shirt?” AJ looked at Becca who immediately began rattling off answers.

“Umm... Jordan went to the bathroom nothing's going on there's no lump in my shirt see?” She smacked her chest hitting Chris in the back. Chris who was clinging to her bra for dear life let out a small squeak at he hit her chest and not in the soft squishy area. Lance who was watching from under Becca's bed held back a snicker.

“Becca seriously something is going on.” AJ said. “Does this have anything to do with that old man who gave you and Jordan those dolls last month? And seriously there is something under your shirt I can tell.” He took a step forward while Becca tried to back away.

“Seriously AJ there's nothing wrong.” Becca stuttered hitting her desk as she tried backing away more. AJ shook his head.

“You know you're a terrible liar sis.” He said. “Look just tell me what's going on and I'll get out of your room.”

“Everyone knows she's a terrible liar.” Jordan snorted.

AJ continued advancing while Becca leaned back to avoid him. Then with a sudden movement AJ reached out and pulled up her shirt exposing a now very embarrassed Chris who was now attempting to crawl into Becca's bra.

“Umm...Well this brings the term smuggling midgets to a whole new level.” AJ said after a few brief moments of total shock.

“Hi Becca's big brother.” Chris said awkwardly waving a bit at AJ who raised an

eyebrow at him.

“Okay so who wants to explain why there is a doll that appears to be alive clinging to my sister's bra and blushing like a pervert? Or does this have anything to do with Jordan not being in the room right now and why I thought I heard someone scream earlier. Also why are there bagel crumbs and a smear of cream cheese on the floor as well as some spilled milk and cereal?”

Becca was silent for a bit. Finally she grabbed Chris and put him back on her desk. Chris while relieved to no longer be holding on for dear life had to hide his disappointment. Becca let out a sigh.

“Okay guys the jig is up. You can come out now.” Becca watched AJ's eyes widen as the five remaining dolls showed themselves.

“You always were more observant than Becca.” Jordan commented. “No offense Becca.”

“None taken.” Becca replied.

“Okay, okay. Will someone please explain to me what the hell is going on?” AJ asked.

“I can do that.” Lance said stepping forward. “Sit down. This may take a while to explain.”

~

A half an hour later AJ was sitting there looking stunned. Justin climbed up onto Joey's shoulders and with a little boost climbed up onto Becca's bed where AJ was sitting.

“Uh dude? You awake?” He said jumping on AJ's lap and waving his arms around to get his attention.

“Yeah.” AJ said shaking his head. “I'm just trying to take all this in.” He looked at them all. “So you have no idea how to break this curse?”

“No clue whatsoever.” Jc said sighing a little. “Chances are if we knew how this curse would have been broken a long time ago and we wouldn't be having this conversation.”

“Well I'm going to have to tell Brian that his sister is now a doll. You all know that.” AJ said looking down at them while Becca was picking up food crumbs. “But I'll do what I can to

help you guys break this curse.”

“You can start by making sure my brother doesn't have a heart attack and that our parents don't find out.” Jordan said while Lance nodded in agreement. “Now if you don't mind I found remnants of Ken clothes under the bed. They seem much nicer than this dress I got magically put into.” She walks under the bed and digs through the rubble. AJ stands and mumbles things to himself as he leaves the room.

“I'm gonna be in the bathroom if you need me.” Becca says. She turns around and walks out of the room. Chris scurries after her as fast as he can. He is able to grab onto the back of her pant leg and is dragged down the hall till they reach the bathroom. She sees him as she shuts the door and kicks him out. Literally.

“Wee!” He hits the wall and groans. At least he doesn't feel pain as a doll. He stumbles to feet and walks down the hall where the others were trying to get down the stairs. “Just jump, it won't hurt us!”

~

Lance struggles to climb up onto the bed. His luck fails and he slips, landing on his back flat the ground. “Uhg... this is what I get for wanting a nice nap.” He turns his head hearing a pop. He sighs in relief then gasps. Jordan was under the bed and was removing her dress. Lance knew it was not right to watch women undress but something made him watch. Her dress fell off and she took off her bra and underwear.

“God those suck.” She pulls her hair from out of its pony tail and rubs her head letting her hair fall down. “Bleck. I need to go short.” She stretches and turns around. She screams as she sees Lance staring at her. Lance gasps when he feels his pants become tight. Jordan covers herself and Lance still stares. “STOP LOOKING AT ME!”

“I CAN'T!” Lance tries to cover his eyes with his hands; he peeks through his fingers. Jordan scrambles to get dressed. All of a sudden Lance felt himself growing – not in his pants this time. His legs and arms stretched along with his body to its normal size. Jordan also grew and was jammed under the bed.

“Shit this hurts.” Lance ponders why he is normal size. He also wants to know why his pants are still tight. “Someone help.” Lance reaches under the bed and pulls Jordan out by her arm. She is completely naked still. He drops her and covers his eyes.

“Not looking at you right now.” He peaks through his fingers and watches Jordan stand. She was beautiful naked.

“Yes you are.” He closes his fingers, pants getting tighter. “You have a boner!”

“What?” His voice is higher than normal. He opens his eyes and stares at Jordan more.

“Stop staring at me!” She rips a blanket off the bed and covers herself. Lance looks down and sees something sticking out in his pants.

“Oh my god.” He covers his pants with his hands and stares more at Jordan. “I don’t know why I keep staring at you.”

“I don’t know why either and its creeping me out.” The door opens and Lance spins around. AJ and Becca are standing there. Along with another man that Lance doesn’t know.

“Jordan, what the hell are you doing?” The stranger screams.

“This is not what it looks like Brian!” She tightens the blanket around her. Brian grabs Lance and jerks him forward into his face.

“What the hell have you been doing with my sister?” AJ pulls Brian back and Lance starts to sweat.

“Brian, chill. How did you guys become normal size?”

“I don’t know what happened! Lance was watching me undress-”

“I wasn’t! I was trying to get on the bed and then I fell off and saw you naked.”

“You seemed to have made yourself cozy there on the floor.” She grumbles. Lance covers himself again. Brian grabs for Lance again but AJ pulls him out of the room quickly. Becca hurries behind them and shuts the door behind her. They probably needed some time alone. And she needed to do some research.

“Don’t leave me with him!” Jordan yelps. Lance looks her in the eye. “What... are you going to do... to me?”

“I don’t know... what am I suppose to do?” He whispers taking his hands off of his crotch. It was still sticking in his pants. He keeps staring at Jordan’s face.

“Do you think... maybe... because we...” Jordyn looks away embarrassed.

“We what?” She is quiet. “Are you having the same feelings I am having now?” She looks up into his eyes still quiet. “You are.”

“We grew big to have sex... a theory.” Lance is shocked, but it quickly leaves. “It’s true! You grow a boner and I’m all... wet... then we grow.”

“So if we have sex will we stay big or go back to dolls?”

“Only one way to find out.” Lance fingers the hem of his shirt and watches as Jordan’s blanket falls.

~

“Who the hell was that guy in the room with her?” Brian screams are in a whisper.

“Well he was one of the dolls I was telling you about.”

“Well he doesn’t look like a doll and neither does she. She looks naked and he looks ready to fuck her.” Brian tries to go back up the stairs. AJ pulls him back and pushes him down into a chair.

“I don’t know why they became human all of a sudden but I know there are four other dolls up there.”

“Actually down here.” AJ looks at his feet. Chris, Jc, Justin, and Joey were now sitting on his shoes exhausted.

“How did you guys get down here?”

“I think we just hiked across America.” Jc mumbles falling backwards on AJ’s shoe.

“Are those...?” Brian points to them. AJ nods.

“I’m still trying to figure this out.” AJ flicks his foot sending the guys flying across the floor.

“So my sister, my baby sister, is like them?”

“Yeah. And we have to figure out a way to help them all.” Brian leans back rubbing his face. He was dreaming for sure.

“Where are Lance and Jordan anyways?” Chris pants, holding his side in pain.

“In Becca’s room... trying to figure some things out.”

~

Jordan gasps and digs her hands into Lance’s back. She had never done anything with a guy before. She didn’t even know Lance enough to have his fingers where they are now. It sure felt good.

“I hope I’m doing this right.” He kisses down her body keeping his fingers where they are.

“Feels right.” It was all Jordan could say before she gasped again. “How far have you ever gotten?”

“Kissing a girl with her corset still on.”

“Lovely.” She gasps and grabs Lance’s shoulder tightly. “You don’t know what you’re doing at all down there do you.”

“I just know a gasping girl is a good sign.” Lance gets to her breasts. His tongue slips out of his mouth and touches her nipple. She gasps, but he isn’t sure if that is because of his tongue or what his hand was doing. He keeps both of them up. Her head falls back onto the pillow and she begins to breathe heavily. “Are you okay?”

“I feel something coming. I think I’m gonna cum.”

“Is that good?”

“Oh my god you don’t know what that means?”

“You’re going to orgasm?”

“Oh I forgot you don’t understand slang sex terms.” She gasps and her eyes tightly shut. He leans down and licks her nipples a few more times before sitting up all the way. He takes his hand away as well.

“Don’t stop!” She whimpers. Lance rests his hands on her waist and kisses her lips. Jordan can feel his wet fingers.

“Well, I want to orgasm too.” Lance stands up and starts to remove his clothes. Jordan watches him carefully. They keep eye contact.

“You’re beautiful.” She sits up and helps remove his belt.

“So are you.” Jordan slides his belt slowly from his pant's belt loop and sets it on the ground with his t-shirt. She unbuttons his jeans and pulls down the zipper. The bulge is very apparent now that his jeans are out of the way. He kicks them off and pushes her down to the bed. She arms go around his waist and he rests his hands on her stomach. They begin kissing each other, slow at first. It soon increases to a passionate kiss with tongues. Jordan pushes down Lance’s underwear and he sits up to kick them off his feet. She stares.

“Never seen one up close before.” She runs her finger up it and grins when Lance’s eyes flutter shut. “Fuck me.”

“I was hoping you’d say that.” He pushes her down onto the bed kissing her more. She rests her head on the pillows and he pushes her legs apart. “I don’t want you hurt you here.”

“Oh god, just do it so I can cum already!” He kisses her and pushes deep inside her. She gasps and buries her face into his neck, fingers digging into his back. “Oh god! Yes!”

“Oh baby.” He begins to thrust his hips, gaining pace quickly. He was already close to cumming just from watching her; now being inside of her was that final push. He watched Jordan covered her mouth as she screamed. Her orgasm shook her body along with his. He cradles her to his body and cums inside her, mouth wide and eyes focused on the door.

~

Becca hears grunting. She looks down next to her desk chair. She had a feeling it was Chris. “Mind if I help?” She picks him up and drops him on the table.

“Shiny.” He grins and stares at her silver laptop.

“Mine.” Becca said defensively putting her hand over the laptop. Chris fake pouted.

“I know. So did you find anything?”

“Not really. But I think that I may be on to something. Look here.” She said pointing to the screen. Chris leaned over and looked at it. “Was your ‘father’ a religious guy?” Chris looks at her. “The one whose taken care of you since you turned into a doll.”

“Not particularly. At least not that he ever showed to us. He would sometimes go off for hours at a time on certain days. One day the guys and me listened in at the door and we heard him muttering something and this other voice. I don’t know what it was but he sounded concerned.”

“Okay...well anyways I’ve been looking at all these websites and the only stuff I seem to be coming up with that really seems to fit what we’re all going through is with these old gods.”

“What do you mean old gods?” Chris asked cocking his head to one side.

“Gods and goddesses from religions before the days of Christianity. And I don’t know why but there are a few of these old school gods that keep catching my eye on this.”

“So you think that some deity from a long forgotten religion decided to turn us into dolls?”

“Well the thing is that a lot of these gods didn’t really bother with humans and humans didn’t bother with them. They just interacted with each other when the gods wanted to mess with something or if the gods saw something they didn’t agree with. I’m wondering if this is one of those moments.”

“I’ve never really believed in that kind of stuff but with everything that has gone on it’s probably worth looking into.” Chris said. “Besides nothing’s wrong with a good old fashioned hunch.”

Becca nodded and went back to typing. She was looking up email addresses of college professors. Maybe if she could find the right one she could get some insight as to what may have caused this curse.

“By the way.” She asked. “Why do you always want to be around me?”

“I like you. You’re fun to be around.” Chris said. “After a couple hundred years hanging around the same guys you tend to want to broaden your circle of friends.”

“I get that. But the trying to crawl into my bra...well that was kind of weird.” She said. “I know me putting you in my shirt just to hide you was kind of stupid but still.”

“I admit I’m a bit of a pig.” Chris said. “But I really do like you.” The conversation would have continued only the loud sound of Jordan moaning and Lance yelling stopped them.

“I want my room back.” Becca grumbled.

“I wanna get to my box.” Chris said. “First thing I want to do when I become human again is get my own room.”

“Well technically you still are human.” Becca pointed out.

“You call this human?” Chris asked. “Being a doll for most of the day and only being normal for a few hours at most? And not being able to move at night?” He sighed. “That’s not being human. That’s just existing.”

Becca gently stroked his head. “If it will make you feel better I’ll make you a bed of your own.” She offered. “It might not be very comfy but you’d have your own space.”

“Really?” Chris said looking up. He smiled. “I’d like that.” Becca nodded approvingly.

~

About a half hour later a very human Jordan and Lance came out of the room. Both of them had their hair messed up and it looked like they were wearing pieces of each other’s clothing.

“I’m a terrible brother.” Brian moaned. Holding his head in his hands. “What am I supposed to tell mom and dad? Sorry guys but sis just lost her virginity to a doll!”

“You’re not going to tell anyone that’s what you’re going to do!” Jordan yelled. “If you want to be helpful then start timing now. I want to know how long it’s going to take before Lance and I turn back into dolls.” She sits far away from Lance putting her arms around her stomach.

“Well it’s been nearly an hour already.” Becca said looking at them. “I think that’s a good sign. Now can I have my room back? I want to be alone.”

“Mkay.” Lance moved out of the way and Becca went into her room with Chris in hot pursuit.

“I think she’s PMS-ing.” Aj said. Joey, Justin, and Lance nodded in agreement. Lance got slapped on the back of the head for that.

~

Jc, meanwhile, had been wandering around exploring parts of the house. One advantage

he had found to being small was that it was easier to go wandering and find things that you normally couldn't find when you were normal sized. He had just finished looking behind the TV in the living room and had come across Brian's luggage which was waiting by the front door for its owner to take them to AJ's car. It wasn't so much the luggage as what was inside it that got Jc curious. He had always been a little curious and as a child often looked through his parents drawers to see what was inside them.

Seeing an open bag Jc climbed in and began fumbling about. It was quite dark in there and he kept on hitting his head on things. Finally he heard the crinkling of plastic chip bags. Jc had loved the salty snacks ever since father had given them a bag of some many years ago. They were a rare treat for Jc and he never hesitated at the opportunity to eat some.

It took a little effort but he managed to wrestle the bag open without breaking too many of the chips. Tipping the bag over he grabbed a chip and began munching. One chip turned into five and then ten and then he found himself bloated and wanting a nap. But before he could fumble out of the bag to get to his box he heard a zipping sound and the bag being lifted up.

"Crap. Help! Someone get me out of here!" He yelled but it was in vain as his cries were drowned out over the sound of the car engine being turned on.

~

"We'll be back in two weeks! Behave yourselves!" Brian yelled out the window as he and AJ drove off.

"We will!" Becca said with a large shoebox in hand. She had found it in her closet and had found some padding material in her mother's sewing supplies.

"Yay!" Jordan started dancing around the room. "We have the house to ourselves! No brothers to boss us around!"

"We still have to make sure this place doesn't burn to the ground." Joey said. "By the way. Have any of you guys seen Jc yet? He usually shows up by now."

"He's probably found some place to explore." Justin said reassuringly. "He often wanders off. Just you wait and see. Sooner or later he'll come back wanting a nap. By the way how many hours has it been?"

"Only one and a half. Why?" Lance said.

"Well you and Jordan are turning back again." Cursing loudly Jordan looked as she

began shrinking. Lance merely looked exasperated as he once again became a little jointed man.

“Well I guess that leaves one more question to be answered.” Becca said. “Maybe in a couple days we’ll get a reply from one of those people I emailed.”

“I thought we were going to keep this under wraps?” Jordan said looking up at Becca irritably.

“Well yes. But we need help. We can’t do this on our own.” Becca reasoned. “Besides there are a couple professors who I think may be able to really help us.”

“Okay. You’ve got good judgment. If you think that this will work.” Jordan said. “I just want to be a human permanently.”

“We all do.” Said Justin.

~

Later that night when everyone was getting ready for bed Becca was doing the finishing touches on Chris’s new bed.

“How come I don’t get my own bed?” Jordan complained.

“You want your own then you make one.” Becca said giving Jordan a look. “I’ve already stabbed my fingers enough times making this thing for Chris.”

“Then use a sewing machine!”

“Mine’s been broken for god knows how many years.” Becca said finishing the last stitch. “Here you go Chris.”

“Thank you Becca.” Chris said sounding like a little kid. He climbed in. “Ooh. Comfy. Can I ask you one more favor?”

“Sure. What is it?”

“Can I have a goodnight kiss?” He looked at Becca with Bambi eyes. Becca sighed and leaned in kissing his head.

“Thank you.” He smiled and snuggled down into the blankets.

Later on in the wee small hours of the morning when everyone had gone through their human and back phases Chris was feeling a little anxious. He wanted to roll over. Scratch his scalp. Anything that meant moving. One of the problems was that he needed to move around when he slept. He didn't need to before but he hated the idea of being frozen for several hours until dawn.

Finally he couldn't take it anymore. He tried to move again despite the fact that he knew that it wouldn't work. The only thing was it did. Gasping he rolled all the way over in the bed. He sat up. How was this possible? It wasn't right. He wasn't even supposed to be moving. Was he dreaming? No he was wide awake.

Shaking his head in disbelief he crawled out of the bed and began walking around. Why was this happening? It was strange. Then he remembered earlier with Jordan and Lance. Did hooking up with someone mean breaking free from the curse? He thought about it. It would make sense. But from how Jordan and Lance were acting around each other, being separated and quiet around one another, could explain them turning back to dolls. He went into his bed but he couldn't sleep. He thought back to his childhood. Of his mother and sisters. He remembered the day he was turned. And when he was a child how his mother would let him curl up next to her when he had a nightmare. He wished things could go back to the way things were.

Sitting up again in bed Chris looked up at where Becca was sleeping. He sighed again. Getting up he walked over to her bedpost and began climbing and eventually got to the foot of her bed. Carefully inching along the bed so as not to wake her up he got under the covers next to her and snuggled up into her chest.

~

On the east coast at a university, Professor Ryan Gosling was checking his email at his office before starting classes for the day. It was mostly the same redundant meeting alerts over and over again. But there was one message that really got his interest. Something about ancient deities and dolls. He smiled. Something that might actually be of some interest.

"Well Ms. DeMarciones maybe you're onto something. I think I may have an excuse to use some of that vacation time." He grinned. This was going to be fun.

Chapter Six

“Hey Becca!” Justin yelled from her desk where he was standing. “I just turned on your computer! I need you to put in your password!”

“Ugh.” Becca groaned rolling over in bed. “Why the hell do you need to get onto my comput-AAAAIIIIIIEEEEEE!” She let out a shriek upon seeing another person in her bed. Chris bolted upright looking panicked.

“Just kidding!” Jordan said. “I told Justin he could use my shampoo when he became human again if he woke you up so we could see the looks on your faces!”

“Oh my fucking god, get out of my bed Chris! For crying out loud you pervert!” Becca screamed at him. Chris scrambled out.

“Sorry Becca! Really I am.” He said hurriedly. “Look the thing is that... hey I’m big again! Where’s Jc? I only see four of you down there.”

“Yeah. He usually shows up by now.” Justin says looking around at an attempt to find him curled up on a pile of clothes snoring. Right at that moment the phone, which was next to Jordan on the floor under a sock, began to ring. Jordan screamed and fell over. Everyone laughed.

“Shut it!” She goes and hits the speaker button. “Hello?” She yells into the mouth piece.

“Who played the prank on us?”

“Huh?” Becca said walking to the phone. “Prank?”

“Jc was put into our luggage by someone! He’s asleep in a bag of Brian’s chips.”

“We didn’t put him anywhere!” Justin runs to the phone. “Wake him up!”

AJ turns around and goes to the bag of chips. Picking it up, he turns it over. Out falls Jc and several crumbs. Jc screams as he does a face plant into the mattress. “Your friends want a word.” AJ shoves a mouth piece of his cell phone at Jc. Jc rolls over and coughs a few crumbs up.

“Ow.”

“JC! YOU’RE NOT DEAD! WHAT HAPPENED?” Justin screamed into Jc’s ear. Jc

shoots to his feet and shakes his head. It buzzed.

“I was looking through a bag of luggage and found my favorite snack food. I was eating it, then I felt sleepy, and before I knew it the bag was zipped up and I was being taken away. Then I fell to sleep.”

“You idiot!” Becca yells. Jc winces. “You are now not at my house but somewhere hours away with me and Jordan's brothers!” Jc gulps looking up. Brian and AJ looked down at him evilly.

“Meep.” Jc takes a few steps back. Brian reaches out a hand towards Jc. Jc runs up the bed but feels a tight grip around his waist. He struggles to be let free as Brian lifts him into the air to his face.

“God damn it.” Jc gasps at the fowl breath he was carrying.

“Can you bring him back AJ?” Joey called through the house phone. He looked over at Lance, who wasn't paying attention at all, then back at the receiver.

“You're gonna have to wait. We are already out of state.” Becca sighs and thinks for a moment.

“Just keep him with you guys. We'll call you up later about this whole thing.”

“Mkay. Brian put him down!” Brian was playing with Jc's hair. Jc was trying eagerly to keep his fingers out of it.

“Come on! It's a talking pissed-off doll!” AJ says good bye to Becca and hangs up. He sighs and falls back onto the bed.

~

“So now we know where Jc is,” Becca said sitting back down on her bed. “But that doesn't explain why you were getting cozy next to me!” Chris flinched and scooted back. Being full sized again in broad daylight was getting off to a clumsy start.

“I couldn't sleep... and I realized I can move again at night. I started walking around... and I was homesick and then I crawled in... I... I'm sorry.”

“You shouldn't be sorry.” Jordan said rolling her eyes. “You like her it's normal. But you should be a little more careful next time. Becca could have rolled over you and squished you.”

“I’m not that fat!” Becca said indignantly. Joey held back a snicker. “What!”

“I’m sorry Becca. It’s just that my former fiancé used to act like that.” Becca rolled her eyes and got back under the covers.

“You know what, whatever. Just get out of my room all of you.” She mumbled into her pillow pointing to the door. “When I’m in a better mood then you guys can come in again.”

“I think its PMS.” Jordan whispered to Lance as they all quietly stepped out of the room. Lance cocked his head when she said that but she didn’t want to go through the trouble of explaining it so she rolled her eyes.

Chris however had stayed behind. The others all made their way down to the kitchen to raid the fridge and get some food. He could already hear Jordan and Lance going into human form so they’d be busy for about two more hours, either yelling or doing it again. He sat outside Becca’s room wondering what he should do. Finally he heard grumbling and a creaking sound. Becca was finally awake.

Becca had tried to get more sleep but daylight had now flooded the room and she needed to get up anyways. Heading to her computer she turned it on and began looking through her various email accounts to see if anyone had replied. Mostly it was long irritating essays on why the things she was describing were impossible. One person had even given the number of a well reputed mental facility and asked her to speak to one of their doctors about getting therapy sessions. Finally she came across an email from someone that looked like it would help her a bit.

“Professor Ryan Gosling. I wonder what he has to say.” She clicked on his message and what she saw half made her relived and halfway put a knot in her stomach.

Dear Ms. DeMarciones,

I have just read your letter and I must say it had me intrigued. I can’t say I know what is going on but I do have my theories. If you are speaking the truth we may be looking at a scientific wonder or something even greater. Of course I’m going to need to see this with my own eyes. Down below at the bottom of this letter is my number. I’d love to speak to you personally. If you don’t mind I’d like to see these so called ‘living dolls’ for myself.

*Sincerely,
Professor Gosling*

Becca sat back in her seat. She wasn't sure what she should do. If she told him more about the guys and Jordan he might take them away. And then who knew if she would see them again. He might think she was crazy and send her to a nuthouse. And from what she had heard about those kinds of places, that was the last thing in the world she wanted. Chances are that when she read *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest*, it probably made her a little more paranoid about that kind of thing.

It wasn't until she heard the door open that she turned around. Chris was standing in the door way. He stepped though into the room and she shot him a glare. If looks could kill Chris would have been dead before he hit the ground.

"Cool your jets for a bit." Chris said holding his hands up in a calming gesture. "I just wanted to come in and apologize for last night. I was just homesick and... and I missed my mom."

"So you wanted a mommy away from home?" Becca said irritably.

"Yeah." Chris nodded. "None of the other guys will admit it but we all miss our families. I was really close to my mother as a kid and even into my teen years."

"I can understand. Now why do you like me of all people? And how long do you think you being human again is going to last this time?"

"For your first question I can't really say right now. As for the second question I'm just going to assume that it's going to last a couple hours at most. I mean with Lance and Jordan it only lasted that long and they went all the way."

"Yeah...but don't get any ideas from that." Becca said looking Chris dead in the eye. "If we're going to be an item I want to just take this one day at a time. Jordan may have been ready but I'm not. Heck, I'm starting to wonder if Jordan and Lance just get caught up in the moment."

"Okay. I can live with that. But just to warn you my courting skills are pretty rusty. I mean I've been stuck in a box for a few hundred years. And with just four guys for company it gets pretty weird. Anyways maybe we could start with one of those moving pictures?"

"A movie? Okay. I can deal with that." Becca nodded. "Now get out my room so I can make a few phone calls." Chris saluted and left the room.

~

Meanwhile at the hotel in Oregon things were not boding well for Jc. Brian had been feeling bored and AJ had gone grocery shopping so that they wouldn't be spending a ton of money on eating out. With AJ not there to protect him Jc was totally at Brian's mercy.

"Time for a little fun!" Brian cackled. "You can thank Becca for forgetting to put away her lipstick and Barbie doll clothes away all those years ago, and AJ picking up the bag in a hurry to get packed."

"Get that crap away from me!" Jc scrambled under the bed only to be dragged by his legs out and into the bathroom where Brian proceeded to decorate him. Jc squirmed and kept running away when Brian reached to grab another item of clothing or make-up item. He just grabbed him again and set him down. He soon finished and walked back into the room.

"Hey AJ, look!" AJ looks over at Brian, setting the groceries on the ground. Brian holds out Jc who is standing on his hand. He was in a tight pink dress with red make-up all over his face. AJ snickers and Jc growls.

"When I get big in the middle of the night, you're dead! Both of you!"

"Hey it wasn't me it was Brian! Brian, go clean him up now." Brian pouts.

"Why?"

"NOW!" Brian mumbles something under his breath and goes into the bathroom dragging his feet. AJ goes to his laptop.

Jc is dropped down onto the counter top. Brian fills up to sink and as he waits to fill up he picks up Jc and starts to remove the clothes. Jc squeals as he tugs on his body parts to remove them.

"Why must I suffer?" Jc whimpers. Brian sets him on the counter and jerks down his underwear. Brian squints.

"You are a tiny boy." Jc covers himself. "Are you that small at your normal size?"

"Hey, it's proportional. It's pretty big on me now, so it will be later." Brian snorts.

"Get in the water and clean up." Brian shuts the water off and leaves the room. Jc slowly slides in and sighs in relief, immediately scrubbing his face down. He thinks that this is a lesson for him so he won't be so curious. Curiosity killed the cat.

~

Jordan pulls the blanket over her chest. She watches as Lance gets himself dressed. She doesn't know what she is doing. She has had full-blow sex with him twice and each time without a condom. When she grows big, she starts to panic about what might happen - then her and Lance start fighting. Then this feeling rushes over her and she gets kissed and...

"You gonna get dressed?" Lance looks at her. She nods her head.

"Once you leave."

"I've seen you naked twice. I think it's pointless for you to hide your body now."

"It isn't pointless to me." She pulls the blanket up to her neck and keeps watching him. She did think he was cute. But she wasn't going to date him. Her idea of her first time would of been with a guy she could truly say 'I love you' to. Not a guy who is decades before her and it happens at a random moment.

"Come on. Just get dressed." He still hasn't gotten his shirt on. He picks up her clothes and hands them to her. She sighs and sits up. Jordan can feel his eyes on her as she stands up and pulls on her underwear. "You're beautiful."

"We aren't fucking again."

"Is that what you call it?" She looks up at him. "I didn't think it was that. Didn't it mean something?"

"I don't know if it's meant to." She pulls up her jeans and buttons them up. Lance's hands rest on her waist and she looks into his eyes.

"I know that there is an invention now called a condom that guys wear when they have sex, so they don't get the girl pregnant." Jordan nods and Lance pulls her against his body. "I haven't been using them."

"Wow, and you don't care?" Jordan puts her hands on his chest and starts to push away. She wants to cover up her chest as quickly as possible. Lance pulls her tighter against his bare chest. She starts to get warm all over, again. She doesn't want to keep doing this.

"I do very much care. That is why I don't like us doing this sex thing. If we are, then can we use those condom thingies?" Jordan arches and eyebrow. He is serious.

“I... I guess?” He smiles and pulls away from her. Jordan quickly grabs a shirt and pulls it on running from the room. When she is sitting on the couch in the living room she realizes that she forgot her bra and she was wearing Lance’s shirt.

~

Lance borrowed a shirt from AJ’s dresser. He stayed away from Jordan, who stayed away from him. He didn’t understand why he practically lost all control over his body when he grew big and saw Jordan standing in front of him. She was just breathtaking. He never felt that with Laura. He now wonders why he even proposed to her in the first place.

Lance leans back on the couch putting his hands behind his head. Jordan was something different for sure. She was stubborn, hated dresses, sarcasm seemed her native tongue, and she was very helpful and serious when she wanted to be. Laura was a pushover, pushy as she talked, loved wearing dresses of all kinds, and could be horrible to those who didn’t meet up to her status. Lance knew that Laura was only being like that because women were all expected to do that. If you weren’t, then your only career was a whorehouse. Jordan was one of those who would have been there, or in college proving to every man that she was smarter than them.

Lance stands up and heads into the kitchen. He looks through the fridge, the cupboards, and then the fridge again. He didn’t know what half of these foods were. He turns around and sees Jordan watching him from the entry to the kitchen, leaning against the counter. Her arms were across her chest, pulling his shirt around her curves.

“My eyes are up here.” She snaps her fingers. Lance looks up.

“I know.”

“Then stop staring at my tits.” Lance sighs. He goes back to looking through the fridge, hearing Jordan walk off. He shuts the fridge door and before he can walk to the living room he feels his body getting smaller and smaller. He sighs when everything is back to being far out of his reach. He needs to figure things out... and fast.

~

“Okay is everyone gathered?” Becca said looking at everyone. “Okay good. So Chris and I are going out on an outing.”

“Date!” Jordan coughed into her arm.

“Oh like you have any room to play matchmaker right now.” Becca snapped. “Anyways

we'll be out for a while and while we're gone I expect all of you to be on your best behavior. I don't want the house in ruins when we get back! Let's remember that my parents will be coming back from Europe in two weeks."

"Yes ma'am!" Joey saluted. Justin followed suit. Chris went up to Becca who picked him up and put him in her purse.

"And before I forget I'm expecting a call from Professor Gosling in a few hours. If the phone rings answer it. But just don't give him too much information."

"Define too much information?" Jordan said grinning evilly. Becca glared.

"You know what I mean. Now get your mind out of the gutter. Anyways we're off."

"Use rubbers Chris!" Jordan called after them not knowing why she was doing this to Becca. She normally would never tease her like this. Especially when she had no room to talk. Heading over to the couch she climbed up onto it and sat next to the phone and waited patiently for it to ring.

~

"Okay. So what movie are we seeing?" Chris asked as they walked towards Becca's car.

"Well there's this one scary movie playing. Something about a virus killing the entire human race."

"How is that entertainment?" Chris asked.

"I don't know but it'll be a good way to pass the time without the others watching us with hidden cameras. I swear it's like they want us to start making out."

I wouldn't mind that at all, Chris thought. He watched Becca while she drove. He was confused as to why she could be so jaded about the world when she without knowing it had him pretty much wrapped around her finger. He did think he had feelings for her. Of course it was too soon to tell what kind they were but he felt that the so called 'outing' would shed some light on it.

When they arrived inside the theater Chris was amazed at the sheer size of the place. He was also appalled at how dirty the place was. Being tiny had its benefits. He noticed that some of the employees neglected to sweep the corners and under some of the floor mats. If his mother had seen that she would have had them all slapped and sent to bed.

The movie was crap. At least that was the best way it could have been described and still be polite. But it was nice for Chris to be sitting near Becca and watching something with her. Sitting in her lap was nice and he couldn't help but blush whenever he got the smell of her clothes. Leaning into her he sighed a bit rubbing her leg with his hand. If she knew he was doing this she didn't show any signs of objections. Just then he sat upright startled.

"Umm... Becca?" He looked up at her biting his lip. Becca looked down and nodded. She stood up carrying him in her arms as he slowly grew larger. They ducked behind a corner near the door and Becca dropped him onto his feet letting him go to full size.

"You okay?" She asked

"Yeah. But I think I just earned another couple hours of being normal." Chris said happily. "Wanna leave this early? This movie sucks and we could get something to eat while we're out."

"Sure sounds like fun." Becca smiled.

Chris nodded and they headed out of the theater. He hoped nobody would notice him but he figured that he had a fairly forgettable looking face. Unless he suddenly became famous in which case he probably would be swarmed with people. And really that was the last thing he wanted. He was perfectly content to be like this. Yawning and stretching his arms a bit he placed one around Becca's shoulders. They kept walking and as they walked Becca leaned in next to him. Chris nodded to himself contently. He now knew what kind of feelings he was dealing with. He could deal with that.

Chapter Seven

“Jordan! Hey Jordan wake up!” Justin yelled up at her from the ground. Jordan woke up not only to his yelling but the sounds of the phone ringing. Grumbling she reached over and hit the button with the green dot on it to answer. Thankfully the thing was already set to speaker.

“Hello?” She said groggily.

“Yes. Hi, I’m Professor Gosling. I think you might have heard me mentioned. Anyways may I speak to a Miss. Rebecca DeMarciones?” Jordan was startled by the man’s voice. He definitely was eager to speak. He sounded really excited. She smiled a bit. This must have been one of the people that Becca had emailed.

“She’s busy at the moment can I take a message?” Jordan asked. “This wouldn’t have anything to do with those dolls would it? Cause you’re talking to one.”

“Oh really? Awesome I’m actually calling about that. You think that it would be alright if I came out to her place tomorrow? I’d like to see you all in the flesh. Or plastic I should say.”

“Totally. Do you have the address?”

“I have a pen and pad ready to write it all down.” Jordan leans back and tells him everything he needs to know. She soon says good-bye. And just in time to grow larger again. She puts the phone on the base.

“I’m gonna take a shower.” Justin and Joey were still small, and Lance was nowhere to be found. The two nod at her.

“Can you turn the TV on first and get us some snacks?” Jordan sighs and complies. Once Joey and Justin are all comfortable on the couch in front of the television with their snacks, she heads upstairs to the hall closet. She pulls out a towel and goes to the bathroom. She opens the door and yelps.

“I’m sorry!” Lance was standing in front of the toilet. He turns his head and sees her staring at him. “I... I need a... I’ll do it later!” She quickly shuts the door.

Lance groans and begs his dick to hurry up. He soon zips up his jeans and flushes before chasing after Jordan. “Jordan?” He knocks on Becca’s bedroom door. He opens it and walks in. She was sitting on the bed blushing and holding a towel in her lap. “Bathroom is open. Shower, right?” Jordan slowly nods.

“Yeah...” She stands up and hurries past him. But she isn't fast enough. He grabs her arm and turns her to face him.

“We keep avoiding each other.” Jordan tries to pull from his grip. He was strong. “I want us to talk.”

“Later.” He reluctantly lets go of her arm.

~

Jordan shuts her eyes. The hot water felt good. The steam made her anxieties fade away. She has been so stressed over the past few days. Actually every since she met that guy in the doll shop. She was so confused about this whole situation. Her head spins when she starts to try and work things out. The Lance thing was really bugging her. Her period was due in a week and for once in her life wanted to see blood. Every time she saw him she worried and became embarrassed about what they've done.

Jordan rubs her eyes and turns around to grab for the soap. She yelps again when she finds Lance standing right behind her holding the soap. She is frozen where she is; she doesn't cover herself... doesn't flinch when his hands run through her hair with the soap. She shuts her eyes and just melts under his fingers.

God am I a girl or what? She thinks and shivers when he turns her around and rubs the back of her neck. He grabs the shower head and washes the soap from her hair. Jordan hides her moans. Maybe she was hallucinating and when she came through she would be on the shower floor, having slipped on a bar of soap. Sadly she doesn't wake up. He puts the conditioner in and washes that out.

“Your hair is very soft and silky from this stuff.” He turns her back around and runs his hands through her hair. “Tangle free.” She looks him in the eye. She was warm. No, not warm. Hot - very hot. She starts to pant when he puts his face in her neck. “God, I know your hot cause I'm hot too.” Jordan can see his erection. “I don't want this to be happening as much as you do. I don't know how to stop it.”

Jordan wraps her arms around his neck and presses against his body. “I don't know either. I want relief. God every time I see you these feelings rush over me, then we become large and...” Lance breaths in her sent and puts his hands on her lower back. He wants to pull her onto him, so very bad.

“I know. God it hurts.” Jordan kisses him and that's all the cue Lance needed. He puts his hands on her ass and pulls her up. She jumps and puts her legs around his waist. He groans

and she gasps as they collide together in heat and passion.

~

Chris and Becca arrived back safely. Little Justin and little Joey come running to them jumping up and down, begging to know what had happened. Chris just pushes them away with his foot and walks with Becca into the kitchen.

“Fart face!” Justin screams out, pouting. Joey looks at him.

“Is that the best you can come up with?” Joey walks back to the TV. Justin runs after him.

“You should shut up.” Justin mumbles. Joey scoffs and Justin tackles him. They roll around trying to dominate over the other until they roll down a few steps that lead into a lower part of the living room. Joey lands on top of Justin who gasps.

“Ouch.” Joey grunted into Justin's chest. Justin starts to giggle and Joey looks at him. “What are you laughing at?” Joey puts his hands on either side of Justin's head looking down at him.

“Your hard!” Justin keeps giggling. Joey looks down at the front of his pants. There was a bulge. He looks at Justin's crotch.

“So are you!” Justin stops giggling and looks down. He blushes. “You are so dirty.” Joey leans down and kisses his nose. Justin puts his fingers into Joey's hair and kisses him hard.

~

“Look Becca about that kiss...” Becca looks over at Chris who tries to find the right words.

“It was nice.” She remembers it clearly. They were walking back to her car after getting ice cream. They were laughing about a stupid joke Chris had made up on the spot. He was staring at her lips. She told him to look at her eyes. He said he wasn't staring at her breasts. Then she asks what he was staring at.

“It was nice.” He told her that her lips looked so soft. She blushed and he kissed her. “So... you aren't gonna kill me?”

“Not yet.” She walks out of the kitchen and yelps when she finds a full-grown Joey

grinding against a full-grown Justin in the middle of the living room floor. Chris runs to Becca, and then starts to laugh.

“I guess everyone has a relationship going on.” Chris pauses and looks at Becca. “Do you think that this curse we have might be because of love?”

“That is why I sent out emails. Hey, did that guy call?”

“Yeah. Jordan gave him your address and he's coming over tomorrow.” Joey grunts and he gets off of Justin. “Mind if we take this...”

“Go!” Justin and Joey hurry down the hall to the small bathroom shutting the door quickly. Becca sighs. “We'll get our answer tomorrow.”

“Hopefully.” Chris says still staring at Becca. Becca looks at him, and then heads to the couch.

~

Lance runs his hand up and down Jordan's back. She was lying on her stomach, the covers of AJ's bed up around her waist. His room was much cleaner than Becca's and they didn't really pay any attention to where they were stumbling when their lips were glued together. Jordan yawns and opens her eyes looking up at Lance. He was propped up on his arm and smiling down at her.

“We didn't use a condom again.” She mumbles. He leans down and runs his nose down her cheek. She sighs and kisses him.

“I know.” He rolls over and lays down on his back looking at her. “You're an angel.”

“I'm the devil in disguise.” Lance rolls onto her beginning to kiss her back.

“Then where is your tail?” She grins and he licks up her spine.

“I never knew you knew how to pleasure a girl so well.” Lance rests his chin between her shoulder blades.

“Instinct. That's my answer cause I haven't been really thinking.”

“So all that we've been doing... has been just a moment thing.” Jordan says softly. She rolls over and Lance hovers over her body.

“I'm thinking now. And I don't want this moment to end.” Jordan's arms go around his neck and he rests his forehead against hers. “I think there is a tie between the sex and us being dolls.”

“That Ryan dude will be here tomorrow.”

“He might know.”

“Let us hope.” She places her hands on his face. He turns his face kissing the palm of her left hand.

“Until then...” He kisses her again. “I want us to snuggle.” Jordan smiles and Lance rolls over. Jordan snuggles up against his chest and he pets her head humming. She falls asleep, scared she was in love.

Chapter Eight

The next day came too soon for Becca's likening. She spent the entire morning just trying to get the house looking presentable. Jordan had to hold back a snicker as she watched Becca vacuum, only to find herself running - like all of hell was chasing after her - when Becca turned the vacuum on her.

"And I thought I was OCD!" She screamed as she climbed up the first set of stairs to escape the evil rumbling machine. She was beginning to suspect why cats and dogs hated those things so much.

"The professor will be here in a few hours and I want this place not to look like an earthquake just hit. It's different when my parents are having someone over because those people I couldn't care less about; this is serious. This could mean the difference between you being human again and staying a talking doll for life."

"How about you tell me something I don't already know." Jordan said swinging her legs off one of the stairs. "But seriously, the living room is fine now. You can give the cleaning a rest. Now hurry up and shower. I'll keep the guys in check till the professor shows up."

Becca said nothing but turned the vacuum cleaner off and headed up the stairs. Jordan watched, getting up when she heard the bathroom door close and the sound of running water. She went into the bedroom where the guys were getting ready.

"Joey is the tie really necessary?" Justin complained while Joey was attacking the unruly mass of curls that was Justin's hair with a comb. Justin messes with his tie that was practically choking him. Joey bats his hands off of it.

"I don't make the decisions on the styles here Juju." Joey said. "That's Lance's job. And I wouldn't bug him right now he's busy with Chris."

"That poor bastard." Jordan said grinning as she walked over to them.

"Oh hey Jordan." Justin looked up smiling. "You're not getting dressed up?"

"It's not that big a deal for me." Jordan said. "I mean yeah I want to be a human again - permanently - but it's not like I'm meeting the president."

"I'd like to meet the president." Lance said walking next to a grumpy, but well groomed, Chris. "Before I became a doll I was interested in joining congress."

“You?” Jordan looked at him skeptically. “No way. You’re too nice for a job like that. Besides you’d have high blood pressure problems constantly.”

“That’s what my mother told me.” Lance smiles. “But who knows what could happen.” Jordan sits down and watches Lance get himself dressed. She tries not to blush. She looks over at Justin and Joey, hoping that can take her mind off Lance, but they were doing things you see in the porn movies behind a pile of clothes. She knew because the mirror nearby showed their feet that had their pants bunched around the ankles. She shutters and decides to keep staring at Lance. He smiles at her whenever he catches her watching.

~

Becca comes downstairs with a towel on her head and a nice looking outfit on - a blue shirt with a pink skirt. Jordan had to keep herself from rolling her eyes. Before she could open her mouth to tell Becca that she was taking this visit far too seriously the doorbell rang. Becca jolted a bit and ran to the door, throwing the towel off her hair and brushing it down before opening it. Standing in front of them was a young man. He looked to be about in his mid to late twenties and had reddish brown hair with a small beard that looked like it had just been trimmed. Jordan growls sexily and Lance glares at her.

“Ms. DeMarciones I presume?” He asked holding a hand out to her. Becca nodded and took it, leading him into the house.

“Please, Becca will do.” She blushes a little. Jordan could tell she was a bit smitten by him. And who could blame her? She was just worried that Chris was going to get jealous.

“And these are the famous living dolls I take it.” He said walking over to them. He looked down at Jordan who was staring back at him blinking her eyes. He begins staring at her with great intrigue. “So you go through cycles of being human and being dolls?” He knees before them all.

“That pretty much sums it up.” Joey said fixing his pants. “Lately we’ve been changing to our human forms during the day, instead of at night like we are use to. No clue why, sir.”

“We do have our theories though.” Chris added helpfully though. Ryan looks over, his eyebrow raised.

“Really? Do tell me.” He sits down.

“Well the thing is that Chris and Becca have become an item.” Becca glares at Justin wanting to step on him. “Me and Joey went human yesterday while we...” Joey snickers. “Were

doing some intimate things together.” Justin explained.

“Jordan and I are now courting.” Lance says. Jordan blushes furiously.

“We are not! Besides, it’s not called courting anymore it’s called dating.” Jordan looks at her feet. Lance thinks she looks so cute when she does that.

“What I was trying to say before Lance butted in was they, him and Jordan, have been having sex a lot and turn human right before they do.” Jordan and Lance both glare at Justin who hides behind Joey. Ryan rubs his small beard thinking for a moment.

“So the farther of steps a person takes in the relationship the more the so called ‘curse’ deteriorates?” Ryan’s face lit up with excitement. “That’s amazing. But wait a minute. You told me in your email Becca that there were five males and one female. Yet I’m only counting four males. Did I read the email wrong?”

“No, you read it right.” Becca sighs. She sits on her knees next to Ryan. “But you see a lot has happened since I sent that email.” Becca proceeded to explain what had happened to Jc. Ryan chuckles as everyone adds in their own bits and pieces about Jc’s story.

“I see. I’ll stay long enough to meet this Jc. I also want to conduct proper research and get some insight as to what may have caused this to happen. In the meantime if you could give me directions to a cheap hotel nearby? I absolutely hate those expensive junk piles.” Becca nodded and went to a phone book to look one up.

~

Jc was making himself quite comfortable watching TV. He was waiting for Brian and AJ to come back from their clam digging trip along the beach. For some reason they didn’t want to go to a restaurant and just order some pre-caught clams. Changing the channel Jc sits back and begins watching yet another X-Files marathon.

The past couple of days had been fairly interesting for him. Between Brian’s constant makeovers and AJ having to come to his rescue, Jc was actually rather enjoying himself. He liked being left in the hotel for long hours at a time. It gave him time to think about his life. And what he was going to do when the curse left him... if it ever did.

Jc had often longed to travel the world one day. But when you’re the size of a child’s toy you tend to avoid leaving your place of residence. He wanted so badly to see what the world had to offer. Even when he was still a human he knew that the world’s cultures were going to disappear one day. He had been born around the time of the Industrial Revolution so really it

was only a matter of time. Hell, he had lived long enough to know that two world wars had been fought and men had gone all the way to the moon and back. And now people were able to talk to each other without even saying a word. Just by pressing buttons and flipping switches you could change the course of history. By normal standards someone like him should have been dead a long time ago.

He felt like he was the only one among his 'brothers' who thought about those things. Maybe they did. Or maybe they were too scared to admit it. He shook his head. It was no wonder he was the gloomy one in the group. No longer the happy boy he had once been.

The door opened and AJ and Brian walked in a bucket each. They had slightly disappointed looks on their faces. Jc turned and looked at them.

"I take it the clams were too clever for you?" He asked.

"Quiet Barbie!" Brian snapped. "Or I give you another makeover." Jc ducks back behind the couch. He knew Brian wouldn't be able to reach him there.

"Brian for the millionth time stop bothering him." AJ said exasperatedly, placing the buckets near the door. "As it is I'm already having to save him from your attempts at going into the fashion industry. I doubt you need him as a model."

"No I don't but it's fun tormenting dolls. Especially when I want revenge for them de-flowering my sister!"

"For crying out loud that was Lance who did that not me!" Jc protested from behind the couch. "I don't do that kind of thing... I don't..."

"Let me guess - you're not into girls?" AJ asked raising an eyebrow. Jc looked red in the face from blushing.

"No I like girls... really I do. I just... oh never mind just shut up already!" He snapped. AJ shrugged and went into the bathroom to shower. Brian had already made himself comfortable on the couch and was watching another X-Files episode.

"I didn't know you were into science fiction Jc." He said once Jc felt brave enough to come out of hiding. Jc shrugged carelessly.

"It's not so much that I enjoy it as much as I'm hoping one of the episodes will tell me how to break this curse. I'm always wrong though. But it's not a total loss. I mean it is a good series. Sad that it had to end."

“Yeah I wish they hadn't canceled it.” Brian agreed. “I remember watching this as a kid when Jordan was a baby. Aj and I would hang out at each other's houses while Jordan and Becca would play.”

“Sounds like you had a good childhood. Where was your younger sister at the time? The one who...” Jc shutters. “Broke into Jordan's desk and decided to play with us naked... with her Barbie's.” Brian laughs and Jc just growls.

“Angelica hadn't been conceived yet.” Brian wipes the tears from his eyes, still giggling. “So... did you even have a good childhood?”

“It was okay I guess. I got along better with my mother than my father.” Jc let out a sigh. “I miss them a lot.”

“It's tough.” Brian nodded. “I wouldn't know anything about something like that but it's got to be like going through hell and back.”

“I suppose it could be compared to that. I think out of all of us I'm the one who has handled this whole ordeal the worst. The others seem to be getting along fine.”

“That or they're better at handling their emotions.”

“Yeah that's probably what it is.” Jc walked over next to Brian and sat down. One of Jc's favorite episodes was on. Mulder and Scully were dealing with cases of twins who were trying to kill each other. “Do you really think that governments would willingly hide things from its people?”

“I don't give it much thought.” Brian said. “If they are they are; if they're not then they're not. It makes no difference to me.”

“Hey Brian! Showers all yours!” Aj walks out of the bathroom stark naked throwing his towel in the corner. Jc looks away quickly. Brian got up and heads in. Jc couldn't help but feel a bit of a rock in the pit of his stomach.

~

“Is everything okay Chris?” Becca had noticed that Chris was spending a lot of time curled up on the couch. Usually as a doll he was trying to fit into the smallest places he could so he could hide from her dogs and cats. They never chase him though.

“Do you really care about me?” Chris asked. “You seemed pretty smitten with that professor back there.”

“Don't tell me you're jealous.” Becca said rolling her eyes at him. “For crying out loud the man is gay. He's been out of the closet for ten or more years now.”

“Oh.” Chris went a little red in the cheeks. He felt like an ass now. “Sorry.”

“Don't worry about it.” Ryan had just appeared in the room. “You're not the first guy who's gotten defensive about protecting his mate.”

“You make it sound like humans are still living in caves.”

“Sometimes I think we still are in a way.” Ryan points out. “Anyways I thought you'd be pleased to know that I may have an idea as to what may have caused this and how it can be broken.”

“Do tell.” Chris mumbles, lying back on the couch.

“Well, in most ancient cultures the gods didn't really meddle in human affairs unless they wanted to. Sometimes they'd see an injustice and want to do something. Or maybe they sensed that something in this world was out of order. Or they were just bored and wanted to fuck around with something. Be it figuratively or literally.” Becca and Chris look over at Ryan their eyebrows raised. “Either way I'm wondering if one of these ancient deities didn't have something to do with this.”

“Sorry.” Becca said turning on the TV and looking in the cabinet for a movie. “I don't believe in that sort of stuff.”

“Neither do I.” Ryan said, tossing a pretzel into his mouth. “But this force had to have been very powerful and has to have been many hundreds if not thousands of years old. It's something to take into consideration.” He says with his mouth full, spitting a few crumbs all over. Becca winces and Chris grins. He was liking this guy already.

“Alright.” Chris said. “Now... how about finding a way for us to be permanently human again.”

“That's just where I was headed.” Ryan smiled. “It looks like you and Lance are both well on the way to being just that. It seems that some sort of romantic relationship needs to be established if you are to cease being dolls.”

“So why did this thing, which I still don’t believe in, change Jordan into a doll and not me? Obviously Chris is falling for me so why aren’t they changing me?”

“From what I’ve seen you aren’t stubborn like your friend.” Becca nods. Jordan could be a stubborn mule when she wanted to be, especially when it came to boys. “Anyways, those two other boys who are obviously in a fucking relationship - pardon my French - have grown a bit more for each other so they are also taking on the characteristics of the rest of you.”

“Lovely.” Chris sits up and stretches, watching as Becca is on her knees digging around for a movie. “So I have to fall in love with someone... and I’ll be freed?”

“It’s worth a shot.” Becca turns her head and makes eye contact with Chris. Chris’s eyes glisten and she smiles at him. All of a sudden, Chris begins to change to his normal size. Ryan and Becca stumble back so he doesn’t kick them. Once fully grown, Ryan watches him carefully. Chris stands up, stretches, and lies back down on the couch falling asleep. Becca snorts and goes back to finding a movie. Ryan stands up and goes to find Lance and Jordan.

Chapter Nine

Jordan sits down in the back yard. The sun was shining, the birds were flying, and she was growing big again. And hot again. She didn't think it would bring her to tears. She wipes her cheeks and lays down covering her eyes with her arm. She doesn't know how long she is lying there in only a long t-shirt and spandex, but she feels hands on her thighs soon enough.

"Please leave me alone." Lance shakes his head. He lays down on his side running his hand up and down her thigh.

"Are you okay?" Jordan rolls away from him curling up. Lance presses against her back rubbing her side.

"I said leave me alone." She stands up and walks away from him, sitting down across the lawn near the fence. She puts her back to him. She feels like a little girl. Lance stands up and follows her. He sits down behind her and rubs her shoulders. "Leave me alo-"

"I think I love you." Jordan stops. Lance keeps rubbing her shoulders. She reaches up and puts her hands on his stopping them. She turns around and looks at him.

"You... love... me?" She never knew such words would come out of a guy's mouth that were directed at her.

"Yes. I KNOW that I love you. Every time I'm with you I feel happy, happier then when I was with Laura. I'm glad I never married her. I'm glad this curse hit me because I never would of met you..." Jordan felt like she was in a cheesy romantic movie.

"This is cheesy." Lance arches an eyebrow. "It a phrase that means what you're doing now has happened in many other scenarios before."

"Do you not love me?" Jordan looks away. "Tell me do you love me?" He holds her face and looks into her eyes.

"I don't know!" She puts her hands on his. "I've know you for only like two or three months now. I can't fall in love with someone after a few months..." Jordan didn't want that to be happening but she knew in her heart she was in love. She didn't want to say it though.

"Yes you can. I'm nuts about you! I want to spend the rest of my life with you!"

"I'm not even 17 yet!" Jordan pushes Lance away from her. "I still need to graduate from high school and go to college and go to medical school! Just stay away from me I don't

need love right now, or ever!" She stands up and walks into the house. She wants baggy jeans on and a long shirt on. She wants coverage.

~

"You are very nuts, you know that?" Ryan comes into Jordan's room about an hour later. He found a tiny Lance sulking in the living room and had a feeling he knew why.

"I don't want to talk about it right now." Jordan said pulling her blanket over her head more.

"Look I understand that you have a plan for your life." Ryan said sitting on the bed next to her trying to not to squish her. "That's a really good thing. Not many people are as focused as you are on their goals. But is denying yourself love really a good idea?"

"Yes it is." Jordan said defiantly. She was feeling more and more like a little girl than ever before. "I can't do the things I want to do if I'm stuck with a guy and having kids clinging to my legs at every waking hour."

"Who said anything about that?" Ryan said. "Look I know you want to accomplish your goals in life and that's really important. But believe me when I say that denying yourself love is only going to hurt you more than help you."

"What would you know about it?" Jordan asked glaring at Ryan from under the sheets. "You don't even have a boyfriend."

"Not right now, yes." Ryan said. "But I've had love in my life."

"Why is this starting to sound like one of those 'life experience stories that is supposed to teach me a lesson'?"

"Because it is now shut it and listen." Ryan said. Jordan covered her head with the blanket trying to drown out the sound of Ryan's voice but somehow she found herself listening.

"Years ago." Ryan said. "I had a friend named Kevin. He and I kind of flirted with each other but we were never all that serious. But eventually Kevin started to get real feelings for me. I was too wrapped up in my work to really notice. But when he came to me and started to confess I turned him down. I had too much going on in my life and I didn't want love to get in the way." Ryan paused for a bit. "In the end Kevin moved on and I was left alone and feeling like a fucking idiot. I could have been with someone amazing and wonderful but I was too stubborn to accept it."

“What happened to Kevin?” Jordan asked quietly.

“I honestly don’t know.” Ryan said. “He may have found someone else or he could have just... I don’t know. Anyways I know that the story doesn’t have many similarities to your situation but still.”

“I just don’t know how to listen to my heart and not my mind.” Jordan said.

“You need to learn to listen to both.” Ryan said. “It’s called balance. Just do what you think is right but in a way that you won’t be destroying your goals. Just talk to Lance okay? He’ll listen.”

“Give me some time to think about it okay?” Jordan said. Ryan nodded and left the room. Jordan was still confused. She wanted to love Lance but she just wasn’t ready for all that. As it was she had already rushed into a fling with him. She needed time and space to think. And she knew how she could do that. She just wondered how the others would handle it.

~

“Becca?” Chris walked into the kitchen where Becca was eating a sandwich.

“Yeah? What is it?” Becca looked at Chris who was now trying to climb up the leg of the chair with very little success.

“First can you help me up? Second I want to talk to you about something.” Becca nodded and picked him up and put him down on the table. “Okay what did you want to talk about?”

“Well I know we haven’t been dating that long but...” Chris gulped and Becca could tell he was nervous. “I really like you and I wanted to know if you were... well ready.”

“You want sex this early?” Becca asked. “Chris I really do like you but I don’t want to risk anything by having sex this early. I know you haven’t gotten any action in hundreds of years other than your right hand. But I wanted to wait until marriage.”

“Marry me then.” Chris said shrugging. Becca looked at him like he was insane. Then she stood up.

“I need some time to think.”

“Where are you going?” Chris asked wondering how he was going to get down off the table.

“To the... I don’t know. I just want to drive somewhere other than here.” Becca sighed covering her face with her hand.

“Can I?” Chris paused. “Can I come with you? I know you’re not supposed to be out after a certain hour but I’m well over 20 so it won’t matter. Besides I’ll be going back to human form in about half an hour so...”

Becca sighed. “Alright. But be careful and try not to talk too much. I need to think for a bit.”

“Sure.” Chris nodded. Becca picked him up off the table and put him on her shoulder and headed to the car.

“Going somewhere?” Ryan asked coming down from Jordan’s room.

“Yeah. I’ll give you a call when we get where we’re going.” Becca said closing the door.

“So I’ve been left to hold down the fort?” Ryan thought aloud. “Yay! Back to my ‘just into my first apartment’ days! Pancakes for dinner!”

“Joey I’m scared.” Justin said from behind the TV where he and Joey had been hanging out.

“Just look away Juju.” Joey said covering Justin’s eyes.

~

“So where are we going?” Chris asked for the third time. He was really only asking for the purpose of conversation. He knew where they were going. The movie theater. The place of their first date.

“I just don’t want to talk right now.” Becca looked a little on edge. She was looking in the rear view mirror constantly and she was driving faster than she was normally comfortable with. Chris who had already gone into normal size looked out the window and saw that some drunken bastard on a cell phone was tailgating them.

“Do you think we should take another road?” Chris asked. Becca nodded.

“That’s what I’m planning on doing.” She got onto the exit ramp and made sure that the drunkard was still on the freeway before she went back to focusing on the road. Right then there was a loud screeching outside of the car. Both of them looked to their left and saw a large out of control SUV coming at them full force. Neither of them even had time to scream before it connected with the car sending them both flying backwards. Becca felt the airbags deploy and screamed out Chris’s name. She could feel his arms near her trying to shield her from the broken glass and then... nothing.

~

When Becca woke up there were sirens blaring and she was on an ambulance gurney. There were voices everywhere and she didn’t know what the hell was going on. There was no sign of Chris and people were starting to surround her.

“Hello? Can you hear us?” Becca could make out the image of a woman. She blinked a few times and things became much clearer. Yep, definitely a chick.

“Yeah... I can hear you.” She said.

“Can you tell us your name?”

“Becca. Becca DeMarciones. Where’s Chris?” She asked.

“The other guy? He’s going to be okay. A broken leg from the looks of it. He’ll have to stay in the hospital for the night. You on the other hand appear to be fine.”

“Can I come with him? Please?” Becca asked sounding like a scared kitten.

“Sure.” The woman said helping Becca up. “Right this way.” It took a couple minutes for Becca to totally come out of her daze but she made it into the ambulance and stayed with Chris. She couldn’t help but cry when she saw him there. He had an oxygen mask on and there was blood on his face.

“Don’t cry Becca.” Chris managed to wheeze out. “I’m a doll remember? A little super glue and I’ll be fine.”

“You’d better be right baby.” She choked.

“What did you call me?” He asked.

“A pet name.” Becca said. “Get used to it.”

~

When they got to the hospital the doc's quickly got to work on his leg. Chris was a little high from the pain medication and he had a few broken bones but he was otherwise fine.

"So can I ask what your relationship is to this man?" The nurse asked. "Because unless you are immediate family I'm going to have to ask you to leave."

"I'm his... I-I-I'm his fiancé." Becca blurted. Chris looked at her with a puzzled expression.

"Okay. I'll jot that down. Do you have anyone you want us to call?" The nurse said.

"Yeah. My house. Ryan will be there." Becca nodded. The nurse nodded and went back to checking Chris's vital signs. When she left Chris looked up at Becca.

"You said yes?"

"Yeah." Becca said. "Look you're the only boyfriend I've ever had. And I don't want to fuck this up. And really if love is what's getting you out of this curse then I'll do anything to help."

"I love you, you know that right?" Chris said taking her hand.

~

AJ woke up to his cell phone ringing. Grumbling he answered it.

"Hello?"

"Yes, hi, this is Ryan Gosling the college professor. I'm here to tell you that your sister is in the hospital and engaged." Ryan said hurriedly on the other end. AJ's patience was wearing thin.

"Look I don't know who you are but this is no time for jokes." He growled.

"If I was joking then why am I calling from your house?" Ryan reasoned.

"Good point." AJ was too tired to argue. "I'll be there." He hung up. "Come on Brian. Get your Barbie up and let's get going."

“Hey!” A normal sized Jc yelled from the other bed. “I’m not a Barbie! I’m a Ken.”

“Whatever.” AJ said. “The point is my sis was in an accident and I’m the only relative close enough to get to her within the week.” AJ sits up in bed and rubs his face. That Ryan guy had a sexy voice. Why was there a professor at his house, though? Another weird thing to happen in his life.

Chapter Ten

Jordan fell asleep in her bed. It's dark outside so she figures she was asleep for a couple of hours. She stretches out her arms and hits something that grunts. "How the hell did you get up on this bed as a doll?" Lance shrugs rubbing his eyes.

"You could apologize for hitting me in the eyeball." He sits up on his arm. "Have a good nap?"

"Sure. You?" Lance nods.

"How did you know it was me? Its dark and I can barely see you." Lance snuggles up to her and rests his head on her chest. She groans.

"Only you would be asleep next to me when I needed space... from you!" Lance closes his eyes. "Get off me."

"Um... no." Lance starts to snore.

"I know you're not asleep again." He keeps snoring. "You don't snore."

"How do you know? Do you watch me in my sleep?" Jordan shoves him off of her and she stands up. She bends back and forth and yawns. Lance watches her.

"Leave me alone already."

"Can I say something first before you go on your rampage?" Jordan growls, but sits down on the bed. Lance crawls over to her and holds her hand.

"No holding of my hand."

"I'm going to hold it." He pulls her hand to his face and lightly kisses the knuckles. "And I will kiss it as much as I like until I'm done saying what I need to say."

"Say it already!" Lance nods and looks her in the eye.

"Ryan told me you're having mixed feelings. That is why I came up here. I was going to talk to you then but you were asleep. I decided to lie down next to you and wait." Jordan growls and Lance kisses her hand again. "I want to know if you believe that gods are at work here, with the whole doll thing."

"It's possible." Jordan says softly. "Now let me go."

"Do you also believe that this might have something to do with love? Soul mates? Something of that nature?" Jordan shrugs. "Yes or no."

"Possibly." Jordan tries to pull her hand back.

"I'll take that as a yes." Lance kisses her palm. "So if the gods are involved with this, don't you think they want what was best for us? I don't think the gods play with us like the Greeks thought." Jordan is silent. "They stopped me from marrying a girl I didn't love. I saw plenty of my friends doing the same thing but they were never turned into dolls. That probably means the person I was meant to be with needed me for something so that their destiny could be filled... that only I could make their life complete." Jordan drops her gaze to her knees. "Have you ever thought that the only way you can really do what you want in life is when you have someone behind you the whole time that loved you with their whole heart?"

"I can do what I want without anyone behind me. That's the way it has to be."

"That's the way you think it's going to be!" Lance lets go of her hand and holds her face, making her look him in the eye. "You're scared! I know! I don't want you to be scared! I want you to be happy! I want you to do what you want in this life! We don't have to get married now, we can wait till your 25 and I'm 27! I couldn't care less as long as I can wake up every morning seeing your face right there." Jordan grits her teeth to stop herself from crying. "Say you love me and something magical will happen! It will prove that I love you with all my heart and it will prove that you can fall in love with someone after a couple of months!"

"That only happens in fairy tales!" Jordan pushes him away. "This is real life!"

"Have you ever thought real life meant humans turning into dolls until they were met with their true love? Their soul mate?" Jordan bites her tongue and shakes her head. "Say you love me! You may want your life to be normal but being a doll is far from normal. Just say it." Lance takes a deep breath and falls backwards onto the bed. He can see things in the room now that his eyes have adjusted to the darkness. He sees Jordan leaning over him. "Love does happen after a few months. Don't screw this up, we'll both be tortured."

"I... I do love you. There I said it!" Lance feels a warm drop hit his cheek. He reaches up and feels Jordan's cheek is wet.

"I love you too. Now stop crying and kiss me." He pulls her down and kisses her, wrapping his arms around her waist. She kisses him back laying down on his body and running her hands up and down his chest. They both gasp when their bodies tense up, the room is

suddenly filled with light, and a familiar gray fog wraps around them.

~

The house begins shaking. Ryan looks up from the newspaper. “Earthquake!” Ryan dives under the kitchen table. Justin and Joey run across the room and scramble underneath Ryan's chest. A picture falls in the kitchen and breaks. The power cuts out, making the house dark, except for a bright light radiating down the stairs.

“I guess Lance and Jordan have a flashlight?” Justin whispers. Ryan shakes his head.

“Even several flashlights wouldn't make that kind of light.” Ryan slides out from under the table and climbs the stairs. Justin and Joey cling to one of the table legs as the house slowly stops shaking.

Ryan reaches AJ's bedroom where the light was shooting out from every crack in the doorway. He turns the knob and pushes the door open. He sees a figure in the room but has to cover his eyes immediately, for fear of going blind. A few minutes pass and the light fades. The power comes back on in the house. Ryan looks through his fingers.

“I hope I'm not naked.” Jordan mumbles. She looks down and sees her clothes are still on, but had changed. She feels her body and its soft and squishy again. Lance is laughing underneath her. “What is so funny?”

“My head hurts like hell, I'm in the clothes I was wearing when I turned into a doll, and I'm human again!” Jordan chuckles a bit, and then gasps.

“You're bleeding!” She pulls him up into sitting position. She puts her hand on the side of his head. There is a large gash there. His shirt is mostly unbuttoned and partly hanging out from his pants. His suspenders were hanging off of his shoulders. “So this is what you looked like when you changed.”

“This is what you were wearing when you turned into a doll.” Lance runs his hand down her chest then rests his forehead against her shoulder. “My accent is as thick as ever!”

“When you changed back you went back to the body you once were. Your body was different when it was in human form while you were under the curse.” Ryan walks in and looks at Lance's cut. “Why do you have a cut?”

“He slammed into a tree from the winds when he got changed.” Jordan kisses the top of his head. “You okay baby?”

“I'm so happy.” His arms are tightly around Jordan's waist. He didn't want the moment to end.

“Let's get you cleaned up.” Jordan tries to get off of Lance's lap but he doesn't let her go. “I'll go find a first-aid kit, leave you guys alone for a few moments.” Ryan walks from the room. “Joey and Justin will be happy to hear this.”

“Lance I can't stay on your lap forever you know.”

“We can try.” He kisses her cheek.

“God your accent is thick.” She runs her clean hand down the side of his face. “You're still the same Lance though.”

“Of course. I love you.” He kisses her lips.

“I love you.” She kisses him back. Lance slides his hand up her body, loving the feel of her real body under his real hand. There is a tiny tap at the door. They pull away and look at the ground in the doorway. Joey and Justin are standing at the door, panting and clapping.

“Bravo! Bravo!” They cheer in unison before Justin collapses on the ground from climbing the stairs. Lance snorts and Jordan takes advantage of his arms being loose and climbs off his lap.

“Hey!” Jordan stands up on the ground and checks out his cut. “Ugh, now it hurts. Get back on my lap - it helps.”

“Yeah because the blood is draining from your head to your crotch.” She puts her finger on his lips. “Zip it so we can fix it.” Ryan walks into the room and nearly steps on Joey and Justin.

~

AJ sits in the backseat of the car, listening to Jc snoring. “I hope she's okay.”

“I hope my sister hasn't gotten pregnant, but we don't always get what we want.” Brian mumbles.

“I doubt she is with child.” AJ leans forward watching Jc. “That guy who called me sounded cute.”

“Oh dear.”

“What? I know you have a crush on Jc here.” Brian's hand swings back and covers AJ's mouth.

“I don't know what you are talking about.” Brian mumbles. AJ licks his hand and he screeches. Jc shoots awake smashing his head against the window.

“Hi Jc.” Jc rubs his forehead and looks back at AJ.

“Hi. So how far have we gotten?” Jc stretches. AJ catches Brian's looking out of the corner of his eye at him.

“Not far. We have a day's trip.” Brian says, wiping his hand off on his pants. Jc sighs and leans back in his seat. Brian looks back at the road. “This is what we get for being in a different time zone.”

“I should be changing back soon. Ugh, I hate this.” Jc closes his eyes and AJ watches him again.

“You'll find someone.” AJ looks at Brian. Brian smacks him in the nose and continues driving.

~

Jordan shoves Lance's face out of her neck. “Lance, cut it out.”

“Come on!” He puts his arms around her waist.

“We are in a waiting room, waiting to find out about Becca and Chris.”

“We already know about them!” Lance licks her ear lobe.

“We are waiting to be let in to see them. Now stop it.” She slaps his hand and looks into the purse she had to bring along. “Is he always this horny?”

“Only around you.” Joey mumbles. He is curled up in the bottom of the bag with Justin's head on his side.

“You guys look cute together.” She smiles. “You owe me for having to carry around this

damn thing.”

“You need to be more feminine.” Justin mumbles, eyes closed. Jordan growls and zips up her purse. She shakes it around for a few seconds then sets it on the ground. Lance goes back to nibbling at her neck.

“I wish Ryan was here. He could get you off of me.” Lance simply grins. Becca comes walking into the waiting room a few moments later. Jordan stands up sending Lance onto the floor. Becca arches an eyebrow at his outfit.

“Why the hell is dressed like some plantation farmer?”

“Because that is who I was.” Lance says as he stands up. “The curse has been broken. I went back to the way I was right when I turned into a doll.”

“Same here.” Jordan grins. Becca seems cheerful, ready to hug Jordan, but stops when she realizes something.

“So... if Chris's curse is broken he will be in a kilt and have a thick Scottish accent?” Jordan nods. “I thought that getting married would fix it.”

“Um... no.” Lance simply states. He walks over and puts his arms around Jordan's waist from behind.

“Marriage fixes this curse like it does with teen pregnancies.” Jordan grunts. She tries to pull Lance's arms off of her but he just holds tighter. “You sort of have to confess your love to one another and mean it. Then a really bright light and gray fog and pain as your body changes from wood to having blood, bones, and muscles - all the good stuff.” Becca sighs deeply. She hangs her head.

“I'm not ready for that...” She turns around and walks down the hall. Jordan pries Lance's arms off of her and she follows after Becca. Lance grabs her purse from under the chair then runs after them. He can hear Joey and Justin screaming inside.

“Don't worry Becca, okay? Let us just hope he doesn't turn into a doll while he is still here. The gods might be nice to us.”

“You believe that a god did this?” Becca looks at Jordan like she just ate a rotten tomato, and liked it.

“Sometimes the simplest explanation is the truth.” Jordan puts her arm around Becca's

shoulder. "Shall we go see Chris now? The longer we wait the more sex Lance will want tonight." Lance grins evilly.

"You two are all sex, sex, sex. That is how you fucking broke the curse. Marriage is a lot more logical than fucking." Jordan's arm falls and she shoves Becca against the wall.

"I'm not saying anything to the comment because I know you're confused as ever. Take us to Chris. Joey and Justin want to get out of the purse." Lance lifts the bag up and shakes it again.

"I'm gonna cut off your balls when I get out of here!" Joey screams. He then begins to rant in Italian. Justin is covering his ears, singing "Mary Had A Little Lamb". Becca rolls her eyes and walks down to Chris's room. She sits down in the corner and buries her head in her lap. Jordan sits on the opposite of the room, chewing her nails and staring at her feet. Lance sits down on the bed next to Chris.

"Here ya go." Lance hands the bag over to Chris.

"Oh, is their chocolate in here?" He grins and opens the bag. Joey comes charging out running up to Chris's face and punching his nose. "WHAT THE HELL?"

"Oh... sorry... I thought you were Lance." Joey turns and Lance gulps. "DIE YOU SOUTHERN BASTARD!"

~

AJ takes a quick peek into the backseat. Jc still hasn't turned back into a doll. They had been driving for a few more hours and they switched drivers an hour back so Brian could sleep. Jc moved into the backseat with Brian. Now they were snuggling. AJ snickers. He knows once they wake up all hell will break loose.

AJ pulls over at a McDonald's in some random city. He parks and heads inside – he has to pee and is hungry as hell. Surprisingly it is open this late at night. Jc stirs in his sleep as soon as AJ shuts the car door behind him. He opens his eyes and sees a head on his chest. His first reaction was to shove him off... but he looks cute when he was asleep.

"Lovely, I have the hot's for you." Jc rubs his face and tries to go back to sleep. Brian soon stirs and yawns. He rubs his eyes and looks up. He sees Jc staring back at him. "Hi."

"Where are we?"

“I believe one of those really popular fast food restaurants. AJ, I am guessing, is inside.” Brian nods and rests his head back on Jc's chest. Jc counts backwards from five in his head. Once he hits one Brian shoots up in his seat.

“Why the hell did you put me on your lap?” Brian screams. Jc snickers.

“You put yourself on me. If I remember right I fell asleep before you.” Brian opens his mouth to say something but he was trapped. He remembers as he was getting sleepy he laid his head down on Jc's shoulder. Jc's arm went around him right before he passed out.

“You put your arm around me though!” Jc smiles. He did; it was nice. “That smile means you admit it.”

“I think you're hot.” Jc's voice slows. “And I think that means I'm gay...” He fades out. “...that means the guys who beat me up were right.”

“Someone beat you up?” Brian whispers, stunned and worried all of a sudden.

“It was just before I turned into a doll. They called me all sorts of things just because I loved music and wanted to look pretty.” Jc leans back and pulls his knees to his chest.

“Hey,” Brian puts his arm around his shoulder. “Even though you like music and want to look nice doesn't make you gay. And if you think I'm hot that doesn't mean you don't like girls too. It's called being bisexual.”

“I think back and I've never had feelings toward girls; just thought of them all as friends and they thought the same way back.” Jc rests his chin on his knees. “Am I going to hell?”

“If you're going to hell I'm going down with you.” Brian kisses his cheek and hugs him. Jc rests his head on his shoulder and shuts his eyes. He feels himself shrinking back into a doll, sliding out of Brian's arms and into the palm of his hand. He cries. He wants this curse broken. He also wanted to try a burger from a fast food restaurant for the first time. Father never allowed them to eat the stuff when he was alive.

Chapter Eleven

“That was your brother Becca.” Lance said hanging up the phone. “He’s on his way but it’ll still be another day.”

“Okay.” Becca nodded. She had been discharged from the hospital and they were on their way back in Ryan’s car. She was staring out the window blankly. Chris was still at the hospital. They had all waited out his doll phase so it was nearly dawn now.

“Okay what’s wrong?” Ryan asked. “I know you’re tired but you have a look on your face that says troubled.”

“I don’t want to talk about it right now.” Becca said flatly.

“Is it because you and Jordan had a fight?”

“Shut up.”

“It is.” Lance said.

“Lance, shut up.”

“Becca I’m only saying this because it’s the truth.” Lance said. “You and Jordan fought. I over heard you two. And Chris told me he proposed to you. And that you said yes.”

“Look guys I don’t want to talk about this right now.” Becca said irritably. “I’m tired, I’m confused, and I really can’t deal with all this right now.”

Lance was about to say more but Ryan shushed him. He knew that she was dealing with a lot of complex feelings and that more words were probably going to do more damage at the moment. They had to save this conversation for later on.

~

At the hospital Jordan was just as confused as Becca. Their argument had only made her start thinking. Yes, she was permanently human again. And that was nothing short of wonderful. But the way that she and Lance had accomplished it was what bothered her. Maybe Becca was right. Maybe they didn’t deserve it. But she wasn’t ready for marriage of all things.

She shook her head. It was all so confusing. She needed to get things cleared up and fast. She needed a clear head if she was going to be supervising Joey and Jc. Chris was going to be

bedridden for another day so he wasn't going to be much trouble. Jordan wondered what made him so anxious to marry Becca, though for a relationship that was only just blossoming into its full form was the rashest thing for a person to do. It just made no sense. Unless it was one of those Romeo and Juliet type situations. Jordan shuddered then realized that as long as Chris and Becca didn't commit suicide then it was probably nothing to worry about.

"Jordan!" She turned around to see a tiny Justin tugging at her leg. "Joey's being a butt!"

"Hey!" Joey yelled indignantly. Jordan rolled her eyes.

"Joey be nice to your boyfriend. He's very fragile. Isn't that right Justin?"

"Yeah." Justin nodded sticking his tongue out at Joey. "Wait... what?"

"Did you just say boyfriend?" Joey said looking up at Jordan confused.

"Yeah I did. Or are you guys still just a fucking fling?" She asked calmly. Joey and Justin looked at each other silently. Justin walked over to a corner of the room and sat down. Joey went to another. Both of them had looks of worry and deep thought written into their faces.

While Jordan already had to deal with enough problems of her own, she was happy that she had partially solved one by getting them to start thinking. Now she just had to focus on her own problems. She looked at Chris. Was he really serious about marrying Becca? Well both their parents would be coming home soon so she'd soon find out. She wondered how her mom and dad would react when they found out their daughter had her first boyfriend.

~

The next day, when Jordan arrives back at the house with Justin and Joey in her bag, she sees AJ's car in the driveway. She smiles. "Hey guys, Jc is home." Their cheers are muffled. She hurries inside and finds Brian standing by the couch talking with Lance.

"So, did you guys kill Jc or what?"

"I'm right here." Jc comes walking into the room... full form. "Yeah and I already know what your thinking. Something is happening with me and Brian, all I'm saying." He walks back out of the room to the kitchen. Jordan looks at Brian.

"You guys have a fling going on?"

"Let us not talk about it. How about we talk about the deal between you and Lance."

He motions between her and Lance with his finger. Lance is pouting.

“What about the deal with me and Lance?”

“You two are normal size for good, and the reason behind that is because you confessed your love for one another?”

“So?” Jordan sets her bag on the ground and lets Joey and Justin roll out.

“You two better stay far away from each other. With love comes babies.”

“I'm not going to get pregnant!” Jordan shoves Brian a bit to the side. “Your not mom or dad.”

“They are coming home in two days. They called this morning.” Jordan gulps. “Like I said you two better stay away from each other. Mom and Dad don't want their little girl becoming a mommy at 16.”

“I won't... but can I ask why the hell Lance is pouting?”

“He said he was going to glue me to a car and set it to drive over a cliff.” Jordan glares at Brian.

“Cut it out Brian.”

“I don't want to be an uncle.” Jordan gives up on the conversation and leaves the room, going upstairs. Lance sticks his tongue out at Brian going after her. Brian groans and sits down on the couch, covering his eyes with his arm. Jc comes out of the kitchen and goes over to him.

“Stop complaining. You're not going to stop her. Now take your arm off your eyes and start kissing me.”

~

Two day's later Chris was back from the hospital and Becca's parents were heading back from Europe. Jordan's as well. Everyone, Ryan included, was sitting nervously in the living room. Lance had his arm around Jordan though he was wondering why she was tenser than usual. She wasn't the gushy-touchy-feel type of person but it was still unsettling for him.

Finally they heard cars pulling into the driveway. Everyone tensed up more. Becca and Jordan both felt like they were going to puke. AJ and Brian stopped pacing and looked up. The

door opened and in walked Becca's parents followed by Jordan's.

"We heard about the accident and came straight home!" Becca's mother said out of breath. "Wait... who are all these men here? Are they friends of AJ? Why does that boy have a cast on his leg? Are you all right Becca? They haven't hurt you girls at all have they?"

"Clam down and let the girls speak for themselves." Becca's father reasoned. Nodding the parents sat down on one of the free couches and waited to hear the story.

"Well... we made some new friends over the summer." Becca explained. "They've been spending a lot of time here. They're going through a rather rough time right now so they need all the support they can get."

"What happened?" Jordan's father asked raising his eyebrow.

"Our father died about a week and a half into summer." Justin explained.

"Oh. I'm so sorry." Jordan's mother looked utterly horrified at the notion of young men loosing their father at such a young age. "But forgive me if I say this but you don't look to be like brothers. Do you have different mothers?"

"We were all adopted." Chris said. "Our father never married but he took us in when we couldn't go home. He was very old at the time of his death but he taught us everything we know."

"Oh I see." The parents all nodded amongst themselves.

"Well you boys come here as often as you need to. Did your father leave you anything?" Becca's father asked. He was a lawyer so of course he'd ask this sort of thing.

"Well... you see we haven't opened his will yet." Lance said. "You see he always told us he'd leave us something so we'd be okay but..."

"No, no I understand. But you should have someone look at that will of his. It could help you boys out a lot."

After that there was a bit of an awkward pause followed by a couple hours of chit-chat. Nobody seemed to notice Ryan but that really was fine by him. He'd have to go back to Harvard soon. As much fun as he'd had here he had a job he needed to do. But he was going to miss the place. He'd probably be paying a few visits every few months.

~

“Jordan,” Lance said. He and Jordan were sitting in Becca’s backyard on the swing that she had there on the patio. “Something’s bothering you. What’s wrong?”

“Nothing.” Jordan looked away from Lance. Her brow was furrowed. Lance wasn’t buying it.

“Come on. I know something’s wrong. I know that face.” Lance’s brow was furrowed with concern.

“I don’t want to talk about it right now.” Jordan said. “Lets just worry about school coming up soon. How much of an education did you guys get?”

“Father kept us up to date on things we needed to know. But chances are we’ll need to go there to keep up appearances.” Lance admitted.

“True. And with Chris and Becca being engaged that’s gonna already cause some rumors to circulate.” Jordan sighed a little. “How do you think her parents are handling the news?”

“Well they haven’t killed Chris yet so that’s probably a good sign.” Lance commented. “Either that or they need to really let the words sink in. So what do you think we should do about school supplies?”

Jordan and Lance continued this conversation for quite some time but Jordan couldn’t help but shake the feeling that something was just not right. Becca's words from earlier had hit her hard and it had got her to thinking more. She couldn’t dwell on it too much but it was still something that worried her.

~

“My daughter is engaged. I don't believe this.” Becca's dad had just downed his third fake beer. Justin was looking at him from behind the couch where he couldn't see him.

“Honey this is the third time you said that.” Becca's mom said. “I would think that it would have sunk in by now.”

“Still. Our little girl. She's only seventeen and she's getting married. To a boy she's only known a few months.”

“It's crazy I agree.” Becca's mom said sitting down. “But they're kids. They do things like

this impulsively. Besides who knows if they'll go through with this in the first place. Lets just see if they last through the school year and if they do maybe this really would be good for them. The most we can do right now is just support her the best we can.”

Becca's dad shook his head in disbelief.

~

Sooner than anyone would have liked back to school shopping began. Ryan accompanied the group but the parental units all agreed that if five boys were going with their daughters that AJ and Brian had to come with. Just to make sure that nothing illegal took place.

“Okay now remember that if any of you start to change into doll form just let us know and we'll put you in the purse.” Jordan said. “Just so you know Becca will be the one with the purse.”

Becca shakes the bag hung over her shoulder. Jordan slips her hands into her back pockets. Lance slides his hand onto her lower back. Brian walks over and pulls his hand away.

“Brian cut it out.” Lance puts his hand back. Brian growls and pulls Lance's hand away again.

“Keep hand off or my parents hear about her not being a virgin.” Jordan glares at Brian.

“How will mom and dad take you being gay?” Brian gulps. “Keep your mouth shut and I'll keep mine shut.” Jordan takes Lance's hand in hers. Lance sticks his tongue out at Brian.

“Just watch it sister.” He walks ahead of her. She rolls her eyes and watches Becca and Chris. Chris looked happy to be holding her hand but she had on a fake smile. Jordan knew Becca too well.

Lance drags Jordan into a clothing store. She stands behind him as he goes through the clothing racks. He eyes different shirts with funny looks. She chuckles.

“These are the clothes teen boys and me wear. Come on you'll look sexy.”

“Alright...” Jordan grabs several jeans and shirts and sends him into a dressing room. One by one he comes out in different shirts and jeans. She smiles at everyone and stares at his ass when he turns around. “Are the pants supposed to make my... crotch... be outlined like this?”

“Yeah. It is really sexy. Clothes now-a-days outline a woman's ass and chest while they outline a man's ass and crotch.” Lance turns and looks at her funny. “I wear guy clothes because I don't like looking like a slut.”

“Slut?”

“Man, didn't we already update you guys on all these modern terms?” She walks over and slides her arms around his waist. “You look nice.”

“Okay.” He smiles. “So shall we pay for them and get other things?” Jordan nods, kissing the back of his neck.

~

“I really hate trying on jeans.” Chris said in the waiting room while Becca waited outside with a book. She wanted to make sure Chris remembered to get some things for himself before she did anything. She knew it would take forever just to find a pair of jeans for herself though so she was getting a bit anxious.

“I suppose it's not for the same reasons I do?” Becca asked.

“The thing is that I would much rather wear something a bit more fitting. But everything that people seem to sell nowadays is just absolutely terrible.” Chris said throwing yet another pair of jeans out of the fitting room. “They either fall off me or squeeze my neither regions till I can feel them falling off from lack of circulation.”

“Maybe we should head to a tailor later this week.” Becca offered. “I know there's this one gal who I go to on occasion who could probably help you get a pair of jeans to fit.”

“That may be what I resort to doing.” Chris said finally stepping out of the fitting room. “Didn't you tell me once that there is a store that sells kilts in Seattle?”

“I don't remember telling you that. But yeah there is one I think.” Becca nodded. “So you didn't find anything you liked?”

“Hardly. It was like they were trying to render me sterile.” Chris said grimacing. “I'd like to live long enough to see grandchildren. Though by normal stands I probably should have seen about forty some generations by now.”

“This is not even close to what anyone in the world would consider 'normal'.” Becca reminded him.

“I’m well aware of that.” Chris said. “I just want to go back to normal and go back to how my life should play out.”

“Is that why you proposed?” Becca asked.

“Partially.” Chris said. “I just want an ounce of normality for once. And this seemed like the closest thing to it. I know that with all things considered this is probably the stupidest idea in the world. But... I just want to be with someone. And I really feel comfortable with you and you make me feel like a good person.”

“I think I understand.” Becca nodded. “But do you really think that getting married at our age is a good idea? I mean I understand that in your time this was just as common as pre-sliced cheese nowadays. But times really have changed. And now it’s considered a little bit strange to be tying the knot this early in our lives.”

“I know that but-”

“Chris please. I really like you. But let’s wait a while till we make any final decisions on this. Let’s wait till the end of the school year okay? Then if it looks like marriage is a good idea then we can do it. In the meantime let’s just focus on dating and getting to know each other better okay?”

Chris bit his lip and paused for a bit. Then he nodded and looked at the ground.

“Chris please don’t feel bad.”

“No. I need to not be so sensitive.” Chris said looking up and smiling. “Anyways let’s go get some lunch before we do any shopping for you. The stores will be open till ten so we have plenty of time. Besides I heard that there’s this really nice place on the next floor.”

~

“So you two haven’t told either of your families you’re interested in men?” Ryan asked. AJ and Brian shook their heads. They were in a video game store and AJ was checking out the role playing games section while the other two were waiting for him to make a choice.

“No.” Brian said. “AJ’s parents probably wouldn’t care too much though.”

“I’m just not willing to risk getting kicked out of the house.” AJ added.

“And as for me my mom and dad would probably have a heart attack and throw me out into the streets if they found out.” Brian shrugged. “I’ve had to hide it for a good long while so I’ve gotten used to keeping it hidden. Problem is that neither of us have been able to keep relationships that long. Our boyfriends get tired of keeping things on the down low and it all just goes to hell.”

“Hmm.” Ryan rubbed his chin knowingly. “But yet it seems you’ve taken a shine to Jc, Brian. Where is he by the way?”

“I think he’s with Joey and Justin.” AJ said finally choosing out a game before heading over to another section. “Come on I know there has to be some of those point and click games that Becca likes so much.

“You mean those mystery games?” Ryan asked suddenly intent. AJ nodded.

“Yeah why?”

“I love those kinds of games. I play them whenever I get the chance. If you like I can give you a few of them and you can give them to Becca.”

“Sure if that’s okay with you.” AJ said. “You sure you’ll be able to get them to me?”

“Yeah sure. I usually keep them with me at all times. I’m kinda paranoid about my stuff.”

“Sounds like my sister.” AJ commented.

“Anyways just stop by my hotel later today and I can give them to you. I’ll probably need to get new ones pretty soon anyways.”

“Thanks Ryan.”

“No problem. Now lets pay for these things and find your sisters before they completely spend you and your families out of your home.”

~

“Do these pants make my ass look huge?” Justin asked looking at a pair of jeans in the mirror.

“Not gonna answer that Justin.” Joey said. Justin turned to Jc his eyes pleading.

“Justin you have no ass to begin with so what exactly is the problem?” Jc said irritably. Joey and Justin looked at him.

“Dude what the hell has been eating you?” Joey asked.

“Nothing.” Jc growled.

“No dude seriously something is up!” Justin said. “You’re never like this unless something is eating at you. So just hurry up and spit it out.”

“Okay. Fine. I think I like Brian.”

“Dude there’s nothing wrong with liking dudes you know that.” Justin said. “I mean if you like Brian you should just face it. It’s not like you can get arrested for it in this country. Not in this day and age.”

“I know that... but there are still people who hate people like you and me and... and I’m scared that I might get hurt again.” Tears started to come to Jc’s eyes. “Those men. They broke the flute my mother gave me and they hurt me.”

“Look I’ve been through similar shit and believe me when I say that I know what it feels like.” Justin said surprised that they hadn’t had this talk before. “You need to suck it up and understand that with love comes risks. If the feelings that you have for Brian are real then it will be worth it to take those risks. God why am I talking like a girl?”

“Don’t ask us.” Joey shrugged. “Look lets just finish out purchases and get going. I don’t understand why women seem to like shopping. Even when I wasn’t a doll back in Italy my mother used to take me with her as a boy when she wanted to spend money.” He muttered something in Italian and went over to the lady at the register.

~

Everyone went home that day with at least something. Becca had the most shopping bags much to everyone’s dismay. Chris was amazed that a girl could find use for that much clothing. Jordan just didn’t get why Becca needed five skirts. Heck she didn’t understand why she needed one skirt to begin with.

“So do you think you could tell us how a school works nowadays?” Joey asked. “None of us really went to one when we were young so...”

“Don’t worry about it.” Becca said. “Just stick close to us and if you think you’ll be

turning into a doll out of nowhere then just find us and tell us so we can put you in the purse. Besides your 'father' kept you guys educated so you should do fine academically."

"Yeah..." Chris looked a bit nervous.

"Don't worry." Jordan put a reassuring hand on his shoulder. "You'll be fine. School is stressful but as long as you remember to relax you should be okay."

"I sure hope you're right." Chris sighed.

Epilogue

Jordan, Becca, and the guys all stood in front of the school building. AJ and Brian were at the community college and Ryan had gone back to Harvard to work. They were able to, with Ryan's help, pull some strings so the guys only had to take a few elective classes and some extra math. Along with all the other required classes that seniors had to take.

"Okay so we all know which classes we have to take?" Becca asked.

"Yeah." They all nodded. "And we've managed to time the parts of the day when we turn into dolls so we won't have class when that happens."

"Good. So are we all ready?"

"Uh..." Chris looked at the building a little freaked out.

"Don't worry it'll be fun." Becca said patting his shoulder. "Besides we have most of our classes together so it shouldn't be too horrible."

"Right." Chris smiled a bit. And with a deep breath they all walked into the school building. A lot more difficulties lied ahead of them. With only Lance broken free from the curse of being a doll, the others were questioning if they would ever find love. Jordan and Becca wanted everything to be normal once more. But they knew it wouldn't. It couldn't. It shouldn't.