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I wrote this short story, only around 4k words to go along with some commissioned art I got from the talented Dayeandknight who wanted to try their hand at doing commission work, I am thrilled to be their customer. I hope you all enjoy the art and the little story to go along with em. <https://www.deviantart.com/dayeandknight>

Jane Taran Ridge was not your average twenty year old man. His mother named him after her own father, a mountain of a man. When Jane was old enough to understand it was typically a name for girls, other children making that clear he was sure his grandfather never had to put up with the teasing with how large, how bigger than life the man was. As a boy he hoped he would grow into someone like the old man, big, strong, admired, but he could claim below average at best. He wasn't tall at five foot six. He didn't become strong, his slim natural build and lack of effort in that department left him in a state he would call scrawny. Still, he dreamed of what could have been, without putting in the effort to get there. All his life he imagined what his own father was like, becoming more and more sure that if that man was around, whoever the man was, would have put his foot down at the mere suggestion of naming his boy in such a way.

The young man was back from college, not a trip home for a break, or coming home with a diploma in hand. Jane hadn't used his time wisely when he was finally away from home. Gone was the neat, tidy look, that was more from the influence of his mother than his own desires. His dark coffee brown hair grew out, his clothes became tattered in what he liked to call a grunge look. While on campus and below the drinking age he still drank as most college youths did but found himself enjoying smoking up much more than any alcohol.

While he knew his mother wouldn't approve, she wasn't around, and he justified it in all manner of ways. "Just an experience, an experiment." Was what came first. "This feels nice, what is the harm?" Was one that came up often. "The government making weed illegal was a way to control people, the studies linking it to violence and crime was just bullshit." Was one such excuse when he felt particularly smart reading through wiki articles on the subject. Smoking up wasn't the crux of the problem though, it was how often he did so. His focus wasn't on classes and soon his scholarship was gone, leading him to moving back home.

With Jane living back home his mother made it clear things were going to change and to get off on the right foot that meant a haircut and a wardrobe adjustment, to things not torn and faded. Jane didn't take pride in his long hair, but her control after so much freedom chafed him. Sure he would do as she said, he just wanted to do it on his own time schedule, on his own terms. That didn't pan out well when one more he was woken

up and told that not only was today the day, but it was going to happen that morning.

All of that led Jane to walk into Nöu, a high tech salon that he heard uses AI and robots or something and could even dress you if you brought some clothing or paid for it in advance. He would have just chosen a barber, but his mother had insisted on him going to a nice place. She was pushing him to do this today and thought he would walk in without an appointment and be turned away, allowing him to push this hassle off for another day. “N umlaut u.” He said, looking at the door, trying to piece together how that was said for a moment. “New? Okay.”

Walking inside he let out a large yawn, he would have loved to have still been in bed, but as he did, he spotted the beautiful girl behind the counter. Her olive skin lighter than his own, big brown eyes, long hair that went past her shoulders that was styled so perfectly and her red lipstick lips that formed a smile as she looked at him. “Ahh, hey there.” Jane said awkwardly, the girl... the woman was older than himself and having her large brown eyes looking in his direction made him pause and wish he had a quicker wit, or at least was charming, among the many things he wished he could change about himself. “My Mom wanted me to come down to... I mean I wanted to come in...” He started to correct himself not wanting to talk about his mom in front of her, but already starting with that made him only look bad for covering it up so horribly. “Let me start over. You see...”

Jane swallowed the saliva building up his mouth and made a motion to himself, wishing he actually wore something nicer. His wrinkled red shirt with slightly longer sleeves and well worn torn jeans with high top sneakers. Jane hadn't had much luck with girls, and made little effort in college, something he could say about his level of effort for a lot of things while he was there. The young woman in front him was wearing a crisp blue dress with matching high heels and a white apron partially covering it. “I wanted to go for a new look and my mother suggested I come here, but I don't have an appointment” he said, twisting the truth. “Oh! My name is Jane believe it or not, haha.” the young man awkwardly laughed, nervous about what she thought about him.

Alessia had looked up at the customer walking in the door with a friendly smile on her face as if she was happy to see another customer, seeing their messy clothes and disheveled greasy hair as if they hadn't washed it for two weeks. She wasn't fully listening to what they were saying, not even fully paying attention to them at all, her mind elsewhere on things going on back home with her boyfriend. “You said Jane, right?” the young woman asked as she typed the name into the computer, seeing a Jane Barone in the system for a date night package, though the appointment wasn't till the afternoon. “You are a bit early, but we don't have anyone scheduled for this block of

time.”



“Early?” Jane asked, he could agree it was too early to be up and about, but he didn’t have an appointment.

Looking up from the computer she blinked at the person in front of her for only a heartbeat before turning away. “Yes, if you could just follow me.”

“Ahh... sure.” Jane felt a little confused before an answer came to him. His mother hadn’t trusted him and must have made an appointment after he dragged his feet and that was why she had insisted today was the day. So he followed the pretty young woman he hadn’t caught the name of, happy to enjoy the view as she walked ahead of him, her heels clicking on the time file.

Just around the corner from the walk-in area were a few doors and a pair of pod-like devices that went from floor to ceiling, maybe about eight feet across with an unknown depth as they looked like they were built into and through the wall. When the employee

got up to the device he saw her press a few buttons on the panel, causing large pressurized doors to open, a brief smell of ozone filling the air before that fresh linen air freshener smell overpowered it. Examining the dark inside of the chamber he was distracted from his ogling the pretty gal, not noticing she was looking down at her buzzing phone.

“Everything is pre-configured from your booking, step right in miss.” Alessia said, waving her free hand into the empty chamber, paying little attention to her job and looking at her phone with a message from her boyfriend apologizing and asking her to call him.

Doing as he was told, feeling a bit of excitement about living in a Jetsons- like future filled his mind, not picking up on the misgendering, his mind considering what pre-configuring his mother had set up for him. Once he stepped inside the floor panel underneath him lit up as the doors closed with a whoosh as they pressurized once more. “So how does this work?” He asked, and when no reply came he asked again a little louder. Not knowing Alessia had already walked away, to lock the front door and put up a sign that said Be Back Soon as she took an early break.

“Hello?” Jane called out after not hearing a reply to his question, feeling his levels of excitement go down as he started to worry from the sounds of the machine starting to come to life.

“Initializing” A friendly feminine but robot voice said.

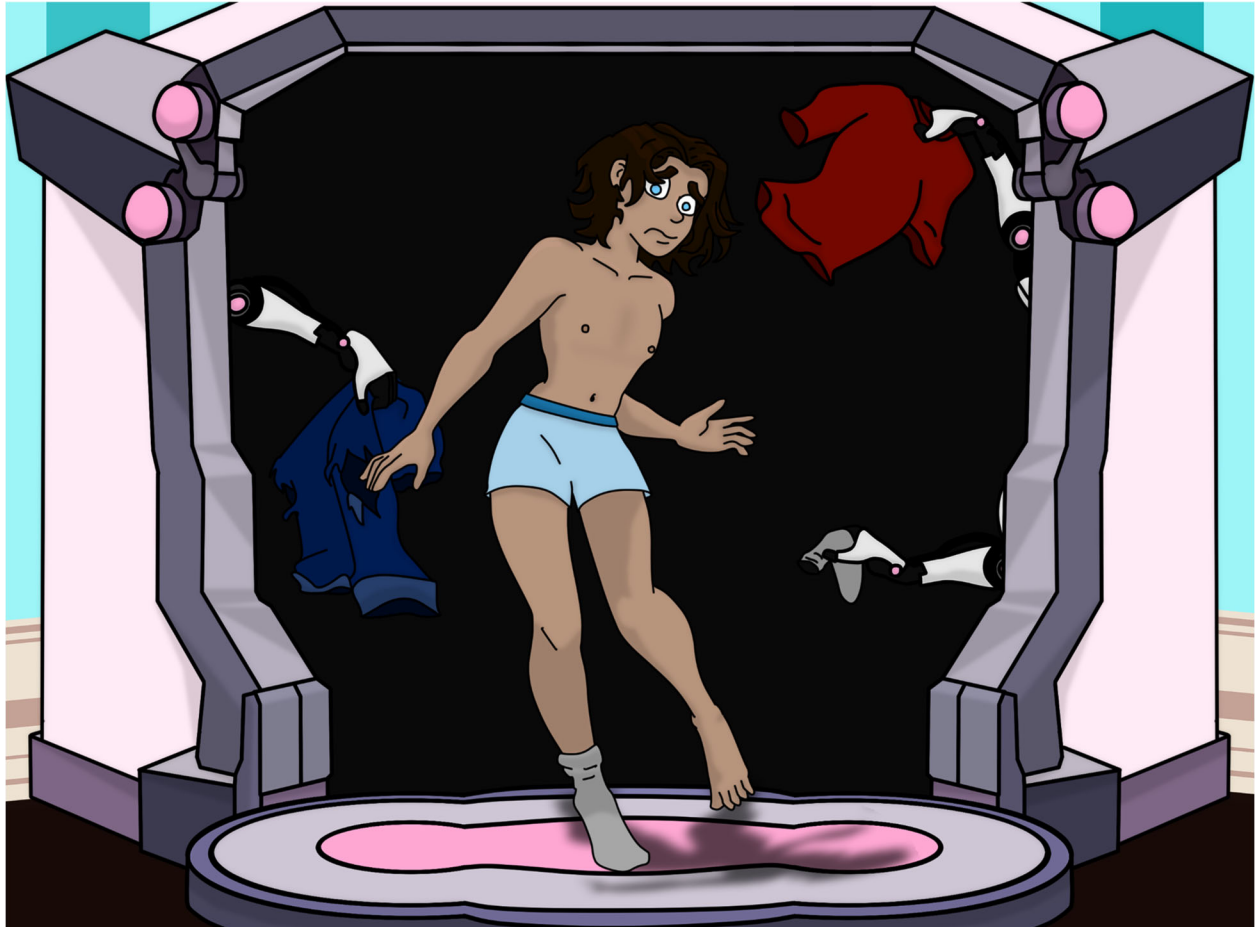
“Is that you.. Ahh... Are you talking through the machine speaker or something?” Jane recalled that he never did get the pretty girl’s name.

“Scanning” The same robotic voice called out as red laser beams waved themselves up, down and across the small chamber. The screen outside giving off readings about the person inside like their height, weight, hair color and length, lastly clothing and shoe size. “Removing clothing, for your own safety please remain as still as possible.”

“That doesn’t exactly make me feel at ease.” While he imagined the girl at the front desk laughing at him and calling him a baby at the very idea of saying he wanted to get out. ‘Settle down man, this place has been open for over a year it has to be safe.’

While he told himself it would be fine when robotic-like hands came from the walls to tug at his clothes, unbuckling his pants and pulling them down, that unease only rose. The machine had soft cuff-like appendages grab around his arms to raise his hands as it

pulled up his shirt. The cuffs themselves felt like that blood pressure cuff machine that used to be at grocery stores, only releasing when it needed to finish pulling the shift off. The contraption, the modern marvel performed something similar as it half lifted him off the ground to get his pants free.



“Okay...not so bad.” Some of the tension left his body after he had braced himself for a robotic assault.

“Scanning” The voice came back over the speakers.

Jane now positive it was just the machine being run by the AI he had heard about. “You already did that.” He called out, feeling vulnerable standing there naked, but got no reply. It was odd to both be well lit, the floor pad a large double circle lighting up the immediate area around him and at the same time the rest of the chamber in darkness, making him feel like he had a spotlight on him in some vast cavern.

“Sanitizing” the voice said as a pair of arms on either side of the compartment's occupant came out showing them with a cool foam, while another pair of arms detached

from the room's ceiling to descend to add shampoo to Jane's hair.

"Dammit Mom!" Jane called out feeling his naked form being scrubbed, in a way that was forceful without being painful. It was the kind of scrub that would remove a layer of dead skin, leaving Jane less than comfortable, but also sure he was about to be cleaner than he had been in a long time.

This went on for a few minutes, the hands going through his scalp actually felt wonderful. It was like getting a scalp massage, if it kept shampoo from getting in his eyes it would have been perfect. What he wasn't expecting though was a soft sponge to clean his privates and clenched his muscles expecting it to want to scrub a layer of skin from that area too, but gent and if he was being honest with himself a bit arousing. When the arm pulled back, he was a bit sad that part hadn't lasted longer. "Could have done that for a little longer." Jane half joked.

"Rinsing" the AI spoke again, this time part of the floor rose up and along with it warm, but not hot water as something above Jane opened up and a shower of water came down with it, all while pressurized jets of water came to life.

Jane could easily see something like this causing someone to drown if something went wrong. No matter how much he thought of the machine rising up to take down its occupant like a salon terminator it all came out fine. The shower from above stopped and the water level lowered like the floor panel, leaving him soaked but soap free. A crisp breeze then filled the room, it was enough to give him a chill, but Jane felt truly cleaning. "Wow, I can see why people like this." He said looking down at his body, his appreciation diminished by the feeling something was off. It took a moment for it to hit him, that all the hair on his body was gone.

Rubbing his hand over his arm he was shocked at seeing his slender arms without its hair and his legs looked completely different without his normal dark hair covering them. "Hey, ahh, hey robot. Something is wrong!"

"Moisturizing" The voice said, not acknowledging what Jane had said at all.

"No, stop!" Jane yelled out, but his command was not acknowledged as the machine continued on with its task to gently rub in lotion across the customer's body for healthy glowing skin. When Jane struggled the arms came to help the occupants stay still for it to do its job.

"Please remain as still as possible to prevent harm." The device said as it continued its

task, not slowing down for a moment.

“No, stop this crazy thing!” Jane called out, not connecting what he just said and how similar it was to something George Jetson said when he got stuck on a machine himself.

“Time to make you beautiful Jane” The robotic voice said reading the name from the file, it now had fabricated the clothing for the right fit to the occupant's body. It did find abnormalities, the occupant being male, while listing themselves in the file as female. The first time this had happened the AI ended up needing to be patched in order to make adjustments for crossdressers and those that are transgender.

“Please stop! Halt! Go offline! Pause!” Jane yelled various commands just trying to get the obviously broken computer to stop its insanity.

A pair of lace panties came out of the wall along with a pair of those cuff-like arms that crabbed his waist so he could be lifted off the ground, then another few to hold his legs as a final one came near his crotch. “What are you doing! Please no, no...” Jane’s voice started off yelling but with a pleading tone but ended in something much softer.

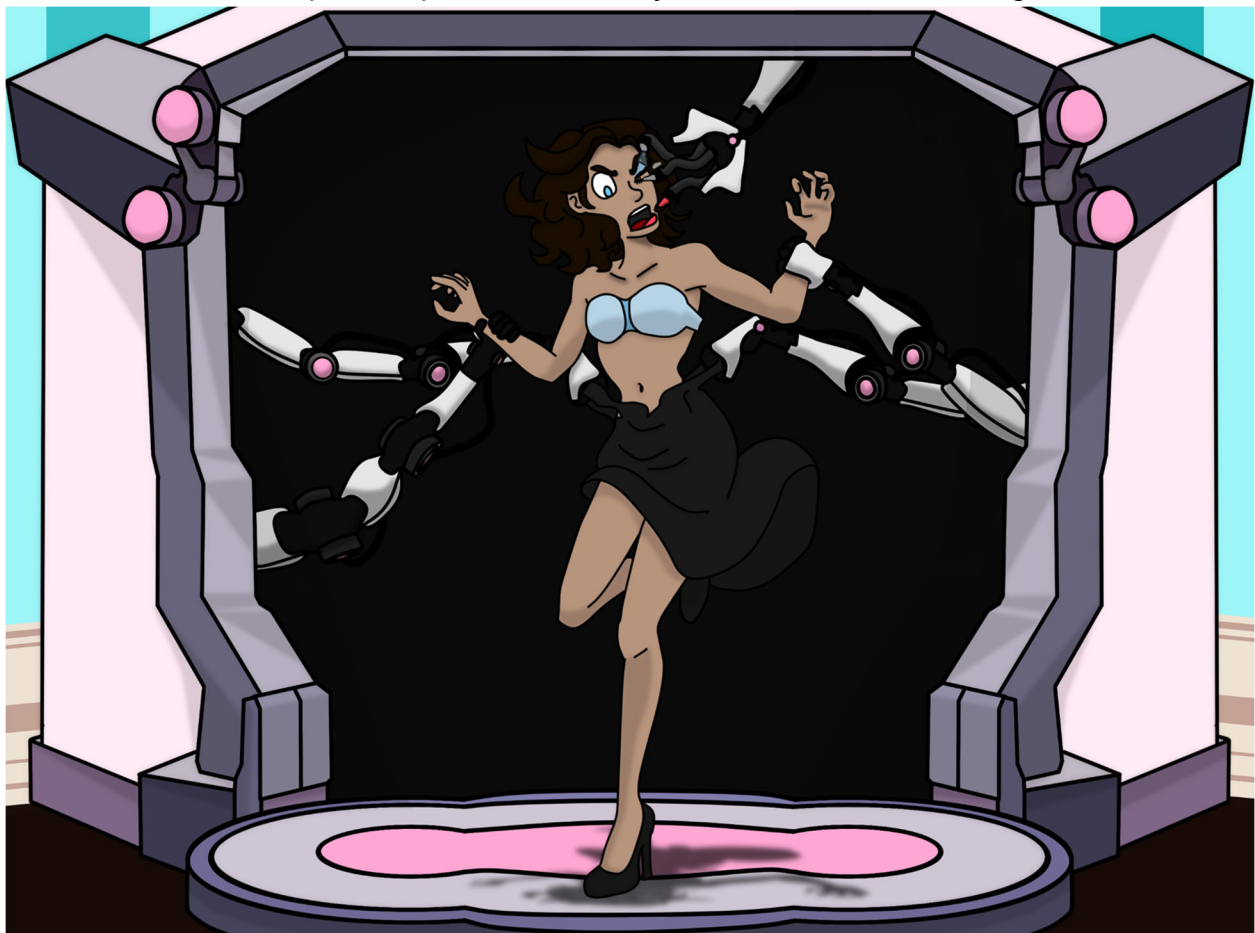
With precision and a cold professionalism, the mechanical arms manipulated the genitalia in a way to empty Jane’s ball sack, his testicles moving back up into his body a feeling that made the twenty year old young man’s blue eyes to open wide enough they would bulge out if he was a cartoon character, before it pulled his member between his legs. This all happened at the same time the lace baby blue panties were maneuvered to go up Jane’s legs and hold the tuck job in place.

Jane’s mouth opened but no words came out, he felt violated, and his groin felt almost foreign to him with how he had been manipulated. All while he had to contend with the safety lacy and arousing feeling of the feminine panties being pulled up across his now hairless legs before being put in place. Part of his mind reeled, telling him how wrong it was to be wearing girls' panties, it being worse that he thought they were sexy and doubly so that he felt the material on him compared to his normal Walmart brand boxers.

Even as the device did something similar to force him to put on a matching baby blue bra it didn’t compare to the panties, though that comparison became harder as it added small flesh like inserts into the bra to give him what looked like small but perky breasts. “Please...” It doing both those things told Jane that it didn’t think he was a female, but it was intent to make him look like one. ‘If it knows I’m a boy that means this isn’t an

accident... Mom made the appointment, did she... Did she set this up for some kind of lesson!?' He thought, his mind trying to piece things together, having no idea it was what was considered a comedy of errors. His mother had not made an appointment for him, the receptionist had just made some assumptions when she saw the name Jane in the system and with her not paying attention, she had put him in for the same treatment. Then the machine took the data it had from the preconfigured appointment, compared to the person it scanned to come to a conclusion that matched to its most recent patch.

Arms pulled to the side, his fingers being worked on by precision hands to give him long red painted acrylic nails, while a black cotton dress with a satin lining was pulled up his torso, Jane struggled. Or so he tried with so making arms holding him in place, the air-filled bladders like on the arms making it so the restraints were tight, but not in a way that would leave him any arm. An almost electric, tantalizing feeling ran through him as the soft material was pulled up across his body, it combined with his anger and fear.



When the cuffs let go of his legs he flailed them about, kicking at the machine and almost falling if it wasn't for those very mechanical arms. On his feet were a pair of black three inch rounded toe high heels that fit his feet like a glove.

The speed the transformation chamber worked at could never be matched by a team of humans, with its coordination. It was simultaneously doing its occupants' nails, dressing them, putting on their makeup and doing their hair for the date night package. It doing this unaware of even the possibility of someone being in the machine unwillingly.

Jane had stopped yelling, stopped trying to command the crazy device, he even stopped whining. His mind set on enduring what was going on, trying to figure out why his mom would do this to him. 'Did she want a girl all along?' He asked himself thinking of his name, quickly rejecting that, his grandfather when the man was still around doted on him and Jane knew he felt honored to have his grandchild named after him. 'Is this some sort of lesson on not taking care of myself? Or... or...' Jane couldn't come up with a reason why she would have him wearing high heels, a little black dress and being dressed up for all the world to see. She had spanked him a few times as a child when he was unruly and as an adult... sort of an adult he thought he had deserved it, but she never participated in humiliation as a form of punishment or torment. She was a woman that worked hard, treated others with respect and demanded it in return. His mom had control issues, this didn't feel right, yet.... Here he was being dressed as a girl by a machine for the appointment she set.

Time passed, Jane losing track of exactly how much since he stepped foot into this machine, but now the pressurized doors opened in another whoosh as the platform he stood on slid outside the machine, the doors closing behind him. He was now free from the mechanical prison, but found that its feminine shackles still held him.

Jane's shoulder length brown hair had a slight curl through it and had a freshly blown out look, his eyebrows had been thinned, a slight arch to them. While his face appeared blemish free after facial and his light blue eyes popped between the eyeliner that extended slightly past his eye in a cat's' eye type look, the light almost natural eyes show and mascara making his lashes look so much fuller. He could see all of that in the mirror across from the chamber, he didn't think himself the most masculine, but even his nose seemed feminine as he looked at himself, his lips really catching his attention. His lips were cherry red, the light of the room slightly glinting off the gloss that covered his creamy lipstick covered lips.

Then there was his body, a body that didn't look like it belonged to him, but matched the beautiful... sexy girl in the mirror. She wore that little black dress, the kind he had girls always have in their closet for a date night. It had thin maybe an inch wide straps that went up over his shoulders, coming down in a sweetheart like neckline that just showed a hint of his breasts. The girl in the mirror wasn't endowed, but it looked like she had

about a B cup chest, the inserts and makeup doing the job to make him appear to be very much female. Around his waist was a thin glossy black belt with a silver buckle, pulling in his waist.

Jane felt so very exposed, the skirt of the dress coming down to mid-thigh, making his legs look long and sexy, perched in the high heeled stiletto shoes. It was wrong on so many levels, the girl in the mirror aroused his male interests more than the girl had the counter had, her look of surprise and wonder only enhancing her visage. Yet she was him, his arousal could do little to make its presence known the way it was trapped, other than to add a different level of being uncomfortable. It was also the first time Jane had appreciated how he looked, the first time he could ever think of himself as vain. He didn't like the way he looked, he loved it, the fact the girl in the mirror that he would love to have the courage to chat up was him, ruined it.

"What am I going to do?" Jane asked himself.

