

DUE DATE

BY COURTNEY CAPTISA

#1 MALL: BOOK



TG MALL BOOK #4: Due Date

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ENTERING THE MALL

Matt stared at the two women walking towards him. Both were incredibly attractive. Both dressed in suggestive clothing. Both of which probably had boyfriends. They appeared to be about 21 or 22, just a few years younger than him. One had blonde hair and heavy makeup on while the other sported a more natural brunette look.

The Victoria's Secret bags in their hands indicated that they had just purchased some sexy bras and underwear that probably left nothing to the imagination. Matt tried to visualize what they would be wearing and what they currently had on underneath their yoga pants.

What was he thinking? He didn't stand a chance. Without even trying he kept walking straight while the giggling sound from their conversation faded. He looked back. Yes, both of them had hot asses displayed by yoga pants.

Part of his mind said *Shit, what was I thinking? Missed that chance.* While the other said, *It's too soon.* His visit to the mall today was not to check out women. It wasn't even to buy anything. It was more to clear his mind by being at a place he had not visited in over a year. He remembered having to stop in around Mother's Day the previous year to get a card for his mother, in-law, and for wife, Kristin. This year was a different story. Sure, his mother would receive a card, although this year it would be from him and his toddler daughter Emma. Some construction paper and a display of Emma's growing artistic ambitions would make the one for this year. The relationship with his mother-in-law was cordial, although they had not seen each other too much in the last few weeks other than visits for Emma.

His relationship with Kristin was the most difficult. The memory of the worst moment of his life hit him mind every day. It was considered one of the worst tragedies to rock the suburb within the last three years. Multiple offender drunk driver kills five-month pregnant woman and unborn baby in collision. The press had a frenzy. Matt and his other family members had a breakdown.

Losing your pregnant wife at the age of 27 is not something any man wants to deal with. Since the incident had happened two months prior, the funeral arrangements, grief, pain, suffering, and other

factors still took their toll on his emotional well-being. Some family suggested he seek therapy. Some friends suggested anti-depressants. He was still considering these options, but for now he wanted to take the more traditional path of letting time pass.

Matt had always been the traditional type of man. Kristin and he seemed to live the perfect life, at least according to their social network feeds. Their love for each other developed after they were introduced by friends during their junior year at the top private university in the state. Right after graduation, Matt got down on one knee and made Kristin shed tears of joy come at the sight of the engagement ring. They were married one year later, surrounded by family, friends, and co-workers. Matt had graduated with a degree in Electrical Engineering with minor in Governmental Issues and scored an entry-level job in his field that started at \$55,000 with a defense contractor. Kristin found employment at the local elementary school as a first-grade teacher. Most couples argue about finances, and they were no exception. Both were debt free at the time of their marriage, and they managed to move out of their apartment into a starter home one year later, but it was more of the attitude of finances that caused difficulty in their relationship. Matt felt that as a man, he had to make more than his wife. Kristin knew that her profession wouldn't be as lucrative as her husband's, but Matt made a big deal that he was paid more. He felt he would probably hit six-figures by the time he was 30, while Kristin would probably never earn even \$80,000 by the end of her career. Other issues involved responsibilities around the household. Matt was brought up feeling that men should be the head of the family in more ways than one. He never belittled his wife though. He loved her dearly. Still, he was raised thinking housework was women's work, and men should be the breadwinner and the king of the castle. These issues became more serious when Matt started receiving job promotions. Sure, the raise in salary and bonuses were amazing, but this also meant that Matt had to be more dedicated to his work and there was a 20% travel commitment.

The celebration continued when Kristen announced that she was pregnant. It was unexpected, but both loved the idea that their lives were going to be continually blessed. Emma was born as a healthy baby, and although both had to adjust to new parenthood, they felt like their lives were perfect. At first, Matt tried to talk Kristen into being a stay-at-home mom for at least a year or two, but she wanted to keep her position. She argued with him that parenting needed to be a 50-50 commitment, and not just the mother at home with the child. Matt frowned at the idea of Kristin being a working mother, knowing that there would be a significant positive impact on Emma's life if Kristen stayed home with her. Not that there wasn't a positive influence already. Kristen was on maternity leave for a few weeks before returning to the classroom, but this wasn't nearly the amount of leave that Matt expected her to take.

Kristin was frustrated that Matt spent so many long nights at the office. Even worse, he was away multiple days, stationed in different cities where they company was conducting operations. Matt was unhappy too. The pictures she sent via cellphone weren't the same as being able to hold his baby girl.

Kristin's second pregnancy came as an even bigger surprise. Emma was just about to turn two when a new addition to the Simmons family was announced. Matt remembered looking into his wife's hazel eyes after she told him she was pregnant again. Then, she grabbed him for a hug with her dark brown hair hitting his cheek. The new child was welcomed, but Matt knew there would be even more added responsibility. As a man, he should be able to handle that right?

If only life were that easy. Kristin and his unborn baby son, they were planning to name him Mason, were gone. Ever since, Matt felt overwhelmed with being a single father. He was relieved of some responsibilities at his job to cope with the death of Kristin, but he still had significant obligations. Coming to the mall could help clear his mind, especially on a slow weekday afternoon. He noticed some teens walking around who apparently were not at school today. *Must be nice to have no responsibility at all* he thought to himself.

The future was unpredictable. Before, there was a clear path. Graduate college, then get a job. Engagement then marriage, buy a house, and have some kids. A perfect checklist for a perfect life. Now, there were many more factors to the equation. He knew deep down that he wasn't going to be in another relationship anytime soon. His love for Kristen would never go away, but when would he date again?

Today, like most days, Kristin's younger sister Julia was watching Emma. She had stepped up to the plate after Kristin died, and agreed to help with her niece until things were more settled.

Julia was in the last few weeks of her senior year of college, and had finished most of the work in her classes. She watched Emma whenever she could. Emma was able to speak a few words, and still had memories of her mother. However, now that Julia was practically raising her with Matt, he wondered if she would become Emma's mother figure.

The idea of dating Julia came to mind but he quickly dropped it. There were too many potential causes for disaster there. It was a quick thought, and something that only came to mind thanks to the feelings of depression and isolation caused by the tragedy. Making the situation worse right now was the knowledge that he would be unfaithful to Kristin if he had any personal relationship with Julia.

Matt continued to walk through the mall, gazing around at the water fountain that was not working, ignoring the annoying kiosk employees, and glancing at the selection of stores. Did he need a new swim suit for the summer? Perhaps a new T-shirt? Some work clothes? Shopping for a bit could take his mind off of things, although there was an important stop to make, and one of the primary reasons for his visit. Matt checked the directory for the exact location. Great, it was pretty close.



The jewelry store was very empty. No customers in there and only about three employees who were behind the counter, one working on fixing someone's watch. A tall, skinny blonde woman with glasses greeted Matt saying, "Hello sir, welcome to Prawn's Jewelers. My name is Angela, how can I help you?"

Matt put on his first smile for the day. "Hi, I purchased this pendant necklace here for my wife a few years ago. I would like to have a few more additions to it."

The silver necklace had long chains followed by pieces shaped like hearts that contained dates. The first date was their wedding date; the next was Emma's birthdate.

"There are a few more important dates I need on here," Matt said as he gestured for a scratch piece of paper and pen.

"Oh wonderful, is this an anniversary gift?"

"No."

"Okay," she asked. "We have some specialty plates that can be added to chains such as these."

"The kind we had before is fine," he said sternly.

“Would you like the same typeface?”

“Yes,” he said plainly.

Angela noticed that he was somewhat sad. “Is there anything else you would like me to do?” she asked.

Matt sighed, “That necklace meant a lot. The two dates I want on there are things I think about all the time.”

“I understand sir. These type of necklaces are very sentimental and are often kept as keepsakes.”

“My wife would wear it in public every so often. Unfortunately, one of those dates is the date of her passing, and the other is what would have been our son’s birth date.”

“Oh my god! Please accept my deepest sympathy,” she said authentically with her manicured hand near her mouth.

“My plan is to add these onto there. Even though some are moments of joy and others are painful, they are important milestones of our lives. I have a daughter with her that is two and think this would be a nice gift to give her when she is a little older.”

“That is very thoughtful of you. I should be able to have these ready for you within the next few hours. You can either come back then or I can hold it until a future date that is convenient for you.”

“I may be back. I’ll call the store if I end up waiting a few days. I don’t come here very often.” Matt knew that Angela did not want to hear all of his problems, but he reached out for one last piece of sympathy and clarity for the day. “Especially since my wife passed away.”

“I am so sorry. Your daughter will be honored to have something like this that belonged to her mother.”

“Trust me, if I could have switched places with her, I would have.”

Angela paused for a second. “Before you leave, I want you to take a look at these.” She pulled out a box of what appeared to be unisex bracelets. They had silver beads with some dark fabric holding it together. “These are what we call our prosperity line for men. They are becoming fashionable with men right now and can be used with many different outfits.”

“Sorry Angela, but I don’t wear things like that regularly.”

“That’s fine. Many men do not accessorize, but why don’t you try it for a few hours and if you do not like it, you can just return it here when you pick up your pendant.”

Angela was a hard woman to say no to. Matt agreed and he with her help put on the bracelet on his right wrist, since his watch was on the right. She did not ask for any sort of payment and he noticed that there was no tag or barcode indicator on the item.

He forced a smile again as he said goodbye to her. She smiled back, knowing that Matt was going to feel better at any moment.

CHAPTER TWO

ON YOUR HEAD

Matt walked out of the jewelry store and continued his way through the mall. He wondered if he should just go home and come back at another time, or stay and browse through the mall a bit to kill some time while they prepared the pendant. Ultimately, something told him to walk around a bit.

He passed a few stores he did not recognize from his last visit. Some shop was selling tea supplies, another was an educational game store, and yet another looked like it was some magic shop.

“Hi sir! Do you want to try a sample?” said one of the annoying kiosk employees who swarmed around him.

This time Matt was somewhat blocked as the young girl stood directly in front of him. She was much shorter than him. Probably a foot shorter than his 6’ stature.

His eyes glanced at her booth. It was another jewelry place with a collection of rings, necklaces, bracelets, and earrings.

“No thanks. Not sure what the sample is.”

“A sample earring!” she said enthusiastically.

“Sorry, my daughter is too young for that, and my wife is no longer with us.”

The girl frowned, “The sample can be for you!”

Matt paused then gave a short, tired smile, “I don’t have any piercings...”

“We can take care of that issue in just a few minutes!” she said.

Matt had never considered getting any kind of piercing. Sure, some guys could rock ear piercings and even in other places, but he was more straight-laced than that. Would his bosses say something about it?

Then again, he came to the mall to look for some answers about what to do with his life. Sure, his money and career were great, but inside he felt like a mess. He was lost and curious about the directions he could take. Maybe a new look would help?

“Sure... why not,” he said.

“Great! My name is Claudia! Have a seat up here.”

Matt followed her directions as she gathered some paperwork. He glanced over it while she put on some plastic gloves, and he signed it without really reading the contents of the form. Claudia grabbed something that looked like a Sharpie, and came towards his right ear. After making some marks and straightening his head a bit, she held a mirror up to him and asked if they looked okay. There was one small mark on both of his ears. He nodded absently. She used small cotton swipes to avoid infection, and grabbed her piercing gun. After two sharp pinches, Matt saw that he had small studs in his ears.

“That wasn’t that bad,” Matt said out loud.

Claudia smiled, “Of course not! Now for the top of your ears.”

“What?!” Matt asked.

Claudia started to apply more of a disinfectant to the top of his right ear. Matt wanted to move, but he felt forced to let her continue. She then proceeded to use a giant needle to push through the top of his ear, then she let it set to create the foundation for a helix piercing. She slid a small metal bar with two small balls on the ends into the holes. On the other ear, she used a similar process, except this time she finished with a small hoop.

“All done!” she proclaimed before handing him a mirror.

The piercings made him look much different already. The two studs on his ear lobes and helix jewelry made his ears look smaller and more defined. After ringing out, he found that the helix piercings were free samples and he only had to pay for the ear studs. Claudia decided to upsell, and also got him to buy some other small hoop earrings.

He felt funny walking around with pierced ears, but Matt knew he was onto something with this new look thing.

CHAPTER THREE

YOUR HANDS

When do you think you'll be back? Asked Julia in a text message.

Probably in two or three hours.

Emma is napping. I have a date tonight at 8pm.

That's plenty of time

I need like 2 hours to get ready!!!! She said with some lipstick emojis.

Matt made a mental note to be out of the mall by 5:30 or so, to be back home in plenty of time to relieve Julia of her babysitting duties. Since his attention was on his cellphone while walking, he didn't realize he had just stumbled into a nail tech place.

"Hi, how can I help you?" asked a dark haired woman in her 40s.

"Oh sorry, I didn't mean to walk in here," he replied quickly turning around.

"Hold on!"

Matt stopped and turned around to see her walking towards him.

"Your nails.... When was the last time you had them worked on?"

"Never..." he replied. Matt had memories of the whole metrosexual movement that his brother was a part of the early-2000s. Back then, it seemed like guys did nail care more often, but no longer. Simple trimming was enough.

"Sorry honey, but I can tell. Sit down, I'll take care of you. Special today!"

Why were these female employees in this mall so persistent in their customer service and sales? Matt once again felt compelled to give into their demands. He sat down as Janice, the nail tech, prepared some elements on the table.

While she applied some cleaning solution, they exchanged small talk, including why Matt had visited the mall in the first place. The conversation continued as they talked about his daughter Emma, while Janice clipped and filed each fingernail on his hands. Matt wasn't sure what Janice meant by "buffing" his nails, but there were more topics on his mind other than how to do his nails.

After cleaning and moisturizing each hand, Janice smiled and asked, "Do you have an idea on what type of polish you want?"

"Nail polish?! I can't do that."

"Is something the matter?" Janice frowned.

"I'm a man. What type of guy wears nail polish, unless you are playing in a Goth band or something."

Janice laughed, "I don't see that too often anymore. Back when I was at concerts, Hair Metal was the rage. My daughter liked some band called Black Veil Brides, but I understand your point. You do not have to go very extreme, but having at least a base coat on your nails will make them look better. We can go for something natural."

"I'll leave it up to you then," Matt replied. "You are the expert."

Janice smiled again and applied a clear base coat to each of his nails. After which, she applied a bit of color to them.

"Why does this shade look pink?"



“It’s a light pink,” she said. “But it will dissolve a little in the next hour or so and blend into you.”

Matt just stared down at his hands. Why did his fingers and hands look more slender? The hair was pretty much gone. His hands looked much more smooth, and even hairless thanks to the moisturizer that Janice applied.

“Are you sure this looks okay?”

“Yes *Mattie*,” Janice said as she tilted her head.

Mattie continued to stare down at the backs of his hands. Some lines looked different than he previously remembered but he didn’t say a word. He had taken the bracelet off while she moisturized his hands and part of arms, but figured he could put it back on once they were finished.

Janice continued her pitch, “Now if you can just take a seat up in those chairs. I’ll prepare the items to do your feet.

SALON VISIT

Janice was right. Having professionally done nails made a world of difference. They felt cleaner, although Mattie was still apprehensive about walking around with nails that looked pink, both on his hands and feet. He made a note to stop in a shoe store at some point since the sandals he obtained after getting a pedicure looked very small. Hopefully they would dry soon.

Mattie's grooming habits had varied. He remembered Kristin making comments before about how he should trim his pubic hair more often, but Mattie thought that it didn't matter too much. He showered once a day and wore deodorant. He used moisturizer on face only if his skin was drying out, but that was about the extent of his habits other than basic necessities such as brushing his teeth.

His hair was a different story. It was always short and he wore the same style for a number of years. He got a glimpse of himself in a vacant store window, and noticed that it was time for a hair cut. He remembered that his regular barber was out of town for the week, so maybe getting a hair cut at the mall would be a good way to kill some time.

After looking at the directory, he made his way down to Prim's and was greeted by a heavy-set receptionist with purple hair, and dark-rimmed glasses.

"Hi, do you have an appointment?" she asked.

"No, I don't but you take walk-ins right?"

"Yes we do," she smiled. "Hold on one sec and let me see who is available."

Mattie watched as the receptionist looked at the computer in front of her.

"It looks like Maria is free in about 10 minutes. Do you mind waiting?"

"Not at all," Mattie said. He took a seat in the waiting area, ignoring the fashion and hair magazines and checking social media on his cellphone instead.

Minutes later, he was greeted by Maria, a girl around his age with long dark brown hair, tanned skin, and heavy makeup.

“Hello!!!” she said with her voice raising in pitch “So nice to meet you, I am Maria and will be taking care of you today!”

“Hi, I’m Matt.”

“How are you doing today Mattie?” she asked.

“The day is getting better,” he said as he took a seat in the chair Maria pointed to.

“That’s nice to hear, so what are we doing today?”

“I usually don’t have my hair this way. I’m looking for something different. I’ve had the same style for years and it’s getting old. I came here to clear my mind today, and I’m looking for a fresh look for a new outlook on life.”

“That’s so inspiring! Do you have any ideas on what exact changes you want? Would you like to see a look book?”

“No that’s fine. I trust you...”

He could hear Maria’s distinctive heeled boots hit the wooden floor as she walked around him smiling. She started combing through his hair, sectioning parts of it. She asked some basic questions to get to know him, and found out a little about his job. She also asked how long he had lived in the area, and he explained that he’d purchased a home with Kristin a few years earlier.

Maria put some of his hair up in a clip, and let him sit there for a moment with the cape on, looking at his hair in the mirror. He wondered why she was doing this since his hair was at most three inches long in any given section.

Maria returned with a handful of hair that was close in shade to his natural color. The hair extensions were probably about two feet long and straight.

“What are you doing with those?!” he asked a little louder than usual.

She smiled, “Don’t worry, they are going to be trimmed down.”

“Okay good,” he said as a sigh of relief even though it had not been determined exactly how much would be trimmed down.

It took several minutes for Maria to clip in each extension, because she was careful to match the layers and section off Mattie's hair exactly how it needed to so it would look natural. Mattie felt odd and humiliated since the long hair was hitting parts of his neck, back, and his newly pierced ears.

Several of the other patrons in the shop were looking over, wondering what was happening. Another male was having something similar done to him. Once all of the extensions were in place, Maria reached over to the counter and grabbed a purple marble spray bottle. The scent was a combination of lavender and rose. Almost like something that Kristin would have had in the bathroom.

After spraying every section that had a clip, Maria watched all the clips disappear. She pulled near the bottom of each extension section to ensure that it had become part of his natural hair. The tugging feeling made Mattie's penis shrivel as he heard a Macklemore song coming from the speakers in the salon.

"Maria, what are you doing?"

"This is only one of the first steps Mattie. Be patient with me please," she smiled as she lightly hit his shoulder with a comb in a joking manner.

"But I felt that, are those clips staying in?"

"No, they are gone."

"What?"

"It's going to look so pretty when I am done. Don't worry."

"Pretty?! Maria, I'm a man. We don't use that term. Maybe handsome or dapper."

"Or pretty..." she said as she continued to complete her job.

Maria instructed Mattie to move to a shampoo station where she placed a towel under his neck. The shampoo girl asked if the temperature was okay, and he agreed that the lukewarm setting was fine. The shampoo she used smelled much stronger than the Heads & Shoulders he used at home. It was a much needed relaxing experience having the girl's hands going through his head in various patterns massaging the shampoo into his hair.

In reality, it wasn't a shampoo at all, but a lightening solution. He was asked to wait for thirty minutes while the process did its job. He was shampooed again, this time with a fade stop shampoo. Then the girl rinsed and dried his hair. She sprayed his new tresses with a light and even mist of a

color structure equalizer, before shampooing him yet again, setting his hair with a toner and making him wait another twenty minutes. During this time, he received a complimentary facial hair removal with the insistence of the girls in the salon saying it would go best with his new look. Mattie's signature look was becoming lost and he couldn't remember the last time he did not have facial hair.

The final process included a detangling conditioner. Mattie never felt so many products in his hair, and this made him nervous. Especially considering he had long hair. Having to walk back to the salon seat was somewhat humiliating.

Once Maria had completely dried his hair with a hairdryer, she started to brush it straight and then took some sections in her fingers and used her scissors to start styling. She wasn't lying when she said she would trim some sections, as she created some layers making parts of his hair shorter than others. Mattie tried to tell her to take more length off, but she insisted on making him view the final image before she let him make any decisions of his own. After all, he said he trusted her.

Maria continued styling sections of his hair, and used a vertical feathering technique that included short, vertical strokes applied with minimal pressure from the scalp to the mid lengths. She wove some sections to help achieve an organic look.

Maria added other products, including a strong volume mousse to the roots of his hair, and then did something called imperial blowout on the mid shafts to the ends of his hair. A curling iron was used on part of his hair, but Maria decided to go for look that was more glamorous and decided to put rollers in his hair.



Hair products, extensions, rollers. Why was all of this needed for a guy's haircut?

After waiting for a bit, Maria started to take the rollers out. Mattie watched in horror as luscious locks of his caramelized balayage hair came cascading down on his body, all the way to his nipples. Curled hair continued to roll down with each roller Maria removed, and he started to freak out seeing that it had been purposely styled as a woman's hairstyle.

"Maria! This looks like a..."

He was interrupted. "An amazing new do! You are welcome."

"Please, cut..."

He was interrupted again, "Don't worry, I am going to cut you a deal since it is your first time visit! Do you mind if I take a picture for our portfolio of first time visitors?"

Mattie was speechless, but something inside of him forced him to say out loud, "Sure..."

After Maria took his forced smile photo, she handed him a mirror to look at the back. His once dark brown hair was different shades of brunette and auburn. It looked more defined with different colors than his natural hair and was more of the style that Kristin had. He remembered it dearly as he loved playing with her hair in bed.

"Would you like to schedule your next appointment?" asked Maria as she walked him to the receptionist desk.

"Not right now..."

"Are you sure? It's 10% off if you do..."

"Wish I could, but I have a hectic work schedule. This is a rare Sunday off."

"I understand, well here's my card," said Maria. "Don't hesitate to call me! Sometimes a new look can be a little overwhelming. Just sit with it for a day or so and let me know what you think. I'm sure all of your family and friends will be impressed."

Impressed?! Mattie thought to himself. What the hell was Julia going to say when she saw him like this? And more importantly, how was he going to explain this at work tomorrow?

The receptionist continued the conversation, "Okay Mattie, that will be \$315."

“\$315?! I’ve never spent more than \$30 for a haircut.”

“There’s a lot involved with something like you have now.”

“But 10 times what I normally pay?”

“Yeah, and it looks 10 times better than when you walked in!”

Mattie couldn’t argue any longer and got out his credit card.

“Have a good one!” said the receptionist as he walked out into the mall. That appointment took over 90 minutes, maybe that pendant was finished by now.

TROUBLE

Walking out of the salon was the most humiliating moment of Matty's life. Any woman with that haircut would feel amazing, but that was the problem. Mattie wasn't a woman. The feeling of long hair touching parts of his face and shoulders almost felt like he was wearing a Halloween wig, and that was irritating.

No matter what he felt about it, this ultra stylish feminine look was his natural hair. Too embarrassed to stay, he decided to leave the mall, but a sudden thirst came upon him. Maybe it was the long stint in the salon, or the stress of his feminization, but as he saw an Orange Caesar juice store, he began craving one of their frozen orange drinks.

The young girl at the counter took his order, and when he requested a Frosty Navel, she politely asked, "Will that be all, Ma'am?"

Mattie shook his head, paid with a \$5 bill, and continued walking through the mall. As he tried to enjoy his drink, his long hair became even more annoying. He had to keep brushing it out of his face to make sure it didn't get in his mouth.

He considered turning around and returning to the jewelry store just to check if the pendant was done. He had spent so long getting his hair styled and his nails manicured he felt it had to be ready. Ultimately, he decided it was long past the time to leave that hell hole of a mall.

Mattie approached the south wing entrance through which he entered, it seemed like days ago. With shock, he saw large plywood walls with a sign indicating that it was under construction! He had walked about ten minutes to get to that point, and now he had to find another exit.

Going down the hall again, he noticed that the mall was getting more crowded, increasing his embarrassment even though no one seemed to notice that he was a male with long girly hair. He continued to sip his frozen orange drink slowly, as he looked around at the various shops.

Some were those he saw earlier in the day, but other ones looked new. He saw one shop that was not a salon. He wasn't sure exactly what it was, but he was fascinated by the mannequin in the front display window. She wore a cute red and white striped tank top and a red mini skirt, and held scissors in her hand. The mannequin next to her was dressed in a sexy red lingerie set, and was posed bent over in a seductive posture.

Mattie walked in, not knowing what to expect. He saw that the store had a large collection of female clothing, but in the middle section near the cash registers, there were racks of hair accessories. Fuck the amount of money he paid, maybe it was worth it to just cut it off.

Eager to get his hands on some scissors, he walked to the middle of the store and found a pair. Waiting in line, he noticed that all the costumers and employees in the store were women. Some smiled at him while others paid more attention to his cellphone. Once it was finally his turn in line, an African-American salesgirl smiled.

"Helllooo," she dragged out.

"Hi," Mattie said, placing the scissors on the counter. Suddenly, he grabbed his throat. He felt that his Adam's Apple was missing! That plus his newly shaped larynx made his voice sound like a female's. He panicked and mumbled a bit realizing his old voice was gone.

"Will this be all for you today, Miss?"

"Yes... Please hurry!" replied Mattie in his needy feminine speech pattern.

"Are you sure? We have buy one get one half off of any demi-cup bra and 5 for \$25 panty sets. Open a store card and get a free t-shirt?"

"Why would I need those?! Please! Just the scissors," Mattie became even more embarrassed and looked at his cellphone while the cashier prepared his bag.

"Okay, that will be \$19.53."

Mattie paid the amount and walked out with the abnormally big pink bag. He wondered, *Didn't they have any other color bags?* His horror escalated as he went to leave the store, and heard the sound of loud beeping. He froze in his tracks, looked behind him to see no one coming behind him, and then continued out of the store.

"Miss, can you please stop there for a moment?" asked a curvy blonde girl wearing a little black dress. She was moving towards him steadily.

Mattie kept walking thinking “Miss” did not refer to him.

“Miss!” she said more aggressively and loudly.

When Mattie finally turned around, the blonde girl continued, “Can I check inside your bags please?”

He again froze and held it out in front of her, “I just bought a pair of scissors...”

“Are you sure? Because it appears that the trigger tags on these undies made the alarm go off.”

“I didn’t buy them!”

“Ah, I knew it.” The young assistant manager paused and reached for her walkie talkie, “I need security at the entrance to Chaude Elle immediately for a possible 492?”

“What is going on?”

“It’s okay Miss.”

“Can you please explain to me what is happening?”

Before she could answer, two female security guards showed up. One greeted the assistant manager who explained that Matty’s receipt did not show him buying the undies in his bag. Mattie still had no idea if the undies were even in there, but he was escorted by security to their office.

Once he was ordered to sit in a chair, Mattie became highly upset. One of the security guards started speaking, “Now that we are out of the view of the public, can you tell me your side of the story?”

Mattie paused while looking at the security personnel. He was visibly shaken. “I seriously did not take anything. I was in the store for less than three minutes. I just went in to buy some scissors, I was at register, and did not take anything else. I was flustered by some upsetting offers from the cashier, but I did not get upset. I just paid and then walked out of the store. The alarm went off and the manager was very vague with me. I haven’t even seen whatever I supposed took.”

The other brunette security guard with glasses pulled a black lacy thong out of the bag with a matching bra. The set had purple lace lining around the top, and the bra was rather large. Mattie was shocked.

“Why would I get something like that?” he gasped.

"I mean, it's cute but that doesn't mean you can shoplift," joked one of the girls.

"I wouldn't wear anything like that!"

"Who said it was for you?" asked the other guard.

Mattie started to get teary-eyed thinking that he could be in real trouble. It was obvious that many of the employees at this mall were oblivious, and they were probably mostly working for the minimum wage. He broke down and told the whole story of losing Kristin and Zack, and the pendant, once again for the day. He added the new details about his piercings, his hair, the depression, the nails, and finished with the scissor plan. The guards became more sympathetic as he poured out his emotions.

"Wow, that sounds like a very rough day!" said one of the guards. She then stared at her partner and they both nodded. One took the anti-theft plastic piece off both items.

"We can make some exceptions. We do not have to get the police involved. I'm sure it was an accident."

"Oh my god. Thank you!" said Mattie standing up from the chair.

"But...since you took these out, you are going to have to pay for them."

"That's fine..." Mattie started, handing the guard his bank card thinking he could just return them at another date or give them away. Maybe even trash them.

"And you have to wear them out of the store."

"WHAT?!"

"You heard me," she said.

"Why in the fuck would a grown man wear panties?"

"You are a man?" asked one of the guards before covering her mouth knowing she had just said something offensive.

"Yes! Some strange things are happening to me. My hands and feet shrunk, some crazy stylist gives me long feminine hair, and now my voice is all messed up! I'm just trying to leave this mall!"

“And you can...but first...slip on your new bra and step into your panties! After all, you wanted them enough to take them.”

Mattie saw no other way out of this situation unless it involved being placed in handcuffs and lead out by police. Surely going to a jail looking like this would not be a good idea. Plus, an arrest was the last thing he needed for his daughter and career.

Defeated, he agreed to their demands. Immediately, the guards took Mattie into a booth and stripped him. They pulled down his ugly ass flannel boxers, and replaced them with the cute thong. After getting his shirt off, she forced him to take place his slender arms through the straps and use his feminine hands to hook that back of the bra. Mattie felt like a little sissy after being forced to put on his first bra.



His girlish hair was only a tiny humiliation compared to this. His penis was obviously too big for the thong, but the cups of the bra had the opposite effect as it was made for some girl with D-cups. After putting his new undies on him, they threw his boxers in the trash and told him he could put his shirt and jeans back on.

He had to escape and possibly talk to his lawyer about the humiliating and possibly illegal incident he was subjected to by mall security. Looking at his cellphone to check the time, he noticed it was dead. Now it was definitely time to leave this hell hole.

CHAPTER SIX

MORE TO CARRY

Mattie's bra straps were annoying. They kept digging into his shoulders and back. The hook around the back started to make his body a little slimmer as he walked towards another exit trying to escape the mall. His jeans and shirt were becoming baggy.

His penis tucked away in a thong was a reminder that he was turning into a woman. Unlike other mall transformees, Mattie had full memory of what was occurring around him. With each visit to a new store, he knew he was becoming more feminine. Hopefully exiting the mall would allow him to return to normal.

Mattie knew he should have never come here today. Then again, why was it today that the transformation occurred? Why had he never heard about any other transformees? The pendant was important, but he considered keeping it there or having someone like Julia go pick it up for him later. He felt way too embarrassed and confused, and couldn't wait to get home and his reasonable, steady life.

The mall was becoming more crowded with females. Although Mattie had no knowledge of other men transformed into girls at the mall, he wondered if any of them were going through the same process. Then again, he looked like a male in the face still. None of the other people with long girlish hair had such masculine traits.

"Would you like to try a sample?" asked a girl with a heavy amount of makeup and fake lashes standing outside of a makeup store.

"NO!" Mattie screamed in his signature feminized voice.

"Okay! You don't have to yell at me!" the young dirty blonde haired girl said as he continued to walk away. Had he offended her? Deep down, he knew he wasn't a bad guy. Although he followed the traditions, he respected women and never liked when they were belittled. He stopped in his track and turned around.

"I'm sorry... it's just I need to leave here..."

“... Looking like that?” she responded.

Wait, did she just offend him?

“Excuse me?”

“Do you always go out with no makeup?” she asked.

“What are you talking about?!”

“Just come here! I’ll give you a complimentary session.”

“Session for what?”

“COME HERE!” she demanded, using her index finger to drag him into the store.

He knew that he needed to get out, but another part of him did not want to be rude to her again, and he felt like this may make things up to her.

Mattie was directed to a chair at one of the booths at the large makeup store. He remembered when he visited the mall with Kristin in the past, it was one of the stores she went to while he either grabbed something in the food court or sat outside.

There was nothing for men there other than a few fragrances and maybe a skincare product or two. She introduced herself as Jena and even though he said his name was Matt, she kept calling him Mattie just like everyone else in the mall. She engaged in small talk with him. He told her the story of the mall visit like everyone else, and about Kristin, even showing a pic of her that he cared in his wallet.

Once seated for a few moments, Jena started talking nonsense to him.

“What is your routine like right now?”

“Just washing my face and adding some moisturizer when needed.”

She then showed him various products to start using including a cleanser, toner, moisturizer for day time with SPF, and a nighttime one to use for anti-aging. Matt was unsure of why someone would need to use this many products, even though she was thoroughly explaining how to use each one. His face was wiped with some cotton pads leaving the scent of aloe and kiwi on his face.

While in-between steps, Mattie asked her if he could charge his phone. She took it and plugged it in behind the main counter of the beauty shop. Jena started her speech again.

“Now that your face is cleaner I’m going to lay down some foundation. I love this Rimmel Lasting Finish. It will last for 25 hours.”

“Or until I wash it off..”

“That too,” Jena frowned, then started rubbing it in using a round brush, tickling his face with the bristles. Even coats were applied to even out his facial complexion.

Thoughts of newscasters and actors wearing makeup came to mind. This is probably the end of it for them. The makeup was the least of his worries as Jena was hovering right in front of him, and could probably see the indications of his bra through the shirt he had on.

She had said nothing though, but his wearing panties did not make the situation any better. Little did he know, his butt was being redefined and his penis was become slightly smaller the more he sat. His nipples had enlarged but breast tissue had not begun to increase by that point.

Jena proceeded to use an Urban Decay concealer to cover up the many blemishes on his face, and used powder to lightly touch his face. Still nothing too unusual, but Mattie was mostly nervous about the fact that his groin was starting to feel uncomfortable and breasts were itching.

Some bronzer was applied to his face to do some contouring with another brush, telling him the types of products she was using on his forehead, cheekbones, jaw and neck to blend in her magic. Jena used a golden rose blush popped on her brush and applied to his cheekbones. By this point, he was used to the tickling sensation of feminization.

“This next product is called Becca Shimmering Skin Perfector in Moonstone. It’s amazing!” This was the last product applied to his face as she focused her attention to his eyes.

Mattie felt weird and itched his chest. His breasts were starting their growth rate, leaving him with A-cup breasts. Under his thong, his penis was now hairless and testicles were shrinking. Something was coming over his body and he couldn’t leave the chair.

“Something is wrong!” he said in his girly voice.

“You haven’t even seen yourself yet...” said Jena. Despite the fact that there were multiple mirrors in the store, they were pointed away from him. She handed him a handheld mirror and let him see his face. Even though he couldn’t get out of the chair, he still had arm and leg movements.

Yes, the feminine hairstyle was still there, but his face was the same. It just looked much more smoother and had highlighted tones in certain spots like his cheeks.

“What do you think so far?”

“Is this it? Can I go now? Why can’t I get up?”

“We are far from done... Just relax!” Jena commanded.

Jena came at him with a smaller brush and told him to hold still as she applied a light charcoal brown shade of eyeshadow to him. She took another brush and added another color on top, blending them with her artistic makeup skills. A semi-sweet shade was applied to the in creases of his eyes and then added a light color in the corners. Filling in his brows, she used another charcoal brown mixed with a sparkle color.



Mattie wondered why she was doing anything with his eyebrows. He just shaved his unibrow occasionally, but other than that never touched it. Jena continued working on his eyes with a cheeky highlight on some parts of the outer eyes and told him to stay completely still as she frightened him with some mascara on a disposable brush.

She smiled, and touched up a little of his nose. Jena's conversation continued when it came to his lips, with a light shade of pink being applied. His entire body felt uncomfortable with the accelerating changes.

His testicles were about the size of PEZ candy and his penis was no longer six-and-a-half inches, but more like two. His breasts had grown to about a B-cup, and he could feel them being supported in the bra more. But he still couldn't move out of the chair, no matter how hard he tried to get up.

"Don't go anywhere! Just one more thing!" said Jena.

He complied and sat back down. The mist of the setting spray hit him in the face with his eyes closed and Jena waved her hand a little in the air. Matt felt a burning sensation on his cheeks, but it quickly faded. He sneezed, causing his nose to change in shape.

Inside of his mouth, his teeth were becoming whiter. The entire form of his jawline was shifting and his eyes were changing shape and color. While this was happening, his breasts continued to grow to C-cup size. No longer did the thong feel uncomfortable, since there were no testicles down there anymore, only a useless dick.

Jena smiled and proudly gave him the mirror again.

It was her.

Kristin.

Mattie now appeared to look exactly like his deceased wife.

There she was, looking shocked in the mirror. The exact nose. Exact eyes. Exact makeup style. Everything.

Mattie was speechless. It was clear. He was being transformed into Kristin. He grabbed his boobs. Yes, they were real now. A quick grab to his crotch in front of Jena indicated that he still had a penis, although wasn't much of a man anymore. He finally had the ability to get out of the chair.

"I have to go..."

"Where are you going Kristin?"

"What did you just call me?!"

"Kristin..." smiled Jena.

“That’s my wife...”

“Odd...” Jena said looking confused and tapping her shoulder with a makeup brush.

“Can you please grab my phone so I can get out of here?!”

“Sure!” Jena smiled.

Mattie grabbed his hair, still getting used to the fact that he had long hair. Now his face had transformed, he had the weight of breasts on his chest, and down there felt like nothing. He noticed his arms were shorter and legs had gone down in height. Skin on his body had smoothed and he was hairless in many areas.

Jena came back. “Here’s your phone! Which products would you like to take home with you?”

“This isn’t my phone. Mine is black, this is white with some flower case on it.” Matt clicked the home button and was shocked to see the Easter photo of his daughter Emma on the lock screen. That was the same that Kristin had before her death. He looked up and was speechless.

Jena smiled, “Again, what products would you like?”

“Just wrap them up.... all of them...” Mattie said, depressed and losing hope. Jena took care of it for him and returned with an invoice. He reached for his wallet in his jeans, but they weren’t there. He looked back to the chair to notice a purse and assumed it was his now.

Sure enough, inside was a few personal items and Kristin’s old wallet which contained her ID, some cash, and credit cards. He handed one to her and was no smiles despite Jena’s positive attitude. Instead, he walked out of the makeup store maybe even more depressed than when he first arrived at the mall.

In disbelief, Mattie felt his left breast again. “Definitely real,” he sighed, wondering how this day could get any weirder. He could feel the padding of his bra under his very baggy shirt.

He staggered towards water fountain that was peaceful, unlike his mind, which had thousands of chaotic thoughts racing through it. Then, all at once, everything started coming together. He looked down at the bracelet he obtained at the jewelry store earlier in the day. Had this caused the transformation? Maybe...but everything else was leading up to it.

The manicure made his hands slimmer. The haircut gave him a girly hair-do. The situation at the lingerie shop lead to him being forced to wear the bra that made him develop breasts, as well as panties. God knows what was happening down there.

The mall employees started calling him Mattie, and then they were calling him by his wife's name, Kristin. Those evil security guards forced him into a bra and panties. Surely, they were in on it, whatever it was. Mattie sat with his pretty face in his tiny, manicured hands. He didn't care if his makeup got smeared.

A rush of female hormones in his body made him get teary-eyed, but not to the point of flat out crying. All day he had been looking for an escape, but all his efforts were useless. He took off the bracelet again, but that did nothing to reverse his transformation. He was left sitting there with a few bags and his purse.

"My purse? Where had that come from?" he wondered. He looked at his phone. But it wasn't his phone anymore. it was definitely Kristin's phone. All of the texts were from her family members or her friends, and it had all of the apps she used. He realized he was turning into his wife in every way, but why?

Maybe he could just leave the mall figure it out Somehow? He poked around in his suddenly very tight jeans, but there were no car keys. Okay, obviously his hips had flared out, but where did the keys go? He checked his purse, only to find two small house keys. The jewelry store... maybe he left his car keys there? And maybe Angela could give him some answers about his mysterious sex change?

He started walking towards the jewelry store, and felt very awkward. First he noticed that is was taking him more time due to his short legs. His breasts, which had grown to D-cup size, were weighing him down a bit. He estimated he was about Kristin's height.

Putting his hand in his pockets to try to feel his dick, he felt something there. His penis was much smaller, less than an inch long, and still developing into something else. Only a few doors down from the jewelry shop, he noticed another storefront that he had simply passed by on his way there.

A force came over him stopping him and compelled him to turn toward the entrance. It all made sense now. The maternity store was the final answer. Somehow Mattie knew that this was his last stop before the transformation would be complete.

Why had all of this happened? That question kept coming to his mind. It seemed like huge parts of his male life were being erased. He knew he looked just like Kristin did, right before her death. Resigned to his fate, Mattie took a deep breath and said out loud "Let's get this over with...." as he walked into the maternity shop.

FINAL STOP

Immediately as he walked in the store, he noticed the maternity shop had a large collection of stylish feminine attire. Lingerie, dresses, casual clothes, and more. Two women who appeared to be in their forties greeted him as he stood gazing at the merchandise. One was a skinny blonde woman and the other had reddish auburn hair and a signature fashion-forward style. They approached him smiling.

“Hello Miss,” said the blonde. “How can we help you today?”

“There’s a lot you can help me with....” said Mattie softly.

“Oh?” said the other woman. “Please tell us dear.”

“I’m sure you know....”

The blonde immediately said, “Oh you must have come in for our friends and family 20% special!”

“Not exactly....” said Mattie.

“Oh, please share,” said the reddish-auburn haired woman. “My name is Annabelle and this is Becky.”

“My name is.... **KRISTIN**.” Matt had accepted his fate, and with that admission came new responsibility. His penis withered away, receding into his body to form his new clitoris. Vaginal lips formed around it, and a fully developed uterus blossomed within his body. His breasts were fully snug inside his bra, and other parts of his body fully rounded out to make **HER** completely female.

“Nice to meet you **KRISTIN**!” Annabelle smiled.

“You as well... but my name was Matt,” she replied.

“What?! How?!” asked Becky in utter disbelief.

Annabelle looked puzzled.

Kristin continued her speech. “I’m sure you know. Everyone else at the mall has known. I was a male when I walked in this mall today, but somehow I’ve been transformed into my wife who died a few months ago!”

“Oh dear...why is she the first to have full memory retention?” asked Becky.

“Becky! You know the rules...” Annabelle sighed, and then continued with a smile. “How do you feel Kristin now that you are totally female?” She carefully looked around to make sure no other customers were in the store.

“All I want to know is why? I never asked for any of this. I never wanted this. Of course I miss my wife. I miss her everyday. But I came here to have a pendant made for my daughter to keep, to remind her. She misses her mom too.”

Annabelle coughed, “Perhaps that is the reason...”

Kristin used her hands for more expression. “I’m not stupid. I know what I’m in this store for, and I think I’m ready. It’s just so much has happened to me in the last few hours. I tried to escape many times, but nothing worked. I now have to accept my fate. Maybe it has to do with the fact that I came here depressed and confused about my future as a single father? Maybe things will be different now that I appear to be Kristin?”

Becky smiled, “I’m sure they will Kristin. Usually other changes occur, too. Maybe someone during the process figured it would be best for you to know who you were and remember where you came from.”

“Umm hmm.... That’s enough about the process. We have to stay quiet about all of this. Kristin... all I will say is...no one outside of the people in this mall are going to realize you transformed. You must remain quiet about all of this, or people will think you’re crazy.”

“So there is no turning back? I’m going to be stuck like this for the rest of my life?”

“Yes Kristin. That’s how things are supposed to be from now on,” said Becky.

Kristin took a deep breath, still uneasy at the feeling of having large breasts. “Okay, apparently I need some clothes to complete this change.”

Kristin realized she was about to become pregnant. When she had a penis, any thoughts of becoming pregnant would have been ridiculous even if they had ever come to mind. Now, she had to focus on being responsible for her baby in the same way that the original Kristin did when carrying Emma.

“Outstanding,” smiled Becky. “Are there any particular styles you are looking for today?”

“I’m still adjusting to all this, so I don’t know? I guess some necessities, these clothes I wore here obviously don’t fit very well anymore,” Kristin said as she held up her arms showing that Matt’s shirt was very long and baggy on her.

The girls shared a laugh, then Annabelle said. “Don’t worry girlfriend. We’ll hook you up.”

The two sales ladies discarded Kristin’s old male clothes as she found herself in the dressing room with a pile of maternity fashions to try on.

Stripped down to her bra and panties, she examined herself in the mirror. She felt completely like a woman now that she saw her breasts and flat crotch. She placed her hand down there, knowing that her penis was gone forever. She realized that she would have to start acting like a woman now that she felt like — and was — a woman. Feeling her own boobs was a lot different from when she felt those tits on the original Kristin previously.

She started by trying on one of the strapless maxi-dresses Becky or Annabelle had picked out for her. Some of the original Kristin’s clothes were still at home, but this new Kristin was curious to try on some new styles. The dress was white with some cute designs going in diagonal patterns. She slid the dress over her head, experiencing the wonderful sensation of wearing feminine clothing for the first time. Her bra straps showed, but she knew she would wear a strapless bra with this dress. She wondered, “For now, maybe I should take the bra off? Yeah that would work.”

Pulling the dress down a bit, Kristin placed her hands behind her back and, although it took some time, she managed to undo the hooks. She noticed her nipples were little more swollen. She finished wrapping the dress around her body, feeling the soft fabric tease her legs. Wearing a dress wasn’t that bad after all. She realized why so many females preferred to wear dresses in hot weather, since there wasn’t much fabric, and it would be easy to change out of.

She took off that dress and placed it to the side. A skirt they selected was white with a floral design and some poof around the hips. She didn’t often see pregnant woman wearing skirts, but she loved the way this one held her butt. Yes, Kristin always had a hot ass, and it grew even bigger and better

during her second trimester. She rubbed her stomach, feeling for a baby bump, but it was still flat. That wouldn't last too much longer.

Next, she tried on a few silly T-shirts with sayings like “Do My Shoes Match?” and “Pregnant AF”. Kristin laughed at these, knowing that the old Kristin would never wear anything like these, but she put them on just for fun. She put those t-shirts in the “maybe’ pile, wondering if any of the personality traits she had had as a male would remain in her new female life.

Kristin stripped naked again, this time deciding to put on a pretty white dress that would only come down a few inches above her knees with lace around the hem. A soft gray cardigan went over the dress. She stood in front of the mirror and rubbed her stomach, signaling for a miracle to happen within her uterus. She smiled watching it grow slightly. The miracle of pregnancy was becoming a reality as her full womanhood was running its course.



She placed a few garments in the 'YES!' pile, and that flirty little dress was one of them. She stripped out of the outfit, seeing herself reflection in the mirror just wearing panties with a fully distended belly and her large breasts hanging down. There was no more male left of her physically, only the memories in his mind.

Finally, Kristin tried on something she absolutely loved feeling on the original Kristin back when they made out before fucking. She pulled the gray leggings up her body, feeling the tightness around her shapely thighs and hot ass. Yes, Kristin had a sexy booty, and it was getting even more bodacious thanks to her advancing pregnancy. She paired the clingy leggings with a light blue blouse that displayed her shaved armpits and the silky smooth skin of her arms.

Kristin noticed her belly growing more rapidly, developing to the point of seven months into a pregnancy. This was the stage the original Kristin would have been at if it had not been for her accident. Every stage of pregnancy within her body was adapting itself to be as if Kristin were living right now. She could feel things moving in her stomach as she was carrying another life inside of her. She could barely see her manicured feet at this point, and she felt sooo much weight pulling on the front of her body, not only from her large breasts, but also due to the baby developing inside of her. Here she was, responsible for another life. She remembered how the original Kristin had cravings for food, had to adjust to using the bathroom a lot more, and all the other ways she had to cope with her pregnancy. Now, she was in that exact same place, having to adapt the lifestyle.

Deep inside of her, the man who was Matt felt conflicted. He would never live as a man again, however, his beloved wife was back and she was his son. She walked out of the dressing room with a smile.

"I think I'm going to go with this pile. Can I wear these out of the shop?"

"Absolutely! Great choices!" said Becky.

Annabelle smiled as she started to ring up Kristin's purchases, and asked her about her plans for the baby. In addition to the clothes, Kristin also picked out some new shoes to wear home because Matt's old shoes were far too big for her dainty feet. She wanted to leave the store completely dressed as the expectant mom she was. Pulling out her credit card, she noticed the name "Kristin Simmons" was on it.



“There you are!” said a high-pitched voice from the entrance.

The three woman turned their attention to a very attractive skinny blonde girl with a narrow face smiling towards them.

“I’ve been looking everywhere for you!” the girl smiled. “Why haven’t you answered any calls or texts?!”

Kristin noticed her. It was Julia. Her sister-in-law, or rather sister now. With her was a two-year-old in a stroller.

“Mommy!” screamed the little girl.

She walked closer to her daughter and pulled her in close for a hug now having extra weight in front of her due to the pregnancy. It was all Kristin could do to keep from weeping tears of joy.

FINAL SURPRISE

Before leaving the mall, Kristin stopped back at the jewelry store to get her pendant. It was returned with their wedding date, and Emma's birthdate, plus the date of "Matt's" passing, but not the fourth date. Conversation with Julia confirmed that Matt, not Kirstin, had died in the car accident. The fourth pendant was not needed as Kristin was now pregnant with Zack. It was now her destiny to deliver a health baby and raise both of her children.

She started chatting with Angela, and felt so happy, especially when Angela mentioned how great her hair looked. It was a taste of girlhood, and Kristin was adapting to loving Julia as a sister. She wondered how much of her personality would change as she continued living the life of the original Kristin.

The sales consultant Angela smiled at "her". Kristin wasn't sure if she knew about her keeping her memories, but she was happy to still remember being Matt. There were many great moments in life, after all.

The visit to the mall that day had a purpose. To make "him" happier, and to bring some consolidation to the mess that had been his family life.

Arriving home, Kristin noticed that the house was cleaner, and that Julia was more willing to stay to help out. He learned more details about the death of his former self. They were living off the generous benefits package from Matt's untimely death.

She knew she would have a great relationship with her family, especially with the grand children in the picture. There was so much more to life. Before, she thought the male was the head of the household, but now she realized that the mother was the center of the family. She would be responsible for Emma and Zack all the way.

She was committed to being the best mother possible, and she knew she would do anything for her children. They needed a strong, positive role model in their lives. The original Kristin would have been that person, and the new Kristin knew she had to continue that legacy.

Acting like Kristin 24/7 would be difficult, until her new, feminine mannerisms and habits became second nature. So far, Julia had seen no red flags. She knew Kristin acted a little differently when around other females, so now it was her turn to be one of the girls.

The new Kristin, back when she was Matt, knew her wife very well. Still, there would be a bit of a learning curve as she discovered more details about caring for her body, especially the proper diet during pregnancy. It never crossed her mind before, but she was now curious about the specifics of labor process. Kristin gave birth to Emma naturally. She expected to do the same for the new baby.

“Those clothes you picked out are super cute!” said Julia as the girls went through Kristin’s shopping bags in her room, with Emma playing on the bed nearby.

“Thanks sis.”

“Did you get any more clothes for Zack?”

“No... I was about to, but I think I spent enough today.”

“There’s never enough when a baby is on the way. Oh, and how many more days do you have left?”

Kristin hesitated. The due date for Zack was now just a few weeks away. “40?”

Julia smiled, “NO! I know your due date, obviously! I mean how many more days teaching before you go on maternity leave?”



The End... Until another guy comes to the mall!

TG MALL: BOOK #5

BFFS

BY COURTNEY CAPTISA

Illustrated?



I hope you enjoyed reading this story as much as I did writing it! If you found pleasure in this story, please be sure to leave a positive review!

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