

The Young & Pretty

BY COURTNEY CAPTISA
& BRITTANY MONTGOMERY

TG MALL: BOOK #5



Contents

Title Page
Copyright
Chapter One - Soccer Stuff
Chapter Two - Hand Stuff
Chapter Three - Metal Stuff
Chapter Four - Sing-along
Chapter Five - Put It In Your Mouth
Chapter Six - Dressing Time
Chapter Seven - More Dressing
Chapter Eight - Hair Did
Chapter Nine - The Girlfriend
Chapter Ten - Movie Makeover
Chapter Eleven - New Issues
Chapter Twelve - Everything Comes Together
Coming Soon
Thank You!
Join Us

TG Mall #5: The Young & Pretty

By Courtney Captisa and Brittany Montgomery

Edited by Mindi Harris

Original Story Concept by Courtney Captisa and Haylee
Sims

Copyright © 2017 C. Captisa, In Your Dreams Publishing

Images purchased from Shutterstock and other stock image sites. For fans of gender transformation only! 18+. No sex scenes.
Graphic descriptions of anatomy and transformation.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in or introduced into a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means (electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise), without the prior written permission of the copyright owner. All characters and situations are fictional. For fans of this subject matter only.

CHAPTER ONE

Soccer Stuff

The sun shone down on Tyler's blue Prius as he pulled into the local mall's parking lot. It was a beautiful mid-spring day, and he had the windows rolled down, letting the wind blow into his and his friend Jordan's styled hair. Tyler was on a mission that day to get his buddy onto his intramural soccer team.

Both had met during an internship just out of college, and quickly became great friends. They found that they'd attended to college that were not too far apart. Even their girlfriends were acquaintances from FaceSpace, and that resulted in a few couples' get-togethers.

Tyler parked, unlatched his seatbelt, opened the car door, and stepped out into the not so fresh spring air, breathing in the exhaust-laden scent of the parking lot. His aviator sunglasses shone in the sun as he looked to Jordan, getting out of the passenger side of the car.

He glanced over Jordan's shoulder, spotting a group of three older teen girls in tight shorts walking with hips swaying in unison towards the mall entrance. Tyler smiled as he returned his glance to Jordan. "It's going to be a great day..."

Jordan couldn't remember the last time he was in a sporting goods store. Probably when he had to take a physical education class at college to graduate. It had been about four years since he graduated and, although he wasn't overweight, he had not been in the same type of conditioning.

Outdoors sports had never interested him as he was more into computer programming, video games, and graphic design. Those were the things that had landed him a job at Bronzesdale Realty. Although he started working on more of the backend stuff, Tyler became an active agent and one of the top earners under 30 years old at the company.

His friendship with Jordan had been built on sharing the same style of humor, same interest in movies, and equal interest in women. Both had a thing for the skinny brunette type that was an active career woman. Carrie, Jordan's girlfriend, was that kind and their relationship was going on five-months strong even though she had a sports background and also coached at the local high school.

Although sports never really interested him, he figured since he had just turned 25, it was time to experiment and try something new. Plus hanging around with Jordan wasn't a bad thing. Tyler, on the other hand, had a different approach to dating. Since breaking up with that bitch Courtney a few months ago, he had been an active and desirable Minder user. Some girls hated the douchebags with shirtless pics, but Tyler was popular on the dating app due to his built body, surprisingly great personality, and successful career.

"In and out," laughed Jordan. "Damn man, fuck the sports shopping. I can't even remember the last time I was at this mall. Hard to believe these things still exist."

Tyler smiled, "You'd be surprised at the types of deals you can find here. Sometimes it beats using Tropical Prime. We aren't going into the mall at all hardly. Just through a department store to a shop that's not too far from the entrance."

"Remember, the budget is \$100, and that is it!" Jordan demanded.

“Bro, I got you. Just need some basic gear and maybe a bag and good water bottle. Nothing crazy. Although you do have cleats, right?”

“The last time I played soccer was in high school gym class!” said Jordan as an automatic door slid open welcoming their presence.

As with most malls, they had to park near the entrance to one of the larger department stores. Their walk had taken them through the opening to Boredstroms’s junior’s section. For any guys, it always felt a little bit weird walking through all that female clothing and lingerie as though they were intruding on something they shouldn’t. But that didn’t stop Tyler from checking out some of the girls out while nudging Jordan.

“Dude!” started Tyler as he pulled down his sunglasses to look at a cute brunette girl checking out sundresses on a sales rack. “Now that’s the kind of girl I want.”

The girl caught and returned Tyler’s stare, taking in his handsome looks with a shy smile. Jordan only briefly glanced over at the girl seeing her momentarily blush as they continued. The two navigated the racks of clothing and dozens of women and girls looking for a decent deal on clothing. As they approached the general mall entrance, they were both assaulted with the smells of perfumes and the sight of sales women in overdone makeup working on commission and manning various counters waiting for their prey.

Johnson’s Sporting Goods was only a few stores away. The massive shop catered to just about every sporting activity you could think of from baseball to fishing to yoga. Along the way, the boys passed by some kiosks all selling cheap jewelry and bedazzled phone cases, presumably aimed at teen girls.

Entering the store, Tyler made a beeline towards the soccer section that had nets, balls, and various soccer apparel. He grasped Jordan’s shoulder saying, “This is it, my man. Let’s get you decked out.”

Jordan started browsing different racks of shorts and athletic shirts not knowing at all what he was looking for.

“Jeez...” muttered Jordan. “\$35 for a pair for shorts? What are they even made of?”

Tyler was off looking at soccer balls and cleats while Jordan wandered further into the store. Even while playing a casual game among friends, Tyler always felt that he needed to have the best of the best. Even if it didn’t enhance his performance in the game, the very idea of blowing a ton of money to make himself look good always appealed to him.

Passing one of the racks, Tyler noticed a section of Nike Pro shorts—the type he saw some girls wearing while working out. He rubbed his hand against a hot pink pair of short shorts. “Man, imagine feeling that while some hot ass girl was wearing them,” he said.

Jordan followed by putting his hand on the shorts and feeling the sexy fabric. No male clothing he had ever tried on was made from stuff like this. Not even male workout clothes were anything like this. “Yeah, I know what you mean,” he agreed.

After about 20 minutes of browsing, Tyler had amassed a couple cans of new tennis balls, a new pair of running shoes, and a few soccer jerseys that he could wear on the field and at the gym.

Checking out, he lumped in the Over Armour shorts that Jordan had picked out along with a couple of T-shirts and shoes.



Jordan wanted to pay, but Tyler merely said, “Dude, you’re doing this with me. It’s the least I can do.”

Jordan nodded. “Yeah, sure man. I appreciate it.” He watched Tyler hand the cashier a solid black credit card. It was just as much a symbol of Tyler’s status as his gaudy possessions.

The cashier, a young African-American girl with a name tag on that read “Theresa,” snarled at him. “Will this be all?”

“Yeah,” responded Tyler.

“Sure you don’t want any of those Nike Pro shorts I saw you were checking out?” she said sarcastically.

Tyler laughed, but blushed at the same time with slight embarrassment, “Pretty sure that’s okay.”

Theresa rolled her eyes and continued the transaction. Tyler signed his name, and after grabbing the bags, both men started heading out. Suddenly, Tyler remembered something.

“Hey Jordan, I just remembered my dog chewed up a pair of Sperry’s yesterday. Do you mind if we go to another story real quick so I can grab some replacements?”

Jordan was reluctant, but after his friend’s generous gesture he agreed to enter the mall.

CHAPTER TWO

Hand Stuff

The weekend proved to be a vibrant time for the mall. Tyler and Jordan were greeted upon their entry by the banter of the various people walking around, the sound of part of a water fountain.

Tyler was looking around at the various shops on that end of the mall which included a shoe repair place, some greeting card store, and a makeup place; all useless for his current needs. Jordan stared down at his iPhone seeing a text reminder about an upcoming appointment. Logging on to InstaPic, he browsed a few photos of models in bikinis and what a few people he followed had for lunch that day.

“Do you remember the old mall that was off Route 752? I miss the days when malls had fun shit like arcades,” said Tyler offering random thoughts.

Jordan thought that he must have forgotten the fact that he was from a different part of the state. “Never went to that one, but yeah I remember arcades. Karate Crisis II was my game.”

“There was a certain magic to it. Hell, once I hit gold status at the agency maybe I’ll open up some vintage shop here.”

“Not sure if these kids nowadays would appreciate that when they can play games on any cell phone right now,” said Jordan turning his attention back to his phone as they continued to walk.

Tyler took the sunglasses off his head and placed them in the front pocket of his blue casual polo. “I’m sure this shoe place is close by.”

Jordan dodged a family of black people and some small kids running around as they made their way down the increasingly busy section of the mall. Suddenly, Tyler spotted a poster of two guys in male rompers holding up their hands, the caption read, “New trends in here.”

“Hmm, what’s this place?”

“Do they sell shoes?” Jordan asked in a curious tone.

As they walked into the store, they were greeted by a Vietnamese woman. “Hi, how can I help you?” she asked smiling.

Tyler looked confused, “Umm... your ad in front looked interesting. What is this place?”

“Your nails? You like to get them done?” she asked.

Tyler looked to the Vietnamese woman with hesitance. “Well...” he started, “I don’t know. Can you do a clear coat?”

The woman, who introduced herself as Pu nodded quickly. “Yes yes. You get clear polish. Very fashionable.”

Always trying to look his best, Tyler readily agreed and turned back to Jordan.

“Whatdya say man? Can’t be all that bad, right? Might help us out with the girls.”

“I don’t know man. I mean, it seems a little weird...” Jordan started.

Before he could continue, he was cut off by another woman who approached, asking him to follow her. She was a little younger, and while Jordan wasn't usually into Asian girls, he found her very attractive, and was very captivated by her deep, dark eyes.

Before Jordan could protest further, Tyler had already agreed and was being taken by Pu to a chair near the rear. He turned his attention back to the woman named Mai who had come up to him. Her accent wasn't quite as thick.

"You follow me?" she said again softly. "What do you think? Your friend seems like he's going to enjoy himself. You might as well too."

Jordan blushed and grinned a little. "Yeah... I suppose so."

The woman smiled at him. "We'll do wonders for those hands of yours."

The ladies engaged in small talk with the boys as they sat down. Jordan would rather be on his phone for entertainment, but knew it would be hard to text or surf the net while his hands were being worked on. Mai used a file on Jordan's nails that started to lengthen them into an oval shape.

He was unsure of what was happening though as he looked around the room to see a mother and daughter having their nails done and Tyler chatting it up with Pu. Meanwhile, Jordan's hands were being transformed as well, although the changes were not visible to the eyes at the moment.

"I'm sure my clients will see a difference once you are done," said Tyler.

"Yes Yes!" Pu smiled. "It's actually not uncommon for men to come in here. Everyone needs a good brush up at times, you know?"

"Yeah, I know male broadcasters put on light makeup and stuff. It's not a big deal. Not like I'm going to have a bunch of stickers or cray designs on my nails."

Jordan looked down to Mai, "What exactly are you doing?"

Mai smiled, "Yes!" Her head nodding was somewhat annoying.

"That was a question..." said Jordan.

"Yes, you like?"

Jordan saw the base coat go on clear.

"Yes?... I mean I don't really see anything different."

"Oh," said Mai, "You want extra. Okay." She started to apply a light pink color as some of the hair on his hands went away. The internal bones on his hands started to shift and the patterns on his palms were changing.

The same changes were happening to Tyler who was too busy flirting with Pu to notice. He was having a surprisingly great time with the pretty nail tech. While getting his nails done was a little strange to him, he kind of just went with it. During an idle moment in their conversation, Tyler looked around the nail shop, spying some of the nearly countless colors of polish available. It was strange to him that girls had so many different options.

He looked down at the work Pu was doing. “She really knows her stuff...” he thought.

He glanced over at Jordan and stifled a chuckle in his throat as he spied his friend shifting a little uncomfortably in his chair. His attention was drawn back to Pu as he felt the light brushing and buffing of her hands stop. He looked to Pu who smiled.

“This part done, mister,” she simply said. “You sure this all you want?”

Having looked at all the other options that were available for girls, he wondered what other things might be available for guys.

“Uhm...” Tyler started. “What else did you have in mind?”

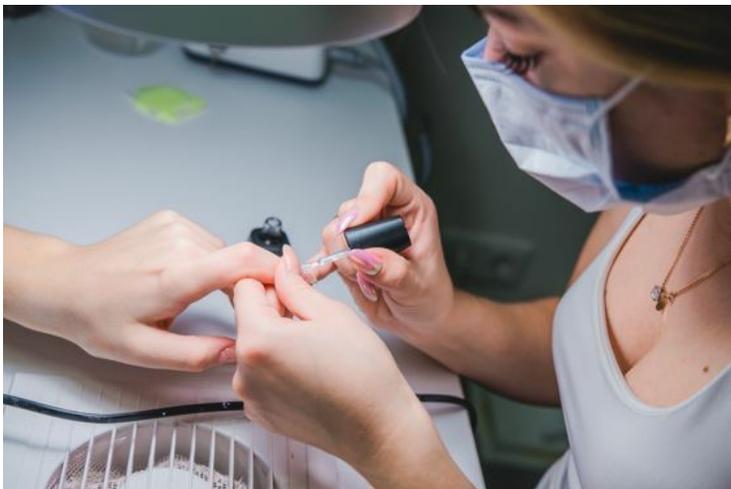
“Oh I have something special for you!” said Pu excitedly. “You wait here.”

“Definitely. You have a great sense of taste, Pu. I’m sure you’ll pick something awesome.” Tyler stated, feeling oddly excited to have his nails done.

Jordan hadn’t really noticed the changes that were occurring in his hands. It only felt like he had a slight cramp as each of his fingers began to thin out. And his overall hand structure became smaller. He wanted to stretch his hands out, but was reluctant to interrupt Mai’s work.

“How’s it going?” he asked her. He was really unsure of her choice of the pink polish, but a part of him felt it might be cool to try something different for a change.

“A light shade might not be so bad...” he thought as she moved on to his other hand, and almost immediately he felt that cramping starting up there.



After the ladies were finished, they asked the boys to sit still to let their nails dry, giving them time to think about what had just occurred.

Jordan spoke up, “No way I’m paying for this...”

“So I have to front the bill again?” asked Tyler.

“Dude, what the fuck? My nails are pink and yours look girly too.”

“It’s about being fashion forward.”

“So you do want to wear a male romper too?” asked Jordan.

Tyler laughed, “Not that far, don’t worry I got you.”

“We need to find a way to get this stuff off.”

“After all that work they just put into this?”

“I couldn’t understand hardly anything Mai was saying!”

“I didn’t have a problem with Pu, now it’s time to score her number or get her SnapPic.”

Jordan rolled his eyes. “Let’s just get out of here and get your damn shoes. This mall is a miserable place.”

CHAPTER THREE

Metal Stuff

The pair stopped in the middle of the mall near one of those jewelry kiosks that are scattered here and there. They continued their conversation.

“Dude. You’ve got to get with the times.” Tyler stated with confidence. “Girls love a fashionable guy.”

Jordan shook his head. “Man, you’re not even on the same plane of existence as me.”

Jordan looked around the mall, trying to find a way to escape. “You know what? Why don’t you go get Mai’s number and get your shoes by yourself? I just need to get out of here. I’m just too uncomfortable with all of this metrosexual froufrou crap.”

“Suit yourself man,” said Tyler unfazed by Jordan’s reaction. “I can do it myself. Just go chill out somewhere.”

With that Jordan headed off into a different part of the mall. At the same time, Tyler stared to head back to the nail shop to chat up Mai.

“Maybe I can friend her on Facepace and take it from there,” he thought

Just as he was about to walk off, Tyler felt a tap on his shoulder from the cute red-head that runs the jewelry kiosk they stopped at.

“Hey there!” she said in a perky tone. “I couldn’t help but overhear. I fight with my sister all the time, but we always make up. We’re totally BFFs!”

Tyler scanned the girl up and down noting that she was wearing a white floaty top, cut off denim shorts, and taupe sandals. He eyed her perfectly formed legs and completely forgot about Mai.

With a grin, Tyler looked her in the eyes. “Oh, we’re not related. He’s just being a... jerk”.

The girl took Tyler’s hands in her own. “ I love your nails!” she said.

“Thanks,” he replied. “I just got them done.”

“Perfect! Well, being such a fashionable person, I’ve got just the thing for you,” she said patting a stool next to the kiosk.

On the other side of the mall, Jordan found his way into a health and vitamin shop. His workout routine had been rudely interrupted by his crazy work schedule at the real estate office recently. He’d heard of people making some substitutions via vitamins.

He picked up some random bottles and examined the labels to see the contents, occasionally looking up the product on his cellphone to see the reviews and to see if he could score them for a cheaper price online. The employees in the store seemed very young and inexperienced when it came to dealing with this sort of product.

Working his way to the back of the store, he saw some products used to improve aesthetic parts

of the body. Taking a break from pills, he moved towards them and saw a teeth whitening tester with a place to put on a new plastic piece. He thought it was odd to see a tester for a product like this since it usually would take a few weeks to see results.

Click

It was only a small pinch, but it signaled a new change to Tyler's professional appearance. He considered having his ears pierced as a teen, but never got around to it. Being talked into having this done was a significant step. Two studs appeared on his body along with a few helix piercings. The reflection in the mirror showed the studs for Tyler, but he didn't notice the fact that his ears had become smaller as well.

"They look so cute!" said the piercing girl.

"Cute?!"

"I mean... yeah!" she smiled as she prepared a few aftercare items for her new art project.

"So I'll just keep these in for a few weeks and then I'll be good to go with something else?"

"Yeah, probably a lot sooner though."

Picking up the tester, Jordan hesitantly placed it on his teeth, feeling quite curious about the rapid results it seemed to promise.

Placing the form on the upper row of his teeth, it took a few moments to jiggle it around into place. Once he was ready, Jordan started reading over the instructions for the kit. A few seconds later, the form started gripping onto his teeth and it became almost uncomfortable. He dropped the instruction booklet, and grabbed on the tab that was sticking out of his mouth to pull it off. It wouldn't budge and he started to panic.

With a slight lisp, Jordan called out for help to whoever might be in the shop. "Help! I canth geth thith thing outha mya omouth!"

No one appeared, but moments later, Jordan felt the form relax a little. He reacted that moment, immediately pulling the thing out and throwing it on the ground. Calming down, he started to wonder what the hell that was all about.

His confusion grew as his mouth still didn't quite feel right. Looking at the boxes of kits with pretty white female smiles on them, he wondered if his teeth were now that white. But he immediately felt like his whole mouth was somewhat cramped and different.

"Did that thing straighten my teeth out too?" he wondered.

He reached into his back pocket and grabbed his phone. Lacking a mirror, he was going to take a selfie to see his mouth. But as he pulled his phone out, he found that it wasn't the same phone any more. It was still the same model, but now it was white with rose gold metal trim. He shook his head and stared at it.

“Did I pick up some chick’s phone?” he wondered. He tried to use it regardless, but it wouldn’t unlock.

He ran out of the store, and looked into the front display. In the reflection of the glass, he could make out the image of his smile. It was whiter, but each of his teeth was now covered in metal with bright pink bands in the center.

“Holy shit!” he said with an overly loud realization. “I’ve got fucking braces!”



CHAPTER FOUR

Sing-along

Leaving the piercing kiosk, Tyler felt his stomach growling. Looking down at his watch, he found that it was getting pretty late in the afternoon, and he hadn't eaten anything since breakfast.

"No wonder I'm hungry." He said to himself. "Maybe I should head over to the food court. There is that one cute girl that works at the hot dog stand..."

Feeling more fashionable after getting his nails done and his ears pierced, Tyler felt a boost of confidence run through him. He felt like he could totally pick up that girl when he got his lunch. Hell, he felt like he could pick up just about anyone right now. A stray thought about Jordan ran through his mind, wondering where his friend had gotten to, but he figured that he probably wanted his space.

Although Jordan thought that this was going to be an in and out kind of day at the mall, there was one shop that he knew he could spend some time in and hopefully escape the insanity that was happening that day. The Apple Store was packed as usual with many different types of people checking out the latest personal entertainment devices.

The Genius bar was busy with people getting assistance and he noticed a few teens messing around with a program on some big iMac. He pulled out his now-feminine iPhone and noticed that there was still no text from Tyler, so he figured his companion was just doing his own thing.

Something in his mind told Jordan to text Tyler and just leave the mall, but another part figured that he may as well stay in the store for a while in order to get some satisfaction out of this trip. He wondered if he should get a new iPhone that day or wait a few months until the new one came out.

The highest quality model on display was slightly bigger and only had a bit more storage than his did. Nothing out of this world. After experimenting with it for a few minutes, he looked over and saw a girl who appeared to be about 17 nodding her head to a song and smiling. Her face was round and her smile pronounced her very bright white teeth accented by the soft pink lipstick she had on. Her nose was a little big but it was part of her charm.



He checked out her chest. Probably about a B-cup, he guessed, as her tall and slender body was flattered by a tight grey shirt. She held some sort of pull over attached to her side. Her wavy hair came down to just above her breasts and Jordan noticed her shorts were a little tiny.

Surely he shouldn't be interested in a girl that age, but there was a different type of attraction that made him want to talk to her. As he approached her, one of her female friends who was looking at something nearby also walked towards her. The friend was slightly less attractive as she was a bit chubby with short black hair, but that didn't stop Jordan from talking to the beauty in front of him.

"Natural rock star," he said calmly as he examined the headphones across from her.

She smiled, "These headphones sound amazing and this song is dope!" Her friend listed in by putting one of the cups by her head and nodded in agreement.

Jordan's curiosity got the best of him. "Who is it?"

"Jami Alie," said the tall girl.

"Never heard of her," he responded.

"She's kinda new on the scene. Kind of like old skool Katy Perri, Demy Lovato, and Chainsmokerz with a rock twist."

Jordan had heard of some of the artists she named but it wasn't his first choice of music.

"Would you like to listen?" she asked.

"Yeah," he said smiling as he extended his hand. His soft hand met her soft hand. He put the black headphones on in time to hear the last chorus of the song. The catchy hook of the vocalist matched with the musical drop struck a nerve with him as the rhythm stirred his body. He nodded his head and smiled, surprised that he would like such a genre. After the song was finished, he took the headphones off and smiled at his new friends.

"You liked it?!" she asked surprised. She found it hard to guess Jordan's age. She could tell he was older than her, and she also questioned his sexuality based on the lack of hair on his arms and his general demeanor. Something about his appearance seemed a little off.

“It was very good! What’s the name of that song again?”

“Little Angels Turn to Devils,” she replied. “That hook is amazing. You know?” “I’mmmmm aaaahh de-vil in disguise when...” She continued to sing as Jordan soon joined along going off of his memory.

Shortly afterwards, she asked him if he wanted to learn more new songs.

“Here we go. I love this one! I’m Amber, by the way,” she said looking up at Jordan with that sweet smile of hers.

“Jordan,” he said returning the smile.

Almost twenty minutes went by as they listened to track after track, and by the end, Jordan found himself really engrossed in the music. As the last song on the album kicked on, he perked up.

“Oh! I totally know this one! I heard it on the radio the other day,” he said excitedly.

Amber smiled at him as she started singing along. Jordan wasn’t sure what to do, but then he found himself suddenly remembering the words. He felt compelled to sing along with Amber. As the chorus of the song hit, Jordan was practically singing out with Amber. It was almost like he was trying to hit those high notes with her. And then he did.

Jordan’s voice started to crack upwards. He cleared his throat a couple of times before rejoining her. But now every time he sang, it came out in a sweet soprano just like Amber’s. They sounded like just two girls rocking out to some girly pop song.

When the song ended, Jordan cleared his throat some more and was able to get his timbre back down a bit, but not like it had been. It was like something was caught in his throat. Little did he know that his Adam’s apple had begun to shrink with each passing minute. Jordan was about to panic, but Amber touched his shoulder.

“Wasn’t that great?!” she exclaimed. “You totally need to grab it on iMusic.”

Jordan merely nodded his head, and squeaked out, “Y...Yeah, I’ll do that..”

“Anyways, I’ve gotta go. My boyfriend is probably looking for me. See ya sister, Jor!” she said as she turned and walked out into the mall.

“Sister?!” Jordan said aloud his feminine-cracking voice, but she was too far away now to hear him. He could only watch as her butt swayed off in those shorts of hers. It suddenly hit Jordan that Amber apparently started thinking of him as a girl.

His voice... it had changed. He grabbed his throat and noticed the lack of his Adam’s Apple. Picking up his phone, he noticed there was still no text from Tyler and the background had changed to something that looked like it belonged to a teenager. Surely he didn’t take Amber’s phone by accident. It had been in his pocket the whole time. He quickly made his way to the exit and started texting Tyler.

**** WHERE ARE YOU?! WE NEED TO LEAVE!!!! ****

Panic started setting in as he began sweating. His forehead and underarms started to feel weird. Freaking out, he ran up to a security guard. “Please!!! Help me!!!” he screamed.

“Woah woah woah,” said the overweight middle-aged mall cop. “What is going on here?”

“I lost my friend and things in this mall are weird!”

“Okay... where did you last see them?”

“I guess 45 minutes ago or something.”

“I’m sure you tried contacting them by phone?”

“I just sent a text!”

“Give them a little time to respond,” he replied.

“There is no time! I’m changing!”

“Changing? What do you mean?”

“My voice!” Jordan said pointing to his throat.

“It’s probably from yelling and screaming. You’ll go hoarse. Now if you want you can come with me to the security office and wait. I’ll alert other staff to be on the look out for your friend.”

“It’s more than that!”

“I’m confused,” he said.

A blonde woman in her late-30s walked up wearing a blue floral top that exposed her arms. She came out of the store next to where Jordan and the security guard were having their conversation, smiling as she approached them. Jordan somehow felt a little more calm and comfortable with a woman in their presence.

“It happens here all the time. Friends want a break. Go separate ways. Meet up later even in this day of instant communication.”

“Oh, hey Claudia,” said the security guard. Jordan could see in his eyes that the security guard shared the same appreciation for Claudia’s beauty.

“Hi Frank. Is everything okay with this young person?”

“I’m about to take them to the security office to put an identification on....”

Jordan interrupted him. “NO! We can do this now. I’m freaking out right now and want to get this taken care of!”

Claudia placed her hand on Jordan’s wrists. “Nonsense honey. Everything will be okay. Your friend will join you soon. In the meantime, all you need right now is some support.”

“That’s what I’ve been trying to tell you! Now my friend....” Jordan himself was interrupted as Claudia started pulling him into the store she managed. He looked in fear as he saw posters of scantily clad women in lingerie with “Tori’s Closet” written in pink letters above the doorway.

CHAPTER FIVE

Put It In Your Mouth

Walking over to the food court, Tyler hoped he wasn't out of luck with both girls. His throat was starting to feel tighter. He touched it with his hand noting that the normal bulge there wasn't quite as prominent anymore. Before approaching the hot dog stand, Tyler tried to test his voice.

"Testing.... Testing...." he stated, each time trying to lower his voice from what he feared was now at a higher pitch and increasing.

After a moment of practice, Tyler found a means of speaking he was okay with. He was hungry and it'd have to do, he figured. Approaching the hot dog counter, he saw the girl he was hoping to see at the register.

"Hi. I'd like a chili dog and a medium cola, please," Tyler stated in as low a tone as he could manage, but his voice again cracked upwards at the end of his order.

The girl at the counter giggled at him and Tyler blushed. Although his hunger set in and he started scarfing down the hot dog.

"Would you like anything else?" The girl asked.

"Yeah, I'd like to get your phone number." Tyler said, but then covering his mouth. The question had come out in a girlish, sing-song tone that was completely embarrassing.

The girl giggled again. "Sorry, hun, but I don't hook up with guys that have girly voices."

She walked off to get his order leaving Tyler feeling defeated. All of the confidence that he'd built up had been smashed within mere minutes. The girl returned with a tray of the remaining food, and Tyler muttered "Thanks" not even attempting to lower his now-permanent soft soprano voice.

Finding a table, Tyler sat down and sighed in a girlish tone. "At least I won't be hungry anymore."

As Jordan found himself almost forcibly pushed into what seemed to be the younger section of Tori's Closet, he couldn't help but feel like a pervert looking at the bras on the mannequins, the cheeky booty panties displayed, and even some of the girls holding up their future delicacies debating whether or not they should make the purchase.

Even with these troubling thoughts, Jordan wondered why Claudia did not think he was out of place there for some reason.

"Do you have anything currently?" she asked as they made their way to some table that looked like it was short bathing trunks.

Jordan thought for a moment. "The last time I was in here... Hmm.. Let me think for a moment."

Claudia smiled at him while turning her attention to fixing some of the items on the display table that had been moved out of place.

“Must have been when I got something special for Carrie.”

“What did you get?” asked Claudia.

“Some black lingerie set. She seems to enjoy those types of things,” Jordan said before clenching his throat as his voice seemed like it was still going through puberty.

Claudia answered back, “What types of things do you enjoy?”

Jordan thought somewhat tricked by the question, but answered anyway, “Seeing her happy and sexy with her big breasts on display, garter belt with black pantyhose...”

She laughed. “We do carry a variety of items. Do you like the feel of these?” she asked handing him some very soft teal shorts with a white waist band.

He felt them. They were much more delicate than anything in his current wardrobe. He wondered what it would feel like wearing them to sleep or around the house. He noticed that they were smaller than even some of the boxers he owned.

“I don’t think those are me,” he responded.

“What type of colors and patterns do you like?” she asked.

Patterns? Jordan tried recalling the last time a salesperson had asked him that question. He thought that Claudia must know how to do her job as her customer service and sales techniques were impeccable. He scouted around the table, noticing some similarly styled items in different colors such as black, ivory, magenta, and mint along with some pink zebra ones and black and white zebra patterns.

It was a bit overwhelming, especially considering the cut still didn’t look like something he would wear. Still, the way the material felt in his hands was like nothing else. Maybe it would be a good alternative to the shorts he had long used for different activities. He pointed to the black ones.

Claudia smiled. “You look like a small.”

“I normally wear medium stuff. Those things look ridiculously small.”

“Not as small as the extra small sizes,” she said as she held them up. To Jordan, they looked like something an extremely skinny young girl would wear. “Would you like to try them on?”

“I don’t think I need to...” Jordan replied after some deliberation.

Claudia and Jordan continued shopping for things he could wear to expand his wardrobe. Some of the styles of panties boggled his mind. Several looked like tighty whities, but with different designs on them like cute sayings on the butt. No matter what his protest was, something in Claudia’s voice made him take all the advice she offered like when it was best to wear a cheekster rather than a bikini cut. He knew in the back of his mind that this would make his jeans would fit better. In another part of his mind, the thoughts of not having his balls irritate him during hot days made him feel more at ease.

Some of the cuts were way too feminine for him, especially the thong collections that Claudia threw in the mesh shopping bag, but he was comforted by knowing that few people would see

him wear these items to begin with, unless he took off his pants, shorts, or whatever he was wearing in front of them.

Jordan continued listening to Claudia's fashion speeches when it dawned on him that he was walking around a girl's lingerie store with dozens of different styles of panties in his bag. Several girls were looking at him, some with resting bitch faces, others smiling. He expected more of a negative reaction.

"Are you ready to be sized Jordan?" Claudia asked.

"For what? I'm ready to check out and we already determined my waist size."

"The reason you came in here today," she said as she held up what looked like a white training bra.



Jordan felt his penis shrivel as a Macklemore song played over the loudspeakers on the store's sound system. "I do NOT need that today," he complained.

"It will make you feel better," she said.

Jordan shook his head, "Why do I need that to feel better?"

"Your new undies seemed to make you happy," Claudia said.

"No deal, I'm already spending a lot of money."

"Those panties are 5 for \$28. It's a steal!" said Claudia.

"Yeah, and I have like \$100 worth here."

Claudia smiled, "Bras are buy one get one 50% off."

Something in Jordan's mind clicked. "Fine... let's do this."

CHAPTER SIX

Dressing Time

After finishing up his meal, Tyler felt that his hunger had been satisfied even if his hopes for a date were crushed. He still didn't know where Jordan was, and it bothered him that they'd argued. They were good friends after all.

Standing up, Tyler grabbed the cup with his remaining drink and started walking back towards the center of the mall. He wondered if he could find Jordan, but in the busy mall crowd, it didn't seem likely. He still felt really embarrassed about the interaction he'd had with the girl at the hot dog counter.

Muttering to himself under his breath, "Stupid, stupid, stupid." He tried to clear his throat, but couldn't change the higher pitch he now spoke in back down to his normal timbre. He sighed, resigned to wait out the cold or allergies or whatever was causing this embarrassing change in his voice not knowing it was most likely the stuff he was eating throughout the day at the mall.

As he walked, he turned his head back over his shoulder to look back at the girl at the hot dog stand. He'd caught her glance and she smiled and winked at him. This threw him completely off guard. So much so that he walked right into a pillar just outside the food court, squishing his drink right onto his shirt.

Hearing an audible giggle from the girl he'd been looking at, he turned away in shame, trying to brush off some of the mess he'd made from his shirt. It was basically impossible, and he knew he'd need a change of clothes.

This wasn't a big deal since it was a mall and there were a ton of clothing stores to be found. Tyler began walking down towards the center of mall, and spotted a sale sign at one of the shops, M&H. There was a throng of teen girls milling around the entrance to the store, and he knew it would be packed in there, but, for some reason, he couldn't resist the idea of a sale.

One of the signs in the windows read, "50% Off All Tops!" Tyler needed a quick and cheap solution to his situation, so this was enough justification to weather the crowd of girls. He still felt humiliated by his earlier encounter, and the idea of walking around a bunch of cute girls with a partly stained shirt only added to his embarrassment. Still, he knew he had to get something new to wear.

Walking across the threshold of the store, he found that the place spanned two floors. The whole layout of the place didn't really make sense. Clothing was scattered everywhere. Young girls were just standing around talking to each other, and the only other guys he saw were the hanging out by the dressing rooms. No doubt, they were just there with their girlfriends who were trying things on.

Scanning around the store, Tyler saw aisles upon aisles of teen girl clothing. "They've gotta have some guy, stuff, right?" he thought to himself. But ultimately, navigating this place was impossible. While he hated doing it, he managed to find a store employee working the floor.

The girl was extremely cute, thought Tyler. She had a stylish, straight haircut that came down to her shoulders. It was a dark brown, with a single pink streak. On her face, she wore thick-rimmed, black glasses. Her ears were adorned with several piercings in the lobes and on the cuffs

of her ears. Attached to her tight, black t-shirt, was a name tag that read “Olivia”. She wore a floral skater skirt, black tights, and loosely-fitting combat boots.

In any normal situation, Tyler would have loved to hit on this girl, but he knew he wasn’t in any position to do anything other than ask her for help with his problem. He tapped her on the shoulder, cleared his throat and asked, “Hi.... hi there can you help me out? I need a new shirt.” He hoped that the girl hadn’t noticed the feminine voice he now had.

Olivia turned to look at Tyler, “Oh! Hey there!” She looked down at his shirt and giggled a little. “Yeah, it really looks like you need some help! I can get ya all set up, honey.”

Olivia grabbed Tyler by the hand, and started guiding him through the store. It was a little weird that this girl was just dragging him along, but he really didn’t mind. For once during the mess that was his day, someone was trying to help him out.

They arrived at a rack of what seemed to be some short of shirts. He wasn’t quite sure about the design of them. They all seemed a little small. But, then again, who was he to question the judgement of this girl who clearly understood fashion better than he did.

She grabbed a few tops off the rack, and handed them to Tyler saying, “Now go into the dressing rooms, and I’ll see what else I can find for you!”

At this point, Tyler was just along for the ride. He nodded his head, and went into the rooms behind him. Finding an open dressing stall was difficult. In this part of the store, there were piles of clothes just laying around, and some of the girls were standing by mirrors taking selfies. He felt so out of place.

Soon, a changing room emptied and he quickly got in and shut the door. He hung up the shirts on the hook on the door and proceeded to take off his shirt. He wiped the excess moisture off his chest with his stained shirt. Thankfully, he wasn’t too sticky. He hadn’t really noticed, but the sparse chest hair he once had was gone. In fact, his whole torso was now soft and smooth. Even his underarms.

While Tyler started grabbing the shirts that Olivia had picked out, there was a knock on the door.

“Hey! I found some really cute pants you should try out too!” said Olivia excitedly.

Tyler was a bit startled as a pair of maroon-colored pants were flung over the door. He simply grabbed them and figured he might as well.

“I’m going to find you some other stuff!” she said and took off back into the store.

Picking through the shirts and looking at himself in the mirror, he found that they all seemed really tight. Of the four that he had to choose from, he finally picked one in black. In fact, it kind of looked like the one Olivia had been wearing, Tyler noted. He then took off his pants, figuring he’d try the pair that she had brought to him.

Stepping into them, at first he felt like he wouldn’t be able to get them on. He wiggled and jiggled them up past his calves and thighs. Eventually he was able to pull them up over his butt. Getting them buttoned was a different story.

Tyler sat down, stretched out his legs so they were straight. He struggled to get the pants closed,

to pull the zipper up. By the end of it, every part of his lower body felt entirely compressed and his junk was all but pushed back between his legs. It was really uncomfortable for him. He was relieved that he'd decided to wear briefs today. Boxers would have just gotten scrunched up inside these tight pants.

He turned towards the mirror and took a look at himself. It was kind of a weird sight. He seemed so much thinner in these clothes, except for his hips and his ass. In fact, it seemed like these pants made his butt and hips look bigger. He couldn't quite explain it. It was like from the hips down he kinda looked like a girl.

His thighs seemed toned and shapely as they led down into his calves. At the same time, he couldn't help but think that he looked kinda hot in these pants. *"Maybe this is what girls liked these days. Who am I to argue with fashion?"* Tyler thought.

Another knock came at the door, lifting Tyler from his reverie. "Hey! Come on out! I want to see how you look!"

Reluctantly, Tyler opened the door and saw Olivia there with a beaming smile. "Ohmigawd! You look so cute!" she said excitedly.

Tyler blushed and found himself spinning around for Olivia. "That top and those pants are perfect for you! But I've got some other stuff you should try out!" she said holding out a floral print dress with a package of black floral-print tights.

Tyler was really confused. "I don't really think those clothes are for me..." he said with a concerned look on his face.

Olivia simply giggled. "Don't be silly. This outfit will look great on you! This dress is totally versatile for spring, summer, and fall. Just put on some tights like these and a cardigan when it gets chilly!"

Tyler rebutted, "But those are girl's clothes."

Olivia smiled at him, saying, "Yeah, but you're already wearing girl's clothing, hon."

Startled, Tyler looked down again and, seeing his skinny frame and shapely lower body, he finally realized what she meant.

"Oh god, I need to get out of here," he shrieked, pushing his way past Olivia.

Completely freaked out, he quickly walked with his hips swaying to the entrance of the store. In moments he was back out in the mall, having forgotten to get his old clothes or even pay for his new ones.

Jordan felt extremely awkward standing in the dressing room with Claudia behind him adjusting his bra straps. The last time he had a woman standing behind him helping him get dressed was probably his mom back in his elementary school days.

Claudia had been playing the maternal role even before he walked into the store it seemed. He looked in the mirror once again. Yes, it was a bra. Something he never imagined he would be

wearing. The feeling of the straps on his shoulders and down his back felt out of place. It wasn't even like he was wearing a very thin tank top.

He placed his hands over the white fabric of the cups against his flat chest. His nipples felt like they were on fire. "Claudia, this thing hurts!"

"What part?"

"My pecs!"

Claudia undid the clasp on the back, allowing him to pull the bra off the front and setting him free. "Is that better?" she asked.

"Yes!" he said, feeling the burning sensation going away.

Claudia's hair tossed as she reached down to her pocket to pull out her tape measure. "I don't believe that was the right size anyway."

Jordan watched in horror as she put the tape measure under his arms and to a few inches above his nipples once again. Somehow, this time around, his chest seemed a little smaller than last time. The same thing happened when she moved the tape measure down his bust and announced "32." Was he losing weight? She just said 36 a minute ago. Maybe that would explain why his pants were getting a little baggy and Claudia seemed a little bigger than when he first met her.

Claudia picked up a purple demi-cup bra that looked a little more refined than the previous bra he was forced to wear. She started her normal procedure of showing him the proper way to put on a bra and how to secure it in place to be comfortable. This bra felt a lot softer against his developing breasts than the other. The outside of it felt nicer. Just like the ones he would feel on girlfriends when he was dating.

Jordan watched in the mirror as his budding breasts started to fill the bra. He tried saying something, but no words would come out. He could only see his breasts growing and Claudia smiling in the mirror. The process didn't take long. Just enough to leave him with A cup breasts. Just as his voice sounded like he was going through puberty, his body now looked like he was going through puberty again. Only this time... as a girl.

CHAPTER SEVEN

More Dressing

Smacking his head, Tyler realized that his panicked escape from M&H was short-sighted. He stopped his sprint from the store, standing just a few yards from its entrance. Looking back, he was surprised to find that Olivia hadn't followed him. In fact, he didn't even see her anywhere as he scanned the large windows of the store's facade.

"Maybe they get so many shoplifters that they don't care?" Thought Tyler, ashamed that he was now a common thief.

Of course, he knew it was silly. Something just felt off about the whole day. His fight with Jordan, the problems with his voice, and now he'd been mistaken as a girl and put into girls' clothing. With that thought, he realized he was wearing what he'd left the changing room with, and not his own outfit.

Looking down at himself in those tight pants, he couldn't help but feel weirded out that his legs, ass, and hips fit so well in them. On top of that, they felt surprisingly comfortable despite being cut for a feminine figure. Of course, he couldn't go back and get his old clothes and risk running into that crazy Olivia again. No, he'd just have to go to another store and find a more sane person to help him select something a man would wear.

A few stores up, Tyler spotted Always 17.

He knew from prior girlfriends that it was mostly a teen girl shop, but a part of him thought he might find something better looking in there. Just like the last place, Always 17 was packed with teen girls and their moms searching out the latest fashion trends they could look good wearing at school.

As he entered the store, he saw a number of mannequins showing off what looked to be summer trends. While looking at the cute and flirty styles, he found himself wanting to try them on. But he shook his head in disgust. He figured this whole day had been screwing with his head as he walked into the store.

Tyler walked towards some racks that seemed to offer more androgynous choices, with pants that were a little more his style. He wanted to replace his current pants with something not quite as a tight. That would look better on him, he reasoned. He wandered from rack to rack, slipping between the throngs of teen girls as though he belonged there. As he got to the fifth rack, now with three pairs of pants in his hands, he stopped dead in his tracks.

"Jordan!" he yelled out, seeing his friend across the aisle.

Jordan flipped his head around to see Tyler standing nearby. He waved his hand effeminately, beckoning his BFF over. Tyler pushed his way through some of the girls to meet up with his friend. He was surprised to see him here after he'd thought he'd lost him. It was almost as strange to see him in a teen girl's' clothing shop as it was to find himself there.

As Tyler approached Jordan, Tyler was about to tell him off, but Jordan beat him to the punch with a slap on his arm.

“Hey! How could you leave me like that?” he stated with a tinge of annoyance in his voice.

“Dude! You were acting all weird and you left me!” he responded in kind.

They both looked at each other with mouths agape.

Jordan pointed at Tyler and stammered, “Yo... you sound like a girl!”

Tyler blushed remembering how his day had been going and how embarrassing it had all been for him, getting shot down by two girls. Jordan stood there mocking him, talking in a high-pitched voice, pretending to be a teen girl looking over the racks next to him when he suddenly remembered that he also sounded like that, which Tyler just now picked up on.

Tyler stirred from his remembrance, and turned to point at Jordan who stopped his little display.

“Yeah? Well, you sound like a girl too!” he stated, getting more comfortable with his girlish tone after realizing he wasn’t alone in his dilemma. But he stated it in such a way that made it sound like the retort of a young girl. Of course, that’s how he would sound from now on.

Their argument was overheard by a number of the girls who were standing around them, each giggling at them as they did their own shopping. But they were also heard by one of the store managers who was walking the floor. She made her way over to them, and touched each of them on the shoulder.

She cleared her throat. “Ahem. Excuse me....?” she stated with a stern voice, and a certain unsure tone on the last word.

The boys stopped their bickering, and looked at the woman standing next to them. Both had a look on their faces like they’d just gotten in trouble with their mother. As she looked at Tyler and Jordan, her face softened noting the fear in their eyes.

Tyler sort of wanted to tell this woman off for butting into their conversation, but he simply and meekly said, “Yes ma’am?”

She smiled knowingly, having seen fights between customers before. Especially in a store that catered to young girls.

“It’s okay. Neither of you are in trouble. But your argument is disrupting everyone else trying to shop. I would ask that you try to keep it down.”

Both guys just looked to the woman nodding in agreement, not wanting to upset her for whatever reason. The woman continued. “Now, I’m sure whatever the two of you are fighting over can’t be that bad,” she said in a maternal voice.

Tyler and Jordan looked at each other, and gave each other a little smirk.

“I’m sorry, man. I don’t know what came over me. I guess she’s right. It probably doesn’t matter that much...plus, I have to see you at work everyday,” Jordan said in his most apologetic tone.

Tyler nodded. “Yeah, I guess you’re right. Let’s not do that again. Friends?”

“Friends,” Jordan simply replied with a simple.

“Now,” perked up the woman, “I suggest the two of you solidify your friendship with a little retail therapy. Go pick out some new outfits for each other, I’ll bet you’ll feel so much better.”

She nudged the two along into the aisle. Each of them accepted her prodding without objection, not knowing what they were getting themselves into. The woman then quickly disappeared back into the crowd.

The boys just looked at each other, not really sure what to do, but they now felt the need to heed the woman’s advice. Neither of them wanted to admit it to the other, but they both felt a little excited at the prospect of dressing up each other.

Tylana said to Jordlyn, “I guess we could do this. Doesn’t seem like that bad of an idea, right?”

Jordlyn shrugged. “Sure, we could do it. Might even be kind of fun. But nothing too girly!”

Tylana nodded. “Deal.”

The two then headed off into the store to find something for each other. Tylana still held the pants that he’d picked out for himself, wondering if they would work for Jordlyn. He wasn’t entirely excited about any of them anymore, and simply tossed them over the nearest rack. He then spotted a rack with some skinny leather pants.

“Those are perfect!” he shouted out, surprising himself by his own enthusiasm.

He ran to the rack, and picked up a black pair. He put them over his arm, and noticed some loose fitting tops to the left. Kind of a tank style, but not as tight. He thought, “That’s probably not too girly for Jordlyn.”

Meanwhile, Jordlyn was on the other side of the store, fighting through some girls to wind up at a rack of skinny jeans. To his word, though, he looked around the display to find something that wouldn’t be too tight, and not look too girly on Tylana. He found a style called “boyfriend cut” and figured that must be masculine enough. He picked up a pair and noted that they had rolled cuffs and some distressed marks on them.

He shrugged. “Guess that’s the style now,” he said to himself.

Looking around for a top, he found some graphic tees that might work out well. Hell, they’d be something he’d wear himself, he thought. He panned over the rows, giggling at a cute pink one with a unicorn on it. He shook his head.

“Nah, that’d be too mean,” he figured.

He found another one that had some 70s rock band logo on it in black, and figured that would be good enough. He walked back out into the main aisle where he saw Tylana waiting for him with his own choices.

“Ok man, let’s see what you got,” Tylana stated.

They each handed the other the items they picked up without really looking at them.

“Guess we should head over to the dressing rooms,” Jordlyn said, waving over to the back corner of the store.

Tylana agreed and they walked together that way. As he walked behind Jordlyn, he noticed that his friend seemed a good bit shorter now. “I could have sworn he was as tall as, if not taller than me,” he thought. It just added to the weirdness of the day.

As they got to the dressing rooms, they both sighed as they noted the line was ten girls deep.

“Maybe we say ‘screw it’ and get out of here?” suggested Jordlyn.

Tylana was about to agree, but then they both spotted the same manager from earlier. She was standing near the front exit. They both suddenly felt like they had to complete their tasks.

“Uhm...” said Tylana as he pointed to the woman, “maybe we should just get this over with.”

Jordlyn nodded, and they both stood there, waiting their turn. After a few moments, they each pulled out their smart phones from their back pockets and started browsing around on Faceplace. While they couldn’t see it, they looked just like any other girls standing in that line, playing with their phones.

When it was finally their turn, they each entered their respective dressing room. They gave each other a little smirk before heading in. They both started taking off their clothes, and looked at the choices that the other had made.

Tylana felt suddenly relieved in taking off those pants. Technically, they weren’t even his own. But now they were on the floor. As he looked down, he noticed that his legs seemed different. The hair on them was lighter, and his thighs seemed bigger and more shapely. At the same time, his calves seemed less defined, more slender. He figured his mind was playing tricks on him, but he also wasn’t displeased by their shape. In fact, he felt a little proud. The pink panties that were chosen for him seemed to look appropriate though, especially with his shrunken penis.



He started pulling up the pants that Jordan had given him. They definitely felt a lot looser in the legs, but when it came to pulling them up over his ass, they felt tighter than his usual pants. He took a look behind him, and his eyes widened. Not only had he legs changed, but his ass now seemed perkier and rounder. Something like a cheerleader might have from years of practice. He pulled the pants up, trying to ignore it. But now he felt even more self conscious of it, like it was just sticking out behind him.

Sighing, he pulled out the shirt that Jordan had picked. Pulling it on, he noted that had an old band’s logo on it. He couldn’t remember the name. “Metal Blimp” or something like that, he

thought. As he got it over himself, he found that it didn't come down very far. He tried pulling on it, but he couldn't get it to go past his belly button.

"Great..." he said with another sigh. "Guess I get to show off my stomach to everyone."

He took a look in the mirror, and noted his new look. He had to admit that it looked kinda trendy. Unbeknownst to him, as soon as he'd put on the shirt and pants, a new transformation had begun. He couldn't quite feel it yet, but his chest was expanding outwards, and he was shrinking downwards. There was strange feeling in his expanding nipples and he now had A-cup, conic breasts rubbing against the inside of his shirt.

He wasn't as bothered by it all as he knew he should have been. He just went with it. He slipped his feet into the sneakers he'd been wearing, noting however, they felt a little loose on his feet. He tied the laces tighter, but it didn't seem to help much.

He opened the door and stepped out into the waiting area, excited to see how Jordlyn turned out.

As Tylana had been getting dressed, Jordlyn was doing the same. He had stripped out of his now-baggy clothing, and then looked down at his chest in that purple bra he'd been fitted with. He had to admit that it didn't look so bad and it wasn't uncomfortable.

He started by pulling up the leather pants that Tyler had picked out. He had to admit that leather skinny pants were stylish on both men and women. They looked kind of small, but he figured they would stretch out with use. He sat down on the edge of the bench in his tiny space, and stuck his legs into the pants. As small as they were, he managed to get them up his lower legs. When it came to getting them up over his thighs and hips, though, that was more challenging.

He tried standing up, and doing a little jiggle to get them up the rest of his legs. All the time, he felt the embarrassing jiggle of his growing breasts inside his bra. He could feel his nipples rubbing lightly on the insides of the cups. It wasn't unpleasant, and it made him blush. Finally, with some more urging, he got the pants up over his butt and took a look in the mirror hanging on the door.

The result was strange. He noted that he seemed much smaller than before, and those pants hadn't really stretched out very much. In fact, they fit him perfectly. With his smaller waist and slightly wider hips, it seemed like he had the figure of a young girl. Combined with the fact that he was wearing a bra, the image really startled him.

He quickly grabbed the top that Tylana had picked out, and pulled it on. He was thankful that it was baggy enough to hide his new breasts, but he was also concerned that his bra straps might be showing. He made some adjustments, but try as he might, the top hung too loosely to really hide anything.

Frustrated, he pulled on his shoes, and left his old clothes behind. Upon opening the door, he saw Tylana standing there in his new outfit and walked up to him.

"Wow. That doesn't look too bad on you!" he said excitedly.

Tylana smiled, feeling pretty good about himself. "You sure this top isn't too short?"

"Nah, man. I guess that's just the style," stated Jordlyn in a matter of fact tone.

Tylana nodded, feeling more confident. “Guess we ought to pay for this stuff... or we could find a few more things if we wanted.”

Jordlyn smiled at the idea, and the two headed off into the store. Over an hour went by with both of them picking out different things off the racks, talking about work, and losing themselves in the joy of shopping.

By the time the two of them were done, they both had no idea where the time had gone, nor why they were both more interested in shopping, but they paid for their things and headed out without a second thought. It felt good.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Hair Did

“Do you remember where we parked?” asked Jordlyn.

“Maybe... that way?” Tylana said pointing with his manicured hand down one corridor of the mall, but then getting confused and looking the other way.

“I’m ready to go, these bags are getting heavy!”

“Time to start working out more!” Tylana joked.

“Yeah...” Jordlyn somewhat joked along raising his slimming arm up some to show his Lack there of strength.

The two walked down to their best guess of where their car was. Each were exhausted from all their physically taxing activities. Although they were lost and burnt out, walking together they happily discussed how they felt more confident about their improved fashion skills. They were interrupted only by the random stares and smiles they received as they made their way through the mall.

An image of a brunette woman with heavy eye makeup and a ton of curls caught Jordlyn’s interest. It was a salon on the corner with glass walls so that some seats were visible from the outside. Jordlyn noticed that it was not too busy at the time.

“Hey! Didn’t you say you needed a haircut?”

“I don’t remember ever saying that,” said Tylana as he waved his hair back from his ear, exposing his piercings.

“Yeah right, your hair has been growing so fast lately.”

“It’s that time of year!” Jordlyn protested. “Do you want it to grow out?”

Tylana stopped in his tracks, putting one foot in front of the other while placing his hands on his hips, feeling the fabric of his new jeans. “I’m not sure?! You think I should?”

Jordlyn placed his hand on Tylana’s hair. It was now past his shoulders. “You could at least get it texturized. I’ve been thinking of changing my hair to a new color you know?”

Texturized? Coloring Hair? When did men ever use these terms? Tylana thought to himself. While this was a questionable subject in his mind, he also thought of how he originally brought Jordlyn to the mall. To try something new. He should do the same.

“Yeah, that sounds like a great idea!” he said as they smiled and walked towards the salon.

Upon entering, they saw a skinny blonde woman about 21-years-old at the reception desk. “Hello!” she said enthusiastically. “Do you both have an appointment?”

Tylana spoke up, “No... we just saw this place and were curious.”

“Okay!” she said. “That’s perfectly fine. We take walk-ins depending on the situation. What are you looking to have done?”

The guys looked at each other, then looked at the receptionist. Jordlyn spoke up, “We aren’t sure really. His hair is getting long and you know I’m just sick of the same style. It’s like I haven’t had a new style since school ended.”

She looked at them a little confused, but then looked at the computer for the schedule of stylists and said, “Okay! That’s not a problem. Most people come in here with something specific, but I’m assuming you trust us enough to do something different!”

Jordlyn said, “Yes,” while Tylana nodded.

Moments later, they were in a more relaxing situation where they could sit back and take their mind off things for a brief amount of time. The girls’ fingers through their hair in the shampoo chair felt like ecstasy. The lukewarm water poured down Jordlyn’s hair and he felt the girl start at his scalp and go all the way down his hair to the tip.



The scent of the shampoo going through his nostrils evoked odd memories and near-recognition. There was some sort of strong floral scent, but also the smell of chemicals he used in science class in one of the labs he took at college. The shampoo girl working on him squeezed his hair and continued to pull, increasing the length of his hair.

“And you like it there?” The shampoo girl working on Tylana continued as she asked about his career.

“Ummm... you know.... it’s...” He had a hard time remembering what went on at the office for some reason, so he just said, “Okay, but you know I’m always looking for something better. Tylana’s hair continued to get longer as the same chemical effect helped turn his shoulder length hair into a longer length that came down past his B-cup breasts.

After a few minutes passed, the ladies put towels on the boy’s heads and asked them to go to different parts of the salon where their stations were. During the consultations, each boy was still confused about what he wanted, although they now admitted they wanted to stand out from the other in a new type of competition.

Jordlyn fidgeted in his salon cape looking at his long hair, but something about watching his stylist Becky smile in the reflection of the mirror seemed to put him at ease. She started pulling

his long hair up and placing some strands between her fingers as she snipped away adding definition to his hair. They agreed that bangs weren't the way to go. Never before had a curling iron been used on his head, but Becky assured him that it would make it look like he had naturally curly hair.

Meanwhile, Tylana and his stylist Amber were chatting it up. She was a little on the chunky side, but had an extremely attractive face with plump lips and amazing eyes. She had attractively fashion-forward hair as many women do in salons. Instead of using a curling iron on him, Amber opted to use a flat-iron and straightened his hair to perfection. It was a little longer than Jordlyn's, but also a little thinner.

"What is this stuff?" asked Jordlyn curiously in his cute girly voice.

Becky smiled, "It's a new way of coloring hair. Before, it was best to not wash hair before coloring and we had a bunch of chemicals that would go into your hair for a while. But this should make things easy breezy lemon squeezy."

She asked him to close his eyes before she started spraying his hair with the strange metal device in her hands. The scent was more appealing than the shampoo that was used earlier. Once all of the liquid mist was on his hair, she started to use some type of light drying device that was not quite a hair dryer.

Jordlyn watched as his once light brown hair turned very dark, not quite black, but more of a darkened brown color with certain highlights. He shook his head sending his long hair across his face. Curly dark hair.... He had never thought of going this route before, but he liked it.

"Whatcha think?" asked Amber.

Tylana's new subtle balayage blonde hair surprised him. It was lighter than before, but not to the point of being completely blonde. Somewhere in between that and light brown, becoming darker the more it went down to meet his B-cup breasts.

"I love it!" he smiled.

Amber took off his cape allowing him to be free of the salon chair. He got up and went to the front desk where he saw Jordlyn.

"Ohmygod! You look so pretty!" said Jordlyn.

"You too!" Tylana replied politely.

The boys stopped themselves, knowing they didn't normally talk like that, yet both still felt very excited about their new looks. Tylana immediately got out his pink covered iPhone and took a selfie with his friend.

The receptionist interrupted, "Are both of you ready to check out?"

"Oh yeah sorry!" said Jordlyn.

The receptionist smiled, "Would you like to book your next appointment?"

Jordlyn looked at Tylana and got the hint, "Umm, we'll call sometime."

“That’s okay! Both of you look amazing, I’m so glad you came in today. That will be \$143.50 each.”

“What?!” screamed Tylana. “I’ve never paid more than \$20 for a haircut!”

Jordlyn joined the protest, “Yeah me either, what gives?”

“Have you ever had your hair colored before?” asked the receptionist.

Both shook their heads no.

“Then that explains it!” she said while smiling.

Jordlyn played with his hair a bit, “I do love it. Feels so nice having curls.”

“This could be important!” said Becky as she came back over with a purse. Something in Jordlyn’s mind triggered as it became his possession.

“Oh geez, thank you so much Becky!” he said as he placed the mauve Kate Ace bag on his shoulder and then dug around inside it looking for a credit card.

After paying their bills and tipping, the boys smiled as they walked out. For some reason though, the doorway to the salon looked bigger.

“Where do we go now?” asked Jordlyn.

“I’m spent! Wasn’t expecting to pay that much there!”

“Do you want to leave then?” questioned Jordlyn.

CHAPTER NINE

The Girlfriend

Still trying to find their way out, Tylana and Jordlyn felt like they were walking in circles, seeing the same stores and restaurants pass by them again and again.

“Dude, we’re totally lost,” complained Tylana.

“I know, I know. I swear we came in over by one of those large departments stores, but I can’t seem to find it,” said Jordlyn with a tinge of worry in his girlish tone.

“Maybe there’s a directory or something we can look at?” Tylana suggested.

“Nah, I’ve been looking for one, but it’s like they don’t exist,” Jordlyn said with wonder.

Stopping by a bench, Tylana sat down. “I’m tired of walking,” he said with a pout on his face.

Jordlyn nodded and they parked themselves in front of a sporting goods store. They both figured a rest might help them get their bearings. Sitting there for a moment, Jordlyn spotted someone that he thought he recognized.

“Holy crap!” he exclaimed.

“What? What is it?” asked Tylana confused.

“It’s Carrie! Hey Carrie!” he shouted across the mall.

It got her attention, and Carrie came walking over to them both with a smile of recognition. Giving them both hugs.

“Hey! Funny meeting you both here!” she happily said.

“Carrie! You won’t believe us, but me and Tylana here can’t seem to remember where we came in. I have no idea where we parked,” said Jordlyn nervously, unable to help but sound like a tittering young girl.

“Wow. Really? That sucks! Uhm... I’d love to help you out, but I can’t really stay,” she replied in a concerned tone.

“Carrie, please! You gotta help us out. There’s been so many weird things happening to us today. Don’t I look different to you? I’m your boyfriend. You gotta help.” Jordlyn pleaded.

Tylana just looked between the two of them and sat silently as they went back and forth.

“Oh, don’t be silly. You look great! You always do. Look. Why don’t the two of you just enjoy the day together? Maybe go see a movie?”

“Oh god... you’re not listening to us,” said Jordlyn with a sigh.

“Aww... I am sweetie, but you just seem so stressed out. I just saw that movie Emily’s Secret Notebook a few days ago. You’ve gotta see it and let me know what you think! It’ll totally help you relax.”

“Fine...” Jordlyn stated with resignation, knowing Carrie had to go and she couldn’t really help them find their car anyway.

“I guess I’ll see you later, Carrie,” he stated somewhat dejected.

“Don’t be so glum!” she said cheerily.

Carrie then reached out and gave Jordlyn a hug again. It was both awkward and comforting to Jordlyn when he felt their breasts rub together. She then looked down at Tylana and gave him a smile and a feminine wiggle of her fingers.

“I’ll see you guys at practice!” she said as she walked off with a little skip and sway to her hips.

Both boys seem to ignore her last statement.

“Well,” started Tylana, looking up at Jordlyn. “I guess it wouldn’t hurt to see a movie.”

CHAPTER TEN

Movie Makeover

This mall still had a movie theater attached to it. Both Tylana and Jordlyn approached the ticket booth, looking over the upcoming selections like “Spiderguy 6: We Swear It’s The Last Reboot” and “Space Wars XXX: Not Milking This At All.” But the movie that Carrie had suggested was still fresh in their minds.

“Looks like there’s a showing coming up,” Tylana noted as he pointed to the showtimes.

Jordlyn nodded, and as if in a trance, he walked up to the ticket booth cashier.

“Two for ‘Emily’s Secret Notebook,’ please!” he said with a smile. The patrons standing in line all made a chatter at the humorous choice Jordlyn made, also noting the decidedly feminine looks of the two guys. Jordlyn paid them no mind as he reached into his purse, pulling out his wallet.

He turned to Tylana as he pulled out a gold-colored card, “This is so weird.”

“What?”

“This card. It’s gold. I’ve never had one of these before. And the name....”

“It’s not yours?” he asked.

“It says Andrew Rivera.”

“Who is that?”

Jordlyn said, “No idea!”

“Wait,” said Tylana. “That name does sound familiar.”

“It does?”

“Yeah...I somehow remember that name from around the house for some reason.”

Jordlyn continued digging through his purse, only to find some cash, a few store cards with Andrew’s name on them, and some stuff apparently belonging to a woman named Sandy.

“I think we are going to have to use these. I want to keep my cash!” said Jordlyn, unaware of what happened to the cards that were in his name that he had used earlier.

The two took their tickets and bought some popcorn at the concession stand. As the two took their tubs of buttery treats and some drinks, they caught the eye of a group of teen boys who had spotted them. One of the boys tried to start up a conversation with Tylana.

“Hey,” he started motioning to Tylana and Jordlyn. “What are you two here to see? You should really check out the latest Marvel movie. It’s going to be awesome!”

Tylana nodded, but replied “I guess that sounds good, but I’m here with my friend to see ‘Emily’s Secret Notebook!’”

His reply was probably too excited, and made the guy turn his head in disgust.

“Man, that’s a girly flick!” he said with a sneer on his face.

Tylana thought for a moment about it, but could only come up with a pathetic retort. “So?”

That group of guys just laughed and headed off to their movie. Despite that, Tylana smiled and felt even more excited to see the movie as he followed Jordlyn into the theater. Even the ticket taker gave them both a weird look as they passed by and filed into their seats along with a several groups of teen girls. It was clear that they stood out amongst the film’s key demographic.

As they both got to their seats, they sat down and crossed their legs. If anyone had been watching them, they’d see an entire line of girls seated, legs crossed primly, and Tylana and Jordlyn seated exactly the same way.

“Gosh, why is it so cold in here!” Tylana complained.

As the coming attractions started, the two were overwhelmed by previews of upcoming films similar to the one they were about to see. Images of cutesy cartoon unicorns, girls overcoming hard breakups, and some movie about sorority girls all flashed on the screen before the main feature.

The opening scene showed two friends sitting on a bed with one talking about a guy at school who she liked. Her friend was listening intently. They learned the two were named Emily and Samantha. They were best friends, and they shared everything with each other.

As Jordlyn and Tylana watched, each of them felt a sensation in their chests, that were feeling for the girls in the movie the same way they now felt for each other. It was the beginning of them relating more to teen girls and their relationships.

The story progressed onwards, and they both watched intently. Both Jordlyn and Tylana crossed their legs tighter and sighed along with a number of other girls in the theater as they saw the cute boy Emily had been talking about. Jordlyn gave a little wink to Tylana which made Tylana smile knowing that he was thinking the same thing.

As time passed, both boys found themselves taking on new teen girlish mannerisms that matched those of Emily and Samantha. They stopped looking at the girls as someone they might want to date, and began to admire their style and started wanting to be like the girls. Their thoughts were becoming like ones that would belong to a teenage girl.

The scene showing the double date really struck them. Emily and Samantha had a date with two guys from school. The two knew they had to look their best, and so they went to a mall to get makeovers and find new outfits for each other. It was a montage of makeup, dresses, heels, and hair styling set to a girly pop song that got stuck in the heads of both boys.

While watching this, Jordlyn and Tylana reached out a hand for each other to hold. It wasn’t a sexual expression by any means, but something that a couple of young girls might do to express friendship with each other.

By the end of the film, the two were clutching their hands to their chest and crying as Emily and Samantha took their now-boyfriends to prom. They each wanted to feel that sort of fairytale

ending, looking pretty and feeling loved.

When the lights came back on, everyone made their way out. The two boys stood at the front of the theater rubbing their eyes, both a little embarrassed that they'd cried during a movie. But they both felt inspired. They each wanted to make themselves prettier. And as if they were just in the movie they'd seen, they looked at each other wide-eyed.

"Makeover!" they shouted smiling widely.

As if by some sort of new intuition, they now knew how to navigate the mall like pros. They made their way to one of the high-end makeup shops, and each asked to be made over like the girls in the movie. Of course the staff knew what they meant as it had been a popular request amongst their young clientele.

First, Tylana sat down in the chair, and requested that he be made to look like Samantha during the prom scene, despite it being a regular day. The makeup artist smiled saying she would do an appropriate version.

"Of course girl! I'll make you look like the princess you are!" she said with an enthusiasm that made Tylana happy.

However, Tylana did protest a bit. "But I'm not a girl..."

"Oh, don't you worry, sweetie. When I'm done with you, you won't be able to tell the difference," she said in a confident tone.

Tylana simply sat back as she started to apply a layer of foundation. It tickled as he felt the pad against his cheeks. He giggled in his girlish voice, but tried to remain as still as possible. While he couldn't quite feel it, this made his cheekbones begin to raise up a little. As the makeup girl padded around his chin, it contracted inwards becoming more slight. As she touched up his nose, it shrunk downwards, and became smaller and slightly upturned.

The girl paused for a moment, and pulled out some eyeshadow. "Ok, girl, this will really make your eyes pop!"

She took a brush and started applying color to Tylana's lids. With each stroke, his eyes started to widen. Bit by bit, they took on a wider appearance, and would now seem bigger to anyone who looked at him. Then the girl took out a mascara brush. She started brushing up Tylana's lashes. They became longer and thicker as she continued.

When she finished, Tylana blinked his eyes. Feeling the new weight of makeup on his face made him happy.

"OMG! I can't wait to see it all!" he said trying to sit up.

The girl pushed him back down into the chair. "Hold up sweetie! Almost done here!"

Tylana sat back down as the girl took out a vial of lip color and started brushing it on his lips. With each progressive stroke, his lips began getting larger, plumper and more kissable. The pink color matched the shadow that the makeup girl had put on in shades of brown fading to pink. By the time she was done, Tylana's face had gone from mannish to a younger, feminine shape.

“All done!” the girl told Tylana.

Tylana sat up to look in the mirror. He was stunned by what he saw. He loved it and wanted to explode, seeing the long hair framing his face, with makeup looking almost exactly like what he’d just seen at the movies. He now wanted nothing more than to see himself in the dress Samantha had worn, and to feel pretty stepping out on a dance floor in her dress with a boy that he loved.

Tylana stood up from the chair, and looked over at Jordlyn who had just undergone a similar transformation. She looked so beautiful as she’d had her makeup done like Emily. They looked at each other about to cry again, but knowing they couldn’t lest they ruin the gorgeous makeup they just had done.

While they didn’t realize it, they now looked a bit like each other in facial structure. Same noses, similar cheekbones, and similar chins. They could easily be recognized as the sisters they now were. The remaining male parts of their bodies were well hidden under their clothes, and had shrunken considerably since first arriving at the mall.

They hugged each other in the middle of the store. When they finished, they stepped back and looked at the work their respective makeup artists had done.

“OMG!” started Jordlyn. “You so look like Samantha!”

“Totes!” replied Tylana. “And you’re soooo perfect as Emily!”

“Guess we’re ready to go to prom!” smiled Jordlyn as she touched Tylana’s hair.

“Definitely, sis!” she said as she took Jordlyn’s hand. “This was the best idea ever!”

Tylana smiled not debating being called sis. Her bond with Jordlyn had changed throughout the day. Both still had memories of being men, but thanks to the brainwashing of the movie, most of their male memories had been removed. In almost-complete girl mode, they took a selfie together which seemed like the natural thing to do when feeling pretty.



Jordlyn seemed to remember the day a little better than Tylana who was starting to act like a typical teenaged girl. The thoughts running through their minds did nothing to dispute the situation as much of their journey from male friends to teenaged sisters was almost complete... except for one last thing.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

New Issues

The two walked down the mall, still window shopping and ignoring random statements from teenaged guys. It had been several hours since they first arrived. They'd been in the mall for hours, much longer than they were expecting in their original in-and-out shopping plan they'd had in mind.

Tylana continued the conversation, "... and he knows he shouldn't be talking to her! Gosh, why is it that those skanks always get the cute guys and only assholes or dorks seem to want to talk to me?" she whined.

Jordlyn began to recall the situation at school as well and how Tylana seemed like she lacked confidence at times despite being an outgoing and very popular cheerleader. Though most of her friends were girls and the guy friends had been friend-zoned a long time ago after all. Maybe she was just too picky. Jordlyn somehow started to know he was only about 15 months younger than his big sister. She started to become dizzy.

"Hey... I think I need some water."

"Yeah me too. I haven't had anything to drink in a while," Tylana responded.

"Tylana... is something bothering you as well? Like do you feel like something isn't right?"

"What are you talking about?" she asked as she got out her cell phone from her back pocket.

"Do you remember when we first got here? Things seemed different."

Tylana started to ignore Jordlyn, instead she was paying attention to some SnapPic things on her screen from people she remembered well.

"Are you listening?" Jordlyn asked.

"Yeah," Tylana lied.

Jordlyn started to remember more about the day, but not everything as her memory was becoming completely fuzzy. She did however remember that Tylana had looked like a man earlier today and how Carrie, Jordlyn's now ex-girlfriend, seemed to think they were both girls.

"We have to get out of here..." Jordlyn said grabbing Tylana's hand and starting to run.

"What's wrong with you?!" Tylana asked as she felt herself being dragged.

They only made it about 50 feet before Tylana stopped him. "Hey! There are the bathrooms. The water fountains are down there. Let's get a sip real quick!"

As Jordlyn leaned down to quench her thirst, she naturally took her hand back to pull her long curly hair out of the way. She stood there drinking for a few seconds until Tylana spoke up.

"Mom just sent a text. She said she'll be here in 15 minutes and to meet her outside of DC Nickles."

Jordlyn heard his cell phone chime as well and looked at his phone to get the confirmation text

that she and Tylana had in fact turned into sisters. More mixed emotions came to her mind as she remembered her mom Sandy and her dad Andrew. Growing up with Tylana, as girls playing princess dress-up, figure skating, cheerleading, dancing ballet and much more overly feminine activities.

Suddenly, Jordlyn started to feel pain not only in her lower abdomen, but also in her upper thighs. "I think I need to use the restroom. It's painful down there."

"Me too," said Tylana. "It's been like all day."

The two walked the short distance to the restrooms, naturally walking into the one with a skirted-figure on the sign. Other women were in the restroom washing their hands and touching up their makeup as the two made their way to adjacent stalls, not noticing the lack of urinals in the complex.

"Ugh, I'm starting to feel pain too," Tylana complained.

"Where?" Jordlyn asked as she started to pull down her black shorts and panties to sit down.

"Lower back and stomach," Tylana replied as she started to strip down her denim shorts and thong.

Jordlyn couldn't figure out if she needed to go number one or number two, but just sat there as she let nature take its course. The workings of her internal organs made their place in her body as the uterus started its creation. She felt like her lower internal organs were going in circles as fallopian tubes and a cervix started to form.

A similar situation was happening in Tylana's stall although she was thinking less of it. Their testicles started to return to their gonad origin and then seep back into their bodies working their way up into their reproductive system.

As their bodies became overloaded with estrogen and the remaining XY chromosomes were changed to XX, they began to urinate out of their rapidly shrinking micropenises. This type of unloading felt much different from any they had ever experienced, although Tylana couldn't tell the difference.

KAITLYN looked down to see that the bowl of the toilet wasn't filled with just urine, but also what looked like dark jam with some large clots. She grabbed some toilet paper and started to wipe her pubic area thus removing the pus left from the remainder of her penis, which had shrunk to become her new clitoris, and revealing **HER** new vagina. Something about the process brought her piece of mind.

Meanwhile, in **BRIANA'S** booth, **SHE** finished inserting her tampon just as she had done many times before, and threw the applicator in the nearby trash can. Due to the final transformation, Kaitlyn's mind started to race with many feminine thoughts, She reached into her purse for a tampon as well.

The girls left the stalls, somehow knowing that they were true sisters now since their periods were always in sync. After they washed their hands and checked their makeup, they made their way to Mom's meeting point not once questioning the events that just occurred causing their complete sex change.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Everything Comes Together

After walking for a few moments to the meeting spot, the girls saw a familiar face. Their mom, Sandy Rivera, met them with a bright smile accented by her dark brown hair. She stood taller than her daughters at about 5'8". Her slim cardigan showed off her slender body.

“Wow, you two went on a major shopping spree today!” she said in reference to all the bags they had with them. Everything from Tori’s Closet bags to shoes, to makeup, to hair products, to all the clothes they had accumulated thanks to their many wardrobe changes throughout the day.



“Yeah,” Briana replied. “Felt like we needed a lot of new stuff!”

“Your father is going to get on me... What is this credit card bill going to be?”

“Mom! Look what I got!” Kaitlyn said as she dug into one of the bags and showed her a small silver heart necklace.

“That’s very pretty Kaitlyn,” her Mom said placing her hands on her daughter’s shoulders and leaning in for a close look.

After some other brief banter, their Mom announced, “Are both of you ready to go?”

Briana spoke up, “Oh shoot, we forgot to get those shorts Kaitlyn!” After a split-second she continued, “Ugh, my stomach...!”

“What’s wrong?” her mom asked.

“I’m going to go to the bathroom!” Brianna said turning her back and starting her way back to the restroom.

Kaitlyn looked confused. “We were just there!”

Brianna continued her pursuit as her Mom yelled, “Meet us in Johnson’s Sporting Goods! You have 10 minutes!”

“The sporting goods store?” Kaitlyn thought to herself. “We were just there earlier today... right? Wait... Maybe that was another store... Why did Briana just mention that? Maybe Mom needs something? Mom does jogging but isn’t on sports teams like Briana and I are. Am I missing something?”

“Mom, what do we need there?” Kaitlyn asked then added, “I’m ready to go.”

Sandy started walking with her daughter, offering to help carry some bags. “Don’t be silly honey. You and your sister have talked about getting some new things for practice all week!”

This was still confusing to Kaitlyn, who reluctantly made her way to the sporting good store with Mommy.

Nearly all her memories of being a male had been erased thanks to the increased brainwashing and physical transformation. However, something about things not feeling right and the fact that today had been extremely weird still remained in her mind. Déjà vu started to take place as Kaitlyn and her mom walked to a familiar section with various women’s workout clothes.

“Are those the ones you were talking about?” her mom asked.

The shorts did look extremely familiar. She wasn’t sure if it was the fact that she had some similar ones at home or the fact that she felt like she had seen these earlier today. Why didn’t she buy them, then?

Kaitlyn placed her hand on the Nike Pro shorts. The same ones she had touched just hours ago when first arriving at the store. She became extremely dizzy and closed her eyes for a moment as all memories of life as Jordlyn and the events of that day came rushing back to her.

In previous transformations at the mall, the transformee had either forgotten completely about being male, as in the case of Briana, or had a total memory rewrite. Kaitlyn was one of the fortunate ones, depending on how you look at it, to remember life as a man before they became a woman.

She remembered coming into the mall, coming to this store and seeing some female stuff, the piercings, braces, being forced to wear a bra, and trying on stuff with Briana just like sisters do.

She recalled the hair dying, running into Carrie who didn't remember her as her boyfriend, but rather as one of the cheerleaders on her squad, and even being brainwashed to act more girly. The list seemed never-ending.

"What do you think honey?" asked her mom.

Kaitlyn paused for a moment. Sure, she could tell her mom that she was supposed to be an adult man, not a teenaged girl, but what good would that do? The entire universe had changed to accommodate Kaitlyn and Briana Rivera. It made Kaitlyn wonder if everything had shifted to make it so Jordan and Tyler never existed. That would mean never talking to any of their family or friends again, minus Carrie.

"... My head feels odd..."

"You look like you are sick. Need something?" her mom asked, reaching in her purse for some Midol.

"No, I just want to leave soon," Kaitlyn said as she grabbed the shorts that looked to be her size. Thoughts came to her mind about how she would have to wear these soon at cheerleading practice and she remembered some cheer routines they were supposed to work on in a few days.

Memories of being and acting like a girl were there alongside recollections of living as a man. This was going to be very confusing. Even though she remembered being a guy, she walked and talked with her mom like a girl, and she had the mannerisms a girl like her should have. At least that came naturally.

"Where is your sister?" her mom asked.

That was good timing, since Briana appeared behind them with similar looking shorts she had grabbed quickly off the rack. Kaitlyn looked at her sister, wondering if her male memories had returned.

"What?" she asked.

Apparently she had to spill everything out for her seemingly airhead older sister. "Are you SURE you are feeling okay?" Kaitlyn asked as the three women walked to the register.

"I feel totes better now! Hey mom, I forgot to stop at Perfume Pantry. Can we go there real quick?"

"I REALLY want to go," whined Kaitlyn.

Her sister laughed, "What is happening with you Sis? You are the last person I would expect to end a shopping trip early. Didn't you say you wanted to try that new Cash Me Inside fragrance?"

Was Briana behind this the entire time? Kaitlyn thought it was unlikely, as in her male life she never expressed any interest in being a girl, much less a teenaged girl at that. Briana's statements helped bring back girlish memories for Kaitlyn, and apparently that was going to happen very often.

Placing her cheer shorts on the sales counter for check-out, Briana thought of how she would soon be wearing them in front of her ex-girlfriend. How would their relationship be different

now? She assumed she was going to be expected to start dating boys now.

There was something about this mall that wasn't right. The employees treated them like girls and like nothing was wrong, even when they had penises and were trying on panties and getting fitted for bras.

Was it touching the shorts that caused the memories to come back? If so, Kaitlyn wondered why Briana's male memories didn't also return. More importantly, what was it going to take to turn back into a man? As they left the sporting goods store, Kaitlyn was too exhausted to think of a plan. For now, she was going to have to live as a girl. At least until she could figure out how to change back.

Suddenly she had an idea. "Hey mom, Can I go back and return all this stuff we bought?"

Sandy placed her hand on her hips, smiled, and then laughed. "Now I KNOW you aren't feeling well!"

The End... Until the Next TG Mall Story!

Coming this Christmas: TG Mall #6: Transformed Bully to Black Girl!



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

Courtney can be reached at inyourdreamspublishing@gmail.com

Pinterest: <https://www.pinterest.com/courtneycaptisa/>

(We use Pinterest to gather ideas for characters, outfits, settings, and more. Look for the board dealing with the story and you'll see what ideas we had!)

Please be sure to check out our other TG stories!

Please join our mailing list so that we can notify you of our future releases! We have a LOT of great stories coming out soon!

<http://eepurl.com/bnNVfP>