

**TRANSFORMED BULLY TO BLACK GIRL**

**TG MALL: BOOK #6**



**BY HAYLEE SIMS & COURTNEY CAPTISA**

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TG Mall Book #6  
Transformed Bully to Black Girl

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# Chapter 1: Brandon's Back

“Come on you pussy! Just stop fighting and let me feminize you! It’ll save us both time and frustration,” Brandon yells, drowning out the sounds of the cheery Christmas music playing over the store speakers.

“Stop yelling at me and being so pushy!” responds the middle-aged man midway through transforming into a blonde-headed MILF. His boobs are expanding as he complains about his increasing feminization occurring right before his eyes.

The once slightly overweight father of three in his early-forties, now barely resembled his former self. It all started at the piercing booth where he was buying a gift card for his 12-year-old daughter to surprise her letting her finally get her first piercing. He had always been reluctant, but he eventually caved but as you can expect while there the sweet talking sales girl manages to convince him to get one-inch golden hoops himself. This led to his cheekbones raising as well as his jawline slimming giving his face and overall more feminine look. Then it was off to Tub & Figure Factory to get some lotions for his wife. Invariably though, he ended sampling many of the lotions which helped soften his skin, as well as cause his hands to shrink to more female like proportions. Still oblivious he went on to both Erica’s Secret, for his eldest daughter, which led to the transformation of his body as he tried on yoga pants with “Rosa” across his butt and some camis, and Clarice’s for his youngest daughter which finalized his facial transformation. Now, his feminine thoughts begin, and he has the unusual urge to stop at Collector’s Cubby to look for all kinds of cute cheesy decor, however here is when he realizes what is happening.

“Holy shit I look like a hot mama! Whawhawaatt!?” exclaims Mister, or should we say Mrs. Stelter upon looking into the mirror and seeing herself.

“Dude, just give it the fuck up. You’re a woman now get over it!” Brandon answers with annoyance in his voice.

“Excuse me, ma’am, can I help you with something, I couldn’t help but hear your panicked confusion?” kindly chimes in Lynn, store manager of Collector’s Cubby.

“Oh yes yes! This awful boy has repeatedly called me a man, and it is very upsetting,” replied Mrs. Stelter, whose mind has sunk deeper into her new reality.

“Ma’am I am truly truly sorry please accept this cute home decor set as our sincerest apologies,” Lynn tells her apologetically while holding back her building anger towards Brandon.

The new woman happily accepts both the gift and the apology and heads on her way to begin her new life of womanhood. Lynn glares at Brandon not sure whether to ream him out or just fire him. However, she bites her tongue for now.

“Brandon, how many times have I told you when they come here it is the moment of the mental changes, the most volatile of the changes?” Lynn says attempting to remain civil.

“Yeah yeah bladity bladity blah,” Brandon responds with his usual ignorance.

“Trust me the sooner you learn just to be kind to them the quicker there change will occur.” retorts Lynn ignoring Brandon’s blatant ignorance. “You’ve been here for less than two months, and you are already on thin ice?”

“Is that a holiday reference?!” Brandon says as he smirks referring to the upcoming Christmas holiday.

“Argh!” Lynn passive aggressively walks away from Brandon back towards the main checkout counter where her small office is located. Tossing the bell of her Santa hat makes a humorous dinging. Brandon shakes his head. Why is he stuck at this awful job still? He had spent four years studying at Doeknoll University majoring in Athletic Training, and all he could get is mall jobs. Brandon had hoped to be working for a minor league sports team by now or something with his degree, but no such luck. Despite his constant applications to high schools all across the area, he still was stuck feminizing unsuspecting males. This hurt him doubly because not only was he at a dead end mall job the task of feminizing men had become a cumbersome task that he didn’t enjoy one bit. His firing at the costume store ended up being nothing major. Like most mall employees he found another job at the mall within the next week with Lynn failing to check any references as she should have. She was just going off of what memories she had of him from the university.

Meanwhile back in Lynn’s office, Lynn wrestled with herself mentally what she should do about Brandon. This was the seventh complaint just this week about his manners. Lynn being a classmate of Brandon’s, unfortunately, knew of his plight and felt sorry for him but his behavior was reaching new levels of unacceptability. She is genuinely torn because she doesn’t want to fire him but she can’t handle much more negative interactions in her store. Then her face began to smile and look deep in thought. She talks to herself in murmurs.

“It could work! No no, it’s never been done, and he has strict rules against. But maybe he will make an exception,” she argues back and forth with herself.

She picks up the phone and dials a number.

“Hey Terri, can I speak with Mr. Mendelson!”

After a brief hold, the president of the mall picked up.

“Good afternoon Lynn. What can I do for you?” says the dominant husky voice on the other line of the phone.

“Hi Mr. Mendelson, I have an idea for how to deal with our problem with a certain employee.”

“What is the issue?” he asks.

“It’s Brandon, the person who has been acting extremely rude to customers, especially the transformees. I know this goes against the rules but...”

He knew what she was asking. “No no, we can’t it is a very specific we cannot feminize mall employees. It will mess with the system. He will want to tell the press, and we cannot have that, just fire him.”

“Please Mr. Mendelson, there is much more to this story than that.”

He paused for a moment. “Lynn, can you please come to my office to discuss this?”

“Yes, the store isn’t that busy right now,” she replied.

Lynn hung up the office phone and got out of her chair. The mid-20s blonde haired woman was frustrated. Not only with work but also some personal things. She was one of the types of girls that had an extremely attractive face but suffered from weight issues as shown by how much the chair came up after she got up from it. Because of the upcoming holiday stress she had gained about twenty pounds in the past three months coming to a total of 210 pounds, her heaviest yet.

Entering Mr. Mendelson’s office, she greeted him with a smile. He was wearing a blue Oxford shirt with a tie and taking care of some things on his office computer.

“Welcome Lynn.”

She helps herself to a seat. “Thanks for inviting me down. Feels like I haven’t been in here since my promotion!” she says admiring the downtown view from the large office windows.

“My pleasure. I felt more comfortable having this conversation in person. Now tell me about this employee,” he asks.

Lynn pauses and squirms in her seat thinking about where to start the story. “I knew him as an acquaintance back in college. I hired him right around Halloween since I was short-handed at the store. His sales are great, but he is rude to people. I think he gets off to the fact that this mall has a secret. He loves intimidating men... of all kind who become women. I found him hitting on some of them, but other times he calls them names. I can’t have that. Even though most of their memories are wiped its crimes against humanity.”

“And you think he should be a woman because of this?”

Lynn nods her head. “He’ll respect them more.”

“In all my years, I’ve only heard of maybe a dozen cases of someone turning back into a male afterward.”

“Actually.... Maybe he doesn’t need to turn back into a male.”

“The thing is I have never heard of this being done to an employee who knows of this Lynn. This is very detailed and complicated. Not enough time to explain the entire process.”

Lynn smiles, “I just want to see him as a woman. For payback. Everyone does. Please make him a girl.”

Mr. Mendelson smiles, “But you said his sales are strong? How do we know they will still be strong once he is transformed?”

“Maybe some things would remain.... Actually, I can maybe hire someone else. I’m just fed up with him. I have heard of all the stuff he has done in the past. He probably has no friends and doesn’t have a girlfriend.”

Mr. Mendelson pauses debating the situation. “Are you sure you want to do this?”

“YES!” Lynn says. “I also fear that if I fire him outright, he will tell everyone the secrets here. Trust me; he needs to become a woman.”

He looked out the window and thought about the situation. Perhaps having more females at the mall would work out in his benefit. This time of year for this mall is different not only is the goal to triple sales this month. He predicts that the foot traffic in the mall should be up by more than 200% a day thanks to feminization, so he expects all his employees to take advantage of it.

“Fine Lynn. Commence the process. Although make sure it starts OUTSIDE of Collector’s Cubby just incase the spell backfires.

“Thank you so much, Mr. Mendelson,” she says as she gets up out of her chair like this was the best news ever. She turns to go to the door after shaking his hand but pauses before she exits. “Oh Mr. Mendelson... one last thing... I don’t believe you ever told me.... You know... the reason behind all of this.”

He looks down at his paperwork as if to gather his thoughts. “It’s a very long story. But the CliffsNotes version is... I was a district manager for a retail management company in the 90s. Had to travel all around the region at the time to various stores in malls. There was this one company that had always had very short leased leases as part of their rental agreement. Would pop up randomly at stores all over the country that I heard of. Only had two employees. Some mentally unstable guy who wore a bathroom as part of his uniform and some attractive female. Rumors went around that feminization was occurring there, but no one knew how. When I was promoted, there was a retail recession, and it was my job to pull us out of it. Thinking of ways, I knew that women spent more money on retail then meant. More women, more spending. Problem solved. Reached out to that company finding their business model and making some negotiations. Very nice people. Still active today. It’s just we now have the entire mall at our disposal. Part of the agreement though was to keep the internal affairs secret.”

“And you are telling me?” Lynn says surprised at the store but also comforted.

“I trust you Lynn,” he smiles.

## Chapter 2: Scent of a Woman

Lynn excitedly returns to the store so that she can begin Brandon's transformation into the newest female at the mall. Mr. Mendelson had given Lynn a special fragrance for her to use on Brandon to help slowly get the ball rolling on the changes. It looked kind of like one of those refresh wall plugins, but the scent didn't have a name. Lynn gave it a curious sniff and could tell it was something peppermint, quite festive. As Lynn reentered her store, she could hear Brandon's loud, unfriendly tone once more. Now with even more zeal than before she rushed to plugin the air freshener near Brandon's sales quadrant.

"What the hell you are doing over here again Lynn?" asks Brandon ignorantly as Lynn came into his section.

"Oh nothing. I was just doing my usual walk around the store," Lynn said very nervously.

"Whatever," he replies.

Fortunately for Lynn, Brandon was too lazy to even care about her apparent suspicious behavior. Brandon's brain at this point was already debating back and forth in his head of where will he go for lunch. This is the usual dilemma. First, he will contest himself for minutes about to go out or not. He is on a tight budget, but he knows it's unhealthy to go without food. He attempts to move on from this internal debate and just concentrate on straightening up his area, but the sudden new scent of peppermint just seems to taunt his brain back to thinking about food.

"If I'm buying lunch and I can't eat at Uncle Andrew's again. Maybe I can go get a healthy sandwich at Metros," he audibly says to himself.

It's then that the first of the magic takes hold. As he was talking each time, he opened his mouth his cheekbones rose a little higher giving him a slight more feminine face. Then the changes hit his nose causing it to round just a little more at the end and just have less chiseled shape.

Brandon is unaware of the changes, but scrambles in his mind to think about his upcoming lunch. "Lynn, can I go on my lunch break now?"

She smiles, only because she notices that the scent is only working on him as promised and that he is slowly turning into a woman, at least in the face. Although she can tell, it's not complete as only his cheekbones and nose have changed.

"Umm... as soon as you are done putting those pillows back in order.

He shrugs and rushes to go to the pillow display and tidy it up from the messy customers. Inhaling more of the scent in his system his skin becomes smoother on his face, and his lips start to morph to become fuller. His eyelashes and eyebrows become more pronounced as his forehead becomes smaller. Within a few minutes, Lynn can tell that he now looks like a female cousin of himself.

“All done Lynn. Now can I go?! I’m starving and need more than Peppermint Patties!”

She smiles, “Yes... umm, take an hour lunch today. I’m proud of you.”

“Really?” he asks surprised.

Lynn knows that the feminization may take awhile. “Yes, take your time!”

“Thanks!” he says as he goes to a computer to clock out for lunch.

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Walking down the mall, Brandon doesn’t check his phone but instead checks out the women. He can’t help but think of which one of them still has a cock in her panties.

Before making his way to Metros, he sees a beautiful brunette standing at the entrance of Chicago & Company.

“Hey Brandon!” she says.

“Hi,” he replies in his deep voice. She looks familiar, but he can’t remember where he has seen her before.

“Whatcha up to?” she asks.

“On break.”

“Oh nice, did you eat yet?”

“No, I’m starving though!”

“Just wait...” she replies, knowing it’s her responsibility to give him a womanly figure based on a quick phone call from Lynn just a few minutes ago.

“Yes?” he asks.

“Come and talk to me in here for a bit.”

Brandon knows better to pass on offer from that kind of pussy. He checks out her thick ass as they walk into the store. He’s never been in here. The store only sells female clothes.

She fiddles with some clothing racks that she passes by. “How are things at the shop?” she asks.

“Boring. I’m ready to leave. Been job hunting but I think once the holiday season is over I’m going to quit and maybe spend all day job hunting. Pays just about as my last job here.”

“Yeah, retail!” she overemphasized the second word as if it’s some kind of made-up paradise.

“What do you have going on for the holidays?”

He replies, “I’ll probably see my dad. Supposed to go out to California for a few days. Haven’t seen him in months. Not sure what my mom is doing yet at home.”

“You live at home?” she asks.

Brandon caught himself. “Just for now...” He didn’t want to admit the financial trouble he was in thanks to student loans and having a \$50,000 car on a \$25,000/year income.

“Ah, well you should get some new clothes with all of these holiday parties coming up and everything. What do you think of this?” She holds up a white holiday dress with a red skirt attached to his body. Immediately Brandon pushes her away, but not before it hits his torso causing him to shrink a little. His arms become slightly thinner. He knows what is going on.

“You fucking bitch?! What are you doing?”

She gasps, surprised this asshole just called her that in public.

“Are you crazy?” he continues. “I’m not going to turn into some fucking girl!”

She put her bitch face on. “I think it’s too late for that princess,” she says as she turns him around to face a mirror where he catches the reflection of an attractive brunette girl staring back at him... and it’s not just the girl he’s talking to.

He runs out of the store. First wondering how he is going to change back but also wondering if he should just escape due to the mall’s reputation. Why him? Although there was one person and one person only he could think of who would do this. He goes back to the store to control that fat bitch Lynn.

## Chapter 3: It's a Deal

Storming through the mall like some mad bull, Brandon makes a beeline to his store to get Lynn to tell him what the fuck is wrong.

“I cannot believe the balls on this bitch! To transform me!” talking to himself angrily.

His brain continues to flash with the image of his feminine face. It haunts him like some nightmare. How could he not notice the changes after all he’s worked at the mall feminizing men for two years! The emotions well up inside of him not knowing whether to yell or cry. For a moment he pauses to think of how he’s treated people going through this exact thing. Now he knows what it feels to be the victim. However, no sooner had he dove deep in thought returned his anger with a second wind as he saw Collector’s Cubby.

“Lynnnnnnn you fucking bitch!”

Dumbfounded and surprised by the outburst, “Excuse me. After I gave you an extra long lunch this is how you talk to me?”

“Oh cut the shit you condescending bitch! Why do I look like a brown-haired bombshell?”

“Oh my god you’re right what’s happened to your face?” Lynn continued trying to play koi.

“You know you are like the worst liar ever right!”

“Fine you’re right, but you are getting everything you deserve for all the rude, indecent behavior you’ve had a since working here.”

“You start turning me into a girl? No warning or anything?! I’m not going down like that.”

“It’s for your own good princess,” she says.

Brandon looks for something to throw at her but resists his violent outburst. “I’m one of your best employees here, and you know that. Why go through this? Turn me back now?”

“It’s not that simple.”

“This IS reversible. It has to be. Why do this to me? No employees have ever gotten feminized. Fuck this shit.”

“That’s enough Brandy.”

“DO NOT CALL ME THAT!”

Lynn smiles knowing that she has complete control over this soon to be sissy, emasculated man. “Sorry, but you are going to walk out of here today as one of the sweetest little girls the world has ever seen instead of the condescending asshole you once were.”

“You are trying to turn me into a little girl?!”

“Is that what you want?”

Brandon pushes down an entire rack of snowglobes causing a bunch of noise to occur. Luckily no customers are around although a few co-workers look in the back area to see the argument and realize what is happening. However, they choose to ignore it since no one likes him.

“Some serious shit will go down if you don’t turn me back.”

“I don’t think it’s possible,” says Lynn remaining calm thanks to her professionalism. “That’s coming out of your paycheck by the way.”

“Turn me back.....!!!!!!” Brandon says knowing there’s not much else he can do.

“I don’t know how!”

“Then I’ll ask Mr. Mendelson!” says Brandon feeling his face and cringing at the fact that he can feel his cheekbones are bigger.

“He’s the one who gave me the okay...”

“Excuse me...”

“You heard me. Geez, you already whine like a bitch!”

“You know what, I don’t have to deal with this shit, I’m out!”

Brandon throws badge at Lynn hoping to hit her in his rage. He leaves the store as crass as he just entered it. All he knows is he has got to get the fuck out of this mall before it is too late. People are looking at him like he is some insane person. He rounds the corner and can see the exit he is parked near but then without warning he trips over a ball dropped by the little girl near him and he stumbles into the store Sea Lions.

“Hey girl what can I help you find today?” asks the annoying but overly genuine sales girl.

“No no no no!”

“No what?”

Before he could answer though, the other sales girl had flanked him forcing him to hold a pair of girls jeans, and like an instant, the changes resumed. He noticed as the room started to feel slightly bigger. He had gone from an average 5’11” to 5’2”. Despite his height shrinking his legs lengthened a little, and his thighs gained some shape as they tapered upward to his hips. He couldn’t believe it. How could it happen so fast he must run he’s so close. He couldn’t though those damn bitches called backup and before he knew it the changes had run rampant his waist had shrunk in the beginning to give him his hourglass figure. He tried to push them away but he couldn’t his arms had loss so much mass, and now that he looked closely he could see they’d become hairless! He could feel his shoulders shrinking and losing definition and forming more gentle feminine shoulders. Finally, he breaks free but in his confusion runs back into the mall and away from the exit.

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“And it’s a good thing I don’t have boobs yet, and my dick is still here!” says Brandon fiddling in his pocket doing a check for his testicles.

“Brandon, I was apprehensive at first too. But Lynn made a valid point.”

“What did she say?” Brandon asks in response to Mr. Mendelson’s comment.

“Overall, she is happy with your performance as a salesperson but mentioned that your customer service skills are lacking. Please tell me again. How many places have you been fired from at this mall?”

“Not too many. Just two.”

Mr. Mendelson smirks. “Does ANYONE here check references?”

“Sir, you know that I’m one of the top salespeople. Please turn me back.”

“That doesn’t excuse poor customer service. I was told that you intimidate many of the transformees.”

“I like to call it encouragement!” says Brandon defensively.

Mr. Mendelson picks up his office phone to call his assistant. “Haylee, can you please ask Lynn of Collector’s Cubby to come down to my office?”

“Yes sir,” she says in her seductive voice.

“I’m asking Lynn to come down here so we can all have a conference about this. Trust me, Brandon, I’m caught in the middle of this. I’m sure we have had employees here who wanted to be female, but it was never thought of to turn employees into women.”

“Can’t you just turn me back?”

“It’s not that simple,” he says.

A few minutes later, Lynn arrives back in the office looking as innocent as an angel.

“Oh wow, Brandy! Your figure is starting to come together.”

“Shut up!”

“Enough Brandon,” says Mr. Mendelson putting an end to the fight. “Thanks for coming back, Lynn.”

“My pleasure, is everything okay?” she asks.

“Yes,” he replies. “I just wanted confirmation since Brandon has an interesting defense.”

“Yeah, I don’t belong as a girl! I love being a guy and have done a lot for this store. This is your fault, Lynn. Hey Mr. Mendelson, how about turning Lynn into a muscular fit stud of a man.”

Mr. Mendelson knows he is making a reference to Lynn’s weight, but choosing to ignore it.

“Brandon. I’m afraid I’m starting to see Lynn’s point. You know there is no escaping this. By the end of the day, I’m sure you’ll be content in your role as a woman.”

“NOOOO!!!”

Lynn laughs, “At least you aren’t losing your job. You can still work for Collector’s Cubby. You will be our sweet little angel for Christmas! Want me to grab you a halo to wear princess?”

“Please!!! I don’t beg often, but this is serious. Change me back now I beg of you!” Brandon says while getting down to his knees, his short body still reacting to the changes.

Lynn gives Mr. Mendelson a ‘what is this pathetic guy doing’ look, but Mr. Mendelson continues to look stern, pressing his hand against his salt & pepper goatee.

“I’m willing to give you one more chance…” says Mr. Mendelson.

“What?!” screams Lynn.

“Thank you!” says Brandon. “When can I change back?”

“That’s not in the cards,” Mr. Mendelson explains. “I still want you to become a woman.”

“WHAT?!” screams Brandon.

“Look at this as a suspension period,” explains Mr. Mendelson. “For the next week, you are to spend life as a girl. You are to act in the most PROFESSIONAL manner at the store. Greeting customers, not intimidating transformees, and doing just as Lynn says.”

“How will I know this if my memory is wiped?! Please don’t let my memories go!”

Mr. Mendelson smirked, “You know damn well that not all transformees have their memories wiped. However, if you tell ANYONE, I will be sure that you never return to a male again and erase every piece of masculinity from your body! This will be a test of your holiday spirit as well as how professional you can be.”

“Okay. No, I won’t tell a single person. I swear. There is nothing I want more than to be male!”

“You are giving him a second chance?” asks Lynn, surprised that Mr. Mendelson is bending the rules.”

“Yes Lynn, everyone deserves a second chance.”

“Thank you so much!” says Brandon, happy to know he’ll one day get his dick back.

Mr. Mendelson gives a brief smile, “Brandon, this does mean you will have to go through some rigid feminization processes.”

“Ugh, really?” he replies.

“Yes, but as you know, the women here at the mall are more than helpful.”

“Say goodbye to your little peepee,” says Lynn unable to hold back.

“But what about outside of here?” asks Brandon.

Mr. Mendelson explains, “Everyone, including your family, will always think of you as a girl. The only people who will know the truth are the people here at the mall.”

“How is that even possible? I mean... How has this mall worked to change people’s entire lives? I can understand making them women physically, but changing the entire universe? That’s not realistic.”

Mendelson smirks and points to the door. “I don’t have time to explain that today...”

## Chapter 4: What a Jerk

Knowing you are going to turn into a woman is nothing that the average man wants to think about. Brandon has too many emotions going through his mind to explain. Although a deal had been struck and he was going to turn back into a male after a week, having a vagina was nothing he was looking forward to. Leaving Mendelson's office, he ignores talking with Lynn and ditched her as fast as he could running down the halls of the mall avoiding shoppers. He looks like a skinny, weak woman in the body and face, but still has short brown hair and his dick still in place. Running to the nearest restroom, he finds an empty stall and pulled down his pants, happy to see his circumcised seven-inch penis was still in place.

Placing one hand on the tile on the wall, he puts the other around his thick shaft and closed his eyes thinking about the sexiest thing he could think of. The blonde white girl shows her face to eat the ass of the thick black girl, followed by a nice scissor session. His penis is fully erect as he continues pulling back and forth being careful not to make too much noise in case someone else is listening while taking a shit in the next stall.

The interracial lesbians continue squeezing each other's breasts as Brandon gets the natural reaction to take his hand that isn't on his dick and feel his own chest. Despite the fact that he feels A-cup size breasts are starting to develop there, it does not interfere with his masturbation session as his dick is still hard. Running his hand down further, he touches his testicles as well for some ball play action.

After several minutes, Brandon watches as his cream-colored semen bursts out of his dick going into the toilet. Happy to get out of his system, he has some remorse knowing that it was his last chance to jerk off being getting a vagina of his own.

Brandon reluctantly leaves the bathroom for his long tour of stores to force his feminization. The first step in the dreaded process is a stop at the nail salon for a mani-pedi. On top of all of this, all the mall employees are chomping at the bit to be one of the ones to help in Brandon's progression to Brandy or Brianna or whatever conception of a female version, and the girl at the nail salon is no exception.

"Hey Bri fancy meeting you here," the nail salon worker replies overflowing with sarcasm.

"Yes yes get on with it," Brandon said like a cuckolded sissy.

"So looking at your complexion and hair color, I am going to say you'd look super cute with a deep purple color."

"C'mon can't we just do something like black. Can return to my Emo days when I listened to bands like D3d SceN3. "

"Ewww no way it'd would look so terrible with your complexion. You'd look like some pasty goth."

"Whatever just get it over with!" he protests.

“Hey, maybe if you didn’t have such a negative attitude you could enjoy this a little. Many guys get nails done with a clear coat.”

“Why?”

“To look presentable?” she teases.

She begins the manicure with a slight hand massage using a fruity cucumber melon lotion on his hands. Brandon grimaces as if he is in pain but all the pretty girl does is smile, obvious taunting in her eyes.

“Really do you have to do the whole damn process, can’t you just paint the nails and we can be done with all of this, I mean seriously what even is the point if this shit.”

Before she had any time to answer him, the first of the changes began. His fingers start to get shorter and lose some length. Additionally, they thin out a little causing them to have a more dainty appearance to them.

“See was that so bad?”

Brandon doesn’t even bother to respond he just sits there continuing to clearly emote his disdain. The manicurist reaches into her cabinet and pulls out the clear coat and quickly starts gently brushing the polish on Brandon’s right hand. Without any delay, you Brandon’s nails visibly begin to grow outward and soon have about a quarter inch of overhang on his nails. Brandon’s face continues to grow a deeper shade of red in the cheeks as embarrassment and helplessness are engulfing him. She ignores his body’s pleas to stop and just continues what she’s doing now on the other hand. Then changes happen on the other hand just like on the previous. At this point, Brandon just decides to close his eyes and try not to see the changes occurring to him.

“So how do you like, you have solid nails.”

“Really, you are just going to sit there and ignore me the whole time?”

Next comes the step of shaping his nails. She pulls out the file and starts to flatten out the nails tips to give it that feminine tip shape, his hand changing shape in the process.

“Listen I know this is hard, but if you just listen to all the rules, they laid out you’ll be back to normal in no time.”

“I know it’s just scary you know to be a girl? Why is all this stuff not scarier?”

“Hey don’t be afraid to enjoy it. Many of people would be jealous that you get to experience what it’s like to be a girl.”

“Really, yeah right let’s just keep it going I want this over.”

While they were talking, she finished up the shaping and begin to put some more cream on his cuticles and palms. They quickly softened up his hands even further as his callouses and dry skin disappears. Finally, she comes to the color. She debates about whether or not to repeat something sarcastic but decides not to in the end. She pulls out the deep shade of purple and quickly begins to apply it in his now wholly feminine hands. It pains him to see just how girly

his hands now look; if he didn't know better, he would expect a charming girl to be at the other end of those hands. The rest just was a blur to him, and before he knew it, the girl had finished both his mani and pedi. Much of the same changes happened to his feet as did his hands; softening of skin, they shrank from a men's 11 to about a men's 6.

"So now for the real fun part your makeup!"

"Please someone just shoot me in the head now."

"So let's start with those bushes you call eyebrows."

Without any warning or hesitation, she began to pluck his eyebrows.

"Jesus isn't there any less painful of a way to do this!?"

"Hey pain is just ugly leaving the body girl."

Brandon nearly vomited from the cheesiness of that awful joke. First, she thinned out his brows and then made it have a more significant arch to them. Lastly, on the outside edges, they came to a very narrow point which completed the cuteness of his brows. Then she continued on with just putting a base layer of foundation across his entire face. To be honest so many brushes and powders and other beauty tools came out that Brandon couldn't even keep track of all the stuff she did to him. She turns him around and what he saw he couldn't believe. His already feminine face now looked like that of a total babe's. His cheeks are contoured so sexy, and the lipstick makes his lips look so full and pouty. For a split second, he forgets it was him and gets excited but then quickly came crashing back down to reality remembering it's him.

"If I do say so myself, you look damn fine girl."

"Uh uh uh," replied Brandon at a total loss for words.

"Well girl you are done here but your fun day is just beginning say hey to Stacy for me at Amberson & Fetch!"

"Doubt it, I just want this day to be over."

"See ya Bri, come back anytime for some touch-up or anything."

Brandon so badly just wanted to flip her off but he couldn't because then he knew he'd be stuck like this forever. Instead, he just gave her a half-assed smile and walked away.

Brandon dejectedly continues on to the next store to continue the sealing of his fate.

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Brandon stood there and stared down the scary reality in the face it was time for the whole feminization. He reluctantly entered Amberson & Fetch flicking his now long hair back as he walked, still getting used to. His eyes painfully scanned over the dresses, intimates and other articles of femininity that were about to seal his fate into womanhood.

"Welcome to Amberson & Fetch, we have a sale on dresses today 2 for 40."

"Yeah yeah let's get this over with."

“Ohhhh you must be Brandon. Well let’s get the party started! So what do you want to do first?”

“Does it look like I care on which we started?”

“Fine you asked for it let’s get right to it panties! So what kind of things do you think you’ll do as a girl? Like if you’re active I recommend you go with thongs or our boyshorts, but if you are hoping to embrace your inner girl, then we got some sexy stuff.”

“You expect me to decide!?! Fine sporty but we are doing boyshorts, not the thongs.”

“Yea yea so let’s get this started. What do you think about these.”

She holds up white lacy panties with a gray waistband. Brandon nearly wanted to hit her.

“That’s what you think I want to wear? How about these, if I absolutely must try a pair on?”

He holds us a pair that looks like classic men’s red plaid boxers.

“Fine but you are going to need far more than just that one pair.”

He ignores her and walks into the changing room reluctantly and prepares to put on the panties. He stops and thinks, really there has to be a way out of this but he remembers all they said, and for a second he strangely thinks to himself that maybe they are a little right and he has been extremely rude to customers at the store. He unbuttons his jeans and pulls them down off over his feet, followed by his boxers he stands there already hardly recognizing who he is and just says fuck it he puts one tentative foot in through the panties...then the other. He slowly pulls them up over his ankles and then past the knees. As the panties were nearing his ass, he could feel the fabric begin to tighten around his figure, and he could help but think how soft they felt. He wrestled them over his junk and with a release of a finger he let the waistband snap tight on his hips. There he was in panties, he stood there and instinctively rotated and modeled them in the mirror. He couldn’t believe it, but he liked them like really liked them.

“Hey princess stop checking yourself out and come show me.”

He didn’t respond he just did as she said he opened the door and began to walk out of the room. As he did this, his hips began to expand outward, and they quickly went from 30 to 40 inches. Without thinking his hips began to sway with each step, and his steps started to become more graceful. His penis slowly grew a little showing his enjoyment of what’s happening.

“Well well looks like someone doesn’t hate all of this after all,” says Stacy catching Brandon with a slight grin across his face.

“Uhhhhhhh no, I... just saw a cute girl since I am in the girls changing room.”

“Dummy you know the cute girl you are seeing is you right.”

“Ehhh no it wasn’t.”

“Ok Miss Denial say it to you half chub.”

Brandon quickly threw his hands down over his penis to cover it up. He could not believe he could feel his penis slight erect. While panicking, his thighs began to fill out as well helping

transition into his now big hips. Then, Stacy hands him the white lacy panties from before.

“Go put them on. You know you’re curious to see how they feel after feeling those.”

He grabbed them without saying a word; she was right his curiosity was too great for him to resist giving them a try. He walks back towards the room and took off his panties. He could see the changes starting, and he just paid them no mind. He quickly slides the lace panties on, and the feeling of them against his make skin was indescribable. They felt so soft, and it was almost like this material against him created this inner feeling of sexiness. His pubes began to disappear slowly, and soon they were gone entirely. His penis also began to shrink a little bit, and his balls receded up inside him, but the shaft remained. Once more he shifted from side to side modeling his new article of clothing. This time he went out to show her without even being asked.

“So what do you think?” he asks meekly.

“I think it looks like someone is starting to get into the spirit. In fact, how about you go try on this thong!”

He stood there looking at the gray waist banded thong. It had a slight floral design with a predominant color of turquoise. He takes it realizing why not, I’ve gone this far. He returns back to the room and quickly pulls down the lacy panties. He puts them with the other pair to buy, then without thought pulls on the thong. He realizes it can barely even cover up his shrunken penis and the sensation of the fabric running between his two butt cheeks is strange, but not unpleasant. As he stood there, he swore it felt like the fabric was going deeper into his crack, but in actuality, it was just the sensation as his butt began to swell. His fat shifted from his belly down to his rear butt push up keeping his butt looking perky and firm. He went to put his pants on, but then he felt it.... the twinge as his penis had shrunken inside itself and began to form **HER** vagina.

“Jooooddiie you ready to try on some dresses?”

*Jodie? Why the hell did she call me Jodie?* **SHE** looks in the mirror and sees now that she is completely flat now. No more penis. She can’t believe he willingly did this to herself as her anger returns.

“Whatever but I’m only trying on one! No more fashion show like this time.”

She walks out to Stacy and gets the dress it’s a red and white pinstriped dress with sleeves that has very frilly ends to the sleeves. she goes back and takes off her shirt. Her instinctively tries to pull the dress up on like pants but quickly realizes that that is not possible. She then pulls it over his head and pulls it down all the way. The bottom is about four inches above her knees and ass she looks down now she notices that all her leg hair is gone and all she sees is the shine of his silky smooth legs from the lights. The waist of the dress felt snug, but after a few moments, the discomfort there went always as her waist began to shrink in. Her shoulders lost broadens as well as his changes wrapped up from the dress. She looks at herself in the mirror and defeatedly says let’s just get the final part over with. She walks out in the dress walks right by the giggling and cheering Stacy grabs the first bra she sees and returns to her fitting room. She picked up a slightly padded light pink tuxedo bra with a shiny darker pink on the top edges of the cups. It was a 34B, and she just puts her hands though the straps and tries to clasp. She continues to struggle. Stacy hears her wrestling with the straps and quickly come to help.

“Hey need a hand? It was hard for us all when we first put one on.”

“Uh-uh ok.”

Stacy steps into the room and quickly fastened her bra with ease. Almost like clockwork she feels tingling in her chest. She feels them build with pressure and begin to push out. Her nipples begin to expand as well and develop sensitivity as they rub against the cups of her bra. Soon they fill up her cups, and she pulls the dress back up and looks at the completed product. Her eyes well up in tears in a giant combination of confusion and surprising amount of enjoyment. The contradiction of feelings was tearing her apart.

“Hey don’t cry I know but you look great girl!”

“That’s exactly the problem! How am I supposed to accept that I now look like a girl that two hours ago I would have hit on!”

“Just enjoy it, and you’ll be free in a mere week....unless.”

“Unless what?”

“Unless you decide you like it so much and choose to stay a girl.”

“Yeah right like that’s ever going to happen. Well we’re done right because if so I’m done and heading home.”

“Ok ok get going Miss Denial well enjoy your week and if you want any further clothes, please come back, and I would be happy to help.”

Defeated she made her way out of the store and headed out of the mall home like any other day, but this was far from a regular day.

## Chapter 5: Back at Home

The car Jodie drives is nothing like the one she had as a man. This car sucks. It feels like something that would be a teenage girl's first car. Not like Brandon's older Toyota wasn't any better, but at least it was more powerful and spacious. This Chevy Malibu seemed out of date. Maybe something that in Jodie's life, had been with her for several years now.

Going through the familiar route home, Jodie daydreams about the awful situation ahead of her. Surely the week would go by quickly, but it would still be a week of hell. Although not looking forward to all things that come with living as a woman, she was curious after all. To think, she had always lambasted transformees at the mall because of their forced sex changes, but then again some seemed to either have better lives as women or were became happier over time.

"Definitely not me," Jodie says to herself out loud as she pulls into her driveway. Nothing at the house looks out of place. Same exterior. Same car her mom drives in the parking lot. She sits in her seat after turning off the ignition still wanting to catch a brief before seeing her private female life.

Entering the house, she hears some noise coming from the kitchen and goes in to find her mom. Nothing out of the ordinary here. Her mom Anna looks the same with her short brown hair, slight lines on her face, and solid-color fashion sense. She is not cooking but is rather cleaning up around the area which looks the exact same as when Jodie saw it this morning. This butterfly effect is not working so far. Apparently, Jodie's female life is not much different than Brandon's life minus the shitty car.

"How was work?" Anna says smiling at her daughter.

"Don't get me started..." says Jodie as she goes to the fridge to grab a bottle of water.

Anna looks down at what she was doing, then places the duster on the table and looks back at Jodie. Her concerns are still the same however are getting greater at the moment. The women in Jodie's life had always become more stressed around the holiday season. "Jodie... I talked with Meg today. There is an opening at the dental office for a front desk person. I think you should consider going there."

In Jodie's male life as Brandon, her mom had frequently got on her about her job situation. As another statement of the fact, this was no different. Yes, Brandon hated retail, but job hunting was challenging. How many weeks could he go sending dozens of resumes out with pretty much zero replies minus some temp agency calls and mid-level marketing schemes? It seemed like retail or restaurants were the only options available at the moment, but here comes this secretary position. The more Jodie thought about it, the more she realized how rare it was to see a male working as administrative staff at a place like that. Why did these gender roles still have to exist? But maybe it was because they weren't applying. Then again, would Anna had offered this to her if she were still Brandon?

"Thanks, Mom... but I REALLY have to stay at the mall right now..."

The look of Anna's eyes shows that she is concerned. "This may not be open next week. Do you want to stay there through the holidays?"

"Just until some changes happen..." says Jodie taking a sip of her water.

"Jodie..." Anna says while walking closer to her daughter. "I know it's not what you majored in, but at least it is something better than retail."

"What's wrong with retail?!" Jodie questions, though knowing she is unhappy with the situation. Especially after what happened that day with her sex change.

"You need something more professional. It sounds like you will not be promoted to manager."

"I don't want to be a manager!"

"This could be your entrance into a more professional setting. You need a real job."

"Mom! I'm looking!"

Anna continues to scrutinize her. "It does not seem like it at times. How many applications did you submit this week?"

"I'm not sure..." Jodie says not knowing the full effects of the transformed universe at the moment.

"Please... just consider."

"Mom... I HAVE TO stay at this job. Just for a little longer. Trust me; I do NOT want to work there any longer than I have to."

"I just worry about you. You've been very quiet since graduating. You aren't seeking jobs as you should. You aren't dating... I just want the best for you. To have your dream journalism job and meet the right man."

At least Jodie knows that she is single and isn't fucking some guy right now. But journalism? What happened to sports? Guess the female version of Brandon has different interest.

Going upstairs, Jodie opens the mystery door leading to her new bedroom in hopes that it is not overly girly. It looks different than her previous room obviously as the bed is neatly made and has a lot more pillows than the norm. Not overly feminine thank God. It is noticeably different in the fact that there is a ton of jewelry and perfume bottles on a dresser along with a vanity that has a MacBook in a pink case on it along with some other desk things. She sees some mail by the computer and goes to open it.

"Still in debt..." she says as she picks up a bill from the student loan company. The other mail includes an issue of Elle and something saying she is paying too much for internet services. There are a few photos along the desk. Some with family and others with friends whom she has no clue of. The girls in the photos appear to be with her at paint night, out for sushi, and at the beach. Nothing looks out of the ordinary here for a woman in her early-20s. She sees various makeup products around the vanity but has no desire to experiment with her looks. Instead, she touches her boobs again as she looks in the mirror for a little break from reality. They feel nice to

her although it's uncomfortable knowing that they belong to her. Rather than go to her closet to see what kind of slutty outfits she may have, she looks at her phone for more clues.

On the home screen are the usual communication apps, but scrolling through she finds that she is a Minder user in her female life as well as male life. Out of curiosity, she launches the app. Rather than swiping through potential fucks, she looks at the messages. Mostly boring guys or ones looking for a quick screw. Disgusting. However, after a few dozen, she finds a few conversations that apparently happened in the parallel universe known as her female identity. Her mom has so far been the only person she has communicated with who had no clue about her gender transformation, although she knew she would have to put on an act in front of others. Not just at work, but in her personal life if people came into place. Of course, she wasn't going to be finding random guys on Minder, but there were no friends involved by the looks of the photos.

In the conversations she read, her personality seemed bland. At least she had that part covered in her male life even if people thought she was an asshole. This girl Jodie though seems like a plain Jane. In most of the conversations she read on Minder, it seems like she is the type who had to have the guy lead the talking the entire time. Could just be her playing hard to get, but even some of the conversations with people she talked to for more than a night seemed bland. She turns her attention to text conversations. The latest ones are from some girl named Amanda, her mom, and another person named Bobbi. Reading some of the info, she sees that she is joining some girlfriends for brunch on Sunday. May need to cancel that. No dates on the line up thankfully.

Jodie thinks she has it easy and that she can just lay low for a few days. Yeah, it's going to suck having a vagina, but that doesn't mean she has to dress like a sissy, go down on guys, and become a girly girl all of a sudden.

Suddenly, Jodie gets a call from Lynn.

"Hey, are you home yet? How are things?"

Jodie replies, "... They are what they are?"

"What is it like?! Tell me?" asks Lynn.

"Looks pretty normally surprisingly," she says still mad at Lynn for making this happen in the first place.

"I just finished at the shop. Going to go to the gym and start a membership. I'm so excited."

Why is she telling me this? Jodie questions. Why is she trying to be friendly when she just feminized me.

"Cool story...." she says sarcastically.

"What do you have planned tonight?" asks Lynn.

"Crawl into my dark hole."

"Being a girl isn't going to be that hard for you. I think the biggest challenge you are going to have is turning into a sweet angel and being friendly with people! It seems like females have that natural quality though. Maybe study some etiquette if you want a chance of turning back!"

“Maybe...”

“Did you want to hang out sometime this week?”

“Lynn... You hate me. Why in the fuck do you want to hang out?”

“Because I think it will be fun to see you forced to act like a woman in public!”

“You’ll see that at work!”

“Yeah... but it’s a different environment.”

“I think I’ll pass.”

“Okay, well don’t say I didn’t offer! See you tomorrow!”

“Bye.”

She ended the call and threw her phone down on the bed, laying down with it. Her long hair flung into her face. Something else she was going to have to get used to. After laying in pity for a few moments thinking about the situation ahead of her, she continues to explore the room by opening the nightstand drawer to her left. Instead, she finds a few pills, a case for glasses, and then what appears to be a pink vibrator.

“What the fuck?!” says Jodie. However, this shock soon turns into curiosity as she turns it on and finds the medium setting shaking in her hand. Something tells her that she’ll be masturbating for the second time that day later. How many people can honestly say that they’ve masturbated twice in one day with both sex organs? Her excitement is soon ended by her phone that just dinged signaling a notification: Period starts in 1 day.

“Great...” she mutters.

## Chapter 6: No More Mr. Tough Guy

You would figure that after living as a girl for nearly a week, Jodie would have at least started to at least get used to living as a girl, but that was far from the case. She had not bothered to pick up a razor to shave her legs, armpits, or cha-cha. Interaction with anyone outside of work and the house was kept to a bare minimum, not that even former friends would recognize her. For friends in female life, they seemed very minimal as Jodie appeared to be a very shy, boring Plain Jane. When not at work, Jodie kept herself isolated in her room looking up things online, such as, if there was any way to transform back before the deadline.

Jodie didn't bother with putting on any makeup and just did a simple brush for her long hair, not bothering to put herself together at all.

"I'm becoming very concerned about you," her mother Anna says in the kitchen as Jodie grabbed a quick bite to eat before heading out the door to work.

"Why?" she asks, biting down into a pop tart.

"Jodie, how are you expecting to get a boyfriend? You've been living in your room for the past few days, eating non-stop, and not looking your best. What is wrong?"

"I'm just not up to those things Mom!"

"I'm worried about you. If this keeps up... I may sell the house and downsize."

"What?! Just over this?"

Anna sighs, "Finances aren't getting any better... Plus with your sister out of the house and father gone I don't think I need all of this space."

"But what about me?" Jodie asks, thinking this situation could apply to her male life as well.

Anna pauses, "I'm thinking this may be for the best. It will teach you responsibility if you need to make money at a better job or find a nice boyfriend and move in with him."

"Are you crazy? The world doesn't operate like that! I'm trying my best!"

"Then why have you been living like a hermit?" asks Anna.

Jodie looks at the clock seeking an excuse. "I have to get going, mom. I'm going to be late for work."

"You'll end up a cat lady!" screams Anna smacking the counter but also having a slight smile on her face.

"Hey, there's nothing wrong with cats. I like cat videos, I make cat memes! But I'm out of here. I can't be late!"

"Don't forget your purse!" Anna says, noticing that Jodie left her purse and keys on the

counter leaving the room in a rush.

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At the store, Jodie clocks in and puts her work apron on. Only two more days to go and she is home free to become a boy again. The biggest lesson learned during this feminine adventure was that sometimes life doesn't change completely for some of the transformees and that living as a girl isn't always the best side of the fence. She was more concerned about having a penis again and didn't know how things would be different once that happened. Only two more days and she was good to go, at least to her thoughts based on behavior.

Other than helping customers, Jodie's responsibilities that day include putting some new gifts under the Christmas trees in the store, restocking items, and doing inventory in the back to make sure they still had some free gifts with purchases for select customers.

In the past few days, Lynn had been somewhat nicer but what was odd is that she never once referred to anything of Jodie's male life as Brandon. Sure, the memories were still there, but she figured it would be more fun considering Jodie once of the girls that worked there. She could tell she was having a hard time with the transition and even offered to help show her things like how to put on makeup, but she refused the help.

Jodie is quiet for the most part that day until hanging some Christmas mugs on a shelf.

"Hey, can you help me?" asks a masculine voice behind her. She turned around to see a tall, dark-skinned man who looked about 27-years-old in need of an assistant.

"What can I do for you?" she says.

"Looking for a gift for a female friend," he replies.

"Okay... that's nice of you. Did she tell you what she wants?"

"No," he says.

"What kind of things does she like?" Jodie asks to get an idea.

"She seems to be a little like you. What kind of girly presents do you want this year?"

"Ummmm... Maybe an ornament?"

"Do you have a boyfriend?" he asks.

Jodie smirks, "No."

"Oh, I'm surprised. Your body is amazing."

Was she being hit on? Yes. It didn't make her feel special though. Especially since she wasn't dressed up or had makeup on. Her butt did stick out a bit, and the breasts were difficult to hide. Then again maybe this was one of those guys that are into skinny white girls.

"Thanks, but sorry. Ummm. The ornaments are over there," she says pointing to the other side of the store.

He looks offended that his actions were rejected, "Forget you then butter-face."

Jodie tries her hardest not to say anything. “Okay sir, you can leave if you want to be like that.”

“That’s fine; I’ll find someone who is more attractive elsewhere. Where is that thick white girl that works here? Every time I’ve seen her, she seems nicer than you anyways hoe.”

Jodie breaks down. She wasn’t used to having a guy dominate the conversation like this. “Okay, your attitude fucking sucks. Maybe it’s time that YOU become a little nicer for Christmas.” Jodie picks up a bunch of glitter in some jar on one of the tables and throws at him.

“What the fuck?” he says as he moves his arms up and down. Suddenly, the tall man starts to become much shorter, his skin becomes lighter, and his hair starts to turn blonde. By the time some of the transformation happens, he looks like an 8-year-old girl. He can’t fathom what happens and instead just stares at Jodie. A woman in her late-30s comes up to them. “Oh, there you are!” She looks at Jodie and laughs. “My daughter wasn’t bothering you was she?”

The now transformed little girl says, “But, but” in a pitch-changing voice.

Jodie smiles, “No, not really. She’s just excited for Christmas!”

Lynn comes to the group in a rush, “Hi... Umm... Jodie... Can I speak with you for a moment?” They all look at each other and give a small laugh, but Jodie isn’t laughing on the inside.

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“This was your last chance Jodie, I don’t want to hear it!” screams Mr. Mendelson to the crying girl sitting in the chair in front of him. Lynn is next to him and has explained the entire situation that happened at the store. “We have standards here, made a deal, and you broke it.”

Jodie sniffs, feeling embarrassed that thanks to the increased estrogen in her system, she has been more emotional and is acting like such a girl. “I’ve been trying hard and doing so good! I can’t help it that some asshole wants to intimidate women. Plus, now that she’s a little princess her parents will buy ALL the gifts in the mall for her.”

Mr. Mendelson smirks, knowing she has a point, but a deal is a deal. “I understand that Jodie, but Lynn told me that you haven’t shown any other effort other than at the store for the past few days.”

“What does that have to do with anything?! My personal life should have nothing to do with this peasant job!”

Both people in the room were offended at his statement. Mr. Mendelson speaks up, “That’s exactly why we are done with you.”

“What?!” Jodie screams, her tears still coming down her pretty little face.

Lynn speaks up, “We can’t have this behavior at the store anymore. You have proven you aren’t qualified to work here.”

Mr. Mendelson says, “It’s over Jodie. You’ll never return to being a man again.”

“WHAT?! Why can’t you just fire me and give me my masculinity back.”

“Because I know you are going to tell the world!”

“I won’t! Trust me,” he begs.

“We tried that already...” says Lynn.

“She’s right,” says Mr. Mendelson. “We can’t take that risk. As soon as you leave this office, you will start remembering things about your female life.”

“What female life? My mom is acting just like I was a guy, except this time I have a vagina.”

“It’s going to get more details than that. You will forget all memories about being Brandon and maybe will start wanting to wear makeup, do your hair, and wear pretty dresses.”

“No! Please... there has to be another way.”

Mr. Mendelson says, “I’m afraid I think we are out of options.”

“Yeah, sorry princess,” says Lynn.

“Please!!!!” Jodie said resulting to any last measure. “There has to be SOMETHING else that can be done.”

Mr. Mendelson paused for a moment and then came up with a brilliant idea. “You are right. There is one more option...”

“WHAT?!” Lynn says surprised getting up out of her chair slightly. She was happy with him becoming a sweet girl even if she wasn’t going to be working at the store anymore.

“Can someone please explain to me the lack of diversity here at the mall?”

“What do you mean?” asks Lynn.

Mr. Mendelson continues, “It seems like we do not have many people of color working at this mall. Why is that?”

Lynn answers the question without even thinking of the situation in the office. “Because they don’t apply?”

Jodie speaks up after wiping more tears. “I’ve seen a few transformees change. Just happened today but some darker guy to a little white girl!”

Mr. Mendelson says, “Yes, I’m just referring to employees. I believe if we have more diversity here at the mall, we can benefit. This is your other chance, Jodie.”

“You want to change my race?”

“Does that mean she is still working at my place?!” says Lynn.

“Yes. Everyone deserves a second .... Or third chance.”

“Didn’t you just say his days were over?!” asks Lynn rolling her eyes.

“Yes, but this is a brilliant idea. But Jodie, this is seriously your LAST chance.”

“And I get to keep my memory?” she asks.

“Yes, however, I’m going to expect you to socialize and play the role of a girl the way you are supposed to. None of this hibernation and anti-social stuff. You will also be giving a new identity completely and new family.”

“What if she messes up at my store?” asks Lynn.

“That’s the final part. Jodie... if you mess up this time around, not only are you never going to be a male again, but your memory will be completely erased on the spot with no warning at a meeting like this!”

Jodie wasn’t happy about the idea of losing her identity, but she knew it was the only chance. “And how can I return to being a male?”

“This time around, there will be no time limit,” says Mr. Mendelson. “You must show complete respect for other people and this establishment. At that point, Lynn or I will propose the offer to return back to a man. It could be tomorrow; it could be ten years from now.”

“What if I quit my job by then?”

“Then you are stuck as a woman.”

“You mean I could be working at this mall for ten years as a woman?!”

Mr. Mendelson says, “It’s not as bad as it sounds. Lynn... I want you to be in charge of facilitating her race change. Do you have something in mind?”

“... Yeah... I always heard this story of BRANDON being a complete asshole to this one girl at the last job he had here the day he got fired.”

## Chapter 7: Brandon's Black

It felt like the most awkward version of déjà vu she had ever been through. Jodie stood there scared in front of the salon that just a week ago began all of this turmoil and craziness. He couldn't believe what he was about to do just for the sake of trying to remain himself.

“Well well well I knew you'd be back for more Jodie. You just couldn't get over how much fun you had last time couldn't you?”

“You know that's not true so just please cut the chit-chat and let's get this going.”

“Sure thing, so let's spice things up a little and get you looking like a damn fine girl, so let's get started first on your hair girl. Any preference on which hairstyle we do on you?”

“How many times do I have to tell you no I don't.”

“Well, it's that damn attitude that got you here in the first place so how about taking it down a notch. So curly it is.”

She motions for Jodie to come sit down in the chair near the sink. She runs the warm water over her head and begins massaging her head and washing the hair as well. Her hair begins to grow out just a little further than previously and now reaches down past her shoulders and to her breasts. She grins watching the changes continue to her helpless client. Then she does the conditioner which just finalizes all the prep work. She pulls out a bunch of curlers and begins to put them in his hair.

“So with you girl, I'm going for very curly hair, but it will take some time so how about we get going on your nails. So let's give you something a little bolder.”

Tanya begins by putting in the nail polish remover and taking off the purple coat she had done last week. Fortunately, over the past week, they had continued to grow out some. Now that she removed the previous design she started on the pointer finger. She once again filed down her nails but this time making them come more to a narrowed point instead of flat. She made quick work of the shaping of her nails and quickly moved on to the design. She started in the pointer finger; it was a very bold teal color that was completely glittery. Jodie could not believe the gaudiness of the start of these new nails.

“Hey don't look at them this way you are the one that set yourself up to become a black girl.”

Jodie didn't reply because sadly she knew it was all true. Without any of her behavior like it was she would not even be a she in the first place. Then came her middle finger she painted this one a muted purple but and the base she added some little fake stones. There was a significant teal one in the middle with two smaller teal one at each end of the semi-circle design. The rest of the semicircle was filled with small little white stones. Now came the ring finger, this one was totally covered in teal colored sequins but with you looked at them from different angles they gave different colors. Then came the pinky and there she started with the same purple base as the middle finger but now only half of the nail was sequined.

“Ok, so what parts next?” Jodie asks impatiently.

“Well your hair still needs time so let’s get your race change over with. So last time we used the chiffon foundation on you but let’s go with the suede shade this time. Tanya pulls out the big makeup brush and begins to put on the foundation. She gently brushes the on the dark shade of makeup to her left cheek. As Tanya brushes on the makeup amazing the powder on the outside seems to almost instantly disappear, without the darker color disappearing as well. Tanya can see just how quickly the color is absorbing into Jodie’s pore and darkening her pale skin. She begins to brush on the make up continually higher and higher. As the makeup begins to be applied up and around the eyebrows, the color of her eyebrows begin to change as well. Jodie’s hazelnut brown eyebrows slowly darken and start to take a blacker hue instead. Tanya continues to apply the foundation across the forehead and as she does Jodie’s hairline recedes ever so slightly giving her a slightly larger forehead than before.

“Is it even doing anything other than just tickling me?”

“Oh, I don’t know. You are the judge,” Tanya answers pointing the hand mirror at her face.

“Oh my goodness I’m already that dark!?”

Tanya continues without a response and applies the make up further. In no time the foundation has been completely applied. The changes that occurred on the left side of the face quickly replicate on the right side. Jodie now has a very smooth looking dark skin. As she sits there waiting for the next stage of her facial transformation, the skin slowly darkens throughout Jodie’s entire body. Jodie looks at herself in the mirror with amazement; she is quickly becoming a gorgeous black woman. Jodie internally is welling up with the emotions flowing through her brain, just a week ago she was Brandon, a scrawny white guy, but now she is quickly going from attractive, basic white girl to a black beauty. Jodie is brought back to the present as Tanya is talking to her.

“So you ready to do the change your lips girl?”

“As ready as I’ll ever be.”

“So what shade you feeling? You can go with a nudish shade, gloss, deep red, or a dark nude shade.”

“You realize when you give me these options what I hear is, blah blah blahity blah.”

“Ok smartass deep red it is!”

Tanya abruptly pulls out the deep red lipstick and applies it across the top lip, followed shortly after by applying it to the bottom lip. Tanya instructs Jodie to rub her lips across each other so that the red shade can be evenly spread across both of her lips. Jodie looks at the stick as Tanya sits it on the stand and sees that the color is called vivacious red. No sooner had she read the name of the lipstick she could feel a numbness begin to develop on her lips. The changes begin in the top lip first as the lip fills out and begins to swell, as well get thicker. Soon the bottom lips follow suit as it gets fuller.

“Holy shit, I feel like my lips are like in a permanent duck face!”

“Don’t worry it just feels that way, I got lip injections couple years ago, and I felt the same way, but it actually look supernatural and sexy.”

“Well, I could care less if I look sexy.”

“Ok grumpy gills, let’s do some fine tuning to put some added touches on your makeup on cheeks.”

Jodie nods giving Tanya the ok, as Tanya pulls out an accentuating powder for her cheeks that is a dark auburnish shade. The additional makeup just adds definition to her cheeks giving them a further feminine appearance. Without any indication, Tanya begins to apply the mascara to Jodie’s lashes. With each stroke of the brush, he lashes grow out a few centimeters further. Once the mascara was applied completely, she pulls out more eye makeup to give the illusion of fuller eyelashes. She takes the dark black pencil and brings it out to a sharp point out a little wider than her eyes. Then she pulls out a matching dark red shade of eye makeup as on her cheeks and paints on a gradual fade from light to dark as the make nears the eyebrows. It also wraps around slightly to the tear duct giving.

“Well, girl you ready do see how your new hair looks because we are all done otherwise.”

“Just do it.”

As Tanya begins undoing the curlers in her hair, she cannot help but notice that his once brown hair now is almost jet black. As each curler is undone the hair continues to cascade down Jodie’s shoulders giving her a sexy wavy hair pattern.

“So what do you think?”

“I think I... I love it.”

“Really!?”

“NOOO, it’s called sarcasm.”

“You know what just leave I’m done, just leave and go finish your transformation into a black woman! I hope they give you a large ghetto booty!”

She abruptly rips off the apron and walks away without saying any further words. Jodie stands there confused why she is so upset. She just decides to move on from it and just move to the next store and complete her transformation. Jodie walks to Wet Walrus with much hesitation; her mind is racing trying to figure out whether or not there is any last minute way out of this. Unfortunately, she realizes that there is none she sealed her fate this way.

“Hey, so you must be Jodie!”

“How’d you know it was me?”

“Because I don’t know any black girls dressed so white and with no figure, but don’t worry we are going to change all of that.”

“You know this is against my will right; I really don’t give a shit.”

“Ok, then we can make this quick and easy just put on this dress and your changes will be

complete!”

Jodie grabs the tan dress. It’s one of those ones that kinda look like a long shirt with the long material in front and back with it tapering upwards on the sides of the legs. It had short sleeves going halfway down to the elbow. Jodie doesn’t waste anytime admiring or questioning the selection; she simply enters the dressing room and removes her existing clothing.

“Oh yeah, you’ll need these too.”

Jodie looks disappointedly down at the bra and underwear that was thrown over the door and into the room. She sees that this bra is not a B-cup like her current size, this one was a C-cup. She removes her old bra and slowly puts her arms through the straps of the new one. It is red with a thin black mesh that is see-through covering the cups. On the outside edges of the cups, there is black lace caressing the sides of the breasts. The biggest thing was the strap meeting in the middle of the bra, in her cleavage, which goes up and gently wrap around the exposed cleavage drawing the eyes even more towards the breasts. Jodie clasps the bra and waits for the changes to begin, but this time it doesn’t start immediately, so Jodie decides to just continue on and get on the panties. They are black silk, but they appear to rise up higher than usual. Jodie pulls them up, and the silk against her crotch stimulated her slightly, as the sides are sheer. She pulls them all the way up and soon the panties were up all the way beyond her belly button. Right as she was about to move on, the changes to her waist begins. Her waist quickly shrinks slightly even further, but then the feeling quickly changed to swelling. The discomfort grew and grew; she feels her skin stretching more and more. Soon some stretch marks begin to appear as her continues to grow and grow, as well as hearing cracking as her hips widen giving herself a figure to rival J.Lo or Beyoncé. Jodie can’t believe it she poses in the mirror and just shifting weight from side to side make her butt jiggle. For a few seconds, she forgets she is looking at herself in the mirror and gets a little horny, but as she moves to rub herself a little she sees the girl do the same and is quickly brought back to the awful reality that the sexy girl is her. The way the panties stretches around her ass is so sexy, but her attention quickly is brought upwards as she notices the swelling is now in her chest and filling up her now slightly bigger cups and soon the feeling of her nipples rubbing against the silky cups of the bra. She couldn’t believe it she now has the body of a sexy black woman. Realizing there is nothing left she quickly pulls the dress on over her head and walks out into the world for the first time in her new form.

“Hey **SHEMIKA**, so what do you think of the new look?”

“What did you just call me?”

“That’s your new name!”

“How many name changes am I going to go through?!”

“Just tell me what you think!”

“Honestly, I like it just wish it wasn’t my body.”

“You’ll like it soon, I’m sure. Like they say, once you go black...”

“Yeah yeah I know!”

“Don’t forget we’re here if you start to accept your new figure and want more stuff!”

She quickly leaves the shop and the mall entirely to head on home after such an overwhelming day. Upon getting to her car she enters and heads on her way home but quickly notices her preset radio stations were different, she had less pop station and a few of the local R&B stations. She quickly changes her radio to her normal station and sighs in frustration at all that has changed. To help navigate to her new home, still pissed off that she has a completely new identity, she checks her phone to the GPS app and presses the Home option.

As she pulls into her new home, she notices that it is located in a nicer part of town than she lived in before. The houses in this neighborhood seem like they are at least \$100,000 more than her previous residence. There were many thoughts while driving. Would anyone in her previous life know Shemika? How was she supposed to adapt not only to gender changes but also being a completely different race? What would her new family be like? Maybe she owned this house and lived by herself?

She nervously walks into the home with many questions still on her mind. The black curly hair is very annoying and much heavier than the hairdo she had when she was a white girl. On the walls of the first hallway, she sees photos of herself including a college graduation pic. It was from the same university she went to as Brandon. There seemed to be two younger siblings, a girl about 15 or 16 and a boy about 12 or 13. Suddenly, an African-American woman with short black hair dressed in business attire who appears to be in her late-40s or early 50s came into the hallway.

“Hi sweetie. How was your day?”

Shemika stands still and looks like a deer in headlights. This must be her new mom. After a few seconds, she responds, “Terrible.”

“Oh no. What is wrong?”

“I hate this job...” she replies.

“Come here...” the woman says while walking towards her and wrapping her arms around her for a hug. “Things will get better. I’m sure you will find a new job after Christmas.”

“It’s the number one thing I want, but I think I may be stuck there...” Shemika responds.

“Keep up your spirits. You are an intelligent young woman with a bright future ahead of her.”

At least this woman seemed to be very nice. Shemika wanted to cut the small talk and do some exploring. She saw that the house was nicely decorated with a large Christmas tree, lights, garland, a few nativity sets, and other seasonal items. As she makes her way to the steps, she is stopped by a teenage girl with braided black hair and very full cheeks.

“What do you think?” she asks holding up a dress.

“It’s nice.”

The girl looks confused. “That’s it?”

“It’s colorful,” Shemika says noting that the dress is red.

“Wow, someone having a bad day.”

“Don’t get me started,” she responds.

“What’s wrong? I thought you would be excited to see my holiday party dress?” the girl says.

Shemika realizes that this is her younger sister. She never had to deal with a younger sibling before, let alone giving girl advice. There would be plenty of time for this later, unfortunately. Instead, she wants to explore her bedroom. Another distraction occurs when her cellphone makes a chime letting her know that her and Jon matched on Minder. She ignores it and continues her journey.

Walking into her bedroom, she notices that it is much nicer with a larger bed than her previous ones. The decor seems like it had some thought put into it rather than just a bunch of random items spread all over the place. There are two artwork pieces of abstract design as well as many photos. She removes her bracelet and sets it down on the nightstand. As she does, she notices some black feminist literature sitting there. Something she would never have read as a white male. Those days were great... She wishes that she can return back to that lifestyle sooner than later.

She debates looking through her bra and panty drawer considering the first thing that comes to mind. “Now, where is this girl’s vibrator...?”

***To be continued.... VERY SOON!***

TRANSFORMED BULLY TO BLACK GIRL: PART 2



TR MALL: BOOK #8.5

BY HAYLEE SIMS & COURTNEY CAPTISA

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 us a positive review!

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(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!)

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