



*Reluctant Press presents:*

# Mesmerized



**Briana Vermont**

A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

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# Mesmerized

**By Briana Vermont**

## **Chapter One The Amazing Vesko**

The audience roared with laughter. Paul Veskovitch, AKA the Amazing Vesko, knew how to work an audience. He should; after all he had been performing this same show for over twenty years. Of course it had changed, grown and evolved as he learned what people wanted to see, what they found intriguing and what simply bored them. Yes, Paul could keep a room full of people entertained quite easily for an hour and a half, three shows plus Saturday matinee, before moving on to the next town, the next audience, the next performance.

“Some people accuse me of being a fake. I hope to convince you otherwise. Hypnotism is very real, and a

well-established scientific fact. Our three volunteers here on stage look as if they are asleep, but they are not. They are in a state of hypnotic trance, and will respond to my voice. Any suggestions I give them, they will respond to without question as if it was their own idea. Let's give it a try, shall we?"

Paul turned to his three volunteers. With his back to the audience, he put his hand to his chest and took a deep breath. He'd been running late earlier in the day, and had to bolt down a greasy hamburger at a local diner just before the show. Now the acid indigestion was killing him. One more hour to go.

"Jason," he called out to his first volunteer. All three volunteers had been selected from the audience earlier in the show. They had then been placed in a deep, hypnotic trance, and seated in chairs against the back of the stage. "Would you please stand, take my hand and follow me to the front of the stage."

The first volunteer stood from his chair, and very slowly walked to the front of the stage, his eyes still closed.

"Now Jason, do you remember the key words I gave you earlier?" Paul asked. He knew that Jason would remember, but he found he often had to remind the audience to keep them engaged and to prevent them from getting confused. "When I say 'clock in', you will open your eyes and return to full wakefulness. If I should say 'clock out', then you will immediately return to this hypnotic state, aware of nothing but my voice. Do you understand?"

Jason nodded and slurred, "Yes, I understand."

"Now Jason, for the rest of this evening, whenever you hear me say the word 'Moon', you are going to

moo like a cow, long and loud. Once you have done so, you will immediately forget that it was you who made the noise. Do you understand?"

Again, Jason nodded and responded.

Paul turned to the audience. "As far as Jason knows, he has just arrived on the stage. He has no idea he has been hypnotized, and no memory of the conversations we've had. Shall we bring him back?"

Paul turned to Jason and said in a clear, strong voice, "Clock in."

"Thank you for volunteering," Paul said to Jason, as Jason slowly opened his eyes. "Let's have another round of applause for him, shall we?" The audience responded and applauded enthusiastically.

Paul turned his attention to Jason. "Before we get started, I'd like to find out a bit about you. Can you tell me, how did you come to be here this evening?"

Jason responded, a bit nervous at speaking before the large audience. "Um, my girlfriend Megan told me about the show."

"So you're here with Megan, are you?" said Paul. "And why would two young people want to be here this evening, instead of walking together under the moon?"

"Mooo-ooo-ooooo!" Jason brayed, long and loud. The audience roared with laughter. Jason looked around in shock. He looked left and right frantically and asked, "What the hell was that?" The audience laughed even harder.

"I was just saying," responded Paul as if nothing had happened, "that two young people might find more entertainment under a starry, moon-lit..."

“Moo-oooo-oOoooOO!” Jason roared involuntarily, without allowing Paul to even finish his sentence. The audience laughed hysterically, as he searched frantically around the stage for the source of the horrible noise.

“Are you a romantic, Jason?” asked Paul. “How do you react, when you and a young lady see the full moon?”

“Moo-OOOoo-OOOOooo!” replied Jason. “Didn’t you hear that?” he demanded as the audience fell out of their seats with laughter.

“Let’s have a round of applause for Jason, shall we?” Paul led Jason to the stairs that would take him back to the audience.

“But I thought you would hypnotize me?” said Jason, clearly confused as an usher led him to his seat.

“Ask Megan, she’ll explain it to you after the show. But not now. Later, outside, under the moon.”

“Mooo-oooOOOO!”

“Let’s meet our second volunteer. Melissa, would you please stand, and follow me to the front of the stage.” The young woman did as she was asked, without opening her eyes. Paul guided her, and faced her toward him at the edge of the stage.

Turning to the audience, Paul explained the next part of his act. “In a hypnotic state, I can make someone believe anything, or I can make them forget anything. The simplest, most obvious concepts can be wiped away, leaving the subject to deal with the consequences.”

Paul turned to his volunteer. “Melissa, when you awake you will be unable to remember the number

three. This number will no longer exist. The concept of 'three' will have no meaning. Do you understand?"

Melissa simply nodded.

"Clock in!" said Paul, and Melissa slowly opened her eyes.

"Melissa, thank you for volunteering," said Paul. "Are you nervous?"

Melissa glanced at the audience. "Oh, yes!" she giggled.

"No need to be nervous, everyone here is your friend," he reassured her. "I tell you what; before we begin I'll ask you a few simple questions. Some obvious questions that you don't even have to think about to answer. That should get you used to speaking in front of an audience, okay?"

"Um, sure," said Melissa.

"Okay. So Melissa, how many fingers do you have?"

"Um, ten of course!" she laughed.

"Hold them up, for everyone to see. Doesn't she have wonderful fingers, everyone?"

The audience applauded as Melissa wiggled her fingers for them.

"Amazing, ten of them! Who would have imagined?" said Paul. "Maybe you could count them for us?"

"Um, okay!" Melissa laughed shyly. She lowered her fingers one at a time as she counted, "One, two, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten... eleven?"

"Eleven?" said Paul as if confused. The audience laughed. "I thought you said ten?"

“Well I do have ten!” Melissa said in confusion, looking at her hands, counting again and coming to the same result.

“Try counting each hand separately, so you can figure out which one is the problem,” Paul suggested.

Melissa counted her left hand, “One, two, four, five, six! Six fingers?!”

“Try the right, just to make sure,” Paul suggested.

Melissa raised her right hand and counted. “Six on this hand too!”

“So what is six plus six?” Paul asked.

“Twelve fingers?” said Melissa in amazement.

“I thought you only had eleven fingers?” asked Paul as the audience laughed.

“I do! I mean, no, ten fingers! Not eleven, not twelve!”

Melissa was becoming distraught, and so Paul decided it was time to release her. “Clock out!” he said to her, and she immediately closed her eyes.

“Melissa, when you hear the word ‘three’, you will once again remember the concept of three. Do you understand?”

Melissa nodded.

“Clock in!” said Paul.

“You seem to be having some trouble,” Paul suggested.

“I have ten fingers, really!” said Melissa, frantically counting them again.



“Let’s try it together, okay? Hold your hands up to the audience, and we’ll all try it together. Lower your fingers one at a time, and we’ll all count together.”

Melissa raised her hands, and as she lowered her fingers one at a time, she, Paul, and the audience counted together:

“One, two, THREE!”

The audience roared with laughter as realization dawned on Melissa. Her face showed a mixture of shock, disbelief, and embarrassment, but mostly relief! Paul led her back to the audience.

“Another round of applause for Melissa!” said Paul, and everyone applauded as she found her seat, her friends greeting her ecstatically.

“I hope by now you realize, what I do is real. As real as the moon above.”

“Mooo-ooOO-OOOO!” called out Jason involuntarily from his seat. Everyone laughed as he looked around to find the source of the bizarre noise.

“So far I’ve shown you a few tricks, but for my next volunteer I want to create a whole new world. A world that only he can see, and a world with fundamental differences from the world he has always known.”

Paul turned from the audience. He took a deep breath, still bothered by his indigestion. His hands shook as he wiped the sweat from his forehead. He blinked to keep it from his eyes. Only another forty-five minutes, and he could get back to his hotel room.

“Jordan, please stand, and come with me.”

Paul led the next volunteer to the front of the stage, his eyes closed, his body movements slow and sluggish.

"Jordan, I need you to understand that everything I tell you is true. You will know it is true, and none of it will surprise you. Do you understand?"

Jordan nodded. "I understand."

"That's good. Because the truth is, you are a girl." There was some shocked laughter from the audience. "Everything that has ever happened to you, all your memories, are the same as they ever were. Except you were born a girl, have always been a girl, and are now a girl. Do you understand?"

"Yes," agreed Jordan groggily.

"When you awaken you will not be on stage, and there will be no audience. You will be in my office. I am Dr. Vesko, a therapist, and you have come to me for advice. You will tell me that you have been feeling lost and confused. Do you understand?"

"Ya-huh," agreed Jordan.

"Oh, and if you hear a cow, it's only a truck outside on the street. Now please disregard what I am about to say." Paul turned to the audience and explained further. "Nothing is more ingrained in us than our gender. Five hundred million years of evolution, plus growing up in a culture that strongly emphasises gender differences, will ensure that Jordan knows beyond a doubt that he is male. So can a few words from me convince him otherwise? Let's see!"

Paul turned back to Jordan. "Jordan, are you with me now? Okay then, Clock in!"

Jordan opened his eyes and looked around. It was not at all obvious what he was looking at.

“Good afternoon,” Paul greeted him. “I’m Dr. Vesko. And you are...?”

“Um, Jordan. Jordan Perlman,” Jordan replied in a small, slightly confused voice, a little too high-pitched for a boy.

“Jordan,” said Paul, as if listening to himself as he spoke the name. “That’s a beautiful name. A lovely name, for a lovely young woman.”

Jordan smiled shyly. “Um, thank you,” he accepted the compliment.

“I suppose people tell you that all the time,” said Paul, to the laughter of the audience.

“Um, no, not really,” said Jordan, searching his memories and finding no compliments on being a lovely young woman. He looked toward the audience, with a strange look as they continued to laugh.

“I want you to ignore any noises from that direction,” commanded Paul. Jordan immediately looked away from the audience. “Maybe you could tell me why you’ve come to see me.”

“I’m not sure, really,” replied Jordan, his voice sounding very girlish. “I just feel kind of lost, and confused.”

“That’s not unusual, for a young girl at your age,” Paul reassured him. “I’d like to just have a little conversation with you. But first, please take a look around my office. Could you describe it to me?”

Jordan looked at the empty stage, the curtains, the wings and the audience. “You have a desk over there, with a wall of books behind it. There are some diplo-

mas on the wall, and a painting over there. And over there is a couch and a leather chair."

"So with all those diplomas and books, I should be able to help you, don't you think?"

Jordan smiled. "Yes, Dr. Vesko," he agreed.

"Why don't you sit on the couch, and I'll take the leather chair." Paul led Jordan to the two plastic chairs at the side of the stage, and they sat together. Paul was incredibly relieved to be sitting as he was feeling worse with every passing minute.

"Tell me about your childhood," said Paul. "Were you a typical little girl? Did you like unicorns, butterflies and hair ribbons?"

"Jordan thought a moment. "No, no I never liked any of that."

"Clock out," said Paul, sending Jordan into his hypnotic state. "You really did love unicorns, butterflies and hair ribbons, but your parents never gave you any such things. You like all the same things as any other girl. Clock in."

Jordan opened his eyes. "Oh yes, of course I loved all the same things as any other girl. Unicorns, butterflies, hair ribbons, but my parents never gave me such things."

"Did your mother buy you dolls, and pretty dresses?"

Again, Jordan looked back in his memory. "No, she never did."

"Why do you suppose that is?"

"I don't know. I guess I had two older brothers, so I ended up with a lot of their hand-me-downs, and played with their old toys."

"I see," said Paul. "Did your parents give you dance lessons? Girls' gymnastics?"

"No, it was always sports. Rugby, mostly."

"In a girls' league?" Paul asked.

"No, always with boys."

"Did you go to your high school prom?"

"Oh yes, of course!" replied Jordan.

"Who was your date that night?"

"Pamela Menotti," Jordan told him.

"Oh, I didn't realize," said Paul. "You must be a homosexual."

Jordan responded without hesitation, "No! Of course not!"

"Maybe I misunderstood then," said Paul. "Pamela was your date, correct? And Pamela is another girl I assume. Doesn't that make you a homosexual?"

Jordan thought about this. The audience laughed at the puzzled expressions on his face as he tried to figure this out.

"Except, Pamela isn't a girl," he finally concluded.

"Oh, she's not?"

"No, of course not," said Jordan. "She's a boy. She just looks like a girl. So I was a girl, who looked like a boy, and she was a boy who looked like a girl. So we went to the prom together."

"I suppose that makes sense. Clock out," Paul said, and turned to the audience as Jordan's head slumped

down on his chest. "This always fascinates me. A mind that is convinced of a single incorrect fact will twist and turn the entire fabric of reality to maintain its delusion, to ensure everything else fits. This actually explains a lot about the way people actually behave in the real world." He turned back to Jordan.

"Clock in. So tell me, is this the way you usually dress? It isn't very feminine."

Jordan looked at himself, wearing running shoes, jeans, and a regular shirt. "I guess so," he responded.

"When was the last time you wore a dress, or a pretty skirt and blouse?" Paul asked.

Jordan searched his memories. "I can't remember. Never, maybe. I don't think I ever even owned any."

"And do you usually go out without a bra?"

Jordan looked down, and felt his chest with its absence of any brassiere. "I guess so."

"I think I know why you're feeling so lost and confused," said Paul. "It seems as if you've lost all touch with your femininity. It sounds like your parents never acknowledged you as a young girl, and now here you are a young woman still living your life no different than a boy."

Jordan looked shocked. "I never thought of it that way. I've just always been like this, and it never occurred to me to be more feminine."

"I really feel that you should try on a bra," said Paul. He reached into his jacket, pulled out a bra and handed it to Jordan. "Why don't you step behind that screen over there, and try it on," he suggested, pointing toward the front of the stage and the audience - there was no screen.

“Well, okay,” said Jordan meekly. He took the bra and walked toward the front of the stage, but suddenly turned.

“Wait a minute,” Jordan said to Paul suspiciously. “Why do you have a bra in your pocket?”

“It belongs to my receptionist,” Paul told him.

“Oh, that’s okay then,” said Jordan, returning to the imaginary screen. To the audience’s utter amazement, Jordan removed his shirt in front of them and tried to get into the bra. The audience laughed until tears came to their eyes, but Jordan completely ignored them, intent on getting the bra done up behind his back.

Paul sat back and tried to relax, just for a moment. He knew that Jordan would entertain the crowd for at least a couple of minutes. Paul’s indigestion, or whatever it was, was getting worse. He just needed to sit, and breathe. A few deep breaths would clear it, give him the strength to go on, only another half hour...

Paul’s chest felt like he’d been stabbed with an ice pick! The pain was so intense, and so sudden it took him completely off guard. He tried to reach up, but his left arm would barely move. He tried to call out for help, but nothing more than a squeak passed his lips. With all the uproar from the audience, no one noticed as Paul slouched over in his chair, unconscious.

Jordan finally managed to get the bra done up in front of him, and then pulled it over his head like a T-shirt. Checking his handiwork, he put his shirt on over top, then returned to Paul on stage.

“Dr. Vesko, I’ve got it on, except I don’t think it’s the right size. It seems really big. Dr. Vesko? Dr. Vesko!”

Jordan shrieked as he shook Paul by the shoulder, causing him to fall from his chair to the floor.

“Help me!” Jordan called out. “Can anyone hear me? Dr. Vesko, please wake up!”

Jordan was joined on stage by a quick-thinking stage manager, realizing that this was not part of the show and that something had gone very wrong. She quickly looked him over and called out to the wings, “Someone call an ambulance!”

Jordan simply stood back and watched. A man from the audience quickly bounded to the stage, announcing that he was a doctor. He told everyone that it was a heart attack, and quickly began performing CPR.

Jordan remained on stage, out of the way of the action while the audience was quickly ushered from the building. The doctor performed CPR until the ambulance team arrived and took over.

Jordan didn’t know what to do. Feeling slightly foolish, he walked to the front of the stage and removed his shirt, then the bra underneath. Putting his shirt back on he approached the stage manager.

“I think this is yours,” he said, handing her the bra. The poor girl simply stared in confusion as she accepted, then watched as Jordan left the building through a side exit.

## **Chapter Two**

### **A Brand New Day**

Jordan awoke the next morning. He usually slept in on a Saturday, often staying in bed sluggishly till well past noon. Yet somehow today when he woke he felt



refreshed and revitalized. He lay in bed only a moment after waking, then sat up. He felt a strange energy, a need to get up and get moving. A need to accomplish great things! Jordan swung his legs over the side of the bed, and got up.

On a normal day Jordan might have thrown on some clothes, then headed out on the street to find some breakfast. Maybe some bacon and eggs, or pancakes and sausage at one of the small local diners. But with his current energy that all seemed much too heavy. Jordan went to the small kitchen of his small apartment, and looked for what he might put together for himself. There wasn't much to work with, but Jordan easily found exactly what he needed.

"Let's see," he hummed to himself as he looked through the cupboards and the fridge. "I have a few tea bags. No sugar, wait, here's a packet from the diner. Excellent, we can have tea! Let's get the kettle on. And a bit of toast, with raspberry jam. I can't believe I've run out of almost everything."

Jordan found a scrap of paper, then made a quick list of things to pick up at the shop later. By the time the water had boiled he had quite a long list. Jordan vowed to get himself more organized. This was no way to run a kitchen!

Jordan sat at his kitchen table, sipping at his tea and enjoying his toast. He watched out the window as he ate. There was not much of a view, although he could just see a small corner of the park down the street. Mostly he could see the early morning traffic, as people woke and headed down his street, intent on their weekend errands. Then a thought came into his head - a thought unlike any thought he had ever had before...

“Curtains,” he thought aloud in a curious tone. “I should have curtains on this window.”

Jordan was terribly surprised by this idea. Why, after over a year of looking at the same scene through the same window without a thought or a care he should suddenly see a need for curtains he couldn't tell. All he knew was he suddenly had a desire to see curtains on the window. Maybe a nice valance as well. Jordan found another scrap of paper and began a new list, with 'curtains' at the top. He found his original list and added 'paper' to it.

“This place is finally going to get organized,” he said to himself with satisfaction.

With breakfast accomplished, Jordan picked up his dishes and moved them to the side of the sink, where dirty dishes were normally set as they awaited washing. Except there was no room for more dirty dishes. Jordan set his tea mug, small plate, knife and spoon on top of the pile precariously as usual, and immediately felt ashamed of himself.

“Jordan Perlman,” he said to himself sternly. “You are not going to start your weekend this way. This mess looks awful and you can just jolly well take five minutes to clean it up.”

Jordan ran some hot water into the sink, along with a bit of hand soap, as he seemed to be out of dish soap. With a sigh he found his shopping list and made another addition. Then he tackled the week's worth of dirty dishes. Every dish was washed, dried, and stored away in the cupboard. Once he was done he scrubbed down the counter, then wiped the table as well. He finished up by sweeping the floor, which he couldn't remember ever having done before.

Jordan looked around his kitchen with satisfaction. The counters were clean, the table was clean, and the floor was clean! Until he noticed that nothing was really clean, it was all just free of clutter and filth. As he looked more closely he realized that the table and counters were streaky in the light from the window, the cupboards were spattered with who knows what, the stove was grimy, and the window itself was barely transparent any more.

“Tomorrow, this place gets a thorough going-over!” Jordan vowed. Never once did it enter his head that this new cleaning obsession was in any way unusual. It was just something that needed to be done!

Feeling very satisfied with himself, Jordan turned his attention to preparing himself to go out for the day. Normally he would have simply thrown on some clothes and headed for the door, but after his cleaning efforts he felt a need to clean up first. Jordan went to his bathroom, and stared in dismay.

“How did things get to this state?” he wondered. Cleaning this room was added to his mental list of chores for tomorrow. High on the list.

Jordan faced himself in the mirror. His hair was unkempt, his skin was pale, his face was stubbly.

“Your apartment’s a mess, and you’re a mess,” he told his reflection. Jordan found his razor and shave cream, and shaved his face clean and smooth. He smiled at his reflection, pleased with the improvement. Then turning to the tub he prepared to shower.

Jordan pouted, thinking. “I’ve already worked so hard today, and I have so much to do this weekend. I should allow myself a little relaxation,” he reasoned.

Instead of his usual shower, Jordan wanted a bath. A hot, leisurely bath. He had certainly earned it, he reasoned. Jordan put the plug in place, got the water to the right temperature, and filled the tub. Giggling to himself, he added a capful of shampoo to the water, creating a mountain of soft, gleaming bubbles. Jordan lowered himself into the hot water carefully, then lay back with his eyes closed, relaxing in luxury as the bubbles covered and surrounded him.

Jordan raised one long leg through the bubbles, and washed it with the sliver of soap. He mentally added soap to his shopping list. Then as he washed his second leg, he stopped. He looked at his leg, as if he had never seen it before. It looked long, and strange, as if it belonged to someone else.

"I wonder," he thought curiously. Jordan looked around the tiny bathroom, and spotted his razor. He reached out of the tub and grabbed it, holding it, looking at it, looking at his leg.

"I wonder, what it would be like," he thought. Jordan pressed the razor against his leg near the ankle, and pulled it up his leg, removing a patch of leg hair.

"I've never," he thought, entranced by the smooth patch that he had created on his leg. "But I wonder..."

Jordan shaved a bit more of his leg, seeing how soft and smooth it became. Jordan was fascinated by the transformation. Once begun he couldn't stop. He shaved both legs to the knee, and once that was done he shaved both legs to his hips.

"Why have I never done this before?" he wondered, standing in the tepid bath water, enjoying the feel of his soft, smooth legs. "This is just so amazing!"

Wanting more, Jordan found his underarms required shaving. He was not a naturally hairy person, and was just slightly disappointed to find he was done. He was completely smooth and hairless from his chin to his toes. Jordan regarded himself with satisfaction.

“I should have done this long ago,” Jordan thought to himself. His bath water was now quite cold so he opened the drain to let the water run out, and then rinsed himself with the shower. Towelling himself dry Jordan went to his bedroom to dress.

Jordan stared at the clothes hanging in his closet. “Oh my gosh, I hate everything I own,” he said to himself as he looked through the pants and shirts he found hanging there. All of his pants were so baggy, and his shirts were old and limp. He finally picked out an old pair of thin-leg jeans he hadn’t worn since high school, a plain teal T-shirt, and a gray hooded jacket that he had never worn because for some reason he had thought it was too small. It wasn’t great, but at least it wasn’t baggy, limp and lifeless like everything else he owned. Jordan tied on his old running shoes, having nothing else, and set out for the day.

“Dr. Vesko was right,” he thought as he locked the apartment. “I have got to get my life together. Today is going to see the start of a new Jordan!”

\* \* \*

There was a cool morning breeze as Jordan walked to the market, but the sun was already high in the sky and it promised to be a beautiful warm day. Jordan smiled, everything looked so fresh and lovely today. He had a skip in his step, he was actually excited about

all the things he had to do! He had never looked forward to shopping before.

The market Jordan usually went to was on the other side of a mall. It was possible to walk around it, but much easier to just go straight through, as if the mall was just another street. There was a department store at the corner closest to Jordan's home, and this is where he entered.

The first floor of this store, like most department stores, catered to women. Men usually only go to department stores when they need to, already having decided what they need and proceeding directly to that area. So men's wear, electronics, hardware, that sort of thing is generally on the upper floors. Women tend to be the impulse buyers, and so if you are trying to get through a department store as quickly as possible you are guaranteed to go through the women's wear.

Jordan walked through the aisles of the department store, looking up at the mannequins, all wearing the latest fashions. Short skirts, silky blouses, high-heeled shoes. This wasn't unusual for Jordan. He always looked at the mannequins, how their shapely figures filled out the women's clothing in just the right places, in just the right ways. What was unusual were the thoughts running through his head. Jordan usually thought about girls he knew, or imagined girls he might meet, who would look so hot in a skirt like this or a blouse like that.

"I must have been crazy," Jordan thought to himself as he realized. "Why should I be thinking about other girls, how they could wear this, show off their legs, their long hair, their narrow waists? I've never owned a dress in my life! I walk through here every day, and

I've never once even thought about buying a dress for myself!"

Jordan stared as he walked through the women's department, wondering at how he could have lived his entire life this way. He didn't have time to stop; he had too much to do today. But what he saw next forced him to stop. Jordan's mouth fell open, and he stepped into the lingerie department.

"Can I help you?"

Jordan realized the woman had spoken to him several times; he wasn't sure how many. He looked up from the rack of boxes to find himself confronted by a rather stern-looking older woman. She did not appear to be happy.

"I'm, um, looking... need to buy a, uh, bra," Jordan said quietly. It was the first time he had spoken all day, and his voice retained the soft, feminine quality it had the previous night at the show.

"If you are looking for a gift, this is not that type of store," said the saleswoman. "This store sells practical ladies' undergarments. You can find something in the mall which is much more suitable."

"No, it's not for a gift," Jordan tried to explain. "I don't know about the sizes. How do I know what size I need?"

"If you don't know the size of the woman it's for, then you're not going to get very far. Tell her to come in herself, and I will be happy to do a fitting."

"No, no, no," Jordan said, realizing he was not getting the situation across to the woman. "It's just that, I've never worn a bra before."

"I should hope not!" said the saleswoman. "A brassier is a very personal thing. Women wear them because they have to. Because they have breasts. You have no breasts, you are not a woman, and you have no business in this store. Now please leave!"

Jordan felt like crying. He knew of course that he was completely flat chested. But every girl has the right to wear a bra anyway, doesn't she? Then to be told he was so flat chested, he wasn't even a woman! Jordan no longer felt like crying, he was crying.

"I just want to buy a bra," he said quietly through the tears.

"Security!" the woman yelled. Jordan couldn't move, he was so humiliated. It didn't take long for a woman in a store security uniform to arrive.

"What seems to be the problem?" the guard asked as she arrived on the scene.

"This... person... is causing a disturbance!" said the saleswoman. "Please remove him from the store!"

"Come along," the guard told Jordan, but not unkindly. "You'd better come with me."

"Just a minute!" As the guard tried to lead Jordan away, another customer walked up to the small group. She was an older woman, perhaps in her sixties or even seventies, but rather fierce and formidable. Everyone stopped to listen to her.

"If there was a disturbance here, it was caused by your own salesperson!" she told them. "She's been bullying this poor child for ten minutes. He hasn't so much as raised his voice above a whisper. He only wants to buy a bra. That's what you do here, isn't it? So how about you stop judging people and do your job?"



A small crowd of women had gathered around at the disturbance. Some having dealt with this particular saleswoman in the past, and others just knowing the type, applauded.

"I can't throw someone out when all they are trying to do is make a purchase," the guard told the saleswoman. "Please sell him anything he wants."

The crowd applauded again, then dispersed as the guard left Jordan with the saleswoman.

"So, I need a fitting, you said?" Jordan asked.

The saleswoman reluctantly took Jordan back into her department, and answered all his questions. She measured him for a bra, and found him one that was appropriate for a young woman who needed a bit of padding. She assisted him in the change room, showing him how the clasp worked. She explained how he would need two white bras, and one in black. When he asked, she found him some appropriate panties, and pantyhose as well. Although she was not exactly pleasant throughout the process, she remained civil and gave Jordan everything he needed. Jordan left with a smile on his face, wearing his first bra!

Jordan left the department store and entered the mall. He felt so good and so excited about all the changes he was making in his life! One session with Dr. Vesko, and he had a whole new direction. Everything just made so much sense. Jordan was getting his life back on track.

Jordan passed a shop with a mirror out front, and paused to take a look at himself. He couldn't see much under the sweatshirt, but he could just make out the curve of his new shape. He was rather pleased with what he saw, but still just a little surprised. He had

never thought of himself as a girl, with breasts! A girl with an attractive shape.

“Can I help you?” asked the young woman at the reception counter.

Jordan looked around the store, realizing he was in a hair salon.

“Do you need your hair cut? It’s starting to look a bit long!” the girl said, as Jordan didn’t reply.

Jordan looked at the mirror again, looked at his hair. He hadn’t even bothered to comb it this morning.

“Yes,” he said with conviction. “Yes, I need my hair done!”

The receptionist escorted Jordan into the salon, leaving him in the care of Ella, one of the stylists.

“You have lovely waves in your hair,” Ella said as she began her consultation. “Most girls would kill to have hair like yours. But I suppose you will want to cut it right back. Shall I trim it, get rid of your curls and shorten it all over?”

“No, not this time,” Jordan told her. “I’ve always fought my curls, and now I don’t know why. But now I want something cute. Something Pretty!”

“I don’t understand,” said Ella, confused. “What you want is a short cut. A man’s cut! We’ll trim it short on the sides, and leave you a little length on top. Maybe an inch. That should be very handsome, don’t you think?”

“No, that’s not what I want!” said Jordan. He waved Ella’s hands away as she tried to make her first cut. He started to cry as he said, “Not any more.”

"Is there something I can help with?" Jordan was addressed by an attractive woman. "Hi, I'm Tracy. I'm the manager. What seems to be the problem, dear?"

"There's no problem," replied Ella coldly. "We've decided on a traditional man's cut, short on the sides with a little extra length on top."

"That's not what I want," said Jordan, wiping away the tears.

"We want you to be happy with your hair," Tracy told him. "Please, just tell me what you want."

"I want long hair," Jordan said.

"We can't just magically add more hair!" Ella said angrily.

"But we can help to grow it out," replied Tracy. "Keep the length, but neaten it, so it looks like a man's cut."

"No, no, no!" said Jordan. "I want a girl's hairstyle! I'm a girl. I want to look like a girl!"

Tracy didn't reply for a moment as she thought about this. "Are you sure that's what you want? You can't go to work like that! What about your family, and friends? You don't really want to look like a girl, do you?"

"Yes," said Jordan meekly.

"Well, I won't do it!" Ella said, crossing her arms and setting her features stubbornly. "I'll give you a good, short man's cut, or you can get out of my chair!"

Tracy looked around the room at the other stylists. "Mark, do you think you could help this client?"

Mark had heard every word of the conversation. Who hadn't? "Of course I can," he said as he came

over, and escorted Jordan to his chair. "You just come with me. What's your name, kitten?"

"Jordan," replied Jordan shyly.

"Jordan, that's a pretty name. So you want to look like a girl! Of course you do, sweetie. Who doesn't? I can do you up so you'll look gorgeous tonight. But you need to know, if you try to comb it back into a man's style on Monday it's just going to look like a mess. Not much different than it looks now."

"Oh, I'm not going to do that!" said Jordan. "I want to look like a girl. Eventually I want to grow my hair out long, but for now I want something cute, something sassy! People have always treated me like a guy. I want everyone to know, no mistake, Jordan is a girl!"

Mark laughed as he began styling. "Well alright, if your mind is made up, girlfriend! We are going to go for cute and sassy! I have just the style for you. It looks stunning on blondes, but a brunette like yourself should look amazing."

"Can we color my hair?" asked Jordan.

"Well, I was thinking of a platinum blonde. You don't want to go that far, do you?"

"YES!" squealed Jordan. "Oh please, Mark! It's exactly what I want!"

Mark laughed. He set down his scissors, and escorted Jordan to a coloring station. "Okay, kitten! Today, you get the full treatment. Watch out world, there's a new girl in town!"

\* \* \*

Mark colored Jordan's hair, a practically white, platinum blonde. The color needed a long time to set, and rather than simply spend his time in a chair with a women's magazine Jordan inquired what other services the salon provided. So as the color set, Jordan had his eyebrows waxed, plucked and shaped into thin, feminine arches. A manicure and pedicure rounded out the remainder of the waiting time, leaving his painted fingers and toes looking like pretty pink shells. By the time Jordan returned to Mark's chair, he was looking and feeling like the girl he wanted to be.

"Look, at you, kitten!" said Mark. "My goodness, aren't you just the belle of the ball. Let's see if we can style this hair to look as pretty as the rest of you."

Mark trimmed Jordan's hair, trying to keep as much length as he could. After all, Jordan's hair was long and in need of a cut for a guy, but still very short for a girl. Still, there are many women with very attractive short hairstyles as well. When he was done, Jordan's head was a mass of feminine curls.

"How do you like it?" asked Mark as he held a mirror up, allowing Jordan to see his new look from all angles.

"I love it!" Jordan squealed. Ella looked on from her station in disgust, but no one noticed.

"Now this shampoo will help to preserve the color," Mark said. "It's for wavy hair, so it will help to keep your beautiful curls. And this is the hair spray I showed you. Because your hair is still short, you want to get as much volume as possible, so remember how I

showed you to hold out the pieces, then just a little spray to hold it in place."

"I'll remember," Jordan said with a huge smile.

"Do you know what?" said Mark. "You look so pretty, do you have time for a makeover? A little makeup would really make your whole face pop!"

Jordan was quiet a moment as he thought. "I've never worn makeup," he said.

"Oh, sorry," Mark apologized, wondering if perhaps Jordan was offended by the idea. "I didn't mean you need makeup. You're very pretty without, if you don't like makeup."

"No, that's not it," Jordan said. "I just, really, have never worn makeup in my life. Can you believe it? Never! I don't even know how to put on makeup."

"Then kitten, you are in for a treat!" said Mark as he led Jordan to the makeup station. "Jordan, this is Destiny. Destiny, can you teach this lovely young girl everything she needs to know about makeup?"

"Of course!" said Destiny, seating Jordan in her chair as Mark left. "Tell me about your normal makeup and skin care routine? What products do you use?"

"Nothing," replied Jordan. "Just soap, I guess."

"Oh, you poor sweetheart," Destiny said to him. "We have got so much work ahead of us."

Destiny told Jordan everything that every girl needs to know about proper skin care. She showed him lotions, moisturizers, and cleansers. She demonstrated facial scrubs, seaweed masks, products to deep-clean pores and remove unwanted facial hair. When she was done with the lessons on skin care, Jordan's face was as pink and soft as a baby's.

“Now that we have a good base, we can apply the makeup, to really bring out your gorgeous features!” Destiny told him. “We’re going to apply a little foundation, all over. A thin coat like this. A young girl usually doesn’t need this unless she’s going out for the evening, except you still have a bit of a dark hair line on your cheeks and chin. But you keep using this hair remover and that will be gone completely in a couple of weeks. Until then, keep using the foundation every day.”



Jordan took in the lessons, learning everything he needed to know as a girl. Destiny showed him how to use foundation and facial powder, and how to pencil and highlight his feminine eyebrows. She showed him how the right combination of shades of eyeshadow would deepen his eyes, and highlight their feminine qualities. He learned how to use eyeliner and mascara to give the impression of long, girlish lashes. He learned how to contour his features, emphasizing the feminine and de-emphasizing the rest. She showed him how a bit of blush could bring a beautiful pink to his cheeks, and finally, how a bright red lipstick suited him perfectly, creating luscious feminine lips in the shape of a tempting kiss.

Jordan was ecstatic! He had never done anything for his feminine side. No one had ever treated him like a girl, and so he had never realized how important these things were. Now with his hair and makeup done, he was a new woman. The old, tomboy Jordan was gone.

Jordan paid for his hair color and style, eyebrow waxing, mani-pedi, facial treatments and makeover, and he purchased the hair care, skin care, and makeup products recommended for him. It was expensive, but so worth it. He had a bit of money he had been saving up towards a new TV and game machine, which seemed so very childish now. This was so much more important. Jordan walked out into the mall, a totally new girl!

\* \* \*

Jordan continued through the mall, on his way toward the grocery store. Except there are just so many



things in a mall to distract a young woman! Jordan didn't get very far before he came across a trendy women's clothing shop. The colorful outfits in the window drew him in like a moth to a flame. Jordan was going through the first rack of the latest fall skirts, when a pretty young salesgirl approached him.

"Hi, I'm Trish," she introduced herself. "Isn't the new fall line just the best? I love the colors, and I'm so glad the short skirts are finally back in style! I love your hair."

"Thanks. I just had it done. I'm Jordan."

"Jordan! Very cool name," said Trish. "I love it! So are you looking for a new skirt?"

"I think I need one of everything," Jordan replied.

Trish laughed. "I know what you mean! Everything is just so gorgeous this season. Have you seen these dresses? To die for!"

Jordan was having a great time, just talking to Trish. He knew absolutely nothing about women's clothing, while Trish knew absolutely everything! He realized, he had never spoken to another girl like this. All his friends had always been guys. The few conversations he could remember having with other girls had always been slightly awkward for some reason. But talking with Trish was so easy!

And Trish knew absolutely everything about women's clothing. She was an absolute fountain of information, and was able to answer all of Jordan's questions.

"What's the difference between a skirt and a dress?" Jordan asked, not quite sure he understood everything Trish was trying to tell him, because he just didn't have the vocabulary.

Trish would answer his very basic questions without judgement. "This is a skirt," she said, taking one from the rack and showing it to him. "You have to select a top to go with it. Over here are dresses. See, it's all one piece? The top and bottom are together."

"Oh, okay!" said Jordan. Seeing the advantages he added, "So with a skirt, I'll need to buy a shirt in the same color to go with it."

"It's called a blouse, not a shirt," Trish corrected him. "And it doesn't have to be the same color. It just needs to be a matching color. A white or a black blouse usually matches just about anything. Matching different colors can be tricky. Sometimes it's not enough to match the color, though. You need to find matching materials and styles. You should get some fashion magazines and get an idea of what can be done."

"So this is a blouse," Jordan said, holding one in front of himself. Then he noticed, "Hey! The buttons are on the wrong side!"

"All blouses have buttons on the left," Trish informed him. "Only men's shirts have buttons on the right."

"Oh," said Jordan, blushing with embarrassment. Had he really never worn a blouse before? He changed the subject by asking, "So when should I wear high heels? With skirts, or dresses?"

"That's easy," answered Trish. "You should always wear high heels! The higher, the better. A better question is when should you wear high heel shoes, and when should you wear high heel boots. We have a nice selection of both over here."

Trish led Jordan to the shoe section of the store, and showed him the many styles, materials, textures, and

colors of high heels that keep most women fascinated their entire lives. Jordan continued to ask questions, while Trish pulled together a stylish outfit for him to try on.

Jordan came out of the change room wearing his very first skirt, blouse, and heels. The skirt was a very traditional blue with pleats, while the top was an adorable white babydoll T. The heels were only two inches, but they still gave him some trouble. He had also changed into one of his new pair of panties and hose at Trish's suggestion, after he had mentioned he was wearing boxers. Jordan couldn't believe how adorable he looked! He giggled like a little girl as he looked at himself in the mirror.



“Do you like it?” asked Trish.

Jordan clapped his hands and practically squealed, “I love it! I never knew I could look like this! Hey, this skirt has no pockets. Where do I put my wallet?”

Trish pulled him aside and turned serious, speaking quietly. “You’ve never done this before, have you?”

“What do you mean?” asked Jordan.

“Going out in public like this,” said Trish seriously. “Dressed like a girl.”

Jordan hung his head in shame. “Is it that obvious?” he asked.

Trish took a good look at him. “No, it really isn’t obvious to look at you. With that hair, and makeup, and this outfit is so cute on you, no one seeing you would ever guess. But Jordan, everything you say gives you away! You ask the most basic questions, that every girl knows. And you walk like a guy. You really need to change the way you walk!”

“I didn’t know,” said Jordan in shame. Even though Trish knew that he was a guy, Jordan still hadn’t figured it out. He still thought they were talking about him being more feminine.

“It’s okay, really!” said Trish, trying to comfort him. “Do you really want to be a girl? Like, full time? Giving up everything else?”

“I just never thought about being a girl before,” he said, trying to hold back tears. “It’s like I’ve only just realized recently that I really am a girl, but I don’t know the first thing about it! But yes, I really do want to be a girl now. Nothing from my old life matters any more.”