

Shampoo

GirlVentures



Shampoo

"You.. you defeated me," Shampoo said, a stunned look on her face.

"Yes, I am aware of that," Ranma said. He was in his female form, with his thick red hair. "Well, so, time for me to be on my way and—"

"Stop!" Shampoo said. "By Amazon law, I am now obligated to give you a kiss."

"A kiss?" Ranma tilted his head to the side and raised an eyebrow, clearly credulous, but the other Amazons all nodded and agreed with Shampoo.

"Fine, but just on the cheek."

Shampoo got up and went to Ranma, giving him a kiss on the cheek, and then her face turned wickedly evil. "As per Amazon law, I have given you the kiss of death! I will hunt you to the ends of the Earth and kill you!"

Ranma raised his eyes to the heavens and said, "why does everything always have to be so complicated."

The camera cut back to Shampoo, and Matt used his controller to pause the picture so he could admire what he considered Shampoo's perfection. She had wine-colored eyes and purple hair with bangs and buns, the kind of cute face that existed only in the world of anime or manga with big eyes and a tiny nose and mouth. One whole wall of Matt's apartment was taken up with a bookshelf groaning under the weight of hundreds of manga, VHS tapes and DVDs he'd collected over the years, many of them rare finds that would probably never be available from any streaming service.

Matt loved anime, and he found Shampoo the most fascinating and captivating character of them all. What was it? He wasn't sure. He just knew he couldn't get enough of her adventures in stalking Ranma.

Matt could have watched more episodes of Ranma. He'd done all nighters before, but his stomach was grumbling, and he felt a little light-headed. He needed good. Getting up, shaking his sleepy legs, he walked over to the framed poster of Shampoo that hung on the wall and touched it. "I'll be back soon," he said, chuckling to himself. He knew he was a little nerdy. He didn't care.

Matthew pulled on his old blue hoodie and headed out the door. He had an apartment downtown in Old City, and once on the street he felt himself waking up, feeling more aware and alert. The sun was just setting, and the streetlamps had come on. Cars and buses honked and crept down the streets, and people bustled along the sidewalks. Fall had come and the air was crisp and cool, a gentle breeze flowing up the streets and avenues.

Matt's favorite restaurant was only two blocks away, a place called Daily Dumpling. For Matt, the name was close to truth as he ate their nearly every day. The bell chimed as he pushed open the door and walked into the dimly lit, neat little room, which was decorated with paintings of the Himalayas. Mr. Tru saw him and smiled. "The usual?"

“As usual,” Matt said, taking a seat in the corner table by the window. There were a few other customers there, mostly couples. Matt sometimes felt a little odd eating alone, but he’d gotten used to it. One good thing about the city was that a lot of people went out to eat by themselves, which was another reason he’d been glad to escape from the suburbs where he’d grown up.

As Matt waited for his food, he thought about how he’d promised himself he was going to start making his own food. In fact, just the night before sitting at this very table, he’d promised himself he would NOT eat at Daily Dumpling, but would go to the store, buy food and cook it. Oh, well, Maybe tomorrow, he thought as Mr. Tru brought him his order. Maybe tomorrow. As he began to eat his pork dumplings, dipping them in the Mr. Tru’s tangy, homemade teriyaki sauce, Matt reflected that his life had fallen into a kind of comfortable rut. Everything was fine, but it was just that— fine. Something was missing. He needed a change, but what?

After Matt ate, he decided to take a quick walk. He often felt drowsy after a meal, so as much as he wanted to head home and watch more Shampoo, he knew he would be more likely to actually stay awake for it after a walk. Though he usually walked the same route, reflecting on his own feeling he needed a change, he decided to roam some random streets. Old Town had been built before cars, and it consisted of winding, narrow streets crowded with old, stone buildings that dated back 100 years. As he walked along, enjoying the crisp, fall, evening air, Matt happened to glance down a side alley. He froze.

The alley was mostly unlit and now filled with murky shadows, but at the very end was a single streetlamp that cast a cool cone of light on a narrow red door. Above the door was a hand painted sign that read: Exactly What You Need: Curiosities. Matt felt drawn toward the store, as if some invisible force was pulling him toward the narrow red door. He took a step toward the door, then shook his head. No. He wanted to get home. He started to walk past the alley when he heard a voice whisper, “Maaaaaat.”

Overcome with curiosity, Matt headed down the alley, took the old brass knob in hand, turned and pushed the door open. The hinges made a graying, winding sound. Peering into the dimly lit shop, Matt saw a room crowded with phonographs, mannequins, mounted animals. There was a shelf full of porcelain dolls in frilly dresses, an antique mirror, pinball machine with the caption “Mezmero” on it and a picture of an old-fashioned magician with lightning bolts coming out of his eyes.

There was even a statue of a wizard: an old, Chinese man wearing a blue robe covered in stars and zephyrs, staring into space with glassy eyes.

Matt walked up the statue and looked it over. It almost looks alive, he thought. “Freaky,” he said, and then jumped when the statue answered, “Thanks.”

Matt, who’d jumped back into a shelf and knocked over some books, felt like he was about to have a heart attack. “You’re alive!” He said, pointing at the man.

“Guilty,” the man said. “Though my wife has been trying to kill me for the last 20 years with her cooking. Haha. Just kidding. Wow. Okay, so I have something amazing to show you. Check this out.”

Matt, whose heart was still pounding in his chest, went over to see what the man was talking about. As he walked over, he noticed the whole place smelled like dried flowers, just like the potpourri his mother used to use. “It smells like dried flowers in here,” he said out loud.

“I’m trying to cover up the smell of dust,” the man said. Then, he picked up a magazine. “This is a rarity like you won’t believe.” There was a bookmark, and he opened it to that page, holding it toward Matt. “Hunh? Right?” The man said, smacking his lips.

“Yeah,” Matt said as he looked at a picture of Shampoo wearing a very skimpy bikini. “Cool. Cool.” Matt had no problem with seeing a picture of Shampoo in a bikini per se, but there was something off about having this old man show him one right off like this. “Um, so, maybe...”

“Can you imagine having a body like that?” The Wizard asked, turning the magazine around so he could admire the picture once more. “Yowza. You’re going to have terrible back aches.”

Me? Terrible backaches? Matt decided he just wanted to leave. “You know, I was just checking the place out and—”

“No! No. Don’t even think about leaving.” He tossed the magazine over his shoulder. “What do you want? Look at all this stuff. Pick something.”

Thinking he would just pick something and get out, Matt looked around then, with a half-hearted shrug, he said, “That magazine?”

“WRONG!” The wizard shouted, jumping. “Wrong... wrong... wrong...” he hurried behind the counter, where there was a display case with five shelves all crammed with bottles. The bottles were filled with mysterious, glowing liquids in reds, blues, golds and greens. In some he could see what looked like claws, eyes... The old man now seemed to be muttering to himself as he opened the cabinet and began to search through the potions. “They come here, and they never know what they need...” he murmured. “Never do they know. And then...”

Matt glanced back toward the front door, thinking to make a run for it. Then, the old man suddenly shouted, “Eureka” and took down one of the bottles, which at least didn’t have anything floating in it but was purple and glowing. “This is what you need,” the man said. “\$25.”

“25?” Matt said, looking at the syrupy purple potion. The bottle itself looked like something from the 19th century with thick, leaded glass and an intricate pattern along the base. “What is it?”

The Wizard's eyes went wide, and he tilted his head to the side. "I already told you," he said. "It's what you need."

Matt didn't love the idea of spending \$25 for this mysterious purple stuff, but just as he'd felt drawn here in the first place, he felt drawn to this bottle of stuff. He did feel like he needed it. He pulled out his wallet and slapped 25 dollars on the counter. "Done. And, by the way, cool robes."

"Thanks," the Wizard said. "I just got them back from the dry cleaners."

By the time Matt left the shop, it was getting dark, and the purple potion glowed intensely. He held it against his chest, the purple light uplighting his face, making him look a little scary, so a lot of people gave him double takes and a few even crossed the street. Matt, not realizing how spooky he looked with the purple light in his face, just wondered what was wrong with people these days, though he was kind of glad to have an open sidewalk.

Once he got back to his apartment, he set the purple potion down on his coffee table and looked at it sitting there, glowing. "I'd have to be crazy to drink some kind of mysterious glowing liquid from a pervy old man," Matt thought to himself. "It's probably radioactive."

He went back to watching Ranma, but his eyes kept drifting back to the potion. It almost seemed to be calling to him... drink me... drink me...

"No... no..." Matt mumbled.

"Yes...."

Hours later, tired and sleepy, he just had no more will to resist. He picked up the bottle and pulled the heavy stopper out, then tilted it back and guzzled it down in a one huge gulp. When he finished, he wiped his mouth with the back of his arm and smiled. It actually tasted pretty good, but not grape at all. More like kiwi.

Matt collapsed into bed and fell immediately into a deep, dream-filled sleep. He saw scenes from his life, starting that night at the wizard's shop, but they were all playing backwards. As the dreams progressed, he felt more and more like these were something wrong with his body... a weight growing on his chest... jiggling... he caught glimpses of himself that didn't seem right... a dainty hand... a slender wrist... a wave of purple hair falling across one eye... he felt his upper arm press against something soft... and his voice... it sounded wrong... squeaky like a cartoon mouse or a... no... that couldn't be.... And then he thought he was looking in a mirror, but that couldn't be because he was looking at Shampoo...

"Ah!" Matt shouted as he woke, and instantly he knew that so much was wrong. First, his shout sounded like a girl, and not even a regular girl, but an anime girl. Second, there was something in his mouth, covering his eyes, and as he pulled and tried to use his tongue to get it out, he realized it was hair? He pulled some of his now long hair around and held it out in front of his

face, thinking “purple?” At the same time he was trying to process that long hair, he felt his arm once more pressing against something soft. Looking confused, he looked down to see what looked like a pair of large, firm breasts straining against a girl’s nightie. “What the hell?” He said, not sure if he was more surprised to find he seemed to have breasts or that he was wearing a girl’s clothes.

The thought hit him like a sledgehammer. I’m a girl, he thought. I turned into a girl.



Matt’s heart raced. He needed to see himself. It wasn’t possible. It couldn’t be possible. Guys don’t just turn into girls. He rolled out of bed, his long purple hair swirling around his head, then froze. This wasn’t his apartment. He shook his head, confused, because even though this

wasn't his apartment, it was his room. It was his room from back when he was a teenager. The bed, the posters, the dresser... his computer desk... it was all exactly like... Wait. Almost exactly. There was one thing that stood out as wrong: the full-length mirror that stood in the corner.

He didn't remember having a full-length mirror, but he was drawn to it now. He took a step and then another, his first steps in this new body. He was a person walking, but the sensation felt so different. His body... jiggled, and his hips swayed, and his hair swished... It was so different and so interesting to feel these things. He paused as he stood to the side of the mirror, trying to work up the courage and then, closing his eyes, he stepped in front of the mirror.

He felt stressed, as if he were standing on the edge of a diving board 100 feet above the shimmering blue waters of a pool. Just jump... he whispered in his soft new voice. Just jump. He opened his eyes and squeaked. It was not just a girl that looked back at him, but the very image of Shampoo.

"I'm Shampoo!" He squeaked, hopping in place, his breasts bouncing. Yes. He had her purple hair, her big eyes and small nose, her slender waist and round hips. He looked like an anime character come to life in the real world. Matt stared, putting one hand to his cheek, feeling the skin, so smooth and soft. "How could this happen?" He plucked nervously at the hem of his nightie.

The potion. That purple potion. What had the old man said? Can you imagine having a body like that? He'd known. The old man had known. The old man had also predicted Matt would have terrible back aches. Turning to the side, Matt saw how impressively his chest pushed out the nightie. The shock of seeing himself as a girl was starting to wear off, and now as Matt admired his big bust, he thought about the old man's words and smiled. "If I have terrible backaches," he thought with a giggle. "They will be more than worth it."

Turning this way and that, Matt checked out the rest of his body, looked at his face from different angles, tried different smiles. My face is such a girl's face, he thought. Even if I was dressed as a boy everyone would know I was a girl. He loved it.

In fact, he loved all of it. "I'm a girl," he said, blowing himself a kiss in the mirror and then striking a model pose with one hand on his hip and another behind his head, arching his back and thrusting chest forward. "I'm Shampoo."

What's this? Matt finds himself transformed into a girl and he's happy? Yes, indeed, dear reader, because the wizard knew Matt's secret, the one he'd kept from the whole world his whole life. Matt had always wanted to be a girl.

Turning from the mirror, Matt bit his lip as more questions began to flood his mind. Why was he back in his room? He remembered bits of his strange backward dream. Had he traveled through time? And if so, what about his parents?

As if on cue, he got one answer. "Honey, better hurry or you'll be late." It was his mother's voice calling to him from downstairs, just as she'd always done. Matt pinched himself. Ouch. Everything seemed so real. His body felt so real. Could all this be true?

His stomach grumbled. He decided he would go downstairs and explore the mystery further. Looking around, he saw a pair of slippers with puffy balls on the ends and put his hands to his cheeks. Perfect. Too perfect. Sleeping his feet into the slippers, he gathered his hair and tossed it back over his shoulders, then opened the door to his room, peeking down the hall. For a moment, his head spun, the world seemed to tilt to the side. His parents still lived in the same house, and he'd gone upstairs to check out his old room, which his mother had turned into an office after he'd moved out. The hall looked the same, but also different. A few years ago, his father had torn out the carpet and put down hardwood floors, but the carpet was back, brand new as it had once been, and the pictures his mother had hung on the walls were different than he remembered.

Matt headed down the hall, down the stairs. His father was sitting at the table reading a newspaper, while his mother was pouring steaming water from a gleaming copper tea kettle into a French press, the smell of freshly brewing coffee wafting across the room. Matt lingered nervously at the entrance to the kitchen. His parents hadn't noticed him yet. Would they recognize him, or would they think some crazy girl had snuck into their house. Creeping back so they couldn't see him, he tried to lower his voice and said, "Mom? Dad? I have something to tell you."

"What's wrong with your voice? Are you sick?" His mother asked. He heard her footsteps coming toward him.

"No. Don't look. I need to..."

But it was too late. His mother poked her head around the corner and looked at him, then came all the way around, putting the back of her hand to his forehead. Matt was shocked to realize he was now about the same height as his mother. He'd grown quite a bit taller back in the future where he was a boy. More shocking? His mother didn't seem to even notice that he was a girl now. He looked down at his slender wrists and small hands, the swell of his chest. Could this be an illusion of some sort? Was he delusional?

"You don't have a fever," his mother said. Then, she made her serious face and planted her hands on her hips. "I hope you aren't pretending to be sick again."

"Pretending? Sick?" Matt smiled. He was always pretending to be sick back in the day, trying to get out of school so he could play video games instead. He giggled. "Do you notice anything different about me?"

His mother looked him over. "I don't," she said. "Now, hurry. You need to eat breakfast. You don't want to be late."

Matt did feel hungry, so he decided to just go with it. He went into the kitchen and opened the cupboard, once more feeling a confusing sense of Deja vu. Right there, just as it had always been throughout his high-school years, was what he'd always called his Ranma Bowl— it was a porcelain bowl with blue Japanese writing on the edge that read "Nutritious breakfast for powerful day." "Omigod," Matt said, taking the bowl down, feeling the cool porcelain against his fingertips. "The Ranma Bowl is still here."

"Why wouldn't it be?" His mother asked.

Matt, realizing he'd made a mistake, shook his head. "No reason. I mean, why did I even say that? I guess I'm just scatter-brained like every teen girl. Ha. Ha."

Mother raised an eyebrow and went back to what she'd been doing.

In every time travel movie Matt had ever seen, there had been great emphasis placed on the characters making sure they did not reveal they came from the future, so he felt very relieved that he hadn't given himself away. Close call, he thought. I'll have to be more careful. On the other hand, he was increasingly coming to accept that he was a girl, and he had traveled back in time. He poured himself a bowl of Grapenuts, the nuggets rattling as they hit the glass bowl. He'd always loved that sound. Then, as he ate, his mother sat and began to eat her usual breakfast of a hardboiled egg and two pieces of Canadian bacon.

Matt looked at the clock. It was 9:15? "Wait," he said. "I'm already late for school."

Now, his father lowered his newspaper, peering over the top, his eyebrows raised. "You sure she isn't sick?"

"I'm sure," his mother said.

"I don't...um... what?" Matt said.

"It's Saturday," his father said, chuckling.

"Oh!" Matt said, his face brightening, then darkening. "But, then, why did you say I would be late?"

"Late for your date, you silly goose," Mom said.

"Date?" Matt realized his parents were now looking at him with a mixture of amusement and concern. Once more, he feared he might be giving himself away, thus threatening the

space/time continuum. He giggled and tossed his hair. “My date. Hahaha. Of course, I remember I have a date. How could I forget such a thing? Hahaha.”

“Well, your date will be here at 10, so you better get ready.”

Matt finished eating, put his bowl in the sink and headed back to his room. He’d been focused earlier on just trying to figure out what was going on, but now he was paying more attention to just how incredibly different it was to move in this body. In a word, he jiggled. His whole body seemed like a soft, jiggy bowl of Jell-o. His chest, his thighs, his butt– they all jiggled with every step, while his long hair swished from side to side. This is what it feels like be a girl, he decided. At least one with a body like Shampoo. He thought for a moment and came to a decision: he liked it.

Once he was back in his room, Matt realized he needed to take a shower and change clothes. He grabbed the hem of his nightie and started to pull it up, then paused. Is it pervy for me to check out this body? He wondered. He bit his lip, then shook his head. It’s my body now, he decided. He pulled the nightie over his head and then pulled his panties down, kicking them off the end of his toe. There was a full-length mirror in his room now– had that been there when he first woke up? He wasn’t sure. In fact, as he walked over to the mirror, he looked around the room and noticed it seemed like half the boy’s room he remembered and half a girl’s room. The full-length mirror was part of it, and one wall was now pink with white trim while the others were blue. The posters of various manga and anime characters, plus the shelves of action figures and bobble heads were the same, but then, girls and boys could both be into cool stuff.

“GASP!” Matt had stepped in front of the mirror and seeing his new body was more amazing and confusing than the feeling of being in it. He stared at his face, with the big eyes and tiny nose, all framed by all his thick blue hair. His skin was pale and clear, radiant. His eyes drifted down to his soft, round shoulders and then to his full breasts that rose majestically from his chest, swaying slightly as he reached up to brush a strand of hair away from his face. Beneath his magnificent breasts, his body swerved dramatically inward to a tiny waist and flared out to wide, soft, round hips. His thighs had the soft, rounded look of a perfect girl’s legs, as did his well-turned calves leading down to pretty little ankles and dainty feet.

Matt giggled, putting his hands to his cheeks, feeling the full, soft weight of his breasts squeezing between his slender arms. “I’m perfect,” he whispered in his new, pretty voice that so perfectly matched his body.

He turned on the shower and let the water get hot, steam rising and flowing out of the shower stall, then he stepped into the steaming water, sighing as he felt it washing down over his smooth, hairless skin. Looking over, he saw his trusty old bar of Irish Spring soap all caked on the shelf. He chuckled, reaching for the soap. He’d forgotten he used to use Irish Spring. It didn’t seem right for a girl, but then what choice– as he reached for the soap, it shimmered and morphed into a clear bottle of pink body wash that read “Miss Dior” on the side in flowing, cursive letters. Next to it rested a puffy pink loofah. “Much better,” Matt said, his squeaky little

voice echoing in the stall. He opened the body wash and squirted some into the loofah, pausing to smell it, closing his eyes. "Um." It seemed like a flower shop. He started to run the sudsy soap across his body. The soap had a creamy feel, but nicer than the grainy soap he was used to. "Girl things are so much nicer," he thought. Thinking about the way his room was changing, how his parents had just accepted that he was a girl now, he realized that the universe seemed to be changing to conform to his new identity. Interesting. Did that mean he didn't need to worry about the space time continuum?

Once he finished showering, Matt went to his dresser and pulled open the top drawer, smiling as his eyes played across all the bras. There were so many different ones— he picked one up that was pink with thick shoulder straps and rounded cups. It was made of soft cloth, all one piece, and he decided to try it. Gathering his hair up, he pulled the bra over his head and then got his arms through the arm holes. The bra was now stretched across his shoulders but resting on top of the soft, quivering shelf of his breasts. It seemed too small, but he grabbed the bottom of the bra and pulled it down over his breasts, letting them settle into the cups and then letting the bottom of the bra loose. He immediately felt the shoulder straps pull tight against his shoulders as the bra lifted his chest, cupping and holding breasts, the backstrap tight against his shoulders. He tugged and pulled, adjusting until the bra felt right, then shrugged and shook his shoulders from side to side. Interesting. They still bounced and jiggled a bit, but much less than before. Looking in the mirror he liked the way he looked with the soft pink bra lifting his boobs and emphasizing their tear drop shape.

Now that he'd managed to get into his first bra, Matt had to figure out what to wear, and that would prove harder than expected. There were so many more choices for a girl. As a boy, he pretty much wore the same things all the time. A t-shirt and either shorts or jeans. Now, he opened up his closet and saw blouses, skirts, dresses. His heart fluttered. Finally! Besides those choices, even shorts were not just shorts anymore. All his guy shorts were just cargo shorts in a couple of different colors. Now, he had all different kinds of shorts— he didn't even know the names. Some were long and a little baggy. Some super short in bright colors. There were denim short shorts and shorts that almost seemed like a skirt. ALL of them were cute, and as he excitedly sorted through them Matt had to wonder— how is a girl supposed to decide? Ugh! Of course, he actually loved having so many choices.

What should he wear for a morning date and what were they going to do? Matt poked his head out his bedroom door. "Mom!" He yelled.

"Yes?"

"What kind of date am I going on anyway?"

"Shopping at the mall."

Shopping? Matt found that confusing. Shopping? "Who with?"

“Sondra LaVough. Are you sure you’re okay?”

“Yes. I’m just an airhead. Ha. Ha.” While Matt acted like this was all just every day, inside he was freaking out even more than he’d already been freaking out. Sondra? THE Sondra LaVough? Only the most popular girl in school back in the day? The girl known as The Gatekeeper because no one would ever be invited to all the best parties without her blessing?

They were going shopping together. Was he friends with HER? He went to his room freaking out as he began to panic over what to wear. He was going to the mall. As a girl? What did girls wear to the mall? “It doesn’t matter!” He shouted. “That’s not the question!” The question was, what does a girl wear to the mall when going to the mall with a GODDESS like SONDRA LaVough?

Matt started tearing through all his clothes, grabbing skirts, blouses, dresses, shorts, jeans, holding them up in front of his body and then tossing them aside until there was a huge pile of clothes on his bed. He looked at the clock. He was running out of time. One did NOT keep SONDRA waiting. He had to just put something on and hope for the best. “This!” He screamed as he grabbed a white blouse with a Peter Pan collar and puffy sleeves. “And THIS!” A bubblegum pink pleated skirt.

Matt had wanted to wear a skirt all his life, and as he stepped into the cute little skirt he giggled. He felt so light and free. Pulling the skirt up over his hips he zipped the zipper on the side, feeling the pleats brushing against his legs. Then, he put on his blouse which, though it was not that different from a shirt, at the same time it was totally different from a boy’s short. In addition to the pretty puffy sleeves, which no boys’ shirt had ever had, the material was thinner. Softer, prettier than anything he’d ever owned.

He tucked the blouse into his skirt and took a quick look in the mirror, turning, posing with one hand on his round hip, admiring how the clothes flattered his curvy figure. Then, he heard a car. Running to the window he looked out to see Sondra pulling up in a pink convertible, the top down. “Omigod!” Matt squealed, slipping a few bracelets onto one wrist, grabbing a purse and brushing his hair as he ran out the door. “Bye! See you later!” He called breathlessly as he ran to the door.

His parents watched, amused.

Once Matt got out the front door, he tried to put on a calm, nonchalant demeanor. Sondra was one of the cool girls, and it wouldn’t do for him to seem like some dorky fan girl. He slowed his walk, tossed his hair and slipped on a pair of sunglasses as he walked to the car. Inside, he was freaking out, terrified Sondra wouldn’t like his outfit, that she’d think he was a dork, that she’s drive off horrified. He suddenly felt his pleated skirt looked too young, too childish. What was I thinking? I’m a fool!

Sondra looked like a 1950s movie star with her over-sized Liz Taylor glasses, a kerchief tied in her hair jet black hair. Matt noticed she was a little more casual and kinda sports with a blue and white Rugby shirt and, thank God, a pleated skirt of her own, though in solid white. She playfully honked her horn. "Darling," she drawled as Matt approached the car. "You look marvelous."

Omigod. She thinks I look marvelous. Matt's cool broke as he smiled a big, happy smile. He couldn't help himself a did a little twirl. "You look like a movie star," he said, blushing. Then, to his horror, he giggled. Cool girls don't giggle, he thought, but then Sondra giggled, so he guessed it was okay. Matt opened the passenger door, then froze as he faced another girl-life crisis. He'd never gotten into a car in a mini-skirt. He'd never gotten into a car in any skirt, and he was horrified at the thought he might seem clumsy or awkward, or, goodness no, his skirt might rise up somehow and show off his panties. He smiled, frozen.

"Well, get in, girl. There's shopping to be done."

Matt searched his memory. He'd never worn a skirt before, but he'd paid close attention to girls in life, on TV. He loved to watch how they moved, and so he thought back now on scenes of girls sitting, the feminine manner, the way they smoothed their skirts. Taking a deep breath, he slipped into the seat while smoothing the back of his skirt. He wasn't sure, but he felt he pulled it off. It was important to be graceful now, something boys didn't need to be worried about. His bare, slender legs together, he smoothed his skirt and smiled at Sondra.

"Love," Sondra said, opening her arms. They exchanged a loose hug, air kisses. Then, Sondra put the car in gear and pulled out. Matt started to relax. He seemed to have pulled it off, and now he was a girl, and he was hanging out with the coolest girl in school and life was good.

Almost as if she'd read his mind, Sondra said, "You're really pulling this off."

"I know," Matt said. Then, "Wait. Pulling what off?"

"You know," Sondra said. "This whole being a girl thing. I mean, you just turned into a girl, Matt, but you seem so natural."

"You know?" Matt said, suddenly feeling exposed, like he'd been an undercover agent and been found out. He felt like he was guilty of something, like he'd been trying to pull a con of some sort. "I wasn't trying to fool you into thinking I'm a girl or anything like that it's just..."

"Um, Matt? You've always been a girl."

"Wait? What?"

Sondra began honking her horn at a slow-moving car that had pulled out in front of her. "Get out of the way!" She shook her head. "Women drivers. Why are we even allowed to drive?" She said. "We're so bad at it. Oh, did you hear about Kevin and Dana?"

“Okay, um, I do want to hear all about that, but can we talk a little more about this whole thing where I’m a girl now and why did you say I’ve always been a girl when you seem to be the only person who remembers I was a boy?”

“So many questions. What I mean about you always being a girl, is that you were always really a girl, on the inside. You had a girl soul. You always did.”

“Hmmmnn.” Matt had always felt like he was a girl, but he’d thought he’d kept it hidden. That was the only thing that surprised him.

“Now, my question,” Sondra said as she zipped in and out of traffic, then did a hairpin turn to cut into the entrance to the mall, her tires squealing. “How did this happen?”

“This pervy wizard gave me a potion,” Matt said, grinning. He thought for sure that Sondra wouldn’t believe him, but she just nodded.

“Makes sense. Do you think he can make a potion that would give me a pair of knockers like yours?”

Matt shrugged. “Maybe?”

Sondra found a parking spot and the two of them jumped out of the car. “Come on,” Sondra said, grabbing Matt’s hand, the two of them running toward the mall entrance. “It’s makeover time.”

The first store she led him to was Victorian Closet. When Matt saw where they were headed, he froze, pulling his hand free. There in front of him was the entrance with the flickering gas lamps, the dark wood paneling, so the whole place looked like something from a steam punk fantasy. Beyond the entrance in the soft light, he saw the mannequins wrapped in lacy bras and panties. He saw frilly corsets that made him shiver.

“Come on,” Sondra said.

Matt shook his head side to side and took a step back. “I can’t go in there,” he whispered, leaning toward Sondra. “People will think I’m a pervert.”

Sondra leaned back and whispered, “You’re a girl now.”

“Hunh? Oh, yeah,” Matt said. “I forgot.”

Matt still felt a little self-conscious as he stepped over the threshold to Victoria’s Closet. This was him finally getting to enter girl world, just like he’d always wanted, but there was part of him that just couldn’t shake the idea that somehow people would see right through him, would know

he'd been a boy until just a day ago. As soon as they entered, a salesgirl approached. "Sondra," she said with a big smile. "Back for some more naughty little things?" The salesgirl's nametag read "Vanessa."

The salesgirl looked back and forth between Matt and Sondra. Matt started to feel his nervousness growing as there was definitely something in her eyes, a strange look.

"We're not here for me today," Sondra said. "My new bestie is getting a total new wardrobe. I'm just here for moral support."

"Hi," Vanessa said, smiling brightly. "What's your name?"

Matt had to think for a minute. He hadn't really decided, so he just said what felt right. "Shampoo?"

"No," Vanessa said.

Matt blushed and was about to say something else, but Sondra rambled on...

"You look just like her!" She gushed. "That's... when I first saw you, I felt like I'd seen you before somewhere. Omigod. You're gorgeous."

"Thanks," Matt said blushing.

"So, what can I help you find?"

Matt looked around. He wanted to try everything all at once. He had no idea where to even start. "Oh, er, well, I..."

"Bras," Sondra said.

"And your size is?"

"I don't know?" Matt said. "Big?"

Vanessa's eyes went wide. "You don't know?" She put her hands to her cheeks. "We have a genuine lingerie emergency! Come on! I'll take care of everything."

Sondra grabbed Matt's hand and dragged him toward the changing rooms. Vanessa put her hands on his back and shoved him. "Ahhhhh!" Matt shouted, overwhelmed.

"Just sit back and let it happen," Sondra said.

Vanessa measured Matt's chest and got his bra size. She ran off and came back with a handful of bras. She handed one to Matt and said, "try this on."

Matt held the bra by the shoulder straps, arms outstretched. His cheeks burned as his face turned bright red. It was so pretty and lacy and cute, with lace cups and little bows on the shoulder straps. Plus, it was authentic Victoria's Closet lingerie, and that brand was the sexiest of all. He wanted to wear it so badly, but part of him was so nervous plus, well, he wasn't sure how to put it on. This bra had an open strap with hooks in the back. Luckily, Sondra came to the rescue. "I'll help," she said, leading Matt toward the changing room. "She's been sheltered," she said to Vanessa. "Her parents were Amish."

"I can't wait to see how amazing you look," Sondra said, clapping.

Sondra closed the door to the changing room. "Omigod," she said, taking the bra from Matt and holding it up. "This is so sexy. You're going to look so great. Take your shirt off." Seeing Matt hesitating, she grinned. "You don't have anything I don't see every day."

Matt pulled his shirt off and Sondra helped him out of his more practical, functional bra. Then, checking him out in the mirror, she nodded. "Omigod! Your tits are awesome!"

Matt blushed and crossed his arms over his soft breasts. "Stop."

"No, I will not stop. You need to own all of this," she said holding her palm toward Matt and making a clockwise motion.

Before Matt could even think about saying anything more, Sondra's attention turned to the bras. She grabbed one after another, finally settling on a bra with lace trim, a little bow in the middle. There cups were lacy as well and had little pink flowers on them. "Let's start with this one," Sondra said. "I can't wait to see how you look in it."

"It's so sexy," Matt said.

"Yeah, it is. Turn. Turn. Lift your arms."

Matt turned and lifted his arms. Sondra reached around and fitted the cups over his breasts. The material on the inside of the cups was soft and felt cool against his skin. Matt giggled as Sondra pulled the backstrap tight and then hooked it together. "Slip your arms through the shoulder straps," Sondra said, and Matt did followed by the feeling of the shoulder straps pulling tight against his soft shoulders, lifting his breasts along the the back strap.

Matt glanced in the mirror and saw the bra also pressed his breasts together, further enhancing the deep, shadowy depths of his cleavage. Sondra came around and looked him over. "Omigod, yes," she said as she adjusted the cups, pulled the under band down. "Now, these..." she



gestured toward the little metal rectangles on the bra straps, "...are called the sliders. You use them to adjust the bra for a perfect fit."

"This doesn't fit?" Matt asked, turning to the side to get a look at the way his breasts thrust out from his body. "It feels fine."

"It fits," Sondra said. "But it can fit better. We're not like guys," she said as she adjusted the straps. "Every girl's body is different. So, your days of just grabbing a pair of baggy shorts and a t-shirt off the rack are over."

"Thank God," Matt said. Sondra had finished, so he now struck some more influencer style poses, turning this way and that, running a hand through his hair, arching his back. "Boy clothes are so boring."

"Very true," Sondra said, admiring Matt's skin. "Though, it's also boys. I have to beg to get Cash to wear a shirt with buttons. Anyway, time for these." She felt up a pair of lacy little panties. "You ready?"

“Yup.”

To Matt, it all felt like a dream. His whole life he'd wished not just to be a girl, but to **be** a girl, like, to live as a girl. Now here he was shopping with just the coolest girl in school, trying on lingerie and it was better, so much better than he'd even dreamt. He stepped into the panties and pulled them up over his wide hips, stretching the waist band out and then letting it pop against his much more slender waist. He trembled with excitement as he looked at himself, smiled, giggled, and put his hands to his cheeks.

“Picture time!” Sondra sang out, grabbing her phone.

“Oh. Wait. No,” Matt said, once more throwing one slender arm over his jiggling chest, another over the space between his legs. “That’s not...no.”

“Yes,” Sondra said. “I told you. Own this. You’re a beautiful girl now. Flaunt it.”

“What if people make fun of me?”

“Omigod. Um, you’re with me now? No one is gonna make fun of you on social media. They wouldn’t dare. Also, you’re hot as hell. Anyone who did say anything would just be jealous. Pose.”

“I’m not...”

“Pose!”

Matt bit his lip. He knew he had to do whatever Sondra said. Glancing at himself in the mirror, he buried his hands in his hair, lifted one leg slightly, smiled toward the camera and arched his back. He looked like he'd been gift wrapped, he felt, his pretty bra and panties packaging his soft, curvy body in silky perfection. “Oh, hell yes,” Sondra said, taking a few pictures. “Now, social media.” She tapped her phone with a perfectly manicured nail.

“Okay, Back to work,” Sondra sang out, grabbing another bra.

Matt was already buzzing on a total shopper’s high as the two of them headed out of the lingerie store and went looking for their next store. “We need to get you some cute outfits,” Sondra said. “Then, shoes.”

“Oh! Shoes!” Matt said.

The mall was busy, with lots of people strolling back and forth. They were near the atrium, where a waterfall kept the air feeling cool and fresh and filled it with the sound of tinkling and splashing water. Faint music chimed over the sound system. Matt couldn’t help but notice he

was being noticed by boys. Some would glance his way then pretend they hadn't been looking when he caught them, but there was one who just stared until Matt blushed and dropped his eyes. He was so focused on the boys he didn't even notice that girls were checking him out as well.



“Omigod!” A teenage girl shouted as they walked past her. “You look just like her.”

Matt, forgetting he now looked exactly like Shampoo, shook his head, confused, his long blue hair bouncy and shimmering. “Pardon me?”

“Oh, my God, she does,” the girl’s friends agreed.

They all came running over. “Do you know you look just like Shampoo?” The girl asked, seeming quite forward and precocious. Her group of friends followed her over, forming a small circle around Matt. They were all shouting at once, talking over each other, but mostly telling him he was pretty and looked **JUST LIKE SHAMPOO.**

Matt glanced at Sondra who smiled toward the girls, mouthing “your fans.”

“I do cosplay as Shampoo,” Matt said, shrugging his round shoulders, giggling. He brushed his hair back. It wasn't true, but it would be as he decided right then and there he would be going to some conventions and Shampoo for sure.

"Pictures! Can we get pictures?" The girls asked, jumping up and down.

"Of course, girly girls," Matt answered, posing for pics and finning as the girls held out their phones flashing phones. "Thanks... thanks... thanks..." they sang as they headed out.

"Okay, Shampoo," Sondra said, grinning. "Let's find you a nice dress."

"Ooooh. A nice dress?"

"Or, maybe something slutty." With that she grabbed Matt's hand and the two of them ran giggling to Mademoiselle Magnifique. Matt felt like he was entering a fantasy world, the gossamer gowns hanging from glossy racks no matter which way he turned, and he did turn, slowly turning and turning his eyes sparkling as he took in the rows and rows, from slender straps barely hanging onto to tiny little hangers, to throw back dresses with padded shoulders and such pretty patterns.

Once more, a young woman approached. While the one at the lingerie store had been perky and cute, the girl who approached them now had her hair in a tight bun, wore a pair of thick rimmed, black glasses and a long, dark dress that looked like something a hipster librarian in a movie might wear. "Good morning," the girl said in clipped, formal tones. "I am Carlisle, and I am here to assist you."

"I'm Shampoo. I want a dress!" Matt shouted, his voice extra high-pitched with excitement..

Carlisle took a step back and covered her ears. "My goodness," she said, her face and voice still blank. She peered over the tops of her glasses. "I am taken aback."

Sondra, adopting the same kind of blank expression and formal tone. "Forgive my friend," she said. "This is her first time, and she's a bit over-excited." She held out her hand. Carlisle regarded the preferred hand, examined Sondra. She smiled- a cold smile, but a smile, and the two shook hands.

"And how may I help you?"

"My friend would like something elegant, understated, but sexy."

"You came to the right place. Accompany me." She turned and walked briskly into the store.

Sondra leaned in close to Matt and whispered, "Play along."

"Got it." Matt had been acting his whole life. He loved it, and he thought it would be really fun to play along with this specific kind of girl culture.

Carlisle rifled through a few dresses, picked one and held it toward Matt, assessing. She made a curt nod. "Try this one."

"Hmmm," Matt said, tilting his head back as if he were looking over the rims of his own glasses. He pretended to consider. "I am afraid," he said, mimicking Carlisle's affected accent as well as her stiff, controlled body language. "This dress does not suit my standards."

Carlisle raised her eyebrows, the once more that icy cold smile spread across her face as well as a new sense of respect. "I like a woman who demands the best, Shampoo. There's another room in the back for our most discerning customers. Only, I must warn you, class does not come without sacrifice."

"Darling," Matt said putting a hand on his hip and putting his nose in the air. "Money is no object."

This time Carlisle smiled, and it was a real, warm and genuine smile. She took Matt's hand and led him toward the special room. "How much cleavage are you comfortable with?"

"I don't know," Matt answered. "I've never found a neckline that plunged that far."

"Oh, you're bad." She looked back at Sondra. "She's bad."

Sondra returned a slight nod and tilted her head to the side. In this world, that meant, tell me about it.

After dress shopping, Matt wanted to get some leggings. He'd always envied the fact that girls got to wear leggings. They looked so snug and comfortable. He'd thought about ordering some online— there was no way he could buy them in person— but he was always nervous maybe the packaging would be visible, and his neighbors might see and guess his secret. Besides, they wouldn't fit the same anyway.

Now, he would finally get to try on a pair, see what they felt like and buy a pair or two or three. Whereas he'd been so nervous about going into the lingerie store, he was feeling more confident in his new body and identity. When they reached the Lulumon store, he strutted in, hips swaying confidently from side to side, tossing his hair.

"Look at you," Sondra said.

Matt decided to try on a white pair first, mostly because they looked like the tights the girls wore in dance class, which was another thing he'd never been able to do but always dreamt of. "So, there were, like, 120 different kinds of bras and 300 styles of dresses, how many different kinds of leggings are there?" Matt asked. "4000?"

"Actually, not so many, especially not here. The main difference is if they're high waisted and some are shorter, kind of like clam diggers. Different colors, of course."

Matt sat, partially extended one leg, pointed his toes. He bunched up the leggings and pulled the cloth over his foot and then partially up his calf.

“You look like you’ve done this before,” Sondra said.

Matt shook his head. No. “I may have a few videos, though.” He pulled the other leg over his left foot, then pulled the leggings up to his mid-thigh, stood and pulled them the rest of the way up. The soft, stretchy fabric hugged his legs and booty, pulled tight against his crotch. Right away, he noticed the fabric caressed his smooth, hairless legs. “Oh,” he said, running his hands over his legs. “It’s almost like I’m getting massaged.”

“Plus, they’re kind of like a bra for your butt when you work out. You won’t bounce quite so much.”

Matt giggled. Just the thought of having such a bouncy, jiggy body made him happy. He’d grabbed the matching bra that went with the leggings, a tiny scrap of fabric with double shoulder straps he thought were really cute. “What’s this called again?” He asked as he slipped the bra over his head and pulled it down. He was getting the hang of managing his hair while pulling clothes over his head, whether a bra or a shirt. Once he’d tugged the bra down over his boobs, he adjusted the straps and looked in the mirror.

“Yeah,” he said, posing. “I’m hot.” He went to the changing room door. “I want to see it in different light.” He pulled open the door to the changing room and shrieked.

The wrinkled prune face of the old wizard was standing right there, a massive smile on his face showing off his brown teeth, which also looked like they had clumps of seaweed stuck in the gaps. “Hotsie tootsie!” The old man said. His eyes dropped right to Matt’s cleavage and stayed there.

“What are you doing here?” Matt asked, defensively covering his chest with his small, soft hands.

“Checking out my handiwork,” the old man said to Matt’s breasts. He reached his hands toward Matt’s chest. “Mind if I give them a squeeze?”

“Ahhhh!” Matt scurried back into the changing room. Meanwhile, two staff members from the store approached the old wizard.

“Time for you to go,” one of them said.

“But I want to squeeze some boobies,” the Wizard said, jumping up and down.

“We can call security,” the clerk said.

The Wizard paused and thought for a moment. “I’ll be leaving now.” He made a dramatic turn, stuck his nose in the air and threw a hand in the air. “What’s the world coming to when a nice old man can’t even ask a girl for an innocent little squeeze. It’s an outrage.”

“Who was that?” Sondra asked, slitting her eyes at the weird old man.

Matt decided he didn’t want to get into the details, so he just shrugged and giggled. “Just some old pervert, I guess?”

The two shook it off, and it was now time to take a break, hit the food court. “Where should we eat?” Sondra asked. The food court was located upstairs in the center of the mall, where the roof was an atrium and there were tall palm trees arching above the rows of tables. All around the perimeter were the usual array of mall restaurants— stir fry places, burger joints, Mexican, a chicken place, Italian and more. The air smelled of fried foods and sugar. Matt’s stomach grumbled. “How about here?” Matt said, running toward the chicken place, which served deep fried chicken sandwiches.

“Um, no,” Sondra said. “The grease is terrible for your skin and white bread is disgusting.”

Matt looked at her like she was insane. “Whaaaaat? You’re joking, right? I thought chicken was healthy?”

Sondra shook her head. “Not when it’s been coated in some sort of batter and dumped into a vat of rancid boiling blubber.”

“Oh, then what about the Mr. Burger place?”

Sondra shook her head, took Matt by the arm and pulled him aside. “You’re going to learn to eat like a girl. Two reasons. One, you must only eat foods that will help you maintain clear, bright skin and full, shiny hair. Second, you must always think about what other people will think of you if they see you eating junk food in public.” Sondra now moved closer. “Pretend you’re just not looking but if you glance over my shoulder you’ll see a bunch of girls from East Side. See?”

Matt pretended to be fixing his hair and managed a nonchalant non-look. “Okay?”

“They’re pretending not to notice us just like we’re pretending not to notice them. They will see anything we eat, and they might post to social media— even a picture. So, we have to always be thinking about our reputations.”

Matt thought about it. No more burgers at the mall? He looked down at his boobs. “Worth it,” he said. “So, what do we eat?”

“Nothing. We drink.” Sondra led him over the Smoothie King. “I’ll order for you.”

Once the two girls had gotten their smoothies, they found a table in the corner, where they sat beneath the frond of one of the palm trees. Matt sipped his smoothie, which actually turned out to be pretty tasty, and had just started to relax when Sondra said, "Incoming."

"What?" Matt asked, and just then three guys walked right up to them.

"Hey, ladies," the leader said. He was tall with black hair, wearing a tank top that showed off broad, bulging shoulders and arms roped with muscle.



"Hey," Sondra said, raising the pitch of her voice and smiling. Matt smiled as well, which was not hard because the sight of the boy's muscles made him feel all tingly and smiley.

“Mind if we sit?” The leader said, pulling up a chair without waiting for a response. The other boys pulled up chairs as well, the metal legs scrapping against the tile floor. The mall music was humming in the background, and Matt found himself going into a kind of euphoria. While the lead boy had focused in on Sondra, the other two crowded him, asking him all kinds of questions, making jokes, preening, trying to impress him. He was the complete and total center of their attention, and he noticed they both actually seemed to blush a little, their eyes going hard whenever he took a sip from the straw of his smoothie. Matt mostly just giggled and tossed his hair, laughed at their jokes and felt pretty and adored and just as happy as he’d ever felt.

They all exchanged numbers and took selfies, and then Sondra broke it all off, once more taking Matt’s arm and leading him away, he and Sondra giggling as they hurried off. Matt kept glancing back, fascinated as he was seeing boys for really the first time from the eyes of a girl.

“Don’t!” Sondra said. “You can’t see desperate.”

“But, they’re so cute.”

“I know, but one thing I can promise you, Shampy Baby, is that you’ll have plenty of boys to pick from.”

“Really?”

“Really.”

Matt blushed just thinking about that. He and Sondra headed back to the parking lot and got into her car. “Oh, what do you know?” Sondra said. She held out her phone to Matt. He saw the first picture she’d taken with him. It had 1.4 thousand likes. “Check your social media.”

Matt pulled out his phone and squealed. “343 friend requests! Omigod.”

“Get used to it, slut,” Sondra said. “You’re hot and you’re friends with the most popular girl in school. You’re going to have so many friends, and you’ll get invited to so many parties and you’re going to get hit on by so many guys you’ll want to scream. This is your life now, Matt. This is your girl life.”

She put her car in gear and peeled out, her car fishtailing as she roared away from the mall. Matt glanced back, watching the silhouette of the mall fading into the distance. He belonged there now. He belonged everywhere.

The End