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It started last Halloween. My roommate Jordan thought it'd be funny to dress as a schoolgirl for our house party. Jordan was 18, and he'd been on his own since moving out of his parent's place at fifteen. I was twenty-five, and I'd randomly been paired with him through some friends. He needed a cheaper place to stay, I needed a roommate—we got along better than we both expected.

Jordan never talked much about his family life before the move, but other than being immature occasionally, which I attributed to his age, he was an upbeat dude for someone working and living on his own since fifteen. He generally kept to himself, but always tried to lighten any situation, which I realized was his way of contributing to any conversation, seeing as I knew he was self-conscious about his lack of schooling. He wasn't dumb by any means, just...simple.

Having a knack for always being able to take a joke, he was often razzed by our friends for being half-Japanese and half-Russian—a heritage which gave him a pretty boy look and made him slight and short. I was often jealous of his good looks. When he was around, most women bypassed me and focused on the attractive dude with the exotic features. Which is why we all enjoyed razzing him, because on some level we were all jealous—and the amount of anime or drunk Russian jokes directed at him were

always good-natured, since he often played into them.

Which brings us to October of last year. A week before Halloween, our buddy Tom joked about how Jordan was growing his hair out, and asked if he was letting it grow for his Japanese school girl costume. We all laughed, but the joke quickly slipped from our minds...except Jordan's. He couldn't resist poking a little fun at himself!

I'm a pharmacist, so I often work odd hours at the local Target, which is why I was at work the night of our party, eagerly watching the clock so I could head home. About an hour into the party, I got a text from my friend Jessica. My heart skipped, I'd been looking forward to seeing her at the party. Maybe she was missing me? Nope. She'd simply wrote, *Jordan's a riot, have you seen his costume?*

I responded with: *Not yet. What're you dressed as?* Trying my best to steer the conversation away from my woman-stealing roommate.

I got a pic message shortly after and opened it. Jessica was dressed as a German beer maid, and she looked incredible, but my eyes quickly went elsewhere, to the *other* person in the picture. It was Jordan, dressed in a Japanese school girl costume that looked like he'd bought it from the first place he could find. But what was weird wasn't how bad it looked on him, but how *good* it did!



My brain stalled. What was happening? I stared more. He wore a simple blue pleated skirt and a schoolgirl top showing a little midriff. But he'd put effort into his face, wearing makeup and styling his longish hair. Other than missing a few curves, he looked good... That's when I realized that him dressed up like that was turning me on!

I actually said, "What?" to myself at this realization. Where'd this come from? I'd never had thoughts like this before.

I rationalized that any male would be attracted to what appeared to be a lady in a schoolgirl costume. I left it at that, texted *haha* to Jessica, and put down my phone.

I tried to keep busy but my brain kept thinking about that picture. I shook my head. I must just be bored, I decided.

An hour later, I opened the door to our apartment and was hit by loud music, a dark atmosphere, and the smell of booze and sweat accompanying any good party. Several people greeted me and made fun of my "great costume," which was just my everyday lab coat.

I quickly grabbed some alcohol and mingled, trying not to scan the crowded room for a particular someone. Thankfully, Jessica found me in the crowd, quickly pushing thoughts of Jordan out as I admired and chatted her up.

A few hours later, Jordan had almost completely slipped my mind.

Then, the party started to thin out. We all gathered from the corners of the spacious apartment, and about twenty of us moved into our living room.

Soon, we were all dancing, and I finally spotted Jordan. Jessica was all over me, but despite this, I found my eyes wandering towards him. He was wasted and having a blast. His slight frame could never really handle booze. I shook my head at the sight. Even dressed as a chick, Jordan was dancing with the sorority girls Tom invited. His drunk dancing, along with his funny costume, had gotten their attention, and they loved him.

I kept watching, and as the girls continued to move around him, I noticed him watching them, smiling. Then, slowly, he began to mirror their sexy style of dancing. This only made the girls laugh and cheer him on more, so Jordan continued. Soon, he was moving just like them. If you didn't know it was him, he'd have seemed like any other drunken sorority girl.

"You enjoying this?" I heard Jessica whisper sexily. I snapped out of it, worried she'd caught me. But she hadn't. She was still grinding on me to the music, backing her ass into me and seemingly unaware of my staring. Then I realized why she asked. I had an erection—but worse, I couldn't tell if it was from her or from watching Jordan dance.

Though, I had a good idea.



The party eventually died down about an hour later, and folks left. I'd done some heavy petting and made out with Jessica in the "coat room" before she left, and I was proud of myself. I returned to the living room to mingle with the stragglers.

Jordan and his sorority sisters sat on our long couch, but they'd finally been separated from the herd. Some bros Tom invited had found a way to squeeze between them. Jordan had done something similar, placing himself next to a cute, short blonde.

I stood in the doorway, sipping a beer and watching all the remaining partygoers. I was feeling all the booze of the night flowing through my system.

After a while, I noticed something. The bro next to Jordan was trying to hit on him! But Jordan was so drunk and focused on the blonde he had no idea it was happening. I chuckled. Poor bro didn't know he was barking up the wrong tree. He kept trying to insert himself into Jordan's convo, but Jordan just kept nodding and then going back to the girl.

I couldn't blame the guy, really. Jordan was sitting just like the other girls, legs crossed, with his skirt showing his smooth thighs. Had he shaved his legs? He had! I felt the stirring again, so I quickly headed for the kitchen for food.

By 3:30 a.m., the party was over. I was eating in the kitchen,

laughing at the drunk texts Jessica was sending. I heard the final closing of our door and the click of heels. Jordan strolled into the kitchen, teetering, smiling, and fucking drunk. I tried not to look at him.

He pulled out a bag of rolls from the cupboard and ate them plain.

"That was a hell of a party," he said, then hiccupped like a damn cartoon.

I looked up. This was the first time I'd heard him all night. He was talking in a female voice. He must've been doing it all night and was now too drunk to stop.

"Sure was, buddy," I said. "You get any digits?"

He nodded happily, which almost threw him off balance. Jordan grabbed the countertop for support.

"I think I got everybody's digits! Even those I didn't want." He giggled. Why was he giggling? "Bro, I'm so goddamn drunk," he said, giggling again.

I laughed. I'd never seen him this far gone.

"I... I got laid off at work today," he said, munching another roll. "Didn't give me an excuse to drink this much, though."

"Oh shit," I said, genuinely feeling bad. "Sorry, man."

"Yeah. It sucks. But I'll figure it out. I always do." He smiled, but behind his eyes, I could see the pain. He was exhausted. He was sad. That explained the costume. Anything to get his mind as far from being out of



a job as possible.

"I'm..." he slurred, laughed, and continued, "I'm gonna pass out. Maybe literally."

He took a couple steps forward and stumbled a bit. He grabbed the countertop and looked down at his heeled shoes. He laughed. "God, I look silly," he slurred in almost inaudible English.

"I think you look great—" I said without a thought. *Damn!* I continued quickly, trying to cover my tracks. "As great as a drunk Russian dude can look in a schoolgirl costume."

"Shut up!" he laughed.

He started to walk but stumbled again. I finally stood to help him, grabbing him by the arm.

"My hero!" he joked, holding onto me fiercely for support.

I helped him to his room, guiding him past all the empty cans. I got him to his bed and lowered him onto it, where he sat—swaying back and forth.

"You want some water, buddy?"

He nodded and instantly regretted moving his head so much.

I headed back to the kitchen and filled up a glass, taking a couple minutes to finish texting Jessica.

I returned to his room with the water and stopped dead. He'd passed out of top of his covers, but that wasn't why I paused. I paused because he'd apparently completed his schoolgirl costume by wearing lingerie. He was decked out in a sexy

bra and panty set, with the heels and knee-high socks still on.

I was going to set the water on the bedside table, but instead I continued to stare. Sure, I could blame my fascination on being drunk – but I couldn't help realizing how attracted I was to Jordan like this. I mean, he looked like a sexy woman, minus some curves... But shit, with tits he'd be hot as hell.

I scanned him as he slept. His face was still done-up and his small jaw, high cheekbones, and button nose helped the illusion. Even his eyes were big, and how'd I never noticed the light freckles? And if his hair were even a little longer...

My eyes traced down his long neck to his chest, which was slowly rising and falling. The bra a looked like it belonged there. And despite him having no real breasts, the bra cups were pushing up something, even his small pecs. His stomach was tight and slim, and his waist was thinner than most guys his size, which made his hips look bigger. Meanwhile, the panties held his package tightly, almost making it seem flat down there. And his long smooth legs looked great in heels. I imagined them in stockings.

Then I went back and imagined the rest of his body, and how it'd look with real curves. How hot would he be with real breasts? I don't know why, but the idea of him having the body of a sexy young woman, but also knowing who he was...

God, that turned me on! I wondered what he looked like from behind...

At that thought, I finally caught back up to reality.

“Shit,” I whispered, taking my eyes away. I stumbled out of the room while cursing myself. Jordan didn’t notice in the slightest.

I returned to the kitchen and took a couple shots that burned my throat, trying to calm my thoughts. After another shot that I didn’t need, I noticed the glass of water I forgot to drop off for Jordan.

I sighed angrily to myself and headed back, but was glad for the drinks I’d taken, I felt much more at ease now.

I reentered the bedroom and averted my eyes, quickly planting the water on the bedside table. But before I left, I looked one last time, and decided I had to roll Jordan onto his side. It’s no good leaving someone on their back when they’re wasted.

I was weirdly hesitant on where to touch him. I lowered my hands slowly, placing one on his hip, and the other on his stomach. He’d shaved everywhere, I realized. Then I caught a whiff of the perfume he’d put on. God he even smelled good...

I couldn’t help myself. I watched almost as my right hand slowly slid over his stomach and up to his bra. I gently cupped the satin and lace and the breast it covered. Hell, just calling it his “breast” turned me on.

My other hand ran to his hip, gently fingering the sexy lace of his panties.

I squeezed his breast gently, just a little, and I was shocked to hear a small moan of pleasure. I froze, but Jordan wasn’t waking up.

I was breathing heavily now, and I felt like a fucking pervert, so I forced myself to finish the job and slowly rolled him over. God, from the back, with his hair, and in that lingerie, he looked just like a woman! And his ass was fantastic. He was wearing cheeky panties and his cute little bubble butt fit perfectly into them. It would’ve made any girl jealous as fuck.

Then, I made an irrational decision. Jordan *deserved* those real curves. At this point, I was drunk as hell, and there was no real “good decision making” happening in my brain. I left my roommate as he was and grabbed my work keys.

The pharmacy was only a couple blocks away, and I was walking with so much drunken determination, I was there in less than ten minutes. I came in through the back door and quickly moved through the shelves.

After I grabbed what I came for, I made a mental note to fudge the numbers the next day. I also headed out to the main sales floor and picked up a couple other items for my plan. My heart was racing, but I got them despite the sweat

now pouring off me. Thank God we never installed cameras. And thank God I hadn’t made any drunken mistakes in grabbing all this stuff.

Within minutes I was back to quickly walking, now with a bag of items I’d have to deal with in the morning. Somehow, I was still convinced this was an incredible idea.

I entered the apartment entirely out of breath and forced myself to calm down. I was shaking a little and my gasping might wake him.

After cooling down, and taking one more shot for confidence, I returned to the bedroom. Jordan was exactly as I left him. I thought for sure I’d chicken out by now, but seeing him again only made me want to do it even more.

I crumbled up two of the pills from the box I’d stolen and carefully let the dust fall into his water glass. The rest of the box would take some time to get through, but this was a good start.

I stirred the mixture and watched as the pills dissolved. I set the glass back down.

But as I pulled out the other items, I decided I was evil. I was definitely evil. It didn’t shock me as much as it should’ve. On the other hand, Jordan shouldn’t be cold in bed. And he’d look amazing by the end of all this.

I set the stockings and garter belt set I’d taken from the store on the table, along with the nighty I’d

found that was an exact match to his bra and panty set. I’d been right in my assumption that Jordan had simply grabbed things from the nearest store. Mine.

I gently prodded and shook his shoulder, half waking him. He was so out of it that he barely even opened his eyes.

“Huh?” he groaned, trying to fall back asleep.

“I’m going to help you into your pajamas, Jordan,” I whispered. I could hear the nervousness in my voice.

“Uh? Yeah. Yeah, okay. Thanks, Stacy. You’re the best...” I assumed the blonde sorority chick was Stacy. His hangover would be awful.

I brought the garter and stockings to the end of the bed and slowly reached up and grabbed his long, slender legs, pulling off his knee-high socks.

He squirmed a bit, but was giggling drunkenly to himself. He muttered, “Shaved legs actually... are good... feel good, I mean.”

I crawled up on the bed, holding the garter belt and wrapped my hands around his waist. He arched his back, letting me do whatever. Jordan had no idea what was happening. He looked cute arching his back and pushing out his breasts.

Next, I slid on the sheer stockings. Running my hands over his smooth legs was heaven, and I heard Jordan moan, too.

“Mm, Stacy,” he called out

sexily. He was still using his girl voice.

I clasped the garters to the stockings quickly. I was getting way too turned on by this, and I needed to finish setting the trap before I did something stupid.

I ran my hands up his sides and he squirmed at the touch. Eventually, my hands curved down around to his back, he sat up. By now I was over him, with my knees on either side of his hips. He rested his head on my shoulder as I found the bra clasp. I removed it, he giggled in a half-sleep daze as I did.

Then, I raised his hands over his head and gently let the nighty float down over his head and let the straps fall into place. By sheer luck I'd guessed the right band and cup size. I adjusted the bra built into the nighty and played with the hooks. Jordan remained blissfully unaware.

Clasping the bra, I ran my hands over the silky dark material, letting it fall into place over the rest of his body until it reached his thighs.

He moaned again. "This is... great..." he muttered. I agreed.

I stepped back to admire my handy work. God, he looked sexy all dolled-up. And soon he'd look even sexier. I eyed the water glass next to him swirling with female hormones. He deserved the real body he belonged in, and my trap had been set to get him that body.

I couldn't hold back. I practically sprinted back to my room and immediately relieved myself. I'd never felt such pleasure. After gasping for air for several minutes, I passed out.

I awoke in terrible pain the next day and forced myself up to get food in me. Amongst all the dirty party dishes and empty bottles, I eventually made some eggs. The previous night's activities hadn't even crossed my hungover mind until...

I heard a gently stirring of Jordan waking up in the next room. The events of last night finally came crashing back. I simply stated, "Fuck," to nobody and felt my blood run cold as ice.

What had I done!? I almost rushed to grab the water from his table and dump it out, but if I burst in on him as he was, it'd only make me look more suspicious. What if he remembered anything about last night? I was fucked! I'd basically sexually assaulted him. What was I doing?

I heard more stirring from his room and forced myself to keep cooking, scrambling the eggs until they were basically dust.

I heard his door open, and with as casual a look as I could, I looked up.

Jordan had changed out of everything I'd put him in the night before, and tossed on a pair of shorts and a tank top. Even so, with his face

still made-up and his hair still styled, he looked little more masculine than I'd left him.

He was drinking from the water glass. It was half empty. He stumbled forward, not even looking up at me yet.

Jordan sat on the bench in front of me and put his head on the cool countertop.

"Jesus..." he groaned. "What even happened last night?"

There was a glimmer of hope.

I tried to chuckle but it felt fake. "I know, man. You, ah... You had a couple drinks."

Jordan groaned again. "So it would seem. All remember last was chatting up that Stacy chick on the couch. She kept complimenting my legs." He laughed to himself and coughed.

He finally looked up at me and took a drink from his glass. I stared. God, he was cute. No, she. All I saw was a cute girl in my kitchen. Was I insane?

"Was fun though," he continued after a long drink. "Things may have been too fun. Did I..." he glanced back at his bedroom, "Uh, did you see me go to bed?"

Here was my chance to come clean. To let this all drop and not start this ludicrous plan.

"Yeah," I offered, feeling my nervousness fade.

Jordan sighed in embarrassment. "You, uh, see what I was wearing?"

"I did." I laughed a little, trying

to lighten the mood. It seemed to work.

"Damn, I don't remember any of that. Why was I dressed like that?"

"Well... Because you said you felt like you were supposed to dress that way." I was so evil.

I could see the confusion in his eyes. "Nah..." he started. "I didn't say that, did I? I mean..." He looked down at himself. "I don't feel like that at all right now. Like not the least bit. It was just a silly joke."

"Well..." I offered. "You seemed pretty adamant last night."

Jordan blushed. "But there's just...there's no way. Right? I couldn't be... That's just weird."

"It's not weird, Jordan." Was this going to work? "Look, buddy, you're one of my best friends. You be comfortable with whoever you are. Wear whatever you want. Especially in our apartment. I'm not one to judge."

Jordan looked at me, confused, trying to wrap his head around everything. "I just don't... I woke up this morning and just started laughing. Like, I had zero desire to keep wearing that stuff, at all."

"Well," I offered, "you're still wearing makeup."

Jordan quickly touched his face; he'd obviously forgotten. That made sense, he was a dude. Normally he didn't have to deal with that crap.

"Are you sure I said I liked it?" he pushed. "And that I should be dressed like that?" He was pleading.



“Jordan, you made me run out and buy lingerie for you at like three in the morning. So, yeah, I’d say you were pretty passionate about how you felt.” I smiled, being ‘supportive.’

His face fell. This was all too much for him. “I... I don’t know what to say...” He stared down at his body in confusion. “I just... It was a joke. Had to be a drunken joke. That’s all.”

“Look, man, can I suggest something?”

“Yeah, I certainly don’t know what I’m thinking.” He laughed a little at himself

“I took a couple psychiatric classes in college.” That was a lie. “And I did a section on gender studies. I even had a paper published on it.” *Whoa, I really need to reel this back.*

But the college thing was good. Jordan’s shame at not going to school often drove him to cling to whatever knowledge he could get.

“And I can tell you, whenever you discover this kind of thing about yourself, you don’t run from it. And you don’t try to ignore it, either. You look into it, and you see where it goes. A lot of the time, the answer is simple and not a big deal. But, either way, ignoring it will only make things worse.”

Jordan nodded like he knew what I was saying, but he still looked confused. This was working.

“So, like, what do I do, then?”

“You told me you got laid off.” He reddened and nodded in shame.

“So, you have time, and hell, this entire apartment to figure this out. Try it.”

“What do you mean?” He paused. “Wait. You think I should dress like a...like I did last night?”

“Yeah.” I smiled warmly, “Jordan, you were so happy last night. So, why not try it when you’re not drunk. Set a goal. Like, from now until the end of the month, you dress like a girl. By the end of this month, you will absolutely know what you feel.”

“That seems crazy.” He was still in shock. “I just... Wouldn’t that make me crazy?”

“You’re *not* crazy at all, okay? And, hell, what harm is there? It’s just me, and if you can’t tell, I don’t have a problem with it. I just want you to be happy.”

He continued to stare. *Did it work?*

“But I can’t be out of work for a month. What about rent? And, I mean...clothes?”

Holy fuck! His hungover mind is actually considering this!

“Come on, Jordan, what’re friends for? You think I won’t be here for you? I don’t care about rent or some clothes. I care about you.”

The confusion, emotion, and hangover finally got to him. He said something but stopped, his mouth opening and closing silently. This was working!

I made my move, coming around the counter and reaching out



as he still stared in confusion. I wrapped my arms around him and gave him a big hug. Jordan wasn't much of a hugger, but I could tell, as someone who'd been there for him over the years, and who'd played the part perfectly for the last couple minutes, that it was all just too much for him.

He hugged me back, and cried a little. Not too much, just some silent tears.

"Alex..." he muttered into my shoulder, "you're the best. You're right. If that's really how I felt last night, I need to figure this thing out for myself."

I continued to hug him, but I couldn't help thinking how his chest would feel against me once he had breasts. Like I said, I was evil.

I pulled back and looked him in the eyes. He wiped away some tears, and seemed shocked to see them. "Jesus," he laughed a little, "Well, shit. I'm already crying like a girl." He chuckled and I did too.

"I'll buy you some stuff today, okay?"

"Today?" His eyes went wide. "I don't know, maybe I need to think about—"

"No, no, no," I said. "If we do this, we do it right. I don't mind spending some cash on stuff for you."

"It's not that. It's just maybe it was a fluke or something. Maybe if my head is clear by the end of the day—"

Shit, I'm losing him. "Don't be nervous, Jordan, be happy! I don't mind at all, okay? Trust me. Like I said, I have experience in this. Now, stop second-guessing yourself. You're too smart for that." He smiled at my compliment. *When did I get so good at manipulating him?*

"You're right. I shouldn't." He swallowed the remaining water in his glass—hydrogen, oxygen, and *estrogen*.

"You get changed, have eggs, and I'll get what you need," I stated.

"Get changed?" he asked nervously.

"Yeah, start the clock. No looking back now. You woke up dressed like that. Don't second-guess yourself, remember?"

"But... You know... You're here."

I smiled. "Look, I'll head to the store. I'll be gone for a while. You stay here and get used to it a little. I can do that for you."

Jordan seemed to relax. "You're... Thanks, Alex."

"Of course."

He turned and headed for his room, closing the door behind him.

God, the thought of him changing back into that lingerie made me ache. I had to get out of there fast. But I'd done my part.

An hour later, I'd left Jordan behind and was at the mall, headed for the first store on my list.

Jordan had made this too easy.



With me in control, he had no say in what he'd be wearing. And I had some *specific* ideas.

The saleswoman smiled. "Hi! Welcome to Victoria's Secret! How can I help you?"

I smiled back. "I'm here to completely replace my girlfriend's wardrobe."

I returned to the apartment that afternoon, around the same time my hangover finally died off. I hauled up the many, many bags and set them down in the living room.

Jordan had probably heard me enter but hadn't left his room yet. He'd called me a couple times while I was out, but I ignored the calls. I couldn't let him back out now.

I heard the door open and he slunk out shyly. He was back in the previous night's lingerie and already blushing. In the daylight he looked even prettier, and his face looked more made up.

"You redid your makeup," I said.

Jordan's cheeks turned even redder. "Yeah, I figured, as long as I was... Holy shit! That's a lot of bags." He stared at them, his eyes wide.

"Yeah, well I get a massive employee discount at the store, so this was like nothing. And I didn't know what to get so I just grabbed whatever I could."

Both of those were lies, but Jordan didn't know that. In truth, his new wardrobe had taken a big chunk out of my savings. Yes, I was officially insane.

"I don't know what to say..."

"Don't mention it." I spread my arms towards the bags. "Just enjoy!"

"Yeah..." He continued to gawk at them. "I don't know, I feel more clear-headed now. I think this is going too far. I don't even think I like what I'm wearing now."

He looked down at himself in his nighty and stockings.

"So..." I didn't have to pretend to be disappointed. "I just take all this back? I thought I was helping."

"Oh, no! No, Alex, you're the best. Not many roommates would do this for another roommate."

"Come on, Jordan, you're not just a roommate. You're my friend." Here it came: "Look," I said, taking on an empathetic tone, "Can you at least do this for me? I was at the party. I saw how happy you were. Now I'm just trying to help you feel what you felt last night, only when you aren't drunk."

He still looked skeptical and somewhat annoyed, but I was swaying him. I just had to keep this up. Honestly, I couldn't believe it was working. Jordan was so easy to manipulate! I should've done this years ago to get him to do dishes more often.

"I mean come on, it's not every day your roommate goes out and buys you a whole new wardrobe. I got way more stares buying this stuff than you can imagine."

Jordan laughed. There we go! Laughing always brought him back.



He shrugged and sighed. “Okay. Okay. I’ll try this.”

He began picking up bags, carrying the first couple back to his room. I watched him from behind, admiring his booty in the sexy panties and nighty.

I was changing my roommate into a girl. And I was loving every minute of it.

Jordan dressed for the rest of the month. He had his qualms after discovering all the sexy lingerie, and the mostly skirts and dresses I’d gotten him, but any real argument was squashed with me playing dumb, or just assuring him there was nothing was wrong with dressing girly.

As November 30th got closer, I could tell Jordan was eagerly awaiting the end of the month. But I could sense other changes in him too. His arguments with me soon became a little more emotional, and I’d noticed him crying over a movie we’d watched the other night.

This was understandable. After all, I’d been sneaking the hormones into his morning breakfast.

As hard as this was on Jordan, it was also hard on me! Not only did I need to wake up early enough to sneak him his estrogen, but seeing him prance around the apartment had taken its toll. He’d limited his wardrobe to a couple simple outfits

that were borderline androgynous, but it didn’t matter. Everything he wore turned me on. And whenever I caught a peek of a bra cup, strap, or panty line? God damn!

Jordan was basically on a self-imposed house arrest, never daring to go outside, and spending most of his time looking for new work on his computer. I refused get-togethers with our friends to spare him from having to meet them *en femme*.

So, as the end of November drew near, Jordan’s qualms with dressing, mixed with his very understandable case of house arrest boredom, had me worried. I either had to take action, or let all this work slip away. And I’d come too far now to let that happen.

Luckily, I had a plan. I came home one evening with a bottle of Scotch and a fake smile.

“I got a raise!” I exclaimed

Jordan was on the couch in a simple tank top and short-shorts. God, his legs drove me wild.

He looked up from his magazine. His hair had gotten longer, and he was wearing minimal makeup, but he was still a cutie.

I handed him a shot of whiskey, and he toasted me. “Cheers!” he shouted, genuinely happy for me. He took the shot. “Congrats! Was it a big raise?”

“You have no idea. I’m getting drunk tonight! We’re going to celebrate! I know you’ve been kinda

stuck around the house and without much access to anything, so I picked up Saren's on the way home."

Saren's was an expensive restaurant in town. Jordan loved it; he'd worked there as his first job years before.

"Sweet! That's awesome man, thanks!"

"No problem, we're also gonna eat it on the balcony, because you need some damn air."

"Even better!" he exclaimed, but he looked out at our second story covered porch hesitantly. I poured him another shot, and he took it.

I stood and headed for the kitchen and the take out. "So, dress your best! It's a white tie event. I'll throw on my suit and get this all on a plate!"

"Nice!" Jordan stood, then seemed to register what I'd said. "Best? Oh. Like... I mean it's just the balcony, right?"

"Yeah," I said nonchalantly, "but what's the point of celebrating if you don't dress up?"

"Yeah. I just..."

"Didn't I buy you something nice? I can't remember. I don't think I've seen most the stuff I bought you," I said, trying to lay on a little guilt.

"Well, I mean, I've just been stuck around the house. There hasn't been a reason to—"

"This is perfect, then. I don't want all that to go to waste."

I poured him another shot

before he could say anything and made a beeline for the food.

Jordan was hesitant. I watched him from the kitchen. He stood, unsure where to go, then he finally gave in, took the shot of whiskey, and shrugged.

"You're right. Okay, yeah." He headed for his room. The whiskey would do its trick.

I pulled out plates and glasses, anything to keep busy as I watched Jordan head into his room. And, thankfully, he did exactly what I expected. From the kitchen, I could see right into his room, and he was so used to not giving a shit about privacy that he usually left the door open. I tried not to stare, but it was impossible. God help me, I wanted to see if the excessive estrogen pills I'd been giving him were doing anything.

With Jordan's back to me, he headed for the closet and pulled his tank top up and over his head. The sight of his pale back covered in a bra was already a turn-on. Then, he unclasped his short jean shorts, bending over a little to slide out of them, and revealing a sexy pair of panties hugging his cute bubble butt. He'd thank me for this later. Jordan's body would become so damn sexy with my help.

I cursed the tingling in my pants. I had to hold it together.

About thirty minutes later – long after I finished setting the table and poured us more whiskey – I

heard the gentle clicking of heels. I tried my best not to whip my head towards him as he walked out onto the porch.

Jordan paused briefly. He was stunning. He wore a bright red dress which landed halfway down his thighs. The neckline plunged to accentuate his surprisingly present cleavage. Nothing huge, but a little of something. He'd finished the look with some smoky makeup and sexy strappy heels. His hair was curled a little, resting just above his shoulders. I'd caught him watching makeup tutorials in the past month. Jordan's obvious nervousness only made him that much cuter.

"You look great," I said.

"Don't say that, man." Jordan's cheeks flushed red. "I feel silly enough as it is." He absentmindedly tugged the hem of his dress.

"Don't feel silly," I reassured him. "There's nothing silly about it."

I waved my hand at his seat. He took a couple timid steps forward, darting his eyes around as if afraid someone might see him. As he said, Jordan instinctively ran his hands over his butt to let his dress lay flat. It was such a feminine move, and when he crossed his legs properly, I had to make sure my jaw wasn't on the floor.

He picked up the whiskey in front of him and drank it in one gulp. I ate, pretending everything was normal.

After another strong sip of the

booze, Jordan seemed to relax a little, but still seemed unsure of his own body. He tried to sit back, then changed his mind and sat straighter. Of course, this only accentuated what (in my head) I was officially calling his perky little breasts.

I asked about the TV shows he'd been watching in the apartment on his own, and it got his mind off himself. Soon we were chatting like we used to back in the day, and Jordan seemed to become unaware of what he was wearing as he ate and drank with me.

By the time I was filling up his sixth glass at the table, he was showing signs of drunkenness, and even I was feeling buzzed as hell. This worried me because I had to play my role absolutely perfectly.

I set down my fork and focused on my whiskey. "Hey Jordan, I hope I'm not being out of line, but I was just wondering... Do your...you know...pecs seem bigger? Have you been working out while I'm at work?"

He looked down at his subtle cleavage. "I wish. It's kind of the opposite. I feel like I've been gaining weight, even though I've been on the treadmill every morning. Especially in my butt! I mean, my panties are actually really snug now."

He blushed after saying panties. He looked so cute with his hair framing his face, his lashes fluttering over his big, almond-shaped eyes.

"That's... Hm, I wonder..." I



stopped, pretending to lose interest. “Never mind. It’s probably nothing. How’s the food?”

“Huh? What’s nothing?” He was worried, and blinking slowly. He was getting to that stage of inebriation.

“Nothing. I just remember some things from when I took that class about how the body reacts to certain stimuli.”

“You know why I’m gaining weight?”

“Not just that... But, well, let me ask, have you felt more emotional lately? Mood swings and stuff?”

He thought for a second, then his eyes went wide. “Holy shit, I kinda have. I didn’t really realize until I thought back on it.”

“Oh. Well, Jordan, your body is reacting to how you’ve been dressing this last month.”

“Huh? How can wearing clothes make me gain weight?”

“It’s not the clothes, it’s your subconscious. It’s changing your body to how you truly feel inside.”

He blinked and swallowed. “What’re you saying?”

He was picking up on what I was implying. Or, to be precise, he was falling for the massive lie I was spinning. Man, I had no idea someone could be manipulated with just a little fake science.

“I mean, that’s not even a push up bra.” That was a lie. That was all I’d bought him. Just some of them pushed up less than others.

“What?” He cupped his breasts, trying to measure them. “It’s not?”

“No. And that means you almost fill out a woman’s bra now. After only a month.”

“Holy shit! Y-You’re right. I should be taking these off girls, not be capable of wearing one! Oh my God. Alex, am I growing tits?” Jordan pulled back the top of his dress to look at his boobs.

“Seems like it,” I said.

“Fuck! I need to stop this, I knew it was a stupid, dumb, ridiculous thing, and I never should’ve done it!”

“No, you were right to do this. Your body is telling you something.”

“Telling me what? That it has lost its mind?” He paused, then laughed a little. “God, that was kind of a dumb phrase.” He shook his head and closed his eyes. “What’s happening to me, Alex? I don’t understand. Nothing online has been helping. If anything, I’m just more confused, and nobody is taking me seriously when I ask!”

“Jordan, you need to give yourself time to figure that out. It’s the only way to get to the bottom of this. Look, I’ll talk to one of my friends from school, let him know what’s going on. He can get me a full description on what’s happening to you, maybe even write you a prescription if it’s anything weird. Would that help?”

“Yes,” he nodded with closed eyes. “That would be amazing. In the



meantime, I need to stop dressing like this. It's been about a month."

"Jordan, you can't do that now. You have to let your body and mind come to terms. Honestly, you can't ignore what your subconscious is screaming at you." I smiled at him as he opened his eyes, looking defeated. "I mean, Jordan... You can't deny some part of you loved dressing like this. Nobody looks as good as you do in that outfit without a little effort, and a little enjoyment. Right?"

"I..." The male side of him was losing. "I don't know."

"Tell me something," I continued, "when you picked out that bra, what were you thinking about? Was it just an article of clothing or was there more?"

"It was just..." Jordan looked down at the bra. "I think I just picked it... But, also, I knew I'd be wearing a nice dress. And, I also wanted to look good. And, I thought, this is a special occasion, it deserves a nice bra." He looked at me, somewhat horrified with that admittance.

"And?" I pushed.

"When I put it on, I liked that it actually fit my chest... Because it's been weird to wear these clothes and not fill out the top, they don't fit right if they don't." He was on a roll now, convincing himself. "I put it on and thought I looked good. I was happy. I thought it looked...sexy?"

This is brilliant! Jordan's sexual desire for women was mixing with

his own increasingly feminine body. He was in a rabbit hole and going down, down, down.

"I... Maybe you're right. I mean, look at me." He looked down at his body and ran his hands over his breasts, his slender satin-covered waist, and hips, down to his legs. "I just can't deny that I look like I should be in this dress. I mean, look at me Alex! I have breasts! Well, not big like, like real breasts... But my pecs are... I mean, look!"

"What if they were bigger?"

"God knows they'll probably get there now!"

"Do you want bigger breasts?"

"I don't know..." He stopped, processing what he said. "Why don't I know? I should definitely know!"

He looked down at his perky boobs again. I was barely holding it together. Thank God there was a table between us or he'd be seeing something very ungentlemanly happening in my pants.

"Maybe you're right, maybe I need to follow through with this. You know, figure this out once and for all."

"You're strong, Jordan. You've faced worse things in your life."

He smiled. "Thanks Alex. For everything."

I smiled back. This was going great. And I was so, so evil.

We drank a couple more glasses



of whiskey and by the end of the night, we'd fallen back into our regular conversations.

When we finally went back inside, it took all my willpower not to follow Jordan to his room, but that would've ruined my plan.

An hour later, which I spent doing nothing but staring at the wall and fiddling with the syringe in my hand, I finally got up and headed for his bedroom. I knew he'd be in a deep, drunk sleep by then.

I entered casually, holding a borrowed Blu-ray in case he woke up, but he was passed out. His sexy dress was on the floor and he was lying on his side, still dressed in his black lingerie. I went around the bed to his cute little derrière and raised the syringe.

Then, I paused.

If I started this hormone regimen, there'd be no going back for Jordan. My roommate would be stuck in a bra and panties forever. His male hormones would end, his testicles would shrivel up, and those little pink pills I'd been feeding him would have an even more dramatic effect.

I stared. His body was already so feminine. To think this had all started over one silly comment. Still, I'd had my fun. I could stop now. There was still time to end this before it went beyond the point of no return.

But I didn't want to stop. The beautiful woman inside Jordan

deserved to be free.

I plunged the needle into his fleshy butt. He moaned but didn't wake. It was done. I snuck back out of the the bedroom.

God, what would Jordan's costume be for next Halloween? A flood of ideas came to mind. Sexy cat girl. Sexy nurse. Sexy cheerleader. There were so many possibilities.

And I wanted to see her in every one of them.