

Chapter 4

Blumenthal's more than lived up to the hype. Dinner was amazing, and I seemed to be able to forget about my change for a little while, at least as much as possible. We talked and laughed, just like normal. I couldn't finish my meal, which was a new experience. It seemed my capacity to eat had been greatly reduced in this new body. We made our way back to the hotel and collapsed into bed, each of us falling right to sleep.

The next morning when I woke, the sun had risen, and I could see golden rays creeping through the blackout curtains that led to the patio. I'd slept in some of Cassie's pajamas—silky shorts and a tight little thing she told me was called a camisole, but even with that top kind of hugging my new puppies, I'd found myself tossing and turning, unable to get used to their weight or the way I woke up sweating under my boobs.

Cassie was still asleep, so I snuck around as quietly as I could. I needed a shower, which immediately made me feel curious as to what it would feel like to shower as a woman. Going into the bathroom, I got the shower going, letting the water get nice and hot, steam rising, frosting the mirror. Something told me to be careful not to get my hair wet. It didn't need washing yet, and I remembered Cassie and other past girlfriends complaining about how long it took long hair to dry. I realized I knew how to put my hair up now, though I'd never had hair this long in my life. I gathered it up and pinned it on top of my head like Cassie had helped me with yesterday.

Lifting my arms like that, I noticed my armpits were smooth and hairless, and I wondered if that was something permanent? The pose was unmistakably feminine, my arms raised over my head, and no hair to be seen under my arms. It actually looked nice not having hair there anymore. I had some side boob swelling out from my camisole, and seeing that soft round crescent and my smooth pits got me curious, so I pulled my top off, pushed my shorts down over my hips, then looked at myself again, still struggling to wrap my head around the fact that the gorgeous woman in the mirror was me, that those magnificent breasts belonged to me. I cupped my breasts and lifted, then wiggled my shoulders, feeling their soft weight. How much did they weigh? They felt so heavy. Then, I started to bounce them in the palms of my hands, giggling as I watched my big, brown nipples bobbing up and down even as I felt them bouncing, the skin so sensitive. Taking my hands from them, I shrugged, watching them rise and fall, then shrugged one shoulder, then the other and finally I shook my shoulders side to side, watching my breasts sway. I giggled some more, thinking breasts could be fun.

I let my hands glide down my taut but soft tummy to my waist, then wrapped my hands around my waist, which was so tiny. I felt a surprising spark of pride seeing my slender waist and the way my generous hips flared out beneath it. My eyes drawn to my hips, my hands followed, and I slide them along the soft curves, gently squeezing the silky flesh. It wasn't just that my hip bones had spread. I also now had a generous and pleasing layer of female flesh helping to give them that round, inviting feminine shape. I turned to the side and looked at my profile— my breasts jutting out, counter-balanced by the rise of my large, perfectly formed ass. I reached back and grabbed my ass cheeks, squeezing, lifting. Then, I let go but hopped up and down, giggling as I watched and felt my ass bounce along with my breasts. My God. I was like a porno star, and I giggled some more as my curiosity got the best of me and I cupped my soft mound, feeling my vulva, but right away all kinds of sticky thoughts started to flow through my little head, so I knew I needed to try and pull my mind away from this whole sexy me.

Taking a deep breath— could I do anything without feeling my breasts move?— I stepped into the shower, feeling the water wash down over my shoulders and chest, down my belly and between my legs.

My breasts were so sensitive that feeling that hot water washing down over them caused me to revel in a kind of steady pleasure. I still wasn't used to having these big, bouncy boobs jutting from my chest, and the feeling of the shower washing over them just reminded me once of their impossible presence. I looked to the rack, and there was my Man's Jack body soap next to Cassie's Essential Elegance body wash, which promised it possessed 9 essential oils to protect, hydrate and make my skin glow. I reached toward Man's Jack and without even thinking my hand seemed to just veer off and grab Cassie's lotion. I squirted some into my hands, and it did smell great, like coconut and honey and the lotion had a kind of pearly texture that was more elegant than my guy stuff. I sudsed it up and rubbed it over my shoulders and then, knowing I was about to experience something special, let my hands slide down over the tops of my breasts, then the peaks and then I brought them to my under breasts, lifting and making sure to get the area under my boobs clean. Feeling that glistening, syrupy lotion rubbed across and then dripping down my chest, my knees knocked together and I sighed softly.

I don't know if most women have such a powerful reaction to showering, but keep in mind I was a man who'd only had these melons for less than a day, and I was in no way used to the feminine sensations they created.

I let my soapy hands drag down along my taut belly, and then, after pausing briefly, let them slide between my legs. This time, my knees got weak to the point I had to lean against the shower wall to keep from falling, and I sighed and moaned, "wow."



Rinsing off, shaken and blushing from head to toe, I stepped out of the shower and dried off before wrapping my body in a towel, girl style. Curious, I rubbed the fog from the mirror and looked at my face. My cheeks and the tip of my nose were pink, an aroused female, and then the man I had been instantly felt a surge of desire. I started fanning myself, thinking. I may have to avoid any more showers with Cassie around.

At that moment, I realized I felt more “womanly.” It wasn’t just that I was moving more like a woman, keeping my elbows close to my body, bending my hands at the wrists. It wasn’t just that I was feeling things during my shower only a woman could feel. It was just a sense like somehow my essence, spirit, soul was more that of a woman. I had never felt that

before. In fact, I'd always felt like a boy from the time I'd been little. I'd been quite comfortable with my boyiness, and so it was odd now to feel this different sense, this sense that I was a girl now and not such a boy anymore at all. I wasn't all the way there just yet, but I was moving in that direction.

As if to confirm my assessment, the thought popped in my head that I should probably be moisturizing— having tanned radiant skin was so important. And I needed the skin all over my whole body to be soft and smooth. I took a jar of Cassie's cream and began to rub it into my calf, enjoying the cool feeling of the cream on my hairless skin as it absorbed into my leg, gliding my hands over the sweet curve. Once my calves were hydrated, I dabbed some more of the cream onto my hands and brought them up the length of my thighs, feeling the firm muscle beneath a layer of soft girl skin. I brought them along the insides of my thighs, up and up, further than I ever could before. I had those little soft curves toward the tops of my thighs, and I sighed as I spread the white cream over them, and I was able to go higher than I would have if I still had a penis. After my earlier experience, I was nervous to touch my new sex, but even just having my fingers near my vagina made it tingle a little.

I slipped into one of the hotel robes, still sneaking around the room so as not to wake Cassie. I'd never liked coffee before, but I suddenly found myself craving a deep, dark arabica blend. I got the coffee maker going, and soon I was carrying a steaming hot cup of coffee, holding the cup to my nose and basking in the earthy roast. It smelled like heaven. I took it out to the balcony and sat down, sipping my coffee, the cool, morning breeze tossing my hair. The sun was rising over an ocean so calm it looked like a sheet of white glass. Seagulls squawked and pinioned above the water, and there were people on the beach, some jogging, some already setting up their chairs and towels.

I sat down at the balcony table, smoothing the robe behind me so it didn't bunch and crossed my legs, right over left, as I reached for the cup on the table. As I breathed in the tangy salt air, I became aware of the way my smooth thighs were pressing together, which made me realize I'd sat with my legs crossed like a woman. In an effort to assert my failing masculinity, I uncrossed my legs and spread them apart more like I had been as a man. I took a few sips of my coffee, but after a minute, it just felt weird and wrong to sit like that, and I soon crossed my legs again.

Just then, the door opened, and a bleary-eyed Cassie came out to join me. "Salba al-khyer," I said, without thinking. "Good morning."

"Good morning," she answered, "You're speaking more and more Arabic," she said.

"Am I?" I had to think back on what I'd just said to confirm I had used another Arabic phrase. It seemed so natural to me.



Sitting down, Cassie looked me over. “Good lord, you’re even gorgeous first thing in the morning.”

“Not as pretty as you,” I answered, which at least drew a smile.

“You’re not wearing your scarf.”

“The hijab?” I said, “I don’t have to wear it when there are only other women around. It’s worn so we don’t lead men to sin.”

“Oh, I see,” Cassie said, with a bit of a concerned tone.

“Want me to order some food for us?” She asked. “I can call room service.”

Cassie made the call, but when she was finishing up ordering the food, I whispered, “Make sure he knows we're both women.”

Cassie gave me that concerned look again. I guess she didn't like it that I had referred to myself as a woman as well, but when she hung up she said, “The clerk assured me the food would be brought by a female so there would be no scandal.”

“Alhamd lilah,” I said. “It means thank God.”

When room service arrived, it was, as promised, brought by a young woman. Cassie lifted one of the cloches and the room filled with the smell of olive oil, eggs and cheese, and with a little garlic.

We chatted as we ate. We both tried to avoid talking about the mammaries in the room. The conversation, therefore, naturally turned to our visit to the fountain. “So, you want to apologize for making fun of my idea?” Cassie said.

“I have to say. I had my doubts, but good call, babe. That fountain was so amazing. The way the colors,” I found myself talking with my hands, waving them in small motions, tossing my hair back as I rhapsodized over the lights and the dancing water. I could see Cassie kind of taking note of the way I was moving and acting. Once we'd finished eating, I grabbed a brush and started to brush out my hair while we talked. It just felt like something I needed to do, and sure enough, I had some tangles I needed to pull out. I was sitting there, legs crossed, back arched, brushing my hair, and Cassie couldn't help but comment. “You move just like a girl when you do that,” she said. “In fact, everything about the way you move is getting more and more feminine. You even eat like a girl.”

I kept brushing my hair. “I can't seem to help it. I'm just eating or talking, I don't even realize I'm acting like a girl.”

“I know we talked about this before, and I don't want to be a nag,” Cassie said. “But can't you try a little harder to fight this?”

“I'll try, but I don't even notice what I'm doing differently.”

“Well, the first step to changing is being aware of what you're doing. Maybe you need to consciously pay more attention to how you're acting so you can make a conscious choice?”

“Is there a manly way to brush out my hair?” I asked, a little irritated that she’d felt the need to comment. Cassie looked at me but didn’t answer.

“I’ll try,” I said, as I stopped and put the brush down.

“That’s all I’m asking.”

“I guess we should head out to the mall,” I said. “Did you know The Dubai Mall is the biggest mall in the world?”

“Um, yes, because I’ve told you that before,” Cassie said, but she didn’t sound annoyed or irritated now, just a little amused.

“You know how men are,” I said, leaning forward to touch her wrist. “They never listen.”

‘Yallah, yallah,’ I said as I got up. “Let’s get ready.”

We went back inside. “That restaurant was so amazing as well,” I said as I grabbed some of Cassie’s hairpins and pinned my hair back like I’d been doing it my whole life. “More than lived up to the hype,” Cassie agreed.

“I would almost say we should go back, but there are so many other places to try.” As I talked, stepped into my panties and pulled them up my long legs, stretching the waist band over my wide hips. Then, I put on my dress, reaching back and managing to zip myself up. My arms and whole body were much more flexible than I ever could have imagined.

“You seem to have gotten the hang of it,” Cassie said.

“Hang of what?”

“Girl life.” She headed to the bathroom for her shower.

I wrapped my hijab around my hair. Now that she’d drawn my attention to it, I realized I really was dressing with ease now, and without the mannish embarrassment from before.

While Cassie was in the shower, I found my eyes drawn to her makeup kit left on the vanity table in the room. I walked over and sat down at the table, crossing my legs, and started going through the different products she had brought with her. The tubes and jars now fascinated me in a way they never had before. And I found myself longing to put on some lipstick, maybe some mascara. I looked at myself in the mirror. I was a looker. no doubt, with my big, bright eyes and long, thick, curly lashes. I had full lips and high cheekbones. I looked hot without makeup, yet I found myself wondering just how much more my eyes

might pop with some eyeliner, some eyeshadow. And what would my plump lips look like drenched in glossy, cherry red? I reached toward a tube of lipstick, then stopped myself.

No. Cassie had just asked me to fight these feelings. I looked out the window, trying to distract myself from Cassie's makeup. But at that moment, I felt another shimmer in my mind, I now recognized each item for what it was– lipstick wands, mascara, eyeliner, blush. I found myself reaching for a tube of lipstick. I'm just curious, I told myself. I'm not going to wear it. Cassie has asked me to fight it and–

“Oh. My. God,” I whispered as I pulled the wand from the tube and saw the most amazing and perfect shade of red I'd ever seen in my life. It was to die for, and my body ached with desire to paint my lips with this, to see how I looked. I tried. I really did. I tried to fight, but I just couldn't help it, and my hand just started to paint my big, plump lips with that wet, crimson perfection. I watched myself in the mirror– and I knew just how to do my makeup now, and with each stroke of that wand, with each new stroke I felt prettier, stronger, braver. When I finished, I looked at myself and giggled. It hardly seemed possible, but my pillowy lips now seemed even more kissable than ever.

I glanced back at the bathroom door. The shower was still running. For the first time since we'd been together, I was glad Cassie took such long showers. She could take a while. I should have wiped that lipstick off, tried to hide my moment of weakness, but instead I felt butterflies in my stomach as I grabbed a tube of her mascara that promised to make my lashes longer and wetter, and leaning forward, ass out, staring intensely into the mirror, I started to draw the wand across my lashes, top then bottom.

I blinked. Smiled. I looked amazing. Truly. Wishing I had time for foundation, blush, I decided to put on some eyeshadow. I searched through her eyeshadow kit to find the perfect color for my skin and once I started, I realized this would take a lot more time than I had anticipated. I needed to blend colors, draw it on just right over my eyelids, but I'd gotten into a feminine frenzy now. I couldn't stop myself, and though I assured myself I would finish and clean all of this off before Cassie came out, on some level I knew I was kidding myself.

I was working on applying the eyeshadow and became so lost in the process of blending the colors I didn't even hear the shower turn off, and a few minutes later Cassie came out of the bathroom.

“Colin!” She said, “What are you doing!? You promised you would fight.”

I got startled, almost smudging the blending on my right side. I felt bad that I had failed Cassie. I really did, and I was about to offer to clean it all off, but when I glanced in the mirror, I looked good. I mean, like, so good. “I'm so sorry! It was an accident!” I said.

“You accidentally put on lipstick, mascara and eyeshadow?”

“I know it may not make sense, but it was an accident. I’ll try harder. I really will,” I said, turning back to the mirror. “But, at this point, I might as well finish.”

The Dubai Mall was like a self-contained city. As Cassie and I walked along the main floor, my eyes sparkled as we passed women’s shops with dresses and cute tops and shoes and burkas. I had always considered the mall a nightmare, someplace to avoid, and if I had to go there, I just got in and out as fast as possible. Now, seeing it with my ever more feminine eyes, I felt like I had stumbled into a new world of female fashion, surrounded by such pretty clothes on every side, something that I hadn’t been a part of as a man. I couldn’t believe that I was now a girl, going shopping...at a mall. But something about it was so exciting. “Wallah, this place is incredible.”

“You? Like a mall? I was really hoping you were not going to change into a girl that is totally into shopping. Anyways, what sort of things are you looking for?”, trying to be supportive of my apparent new interests.

I didn’t even have to think about it. “Some dresses, long skirts and blouses. A few nicer hijabs. Oh, and shoes. I need shoes. That should be a good start.”

“Are you sure?” Cassie asked, putting a hand on my arm. “Skirts and dresses? Don’t forget, sweet, this is all only temporary.”

Okay. That made sense. This was only temporary, and yet, as my eyes danced across the window displays of mannequins in gorgeous clothes, I couldn’t deny a powerful new need that roiled within me – I wanted these pretty clothes. “I’ll do my best to control these,” I knew what Cassie wanted to hear, “terrible desires.”

“Shall we dive into one of these stores?” Cassie said.

“Yes. Yes. You choose first. I can’t.”

The mall was filled with a variety of famous western brands like Cartier, Balenciaga, as well as many local stores. Since I was looking for things I could wear with my newfound sensibilities, Chassis helped me choose one called Jamil, which was Arabic for “cute” or “pretty.”

“Omigod,” I said looking at the clothes. There were long dresses and skirts, but unlike the black one I had been issued by the police, there were also more colorful items with pretty feminine patterns. My eyes were drawn right to a fuschia bodysuit. I rushed up to it, touching the soft fabric. “This is super cute,” I excitedly said to Cassie, and instantly

realizing how feminine that phrase sounded, I lowered my voice to a slightly deeper place and said, “I mean, it’s kind of nice.”

A salesgirl approached. She wore a hijab, too. “As-Salaam-Alaikum,” she said.

“Wa-Alaikum-Salaam,” I answered in the traditional Muslim greeting. This was new. I felt this instant sense of comfort between us, as if she and I were the same. Worried she might continue in Arabic, and I wouldn’t understand, I quickly replied, “Can we speak in English?” I asked. “So my friend can understand?”

“Oh, of course,” the girl said. Her English had a slightly British intonation. “Do you want to try that on?”

“Can a woman wear something like that here?” Cassie asked.

The girl and I both laughed, knowing the answer as well somehow. “Of course,” the girl said.

“So, my...friend here– her luggage got lost. Can you help us put together some outfits for her?” Cassie asked.

She looked back at me. I saw her eyes look up and down my outfit, pausing her gaze on my breasts, probably noticing my nipples poking through my dress. I’m sure it was obvious to her that I wasn’t wearing a bra. “I’d be delighted,” she said, smiling.

In many ways, Jamil looked like any other upscale women’s store: dim, dramatic lighting, mannequins arrayed in dazzling outfits, fashionable paintings on the walls and all calm, cool colors. The only difference, really, was that the styles were all of the kinds favored by the women of UAE. The salesgirl disappeared for a few minutes and then returned with a bunch of outfits for me to try on. The cultural standards in the UAE required women cover a lot of their bodies, with skirts coming to the floor and long sleeves covering the arms. So, I thought there wouldn’t be much variety, but I was very surprised. One dress caught my attention because the sleeves were made of a flesh-colored cloth different from the main body, creating the risqué sense of a sleeveless dress. Others found ways to establish some individuality with elaborate embroidery on the bodice or the skirt. I found myself obsessing over the colors, the cuts, little details like the collars and cuffs. I’d never realized how fascinating women’s clothes could be. Before, I’d always been more interested in the bodies underneath the clothes. I even found myself practically drooling over a slender little leather belt. “This is so cute,” I said, holding up a pink dress with silver embroidery of flowers and birds.

“Remember,” Cassie said, taking it from me. “You need to fight these feminine urges.”

“Feminine urges? What....?” I looked at the dress and had to admit that, yes, I would once have thought it too girly even for Cassie. Now I adored it. “Right,” I said, setting my jaw. “I just need some things to wear until I get my body back.”

“Correct. Now, think about football and MMA fighting and try and remember what it was like to have some testosterone.”

I’d found a bunch of other stuff to try as well, so the salesgirl left to talk to another customer, leaving Cassie and I to shop together. I kept grabbing more and more things to try on. Cassie kept reminding me this was only temporary. “Just because I’m going to try it on doesn’t mean I have to buy it,” and then, in an effort to nudge Cassie toward wearing more appropriate clothes, I held a long dress up in front of her. “You’d look great in this.”

“No, thanks,” Cassie said.

As I’d been looking through the dresses and other clothes, I’d drifted toward the lingerie section. I looked over that way at one point and saw a mannequin wearing a bra and panties set in shimmering silk, decorated with little black bows. Once, I might have gotten a little excited thinking about how Cassie would have looked wearing that, but now my imagination ran right to how I would look, what it would feel like. My mouth hanging open, I was drawn to the lingerie like a zombie.

“Colin, you aren’t really thinking about wearing any of that?” Cassie asked. “You’re fighting this, remember?”

“I need underwear,” I said as I stared in wonder at all the sexy little things.

“Maybe some simple bikini ones, or boy shorts?” Cassie said, taking my arm and trying to guide me toward a more modest display.

“Or, what about this?” I asked, picking up a tiny little pair of thong panties. They were pink lace.

“Or, what about just cotton?” Cassie took the little panties away from me and put them back on the shelf. “This is the line you can’t cross,” Cassie said. “This is where you have to fight with all your willpower. I just know that if you give in to this,” she gestured toward the panties. “I don’t think I’d be able to accept it.”

“That seems a bit dramatic.”

“Just normal, plain underwear. Please,” Cassie said.

“Fine,” I said, though I started thinking about the things she’d brought with her, wondering if I could sneak into them at some point. My mind had definitely changed dramatically

since yesterday. I could tell now. I knew as a guy I shouldn't want to wear all of these feminine clothes, but now, as a girl, I wanted to try them on soooo badly.



I headed into the dressing room with my haul, Cassie following behind me. It was large, with a floor to ceiling mirror. I turned my back and said, "Unzip me, please?" It had already become the norm for me to ask Cassie to zip and unzip my dress.

"Yes, milady," Cassie said, unzipping my dress. I couldn't read her tone. It seemed somewhere between amused and annoyed. I pulled my dress down off my shoulders then let it drop to my feet, the soft cloth brushing against my soft skin.

“What do you want to try on first?” Cassie said, idly looking through the clothes.

“What about this, em...” I held up one of the things the girl had gotten for me.

“Body sock?” Cassie said. “Let’s do it.”

This was a full-length garment with long sleeves. The salesgirl had assured me it was my size, but holding it up, I had my doubts. It almost looked like it had been made for a stick figure. Opening the back, I slipped one foot into the leg, feeling the soft cloth slide up my hairless calf. It was almost like being massaged, and as I plunged my leg deeper, right to the upper thigh, the fabric hugged and caressed my skin, making it tingle. After slipping my other leg in, I wiggled my hips as I pulled the body sock up, over my hips, then up along my torso. The whole way, the fabric clung and tickled my skin, and I started to wonder if a lot of women’s clothes had this kind of effect. My guy clothes had always just been functional, but these women’s garments I’d worn seemed sensual.

The body sock zipped up the front, so once I’d gotten my arms in and pulled it up to my shoulders, I zipped it up, pulling the zipper along my belly and over the swell of my breasts. As I zipped, the sock felt like it was shrinking around me, wrapping, holding, lifting my breasts. My dress had been tight from the hips up, but this hugged my whole body from my ankles to my chin. I felt like I’d been shrunk wrapped, and then I looked in the mirror. “More like giftwrapped.” This didn’t just feel like a second skin. It was a second skin. I checked myself out in the mirror, turning to the side, lifting my leg, looking back over my shoulder. God, I looked good. So hot.

I couldn’t wait for Cassie to see me, though I was also nervous about what she might think. I decided to make a splash. I strutted out of the dressing room, one hand on a hip like a fashion model, then turned and raised one knee. Of course, I was aware I was acting like a girl, but I was trying on new outfits, so what was I supposed to do?

I smiled and winked at Cassie. “Well?”

“It definitely leaves nothing to the imagination,” Cassie said, eyeing me, wary.

“I mean, you look incredible,” she said. “Are you sure, though, you want to wear something so, er, revealing? It’s ironic, because although your skin is covered from head to toe, it’s almost like you’re naked.”

I looked in the mirror, stretching one leg out to the side, putting a hand on my hip. I could see exactly what Cassie meant. This outfit was not in any way modest, and, sure, as a former man, maybe I should have been embarrassed to have so much of me on display, right down to my thigh gap. Seeing that soft curve at the top of my thighs, the space between rocked me, as I had always found that a huge turn-on. Now, I had one of my own.

Crazy. The outfit was revealing in other ways. I could clearly see the outline of my areolas and nipples straining against the fabric, and turning to the side I had to admit my ass looked amazing, but also there was a little too much butt crack for me to feel proper.

“What do you think?” Cassie said.

“I think I need a bra. It’s a... well, and maybe I could pair it with a long skirt? You know. Just to be a little more modest.” I covered my face in my hands. “I can’t believe this is me. I do want it though. I love it. I need it.”

“Well, a girl wants what she wants.”

“Hakadha yukal,” I answered. “So it is said.”

Cassie stepped close and whispered, “Let’s save all the tags so we can return all this when you get your body back.”

The thought of ever returning this gorgeous bodysuit pained me, but it kind of made sense. “Of course,” I said. “It’s not like I’d ever wear it when we get back to the states, right?” I laughed, and even to my own ears it sounded fake.

Once we settled on some outfits for me, we went looking for underwear. Cassie browsed through some–yuck–plain, functional bras and then some horrid basic panties. I was about to despair when Cassie suddenly put a hand on my arm and said, “do you mind if I browse a little on my own?”

“I suppose I can manage,” I said, trying to hide my glee.

As I once more started to look over all the sexy, lacy, mysterious little things, I felt giddy. The sight of a lacy bra had always turned me on, but now I was excited to think how I would look in them. How would they feel? Who cared? I thought. I just wanted to look and feel sexy. Yet, where to start. The salesgirl then appeared almost as if I had summoned her. “You look overwhelmed,” she said, coming up alongside me.

“Help!” I said, nodding.

“What’s your bra size?”

“36D,” I said without even thinking. Somehow, I knew that was correct, and I also felt a surge of pride being so well endowed.

The girl glanced down at my chest. “That sounds right. You’d be surprised how many women don’t know their bra size.”

You’d be surprised that this man does, I thought.

The girl gathered some things for me to try and soon I found myself in the changing room holding up a purple bra with stiff, lace cups and white lace trim that ran along the tops of the cups. There was also a little silk bow at the yoke. Just looking at it made me feel pretty. Surprised by yet another new skill, I effortlessly slipped the bra on, reaching back and hooking it by instinct like I'd been doing since I was a little boy– or girl, or– whatever. I adjusted the straps and, with the tissue panty shield in place, stepped into the matching lace panties, which likewise were decorated with little bows. I pulled these up my legs, felt them tight against my hips and booty, then turned to the mirror, arching my back, tossing my hair as if I were a supermodel. Oh, my, seeing the way that bra lifted my breasts, pressing them together, the purple against my dark skin, the way the panties stretched across my plump rear– I loved it. I tried out some other poses, remembering things I'd gotten turned on when surfing for porn on the Internet, and then I tried on other things she'd brought me, somehow knowing the names as I slipped into bralettes, pushup bras, camisoles, t-shirt bras, seeing the different ways they shaped my breasts.

Breaking out of my lingerie daydream, I remembered Cassie was out there somewhere and slipped back into my purple lace. It made me feel naughty and sneaky that I would be wearing these sultry lace temptations beneath my clothes. I hid the rest among the skirts and dresses I'd picked out, not wanting Cassie to realize how far gone I was now.

I was excited to try on more clothes. So many things I had never worn. In Dubai, a woman can't wear anything that reveals her knees, so the skirts were all long. I first tried on a flowing, diaphanous skirt that swirled around my legs and allowed a breeze to swirl up between my legs. It felt fun, flirty and also a little dangerous and risqué, in that a strong breeze could lift it right up and give a man a glimpse of my knees- and more. I tried on a pencil skirt which was so tight I could only take tiny little steps, and much to my surprise, being limited like that seemed sexy and fun. I knew men would be driven wild by the sight of me constrained, unable to even walk at a quick pace. The first pair of women's pants I tried were, like most everything else, tight and small, but made of a stretchy material that hugged my hips and plump rear as well as my thighs, but they flared at the bottom and felt a little naughty and dangerous as they showed off my ankles and, I was sure, would give men such thoughts!

I had decided to wear one of my new outfits– a new dress and a prettier hijab than the police lady had given me. As I was at the register making my purchases, Cassie came up to me and looked me over exactly the way one woman checks out another's outfit. "Who are you and what have you done with... you know," she said, realizing she couldn't refer to me as her boyfriend.

Remembering what she had asked me, I said, "It's not too feminine is it? I was thinking about football the whole time."

The salesgirl was watching and listening, her eyebrows raised in curiosity. "You look great," Cassie said, seeming to surrender a bit to my new reality. It was really important to me that she and, really, all women approved of my outfits.

"So," I said. "I need some shoes? Can we head over to the shoe department? I've been noticing all the cute shoes women are wearing, and I just feel like, you know, to fit in?"

"After all he times you made fun of me for obsessing about shoes?"

"Sorry?"

We headed to the shoe department.

Cassie kind of knew what to expect, as before we even got to the shoes, she put her hands on my shoulders and looked me right in the eye. "Based on what I've seen with you trying on your new outfits, you may have a similar reaction to shoe shopping. I need you to be strong. Do NOT go too crazy."

"Yeah, okay," I said. "I'm pretty sure I'll be able to control myself, I just want to see what cute options there are."

"You haven't gone shoe shopping as a woman before. I'm worried with how your mind has changed that you'll have an extreme reaction," Cassie said. "For women, shoes are close to religion."

"Tajdif," I said. "Blasphemy. Shoes are just shoes."

"Hopefully you're right."

With her hands on my shoulders, Cassie frowned, tracing her fingers along my bra straps, then looking down, where she noticed the faint outlines of my cups for the first time.

"You're wearing a bra," she said. "I'm glad, because you need one, plus this will keep your nipples from showing and drawing the attention of every man within 10 miles."

"That's what I was thinking," I lied.

"Please tell me it's a granny bra and not something some slutty Fan Girls model would wear."

"It's so plain," I lied. "Taupe, even."

We walked side by side into the ladies' shoe department. I stopped in my tracks, my jaw dropping, dropping the bags with my new outfits, and putting my hands over my chest. The walls were lined with pumps and ankle straps and ankle booties and thigh highs and kitten heels and block heels and... oh, my my oh... They were leather, with little golden clasps, black, pink, red... some were elegantly plain, but sooooo pretty, while others had little chains or adornments... I started to hyperventilate, my chest heaving as I felt my cheeks getting flush...

"Okay, okay, try and stay calm," Cassie said, taking my arm. "This is what I was afraid would--"

My eyes fell on the perfect pair of heels with an ankle strap. They would coordinate with my new dress, and they were calling to me, drawing me to them. I pulled away from Cassie, rushed into the store. Cassie followed, with my bags as I picked up the sample shoe from the shelf, hugged it to my breasts and petted it as if it were a kitten. "I need these, they're soooo cute," I whispered.

Cassie started to say something but stopped herself. I think she could see it would be pointless. "They are cute," she said. A salesgirl approached, and my mind rattled its assessment: good skin, nice smile. "Would you like to try those on?" She asked.

"Yes, please."

"Your shoe size?"

"36," I said without even thinking. The girl went off to get the shoes.

"That's your women's shoe size," Cassie said. "Of course, you have nice small feet." The girl came back with the shoes. "Let me help you out of those," Cassie said, helping me free myself from the police issue shoes. "Okay," she then said, "let's get you into the new ones."

"I can do it," I said.

"But your dress is so tight."

"Watch me." I got myself into the shoes. My dress was tight, but very stretchy. "It feels tight and squishes my toes," I said, once I'd gotten the shoes on.

"That's pretty typical," Cassie said. "A lot of women's shoes have these small areas for the toes to make our feet look more dainty." She made a sour face. "Patriarchy." She fixed the strap that went across the top of my foot. She slipped me into the other shoe. It was part of how my brain had changed that once she explained to me that my toes were being crushed in the name of beauty, I suddenly felt proud to endure the pain.

I stood. It was different to wear heels that lifted like that, to be pitched forward on my toes. It changed the way I held myself, forcing me to stick my butt out while thrusting my breasts forward. I had admired more than a few women in high heels, and I could imagine how sexy and inviting I now looked. My heart was racing. I was so excited. This would be my first time walking in high heels. I took one step, wobbling, then another and my ankles shook. I had my arms out to the sides, trying to balance, and I giggled as I felt so cute and pretty, wobbling on my high heels. Cassie couldn't help but smile as she took my arm and helped balance me. "You were always pressuring me to wear heels everywhere," she whispered. "Not so easy, eh?"

"I'll get the hang of it," I said, determined in spite of myself to master this quintessential female skill.

"I'd tell you to fight it--"

"Don't bother," I said, gaining total feminine focus. "Teach me." Yet, before Cassie could even start my instructions, I felt a shimmer, the world growing blurry, tilting, and then I walked effortlessly across the floor, heel to toe, hips swinging playfully. "I thought you said this was hard?" I laughed with a big smile. I felt like I was floating as my heels clicked across the floor, and I knew just how to hold my arms as I moved so they didn't bump my round hips. My walk, the way I moved, it all felt like a declaration of my femininity, an invitation to be admired and appreciated like some rare bird, spreading her feathers. I felt both more vulnerable and more powerful, the sweet bliss of feminine contradictions.

"Life is so unfair," Cassie said.

I went to the mirror and posed my feet, toes together, bending one foot so just my toe touched the ground, lifting one leg so the shoe was next to my knee, like I was almost marching. I turned to admire the way the heels lifted and shaped my butt, my legs and seeing a little strap across my slender ankle, the buckle sparking, was so sexy. I also loved the way my little toes were exposed. Feeling the way the shoes lifted my heels and forced my balance on my toes gave me an exquisite sense of feminine vulnerability. I now understood why some women willingly tortured themselves wearing heels all day.

I have no idea how long we spent trying on shoes, but I found myself asking Cassie for her thoughts. I tried on a fancy pair of heels with ribbons across the toe strap and looked at Cassie. "Do they go with this outfit? Too much?"

Cassie frowned, still struggling to deal with the woman I was becoming, but she rallied. "They work," she said. "They have a great Audrey Hepburn vibe. If you need them, buy them."

“I need them,” I said with a bright smile.

Even though I was obsessed with the heels, Cassie convinced me some cute shoes with lower heels might be a good idea, so I let her talk me into a pair of Chelsea boots that were also so cute. Of course, she bought a few pairs for herself, and I decided to wear the first pair of heels out.

“I need to practice,” I said, still with some of the old me there, feeling a little silly that I was choosing to wear high heels when I had much more common sense and practical footwear available. It was the same thing I’d felt when I’d put on my first pair of heels, though: I felt more feminine and more “right” dressed as a woman now, wearing women’s shoes, being hobbled, limited—cute. Seeing the look in Cassie’s eyes, I said, “I will fight harder later. You have my nedhar. My promise.”

“Sure thing,” Cassie said, seemingly a little defeated. “I’m exhausted. I think I want to head back to the hotel and take a nap.”

“As you wish,” I said, following along, pleased at clicking of my shoes against the marble floors, and the sway of my hips as I stepped. We were back in the main area of the mall, walking among the stores. “The air smells so pretty,” I said. “Like perfume. Is that from the plants, do you think or—” I found myself turning, my mouth hanging open, drawn like a moth to a flame. Yes. I wanted. I needed... I...”

Cassie grabbed my arm and pulled me away. “No way, missy,” she said. “Just keep walking.”

I looked back at a window full of adorable shoulder bags and purses, forlorn, torn, filled with sorrow, “But... but... they’re all so pretty.”

“Those bags start at \$10,000, Colin. You’ll have to do like the rest of us and settle for a knock off.”

“\$10,000,” I said. “For a purse?” I cast one last look at the Hermes store. Some old part of me re-emerged for a moment. “Women,” I said, in a moment of lucidity.

Cassie just nodded as she continued to drag me away from The Hermes store, my head turned towards the display window, taking small little steps in my new heels. There was a part of me that thought, “sure it’s a lot of money, but I want it.”

I was just buzzing, thrilled, excited, and I hadn’t even been capable of stopping to pay attention to what we talked about on the way back to the hotel. I hadn’t been able to think at all, really. I was a female in her element, on the hunt for clothes, and it had been a new

experience, pure emotion, on a high or, well, even like having sex, where you're just lost in the timelessness of the moment.

Once we'd gotten back to the hotel room, Cassie opened the door, and I walked in, catching sight of my suitcase, some of my male clothes spilling out across the bed. Then, I glanced in the mirror and saw a stunning, fashionable woman staring back at me. The same woman I had seen back at the mall, but now a sense of reality had set in, we were back at a place where I'd once been a man. Now, I looked at what I'd become, my glossy red lipstick, my bombshell body, all my dramatic feminine curves in that sexy dress, a purse slung over my shoulder, my pretty face framed by one of my new hijabs. This was not just me in a woman's body. This was me living as a woman. An Arab woman.

I felt the wave of emotions building up inside of me. Tears started to roll down my cheeks. 'My mascara,' I said, turning away from the mirror.

"What's wrong?" Cassie said, taking my elbow, guiding me to the bed, helping me sit down. I slipped my purse off my shoulder and let it fall to the floor, then put my face in my hands. "Let me get you a tissue."

She handed me a tissue and sat down next to me. "I can't fight this," I said. "I can't even remember to try and fight this." I took Cassie's hands and looked at her, though all I could see was a blurry shape through my tears. "Yasmeen is winning. I'm becoming her, and I can't stop it. That stupid camera- it's changing me, and there's nothing I can do about it."

"Sweetie," Cassie said, pulling my head to her, hugging me. "It's going to be okay. It's all going to work out. We'll figure this all out and, remember, even that nasty woman at the police station said this was only temporary." She pulled me tighter and kissed me on top of the head. "No matter what happens, don't ever forget that I'm here for you. I love you."

I found myself crying even more.